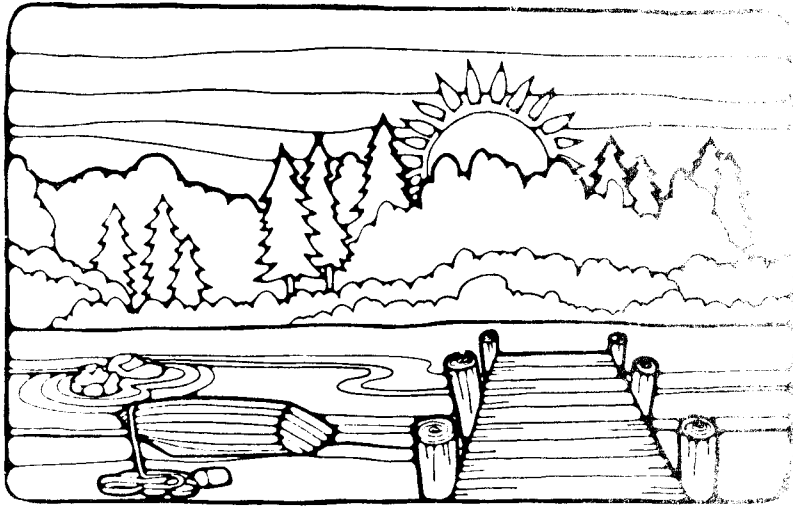


# The Peninsula Wilderness Club



August  
1984

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## Calendar

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AUGUST 13    7:30 pm    MON    CLUB MEETING AT THE BAYVIEW INN

Yosemite Valley rock climbing presented by Brad Albro. He may also have some pictures of climbing in the Bugaboos.

AUG 19 -- SEP 1    EXPLORING THE OLYMPICS

Planning a couple extended backpacking and peak scrambling^ trips into the Olympics. Would like to find others interested in exploring the North/East area such as Dumbush, Dosewalliips, Constance Pass, etc Call Duncan Griggs at work 396-6927

AUGUST 18 & 19    SAT & SUN    TRAIL MAINTENANCE

Volunteers needed to help with some trail reconstruction to Flap Jack lakes. Come out for one or both days, there's something for everyone to help with. Call Dale Boyle for more info; 377-9042

AUGUST 25 & 26    SAT & SUN    FAMILY OUTING

annual Yakima River float trip. This is a slow paced and refreshing inner tube float for the whole family. Good weather and good times always guaranteed!! Call Ted 857-2206 or Steve 692-4949.

AUGUST 28    7 pm    TUE    INTERESTED MEMBERS MEETING

We are overdue for another business review of the PWC policies. This will be a very important meeting so you are encouraged to attend if you would like a voice in deciding club policy. Skip has reserved the community room at the Narrows Condos so call him for directions and more details; 479-8662

On June 15th, nine members lead by Jim Groh and Skip McKenzie gathered in downtown Gorst for a three day assault of Mt. Rainier. In a "heavy mist" the group registered with the Ranger and obtaining a bleak weather forecast, set off for the first leg of their journey.

At a rest stop at 7500ft., the skies cleared and the group observed an impressive avalanche off the Nisqually Ice Fall. At 8500 ft., camp one was established. The group ate their dinner from this site viewing Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens. An early bedtime was had by all following a rather strenuous day.

For those who were called during the night by Mother Nature, there was a special treat. A full moon filled the skies reflecting off the neighboring volcanoes. The sunrise to the east was only enhanced by the full moon in the West and Mt. Adams illuminated in the middle.

The following morning, the group was surprised by the early arrival of the tenth member of our party, Allen Sande. He left Bremerton at 1:00am and met the group at Camp One at 9:00am. Good time!

The party packed up to Camp Muir. There all rested, lunched and prepared to proceed to Camp Two at 11,000 ft on Ingraham Flats.

Thankfully, the group was the first on the "Flats" and were able to use old tent platforms for their tent sites. Camp Two was easily set up as a cold wind started coming down the mountain and a spindrift could be viewed cascading off the summit. Ingraham Flats was an incredibly beautiful and awesome area.

Camp Two was relatively uneventful except for Katrina Waldo doing a jig for her tent partners prior to retiring.

The summit day was clear and crisp. Mary Groh was overtaken by a combination of factors and was too ill to make the summit bid. Jim chose to stay in camp with her. The remaining group of eight left early in the morning and viewed a spectacular sunrise from Disappointment Cleaver. A good pace and several hours later, Skip had the group standing on the summit and although a few members were not feeling well, there were lots of smiles and congratulations. After about an hour, the group made their descent.

To say the least, it was one of the most enjoyable climbs one could ask for - good weather, good time, and good people (Bob Duffy, Ben Elmer, MacDowell and Jolene Vrchota plus those already mentioned).

Epilogue; On July 22 Jim and Mary made it to the summit via the Kautz route from Turtle Rocks campsite.

Sound Rowers, a new group of recreational oarsmen will sponsor meets on; August 9&25 and Sept 8. All recreational rowers and paddlers are welcome. Contact Kent Miller 842-5047 (see June newsletter for info)

#### OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	Skip McKenzie	479-8662
VICE-PRESIDENT	Jim Groh	779-5421
SECRETARY	Kathy Thomas	830-4456
TREASURER	Ray Oliver	692-1953

#### NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Jim Groh
Mary Swoboda-Groh
779-5421

TRIP REPORT by Clint Porter

Beaver Circuit--North Cascades National Park

7 July through 14 July 1984

Distance Traveled--Approximately 100 Miles



Originally I had been planning to do the Pacific Crest Trail starting at State 20 and heading north. Unfortunately, I learned when I stopped for information that this portion of the trail was still heavily snowed in as a result of the heavy May snows. So now I found myself at the Marblemount Ranger Station reviewing with the young lady on duty there some possible alternatives. "How about the Beaver Circuit?" she suggested. "If you have six days it might be just the thing." It looked pretty good on the map I thought. "Any problems with the bears?" I asked innocently. "Oh yes," she replied. "We have definitely been having some problems with them lately so you will have to be careful about hanging your food. We deported one recently for 'Conduct Unbecoming a Park Bear' but the FOFEU (Fraternal Order of Federally Employed Ursines) is taking the matter to arbitration so he may be back soon." I said I would be careful.

The trail begins at State 20 at a small parking lot overlooking the Ross Dam. It descends 1 kilometer in a steep switchback, crosses Ross Dam (elevation 1600 feet) and then leads east and up above the northern shore of Ross Lake for six miles. Here there are a number of fine vantage points from which one can get an excellent panorama view of the lake and the mountains beyond. The trail finally descends into the Valley of Big Beaver Creek, which might more properly be called the Valley of the Skeeters. The trail then follows Big Beaver Creek north in a generally gentle climb for 16 miles to Beaver Pass (3620 feet). I reached this point on the morning of the second day. Beyond Beaver Pass the trail drops sharply 1200 feet in a series of switch backs for two miles to the floor of the Valley of Little Beaver Creek. After crossing the Little Beaver on a rather unsteady suspension bridge, one reaches the Little Beaver Trail which one follows west up the creek for seven or eight miles to Whatcom Pass.

It was along the Little Beaver Trail that I encountered the bear and her cub. And the bear told me something very interesting. According to her, a new subspecies of Homo Sapien has been observed in the woodlands, Homo Sapien Digitalus. Although this new subspecies appears outwardly identical to the more common variety of Homo Sapiens, it can be readily identified by the strange noises it emits, a "beep-beep!" every hour and a single "beep!" on the half hour. "Obviously some sort of mating call," the bear asserted. I didn't try to disagree with her. I never argue with bears.

Traveling up the Little Beaver one is treated to a really awe inspiring sight. On either side, steep rock walls rise some 2,500 feet above you, their rocky faces broken here and there by an occasional waterfall, its torrents falling almost perpendicularly to the valley below. At the far end of the valley Whatcom Peak rises above it all. This is what, in the old westerns they called a box canyon. Only one way in, or out. What is particularly awe inspiring about this scene is the knowledge that somewhere up ahead according to your map, you get to climb one of those rock walls.

One finally does come to the switchback leading up to Whatcom Pass, and it is a long hard climb. At the top of the cliff I found the pass, as I had been warned, completely covered with snow. That, the young lady back at Marblemount had told me would be no problem. "All you have to do is follow the trail in the snow left by previous hikers." The three day hikers I had encountered on the way up had left me a pretty clear path to follow up to the top of the pass (5200 feet). Even so I would have never made it without my ice ax. Other than a rather forlorn sign proclaiming, "Camping Here Prohibited" there was nothing to indicate where the trail should be beyond the pass. There was nothing to be done but head on down the pass and hope to pick up the trail again when the snow began to thin out. As I descended the snow gave way to bushes but still no sign of the trail. Bushwhacking through rugged terrain with a sixty pound pack on my back and evening approaching is not my idea of fun and I was beginning to get a little nervous.. Finally I spotted off a ways some little blue strips of cloth hanging from a bush. This led me to the trail and from there it was barely a hundred yards to Tapto Campsite where I was scheduled to spend the night.

From Tapto the trail descends through the Brush Creek Valley for four miles until it reaches the Valley of the Chilliwack River and the intersection of the Hannegan-Chilliwack Trails (2500 feet). I turned left and southwest up the Chilliwack toward Hannegan Pass and the Boundary Campsite, eight miles beyond. On the way I had to cross the Chilliwack River by one of those hand pulled cable cars which will provide one with his full quota of thrills for the day.

Arriving at what I presumed to be the Boundary Campsite, I found a broad open bowl below Hannegan Pass, covered with deep snow. Vast, open and desolate with no sign of any human presence. After checking the entire area over I found one open spot free from snow. And on this little spot there was this little sign, bent completely over and reading upside down, "Camping on This Spot Prohibited." I left my pack there for the time being anyway and climbed to the top of the pass (5000 feet) to see what there was to see. And when I came down again, there was the ranger. He turned out to be an agreeable chap and told me it would be ok to camp where I had left my pack. He had his own little camp hidden off among the trees somewhere. Sneaky devils, these rangers. For him, living out here was a summer job with the remaining nine months being taken up studying for his masters in "Recreational Management " with the objective of permanent employment with the Park Service. Wish I had thought to ask him what sort of subject matter such a course of study might include. Camp Concealment 101? The weather was so pleasant and clear that I slept out under the stars that night.

With the benefit of the ranger's directions, the next morning I day hiked up to the top of one of the peaks of Copper Mountain(7,000 feet) . What a view! To the south Mt. Challenger and Mt. Shuksan. To the west Hannegan Pass and Mt. Baker far beyond. To the north the jagged peaks of Canada. It is one of those moments in the trip which makes all the sore feet, aching muscles and pack sores seem worthwhile.

I reached Pierce Falls on the sixth day. Located at the top of the switchback above the mouth where Big Beaver Creek empties into Ross lake, it is a particularly pleasant spot. There, reclining on the rocks beside the swirling water, enjoying the warmth of the afternoon sun and the absence of mosquitoes, I enjoyed my last lunch of the trip, a sandwich made from cheese and some tattered bits of what had once been part of a loaf of bread. "This is what it is all about," I thought to myself.

I spent my sixth and last night at Green Point on Ross lake. Unlike most campsites which are just off the trail, it is one kilometer off the trail, and 300 feet straight down. Aside from the lack of a running stream, it is a pleasant site. In general the trails are in good condition and well maintained. All the designated campsites I stayed in, with the exception of Green Point, were close to the trail with running water close by. The toilets are open air. Unlike the Olympics and Mt. Ranier you will not see much wildlife. Although I saw many deer tracks, the two bears were the only large animals I observed.

MY 28th.....

by Kevin Page

Did you ever want to give yourself a birthday present? Have you been away from family, friends, even civilization on that special day? This year I put myself in such a position.

My present from myself and climbing partner, Jim White was a "classic" route the East ridge of Wolfs Head in the Cirque of the Towers, Wind River Range, Wyoming.

We'd been in the Cirque a few days already and climbed routes on Pingora and Warbonnet but this, this was supposed to be special. To quote Orin Bonney, "a more enjoyable climb can hardly be imagined".

At daybreak we scrambled up the approach gully next to Pingora and over Tiger Tower passing two roped parties in our eagerness to reach the start of the climb. Alright, we're here, there's the ridge just like the picture in Fifty Classic Climbs. The ridge begins at a 30 degree angle but is only two feet wide. I try to walk upright but the wind and exposure get me down on all fours quickly. Jim leads the next pitch, a crack then face climbing on fantastic rock, pure joy. Now the ridge levels off and we reach the first of many towers. From here a series of improbable, delightful pitches lead back and forth along and over the crest. Down a Chimney, up a chimney, Jim's desperate 5.7 variation, a hand traverse with no footholds, a downsloping hand traverse, a foot traverse along a ½ inch wide ledge without handholds and always the abyss. On and on it went a warm sunny day filled with laughter.

And so from Wolfs Head summit we returned to camp refreshed in body, in mind and in spirit, ready to grapple anew with life's problems. For a while we have lived fully, wisely and happily.

editor's note: I hope everyone is enjoying these communiques that our roving climbing correspondent is filing. I for one am very envious of Kevin's trip since the last two reports have sparked fond memories of my own adventures on these same routes. I imagine by now Kevin is picking out a few "presents" for himself in the Bugaboos or Canadian Rockies, which may be the icing on the cake! editor's post script; I must report that a vagrant climber fitting the description of Kevin Page was spotted in Boulder Basin below Glacier Peak on July 28. I was immediately suspicious of his claim to be K.P. since I had just received a letter from the real K.P. who was in Wyoming. This is a very common scam to assume the identity and notoriety of a PWC climber in order to "crash" into a climbing party. Every bona fide PWC member should be aware of this ploy. Careful and clever questioning will quickly reveal an imposter, for only a genuine PWCeer will be able to recite the secret and solemn oath of the PWC. Satisfied that this was in fact the real K.P. I quickly invited him to join our party of; B. Duffy, B. Elmer, M. Swoboda and myself. Even though our summit day was tainted by the most obnoxious yelping I've ever heard outside of a circus seal act, aside from having this canine climber serenade us all the way to the summit, we had a most enjoyable climb of the Sitkum Glacier with a stop on the descent route to climb the very impressive looking Sitkum Spire.

Now that I have managed to squeeze another trip report into this post script the reader may be left with several questions; What was Kevin doing in Boulder Basin instead of B.C.?, Who is the mystery dog?, and how about the PWC solemn oath? The answers may come in future issues of the newsletter--stay tuned!

## EASY HIKING

BY Kathy Thomas

\*The Dungeness Spit 11 mile round trip to the light house was made by Bhaskar, my 12 yr. old neice, Christy, and myself June 24<sup>th</sup>. We were observed by dozens of Harbor Seals to and from our guided tour of the historic light house - the oldest north of the Columbia River, built in 1857 with the original register still in use. I got a kick out of the old handwriting. Views are great from the spit which is the longest natural sandspit in the United States and it is still growing.

\*The Toonerville Camp to Camp Spillman - Overland Trail Segment was made July 1, by Bhaskar, Charley Zeek, and myself. We managed to hike the 7 miles in about 11 miles by having to find ourselves about 3 different times on the sometimes not to superbly marked trail. When the trail is not lost into dirt roads or consumed by motor bikes, it offers easy hiking through beautiful woods and by ponds with lots of late blooming Rhodys and wild daisies.

\*The Green Mt. Trail Head on Holly Rd. to the vista atop Green Mt. was made July 8 by Rosalie Colton, Mary Morgan, and myself. We spent a leisurely 4½ hours hiking and enjoying beautiful woods that many people don't realize are in their "own backyard". The trail only becomes steep just before the vista that offer views from the Olympics to the Cascades and everything in between.

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