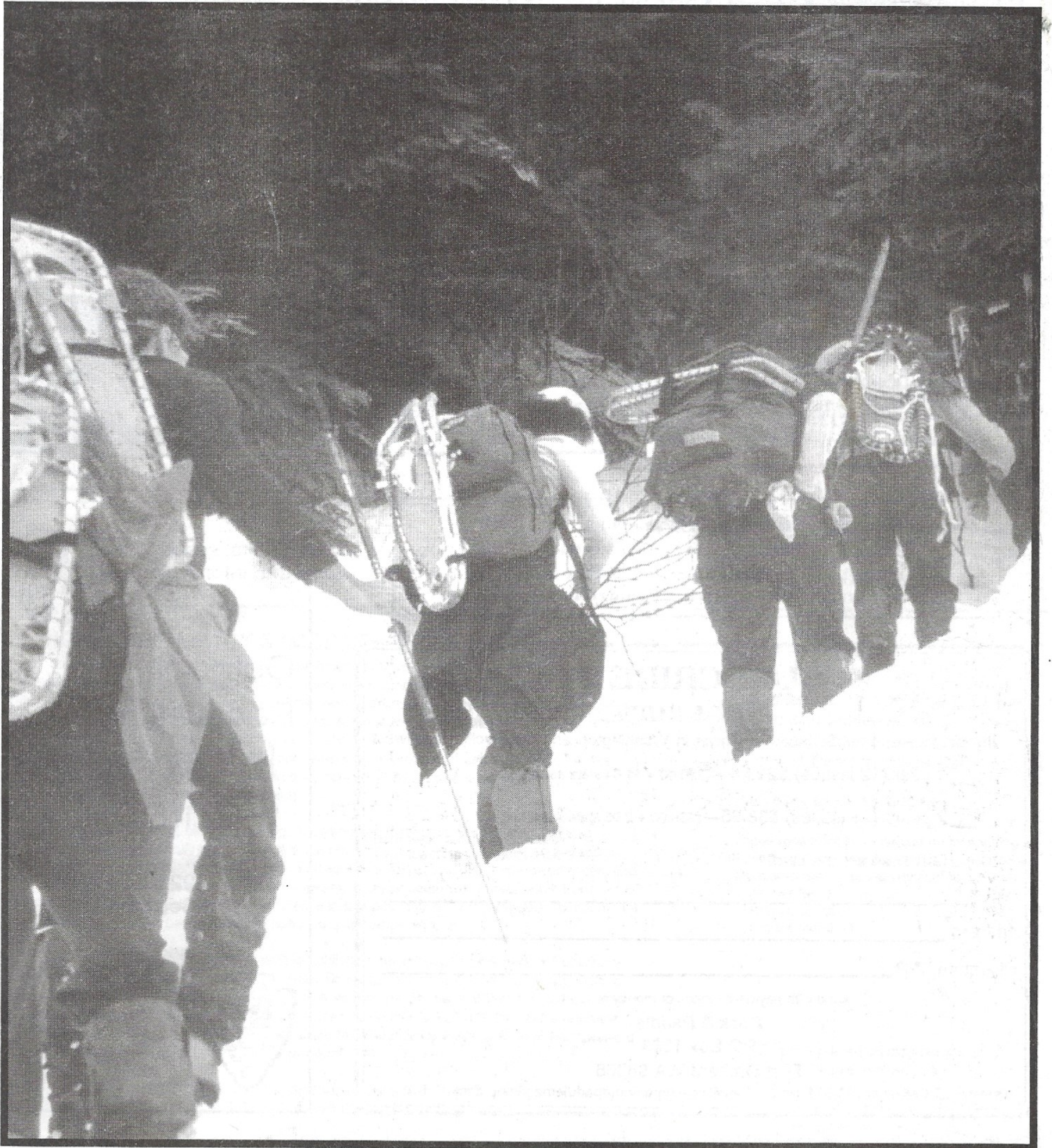


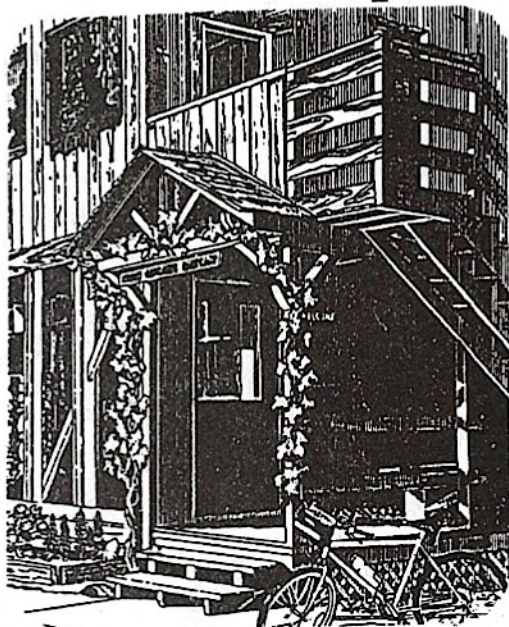
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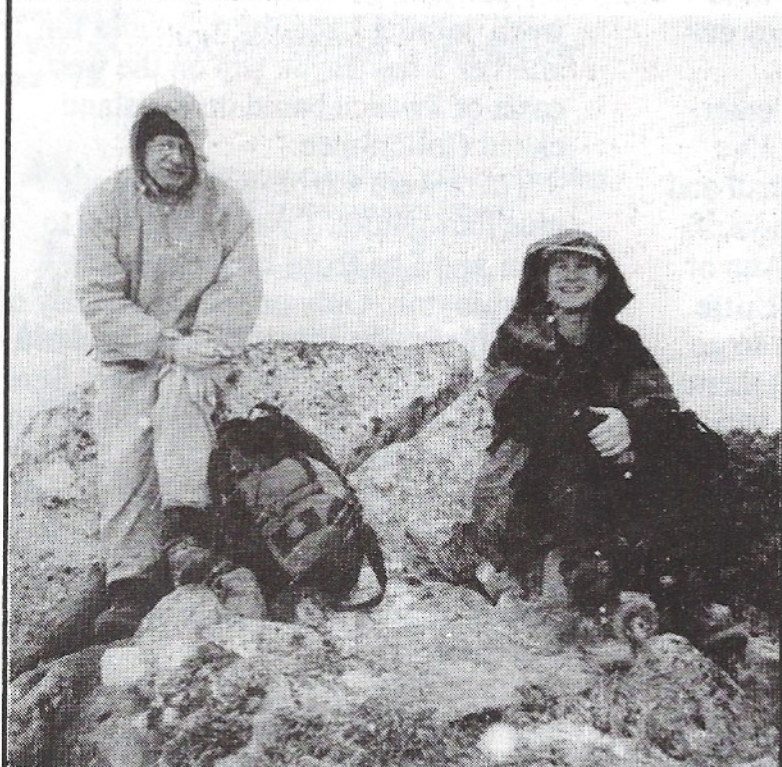


Pack & Paddle®

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 1

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RANDOM VIEW—



Don Beavon

Ian Mackay, left, and Mike Torok in a snowstorm on Mount Harding.

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A Mountaineers group snowshoes in to Scenic Hot Springs, off the Stevens Pass Highway, Washington. Photo by Karen Sykes.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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Louise Marshall



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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

OLYMPICS OR CASCADES

I would have written sooner, but I anticipated (mistakenly) that the November issue of *Pack & Paddle* would contain a correction of an obviously erroneous reference to a river in western Washington.

On pages 5 and 6 of the October issue, Lewis Coleman of Poulsbo heads an item "North Fork Skykomish" although he gives the map references as "USGS Mt Skokomish" which is apparently correct.

Mr. Coleman's hike was obviously on the North Fork Skokomish River, on the Olympic Peninsula, not in the region between Puget Sound and the Cascades, which nurtures the Skykomish and Snohomish rivers.

Robert L. Wood
Monroe, Washington

(Ed. Note: Olympic expert Bob Wood is correct, of course. Ironically, I was explaining to someone recently that the job of editing *P&P* is pretty basic: one only has to know the difference between SKYkomish and SKOkomish, Blewett and Bleuett, and be able to look up map names on the USGS quad in-

dex. But every once in a while, these basic things slip by us.)

HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD

Pack & Paddle has been in our household since the beginning of its time. My wife Deanna and I are avid hikers and kayakers, and we enjoy every aspect of the magazine.

All these years of reading the entertaining stories and trail reports, I've wondered, who is this Ann Marshall and Lee McKee? I kept saying to myself, someday I'm going to run into Ann or Lee on the trail or in the water. Little did I realize that I would have to go halfway around the world to meet them.

Last summer I had a business trip in Sweden during the first part of June and started thinking, before the trip, that I would like to do some paddling. After searching the Internet for "kayaking in Sweden," I discovered that an American guide service, called Crossing Latitudes, was going to be on the east coast of Sweden the same weekend as my business trip.

Deanna joined me for the trip, and we were able to rent a kayak and hire a

private guide from Crossing Latitudes, and spent several wonderful days in the St. Anna Archipelago south of Stockholm in the Baltic Sea. The east coast is dotted with thousands of islands that are great for paddling.

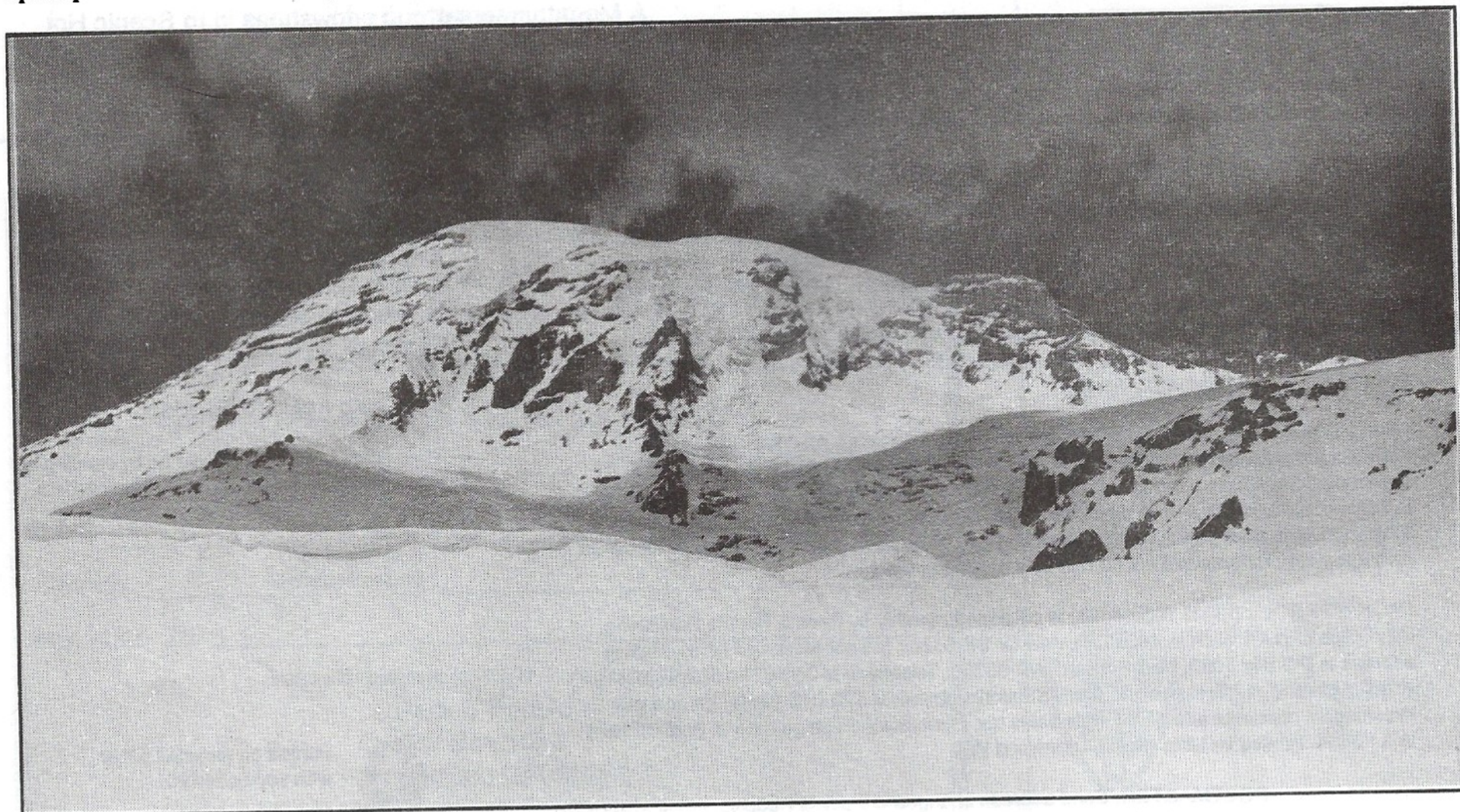
Deanna departed for home after the business part of the trip (big mistake on my part), and I stayed an additional week, joining Crossing Latitudes for another 5 day kayak trip on the west coast of Sweden based on an island called Gullholmen.

There were ten of us in the group plus four guides. I was introduced to Ann and Lee from Port Orchard, Washington. Only on the second day of the trip did I realize that it was Ann Marshall and Lee McKee of *P&P*. Sure enough, I did run into them, but had to go all the way to Sweden.

We had a great group of people, and the Swedish people are very friendly and enjoyable to be with. Can't wait to read Ann and Lee's article on paddling in Sweden.

Mel Rogers
Renton, Washington

(Ed. Note: Mel, it's in this issue!)







Rainier from the trail to Glacier Vista.

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.

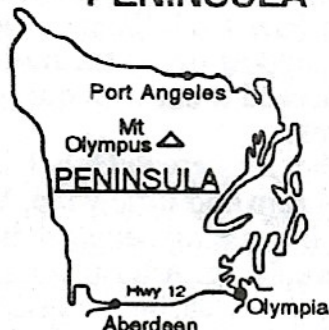
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.

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



WAGONWHEEL LAKE (USGS 167 Mt Steel)

—Our long, glorious stretch of cold, dry weather continued into late November so we struck out on a Saturday for Wagonwheel Lake in the southeast corner of Olympic National Park. We were looking for a workout at an elevation low enough to stay out of the early season snow. Wagonwheel provided both. It gains 3200 feet in 2.9 miles to an elevation of 4100 feet.

The trail starts with a few switchbacks to warm you up and then gets serious about climbing. A couple of peekaboo viewpoints along the way provide a needed opportunity to rest and get a second wind. Other than that, it's a steep trudge through the forest. Near the top the trail crests a ridge and traverses an avalanche slope of slide alder and

slippery boulders. Just after the avalanche slope you reenter the forest and cross the lake's outlet stream.

The lake lies in a hollow that gets very little, if any, sun this time of the year. It was frozen, with interesting spidery bull's-eye patterns in the ice. Snow cover was slight but continuous from 4000 feet on.

The official trail ends at the lake, but a steep waytrail leads on toward a ridge another 900 feet above. The knob we could see was in the sun and looked much more inviting than the dank and gloomy lakeshore below where most of the trail traffic congregates, so we continued.

Near the top the route leveled into a small meadow, then up a last incline to a bench with a rocky summit at the far end. Snow was ankle-deep up here and covered with deer tracks and a few lines of cat tracks as well. We lunched up high on the bench with views of Six Ridge, the Sawtooth Range and Copper Mountain. It was a quietly superb place. High clouds moved in to filter the sun, but it still provided enough heat for a long, comfortable lunch and real basking. November doesn't get any better.

The trip down is a thigh-burner. Even going down, it gets Pat's vote for longest 2.9 miles in the park. But the day still had one more treat for us. On the drive out, we spotted a herd of 40 elk crossing the Skokomish into the meadows at the head of Lake Cushman. Although the rut has passed, a couple of

the young bulls were still burning off excess energy, jousting and head-butting with each other as they moved along.

A perfect ending to a perfect day for us, but we felt sorry for the two people and one dog we left behind in the parking lot. They were locked out of their car and anticipating a two-hour wait in the dark and cold for a locksmith from Shelton to come and rescue them. We probably would have just broken a window.—Dennis and Pat, Olympia 11/18.



ROCK PEAK and SOUTH MOUNTAIN (USGS Mt Tebo, Vance Creek, or GT Mt Tebo)

—It's the silly season again, when the high mountains have snow and the low ones are still dry. Jeff Howbert recently found another 2000-foot Prominence summit we hadn't done, Rock Peak, 3320+, in the southern Olympics.

So while the hardcore had their snowshoes on, we headed north up Highway 101 past Shelton to the Skokomish Valley road and picked up road 23 which skirted along the South Fork Skokomish to Spider Lake where we found our way up the southeast side of Walter Creek to a high park north of Rock. It took a little over an hour to scramble to the twin summits (southwest is higher, shown as 3370 on the 15-minute quad) and back to the car.

About 1.5 miles northwest of Rock is an 861-foot Prominence (P) summit, Peak 2981. We repositioned the car but got blocked by a creek washout at the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: January 20

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

very head of Walter Creek (just before Pass 2105). This gave us an opportunity to get a little more exercise, as we biked a short 2 miles and 900 feet vertical to a little stroll to the top. This whole area is view-enhanced by tree fallers, and there are lots of waterfalls.

We also did a short walk to "Tuffet Peak," 2321 feet, just west of Spider Lake with 561 feet P, and finished up the day by driving back down the Skokomish to private timber land and luckily found a couple of Simpson gates open which allowed us to motor to the top of well-named South Mountain, 3040+.

This is the very last Olympic gasp, and gives unique and commanding views in all directions: East to the hook of Hood Canal, the south Puget Sound inlets, and the volcanoes; south to Capitol Forest and the Chehalis River valley; west to the Pacific; and north to the real Olympics with white-plastered beauties like Capitol, Tebo, Stone, Lightning, Lincoln, Cruiser, Pershing, Washington, The Brothers, et. al.

Olympia area mountaineers, real and armchair, should take this one in. Really. You'll like it.—John Roper, Bellevue, 12/3/00.



DUCKABUSH RIVER (GT 168 The Brothers)

The original plan was to hike Jefferson Ridge and Elk Lake, but we discovered that Jorsted Road was closed due to a wash-out. It looked like it had been closed for some time. This meant a long drive on logging roads from Hoodspout. So we decided to hike to lower Lena Lake, only to find its access road was also closed. Now what?

We pulled out the maps and decided to try the Duckabush. Sparky thought this would be a great name for a golden retriever kennel. We soon met the first of the hikers from the Port Ludlow hiking club who recommended that we hike to Big Hump. Little Hump was a mere blip in the mostly level trail.

We enjoyed the rustle of the ankle deep leaves as we switchbacked up Big Hump with views toward the river below. We went to the treed top and started to descend, but had to quit because we didn't want to return in the dark. We ate lunch in sunlight on a grassy rock outcrop just before the summit.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 11/17.

HURRICANE RIDGE ROAD—The road is scheduled 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 weekend. A round trip ticket is \$5 and bus riders will not be charged a Park entrance fee. For reservations call 360-417-4555.—Ranger, 12/12.

SOUTHWEST



ROOSEVELT BEACH

(USGS Moclips)—Heather and

I took advantage of our dry albeit cold fall weather and walked a relatively quiet section of the North Beach coastline in Grays Harbor County.

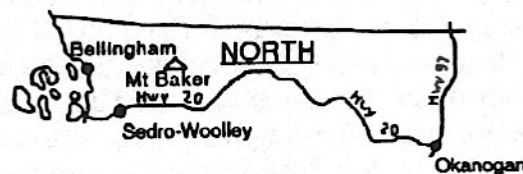
Finding relatively wild beaches south of the Olympic Wilderness Beach is rare. The section from Pacific Beach State Park to Griffiths-Priday State Park is fairly undisturbed. We accessed this area at Roosevelt Beach and walked south to Boone Creek and then north to Joe Creek and back.

This area is lightly visited and lightly driven (has anyone addressed this ridiculous notion of allowing cars on the beach in our state?).

[Ed. Note: Them's fightin' words—some coastal residents assume beach driving is a right. There are frequent discussions in the newspapers of beach communities.]

Some pretty decent bluffs and remnant maritime forests grace this section of coastline. Would be a nice inclusion in our state park system. About 5 miles of beach walking.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 11/24.

NORTH



OYSTER DOME (USGS

Bellingham South)

This hike is in the Chuckanuts. The trail is reached by leaving I-5 at the Alger exit, turning left and following the signs to the Blanchard Hill trailhead.

We generally bypass the first parking area and continue up the road about a mile to another parking area. This cuts off about a mile of the trail through clear-cut. There are some views to the west near the beginning.

The trail soon switchbacks and winds around, crossing several streams to

where it joins, in about 2 miles, a railroad grade from logging days. At this point the right branch takes you to Lizard Lake, the left to Lily Lake. Take the left branch. In about another 2 miles, just before Lily Lake another, I think unmarked, trail branches to the left and contours around to Oyster Dome.

Just as the trail begins to drop down to Chuckanut Drive a trail marked "dome" goes off to the right and after crossing Oyster Creek leads to the top of Oyster Dome and splendid views west across the San Juan Islands and toward the south, Fidalgo and Whidbey Islands and the Olympics. A wonderful lunch spot and since it was a nice day we lingered awhile enjoying the view.

This is about a 10-mile round trip hike. We enjoy it in fall and spring.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 12/3.



WASHINGTON PARK

(USGS Deception Pass)—This

was our 7th annual Thanksgiving Day walk at Washington Park at Anacortes. Four of us enjoyed a brisk walk around the 2.25-mile, 300 foot elevation Washington Park trail. We now know the length and position of the trail because we checked it out with our new Garmin Etrex.

The weather was great. Only had a few drops of rain and little wind. We met several interesting people doing what we were doing. After that park walk we drove to Charlie's superb dining establishment near the ferry dock.

After a wonderful turkey dinner, we drove to Bowman Bay where we saw 10 herons sitting in a tree all facing the bay. Small minnows were everywhere in the water. The gulls were so full they were just sitting around digesting their meals.

After Bowman Bay we went down to the beach at Deception State Park. There were only 6 cars in the lot.

From the expensive all-new entrance to the park where they have installed a pay-before-entering booth, we backtracked and headed home with grateful hearts. It was another wonderful outing on Thanksgiving where we met new friends.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 11/23.



OAKES PEAK (USGS Marblemount, Damnation Pk)

This 5696-foot peak is a symmetrically steep, wooded peak, clad in old growth forest. We saw it from Trappers Peak (the week before) and were curious about its wintertime approachability. We used Dallas Kloke's *Winter Climbs*; and the old (1st edition) *Cross Country Ski Tours 1* by Kirkendall & Spring.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Five miles east of Marblemount cross Bacon Creek and turn left. Drive 1½ miles; take a right turn. In a short distance we parked the car and crammed six of us into Craig Butler's hi-clearance pickup. Immediately we encountered the steepest and most eroded section of road.

After this we mainly had to contend with the constant beating of the brush and tree limbs, and one hidden rock on the right near 2 miles/1700 feet. We finally stopped at a good turnaround at 5 miles/2900+ feet, and walked a not unpleasant 3 more miles on the road. At a final junction near 4000 feet we pushed through clearcut and into the old growth. Rock bands were easy to avoid and we tended to the left/west.

A few gullies with fine powdered snow led us to the surprisingly broad, open, rocky summit. Great views of the high alpine but we were also intrigued by the obvious approach line to Damnation Peak to the northeast (and south to "Acorn Mountain," see Dallas' book). Clear views, steep terrain, brushy road, slippery conditions, but a fine day—don't know if heavier snow pack would really help.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 11/19.

NORTH CASCADES—Two feet at Cutthroat Lake yesterday, and excellent ski touring. Last week ice skaters enjoyed clear smooth ice on Rainy Lake. The ice was so clear they could see the lake bottom through 8 inches of ice.

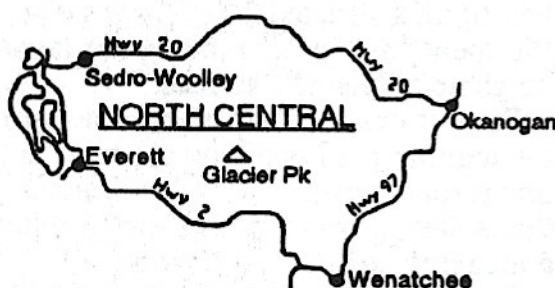
Extensive surface hoar and depth hoar have not yet settled out at timberline. Consequently we're still anticipating more large avalanches at high elevations.—Eric Burr, Mazama, 11/27.

METHOW VALLEY—Snow is accumulating. A few trails are open, with good skiing. With more snow depth, more grooming will take place. Trails up at Sun Mountain are groomed. Half the trails at Mazama are groomed. On Rendezvous, the Fawn Creek side isn't skiable yet, but the Cub Creek side is groomed.

The Mountain Transporter shuttle service continues to operate in the Methow Valley. This is a great way to do one-way trips on the Rendezvous system, the Community Trail, or others. Call for information, 509-996-8294, or see their schedule on the web: <www.mvsta.com> and go to the link on the ski page.

A three-day pass for the groomed trails is \$35 for adults; \$17.50 for kids 17 and younger (12 and under ski free).

NORTH CENTRAL



DECEPTION PASS STATE PARK (USGS Deception Pass)—We began at the Rosario Beach area. Although this is closed for the winter, the trails are accessible.

We followed around the headlands and over to Bowman Bay, then out to Lighthouse Point before climbing up to the highway and crossing the bridge. At the south end of the bridge a trail leads under the highway and climbs up to Goose Rock which was a great lunch spot with splendid views in all directions, especially to the west and the Olympics. It was a bit windy so we did not stay long.

After eating lunch we followed a trail which leads to the park entrance and on to Cranberry Lake. One of the group cannot deal with the height on the bridge so he returned and drove the car over to West Beach and was waiting for us. The park is beautiful in the fall, and not as crowded.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/26.

GREEN MOUNTAIN (GT Cascade Pass)—There was a couple of inches of snow at 3500 feet where the trail starts from the road as we hiked up through the trees for the first mile. Once out in the open there was more snow on the ground in the meadows as the trail switchbacks up to a pass at the 5200-foot level.

After dropping into a basin with a couple of small lakes frozen over, we put on the snowshoes. There was 18 inches of dry powder snow with a crystal crust on top. Then the hard part started: snowshoeing up the steep slope that heads to the old lookout building. From up on the mountain you get a great view of Glacier Peak and hundreds of snow capped mountains in all directions.

The lookout was locked up and the shutters down after having some rebuilding done in the past year. Someone had been up earlier and skied from the 6500-foot summit and through the trees lower down on the mountain. Carrie, Shelley, Lee and I were the first people up on snowshoes for this new winter season, as we did not see another other tracks from other snowsho-

ers, although we did see lots of animal foot prints.

We all had a great time on a sunny day up on "White" Mountain, as its usual green color will be gone until next spring. When we got down to the trailhead at 4:30pm, the sun was setting and cast a pink glow on the snowy peaks to the east.—George Chambers, Bothell, 11/17.

MEADOW MOUNTAIN (GT Granite Falls)—Descriptions of this mountain are usually found with Goat Flats and Three Fingers but with snow I found it to be a nice trip on its own.

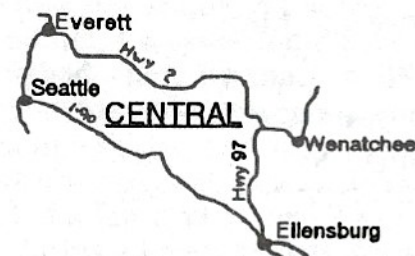
The Green Mountain road (MP 7 on the Mountain Loop Highway) was long but in good condition. The week before Grant Myers and friends climbed this mountain from the old trail at mile 11. I tried this way first, but found the erosion and blow-down so unpleasant that I returned to the car and continued driving to the Goat Flats trailhead at road's end (16 miles).

The 2½ miles of trail to Saddle Lake led through dark but wonderful old growth. After lunching at the campground shelter I ascended the deeper, untracked snow to Meadow Mountain. The ascent was steep but pleasant as it kept returning to a wooded ridge with a dramatic cliff on the right/north.

A bit tired, I was relieved to arrive at the large open summit which must give the "meadow" to this mountain's name. A higher but smaller summit required a short descent and climb where I found the obvious tracks from the week before (but not John Well's lost mitten).

After enjoying the clear views of the valley and especially Whitehorse, an easy descent returned me to the trailhead. I was delighted that the road, though snow covered, was easily drivable. On this sunless north side the snow crystals (surface hoar) had grown to huge proportions, coating every twig, leaf, and hillock.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 11/17.

CENTRAL



MOUNT TENERIFFE (GT Mt Si)—I had not climbed the south ridge of Teneriffe for three years. On that occasion the route was difficult to follow. It appears that Teneriffe is

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

seeing much more use because the boot path is now well established.

Park at the school bus turnaround on the Mount Si road. You can easily recognize the spot because of concrete barricades stacked nearby in a futile effort to block access by motorbikes.

Follow the logging road approximately 1 mile to a major stream crossing. This is the outflow from Kamikaze Falls, which is visible from the highway. A crude trail takes off just to the right of the stream.

The new trail ascends through second growth forest to intersect an older trail. Stay on the east side of the stream channel. The route steepens considerably as you near the falls. There are two main sections of the waterfall with the upper one being the better.

Continue to the summit of Teneriffe by following the boot path beyond the waterfall. It works its way over to the steep south ridge. Ignore an easier looking side trail (it dead ends) and take the right branch directly to the top of the ridge. An excellent viewpoint here provides a convenient spot for a break.

The path follows the narrow ridge crest relentlessly upward. It was amusing to see ribbons flagging this section since any deviation left or right quickly leads to a steep dropoff. The path becomes less distinct higher up, but always stays near the ridge crest.

We encountered knee-deep snow when we broke out of tree cover near the top. Our options were to bushwack up through the small trees or take the scramble route beside the cliffs. We chose the latter because the sun warmed rocks were snowfree. Although not technically difficult, it was a little exposed. The laws of nature decree that good footholds will always be covered with moss.

We found a warm spot at the summit

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

for lunch. On a December afternoon that is something to savor. Teneriffe has an unobstructed 360 degree view. We spent 45 minutes playing our favorite game of "name that peak."

For our descent we traversed over to the logging road and took the conventional route down. We were fortunate that someone on snowshoes had broken a nice trail earlier in the week.

Round trip 6 hours, 35 minutes with 4270 feet of elevation gain.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 12/5.



KAMIKAZE FALLS, MOUNT SI (GT 174 Mt Si)—

I bought one of them new fangled gadgets that allows me to measure elevations and also keeps me from getting lost by plotting where I have been. It is the new GPS by Garmin called Etrex (\$290). It is a handy and easy to use instrument. It is waterproof and does so many things I'll leave it up to you to discover them all.

Here is what I found: Using *Secrets of Si* data and other monuments I have discovered since writing the book, I have found my barometric readings to be fairly accurate in the lowlands. In the trees, the barometric altimeter still seems to be the best answer.

Across from the proposed Little Si trailhead is a housing project. The in-road Ts with two cul-de-sacs. The one on the left has a monument in the center. It is 500.85 feet at the road surface per the US Geological Survey people. The Etrex measured it at 495 feet.

The new trail on Mount Si starts in two places. Many of us consider the trail to start where the parking lot boundary enters the trail at the privies. Others consider the new trail to start after the creek is crossed at the sign. When the DNR asked me to measure the trail with my hand wheel, I started at the nail/washer on the left at the parking lot.

A nail can be found at miles 1,2,3, and 4. Someone else came along and moved the posts with the mileage on them using the north side of the creek as the trailhead.

The Etrex showed the parking lot to be 645 feet at the parking lot entrance (NE Mount Si road), 635 feet at the spike near the privies (655 feet in the book), and 644 feet at the New Mount Si trailhead sign (640 feet in the book). The streambed in the creek is 623 feet.

We found the Mount Teneriffe road gate to be at 970 feet (970 feet in the book). Another reading showed Half Circle road off Mount Teneriffe road to be 1170 feet (1120 feet in the book).

What are the correct readings? Until

I can afford the \$3000 to \$4000 instrument required for to-the-foot accuracy, use the book elevations. It will get you there and back on Mount Si.

By the way, the new Kamikaze Falls trail is being well used. To find it, go up Mount Teneriffe Road to the first noisy creek, a blackberry patch, and a corrugated culvert. Uptrail beside that happy creek, go right at the T, follow Hillside Road back down to Mount Teneriffe Road and back to your car. The trek is 3.75 miles with 725 feet gain. Nice views, too!—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 11/18.



MOUNT SI (GT 174 Mt Si)—

Miner's Trail connects Mount Si's New Trail to the Mount Teneriffe Road. We plotted the trail with our new GPS. Its accuracy is astounding. To check its accuracy, we laid way-points on Mount Teneriffe road. It marked the waypoints directly in the center of the road.

I know it is accurate because I have a 1985 aerial photograph that supplements the USGS map of the area. This great loop from the New Trail parking lot and back is 4.25 miles and 1034 feet elevation gain. It is a beautiful walk.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 11/25.



CCC TRUCK ROAD TRAIL (GT Mt Si)—

On a clear, cool winter day this is a good choice for an outing.

The mountains of the Middle Fork country were beautiful with their fresh coating of snow, as viewed through leafless branches that looked like lace-work against the sky. Along the leaf-covered trail, the relaxing sound of many small waterfall trickles could be heard. And everywhere, the deep greens of ferns and mosses tantalized the senses.

Since discovering this hike last year, it has become one of my favorite winter and early spring hikes.


Drive the Middle Fork road about 7 or 8 miles to the usually gated, unsigned Bessemer Mountain road. Another car can be placed at the CCC Road 2.3 more miles up the Middle Fork road for a one-way hike. Or, if there is daylight enough, place a car at the Mount Teneriffe trailhead on the Mount Si road for a 9-mile hike the entire length of the CCC Road.

Five of us gals hiked up the Bessemer Mountain road about a mile to its intersection with the CCC Road. Here we turned left and rock-hopped across Big Blowout Creek (in other seasons this would be a ford) and hiked about

1.5 miles farther west on the trail, until we found a sunny lunch spot with views. Then we retraced our steps back to the creek, and continued east about 3 more miles back to the second car at the beginning of the CCC Road.


These last 3 miles are the prettiest, in my opinion. The old road has grown over to more trail-like conditions, passing big mossy rock cliffs and many more waterfall trickles. Total elevation gain was about 500 feet.

Good descriptions and history of the trail can be found in *Hiking the Mountains to Sound Greenway*, by Harvey Manning.—C. Berner, Renton, 12/6.

 **MAILBOX PEAK (GT Bandera)**—This was my first visit to Mailbox since DNR logging started last June. I am happy to report that the trail survived. Its proximity to a stream undoubtedly helped win a reprieve. The “harvest” area has a significant number of residual trees so it doesn’t look bad. A sign posted next to the road explains the financial benefit to public schools.

The trail was snow free until the 3600 foot elevation. We completed our climb without using snowshoes. The rock slide was not safe to cross due to unconsolidated snow. We used the alternate route up through the trees.

Mailbox is popular enough that you will generally find a good track to follow even though snow covers the trail. An energetic OSAT group preceded us this Saturday. We were grateful for their trail breaking efforts in the drifting snow near the summit.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 12/2.

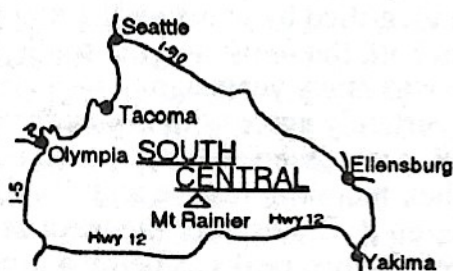
 **MCCUE RIDGE (GT 177 Chiwaukum Mts)**—Heather and I returned to the Scottish Lakes High Camp, this time to do some cross-country skiing and snowshoeing. Snow depth was below normal but conditions for skiing on the logging roads were good. This particular morning we took advantage of the beautiful weather to snowshoe up on McCue Ridge.


We climbed about 1000 feet from High Camp following the McCue Ridge ski trail. The views of Snow Grass, Big Jim, and the Chiwaukum Valley were grand. We found what appeared to be bear tracks over frozen ski tracks—shouldn’t he be hibernating?

Lots of open meadows (snowcovered of course) on the ridge. Great exploring and viewing. We returned to High Camp on the Ridgetop and Low Road trails, about 6 miles of trekking. Time remained in the day to do some skiing, including the 4-mile descent to Mid-

way. Lots of fun!—Craig Romano, Seattle, 12/7.


SOUTH CENTRAL



 **BEAR RIDGE TRAIL (GT 203S Cougar/Squak)**—This may have been noted before, but here it is again. I discovered the results of work by a trail crew this past fall, and thought it should get an “Attaboy.” A stretch of about two hundred yards of the Bear Ridge trail a little over a mile up from Highway 900 was rerouted extensively around a really tiresome dip into a small gully. Much less possibility of ending up on your fanny.

The recent rains have caused a little bank slippage in the new cut, but it’s still a definite improvement. Kudos to whoever did the work.

By the way, Bear Ridge is very nearly a secret trail. You can go all the way from Highway 900 to the Anti-Aircraft park at the summit of Cougar Mountain and not meet another soul. Of course, that’s probably just as well; the parking area at the base can hold only three cars!—Al Stenson, Mercer Island, 12/1.


 **TIGER MOUNTAIN (GT Tiger Mtn)**—Wanting a close-in hike we headed to Tiger Mountain. We arrived to discover that the gate to the parking area was closed and everyone was parking on the road. When we returned in the afternoon the gate was open and people were parking in the lot. We wonder what time the gate is opened and why latecomers get to park in the parking area?

We started up the West Tiger 3 trail, then turned left on a trail marked TMT. I believe that this is called the north loop trail. It is easy to follow as it is marked with TMT symbols. It climbs, then descends, then climbs again, crossing a couple of well-made expensive-looking bridges. In a couple of miles it connects with the High Point Trail then climbs to join the railroad grade trail. Most of the way is through woods. The trail was covered with fallen leaves and the air filled with wonderful fall smells.

We passed a couple of waterfalls on the way. A short way along the railroad grade a trail turns off to the left and ascends to the summit of West Tiger 2


where we stopped for lunch. We had this peak to ourselves except for two workmen working on one of several communication towers on the summit which provided generator noise. The views were very good, however. After lunch we descended to West Tiger 3, which although lower has somewhat better views and lots of people.

After a brief pause we returned to the trailhead via the West Tiger 3 trail. We believe that this is a 10 to 12 mile loop. There was high overcast but no rain and wonderful views along with wonderful fall colors.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/19.

 **WEST TIGER 1, 2, 3 (GT 204S Tiger Mtn)**—The mud ended as we neared the summit. Two guys started their stove and were cooking breakfast on the summit of West Tiger. We were the only ones who headed toward Tiger 2 and 3, both of which were windy.

We decided to have lunch at Manning’s Reach, but the bench has rotted and was lying on its side. So we headed back to the overlook just before the summit of West Tiger and sat in the sun on some raised concrete cubes.

The Canada jays soon appeared, answering my question of who to share my sandwich with as Sparky was home resting a sore toe. These birds not only ate out of my hand, they stood on it waiting for the next tidbit.—Ben and Nancy Brodie, Edmonds, 12/3.

 **CEDAR RIVER TRAIL (USGS Maple Valley)**—Our annual Thanksgiving morning hike. We drove out the Maple Valley Highway to just past where it passes Highway 18 and parked near the trail.

The trail actually begins in Renton and is paved most of the way paralleling the highway. We began our hike at a spot just beyond where the pavement ends and the trail leaves the highway, following the Cedar River along an old railroad right of way.

This is one of the Rails-to-Trails trails. It is about 4 miles to Landsberg where the Seattle Water Department maintains a park on the edge of the watershed where we snacked. The trail crosses the river several times, and although this section is unpaved it is in good shape, well graveled. We encountered a few cyclists and joggers.

It was a lovely fall morning with lots of color. There was an abundance of salmon in the river. This 8-mile hike gave us a good appetite for the Thanksgiving dinner which awaited us.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/23.

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CHEHALIS WESTERN RAILROAD (USGS Lacey)

This is another Rails-to-Trails trail. It begins in Lacey and in about 6 miles reaches a park at Woodward Bay on Henderson Inlet. Turn off I-5 at Slater Kenny Road/Martin Way. The trail is on the right between Slater Kenny Road and Lily Road. We find that driving about a mile up either Slater Kenny or Lily to 26th Avenue then either left or right to where the trail crosses cuts off a little over a mile of an uninteresting part of the trail. There is room for three or four cars at this point. The trail winds mostly through farmlands and past several lakes and ponds with lots of wildlife. The trail ends in about 4 miles at a large parking area. A bridge is out so at this point it is necessary to go along a highway for a short distance to another parking area and a trail which leads out to the park, site of an old log dump at Woodward Bay. This is a lovely spot for lunch. Picnic tables are provided. There are plans to improve the park (I believe it belongs to DNR) and reconstruct the bridge so that you can follow the railroad all the way. This is a great winter hike and is well used by bikers, joggers and hikers.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 12/10.



SLIDE MOUNTAIN (USGS Suntop, White River Park)

I was interested by the comments of both Paul Schaufler (*P&P* September) and Ginny Evans (*P&P* November) on

Slide Mountain.

I have climbed both peaks of Slide Mountain mentioned, the south peak (Paul's peak) and the north peak (the one identified by name on the map), from both the north and the south. But that was many years ago.

I certainly agree with Ginny that the south peak deserves the name as it is higher, more impressive and has the slide on it. I remember the traverse between the two peaks as being a fun scramble, but that was under summer conditions. I wondered what it would be like under winter conditions.

So, taking advantage of the cold clear weather of this fall, I set out to find out. Since the White River Entrance to Mount Rainier was closed, I had to approach from the Buck Creek road and the Suntop trail. I was able to drive 5.7 miles to the switchback at 3800 feet, although that required putting chains on all four wheels of my 4X4 to get up the icy road. Here I picked up the Suntop trail, leaving it about 1/2-mile after the next road crossing and climbing straight up to the crest of Fawn Ridge where the snow became deep enough to require snowshoes. From here I followed the ridge south past a small lake and up onto the main summit ridge where I left the snowshoes.

A traverse on mostly bare ground led to the notch just south of the north peak of Slide Mountain. Here the scramble started with a 30-foot Class 3 rock pitch up onto the rocky ridge crest. I then followed the actual crest on rock or slightly to the right on steep snow several hundred feet to the top of the slide area where the terrain moderated.

I was helped in several places by heavily travelled goat trails. For a short time I followed a bloody hoof print. Evidently a goat had hurt his foot, perhaps on a sharp rock or ice.

From the slide it was easy terrain but deep postholing snow to the final rocky summit of the south peak. It took about 1 hour from the north peak to the south peak under winter conditions. The entire trip took 7 1/2 hours with 3500 feet of elevation gain. The Suntop trail can also be accessed from lower on the Buck Creek road via a spur. This would add an additional 700 feet of elevation gain.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 12/9.

Candy Berner



The trail to Green Lake, MRNP.



RAMPART RIDGE (USGS Mt Rainier West)

—We awoke to the pitter-

patter of rain which almost caused us to turn over and forget our plans for a hike. After much prodding from me, my ever-constant trail companion reluctantly headed for the shower. I of course slept in for a few more winks.

On the road at 7am. Stopped in Eatonville to pick up a pastry and coffee at the good ol' Ohop Bakery. Our spirits rose as the rain stopped. Once inside the Park saw a very handsome buck off the side of the road just past Kautz Creek trailhead and a doe farther on. Pulled into Longmire parking lot around 9am just as the gate was opening. Eager skiers and boardheads were anxiously awaiting the opportunity to try out the new snow up at Paradise.

We parked at the Rampart Ridge trailhead and started at about 9:30am. Still no rain! The lower trail was clear! The old growth was beautiful as usual. After 1 1/4 miles we took the Mildred Point cutoff trail. We hit snow about 3000 feet. The trail was negotiable. Followed one lone deer's tracks for quite a ways. There was absolutely no wind. At times the snow just covered our boots and at others it was up to our knees but, as my trail companion says, "It was very forgiving!"

Snowflakes fell gently as we moved up the ridge. It really was a delightful winter wonderland. Took a break just before ascending the ridge to enjoy the absolute stillness. Around 4000 to 4500 feet the trail was a little less discernible, but we persevered and made it to about 5000 feet just before reaching the Van Trump/Mildred Point fork. The snow was now thigh high. Where were our snowshoes, you might ask? Why, in the truck due to a last minute decision to leave them behind. Darn those last minute decisions!

We took our official lunch break. The snow was falling more heavily and the temperature was dropping. Started on our way down, noticing that our footprints were being covered up quickly. The predicted storm front had arrived! We made our way hastily down the trail. Below 3000 feet a steady rain greeted us.

Reached the truck at 2pm, damp but pleased. Didn't think we would get as far as we had and we hadn't seen a soul all day long! We'll make sure to bring those snowshoes next time. As tradition has it we headed down to Whittaker's Bunkhouse to warm our bones with a hot cocoa and a latte!—Halley/Joey, Tacoma, 11/26.



PARADISE (USGS Mt Rainier East)

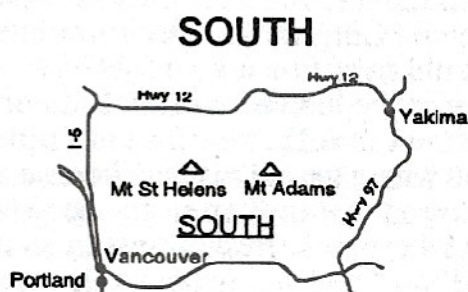
—Snow arrives as forecast, good cover still building

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when we left at 4pm. Trekking to Glacier Vista and to head of Deadhorse Creek, poor visibility in fog. Back to car for lunch and hot tea, then Skyline Trail from parking lot to base of Sluis-kin Falls and part way up to Mazama Ridge. 3pm was turn-around time. Beautiful snow-coated trees.

Unscientific observation: When I first started to go to Paradise in winter 15 years ago most people were cross-country skiers, a few snowshoers. Five years ago the snowshoers started to outnumber the skiers. In 2000, the ratio is 50 snowboarders to 4 snowshoers to 1 skier. That's assuming I got the count right on snowboarders—there seemed to be room in some of the clothing for several individuals.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 11/26.



COLDWATER LAKE LOOP (GT 332 Spirit Lk)—

The day started with Nurse Judi banging on doors a little after 4am. Thanks to some wonderful coffee, Bob had us on the road from Puyallup well before 5. We drove 2½ hours to Coldwater Lake, an hour's drive up the new highway to St. Helens. Nurse Judi's sister Nancy and Nancy's husband Wayne met us at 8, having left Astoria at 5:30.

We started up the trailhead at 8:15 and climbed 2½ miles to the ridge 2000 feet above. We traveled above the lake looking at the unusual patterns of blown down trees the blast caused 20 years ago. The views can be spectacular.

Judi and Nancy had been there a few weeks before and ran into heavy snow, which impeded their progress, and was the reason we returned with snowshoes. Our only scare came when Judi and Nancy found a spot of rime ice and almost slid a few hundred feet down the slope as Wayne was making our morning coffee. To get across this 100-foot section Bob kicked in enough steps to allow me to get a purchase and I chipped away at them with my handy shovel, making a safe footpath to cross the iced-over slope. We were able to continue in 30 minutes, coffee break included. We should have been carrying ice axes.

The trail then descended past a side trail leading to an upper lake we all agreed we would have to return to visit. We did not run into snow heavy enough

to require our snowshoes this day, which was just as well as the entire loop took about 7½ hours. We took frequent rest breaks, which probably added at least an hour, as did a couple of ½ hour breaks for route finding and lunch.

The trail up to and along the ridge is well marked with six foot poles. Upon crossing the bridge we had 5 miles of level trail around the shoreline back to the ramp and parking lot with its heated restrooms.

The trailhead is about a mile farther along the road. If you have two cars it is handy to leave one in the parking lot. Snowshoes can be required to navigate the ridge. An ice axe and shovel could make the difference between traveling the ridge and turning back. Total loop is 11 miles. The 4½ mile section that follows the shoreline from the parking lot is accessible very late into the winter as the terrain protects it and keeps it mostly snowfree. The lake is a "fee" area. There is a gate a short walking distance from the lake where the ramp can be closed to vehicles.

We drove back to Castle Rock where we all had a nice Mexican dinner. At this point the two sisters gave each other hugs and made their goodbyes, Nancy heading south and Judi north. Judi was wide awake and handled the drive home as husband Bob and I dozed under a full moon.

If you have only been out to St. Helens during dry hot weather, this can be a refreshing change of pace. Few people this time of year.—beast, Sumner, 12/9.

WIND RIVER—Trail grooming will start when there is about 18 inches of snow. There is enough snow now to ski on the roads, but in the timber the snow is patchy.—Ranger, 11/30.

ARIZONA

HUMPHREYS PEAK (USGS Humphreys Pk)—On November 18 Annette and I rode "El Tour De Tucson," a century bike ride (111.5 miles) in which Annette had raised a good deal of funds for the Leukemia Society. It was like no other event I've participated in; a fun time with some great people and all for a very worthy cause. We decided to extend our stay in Arizona to a 10-day vacation; here is our mountain adventure.

We left our motel room in Flagstaff and drove to the Arizona Snowbowl ski area just a few miles away. My objective was a climb of Humphreys Peak, the highest point in all of Arizona at 12,633 feet. At 8:30am, I left the lower lodge and Annette prepared to start a

day of skiing on the first day of the season there. The base had a couple of feet of snow with 5 feet higher up. I went north across a bunny slope and entered the woods.

In a short while I was on a packed trail in the snow, which was following a summer trail on the mountain. I removed my snowshoes (which I had rented in Flagstaff) and made good time as the icy trail switchbacked up the wooded slopes. I was now at around 10,000 feet and it was interesting to see 3 foot or so diameter fir trees at such a high elevation.

At 11,500 feet I began traversing open avalanche slopes. It was sunny but cold and fairly windy now as I worked my way up to the 11,800-foot saddle south of the peak. I took a break out of the wind on the east side of the saddle, and talked to Annette on our two-way radios. She was having a great time skiing, and it was nice to be able to communicate since I was on the mountain alone.

I now ascended the southwest ridge of Humphreys above timberline and exposed to a very cold and strong wind. The terrain was not difficult, and the snow was icy and firm, but at times I had to lean strongly into the wind to keep from being blown over.

Fortunately, I had my ski poles, ski goggles, balaclava, and thick mittens along to fight the wind chill. It was just about a mile from the saddle to the summit, where I took a good break in a bit of a wind shelter, and let Annette know of my success. There were a few clouds blowing around, but I had views in all directions, including some of the Grand Canyon. It was awesome to be here.

I was soon on my way, just wanting to get down off the windy ridge and get the blood flowing again to keep warm. The wind going back was even worse, since I was now facing into it. At least it was downhill which got it over faster. I was halfway down the ridge when I decided that I had time to climb Agassiz Peak, just a long half mile south of the 11,800-foot saddle. Annette said, "go for it;" she wanted to get in a full day of skiing anyway.

The north ridge of Agassiz had deeper and more powdery snow, and I soon had my snowshoes on. Odd snowdrifts swirled in fantastic patterns as I climbed along the ridge. There were some exposed boulders near the top but I was able to stick to the snow and summited. This route was a bit sheltered from the wind but was very windy once on the 12,356-foot top; the second highest peak in the state. Arizona doesn't have very much true alpine country, but this

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ridge between the peaks certainly was.

I took a fairly long break on this summit even though it was cold; I was getting an altitude headache and was feeling tired. My water bottle was freezing also, which gave me less to drink.

On the descent, I took a direct line down from the saddle to the ski area bringing me down to warmer temps and less wind; I started feeling much better. It was a cruise down to the upper lodge along the edge of the ski runs, then a short road walk to meet Annette at the lower lodge returning her rental ski gear. Round trip time was 7½ hours for both peaks. We both had a great day in the mountains, though very different experiences.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 11/22.

OREGON



SKY LAKES WILDERNESS

—A late August trip into the Sky Lakes Wilderness in southern Oregon turned lucky all around for six Yakima backpackers of Social Security age.

A first trip to that area. The group worried about bugs. It's high country but timbered, with dozens of medium size lakes and dozens and dozens of smaller potholes. But the relatively hot summer had done in the mosquitoes, and the trip turned our bugless, scenic, temperature just right, and an all 'round great area—though not the

typical high rock and heather romp of the central Washington Cascades.

Heading in for a six day trip, with additional supplies for emergency and clothing suitable for entering an unknown area, the group leisurely covered 18 miles, as planned, at a "sampling pace," photographing, fishing, swimming, etc, while hiking only a few miles each day. We met few other people.

In spite of our slow pace, the heavy packs and many side trips did dictate an unusual schedule as compared to the average weekend hurry-up scramble. Calculation at the end of the trip revealed that the *average* 24-hour day for the group went like this: 10.5 hours spent sleeping or napping, 4.5 hours hiking, 2 packing/unpacking, 3 cooking/eating, and 4 hours swimming, fishing and generally messing around.

Turned out to be just the right pace for extended exploration of a new area. For any others interested, we found the Klamath Ranger Station extremely helpful in supplying maps, specific trail detail and general information.—Clar Pratt, Yakima, 8/00.



HORSETAIL FALLS, ONEONTA GORGE (USGS

Multnomah Falls)—Except during one of the Columbia Gorge's famous ice storms, this trail and many others in the vicinity are open year round. These trails start virtually at sea level, go up a few hundred feet and connect with others

also coming up from the Gorge either up or downstream. Every time we've hiked here, we've been able to do a loop trip.

Jacki selected this hike, and we did the clockwise loop described in the area's guidebook. The trailhead parking lot is right across the road from dramatic 176-foot Horsetail Falls.

A short way up the trail is 80-foot Ponytail Falls where the trail goes behind the falls, reminiscent of Silver Falls State Park. When we took the footbridge above 60-foot Oneonta Falls, Shadow and Shabby gingerly walked with splayed feet on the open wooden slats. It was really comical to watch them cross the bridge so slowly while Jacki and I just trooped across—not at all like they usually act as they race down the trail together. Downstream, Oneonta Gorge is such a narrow chasm that the river fills it entirely.

Since the loop hike itself is rather short, we took the side trail to Triple Falls where we ate lunch. Then we continued on that trail up to another junction where we turned around in an inch of slush. I'm not sure of our elevation at that point but it was below 1000 feet.

Connecting back up with the main trail to continue our loop, we took a short side trip to a viewpoint overlooking the Columbia. The last .5-mile is on the road but there were few cars. And we were treated to another view of Oneonta Gorge, this one from the bottom of the slot canyon.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 11/29.

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; <marc@ozette.com>.

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

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 <Mandy

209@Juno.com>.

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

FOR SALE—Avalanche beacons: Two Ortovox M-1 avalanche transceivers for sale at \$180 each. Never used. New last year for \$300. Contact Lewis at 425-643-2446 (Bellevue) or <lewis.turner@ci.seattle.wa.us>.

FOR SALE—New Atlas snowshoes, never worn, Model 1233BD, mountaineering use with crampons. New \$229, sell for \$150. Call Doug at 360-678-2972 (Coupeville) or <dshep5243hiker@aol.com>.

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

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—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).

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).

MAURI PELTO

Travels and Observations Across the Majestic North Cascade Glaciers

—REPORT OF THE NORTH CASCADE GLACIER CLIMATE PROJECT 2000 FIELD SEASON—

After three abnormal seasons (1997 snowy and wet, 1998 hot and 1999 snowcovered) the 2000 field season offered a more typical North Cascade summer, heavenly. Dry conditions and mild temperatures prevailed for the entire three weeks.

Ben Barrett of Seattle, Bruce Williamson of Seattle, Paula Hartzell of Concrete and Ed Blanchard of Cambridge, England, joined me for intensive mapping and mass balance observations on 13 glaciers.

Mass balance is the measurement of snow accumulation on the glacier minus the snow and ice melting from the glacier. A positive mass balance leads to a glacier thickening and eventually advancing. A negative mass balance leads to glacier thinning and retreat.

We used the increased accuracy of the GPS, after the military took off the random errors in the system, and a laser ranger to map the surface profile of each glacier. This provided a measure of the surface elevation of the glacier from terminus to head that could be compared to maps made in the 1950s and 1980s to identify long term glacier changes.

Columbia Glacier

On July 30th we ascended toward Blanca Lake and camped adjacent to snow near Virgin Lake. Mosquitoes forced us quickly into the tent. The next morning we navigated to and around Blanca Lake, with only one of us (Bruce) sliding waist-deep into the lake.

The snowpack in the area was above average with the entire glacier still being snowcovered. Only in 1991, 1997 and 1999 had this previously been the case.

The average snow depth on the

glacier was 3.2 meters. The depth was determined using a five meter long segmented steel probe that easily penetrates the snowpack of the past winter but not the previous years. With normal ablation (melting) over the remaining 60 days of the melt season the glacier should lose 3 meters of this snowpack.

Bruce and Ben checked the glacier again on September 22 and found that 2.7 meters of snowpack had been lost. This glacier then gained mass this year: about 0.2 m of thickness. Since the detailed mapping of this glacier in 1958 the glacier has thinned 12 to 15 m at 5000 feet.

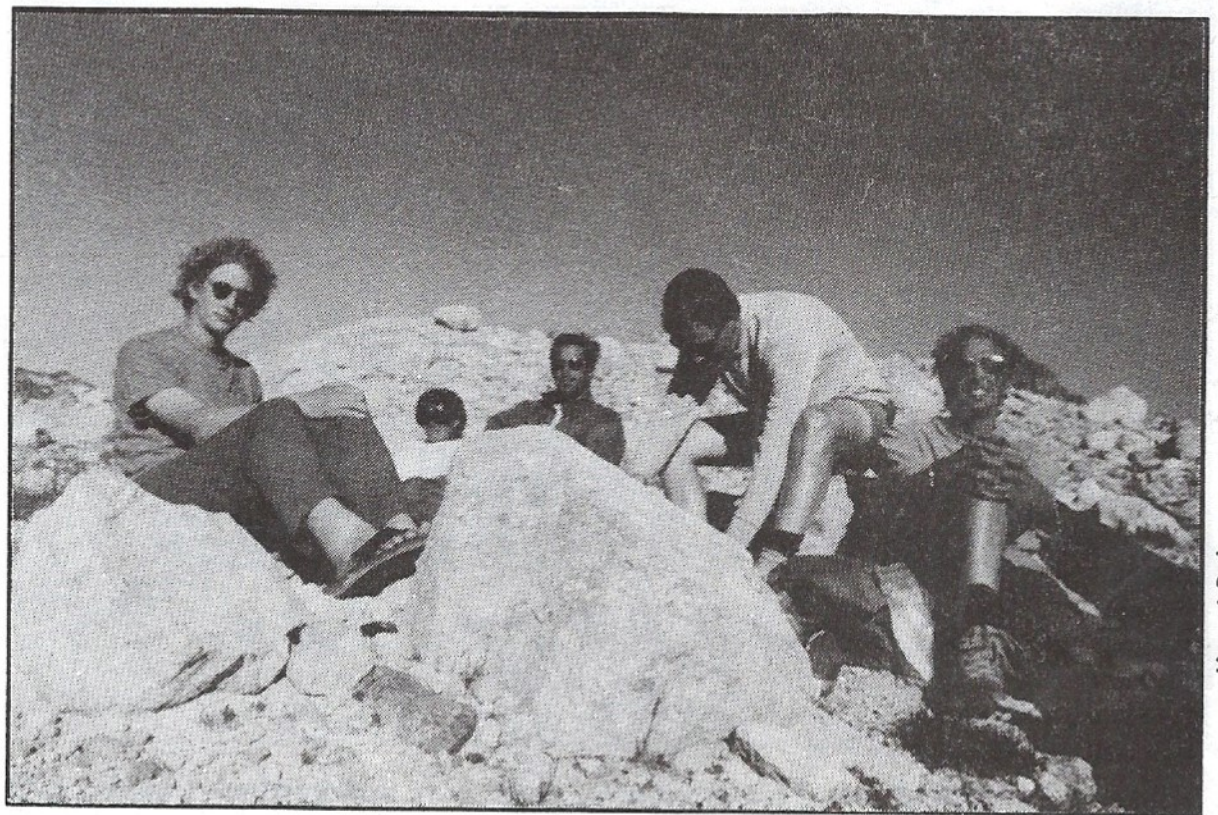
The highlight of this campsite was Paula's cooking demonstration in which the pot grips, heather and some Koolaid that looked like powdered milk disappeared in the pot of pasta and sauce. The sheer comedy overcame the resulting flavor.

Sholes and Rainbow Glaciers

Our next stop was Camp Kiser on Ptarmigan Ridge, on the north side of Mount Baker. The road was closed at Heather Meadow, leading to an extra climb to Artist Point. At Artist Point attempts to clear the parking lot were progressing slowly, the main cause being the 3 to 5 meters of 1999 snowpack left. This snow had not been cleared last year and had now significantly hardened.

The trail out Ptarmigan Ridge, like last year, was untracked beyond Table Mountain. We saw a group of 22 mountain goats just before Camp Kiser. A survey of the Sholes and Rainbow Glaciers indicated snowpack was high here as well. The Sholes Glacier was still totally snowcovered, and only a few small patches of blue were exposed on Rainbow Glacier.

Measurement of the snowpack in

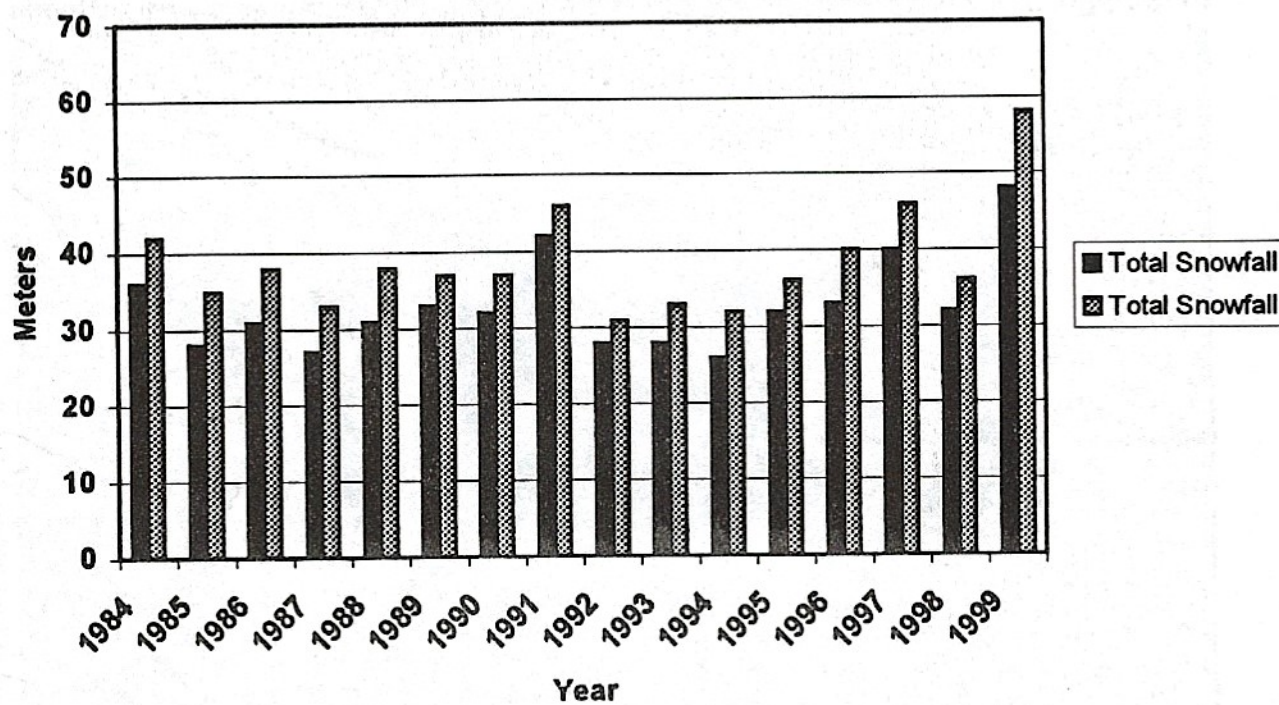


The 2000 field team, left to right: Ed, Paula, Ben, Bruce and Mauri. No bugs during siesta on Mount Daniel.



July 1931: Easton Glacier on Mount Baker is the long finger on the left.

Total Winter Snowfall on Rainbow and Easton glaciers



The winter snowfall for Easton Glacier, right bar, and Rainbow Glacier, left bar, based on observed summer snowpack, observed summer snowmelt and average snowfall density.

crevasses on Rainbow Glacier indicated that 2.7 m of snowpack remained, which will lead to an equilibrium mass balance by the end of the melt season. A check of the glacier in late September by Paula indicated that this is the case. The Rainbow Glacier had retreated 150 m since 1996 and 320 m since 1984.

After covering 10 miles and ascending 2500 feet from the terminus of Rainbow Glacier to camp we found a marmot had eaten an entire 1 pound bag of plain M&Ms. Slinking through the grass, the marmot appeared ready for more. Shortly thereafter a coyote passed by sending all the marmots scurrying to safety.

Lower Curtis Glacier

We returned to Heather Meadow and resupplied for the hike in to the Lower Curtis Glacier on the Lake Ann trail. The trail had 27 downed trees providing excellent steeplechase practice, still not an



The Easton Glacier, 1952.

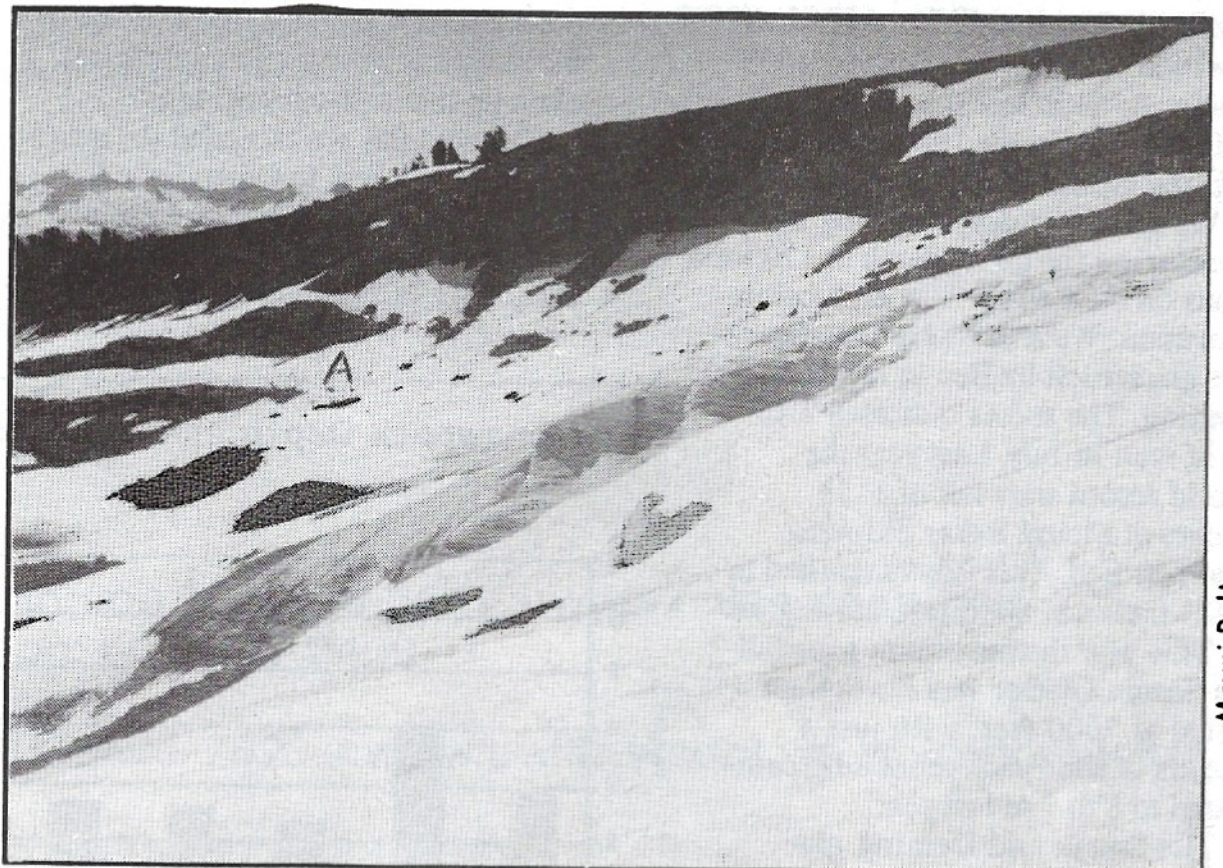
Olympic sport.

We had hit our stride after one week of work, or I should say our appetites had hit their stride. I have spent 20 years doing this kind of field work, and never had a group with such an appetite. Ben and Ed were the food carriers, fortunately, being younger and bigger. Every breakfast featured consuming a 3-pound bag of granola, followed by a one-pound bag of M&Ms for dessert, and so forth.

The Lower Curtis Glacier had not retreated since 1998 as the terminus was still covered by a little bit of 1999 snowpack. The terminus would melt out and retreat some in the late summer. We used a laser ranger to demonstrate that in the middle of the glacier the Lower Curtis Glacier has thinned by 10 m since the last map of the area from 1975.

Easton, Squak and Deming Glaciers

We circled Mount Baker to survey the Easton and Squak Glaciers. The



Mauri Pelto

Easton Glacier, 1999. Although it cannot be seen at this scale, a painted terminus marker is at this location, above the letter "A." It is an interesting historic marker that can easily be found.



Mauri Peltto

The Lyman Glacier and ice cliff, 2000.

heavy food bags required to sustain this group made the ascent to camp at the end of the Easton Glacier more arduous than usual. The Easton Glacier terminus was exposed and retreating. The retreat since 1984 amounted to 240 m. The glacier is still in advance of its 1940 position, but seems to be headed quickly back to a similar point.

This is evident in the 1931 photograph. Notice the cliff on the west side of the glacier. This cliff has a painted terminus marker on it and is 200 meters below the current terminus position. See "Easton Glacier, 1999" photo. At 5600 feet the glacier had thinned 12 m since 1985, but at 7500 feet the glacier had thinned only 2 m.

We spent two days mapping and measuring the snow depth at 170 locations on the Easton Glacier, most in crevasses. We also replaced stakes in the glacier left by Ben to measure melting. The stakes indicated 2.45 m of melt in July. Last year the world record snowfall of 1131 inches at Mount Baker Ski Area was certified. This was magnified to 2283 inches at 8000 feet, see Figure 1. This year the maximum snowfall on Easton Glacier was lower than usual at 7000 feet, with just 4 meters of snowpack remaining compared to 8 to 9 m last year.

The Squak and Deming glaciers' termini were checked, both retreating only slightly in the last two years.

Cache Col and Quien Sabe Glaciers

Cascade Pass was the next destination. We stayed at Mineral Park, a nice setting, but deteriorating. We hiked up to the Cache Col Glacier, which had snowpack similar to 1995, 2.5 m. This would lead to a negative mass balance by the end of the summer.

The terminus cave was open and beautiful. Paula was awed by the large, totally blue aura of the glacier base. Caves under a glacier are only created during retreat at the margins, since movement is slow then and does not close up the melt-out openings.

The next day we ascended the grueling climber's way to Quien Sabe Glacier. The glacier is retreating rapidly, partly because of the smooth bedrock base. This hard granite rock also makes

for the good climbing on Forbidden Peak.

Quien Sabe Glacier, for its modest slope and small size, is badly crevassed because of the rapid flow allowed by the polished smooth granite base. The glacier had retreated 85 meters since last checked in 1992. The granite is tough to erode, and, unlike other North Cascade glaciers, the glaciers in this basin generate minimal erosion. Thus, the North Fork Cascade River despite input from numerous glaciers lacks the green tint of most glacial streams.

Lyman Glacier

We headed south and east to Lyman Glacier after a dip at Lake Wenatchee State Park, featuring waves sufficient to body surf in. A cool but sunny day was perfect in this often warm location.

Lyman Glacier is retreating slower, and the ice cliff at the terminus into the lake is getting higher. The ice cliff is now 28 m high. Snowpack was near average, which for the last two decades means a modest negative mass balance. This was expected, given the fairly average snowpack at the Lyman Lake USDA Snotel site.

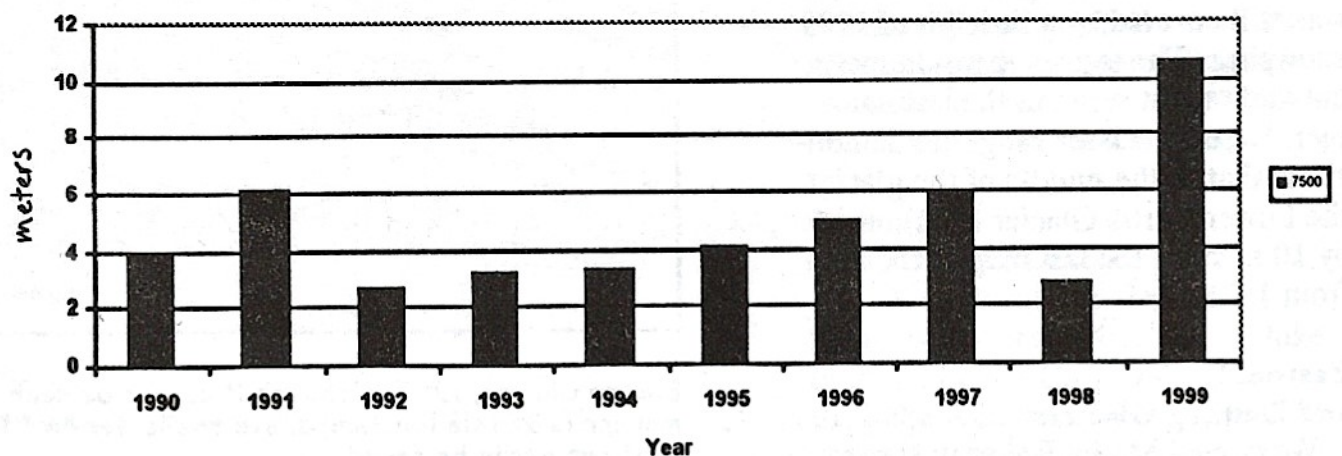
We experimented with M&M poker that night, and since we were all beginners the winnings were fortunately evenly shared. This is an excellent choice for rain-inspired tent time.

Ice Worm, Lynch, Daniel Glaciers

Our last stop as always was Mount Daniel. The hike in was quick partly because of the mosquitoes after passing Squaw Lake, forcing us to move fast enough to outpace their wings.

We camped 1/4-mile beyond Peggys Pond in the bare rock area below Ice

Snowpack Depth in mid-August at 2300 m on Mount Baker



Worm Glacier; the wind was stronger, but the bugs nearly absent.

After measuring the Ice Worm Glacier—slightly negative mass balance—we summited the East Peak of Daniel. A cold wind soon drove us down onto the Lynch Glacier, where clouds dominated the west side.

Snowpack in the numerous crevasses on Lynch Glacier was less than 1995, 1996, 1997 or 1999. This glacier had the highest negative balance of any glacier. It also has a high mean altitude of 7100 feet. The terminus area was steeper than ever leading to a challenging down-climb. We ascended the glacier and enjoyed fantastic glissading down the Daniel Glacier.

The next day we surveyed the Daniel Glacier and found a modest negative mass balance and no retreat since 1996. This glacier also has a high mean altitude of 7200 feet, and very little avalanche accumulation.

We summited the Middle and Main peaks of Daniel for lunch in cool sunny weather, before descending the Ice Worm Glacier.

As this glacier has retreated the snow slopes have steepened. In general, glaciers reduce surface slopes, smoothing the terrain. As they retreat the terrain left behind often is much more difficult, altering basic long-held climbing routes.

The last night we were saved by a visit from fellow camper Shawn Terjeson, from down by Peggys Pond,

driven upward by the bugs. He came with extra chocolate, earning considerable esteem.

Overall, glaciers lost mass balance in 2000. The exceptions were on the western side of the range and at lower elevations.

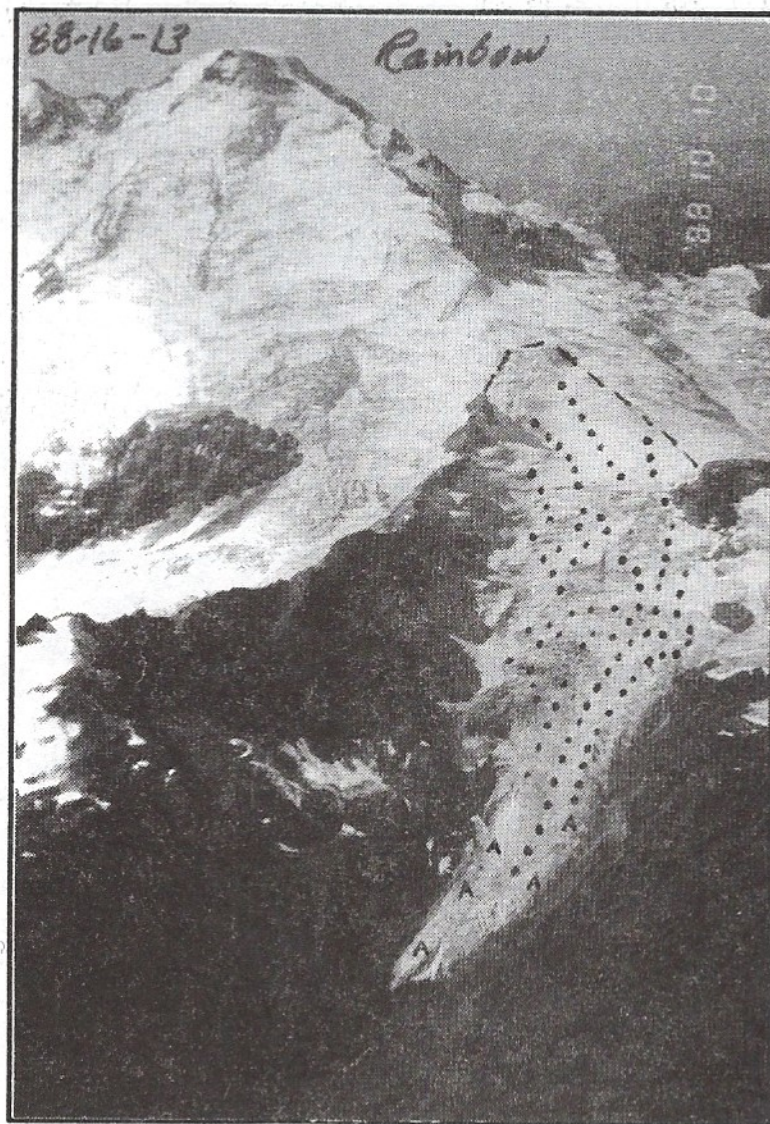
This demonstrates the lower maximum snowpack zone than usual and the failure of weather systems to carry as much moisture across the crest.

Also the Columbia Glacier has suffered through the warm weather of recent years because of its low elevation.

This past winter and spring were noticeably cooler, favoring an improvement in the Columbia's overall condition.



Mauri Pelto is the director of the North Cascade Glacier Climate



Dots indicate measurement locations on Rainbow Glacier. This photo is from 1988.

Project, which is based at Nichols College in Dudley, Massachusetts. His research can be seen at <www.nichols.edu/departments/glacier/index.html>.

Winter Information

Avalanche Report: Washington 206-526-6677 <www.nwac.noaa.gov>
Oregon: 503-808-2400

Mountain Pass Report: 800-695-7623 <www.traffic.wsdot.wa.gov/snow-info>

Sno-Park Grooming Information 800-233-0321

Methow Valley trails: 800-682-5787 <www.mvsta.com>

MITCH BLANTON

The Southern Pickets

—CLIMBS ABOVE TERROR BASIN—

I left Bellingham last Friday, July 28, in the continuing light rain which had persisted for much of the week and which had delayed my trip with Mark Owen and Paul Cho. I met them in Sedro-Woolley and we were all surprised that as we drove up the Skagit the weather actually got better.

At the Goodell Creek trailhead it was dry and so was all the brush. Things went well until around noon when light rain commenced. At 2, by which time we were soaked, we reached the rock slide where flat ground and a big tree induced us to stop and build a fire. Here we experienced a three-hour rain delay.

The weather pundits had been unanimous in predicting a rapid turnaround in the weather for Saturday, so when the heavy rain slowed to almost nothing we got underway again and this proved to be our last worry about the weather.

As dark approached we were far from our goal of the basin, so we made



Mark Owen

The Southern Pickets, left to right: Degenhardt, Pyramid, Inspiration, West and East MacMillan Spires.

camp in the last of the flat ground. Next morning we soon reached the 6000-foot notch where one drops into Shangri-la and encountered the last obstacle. Here the moderately-angled snowfield was capped by a 30-foot top that was at least 50 degrees. I tried doing down into the moat, but ran into a small cliff.

Coming back up I managed to get myself and pack stuck in the cleft and had to extricate by Mark. So we chopped a bollard—very easy because there was almost a natural one—and did a two-rope rappel.

After the drop we traversed over to the last slabs at 5500 feet where we found a wonderful flat area in which we established camp. Next it was on

to East McMillan.

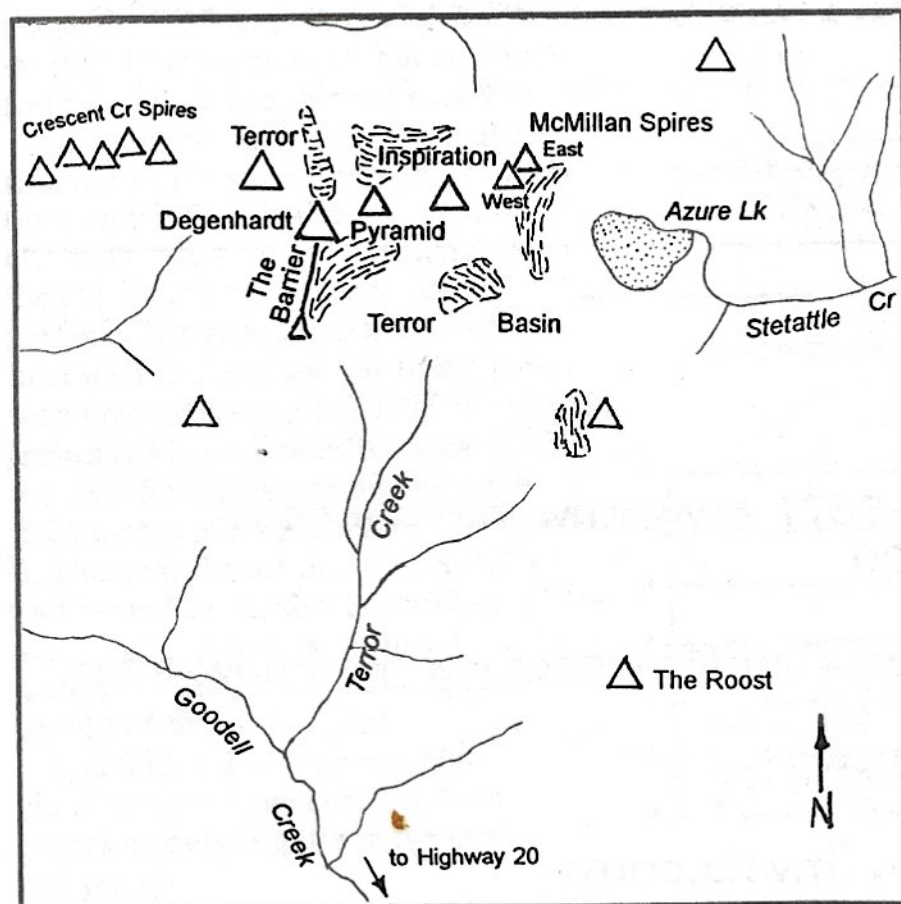
The direct start to the snow gully has a bad moat problem which I expect is passable only January to May 1. About 100 feet to the right of this is a shallow chimney which fortunately was faced by perhaps the only narrow spot in the moat. This pitch, done in rock shoes, was about 80 feet of moderate Class 5 with a few moves of 5.7.

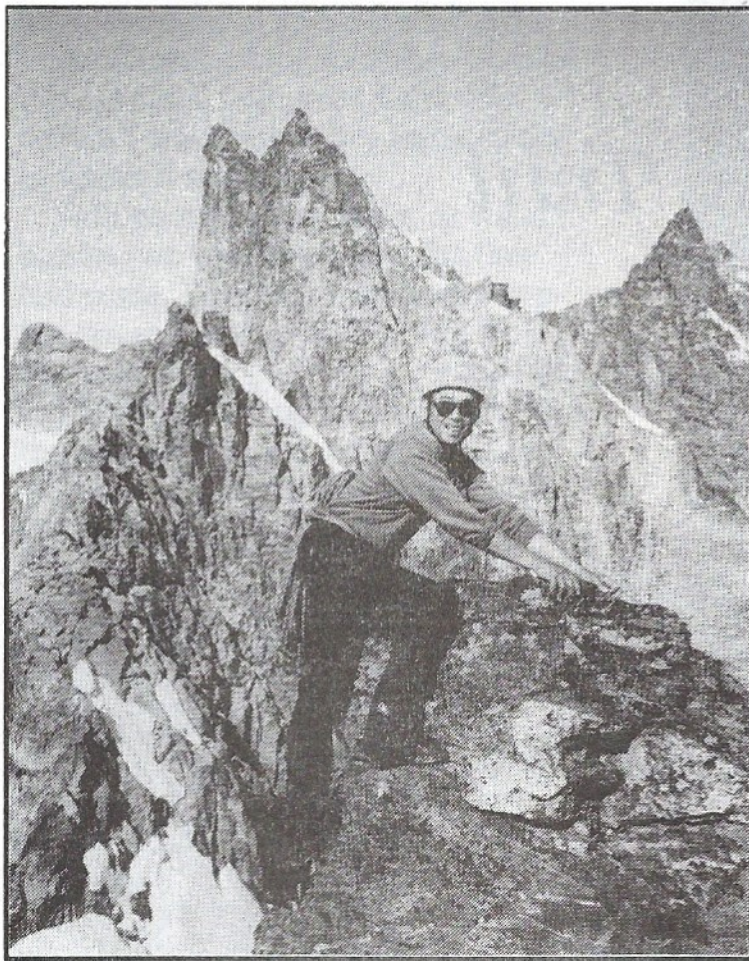
At the top of this Paul finally had to admit that he had aggravated a bad knee and so decided to sit out the rest of the climb.

Mark and I did three pitches of 40 to 45 degree snow, then another two that were easier, to reach the notch and the final 2½ pitches of mostly Class 3 rock (some Class 4).

The register contained four entries from 1987 and 1988. Russ Kroeker had been there twice, once with John Roper, once with Silas Wild, where they had traversed over from Little Mac (impressive). One or two of the Skoog brothers had done a winter (March 17) ascent (extremely impressive).

The descent went well. We stayed on the rock ridge to the east of the couloir





Paul on West MacMillan Spire. Inspiration and Pyramid in back.

and did two single rope rappels and then a double rope rappel after rejoining Paul.

The next day Paul elected to give his knee a chance to recover, so he spent the day playing lizard while Mark and I did Degenhardt and Pyramid. We reached these by way of the high Barrier crossing.

This entailed three pitches on sloping ledges with numerous Class 4 and occasional Class 5 moves. From the Barrier we were able to traverse over to the standard route on Degenhardt (one

Mark Owen

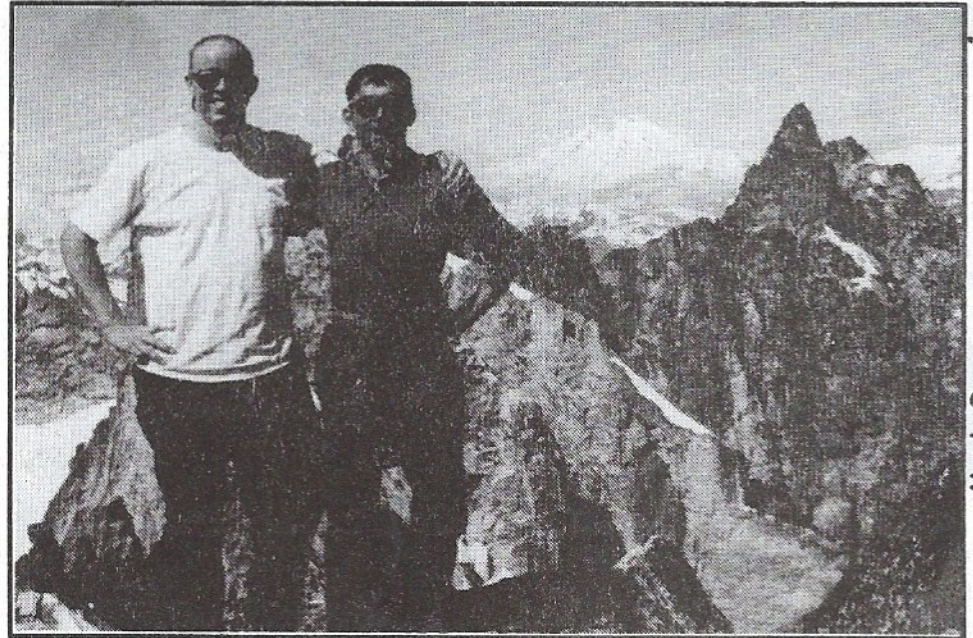
short rappel) where we encountered about 200 feet of delightful Class 4 to the top.

There is a small engraved plaque on top brought up by a party in 1991 that included two Degenhardts, presumable grandsons. Also three film

cans with climbs going back to 1973 but with big missing years—some papers probably got wet and were thrown away.

We returned to the ledges going over to Pyramid at 4pm and it was looking like we might be too late to get it, but Mark picked out a nice line and we lucked upon a continuous ledge system which allowed us to reach it in 45 minutes. Now things were looking good.

Retracing our steps, we then worked our way down to a good horn from which we did a double rope rappel to



Mark and Paul on West MacMillan Spire; Pyramid to the right.

Mark Owen

the glacier. Now we were looking really good. But after a 10-foot pull in retrieving the ropes, the knot got hung up and no amount of pulling on either end, or flipping, managed to dislodge it.

Fortunately we still had both ends, so Mark tied off to one while I went up the other, first free-climbing with a prusik for safety, then doing a real rope climb with a foot prusik and harness prusik.

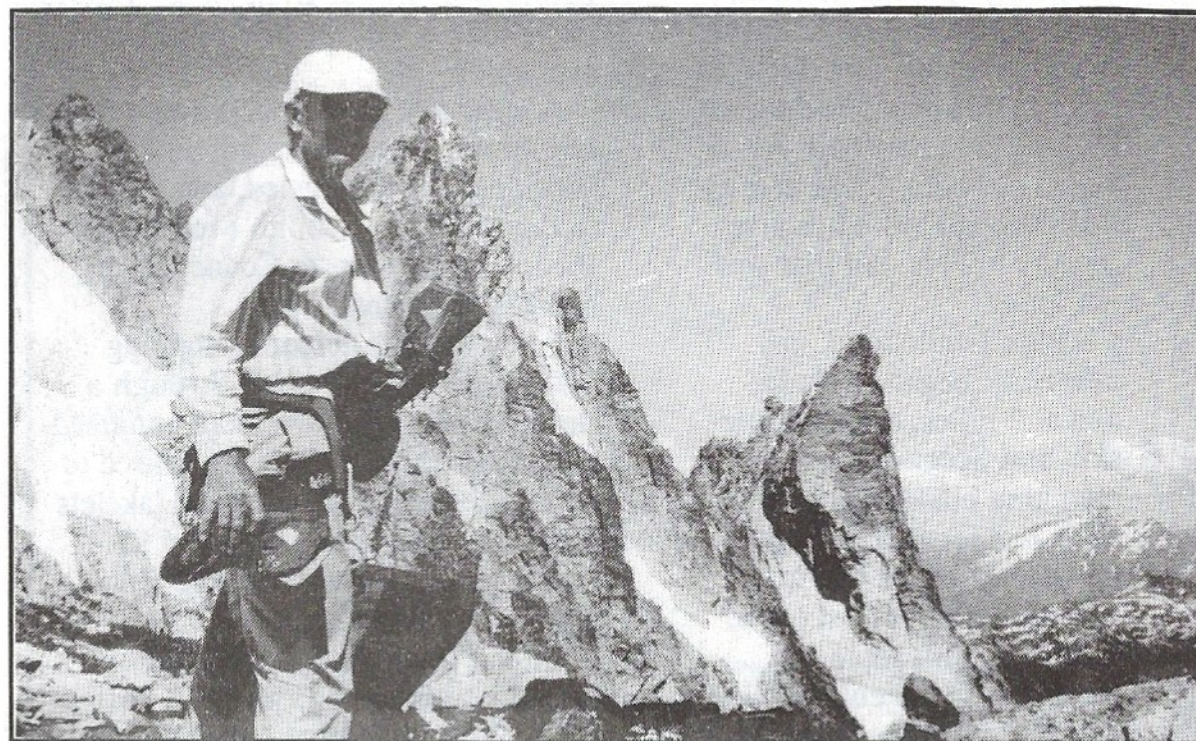
By the time I'd discovered the problem, cleared it, and gotten back down, an hour was consumed. The sun was setting as we headed down the glacier, but we had our tracks to follow and an unobstructed end-around route so were able to quickly return to camp in the twilight.

The plan for day 4 had been to do Inspiration, but a variety of factors worked against this. After a lengthy discussion of options, we decided that Mark and Paul would do West McMillan (which I'd done in 1982) while I ran the ridge that divides Stetattle Creek from Goodell, climbing 7160-foot (920-foot P) and Roper's Roost (865-foot P), then rendezvousing at the bench/gorge on the trail at 5000 feet for our last camp.

That all went according to plan, and day five was a relatively easy descent back to the trailhead and soon a celebratory feast at Good Food in Marblemount—Paul's treat to us.

△

Mitch Blanton, of Bellingham, is a gardener at Western Washington University and a dedicated peak-bagger.



Mitch puts on rock shoes at the Barrier crossing. Pyramid and Inspiration in back.

Mark Owen

LAURA WILD

Up the Foggy Dew Trail

—A TRANQUIL DESTINATION ON SAWTOOTH RIDGE—

It is always the highlight of my summer to be able to spend a few days outdoors with three of my dear friends. Because we live some distance apart, it is usually the only chance we have to see one another. No matter the weather or terrain, we always have a great time together.

This summer we chose to head up the Foggy Dew trail in search of tranquility at Sunrise Lake. Doris and I had spent three nights on the Chelan Summit trail in 1997, so we were familiar with the general area. Debra's book on classic hikes in Washington, with its exuberant descriptions of the area, clinched it for us.



Valerie, Debra and Laura in flowery Merchants Basin.

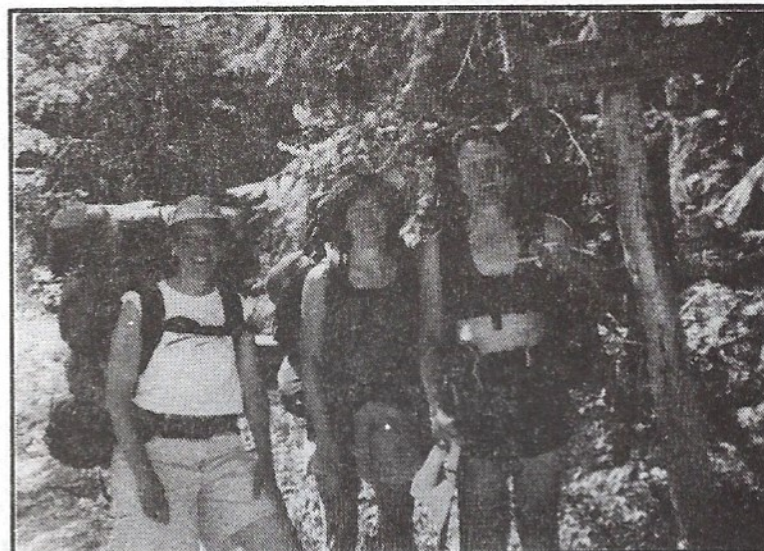
After a fairly seamless departure, forgetting nothing major, we arrived at the Foggy Dew trailhead at 2pm on a scorchingly hot and dusty August day.

A large party of horses were being loaded in the parking lot, ready to head up the trail. Valerie inquired as to where the pack train might be headed (hoping we wouldn't be sharing a campsite with same). Relief! They were supplying a church camp one drainage over from our destination.

Applying sunscreen and bug repellent, we mentally prepared ourselves for the climb. We had 3700 feet to attain in approximately 7 miles. Cheerfully, we donned our packs and started up the trail.

I had purchased new boots in the spring, and had tried diligently to break them in. Unfortunately, they just never did fit correctly, and the week prior to this trip, I had traded them in on a new pair. As we began our hike, I was hoping this new pair wouldn't give me any trouble, but that was not to be.

At the 2-mile mark, my new boots began to chafe, and at 3 miles, despite mole-skin and Second Skin, matching blisters on both heels had formed. My pace for the rest of the trip was slowed, which turned out to be for the best, since we spent more time enjoying the scenery rather than making miles.



Friends Valerie Antonelli-Lapp, Debra Weinstein and Doris Curtis at start of backpack trip on Foggy Dew trail.

Laura Wild

After many breaks from the relentless climb, we scrambled the last 1000 feet up to Sunrise Lake, elevation 7200 feet, just as the sun disappeared over the horizon. With snow patches on the shoreline, the shallow lake, ringed by steep walls, offered several camping spots. In the twilight, setting up camp, we were thrilled to have this incredibly beautiful place all to ourselves.

We savored a meal of Top Ramen before bed. In our tired state, Valerie exclaimed it was the best meal she'd ever eaten.

A clear sky greeted us the next morning, promising another hot day. We consulted our topo maps, and decided to day-hike up through Merchants Basin, over a pass, to Cooney Lake, about 8 miles round trip.

We began our descent, dropping 1000 feet, then climbed through a flower-strewn meadow to an unnamed pass at 8000 feet, where we paused to admire the array of peaks and lakelets around us. Dropping 1000 feet to Cooney Lake, we watched the fish jump while we ate lunch.

On our climb back to Sunrise Lake later that afternoon, we were anticipating how refreshing a dip in the lake would be. Suddenly a group of about 15

boys, ranging in age from 15 to 18, materialized, asking us if they were on the right trail to Sunrise Lake. We couldn't make out if they had a leader, or whom it might be.

With no maps, day packs, or water bottles, we wondered how far they had come. They said they were camping "over there" with a group from Spokane.

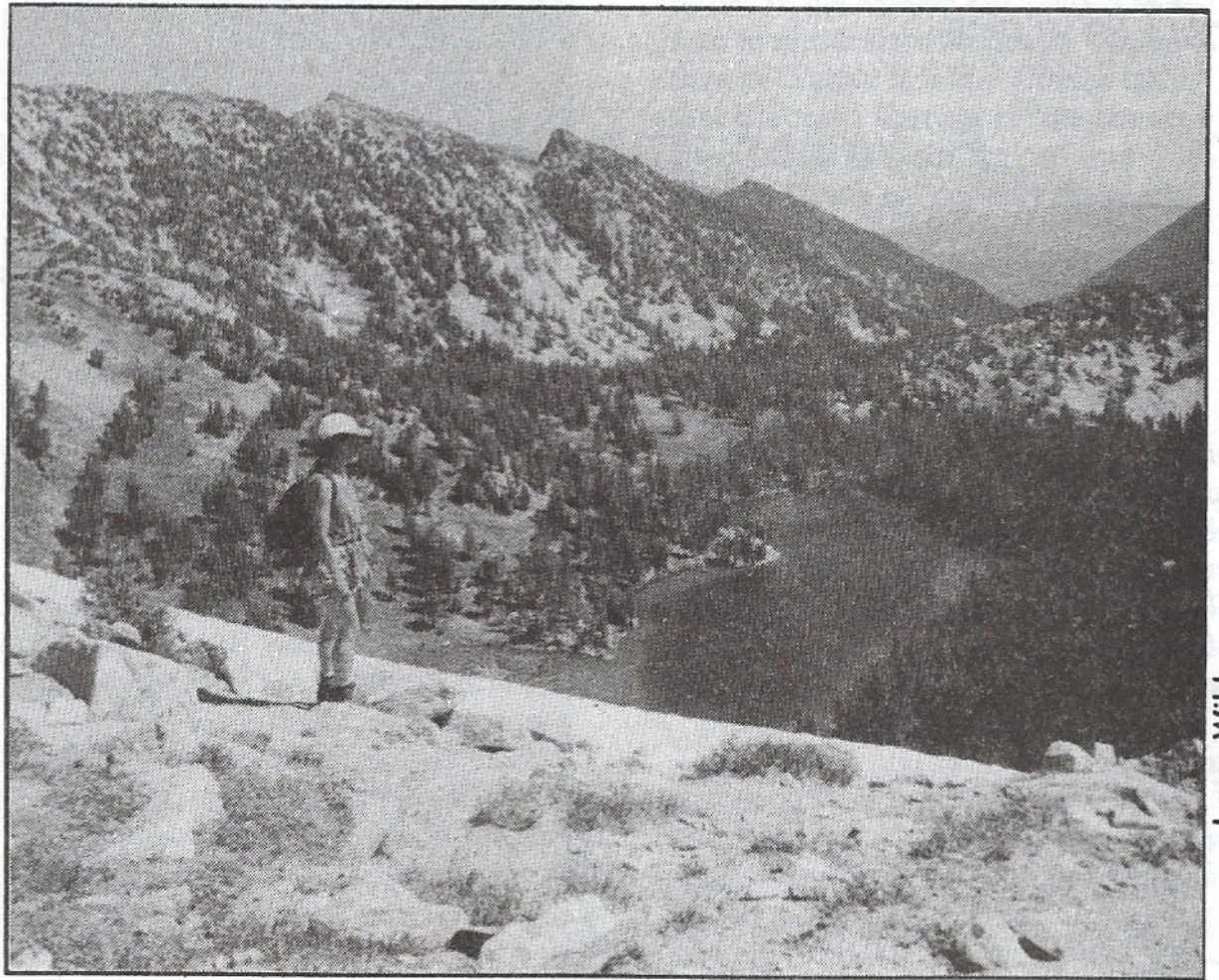
They bounded up the trail, and by the time we had arrived at our camp, we found the lakeshore overrun, and the tranquillity interrupted as they hit the water. We decided to wait for a dip until the party left. Fortunately, they stayed less than an hour, then, as suddenly as they had arrived, turned and headed down the trail.

We were delighted to discover that the lake water was relatively warm, with a shallow, sandy bottom.

That evening at dinner, having just completed cooking black beans and rice, my trusty Svea stove of many years developed a leak. We had one more day out, and no spare stove. Out of necessity, we gathered wood, and the next day cooked over a campfire. I'd much rather have had the stove than the aesthetics the fire provided.

On the third day, we decided to climb through Merchants Basin to the pass again, but this time to consider dropping into the East Fork Prince Creek drainage for a different perspective.

When we arrived at the pass, under the hot sun, and peering down into the valley, we opted to sit down and admire the view. Over lunch, we picked out the peaks to the west of Lake Chelan,



Laura Wild

Debra at the pass overlooking Cooney Lake.

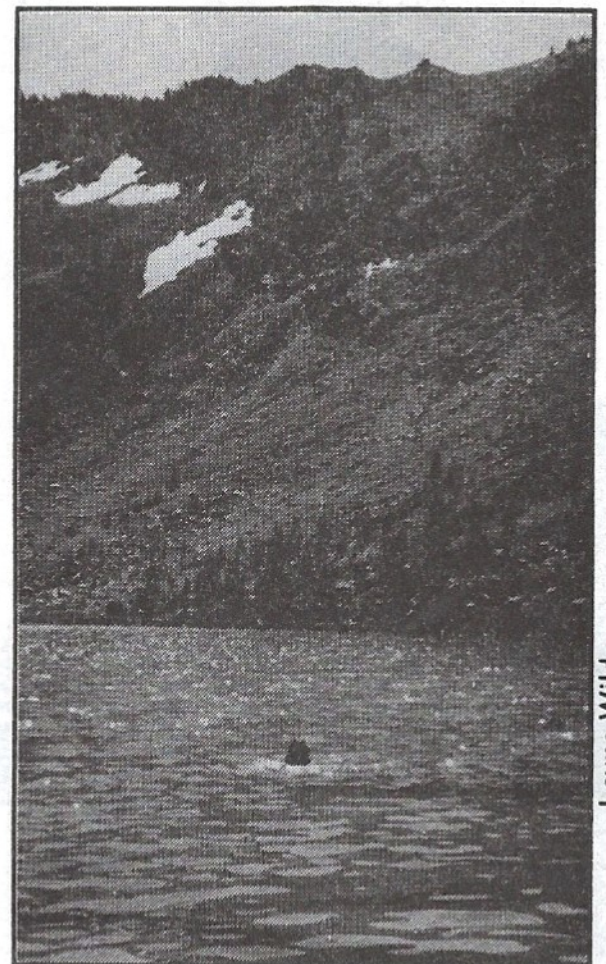
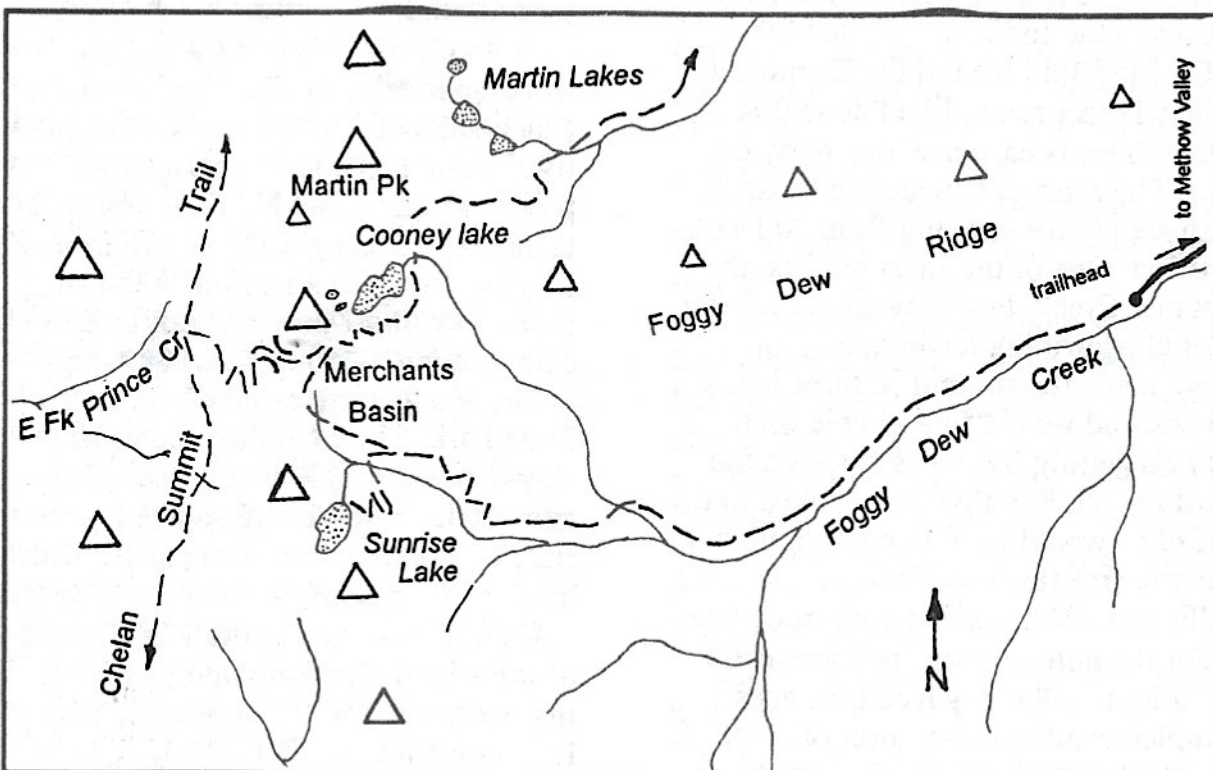
shimmering in the distance.

Returning to camp mid-afternoon, we all enjoyed a swim, then decided to stroll around the lake. A party of two men and two teenaged boys, who had been swimming on the far side, began a climb up the walls of the cirque. We watched them climb over the top, and disappear down the other side.

We were up early on our final day, anxious to head down to the car before the day really heated up. Eating a cold breakfast, we were out of camp by

7am, and at the car by 10:30. It had been yet another wonderful trip, with memories enough to tide us over until next year. △

Laura Wild lives in Arlington. She and her family enjoy hiking to look-out sites.



Laura Wild

Valerie takes a swim in Sunrise Lake.

DALLAS KLOKE

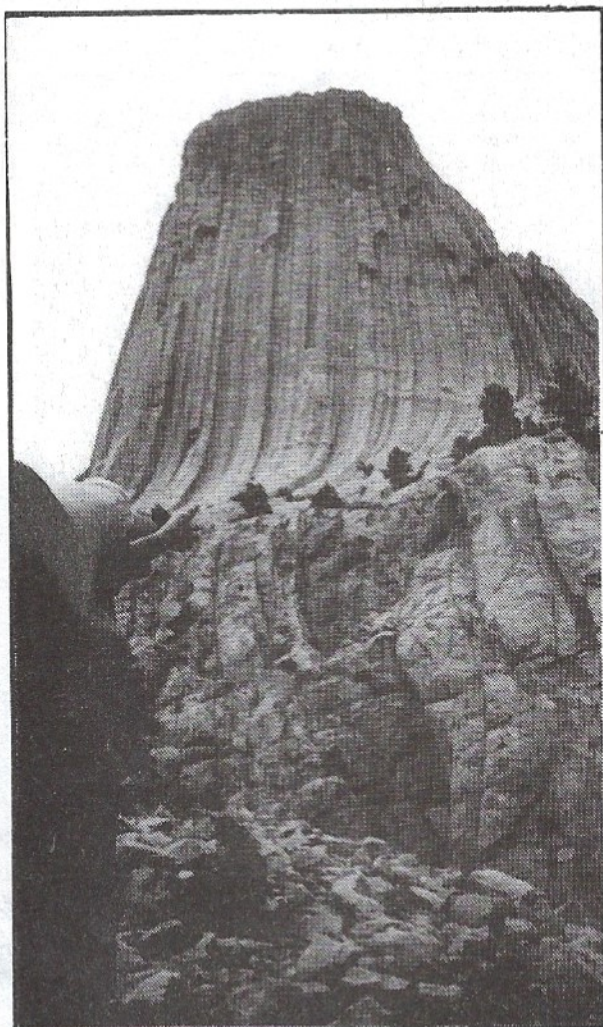
A Tower, the Needles and Colorado Classics

—A ROCK-CLIMBING ROAD TRIP—

About two years ago Jay Matzko and I had talked about a climbing trip to Devils Tower in Wyoming, The Needles of South Dakota, and rock areas near Boulder, Colorado. Jay, a Navy pilot, had a free period at the end of May and the first part of June last year. Our plan was to fly to Denver, rent a car, and head to northeast Wyoming and Devils Tower for our first stop.

On our way to Denver via Phoenix our plane had some electrical problems causing us to miss our deadline to pick up the car in Denver. At 1:15am in the airport, we set up our "Motel 2" among the potted trees with the cleaning crews busy at work. The next morning at 6am we were off for the 7-hour drive to Devils Tower.

Devils Tower, at 5117 feet, is a National Monument. It rises 1270 feet above the Belle Fourche River. The Indians have many names for it, including "Bear Lodge." One Indian legend



Devils Tower, Wyoming

has a boy turning into a bear and chasing his seven sisters up a tree stump. The bear's claws scored all the bark around the trunk. The seven sisters were borne into the sky, and they became the stars of the Big Dipper. In 1906 President Teddy Roosevelt proclaimed Devils Tower our nation's first National Monument.

Geologically, scientists believe that about 60 million years ago, molten magma was forced up and cooled underground. Over millions of years, erosion of the sedimentary rocks above exposed Devils Tower.

The tower was first "climbed" on July 4, 1893, by two ranchers who made a wooden ladder by driving stakes into the cracks. The first rock climbing ascent was made in the mid-1930s by Fritz Wiessner and party. Records of the tower's climbs have been kept since 1937. As of 1994, 34,961 ascents have been made of the tower. Every year approximately 5000 climbers come from all over the world to climb on the massive columns. More than 220 different routes have been climbed.

Jay and I wanted to climb the tower before June 1, since there is a voluntary closure of climbing during this month. The closure is to respect what the tower means to the Indians' spiritual life.

On May 30th we did the Durrance/Bailey Direct route. I had done this route 10 years earlier with a party of four. The route is a moderate Class 5 with six pitches ranging from 30 feet to 150 feet. One of the short pitches, the Cussing Crack, is a body jam requiring a lot of squirming technique.

We made the summit in three hours. To descend we did four double rope rappels getting the ropes stuck on the third rappel. For a while it looked like one of us would have to go back up our ropes to free them. After some strenuous pulling at a better angle, they came free.

For the non climber, the monument has a lot to offer. A paved trail goes completely around the tower offering excellent viewpoints of climbers doing



Dallas Kloke

Totem Pole, at The Needles, South Dakota.

their thing. Several other trails can be hiked; one goes around a huge prairie dog town. A campground is available a short distance from the tower. The tower has a visitors' center and is open year around.

From Devils Tower it's a two- or three-hour drive to The Needles in the Black Hills of South Dakota. On a family reunion trip a few years ago, we passed through The Needles. The spectacular spires caught my attention and I had to come back to climb a few of them. Jay and I used Sylvan Lake campground, 6250 feet, as our camp.

The Needles are primarily in Custer State Park. The 14-mile Needles Highway winds through the granite spires surrounded by pine and spruce forests. Beautiful open meadows are dotted with birch and aspen trees.

Wildlife abounds in the 17,800 acres of rangeland, the dominant animal being the bison or tatanka, which is the Lakota word for buffalo. Many other animals—mule deer, coyotes, prong-

Dallas Kloke

horn antelope and a variety of birds—roam the area.

The rock of The Needles consists of granite and pegmatite. The rock is hard and has crystals of feldspar protruding, ranging up to fist size. One guidebook author stated that a fall on this rock would be like falling on a cheese grater.

With hundreds of spires and formations to choose from, we decided to concentrate our efforts in the Tenpins area just a short distance from Sylvan Lake. After a warm-up climb on the Duckpin, it was time to tackle what the author of *Touch the Sky*, the guidebook to The Needles, calls “an all-time classic.”

Tricouni Nail is an impressive, three-headed shaft first climbed by the famous rock climber of the 1960s, Royal Robbins. The only route to the top was up the west and south faces, rated at 5.8. From below, or whatever direction one viewed it, it looked intimidating. Jay gave me the sling of gear and said it was my lead.

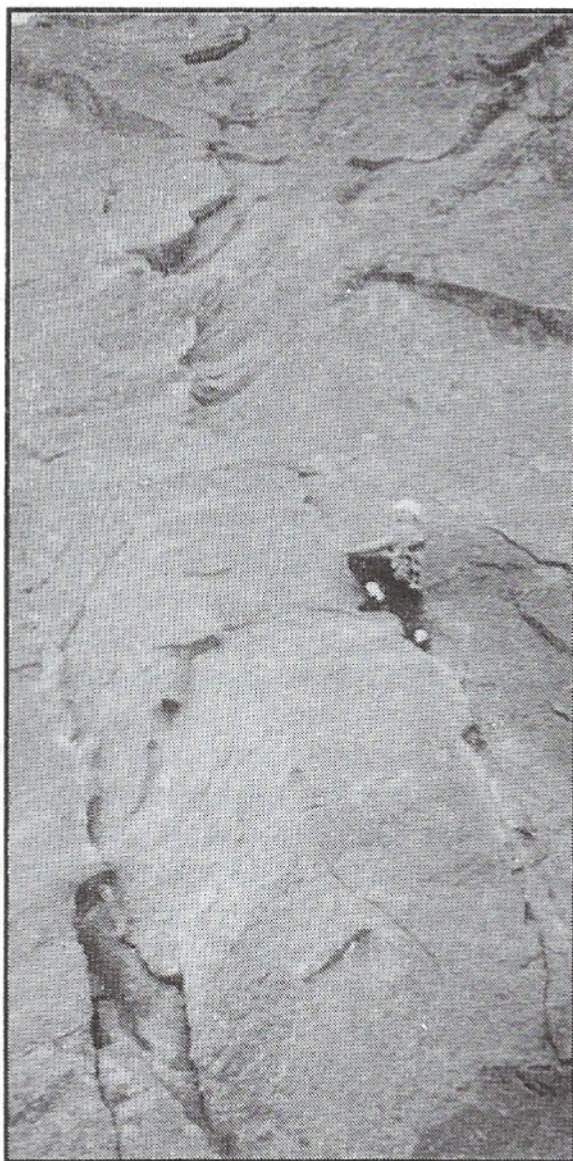
There were three fixed pitons at the beginning; that was good. However, the rest of the way to the summit had only two bolts for protection. The bolts were pretty far apart; that was bad! Oh well, this spire is an all-time classic!

Although very steep, the rock was solid and it had plenty of small crystals sticking out for holds. A common practice in The Needles is to have both climbers descend from the summit on rappel at the same time. The climbers rappel down opposite sides with their weights counter-balancing one another as they descend. We decided to forego this technique and put a sling around a perfect hump at the top.

One spire we really wanted to climb was Totem Pole. A picture of the spire in a climbing magazine helped to fuel this desire. The Totem Pole stands boldly over 100 feet on the edge of the road. Locally in the early history of The Needles, it was known as “The Traffic Cop.” The first ascent was made in 1936 by the well-known climber Fritz Wiessner and party. They used a couple of shoulder stands to overcome short difficulties.

Jay took the lead off the side of the road up a crack and chimney to the top of a huge, exposed flake. Making a traverse to the left onto the north face, he reached the crux move: a wide crack. The difficulty is getting up this crack which only allows one leg and part of your upper body to slide into it.

Jay took two short falls before mak-



Dallas Kloke

Jay on Bastille Crack in Eldorado Canyon, Colorado.

ing it on his third try. He climbed the rest of the route without any problems.

Below, tourists began to gather for picture-taking of Jay sitting on the airy summit. Now it was my turn. Upon reaching the crux crack, I soon realized the difficulty Jay had faced. I got the left side of my body jammed in, but couldn't move up from that position.

After thrashing around for several minutes, with tourists watching my predicament, I grabbed the rope and pulled myself up a few feet to better holds. At that point I didn't feel too guilty about not having climbed it “free.”

Our final leg of the trip was to drive back to Colorado and visit two or three rock climbing areas.

West of Fort Collins and just north of Estes Park is Lumpy Ridge. This area has numerous granite formations with routes of all levels of difficulty at an elevation of around 8000 feet. We chose Bat Pinnacle, called in the guidebook “a modern megaclassic.” The enjoyable route ascended the south face in four leads of 5.6 climbing.

After this climb, we drove to Boulder and then south a short distance to the famous Eldorado Canyon.

In 1993 I had climbed a couple of

routes in the canyon but wanted to return to climb Bastille Crack. The author of *Classic Boulder Climbs* states that Eldorado Canyon is “the crown jewel of the Boulder region” and Bastille Crack is “possibly the most traveled route in the state.”

The crack is rated 5.8 and is 4 to 5 pitches long up the reddish sandstone formation known as The Bastille. Although almost vertical, the crack is solid and holds protection very well.

We alternated leads, even passing a female pigeon on her nest. The male pigeon was nearby, eyeing us suspiciously. The roaring river below made it very difficult to hear belay signals.

There were only a few climbers in the area on this Monday compared with the hordes on a weekend. This classic route brought an end to our climbing adventures.

As our trip concluded, I reflected on the challenges we had in the several areas we visited. Most of all we had an enjoyable, safe trip. For rock climbers, but even for hikers and sightseers, these areas have a lot to offer in the way of historical features, wildlife, and natural beauty.

△

Dallas Kloke, of Anacortes, is the author of Just Crank It, the climbing guide to Mount Erie, as well as several other guides.



Dallas Kloke

Jay, with Super Pin on the left, Tricouni Nail right, in The Needles, South Dakota.

BUD HARDWICK

Skiing the Groomed Trails of the Okanagan

—WHERE TO GO FOR GOOD TRAILS—

The Okanagan region of British Columbia includes the valley containing Okanagan Lake and the surrounding highlands and mountains. The climate of this area ranges from the desert at the US border (the only desert in Canada) to the well-known alpine ski resorts of Big White and Silver Star.

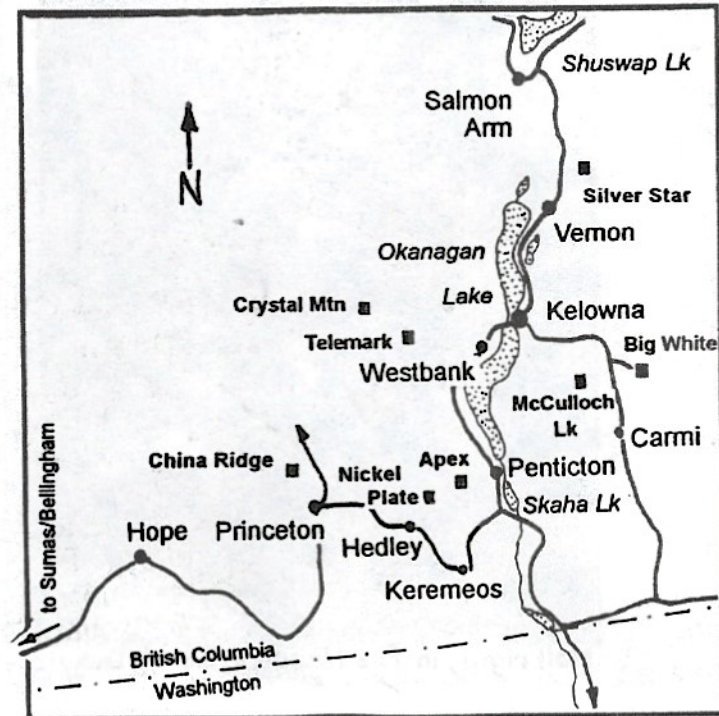
Skiing in the Okanagan provides a special experience. The snow is thin but incredibly dry. Cold day and night temperatures can maintain the crystalline powder for a long time.

The shallow depth of the snow brings another benefit—accessibility. Less snow depth means easier road maintenance, and a surprising network of gravel roads serves remote areas and communities year around.

Thin snows can also mean quick melting. When the spring warming begins some of these areas can turn to dirt trails quickly. For maximum enjoyment it's best to be flexible with your plans and opportunistic with the snow.

This tour through the Okanagan begins in Bellingham, crosses the border at Sumas, and then heads east to Hope where I continue on Crows Nest Highway 3. Driving past Manning Park my first stop is at Princeton.

This community is best known for the gold that washes down with the snowmelt each spring. Free river pan-



ning opportunities exist, but for now the snow is still in the mountains and that's where we are headed.

A short drive north through town, past the little shops, brings me across an historic bridge. An immediate left and just up the hill is the sign for the China Ridge cross-country ski area.

While snow-wise this must be one of the most marginal areas, I also have the most fun here. From the groomed portion of the 40km of trails are vistas of distant mountains and the Similkameen Valley below.

The special treat here is provided by the currently unused alpine ski area known as Snow Patch (formerly Bear Mountain). Touring up the trail on backcountry skis I dive off onto the short alpine slopes, time after time blending classic Nordic with powder turning, to my complete delight.

The next community I pass is Hedley. Rich in mining lore with a local museum, you may hear about a seasonal hermit living in an abandoned mine—trading pearls of wisdom for fresh fruit. In the reddish glow of the setting sun the mining ruins on the hillside remind me of an ancient pueblo and add to the mystery of the valley.

At Keremeos I turn north and pass the historic grist mill and farm, a pleasant summertime stop. Farther on, the Green Mountain road on my left is nondescript except for the large sign for Apex Mountain Resort.

This area seems like the horse capital of the Okanagan. Sleek thoroughbreds and shaggy mountain ponies share the pastures that line the road.

The Nickel Plate Nordic Center is only 6km past Apex Mountain Resort. I haven't skied between the two locations, probably because the 40km of trails have always been enough.

A large two-story hut provides fine comfort with a large open area to ski around. Higher trails link to other roadside parking areas and add pleasant complexity. Backcountry access is found across the road so there's something for everyone.

Descending into the Okanagan Valley I pass below a dense cloud bank that seems to have risen from the lakes. Locals tell me that this valley cloud is almost perpetual in the winter. Rock climbing in the Skaha Bluffs above Penticton in the spring I only remember sunshine but today seems to prove the locals' perspective.

The Carmi Recreation Area east of town provides 21km of groomed trails but on this trip the clouds somehow keep me traveling north.

Near Westbank I turn off at Glenrosa Road. Telemark Cross-Country Area is 5½ miles to the west. Jack, a longtime volunteer and groomer, collects the trail fee and gives me a quick history of the area.

He is proud to explain that the single track grooming on the right allows a



China Ridge above Similkameen Valley.



Bud Hardwick

At the top of Silver Star Mountain—fresh powder and off-trail.

new visitor to follow all the loops back to their beginning. The pressure to study maps and signs isn't as important until it's time to return to the hut for some warmth or hot chocolate.

For the vertically inclined, Crystal Mountain, a small lift area, is just up the road but the groomed trails at Telemark provided plenty of up and down gliding for me today.

At Kelowna I cross the lake and head up the east side of the valley toward Big White Resort. I pass the final turn-off and keep going straight to McCulloch Lake. Several different map names exist for these lakes but the signs provide no confusion and easily direct me to the groomed area called Nordic.

Today is special, though. They have groomed all the lower trails for a large group of blind skiers. The closely-set tandem tracks allow a sighted volunteer to accompany a visually impaired skier and assist with trail intersections. A helpful volunteer is relieved that I am willing to wait for their group to finish and provides me with a wealth of local info while I wait.

The resort across the street borders a frozen lake and provides almost unlimited touring on its frozen snow-covered surface. The 60km of trails at Nordic wind through dark forest and open meadows and onto exposed ridges. Later that night, the clear sky and full

moon make my headlamp unnecessary.

The nearby community and resort at Idabel Lake adds even more touring options. This area is going to require a return for some serious touring time and exploring.

Returning to the valley and continuing north I pass frozen lakes with motionless ice fishermen huddled over their poles. Through Vernon, I drive up to Silver Star Resort.

Here, the alpine lift-served skiing and groomed Nordic trails have been joined in what seems to be an ideal union (at least for the Nordic skiers). For less than \$10 per day a classic or skate skier has unlimited access to groomed trails, unlimited lift access and even a free bus shuttle.

From the village I take a chair ride to the top of the mountain. The clear blue skies give unlimited views especially to the east. Waves of mountain ranges can be seen: the Monashees, Selkirks, Valhallas, Purcell range, Columbia and Rocky mountains.

The first difficult choice—a quick descent with blue-sky views or a longer but more gentle trail both ending at the lodge at Sovereign Lakes. We opt for the longer run (actually by mistake).

At the lodge we split up into several groups; some will wait for the free shuttle back to the resort, others will take the lower trail to the village, and some of us decide to climb the steeper Aberdeen trail *back* to the summit. The slower climbing pace up the trail provides more time to enjoy the views and the well-groomed trail makes the climb enjoyable anyway.

At the summit we decide to take the round-the-mountain trail. Passing alpine slopes that tease us to give them a try, we eventually pop out at the foot of the mountains back at the village.

The full moon and clear nights provide plenty of moonlight skiing on the quiet backside of the Knoll at the resort. Finishing near the village the lights for the night skiing track seem harsh and glaring in comparison.

On our last night we get a little silly and yo-yo ski

off the short chair lift on our track skis. Clumsy tele-turns with an occasional laughing tumble—we fantasize that we can do anything but we really know that it's the perfect dry snow that's responsible. The lift access to mountain top views, nearly 100 km of winding trails, many of which descend off the mountain, and even gentle alpine runs give this location its special appeal.

At the northern-most limit of the Okanagan begins the Shuswap. On the way to Salmon Arm I find a small road sign on the right for Larch Hills cross-country ski area. Following the signs past several intersections I come to the parking lot in about 7 miles.

Special interest here are the trails through the larch groves, a rustic hut available for overnight stays, and the views of the valley. 60km of groomed trail and over 170km of marked trails are going to require more than one trip to explore this area. And looking at the views of the distant mountains make the high country skiing and summer scrambling seem close indeed.

△

Bud Hardwick lives on a small farm near Bellingham with his daughter Amanda and three saddle goats named Salty, Dandy, and Woody. He teaches courses in backcountry travel.



Bud Hardwick

Choosing trails at the top of Silver Star Mountain.

ANN MARSHALL

Kayaking in Sweden

—DAY TRIPS FROM GULLHOLMEN—

At the end of the week, Lee was the only one who still wanted to go out for a paddle. He and two of the guides set out Friday for a morning's exploration of a nearby island.

The rest of us were relieved that the weather was reasonable and that we were not facing the howling wind and drenching rain of Thursday. We looked forward to the day's festivities as we walked to the village park to watch the dressing of the Midsommar pole.

It was Midsommar Eve and we were in Sweden, where the summer solstice is a national holiday celebrated with song and dance, feasting, and—for many—staying up the entire night on the shortest night of the year.

For Lee and me, the trip had started as an idea months earlier when we heard Lena Conlan give a presentation on kayaking in Scandinavia at the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium. Lena and her husband Tim own Crossing Latitudes, an international kayak touring and guiding company. Since Lena is Swedish, the company schedules several Scandinavian trips each year.

We picked one of their tours, filled out the applications, sent in the depos-



Our Swedish guides, Micke and Marie.

its, and made the travel arrangements.

In mid-June 2000, we flew into Gothenburg, Sweden's second largest city and, like Seattle, a seaport. After a good night's sleep we headed for the appointed rendezvous—9am at the train station.

In the lobby of the station we met most of the group—Tim himself would be our head guide. With him was Marie, one of our two Swedish guides. We also met Bob, a retired American who divides his time between Cologne and Cape Cod; Lisa and her 14-year-old son Tom from Minnesota; Mel from Seattle; and Bill (retired American) and Elisabet (Swedish professor) who live in Sweden.

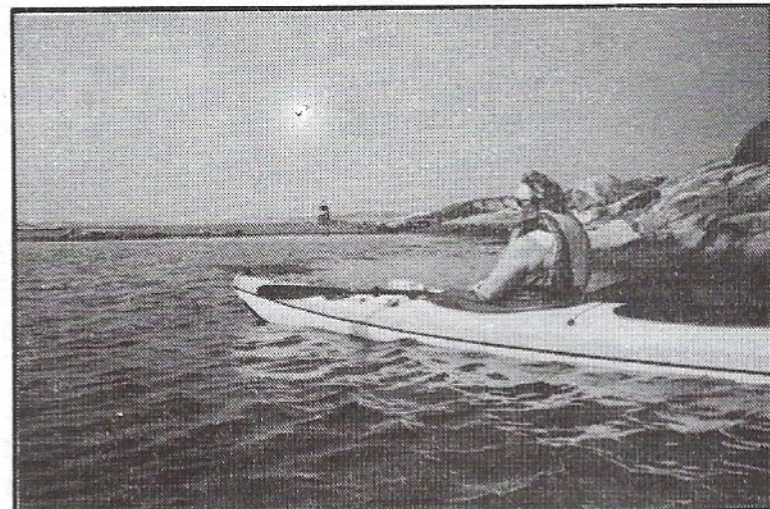
By midday we had arrived, by bus and then ferry from Lavon, at the village of Gullholmen, where we would stay at the guesthouse for the week. Here we met Micke, our second Swedish guide, and also assistant guide Steve, an American college student from Bozeman.

After lunch, we hitched a ride on a fishing boat to Orust Kajak, the paddle center at Stocken, where we got the kayaks we would use all week.

Since this tour was billed as "no previous kayak experience necessary," Tim reviewed the basics of kayaking—foot pegs and rudders, sprayskirts, paddle strokes. Although some of us were beyond the "basic" stage and others had canoeing experience, there were a few who had never been in a small boat before.

While we were thus engaged, the two final members of our group joined us. Mary and Sandi, both from the Minneapolis area, had been touring Norway and Sweden by car. Driving through the countryside to get to Stocken had taken longer than they thought, causing their late arrival.

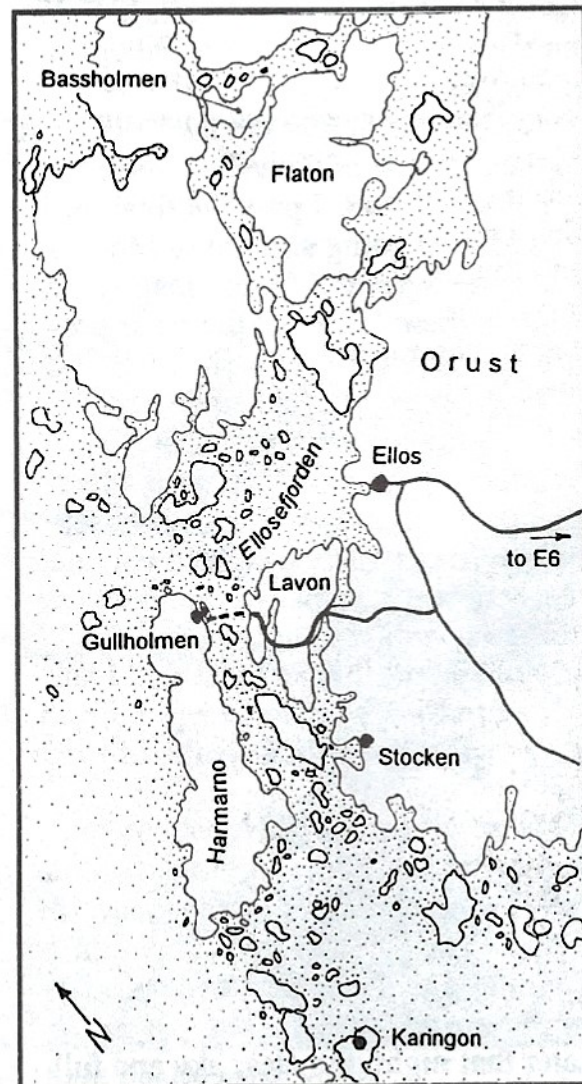
The plan had been to paddle our kayaks back to Gullholmen, but, although



Sandi enjoys the sun on the east side of Karingon.

Lee McKee

the sun was out, the wind was so gusty that Tim decided the conditions weren't safe for novice paddlers. Instead, we took a short outing around the protected bay at Stocken, got the feel of our boats, practiced strokes, then left the kayaks at Stocken and took the bus and ferry back to Gullholmen.



Gullholmen, a village without cars, is accessible only by boat. Its year-round population is small, but new construction attests to its popularity with Swedes as a location for second homes. We were told that people from Asia, South America, the US and Europe also buy vacation houses here.

Narrow lanes for walking meandered among tidy houses and gardens. That evening we all walked down to the marina for dinner at the restaurant. The TV over the bar was showing a soccer match between Sweden and another country—although Sweden lost, it didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the onlookers.

Back at Stocken the next morning, with sunny skies and light breezes, we set off for a full day of paddling through the archipelago to the village and island of Karingon. Because we were a large party of fourteen, Tim divided us into two groups. Lee and I, in a double kayak, paddled easily on sparkling water, admiring the sea-coast houses with blue and yellow flags waving in the breeze. We followed Micke, who twisted his way confidently among the maze of rocky islands.

Karingon rose slightly higher than the surrounding low islets, and we could see houses and moored boats as we paddled closer.

Circling the east side of the island, we followed our guides, who landed on a rocky beach at the end of a narrow inlet. Here we all scrambled out and climbed onto rocky slabs to a good view of the water for lunch.

After eating, most of us strolled across the island to explore the village waterfront and shops. We learned that long-ago residents of the island im-

ported soil bucket by bucket to grow their gardens.

Back in our kayaks, we continued circling Karingon until we were heading back north toward Gullholmen with the breeze at our backs, returning at 6pm.

While the ten of us were housed in the main inn, our four guides shared a cabin a short walk away. It was at the cabin that we all gathered for breakfast, and some nights we had dinner there as well. This night Micke prepared a delicious fish stew and we ate as much as we could hold.

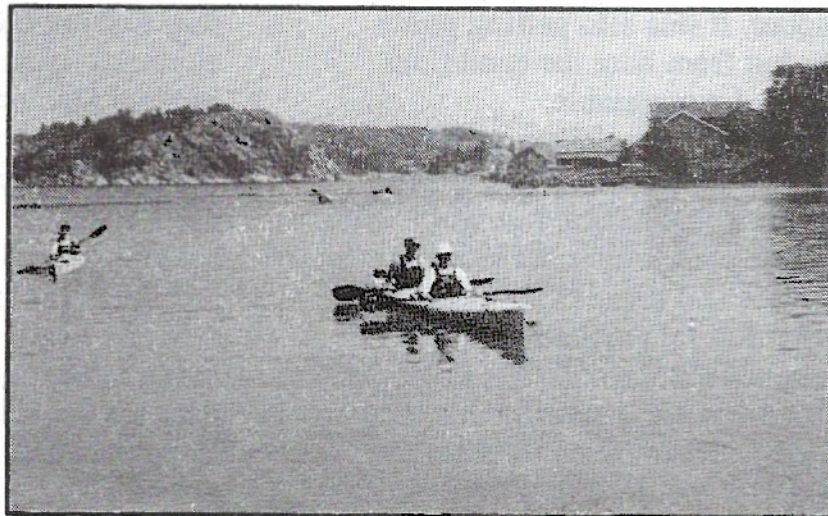
On Wednesday we set out for our longest paddle, about 12 miles round-trip, north to the island of Bassholmen.

Paddling down the channel that separated tiny Gullholmen from the main island of Harmano, we entered Ellosefjorden and crossed it, winding past islands that were cultivated and green, a contrast to the rocky coast of yesterday. The weather was hot and muggy, and in the distance we heard the occasional rumble of thunder.

The islands and channels offered very protected paddling, with smooth water and gentle breezes. Rounding the north end of Bassholmen, we passed some buildings that Marie said were the Wooden Boat Museum, and soon came to a dock and take-out where we pulled ashore.

As our leisurely lunch came to a close, black clouds boiled up from behind the island and quickly swept overhead in a sudden thunder-shower. Our guides shook out a huge tarp, draping it over the picnic table and anyone standing nearby, while a few people ran for cover to the forest.

In ten minutes or so the deluge ceased; the sun came out. We spent a long time nosing through the Wooden Boat Museum, filled with in-



Lee McKee

Coasting through calm, clear water to the landing at Bassholmen; buildings of the Wooden Boat Museum in the background.



Lee McKee

Micke and Mel on the return from Bassholmen.

teresting old tools and boats.

We left Bassholmen at 3pm. As we neared the open water of Ellosefjorden again we had to paddle against a headwind, which was hard work. We were all glad to see Gullholmen come into sight, and to haul the kayaks up on the beach by the guesthouse.

After such a long day on Wednesday, Tim decided to make Thursday a shorter paddling day. Over breakfast—an hour later than usual, at 9 o'clock—Tim offered two options: one group could circumnavigate an island near Gullholmen, staying in protected water, a second group could circumnavigate Harmano, only about 6 miles round trip, but half of it would be along the exposed outer coastline.

Bob, Mel, Lee and I took the exposed coastline option with Tim; all the others chose what they thought would be an easy tour with Steve and Micke.

Marie came along as our second guide, and the six of us headed north from Gullholmen about 10:30. As we approached the north end of Harmano, it started to rain, turning to a steady



Lee McKee

Setting out for Bassholmen: Elisabet, Tim, Bill, Mary and Bob.

downpour. It was also getting pretty windy, but from here the conditions still looked manageable.

We turned south, following the coastline, now exposed to the North Sea. There were no beaches, just cliffs and headlands upon which the incoming waves rose and broke. The wind grew stronger; the rain poured.

These were not conditions I was comfortable with. Knowing this, Lee put forth a continual patter from the other end of the double: "Aren't these cliffs interesting? Wow, look at the eider ducks over there. Hang on, I want to take another photo. We're doing fine. I wonder what kind of birds those are; do you know? Are you warm enough? We're doing fine. Steer a little to the left—that's it. Here, have a drink. We're doing fine."

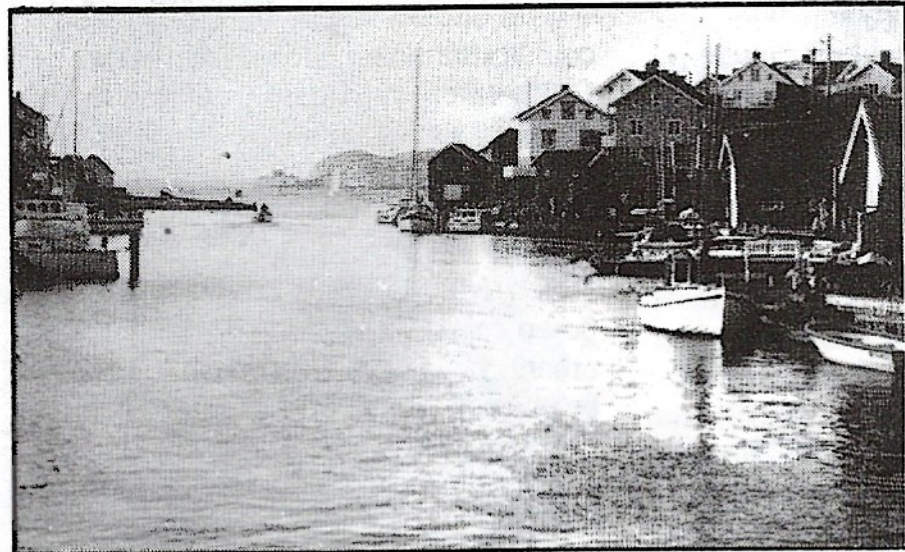
We both had brought Gore-tex paddle jackets on the trip, and we were glad to be wearing them today. At one point Tim found a lagoon formed by rocks, and we paddled inside to take a break and snack on chocolate from Tim's bag.

By now we were close to the south end of the island. The rollers, big enough at this point to hide our companions, were starting to break at the top.

Just when I thought all was lost (Lee kept telling me we were doing fine), the end of the island fell back and the six of us zipped around the corner into a maze of tiny islets and rocks that broke the wind and flattened the waves.

At some point the rain stopped, but I did not notice when. At a small cove part-way up the east side of the island, we pulled ashore for a bite to eat. I was glad for a break to get out and stretch.

When we arrived back at Gullholmen, we found the rest of the group had recently arrived from their own adventure. Over dinner we learned that



Looking north past the houses of Gullholmen to the mouth of Ellosefjorden.

they had not been able to circumnavigate their island because of a low tide. They portaged the dry part.

The portage had taken them up and over a road embankment, and through deep and foul mud in the pouring rain. We heard how the normally refined and polite Elisabet had said some things to Micke in Swedish, and although they laughed about it now, neither of them would translate.

The recounting of our separate undertakings made for a lively dinner in the cabin.

Friday morning at breakfast, when Tim asked who wanted to paddle that day, only Lee said he did.

While Lee, Tim and Steve went for a short paddle, Mel, Sandy, Lisa, Bob and I walked through the village to the park, where families had brought greens and were wrapping them around the traditional Swedish pole.

Later in the afternoon, we gathered with the crowd in the main part of the village, and all paraded back to the park where the pole was raised. Accompanied by a local resident on his accordion, the throng sang and danced. Many women wore head wreaths of greens and flowers; some wore beautiful traditional dress.

Our guides set forth a seafood banquet that evening for dinner. We enjoyed the last night with our new-found friends. In the morning we would go our separate ways.

Sandi and Mary left earlier in the morning than anyone else. They needed to make a connection in Gothenborg, but discovered that the ferry did not operate at 4am. They

made arrangements with one of the waiters at the marina restaurant to take them across in a private boat. He assured them he would not be late to pick them up because he was staying up all night anyway!

We discovered that wind speed in



Lee McKee

On the outer coast in wind and rain: Marie leads the way, followed by Mel.

weather reports is given in meters per second. That stumped Lee until he figured out a formula to convert the number to kilometers per hour. From the TV and newspaper, available in the guesthouse lobby, Elisabet translated the weather reports and other important items for us.

We bought a good map of the area from Orust Kajak in Stocken. The adjacent campground would make a good base for an extended visit. Orust Kajak rents singles, doubles, and kids' kayaks, and offers instruction. See <www.orust.kajak.se>; there is an English version.

Around the Solstice, daylight occurred about 4am and lasted until about 11pm. I was up early for a walk every morning; the long days were wonderful.

Crossing Latitudes is offering a slightly different trip for 2001. Instead of staying in Gullholmen, the group will stay at a farm on Orust, and the day paddles will include a trip to Gullholmen. The June outing is scheduled to coincide, of course, with the Solstice.

For more information, contact
Crossing Latitudes
 420 West Koch Street
 Bozeman MT 59715
 800-572-8747
www.crossinglatitudes.com

Lee and I enjoyed this trip and found it was a great way to have a memorable experience in a foreign country, and get in some kayaking, too.

△

Ann Marshall is Pack & Paddle's editor.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NO NAME CHANGE—The official name change for Mount Logan, Yukon Territory, Canada's highest and North America's second highest, to Mount Trudeau has now been officially postponed.

None of the climbers or the general population was especially keen on any change of name.—*George Gromer, Vancouver BC.*

HEINOUS CRIME—In California at the end of October, a man who was protesting National Forest use fees was cited. His trial is set for January 9.

In an article in the *Ventura County Star*, November 28, Mark Jennings writes that the protester, Terry Dahl, set off on a 20-mile bike ride through Los Padres National Forest without paying the \$5 fee. Dahl says he made the trip as a protest. The Forest Service says he was, in fact, engaged in recreation and failed to pay a fee mandated by Congress. Dahl is charged with failure to pay a use fee, a misdemeanor, and faces imprisonment of up to six months and/or a \$5000 fine.

The maximum penalty authorized by the original fee-demonstration legislation, says Scott Silver of Wild Wilderness, is \$100.

For more information on the grassroots movement against use fees, see <www.wildwilderness.org>.

TUBAL CAIN MINE—As reported by NMH Farwalker in the last issue (*December, page 4*), the 218 acres of the Tubal Cain Mine property in the middle of Buckhorn Wilderness in the Olympics are for sale.

The current owner is a private individual, not a corporation, who has never intended to work the mines. According to Linda French, John L. Scott Realtor in Port Angeles, his purpose was solely for enjoyment, and now health and financial reasons are

prompting the sale.

An article in the *Sequim Gazette*, December 13, gave an in-depth history of the mine and property.

The asking price, in case readers are interested, is \$3.5 million. We'll keep you posted if we hear anything.

SNO-PARKS—It's time again for Sno-Park permits. Be sure you have one to park in any Sno-Park. Washington permits are also valid in Oregon and Idaho.

Money collected from Sno-Park permits is used to plow parking areas, maintain outhouses, groom trails, provide signs and maps, construct parking lots, and administer the program.

The basic one-day permit is \$9 (\$8 plus a \$1 vendor fee). The basic seasonal pass is \$21 (\$20 plus \$1 to vendors).

Because heavily used and groomed areas cost so much to maintain, a special grooming sticker is required at some areas. You must have both a Sno-Park permit AND a grooming sticker to use the facilities at Cabin Creek, Crystal Springs, Lake Easton, Lake Keechelus/Hyak, Chiwawa Loop, Kahler Glen, Lake Wenatchee State Park, and Mount Spokane.

The fee for the grooming sticker is \$21 (\$20 plus \$1 to vendors). That comes to a total of \$42 for your Sno-Park permit and grooming sticker.

If you have questions about the grooming sticker, call State Parks at 360-902-8581.

KIDS IN THE OUTDOORS—At a meeting of the Outdoor Recreation Coalition of America in Denver in November, representatives of outdoor businesses discovered they are losing their next generation of customers.

A panel of seven young people aged 17 to 24 gave an assortment of reasons why they would rather stay inside:

"I don't like to get cold or get my shoes dirty. It's complicated and too

expensive."

"My friends and I are scared to go into the woods." This person also doesn't like to be out of cellphone range.

One panelist said he climbed on an indoor wall but wouldn't consider going to the mountains to climb.

ORCA will sponsor a study on young peoples' participation in outdoor activities for its members.

YOSEMITE DEVELOPMENT—Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt has a plan to "restore" Yosemite National Park. Among other things, his plan would add upscale motel units, eliminate tent cabins, except for a tiny remnant, and remove almost 40 percent of camping in the Valley. Restaurants would expand by 30 percent, and new parking areas would be added.

"The plan is mostly a reasonable compromise that will restore some of the Valley's natural values and reduce some traffic congestion," says Sam Davidson, Access Fund senior policy analyst. "We object to the decision to eliminate all roadside parking down valley, and the reduction of camping opportunities in favor of upscale lodging."

HOH ROAD REVIEW—In early December, Olympic National Park released an Environmental Assessment for rerouting the Hoh River road.

This document analyzes the environmental effects of relocating the Hoh River road farther away from the river at two sites. These sites, at milepost 1.55 and 1.75, have been damaged by the river eroding the bank adjacent to the existing road.

The public is invited to review and comment on the proposed project. The comment period closes at 5pm on January 8.

The EA is available for review at the ONP website at <www.nps.gov/olymp/curman.htm>, at Olympic National Park headquarters in Port Angeles, and at the Port Angeles and Forks branches of the library. Copies of the EA are also available by calling Olympic National Park, 360-452-0321.

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KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

PEAK LISTS ON-LINE—Jeff Howbert's Home Court 100 and Back Court 100 peak lists are now available on-line. The address is:

<http://howbert.netherweb.com/mountains/>

Jeff says readers will have to use Internet Explorer 5.0 or higher to view the site. He is working to make it available on Netscape, too.

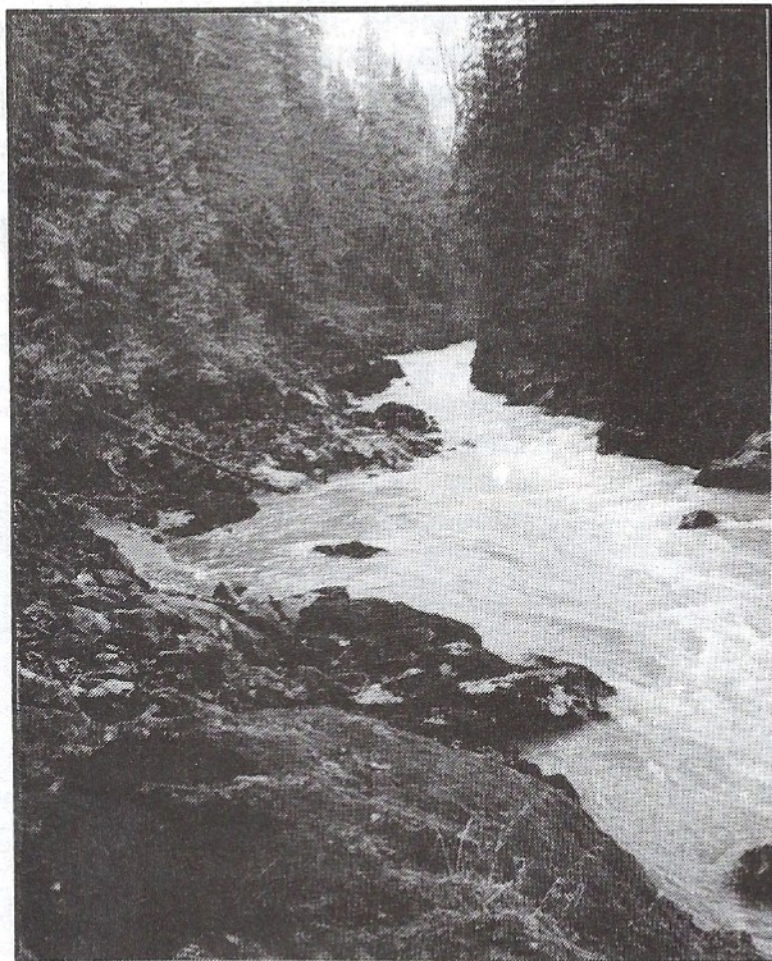
WEARING OUT—"I have been slowed by two ruptured discs over the last year, one before attempting Aconcagua in Argentina, the second on a hike to Rachel Lake. Only one Search-and-Rescue mission this summer—not able to carry a pack, much less a person!

"Very discouraging. Physical therapy helping. Not sure what the ultimate outcome will be.

"Maybe other readers have faced this dilemma? I'm wearing out, not rusting out," ends this note from reader Debby Riehl, who authored our popular "Rescue Epics" for many years.

This problem of "wearing out" is one that plagues the *P&P* staff as well as many readers. Words of encouragement and advice are solicited.

AVALANCHE SAFETY COURSE—Learn techniques for safe travel in ava-



Along the Old Robe trail.

lanche country. Taught by Gary Brill, the class is composed of three class sessions and one field trip. Cost is \$125 and registration is required.

Bellevue class: Marmot store on January 9, 16, and 23, with field trip January 14. Call 425-453-1515 for more information.

Tacoma class: Backpackers Supply store on February 20, 27, and March 12, with field trip February 25. Call 253-472-4402 for more information.

BEACH SHUTTLE—Some time ago we printed information on shuttle services in the La Push, Rialto and Ozette areas. A subscriber has informed us that these services are no longer operating "due to all the restrictions of the Park Service."

It's too bad some convenient transportation system isn't available for beach hikers.

WHISTLING—My wife says that if you give one long whistle when nearing a lake with ducks, it will keep them from flying when they hear you getting near. Do not whistle more than once; this will be taken as an alarm and they will fly.

I didn't believe this the first time she said it, but I have seen it work enough times by now to admit that she is right.

—Wayne, Monroe.

TIRE CHAINS—By now your car should be all ready for winter driving, including tire chains. And by now you should have practiced putting those tire chains on, preferably during some warm, dry afternoon in your driveway in the daylight.

If you do any kind of winter driving in snow country, chains and a shovel can be your car's best friend.

For inspiration, read Fay Pullen's report on Slide Mountain in this issue, page 10.

SKIDS—Don't use cruise control when the roads might be slick. Cruise control can apply power at the wrong time and cause a skid, or make a small skid uncontrollable.

If you have a manual transmission, push in the clutch pedal. This will allow the drive wheels to gain traction sooner. Do not put an automatic transmission in neutral—you need both hands on the wheel.—tips from Wenatchee National Forest

SNOWFLAKES—Each snow crystal contains about a quintillion water molecules, and those molecules can be arranged in countless ways. Even a single crystal isn't the same from second to second because some water molecules constantly are breaking free of the ice to become vapor, while others freeze into place.

In the world of snowflakes, as in other realms of life, change is all that endures.

Buy yourself a 10x hand lens, hold out a cold glove, and observe. Snowflakes are generally classified into seven basic shapes: stellar crystals or dendrites, hexagonal plates, needles, columns, capped columns, spatial dendrites, and a category for everything else, irregular.

HOT DRINKS—On a winter hike, hot water from your hiker's thermos can be turned into a delicious drink at a lunch stop or break. Here are some mixes.

Spiced Milk: Mix together 2 cups powdered milk, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, and ¼ cup brown sugar. Allow 2 to 3 tablespoons for each cup. Add hot water and stir well.

Sherpa Tea: Mix together 2 cups powdered milk, ½ cup sugar, and ¼ cup instant tea. Allow 2 or 3 tablespoons for each cup. Add hot water and stir well.

Homemade Cocoa: Mix together 1½ cups powdered milk, ⅓ cup cocoa, 2 tablespoons powdered creamer, and ½ cup sugar. Allow 3 heaping tablespoons for each cup. Add hot water and stir well.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

Candy Berner

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Snowcamping.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Your magazine keeps getting better and better ... more interesting climbing reports all the time!"—*Bellingham*

"Any recommendations for the safest baby carrier? Rachel is at the noticing-everything stage and I want to take her hiking."—*Marysville*

"I always enjoy your magazine and read it from cover to cover as soon as it arrives."—*Camano Island*

VOLUME TEN—This is the first issue of Volume 10. That's quite a long time for this little publication to have been around.

Thanks to all of you—*Pack & Paddle* wouldn't happen if it weren't for your contributions.

CORRECTION—In the last issue, I mentioned that Dee Molenaar was heading to the AAC meeting to give a memorial to George *Martin*. No, no—wrong George.

It was George *Bell*, a member of the 1953 K-2 team, who died last spring. Sorry for any confusion.

Dee (also a member of that 1953 K-2 expedition) adds some interesting notes on both Georges. "A widely traveled mountaineer who had been on numerous expeditions to the Canadian Rockies, Andes and Himalayas—including the first ascent of 25,600-foot Masherbrum with Willi Unsoeld in 1960—Dr. George Bell died May 28 in Los Alamos, New Mexico, where he had worked as a nuclear physicist for many years.

"On the other hand, George Martin

was a much-beloved Bremerton mountaineer who died many years ago. For several decades George Martin was Registrar at Olympic College and during his regime he initiated the college's outdoor education program and mountaineering classes, one of the first of its kind in the nation. Sadly, George died suddenly on the eve of his retirement and just prior to a planned trip around the world."

NEW KNEES—Had a nice telephone visit with Walt Bailey recently. He is proud of his two new knees and says he was out clearing downed trees from "his" trail (the Walt Bailey Trail to Cutthroat Lakes off the Mountain Loop Highway) four months after the replacement.

He's now considering a new hip, he says, because, after all, he is only 81, and has lots more hiking to do. He already has scheduled a trip to Hawaii next year for the 60th anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

LORD HILL—In a report last month on Lord Hill Regional Park, Candy Berner mentioned that readers could send \$5 for a guidebook and map to
Philco Printing
 221 SW 153rd St Ste 265
 Burien WA 98166.

We got a note from the author of that booklet saying he had received several orders from that one little notice. He writes:

"My house is close to the park, so I do most of my walking there, usually with my wife and 2½ year old granddaughter. She is good for a maximum of about 3 miles of walking, so I haven't been getting as many long walks as I did before she was born."

He continues, "Portions of the park were logged about every 20 years since 1890, so you can see forests of a variety of ages. There are also a lot of beaver ponds. I have assorted text and my wife has about 300 pictures of the park at <www.LordHillRegionalPark.org>."

MID-WEEKERS—I had a fun time visiting with the Mid-Week Hikers at their annual December potluck, where I picked up the following comments.

STOP—Joe Toynbee suggests I add a stop symbol every so often in these pages, so he won't read the entire magazine in one sitting. Reading it all at once takes up a lot of time, and if he

were only reminded to put it down, he would be able to use his time more efficiently.

RECIPES—At the gift exchange, one lucky hiker took home a batch of Dick Searing's homemade granola bars. Dick says he got the recipe from *P&P*, and that he frequently tries recipes that he sees here.

No wonder everyone likes to sit next to Dick at lunch—he's always got something good to share in his food bag.

AWFUL MAP—Another lucky hiker claimed a new Green Trails map of Tiger Mountain in the Issaquah Alps. Warren Jones muttered under his breath that the Green Trails Issaquah Alps maps are "awful ... they're so good no one gets lost there any more."

Then I hear the real reason for Warren's good-natured grumping: he had to learn the *hard* way, without such a nice map to use!

UNFAIR—Ginny Evans notices that whenever there is blame to be cast, it lands on Yellow Cat, and she thinks this is unfair.

Yellow Cat says she doesn't mind because, as the boss (she thinks), she not only gets the blame, but she also gets considerable praise when things go right. And then she takes a nap.

INDEX—It's not ready. We'll blame it on Yellow Cat.

BEHIND THE SCENES—For the first time ever, I missed a scheduled press deadline with this issue.

First, an overnight shipment of photos from our printer to us was to arrive by noon of Wednesday, the 13th. The overnight delivery service finally showed up Thursday afternoon. (We don't recommend this company).

Our printer said he could still fit us into the schedule if I had *P&P* there first thing Friday, the 15th. When I arrived Friday morning, they had no power, courtesy of that big storm.

With some careful scheduling, he was able to work us in on December 20, so with luck you will receive this just after the Christmas holiday. I have my fingers crossed.

See you in the backcountry,
 Ann Marshall

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