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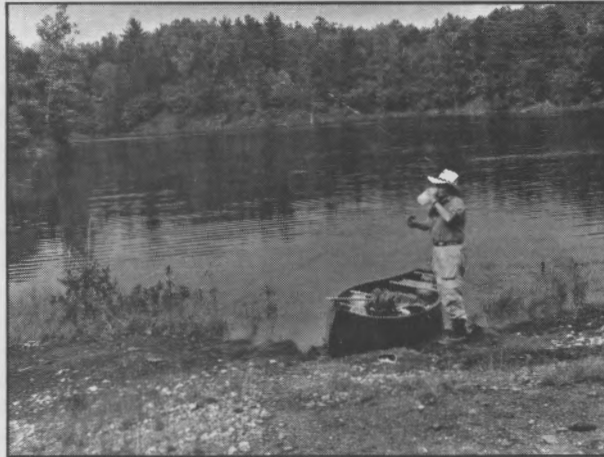
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*Biologist Joy Fitzgerald takes a refreshment break while paddling the canoe trail at Tecumseh Recreation Area in Southern Indiana. Fitzgerald restored 1,600 acres of abandoned strip-mined land, turning it into a family recreation area and wildlife habitat, one of her many restoration projects for Peabody Coal Co.*

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*Cover: Sylva Coppock crosses the new suspension bridge over the Carbon River, just below the snout of the Carbon Glacier on Mt. Rainier.*

# From the Editor's Desk

**I**t's amazing how things evolve. *WOJ* has just passed the halfway mark in its first year and already changes are evident. In addition to being the voice of outdoor women, *WOJ* is proud to be an outspoken advocate of women's rights.

In that vein, I have created a special column, *SpeakOut*, for opinions too lengthy for *Fireside Chat*. Jeann Linsley, a freelance writer from Seattle, speaks out first about her frustration with the invisibility of outdoor women.

Also, in this issue, Sylva Jean Coppock, a capricious grandmother from Renton, Washington, reminds us you're never too old to enjoy the great outdoors.

My mom always used to tell me I was too stubborn to admit when I was wrong (I told her if I ever was wrong, I'd be the first to admit it!), but, in all fairness, I must give a hat-in-hand apology to Peabody Coal Co., the world's largest coal producer, for all the nasty things I've said about strip mining.

Not, mind you, that I now condone strip mining. You could hang me up by my thumbs and I'd never say that, but I do have to give credit where credit is due.

Twelve years ago, Peabody had the wisdom and foresight to hire biologist Joy Fitzgerald. As manager of their post-mined lands, Joy is responsible for reintroducing plants, animals and land-use programs to reclaimed mining areas. At a time when forests and wetlands are disappearing at an alarming rate, Joy is turning thousands of acres of land into wildlife refuges and recreational areas.

I've spent the better part of a month tagging along behind Joy as she manages her projects in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. We've counted waterfowl, checked food plots, looked for coyotes, examined wetlands, canoed a chain of lakes towing goose nesting boxes to shore for repair, and began a feasibility study of a "Rails to Trails" project which will turn a seven-mile unused railroad into a hiking and biking path.

Joy is an excellent example of how women can excel in corporate America and use their clout to save the environment. After earning her biology degree, she taught high school while going to graduate school in environmental studies, specializing in severely disturbed land reclamation. In 1972, she was recruited by the Ohio Department of Natural Resources as their first woman reclamation scientist.

She has helped Boys Inc. reclaim land and build structures to house a rehabilitation program for minority young men. As a consultant, she studied environmental problems relating to mining and helped put together the national guidelines now used to govern surface mining and reclamation.

Creating safe habitats for wildlife is more than a job for the 43-year-old Appalachian native. "It's my lifestyle," she says. Further proof of that is her 30-acre homestead near Gentryville, Indiana, located on the road Abraham Lincoln often walked. Joy and her husband, Michael, operate a log cabin bed and breakfast inn. They offer guests meals authentic to Lincoln's day (corn cakes and maple syrup and Indian fry bread for breakfast, venison stew or buffalo steaks prepared over an outdoor wood fire for dinner).

In addition, they are turning their farm into a wood and prairie habitat also authentic to the mid-1800s, when Lincoln lived there. Guests can take guided or unguided hikes on their farm and state-owned wetlands behind their home. Eventually, more guest cabins will be erected and outdoor skills and wildlife interpretation classes taught. Read about Joy's award-winning work in *Minding Mother*.



Joy Fitzgerald, left, shows Rebecca Hinton how to use a spotting scope to identify waterfowl.

Rebecca A. Hinton

Rebecca A. Hinton, Publisher/Editor

# Letters to the Editor



Dear Rebecca,

Thank you for my complimentary copy. I found your journal to be OK. Naturally in your first issue you're missing some amount of diversity. I applaud your efforts at putting together this magazine which I think there has been a great need for. I'm looking forward to future issues that include lesbians.

That word was left out of all your articles. "*Sex and Hygiene*" said nothing to me. Remember bug repellent on fingers? *Arctic Daughter*--another heterosexual slant to your magazine.

Once you've said the word, I'll feel included. Now I wonder why I've been, it seems, purposefully excluded. Are you homophobic?

D. Baum  
Cary, NC

Rebecca Hinton,

I am a woman. I love the outdoors and I sell lots of women's books and magazines. In fact, Inklings is one of the top 20 or so feminist bookstores in the U.S.

So why did your first issue infuriate me? Because like all the other women/sport or women/outdoors magazines, it is homophobic. It makes lesbians disappear into thin air, as if we didn't exist.

If you want to run a fashion magazine and assume everyone is heterosexual, I'll understand. But outdoors?! Let's get real. If you address outdoor women about "snuggling with

your loved one," and talk only about birth control devices, you are not addressing a significant part of outdoorswomen. (I know it was a reprint, but you're still in charge.)

Let me know if your magazine chooses to acknowledge lesbians and I'll consider carrying it. P.S. Good luck, anyway.

P. Anderson  
Houston, Texas

*I appreciate you pointing out slights, even when they are unintentionally made. Of course, lesbians will be acknowledged and represented.*

*These two letters give me a chance to state WOJ's position on discrimination. I should have done it earlier, just so there'd be no question. "WOJ celebrates the diversity of all women, regardless of color, religion, sexual preference, age, differently abled, weight and socio-economic status." We'd like to see women accept our differences and work together for our common good.*

*As publisher and editor, I will work hard to make sure each sub-group gets its share of attention. You can help me by submitting information about your particular group. But, also understand, depending on space and availability of material, each group may not be represented in EVERY issue. Please don't consider that unless a specific group is mentioned, that we are negative toward that group. We are all women. We are all important. Fighting among ourselves divides our strength and dilutes our power. Don't you agree? Ed.*

## Fireside Chat



Dear Rebecca,

Have enjoyed your magazine. We have another use for the bandanna. We needed one to wipe the ears from our eyes when we laughed so hard we cried. The reason was our guide, Pat Sterns' (of Orient Trails), rendition of the bull elk's call during rut, while on a canoe trip on the Wolf River in Wisconsin. We laughed so hard the tent poles shook as we tried the wild animal calls we heard.

J. Miller  
Paulding, Ohio

Dear Rebecca,

My last backpacking trip to the Pisgah Wilderness, specifically the Shining Rock area, was like going to a "happening." It was VERY crowded! There was much alcohol and beer use by the horseback riders and we saw only two deer. I suggest people visit the Pisgah Wilderness in the off season--winter.

E. Boone  
Louisville, Kentucky







season tickets to the Seattle Repertory Theater assures us six brisk hikes from the parking lot to the theater lobby.

When it comes to real hiking, our timing has been incredible. We got to explore inside the Paradise Ice Caves just a week before they were officially closed because of dangerous ice falls. We arrived at Indian Henry's Hunting Grounds, at 5,500 feet, in 10 inches of new-fallen snow. Our Christmas cards that year pictured deer foraging midst snowclad alpine firs.

Sometimes our timing has been less than perfect. For example, the time we got to Longmire Campground too late to get a campsite. We just parked near a log building and slept in the back of Yvette's station wagon. Next morning, while I was trying to fasten my bra, there was an attractive man in a park ranger uniform knocking on the window of our makeshift bedroom to tell us we were parked illegally.

On a few camping occasions, we've forgotten some things that were pretty important...like forks. But we just whittled a couple of chopsticks out of a split cedar log and used them to stab our stew. And one night we forgot and left the keys in the ignition, locking ourselves out of the car in a drenching rainstorm.

It was a super test for our new tent, which, incidentally, failed. It leaked. It took five rangers and a "Slim Jim" to get into the Buick that Sunday morning.

More than once we've been put to shame when we've grumbled about the difficulty of this or that trail. Early in our hiking careers, we moaned and groaned our way up to Eagle Peak Saddle, with an elevation gain of nearly 3,000 feet in about three miles, to find an 80-year-old man hiking with his granddaughter.

And there was one hot, dry July day, we laboriously worked our way up to Gobbler's Knob. A young man, in his mid-twenties, was alternately carrying or walking very slowly, to give his two-year-old nephew, Mitchell, a

hiking experience.

And, laughs? That same day we were pressing, hoping not to make another rest stop on the way to the fire lookout on Gobbler's Knob, when a hiker on his way down commented, offhanded-



*The author, Sylvia Coppock, crosses a new suspension bridge across the Carbon River just below the snout of the Carbon Glacier.*

ly, "Only another 100 yards to Sacramento."

"Is the bar open?" I wanted to know. At the top of Gobbler's Knob, we shared Fritos with Mitchell and the ever-present "camp robbers." The park ranger gave us a lesson on using the range finder to pinpoint the location of a forest fire. We shared philosophy and book recommendations. We talked of loneliness, beauty, history and The Mountain; we were reluctant for the sharing to end.

Almost without fail, the good times outweigh the bad times. I have had to continually remind Yvette of that when her knees are screaming out in pain, usually on our way down from a climb. Or, when faced with a suspension bridge midway between camp and our goal for the day.

It was real hard to remember one incredibly hot August day when we were both lying by the side of the trail to Shiner's Peak, suffering from heat exhaustion and too tired to fight off the mosquitos that were getting high on

Deet.

We had planned our hike to Camp Muir, at the 10,000-foot level, for over a year. This was to be our really big climb. Camp Muir is the base camp for those who climb the mountain from the south side. It is a favorite goal for those of us who recognize our limitations and consider the summit beyond our ability.

We were at Paradise, registering at the ranger station, at 8 a.m. The view of Nisqually Glacier from the Skyline Trail on a ridge above Alta Vista was inspiring. We lost the trail a bit below Pebble Creek but soon found it again, and the stairsteps in the snowfields above the creek left no doubt about which way to go.

Looking back, south, across the Tatoosh range, we could see the glistening crown of Mount Adams and the gaping wound in the north side of Mount St. Helens. We trudged upwards for hours, determinedly placing our boots in the bootprints of those who had gone before us.

At Muir, we were surprised to find ourselves in a crowd of perhaps a hundred other hikers and mountain climbers who would go the next day to the summit. Yvette struggled out of her pack and produced two very fine crystal goblets and a flask of Bailey's Irish Cream for toasting our success.

We spent time working on camera focus, deciding which lens to use and discussing f-stop settings. On the way down, we learned to glissade in the snow. Soon we realized it was getting late and we had no flashlights. Now we were racing the setting sun and did the last hour of the descent at double time, signing out at the ranger station at 8 p.m., exactly 12 hours after we signed in.

Up to this point, our hikes had been limited to one or two days and usually we were equipped with a daypack, a minimum of camping gear, a handful of gorp (good old raisins and peanuts), and about \$3,000 worth of camera equipment.

But now we were ready to try a 20-mile adventure with a full pack and all the necessary equipment to survive three full days in the wilderness. And, not only to survive, but to hike from Sunrise on the northeast side to Ipsut Creek Campground on the northwest corner of Mount Rainier.

We had consulted our maps and gotten advice from Park Service rangers. We had carefully planned lightweight menus and scheduled transportation. We had packed and weighed and repacked the backpacks. We even made a pact not to use makeup for three whole days so we didn't have to pack a lipstick.

A friend drove us from Renton to Mount Rainier National Park and we arrived at the White River Entrance an hour before opening time. At the Hiker's Center, we found the self-registration information and began the permit process. We were not happy to find that the two locations we had chosen as camp options were already full at 7 a.m.

Shifting mental gears, we filled out a permit for Mystic Lake Camp, which was 11.5 miles from Sunrise, duly noting the sign about a bear sighting at Mystic Lake. That would be our Friday destination. We could only hope that we would find a campsite at Ipsut Creek campground when we reached the Carbon River area on Saturday night. My daughter was to meet us at Ipsut on Sunday afternoon to drive us home.

We waved goodbye to our friend just before 8 a.m. at Sunrise, hoisted unfamiliar, heavily loaded backpacks and enthusiastically trudged up the trail toward a series of peaks known collectively as the Sourdough Mountains, under cloudless skies.

We covered some familiar trail to Frozen Lake and just below Burroughs Mountain into the basin marked Berkeley Park on our map, where we joined the Wonderland Trail. The name promised magnificent things to see.

Already, mantled ground squirrels were expectantly watching us for dropped crumbs or handouts, and in Berkeley Park we could hear the shrill

whistle of hoary marmots. We spotted several, foraging in rocky meadows. One big old fellow, looking like the grandfather of all, supervised a family of four--mom and pop and two frisky twins.

We stopped to take pictures and refresh ourselves with granola bars and juice, then started up a long ascent which would take us across Skyscraper Mountain. We stopped often, purportedly to admire the meadows below, but in reality to adjust our breathing to the exertion and higher altitude. The elevation gain was gradual but, as usual, our training for this hike (as with others) had been virtually nonexistent.

As we rounded a bend in the trail at Skyscraper Pass, the sight of Mount Rainier was breathtaking in its open grandeur. A single photograph with a 55mm lens could not begin to take it all in, so we panned the scene. It took four shots to capture the panorama.

We stopped to chat with a young couple who had started at Longmire a few days earlier and were well on their way to circling the mountain on the 92-mile Wonderland Trail. They told us that Skyscraper Pass was the highest point on the Wonderland Trail and we felt justified pride at having reached this milestone.

A series of switchbacks brought us down through a valley lying north of Burroughs Mountain. And when it was time for those inevitable peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, we were resting beside a small waterfall at bubbling Granite Creek.

In this cool glen along the creek bed, the arnica, touched by dappled sunshine, were brilliant yellow-gold; sharing the scene were cow parsnip that looked like ancient lace and rich green foliage. We spent an hour photographing the little falls and the flowers.

We had another hour or so in the cool forest with Douglas squirrels for company before we started down a rugged ridge paralleling the eastern edge of the magnificent Winthrop Glacier. The roar of the glacier defies description, but imagine the constant roar of jets overhead or thunder that never ceases. Rocks cascade over the great icy grey glacier wall in clattering avalanches.

The trail was rocky and rough. We worked our way down the mountain-side until we no longer looked down on the glacier but were dwarfed by its immensity. At the snout of the glacier, the West Fork of the White River rushed from under the ice with frightening force, churning and bubbling, leaving the surrounding rocks coated white with glacial flour.

We crossed a log foot bridge a scant 100 yards from the visible origin of the river and worked our way up the edge of a rocky ravine. Looking back, we were surprised to see Garda Falls cascading down on the mountain we had just descended.

Now the sun was directly overhead and the heat relentless. The glare from the snow on top of Mount Rainier and from the glacial ice on Winthrop Glacier prohibited picture-taking. We concentrated on the trudge toward a wooded area we believed sheltered Mystic Lake.

The heat was intense and we were beginning to feel ill from fatigue. Our rest stops were longer than the hiking between. We kept assuring ourselves that Mystic Lake was just a few minutes away. It wasn't.

We looked up at Old Desolate and tried to fight down the fear that our goal might be somewhere beyond that imposing wall of rocky mountain. We were now climbing southeast and nearing another wooded area. Surely Mystic Lake was tucked amidst the trees.

But, after another half hour, we again walked into a rugged, rocky area much like the terrain around the tip of Winthrop Glacier. The sound of rushing water told us we were to cross yet another stream.

According to the map, Winthrop Creek came from beneath the glacier farther up on the mountain. Some distance ahead, we could see another patch of forest that promised to shelter the lake and we pressed on--now fearing darkness might descend before we found a campsite.

We found Mystic Camp before we dared hope we were near the lake, and we stumbled in to secure the last available campsite. We had beaten the darkness. After the tent was up, we warmed

dinner and belted down a foamy Tab in a double shot of Bacardi rum.

Suddenly, we discovered we still had enough strength and daylight to find Mystic Lake. The trail sign read, "Mystic Lake .2 miles." It didn't say the .2 miles was a very long, very steep flight of cedar log stairsteps.

In the evening light, Mineral Mountain, Rainier, Skyscraper Mountain and Old Desolate were clearly reflected in the beautiful emerald-green waters of Mystic Lake. The quiet made one reluctant to speak at all.

Back at the campsite, we hung our food out of reach, out of deference to the reported bear sighting at Mystic Camp early in the week. Secretly, we hoped the bear might help himself so we didn't have to pack so much the next day.

We were ready to strike camp about 8:30 a.m. The view of Mount Rainier from the Mystic Lake ranger station was unprecedented in all our hiking experiences, and we spent an extra half hour photographing the rugged features of the Willis Wall in the morning sunshine, despite glare on the snow. As anticipated, the pictures were terminally overexposed.

Wonderland Trail circled around the eastern and southern shores of the beautifully reflective lake, and then began a gradual ascent over a pass that led to Moraine Park, above the eastern edge of the Carbon Glacier. When we stopped for a snack, midst alpine trees, Clark's Nutcracker Jays were so aggressive they took crackers from our hands and flapped about our heads annoyingly.

The open meadows were filled with flowers: fading purple asters, brilliant red Indian paintbrush, the snowball-shaped heads of the yampah, and dark dusty blue pleated gentians. The thistles were filled with bees.

We were soon up and over the ridge and descending sharply into a beautiful meadow identified on the map as Moraine Park. This was to be our last spectacular panoramic view of the mountain. We followed Moraine

Creek through a narrow pass, stopping numerous times to admire the brilliant stands of red monkey flowers that bor-



*Skyscraper Mountain is reflected in the pristine waters of Mystic Lake.*

dered the creek bed. A huge flat rock just below a small falls provided the perfect table for lunch.

Below the small, tumbling falls at Dick Creek, the trail was rocky and the going slow. On the right, above us, were the rocky walls of the Northern Crag. The glacier was just to our left and in full view now. Somewhat less noisy than the Winthrop Glacier and perhaps less impressive in size, it was nonetheless attention-grabbing. It was difficult to watch one's step and the rockslides cascading down the sides of the glacier.

Up ahead, not far below the snout of the glacier, I remembered a suspension bridge. We had crossed that bridge several years ago, as it swung heart-stoppingly over the rushing waters of the Carbon River originating under that mighty glacier.

My recollections were of broken and missing boards, loose cables and overwhelming waves of nausea. It was a welcome sight to see that old bridge had been replaced with a new one, beautifully braced with shiny new cable and evenly spaced footing.

The Carbon River Campground was practically hidden in the trees above a beautiful falls on Cataract Creek, where it joins the Carbon River. We were eager to establish camp, but there

were no empty sites. Filled with despair, we vowed this would be the grand finale to our hiking careers. We had pushed ourselves to the limit of our ability, and we were still two miles from the next camping option.

We tried to submerge our hot aching feet in the water below the falls, but discovered it was bone-chilling cold. But a little later, rested and refreshed, we arranged to share a campsite with other hikers, heated some soup, and were in our sleeping bags by 7 p.m.

The two-mile hike into Ipsut Creek Campground the next morning was easy and we arrived several hours before our transportation out of the park was scheduled to arrive. We had rested only briefly when we

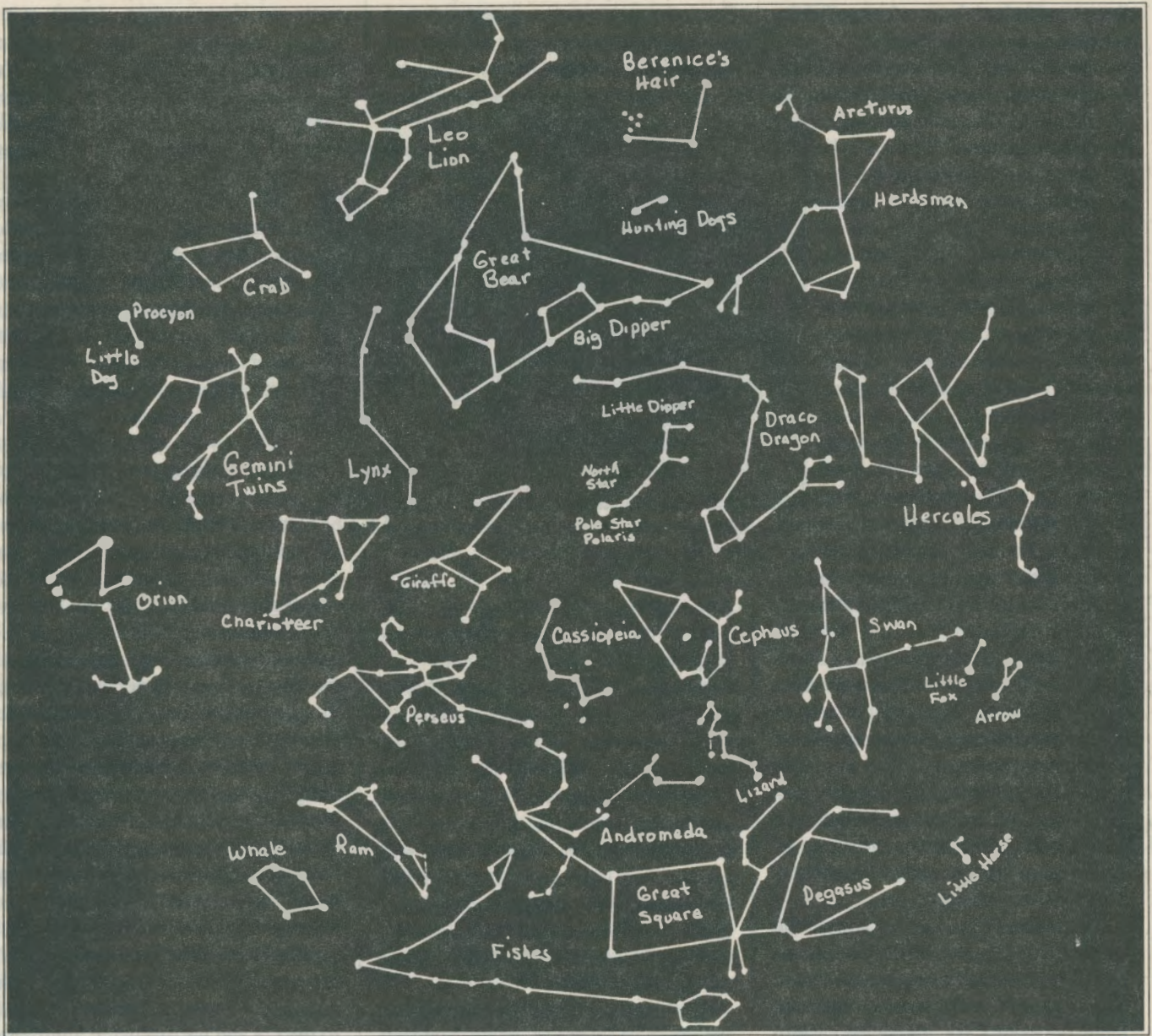
decided to have a look at Ipsut Falls.

Shouldering our backpacks again, we climbed the quarter mile through moss-carpeted forest up to the falls. We had lunch and watched unencumbered campers scramble easily over the great logs and rocks at the base of the falls to get a closer look. Our first sighting of a pine marten made the hike seem special, but we were ready to go home.

As we cooled down, the leg muscles tightened up and the shoulders would no longer tolerate the straps of the backpack. Yvette's knees were ready to buckle and we discussed alternative hobbies...ceramics, perhaps. Somehow nothing in the world seemed more important than an icy cold Tab, our drink of choice, and a hot bath.

Back at the campground, we dropped the backpacks and waited, envying the campers and hikers leaving for home. We played cards to pass the time and talked about the flowers, the trees, the animals, The Mountain and how much we were going to miss these experiences when we gave up hiking.

Next month we're going to climb Mount St. Helens.



# STARRY NIGHTS

By Melinda Long

**H**uman nature always strives to bring order out of chaos, and nothing seemed more chaotic to primitive people than the sky with its thunder and lightning and mysterious eclipses. Ancient people searched for explanations to escape

their feelings of vulnerability. They did not believe in accidents or coincidence. Most of their knowledge about the stars was based on superstition. Although this method of reasoning was crude, it proved useful. A calendar was established. Astrology was born. The invention of gods and demons in the heavens who fought for control over humankind was the basis

for religion.

Great drama of 5,000 years is played out in our starry skies every night. For us in the Northern Hemisphere, the Big Dipper is the ringmaster of this celestial show. It is our guide not only to Polaris, our north star, but also to several bright stars and constellations.

Polaris is at center stage and it has a supporting cast of five constellations

made up of "circumpolar" stars. Because of the Earth's rotation, constellations appear to rotate counterclockwise around the sky. While constellations farther away from Polaris set below the horizon at different times of the year, circumpolar constellations never do.

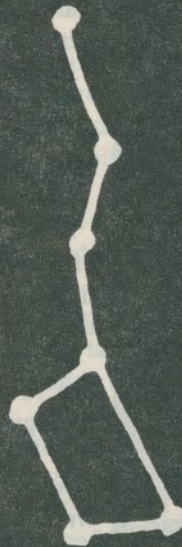
The Big Dipper is part of a circumpolar constellation called the Big Bear (Ursa Major). The two stars at the end of the Big Dipper's bowl are called "pointers." An imaginary line drawn through these stars leads to Polaris. One legend says that the Big Bear would like to take Polaris for herself because the brightness of Polaris matches the brightness of her own seven stars in the Big Dipper. But Polaris belongs to the constellation Little Bear (Ursa Minor). The Little Dipper is part of this constellation as well. It is the two stars at the end of the Little Dipper's bowl that guard Polaris and they are called "guardians." We are lucky to have a Pole Star such as Polaris. It is only one-half of a degree off the direction of true north.

Another circumpolar constellation is the Dragon. It is dim, but can be found between the Dippers as it winds its way upward toward the bright star Vega. The Dragon played a major role in dramas of the past. A star near its tail named Thuban was the Pole Star during the time of the ancient Egyptians. Several pyramids were built with Thuban as their focal point.

Two other interesting circumpolar constellations are Cepheus and Cassiopeia. Cepheus was the African King of Ethiopia and Cassiopeia was his vain and boastful wife. Once, Cassiopeia's bragging angered the sea nymphs. They persuaded Poseidon, the God of the Sea, to avenge them. Poseidon sent a terrible sea monster in the form of a whale called Cetus to destroy the royal couple's kingdom. In an attempt to appease the terrible monster, Cepheus and Cassiopeia ultimately offered their daughter, Andromeda, as sacrifice to end the monster's destruction. They chained Andromeda to a rock near the shore. As the monster was closing in, her fate was spied by Perseus who was return-

*Great drama is  
played out in our  
starry skies  
every night.*

*The Big Dipper  
is the ringmaster  
of this  
celestial show.*



ing from an adventure where he had slain Medusa. Riding his winged horse, Pegasus, Perseus flew down and rescued Andromeda.

The whole cast of this tale can be seen in the autumn skies. As if to insure their eternal protection of Andromeda, she is located between Perseus and Pegasus. Andromeda touches the Window of Pegasus that is part of the winged horse's constellation. This Window of Pegasus or the "Great Square" allows the naked eye to see great distances toward the edge of our galaxy. The Great Square can be found from the Big Dipper by the two top stars of the bowl with lines running

through Polaris past Cassiopeia.

By neglecting to mention many great constellations and for not giving all a fair star billing in this review, I fear the gods will reign havoc on me. Yet for the sake of brevity, I mention only those constellations that contain the brightest stars in our hemisphere to aid in fruitful stargazing.

A diagonal line through the Dipper's bowl leads to the winter constellation of Gemini. Two bright stars side by side mark the heads of the twins. Under the Twins, Orion is found. Once you have found the three bright stars in Orion's belt, he will never be hard to spot again. And this "belt of stars" guides us to Sirius, the brightest star in our sight, which is part of Canis Major, the Big Dog constellation. The bright star on Orion's shoulder, Betelgeuse, leads to the star Procyon in Canis Minor. These constellations are said to be Orion's hunting dogs. Orion was the Great Hunter and he has been a faithful friend to sea navigators for centuries.

Starry nights are not only entertaining, but they are useful for orienting direction as well. Polaris is the best reference point for finding the northern direction. You can still find Polaris even if the Big Dipper is hidden. The top of Orion points toward the direction of the Pole Star. And if you are familiar with Leo, the Lion, you will always find Polaris above his back. Even without using any of the constellations, you can orient yourself by selecting one star and watching its movement for a few minutes. A way to do this is to lie on your back under a tree and find a star between the branches that is near the zenith (straight up). As the Earth rotates, you will notice in your reference area between the branches that the motion of the star is westward.

Not a whole lot has changed since the days when ancient people looked to the sky for an understanding of their world. We still look to the skies for guidance ourselves. We watch unfolding weather conditions, enjoy dramatic sunsets, marvel at rainbows and wish on falling stars. And a good thing about it all is, it's free.



enough to save it. It had become an unofficial landfill. Trash and abandoned cars littered the landscape. There were no roads, only rutted trails cut by the four-wheel-drive mudrunners and off-road motorcyclists. Drug dealers made deliveries in the wooded privacy and users left spent syringes on the ground.

"I knew it wouldn't work for me to go in there and play cop," Fitzgerald said. "There was no way one person could keep anyone out of the area. I knew a lot of good people were attracted to its beauty and wildness and were concerned about the environment. I had to attract them. My philosophy was to reward responsible behavior to the extent that it discouraged bad behavior. I wanted to show them Peabody cared, but more than that, I had to show them Joy Fitzgerald cared."

She talked to everyone who would listen about her plans--adjoining land-owners, local sporting clubs, even trespassers who came onto the property to hunt and fish. "I'd go up to them, shake hands, share my vision and ask for their input. I'd always get their name and would write them a thank-you note. Once they realized they could use the area if they followed the rules, they wanted to help."

Fitzgerald talked so much she was hoarse when she went home at night, but she got the support she needed. Most people, it seemed, were concerned about the crime, and wanted to help her stop it.

Volunteer groups converged on the area. Their first job was to clean up the grounds. Tons of trash was removed, three miles of roads were built, boat ramps installed, weeds and grass mowed. Toilets and picnic tables soon dotted the landscape. A canoe path was created, along with two hiking trails and a horse trail. The eight major lakes were ready for fishing.

A permit system was set up to limit the number of users and to keep out people who refused to follow the rules. Volunteers were rewarded with permits and their own campsites.

"Once the land was cleaned up, the area's perceived value went up," Fitzgerald said. People began policing the grounds themselves, taking pride in their creation. Trespassers and crime dwindled and it became a safe place for families.

Once the initial work was finished, she began doing what she loves the most--creating wildlife habitats and teaching grassroots biology to her volunteers. It's easy to learn from her. Her voice rises in excitement as she describes the wildlife that inhabits the recreation area. She helped the volunteers stock the lakes and encouraged non-consumptive uses such as hiking, wildlife photography, bird watching and scuba diving. She initiated projects to encourage waterfowl nesting and led programs to plant grasses for wildlife habitat.

You'll see a lot of women and children at the Tecumseh Recreation Area. Fitzgerald only introduces land-use programs which include women and children, because when they are present, the groups are less confrontational, less trash is left and less land abuse occurs.

Through it all, Fitzgerald has been a constant presence at Tecumseh--talking, encouraging and working alongside her volunteers. Although she also manages other wildlife reconstruction areas in a four-state area, you can often find Fitzgerald at her base camp on the shores of Lake Tecumseh, communing with the spirit of Chief Tecumseh. And on clear, starry nights when the wind is still and paddling is good, you may also hear the soulful sound of her harmonica floating across the water.

*Joy Fitzgerald received the Wildlife Conservationist of the Year Award from the National Wildlife Federation in 1978, and in 1987, Indiana's Isaac Walton League presented her their State Environmental Achievement Award. Most recently, she was the 1988 recipient of the Warrick County Chamber of Commerce Community Development Award for her work with the Tecumseh Recreational Area.*

*Her tanned hand pushes back the hat to expose crinkling hazel eyes and a grin that splits the face. She reaches out her hand. Her handshake is firm and tight.*

# One Outdoor Woman Fights Back

W

omen in the wilderness. A perfect story idea. Or at least, I assumed it was. From my own perspective as a veteran backpacker, news reporter and observer of women's issues, I had noticed that women's wilderness and adventure travel groups had been surfacing with regularity across the country.

Women have had their own hiking and climbing networks for years. But just recently, it seemed to me, these groups had gained an element of sophistication and popularity that had placed them more in the public eye. No less a popular culture publication than *People* magazine had run a story about one Seattle-based group in a 1989 issue.

Some of these groups seemed to have a unique, woman-oriented philosophy about outdoor leadership. Some were challenging the methods of more traditional outdoor schools like NOLS and Outward Bound.

The stories behind some of the groups were inspiring and unique. The 40-year-old founder of one Northwest outdoor group got her start by arranging the first all-woman bike tour of China. She now is organizing an all-woman hike in the Soviet Union, and an all-woman African safari. A first and only, to be sure.

The sport of backpacking--declared by some mass media stories to be on the downswing among the general population--is booming among women who sign up for trips organized by one large Minneapolis-based women's outdoor group, its director told me earlier this year. Definitely worth exploring in a feature story, I thought.

In addition, women (including myself and many I've talked with) seem fascinated by outdoor books that have been written by and about women: *Annapurna: A Woman's Place*, *Nanda Devi*, *Women in the Wilderness*.

I decided to present my idea to the regional editor of a national outdoor magazine. We arranged to meet to discuss my great idea.

Once we had slipped past the niceties of our initial meeting, sipped some tea and talked a bit about outdoor subjects, he wondered out loud, "Are women in the wilderness worth a story? Do our female readers really want to read about women in the outdoors?" he asked, incredulous. "Is it an issue?" A footnote, perhaps, but not a big feature, he concluded.

I disguised my disappointment. Then the editor continued on the theme.



By Jeann Linsley

Some women had written in to protest a cover photo in his magazine which showed a woman standing in a field of wildflowers, he said. The woman was clearly in a mountaineering situation, so the photo shouldn't have been offensive, in his view.

Still in a stew about my story idea flop, I was only half listening. Clearly concerned about the issue, the editor persisted on his theme. Had his magazine given women a raw deal? Was the cover photo a sexist statement? He wanted to know.

I looked at the photo, not visibly disturbed by the portrayal. But thinking about a larger issue. Like my story idea. Defend it--now; don't throw in the towel.

Help me, Sisters, I thought. At times like this, even the boldest, outdoor-siest feminist spirit withers and dies. The malaise of the tired feminist sets in. "Feminist fatigue," to borrow a phrase from *Boston Globe* columnist Ellen Goodman.

Ah, yes, feminist fatigue. A familiar feeling. Like when I must explain to my elderly uncle why I really don't like to be whistled at or called "girl" by a bunch of execs in an elevator.

Or telling Dad for the thousandth time that women really are able to serve in the military. Or telling mom that I really am capable of spending a week on the trail, alone, with only my pack for company. The temptation was great to head out the door, strap on a pack and hit the trail. A long trail. Away from editors.

My mind trundled through several would-be strategies. Among them the hostile approach:

*Alright pal, so what's to argue? I'll tell you what the issue is. It's women who feed, clothe and mother their men on a daily, hourly basis, who manage a home, a super career, kids, pets and houseplants, who clean the toilet, sink and bathroom bowl, and manage to keep their grey hairs covered while still making less than half the average wage that men make.*

*Look at the studies, pal. Women polled in recent university studies worked just as hard at their careers as did men, and still did the bulk of the housework.*

*Look at the pay statistics: women still earn less than half what men earn. And women who graduate from college make, on the average, lower salaries than men who have only high school diplomas.*

*Look at the editorial boards and top management at most major newspapers across the country. Outdoor groups are the same. Most of the top executives are men.*

*And, yes, while we've come a long way baby, whether in the outdoors or in the executive suite, we're still often portrayed as smiling, fragile lifeforms. Indeed, all too often, the woman may be wearing a doctor's coat, carrying a lawyer's briefcase or hoisting 60 pounds of gear on her shoulders, but still fumbling for the mascara, pantyhose and lipstick.*

*Alright pal, so what's to argue? I'll tell you what the issue is. It's women who feed, clothe and mother their men on a daily, hourly basis, who manage a home, a super career, kids, pets and houseplants, who clean the toilet, sink and bathroom bowl, and manage to keep their grey hairs covered while still making less than half the average wage that men make.*

*I have no gripe with this magazine. Maybe my sisters do. Perhaps some of us look for oppression where none exists. But, give us a break. We've got a collective chip on our shoulders. But that's only out of collective weariness.*

*Take a stroll to the magazine rack. You might count 15 or 20 glossies with wispy suntanned beauties smiling seductively, blowing kisses or just being sexy for the camera. You might count three or four with smiling, seductive male models.*

*Take a look at some random publications. Yes, even outdoor magazines. I recall vividly the ad recently run in a local Seattle water sports publication--cutesy blond in bathing suit carrying outboard motor. I mean, get real. What did this babe (or more rightly, her editors) have in mind? A beach-blanket boat blast?*

*Take a look at television. You might still find the brunette bimbo caressing the carpeted seats of a four-wheel drive. Yeah, pal, I'll tell you what the issue is. Women--yes even women in the enlightened 1990s, even strong, capable, backpacking and mountain-climbing women--sometimes get tired of sexism and inequality. Some are still tired of taking care of their men.*

*So what's the relevance to backpacking and the outdoors? Some women (I'm not saying all) are getting into getting away from their men. To have some sisterhood. Talk women's issues. Preach to the converted.*

*Some simply want to get together with other women. Not to trash men, but to, well, do a little female bonding. To feel strong and competent on a mountain trail. To heft big packs, to figure out routes, without the temptation of having the man help out.*

*Most important, they want to read about it. And the writer tailormade for the job is sitting right here in front of you, pal.*

*Nah, I thought. Too strident. Not good for the cause. Besides, the Amazon warrior approach might poison the well for good. As an outdoor writer wanna-bee, I couldn't risk that.*

*I left the office, took a deep breathful of big Northwestern forest air and pondered our conversation. What I will say, for the record, is this:*

*I have no gripe with this magazine. Maybe my sisters do. Perhaps some of us look for oppression where none exists. But, give us a break. We've got a collective chip on our shoulders. But that's only out of collective weariness.*

*We're tired. Too much time battling the "one-down" position, seeing our sisters in scanty dress toting outboard motors or blowing kisses from RVs. Listening to one-too-many jokes about jugs or bullet-boobed bathing suits.*

*If we get defensive about the fragile flower smiling out from the cover of some magazines, have sympathy. If I get hostile defending my story idea, try to understand. Chalk it up to feminist fatigue.*

*By Jean Linsley*

# FIVE-STAR CANOE COOKING

By Janet Hobbs Johnson

**P**izza with zucchini. Brownies with cashews. Walleye with wild rice. Sounds like dining in your favorite five-star restaurant. Would you expect to dine so well on a canoe trip? These dishes are regular items on our family's menu when cooking on the trail.

With a little planning, nutritious, close-to-gourmet meals can easily be prepared on the trail. First, check camping supply stores, supermarket shelves and neighborhood co-ops to find out what foods are available and then plan your menus.

Keep in mind that the food pack is always the heaviest at the beginning of the trip. Many parks restrict bringing in cans, bottles and other nondisposable containers. Know the regulations of the park you are going to visit before you plan your trip.

Camping supply stores carry a wide assortment of freeze-dried foods, many prepackaged for entire meals. Although the packaged foods are convenient, they are expensive.

However, powdered eggs are difficult to find anywhere else. We try to avoid using eggs by buying mixes that require only liquid for preparation. If powdered eggs are used in biscuit or cake mixes, add more water than the recipe calls for to rehydrate the eggs.

Supermarkets carry dried fruits and vegetables, ready-to-eat cereal mixes, breakfast bars and prepackaged dinners. Many mixes, such as biscuits, cornbread, gingerbread, cakes and brownies, need only liquid for preparation.

Instant coffee and teas of every description beckon from the shelves. Fruit-flavored drink mixes such as lemonade remain the standard drink for canoers.

Bacon bits and a variety of sausages which require no refrigeration are also found on grocery shelves. Canadian bacon and pepperoni slices are in the meat department.

Neighborhood co-ops are wonderful places for canoe campers--offering jars of spices, dehydrated vegetables and fruits such as carrots, green peppers, mushrooms, apricots, bananas and pineapple. Bins overflow with dried beans, peas, nuts and flour and vegetable pasta.

We carry a few fresh potatoes, carrots, zucchini and onions



Susan Johnson, the author's daughter, bakes a batch of sweet rolls in a Dutch oven. Photo by Gerhard J. Johnson

in the bottom of our food pack. For us, the extra weight is worth having some fresh vegetables after a few days of dried foods.

For breakfast, our old standbys are oatmeal, pancakes, orange-flavored drink mix with vitamin C, coffee, tea and cocoa. If we have time, we make coffeecake in the Dutch oven using muffin mix topped with dried fruit or cinnamon and sugar.

Lunch is any combination of cheeses, summer sausage, hardtack, peanut butter, granola, gorp, candy bars, dried fruit, nuts and fruit-flavored drink mixes. Sometimes, we heat water on a small, portable stove for hot drinks or instant soup.

Supper presents more of a challenge. If your family members are not big meat eaters, meal planning for a canoe trip is easier. If you like meat, take along plenty of summer sausage, dried pepperoni and bacon bits. We often take hot-dogs or pocket stews prepared at home for the first night out.

The many kinds of vegetable-flavored pasta now available add a gourmet touch to spaghetti and macaroni and cheese. Dehydrated hashbrown potatoes or wild rice prepared with dehydrated onions and mushrooms complement either fresh fish or fish baked in aluminum foil over the coals. It's like "eating off the land" to feast on wild rice with freshly caught walleye and muffins made with wild blueberries.

Breads and desserts made in the Dutch oven round out the main dishes. If you must have bread, try the small loaves of white, wheat or rye cocktail bread, which travel better than regular bread. Our favorite desserts are brownies, spice cake

and gingerbread made in the Dutch oven.

When we pack for a trip, we place each item in a plastic bag. "In one of those little plastic bags" has become a family canoe trip joke. Extra plastic bags come in handy. Too often, little critters chew holes in a bag of granola or gorp, making a mess of the food pack.

Either the self-lock type or regular plastic bags can be used. All non-burnable trash needs to be carried out, including twisters. Plastic bags long enough to be tied avoid the need for twisters.

Food packs can be organized in many ways. Some canoers like to put everything for a meal or everything for one day together in one large bag. We put similar items together: breakfast fixings in one bag, lunch fixings in another bag, dinner fixings in the third; drink mixes in a bag, spices in another. Three unbreakable plastic jars with screw-on caps hold margarine, shortening and peanut butter.

The following recipes satisfied my husband, daughter, son-in-law and me on a recent canoe trip and elicited this response from my son-in-law: "I never knew you could eat so well on a canoe trip." Accustomed to eating "mostly macaroni and cheese with the guys," he was surprised with the delicious meals we concocted over the open campfire.

## Pocket Stews

For each pocket stew:

1 or 2 strips of bacon

1 hamburger patty

Slices of potato, carrot, green pepper, onion

Salt and pepper

Lay bacon strips on individual pieces of heavy-duty aluminum foil. Place hamburger patty on bacon, and vegetables on top of patty. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap bacon strips over top. Fold and seal foil. Cook over hot coals 10 minutes on each side.

## Spaghetti

16-oz. package spinach fettucini

4 packages instant tomato soup

4 cups water

Dried onion, garlic powder, marjoram, oregano, parsley, salt, pepper, sugar to taste

Parmesan cheese

Sliced pepperoni or sausage chunks, if desired

Combine tomato soup, water and spices. Bring to boil. Simmer while cooking fettucini. Cook fettucini until soft, drain and add tomato sauce. Sprinkle with cheese.

## Pizza

4 packages instant tomato soup

2 cups water

2 7-oz. packages biscuit mix or 3 cups Homemade Muffin Mix

(see below)

2 cups cut-up cheese

10-oz. package pepperoni

2 small zucchini, peeled and sliced (optional)

Dried onion, dried mushrooms, dried green pepper, garlic powder, parsley

Salt and pepper

Combine tomato soup, water, spices and dried vegetables and let stand for a few minutes to rehydrate the vegetables. Make crust from biscuit mix, following directions on package. Spread in greased Dutch oven. Place zucchini and pepperoni slices on crust. Add rehydrated vegetables. Pour on tomato sauce. Place cheese on top. Cover and bake over hot coals until cheese melts and crust is browned. Makes 2 pizzas, one at a time in Dutch oven.

## One-Pot Stew

2 quarts water

2 cups dried carrots, peas, beans, potatoes

2 Tablespoons dried onion

1 Tablespoon dried green pepper

1/4 cup dried mushrooms

4 teaspoons bouillon or 4 bouillon cubes

1 package gravy mix

Salt and pepper to taste

7-oz. package biscuit mix or 1 1/2 cups Homemade Muffin Mix

1/2 cup milk

Combine water, dried vegetables and bouillon. Let stand 15 minutes to rehydrate the vegetables. Bring to boil. Add gravy mix and salt and pepper to taste. To make dumplings, combine biscuit mix and milk. Drop by spoonfuls into hot, simmering stew. Cook until dumplings are done.

## Chili

1 cup dried kidney beans

4 packages instant tomato soup

6 cups water

Dried onion, chili powder, garlic powder, salt and pepper

1 cup cut-up sausage, if desired

Soak kidney beans in water to cover, overnight or all day. Drain. Cover beans with fresh water and cook until soft. Add tomato soup mix, water, spices and sausage. Bring to boil. Simmer for 30 minutes.

## Homemade Muffin Mix

2 heaping cups flour

1/4 cup sugar

4 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/3 cup powdered milk or powdered buttermilk

Combine ingredients. Store in plastic bags. Makes 3 cups of mix. 1 1/2 cups of mix equals one 7-oz. package of purchased muffin mix. To use, combine 1 1/2 cups mix with 1/2 cup water or milk and 2 Tablespoons softened margarine or butter.

## Gourmet Brownies

1 package brownie mix

1/2 cup unsalted cashews

1/2 cup chocolate chips

Mix brownie mix according to directions on package. Fold in cashews, available from co-op. Bake in Dutch oven until batter springs back to touch. Sprinkle chocolate chips over warm brownies. Let stand a few minutes, then spread with a knife.



We embarked on our Isle Royale kayaking trip from Copper Harbor and for 4 1/2 hours enjoyed one of the smoothest crossings possible. It was a welcome rest after packing and loading our 130-pound kayaks onto the upper deck of the Isle Royale Queen III. Lake Superior is known for its unpredictability and rough seas occur frequently, so be prepared for seasickness.

Upon landing at Rock Harbor, I was amazed at the clarity of the water and saw a school of herring 40 to 50 feet below our kayaks. The extremely calm weather (seas at less than one foot) permitted us to paddle around Blake Point, the eastern tip of the island, which can be very dangerous because of unpredictable waves.

Relieved that we had avoided the most difficult portage on the island (.8 mile, 175-foot climb, extremely steep), we overlooked the significance of the white buoy marking the Monarch shipwreck of 1906. There are 10 buoys marking other shipwrecks around the island between 1877 and 1947. The shipwrecks are popular with scuba divers, even in the frigid Superior waters.

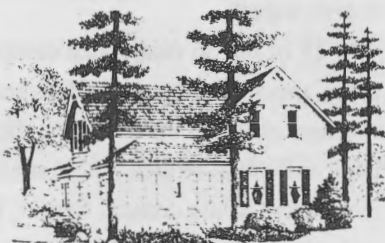
Two miles further, we located a serene shelter at Duncan Narrows and stayed there two nights as the rains fell. On the third day, we got a short taste of what paddling is like in one-meter waves on open Lake Superior. Belle Isle was a welcome sight after two short portages (.3 mile) and a windward paddle.

The next day, the excitement of two-meter seas and winds gusting up to 30 knots left us exhausted by the time we found shelter at McCargoe Cove. From there we began serious portaging (3.5

miles) and the most strenuous part of the trip. The inland portage trails revealed the beauty and solitude of this wilderness. We had several pleasant encounters with wildlife--moose, fox, wolf prints.

The last two days of our 10-day adventure were the least pressured as we paddled in calm seas with partly sunny skies, listened intently to the loons and went ashore for relaxed sightseeing of small harbors, points, a lighthouse, an historic fishing village and meanderings among the islands that form Rock Harbor. We came to know Isle Royale as a rare and special place and look forward to returning there to circumnavigate this wilderness wonderland.

*For information, contact Isle Royale National Park, Headquarters, 87 North Ripley St., Houghton, MI 49931; phone 906-482-0984.*



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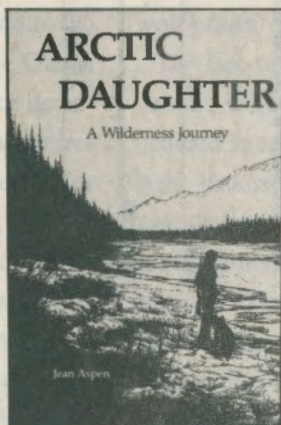
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