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Peninsula Wilderness Club Events

November 1991

Peninsula Wilderness Club 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.

Meeting November 11th

Mt. Everest Region, 1990

Mark November 11th on your calendar as an evening not to miss. Noted geologist and cartographer Dee Molenaar will be making a presentation based on a mountaineering trip to 18,200 foot Kala Patar, a view point overlooking Mt. Everest base camp. Dee will discuss the region's geological and glaciological settings, mountaineering history, and a bit of the Sherpa culture and economy. Slide illustrations include satellite imagery of the Himalayas and aerial photos of the Everest area. Also shown will be watercolors done enroute and Dee's pictorial maps showing topographic features along the trek.

Upcoming PWC Events

Ozette Beach Backpack

WEEKEND OF NOVEMBER 2ND-3RD: Joyce Kimmel is going on an overnight hike from Lake Ozette to the coast. The hike is a flat 3 miles, much of which is board walk. This should be beach camping at its best. Call Joyce at 876-1497.

PWC Amblers Walk

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND: Helen Schwartz will be going on a easy 4-6 mile

urban walk in Ruston near Point Defiance Park with a side trip to Puget Gardens. Bring a thermos with hot drinks, and plan on a late lunch at a restaurant. Call Helen at 377-9822.

Heather Park Hike

WEEKEND OF NOVEMBER 9TH OR 10TH: Doug Savage will pick the day with the best weather forecast for a great hike to Heather Park in the Olympics near Mount Angeles. The trail, leaving from Heart O'the Hills area, gains 3500 feet in 4.1 miles to breathtaking views of the Straits and Mt. Angeles. Call Doug at 698-9774.

PWC Officers Elected

Elections were held at last month's meeting for the 1992 PWC officers. Each current officer was re-elected for another term.

President: Doug Savage (2nd term)
Vice Pres: Harry Wilson (2nd term)
Secretary: Kathy Weigel (3rd term)
Treasurer: Kevin Kilbridge (6th term)

Door Prize Winner

Barbara Rehmeier won an Audubon Society book about mushrooms donated by the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe. Congratulations Barbara. Thanks again Judd.

HIKING "GREEN"

By Judy Gultormsen

I am one of a horde of people who enjoy a myriad of outdoor activities. With so many people in the backcountry its important to do things to keep the country "pristine." While on a trip up Mt. Adams last July our group found itself in the position of beefing up stone windbreaks in the alpine. Rocks had to be carefully chosen in order to avoid removing ones that exposed fragile plant roots or created their micro-climate. Perhaps shelters should be made of snow when possible. When in alpine areas try walking on rocks instead of fragile alpine vegetation. That shouldn't be too difficult since that is often the only thing on which to walk.

In the old days one leveled the ground, erected the tent and dug a trench around it, scoured the area for firewood, and lashed together a few campstools. The next day you left a camp stocked with a rock fire ring, wood, camp stools, and garbage neatly buried for the next back country visitor. What's wrong with this picture? Times have sure changed! Choose an existing site for the tent when possible, don't make a new one. Use your stove for cooking, keep the fires for the campgrounds. Forget about making a seat even if you don't already have one above your legs. If you pack it in, pack it out! And if you really want that halo, pack out the litter you find along the way.

Cook too much Top Ramen for dinner? Too bad if your companions won't eat it cause you're gonna have to, or save it for breakfast (if you are not in bear country). I remember making this mistake in big bear country and now I won't touch bean flakes! (Have you given your tent the positive internal pressure test yet?) After cooking there is clean up. Don't dump the soap and waste water into the stream, go at least 100 feet away. *(see GREEN last page)*

MT. WALKINSHAW CLIMB

By Randy Grunigen

On Wednesday, October 2nd at 7:00 p.m. my brother and I began hiking up the Upper Dungeness Trail. By the time we reached the Royal Basin Trail junction (only a mile after we started) it was too dark to see without the aid of our headlamps. It was a clear night, so we paused to enjoy the starry sky whenever the trail crossed an opening in the timber. We had planned to stop for the night at the first established camps about 1.8 miles farther up the trail but someone beat us to them. We managed to find a great spot just off the trail after hiking another ten minutes.

The following morning we hiked another two miles or so up the Royal Basin Trail; that's where the easy part ended. We turned west and climbed up a steep, heavily timbered slope followed by a steeper, not-so-easy scree slope (as opposed to the "easy scree slopes" described in the climber's guide). This was not ordinary scree; it reminded me of a single layer of roller bearings on top of concrete. We managed to make it to Gray Wolf Ridge (to my surprise) and were treated to a great view of Walkinshaw and other neighboring peaks.

After snacking, we followed a mountain goat south until he headed down the slope (right where the climbing got serious). We continued by climbing up the north side through chimneys and around slabs, keeping the stagnant glacier in our view most of the time. We reached the summit four hours after leaving Royal Basin trail.

The view was fantastic! Not only was the sky clear, there was very little haze. Mt. Olympus was extremely crisp. We could also see Rainier, St. Helens, the Needles, Baker, and lots of country in between.

(see Walkinshaw page 5)

Lake Ann Privy Rated Four Star

By Don Paulson

I'm happy to report that I have finally discovered a FOUR STAR privy! For scores of years I have searched the mountains and backwoods for the perfect privy. I have answered the call of nature in outhouses and latrines of every conceivable design. I've seen the coming of the new molded fiberglass sani-cans and the high-tech solar powered outhouses. But they have all fallen short of a perfect rating.

If you ask me I think outhouse technology is moving in the wrong direction. Our country's port-a-potty and sani-can designers are so involved in applying space age materials and technologies in their relentless quest for the odorless john, that they have forgotten about simple esthetics. I mean what ever happened to that little moon shaped window?

Personally I find it hard to relax in a solar powered outhouse. I'm nervous about exposing my posterior to that concentrated beam of sunlight that nearly blinds you when you lift the lid. The last thing I need to worry about is getting skin cancer in those sensitive areas that normally don't see the sun. As a minimum solar outhouses should be posted with:

*"WARNING: Intense ultraviolet radiation.
Prolonged use of this facility may result in
severe sun(bun) burn."*

Mt. Rainier Park Privy Purchase Personnel were apparently wowed by this rather expensive looking, all fiberglass model complete with optional foot pedal flush - definitely on the leading edge of Potty technology. I was not impressed.

The one I evaluated was located near the parking lot at Mowich Lake. The view while

seated (a critical element of my rating system) consisted of the closed door with a large sign stating:

"Please don't dump trash in the toilet - our rangers really hate digging it out."

Of course most people interpret the sign to mean:

"If you wish to get even with one of our rangers for any reason what so ever, you are cordially invited to dump your trash down the can".

Further study on my part found that nearly one third of all entrance fees is now used to recruit and train new rangers for duty at Mowich Lake.

The outhouse that received my lowest rating is located in a damp and gloomy forest along the Duckabush River. It was an aging structure with a moss covered roof. One step on to the rotten floor boards lead me to believe that I could, at any moment, make an unscheduled visit to the basement. Only by bracing a foot at each side wall and delicately balancing myself over the seat was I able to complete my evaluation.

So you can imagine my excitement when I laid eyes on the Lake Ann privy. I could barely contain myself, so I began my evaluation at once. The design was a marvel of simplicity; simply a wooden box with a hinged lid, positioned over a dug pit. From the throne I had an unencumbered view of glacier covered Mt. Shuksan and waterfalls free-falling hundreds of feet to the valley floor. I lingered there savoring the moment, knowing that my search for the perfect privy had finally ended.

The trail to the Lake Ann privy leaves from near Mt. Baker ski area and traverses four miles of fairly easy terrain. The lake is a worthwhile side attraction.

Five Days In Paradise

By Alice Savage

What more could anyone ask for with our beautiful Indian Summer than to spend time in the Olympic Mountains. Starting September 30th, I hiked the Canyon Creek Trail from Soleduck, past Deer Lake to spend the first night by the Potholes. I gorged on the sweet blue huckleberries until my hands and mouth were blue. With the short days, there is nothing to do but hit the sack between 7:30 and 8:00 PM but I was treated to a brilliant starry night with shooting stars and satellites moving overhead.

Awaking to a cold sparkling morning, I looked out and saw a bear munching away on the hillside above the trail. Busy with breaking camp, I forgot about it. But as I hiked up the hill, there he was, close to the trail. I stopped and he slowly worked his way up to the trail, crossed it, and went on. But I waited until he was some distance away before moving on. He was about 30 feet from me when he crossed the trail, and even though I was nervous, I stood there getting a great photo of him.

I was now on the Bogachiel Trail and not making much progress at all. The huckleberries were too tempting and the scenery too stunning. A couple hikers coming out informed me that elk were all over in Seven Lakes Basin and they hadn't slept much the night before because of the noise from the elk. I decided to check it out and dropped down to Lunch Lake. Here a planting crew was sticking little plants into the worn out areas abused by hikers. Since I had arrived at noon, I decided to give them a hand. I worked with a girl from New York named Bessie and spent a delightful afternoon. We didn't hear a single elk that night, apparently they had left the basin. It was disappointing, but being surrounded by all that beauty it didn't really matter.

In the morning I climbed out of the basin and continued on the Bogachiel Trail, walking the

"magic mile" as the guide book states and again not making much time.

Here the vast hillsides were red from the bright huckleberry bushes. It was awesome. I climbed Bogachiel Peak where one sees Mt. Olympus filling the sky to the west then took off down the Hoh Lake Trail. Dropping only 600 feet in 1.2 miles, the trip down to Hoh Lake was easy. The lake was lovely like a mirror reflecting the red hillsides above. Dropping my pack near the lake, I scouted the hill above looking at the campsites. Looking down I spotted a bear on the trail. Concerned about my pack I went flying down the path intending to stop before getting too close. I tripped over a stick and made a tremendous amount of noise which scared the bear, and much to my surprise, a cub. They both ran up a tree. I was happy they ran off as I was a bit scared also.



Later while eating lunch by the lake, a black head poked up out of the bushes above. I guess it was mama bear but she took off. I was glad she decided to stay away from this intruder into her happy home. It was early in the day so I hiked up from the lake and onto the High Divide - Bailey Range Trail. The views of Mt. Olympus are the best in all of the Olympics. I met three hikers from Virginia who were so awed by the big mountain they could hardly move on. These were the only people I saw that day. The solitude was wonderful.

Five Days In Paradise *(continued)*

I spent the night at Heart Lake and watched a bear on the hill above. The bears were everywhere this time of year. I saw eight on this trip. In the evening a doe and two fawns were feeding near my tent. One of the youngsters was feeling his oats as he kept racing around, kicking up his heels, and having a great time. It was cold that night, dropping down to 30 degrees with another beautiful star filled sky. Before dawn a crescent moon appeared along with two very bright stars close by.

The next day I went down the Soleduck Valley and then climbed up to Appleton Pass setting up camp by Oyster Lake. Before sunset I walked up the ridge and found Gary and Sharon from the PWC camped in a delightful spot with great views. Here we watched a gorgeous red sunset.

During the night the wind blew very hard whipping around my tent making it difficult to sleep. It was really cold so in the morning I piled on all the clothes I had, packed up and left without bothering with breakfast.

Dropping down to the Soleduck Trail once again I was soon out of the wind and shed most of the clothes. It was 7 1/2 miles out to the trailhead. The trail was easy and I made it in no time.

Upon arriving at my truck, I found someone had broken in by prying open the wind wing. Things were a bit tumbled inside but as there was nothing of value, the thieves must have been disappointed, for nothing seemed missing. I felt fortunate there was no damage to the vehicle other than the catch on the wind wing which was bent.

Upon reporting this to the ranger, he said two other cars down on the road had been vandalized, one getting a windshield broken. What a shame this is now a problem in our beautiful Olympics. It leaves one with a bad feeling, but driving home I soon forgot and again felt the peace and loveliness of the high country where I spent the last five days.

Walkinshaw *(continued from page 2)*

It was interesting reading the summit register which was placed there in 1975. I even came across the names of a couple of PWCrs.

The descent back to Gray Wolf Ridge was uneventful. We saw four more goats on the ridge. Determined to find a better route down the steep ridge to the trail, we followed the ridge north to the saddle (to where we should have ascended, according to the guidebook) and then headed down through steep scree and scattered timber again (no better than where we came up; it wasn't much fun). We eventually met a small drainage which we followed to avoid a nasty bushwack through heavy alder (we'd still be up there otherwise). We were back on the trail two and a half hours after leaving the summit.

The hike out was peaceful and quiet. Being a Thursday, we saw only two other people. This was a great climb and I recommend it to anyone with Class 3 climbing experience.

Trails Grow Longer Over Time

By Don Paulson

Over the past several years I've noticed that the trails are actually getting longer. This little known fact became apparent whenever I would hike into an area I had visited a decade or more ago. But whenever I would explain my theory, the usual reply was "sure Don" accompanied by excessive rolling of eyeballs.

Here's a bit of scientific trivia for you "Doubting Thomas's" that supports my theory. According to a Paper put out by the Washington Native Plant Society, the Dungeness Spit is growing longer. Between 1915 and 1985 the spit grew nearly one quarter of a mile. Two sets of aerial photographs, one taken in 1965 and the other in 1985 made possible a detailed analysis of recent spit growth. In the twenty years of change represented by these photographs, the spit grew about 250 feet (12.5 feet / year)!

Fall Hike to Appleton Pass

By Wendy McClure

Saturday, October 12th turned out to be one of those exquisite fall days with a clear sunny sky. Joni and I hiked up to Appleton Pass (north Olympics) enjoying the scarlet patches of blueberry and gold of mountain ash on the mountain sides. The last time I'd been up to Appleton Pass (about 10 years ago) a fast moving intestinal bug was sweeping through our group and that day I was "the chosen one".

Saturday made up for all I missed. We hiked out a way along the Appleton Pass - Cat Basin Traverse and had wonderful views in all directions including into Seven Lakes Basin. We were able to see Haigs Lake which we had tried to reach a few years ago via straight up behind the rangers tent in upper Solduc - definitely not a recommended route.

The whole drainage looked interesting and we wondered about ways to get into it. Had our usual discussion about what peaks we were looking at and then it was turnaround time. Sixteen miles was a long day for us but well worth the tired feet and hike down the last stretch of road in the dark.

GREEN (continued from page 2)

Even "biodegradable" soaps don't belong in the stream.

Other things to think about... Don't burn your litter and especially don't burn plastics! Don't cut switchbacks! Leave the dog at home if it won't leave the wildlife alone. Be quiet on the trail.

Club Officers

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