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Peninsula Wilderness Club Events

November 1992

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 9th

A representative from Mt. Tahoma Scenic Ski Trails Association will present a slide show describing the 100 mile recreational trail system on the west side of Mt. Rainier. The system includes four deluxe huts with views of Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, and the Puget sound lowlands. The trails are open year around at no cost to the users.

Upcoming PWC Events

Foulweather Bluff Preserve

SATURDAY, NOV. 7TH: Join Lynn Howat for an easy walk to Foulweather Bluff Preserve two miles northwest of Hansville. The 93 acre preserve includes a sizeable freshwater marsh and 3,700 feet of shoreline and tideflats. Call Lynn at 598-3087 if interested.

Day Hike at Staircase

SUNDAY, NOV. 22ND: Carol Cobb will be going on an easy day hike in the beautiful Staircase area just north of Lake Cushman. The hike will be suitable for kids and should be great for fall colors along the Skokomish River. Call Carol at 876-6523 if interested.

Lake Ozette to Coast Loop

WEEKEND OF NOV. 14TH & 15TH: Michael Gardzalla will be backpacking the nine mile loop from Lake Ozette to the coast and back. PWCrs are welcome. Call Michael at 479-1276.

Hike the Dungeness Spit

SATURDAY, NOV. 21ST: Join Dave Cossa for a day hike along the popular Dungeness Spit. Bring your binoculars so you can take advantage of the great wildlife watching opportunities. Call Dave at 871-5577.

Spruce Railroad Trail

SATURDAY, DEC. 5TH: Join Doug Savage for a relaxing stroll down the historic Spruce Railroad Trail along the shores of Lake Crescent. This will be an easy hike suitable for just about anyone in the club. Frequent views of the lake and peaks beyond make this trip especially enjoyable. Call Doug at 698-9774 if interested.

Beginner's XC Ski Trip

SATURDAY, DEC. 12TH: Doug Savage will sponsor a cross-country ski trip for PWCrs new to the sport. Place will depend on snow levels. Call Doug at 698-9774 if you are interested in learning how to XC ski.

2nd Annual Longmire Winterfest

FEBRUARY 13TH, 14TH & 15TH: Spend the holiday weekend playing in the snow at Mt. Rainier. Club members will be staying at the newly remodeled Longmire Lodge. There will be a variety of winter activities to choose from. Go cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, or tubing. Room rates are \$58 to \$90 per night, double occupancy. Meals are available at the lodge and in Ashford. Doug Savage has reserved room for about 20 people. Please call Doug before January 1st if you are interested in going.

Congratulations David!

The October Door Prize, a great set of Outdoor Research overmits, was won by David Ladd. The door prize is generously donated each month by the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe. Thanks Judd and Congratulations Dave.

Welcome to the Club

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

Fred Burkardt	Donna Muller-Copley
Alyce Daniels	Martin Millard
Rick McNicholas	Mary J. Schlaefel
John Styczynski	Mary F. Thompson
Matt & Kate Vande Putte	

Mt. Jupiter Night

By Alice Savage

The weatherman promised two sunny days (Sept. 28 & 29) so I hit the trail to Mt. Jupiter in late afternoon with the intention of spending a night on the summit. The seven

mile hike up was incidental but it felt wonderful to be on the trail surrounded by the beauty of an autumn day.

I reached the summit in time to watch a golden sunset and as darkness approached a thin crescent moon appeared briefly in the west then disappeared. I stuffed my sleeping bag in a bivy sack and found a place to sleep just below the summit rock out of a stiff wind whipping up the mountain.

Far to the north and down to the south a solid line of lights lit up the eastern sky from the cities spread out below. How surprising something man made could be so beautiful. The lights reflected on the rocks but did not cut back on the brilliance of the stars. One could spend hours taking it all in and it was difficult to sleep.

Through binoculars I could see Seattle with tiny green lights of tall buildings set in among the larger yellow street lights. It looked like a fairyland. The brightly lit ferries could be seen on their way across the sound. It was incredible.

Sleep finally came but I awoke to another fantastic sight. The sky was moving. To the northeast, a thin white cloud was shimmering upwards in waves with beams of white light coming down from the heavens. It took some time for me to realize I was viewing the Aurora Borealis for the first time in my life. Needless the say it was awesome.

About 6 AM the sky turned red in the east and the sun came up an hour later. The temperature had dropped to only 45 degrees during the night but it was nice to be warmed by the early morning sun. I lingered for some time reluctant to leave then packed and headed down. My little thermometer said 80 degrees as I got into the rocks below. It was a warm hike out.

The Forbidden Plateau

Strathcona Provincial Park, Vancouver Island
By Norma and Dick Osley

The Forbidden Plateau ... a place that Indian legend says is filled with evil spirits that gobble up women and children. The Spirits must have reformed or had their fill of helpless women and children, as good spirits prevailed for the three days we were there. Even though the weather forecast was for rain for those three days, we decided to chance it. We took all kinds of rain gear just in case, to assure us of sunny weather.

Access to Strathcona Park is either from Pt. Angeles to Victoria, (they told us to be in line for the 10:30 ferry by 7:00 pm the night before in order to be sure of getting on.) or by way of Horseshoe Bay, a few miles north of Vancouver. So ... on to Horseshoe Bay. We arrived at the ferry dock about one half-hour before the ferry left, but that was too late. Two hours were spent wandering around the quaint, picturesque town of Horseshoe Bay. By talking to a dock traffic attendant, we discovered that we could have taken a ferry from Tsawassen and not have to drive through Vancouver traffic. It is a fairly new run and takes about two hours to Nanaimo as opposed to an hour and a half from Horseshoe Bay. We decided to return by way of Tsawassen for the same price too.

From Nanaimo we drove up to Courtenay and found a campground en route to the Forbidden Plateau for \$12.00 a night, which included a tent space and showers.

The next morning we drove up to the Mt. Washington Ski area, which, by the way, looked like it had some pretty good runs. The trailhead to Paradise Meadows and the Forbidden Plateau Lakes was there at the parking lot. Fortunately, a park ranger was there putting new maps and print-outs about bears on the trailhead sign. He was very helpful, describing trails and distances. Although everything was in kilometers and

sometimes hard to convert to miles, the maps also gave estimates of the average time from place to place. The ranger suggested that we make Kwai Lake our base camp and do exploring day hikes from there. He also suggested we go by way of Battleship Lake and then return by way of Hairtrigger Lake, thus making a loop past Lake Helen McKenzie and Paradise Meadows. The return route would be mostly all down hill and forested. Sounded good. We asked about water, and he indicated that they have no giardia as of yet up there, but we should still boil the water from the lakes because of the coliform bacteria count. Fires were permitted but advised against. (We noticed that there was little available firewood in any case, so it would be imperative to have a stove.)

We finally got our gear together and were on the trail about noon. The Paradise Meadows trail wandered delightfully around ponds and sub-alpine vegetation with views of the Mt. Washington ski area to the north. The trail was beautifully maintained with wide paths covered with wood chips and bridges over marshy areas. The higher up we got, the more rocky the trail became, but still excellent.

Battleship Lake is a long narrow lake with forested shorelines of fir, hemlock, and cedar with typical northwest underbrush of salal, oregon grape, vanilla leaf, and huckleberry. It wasn't until we gained some elevation that we noticed the blueberry bushes along the trail were loaded with berries just begging to be picked. We discovered that if we slowed down just a tad, we could pick and eat and still keep going. The trail had so many ups and downs that it was hard to tell if we were gaining much elevation except by the change in vegetation. The higher up we got, the more beautiful the meadows, trees, and views became. Now the low-growing huckleberries were more prevalent along with carpets of heather and wild meadow grasses ... lots of cotton grass in bloom. Most of the wild

(Continued next page)

Forbidden Plateau *(continued from page 3)*

flowers were past their bloom. The trees became tall, conical alpine fir, mountain hemlock, and creeping juniper. Ponds and small lakelets were too numerous to count, polka-dotted the meadows and reflecting trees and blue sky. It is such a peaceful, non-threatening setting to be labeled the Forbidden Plateau.

Kwai Lake sits on a shelf at the edge of a heather and blueberry meadow overlooking another shelf or bench with more lakes and meadows and snow-capped peaks in the distance. There were several campsites with wooden platforms set up for tents to save the fragile meadow plants. Just off the trail a derelict log shelter hugged the shore of the lake. It looked so inviting we decided to camp by the cabin. We picked enough blueberries that evening to eat and have a cupful in our pancakes the next morning. Delicious! After breakfast took off for Moat Lake.

The trail dropped down onto the next bench and through more meadows, rolling hills, hummocks, ponds and lakes. Part of the trail involved some fun rock scrambling with cairns to mark the route. After taking time to rest and, yes, munch blueberries, which were everywhere along the trail, we arrived at the lake in about 2 1/2 or 3 hours. Moat Lake lies in a cirque below rugged snow-capped peaks; Glacial-scarred rocks and outcroppings overlooking the lake made an ideal lunch spot. As soon as we opened our packs, the "Whiskey Jacks" or Canada Jays descended to perch on nearby trees, our packs, and even on my boot. I believe they would have taken the food right out of our mouths if we hadn't been willing to share the crackers, cheese, and sardines. Suddenly, they took off, obviously frightened. I looked up to see a bald eagle swoop down directly overhead and then land in a nearby tree. The jays were nowhere to be seen while the eagle sat perched in the tree. As soon as he left, the "Whisky Jacks" returned to get any left-overs.

While fixing supper back at our camp at Kwai Lake, a lady hiker came by to warn us about the "BIG black bear" she and her companion had seen just a short way from our camp. She said that he was in no hurry to move off even after they had spoken loudly to him. We then took the precaution of taking our garbage sack with the smelly sardine can in it several hundred yards from our tent and we hung it about ten feet up in a tree. Our food was then strung up over the top of the log shelter. Stringing between trees did not seem to be practical here. No bear visited camp that night. Next morning we had blueberries on our cold cereal and packed up for our trek back to the car by way of Hairtrigger Lake. Just a short distance away from camp I saw the bear's footprints (paw prints?) in the dust on the trail. No doubt about it, he or she had been there. Soon after that we heard a strange noise ahead of us. I shouted, "Watch out bear! Here we come!" just in case the bear would like to get off the trail. But, it was not a bear; it was the ranger on his way up to repair some bridges with a load of lumber on his back. He grinned and assured us that he was no bear. How embarrassing!

The trail out was as the ranger had said, "...mostly all down hill and forested." In some places it was very steep, and I was glad we had not gone up that way. Just as we started down a rather steep ridge we heard the eerie, wild call of a loon echoing through the forest. A short distance off the trail was a lookout. We could see Lake Helen McKenzie way down below us. The loon's call must have carried a mile or more. A half hour later we arrived at the lake and our loon graciously came by to greet us (not close enough to get a good picture, unfortunately).

This was a perfect ending to a great backpacking experience. We would definitely recommend this trip for families, children, old folks like us, as well as, seasoned climbers and backpackers. Mt. Alberi-Edward was there to climb and they say the fishing is good at several of the lakes below Kwai.

When A Stranger At a Gas Station Plans Your Vacation.

By Lynn Howat

My friend Mary and I had planned a week long camping trip to Banff and Jasper Parks in Canada during mid-September. The plan had been to enjoy the "Indian Summer" weather, car camp, day hike, and maybe do one or two overnight backpacking trips. The kids are back in school, the campgrounds empty, and some of the nicest weather is at this time of the year - usually.

We first headed up to check out Metaline Falls in the far N.E. corner of our state. My big city, culture-loving sister has decided she wants to buy a house there, so we went to check out the hiking and cross-country skiing opportunities there. (Both are good.) While the weather reports from the Canadian Rockies indicated temperature ranges from 20 to 40 degrees, these are not our favorite camping temperatures so we had decided to turn south until we stopped to gas up. Another group loaded down with gear noticed our backpacking equipment. One of them said that we had to go to the Valhallas, Drinnan Lake to be specific. He said that he always thought Hurricane Ridge and Canyon Chelly had been his favorite places, but he had decided Drinnan Pass area was the most beautiful place on the continent. Not ones to ignore advice from strangers at gas stations, we altered our plans and headed north.

We made a stop at Nelson (a really nice town on the bank of the west arm of Kootenay Lake) and arrived late in the day at the trailhead. It was starting to snow and Mary was becoming nervous about getting the car out, so we made a quick hike (only about 1.5 miles each way) up and back to Drinnan lake. We didn't make it to Drinnan Pass or Givillie Lakes, but the Valhallas are spectacular. There is unbelievable scenery, wilderness, climbing opportunities, and apparently enough bears to make one quite cautious. It was snowing hard at Drinnan lake, but we

could still see the spires in the distance; they reminded me of the Bugaboos of the Purcell Range. The Valhallas are in the Selkirk Range. It's an area I plan to re-visit when I have more time to explore. (A particular note to Don Paulson and other outhouse raters: The outhouse at the Drinnan Pass trailhead has to be a 4 star on a scale of 4. It has a window strategically set so as one sits, Mt Gregorio is framed. It's even labeled with a nicely routed sign below the window. In addition, this one, as with other Provincial Park outhouses, we found to be immaculate, freshly painted, and stocked with T.P.)

On this trip we stopped and hiked along Slocan Lake in the Valhalla Park. Most of the west side of the lake, accessible only by boat or trail, forms the east side of the park. We camped near New Denver, explored the fascinating ghost town of Sandon, learned of its history, and visited Kaslo, which really does seem like its located in Switzerland. It's on beautiful lake Kootenay, with the Purcell Range rising straight up from the lake

Our weather was cold but we were able to camp and stay pretty comfortable. Probably, the high point was a trip to and hike into Kohanee Glacier Provincial Park, another spectacular park just east of Valhalla. We hiked up to Joker Lakes and Coffie Pass in total solitude. Fresh snow coated everything and the larches were golden like torches. We explored an old mining area, stood eye-to-eye with a young mountain goat, and stood almost at the edge of the Kohanee Glacier, a really spectacular site.

Our trip to Balfour (where we caught the free ferry across Kootenay Lake) was only about 110 miles. We spent 5 days doing it but it was only enough time to sample this beautiful area. The lakes, trails, and climbs are all incredible. We enjoyed seeing the beautiful Kohanee fish come up the streams to spawn. As the stranger at the gas station said, "I'm telling you about the Valhallas, but don't tell anyone else."

Mount Storm King

By Alice Savage



We finally made it to the top of Mount Storm King on October 4th, 1992. At only 4534 feet above sea level this elusive mountain has outwitted many a climber.

Dick Roemer, Mac MacDowell and I headed out early and drove to logging road number 3050 which takes off from highway 101 just east of Lake Sutherland. Parking at 4000 feet, our destination was only about two miles away as the crow flies but it took us 4 1/2 hours to reach the summit.

Through the trees, around and over steep ridges and climbing up and down steep rocks, we wondered more than once if we would make it as the day wore on.

Spotting the mountain from a ridge, it appeared to have two summits, one somewhat taller than the other. There was a steep rocky gully between them which looked quite formidable from the distance but when we reached it we found we could climb down the rocks from the shorter peak and on up to the summit on the taller peak.

A register at the top had very few entries, the earliest was 1978. This may have been due to no pencil in the container. Fortunately I had a short stub along and after adding our names and comments we left it in the container along with the book. Mount Baker loomed tall and white in the distance. Vancouver Island

and the straits, and Lake Crescent and Sutherland were lovely below.

We covered some rather rough country. On our return we climbed a steep gully about 300 feet up. It looked like a slide area with smooth dirt and we were able to dig in with our boots and used all 4's to get to the top.

Mac stumbled onto a bee's nest on our way in, getting six to eight bee stings. He was pretty uncomfortable after his mass attack. Dick got a couple on the way out, they are quite aggressive this time of year. I consider myself lucky to come out with only a couple stickers from devils club.

This climb should only be attempted with a map and compass with which Mac and Dick did a superb job. They got us to the mountain and back to the car, coming out in almost the same spot where we headed in.

It was a great day, sunny but not too hot. There was frost on the ground where we parked at 10 AM. It took us eight hours round trip with one hour on the summit.

On the way home we stopped at Granny's Kitchen, a small homey cafe with friendly people and yummy hamburgers. They also had honest to goodness real clam chowder, best I ever ate. The cafe is about eight miles west of Port Angeles.

Interested Members Meeting

THURSDAY, Nov 12TH: There will be an Interested Members Meeting at Doug Savage's home in Illahee at 7 PM. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss and plan future PWC events and outings. Call Doug at 698-9774 for driving directions if needed.

Backpacking in Zion and Bryce National Parks

By Mindy John

After hearing of PWC's April backpacking trip to the Grand Canyon and reading a hiking guide to Utah's National Parks, my interest in Zion and Bryce Parks were primed for a trip.

In the planning stages I had two concerns about backpacking in this region, the crowds and lack of water. However, within a mile or two from the trail head the crowds soon thinned, and we found that 5 to 6 quarts of water for two people was sufficient for a two day trip. The temperatures were mild, mid-80's, and we are generally not big users of water for cooking since we rarely use dehydrated meals. Also, in Bryce there are many year-round flowing springs.

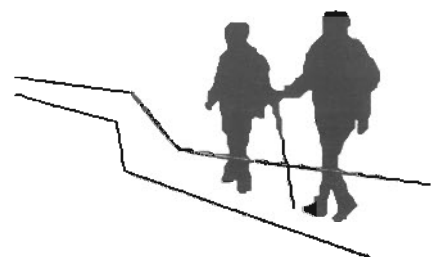
Our group, myself, husband Steve, and Ken & Leslie Giffin, flew to Las Vegas, and off to Zion, which was only a 2 hour drive. Arriving at Zion Canyon, Ken sounded as if a thesaurus exploded in his mouth "beautiful, incredible, awesome, ohh, aah, wow!", which translates to 2000 foot canyons of brilliant red, warm orange, and sandy yellows of sediment rock revealed to the eye by the cutting power of the Virgin River, which on this day trickles as a slow stream.

Next, a day hike of the main north-south road into the park. The hike is 12 miles and at times only 20 feet wide (narrow for this claustrophobic). Our necks were sore from constantly looking up. The following day we embarked on a two day backpack, one-way shuttle trip of the West Rim Trail. The first day we hiked from the remote northern Lava Point situated atop a mesa with views of distant lands. Our campsite, 7 miles in, was on the edge of the rim overlooking a huge slick rock and red canyon area. The second day we hiked southward towards Zion, down a vast canyon area descending some 3500 feet. A portion of the trail was cut into the side of a vertical cliff (fun for , husband of

claustrophobic). At one point the guys decided to drop their packs and hike up to Angels Landing Peak for an even scarier view of the canyon floor. Holding a guide chain railing in one hand and with lightening overhead, they decided to abandon their Ben Franklin imitation and descend to the Zion Canyon floor where the more intelligent sex of the species were sipping beers at the car.

Bryce National Park has a very different geological appearance, pink, coral and white soft rock pillars shaped by eroding forces of wind and rain. We backpacked the Riggs Spring Trail, only 9 miles but took many rest stops for picture taking. This park is a photographers dream, so photogenic. One is able to capture the formations on film; whereas, Zion due to its enormity, is difficult to photograph. The hike descends to the forest, so the upward view is through green trees to coral and pink cliffs. A stop at Riggs Spring is a must, a peaceful meadow of pine and aspen. Then up to Yovimpa Point to camp. The point looks south to Arizona in the distance and is flanked by pink cliffs. The sunrise was spectacular. Due to a ceiling of Northwest-like cloud cover, the rising sunbeams lit the pink cliffs to a deep red.

A visit to Bryce and Zion Parks is a wonderful trip for the backpacker, dayhiker, and car-tripper. The geology, plant, animal, and people life are entertaining and interesting in this area. If anyone would like information on lodging, hikes, etc. feel free to contact anyone of us. We would be more than happy to share our experience and literature with you.



New President Elected

A show of hands at the November PWC meeting elected Lynn Howat as the Club's next President. This is Lynn's second time serving as PWC President. Each of the other Club officers will continue to serve in their prospective positions.

A sincere note of appreciation is in order for past President Doug Savage. Doug's unmatched enthusiasm and dedication for the Club during his two terms as our leader has spread to each and every club member.

*Thank
you!*

FOR SALE

Easy Rider double sea kayak.
Car rack included. \$800.00 or best offer.
Call Lee at 884-4324.

Fabiano hiking boots.
Women's size 6 and 8 1/2. Like new. \$30 a pair. Call Quentin Gilman at 297-3355.

Child's Cross-country Ski Set.
Three pin, 120 CM, pattern base skis.
Alpina high top shoes, size 28. 80CM fiberglass poles. Call Dale at 792-1714.

Want to climb a volcano?

PWCrs are welcome to join a trip to Mexico on Feb. 20th to Mar. 7th, 1993. Trip to include climbing and hiking in the high country and relaxing on secluded beaches. Call Alice Savage at 638-2597 ASAP! Need to make reservations soon.

Club Officers

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TreasurerKevin Kilbridge	871-2537
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