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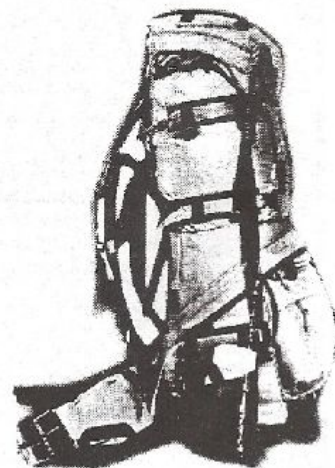
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VOLUME 9, NUMBER 8

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RANDOM VIEW—



John Roper

Karen and Aaron Roper on Sleeping Beauty, with Mount Adams in the distance. Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

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The Entiat Mountains loom above Came Basin, at the edge of the Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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SIGNIFICANT SUPPORT FOR USER FEES

In response to Edythe Hulet's letter "Board Ignores Members" in the July issue, page 4, I would like to set the record straight.

The Mountaineers Trustees did not "ignore" our members' opinions opposing Fee Demo. They very carefully considered those views expressed at the forum called to discuss the issue and sought additional input from members. Eleven trustees found that there is not overwhelming opposition to fees within the club.

There is significant support for the concept of user fees both on the Recreation Access Committee and among our activity committees and trip leaders.

The board's action should not be interpreted as a *carte blanche* approval for user fees. The Board of Trustees certainly does not believe that placing anything less than 80% of the fees collected back on the ground is good enough. While recognizing the many problems and short comings of the present system, the board believes that Fee Demo is an experiment, a work-in-progress, that is yet to be completed.

The Trustees voted to continue the club's 1996 policy position of conditional support until the experiment is completed. In addition to the opinions of our members, many factors influenced the board's vote, among those cited by trustees were:

- Support of Fee Demo entitles the club to a "seat at the table" in discussions and planning with land managers and agencies.
- The money is needed for maintenance and Congress has not appropriated sufficient funds.
- It is only fair that users pay a portion of the cost to maintain recreational facilities. After all, we complain about the unfair subsidies to grazing, mining, and timber interests.

The board is concerned that Fee Demo be fully evaluated and the results reported to the public. The board believes that before any legislation to make user fees a permanent part of funding for recreation on federal public lands, the public must be fully involved in the process.

And, lastly, user fees must be considered in the context of full funding for our recreational facilities. User fees can only be a supplement to adequate ap-

propriations and are not a substitute for congressional budget support.

The MOUNTAINEERS
Ed Henderson

TRAIL FEES AND ROADS

I enjoy reading your magazine and look forward to finding it at my favorite outdoor sporting goods store. The May issue has many letters about the fees that the Forest Service is charging us to access our own land.

Quite a number of people in the Pacific Northwest are not happy at all about paying for these trail passes that we have to have just to go hiking in the forest.

I like what Paula Hyatt had to say about it. She summed it up real well: confusion. It's really too bad that most of us are going through this state of confusion, and no one really knows just what we should have in our possession when we head out into the forest.

Also, when I read Jim Quattrocchi's very fine story, I felt I really needed to write something on this, about how I felt about his idea of closing roads. The road that Jim speaks of is the Obstruction Point road. Closing the roads means that no one can get in, except the really hardy hikers willing to hike miles and miles of abandoned road. When Big Brother does something like this, you'll never see the road reopen.

I have lived on the Olympic Peninsula for over 50 years and have seen some huge changes, not all of them have been good.

I can cite several examples, like what happened during the winter of 1998-99, when we lost roads everywhere. Not all of them were repaired either, just left in a state of ruin. I'm talking about Forest Service "back roads," not county. Some of the country I love to go into is the Buckhorn Wilderness, but one could not get there because all of the roads leading to the main trailheads were out.

Last year I met so many hikers who were upset over this that some rode their mountain bikes up the road for miles to get there and others took an alternate route. Others said they were done, just couldn't hike that many miles of road. My friend and I hiked 3 miles of road that is in ruins to get to an old trailhead and from there 6.4 miles of trail to walk out on a road and

hike across it to get to the 840 trailhead. It did remind me of the old days, when that was one of the routes you had to hike to arrive at the same objective. After I had hiked across the road I still had some miles of trail left to hike at this point. This is the same route I took in the old days (like 36 years ago) when there were no roads built up into that country.

If the roads are out and no one can get to the trailheads, who is going to maintain the trail system there? And who will hike the trails—the wildlife? What agency can even think of charging hikers money for trail passes in a situation like that? Something about this picture just isn't in focus. What is even worse is that most people will pay it.

Norm Mallory
Port Angeles, Washington

TO THE FOREST SERVICE

After inactivity since the War in Vietnam, your agency has finally moved me to activism.

I am an avid hiker and have been since my youth. I watched with dismay as you gave away grazing rights at pennies on the dollar. I was silent as you allowed mining interests to outweigh the needs of the owners of the national forests, the American people, living and yet-to-be-born. I wept silently as I watched logging companies permitted by your agency to destroy irreplaceable forests with untenable roads and patchwork clearcuts. This was inexcusable on your part and with my silence I have been disgracefully complicit in your crimes. Now you have pushed me too far. I speak, of course, of the so-called Fee Demonstration project.

While giving away the riches of this country for a pittance, you are now charging an admission fee to the American people—your landlord. Your corrupt and reprehensible partnership with the American Recreation Coalition puts you in the position of feathering your own nest at the expense of the American taxpayer—your employer.

And now I find that anyone who complies with the law of the land by purchasing a Trail Park Pass is considered to be "voting" in favor of the Fee Demonstration project. What a laugh! If you think I bought a pass to agree





continued on page 6

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



BARNES CREEK (USGS Lk Crescent)

While the scenery on the Barnes Creek trail was not too spectacular, it made up for it by being a difficult unmaintained trail! The highlight of the trip was near the start when I was attacked by a "mad" grouse. The trip went downhill from there.

Shortly after the grouse the trail crossed the creek on a log bridge—oops, the Park Service sawed the bridge in half! Off went the boots—the bare-foot crossing went well. On went the boots and off I went—hey, where is the trail? Under all the ferns, salal, devil's club and the occasional tree. The trail followed the river for a couple of miles before it decided to go up (about 1000 feet) to a trail junction. One trail goes up to the Aurora Ridge, but I have been there, done that, etc. (Did I mention I was trying to go on a part of the Olympics that I hadn't been before?). I took

the trail that headed up the valley.

The elevation gain on my hike was not excessive (about 3200 feet in 9½ miles according to my topo map). The almost level 6 miles of trail (1800 feet elevation) from the trail junction would have been a breeze except ... why do trees love to fall lengthwise down the trail? The part from 4 to 5 miles in was the prettiest. The ground is carpeted with moss and the trees are spaced well apart. The terrain is remarkably level and well above the main creek.

About the 6-mile point, the trail crosses Lizard's Head Creek. It is as far as I had been before. Off went the boots ... on went the boots. Happy Lake Creek was a short distance—I knew that there used to be a trail from there to Happy Lake 2000 feet above, and sure enough, just before the creek I found a trail going up. I didn't follow it far. The trail past this point got a little boring with only the many trees in the trail to make it more interesting. The view at the end looking into the next valley from Lookout Dome was nice. It would be worth a mile or two of trail.

Good Grief! It is almost four o'clock and I still have 9½ miles to go! Leap over the logs, boots off, boots on, boots off, boots on. Hurry, hurry! Curse the trail by the river that was so covered with brush that it would be dangerous to go fast. Whew! I made it by eight o'clock. I took ten hours altogether and averaged two miles per hour counting stops. I probably could have averaged three miles per hour if the trail was in good shape!—Lewis Coleman, Poulsbo, 6/23.



MARMOT PASS (USGS Mt Townsend)

This was a "good" hike, because the views are terrific and the weather was great! That is, the weather somewhere above the 6000-foot pass must have been good and the views would have been great, it you could have seen them!

I started out hiking about 9am. I had stopped in Quilcene to get a trail pass, but had forgotten my check book, so I had to park away from the trailhead (this is legal).

The fog was very bad getting to the trailhead and I had trouble driving above 20mph. I thought, "This is great! The hike should climb above the fog."

When I arrived at the trailhead I saw two women just starting. They hiked at the same speed as I was and I didn't pass them until they stopped. Then I was by myself until Camp Mystery, near the top. There was some snow around the camp, but the campsites were free of snow. This was a good place for lunch. While I was eating, a group of six high school seniors came by. They were having great fun! They had their last day of school the day before and the rest of high school was still in session (Yah nyah nyah and other raspberry sounds!).

My lunch over, I followed the kids, but they were hiking much faster than I. (I am not getting old; I just know how to reserve my strength!) Past the camp the trail came out of the snow and was easy to follow for a while; however, where the trail traversed under a big rock, snow covered parts of the trail.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: August 21

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

This slowed the recent graduates while they kicked steps in the moderate slope. The snow continued to the summit. The pass was clear of snow, however, as was the south slope of Buckhorn Mountain (at least as much of it as I could see).

I decided to hike down a different way to avoid the snow traverse. The slopes were gentle, but the traverse would probably have been faster. On the way down, I saw the two women climbing over the traverse.

Altogether the hike was fun. I did have some partial views and the drizzle didn't dampen my spirits. I like my solitude while hiking, but with the weather being what it was, I even enjoyed the noisy kids (they were nice—one even called me "sir"). I would have felt a little isolated in the fog, if there was no one else around.—Lewis Coleman, Poulsbo, 6/19.

MOUNT TOWNSEND (USGS Mt Townsend)—This is a great hike that I usually do once a year (And so does everyone else in the state). It is wildflower season and the south side is great for flowers.

The weather started out great and the forecast was good. I avoided the trap of following the sign saying "trailhead." I continued to the road marked "maintenance road." The Forest Service has done a good job of disguising the trailhead, but they didn't forget to mark the parking lot "pay or die" or words to that effect.

I started out with a couple of "flower people." No, they weren't hippies—they had a book of plants and were looking at everything that grows—and there were a lot of growing things. The first part of the trail switchbacks through the woods. I didn't think that the woods held many flowers, but my "flower people" pointed out little flowers everywhere.

One plant had little bitty, bitty flow-

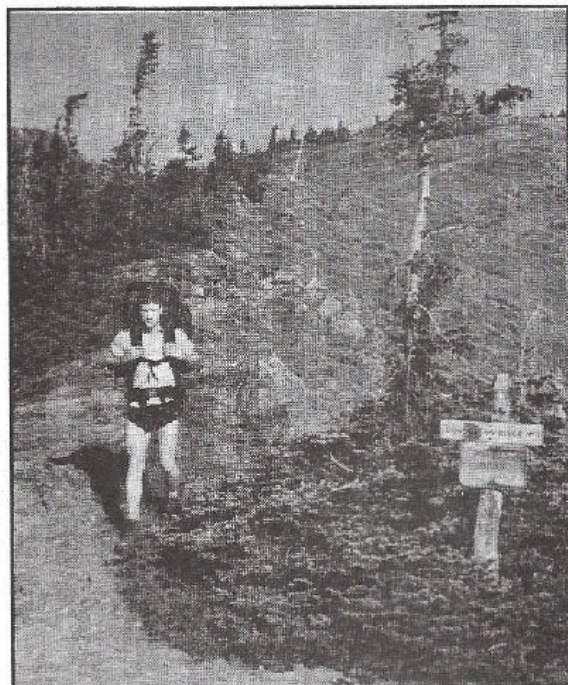
ers growing under its leaves. And even I recognized the beautiful rhodies. After a mile or two the meadows started and the wildflowers were more noticeable. It may not have been the best that I have seen, but it will do. And it is a good thing, too, because the great weather failed again. The overcast started below Camp Windy.

I waited at Camp Windy for lunch and hoped the overcast would clear. It didn't. I was just off the trail on a rock with a great view—at least I think there would have been a great view. I went up in spite of the clouds—the flowers were still pretty—and made the top (or at least what several of us decided was the top—it was too foggy to tell).

On the way down I met a guy born in Berlin who was about my age and we talked all the way down. The time went fast. Good hike!—Lewis Coleman, Poulsbo, 7/7.

MOUNT JUPITER (USGS Mt Jupiter)—This has always been one of my favorite hikes and a good workout at 14.4 miles roundtrip with elevation gain of 3800 feet in and 200 feet out. The road to the trailhead has never been good and it is not getting any better, but there were 6 or 7 cars there when we arrived.

We hiked at an easy pace, admiring the rhodies and later bear grass, paintbrush and more. Just at the rocky promontory that should have had gorgeous views, but didn't, six runners (runners!) running back stopped long enough to



Darren McKee at Constance Pass. Olympic National Park.

Lee McKee

tell us that it was hailing on top! By the time we reached the Wilderness boundary sign (at 5 miles) it started to rain. We walked in clouds and rain and then in hail and ice pellets to the top.

It was too miserable to have lunch on my favorite summit rock, so I just patted it and we turned around and started down again, hungry and with hail pelting us hard. Eventually we huddled by a big rock at one of the switchbacks for a quick bite.

I could see Cindy's umbrella bobbing up ahead and she was good enough to wait for me several times. Eventually she went at her own speed (fast) and by the time I reached the car at 6:15, she had the SUV warmed up and it felt really good to put on some dry clothes.

PS: Elaine and I hiked on Mount Jupiter this June when many blowdowns had to be negotiated. The trail damage and all the blowdowns were cleared. Hurrah for good trail maintenance and very reasonable trail fees!—Irena, Olympia, 7/2.

FLAPJACK LAKES (USGS Mt Skokomish)—The trail from Staircase to the junction with Flapjack trail is in very good order but up higher a new "temporary" (pretty awful, soft and dirty) detour has just been cut out less than a mile below the older detour that has now been in place for many years. The rest of the trail is in good condition.

There was still deep snow in the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR continued from page 4

with this ill-conceived and possibly illegal policy, talk to the Ranger and staff at the Glacier Public Service Center about my comments to them at the time of purchase.

Please be aware that I only bought the pass to avoid getting tickets when I hike. Unfortunately, since you allowed the ARC to explain why I should buy a trail pass, I did not realize the extent of your perfidy and bought one. Had I

known I would be "voting," I'd scoff at your stupid law, take the tickets, refuse to pay, and see if you would jail me.

Next year, when this pass expires, it will be a cold day in the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie forest when I buy a pass.

David M. Laws
Bellingham, Washington

bowl below the lakes and picture-pretty snow patches at the lakes.—Irena, Olympia, 6/20.

DUNGENESS SPIT (NOAA 18471)—This was my first trip to Dungeness Spit since the rules for the National Wildlife Refuge went into effect several years ago. What these rules mean for the paddler is that there is NO public access to the east side of Dungeness Spit or to all of Graveyard Spit. AND there is a 100-yard buffer zone around the closed area. Also there is only ONE place to land and that is a small marked section at the lighthouse near the end of the spit. BUT to land there you need advance reservations—which can be made by calling 360-457-8451. And, finally, between September 30 and May 15 NO boating is allowed in portions of Dungeness Harbor and Dungeness Bay.

Lots of stuff to consider, and our trip leader, Margaret, had accounted for all of it—including obtaining the required landing reservations at the lighthouse. She had even arranged for perfect weather—sunny and only a slight wind.

At the put-in—Cline Spit County Park (see *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions)—Margaret went over the NWR rules with all of us as well as the general paddling plan, that plan being to follow the shoreline of Graveyard and Dungeness Spits out to the lighthouse—observing the 100-yard buffer zone—then, if conditions looked good, to go around the end of the spit to check out the open waters of the Strait before returning to the lighthouse for lunch.

By 10am we were all set and on the water. The tide was just past its low of minus 1.2 feet and there was lots of exposed tideland. The distance from the launch to the lighthouse is about 3nm, and even with an unhurried pace, we arrived there shortly before 11am—accompanied at times by curious seals.

With ideal conditions of no wind or waves, we continued past the lighthouse to the end of the spit. This part of the spit past the lighthouse is closed to ALL access (although we saw one person there who somehow had managed to walk right by signs saying that). Swinging around the end of the spit, we paddled a short way down the west side, then quit paddling and just drifted awhile enjoying the surroundings.

Usually you will find continual wave action here, but today it was basically flat. Looking over toward Vancouver Island, someone suggested that we might consider crossing the Straits and having tea in Victoria. Instead, we re-

turned to the designated landing spot at the lighthouse for lunch. The lighthouse grounds have green grass and picnic tables, all maintained by volunteers.

By 2pm we were back in the boats and once more at the end of the spit. The current was now flooding and was building in strength. Rather than deal with it, we swung back around the east side of the spit and headed back to Cline Spit.

At the narrow entrance into Dungeness Harbor we found the flooding current moving at a good clip as water flowed into the harbor to cover all the tideland left by the minus tide.

By 3pm we were back at the launch area. For more information concerning regulations contact Dungeness National Wildlife Refuge at 360-457-8451. The \$3 refuge entrance fee applies if you intend to land at the lighthouse.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/15.

FRESHWATER BAY TO CRESCENT BAY (NOAA 18465)—The last time I paddled this route was under a small craft advisory with a 2- to 4-foot swell that centered my attention on paddling instead of scenery. In contrast today there was a light easterly wind that created only a small chop and allowed me to enjoy the landscape en route.

Our group met at Freshwater Bay County Park (see *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions). The tide was just past its low of minus 1.2 feet, and we had a bit of a carry from the parking lot to the water's edge. With boats ready, Angela, our trip leader, gathered us around and went over details of our trip. The plan was to do a round trip of about 8nm to Crescent Bay and back, with lunch at Crescent Bay. Since this is an exposed paddle Angela had a contingency plan should conditions change and prevent us from making the return from Crescent Bay.

A little after 10am our group was on the water. Rounding Observatory Point at the northwest end of Freshwater Bay we left the protection of the bay. From here until we rounded Tongue Point at the northeast end of Crescent Bay arc only a few pocket beaches available for landing.

The shoreline is mostly spectacular rocky cliffs with large kelp beds bordering most of the shore. We saw lots of birds, including eagles. From a distance we saw a mother seal with a pup on her back near the shore.

The current predictions at the closest current stations indicated we should have had an ebb current; however, the lay of the kelp led us to believe the current was flooding. But whatever oppos-

ing current there may have been was offset by a wind on our back helping to push us along and shortly before noon we were on the beach at Crescent Bay and having lunch.

With the potential of the wind picking up, Angela had us back in our boats a little before 1pm for the return trip. And in just under two hours we were back at Freshwater Bay.

For more information on this paddle, including hazards to be considered, take a look at *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans, and Gulf Islands* by Randel Washburne.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/16.



BOISTFORT PEAK (USGS Boistfort Pk)—This summit is the highest peak in all of Southwest Washington. Even though its height is only 3120+ feet, it commands the huge area of land north of the Columbia River clear up to the Olympics, and from the Pacific Ocean east to across I-5 and into the Cascades.

It is one of the *Top 100 Peaks in Washington by Prominence*, rising 2680+ feet above its low saddle connecting it to the next higher peak on the Chehalis/Cowlitz River divide (which is an unnamed point above Newaukum Lake, just west of The Rockies—the range near Morton, not Montana).

Hitchman says that Boistfort was named by French-Canadian employees of Hudson's Bay Company during fur-trading days, meaning "strong wood" or "heavy forest" in French, then some non-French map-maker added the extra "t" in the middle.

It had been a while since Jeff and I had hit the hills together, so it was good to be out with him again. We drove down to Chehalis in his new Subaru Outback and headed west on Highway 6 toward Pe Ell, turning south to Curtis and the South Fork Chehalis River. We turned west on the Pe Ell-McDonald Road for a couple of miles to just beyond Boistfort Park and Slide Creek, to the Weyerhaeuser 4000 mainline road. Needless to say, it was gated—at a lowly 414 feet.

We hopped on our bikes and pedaled up a perfectly-inclined, smooth road, stopping every so often to check on

how the USGS map (copied off www.topozone.com) compared with the Weyerhaeuser map from Metskers Maps. Basically, we stayed on the 4000 mainline until a quarry just south of Boistfort, or Baw Faw (as the Weyerhaeuser map calls this summit), where we took a side road west to the southwest ridge of our objective, and pushed and pedaled the rest of the way to the top.

The summit is essentially treeless and festooned with communications towers and buildings. A dwarf type of iris was growing here. The view is expansive, and the local relief is more rugged than you might expect of an area with a 3120+ foot highpoint, but we're talking Weyerhaeuser land here, which happily happened to be lots more trees than clearcuts.

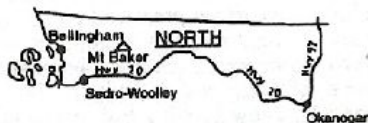
It took us 2.6 hours to do the 8.3 miles and 2700 feet up to the top.

We finished the day by pumping over to the 3000+ foot southwest summit of "Baw Faw," where Jeff amusingly chased around after an unusually beautiful red-and-black-winged butterfly trying to get a good photo. After I finally picked up the butterfly and held it in my hand for Jeff's shot, we rode down and back up to Round Knob (a map-named summit 1.3 miles east of Boistfort, with a little hike at the top).

After a final speedy (up to 31 mph) ride down back to the car, Jeff's bike odometer read 21.3 miles.

We loaded the bikes and drove around east to climb (largely via Subaru) Sure Shot Mountain and Little Mountain, also on USGS Boistfort. Bellevue to Bellevue in less than 12 hours. Any day with 5 summits is a great day.—John Roper, Bellevue, 7/2.

NORTH



RIDLEY CREEK TRAIL
(USGS Baker Pass, Twin Sisters Mtn)—A good day for a hike, July 4th, as Lucky doesn't care for fireworks. We got out early for the first time in a month, with the idea of hiking the Elbow Lake trail, and going over Bell Pass to the Ridley Creek trail. When will I learn? It's still too early to hike the higher altitude trails!

We packed up and headed out about 9am, and by 10:20 we were at the bridge, which has been condemned. Since this was news to us, we rethought our plans. The Elbow Lake trail is 1.3 miles from the bridge, and the Ridley Creek trail is 2.8 miles, and steeper, so we decided to go up the Ridley Creek trail, and down the Elbow Lake trail, so as to end nearer the car. We headed up the road toward the far trailhead.

We'd been to the Ridley Creek trailhead before, but that was when we could drive to within 100 yards of the bridge. I use the word "bridge" charitably, as the crossing is accomplished by balancing on a narrow log, to which some clever person has attached some roofing shingles.

The trail is pretty difficult to follow for a few hundred yards as it reverses itself and goes north along the creek. It soon connects with a good footpath and turns back east again, traversing a ridge, climbing somewhat sharply to the top and then descending to a wide, wooded valley. In perhaps another mile it begins to climb toward Park Butte.

But that makes it sound easy. This trail has not been maintained (and who knows, now that the bridge is out, if it will be?). It's a shame, because it is a wonderful trail. We spent a lot of time making not a lot of headway. It took us about 2½ hours to make only 5 or 6 miles. Numerous blowdowns required climbing over, crawling under, or bush-whacking around. It seemed like every hundred feet another obstacle presented itself.

Finally we attained the forest on the edge of the butte—and the snow. We spent some time trying for the trail, but in our exhausted state, just couldn't muster the stuff to beat out to the open part of the butte (which may also have been covered with snow). We decided to try another day.

We went back down to Ridley Creek

and across that wild log. That left us a 3-mile hike back to the car, and, bruised and exhausted, we made our way back to Bellingham and home.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 7/4.



ELBOW LAKE TRAIL (GT Hamilton)

Lucky and I headed out early and met Al Smith at the Valley Café east of Burlington on Highway 20, a favorite breakfast stop. Heading east, we turned off Highway 20 at the Baker Lake exit. A few minutes later we swung left onto road 12, poorly marked, I might add. After several miles and several forks in the road we finally saw a "12" sign and realized we'd made the correct choices. According to the excellent book *Hiking Whatcom County*, by Ken Wilcox, the Elbow Lake trail is about 17 miles from the turnoff from the Baker Lake road.

At the 10-mile point we encountered a rock/tree slide which mandated a revision of plans. We turned around and parked, deciding that we'd hike the road toward the Elbow Lake trail, and call it a hike. Just at 10am we shouldered our packs, clambered over the slide, and began descending the gentle slope of the road.

After about 2 miles Lucky ran ahead and into the woods, chasing something. I figured it was the usual rabbit, squirrel, or chipmunk until he began to bark. Lucky does a lot of normal dog things, but he rarely barks. I whistled and he came right to me.

We continued to walk the road, which continued to gently descend along the steep slope of the valley. We were enjoying the breeze and clouds as it would have been unpleasantly warm on a sunny day. We saw several fritillary butterflies and a few mourning cloaks, and a huge quantity of coyote scat. Soon we spotted a lot of elk tracks, indicating the recent presence of the Nooksack herd.

At a bend in the road Lucky suddenly stopped and began barking furiously. We sauntered down the trail to within 40 yards of the bend and suddenly came face to face with the object of Lucky's attentions—a full-grown black bear, only 15 or 20 feet from Lucky! I called him several times and he obeyed (thank heaven for all those obedience classes!). I clipped his leash on immediately.

The bear had retreated into the woods to the right of the road. Assuming the calling and whistling I'd done had spooked him, we proceeded down the road. But when we reached the bend, we saw the bear only a few yards away in the trees. We beat a hasty retreat back up the road several hundred

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

yards, with many a backward glance to check the pursuit.

After we rounded the next bend without seeing any further sign of ursine, we stopped and sat on a huge stump to catch our breaths. We broke out the water and snacks. I ate a Power Bar, Al enjoyed his Triscuits, and Lucky was in the middle of consuming a turkey frank when the bear rounded the corner from down the road. We packed up and hit the trail at a much quicker rate than we'd descended it.

Apparently the large furry fellow had smelled our food, as he did not seem to pursue us farther than the stump. However, that didn't keep us from looking over our shoulders all the way back to the car, arriving at one o'clock. Lucky didn't appreciate being on the leash all that distance but I didn't want to take any chances. My guess is this bear could easily go bad, so if you go into this area please guard your food carefully and pick up your garbage.

After this exciting hike we had a boring drive back to the Valley Café and a breakfast that couldn't be beat. Lucky and I will certainly be careful in the Baker Lake area from now on.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 7/8.

DEVILS PEAK (USGS Robinson Mtn)—At 8081 feet and with over 1000 feet of prominence, Devils Peak should be considered a major summit; it would be if the giant Robinson Mountain at a bulky 8726 feet were not so near.

The route which looked the most interesting was a deep southwest-facing gully dropping off the southeast ridge of the peak. Devils is composed of the same type of rock as Robinson is; namely rotten. One of the best routes on Robinson is the south gully when it is filled with snow and so a similar route on Devils seemed a logical choice. I figured it was likely an undone route, and am even more sure after having tried to locate it from the trail below.

Ron Sawyer and I left Bellingham early afternoon on Thursday, and started hiking the Robinson Creek trail at 4pm. It was a pleasant hike the 6 miles to the creek crossing (the log over the creek was a bit scary), and then a short bit more to a great campsite at the far edge of the first broad meadow.

We left camp at 5:45 on Friday and were soon at a second broad meadow. Using a photo and map, I tried to figure out where the "great gully" was above us. We passed the second meadow and went about another 1/8-mile to an area which appeared to be the right place to



VB at the Green Mountain Lookout. Glacier Peak Wilderness.

ascend. After ascending 1000 feet, to 6200 feet and with cliffs above us, we decided that we were in the wrong gully, and that the best way to go was make a rightward (southeast) traverse to better terrain.

After all the effort spent to find the gully, we were a bit disappointed; just a couple of hundred feet above us was a steep step with a waterfall. We decided to continue traversing rightward until we could ascend the slopes to the proven southeast ridge route. As we gained the rib out of the gully, I looked back and saw the portion of the gully above the waterfall and it looked much better. After climbing the rib to about 6400 feet, just under cliffs, we traversed steep slopes through trees and a bit of slide alder to reach the gully above the waterfall. It was an easy descent into the gully but we hit it right; it was steep above and below. Here we donned our rock helmets.

After ascending a bit of loose rock we were at the start of the snow. The snow was rock hard and I hadn't brought crampons, so I climbed a short bit with my ice axe pick to reach rock on the side, while Ron put on his crampons. It was Class 2 and 3 to avoid the snow, but I had to chop steps in one other spot where snow was unavoidable. We worked our own ways up the gully to 6800 feet where we were able to exit left up class 3 and then Class 2 slopes out to easier terrain. It was 10am and we were in need of a long break, which we took, now out in the sun. From here it was an easy climb on "just right" snow slopes to the southeast ridge at 7560 feet.

The first bit up the ridge was sand and scree but easy. Where the ridge steepens we angled left and did a bit of exposed Class 3 to gain the snowfield above. There was an awkward spot where a rock band split the snowfield and had a moat. We avoided these 2 problems on the way down by following the southeast ridge at that section (easier Class 2-3). The snowfield gained us 200 feet or so, and put us about 100 feet below the summit.

It was an easy scramble on broken rock to the summit where we arrived just before noon. It was such a clear day it seemed like we could see forever, and we took a well-deserved break. A register was left here in 1998 by Don Goodman, but we had no pencil to sign in.

The descent went well. We arrived back at camp at 3:45pm and back to the car at 7:20pm.

If someone were to care to repeat the route I would advise the following: go this time of year or a couple of weeks earlier to have more snow in the gully, but not too much on the trail. After the third crossing of Robinson Creek go past the second meadow and ascend through the woods angling slightly left and you will reach the correct gully. Also bring helmets and crampons. Ron and I found it a challenging, route-finding, mountain adventure, on a great and seldom-done peak.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 6/15-16.

REMMELE MOUNTAIN (USGS Remmel Mtn, Mt Barney, Coleman Pk)—At 3:45pm on Saturday, I was officially retired. At 5:15am on Sunday I left for Kirkland to meet

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

two climbers from the Seattle area who will be known as "Abbott and Costello." We met at a P/R near my daughter's at 7:15am and they followed me to her house so I could leave my car there.

Arrived at Chewich River trailhead at 2pm after a quick stop for lunch. Set out shortly for our first campsite about 9.5 miles up the trail. One bad creek crossing where A & C walked the log and I scooted across on my behind. We got to a nice camp spot just before the Four Point Creek turn-off at around 8pm (5200 feet elevation). Abbott and Costello are big coffee drinkers and fire builders. They were up eating and sawing firewood long after I was sound asleep.

The wake-up call came at 3:30am for our climb of Rimmel. A & C got a roaring fire going, coffee, breakfast, more coffee, tear down the fire, prepare day packs (this all took a couple of hours). Then off to the mountain.

About 10 minutes up the Four Point Creek trail, a river! The crossing log was about as big around as my leg, about 6 inches above roaring water so I couldn't sit down and scoot over—and of course it was soaking wet as by now it was raining again.

I said they could climb the mountain, I was going back to my tent to sleep for the rest of the day. A & C weren't taking that for an option. They constructed a bridge to get me over the creek. These being fine, experienced bridge makers, it took only about an hour. Over the bridge and up the trail we went. Rain stopped and after an elevation gain of a few hundred feet, it began to snow. On went the rain coats and pants, hats, gloves. It was cold. We were able to follow trail pretty well even though there was still snow in places.

We got to an open area and had much discussion with maps, compasses and Beckey's directions. After considerable argument and arm waving, the majority decided which way to go. I should point out here that visibility was very limited and we couldn't see the mountain. Up, up we went. After getting tired of kicking steps in the snow, we finally went to the boulder and scree fields which were fairly snowfree. With about 200 feet in elevation to go, we came upon a portion of quite nice trail through the rock.

We were able to follow this at times where it had melted out and it was much better going than we had experienced thus far. A was racing to get to the top first and stumbled and smacked his knee so while he writhed in pain, C and I went breezing by to the summit, reaching it at 12:30pm (elevation 8685 feet). A nice summit register had been

placed there by Supermountaineer Mike Torok. The sky cleared for a few seconds but by the time C got out his camera to take a summit shot, the clouds had come back in.

After signing the register and having lunch, down we started. By the time we were back down to the place where we had the route debate, the sun was out and we got great pictures of the awesome peak we'd just summited. Back to camp by 4pm or thereabouts. More coffee, wood sawing, roaring fire, dinner, coffee, coffee (not for me, I hate coffee). I went to my tent hours before they quit sawing and drinking coffee.

A 3:30am wake-up call. Two hours later, tent and gear packed up for trek to Camp 2. The plan was to go about 10 miles and then just hang out for the day but what we ended up doing was getting about 5 miles to a place barely big enough to put a tent and left all but day packs. Sun was out and the day was getting warm. We were headed for Amphitheater Mountain, elevation 8358 feet. A large swamp must be crossed here and then you can pretty much go up anywhere you want on this side. We chose the southwest route (more or less).

It was fairly easy with occasional scrambling and in my case—being vertically challenged—easy climbing. If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I want to come back 6 inches taller. A, being very capable and fast, went out ahead. C, being kind and compassionate, stayed back to help me route find. When we reached the west summit, it was obviously not the highest point on the mountain. A was taking a break so we breezed by him (again) and headed for the true summit.

Upon reaching the top of that point, we realized that we were still 1/4-mile from the highest point. A went by saying "Ha-ha" as we stood above him on the wrong summit. Finally we reached the real, true summit. No summit register on this mountain. We searched our packs for a pencil to leave our names on a torn-out page of Beckey's guide (it must be good for something) to no avail. Nice lunch about noonish and summit photos and we went down the west face back to camp.

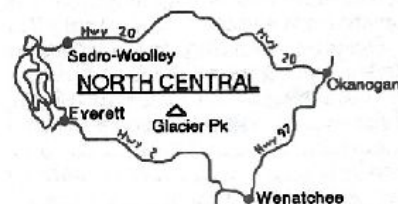
Another 3:30am wake-up call, roaring fire, etc. As usual, it took them 2 hours to get ready to leave. My knee was bothering me so I insisted on the option of staying behind. Sure glad I did as A & C are much more competent rock climbers than I and they said Cathedral was "very scary." I took advantage of their absence and slept until 9:45am. Got up in nice warm sunshine. Aaah. Packed up camp and began car-

ries of equipment to Camp 3 about 2 miles down the trail (a much better site and closer to the car). Made three carries of equipment, set up my tent, gathered firewood, etc. On each trip back up the trail, I did trail maintenance. Sawed out one tree, dug numerous ditches to drain mud holes/ponds which covered the trail.

Another 3:30am wakeup, roaring fire, coffee. These guys are sure set in their ways. A couple of hours later we're packed and ready to head for the car about 14 miles away. The day was hot, miles were long and uphill, mosquitoes were hungry. Pretty miserable miles. Dinner in Loomis and I was back home at 1am Friday. Sort of tired. It doesn't get any better than that. (Well, maybe.)

About 65 hiking miles more or less. I saw a tree on the hillside just fall down for no apparent reason, a coyote, some rare calypso orchids, lots of butterflies and about a million mosquitoes. Conversation around the fire and on the trail was frequently loud and lively, with A being a long-time member of the Sierra Club advocating removal of most everything man-made, C decrying "right-wing, environmental whackos," and me saying zero population growth is the answer (among other things).—Edythe Hulet, Aberdeen, 6/18-22.

NORTH CENTRAL



SEVEN SISTERS and RIM-ROCK RIDGE (USGS Agnes

Mtn, Goode Mtn, McGregor Mtn)—Getting there: Drive to Field's Point and park. Take the Lady Express to Stehekin and take the shuttle bus to High Bridge camp.

Beginning at the Agnes Gorge trailhead Mitch and I left the trail immediately and began bushwhacking our way up and over Junction Mountain.

In the basin below Peak 7203 at 6400 feet we found a flat heathery bench among some larch trees and a babbling brook. This was a great camp spot and we had a wonderful evening watching the sun set on the Tupshin-Dark set of peaks across the valley.

The second day began innocently enough as we began south-southwest

toward point 7000+ called "Sister Sarah" by the 1982 ascent party of John Roper and Co. The register was completely soaked. We then continued southwest to point 7080+ which had a cairn but no register.

After a short break on this western-most sister it was down and over the horrendous ridge northeast toward the seldom climbed northeast peak of Rimrock Ridge, a 7080+-foot peak which has 480 feet of clean prominence. We figured it deserved a name so we called it "Edgestone Peak."

We then set out to climb "Rimrock" proper, point 7240+, the high point of the trip. Mitch and I parted ways here and we both simultaneously pioneered new routes on this peak—we will get on the cover of *Rock & Ice* if it's the last thing we do! My north ridge was Class 4. Upon arriving on top there was Mitch's smiling face; apparently he was surprised to see me. His attack on the east couloir was also successful. There was a register on this summit left by JR and Co. so Mitch and I signed in.

Back in camp I was ready for a nap but Mitch had come up with this hare-brained idea of climbing all our planned peaks in one day to have time to squeeze in a climb of McGregor Mountain the following day. So we took a very short break, broke camp and ascended to the saddle just to the east of point 7203.

Here we dropped our packs and ascended the peak, finding another Roper register calling this "Reenie Peak." The name is that of John's very own sister. This is the highest of the Sister peaks.

We went right over "Middle Sister," point 7160+, then dropped our packs to

ascend "Big Sister" (also point 7160+, but with prominence; this one is in the Beckey guide). No register, just a cairn on this summit.

We then traversed through beautiful alpine meadows to a spot where we again dropped our packs and ran up to the summit of Tolo, arriving atop around 8:15 or so. There was no register, just a couple of benchmarks from the '60s.

We glissaded to our packs and descended to the valley floor where we found a dry flat spot under a dark canopy of fir trees, with the raging waters of Junction Creek nearby. It was almost dark now so I set up camp while Mitch got dinner ready before we quickly settled into a deep sleep. Over 7100 feet of gain and over 14 hours of hiking. We were now in a position to climb McGregor on day three.

We awoke early and made relatively good time getting back to the Stehekin River around 10:30, where we then set up camp and took a break before the long haul up McGregor. We summited in a complete whitout. After a few gulps of water and a bite to eat down we went on a great glissade to the 6000-foot level where we picked up the trail.

The views were still great below 7000 feet especially across to Agnes, Trapper, and Glory Peaks with an amazing view of Heather Ridge. The wildflowers were at their all time peak.

We limped into a mosquito-infested campground so we didn't waste much time with dinner and went to bed dreaming of pastries, sub sandwiches and the lazy boat ride home.—Everyone's favorite climbing kitty, Pilar, Monroe, 7/11.

[Ed. Note: For more about the peaks

the 1982 party ascended and named, see the article by Russ Kroeker in the June 1983 (V.77, no 7, p.92-93) Mountaineer Annual.]



SOUTH PYRAMID CREEK, PUGH RIDGE LOOP (USGS

Lucerne)—We started at noon on Sunday at the North Fork Entiat trailhead. Not a soul in sight but us. We ran into snow at the 4900-foot level but the trail was still easy to follow. The two crossings of Pyramid Creek were too fast and deep for us, so we just crashed through the trees on the west side until we rejoined the trail.

Three Tree Camp (5825 feet) is a very nice place to visit. It was snowfree and full of meadow views. It is at the junction with the Pyramid Mountain trail. Another nice camp exists about ½-mile farther north.

We finally lost the trail at the 6500-foot junction so we crashed up to Pugh Ridge (7000 feet). Travel became much easier as we camped the second night at the end of Pugh Ridge before the trail starts down. Plenty of snow.

The third morning we spent two hours getting down to the North Fork Entiat trail. Lots of trees down on all trails that we were on. A horse party was just unloading at the trailhead as we came out. Hope they had several saws along.—Reebach, Mukilteo, 6/24-26.



CHIKAMIN, GARLAND, BASALT LOOP (GT Wenatchee Lk)

—Started at the 4400-foot trailhead of Chikamin Ridge Tie trail 1561. Mosquitoes until we hit snow at 5000 feet. Camped the first night at a meadow (about 6200 feet) just below the junction with Shetipo Creek trail.

Complete snow travel the second day up and down the ridge trail. Passed below Garland Peak and then camped along the Basalt Ridge at about 6800 feet. Melted snow for meals. Great views of Glacier Peak, Clark Mountain, etc. The mosquitoes were waiting for us as we came down Basalt Ridge. They were awful!

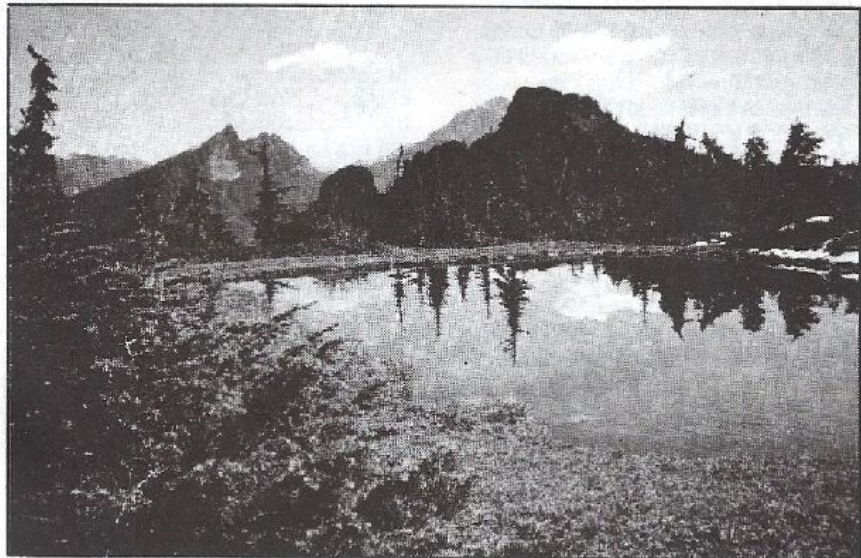
Walked 2 miles up road 6210 back to our car. Saw no one these three days either.—Reebach, Mukilteo, 6/27-29.



HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN (GT Snowking Mtn)

—This hike begins right at the Suittle River out of Darrington and proceeds up the south side of Huckleberry Mountain through old growth forest the whole way.

Somehow this area was never clear-cut in the old days of Forest Service logging in this region, so you can see



Liz Escher


Mount Forgotten Meadows. Mountain Loop area.

how it was when the trail was built in the mid 1930s up to the fire lookout. The building was removed in the mid 1960s after being burned by vandals.

On the way up you pass by the Fred Bugner Campsite near a small creek, but no views. Some areas of the trail are very brushy and only a few wind-falls to step over, otherwise the trail is in pretty good shape.


Our hiking group ran into snow about 5½ miles up the trail, so we followed blazed trees and then just went directly up to the ridge top. Since it was a cloudy day with no views from up on top, we decided to stop for lunch after putting on our cold weather gear. It was 39 degrees at about the 5500-foot level on this summer day in the Cascades.

Even though we didn't have much in views on this day, everyone had a good time, plus getting in some exercise on this 13 mile hike.—George Chambers, Bothell, 7/1.

 **BEDAL BASIN (GT Sloan Pk)**—The little-used trail up Bedal Creek to the basin below Sloan Peak is one to check out for a hike with solitude. A few hikers during the summer, along with the occasional Sloan Peak climbers, is all the old trail sees during the year. Road 4096, pretty rough in places, off the Mountain Loop Highway leads to a parking spot for about five vehicles at the trailhead.


You get to walk on a trail covered in hemlock cones as you hike through the old growth forest. In approximately 2 miles you cross the first large stream. About 100 yards ahead, it is hard to see where the trail goes. It looks like it should turn right and head down hill. Instead it makes a sharp turn to the left and goes up hill for about 200 feet where you find the good trail again. A large dead tree is lying on the trail at this point, so you can not see the trail does go to the left and up.

After a second creek crossing the trail follows on the right side of Bedal Creek until it looks like it will cross the creek again. I found rock cairns going up the creek bed, but no real trail. I could look up the creek for quite a ways up to the basin. Since it was getting late, I decided to turn around and go up another time to check out the basin itself. Maybe locate the remains of Harry Bedal's old log cabin. Your off trail route finding skills are handy for this trip.—George Chambers, Bothell, 6/17.

 **MOUNT PILCHUCK (GT Granite Falls)**—I have gone up this mountain many times since my first trip way back in 1957 as a kid.

With the snow staying late this year, lots of it is still in the basin below the summit ridge on the north side and some remaining on the south side the last mile up, not as many hikers are making up to the lookout building. I got to the top in time for lunch and some nice views on a clear Sunday. While taking some photos, I spied one hiker coming up the trail not too far from the lookout. This guy was wearing only bikini underwear, but he did have boots and a pack!


Since I had seen several ill prepared hikers going up Mount Pilchuck, I decided to count the ones without any packs I passed going down and I got to 17 by the time I got back to the trailhead. A lot of people got wet feet as they were wearing tennis shoes in snow and three were just in sandals. One family was way up on some steep snow with two small children about 6 and 8.—George Chambers, Bothell, 7/16.

 **PILCHUCK VISTA (USGS Lk Chaplain)**—This hike is written up in *Footsore 3*, long out of print but found in used bookstores and libraries. The Pilchuck River road is gated, so I rode my bike upriver. There are no road signs except one faded sign up in a tree on the second major road heading. Study the map carefully and take your best guess! I found the faded sign which is labelled "5 00", with the blank looking like a rubbed out "3". This is actually road 5100 from all I can tell.


This road is a steep challenge where you will enjoy those really low gears. Since Harvey Manning wrote *Footsore 3*, there have been more clearcuts and more roads built, so consult your map and altimeter often. After several wrong attempts I stumbled on his route, about 7 bike miles from the gate.

The hike is on an abandoned logging roads, nearly overgrown with grass and moss. Some of the road tread is still there and mostly excellent on the feet. But this route is rarely travelled. Some "archeological artifacts" encountered include old pop and beer cans that are not aluminum, but rusted tin.

The trail switchbacks up and traverses the mountain with no snow until the very end of Manning's description. Here the snow suddenly was 2 to 3 feet deep. And here, Manning states, "a trail used to go to the top, and ought to be reopened." This was my goal, to find this old abandoned trail. Alas, the snow obliterated any trace and it remains a curiosity for a day later in the season. Stay tuned for a future report!—Steve Fox, Everett, 6/5.


 **LAKE 22 (USGS Verlot)**—We like to do a short hike on the 4th of July then return for a picnic and the fireworks. This year we chose Lake 22. It appears this trail is heavily used.

The lower section is in fairly good shape, but where it opens up and begins the switchbacks it is extremely rough and rocky, and was also muddy. From the upper part of the trail there are views across the valley to Three Fingers, White Chuck and Whitehorse. Extremely muddy at the lake. We found a nice rocky area just off the trail and back from the lake for lunch. The big granite spur of Mount Pilchuck dominates the view from the lake. Lots of Canadian dogwood along the trail with some trillium, glacier lilies and columbine.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/4.

 **WEST CADY RIDGE (USGS Benchmark Mtn)**—Left the trailhead about 9:30, hoping to get at least to point 4761 and maybe all the way to Benchmark Mountain. After all, the book says this trip is hikeable in late June. No such luck.

The trail is in good shape, except for one or two blowdowns, but we hit patches of snow beginning about 3800 feet. The trail disappeared entirely in snow about a quarter of a mile from point 4761.

We followed boot tracks to 4761 and several other parties joined us for nice views from Rainier to Glacier and Sloan. There was about 2 or 3 feet of snow at point 4761. It is melting fast, and with the upcoming week of hot weather this should be a very nice trip in 2 or 3 weeks.—Sue and Alan Sherbrooke, Seattle, 6/25.

 **WEST CADY RIDGE (GT Monte Cristo, Benchmark)**—Six of us went on a Friday hike to check out West Cady Ridge and the trail to Benchmark Mountain, site of an old fire lookout. The trailhead parking lot up the North Fork Skykomish River had swarms of hungry mosquitoes waiting for us. We put on our boots in record time and started up the trail. The bugs followed us for the first 1½ miles before disappearing.

This is a nice hike up through large old growth trees at the lower elevations. Up on the ridge the trees thin out and get smaller, which affords views of mountains all around the area. A reveg project from the past had taken place on the ridge, as the trail crossed an older looking trail in several places.

We did run into snow part of the way along the ridge and had to use some route finding. We stopped for lunch at a

view point at 4761 feet that is mentioned in *100 Hikes*. The snowfree trail could be followed up to the next ridge until snow covered it again. We decided to turn around at the Henry M. Jackson Wilderness boundary where we found a metal sign on a tree. The north side of the ridge was still covered in several feet of snow, while the south side already had flowers in bloom.

Our friendly mosquitoes were waiting for us back at the parking lot, so we got our boots off fast and headed down the road. I didn't get too far before having a flat tire. Changing a flat with hungry bugs attacking isn't the best way to end a hike.—George Chambers, Bothell, 7/14.

HASKEL CREEK (GT Stevens Pass 176, Benchmark Mtn 144)—There they were, many but not enough people working on the Iron Goat Trail. We took time to chat and learned that the gate would be closed at 3:30pm that day. The part they are trying to finish before the opening ceremony September 30 is the long quarter mile from the parking lot to the old tunnel. By the way, a gate has been installed and closed because of the vandalism to the equipment used to build the trail.

We had plans to seek out an old trail that started at the hairpin curve next to Haskel Creek, crosses the King/Chelan County line, and connects to the PCT. We learned that this trail was very old and was the only way to Lake Valhalla until the Smithbrook trailhead was established.

We found one blaze, one red ribbon, some track, and lots of vine maple, devils club, mountain beaver holes, and downed trees. Any resemblance to a trail has been truly lost. We did about ½ mile and decided to leave the find-the-trail task for another day when several good trail finders can join me. Any takers?—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 7/15.

MERRITT LAKE (USGS Mt Howard)—I tried this trail last year on July 18, and found unbroken snow long before the junction with the Rock Lake (Nason Ridge) trail, at 2.5 miles. This time there was patchy snow, but no patch so large that you couldn't see the trail emerging on the other side of it.

This is a very nice warm-up hike. It goes right uphill for a couple of miles, and then meanders in an enjoyable way to little Merritt Lake, which was altogether snowfree and delightfully sunny. There were some nice flowers to look at

on the lower part of the trail; we particularly admired some patches of stoncrop with chubby red leaves and yellow flowers.

A brisk little breeze kept the mosquitoes at bay, which was very pleasant indeed. No flies yet. Good rocks around the lake for basking in the sun!

There seemed to be a few discrepancies with my Green Trails map, which was a 1986 version. First, there were two significant creek crossings that didn't show up. It seems likely, though, that these dry up as the summer goes on, and perhaps are not significant enough to show on the map.

The other puzzling thing is the trail to Lost Lake, which, as the book predicted, we did not find (the lake, I mean). There is a very well-defined trail that diverges from the Nason Ridge trail about 200 feet above Merritt Lake, so well-defined, in fact, that there are signs pointing out the "real" trail.

The side trail is not signed, but looks as if it is the trail mentioned in the book and shown on the Green Trails map. However, it doesn't go anywhere near to the top of the knob behind the lake, as the 1986 GT map shows, but stays well below it.

We met a party of three backpackers, with whom we had shared the trail coming up to Merritt Lake, coming back down this trail to Lost Lake (or wherever), and they told us that in 10 minutes we would reach unbroken snow, and that they had been unable to locate the trail across the snow or find Lost Lake, even after climbing the knob to look for it.

When I got home, I checked this mysterious Lost Lake trail (or perhaps Lost Trail Lake?) on the older GT map (circa 1975). This shows the trail quite a bit below the knob, which is more like where we actually were on the ground. So I can't tell you where the Lost Lake Lost Trail is, but my guess is the map is wrong and we were on it! —Peg Ferm, Monroe, 6/30.

MERRITT LAKE (USGS Mt Howard)—Steve and I started up the trail at 11:10. The trail crew has been over the trail all the way to the lake. The mosquitoes became real pests within the last half mile and were out in full force at the lake.

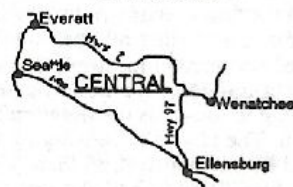
There were lots of people at the lake, many camping for the night. It was nice to see all of the tents set up back in the trees away from the shore. We took the shore path to the right to the northeast corner of the lake for lunch on the rocks. We took the trail up from the lake to the north. At the junction, we

followed the unmaintained Lost Lake trail. This is part of the old, old Nason Ridge trail. At the pass, we took a left and circled high above Merritt Lake. We had great views to the north. Glacier Peak was mostly in a cloud. Lots of snow still in the high country.

Our high point was 5800 feet and there was snow on the old trail. Bits and pieces of the trail were bare so we were able to stay on track. There is a neat meadow with an old hunter's camp along the ridge. Here we made a guess on how to get out of the basin as the trail was completely under snow. There are many trees down across the trail on the next section. Grass and flowers are slowly filling in the trail. We passed lots of rock gardens and saw some glacier lilies. We soon joined the Rock Lake trail.

As we approached the Merritt Lake trail, we found two young men camped on the trail in two separate, large tents. They were trying to get away from the mosquitoes and crowds at Merritt Lake. Hikers were still going up as we descended to the car.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 7/8.

CENTRAL



LAKE ANNETTE (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—A mellow hike (7.5 miles RT but not much elevation gain) with waterfalls along the way, nice flowers, nice woods, pretty lake. No snow on the trail except one small patch, which will be gone by Wednesday. Lake is all melted out. And no bugs yet, though I expect that by next weekend there will be plenty.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 6/25.

MAILBOX (GT Bandera 206)—It took a strong will and lots of determination to get to Mailbox's 4841-foot top. The trail starts at 810 feet and The Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club hike bulletin calls Mailbox a 6-mile round trip hike. That's a 25.2% grade. Mount Si's average grade is about 15.3%, Bandera has a 16% grade, McClellan Butte is 11.5%, and Mount Teneriffe is 13.7%.

The clear weather allowed views unmatched. The beargrass and lupine made the last 600 to 800 vertical feet tolerable. I quit counting the number of

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times I stopped to smell the roses. Each time I found no roses.

Arriving 15 or so minutes after the rest of the group of eleven, I thought the worst was over. Lunch, photos, views, writing in the log, and admiring the brand new mailbox gobbled up 45 minutes. Then the real torture began: we headed down.

I hike weekly and I thought I was in good shape, but by the time I reached the car, my legs wouldn't support me. I had to walk stiff-legged. My two hiking sticks kept me from falling.

Times were 3 hours 13 minutes up and 2 hours 15 minutes down. We took a longer trail down. The leader said they usually make it up in 2½ hours. — Wanderbuns, Kirkland, 6/25.



BANDERA MOUNTAIN

(USGS *Bandera*)—This trail naturally divides itself into two sections: Road and Up. It's the same entry point as Mason Lake, but instead of turning off to the left from the old road bed, you keep on, and in a little way the road bed is blocked by a line of stones, and a real trail goes up. Up. It quickly changes from trail to rutted route, and if it is maintained, I couldn't tell. The road part is probably a couple miles or less, and the "trail" part maybe another mile to the ridge. The trail goes along the ridge, presumably reaching the two summits of *Bandera*. We didn't bother to climb up to those, as we were totally socked in. The clouds were hanging out just right about 4500 feet, so there was nothing much to see. Cold and wet! Couldn't even see Mason Lake, which

is below the ridge on the north side. Plenty of snow on that side!

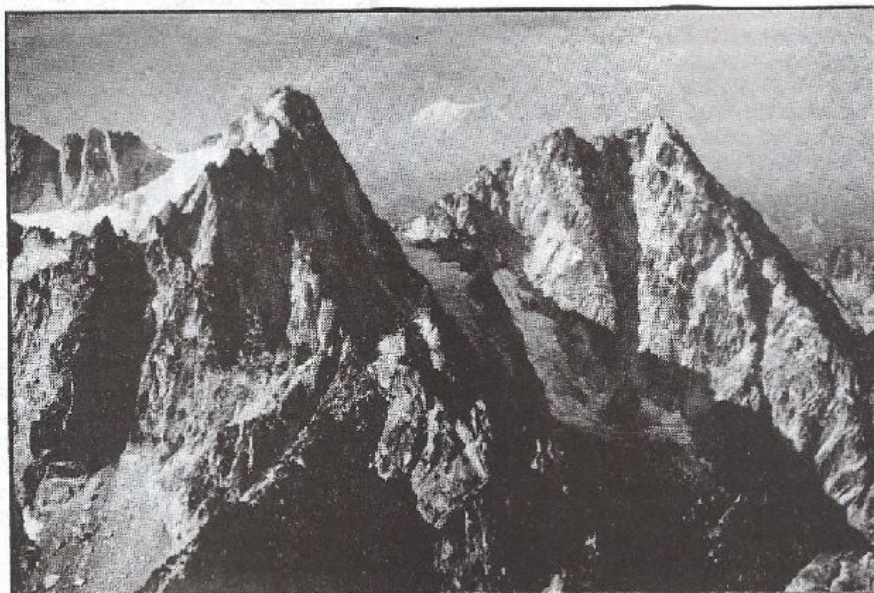
All the trees and plants were dripping with dew, not without charm, but not a place to hang out for long. On the other hand, the climb up would have been very difficult on a hot sunny day, as it is quite exposed, especially the last bit. The thing that really made this hike was the beargrass... The entire meadow area of *Bandera*, clearly visible from I-90, is wall to wall beargrass, all in bloom this weekend, and just astonishing in its profusion! I have never seen anything like it. Hundreds of acres of beargrass blooms are visible from pretty much anywhere near the top. What a fragrance!

The trail is so steep and the beargrass so generous, that I was bopped in the nose a couple times by a fat cluster of blossoms, as I lifted my head up from the trail to see the next step. Bopped softly and sweetly, but bopped, all the same. It was truly delightful!—Peg Fern, Monroe, 7/9.



GALLEON MOUNTAIN, Point 5283

(USGS *Snoqualmie Lk*)—This interesting peak was identified by Jeff Howbert as one of the Homecourt 100 back in 1995. It is located 1.1 miles north of Dingford Creek, and 3 miles east-southeast of Mount Garfield. When Howbert first climbed this peak he approached it from Green Ridge Lake. I decided to try a different approach and knock off another Homecourt Peak along the way. With long summer days and a nice forecast ahead of me things were looking up.



Dragontail and Colchuck, numbers 2 and 3 on Jeff Howbert's Back Court list. Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

I parked at the Dingford Creek trailhead after a decidedly bumpy trip up the Middle Fork road; my head was still bobbing around as I headed up the trail! In about one hour I located the fisherman's trail to Horseshoe Lake and in another hour I was at its outlet. The trail has a nice grade to it and wonderful views of a couple of waterfalls on Goat Creek.

From the lake it is a straightforward climb up Sorcery Mountain (Point 5273). With unknown travel ahead of me I decided to save this peak for another day. This is where I confess to all of you that an earlier start would have made this peak easily doable, along with Galleon. My 12:30pm start was pathetic.

The good news was that I could see Galleon off to the west. My goal was to take the ridge running over points 4555 and 5252. As I climbed above the lake and over the first point I debated whether or not to drop back down to the lake. I pressed on and went over a second point before dropping again to a bouldery saddle. Here the going looked steeper and a rope looked like a good choice. With no rope or partner I had no option but to drop down into the small basin west of Horseshoe Lake. I then proceeded up to the small lake southeast of Galleon.

This went well and soon I was on the summit ridge. From the ridge I was faced with the narrow granite fin Howbert mentioned in his report. I should have dropped off the ridge and regained it closer to the summit, but I hated the idea of going down, so I pressed on over Class 3 rock to easier ground and the small summit dome.

After searching for the register (I knew I should have brought one along!) I decided to head home in a different direction by way of Green Ridge Lake. After going over a couple of small cliffs I found easier ground and soon I was at Hi-Low Lake. Here I followed the outlet stream down to Green Ridge Lake. I avoided the boulder field on the north shore of lake and went the longer way around the other side where I picked up the trail down the outlet stream and back to the Middle Fork road.

About a one mile hike on the road brought me back to my truck at Dingford Creek. Walking the road allowed for closer inspection of the many and varied types of potholes my truck faced on the way in. I took it a bit slower going out!

Five hours up Galleon and a very fast 2 hours down.—Mark Owen, Shoreline, 7/6.

LITTLE CHIWAUKUM MTN and MIDDLE CHIWAUKUM MTN (USGS *Chiwaukum Mts, Mt Howard*)—Back Court fever continues. Before Jeff Howbert came up with his latest great list (*May issue*), I'd been cycling the two peaks on the north end of the Chiwaukum Mountain range, which begged to be visited.

These peaks are relatively unknown, but easily spotted from Highway 2, if you know where to look) beyond Stevens Pass, just east of the Merritt Lake road). They could be ordered as Chiwaukum 1 (6602) and Chiwaukum 2 (7132). If you keep on numbering the various summits along this ridge going south, you end up at Big Chiwaukum (8081 feet—unnamed on maps, but in the guidebook) which would be number 6. This peak is a monster prize with a stunning 3681 feet of prominence. Today we were after smaller game.

Mike Bialos and I drove over Stevens Pass and on east about 14 miles to the turnoff to Whitepine Creek trail, which is reached on a decent 3 mile road. Trailhead elevation 2800 feet. Following the trail only about 300 yards, past a previously logged area, we headed uphill in small old growth via the northwest ridge of Peak 7132.

This is a calf-stretching incline, mostly open, that finally lies back a little about the time we hit solid snow at 5440 or fight. At 6000 feet, the ridge definitely gentles out with great views north to the big peaks of the Entiat, Chiwawa, and White Rivers.

Chiwaukum 1 (above Lake Ethel) appeared from here as nothing more than the last 6602-foot gasp of this wonderful ridge, and though it looks pretty good from the road, it has no prominence whatsoever.

We continued up and on with no problems to Peak 7132 (Chiwaukum 2, which we decided could be better remembered as "Little Chiwaukum"). Our time to here was 4.1 hours, with a 4400-foot gain, counting some dips—not too bad, we thought, for old guys with big waists.

We could look straight down on Highway 2 and whistling trains. Mike, who would turn 65 in 6 days, pulled out his sleeping pad, and enjoyed this

summit so much that he announced that he was done for the day, and would be returning via our up route.

But the real prize for the trip as far as I was concerned was the next summit south, Peak 7423 (Chiwaukum 3 or "Middle Chiwaukum") with a significant enough 423 feet of prominence to rank as number 23 on Jeff's Back Court list.

So I continued down a broad meadow to the saddle and followed on up a snow arete to a walk-up rock finish to the top of 7423, reaching it in 35 minutes from Little Chiwaukum. Buff saw me on top and gave me an attaboy hoot, also signaling the start of his descent.

Mike Torok and Ian Mackay had been here the weekend before in terrible weather (per Mike's e-mail), but left no trace, unless they built that 3-foot cairn.

I spent about a half hour enjoying the top of Middle Chiwaukum, shooting a panorama into unfrozen Chiwaukum Lake, High Camp, Opportunity Peak (above Knox Lake), frozen Larch Lake, Big Chiwaukum, Rainier, Bulls Tooth, Jim Hill, Howard, and a ton more. Incidentally, "Chiwaukum" is the Wenatchee Indian word for "many little creeks running into a big one," applying to the drainages to the east of this ridge.

Rather than returning to Buff and our up route, I headed northwest off Middle Chiwaukum, down snow slopes and big boulder fields totally in the open for more than 3000 feet, to 4300 feet, then dove into the woods and some bush to reach the Whitepine trail at 3100 feet, about 1.5 miles from the car. 2.2 hours down. We admired the long elegant ridgeline we'd done on the drive home. —John Roper, Bellevue, 6/17.

CHIWAUKUM CREEK (USGS *Big Jim Mtn, Chiwaukum Mts*)—I headed out the door to catch the ferry, leaving behind my packet of maps and info. Luckily, Elin brought photocopies of Karen Sykes' write-up from the *P-I*, and Linda brought extra copies of her TOPO! print-out.

Seven of us headed up the closed road (which does seem shorter than 1½ miles, as SIE mentioned in the last issue) and up the trail.

The trail is in okay shape, but the

brushy sections are head high and thick. The crossing at the trail fork is on a sturdy log, but one without a handline.

We camped in Timothy Meadow and the next day at a leisurely hour went up to the basin below lakes Brigham and Flora. On this section several trees were down, one of them good-sized. In the basin most of us were content to botanize while Linda and Lindy scampered up to the lakes and beyond, reporting snow at 6000 feet.

A very hot day on our hike out nearly did us in, but stream-side stops and our plan to stop at the 59er Diner kept us going.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 7/14-16.

CASHMERE MOUNTAIN (USGS *Cashmere Mtn*)—Craig Murakami and I got an afternoon start on our way up to Little Caroline Lake above Eightmile Creek. We were heading out on plan C as both Plans A and B were scrapped.

This area had been ravaged by the '94 Rat Creek fires and the walk up to Little Eightmile Lake passed through an area which showed some of the damage. It was on this section that I realized we were in for a floral treat.

The dead trees allowed the sun to get to the forest floor and the nutrients from the burnt wood provided the woodland plants with just the right combination for a fantastic display of color. All the familiar low land plants were in prime bloom.

Once we left Little Eightmile Lake and headed up the slope toward Little Caroline we entered an area that had been totally destroyed by the fire. Huge trunks of what once were older growth trees were turned into charcoal stumps allowing the forest floor to be awash in unbelievable color. Acres and acres of blooms were where there was once thick forest floor. We passed large areas of *Lewisia columbiana* and even a spot that had my favorite, *Lewisa tweedyi* all in bloom. The weather was sunny and breezy, making the conditions ideal for flower gazing while we rambled!

Fortunately, the '94 fire did not make it over the ridge and down into the lake basin so the Caroline lakes are still nestled in beautiful wooded areas. We set up camp near Little Caroline lake and quickly settled into the tent to avoid the plentiful mosquitoes.

Tuesday morning we were up soon after daybreak and headed up the Windy Pass trail to near 6800 feet where we left the trail and went west over lovely soggy flower filled meadows. We gained a tree-less ridge coming down from the west summit of

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Cashmere near 7000 feet and took it to near the gap at about 8000 feet just west of the main summit. There was a cairned trail from there which led up the south side but we chose to follow the west ridge itself. This proved to be pure joy, athletic climbing in a wonderful setting. At the start of the climbing, I looked back to Craig to see if he was enjoying himself as much as I. He looked a little gripped but declined the rope.

We continued up and over several pinnacles to just below the summit where Craig, now having found his stride, zoomed by me saying, "This is really fun." We spent considerable time on top, 8501 feet, taking photos and enjoying the fine view. We noticed that the top of Sloan was sticking out from above the cloud layer to the west and almost all of the west side peaks north of Mount Daniel were enveloped in a thick cloud carpet.

We returned by following the cairns down through lovely alpine flower gardens. One massive clump (at 7800 feet!) of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* was particularly impressive.

This was a gentle trip with fun climbing and an approach through the best and most varied flower show ever. This Cashmere proved really soft and colorful for us. 17 miles, 5200 feet gain. Aesthetic rating of 9!—Tom Rainey, Renton, July.

 **AXIS PEAK** (USGS *Cashmere Mtn*)—This is an unnamed 7550-foot summit on the ridge right between Stuart and Eightmile Lakes (and Creeks), north of Mount Stuart. A virtual blind spot in mountain literature and lore until Jeff Howbert spotted it for his "Back Court" list (*P&P, May, page 18*), Axis Peak really ought to become a mountain mecca.

In addition to figuring its prominence, Jeff was also impressed by its unique position in the center of the circle of Stuart Range giants, inspiring the "Axis" moniker. If you put together the *Green Trails Mount Stuart* and *Chiwaukum Mountains* quads, and identify Peak 7550, you can see the point.

Dick Michelson and I drove to the 3300-foot Eightmile Lake trailhead, and hiked the 3.5 miles to the 4641-foot lake. Our plan was to cross the outlet stream to the south side of the lake and work our way around to its middle, then climb south up a broad rock, becoming snow gully that narrowed at the top to intersect the east ridge of Axis at 6920+.

There is a rockmasonry dam at the lake's outlet stream with a center gap too wide to jump, so we found a way

across just downstream over several dicey, loosely-connected, slimy logs, some submerged. Getting ready for this, I changed into my climbing boots, accidentally knocking one of my running shoes into the creek in the process. Luckily it hung up in an eddy only a short ways down.

Once on the south side of Eightmile Lake there is a minor bit of brush, then a big rock slope with tippy boulders. As we angled up, Dick pulled on a large rock above his head which dislodged. The sharp granite raked several long arcs across his forearm which bled like stink. After a little Boy Scout first aid with a red neckerchief dressing, the bleeding stopped.


We got into the main gully heading up (which Mike Torok dubbed the "Howbert Couloir" when he pioneered this route last year), and relaxed, trading leads on the last 1500 feet of snow to the ridge crest (just east-southeast of 7492). From here it took us another hour to go in and out of little gulliest to the top, avoiding the notched crest.

The summit view is really something very special, perhaps the best mountain view in the state, outside the North Cascades. That is a lofty statement to defend, but from our bullseye position in this huge target of opportunity, the toughest side of the monster 8000+ foot (or nearly) peaks of the "Top 100" and "Back Court" encircled us: Cannon, Enchantment, Dragontail, Colchuck, Argonaut, Sherpa, Stuart, Jack Ridge, Eightmile, and Cashmere.

For a bonus, the views included Rainier, Glacier, and Baker, and the lakes Colchuck, Stuart and Eightmile. Pretty darn nice. Two thumbs up.


We decided to satisfy loop requirements and avoid some up-route annoyances by heading straight south to Lake Stuart. This descent was kind of fun, plunge-stepping down the skidgravel slopes of decomposing granite.

The hike out the 4.5-mile trail from Lake Stuart, and another short mile of road ended a great day. About 11.5 miles and 4400 vertical in all. A casual 5.6 hours up, 3.3 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 6/29.

 **PADDY-GO-EASY** (USGS *The Cradle*)—Following the new Home Court Peaks list by Jeff Howbert, we decided to see about the nearby North and South Peaks. The trail is clear until about 5500 feet. The warning signs at the trailhead apply to stock and horses, and there are no major problems. The views, particularly from the pass, are quite nice. An even better view is from the first big bump to

the south, but do not assume that either of these peaks is a walk-up.

We did not have an ice axe or rope, nor did we have adequate time after the long ride over, plus three hours to the pass. But from the pass, both peaks appeared to be Class 4 or 5. (I know this will challenge John Roper to prove that they can be done at night, blindfolded!) But for ordinary folks, caution in your plans would be prudent.—Warren and Karl Guntheroth (with his dog Jasper), Seattle, 7/8.

 **ALASKA LAKE** via Gold Creek (USGS *Chikamin Pk*)—You take the Hyak exit off I-90, and head east along the frontage road, turning left at the sign for Gold Creek Picnic Area. Follow this road on past the picnic area until you see a trailhead reader board (but no sign identifying the trail, or indeed any sign of a trail at all). There is a gated road turning off to the right here.

Park in the wide spot in the main road, and walk up the gated road about 1/2-mile, ignoring side roads, and finally come to a trailhead marker, with permits, and an actual trail. I should note that this description varies from that in the 1985 version of *100 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes*.

I did call ahead to the North Bend Ranger Station to inquire about this trail, but the person I spoke with did not see fit, for some reason, to share with me this unique approach.

The book says this is 11.5 miles round trip, and the map says 10, not counting the 1/2-mile of road each way, so it's a long trail. The book also says to give this hike 9 hours, but we finished it in 7.5, in no great rush, either, with plenty of breaks. Most of it is relatively level, just following along Gold Creek, which is more like a river than a creek. The last mile or so steepens, first a little and then a lot, gaining about 1200 feet in a big hurry.

This last segment is also rough tread and has never been brushed, as far as I could tell. The lower part has not been brushed this year, certainly, and there are a few trees down across the trail.

The plus side is that the flowers are numerous and undisturbed. Donna is learning all the botanical names, and kept up a steady murmur of Latin botanical litany as we walked along.

There are only two creek crossings of any note, the first being Gold Creek/River itself, which is easily crossed on a handy log a few hundred feet downstream of the ford. The place is marked (in a camp spot) by a little white flag and a little pink flag. It is solid, but

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narrow, so I did some of it in a crawl, thereby waterproofing my hands and knees with pitch for the rest of the trip.

The other crossing is a creek coming into Gold Creek just past this main crossing. It will be easy later in the year, but it is running full now, and we waded, sans boots. Coming back, a log I had found solid on the outward crossing had achieved flotation during the afternoon, and gave way suddenly. I sat in the creek. I was only slightly more wet than I had been, however, since it was a very hot day and we were sweating profusely.

We took a lunch break before the climb up, and were slightly startled by the sudden appearance of another hiker, who came surging down the trail at a great rate. He looked like he'd just bushwhacked his way down from Kendall Peak, being covered with gashes and abrasions from top to shin.

He warned us of the rough track, and described a large boulder field, with confusing cairns and false trails, and gave us explicit instructions for navigating our way. We thanked him, and thought: Hmm. Well, we won't go all the way if it gets THAT bad...

Halfway up the trail to the lake, in a particularly miserable and windless tunnel of slide alder, we met a second fellow. (Did I say there is almost NOBODY using this trail?) He also warned us of the confusing large boulder field to be navigated, and said we had an hour to climb before reaching the lake. He also suggested that we start back down soon, lest we be caught in the dark. He was very kind and helpful.

Well, we were warned. We decided to bail on the lake, but to find the boulder field, where at least we would presumably find some views and some breeze. We climbed on. We soon came to a few rocks in an old slide, and sat on them to take a break. We kept looking up, trying to see the ridge, and to find the promised large boulder field.

The ridge seemed very close, and we determined to climb another 15 minutes to see if the boulder field lay beyond the patch of trees just above. Then two more fellows came down, said that these few rocks were the boulder field, and that the lake was 10 minutes away!

And so it was, and very nice, too. A guy paddling around in an inflatable told us to look for the fish at the outlet stream, as they seemed to be mating. They were certainly doing something, and there were a lot of them in the outlet area. In one spot, there were about 4 of them nosing under a log, very busy, so I slowly slid my arm into the water, and waited, and grabbed one by the

tail! It squirted right out of my fingers, of course, but it was fun! If I had claws like a critter I could have gotten it!

We did have to wonder if we looked particularly frail today, with all the dire warnings! Or perhaps simply beginning to look a little elderly, at the ripe old age of 50? Or simply being two women alone? (Everyone else up there seemed to be male.) Should we get T-shirts made that say, "Under this subcutaneous female fat layer are some fairly good quadriceps?"

(In fairness, I should say that there is one place where there is the opportunity for error, coming down only. The lower end of the lower rock pile has a track that leads straight down from its end, but the "real" trail goes off to the right, toward the creek. Just stay toward the creek going up and coming down, and if, coming down, you begin to lose the sound of the creek walk back uphill fifteen steps, and cut back toward the creek. The cairns are there, just not as obvious coming down.)—Peg Ferri, Monroe, 7/16.



MOUNT MARGARET

(USGS Chikamin Pk)—For this Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club trip, we parked at the hairpin turn next to Rocky Run, the outlet stream from Lake Laura. The road had car-blocking snow patches above 4000 feet.

Snow cover in the trees is two feet deep in the trees above 4600 feet, and of course increases in depth quickly with elevation. The snow is good hard spring snow, and for the steep sections and the sidehills an ice axe really should be carried.

We could see that Margaret Lake is still snow covered. Stonestrow Lake is open.—M. Leake, Issaquah, 6/15.



IRON PEAK (USGS Mt Stuart)

The trailhead is on the North Fork Teanaway River about 22 miles from Highway 970. The trail switchbacks through woods and open areas in about 3 miles to a saddle. On the way up are views across the valley to Esmerelda and Koppen peaks and the Ingalls pass area. From the saddle are views of the north peaks of the Stuart Range, and making an about face, Mount Rainier. Following to the right takes you in a mile or so to the 6500-foot summit of Iron Peak and a splendid view of Mount Stuart and other near peaks.

There were a couple of large snow patches just above the saddle, but they did not pose a problem. Most of the trail to the summit was snowfree.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/9.



EARL PEAK (USGS Enchantment Lks)

This scramble has to be our best trip thus far this year. Wow! The front row seat views of the entire Stuart Range/Enchantment Peaks as well as Iron, Navaho, Three Brothers and everything in between were absolutely incredible.

The unseasonably cool temperatures and strong winds kept us moving at a steady pace which was a good thing since we didn't start on the trail until 12:50pm. Taking the Beverly Creek trail, we turned right at the junction onto the Bean Creek trail.

When we attained the ridge at the top of the switchbacks, we turned left on a waytrail and hiked behind another party of three right to the top. Very direct and straightforward. The trail is in great shape with recently cut blow-downs. There were two crossings of Bean Creek and although the water was a little high, they didn't present any problems. We encountered only one little snow patch in a shady area which Shadow attacked with a vengeance. He loves to eat snow. Not hurrying but moving right along, we were back at the motor home before 7 pm.

There is another route up Earl via Standup Creek but it is longer with more gain. With two cars, a nice one way trip can be made.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/1.



GALLAGHER HEAD LAKE (USGS Mt Stuart)

At Snoqualmie Pass it was 47 degrees, raining, in the clouds. At the DeRoux trailhead, low clouds cover the tops of the mountains, so we chose to head to the lake and hope for clearing. We should have carried our sandals and forded first stream; the log was slick over fast water. At a meadow on other side, we stop to admire large masses of Jeffrey shooting stars in a very moist meadow! Second crossing has much more substantial log.

At top of waterfalls, the trail crosses stream again. We cross it (ankle wade) here rather than hunt upstream for a log. There was still 2 to 3 feet of snow on trail route prior to this third crossing. Meadows had lots of glacier lilies, and shooting stars in bloom. We finally hit the Teanaway flower show perfectly.

Gallagher Lake still half frozen, lots of snow all around. Have lunch near mine area, sun comes out, top of Koppen Mountain can be seen. Only four other groups on the trail all day, very peaceful, relaxing. Drove to Teanaway road end at finish of hike—judging from the cars in the lot, the crowd was there.—SHA, Seattle, 6/24.

B **BEVERLY BASIN** (USGS *Enchantment Lks, Mt Stuart*)

—Joe Toyne led our group of ten Midweek Mountaineers on this easy, relaxing three-day backpack, and we all had a wonderful time. The weather was unseasonably cool with mixed sun and clouds, no rain and bugs only the first evening.

Arriving in camp before lunch on the first day, we set up our tents and then ate. During the afternoon, Joe led us .5-mile up the Fourth Creek trail to a pass overlooking the Ingalls Creek valley and Stuart Range. Quite a view for such little effort. Returning to camp, we continued up the Beverly Turnpike trail to another pass overlooking the same area, only we couldn't see much through the forest. This pass is 200 feet higher than Fourth Creek, and there was quite a bit of snow lingering on the north side. Back at camp, we all cooked our dinners, roasted marshmallows, and told Mountaineer stories. Many in the group have been Mountaineers since the '60s and early '70s, and we reminisced about the old days. The three or four old Bluet stoves in the group told their own stories.

Leaving camp at 9am the next morning, we strolled to the top of Iron Peak by midmorning. The few snow cornices along the ridge gave us no problems, and we were able to skirt around them. Clouds were beginning to drift in by the time we reached the summit but didn't diminish the breathtaking views. We met Wally White's Midweek day hike to Iron Peak on our way back to camp, wishing them a good trip as we passed by.

After a quick lunch at camp, Joe led us up the Fourth Creek trail again to the ridge crest where we turned right on the County Line trail. Taking this trail a few miles east, we passed through meadows, crossed streams, and ended up right next to Volcanic Neck, that distinctive rock formation the locals refer to as The Thumb. Here we surveyed the 360-degree panorama before reluctantly heading back to camp.

The next day dawned perfectly clear with Iron Peak looming above camp against an azure sky. We all arose early and most of us cleared out of camp before 8:30am. Six of us hit the Cle Elum Bakery on our way home. Jacki and I rushed in, just to discover no eclairs in their cold case. Disheartened we purchased only coffee and joined the others outside. That's when we heard that Dick had prepurchased the eclairs and had them set aside for us. Gee, what a guy!

This trip was very special in the fact that it was Trudy Ecob's first backpack

since her double knee replacement last November. And she hadn't backpacked for a few years prior to surgery. It was just great to see Trudy back in camp again.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/5-7.

I **INGALLS PASS** (GT *Mount Stuart*)

—I could see that our Forest Pass money is really helping out. The parking lot privy had no toilet paper and there was no sign in sheet at the trailhead bulletin board.

Since most of the trail up to Ingalls Pass is in good shape, not too steep, you can cruise right along. A cool breeze was blowing most of the way as I hiked up, which felt pretty good. Once your get to the 6500-foot pass, the splendid views are all around you. The south wall of Mount Stuart is just across the valley, Ingalls Peak is to the west and even Mount Adams can be seen from this spot.

Even on this sunny summer day, the temperature at the pass was 55 degrees with a cold wind blowing off the snow. After finding a great lunch rock to sit on, time for some photos and a bite to eat while soaking in the wonderful scenery. Another plus about this trip was no bugs at all. Did see a few colorful butterflies and one ground squirrel who posed on a rock while I got his photo.

Even ran into some climbers from the Tacoma Mountaineers who were heading out after summiting Mount Stuart. They got to the top at 8:30pm on Saturday night, then bivvied before coming down on Sunday. Sounded like a tough intermediate climb.

This hike should be great in early fall before the snow flies. Plus you can check out the routes up Mount Stuart and see why it is no picnic.—George Chambers, Bothell, 7/9.

R **RED TOP MOUNTAIN** (USGS *Red Top Mtn, Liberty*)

—This short, sweet and steep .5-mile hike from the south is just perfect for a short afternoon stroll. After all our party finally made it to the Teanaway area from opposite ends of the state, it was too late to do anything else. With cool but sunny weather, we wanted an easily attainable view. Red Top Lookout was it!

One of the few remaining lookouts left in our state, Red Top is visible from the parking lot. A friendly volunteer lookout was on duty to answer questions and show off the lookout's commanding view of the entire Teanaway area. Walking the ridge to the north of the lookout, we encountered a few parties digging for agates and geodes. One amicable group showed us what to look for and displayed the stones they had

thus far collected.

Returning south along the ridge, we passed the unmaintained Blue Creek trail which I've taken before. While Jim and son Jeff returned to the car with a promise to pick us up on their drive down, Jacki and I took this trail to the road a few miles below the lookout. Although this quiet and lonely trail is somewhat overgrown in meadows and open areas, it is still visible, and we had no route finding problems. Jim and Jeff beat us to the trailhead in the car by 10 minutes.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/2.

C **COAL MINES TRAIL** (USGS *Cle Elum*)

—We were supposed to hike up Iron Peak today but poor weather dashed that as we'd never see a thing. Jim and Jeff elected to go home but Jacki and I, ever the hikers in any kind of weather, decided that as long as we were already in hiking country we might as well hike.

Since there aren't any views on this old railroad grade anyhow, we thought it a good choice. Being a holiday weekend with a street fair in Cle Elum and Civil (shouldn't it be Revolutionary?) War reenactment in Roslyn, we saw more traffic than usual on this trail. One party we met even wore Civil War uniforms complete with fake rifles. As we neared Roslyn, the sound of cannon fire got louder and more persistent.

That combined with a stiff wind and spitting rain made for a less than pleasant walk. A few dogwoods were still in bloom but for the most part, it was past the peak of the season. Hamburgers and fries at the Brick was a welcome break in the middle of the trip.

Wooden benches are intermittently spaced along the trail, and fancy wooden signboards indicate the location of certain mines giving a sense of history. The trail runs between Cle Elum and Ronald. With a car at each end, we did it as a one way trip.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/3.

NORTHEAST



T **TRONSEN RIDGE TRAIL** 1204 (GT *Liberty*)—On this cloudy, drizzly first day of July, we

headed east to the sunshine and Tronsen Ridge, which turned out to be a very good choice. Lots of views, sunshine, puffy white clouds, cooling breezes, and wonderful flowers. We took a slow, relaxed pace and thoroughly enjoyed the day.

We drove Highway 97 over Swauk Pass to road 7224 (Five Mile road), turned right and slowly followed bumpy 7224 to the trailhead at 4000 feet. The largest display of Indian paintbrush I think I've ever seen covered the hillside. Incidentally, there is a very inviting camp spot with views at the trailhead. We put on our boots and hit the trail at 10am. Lots of very fragrant wild rose blooming on the first portion of the trail. Some leftover balsamroot is still hanging on.

Many open views from this trail, heading southeast along the ridge, going mostly gently uphill 2.4 miles to a junction with Red Hill trail 1223. After that, the trail continues along Tronsen Ridge in typical up-and-down ridge fashion, contouring around rocky ledges with almost continuous views. Here we started seeing bitterroot in full bloom, and a lovely display of Tweedy's lewisia.

About 11:30 we arrived at a scenic lunch site, Point 4870, although it was just off the trail. We debated about stopping here, but decided to press on another 1.5 miles to a high point at 5250 feet. So just before the trail headed downhill downhill, we turned right across a grassy meadow to a more secluded spot off-trail on a rocky outcropping, where we enjoyed a leisurely lunch. No bugs to speak of, except for a few ants.

We reluctantly started back at 2pm and explored a few rock ledges along the way, taking more pictures. The flowers were irresistible, and made for slow hiking. We saw star tulip (mariposa lily), yellow salsify, rosy everlasting, alumroot, luina, blue clematis, scarlet gilia, prairie smoke, plus many of the more common varieties.

We reached the car at 4:35, having seen only one motorbiker and no other hikers all day. The trail was in excellent condition, just a little dusty on the first portion. The road leading in, however, seems best suited for 4WD. On the way down we hit a rock and started to hear a hissing sound coming from the front left tire. So about halfway down we had to change the flat, which delayed dinner in Cle Elum until about 6:45, and arrival back home after 9pm.
—C. Berner, 7/1.

SOUTH CENTRAL



MOUNT WASHINGTON OWL SPOT (USGS *Chester Morse Lk*)—We had a free evening, and Jim suggested hiking to the Mount Washington Owl Spot located approximately 2.5 miles up the trail. Perfect trip.

The temperature was just right, there were no bugs, and few people. Going without our packs for once, we sauntered up the trail taking time to appreciate the few views as well as the tiny flowers lining the path.

Great way to unwind after a busy day at work or home. We topped the evening off with a goody stop in North Bend on the way home.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 6/29.

GOAT PEAK (GT *Easton 1995*)—Sasha and I had climbed the summit (the site of a former lookout) in June of last year, and I was intrigued by the two rocky summits to the east, but didn't try them. This year, my son Karl came along with a rope to check them out.

The first thing to understand is that the Green Trails map shows less than half of the logging roads on Goat Peak. Secondly, the bridge across Cole Creek, at the junction with Cabin Creek, has been out for over a year, although a 4WD with a lot of clearance can probably make it; they have built a foot bridge across it.

Thirdly, the map shows a road and trail on the north, near Tucker Creek, but it doesn't exist. There is a trail that descends in that direction, but the "road" is actually an irrigation canal! And finally, trail 1304 doesn't come off the road that crosses Cole Creek.

The good news is that you can see the objective most of the way in, hiking on the road. The simplest way up is to take the steeply rising road that heads northeast just above a cliff. From there you find a faint trail that heads back up the ridge in a southeast direction to the summit (4981 feet, although my altimeter read 5100).

Tom and Ed Emery made the cliff formation their destination, and we could see them from the summit. We went up a higher series of switchback roads on the west-facing slope of the

mountain to a point 200 feet below the ridge line. We hit the ridge only a hundred feet west of the summit.

This was the Friday before Father's Day, and it had been rainy for a long time; the air was as clear as it ever gets. It was warm in the sun and cool in the shade, and from this point, you could see an incredible array of summits to the north, as well as Mount Rainier in the south. A perfect place for lunch, and Jasper, Karl's 2-year-old dog, was in favor of that.

We then went over to explore the rocks, which required losing a couple of hundred feet, and then contouring on the north side of a cirque. The previous warm weather had melted all the snow, so that was not a problem. The first summit was a pleasant scramble, but the more easterly rock presented no easy access. The only reasonable one was a 15-foot face on the north side, with a crack that would have been a mildly strenuous lay-back. We had no protection, so we descended in order to walk around the first rock. That was almost as bad as what we wanted to avoid, but in a short while, Jasper welcomed us back with enthusiasm.

We took a third route back. Coming off the summit was what looked like a road descending on the south-southwest ridge, shadier than our up-route, ending at a clearing with a small house that was posted. A little lower was a road that was a gradual descent back to the road we had come in on. It passed around a locked gate at the bottom. It was definitely the best route, in terms of directness and shade.

Time to the lookout was 3 hours, and the trip to the rock and back was an extra 2 hours, and the round-trip was a little over 7 hours.

A final comment about maps and logging roads. Although the Forest Service has a policy of dropping roads that are not maintained from their maps, that is very unfortunate for those of us who are hiking, who could use them for orientation and walking on. Although they are not drivable, for the most part, I wouldn't buy a topographic map for driving, so I don't see the advantage of taking the roads off the map. The Topo! map I printed out had more roads shown, but neither the road we went up nor the road we took down were on it.
—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 6/18.


GRANITE CREEK (USGS *Ronald*)—Take exit 78 from I-90. I think it is called Golf Course road. Turn on road 4517 and follow the signs to the trailhead. There is room for two or three cars at the trailhead and

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room for several more just a little farther along the road. The trail follows Granite Creek and in about 2 miles joins the Cle Elum Ridge trail. Turning right the trail parallels a logging road for a mile or so where it becomes lost in a maze of roads.

Turning right on the first, then right again at the next road takes you to a nice overlook and a good lunch spot. The views are to the north and east. Domes Peak, Kachess and Cle Elum lakes, the towns of Ronald, Roslyn and Cle Elum. This is an interesting hike if you can overlook the clearcutting in the area.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7-2


 **DALLES RIDGE** (GT Greenwater, Lester)—Arriving at the trailhead on this drizzly Fourth of July, we found fresh snow on the ground and very cool temperatures. Two people at the trailhead informed us that they had lost the trail about 1.5 miles up due to lingering snow on a north-facing slope. They suggested a snow-free alternative on the Ranger Creek trail 1197 to a 3-sided log shelter about a mile down the trail, so we decided to give it a try.

We left the trailhead (5300 feet) at 11:30 and hiked 5-mile on the Dalles Ridge trail to the junction with the Ranger Creek trail, which we followed for 1 mile, and found the log shelter. The trail switchbacked gently down, losing 300 feet, and passed several fields of beargrass just beginning to bloom. The picturesque shelter, built by the Boy Scouts, provided us with a cozy, dry place for lunch. Ranger Creek trail continues down from the shelter 4.8 miles to a junction with the White River trail 1199. Palisades trail 1198 takes off from the shelter travelling 6.6 miles to the White River trail 1199, another hike for another day.

Returning to the junction of the Dalles Ridge trail, we decided to go a little farther since it was still early and we hadn't gotten in very many miles yet for the day. No views, due to drizzle and fog clouds, but beautiful close-up trail scenery and flowers: alpine buttercup, yellow and purple violets, glacier lilies, stonecrop, paintbrush, and harebell. Only one tree across the trail. When we arrived at the snow patches we pressed on and easily found the trail again. So we actually were able to make it all the way to Noble Knob (6011 feet), summiting at 3pm. Only a couple of small snow patches left at the top. One other coule was just leaving when we arrived, having come in by way of Corral Pass. The route we took is the shortest of five routes into Noble Knob, only 2.4 miles one way.

On the way back, the sun started poking through the clouds and more views began presenting themselves, though we never got to see The Mountain. When we got back to the car at 4:30, the skies were quite clear and the temperature had warmed up considerably.

To find this alternate way into Noble Knob, drive east on Highway 410 20 miles from Enumclaw and turn left (east) on Greenwater road 70. Follow for approximately 3.5 miles and turn right onto road 72, following this nice gravel road about 5 miles or so to road 7250. Turn left and travel approximately 2 miles to the road end and trailhead. Parking for about six cars. All road junctions were clearly marked.—C. Berner, Renton, 7/4.

 **IPSUT PASS** (USGS Mowich Lk)—This 3.5-mile trail starts from the Ipsut Creek campground at the end of the Carbon River road. It gains 2600 feet, mostly in steep switchbacks the last mile to the pass. The trail is snowfree and the wildflowers are out, especially banks of avalanche lilies lining the shady trail to Mowich Lake. It finally feels like summer: sunny skies, temperatures in the mid-70s, and looming views of Rainier.


It's a mile to Mowich Lake from the pass, and although the Mowich Lake road is still closed, the lake wasn't lonely. We saw four backpackers, three rafters, and two people wading the shallow water with nets. Two of the backpackers reported deep snow at Spray Park. They were not able to complete the Ipsut Pass-Spray Park-Seattle Park-Carbon River Loop.

The surprise sighting of the day was two common loons on the lakes preening and diving in turn, and seemingly not too bothered by the human activity around them.

We returned to the pass, then diverted off on the Eunice Lake trail, another .9-mile detour. Mowich sits at approximately 4900 feet and Eunice at 5300 feet, and what a difference 400 feet makes. Eunice is still frozen, although the ice is thin and breaking up along the shore.

We didn't encounter any snow until reaching the Eunice Lake basin which we're guessing is still under 2 to 3 feet. The trail to Tolmie Peak Lookout as it emerges from the basin and switchbacks up the hillside across the lake is snowfree.

No one but us at Eunice today. What a great place to visit before the Mowich Lake road opens.—Dennis & Pat, Olympia, 7/12.


 **WHITMAN CREST** (USGS Mt Rainier East)—Tom and I got an early start but weren't able to beat paying the fee at the White River entrance. Solid snow on the Summerland trail started just after the stream crossing (new footlog) and we skinned up there. We passed two skiers staying near Summerland who weren't out of their tent yet; we reminded them about early birds and worms, etc.

Instead of reaching the glacier by climbing up to Meany Crest we continued on skins up the right side of the main basin to about 6700 feet, then boot-packed up the headwall and onto the toe of the glacier. The Fryingpan is broad and gentle and we started a beeline for Whitman Crest far above.

We started to slow down in the strong sun until a party of three came swishing by on the descent, which inspired us to hurry on to the high point. We noticed a single crevasse starting to show near the foot of the slope up to Whitman Crest.

Whitman Crest, 9323 feet, has the unique feature of allowing you to see both Camp Muir and Camp Shurman and the two main trade routes up the mountain at the same time. Visibility was great: we could see from Mount Jefferson in Oregon to Mount Baker, seven volcanoes total plus seemingly the entire Cascade range.

We started down at 1:30 and the snow was perfect. We just skied the fall line, first the long gentle stretch across the glacier, and then over three distinct rollovers as the pitch ratcheted up and dropped us over the headwall into the Summerland basin. We skied the headwall in one long careful shot, traversing a bit at the end to avoid the gaping bergschrund we had forgotten about. A few hundred yards of bumpy snow brought us back to the creek and the walk out through the now warm and woody-smelling old-growth forest.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 6/25.

 **NORSE PEAK** (USGS Bumping Lk)—The trailhead is a few hundred yards up a dirt road off the Crystal Mountain Highway about 2 miles from the ski area parking lot. The trail starts out in woods switchbacking up to the ridgetop in about 5 miles.

The upper switchbacks open out into meadows which were filled with wildflowers. Paintbrush, lupine, mountain dandelion, mountain daisy, penstemon, columbine, lots of Canadian dogwood near the trailhead and lots of alpine lilies near the ridge top where the snow had only just melted.

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The trail is in good shape if you do not mind a little dust. From the ridge top there are views down into Crow Basin and the nearby peaks. The trail contours around and in about 1½ miles reaches the 6800-foot summit. The view from here was spectacular. We could see all of the Cascade volcanoes as well as the Stuart Range.

On our way back we encountered a woman and her companion who had fallen and felt that she had broken her ankle. She was in a lot of pain and unable to continue hiking out. (We were about a mile from the trailhead). There were only three of us as the rest of our group had returned by another trail.

We made sure that they had plenty of water and promised to contact help when we got down. It took us about 20 minutes to get back to the car, then we rushed up to the ski area where in addition to picking up the rest of our group we phoned for help. We returned to the trailhead to wait for the rescuers. It took almost a hour.

Meanwhile she had been helped down by some other hikers so was very near the trailhead when the rescue team arrived. We were glad that her injuries were not life-threatening. This made for an exciting day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/10.

DOUBLE PEAK (USGS Chinook Pass)—Descending from Cayuse Pass on Highway 123 park at the second pull-out past the Kotsuck trailhead, 3050 feet.

Drop down the embankment to the trail. Follow the trail downstream, cross the bridge over raging Chinook Creek and continue downstream about .4-mile to a single log bridge over a small stream. Head upstream on the left (south) side of the stream through down logs and brushy hemlock, massive cedars and some pacific yew, staying within sound and often sight of the stream.

Emerge from brush into snowcovered upper stream basin. Curve around and southerly over snow to lower rim of the upper basin just below Double Peak, which is a rather impressive and well named, aesthetically pleasing chunk of unstable rock. Continue southerly across and up this snowfield to a prominent gully just north of the south ridge of the south summit. Kick-step up on snow and occasional loose scree and rock to 6050-foot notch at the head of the gully. From there northerly and easterly on blocky rock and across a minor arete to the map 6199-foot survey marker on the south summit. First to record in register for 2000.

At 2:20 we reentered the green phase,

at 3:45 hit the trail and at 4:10 were back on Highway 123. It's about 96 miles and two hours from Martin Way park-and-ride. The spinach salad with bay shrimp at the 410 Café in Buckley is delicious; order the small unless you are a really big kid.

Suggest this would be an excellent snow scramble to do as soon as the road opens.—Paul G. Schaufier, Olympia, 7/8.

MOUNT AIX (USGS Bumping Lk)—With a trail all the way to the top I figured this was a good choice considering I was alone. I decided I might as well push the pace and get in a good workout. Stripping to nothing but a pair of shorts, I headed up the trail. It was 9:25am, elevation 3600 feet. Mount Aix is a big mountain, 7766 feet high, but melts out early in the season due to the fact that it's east of the crest (19 road miles east of Chinook Pass to the turn off at the Bumping Lake road).

On the semi-level switchbacks, I jogged. Where it got steep, I attempted to keep up a brisk pace. It was quite invigorating in the cool mountain air. I stopped occasionally to catch my breath and enjoy the scenery. I got out of the forest in quick order and was soon looking at what I thought was the upper portion of Mount Aix. It wasn't until after rounding a bend and seeing another more rugged and prominent peak in the distance that I realized that the first peak I saw was simply a high point on Nelson Ridge. The upper trail crossed one big snowfield and then traversed talus slopes on the south side of

the mountain. The trail eventually wound around the east side of the mountain and up a ridge to the summit. When I got there it was 11:41am. Mount Rainier and the Goat Rocks remained in the sun all day, while the east side had dark, ominous-looking clouds.

I had just finished reading the summit register when I felt a strange tingling sensation on my right arm. "That was weird," I thought. A moment later I could feel electricity in the air as the hair on my head stood on end. I quickly picked up my fanny pack and scurried down the stairs from the old lookout site. I felt an odd sensation over my entire body and worried that a lightning strike might be imminent. I didn't bother with the trail which went down the ridge. Instead I plunged straight down the scree on the south side. Once I intersected the trail I felt pretty silly. After all I never did hear any thunder or see any lightning...

Feeling more comfortable I decided to wander over to the high point on Nelson Ridge. There was a bit of rain in the air, but it felt good. Shortly after climbing high on Nelson Ridge, the clouds began pelting me with stinging hail that was turning the ground white. Feeling like the Mountain Gods didn't want me up high on that day, I once again began a rapid descent. I was soon back to the junction of the Mount Aix trail where I continued my downward progress.

In an hour and 6 minutes, I was back at the trailhead wondering what I was going to do with the rest of my day. I drove back to Chinook Pass and climb-



Rainier and Little Tahoma from Cowlitz Park.

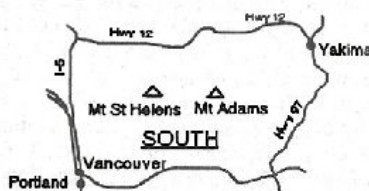
Paul Schaufier

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ed Yakima Peak on the northwest side of the pass and then Naches Peak on the opposite side of the pass. The terrain was totally snow-covered in this area. I enjoyed the exposed narrow north ridge of Naches as well as good standing glissades off both peaks. Just another good day in the mountains!—Don Beavon, Lynnwood, 7/6.

SOUTH



GOAT PEAK (USGS Bumping Lk, Old Scab Mtn)—There are at least three trailheads leading to this 6400-foot peak on American Ridge. One is the Hells Crossing trailhead on Highway 410 across from the Hells Crossing campground. Another is the American Ridge trail 958 which is less than a mile up the Bumping River road from Highway 410. The route we chose is the Goat Creek trailhead 959 about 6 miles along the Bumping River

road, across from the Cougar Flat campground. This is the easiest and we think shortest route to the summit. The trail begins in forest and switchbacks up to a junction with the American Ridge trail in about 4 miles.

At this point the views begin. Following the American Ridge trail north you reach the summit of Goat Peak in about 1 mile. It was an especially clear day and the views were splendid.

We were a little late for wildflowers. Some lupine and paintbrush in the lower area and lots of phlox at the summit. It was interesting to encounter some of the same blowdowns that we had encountered when doing this hike last year.

Although this is in a wilderness area, I would think that the Forest Service would want to clear the trail. A couple of the trees were extremely large and hikers are cutting switchbacks rather than climbing over them.

Still lots of snow in the Chinook Pass area. This is a long drive but well worth it for this splendid hike.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 6/25.



NORTH FORK TIETON (GT White Pass 303)—Three weeks ago Jacki and I hiked to Tieton Pass on an excellent trail. We attempted a loop with the return trip on the unmaintained trail 1151. Due to snow, we had to turn around before completing the entire loop.

Figuring we could negotiate any remaining snow, this time we hiked in on trail 1151. Well, you can forget that trail. We expected the downed trees to climb over and the mud to wade through but we never thought the trail would vanish in a mile at a horse camp.

Crashing around through swampy brush while being eaten alive by bugs, we soon gave up and returned to the trailhead. And the lady at the Packwood Ranger Station who told us that this trail was still being used seemed so knowledgeable too.

But ... it was a good thing we drove to the trailhead just the same. When we got out of the car, the first thing we noticed was a smoldering campfire. An absolutely gargantuan log was burning away along with smaller ones. We managed to roll the big log out of the firepit onto bare

dirt. Then we separated the smaller ones and stirred up the ashes.

When we came back from our aborted hike an hour later, the fire was barely warm.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/11.



ANDY CREEK TO BOOT JACK ROCK (GT White Pass, Rimrock Lk)—Desperate to still get some sort of hike in on this glorious day of perfect weather, we quickly scanned our Goat Rock Wilderness map for a close by short hike to quick views. Driving high above Rimrock Lake, we located the Andy Creek trail. Hoisting our packs once again, we set off at 1pm on a multi-use road/trail. We saw no boot tracks but plenty of tire marks. However, we saw no one at all this midweek day.

The trail climbs steeply for a few miles, leveling off at the ridge and the William O. Douglas Wilderness boundary. We continued northwest a short ways and stopped for a very late lunch overlooking Bootjack Rock. From our perch, we had an unobstructed close-up view of the Goat Rocks and Mount Adams. So the day was not a loss after all in spite of such inauspicious beginnings.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/11.



HAMILTON BUTTES (GT Blue Lk)—Car-camping with friends for the weekend, we were able to place a vehicle at both ends of this trail for a great one-way hike on a sunny day.

From Randle, travel south on road 23, bearing left on road 21 to a junction with road 78. Turn left (north) to a large parking lot just past the junction, beside Cat Creek (trail end). Follow road 78 up to a junction with road 7807 and turn right. Just after the road curves to the right, find the trailhead. Parking is along the side of the road. Follow this spur trail a short .2-mile to the start of the Hamilton Buttes trail, 4200 feet.

According to our GPS it was 3.5 miles to the summit of Hamilton Buttes, 5772 feet. The trail begins in forest, but at about 1 mile a nice open vista on a side-hill is reached. Many flowers here. The way goes gently up, mostly through trees, reaching a junction with connector trail 109A at 2.5 miles and a junction with trail 109 at about 3 miles. We found lingering snow patches just before the first junction.

The final 1/2-mile switchbacks steeply up through open meadows to the summit, with views all around to Adams, Hood, Saint Helens, the Goat Rocks, and Rainier, plus Mud and Wobbly lakes.

Hamilton Buttes, the site of a former



Ranger Falls, on the trail to Green Lake. Mount Rainier National Park.

Robert Michelson

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lookout built in 1929 and abandoned in the 1960s, is a rocky summit with steep cliffs on one side and grassy meadows on the other side. With a 360-degree view, it's a good place to bring out map and compass.

The 5.5 miles (according to our GPS) down to trail's end (2938-foot elevation loss) alternates through trees and open vistas, with Mount Adams directly in front of us for part of the way, only about 12 air miles away.

Many more fields of flowers, including the three-leaved anemone, glacier and avalanche lilies, queen's cup, and Scouler's harebell. A few mosquitoes were encountered, as well as a few motorcycles.—C. Berner, Renton, 7/9.



COLDWATER PEAK (USGS Spirit Lk W, GT Spirit Lk)—

This named 5727-foot summit appears on *Green Trails, Gifford Pinchot National Forest*, and the *Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument* maps as the high point between Coldwater Lake and Spirit Lake. It was not yet named on the USGS quad (1984), showing only as an unnamed peak 5720+.

With all the hullabaloo about the 20th anniversary of the May 18, 1980 eruption of Mt. St. Helens, I got an itch to make my first visit to the new Johnston Ridge Observatory, and drive up the North Fork Toutle River, something I haven't done since 1977 when I last skied up and down the old, long-gone 9677-foot summit of St. Helens, over the Dogs Head route.

Finding no compadres, I left Bellevue alone and headed to the Toutle, and tried to do the tourist thing, stopping at all the various viewpoints and facilities along the way, though most were still closed until 10am.

The entire road route up to the Johnston Ridge finish is an engineering masterpiece. The Hoffstadt Creek bridge is most impressive. These road builders did it right. Along the way, I finessed a rough road route to near the top of Elk Rock, 4360+ feet, and finished the walk as an appetizer.

The Coldwater Ridge Visitor Center is fabulous, as is the view from the newly (1980) formed Coldwater Lake, at its outlet. Finally, Johnston Ridge at road end is reached in about 50 miles from I-5.

The observatory here is another masterpiece, blending perfectly into the natural setting. The roof of the observatory is cleverly camouflaged with volcanic debris and a blasted dead tree. From the visitor center, it's a hundred yard walk to the top of Johnston Ridge where German, Japanese, and French

tourists chatted.

The Boundary Trail continues east along a crest that looks down into the Toutle River valley that used to drain Spirit Lake, now filled with avalanche debris and a pumice plain. On the other side of the valley is a huge Mount St Helens, showing her blown-out crater and new dome.

In 2.3 miles from Johnston, a side trail drops to Pumice Plain and on to the Loowit Trail, a loop route around St. Helens. At this point, the route to Coldwater Peak crosses "The Spillover," where the guts of St. Helens sloshed over this ridge into South Coldwater Creek when it blew. In another mile a side trail leads right to the top of Harrys Ridge, named for the irascible curmudgeon of Spirit Lake who dared the mountain to bury him.

From this fork, Spirit Lake is visible and the trail continues another 2.8 miles (6.1 miles total) to the top of Coldwater Peak. From the parking lot, it looked like it would be pretty much a dry route to the peak, so I decided to go in soft trail boots, a greenhorn mistake. The trail was actually largely buried in snow this last section, and not much use, and I didn't want to risk the posted \$100 minimum fine for stepping off the trail. So the feet got wet, and I crossed some slopes that could have been dangerous except for the soft snow.

Rounding Point 5332, I had a great view into the frozen-over St. Helens Lake, with The Dome and Mount Margaret behind. And just beyond, on the crest, the trail crosses right through the rocky ridge under a very nifty red natural arch. Fun. If you know where to look, you can see this cannonhole from the road (third bump from the right). I reached the top in 3 hours, and returned in 2. Highly recommended.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/24.

CANADA



MOUNT GARIBALDI (92

G/15 Mamquam Mt)—Reportedly best on spring snow but work and weather don't always cooperate. Nine miles north of main Squamish/99 intersection go right on Cheekeye Road. We needed the 4-wheel drive truck for the steep, rocky road past Cat Lake.

At 5 miles pass concrete remains of a ski resort. At 6.6 miles park on right before a locked gate. We carcamped that night, a morning walk down then up gravel road to snowmobile club's hut. Snow to Brohm Ridge and over the Little Sharkfin.

Under Dalton Dome (not too close, severe rock/snow/ice fall) we traversed steep glacier, sometimes following goat tracks. Around the shoulder we approached the east face of Garibaldi. A history of recent climbs and opening "schrund" were evident.

The preferred track went up the middle, left of the central rotten rock cleaver. Later parties were forced to the right, then traversed back under the rock. We had to go to the extreme right where a recent snow slough had reformed a bridge over the open schrund. On belay from my securely anchored partner, Bill Green, I dashed across and set pickets up to the rocky ridge.

A traverse on rock and snow with fixed and running belays got us to the summit. We set about melting snow and having cocoa in the evening sun-light. The descent to the saddle with Dalton Dome was disappointingly steeper and more vague than the guides and maps had led us to believe.

Reluctantly we left the summit and returned to the glacier by way of steep snow and a hanging rappel. An unusually clear night bivouac, relaxed morning departure, and crystal views of Black Tusk, The Table, Garibaldi Lake, etc., were our special rewards.

On the return we turned right at the concrete hulks and then left at two more intersections for a rough but better road down.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 6/26-27.

CALIFORNIA



EATON CANYON (USGS Pasadena, Mt Wilson)—

My brother Eric planned this great loop hike in the San Gabriel Mountains of Los Angeles County. The 16-mile route combined several unique features that came together to make for a fine day of walking. Rugged wilderness, several points of historical interest, great views, a layout which put all the ascents in the shade and all the descents in the sun, and even a dose of real wildlife were included. The most unique feature was that in this world capital of automobile culture we would not use a car to access the hike, but instead start walking from Eric's doorstep in Altadena.

Since we were doing this hike out-of-season (October to May is prime time for the San Gabriels) we began at 5:30am. One mile of walking on suburban streets brought us to the actual start of the Sam Merrill Trail at the top of Lake Avenue in Altadena. This well-graded trail climbs for 2 miles to Echo Mountain, former site of a large hotel (which

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operated from 1894 to 1906) and terminus of an incline railway which brought the hotel patrons, sightseers, and hikers to this viewpoint. We sat on a ruined cement staircase and had breakfast, looking out over the thick marine layer which blanketed the entire Los Angeles basin. Completely hidden from view by these innocent white clouds was a megalopolis of 12 million people.

We then jumped on the Castle Canyon Trail, which climbed out of the scrubby chaparral through more forested terrain another 1400 feet to Inspiration Point and an even higher view of the cloud layer.

The next stage of the hike was the long descent of the Idlehour Trail into Eaton Canyon. There is no trail that ascends from the mouth of this canyon, so accessing it requires the up-and-over sort of effort we were doing this day. The trail appeared little-travelled and there was a genuine feeling of remoteness. This primitive sensation was confirmed as we approached the first creek crossing and spooked a bear, a beautiful cinnamon-colored animal that crashed 50 yards upslope before stopping, turning, and watching us hustle by. We were less than two linear miles from the edge of Los Angeles.

After another mile or so brought us to Camp Idlehour. In the first few decades of the 1900s the San Gabriels were thick with rustic trail camps, and the appeal of this spot was obvious. A canopy of oaks over an all-year stream with plenty of flat ground invited us take our longest break of the day.

We enjoyed the contrast between the few gorgeous lilies growing in a wet spot nearby and a century plant with its great spiked base and towering 20-foot stem half-covered in leathery blossoms thriving on the hot slope across the creek.


Re-energized we began our final climb of the day, rising up out of the canyon another 1400 feet to meet the Mount Wilson Toll Road. This road, now closed and used for fire control, provided the original access to the famous Mount Wilson Observatory, another 2000 feet higher.

We turned downhill and soon reached Henninger Flats, location of several campgrounds and a tree nursery. The Forest Service grows pines here in the relative cool above the trapped heat of the L.A. basin for revegetation projects on the Angeles National Forest.

The final 3 miles dropped in full sun back to the city. The marine layer had dissipated and we could pick out my brother's street and house far below.

At the bottom of the hill we stepped onto blacktop and trudged the mile of sidewalks back to the doorstep we had started at. We burned no fossil fuels this day, but bagel fuel we burned plenty.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 7/4.

OREGON

 **ALDRICH POINT TO JOHN DAY RIVER** (NOAA 18521, 18523)—This was a 13.5+nm one way paddle along the Oregon shoreline of the lower Columbia River. The actual distance to travel between these two locations, however, can be much greater than this depending on how you choose to weave in and out of the many grassy islands that dot this portion of the river.

Aldrich Point is roughly 18 miles by road upriver from Astoria (which is near the mouth of the river), and the John Day River joins the Columbia about 3 miles upriver from Astoria. Both locations have launch ramps for

trailed boats and parking. However, whereas the access for the John Day ramp is located directly off the main highway, the access for Aldrich Point requires a bit of route finding on paved back roads. Although there are probably guidebooks that describe in detail how to get to the various access points along the Columbia, my personal library doesn't include them, so Ann and I had to rely on a pamphlet titled "Oregon Boating Facilities Guide" (free from the Oregon State Marine Board) and good old map work to find our way.

This section of the river is also part of the Lewis and Clark National Wildlife Refuge, and a pamphlet put out by the US Fish & Wildlife Service/Department of Interior describing the refuge is also helpful. The pamphlet notes the refuge is the largest marsh in western Oregon, provides a detailed map of the area, and covers general information and regulations concerning the refuge.

On the surface, meandering down a river seems like a pretty straight-forward paddle—but this section of the Columbia is affected by ocean tides so some consideration for tides and currents is warranted. Also warranted is route finding considerations. An article titled "Lost and Stranded on a Columbia River Island" in the August 2000 issue of *Sea Kayaker* magazine describes what can happen when route finding goes astray in this portion of the Columbia.

For planning purposes, four current stations can be used for determining what the river current is doing and several tidal stations for water height. Also NOAA charts 18521 and 18523 are a must for finding your way. To allow a one-way trip, we left one car at the John Day ramp, and used a second car to transport our kayak and gear to the put in at Aldrich Point.

The ideal conditions would be high water to allow exploring the many sloughs and an ebbing current. For our trip, though, we had low water (going to a minus tide) and an ebb which switched to flood for the last couple of miles of the trip.

It took us longer to find the Aldrich Point launch than we had planned, but shortly before 10am we were finally ready to set off in our double kayak for a day of exploration. The route of the Columbia River Heritage Canoe Trail, which follows the Columbia from Clatskanie to the John Day River, passes through this section of the wildlife refuge. It had been our hope to follow the route as it meandered through the grass lands, but that required a higher water level than we had, so we



Along the Columbia River

Lee McKee

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made up our own route.

From the launch, we headed upriver a short distance, then swung around the east end of Tronson Island, passed Goose Island, took a left at Woody Island, and headed for the eastern shore of Horseshoe Island. After a short detour to check out some rafted buildings, we followed Devils Elbow into Prairie Channel between Marsh Island and the mainland.

Leaving Prairie Channel, we entered Knappa Slough which swung us around the eastern and southern shores of Karlson Island, then followed Big Creek Slough between Karlson Island and Minaker Island—stopping on the western shore of Minaker for a lunch break.

Where you stop for lunch is determined a lot by the height of the water. The area is made up of deep water, mud flats and sandbars, tidal marshes, tidal swamps, and uplands. While this makes for great wildlife habitat, if

you're not careful, you can sink up to your knees in muck.

With the current changing from ebb to flood shortly, and with a forecasted afternoon headwind, we limited our shore stay and were soon back on the water. The tide wasn't high enough to let us travel on the southern side of Svensen Island, so we stayed in the main channel and followed the northern shoreline.

The waterway so far had been fairly protected, but the section between Svensen Island and Settler Point is open to the main Columbia and a northwesterly wind created 1 foot waves and whitecaps here. Once past Settler Point, the waves went away, but the headwind was still there (just not enough fetch to create significant waves) and the current had switched to flood. Our easy paddle for the first 10 miles was at an end, and we now needed to really work for the last 3 miles.

Following South Channel between Lois Island and the mainland, we were happy to finally sight the green buoy marking the entrance to the John Day River. Heading into the river, we were once more protected from the wind, and we had a flooding current that let us drift the remaining distance to the takeout.

This is a great trip for seeing wildlife. Although the best time of the year for wildlife is October through April, we saw ducks, herons, kingfishers, eagles, a goldfinch, and a raccoon.

Remember, this is a National Wildlife Refuge, so there are use restrictions that need to be observed. For more information on the refuge, you can contact the Willapa National Wildlife Refuge, 360-484-3482. And for information on the Columbia River Heritage Canoe Trail, you can contact the Oregon Historical Society, 503-222-1741. —LGM, Port Orchard, 7/5.

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.

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

FOUND—Watch, Talapus Lake. Call to identify. Chris, 206-367-0133 (Seattle).

FOUND—Bag tent poles, Mount Jupiter trail approximately 4 miles in at about 4200 feet. Call to identify. Jim, 253-884-5082, 9am to 5pm (Lakebay).

LOST—Motorola StarTac digital cell phone 2/25 in northeast gully of McClellan Butte. **FOUND**—Roll of exposed film 6/2 on summit of Bean Peak. For either contact Fay Pullen, 253-631-1177 (Kent).

NEED GOOD HOME—The basement is getting cleaned out and these must go: Volume 6 through a good part of Volume 10 of Signpost magazine; and assorted issues of Off Belay from the 1970s, early '80s. Call Connie, 425-747-7388 (Bellevue).

WANTED—Hikers to join a Hiking 'n' Biking trip to Tuscany, Italy, Oct. 19 to Nov. 4. RT air SAS, Italian guide, 17 full days, most meals, fabulous Italian cuisine and wine. Visit: Milan, Pisa, Florence and Portofino. Hike Apuane Mountains, Cinque Terre and more. \$2550. Jack or Donna Melill, 425-313-4632 or e-mail <jack.MELILL@juno.com>.

WANTED—Used sit-on-top surf kayak by Ocean Kayak. One of the following: Yak Board, Yahoo, Frenzy or Scrambler. Call Kasia, 360-796-0594, or e-mail <kasia_pierzga@hotmail.com>.

FOR SALE—Two goat packs with pads and saddle bags and harnesses: \$45 each. These fit larger goats such as the Alpine brand. 360-677-0412 (Baring).

FOR SALE—One pair Merrell 3-pin Telemark leather boots, men's size 10 (rarely used). \$40. 360-677-0412 (Baring).

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—Sailboard (Tiga Spirit) with 2 sails. Complete system for beginning sailboarder, \$450. Can show or deliver in greater Seattle area (Thule car rack free if it fits your car). Call

425-788-9167 (Duvall) or e-mail: <powrie@sprynet.com>.

FOR SALE—Folbot, folding Greenland double kayak, \$1000. Brand new. Still in bags. Includes paddles. 206-324-1714 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Top quality leather mountaineering boots. Scarpa Fitzroy 44 1/2 (mens 11). Accept clip-on crampons. Finally broken in but feet too big now! Paid \$300; asking \$100 obo. Call Phil Evans, 425-347-8887 (Mukilteo).

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. 253-236-9674 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).

HOWARD CARLIN

"Well, There Goes My Season"

—JUST A CLASSIC WESTERN WASHINGTON SCRAMBLE—

Our Mountaineer Scramble on June 8 started as a classic Western Washington spring hike: drizzle, low visibility and windy. We were a party of two veteran scramblers (Hugh Campbell and Phil Loe) and three scramble students (Joe Myers, Jacob Engelstein and me).

As we were preparing our gear, Hugh, our scramble leader, went off on a harangue about the lack of emphasis in the Scramble course on the use of tethers on ice axes. We all dutifully rigged tethers on our axes. That harangue may very well have saved my life or at least saved me from a serious injury.

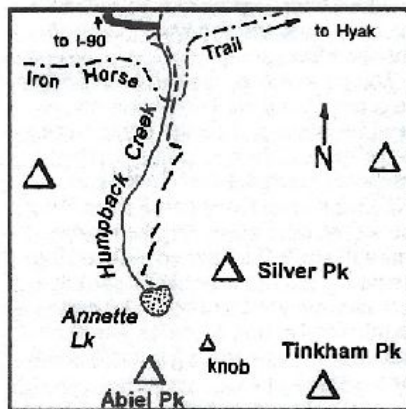
With everything in order, we set out for our destination, Tinkham Peak by way of Lake Annette. As we arrived at Lake Annette, visibility was only 200 to 300 feet. Since we couldn't orient ourselves with any of the surrounding peaks, we took a compass bearing and proceeded diagonally across the slope between Lake Annette and Silver Peak.

Not far above the lake, we hit solid snow. We proceeded to the knob between the three peaks of Tinkham, Abiel and Silver where we had a difficult time determining the route to Tinkham due to continued poor visibility. After trying another way and discovering we were not on course, we mulled over the situation and decided to abort and head back toward Silver Peak.

Upon our arrival at the saddle on Silver Peak, the wind was howling, the rain drops were defying gravity, and we could see only about a hundred feet. We pondered whether we should do Silver instead but it turned out to be a no-brainer decision. Once the macho juices subsided, we unanimously decided to go down.

Our trip continued uneventfully as we retraced our steps across the slope until we arrived at the steepest slope on our Scramble and started down. The slope quickly turned from soft snow to icy snow.

I was out in front and slowed down immediately but apparently not enough. I lost my footing and in a flash was rocketing down the mountain desper-



ately trying to penetrate the icy snow with my ice axe and my toes. I finally arrested but was hanging by a thread. My toes wouldn't penetrate and my axe was at arms length, barely penetrating. The slope was so steep and icy that I couldn't pull the axe under my chest.

I gingerly raised one toe to see if I could kick it in. My arrest was so tenuous that the slightest movement of my foot caused me to break loose and plummet down the slope again. I arrested a second time but it was the same tenuous hold. On that second slide, my ice axe was ripped out of my hands but the tether saved the day. I was able to haul the axe back in and make the arrest. By now, arm fatigue had become very noticeable.

I tentatively again tried the toe kick but with the same disastrous results. This time I crashed into a small tree and my descent finally ended. Several hundred feet of steep icy snow lay below me, and I shuddered at the thought of plunging into that abyss at freeway speed.

My thoughts were short lived. I had just barely extricated myself from the tree and gotten into the well behind it when Joe came streaking down the mountain and tried to uproot the tree next to me.

Before long, Phil and Jacob, bodies totally entangled, crashed into the tree next to Joe. When all the bodies stopped bouncing around, Phil calmly announced that his leg was dislocated.

Unbelievably, no one else was injured.

We regrouped and got busy making Phil comfortable. We were able to gently slide him down a short way to a flat area and onto a couple of inflatable sit pads. A small tarp that Joe had found on the trail earlier was quickly converted into a rain shelter. Every effort was made to get Phil warm and comfortable, including ibuprofen to kill the pain.

Jacob had a cell phone and could get 911 to respond but neither party could understand the other. It was quickly decided that Jacob and I would go for help. As we descended the mountain, the 911 operator called back but we still couldn't communicate. Jacob told the operator to call back in ten minutes. When the 911 operator finally called back, Jacob had a clear enough signal to communicate.

This part of the rescue was the most frustrating. The operator didn't seem to understand the difficulty of her request. We wanted to stay at Lake Annette but she wanted us to meet the rescue party at the trailhead, an additional 1800 feet down and nearly 4 miles distant. This made no sense. Probably every member of the rescue party would be familiar with the Lake Annette area. The only one in the dark was the 911 operator.

We reluctantly continued hurriedly past Lake Annette and down the trail. About a third of the way down, we met a Washington State Patrolwoman and a fireman from the Snoqualmie Summit Fire Department. They had been dispatched immediately after our call and said a rescue operation was forming at the trailhead when they started up. Jacob continued down, and I turned and went back up with them.

When we got back to Lake Annette, I went over the map to show the fireman the route we had taken going up. He had a pack and gear but wasn't fully equipped so I loaned him my ice axe, and he proceeded up the mountain.

I followed behind hanging trail markers as I went. After about 200 feet of vertical gain, I had to stop. I was totally exhausted. I had been constantly

moving without rest since leaving the accident scene. I lost my quart of Gatorade when I arrested and had been without any water for over two hours of hard hiking. My energy gas tank was running on empty.

I dug some orange slices out of my pack and while I was savoring them, two members of the rescue party came up the trail. We quickly went over the map, and they continued on their way.

At this point, the trail was showing enough boot prints to clearly mark the route so I descended back to the lake. I waited at the lake until three more rescuers showed up carrying a two-part litter. They contacted the two lead rescuers and found out that everything was under control, at which point I decided to hike back down to the trailhead. Along the way, I passed over 20 rescuers on their way up.

At the trailhead, I checked in with the King County Police Search and Rescue van, then went over to my car and put my gear in the trunk. I thought I would warm up the car so reached in and started it. As I stepped back, the door closed. I have one of those wonderful modern vehicles that locks the doors automatically when the ignition key is turned on.

I stood there awestruck, dumbfounded, and ready to cry. I had locked myself out of my running car 25 miles from home. As I pondered my fate, a group of fellows I had met at Lake Annette pulled alongside. They were headed for Kirkland and were willing to give me a ride to Snoqualmie where I live.

At home I hurriedly changed into dry clothes, and my neighbor took me back to my still-running car. The only saving grace was that the car was toasty warm when I got in it!

Many of the facts of the rescue I know only second hand, but what I do know first hand is that there are not enough superlatives to describe the courage and bravery of the Mountain Rescue people. They put their lives on the line to rescue people in some of the most god-awful situations.

While our rescue may not have been the most technically difficult, it was extremely challenging. The victim had to be lowered hundreds of feet on a steep, icy snow slope with climbing ropes and belays. This was a slow, tedious, dangerous process that took many hours.

When the litter finally arrived at Lake Annette, it was loaded onto a one-wheeled carrier with a large balloon

tire. Four people are required, one at each corner, to stabilize and walk the litter down the trail. This is an exhausting process that requires a minimum of 16 people who take turns in teams of four. It's no bed of roses for the person in the litter either. The Lake Annette trail is very rough.

Phil's wild trail ride finally ended at 4am at the Iron Horse Trail, where an ambulance awaited him. They whisked him up the trail and through the tunnel to Hyak, and then to Swedish Hospital where he was operated on the next day.

One of the two knobs at the lower end of the femur had blown off, and a lot of bone fragments had to be cleaned out. The good news is that it was repairable. The bad news is, he will be on crutches for three months.

Phil's timely comment immediately after the accident: "Well, there goes my season," proved prophetic.

Irony of ironies, we didn't get a summit either.

△

Howard Carlin, of Snoqualmie, is retired from the electrical trade, and strongly recommends hiking as the elixir of graceful aging.

Some Lessons Learned

- Be sure to mark the trail as you go for help. Don't deviate.
- When descending on steep snow, do not descend directly above another person.
- Use a tether on your ice axe and have it fastened snugly to your wrist at all times. The tether is a point of controversy. Some people believe a loose flailing axe is more dangerous. The ice axe was ripped out of my hands on the icy snow. Because of the tether, I was able to recover my axe and make the arrest. The alternative was a rocket ride several hundred feet down an extremely steep slope to certain injury and possible death.
- Always carry an insulated sit pad or full-length pad.
- There should be at least one shovel on any snow hike. If there is an ava-

lanche potential, then everyone should carry a shovel, avalanche probes and a locator beacon. Practice using the beacons beforehand. They are tricky to use.

- It is probably wise to carry a fully charged cellular phone with a backup battery (ignore the purists). Cell phones often do not work deep in the mountains so be prepared for rescue the old fashioned way. That means at least two people should hike for help, and they should have a first aid accident report with them with all the necessary information.
- If you plan to hike where you will be needing an ice axe, I strongly advise you to work on your upper body strength. It was amazing how quickly my arms fatigued doing two quick successive arrests.
- If you are new to the use of the ice axe, then find a safe slope and practice, practice, practice. Then find a

steep icy slope with a safe run-out and practice some more. Have a partner while practicing in case of injury.

- It is a large commitment of time and money but taking either the Winter Travel (Snowshoe) or Scrambling course from The Mountaineers club is a good idea if you plan to participate in backcountry snow sports. MOFA (Mountaineering Oriented First Aid) is also offered through the club. When needed, it is invaluable. Call 206-284-6310 for membership and course information.
- To the novice or newcomer to outdoor activities, my best advice is to ask lots of questions. The veteran hikers are generally delighted to share their knowledge and experience. You can never know too much or know everything. If you do think you know it all, then you are probably a menace to your fellow hikers.

—Howard Carlin

DON BEAVON

Peak Bagging

—PADDY-GO-EASY TO FRENCH RIDGE—

I've wanted to do the peaks around Paddy-Go-Easy Pass for some time now. Mitch Blanton made the trip more attractive by suggesting that we traverse all the way to Robin Lakes and take a second day to traverse out French Ridge to knock off the two highest peaks in that direction as well.

With a marginal weather forecast we hoped that we would be far enough east to avoid major precipitation. Leaving the trailhead on July 1 at about 8:40am we made good time up the trail gaining the 2700 feet to Paddy-Go-Easy Pass in less than 2 hours. A few hundred feet before getting to the pass we lost the trail in the snow.

After traveling a quarter-mile southeast of the pass we were above the still-frozen shores of Sprite Lake. Right above us to the south was a 6566 foot peak referred to as "Paddy-Go-South." We traversed around this peak en route to 6821 foot "Tucquala" Peak.

I went high up a mostly bare ridge while Mitch traversed a snowfield more directly toward the highpoint. We reached our first summit of the day just before noon. The mostly cloudy skies were breaking up revealing The Cradle at 7467 feet and most of the Stuart Range, as well as the ridge of high points we planned to traverse.

Heading back toward Paddy-Go-Easy Pass we traversed across the summit of "Paddy-Go-South." Back at the pass we angled across the southern slopes of "Paddy-Go-North" before making the final scramble up its south side to its summit elevation of 6573 feet.

Continuing along the ridge in a northwest direction I stayed high going over point 6564, while Mitch traversed the northern snow slopes. We were heading for Peak 6720, the highest point between Paddy-Go-Easy Pass and the Granite Mountain massif.

This peak has a very distinctive flat-topped boulder overhanging its east side and can be seen for quite some dis-

tance along the ridge.

We both traversed high snow-covered slopes on the east and around to the north side of the peak. From here the summit boulders were fascinating. We scrambled up a bit west of the crest and then walked through a lean-to of huge boulders.

On the other side we easily climbed up a five-foot wall that took us up on top of the flat-topped boulder. Here we enjoyed the improving weather and the warmth of the sunshine. On top is a beautiful register identifying the summit as Sherpani Peak. A party that included Gene Prater placed it in October of 1993.

Gene wrote a historical note stating that he named the summit Sherpani Peak back in 1947 when he was young and romanticizing about the mountains. He continues by telling of a traverse of the ridge that he and his brother Bill did in one day in '47, climbing all the

peaks from Granite Mountain to Paddy-Go-Easy Pass.

The register that Gene Prater placed on the summit in '93 was to replace the one he left there many years ago that had all but rusted away. I got the impression from notes that followed that every woman who climbs Sherpani Peak now becomes an honorary Sherpani.

Gene Prater died of cancer about four months after his last climb of Sherpani Peak. Friends and relatives of the Praters have made pilgrimages to Sherpani Peak since Gene's death. It all makes for some interesting summit reading.

The Praters, incidentally, many years ago invented the first mountaineering snowshoe, which they named the Sherpa Snowshoe (see *P&P*, January 1998, page 34).

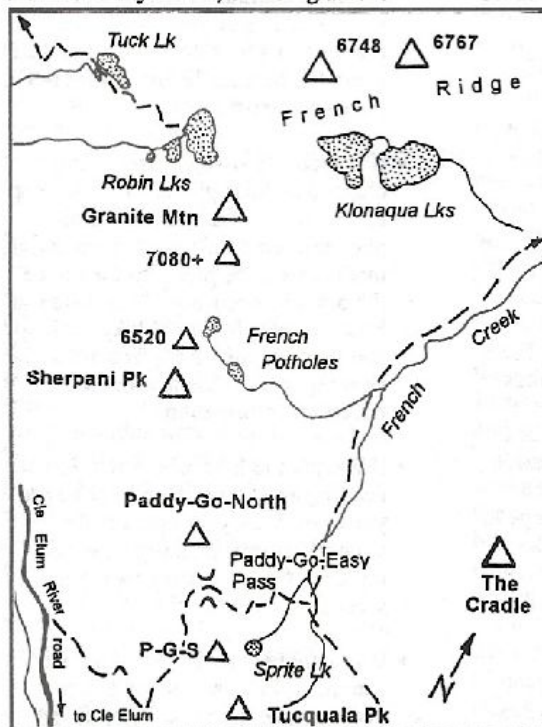
Fred Beckey makes a brief mention of this peak in his *Cascade Alpine Guide* under Granite Mountain. He re-

fers to it as Boulder Top Spire. Meanwhile, Jeff Howbert in his *Back Court* list refers to the peak as Coffin Top. The original name by the man who made the original ascent, however, seems to be the most appropriate.

Bidding adieu to Sherpani, we continued our traverse. We were high on point 6520 before realizing that the opposite side had cliffs several hundred feet high.

Mitch yelled, "We have to go back!" but being close to the ridge crest I continued to the top where I had good views of the French Potholes (two beautiful lakes) as well as the cliffs ahead.

I now wonder whether this 6520-foot high point is what Beckey refers to as Deceptive Peak. From the southeast it





Don Beavon

Mitch stands in the lean-to of huge boulders near the summit of "Sherpani Peak."

has only 200 feet of prominence but from the northwest it has the appearance of a very noteworthy peak with big cliffs and 500 feet of prominence.

Backtracking now, the only way I could catch up to Mitch was for him to wait. We reconnected just before making a delicate traverse across steep wet rocks to the easier slopes beneath Granite Mountain's south peak.

We climbed up to its 7080+-foot summit as the weather threatened to close in on us. The visibility was still good but we were feeling an occasional raindrop. Once back down to easier terrain, we ascended again to a 6800-foot pass near Granite Mountain's main summit. Fortunately we both had previously climbed Granite and didn't feel compelled to climb it again.

From there it was a nice jaunt down snow slopes to the shores of Robin Lakes at 6178 feet where we were pleased to find a dry bare spot to camp amid all the snow. The lakes were still frozen over but were starting to melt out around the edges. It had been a long day (almost 12 hours) with five summits of at least 400 feet of prominence (all on Howbert's Back Court list) as well as a couple of other minor summits with a total of 7200 to 7500 feet of elevation gain.

The rain began just before we got settled into the tent. We awoke the next morning to a fresh layer of snow and foggy conditions. A typical Fourth of July weekend in the Cascades. At least the precipitation had stopped. After consulting our maps we headed out for

French Ridge in hopes of improving weather. We were stymied a bit by the fog but fortunately the cloud level rose improving our visibility.

After a mile or so of mellow terrain we traversed a steep snow slope to gain the south ridge of the West Peak of French Ridge, its summit at 6748 feet. We had wonderful views of a small frozen lake as well as the large thawed Klonauqua Lakes about 1500 feet below.

The summit block had a small cairn on the lower portion of it and a film canister containing John Roper's name. To get to the absolute highest point I stood on Mitch's shoulders before bellying on up the black lichen-covered rock where I gingerly made my way up another six feet on all fours.

Mitch actually made a possible first free ascent by finding a way to muscle himself up on the opposite side. We rebuilt the cairn on the actual highpoint.

From this summit, we had to backtrack to avoid cliffs. The next peak we were heading for is the highest point on French Ridge or its east peak. It is a very symmetrical peak with a symmetrical summit elevation of 6767 feet. After dropping below 5800 feet to a large flat meadowy shelf we headed directly north.

A little peaklet at 6555 feet stood between us and our des-

tinuation. Mitch chose to traverse the lower east side snow slopes while I again chose to go over the top. Once we rejoined, we continued by following nice snow slopes and talus fields to the top. This was our seventh and final Back Court peak in two days.

The sun came out in force on the summit yet snowfall was blowing down on us from the dark clouds just to our west. The warmth of the sun felt good in spite of the light snow.

Eventually we retraced our route back to our camp under wonderfully blue skies. After a bit of lounging we packed up and found the faint trail down to Tuck Lake.

From Tuck Lake it was another 6 miles down to the road in the Cle Elum River valley where we hitched a ride the final 1.1 miles back to our vehicle. It was a very rewarding and enjoyable weekend.

△

Don Beavon, of Lynnwood, is a respiratory therapist. He has climbed peaks all over the world, including Mount Everest.



Don Beavon

Sherpani Peak.

KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

QUADS ON-LINE—I have discovered a great website which has every USGS quad online and available for viewing, for free. The URL is: <<http://www.topozone.com>>.

Although it makes me feel bad about paying \$50 a shot for the Wildflower TOPO! CDs a few years ago it is much handier for daydreaming at work ...

The site doesn't have the navigation or printing features that the TOPO! CDs do but it is really convenient for passing around maps by e-mail: you just send the address of the map you are viewing to all your potential trip-mates.

The maps are tiled images comprised of .GIF tiles, so they are large and slow to download. I find the site pretty frustrating over a 56K modem, but my new DSL connection or my account at work is good enough.—*Peter Krystad, Seattle.*

PACKING A WET TENT—Reading Jim and Madeleine Beaty's fine account of their return hike on the Wonderland trail (*July, page 26*), and their packing

a wet tent, brought to mind an experience my son Jim and I had years ago at the Tubal Cain mine on the Olympic Peninsula.

We saw a lady packing her tent, which was wet from dew, and noticed that she had a small sponge and was wiping off the excess moisture. From then on, we have included such a sponge in our kit.

The sponge is 3 by 5 inches in size. Dry, it weighs less than ¼ of an ounce. Wet and wrung out, it weighs about 1½ ounces. Surely, the moisture removed would weigh more than that!—*George Lough, Vancouver.*

MORE ON WET TENTS—Lee is a great fan of Packtowels for drying everything, tents included. After a night of heavy dew he uses the Packtowel to sponge off the fly, his pack cover, and whatever else has gotten wet.

A small, dry Packtowel weighs equal to George's sponge. The towels come in five sizes, with weights from 1 ounce to 13 ounces.

Lee finds the small size just right—it is 10x27 inches and weighs 1½ ounces dry. Packtowel is made by Cascade Designs (the Thermarest people). If your local outdoor store doesn't carry them, call 800-531-9531, or check <www.CascadeDesigns.com>.

BOOK DEAL—If you have an old PCT guidebook book that you'd like to update for the new edition, Wilderness Press will give you a 33% discount if you send them the cover of your old book.

Volume 1: California is now available in the 5th edition; *Volume 2: Oregon-Washington*, 6th edition, will be available this summer.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NEW KAYAK, CANOE LAUNCH—Paddlers have a new way to get on the water in Ridgefield, just off I-5 between Longview and Vancouver.

A dock and launch area have been renovated by volunteers for use by non-motorized boats. Use of the new facility is free for now; eventually a fee will be charged.

Ridgefield Hardware has a new fleet of rental kayaks that can be launched at the new area.

MOUNT HOOD RESTRICTIONS—The Forest Service has dropped a plan to restrict access to Mount Hood after receiving several hundred protest letters.

A revised management plan released in early July will rely instead on volunteers to educate hikers and others about leave-no-trace concepts. So far a dozen volunteers have stepped forward.

Public comment on the new plan is open until August 17. Use permits may still be put into effect at Burnt Lake and Wahtum Lake, but officials say this plan needs more study over the next couple of years.

The revised plan can be seen at <www.fs.fed.us/r6/mthood>.

WALKIE-TALKIE—A boy 70 miles from Mount Hood heard a call for help from injured climbers on the Radio Shack walkie-talkie his father had given him for Christmas.

Young Fletcher Wold, 7, ran to tell his father, who contacted rescuers. The two climbers had been struck by rockfall at 8000 feet. One managed to drag the other 1000 feet on a tarp out of the path of more rockfall. They were airlifted off the Sandy Glacier Headwall route and were listed in fair condition.

Generally, the small radios have a 2-mile range, but the air from Mount Hood to Fletcher's hilltop near Mc-Minnville was unobstructed, allowing the signal to travel a long way.

Clackamas County deputies are giving the quick-thinking boy all the credit, saying he saved the climbers' lives.

BAKER ACCIDENT—At the end of June, two ice climbers on Mount

Baker's Roosevelt Glacier ended up in a crevasse when one slipped and fell, pulling the other with him. They had been to the summit and were descending.

One of the climbers, a 40-year-old man from Bellevue, died in the accident. The other, a 35-year-old man from Renton, suffered a broken leg, arm and ribs and a head injury. He was evacuated by Bellingham Mountain Rescue.

It took rescuers several days to recover the body of the deceased man due to dangerous terrain and avalanche conditions.

REMAINS FOUND IN ONP—Skull fragments found by a hiker on Hurricane Ridge in June have been identified as those of Douglas Gibbs of Seattle, who disappeared in 1998.

In mid-July, a park research team discovered skeletal remains near Aurora Ridge. A daypack with no identification was found nearby.

Both cases remain under investigation.



Preparing to put in at Aldrich Point, Columbia River.

FROM THE MAILBOX—“Readers could identify with *Pack & Paddle* by wearing either a ‘Pack & Paddle’ pin or an embroidered ‘Pack & Paddle’ patch on their pack.”—*Goldendale*.

“I love all the coverage of the Pickets!”—*Mercer Island*.

“YC, don’t forget to tell Ann what a great job she does with the magazine. It’s my favorite read every month!”—*Olympia*.

SMALL WORLD—It is not unusual for Lee and me to meet *P&P* readers while hiking or paddling in Washington. However, we never dreamed we would meet one of you on the other side of the world.

On our trip to Scandinavia, we spent several days kayaking with a guided group on the west coast of Sweden. The only other person in the group from the Puget Sound area was Mel Rogers of Renton ... a *Pack & Paddle* subscriber!

KEEP AT IT—An article in the *P-I* in the middle of July extolled the virtues of staying active beyond retirement.

One of the people highlighted in the article was Dick “Shearing” from Bainbridge Island. Even though his name was disguised, we recognized him as *P&P* reader Dick Searing. Dick is 81. I

first met him about 20 years ago, and as far as I know, the only concession he has made to a few extra years is a lighter pack. He can still leave hikers in his dust.

SASQUATCHES—Sasquatches have been in the news recently, with sightings in Oregon and in the Olympics.

Our local paper, the *Sun*, reflected on the number of sasquatches that have been sighted here in Kitsap County over the years—one of the sightings was at Long Lake, just 1 mile from *P&P* world headquarters. Yellow Cat says she will be a little more attentive to noises in the night now.

A TRIP WITH A NEW HIKER—On a recent backpack, Linda invited a co-worker to join our group. Loretta is new to hiking and backpacking, but she, in her innocence, came bravely along.

It was interesting to see the trip from her viewpoint. It was also interesting to see what she considered “light-weight” foods—we were only too happy to help her lighten her load of a lot of salami, cheese and pita bread, among other things.

At one point we did a boots-off ford of a calf-deep creek. Loretta took three steps and stopped, saying, “I can’t do this.”

Linda, following right behind her and not wanting to stop to have a dis-

cussion in the middle of the icy torrent, replied, “Oh, yes, you *can!*” And Loretta did.

Loretta observed with much amazement how the most dainty and elegant member of our group popped an entire stick of string cheese into her mouth, and completely consumed it before she had the wrapper stuffed back in her pack. “Well, I was *hungry*,” explained that lady.

FORGET YOUR PERMIT?—After forgetting to hang her hiking permit on the rearview mirror of her Explorer and receiving a “courtesy envelope” from the local Forest Service patroller, Lindy Bakkar thought she would add “place permit on mirror” to her pre-trip to-do list—until she discovered that the permit itself says not to drive with it in place.

When she contacted the Forest Service after the trip, she was told to just send a photocopy of her permit in the envelope. She wonders how many other hikers have forgotten to hang the permit, and hopes she can remember on her next trip.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall



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