

## The Splendors of Scotland

Presented by: Ann Marshall

Monday, January 10, 7 pm

"Oh, you take the high road and I'll take the low road ... " The words of this old song ran through the minds of Ann Marshall and her friend Joan Watson as they set out this summer on the West Highland Way. One of several long-distance footpaths in Scotland, the West Highland Way is perhaps the best known because of its route near some of Scotland's most famous landmarks, including Loch Lomond, Glen Coe, and Ben Nevis. Starting on the outskirts of Glasgow, the two women hiked the WHW to its end 95 miles away in the Highland mountain town of Fort William, enjoying beautiful scenery and wonderful people on the way. Ann, a free-lance writer and Port Orchard resident, will show slides and talk about the trip.



## Alaska and the Chilkoot Trail

By Alice Savage

The trail is long and hard but well worth a 5-day hike to see glaciers running rampant through and over hundreds of mountains that make up the coastal range of southeastern Alaska. There were awesome river valleys with grasses turning gold in the late summer sun and lovely blue-green lakes.

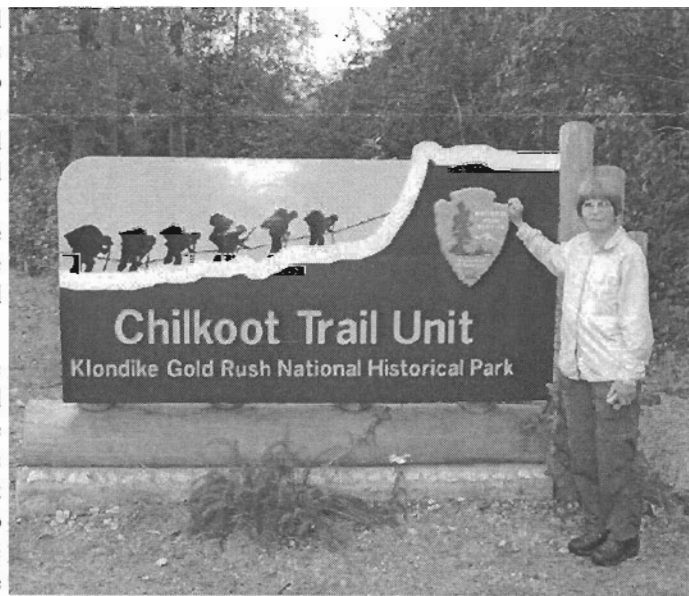
Gary and I left home August 19, 2004, flying first to Juneau, then on to Skagway where we prepared to hike the Chilkoot Trail. We enjoyed the small town and clean air but it rained and we wondered about starting the trail the next day. Fortunately it cleared, and Alaskan old timer Dyea Dave took us to the trailhead, entertaining us with tall tales of Alaska. The trailhead at Dyea is 9 miles from Skagway and was once a thriving town that housed 8,000 people during the gold rush. Now only a trace remains with fireweed covering the area.

The Chilkoot Trail is 33 miles long and famous for the thousands of gold miners that braved the snowy winter of 1898 to struggle up and over Chilkoot Pass with the required one-year's-supply of food and equipment as they headed for the gold fields at Dawson in the Yukon Territory. Now 50 people a day are allowed on the trail but as it was late summer there were only 16 of us, which made it nice and roomy at the camps.

The trail starts by climbing up many stone steps and over Saintly Hill. We hiked through spruce forests, mostly along the Taiya River, and crossed many bridges over side streams. We were warned about bears both grizzly and black and hoped to see a bear or two, but also worried that we might. As it was, not one appeared on the whole trail.

Our first day we hiked over 7 miles, ending up at Canyon City Campground. This camp, as well as all the others along the trail, was well laid-out. Most had warming huts with information about the area posted. They had pit toilets and nice flat spots for tents. Many had large metal boxes to store our food, which was easier than hanging the food bags. The old town site of Canyon City lay a half mile further up the trail. We checked it out the next morning and saw a large rusted boiler once used to power a tramway that sent the miners goods to the top of Chilkoot Pass. It cost 7.5 cents a pound for a load. Parts of a tumbled-down cabin lay in the brush and a rusty old stove. Artifacts were seen in many places along the trail. We saw sled runners, a tram wheel, pick and shovel, and numerous pieces of rusted iron.

The second day was leisurely with only 4 miles to go. A steep climb followed an old telephone line. Then crossing several bridges, we were in Sheep Camp. There were two warming huts here, each with a stove. We had great weather and did not need the shelters, but they certainly would have been welcome on a rainy day.



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## Outings

### A Word About Outings

All PWC outings and other activities are open to anyone, but if you enjoy our company and what we do, we would like you to become a member.

The persons sponsoring trips should not be considered instructors or leaders. If you are unsure of your abilities, discuss the trip thoroughly with the organizer. Each participant is responsible for his or her own comfort and safety on any outing. Please always carry the 10 essentials.

### Pet Policy

Please leave pets at home when attending PWC outings unless the trip is specifically listed as welcoming them.

### Please Call Early

As a courtesy to the sponsor of an outing in which you are interested, please try to call at least two days before the trip for single-day outings, and as soon as possible for overnight outings. This allows the sponsor time to make necessary arrangements, or alternate plans should a trip be canceled for some reason. Your consideration will be greatly appreciated.

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### Hike on Mount Walker

Saturday, January 1

Contact : Kevin Kilbridge, 360-871-2537

Greet the New Year with a hike up Mount Walker. The trail is about two miles, one way, with 1,980 feet of elevation gain. Views at the top include the Olympics Mountains to the west, the Quilcene Range to the north, and the Hood Canal and lowlands to the east.

### Climbing at Vertical World

Friday, January 7

Contact: Barney Bernhard, 360-479-3679

Try some Friday evening climbing indoors at the Vertical World climbing gym in East Bremerton. This is for PWC members' families and friends. Please contact Barney in advance so the Vertical World staff can accommodate the group. Some experienced belayers would be helpful.

### X-Country Ski at Amabilis Mountain

Sunday, January 9

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

Intermediate level cross-country ski at Amabilis Mountain near Snoqualmie Pass. It will be about nine miles round trip with 2,154 feet of elevation gain.

### X-Country Ski in the Methow Valley

Friday, January 14 - Monday, January 17

Contact: Molly Deardorff, 360-373-0114

Join us for great groomed or ridge climbing cross-country skiing in beautiful Methow Valley east of the Cascades. The trails offer skiing for all ability levels on miles of trails. Contact Molly about meeting places for skiing and socializing, and for names of others in the group that may want to share accommodations in the Mazama or Winthrop areas.

### X-Country Ski / Snowshoe to High Hut

Saturday, January 22 - Sunday, January 23

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

An overnight X-C ski or snowshoe outing to Mount Tahoma Trail Association's High Hut. Intermediate level skiing, about 3.5 miles with 1,500 feet of elevation gain. The hut sleeps eight. Reservations required. The trip is likely filled now since a list of participants and alternates was made from a lottery drawing during the December meeting. A \$25 dollar deposit is required; \$20 is refunded as long as you go on the trip.

### Methow Pursuit Ski Race

Saturday, January 22 - Sunday, January 23

Contact : Kevin Koski, 360-698-0655

Kevin is looking for participants to join him in the Methow Pursuit, the Methow Valley's signature ski race. A one-or two-day event for all levels of racers. Saturday: 15K classic race course on the Sun Mountain Trails. Sunday: 30K skate from Mazama to the Winthrop Trailhead. Fee options include local transportation, trail pass, souvenir, awards, prizes, and a lunch or dinner.

### Snowshoe on Gold Creek Trail

Saturday, January 29

Contact : Rick Fleming, 360-779-2275

Snowshoe on the Gold Creek Trail at Hyak-Snoqualmie Pass. This is a moderate, seven-mile, 1700-foot elevation gain trail.

### Winter Photo Shoot

Sunday, January 30

Contact : Jon DeArman, 360-697-1352

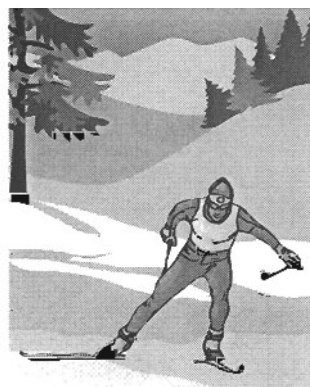
Jon will lead a winter photo shoot at Hurricane Ridge, providing tips on how to capture great pictures of winter landscapes and close-up subjects, under sometimes difficult lighting conditions. Please contact Jon a week in advance about a pre-trip meeting to discuss recommended equipment.

### X-Country Ski at Kendall Knob

Sunday, January 30

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

Basic to intermediate level cross-country ski at Kendall Knob near Snoqualmie Pass. Trip will be about seven miles round trip with 1,700 feet elevation gain. Great views of the pass.



## Outings

### Backpack the Arizona Trail

February 2005

Contact : David Cossa, 360-871-5577

David Cossa is looking for a hiking companion(s) for the Arizona Trail. The journey will be starting approximately February 20 - 25, and will end whenever it ends. The trail is 780 miles long. Only 30 people have thru-hiked the 10-year-old trail to date. From what I have read and been told by those who have done it, the trail winds from Mexico to Utah going through lots of good stuff -- the desert at its best, (including the Grand Canyon), aspen forests, cactus forests, pine forests, high mountain ranges (such as the Superstitions and the San Francisco Peaks) and Anasazi ruins galore. If you are afraid of lions, bears, spiders, illegal aliens and my oh my, then this is not your trip. Ditto if you have to beg some boss for time off because I don't want to be on a schedule. Ditto if you are a prisoner of preconceived notions about Arizona because you won't consider it anyway! But if you have a sense of wonder, adventure, and mystery, love the desert as much as I do, have a can-do attitude coupled with a sense of commitment, and are pragmatic and flexible, then by all means call. I guarantee a great adventurous trip. I expect to hike 90 to 120 miles per 6-day week, about 15 to 20 miles a day, NOT 30 miles a day or 5 miles a day -- I'm a moderate.

### X-Country Ski on Cabin Creek Trail

Sunday, February 6 (*date changed*)

Contact : Molly Deardorff, 360-373-0114 or Barney Bernhard, 360-479-3679

Second annual Super Bowl Cross-country ski from the Cabin Creek Sno-Park in Mt Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest on 10 miles of groomed trails with a good variety of difficulty levels.

### X-Country Ski to Copper Creek Hut

Sunday, February 6

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

Cross-country ski to the MTTA's Copper Creek Hut near Mount Rainier for a delicious gourmet lunch with a great mountain view.

### Hike the Lower Duckabush Trail

Saturday, February 12

Contact: Charlie Pomfret, 360-479-7820

Hike about 10 miles round trip on the lower Duckabush Trail.

### Winterfest 2005

Friday, February 18 - Monday, February 21

Contact: Mountaineers, 800-573-8484 or Jon DeArman, 360-697-1352

This year's WINTERFEST will be held at the Stevens Pass Mountaineers Cabin, located at the 4,061-foot summit of Stevens Pass. The cabin is four stories high, sleeps 55 people, and has a men's, women's, family and couples dorms, plus kitchen, dining and living areas.

- Ski from the cabin door to the lifts, and from the lifts to the door.
- Cross-country ski / skate ski / snowshoe 25 miles of groomed trails in Mill Valley.
- Ski / Snowboard mountaineering climbs to Skyline Peak, located directly across the road from lodge.
- Back-country ski / snowshoe miles of Forest Service trails in the immediate area. Sno-Park pass required at some trailheads.
- Snowshoe on Pacific Crest Trail located on ridge above cabin.
- Shop in Leavenworth located 20 miles east.
- Drink hot toddies with Jon and Sue each evening in the Stevens Bar.

Cost: \$20 Friday and \$35 Saturday / Sunday nights, includes breakfast and dinner. Bring your own lunch. Kitchen available for use, includes microwave.

- NO ALCOHOL in the cabin. The bar is a romantic 5-minute walk through the snow.

Make reservations for Winterfest by calling the Mountaineers clubhouse at 800-573-8484. Tell them you want space at the Stevens Lodge for the nights you plan to stay. For more details, call Jon DeArman.

### Snow Caves at Mount Rainier

Saturday, February 26 - Sunday, February 27

Contact: Rick Fleming, 360-779-2275

Join us for a 0.5-mile hike above the Paradise area of Mount Rainier to "Home Snow Home", where the group will construct snow caves or igloos and then spend the night in their new abodes. No special skills are required, just the physical ability to do a lot of digging in the snow. Participants will need to be prepared for winter weather conditions.

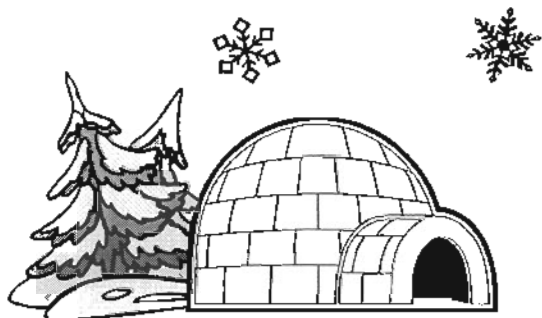
### X-C Ski at Edith Creek / Dead Horse Creek

Sunday, February 27

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

Ski trip to Edith Creek basin and/or Dead Horse Creek near Paradise at Mount Rainier.

(outings continued on page 7)



### The Right Place at the Right Time

by David Cossa

"I'm sorry, but the campground is full on those dates". I had just tried to add Linda to my camping permit in Havasu Canyon. She had called a few days earlier wanting to go on my 100-mile Grand Canyon trek. I had tried to inform her that it was for experienced canyoneers only and that it was a very dangerous hike in a remote corner of the canyon with many miles between water sources. If anything happened at all it would be days before help could arrive. "Cool, sounds like fun," was her response, even though she admitted that she had never hiked in desert conditions before. So now I had the perfect excuse to not let her go. But somehow, I just couldn't. I admired her pluck so I decided not to say anything and just deal with the Havasupai Indians when they demanded to see our permit. It said on mine we would have to hike back out if we had no permit.

The day of departure finally came and off to see the Canyon we went. We started out with six people, with four of us dropping out after the first camp. Only Linda and I would continue on from the South Rim of the canyon to Supai. We had all kinds of dire warnings on our permit telling us to beware of this and that, but one comment from the ranger was revealing. At the end of our itinerary he had written, "Yes, yes, YES!".

We hiked from Hermits Rest to Boucher Creek and then on through a half dozen side canyons known as "The Gems" -- Ruby, Turquoise, Sapphire, Jade, Serpentine, Quartz. Each of these canyons went back into humongous amphitheaters and as Linda commented, it should be called the Grand CANYONS. Any one of them could have been a National Park in their own right, all could have swallowed up Zion whole. Ten miles between water sources was the norm. We took siestas between 11 and 3 to conserve water. Although there was a severe drought, the seasonal water sources were "running." Actually they were the barest of trickles. On our way down Bass Canyon towards the Colorado, we both ran out of water. We came upon a pothole with about 10 gallons of water in it. I never thought I'd see the day that someone would drink water that I would not. This water was stagnant and full of green slime with numerous pollywogs swimming about. Linda filled her water bottle and it looked like lime Kool-Aid. She took a big swallow and offered me some. I declined, deciding instead to hike five waterless miles to the river. The pollywogs were grateful to me, I'm sure. Linda is still alive and well and I am humbled.

The next leg of our hike took us back up to the rim of the canyon and then to Topocoba Hilltop for a descent to Topocoba Spring and on to Supai on the Havasu Indian reservation. We each took five quarts of water with us, hoping to re-supply on the rim from natural "tanks" -- depressions that filled with melting snow in the Spring, or from campers at a campground. When we reached the rim we were down to less than two quarts each. The extremely remote campground was deserted. By morning we were down to less than a quart each. We hiked to the nearest "tank" and it was bone dry. So was the next one. Linda was getting worried. Having been in tight jams on numerous occasions, I felt an odd sense of serenity. I just KNEW that Providence would provide, as it always had before. "Not to worry," I said. "We'll hike to this road junction on the map and somebody will eventually come by." If they didn't, we were faced with two options, both waterless: a 35-mile hike back to Hermit's Rest, or a 24-mile hike to Topocoba Spring, not knowing if it was flowing. As we were hiking toward the junction, Providence provided in the form of two reckless dudes who came flying up from behind us and had obviously never heard about Mothers Against Drunk Drivers. After handing us each a beer (it was 10 am), they offered us a ride to the junction, only a mile away, or back to Hermit's Rest. They had about 10 gallons of water on the back seat and offered us as much as we could carry. I told Linda she could return to Hermit's Rest, knowing I had no camping reservation for her at Supai, but that I wasn't ready to call it a trip yet and was continuing on. She wanted to continue on, too. The two drinkers offered us another beer, but we had to swear first that we wouldn't toss the empties. I noticed the Nature Conservancy cap the driver was sporting, and said, "Sure, no problem." Then on we went. Linda was becoming irritated with my pace, accusing me of deliberately going slow to frustrate her. She wanted to hike as fast as possible to Topocoba Spring and just get the 24 damned miles over with as quickly as possible. I said I was already hiking as fast as my short little legs could. She said, "Well fine then, see you in camp," and off she went. I hiked the 20 miles to Topocoba Hilltop along the rugged 4-wheel drive road and nary a car went by. Waiting for someone to come by with water would have been a bad idea, it turned out. Thank God for the two drunks! By this time I had lost Linda's track and had an uneasy feeling that she was off track. We were now in the middle of one of the most remote areas in the entire lower 48 States. Getting lost was NOT an option.

I had no choice but to hike on alone to Topocoba Spring. As I neared the spring I could see that someone was camped there, with a campfire going. I knew it wasn't Linda because her track was not on the trail. To my dismay, I could see horses and realized the Indians were camped there. They knew I was coming because I had obtained special permission to hike the seldom-used trail. How they would react to no permission for Linda was weighing on my mind, so I tried to bypass the spring without them seeing me, hoping they would leave by morning. Suddenly I heard someone yell out, "Over here, over here!" They had spotted me. One of them left camp and headed towards me. "We found your friend! She's camped on the rim above. We were catching wild horses. We knew you were coming and were watching for you. She was headed the wrong way so we raced up to her to tell her. She said she was too tired to hike any further and would come down to our camp in the morning. You can camp with us tonight. Can I take your pack for you?" He was very impressed by the distance we had hiked from the South Rim. "No one has hiked to Topocoba Spring from the Grand Canyon in at least five years. We are eager to hear your tale. My name is Raphael, what's yours?"

When we arrived at the spring he introduced me to his friend Cliff and his teenage son. He showed me the two horses they had captured and said they hoped to catch more the next day. A stew was cooking away on the campfire. After dinner, the mandatory peace pipe was passed around. They said they were the rangers for the reservation, but did not ask for my permit, saying instead to check in when we got to Supai.

## Reports

Just as twilight was approaching, Raphael spotted two wild horses headed down the trail towards the only water source for who knows how many hundreds of square miles around. "Shh! Shh! Hide behind these rocks," he whispered. The Indians crept into well-rehearsed places and to my utter astonishment, I began to witness a rarely seen event unfold. I watched from my vantage point as the two horses inched ever closer, the Indians and myself hidden from their view. Once they passed a certain point, Raphael's son ran from his hiding place. Now behind the horses, he yelled as loud as he could to scare them forward towards the spring while simultaneously pulling a makeshift barbed wire gate across the trail. The horses were now trapped by the great cliffs surrounding the football field-sized amphitheater containing Topocoba Spring. A large talus field led into the amphitheater, the only feasible escape route being the now blocked trail. Suddenly all hell broke loose and stayed loose for the next 30 minutes. The two horses began to run in wide circles inside the flat amphitheater, looking for a relatively easy way out. The three Indians took up positions at the weak points. The horses would race up to them one at a time at full gallop, rear up, and whinny as loud as they could. The Indians waved their arms and shouted HEAH!! as loud as they could and each time the horses backed down and ran at another person. The Indians all glanced MY way and it was obvious they expected ME to do my part. And sure enough, the larger of the horses galloped straight towards me, while I was thinking, "I didn't sign up for THIS! I'm about to be trampled to death. Never thought I'd die THIS way." So I just copied what they did and waved my arms while shouting HEAH!! The horse reared up all of 50 feet (well, it SEEMED that high), looked me straight in the eye, gave a nasty snort and much to my amazement, backed down and ran back into the amphitheater. He repeated the process two more times. Meanwhile the other horse had said, I've had enough of this crap and ran right over Raphael's son, on down the trail and jumped over the barbed wire fence after stumbling and falling several times. The bigger horse continued to run in circles. Raphael, an expert ropes-man, tossed a lariat into the air and it went right around the horse neck. But the battle was FAR from over because there was no way in Hades that Raphael could control that horse as it dragged him over rocks as big as refrigerators with him hanging onto the rope for dear life. This continued for what seemed like an eternity until Raphael was able to coil the rope around a large rock. The horse now ran until his rope ran out, twisting him to the ground. Raphael now worked furiously, trying to make the loose rope ever shorter by coiling it around large rocks. This was the critical time for preventing the horse from injuring itself. But despite their efforts, the horse nearly died when he entangled himself in the rope, tightening it around his neck so that he could not breathe. After fumbling unsuccessfully to uncoil the rope, Cliff quickly took out a knife and cut the rope, and one could hear a great gush of air go down the horse's throat. Raphael quickly lassoed one leg and then another and before you knew it the horse was hog tied and immobilized on the ground. Raphael crept closer, wary of the horse as it tried to kick free. He slipped a halter over the horse's nose and neck, and attached a short rope from it to a nearby tree. He then cut the ropes entangling the horse's feet, but the horse would not get up. "He's in shock and is going to die if we don't get him to stand up!" Raphael desperately shouted. He took a whip out and gently flailed it across the horse's belly. The horse twitched, and flinched, but still did not get up. He repeated the process several times to no avail. "I hate to do this," said Raphael, "but I MUST." He went over and kicked the horse in the head, and THAT did it. The horse immediately arose. And then all was calm again. The horse knew he was beat, and was not afraid because he could see other horses around that were not the least bit concerned to be among humans. What can I say? I was now bonded with the Indians because I had helped them. They told me I could stay on their land for free for eternity, that they would pass my name on to all fee takers so I could avoid paying the customary camping and entrance fees. I pushed it. "What about Linda? I don't have a permit for her," I blurted out. They said, "Yeah, sure, her too!" So much for that long anticipated problem!

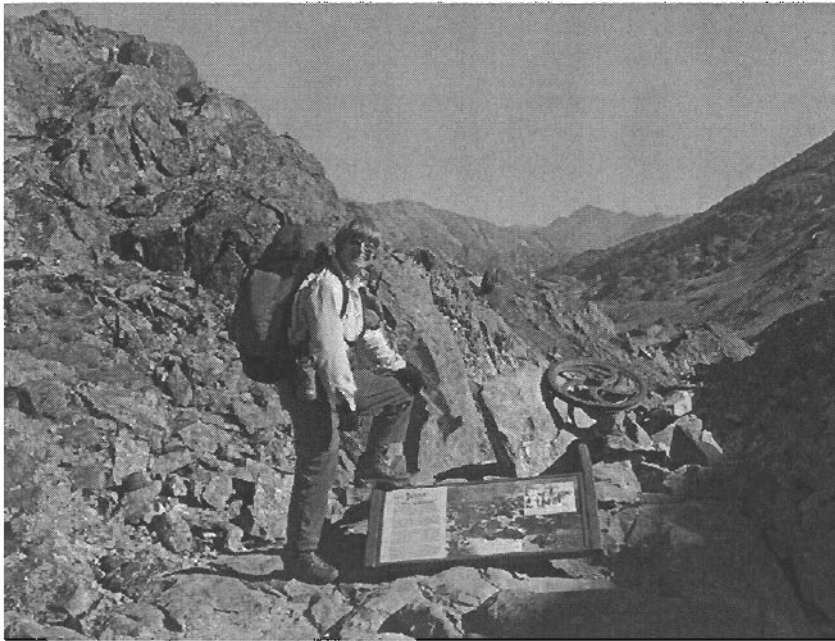
That night around the campfire they told me several of the tribe's legends, including how their mortal enemies, the Hopi, had betrayed them back in the 1500s when they showed the Conquistadors how to find their village, Supai. Many people died in the ensuing raid. Another legend I am not at liberty to divulge. They told me where to find the sacred ancient petroglyphs, that no white people were allowed to see. Cliff recounted how he had just enough time to climb a tree during the great Havasu flash flood a few years back, and desperately clutched its branches for 12 hours before the waters subsided. Meanwhile, the peace pipe went round and round, as the captured horses stared at us sullenly, their fate as future pack horses sealed.

The next morning, Linda hiked down and joined us for breakfast. We then hiked 15 miles on down to Supai, visiting the sacred petroglyphs along the way. After two days of exploring, including a hike down magical Havasu Creek to the Colorado, Linda had to leave to catch an early flight. She later told me she had no problems hitching a ride to Kingman. I was not so lucky. I got a ride to Peach Springs, but still had about 80 miles to go to catch a bus in Kingman. After about three hours, I crossed the street and began accosting drivers as they filled up, offering \$20 for gas money. Still no luck. Then an Indian came in and I recounted my wild horse story to him. "Oh yeah!" he said. "I heard all about it! Raphael is my cousin. I'll get you a ride." A few minutes later two Indian ladies showed up who were, shall we say, 'super-sized', driving a run-down compact car. They had a teenage boy with them. "We'll get you to Kingman," they said, as they took my \$20, but first we have to make a stop." They drove straight to a drive-in liquor store and bought a couple of six packs to go. And then on down the highway we roared at 100 mph. It was a very straight road. They offered me a beer and said, "Don't worry, we won't scalp you; we're friendly Indians." They took great pleasure in tossing the empties out the window, as one recounted how she use to have a good paying job, but alcohol had ruined her life. Less than 40 minutes after leaving Peach Springs, they dropped me off at a cheap motel right next to the bus station and the rest of the journey was pretty mundane.



### Alaska and the Chilkoot Trail

(continued from page 1)



Our third day was a big one with a rock scramble using all fours over Chilkoot Pass. We left camp at 6 am knowing it would be a long day. The trail was very rocky but beautiful along the river. We passed a grave marker where some unlucky miner met his demise, then an area where the April 3, 1898 avalanche roared down, killing many men, all this before heading over the pass. We came to the "Scales" where goods were weighed and packers demanded more pay from miners to hoist goods up to the pass. Remains of rusted cables hung in the rocks as we scrambled up and through the "Golden Stairs." Here the miners carved steps in deep snow and a rope was provided for the steep climb. The Chilkoot Pass summit is at 3700 feet, not an impressive altitude but it is considered a strenuous trail up from the 250 feet at the trailhead. Here we passed into Canada. A shelter and ranger station was located there and the Canadian flag waved in the breeze.

For a couple of old folks, Gary and I did quite well keeping up with the younger people we met on the trail. We became friends with three young Germans: Rebecca, her brother Robert and their friend Andreas.

They were interesting and fun to talk with. Later, when we arrived in Whitehorse, we all had dinner together along with another hiker from Brazil called Ney. Rebecca and Andreas had been going to school in Waterloo, Quebec, and Robert flew in from Germany to join them. They planned later to hike near Jasper, then on Vancouver Island. They were headed for California as well before flying home to Germany.

Leaving Chilkoot Pass, we climbed down large rocks and hiked a rocky trail along Crater Lake. It was beautiful open country and we stopped many times to sit and enjoy the view. It took us 9 hours to hike 9 miles that day and we were happy to see Happy Camp come into view. It was pleasant here with a shelter and flat tent spots situated on a hillside looking down on a mountain stream, very quiet away from the rushing river at the last two camps. We were at 3,000 feet so it was much cooler here during the night, but we warmed up soon as we hiked out the next morning on our fourth day.

We passed Deep Lake, which had a nice camp area, but went on to Lindeman Camp 6 miles up the trail. It was a large camp with two campgrounds, shelters, toilets and a ranger station. We decided to press on because we wanted to cut down the mileage for our last day, which would leave only 4 miles out to Bennett, where we would catch a train at 1 pm on day 5. Lindeman Lake was long and we followed it to Bare Loon Lake Camp. It clouded up on the way and we had a rain shower but it stopped before reaching camp. Bare Loon Lake was small but very peaceful and quiet. A few small rock islands jutted up from the lake with mountains and trees reflecting out on the lake as the sun went down. We heard the cry of a loon several times and just before dark, a flock of geese flew in formation overhead.

Our camp was on huge rock boulders flat enough for a tent. No metal boxes were available here so we hung our food. It rained during the night and we packed up a wet tent in the morning, but the sun came up a brilliant red, which looked awesome over the lake. Forest fires were many in both Alaska and Canada as they too had a long, hot dry summer. Smoke haze made the sun very red. Smoke was a problem from time to time in Southeast Alaska when the wind blew from the north and into the towns.

We hiked out through trees and rocks and came to a log cabin, which looked like it was occupied. A huge frying pan hung by the door and the place had a lived-in look, although we saw no one. A flat trail of loose sand brought us to Lake Bennett where an interesting old wooden church called St. Andrew sat on a hill above the lake. A campground was nearby with the train station below. Smoke haze hung over the lake and we could smell it.

The train with three cars rolled in, we threw on our packs and hopped aboard. Views were great as the train headed down to Fraser, where the tracks cross the highway. Here we boarded a bus to take us to Whitehorse. We ended up going down to Skagway first, as the driver had an overload of passengers from another bus who were headed there, so it was late when we finally arrived in Whitehorse, dirty and hungry. That first shower after being in the back country for a few days was heavenly and a hot-cooked meal as well. Of course, we only had our grubby hiking clothes, but our long underwear was unused, so putting the hiking pants over it made us presentable for dinner. The hotel laundry took care of the clothes in the morning.

It rained the two days we spent in Whitehorse, so we did not do much. We then took the bus back to Fraser and hopped aboard the famous White Pass and Yukon train for Skagway. The train is popular with the cruise ship crowd. There were usually four large cruise ships docked at the same time in Skagway. The town would be crammed with people for several hours along the main street where the shops were located, but they all disappeared at supper time. The town would be hard put to survive without this revenue.



## Reports

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A couple days in Skagway and we were off to Gustavus and Glacier Bay. Flying in a small 4-seater plane, the pilot flew through the mountains where we had great views of glaciers. Some looked like huge wide highways wending their way around the mountain passes. We stayed at Glacier Bay Inn, which had wonderful meals. Bicycles were handy so we peddled a couple miles up the road, then walked into the woods to see the wreck of an old plane which crashed during World War II. It was a National Guard plane with the body, one wing and the tail section still intact.

The next day we were off on a double-hulled boat into Glacier Bay. Right off we saw a moose and calf then mountain goats off on distant hills. Many Orcas and a few humpback whales were seen and a rock island covered with huge sea lions. The glaciers were interesting but the highlight of the trip was seeing a huge brown bear with two cubs plodding along the beach. Earlier the boat had pulled ashore and left off two kayakers and their gear. They planned a week in the area and would then be picked up. We wondered how many bears they might meet up with. After the boat trip we flew to Juneau and spent three nights in a bed and breakfast. This was on Douglas Island, just a short bridge drive over from town. When I made the reservations the lady said it would be nice and quiet away from town. As it turned out, we were right across the channel from the airport, although it quieted down by 11 pm. Also down the road was a helicopter pad for tourists to fly up and check out the scenery. On the second morning we awoke to gunfire at daylight. Later we learned duck hunting season just opened and they are allowed to shoot from dawn to dark. So much for the "quiet."

We had fun though, rented a car and drove to the Mendenhall Glacier and hiked on trails above it. Another day we took the tram from downtown Juneau up the side of Mt. Roberts for great views, then hiked up the mountain about 3 miles. We saw two black bears at a distance but they ran off when hikers came up the trail. We had two weeks in Alaska and Canada and really enjoyed the more laid-back lifestyle; also the clean air, except when there were forest fires. I know we will be back.

## Outings (continued)

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### X-C Ski / Snowshoe to High Hut

Saturday, March 12 - Sunday, March 13

Contact: Doug Savage, 360-698-9774

An overnight X-C ski or snowshoe outing to Mount Tahoma Trail Association's High Hut. Intermediate level skiing, about 3.5 miles with 1,500 feet of elevation gain. The hut sleeps eight. Reservations required. A \$25 dollar deposit is required; \$20 is refunded as long as you go on the trip. The trip is already filled, but may be taking names as alternates.

### Backpack in Grand Canyon - 2005

Sunday, March 27 - Monday, April 4

Contact: Dave Boyde, 360-692-9325, theboyde@aol.com

The next installment of the Grand Canyon expedition will be a 9-day trip (plus travel time). The itinerary will begin at Hermit's Rest and descend via the Boucher Trail, head west along the Tonto Trail to Elves Chasm, and then return to Hermit's Rest via the Tonto Trail and the Hermit Trail. The total distance will be approximately 110 miles, with several thousand feet of elevation gain/loss on some of those days. Group size will be limited to six people. If interested contact Dave as soon as possible, or by February at the latest if there are still openings on the trip.

### Raft & Hike at Green River / Canyonlands

Late April - Early May

Contact: Lynn Howat, 360-598-3087

A two-week trip with 10 days traveling on the Green River through Canyonlands National Park, Utah. River conditions should be suitable for raft, canoe or kayak. Schedule should allow extra time for hiking and exploring at stops along the river. Contact Lynn as soon as possible so that shuttle arrangements for the end of the trip can be made.

### Backpack in the High Sierra

Friday, July 1 - Sunday, July 31

Contact: Tom Rogers, 360-692-2547, thomasrogers@comcast.net

Join Tom Rogers and Cathy Palzkill for the month of July in the High Sierra. Tentative plan is to hike the Pacific Crest Trail southbound from Sonora Pass, converge with the John Muir Trail (JMT) at Tuolumne Meadows, continue along the JMT through the Sierra high country, summit Mount Whitney, and exit at either Whitney Portal or Horseshoe Meadows. The total distance will be about 260 trail miles.

### Iceland Adventure

July 2005

Contact: Brian Steely, 360-297-3825, brianandcris@centurytel.net

Iceland's name does not do it justice. Its climate is temperate due to the Gulf Stream. It is a land of austere beauty with a fascinating Nordic culture. Join fellow PWC members, and others, as we explore this land by hiking, pony trekking and sea kayaking. The trip is still in the planning stage but should consume approximately two weeks of your time. Details available as they emerge.

### Backpack the Mount Olympus Trail

Thursday, September 1 - Monday, September 5

Contact: Joan Edwards, 360-509-5297

A five-day, 34-mile round trip, backpacking trip on the trail to Mount Olympus. Camp the second night at Elk Lake, then day-hike up to the foot of the glaciers, about halfway up the mountain.

# Monthly

## MAP: Monthly Activity Planning

Thursday, January 6, 7 pm

Contact: Kevin and Gail Gross, 360-307-9022

Discuss club business and help schedule outings at the home of Kevin and Gail Gross near Silverdale.

## January Potluck

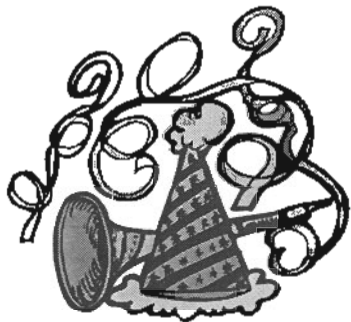
Friday, January 21, 6:30 pm

Contact: ????????

There is currently no potluck dinner scheduled for January. So, anyone who didn't have enough guests over for the holidays and would like to host a club potluck may do so by making an announcement at the January General Meeting.

## PWC Climbers Group

An informal gathering of climbers meets the last Monday of the month (check monthly list below for date changes), 7 pm, at the Silver City Brewing Company, Silverdale. All are welcome to join us for general socializing and discussions about past and future mountaineering excursions. For directions, call John Myers at 360-782-2224. For a list of climbers call Mike Raymond at 360-779-9282 or e-mail [mntnmiker@aol.com](mailto:mntnmiker@aol.com).



**Happy  
New Year!**



## January

Date	Outing/Meeting	Contact	Page
1/1	Hike on Mount Walker	Kevin Kilbridge, 360-871-2537	2
1/6	MAP: Monthly Activity Planning	Kevin and Gail Gross, 360-307-9022	8
1/7	Climbing at Vertical World	Barney Bernhard, 360-479-3679	2
1/9	X-Country Ski at Amabilis Mountain	Doug Savage, 360-698-9774	2
1/10	General Meeting	Molly Deardorff, 360-373-0114	1
1/14 - 1/17	X-Country Ski in the Methow Valley	Molly Deardorff, 360-373-0114	2
1/22 - 1/23	X-Country Ski / Snowshoe to High Hut	Doug Savage, 360-698-9774	2
1/22 - 1/23	Methow Pursuit Ski Race	Kevin Koski, 360-698-0655	2
1/29	Snowshoe on Gold Creek Trail	Rick Fleming, 360-779-2275	2
1/30	Winter Photo Shoot	Jon DeArman, 360-697-1352	2
1/30	X-Country Ski at Kendall Knob	Doug Savage, 360-698-9774	2
1/31	Climbers Group Meeting	John Myers, 360-782-2224	8



## Club News

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### PWC Welcomes New Members...

Kimberley Klint, Helenia Lively.

### December Door Prize Winner

Lloyd Willette won an ice axe as the door prize at the December meeting.

### Berry Contest Prize Winner

Ellen Schroeder won a snow shovel as the prize for the Berry Contest. The winner was chosen by random drawing from among all those that submitted either a berry picking location or a berry recipe. Entries will be published in a later issue of the PENWICLE, when space allows.

### Thanks for the Treats!

Thank you to Emily Grice, Cathy Palzkill, Doug Savage, Tom Broszeit and any anonymous donors who brought goodies to share at the December meeting. If you have never donated a snack, please consider contributing in January. For information regarding refreshments, please contact Jill Hawes, 360-275-5402.

### Tip of the Month

Thank you to Jon DeArman for explaining about the different types of cross-country skis at the December meeting. If any member has an outdoor-related subject they would like to present as a "Tip of the Month" in a short talk, please contact Jon DeArman, 360-697-1352, [dearmans@comcast.net](mailto:dearmans@comcast.net).

### Parking At General Meetings

When parking at the KUUF church building for General Meetings please follow the following regulation: Going down, it is OK to park on the right side of the downhill driveway approaching the lower lot, but parking is NOT allowed on the left side. Parking on the left side causes a violation of the fire code for which the church can be cited and fined.

The upper parking lot is for the use of the preschool and day-care center, including at night. There is a grass field overflow parking lot for our use that is accessed by the next driveway to the south, on Perry Avenue, on the same side as the church. Please help PWC stay on good terms with the church.

### We Need You!

Each month the club's MAP meeting and potluck dinner are in need of volunteer hosts willing to share their home for an evening. If you can handle a small home invasion, please contact the club secretary, Kathy Weigel, at 360-871-0291.

### Skate Ski Enthusiasts

Paul Dutky has offered to be point of contact for members interested in skate skiing. Join the list to make it easier to meet or join other skaters. Send Paul your contact information by email or phone ([dutky@wavecable.com](mailto:dutky@wavecable.com) / 360-479-2683). He'll update the roster, and send you a current listing.

### Kayaks For Sale

Two Prijon Seayak sea kayaks. With rudder system, plastic hatch covers, cockpit covers, spray skirts. See this web page for specs: <http://www.paddleshack.com/prijon/prjonseayak.html>. \$950 each or \$1800 for both. Megan Thompson, 360-871-6014.

## Club Business

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### Joining the PWC or Membership Renewal

The PWC General Meeting is held the second Monday of each month, 7 pm, at the Kitsap Unitarian Universalist Fellowship in East Bremerton. To join or renew, please see form on back of newsletter. Receive a discount on select merchandise or services at the following businesses with your PWC membership, but check with vendor for details:

- Kitsap Sports, Silverdale
- Olympic Outdoor Center, Poulsbo
- Vertical World Climbing Gym, Bremerton
- Commander's Beach House Bed and Breakfast, Port Townsend

New members will receive a card with their New Membership packet. All members can pick up a card at the monthly meeting.

### Has Your Membership Expired?

Check for your membership expiration date on the address label of your latest issue of the PENWICLE. Members that receive their newsletter electronically will receive an e-mail reminder.

### Address Changes and Member Address-Phone List

Address changes should be sent to Vicki Fleming at Peninsula Wilderness Club, P.O. Box 323, Bremerton, WA 98337-0070 or call 360-779-2275. Members should also contact Vicki if they wish to receive a new membership directory.

### PENWICLE Submissions

Submissions to the PENWICLE must be received by the Friday after the General Meeting to insure a place in the next issue. Contact Tom Broszeit at [penwicle@hotmail.com](mailto:penwicle@hotmail.com) or 360-613-9573.

### PWC Online...[www.pwckitsap.org](http://www.pwckitsap.org)

Please contact Venita Goodrich at 360-698-9774 for inquiries regarding the PWC website. Submissions to the editor of the PENWICLE will be sent to the website, unless requested otherwise.

### Officers & Staff

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President:	Molly Deardorff... 360-373-0114
Vice President:	Rick Fleming ..... 360-779-2275
Secretary:	Kathy Weigel..... 360-871-0291
Treasurer:	Joan Edwards ..... 360-509-5297
Board of Directors:	Barney Bernhard.. 360-479-3679
	Tom L. Curquin ..... 206-842-5906
	Tom Rogers ..... 360-692-2547
Entertainment:	Joe Weigel ..... 360-871-0291
Events:	Rick Fleming ..... 360-779-2275
Refreshments:	Jill Hawes ..... 360-275-5402
Scrapbook:	Linda Fourier ..... 360-698-3005
Membership Coordinator:	Vicki Fleming ..... 360-779-2275
Website Editor:	Venita Goodrich... 360-698-9774
Penwicle Editor:	Tom Broszeit ..... 360-613-9573
Reporter:	Vicki Fleming ..... 360-779-2275
Proofreader:	Steve Dikowski .... 360-692-8386

PWC

☐ Check here if you wish to receive the newsletter as an Adobe PDF document by e-mail instead of a printed copy.

☐ Check here if you **do not** wish any information to be included in the list distributed to members.

