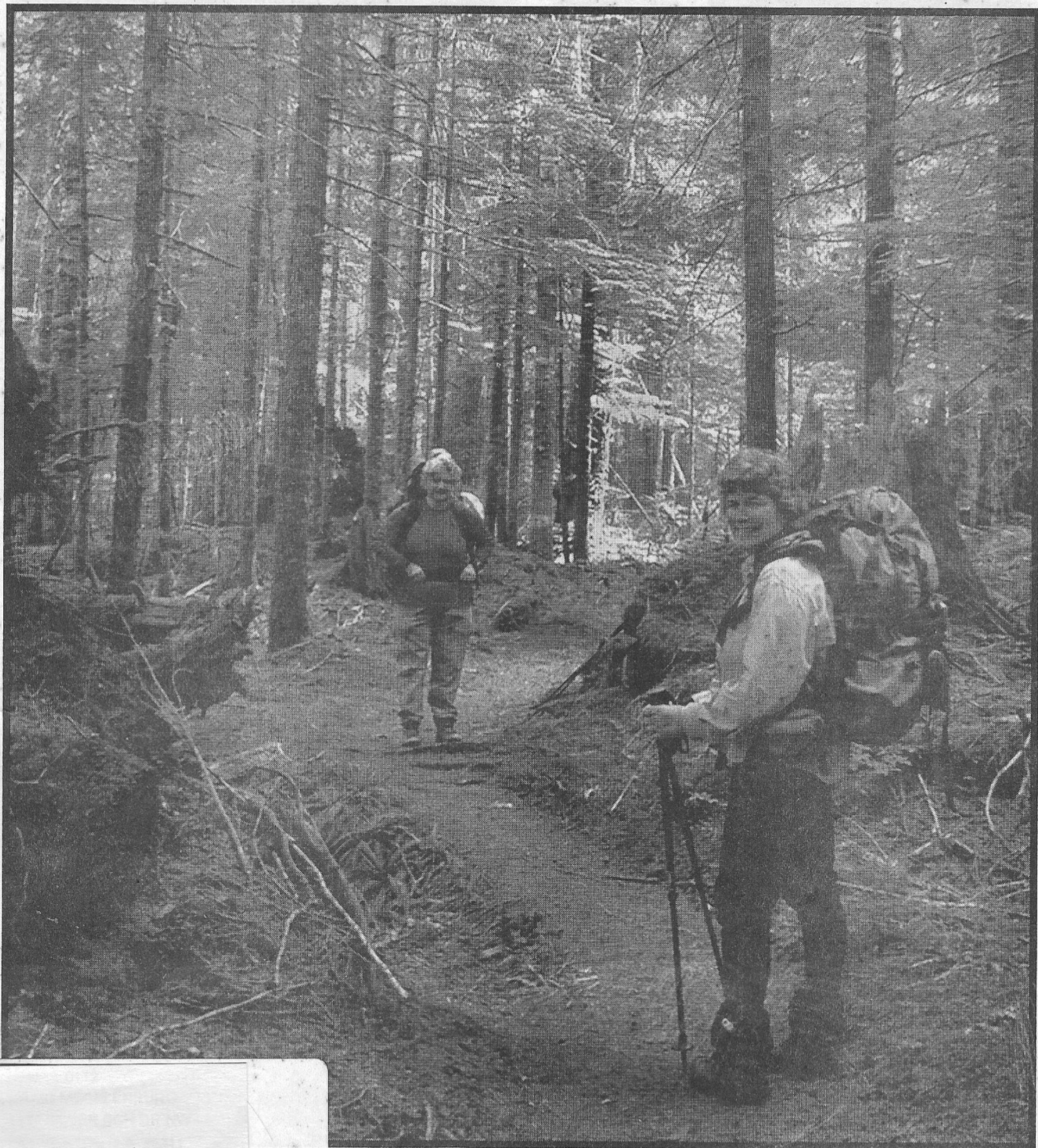


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RANDOM VIEW—



Bud Hardwick

Helga Wissenbach and Scott Reiss (tiny figure below waterfall) on Sky Pilot Mountain, British Columbia.

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Mary Watson

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COVER PHOTO:

Loretta Brown and Lindy Bakkar enjoy the beautiful forest along the Goat Lake trail, a good outing for spring or fall. Henry M. Jackson Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Linda Rostad.

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FEE DEMO? WE WUZ ROBBED!

Despite a milder than expected fire season, the US Forest Service will overspend its fire-fighting budget by about \$230 million this year. According to an AP story, "The overrun comes even though this year's fire season burned roughly 520,000 acres, about one quarter of the 2.1 million acres that burned last year. It also happened despite the \$1.9 billion that Congress sent the Forest Service to bolster firefighting ranks and reduce fire hazards after the major Western wildfires of 2000."

As a result of this overspending, the Forest Service will now take money from its recreation budget to cover the shortfall. The Forest Service will, in its own words, "suspend more than \$12 million in national forest spending, including trail and campground construction and replacement of decaying public toilets" to replace money overspent in its fire-fighting budget.

Let's put the size of this cost overrun into perspective. In Congressional testimony on Wednesday, September 26, Forest Service Acting Associate Deputy Chief, Denny Bschor, stated that the Forest Service had collected \$71 mil-

lion from recreation user fees CUMULATIVELY since the introduction of the highly unpopular Fee Demo program in 1996. That means the USFS's 2001 fire-fighting cost overrun is three times the cumulative gross fee-demo revenues collected in five years!

While we're paying to park and hike or picnic on our public Forest Service lands, and being told this money is for trail maintenance and other recreational lands improvement, the Forest Service is stealing the money to spend on other projects. No one disputes that fighting forest fires is important, but isn't paying for it supposed to come from the forest service budget?

Please consider that in Oregon and Washington, where the Forest Service has been most aggressive in collecting recreation user fees, the fee demonstration program grossed \$5.9 million dollars last year. However, approximately 45% of that money was spent on projects with 55% going toward overhead, enforcement, collection and administration.

In 2000, in the Pacific Northwest fee-demo provided less than \$3 million in supplemental revenues for actual on-the-ground work. But on September 26,

the Forest Service announced that they will take \$12 million in funding FROM the Pacific Northwest's recreation budget and spend that money elsewhere.

In other words, "we wuz robbed!"

Write to Congress and the President to protest the undemocratic and unpatriotic so-called fee "demonstration" project.

Peter Stekel
Seattle, Washington

KEEP ROAD MAINTAINED AND OPEN

I recently sent the following letter to Mount Baker/Snoqualmie National Forest and also talked to one of the engineers. This road (and others) has been proposed for "consideration of removal." The signs that announce this are red metal posts with white lettering that you need to stop to read. There was one sign part way up the road.

If road access is lost, trails are abandoned and disappear. This road is around 5 miles long but has deep water bars requiring care and decent clearance. We had done this hike long ago, but the road washed out years ago and we didn't know it had been repaired.

Dear Forest Service,

When driving to a trailhead to hike the weekend of September 29, we noted that road 1570, off the Cascade River Road, is being "considered for removal." We object. This road is the sole access to the large and beautiful area around Snowking Mountain. This is a frequently used trail to at least five large lakes and several peaks.

The hike itself is one featured in the latest Mountaineers book, *75 Scrambles in Washington*. Access to this area is quite limited. The road itself seems to be in fairly good shape and ends at 2400 feet elevation. It seemed to be in good condition except for some brushing. The two bridges along the way seemed to be in good shape. We ask that this road be maintained and kept open.

VB/MA
Arlington, Washington

TRAILHEAD CONSTRUCTION

On October 18, around 11am, the DNR had a bulldozer flatten the long-

continued on next page

REFUNDS

If your subscription extends beyond our final issue (December 2001) you are due a refund for issues not received. If you are one of those people you will find a notice between pages 2 and 3 of *this issue* detailing the amount. (If there is no notice in your copy, it means we don't owe you a refund. If you think we are mistaken, please contact us.)

A number of you have generously offered to decline the refund so that we can use it to offset our expenses for putting out the final issues of *Pack & Paddle*.

If you wish to decline the refund, please let us know at this time (even if you have done so previously) by mail, e-mail, or telephone. We intend to begin mailing refunds by the end of November so *pleeease* let us know as soon as possible if you wish to decline the refund.

For those of you who do receive refunds, *pleeease* cash the checks promptly so that we can close out our books.





For those of you who will decline the refund, we appreciate your help.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION


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



 **MOUNT LAWSON (USGS Mt Christie, Olympic National Park)**
 —Mount Lawson, 5401 feet, is a little-known destination up the North Fork Quinault River. Its significance lies in the fact that it is one of only 144 peaks in the state with over 2000 feet of Prominence. By virtue of its 2521-foot Prominence, it ranks 79 in our state by this measure. If water were to rise to the 2880- contour 2.5 miles east-northeast of Lawson (at the Geoduck-Rusler Creek saddle) it would isolate Lawson as the high point on a 2521-foot island.

I was lucky enough to have David Stonington actually ask if he could go into this area with me when I told him my story of a failed solo attempt on awesome Lawson on July 6, 2001. On that date, after hiking 9.5 miles up the rain forest trail, I first couldn't get across a 200-foot deep gorge not shown on the map, nor the rip-roaring river higher up, so I ended up trudging 23 miles roundtrip that day with nothing to show for it but hamburger feet.

Silas Wild joined us on this adventure, and it was good to be out with him again, since we hadn't done a climb together since we stood atop Luna Peak in the winter of '89. It was 175 miles from Bellevue to the North Fork Quinault trailhead.

We made good time to Elip Creek, then got stymied about 9 miles in, past Trapper Shelter, where we explored the possibility of an untested approach up a southwest ridge arcing to Lawson, which offered tarns for water along the way. Alas, we ran into the Grand Canyon of the Quinault that I'd encountered farther up the trail 2 months before.

The Olympics climbing guide, in a typical understatement, makes Lawson sound trivial, "[Class] 2. From 1/2 mile S of Geoduck Creek, cross the North Fork Quinault River and climb SE to parallel the N ridge. Gain the easy ridge and follow it S to the summit. Time: 3 hours up." When I arrived at this spot, 1/2 mile south of Geoduck Creek, in July, there was nothing "easy" in sight across the Quinault.

We don't necessarily recommend our route, but here it is. After signed Kimta Creek start counting the major creeks. First one, then the second creek is a wide wash-out with a quick double switchback immediately after crossing. Pay attention and 1/2 mile past this is the key turnoff creek (between the "k" of "Fork" and the "Q" of "Quinault" on the map). We followed this creek quickly down to the river and made an easy ford this time of year, camping on a 1600-foot island created by debris from a

rock and tree avalanche that shows as a skinny white swath on the map coming off the northwest Cliffs of Lawson. I couldn't help but think of Cliff Lawson here, one of the greatest Trailblazer fish planters/explorers of all time. The map made it look like the "gentlest" contours up Lawson were just west of the swath, climbing south above the labeled "1800" foot contour. With no obvious place to camp higher, we settled here and turned in early.

The next morning we arose to tackle one of the most continuously steep, brush-laced, cliff-punctuated mountainsides any of us could remember. It wasn't ever terribly scary, except for a gasp at 2700 feet where we snuggled up left against a steep-sided gorge. But the slope proved relentless and exhausting and dry. We sometimes cursed the blueberry brush, but usually were glad it gave us something to hold on to. It reminded Silas and me of going up The Barrier in the Southern Pickets, only Lawson had twice this elevation gain for the steep part, and we wondered aloud why we ever thought this was fun. Finally after 4.5 hours, we broke out into the open on a 5200-foot northwest pinnacle of Lawson, and took a break.

We were lucky enough to find a sketchy game trail around the west side of Points 5202 and 5241 which took us to a flat open rocky, plateau just north of Lawson, that thankfully had some snow patches and melt water to replete our guzzled supply. The dot of an intermittent lake on the map here is really just a hole with snow. The top was

LETTERS continued

proposed trailhead (Files L01SAX09 and L00CG439) for Little Si at 439th Pl SE and SE Mt. Si Road. The Notice of Application Filed by Kelly Heintz on May 30, 2001 states: "Construction of a 31-parking stall asphalt parking lot and trailhead ..."

The trail from the parking lot meets with a trail I helped lay out and clear

from Whale Rock Road and Boulder Garden Road. The trail from the top of the drop-off to the parking lot is exactly where we expected they would build it. We had walked it several times. It is a nice trail but may be hazardous when icy.

Thank you, Kelly, for a job well done. We are anxious to see the completed project. Incidentally, No Parking

signs have been installed all along SE Mt. Si Road. Presently, those hiking to Wakimish Way, the trail/road that serves the Old Trail, Boulder Garden Road, the Whale Rock Road, and Little Si, will have no place to park if the lot by the bridge is full.

Wanderbuns and Shortstop
 Kirkland, Washington

reached in 5.5 hours, not 3.

The Olympic view was quite incredible from here. There was Olympus, itself, and Seattle, Christie, The Brothers, Colonel Bob, and the Pacific Ocean, and a ton of unfamiliar peaks.

At first it looked like the summit was not cairned, and that would not have surprised us, but Silas found a register buried in the slate rubble top with a single entry, 9/6/92, by four Grays Harbor Olympians, who wrote that they'd "gained and lost thousands of feet" to get here. We had a toast to celebrate my 144th 2000 foot Prominence Peak finish, and braced for the route down.

The topography was confusing enough on the descent off Point 5200+ to get us on the wrong side of a major gorge before Dave had the sense to say we had to haul our sorry bodies back uphill a couple of hundred vertical feet to get back on the correct side. Through bee stings and cliff bands and slimy gullies and more vegetable encounters we finally made it back to camp, wiped out, but happy, about 11.4 hours after we'd left. Silas summed the day up, quipping, "That was the bushwhackers' final exam."

We'd originally considered going home that night, but we were plenty glad we'd built an extra day into the plan, which we used the next morning to hike out the 10.5 or so miles back to the car.—John Roper, Bellevue, 9/7-9.



FLAPJACK LAKES (GT 167 Mt Steel)

The weather was warmish and a bit socked in when I arrived at Staircase. Starting out, I hiked 4 easy miles up the old road/trail along the North Fork Skokomish. On the way, the route goes through mature forest filled with magnificent cedars and Douglas-fir. After the junction with the Rapids Loop trail, I entered the area scorched by the Beaver Fire in 1985. There is a very young thick forest coming up in places, a mixture of hemlock and Douglas-fir. At 4 miles is the junction with the Flapjack Lakes trail (just before Big Timber Camp).

The trail starts out in cool forest, climbing a short series of switchbacks and then traversing upward toward Madeline Creek. Once past the creek, it really climbs. After a while, the trail comes into sound range of Donahue Creek and eventually reaches the junction with the trail to Black and White Lakes (reputed to be very rough). The Flapjack trail then hits some more tight, steep switchbacks and is very rooty and rocky until almost reaching the lakes where it finally gentles out.

The lakes are situated on a wide bench surrounded by thick forest and huckleberries. The lakes themselves are fairly shallow, with a couple of rocky islets. There is the constant gentle roar of waterfalls from inlet streams. Above, as the mists lifted, I could see the craggy cliffs of the ridge extending between Mount Lincoln and Mount Cruiser.

After setting up camp, I wandered around the lake, picking huckleberries and snapping photos of the lovely lakes. There is a path completely around the lower lake, but the log crossing of the inlet stream wasn't

even tempting, being very narrow and high. After my walk, it was peaceful to just listen to the water, birds and watch the antics of a hungry chipmunk (he wasn't after my food). That night the nearly full moon shone brightly through the roof of my tent, dimming the stars almost completely.

The next day, the sun finally arrived at the lake about 9am, edging over the high ridge to the east. The temperature was 50 degrees F, with clear skies and a light breeze. Good hiking weather. On the way out, I met a few day hikers going in.

I was pretty careful going down through the rocks and roots in the steeper sections, since the trail was a bit dampish and slippery. Since there is forest cover most of the way, it doesn't get a chance to dry out much and there had been heavy dew. Still, I arrived at Staircase in about four hours total.

This area makes a great autumn destination since it's not as populated as in the summer season. The Ranger Station may not be staffed after the end of September.—Liz Escher, University Place, 10/1.



GRAND VALLEY (USGS Mt Angeles)

Four of us chose Grand Valley for our annual three-night backpack in the Olympics. The weather was sunny with only scattered clouds when we started out Thursday morning.

We hiked by way of Lillian Ridge, then descended 19 switchbacks and approximately 1500 feet on well-constructed tread with stone slab water bars to a meadow where the trail contoured less steeply. At 3.5 miles we arrived at a junction with the trail to Grand Lake and Badger Valley. We continued another ½-mile to Moose Lake, and chose for our base camp site 5, a beautiful spot right on the lake with two trees ideally spaced for Doug's hammock. A doe and two fawns visited us that evening.

On a partly cloudy Friday morning, we hiked with daypacks about 2 miles to Grand Pass. The last ¼-mile switchbacks steeply upward through barren shale. The views were indeed grand over to Cameron Basin, but we noticed a bank of clouds approaching from the south. The hazy sun disappeared by the time we returned to camp, and the cold wind drove me inside the tent for a nap until dinnertime.

That night around 8:30, a fierce wind and rainstorm started which continued for 12 hours. I was glad I had firmly staked our dome tent, which the winds pancaked to half its height several times. Doug and I were up most of the night steadying the tent poles. Sometimes the winds suddenly died down, and then we would hear the wind roar through the trees about five seconds before the next gust hit. We both agreed that this was the worst storm either of us had ever experienced while backpacking. This was one trip that reinforced the lesson to take layers of warm clothing and raingear in preparation for the worst, and not be deceived by the summery T-shirt weather at the beginning of the trip.

On Saturday morning, the wind suddenly died and the skies cleared around 9:30. We heard that another storm was expected on Sunday, so we cut our trip short by a day,

and ended the weekend by eating heartily at a Mexican restaurant in Sequim.—Jack Lattemann, Doug Johnson, Eddie and Kelly, Seattle, 8/30-9/1.



HIGH DIVIDE, SEVEN LAKES LOOP (GT Mt Tom, Mt Olympus)

—With three days off between school and other commitments, I headed on my first ever solo backpack trip.

I arrived early at the Wilderness Center in Port Angeles and picked up a permit and bear canister. Then it was a pleasant drive along Lake Crescent on a winding Highway 101 to the Sol Duc River road. Starting out on the Sol Duc River trail, I followed a very wide, heavily used path to the falls and an old cabin, then diverted to the way less traveled up the river.

The trail wandered up and down through elegant old growth forest for 4 miles to the junction with the Appleton Pass trail. This section had 5 or 6 marked campsites. Several groups of backpackers going out passed by me.

Beyond the junction, the trail crossed Rocky Creek and arrived at Seven-Mile Camp. The route climbed gradually in this section and left heavy woods for more open country. Soon I was walking through meadows thick with ripe huckleberries and heather. After several berry breaks I arrived at Sol Duc Park camp. The wilderness rangers were in the process of closing down the summer ranger station located here.

I chose a nice site by the creek and set up camp, visiting with my neighbors while getting some water. I later joined them for an evening chat. I must say that hiking solo did not mean I was hiking alone; I met lots of nice people on the way.

Next day, I started up to High Divide, climbing through the beautiful meadows of Sol Duc Park until I reached Heart Lake. A doe and two fawns wandered by, watched by curious hikers. Then I began the climb toward the junction with the Cat Basin waytrail and the High Divide trail.

At this time, I joined a young couple, Jonathan, who works for WTA, and his wife. We hiked together on and off throughout the day. As we reached the ridgetop, the massif of Mount Olympus came into view. Wow! Its craggy peaks and blue glaciers gleamed in the filtered sunlight (there was some overcast coming in). We could see Cat Peak and the Bailey Range nearby. I also picked out Mount Fromm (Hayden Pass) and Anderson Peak in the distance. The deep Hoh River valley was far below, at our feet. Ravens and hawks played in the thermals.

The hike along High Divide was a delightful ramble. Seven Lakes Basin was soon in view, with more and more lakes becoming visible. It is a beautiful place, filled with tiny tarns and larger lakes and meadows. I could see why the area was so popular. A waytrail dropped from the saddle before the climb toward Bogachiel Peak. Another hiker told me that it passes through the Basin, eventually hooking up to the trail to Lunch Lake.

Too soon, we reached the junction with the Hoh Lake trail. From the reports of a

few hikers, I had heard that at least 7 bears, including a sow and two youngsters, had been sighted near Hoh Lake. Less than a mile later, we arrived at the trail which descends into Seven Lakes Basin.

As we dropped into the Basin, Jonathan and his wife headed off to Lunch Lake and I to a solitary campsite at little Round Lake. I had the place to myself, enjoying the lake, and sounds of waterfalls and marmots, as well as a little casual berry picking. That night I could see the Big Dipper from my tent door.

On the last day, while I was eating breakfast, a thick marine layer began to crawl up the Sol Duc valley, rising quickly to ridge level. I wasn't too concerned, since I was hiking out on the remainder of the High Divide trail to Deer Lake and then back to the Sol Duc trailhead. I began my day by climbing some 600 feet back up to the High Divide trail.

The High Divide trail traversed northwest for close to 2 miles, then dropped 1400 feet through open country and past some swallow tarns. This section of trail was in the process of receiving some major construction work. I might add that the trails in the entire area were meticulously well kept.

By noon I reached Deer Lake. The ridge above the lake was wreathed with mists. I found a spot for lunch, but did not linger since it was beginning to drizzle heavily. After donning rain jacket and hat, I was soon on my way, dropping down the rocky Deer Lake trail to the Sol Duc River. The trail dropped some 1600 feet to the river, following noisy Canyon Creek past several pretty falls and cascades. Soon I could hear the crash of Sol Duc Falls. I knew my loop was complete when the cabin and bridge came into sight.

Swiftly passing several dayhikers on the last mile, I was soon out to the car, relieved to have completed a very successful trip. I was glad to have been able to go in on a Sunday since the area is very popular. Check with the ranger station for availability of campsite reservations when planning a trip in the area.

While I didn't see any bears, they do inhabit the area and there have been problems in the past. I felt very comfortable using a bear canister, especially while hiking alone. It didn't add much weight to my load and as the food went down, I stuffed it with various bits of gear. Groups of 7 to 12 people are required to carry canisters; for smaller parties the cannisters are just recommended or bear wires may be used where available.—Liz Escher, University Place, 9/20.

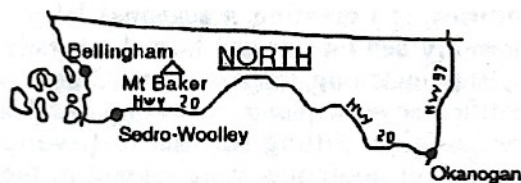
DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—The Dosewallips Road is closed for the winter at the park boundary, 2 miles from the end of the road.—Ranger, 10/16.

ROYAL BASIN—In order to better protect this sensitive area, which is home to a number of rare plant species, Olympic National Park has made the following changes in regulations:
—Wilderness use permits for overnight

camping in Royal Basin are no longer available at the trailhead and must be obtained from the Wilderness Information Center.

—Campers must use designated sites. A quota will be in effect from 5/1 to 9/30.
—Stock animals are now prohibited. The trail has been reclassified from an all-purpose trail to foot trail only.—Ranger, 9/28.

NORTH



PARK BUTTE (USGS Hamilton, Mt Baker)

The trailhead is in Schriebers Meadows at the end of a forest road which turns off the Baker Lake Road (follow the signs to the Mount Baker National Recreation Area). The large parking area is frequently full as this is one of the climbing routes to the summit of Baker. The trail begins in meadow and soon crosses the outflow from Easton Glacier. The Forest Service has put a nice suspension bridge across one fork but the second is boulder hopping. I almost always end up with wet feet.

The trail then switchbacks up through woods and in about 2 miles reaches the junction with the trail leading to the Railroad Grade. Keep left through Lower Morovitz Meadow where another junction leads left to the lookout on Park Butte. Here are high meadows, granite boulder fields and small ponds. The trail soon climbs a ridge and in about 1 mile reaches the lookout on the 5400-foot summit. For anyone having a problem with heights I do not recommend going out on the catwalk as it is a long way down.

For an interesting return you can take the Scott Paul trail which turns left just below the Railroad Grade trail and follows the base of Mount Baker through a series of high meadows before dropping down into woods and returning to the parking area. It is about 6 miles this way as opposed to 2 by the main trail. We have taken this loop but did not this time. It was a warm sunny day and there were lots of berries still on the vines.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 9/23.



PARK BUTTE (GT 45 Hamilton)

Poor Sparky did not like the suspension bridge. I had to keep a tight leash here and pull. But Sparky got to laugh at me as I wobbled around on the rocks in the next stream. The trail to the lookout was a delight—heather meadows, tarns, and Mount Baker in your face. Sparky got her second attack of vertigo at the lookout and stayed glued to the side of the cabin. We had lunch in the meadow just below the lookout. The pack thermometer said 78 in the sun.

We decided to return on the Scott Paul Trail. Sparky had suspension bridge two to cross. Shortly afterward, we came to another stream, unbridged and too swift for us to cross safely. So it was back the way we

came, with a stop in Schriebers Meadow for blueberries, both to eat and to take home for some more homemade muffins.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 9/25.



MOUNT BAKER LODGE

—A group of Mountaineers members spent three days hiking in the area using the club's Mount Baker Lodge as a base.

Nooksack Falls: Not a hike but a 4-star waterfall. Take the signed road ½-mile off Highway 542 to the falls. It's about 7 or 8 miles past Glacier. Lots of parking. This one is bigger than Wallace and smaller than Snoqualmie. Even now at late summer in a drought year this waterfall is spectacular.

Table Mountain: I started up at 4pm from the Artists Point parking lot. The road ends here on a 5100-foot ridge between Mounts Baker and Shuksan. A glorious alpine destination even in the parking lot. Four highly rated trails lead from this spot: Table Mountain (easy), Chain Lakes (moderate), Ptarmigan Ridge (strenuous), and Artists Ridge (very easy). And Lake Ann trailhead (moderate) is only ½-mile away.

The views of Mount Baker, Mount Shuksan and Bagley Lakes get better right up to the top, which is a rolling plateau with tiny meadows, snow fields, little summits with cairns, a few tree clumps, and gurgling streamlets. The trail extends the length of the plateau. Clear skies and warm on this Friday evening with very few people. 3 miles with 600 feet gain.

Lake Ann: We had four hikes heading out from the lodge this morning, all on great trails packed with spectacular scenery. It was another clear warm sunny day. We all put on sunscreen and left our raingear and extra layers in our packs all day. We snacked on berries 6 miles out of 8.

The trail to Lake Ann goes down into a deep valley then up under cliffs to a ridge just a little above the lake. So you arrive at the lake having attained the same altitude you started with at the trailhead. Last year at this time the lake was ice covered with a turquoise ring around the edge. This year it was all melted and warm enough for wading. Also last year's steep icy snowfield on the ridge just before the lake is gone. So the last 1999 snow has finally melted.

We spent 2 hours relaxing by lakeside and eating lunch with Mount Shuksan's glacier melt streams roaring in the background, and the mountain and its glaciers towering above us. There were about 7 easy creek crossings and 7 or 8 dry creeks too. 8 miles with 1800 feet gain in and out.

Chain Lakes: Lake Ann is very good, but the 4 Chain Lakes surpass it in beauty. I was surprised. And the huckleberries were almost as abundant. This was an easier route than yesterday for hikers with sore body parts and/or laid back plans for the day. Most of my group were photographers and we stopped for every conceivable "Kodak Moment."

Just like yesterday we spent 2 hours lunching and relaxing at the lake shore. And picking berries in a meadow just above Hayes Lake. Autumn colors in the meadows and low bushes around the lake were very

good. On the way back pikas played for us in the rock slide just above Mazama Lakes. We did 5½ miles with only 500 feet of gain.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 9/14-16.

▲▲▲ LOST RIVER GORGE (USGS McLeod Mtn, Lost Pk) —

After several days in the Shellrock Pass area of the Pasayten Wilderness Natsala, Tim Browning, Craig Rankine and I exited the area via the Lost River Gorge to our vehicle at the Monument Creek trailhead.

We followed a route completed by a Seattle Mountaineers party led by Ray Heller in the early '90s. I suspect others have also followed this route out. From the low point of the saddle (7300 feet) between Lost Peak and Three Pinnacles we descended into Billy Creek.

Skipping a nice camp at its headwaters we proceeded down the true right side of the drainage holding close to the tree/scree transition that characterizes this side of the valley. At near 5200 feet we considered crossing to the left side of the narrowing drainage. Tightening contours and the sight of a mama bear and two yearling cubs on the opposite bank convinced us to hold course down to 4700 feet where an entering gully from the southwest allowed us easy access to the dry creek bed proper.

Curiously, Nat found an old tin can here, and slightly lower down we found additional debris in the form of more tin cans and a five gallon gas can. Possibly prospectors?

The balance of the descent into the gorge is straightforward, albeit tedious. The Lost River, reached at 3700 feet, was a welcome sight. Donning light shoes we proceeded down the stream bed toward our goal of reaching the Lost's junction with Drake Creek. Travel was straightforward wading in the stream, the only distraction being the occasional log jam which necessitated a diversion on the left or right stream bank. The size of these log jams gave testimony to the seasonal force of the water in the Gorge.

Just after the Pinnacle Creek junction (about a mile from Drake Creek) the flow of water begins to diminish and very soon the river disappears altogether. Curiously, shortly after that we came across a cut log in the stream course. It must have come

from far upstream near the headwaters of the Lost?

We reached good camping at Drake Creek after nearly two hours of travel. Drake hits the valley floor and it too quickly disappears. The next day we were off at 8am with our goal of Eureka Creek. This first section is fascinating as the gorge really begins to narrow and the walking is easy in the dry creek bed. The highlight of this section is just before Auburn Creek where a massive slump dammed the river centuries ago creating a seasonal lake whose dry bed on this day hosted a variety of plants including fragrant mint. Craig identified several plants as having "prehistoric" origins. Fitting for this lost world. A variety of hoofprints were present in the lake bed but nothing could be found of the sole of man.

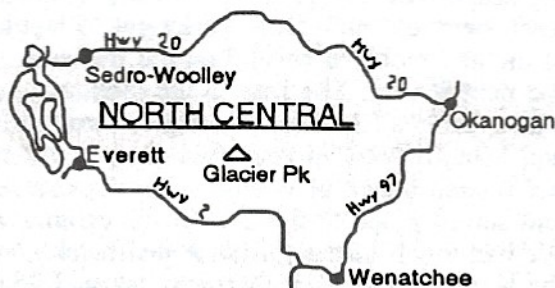
Between Auburn and Monument Creeks the local relief and verticality of the gorge rival anything east of the Cascade crest: 3500+ feet in places. Approximately 100 feet before Monument Creek the Lost River miraculously emerges once again from the dry river bed. It was four hours to here and we took a long lunch break. The hydrology of this transition is fascinating. As soon as the river reappears, underground feeder streams also appear, including a major flow from a solid rock wall on the true right bank.

During lunch, much of the discussion centered on the appropriate footwear for the river, considering its much increased volume and the likelihood of having to walk the bank in places. We all opted to keep our climbing boots on which proved to be a good choice.

The final 4 miles in the Gorge down to Eureka Creek was perhaps the most tedious. In and out of the water, crossing from bank to bank, occasionally scrambling steep scree slopes to avoid deep pools. But the scenery and adventure made up for the sore feet and tired muscles of the day. We enjoyed our last evening on the river at the simple camps which dot the true right bank of the river just below the start of the Monument Creek trail's dramatic climb toward Pistol Pass.

I've thought about much over the past few days, more than once daydreaming of a return to the solitude and sanctity of the Lost River Gorge.—Don Goodman, Bellevue, 9/6-8.

NORTH CENTRAL



KINDY RIDGE (USGS Snowking Mtn)—After reading several Signpost articles from the 1980s about difficulties in finding the trail, I expected some trouble, despite the plain instructions in

more recent books like *75 Scrambles* and *100 Classic Hikes*.

It turns out that the road part is easy. From the turnoff onto road 1570 from the Cascade River road it's 4.9 miles to the end of the road and the trailhead, which is opposite a fire ring in the road. [See letter about this road's possible closure on page 4.—Ed]

At present, you can't drive any farther, and any remnant of any old road beyond this point (see Signpost accounts from the '80s) is overgrown. There is a fire ring and pullout 3.6 miles from the Cascade River road, but the road is drivable beyond that—at least I managed to get to the end in my trusty 1980 Datsun 210, which has average clearance. The road has humps that must be crossed very slowly, and two streambeds to drive through. It took me about 30 minutes of careful driving to cover the 4.9 miles.

At the road end, a track does appear to follow the continuation of the old road bed, down into a stream bed and up the opposite side. Don't know where that one goes. The better-beaten trail goes from the parking area straight up the hill through clear-cut and then into woods. Eventually it levels out through pleasant meadows on the east shoulder of Point 5116 and crosses a saddle at 4800 feet elevation and descends a few dozen feet into an open basin with a large, moss-covered boulder.

The trail to Found Lake is straight ahead. The trail to Point 5791 is detectable to the left. The views from that point are wide-ranging, with close views of Snowking and somewhat more distant views of the mountains around Cascade Pass and south to Sentinel and Old Guard. One can also see as far south as Clark Mountain and as far east as Goode.

The track to Found Lake is pretty miserable, with blowdowns and steep mud. The descent back to the trailhead is no treat either—although the surface is soft duff, it is a very steep descent and I found it easy to get off on side trails. I did both destinations as a day-hike.—JC, Mercer Island, 9/27.



GREEN MOUNTAIN (GT 80 Cascade Pass)—We were the only car at the trailhead and the only people on the trail. Couldn't figure out why as the day was warm, sunny, and blue. The trail was all brushed out, so we spent our time hunting for blueberries instead of looking at our feet. The lakes were low and muddy, but Sparky sure enjoyed them. The lookout was closed for the winter. We sat beside it on warm rock slabs and gazed at Dome *et al.* I could almost see our campsite on Vista Ridge where we had been only a short while before.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky CDX, Edmonds, 10/2.



LIME RIDGE (USGS Lime Mtn, Pugh Mtn)—After shuttling a car to the end of the Suiattle River road, Greg Miller and I were off on an adventure that we had talked about for three years.

Our main destination was Lime Ridge but when we noticed that the ridge to the south forms a perfect horseshoe and connects

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

to Lime Ridge at Fire Mountain, we decided to make the complete circuit. Starting at the Meadow Mountain trail below Rat Trap Pass, we started out at 10:30 on this less than spectacular route—the first 5 miles are on an old overgrown road. This portion would be good on a mountain bike. We were fresh and this portion of our trip, with changing views of Mount Pugh, went rapidly. The ever-present Glacier Peak, immediately east of us, was beautiful as always.

Once on the trail proper, the route steepened for 1.25 miles to the subalpine terrain. Here our progress slowed considerably as the berries were at their best. The route ahead is described in the *100 Hikes* book as one of the great backpacking ridge walks in the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area.

It was a good hoof out to Fire Mountain, 17 miles from our start, and we still hoped to get over the peak before our light waned. We went up Fire's southwest ridge to a small treed saddle just west of the Mountain. Greg didn't like the brushy cliffs I was ascending and began to retreat. It was steep but it was also pretty easy to pull myself up on the roots and branches of the nearby trees. As I got higher I yelled back to Greg that the ridge would go. Unfortunately he had already retreated enough that he did not hear me. As the sun neared the horizon I made it up the ridge to the 6591 foot summit. Glacier Peak in the evening alpenglow, a mere 5 miles distant, was gorgeous.

In quick order, I dropped 200 feet to the northeast to some great sandy benches to set up my bivi in the fading light. When Greg didn't show, I began to worry. Grabbing my jacket I reascended and could eventually see Greg ascending the steep vegetated slopes southwest of the peak. He summited as the colors of the sunset turned a deep orange. What a great spot to watch the sunset!

We slept until the first light and then headed to the higher summit nearby mentioned only as point 6702 in Beckey's book. Being late in the year after a near record dry winter, we spotted three "new" lakes that were not on any of our three maps. The Green Trails map shows these three lakes as being glaciers. Two were totally melted out while one was still almost completely frozen over.

To get off 6702 we had to drop below some cliffs to the west before regaining a subsidiary ridge where we had to downclimb a steep gully before regaining the main ridge. Lime Lake at 5536 is in a cirque at the bottom of the north trending ridge which we descended. From here we had trails, sometimes faint or nonexistent, that led on over and around another ridge to Milk Lakes. I was impressed with their beauty!

Refilling water bottles we continued up over another steep wooded ridge to get to the lower of the Twin Lakes, 5219 feet. Again I was amazed at the beauty of the lakes. There was a nice rock within wading distance of shore that I went out to. Being a nice warm sunny day, I stripped down and jumped into the lake. With only one small patch of snow on the far side the water felt

refreshingly good.

Tanking up with more water, we headed on to Rivord Lake. The route had us traversing around an east facing ridge but the views north toward Dome Peak and countless other summits in that direction were exceptional. Beyond Rivord Lake is the highest of the lakes along Lime Ridge at 5698. Some refer to it as Upper Box Mountain Lake but Beckey's book has a photo referring to it as Upper Rivord Lake. In its incredible alpine setting, it was my favorite.

As Greg relaxed and made his way down to the lower Box Mountain Lake (5060), I rounded the upper lake and followed a northeast ridge up to the summit of Lime Mountain. Greg had been to this summit on a prior excursion into this area. About 40 minutes after leaving the upper lake I was on top of the peak. This is an especially good viewpoint; if you're in the area don't miss it!

On the descent I found a steep gully that took me toward the smaller and western Box Mountain Lake. I traversed between it and the larger lake and found a steep but reasonable route up Box Mountain. I actually went to the higher 6249-foot summit before retreating. I knew we were getting short on time. I joined Greg at our prearranged meeting spot at the outlet of the larger lake at about 5:30 and we began the steep descent down an unmaintained, sometimes hard to follow route toward the Suiattle River.

A couple of times we ran into large downfalls making it difficult to find the route on the downhill side. Eventually we hit the well maintained Milk Creek trail which we were easily able to follow to the Suiattle River trail and back to our vehicle. It was almost completely dark.

This trip was done on the two days following the WTC tragedy and we saw hardly any planes. We had heard that the airports would be reopening so the lack of planes had us a bit concerned and made me wonder whether it was a bad idea to leave my family. The second day we were out we heard four fast military jets patrolling the area but we didn't see them. It wasn't until late the second day that we saw a recognizable contrail coming from a jet.

This was a wonderful trip although it might be a bit long as a two day trip for some.—Don Beavon and Greg Miller, 9/12-13.



LAKE 22 (USGS Verlot)—I had to work this morning, but had the afternoon free. Lake 22 is a quick trip, so I zoomed up there. It's easily done in less than 3 hours, including plenty of lolling time at the lake.

The trail is more rocky than I recall, but short! I think it is 5 miles round trip, and under 2000 elevation gain. 'Tis the season for west slope trail squish once again: lots of mud holes and slimy wet rocks. Many people up there as always.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 9/30.



SILVER LAKE (USGS Monte Cristo)—Seven of us from the Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club did this hike

on a day Seattle stayed cloudy and damp all day long. We were pleased to find we were seeing blue sky as we approached the Barlow Pass parking area.

This is one of those hikes where a bike is useful on the approach. It is 4 miles from the car to the historic townsite of Monte Cristo. The walk in itself would make a nice outing to the town, particularly with new spring growth or fall colors to look at. But as part of a 2100-foot day, I'd rather skip it and use a bike for the approach. Then you'd have the energy to include Twin Lakes and make it a three lake day. (They are a couple of miles higher, on past Silver.)

This hike has been characterized as a real grunt because of the long approach, just so you can then climb for 1½ miles over roots, wet rocks and high slabby steps. Indeed, the old trail is an opportunity to have the experience of the old miners as they labored under heavy packs up crude trails.

There is a new trail though. It may not be formally dedicated, but it is there and being used. It starts right in the townsite, goes up past Sunday Flats and the falls, and works its way up the east side of the valley. It is well built, and a more gradual grade than the old trail. It has to be longer to the lake with this lesser grade; I'm guessing perhaps 2 miles on this new trail.

The lake has a number of campsites, some just back from the shore, and some well up on the shoulders of the ridges, offering delightful views. Using a bike approach, it would be a rather short backpack up to the lake, a great beginner's trip.

That sun we had at the parking area held all day long. At the lake we had wonderful early fall cool air, light breeze and warm sun. We sat in real grass next to the lake for lunch. Three of us actually lay back and napped for a half hour after lunch. Then the return trip was seriously slowed down because the huckleberries were in full season. From a distance the bushes were actually blue due to the volume of harvest this year.

This was a great trip despite the 8 miles on the road. Only I think Poodle Dog Pass needs to be renamed. With that new wussy trail we oughta call it Bichon Frise Pass.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 9/16.



BARCLAY, EAGLE LAKES

(USGS Baring)—It's been a few years since I was up here, and I was thinking this was an easy stroll. Not. It is certainly a stroll to Barclay Lake (more like Barclay Puddle this time of year), but the route up to Eagle Lake is longer and rougher than I remember.

It's about 2.2 miles to the turn-off for Eagle Lake, which is not marked. Go around the north side of Barclay Lake and turn uphill (left) just after the second wood bridge at the end of the lake; if you come to the stream crossing, you've gone too far.

This year, there are both red and yellow flags marking someone's route up the hill; the yellow ones follow the actual trail most accurately. There is a very distinct tread; and is worth finding and following. It is very plain and easy to follow except for a couple of spots in the rocks.

The first vague point is the entry onto the


rock slide. The trail comes to the rock slide first, but then veers away, coming to it again just a few feet uphill of the first spot. Go to the second spot, and follow the tread through a bit of brush, staying above the big rock shaped like the prow of a ship.

After that, you travel into, and up through, a sort of treed island in the middle of two big rock slides, of which the first one (which you just crossed) is the smaller. You eventually come out again into the rocks (the second vague spot), and although the track looks like it is taking you right up to the top of the slide, it actually dives off (finally! shade!) into the woods at the base of a small cliff, easily seen from mid slide.

You might as well rest at this point, because there is still a way to go, and the uphill part is not over yet! You go on up through a thin forest of Alaska yellow cedar, past a strange little hollow, all in shade, and damp, with big tumbled rocks with gaps beneath them, from which flows very very cold air. Strange on a hot day. Mountain breath?

Then up a bit more, and you come to Stone Lake, a boggy little thing that is Bug City in season, I bet. After that you can cruise again, squishing through muck and meadow, into Paradise Valley, and to Eagle Lake. Very pretty! Townsend Mountain beckons, but there are blueberries galore in the meadows, mostly turning to jam on the stem, even as we watched.


Going down is not quick, but faster than going up.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 9/23.

 **CAPTAIN POINT (USGS Captain Pt)**—I went for a search of the old Kelley Creek trail, which heads up to the saddle west of Captain Point. After considerable brush bashing, due to my incorrect start off road 6710, I reached a stream and old growth forest. But I never found the trail. So I went up the fall line in relatively open forest to the clearcuts up high on Captain Point. After walking through some of this clearcut I reached the road that switches back nearly to the top of Captain Point. A short easy hike from there gets you to the top.

From there I eyeballed attractive Scorpion Mountain. Descending 6" of snow over talus, I reached the ridgeline. There is evidence of an old trail, with cut logs and some blazes. I followed this off and on the 2 miles or so to Scorpion Mountain. Grand views of Glacier and Sloan Peaks, and Rainier from there!


Backtracking, I found myself veering west toward Point 5498. Some potential blazes and faint tread are on this ridge, but eventually I lost it. The ridge goes fairly well much of the way to Point 5498, a satellite of Mount Fernow, and I summited the class 2 scramble late in the day. This peak has been dubbed "That'sit" by John Roper. Apparently there are no documented ascents of this mighty and feared peak of 458 feet prominence in the modern era. The trip back along the ridge toward Captain Point went smoothly, and I resummited it. I hadn't noticed the brass register the first time, which was 6 years old with plenty of room for more signatures. The previous day,

Pilar and his new bride had signed in. Small world!—Steve Fox, Everett, 10/15.

 **IRON GOAT (GT 176 Stevens Pass)**—Octoberfest! A bright nearly-full moon, oompa music, street dancing, and a great hike. What a wonderful day.


We start toward Leavenworth at 10am. Shortstop hadn't seen the new section of the Iron Goat Trail from Wellington to the tunnel so we stopped on the way to walk it. The weather was gentle and the waterfalls serenaded the valley. The trail is slowly being covered with grass and the brush is trying to cover the hard work those trail builders expended.

Occasionally the grumble of a truck working its way to the pass could be heard. Other than that, it was a wonderful prelude to bratwurst, dancing, and the kind of fun only Leavenworth can serve up.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 9/29.

 **MERRITT LAKE (USGS Mt Howard)**—We escaped a cool foggy day in Seattle by driving east. It was bright and hot on Nason Ridge. It was so cool at home I didn't think to bring shorts. Big mistake! It was still summer there. This is a nice short hike; the trail climbs a longish 2 miles through a nice east-slope forest, and then flattens out a bit for a short mile more to the lake. It's a pretty little thing, and the perfect temperature for a quick and cooling dip.

We followed the trail toward Lost Lake, though we didn't go all the way. The trail intersection is obvious but not signed; at the intersection two signs point out the Nason Ridge trail, leaving the third route unmarked. This unmarked trail goes to Lost Lake. We followed this trail up to the ridge, where there is a T intersection. Straight ahead, and down, to Lost Lake, right to the knob, and a faint trail to the left that looks like it goes up the ridge of Mount Mastiff.

The straight-ahead trail goes on downhill a bit. At a certain point, it drops over a small wooded ledge, and appears to go more or less straight down several hundred feet to Lost Lake. Donna suggests that a better name for the lake would be Lake Forget-It, as it isn't hard to find, but after you see the precipitous route you might declare as above. We managed to get a view of it (and it is way down there) by getting up on a little open ledge just to the right of the trail where the drop-off is. You do not see Lost Lake from the knob, though the view of Glacier Peak is excellent.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 9/16.

 **MAD RIVER (GT Plain)**—Bobbie and I were looking for a good four-day, easy backpack. Even though it was motorcycle country, I thought the Mad River area might be a good choice since we were going in partially midweek. I was also curious to see what all the noise about the new trail construction was about.

Despite its new status as a motorcycle racecourse, the upper Mad River is still a pretty area. It is located in the southern reaches of the Entiat Mountains and is gen-

ter than the northern portion. Heavily timbered and rounded summits loom above the surrounding meadows and tiny lakes. Some of the heights showed granite tops, revealing the bedrock of the area.

The first day we hiked up the Upper Mad River trail, which starts from Maverick Saddle. The trail first drops to the stream and a junction with trail 1403 to Lost Lake and crosses it on a wide bridge. Just beyond the bridge is a junction with the Jimmy Creek trail. The trail follows the canyon, climbing gradually to a junction with trail 1421 (Lost Lake). Within about 1.3 miles, the trail fords the creek twice and arrives at Blue Creek Meadow. From here, we took the main trail to the old Guard Station, finding a nice camp nearby. We had the place to ourselves.

On the second day, we hiked up to Cougar Mountain, an old lookout site, with 360-degree views of the surrounding country. On the way up and back, we passed through some beautiful meadows. On top we could see the nearby Chiwaukum Mountains, Cashmere Crag, Glacier Peak, Mount Maude, Seven-Fingered Jack, Nason and Poet Ridges, as well as ridges to the east toward Lake Chelan. Some smoke was still rising from the Rex Creek fire near Lake Chelan.


When we returned, we took another loop toward Whistling Pig Meadow and East Tommy Creek trail, discovering another old cabin in the process. We learned later that the old Guard Station was an outfitter's cabin; the cabin at Whistling Pig belonged to a family of shepherders at one time.

On the third day, we moved camp and hiked up to Mad Lake, a lovely green-blue lake in a wide golden meadow. We set up the tent in a horsy camp and created a branch barricade to ward off motorcyclists who might be visiting the area. Sure enough, we had 15 motorized visitors throughout the day, including one of the local sheriffs who perform ORV education and monitoring on weekends.

On the third day, we hiked out back along the Mad River. There is an option of following the Lost Lake Ridge trail, with great views on the southern portion, but we were feeling a bit footsore and laid-back. Four motorcyclists and three mountain bikers passed us on the way.

Although we were told there were grizzly and wolf sightings in the area, we didn't see any. However, we did see a lot of tracks, including some rather large cougar tracks clearly defined in the soft dirt on the side of the trail. There were a number of raptors in the area, which made for some nice viewing. The area was perfect for easy walking and meadow watching.

The nights were a bit cold (the area is above 5000 feet elevation) bugs few and the days sunny; a great place to spend a couple of days in late summer.—Liz Escher, University Place, 9/9.

 **PINNACLE MOUNTAIN (USGS Pinnacle Mtn, Saska Pk)**—Every fall I like to take a trip into the high country of the alpine larch to witness the beautiful golden colors. With this in

mind I hiked 8 miles up the Entiat River trail to the 45 Mile Sheep Drive. Although there are many downed trees and the tread is sketchy in places, this unmaintained trail is not too difficult to follow (lots of cairns help) and leads to some gorgeous larch meadows. I found a truly lovely campsite about 4 miles up at 7200 feet in one of those meadows.

I set up camp in the afternoon sun, then climbed the little 7495-foot peak west of my meadow. A cute little scramble. I awoke next morning to a transformed world of white—it had snowed 2 inches overnight. But by the time I got going at 9:45 the sun was shining and the sky was blue.

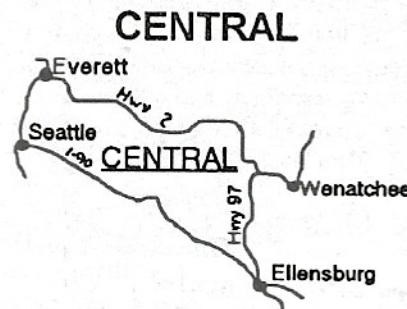
I headed straight uphill from my camp to another higher basin then continued up gentle terrain to a saddle in the main southeast ridge of Pinnacle Mountain. Beautiful larches were everywhere. Loose scree and easy scrambling led to the summit ridge and a traverse just left of the crest to the top at 11:15. By the time I headed back down a short time later, most of the fresh snow exposed to the sun had already melted. Reluctant to descend completely, I wandered down from the saddle through enchanting terrain and ended up at Borealis Pass. Finally getting hungry, I returned to camp at 1:00 for lunch.

At 3:00 I continued my wandering and headed for the basin west of Pinnacle, hoping to climb the North Peak. With no prior knowledge of how to climb this peak, I wasn't sure how difficult it would be. As it turned out an easy central gully led past several spires and right to the summit—a very nice little scramble even more fun than the main peak. There was a cairn on top but no register.

I was back in camp by 5:30. Once the sun left my tent it got downright frigid, so I retired early to the warmth of my sleeping bag. There was a dusting of snow overnight, but the morning dawned clear and sunny. I packed up and left at 10:15 and was at Borealis Pass in ½ hour where I stayed soaking up the sun for an hour and painting a watercolor. What a lovely spot, with views

of Cardinal, Emerald and Saska toward Milham Pass and Maude, Seven Fingered Jack and Fernow in the opposite direction.

The trail below Borealis Pass descended scree and talus through more lovely terrain and another particularly beautiful basin, then entered woods for the final steep descent to the Emerald Park trail. The first part of this trail traversed several nice open meadows before entering woods again for good. I was then on autopilot for the rest of the trip out reaching the Entiat trail at 2:30 and the trailhead at 5pm. 29 miles and 8600 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 10/7-9.



MOSS LAKE COUNTY PARK
(USGS Lk Joy)—Moss Lake

County Park is one of King County's newest parks. The new parking lot and the toilets make it look like something but it has only one trail and one view of the lake. It is hard to imagine more trails in that 300+-acre park, but that could change.

The trail goes southeast toward the Tolt River and on to the end of the lake and marsh. It then crosses the outlet of that water drainage and heads almost due north. The trail then enters a logging road system. At that entry, a view of Mount Rainier and the Cascades from Mount Si to almost Highway 2 can be seen. The best view occurs by going right at the logging road and then turn right at the first road (spur).

After viewing the scenery, go back to the intersection and follow the main road north. You will be on road 25930. To do a loop, walk about ¾-mile north. See a road left at the sign that warns of bumps in the road.

You will notice a big pile of rocks that were used as a loading ramp. That tree covered shady lane starts uphill in a southwest direction. Follow it about a mile to the Tolt Pipeline road. At the paved road turn right. Walk about 1 mile. Turn right across from a white sign that has "10½ m & (CB) chan 16" on it. The gravel is large and reddish. Watch for the road 25930 sign on your left to verify the road. 25930 goes uphill after a sharp hairpin curve. At the top you will be where you started—at the rock pile. Total hike Park to Park is 7 miles with 608 feet of gain.

Warning: Once at the pipeline road, be careful: those people fly through there. That is why the guard at the gate requires that you walk on the north side of the fence which lines that paved road.

To get there: Drive to Duvall. Take Big Rock Road SE 6.1 miles. Turn left on Kelly Road NE and drive .6-mile and stay right on the Lake Joy Road. Drive 1.85 miles to the Lake Joy Community sign. Stay to the left. Go .85-mile and see the park sign on your left. Drive .59-mile to trailhead parking. The trail is beyond the steel gate.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 9/21.



MOUNT SAWYER from
Tonga Ridge (USGS Scenic)—

With misgivings, and some spare maps of the Leavenworth area, just in case, I headed out Highway 2 in a very wet fog. At Index, it was totally soaked in, but by Skykomish the clouds were breaking up and letting some sunlight in, so I decided to risk it. About 2 miles short of the trailhead, which is some 15 miles up logging roads, I drove into a cloud.

Resigned, I headed up the trail anyhow, carrying two sweaters and rain gear. But by the time I got out of the dense forest into open forest, there were patches of blue again. Just past the little meadow, I turned up the trail to go up Mount Sawyer, and the sun began to break through. The open hillside is covered with huckleberry bushes and mountain ash and bracken fern, and shone like a stained glass window when the sun



Pack & Paddle Farewell Potluck



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

Preston Community Center, Preston

(between Issaquah and Snoqualmie on I-90)

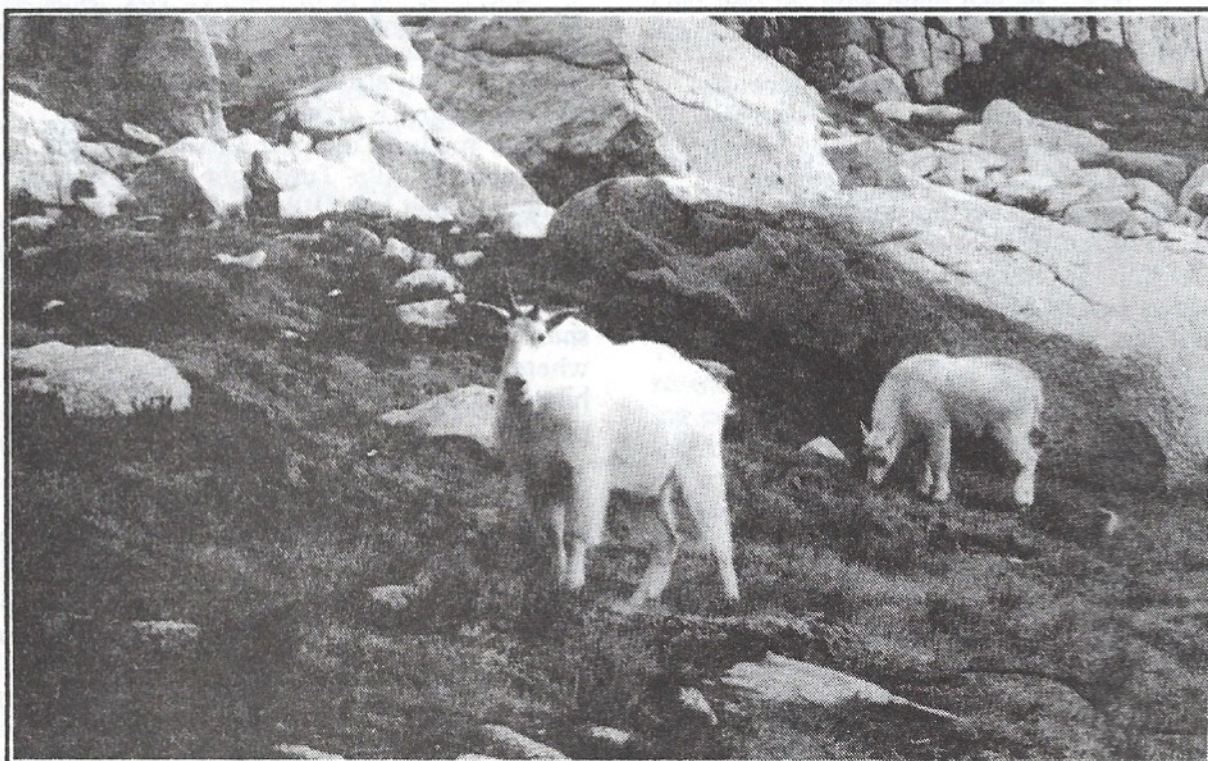
For signup & directions, call:

Candy Berner, 425-227-0723 or Ginny Evans, 425-226-5825, email: jevans17@wans.net

• Please RSVP by November 2. •

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





Kathy Johnson

Mountain goats near Perfection (also known as Rune) Lake, Enchantments.

hit it. Red and gold. The huckleberries were still sweet, so I meandered at a very slow pace up the hill.

I don't think anyone else had been up this day, since we saw lots of wildlife. The first creature was a barn owl, the white owl with a heart-shaped face. It sailed out of a clump of trees on the north end of Sawyer. On the next switchback, we disturbed a pair of grouse foraging for huckleberries, possibly the reason for the owl. I'd never seen a barn owl hunting in daylight before, but my books say they do. A bit later, we scared up a pair of bandtailed pigeons, also eating berries.

This trail is not official, and so not well-maintained and brushy. Brushy means wet, dripping wet this day. I was quite wet by the time I got to the top, so I settled into a sheltered niche for lunch and whatever warmth I could glean from the intermittent sun. As I finished my pb&j, however, I looked north to see a cloud roiling up valley toward me, and seconds later I found myself inside a 25mph fog. Brrr. Down we went. By the time we were half way down, the sun came out, and all the clouds vanished!

I made it up to myself by sitting in the meadow along the Tonga Ridge trail for a little while. We stayed there until Katy started getting nervous about the sounds of gunfire in the distance. Perfectly lovely day, and hardly anyone else up there.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 10/6.



ETHEL LAKE TRAIL (GT 145 Wenatchee Lk)—Had an opportunity to talk with the 100-year-old and 82-year-old nieces of William Taylor. Taylor is the man who plotted and helped build the William H. Taylor Memorial trail (The Old Trail) on the west side of Mount Si. The oldest niece is in a nursing home in Cashmere.

On the way home, we stopped at the Ethel Lake trailhead. It is a great trail with some wonderful views to the east. The breeze was gentle and the trail was in great condition. Unfortunately, the trail is closed at 1.5 miles due to logging. When logging

is done, this should be a great hike.

As you uptrail, do not miss the falls next to the trail in Gill Creek. There are several places where a hiker can duck in by the creek and cool down in hot weather. The trail gets down to the business of elevation gain from the start.

To get there follow Highway 2 to the town of Merritt. Merritt is on the south side of the highway. It is several miles past the Merritt Lake trail sign. Merritt is a rail center where they turn engines around that pull trains through the Stevens Pass tunnel. Follow the signs and you will go through a giant puddle in the middle of the dirt road. After passing the puddle and the home, you will come to the power lines. Go left. The trailhead road turns uphill at about 2.2 miles. It is 2.5 miles from the highway to the trailhead.—Shortstop and Wanderbuns, Kirkland, 10/13.



ARGONAUT (USGS Enchantment Lks, Mt Stuart)—Ever since doing Sherpa Peak as a day trip earlier this summer I've been thinking that Argonaut could be done in similar fashion. Juan and I drove over to the end of the Beverly Creek road the night before to get an early start.

As Juan and I would both have to get up early the day after our climb we decided on a predawn start by headlamp. Rising from our trailhead bivi at 4:30 we were on the Beverly Creek trail at 5:07. At 3 miles we were at a trail junction with the Fourth Creek trail which we would take another ¾-mile up to a 5500+ foot pass. Here we had a quick snack as we watched the sunrise and checked out our first views of Argonaut.

Beckey describes a Class 2 route by ascending cross-country ½-mile west of Porcupine Creek but of those I know of who had previously climbed Argonaut no one had ever found anything they would describe as Class 2. We were traveling lightweight but nonetheless were anticipating possibly Class 3/4.

Beckey's description is very brief simply mentioning a "gully that rises to the summit ridge east of the highest point." We could see, from across the valley, a big gully that rose to a large south-facing summit slab. That must be it, I thought.

We got to Ingalls Creek (6+ miles) in a little over 2 hours after our start. After another food break we headed cross-country straight across the Ingalls Creek trail and began our work. We climbed up and to the right in the thick forest toward an opening that we hoped would take us to our gully. Anytime the bushwhacking became too cumbersome we retreated into the forest. With the lower part of the gully system choked with thick vegetation, we stayed along its edge in the woods until above the worst of it. Even in September of a dry year this route has lots of water.

The climbing in the gully was a total delight: fun and low stress, with occasional loose rock necessitating that we travel fairly close together. Our progress was good as Juan and I seem to travel at about the same speed. There are numerous side gullies en route slanting off to the east, a couple almost as big as the main gully which caused momentary confusion. In the end we followed the main gully up to the large (250 foot) summit slabs. Right underneath these slabs we were able to angle up and east to the summit ridge where we spotted our first and only cairn.

Turning west we had a couple of options. The summit is a huge 50- to 60-foot leaning rock with an opening underneath through which one could climb to easier terrain on the other side. We, however, chose a very exposed but easy ledge system on the south that likewise took us to easier terrain on the west. A short scramble here took us to the summit. It was only 10:17am.

We enjoyed a leisurely 70 minutes of relaxing on the top, chowing down our food and going through the many familiar names in the register. A couple of parties talked of losing time by taking the wrong gully.

On the way down we varied our descent a bit by heading over a small ridge to the west at about 7600 feet, getting out of the main gully. This proved to be a better route with less brush and one which I would recommend for the ascent as well. We generally went down and to the right hitting the Ingalls Creek trail about 200 yards west of our route back up the Fourth Creek trail.—Don Beavon and Juan Lira, 9/9.



CANNON MOUNTAIN, ENCHANTMENT PEAK (USGS Cashmere Mtn, Enchantment Lks)—This time Juan and I "camped" at the Lake Stuart/Colchuck Lake trailhead, 3400 feet. Departing at 6am we ignored the trailhead and hiked up the old logging road.

At about 1 mile we came to a huge wash-out and headed cross-country upslope to the south and slightly east eventually gaining a narrow ridge. We followed this up up up, sometimes steeply, until reaching an adjoining ridge at just under 8000 feet.

Our original plan was to follow this long ridge south toward Cannon Mountain even-

tually dropping off it above Coney Lake to access a snowfilled gully. At the end of this dry season however, the bottom of this gully looked like solid ice while the upper part of it looked like ugly loose rock. The east ridge of Cannon, on the other hand, looked like a nice ½-mile, high traverse to easy terrain. To access it, though, we had to drop to Coney Lake at 7401 feet and then climb steep slopes to over 8000 feet.

Once on the east ridge we found that what looked deceptively easy was at times a narrow ridge with big drop-offs on both sides requiring a bit of route finding. To the east we looked down on Shield Lake which drained down into Earle Lake. Farther down this high valley is Mesa Lake at 6680 feet and Edward Mesa or Plateau.

As we climbed to just below 8200 feet we entered the amazing Druid Plateau, an other-worldly place full of boulders and, in places, soft sand. It is part of a larger area referred to the Lost World Plateau and it did indeed seem like we had been transported to another planet. Few places in the Cascades are as flat as this at over 8000 feet.


The ascent of Cannon from here is easy although the final 40 feet is a slabby scramble. After enjoying the sights and some nourishment we traversed and climbed down some steep slopes to the Lorelei Lakelets and on over to Prusik Pass at 7480 feet. From here it is an easy ascent to the northeast summit of 8520+-foot Enchantment Peak. The actual summit is an exposed Class 3 scramble.

From here we had fun identifying all of the lakes. We could see 14 different ones from the top. Eventually we headed over to the southwest summit bypassing it via gullies and ledges on its south side. To its west are some rocky pinnacles called the Black Dwarves.

Continuing our traverse we eventually angled down toward Isolation [Brynhild] and Tranquil [Freya] Lakes and Aasgard Pass. Isolation Lake was beautiful with Dragontail Peak as its backdrop. After another short break we dropped rapidly 2200 feet to Colchuck Lake.

As we got around to the far side of the lake we picked up our first maintained trail of the day. It felt good. Now it was simply a 4.5 mile jaunt back to the trailhead. Along the way we had a welcome respite when we ran into Scott D and a friend coming up the trail. I used to teach with Outward Bound with Scott and we had a nice visit. They were headed in to climb the Serpentine Arete on Dragontail.

We made it back to the trailhead just before 6:30pm having had 12.5 of the best hours we'd had all summer!—Don Beavon and Juan Lira, 9/23.

 **ENCHANTMENTS (USGS Leavenworth, Blewett, Enchantment Lks)**—I had never been here because it seemed like too much of a hassle; the lottery, the reservations, no dogs—and besides, I'd heard, it's "overrated," "too crowded." But when a friend's party-of-six had one drop out 3 weeks ahead of time, I thought, "Here's my chance." I rearranged my work

and volunteer schedules, worked out childcare, put another dozen-plus miles on the new heavyweight boots I'd bought last spring, and then all I had to worry about was whether I was in shape for it!

I've been to a lot of really wonderful, beautiful places in the Cascades, but this was pretty unique. Of course, I'm sure some of the wonder of it all had to do with the great group of women I went with!

We started out in lovely weather, climbing the trail through the '94 burn, where I marvelled at the many varieties of shrubs I'd seldom seen in my westside wanderings. Blue elderberry, kinnickinnick, profuse wild roses with plump hips ripening at this time of year. One of our group, Karen, had never been backpacking before, and we took 7 hours to go the 6.5 miles to lower Snow Lake, where we camped the first night. I got there just in time to plunge into the water of the upper lake for a long-awaited swim, just as the sun sank behind the ridge.

In the morning we headed up to the Enchantments. I was surprised by the rugged terrain on this part of the trail. In places it seemed more like a scramble than a hike, as we angled up exposed rock slabs and the like. Our original destination had been the upper basin, but Saskia, our compassionate leader, re-evaluated and chose instead Lake Perfection [Rune] in the lower basin for our camp. We spent 2 nights here.

The first evening we took a stroll up to Gnome Tarn to view Prusik Peak, which I've always admired in the guidebooks. On the way there, we encountered 3 adult mountain goats and one kid, 3 or 4 months old I'd guess, with little nubbins of horns just beginning to protrude from its head. The goats were quite tame. They came by our camp in the morning as we were breakfasting. "Would you like some coffee with your goats?" I remember someone saying.

That day, which was cloudy, Karen hung out at the lake, while the rest of us headed upward with day or fanny packs. Saskia, Gail, Mary and I climbed 8080-foot Little Annapurna for fantastic views of the whole Enchantments basin. Suzanne, who had knee concerns, had hiked up to Aasgard and back to camp.

Saskia and Mary headed over to Dragontail Peak, while Gail and I went down and tramped over to Aasgard Pass, where we watched them come down the very steep snowfield from the peak. While we watched, seven women from Everett and elsewhere came up Aasgard Pass with full packs; they'd left cars at both trailheads and were doing a one-way, multi-day hike.

It rained fairly hard that night, interspersed with gusty winds, but the rain stopped in time for the wind to pretty much dry us out by morning. We were on the trail by 8:05, and nearly 10 hours later reached the cars 10 miles away.

The larches were beginning to turn—lots of needles came down in the wind that last night. There were a few mushrooms, but I didn't find any edible species that I recognized—although there are probably more now, after the rain—if they're not all frozen! The gentians, which were plentiful in

the meadows near Lake Perfection, were just about ready to bloom; I really wished we could have stayed another day or 2 to see them.

We went to Gustav's in Leavenworth for dinner and "Enchantment Ale" before heading home, and again met the seven women from Everett and elsewhere, as well as another party who'd camped near Lake Perfection and hiked out with us.—Kathy Johnson, Lake Stevens, 9/23-26.



FROSTY-BADLANDS TRAVERSE (GT 177 Chiwaukum Mts)

—It was hard for Jim and me to imagine that we could convince anyone to come along with us on our annual 30-mile day hike, let alone five more people! But Friday night, seven of us met at the Chatter Creek campground, committed to a day of hard work, great views, comradeship and adventure.

The Frosty-Badlands Traverse starts at the Icicle Creek trailhead, following the Icicle Creek trail over Frosty Pass, Mary's Pass, Florence Pass, and Ladies Pass where it intersects the Chiwaukum Creek trail, which is followed down to Index Creek.

The Traverse continues up the Index Creek trail to the intersection with the Icicle Ridge trail, which is then followed over Painter Pass, down to Carter Lake, over Augusta Pass to Lake Augusta, and then through the Badlands to the Hatchery Creek trail and out.

Under headlamp at 5am sharp, we started up the Icicle Creek trail. We reached Frosty Pass at the same time as the sun. Reaching Ladies Pass at 10:30, we had 13 miles behind us, and looked at the first plunge of the trip down the Chiwaukum Creek trail. We hiked to the junction with the Index Creek trail, where we soaked our tired feet in Index Creek. It was noon, and this was the half-way point.

We reached the junction with the Icicle Ridge trail in one hour. We were making excellent progress and everyone was feeling good and optimistic. We all reached the top of Painter Pass within a few minutes of each other, with Dec, running sweep, reaching the top at 3:30.

Jim led out from Painter Pass, across the Carter Lake basin, and up to August Pass, at 7300 feet the high point of the trip. At August Lake we took a break before the last 9 miles. The sun was starting to creep lower in the sky and we knew if we were going to make it out without headlamps, or at least make it to Gustav's for burgers and beer, we had best hustle.

The trail was easy to follow over the ridge and down across the Badlands. The sky was growing dark. We stopped to put on headlamps with about 2 miles to go. We reached the trailhead at 9:10pm, tired, happy and hungry! Jon and Kevin had already been waiting there for an hour. We got all seven of us into Jim's Explorer and headed for Gustav's.

Over the course of dinner, our bodies stiffened up so badly that I don't think any of us straightened up as we walked out of the restaurant to the car. Seven fit people, hobbling across the roadway, giggling mer-

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nily. It was a jolly sight indeed.

31 miles, 9300 feet gained, 9200 feet lost.—Laura Zimmerman, 9/8.

DEADHORSE TRAVERSE, BIG CHIWAUKUM PEAK (GT 145 Wenatchee Lk, 177 Chiwaukum Mts)—

The Deadhorse Traverse begins at the Chiwaukum Creek trailhead and follows the trail to Larch Lake and Cup Lake. From Cup Lake, the route ascends talus, scree and heather benches to Deadhorse Pass. From Deadhorse Pass, the route descends cross-country to intercept the Wildhorse Creek trail, which is followed to the Whitepine Creek trail, and eventually ends up at the Whitepine Creek trailhead.

Jim, Mike and I met at the Monroe Starbucks on a gorgeous fall morning. We left Mike's trusty Subaru Outback at the Whitepine trailhead, then drove to the Chiwaukum Creek trailhead in my Jeep. We left the trailhead at 10am. The Chiwaukum Creek trail was beautifully maintained.

Right before we crossed Chiwaukum Creek, Mike was the first to notice an old smoke smell. We discussed the summer's fires, and thought that maybe it was drifting on the breeze from the Icicle Fire complex. However, not 200 yards later in a clearing near the creek crossing, I saw a small 4-inch-diameter gray circle in the forest duff, from which was issuing a thin plume of smoke. The ignition source was not identifiable, but it was probably either a match or a cigarette! Stupid, careless people!

Mike used a plastic grocery sack that he used to dip water from Chiwaukum Creek and drown the smoldering fire. The duff had burned down several inches deep, and at least one foot in diameter at the deepest part. All it needed was a good puff of air to start a conflagration in the dry undergrowth.

The scenery of Ewing Basin was breathtaking as the trail wound through spare forest on the climb from Chiwaukum Lake to Larch Lake. Our group reached Larch Lake at 5pm. The larches were just beginning to turn. We quickly set up camp and changed into dry, warm clothes.

Not long after dinner, we heard shouts echoing off the rock walls across the lake. I thought to myself it was either rowdies or someone needing help. It turns out it was our friend Jon and his friend Ryan! We hustled them to camp, where in no time they were cooking up a burrito feast. Jon had worked that morning, but they reached the trailhead at 1:30 in the afternoon. The fact that they completed the distance and elevation (4500 vertical and 12 miles) and made it to camp by 7pm amazed us. Not only was it a feat of stamina, but also of routefinding! Armed with only a trip synopsis (no topographic map), they tracked us by our footprints on the trail all the way to the Larch Lake basin.

That night the temperature hovered just below freezing. By morning, there was frost on the grass and on the inside of our tent from condensation. After hot breakfasts, we were on the move by 9am.

Our route ascended a scratch path to Cup Lake, then up talus and scree to the crest of the ridge at 7400 feet on the south side of

Cup Lake. Deadhorse Pass lay to the northwest at a slightly lower elevation. We dropped packs at the ridge and traversed south over boulders, talus, and polished slabs of beautiful Chiwaukum schist to our objective, the (apparently) broad summit of Big Chiwaukum Peak.

After crossing a tiny snowfield, we ascended a left-trending Class 3 ledge to the summit ridge. The travel was easy, but the drop-off from the ledge was unsettling. We reached the ridge without incident, and dropped over to the west side of the ridge for delightful Class 2 scrambling to what appeared to be the summit. On top of this moderate spire, our hearts sank when we looked across a chasm in the ridge and saw a higher, craggier spire with a small cairn on top. What happened to this broad summit? Big C held many surprises for us!

The travel was easier than it looked, and after crossing a narrow slot, Class 3 scrambling led to the airy summit, which we reached around noon. We enjoyed excellent visibility and views of surrounding peaks.

A reading of the summit register was a trip down memory lane, with a veritable Who's Who of the Bulgers and other local renowned peak-baggers. The travel back to the packs was not nearly as intimidating as when we ascended. We shouldered the loads for the traverse across the rocky slope to Deadhorse Pass, contouring at approximately 7100 feet on a small bench to the pass at 7200 feet, and dropped down the other side to two lovely meadows, one at about 6600 feet and the other at 5600 feet. The meadows were dry but would make lovely campsites earlier in the year.

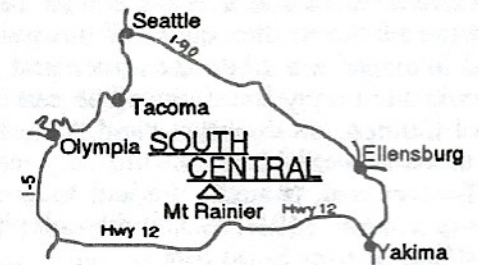
We followed a small ridge toward a balanced boulder that looked like a sasquatch in a moment of thought. From here, we plunged down the ridge into the timber, where it became brushy. Jim found a dry stream bed which we followed to avoid the thicker sections of brush, but the bushwhacking was not all that unpleasant. After descending 500 feet through the brush, we emerged onto the beautifully maintained Wildhorse Creek trail a mere 5.5 miles from the trailhead.

We arrived at the Whitepine trailhead at 6:10, and then we piled all five of us into Mike's Outback, packs and all, to retrieve my Jeep and keep our date with burgers and shakes at the 59er Diner. 22.5 miles, 7100 feet elevation gain, 6100 feet elevation loss.—Laura Zimmerman, 9/29-30.

ENCHANTMENTS—Overnight Wilderness permits are required for the Enchantment core from 6/15 through 10/15. For more information, call the ranger station at 509-548-6977, or see <www.fs.fes.us/r6/wenatchee/recreate/recmain.html>.

TABLE MOUNTAIN CABIN—This rustic cabin is in the Forest Service rental program. Cooking and eating utensils are provided, but bring everything else, including water. For more information contact Nancy Jones at the Cle Elum Ranger Station, 509-674-4411 x300.

SOUTH CENTRAL



PEAK 5000 on Huckleberry Ridge (GT Greenwater; USGS Clear West Pk)—Peak-baggers have no shame. Therefore, this report. Huckleberry Ridge lies directly south of Greenwater between Huckleberry Creek and the West Fork White River; farther south it extends to Grand Park and Mount Fremont. Four miles north of the Park boundary, partially-logged Peak 5000 (labeled 4999 on the GT map) has a clean prominence of 600 feet.

From Highway 410, road 74 branches southwest a few miles from Greenwater. Soon after crossing the White River, a left at a Y leads to road 75. This climbs a few miles to Haller Pass where there is parking. The objective is only .6-mile due south.

An old overgrown and bulldozed logging road heads straight toward the peak, dropping 100 feet before contouring along the western slope. The road itself is rugged hiking due to poor footing, although a trail of sorts develops as it passes the last of the logging slash and enters old growth woods. From here, a brushless slope under a closed conifer canopy leads to the top.


Although the summit is mostly tree-covered, a southern bump over a cliff affords views southeast to nearby Sun Top.

Round trip is only about 2 miles with a gain of just over 500 feet. Perfect for adding one more top to a day hiking other easy summits close by, such as Frog Mountain and Clear West Peak.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 10/6.

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 **DENMAN, LANE** (USGS Mt Rainier East and West, Tatoosh Lks, Wahpenayo Pk)—Forecast for a sunny Sunday generated a suggestion for a traverse. Left a rig at Longmire in case we did the whole ball of wax. Left the Reflection Lakes trailhead (4867 feet) at 8:30am. Arrived Pinnacle Peak saddle (5900 feet?) at 9:30.

Passed what I think of as Ira Spring's tarn on Plummer (low water, had to lie down to see the reflection) on the way to the summit of Denman (6006 feet). Almost a walkup; arrived at 10:20.

Dropped off southwest side of Denman and followed the boottrack to the saddle between Denman and Lane. One of my favorite views of Rainier is from this saddle (5400 feet). Then followed the boottrack up the approach to Lane, above a talus slope to a moderate scramble up a gully identified by a large evergreen at the top. Lots of ledges and also a lot of loose rock. Helmets are necessary. The cry of "rock!" fills the air.


Arrived at the summit (6012 feet) at noon for our second summit treat. Took turns summiting on the final few feet; room for only one at a time at the top. Scrutinized a probable route to Wahpenayo but also recognized that it might cease to be fun and become work to go all the way as originally planned. Agreed on 2pm turnaround which occurred on the 5440-foot ridge connecting Lane to Knob 5810. Will do this again another day, bypassing Lane and Denman, doing Wahpenayo and maybe Chutla, Eagle.

Delightful day. T-shirt weather. Huckleberries and mountain ash provided brilliant color and even a few residual berries.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 9/30.

 **YAKIMA PEAK, PEAK 6280+, PEAK 6567, PEAK 6085** (USGS Chinook Pass)—First went up Peak 6567 (1135 feet P) south of Chinook Pass which is visited frequently by people on the PCT going to Dewey Lake. From there it is an hour to Peak 6085 (445 feet P) directly on the ridge crest.

I found no cairn on the summit of 6085 so I made one. I returned via the same way going back over peak 6567 and returning to Chinook Pass.

I then went up Peak 6280+ which is just north of Yakima Peak and came across the Chinook Pass telemetry station near the top. I did not know it was there and was totally surprised. I came down Peak 6280+ and scrambled up to Yakima Peak. Back to the car at 6:30.—Stefan Feller, Auburn, 9/28.

 **TOLMIE PEAK**, almost (USGS Mowich Lk)—Reached the Mowich trailhead around 9:30am. The parking lot was half full even though the air was nippy and the skies threatening. We bundled Lili in her trusty snowsuit and then all six and a half of us started toward Tolmie Peak.

The trail meanders along Mowich Lake with Knapsack Pass, Faye Peak, Castle Peak and others off in the distance. It travels up and down for about 1¼ miles to the

Ipsut Pass junction. We took the left fork where the trail drops about 100 feet and then climbs steeply toward Eunice Lake in about a mile. Snow showers fell sporadically as we trudged along. Reached Eunice Lake, about 5355 feet. Sitting high above was the lookout, only .9-mile from the lake. The blueberry bushes were in full color, a blaze of pretty oranges and reds.

As we started to ascend the final switchbacks to the lookout we met a man and his son who said they were turning around because they had seen a mother bear and her cub. We of course were very excited and everyone grabbed the binoculars.

We spotted her in a meadow just below the trail a couple of hundred feet above us. Then we spotted her little fur-baby poking its nose out of the trees and then another fur-baby followed closely behind. All of us were delighted, and even more so when we saw the final fur-baby—yes, mama bear and three cubs feasting on blueberries above us. All looked fat and furry for the coming winter season.

Tolmie Peak would have to wait! Wisdom told us to give mama and her babies a wide berth. We chose a spot along the lake for lunch and watched as she and her cubs descended closer to the lake shore. Lili, at 20 months, got to see her first bear family.

We left the lake around noon as the temperature was dropping. Reached the car about 1:15pm. Our party informed the ranger of our sighting. She was very excited as a mother bear with triplets was indeed a rare sight. Apparently this bear and her cubs had been seen at Mystic Lake earlier this summer. Definitely a family on the move!

So we went about 4 miles and 500 feet, but not disappointed because of the pleasant surprise that had greeted us all!—Halley/Joey and Liliana, Tacoma, 10/7.

 **CENTRAL COWLITZ CHIMNEYS** (GT 270 Mt Rainier East)

—Jim and I arrived at the Fryingpan Creek trailhead at 8:30 Saturday morning. It was pleasantly cool, a good day for hiking. The trail (part of the Wonderland Trail) is immaculate—wide enough to drive a golf cart the first several miles. When we arrived at Summerland, Mount Rainier could be seen through the swirling clouds, basking in the sun above.

We continued to Panhandle Gap, then traversed east and made camp at about 6500 feet on a nice, flat gravelly saddle between the gap and Banshee Peak. After we set up camp, Jim and I loaded up our summit packs for a reconnaissance trip to the Chimneys. I wasn't up for the more technical South Chimney as planned, but we figured we could at least look at the area. We hiked up to the top of Banshee Peak, a glamorous alpine stroll that took about 45 minutes from camp.

The view from Banshee was fantastic—the clouds continued to billow and swirl around Rainier in the distance. Closer at hand, we could see that the route up the Central Chimney was probably not that technical. We decided to scramble up the Central Chimney and forego the intimidat-

ing South Chimney.

The traverse from Banshee Peak to the Central Chimney is simple and straightforward. A faint climber's path is visible across the scree and dirt slopes at about 7000 feet. There are numerous possibilities to ascend the Central Chimney, all of them involving a reasonable traverse across loose scree slopes to the rock bands, and then Class 2/3 scrambling on generally sound rock with minor exposure to the summit.

It is a delightful scramble, and the view of the South Chimney, Mount Rainier and Little Tahoma was incredible. It took us 45 minutes to summit the Central Chimney from the time we left Banshee Peak's summit.

It was cold that night—at dusk there was a cold breeze, but by morning it became very still. Condensation froze to the insides of our tent. The billowy, low-altitude clouds of yesterday were replaced by high, heavy overcast that concealed the summit of Mount Adams to the south.

On our way out, we spotted four mountain goats. While we watched the goats, I noticed an occasional spit of frozen precipitation. Winter is coming. 16 miles round trip, 5000 feet elevation gain.—Laura Zimmerman, Sammamish, 10/6-7.



COUGAR LAKES (GT Bumping Lk)

—This is my second try for these lakes. Last time Jacki and I forgot the map in the car and chose the wrong trail at the first junction, ending up hiking the Bumping Lake trail to nowhere in particular. This time Jim had the map and his GPS.

We brought sandals but didn't need them. The Bumping River crossing was shallow enough this late in *this* year to cross in our hiking boots and not get our feet wet. And although the junction just beyond the river crossing still doesn't indicate which trail goes to Cougar Lakes, this time I knew to take the one marked Swamp Lake without even looking at the map.

The trail is rough with exposed roots and rocks lining the way. A sign at the junction stated that rerouting work was being done but other than pink ribbons everywhere, we saw no indication of it.

We passed Swamp Lake at 4800 feet which is nothing special, just a lake in the woods. About a mile past Swamp Lake, the trail opened up in golden meadows full of autumn colors of yellows and reds. Here we approached two junctions with the American Ridge Trail only a few yards apart. The second junction mentions Cougar Lakes for the first time. The map showed another junction .6-mile farther where the trail splits, the right fork going to American Lake and the left to Cougar Lakes but we never found it.

There are a series of waytrails in this vicinity which can be confusing. Some are blocked off but not all. I'm ashamed to say that we just followed the horse tracks because we knew the horseman ahead of us was headed for Cougar Lakes which made it easy.

Even though it was a cold day with dark forbidding clouds, Cougar Lakes are in a lovely setting. The trail runs along an isth-

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mus between Cougar and Little Cougar Lakes. There is a wonderful camp just above the larger Cougar which was occupied by four women. Looking down the length of the lake, we figured it was Nelson Ridge in the bright sunlight beyond the other end. On our return, we took one of the way trails to a high point and overlooked parts of both lakes for a different perspective.

We were the only day hikers on the trail. Other than two backpacking groups, there were a few hunters' horse camps. Mostly it was a lonely day with a chill that foretold the advent of winter.

About a mile before the Bumping River crossing, I got ahead of Jim and said I'd see him at the car. Shadow and I continued. I'd been at the car almost a half hour before I began to get concerned. Seeing hunters returning to their car from Cougar Lakes, I asked if they'd seen a single man on the trail. They'd seen no one. Redonning my boots and jacket, Shadow and I headed back down the trail in search of Jim. By now it was almost dark.

About a quarter mile down the trail, there was Jim, GPS in hand. He'd taken the wrong turn at that same junction where Jacki and I had. Jim said he never noticed it was a four-way junction when we passed there earlier and got confused, never thinking to look at the GPS he was holding until he was .7-mile down the wrong trail looking for the river crossing.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 10/6.

BOOK MOUNTAIN—This hike is so popular with our group that we do it three or four times a year. It is especially good when the weather in the Cascades is questionable. The hike is southwest of Ellensburg.

Take the Thorp exit from I-90 and go right following along Thorp Prairie Road to Cove Road. Turn right and follow Cove Road to the end where there is a large parking area marked "Ridge Trail Parking." The trail begins at the end of the road, crossing an irrigation ditch which was dry. There is a sign marking it as "Weinberg Trail." A memorial at the ridgetop honors the former wrestling coach at Ellensburg High School.

A short way up the valley turn to the right and climb steeply to the ridge top. The trail then continues along the ridge, gaining elevation until in about 2 to 2½ miles you reach the high point and the memorial. This is a good spot for lunch. There are views north across the Kittitas valley and a splendid view of the Stuart Range with its new dusting of snow. To the east is Ellensburg.

After lunch we wandered along the ridge to the west toward the UW observatory. You get views in all directions. You can wander in almost any direction along the ridge top. The wildflowers were past. Mostly dry grass and sage brush. It was warm and sunny, but cloudy on the horizon. A stop at the Thorp Fruit and Antique Mall completed the day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 10/14.

MICROWAVE MOUNTAIN, Baldy Mountain (USGS Wymer)—Having done Umtanum Valley several times this year, we decided to go down the road toward Yakima on Highway 821. A quarter-mile south of Lmuma Creek campground and recreation area is a small pull-off on the east side of the highway; we parked there. Southeast of the pull-off is a mountain with microwave gear at the top. That was our destination.

The trail is accessed up the bank and through barbed wire. Follow the fence line on the left up to the watering trough. There are many trails in that area so be sharp and pick the biggest that heads for the ridge. It leads to the skyline visible from the road. The distance to the top was 4.4 miles round trip with 1863 feet elevation gain plotted with my GPS. The views are outstanding. We experienced fierce winds going down.

When hiking east of the mountains, watch out for snakes and cattle. Some cows do not like to share their pastures with people on foot. Most cattle will run. Beware of those that don't.—Wanderbuns and One I-eyed Rick, Kirkland, 10/6.



LOST LAKE LOOKOUT (GT White Pass, Packwood)—This place is a long way from everywhere, and Jacki and I have been trying to get to this site of a former lookout for many years. We've tried three different approaches but never got all the way. We finally made it this year from a trail we never considered before. Still long and probably as much mileage and gain as the Bluff Lake trail described in the guidebook for this area.

Taking road 46 off Highway 12 just east of Packwood, we drove to its end where Clear Fork (Cowlitz) trail 61 takes off. The first 2 relatively flat miles gain and lose about 100 feet and are in the trees to Skeeter Shelter and the junction with trail 76. Turn right on this trail and hike forever to the lookout. Most of this trail is in pleasant forest until it finally breaks out into the open at about 5200 feet. A mile short of the top is Lost Hat Lake. We never found the hat (nor mine either) but did locate a new bungee cord in the vicinity.

We picked this particular trail because the gain was only 2700 feet according to the map. What we didn't realize is that about 1.5 miles before the top, the trail loses approximately 300 feet as it leaves one ridge and dips down to gain another. The trip is certainly worth the effort. Lost Lake Lookout is the highpoint on a ridge affording views of Rainier, Adams and

everything in between.

It was rather eerie doing this hike two days after the New York and Washington DC disasters. When we arrived on top, the skies were unnaturally quiet. Then all of a sudden we heard what sounded like a jet fighter which we never did see, followed by a helicopter and two military planes. Then silence again. Then it was like all flights resumed at once. We spotted a commercial airliner and heard numerous other planes.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 9/13.

BIG HORN, LITTLE HORN, BLACK THUMB (USGS Walupt Lk)—It was 6 easy pleasant miles by trail from the Snowgrass trailhead to lovely Cispus Basin, then another ½-mile cross-country to a nice campsite at 6500 feet on a pumice bench just below the cliffs of Black Thumb. A tiny seep provided water.

I was ready to go the next morning by 8:30, but first took the precaution of hanging everything in my overnight pack from a tree to prevent having my gear ransacked by the large (30 or so) herd of mountain goats foraging in the basin just a short distance away.

From camp I climbed the short remaining distance to the 6800-foot saddle on the ridge extending southwest from Black Thumb, dropped slightly on the other side and contoured under cliffs to the first broad gully. I worked my way up this gully on steep loose rock with bad footing several hundred feet to a 7300-foot talus basin below Big and Little Horn.


Here I crossed diagonally left to the base of the rock on the southeast face of Big Horn and started up at a likely looking spot. This face is quite broken up with a variety of route choices of ledges and gullies. For the most part it is fun Class 3 scrambling, but there is a fair amount of loose rock. I came out at the south ridge just below a long (3 foot) survey marker at the base of the final summit rock. Here I roped up for the short but challenging 10 foot solid crack that led to the top at 11 o'clock.

Rappelling back down the crack, then downclimbing to the Big Horn-Black Thumb notch, a nice 30 foot crack pitch led to the small exposed summit of Black Thumb at noon. I retraced my steps to the talus basin and started up Little Horn. This proved to be the most difficult of the three horns. Incredibly loose scree above the talus led to a cruddy gully which in turn led to the notch west of Little Horn.

An intimidating steep wall loomed above, but a feasible route traversed east from the notch on ledges, then up to the base of a short but difficult chimney. An old piton assured me I was on route and convinced me to go for the strenuous pull past the chockstone at the top of the chimney. Here I came to the end of my 120-foot rope and so scrambled the last short distance to the interesting summit at 2:00. This summit consisted of two large boulders leaning one against the other and I accessed the top by crawling through the resulting hole and up the other side.

I was back to the talus basin by 3 and camp by 4pm. The goats were still on the

hillside across the way and had not molested my camp. I left at 5:30 and reached the car at 8, with the last of the trip out by the light of a full moon. 15 miles and 4400 feet.—Fay Pullen, Kent, 9/30-10/1.

 **LOOWIT TRAIL (GT 216 Mt St Helens)**—The 28.5 mile trail circles the mountain. There are several access trails to pick from. I selected the June Lake trail which is mostly in the woods. June Lake has a beautiful waterfall cascading into it. Beyond the lake 1/3-mile and up about 200 feet is the junction with the Loowit Trail.

I turned right starting my hike in a counter-clockwise direction. The only thing slowing me down were the huckleberries. However, very soon I reached the first of the lava flows. The trail gets rougher and I came to the first of many dry gullies. I checked the map for all those blue lines but each gully was dry at this time of the year. Mount Adams dominated the eastern skyline for most of the day.

After passing the Ape Canyon trail junction I met trail bicycle riders, since a couple of segments of the trail are open to horses and bicycles. I headed toward Windy Pass and looked for a camping spot. After locating a relatively flat piece of ground, I found a small creek about six inches across but flowing enough to get all the water I needed. This was the first water since June Lake, 7.5 miles ago. Once the sun went behind the mountain the temperature dropped quickly. And I was just east of the mountain—the sun set at 5pm.

Accordingly, the sun comes up first for those on the east side of the mountain. So I was on the trail before 7am and reached Windy Pass within thirty minutes. Windy Pass marks the entry into the Mount St. Helens Research Area. The only restrictions are you must stay on the trail and no camping is permitted.

The difficulty is sometimes the trail is impossible to find. You can see one of the wooden poles marking the trail off in the distance but the specific route to the marker is anyone's guess. Because of the stream bed washouts I'm sure the route changes annually. All across the north side of the mountain the views includes Spirit Lake and the Johnston Ridge Observatory. I was lucky to see two bands of elk. The descent to the South Fork of the Toutle River had some major switchbacks, mostly in steep sand.

I chose to take the Toutle trail to Sheep Canyon for better camping and drinking water opportunities. Two new bridges cross Sheep Creek and a tributary along this trail. This area marks the end of the destruction from the eruption in 1980. The next morning I took the Sheep Canyon trail back to the Loowit trail. Again I found huckleberries.


The next section of the trail crosses lava flows, which required all of my trail finding skills. I would look for the wooden poles, rock cairns, and foot prints in any sandy areas. Sometimes just a dirty spot on the lava was the sign I needed to determine where others had gone. I crossed the Ptar-

migan trail which is the standard route to climb the mountain. The junction is littered with much too much TP.

Going on I dropped over a thousand feet in 3 miles, all the time just skirting the edge of another lava field. Shortly, I returned to the June Lake trail junction completing the circumnavigation of the mountain. Approximate elevation gain and loss 5000 feet.


For someone who climbed Mount St. Helens several times prior to 1980, this hike gave me a close up view of the destruction but also of the recovery and the beauty in the area.—Rand Palmer, Spokane, 9/8-10.

OREGON

 **CHIEF JOSEPH MOUNTAIN (Eagle Cap Wilderness)**—Since we were staying at Wallowa State Park, we took advantage of the shortcut from there to the Chief Joseph Mountain trail, saving 3 miles (roundtrip) at the cost of some more elevation gain. Starting at the southwest corner of the boat launch area is a nature trail, not marked very well.

We followed it through an area that was being cleared. Just before a footbridge over a creek is a trail going uphill. It goes steeply up about 800 feet elevation gain to the Chief Joseph Mountain trail. This trail takes a long time to not gain much before going up, a condition less appreciated on the way out.


The trail goes through forest and a few grassy meadows. Lots of flowers in the spring—we got the dried stalk show. Views down to Wallowa Lake and across to Mount Howard lets you gauge your progress up. The trail eventually just ends (no marker) on the side of ridge. Go north, up the ridge, across a bowl and up another ridge (all within 1/4-mile of the trailend) to a large cairn and views of the cliffs of Chief Joseph Mountain. 12 miles round trip, 3250 gain. —Kathy Kelleher, Jim Cavin, Seattle, 10/2.

 **MIRROR LAKE (Eagle Cap Wilderness)**—From Joseph, go north on Highway 82 past Enterprise to Lostine. Turn left onto Lostine River road. Heading south on this into the National Forest, follow it to the end at Two Pan trailhead.

The trail starts to the left of the signboard. There was construction when we were there, so it was a bit confusing. The trail goes angling slightly uphill, gradually away from the parking lot before turning directly away. After a few hundred yards is a fork; take the left, trail 1662, East Fork Lostine River.

The trail goes through forest, crossing the river at 1 mile on a footlog with a rail. In another 1/2-mile is major elevation gain, accomplished by eleven switchbacks. More forest and then the meadow starts. At the end of the meadow is Eagle Cap. The trail skirts just above the meadow for 2.3 miles to a stream crossing on a bridge. The trail climbs for 2 miles, but never very steeply.


At a trail junction, we went right and shortly came to Mirror Lake. Polished granite outcrops, alpine trees, vistas of peaks and solitude made for a perfect lunch spot. 15 miles, 2020 gain.—Kathy Kelleher, Jim Cavin, Seattle, 10/3.

 **FREEZEOUT SADDLE (Hells Canyon National Recreation Area)**—Drive from the town of Joseph east to Imnaha, 29 miles. Turn onto the road to Halfway, 60 miles. This quickly turns into a good gravel road with solid surfaces by the occasional farm houses.

Drive 13 miles to a fork, just before a bridge. Turn left, steeply uphill onto narrow road 4230. Continue on this road 2.9 miles to the large parking lot at the end of the road. The trail starts to the left of the message board, going uphill through open pine forests, serviceberry thickets, and open grass slopes covered this time by dried flowers, beautiful seed of teasel, pearly everlasting, balsamroot, salsify, rose hips and still blooming tall mullein.

The trail winds through draws of pine and fir, then switchbacks up open slopes until it reaches the saddle. There is a large cairn and views down to Saddle Creek Canyon, into the Snake River gorge (no view of the Snake River) and over to Idaho.

This was our easy day and except for the cattle on the trail, we had solitude and crisp fall air. Since it was hunting season, we were decked in our dayglo orange caps, but did not see, or hear, any sign of hunters. 5.6 miles round trip, 1950 gain.—Kathy Kelleher and Jim Cavin, Seattle, 10/4.

 **BONNY LAKES, DOLLAR PASS DOLLAR LAKE (Eagle Cap Wilderness)**—Drive from Joseph east to the Wallowa Mountain Loop road 39. Take road 39 south toward Salt Creek Summit. Go 3.2 miles beyond the summit to road 100 just past a concrete bridge. Turn right and drive 3 miles on a rough, narrow road to the Tenderfoot trailhead, elevation 6520.

The trail starts at the signboard located on the western end of the parking lot. The first part of the trail is through a burn from 1989 or so. The new growth adds a festive note to the silver snags. The trail follows an old road for a few hundred feet and then goes to the right, descending to Big Sheep Creek. The ford was complicated this morning by ice covered logs. The dusty trail then winds uphill, passing the junction with the old wagon road from Salt Creek summit. Follow the trail upstream, leaving the burn area. Trees are interspersed with meadow and sage brush.

At 1.1 miles is a junction with the Wing Ridge trail; stay left. Shortly is a junction with the McCully Basin trail; again stay left. The next intersection is at 2.2 miles;

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this time take the right fork to East Fork Wallowa River, trail 1802. Grass-lined Bonny Lakes lie just above a basalt outcrop. When we arrived, the lower lake was about 1/3 covered with new ice. It had mostly melted by our return trip.

Traversing the long meadow, after 1.7 miles, reach Dollar Pass with extensive views to Bonneville Mountain, Sacajawea and the Matterhorn. Aneroid Mountain is to the north of the pass. But the best views are south along the ridge, just above the small tarn, Dollar Lake. About 11.8 miles round trip, 2000 feet elevation gain to high point, 8500 feet.—Kathy Kelleher, Jim Cavin, Seattle, 10/5.



TIMBERLINE TRAIL (GT 461 Government Camp, 462 Mt Hood)

—On a clear sunny day, six of us left Timberline Lodge (almost 6000 feet) at 10:30am going clockwise. We hiked along the Pacific Crest Trail zigzagging in and out of each stream gully. Most of these stream beds were dry.

After 3.5 miles we reached ZigZag Canyon (4800 feet) and found our first serious stream crossing. Quite a group had gathered at this location. Three hikers on their way to Canada from Mexico hopped across without missing a beat in their stride. Most of rest of us were much more tentative. This stream crossing should have been a warning to us about the water levels for all the many streams yet to come.

We camped near the junction with the Sandy River. Total distance for the day, 9.7 miles.

Day 2. On the trail before 8am with the crossing of the Sandy River being the first happening of the day, then on to spectacular Ramona Falls. Our next challenge besides climbing back up to 4200 feet was the Muddy Fork.

This river consists of four streams and stream beds. Because of washouts, this task included climbing 10 to 20 feet into the streambed, boulder hopping across the stream, and then climbing back up the other side. It took us one hour to cross these branches of the Muddy Fork. Camp for the night was at 5400 feet. We had traveled another 9 miles of the trail.

Day 3. Again off before 8am, passing the Cairn Basin Shelter within the first hour. We chose the higher, shorter route to the Wyeast Basin passing up Eden Park.

By the time we reached Elk Cove the sky was spitting at us. Sometimes just a heavy damp mist was falling, sometimes ice crystals were pelting us, but sometimes it was definitely rain. Along the way I lost my rain/sun hat which I was wearing over my wool stocking cap. So the wind was blowing, too.

The crossing of the Coe Branch was marred when Donna slipped in the wet rocks after crossing the stream. Thankfully, the fall caused only some minor bruises and she trekked on. The trail approaching Elliot Creek has been rerouted because of the creek bed washout. The detour added about 200 feet of climbing uphill before starting the descent into the washout.

Finally we crossed the stream just 50 feet



Charles Bagley

Nancy Bagley at Wabakimi Provincial Park, Ontario.

from the snout of the Eliot Glacier.

Shortly after lunch we started meeting Forest Service personnel and Search & Rescue volunteers looking for a missing hiker. At Cloud Cap campground (5900 feet) it was much too cold and windy to be out, so our group was in our tents and sleeping bags shortly after 7pm. We had traveled 8.5 miles on day three.

Day 4. On the trail at 8am in the sunshine and a cold wind. We reached our highest elevation for the entire trip (7300 feet) early this day. From here we could see Adams, Rainier, and St. Helens. We also came to the only snowfield crossing of the trip. Because of icy conditions some of the group went down and around while others went up and around, rejoining on the trail.

Shortly, we topped the next ridge and could see Mount Jefferson again to the south. We then descended Gnarl Ridge, named for the trees which have lived a tough life exposed to the wind and weather along this spine. We dropped to almost 5400 feet to cross Newton Creek, back up to 5800 feet for the next ridge and down to 5550 for the next stream.

We camped about 1/4-mile beyond the Clark Creek crossing. Only 6.7 miles for the day, should have been an easy day but there was a lot of up and down. Nevertheless, we camped by 3pm, which gave us some time to dry some of our wet items and just relax.

Day 5. Last day, and we were out of camp by 7:30. We crossed Pencil Falls about 25 feet upstream from the actual falls, where the water drops at least 50 feet into the rocks.

For the next couple of hours we traversed at about 5800 feet with minor ups and downs. We passed under several ski lifts and crossed their maintenance roads. The views all the man made items around destroyed the feeling of being in the mountains.

Then we descended to 4900 feet to cross the White River. The river crossing was easy but the descent in and the climb out of the river channel was next to impossible. After going upstream several hundred yards over boulders and sand we found a breach in the wall and got down, only face the next drop off to the actual river.

Getting out of the stream bed was just as daunting. We spent about an hour route-finding and crossing this stream. After a long break we started up the trail. It was just 450 feet up to the junction with the PCT in 1 mile and another 600 feet elevation gain in 2 more miles back to the Timberline Lodge. 6.8 miles for the day.

Total distance 40.7 miles not counting going back on the trail to look for my hat. The hat was found by some friendly day hikers from Portland and returned to me. Total elevation gain and loss, conservatively 9000 feet.

The days are shorter in September. Sunlight arrives after 6:30am and total darkness arrives shortly after 8pm. On cloudy days even reading or writing in our tents after 7pm required supplemental light.—Rand Palmer, Spokane, 9/3-7.

ONTARIO



WABAKIMI PROVINCIAL PARK

—Wabakimi Park, a network of rivers and lakes lies north of Lake Superior and can be accessed by a three-hour drive from Thunder Bay north to the small town of Armstrong (one motel, store, three restaurants, one gas station). From here through the help of outfitters in the immediate vicinity, one reaches the Park either by road access (east side only), by Canadian National Railroad, which traverses the southern tip of the Park, or by float plane fly-in.

Sunday morning, August 26, after an hour's ride west of Armstrong, we unloaded our canoe from the CNR freight car at Allen Water Bridge and headed north-eastward on the Allen Water River and Lake system, subsequently through Brennan Lake, Granite Lake, and were picked up by float plane nine days later on the north shore of Wabakimi Lake itself, near the center of the Park. The terrain is a mixture of swampy shores with short, flat rapids, followed by scenic cliffs and islands in the lakes.

With our new Wenonah Royalex canoe, we ran almost all of the rapids, totalling 18 rapids run and five falls and rapids portaged. Classes of rapids (as determined by Cascade river standards) varied from 1-2+, which we ran, and some 3-5 rapids (falls?) that we portaged.

How different from our BWCA trips in a Kevlar canoe, which we wouldn't dare bring near a rapid! We have never before had a canoe trip with so little portaging. Weather varied from cool to hot, with just


one really bad, rainy day. This was a great trip, although we were disappointed not to see as many loons as we ordinarily would see in the BWCA.

Park headquarters is in Thunder Bay, Ontario (phone 807-475-1634; web <www.wabakimi.on.ca>). Train and canoe reservations from Armstrong to Allen Water Bridge—just three trips per week—made by calling VIA, 800-561-8630. The trips cost \$17.12 CDN apiece, and the same for the canoe also. Airplane pickup in Wabakimi Lake came to \$500 CDN and total Provincial camping fees \$144 CDN.

The generally acknowledged expert on canoeing in Wabakimi and the region is Bruce Hyer, who runs a canoe rental and canoe manufacturing company in Thunder Bay, as well as having a bed-and-breakfast just south of Armstrong. Telephone in Thunder Bay is 807-767-2022, and Armstrong, 807-583-2626, or see <www.wabakimi.com>. Bruce has run all the routes and has details on lakes, rivers, rapids, portages, and natural and historic items en route. He can rent you equipment and arrange float planes, and, at least for 2001, has arranged special low fares to Thunder Bay from anywhere in the US.

You better get to Wabakimi soon to avoid the rush—Bruce just led a National Geographic group through the area, article to come out in 2002, he understands.—Charles and Nancy Bagley, Seattle, 8/26-9/3.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

 **APPALACHIAN TRAIL, Mount Lafayette to Gale River**—I'm a native NH person and have climbed all 48 4000-foot peaks and have done lots of the

AT. Now I want to "fill in the gaps" on the AT that I have not done.

Our access to the AT was a 4.3 mile hike up the Skookumchuck trail off Route 3 in Franconia. 2900 feet elevation gain. Trail was moderately steep, rocky in places, well maintained. We turned right on the AT at 4000 feet, which is above treeline. It's a beautiful .8-mile ridge walk to summit of Mount Lafayette, 5260 feet. Mount Lafayette is a favorite White Mountains hike. After a brief rest we retraced our steps to the Skookumchuck trail junction and continued along the ridge north to Mount Garfield, 2.7 miles away.

"Ridge" may be the wrong word for there are lots of very steep and very rocky ups and downs, much more so than most trails in Washington. We originally planned to summit Mount Garfield and turn around and hike out the way we came. However it was so rocky and steep we decided to take our chances and continue on the AT "ridge" and hike out the Gale River trail and hitch-hike back to our car.

As we proceeded from Mount Garfield north, the ridge continues to be very rocky with steep ups and downs, roaming from an elevation of 4680 to 3390. We hiked another 2.5 mi to Gale River trail. This trail is an access trail to Gailhead hut, a hut run by the AMC. Hut crew bring in supplies over this trail. It is wider, less steep, in places less rocky than the AT. Four miles later we were at the trailhead and a dirt road. We met one other couple who was willing to give us a ride 10 miles down to our car. It was a typical warm, sunny, summer day, temps in 70-80s. Bugs were not bad. Total distance 15 miles (6 miles of AT).—Linda, Lynnwood, 7/9.



MOUNT EISENHOWER, Edmands Path

—From Route 302, Crawford Notch, drive 2.3 miles on Mount Clinton road to parking lot on right. This is an extremely popular hike; we probably saw nearly 60 people, including a group of Boy Scouts. This is one of my absolute favorites for it has a 360-degree view of Mount Washington, at 6280 feet the highest point in the state, and hundreds of other peaks. Today we had views for 30 miles or more.

It is 3.3 miles, 2700 feet elevation gain to the summit at 4760 feet. Today we had three kids, ages 8-11, with us. It was the first hike for one of the 11-year-olds. For the first ¾-mile the trail is very gradual. Then it climbs steadily at a moderate grade. At 2.5 miles the trail crosses a small brook over a ledge. We scampered over a well developed rock trail to the junction of Crawford Path (the oldest trail in New Hampshire) and Mount Eisenhower loop. You're at treeline here.

Going above treeline is a magical world. Plants are an inch or two tall, and maybe 100 years old. In the summer time are many flowers; many are similar to those found above treeline here in Washington. It's .7-mile above treeline over a good trail to the summit at 4760 feet. It took us 2 hours, 50 minutes up; 2 hours down.

Hiking in New Hampshire is great anytime of the year. Fall foliage is wonderful, some of the best anywhere, more colorful than Washington. To get "peak" foliage come to the mountains of New Hampshire between late September and Columbus day.—Linda, Lynnwood, 10/13.

BULLETIN BOARD

Notices on this Bulletin Board are free to subscribers.

FREE TO GOOD HOME—Complete collection of *Signpost* and *Pack & Paddle* starting from 1979. Valuable reference material and good winter reading. You pay shipping, or pick up in Yakima. Contact Jean, <jeanchott@ixpnet.com>, or phone 509-965-4067 (Yakima).

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—Lightweight Tod-Tex tent: Bibler GT, like new, \$300. Also, free to

a good home, one pair Merrell Wilderness boots, men's 12D. Call Bruce, 206-842-6351 (Bainbridge Island).

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).

FOR SALE—Hiking boots, hardly worn. Solomon size 8½ (42 Euro) men's. Great boots but they seem to run small. \$35. Call 206-364-3928 (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).

MARY WATSON

Farewell, P & P! Goodbye, Pasayten?

Perhaps I should have called it quits after the summer of 2000 trip to the Pasayten with Back Country Burro Treks. There could never be another one more perfect: My favorite route, Harts Pass on the PCT turning off onto the trail which leads to Frosty Pass, then down to the Middle Fork Pasayten River with its wonderful, day-long level hike before making the tortuous ascent back up to where we began.

Sun, but no heat or bugs. Meadows overflowing with my favorite wild-flower, grass of Parnassus. And most of the dear friends with whom I'd shared this wilderness for ten years.

But Winnie wasn't with us (knee surgery), it was my 13th burro trek, and I hadn't gotten too exhausted on the uphill climbs, not for a 74 year-old. So I signed on again this past summer for what was planned as an easy hike to Cathedral Lakes with four lay-over days in deference to elderly legs and lungs. The Thirty-Mile Fire devastated those plans as well as much else.

The group chose instead to return to Harts Pass and go to Goat Lakes on the PCT with layover time there and at the beautiful Mountain Home campsite just beyond.

Winnie was back, it was my 14th (surely lucky) burro trek, but where was



Mary, now 75, on the ridge above Upper Goat Lake, 2001.

my stamina and hearty tolerance for discomfort of years gone by? Interestingly, Goat Lakes was the scene of my very first donkey-assisted hike back in 1989. I remember vividly singing musical comedy songs as we marched the 2 miles up the 1000 feet of switchbacks to our camp. It was really raining. We set up tents in the downpour, still singing, and I was up at 6am to help Birch, our friend and packer, cut firewood in the sodden meadow.

Not so in 2001 for this now 75-year-

old. The chilly mist kept me in the warm sleeping bag as long as possible. Getting in and out of my tent made me all too aware of the muscles which had only reluctantly gotten me up those switchbacks. Much as I loved the people I was with and the wilderness all around us, fatigue and discomfort were companions I couldn't avoid.

So now, as I face the loss of *Pack & Paddle*, I also face the possible end of my annual adventures in the backcountry I love most, the Pasayten Wilderness. But ... maybe not. Cathedral Lakes isn't really such a hard hike. I have an 80-year-old friend who wants to come all the way from Georgia to go along.

Birch has offered to let me ride a donkey part of the way. We never have had bad weather two summers in a row. Just in case, I'll keep on doing my 2-mile fitness walk every morning and ... who knows?

For more information about burro trekking, contact:

Backcountry Burro Treks
Box 246
Winthrop WA 98862

△

Mary Watson, a retired nurse, has been hiking and backpacking for 40 years. She lives in Gig Harbor.



Mary, far left, and friends, on her first burro trek in 1989.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

WINTER BACKCOUNTRY EXPO

—The Mountaineers will hold their annual Winter Backcountry Expo on Saturday, November 17, from 10am to 5pm at The Mountaineers Clubhouse, 300 Third Avenue West (lower Queen Anne) in Seattle.

The program includes workshops, speakers, demonstrations, and exhibits designed to educate, inform, and entertain. The cost of the event is \$5 for adults, with no charge for children under 16. All proceeds will benefit the Northwest Weather and Avalanche Center.

Guest speaker Helen Thayer, author of *Polar Dream*, will present her unassisted, solo expedition to the magnetic North Pole. Martin Volken will present backcountry skiing and boarding in the Snoqualmie Pass region, including the Snoqualmie Haute Route: 23,000 vertical feet of backcountry excitement. Join Dan Nelson, author of *Snowshoe Routes: Washington*, to discover some of Washington's most spectacular snowshoe destinations.

The Northwest Weather and Avalanche Center will conduct workshops on avalanche awareness, snow pack analysis, and avalanche search and rescue. Washington Outdoor Weather will conduct a workshop on winter mountain weather.

Other workshop topics include getting started in the winter backcountry, winter backcountry activities for families, ski/snowboard/snowshoe destinations, winter backcountry gear, snow camping, winter photography, ski/snowboard/snowshoe systems, and much more. Winter backcountry-related retailers and organizations will be exhibiting a variety of products and services.

Please visit <www.mountaineers.org> for more information.

ISLAND FACILITIES CLOSE—The DNR has closed several of its facilities in the San Juans, including *three* Cascadia Marine Trail campsites: Point Doughty and Obstruction Pass on Orcas Island, and Griffin Bay on San Juan Island, reports the Washington Kayak Club Bulletin.

The sites have been closed because use has increased and the DNR doesn't have the money to maintain them. The cost just to replace vault toilets (which are leaking) is \$60,000 each.

DNR crews will dismantle campsites and post closure signs.

The WKC Bulletin notes: "This is

pretty much a disaster for San Juan Islands paddlers as we have also recently lost Clark Island as a campsite/destination."

Comments on the closures may be sent to: Doug Sutherland, Commissioner of Public Lands, DNR, PO Box 47001, Olympia WA 98504; also on the web at <www.wa.gov/dnr/contact/comment_form.html>.

BODIES DISCOVERED IN ICE

In 1980, two Oregon climbers died on Mount Adams in an autumn snowstorm. Their bodies were never found—until now. The low snowfall of last winter helped to melt enough ice this summer so that a hiker spotted a rope, then chipped away at the ice until a boot showed through.

The remains of the two climbers, Gary Claeys and Matt Larson, were removed by Mountain Rescue. The Yakima County Coroner determined they both died of hypothermia, noting that the bodies were essentially mummified and preserved by the ice. Although it appeared they were trying to bivouac, the exact circumstance will never be known. The storm that caught them brought winds of 100mph and dumped 5 feet of snow on Mount Adams.

GUYE PEAK DEATH—On October 14 a climber died after he fell more than 500 feet on Guye Peak. The man was reportedly a member of The Mountaineers but his name has not been released.

After climbing successfully to the summit, the man and his partner unroped; it was at that point that he fell. Others on Guye Peak noted that the weather could have been a factor; it had been snowing, and was raining at the time of the fall.

GRASSY KNOLL ATV PROJECT

—I attended a Forest Service scoping meeting in Stabler on the "preliminary proposal" of a 40-mile Bear Creek All Terrain Vehicle project near Grassy Knoll (northeast of Carson). The purpose of the meeting, chaired by District Ranger Greg Cox, was to identify issues and not to debate them.

The proposal would gate road 68 (and other roads) to control and limit ATV use to a network of existing roads. Under the proposal, the Grassy Knoll trail would be accessed from Triangle Pass, adding about a mile (one-way) to the hike. The present Grassy Knoll

trailhead would be accessed only by ATVs. The PCT crossing of road 68 would be isolated from vehicle access (except by ATVs).

Some of the issues identified were hiker access, and enforcement (i.e. protection of the Grassy Knoll "botanical area," noise, etc). Within a month or two a preliminary proposal will be pre-
continued on page 22

Tear Away Leg Warmers



For when you get hot

KEEPING PACE

PWC COOK-OFF—In June I had the honor of being one of the judges at the Peninsula Wilderness Club's Cook-Off. Here are a couple of good recipes from that event. Both of them were first-prize winners in their categories.—AM

• **Hiker's Energy Bars**

from Rick Fleming

½ pound real butter (softened or melted)

½ cup sugar

½ cup brown sugar

¼ cup maple syrup

¼ cup honey

1 cup finely chopped nuts (ice cream topping nuts work well)

½ cup dried tropical fruit mix (small bits and pieces)

½ cup peanut butter

½ cup shredded coconut

5 cups of quick oatmeal

Optional: ½-cup raisins or dates

Mix all the ingredients together. Press ingredients tightly into a greased 9x13 baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until top is lightly brown and crispy. Allow to cool, then cut into bars.

• **Bailey Range Black Beans**

from Lee and Penny Jensen

3 cups water

1½ cups dried black beans

(available at Poulsbo's Central Market)

1 tablespoon dried onion

1 tablespoon dried cilantro

½ teaspoon cumin

¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

½ teaspoon salt

4 tablespoons chopped sun-dried tomatoes

1 cup Uncle Bens Instant Rice

½ clove garlic

½ cup dried Parmesan cheese

At home, combine all of the dry ingredients in a plastic bag except the garlic and the cheese. Put the garlic and cheese in separate containers and tuck away.

In camp, bring the water to a boil and chop the garlic. Add the garlic and dry ingredients to the water and stir well. Let sit five minutes. Sprinkle with cheese. Serves two ... or maybe one very hungry hiker.

MORE ON TIKKA—I bought a Tikka headlamp in time for backpacking trips last summer. I agree with Gordon McDougall that inserting the batteries is tricky (see *October*, page 22). But I found that popping the two halves apart is easy by using the buckle on the elastic headband as a tool, as illustrated on the product sheet in the packaging.

I don't have Gordon's problem of the beam being at the wrong angle for reading because I don't wear glasses for reading.

Lee commented that the bright beam from brand-new batteries was *really* bright for the person who has to suffer an occasional accidental blast in the eyes from a tent partner.

The headlamp worked fine while backpacking during the summer, but

at home a month ago Lee took it apart and then the switch didn't work. I took it back to the Lynnwood REI; they were all set to give me a new one when one of the REI guys examined it and noticed that the two halves of the shell hadn't been snapped together completely. Once that was accomplished, the lamp works fine again.

Be careful with packing this lamp—the sliding switch is not as fool-proof as the type that rotates, and it will turn on all by itself in your pack.—AM

POLY-PRO TREATMENTS—I've found two new ways to de-stink poly-pro, after extensive experimentation. The first way is to take the offending garment and hang it up by its armpits in direct sunlight for a week. This worked well all summer, but now there's not enough sun in my yard.

The second way just occurred to me but has worked very well so far. There are several products (the one I've got here is "Nature's Miracle") to remove what are delicately referred to as "pet odors." They work with some enzymes that supposedly break down the smelly stuff.

I thought if this stuff can eliminate tomcat marking smells (and it does), it should be able to deal with a little human b.o. Sure enough, it worked like a charm. I wet the fabric, spritzed it with the stuff, let it sit a few minutes, and threw it in the wash. All fresh!—Peg Ferm, Monroe.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 21

sented for public comment. All interested groups will be notified by the FS (at least those on the FS lists). The whole process—environmental assessment, etc.—could take up to a year.

There were five of us from the environmental community (WTA mostly), along with a number of hunters—who happen to be our allies on this issue! They want the roads left open. So only a few people present were happy with the proposal.

Later, in heavy rain, we drove part of the proposed ATV road system. It was readily apparent to us that the two af-

ected trails would present an "open invitation" to illegal ATV access. There is little room for trailhead parking at Triangle Pass. And the extra 2-mile hike (roundtrip) would be close to a (noisy) ATV road.

Jonathan Guzzo of WTA (jonathan@wta.org) will take the leading role in following and reporting on this issue.—Darryl Lloyd, Hood River.

ELWHA THEFT—On September 25th, rangers arrested Timothy McBride, 51, of Florida, for theft of property from three ranger stations within Olympic National Park.

McBride was arrested along the El-

wha River trail about 3 miles from the Whiskey Bend trailhead. He had in his possession about \$1,200 worth of property stolen from ranger stations at Enchanted Valley, Hayes River and Elkhorn. The stolen articles included a tent, climbing ropes, outdoor clothing, food and other items. The three ranger stations, all located within the Park's wilderness area, were burglarized over the course of the previous two weeks.

McBride was charged with three counts of possession of stolen property and with providing false information to law enforcement rangers. The investigation continues.

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Linda Rostad

On the PCT in August, near Cathedral Rock. Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I've enjoyed your magazine a great deal over the years and will miss it."—*Bellevue*

"I'm gonna miss you guys. I'm not able to backpack or even hike much any more, but reading the reports brought back great memories of places I'd been and people I was with."—*Bellevue*

"I was sure that *P&P* was going to continue forever. I will miss my monthly dose of local, down-to-earth back-country news and reports."—*Tacoma*

ONE MORE TO GO—This is *Pack & Paddle*'s next-to-the-last issue. We are cleaning out file folders stuffed with years of correspondence and paperwork, and beginning to wrap things up. We certainly are enjoying all the notes, phone calls and e-mails from so many of you.

THE COMMITTEE—The group calling itself the "Transition Committee" met one last time in September to discuss the possibility of creating a new publication to take *P&P*'s place.

With regret, they all decided not to continue with the project, due to lack of time to devote to it, and lack of a person willing to provide leadership.

It was an enthusiastic group and we thank them all for their efforts. It included the following participants:

Stefan Feller, Steve Fox, Randy Busch, Peg Ferm, Liz Escher, Candy Berner, Dick Scaring, Jacki Whittaker, Ginny Evans, David Rycburn, Frank

Sincock, Larry Smith, Joe Murphy, Trudy Ecob, Jean Boucher, Karen Sykes, Wendy Prohl, Alan Sherbrooke, Rose O'Donnell and Trey Walker.

I especially thank Karen Sykes, whose idea this was to begin with, for her effort and enthusiasm, and Ginny Evans, who allowed us to take over her house for one of our meetings.

FAREWELL POTLUCK—The *Pack & Paddle* Farewell Potluck is scheduled for November 10—see announcement on page 11. This will be a fun afternoon get-together and we look forward to seeing you there. You are all invited!

This event is being put together by Ginny Evans and Candy Berner, so remember to sign up with one of them so they can plan accordingly.

Ginny Evans: phone 425-226-5825

e-mail: jevans17@wans.net

Candy Berner: phone 425-227-0723

Either one of them can also give you directions to the Preston Community Center, where the potluck will be held.

NAMES AND FACES—I'm sure Lee and I will continue to meet you on the trail for many years to come, but the Farewell Potluck will be an ideal time and place to put faces with names that we know only from years of sticking address labels on your magazines.

INDEXES—We have all indexes in stock for the first 9 volumes (1992-2000) of *P&P*. The index for volume 10 (2001) will be ready in a month. If you want indexes, *NOW* is the time! They will not be available beyond December 15 or so.

Please send \$1 for each year's index, and a note saying which ones you want, to: *P&P* Index, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

COLUMBIA RIVER—Lee and I spent a couple of days recently kayaking on the Columbia River. We had been interested in the Skamokawa Paddle Center since it opened a few years ago, but this was the first opportunity we have had to use its facilities.

We stayed at the cozy Skamokawa Inn B&B at the Center, which put us just steps from the waterfront. We used their dock to launch the kayak and bought supplies and goodies at the General Store. Morning coffee was available quite early, for which Lee

gave the B&B high marks.

Jan Miller, the Center's manager, took time to go over the chart with us and share his knowledge of the river.

Lee and I are big fans of local shuttles, and we were delighted to find that the Center offers a shuttle service. We used it to extend our range and do a one-way trip. (While on the river, we found a VHF radio very helpful for keeping track of shipping traffic.)

A catalog listing all the facilities, classes and tours is available by calling 360-795-8300 or 800-920-2777. Or check the website: <www.skamokawapaddle.com>.

HEYBROOK LOOKOUT—On a damp and cloudy October weekend, our women's group headed up to take a look at the refurbished Heybrook Lookout. We wanted a very short walk so some in the group could get back to town early, while the rest of us went on to Nancy's cabin in Baring. At only 2 miles round-trip with parking right on Highway 2, it was the most convenient destination around.

Although we were disappointed to find the cabin inaccessible, we still enjoyed the newly-rebuilt stairs and the observation deck right below the cabin. We had to imagine the views (which are grand across the valley to Persis and Index).

REFUNDS—As one of the steps of closing down *Pack & Paddle*, we plan to refund money for subscriptions that extend beyond December 2001. See page 4 of this issue and read carefully.

See you at the potluck on November 10!

Ann Marshall

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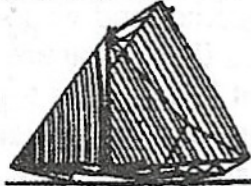


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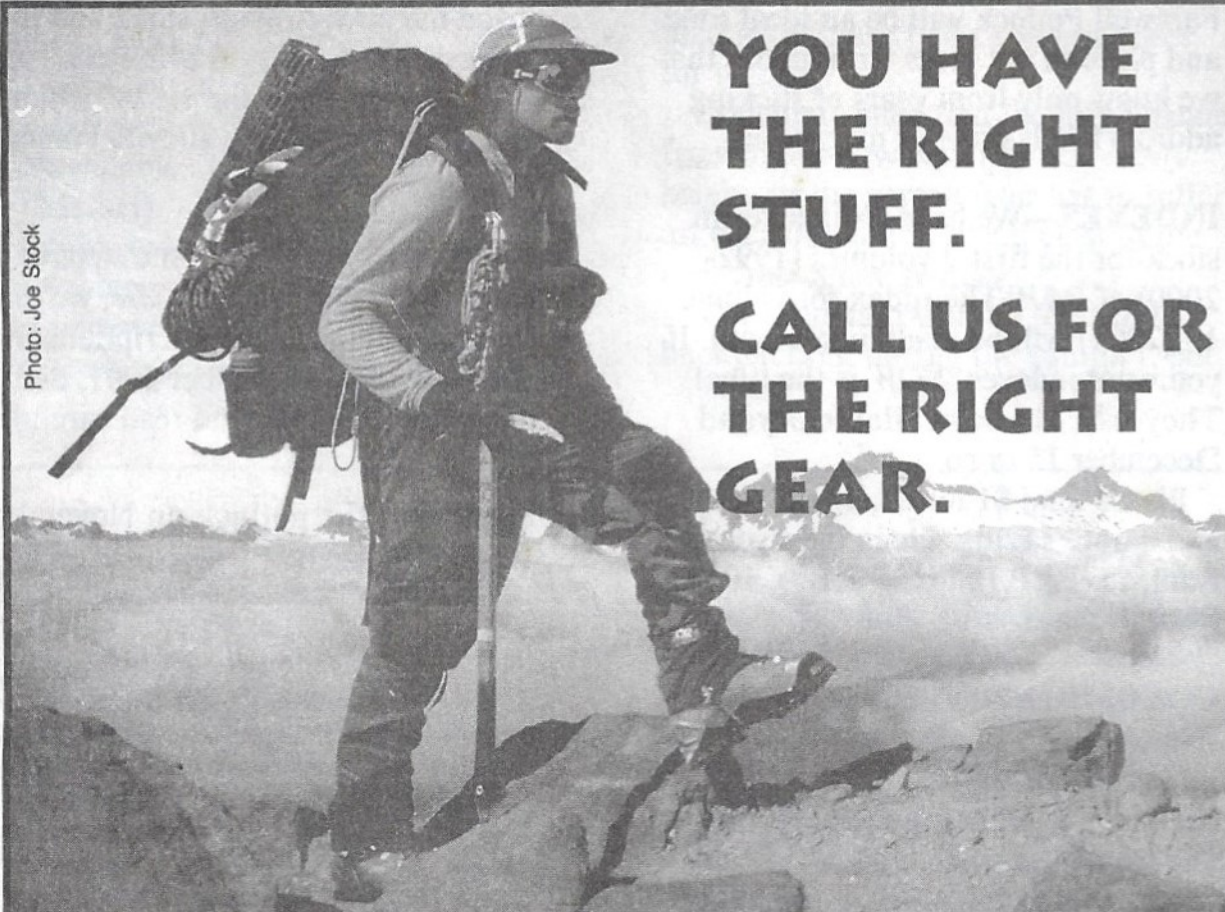
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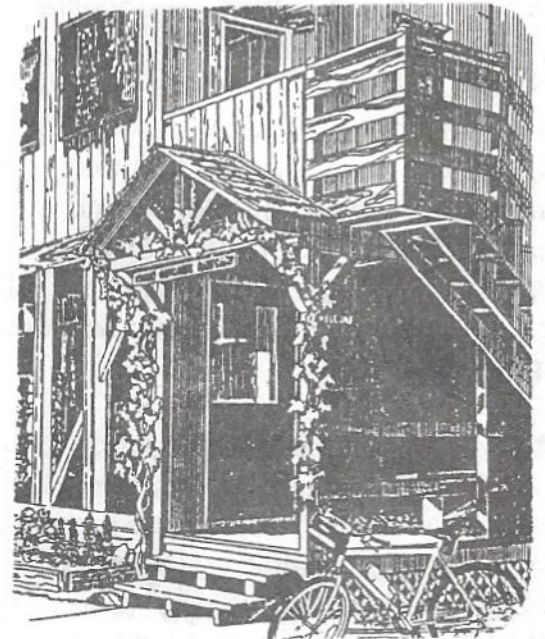
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