

# PENWICLE

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.

## June 1999

### Monday Meeting

### June 14th

## Protecting the Olympic Wilderness

Paul Axelrod, a member of PWC, and Jim Scarborough will present a talk on the history of wilderness preservation on the Olympic Peninsula. They will bring us up to date with current efforts to protect additional wild lands in Olympic National Forest.

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### THE BAILEY RANGE TRAVERSE

*by Chris Bell*

My son Tor and his special friend Carol invited me to join them on their summer vacation during the second week of August, which turned out to be a trip through the Bailey Range of mountains in the Olympic National Park. It is always great when a parent is invited to join his children for an extended trip. It is greater yet when the trip is spent in the high country of the Olympic Mountains. It is the greatest when for eight days the weather is perfect - no rain, only one slightly overcast day.

As typical when I am traveling with my young friends, the trip started late Friday evening, when we drove to the Hoh River campground, dropped off one car, then continued in my car to the Sol Duc where I finally laid out my sleeping bag in the parking lot at 2:00 a.m. for a few hours of fitful sleep. I have now concluded that this beginning to a trip is simply a test - if I can continue to tolerate late night drives to trail heads, then jump up bright and early in the morning prepared to travel, I am still welcome to participate in the activity. It is a struggle to stay young at heart, and a bigger struggle to convince the body that it continues up to the task.

SATURDAY: We made out our own permit, and fortunately this was done before a ranger arrived at the station. There was a bear alert, and if we followed the rules posted on the bulletin board, we would not be able to camp along our intended route until after arriving at Cream Lake - making impossible our trip. So we quickly filled out the necessary paperwork.

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Visit *PENWICLE* on the web: <http://kendaco.telebyte.com/~bcripe/>

## ***June Outings***

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### **MT. RAINIER - PARADISE SKI TRIP**

Saturday, June 5th

Contact: Kevin Gross (337-7312) or Melinda Brottem (871-3522)

Leave early Saturday morning for a day of skiing near Paradise in Mt. Rainier National Park. There is plenty of snow there and with luck the skiing should be very pleasant.

### **BEACH DAY HIKE**

Sunday, June 13th

Contact: Steve Vittori (377-1869)

Steve plans to lead a beach hike, location yet known. Approximate distance of 4 to 5 miles.



### **JUAN DE FUCA BACKPACKING TRIP**

Sunday - Wednesday, June 13th - 16th

Contact: Alan Searle (876-3070)

Alan plans to hike the Juan de Fuca Marine Trail beginning Sunday, June 13th, and finishing on Wednesday the 16th. It is about 35 miles long and is a relatively easy trail. It was featured in Backpacker October '98, and there is a web site devoted to the trail.

### **A WORD ABOUT OUTINGS**

The persons sponsoring trips are organizers and should not be considered instructors. If you are unsure of your abilities, skill level, or equipment, discuss the trip thoroughly with the organizer. Often, friendly guidance is available on the trip, however by preplanning you will help ensure everyone has a safe and fun adventure.

### **MT TOWNSEND DAY HIKE**

Wednesday, June 16th

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774)

Doug will lead this day hike to the top of Mt. Townsend, normally a moderate hike. However, an ice ax may be needed due to snow conditions.

### **CAMP MUIR OVERNIGHTER**

Friday - Saturday, June 18th - 19th - Intermediate

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774)

Hike to Camp Muir & ski back down the next morning. We will travel light, have lunch on the trail, and camp in the shelter. Dinner at camp Muir, a light breakfast, and then a quick ski back down to Paradise. Telemarking skills needed.

### **BACKPACK TO TOLEAK POINT**

Saturday & Sunday, June 19th & 20th

Contact: Lynn Howat (598-3087)

Leave early Saturday morning and hike the ocean beach for 7 miles to Toileak Point where we'll camp. Tide pools, seals and eagles. Hike out on Sunday afternoon.

### **ELWHA RIVER DAY HIKE**

Saturday, June 26th

Contact: Steve Vittori (377-1869)

Steve plans a day hike in Elwha River area; approximate distance of 4 to 7 miles, depending on trail chosen, and a minimal elevation gain.

### **SKATING**

Sundays, 7-9:30 pm

Contact: Bremerton Skateland (479-7655)

Sunday evenings are reserved for adults, so don't feel too intimidated—give it a try!

### **ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS**

## ***Upcoming Outings***

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### **ANNUAL PICNIC**

Get ready for the annual July picnic to be held next month in place of the regular Monday night meeting. This year the picnic falls on the 12th. The location is still up in the air at press time—more next month.

### **TRAIL MAINTENANCE**

Saturday - Sunday, July 10th - 18th

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774)

Trail maintenance in the Olympic National Park. Doug hopes to do the Six Ridge trail (at least the first 3 miles from Seven Stream to the ridge). Location is subject to change due to snow. **YOU DO NOT HAVE TO GO ALL 9 DAYS!** Day Sherpas, weekenders, what ever you can volunteer would be of help and appreciated.

### **MT. OLYMPUS CLIMB**

Saturday - Friday July 24th - 30th

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774)

Climb Mt. Olympus with Doug Savage and Tony Abruzzo. Space is limited - max in party is eight.

### **YAKIMA RIVER FLOAT TRIP**

Saturday & Sunday, July 24th - 25th

Contact: Ted Wiles (871-3522)

Join Ted for his annual Yakima River Float Trip and camp out.

### **BUGABOOS CLIMB/SUPPORT HIKE**

Mid-week, August 13th - 22nd - Strong hiker/climber

Contact: Stacy Moon (405-1426)

Hike to Bugaboo Hut (Cain Hut) for an alpine base camp support. Help support (carry gear) for grade VI climb on Howser Tower. Support team can maintain contact with climbing team via radio.

### **DOSEWALLIPS BACKPACK TRIP**

Friday - Tuesday, August 20th - 24th

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774) or Joe Weigel (871-0291)

Join Doug and Joe for a 5 day trip up the Dosewallips to Cedar Lake.

### **OVERNIGHTER TO BOULDER CAMP**

Saturday - Sunday, August 28th & 29th

Contact: Doug Savage (698-9774)

Hike in to Boulder camp and hike the Heather Creek way trail.

## ***Announcements & Notices***

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### **WANTED: HOUSE TO SIT**

Housesitter available after 4-15-99. References on request. 360-479-4171 leave message. Jim Drannan

### **FOR SALE**

Climbing Hardware: Chocks, biners, descending rings, ice screws, pitons, hammer, and stuff.

Heavy, military surplus, wool, winter climbing pants with reinforced seat. Size 36 waist. Good condition. \$5.00.

Men's leather Italian climbing boots, Scarpa/Fabiano size 11. Good condition, \$10.00.

Contact: Roger Gray (373-6642)

### **BOARD OF DIRECTORS POSITION OPEN**

Recently elected board member Pat Gleason has taken a new job out of state and thus a replacement is needed.

Contact club president, Tom Banks at 697-7708, if you are interested in filling this position.

The new board member will be voted in to office at the June regular meeting.

## Trip Reports

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*(Continued from page 1)*

certifying that we would not molest the bears, nor give them an opportunity to share our food.

We hoisted our packs onto our backs, a real effort. Carol had brought enough food to feed all the bears we might encounter along the way. We needed to use the climbing rope and pulleys to get the pack onto her back. She groaned, but started up the trail at a brisk pace and in good humor, and as usual that was the last I saw of her until Heart Lake, when I caught up to her and Tor for our first rest stop.

No one was camping at Heart Lake, a most unusual circumstance, but in compliance with the bear alert which the rangers had posted. We found at the Lake a couple of old gals who explained that they had first explored this area in 1923 or so. They were back again and had just been swimming in this snow-fed lake when a bear joined them in the water, but apparently expressed no interest in these ancient water nymphs.

We stayed at Heart Lake only long enough to catch our breath, then continued up onto the High Divide, turned east, and headed over the jagged and narrow Cat Track arriving at Boston Charlie's, a small mud hole nestled at the easterly end of the Cat Track on the side of Mount Carrie. Exhausted we stayed here, even though we had to share this tiny site with two others - the last humans we were to encounter for the next six days. While enjoying our first meal out we watched twelve elk grazing on the slope of Mount Carrie while a bear ambled over to them, to find out what was so appetizing. He expressed no interest in our food.

Sunday: This was planned as an easy day, and turned out to be the case. We moved camp only two or three miles, to a place where a series of streams provided good water, and the ground was sufficiently level to set up our tents. We first had to move through a series of washed out gullies, but they were all doable without a great deal of difficulty. The trail was obvious, much more so than I remember four years ago when I had made this same trip.

No sooner had we unpacked before the goats arrived - seven of them. These were not ordinary mountain goats. They came right into our camp, as if they owned the place. I could not unzip my fly before the whole bunch stood directly in front of me, waiting for me to take a whiz. Not only was I embarrassed, but I was concerned about what might happen if I exposed myself in front of them. I had to spend the rest of the time sneaking around just so I could relieve myself. Their search for salt is insatiable, and they found each and every location where the three of us had relieved ourselves, always on rock to try and preserve the vegetation from their frenzied search for salt.

The day was beautiful, the view of Mount Olympus spectacular and we had a wonderful rest from the previous grueling trip of the day before.

Monday: We awoke to mountain goats, their number had increased to thirteen (reinforcements), sticking their heads into our tents, waiting for some action. They only got a stone tossed in their direction.

This was intended to be tough day, all the way to the upper Ferry Basin. I had been telling Carol all about crossing Eleven Bull Basin, and the gullies that were so deep that they put the Grand Canyon to shame, and that the gullies started at the top of Mount Carrie and continued all the way down to the Hoh River. When I had previously negotiated this part of the trip four years ago, three hours had been spent just building up the courage to step off the rim, and down into the void.

So we left our camp-site with great anxiety, and around every ridge Carol would peer forth, expecting to find this gaping slash in the earth just waiting to engulf her. So almost two hours later, when we arrived at the little tarn before Cream Lake, I realized that some great force must have re-contoured the mountainside, removing in size and difficulty the gullies of the Eleven Bull Basin, and in fact, surprise of all surprises on this trip, we came to realize that we had already crossed this once perilous section of the route the previous day. You can imagine our collective relief.

This was not my first surprise. When we arrived at Cream Lake there was not a mosquito, nor a deer fly or horse fly. Just a placid, beautiful lake set deep in Bailey Range. The mosquitoes must have all been attending a motivational seminar on how to effectively counter the effect of DEET, because the last time I visited this Lake the pests were lined up in droves, dive bombing me at will. I had lost two pints of blood just getting through this section of the trip. But this time - nothing. Not a bug.

GETTING to Cream Lake is still perplexing. The boot trail prior to the Lake traverses at about 5,000 to 5,500 feet. Then there is a fork, with one spur of the trail remaining at that elevation and continuing well above the Lake, the other spur dropping down. Because the Lake is at 4,300 feet, we took the low route, and found ourselves plunging straight down through fallen trees, scree that had been greased like ball bearings, and thickets so dense that I needed a compass to negotiate them. Finally a meadow is reached, at least 150 feet in elevation below the Lake. I suspect that this must be the correct route, but I am surprised that in the maze of boot paths and game trails that are encountered along the traverse, there is not a more direct approach to the Lake.

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## JUNE

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

## Interested Members Meeting:

Thursday, June 10th, 7:00 p.m.

Kathy & Joe Weigel will host this month's Interested Members Meeting at their home in South Kitsap. Combine socializing with club business and trip planning. This is a great chance to get to know members one-on-one. Call them at 871-0291 for directions. Please carpool as much as possible.

## JULY

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

June 5th	Mt. Rainier-Paradise Ski trip	Kevin Gross (337-7312) or Melinda Brottem (871-3522)	2
June 13th	Beach Day hike	Steve Vittori (377-1869)	2
June 13th - 16th	Juan de Fuca Backpacking trip	Alan Searle (876-3070)	2
June 16th	Mt. Townsend Day hike	Doug Savage (698-9774)	2
June 18th - 19th	Camp Muir Overnight Ski trip	Doug Savage (698-9774)	2
June 19th - 20th	Backpack to Tokeak Point	Lynn Howat (598-3087)	2
June 26th	Elwha River Day hike	Steve Vittori (377-1869)	2
Sundays	Skating	Skateland (479-7655)	2
July 10th - 18th	Trail Maintenance	Doug Savage (698-9774)	3
July 24th - 30th	Mt. Olympus Climb	Doug Savage (698-9774)	3
July 24th - 25th	Yakima River Float trip	Ted Wiles (871-3522)	3
Aug 13th - 22nd	Bugaboos Climb/Support hike	Stacy Moon (405-1426)	3
Aug 20th - 24th	Dosewallips Backpack trip	Doug Savage (698-9774) or Joe Weigel (871-0291)	3
Aug 28th - 29th	Overnighter to Boulder Camp	Doug Savage (698-9774)	3

## Potluck Social:

Friday, June 25th, 6:30 p.m.

This month the potluck will be hosted by Laura & Ron Croft, at their home near Poulsbo. Bring a dish to share and come on out to socialize. Please RSVP to them at 779-6250. Please carpool if possible.

## PWC Climbers Group

An informal gathering of climbers meets the last Monday of the month at 7 p.m. at the Silver City Brewing Company in Silverdale. All are welcome to join us for general socializing and discussions about past and future mountaineering excursions. For directions, call Tom Banks at 697-7708. For a list of climbers, send an e-mail to Jim Morrison at: [jmorrison@telisphere.com](mailto:jmorrison@telisphere.com) or phone 638-2705.

## Newsletter Folding...

A small group of PWCers meet to prepare the newsletter for mailing. Call Teresa Sayers at 895-8769 for specific location and time if you would like to help.

## Recent New Members

The PWC welcomes the following new members: Harriet Goodwin, Kevin Gross, Claudia Hunt, Joan & Greg Iverson, Bryan Kuehl, Linda Lee, Diana Letson, Brian O'Connell, Sumit Sen, and Julia Wilcox.

## Officers & Staff

President:	Tom Banks	697-7708
Vice Pres:	Deborah Legg	478-2829
Secretary:	Kathy Weigel	871-0291
Treasurer:	Kevin Kilbridge	871-2537
Board of Directors	Steve Vittori	377-1869
	Doug Savage	698-9774
	vacant	
Entertainment:	Joe Weigel	871-0291
Refreshments:	Dawn Vokali	377-5103
Clean-Up:	Diana Cripe	895-4299
New Members:	Bert Cripe	895-4299
Scrap Book:	Kathy Ryan	876-9672
Penwicle:		
Editor	Bert Cripe	895-4299
Assembling:	Joyce Kimmel	876-1497
	Teresa Sayers	895-8769

**Last Month's Door Prizes:** Last month's door prize, won by Randy Knox, was an ice ax. The monthly door prize is donated by Mt. Constance Mountain Shoppe. All members can enter at the Monday night meeting.

## RECIPE OF THE MONTH:

### BEEF JERKY (FROM THE SPANISH CHARQUI)

by Roger Gray

Trim all fat from 1 1/2 lbs flank steak or beef brisket (or any cheap cut of beef.) Put in freezer until surface is frozen firm. Slice in 1/8 to 1/4 inch strips, with the grain, long ways.

#### Dry ingredients:

1 t seasoning salt  
1/3 t garlic powder  
1/3 t black pepper  
1 t onion powder

#### Liquid ingredients:

1/4 C Worcestershire sauce  
1/4 C Soy sauce

Stir sauces into combined dry ingredients. Use 9x15x2 inch glass pan. Cover bottom of pan with some of the sauce mixture. Place a layer of meat on bottom of pan. Paint top of layer with sauce mixture. Lay alternate layer of meat strips on, brush top, etc., until all the meat is in. Pour remainder of sauce over top of meat strips. Marinate overnight in refrigerator.

Lay meat strips across racks in oven. Put a pan under meat to catch drippings. Turn oven on low (140°) with door closed. Cook for six or eight hours. Sample meat after about four hours and occasionally thereafter until done.

Store the jerky in the refrigerator until used.

## Trip Report

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AFTER a short break, we again started for the high country, up to 5,500 feet and the high lakes below Mount Ferry where we set up camp and had a good wash in the cold snow fed stream leading from the lake.

As usual along the way we had encountered more bear. The blueberries were ripening, and the bear were far more interested in trashing the hillsides than they were in ravaging our packs.

Tuesday: Another easy day, as Tor had planned. He had laid out the entire trip, and so far it was going without a hitch. He was the route finder, and we never got lost. He was the field marshal, and we followed him like loyal foot soldiers, and we never experienced any unexpected problems - except that he could do nothing about my foot soldiers, which were beginning to mutiny at this point. No amount of Dr. Scholl's foot care could relieve their rebellion.

BUT I was able to marshal them up to the pass between Mount Ferry and Mount Pulitzer, where we dropped our packs and climbed (walked up) Ferry for the gorgeous view of the Elwha Valley, and all of the mountains to the east. Then it was on the short distance across the shoulder of Mount Pulitzer to Lone Tree Pass where we set camp.

OUR trip was fitting into a routine. After camp was set, and food consumed, either Tor or Carol would start reading from Mark Twain's delightful book "Roughing It", about a stage coach ride across the wild west in the 1870's. Often this reading would continue into the evening, after we had retired to our respective tents. I found my tent being pitched closer to theirs for each night of the trip, so I could eavesdrop on this great story which was unraveling as we traveled through the Bailey's. By the end of our journey even I had taken my turn at reading.

IN addition to Mark Twain, Carol and Tor had brought a book on flowers, to advance their goal of being able to identify all of the wild flowers, shrubs, trees and other vegetation in the State of Washington. The book describes 1,000,001 wild flowers in the Olympic National Park, with a page devoted to each flower. Carol had purchased a separate pocket to be attached to her pack just so that she could carry this monstrosity, which probably added seventy pounds to the weight she was carrying. But I did learn lots of new names to the multitude of beautiful flowers which were found at all elevations throughout our journey.

BUT the day would not be over before climbing Mount Pulitzer, otherwise known as Snagtooth, and probably the most disgusting mountain I have ever climbed. Each handhold comes out in a fist full of spiny and sharp shale rock. Tor and I must have lowered the elevation of the mountain

two or three feet just climbing to its summit. While not a particularly technical climb, the mountain does have some exposure, especially when its rock cannot be trusted. But the panorama from the summit was great, and in the far distance we were able to observe three people following our earlier path, but we never saw them again.

Wednesday: We were off early, since we had a ways to go - the Queets Basin. We were now on snow, a bit of a relief from clambering on rock, over and under downed trees and stumbling over roots. We crossed under Mount Childs, over Bear Pass and then made our way down into the basin below, avoiding the Dodwell-Rixon and continuing directly toward the Queets.

THE climbers guide suggested we stay high in order to reach the entrance onto the Humes Glacier, our next destination. We followed these instructions, which advised us to stay at approximately 4,500 feet of elevation, even though only mountain goats and bears would be stupid enough to find this route an acceptable means for travel. The faint, and often obscure, trace of a path finally led us on top of cliffs, with no apparent prospect of reaching our destination. We had observed a few cairns (stones stacked one upon the other to mark the way) that had been left and finally through the dense blueberry and huckleberry bushes we saw a grand cairn almost five feet tall, at the base of which laid the remains of a human skeleton. We knew it was time to turn back.

THIS was our first navigational setback, and left us struggling back to the Queets Basin, slipping and sliding on blueberry bushes, slide alder and hidden holes covered by deep grass which severely tested our balancing abilities. A lesson to be learned - don't always trust guide books.

AFTER our humble retreat we set up camp on a knoll, close to the Queets River, where we regrouped for a renewed assault the following day. In the meantime we watched numerous bear moving along that same hillside with ease, mowing down the blueberries, overturning huge boulders probably looking for what meager animal life that lived beneath them. This was a very humbling experience.

Thursday: The next day, with renewed energy, we resumed our effort to find a route to the Humes Glacier. By this time Tor and I were able to mount Carol's pack on her back without the use of a hoist, although there was still enough food carried in it to prolong our trip for at least a month or two more.

THIS time we stayed low, crossing the Queets River at about 4,000 feet, then dropped down on the other side to approximately 3,700 feet where we located a path which appeared to have seen human feet within the past few weeks. After

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## Trip Report

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negotiating the path for some distance through the trees, and down a steep ravine, we at last found ourselves along the raging stream that flows from the Humes. We located a broad but steep gully filled with rock and airplane parts, which by ascending led us up directly to the Humes Glacier. Apparently, the pilot of this ill fated airplane was not aware of the "leave no trace" policy, because bits and pieces of his airplane were scattered almost the full distance of the 1,200 foot of elevation which we had to negotiate as we climbed up this gully.

CROSSING the Humes Glacier was magical. The glacier is old, in a state called ablation, which I think is the correct term. That means no big crevasses or hidden dangers. Rather, little streamlets criss-crossed the ancient ice, often creating sink holes with emerald pools of water and deep channels of multi-hued colors. Sometimes we could hear the roar of the ocean beneath us, other times a rushing wind, and then just the gentle murmur of a more subdued force straining beneath us. Clearly the glacier has a life of its own, and it is a fascinating life that we were allowed to share as we moved across its surface.

UPON cresting the Humes it was up onto the snow fields high above the Hoh Glacier. Miracle of miracle, we could look down on a small oasis of solid rock, perched high on the side of and above the glacier. This was our destination - Camp Pan. After descending the steep snow field we arrived at our home for the night, and a magical home it was. On this rock were several perfect camp sites, level and affording a perfect view. Since we arrived in the early afternoon, we had lots of time to rest, enjoy the site, and continue our adventures with Mark Twain.

THROUGHOUT the trip Carol was our inspiration. She confronted each new challenge with good spirit, never complaining. Her happy disposition distracted my desire to focus upon my aging body which by this time was in full rebellion from the rigors of each day.

We did have one area of great philosophical dispute, which was the correct means for the disposal of human waste. Carol felt that leaving feces in the wilderness represented environmental degradation. I reminded her that the goats, bear and elk were leaving their droppings over the entire landscape, some in profuse quantities. Carol responded that these animals did not have the intelligence to know better. I accepted this point of view in my argument that even humans should be able to do the same. So she took another tack, and argued that human feces contains bad elements such as lead, zinc, mercury, cadmium and other obnoxious substances from the food that we eat. I could not argue with her on this issue, but given the volume of food that had

been packed in, all containing these noxious heavy metals, I was not prepared to start packing it all back out, and so ended the argument with at least a commitment on my part that my holes would be dug deeper and in more remote areas so that not even the test of time and the ravages of the elements would reveal their location.

SHORTLY after our arrival at Camp Pan we could see two dots coming toward us from Glacier Pass, across the Hoh Glacier. When they arrived we were introduced to two climbing rangers from the Park Service, who promptly checked our permit, found it to be in order, and then proceeded to be excellent guests - the first humans with whom we had contact since our first day out. Their presence was fortuitous, since they were leaving the next morning for Mount Olympus, our destination. Looking down onto the Hoh Glacier, we knew that there would be some tricky negotiating around the numerous gaping crevasses, and with the trail of two experienced rangers to follow, we felt much more confident. If the foot prints suddenly disappeared, at least we would know where not to continue.

THE evening was spectacular. The alpenglow of the setting sun on the surrounding mountains created a warm, exhilarating feeling. Slowly the lights of the Saanich Peninsula, on Vancouver Island, began to appear. No longer was the moon full, so we could begin to see the stars more clearly. There was not a cloud in the sky. Could life be any better than this?

Friday: Possibly, but life can in fact be down right mean-spirited, as I was quickly to learn. Back on with the harness, crampons and rope. Onto the glacier to start our almost three thousand foot climb to the summit of Mount Olympus from Camp Pan. The crevasses were enormous, descending sharply for what appeared to be an endless depth as I would peer over their sides while traversing around them. Back and forth we zigzagged, picking our way through the maze of open crevasses, crossing ice bridges where they could be found, jumping the more narrow ones. High on the glacier we could see a mountain goat who was confused negotiating the system of crevasses, and finally gave up and returned to the safety of a rocky ledge.

BUT my spirits improved as we finally approached the summit, which happens to consist of three separate rock peaks: East, Middle and finally West, which is the tallest. Our destination was the West peak, but to my dismay Tor had not warned me of the necessity of first climbing Middle Peak, with full pack, an obstacle in our journey which could not be avoided. Up we went on what is described in the guide book as a third class scramble, but again the guide book had to be wrong. At least it did not take into account the fact

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## Trip Report

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that we were climbing with full packs which by now probably weighed two-hundred and fifty pounds each and were very much under the influence of gravitational pull which at that elevation had increased geometrically to the height reached.

THE battle between my need to surmount this stone-faced obstacle and the gravitational pull was finally concluded when I pulled myself to the top of Middle Peak, rather exhausted from the effort. But now the new struggle commenced, getting down the other side. Fortunately, a true third class route manifested itself, and within a short time we were back on glacier, headed toward West Peak which we knew we would climb without pack.

AGAIN the guide book description failed us. After finally getting off the snow, there was still a climb up rock for approximately 60 feet. What I expected to be a class three route turned out to be the wrong location, and I found myself using fingers, toes and teeth maneuvering up a class four pitch without aid, and only the dire warnings of death and despair from my son below to encourage me on. Sweet success, and suddenly I was on the summit, where the standard route, to the west of the summit block, was obvious. After shouting down instructions I was promptly joined by my climbing companions and we briefly savored our accomplishment, looking out over a cloudless horizon where we could see from Mount Hood to Mount Baker.

WE did not tarry, since the specks of the two climbing rangers traversing back and forth between the crevasses of the Blue Glacier reminded us that our day was far from over. Back to our packs, again roped together, we started the long descent to the camp at Glacier Meadows. The foot prints on the snow of the rangers was obvious, and after what seemed to be a tedious period of time moving back and forth around the gaping crevasses of the Blue Glacier we found ourselves at last on firm ground, heading down the trail to camp.

WE arrived at Glacier Meadows shortly after 6:00 p.m. We were tired and decided to stay there, even though more people were in the camp than we had hoped to encounter. And there were some really strange types. Most were preparing to climb Olympus the following day, and they were walking around with a popouri of equipment that they had bought at REI or the Bellevue Marmot shop, and it was some pretty expensive stuff. They were dressed to the nines, and we could hear them talking about how nice it would be if Nordstroms were to come out with a line of clothing for climbers.

I COULD not understand the purpose for which they would use half of their equipment, except to be worn on the body

like jewelry. Based on the questions I could hear being asked back and forth in the camp, it was apparent that the use of this equipment was somewhat of a mystery to some of them. Why would this kind of a climber be found attempting to climb Mount Olympus? I never saw these same type of people at Camp Muir, Camp Shurman or Camp Hazard on Mount Rainier. It was peculiar that they should hike in almost 18 miles up the Hoh River trail, to attempt a climb on a mountain which really does present a few technical challenges to a person already possessed with an understanding of basic mountaineering. Myself having just negotiated Middle Peak with a full pack, after coming across from Camp Pan, I was feeling pretty smug, which may have increased my dismay at the type of climber which I encountered upon arriving at Glacier Meadows.

WE were tired, but in the interest of unweighting ourselves for the long trip out the next day, Tor started cooking meal after meal, reducing the size of Carol's pack by at least a third, and leaving myself bloated but fully content. To bed and sweet dreams about the warm shower and hot cup of coffee which would be experienced the following day. It is claimed that I kept the entire camp awake during the night with my snoring, but this assertion I hotly deny.

Saturday: Up early, still thinking about that shower and cup of coffee. By now Carol could get her pack on without our help, but that did not change anything. Even with my head start, she quickly passed me and covered the almost eighteen miles to the Hoh visitor center, and the car, in seven and a half hours after leaving Olympic Meadows. I limped in shortly afterwards, to collapse at the car where Tor and Carol loaded me into the back seat. During the drive from the Hoh back to my car at Sol Duc I went through the excruciating pain of foot decompression syndrome.

OUR treat was Sol Duc, where for six or seven bucks we had the luxury of soaking in the hot springs, where I finally began to feel human again. Unfortunately, the collective aroma of three skanky climbers, unbathed for over a week, did not discourage the other bathers, so we had to share the pools with a large contingent of other bodies.

A TASTY seafood dinner in Port Angeles, a real bed in a motel, and our trip had come to an end. What a really wonderful time. Most importantly, I was blessed to spend this extraordinarily beautiful and challenging adventure with two truly special people, and I am the luckiest dad there could be. Always supportive, never complaining, never a harsh word, only a desire to have a great experience together. It was had.

## Newsletter Contributions and To Change your Address or Phone Number:

Send articles, trip reports, stories, announcements, etc & address and phone number changes to:

Bert Cripe, 2398 Jefferson Ave. SE, Port Orchard WA 98366; e-mail: [bcripe@kendaco.telebyte.com](mailto:bcripe@kendaco.telebyte.com) or phone 895-4299.

### How to Join the PWC (or renew your membership):

Membership is open to anyone interested in muscle-powered outdoor sports. Dues are \$18.00 per household per year. Send a check or money order to Peninsula Wilderness Club, P.O. Box 323, Bremerton, WA 98337-0070. PWC members get a 10% discount at Mt. Constance Mountain Shoppe and at The Ajax Cafe.

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Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_ (Optional) Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_ (Optional)



### Members' E-Mail List!

Members may submit their e-mail address to: [bcripe@kendaco.telebyte.com](mailto:bcripe@kendaco.telebyte.com) and receive the latest e-mail list back with updates, as needed.

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