

ISLAND BUSHWHACKER®

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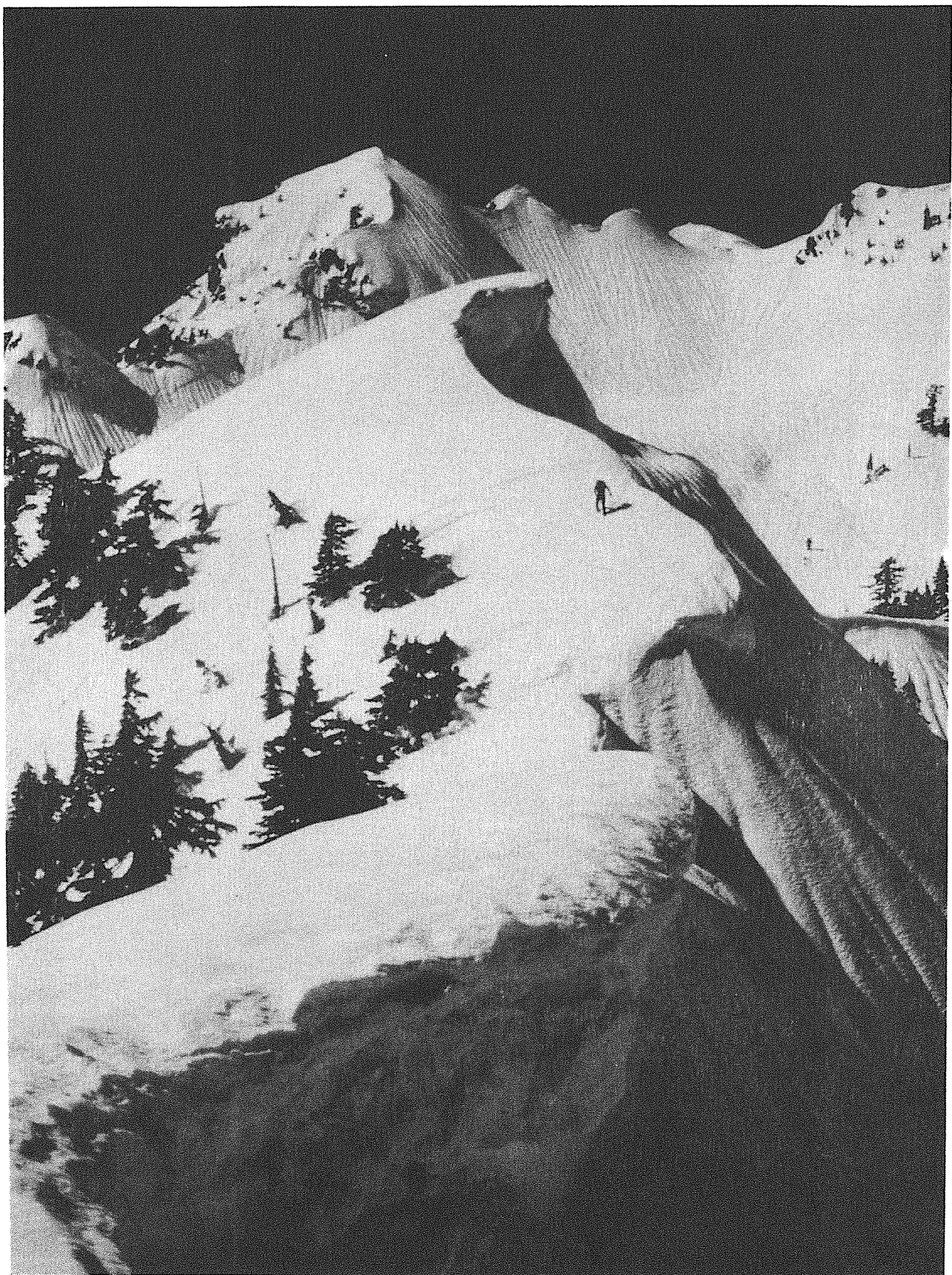
ISSN 0822-9473 17:4

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

Fall '89

Vancouver Island Section

Editorial: 5724 Old West Saanich Rd, Victoria, BC V8X 3X3



North Ridge of Hidden Peak in the Maitland Range — ©Don Berryman

STUFFSACK	1
Canadian Centre for Mountaineering	1
National Club Programs: Developing Good, Sound Basics - <i>Victoria Haberl</i>	1
A Note on Trip Gradings - <i>Sandy Briggs</i>	2
FMCBC, Trail Update - <i>Marg Brown</i>	2
 PHOTO CONTEST - 1989	 3
 SCHEDULED TRIPS	 3
Landalt(e?) (Jan 1) - <i>Rob Macdonald</i>	3
Mt. Albert Edward (Feb 4-5) - <i>Marg Brown</i>	4
Mt. Sphinx (Feb 11-12) - <i>Gerta Smythe</i>	4
Mt. McGuire (Feb 25-26) - <i>Rick Eppler</i>	5
Forbidden Plateau Ski (March 4-5) - <i>Rob Macdonald</i>	6
Mt. Tshalem (April 9) - <i>Murrough O'Brien</i>	6
Spearhead Traverse (April 24-27) - <i>Gerta Smythe</i>	6
Mt. Filberg (May 20-22) - <i>William Peters</i>	7
Mt. Grey (May 28) - <i>William Peters</i>	8
Mt. Myrapurna (May 29) - <i>Sandy Briggs</i>	8
Mt. Klitsa (June 2-3) - <i>Pat O'Brien</i>	9
Mt. Nahmint (June 25) - <i>Rob Macdonald</i>	10
Mt. St. Helens (July 9-11) - <i>Reinhard Ilnert</i>	10
Col. Foster (July 15-17) - <i>Beau Deroy</i>	11
Mt. Sir Richard and the Spearhead Traverse (July 22-26) - <i>John Pratt</i>	11
Mt. Matchlee Revisited (July 29-30) - <i>Fred Put</i>	12
Forbidden Plateau Family Hike (Aug 5-7) - <i>Caroline and Rowena Tansley</i>	13
Mt. Mamquam (Aug 5-8) - <i>John Pratt</i>	14
Mt. Klitsa (Aug 12-13) - <i>Gerta Smythe</i>	15
Olympic Ridge Walking (Aug 19-20) - <i>Mike Hubbard</i>	15
Mts. Joffre/Matier (Sept 2-4) - <i>Albert Hestler</i>	16
Mt. Septimus (Sept 9-10) - <i>Rob Macdonald</i>	17
Rees Ridge Traverse (Sept 10-16) - <i>Cynthia Hovezak</i>	17
Mackenzie Range (Sept 23,24) - <i>Julie Henderson</i>	18
Mt. Cheakamus (Sept 30-Oct 1) - <i>Dave Tansley</i>	19
Mt. DeCosmos - 3 (Oct 8) - <i>Julie Henderson</i>	19
 NEW ISLAND ROUTES	 20
Colonel Foster - E Face - <i>Philip Stone</i>	20
Conuma Peak Traverse - <i>John Gibson</i>	20
Sebalhall Creek - Headwall Valley - <i>Syd Watts</i>	22
Bugged on Rugged; Haite Range - <i>Sandy Briggs</i>	22
 GOLD RIVER REPORT - <i>John Put</i>	 23
Update and Pastdate	24
Crest Creek Crags	24
Matchlee Update	24
Matchlee Route Update	24
Summer of '88	24
 OTHER TRIPS - HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE	 25
The 'Satyric' Traverses - <i>Sandy Rushki</i>	25
Pemberton Icecap - <i>Ian Brown</i>	25
Three in One Week - <i>Albert Hestler</i>	26
Mt. Tinniswood - <i>Ian Brown</i>	26
Shephard Creek Reconnaissance - <i>Marg Brown</i>	27
Hidden Peak (Maitland Range) - <i>Sandy Briggs</i>	27
 CONQUERERS OF THE USELESS EXPEDITION - <i>Lionel Train</i>	 29

STUFFSACK ...

Mt. Trivia Subjugated — but see the end of this issue! Who better than *Rushski*, that rollicking relater of rock ramblings, with Tilman-tales tripping off his tongue, that Homeric homme-de-plume, that connoisseur of cruel climatic conditions; well perhaps I exaggerate, but congratulations, *Sandy*, on the one-and-only ascent of *Mt. Trivia*. Now you can claim to be, indeed, a *Conquistador of the Inconsequential*. Having done your first 'little wall' I suppose you will be in a fever to bag another bonzo bump. *rum*

Sandy bones-up for trivia and wins "Humour" category.



©J. Pratt/S.Briggs

Mt. Landalt - not really Mount Landalt was confirmed by the *Geographic Board of Canada* on Dec. 11, 1952. On May 6, 1975 the name was changed to *Mount Landale* by the B.C. representative of the *Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names*. The name Landalt appears on map 2A, editions 1920 and 1938. The mountain was originally named in 1864 by Dr. Robert Brown after *John James Landale*, C.E., Engineer of Harewood Railway, a man who was interested in Vancouver Island. Apparently there was an expedition through Vancouver Island in 1864; the name Mount Landale is shown in Dr. Brown's book, *Vancouver Island Expedition*, page 22 (NW 971.IV, V225).

Mount Landalt was the name used on many maps over the years, but there is no record of why 'Landale' was not in use initially. The change to Mount Landale in 1975 would have been done as a correction back to the original name.

Elaine Ellison, Research Officer, Surveys and Resource Mapping Branch, Ministry of Crown Lands.

The Canadian Centre for Mountaineering at Lake Louise

In a recent update (*Margaret Saul*, Sept 1989) the CCMLL SOCIETY has notified us of their first major corporate donor; *Canadian Pacific Limited*. CP has made a commitment of \$100,000. Given CP's historical ties to mountaineering

in the Rockies, the SOCIETY could not have hoped for a better corporate leader to lend credibility to the project. The project could not have reached its present level of success without the encouragement and support from individual club members. It is the smaller donations and kind words from many of you that have given impetus and life to this undertaking and the *Canadian Centre for Mountaineering* is grateful. For further information or if you wish to make a donation, contact Margaret Saul, 301 14th St. NW, Calgary, Alta, T2N 2A1.

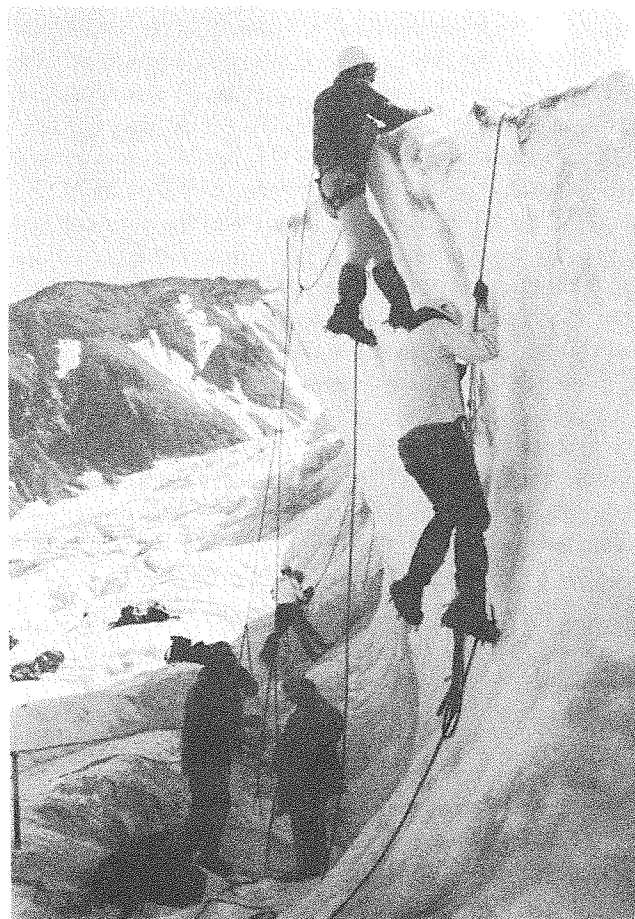
National Club Programs: Developing Good, Sound Basics

Victoria Haberl

Mountaineering is one of those unusual sports where it's tough to find instruction. You don't normally see "Crevasse Rescue" as one of the feature listings in the Recreation Centre bulletins.

I guess that's why there was such a good turnout for the Snow School and Glacier School offered by *Kevin Haberl*, B.C. Coordinator of the ACC National Club.

He happens to be my husband so I was first on the list of students to sign up. Not only was it a good opportunity for me to meet some of the Island Section members, but most important, it provided that essential review of skills like ice axe self-arrest and crevasse rescue. Most of it is familiar to me now, but it's not auto-reflex like it should be.



Mt. Baker Crevasse Rescue School —©Albert Hestler

Kevin had just returned from climbing Mount Fairweather in Alaska. He tried to tell me it was a mandatory 3-week instructor training session, in preparation for these two courses, but I knew better than that! Anyway, he was pretty comfortable leading the group up Mount Arrowsmith. It was a beautiful day with clear views out over the Strait of Georgia. In fact it was so warm that we all groaned when we had to put enough clothes on to play in the snow. When we found the perfect "snow school slope" we practiced various techniques of energy-efficient climbing steps. The most artistic patterns were made by a dozen different pairs of "box-step", "*en canard*" and other tracks all over the slope. The real fun came when the group converted into a mass of bodies plummeting downhill in every position possible, performing ice-axe self-arrests. Eventually the young dare-devils (and one older one! ed.note) challenged one another to see who could gain the most speed and do the quickest self-arrest. Finally, we all tried different types of snow anchors that could be used in belay or rappel situations. It's nice to try these things out for fun before relying on them for real.

That was a great prep-day for the weekend trip to Mount Baker, July 9 and 10, for the Glacier School. Again, I was the first to sign up. We also managed to lasso our good friend *Matt* into being an assistant instructor. His girlfriend *Chris* was eager to learn a few new rules to this funny game called Mountaineering. There were about 20 of us, converging on the Coleman Glacier mid-day Saturday. After forming two groups, we roped up and headed off to explore this strange glacial environment. We practiced some route-finding, peered into crevasses and talked about why it is so important to know how to pull your friends out of one!

We spent the day Sunday playing on a one-sided crevasse (i.e. a cliff), a perfect place to practice. It was actually quite pleasant to be a victim, dangling on a rope, in the sun, while up above the crew worked diligently at Z-systems to haul you out. Kevin even tried convincing some of us (and maybe even succeeded with some) that ice-climbing is a *fun* sport, not just for lunatics with an ice-cube fetish. I think it would be difficult getting *Gerta* to endorse "jummaring" as a safe, comfortable method of crevasse rescue. She missed one important step in setting up the system, and found herself in a bit of a bind, so to speak.

All in all, both outings were good fun. I think everyone learned something new and/or reinforced some old techniques. The National Club wants to see more people out in the mountains, but there has to be that element of sound basics first. It's great when learning goes so well with fun.

A Note on Trip Gradings

You will have noticed that every trip on our section schedules, summer and winter, is given a grade of difficulty to help you decide whether or not a particular outing is for you. The grading systems are explained at the top of each schedule, and they include a *letter* designating the strenuousness of the trip and a *number* indicating the level of technical difficulty likely to be encountered. Paying attention to the grading of trips should keep you from getting in over your head, yet allow you to pick a trip which is that

little bit more strenuous, or more technical, than you are used to, thus increasing your experience. The grade of a trip should not be considered a substitute for a discussion of route and objective with the trip organizer in advance. For example, a high camp at Warden Peak could be a poor place for your party to discover that you'd never worn crampons before, or never tied in to a rope. The real grade of a trip will, of course, depend on the conditions encountered, and these can never be known accurately in advance. Thus while Mt. Myra is billed in the guide book as an easy day hike, it has twice resisted quite determined efforts on my part to reach its summit (see Myrapurna, this issue ...). Mt. Arrowsmith, a modest scramble by its easy route in good weather, has turned me back more times than I care to recall. *Conditions are everything.*

In trying to think of examples of trips of all different grades I was struck by the difficulty of devising the off-diagonal elements in the grading matrix. Imagine a D1 if you will! I decided that skiing the Cowichan River footpath under conditions of no snow would be a D1, but you'd have to go all the way from Duncan to the Lake. By the same token, a trip of A4 difficulty took a few moments to come up with. A heli-ski descent of the Rumbling Glacier on the east face of Mt. Tantalus is probably about A4. To imagine a D4 it is necessary only to consider the same descent but omit the helicopter access.

It is clear then, that the trips offered on our schedule will not cover the full range of possible gradings, but I hope the system retains its usefulness. I welcome your comments. — *Sandy Briggs*, Trip Schedule Organizer.

FMCBC UPDATE

Marg Brown

Jim Rutter, executive director of the FMCBC, as part of the government committee to study the problems of STRATHCONA PARK, has put forward quite well most of our concerns about the park. Unofficially the committee has agreed with most of our concerns and very favorable recommendations were put forward to the minister. We are all now awaiting a final political decision.

Trail Update

July 1st workparty on Philips Tidge Trail; effort mainly on improving the standard of mid-section. *Don Apps* will be continuing to coordinate an annual work party until the whole trail is finished and in good shape. Volunteers are eagerly welcomed at this annual event.

Parks Branch and Westmin have completed half the distance between Jim Mitchell Lk. Rd. and Bedwell Lk. Hopefully this will be completed next year.

Friends of Strathcona and Park have cleared about 8 miles up the old logging road in the Bedwell Valley towards Bedwell Lake. Volunteers are needed for this project as well. When these last 2 trails are completed it will make a wonderful trip from ocean to alpine.

Trail Building The FMCBC with a "*Job Development Project*" grant worked on upgrading the trail to Comox

Glacier this summer. There is provincial funding available for trail building and maintenance projects such as this. The Federation has considerable equipment and experience, especially on the mainland to facilitate these projects. What is needed is someone locally with the time and energy to create the proposal and probably act as a foreman to oversee the project.

Aside from this type of trail building project, the Federation has an *Adopt a Trail* program. Basically they have catalogued over 200 trails on the mainland of SW BC as to the owner of the land, condition of the trail and who maintains it. Hopefully a wide spectrum of volunteer groups can be recruited to pick a trail in their area and be responsible for maintaining it. A coordinator is needed for Vancouver Island, or even just Victoria. If anyone is interested in either of these type of trail projects please give me a call - (h 727-2480).

PHOTO CONTEST – 1988

Thanks to all those who showed up and presented their slides for public critique. The winners, as selected by popular vote (30 ballots), were:

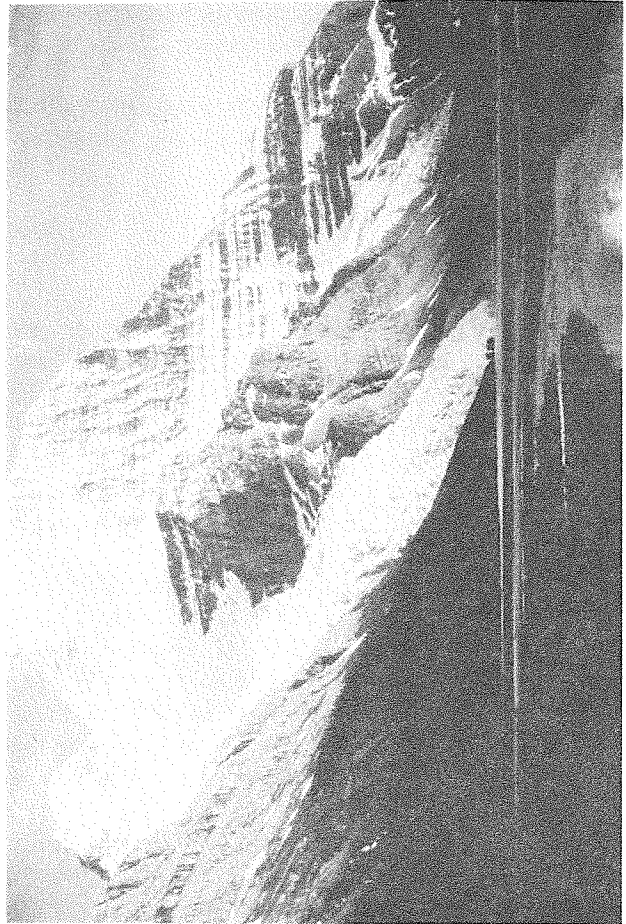
- Mountain Scenery – 1st, Phee Hudson (Mt. Robson), 2nd, Rob Macdonald (Mt. Warden and Victoria).
- People in the Mountains – 1st, Rick Hudson (Mt. Forbes) 2nd John Pratt (Mt. Tantalus).
- Nature – 1st, Phee Hudson (Ptarmigan), 2nd, Murrrough O'Brien (Marmot).
- Humour – 1st, John Pratt/Sandy Briggs (Gentleman on Mitchell), 2nd Phee Hudson (Rule Britannia?).
- Best Overall – Don Berryman (Mount Maitland - see cover picture).

SCHEDULED TRIPS

Landalt(e?) (Jan 1); Happy New Year

Rob Macdonald

Well now it is a tradition! The weather was not fantastic, and the snow on the Chemainus River road tried to stop us (score one for the Subaru), but determination fed by the past week's glut on turkey kept us going. I have a theory that what you do on New Year's day is reflected in the rest of the year - so I take Landalt (Landale?- whatever) seriously. As I had never been up *via* Sherk Lake, it was nice to have Albert along to direct us to branch F5. We skied the logging road past the Sherk Lake with its stubble of tall trees - looks like a bad shave - and continued on up the SE slopes of Landalt until we reached the trees. Here we dumped the skis and, after a brief bite, continued booting it up through the trees to gain the cold, windy summit (2:15 pm). We got to ski down the upper slopes and logging road, making good time to the cars. Once we ground our way over the rutted snow to reach half-decent logging road, the trip to Duncan was quick. Here we discovered a real problem; donut shops



Mountain Scenery, First Prize (Mt. Robson) — ©Phee Hudson



People in the Mountains, First Prize (Mt. Forbes) — ©Rick Hudson

and other "dins of inequity" aren't open on New Year's Day so we had to settle for the Village Green Inn. Hope to see you same time next year.

Participants: *Rob Macdonald* (leader), *Sandy Briggs*, *Julie Henderson*, *Claire Ebendinger*, *Paul Erickson*, *Albert Hestler*, *Reinhard Ilnner*, *Al Johnson*

Mt. Albert Edward; Feb 4-5

Marg Brown

After a week of howling, bitterly cold north winds, our ranks had dwindled to a group of stalwarts. Dawn on Saturday was glorious - clear with minimal wind. We left the Mt. Washington parking lot about 10:00 am, skiing on dry (blue-green wax) and amazingly not wind-crusting snow.

We arrived at Syd's cabin (*via Kwai Lake*) in good time, enough for extensive rounds with the crosscut to ensure a good supply of fuel.

The next morning we left about 6:00 am and, aside from a moderate wind as we crested the Jutland - Mt. Albert Edward ridge, the weather was beautiful; clear and not too crisp. In fact the summit was quite benign with infinite views in all directions. The return trip was uneventful (*via Helen Mackenzie Lake*) with no hint of instability in the snow, much to Rudi's relief. We were back to the cars at 5:00 pm after a thoroughly enjoyable ski.

Participants: *Marg Brown* (leader), *Ian Brown*, *Sandy Briggs*, *Rudi Brugger*, *Gary Giles*, *the Johnson brothers*, *Reinhard Ilnner*



Summit of Albert Edward — ©Marg Brown

Mt. Sphinx; Feb 11-12

Gerta Smythe

Seven of us met to do this trip; our leader Dave, Nick, a great backup-man, Rudi from Port Alberni, Rick-Rob-Julie-trio who slept in the Squamish Hilton (Howe Sound it was!?), while the rest of us camped out on the access road to the Black Tusk. The icy road kept us from going very far

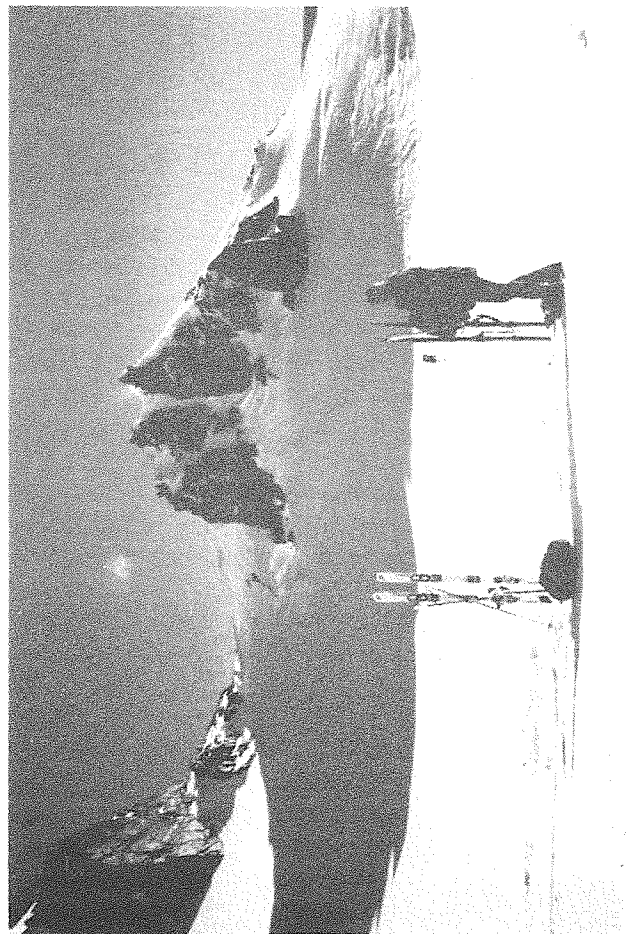
in the dark and daylight did not help us either, since several trees had fallen across the road during a recent storm. So we carried our skies the 2 km to the parking lot and then the next 10 km of the ever upward-winding trail. The little snow was covered with twigs and branches, what Rob called 'nature's pruning job'. Although this was during our cold spell, several springs bubbling down the mountainside gave us a refreshing drink and a welcome excuse to stop and lift those skies off our shoulders.

Lunch at Barrier Lookout; finally out of the trees, in view of the majestic Tantalus, in a sunshine that gave very little warmth. There never seems to be enough time to eat and recuperate; on we went over a hidden lake at last gliding on our skin-clad skies along a picturesque creek, with ice floes edging the rocky snow pillows, moving above the flowing water, like lace curtains in the breeze.

Up and away in search of the trail. Aha, there it is and thankfully we plod along until we break out of the timber once more, into the presence of the mountains on the shore of the huge Garibaldi Lake. Well, it did take some of us 1.5 hours to cross, planning the route for the morrow and watching the sun gild the mountain tops, before it sinks away for the day.

A cabin to sleep in, what luxury! Although it was as cold within as without, ice and snow made a novel wall decoration. There was an outhouse with a view, a fantastic display of stars in the sky and an upper bunk that was reached with varying degrees of acrobatic finesse.

Daybreak found us tracking along with high anticipation, the snow rock hard, but the clear sky promising sunshine.



Upper Glacier on Mt. Sphinx — ©Dave Tansley

Our group was widely strung out on the gently-rising wide ledge, some leaving skis behind and Rudi taking his skis the farthest, using his 'Harscheisen' (ski-crampons) to great advantage. We reached the col and looked around in wonder at this fabulous world of mountains, looking across to Mt. Garibaldi and down on Table Mtn., which I looked up to the night before. I am so happy and thankful to be here and there are Rudi and Rick forging ahead, showing no fear, breaking a trail, fixing a rope for us tenderfeet to follow. Well, I for one was glad for the rope on this steep little pitch, yet after this it was easy going to the summit, although I stayed behind- the lesser peak was good enough for me. I longed to rest in the mountain solitude, play my recorder and restore my strength. It was getting late, and I was delaying us even further by freezing at the drop-off and not trusting the rope, as everybody patiently told me to do. Thank god, back at the skis, and life becomes a lark once more. Although the skiing was bouncing rather than gliding, some of those frozen snow waves had the most intriguing patterns!

Back at the cabin, I am surprised to realize it is painted blue, munching on frozen salad and frozen water while we are packing up once more. Everybody made it across the lake in record time. I wonder who had flown his plane or helicopter and landed on the lake. He sure could have taken some of our packs down with him! The shadows were lengthening as we entered the forest. Rudi cooked-up at the trail-head a most appreciated cuppa for the weary travellers and then we walked, slipped and sometimes fell down the trail in the dark to find that we had missed the last ferry! But what the heck, it sure had been a mountain well worth the effort and a trip well led to the end.

Participants: *Dave Tansley* (leader), *Julie Henderson*, *Rick Eppler*, *Rob Macdonald*, *Nick Krischanowsky*, *Gerta Smy the*, *Rudi Brugger*

Mt. McGuire, the Little Lindeman that didn't; Feb. 25-26

Rick Eppler

I couldn't decide whether to write this trip up as the "1984 Mt. McGuire trip that finally went," or "the 1989 Mt Lindeman trip that didn't," so I'll leave it up to you to decide.

So many coastal winter trips hinge on weather and snow conditions - too much or not enough. Rarely, it seems, are they just right. We didn't know yet, but this trip was destined to be the latter; staring at the clouds out of the cafeteria window of the 7:00 am BC Ferry sailing didn't inspire a lot of enthusiasm. Although the freezing level was forecast at 2500-3000', I could only hope it would be snow and not rain (enter PLAN B - every well-planned trip should have a PLAN B). It wasn't until the Husky Truck Stop in Sardis that I hinted about the advantages of PLAN B.

By this time (11:00) the weather had improved and we left for Center Creek (Mt. Lindeman). Driving up the Chilliwack River Valley it became evident to us that the snowline had receded considerably. This, combined with the logging road bridge being still out, PLAN B surfaced again. Most of the group was willing to beat up Center Creek Road af-



Summit Ridge of Mt. McGuire — ©Rick Eppler

ter wading the river crossing so I relented (*to Rick, doing the original plan is relenting - Eds.*) - it's off to Lindeman. Gerta suddenly discovered she had packed the wrong skis - so would have to boot it. PLAN B was in the bag. I reasoned that we could drive part way up our mountain on the access road and would have a shorter trip which would make it easier for Gerta to keep pace with us.

The access for Mt. McGuire is *via* a logging road from the Chilliwack River Rd. This road starts with a right turn off the Chilliwack River Road immediately before the Slesse Creek Bridge. The single-lane road starts climbing immediately and is in good condition. The area is well-used by the local snowmobile clubs and they were in evidence this weekend. We were able to drive to 1900' (almost to snowline) where the road became icy and impassable. The snowmobilers had set a well-defined track and we walked this to the upper side valley east of the peak. At 3900', we made camp in a small grove of trees beside the logging road, just before dark. Sandy and Beau dug into the bank, the rest of us opted for tents. Gerta passed the rum and we stared up at the stars while sipping 'spiced' tea and discussing tomorrow's plans.

With perfect weather we were up and skiing by 8:00. A well-tracked logging road (snowmobiles) took us to the edge of logging, just below treeline, where we picked up the southeast ridge. The snow conditions allowed a pleasant ski ascent through the trees until we encountered soft snow on the narrowing ridge crest below the rock step a few hundred feet below the summit. Dumping the skis, we continued on foot to the summit, reaching it at 11:30 am. Gerta, who had

been on foot the whole way, joined us about 3/4 hour later. Slesse and the Border Peaks, with cloud streamers trailing off them, stood high on the south and east horizon.

Various styles of tele-technique and some enjoyable skiing brought us back to the campsite just after 2 pm. With heavy packs and a slick and sometimes steep road, some creative skiing (with Sandy winning "who can ski the farthest down the road below the snow line" – he had the oldest pair of skis). We slid down to the cars by 4:30 pm. The weather had been showing signs of deteriorating all afternoon and by now most of the neighbouring ridges were in storm – a reminder of how quickly the weather can change at this time of year. Although we were at the Ferry Terminal at 6:30 pm, overloads forced us to wait until the 9 pm sailing.

I took some consolation for changing the group destination in knowing that, for most of the day, Lindeman had been engulfed in cloud. As to the fate of Mt. Lindeman – well next year . . .

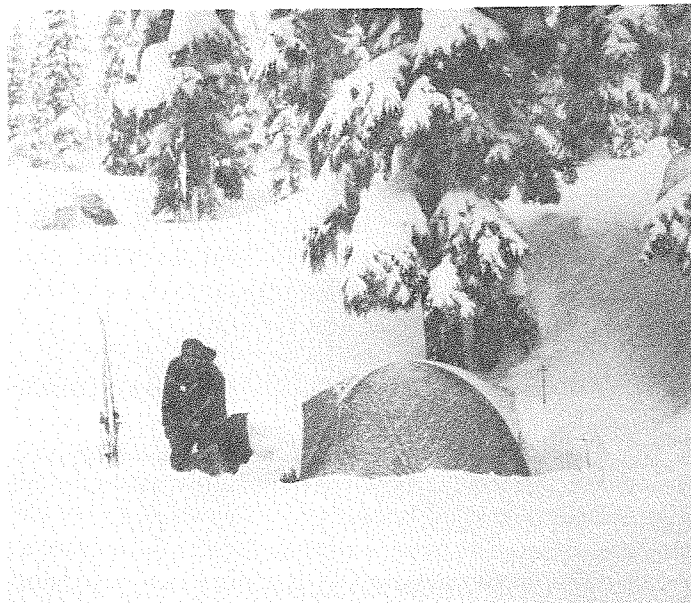
Participants: *Rick Eppler* (leader), *Beau Derooy*, *Rob Macdonald*, *Rob McCoy*, *Mary O'Brien*, *Gerta Smythe*

Forbidden Plateau Ski; March 4-5

Rob Macdonald

The weather just did not co-operate but we went anyway. We set off from the Washington parking lot, where it was cold enough to freeze your fingers while you wrestled with your bindings. I had Jutland or Albert Edward in mind, depending on time and circumstance. However, there was lots of new snow and the going was slow. We made tracks across the various lakes, down into Murray Meadows (home of the lurking faceplant) and, after a misguided attempt to go to Helen Mackenzie, backtracked to arrive eventually at the hut before Kwai Lake.

By this time it had started to snow, and so it continued all night (over 1 foot). We bypassed the scuzzy Kwai hut, the roof of which was barely level with the snow surface, and headed over to a little, sheltered spot (a snow scoop next to a large tree). As the wind picked up, this turned



Kwai Lake, Forbidden Plateau (Rick Eppler) —©Rob Macdonald

into a bowling alley as the tree shed large pieces of icy snow onto the tent.

Next morning, keen and early (actually neither) we decided just to ski back out. Enough snow had fallen, and was still falling, that we could not see our previous day's tracks, even though they had been about 1' deep. The last bit past Battleship Lake was really heavy going as the snow got wet and heavy and we reached the parking lot tired, wet and late (4:00pm).

Participants: *Rob Macdonald* (leader), *Rick Eppler*, *Jim Christian*, *Beau Derooy*

Delightful Mt. Tzuhalem; April 9

Murrough O'Brien

We drove towards Maple Bay, past Bird's Eye Cove and parked at the Genoa Bay Marina. Our initial objective was to retrace our steps for 200 yards to one of the largest 'NO TRESPASSING' signs ever seen. Interestingly, a substantial trail began here, then ambled NW up to a lovely 'grass bald' ridge (*rye bald we'd like to see - Ed's*), gentle in climb and very wide. Almost the whole distance covered that day was on moss and through sparse oak grove. We felt this was a unique walk for the area as one can look down on one side and see all of the Saanich Inlet, the Malahat and Cowichan Bay while over the other side one looks down on Samsun Narrows, Saltspring Island and most of the Outer Gulf Islands.

Our knowledgeable member of the group taught us the difference between the flat wingspread of the Bald Eagle and the 'V' shape the Turkey Vulture made. We paused for a breath and a photo; five people posed on one large and low Douglas Fir branch. Shortly, we reached the top and settled into a very pleasant lunch in the sun. Some of us decided to continue to the white cross about one mile further and a little bushwhacking was involved here. The view from the top is outstanding with vistas of the Malahat, all of the Cowichan Valley and even to Mt. Landalt in the distance.

The weather was perfect that day; the group was excellent company and we had found a route up Mt. Tzuhalem that was a delight to hike. The driving time to Genoa Bay is 1 1/2 hours. The Alpine Club has permission to park in the Genoa Bay Marina parking lot and hikers have always been allowed to bypass the 'No Trespass' sign, however the land it is on is about to be sold so we may have to detour this in the future. Most of the hike is on Indian land so it is courteous and advisable to obtain permission from the Cowichan Band office at 748-3196.

Participants: *Murrough O'Brien* (leader), *Larry Talarico*, *Michael and Allison Lafortune*, *James Cunningham*, *Doug Bateman*, *Linda Jamieson*, *Pat O'Brien*

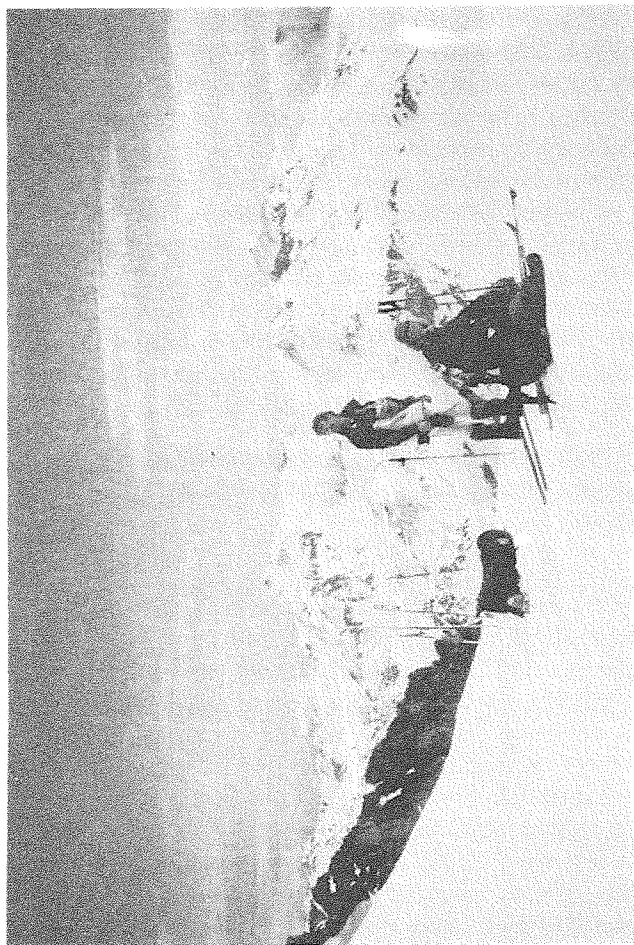
Spearhead Traverse; April 24-27

Gerta Smythe

Eight started off on this trip with many difficulties encountered on the first day: there was this speeding ticket in Duncan at 5:45, someone got lost on the Ferry, someone got lost on the skihill, someone's boots did not fit his skis, some did not know how to ski in crusty snow (does anyone?). Yet our leader had dilligently prepared for this trip,

had taken Margaret Brown's advice and had written to the Blackcomb Management to secure a free lift-ride and parking place for our little group. What should be remembered in the future is that the RCMP are vigilant also before sunrise, that the Nanaimo ferries are bigger than the Schwartz Bay ones; that Blackcomb's quadruple chairs are perfect for 2 skiers and their packs, but the ride to the Seventh Heaven lift includes a long traverse between rides and that the best start is from the end of the highest T-bar where we finally arrived at 15:00. After about 2 more hours we made our first campsite at the Blackcomb-Decker Col.

We had great weather at first, sunshine and cornsnow, which changed to 'Bruchharsch' on the shady side. The difficult snow conditions made 3 decide to turn back and



Spearhead Traverse (Charles and Catherine at Ripsaw Col, Mt. Sir Richard in background) — © Dave Tansley

Catherine and I were pleased to note that, for once, the females were not the weaker link. Day 2 was great. We covered many miles, traversed many ridges, climbed 2 peaks (Tremor and McBeth), saw great cornices and mountains unlimited. Our leader began to relax; although we had to walk down some of the steeper cols, conditions were generally ideal for touring. The final descent of the day was glorious, the slope gentle, the snow forgiving. Yet the wind at our camping spot was fierce and Catherine almost lost her tent. We made camp on a bench between the upper and lower McBeth glaciers with the idea of continuing on up the Iago Glacier if the weather cooperated or descending to the Fitzimmons if it didn't.

The next morning found us in a milky kettle of bad weather. After a descent to the lower Fitzimmons Glacier, we realised the snow slopes were not as stable as those of the higher terrain of our previous day. We briefly attempted a route to the Russet Lake Hut by way of an ascent to the lower part of the Overlord Glacier but realised the conditions were too unsafe so we descended further down the glacier and the valley where we found other tracks on the gentle moraine and later in the creekbed. This descent was fun and full of adventure, since not all the snowbridges were still intact. After lunch we zigzagged uphill again through ancient timber contouring into the Russet Creek valley. Where Dave had problems with a skin and stopped to consult his map we saw an openly inviting slope ahead and, yes indeed, it was in the right direction. So we headed for this clearing and after a drink from a bubbling spring, someone looked up and pointed out the little cabin on the hilltop. How nice to have a shelter beckoning. With renewed energies we spurred uphill towards our goal.

Civilization met us at the cabin and a deck of cards helped us while away the evening by candle light. How different everything looked compared to the summer. We gained the pass the next morning where the wind tore at us and threatened to take our breath away. But once we crested the hill, the skiing was bliss and we reached Singing Pass in great spirits. There were some who wanted to finish *via* the Musical Bumps, but the prospect of more white-outs made us choose the trail. So here is a weekend trip for next winter ... Gradually the snow turned into rain and by the time we reached Blackcomb Village we were dredging in mud, soaked to the skin.

Still, the unpleasant things are soon forgotten and what one remembers is a great adventure with good leadership provided by Dave and great friends discovered like Catherine, Gil and Charles.

Participants: *Dave Tansley* (leader), *Charles Turner*, *Gil Parker*, *Gerta Smythe*, *Catherine Veitch*

Mt. Filberg; May 20-22

William Peters

Where the trail to Lady Falls turns right to the viewing platform a sometimes-taped route goes left and up the ridge. Stay with the ridge into a gully and enjoy the view of Elkhorn from the top. Then continue left along the ridge. Camp somewhere where the views of Elkhorn impress. The next day we daytripped to the end of the ridge. Leftward from the col a high route goes to Filberg. Some of us made the easy descent to the lake and a narrow ledge goes from the lake end around the large bump to the right. It is also probably possible to ascend the gully at the end of the lake. That gully leads into the summit gully, which is the preferred climbing route. We instead tried to climb to the bergschrund intending to follow the steep slope up. However four inches of new snow on top of an icy crust meant various optimistic climbers stood in turn at the end of the bergschrund considering before eating lunch and returning.

Participants: *William Peter* (leader), *list of participants unavailable atp*



The Filberg Bergschrund (Albert Hestler) —©William Peters

Mt. Grey; May 28

William Peter

Directly behind Franklin Camp the roadbed of a logging railroad angles to the right around the hill. At its end, climb the ridge to the left above the river just above the worst bush. Crossing the shoulder descend right through old growth to the creek. Ascend the steep ridge across the creek until, emerging into the open, you can see what you think is the summit. It's not. Either go around to the right below the steep bit, or over the top (Class 4). the steep summit is now yours. We ran out of time and instead lunched in the sun looking at the summit. Allow for a long day (maybe ten hours return from the road).

Participants: *William Peter* (leader), *list of participants unavailable atp*

Myrapurna; March 1/86, May 31/87, Jan 29/89, May 29/89

Sandy Briggs

"... as I have said before somewhere, there is little point in setting out for a place that one is almost certain to reach. Of course, if failures

become too frequent there may be something wrong with the objective, too ambitious perhaps, or even something wrong with oneself, too fainthearted; yet if the blame for failure can be placed fairly and squarely upon natural causes, such as ice, it need not be taken too much to heart."

H.W. Tilman, Triumph and Tribulation.

"Mt. Myra. An east day climb ..."

Bruce Fairley, A Guide to Hiking and Climbing in S.W. B.C..

Mt. Myra presumably gets its name, as do Myra Falls and Myra Creek, from the 'vivacious' Myra Ellison, daughter of Hon. Price Ellison, who accompanied her father and others on the government exploratory survey which preceded the establishment of Strathcona Park.

Mention Mt. Myra to people who grew up on Vancouver Island, (admittedly a rather small and select group), and you are invariably treated to the story of how they toddled eagerly up its beckoning slopes as part of a Cub or Brownie outing, or as part of a hike with their Grade 3 class, a hike accompanied by several dogs and cats, and perhaps even an athletic gerbil. But I must restrain myself, lest such hyperbolic venom sour the grapes from which the wine of life is drawn. Three times I have set out to climb Mt. Myra and yet the glory, the glow, the satisfaction and the fulfilment of attaining its summit cairn have eluded me.

"Thrice I tried to clasp her image, and thrice it slipped through my hands, like a shadow, like a dream."

Homer, The Iliad, XI: 1.204.

I could point out that different versions of the appropriate topographical map present the west ridge of Mt. Myra in a different way. I could speculate that perhaps the simple carrying of a few wands might have meant the difference between achieving the summit and not the achieving of it. I could mention that for the first attempt I was nursing a fractured wrist (the week between casts) and was recovering from various other accidents as well. Whatever I say, the fact remains that Mt. Myra is, in terms of number of attempts, right up there with a select few mountains such as Colonel Foster. Perhaps instead of having nerves of steel and an iron will I am suffering from mettle fatigue. But I must pluck up my spirits. Rather than skulking off deep in the bitterness of defeat and accusing myself of having slipped into some irrevocable physical and temperamental delirium I choose to comfort myself with the words of Tilman, and to attribute my failures directly to natural causes.

I first went to Myrapurna on March 1st, 1986, with John Pratt. We bent the rules a little and spent the preceding night huddled in sleeping bags under some bushes near the mine site. This turned out to be a very noisy bivvy and is therefore not recommended. John had to slow down a bit to accommodate my injury-induced lack of fitness. Indeed he did most of the trail breaking in the boot-to-calf deep snow as we gained the upper ridge in wind-driven wet snow and drizzle. By following the compass and the ridge we reached

a local maximum in the terrain. The lack of a cairn was disturbing, but we decided that under those conditions of weather and low visibility this was summit enough and we left for home.

The next time I went it was with Don Berryman on May 31st, 1987. The previous day we had got rained out of a bushy attempt on Mt. Mitchell and decided to go to Mt. Myra on the Sunday, as it had no bush and was something of a 'known quantity'. So there we were the next day, following the west ridge of Myrapurna by compass, dressed in full Gore-Tex in a horizontal snow-storm.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'r you are;
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you from seasons such as these?"

Shakespeare, King Lear III iv 28

Eventually we reached the same local maximum attained by John and me the previous year, a local maximum not marked on my map. The altimeter put us a about 100 m lower than the true summit. But our tracks were drifting in fast. It was time to go. Below our ridge-access gully we each rode a personalized small avalanche down just for fun. It had been a great spring workout, but where is that darn summit cairn anyway?

The most recent attempt, on January 28th and 29th, 1989, was a fromal (imagine it) club trip with Don and Wendy, and Rick and Philippa Hudson. Perhaps we should have known better, but 'hope springs eternal in the human nutcase'. We reached Tennent Lake as the snow turned to rain and dived into the tents for a long evening of eating (*only on Sandy's trips does snow do this! Eds*). The morrow brought us nothing better 'meterorology-wise', so naught remained but to retreat once again, this time on skis,

down the intermittently rocky and troublesome dozer track (for which I am slowly developing something of a pas-



Julie and Rob on Myrapurna —©Sandy Briggs

sionate dislike).

We will go back. There is no not going back. In another place I have borrowed from Melville to comment upon the necessity of contrast. Someday there will be sunshine. Someday I'll stand on the mighty summit of Myrapurna and contemplate yet again that, in terms of reaching the top, conditions are everything. *Aut Inveniam Viam Aut Faciam.*

Epilogue; Mountaindate May 31, 1989

The mighty Myrapurna is conquered and subdued. Julie, Rob and I created a synthetic half-weekend. We arrived at the mine site just before 8:00 am to find the guardian bear in its usual spot on the front lawn, while brave Helios urged his mighty steeds higher and higher into the great firmament of a glorious spring day. We carried our skis up onto the west ridge in the welcome footsteps of a party from Strathcona Park Lodge. Enjoying warm sunshine and great views we skied easily past the notorious false summit (*vide supra*) to the mighty ramparts of the first headwall. A fun scramble took us to the summit, where we sat for some time enjoying the wonder that is STRATHCONA PARK. The ski descent was a grand frolic on good snow. This is the way to descend mountains! Myrapurna now comes recommended as a good ski outing, but go in good weather. John and Loreen Pratt also climbed Mt. Myra on the weekend which followed.

Participants: *Sandy Briggs* (leader of the pack), *John Pratt, Don Berryman, Wendy Richardson, Rick and Philippa Hudson, Rob Macdonald, Julie Henderson, H.W. Tilman, Homer, W. Shakespeare, K. Lear, H. Melville* . . .

Mt. Klitsa; June 2-3

Pat O'Brien

We met in Nanaimo for a Mexican Feast before continuing to Port Alberni and Taylor River. We camped by the bridge right next to the river and were up before the sun for an early start along an old logging road and onto the



Bottom of the Klitsa Gully —©Rob Macdonald

trail that leads to Klitsa. The first part of the trail was a pleasant hike through old growth hemlock forest, complete with mossy boulders, ferns, and spring flowers. We broke out of the trees after a short fight through Devil's Club and stopped to don sunglasses, hats, sunscreen and gaiters before starting up the snow gully leading to the summit. We made our way over a creek swollen with melt water as it broke through the snow and poured over the rocks. The gully became steeper as we climbed, then opened onto a gentle snow slope leading to the top, where we sat in the sun, backs against warm rocks, enjoying the view and a hearty lunch. We started our descent just as a party of Ramblers led by Rob Wilson reached the summit. Rick Eppler and Rob Macdonald demonstrated perfect technique as they boot-skied down the mountain, followed by a slightly less graceful Murrough and two more prudent ladies. We made our way quickly down the trail during the hottest part of the day for a quick dip in the Taylor River and a quick beer at Coombes to rehydrate before the long drive home.

Participants: *Julie Henderson* (leader), *Pat and Murrough O'Brien*, *Rick Eppler*, *Rob Macdonald*

Lost Leader on Nahmint; June 25

Rob Macdonald

I have wanted to climb this mountain for years (I like the name) so when Rick put it on the schedule I rubbed my hands in glee; he could do all the planning. Well, that is sort of how it worked out, except at the last minute Rick decided not to go. I had given up on the weekend, and was casting around for alternatives when Paul Erickson called me and asked if I still wanted to give it a try. Indeed, I did, and what's more, Rick had route and logging road maps and had contacted Wayne French of M&B at Port Alberni to arrange a logging road gate key.

Without a lot more ado, Paul and I departed Victoria at about 3:30 am (without Derek Fletcher who also expressed an interest but had overstayed a party the night before) and found Rick's planning to be flawless. We set off from the end of the logging road about 9:30 under perfectly clear skies; this was the makings of a great day. After following a crudely brushed out trail (logging flags basically, but better than the devil's club), we angled nicely onto Nahmint's NE ridge. There is some bushwhacking, especially below the step in the ridge at about 2500', but it goes. Our impression of the mountain is that it simply does not often get climbed; thus our surprise to run into 3 others (from Nanaimo) in the bush, also intending to climb the peak.

Once past the notch, the ridge starts to look alpine and is pleasant meandering up mixed snow and rock (Karmutsen basalt). We had one little step to negotiate very near the top to get onto the summit section, but we did not take (nor need) a rope and we topped out at about 1:30 pm. There was a cairn on the summit with a 'Becel Margarine' container for a register. Only one group had signed in; The Moorcroft Boys Club, in the late '70s (I think). Their reported route was over the Klitsa Plateau and across - my hat's off to them!!

Meanwhile, back down the ridge. We passed the 3 Nanaimo lads, and settled in for the reverse bush bash. We made only one mistake; a short cut. Near the bottom of

the ridge we dropped southward into the Beverly Cr. Valley. This was a nasty place, and I remember standing in one spot where I was being threatened by every kind of prickly bush I know. We ended up doing the last 200 yds in the river (shades of Steamboat). We reached the car by 6:30 pm and home by midnight - slightly longish for a day trip.

Participants: _____, (leader), *Rob Macdonald*, *Paul Erickson*

Route notes: Turn left just past the Orange Bridge NW of Port Alberni (0.0 km); the MB office where we got the key is a 'cedar frame' on the left (approx 2 km); turn right onto Stirling Arm Road (2.6 km); keep straight (left) at 7.0 km; continue all the way along the south side of Two Rivers Arm; keep straight (left) at 18.9 km; follow the road switchbacks past Gracie Lk. and down into the Nahmint Valley until the logging road connects with the Nahmint Main (27.3 km); go right reaching a gate just past the Nahmint River crossing (28.6 km); with a key, you could go to the end of the logging road (34.7) which at this time was Beverly Cr. It was obvious that the loggers were continuing to build road, which may give better access in future. From the end of the road, cross the Beverly Cr. and look for a brushed-out path: this can be followed for a couple of kilometres, but eventually bear left up the obvious NE ridge. It is difficult to see exactly where you are, but hard to get 'topographically' lost.



Climbing on Nahmint —©Rob Macdonald

Mt. St. Helens; July 9-11

Reinhard Illner

Our permit to climb Mt. St. Helens was only for Monday the 11th (if you want to climb the peak on a weekend, you have to apply for a permit well in advance), but we travelled on Saturday and extended the trip to a little family holiday. Claire Ebendinger and Dave Scandret came along with their children, and I brought my wife Leslie and my son.

It's a long drive, but once you're there, there is a lot to do. On Sunday the weather was not good—cloudy and cool, we did not see the mountain. So we went underground—Ape Cave is a long, lava tunnel that makes for a pretty good caving experience, especially in its rugged upper part. It took us several hours to traverse its length.

On Monday Claire, Dave and I went to the mountain. The climb is only a steep, long hike, but quite interesting—only the last 400 vertical metres are in loose volcanic ash, and much of that can be avoided by climbing snow fields. The weather was overcast down below, but we broke through the clouds at approximately 2300 m and enjoyed a spectacular view of Mt. Adams, Hood and Rainier. The showpiece from there is Adams, which looks like a perfect ski mountain! Unfortunately, the crater remained covered by a cloud, but the crater rim itself is an otherworldly place, with the sulfur smell and soft rockface that plunges vertically into the just ten-year-old hole. The main summit is an airy ridge walk away from where you reach the crater, and it's well worth it, even though almost nobody goes up to the summit.

We stayed an extra day and visited the sights in the Monument. Ironically, the weather on that Tuesday was perfect for the climb, but our permit had been for the Monday. Oh well! Another time, preferably on skis—I bet that St. Helens and Adams on skis in May are a winning combination, the slopes are endless and have just the right inclination. Anybody interested? Give me a call.

For those who'd like to follow up: to get a permit, write to: Mt. St. Helens National Volcanic Monument, Route 1 Box 369, Amboy, Wa 98601, USA, or call (206) 247-5800. Have a good climb.

Participants: *Reinhard Ilnert* (leader), *Claire Ebindinger*, *Dave Scandret*

Col Foster- An unqualified Success; July 15-17

Beau Deroy

When a party travels a long way one may count the weather as a big factor in mountaineering. The weather was holding as we began our hike along the windy trail that met quite beautifully with the Elk River. Just perfect for us to take "5" for a bite, a rest, and a drink.

Along the trail I soon found out that when Rob gets going, Rob gets going! Then Craig decided that he was going to give Rob a run for his money and away they went.

The trail was long but I enjoyed myself as Julie was telling me stories about Rob and Rick's *Great Adventures*. Bringing up the rear were Marg and Ian slowly but surely just like a caboose on a train, not in sight all the time, but always there till the end.

The hike lasted six hours until we reached our camp above Landslide Lake and at the base of what was one huge, towering wall of stone. We soon set up our tents, had something to eat and discussed the plans for the next day.

By 3:30 am, which was when we were to leave camp for the summit, the weather took a turn for the worse and our plans for an attempt on the main summit got rained on.

Plan B, which was quickly thought of after plan A got rained on, was an attempt on the SE peak. By 9:30 am,



Col. Foster SE summit (Beau Deroy) —©Rob Macdonald

Plan B was in motion and so were we. Straight up a long snow slide that later led to some easy scrambling and again on the snow to a small chute that has a schrund, which was crossed with little difficulty by all of us.

This was to be the start of a long, roped ascent on the snow, zig-zagging all the way as we walked up, Rob leading Julie and I, and Craig leading Marg and Ian. This continued for what seemed to be along time until we reached the col.

Two hours later we reached the summit with one pitch that we roped for. It was a shame that we could not stay on the summit a while longer as we were pressed for time, and the weather would not let up.

Quick glissades helped our rush downwards towards the tents where we arrived at 7:30 pm. A hot meal and a good sleep was a bonus as the hike out was wet and long.

Participants: *Rob Macdonald* (leader), *Julie Henderson*, *Marg and Ian Brown*, *Craig Hollinger*, *Beau Deroy*

Mt. Sir Richard and the Spearhead Traverse; July 22- 26

John Pratt

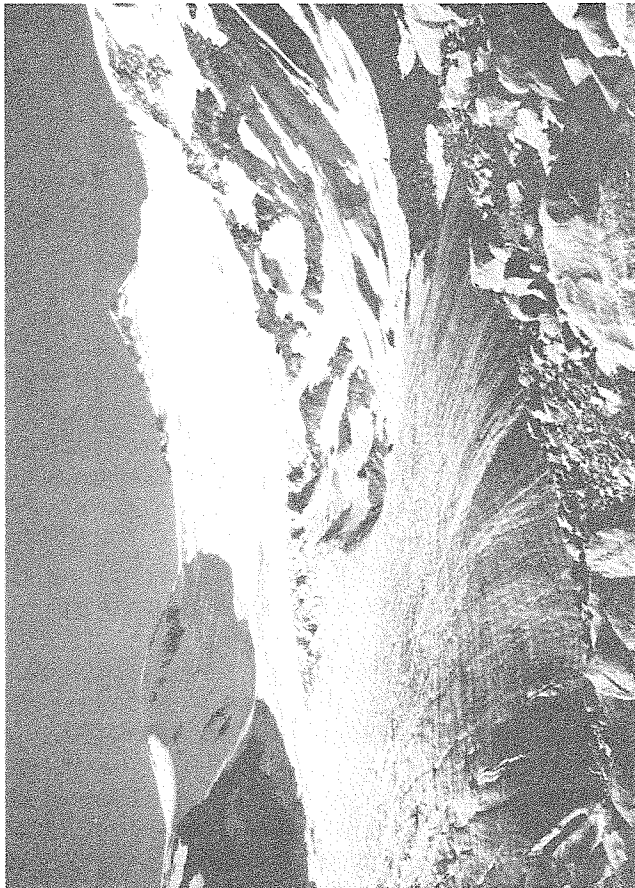
Only three days before, I had departed Equador, full of hope that three weeks of living at altitude there would have substantially upped the number of my red blood cells, enabling me to course easily uphill without so much as raising a light sweat. This, I found, was false optimism! The first "day" was light - we just packed to slightly above Russet Lake and there bivouacked for the night (we didn't bother to erect the tent, in other words).

The trip began in earnest the next morning; we left shortly after 8 am and hiked until 3:30 pm when we reached a spot about 300 m above, and on the north side of, the Cheakamus River. Although we had hiked for only 7 1/2 hr., it was very hard hiking with a great deal of elevation loss and gain, weaving our way around Overlord, Fitzsimmons, Cheakamus and down the Diavolo glacier (by the way, avoid the icefall by heading down towards the 60 m high bump on top of Detour Ridge—do not follow the ridge down, however,

but drop to the left *via* gullies onto flat ice below ice-fall and at the tongue of the glacier).

Out of the snow-country at last, we picked our way through the willow-flats and ploughed on into the forest angling gently upwards and staying well above the river, but below Naden Pass. The forest was quite bushy and progress was slow - and tiresome in the hot sunshine. I wanted to go on, but Sandy wisely pointed out that we were close enough to the peak and we may as well ditch as much of the surplus weight as possible as early as possible. I was tired enough to be persuaded fairly easily and we set up camp at treeline with a fine view of Mt. Nivalis and The Lecture Cutters. The tongue of McBride glacier was just visible. We spent the rest of the day relaxing, resting and carbo-loading.

The next morning, we left at 6:30 am and an hour's rough and steep descent brought us to the Cheakamus River, which we forded in bare feet, having omitted to bring runners. Awkward and chilling, but OK, and no doubt trivial with runners! The south bank made very pleasant and easy walking, with its flat, grassy banks. Even the boulder-fields further on were easy travel, in the sense that we made fast time on the map and gained elevation quickly. The glacier was easy to get onto and rounding a bend, we got our first view of Sir Richard, a lofty, flattened triangle - head and shoulders above anything else. The scenery was very beautiful, but what really impressed us was the sense of isolation there - this really was the back of beyond! We reached the summit at 12:01 pm and spent over an hour enjoying the gorgeous view. We found no cairn (oddly enough) so built one and put a notebook and pencil in an empty film-container and then in a zip-lock bag.



Mt. Sir Richard and the McBride Glacier — ©Sandy Briggs

The glacier was a superhighway and we were soon back struggling up the forested slopes to camp. We rested there for a while, then broke camp and hiked on to Naden Pass, thus completing a 13-hour day. This was a wise move, since not only was it a better campsite, it was further on in the direction we were headed. We ate dinner in the failing light and retired to the tent for the night.

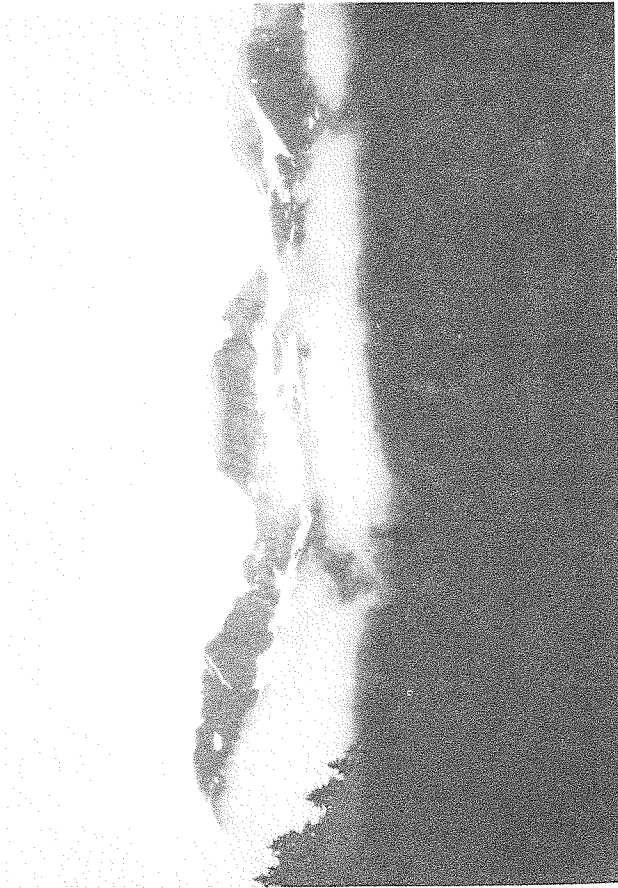
The next morning saw us with full packs on the appalling grind up the Naden Glacier, since we had decided to exit via the Spearhead Range. Once high up, though, picking off Quiver, Shudder and Tremor was like shooting fish in a barrel! We had lunch and then began the slog across the glacier to Pattison and Trovey (which we didn't bother to climb) before finding a delightful campsite on the Trovey-Decker col with running water and a lovely view of the Fitzsimmons Range. There, we spent our last night and the next morning set off for "civilization" - although I doubt Sir Kenneth Clark had the tacky eyesore of the Whistler-Blackcomb ski resort in mind when he used that word! It seemed a squalid end to what had been a great trip, but it proved remarkably easy to filter out in retrospect, and I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the little jaunt!

Participants: *John Pratt* (leader), *Sandy Briggs*

Mt. Matchlee Revisited 1989; July 29-30

Fred Put

July 29. Day 1. Saturday morning proves to be a mixture of cloud and sky, as Rob Macdonald, Julie Henderson, Will Peters and I carb up to a load of waffles, bed and breakfast style. Finally, with gear and bodies plied into our vehicles, we rendezvous with our remaining party, John Put



Matchlee Unveiled — ©Julie Henderson

and Ken Sandberg. A short drive out of town soon had us bouncing south up the Uconia main. The dreaded "Squamish ditches" fail to emerge (possibly due to John's persistent efforts with the logging division to have them filled) and 22 miles later we park in the Quatchaka Creek valley beneath the large avalanche basin on the N. side of Matchlee Mtn.

It is a sweaty grind as the weather remains unsettled giving us a sauna-like atmosphere and encounters with the local bug force. An hour of steep hoofing deposits us into an upper basin that connects with another gully (the lower part choked with avalanche snow but fraught with moats and crevasses). This wide couloir trends south then abruptly turns right, heading west up into alpine.

Two hours later we perch on the lower NW shoulder of Matchlee amidst a lunarscape of granite rock, gravel and snow with our very own lake to boot. Due to lack of a communal campsite, tents are pitched helter skelter along the lakeshore where we settle in for our welcome on the mountain.

After a short feeding frenzy and a few noon hours to spare, ambitions return. Rob, Julie and Will opt for a cruise to the main summit. John and I poke about crevasses on the glacier to have a closer inspection of the N Peak's NW arête as John has intentions of climbing this route with Ken on Sunday. Our excursions are a success and as evening draws we return to camp with anticipations of tomorrow's ventures. Lights out.

July 30. Day 2 -4 am. I awake from a cold sleep. This light weight business with only a bivy sack and tent fly has its disadvantages. The early morning reveals a clear and starry sky, but within the hour as daybreak arrives, high cirrus clouds streak overhead and a red cast paints the eastern horizon.

Finally, other groggy bodies emerge from their respective nylon hovels. By six, Rob, Julie, Will and I are plodding up snowfields to the base of Matchlee glacier. An hour's crossing beneath the rock walls of the N. peak, deposits us at a col on its east side. Now, with clear views across the Burman valley and Central Island, the eastern sky reveals a heavy system leaping valleys in dark clouds and sheets of grey.

Well, we're still dry. So, up we go. The previous year's steep snowfields have departed leaving these sections enjoyable scrambles. Higher up we rope into two parties and continue up the ridge encountering pleasant class 3 and 4 in fine alpine surroundings. Moving together helps speed things up, as now the wind picks up and the rain starts to make its presence.

Meanwhile, John and Ken have threaded their way through crevasses on the glacier to reach the upper section of the NW arête (the previous day's scouting revealed a potential rockfall problem on the 1st pitch). We are treated to an impressive view as we watch them move on the steep rock back- dropped with the glacier below. 2 1/2 hours later, after roping up we reach the N Peak summit. Our stay is short as the air begins to charge with static. A warning call to John of the situation, we quickly descend a loose gully to the south. Breaching a notch on the right we emerge on the upper glacial snowfields for our final trod in now pelting rain back to camp.

With the rains came the wind, in great blowing gusts. Everyone ducks into their tents, and I spend an incredulous hour attempting to batten down a flailing tent fly with approximately 300 lbs of the finest mountain rock, with little success! I eventually just wrap myself in this tormented piece of fabric and wait for the return of John and Ken.

After a few rumbles and a clap of thunder, the storm begins to weaken. Soon, John and Ken emerge out of the clouds back into camp where we all sit tight for a few hours. Will, wanting to be in Victoria by tonight decides to beat us to the punch and strike out on his own as soon as the weather breaks.

Two hours later, the rest of us pack down the mountain amongst stirring clouds, traversing snowfields to connect with the gully approach which is very much to the south of us. Crossing a minor gully choaked with snow we observe a pair of boot prints heading straight down. Uh-Oh! Well, let's hope if they are Will's, that he eventually heads off in the proper direction (to his right).

Working our way down the approach gully through greasy boulders we soon reach the old avalanche snows. Another observation reveals no fresh tracks. Warily we pick our way down broken snow, one eye observing the steep, dripping, bushed-in, (need I say more) headwall to our left.

Several minutes later, John, with his highly-trained goat eyes detects movement, but not where we might have hoped. High in the land of a dozen waterfalls, plunging cliffs and vegetation verticalis, lo and behold, it's Will and he does not seem to be enjoying his predicament! Fortunately common sense prevails and he heads back up as Rob and John surge forth up the gully proper to 'head em off at the pass'. The rest of us move off the snow to set up a tea station and begin a tense wait.

The wait is not long for within an hour we hear voices and to our relief see three people moving together down the gully. A happy reunion and a quick drink has us on our way through timber and onto the lower rock ramps of our goat track. The ramps prove to be extremely treacherous in its wet state. Slim pickin's, but soon we are all down in the basin, our mental inclinometers registering safer ground.

It really was a great weekend of learning and enjoyment although the mountain threw us a few lefts (ha,ha) and mixed surprises. Now we were headed to the comforts of civilization. Truly mountaineering Gold River style.

Participants: *Fred Put* (leader), *John Put*, *Rob Macdonald*, *Julie Henderson*, *Will Peters*, *Ken Sandberg*.

Forbidden Plateau Family Hike; Aug 5-7

Caroline and Rowena Tansley

We met on Mt. Washington at the Red Chair. When we were waiting for people to get ready, Rowena, Holley and I went to the lift and sat on the chairs. When we got bored we played on the tractors and the bulldozers. We went up the road and explored and saw a huge log pile and a waterfall. I noticed that there were a lot of flies. Then everybody was ready so we set off. We started on a chip trail and crossed a river then we turned off the trail on to a dirt trail. We passed some beautiful meadows. We passed a lot of lakes. We were always asking which lake we were going to camp at.

Then we got to the real one. We found a site and put up the tent and had a swim. It was warmer than I thought. When we were swimming Holley cut her foot. When I got out I was attacked mercilessly by quadrillions of nuclear mosquitoes.

The next day Jim and Holley had to return and we climbed Mt. Albert Edward. We got nearly to the top but we stayed on a patch of snow and Dad went up. When he came down Claire went up and we left. A little while later she caught us up and we walked back to camp. Claire invited us over for dinner and gave us cookies. Then we invited Claire and Shaun to our fire. We were eaten alive by mosquitoes. We fed the Whiskey Jacks our peanuts. They sat on our hands. Then we went to bed. I was itching all night.

Next day we set off back to the cars. On the way back we went to a cabin that Syd Williams lived in. It was filled with mice but they were all sleeping. We passed the meadows and got onto the chip trail, crossed the river and walked a while. Then we were back at the cars.

Participants: *Claire Ebendinger* (leader), *Caroline* (10yr), *Rowena* (10yr) and *Dave Tansley* (??yr), *Jim and Holley Cunningham* (9yr), *Shaun Scandrett* (7yr)

Mamquam Mtn.; August 5-8

John Pratt

After a filling dinner in Squamish, James and I drove the rough road to the parking lot (16 km) and, boots tied to our packs, set off in sneakers at 8:09 pm *en route* for Elfin Lakes. We had a lovely view of the Tantalus Range, silhouetted against the red western sky. The first stars came out; our headlamps went on and at 11:30 pm we arrived at the campsite. Someone had packed in a rather fractious

child which screamed most of the night and the 11.2 km walk from the parking lot did not bring the restorative sleep we had anticipated!

The next morning, we packed in a hurry to escape both the insects and the pack of humanity at the campground and departed at 8:20 am for Mamquam Lake, via Ring Creek. There was a good trail all the way to the lake and we did not put on our boots until it was time to commence the onward journey. Actually, the track is stony and rough, so wearing boots all the way might have been the wiser course; nonetheless, sneakers are needed because the bridge over Ring Creek is uncrossable and the vigorous flow must be forded (another ford was required at Zig-Zag Creek, but that was quite minor). We arrived at Mamquam Lake nicely in time for lunch after a lovely scenic hike across the wasteland of glacial violence that characterises the bulk of the 10 km walk from the campground.

There were a number of casual hikers at the lake that had come there to try their luck on the trout, but even worse, were the insects - flies, to be precise - millions of them. Billions, perhaps. Possibly even a number Carl Sagan couldn't pronounce! Hence, we didn't hang around too long there, although we had need of food and a rest. Besides, I was anxious to thrash down through the steep forest to Eenastick Meadows. This we did, and thank heaven we had the sneakers! The "meadow" was a wide moat of filthy red water with razor-sharp, waist-high grass growing up through it. There were willow-thickets, the area was laced with fast-flowing streams which had to be sloshed across with full packs, of course. If ever one wanted a hike that made one feel like a World War I foot-soldier, I thought, this was it! Then, of course, there were the insects. Worse than ever, they plagued us all across the meadows and up 300 m of the opposing steep, forested slope of Mamquam itself to our campsite in an agreeable meadow with a supply of fresh water and a grand view of where the ice-field spilled over the ridge of jagged rock-peaks which fringed it.

We recuperated in the hot sunshine and dealt with the insects in our own way, James by flaking out in the tent. I by exploring the general area. We could have hiked for another few hours, but I was satisfied that we were within striking distance of the peak.

The next morning, with somewhat lightened loads, we left the tent and laboured up out of the trees and through the steep alpine meadows to the scree and morainal debris which gave access to the glacier. A full roll of pink fluorescent marking tape proved handy here. We found the notch at 2100 m and got onto a really user-friendly icefield. No crevasses worth mentioning and a very gentle grade, but fairly long. A set of footprints seemed as good a thing to follow as any, and there, indeed, was an indistinct set heading off vaguely toward the summit, which we could not see for some time. However, when it swung into view, it was pretty obvious. A scramble over loose and mildly-exposed rock took us onto the summit, which we reached at 12:04 pm, having been hiking for 5 1/2 hours.

The day was glorious, so was the view - from the peak we could see Judge Howay, Robie Reid, The Lions, Sky Pilot, Ledge, Garibaldi, Tantalus, Black Tusk, Wedge, James Turner, Sir Richard and Pitt. Need more be said?

Participants: *John Pratt* (leader), *James Budac*.



Mamquam (and Rudi) from Mt. Sphinx — ©Rick Eppler

Mt. Klitsa; Aug 12-13

Gerta Smythe

There were only three of us starting on a sunny Saturday morning: a small group that fitted into one car and into one tent! Traffic was light and we reached Port Alberni in record time, turned off the highway at the end of Sproat lake and crossed the bridge over the Taylor Arm. The logging road was pretty rough, so we parked the car and continued on foot to the trailhead. What at surprise; huckleberries so big and plentiful as I had seen them only in my dreams! I just had to stop and pick my way through these beauties and found my partners waiting over lunch by a lovely brook that was rushing over some giant rocks.

Onward led our trail, always well-marked, through a maze of tumbled-down blocks and prickly devil's claws, upward through some tall primeval timber to a lake, quiet and serene. We followed its shore for a bit, then climbed over some amazing root systems and soon entered the alpine flora, with its stunted hemlock and fragrant flowers. I have never seen so many blue lupins and yellow arnicas covering the mountain side and, turning back, one saw the sun sparkling on a plateau strewn with many tiny lakes.

There was an interesting rocky pitch up to the summit and quite a few Port Alberni people have signed the book at the cairn. It's nice to find that this lovely mountain had so many visitors this year and it certainly offers an impressive view from the valley. We glissaded down through snow and scree, found our packs and picked a small lake on a lofty ridge as our campsite. All too soon it was dark and the lovely view faded into night. We woke to raindrops knocking on our tent; so it was easy to say Good Bye to the mountains. Soon we were soaked to the skin, but we carried the remembrance of sunshine and conquest in our hearts.

Participants: *Bodo deLange Boom* (leader), *Gerta Smythe* and one other

Olympic Ridge Walking; Aug 19-20

Mike Hubbard

We met on the 6:20 am Coho Ferry on August 19th. Heading east from Port Angeles on US 101 past Sequim we overshot Palo Alto Road but thanks to Albert's elephantine memory we returned and with a little assistance from the description on page 109 of the "*Climber's Guide to the Olympic Mountains*," but more from my homing instincts and residual memory as the road numbers in the guide do not seem to match those on the roads, made our way to the head of the Dungeness River Trail which we reached at 9:30 am.

Our plan was to camp in the meadow approximately a half mile below Royal Lake on the Royal Lake Trail, this being the last campsite at which fires are permitted (but only within existing fire rings), approximately 7 miles from the Dungeness River Trailhead and then to explore the ridges on either side of the valley. We were in luck, for on arrival at the meadow at 2:30 pm a fire was still smouldering in a recently-vacated campsite. After a brew-up, the younger members of the party (that is to say those under 70) decided to ignore the descending cloud and try and reach the ridge to the east of camp. Our sweat was rewarded, for near the top



Mt. Mystery from the Deception/Fricaba Col —©Mike Hubbard

of the scree, the cloud lifted revealing the upper crags of the Needles and Mt. Deception swathed in mist. We went over the lip of the scree slope until we could look down to where we presumed beneath the rising cloud lay the Dungeness River. An exhilarating scree run led us back to camp for gourmet meals ranging from the delicacies of Magic Pantry to your reporter's usual Uncle Ben's rice, mushrooms, tenderloin steak and just a wee drop of blended malt. Time to the ridge, 1.5 hours.

At 6:00 am on Sunday, glimpses of the first sun striking the Needles in a clear blue sky stirred us from the comfort of Jim's excellent Eureka three-man tent to coffee, a blazing fire and a new day. As Alan and Jim had not seen the Royal Basin and the route up to Gray Wolf ridge looked steep and hard going, we left camp on the main trail for Royal Lake at 7:45. We passed the rising trout on Royal Lake (aptly described by Alan as sardines), which were already being pursued by eager fly fishermen, the scintillating smells of bacon and eggs at the fishermen's campsite, the curiously empty shelter rock campsite (perhaps the reputé of its ferocious mosquitoes which were totally absent from the lower site has spread!), and then on past the contemptuous gaze of what must have been the king marmot of the basin who was enjoying a meal of blue lupins only 20 feet off the trail, to the upper basin. A party was already high on the snow below the standard Route 3 (*Climber's Guide to the Olympics*) of Mt. Deception down which later in the day came a murderous rock slide by which time the party had,

fortunately, left the mountain. After a discussion, Albert, Jim and I decided to leave Alan to enjoy the morning sun and headed up to the col between Mt. Deception and Mt. Fricaba. The route was easy-going over old moraine, then up a shaley ridge past some remnants of last winter's snow, and we were on the ridge in less than an hour. The view across Deception basin with its lush meadows to the gray lake and the dwindling glacier of Mt. Mystery, cloudless in the morning sun, was magnificent. The ridge to the east of the col was tempting and, following fresh goat sign, some airy but easy scrambling led your reporter to the northeast summit and Albert to the southwest summit of Mt. Fricaba (7134') which were reached at around 12:00 noon. Although clouds were creeping in over Deception and to the west, the weather held fair and we were back in camp by 2:00. After tea we headed down the trail leaving camp at 2:45 and arriving at the trailhead at 5:30 where the rain, which we later learned had hit Victoria at noon, was just starting. By the time we reached the welcoming clam chowder and cold beer of the *Down Under Café* at Port Angeles it was torrential. To our surprise, there was no problem getting on the 9:30 pm Ferry despite the 20 or so Indian racing canoes returning from a meet and so back to Victoria.

Whilst we carried ice axes, they were not necessary although earlier in the season with different snow conditions they might be useful as might a 9 mm rope for the ridge section of Mt. Fricaba if there are any inexperienced members in the party.

The only thought for any re-scheduling of the trip for next year would be that possible Ferry complications could be avoided by going in mid-September after the schools are back but prior to the winter Coho Ferry schedule becoming effective.

Participants: *Mike Hubbard* (leader), *Jim Cunningham*, *Alan Robinson*, *Albert Hestler*

Joffre/Matier Glacier and Assorted Peaks; Sept 2-4

Albert Hestler

There seems to be a great deal of confusion surrounding the names given to sundry features in this area. Dick Culbert's guide refers to Mt. Matier, Joffre Glacier, Cone Mtn., Greenpeace Mtn., Rex's Pillar and Mt. Gorman. The topographical map of Energy Mines & Resources shows the same as Mt. Matier, Matier Glacier, Mt. Hartzell, Mt. Spetch, Slalok Mtn. and Tszil Mtn. (I wonder if there is such a thing as political patronage in the naming of mountain peaks). Fortunately, the trail description to the third of three beautiful, azure, alpine lakes along the Joffre Cr. valley is accurate and the trail itself is a well-maintained footpath, which we covered in 3 1/2 hours on Saturday afternoon. Our camp faced the impressive icefall cascading from Joffre/Matier Gl.

Rob Macdonald's report in the *BUSHWHACKER* (1985) indicated that the route to Mt. Matier leads through its icefall, hugging the rocks below Rex' Pillar on the West side. However, two climbers camping next to us mentioned that they had tried this route 5 weeks earlier and found it very broken up. Another party of 4 Japanese climbers had explored the icefall earlier that day; they described it



Crossing the Joffre Glacier — ©Albert Hestler

as "very much up and down" and had decided to attempt the E side below Joffre Peak the next day. Comparing the picture in the '103 Hikes' with real life, it appeared as if a substantial portion of the E side had broken off or melted back. Still, we decided to stick with our original plan and follow Rob's suggested route. We argued that if we didn't make it to the main glacier of the summit, we at least would have an interesting time in the ice - which we certainly did.

On Sunday we started at 7:30 am and quickly scrambled through the boulder field to the edge of the glacier. Taking more time than usual in roping up, and debating the best approach, we finally set off with Chris doing an excellent job in negotiating a route through the tumble of ice. The problem was not so much the additional distance one covers when zig-zagging around crevasses, but the painstakingly slow process of climbing in and out of these crevasses and finding passable routes around seracs and across broken remnants of ice ridges. We did a fair bit of front pointing, both down and up, often without seeing where the effort would lead. Quite exhilarating, but also scary in parts. Fortunately, the weather was perfect, rewarding us with breathtaking vistas down to the lakes.

We reached the main glacier around 1:00 pm, too late in the day to attempt a summit climb of Mt. Matier. Our Japanese friends must have had an easier time with their route because we could see them already halfway up the steep, partly 60° ice slope in the centre of the W flank. Instead we headed for the col between Cone and Greenpeace Mtns. (we think) which looked invitingly dry. Chris, Steve and Dennis scrambled to the top of Cone Mtn./ Mt. Hartzell(?) from where, at 8500', they could watch the climbers on Mt. Matier. John and I had a leisurely lunch instead (Irene had stayed behind in the valley).

Conscious of the remaining hours of daylight, we started our descent shortly after 3:00 pm, retracing our steps as far as possible, which was not altogether easy or obvious. It's amazing how quickly foot prints and crampon marks can disappear on a sunny day; carrying wands or some other marking device would have been a decided advantage. We stepped off the glacier at 6:20 pm and were back at camp by 7:30.

Rain on Monday pre-empted any choice of whether to spend more time in the area. We decided in favour of a casual walkout and an early Ferry home. But the region is so beautiful that it is certainly worth further exploration.

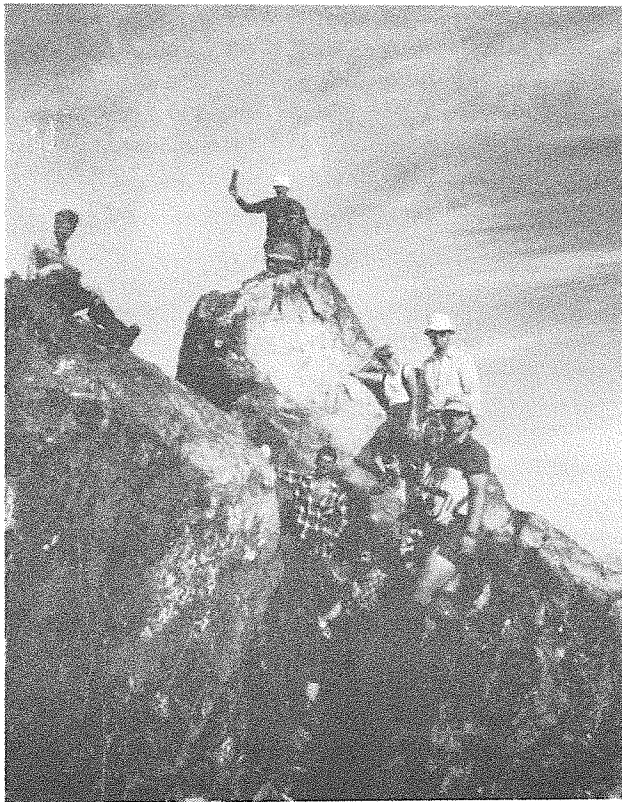
Participants: *Albert Hestler* (leader), *John Anderson*, *Steve Dana*, *Dennis Manke*, *Chris* and *Irene Schreiber*

Septimus - Exceptimus a Bit Crowded; Sept 9, 10

Rob Macdonald

Being on the back side of the trip schedule, upside down, and being a trip to a mountain that has been on several previous schedules doesn't seem to have mattered one iota (1¢ for you Greekophiles); 12 people expressed interest in the trip, and 11 actually went. Previous BUSHWHACKERS describe the route up from Cream Lake so I won't belabor it. We did, however, have our own unique experience.

The Price Creek trail is better than it was last time I went in, although we took away scars from 2 wasp nests on the trail. One (John Pratt) was self-inflicted in the bushwhack to avoid the nest, the others were direct hits from the wasps. Our advanced-guard tried to do us a service at the second wasp nest; they took a piece of paper, wrote on it "WASP", and tied this up to tree with flagging. Now, not having a pencil they wrote with mud (can you believe this? - well it gets more bizarre...). I happened along next but registered the note only periferally, mainly because I was looking for the wasp's nest which was pretty-well where we were warned it would be. Three of us snuck past and were congratulating ourselves about 20 yards down the trail when Chris, the last man, got stung. Next came Denis Manke -



Summit of Septimus —©Rob Macdonald

he got stung trying to read the note, which he thought said "WASA", - he stood there too long trying to figure out what any of this had to do with nordic wafers. Once past this nonsense, we crossed Price Cr. and on up the steep approach to 'make the Pope Rich' as Sandy likes to call the fixed rope section. We arrived at Cream Lk., at about 6:00 pm, and it was a beautiful site - no place to put a mine.

The evening was spent enjoying the beautiful surroundings while Gerta and Rudi cooked and ate their mushroom collection, Sandy passed around Port, and the mosquitoes enjoyed, in there own way, the beautiful surroundings.

We got up early the next day (6:30) and cramponned up the broad couloir to gain the NW shoulder. From there, we dispensed with the crampons and traversed talus across the W flank of Septimus. At this point, Sandy headed off to do Rosseau while the rest of us gully-stumped (no rope needed) to the summit of Septimus. Eventually, all of us trod (one or two at a time) the summit block.

The return was uneventful and blessed with perfect weather. We all stopped at Patty-Joe's in Campbell River where we had some very respectable meals for reasonable prices.

Participants: *Rob Macdonald* (leader), *Julie Henderson*, *Chris Holm*, *Gerta Smythe*, *Sandy Briggs*, *Rudi Brugger*, *John Pratt*, *Chris Schreiber*, *Brian Pinch*, *Denis Manke*, *Al Johnson*

Strenuous Adventure on Rees Ridge; Sept. 10-16

Cynthia Hovezak

On September 10, six of us began a week of strenuous adventure in the high country of Vancouver Island's STRATHCONA PROVINCIAL PARK. Led by Ian Brown and his sidekick Margaret, we began at the foot of Flower Ridge on Buttle Lake, climbing 4000' the first day. From mossy woodlands we emerged into sun-splashed huckleberry fields where we were privileged to spy a glossy black bear feasting on berries - apparently oblivious to our intrusion.

We camped in a heather meadow near a pond and could hear the steady drone of the cooling fan at the mine far below.

For the next five days the heat, our heavy packs, and the rugged terrain slowed our plodding journey. We slid down steep ravines, skidded across glaciers and snowfields, groaned up rocky slopes, swam in cold lakes, gaped at peak-strewn horizons, clung to quartz-studded cliffs, and cursed the late-summer militia of mosquitoes! We deeply appreciated the "vegetable belays" of yellow cedar, huckleberry, heather, and fir as we traversed formidable slopes.

In thickly-treed areas we crept forth, stomping and snorting and muttering like a herd of cattle as our packs became entangled in branches. Upon breaking free, though, we were almost always rewarded by the refreshing sight of one of the high country lakes. Milla Lake, with Moving Glacier melting into her sea-foam green depths, was especially beautiful. Pearly ice floes feestooned her surface. The mysterious midnight blue of curving Ink Lake provided yet another fascination.

Our last night's camp was at the top of Ralph Ridge. Weather forces had been gathering clouds that day for a



Aureole Snowfield — ©Marg Brown

swirl of pearlescent colors at sunset. A swath of rainbow shimmered above the Golden Hinde (at 7219', the highest point in the Park). Golden sunrays fanned upwards from a gleaming tear in blue-grey clouds. As evening closed in, I stood rooted to a rock like a lichen while behind me the other five gossiped heartily around a cheery fire. Far, far below me, the lights of the mine twinkled like fireflies and the cooling fan hummed steadily into the dusk. The great forested shoulders of Strathcona loomed shaggily below in earthy stillness – and I sensed a immense power simmering in their depths.

It rained on us that night and we awoke to a cloud-shrouded world – cool and wet. We began our sodden 4000' descent through huckleberry fields, then sparse firs and rhododendron, larger trees, vanilla leaf and mossy slopes to the nearly-impenetrable thicket of young trees that we weasled our way through by blind faith echoing “Yo’s!”. We clambered across Ralph River and collapsed at the roadside – veterans now of the high country. The sky blackened and a bough-breaking wind blew up, heralding the entrance of the Rain Gods in a dramatic finalé to a very special trip of courage, endurance and beauty that I will never forget!

Participants: *Ian Brown* (leader), *Marg Brown* (sidekick), *Larry Talarico*, *Cynthia Hovezak*, and others

Mackenzie Range; Sept 23,24

Julie Henderson

“Like bush? This one’s for you!” That’s what Sandy Briggs put on the trip schedule to warn/lure people out for this climb. 6 of us were lured out and were not disappointed. It took 6 1/2 hours of serious bushwacking before we made camp. Unfortunately, Sandy did not know and therefore could not warn us about the lack of water. The route up was dried right out - no running water or snow anywhere! At 6 pm we were finally forced to camp beside a puddle - with bear do-do in the middle. Boy did we ever boil the heck out of that water! ...and then we drank, and drank

and drank.

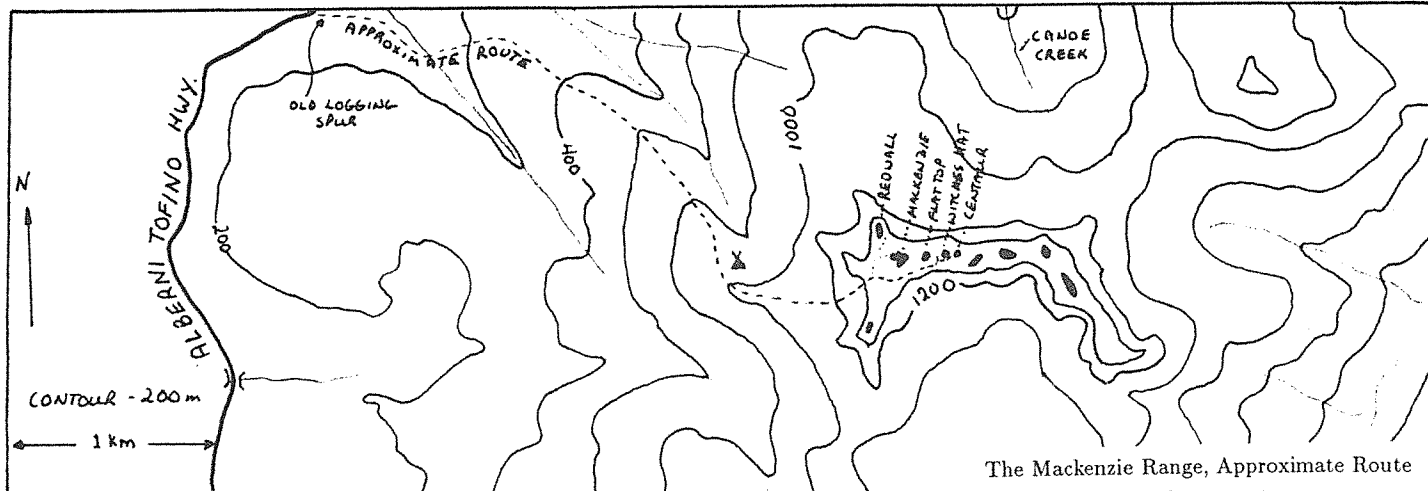
The next morning, we climbed up to a gap in the spiky range. We had not decided in advance what to climb and had actually left the guide and descriptions of this range at home (casual climbers). Our decision was made when we looked across at the spires from the other side of the notch. *Shadowblade*, *Flattop*, *The Witch Hat*, and *The Centaur* all looked close and very challenging. We chose Flattop.

Sometimes, when you are on the flank of a mountain, it changes in feature; in fact, you can see no feature. This is why we ended up climbing the wrong peak. The gully seemed like the right one to be going up for Flattop, but just wasn’t. Actually, this gully took us on a neat adventure.

Rob was leading up, scouting around as he went (trying to figure out where the home on the range we were). Suddenly there appeared a most awesome chockstone blocking the entire gully. I gave up right away and started looking for routes on the face, but Rob approached the chockstone ...and then disappeared! This was too much for me, so I raced up to the spot and discovered what he had discovered - a chimney. A really neat 20' chimney which lead right to the top of the chockstone. We used the ropes here for the first time in two days. From the top of the chockstone we had to make a couple of class 5 moves to gain level ground again. Most of us took a break here to flop around and snack, but Rob snuck off around another corner. Rick amused himself by leading (roped) around a very nasty, off-sloping, broken up corner with a 2000' drop. This was just play for Rick, though, so when Rob returned saying that we should follow him around the corner, we all did. What we saw around the corner was a spike - about one rope-length above us. None of us suspected this spike was one of “the pinnacles” but we were getting short of time, and as it was higher than we were, we proceeded to climb cautiously to its pointy top. Rob had already soloed up this spike in his explorations a few minutes before, so he once again raced off around another corner. This time, Rick followed him and by the time Sandy, Trudy and I were down, Rob and Rick were back (looking a bit smug, I think). We still had no idea what, (if anything) we had climbed.



Centaur in the Mackenzie Range (Rick Eppler barely visible)
—©Rob Macdonald



Back in Victoria later that evening, the books and slides were compared with the maps and it was conclusive. We had all climbed the S summit of Witch Hat and Rob and Rick had also climbed The Centaur.

Participants: *Sandy Briggs* (leader), *Rick Eppler*, *Trudy Rey*, *Rob Macdonald*, *Julie Henderson*

Route Notes: Approach via an overgrown logging road spur 2.4 km S of Canoe Cr. Bridge (See BUSHWHACKER 16:4). Brushed-out trail still in surprisingly good shape. From the small tarn toward the top of the ridge, we traversed E into the large talus bowl on the W side of Mackenzie Pk. (still some snow at the bottom). We ascended this, traversing slightly left to reach the col to the S of Mackenzie Pk. (This consists of a sharp ridgeline with a small forest of Mtn. Hemlock on the E side). We crossed the divide by hugging the Mackenzie (N) side and traversed the S talus slopes. We passed the first bowl on the S side (here we could have, and probably should have, chosen a couple of possible gully routes up to peaks), we then dropped down about 100' to traverse around the bottom of a butress, and then climbed up the next gully (bushy) or the rock to the left of it. After climbing through some steep bush, this leads to an obvious gully distinguished by a large chockstone near its top. This can be climbed through a portal behind it. Above this, traverse the sloping ramp rightward, to climb Witches Hat, and further to the East, Centaur (both from their E sides- if you get this far, just climb the easiest line you can find! Class 4 with some low Class 5 moves.) rwm

Mt. Cheakamus, Sept 30-Oct 1

Dave Tansley

Four of us assembled at Blackcomb for a 10 am start on the Singing Pass trail. Three hours of hiking along this well-constructed trail took us to a lunch stop on a heather slope overlooking Russet Lake. In spite of the chilly breeze on this ridge crest we enjoyed the view to the Black Tusk, Castle Towers and Cheakamus Glacier (nowhere near Cheakamus Mountain). After lunch we continued on across the rocky slopes and a glacier which was almost bisected by a huge crevasse.

Our campsite, just below Whirlwind Peak, was a spectacular place. It was absolutely flat, large enough for two tents and sheltered by a rocky ridge. Brian practised cutting steps down to the bottom of the burschgrund while we decided what to do with the rest of the day. Wendy had

predetermined that this was to be her destination for the trip and had brought a supply of reading material. Graham, Brian and I set off to catch the last rays from the summit of Overlord. This proved to be a rewarding experience with some unique lighting displays on the billowing clouds around Fissile Peak.

Having set out at first light, we retraced our steps over Refuse Pinnacle, we put on crampons to cross the glacier to Benvolio which we climbed. Cloud completely engulfed the Diavolo Glacier and only once in a while did we catch glimpses of Cheakamus Mountain. The cloud appeared to be clearing as we descended to the base of Cheakamus. As we started up the final climb we found that all the normal snow routes were sheets of ice. We looked around and found a rock route which was feasible. We had to cross a short section of 45° ice to get to it. Protected by two very solid screw placements, we crossed this, and climbed the easy rock pitches which led to an upper frozen snow slope. A final easy rock pitch led to the summit where we had a snack and took the usual summit photos.

We retraced the route, and felt some relief to get over the ice pitch especially as I lost my footing at one point and did a short pendulum below Brian who was belaying me. Down to the Diavolo Glacier in the hot sun, up over Benvolio again, Mt. Fitzimmons was tempting but we were short of time and energy. On the snow slope below camp we crossed the fresh tracks of a cougar. Wendy had not see it but had seen some goats.

We packed up camp and by this time we were over three hours behind my intended schedule. The possibility of a walk out in the dark and missing the last Ferry was becoming a reality. The sun set as we neared Russet Lake and it was 11 pm by the time we were all back at the cars.

Participants: *Dave Tansley* (leader), *Graham Maddocks*, *Wendy Deloume*, *Brian Pinch*

Mt. Schoen - 0, Mt. DeCosmos - 3; Oct. 8

Julie Henderson

Fate was conspiring against me. I really wanted to go climbing at thanksgiving. So did Larry and Sandy. But by Friday afternoon, the clouds were arriving and the guys

at the airport were forecasting lots of rain (90%), especially for the North Island. On top of this negative outlook, I arrived home from work Friday nite to find our house pillaged. Charming! I called the police. Lots of stuff had been stolen. I wondered if I could sort it all out and still leave Saturday morning for Mt. Schoen. I felt nervous and shakey inside - this was worse than facing an awesome headwall!

Saturday morning arrived and the house was in order again but the weather still looked glum. The thought of driving for 5 or more hours only to be rained off a peak was a good reason to look for a mountain closer to Victoria. This is why Mt. DeCosmos was chosen. It was a new peak for all of us and it turned out to be unique and interesting. It took us 7 1/2 hours return.

Sunday morning, in a scotch mist, we set off about 9 am, straight up into the bush from the north end of Second Lake. Following a NW compass direction, we were angling for the ridge that would lead us to the summit. Our way up to the ridge was full of interesting discoveries. First came a forest of huge trees and sparse undergrowth, then came the wide band of bluffs which drove us further west. Above the bluffs lived a forest of mansaneta bushes, which will become smothered in scented blossoms in the spring, and higher still was a sparse forest - thin and charred - eery to walk through. Another craggy area appeared soon after, with caves big enough for bears to sleep in and a mighty rock crevasse which dared Sandy to cross it. Once up on the ridge we traversed east past two high points, one called the "False Summit". The weather was foggy through most of this but the sun broke through once or twice to dry our bush-soaked clothes. Flagging as we went, never siting our objective even once, always in the trees and bushes, we were suddenly confronted by a large man-made object jutting up from the summit. A surprise ending to a surprisingly interesting climb.

Participants: *Sandy Briggs* (leader), *Larry Talarico*, *Julie Henderson*

NEW ISLAND ROUTES

Col. Foster; Another East Face Route

Phil Stone

Into the Mystic; 1,200m IV+, 1.5 days; FA *Chris Lawrence, Phil Stone, and Corrie Wright, 10th-11th June, 1989* This line takes the buttress to the right of the Great Couloir, loosely following a prominent dyke seen easily from Landslide Lake, and finishing at the summit of the north-east peak.

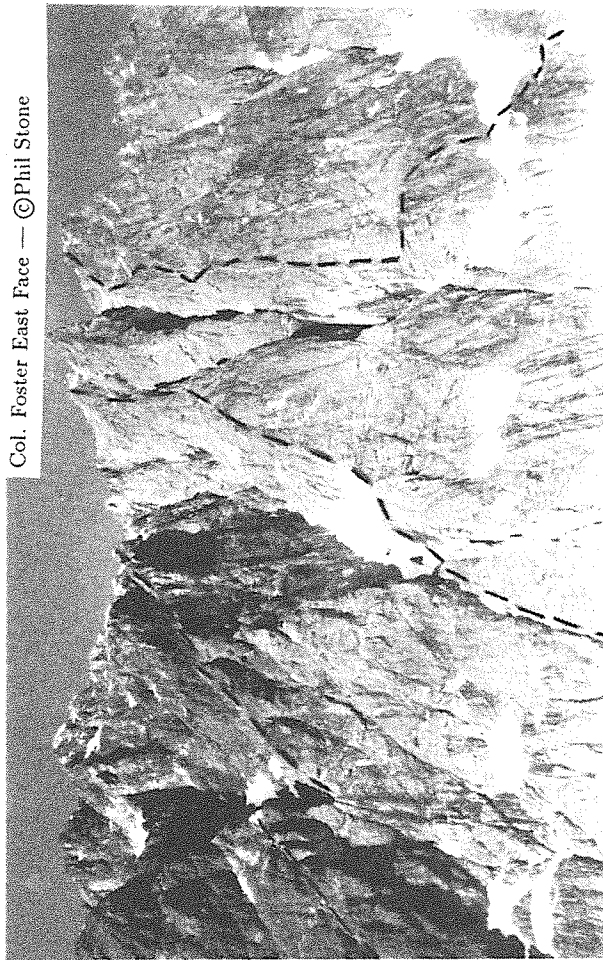
Start to the right of the buttress toe by a small waterfall, 4th class alongside the falls then steep snow above a small clump of trees to the base of a rib.

Cross the moat and two full pitches (5.6) up the rib to a long treed ledge. Traverse left along the ledge for 75 m to a point just above the Great Couloir. Climb directly up the steep wall keeping to the right of a series of broken ribs and left of overhangs. Six pitches of steep wall climbing directly up the buttress gives way to easier ground with three pitches

of vegetated gullies bringing you close to the ridge crest. Four further pitches on steep arêtes and chimneys see the last of the difficulties which are sustained at 5.9+.

Three easy pitches traversing left slightly from an obvious flatening on the ridge crest arrive at a small but prominent gendarme. There is a small bivouac ledge above the gendarme which is adequate for three (good piton placements to sleep/hang on).

From here, four pitches direct to the NE summit are straight forward. The climbing is excellent and the rock solid. The buttress is steep and so the climbing is stenuous, especially with packs. A high level of commitment is due to the poor belays; even with a large piton selection, most belays were just better than marginal. Rappelling-off would be a whole new ball game. (P.S. *Rob Wood* and *John Kelson* repeated the Great Couloir in February!)



Col. Foster East Face — ©Phil Stone

Into the Mystic

East Face

Stone Homer

A Traverse of Conuma Peak

John S.T. Gibson

Conuma Peak dominates the view up Nootka Sound as one comes in from offshore, passing Nootka Light and Friendly Cove. It seems to stand at the head of the inlet, looking like a mini Matterhorn, and much more impressive than its 4860' altitude might suggest. I first saw it thus in 1952 but until now, the prospect of a long bushy approach deterred me. It looks just as good when seen from the other side too, from the summits in the Sutton range.

When *Syd Watts* and I came out from the Nimpkish Valley on the last Sunday in August (see *Syd's article below*), we decided to try Conuma Peak. The map (92 E/16 W) suggested two possible approach routes, and the first one we looked at was a logging road, H-32 on the Tahsis Co. map, which leaves the main Tahsis road between Upana and Bull Lakes. This road leads to a parking lot for Upana Caves, which sound quite interesting but we didn't have time to investigate them, and then goes on to the end of a long ridge which leads in a westerly direction towards Conuma Peak. We went to the end of the road, and the ridge looked steep, very bushy, and interrupted by many rock bluffs. Not suitable at all for two old men! So we returned to the Tahsis road and carried on down the hill, and after crossing the creek at the bottom, turned up the logging road to the right (H-60 on the Tahsis Co. map). This road leads up the valley on the east side of Conuma Peak, and we camped beside a spur road which crossed the unnamed creek (a tributary of

the Tlupana River).

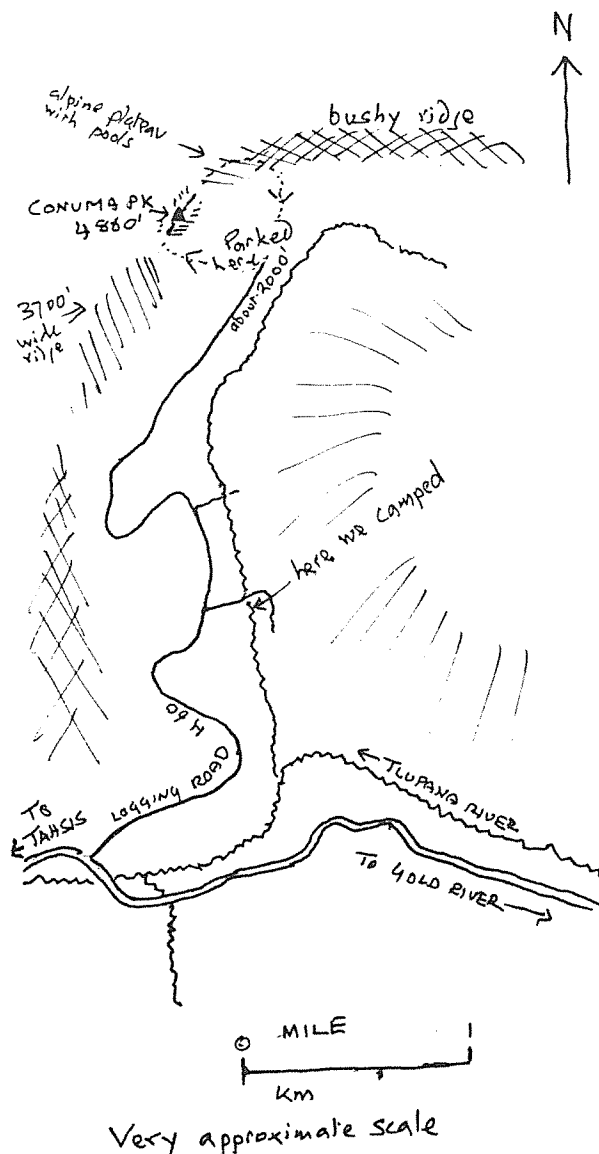
Next morning, Aug 28, was misty, but the cloud had a bluish tinge and we came out above it as we drove up to the end of the logging road, which ends near the head of the valley, about 3 miles up from the main Tlupana River valley, at a little over 2000'. The road is steep and rough in places. We were lucky to hit it when the loggers were not using it and before it had washed out. We parked the Landrover at the end of the road at 8:30, and set off up about 500' of logging slash, not bad as logging slash goes, you could actually see and step on solid ground for much of the time. After that we got into timber and aimed up and to our left, intending to make for the broad ridge at 3700', immediately south of our mountain. But we must have been further up the valley than we realised, for when we got to 3700', there was no sign of the top of the ridge, and the going continued steep and bushy as we worked our way up and round rock bluffs. We finally came out on to the main southwest ridge at something over 4000', and looked down over a cliff to the broad alpine ridge we had expected to reach, now about 500' below us.

We emerged from the timber there, onto the upper part of the mountain, and continued steeply up the narrowing ridge to a point where we arrived at a gap between a rock pinnacle and the main ridge, with steep cliffs on both sides and a V-shaped groove in the middle which gave access to a short chimney with a very convenient tree near the top. The tree provided a good handhold and a belay. This rather exposed pitch was the only place where we used my 7 mm line for protection. From there, it was easy going to a very satisfactory summit, which we reached at 1:00 pm.

Conuma Pk. is a magnificent viewpoint because it stands so much by itself. To the southwest we looked out over Nootksa Sound, hidden by a blanket of sea fog, with hills looking like islands in a white ocean. To the west, Alava and Bate and Stevens Peak looked deliciously seductive (two old men indeed! *Eds.*), Rugged peeped over the top of the ridge of (I think) Mt. McKelvie. To the north we could see the Bonanza range, and south of it the Sutton Range from Mt. Schoen to Mt. Alston, and Victoria Peak towering behind and to the right of Alston. And further south were our old friends in STRATHCONA PARK. Our summit was a short, roughly horizontal ridge, which we had approached from the west end.

From the east end it dropped over pleasantly alpine terrain to a broad alpine plateau with little pools, about 900' below us, from where it looked as if we might find a route back to the valley that was less steep and less bushy than the way we came up. It looked as if there might be two hidden drop-offs in the first 500' of the descent, so we set off down, knowing we might have to turn round and come back up. But we were lucky, and found a way down with just one 20' rappel, for which my 50' of line was adequate. The alpine plateau we'd looked down on was as attractive as it had looked, and, looking back, the route we had come down looked much more forbidding than it really was. I do not think the short pitch where we rappelled would stop a reasonably agile party from going up that way. We stopped for a swim in one of the pools, and a rest, before going on down through the forest at the head of the valley, from which

Rough Sketch Map Showing Access and Route on Conuma Pk.
- (J. Gibson).



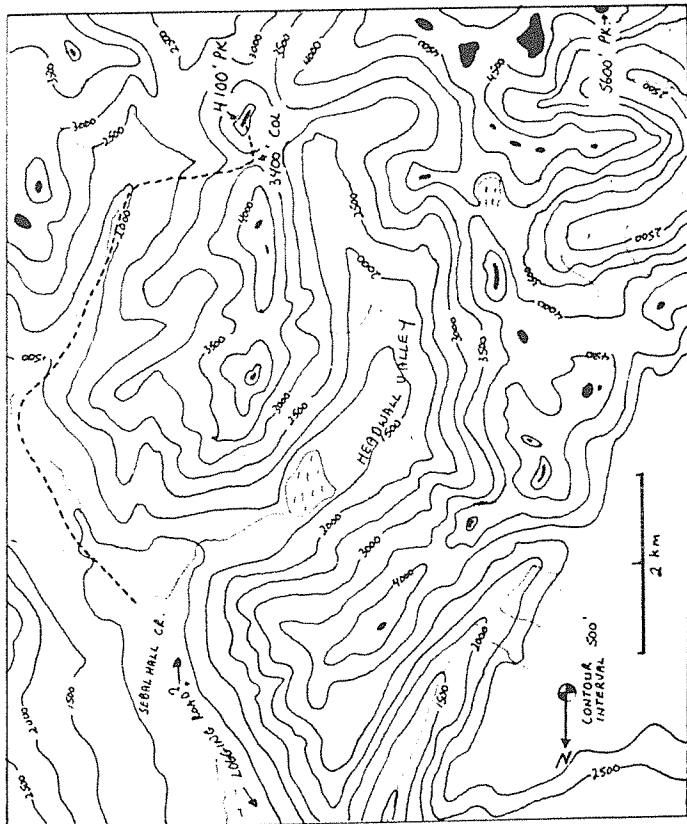
we emerged to tackle the inevitable few minutes of logging slash, and back to the Landrover at 6:30 pm. I would certainly recommend the way we came down, in preference to the way we went up, but then, there is something very satisfying about a traverse, too.

A Reconnoiter of a Route to Mts. Alava and Bate via Sebalhall Creek

Syd Watts

The last week in August John Gibson and I made a successful climb in this area (Map ref. Gold River 92/E-16) having been turned back by active logging last year. Besides the magnificent granite towers of the main mountains we were anxious to see the Headwall Valley which looked to be a prime wildlife area. Last year's rebuilding of the bridge over the Sebalhall Creek took the logging road up the west side leaving the Headwall Valley untouched for now. Judging by numerous elk and deer tracks at the old grade's end, the valley is indeed a rich wildlife area.

The main reason why the logging has not proceeded in the Headwall Valley is that a small lake, square in shape and about a third of a mile in size, completely blocks the route. On either side of it, steep bluffs come sharply to the lake shore. At the upper side of the lake, which is at the 1500' level, a flat, timbered area ends in a headwall averaging 4500-5600' encircling the valley. Some day, I hope to have a picture of this beautiful scene, the lake, the big trees, and the 5600' peak at its head, but this year we decided to climb a peak at the south end of Headwall Valley and check the route to Alava and Bate.



A Reconnoiter of a Route to Mts. Alava and Bate via Sebalhall Creek. NOTE - this rough route map was drawn from Syd's description; it may not be accurate and you should check with Syd for verification - rwm.

To visit the area travel up Sebalhall main line to where the valley forks. Before the main road starts up the hill, turn right over the main creek and follow this up the southwest fork. Drive south on the east side of the creek to the head of the valley - about a mile and a half. It was rough going in the Land Rover and may not be passable next year. Here, one sees a clear wide gully leading up the west side to a col at the 3400' level. This route is free of bush, has fairly stable rock and at this season the creek was dry. Earlier in the year the route would be a snow walk.

When we reached the col we found it to be only six feet wide, the ridge dropping steeply down to Headwall Valley. We turned left following a wide game trail and after about 50' we came onto an open heather slope. We followed this up to a 4100' summit and a fine view of Headwall Valley's 5600' peak (*see Editor's note below*) and of Mt. Bate, (Alava being hidden from us by Mt. Bate). Our small peak is part of the 5600' mountain and it is possible to contour around it at the 3600' level past a perfect camp site. This is an interesting area in that it is all open rock ridges beginning at a very low elevation and offers excellent climbing. Well worth future visits and a prime candidate for one of the "pocket wildernesses" proposed by the Forest Service. (*Note: Headwall Valley is not the official name, but is what Syd has called it since first seeing the area - - official enough for us. As far as I can tell, the 5600' Peak is the one at the North end of Peter Lake which we have been calling Pyramid Peak. This and 'The Thumb' constitute the same ridge system leading to Syd and John's peak 4100; there is some wonderful terrain in this region - See BUSHWHACKER 10:4 article about Mt. Bate with accompanying map - rwm*)

Bugged on Rugged - or The Haite Range Strikes Back

Sandy Briggs

Again at last all the necessary components for a successful trip to the Haihte (Head) Range were in place. People were available, the van was working, two full climbing days were on the books, and the weather forecast was solid and fine.

Late on Thursday August 24th, Rick Hudson, John Pratt and I stretched out under the stars beside the Nomash River road in eager anticipation of an early start. (Branch N20 to the SW face of Rugged Mt. is undriveable). I think I had managed quite a sell-job on these guys, but if they set out with a scepticism I think it evaporated in the face of a pretty enjoyable outing, albeit a little tainted by misadventure.

We set off at 6:30 am and after about an hour and a half put up the tent on a slope beneath the SW face of Rugged Mountain. A scramble on slabs took us to the first snow ledge (not much snow now) which we traversed to the right (south) past the long thin cataract (now pretty dry) and into a big snow-filled gully above a waterfall. We roped-up here and proceeded south up this couloir hard against the face of the mountain. The snow was in the process of melting out from underneath, and a crack formed noisily under John while he led one section. The top of the couloir gave out onto a broad gentle trough-like snowfield between the main line of the Rugged massif and two smaller peaks

A GOLD RIVER REPORT

John Put

Hold that Rope! Viewed from the slopes of the Mt. Cain area, across the valleys of the Woss and Nimpkish, the Haihte Range, to say the least, is nothing short of spectacular. With its striking array of sawback mountains, ragged ridgelines and broken glaciers it threatens to become an increasingly popular climber's destination.

As ambition glazes our eyes, and thoughts crease our brows, Fred and I consider the first ascents - or will they be? What about the small community that lies on the other side? Are there climbers down there? Who knows? With the vast new challenges which abound we'll grab our ropes and packs head out with our hearts on fire, . . . and listen for that yodel from the other side.

Missing in Action The placement of a summit register on a popular peak is always worth noting in the writings of our journals. One of supposed significance would be the placement of a summit register by a Tahsis local on the peak of Rugged Mtn. This was an elaborate, watertight, stainless steel box, complete with mounted trophy and brass fixtures. Within this box were items of medicinal celebration (toasting glasses included) and a rather fancy climbers registration book (see the picture). The scripture on the box reads,

Rugged Mtn. Cairn
Est. July 11, 1987.
Elevation 6151'
Welcome to Heaven
"Who Dares Wins"

Great, fantastic, wow! The problem is that nobody from the Island Section has seen it and unfortunately this fellow is no longer available for comment. Is this some great hoax to bewilder us outsiders or is it really on the wrong peak? Comments anyone?

The Mysterious Summit Register of Rugged —©John Put



to the south. We climbed left up a broad snow couloir, but actually kept pretty much to the adjacent rock, on the right at the bottom, on the left at the top (a little easy class 5). This led to a major notch on the ridge, beyond which was a small easy- angled scramble. We roped-up again and moved together for a short while, but soon put the rope away. The actual ridge top toward the main summit would have been almost pointlessly complex and time consuming to follow, especially considering the fast progress possible on the top of the eastern snowfield. We went nearly over the first peak top, traversed under the east side of the entire second, and ascended a snow slope to a sharp notch before the rise to the main summit. Here we did a short rappel, only then to discover an easy way down. After turning the next pillar on the left we regained the skyline and then climbed up and left (low 5th) and walked on toward the giant orange blade. This prominent feature has an airy ramp leading around its right (E) side which we followed. A couple of low class 5 moves hooked us up with the normal E ridge route and we scrambled onto the summit at 3:00 pm. Some unwelcome cloud restricted the view west as we lingered, ate and photographed.

On the descent we decided to take a short-cut off the east ridge and scrambled down from the giant chockstone to the boulder from which we rappelled into the moat (45m). I went down second, got off rappel, hopped onto the snow bridge, and started to cut a couple of steps. Mistake! The snow bridge, as such, was solid enough, but its point of attachment to the rock slipped under the extra weight. A ton of snow-ice, with me on top, went tumbling to the bottom of the moat, about 5m. Fortunately, as Rick later said, the rock broke my fall and I got off rather lightly, though somewhat buffeted and stiff about the lower back. My reckless destruction of the easy way out of the moat necessitated some further rock-climbing by Rick and John, who, ironically finding a quite straightforward way onto the glacier, came around and helped me out à la crevasse rescue. It seemed the simplest thing to do. I was thankfully still mobile but could not get psyched for a descent through the forest, so we went down the stream slabs on the right. We rappelled three times 45 m, the last one being in full darkness, and reached the tent and about 10:00 pm. We had had a fine alpine day, apart from one or two steps to which I did not look well enough, (as *E. Whymper* might have said), and we learned some more about this interesting mountain. The possibilities for fine outings here have certainly not all been explored and I am keen to return. Our climbing plans for Saturday did, however, fall by the wayside, and we drove home a day early.

The detailed climbing history of this range seems not to be generally known, if indeed it is known at all, and several interesting questions arise. Who first climbed Rugged Mountain and when? Have the other nearby summits of the Haihte Range been climbed? By whom? When? Do any of the other peaks have names? What exactly is the line of the north face traverse and west face route of Mike Walsh *et al.* in 1968. [For further mystery about Rugged, read *John Put's article next in this issue - Eds*]

Update and Pastdate

July/85 – The classic backbone of Mt. Colonel Foster was traversed from North to South. Unfortunately, lack of time made for an unsuccessful bid on its North Tower. Our main summit bivy was treated to a most awe inspiring display of aurora borealis which appeared to have three dimensional effects right to the valley floor. A three-star route for all of you 'ambitious types'.

Oct/86 – Between barages of incoming storms, the north ridge of Elkhorn was ascended in its entirety. Fred Put initiated some fine leads over snow-dusted and verglassed rock. A steep face at the base of the summit buttress and an upper crack and traverse were at least 5.8. Mostly 4th and 5th class and loose. A highly charged experience occurred when the sound of "alkaseltzers" began fizzling around us in the midst of an incoming storm.

Aug/87 – During an ascent of Mt. Victoria, (east and west summits *via* the south face approach) a 200' dihedral (5.6) was climbed to the east peak. Victoria's south side offers many possibilities of short rock routes on good rock. Excellent camping locations can be found on the lower south ridge.

Crest Creek Crags – (BUSHWACKER Aug 85. 13:3). Still shadowed by the prospect of future logging in the area, they now face a battle to defer a "Bailey's" bridge slated for the upstream side of the present bridge at Crest Crag. That location will virtually destroy the aesthetics of the climbing area. We are attempting to tackle this most unwanted and unnecessary problem. The crags now have a number of new short climbs rated to 5.10b and many climbs rated at 5.8 and 5.9. Crest Crag and the Project Rocks have become increasingly popular as people visiting STRATHCONA PARK are pointed to this area as a place to do some excellent rock climbing.

Mt. Matchlee Update – A new trail section has finally been cut and flagged through 'that groady' right hand west ramp out of the Matchlee Basin. It is guaranteed to thrill us all. The east slopes of Matchlee Basin are now slated to fall under the axe by 1992. No consideration has been given to the noted facts that the basin is: an elk habitat, a black bear feeding ground, a major watershed, a mid-summer recreation area for non-climbers as well as climbers, is pictured in the Gold River tourist brochure, boasts a significant ice cave in its lower avalanche cone, was suggested in the *Larkin Report* for inclusion within the park, has an access trail, is very aesthetic in its topography and botanical varieties, etc. etc. etc. Having discussed such compromises as landscape, contour, and buffer-zone cutting, the access road was 'ditched' considerably by the forest service for so-called erosion control. This matter is not finished. We are retracing our steps from the bottom to the top as a first step to alter things.

Mt. Matchlee Route Update – Two new routes on the North peak have been done; one being a winter ascent (BUSHWACKER 14:2 and 15:4). The east peak was first ascended by the Put Brothers in June of '82 when a complete traverse was done from East to West of both the east and north summits. The original approach out of the basin was by the most eastern gully but was deemed dangerous and steep.

Final Comments – The latest climbers' guide to SW BC by *B. Fairley* gets a plus for the information contained within, but minus for the section on some of our north island peaks. I was somewhat disappointed. Unfortunately, my own account of Mt. Matchlee was completely errored and some of the routes on the other peaks are questionable as to their ratings and descriptions. To solve this problem, *Phil Stone*, working at Strathcona Park Lodge is compiling a 'new routes' book. I am helping, by giving corrected information for a number of old and new routes, but we need your help. Please send any info you would like to share, of rock and alpine climbs in STRATHCONA PARK and the north island. If at all possible, include a picture or line drawing of route; if it is a multi-pitch, roped climb try to describe briefly each pitch. We are just awakening to the potential of the Vancouver Island mountains. History is in the making; be a part of it.

Send info to Phil Stone, c/o Strathcona Park Lodge, Box 2160, Campbell River B.C., OR John Put, Box 248, Gold River B.C., V0P 1G0, (283-7359). (*If your routes are not described, it's no fault but your own!- Eds.*)

Summer of '88 This is the long-overdue offshoot to Albert Hestler's article 'Septimus' in BUSHWACKER 16:4. Although almost two seasons late in writing, this trip deserves the other conclusion.

Having reached Bedwell Pass (an absolute gem of creation), we parted company with Albert. Brian and Jim who were *en route* to Cream Lake with visions of Septimus dancing in their heads. Fred, Margaret, Dave and I worked our way upward to locate somewhere along the ridgeline to Big Interior Mtn. Margaret had strained a knee and our original intention to camp beyond 'Big Interior' for our climb of the 'Nine Peaks' was altered, as it turned out, for the better.

We set camp on a granite knoll at 4500', with command of a 360° view. Watching the alpen-glow slip over the slopes of Nine Peaks, Big Interior, Mariner, Tom Taylor, Thelwood, Golden Hinde and Septimus, our tents surrounding a crystal pool nestled amongst the granite: we had it all. With interest, we observed a party of three speed down and across the slopes of 'Big Interior' returning from the 'Nine Peaks' on way to their camp at Cream Lake before the pursuing darkness.

A crisp, cloudless dawn confirmed our greatest wish. Now what was this about leaving our crampons? We unanimously agreed 'hell could freeze over' if we waited for the sun to soften any snow. Carefully we worked our way along the icy ridge to Big Interior, just like the 'old days'– chopping away at the steeper sections. We roped at the start of the galcier and, in anticipation of a steep shoulder, we carried snowflukes.

Reaching the NE col of Big Interior, Nine peaks appeared so close and yet so far away. A 2 hour plod in sun-softened snow around the cirque and we dropped into Della Pass. Then up the glacial snowfield followed by a short, steep, frozen couloir. A scramble up a broken arête and at 4:00 pm we had topped Nine Peaks highest summit (3rd from the right). Dave unfurled the Canadian Flag, hero shots in order, the summit ritual of another rock added to the cairn, and we were off.

Big Interior just couldn't be left to bedazzle us, bathed in brilliant hues of gold, orange, purple and tourquois. We flipped the coin and went for the summit keeping in mind the hardening snow. Descending in the dusk we opted for the longer but gentler west slopes, skirting the odd crevasse as we came upon them. Guided by headlamp, we plodded into the camp around 11:00 pm, where great quantities of tea were consumed. Margaret had enjoyed her day sunworshipping, having absolutely no regrets of her 'confinement' at camp.

A starlit sky didn't do justice to the windstorm that flapped our tents most of the night. Margaret's tent sustained a rather savage beating in the onslaught of wind gusts.

The following day started off at a leisurely pace. Taking our time to enjoy the spectacular scenery we packed the short distance to Cream Lake. The heat of the day became somewhat oppressive and we were only too glad to pitch camp on the flats, cooled by the breeze of the lake. That evening we explored the vast array of wildflowers on the moraine of Septimus' south glacier and by chance we met an entomologist doing a study of rare butterflies (the 5.10 variety); an interesting time at Cream Lake indeed.

Tuesday morning came all too soon and we were on our way down the *Price Cr. Trail* with eyes and ears focussed on the particular nasty section, below the handline, that seems to harbour the homes of not-so-friendly hornets. An enjoyable trail minus the endless section along the bottom ex-logging road. Our luck was with us when all appeared deserted at the trail head: the 'lone' post at the 'Friends' camp offered us a ride to our vehicles parked up near Jim Mitchell Lake. Another memorable trip, having come to pass with plans of 'elsewheres' spoken before the key was turned.

Participants: *Dave Routledge, Fred Put, Margaret Put, John Put*

OTHER TRIPS - HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

The 'Satyric' Traverses

Sandy Rushski

So how's chances of getting in a little exploratory skitouring in early June near Harrison Hot Springs? 'Not so good', you say. Well maybe; but just in case, we decided to carry skis along on our, uh, 'ambitious reconnaissance' of Mt. Fagervik.

"Who's that?" you say, "Where's that?" Well, it's not far from Mt. Urquhart. The kindly gate-keeper at Bear Creek camp opened the Cogburn Creek road for us on June

3rd, and though we were able to drive relatively easily to the creek draining the north side of our intended mountain, this road must be said to be seriously subject to the vagaries of erosion. "Park'n Ride" could take on a whole new meaning in a heavy rain.

James Budac, Niel Baker, his nephew *Jason* and I, all carrying skis, started hiking northish on an overgrown spur road somewhat up slope from the aforementioned creek. Within 200 m the profusion of prickly poisonous plants necessitated a stop to trouser-up. Very soon thereafter the description of our route as 'overgrown logging road' became flattery of the highest order. For some obscure reason many small trees had been felled downslope across our 'road' which, inevitably, ceased to be recognizable as a road at all. We stopped again to sew up a ripped pack, and then again to bandage my gouged hand. Imagine you are a bull moose trying to take a short-cut in the Hampton Court Maze (easy for *you* to say . . . *Eds*). This conjures up a vision similar to the reality of bushwhacking with skis.

A downward traverse brought us to a different overgrown spur road, this one quite usable, and evidently used frequently by the local bear population. After about two and a half hours we reached the creek draining the great gully of Mt. Fagervik, and here we saw our first, and only, close-up patch of snow, a dirty and humble remainder of the winter that had been. While we sat at the stream taking food and drink who should impose upon our little sylvan picnic but the biggest black bear I have ever seen. He (?) strolled casually to within five metres of us before we noticed. My startled exclamation caused him to turn around and retreat (I use the word hesitantly) to the edge of the forest. We all stood up with our eyes fixed on him and he, being a good fellow, decided not to go after James' spicy salami. Having satisfied his curiosity he sauntered back into the forest, leaving behind four hikers of, shall we say, heightened alertness.

We soon reached and traversed an extensive open rockslide composed of big boulders, only to dive once more into the forest, bringing the count of prickly poisonous plant species to at least three. Later, on a very hot sunny rock, 6 1/2 hours and 2 1/2 km from the van, our skepticism about the skiing matured. James, however, was keen to go on. Fortunately sanity prevailed. Moreover, by following the bear trail, with much singing, shouting and general noisemaking, we returned to the van in considerably less time than it had taken to leave it. We had put in a hot ten hour day carrying skis, mostly in the forest. We had not skied. Verily we had not so much as touched any snow. Were we those Satyrs of legend, those beings of the woods, part man, part beast, followers of the god of wine? Perhaps.

As a reconnaissance this trip was pretty successful, as a ski trip, well . . .

Pemberton Ice Cap; April 25-30

Ian Brown

In the last week of April, Sandy Briggs, Margaret and I did the purist traverse of the Pemberton. The "purist" comes from not using a helicopter but sloggng our way up from Meager Hot Springs. Since the road at Meager was still blocked with snow, we got an extra 1 1/2 hours warmup sloggng up the road. What with car shuffling and travel

time, we managed to get halfway up the forest between the Hot Springs and the Harrison Hut below Overseer. The next day was a long climb (3800' altitude gain), first on rough, hard, frozen sidehill in the forest, then on open glacier with plenty of sun. The day ended in a sudden, blinding blizzard so we dug the tents into sheltering holes in the glacier.

Day 3 was grand sun - a 3 hour climb, ski down and climb to the height of land. We did a short, side trip to the small summit, then loaded up packs and waited while our skis blithely slid 8 miles downhill. We camped that evening in a snow-covered meadow just a quarter mile off the glacier. We were visited by three snowmobilers, heading back to the road head at Brandywine! They had 260 km on the clock and had been all the way to Manatee, where they surprised another ACC group. Impressive adventurers, even if they do stoop to motors (non-purists).

Day 4 was raining at 5 am so we all promptly rolled over for more sleep. A late start quickly became worse when I decided to avoid the obvious (snowmobile) route because it went down and up, and went to the sidehill. That was one mighty-steep sidehill with crappy grip. May I suggest: don't try to stop your sideslip by jamming a pole in downhill, at least not an \$80 pole - sheared if off neat. We camped on a lofty spur in the fog.

Next morning we descended in the fog to a good slope up Callaghan and camped on the lower glacier of Callaghan. The fog cleared and we climbed the mountain in bright sunshine for great views from the summit. Lotsa good tele-marking back to camp.

Got into another sticky sidehill/routefinding mess the next day - again from my propensity to avoid the ups and downs. Extricated ourselves just soon enough, just before the woods were frequently disturbed by the boom of small, wet-snow avalanches: small amounts of snow, but wet and heavy - heavy enough to kill. So we went down to the west of Callaghan Lake, with lots of water on the ice. We were likely the last skiers across this year. The end was a long slog out the Callaghan Lake Road, a nice enough ski in good snow, but this stuff was wet and very slippery in the hot sun. Margaret developed the only successful technique: one skin off and one on - left the skin ski on the glide. No wax would grip that stuff.

Three in One Week

Albert Hestler

Rob Wilson, John Anderson and I successfully climbed Mt. Hood (11,235'/3424m) on Sunday, June 11/89. It was our second attempt. Larry Talarico joined us, thereby succeeding on his first try (the lucky guy). The Tuesday following, our threesome climbed Mt. St. Helen's (8400'/2560). On Thursday/Friday/Saturday, with the help of the Rainier Mountaineering Service, we tackled Mt. Rainer. Under the most adverse weather conditions, John made it to Disappointment Cleaver at 12,400', and Rob and I reached the summit plateau which the guides officially declared a successful summit climb. Who am I to argue - I couldn't even see the top.

While I deplore the running from peak to peak (which appears very much like peak-bagging), I feel proud of having

carried through with a definite plan of climbing these 3 high mountains, culminating with the grand-daddy of the N.W. volcanos.

Travelling with a guide service, we had a chance to refresh our skills and discover the pros and cons of guided climbs. N.W. Alpine Adventures teaches the Chouinard method of glacier travel with the pick of the ice axe pointing forward; the Rainier school taught the familiar method of the pick pointing backwards - ready for arrest. Apart from that, I learned two new methods of conserving energy which proved extremely helpful; a rest step, which incorporates a short break into every step, and pressure breathing, a technique of getting maximum oxygen into one's lungs. A major concern of mine was the pacing. The Rainier School set the pace at an 'average' speed (not the pace of the slowest participant). They did not allow for the fact that somebody like myself in his mid-fifties requires the occasional extra break to catch his breath. They also, as a matter of policy, assigned us to different rope teams. I prefer to share the climbing experience with friends to give and receive support and encouragement. The Mt. Hood guides were more accommodating and responded to our request for a slower pace to ensure everybody reached the summit.

This brings me to the question which keeps popping into my head. What style of mountainclimbing do I really enjoy? How does one measure success - by the number of peaks climbed or by the pleasure derived from the climb?

There is an old Japanese saying about Mt. Fuji (which I have also climbed): "He who doesn't climb it once is a fool; he who climbs it twice is twice the fool". That's the way I feel about my recent experiences - a valuable lesson but not one that I would voluntarily repeat. I want time to sniff the flowers, look for the marmot when its whistle pierces the air, and take pictures when the first rays of the morning sun paint the mountain tops with golden hue. These are all fleeting moments, to be enjoyed when they happen, or else they are quickly gone. They ought to be just as precious as reaching the summit.

Mt. Tinniswood; July 26-Aug 2

Ian Brown

Mt. Tinniswood (8500') is the highest point of the divide between the head of Jervis Inlet and the Clendenning/Elaho drainage. Margaret and I accessed the area by boat from Pender Harbour area up Jervis Inlet to Princess Louisa Inlet. We left our boat at the dock at the head of Louisa and thumped up the trail made by the Young Life religious group - very reminiscent of the Comox Glacier trail. After 4400' altitude gain from tidewater with climbing gear and seven days' food on our back, we collapsed early.

The next day we spent in thick fog, navigating mostly by compass and altimeter to a rock ledge on a hillside about 3/4 the way to the mountain. After a third day of descending into the basin contained by Mt. Casement and Tinniswood, we camped early on a nice heather bench at 5000'. Some of this day's travel was a bit dicey on steep sidehill with wet rock and vegetation.

The mountain itself went easily on snow to 7800'. The last 700' is steep snow with 3 or 4 huge crevasses and a narrow rim of rock running all up the SE ridge. The crevasses

rather put us off and Margaret decided to enjoy the view. So I went up the rock rim, fairly easy (class 3) with two sticky spots: one a short (10') rise exposed a bit to the 800' S face and nastily devoid of good holds and steps; the other not very steep but with a number of footholds slimy and wet. Naturally both these scared me going down more than coming up. A short belay would have been nice. I found a note from John Baldwin (and 2 others) from last year - he traversed from Clendenning Creek to Louisa and was on day 11 at Tinniswood - and a note from Clarke (and 3 others) in 1985. I left one of Rick Eppler's fine summit registers.

The return trip from our camp began that afternoon (we took 6 hours over the summit) and took another day and a half. I much preferred the return with no fog and lotsa views. Spectacular country. If the section wanted a trip here we could fly into the dock at the head of Louisa. Anyone interested for next summer?



Mt. Tinniswood — ©Marg Brown

Bushwhacking; the Great Shepherd Creek Reconnaissance

Marg Brown

Lest we forget the appropriateness of the name of our club's publication, I submit this description of a trail reconnaissance party up Shepherd Cr.

On labour day weekend, *Syd Watts*, *Ian* and I set off up the trail on the south side of Shepherd Cr. Parks Branch

made a noble effort in 1980 - the trail lasts about 1 mile and ends in the middle of an overgrown burn. It was then a fight to the finish and I'm afraid the bush won. All we could do was, with the help of gravity, thrash and bash our way through the skinny firs growing about 6" apart down hill to the river. Going uphill or across was impossible. We crossed a skinny fir uphill *à cheval* to travel the south-facing side. The burn had done such a thorough job on this side that most of the topsoil had gone and the regrowth, even 40 years later, was quite sparse.

All went reasonably well for another couple of miles until the valley walls steepened and the growth became dense. Once again we were forced downhill; this time we had house-sized moss-covered boulders, separated by gaping holes, and burn to fight (*sounds like a B5 to us - Eds*). The river banks were protected by a thick growth of 12' high Devil's Club, Salmonberry, Stink Currant, and last, but not least, Stinging Nettles.

Once again the other side looked more inviting. With the aid of another log, we crossed the river but ended up about 12' above the ground. No problem; we just picked a tree growing beside our log and, using it like a fire pole, slithered down.

This time we struck it lucky - an old Elk trail. It was fairly easy going until we decided to make for the river to find a place to camp. We fought our way through thickets of alder and found a gravel bar in the middle of the river. We certainly slept well that night!

The next day, continuing on up river, we had sporadic luck finding the old elk trail on the whole the going was reasonable. I found the towering, straight firs and occasional cathedral-like groves of cedar quite wonderful. The vital exuberance of nature - Devils Club and all - was quite humbling.

We marched on, passing a decently-angled ridge that would provide a good route to the basin above Tzela Lake. We crossed again to the Rees Ridge side and ultimately, with time running short, Ian charged ahead to see finally the bluffs and waterfall leading from Mike Lake. The going looked much easier on the Harmston side.

For our return we had much better luck in finding open forest and Elk trails. I really enjoyed Syd's knowledgeable commentary on the trees and birds and felt consoled by his exclamations when the going got tough - "this is the worst bush that I have ever walked through."

In conclusion, after finding the Elk trails, we decided that this is in fact a viable route. It would need the last half mile or so of burn cleared from the end of the Parks Trail through to the more open forest - and a couple of bridges in the mid and upper sections.

Hidden Peak - Hide and Seek

Sandy Briggs

I refer of course not to Gasherbrum I, but rather to the unofficially named Hidden Peak, the highest summit of the Maitland Group, (see BUSHWHACKER 16:4), which is not particularly hidden at all really, unless you should happen to try to climb it. We tagged the wrong one.

The winter cold snap had created some amazing snow

conditions in the mountains as we were soon to find out (see the cover photograph). On Saturday, February 11th '89, Don Berryman, Chris and Claudia Odgers and I drove to the new bridge across the Kennedy River just before Kennedy Lake, arriving after midnight. The road to this bridge leaves Highway 4 from a straight section three lanes wide. As we drove up the road, the headlights cast eerie, larger-than-life shadows in the recent logging devastation, where we picked a wide spot in the gravel and slept under the stars. In the revealing light of morning we drove up the highest spur and set off at 8:00 straight up through the 'recreation area,' soon ascending a dry stream bed in the mature forest. This route lies to the right (N) of a major S-shaped gully on the east flank of the mountain. Once out of the stream-bed feature we ascended, tending a little left, and soon it was necessary to attach the crampons. The snow was in perfect condition! You could have cramponed the length and breadth of the universe that day. We broke out onto the ridge at about some sort of local tree-line and traversed steep slopes above the northern basin and up into the low cloud deck. In the then much-reduced visibility we puzzled over unexpected compass and altimeter readings, ignored them, and gained the final col before the main summit, or so we thought. We skirted the southern aspect of a rocky subsidiary summit, following which a highly aesthetic romp on a ridge of snow took us to the summit. We were just, and only intermittently, breaking out of the cloud into the brilliant sunlight and there, to the west, taunting us, was the true summit of

Hidden Peak, a lonely rock in a sea of fog, and too far away for the time available. By way of compensation Nature provided a fine display of the Glory and the Spectre of Brocken, and the general lighting of the place was nothing short of magnificent. With mixed feelings about having been tricked so, but taking much pleasure in the wonderful conditions, we made our way back to the forest, during which time the clouds dissipated completely, revealing the whole northern aspect of the Hidden Peak Group and the full measure of our route-finding folly. We arrived uneventfully at the van at 5:00 pm with a reason to return and the apposite comment belongs to Chris, who said "It's the most successful failure I've ever been on."

Hidden Peak – Slide and Deek On April 8th, Don, John Pratt and I met Rudi Brugger in a pub in the Port, and the four of us set off for another try at Hidden Peak by the new approach described above. Rather than risk being locked-in we parked at the gate and set off early Sunday morning at 6:20, reaching the ridge by 10:00. The weather was good and the mountain was revealed in full, or so we thought, but the snow conditions were only fair. It was clear that some pretty good avalanches had swept these slopes in recent days. One place, I climbed up the wall of a frozen fracture line taller than myself. We were duly impressed. It proved relatively easy, if a little tedious, to skirt our earlier summit (GR205489) on its north slopes and gain the final major saddle before the summit. The upper walls of the south-eastern basin are steep. We gained an upper ridge on snow-covered cedar trees. After following a false lead to the ridge top we descended and roped for a traverse on the now softening snow. Again we were lured upward to the ridge top, or at least those of us were whose opinion prevailed. Alas, yet another awkward notch! Time had so slipped away that we again let the summit do the same. It had been a fine mountain day, but we returned to the van at 7:00 pm a little frustrated withal. Deeked out again. (Rick and I called this 'Hidden Peak' in consideration of the map, which places Maitland on a lower summit and its general invisibility from Kennedy Lake; the above story reinforces the appropriateness of the name - rwm)



Hidden Peak (Maitland) —©Sandy Briggs



Ian Brown on Mt. Callaghan (Pemberton Icecap) —©Sandy Briggs -- See page 25, this issue.

THE "CONQUERORS OF THE USELESS" EXPEDITION


Hi! I'm your new game host, *Lionel Train*, and I've been railroaded into putting on a tie in preparation for the opening round of the new mountaineering trivia quiz, the "*Conquerors of the Useless*" Expedition. The rules of the expedition game are simple: mail your answers to the following questions to me and they will be judged. A suitable prize, probably including a free beer, will be awarded to the expedition member who achieves the greatest number of correct answers. Our peak permit has no expiry date, so you will see progress reports in future issues of the BUSHWACKER. Each new BUSHWACKER will provide solutions to problems encountered earlier in the expedition, so answers related to a given phase of the expedition will not be accepted after release of the subsequent issue. Send your answers to: *Sandy Briggs*, Chemistry Dept. Univ. of Victoria, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2Y2.

Phase #1: To arrive safely in the destination country, answer the following:

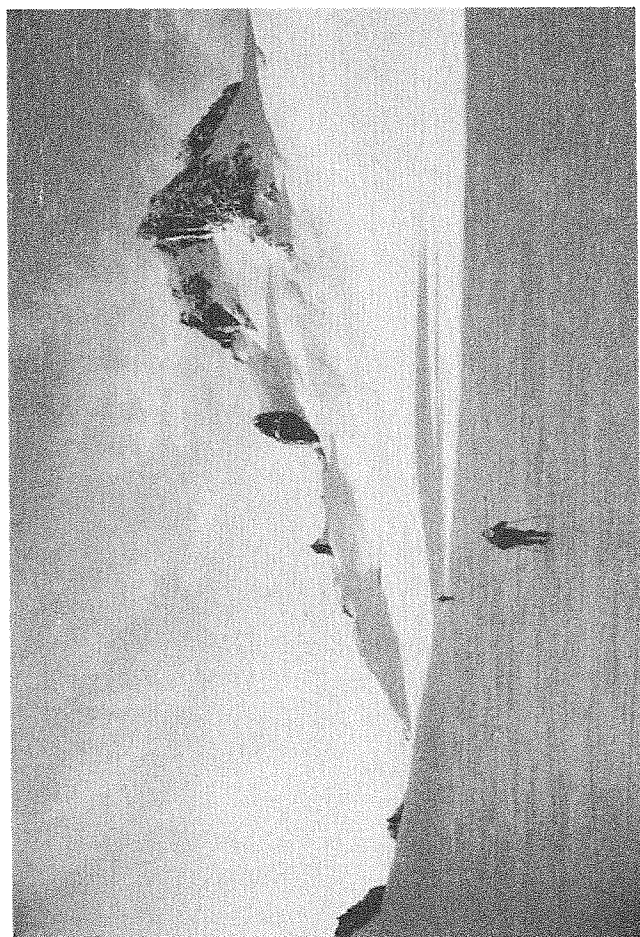
1. Everybody knows that Mount Maxwell on Saltspring Island has a large south-facing precipice, but what was the official (but locally ignored) name of Mount Maxwell before 1938?
2. Rugged Mountain is the culminating point of the Haihte Range near Zeballos. What is the meaning of the Indian word, "Haihte"?
3. Garibaldi Park has some interesting names for its various features, including Phyllis's Engine, a set of rock gendarmes on the south ridge of Castle Towers Mountain. It is tempting to suppose that the eponymous person is the well-known mountaineer *Phyllis Munday*, but this is incorrect. After whom is Phyllis's Engine named?
4. Arriving at the summit cairn of Victoria Peak (V.I.), one is pleasantly surprised to find there is a bronze plate with an inscription. What is this inscription and what is its most likely source in mountaineering literature?



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-- See page 11, this issue.

Mt. Sir Richard — ©John Pratt

-- See page 4, this issue.

Upper Glacier on Mt. Sphinx — ©Rick Eppler



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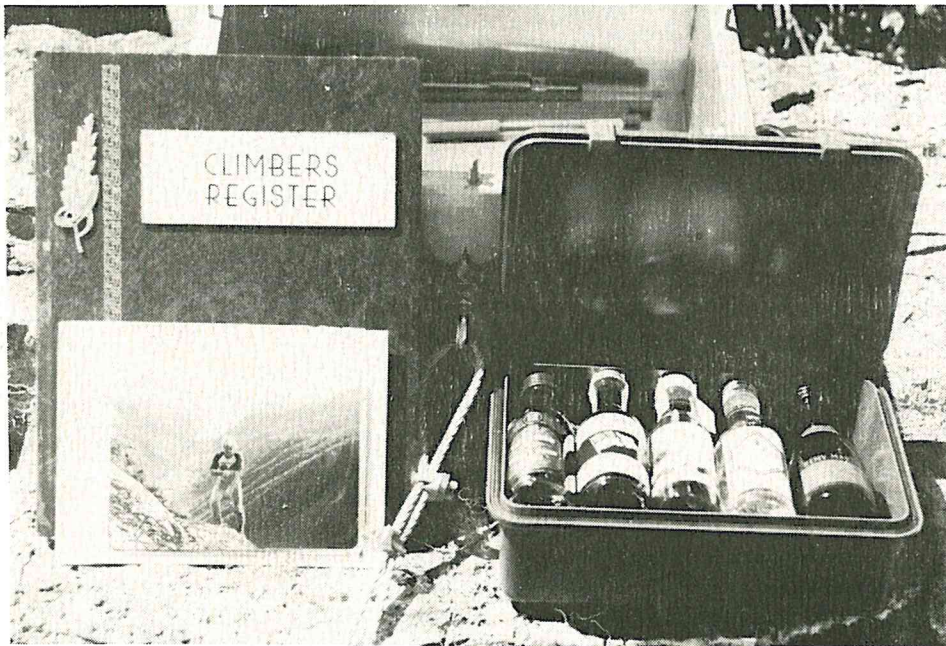
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SANDY BRIGGS



This is the way to register, if you can find it! (See page 23) --© John Put

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