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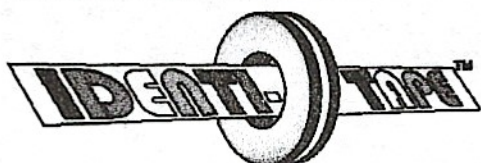
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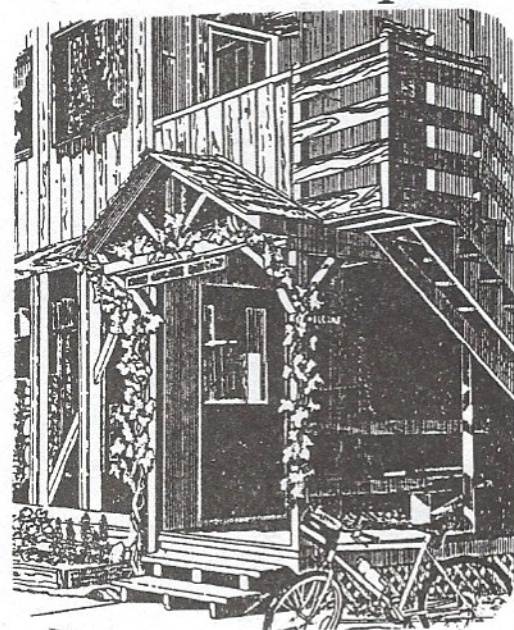
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VOLUME 10, NUMBER 6

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RANDOM VIEW—



Shirley Haley

Nancy Wilson and Linda Wilson on the Scott Paul trail, Mount Baker National Recreation Area.

Features

- 15 I FOUND MY PASSION
Anna Breiwick
- 16 AN INTRODUCTION TO BRUSH
Karen Sykes
- 18 CLIMBING MOUNT WHITNEY
Ken Hopping
- 20 AT THE OCEAN'S EDGE
Lee McKee

Departments

- 4 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 22 WHAT'S HAPPENING — News from All Over
- 23 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

COVER PHOTO:

Lindy Bakkar crosses a flower-strewn meadow on the Pacific Crest Trail north of Pumice Creek; fog lifts from the White Chuck River valley below. Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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.

Need more guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask. And we're always happy to discuss an idea with you on the phone: 360-871-1862 or e-mail: ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com

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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.

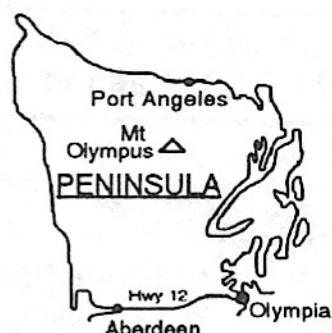
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.

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 Mt Skokomish)

—A hike we did as a conditioner since it gains 3200 feet in 2.9 miles. Trail is completely clear to the 4100 foot level where it turns to the left and essentially contours over to the lake.

Shortly after turning are patches of ice-glazed snow that make footing treacherous. At the slide alder patches as you near the lake snow depth varies from inches to feet. The snow is extremely rotten and we did a lot of post-holing. That resulted in a wrenched knee for one of the party and a 4½ hour descent instead of two. Avalanche danger is past but I'd suggest waiting for the rest of the snow to melt before attempting to cross the slide alder area.

Great views on a cold and windy day.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 5/5.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: June 12

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



MOUNT JUPITER (CC The Brothers-Mt Anderson)

—With a relatively low snow year, I hoped most of the trail might be open even this early. My hiking partner, Celeste, met me at the Highway 101 intersection with Mount Jupiter road (Cormorant Way). We drove to the trailhead and registered about 0920. We passed one parked vehicle about 2 miles in on the approximately 6-mile drive to the trailhead, and shortly thereafter passed two female hikers with packs on the road. We wondered why they'd parked so soon rather than continuing to the trailhead. We found the road in very good shape.

There were a dozen or more registrations at the trailhead of hikers in February, March and early April. The weather was good, despite possible showers having been forecast, and temperatures were very comfortable for hiking (50s). The trail was in excellent condition, with the views of the Duckabush and Dosewallips drainages all that the guidebooks promised.

Viewpoints allowed naked eye appraisal of the landmarks of downtown Seattle, as well as of the sub base at Bangor, Mount Rainier, and the nearby peaks of Mount Constance and The Brothers. We encountered snow, heavy, wet, but not too deep, at about 3500 feet. We continued to perhaps 4300 feet, but the snow was wet, a front threatened to move in, and scaling the rocks of Jupiter seemed sub-optimal at the time.

We climbed to some exposed rocks amid the snow at perhaps 5½ miles, and enjoyed our lunch and the views.

We tried some new trail meals I'd gotten through Cabela's. Chemically-heated meals in a pouch, they proved amazingly hot, quick, and as tasty as your conventional airline meals.

Celeste then used the heating units to warm her feet while we dined. She even placed them in her now-soaked shoes as we started back, but one of them proved too hot, too soon, and she was forced to abandon the idea.

When we returned to check out at the trailhead register, a party of two had registered, but we never saw others on the hike going, or coming. We surmised they were the two women we'd passed driving in.

We were back at my truck by 1630, as the clouds began to gather. Dinner at the Halfway House in Brinnon was next, then we headed to our respective homes in Port Angeles and Olympia. A very nice trail; wildflowers should be more evident in coming weeks, including the rhodies. Vistas are terrific, and solitude was an appreciated highlight on our trek. We will return a tad later to complete the hike on Mount Jupiter and harvest the scenic rewards promised by Wood therefrom.—Bill Jolly, Olympia, 4/20.

HURRICANE HILL—The road to the Hurricane Hill trailhead is still covered by 2 feet of snow in most places. Depending on nighttime temps, the snow may be rock hard or breakable.

From the trailhead, south aspects are beginning to melt off, however Steep & Icy (¼-mile beyond the trailhead) is still snow covered.

A transition time: not great for skiing, and not snow free enough for hiking.—Ranger, 5/12.

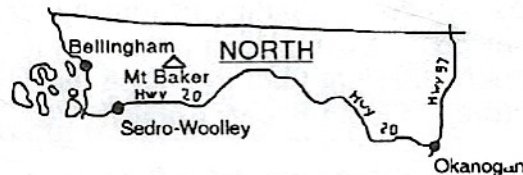
PARK RESERVATIONS & PERMITS—Backpackers may make reservations for Flapjack Lakes, Lake Constance, Grand Valley, Badger Valley, Seven Lakes Basin/High Divide, Mink Lake, Hoh Lake, CB Flats, Royal Basin (new this year) and Ozette.

In these areas, where the number of overnight hikers is restricted, half of the available space is left unreserved and is set aside for those without reservations—except for Ozette, where advance reservations are *required* for all.

A Wilderness Permit is *required* for all backpack trips. There is a \$5 registration fee for the permit, plus a nightly fee of \$2/person/night (16 and over).

For full info and details, call the Wilderness Info Center at 360-565-3100.

NORTH



MORAN STATE PARK (USGS Mt Constitution)

Once again Heather and I returned to that jewel of an island, Orcas. We have been up Mount Constitution a handful of times, but this time we tried a new route via Mount Pickett and the obscure Southeast Boundary trail.

I have never been up the Southeast Boundary trail before and judging from its tread, not many people have. However, it is in very good shape and it is a great trail if you want a peaceful hike in this very popular State Park. We saw no one on this trail and it was a beautiful Saturday. The trail is just over 4 miles long with some good ups and downs and a few limited views out toward the water.

From the wooded summit of Pickett we continued to Twin Lakes, and then made the grunt up Mount Constitution.

We continued down the trail through the lodgepole pine forests to one of my favorite trails, Cold Spring. This is another quiet trail in the park.

We still had energy so we skirted around Cascade Lake. We finished just below 14 miles and pretty much walked the perimeter of the park. I love this place, always a great destination for spring, winter and fall hiking.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/5.



BAKER RIVER (GT Mt Shuksan 14)

This is an easy hike in temperate rainforest with minimal elevation gain or loss on a "Hiker

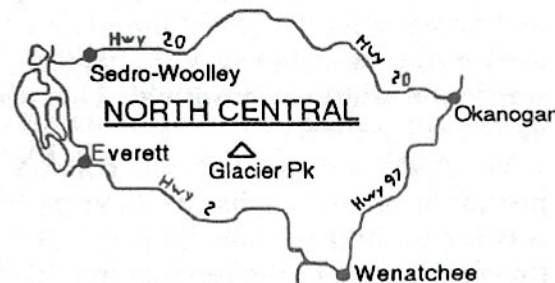
Only Trail." It stays within sight and sound of water until the park boundary, where it cuts across a flat of mossy conifers (mostly western hemlock) to reach the bank of Sulphide Creek.

The moss-draped maples were starting to bloom and leaf-out and the alder's foliage was a soft new green. The trail crew had been there ahead of me—our trail pass dollars at work. The first two bridges of the northern approach to Baker Lake's East Bank trail are in fine shape.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/6.

NORTH CASCADES NP—The Northwest Forest Pass is now required not only for all trailheads on the Cascade River road, but also for many trailheads on Highway 20: East Bank, Panther Creek, Pyramid Lake, Ross Dam, Thornton Lakes. These trailheads were not previously included in the program.

For information on regulations, restrictions, permits and fees, call the Wilderness Info Center in Marblemount: 360-873-4500 x39.

NORTH CENTRAL



NORTH FORK SAUK (GT Glacier Pk)

It was over 20 years ago, when I was co-leading a backpacking class trip on a day hike along the North Fork, that we heard two loud explosions at 8:31 am on a quiet mid-May morning. Later we found out that Mount St. Helens had blown. The sound waves had traveled all that way for us to hear, even next to a noisy mountain stream! I hadn't been back since and wanted to revisit this beautiful place.

The trailhead for the North Fork

Sauk is located on Road 49, 7 miles from the Mountain Loop Highway. This early in the season, the Mountain Loop Highway was closed at Barlow Pass due to snow, so we drove in from Darrington. The main road was in excellent condition.

The trail starts at 2100 feet and follows the North Fork, gradually climbing for about 6.5 miles, and then climbing steeply through open meadows to White Pass and the Pacific Crest Trail. The river is lively, a streak of white and slate green running through the narrow valley. The real joy of this hike early in the season is the trees, thick stands of huge, ancient Western red-cedar and Douglas-fir, regal and serene.

We encountered a few obstacles, a lively stream crossing and three large logs over the trail, plus some branch debris. We climbed over the logs and traveled until stopped by the lack of a bridge over Red Creek, a good sized, swift-flowing stream. The log bridge which I remember from some twenty years ago has long since been destroyed, although the old guide wire still hangs above the frigid waters of Red Creek.

We also encountered early trilliums and violets, some Western bleeding heart coming into bloom and the vigorous stems of mertensia growing in an open area, as well as some early nettles. The birds serenaded us the whole day, especially varied thrushes, Oregon juncos and winter wrens.

At the junction of the Pilot Ridge trail (1.9 miles) and also at Red Creek (4 miles) are small camps, both in deep forest. We ate lunch at Red Creek just as the predicted rain began to fall. There were snow patches on the trail starting about 2700 feet, but not continuous. Recent snow had fallen on the ridges above us.

It was an enjoyable spring hike in a



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place that has special memories for me. It also provided some solitude and quiet as we encountered only one other man and his doggy companion during the hike.—Liz Escher, University Place, 4/29.

GOAT LAKES (*GT Sloan Pk 111*)—The upper trail was snowfree all the way to the lake which was completely melted. At about a mile in a sign saying Chokwich Trail pointed to the left. We hadn't heard of that one.

The alders hadn't leafed out yet, letting us glimpse distant peaks. We had fun trying to find Mount Dickerman (no success), but thought we saw Big Four peeking through a notch. The lake was lovely. We climbed the sunny open hillside next to the camping area and ate lunch.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 5/6.

MONTE CRISTO (*GT Sloan Pk, Monte Cristo*)—The snowplow was busy clearing the Mountain Loop at Barlow Pass. We had quite a bit of snow on the road at the start, but a lot of it melted on our return. The alders haven't leafed out yet, so we enjoyed the views of the snowy peaks which were magnificent against the blue sky. Monte Cristo was still snow covered, so we ate lunch beside the stream.

There was a huge boom. I froze, thinking it was an earthquake. No, it was only an avalanche.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 4/25.

MONTE CRISTO (*GT Sloan Pk, Monte Cristo*)—No snow at Barlow Pass but patchy snow on the trail with one long 1/2-mile stretch of solid snow. The second of the twin

bridges has collapsed but has a passable repair for foot travelers. In Monte Cristo snow was 6 to 12 inches deep.

In general it was a good day with wildflowers peeking out (skunk cabbage, trillium, stream violet, coltsfoot), mountain views, streams and rivulets flowing and a few birds feeding and singing. But we did have rain after lunch all the way back to the trailhead.

The old mining town is 98% gone, reclaimed by nature. The power house and old railway turntable remain. The collapsed road bridge into the town site, over the Sauk river, has been replaced by a new steel footbridge.

This is a good easy hike, featured in *Best Hikes With Children in Western Washington*, Volume 1, by Joan Burton.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 4/28.

VASILIKI RIDGE, Ares Tower (*GT Washington Pass*)—James, Dylan, and I left the cars somewhere before 9am and went up the way-trail to the campspot below Burgundy Col where we dropped our snowshoes and made a rising traverse over to the group of four summits as described in the Beckey book.

The snow was hard and easy going and only a 2 inch layer of light snow lay on top. Weather was spectacular, warm and wind was minimal. This was an overall great day!

We made our way up to the col and just to the south of what we thought was the highest summit. James lead this short pitch to the top placing one piece of protection. Upon reaching the summit we found that there was one more summit to the north and two summits to the south. The book description says that there are 4 summits of about equal height and the northern summit

is the highest. The book is wrong. Our summit is about 2 feet higher than the northern summit. BUT, the most southern summit of the four peaks is actually highest of all. We decided to do the southernmost summit.

We downclimbed and did a short traverse over to the west side of this peak. Dylan and James really wanted to lead this pitch. They rock/paper/scissorsed for it and Dylan won. The pitch led up and went to the summit under a large block of rock just as the Beckey book described. Dylan did not have gloves on and ice had formed in some spots so leading was rough for him with cold hands.

Without ice the pitch would have been about 5.3. We rappelled down to the packs and went down to our snowshoes. We were postholing up to our knees about 300 feet above our packs because the snow had become soft. Back down to the cars by 5:30.

This was a great climb due to weather, and the relaxing nature of waiting for somebody to complete a pitch. Completely different than Robinson the day before.—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 5/6.

TIBBETS, BLAG MOUNTAINS (*USGS Cashmere, Peshastin*)—I went up these two summits over in sunny and warm Leavenworth from the Ollala Canyon Road reached by turning off Highway 2 at Dryden. The apple blossoms were gorgeous. Tibbetts' prominence is 995 feet and Blag's prominence is 1127 feet but their elevations are only 4115 and 4687 respectively. There was just a patch or two of old snow near the summits.

You won't believe what I saw near the summit of Blag Mountain. Two peacocks! I kid you not. I wish I would've thought to ask the ranger at Leavenworth about that. Perhaps they belonged to or escaped from some residence in the valley.

Unfortunately I got a tick imbedded in my waist that I didn't notice until I was in Monroe. I was able to pull him out after a few tries, which was difficult while driving.

Tibbetts has an old road from Ollala Canyon Road that I was able to drive a short distance. From my car, it was only 45 minutes up a somewhat steep rib to the summit, following three deer.

Blag appeared to have a drivable road from the west but I didn't check it out, so I don't know if it's gated or not or how good it'd be for a bicycle. I scoped out a route for Blag on the way down from Tibbetts. Just south of the old road I took for Tibbetts I got on the rib to the right of an obvious gully as shown on the Topozone.com map.



Peak 7495 from Easy Pass, May 2000. North Cascades National Park.

Scott Bingen

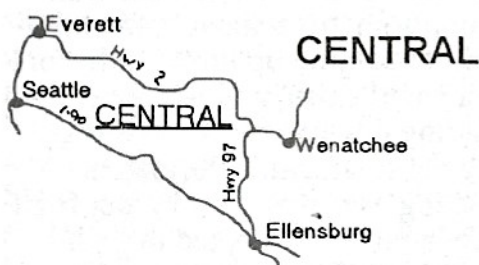
From the paved Ollala Canyon Road, I started to the left of the gully to avoid a residence, then I crossed over to the rib. The gully is between the 2307- and 2267-foot elevations shown on the map on the Ollala Canyon Road. It's easy to locate. From the ridge top, it's an easy walk to the summit with its radio towers. Blag only took me about 3 hours round trip. The country's quite open though a mite steep, but that made for a quick descent, the ground so soft that my boots got full of dirt and pebbles that I emptied after getting down.

I left home around 5:30am and was back home around 4pm after stopping only at the Leavenworth ranger station. Shirley Hudson, head of the Wenatchee Mountaineers, told me they scramble Tibbetts in the snow from Peshastin Pinnacles following the ridge when it's earlier in the year.—Fred Beavon, Edmonds, 5/3.

CASCADE PASS—Road is open to Boston Basin, about 1½ miles from end. Snow continuous from trailhead to pass. Trailhead parking lot will open July Fourth weekend.—Ranger, 5/16.

CHELAN DIST—The Lakeshore trail is great this time of year. Well maintained, water and wildflowers in abundance. Prince Creek trail is snowfree to the bridge. Scheduled for maintenance 6/10-16. PCT has patchy snow from High Bridge south to Swamp Creek, continuous thereafter.—Ranger, 5/8.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—Chiwawa road 62 is snowfree to Finner Creek campground. White River road 64 is snowfree to Tall Timber Ranch. Little Wenatchee road 65 is snowfree to Soda Springs. Most trails are snowcovered within a mile of the trailhead.—Ranger, 5/8.



"BIG RED MOUNTAIN" or Peak 5576 (GT Mount Si)—Joining me on this trip were Mark DesVoigne, Cec Thomas, and Gail Prichard. We drove the Money Creek road approximately 5½ miles to an abrupt snowplowed end. We hiked the road for an hour to where open old-growth timber invited us to leave the road.

After crossing the creek at 3600 feet, we now ascended a semi-open snow and boulder slope in the hot sun. It has

been quite some time since it has been too hot for T-shirts. As we climbed the slopes we saw what appeared to be the summit high above us and we headed directly for it. We actually were headed for a western sub-summit (5360 feet) but caught a glimpse of the true summit just in time to angle over to a minor saddle in the west ridge of Big Red.

From here it was a 15-minute traverse to the top on soft snow, where we enjoyed over an hour on the pleasant summit. A great panorama of peaks can be seen from here and we decided to return soon to do the nearby Red Mountain (5447 feet). On the descent we went directly down a few hundred feet, including some fun glissading, then angled northwest to get around a cliff band.

We then did some more glissading to reach our up-route tracks, which we followed back. It was a wonderful day with a great group of guys. 4 hours up and 2 hours down, 8 miles round-trip with 3200 feet gain.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 4/25.

RED MOUNTAIN (GT Mt Si)—As we had planned on our April 25 trip, the four of us returned to Money Creek to do Red Mountain. Parking at the same plowed end about 5½ miles up the road (just before the first switchback), we hiked the road up past Lake Elizabeth to its end just after crossing the headwaters of the Tolt River. We made an ascending traverse on snow (with some brush) to the beautiful cirque of Crater Lake at 3500 feet.

We traversed the east shore of the lake on open slopes of mushy snow, taking turns kicking steps. We stopped to watch several avalanches coming off Point 5331, a rugged south sub-summit of Red Mountain. Fortunately, our route was much less avalanche prone and gentler.

At the head of the lake we enjoyed some excellent views of the surrounding mountains and our route above. Now the real climbing began as we headed up and left through the woods, gaining about 1000 feet to timberline at 4600 feet just southeast of the summit.

The snow was soft and the weather was too hot, but when you get a great day like this in the mountains you don't complain. Besides, the views were expanding dramatically and that always helps to distract from the tiredness.

As we neared the

south ridge of Red, we angled northward to reach the ridge just 100 feet short of the top. It was an enjoyable climb with no difficulties and took 4 hours, 40 minutes up. After a 45 minute summit break, we ran the south ridge to point 5331 and soaked in the views for a few minutes more. On the descent we backtracked to the low point between these two summits then angled northeast and found a place to glissade to the small basin at 4600 feet.

We then angled southeast to rejoin our ascent route which we followed until just north of the lake, where we dropped to follow around its west shore this time. We easily crossed Crater Lake's stream at the outlet on a small log, and returned to our tracks made earlier and followed them back to the car.

About 9 hours round trip with 3400 feet elevation gain and 10-11 miles. Although the snow was soft and slow going this was a good time of year to do this trip. Without snow subduing the brush this route could be a real mess.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 5/7.

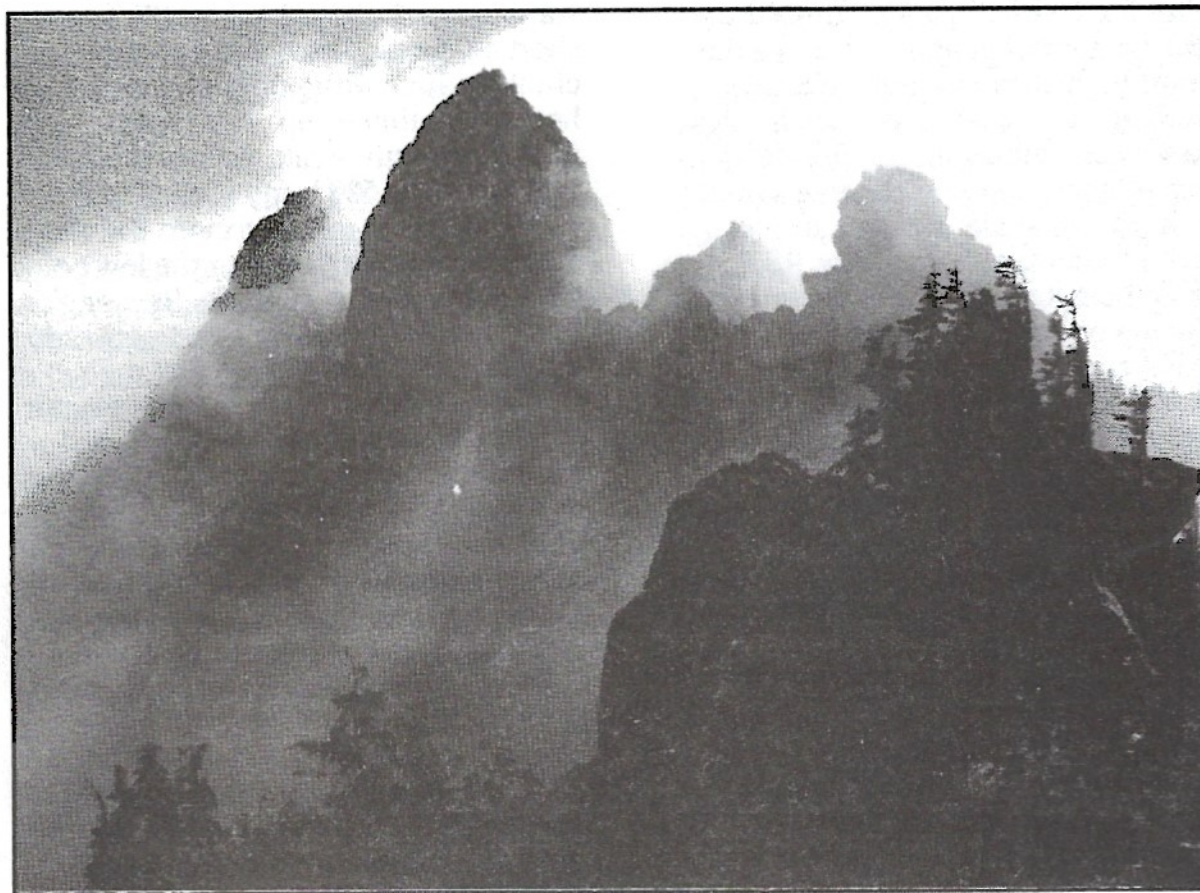
FULLER MOUNTAIN (GT Mt Si)—We dubbed this Sparky's hike. We managed to find spur gate 10, but Sparky found the rest of it. I worried about the rickety foot bridge over Ten Creek. Much to my relief, it was quite easy. There was chicken wire over the flattened log and a shaky handrail. If I could cross it, anyone could.

We then followed the trail until it came to the first overgrown logging road where the instructions said turn left. Sparky had not read them and crossed the road and found a continuation of the trail which headed toward Fuller. However, we turned left and followed the road but we didn't seem to be getting any where.

We decided to forget the instructions, retraced our steps, and took Sparky's trail. It quickly led us to another logging road which looked like it was used. We came out where the road

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Rob Curé

Bedal Peak, from the saddle between the central and southeast peaks, and the main summit. Jackson Wilderness.

ended, so the decision to turn left was easy. We quickly came to a Y. The right fork headed uphill toward Fuller, so we took it. And there we were at the white post mentioned in the instructions. It and a rock cairn marked the trail to Fuller.

There were lots of good views of Klaus Lake to keep us entertained until we reached the wooded summit. A red tape directed us downhill in the alders to another white tape where we lost the track for good. We searched in vain for a track leading to the mossy rock with the views. We had given up when I noticed Sparky standing off to the right side staring at me intensely. I asked had she found the trail. She bobbed up and down and then disappeared. I fol-

lowed her and eventually even I could see the faint track. We were soon on the mossy rock which was great sitting for tired rumps. There were good views of Mount Si from a side I had not seen before. We could see Teneriffe, Washington, Rattlesnake, and the snowy peaks of the Middle Fork area. I topped off lunch with a delicious frosted giant pink shortbread cookie from Costco.

On the return, we ran into some hikers who had lost the trail where we had, so we showed them the way. They passed us on the return and asked how we found it. I had to admit that my dog found it.

We decided to visit Klaus Lake before returning, so went back to the Y and turned right and kept walking along the road until we came to a Klaus Lake sign pointing right. There is a nice new boardwalk leading to the lake shore.

I appreciated Weyerhaeuser's generosity in allowing us to enjoy this hike on their private tree farm.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 4/21.

▲▲ BIG SNOW to IRON CAP TRAVERSE (GT Skykomish 175)

—Mitch, Mike, Alton, Ian, Don and I met in North Bend. I borrowed a friend's truck which was so big we piled all our gear in the back and all six of us in the cab for the drive to the end of the Middle Fork road. Around Dingford Creek we picked up Pilar.

From the end of the road we headed directly north. The snow was still solid

from the night's freezing which made the top level crusty—but very fast in snowshoes. From the col above Hardscrabble Lake it was a breeze on undulating slopes to the summit of Big Snow. Total time, 3 hours, 10 minutes—and the views surrounding were impressive especially from Mt. Thompson to Chimney Rock. Pilar and Ian called it a day here.

The rest of us traversed easily over Little Snowy (by 2:30) by not always staying on the ridge crest but traversing across open slopes. Snow was never too slushy until we reached the south bowl facing part of Little Snowy—but even in this place we did not have to ascend for much elevation. We could see that thunder clouds were forming.

The traverse over to Iron Cap was a bit tricky in several spots. We pretty much stayed on the ridge crest making the traverse interesting. Due to our decision to stay on the ridge we came across several sharp sections which had either steep slopes on either side or rocky dropoffs. No one slipped.

About 4:30 it started snowing. One more section of a thin ridge and then we were at the top of Iron Cap by 5:15. We didn't stay on the top too long as we did not know what the weather was going to do. We traversed back along ridge for a little ways and then glistaded straight down causing a large wet snow avalanche. We snowshoed down to where we thought the trail was and then walked out to the trailhead. The trail went forever. We did not get back to the trailhead until 8:45 where Ian and Mike had water ready for us.

This was one long day. The next day we did Burntboot.—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 4/21.

▲▲ **BURNTBOOT** (GT Skykomish 175)—We left our trailhead camp sometime about 7:45 and hiked almost 1 mile up the Middle Fork trail to a small cairn, and a climbers' path leading down to an obvious log crossing the river. Mike decided not cross the log as it was entirely wet from yesterday's rain, so he opted to go hiking up the trail. The rest of us—Alton, Mitch, Don, Ian and me—scooted our rears across the log without a problem.

From here we headed directly east—which is up and to the left through the forest. The brush was horrendous. About 3400 feet we got out of the jungle and into 3 feet of snow. We put on snowshoes—except Don: he is so light he never fell through. He led all the way up and never used snowshoes.

We followed the major avalanche slide coming off Burntboot which


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

shows as a stream on the USGS quad pretty much all the way to the higher open slope. At points we left the avalanche path and made our way on the eastern side of this path for better footing. The night before was totally clear which made the snow crusty hard on the open slopes. Cloud cover and the approaching weather during the day contributed to solid footing.


Once on the high open slope we headed for the obvious gully/couloir coming off the summit that directly feeds the slope. This gully/couloir is located northeast of the summit where its apex comes between point 6480 and 6520+. This was actually a fun route to do. You can see the gully/couloir on page 320 of the cream Beckey—it is directly to the right of the small snow patch on Burntboot.

Don reached the summit sometime around 11:30 (maybe earlier). The rest of us arrived later. We left the summit sometime around 1pm and went down alternating between plunge-stepping and glissading depending on how hard the snow was. This was fast! We were back at the trailhead around 3pm. Then we had the drive...—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 4/22.

 **SNOW LAKE** (*GT Snoqualmie Pass*)—Did the Snoqualmie Pass area have one more day of powder snow to offer? Stan Sovern and I headed toward Snow Lake to find out.

It was another beautiful sunny warm spring day. At the Source Lake/Snow Lake divide we tried something new. Searching for north aspect we headed around the rib onto the upper north slope of Chair Peak. We could see great skiing ahead of us. But a steep rocky chute below and a slope of wind-loaded snow and corniced cliffs above separated us from the skiing.

With the heat of the day coming on strong we decided not to chance it. So we instead headed back, connecting a nice run down to Snow Lake. After a lunch with great views of Chair Peak and Mount Roosevelt, we headed out so Stan could get to an Easter dinner. The snow down to Source Lake had warmed to a challenging glop but the trail out of the Alpentel Backcountry was a very fun roller coaster ride.—John Morrow, Roslyn, 4/15.

 **KEECHELUS RIDGE** (*GT Snoqualmie Pass 207*)—Drive I-90 to exit 62 and follow the Lake Kachess road to its intersection with road 4934, and park.

Matt and I started around 9:40am. We had to park right at the Kachess road intersection due to snow and be-

gan the slog up the road toward Keechelus Ridge. The cold temps and new snow made excellent snowshoe conditions and we made quick progress up the road.

At around 4300 feet we reached a major intersection and headed to the right up to another branch where we stayed right again and then headed up the heavily wooded western slopes of point 5151 and easily made the summit by 12. We enjoyed the summit for awhile with sun breaks during lunch.

The views in this area are nothing to write home about so we picked the right kind of day for this sort of trip. With the wind and the snow this was as cold as any trip that I went on this winter. On the summit Matt tried out his new GPS toy and on our descent we took some 37 "waypoints" to come up with 5.3 miles one way from the summit which made for a 10.5 mile day!—Pilar, Monroe, 5/5.

SNOWGRASS MOUNTAIN

(*USGS Jack Ridge, Chiwaukum Mtns*)—I started up the Chatter Creek trail (off the Icicle Creek road) at noon. My plan was to camp at Lake Edna, about 6 miles in, on Thursday. Friday I would climb Snowgrass and maybe Big Chiwaukum and Ladies Peak and Cape Horn. Saturday would be the trip out. I felt this would be a reasonably leisurely schedule. But I didn't figure on the terrible snow and weather conditions I would encounter.

A few days previously a major spring storm had dumped 2 to 3 feet of new snow in the high mountains. I was a little concerned about avalanche danger but hoped the snowpack had stabilized somewhat with the passage of a couple of warm sunny days.

Shortly after crossing Chatter Creek I was forced to don snowshoes by the increasingly deep wet rotten snow. I anxiously examined the cliffs above my route up the valley but they seemed to have already released their snow. I reached lovely 6800-foot Lake Edna at 7pm, several hours later than I had anticipated.

I ate dinner in the waning light of day and turned in early, tired from breaking trail. The next morning dawned lovely and I was on my way by 8am. Since the night was not cold enough to completely freeze the snow, I needed snowshoes to climb to the shoulder of Cape Horn. Here I was able to pick up melted-out segments of the trail that switchbacked down to Ladies Pass. I left the ridge a short ways on and descended to begin a long traverse below the north ridge of Ladies Peak toward Snowgrass Mountain. I crossed several avalanche de-

posit zones, but again the cliffs above seemed to have already released so I wasn't overly concerned.

I had my sights on what I thought was the summit of Snowgrass and after traversing about 2 miles I climbed moderate slopes to the south ridge. Leaving the snowshoes here, I began a tricky scramble along an exposed snowy rock ridge to my summit at 11:30. But things didn't look quite right and checking map and terrain and finding a higher summit behind me, to my dismay I discovered that I had climbed Point 7955 and not Snowgrass. How could I have made that mistake? And in good visibility too. (Later, from Ladies Pass I looked back at what I then knew was Snowgrass and my mistake was understandable. It just looked like a nondescript snowbump on the long ridge.) So back down the tricky ridge and moderate slopes to ascend back up to the proper 7993 summit at 12:30, actually a much easier climb on snow the whole way.

I could see a front approaching, the wind was picking up and snow flurries were starting. This combined with my slow progress and lost time climbing the wrong summit made Big Chiwaukum no longer an option. But I did pick up Ladies Peak and Cape Horn, both straight-forward scrambles, on the way back.

Sometime during the night the weather deteriorated into a full blown blizzard. I spent most of the night hanging onto the tent poles in wind gusts and worrying about getting out across all those avalanche slopes the next day. I worried the tent poles would break. I worried the tent fabric would tear. I worried I wouldn't be able to find my way out in zero visibility. I worried that slab avalanches were forming in the high winds. And to make matters worse, I was in a 3 season tent (who needs a winter tent in May with a reasonably good forecast?) with a vent I couldn't close completely so each gust sent a layer of spindrift through the vent to cover my sleeping bag. I have been in a lot of bad weather in the mountains and know things can change rapidly, but I must admit that the severity of this unforecast storm took me completely by surprise. Had I known what was coming, I surely would have retreated Friday evening before the storm hit.

I was up at first light. It had snowed over a foot overnight and my tent was half buried with drifts high against the walls. It being a tiny tent to begin with I had very little room to maneuver but I knew I had to pack everything inside the tent before I went out. Once I

opened the door, snow would pour in and the wind would blow everything away. So I packed up everything except the tent and ventured out. It was as bad as expected. Snow was swirling everywhere and I could barely keep my eyes open. I could only work between gusts. I shoveled snow away from the tent and dug down to the stakes which were now frozen in the snow. I didn't take time for breakfast. I wanted to be long gone before the sun came out (if it came out) and hit the newly loaded snow on the cliffs above my route.

It was a struggle. I stumbled and crawled at a snail's pace having to break trail all over again. At first I needed a compass to stay on course. Miraculously, visibility improved in time for me to find Grindstone Saddle and no wind slabs had yet formed on those steep open slopes leading up to it. Then it was all downhill.

The weather continued to improve the rest of the way out and by the end the sun came out in full force and began melting the fresh snow that was all the way down to the trailhead at 2600 feet. I felt sure that behind me the cycle of avalanches had begun again. Once I reached the safety of the car at 11:30, I breathed a sigh of relief, happy to have escaped the maelstrom. 20 miles and 8650 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 5/3-5.



IRON BEAR (GT Liberty 210)—We choose the Iron Creek trailhead which is accessed from Highway 97 at the end of road 9714 (a couple of miles north of Mineral Springs). Near the end of the road it is necessary to ford Iron Creek. Passenger cars might want to park at this point and cross on foot. High clearance vehicles have no trouble crossing and driving about 1/4-mile to the trailhead parking area.

The trail begins in woods and follows the creek for a while, then opens up and switchbacks up to a junction with the Teanaway Ridge trail. It crosses the ridge and becomes the Bear Creek trail, dropping to the trailhead at the end of the Stafford Creek road. There are views at this point in both directions.

We turned right (north) on the Teanaway Ridge trail and in about 2 miles at a high point on the ridge is a grand lunch spot with views of the Stuart range, all of the Teanaway peaks and Mount Rainier. We had a bit of snow from the pass on, with a fairly large field just below the lunch spot, but not impassable.

The wildflowers were beginning to break out. It was clear and warm. A grand spring hike.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/13.

LEAVENWORTH DIST—Icicle road 76 is snowfree. Eightmile road 7601 has snow on the road before the Stuart trailhead

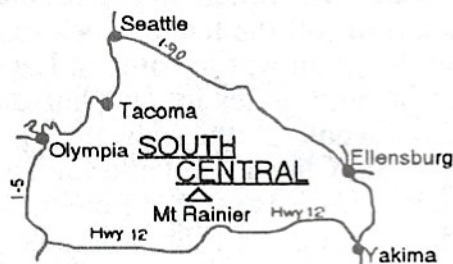
Icicle Ridge, Fourth of July, and Snow Lakes trails all snowfree about 3 miles. Eightmile Lakes trail has snow patches to Little Eightmile; lake is frozen. Firm snow up to Eightmile and Caroline; lakes are frozen.

Ingalls Creek trail snowfree about 4 miles. Devils Gulch/Mission Ridge trails snowfree.—Ranger, 5/4.

ENCHANTMENTS—All dates in August are taken. Very few dates left in July and September. For application call 509-548-6977.

CLE ELUM DIST—North Fork Teanaway road snowfree to Beverly Creek campground. Stafford road snowfree to trailhead at 2.5 miles. Iron Creek road snowfree. Expect snow on most trails.—Ranger, 5/4.

SOUTH CENTRAL



CEDAR MOUNTAIN (USGS Maple Valley)—My physical therapist has given me a graduated schedule of walks and hikes to do in an effort to get me ready for our annual Lake Chelan Lakeshore backpack in mid-June. This past week I was to do an easy hike with a 10-pounds-plus pack. So I hoisted my 16-pound daypack, donned my hiking boots, and with Jim and Shadow hiked the trails around Cedar Mountain, our local Renton piece of wilderness otherwise known as an unnamed, undeveloped King County park.

We managed to eke out 5 miles and 500 feet of elevation in 2.5 hours. A perimeter trail runs from Spring Lake on the east side of the park to Lake Desire on the west with feeder trails leading to mud holes and private homes along the way. There is also an old road/trail that climbs to the summit of Cedar Mountain which affords views of Mount Rainier on a clear day.

It being a sunny day, the forested park was a shimmering brilliant spring green. Ah, so good to be out on the trail again!—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/13.



SILVER PEAK BASIN (GT Snoqualmie Pass)—With all the recent snow reported in the Cascade

passes, Keith Kistler, James Bagley and I were hoping to find one last stash of north-facing powder.

We were happy to see a set of skin tracks out of the old Summit Nordic Center parking lot. They led us straight to Grand Junction: someone knew exactly where they were going. We then took the blue diamond trail to Nordic Pass through that wonderful mid-elevation old growth western hemlock and silver fir.

After that we skirted the southern edge of that infamous ugly Ollalie Meadows clearcut. It led us right over a gentle rib into the beautiful northwest basin of Silver Peak. Our hearts started racing as we found powder on this portion of the ascent.

As usual we stopped at 5200 feet along the northwest ridge where it seems that good skiing ends. The threat of slides and warming temperatures kept us off the summit. Besides, we didn't want the sun to ruin the great snow.

We quickly stripped our skins off and got two great powder runs in on the day before Easter! To top it off we enjoyed corn snow in the clearcut and on the closed downhill ski run back to the car.—John Morrow, Roslyn, 4/14.



MANASTASH RIDGE (USGS Manastash Cr)—No snakes and no ticks and lots of wildflowers made up for the 80 degree day and sun overload on my western Washington skin.

We joined the group of cars parked at the end of Cove Road, and followed the homemade Westberg trail sign. This trail doesn't mess with switchbacks. We could see the cross at the top, but it didn't seem to be getting any closer until suddenly we were there. We had great views of the Stuart range and thanks to the map at the Cle Elum rest area, we even knew their names.

We picked up the jeep road on top and headed west toward the observatory. The flower show of balsamroot, phlox, and lupine helped take my mind off the rocky, dusty road and the heat. We had 5 quarts of water and the three of us used all of it.

The high point on the road also had a nice sitting log for lunch as well as views of the observatory, Rainier, and the Goat Rocks. There was no one home at the observatory. I did find myself wishing for a Coke machine, but made do with an ice cream cone from the Ellensburg McDonalds.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 5/11.



UMTANUM RIDGE (USGS Wenas Lk)—Drive the Canyon

Road south from Ellensburg to the parking area marked Umtanum Recreation Area. The parking lot has been improved and graveled and pit toilets have been installed.

Cross the swinging bridge to the other side of the river. The trail begins just across the railroad tracks and heads up Umtanum Creek. Just a few hundred yards up the trail, take the left branch. This begins to climb and follows a gully which heads toward the ridgetop. About a mile brings you to an old cattle watering trough. A trail branches left and climbs to a lower ridge above the river. The main trail continues straight along the gully, crossing the stream several times. In another mile or so the trail begins to peter out but it is easy to make your way cross-country toward the ridge top, a good lunch spot.

If you have the time and inclination you can wander along the ridge in either direction. There are views in all directions and the wildflowers were beginning to explode. The ever-present sagebrush was just beginning to bloom and very fragrant. It was sunny and warm. I think that this is about 10 miles round trip.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 4/22.

UMTANUM CANYON (USGS Wymer, *The Cottonwoods*)—The sage-steppe regions around Ellensburg and Yakima make for excellent early season excursions, although there is a price to pay in a long drive. However, we hit paydirt with great weather, leaving behind Puget Sound wrapped in clouds and heavy rain and a spring blizzard atop Snoqualmie Pass.

The trailhead is located off the old Yakima River Canyon highway. Drive south along the scenic road from Ellensburg. Parking is ample, and restroom facilities available. The trail, actually an old road, is accessed by crossing a sturdy suspension bridge over the Yakima River and then crossing a set of still active railroad tracks. Routes are available to access the upper ridges, but today we were exploring the canyon floor. The trail used to go through to Durr Road, but the route has been lost due to the inroads of a busy beaver population and heavy brush. Also there are portions of the trail which have been washed out periodically by an enthusiastic creek during spring floods and rerouted over basalt rock and/or through overgrown brush.

Umtanum Canyon is a typical oasis for the area, filled with cottonwood, alder, aspen, willow, roses, snowbush, bunchgrass, bitterbush, rabbitbush and sagebrush. Not a place to go if you have allergies. Some of the basalt cliffs lining the canyon are stunning in color

and complexity.

The creek is *really* low. Already some of the beaver ponds are getting stagnant. There is a lot of wildlife in the area, but little was evident due to the large population of hiking bipeds. We did surprise several snakes during the course of the day, bull snakes and one racer; there were no rattlesnakes or ticks seen.

The spring flowers were about two weeks late this year. Balsamroot is just coming into bloom on the hillsides. We saw phlox, stickweed, death camas, brodiaea, Oregon grape, lupine, larkspur, puccoon, gold star, flowering golden currant, squaw currant, serviceberry, desert paintbrush, desert parsleys, sticky geranium, Franklin's sandwort, prairie starflower, Hooker's balsamroot, red osier dogwood and evidence of many other species about to come into bloom in the next couple of weeks. Since there is an old homestead in the canyon, there were also some gorgeous old apple trees, naturalized lilacs and some Japanese quince.

A couple of times, I thought I heard some hawks calling from the cliffs. There is a huge population of raptors in the Columbia River Basin region.

There were several nice campsites available for early season backpackers, although due to the water situation this year, summer heat and snakes, it probably won't be a pleasant place past late May, at least until the aspen and cottonwood turn this fall.—Liz Escher, University Place, 5/6.

YAHNE CANYON (USGS Taneum Canyon)—From I-90 take Thorp exit 101 and go south a short distance. Turn right on Thorp Cemetery Road (which eventually becomes Taneum Road) and follow 8 miles to the trailhead on the left at the bridge. Park along the edge of the road.

Walk across the bridge and follow old road up for approximately 1 mile,

staying on the main road at all grassy side roads. Then after a long straight-ahead ascent, travel across a more open area and continue up the main road, which now skirts left around the base of a hill. About 2 miles from the car, views of the Stuart Range open up behind.

Next the route approaches Yahne Canyon proper. Where the road comes down to the streambed and crosses the canyon, bending sharply left, take a brushy path straight ahead that soon turns into the 4WD path shown on the map. Follow this for a short half mile up around to meet a main road.

NOTE: This is where our loop begins. Go left on the road a few hundred feet and just before the corner find an old rock quarry shown on the map. Take a shortcut right, up through the rocks on a very faint old cat track, then through trees on a game trail to the right for a short distance to a road above. Great views here.

Go right on this road, shortly reaching a grassy meadow containing a hunters' wood shelter on the right. The trail veers left at the upper end of the meadow. A little farther the road makes a sharp bend to the right, about .75-mile from the quarry. Leave the road and head steeply up the shoulder of the ridge. Many views!

Soon find a jeep trail leading up to meadows with views across to adjacent ridges, all covered purple with satin flowers on this day! They were at their peak and we have never seen so many. Also sprinkled in were mertensia, yellow bells, spring beauty, and glacier lilies.

Follow the meadow road about .5-mile until it intersects a more main road. Your USGS map will be very helpful. Continue to the right to a T-intersection in another mile and a section marker post. Go right a short distance to another section marker and turn right onto a bermed lesser road.

This is approximately 5 miles from the car and begins the return route. Soon cross the headwaters of a small creek. Follow the road down nearly level for awhile along the creek. Then after a long mile the route bends left away from the creek. In another half mile reach the main road encountered on the way up, turn right, and near the corner find the old jeep road on the left that you followed in, thus completing the upper loop. Return the way you came.


Starting elevation is 2200 feet. Our high point was 4360 feet. This route is about 9.5 miles long. We walked through several snow patches, mostly on the loop back. On May 12 we led basically the same route for The Mountaineers. Most snow was melted, and we were between flower displays. The



Tweedy's lewisia, on the Chiwaukum Creek trail, late May.

Candy Berner

satin flowers were gone and the blue camas, lupine and balsamroot were just getting ready to bloom.—C. Berner, Renton, 4/25 and 5/12.

 **COW CANYON** (*GT Rimrock, Tieton*)—After being foiled by our original plan, we got out our maps to look for another nearby trail and found one along the Tieton River, but couldn't locate the trailhead as shown on the map. However, on the way back down the road, we found another route in. After finishing the hike, we found the actual signed trailhead a little farther down the road.

The trail is called Cow Canyon 1146, which was appropriate because all along the trail were fairly new yellow signs marking the way as Center Stock Driveway. The trail is mostly level, following next to the river, except for a few spots where it climbs steeply up and over cliffs. Highway 12 is just across the river, but the river does a fair job of drowning out highway noises.

This trail is not mentioned in any guidebook we have found. On Highway 12 just before MP 168, turn south on road 1200 (South Fork Tieton road). The actual highway road sign just says Tieton Road. Drive .2-mile and turn left on road 1201. Follow this for .65-mile and turn left onto road 554, just after a reservoir. Park near the gate.


NOTE: The signed trailhead is located just .4-mile in on road 1201, a little hard to spot because it sits back from the road.

The 1996 edition of *GT Rimrock* is better than the new 2001 edition, which has omitted road 554 and the first part of the trail. Neither shows the location of the signed trailhead correctly. This is an old trail. It is shown (from the upper trailhead) on Forest Service maps at least as old as the 1963 map we have of the Snoqualmie National Forest, Tieton Ranger District.

The trail starts a gentle descent on a grassy old road for about 1 mile down to river level. After the first mile actual trail begins, winding through trees, with numerous grassy spots next to the river for rest stops. We walked about 3.5 miles and stopped just before the trail started its fourth steep ascent up and around another cliff.

After a phone call to the Naches Ranger Station, we learned that cows are still herded along the trail about once a year. The trail is not being maintained, though it is in fairly good condition. It is not mentioned in the current edition of the district's recreation guide. There has been a recent slide on the hillside shortly after the beginning of the trail from the signed

trailhead. The Forest Pass requirement is to be removed from the signed trailhead. The upper trailhead as shown on maps doesn't exist anymore. So the route we took on road 554 seems to be the best way in. The trail is open to hikers, horses, and mountain bikes.—C. Berner, Renton, 4/21.


 **GREEN LAKE** (*GT Mt Rainier West 269*)—We awoke at 6am to the sound of "Waah" from the next room. My faithful trail companion and I looked at each other. Were we ready to take our newly adopted 15-month-old daughter Liliana on her first hike? "It's now or never!" he stated.

We pulled into the Green Lake trail parking lot at 9:30am. Although the skies were gray there was not a drop of rain. Bundled the little one in layers, snapped some Official First Hike pictures of our "twenty pound turkey," as we call her, and were off by 9:45am. Daddy carried dear daughter while Mommy carried the pack.

We meandered through stupendous old growth for about a mile before taking a little side trip to Ranger Falls. The little one was amazed by all the tall trees and the noisy waterfall! Continued up, crossing several creeks. Hit snow just before the lake. Crossed a small footbridge which had some icy patches. Daddy would have danced across it in our BC (Before Children) days but now carefully negotiated every step.

Arrived at the lake around 11am, passing a man and his son just leaving. Took some snapshots and ate a snack. Our little one was enthralled with the camp robbers, jays and chipmunks that were scurrying around. The lake was still frozen over and snow covered Gove Peak and Rust Ridge above.

Started down after only 15 minutes as baby's hands were very cold (she kept taking off her mittens). Back at the truck by noon. Our little twenty-pounder's head was bobbing and her eyes were shut! She had reached the end of the trail long before we had. We had done about 4 miles and 1000 feet of elevation, not bad for our first hike with our little one!—Halley, Joey, and Liliana, Tacoma, 4/22.

 **KAUTZ CREEK LOOP** (*GT Mt Rainier West 269*)—We decided a longer hike was in order for our second hike as parents. Stopped at the Ohop Bakery in Eatonville to pick up our good friend Lisa.


Left from Longmire at about 10:30am on the Rampart Ridge trail. We hit patches of snow right before the Mildred Point cutoff at 1.8 miles and continued up Rampart Ridge passing Long-

mire trail junction at 2 miles. We were now traveling consistently on snow. Not too difficult as it was still hard enough to not punch through. Descended gently through old growth toward Kautz Creek gurgling below. Reached river at 2.8 miles around noon and ate lunch while basking in the sun. Lisa assumed position as official baby photographer and snapped pictures of Lili playing with sand and rocks as well as eating her lunch.

Only one mishap occurred when Daddy leaned Lili, in her baby pack, up against the tree and she accidentally fell over face first into the soft loam. A monkey face ensued but all was well when an animal cookie was produced.

Left river around 1pm and ascended 1.2 miles to Longmire trail cutoff. Continued to ascend approximately 3 miles across Rampart Ridge coming around a knoll where off to the right the view opened up revealing Mount Wow and Tumtum Peak. Lili was quite impressed with the vistas even at 15 months! We then descended the trail by a number of switchbacks through more old growth until we reached the Trail of the Shadows loop.

Arrived at the truck around 2:45pm with sleeping baby in tow. Scurried off to Whittaker's Bunkhouse for an iced mocha. 7 miles total and around 2000 total gain for the day. Not bad for hiking with a baby.—Halley, Joey, Liliana, Tacoma, 5/6.

 **LITTLE TAHOMA** (*GT Mt Rainier East*)—I met James Hamaker at his house in Tacoma shortly after 9am and we loaded everything we could fit into my Honda: skis, mountain bikes, technical gear and all our overnight backcountry comforts. Parking my car at the junction of 410 and the White River road, we loaded ourselves down and walked our bikes around the gate to begin our journey.

We biked to the Summerland trailhead where we stashed our bikes. We were very pleased to see that there was enough snow at the 3800 foot trailhead to have our skis and skins where they belonged: on our feet! In the early afternoon we headed up the trail to Summerland hoping for the best. The 2100 feet of gain mostly in old growth forest was quite nice.

Once we broke above tree line we could really see the winds blowing on the upper slopes of Rainier. Little Tahoma was clouded in. There were big drifts at the Summerland shelter's entrance but we were able to make ourselves fairly comfortable within. The winds died down in the evening hours but Little Tahoma at 11,117 feet never cleared.

After awaking around 5am we had our skis and skins on and headed upward under cloudless, totally calm conditions. Our camp was at just under 6000 feet and we had over 1500 feet of gain to get to the Fryingpan Glacier.

The expansive views across the Fryingpan Glacier toward Little Tahoma and Mount Rainier made me proud to be a skier and a climber. There was so much incredible alpine terrain ahead of us and we had it all to ourselves. This is a great ski route up and down although it does require a good amount of energy expenditure!

At the upper end of the Fryingpan Glacier beyond the Whitman Crest high-point is a 9000-foot notch which we used to access the Whitman Glacier. Climbing the upper 50 feet to this notch required that we remove our skis. The upper part of the Whitman looked awful steep and we both figured we would be kicking steps up to the 10,500-foot bench. But with the radiant heat melting the glacier's surface, we were remarkably able to skin up by using a couple of long rising traverses.

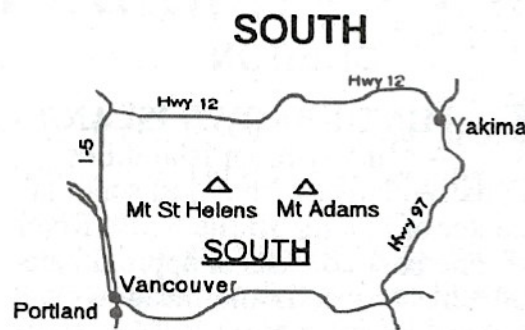
Regardless of how good we might have been feeling about our skiing ability, there was not a doubt that we would be leaving our skis at 10,500. There was a lot of bare rock on the final 600 feet but a good amount of steep snow as well. Most of the rock is the typical rotten volcanic variety and we climbed close together to be safe from rockfall.

We topped out on a high point just to the east of the notch. The exposure to the north here is tremendous. James rightly insisted on at least a fixed line and graciously gave me the lead. What a great summit, what a great day! We were comfortably down to one layer of clothing and there was just a whisper of a wind. The mountain's glaciers are indeed very broken up for this time of year.

After going through the summit register we realized it was after 2pm. We made it back down to our skis without incident and then the excitement began. At 3:15 we began our long wonderful ski descent. Falling on the Whitman Glacier was absolutely not an option! After getting through the 9000-foot notch to the Fryingpan Glacier, we could relax a bit on the gentle grade. Oh, there were the cliffs that we had to avoid and one area of death cookies but all in all it was another fun run. The time elapsed from 10,500 feet on the upper shoulder of Little Tahoma back to our camp at 5900 feet was an all-too-quick 60 minutes.

We broke camp and skied down through the icy snows of the forest another 2100 feet. Finally it was back on our bikes for the last leg of our journey.

We were back at my car at a little after 7pm.—Don Beavon, Lynnwood, 3/5-6.



LAKEVIEW PEAK (USGS Lakeview Pk)—Except for Indian Rock and Lemei Rock, there is no peak in Washington with over 2000 feet of Prominence that is farther south than Lakeview Peak at 3868 feet, with 2188 feet P. It lies on the ridge between the Kalama and Lewis Rivers, 5 miles west of Cougar.

Jeff and I drove down I-5 to Woodland (exit 21) and turned east up the Lewis River. Paying close attention to the map, since the creeks aren't all signed, we crossed unsigned Rock Creek on a substantial bridge, and in a half mile took the initially unmarked Weyerhaeuser road to the left. They label it 6600 a ways up, but it shows up on the 2000 Weyerhaeuser map as 6690.

We hit snow at about 2200 feet, and worried a bit up to 2700 feet where it stopped Jeff's Subaru just short of road 6694, southeast of the summit. We'd brought our bikes, but ended up hiding them in the woods, then hoofed it up road 6694, soon putting on snowshoes. There's a road all the way to the summit. We hopped over a snowed-in gate at 3400 feet, and then bypassed the map-named lower 3859-foot southeast summit to gain the logged off highest point of Lakeview, 3868 feet.

The "lakeview" is of a little pond east of the summit.

Totally white St. Helens was huge from here, and Adams and Hood were visible, but nearly milked out by a high front coming in. The most impressive close peaks are Elk Peak to the northwest, which looks worthy of a visit, and Goat Peak, the High Point of Cowlitz County. The other nearby landforms are physically unremarkable, but there are a ton of >400 feet P peaks in this area.

A Weyerhaeuser and USGS map are definitely handy in this land of many branches and spurs. 1.9 hours up, 1.6 down, about 7 miles roundtrip. 360 miles round trip driving from Bellevue.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/15.

PEAK 2280+ (USGS Greenhorn Buttes)—Studying quads last fall, I noted a small hump with 700 feet of prominence immediately north-

east of Bluff Mountain on the Greenhorn Buttes map; I planned to make it winter's first snowshoe destination. However, as there was never enough snow so low, the hump had been bypassed for higher goals. Driving home recently from a snowshoe trek, I recalled this little peak and decided to stop to try it as a short snowless hike. It turned out to be quite pleasant.

To get there, take Highway 12 to Randle, turn south onto Highway 131, drive a short mile and curve left; you will now be on Cispus Road, which soon becomes road 23. At just under 5.8 miles from Randle take a hard right onto road 2306. In .1-mile more park where abandoned road 014 heads east into the woods (this old road is shown on the USGS quad but not on GT McCoy Peak).

Simply follow road 014 to the top, passing a gate in .1-mile; the road is partly overgrown and there is some blowdown, but it isn't bad.

The whole southwest side of the hill was clearcut several years ago, and has been replanted with western white pine (*Pinus montecola*). The trees are small enough that there are still wide open views to the west most of the way up and from the top. Random trees have been killed by white pine blister rust. From or near the top Huffaker Mountain, Bluff Mountain, Iron Creek Butte, Greenhorn Buttes and Burley Mountain are all in sight. Views east are blocked by forest.

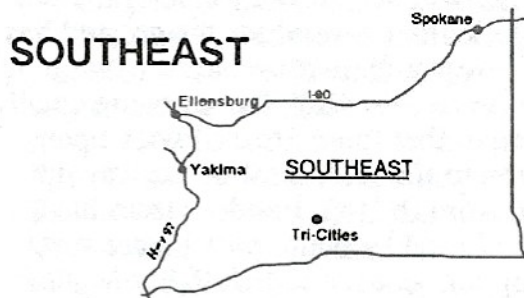
On the way down, I noted that the wooded northwest slope is open enough that one could simply head straight uphill from the gate. Also, this would indeed make a nice conditioning snowshoe hike in winter; with enough snow, one could even ski down the southwest side through the tips of the young pines.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 4/25.



WHISKEY DICK RIDGE (USGS Whiskey Dick Mtn)—

We call this our annual cactus hike. We do it in early May when the Simpson's hedgehog cactus are in bloom. Turn off I-90 at Kittitas. Turn right (north) through the town to old Highway 10, which is called the Vantage Highway. About 15 miles east you come to the entrance to the Quilomene Wildlife Area. A large parking area is just inside the gate. Follow the road, taking

the first right. Keep left at all junctions. In about a mile at a wide spot in the road a jeep road turns off to the left and winds through a gully then climbs to the ridge top. The wildflowers begin as soon as you start up this road/trail. The most common were balsamroot (two varieties), lupine, phlox and camas. About halfway to the ridge top the cactus begin. They were in full bloom. The road heads toward the high point on the ridge which is a good lunch spot. There are views down to the Columbia and hills and mountains in all directions. Mount Rainier was looming like a white ghost on the distant horizon. We met a garden club from Ellensburg and a group of students from Central Washington University. The area appears to be noted for these lovely cactus. It is about 5 miles from the parking area to the ridge top. It was sunny and warm. A stop at the Ellensburg Dairy Queen completed a beautiful day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/6.



IRON HORSE TRAIL

(USGS *Boylston, East Kittitas*)

—Over the years we have hiked most of this trail which runs from near Rattlesnake Lake to the Columbia River. For this hike we picked a stretch east of the town of Kittitas.

Leave I 90 at the Kittitas exit. Turn right, then left at the first intersection (Carroll Rd) then left again at the next intersection (Mundy Rd) then right on Boylston Rd. Just a few hundred yards up Boylston Rd is a large parking area on the left. The trail begins here.

This is now part of the Yakima firing range, or as the army now wants it known, the Yakima Training Grounds. When the gate is open just at the beginning of the trail, which leads to the main trail, hikers, cyclists and horseback riders are allowed to use the trail. There is a sign in booth up on the main trail where you need to sign in and out. Turning left on the main trail you can follow the railroad grade as far as you want. We went about 6 miles, past the remains of the town of Boylston and a short way past a short tunnel.

Sagebrush is the prominent feature on the landscape. There was a lot of balsamroot in bloom along with some phlox. It was a bit windy but not unpleasant. Needless to say we enjoyed

a visit to the Dairy Queen in Ellensburg after this 12 mile hike.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 4/29.

OREGON



MINTO-BROWN ISLAND

—Minto-Brown Island lies along the Willamette River just south of the center of Salem, off the South River Road. The park consists of approximately 900 acres of woods and meadows with about 15 miles of trails. Most trails are paved, good for walking or biking.

We did a combination of these trails making a loop from Parking Lot 1 for a total hike of 6½ miles. (We often bike the outer rim for an easy 10-mile ride.) The trails intersect and loop in any way you want to do them.

A sketch map is available at City Hall (write City of Salem, Parks Operation Division, City Hall, 555 Liberty St SE, Salem OR 97301), but no problem if you haven't one. There are big signboard maps at Parking Lots 1 and 3. The elevation gain and loss is so minimal as to be hard to figure.

Much of this land was farmed. Some of it still is, but one of the delights of the recent trip was to see all the new tree plantings in many parts of the park.

One field is designated for your dog to enjoy running, chasing a frisbie, or whatever. On the trails, dogs are to be leashed.

This is a heavily used park, any time, any day. However, some of the soft-surface trails have fewer walkers and it is possible to be in relative solitude for part of the way.

It is a designated wildlife area. Always many birds to see, wildflowers depending on time of year, and in the fall, lots of blackberries to be picked and eaten.

Totally, it's a great park for people of this area, but anyone is welcome. And NO entrance or parking fee or permit required!—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 4/29.

IDAHO



GLADIATOR MOUNTAIN

(USGS *Morton Pk*)—My

friend Justin invited me to join him on a road trip to Pocatello where he will be attending grad school in June. From there we endured unusually wintry weather in the Galena Summit area.

Beginning behind the Galena Lodge Nordic Center (7200 feet) we donned overnight packs and skied up Gladiator Creek to the edge of an enormous, beautiful basin. Camping at 8200 feet we hoped for an attempt at skiing on one of the two peaks at the head of the basin. We awoke the next morning to snow, cold, and low visibility. A

summit did not appear promising.

But we skinned up the basin step by step, assessing avalanche conditions. We actually found a safe route to the high pass at 9760 feet. From there winds had scoured the south slope of Gladiator Peak (10,243 feet) to bare rock in places, giving us a lower-risk route to an Idaho summit! Views were few but the deep cold of below 15-degrees and extreme winds gave us a great sense of accomplishment.

As for the skiing, a warm sun had melted the surface powder the day before. It left us with quite challenging breakable crust back to camp.—John Morrow, Roslyn, 4/10-11.

SOUTH KOREA



SORAKSAN NATIONAL PARK, Kangwon-do—

Heather and I just returned from a trip to Korea in which we were fortunate to explore what is perhaps the most pristine of the country's many National Parks. Korea is densely populated with over 45 million people in a country the size of Maine. However, there are still areas of the country that are rugged and quite wild.

In the northeast is Soraksan National Park. Soraksan translates as "snowy crags mountains." Although there was only a small amount of snow left during our visit, the peaks were indeed craggy. We did two hikes into some of the park's rockier regions. The topography reminds me somewhat of the Red Rocks of Arizona except flanked by twisted Japanese pines.

The area is heavily forested and contains some of the highest peaks in South Korea, just over 7000 feet. There are no tigers left, but this park is one of the few places remaining in the country that contains healthy populations of the Asian black bear.

One hike took us to the high cave of Kamganggul. A steep metal stairway helped us access this small cave high on an open rocky ledge. Not for those subject to vertigo. A Buddhist monk occupies the cave and its small shrine. A very celestial setting with views over a deeply cut valley and snowy craggy peaks.

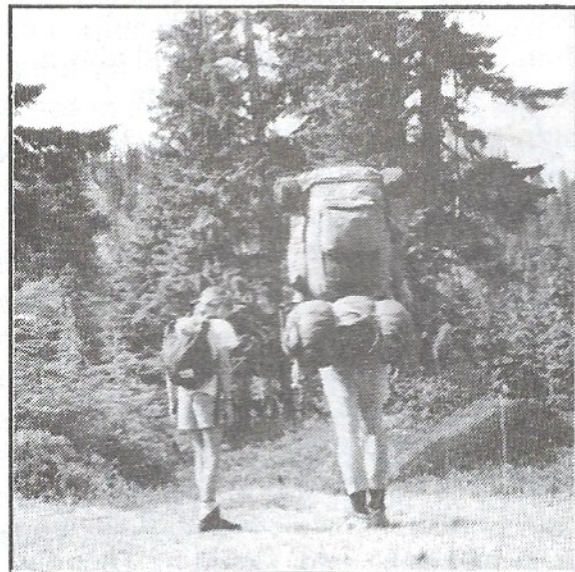
Another breathtaking hike that we did was to the summit of Ulsanbawi Rock. Ulsanbawi is a huge exposed rock, similar to Ayers Rock in Australia. It is one of the largest single-rock mountains in Asia. Once again to reach the summit you must use an intimidating series of steel steps and railings. The view of the ocean, National Park, and some of the last wild lands on the Korean Peninsula is worth the shaky climb.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/13-15.

ANNA BREIWICK

I Found my Passion

My dad took me on my first hike to Hyas Lake when I was 4 years old. After that, hiking became a regular weekend thing. My first backpacking trip was to Anderson and Watson Lakes when I was 6.

I learned many important things from my dad on these trips, such as how to use a compass, how to pack light, and to make dinner using the backpacking stove. I also learned about the stars, the bears, and the trees. My



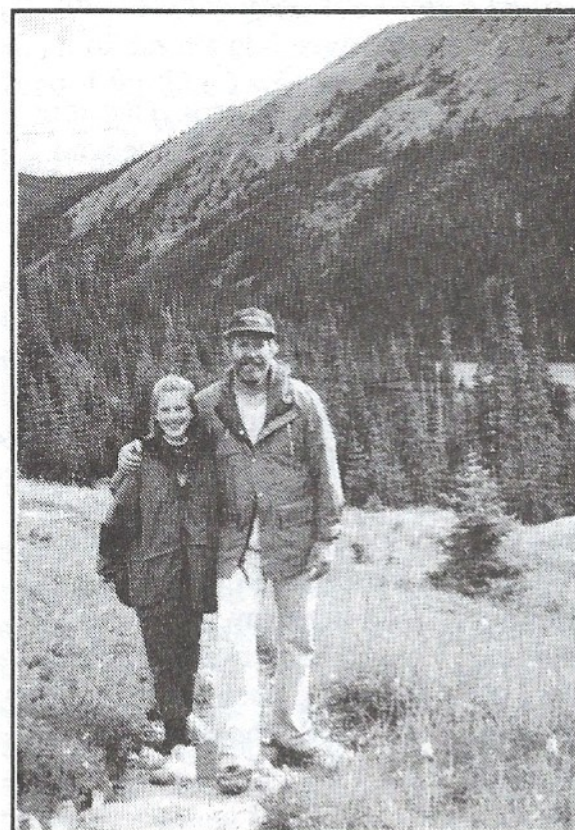
Anna, at 6, does her part—but Dad has the biggest pack on this trip to Anderson and Watson Lakes.

love of nature began to grow, and it wasn't long before I was begging Dad to take me hiking.

The most exciting thing for me was making it to our destination. I love small pristine lakes at high elevations with clear skies and huge towering mountains in every direction. The idea of being in the middle of nowhere living off only the supplies on my back is very exciting.

Some of our trips included four days at Grand Lakes in the Olympics, 4th of July Lake in the Sawtooth Mountains for three days, a week at Shoshone Lake in Yellowstone National Park, and a day hike around Spray Park. Also in the summer of '99 we took an exciting trip to Trophy Meadows in Canada, where people travel from all over to see the beautiful wildflowers and hike in grizzly country.

I am now 17 years old and my dream is to someday hike the Pacific Crest Trail. I hope to hike at least the Washington part, if not the whole thing. I've been on parts of the trail before when we went to places like Hope Lake, Top Lake and Indian Heaven, and I really enjoyed it. Because of my dad, I have



Anna and Dad above Grand Lakes, Olympic National Park.

found my passion, and I am very excited to spend many more days on the trail and nights underneath the stars.

△

Anna Breiwick lives in Carnation.

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.

FOUND—Car keys on the top of Doe Canyon Loop, near Early Winters above the Methow Valley. Toyota and Subaru on 4 rings and a belt clip. They're above the work bench in Jack's Hut ski shop by the Freestone Inn.

WANTED—Looking for a few women to start a weekly hiking group, but only during the week. I am a 64-year-old woman who has hiked extensively in Washington for 30-35 years, except for the last two. I want to start up again. Bellevue, near I-90. Marita, 425-746-3877.

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.

TRAVEL—Wanted: Adventurous people to join a Hike-n-Bike tour of Austria, September 9-19. Hike and bike with a certified Austrian Guide to Austria's lovely Karwendel Nature Park, cross the Achensee, Maryhofen, much more. Group size limited to 20 members. For information e-mail <jack.melill@juno.com> or call 425-313-4632.

FOR SALE—Asolo Yukon boots, men's size 10½. These are very nice boots. I used them once but found they were too small. \$100 or make me an offer. 360-871-4818 (Port Orchard).

FOR SALE—I have Tyvek! Use for lightweight groundcloths and tarps. Had

to buy a long 9-foot-wide roll, now seeking to apportion remainder out in 5'x9' pieces. \$10 for one, \$15 for two, \$20 for three. "While supplies last." Other lengths may be possible, prorated. <dhzooms@hotmail.com>

FOR SALE—Werner Camano paddle, fiberglass, blue/white, 230 cm (7½ feet) non-take-apart, unfeathered, \$100; and Beran, beautiful wooden paddle, 7 feet, 3" long, non-take-apart, feathered, \$75. 425-823-2118 (Bothell).

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).

KAREN SYKES

An Introduction to Brush

—ON DEVIL'S CLUB, AGING, AND THE WAY OF THE UNIVERSE—

"Look, there's a red berry. That must be our next flag," quipped Steve who was guiding us through a tangle of slide alder, devil's club, salmonberry and brush. Apparently the red berry was about as much help as we were going to get on this old miner's trail to a place called Marble Pass.

Steve joked a lot about how easy it is to lose your marbles at Marble Pass and before we started beating the brush it was actually funny. Especially when you can see Marble Pass from the Mountain Loop highway, sitting in your car. You can experience Marble Pass without getting chewed up by the brush and spit out by the mountain. Or can you?

Steve is the youngest of us. Most of us are old geezers who haven't lost the zest for adventure despite the toll advancing years have taken on bones, muscles, and joints. The vision is still pure, even through bifocals. Steve is a small, wiry, lean climbing machine who works at a great industrial plant in the northwest. He believes he's the reincarnation of a miner who once lived in Monte Cristo and has come back disguised as an engineer. Unlike the miners who carried heavy loads Steve travels light in rugged terrain. His raingear is flimsy. For lunch he brings air sandwiches. You want the recipe? Stick two pieces of bread together and that's it. His stove is a weird pop-can thing that he's been experimenting on for some time with some success. Like the rest of us Steve fell in love with Monte Cristo the first time he ever laid eyes on it.

Kathy is the elder of the group but you'd never know it by the places she goes. She's slowing down a little bit but not enough to matter. She goes uphill like a steam engine, occasionally huffing and puffing, but doesn't stop moving until she gets to her goal. She's also the expert on map and compass. By the time I've retrieved my reading glasses and found the map Kathy has already taken bearings and plotted our route. Kathy just retired from nursing but we'll never let her forget it. After

all, someone has to tend to our injuries on such epics.

Then there's Jim who says he comes from a family of trappers and car thieves. He is also small, lean and quick (this seems to be the best body build for brush beating in the North Cascades). Jim likes obscure books and music, rusting machinery, abandoned buildings, abandoned cars, abandoned trails and Kathy. He really enjoys looking for lost stuff. He says he's afraid of heights but often finds himself on the edges of precipices and wonders how he got there.

Kathy and I are hearty women from pioneer stock. Our ancestors cleared rocks, felled trees and built pastures for livestock and we still cook from scratch. I'm a half-way decent writer—I'm not a good climber. I flunked the climbing course the first time and disgraced myself forever at the rock field trip by showing up with a stuff sack full of backpacking food rather than the carabiners and runners that were required (the stuff sacks were the same color).

I eventually made it through the climbing course but I found out later the instructors wrote "spooks easily" next to my name. Despite being a poor climber, not being particularly strong or otherwise mountain-gifted, like my friends I am hopelessly hooked by Monte Cristo and can't get enough of it.

The four of us beg, borrow, steal or buy all the books and maps we can get our hands on about Monte Cristo. We can hardly wait for the snow to melt. Steve is an avid bike rider and is out pushing the snowline long before the rest of us. Kathy, Jim, and I are not as pure in heart as Steve. While we hike in the sun on the east side of the mountains Steve is pedaling furiously on a brushy back road in a downpour because he read about an old trail that might be at the end of the road.

In late June the snow had finally melted enough that Steve thought we could make it up to Marble Pass despite our limitations, real and perceived. We had discussed the plan weeks in ad-

vance. If the river was low we'd ford it to avoid the ugly long bushwhack along the river. If the water was too high we'd have to take on the brush. Steve, always the optimist, said once we got through the brush the trail was in pretty good shape.

On the day of reckoning the Stillaguamish River was too high to ford so we geared up for the brush. Despite it being an exceedingly hot day, we donned long-sleeved shirts and gloves. Kathy and Jim wore long pants. I didn't have long pants other than rain-pants and reckoned my skin would recover more quickly than Gore-tex. Steve was also bare-legged being agile enough to gaily levitate over the worst tangles and snarls.

It wasn't that bad at first. Once across the bridge to the unfriendly town of Silverton we stepped onto an old road. Despite Steve's warnings of heavy brush, I was in denial. It couldn't be as bad as he said. Could it? Then the road just ended for no rational reason and a wall of brush stood between us and Marble Pass.

How can this brush that thrives at the lower elevations of the North Cascades be described? The salmonberries were still green and hadn't ripened. Their colorful blossoms were long gone and they were glorious with thorns and stickers. There are worse things, however, than salmonberries. Slide alder doesn't have stickers but it is stubborn and doesn't budge. It also holds grudges and will swing back and lash you in the face if provoked.

The worst character in this rogue's gallery is devil's club. The Indians found many uses for this beastly bush but we haven't figured out a way to make friends with it. The stickers are stubborn and many. When we brush against devil's club the stickers seem to jump off onto our skin. There are many places in the North Cascades lower elevation valleys where you yearn for a handhold ... and there is nothing to reach for but devil's club.

Salmonberry, alder, and devil's club

all seem to get along very well and don't mind sharing the neighborhood. In fact, they seem united in purpose. Their mission, it seems, is to keep us out of the mountains. The brush is enhanced by fallen trees and stumps which are either slippery or rotten. If we stand on them, they collapse. If they don't collapse under our weight they will produce enough moss on their surfaces to make us fall into a swamp or a clump of devil's club. Failing that these trees will be adorned with branches sticking up at awkward angles to throw us off balance one way or another.

Progress was slow. Finally we made it to a gravel bar and stopped for a drink of water. Everyone but Steve was already tired and we hadn't even started uphill yet. All too soon the gravel bar ended in another tangle. We slithered, pushed, climbed, ducked, and made bad jokes as we struggled through the brush.

It was about at this point that Steve found the red berry which indicated we were on the correct route. We had also reached the appropriate bend in the river where we needed to start climbing and as we climbed the brush relented bit by bit. Something else red caught our eye. A ribbon! We are on the trail, Steve shouted.

The definition of a trail varies from individual to individual. To most hikers a trail is something like the Carbon River trail in Mount Rainier National Park or the Heather Lake trail off the Mountain Loop highway.

A trail has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The end of a trail is a lake, a view, or some kind of compensation. Brush, if any, is scant and knows its place. If the trail is high enough, elevation alone will ensure the trail is mostly brush free except for the occasional huckleberry and nobody minds berry bushes, especially in August. Trees rude enough to fall across such trails are removed or notched with an axe so people can climb over them. Bridges on popular trails are replaced as needed.

More experienced hikers and scramblers will take advantage of way-trails. A way-trail is a secondary trail, often created by miners or fishermen. Some of them are old trails built by the CCC or the Forest Service to access fire look-outs. Others are created by climbers on their way to summits, such as the way-trail to Mount Forgotten. Maintenance, if any, is performed by volunteers en

route. Some way-trails may be flagged (a subject of much controversy).

Then there are trails so vague that you can't really call them trails by any stretch of the imagination. These are often the trails that lead to the best places. The Marble Pass trail is one of these.

If you can find the start of this trail, your work is not over. Even with a few user-friendly flags along the way we kept losing it. Even Steve (it took him four tries to get to Marble Pass) lost the tread from time to time, and then we would fan out to look for it.

A hiker is working hard enough at this point that he or she may miss the whole point of the trip, which is the history and the beauty. Logging took place earlier in the century but other than a few stumps with springboard notches you can't tell the loggers were ever there.

Did we get to Marble Pass? Nope—the combination of heat, our slow pace (except for Steve who was just getting warmed up) and an accident stopped us. We were on the best section of trail, out of the worst of the brush and it didn't seem like much could go wrong. Then as Steve eased through a mean pocket of vine maple, one malicious branch swept back and tried to take out my eye. It hit so hard I had to sit down.

I could see my contact lens balanced precariously on the high point of my cheekbone. I couldn't put the lens back in my injured eye so apparently our trip was over. Kathy deftly covered my eye with an eye patch and we started down with heavy hearts. Darn! We were just starting to get tantalizing glimpses of Marble Pass! All that work for nothing!

The descent is impossible to describe. With only one functional eye I had lost depth perception. The heat added to our fatigue. Jim was having trouble with leg cramps and Kathy was just plain tired. Only Steve had much stamina left.

As bad it was, we kept up the jokes for a while. I said it was eye-ronic that I had an eye appointment the next morning (actually true). It was a relief to reach the gravel bar again. We had less than a mile to go. We followed it as far as we could but soon lost the trail again. The jokes stopped. We were all tired and dehydrated.

The final bushwhack was very, very bad. I began beating at the devil's club

with my hiking stick, even when it didn't bar my way. I was just plain mad and wanted to hit something back. *Whack, whack, whack.*

It felt strangely satisfying for a while. Then as I looked up with the sweat pouring into my good eye I saw a lovely stand of devil's club right above my head. I felt like I was seeing it for the first time. Why, the thing was absolutely gorgeous! I stopped beating at it—I was humbled.

It swayed gracefully in the breeze and looked very benign. It had every right to be there. After all, it wasn't growing in my house. Maybe we didn't have a right to be there. Maybe some old trails are best left to ghosts despite our passions to hike them.

When we got back to the car we were quiet, thirsty and dirty. Descending the mountain without a sense of balance was about the hardest thing I've ever done in the mountains. My eye hurt and so did my scratches. I looked up at Marble Pass glittering above me like a hallucination. Would I ever get there? Will I learn my lesson? What is the lesson?

Perhaps the lesson is learning how to travel through the brush without fighting it. Perhaps the lesson is learning how to travel through rough terrain without getting mad at it. Perhaps the lesson is being better prepared in the first place: carry more water, get in better shape. Wear more protective clothing. Allow more time.

None of us are cured of Monte Cristo or abandoned trails and we've made plans for more epics. Our desire to be in places like Blake's Notch above 76 Basin or the legendary Comet Mine is as fresh as ever but our bodies will be another year older.

Steve is younger and will get there for sure. Kathy, Jim, and I will go as far as we can. I may be content to sit in the cool blue shadows of 76 Basin and watch them climb high, high above me.

△

Karen Sykes, of Seattle, is a hiking columnist for the Seattle P-I, and a member of The Mountaineers. She is always out hiking, in spite of the brush.

KEN HOPPING

Climbing Mount Whitney

—OUR TRAINING REGIME PAID BIG DIVIDENDS—

Planning

At 14,496 feet, California's Mount Whitney is the highest peak in the contiguous 48 states. Accessible by a well maintained trail, this summit attracts large numbers of visitors. The Inyo National Forest issues climbing permits to prevent over crowding.

A visit to their web site is the recommended starting point for trip planning. Permits are allocated by lottery starting February 15th. I faxed my application a few days before and was fortunate to receive my first choice of dates. A non-refundable fee of \$15 per person was charged to my credit card.

I requested a September date because crowds thin out after Labor Day. Although Whitney is not a technical climb, the high elevation and 21.4 trail miles make it a significant physical effort. We planned our trip for two days with an overnight camp at 12,000 feet. With nighttime temperatures possibly

near freezing we had to be prepared for winter conditions.

Participants

My companions on this trip were all experienced hikers/climbers. Ted Kirpes, from Enumclaw, is a professional photographer. His photo trekking resume includes Kala Patar, Nepal (18,190 feet), and Kilimanjaro, Tanzania (19,340 feet). He is a strong performer at high altitude.

Debbie Anschell, from Redmond, is a veteran of Mount Rainier. However, her experience at that altitude was not pleasant. She remembers being sick beyond all caring. Her legs never faltered and she credits her success to being over trained. Last year Debbie accumulated more than 360,000 feet of elevation gain.

Carol Hodovance, from Kirkland, is a veteran of 7 full marathons and 7 complete Seattle-to-Portland bike rides.

Despite these impressive feats of endurance, she finds climbing with an overnight backpack even more physically challenging. Her personal altitude record was Mount Adams (12,267 feet).

I have summited Mount Rainier on 5 separate occasions. However, as they say in a financial prospectus: "Past performance is not a guarantee of future gains."

Given the time and travel commitment for the Whitney trip, we all allocated a significant number of days for conditioning hikes.

Training

We started training in April with monthly hikes to Camp Muir at 10,000 feet on Mount Rainier. Our goal was to acclimatize to high elevation and build up tolerance for rapid elevation gain. By the end of August everyone was able to complete the 4600-foot ascent in 4 hours or less carrying a 35 pound pack.

Two week-long backpacking trips during the summer honed our camping skills. By September we were primed for the Whitney trip. Our final performance check was back-to-back hikes with over 4000 feet of elevation gain each day.

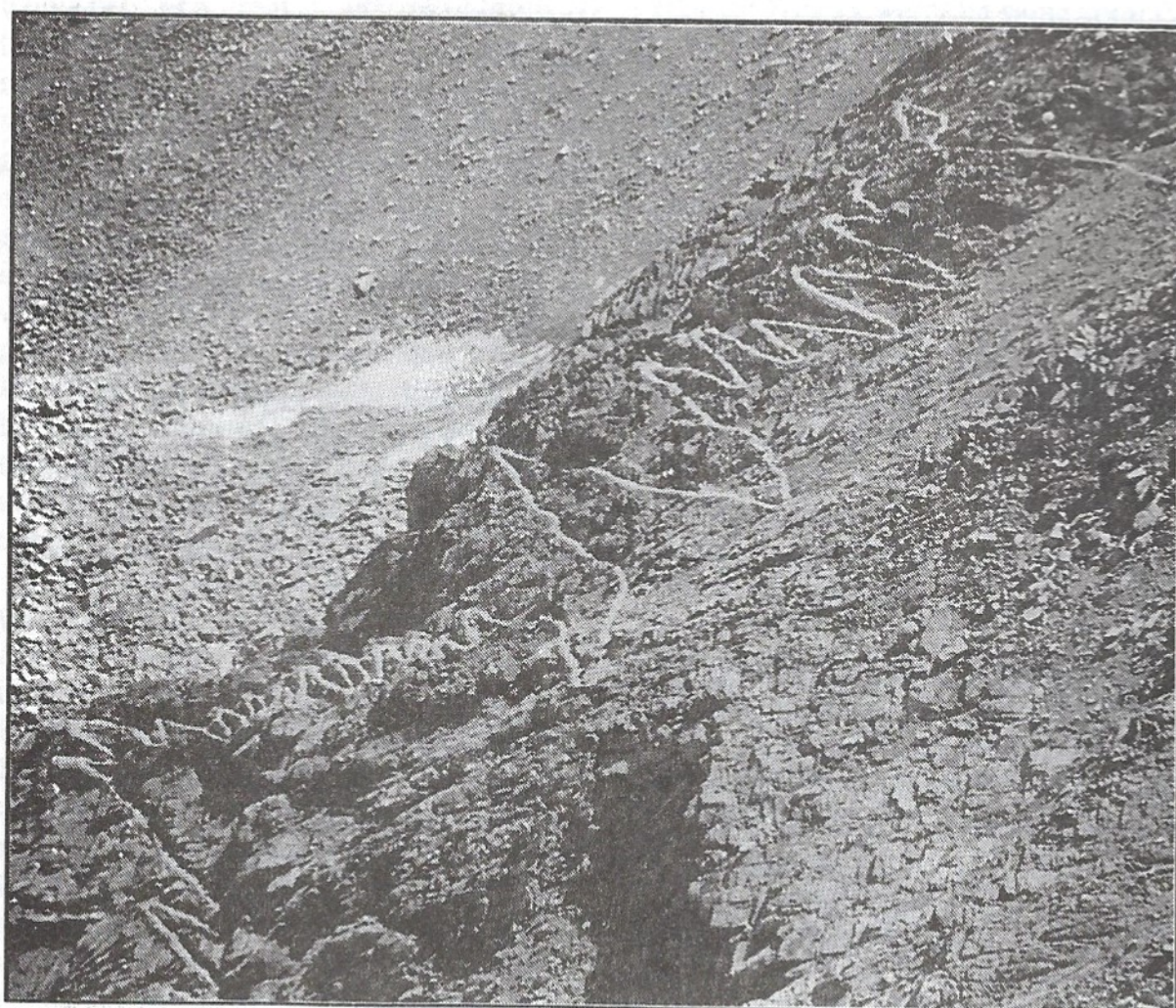
We were confident in our ability. The remaining uncertainty was weather.

Whitney Portal

Clear blue skies greeted us when we arrived in Lone Pine. Our first glimpse of Mount Whitney came from the ranger station where we stopped to pick up our permits.

Due to problems with marauding bears, all overnight campers are required to use bear proof food canisters. We paid \$5 rental fees along with a security deposit. For personal security I also carried bear strength pepper spray. The ranger station has an impressive photo display of cars damaged by bears attracted to food odors.

We had reservations at the Whitney Portal campground. It is equipped with strong metal bear boxes for storing



Switchbacks on the trail to Whitney Crest.

Ken Hopping

food. That night, a car in a nearby campsite was visited by bears. Even food crumbs are sufficient to gain their interest.

The Whitney trail begins at an elevation of 8000 feet. People who do the climb in one day typically start several hours before sunrise. We chose a two day climb so we could set a more relaxed pace and enjoy the scenery.

The trade-off is a heavy overnight pack. Debbie's husband, Greg, joined us the first day as a Sherpa. He carried a tent up to our high camp and set a personal altitude record.

Trail Camp

The trail has a moderate grade designed for mules. That means lots of switchbacks. I was surprised by the large trees which provided shade to an elevation of 10,600 feet.

We took a snack break at Outpost Camp then continued to a ridge above Mirror Lake where we stopped for lunch. By mid afternoon we arrived at Trail Camp. The campsites here are bare rock so free standing tents are required.

A steady stream of hikers returning from the summit passed our camp. We chatted with several people while preparing our supper and helped one man who had run out of water.

At high elevation it is especially important to eat nutritious meals and drink adequate amounts of water. This is harder than it might seem since many people feel nauseous at elevations above 10,000 feet. Debbie used diamox to counteract her susceptibility to altitude sickness.

The air cooled noticeably when the sun dropped below the ridge line just after 6pm. We packed all food items and trash in the bear canisters and stashed them 100 feet from camp. During the night the temperature dropped to about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. A gusty wind developed just before sunrise.

White granite cliffs provided an excellent reflector for sunrise colors. Ted's camera was ready to capture the magic as they flushed with brilliant orange tones. While we ate breakfast and enjoyed the light show, the first day trippers began passing through camp.

Whitney Summit

The 2 miles to Trail Crest are the steepest part of the climb. A long series of tight switchbacks snakes up through boulders and along cliffs. In the early summer, lingering snow patches can be



Debbie, left, and Carol at the summit.

a problem. One portion of the trail was coated with ice from seeping water. A cable railing here provided protection.

Our training regime paid big dividends with everyone in the group feeling strong. Starting fresh, we were soon passing people doing the one day climb.

At 13,600 feet the trail crossed to the west side of the summit ridge. The route was blasted from cliffs and acrophobes might find it intimidating. An expansive view of Hitchcock Lakes provided some of the finest scenery of the trip.

Soon we could see the summit of Mount Whitney directly ahead. A nearly level traverse for 1/2-mile let us gather strength for the final push to the top. We arrived at 11am, four hours after leaving Trail Camp.

Sunshine brought afternoon temperatures near 50 degrees Fahrenheit. We spent over an hour taking pictures, signing the register and enjoying the views. This was quite a contrast with my climbs on Mount Rainier where the snowy cold was a major incentive to immediately descend.

On Mount Whitney, afternoon thunderstorms are a concern. Several people have died from lightning strikes. The Smithsonian Observatory hut is NOT a safe refuge! We returned to camp by 3pm and packed up our gear.

The long unrelenting descent is just

as physically demanding as the climb. We passed several people who were experiencing significant foot problems. It was nearly dark when we finished after 12 full hours of exertion.

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Ken Hopping, of Bellevue, is recently separated from Boeing. He spends much of his free time hiking in the mountains.

LEE MCKEE

At the Ocean's Edge

—NEGOTIATING BOOMERS, ROCK GARDENS AND THE SURF ZONE IN A SEA KAYAK—

Being basically a Puget Sound paddler, I have always found kayaking the open coast alluring. Realizing that coastal paddling is more involved than what I usually do, I was reluctant to "just do it" as the Nike slogan prompts.

So in spring of 2000 I went in search of training. After some searching, I discovered what I was looking for—a course intended to "prepare intermediate paddlers to plan and execute kayak trips with friends in open coastal waters."

The course was offered by Rainforest Kayak Adventures, owned and operated by Dan Lewis and Bonny Glambeck, who are based in Tofino, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. It ran from August 28 to September 2 and cost \$750 US. I immediately signed up for it.

Sunday, August 27

The class actually began on the evening of August 27. That's when the six of us who were taking the class—Fran from Victoria, Sharon and Cliff from Port Townsend, Jim from Eugene, Bill from Mayne Island, and I—met Dan and Bonny at the Storm Light Marine Station in Tofino.

After a round of introductions, Dan discussed how the course would be run, gave some general boat packing tips, and ended the evening by showing the John Lull video "Surf Kayaking Fundamentals."

Monday, August 28

The next morning we were back at the shop at 8:30. Launching from a beach in front of the shop, we paddled the short distance around Grice Point and into Dufin Cove. Here we spent the next several hours working on stroke basics and ending with Dan demonstrating how he can roll his kayak without getting his hat wet! As we headed back to the shop for lunch, we paused to watch two orcas heading up the channel toward Tofino.

After lunch, we drove the short distance south of Tofino to Long Beach which is part of Pacific Rim National Park. Here is a long sandy beach that is popular with surfers. Carrying our sea

kayaks a ways up the beach so that we wouldn't interfere with surfboarders, Dan went over the basics of negotiating the surf zone in a sea kayak as well as aspects of safety and surf etiquette.

We spent the afternoon working on broaching and side surfing, and at the end Dan took each of us individually out and back through the surf zone.

Tuesday, August 29

At the shop at 8am, we work at loading our kayaks with the equipment we'll need for the next five days. Today we leave Tofino and head out along the coast. Loading takes longer than anticipated and it's around 11am before we set off. The goal for our first camp is at Ahous Bay on the west side of Vargas Island. Since landing at Ahous Bay will involve surf, Dan checks each of the boats to ensure equipment is well fastened.

The current can flow quite strongly in the channels around the many islands here. By the time we are on the water, the current is well into the flood. We use eddies and hug the shoreline to paddle against the current, and ferry gliding to cross the channels. The route we follow takes us to the north end of Felice Island, then the west side of Stubbs Island, then the north end of Wickaninnish Island, then finally to the south shore of Vargas Island and the open ocean. Here we are greeted with fog and reduced visibility.

On this first day, Dan is doing the navigating—on future paddles each of

us students will take our turns finding the route—and he leads us to a small beach where we do our first surf landing with loaded boats.

Dan teaches us his standard procedure for surf landings and launches and we use it each time, even when the conditions don't really require it, so that it becomes automatic. After lunch we launch through the surf and are soon back on the water.

We wind our way single file through rock gardens, being mindful of swell breaking over rocks—called "boomers." By late afternoon we arrive at the long sandy beach of Ahous Bay. Using our surf landing procedure, we are all soon on shore at the south end of the bay. We work as a team to get kayaks unloaded, moved, and camp set up. It's dark by the time dinner is done and dishes washed.

Wednesday, August 30

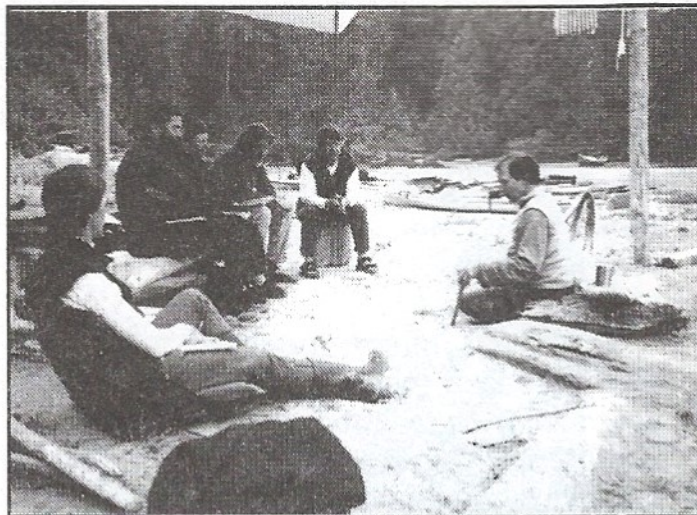
Coastal paddling involves adjusting plans to meet conditions and today we have our first example. Due to our late start leaving Tofino yesterday, we spend the morning covering material that Dan had planned to cover yesterday afternoon.

By early afternoon our "on the beach" class is over and it is time for our "on the water" class. The plan is to do a surf launch, paddle about a mile up the bay, locate the opening to a small inlet, enter the inlet through the surf, and return back to camp.

After launching through the surf, Dan selects Sharon to determine the route to the small inlet. Dan works one-on-one with each of us—asking questions to help us with the navigation. The rest of us hang back, listening but not interfering, with Bonnie acting as "sweep."

The entrance to the inlet is not at all obvious, but Dan and Sharon using the chart and visual landmarks soon lead us there.

The entrance to the inlet is intimidating. The route involves heading toward a cliff, then making a left turn once past a rock blocking the entrance—and there are breaking waves. We sit out-



Dan conducts a classroom session on the beach at Ahous Bay.

Lee McKee

side the entrance and assess the situation. Dan emphasizes we are a group and everyone in the group needs to feel comfortable continuing—if anyone doesn't, we will go to a different spot. He emphasizes that he thinks we all have the skill to handle it. After some discussion, we all decide to do it—and one by one we safely make it through.

The inlet is only accessible at higher tides, and with the tide going out, we have to limit our stay. Getting back out through the breaking waves was much easier than going in. Returning to camp, it was once more dark before dinner was done and dishes cleaned.

Thursday, August 31

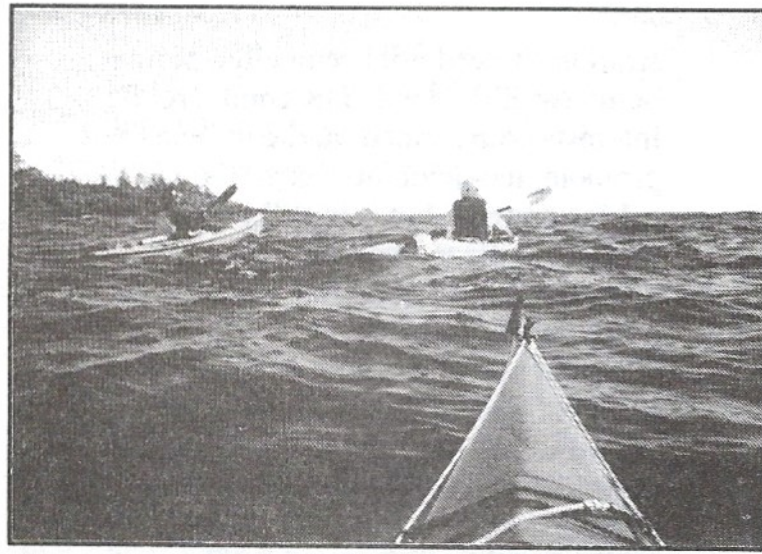
This morning brings another lesson in coastal paddling—wind. The wind is blowing about 20 knots with higher gusts. The bay is full of white caps with continuous surf coming in. Although we could paddle today, it would not be much fun. Instead, we spend the morning having an “on the beach” class; in the afternoon we practice in the surf. After several late nights, it is nice to have a more relaxing evening.

Friday, September 1

The wind has died, but sand is in everything! This morning we do some chart and compass work that culminates in doing a 1½ nm crossing to Blunden Island. For the crossing each of us can look only at our compass for determining which direction to paddle—we pull our hats down to keep from seeing beyond the bows of our kayaks. Dan and Bonnie are responsible for keeping our group together and to warn us if there is any danger.

This is the first time I have tried a “blind crossing” of any distance. The temptation is great to take a peek to see how I am doing but I resist the temptation. After about 30 minutes I hear breaking waves and know that I am getting close to the island. I'm worried that I may end up on a rock but have confidence in Dan and Bonnie's watching out for us. I'm relieved when I hear Dan call out to me to look up—I'm only yards away from the cliffy shoreline!

Dan selects Jim to navigate around the island. The goal is to find someplace to land for lunch. Several small bays are possible, and Jim, with Dan's guidance, leads us to them and evaluates them. The second one is the best choice. We negotiate a small surf zone to get in.



Dan accompanies Bill for a one-on-one session of navigation instruction.

After lunch, it is Bill's turn to continue taking us around the island. The wind has picked up, with swell and wind waves as we round the north end of the island. There are a number of boomers to avoid and we learn another lesson in coastal paddling—in these conditions you need to quickly evaluate the route to take. You can't stop paddling to figure out what to do.

This means being able to look at things in the distance, find those things on your chart, then look back up—which is not an easy thing to do if your eyesight isn't perfect! Bill, as many of us do, needs glasses to see things in the distance, but needs to lift the glasses to see things close up. We were all wearing helmets since we were in a rock garden, so moving glasses up and down was difficult.

While Bill was struggling, Sharon spotted a plume of water a short distance to the west of us—a whale.

We made it into a small bay on the southwest end of the island, then Fran took her turn at leading us around the south end of the island.

Back in camp that evening Bill related his thoughts during that time—he said he had boomers going off to the left and to the right; he couldn't see his chart; Dan kept asking him where he thought he was and where he needed to go; and here comes a darn whale—he didn't need a whale added to his troubles!

Saturday, September 2

Today we break camp and head back to Tofino. It's my turn to do the route finding. We have two choices for going back: return the same way we came which is a protected route or go outside the La Croix Group, a string of rocks off the south shore of Vargas.

Using knowledge we have gained

over the last several days, our group listens to the weather forecast, discusses it, and evaluates the two routes and conditions. Everyone feels comfortable and wants to do the outside paddle. We quickly go about breaking camp.

Since I will have the same difficulty reading the chart that Bill had, I let Dan know my concerns. Fortunately today's conditions are different than yesterday's so the pressure of making quick evaluations is reduced.

Lee McKee

After our surf launch Dan paddles over to me, and we start the process of selecting the route to follow. He has me determine where we are on the chart based on what is around us. He shows me how to orient the chart in the direction we are heading and use the paddle shaft as a straight edge. He has me use the Rule of 12 to figure out if a rock we see is the one shown on the chart by the amount that is visible above the water and the tide height.

As we travel he has me looking ahead so that I have in mind the route we will follow for the next leg when we are finished paddling the current leg. And he has me constantly thinking about boomers and how far off we need to be to paddle safely. It is intense!

Making it to the end of the La Croix Group, Cliff takes over route finding. After a short break on Wickaninnish Island, Sharon leads our group back to Tofino.

After unloading equipment and doing a quick cleanup, Dan has us gather around for a last group discussion to share our thoughts on what we had learned the last few days. Perhaps Bill said it best—what he had learned was that there was a lot to learn!

Rainforest Kayak Adventures offers both guided tours and instructional courses. To obtain more information you can visit their web site at:

www.rainforestkayak.com

or you can contact them directly:

Dan Lewis & Bonny Glambeck
Box 511

Tofino BC V0R 2Z0

phone: 877-422-WILD (9453)

△

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

WHAT'S HAPPENING NEWS FROM ALL OVER

75 SCRAMBLES—Not since Mary Sutliff's books of the 1980s has there been a good book for scramblers. Now Peggy Goldman's book, *75 Scrambles in Washington*, will fill that void. The book should be arriving on store shelves any day (\$18.95; The Mountaineers).

A detailed Introduction describes scrambling, what makes it different from hiking or climbing, and offers many useful suggestions for route-finding, gear, and backcountry travel.

75 Scrambles describes classic routes in the Cascades and also has a section on the Olympics, including the Bailey Range. GPS waypoints are included for all trips.

A rating system that includes both strenuousness and technical difficulty is very helpful. For example, Little Annapurna is rated "S4/T1." The S4 comes from the distance (16 miles) and elevation gain (5500 feet); but T1 because of the easy route to the summit.

Appendices provide statistics, equipment lists, and more.

On May 31 at 7pm, Peggy will be at the Seattle REI store, to speak and show slides from *75 Scrambles*.

BEACH CLEAN-UP—Two hundred volunteers removed several tons of debris from 60 miles of Olympic National Park coast between Shi Shi Beach and South Kalaloch Beach during the week-end of April 28.

Hikers encountered rain both Friday and Saturday nights with a respite during the day Saturday.

Tires, fish floats, nets, ropes and bags of plastic were collected and taken to trailhead sites or cached on remote beaches. Totals are not in as yet as full reports have not been made from the remote cache sites. It was reported that on Sunday a volunteer found a coveted 12" green glass float on Third Beach.

OREGON VOTES NO—In early May, Oregon's House Joint Memorial 15, having passed in the House by a margin of 50-5, passed in the Oregon Senate.

With this vote, the State of Oregon is now on record as officially opposing the recreation fee demonstration program. The Oregon legislature will soon formally request President Bush to end Oregon's participation in the detested Northwest Forest Pass.

Oregon joins California and New Hampshire in passing such a resolution. Fee-demo is supposed to be a demon-

stration. It need not become the permanent law of the land. The commercial interests who created, and continue to promote, fee-demo may have the political inside track but it is still possible for the people to stop this program.

The initial wording of Oregon's measure can be viewed at: <http://www.leg.state.or.us/01reg/measures/hjm1.dir/hjm0015.intro.html>

Can we do the same thing in Washington? For information on how to get started, contact:

Wild Wilderness
248 NW Wilmington Ave
Bend OR 97701
541-385-5261
ssilver@wildwilderness.org
<www.wildwilderness.org>.

GROUSE MOUNTAIN FOR SALE

—The popular Grouse Grind, up Vancouver's Grouse Mountain, is for sale. The 1.8-mile trail is on land owned by the Greater Vancouver water district, which shouldered its maintenance (and risk) after it was built by hikers in the 1980s.

Although many Vancouver hikers are appalled that a government office would consider getting rid of property instead of adding it to the park system, the water district people note that the park department has expressed no interest in adding it to their system.

Grouse Mountain Resorts, which owns the ski area, has definitely expressed interest, however. The company now leases part of the land in question for parking, and for the gondola right of way. Should the company purchase the land and trail, it has no plans to impose a user fee on the trail.—*excerpted from the Vancouver Sun, 4/24.*

FLOYD SCHMOE DIES—Floyd Schmoie, Mount Rainier National Park's first naturalist, died in April in Kenmore. He was 105.

He wrote many books, including *A Year in Paradise*, about living at Mount Rainier. A Quaker and a life-long pacifist, he was recognized for his work with Japanese families after World War II by being awarded Japan's Order of the Sacred Treasure.

KAYAK SKILLS SYMPOSIUM—September 7 through 9, Orcas Island. Three days of high-quality instruction, from world-class kayakers, including Nigel Foster, Nigel Dennis, Mike

Devlin, Chris Duff, Bill Taylor, Mike McClure, Trys Morris, and others.

This is a fantastic opportunity for serious paddlers who want to learn from the pros. Participation is limited to 100 paddlers who have at least basic kayaking skills. BCU courses will be offered the week prior to the symposium. Symposium fees: \$265 before July 15; \$285 thereafter. For more info, see <http://members.aa.net/~lesdiane/Sympmain.htm> or email: info@shearwaterkayaks.com. For a registration packet, call the symposium office at 360-376-3381.

SPRING FUND—Ira Spring has announced the formation of the Spring Family Trail Fund. At 82, Ira can no longer carry heavy packs and hike long distances, but he has so enjoyed his life of adventure and challenge and the beauty of our forests and mountains that he wants to give something back to future generations of hikers through the Trail Fund.

The Trail Fund is supported by both son John and daughter Vicky, and with their urging he expects to build the capital account to \$1 million (their inheritance) which should create enough interest to fund a continuing program after he and his wife Pat are gone.

The idea for creating the Trail Fund was inspired by a feature story on Ira in the August 1999 *Backpacker* magazine. Since 1990 Ira has donated a portion of his book royalties to preserve trails, and since 1999 all royalties have been donated. Ira didn't need any more notoriety, so the contributions were anonymous. But when the author of the *Backpacker* story inferred that Ira only wanted people to hike so he could sell more guidebooks, it was time to go public.

In 2001, the Spring Family Trail Fund will spread its \$35,000 budget among four projects: funding two trail crew leaders for WTA; paying for helicopter time to fly in the new Barclay Creek trail bridge; training trail crew leaders for VOW; and providing seed money for the Mountains to Sound Greenway to start their own volunteer trail maintenance program.

For information on applying for a Spring Family Trail Fund grant, write: **Spring Family Trail Fund**
18819 Olympic View Dr
Edmonds WA 98020.

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Linda Rostad

A spring day at Lake Dorothy.

LAKE DOROTHY—For an early-season hike our women's group headed for Lake Dorothy at the end of April. We parked at the ford and slogged across, but several other cars had crossed and continued a short way in the snow.

The first part of the trail had only a few snow patches. After the bridge, though, it got deeper, and by the time we reached the lake we were postholing in continuous snow. Rain at lunch continued off and on throughout the afternoon, but we enjoyed the walk and the opportunity to observe early flowers, and to plan our summer outings.

NO SURF BUT NICE CAFE—Recently Lee and I and a bunch of other kayakers were down at Westport, hoping to find some reasonable waves to practice in. It was a grey day of pouring rain, nasty wind and too-big waves.

Instead of standing around on the beach getting soaked, like we had done on an earlier occasion, we wisely repaired to a local cafe, Jetty Java, to decide on Plan B.

Owner Rob Brown was on duty this Saturday morning. Rob knows lots about surfing, as he also owns the surfboard shop next door to the cafe, has surfed all over the country and is a surfing instructor. One of our group decided there and then that she will return soon to take a surfboard lesson from Rob.

The group decided on two Plans B: part of the bunch went birdwatching at

Bowerman Basin, and the other part went paddling and walking along the Johns River, thereby rescuing a day that had appeared doomed.

SNOQUALMIE VALLEY TRAILS CLUB—I went on my first hike with the Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club recently. These folks do *not* stay in the Snoqualmie Valley—this trip was to Umtanum Ridge in eastern Washington. My hiking pal Elin is a member and suggested I join her on this one as it would have good flowers. She was right.

SVTC member Warren Jones was pretty sure we'd see a snake on the way, but we were almost back to the cars before we did. Warren dove headfirst into a stand of tall grass and came out with a bull snake, which he described as "very nervous." After a minute to pose for photos, Warren escorted the snake back to his hiding spot in the grass. We also saw several short-horned lizards and a scorpion. Pretty exciting stuff!

Dues in this small and active club are only \$10/year, which includes a quarterly hike schedule. Contact them for more info or to join:

SVTC
PO Box 1741
North Bend WA 98045.

ILLNESS—Best wishes for a speedy recovery to Karen Sykes' cat Pretty Boy, who suffered recently from an apparently temporary paralysis.

BLAKE ISLAND—Blake Island was a popular kayak destination one weekend in mid-May. Lee's Mountaineer group and Dede Chinlund's WKC group were scheduled to launch from the same spot, but the two leaders had agreed to depart at different times to avoid congestion.

They weren't counting on a PWS class also launching that morning, or an REI tour coming in that afternoon! It was a lot of traffic for a tiny road-end, but a great day to be on the water.

Lee and I took our double kayak on this trip, and we enjoyed meeting and paddling with *P&P* subscriber Carol Warner, who was in our group.

READERS ARE EVERYWHERE—While trying to find my way around Stevens Hospital recently, I stopped to ask directions at the information desk.

That's how I met Stan Wiklund, *P&P* reader for many years.

NO BITTERROOT—Elin and I headed east again to check out Iron Bear, on the eastern end of the Teanaway Range. I know that a large patch of bitterroot grows at the summit and wanted to see if it would be blooming.

Nope. We were too early. We saw only the little swirls of leaves, where the blooms will be in about a month. Guess we'll have to go back.

QUICK TRIP—Lee and I found time to take a quick trip up to Vancouver Island recently. We stayed at Qualicum Beach in a condo right on the Strait of Georgia—a beautiful location with views of the snow-capped Coast Range above the sparkling water.

I spent a lot of time with binoculars, scanning the Strait for whales. Didn't see even one, but there were lots of birds, fish jumping, seals and other activity.

In Ladysmith we stopped to visit the Seaward factory (Lee owns two Seaward kayaks and is thinking about a third). We enjoyed meeting John Surtees and the rest of the Seaward staff.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall

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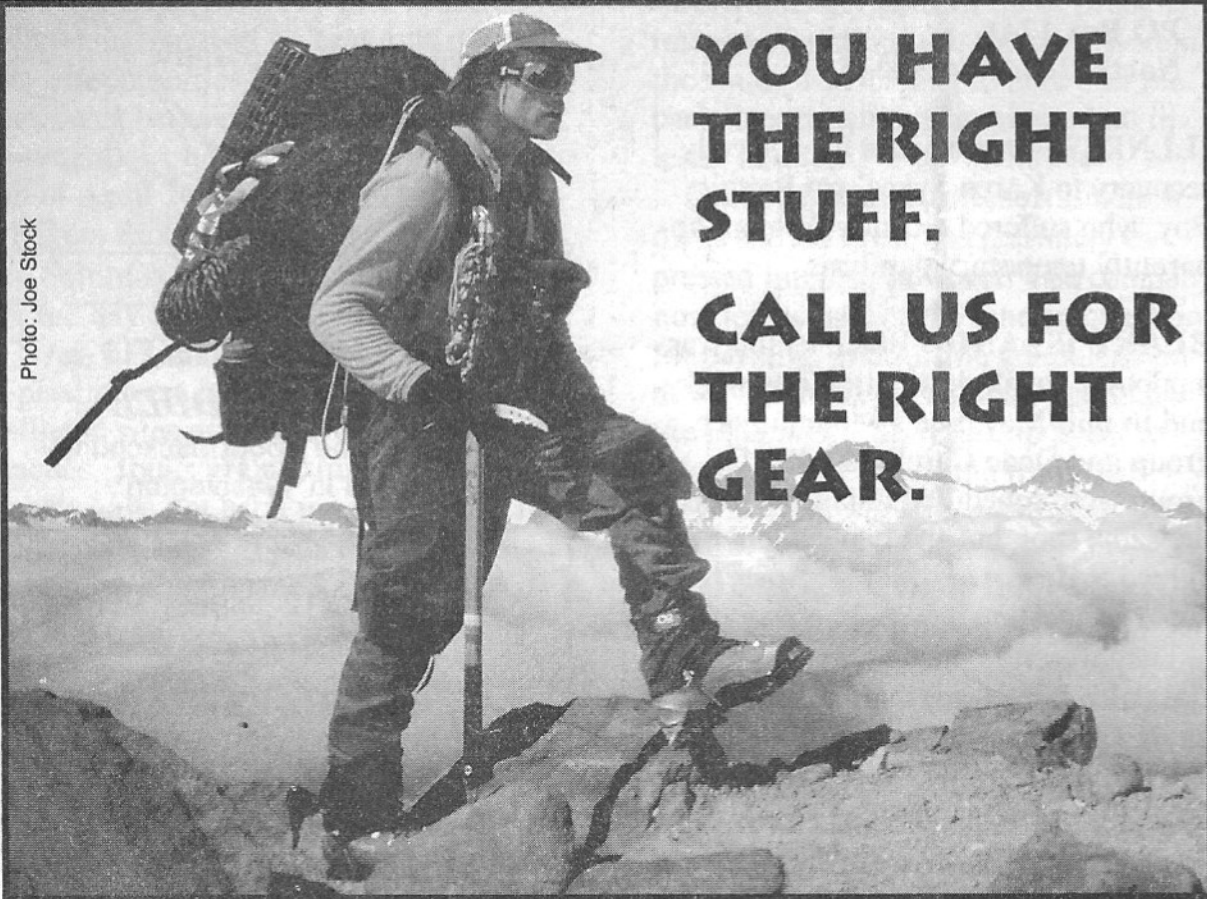
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