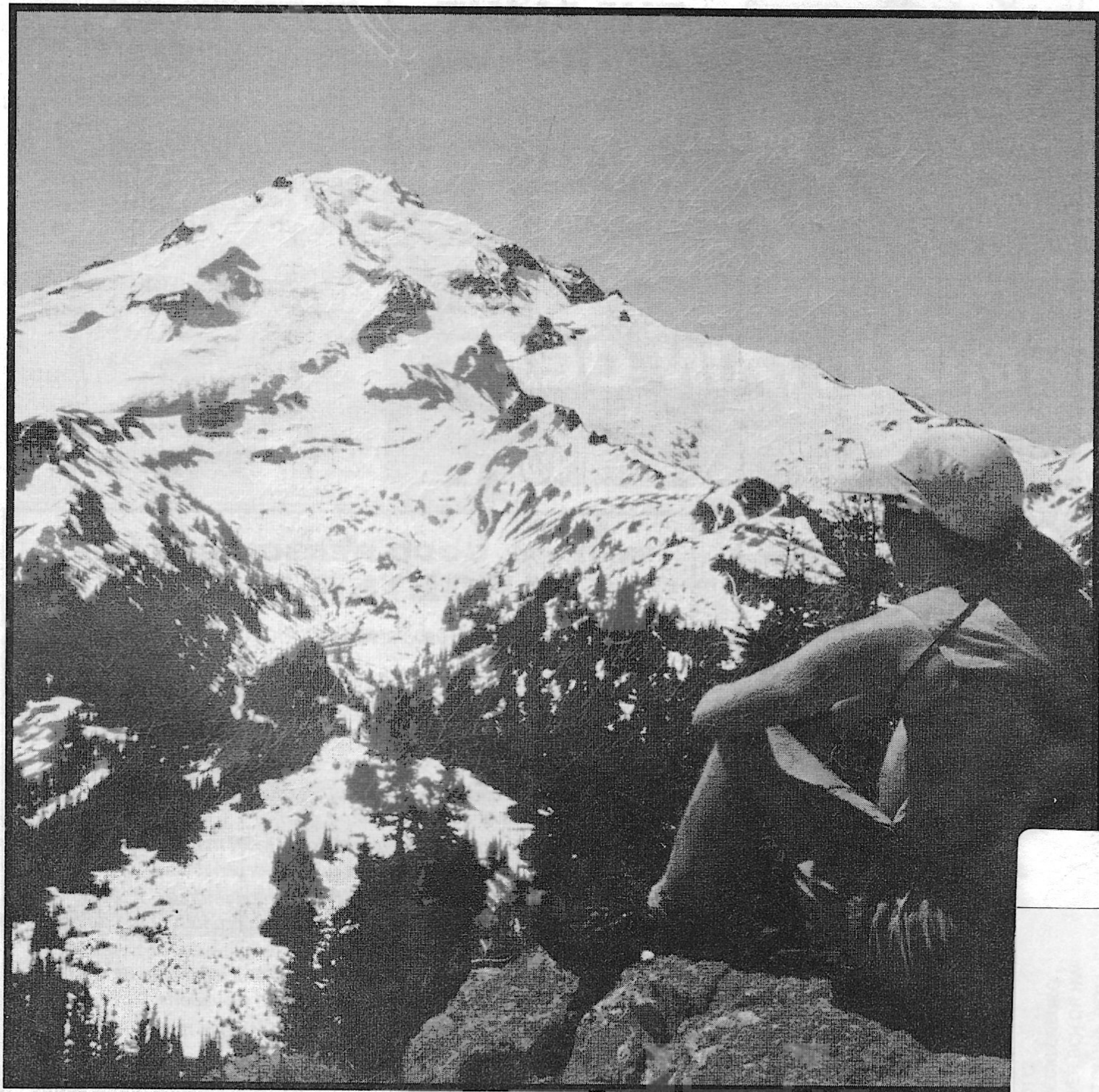


PACK & PADDLE®

... covering the backcountry in
Washington and the Pacific Northwest

OCTOBER 2001
\$2.50



Pack & Paddle Retirement Potluck
—Mark Your Calendar for November 10—
See page 4 for details!

Photo: Joe Stock



**YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF.
CALL US FOR THE RIGHT GEAR.**

3 easy ways to shop: on-line, catalog, or our store in Spokane, Washington.

MOUNTAIN GEAR
YOUR ADVENTURE STARTS HERE

2002 N. Division, Spokane, WA 99207 (509) 325-9000
www.mountaingear.com • (800) 829-2009

GREEN TRAILS MAPS

Explore your world
in 15 minutes

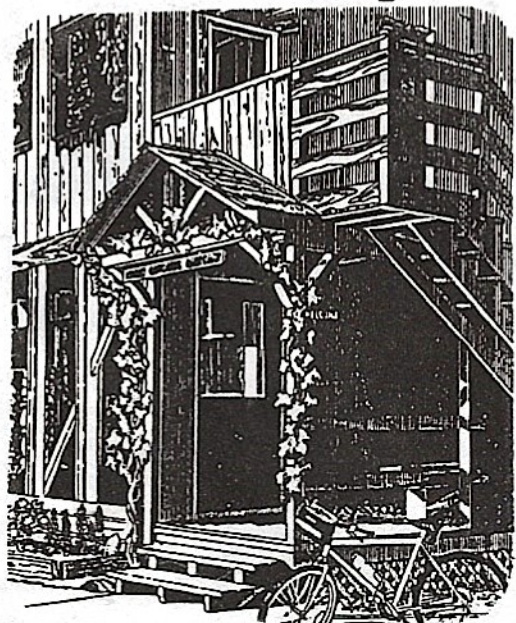
ONE OF THE TEN
ESSENTIALS FOR:

Hikers
Climbers
Thinkers
Kayakers
Mountain Bikers
Dreamers
Canoeists
Skiers
Doers

Find Green Trails Maps at the best outdoor, sporting goods, book, and map stores throughout the Pacific Northwest.

Call **1-800-762-MAPS** for the store nearest you.

North Cascades Basecamp



Join us at our family style inn for hiking, bicycling, fishing, or just plain relaxing in the heart of the Cascades. Hearty breakfasts and dinners. Hot tub. Families and groups welcome. No smoking. Reservations recommended.

Contact Dick & Sue Roberts
255 Lost R. Rd, Mazama WA 98833
phone toll free 866-996-2334
www.ncbasecamp.com
email: info@ncbasecamp.com

SEVERAL GOOD REASONS TO USE PARGETER MAPS

- They provide an economical *BIG PICTURE* for mountain travelers!
- They are beautiful bird's-eye view oblique angle images illustrated in full color from USGS quads.
- They are large, info-packed formats averaging 24" x 32" covering the Olympic Mountains, North Central Cascades, North Cascades West, North Cascades East and San Juan Islands—Thousands of square miles!
- Richard Pargeter's popular pictorial relief maps delightfully portray our mountains more quickly for most users.
- They are excellent planning tools—find hundreds of lakes, peaks, streams and valleys across the breadth of the ranges in their uncut relationships.
- Copious overprinting gives road and trail locations, ID numbers, trail point-to-point distances and elevations.
- Great quantities of really usable info for less money. Don't be without them.

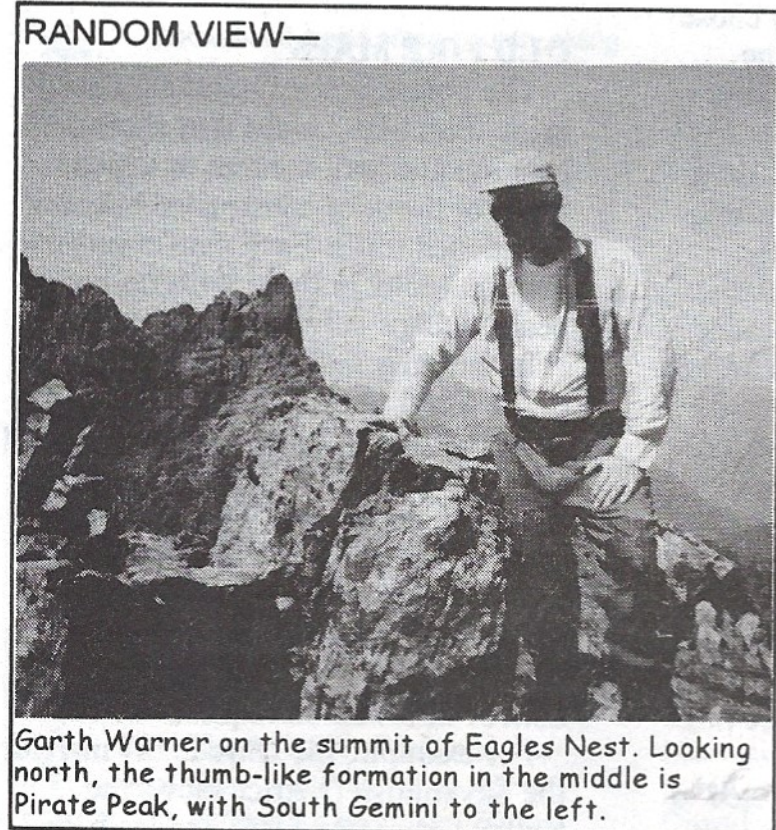
Please ask for PARGETER MAPS at map and sporting goods stores or at stores along the Cascades and Olympic highways.

Or send \$7.95 for each map (ppd) for quick delivery to:
R.A. Pargeter, PO Box 844, Kent WA 98035. Thank you!

Pack & Paddle[®]

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 10

www.packandpaddlemagazine.com



Rodger Galloway

Features

- 17 FACING DEATH IN THE DESERT
June Cox
- 20 A GRASSY POINT TO GAMMA RIDGE LOOP
Steve Fox

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
22 KEEPING PACE — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
23 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

COVER PHOTO:

Donna Cook enjoys the view of Glacier Peak from Grassy Point, Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Steve Fox.

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.

...

Hiking, backpacking, climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, canoeing, kayaking and related activities are potentially hazardous. It is the responsibility of the individual to learn and understand the proper techniques associated with safe participation in these activities, and to fully accept and assume all risks, damages, injury or death which may result from following route descriptions or other advice in this publication. This publication is not meant as a substitute for personal instruction by a qualified person.

...

PACK & PADDLE (ISSN 1059-4493) is published monthly by Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc. Office of publication is 4450 Lakeview Dr SE 98366 (do not send mail here). Mailing address is PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366. Telephone is 360-871-1862. E-mail is ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com. Subscription rate is \$20 (US funds) for one year. Washington residents add \$1.64 state sales tax. Periodicals Postage Paid at Port Orchard WA 98366. Printed by Little Nickel, Lynnwood WA.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Pack & Paddle,
PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

Staff

Publishers: A. Marshall and L. McKee
Editor: Ann Marshall
Business Manager: Lee McKee
Here in Spirit: Yellow Cat

With help from: All Readers

These nice folks have helped us by sending articles from their local papers and newsletters. Thanks to our "Clipping Service" this month:

Ken Hopping
Darryl Lloyd
Louise Marshall
David Ryeburn



printed on recycled paper
with soy-based ink

©2001 Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc.
All rights reserved.

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

SPRING LAKE-LAKE DESIRE

Thanks to Betty Culbert for setting me straight on the correct name for that little bump in King County's Spring Lake-Lake Desire Open Space (see *July, page 4*).

Depending upon which map I look at, I've seen it called both Cedar and Echo and always wondered which was correct.

Ginny Evans
Renton, Washington

TRIP LEADERS

I lead hikes most every Saturday. During the hikes I do alone and lead, I see dangerous situations. Hiking clubs are allowing either untrained or uncarrying people to become hike leaders.

These people are not watching the physical condition of the people they are leading nor are they keeping a pace the whole group can maintain. Many rarely look back to see if their group is together. Many have the attitude that if you can't keep up you shouldn't be on their hike.

I have hiked with many of the popular hiking groups around the Seattle area. Very few leaders care one bit about people they do not know. They take off at a run and if you aren't in top condition, you are left behind.

Hike leaders might consider the following rules for leading safer hikes: Get the names and emergency telephone numbers of all people on your hike. Assign a drag person who knows the route to where you are going.

Look back every several minutes to make sure the group is together and you can see your drag. Watch for evidence of fatigue, injury, or physical problems (people with blisters, etc.) within the group and handle it.

Be stern with people who sprint ahead of the group. Tell them that if they want to be alone, suggest they do the hike alone another day. They chose to hike with a group, so stay in the group! When downtrailing keep your drag in sight.

Some leaders let the uptrailing drag become the leader when downtrailing. The group leader then becomes the drag. This practice is ideal especially if someone becomes injured. The leader does not have to run back up the trail to help or find someone who has strayed.

The leader should not leave the trailhead until all of the hikers are there. The leader should wait until all vehicles have started and are leaving.

Leaders should know CPR and first aid. They should also carry a first aid kit, extra water, extra food, and several big plastic bags for people who do not have adequate rain gear.

You are a leader. You are expected to lead and give help and aid when needed. Remember that your club's liability release does not cover carelessness and abdication of your responsibility as a leader.

Robert DeGraw
Kirkland, Washington

[Ed. Note: As a hike leader for The Mountaineers, I know that these points

and more are covered in the club's leader training. Other clubs may choose to be very casual. Personal leadership styles differ greatly. To ensure an outing matched to one's expectations, hikers can check with leaders to determine what the anticipated pace, number of rest stops, and other factors will be.]

OLD FIRE MAPS

The Forest Service has older out-of-print "Fire Plan" maps that show the location and trail number of a great many of the once constructed but now abandoned trails. Each map covers one district. Many of these trails do not appear on maps currently in print.

In the early 1980s I made the rounds of the forest service ranger stations for much of the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie and Wenatchee National Forests and collected copies of many of these old "Fire Plan" maps. Note, the front desk staff will not have a clue what you are talking about. Ask to speak to an old timer in the back. If all else fails, try a "freedom of information request."

For example, the "Fire Plan" map for the Skykomish District shows the Kelley Creek trail 1076 and trail 1067 that runs from Scorpion Mountain south toward Captain Point and then east over Valhalla Mountain and connecting to the Crest Trail. I have found about 80% of this trail system.

Another interesting one (that I have not yet searched for) is a trail that ran north-south on the ridge just west of the Beckler River.

Joseph Elfelt
Redmond, Washington

OLDEST CASCADES REGISTER?

Natala discovered what may be the oldest Cascades register on the summit of North Star Mountain (Bonanza area) on Monday, 8/13. The container is a rusted metal rectangular box, approx. 1.5" x 2" x .5", possibly a match or pill box. Several very fragile pieces of paper are contained therein. The first page clearly indicates the date—September 25, 1900.

Additional information on that first entry is nearly illegible. A follow-on page indicates "3rd Ascent—May 29, 1938," which would be the ski ascent indicated in Beckey by Ralph Eskenazi,

★ Pack & Paddle Potluck ★

Saturday, November 10, 1:30-4:30 pm

Preston Community Center, Preston

(between Issaquah and Snoqualmie, exit 22 on I-90)

For signup & directions, call:





Candy Berner, 425-227-0723 or

Ginny Evans, 425-226-5825, email: jevans17@wans.net

• Please RSVP by October 31. •

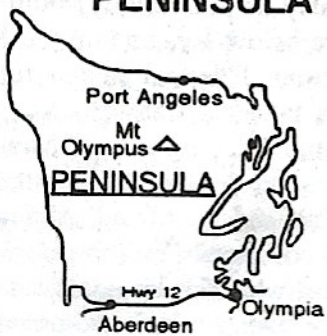
Come join us to celebrate Ann and Lee's retirement from P&P, and meet other subscribers!

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



spotted these unnamed spires from Rock Peak (with 2000 feet Prominence) last December (see *P&P*, 1/01). To the north of us then was an area neither of us was very familiar with, so we had a little trouble figuring out what was what.

The most spectacular and highest peaks across the South Fork Skokomish were a row of tight spikes that definitely stuck us in the eye. These pinnacles were book-ended by Mount Tebo to the west, and Dry Mountain to the east.

Jeff had already unknowingly seen The Olym-Pic-ket Fence on maps though, and had calculated that the unnamed Highest Picket, at 4686 feet (a little higher than named Tebo, 4654 feet, and Dry, 4537 feet) had a very nice 1326 feet Prominence.

It was 116 miles from Bellevue to Shelton, and on up the South Fork Skokomish River to Camp Brown, and farther on to the bermed end of the road at the headwaters of LeBar Creek and the trailhead at 3100 feet. Jeff and I followed the trail to a 3600+ saddle before it dropped to Lake Cushman, where we found a footpath heading north that eventually petered out in meadows south of Dry Mountain.

From the summit of Dry we started counting the Pickets along the Fence, numbering them from east to west, starting from the one nearest Lightning Peak above the North Fork of Dry Creek. We agreed on at least a dozen distinctive and separate pickets, some major, and some minor, but each worthy of a climber's attention. The two best looking peaks were above the headwa-

ters of LeBar Creek. These were the very highest 4686-foot point on The Picket Fence, and the next peak east, 4640+.

We had a drink after Dry and followed a part-animal/part-human trail northwest to the 4240+ saddle separating The Picket Fence from Dry. Swinging south around good-looking 4640+ into the LeBar drainage, we tried the gully just east (right) of the 4686-foot high point.


This route finally unnerved us enough (because of rotten rock, poor protection, and steepness) to back off and try the next gully east, which went okay to the lowest point between the two summits. Once here it was obvious that we could not easily make it to the 4686-foot Picket Fence high point, so we consoled ourselves with a try at the next highest point, just to the east at 4640+.

Jeff led us up a short Class 4 pitch to the second highest peak in this whole remarkable, but unheralded ridge, where we had a modest celebration, then did a brief rappel back to the comfort zone.

Instead of following our up-route down, we decided to drop straight to the road via LeBar Creek through open meadows of pearly-everlasting, then open woods, then miserable devils club to the road, and a

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: October 23


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

 **ELWHA RIVER** (*CC Elwha Valley*)—Lew and I started at Whiskey Bend. The parking lot had about 30 cars in it but we saw only six people on the trail.

We walked up to Michael's cabin then took the right down to the bridge over the Elwha River where we enjoyed the scene, alone, and our lunches. That is one expensive bridge! I'd guess a million dollars to build it if done today.

Heading back we swung down the parallel trail to Humes Ranch. The restored cabin evokes a vision of living there with nearest neighbor up at Michael's and lots of quiet. The cabin's two small rooms, one with dirt floor, made our common comforts seem palatial. Standing on the porch, we could feel the peace of looking onto the little clearing as they must have done many an evening.

Nice walk of probably 8 miles on mostly very nice trail tread and only about 500 vertical feet.—Tom Karasek, Mossyrock, 9/1.

 **THE PICKET FENCE, DRY MOUNTAIN** (*USGS Mt Tebo, Olympic Nat'l Forest*)—Jeff Howbert and I

LETTERS continued

Sigurd Hall, and Dwight Watson (from the Phelps Creek basin). Additional pages were too fragile to open without damaging them.

The date of the ascent jibes with the early prospecting in upper Railroad Creek and it is likely the first ascent party consisted of miners exploring the

high country.

Nat and I added a fresh page to the box and rebuilt the cairn around it. In making our entry I realized it would be inappropriate to use the abbreviation "01" for the year so spelled out "2001" completely. That is the first summit register I have ever made an entry in which surpassed the century mark.

I suspect in another 10 or 20 years these summit notes will be dust. And perhaps that is the way it should be? The option would be to remove and have them properly archived. An interesting debate.

Don Goodman
Bellevue, Washington

500-foot vertical walk back to the car.—
John Roper, Bellevue, 8/26.

OLYMPICKET FENCE, MOUNT TEBO (USGS Mt Tebo)

—James and I parked our car at Lebar Creek and immediately went crosscountry up Lebar Creek. We recommend you stay to the east side of Lebar Creek, about 10 to 30 meters away from the creek just until you see the avalanche remains on the west side of the creek at 2800 feet. Cross the creek on the north side of the avalanche remains and enter forest heading northeast. Between 3600 and 3700 feet head northwest traversing without gaining much elevation.

At about 3900 to 4000 feet take either the second or third gully coming off the summit that heads northeast. Scramble to the top of either gully, traverse to the summit rock block where you make a Class 3-4 move about 7 meters from the summit, and you are there.

James and I brought 2 ropes, helmets, and lots of pro for what we thought was going to be a first ascent. Never used the stuff. It took 2.5 hours to reach the summit. We saw the rappel sling that Jeff Howbert and John Roper left on one of the spires to the west. We came back down the same way we came up.

Since Olympicket Fence was so short we drove to Lebar Pass where I made an ascent of Mount Tebo. From Lebar Pass follow the abandoned road to the end. From the end of the road head straight up on the ridge. Sometimes you are directly on the ridge, sometimes you are on the side. If you have to err, then err on the west side of the ridge. Near the end you will pass on the right of a very large gendarme. Then it is a short scramble to the summit. Some Class 3.

That night we went to the Model T Tavern in Hoodspout where I have had the opportunity to eat the "T hamburger" on several other visits. This is truly one of the best hamburgers made at a restaurant in Washington State.—Stefen Feller, Auburn, 9/16.

ALPHABET RIDGE (USGS Mt Deception)

—I followed the lovely Upper Dungeness River trail about 6½ miles to Boulder Shelter. A short distance beyond here I picked up the unmarked but obvious Charlia Lakes waytrail. This unmaintained trail is in very good condition and surprisingly well used. I found a great campsite about ½-mile up by a tiny pond. I carried water up from Boulder Shelter because I wasn't sure, in this very dry year, if the pond would be dry. In fact it did have some water, but it was very low and stagnant so I was glad I carried the water.

I had climbed into the fog and a cold wind was blowing so I retired early. But the next morning I awoke to clear blue skies and the first frost of the season. I followed the trail the rest of the way to the saddle

above Charlia Lakes. The views of the surrounding peaks were spectacular—Warrior, Constance, Inner Constance, Mystery, Deception, all the Needles and Buckhorn, to name a few of the closest. And many patches of the lovely Piper's bluebell, which only grows in the Olympics, began to show up here growing in rock crevices.

One of my goals is to climb all the named Olympic peaks over 7000 feet, of which there are 45. So my main objectives this trip were Cloudy and Curiosity, both on the list. Between these two peaks, on Alphabet Ridge, are several spires and I planned to climb as many as I was capable of.

From Charlia saddle I headed south up easy terrain to the summit of Cloudy. Next in line was Zee Spire, a short distance east, at whose base I roped up, even though it is listed as Class 3. I frequently find Olympic rock more difficult than its rating, in part because pillow lava has unique characteristics. The rounded blobs can frequently be terribly loose and most often provide poor protection placements. But Zee was easier than it looked and one short lead led to the top.

A descent down the other side and traverse below the ridge line led to an easy scramble up Why Spire. Another short traverse under Ex Spire, bypassing the Class 5 chimney, to the east side and a pleasant lead, the best of the bunch, got me to that top. Ex is rated Class 4 and reminded me of a miniature Cruiser. Ex was the only one to have a register on top. Eight parties had signed in since 1986.

Continuing east along the ridge up broken rock led easily to the spacious summit of Curiosity Peak. I had the time and ability for one more spire. Descending east down the ridge about 200 vertical feet, I came to the strangely leaning Etcetera Spire, another Class 3 and a fun little pitch. Here I ended my Spire bagging. The ever narrowing ridge looked most unpleasant to traverse and the last remaining named spire, Infinity, rated 5.6 with poor protection, was most likely beyond my ability if not my desire. So I turned around pleased with the day's catch. The rock may not be great but the surroundings surely are. 17 miles and 5800 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 9/6-7.

MOUNT STEEL, MOUNT HOPPER (CC Mt Skokomish-Lk Cushman)

—It took me one full day to hike the 13 miles up the North Fork Skokomish River trail. I was making good time until Nine Stream, where the trail suddenly tilts upward, climbing 2500 feet in the last 3 miles. Just before First Divide I found a nice campsite in the flat just off the last sharp right turn of the trail.

The next day I started up Steel at 8 by descending a couple of hundred feet on a waytrail to the large basin to the west. The trail then contoured the left side of the basin before climbing steeply to cross a rib above

a waterfall. The route then worked its way up steep meadows and talus to the southeast side of the peak. I was on top by 10:30. I relaxed in the sun for almost 2 hours enjoying the views and painting a watercolor sketch. I was back to camp at 2.

I was off again at 3 to climb Hopper. I passed the marked Mount Hopper Waytrail, my intended return route, on the way to First Divide. I descended to the lovely Home Sweet Home meadows and picked up a faint trail that ascended a wooded rib between two creeks to a large basin. Lovely terrain. Then up a narrowing snow gully and a loose scree gully with poor footing to the ridge very near the false summit. A simple ridge traverse led to the main summit at 5:45.

I descended the trough between the two summits south, scrambled down a small cliff band and traversed to the easy south ridge. At the saddle below I picked up the Mount Hopper Waytrail. This trail started out well, descending a bit, then starting a long 2 mile traverse around the west side of Mount Hopper. But soon the trail deteriorated with many windfalls and faint tread. About half way I lost it completely in a meadow and ended up bushwhacking in unpleasant terrain for some distance before crossing it again just before its intersection with the First Divide trail. I dragged back to camp at 8:15 with fading light.

My last day I hung around camp as long as I could before starting the long hike out. 34 miles and 9350 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 8/29-31.

MOUNT CRUISER, MOUNT GLADYS (CC Mt Skokomish-Lk Cushman)

—James and I headed out at 5:45am with a brisk stride and headlamps on full. We were about to do a 22-mile roundtrip of Mount Cruiser in one day.

We got to the base of the climb without incident. There was one team coming off the top and one team starting out the second pitch. The guidebook is right on for Mount Cruiser with some minor exceptions.

1) When you get to Needle Pass go up and then head east for 50 feet on a bench. Ignore the word "left." 2) When you do the first pitch on the 5.0 climb it is mostly Class 4 except for some minor 5.0 places. When you come to a "V" of two gullies, take the left gully and stay in the bottom of the gully instead of stemming to the top like I did. 3) The rock is solid and works great with rock climbing shoes. 4) Bring a 60m rope as a 50m rope may not reach on the second pitch and final pitch. 5) Only one rope is needed for the rappels. 6) This late in the year we did not need to use the snow because we could bypass it on the right scrambling on the loose scree and rocks.

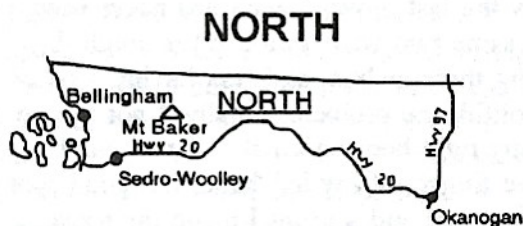
That second pitch is very airy. Very airy. There ain't nothing below you. There is one bolt away after the first move about 10 feet

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

and there is a great rappel station after the 5.1-5.2 climbing and at the beginning of the Class 3 climbing.

This was awesome! The climbing was great and the views were enormous. We came down without incident and I hurried up Gladys while James went back down to the car. It was a long walk/run down to the cars but we did the whole thing from car to summit to car in 13 hours. My feet hurt.—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 9/15.



CANYON LAKE (USGS Canyon Lk; Whatcom County Parks map)

—This new park provides access to an unusually old, old-growth forest, a mountain lake formed from an earthquake 150 years ago, and unique views of Mount Baker, the Black Buttes, and the Twin Sisters. We drove east on Mount Baker Highway to a right (MP 17) on Mosquito Lake road for about 2 miles to Canyon Lake sign, left turn. The 6 miles of gravel road wasn't bad except in a couple of places. The parking lot was near the lake and on shore we found carnivorous plants munching on little flies. The lake still contains the remnants of old growth topped with "islands" of stunted trees and ferns. Craig Butler and I found them more scenic than hazardous during our paddle.

We hiked the old logging road converted to trail. At the ridge top, the perspective opens up the Black Buttes and Twin Sisters so you can see the individual mountains. After lunch we walked down the loop trail and enjoyed the open valley vistas. The park is a preserve so we didn't take any fossils or pick any flowers. The trip was nearly 10 miles and felt like 3000 feet. The hours are posted 6am to 9pm and they don't always check before locking up so we made sure we weren't late.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 8/01.



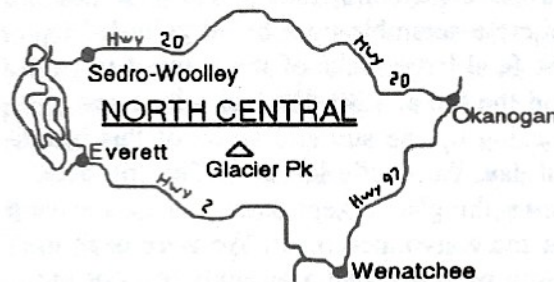
MOUNT LARRABEE (USGS Mt Larrabee)

—The road to Twin Lakes becomes very rough, but passable to a high clearance 4x4, once past the Yellow Aster Butte trailhead. From Twin Lakes I followed the trail past Low Pass and High Pass through lovely flower meadows to the basin southeast of Larrabee. I crossed the basin on snow and talus and climbed steep dirt and scree to the south ridge. Here I picked up a climbers' trail that led to a rocky gully on the left (west) side of the ridge. This gully provided a way through the rock band. The gully ended in a short steep scramble back onto the south ridge. Cairns here helped point the way. Mostly steep loose scree led the last bit to the summit.

I would imagine the views from this summit to be spectacular, but once again I was in the fog, even though it was sunny and clear as I drove through Bellingham. Since I couldn't see much looking up, I looked down and identified several new alpine flower species growing above 7000 feet in the scree, including Sitka mistmaiden, alpine Smelowskia and Lyall's goldenweed.

I returned to Low Pass and dropped into the basin to the west. From here I contoured southwest under cliffs until it was possible to ascend easy heather and snow slopes to the saddle west of Winchester Mountain where I picked up the trail to the lookout. After a pleasant rest in the nicely maintained lookout, I descended the trail back to Twin Lakes. A very nice semi loop trip. 8 miles, 4200 feet and 7½ hours.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 8/7.

NORTH CENTRAL



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN (GT 47 Marblemount)

—None of the five of us (Carol Warner, Anne Ward-Ryan, Ann Urick, Kay Clayton and me) had ever been on this trail. *100 Hikes* says its 8.5 miles to the lookout and 7.5 miles to Monogram Lake (a choice you have about 2/3 of the way up), but GT says it was 4.7 miles one way making it a 9.4 mile roundtrip, and the map felt more accurate.

The grade really wasn't bad for the 4500 feet of elevation gain. A few spots were steep and there were some big steps in places but otherwise a nice trail. The bugs were nasty, but if we kept moving it was okay. The worst was when we got to the summit. It was after 2 o'clock and I really needed lunch but the bugs were horrible. Luckily the lookout tower was open and although no one was there we were able to get inside. What a relief!

Now for the good part. We saw everything! Mount Baker and Shuksan were right there. The Pickets were beautiful. Eldorado filled the horizon to the east. We even got a peak-a-boo view of Glacier. We could see Challenger between Shuksan and the Pickets. We were a little less clear what we could see to the southeast. We had a 360-degree view on a nice clear day. There wasn't a single other person on the trail!—Elin Rodger, Lynnwood, 8/25.



MILK CREEK, VISTA RIDGE, FIRE CREEK PASS (GT 112)

Glacier Pk—C. Berner did such a great job

of writing up the Milk Creek trail in September's *P&P* that anything I could add would be redundant. We met several people who were coming out after having done the Miners Ridge/Vista Ridge Loop. There were three tiny sites that the trail crew had hacked out of nettles and thorny bushes just before the Milk Creek bridge on the PCT. We took one and were soon joined by a couple who were hiking from Manning Park to Stevens Pass.

Our trail brushing angels continued their good work on the steep switchbacks up to Vista Ridge. I didn't fully appreciate their efforts until switchbacks 18 through 24, which they had missed. The tall brush kept pushing me and my pack toward the edge. There were no second chances for anyone who fell off this steep, narrow, sloped trail. Suddenly, it was over and we were in the heather and blueberry meadows of Vista Ridge. The campsites here were beautiful but dry. The only water on the entire ridge was in the lovely marmot-filled basin of East Fork Milk Creek where we set up a camp with sunset views of Dome.

After setting up camp we dayhiked to treed Vista Camp and the end of the ridge. Great views of Buck Mountain and Miners Ridge along the way. The trail plunged into timber from here. We quickly opted to stay high, skip plans for doing the loop, and backpack to Mica Lake the next day. We took the "trail" toward Grassy Point until it became faint in the timbered saddle. There was a great view of Glacier.

The next morning we filled up on blueberries before heading down the switchbacks. We took a snack break at the Milk Creek bridge and then headed up good trail to the first meadow that C. Berner mentioned. It was filled with blueberries. Then it was up to Mica Lake where we dumped our packs at the only and cramped (you had better like your neighbors because you will see a lot of them) campsites beside the outlet. There were some nice but waterless campsites above before entering the desolate rocky basin below Fire Creek Pass.

Fire Creek Pass was a delightful grassy saddle with views back to the mountain loop peaks and out toward the North Cascades. We decided to camp in the meadow 300 feet below Mica. It had an outhouse perched on a ridge with one of the best views of Glacier on the entire trip.

The next day we hiked the easy 10 miles back to our car. It turned out to be the last beautiful day in a trip of beautiful days.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 9/12-15.



RED, BLACK PEAKS (USGS)

Glacier Pk W—Drive the Mountain Loop Highway to the North Fork Sauk trailhead and park.

I got a 10:30am start under partially cloudy skies and was able to make good time fol-

lowing a very good trail from the old look-out onward up almost 5000 feet of vertical to the broad reddish slopes of Red Mountain (6975 feet). After a short break I dropped to the saddle below peak 6697, my next objective. The ascent is up easy broken talus, snow and finally heather to the nice summit of this satellite peak of Red. There is a cairn on the summit but no register.

After a short summit visit I descended to the saddle and then traversed northeast to the 6000-foot saddle below peak 6735 and ascended easy western slopes to its summit, again a cairn but no register. I then had a few problems getting around point 6716 but eventually found my way to the saddle below Black Peak. Here I made a few mistakes. I climbed up 6824 and then ran into problems getting off the ridge; at one point I thought about going on the snow slopes to the north but then I wasn't really equipped for hard snow travel, and the ridge up to Black didn't look appealing. So after dinking around I decided to drop way down to a basin and then back up.

I tanked up on water and left my pack while I set out to tackle Black. This proved to be the best way by far and I was able to intersect Black's southwest ridge just below the summit and found myself on top around 6pm. There is definitely a cairn on the summit and at first I didn't think that there was a register, but lo and behold under the last rock was a film cannister: Mike and Ian, also John Roper and Mark Allaback from 1987. I headed back to my pack and continued my journey over the shoulder of point 6844 and along an easy ridge to the mighty summit of Skullcap Peak (6603 feet).

It was now quite foggy but compass in hand I continued to follow the ridge southeast over the summit of point 6910 (cairn, no register), and finally over the top of the mighty Portal Peak (6999 feet) just as night set in. It was completely soaked in to the east most of the day and clouds were spilling over me as though there was a huge fog machine on the other side of the ridge! I phoned home around 8:30 from the summit of Portal to say I still had 11 miles of trail left to do and not to expect me home anytime soon. I arrived back at my car around 12:30am, some 14 hours after I'd started.—Pilar, Monroe, 8/28.



SLOAN PEAK (USGS Sloan Pk)

—Every year my son, Walter, and I climb a significant peak together. Sloan Peak was his choice this year. We were able to follow the correct path to the easiest crossing of the North Fork Sauk River due to my experience with Bedal in June (see *P&P*, Aug 2001). This time the crossing was only calf deep and no problem at all. We camped in the large flat meadow at 4800 feet. We fell asleep watching shooting stars in the clear night sky.

We were on our way by 7 the next morn-

ing, following the climbers' trail up to the ridge overlooking the Sloan Glacier. It was terribly broken up but a route looked possible, at least to start, up high near the rock wall.

We roped up and put on crampons and began what was to become one of the most interesting glacier routes I have ever done. We zigged and zagged around crevasses, wound our way under ice cliffs and through ice troughs and alleys, up and down ramps, across ice bridges, past ice caves and deep clefts, slowly working our way up and across the glacier to the southeast corner of the summit rocks.

It was absolutely fascinating and the routefinding was totally absorbing. Several times we were certain we had come to a dead end but always there was a way out, sometimes just barely. For such a small size, this glacier packed a big wallop.

We made it to the rock ridge about 12. There we picked up the climbers' trail that traversed the south face to the west side where a scramble up a broad gully led to the final large rocks of the summit ridge and the top at 1:30. We had a long rest soaking up the sun and views of this beautiful day. We finally left at 3. The trip back down the glacier kept us on our toes staying on the convoluted route. We were back in camp by 8 and had a leisurely trip out the next morning. A great mother-son adventure. 12 miles and 6100 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 8/10-12.



SILVERTIP PEAK (GT Monte Cristo)

—Okay, who took the Drambuie? Thirteen years ago Kathy Johnson and I left a bottle of Drambuie on top of Silvertip Peak, on our wedding day. We thought that we'd climb back up and toast ourselves annually, or at least as often as possible.

We hit the new trail up to Poodle Dog Pass at 10, with 8-year-old Heather carrying her own frame pack. And Northwind had his. This trail is so much nicer and prettier than the old one, albeit with fewer views of Wilmans Spires and other associated peaks. We made good time and arrived at the lake in less than two hours.

Swimming was the first thing on our minds. Our friend, Gail, who came along just for the day and beat us there by an hour, had already found a good rock on which to lay out, so we joined her there. Now, I like winter. I like the cold. But water that might just be touching the 40-degree mark isn't something I can get into very well. Kathy does it just fine. Even Heather can handle it better than I. I did go in, though briefly!

The next morning promised to be hot and clear. We'd tried to talk someone into coming along to stay with Heather but without luck, so Kathy stayed in camp while I left to sip the Drambuie alone. Heather walked with me for "as long as I can, and still re-

member how to get back."

Alone, I was able to make good time—until I hit the snow. I'd left my ice axe in camp figuring that the two patches of snow that we could see from camp would prove no problem. I wasn't able to get good footing as the snow was old, hard stuff. Slipping would have meant a fast trip to hard rocks. So I climbed up and over the snowfields. Doing this also caused me to get way off route.

Eventually, I arrived at the base of Silvertip. The last 100 feet is all rock. Only the last 25 feet has any real exposure. Of that, only the last move (which has never been the same two years in a row) is tough. I clung there awhile, as I was having a bit of a confidence problem. Finally, I got the tip of my right boot on a flake of rock, and three fingers of my left hand in a good spot. With a yell and a grunt I made the move.

I then set about looking for the Drambuie. It had been 9 years since I last tasted it. I looked where it should have been. And I looked into many other places I thought it might be. But all the spots were empty!

No doubt, someone who was looking for the summit register (which this peak doesn't have) found the Drambuie instead. I guess they needed a souvenir. At any rate, it's gone.

So I set up my rappel and headed back to camp. Making good time, I was back in a little over an hour. Kathy had camp pretty much packed up, which was good, as the flies were abundant. So without much rest we were off.

The Forest Service still has a sign up asking you to use the old trail. The new trail is perfectly fine. The old trail is so badly eroded as to be dangerous, especially on the way down.—David MacFarlane, Lake Stevens, 8/26.



GOthic BASIN (USGS Monte Cristo)

—This trail was built by miners over a hundred years ago. Oh so steep, rough, rocky, muddy and slick. In 100 Hikes Manning and Spring estimate 9 hours for this 9 mile route. Draw your own conclusions. It has many beauties to compensate for the difficulty. Views, flowers, waterfalls, magnificent peaks above.


Flowers were scattered but surprisingly varied for this late date. Huckleberries were also good. The waterfalls were overflowing with runoff from the heavy rain for an incredible white water display. Crossing the creeks below the 5 largest falls was tricky.

As my companion Mr. Trailhead put it, "Hiking for The Mountaineers is not like baseball where the game is called for rain." Four of us started up the trail with umbrellas, and we arrived at the top a lot drier than our companions. We had lunch on the rock slabs up in the basin, and from what we could see it is a gorgeous area. We didn't stay long as some of our soaked party were getting cold. We couldn't continue the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

luxury of the umbrellas on the way down, since you need poles or free hands to negotiate your way down wet, slippery rocks, so we were all equally wet by the time we reached the bottom. Of course, the rain stopped and the sun came out as soon as we hit the road on the way out.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 9/1.

 **WILMANS SPIRES (GT 143 Monte Cristo)**—Alton, Don B.

and I headed out from Barlow Pass at 6:30am on bikes for the road trip up to Monte Cristo. We locked the bikes, and headed for Glacier Basin. My original plan called for us to go up the ridge to do the North and South Wilmans Spires first and then do the East Wilmans Spires; however, Don convinced me it would be better to do the trip in reverse so we could avoid as much brush as possible making for a faster ascent. Don was absolutely right.

We went up the gully to the base of East Wilmans Spire. Don chose the rock scrambling route next to the snow while Alton and I chose the snow. The only problem Alton and I had was coming off the end of the snow near the top of the gully where we had to hold on some rappel slings coming off a snow bollard to let ourselves down.

We started climbing East Wilmans Spire soon thereafter and Don led the whole way. The route is pretty much how it is described in the Beckey book minus the pitons; we saw only one. One thing that we did different was that we kept traversing to the right to a sloping rocky ledge beyond the 6" crack where a massive amount of belay slings were wrapped around a large rock. From there it was not too long to the top and I would describe the climbing as exposed Class 5.5 on the second part. Six hours for all three of us to get to the top from the car.

Then we had to rappel down this spire. Down goes Don. Down goes Alton. Then it's my turn. I look over the side. I did not like this rappel due to its exposure. All the scenarios of what could happen while rappelling ran through my head. I forced myself over and all fears went away after the first five feet. I hate rappelling.

We moved over to our next objective, the North and South Wilmans Spires, by doing some Class 4 moves just above the notch and walking west on scree to the base of a 30-foot wall. Don led this section up a narrow moss and grass filled section of rock and found two old pitons in there.


We scrambled up to do the North Spire first which required one Class 5 move near the top after a forced squeeze between a boulder and the rock. We rappelled off this North Spire and worked carefully down the notch between the North and South Spires.

From the North/South notch I led the two pitches to the top of the South Spire. The first section is Class 4 to a large belay rock while the second pitch is 5.2 to the summit.

This south peak has a minor false summit: it is easier to go below the false summit and then up to the main summit. We soon rappelled to the notch and down to the packs.

We now were going out down heather and small treed slopes trying to avoid the cliffs that we knew were below us. I believe we came down the only way possible because cliffs were surrounding us on both sides narrowing our choices. We eventually had to use branches to come down a steep 200-foot section to avoid cliffs, then traversed over to the East-West wooded ridge. After that it was terrible bushwhacking through huckleberries and I was thankful we did not come up this way. Our progress was hindered coming down because sweet berries slow down a climber.

We rode our bikes out just as it got dark.—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 8/25.


 **EAGLES NEST PEAK (GT 143 Monte Cristo)**—This peak is the

southern terminus of Addison Ridge and towers some 4000 feet over the townsite of Monte Cristo. It is steep and cliffy on all aspects except for the south and has seen very few ascents.

Hike up the Mine-to-Market road for a few hundred feet, then start up in the open. The reddish strip of rock on the right is the initial objective. To get there, scramble up to the remains of the mighty sentinel tree which, unfortunately, toppled over a few years ago, a victim of rot and decay. Ascend the gully for about 500 feet and then move to the right through some bracken into the next gully. Stay in the right hand branch until you are about 150 feet below where it ends in slab. Move over into the trees on the right and climb up to the ridge. From here it is easy going to the summit block.

Class 3 climbing gets you on top. Surprise! The true summit is another 100 feet to the north. The two are connected by a narrow ridge (no difficulties).

Note: One could also make the ascent by way of the standard route to Pirate Peak. However, contrary to what Beckey suggests, it is pointless to proceed all the way to the col between the two peaks. Instead, stay a couple of hundred feet below the connecting ridge and then climb steeply (Class 3) to the northern summit of Eagles Nest.—Rodger Galloway, Garth Warner, Carnation, 8/12.

 **WEST CADY RIDGE (GT Blanca Lk, Benchmark Mtn)**—On

Highway 2 turn north at the Index junction and drive about 13 miles on the (paved) North Fork road. At a 3-way junction turn sharply left onto road 63, which is gravel, and drive about 5 miles more to the trailhead at 2450 feet. West Cady Ridge trailhead is on your right; Quartz Creek trailhead is on your left.

It was a wonderful day to be in the mountains. Cool for August but nice. Flowers all

done, lots of mushrooms, a prime huckleberry crop for the bears and us to eat and very dry conditions.

I have to say that this is one of the very best maintained trails in the MBSNF that I have ever hiked. No downed logs, no brush, no mud, no roots, just a nice dirt tread the whole way. Recent maintenance is evident.

Starting up through fine big fir and hemlock, the trail climbs 2400 feet to the ridge crest in 3 miles, breaking out of the forest about ½-mile before the top. From here it's 4+ miles of mostly meadows with views to Benchmark Mountain. Part of my group went to Benchmark (5800 feet) for the best views and the full 14-mile tour. My high point was the 5400-foot knoll at the Jackson Wilderness boundary.

This was a true wilderness experience: we had no sights or sounds of civilization all day. No airplanes, no roads or structures in view, no sounds other than the wind in the trees and very few other people (4 hikers, and 1 horse party). Only 10 cars in the parking lot for both trailheads. We saw grouse, chipmunks, and maybe an eagle.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 8/18.


EVERGREEN MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT (USGS Evergreen

Mtn)—The road is open and improved, the trail is in good shape, and the lookout has been restored. The new signpost at the trailhead indicates a parking permit is required but doesn't even tell you it is the Evergreen Mountain Lookout trail.

It goes up the ridge in a hurry, gaining 1300 feet while affording open views of the mountains of eastern Snohomish County and beyond. Once on top you find Glacier Peak right in front and snowcapped peaks in all directions. The 3-mile round trip is worth the effort and the flowers and ripe huckleberries were an added bonus.

Drive Highway 2 to Index and take road 63, North Fork Skykomish, for 14 paved miles to a junction. Go straight ahead on road 65, then 6550 and 6554.—Shirley Lindahl, Maple Valley, 8/29.


KANGAROO BASIN (USGS Silver Star Mtn, Gilbert)—Fol-

lowing the climber's trail from the hairpin turn east of Washington Pass I found a pleasant campsite just south of Kangaroo Pass near a small creek. I arrived early enough on my first day to scramble up Walaby before dinner. I had hoped for good views of my main objectives of Kangaroo Temple and The Fin, but the fires of Eastern Washington made for very hazy conditions. I smelled smoke all three days of my trip and even had a small amount of ash fall on my tent although the nearest fire was miles away. Scary!

I was on my way by 7 the next morning, climbing straight up from my camp toward Kangaroo Temple to intersect the well used

climber's trail that traverses from Kangaroo Pass under the cliffs of Wallaby and up to the north notch. Here I roped up and began the first pitch at 8:30. Stefan Feller was right (see *P&P*, July 2001), this is a fun climb. The rock is solid with good protection and the traverse around the corner is the highlight of the climb. I was on the summit by 11 after 3 great pitches.

I located the somewhat obscure rappel bolts above the north face. Contrary to what Beckey says (see page 309 of *Cascade Alpine Guide 3*, 2nd ed.), this is *not* an 80 foot rappel. I was left about 5 feet short with my 50m rope, not a pleasant situation (I had taken the precaution of tying knots in the end of my rope). But by swinging to the left I was able to reach a ledge and down-climb the rest of the way to the next set of bolts. Two more rappels took me back to the notch at 12:30. From here I scrambled around to the base of the south face of the Little Finger. One interesting roped pitch gained this summit at 1:20.

I had intended to continue to The Fin, but the heat was getting to me and I was running out of water, so instead I descended back to camp to rest and rehydrate. I then felt good enough to start up Copper Point at 4, heading straight for the north ridge. Beckey describes this route as "a 300 foot ascent (Class 3) with minor loose rock." Typical Beckey understatement. This ridge is quite exposed, rather more than 300 feet and loaded with loose rock. Several pinnacles on the ridge present obstacles and route finding problems.

It took me over an hour of committed scrambling (I didn't bring my heavy climbing rope with me) to find my way to the summit from the north notch. No way did I want to return the way I had come. So I descended the gentle southwest slope until I could drop into the basin to the west and contour back to the north notch. I was back in camp by 7:15.

My last morning I was again on my way by 7 for The Fin. A short descent to a lovely basin below camp was followed by an unpleasant traverse through thick trees and mild brush along the left side of the basin until it was possible to climb up toward the Tomahawk-Fin notch. From this notch I was able to scramble a ways up the west ridge before roping up at 8:30. The first pitch had some loose steep rock. Most of the second pitch could really be scrambled. The fun solid rock didn't start till the third pitch and continued into the fourth pitch, making up for the first two pitches. I reached the summit at 11:30.

A short scramble down the southeast ridge to a notch, then a traverse back under the south face led back to the Tomahawk-Fin notch. From here I continued to the base of the Tomahawk at 12:30. One funky roped pitch up sandy slabs and I was on the summit at 1:10. I dragged back to camp at

2:45, again out of water, hot and tired. I drank everything in sight, which perked me up, quickly packed up and was out to the car by 5:15. About 11 miles and 8700 feet. —Fay Pullen, Kent, 8/15-17.

▲▲ AGNES MOUNTAIN, NEEDLE PEAK, DARK PEAK, LYALL

RIDGE (*USGS Agnes Mtn*)—I was delighted when Don Beavon agreed to join me for a 6 day trip. I also enlisted the help of Norm Burke who provided me with accurate and detailed approach and route information which he recalled from his climb of Agnes with Roper/Allaback in 1991.

Don and I drove to Field's Point, took the "express" and bus shuttle and were underway just after noon. We hiked the Agnes Creek trail for 7 miles, to a place about 45 minutes beyond Pass Creek where for the first time the trail gets to within 30 feet of the creek. We hung a bunch of extra food in a tree and stashed some other gear, thus lightening our loads for a planned 2 days on Agnes. Forging the creek became unnecessary because a humongous log spans it at just the right spot: kinda uncanny.

Heading west, we soon gained the Agnes/Yew Creek divide and followed it to point 6210. Here we made what could be described as a fortuitous blunder. Probably because of rapidly developing high pressure, both of our altimeters were reading 300+ feet low. We mistook the precipitous promontory above us for point 6210, so instead of traversing right and down into the Yew Creek basin, we continued up the ridge.

This involved some sketchy exposed climbing and had me puzzling why there'd been no warning from Burke/Beckey about this spot. It turned out that we were climbing the Class 3/4 route on "Asa Peak," 7060 feet. We reached it after sunset and were amazingly lucky to find a small bench just below the top that had a snowbank for water, and a dry spot with just enough room for the two of us.

Asa has negligible prominence, but it sports what undoubtedly is the most historic summit register extant in the range. It was placed by a government survey team in 1908, of which Asa Post was the photographer. Their entry was in perfect condition. Thirty-nine years later it received a second ascent by Asa's son Austin Post, the renowned glaciologist. The third party was Bulgers' Bialos/Wild/Kroeker, 37 years later. Then Roper/Burke. Then Goodman/Lira party. And also a honeymooning couple, friends of Austin, who brought up a copy of an original photo taken of the survey party in 1908, sprawled out in exactly the spot we camped, with Agnes looming magnificently in the background. Truly a great summit register.

Our "blunder" of ending up on Asa for the night had put us in excellent position

for the rest of our plans. We were underway around 5:30 the next morning, carrying our gear to the 6800-foot col closely southwest where we dumped our overnight gear and continued up ridge. The south side of 7458 is a lovely watered parkland. From here we dropped slightly to follow a ledge system, travelling north, before heading back up to meet the Class 5.4 arete on the south side of point 7760. This finishes with a ropelength of very airy ridgetop, reminiscent of the summit ridge on Johannesburg.

Then easy talus got us to the snowfield on the west flank of the summit pyramid, from which we took easy Class 3 terrain up to the 50 foot Class 5.6 pitch (well described in Beckey—his "deep chimney, 5.5 exit" variation doesn't exist). Then 30 feet of Class 4 and it was scrambling to the top. Ours was the 20th recorded ascent, the register having been placed by the Magnusson second ascent party in the mid-sixties. Each of the Class 5 sections had been short, but I'd say they both featured one move that exceeded the grade and I was glad that Don had wanted the sharp end of the rope. Our high camp had allowed us the time to return to our gear at the 6800 col, then descend southeast to reach and ford the Agnes and get to the Swamp Creek camp just at dark.

My feet were pretty torn up from new boots, so I cajoled Don into "volunteering" to do the 3+ mile roundtrip down trail to collect our stashed food and gear. He did this at a trot on Thursday morning, then we headed for our next objective, Needle Peak.

I believe this mountain to be the best looking peak that most climbers know nothing about and have never seen; it is a mini-Matterhorn when viewed from the north. The north ridge route starts out in great forest with easy going, then some moderate brush, a bit of interesting terrain at the 5000-foot level where it goes up through the same batholithic rock exposed on Mount Blankenship (located directly across the valley of Agnes Creek).

Sub-alpine strolling follows before the ridge again rears up. Here we moved left, across sketchy slabs that had us a bit gripped, before reaching a remarkable 50 degree slope of wet meadow perched above a fearsome 1000-foot dead vertical wall. I've never been in a spot anything like it. The meadow topped out in a mellow snow-bowl where we could breathe easier for a while.

We had not brought the rope, so where the east ridge became Class 5, we found a ledge system which took us around to where we could finish on the very steep but well broken east face. There was a minimal cairn but no register on top. We were both concerned about the descent, but strangely it seemed easier going down. Perhaps this route is truly Class 3, but it has lots of exposed travel at the top of that class.

Don had gotten a good look at the Dark

Peak glacier, and has caught enough of 100-Highest fever, that he decided that he'd break from my plan and do a solo on Dark. On Friday morning he was underway at 5:30, to return 13 hours later with tales of his summit success that largely featured the brush bashes he endured both coming and going around the waterfall headwall of Swamp Creek.

I had a relatively easy day, climbing the high point of Lyall Ridge (Peak 7760+) (note: not Lyall Mountain). I went north about 100 yards from the Swamp Creek bridge, then headed east up great cross-country travel, reaching very lovely larch parkland at around 6000. The strolling pace and the pleasant environment were a joy. Getting to the summit actually had a small share of exposed and tricky terrain on the north ridge of the forepeak.

This summit (as well as all the others we did) is a great vantage point, and now I had hours in hand to enjoy the panoramas. It was also a good vantage from which to watch the rapidly changing weather. That night I was not at all surprised to be awakened by that pitter-patter, trip-ending sound of raindrops on the tent fly. We had planned for another day, another climb, but heading for the comforts of Stehakin, Lake Chelan and home was a pleasant prospect.—Mitch Blanton, Bellingham, 7/17-23.



MIDDLE RIDGE (USGS Gamma Pk, Suiattle Pass)

—According to *Routes and Rocks*, a trail used to exist on Middle Ridge between the Suiattle River and the Buck Pass trail 789. The 100,000:1 USGS maps show the old route, and I'd been chomping at the bit for a chance to find it. I got the chance during a recent circumnavigation of Glacier Peak.

Take the Pacific Crest Trail northbound from the Suiattle River to about 3600 feet. There it crosses Middle Ridge. If you look carefully, with the eye of an abandoned trail enthusiast, you'll barely see evidence of tread heading uphill. I looked downhill, but the evidence is scanty. There are quite a few stumps on both sides of the trail. I followed the tread uphill and the path continued for quite some distance. Eventually I saw faint blazes on the trees and a few cut logs.

At 4000 feet the trail turns, but it's confusing. Blazes mark the way. At 4200 feet the ridge becomes distinct. There are a few sawn logs. At 4800 feet are some confusing, and almost lost, switchbacks. At 5200 feet is a welcome flatter section. At 5400 feet is lots of blueberry brush and the tread is lost. At 5500 feet the trail is lost in grass. There are several dry camps in this middle section. I continued on the obvious ridge. Closer to the Buck Pass trail the tread becomes very distinct due to heavier traffic.

The trail is pretty steep, compared to the PCT or Buck Pass trail. But it's a fun short-cut and has that mysterious historic allure.

It's easier to follow going up than down. Give it a try!—Steve Fox, Everett, 8/01.



BOREALIS PASS (USGS Saska Pk, Pinnacle Mtn)

—My wife Janet Stanek and I often backpack over the Labor Day weekend, bringing my vacation as a school teacher to a close. We did a dandy, traveling high up into the Chelan Mountains from our base camp at Snow Brushy Meadow alongside the Entiat River.

The Entiat River trail is in typical fine shape, although some find problems with the dusty trail. The Snow Brushy trail leading toward Milham Pass isn't maintained up to the standard of the Entiat River trail, but is usually logged out each season as the main horse route between the Entiat River and Lake Chelan.

The turnoff toward Borealis Pass is about a mile or so before reaching Milham Pass. It is well signed, but immediately one realizes that from there on up, the going will be rougher. This trail, termed the 45 Mile Sheep Driveway, doesn't appear to have received maintenance in many years, with many logs blocking the way. Faint (or nonexistent) tread in many places will challenge the route finding and map reading skills.

Borealis Pass lies at about 7700 feet, near, but just south of, the crest of the Chelan Mountains. The crest at about 7800 feet can be reached easily, by descending a few switchbacks west from the pass, then traversing and ascending northeast toward Pinnacle Mountain. The high flat terrain just south of Pinnacle begs for a high camp, a place I'll probably return to someday to enjoy. Pinnacle is a Class 2 climb of about 600 feet from this area.

We descended the 45 Mile Sheep Driveway for our return to the Entiat River. Despite the numerous logs to cross, we enjoyed this little used route. Many scenic camps are detailed in Sutliff's *Entiat Country*. We found it odd that the junction with the Entiat River trail was unsigned.

Hikers and backpackers who like their trails high and wild will savor this route.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 8/31-9/3.



DUMBELL MOUNTAIN (USGS Holden, Trinity)

—Sarah, Matt, a couple of his friends from work and I set out on a warmish Sunday morning around 11:30am from the Phelps Creek trailhead. There were about 70 cars here. Spider Meadows looked like tent city.

We took the Phelps Basin fork about 1 mile farther and set up camp around 5500 feet; no one else here. After setting up camp Matt and his friends and I set out for Dumbell. We made quick work getting to the base of the southern face of Dumbell. At this point the others decided to bow out and head for a nice high point on the south ridge of Dumbell while I went on alone.

The south route goes up easy ledges and a smallish upper scree field to the saddle between Dumbell's lesser western summit and the true summit. From here it is an easy Class 2 scramble to the top. There is a Mountaineer's register on top which was put up by the late Chris Weber.

After spending a bit of time on top it was now down the south face and up to a notch in Dumbell's south ridge at about 7800 feet where an amazing "goat ledge" traverses above some incredibly exposed cliffs around the east face of Dumbell to a gentle snowfield and a small lake and then up the very gentle southeast ridge of Greenwood Mountain (8415 feet). This summit has the weirdest register that I have ever seen. It is a large red can that describes the summit as being Mount Fernow at 9100 feet (which is incorrect on two accounts!). This first ascent party seems to be the only ones who are under this impression.

After spending about 15 minutes on the summit it was down and back to Dumbell's south ridge and now time to get my last objective, "Genius," point 8039. To my knowledge no one had climbed it so I attempted to follow the ridge from Dumbell. It was now almost 8pm and it was getting dark when I eventually found myself on the summit. Surprisingly a large cairn about 50 feet north of the actual highpoint held a small film can, including the names of Don and Natala Goodman. After a descent by headlamp I found myself in easyish steep heather and back in camp. Sarah had dinner waiting and I was treated to gourmet ramen!

The next day we went up to Spider Gap then hiked out and were back at the cars by 3pm! We had a nice meal at the '59er Diner.—Pilar, Monroe, 9/2-3.



CROOK, SYLVESTER (GT

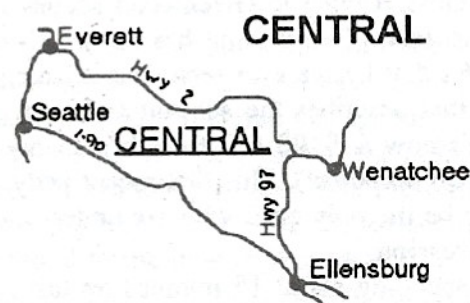
145 Wenatchee Lk)—I started up the trail from the Schaefer Lake trailhead and at around 2600 feet I left the trail and began ascending westward up a prominent wooded spur, gaining the ridge around 5400 feet. From here it was an easy ridge walk southeast up to the high point of this wooded ridge at 5687 feet.

Now it was down to a saddle at 4720 feet where I then began contouring into the Ragging Creek drainage crossing it at about 5000 feet and then ascending a northeast steep brushy spur ridge up toward Crook Mountain. The going got better around 6000 feet with heather and larch trees. In no time at all I found myself on the summit which is a small blackish juniper-covered rock just southeast of a large plateau (no cairn or register). After spending a great deal of time on this summit I decided to walk down to the large plateau where there is in fact a large cairn (well below the summit), and a register placed by Don G in 1989.

I now descended easy larch meadows to about 5800 feet where I located a nice ledge

westward below a cliff and onto an easy talus field that then led to an amazing meadow at the headwaters of Raging Creek. I walked northwestward up the gentle south ridge of Sylvester Mountain and to the top of its very gentle summit. Again a cairn but no obvious register. I descended to D Lake and then hiked out the trail well before dark.

It was really weird being in the mountains all day and not once seeing a plane fly overhead, the eeriest day I've ever been through. Take care, everyone—Pilar, Monroe, 9/11.



MALACHITE LAKE, COPPER LAKE (USGS Big Snow)

Other than Tonga Ridge, this was my first trip into the north side of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. This seems silly, because most of the lakes in the Wilderness drain to the north. When you think of it, even Snow Lake, Island Lake, Rainbow Lake and Blazer (and others) though reached from the south, are on the north side of their respective sheltering ridges.

We parked at 1640 feet at the end of road 6835 (in the old *101 Hikes* it is called 6840). The mile and a half to Trout Lake went quickly enough and though it is only 400 feet gain, on this very humid day we were thoroughly soaked in that 45 minutes of hiking. The transparent waters of the outlet pool, framed by cliffs and trees, forced us to dally there; we had to drag ourselves away to continue.

Next we gained 1400 feet in what must be only a mile. It switchbacks essentially east and west as it works up through slide alder and maples, so this part is in the sun morning and afternoon.

At about 3800 feet we started the traverse over to Copper Lake. We turned right at the signed "T" and went up the 200 feet to Malachite first. It sits in a sheer, rock-rimmed cirque, and is the perfect size to seem substantial, yet quite picturesque.

Not wanting to lose and then make up that 200 feet, we went 100 yards south of the outlet into a basin with a series of natural campsites scattered among boulders. We popped up over the ridge and dropped into the basin of a gorgeous little lake with marsh grass and moss edges. This was the highlight of our trip. The west shore is steep and dense with brush, so we crossed the outlet and went south on the east shore, following the obvious bootwork. (One can regain the trail just below the outlet, but I

didn't let on to our party, not wanting to miss the opportunity for some off trail play.) Go south, up the drainage, and pop over the ridge to be on the shore of Copper Lake.

At this point we turned east and followed boot/deer tracks through the brush across a steep hillside. It seemed like this might have been a popular section once, but is now quite overgrown. It comes out at the campsites on the west side of the outlet log jam. The water was low and we found quite stable logs to cross on.

Perhaps we had a bad vantage point, but from the outlet area, Copper itself was just a big vast lake (3/4-mile long). However, the vistas south to the cliffs above Big Heart Lake were fine indeed, and had me speculating about the possible ridge walking one could do up there on those 6000-foot bumps.

We got only a taste of the heart of the Wilderness area, but with miles and miles of trail and dozens of lakes, I'll definitely be back.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 8/30.

RIDGE LAKE, ALASKA MOUNTAIN (GT 207 Snoqualmie Pass)

The old growth hemlocks out of Snoqualmie Pass are a great way to begin a trip. Views of Gold Creek and the Crest mountains and the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River valley were all spectacular in the clear weather.

Just before sunset I scampered atop Point 5851 south of Gravel Lake for great sunset colors down the Middle Fork. The next morning it was on to Alaska Mountain (5745 feet). Though it is kinda dwarfed by larger nearby mountains, I wanted a good vantage to scope harder climbs of Thompson and Huckleberry with a partner in the future. The easiest way to the top is to cross over into Joe Lake valley on the Crest Trail. Right at this notch go left on a way-path through solid scree right to the top.—John Morrow, Roslyn, 7/27.

RIDGE, GRAVEL LAKES (GT 207 Snoqualmie Pass)

We were immediately passed at the start by two trail runners. I envied them their light shoes and fanny packs as well as their speed.

The air was so hazy we could hardly see Mount Rainier on the way in and not at all on the way out. The lakes were lovely, but this was the first time it was too hot for me to enjoy lunch at Ridge Lake, my favorite. Instead, we settled for a shady spot with decent views of Gravel Lake. I was so lazy that I opted not to make the hot climb over those glaring rocks to see Alaska Lake, let alone hike the extra mile to Alaska Mountain.

We were almost back to the car when the trail runners passed us again. They had run to Park Lake and back. It turned out that they were serious runners who were veterans of the Western States 100 Mile Endurance Run—starting in Squaw Valley with 27 miles of snow running in the high Sierra

and finishing in Sacramento where it was 100 degrees. They had run the Wonderland Trail in 48 hours and were thinking about running the Snoqualmie to Stevens Pass route.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 8/15.



RAMPART RIDGE via Lake Lillian (GT 207 Snoqualmie Pass)

I really have to say "thank you!" to Michael Leake of Issaquah who originally told me how to get to Lillian via the back route (*P&P*, Oct '98). It really is the better way to go, so I'll just repeat and add to his original instructions.

Take the Hyak exit at Snoqualmie Pass, and drive the frontage road on the east side of the highway. After a couple of switchbacks uphill, take a left on road 136, which follows Rocky Run. Stay right, and come to a big hairpin where there is generous parking (and no permit required!). Walk along a spur and go around a log pile at its end, and find the trail, very plain to see.

It soon crosses a tributary to Rocky Run. Michael wrote: "Now comes the good part—stand up on your hind legs and start uphill." Indeed. Although some parts of the trail are so steep that going on all fours might be as efficient! But it is *quick*: you have maybe a bit less than a mile to go to the lake. The trail is well defined and at some time was maintained, for old logs blocking the trail have been sawed through. This trail joins the official trail a bit below the lake; note the big rock at the fork so you remember where to turn.

There is another path that goes up to Rampart Ridge on the far side of Lake Lillian, visible near the steep wall on the right. We took the short route to the right to get there, but I think you could go the other way too. The lake is much bigger than it looks initially. The trail up to the ridge (even steeper than the first one, but again *quick*) reaches the top and then begins to fray and drift off here and there, indicating a multitude of wandering options.

If from the pass you make for a round green knob topped with a small crown of trees, you will find perfect views down to Rampart Lakes, which, this Labor Day weekend, were *mobbed*. We sat serenely isolated on our perch! Hang gliders were cruising overhead. I know they aren't supposed to be there (Wilderness and all that), but I liked seeing them, silently drifting on the thermals.—Peg Fern, Monroe, 9/2.



LAKE CLE ELUM MOUNTAIN (GT 208 Kachess Lk, 240 Easton)

From I-90 one can look to the north toward Lake Cle Elum and see a peak standing to the west of the lake. I have wanted to go up that mountain for years. We finally did it. The views are stunning. Roslyn, Ronald, Easton, and parts of Cle Elum are visible. Even the flatlands of Ellensburg

can be seen over Easton ridge. Then for the really outstanding view, Mount Rainier rises to the southwest.

Motorcycles have been using the trail and the ruts and dust were almost unbearable. Measuring the trek with my E-trex GPS, we found it to be 3.6 miles round trip with 1609 feet gain. Bee stings are optional.

To get there, exit I-90 at Easton and go east along the frontage road past the Mountain Burger restaurant (the food is great—remember it on the way back). Soon the pavement ends and in a short drive you will be at the power lines. Follow the main road up and over Easton Ridge. The road is rough in places. Once on the north side of Easton Ridge, continue to Domerie Flats. Turn northwest and cross Domerie Creek on a bridge. After the bridge turn right and follow a road. You will pass several remote homes and a place where logging has taken place. Keep going until you find a gravel road. Turn right. We found a road that was covered with a plant like tumbleweed. One “Ted Rick and I followed it to the end.

Note: During or after a rain these ungravelled roads will turn to soupy, deep, gooey mud. A look at the map will show you other ways to get to Domerie Flats.

From that parking area, follow the heavy brush-covered road west. There is a faint trail through the brush. Trail 1308 is on top of the ridge; you can't miss it. Remember where you enter the trail so you can find it on the way back. We estimated it to be about a mile from where we parked to the trailhead by road.—Wanderbuns, Kirkland, 9/2.



THORP MOUNTAIN (GT 208 Kachess Lk)

Met up with Auntie Lynn, Uncle Scott and our good friend Lisa in North Bend at 8am. Took off over the pass for Thorp Mountain in the Salmon la Sac area.

We arrived at the Knox Creek trailhead at 10:20am and so did about 5 other cars. Got Lili settled into her pack and away we went. Started up switchbacks through a meadow of past-due flowers and ripening blueberries which we feasted on as we went along. After the initial switchbacks the trail straightened and led up below a cliff where it again switchbacked until we entered the woods and came to a junction at 1¼ miles for the Kachess Ridge trail.

Going right on the trail we lost about 200 feet as we meandered through the trees. This led to a bump and the trail junction for Thorp Lake. Passing that, we were entertained with views of Mount Rainier, Mount Adams and the Snoqualmie area.

At 1¾ miles is a junction for the Thorp Mountain trail which switchbacked up 400 feet to the lookout at 2½ miles around 11:40am. Once upon the summit we had views of the Stuart range, Dutch Miller Gap crags, Mount Daniel, Snoqualmie peaks, Mount Rainier, Mount Adams and far off

Ellensburg. Several parties on top asked the very nice ranger many questions.

We ate lunch while Lili toddled around and the adults rested in the noonday sun. Signed in at the lookout register and then headed down around 1pm. Uncle Scott led the party like a horse to a barn. Passed several other families with babies, one only 5 months old, on their way up. Definitely a good family outing!

Arrived at the car around 2pm. Headed down to Salmon la Sac to check out the Coal Miner's festival. After that down to North Bend for pizza. Total mileage 5 miles and 1800 feet gain.—Halley/Joey and Liliana, Tacoma, 9/1.



ESMERELDA BASIN (USGS Mt Stuart)

This hike begins at the end of the North Fork Teanaway road, on Ingalls Waytrail. In a few hundred yards, trail 1344 goes straight ahead as the Ingalls Waytrail turns right after crossing a stream. The lower part of the trail is an old mining road and is mostly through woods and crosses several streams with easy rock hops.

The trail soon switchbacks up and after traversing an avalanche slope and a junction with the County Line trail which leads to Lake Ann, reaches Fortune Creek Pass. The elevation here is about 5900 feet. There are interesting views of Esmerelda Peak, Ingalls Peak and down into Fortune Creek valley to the west and some large peaks we could not identify.

This is a fairly easy hike, only about 1700 feet of elevation gain in about 3½ miles. It is possible to do a loop by continuing down to the Fortune Creek jeep road, then by trail around Esmerelda Peak coming out at the De Roux trailhead where hopefully a car is waiting. It is about 15 miles. We did it once several years ago.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 9/16.



BIG CHIWAUKUM (USGS Chiwaukum Mtns)

This is one of only 10 or so summits between highways 2 and 90 that are over 8000 feet. It also has 3681 feet of prominence, second only to Mount Stuart of all the peaks between 2 and 90. The rock work near the summit area is quite fun. There were lots of blue huckleberries to gorge on this time of year. Also many over-my-head thimbleberries to plow through, for they were overgrowing onto the Whitepine and Wildhorse trails. No one else had signed the register this year and only two parties last year.

Among the many notables signing in were Russ Kroecker, 7-16-83; Bob Dreisbach, 7-23-84; Lowell Skoog, 4-6-86; Sally Pfeiffer, 5-25-86; Grant Myers and Howard Armstrong, 6-13-87; Garth Warner and Mark Owen, 11-3-87 (and a number of other times); John Roper and Silas Wild, 7-9-89; Joe Vance, 9-22-90, who signed himself as a member of the Over The Hill Climbing Club;

my cousin Fred Beavon of Twisp and his son Levi, 5-30-92; the Goodmans, 6-3-92; Paul Robisch, 6-7-92; Mitch Blanton, 8-30-94, from Snowgrass (ugly); Pilar, 9-28-98, who wrote, “I guess I only get one peak today.”

The register tube had “Alpine Roamers” engraved onto it. The earliest back I could read for sure was 1969 when the Wenatchee High School Alpine Club went up.—Fred Beavon, Edmonds, 9/12.

SOUTH CENTRAL



SILVER PEAK (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

We like this hike. It is fairly close in and also fairly short and a lot of the elevation gain is done in the car. The hike starts south on the Pacific Crest Trail at Olallie Meadows, about 5½ miles on road 9070 back of the Hyak Ski Area.

About 2 miles along this well maintained trail, which is mostly through woods with some views out across the dry bed of Keechelus Lake, an unmarked and un maintained trail turns off to the right. It is hard to find and can be easily missed even though there is a fairly large cairn marking its location. This trail is not in the best of shape. There are lots of roots and rocks and several muddy spots. About 1 mile brought us out into high alpine meadows and the final 300 feet up a large talus slope to the 5600-foot summit of Silver Peak. The total gain on the hike is only about 1400 feet. The views from the summit are splendid, Mount Rainier and the nearby Snoqualmie peaks. Lake Annette is below at the base of the peak. The wildflowers were mostly gone as were the bugs.

For those who do not feel like doing the final ascent the meadow below the talus slope is a good lunch spot, although without the splendid views.

We stayed on the summit a long time. Upon returning to the trailhead we feasted on blueberries in Olallie Meadows. We also brought home enough for a pie this winter.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 9/2.



PCT, road 7080 to Louisiana Saddle (GT Lester)

This section of the PCT is almost a flat walk through a pleasant forest which made for a nice easy ramble on a sunny and crisp fall day. We began with a nearby geocache and then drove the short distance to the trailhead which is right in the middle of a vast clearcut. Heading south we immediately entered forest. After approximately 3 miles where the trail skirts a ridge, we walked the short distance

to a rock outcropping and views clear to Mount Stuart.

Near the beginning of this hike, we passed through Government Meadows where in 1853 pioneers camped before beginning the arduous descent with their wagons down the west side. A memorial cabin has been erected overlooking the meadow and invites PCT thru-hikers to write an entry in the cabin's journal and perhaps spend the night.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 9/8.



MOUNT WOW (USGS Mt Wow)

—An X carved into a tree trunk at 1.75 miles on the uphill side of the West-side road just past a rock-strewn gully marks the spot; parking on the right.

We leave road, elevation 2500 feet, at 8:10am. Head up rounded ridge just north of the gully and pick up the faint trail leading upward. Follow the trace up until it disappears in a small, now dry, wet swale. Then head up fall line to south of the swale and traverse to the long wet meadow that starts on the south flank of Mount Wow and ends at Lake Allen.

We go uphill in the meadow following an outwash gully. Lead scout follows gully beyond planned turn off to the left (west) since it appears a better route may be found higher up. No dice, retreat and take large wet meadow open face to the saddle on the ridge just southwest of the summit.

Arrive summit, 6040 feet, at 1:22pm, 1.75 miles from road. Fabulous view of Rainier, High Rock, Adams, St. Helens, and the keen-eyed saw Mount Hood.

Left summit at 2:10 pm. Descend from saddle across the big meadow, encounter gully requiring a fixed line to get back to the meadow above Lake Allen. Descend to the lake—our summit discussion consensus was to check out the lake for its great view of Mount Wow and the drop-off straight down to the road. Didn't quite work out that way. Ran into bluffs that required sidehill traverses to get around. Steep downhill on poor footing, hit road at 7pm. Drivers walk up road to get vehicles, about ¼-mile up road. Back in Olympia near 9pm, tired but no wiser,

A better way to descend would be to pick up the faint trail used on the ascent. Mark during ascent with ribbon to the meadow above the lake, retrieve ribbons on return. Long day, great weather, great view, deer flies very obnoxious.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 8/26.



SPRAY PARK (GT 269 Mt Rainier W)

—Lew and I headed up the Spray Park trail (about 5000 feet) at 10:45 on a beautiful Saturday. The trail drops a couple of hundred feet (300 in the trail guide) then begins a gradual ascent to a .3-mile spur to a falls at 2 miles.

From there the trail goes up 600 feet in a mile of multiple switchbacks to Spray Park

which has little to bound it. The trail just continues up, but not as steeply, for another 2 miles or so and 1000 feet more before dropping to the Wonderland Trail (a possible 20 mile loop hike). We enjoyed our lunch in a meadow of wildflowers overlooking the Carbon River Valley to the north and Mount Baker and Glacier Peak farther north.

From the high point on the main trail, we turned toward The Mountain on a waytrail and continued up to just below Echo Rock (7870 feet). From there we could see almost 180 degrees from west through north to east, including the entire Olympic range. We spent a little while picking out places we have been.

Of course, The Mountain was so close and glorious. Didn't seem that it could be another 7000 feet to the summit.

We walked out the 6 miles or so and got back to the cars at 4:45. A beautiful day hike with spectacular views, very few bugs and lots of friendly people.—Tom Karasek, Mossyrock, WA, 8/25.



SPRAY PARK via Knapsack Pass (GT 269 Mt Rainier W)

Going to Spray Park by way of Knapsack Pass is a totally different experience, we discovered. Starting behind the cabin at Mowich Lake the unmarked trail climbs rather steeply up a flower-filled ravine. Glimpses back to Mowich Lake and ahead to the pass were equally scenic.

After the saddle the real challenge began. First a loose talus, steep downhill crossing had to be maneuvered. Then a huge boulder field must be traversed. The day we were there a large snowfield next blocked our way. Before we could change our minds all 11 of us glissaded down, a novelty for our women's group who are mostly over the age of 70.

All the effort was rewarded when we climbed up the ridge into Spray Park and walked through fields of red, white and blue wildflowers. And the mountain was "out" that day. We returned to the trailhead on the main trail making a round trip of 7 miles.—Renton Women's Hiking Group, 8/8.



MOUNT FREMONT (GT 270 Mt Rainier E)

—Lew and I met at the Sunrise parking lot at about 10:30, shared a simple lunch at the cafe, then headed up. We worked our way up along Sourdough Ridge, past Frozen Lake (thawed) to the Mount Fremont Lookout. Very good views along the route and from the lookout.

We had our lunches by the lookout, took pictures, and chatted with people from all over including Germany. The walk back had The Mountain in our faces and the same slate and sand footing we so enjoyed on the way up the 2000 feet or so. Views all around caused us to just stop and enjoy. Got back to the parking lot at about 3:30 having

covered around 8 miles.

I stopped at the Grove of the Patriarchs (just inside the southeast corner of the Park) on the way home. A new loop trail boardwalk makes this a very easy walk of about ½-mile and the story boards look new too. Recommended.—Tom Karasek, Mossyrock, 9/13.



BURROUGHS MOUNTAIN (USGS Sunrise)

—Our group considers this one of our top 5 favorites. The trail begins near the lodge at Sunrise. This is a multi-destinational trailhead so it is a good idea to check the map posted there. The first 1½ miles is on the Wonderland Trail. Near Frozen Lake trails branch off to Mount Fremont, and a loop returns to Sunrise. The Wonderland Trail continues to Grand Park. A slight left puts you on the trail to Burroughs Mountain.

The trail climbs in another 1½ miles to First Burroughs. The views are great, clear up to Mount Baker. A ranger told us we were seeing peaks in Canada. Another ½-mile climb brought us to Second Burroughs, elevation about 7400 feet. Good views at this point of the Emmons Glacier and the White River. This is a good stopping place for lunch.

About half of our group went on another mile to Third Burroughs for even better views. You lose elevation before climbing to the 7800-foot top. This trail is not maintained beyond where it branches off the Glacier Basin trail, and is not shown on any maps. It is easy to follow, however. The views are even greater here. The Winthrop Glacier was at our feet, and Steamboat Prow loomed above. With binoculars we could see climbers on the Camp Sherman route to the summit of Rainier. There is no water on the trail. We returned on a loop trail that turns off between Burroughs Two and One and heads back to Sunrise. The weather was perfect. A gorgeous day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 9/9.



DEWEY LAKES (GT 271 Bumping Lk)

—My son Richard and I arrived at Chinook Pass about noon. We were headed south on the Pacific Crest Trail for an easy backpack trip. In 24 hours we had drizzle, snow, and fog.

We used all of our extra clothing to stay warm day and night. Oh well, no bugs and no sunburn. We were too late for flowers, except bluebells and gentian, but found acres of huckleberries all along the trail and in the lake basin.

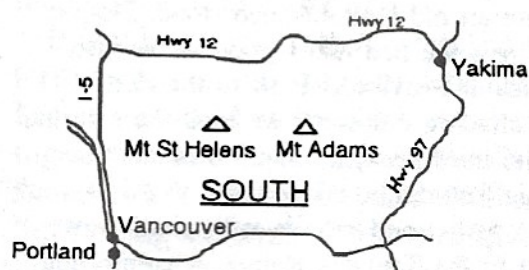
There are many campsites around the two Dewey Lakes. We picked one with a good view at the north end of the larger lake. It was too cold and foggy to have fun a second day here. A pair of PCT thru-hikers told us that it was just as cold and foggy 5 miles south near Cougar Lake (our planned day hike for Thursday) so we packed up and

hiked out the other side of Naches Peak back to the pass. Our afternoon jaunt to Sheep Lake (PCT north of the pass) was rewarded with blinding sunshine after about 1/2-mile! Off with the layers.

During the night I had to get up and was shocked by bright moonshine on the lake and only scattered clouds. Incredibly beautiful. The moon's rays coming between the trees made white streaks like snow patches on the meadows. So pretty and so unexpected. Fog again in the morning.

This is an outstanding route for admiring alpine lakes—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 9/5-6.

SOUTH



SNOWGRASS FLATS (*Goat Rocks Wilderness*)—From Snowgrass Flats trail 96, we turned right on Bypass trail 97 and found a group of good camps near the main creek crossing, ideal for base camp.

We took three great dayhikes, one up to Old Snowy (north on the PCT). The new PCT cuts across the side of Old Snowy, crossing the tip of the Packwood Glacier and a very unstable scree slope. A better route would be to follow the old PCT up and over almost the top of Old Snowy. Another great dayhike is to follow the PCT south to Cispus Pass and beyond. Another is the Lily Basin trail 86 to Goat Lake and beyond. This is all very open country, stunning views, and the wildflowers are breathtaking.

Very few bugs anywhere. Camps are scattered along trail 86, generally, though the area marked "Alpine Camp" on Green Trails is not ideal (inconvenient and marginal water). FOUR Green Trails maps cover this area, so a better bet may be the Forest Service map of the area, which does have contours.—Peg Fern, Monroe, 8/13.



MOUNT ST HELENS, Monitor Ridge (USGS Mt St Helens)

Take I-5 exit for Highway 503; follow approximately 23 miles to Jack's to pick up permit, pay \$15. This assumes you have registered in advance, if not, wait for the 6pm lottery, about 5:30 pm is a good time to sign in. This gives the clerk time to prepare for the lottery.

Eat here, or proceed to the bivouac, set up camp and eat dinner there. Climbers Bivouac is a loop at the end of a dirt road with spots to pitch tents, toilets but no water. A vehicle to sleep in is nice.

On the day of the ascent, plan on getting up about 4:30 for a 6am start to avoid the heat of the day on the exposed south slope. With warm weather forecast and clear, you can start out in shorts and T, shivering. Or be comfy and plan to doff layers enroute.

The first 2 1/4 miles are on a gently graded trail under a tree canopy. That takes you to the 4800 foot marker, beyond which a permit is required, stiff fines if no permit. This section takes about an hour. This point is also where one leaves the tree canopy.

From the 4800-foot marker ascend to Monitor Ridge on a boot track over, around and between large broken boulders. Wooden poles mark the route, follow the poles. The area is covered with boot tracks that can lead one astray.

Once on Monitor Ridge continue to follow the poles toward the crater rim. The last 1/4-mile is on loose gravel and sand. From 4800 feet to the 8200-foot crater rim takes about 4 hours. The 6am start makes this a great lunch stop and picture point. If you are fortunate as we were you may hear and see explosive outbursts of rock falls raising clouds of dust and lasting minutes.

The descent takes about 3 1/2 hours. Follow the poles, not the boot tracks. Check your camp for stuff overlooked in the dark. Don't forget to sign out at Jack's which is an okay place to eat.

All the information you need is available at <http://www.fs.fed.us/gpnf>. This a very well done site. To me, the whole point of the ascent is the view into the crater and views of Rainier, Adams and points beyond. To go on a rainy day is pointless.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 9/10.

BRITISH COLUMBIA



KYUQUOT SOUND—I have been to all of the sounds on the west coast of Vancouver Island except for Clayoquot and Kyuquot Sound. I chose Kyuquot Sound as the road less travelled of the two.

We took a water taxi from Fair Harbor out to the Bunsby Islands with the intention of using them as a base to explore. Leo, our friendly taxi man, had to put us on hold for a day due to gale force winds and high seas, but got us out to the Bunsbys on Monday. We were dropped on a small offshore island which made an excellent camp. From this island we explored the Bunsbys finding several good camps and two sources of water on the islands.

A well preserved fish trap on Little Bunsby Island is a must-see. It must have been a sight when they drove fish into it. A day trip over to the Acous Peninsula allowed us to see two totem poles, one standing and the other moldering away, as well as numerous house poles. On the return trip we tried some fishing as our licenses were

now activated. We found that it was impossible to get the lures to the bottom before they were snapped up. Peter, our 11 year old, was in fish heaven and caught the most fish. We did mostly catch and release, keeping just enough for dinner. Bears are plentiful on the mainland and out on the islands. We talked to two groups who saw bears swimming from island to island. Take full bear precautions even on the outer islands. We heard of no "problem bears" but there is certainly a huge potential.

After a week in the Bunsbys we made the crossing to Spring Island in the Mission Island group. The crossing is about 5 miles, exposed, with no landing sites on the rocky shore. Many rocks and reefs need careful watching to avoid getting hit with a boomer. Spring Island is mostly protected and thus a popular destination. There are many good campsites but no water. We spent four days exploring this island and the area with a day trip to Kyuquot village. There is not too much to offer in this tiny town with only sea access but when the store opened at 1pm we did hit the ice cream bars. On my birthday, I finally found a glass ball after looking for 15 years. What a present!

The paddle back to Fair Harbor is mostly protected with a few campsites on Union Island as possibilities. We opted for a long day and went all the way to Fair Harbor and then stayed in Zeballos overnight, getting an early start back to Seattle the next day.

Kyuquot is a fairly popular destination and you will see lots of kayakers in the area, but it is definitely worth the trip. We saw large rafts of sea otters, a Minke whale, many bears, deer and other wildlife. Do use caution on the exposed crossings.—Jim Corson, Seattle, 8/4-19.




WHYTECLIFFE PARK—More than 10 years ago I visited a remarkable little park somewhere in the Vancouver area. My daughter who was a toddler got her first view of a baby orca from a rocky viewpoint. The park beach was filled with shiny neoprene-clad divers looking surprisingly like sea lions dashing into the waves. A rocky white boulder rose up from the sea and was accessible during low tides. For years I casually looked for this park but could never find it.

So it was a delightful surprise, when driving out to the end of Marine Drive behind Horseshoe Bay in West Vancouver, I re-discovered it. Whytecliffe Park was exactly as I had remembered it. A weekday, it was quiet, a few divers, and the concession stand was closed but all the views were out.

I scrambled up on Whytecliffe Rock, enjoyed the plants and animals and thanked Canada for making this their first Protected Marine Area. A small park, it is an easy drive while visiting Horseshoe Bay or the Sea-to-Sky Highway 99.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 6/19.


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

 **REDWOOD PARK**—You don't expect a Redwood, Giant Sequoia, or Dawn Redwood Forest in Canada, but that's what you can find at Redwood Park in Surrey. When twin brothers David and Peter Brown inherited this logged hilltop in the 1800s they immediately began replanting with an eclectic blend of local and exotic trees. Among the expected red cedar, Doug-fir, and vine maple you'll also find groves of more than 30 other tree species from around the world. The reclusive brothers eventually built and lived in an actual tree house; a modern version still stands.

While touring the short trails on this 40 acre parcel I was interrupted from my focus on the trees by the raucous cawing of a raven. Looking up I found two horned owls not much more than an arm's reach above, contemplating me. Continuing slowly, so as not to disturb them, I spotted the small mess of raven feathers on the trail, thus at least partially answering one of the mysteries of the forest—why ravens are so belligerent to owls.

This park is located off Highway 15 (my regular route to downtown or North Vancouver) and is only about 15 minutes from the Peace Arch border crossing. Turn right/east off Highway 15, at 20th Ave. In about 2 minutes look for the park entrance on the right/south side.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 6/19.


 **ASHLU, ELAHO CANYONS** (*Squamish 92 G/14*)—These canyons have always been a mystery to me. Filling the void between the Sea to Sky Highway and the Sunshine Coast, I'd always wondered what was "out there." After

missing Grant and John at a trailhead, I decided to salvage the drive with a visit here. Luckily I had maps, a sleeping bag and extra food in the car.

The logging road access is well marked by mile posts and descriptive place names such as "the Bayou" and "Haywire Corner." The mile post numbers begin at the log area across the street from the Brew Pub in downtown Squamish (not a bad place to end the trip either). The visitor center had previously supplied me with a logging company map, and with trail and driving descriptions in *103 Hikes in SW BC*, I felt prepared.

The drive up the lower Squamish River Canyon passed wonderful winter eagle viewing sites. Ashlu Canyon provided rushing river, salmon habitat, and a rough road. Hike descriptions for this area insured my return. Near the start of Elaho Canyon the road and Elaho River both took a dramatic turn at a wild cataract. The river meets hard rock head on and is forced to nearly reverse direction to continue. I camped in a secluded rock quarry just off the road above this view.

The next day, I drove to the end of the Elaho Canyon road system (MP 60+). A crude trail allows access to a fascinating land of vertical walled canyons, volcanic landscapes, lush blueberry patches (which I shared with a bear), and interesting campsites. Side trails wandered through rare old growth valley rain forest, and up to parched rocky peaks that provided the best views. I can't wait to return and explore this area further.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 8/9.

 **SQUAMISH CHIEF** (*Squamish 92 G/11; 103 Hikes in SW BC*)—Bill and Patricia met me early to avoid traf-

fic on our 2 hour drive up Highway 1 to the Sea to Sky Highway on Howe Sound. Just before Squamish we stopped at Garibaldi viewpoint/monument. From here we had a clear view of The Chief and our intended route. Towering over the waterside town of Squamish, this freestanding granite monolith is second only to the Rock of Gibraltar.

The huge white vertical face makes this a world class destination for rock climbers of all skill levels. I'm sure we could have climbed it if we had a rope, but decided to hike up the backside instead.

Passing Shannon Falls, which were flowing strong, we worked our way up steep maintained forest trail. Taking advantage of the cool and clearing overcast we hiked all the way to The Squaw (12 miles round-trip) where an old lookout once stood. Despite the trees we had really good views into Garibaldi Provincial Park to the north.

Retracing our steps we took the side trail to the third peak, the highest of the three "Chief" summits. We found a world of scrub trees, tarns, and granite with great views west to the Tantalus Range. A connecting trail allowed us to climb over the middle peak, then down and back up for the summit of The Chief, the top of the great wall that is so dramatic from below. On this day, a Native American was telling his tribe's legend of the Chief, made more dramatic by the sound of his traditional hand drum.

I'd enjoy this hike in any season but would avoid it in rain and snow because of slippery rock and ladders. The Chief by itself requires about 2000 feet of gain with a 4 mile round trip.—Bud Hardwick, Bellingham, 8/7.

BULLETIN BOARD

Notices on this Bulletin Board are free to subscribers.

FOR SALE—Garmin GPS III Plus Personal Navigator. Purchased new in 1999, never used. \$200. 360-830-0755 (Seabeck).

FOR SALE—Two avalanche transceivers like new condition, work fine. One Orthovox 1994 Model with adjustable range, \$75; and one Pieps 2 newer model, no adjustments, \$50. Both units transmit and receive on both frequencies. Or both units for \$100. Call Jack Melill, 425-313-4632 (Bellevue).

FOR SALE—REI Ultra external frame backpack. Like new, 4500 cu.in. \$40 obo. Will trade for good daypack. Call 425-641-4415 (Bellevue).

FOR SALE—Lightweight Tod-Tex tent: Bibler GT, like new, \$300. Also, free to a good home, one pair Merrell Wilder-

ness boots, men's 12D. Call Bruce, 206-842-6351 (Bainbridge Island). Call Bruce, 206-842-6351.

FOR SALE—Boots, Asolo Yukon women's 10 or men's 8½. Used very little, \$50.00

And Raichle leather women's 10 or men's 8½. Used very little, \$50.00. Call Sally, 206-363-6978 (Seattle).

WANTED—Looking for women hikers/crosscountry skiers for this fall and winter, mid-week and weekends. Amy, 253-857-6958; <steve@crisacamps.com>. Gig Harbor/Port Orchard.

TRAVEL—Anyone interested in a climbing trip to Chile and Argentina in January 2002, contact Edythe at <peakbagger@techline.com> for further information.

This is a group that I climbed with in Ecuador, January 2001. We will hike with day packs for the most part with

gear being transported by horses and mules. Group includes famous European climber Kurt Diemberger.

We will spend three weeks doing San Jose, Marmolejo and Tupungato, and then at least 10 to 12 days to do a traverse of Aconcagua (up Polish route, down the normal). For those who are interested at the end of the trip, a tour of Concha and Toro Winery. Tentative intended departure date January 1 or 2. Trip will be advertised in AAC newsletter and several climbing magazines.

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).

JUNE COX

Facing Death in the Desert

—SCARED SPITLESS IN JOSHUA TREE—

With every step we were becoming more desperate. Instead of finding our way out through the cluster of rocks, we were going up higher and higher and the rocks were becoming giant boulders that we couldn't climb over or around. The rocks are many shapes and sizes. Their variety is misleading and they all begin to look alike.

Being lost is unthinkable but the next terrorizing threat is the unrelenting heat. Even in May, by noon, it is hovering around ninety degrees in the California desert. We walked and climbed in the blazing sun eight hours straight in the wrong direction. Lucy and I are two old ladies, ages sixty-six and seventy-three, scared spitless, trying to find our way out. We started out in the morning for an hour's walk and lost the path.

With the terrible fright of being lost, we marched steadily as if we were possessed. We were thinking of a few years back when a young wife of a marine from the nearby military base drove out on the desert floor, ran out of gas and took off on foot. The second day rangers found her dead, huddled under a scraggly bush. Like us, she hadn't told anyone where she was going.

For a number of years Lucy and I and several other senior ladies have been walking in the early morning three times a week. On this particular morning when the other walking companions didn't show up, Lucy and I decided to drive to Joshua Tree National Park, 15 miles away. It's a spectacular sight compared to the far-spreading flatness of the rest of the desert. It's famous for its rocks. Their formations are enchanting—millions of rocks thrown about in heaps and piles making valleys, enclaves, and arches with huge upright slabs forced skyward by massive upheavals from millions of years past.

We started early on this grievous Monday morning in May 1995, and lost the clearly marked "Boy Scout Trail" within half an hour. Expecting a walk of only an hour, we were scantily clad and left the car with only the car keys in hand. No water, no food, no hats, no Swiss Army knife. Nada.

When we lost the trail, I told Lucy that if we took an easterly course, keeping the sun over our right shoulder, we would find a way out between the rocks. I don't know why I told her that. I don't know why she believed me.

We plodded on like zombies. Our legs and arms became scratched with little bloody patches from sliding down rough monozomite granite rocks. The rocks got bigger and bigger. Beds of cacti are in between. Weeviling through this batch of cholla, the most heavily stickered cactus there is, I ran into a rattler. That wedge-shaped head and cold eyes loomed right up at me. His eyes looked into my eyes just inches away. He could sink his fangs into my face in a second.

Theoretically, my old heart should have stopped right then. I stumbled back into Lucy shouting, "Get back, get back!" She hadn't seen this demon nor could she hear his rattling. So I all but knocked her down as I fell into a batch of cholla cacti. We are, at least, out of reach of the snake. I'm so upset: my backside is full of needles and I want to sit down and wail. We are so scared—but worse, we have that growing terror that this is a hopeless situation.

We wish we could go back. But it's too late. At mid-day, going ahead or back, we still wouldn't know if there were a way out to the road. I see a large paw print in a sandy crevice. There are mountain lions in the hills abutting our deserts. Do these prowlers hang out up here where there is no water? I don't tell Lucy—no need to frighten her more. Two turkey buzzards have been following us overhead right along.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, the end of the day for us, Lucy called over to me from the top of a gigantic rock where she had stranded herself, "I can't get down or off this rock." Should I leave her there and try to go on with the expectation of actually finding help? I climb over some rocks very slowly. In my mind I am weighing the impossibility of finding the way out. And I just plain don't want to leave her. It's the wrong solu-

tion. Meanwhile Lucy thinks I'm going onward and makes a desperate effort to get off that rock.

She falls and I hear nothing but silence. Holy smoke! If not unconscious, surely she will have broken all her ribs, or all of her bones, for that matter. But soon she gets up. Her breath had been knocked out of her but, astonishingly, nothing is broken. Her shins and elbows are bleeding. We consider how much worse it would be if either of us had any serious injuries, one of us lying in pain, both of us frantic and helpless.

After going no more than another hundred feet we can neither crawl nor walk forward or back. We're exhausted. Our legs are rubbery and we can't trust them. We plunk down on a two-tiered ledge, just slightly leveled toward the bottom of a canyon. We know not to talk, that we can't afford to lose even one drop of saliva. We're well aware that one can live without food for quite awhile but only a short time without water, maybe only two or three days at the most.

We are extremely unprepared to take care of ourselves in any way. At the time we didn't realize how lucky we are to collapse where we do. We find a burnt limb, a barrel cactus and a small rock with a sharp-curved edge. The barrel cactus has a weak, dry tap root. We push it over with our feet, pull it out by the root and bash off the bottom with our new rock tool. With the car keys Lucy punches out small portions to ration ourselves in the hope this little repast will last two days. It's not bad: you squish it in your mouth and get about a spoonful of liquid. Our hands are dreadfully punctured from poking between the cactus stickers to cut out the small bits.

Monday night is unbearably cold. The desert is known for its extremes in hot days and cold nights. We cuddle up against the back rock. We shake so much the next morning it feels like our ribs are cracked. We do have some conversation, agonizing about whether or not anyone will come for us. Lucy has lived in Yucca Valley for many years

which gives her confidence that "they" will deduce that we are together, that we are in Joshua Tree and that real rescue people will arrive on the scene. I despair of any of this. They don't know where we are. No one would think two old ladies could walk so far. Do people even look for old ladies?

It was an awful night. I thought the cold would kill me. I don't dwell on how I'm going to be a better person if I get out of this alive. I think about all the people who get in terrible straits; holocaust victims, the impoverished who go to bed hungry and cold every night, those who will be shot at dawn. I will hang on in honor of them.

I watch the star pattern inch across the sky. Venus and Mars gradually move northwest. The red-eye flight to Palm Springs goes over—at least half the night is gone.

Lucy has an on-going crick in her neck and she has to use a rock for a pillow. Can you believe that she slept most of the night and even snored?

Back home my worried husband was calling around trying to find out where I had gone and finally filed a missing person's report with the Sheriff Monday night. The Sheriff got right on it. It's not like in a big city where they tell you to call back in a week if your loved one is still missing.

The deduction was, we had been together Monday morning and maybe we were victims of a car-jacking. Golfers, bridge-players, and all sorts of folk were out dredging the fields for our bodies. Lucy has a small dog who will run out of food. The dog-shampoo lady went by Lucy's to see about her dog. He was barking madly but one look at the shampoo lady and he ran back in the house and hid under the bed. He'd rather starve than risk a bath.

At this point the local Yucca Valley newspaper and the daily Palm Springs Sun ran headlines on the front page citing that we were missing and stating our ages in one-half inch type:

"Women 64 and 73
Lost in Desert."

Tuesday we can hardly crawl. We are afraid to stand up on our sloping shelf for fear of tumbling into the gorge. Our legs are wobbly and the view down seems like a distance of miles. We envision construction workers high in the sky looking down from skinny girders with hardly a foot's width to stand on gazing off at the entire state of New York. Lordy, if I get out of this alive,

I'm never even going upstairs.

At last, Tuesday morning, the sun crept over the rocks and bathed us with warmth. Lucy convinced me we now had to move into the shadows lest we become more dehydrated. We are worried, of course, about everything—the heat, the cold, injury, falling, no water, no food, and becoming delusionary.

To top it off, Lucy is scheduled to leave on a cruise this morning with a friend for whom much had transpired to get her passport and set the date to leave. She will definitely be wondering where the heck is Lucy. Well, lots of people were wondering where we were but we were pretty much unaware of anything but our own plight.

I ask Lucy if she thinks about food. She replies, "Every minute." She had been just chewing the cactus bites, swallowing the liquid but spitting out the pulp. Herein she decides to risk the effect of exotic, mind-altering plants and eat it all. Well, sure, she sees nothing drastic has happened to me who gobbles it all down without a qualm.

Lack of water being the primary threat, we eye yet another barrel cactus up on the ledge behind us. Despite our growing fears about not being able to survive if we can't reach it, I feel much too feeble to climb up there.

I can see Lucy is considering our chance of trying to get it against a fatal fall down into the canyon. She tells me she has planned on "seeing in the year 2000" and she will give it a try. I stand up and edge over so I can lean against the side where she has started up. If she slips, she could slide down on me and not topple over into the ravine.

With the greatest of care she places her hands and then her feet on meager ledges of rock and works her way to within reach of the cactus. She almost loses her balance in the effort to get behind our new prickly meal and shove it loose. She wavers as she scrunches her hand under the stickers to pull the root out. Easing her weight back down is even more harrowing. Twice her feet slip and then she catches herself. We lay on our ledge panting and trying to calm down. We are literally thrilled when we put bites of the cool juicy cactus into our mouths. It has a slight flavor of watermelon.

Lucy is the treasurer of our local Women's Golf Club in Yucca Valley. We know that Tuesday morning they will hold a meeting and she won't be there to hand out the golf prize money.

Nancy, who usually walks with us, is then aware that Lucy is, indeed, with me. She doesn't say anything for fear of frightening the other ladies.

Later she tells the Sheriff that we haven't gone to Joshua Tree for a long time—we probably were not there. Several locals insisted they had seen us walk around the golf course that morning. (We had walked there on Friday.) Others were certain they had seen us on nearby streets where we often walk. Later a group of rescuers were to walk the entire trail from a town below Yucca Valley through the mountains to Desert Hot Springs in the lower desert.

Everyone still thinks we have been hi-jacked. My husband reported the car stolen. Late Tuesday afternoon a ranger found my car parked at the entrance of the Boy Scout Trail and notified the Sheriff who immediately informed my husband. He then dared to believe we would survive.

Lucy and I were thinking, this second day, that things were getting hopeless. Three days is sort of a yardstick for how long people can last anywhere in severe elements. We knew death was a possibility and that maybe tomorrow, our third day, time would run out. We have heard the marvelous stories of lost wanderers who had survived a long time but, considering the way we feel and our senior age, we are inclined to think that when the sun goes down and we are still without rescue, we aren't going to make it.

Unbeknown to us, a whole fleet of well-trained rescue people, mostly volunteers, mobilized on the spot. Dogs, helicopters, equestrians and all kinds of folk were out there organizing and searching. Once they were sure we were together, lengthy excursions were made through park areas and canyons.

An RV post was set up in the park with all the necessary electronic equipment. I had heard that "they never give up 'til they find you," but no one could have made me believe it at the time. On that Tuesday night even Lucy began to have doubts. We had just enough cactus to last until noon on Wednesday.

It was unHINGING to prepare for another night. We stuffed sand and twigs in our clothing, hoping to cut the wind. Shoot me, boil me in oil, but don't leave me out in the cold.

In the wee hours of Monday and Tuesday, Lucy—small, skinny and ever so much more stoic than I, whose clothes were even thinner than mine—



Lucy, far right.

tries to pull the flap of her sweater over me for a little warmth. It really doesn't help, just exposes her more.

I want to sleep like Lucy. I recite scripture, poetry, Latin declensions (in my day we had Latin), book lists, names of children in my first grade class, limericks, songs and every nice thing anyone ever said to me, to try to distract myself so I can sleep ... there was a young lady from Niger who rode out on the back of a tiger ... and so on into the night.

The turkey buzzards are still hovering over us. We keep the parts of the burned limb close at hand to ward off the vultures if they get presumptuous. We tried to joke about all this but our mouths are cotton; we can hardly open them. If we get out of this, will Lucy still be my friend after my leading her astray so foolishly?

We were unaware that, during the night, trackers had made it to within one ridge from our lair. The tracker dog, who had been introduced to a pillow from Lucy's house, only made it half way. It may have been about 8 miles. The pads on his poor unprotected feet wore out. The trackers were disappointed—their hearts were set on the challenge of being the ones to find the missing women. They had been so close the night before we were found.

Lo and behold, Wednesday morning we see two 'copters over the ridge. Frantically we wave my camisole on the burnt limb but they are involved in looking in another place.

Then, oh joy, a small helicopter noses around the top of the canyon heading straight for us. It locates us with a heat sensor.

The young man and woman in the 'copter wave to us. We see their excited faces in the bubble. We give in to hysteria and wildly return their waves. The helicopter finds a landing space below

and that wonderful fellow from the cockpit climbs up to our niche. I all but tear off his jacket, giving Lucy half a chance at it and then putting it on myself. I snatch the canteen and the apples out of his hands, shoving them at Lucy and then grabbing some for myself. Frantic.

A beautiful girl gets out of the pilot's seat and then she also climbs up and over the rocks toward us. Now, how did her mother know to teach her to be the pilot (not the co-pilot)? In the worst of conditions I am still conscious of what kinds of jobs women can and cannot get.

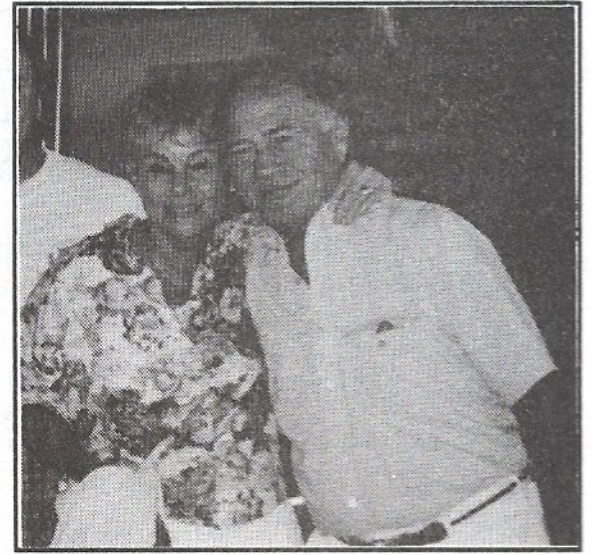
They want us to climb down to their helicopter but we are so weak we can't do it. They signal a larger helicopter to airlift us. It's not like in the movies—we have one strap to wrap around our thigh and, good grief, we swing out over the abyss. Horrifying. Fate isn't through with me yet. If I lose my grasp, I get one more chance to fall to the canyon floor.

I lose the euphoria we gained at being saved as I watch Lucy leave the edge and dangle over the empty space. I don't know how she manages but I have no choice but to follow suit. For a few nanoseconds I consider staying there. I hang on and they haul me up into the rumbling, shaking helicopter. I am an absolute wreck.

Everyone and everything seems like a miracle from then on. We are taken to the Hi-Desert Medical Center where all the medical staff come out to meet us. Lucy had previously worked here for twenty years. She thinks she is in a ticker-tape parade. She raises up on one elbow and gaily waves, "Hi there, hi there," right and left as we are wheeled in on the gurneys. I'm falling over the side, slack-jawed and bleary-eyed.

How lovely it was inside. The nurses wrap us in warm blankets—I can feel them now, just to think about it. They promise anything we want to drink; we get orange juice and milk. Obviously, they are true angels. We're checked for hypothermia, and the doctor, who is a saint, pulls all the remaining stickers out of my backside from the fall I'd taken in the cholla cactus. Indeed he is the right man for the emergency room.

A lady equestrian named Jane stops by to "see those ladies for whom she had been out hunting since 4am." It's very gratifying to know all the bases are covered. If it hadn't been for the ability and dedication of those rescue



June and her husband.

teams, the rangers and the sheriff's department people, we might have perished in another day.

This was awfully hard on my husband. The whole first night he thought we'd been killed in the supposed carjacking. Once they discovered my car up in Joshua Tree, the rescue outfit mobilized immediately. My husband made repeated trips to their mobile center, hovering for word of us. He couldn't stay home Wednesday morning and he was there when the helicopter called in triumphantly, "We've found them and they're alive!"

Enormous effort goes into this kind of rescue where so many with so many skills participate. We are most grateful. I'm reminded of the line of the poet Elizabeth Barret Browning that says ... "what can I give thee back."

Lucy was reunited with a totally bummed-out pup from the arms of the shampooer. She eventually smoothed it out with her cruise friend who'd been stood up and they made new plans.

The next day after our misadventure Lucy went off to Laughlin, a well-known gambling town in Nevada. I took to my bed with the malaise. Did I mention that Lucy is the one who's seventy-three?

As to those half-inch headlines that had been published in the local papers pointing out "Women 66 and 73 ..." Lucy wanted me to get in touch with the newspapers to make a retraction about our ages and demand a corrected statement saying that we are both fifty-nine. △

June Cox worked in advertising and lived for many years in Thousand Oaks. Now retired, she and her husband live in Yucca Valley, California.

STEVE FOX

A Grassy Point to Gamma Ridge Loop

—A MIX OF ABANDONED TRAILS AND CROSS-COUNTRY TRAVEL IN A FOUR-STAR LOOP—

This trip was a great loop with mostly abandoned or off-trail travel. One abandoned trail, barely mentioned in *Routes and Rocks*, heads up toward Grassy Point from Milk Creek. The other abandoned trail is marked on maps, heading down from Gamma Peak to the Suiattle River.

In between is the Dolly-Dusty High Route. En route are some scrambles up to grand vistas of the North Cascades and Glacier Peak, a hot springs, and beautiful open ridges.

Sunday, July 1

Donna and I started up the Suiattle trail (1600 feet). We walked the .8-mile to the Milk Creek trail junction, then continued for 2 miles up the Milk Creek trail.

After passing from a steep cliffy area to a flatter section, we plunged downhill through the relatively open forest looking for the abandoned old Milk Creek trail. Fifteen minutes later we were standing on the venerable tread.

Now the travel was a bit easier and we dropped down the steep old Milk Creek trail to the Suiattle River. *Routes and Rocks* briefly mentions an old trail heading toward Grassy Point. We eyed the old Milk Creek trail at the junction, which is a carpet of moss and choked with huge downfall. Then we turned upstream to the confluence of Milk Creek where it pours into the Suiattle River. Closely upstream, the creek falls over a beautiful 30-foot falls.

The creek was flowing high. We tied the rope to a tree and dropped our packs. Dragging the end of the rope, we forded the waist-deep flow. With the hand-line in place it was easy to ferry the packs across. We sat in the sun next to the Suiattle for a half hour to warm up. We filled all our water bottles, anticipating a dry climb up the ridge to Grassy Point.

After poking about in the relatively open forest, we found some of the tread traversing uphill. We slogged up several switchbacks, then promptly lost the

trail. The ridge is fairly obvious, so we made our best guess where it must have wanted to be. Sure enough, after a bit we bumped into what seemed like the old tread. Every once in a while we found a sawed log, or a hint of a blaze. Climbing higher and higher, we lost and found the trail quite a few times. Finally at 3600 feet we lost it for the last time. The terrain steepened considerably in cliff bands and steep forest.

The duff gave a decent grip, but finally the angle was too much. So I switched from my running shoes to boots and used the ice axes. Soon it was getting a little exposed. The rope brought considerable relief to the psyche, but slowed us down. We traded rope pitches and got a little more efficient. Up higher it got brushier and soon our legs and arms were marked with bloody scratches. Oh, magnificent brush, how we love thee!

It looked hopeless to get all the way to Grassy Point that evening, so we found a large flat spot at 5000 feet. We drank a lot struggling up the ridge, and were low on water. We melted a little snow with our small fuel reserve.

Monday, July 2

We broke camp, then descended the rocks and steep forest to a saddle. The easy terrain up snow patches had some brush but mostly open ridge. There was a small stream flowing. Water at last! I grabbed Donna's water filter and pumped some water. It tasted great and I guzzled a whole liter. Then while furiously pumping more, the filter snapped. Uh-oh. A visit from Mr. Giardia?

We walked to a high point on the Grassy Point Ridge, summitting the western-most bump. Spread all around is Lime Ridge, the Bath Lakes traverse, Glacier Peak, and tremendous views. It's a glorious place to be. We walked the ridge and summitted 6596-foot Grassy Point and took in yet more views. Then we followed the undulating terrain along the ridge to the PCT.

There was patchy snow on the PCT, but only with marmot prints. At a dry spot we rested and took in the expansive meadows. We could see our ridge route on Grassy Point, with its large grass and heather meadows. The flowers were just starting to bloom. With 70 degree temperatures and the sun beaming down, it was nap time.

We followed the PCT northbound around the corner and down two switchbacks. At 5800 feet we left it and traversed the Dolly-Dusty High Route above the trees to a scree slope. After crossing a stream gully, the terrain became pretty easy to descend. It was mostly scree and a little snow glissading to Vista Creek (4700 feet). The creek crossing went fairly easily.

Rounding a moraine, we plunged up steep forest and got thoroughly scratched again. The forest got steeper and the duff slippery. So out came the rope again. With new confidence, we traded leads and got above the worst of it. But our energy was sapped and so we began to look for any flat place to lay the sleeping bags.

At about 5200 feet we finally found two single-size places. My spot was slightly exposed, so I slept tied in to a tree. Sliding down a slope inside my claustrophobic sleeping bag didn't seem like "fun," but with a line around my waist, I felt very safe and slept well.

Tuesday, July 3

We started up the snow and forest duff for what we hoped would be easier terrain. After one very steep section we got the rope out again. Donna led up one pitch with some impressive resolve. Chopping steps in the duff, she managed to struggle up to a solid be-lay tree. It was easy for me with the rope as backup, and soon we were on nice terrain.

Ah, paradise! I doubt this area is visited much. It's a grand park, with open heather and snowfields in a wide bowl under Gamma Peak. Views of Glacier Peak and marmot heaven are superb.

There were goat tracks about and some tracks we could not decipher. Were they cougar, or coyote, or a very large marmot?

Up consolidated snow we walked to the ridge about a mile west of Gamma Peak. We dropped packs and looked over the east side of the ridge. We dropped our jaws at the incredible scene. The Dusty Glacier was a jumbled mess of icy boulders, and the huge Great Fill lay far below.

Other glorious glaciers and the summit of Glacier Peak filled the view. Behind us was the parkland bowl. Due to some wind we donned jackets, then ate lunch. Each of us picked our own view and soaked it up for quite some time. There was a family of 7 goats picking their way across steep heather slopes, making for the perfect scene.

Gamma Peak looked intimidating from this vantage. Possibly it would not work out and we'd have to backtrack down the unpleasant steep forest to Vista Creek. So with a little trepidation we walked the easy ridge for about a mile. The closer we got, the less fearsome Gamma Peak appeared. Rounding a corner, it looked better and sure enough, it went fairly well on the south side of the summit. Steep heather with plenty of steps made for safe progress. Soon we were on top, enjoying one of the best views of Glacier Peak and 360 degrees around.

We soaked up the scene, where we could see the route along Grassy Point's ridge, the Dolly-Vista high route, the Bath Lakes area, the Suiattle drainage, the DaKobed range, Entiat mountains, even Eldorado and Baker and thousands of other peaks. Finally we stepped off the summit block onto the snow of the north side and glissaded toward Gamma Creek.

Dropping 1500 feet we hoped to find a passageway to the hot springs. We found a beaten path and followed it down steeply. It went well until it reached a high point above the convergence of three creeks. The drop down was very scary looking and stopped at a cliff. We were tired and hungry, so we backed off and found two flat bivi spots.

Wednesday, July 4

The next morning we climbed back up the creek drainage to the east side of the creek. Oh boy! More scratched legs in the brush, and they were pretty beat up already. But the springs! The



Donna Cook on Gamma Ridge.

Steve Fox

springs! Had to find 'em.

Using Donna's excellent route finding, we angled down the forest and made a long switchback to Gamma Creek. Then up the creek for a ways where we found the hot springs!

We spent a few hours adjusting the temperature and enjoying the springs. I looked for potential campsites, but found no established spots.

We climbed up to gain Gamma Ridge to another 45 minute rest on top taking in the world. It was mid afternoon, and we still had another night planned. So we moseyed down the ridge, losing the old tread in a few places in the patchy snow. We stopped for another hour a bit below, not wanting to waste these views. To the east and north are Fortress, Buck, Tenpeak, Bonanza, and many more.

It's been years since they've logged out the Gamma Ridge trail. One nasty section had a bunch of newly fallen jackstraw timber (4800 feet). It didn't take long to descend. But the trail was brushy. Our scratched and sunburned shins complained bitterly about the woody brush. Yeouch! Ooh! Ouch! Finally we hit the PCT with its groomed, wide tread. Ahhhh...

I suggested in jest that we hike all the way out. It was 6:40pm and we had 13 miles to go. Donna agreed. The grand views were over, so we might as well hike out the easy Suiattle trail. We were low on water. But oh well, I put on my running shoes and she took the

rope. We pounded out the miles.

En route are several gorgeous streams. We saw people for the first time on the trip, camped at the Suiattle River. By 9pm we were stumbling in the dark and donned headlamps. The trail is mostly flat, losing 1400 feet in 10 miles.

This trip had it all—some trail, some long-ago abandoned trail, some high routes, scrambling a couple of peaks, hot springs, parkland views, snow travel, ridge walks, great brush, steep forest, sunburn, and only .8-mile of repeat on the entire loop. A definite 4-star trip, indeed.

△

Steve Fox, of Everett, is addicted to abandoned trails, high routes, and peaks.

For more stories about Grassy Point, see P&P, January 1995, page 16, and March 1995, page 22.

PETZL TIKKA—This is a nifty little headlamp with three LEDs.

It is very lightweight, but doesn't swivel. So when I found that the edge of the beam was in the same spot as my bifocals for reading, I wedged a square of fleece behind it, to angle the beam downward. Now I can use it for reading in the tent.

One issue is inserting the three AAA batteries: problematic in the field, tedious even at home.—*Gordon McDougall, Olympia.*

SLEEP LIGHT—Jim got tired of always being too hot in our zipped together down sleeping bags every time we go backpacking. So he took a twin bed size sheet and his sleeping bag to Rainy Pass Repair in the U District (5307 Roosevelt Way NE), and for \$50 they put a zipper on the edge of the sheet so it could be zipped to the sleeping bag.

Now when we go backpacking, we have the option of sleeping on the open down bag with the sheet on top if it is a warm night or sleeping on the sheet over our Thermarests with the down on top if the night is cold. Saves on weight too! Jim carries the sleeping bag/sheet combination and I don't have to carry any sleeping bag at all.

Note: This only works on the full zip sleeping bags that open flat. Jim took Jacki's sleeping bag to have the same thing done, and Rainy Pass said they couldn't do her bag because although it will zip together with another bag, it has a separate foot section and doesn't open completely flat.—*Ginny Evans, Renton.*

REVISED MAPS—These Green Trails maps have just been released, with a "latest revision" date of 2002:

Coleman Peak 20; Marblemount 47; Tiffany Mountain 53; Snowking Mtn 79; Stehekin 82; Twisp 84; Sloan Peak 111; Glacier Peak 112; Lucerne 114; Spruce Mtn 132; Mount Angeles 135; Benchmark Mtn 144; Mount Si 174; Stevens Pass 176; Tiger Mountain 204S; Bumping Lake 271; Spirit Lake 332; Mt St Helens NW 364S; and in Oregon, Whitewater River 558 (east of Mount Jefferson).

TENT REPAIR—In the September issue, page 7, Fay Pullen describes how her tent was ripped and ransacked by

marmots on a climbing trip to Magic and Mixup. She shares her observations on this tent, tents in general, and their repair:

The tent is made by Sierra Designs. I forget the model name—something like Divine Magic. I have had it quite a while. It is a single wall one person tent. Most people would consider it barely above a bivi shelter, and it does not breathe well so I have some problems with condensation, but I have never found anything better for me for the weight as I am only 5 feet 1 and weigh 100 pounds. It weighs only 2¼ pounds complete.

The door can be staked out as a cooking shelter in the rain. I can sit up and take all my gear inside and have weathered many a storm in it. However, if I know the weather is going to be bad I usually take a larger, more breathable tent. Sierra Designs came out with a Gore-tex version a few years later (not available anymore either) that is a little larger but ¾-pound heavier and with a bizarre pole arrangement that gives me fits every time I put it up.

I don't care for most of the current solo tents on the market. Almost all are "3 season" (I think they are really one season: summer), too heavy, too big, have a separate rain fly and use an inordinate amount of mesh to save weight, not very good in a gale.

I considered having the tent repaired professionally, probably by having the entire side panel replaced, but figured that would be very expensive. So I decided to try to patch the tent myself. If that didn't work I could always still go the professional route.

The rip, which measured 30 inches long, still had all the material attached, no missing pieces. After careful cleaning, I used two rolls of Kenyon nylon repair tape on the outside. I had a little trouble keeping the material flat. Then I coated the inside with Seamgrip.

I also coated the outside all around the tape edges. Once dry I sprinkled talc on the Seamgrip. If this isn't done the Seamgrip will stick badly to itself when folded.

I repaired a Stephenson Warmlite tent this way several years ago. My son and I were camped in Boulder Basin to climb Glacier Peak and while we were gone marmots (again) chewed a hole in the wall. Unknown to me, my son

had left food in the tent so that time I really couldn't blame the marmots. The patch is still going strong.

I also once shortened a bivi bag (to save weight) by cutting a foot of material out of the middle and "gluing" the two ends back together using only Seamgrip (no tape). A very messy job, but the bivi bag is still together. So I have confidence the patch to my tent will work.

Fortunately my tent was damaged on my last day of the Magic-Mixup outing and the weather was good. But what if it had been stormy or at the beginning of a longer trip? You never think that your tent may be rendered nonfunctional. I do carry repair tape with me, but not enough to fix a hole that big.

I also often carry a light bivi bag to take on my day travels that could be pressed into service to protect life and sleeping bag in an emergency. But on rock climbing trips where the gear is so heavy I play the odds and pare away all nonessentials.

Warmlite tents [see <www.warmlite.com>] are light, in fact the lightest 2-person tents that I am aware of, just over 3 pounds, and very roomy and very storm worthy. The design has not changed much from when I first bought mine almost 30 years ago. The only thing I don't like about it is that it has no vestibule and when you open the door you expose the main tent to rain or snow. They are still made and I am considering replacing mine as it is nearing the end of its useful life (the coating is starting to peel).

Other tents I use are the Garuda Atman, great for rainy weather with its spacious vestibule, and the Bibler I-Tent, my usual winter snowcamping tent. For winter I like a free standing tent with a steep profile that will shed heavy snow. Both these tents weigh in at about 4 pounds. The I-Tent shares the door problems of the Warmlite. A vestibule can be added but at the cost of another pound.

As you can see I have collected quite an assortment of tents over the years as I continue to search for the perfect tent, which I doubt exists.

PS—I have used my repaired tent several times now and the patch is holding up well.—*Fay Pullen, Kent.*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Hunting for an abandoned trail on a Pasayten Wilderness hillside.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"What did you do to the reports section? I just can't read that small print!"—*Seattle*

"I didn't mind the small print at all in the September issue. If that allows for including more trip reports I am all for it."—*Kent*

"I sure have enjoyed your magazine over the years and am going to miss it and all the regular contributors."—*Bremerton*

"Sorry to see it end. My father started my sub in '92 and I still have all issues kept for reference."—*Vancouver*

TRANSITION MEETING—The meeting to discuss the possible future of a new magazine will be held as this issue goes in the mail, so there's no news about it this month. We'll let you know what took place in the next issue.

LESS VANDALISM—"Trailhead vandalism has dropped significantly with the Northwest Forest Pass," said Tom Linde of Gifford Pinchot National Forest, at our Sno-Park meeting in August.

"We stop into each site at least three times a week," he said. "The pass has removed problem people from the trailheads."

Just passing that on for you to ponder.

INDEXES—If you do not have indexes for your collection of *P&P*, you might consider acquiring them in the next

couple of months, while they are still available.

If you would like to order indexes for any year, send me a note indicating which years you want. In these final months, we can't offer the indexes for free as we have in the past. Please include \$1 for each year ordered. This helps cover our mailing and printing costs.

I plan to compile an index for this year, Volume 10, and have it done at the end of November.

SLIDE SHOW—The Peninsula Wilderness Club invited me to their September meeting to show slides of our kayak trip to Sweden last summer.

This group has been around a long time and they participate in all kinds of outdoor activities, from paddling and hiking in the summer to skiing and snowshoeing in the winter, and several things in between. They invite interested folks on the Kitsap Peninsula to attend their meetings, second Mondays at 7:30pm at the Unitarian Church on Perry Avenue in East Bremerton.

You can read their newsletter on-line at <http://kendaco.telebyte.com/~bcripe>.

DARRYL LLOYD WINS AWARDS

—Congratulations to *P&P* reader Darryl Lloyd for winning first place in the nature division of *Popular Photography's* Annual Picture Contest. The contest generates 60,000 entries from around the world.

Darryl's winning photo of a spectacular ice collapse on the Columbia Glacier in Alaska will appear in the Janu-

ary 2002 issue of *Popular Photography*.

Darryl is a lifelong resident of the Columbia Gorge. His work can be seen regularly at the Columbia Art Gallery in Hood River.

POTLUCK—Ginny Evans and Candy Berner are organizing a potluck on November 10 to say farewell to *Pack & Paddle*. Lee and I will be there. My mother Louise also plans to attend.

This is a great opportunity for all of us to get together for one last hurrah. We look forward to seeing old friends as well as those of you we never did meet on the trail. You are all invited!

It will be at the community center in Preston. Call Ginny or Candy for sign-up and directions; their numbers are on page 4. You can also e-mail Ginny.

The potluck starts in the afternoon, so you might like to drive out early and spend the morning exploring some of the walking available on the Mountains to Sound Greenway or the nearby Issaquah Alps.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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

SUBSCRIBE TO PACK & PADDLE

the magazine about backcountry travel in Washington and the Pacific Northwest

2 issues remaining \$4.33
November, December
(\$4.00 + \$.33 state sales tax)

name _____

address _____

city, state, ZIP _____

send with payment (check or money order) to:

Pack & Paddle
PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366



FRANTZIAN MT. HIDEAWAY

P.O. Box 174
 Snoqualmie Pass, WA 98068
 425-434-6370
www.moriah.com/frantzian

Recreational retreat at Snoqualmie Pass, just minutes from ski areas, x-country skiing, sledding or snowshoeing in winter; mt. biking, hiking, climbing in summer or just an "R&R" hideaway. Charming, rustic, self-contained, private apt. in owner's home. Sleeps 4-6. Perfect for families. Some breakfast provisions provided. Reservations required.

Mazama Country Inn

Fabulous food • Great Scenery • Hot Tub
 Tennis Court • Mountain Biking • Hiking
 Horseback Riding & Relaxing
 1-800-843-7951
 visit our web site:
www.mazamacountryinn.com

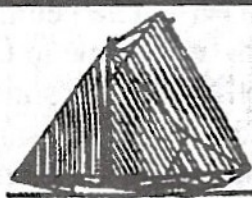


CASCADE CRAGS
 Indoor Climbing Gym & Outdoor Specialty Store

**Snohomish County's
 Source for Adventure!**

Quality Gear for
 Hiking - Climbing - Backpacking
 Books - Maps - Rentals

Hours: M-F 10-9:30, Sat. 10-8, Sun 11-7
 2820 Rucker Ave., Everett 98201
 425-258-3431 www.cascadecrags.com



Seattle Fabrics

Outdoor & Recreational Fabrics
 Retail & Wholesale
 Special Orders • Shipping Anywhere

SNOW SPORTS	HIKING/CAMPING	WATER SPORTS	OTHER ITEMS
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Gore-Tex® • Fleece Fabrics • Waterproof Fabrics • Bag Fabrics • Patterns 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Coated Nylons • Sleepbag Zippers • Hardware & Webbing • Repair Items • Mosquito Netting • Bivy Sac Patterns 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Sunbrella® • Marine Zippers • Dry Bag Materials • Neoprene • Window Vinyl • Marine Hardware 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Patterns & Books • All Widths Canvas • Fabrics For Kites, Windssocks, Banners, Flags, Also Velcro, Webbing & Zippers

OPEN MON THRU SAT 9 TO 6
 CLOSED SUNDAYS
 CATALOG AVAILABLE
seattlefabrics@msn.com
<http://www.seattlefabrics.com>

206-525-0670

FAX 206-525-0779
 8702 Aurora Ave N Seattle 98103
 SE corner of 88th & Aurora

Not all McHale
 packs are heavy



mchalepacks.com

Three Fingers Lookout.

GO OUTSIDE. INVESTIGATE. DISCOVER.

Explore the Northwest in 70 field seminars on natural and cultural history, arts and literature.

October

- 6-7 Salmon & the Methow River
- 13-14 Fall Fruits & Winter Seeds
- 26-28 Mycological Mysteries
- 26-28 Natural History Essay
- 27 Salmon in the Skagit: Species & Habitats
- 30-Nov 2 Nature Writers Retreat

November

- 2-4 Movement & Migration

December

- 1 Snowshoein' for Hares: Winter Ecology
- 8 The Winter Run: Skagit Salmon & Eagles

January

- 19-20 Winter Birds of the Skagit Delta

February

- 9 Divers & Dabblers: Ducks & Their Kin
- 23-24 Night Flight: An Owling Nocture
- 23-24 Lummi Basketry

Scholarships and academic credit are available.

NORTH CASCADES INSTITUTE

360-856-5700 ext. 209
seminars@ncascades.org • www.ncascades.org