

Reminiscences: I'm nearly 100 years old and missing the good old days ...

Fishing for memories, part 3



by local contributor
Dan Sater of Cle Elum

Frank and I had been fishing buddies since high school and we shared many a fishing trip together. The trouble of it was that he always wanted to eat while up in the hills like he did at home and that meant that we had to carry more food in our packs.

July 4th at Gold Lake

One year when we had had a mild winter, we decided to head for the hills on the Fourth of July weekend and do some fishing.

We had planned our trip ahead of time and set off for Gold Lake. This meant a drive up to Dingford Creek where we would hike up to Myrtle Lake on a trail and take off from there across country toward Gold Lake.

Being as we were being gone for 3 days, we had to pack a bit more. The first day, we drove up the Middle Fork to Dingford Creek where we parked and headed up the steep hill toward Myrtle Lake.

After not doing that much hiking all winter, we were somewhat out of shape. We had to take several breaks on the way up the hill. When we reached the timberline, the trail flattened out a bit which made it a bit easier to hike and soon we made it to the junction of Hester Lake. We turned left from there and headed back up hill again.

Soon we arrived at the beautiful Myrtle Lake. From there we had to hike around the lake and further north. There was a small pot hole of a lake above it and we were still gaining altitude. Finally we reached the ridge that we would have to follow to get to Gold Lake but it was getting late and we realized that we would not be able to get there today so we had to decide where we were going to spend the night.

We noticed a small lake off the left side of

the ridge below us so we dropped down to it and lay out our sleeping bags and fixed us a bit to eat. We broke out our fishing poles and gave it a try. We caught a couple nice trout so we had them for breakfast the next morning.

After breakfast, we had to pack up again and get back up on that ridge. We hiked on up the ridge until we could see Gold Lake down in a draw, all frozen over.

We then had to turn around and hike back down the ridge past where we spent the night and decide what to do then. We got out our map and decided to drop over to the right and arrive at Lake Dorothy. A trail lead from Taylor River up to Snoqualmie, Deer, and Bear Lake and over the ridge to Dorothy Lake and on to Skykomish.

We fished the east end of the lake and caught some Eastern brook trout. Then we figured that we should head back to Bear Lake. We fished a bit at both Bear and Deer Lake and had to decide where to go next. We could drop on down to Snoqualmie lake but then we would be miles from where we had parked our truck.

We finally decided to see if we could head straight up the mountain and drop back into Myrtle Lake.

We then noticed that it had clouded up and it looked like we could get some rain. So, we again headed up hill over the rocky hill side and finally reached the top where we could look down into Myrtle Lake but it looked to be straight down. We didn't have that much time as it would soon be dark and we had to get down to the lake.

We discovered a goat trail heading down and followed it down to the lake. We no sooner got to the lake when the first drops of rain fell. We hadn't brought a tarp to cover us. We laid out our sleeping bags upside down to help keep the rain out. It poured all night and when we got up the next morning it was still raining.

We were thankful that we had ended up on the right side of the mountain and had a trail to follow to get back to where we had started out. By then, I think that we were both back in shape for what was to follow the rest of that summer.