



# PENWIGLE

## PENINSULA WILDERNESS CLUB EVENTS



---

**October 1990**

---

PWC meets on the second Monday of every month at 7:30 PM at the Kitsap Unitarian Fellowship Church on Perry Avenue in East Bremerton. The public is cordially invited.

---

### Next Meeting October 8th

The entertainment for the October 8th PWC meeting will be a slide presentation by Sean Olmsted on the sport of Orienteering. Sean is rated third in the sport among all Americans aged 18 to 21. Come learn more about this compass and map sport which is slowly spreading across the Country.



---

### Upcoming Events

---

#### Tubal Cain Mine

Sunday, October 7th: Lynn Howat is going on a day hike to Tubal Cain Mine in the Olympics. The hike will include a side trip to Tull Canyon (the sight of a B-17 crash). PWC members joining the hike will be treated to turn-of-the-century mining relics and a great display of fall colors. Call Lynn at 598-3087 if interested.

#### Indian Henry's

Weekend of October 13th and 14th: Doug Savage is going on an overnight hike to Indian Henry's Hunting Ground in Mount Rainier National Park. The hike, starting at

the Longmire area, is about six miles one way with moderate elevation gain and loss. PWC members equipped for late season camping are welcome. Call Doug at 479-8460 if interested in going along.

#### Geological Field trip

Saturday, October 20th: Geologist Dee Molenaar is conducting a free field trip for PWC members in which he will explain local geology from various "drive to" spots in the county. If interested in this great opportunity to learn more about this subject, give Dee a call at 876-8650.

#### Mt. Storm King

Sunday, October 21st: Joyce Kimmel is going on a day hike on the popular Mount Storm King Trail near Lake Crescent. The trail climbs about 3500 feet in 2.8 miles to a superlative view of Lake Crescent. Beyond are some rock scrambling opportunities to even higher views for those so inclined. PWC members interested in joining Joyce should give her a call at 876-1497.

#### Dirty Face Ridge

Saturday, October 27th: Joe Weigel is going on a day hike up the Dirty Face Ridge trail to Mt. Townsend. If interested in going along, give call Joe at 871-0291.

## Announcing

### Environmental Chairperson Established

It was decided at last month's meeting to establish an Environmental Chairperson to serve as a point of contact for the club on environmental issues. Judy Guttormsen volunteered for the new position. Also Jean Knox and Rob Shope volunteered to serve as committee members.

Judy's new job will be to keep club members informed of key environmental issues and to promote environmentally related activities within the club. If you have any ideas for club activities or are aware of any newsworthy issues, contact Judy at 779-6457.

### New Officers nominated

At last month's meeting only one person was nominated for each elected position. However, the nominations will remain open until the October meeting. Current Vice President Doug Savage was nominated for club President. The Vice President nomination went to Randy Grunigen and Kathy Weigel accepted the nomination for a second term as Secretary. Kevin Kilbridge has been the PWC treasurer for the past four years and was nominated for a fifth term. Joe Weigel will continue as entertainment chairperson and your dedicated newsletter staff will remain unchanged.

### PWC presents Pat O'Hara

The Peninsula Wilderness Club is sponsoring a free presentation featuring the work of nature photographer Pat O'Hara. The event will be November 8th at the Central Kitsap

High School and is open to the public. Be sure to mark your calendar for this special event that you won't want to miss.

Charlie Pomfret has volunteered to make up and distribute posters for the event. More volunteers are needed to help with advertising and during the show. If you can lend a hand please call Doug Savage at 479-8460.

### Door Prize

There were plenty of crossed fingers for luck when it came time to draw a name for last month's door prize. The prize, a rather high tech looking Chouinard Equip ice axe, was won by lucky Claire Laslo.

The door prize is donated each month by the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe. Thank you Judd for your generosity and congratulations to Claire. For those of you who might not have heard, the Mountain Shoppe has opened a new store in Gig Harbor complete with climbing wall.

### New PWC members

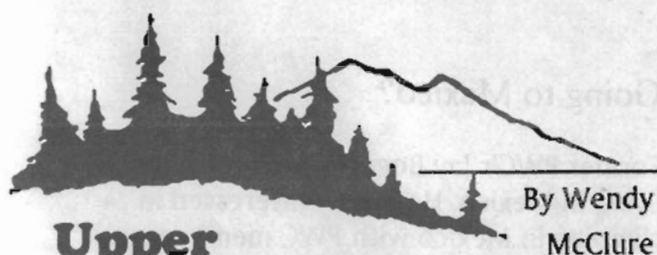
The membership of the Peninsula Wilderness Club extends a warm welcome to the following new members:

Lou Brueggeman  
Rob Greybill  
Daniel A. Nunez  
Philip Rossi  
Ronda Lee Rudman  
Robert Shope

### For Sale

Jansport D-4 Backpack, Royal blue,  
\$100 or best offer. 779-9481 (Jim)





## Upper Dosewallips

By Wendy  
McClure

The glorious weather this summer made it the year Barb, Joanie, and I would explore the upper Dose. You all know the week we went - the first week it rained. Hiking two wet days to Dose Meadows was a little discouraging. Joanie had lightened her pack at the last minute and left her poncho home, and I discovered that my poncho was really a sieve in disguise. We did manage, and Barb improvised gaiters with bread bags and line so resembled a plastic-age Viking.

Iffy but improving weather let us do all we planned and enjoy the views too. Evidently the summer heat brought the flowers to their peak much earlier as there were no spectacular displays of wildflowers. But there were blueberries; profuse and sweet. We grazed up to Lost Pass and climbed Lost Peak. We grazed up to Thousand Acre Meadow and then to the ridge for a spectacular view of Mt. Anderson.

We grazed up to Hayden Pass, had our customary debate about what peaks we were viewing, and decided to attempt Mt. Fromme. Joanie took the route up from the Pass. Barb and I tried an approach a mile down the trail which turned out to be rather suicidal, but we did make the ridge (yes, the Mountaineering Course is on my Spring agenda). The last night our ominous symptoms confirmed the stove had been suffering a lingering death but it got us through breakfast the next morning. Barb and I hiked out while Joanie stayed two days longer to enjoy more views (and rain) and came out at Obstruction Point.

## Conservation Corner

We All Live Downstream  
By Jean Knox

Several publications I've seen recently have reinforced the idea of everyone living "downstream". A newspaper photo of the Sept 16th Nisqually River landslide was especially dramatic. But many indications of failure to be responsible stewards are much less spectacular--beaches closed to shellfish gathering, litter along the roadways, eroding slopes in clear cut areas, and so forth. Here are some thought starters about what you can do to help.

The "Environment 2010" project in Washington state has recently published a leaflet titled "Q: What on earth can YOU do--To protect the environment? A: Many simple things." It is available as Dept. of Ecology [State] Publication # 90-37 and provides information about what you can do in the course of everyday life.

Do you know an elementary teacher or group leader who might be interested in having children build a "trash monster" out of clean debris to emphasize the danger of marine debris? Lesson guides are available from Dept. of Ecology at 1-800- RECYCLE (732-9253).

An 80-acre tract of timber land north of Illahee State Park is reported to be large enough for "Project Learning Tree." If a school is able to implement such a project, the children plant a tree during kindergarten. They can then visit it later and observe how it grows (and how long it takes to become a large tree). There are reports, however, that county commissioners tend to be very interested in selling the timber on this land.

(Continued next page)

## Conservation Corner (continued)

The Kitsap Conservation District emphasizes the following measures of stream water quality: fecal coliforms; dissolved oxygen; temperature; acidity; conductivity; and flow. They offer information to property owners who have streams on their property.

According to the Arbor Day Foundation, soil erosion in the United States is several times worse today than during the "dust bowl" days of the 1930's. One of the major reasons is that many people are cutting down rows of windbreak trees rather than planting them.

Life is 10% how you make it  
and 90% how you take it.

## Going to Mexico?

Former PWC'r Jay Boger is now retired and living in Mexico. He is very interested in climbing in Mexico with PWC members. There are great mountains to climb in Mexico and many interesting places to visit. He recommends the Mountaineer's book "Mexico's Volcanoes" for climbing information. The best time of year is November to March. Jay would love to hear from other PWC'rs and is ready and willing to climb and explore Mexico with us.

Jay can be reached at :APDO 131CP61600 Patzcuaro, Mexico. He currently has no phone but can be reached by FAX at 454-22571 (there is an office with a FAX nearby). Patzcuaro is about 200 miles out of Mexico City in the state of Michoacan.

### Officers

President .....	Lynn Howat	598-3087
Vice Pres .....	Doug Savage	479-8460
Secretary .....	Kathy Weigel	871-0291
Treasurer .....	Kevin Kilbridge	871-2537

### Newsletter staff

Don Paulson	692-5086
Jim Drannan	779-9481
Jim Luddon	373-0431

## Peninsula Wilderness Club

P.O. Box 323

Bremerton, Wa. 98310-9998



October 1990 - *TIME DATED MATERIAL* -



## MOUNT OLYMPUS THE LONG WAY

By B. R. Love

Earlier this year when Roger invited me to join in a nine day trip in the Olympics I readily agreed and began planning my pack and menu. No small task when you like to eat and stay warm but are basically lazy and evade heavy packs whenever possible. After three months of vacillating back and forth, I finally got it all together the day before departure. Some planning; my pack weighed in at about 60 pounds.

Day one and Roger and David picked me up about 0545. We rendezvoused with Victor, Karen and Rhonda at the Hood Canal Bridge and departed for the Whiskey Bend trail head on the Elwah River. This was to be our termination point and we left one vehicle and proceeded to Sol Duc River trail head, our departure point.

While preparing for departure at Sol Duc, a local forest service gent volunteered that we would not require crampons on our selected route of travel. Complying with the herd mentality, we all agreed to leave them behind whereas any single one of us would have rejected this idea on an individual basis. We would later heartily regret this action.

Our preparation had taken longer than expected and it was after lunch before we started up the trail. The trail was hot and humid and my pack was very heavy, the sweat poured and mixed with the sunscreen for a slick coating of goo.

Due to our late start, we decided to overnight at the Potholes about 5 miles up the trail. We made camp in a cool meadow with running water and prepared our supper amidst the mosquitoes, everybody feasted.

After supper was secured, I made my way to a small pothole and removed as much goo as possible. Sure made me feel good, but it didn't deter the mosquitoes at all.


Five deer grazed through our camp just before dark. Two of these were twins, buck and doe, about one year old and still with their mama. They all were quite tame and grazed within 20 feet of the tents.

Morning of the second day and we got a reasonable start and left camp about 0700. The trail ascended directly to the western end of the ridge leading to the High Divide. Within a short time we climbed the short switchback and we were on the High Divide with a great view of the Bogachiel River drainage and later of Mt. Olympus.

It wasn't long before a small group of bull elk were spotted on the lower end of a very large snow patch at about 3500 feet. These boys were bedded down on the snow to keep cool and avoid the bugs. A little later a single file line of animals was spotted coming over the 5000 feet ridge from the Hoh Lake area. The line wound downhill to a gathering of cows, calves and young bulls about 700 feet below the ridge on a big snow patch. No doubt they heard some of the boys had a good deal and had come over to check it out. By the time they had all assembled, my best estimate was a total of 125 animals. What a memory to hold.

We made Hoh Lake about noon, had lunch and refreshed ourselves with the clear, cold water. This area is well equipped for overnight stops with designated camp areas and a backwoods privy.





-After a leisurely break, we departed en route to the Hoh River via a long downhill. About midway down we came into an old burn area that was exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Fortunately the trail only switchbacked in and out of the burn, as I'm sure the temperature differential with the woods had to be 10 to 15 degrees.

We assembled at the Hoh River trail intersection and rested. After 8 miles and 5300 vertical feet, we all felt justified. Later we moved up the trail about a mile and made camp in a meadow that was an old horse camp. We weren't too happy with the accommodations as the only water available was the gray colored Hoh River. As it turned out, there is actually very little sediment in the river water. The sediment is almost dust and the heavy mixing action of the turbulent water apparently causes the light gray color. Later observations convinced me this camp is the best available between the trail intersection and the river bridge.

It had been a long, hot day and most of us washed up in the river and were into the bags before dark. Except for hand washing and a little splashing in the face, this was to be our last opportunity for bathing until our return home.

By the third day our start-up was now routine and we were on the trail in about two hours. The trail to the bridge passes through what appears as a dry swamp this time of year. While scouting through here for water the previous day I had spotted a double-topped cedar tree that appeared to measure 20-25 feet across at the bottom. My inspection today confirmed this and a picture was taken to substantiate all the tales I would tell later.

We made our lunch and midday rest stop at Elk Lake. This lake is located at about 2600

feet and is so warm it has lily pads. About a mile or so after leaving the lake we entered that part of the trail that had so awed me in 1985 on my first climb of Mt. Olympus. The trail appears to just hang on the hillside between 3500 and 4000 feet and provides a spectacular view of the White Glacier and the valley below with Glacier Creek flowing north to the Hoh River. The visual distance to the glacier when first sighted is about three miles and the whole panorama is unforgettable. The beginning of the trail is marked as unsuitable for animals with no mention of us homo sapiens. Trail maintenance is constant due to the steepness of the hillside.

Our arrival at Glacier Meadows was early and gave us time to dry our sweat-soaked clothes before supper. Four of us opted to sleep in the shelter; which we later learned was a no-no. After spending the night there, I can understand why; the smell is terrible and debris was constantly falling down from the upper bunk.

We picked up a guest climber by the name of Rick from somewhere back east. A pleasant person to have along. Fourth day and we were up about 0530 with breakfast and packing completed in good order. Rick appeared as scheduled and we were on our way by 0700. We had all of our equipment with us as we intended to camp on the edge of the Blue Glacier in reasonable proximity to Glacier Pass.

We proceeded up the trail to the top of the moraine and a fine close-up view of the mountain and the Blue Glacier. There was a significant lack of snow on the glacier exposing the ice and crevasses of all sizes.

Our venture onto the ice was cautious at first without crampons, and it took awhile for everyone to adjust to the unstable footing.



As a result, the party split and some headed up the glacier while the rest decided on the rocky route to the foot of the snow dome. This route took much longer than expected and it was 1130 before we all met and lunched at the foot of the snow dome. Afterward we stripped our packs for climbing, roped up, and headed up the dome.

Once on top of the dome we confirmed our required route and headed out. There were several large crevasses to be avoided, but generally the footing was secure with a minimum of exposure.

After passing around the rocky ridge in the middle of the glacier, we followed the obvious route to the base of the false summit. From there we had a fine view of the true summit and the steep snow slope leading to it. However, it was now 1630 and the logistics of getting the party to the top and back down before the access slope to the snow dome crusted too hard for safe travel without crampons was not considered reasonable. It was decided not to summit and to head back to camp.

Our descent was uneventful and we made camp on the snow in the general area of our equipment stash. Supper and into the bags to be ready for an early start tomorrow. Although we had not made the summit, I had a ball and was looking forward to the upcoming trip through unmarked areas.

This was the night the weather gods deserted us. The wind blew forcefully and a weather front overran us, bringing intermittent rain and very low cloud levels. Our position would vary from being in the clouds to several hundred feet below them, and would continually affect our route finding. During the night, great chunks of glacier ice could be heard falling on the

north face of east peak.

Fifth day and we awoke to intermittent rain and low visibility. No one in the party had ever transited Glacier Pass or visited Camp Pan, our next night's stop, so we developed a low visibility plan to insure we did not pass it by. We would cross the Hoh Glacier on a compass bearing to the south of the camp's location and circle north and down to the 5000 foot level at the edge of the glacier, which should walk us right into the camp at the bottom of a steep snow slope.


We departed camp and crossed the Blue Glacier to the sounds of huge ice falls into the massive crevasses below east peak. The noise sure is an attention grabber when you are on a downhill slope. Most all indications were that most of the ice was trapped in the crevasses and did not reach the lower slopes.

We made Glacier Pass in about one hour, had lunch, and looked for Camp Pan. Luck was ours; we spotted a rocky knob whose magnetic bearing agreed with our maps.

Our descent from Glacier Pass to the Hoh Glacier was via the base of a very steep and obvious rock fall hazard cliff. We wasted no time in the trip. Once down, we followed the configuration of the glacier in a similar route to that planned and ended up about 300 feet below our objective. Final part of the route required an ascent up a steep snow finger and a walkout to camp on a rock outcrop that was wide and comfortable.

Once on site it was obvious we were correct in our planning. We made camp in a light rain and evaluated the 600 foot ice slope for the best route to the top. Those missing crampons were becoming very important about now. Supper in the rain and into the bags. A great day and more to follow. Bright





spot of the day had to be when we were buzzed by a hummingbird while on the glacier.

Our sixth day and we awoke to breakfast in the rain and poor visibility. Our equipment was gaining weight due to the continuing rain, but everyone was in good spirits and we were soon ready to go.

Our selected route up the ice slope was via remaining snow deposits in two large, vertical crevasses and over ice when necessary. The snow deposits proved to have varying size hollows underneath, but the time of day was in our favor and the snow was mostly firm, but was becoming spongy in places. Another plus, the ice had a soft surface, allowing for much better footing than expected.

A railroad train sized crevasse had been spotted from Camp Pan that bisected our selected route and was impassable at either end. The curvature of the slope at the top prevented a determination of a possible way across the crevasse. Dame Fortune smiled on us and a way across was found, but it required a belay for safety. I was sure glad for I wasn't looking forward to down climbing that ice slope without crampons.

Once across this last hazard, it was a pleasant walk up a gradual snow slope to Blizzard Pass and lunch. Our view of the Humes Glacier from Blizzard Pass affirmed the lack of snow on the glacier and eliminated the conventional route down the center due to the exposed crevasses. These circumstances, plus our projected route after leaving the glacier, predicated that we make our transit on the north side of the glacier. The route exposed us to a 700 foot rock slide hillside that extended beyond the end of the glacier. We were lucky and only one rock fall occurred during the transit; a

four-man rock came down slightly ahead of our lead man, but it stopped short of our line of travel. Some attention grabber!


At the end of the glacier we came into a moonscape area of raw cliffs with obvious and continuing rock fall. Route finding was slow and difficult, and we were finally stopped by a 250 foot cliff. On the right was a 50 foot deep by 30 foot wide cleft cut into the rock by the glacier runoff, and on the left by the steep rock fall littered hillside. We dropped packs, and after much searching, a possible way down was located. A narrow band of scree was located about 40 feet out from the cliff into a very smooth and steep slide area, that extended almost to the bottom. The scree walk was fun, but that 40 foot crossing of a slope wiped slick by rock slides was kinda hairy. I later measured this slope at 40 degrees.

We would be unable to clear this area before dark, so camp was established behind a room-sized boulder and on an adjacent, but exposed, snow patch. However, evaluation of the existing rock fall seemed to have the majority of the rocks passing to the left and right of camp. In addition, there was a shallow but wide depression between the camp site and the bottom of the cliff.

Shortly after dark we heard a rock fall clattering down slope slightly to our left. What a sensation and it seemed to last forever. We had no sooner settled down and a very large single made a 3-bounce descent to our right. The rock falls were compared to mortars in the night; you hear the whoof and just have to pucker up and wait to see where it lands. We all finally fell asleep for a much needed rest.

On the seventh day we awoke to the same intermittent rain and low cloud ceiling, alternately showing and obscuring the





hillsides and peaks above about 4800 feet. We worked our way out of the rocky lower reaches of the Humes Glacier and headed up a steep, wet and brushy hillside angulated at a constant 25 to 40 degrees. Our original route intention had been to access the ridge at the top of this hillside about Bear Pass and follow it to the vicinity of Luden Peak. There we would have picked up the trail that passes Dodger Point to Whiskey Bend. However, this land was strange to all of us and with our slow progress and the low cloud ceiling adversely affecting the route finding, a major route change was made at this time. The new route plan was to circle the upper Queets basin at about the 4500 foot level for ease of traveling and to pass through the Rodwell-Dixon pass to trails end of the Elwah River trail and follow that to Whiskey Bend. Two of our party were familiar with this route from the pass.

The hillside we were struggling up was abundant with big, juicy black huckleberries, and it was no time until we spotted two bears headed uphill and away from us. The topography of the hillside objected to our route selection and continually forced us higher up the hillside due to what was in front of and below us. As a result, about noon we topped out on the 5500 foot ridge about a mile west of Bear Pass. A great spot for our original route, but as suspected, the visibility was nil. Four of us huddled under space blankets to maintain warmth and two did a route search to Bear Pass with no success. The way was blocked by a steep ice field whose bottom was obscured. Our crampons were sorely missed again.

We lunched and began retracing our route, staying as far down the mountain as the terrain would allow. When we had retraced about half the distance to our morning start, an elk trail was found that provided just the avenue we needed to accomplish our

intended line of travel.


Two more bears were spotted on the way down harvesting the huckleberries. The lugged sole on the right boot of one of the party had broken loose back to the heel of the boot and would have caused some hard going on this steep hillside, but a trusty piece of nylon line was applied around the toe and this served well as long as needed.

Our travels on this hillside were tough, but it did have its moments as the clouds would open occasionally to a vista of the Humes Glacier and the mountains across the valley. After making the bottom of the valley, we proceeded east along a feeder stream for the Queets River until in position to access the Rodwell-Dixon Pass the following morning. Between making way through water soaked brush and fording a couple of streams, I had so much water in my boots I could feel a pumping action around my toes with each step.

Camp was made in short order and a hot supper soon followed. The tents were pitched in the flood plain area of the stream on natural pea gravel with no apparent dangers this time of year, and everyone got a good night's sleep. We were still having light rain occasionally.

The eighth day started the same as the previous three and we awoke to light rain and a low cloud ceiling. This was to be our day of deliverance though as the cloud ceiling raised somewhat and the rain stopped permanently. We had a pleasant walk across the basin and through the Rodwell-Dixon Pass and down the Elwah River snow finger. Some spectacular views of the Humes Glacier were had during this time.

The river and snow finger are at the bottom of a steep walled canyon, and in places the



snow was littered with large limbs broken from living trees. The nearest trees were about 500 plus feet up the canyon wall and there was no evidence of an avalanche. My best guess is high winds and the venturi effect that happens in the passes sometimes due to pressure differentials at either end.

The snow finger expired and we took to a jungle of wet, slippery brush with another hillside of 25 to 40 degrees angulation. The hillside was the lessor of two evils as the canyon bottom is almost impassable. Our immediate destination was the end of trail on the river somewhere ahead. I lost my footing once on this trek and finally stopped my slide after ten feet with an ice axe self arrest.

After some minor difficulties with route finding, we made end of trail about 1300 and set down to a well earned lunch. We had forded several streams and waded through wet brush, and I had that old familiar pumping action around my toes due to water in my boots.

By 1400 we were all started down the trail and we soon found out that trail walking was harder on water soaked feet than brush busting or climbing. I guess it's the constant pounding and resultant friction on the water softened skin. At any rate, it sure did smart.

We made Hayes River Ranger Station about 1930, a distance of eleven miles from trail's end. We had a hot supper and spread our bags on the front porch for a good night's sleep. Once again I crawled into my bag with all my wet clothes on. I slept comfortably and awoke the next morning with mostly dry equipment inside a dry bag. This trip had really proven the value of Hollo-fil II for the Pacific Northwest. Unfortunately there was no way to dry the water soaked boots, and my socks were wet shortly after putting

them on in the morning.

It is day nine and our final day. We rolled out at first light, about 0500, had breakfast and was on the trail by 0630. The weather was great, cloudy with some sun breakers, and the trail was in the woods all the way. However, it was humid and, along with the exertion of carrying a heavy pack, this generated a lot of sweat, but it was not uncomfortable.

We had 17 miles to travel and my abused feet wasted no time in letting me know it would not be easy. The bottom of my feet were very tender and the worst time occurred after each stop of whatever duration. Immediately that I resumed walking, the pain was very sharp but would ease off in about 50 paces.

Trail head was reached a little before 1600, and three of us remained there while the others retrieved the vehicles. As quick as we were all together, we headed for the nearest fast food joint and a greasy burger with fries. I normally don't eat this fare, but after nine days of hot water food, it was a real treat. We felt it prudent to order our food via the drive-in window and to eat in the cars. My own odor reminded me of a soured pig pen. Anyway, we all made it back to a hot shower and bed. No bathrobes needed. The following day I awoke to a feeling of total aimlessness and was at loose ends all day.

While we had not made the summit, I consider this trip a complete success. We hiked about 70 miles, crossed three glaciers, transited three mountain passes, and looked into five major river drainages.