

COORDINATE REMOTE VIEWING TRAINING (CRVT)

CRVT Report: 982

DATE/TIME CONDUCTED: 051121Jan83

SOURCE #: 63

FILE #: 14

Location: River near Steheknat, Washington

EVALUATION: Good S1 and S2 detection, some decoding problems  
No village signal line

120° 36' W

A Rising  
B Land pc

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A small:

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A flowing up  
B - water

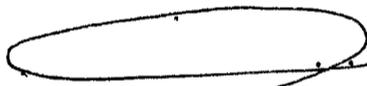
S-Z

flowing c  
white c  
late hours P  
River c  
hills c  
trees

Hot Beach

Tennessee feeling

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W



A encircling

B water <sup>CFB</sup>

Sun

flowing River hills trees green  
white

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A Rising  
B hill

S-2

deerc  
tree  
hanks c

Hot Break

going against  
current

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A m Break

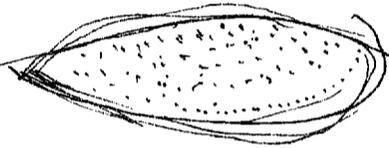
48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A M Break

48° 16' N  
120° 36' W

A Rising floor  
B River

S-2  
Hill top  
Opening/leaving



Break  
dome

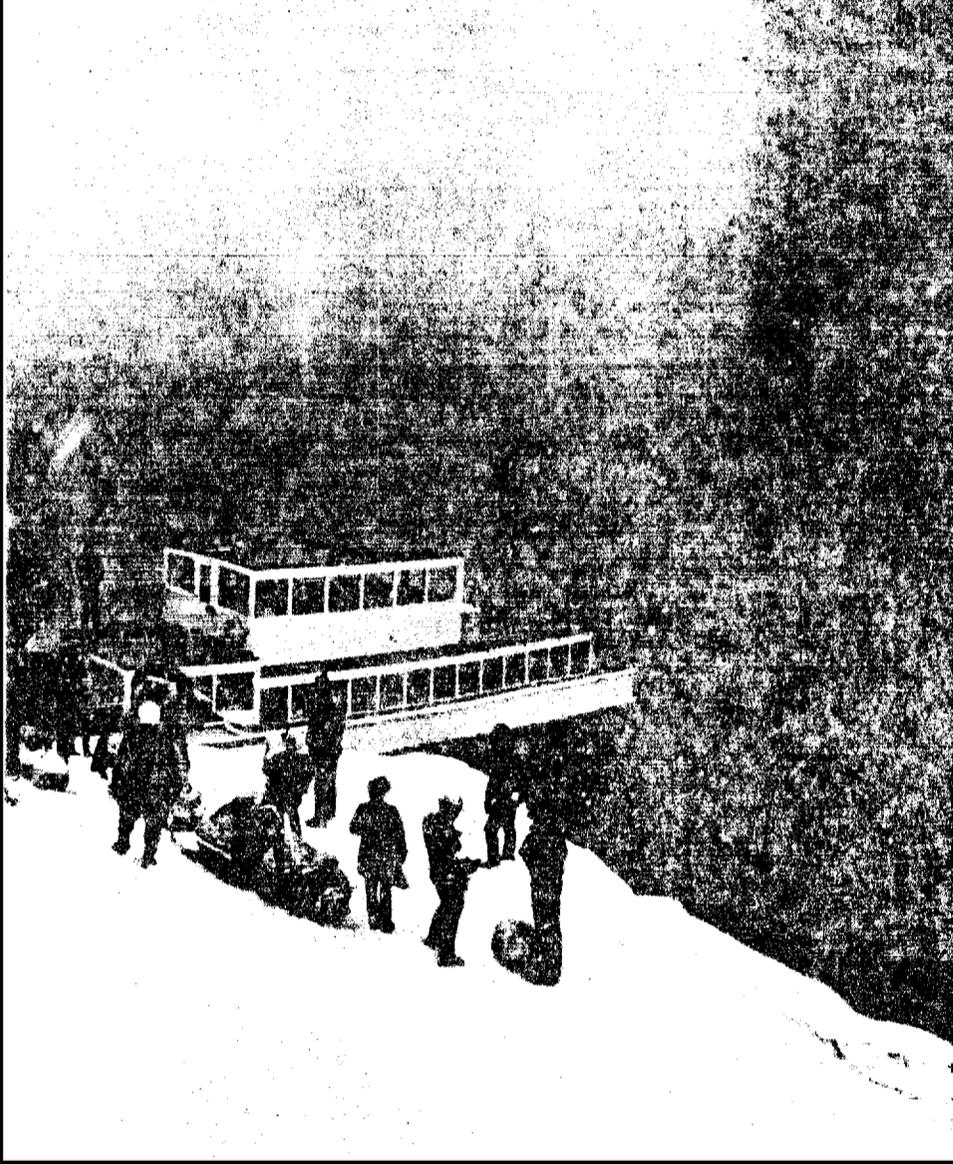
End



*freezes, providing year-round access from the highway at Chelan to isolated Stehekin.*

CPYRGHT

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SNOW-MANTLED  
STEHKIN

# Where Solitude Is in Season

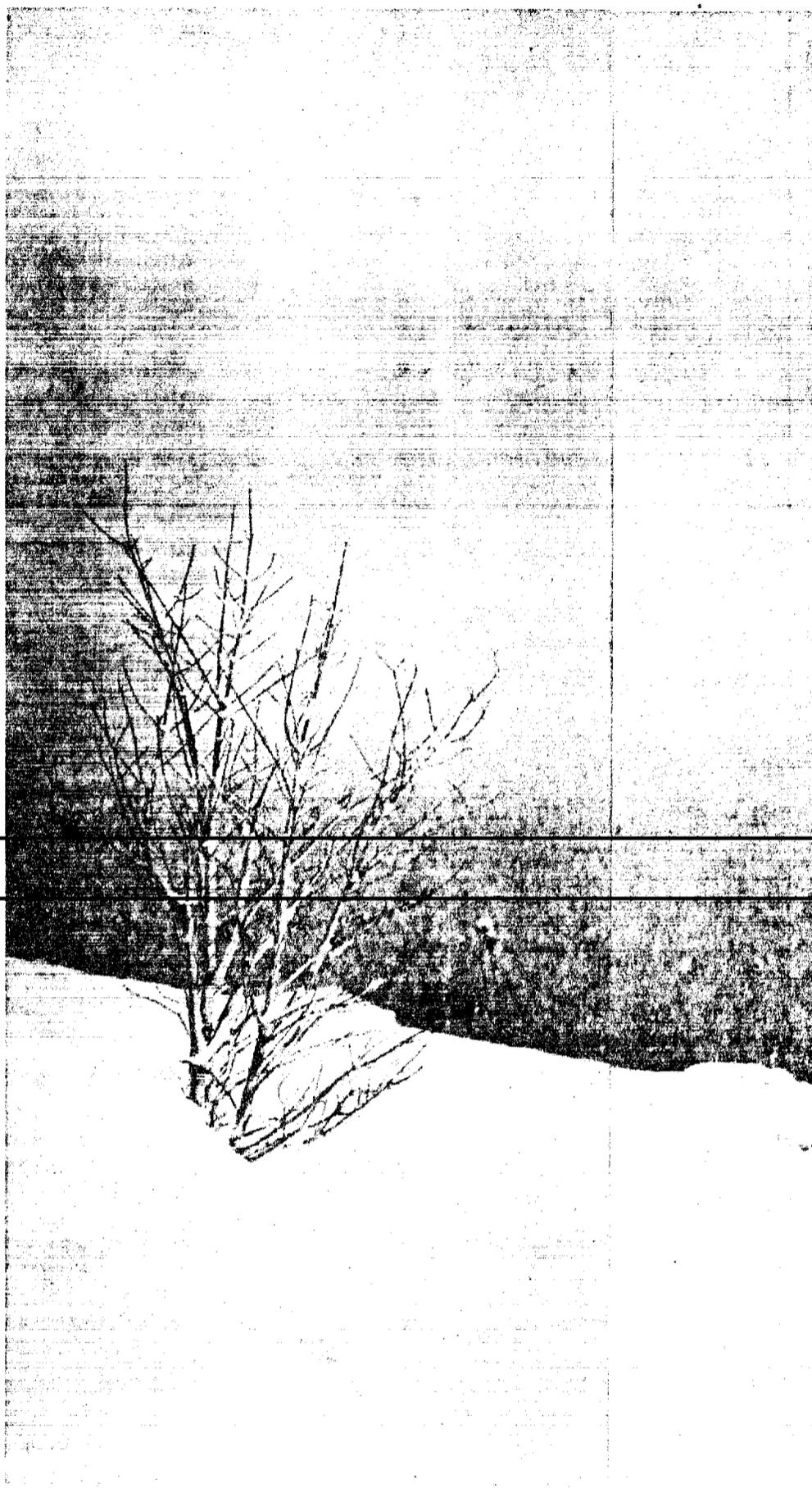
A picture essay by  
BRUCE DALE  
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

Text by  
PAT HUTSON

**D**ECEMBER 21 Snow is almost three feet deep and still falling. The mail boat has made one of its thrice-weekly winter visits, and most of the village's 40 year-round residents met it—including me.

I first came to Stehekin (Steh-HEE-kin) in central Washington on New Year's Day 1971. Accessible only by boat, plane, or trail—its roads link the houses but go nowhere else—this southern gateway to North Cascades National Park was a snowbound oasis in a hectic world. Since I was young, single, and enraptured with the solitude of winter, I decided to settle here.

And winter still seems the most vibrant season to me, for it holds the sleeping breath of new life. The earth drinks in moisture, and buds form unnoticed under their blankets of snow.



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**F**EBRUARY 27 I trekked to Rainbow Falls via the Stehekin River today and stopped at the schoolhouse to apply new wax to my skis. I was greeted with snowballs! Lynne Baarson, the teacher, had just let the kids out to see a bald eagle soaring overhead.

How typical of our village! Stehekin has one of the last one-room log schoolhouses in the country—a 50-year-old structure heated by a wood stove. But what it lacks in concrete and-glass modernity is more than made

up for by the awareness of nature and the outdoors it brings to our handful of students.

This year Lynne has eight pupils in grades one through eight. To go on to high school, they will have to take correspondence courses or board downlake at Chelan.

Soon after I arrived, Lynne set some of the children to molding snow into a polar bear, a project combining nature study, sculpture, and physical education. Unfortunately, the bear's nose kept getting knocked off.

The year's of Cragg Courtn... the family's so... those who ha... tempted to hi... but squeals o... around the sid... to find a few... down the scho... a mammoth st... After Lynne... inside, I strapp... As I left, Kar... Johnny Wilse... on a math pro...



5th-grader,  
bed into  
pile to give  
tow. I was  
le myself,  
red me  
e building  
its sliding  
e roof onto  
k.  
I the kids  
my skis.  
s was at  
consulting

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