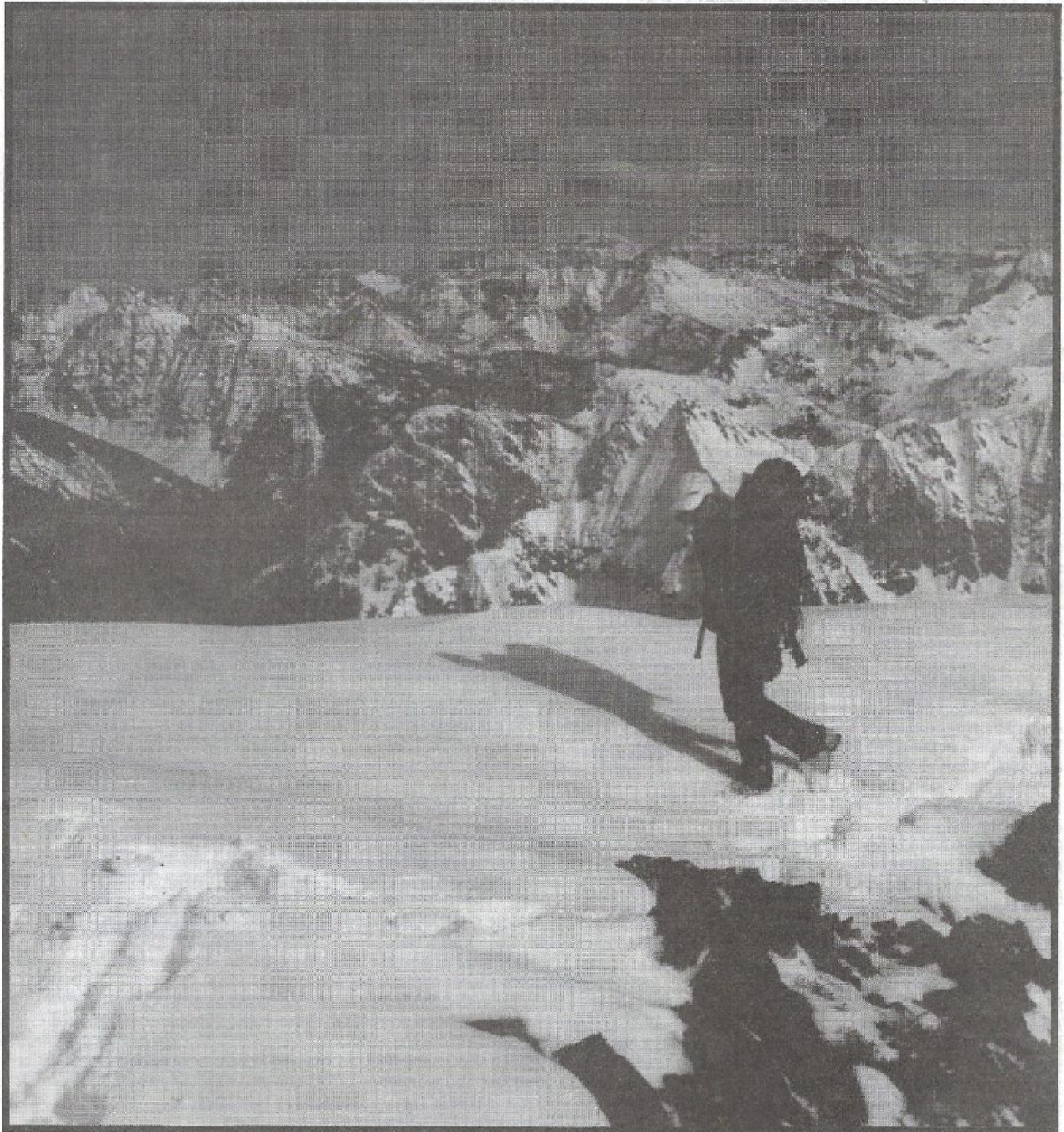


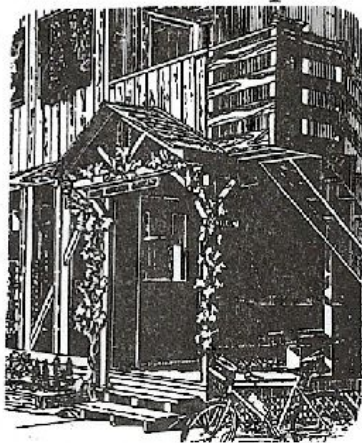
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CENTRAL reports continued from page 14

took off on the jeep trail. We ran into three nice lady hikers in the meadows, and a father and son on horseback who were coming in for the special high hunt.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 10/12.

PETE LAKE (USGS *Potallie Ridge*)—Another very cold day with everything frozen including Pete Lake. We parked at the trailhead just above Cooper Lake and hiked the virtually flat trail which had the usual inch or two of snow we've been encountering the past few weeks at this elevation of 3000 feet. Although the trail was icy in places, the snow seemed light and powdery. Filtered sun and no wind made for a pleasant day.

Only one vehicle was in the large parking lot, and we met that party of two and their "grouchy" dog (their words) on their way out as we were going in. We lunched in a clearing at the lakeshore and enjoyed the views of the Snoqualmie Pass peaks. Of course we had to test the ice which covered the entire lake except for a small opening near the inlet. Where the ice was an inch thick, it held Jim's weight but near

the edge it was a lot thinner.

We did a partial loop on the return trip. Almost 2 miles from the lake and just outside the wilderness boundary is a short trail that connects to a parallel road above our trail. We walked the road about a mile, savoring the expanded views, to where it crosses the Tired Creek trail and took that trail back down. We arrived back at the car just as it was getting dark. And it wasn't even 5 pm yet!—Ginny Evans, Renton, 11/19.

ICICLE RIDGE TRAIL (GT 178 *Leavenworth*)—Follow the Icicle River road south 1.25 miles watching for the sign on the right pointing to the location of the Icicle Ridge trail parking lot.

Switchback one: Many use the shortcut, the logical path. Switchback two: ¼ mile of weeds, brush, a lot of beautiful pine trees and a few places to shish.

Switchbacks three through 16: Views open up and gray granite rock outcroppings occasionally protrude from the hillside among the fewer pine trees. We enjoyed snow at 1500 feet and wonderful views.

Switchbacks 18 through 22: The trail

becomes burdened with ice, snow, and hoar frost. The snow was well packed by the 12 others who were going down as we went up. Near the saddle, the trees are closer together and a blessing in hot weather.

At the saddle were 5 to 6 inches of fluffy white stuff. Two people stayed at the saddle and chowed down. I trekked through the snow northeast along the ridge over two knolls. On the north side of the second knoll, I looked down on Highway 2 going through Leavenworth. I lingered, took several photos, saw a Burger King sign, and backtracked to the group.

With time running out and visions of Whoppers dancing in my head, I hurried the group from the saddle at 2pm. On the way down I chopped out and removed several small trees from the trail, de-branched several bigger trail blockers, and removed a few rocks.

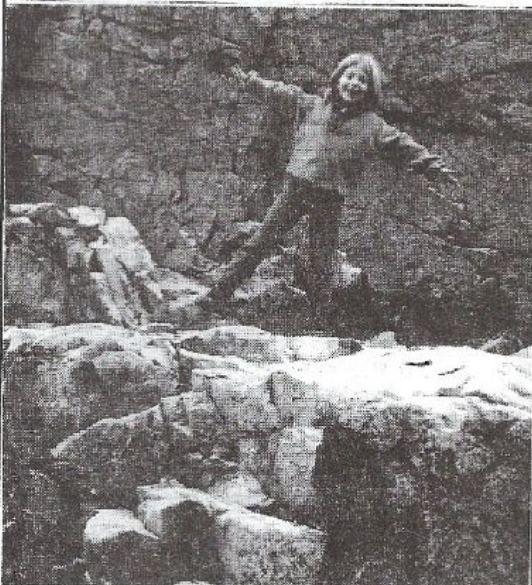
We arrived at the car at 3:30pm. The hike to the viewpoint was 2.5 miles with a 1927-foot gain. I'll bet you can't guess where we went next!—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 11/10.

Pack & Paddle[®]

VOLUME 9, NUMBER 12

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RANDOM VIEW—



David MacFarlane

Heather MacFarlane, 7, enjoys bouldering in Glacier Basin (Monte Cristo).

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COVER PHOTO:

Pete Guagliardo walks along the summit of Graybeard. North Cascades National Park, Washington. Photo by Scott Bingen.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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NO SECRETS

Undoubtedly John Roper is an intrepid Cascade explorer, prolific writer and avid place-namer. His articles often make interesting reading.

However, the author's "Ragged Ridge" feature (November, page 26) is odd and misleading.

To write for publication a detailed 3-page article, with map and photos, and to twice tell the readers to keep the contents a secret is bizarre. Certainly the writer knows that backcountry travelers read and use reports found in *Pack & Paddle*.

Secondly, claiming or implying first ascents of non-technical summits so close to civilization is questionable (eg, Peaks 5080 and 4988, pages 26 and 28, respectively).

Native American mountain climbing activities (eg: (a) elk drives off the summit of Dickerman Mountain; (b) goat, deer and bear hunting along a myriad of Cascade ridges; and (c) other past mountaineering) must be acknowledged.

Overlooking a multitude of youthful fisherman, prospector and trapper ascent activities in the last 100 years is also unacceptable.

Furthermore, using cairns to assess whether a peak has been climbed is only a few steps above relying on carved initials in log shelters to determine who camped there.

Kudos to the alpinists who scale rarely-visited landforms and then provide a backcountry scoop via *Pack & Paddle*. But please remember the climbers before us, and don't ask us to keep your story secret.

Steve Fry
Edmonds, Washington

John Roper replies:

BIZARRE?

Is it so "odd" to ask the "P&P Family" to keep a mountain secret? Or is that request a joke?

Is it "misleading" to say that Dick Kegel and I found these summits undisturbed? We didn't claim they were "first ascents." But we can dream.

Why would the Skykomish Indians ever go to this rough, rocky divide? These were pragmatic people. Berries, game, fish were plentiful in the valleys and lower slopes.

Geologists, miners, and fishermen are a whole different breed. There is no question that they could have been poking around here. But what is the evidence that they visited these summits? There should be a Ph.D thesis or two on tap for this area, if so. And generally fishermen fish, but usually don't climb, unless their names are Norm Burke, Cliff Lawson, Ed Liebert, Phil Leatherman, Mike Swayne, or Dan Sjolseth. Did any of you guys climb the peaks along the Ragged Ridge?

John Roper
Bellevue, Washington

HERITAGE LOSS IN OLYMPIC NATIONAL FOREST

Two bits of news have come to my attention, to confirm an ever-tightening noose around the necks of those of us who love the outdoors and the freedom it once represented. This noose is already pulled tight by on-going road closures and pay-to-play programs.

One: New rulings (again) from the Forest Service as published in the Port Angeles paper, November 10, 2000:

"The plans *dictate* where tourists can hike, camp or ski, and where logging and mining are allowed." There was more but that pretty much says it all.

Two: The Tubal Cain Mine and 218 acres around and above it are for sale. This is legal as it is in private ownership. But what of the new owners? Will the trail system become broken in the middle or will easement-access to cross the property be granted?

John L. Scott Realty of Port Angeles (800-446-8115), who is selling the

property, says its all up to the new owners, whoever they may be, but they did say that there will be a road punched in to the property *before* the sale to make it more salable.

I wonder if that spotted owl still lives near the first shaft where the Tull Canyon trail branches off the mainline?

Whatever happens, I don't want to stand on Mount Townsend with my niece and nephew and gaze across the valley at the lovely sight of a big-money housing complex nestled above Silver Lake or Tull Canyon.

NMH Farwalker
Hadlock, Washington

BARNES CREEK

I found the Barnes Creek trail report (August, page 5) very interesting. We haven't worked on that trail for three or four year now. Other than one very large log that became part of the trail, we had the entire 10 miles completely logged out and most stretches were well brushed. Most of the trail was in very good shape.

We had to lay off that particular trail because of a problem with ONP. We hope to get back up there again next year. It's one of my favorite trails. Mr. Coleman doesn't give it enough credit. It's a very pretty area in my opinion.

It is hard to appreciate any area, though, when a trail is neglected.

Joe Weigel
Port Orchard, Washington

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







Duckabush River.

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



HOH ROAD—The road is open for one-lane traffic during daylight hours only.—Ranger, 11/15.

 **MOUNT ROSE (USGS Mt Skokomish)**—The sign said "Mt. Rose trailhead" and pointed to a muddy, leaf-covered dirt track taking off on the right. On the left was a wide pullout with parking for several cars. We parked there, and walked up the dirt track only to find a nice parking area in about 200 feet.

I came fortified with lots of leftover Halloween candy for this hike. The map said short and steep and the handout from the Forest Service said trail maintained by volunteers. I expected something like Mailbox Peak. I was surprised when we immediately came to two sturdy log bridges complete with


wooden handrails.

The trail was steep but had lots of peeled log water bars sunk into the earth, so there was no erosion. Log railings were placed at switchbacks to corral those who may be tempted to take shortcuts. There were even some wooden benches. I decided that these volunteers were master trail builders.

Just before the trail split was a homemade sign saying falls, which pointed to a short trail descending to a waterfall. The split had another homemade sign giving one a choice of summit or ridge loop. We decided on summit.

The trail levelled a bit before the final steep push to the top. The summit was small and treed. A tiny scramble up a rock outcrop might have given some views, but not for us on this cloudy day. We could see straight down to Lake Cushman and across to a peak on the other side, but that was it.


We enjoyed our salmon-stuffed pitas and decided to return on the ridge trail. There was no sign but the path was obvious, as it was the only other trail descending besides the one we had arrived on. There was even a blue patch of sky and a brief warming ray of sunlight, definitely time for some more of that candy.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 11/2.

 **MOUNT WALKER (USGS Mt Walker)**—A nice fall/winter hike near Quilcene on Highway 101, between the highway and Hood Canal. The top of the peak is a state park.

The road is usually closed in winter. Since it was still open to cars we hiked

both ways on the trail. When the road is closed we frequently hike up on the road and take the trail down. It is 4 miles up via the road and 2 miles on the trail, and about 3000 feet of elevation gain.

There were high clouds so we did not have distant views, but from the north viewpoint were good views of Mount Townsend and other nearby Olympic peaks. From the south good views over Hood Canal and the Kitsap Peninsula. A treat stop at the Quilcene store completed the day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/12.

 **MCNEIL ISLAND (NOA 18448)**—Circumnavigating McNeil Island is a test of how long you can sit in your kayak. The island is a penitentiary so any landing on its shores is not allowed. For this paddle our trip leader, Julie, planned a clockwise route to account for the currents—which meant about a 9nm paddle before out first—and only—break.

Three of us met Julie at the Drayton Passage launch ramp at the southeast end of the Key Peninsula (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions) at 8:30 on this cold Friday morning. By the time we were set to launch, a northerly wind of around 10 knots was forming some wind waves and a few whitecaps.

Our route followed the shoreline of the peninsula until McDermott Point where we crossed the south end of Pitt Passage to the southwest end of McNeil Island. Signs along the shoreline of the island caution boaters to remain a set

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: December 12

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

distance off-shore. Heading up Pitt Passage, the current was near slack so our only obstacle was a head wind.

At the north end of the passage is Pitt Island, also with signs telling boaters to stay off shore. Battling wind and waves, we rounded the north end of McNeil and started down its eastern shoreline. In the area of Gertrude Island (also off-limits) is a measured nautical mile which we used to calculate our speed.

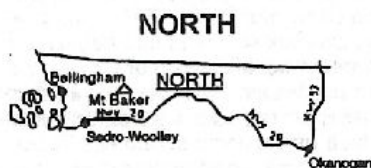
By now the wind had died and the day was sunny (but cold). Past Hyde Point at the southeast end of McNeil we started to feel the effects of a flooding current entering Balch Passage. Here we passed the penitentiary buildings themselves before angling across the passage to Eagle Island.

The current was building quickly and we had to ferry into it in order to keep from getting swept past Eagle Island. After about 3 hours we were finally able to set foot on land again!

We had hoped for a relaxing lunch in the sun, but shortly after landing, high clouds hid the sun and the temperature dropped! So, after only a 30 minute break, we were back in our kayaks for the last leg—a just-under-2-mile crossing back to the launch ramp.—LGM, Port Orchard, 11/10.

HURRICANE RIDGE ROAD—The road is schedule to be open, weather permitting, Fridays through Sundays through April 14. For road conditions call 360-452-0329.

A snowbus will leave Port Angeles on weekends. A round trip ticket is \$5 and bus riders will *not* be charged a Park entrance fee. For reservations call 360-417-4555.—Ranger, 11/17.



YOUNG HILL and BELL POINT (*San Juan Island National Historical Park*)—Heather and I took advantage of this incredibly lovely November weather on San Juan Island where we spent two days exploring one of our smaller National Parks.

We spent today at the English Camp unit of the San Juan Island National Historical Park. We hiked the 1 mile trail to the 650-foot summit of Young Hill where we were given a feast of a view: Vancouver Island, Canada's Gulf Islands, Orcas, the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Olympic Peninsula. Di-



Jane Hebecker

Bill Lynch snowshoes down Thompson Ridge Road on a snowy December day in the Methow Valley.

rectly below us, bays and fields including an alpaca farm made the scene. We continued our hike by exploring the historic grounds and then hiking the Bell Point trail. Quiet afternoon; only a large harbor seal broke the peace.

About 3 miles of fine strolling.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 11/9.

SOUTH BEACH and CATTLE POINT (*San Juan Island National Historic Park*)—Another grand and dry day, sunny too, albeit a tad chilly. We spent the day today at the American Camp unit of the San Juan National Historic Park. We began our hike by walking through the historic district and then followed the trail to South Beach.

From here we walked the beach 1.5 miles to the rocky headlands at Cattle Point. This is one of the finest beaches in all of the San Juans and the largest public beach on the islands. The bluffs that tower above the beach are impressive and remind me of Ebe's Landing on Whidbey Island. The views out from the beach include Whidbey, Lopez, the Quimper and Olympic Peninsulas and Vancouver Island as well.

Some tricky walking around Cattle Point, but not dangerous. We had lunch at the DNR interpretive area then returned to American Camp by following the trail along the bluffs. Witnessed lots of rabbits and one hungry fox eyeing them. We got in 6 miles of walking.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 11/10.

EXCELSIOR RIDGE (*USGS Bearpaw Mtn, Mt Larrabee*)—I drove to the Welcome Pass trailhead,

and bicycled back down the highway 5 miles to the Excelsior Pass trailhead where I had dropped off my pack.

This stock-grade trail gains elevation steadily, is greatly in need of water bars, and abounds with rocks in its bed. No views until the final ¼-mile below the pass. The Excelsior Ridge trail was a glory on this sunny afternoon on the cusp between autumn and winter; easy rambling through an inch of corn snow.

One other party (two mountain bikers and a dog) shared the views from Baker to the Pickets. Tomyhoi Peak was almost bare of snow while Mount Larrabee was plastered. A steep descent from Welcome Pass completed this 11-mile through-hike.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 10/23.

HANNEGAN PASS (*GT Mt Shuksan*)—Lucky and I got a late start after a night of model rail-roading and pumpkin carving, arriving at the trailhead about 12:30. We figured we'd just make the pass and return at twilight, if we were quick about it.

We set a good pace on the first mile, which is mainly level, and we covered ground quickly. Shortly we fell in with other hikers, however, and the conversation slowed our pace a bit. One of these others was a history buff who told me some of the story of the Hannegan Pass trail. Seems it was started in the 1890s as an idea for moving cattle from one side of the Cascades to the other.

The local Indians told the settlers of an easy pass to the east, which they had stopped using because it was the site of a battle where many of their people had died. The trail was punched part way through, then some political problem or another caused the project to be dropped (some things never change). The CCC picked up the ball next, and put in a great deal of what still exists today.

The weather was terrific. The clouds broke up as they hit the Nooksack Ridge, the row of peaks between Mount Sefrit and Ruth Mountain, allowing us to enjoy the sunshine. The snow level was about 5000+ feet, with Ruth Mountain coated and beautiful. We began the final climb for the pass about 2:30, and hit the top just before three.

We enjoyed a quick snack, and then it was time to return. Lucky spent several minutes rolling in the inch or two of snow at the summit, and tried to convince me to continue up the trail to the border camp. I convinced him we weren't staying the night, nor walking out in the dark. At about 3:15 we began our descent.

The clouds thickened as we made our way out, but the ridge kept them at bay.

The scenery was spectacular: high peaks covered with snow, lesser ones dusted, and lots of fall colors everywhere. Even the new boots I was breaking in couldn't lessen my enjoyment. Lucky, of course, enjoys any hike.

We arrived back at the trailhead just before 5pm, as the last light was fading. This was a wonderful autumn hike, perhaps the last in the high country for the season. Ten miles round-trip, 2000 feet elevation gain.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 10/30.

SCOTT PAUL TRAIL (GT Hamilton)—Lucky and I

headed east for one last shot (this year) at the Railroad and High Camps on the south side of Mount Baker. We'd never really made an attempt at them, having hiked several times in the area, but I was curious to see them. When we signed in at the trailhead, two hikers coming out said they'd been to Railroad Camp and there was perhaps three inches of fresh snow there. We didn't care for that news but we headed up the Park Butte trail anyway.

The fall colors in Schreiber's Meadow were beautiful. The riotous summer hues had been replaced with the more muted browns, tans, and yellows of the cold months. The waters of Rocky Creek were very low, a plus for Lucky, as he will not tolerate the suspension bridge. Soon we were climbing up the grade toward the Park Butte lookout.

Near the trail junction we began to encounter some snow on the ground. We decided it was too late in the season for Railroad and High Camps, and we'd just do the return loop, as we'd never been on the Scott Paul trail before.

As we turned east the snow deepened to about the promised three inches, and I began to worry about Lucky's paws. Being a long haired, floppy-footed fellow, he picks up snow on his paws until he's got fist-sized balls crippling him, at which point I get to carry him. As he's over fifty pounds, and hates to be carried, we're not big on snow hikes. However, we persevered, hoping for diminishing snow farther up the trail.

This was not to be. However, the Scott Paul trail traverses a series of gullies, each with its attendant stream. At each crossing I would have Lucky stand in the stream until the water melted the snowballs off his paws. He ended up pretty confused about why I called him to me at every stream, but it worked.

The trail was absolutely stunning. As each gully was crossed, the path turned to the southeast, displaying a snowstorm to the south and endless cloud-capped peaks to the east. Then, as the

trail crossed into the next drainage system and turned north, Mount Baker leapt out at us, seeming to glow in the brilliant sunshine. All around are trees and shrubs covered with snow, and the frost underfoot sparkled with millions of diamonds. We walked for what seemed like hours in this beauty, encountering two other hikers enjoying the surroundings as much as we were.

The descent back to earth was almost anticlimactic. The trail turns south and begins losing elevation through a beautiful forest, in which molten snow dropped upon us from every tree branch. We arrived at the car satisfied we'd had a great hike, in spite of missing out on the Camps. 8 miles, 1500 feet elevation.—David & Lucky, Bellingham, 10/21.

NOOKSACK CIRQUE TRAIL (GT Mt Shuksan)—A

major pothole about ¼-mile from the trailhead required me to park my low-to-the-ground Honda Civic and hoof it from there. Lucky was just as happy to start from there as anywhere. The hike begins with the fording of Ruth Creek, where the bridge is washed out. This stream is about 20 or 25 feet wide and deep enough to easily fill one's boots. I had brought some old running shoes for just this moment, and changed into them. A quick scamper across and then back into the hiking boots, and we were off.

The hike proceeds up an old logging road, with very little change in altitude. In the 3½ miles to the end of the road, the trail goes from 2200 feet to 2700 feet. It's more of a stroll or ramble than a hike. At about 3-plus miles the road ends and becomes a trail, as it enters the Wilderness Area. The change is immediate and profound, going from the area which was logged some forty-odd years ago into an unlogged area. Suddenly you're in a real forest, with deadfall of five feet in diameter, very little scrub, and mushrooms everywhere.

The trail gets less and less evident as it approaches the river. Finally it peters out altogether at a nice campsite. Nearby one can cross the river onto a huge island, and suddenly the view is unbelievable! Icy Peak, at the end of the valley to the southeast, is the easternmost peak in the picture, with a huge snowfield sweeping west to the East Nooksack Glacier, on the slope of Mount Shuksan. I used the last of my film as the sun illuminated this vista.

Lucky loves sand. At a sandbar, he rolled in it, then ran back and forth the length of it, growling and pawing, wanting to play tag. We enjoyed numerous sandbars as we worked upstream,

and the view improved with each step. At three o'clock we reluctantly turned around and began making our way back. Eight plus miles, 600 feet elevation gain.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 11/6.

STETATTLE CREEK (USGS Diablo Dam)—Out for

a stretch on a sunny day, and quickly into the shade in the narrow valley. Maples and cottonwoods were colorful here and in the lower Skagit valley, but the leaves were down at Diablo.

The early part of the trail along the creek would be fun with kids as the water is so accessible, and, for now at least, quite tame. The trail ascends, and gradually gets into larger timber. Just before a stream littered with debris were logs piled like Jack Straws just above the trail, and above the creek, several informal "paths" to the top of a dirt slope. Once up there, I had a view of a narrow avalanche track winding down the gully the creek made, somewhat out of step with the creek as it ricocheted off cliffs. A neat demonstration of nature's power.

On the next creek I needed a pole for balance on the slick, pointy rocks. Then, at a blow-down that had bent over some vine maple and appeared to be parallel to and on top of the trail, I decided it was time to turn around.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 11/6.

PEAK 7157 (USGS Azurite Pk)—John Roper organized a

short scramble to enjoy the views with a fresh dusting of snow. We knew this would probably be it for Highway 20 this year as the days grow shorter. This was to be my birthday trip (a big improvement over Natapoc last year; see *P&P, January 1999, page 10*) and we had a jolly crew that included Juan, Stefan, Alton, Jerry and Mitch.

Getting there: Drive the North Cascade Highway 20 to about mile post 148, crossing the bridge over Granite Creek. On the north side of the highway is a cut-out with good parking at 3300 feet.

Route: Head up pretty much north-northwest through small trees until the way steepens up a bit into old forest, very little brush. The going was good until then but the frozen ground with the cover of powder snow made travel a bit slippery, two steps up and one slide back. The group moved with the rhythm of drunken sailors.

The ridge becomes more distinct as it narrows and steepens into some cliff bands between 4600 and 5200 feet. As we found on the way down the cliffs

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

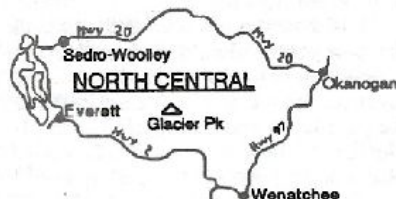
could be passed on the west side. At about 5400 feet the ridge lays back and the views open up as you push up through small groupings of larch and alpine fir trees. We stopped and looked over our shoulders at the peaks of Ragged Ridge and down to Black Peak. To our right we could see the Methow Pinnacles and Hardy come into view. A clear day in November was quite a treat.

The ridge topped out at 7000 feet and more views to the north of Azurite and Golden Horn with Tower showing too. The ridge then continues west and on up to the high point at 7157 (with a prominence of 717 feet), and views farther west to Crater and Jack, even Luna.

As we sat there eating lunch looking at McKay Ridge (should be spelled Mackay) I could not help but think that Peak 7157 should be named Ian Peak, since it is next to Mackay Ridge.

This would make a great trip in spring when Highway 20 first opens. Stats: about 7 miles round trip; 3800 feet vertical.—Ian Mackay, Seattle, 11/11.

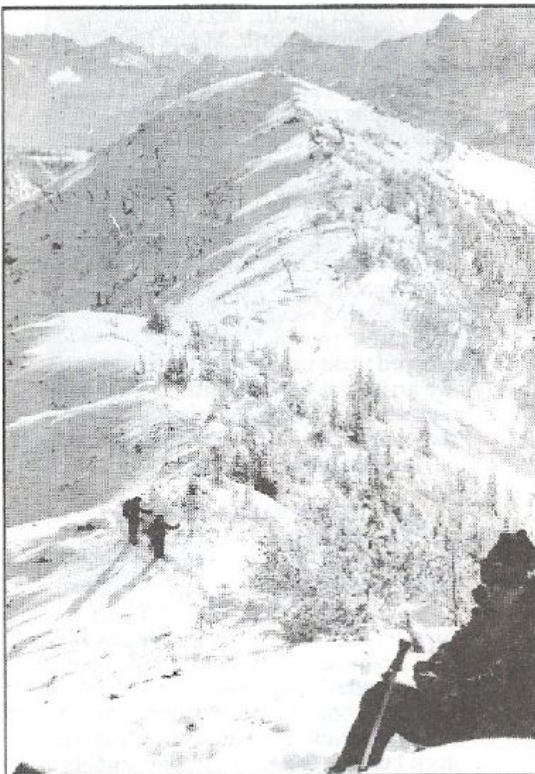
NORTH CENTRAL



OTTABOT PEAK (USGS Snowking Mtn)—This unnamed 5897-foot summit lies on the ridge between Otter and Illabot Creeks, about 2.6 miles west of Snowking Mountain. Prior to this, we hadn't thought a lot about Ottabot, and there's no particular reason to climb it other than the fact that it has 657 feet of Prominence and is in a spectacular location, or you're on your way to Snowking Mountain via this route.

Mike B, Juan, Marti, and I met Mitch and Jerry at Highway 530 and Illabot Creek road 16 (between Rockport and Darrington) at 6:45am. We wound up the long logging road and started to worry when we hit snow at about 1700 feet. Luckily it stayed no deeper than 4 or 5 inches as we climbed to 2850 feet, where the road actually descends a bit, and continues forever (20.5 miles!) to Otter Creek and a trailhead to Slide Lake where we parked.

(It had been 34 years since I'd last been up this road, but I hadn't forgotten its length, since on our 1966 trip, the trunk of my car had unknowingly popped open along the way, spitting out my buddy's boot near the start of the



Mitch Blanton and John Roper make their way to the top of Peak 7157 to join Alton Willoughby, right. Okanogan National Forest.

The snow-plastered local breath-takers were Snowking and the Mount Chaval complex, and Illabot Peak and Tommy Thompson right across the valley. In the distance were the Pickets, Eldorado to Boston, and the northern Ptarmigan Traverse peaks.

We avoided the above 5400-foot refrigerator ridge problem on the way out by traversing lower at about 5150 feet.

On the drive out, we were impressed by a great view of Chaval from the road and the classic north ridge route pioneered by P&Per Phil Leatherman and friends in 1974. One last surprise was a blocking rock slide over the road that had released during our climb, which fortunately we were able to muscle a passage through with all of us pitching in.—John Roper, Bellevue, 11/18.

PEAK 5003 (USGS Sloan Pk)—Mountain surprises are fun, and abandoned trail enthusiasts will like this one. A bonus is that this is a Sauk-Skagit summit with 843 feet of prominence.

Ian Mackay and I had an odd Monday off, but we both had to be back home early for various commitments so we picked an easy climb. We drove the Mountain Loop Highway from Granite Falls over Barlow Pass to the North Fork Sauk River road 49, following this for 14+ miles to its end at 3670 feet, north-northwest of our objective, about 100 miles from Bellevue. This summit lies cradled between Sloan, Cadet, and Bowser Creeks.

From the very end of the road end is an abandoned trail that is not shown on any current maps, including the Mount Baker National Forest map of 1962. I called up Mike Torok when we got back and had him look on a 1931 Mount Baker National Forest map he has, and sure enough this trail showed up. This is a relic path.

It has a few switchbacks down low then follows old growth forest along or near the crest to the summit. Along the way, we had viewpoints out to the spectacular wall that extends from Kyes Peak to Monte Cristo Peak to Cadet, and on to Sloan, plastered white with the fall snows.

The trail turns into a narrow rocky crest near the top, then breaks out into pleasant summit meadows which allow views in most directions by wandering around a bit. Quite nice. 1.25 hours up with photo stops.—John Roper, Bellevue, 10/30.

road, and we had to drive back the entire route before we found it.)


It felt like winter as we packed up in the snow at Otter Creek, but we decided to leave the snowshoes in the car, and basically just ran the Otter-Illabot ridge through old growth east to the summit.

One irritating problem along the way was at 5400 feet where the crest turned into a dangerous jumble of jackstrawed granite boulders the size of interlocking refrigerators, washing machines, and laundry baskets, covered with 6 inches of snow. We slipped and slithered along this difficulty for a half hour, taking great care so as not to snap a tibia.


Once we reached a near-final 5840+ false summit, it became obvious that the 5897-foot true summit would be another nuisance, a hundred yards farther northeast along a narrow granite, snow-covered cockscomb. This problem was endured to the top with one final short Class 4-ish athletic move (led by Juan via a 10-foot frozen moss-riddled open book, and by Mitch by a down climb through a tree off a subsummit—both worrisome under the slippery conditions). Take a rope (we didn't). 4.5 hours up to 5840+, 2 hours down, with another hour to negotiate the final conundrum.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

 **NORTH LAKE TRAIL (GT Silverton)**—This trip was all in snow, as white flakes were falling at the trailhead with 2 inches at the end of road 4060 off the Mountain Loop Highway. Carrie, Shelley, Neal and I got on our snow gear and headed up the trail. After a short distance we were in the old growth forest and a winter wonderland. All the trees were covered in snow as the white stuff continued coming down. At about 1 mile we came to Independence Lake which had a little ice on the outlet end. Crossing over some slippery snow-covered logs at the creek, we proceeded along the lake to the north side.

At this point the snowy trail starts switchbacking up to the ridge. Once up to the ridge we were hiking in about 8 inches of new snow as we passed a small ice-covered tarn. We decided to stop for lunch, as the snow had stopped falling. Hiking up through the snow to a small ridge top with a little view we found a good spot to eat. With the election only two days away, the conversation turned to politics and throwing a few snowballs. After eating we headed back down to the car, as it decided to start snowing again. All of us had a great time on this outing and look forward to a snowy winter of skiing and snowshoeing.—George Chambers, Bothell, 11/5.

 **OLD ROBE (USGS Verlot) and BIG FOUR (USGS Silverton)**—Old Robe trailhead is on the south side of the Mountain Loop highway about 7 miles east of Granite Falls. Big Four trailhead is also on the south side about 19 miles farther east.


Old Robe is a short lowland trail following a portion of the Monte Cristo railway through the Stillaguamish River gorge. It was a cool misty morning as we hiked down to the river and onto the old railroad grade. The river was high and very powerful as it surged through the gorge 20 to 30 feet below the trail. Two creek crossings, a waterfall almost in the face and a second one on a creek just off the trail are added attractions. Tunnels 5 and 6 are fun to walk through.

The river destroyed this railroad twice, the last time in 1897. In the flood of November 1897 the entire trackage through the gorge (and upstream) was ripped up. The tunnels were flooded and jammed with debris from upstream.


Big Four trail leads to the ice caves at the foot of Big Four Mountain. The clouds broke up enough to let us see the summit crowned with fresh snow. A very challenging creek crossing was up

at the end of the trail where it enters the avalanche basin. The caves were awesome, especially the larger upper cave.

We covered an easy 6 miles total and only 300 vertical feet.—Robert Michelson, 10/21.

 **HEATHER LAKE (GT 110 Silverton)**—The trail was wet but not icy. What a surprise to find that the trail has been extended so that it now goes around the lake. It made me feel that I was getting something for my trail pass money. We didn't see any other hikers.


The teenager at the Granite Falls McDonalds gave us triple sized ice cream cones, capping off a pleasant day.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 11/7.

 **LAKE SERENE (USGS Index)**—Parking lot is huge and has toilets. Trail follows the road to where the new trail deviates from the old, and here is some confusion.

A sign for the lake points to the new trail, but the post has obviously had other signs on it, so at least one pair took the old trail thinking it was the way to the falls. The guidebook (Mountaineers) says to go right for a view of the falls with no mention that the first right is the old trail. Stay low and go on to the second right, which has a small sign indicating the way to each destination.

The new trail crosses below the lower falls and climbs open forest on the opposite side of the falls from the old one. It is splendidly constructed with good tread and a number of stairways. The only difficult creek crossing was a short way from the car.

Maples were golden, the air chill. And, being late in the year, the hike was in the shade of the mountains after the first quarter mile. Upper parts of the trail had a view of the shadow cast across much of the valley. It is a cool, moist contrast to the trails to Wallace Falls across the valley.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 10/22.

 **HOOF PEAK (USGS Glacier Pk East, Clark Mt)**—Our group of six hiked up the White River trail to the Boulder Creek trail, then followed the Clark Mountain High Route (see Crowder and Tabor, *Routes and Rocks*, 1965) on our way up Clark Mountain. A few miles west of Clark Mountain we dropped onto the Butterfly Glacier and traversed and descended off the glacier to a grand overlook of the large U-shaped Napeequa Valley.

Our destination for the evening (our


3rd camp on the trip) was Moth Lake. Moth Lake isn't shown on any USGS map I've found. Beckey and Rand's 1977 "Glacier Peak Area" map marks it clearly. Moth Lake is east-northeast of Tenpeak Mountain.

On our way toward the 6800+ saddle just southeast of Moth Lake I kept eyeing an irresistible wide and gentle ridge heading northerly. At the saddle, as the rest of the group headed down to camp, I dropped my pack and headed up this ridge. Most of it is along the Snohomish/Chelan county line. The ridge climbs up fairly gently, mostly Class 1. There was one Class 2 scramble part way up.

Along the top of the ridge are grand views of the Butterfly Glacier and Dakobed Range, Moth Lake, and hundreds of hoofprints. It looked like a goat convention had just ended that afternoon. The ridge heads northward, then ends. But it was easy to walk to a connecting ridge via a slight saddle filled with snow. Up this ridge I continued for a bit as it continued just as easily on its upward slope.

Eventually the wide heather and pumice ridge changed to rock as it neared the summit. The last portion of the climb is Class 2/3 with some exposure and some loose jagged rock. But not too difficult technically and soon I was on top of the 7800+-foot summit (about 1½ miles at 55 degrees from Tenpeak). There was no register or cairn, or any other evidence of previous ascent. It took about an hour at a brisk pace from the 6800-foot saddle.

Our trip continued along the Honeycomb High Route (see Crowder and Tabor) to the Honeycomb and White River glaciers and back down the White River trail. Upon return, I corresponded with John Roper, asking the name of the 7800+-foot peak. Apparently there is no known documented ascent, and he suggested I choose a name. In honor of all the hoof prints, and because the name is unique in Washington State, I chose "Hoof Peak."—Steve Fox, Everett, 9/21-25.

 **MOUNT FERNOW and ICE LAKES (USGS Holden, Pinacle Mt)**—I started up the Entiat River trail about noon with a forecast of four sunny days ahead. My main objective was Mount Fernow but I also hoped to climb Buckskin and Tinpan Mountains and then return via Ice lakes. I made it to camp in the meadow just past the Cool Creek trail junction, about 13½ miles, at 6:30.

The next day I started up Mount Fernow at 8:30 by first following the Entiat River trail to its end in the basin

below Mount Maude and Seven Fingered Jack and then heading northwest up steep meadows to a rock step. After working my way through on ledges and gullies, I emerged into a lovely upper basin at 7000 feet.

Above this was talus and snow, and another rock step easily breached by a short chimney. Then easy scree led to the east ridge at 8700 feet.

A traverse southwest led to a broad rocky gully directly below the summit. This gully was a fairly serious but fun Class 3 scramble to the 9249-foot summit of Mount Fernow which I reached at 1pm.

I enjoyed the magnificent views, particularly Seven Fingered Jack and the North Face of Mount Maude, and signed the register as the icy wind forced me to eat my lunch a short way back down in a protected spot.

I retraced my steps to the east ridge, then stayed on the ridge or its south side, passing through some lovely alpine larch benches, all the way to the saddle below Point 7552.

I naively thought I could traverse the ridge all the way to Buckskin Mountain but it soon became apparent that was not possible, at least not in any reasonable length of time. The cliffs of Point 7552 were in the way, so I just headed back to camp at 5pm.

The days were warm and pleasant in the sun, but both nights in Entiat Meadows were frigid, I would guess the mid 20s, and I doubt the daytime temperature (in the shade) got much above freezing, as a waterbottle frozen the previous night and left in the tent did not thaw out during the day.

The next day I got an early start up Buckskin at 6:45. Buckskin was directly above my campsite so I just headed uphill. I had gone only a few hundred feet when I came across a good trail not marked on any of my maps. I followed this trail as it switchbacked up alongside a gully then crossed at about 6700 feet and traversed up to the ridge between Buckskin and Tinpan at 6900 feet. Here was an old sign identifying the trail as the Wilson Creek trail. I later discovered this to be an old abandoned trail. Abandoned or not someone has been maintaining it, as some blow-downs had been recently cleared and it was in very good shape.

Since the trail had led me away from Buckskin, I decided to climb Tinpan first. From the trail I just followed the ridge east to the summit of Tinpan at 9am. On this ridge were some absolutely gorgeous groves of golden alpine larches backlit by the morning sun.

Back at the trail an hour later, I then

followed the ridge west to the summit of Buckskin at 11:30. I arrived back at camp at 1pm.

I still wanted to get to Ice Lakes today so I really had to move. I broke camp after a quick lunch and headed back up the Entiat River trail at 2. I was following the Ice Lakes High Route as described in Crowder and Tabor's *Routes and Rocks*.

About 1/2-mile farther up the trail, in a large meadow, I crossed the Entiat River and diagonaled upstream to a broad gully. This gully gave access to a large upper talus basin at about 7000 feet. The only hard part was bypassing a frozen waterfall on the right up a very steep wooded rib.


Back in the gully, the creek was rimmed with ice, but I easily avoided it to the side. Near the top of the talus basin was a snow slope leading to the low point in the ridge above Ice Lake.

The snow was so hard as to almost qualify as technical ice and though I carried both ice axe and crampons I had no desire to tackle it with a full overnight pack on. So I bypassed the snow on the left on tedious but much safer scree and came out on the ridge about 300 feet above the saddle.

This put me only a couple of hundred feet below the summit of North Spectacle Butte. So I dropped my pack and ran up to the easy summit at 5:20. Back to my pack at 5:30 and then an easy descent down pumice slopes to the beautiful lower Ice Lake at 6:10. I set up my tent in a great campsite near the outlet stream.

It was actually warmer at Ice Lake than in the Entiat valley, even though I was camped 1800 feet higher. Ice Lakes has to be one of the most beautiful places in the Cascades, particularly in the fall. The contrast of the golden larches rimming the lake to the deep blue-green of the water was positively stunning.

I spent the morning of my last day taking a leisurely hike up to the upper lake and basking in the sun of my lovely campsite. Too soon it was time to leave. I still had 14 miles back to the trailhead. I left at noon. Since I hadn't come up the Ice Lakes trail, I had a little trouble locating where it left the lake, but I soon picked it up in the meadow below. I reached the Entiat trail at 3pm and the trailhead at 6:15. Estimated total mileage for the trip 50, total elevation gain 15,400 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 10/4-7.

 **POET RIDGE** (USGS *Poe Mtn*)—I started up the Poe Mountain trail from the Little Wenatchee River trailhead at 11am. When I

started the weather was pleasant but the forecast was for heavy rain and rising freezing levels by evening, so I hoped to climb all my peaks today, camp near the Crest Trail tonight and come out the Little Wenatchee River trail the next day in the rain.

I left my pack at the junction of the Poe Mountain trail and the Poet Ridge trail and quickly climbed the last 200 feet to the summit of Poe Mountain at 1pm. I then followed the Poet Ridge trail, which began on the ridge then crossed to the west side and traversed at about 6200 feet through lovely open terrain. The trail was fairly easy to follow until it dropped into a rocky basin on the west side of Longfellow. Here I again left my pack to scramble up to the north ridge where I encountered several inches of fresh slippery snow on the last bit to the summit. I reached the top at 3.

Back in the basin, I lost the trail but could see it on the side of a hill in the distance so just traversed toward it. The trail led me to a delightful little pond nestled on a bench west of the ridge about half way between Longfellow and Bryant. This pond is not shown on any map. Not far from here I lost the trail again. Animal trails made progress fairly painless until I was below Bryant Peak. An ascent up steep meadows took me to the ridge just south of the summit rocks. A short traverse downward to the east side and a scramble up broken rock, tough with a full pack, brought me to the summit at 5 o'clock. It had begun to snow lightly with a cold wind.

I followed the ridge to Point 6295. The weather continued to deteriorate, so to escape the blowing snow I dropped down the west side of the ridge, then traversed back to the low point of the ridge where I picked up the ever-improving trail again. I was now getting concerned about finding a place to camp.

I was beginning to think I might have to scrounge water from the fresh snow when in the diminishing light of dusk I came across a flat area with a tiny pond. I was saved. It was 6:20. I put up my tent in a blinding snow-storm. There was about 1 inch of fresh snow on the ground. Later the snow changed to rain and it poured the rest of the night.

It was still raining hard when I woke the next morning. All the fresh snow had melted. After the unpleasant task of packing up in the rain at 8:15, I continued on the trail and discovered that I was camped only a few hundred feet from the junction with the Crest trail. After a few minutes walking, I left my pack and zipped up to the summit of

Kodak Peak. A good way trail led to the top.

The trip out on the Little Wenatchee River trail led through Meander Meadow, lovely even in the rain. The fall colors were beautiful. The trail, however, was very wet and muddy. The rain diminished as I went out and by the time I reached the trailhead at 12:30 had stopped entirely.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 10/19-20.

NORTHEAST



WHISKEY DICK RIDGE (USGS Whiskey Dick Mtn)

We usually do this hike in May when the wildflowers and cactus are in full bloom. We were at loose ends and looking for sun so headed east. Drive to Vantage on I-90 then take the Vantage Highway past Ginkgo State Park. In about 5 miles is an entrance to the Quillomene Wildlife area.

We went on a couple of miles to another entrance. Parking near the highway, we followed a dirt 4-wheel drive road for about 3 or 4 miles. After dropping into a valley the road climbs to the ridge top and views across the Valley. We continued to a high point on the dirge which gave us views down over the Columbia as well.

It was a brisk fall day, a bit windy. The wildflowers were gone. Mostly sagebrush and other desert plants. The day was completed with a visit to the rock shop in Vantage, and a treat stop at the local store.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/5.



MISSION RIDGE (GT Liberty, Wenatchee)

Trying to escape the grim-sounding forecast on the west side, we left town at 5am and headed east. We ended up over by Cashmere, arriving at the Devil's Gulch trailhead (1750 feet) at 8:30. We found a little sun, and no rain.

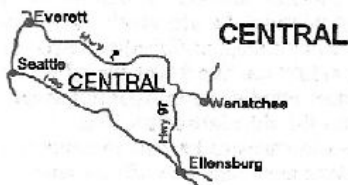
This is a well-graded trail with many switchbacks, following the ridge, with lots of views to either side. We hiked up about 4 miles to one of the high points at 4180 feet and enjoyed a peaceful lunch. The larches on the adjacent hills were at their peak.

This is motorcycle country, but we saw none on this cloudy Sunday late in the season. We were passed, however, by 3 mountain bicyclists just after we

left the summit. They were the only people we saw on the trail.

A 19-mile loop could be made by returning on the Devil's Gulch trail, which follows Mission Creek at a lower elevation. There is also road access about 11 miles or so continuing up the road from the trailhead, which would make this a nice one-way through hike.

We saw a little new snow on surrounding hilltops, but none in our area. So, another hike snatched from the jaws of encroaching winter. Driving instructions are correct in the latest edition of *100 Hikes in Alpine Lakes*.—C. Berner, Renton 10/29.



LORD HILL REGIONAL PARK (USGS Maltby)

This 2-square-mile park lies between Snohomish and Monroe and contains 16 miles of trails and old logging roads, a great area to explore on winter walks.

Hikers can create their own routes and loops of desired length, and take side trips to several ponds, a quarry,



Carl Berner crosses a creek on the CCC road.

view points, and even the shores of the Snohomish River, passing huge old big-leaf maples on the way. This time of year the water level of the river is low enough to allow walking along the edge of the river.

We have worked out a 7-mile loop that includes several lakes and ponds, the river, and a great lunch spot atop a sharp little moss-covered rock (Point 626) with views to Mount Rainier, the Olympics and Cascades, and Glacier Peak. Other spots with intriguing names to find are Devil's Butte, English Pond, Hidden Railroad, Temple Lake, Beaver Lodge Pond, Dragonfly Pond, and Marsh Lake.

I would recommend sending \$5 to purchase a guidebook and map from: Philco Printing, 221 SW 153rd St, Ste 265, Burien WA 98166. Although there are some signs for the main trails in the park, the guidebook is necessary to find many of the trails, some of which are obscure. This booklet also describes various lengths of trails and loops in detail.

Basic maps of the park are sometimes available at the trailhead. Some information may also be found in *Walks & Hikes in the Foothills & Lowlands Around Puget Sound* by Harvey Manning & Penny Manning. There is a nice parking area at the trailhead with an outhouse.

A big, friendly neighborhood dog welcomed us at the trailhead, then joined our group of 5 and followed us around all day. Park rules, however, require dogs to be on a leash (if you bring your own dog).

From Highway 522 near Monroe, exit at 164th Street SE and follow west for approximately 4.8 miles. Turn south on 127th Avenue SE (Lord Hill Road) for 1.6 miles. Turn left onto 150th Street SE at a park entry sign, then left into the parking lot.—C. Berner, Renton, 11/1.



FULLER MOUNTAIN (GT Mt Si)

This was my first time up Fuller Mountain and it exceeded my expectations. The trail was a little challenging but in pretty good shape. There were good views at the top, even though we had a cloudy day.

From North Bend, drive north to Spur 10 gate, elevation 1003 feet. Park outside the gate and walk across the Weyerhaeuser Mainline Road to the trailhead signed "Ten Creek Loop." Follow the trail ¼-mile to a crossing of Ten Creek, which consists of a slippery log with a wobbly handrail. (If the log happens to be icy or the handrail missing, you may want to go back out to the trailhead and follow roads around to bypass the log. This will add approximately 2 miles to your round trip). A

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Weyerhaeuser map would be helpful.

After carefully negotiating the log crossing, follow the trail slightly uphill to an old logging road. Turn left and follow it out to a 4-way junction. Turn right and go a short distance to another junction. Take the left fork, then on the left watch for a trail obscured by salal and brush. There is also a white post here with no markings on it.

The trail gets a little rougher as it begins its ascent of Fuller Mountain, gaining about 850 feet to the top. It initially contours around the west side of the mountain, crossing several rocky areas with open views down to Klaus Lake. Then the switchbacks start and steeply follow the ridge. In some places, sword ferns almost cover the trail. Most blowdowns have been cleared.

The top of the ridge at 1850 feet reminded me of a big-leaf maple orchard. Continue across the top on a very obscure path, or pick your own route, and reach a mossy rock outcropping with views east and south, mainly to Mount Si and the Cascades.—C. Berner, Renton, 11/2.



KLAUS, BOYLE & BRIDGES LAKES (GT Mt Si)

The old *Footsore 2* guidebook described a nice walk to these three lakes. In later years, this route was destroyed by logging. By the time *Hiking the Mountains To Sound Greenway* was written, the author threw up his hands in despair and no route was given beyond Boyle Lake. Described here is a route to see all three lakes again, and in some ways is more scenic than the original lower route. A Weyerhaeuser map will be helpful.

Drive to Spur 10 gate north of North Bend, park outside the gate, and begin walking. Find a trail signed "Ten Creek Loop" straight across the Weyerhaeuser Mainline Road from the gate. This will save approximately 2 miles on your round trip, but at the risk of crossing Ten Creek on a very slippery log bridge with a rustic handrail, very scary when wet. After crossing the log bridge, follow the trail up to an old logging road, turn left, and follow to a 4-way junction at the base of Fuller Mountain.

On this frosty early morning, we opted for the longer, but safer route. From Spur 10 gate go left on the Weyerhaeuser Mainline Road for 1/2-mile, then right on the first road (signed Klaus/Bridges Lakes). Follow for 1/2-mile, crossing Ten Creek on a concrete bridge, then go right at the next main road. (Straight ahead here leads to Bridges Lake in several miles). Continue for about another 1/2-mile and

bear left at the Y in the road, signed "Klaus Lake." Soon another "Klaus Lake" sign shows the way down a lane leading to the shore of the lake, with a great view across to Fuller Mountain. After the side trip to Klaus Lake, continue on the road to the 4-way junction.

At the 4-way junction, head north (left) on a road that passes to the west of the base of Fuller Mountain. In approximately 3/4-mile, at a sharp curve to the right, an overgrown spur road leads straight ahead, shortly turning into a fishermen's path. This leads to a tricky crossing of the outlet creek of Boyle Lake. We decided to leave further exploration of Boyle Lake for another trip. Continue back on the main road around a bump, the top of which (reached by going 3/4 of the way around the bump by road and then up) gives great views to the tip of Mount Rainier, Mount Si, Fuller Mountain, Metcalf Lake, Rattlesnake and Tiger Mountains, plus other peaks north. In another 1/4-mile are views down to Boyle Lake. Continue to road-end in another 1/2-mile, giving views down to Bridges Lake, as well as the surrounding countryside.—C. Berner, Renton, 11/11.



BRIDGES LAKE (GT Mt Si)

We decided to do one more exploring trip in Fuller Mountain country on this sunny but chilly day. Our destination was about 4 miles in, according to the Weyerhaeuser map. As it turned out, we had signs all the way, plus mileage markers every 1/2-mile, and it was just about exactly 4 miles.

From the Spur 10 gate north of North Bend, walk southwest on the Weyerhaeuser Mainline Road 1/2-mile, then turn right at the first main road, signed "Klaus/Bridges Lake." Follow this road for 1/2-mile, then at the signed junction, go straight ahead, still on road 31000.

Follow road 31000 until just before the 3-mile marker. At the Y in the road, bear to the right. Then take the second right for a short distance and go left onto road 3751B (old road numbering system). Somewhere in this maze of roads we came across a small wooden fish ladder. Follow 3751B for about another 1/2-mile and come to the signed trail leading down to the lake, a pretty, sunny spot, probably used mostly by fishermen. At the lakeshore was a weathered folding chair to comfort the weary walker.

We had lunch on a sunny but viewless log after an unsuccessful search on nearby roads to find a connector of some kind to the logging roads on the east side of Bridges Lake, thereby mak-

ing a potential loop route.

On our way back we took a spur road 31300 heading east to a viewpoint of Klaus Lake, Fuller Mountain, Mount Si, and the Cascades. There was minimal elevation gain on this hike. We got in a total of 10 miles and decided this was pretty nice territory for winter walking.—C. Berner, Renton, 11/14.



MOUNT DEFIANCE (GT 206 Bandera)

Everyone turned off for Granite Mountain except us. We enjoyed the blueberries at Rainbow Lake although they were clearly the previously frozen variety.

We shared the summit with another hiker and his miniature poodle. Mounts Baker, Glacier, Adams, Rainier, and the lookout on Granite were all out, not bad for such a cloudy day. Below us were about half a dozen lakes.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 10/15.



PRATT MOUNTAIN (GT 206 Bandera)

Fresh snow has returned to the hills. Once I left the trail above Island Lake I scrambled up snow-covered huge talus blocks to the summit of Pratt Mountain. It's a wonderful viewpoint. On the summit ridge were tracks from a Saturday party of mountain explorers.—George Heffner, Kent, 10/22.



GRANITE MOUNTAIN (GT 207 Snoqualmie Pass)

We were on the trail by 9. It was cold, and the snow got deeper and icier as we ascended to the arm overlooking the basin. The view from the summit was extra beautiful because of all the new snow on the peaks.

We ate a power bar, but it was too cold and windy to linger. Ben found us what looked like the only snow free rock in the basin with a great view of the tower above. We sat and enjoyed lunch in the sunshine, and my thermometer said 75.

The return was easy as the icy parts on the trail were now slushy, and the snow had melted from the lower slopes.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 10/22.



GRANITE MOUNTAIN (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

Steve and I pulled into an almost-empty parking lot at 9:30. The ground was frozen with patchy thin snow at the 1800-foot start. The trail was easy walking to the junction, then things got icy as the trail got steeper. At one point, I wondered out loud if we would be able to get down.


Trail exposed the the sun had bare


patches so we were able to walk more easily. Snow covering the trail in the shade was compact and not icy. A lone hiker descended and told us the trail was much better above as it was snow covered and not icy. That was good news.

Once we got above the trees and were on the open slopes, the wind became a factor. We put jackets and hats on. Cresting the ridge to the first little valley we looked for shelter from the wind so we could have lunch. The snow was too deep to walk off the beaten track, so we continued up to the back side of the ridge that leads to the summit. The ridge protected us from the wind and the top looked, oh, so close. We got to the windy top at 1pm and spent less than 10 minutes there. Too cold for lunch, and lots of ice beneath the lookout. I gave the dogs some biscuits and we headed down.

Now time was becoming a factor. The descent was easy at first. The fun began when we got to the first stand of trees. Lots of ice in the middle of the trail. Our speed slowed as we picked our way down. Mostly we walked on the edges of the trail in the snow.

With care we made it down in the fading light, arriving at 4:47 with daylight to spare. Our trekking poles were life savers; a couple of people had ice axes. Crampons would have been nice. There was about 8 to 12 inches of un-packed snow near the top.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 11/17.


 **KENDALL RIDGE (GT 207 Snoqualmie Pass)**—This probably was our last long real hike of the season, and what a treat it was. There was quite a bit of soft snow on the segment right before the Katwalk. The lakes were still unfrozen, but this was the first time Sparky decided not to go swimming. We even had a brief moment of sunlight while eating lunch at Ridge Lake which helped give the illusion of warmth. A white line of snow on the trail marked the entire PCT as it wound its way around Alaska Mountain and on to Alta Pass. A big fog bank rolled in while we ate blueberry pancakes at the Summit Inn, and it was raining by the time we reached North Bend.—Ben and Nancy Brodic and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 10/26.

 **RACHEL LAKE (USGS Chikamin Pk)**—It is the time of year when you attempt to get that one more high country hike in before the snows block it off until next summer. We really pushed it with Rachel Lake. There was snow right from the car all the way to the lake. It never got

more than a few inches though, and the trail was easy to follow. We just walked in the muddiest, slushiest part of the forest. I've never seen such a wet trail. We slid all over the place. Since we got on the trail at noon, everyone we met was coming down; seven parties in all. Some had gone all the way to Rampart Ridge, saying that the snow wasn't all that deep up there either. It was just drier because it was colder.

As we neared the lake, Jim and I did something we NEVER do—we asked every person we met how far the lake was. The way they answered was more interesting to us than how far the lake actually was. We asked four different parties and received four different types of answers. One guy told us in terms of miles, a couple said elevation left, two women answered in time it would take us, and another man gave us a percentage (he said we had 1/3 the distance remaining). Interesting, and it took our minds off the awful trail conditions.

Dark gray skies with drifting snowflakes cast a stark and forbidding pall over the lake. Snow dotted the banded cliffs on the other side. Very eerie and cold, figuratively and literally. But also very beautiful.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 11/5.

 **MOUNT MARGARET (USGS Chikamin Pk)**—This was supposed to be an easy Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club hike in the fall woods. We decided to take advantage of the clear bright sun and diverted to Mount Margaret for a hike in the sun.

Temperatures at the pass were in the mid twenties, and the lower part of the forest road was clear. This changed to a couple of inches of packed snow and ice as we climbed. We parked at the trailhead at 3800 feet.

As we had advertised this as an easy hike, we went only about 4½ miles, round trip, and climbed 1200 feet to the ridge looking down on Rock Rabbit Lakes, which are iced over. In the open, at 5000 feet, there are 15 to 18 inches of snow—getting to be time for the snowshoes.


What made this trip special was the crisp cold air, the bright warm sun, no breeze, and powder snow! I thought I was in the Rockies. A foot and a half of powder, all the way down to the ground. And on top of this the hoar frost had formed plates half an inch across. The sun flashed fire at us off the plates as we climbed. It was lovely.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 11/15.

 **KACHESS LAKE TRAIL (USGS Kachess Lk, Polallie**

Ridge)—Luci Boyle said this trail wasn't easy and she was right! Although it follows the lakeshore, it constantly goes up and down with nary a flat spot anywhere. The day we hiked it, the temperature never got above freezing, and we actually welcomed the inconsistent grade as a way to keep warm. But the trail was icy in areas which made for some pretty slippery footing especially since we had on our warm but flat-soled Sorel boots.

It was so cold that even Shadow wore his coat at lunch. We walked the trail to the junction with the Mineral Creek trail, and the most snow we encountered was an inch or so but then the high point was only 2600 feet. Lonely day with filtered sun.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 11/11.

 **EARL and BEAN (USGS Mt Stuart)**—Colin, Duane, Jon, Roscoe and I escaped the wind and rain of the west side by heading to the Teanaway Country. We parked at the end of the Beverly Creek road. All of us stashed our fleece and donned rain parkas as now the east side was welcoming us with a bit of moisture. This quickly ended and except for a few snowflakes up higher, we never experienced any more precip. About half way up Earl we were in snow. At the top was 6 inches of very fresh snow. We ate lunch, signed the register, then ran the ridge from Earl to Bean Peak. Roscoe, being a small friend of the canine variety, got to ride in Jon's pack as he climbed Bean. From Bean, we descended toward Bill Peak and took the trail back down Beverly Creek. The 10 miles, 3400 feet, took 8 hours.—Ron Raff, Chehalis, 10/28.

 **ESMERALDA BASIN (USGS Mt Stuart)**—Just happened to reread the October issue reports on Ingalls and Esmeralda. What a difference two months makes. The parking lot has four inches of snow on it and the road is just slick enough for the careless to discover the ditch.

There was only one other car in the lot and they went toward Ingalls, while we went up the Esmeralda Basin trail. We only climbed 1000 feet or so and made 2½ miles before lunch, but we had the place entirely to ourselves. Late fall gets you plenty of privacy in our hills.

The trail is in great shape, and the footing is softened by the building snow. We had about a foot on the ground at 5200 feet.

While access is conditioned on your transportation, the Teanaway is a great destination for year-round hiking, ski-

ing, snowshoeing and you name it. — Michael Leake, Issaquah, 11/9.



GALLAGHER HEAD LAKE (GT 209 Mt Stuart)

The clouds didn't dissipate until Easton, and then it was blue skies and sun. The bridge we used years ago to cross the North Fork Teanaway was lying beside the trail. It was a slippery rock hop even this late in the season. I don't think this would be easily crossed in early season. What a shame because this trip is listed as hikeable in late June.

I thought Gallagher Head Lake was lovely. It is on a lightly treed plain surrounded by peaks. We settled on a 12-inch wide bench at the horse camp and ate lunch in the sunshine. It was very peaceful until the first motorcyclist zoomed in. Two more followed for a total of two girls and a boy. They looked quite alien with their special suits, charcoal breathing masks, goggles, and camel back water systems, but they were cheerful and friendly. They had already ridden 28 miles, and I think they planned on doing 40. They soon

CENTRAL reports are continued on page 2

SOUTH CENTRAL



TWIN FALLS STATE PARK (GT Bandera)

This short hike was the result of a storm that dumped about one inch of rain in the North Bend area. Knowing the brush would be extremely wet, we opted for a wide and short trail.

On this 3 mile round trip hike (567 feet total vertical gain), we cleaned rocks and debris out of all the culverts allowing the many streamlets to go under the trail and not over it. We also did work on all of the wooden bridges. In our area the rain splashes and people track dirt and debris on boardwalks. The accumulation builds and quickens the demise of the wood. It only took a couple of minutes and these small bridges and walks will last longer.

There were 24 cars at the trailhead and lots of people on the trail. We had lots of fun with the children as we taught them how to "shish." We piled the bright yellow maple leaves along stretches of the trail and showed them how to shuffle their feet through the

leaves making a sound like shish, shish, shish.

Incidentally, shishing is so much more fun when the leaves are dry. Shishing keeps us young and cleaning boardwalks keeps us strong. What better ideas complement fall hiking?—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 10/28.



TINKHAM PEAK (USGS

Lost Lk)—Howard had a hankering to climb Tinkham Peak ever since the aborted Mountaineer Scramble in June (see *P&P*, August 2000). We planned to go together and waited for good weather when we were both free to go. It took awhile, but we got the climb in at the very end of the 2000 season on a cool but partly cloudy day.

Leaving from Windy Pass, we took the PCT south to the shortcut trail up to the saddle between Silver and Tinkham. Turning left at the saddle, we climbed the way-trail steeply up to the ridge.

We found the summit register on the west peak but according to the map, the east peak is the true summit. The two peaks appear to be about the same height. Just to be sure Howard really "did" Tinkham this time, we ascended both peaks. From the ridge, Howard looked west to the knob between Silver, Tinkham, and Abiel where the June Scramble was aborted. In snow, especially with poor visibility, it would have been a long haul from there to Tinkham.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 10/30.



TACOMA NARROWS

(NOAA 18474)—Our trip leader, Jurgen, likes to call this paddle "Crossings 101" since it involves three 1-mile crossings. Jurgen also likes to begin his paddles with an "ear-in-the-water" test where participants are expected to get one (or both) ears wet by doing either a self-rescue, a deep scull/high brace, or a roll.

Five of us met Jurgen at Owen Beach in Tacoma's Point Defiance Park (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions) on this overcast Sunday morning. After getting ourselves and our boats ready, we launched, and all of us, using one method or another, proceeded to get our ears wet (or as wet as they get when wearing a neoprene skull cap). That done, we set off across Dalco Passage toward Tahlequah on the south end of Vashon Island for the first of our three crossings. The current was just past maximum flood so we set a small ferry angle for the crossing.

Before long we reached Vashon Island. Heading around the south end of the island, we proceeded up the western shore to the vicinity of Camp Sealth

before making our second crossing—across Colvos Passage to Sunrise Beach. After a short stop at Sunrise Beach County Park, we continued south along the shoreline toward the entrance to Gig Harbor. Here we pulled out on the spit for a lunch break.

By the time we were back on the water, the currents in the north entrance to the Narrows were beginning toebb. Hugging the western shoreline to avoid the current as much as possible, we paddled until we were almost across from the community of Salmon Beach.

With the ebbing current building, we headed out for our final crossing—again using a ferry angle to keep from getting set too far downstream by the current. By the time we were about 2/3 of the way across, we relaxed the ferry angle and let the current set us somewhat. By the time we reached the other side, we were just to the south of Point Defiance light, right where we had intended.

We hugged the shoreline at the Point to avoid a rip that was forming offshore, and before long were back at our starting point of Owen Beach. Here we ended the day with a bit more roll, bracing, and rescue practice.—LGM, Port Orchard, 11/5.



SNOQUERA POINT (GT

Greenwater)—About a mile before Camp Shepard Boy Scout camp, a trailhead sign said "Trail 1199." It "twernt" on my Green Trails map, but it looked exciting. We stopped at 12:03, put on our gear, and headed up.

It started out as a brush-lined old road. It soon split after the second switchback. We went left. Two more switchbacks and we came to a broken down bridge. One log had broken and it had a dangerous tilt. We crossed the stream on rocks.

As we entered the steep-walled canyon we walked a on golden autumn leaves. Across the canyon was a rock face over twenty stories high painted with emerald green moss set against wet dark rock. After 10 more switchbacks, we came to lower Dalles Falls and the behemoth cedars guarding the gateway to the trickle gently tumbling down two hundred feet of solid rock. Another 10 switchbacks and all of the beauty we could possibly ask for, we happened upon a stairway. The 45-degree angle of those steps was a test of my acrophobia. Lucky they had installed a handrail. With white knuckles I climbed the stairs.

Above the stairs the trail then crossed a small creek and another bridge and soon we were at Snoquera Point. We visualized Mount Rainier. We had

views of snow and ice pellets boiling over the mountains beyond the river. The need to see why the bear went over the mountain drew us upward. Time was the limiting factor. At 1:05pm we turned around and were at the car at 2:31.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 11/4.

MINERAL MOUNTAIN

(USGS Mowich Lk)—The road to the Ipsut Creek campground was in very good shape. In 1 hour, 10 minutes, I crossed the suspension bridge. I've done some fairly respectable climbs but the crossing of this bridge made my seasoned soul flutter!

The terminus of the Carbon Glacier is awesome. On this day, rocks were falling off it every few minutes. I took a snack break, in the meadow below Old Desolate, before crossing Mystic Pass. I didn't know the exact route up Mineral and went clear to the lake, then up over a small ridge to a boulderfield angling up the north side of the mountain to the west ridge and easier climbing.

Finally a short bit of climbing over large rocks landed me on the broad summit. I found a flat galvanized register box; only a few have signed in this year. The last signature was over a month ago. I suspect that more people have visited the summit but have overlooked the pile of boulders wherein it lies. I descended an easier route on the west ridge just to the left of my ascent route.

I was back at the parking lot 8 hours, 45 minutes after leaving it. I encountered three hikers at the swinging bridge and they were the only people I saw. 16 miles, 4400 feet of gain.—Ron Raff, Chehalis, 10/26.

CRYSTAL LAKES & PEAK

(USGS Mt Rainier East)—A beautiful fall day. We headed east on highway 410 into Mount Rainier National Park. The trailhead for Crystal Lakes is a couple of miles inside the park. The parking area on the east side of the highway will hold about 6 cars.

The trail climbs steeply through forest. At about 1¼ miles is a fork. Our group split at this point, some going right to the summit of Crystal Peak, the rest going left to the lakes. I was with the lake group. After passing the junction, views open of the mountain. About 1½ miles brings you to the lakes. There was just a dusting of snow, not enough to make it slippery or dangerous.

It was beautiful at the lake, with clear sky, cool crisp air and beautiful fall colors. We had lunch on some boulders near the lake shore and enjoyed the

lovely scenery. On the way out we stopped to check out lower Crystal Lake, where we found a nice campground.

It is about 2 miles from the junction to the summit of Crystal Peak, site of a former lookout. The report from that group was light snow and splendid views, everything from Hood to Baker, the dominant view being of Rainier. It is about 6 miles round trip to the lakes and about 7 to the peak.

It is possible to do a one-way trip if you can arrange transportation. A trail leads from the upper end of the lake to a saddle on the Pacific Crest Trail near Sourdough Gap where you can continue down to Highway 410 at Chinook Pass. We did this route several years ago; it seems to me it was about 8 miles.

A treat stop at the Wapiti Woollics shop was a fine ending to a wonderful day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 10/22.

EAGLE PEAK SADDLE

(USGS Mt Rainier West)—Little change from last year, still about 2900 feet of elevation gain and 3½ miles from Longmire; trailhead to the saddle. Strong group of 6 hikers plus 20 degree weather resulted in fairly quick trip, about 3½ hours up and 2½ down.

Skiff of snow at beginning, about 4 inches on the level at the saddle. Varied from bare to kneedeep. Good snow: because of the continued cold it was the nearest thing to powder I have ever seen in this area. Calm except for slight breeze at saddle. Slight overcast, Adams, St. Helens and Hood all visible.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 11/18.

BOOK MOUNTAIN

(USGS Manastash Cr)—This is a high point on Manastash Ridge southwest of Ellensburg, with a memorial to the late wrestling coach at Ellensburg High School, Mr. Westburg. In fact, the trail is called the Westburg Trail (also known as the Ridge Trail).

Exit from I-90 at Thorp, turning right on Thorp Highway to Cove Road. Turn right again to the marked parking area just before the gated end of the road. The trail begins at the end of the road, following a valley a short way, and then climbs steeply to the ridge top (about 2 miles). Unfortunately we did not have distant views so we remained at the Westburg memorial and ate lunch. Good views over the Kittitas valley. It is possible to meander along the ridge top for several miles.

We have done this hike several times. It is especially good in fall and spring when there is snow in the high country and it is rainy on the west side.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 10/29.



PACKWOOD LAKE

(GT Packwood)—Thanks to absentee ballots, election day found Jacki and me doing one last Packwood area hike for the season. Good thing, too, since right after our hike, a storm brought the snow level well below 3000 feet. As it was, we hit snow just above Packwood Lake as we followed trail 78 2.5 miles to the junction with the Three Peaks trail where we turned around. At 4900 feet, that junction was completely covered with a few inches of recently fallen snow.

We met no one on the popular trail to Packwood Lake. It was a cloudy and quite cool day but we had no rain other than what dripped from the trees farther up the trail.

Near the junction with the Three Peaks trail, we met a hunting party of three guys who looked liked they had moved in for the duration from all the equipment they had. We visited with them while we ate lunch.

We knew darkness would catch us before we reached the car so we walked the road/trail back out from Packwood Lake, needing flashlights for only the last ten minutes.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 11/7.

SPIRIT LAKE

(GT Spirit Lk, Mt St Helens)—Jim and I had only a few hours of daylight left after we got out of the Johnston Ridge Observatory Visitor's Center so we just ambled east on the trail along Johnston Ridge toward Spirit Lake. The weather was breezy, cold, and cloudy; not very inviting for a ridge walk but we wanted to stretch our legs. The tops of all the surrounding peaks were lightly dusted in white, and we judged the snow level to be at about 5000 feet.

At the junction in 2.3 miles, we turned right toward Spirit Lake and Windy Pass. All of a sudden the sky began clearing and by the time the trail was level with the lake and we needed to turn around, Mount St. Helens was poking her head out of the clouds. Before long, the entire mountain was clear. With an almost blinding intensity, St. Helens with its mantle of new snow stood out in stark relief against the now azure sky. What a treat after a day that began in a cold foggy drizzle.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 10/29.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

OREGON



RAMONA FALLS LOOP

(Mt Hood Wilderness)—All

weather forecasters have a limit as to the amount of rain that is allowed before it meets the "measurable" standard. This is usually .01 inches. Portland is different. In Portland, the "measurable" limit is one foot.

To wit: The last time I visited my sister Carolyn in Portland we went to Multnomah Falls in weather described as "showers" (This means rain, right?). It did rain a little—a few roads washed out and I had to use a squeegee to get the water off my toenails. Most of my clothes were salvageable.

This visit, the forecast was for "cloudy with sun breaks" (no mention of rain, okay?). And I don't think it rained over one foot.

The hike that Carolyn and I decided to take was the Ramona Falls Loop. It is on the northwest side of Mount Hood starting at an altitude of about 2500 feet and gaining 1000 feet in 3¼ miles. To get there turn north at Zigzag on Highway 26 toward Lolo Pass. It was an easy hike. The valley floor is almost flat.

We started late (after 1 pm), but one advantage of living in Portland is that the mountains are close. (One of the disadvantages of hiking the mountains near Portland is that Portland is close!)

After about one mile the trail used to cross the creek on a bridge. On October 1 of this year (probably during one of Portland's "showers") the river turned into a torrent and cleared a wide path of destruction. We saw what was left of one of the ends of the bridge—a huge chunk of concrete in ruins with pieces of one inch rebar twisted and sticking out all over.

This brings us to crossing the creek. The stream had calmed to a mere cascade of swirling brown water and we found a couple of two-inch twigs crossing the creek, so no problem.

We were not surprised to see a little fresh snow on the ground and the rain was a little "lumpy," but we continued on the trail. The fresh snow made Mount Hood look great. Snow covered the trees and everything was beautiful.—Lewis Coleman, Poulsbo, 10/21.

BRITISH COLUMBIA



BREW MOUNTAIN (Whistler area)—Getting there:

Drive Highway 99 north of Squamish to near the Brandywine Falls parking area and find either a place on the shoulder to park or in the lot if it is open.

The trail: I chose what seemed to be a fairly innocent easy hike up to Brew Lake and perhaps beyond to Brew Mountain. Seemed simple enough.

The trail begins at about 1300 feet and the first mile or so of walking is along an active railroad track so be careful—we had to dodge a train or two. The trail is easy to spot just beyond the second 90-degree bend on the west side of the track. The trail soon becomes an up and down, zigzagging, look-for-the-cairn sort of outing, tedious at best! After what seemed to be forever we began to encounter snow around 4400 feet and shortly thereafter reached the shores of Brew Lake at 4650 feet.

On each side of the lake were two summits with the northeast one appearing higher. The vague map I had didn't show much of anything so I went for the more eastern summit.

After quite a bit of postholing I found myself on the apparent summit of Brew Mountain at about 5700 feet (later named "Brew Tew"). Content, I had some incredible views all the way from Squamish to Whistler, west to the Tantalus Peaks and across the valley to some amazing peaks which I later gathered were the towers of Mount Fee.

After a short break I descended to a hut near an upper tarn. It was a red, two-story building complete with a propane heater. I looked inside. Unfortunately it also had a map of the area and much to my dismay I found that the named "Brew" peak was the one that I'd skipped! Of course this meant I still had another peak to climb so up I went to the correct summit that was adorned with a huge cairn and a rock with a ribbon tied around it.

It was getting a bit late and I worried about my partner freezing to death down below, so I quickly descended to Brew Lake. We made it back to the tracks in a short time to be greeted, once again, by another train that came whistling by us in the waning hours of light.

This was a nice little trip that turned out to be much bigger than I had bargained for but at least we'd had explored some new country.—Pilar, Monroe, 10/23.



RAINBOW LAKE (Whistler area)—Getting there:

From Highway 99 take the Alta Lake road along the west shores of the lake to the Rainbow Lake trailhead just before crossing 21-mile Creek.

The trail: Trying to be tricky I began this hike in my running shoes and packed in my plastic boots for the high-travel. The trail to Rainbow Lake is in very good shape and has lots of recent

trail work including a couple of amazing bridges over major creeks. As the trail nears the lake it goes over old boardwalks that tended to be slippery. The lake is a beautiful gem sitting in a perfect heathery bowl at about 4800 feet. At the lake I took a lunch break, put on my plastics and proceeded up toward Rainbow Mountain, which was supposed to be an easy trip.

Post-holing all the way I worked my way up the southwest ridge of the peak, eventually finding myself below a huge tower with four or five similar summits higher to the right of this mammoth tower. Not knowing which way to go (again having no real map of the area) I opted to go right and eventually found myself standing on the edge of a large snowy expanse with nothing but steep cliffs and a large pinnacle guarding the apparent summit.

I began heading north across this snowfield passing a gargantuan bergschrund and up toward a prominent col between two very distinct summits.

Eventually I crested the summit ridge and was able to finally gaze upon the correct summit that was adorned with a large ice covered cairn and a bamboo flag. I was now able to make my way to its apex (7639 feet).

After a short food break, I scouted around for an easier way down which I soon located and was able to get in a few short glissades before finally getting back to Rainbow Lake just as it was getting dark. I changed out of my plastics and made good time in my sneakers back to Alta Lake, needing my headlamp only the last 10 minutes or so.

I started the day at 10:30am, left the summit of Rainbow at 4pm and was back at the car by 7:20pm. I'm not sure how many miles I did but it was around 6000 feet of gain.—Pilar, Monroe, 10/24.



OVERLORD (Garibaldi Provincial Park)—Getting there:

Drive to Whistler Village and park in the Blackcomb parking lot; begin just below the ski-lift up the Singing Pass trail via Fitzsimmons Creek.

The Trail: We began on a clear Thursday morning around 8am, making our way up toward the pass laden with very heavy overnight packs. We arrived at Singing Pass at 5600+ feet, around 10:45am or so. Here we donned plastic boots and began the slog up and over a gentle ridge toward Russet Lake and the Himmelsbach Hut at the outlet of the lake where we had a bite to eat.

I finally got headed toward Whirlwind Peak at 2 in the afternoon. The trip up to Whirlwind, 8000+ feet, is a

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nice gentle snow slog via the Whirlwind-Fissile saddle. I brought crampons but didn't need them. Once on the summit I could see over to Overlord but its summit was shrouded in clouds and the skies were beginning to darken.

In no time at all I was down to the Whirlwind-Overlord saddle at about 7600 feet. Not wanting to risk the glacier route, I decided to cross gullies on the south side of the ridge instead. The rock that wasn't snowcovered was extremely loose and rotten and the snow that was covering the rock was either extremely thin (barely covering the rock) or in deep, heavy drifts, both of which I didn't like traversing on.

I couldn't tell if the ridge would run so I stayed below crossing numerous manky ribs trying to get past Refuse Pinnacle where the terrain obviously lessened at the Refuse-Overlord col. I then made my way across the ribs as it continually got darker and foggier. I was beginning to wonder if I shouldn't just turn around.

I continued onward and finally made it around the last gully. I then slogged my way upward in a complete whiteout

back to the summit ridge where I was greeted with a cairn and for a brief moment I thought, "wow, I summited!" but this euphoria was short lived as I began a freaky traverse eastward with zero visibility trying to keep the steep drop off in sight (to my left, or north).

It was such a "white" white-out (I was now on the Benevolio Glacier) that it was difficult to tell if I was even going upward but I was slowly getting higher and finally the ridge turned sort of north-eastward and then up some recently snow covered scree up to the summit of Overlord at 8641 feet where a large cairn marked the summit. I dug around the cairn hoping to find a register but it was now almost dark and I didn't have a lot of time to dink around.

It was blowing snow and the winds had picked up, and I had to deal with getting back to the Whirlwind-Overlord saddle. I was definitely not going to repeat my up route!

As I began descending in the last minutes of light I went straight down one of the ribs 300 feet or so below the 7600-foot saddle I needed to get to and then began an excruciatingly slow

traverse up toward this col. To this point I'd already done close to 7500 feet of gain and I was reaching my limit. Unfortunately some of the greatest exposure is the last 400 lateral feet below the saddle. With axe in hand and moving slightly upward rather than straight across it wasn't all that bad and after what seemed an eternity I reached the saddle as it became almost completely dark.

Back at the summit of Whirlwind I was greeted by my footprints that were still embedded in the snow and as I made my way down by headlamp I was welcomed by a warm beacon of light from the window of the hut.

Thankful I was back, we had one of those wonderful Ramen dinners, a Nalgene bottle full of Chilean red wine, and chocolate. We awoke to the pelting of rain on the roof and after heating up some water for breakfast we packed up camp and headed down sometime around 8:30 (it didn't get light until a little after eight). We arrived back at Whistler Village at exactly 11:45am. — Pilar, Monroe, 10/26.

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.

WANTED—Hiking/climbing partner for Old Goat. Intermediate skills. If you're over 50 and still got it, give me a call. 253-838-8621; ask for Pat.

WANTED—Hiking partner. PCT thru-hike spring 2001. Where are you? Call 360-452-3535; <marco@ozette.com>.

FOUND—A set of keys on 9/24 at the Hidden Lake trailhead (North Cascades). Contact Leigh or Ward at 206-329-8528 (Seattle) or e-mail <Mandy209@Juno.com>.

LOST—I left my Tracks hiking pole at the Marmot Pass trailhead (leaning next to my car!) on Saturday, August 12, 2000. Did anyone find it? Jane Habegger, 360-866-9382.

FOUND—A disposable camera on the Badger Valley trail at a small stream before the crossing of Grand Creek (on the Grand Lake side). This camera was

taken to and left at the ONP Visitor Center in Port Angeles.

LOST—Pair of prescription sunglasses in brown case along West Fork Miller River trail/road. Call Don, 425-883-5575 (Bellevue).

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).

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—La Sportiva K3 mountaineering boots, size 45. Grivel G-12 new Classic crampons, packed twice, never used, fit boots very well. Boots: \$310 new, asking \$250. Crampons \$125 new, asking \$100. Contact Joel at 206-780-1344 (Bainbridge Island).

FOR SALE—One pack: Dana Bomb Pack, 3200ci. Black, M/L, seldom used, \$150. 360-830-5870 (Seabeck).

FOR SALE—Updating camera system and selling extra lens: Tamron zoom

lens with Nikon mount, 35mm to 105mm, f2.8 through whole range. Price open to negotiation. Call Ron, 425-644-4007 (Bellevue).

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—Tents. A 2-3 person Eureka dome in good condition. Make me an offer. And a 3-4 person Walrus dome, like new, used only twice. Very lightweight, only 8 pounds. Asking \$150, or make an offer. Call Mary, 360-435-9574, or e-mail: <mntnridrll@webtv.net>.

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

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).

LEE MCKEE

Esperanza Inlet

—A GUIDE'S WORK IS NEVER DONE—

When Kirsten Musial, guide and instructor at Ocean River Sports in Victoria, called, one of the questions she asked me was, "What expectations do you have for the guided trip you have signed up for?" I answered that I wanted to learn about a new area to paddle in. At the end of this eight day trip I had met that goal and in addition had found an appreciation for how much work being a guide requires.

Going on a guided trip was new to me, and finding myself on this one led by Kirsten into the waters of Esperanza and Nuchatlitz Inlets on the northwest coast of Nootka Island was the result of a spur of the moment decision. While mulling how to fill an open week at the end of July, I happened to glance at the Ocean River Sports brochure that included this trip description:

"Esperanza Inlet—Nuchatlitz Inlet: On the northern edge of Nootka Island on Vancouver Island's wild west coast, these waterways combine incredible natural beauty with a rich cultural history, offering paddlers an opportunity to explore rocky headlands."

Intrigued, I looked up this area in *Sea Kayaking Canada's West Coast* by Ince & Köttner. Here I found the following: "To paddle the waters surrounding Nootka Island is to explore history as much as geography." I was hooked! Luckily one open spot remained for this trip; I quickly signed up!

While getting my gear together for the trip, though, I faced a major challenge—how to bring all the personal gear I wanted while still having sufficient space to carry my share of group gear: stove, tarp, cooking equipment, food, and water. Having space for group gear is always a necessity, but the difference between a private trip and a guided trip is that on a private trip you usually have some control over the type and size of group gear.

A further complication was that I was bringing my own boat, a Seaward Endeavour, which has limited storage space as well as a skeg which adds to loading difficulties. After working and reworking my equipment and load-

ing techniques I was finally able to arrive at a combination that I hoped would work.

Friday, July 28th

The actual trip, though, began not by loading equipment into boats, but by loading boats and equipment into a van at 6am on a Friday morning in front of the Ocean River Sports store in Victoria. There were 8 of us: lead guide Kirsten and her assistant Beth-Anne, and 6 clients—Patti and Dave from Spokane, Werner from the Victoria area, Kaven and Bridgett from the Okanagan region of BC, and me. Rounding out the group was Richard who would drive us to the launch site.

By the time we had boats loaded—Dave and Patti had also brought their own boats—equipment transferred to the van, water containers filled with fresh water, and Dave's and my cars parked in a nearby lot, it was close to 7:30. We all piled into the stuffed van and headed out of town.

Nootka Island is over half-way up the west coast of Vancouver Island and getting to launch spots involves significant driving time. We would launch at a bridge crossing Little Espinosa Inlet, and getting there meant driving 393km

up Vancouver Island to the small community of Woss, then turning west off the main highway and traveling 60km on a gravel road past the small community of Zeballos to the inlet.

About an hour into the drive we stopped at a Starbucks in Duncan so the coffee drinkers among us could get a caffeine fix, and it was here that a potential disaster was averted. In gathering food for the group, Kirsten had allotted 1 pound of coffee, not realizing what a dedicated group of coffee drinkers we were. Fortunately this fact was discovered and an additional pound was added to our provisions—which turned out to be just barely enough for the trip!

By around 3:30 we arrived at the launch site. Kirsten's directions were simple: load each of our boats with our personal gear and fill all the remaining nooks and crannies with the group gear. Somehow we must make it all fit!

Two things really helped—Kaven and Bridgett paddled a double which has lots of cargo room, and Dave and Patti had experience with stuffing techniques from previous guided trips. They told me their rule of thumb is to limit personal gear so that it takes up the aft compartment of their boats, leaving the forward compartment for group gear.

Shortly before 6pm we were ready to set off. To get the boats floating we carried them a short distance—the first of many carries we would do over the next week. For the fully loaded singles we used four people per boat and for the double, six.

Now the paddling began as our group headed out. The inlet took an immediate turn to the south, and we encountered a slight headwind. It was a beautiful evening to be on the water.

By 7:30 we were at our first camp—a forested and brushy spot where Little Espinosa Inlet joins the main Espinosa Inlet. The breeze we had was gone, and we got our first surprise—mosquitoes, which seemed to have a particular



Stopping for exploration: Kirsten, Patti, Dave, Beth-Anne, Bridgett, Werner.

Lee McKee

liking for Kaven and Bridgett!

It had been a long day, and it was now that I began to gain an appreciation for the effort a guide must put in on a trip. While we clients relaxed, Beth-Anne and Kirsten were still working—there were camp chores to be done and dinner to be prepared. It was dark by the time we had eaten and the final chores for the day were done. As we all headed off to bed, Kirsten reminded us that we have a long paddle day ahead and need to be on the water by 10am.

Saturday, July 29th

We awoke the next morning to clear skies. Over breakfast Kirsten told us that she was awakened last night by the sounds of some animal fussing with one of our kayaks. While the rest of us slept she was up chasing the animal away!

One of the challenges on a kayak trip is trying to get all the stuff back into your kayak when you break camp. It seemed during the night our stuff had multiplied but by a little after 10am we had it all stowed and were on our way.

Heading south down Espinosa Inlet we stuck to the eastern shoreline for the most part. Guiding a group means being alert to changing conditions and making route changes as required. About a mile before the mouth of Espinosa Inlet, Kirsten saw some wave action at the mouth so she had us cross to the west side of the inlet while we were still in protected waters.

Continuing south, we were soon at the mouth of the inlet where it joins Esperanza Inlet. With wind blowing from the west and a sprinkling of whitecaps, we made the roughly-2-mile crossing to reach the shores of Nootka Island. Kirsten cautioned us to stay together in a group as we headed out. Our route led us past Otter Island, then Centre Island, before finally reaching the shores of Nootka Island.

The shoreline of Nootka is cliffy, but Kirsten found a pocket beach where we were able to land. Lunch was Beth-Anne's responsibility, and she busily peeled onions and other vegetables and set out the other lunch fixings. Soon it was ready, and our group of hungry kayakers quickly devoured it.

Back on the water we rounded the northwest tip of Nootka and made the ½-mile crossing to Rosa Island. We were now in Nuchatlitz Provincial Park. We stopped at Rosa to check out



Lee McKee

Heading east into Nuchatlitz Inlet; Kaven and Bridgett in the double, Kirsten on the right.

the campsite which Kirsten planned to use later in the trip. We all fell in love with a beautiful white sandy pocket beach. It was with great effort that Kirsten got us back on the water.

We wound our way among many tiny islands and rocks. Kirsten carefully kept track of our location so we didn't get off-route in this maze. A sea otter kept us company part of the way. Turning south we felt the effect of small ocean swells and soon arrived at a small island which held the possibility of being our camp for the night.

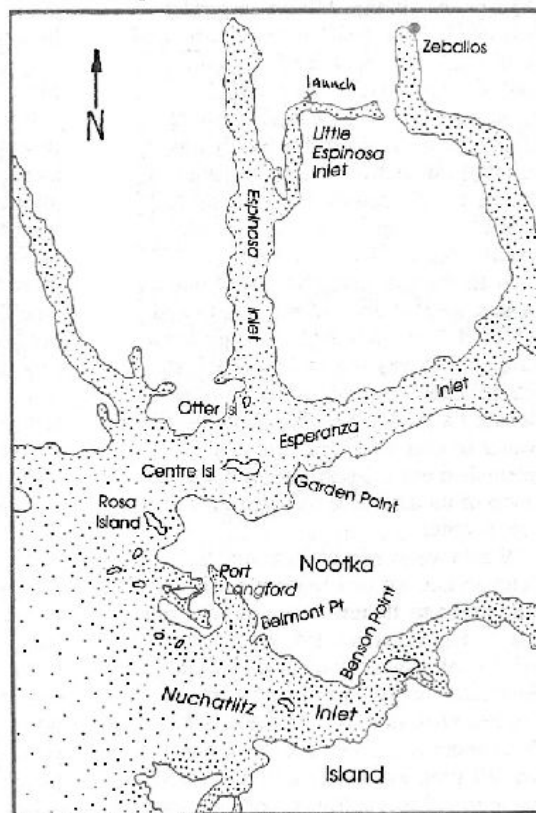
Landing, Kirsten found possible sites but was concerned about where the high tide line would be. Our trip was during a new moon phase so we had extremely high tides in the early morning hours. After much deliberation she concluded there was a risk camping here, and we needed to go to an alternate site on the main shore of Nootka. We were all a bit disappointed to get back into our kayaks, but it was only ½-mile to the next site and we were soon there.

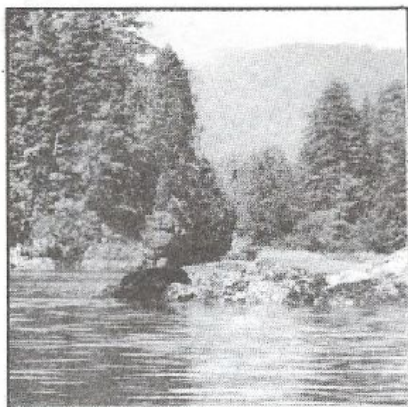
Landing, it was again a time of evaluation and deliberation—this time, though, with a positive outcome: this would be our camp for the next several days. Quickly we got about unloading boats and setting up tents. A tarp was strung over the cooking area, and soon Kirsten was busy preparing

dinner. It was dark by the time dinner was done and we were all settled in.

Sunday, July 30th

Today was meant to be a leisurely day. We slept in, had a breakfast of hotcakes and weren't on the water until 11am. It was another beautiful day but there was a forecast of wind and possible fog. Rounding the end of the little peninsula we were camped on, we





Lee McKee

A bear arrives at an island after taking a swim.

made our way around small islets and rocks and then crossed the entrance of Port Langford to Belmont Point. In the gentle swell we were mindful of the occasional boomers associated with submerged rocks.

We paddled the shoreline of Nootka Island along the north side of Nuchatlitz Inlet. The inlet continues eastward into the heart of Nootka, but our plans were to go only as far as Benson Point. The shoreline between Belmont and Benson Points contains a number of sea caves which we took time to explore.

The first one had a waterfall which we were able to paddle close to in our kayaks. At another one we stopped to explore by foot, finding stalagmites and stalactites. The occasional sea otter poked up its head as we paddled.

At Benson Point we pulled ashore and got out the lunch fixings. It was mid-afternoon by the time we finished lunch and headed back. The wind had come up and an occasional 1-meter swell lifted our boats.

Wanting to replenish some of our water, we rounded Belmont Point and entered Port Langford, looking for a stream that was shown on Kirsten's chart. About 1/2-mile up the shore we located a pocket beach and found the water source. The creek not only replenished our drinking water but gave each of us a chance to wash off in fresh water.

While we were busy cleaning up, Kirsten noticed that fog was rolling in and urged us to hurry back to our boats. As we headed westward, the fog lowered. Kirsten quickly took a bearing on the headland we were heading for in case we lost visibility. We reached the headland about the same time the fog settled in. We grouped up. Kirsten instructed us to travel single file behind her, stay-

ing right on the stern of the boat in front of us so we won't become separated. Beth-Anne brought up the rear.

We were only about half a mile from camp, but the situation was complicated by the low visibility and by the maze of off-shore rocks to negotiate. The westward swell created dangerous breaks on the submerged rocks. Soon we were at a critical juncture. To make it back to camp we would have to head out into the fog to open water in order to clear the last of the rocks.

Visibility improved just enough that we could glimpse areas of breaking swell, then it closed in again. Kirsten and Beth-Anne conferred. It was a tough decision: we were so close to camp, but there was high risk involved in getting there. A guide's life involves not only long hours of work but also decisions like this affecting group safety. In the end they decided the risk was too high. We landed on a small beach just south-east of our camp. Leaving the boats here for the night, we walked the short way to camp.

Not long after we reached camp the fog retreated and the sun came out. But our paddling was done for the day; we would recover the boats tomorrow. Kirsten prepared dinner: Caesar salad, pasta, and bread. To add to the magic of the moment Patti noticed that we were having a partial eclipse of the sun!

Monday, July 31st

It was the last day of July and maybe it was the last of our good weather. We awoke to fog and a forecast of strong afternoon northwest winds. Kirsten had hoped to lead us today across the mouth of Nuchatlitz Inlet to Louie Bay where there are more areas to explore. It would be a just-over-2-mile crossing but the iffy conditions could make getting back difficult. There was talk of walking our beach instead, but the unstable weather soon turned to rain and everyone was reluctant to leave the shelter of the tarp.

Time passed. By the time lunch was done the sun was back and there was only a slight wind. It was too late to do any extensive paddling, but Kirsten wanted to get the boats back to our camp since we were planning to leave this camp tomorrow. We gathered up our paddling gear and made the short walk to the boats. The swell and fog of yesterday were gone and we easily paddled back.

Uncertain weather had turned this

into a "free" day. The sun was out and Dave decided he wanted to try his hand at fishing with a hand line and invited Kirsten to join him. I decided to tag along with them in my boat. Others of our group took a beach walk.

Dinner tonight was salmon chowder and corn bread—delicious! As dusk settled in we gathered around a small fire below the tide line. Everyone was content. Talk turned to tomorrow's plans and Kirsten said it was time to move camp to Rosa Island. It was with surprise that we realized this was already our third night at this camp.

Tuesday, August 1st

It was just under 3 miles to Rosa Island and with a minus tide exposing lots of tideland we felt no urgency to get started—at least until a *big* black bear showed up! By the time we spotted it, we had most of our gear by the boats and were already loading it.

Kirsten had us yell and make noise, but it didn't faze the bear. It sauntered along the high tide line, sniffing and scratching at things, and pausing occasionally to sit and scratch at a flea in its fur. It looked our way a number of times, sniffing, trying to figure if we were worth checking out.

We packed the boats in record time and were soon afloat. Although we were in only a foot or so of water which the bear could easily negotiate, it felt comforting to be in our boats. We paused to take a few pictures before leaving the beach to the bear.

With a headwind blowing from the northwest, we had slow going. Rather than fight our way to Rosa via the "outside" route, we took the "inside" route which involved waiting for the incoming sea to cover an extensive tidal flat. While waiting we took a short walk to an abandoned village and also had lunch.

By mid-afternoon we were at Rosa. Unlike the last time we stopped here, there was another kayaker now camped here. There are many spots for tents, though, so there was ample room for all.

After dinner we had a special treat. Werner brought a number of fancy chocolate bars on the trip which he had been kindly sharing with us. Tonight we roasted marshmallows over a small fire and combined them with some of the chocolate and cookies to make a tasty dessert. There was much good natured kidding about differing marshmallow roasting techniques.

Wednesday, August 2nd

Today was another leisurely paddle day. The plan was to circumnavigate Rosa and explore some of the surrounding islands. Patti decided to spend this beautiful day in the sun reading her book, while the rest of us set off.

Rounding one of the small islands, Kirsten spotted a big black bear on the shore. The bear paused to look at us, then continued its meanderings. As we drift along watching it, it reached the end of the island, stepped into the water and swam the short distance to the next island. So much for the theory that islands are free of bears!

The Nuchatlitz area is very special and was once home to many native families. A number of burial caves are here and we stopped to visit one. Kirsten emphasized to us the special nature of the area and the need to show respect for being in such a spot. I couldn't help but think perhaps the bear had some spiritual link to the cave we visited.

By mid-afternoon we were back in camp, enjoying the sand, sun, and warm water.

Thursday, August 3rd

Our leisure time was at an end. Tomorrow morning we would be picked up, so today we backtracked up Esperanza and Espinosa Inlets to a camp that was within ½-mile of our takeout. The forecast called for gale force northwest winds in the afternoon so Kirsten was anxious for us to be on the water. We needed to make it across Esperanza Inlet before the winds came up!

Everyone did well at breaking camp, and we got a timely start. There was only a slight breeze so Kirsten decided to paddle a route along the shore of Nootka that would take us to Garden Point where we would cross the inlet.

Garden Point is a Forest Service Recreation Site which guidebooks describe as a spot where paddlers starting from Zeballos or the put-in we used usually stop for their first camp. Kirsten said that she had heard there is a problem bear there, so she avoids the area.

It was just over 3 miles from Rosa to Garden Point, and it didn't take long to cover the distance. We landed for a short break and to fill water bottles. A yellow sign stated "Caution Bear in Area," and I found fresh tracks in the sand. We were all alert as we walked around.

With the wind just starting to come



Head guide Kirsten crossing open water to Rosa Island.

up, we easily made the crossing of Esperanza. We now had wind on our back as we headed north up Espinosa Inlet and made good time. Before long Kirsten found a spot for us to pull out and have lunch. The meal turned into a very leisurely affair now that we were past the crossing.

By late afternoon we were at our final camp spot. There were lots of mosquitoes and only a very slight breeze. The one bright spot, though, was that a nearby stream provided a fresh water bath!

Tonight I gained an even greater appreciation for the difficulties a guide can face. Kirsten planned tonight's dinner to be a special one. Unfortunately it was not one that our group cared for and that was a great disappointment for her. Being a guide can be a tough job!

Friday, August 4th

A great deal of dew last night kept the mosquitoes somewhat at bay this lovely morning. The van was scheduled to pick us up at 10am, and we worked to break camp quickly. It was an easy ½-mile paddle to the takeout.

Shortly after 9am we were on shore and unloading the kayaks for the last time. We moved gear and kayaks to the parking lot and awaited our ride.

Little did I think that today would yield two more opportunities to witness the trials and tribulations of being a guide!

The first became obvious when the pickup time came and went without a van showing up. Resolution of that problem required Kirsten to hitch a ride into Zeballos where she found the

van waiting for us at a different spot.

The last occurred at 8:30pm as we pulled into the parking lot in Victoria where I had left my car, to find that it had been stolen! Resolution of that problem was beyond the power of "guide," but the initial actions taken and comfort provided by Kirsten made dealing with the situation much easier than it would otherwise have been.

The northern edge of Nootka Island is a special area, historically and geologically. Our successful outing gave us the opportunity to visit this beautiful spot with knowledgeable leaders. I came away with the satisfaction of having explored a new coastline, and a much greater appreciation for the amount of effort it requires to be a guide.

FOR MORE INFORMATION:

- *Sea Kayaking Canada's West Coast*, by Ince & Köttner
- *Kayak Routes of the Pacific Northwest Coast*, by McGee
- Ocean River Sports
1437 Store Street
Victoria BC V8W 3J6
250-381-4233
www.oceanriver.com

△

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

WARREN GUNTHEROTH

Climbing Around the Ruth Amphitheater

Introduction

In 1973, seven of us went to Talkeetna, Alaska, to fly into the Ruth Amphitheater for a couple of weeks of climbing. Needless to say, we had hundreds of slides and individual diaries, from which I prepared a report for *Summit Magazine*. It was accepted for publication, but publication was delayed, and eventually it was returned with apologies.

Recently, I ran across a copy of the manuscript and decided to share it with readers of *Pack & Paddle*. (I searched

for the original in my old computer files, and belatedly recalled that I had written this some 13 years before I had a computer!)

On the other hand, little has changed in the Ruth Amphitheater, or in the access to climbing in the region. However, our famous bush pilot, Don Sheldon, whose story appeared as a book, "Wager with the Wind," has succumbed to cancer and not, as he and others expected, in a crash trying to rescue some poor soul from a mountainside in Alaska. As far as I know, his cabin on a

ridge overlooking the Ruth Glacier is still there and is available for rent from his wife Roberta. The climbs described here of Barille, Dickey, and "7272" remain a splendid alternate, to experience this incredible place without having to take on Denali's hostile environment and its substantial risks.

In a short two weeks, we were able to summit on three respectable peaks with some great snow and ice climbing, in relative comfort and safety. I know I will never forget this incredible experience.

Mount McKinley and the many peaks surrounding it constitute the most impressive mountain scenery in North America, exceeded in size only by the Himalayas or the Karakorum.

It can be viewed from many miles around, but the grandeur cannot be appreciated from a distance. This appears to require a commitment of a month or more, plus a great deal of planning to climb Mount McKinley, either with your own party, or with a guide's service.

A commitment of a full month is difficult for some of us, out of consideration for family or work; twice I made plans to climb Mount McKinley which were aborted because of other commitments. A remarkably enjoyable alternative is available—climbing in and around the Ruth Amphitheater.

In 1973, Jim Pope organized a group of seven of us for such a trip, built around limited, two-week vacations. We planned it for late June, to coincide with the summer solstice, to provide maximal climbing time for any one day. Characteristically, we had exaggerated hopes for a first ascent on the southern peak of the Moose's Tooth, and more realistic plans to climb Barrille and Dickey.

Seven of us began preparing our personal gear, and one of the team arranged for food. (It was much later that we discovered that the menu planner did not enjoy dried fruit, resulting in a diet free of bulk. The effect on the lower gastrointestinal tract is both predictable

and miserable). The community climbing gear consisted only of some ropes, wands, and snow flukes. About one-third of the party brought skis with skins and two-thirds (the lucky ones) brought snowshoes.

We caught the late Friday flight from Seattle to Anchorage arriving about 11 pm, and made our way to the YMCA. This move was in deference to some of the group who didn't want to shell out for a motel. However, be warned that the Anchorage YMCA has dormitory-type rooms, and the schedules of the tenants required someone to get up or go to bed at thirty-minute intervals throughout the night. I believe that equal comfort, and less frustration, might have been available in the train depot!

Saturday, we boarded the train from Anchorage to Fairbanks, and arrived in the early afternoon at Talkeetna. We were met by Roberta Sheldon at the train. Even though Don Sheldon's hangar was only a couple of blocks away, it was great to have the pick-up transport our gear.

It turned out that the weather had been miserable for the entire previous week, and Don was working a 20-hour-day flying fishermen to lakes and climbers to glaciers, and we were several trips down the list.

We were invited to stretch out our sleeping bags in Don's huge hangar, and to explore Talkeetna. Two or three of us with reasonable priorities booked on for the evening meal at the Road

House which had a limited seating capacity, but an unlimited supply of roast beef and incredibly good family-style food.

The other chief entertainment in Talkeetna at that time was choosing up sides between the two bush pilots, an intensely held preference, which permitted no middle ground. Even the bars were segregated according to preference of flyer, and if you were found in the wrong camp, you were subjected to, as a minimum, lurid stories about the improbability of survival, flying with the "wrong" pilot.

Sunday morning at 8, we were loaded into Don's Cessna, three at a time, with an incredible amount of gear. The two in the back were totally engulfed, and our only knowledge of the scenery on the flight was the running account by Don, and the incessant click of the camera of the lucky climber in the front seat.

Landing on the Ruth Glacier (5300 feet) was a simple matter, and as soon as the packs were taken away from our heads, an incredible view surrounded us. Foremost of course, was Mount McKinley, but literally 360 degrees around us were awesome peaks that obviously could be climbed, given enough time and enough skill and the right weather.

Disembarking immediately involved the subject of crevasses. No more than enough distance to clear the plane was hazarded without putting on a seat harness and roping up. The gear was packed

up to the hexagonal cabin on a rock outcropping between two glaciers at 5700 feet. This cabin was built with timber flown in by Don and must represent one of the most expensive pieces of construction in the Northern Hemisphere.

Keeping it in place has not been an easy task; once the cabin was blown off onto the flatter part of the glacier, and retrieving it by winching was quite an achievement. Since then, the cabin has been secured more thoroughly. Considering the weather on the McKinley Massif, a base camp that permits you to stand erect and walk about helps enormously to endure the days of snow and drizzle.

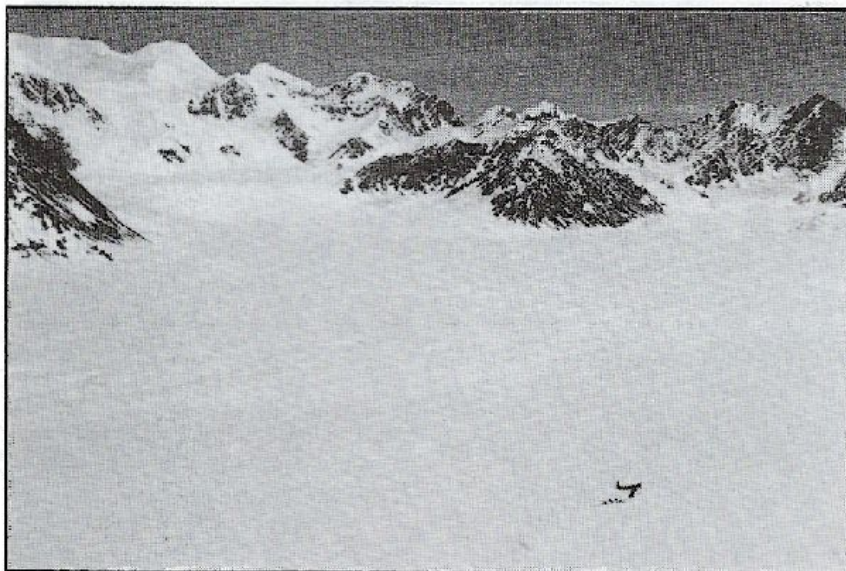
The cabin had benches that slept four easily without using the floor, three of us slept in a McKinley tent. A "john" is about 50 feet up the ridge, and the route is the only one that one can walk without the danger of a crevasse. The view from the "throne" through the traditional moon cut into the door is a spectacular one of the Rooster's Comb.

The view from the cabin itself is even more impressive since it is surrounded by glass on all sides. To the northwest is McKinley's summit, and in a clockwise direction, Dan Beard, Mount Ellie (more about this later), Silverthrone, The Moose's Tooth, Barrille, Dickey and the Rooster's Comb.

Below the cabin, to the north the Ruth Glacier extends for an incredible distance, two and a half miles in width.



View from the summit of Mount Dickey, at 9545 feet. In the left foreground is Mount Dan Beard, and the McKinley Massif in the background.



Sheldon landing on the Ruth Glacier. The entirely white mountain in the left background is Mount Silverthrone. The Ruth Glacier here is approximately 22 miles across to the nearest rock on the left side of the picture.

At least three of these peaks can be climbed from this cabin in a day, without having to set up another base camp, and considering the variable weather, this increases the probability of making at least a few summits.

Just before we arrived, several feet of snow had fallen, and in the brilliant sunshine which followed, avalanches were frequent, and their duration was surprising to those of us used to the shorter avalanches of the Cascades.

One chute on Dan Beard regularly produced rumbles of over 30 seconds in

duration. Between the sounds of the avalanches however, the Ruth Amphitheater provided the most intense silence that I have ever experienced. It was surprising to me that my ears are so accustomed to background noises of wind in leaves, running streams, or much worse, the noise of airplanes and cars, that the stillness of the Alaska mountains was almost oppressive.

There were no trees or shrubs, no animals, and very rarely did a small bird appear. I found that my mind and ears began to question the reality of this absolute silence with an occasional tensing of the minute muscles that tighten the ear drums, which in itself makes a small noise.

Monday morning we were awakened by brilliant sunshine at 3 o'clock. I was too excited to go back to sleep, but most of the crew burrowed deeper in their bags, and slept until 8. We finally took off for Mount Barrille at 10 o'clock. The cabin is at roughly 5700 feet, and the mountain is 2000 more.

We threaded our way through some formidable crevasses and outside of several obvious avalanche tracks. Although we could identify no definite continuity from the cabin, we encountered no major problems, and were on the summit (7650 feet) in only three and a half hours.

Our trip then was an immediate success, even if we had made no other peaks, since Barrille is a superb site to see even more of McKinley and the surrounding peaks. It also exposed to

Warren Guntheroth

Warren Guntheroth



From the summit of Mount Ellie at 7272 feet. The view is across the Ruth Glacier, toward Barrille and Dickey.

view the nearly vertical 5000-foot eastern face of Mount Dickey, which has subsequently been climbed by Galen Rowell and his party. The Moose's Tooth also could be seen well, and it was clear that avalanche danger ruled out our planned route to the southern summit.

The next two days were spent in the cabin because of another snowstorm, with the first of several novels and an occasional turn with the one chessboard. Thursday, brilliant sunshine launched our second climb, Mount Dickey, at 8:30. Working around obvious avalanche tracks and crevasses on snowshoes or skis we got up quickly to 200 feet of steep ice, which provided some of us with our first opportunity for front-pointing.

We worked our way toward the ridge running in a westerly direction from the summit, and ascended to a rather impressive peak on the ridge which had to be crossed on its east side above a steep bowl that went down several thousand feet. From that point on it was simply a slog to the summit at 9545 feet.

We reached the summit at 4pm, with its panorama of peaks and glaciers. We got back to the cabin at midnight, and were able to cook outdoors under the "midnight sun."

The next five days were spent in the cabin, with an occasional worry about how long the food supply would last if the storm kept up.

Novels were exchanged, a chess tour-

namment was almost constantly in progress, and for further diversion we began to manufacture a Monopoly set. It was interesting trying to remember what property came next on the board, what the prices were, and what the little cards said for Community Chest and Chance. At least 2 days' effort went into that enterprise!

Having no communication system with Sheldon we began to worry about our pick-up. Consequently, when the weather finally broke after the 5th day of continuous whiteout, in the late afternoon we stamped out in giant letters "pick up Thursday."



Crevasse problem on the ascent of Mount Dickey.

This gave us the next day for our last peak, which has no name on the topographical map prepared by Washburn, but is designated as 7272.

It seemed like hiking over desert waste for hours to cross the flat amphitheater before finally beginning a gradual climb due north. We achieved the ridge with no problems, and had a pleasant and spectacular ridge climb to the summit with varied views of the Moose's Tooth, Barrille, and Dickey.

As the elder member of the team, I named the peak Mount Ellie for my wife, although several other names were offered, at least 5, for other wives and girlfriends, who presumably would be flattered by such a designation.

One of the pleasant features of the day was sighting Don's plane flying over, and we hoped that he read our message. We got up early the next morning, packed, and sure enough, he arrived at 8am. A front seat in the plane on the way out assured a truly enjoyable exit from the Ruth Amphitheater.

After twelve days on the glacier, the greenery of the lower terrain was surprisingly welcome, matched only by the pleasure of a shower (for \$1) at the motel in Talkeetna. We made the 5pm train and a late plane back to Seattle at 4:30 Friday morning less than two weeks from our departure.

△

Warren Guntheroth, of Seattle, is a cardiologist at the University of Washington.

Warren Guntheroth

Warren Guntheroth

GINNY EVANS

Goat Rocks Odyssey

—IT'S ALL PART OF THE "WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE"—

This long awaited backpack to thoroughly explore the heart of the Goat Rocks Wilderness finally took place in mid September. On our four-day trek, Jacki, Shabby, and I were fortunate to have fabulous weather to go along with the fantastic scenery. Nursing a sore ankle, Shadow had to stay home.

Day 1

Placing one car at the Lily Basin trailhead and another at the Snowgrass trailhead on September 12, we planned a one-way hike. The road into the Lily Basin trailhead had one pretty rough spot but otherwise our Camry did just fine. Snowgrass is very popular and the road is well maintained. By the time we spotted the cars and were ready to leave on the Snowgrass trail, it was almost noon. It took awhile to get Shabby's new dog pack all adjusted and full of her food as well as some of ours.

On the way in, we passed three guys also headed for the same area for four days. In order to beat them to our already scouted-out campsite above Snowgrass Flat, we raced on ahead. On our previous numerous day excursions into this area, we had eyed a wonderful campsite and dreamed of camping there someday. Every time we passed it, the campsite was full of backpackers. This time it was empty so we laid claim to it immediately.

After setting up camp, we walked the trail south toward Cispus Pass. Due to the lateness of the day, we only made it about halfway there when we needed to turn around. We were still afforded a beautiful view of Gilbert Peak.

From our campsite, we had a panorama of Old Snowy and Ives. Eating dinner at dusk, we were treated to a view of the peaks bathed in an alpenglow. As if that weren't enough entertainment, the full moon rose shortly after sunset and again suffused the area with a soft light. It was almost spiritual.

Day 2

Awakening early to another splendid day, we set off for Elk Pass shortly after breakfast. Elk Pass is a few miles north

of Old Snowy on the PCT. This stretch of the PCT is on a very narrow, rocky ridge mostly above 7000 feet. At the base of Old Snowy, we contoured across the Packwood Glacier on an alternate trail to avoid the climb halfway up the mountain.

We had to traverse only a short stretch of hard snow, and previous tracks made the crossing easier. We were concerned about Shabby but her toenails acted as crampons and she just trotted across the snow. Nothing blocked our views of Old Snowy, Ives, and Gilbert as well as Packwood Lake to say nothing of the major peaks of Rainier and Adams.

Looking down on the lower Packwood Glacier, I noticed what looked like a dozen hay bales with a bird sitting on the end of each one. Really weird. We couldn't figure out what they were until one of them got up and walked away. Mountain goats! Guess they were cooling off on the snow. The "birds" turned out to be their black heads.

After lunching on a knoll above Elk Pass, we reluctantly turned back. Instead of traversing the glacier, this time we hiked the main trail on the side of Old Snowy and ended up climbing

clear to the top. We weren't sure Shabby could make it, but other than one toenail slide on a rock slab, she did fine. The huge Mazama Mountaineers register we always find on the summit was gone.

By now, it was getting late so we took a shortcut trail back. Bad idea. We got turned around and were unable to locate camp. Walking back up the trail toward a known junction where we could get oriented, we met the same guys we saw on our way in the day before. We sheepishly told them our dilemma. They told us to follow them as they seemed to know where our camp was better than we did.

As we hiked the trail and rounded a corner, I thought I recognized our camp but everything was gone. I yelled, "Someone stole all our stuff!"

One of the guys calmly said, "Now, girls, this isn't your camp." Sure enough, it was the campsite just above ours. Geez, did I feel stupid or what?

This evening just as the moon came up, we were serenaded by a pack of coyotes.

continued on page 27



Jacki and Shabby just above Elk Pass on the PCT north of Old Snowy.

Ginny Evans

STEVE FOX

Following the Old PCT

—A GRAND AND GLORIOUS LOOP TRIP VIA GOLDMYER HOT SPRINGS—

The popular way to Goldmyer Hot Springs is to drive up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River and hike the short distance to the springs. However, my car doesn't seem to like that road and prefers my legs to take the punishment.

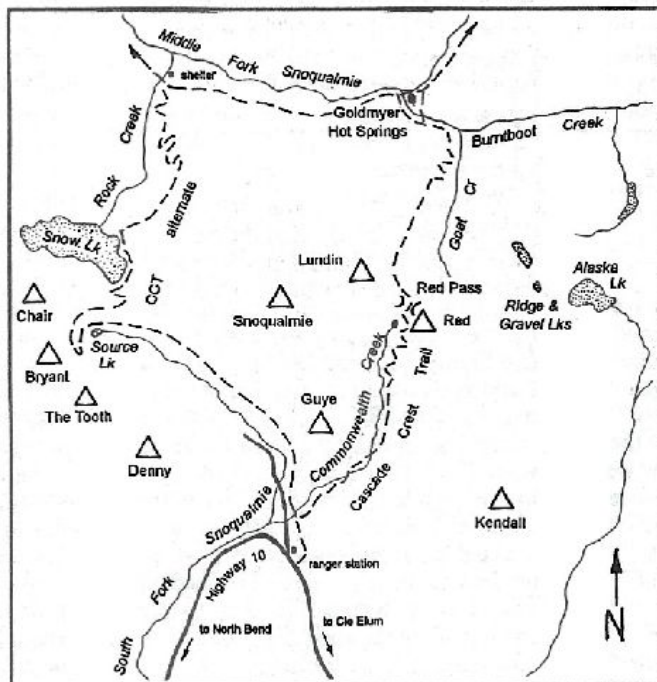
So I drove to Snoqualmie Pass on October 23 and parked at the PCT trailhead just before dawn. Donning a headlamp, I headed up the PCT for 100 yards and took the left turn on an old gravel road. This road turns into a trail in a short time and heads up to Commonwealth Basin. In fact, it's the old Cascade Crest Trail, abandoned when the Kendall Katwalk was blasted in the early 1970s.

The old CCT route is in pretty good shape, and is travelled regularly up to Commonwealth Basin. It climbs fairly steeply for a short distance, crosses an old bridge, and reaches Commonwealth Creek. The creek is not difficult to cross and quite shallow. A log is my usual route across, but it was icy.

Disinclined to cross the creek and get wet, I followed a waytrail on the east side of the creek until it fizzled out. The brush isn't heavy, though, and I kept going until I saw the new PCT above me. I followed the PCT to Commonwealth Basin and climbed up the trail to Red Pass.

The old CCT can be seen to the northwest of Lundin Peak's cliffs from the first vantage point on the ridge between Red Mountain and Lundin Peak. It crosses a talus field and switchbacks up to a ridge just west of Goat Creek. This section from Snoqualmie Pass to Goldmyer was the "hiker" PCT before the new PCT was rerouted to the east.

At Red Pass is a "trail abandoned" sign. Most people continue high up Lundin Peak. But the old CCT dropped steeply down Red Pass. On this day there was quite a bit of new snow. The



This sketch is based on the 1961 USGS Snoqualmie Pass quad and shows roads and trails of 40 years ago, NOT as they appear today.

trail switchbacks down a few turns, then is wiped out by years of rockfall, avalanches, and lack of maintenance. It was a bit treacherous with the shallow fresh snow, and took me quite a while to descend. In late summer, after the snow melts, it is a Class 2 scramble down the gully. Crampons are recommended in early to mid summer.

I followed the old trail just under the cliffs of Lundin, traversing left. Once you get to the north ridge off Lundin, the trail is in perfect shape and very easy to follow. At 4600 feet some volunteers have lopped away at the huckleberry bushes and reopened the venerable trail. There are two PCT signs on trees, rusty and with bullet holes. Two grand viewpoints on the ridge provide excellent views of rugged peaks to the north and west. These make great lunch spots, or dry bivis.

The trail continues down another 1000 feet vertical, freshly brushed and very easy to follow. But then the brush hides the trail completely. I spotted

flagging below and bushwhacked my way. The rest of the trail to Burntboot Creek has alternating good and confusing spots, with many blowdowns. But it's marked and not hard to follow. Finally the trail reaches Burntboot Creek, where the bridge has been out for many years.

I forded the creek, which was only knee high at this time of year. Across the other side is a sign to Dutch Miller Gap. A very short distance up Burntboot Creek is the Goldmyer caretaker's cabin.

The caretaker was helpful in pointing out where the old PCT "horse" route crosses Burntboot, just a short distance downstream from where I had crossed. So I didn't have to cross it! Oh well, the hot springs were interesting, but no time for a long soak due to the short daylight hours.

So I recrossed Burntboot Creek and headed down the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River.

The caretaker had found the old sign and placed it near the trail. It's barely readable and definitely a relic of the olden days! The trail follows an old logging road with many sad stumps watching the lonely hikers.

After a few miles I reached the Rock Creek trail. This is also part of the old PCT/CCT horse route, heading up to Snow Lake. The first 600 feet of climbing passes many more sad stumps. But then it enters a delightful old forest, with a carpet of moss and a peaceful aura. One interesting spot looks like an old cabin location, with several old trees stacked up in a square. The trail is in remarkable shape with just a few minor blowdowns and a few slightly brushy areas. It's a long slog up to Snow Lake, but with terrific views of Rock Creek tumbling down a thousand feet of cliffs, and rugged peaks in the distance.

At Snow Lake, the character of the trip changes dramatically with many restoration areas strung and the trail pounded by thousands of feet. But it's a

beautiful area and the weather was perfect. I walked around the lake and up toward Alpental.

Shortly before reaching the top of the ridge, the practiced eye can see the old CCT once again heading off to the right. It switches back under the big popular rock from which many people enjoy viewing Snow Lake. Then up a bit more, traversing toward Chair Peak with grand views of the Tooth, Bryant, and others.

The route is still in good shape ex-

cept for a rockslide area above Source Lake. But I could still see the trail below, so I headed down and landed back on the trail heading for the Snow Lake trail. There I met two P&P readers, Linda and Judy. They kindly offered me a ride back to the PCT trailhead.

Thus I finished a project started three years ago: to follow the old CCT hiker and horse routes via Goldmyer as a grand and glorious loop trip.

It is a shame to see such a beautiful

trail disappear after only 27 years. The only problem areas are the gully below Red Pass, and crossing Burntboot Creek. Both are not too difficult in late summer or early fall. Both can be treacherous at other times of the year. But I hope others can enjoy this and help keep this excellent route open.

△

Steve Fox, of Everett, is a member of BOEALPS.

Goat Rocks Odyssey

continued from page 25

Day 3

Shabby was so exhausted from her workout of the day before that she just lay outside the entrance to our tent all night and didn't move. We had to climb over her to get out in the morning.

Today we were to move camp to Heart Lake in Lily Basin on the other side of Goat Lake. By midmorning, we were at still-partially-frozen Goat Lake where we took a break. Shabby decided to lie down in the outlet stream and get her pack soaked.

As we were yelling at her, along came those same guys again. Why did they always see us at our worst? After exchanging a few pleasantries, we continued. We climbed Hawkeye Point along the way, looking down upon Goat Lake on one side and Heart Lake on the other.

Back on the main trail, we rounded a corner and came up against a steep hard snowbank. I started across but with full packs and no ice axes, it didn't seem safe. The 45-degree slope angled down to a freefall below us. Real scary. We tried skirting above it but Shabby kept walking out onto the hard ice at the upper end. After a couple of attempts at alternative routes, we had to admit defeat and turned around.

The maddening part in all this is that before leaving, we asked at the Packwood Ranger Station if there were any problems with the trails we were taking, and they had said no. They are a very poor district supporting only one full time ranger so we could understand that they wouldn't know trail conditions but since they said there were no problems, we thought we could hike clear through.

(We stopped in at the ranger station on our way home and told them what

we encountered. That's when they told us we should have looked at the trail report. It wouldn't have done any good because that particular snowbank is mentioned in a report dated June 30. This was September 14. Then the two women at the ranger station said that we were in a Wilderness and not knowing what we'd encounter is part of the Wilderness experience. It is just a good thing we had a car at each end and had the option of turning around.)

It was too late to return to our previous campsite so we found a suitable one about a mile beyond Goat Lake. We had time to set up camp, get cleaned up and read our books in the waning sunlight before making dinner and heading for bed.

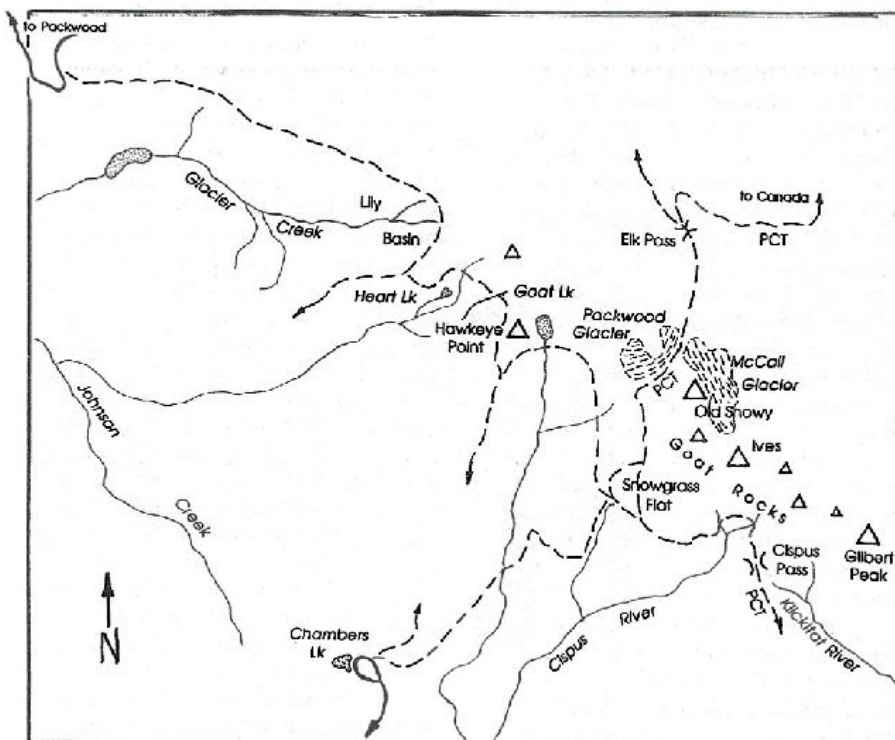
Day 4

This was the most uneventful day of our trip. We awoke to lowering clouds and a cool breeze. Packing up camp, we prayed we wouldn't see those same guys on our way out.

Reaching our car around noon, we encountered three ladies filling overnight backpacks. One woman had slippers, another talked about shampoo, and they had enough food for an army. They were heading out for three days. We had a good laugh as we drove down the road.

△

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



BOOKS

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK: A Natural-History Guide to Yosemite and Its Trails, by Jeffrey P. Schaffer. Wilderness Press, 800-443-7227. Fourth edition, 1999. \$18.95.

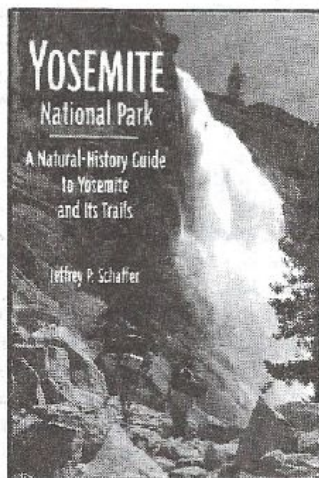
Full of great photos, this 288-page guide has detailed descriptions of 100 hikes in Yosemite National Park. Biologist/geologist author Jeff Schaffer points out items of interest along every trail, from sweeping glacier-carved vistas to tiny flowers and rocks at one's feet. The book is useful as a field guide as well as a trail guide.

A full-color topo map is included in a cover pocket. Printed on waterproof material, the map shows not only Yosemite National Park, but also most of the Ansel Adams, Emigrant and Hoover Wilderness areas

OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS TRAIL GUIDE, by Robert L. Wood. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. Third edition, 2000. \$18.95.

Replacing the second edition from 1991, this new version has been increased by 40-some pages. The increase is due to some new trails, such as Mount Muller, being added, and also to a new, more readable design.

No trails have been omitted. In the table of contents, the author notes which trails are abandoned or are waytrails, and leaves them in, thereby making this book a very useful reference. Rules, regulations, fees, and closed areas are all updated.



He does omit some of the peaks and high routes from the previous edition, recommending that hikers wanting this information go to the climbers' guide, which is a good idea.

However, the climbers' guide does not cover the nifty little Fisher's Notch traverse. Perhaps it is better left out so that backpackers can do their own exploring.

OREGON DESERT GUIDE, by Andy Kerr. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. 2000. \$15.95.

The first third of this 270-page book covers a lot that most Puget Sounders need to know before visiting the Oregon desert. Author Andy Kerr

is both witty and blunt in describing how to get around and enjoy this dry region. Think of him as the Harvey Manning of Ashland.

An environmental activist (he has been hung in effigy and received death threats), the author spends the remaining two-thirds describing five or six dozen destinations that one may explore by foot. There may be a road or trail, or maybe not, but there will always be something of interest.

The photos are great, the maps very helpful. Kerr's theory is that by inviting us to the desert and showing us its wonders, we will come to love it and, therefore, help protect it. He just might be right.

GUNKHOLING IN THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS, by Jo Bailey and Carl Nyberg. San Juan Enterprises, 3218 Portage Bay Pl E, Seattle WA 98102. Revised edition, 2000. \$30.

Although the *Gunkholing* books are aimed at the Big Boats, there is much to interest kayakers here. The format is "Whole Earth Catalog" style, with snippets of history and

first-person adventures tucked among instructions on how to navigate the

passes, channels, islands and marinas of the San Juans.

It lists Cascadia Marine Trail sites and has information on many kayak-related facilities. The authors explain ferry whistles, point out uncharted reefs, and occasionally recommend a favorite lunch spot, tavern or local festival. Their personal attention to details makes this a great planning resource for trips in the islands.

100 HIKES IN WASHINGTON'S ALPINE LAKES, by Ira Spring, Vicky Spring and Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. Third edition, 2000. \$16.95.

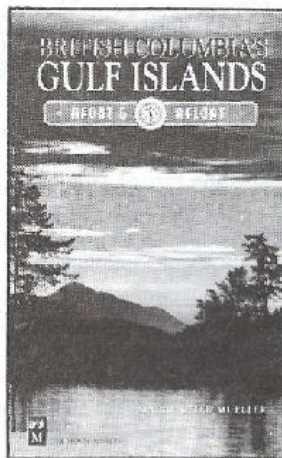
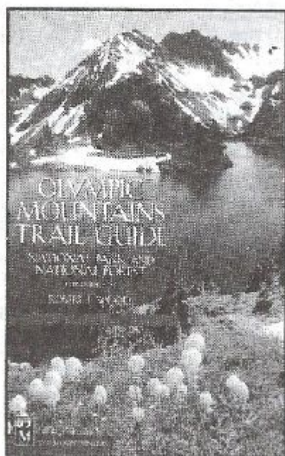
Up-dated and revised where necessary, the third edition gives us the basic info for the hikes we know and love right in our back yard. The new Lake Serene trail is included. Two sections of beautiful color photographs highlight the spectacular Cascade scenery.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S GULF ISLANDS: Afoot and Afloat, by Marge and Ted Mueller. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. 2000. \$16.95.

Here is the latest in the *Afoot & Afloat* series. If you have the others, you gotta add this to the collection.

It covers all the big and little Gulf Islands, as well as Vancouver Island from Victoria up to Nanaimo. Parks, boat launches, marinas, camp grounds, viewpoints, hiking and bicycling destinations are all covered in this 272-page volume. Detailed sketch maps and nice photos help the reader plan.

Marge and Ted Mueller are Seattle residents and Mountaineers.



BIRD CREEK MEADOWS UNDER ASSAULT BY TRESPASSING CATTLE

The Bird Creek Meadows, on Mount Adams' southeastern slopes, are best described by historian Keith McCoy who writes, "The meadows have always been the brightest jewel in the wilderness tiara which encircles the mountain."

Indeed, the area is an unmatched treasure—perhaps in the entire Cascade Range. It is a paradise for botanists, photographers, day hikers and nature lovers of all ages.

But this past summer, the world famous Bird Creek Meadows looked more like a beaten-down cow pasture. Their fragile beauty, lush displays of wildflowers, crystal clear streams and pleasant hiking trails were all under assault by repeated incursions of trespassing cattle.

Fat and contented cows, in groups of up to a dozen, were seen on numerous occasions during August and September. Damage is apparent throughout the 2-mile-wide meadows.

Livestock damage to the Bird Creek Meadows is an old problem. In 1919 the Forest Service took action to keep livestock out of the meadows. But that control declined after 1972, when most of the area reverted to Yakama tribal jurisdiction. Cattle damage was severe during the summers leading up to 1993, then tapered off until recent years.

Most of the trespassing cows are owned by cattlemen from Goldendale, who have long-held permits to graze on the lower slopes of Mount Adams and King Mountain. Permittees are part of the King Mountain Coordinated Resource Management Plan (KCRMP). Other partners are the Yakama Nation, Bureau of Indian Affairs, US Forest Service, Washington State DNR and International Paper Company (formerly Champion).

The KCRMP had its semi-annual meeting in Glenwood, Washington on November 14-16, when it will deal with this and other issues. The meeting was closed to the public, however.

A clear photo of cows in the meadows (on September 17th) shows brands of "HC," which cannot be identified by range managers of the USFS or Bureau of Indian Affairs. As yet, no fines or penalties have been levied against the cattle owners by either the Forest Ser-

vice or Yakama Nation.

US Forest Service efforts to control the problem consist primarily of (1) maintaining a drift fence on National Forest land south of Bird Creek Meadows, and (2) having permittee cattlemen chase out trespassing cows, even if the cows don't belong to the permittee. According to FS records, only two of its permittee cattle have trespassed in the meadows this summer.

The maintained FS drift fence ends at the Yakama Reservation boundary. From there the fence is unmaintained. A large portion of the east-west fence line along the reservation's Tract D boundary was destroyed by logging almost ten years ago. The cattlemen say it's the tribe's responsibility to rebuild the fence. A tribal spokesman says their Range Program is "in the process of fixing the drift fences," but manpower always seems limited or non-existent because of fire season demands.

Steven Andringa, manager of the Yakama Indian Nation Recreation Area (including Bird Creek Meadows), recognizes the continuing problem of cattle trespass. He believes the "only solution" is for the Yakama Nation not to renew grazing permits for the area south of the Recreation Area.

That would help, but the trespass problem will still exist until an effective barbed wire fence is constructed all the way around the protected area. Because of heavy snow and windfalls, maintenance of such a fence will al-

ways be big job. Someone must be employed continuously to check for open gates and fix broken wires.

Before any cattle allotment permits are issued next year, a fail-safe system must be in place. Land managers and owners of trespassing cattle must be held accountable. Those who love the Bird Creek Meadows will demand it. The public must be assured that next year will not be "business as usual."—*Darryl Lloyd, Hood River*

TAKE ACTION

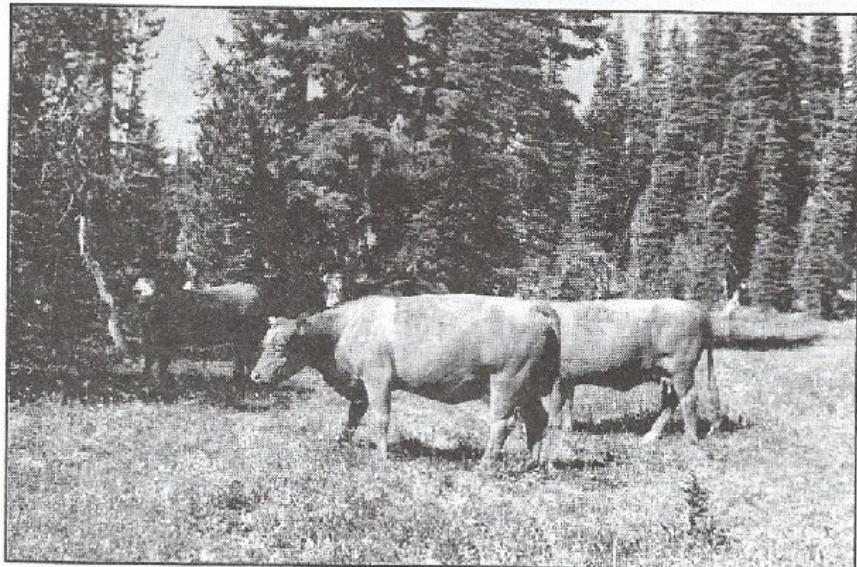
Readers may take action on this issue by writing, calling or e-mailing:

Mr. Steven Andringa
Yakama Nation
PO Box 151

Toppenish WA 98948
telephone: 509-865-5121
e-mail: steve@yakama.com

Readers should express support for (1) no more cattle grazing permits; (2) installation of a 4-wire fence from the USFS drift fence on the west to Big Muddy Creek on the east; and (3) ask why owners of trespassing cattle are not identified and assessed fines, and why aren't they required to repair damage done by their cows?

Washington residents should send copies to Rep. Brian Baird and Rep. Doc Hastings, whose districts include the south and east sides of Mount Adams.—*DL*



Cattle in Bird Creek Meadows, September 17, 2000.

Barbara Robinson

WINTER SERIES—Olympic National Park is presenting an evening lecture series every second Tuesday through April.

Coming up on December 12, you can join Catherine Masciola Walsh for her program "Star Hopping through the Winter Sky" to learn about celestial highlights of the season.

These free presentations take place at 7:30pm in the Olympic National Park Visitor Center auditorium. For more information, call 360-452-0330.

SNOWMOBILES DOWNTOWN

Don't be surprised to see snowmobiles on the streets of Winthrop this winter. The town council has approved the use of the machines on city streets during the winter.

WINTER CAMPING—Learn how to camp on snow and enjoy it in the Winter Camping Seminar sponsored by Everett Parks and Recreation and the Boy Scouts.

The class is limited to 100; the cost is \$10. Lectures are held January 3, 10, 17, and 24 from 7 to 9:15pm at Mariner High School in Everett, followed by an overnight field trip to Mount Rainier National Park on February 3 and 4.

For a registration form and more information, call the Mount Baker Scout

Council, 425-338-0380, or Everett Parks and Recreation, 425-257-8300, or Clyde Ambacher, 425-481-9738 (<CL64@juno.com>).

ALASKA VOLUNTEERS—If you are over 18 and a US citizen, you can volunteer for one of many fascinating jobs with Alaska State Parks. The application deadline is April 1, but many jobs fill before then, so if you see one you like, don't waste any time.

Two-thirds of the 175 jobs available are campground hosts. Here are a few of the other positions:

- Archaeological Assistant: Must have an interest in archaeology, a willingness to learn appropriate field methods, and an ability to live in the field.
- Nancy Lake Ranger Assistant: Two volunteers are needed at this State Recreation Area 67 miles north of Anchorage. Main tasks are to monitor visitor use, maintain public cabins, campsites and trails. Must be good at public relations and have boat or canoe experience.
- Prince William Sound Trail Crew: Must be able to live and work in a remote location cooperatively with others, in adverse weather and rugged terrain, have experience with basic hand tools.
- Winter Caretaker: If you care to win-

ter over, several Caretaker positions are available. For instance, Settlers Cove north of Ketchikan would like to find a couple who can stay from October 1 through April 30 in a rustic cabin. The volunteers would open and close the park gate daily, provide information and assistance to park visitors, do light maintenance of park facilities and maintain a record of wildlife sightings. Must have your own 4WD vehicle.

For a complete catalog with all the details, contact:

Volunteer Coordinator, State Parks
550 West 7th Street #1380
Anchorage AK 99501
phone: 907-269-8708.

You can also see the whole catalog on the web: <www.alaskastateparks.org>.

AWARD—P&P reader Edythe Hulet received The Mountaineers Olympia Branch Service Award at the branch's annual banquet in November.

Edythe joined The Mountaineers in 1983, and in 10 years had completed the Scrambling, Basic and Intermediate climbing courses.

She is a club trip leader, and has served on the climbing committee, as branch chair, as a club trustee, and now is acting vice-chair.

KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

OATMEAL—Re YC's recipe for pre-packaged oatmeal breakfasts for backpacking (P&P September 2000):

Gregg and I have done something similar for years, except we use the pre-flavored types, which need no sugar, plus raisins, plus a handful of chopped walnuts or pecans for protein.

Our yellow cat Duster, who is Large-and-In-Charge at 15 pounds, says he wouldn't touch oatmeal with a ten-foot whisker. Unless it was tuna flavor.—*Peg Ferm, Monroe*

IDENTI-TAPE—For bright and interesting tape to mark your gear, take a look at what Identi-tape carries. Their catalog is on the web at <www.identi-tape.com>. When you decide what you want, you can order either on-line,

by phone, or by mail.

Last year I ordered two rolls of patterned masking tape and have used it to mark trekking poles, skis, ice axes, carabiners, water bottles, and even pot-luck dishes. It is surprisingly sturdy. The only tape I will replace this winter will be on my ice axe, which has worn slightly.

Since I ordered the tape, they have added several different types, including vinyl tape specifically for climbing and other outdoor gear.—*AM*

PCT ROCKER PATCHES—First, send \$4 for one PCT patch (\$6.50 for two) to the PCTA Catalog, 5325 Elkhorn Blvd #256, Sacramento CA 95842. (For lots of other neat PCT stuff, see their on-line catalog:

<www.pcta.org>.) Then, sew your patch to your pack.

Now, you can order rocker patches to go under the PCT patch to show which sections you have hiked. The rocker patches match the 29 sections in the Wilderness Press guidebooks. If you've hiked an entire state, you can get a state patch, too.

Each patch is 75 cents, with 50 cents shipping per order. For an order form, write to:

David Miura
PO Box 210013
San Francisco CA 94121.

To see all the patches and get an order form to print out (you can order on-line too) see the web site at: <<http://pct.homepage.com>>.

These are neat patches!—*AM*



At the trailhead at Old Man Pass.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Thanks for a great magazine. I read it cover to cover practically before I get into the house from the mailbox!"—*Seattle*

"Your magazine is the most personal one I receive. I often share its articles with friends."—*Bellevue*

"P&P is the magazine I enjoy reading most. ...The Forest Service should be overhauled to allow free access to all the trails in our National Forests."—*Seattle*

"Whenever I get my copy, I drop whatever I am doing until I have looked completely through it."—*Lynnwood*

"I really enjoy the magazine. Good job!"—*Seattle*

"Traveled through India and Sikkim this June by Jeep, bus, and trekking poles ... Still enjoy *Pack & Paddle* as much as ever."—*Renton*

"Please let Yellow Cat know that Jasper [the dog] really enjoys *Pack & Paddle*. As a matter of fact, I think it is his favorite midnight snack!"—*Port Orchard*

INDEX—My plan is to start working on the 2000 index at the beginning of December and have it completed by the end of the month. The problem with this plan is that if the skiing looks good in December, the index will take a lower priority.

Many of you have requested an e-mail or web version of the index. I have asked Yellow Cat to look into this, but she has not made it a high priority and we are no closer to it than we were last

year. So I plan to produce the index on paper as usual.

The index is free and you may reserve a copy by sending a long SASE, or by telephoning or e-mailing the office. We really appreciate stamps and envelopes!

KIDS—The photo on page 3 this month is a repeat, sort of. Heather MacFarlane, now 7, was pictured in the November 1995 issue on the same boulder. Her dad says she is becoming a good climber and skier.

We enjoy seeing all the young faces out with their moms and dads, and we hear they also enjoy seeing their pictures in *P&P*.

NEIGHBORS—Ran into Dee Molenaar at the office supply store the other day. Dee and Colleen are neighbors of ours; they live a few miles south in a still-rural part of Kitsap County.

Dee and I both wanted to use the store's only self-service color copy machine. I had already started my project, but he had only a couple of copies to make, so I stopped while he did his work. It was fun to visit with this venerable mountaineer—Dee, in his early 80s, was on his way to the American Alpine Club meeting in Colorado to display a group of his paintings, and also to give a memorial to George Martin, who died earlier this year.

BARRISTA—The November morning for one of the club's kayak skills seminars was freezing. Lee worried that the 10 paddlers who showed up to hear him and co-instructor David Price talk about navigation would be uncomfortably cold.

The session was held at Manchester State Park, just minutes from *Pack & Paddle* world headquarters, so I volunteered to haul the MSR and a selection of hot drinks down to the beach.

We needn't have been too concerned, because these were nearly all seasoned Mountaineers in full cold-weather mode. But they did appreciate the hot drinks. I had fun being the barrista, and I also got to meet Theo Cleveland, a subscriber who has been around since the Red Barn days.

OUTSTANDING IN THEIR FIELD

—Long-time readers Lance and Jennifer (Stein) Barker have just been named Oregon Tree Farmers of the Year!

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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