

PENNZWILE

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.

November 1996

Monday Meeting

November 11th

Costa Rica!

EcoTeach is a Costa Rican-based organization, providing connections between the U.S. and Costa Rica for educators and life-long learners. Susan Bray will discuss the origin of the company and the exciting and varied itinerary it offers to travelers.

Her slide presentation will illustrate EcoTeach's explorations of Costa Rica's forests, Pacific coastline, cities, and nearby waters. Learn about the country's flora, fauna, and rich culture.

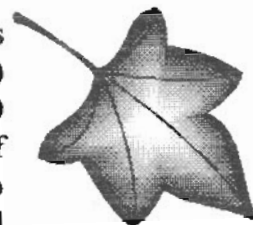
Dungeness Spit

SATURDAY, NOV 2nd; Dave Cossa is hiking a traditional fall favorite, the Dungeness Spit. It's four miles along the beautiful beach to the historic lighthouse at the end of the spit. Spend a terrific day playing in the waves along the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Call Dave at 871-5577.

Upper Lena

WEEKEND of NOV 2nd and 3rd; Join Chris Hildebrand for the 3rd Annual Upper Lena Fall Chill-Out.

It's 7 miles (one way) and 3000 feet of elevation to beautiful



Upper Lena Lake. Adventurous hikers can attempt Mt. Lena or Mt. Bretherton.

Prepare yourself for some fun and chilly fall camping, but hopefully no snow. If winter weather moves in quickly, camping will be at Lower Lena Lake with a day trip to Upper Lena.

Call Chris at 698-5256.



Lake Mills

SATURDAY, NOV 16th; Lake Mills provides excellent Fall hiking opportunities. Steve Vittori and Cris Ceithamer will be exploring the two mile long West Lake Mills Trail. The trail has some easy elevation gains and losses, and is scattered with pleasant views of the lake and mountains beyond.

You can reach Steve at 377-1869, or Cris at 377-3797.



Barnes Flats Beginners' Ski

SUNDAY, DEC 22nd; First time cross-country skiers --- this trip is perfect for you. Doug Savage is hosting his annual beginners' outing near Mt. Rainier. He'll be at Barnes Flats on Sunday, December 22nd.

This quaint meadow area is beautiful under its blanket of winter white. It provides level stretches and gradual slopes; it's perfect for first time skiers. Experienced skiers in the group can provide some guidance on how to start enjoying this terrific winter sport.

Call Doug at 698-9774.



Crystal Mtn

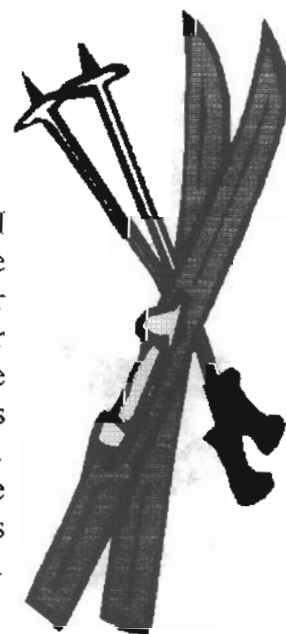
FRIDAY, DEC 27th; Try out your new skis at Crystal Mountain. Downhillers and telemarkers are welcome to join Doug Savage as he hits the slopes. Call Doug at 698-9774

Winter Camping

JANUARY 18th thru 20th; Doug Savage will be spending the long weekend winter camping in either the Paradise Valley of Mt. Rainier or the Plains of Abraham on the eastern side of Mt. St. Helens. This is for skiers with advanced mountaineering skills and winter camping experience. Call Doug at 698-9774.

Skiing Blue Mtn

WEEKEND of JAN 25th and 26th; Ski Blue Mountain near Deer Park. Skiers will winter camp, hopefully in the shelter. It requires intermediate ski skills. Telemarking is possible on the slopes, but is certainly not required. Call Doug at 698-9774.



1997 Mt. Tahoma Ski Hut Outings

Tony Abruzzo will have the dates for the annual Mt. Tahoma Ski Hut Outings at the December Monday night meeting. There will be one trip in each of the months, January, February, and March.

Spots are limited, so interested members will have to enter lotteries for each of the trips they want to attend. Names will be drawn at the December meeting.

Participants **MUST** submit \$25 refundable deposit checks at the time of the drawing. Spots not secured by a deposit at that time, will be immediately offered to an alternate.

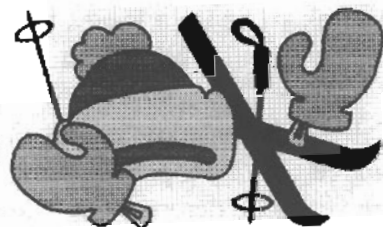
If you have questions, call Tony at 871-5754.



HÖG LOPPET

SATURDAY, FEB 8th, 1996; This high traverse from Mission Ridge Ski Area over Swauk Pass is reknowned. HÖG LOPPET is Norwegian for "High Loop". It's an annual 21 mile, one day traverse enjoyed by many winter enthusiasts. It's fully supported with fires, food, and ski patrols along the route.

Although it's pretty lengthy, the trail is fairly level and gradually downhill. It requires intermediate ski skills and endurance. Bring lots of warm clothing to start the day, and plan to layer down as it warms up. No fancy equipment is needed; basic "fish-scale" pattern skis are suitable.



Skiers meet at the JCPenney in the Valley North Mall in Wenatchee at 8:00 am. The ski lift at Mission Ridge is taken to the starting point. At the end of the trek, skiers take a bus back to their vehicles.

PWCers will stay in Wenatchee on the 7th. Some may choose to stay an additional night (the 8th) to celebrate their accomplishment and take a well-deserved rest.

The registration fee is \$20 in advance and \$25 the morning of the trip. The bus ride costs extra. Call Paul Dutky to join the fun, 479-2683.

This adventure comes highly recommended from the Bremerton Sun's Seabury Blaire. He hopes to join this year's adventure and give it some media coverage.

Skiing Whitefish!

Chris Bell is already planning his annual February ski vacation. The memories of 1995's terrific fun and snow in Whitefish, Montana have tempted him to go back.

Chris intends to be in Whitefish the week of their annual carnival (late February). The area affords downhill and cross-country skiing opportunities.

Two years ago, the group traveled via Amtrak. The train leaves Seattle at 5:00 pm and arrives in Whitefish early in the morning.

Call Chris as soon as possible. Space is limited to 12 people. Exact dates and times are yet to be determined. Call Chris at 876-4800.

Winterfest 97

FEBRUARY 15th thru 17th, 1997; Winterfest 97 will be at White Pass again this year. PWC members will enjoy the downhill and cross-country skiing, as well as, snowshoeing and other winter recreation.

The Inn at Packwood has three large rooms (max. occupancy 6) and a variety of smaller accommodations. Winter enthusiasts can relax in the Inn's heated indoor swimming pool and hot tub

Start gathering your roommates now. Doug Savage (698-9774) can help coordinate rooming arrangements. Reservations can be made starting Dec. 1st, 1996. Watch the Penwicle for more reservation information as December approaches.

Peshastin Pinnacles/Autumn Leaf Festival

by Cheryl Gudger

"On belay," "Climbing," "Tension," "Slack," "Off belay," the clink of carabiners. These are all sounds that were heard on the weekend of October 6th and 7th at Peshastin Pinnacles. Thirty-one people enjoyed the sun, warmth, and fun of social climbing at the Pinnacles.

People of varying skill levels climbed on seven different ropes set on Martian Slab. We entertained several resident photographers. There were lots of pictures taken; however, very few of the photographs were of faces.

Saturday night we were entertained by the sights and sounds of the Autumn Leaf Festival in Leavenworth. Many of us enjoyed attempting the Chicken Dance, the Macareana, and the Limbo.

Many thanks to Tony Abruzzo for organizing such a successful outing!



Greetings from Mike McGuire!



PWC member, Mike McGuire sends these words of hello from Tanzania:

Jermbo!

Hope everyone is having a fine outdoor summer. The Kilimanjaro climb was the hardest thing I've ever done, 6000 ft to a little over 19,000 and back to 6000 ft in 5 1/2 days. [I'm] off next to a 4 day safari.

Mike McGuire

SUBMITTALS for DEC Newsletter!

I will not be at either the Monday night meeting or Interested Members Meeting during the month of November. If you have information for December's newsletter, please mail it to my address shown on the back page of this newsletter or call me at 895-8769 to make other arrangements. Please have contributions submitted by Nov. 16th. Thanks!

Teresa Sayers
Editor

Confirmation of Club Officers

1997 PWC officers were officially confirmed at the October meeting:

Steve Vittori - President
Chris Hildebrand - Vice President
Lyn Lund - Secretary
Kevin Kilbridge - Treasurer

The 1997 term begins in November.
Thanks, devoted volunteers, for serving as club executives!



PWC SCRAPBOOK

Send your photos from a favorite PWC event to Kathy Ryan for inclusion in the club scrapbook. Be sure to include some descriptive dialogue (people, location, dates, etc.). Call Kathy at 876-9672.

Mt. Tahoma Trails 7th Annual Gala and Auction

Time: Friday - November 1, 1996
6:00 pm to 10:00 pm

**Admission
is Free!**

Place: South Park Community Center
4851 South Tacoma Way

Live and Silent Auctions

Food - Beer - Wine

Program:

- 6:00 Socializing & silent auction tables open
- 6:30 Hut reservations begin
- 7:00 Silent auction tables close
- 7:30 Introductions and awards ceremony
- 7:45 Live auction begins
- 10:00 Auction ends; clean-up begins

Auction and hut reservation numbers will be given at the door starting at 6:00 pm on a first come first served basis! Hang onto your number!

Address questions to and volunteer with: John or Mary Barth at (206)927-6635



Eastern Russia and the Arctic

by Alice Savage

Seldom do I leave this area in the summer because I want to enjoy our beautiful mountains, sea and sun; but, this was the only time to visit the Arctic.

On July 30, I flew to Nome, Alaska with a stop first in Kotzebue. As the plane landed the stewardess attempted to give us the time. She announced it was 5:00 pm. Then, hesitating, she said, "No, I think it's 5:15. Oh, what the heck. It's somewhere around there." Everyone burst into laughter. This was our introduction to the casual lifestyle of Alaska.

In Nome I met our tour group of 37 people and we were taken to the Nugget Inn, a comfortable wooden structure right on the beach. Nearby is a church with two saloons directly across the street. Many of the houses sit on blocks of wood. Small pieces of wood are removed or added to keep the homes level when the permafrost decides to heave them upward or downward.

In March, the Iditarod sled dog races end in Nome. They start in Anchorage, 1100 miles away. Nome is alive day and night with people partying and waiting for the teams to come in. One merchant told me it is very noisy and no one gets any sleep.

In 1889 gold was discovered and, overnight, Nome became a tent city. 40,000 miners, merchants and adventurers flooded the town, setting up tents on the beach and scooping gold out of the gravel.



Our intent was to spend one night in Nome, but it ended up two nights because a big storm blew in. The weather finally cleared and we were off in three small planes for the hour and a half flight across the Bering Strait to Provideniya, Russia. Since the planes only carry seven to eight passengers, they flew back to Nome for the others.

About a dozen large helicopters painted army camouflage were sitting on the airfield when we arrived. They looked abandoned. It was a hassle getting through customs but we expected that.

We were taken into town on a rickety old bus, passing through a large desolate area of rubble and crumbling buildings. It was rocky and grey with little vegetation and quite depressing. This was a military outpost at one time, but with the end of the cold war, the people are long gone. The roadway was muddy and full of holes, as were the streets, when we reached town. The bus stopped at a small square with a statue of Lenin and a huge smokestack which spewed black smoke into the air.

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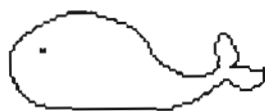
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A guide took us for a walk and we looked into a bar and a clothing store which had a number of simple items. Most of the buildings were built of stone and looked very old. The whole town had a grey depressed look. We walked to the graveyard where huge stones marked the graves. Many had a picture of the occupant on the stone. They died young, about 40 years of age seemed the average.

The town did have a bright spot, a cultural center and a very nice museum which held beautiful ivory carvings along with native artifacts. When we returned from the cruise we were invited to see lovely Russian women dancing in beautiful costumes at the center.

Provideniya is a seaport. Ships bring in supplies which are sent up the coast to villages. At one time, about 40,000 people lived here; but, there are barely 2,000 now. Russia is a poor country, so there is not much money for repairs and upkeep.

It was late when we boarded the 235 foot Russian expedition vessel, the AKADEMIK SHOKALSKY. We were welcomed aboard by Captain Kolesnikov, who spoke English, and his Russian crew, which did not. Six expedition leaders were wonderful, taking care of all our needs. They gave lectures and handled the trips ashore in the zodiacs. They were from Canada and the U.S. except Oleg who was Russian.



We sailed north during the night and anchored off the coast near Nuneangan Island. After breakfast we were off in the zodiacs to cruise around the island and look at birds nesting on 50 foot cliffs. Murres and Puffins were prevalent, but Cormorants were also seen with small chicks. A close sighting of a walrus with only one long tusk on the beach was exciting. They are not usually seen alone. We thought he may have been old and not long for this world.

We went back to the ship and it moved on to Ittygran Island where we visited a place called Whalebone Alley. Massive jawbones of the bowhead whale were stuck in the ground to form a lane along the beach. No one has found an explanation for this and it remains a mystery. Of course, whaling was done extensively in these waters at one time and whalebones were scattered about on every shore we visited.

At one time the Eskimos used the large whalebones as foundations for their homes. Huge jawbones were perfectly shaped for rafters which they covered with sod, making a snug shelter.

The vegetation was lush and green with many colorful flowers. Due to the extreme weather everything grows close to the ground, including willow. It grows flat like a ground cover and had large catkins. Theresa, our naturalist, pointed out the difference between the male and female catkins. Summer only lasts about two months this far north. Temperatures seemed to average around 45 degrees Fahrenheit each day.

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We climbed a hill and discovered a burial ground in the rocks. Remains of skeletons and skulls were exposed, along with bits of crockery. I even spotted a rusty toy metal gun. The Eskimos believed in leaving gifts with their deceased to send them on their way.

After lunch, a third stop on the mainland brought us to a community of 420 people called Yanrakynnot. The Russian government involuntarily relocated people from small villages to this place in the 1950's. Ivan, who seemed to be a leader, showed us the URANGA, a skin tent which is used at their fish camps. Large pieces of salmon were drying on racks and a woman cooked walrus meat which we all sampled. It tasted similar to beef with a smoky flavor. She also had blubber and fresh salmon roe. Several people tried it but I couldn't bring myself to. Some of the Eskimos dressed in their traditional fur clothing so we could take photos.

I will never forget the beautiful children who rushed out to greet us as we landed. They had not seen many Americans, probably only those from the two sailings that had gone before ours. They wanted to talk to us, hold our hands and just bubbled all over with enthusiasm. They have so few possessions and comforts, but seem healthy and happy. How refreshing it was to see these unspoiled kids.



We took a tour of the town and peeked into a 10 bed hospital. It was a rough building and far from modern, but it served their purpose. Women sitting outside their houses smiled and allowed us to take pictures. Nearby was a fox farm. The Eskimos raise these animals to sell the fur. It was profitable at one time but there is not much market for the furs now. We were not allowed to see it.

The next morning a gray whale was spotted as we cruised in the zodiacs for another shore landing. We drifted along as it fed near our 12 foot boats. It was a thrill to see this huge animal surface and to try and count the barnacles covering its body. We had a wet landing in heavy swells, but we were dressed for it. Everyone wore raingear and kneehigh rubber boots.

We entered an old community, long abandoned, with remnants of houses on a hillside and an empty polar station. A steep climb brought us to a large monument of a Russian called Dezhnev. He must have been important because Cape Dezhnev, around which we later sailed, was named after him. The Cape is the most eastern part of the Asian continent, with only 55 miles across the Bering Strait to Alaska.

A third landing brought us to the community of Uelen. Again a horde of smiling children ran out to greet us. Two dogs were tugging at a walrus head on the beach, with other parts of the unfortunate animal scattered about. UMIAKS, skin boats still used for hunting walrus and seals, rested on old oil barrels.

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In a small community center we were entertained by adults and children performing their native dances accompanied by musicians playing drums. Beautiful ivory carvings were on display and some of the locals were selling carvings made from bone or reindeer horn. I traded my sunglasses for an intricate pair of reindeer earrings. We were not allowed to bring ivory back into the U.S. but bone and horn are permitted.



The children are now learning English, and one delightful young girl informed me she had a penpal in Portland. I told her I would love to be a penpal, so I got her address and intend to write and send photos to her. She gave me a big hug before we climbed back into the zodiacs and everyone waved frantically as we headed for the ship. The experience left us all with a warm feeling.

At 1:30 in the morning we crossed the Arctic Circle at 66.33 latitude. It was now almost constant daylight and the ship was in scattered ice. Everyone was on the lookout for polar bears which hang around the ice flows hunting seals, but none were spotted. Our next destination was Wrangel Island.

The next morning the captain announced, "Walrus ahead!" and with incredible skill he eased the ship up close to the flows where they lay in one large mass. We counted 12 or 13 and could easily see their long white tusks and hear them grunting. A couple of walrus pups also made an appearance. It was a remarkable opportunity to observe and

take pictures. We finally got too close and the animals dove into the water. Later a Ringed Seal was spotted.

Wrangel Island finally appeared out of the fog. By this time the ship was pushing through ice and only going three knots. The ice continued to get heavier and the fog denser, so it was decided to abandon the island. We turned around only 13 miles from shore at 70.54 north latitude. In the late afternoon a white rainbow appeared in the misty sky. It was a rather awesome phenomenon.

The flows became smaller and we sailed northeast to Herald Island. The seas were smooth and open between flows, so off we went in the zodiacs to check out bird cliffs, look at a waterfall, and sail under a natural rock arch. The zodiacs nosed into the rocks so we could climb up on them and say we had been on Herald Island. This was the



furthest point north we ventured at 71 10 degrees latitude. The island is small and rocky. Very few people have ever set foot on it because of its remoteness.

Back on the ship we headed south and about 50 walrus were spotted on two ice flows. Again we got quite close but they were spooked by the ship's loudspeaker and disappeared. That evening at dinner we were presented with certificates signed by the captain for having crossed the Arctic Circle.

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Everyone became quite restless as time stretched to five days at sea with only one short trip ashore to Herald Island. The weather turned stormy and two landings had to be aborted because of heavy swells and 40 mile per hour winds. Passing around Cape Dezhnev again, the weather calmed and we sailed from choppy seas into a protected lagoon for an easy landing. This was Poeten Bay.

Open plains greeted us with thick grasses and many flowers growing among the whalebones. Ground squirrels scolded as we walked up a hill to investigate another burial site. An abandoned border guard lookout station was perched on a cliff with a spectacular view. Puffins and Kittewakes were flying below, and offshore gray whales were blowing. A small stream bubbled out of the ground and we stopped for a drink of clean, cold water. Tiny blueberries were abundant and tasted good.

The next stop was Puffin Island. We climbed up onto the rocks to sit and watch thousands of these hilarious birds with their clown-like faces. Two species live here, the Tufted and the Horned.

A long hike on our last morning brought us to a hot springs. Several of us had brought swimsuits as the ship had a sauna. Someone in the past had dug out a hole, laid boards on the bottom and lined the sides with whalebones. It was filled with warm water and could hold about six bodies. Only a few of us women went in. The men just stood around looking at the "view".



The captain had dinner with us our last night aboard, as did his first mate. They each made a little speech telling us they enjoyed our group. The Captain was a very nice man and always seemed happy to see us when we went up to the bridge. We found the Russian people to be warm and friendly, as well as, very handsome. We loved the serving girls in the dining room. They were very attractive and always smiling.

Our meals were simple but filling. Usually meat or fish was served with potatoes and vegetables. Dessert was served with both lunch and dinner. We decided our cook was a choc-aholic because just about every dessert was or contained chocolate. Breakfast was hearty with hot oatmeal, bacon, sausage, eggs, pancakes, and either muffins or bagels with coffee or tea.

Before arriving back at Provideniya, several gray whales were spotted near the ship. One made a full breach and a couple lifted their tails out of the water. It was always a thrill to see the wildlife. We were disappointed that not one polar bear showed up, but it was a good trip and we were satisfied.

When we reached Provideniya, we took in the cultural center then went to the airport. The flight across the Bering Strait went well and we were back for another night in Nome. The next day we flew back to Seattle with a stop in Anchorage. I was hoping to catch sight of Denali near Anchorage, and just a bit of the majestic mountain showed as we left the airport.

It was great trip. I was fortunate to be one of the few people to ever see the villages and countryside of the Russian Eastern Coast. I certainly hope it remains like it is- unspoiled. ■

Officers & Staff

President: Steve Vittori	377-1869
Vice Pres: Chris Hildebrand	698-5256
Secretary: Lyn Lund	377-7067
Treasurer: Kevin Killbridge	871-2537
Editor: Teresa Sayers	895-8769
Entertainment: Joe Weigel	871-0291
Assembling: Joyce Kimmel	
Refreshments: Tony Abruzzo	871-5754
Clean-Up: Diana Cripe	895-4299
New Members: Bert Cripe	895-4299

CLUB BUSINESS:

Interested Members Meeting: November 14th (Thurs), 7:00 pm; Cheryl Gudger will host the November Interested Members Meeting at her home in Port Orchard. New members are encouraged to join in as club activities and business are planned. Call Cheryl at 876-3035 for directions.

October Door Prizes: Barney Bernhard won the Mt. Constance Mountain Shoppe door prize, a ski tuning edger kit. Additionally, Dee Molenaar donated some of his works: Scott Fourier won *The Challenge of Rainier*; Kathy Weigel, Jim Pettis, and Wendy McClure each won a map. Thanks Dee!

Newsletter Contributions: Send articles, trip reports, interviews, announcements, etc to: Teresa Sayers, 4130 Harris Ave. SE, Pt. Orchard, WA 98366; Or, phone 895-8769.

To Change Your Address: Notify Jim Luddon at 165 NW Alta Drive; Bremerton, WA 98310. Or, change your address at the time you pay your annual dues.

New Members in October: Matthew Adams, Susan Lundin and Deborah Perry.

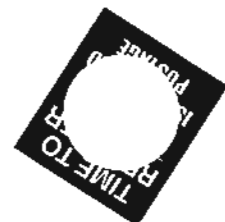
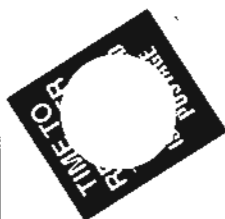


PENWICKE

Peninsula Wilderness Club
P.O. Box 323
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November 1996 - Time Dated Material

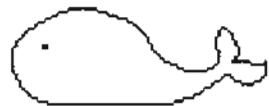
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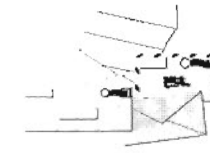
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In March, the Iditarod sled dog races end in Nome. They start in Anchorage, 1100 miles away. Nome is alive day and night with people partying and waiting for the teams to come in. One merchant told me it is very noisy and no one gets any sleep.

In 1889 gold was discovered and, overnight, Nome became a tent city. 40,000 miners, merchants and adventurers flooded the town, setting up tents on the beach and scooping gold out of the gravel.



Our intent was to spend one night in Nome, but it ended up two nights because a big storm blew in. The weather finally cleared and we were off in three small planes for the hour and a half flight across the Bering Strait to Provideniya, Russia. Since the planes only carry seven to eight passengers, they flew back to Nome for the others.

About a dozen large helicopters painted army camouflage were sitting on the airfield when we arrived. They looked abandoned. It was a hassle getting through customs but we expected that.

We were taken into town on a rickety old bus, passing through a large desolate area of rubble and crumbling buildings. It was rocky and grey with little vegetation and quite depressing. This was a military outpost at one time, but with the end of the cold war, the people are long gone. The roadway was muddy and full of holes, as were the streets, when we reached town. The bus stopped at a small square with a statue of Lenin and a huge smokestack which spewed black smoke into the air.

(continued on page 8)