

Penwicle

Peninsula Wilderness Club Events

December 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 December 9th

Avalanche Awareness

The December 9th PWC meeting will include a presentation by PWC and Olympic Mountain Rescue member Skip McKenzie. Skip will talk and show slides about avalanche prediction and search and rescue techniques. Skip will follow up the presentation with a day on the snow to demonstrate avalanche beacon usage and snow analysis (date to be announced).

Upcoming PWC Events

XC Ski Outing for beginners

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21ST: Doug Savage is going on a cross-country ski outing to Skaar Pass near Quilcene. The location may change depending on snow conditions but the trip will be suitable for beginners. Call Doug at 698-9774.

Learn-to-Turn Class

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11TH: Dale Boyle will be teaching a "learn-to-turn" class at Crystal. Telemark and other turning methods will be taught. The class is free but a lift ticket is required. Call Dale at 698-9820.

PWC Amblers Outing

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12TH: Join Helen Schwartz and the PWC Amblers for an outing to the Nisqually Wildlife Refuge. There will be a 5 1/2 mile level walk and a possible visit to an educational exhibit. Call Helen at 377-9822.

Ski Crystal

MONDAY, JANUARY 27TH: Take the day off work (you deserve it) and Ski Crystal Mountain. Take advantage of the lower prices for lift tickets. Point of Contact is Doug Savage at 698-9774.

Ski Trip to Hurricane Hill

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH: Join Doug Savage for an intermediate level ski trip to Hurricane Hill. Call Doug at 698-9774.

Steeple Rock Climb

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15: Join Charlie Pomfret for an intermediate level ski trip and class 3 climb of Steeple Rock (near Hurricane Ridge). Call Charlie at 479-7820.

Joyce Kimmel is looking for PWCrs to carpool to Crystal Mountain every Monday starting in January. Call Joyce at 876-1497

The Big Trip

By Don Paulson

I didn't realize it at the time, but the Big Trip of 1965 would have a profound affect on my life. I shouldered my first backpack on that warm August day and emerged from the mountains a week later a changed person. The sweet weight of the pack left me addicted. For me there would be many more big trips in the years to follow.

As for my father, the big trip had an entirely different affect, but just as profound. The events that were to unfold left him with an intense fear of rodents. The emotional scars that were inflicted upon this unsuspecting (but deserving) individual linger to this day.

For a teenager it was an adventure of epic proportions - a week long trip across the Olympics. Five of us Paulson's made the Big Trip. From the older generation were my father and uncle. My brother, cousin, and I represented the younger generation. Friendly bantering between generations began even before we reached the Dosewallips Trailhead. "Why in my day we didn't have school buses. No sir, each day we walked to school through 30 miles of snow hub deep to a farris wheel..."

The competition between generations turned ugly with a plot by the older generation to discredit us younger folks. We were sitting along side the trail patiently waiting for the old codgers to catch up. When they finally walked by us, they whipped around and snapped a photo of us sitting there and my uncle urging us on. It was clear that the photo was going to be used as proof that the younger generation was too soft to keep up with the real men. It was also clear that we needed some sort of redeeming photo.

Our opportunity presented itself in the form of a fur collar that was laying along side of the trail. It had apparently fallen from

someone's garment. We snatched it up and stuffed it in a pack without being noticed. That evening our plot for sweet revenge was planned and executed.

Our plan called for a smooth, oval shaped river rock about six inches long carefully heated next to the campfire. We secretly secured the fur collar to the warmed rock with rubber bands and deposited this warm, fuzzy creature in the bottom of my father's sleeping bag. My brother, cousin and I each had a camera, complete with flash bulbs, hidden in our sleeping bags.

Our shelter consisted of a rope stretched between two trees and a plastic sheet draped over the rope and held out with rocks on the ends. My father's sleeping bag was in the middle, between us boys.

When good ole dad decided to hit the sack we were in our bags with cameras ready. But much to our horror, my father started to turn in with socks still on his feet. Some fast talking on our part convinced him to take off the socks. The old man eased his weary bones down into the sleeping bag. We braced ourselves in anticipation, teeth clenched, breath held. Silence. I glanced at my brother. What had gone wrong?

CONTACT! BLAST-OFF! In an amazing display of speed and agility the old man attempted to eject himself from the sleeping bag and through the top of our tent. But the sleeping bag was like a bulldog, clinging to my father's wildly kicking legs. Our makeshift tent joined the battle, closing in on the struggling man from above. Flashes of light from our cameras rained down from all directions as my father waged war against the sleeping bag and tent. Waving arms and pumping legs sent the tent flying in one direction and sleeping bag in another.

(Continued next page)

Big Trip (continued)

We had no idea that such a harmless little gag would inflict such a severe trauma. Our attempts to cheer up the man by rolling on our backs and laughing hysterically were met with cold stares and strange rattling sounds from flared nostrils. We even offered to make copies of the action photos for closest friends and relatives in a sincere attempt to make amends, but to no avail. Maybe someday we will be forgiven, but I'm afraid that the fear of rodents is here to stay.

Ann Marshall Plans New Magazine

After 13 years as editor for Signpost, magazine of the Washington Trails Association, Ann Marshall is starting "Pack & Paddle", a magazine for backcountry people. Because of proposed changes in the focus of Signpost, Ann decided to start her own magazine. Pack & Paddle is aimed at hikers, climbers, skiers, snowshoers, canoers, and kayakers - experienced people who are primarily interested in backcountry travel.

Pack & Paddle will include trail reports, book and equipment reviews, hiking tips and recipes. The first monthly issue will be December 1st. Pack & Paddle has to start small, but there are plans to expand and include a wide range of articles. A year's subscription is \$15. If you don't want to subscribe until you've seen the magazine, Give Ann your name and address and she will send you the first issue free. Ann is especially interested in hearing from us PWCrs.

Write to Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard, Wa 98366 (or call 871-1862).

*Happy Holidays from the
Penwicle Staff*

New PWC Members

Our Club continues to grow with new members joining each month. The Penwicle is now mailed out to over 200 households. Here are the new PWCrs since July. Welcome to the Club!

Jan Butler	Julie Baker
Allen Brumbelo	S. K. Black
Bruce Candiotto	Annie Jones
Richard S. Law	Judy LaFountaine
Mike McGuire	Lynn Morris
Dave Olson	D.G. Osborn
Phyllis Parks	Irena Scheer
Rose Saunders	Chadd Sewell
Kathy Tate	
Craig & Masako Mecklenburg	
Wm. K. Rossiter & Family	
Patricia Ann Moinet	
Steve & Kathy Ryan	

— Want Add —

You can become a proud new owner of a spayed female calico cat just by calling this number now : 876-6523. This beautiful, sweet cat comes with litter box, flea collar, food & fuzzy pillow!

For sale: Large 2 room family tent for car camping. Great shape \$50.00. Also cross country ski boots by Heierling. 3-pin size 38 which may translate as approx size 7. \$20.00 like new. Call 876-6523.

Door Prize Winner

Club Treasurer Kevin Kilbridge was the lucky winner of a pair of O.R. gortex overmits at the November meeting. The door prize is donated each month by Judd from the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe. Thank you Judd, and congratulations Kevin.

Hike to Heather Park

By Ruthann Rossiter

According to schedule, a small and hardy group of hikers joined Doug Savage on November 9th to climb the 3500 feet from Heart O' Hills campground up to Heather Park, a distance of 4.3 miles. All together there were five: Doug, Barney, Bernard, Ruthann Rossiter, and Michiel Hoogstede with sixteen month old daughter Karina. Barney and Michiel took turns backpacking her and she took the whole day in fine spirits.

The day began with a breakfast at the Oak Table in Sequim. This is a restaurant that does not have the term "light fare" in its vocabulary, so all the hikers had a good reason to burn some calories! The day was cool and pleasant, and most of the climb was accomplished without rain, although eventually we did don ponchos or other rainproof gear. The thick tree cover also

kept most of the rain from directly affecting us.

Heather Park is a beautiful, verdant meadow covered with heather, and with a burbling stream running through it. There is a nice cleared flat tent site for those of you who might want to pitch a tent there. We were immediately visited by "camp robbers" in the form of gray jays. They knew no fear and willingly landed on hands, arms, and even heads in pursuit of a few crumbs, much our delight.

Shortly after our lunch, the rain mixed with wet snow and the temperature dipped, so we thought it wise to head down the trail. The day was wonderful, and hopefully a repeat of the hike sometime in the future will interest more of you.

Club Officers

President ...Doug Savage698-9774
Vice Pres ...Harry Wilson ...479-1322
Secretary ...Kathy Weigel ...871-0291
Treasurer ...Kevin Kilbridge 871-2537

Newsletter Staff

Don Paulson692-5086
Jim Drannan479-4171
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