



*Jan 18, 2002 6:16 pm*

### **First hike in Washington**

The first overnight backpacking trip I can remember was a week long traverse across the northeast corner of Olympic National Park. I had spent a few summers at Camp Parsons on Hoods Canal learning basic skills like cutting cedar boughs to sleep on, and digging ditches around canvas shelter haves.

In the summer of sixty-one after spending a few summers at the Boy Scout camp on Hoods Canal I was finally old enough to go on the Olympic hike. The stay at Camp Parsons that year was extra special as it started with a cruise from Seattle on the Sea Scouts boat. The high point was when I earned both canoeing and sailing merit badges to close out the week.

Ten fidgeting and excited Boy Scouts in the back of an open dues-an-a-half rumbled up the dusty Dosewallips River road out of Brinnon, WA.

Heading out from the trail head, the wood frame of my brand new, state of the art Trapper-Nelson creaked under the load.

It took nearly two days for our troop to reach Dose Meadow Camp at the valley's head.

From the camp I joined a small group that climbed Sentinel Peak. It was that arduous but rewarding first summit that I blame for the still unquenchable addiction that draws me into the mountains now over forty years later.

We hiked north over Lost and Cameron Passes and stayed in the beautiful alpine flats of Cameron Basin; unquestionably, one of the most precious jewels of Olympic National Park.

We continued north with a long hard trudge over Grand Pass. The substantial reward was a memorable stroll down through picturesque Grand Valley and then a restful sleep on the shore of Moose Lake.

Again we hiked switchback upon switchback, this time out of Grand Valley, and then ran the

ridge line for a brief encounter with the tourists on Hurricane Ridge. The high pressure that provided the excellent weather thus far on the trip finally broke down.

We spent the last part of the trip hiking in the misty fog and following Hurricane Ridge east to where the truck picked us up at Dear Park.

That first trip had everything; a huge variety of terrain, views, experiences and weather. We had two unbelievably patient leaders that kept us in line. I would confidently challenge anyone to take a trip like that and not become hooked for life on the mountains of Washington State. 🌐

*Feb 12, 2002 2:42 pm*

### **Winter in August**

My ankles were starting to bother me as the slope became steeper. So, I switched from the French Technique that was contorting my ankles, to standing on the front points of my crampons. The razor sharp blades sliced onto the rock hard snow as I neared the ridge crest. I just slightly dropped my heel to cam the front points into the ice like late season snow, and then swung my ice axe over the top. The axe bit into the hilt and then I grabbed the adze on my ice axe to pull myself up. As I peeked over the edge of the ridge, I was greeted with a stiff chilling southwesterly that blew back the hood on my parka and threatened to take the balaclava from my head. Not wanting to lose my hat, I quickly, and with a great heave, swung my body over the broken down lip of the cornice. The fierce wind that stormed up out of the Chiwawa Valley carried a heavy wet sleet that slapped and stung my face. I battened down the toggles on my parka and then staggered like a drunk up the ridge crest. The whole way I was fighting for balance in the gusting snow storm. Near the weather side edge of the ridge, the thickening snow blew straight up and then circled back in the eddy on the lee side. I was buffeted back and forth, and fought stubbornly to gain the summit. Once on the top, I dug down in the fresh snow to find the summit register. I opened the cylinder and then read the cover, "Mt Maude - 9082ft". I signed-in, "Solo IBEX- 19 Aug 2000".

The next day along the Entiat River, I was clad in nylon shorts and sweat soaked T-shirt. As I neared the end of the sixteen mile march down from camp at Ice Lakes, a similarly attired hiker gestured toward the axe and crampons that were proudly displayed on the back of my pack. "Do you really need that stuff up there? I mean, it is the middle of summer.", he taunted me. I wrung the sweat from my bandanna and then I casually replied, "It's always good to be prepared." I couldn't help but to chuckle. 🌐

*Feb 19, 2002 10:52 pm*

### **Best time for Mt Adams**

Here is a slightly different take on climbing Mount Adams. I am sure that thousands of feet of glissading is a worth while endeavor. But, what I suggest has less to do with your butt and more to do with your head. I recommend four plus days to thoroughly enjoy the experience.

Leave at noon the day before the September holiday. Take the leisurely drive down through Elbe, Morton and Randle. Pick-up your volcano pass at the Randle Ranger Station. South from Randle take 23 and then 21 to Adams Forks. Next cross the Cypress River and take 56

up to the Orr Creek SnoPark. From the SnoPark take 5603 up the Muddy Fork with your goal being the follow 2329 south to Killen Creek Trail head. But first, keep going straight for a side trip up to the PCT. Take the short stroll to the top of Potato Hill for some great views of the north side of Mount Adams. Bring your camera and a blueberry bucket. After filling your camera and bucket, go back down to take 2329 south four miles to the Killen Creek TH.

The Killen Creek trail gently climbs the crest just south of the creek. There is a nice camp at two miles or you can take a left on the PCT and camp at the Killen Pots at four miles. Either camp is OK, with the main goal being to be kicking back near sunset watching the colors on the Adams Glacier.

The next day, from the Killen Creek Potholes, follow the Highline Trail up around Foggy Flat and on toward the surreal landscape of the lava flows. Remember to take on sediment free water before you leave the woods. Cash your pack at 7000ft and then navigate your way through the maze of jagged lava to scramble to the top of Red Butte. From the Butte you get a fantastic panorama that includes the rarely visited northeast side of Mount Adams. Of course, Mount Rainier and Goat Rocks dominate the northern view from here on throughout the trip. Back at the packs, your next goal is to gain the North Cleaver at 8000ft. The route involves a dirty traverse of a few crumbly moraines and rock hopping a couple of muddy torrents. Most of the elevation gain is done on the stagnant edge of the Lava Glacier. May need crampons, but it's not too steep. The Lava Glacier is your water source so pitch your high camp close or carry water.

Summit day doesn't need to be too early, because you'll be walking up a pumice and scree path. Just follow the ridge crest or the path of least resistance. The route seems to go on and on, but there is no hurry. You can rest anywhere, take in the view, and drink a lot of water. The North Cleaver is not technical at all. I did use my crampons on a gentle ice patch near the top, but only because I wanted to reduce the stupid factor as I had carried them all that way. The air is kind of thin and it's slow going as you stroll across the summit plateau. It's a really neat position; hanging around at twelve thousand feet.

When you reach the summit lookout, you soon realize why you did the North Cleaver route on Mount Adams. When I did the climb in 1998 nearly 250 people reached the summit that day. But, on the North Cleaver, I met only one other solo climber on the way up the route. As I looked down the south slope tourist route, I saw hundreds of climbers strung out like a circus parade. There was a large group who jogged up in track uniforms and running shoes. Our outfits clashed; me with a toggled down parka and 12pt crampons. It wasn't long before I strolled back across the lonesome summit plateau and back into the wilderness.

Again, no need to hurry on the way back down the North Cleaver. This agenda spends another night out at the 8000ft high camp.

On the final day you can complete the loop by dropping down to Lake 7505 and then picking up the trail down from Adams Glacier High Camp.

Now, some may prescribe to do Mount Adams in one day, and expound on the exciting high

speed butt slide. But I say, take some time to experience the Mount Adams Wilderness and go find the secret, hidden places. You will not be able to brag of your record ascent time. But, you will bring home so much more than a pair of blown-out rain pants. 🍷

*Dec 04, 2002 10:42 pm*

### **The Hummingbirds of White Chuck Mountain**

My brother and I took a left turn after Dead Duck Creek and drove out of the valley of the White Chuck. Part way up the narrow track to Rat Trap Pass we had to roll a 200lb boulder off the road in order to get by. We watched with delinquent delight as the big rock crashed down the slope. The gleeful excitement was due to the rare occasion that a climber gets to purposely create rock fall. Ironically, the huge boulder stopped with a thud in the middle of the switchback below. We would have to move it again on the way out.

As we left the car at Rat Trap Pass and strode off with determination to fight the thick brush, a multi axel flat bed truck rumbled into the pass. The big truck had come up the Suiattle side to drop off a few dozen buzzing bee hives. With a renewed haste, we pushed up through the scrub alder and quickly put some distance between the swarming white boxes and the jingle jangle of climbing gear that swung around our necks.

Soon we passed the outlet of Thornton Lake and then climbed the steep between the White Chuck Lakes. Stacks of avalanche debris lined the shallow lakes wild shore line. It was messy but pristine. Onward we toiled up more brush, then loose talus and finally steep snow. It had taken most of the morning to do the approach. But at last, we stood at the base of White Chuck's East Face.

The East Face of White Chuck Mountain loomed above us with a neck raking height. The green-schist rock was now in the shadows, making it even more ominous. The obvious crease that slashed across the shear facing walls looked doable and was rated 5.8. But, before we could get at the broken rock of the couloir, we had to deal with the moat.

The moat was an eight to ten foot gap between the rock wall and the rock hard late season snow. We both bellied-up to the sharp snow lip and then peered into the seemingly bottomless chasm. We hatched a dubious plan where the leader would be lowered down to reach the rock and then climb up to belay while the second jumped the moat.

"I'll let you go first," I said being overly polite.

"That's OK. Go ahead," was the equally gracious reply.

"I don't want to hoard all the fun," and then I reasoned: "besides, jumping the moat will be the tricky part."

While I hacked-out a three foot diameter bollard to belay my fearless leader, I heard the flutter of a high speed bird fly by. I had heard that sound before in my travels and seen hummingbirds zoom through a few high alpine passes. Then another hummingbird flew by. They do travel in groups you know. The third one crashed into the side of my helmet and whipped my head to the side. Then I noticed that the snow was speckled from rock fall. "Those aren't hummingbirds", I thought to myself.

We turned in unison to face each other and then recited with an uncanny synchronized cadence, "I don't think so." Then, like a pair of fleeing rodents, we scampered down slope with tails between our legs, to the relative safety of Rat Trap Pass. Better to deal with swarms of aggravated bees than to be bombarded with deadly whirling rock fall; even if the rocks were disguised as harmless hummingbirds. 🍷

*Dec 11, 2002 10:22 pm*

### **I belong to a Whisperlite Shaker.**

I say it that way because this stove rules my world when I am up high camping on snow. She has my up most respect and demands my total uninterrupted attention. The key to getting this cold blooded beast cranked up, and still walk away with your eyebrows, is a consistent priming process.

First I make sure the fuel bottle is pressurized. It can take twenty good pumps depending on altitude gain. Then I assemble the stove, and listen and smell for leaks. With the stove placed on a aluminum foil covered blue foam pad, I open the valve one full turn and listen for a quiet hiss. As soon as I hear the slightest hissing sound, I quickly shut the valve. This loads the preheat tube with fuel.

Next is the consistent priming process. I carry a two ounce bottle of alcohol and use an eye dropper to fill the priming cup exactly 7/8 full. The alcohol burns cooler but it virtually eliminates the soot problem. The alcohol lights off quietly compared to a white gas explosion and I start the counting as I place the wind screen on the stove. At the count of thirty the priming cup is near empty and the gas in the preheat tube is vaporizing. This is when I open the valve one half turn and watch the stove catch hold.

This where the experience comes into play. If you feed it too fast; you get the flare up. If you feed it too slow you get flame out. As the burner turns red, I open up the valve to full on. A quart and a half from snow to a full boil in eight min. You can't beat that for efficiency.

Once the stove cools down and its time to pack up, you have to be careful of the fuel that is left in the preheat tube. If you hold the stove just right while you unlatch the fuel bottle, you can catch that small amount of fuel in the tube and pour it into your alcohol bottle.

*Jan 02, 2003 9:08 pm*

### **Speaking of Pine Martins**

It was the middle of summer last year and I was gliding down the switchbacks just below McAlester Lake, North Cascades Park, when I heard the clatter of little claws on a tree trunk. It is common to observe squirrels and chipmunks as they hide behind a tree as you pass along the trail. I sometimes try to trick the sneaky little mammals by backtracking around the truck and catch them watching for me to pass. But this time, the noise came from beyond a switchback corner.

On an old bark-less silver snag I watched with delight as a high speed game of tag played out. The two agile creatures traced a winding barber pole route quickly up and down the slick tree trunk. They were both totally engrossed in their courtship dance as they played on with a

little chuckle and a short soft grunt; oblivious to my gleeful stare.

Though the wooded light level was probably too low for a shot, I managed to unzip my camera bag and then eased forward to clear the frame. However, my greedy move resulted in the sharp snap from a small twig. Instantly my brown furry subjects broke off their mating ritual to scamper up separate trees. They stopped their fleeing ascent at eye level, barely thirty feet away. For a minute we all watched each other motionless; waiting for the other to twitch or move.

They were both two feet long and half that was a big bushy tail. Mostly light brown flowing fur; But darker lower legs and feet. Their beady little eyes were unblinking and their rounded little ears were held erect. I just had to check the light meter. So, I slowly raised my camera and looked into the eyepiece.

And then to my total amazement and complete surprise, they both started barking at me! Woof! Woof! Woof! I was so taken aback and hugely flabbergasted that all I could do was answer back, "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

Thoroughly entertained, I soon turned back down the trail and slowly shook my head at the wonders of nature. And I had a good chuckle at the wondrous Pine Martin; The cat that barks like a dog.

OK NOW, that's enough of that!  
Back to your regularly scheduled programming.

*Jan 27, 2003 8:49 pm*

### **Mt Clark Mt Clark**

Ahh. Mount Clark; a fantastic summit view. I would guess most do Mt Clark car to car in an afternoon these days. But back in '78 it took me six days to summit Mt Clark. I should mention that I did start the climb from the White Chuck River out of Darrington. I spent a few fog bound days in Glacier Meadows near the White Chuck Cinder Cone, and then took a leisurely stroll along the south slope of the DaKobed Range. After solitary camping at upper Lighting Creek and Thunder Basin, I ended my solo traverse with a south side walk-up of Mount Clark. I didn't see a soul between Kennedy Hot Springs and the Boulder Creek trail.

A little more bizarre than my approach route to Mt Clark was the events of the next day. Soon after I reached the trail below Boulder Pass, and to my surprise, I hooked-up with my pick-up crew who had come up the White River and Boulder Creek trails. The next morning we passed through the SE Peak Gap, crossed the head of the Walrus Glacier, and then I signed the summit register for the second time in three days. Ahh! The Good ol' Days.

*Feb 12, 2003 9:53 pm*

### **Walking pace**

I read with some amazement, a tinge of jealousy, and a pinch of disbelief, the trip reports that pronounce these huge mileages traversed and seemingly super human altitude gains calculated to the nearest foot and this all covered in just a few hours one afternoon. I realize the urges of competitiveness that outdoor endeavors incubate, as I too have been previously

infected with rash and dangerous frolicking in my youth. But now, being older and wiser and much slower, I can't help but to wonder if these self proclaimed elite athletes of today, that dash thru the wilderness, just might be missing something.

It's a shame that the busy-bee, rush-rush mentality of modern life has bulled its way into the wilderness. For the wonders of the Washington Cascade Range beckon to be savored and filtered thru all your senses like a fine wine. It would be wastefully rude to guzzle such beauty like a weak pale beer. In this day and age, the body and soul of all humanity yearns for the peaceful and stress free gift the mountains can provide.

On day thirteen after bagging all eight major summits on the Ptarmigan Traverse, my supplies were down to a stick of jerky and a few lemon drops. All my film was gone and my fuel bottle was empty. Yet still I had no urge to run for the car. Instead, I reclined away the afternoon near on the shore of Kool-Aid Lake. Without a sliver of urgency, I pulled out a bit of paper and then drew an amateur yet memorable sketch with a stubby golf pencil.

Whenever I feel impatience eating away at my sensibility, I imagine this scene and my frame of mind at the time. I am ever amazed how the Cascades can hypnotize me into a calm, unhurried state. This peaceful Nirvana I wish for all mankind.

[Kool Sketch](#) (168k) Insert by smmslt.

*May 22, 2003 12:41 am*

### **The Secret Silence of the Entiat.**

Between the Chiwawa River located North of Lake Wenatchee and the Entiat River that slashes Northwest from the Columbia River, stands the Cascade sub-range known as the Entiat Mountains. This sub-range as a whole is an epitome of multiple use. In the southern area with its lower footing near the apple towns of Wenatchee and Cashmere is the Swakane State Wildlife Area. Continuing North is a large section of heavily harvested timber lands. In the middle is a section used mostly by off road vehicles (ORV). The Northern most area is in the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area which is topped with the glacial clad nine thousand footers around Entiat Meadows. It is in the middle ORV section that a hiker can find the secret silence in the spring.

As the snow recedes up the approach valleys of the Entiat, and the trailheads clear of their white winter blanket, the snowmobiles are quieted and stowed for the season. When the snow still lingers in the high meadows and the trails are too soft for the aggressive tire lugs of the two-wheeled monsters, the Forest Service posts seasonal closure signs for motorcycle. During this transition time between sleds and bikes, a one to two month late spring window is open to allow the hiker to wander the rolling wooded high country. It is a time of peace and quiet in the Entiat Mountains.

The motorcycle/snowmobile trails of the Entiat Mountains have some peculiar attributes not usually found on most hikers trail. First their grade is slight. There are no extremely steep trails. The route through the timber is wide enough for the winter sleds and the corners are sweeping to control wheel spin. On many of the corners the tread is paved with cement

blocks. These pavers help reduce the erosive effects of the deeply lugged tires. Occasionally I have found pallets of the tread bricks in clearings high on a ridge. Obviously hauled-up by helicopter. The cost this brick by brick masonry on corner after corner is unfathomable to me and I imagine the forest manager annually scrambling to spend the excess NOVA funds before the next years government windfall appears. The alternative to paving the soft pumice coated trails are the knee deep "V" shaped ruts. To walk in these narrow tire ruts is very hard. The one foot directly in front of the other gets old very fast.

The likelihood of finding solitude is very high. Of all the trips over the years between Signal Peak and Gardner, I have yet to see another tent in the spring. The isolation to be found in the alpine meadows and around the high mountain lakes, comes not without a price. To hike and camp on snow, and the inevitable crossing of a few creeks flowing at full song with spring melt water, are the factors that are not to be taken lightly. Add in all the weakening snow bridges and possibility of post-holing for miles in wet mushy snow, and it is easy to understand why the uninitiated traveler would shy away. However, once you take the plunge and personally compare the elbow to elbow campground hordes that coat the valley floors to the sweeping ridge top views to be had that stretch from Glacier Peak to Mount Stuart, the choice is simple.

*May 28, 2003 8:46 pm*

### **Chickening out – Stomp step**

With the trailhead clear and snow up ahead, there is a danger zone along the trail that needs special attention. As the snow line moves up the trail, the snow melts under the packed top crust first, leaving a stretch of tricky snow bridges. And there is no way around it; you are going to fall through. It's not a question of "IF"; It's a question that "When" you do fall through, will you get hurt? I've had a wrenched back, hyper-extended joints, scraped-up hip and twisted ankles. Take my word for it, "Not a lot of fun."

However, if you do want to accept the risk and take the plunge, here is a time tested tip that can help reduce the risk. I call it the "Stomp Step." Yup; it's a descriptive name. The theory is that when you stomp on the weakened snow bridges, you are going to break through. And because you plan on braking through and you a prepared for the fall, you don't get hurt. This method works just fine on most sections of the trail. But, its take a little more thought at stream crossing. The inherent reward is that the trail will be safer when you come back down.

So, I want all you spring trail travelers to get out there and practice the "Stomp Step." That way when I come along, it will be Smooth Sailing. Pawk Pawk Pawk 🍷

*Nov 05, 2004 6:20 pm*

### **What's in a name**

While growing-up on the south slope of Goat Hill, overlooking Juanita Bay on Lake Washington, I was researching a thing on mountain goats in an encyclopedia, (this was back before Al Gore invented the internet) and I stumbled across a piece on the Siberian Ibex: Surefooted, solitary traveler of mountainous areas, only comes down once annually to socialize and mate, has big horns (or should I say - horny). I could relate to all that. So, I took



up the moniker and ran with it (or should I say climbed with it). I registered the IBEX name on nearly 350 summits, exclusively in the Washington Cascade Range, since I first scrambled up the Haystack on Mt Si in the late nineteen fifties. My brothers and a few other long lost friends called ourselves the IBEX Climbing Club, and the small golf course on the south shore of Juanita Bay was named the IBEX Country Club. A notable alpine apparel manufacturer snatched up my domain name. So, I settled for IBEXtrax.com. Yet now on this 56th anniversary of my birth, I am much limited with arthritic knees and heart disease. But still, I cling to the self proclaimed handle that defines many wondrous adventures, and stirs memories that will forever nurture an undying love for the beautiful mountain range that I affectionately call my home.

Thank you to JimK and Ditto Tom & Stefan.

Though some crew seems bent on warring, I still hope to make more circles around the sun aboard our fragile blue spaceship

*Wed Dec 22, 2004 9:30 pm*

### **Bears and Cougars**

One spring a few years back, I was bagging peaks in the Wenatchee Mountains. Weekend by weekend and summit by summit, I followed the receding snow-line up the Entiat Valley. The Forest Service has learned over the years to keep the road closed until it dries out a bit. That way the tons and tons of RV equipment doesn't churn up the road bed into a rutted quagmire.

One Friday after work I dropped by the Ranger station just in time to hear an excited group of hikers tell of a recent cougar sighting they had. The story told of an obviously young cat that closely follow them down the road as they walked back to their car. I was intrigued, not that they were afraid, but that the adolescent Puma was crouching down in plain sight, stalking them.

It was just before dusk when I reached the barrier that was placed just above Three Creek Campground. As I shouldered by overnight pack, a light rain started to fall. I grabbed my trusty 60 inch golfing umbrella and then started up the road under the umbrella strapped to my pack.

The darker it became, the more I started wondering about the cougar. I carefully watched above the road, where I knew the Mountain Lion would pounce from. I strategize that I could use the huge umbrella to make myself look bigger; thus intimidate the attacking cat when she came at me. The plan went on that I would let my eyes adjust to the darkness. But, actually I was really just too lazy to stop and get my headlamp out of my pack.

Suddenly above and to the right was a rustling noise in the dark dank forest. I froze like a statue and listened intently; gazing into the impenetrable darkness. All I could hear was my own elevated heartbeat over the steady rainfall on my trusty umbrella slash shield. Who was I kidding – No way was this flimsy golf umbrella going to deflect one hundred and fifty pounds of ferocious snarling Mountain Lion. I jumped when I heard a small branch snap,

close above me in the woods. I thought of my ice axe that was strapped to the back of my pack. But it was now too late to draw it out as a weapon.

And then before I could react, It came right at me; a fifteen hundred pound bull elk thundered across the road directly in front of me at arms length. Whew – I was sure glad I had taken my heart medicine that morning. I could have easily been trampled to death; regardless of my umbrella/shield, ice axe or even the potency of my bug spray. I giggled uncontrollably with relief as I dug my headlamp out of my pack and turned it on high. I swung the beam up into the woods; looking for the rest of the herd. And clanged my trekking poles together to telegraph my presence. Luckily, the Big Guy must have been a loner.

Soon I left the road and swung down into the deserted Cottonwood Campground. I crossed the Entiat River on the sturdy car bridge and then searched for the Shepito Creek trailhead. I saw the sign ahead and my eyes grew larger as I walked closer. Those were claw marks. The big cat had recently used the trail sign post as a scratching post. I was convinced that the Puma wanted me to know that this was her “house” and that I was just visiting. I nodded my head in acknowledgement and hiked into the night; up the Shepito Creek Trail. 🌍

*Thu Dec 23, 2004 5:04 pm*

### **The man in the pink dress shirt**

I used to have a frilly pink dress shirt that I carried into the mountains every summer. It was a light weight long sleeve cotton affair. It lasted me many years and as it frayed around the edges it grew in character. The drill went like this: as I would pack-up for the next trip, I would drape my pink shirt over a box in the garage and give it a liberal spraying with DEET. Neatly folded, it went into a big ZipLoc that was compressed and sealed before storing it in my most accessible pocket of my pack. Once I entered the bug zone, up in the mountains, I'd whip out my pink shirt, slip it on and Wha La – instant bug armor. You definitely had to be careful with that pink shirt. It could easily melt plastic dinnerware, remove the paint from any ice axe and quickly clear the waterproofing from a tent floor. Near the end of any weeklong trip, heaven forbid anyone who razzed me for having a frilly pink dress shirt. I would simply give them a big bear hug. After they were revived from the fumes, they would never bother me again. When I returned home, I would prop my pink shirt up in the garage corner where it stood until the next trip into the mountains.

*Thu Jan 31, 2002 7:49 pm*

I like the **Cascade Mountain History** that is evolving, un-moderated and free-wheelin'. I call it.....

IBEX tales.

In the late eighteen hundreds during the silver boom in Monte Cristo, a young Irishman came across the sea and then traversed the continent to make his fortune and to seek adventure. To his dismay, he arrived too late in the mining district to stake a good personal claim. Instead, he hired on with a company mine near the Pride-of-the-Mountains Range. The pay was good and on each day off he would travel down river to seek good drink and the company of a lady. It was with the greatest of luck that he was befriended by a wonderful

maiden while the train was broke down along the banks of the Stillaguamish River. Their friendship quickly grew and he was soon supporting the orphaned Indian girl. They were both very happy and together they built a cabin to share in the abundance of the Sauk Prairie. On one especially dark day he was hurt in a mining accident and he lost his leg. His loyal mate lovingly nursed him back from the brink of death, and through the experience they both were enlightened with religious conviction. He was so struck by his conviction that he began preaching to all that he could gather. His flock eventually grew until he created a ministry that extended south into the Snoqualmie Valley. Over the years he moved on to develop a preaching circuit that stretched along the Yakima River Valley. He was so successful that he and his wife were able to retire to their favorite spot near the head of the Cle Elum River. They summered at their cabin perched high above Deep Lake. They were surrounded by a heavenly beauty and they chose appropriate names like Mount Daniel, Cathedral Rock, and The Citadel for the nearby peaks. Some say the quaint pond behind the cabin he named after his loving wife. But, the more romantic story is that the pond shares the name she affectionately gave to the one legged preacher.

### Peggy's Pond

This piece is submitted without a reference list and without a statement of authenticity. Just a good story told by an ageing mountain traveler. Laid down for the fun of the telling and the enjoyment of the listener. Gleaned from a few assorted facts and liberally embellished in the tradition of his Native American ancestors and the way they told their stories. 🍷