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ISSN 0822-9473

STUFFSACK

Avalanche!

by Ian Brown

I am starting to watch for the snowline to creep down the hills and thinking of dusting off my boards for another season. So it is time for a warning of a new avalanche hazard that begins now and will persist for many years. Your avalanche beacons may be incompatible with those of your companions. No, they won't give you a special BO that drives everyone away. But you will have to check each trip that your beacon is of the same frequency as everyone else's and trip leaders will have to check that everyone's frequency is the same.

All of the club beacons are old frequency. No one sells old frequency beacons any more. Your beacon may be dual frequency, in which case it can be matched to the group with a flick of the switch, if you remember to flick the switch. Your beacon may also be single frequency at the new frequency, then you will need to be sure everyone in the party is tuned to yours or borrow one of the club's old frequency sets. It all sounds complicated but this is a simple task best checked over the phone before you go. It also emphasizes the need for that Pieps check we were all taught to do just before the party sets out in the morning.

So safe skiing and watch out for those frequencies.



Mt. Steel Cabin - Tetrahedron area

Margaret Brown

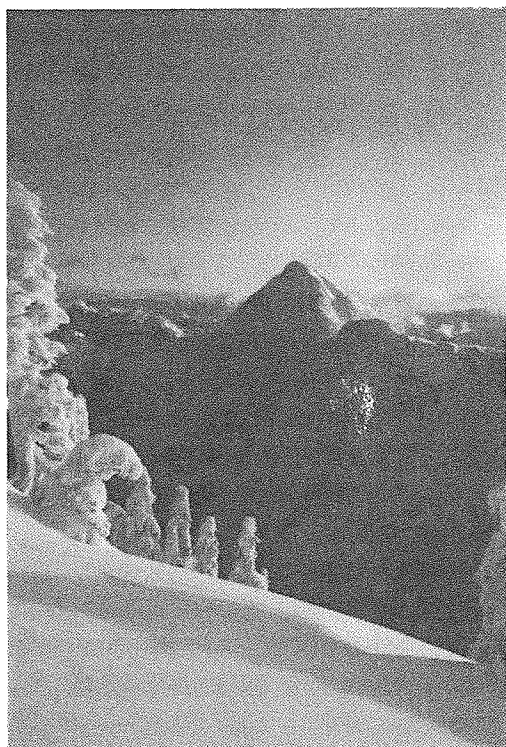
Tetrahedron Ski Area

by Margaret Brown

For anybody who is just getting into back country skiing or who has children - who are old enough to ski a few miles - this area offers a system of four comfortable cabins, conveniently close to one another.

Take the ferry to Gibsons and drive to Sechelt. At Sechelt, turn right and head for Porpoise Bay---keep going up the hill east from Porpoise Bay (about five km)---take a right turn. By now you should see in the trees, little signs, indicating the way to the ski area. Drive up

the logging road for about 20 kms. and then start skiing. It is about a two hour drive to the first cabin. We were there at New Years last year and did not find the place too busy at all. The Forest Service should have a map of the area as they co-operated with the logging companies in building the excellent cabins in the area.



Tetrahedron Mountain

Margaret Brown

Of Skins and Glue

by Claire Ebendinger

I woke up to perfect weather, great snow, and friendly chatter in the Heather Hut, only to find out soon after, that I had lost a skin the night before, while skiing back from the ridge in the dark. Well....I had known since May that they needed re-glueing. Six months later the job had not been done and I was going to learn the hard way. Hopefully the following tips I used will convince you that reglueing skins is worthwhile and not difficult.

Tip #1: To help me get back to the place where I thought the skin may be (buried under 15cm of fresh snow) I tied a spare lace around the binding part of the ski. It worked quite well on the gentle slope of the road.

Tip #2: For the climb back up to the ridge I was lucky to find a long strap in the bottom of my pack. That worked well too as I was able to wrap it around a few times. Of course I didn't find the skin anywhere in the

deep snow.

Tip #3: I told everyone I met about my lost skin, hoping that someone might find it. Eventually, one skier whom I asked for some tape, presented me with "the skin" he'd found on his way up. I couldn't thank him enough. With both skins on, well taped to the skis, I enjoyed a great day of skiing and caught up to the rest of the party of the Elfin Hut.

Tip #4: How to re-glue skins efficiently and easily:

A) Immerse the tube of skin glue in a container of hot water, to thin the glue for applying. A tall narrow jar or glass are best to keep the tube upright. I used Pomoca glue.

B) Set up newspaper or a plastic sheet on a table to protect the working area. Spread one skin on the table, glue side up. Cover it with an absorbent cloth such as an old cotton sheet or clean rags. Using a hot clothes iron, iron the old glue out of the skin into the cloth. To avoid scorching, do not keep the iron on the cloth too long. Quickly peel the cloth off and repeat this operation along the whole length of the skin, using a clean area of the cloth each time. When one skin has been cleaned, do the same with the other.

C) Spread the clean skin on the table with the side to be glued up. Open the tube of glue, holding it carefully upward as the glue will be runny. Put a bit of glue along a short section of the skin and quickly spread it thinly and evenly all over that section, using a putty knife or a stiff smooth-blade knife. I worked on sections of 30 to 40 cm at a time, as the glue thickens rapidly and becomes more difficult to work with. When the whole skin is glued hang it to dry for 8 to 10 hours. If skins are hung over a door, make sure it doesn't get shut by mistake (ooops!). Reminder: keep the tube of glue upright in the hot water while working on the skin, it keeps the glue thin.

D) When skins are "dry" repeat step C (Remember that the glue remains sticky after drying). Two thin coats of glue work well. I tested the job in various snow conditions and am very pleased with the results.....As good as new!

Thanks to Chris Bradley for his helpful advice. He had suggested a paint-remover iron but the alternative I used (clothes iron and rag) was very efficient and not messy. For those who use their iron on clothes it may be wise to iron a clean rag to get rid of the glue that may be left on the iron after the job is done.

PHOTO CONTEST 1992

Mountain Scenery



Albert Hestler

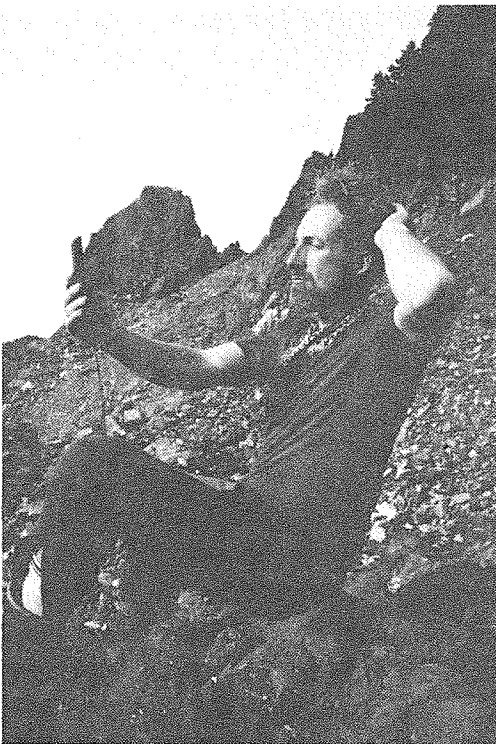
Nature



Wildflowers, Poor Man's Umbrella

John Pratt

Humour



Dennis Manke

People in the Mountains



East Ridge of Rugged

Sandy Briggs

SCHEDULED CLUB TRIPS

Diadem Peak

October 12-14, 1991

by Margaret Brown

In spite of our Georgian friends' last minute warning of their visit, and the fact that Ian and I had the only house where the group could be accommodated - the scheduled trip went on. We left our house open and our friends helped get the Georgians settled, while we headed north to Powell River.

Diadem Peak is another one of those tempting peaks that we have gazed longingly at from the deck of our sailboat. It can easily be seen from the Nanaimo-Horeshoe Bay ferry - a striking and horn-shaped peak to the north-east as you cross on the ferry.

Ian checked out the logging road situation and arranged to get the key for the logging roads that head inland from Powell Lakes, Lois Lake area. About an hour's drive from Powell River, through some widespread and ugly clear-cut put us at the foot of Diadem Peak. Now what? No one seemed to know anything about routes, or even if the peak had been climbed.

The peak reared up in a series of impossible cliffs from the valley floor. Perhaps we would find a gully that would penetrate the cliffs. After thrashing about on impossibly steep slopes - clear cuts - Ian and Dave headed uphill and got stuck. Barb and I ended up rappeling into a gully and climbing out the other side, as we tried to traverse the slope. One slope was so steep that, when I missed my footing in the bush, I did a complete summer-sault before my foot touched the ground again. Finally we reached another major gully, which looked promising. It was, however, getting too late to continue, so we decided to level out some boulders in the gully and make camp.

Early next morning we headed up the gully. At one point we had to rope up for several pitches. At the top of one, we found an ancient piton. That old piton was an encouraging sign, so we pressed on. At about noon, we topped out on the ridge, to be rewarded with magnificent views of Jervis Inlet and Georgia Straits. The ridge was

very open, covered in meadows and tarns, culminating in a fairly steep climb to the summit. I waited at the last resting spot as Ian, Dave and Barb scrambled to the summit at the end of the day.

We all climbed back down, keeping to the ridge as much as possible, above the gully. Our plan was to rappel into the gully far enough down the mountain to by-pass the tricky sections of down-climbing. Luckily, we found a good spot and our rope was long enough to reach the bottom of the gully in one rappel.

This was a challenging route, in terms of climbing and route finding. It was enhanced by the perfect weather we enjoyed last Thanksgiving.

Participants: Ian and Marg Brown, Dave Scandrett and Barb Brooks.

Big Interior Mountain via Bedwell Lake

January 25-26, 1992

by Brian Pinch

The forecast was for RAIN and WARM - monsoon conditions. We all had doubts about skiing, but a circular process prevented a consensus from forming on cancelling the trip. Barb got the Browns motivated, the Browns psyched me up, I helped Barb through some last minute doubts, and so forth. Besides, who wants to be a wimp?

We left Victoria EARLY Saturday morning and arrived at the Bedwell Lake trail head at 10:30 am. Morale was high as we started out, despite the fact that we had to carry our skis and it was pouring rain. Fortunately for me, I brought along my sou' wester, having skied with Ian and Margaret before.

There was no let up in the rain and a new sport was invented, namely whitewater hiking. Switchbacks were negotiated with quick eddy turns, and whirlpools carefully avoided. Sandy claimed to have seen a salmon pass him on one set of riffles!

We reached the snow after about an hour's walking, having gained about two-thirds of the elevation to the lake. There were no regrets expressed about not meeting the snow line sooner. The lower Bedwell Lake trail twists through steep bluffs and would NOT offer good skiing, not to mention the high avalanche danger.

The rain turned into sodden flakes of snow as we approached the lake. After testing the dubious-looking ice with our poles, we crossed the lake and set camp on the far side. Barb and I went off for a few powder runs in the wet cement.

We were all in our tents early, as the snow turned into rain and the sun disappeared below the horizon. The "happy hour" started at 5:00 pm in the party tent, occupied by Barb, Marg and yours truly. Dave, a refugee from the



Ian Brown on Big Interior Mt.

Margaret Brown

"unparty" tent (where Rudi went to sleep at 5:30 pm), glanced forlornly our way and finally bribed his way in with exotic foreign chocolates.

The morning dawned wet and there was universal enthusiasm for a quick retreat to the cars. The night's rain had pooled on the lake ice, which made for a slushy crossing and very wet feet. After the lake, the trail dropped steeply into the forest and the skiing was horrendous! The slope was quickly pock-marked with tumbles and several of the party (the smart ones?) took off their skis and post-holed down on foot.

We achieved a number of note-worthy ski feats during the day. Perhaps the most impressive, was Sandy's

attempt to climb through the branches of a large deadfall without removing his skis. I tried to duplicate this maneuver, but soon found myself hanging upside-down and had to release both bindings to escape. So much for tree skiing!

We were all very pleased to finally reach the cars. After stripping layers upon layers of sodden duds, we headed to Patti Jo's for warmth and eats. The surprising thing about this trip is that we all had a good time. It would seem that the joys of the outdoors, the stiff exercise and, above all, the excellent comradeship, more than compensated for the weather.

P.S. If this trip is offered again next year, I recommend a neoprene ski suit, and ski boots with drain holes.

Participants: Ian and Margaret Brown (leaders), Margot Bloom, Sandy Briggs, Barb Brooks, Rudy Brugger, Dave Scandrett, Dave Tansley, Graham Maddocks, and Brian Pinch.

Mt. Cain

February 8-9, 1992

by Brian Pinch

The forecast was for rain and warm. Having been rained off Bedwell Lake the weekend before, and giddy with the power of being the "leader", I postponed the trip.

The next weekend looked better, so we left Friday night and stayed at Barb's parents' house in Courtenay (a fine establishment and highly recommended). We started early the next morning, despite a lengthy neighborhood search for the family dog. Two hours later, we met a car load of Courtenay-area Alpine Club members at the start of the Mt. Cain trail.

The trip had been billed in the schedule as an expedition to check out the fabulous North Island powder. This turned out to be a slight exaggeration. The powder had a closer resemblance to ungroomed boiler plates, with death cookies and death melons strewn randomly about.

This only sharpened our appetites. We could hardly wait to test out mettle against these challenging conditions. First, however, we decided on a quick meeting in a nearby cafe to plot strategy and to have another quick coffee. And another quick coffee. Then we revised our strategy...and discussed the situation in the Middle East, followed by a debate on the merits of fat versus regular

telemark skis - a much more difficult question! More coffee, analysis of the rusting patterns on different makes of cars, and so on.

Finally, the moment of truth! We made it on to the slopes and the boiler plates proved no match for the clear skies and the bright sun. By noon there were hints of softness and by 2:30 pm, the skiing was excellent. The lifts were scheduled to close at 3:00 pm but remained open for another hour, because of the poor morning conditions and some mechanical problems with the lifts.

This was our first sample of the excellent Mt. Cain hospitality. We were all very impressed by the relaxed atmosphere on the hill. Nobody objected to us camping in the parking lot. We were welcomed in the ski lodge in the evening, even though we were not paying overnight guests. Indeed, we cooked our own dinners in the lodge, and caroused until the wee hours.

The next morning was sunny and the boiler plates reappeared. We skied with enthusiasm, despite our pounding heads, which seemed a tad tender from the night before. Another great day!

Although the hill is small, it has a good variety of terrain and is scenically located. Local skiers claim that it really does get lots of powder, which accumulates during mid-week, when the mountain is closed. A bonus is the lack of crowds.

Next time, I would bring along some climbing gear. Mt. Cain looked very tempting, especially with the hard snow conditions in the morning. Those with ice fetishes also noted interesting prospects nearby. To sum it up, we all had a good time despite the lack of North Island powder. I hope to put this trip on the schedule again this winter. Cross your fingers and bring snorkels!

Participants: Brian Pinch (leader), Barb Brooks, George Smekal, Ian Granlin, Charles Turner (hell on skis), Joseph Turner (hell on skis jr.) and others.

Empress Mtn.

February 23, 1992

by Mike Hubbard

Following a reconnaissance of Mt. Brenton on February 15th., which revealed a complete absence of snow, and

after several consultations with Alan Robinson and Albert Hestler, we decided to change destinations and go to Empress Mountain in the Sooke Hills. On February 23rd, we met at the Helmcken parking lot at 8:00 am and drove to a parking area just below the Sooke Potholes. The morning was grey and warm.

The entrance to the old logging road leading to the mountain is now blocked off to vehicles. We therefore set out on foot, across the Galloping Goose trail and past the water pipe line for about an hour and a half and arrived at a flooded out section of the road. Following what resembled a river rather than road bed, we continued to a steeper moss-covered rock and onward to the summit, which we reached in late morning.

We had lunch in the abandoned and windowless shack, and were grateful for the shelter from the wind and deteriorating weather. Albert was keen to continue to Leach Town and thence back along the river, which he reckoned would take about four hours. By the time we finished lunch, rain turned to sleet and we voted in favour of head back to hot showers by the approach route. Before descending we peered toward the Olympics, imagining Mt. Angeles and Mt. Olympus in their winter glory. We were, instead, rewarded by a somewhat dubious sighting of Sooke Basin.

The lower reaches of the trail seemed positively tropical, compared with the windy summit. We took a short side trip to check out the Potholes, and the abandoned half-completed "castle" on the cliff above the river. No doubt it is still waiting to be rescued by some tycoon with millions to spare. The Sooke River, in winter flood conditions, was an impressive sight. We were not tempted to take a quick swim in our favorite hole!

Skis were not carried and are not recommended for this trip. The nearest thing to powder were several wet, wind-driven snow blobs. Nevertheless, we returned to Victoria feeling adequately exercised and ready for that hot shower, a warm dry Downy and a hot rum. Our new members from Prince George may have had a few hopes of dry squeaky interior trails and deep blue sky, but they were sporting enough not to moan too loudly about our winter climate.

Participants: Mike Hubbard (leader), Albert Hestler, Chris and Lynne Peppler, Max and Maisie (golden retriever and basset hound, respectively).

Mt. Ipsoot

March 7-8, 1992

by Terry Lindberg

Despite the impending darkness, we managed to locate a suitable resting spot for the night. Dave's request for a quiet room, however, appeared to baffle the night clerk. Perhaps his strange look was due to the fact that our room was located above the tavern and across from the train tracks. Needless to say, sleep was to elude me that night.

After a hearty breakfast, Tansley style, we drove west of Pemberton toward the south fork of Miller Creek. Here we managed to persuade a local farmer to let us park our car on his property. His permission came only after a lengthy sermon on the foolishness of our endeavor and its perilous nature.

Convinced that we would return defeated later that evening, he guided us safely past our first objective hazard....his bull! Undaunted by his warnings, we headed up an old cattle road, searching for a place to don our skis and begin the day's ascent to the Ipsoot Glacier. Adjusting my pack straps, which had begun to broadcast their presence, I must confess to having some affinity with the other beasts of burden that had trod before me.

Clear skies and fairly straight-forward route finding made for a pleasant first day. After skiing over a cattle bridge, up through steep forest and across meadows, we established our evening camp within sight of the Ipsoot Glacier. Under a canopy of stars, the warm, still air provided a welcome contrast to our previous night in the Pemberton Motel.

We awoke on Sunday morning to clear skies, and made an early start up the Ipsoot Glacier. Tracked slopes and the occasional whirl of a helicopter let us know that we were not the only inhabitants of this breathtaking area. After a quick stop on the summit of Ipsoot, we stripped off our skins and managed to make a few tracks of our own. Thanks to Charles Turner's telemark clinic earlier in the year, I managed to swallow very little snow on the descent.

Hoping to make an evening ferry, we hastily packed up camp and began the downhill race for home. Even with

the quick pace, Dave managed to make time to give Murrough and me a few skiing pointers. Unfortunately, in an ironic twist, his impromptu lesson on stopping quickly in steep forest, ended with his ski tip embedded in his forehead.

Without further complications we arrived back at the farm house, with just enough time for some peppermint schnapps. The blood-stained bandage wrapped around Dave's forehead lent some credibility to the farmer's earlier predictions concerning the dangers of our quest. Nevertheless, it proved to be another outstanding alpine adventure.

Participants: Dave Tansley (trip leader), Terry Lindberg and Murrough O'Brien.

ACC Ski Camp in Wells Grey Park

March 7-14, 1992

by Albert Hestler

On Thursday morning we woke to the first day, which was overcast and promised a bit of shade. But this was not to last. It turned into another beautiful and sunny day. We were none the worse for having to accommodate eight people in sleeping bunks, which were designed to hold only six. It was more disconcerting to find that the snow fleas, which we had seen by the millions the day before, had found their way into our melted drinking water. I wondered why the last night's tea had tasted somewhat different and felt a bit chewy. This problem was soon resolved by straining the precious liquid through a handkerchief, kindly provided by Charles Turner. He swears it was clean!

By 9:15 am, we were off again, all eight of us, heading towards Table Mountain (7,297 feet), and reached it an hour later. This is the highest point of a long ridge, very flat on top, which features an impressive stone cairn and offers a glorious 360 degree view. Dave produced a maple leaf flag, which served as a backdrop for some wonderful pictures, though decidedly less dramatic than the conquest of Mt. Kasbek (see Bushwacker 18:4).

We split up, with four of us continuing the traverse to Fight Chalet. After a short trip along the ridge, the route again descended into the trees, which required some tricky navigation with compass, ably provided by Claire.

In the steeper section, it was easiest to simply carry the skis and follow a caribou trail 1,700 feet to the valley floor. From there, the terrain is relatively flat, crossing Cariboo Meadows and Fight Meadows, which are quite marshy in the summer. We reached the hut, identical tin design to the Trophy Chalet, by 5:15 pm, after another six hours of relaxed skiing.

Friday dawned clear and sunny once again. The only possible objective on such a beautiful day was Battle Mountain, which dominates the landscape at this end of Wells Grey Park. We crossed Hill 52 directly behind the hut, a large lake-studded alpine plateau, which drops off on all sides and is reputed to be a favorite hangout for a herd of woodland caribou. We dropped down to Bull Creek and proceeded to climb to the western summit of Battle Mountain, where an old fire lookout cabin provided some shelter from the wind, though the cabin itself was tightly locked and partially snowed in. A quick crossing of the summit ridge and a short climb across a dividing col brought us to the highest point (7,753 feet) at noon, after three and a half hours of skiing. Again, a cairn, the flag, pictures, and a casual lunch while appreciating the grand 360 degree view.

On the way down we enjoyed the best skiing of the week, a 1,500 foot slope of corn snow with just the right properties for some fine telemarking. While Rick and Claire climbed up for a second run, David and I decided to hang around the lower slopes. It was because of this decision that we saw five caribou moving sedately along the valley bottom below us. After the beautiful weather and the great skiing, this experience was the icing on the cake. On the return, we followed the summer route, which basically leads around Hill 52, through trees and over Fight Meadows, back to the chalet.

On Saturday, it was time to head out. In the morning we undertook a short ski-about behind the hut, hoping to see some caribou. No luck! At noon, we started the trek across the meadows and through the trees, to the canyon at the head of Philip Creek. The snow was getting crusty and spotty, especially on the narrow switchbacks in the canyon and along the logging road to the highway. After an endless series of skis on and off, on and off, we finally decided to carry them. It was like a journey from winter into spring - with small brooks gurgling in the hollows, bushes and trees adorning themselves with the light green hue of budding leaves, and the rising sap scenting

the air. We reached the car, judiciously parked at the trail-head, after five and a half hours, descending 3,500 feet over ten miles.

Saturday night saw us at the Wells Grey Inn in Clearwater, enjoying a good soak in the hot tub. Sunday morning we had a quick run to Helmken Falls and two other waterfalls along the route. We met the rest of the gang around noon at the hotel, where the party re-organized and the different groups made their own way back home. Altogether, a very successful trip. Thanks, Julie.

Participants: **Group 1** - Barbara Brooks, Charles Turner, Don Berryman and George
Group 2 - Albert Hesler, Claire Ebendinger, Dave and Rick

Lillooet Ice Cap - Manatee Range

April 4-10, 1992

by Dave Tansley

The plan was a ski traverse from the Tisiphone area of the ice cap to an exit at Meager Creek, with some climbs along the way. Helicopter transportation was arranged for our group of seven, and we assembled Saturday morning at the hangar at Pemberton Meadows.

Several weeks earlier, the warnings in the Bruce Fairley guidebook concerning the "problematic" crossing at Devastator Creek had caused some concern. We decided to take a look at it on the way in. From the air we could see several snow bridges and it appeared to be no problem. There was a cloud ceiling and, because of this, we backtracked to the Lillooet River, but could only get as far as Silt Lake.

We went up Manatee Creek valley, and went to the 6,200 foot level, below Dolphin Peak. As we had little alternative, the trip became a ski camp in the Manatee Range. I was a little disappointed that our traverse would not be done, but everyone else appeared happy with the prospects of a week in the Manatee.

We settled into our first project of establishing a campsite. Then, eager to get our first ski run, Rob led into the clouds. Weather conditions were stormy as we reached the ridge between Dolphin and Oluk peaks. A ski back to camp, followed by supper, rounded out the first day.

Next day, Sunday, we got up late. All the peaks and ridges were engulfed in clouds. So we skied down from our ridge and through the trees. Dave, Brian and Charles then skied up the ridge between the Remora and Dugong glaciers to a peak at 7,200 feet. In some partial clearing there was some great skiing back down in powder snow.

We all headed up towards Manatee Peak on Monday, in white-out conditions. We reached the Manatee-Remora col in bad weather and decided enough was enough. The slope below this col is north facing and was our best ski



North Gully of Crown Mtn.

Sandy Briggs

run of the camp, offering deep powder conditions.

On Tuesday the weather took a turn for the better, and we went up the Sirenia glacier, then diverted to Obelia Peak. Rick led a mixed class 3-4 route. As a nasty little corner needed protection, only Rick, Rob, Murrough and Charles went on to the summit. From the ridge we got great views of the high route to Mu, which is the key to the traverse.

Next day we decided to try for Manatee Peak again. Everyone made excellent time to the col. From here, the easiest route is to drop 200 feet to the glacier on the south-west side, then climb directly up to the north ridge on rock and snow. It was intensely hot in the snow bowl on this side, and we were concerned about the stability of the steep slopes below the ridge. We decided on discretion and turned our attention to Remora, which we climbed. The view into the Elaho from this side caused a sensation of being very remote from civilization. A fantastic ski run in deep powder took us down to the glacier. Gil built a small cairn to mark the best exit to the moraines.

Thursday, with the weather still holding, we packed the camp and started our exit, labouring under heavy packs. Everything was straight-forward until we reached the slopes descending to Devastator Creek. I had been too intent on the creek, instead of studying the gully system from the helicopter. Rob led down a very steep section, which required ice axes. Further down, the angle eased and we were soon at the creek. Thoughts of the hot springs by candlelight spurred Murrough, Charles and Brian to a last effort, while the rest of us called it a day and camped. Owing to a bridge washout, none of us made it to the hot springs until lunch time on Friday.

The last leg of the trip out was a seven kilometer ski, then walk along a good road to cars at the Lillooet River. The snow eventually ran out and there was nothing else to do but chat and reflect on the events of the past week. The time change from Pacific Standard Time to Standard Time resulted in much confusion, as everyone changed their watches on different days. The trip ended with the final group photo, with seven automatic cameras clicking. It was a little early to think about next year, but all agreed that the Lillooet was worth another visit.

Participants: Brian Pinch, Murrough O'Brien, Charles Turner, Rick Eppler, Rob MacDonald, Gil Parker and Dave Tansley (organizer).

Crown Mountain

April 18-19, 1992

by Don Berryman

For yet another year the McBride canoe/ski trip was cancelled due to weather. Instead, we opted for a lower commitment (no canoes) excursion to Crown Mountain. One would think that the Crown would be of no mountaineering interest, since it does not even rate a mention in Fairley's guide. This is an oversight that needs to be corrected. Crown is in the Island Top 40 (peaks over 6,000 feet), and Northern Strathcona Park is an area that both Sandy and I have missed in 15 years of climbing. Our route follows the ridge that starts 1.5 km west of Jessie Lake, and heads south between the Salmon River and Crown Creek, for 8 kilometers. Initially, we thought of doing it on skis, but this year's low snow pack made us leave them at home.

The trip started with the obligatory early start from Victoria and the mind-numbing drive up-Island. We

stopped in Nanaimo to pick up Rosanne, at a restaurant not to be recommended. As we left the Island Highway and started the 45 km drive to the start of the climb, navigating became much more interesting. For the hordes that will undoubtedly be following in our footsteps, here are the directions:

- 0.0 km Left off Island Highway at Menzies Bay Shop, 14 km north of the silver bridge in Campbell River.
- 9.8 km Straight past Morton Lake turnoff.
- 15.3 km Straight on.
- 17.1 km Bridge at south end of Brewster Lake. In 100 meters, take the left fork in the road. The road will now follow the south bank of the Salmon River.
- 23.3 km Note creek overpass on the right.
- 23.5 km Right - South main.
- 24.2 km Bridge over Salmon River.
- 25.4 km Left - north main. The road now goes through the Salmon River Canyon.
- 32.9 km Right up south fork hill. The current route bypasses two washed out bridges by looping around to the north and coming back down the south bank of the Salmon River.
- 35.8 km Left - Salmon River B.
- 36.8 km Left - Salmon River 6.
- 38.2 km Bridge, then left onto south fork A.
- 38.7 km Right at washout.
- 40.3 km Left - south fork E.
- 41.7 km Left fork.
- 42.3 km Bridge.
- 42.8 km Straight through four way crossing.
- 43.3 km Straight.
- 44.9 km Park just past "Kamikaze Canyon" sign in pull-out on the right. The MacBlo road map marks this location as a view point of stumps, slash and shame - the three S's.

From where Sandy's van was parked, we could look up through the clear cut and see a shallow gully on the east side of the ridge, that breached the cliffs at the edge of the forest and provided easy access to the ridge crest. The recreation area (logging slash) was not too bad and we quickly reached the forest. I'm sure this is the type of forest that Syd Watts is always telling me about; big timber with little under-growth (at least, below 4,000 feet), that makes for easy progress on game trails.

There was one mossy bluff hidden in the trees, which we bypassed to the left. There were no other difficulties and we made good time up to 4,000 feet, where the ridge levels off for several kilometers. At this point we reached the snow that I'm sure hid a lot of bush. So instead of fighting bush, we cruised along on top of rock-hard snow, covered with a carpet of pine needles. The ridge at this point is very broad and we followed a compass bearing through the trees, even though it was a perfectly sunny day.

At 4,300 feet, we reached a small opening just before a gap in the ridge. We couldn't see Crown Mountain, but saw the open snowy slopes that led to the ridge's next highest point at 5,000 feet. This is where we finally reached new snow and the going got harder. Sandy, who's been training to spend his summer as an Arctic sled dog, set an incredibly fast pace through the deep snow. Rosanne had brought Polar Bear Paw snowshoes to scare a faster pace out of Sandy. Afterwards, we couldn't decide if it was better to sink in or to carry ten pounds of snow on her feet.



Crown Mt. summit

Sandy Briggs

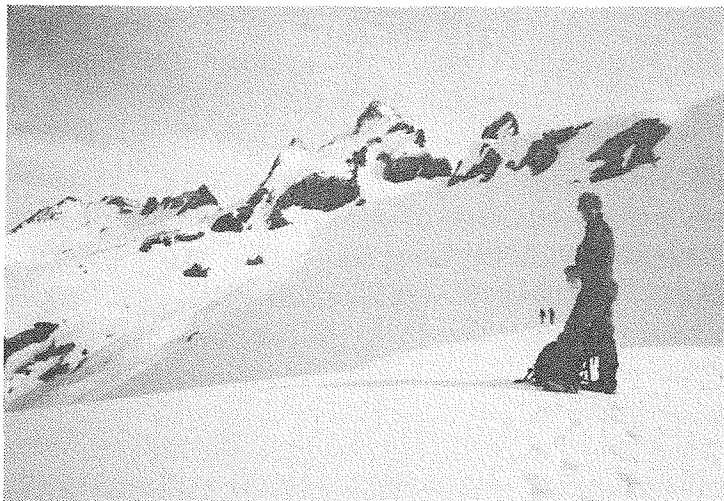
From our camp, we could look over to Crown Mountain and ogle the route possibilities. Sandy and I kicked ourselves for leaving the rope and gear at home, since the North Ridge looked extremely aesthetic. In all other directions a fine view was to be had, without a single clear cut to be seen, a unique distinction for any place in British Columbia in these days.

On Sunday, we awoke to threatening skies. Gerta and I started off before the others, and I promptly got off route. I'd headed straight for the next high point in the ridge,

when I would have swung around to the west. The others were waiting for us when I finally got back on route. The slope up to the next high point was hideous breaking crust, the type that fails just as you get your full weight on it.

I had visions of a miserable day ahead. Luckily, the conditions improved as we worked our way over the 5,412 foot crest and headed towards the main massif. When we reached the base of the north-west summit of Crown, we traversed, east/left, into the basin to the north of the massif. I suppose the normal route would be up and into the col between the two summits of Crown. Instead, we continued east and ascended the gully that dramatically splits the north face of Crown's main summit. This required a little front pointing and a lot of nerve, since no one was roped up. Sandy led the way and, as I reached the top, he pointed out some cornices that worried him the entire way up.

From the top of the gully we scrambled up a bit of rock, with crampons on, to get to the summit. The summit register, a cookie jar, indicated that Dave Ruttledge and company, in 1989, were the last people to do Crown. Instead of descending the gully, we continued west to reach the col. The weather changed and we were enshrouded in a blizzard. This lasted until we were half-way back to camp, when we were treated to a short reprieve before the main weather system arrived. The nicer weather held while we packed camp and had some hot soup. It started to drizzle shortly after we put on the heavy packs and followed our tracks back along the ridge. As we got into the van, the heavens opened up.



Martin Davis approaching Mt. Tricouni

C. Ebendinger

Participants: Don Berryman, Sandy Briggs, Gerta Smythe, Dennis Manke and Rosanne Van Schie.

Mt. Tricouni

May 2-3, 1992

by Gerta Smythe

A Dave Tansley trip! I must try and get time off from work. His trips are always great adventures. Sure enough, the Mt. Tricouni was just that that.

We all made the first ferry out of Tsawassen on that Saturday morning - three ladies in a Subaru and three men in a Volkswagen camper. Once on the mainland, Barbara navigated me over some fantastic new bridges and overpasses, and through a new tunnel to bypass downtown Vancouver. We arrived in Squamish at the same time as the men, who chose the conventional route.

Thirty-two kilometers out of Squamish, where the sign indicates the turnoff to Graibaldi, we turned onto the other side, across the river and the railroad tracks, left a lake to our right and went up a logging road for about ten minutes. After sorting some gear and strapping on the skis, we followed a well-trodden trail to a lake, headed for the cabin, and missed the turnoff to the right of the lake. Out came the maps, compass and reading glasses. After some discussion, we decided on a north-westerly route, which soon brought us out of the forest and onto a boulder slope. By skirting this to the right, we came upon the trail again, gained height and a view of Cloudburst Mountain across the valley and the "bleeding heart" flowers at our feet.

After a brief stop, we continued on, past a veil-like waterfall. Snowpatches appeared, grew larger, and everybody took turns spotting the next snow ribbon; there were some hilarious attempts at Limbo, to get under some large roots and branches, until we finally decided to walk instead of dance on our skis. The weather continued to be uncertain and overcast. When we finally cleared the timber, we peered into the fog and wondered where our objective might be hiding. And lo and behold, as if on cue, the clouds lifted and the real Tricouni showed itself. We were excited and impressed.

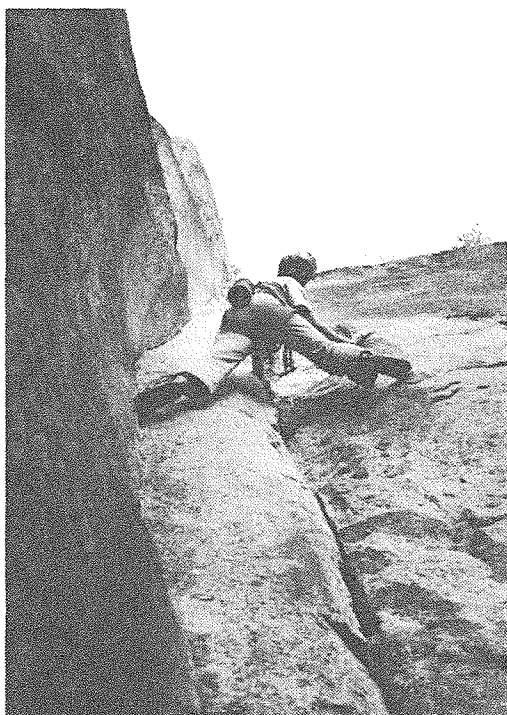
Across the meadows we slid, found a small platform for our tents, a few trees for shelter and some bare patches

for comfort. While the tea was brewing and our shelters built, the late evening sun burst through and made our hearts sing with gladness. Kris was the first one to try out the snow, to fetch water from the creek. Soon we were all leaving our marks on the hillside.

The weather held true. The stars paled to the rising sun, and we were scratching down on hard crust to the lake, across it in a jiffy and up and away. Some made the first pitch with skins on; others started to carry their skis, and then there was a wayward pack, that forced Martin to do that stretch twice! With the terrain being really steep and the snow quite hard, we left our skis at the first col and continued on foot. There was an incredible quality of light and clearness to the cornices and ridges. The scenery was simply breathtaking. I felt overwhelmed with the beauty of the landscape. I was ever so glad to be up here, looking across to the giant landmarks of the Tusk, Tantalus and Garibaldi.

We reached the summit, shook hands, took pictures and started down, hopping, laughing and happy to have gained another peak.

Our skis were waiting for us and we were anxious to use them; but the snow was foul. Claire had the most fun, bumsliding all the way down. All too soon we reached



Barb and Claire on Tricouni

Dave Tansley

our camp site, brewed up a cup, pulled down the tents, made a few turns on our skis and soon had to carry them again. Soon the snow was behind us and we entered a country in bloom, smelled the fragrances of springtime and listened to the tooting of a grouse.

We made the ferry!

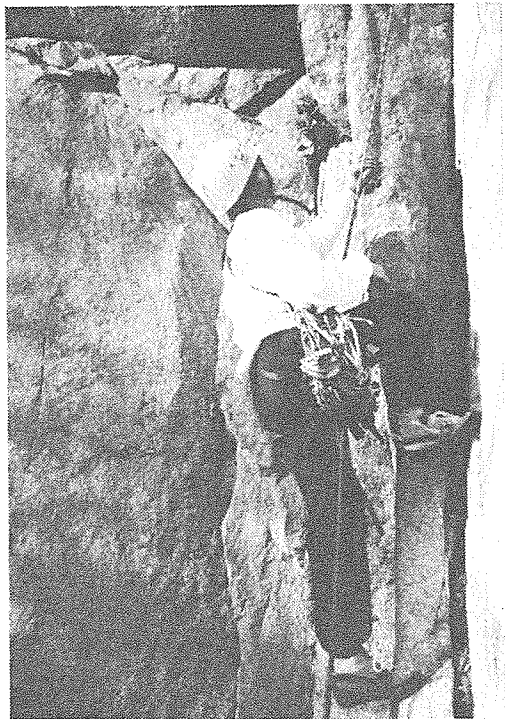
Participants: Dave Tansley (leader), Kris Holm, Martin Davis, Barbara Brooks, Claire Ebendinger and Gerta Smythe.

Rock Schools

June 3-4 and September 12, 1992

by Claire Ebendinger

This course was offered by Martin Conder through the club, and it was well worthwhile. Eight of us attended Rock School 1, which consisted of learning the basic climbing techniques and getting acquainted with the jargon. After this course, 5.6 now means more to me than a seismic reading on the Richter scale! It is the level of climbing difficulty, as rated by climbers, that we experienced at Fleming Beach on June 3rd and 4th. We learned to belay, to use ropes and harnesses safely, to trust tiny cracks and bumps to support our weight on the rock and to relax half way up a climb, prior to the next difficult move. Great fun!



Julie Thompson and Friends

C. Ebendinger

Rock School 2, at Squamish, was even more promising. Four keen climbers, under Martin's direction, learned to "study" a pitch, select appropriate protection, set them in place while leading, and take them out when descending. We felt very proud of our great moves, and enjoyed the rock so much, we had to convince Martin to stretch the day longer and caught the last ferry.

The experience and skills I gained from this course have given me much confidence and an appreciation of rock climbing as a sport. I was also able to transfer this to climbing in the mountains this summer. It opens another area of mountaineering and brings a lot of satisfaction. Thank you Martin for sharing your knowledge and time with us. I would definitely recommend this course to anyone curious, somewhat interested or really keen about rock climbing.

Participants:

Rock School 1 - Katy Holm, Rob, Craig, Dave Scandrett, Maija Finvers, Claire Ebendinger.

Rock School 2 - Katy Holm, Julie Tomson, Dave Christmas and Claire Ebendinger.

The Old Settler - A South to North

Traverse

June 6-7, 1992

by John Pratt

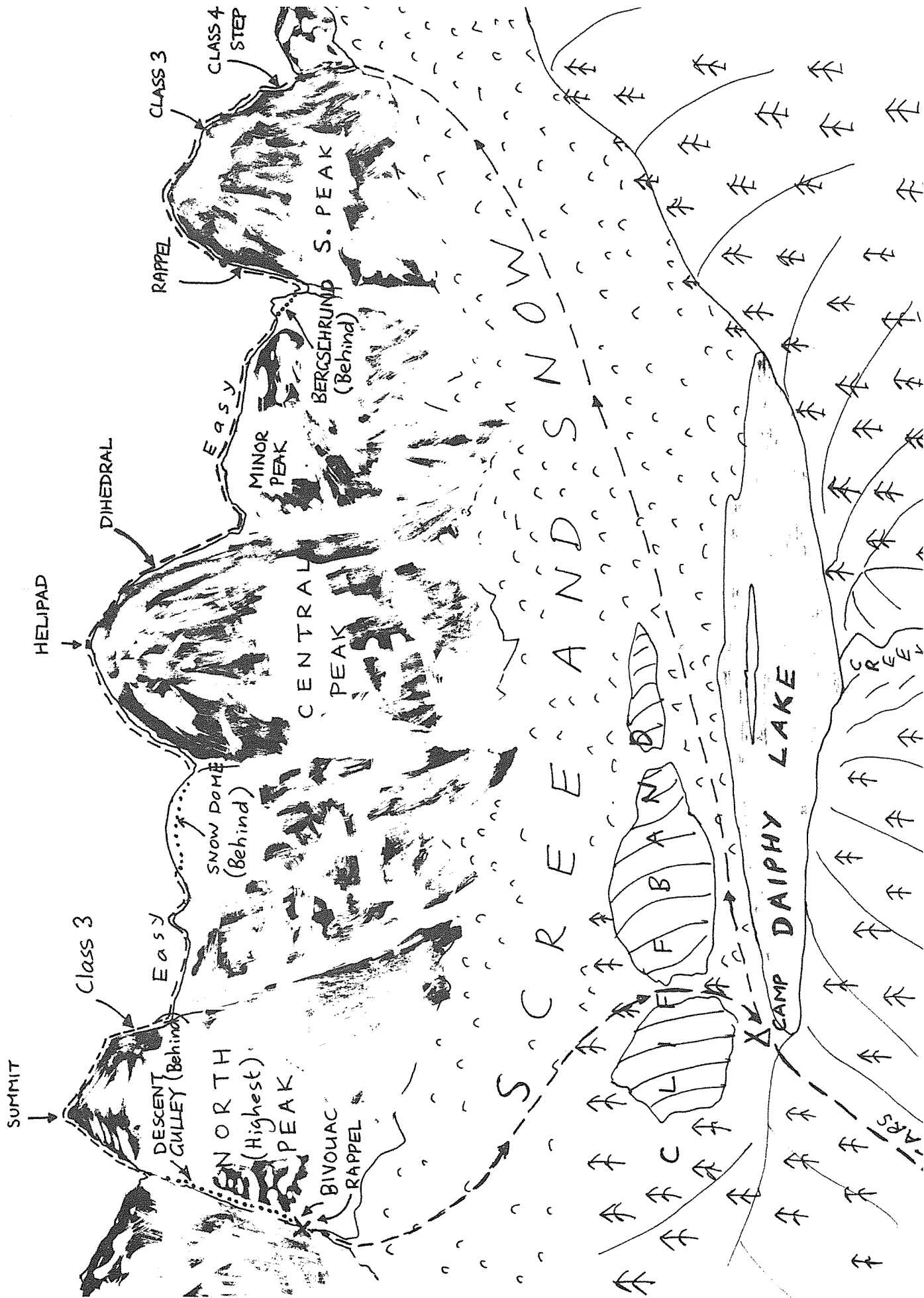
As we sweated up the logging road, kilometer after kilometer of it, in the hot sunshine, with heavy packs, I thought about all the character we must be building and reminding myself that if it hurts, it must be good. We had left our cars at the gate barring the Talc Creek road at 7:30 am. Some three hours later we were poking around at the termination of some spur roads put in by Pretty's (the local deforestation company), deciding on a suitable route up through the forest to Daiphy Lake, our intended campsite, in a bowl at 1,430 meters, on the west side of the Old Settler. The going was great - very steep but essentially bushless forest got us up the required 250 meters in very short order. We, unfortunately, were left with a traverse through about 0.5 kilometers of horrid bush to reach the lake shore. Our exit from the bush was quite sudden; out into a delightful meadow dotted with yellow avalanche lilies, followed by a gentle saunter down to a delightful campsite with running water (but no electricity). There was only one problem: it was only 2:30 pm and I could already smell a bivouac.

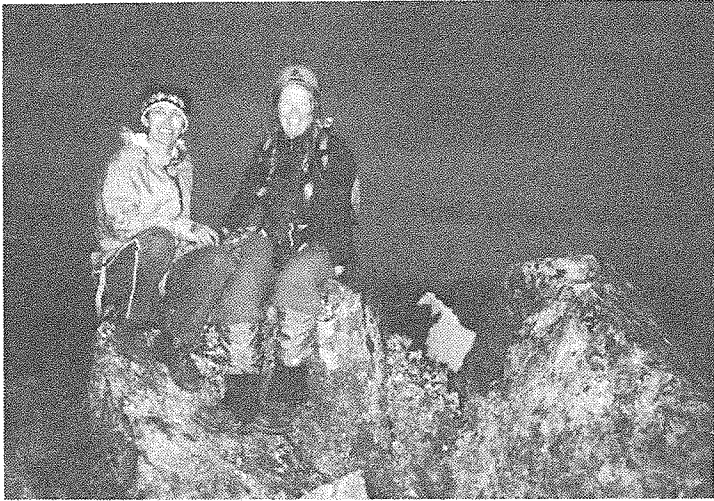
We decided on a traverse of the massif, rather than one more uncertain direct route to the top, mostly because we could only guess - wrongly as it turned out - which of the massif's many peaks was actually the highest. Besides, the easiest route to the crest was clearly to the right (south) of the red monolith of the south peak. We laboured across the rock slides around the lake and so steeply up to the ridge crest. In doing this, we gained 400 meters in very quick time, but I remained quite anxious about the lateness of the hour and had to apologize to the others for constantly reminding them (perhaps with more emphasis than necessary) that we did not have daylight to burn.

I led the first obstacle, a 10 meter step of class 4 rock; there followed a class 3 scramble to the top of the south peak. It was a slow process top-roping a large party up this, but we soon had a system worked out. I went ahead and forced the route while Dave came up second with the rope and belayed me where necessary. I quickly patted the cairn on the south peak and hurried down the other side to set up the rappel. This was straightforward, but I have vivid and unpleasant memories of waiting at the bottom, fuming at things seeming to go ten times as slow as was necessary and staring at what turned out to be the crux of the whole ascent, a nasty looking rock and bregsschund problem. As soon as Dave was down to

THE OLD SETTLER (2132m) (from West)

JOHN BATT





Night settles on the Old Settler

C. Ebendinger

belay me, I attacked the problem, cracked it and proceeded to yell blue murder for the others to get a move on and come on up.

The next obstacle was the central peak, its face split by a prominent dihedral. This goes fairly easily, but some caution is required, for a slip would cost one dearly. It was easier to exit the dihedral about half-way up and climb via ledges on the right. Dave soon joined me on the central peak, its summit marred by a helipad and other junk. I left Dave there to bring up the others and went on to explore ahead. A not-too-difficult downclimb got me to a snow dome where, tired, I sat down and awaited everyone's arrival. Then it was off again, traversing the snow, thence onto a small, violently-ornage rock hummock, followed by a level-running ridge of like hue. Easy going for a change!

My sense of urgency had, by now, more or less gone (no doubt to the relief of my companions) as I had accepted the inevitable: there was no way of now avoiding a "Mussorgsky" (ie. a night on the bald mountain). Sure, it would be cold, but I'd had plenty before.

The true (north) summit was a class 3 scramble, and we arrived there in ones and twos, over an interval of ten minutes around 9:00 pm, with barely enough light for our summit shots. After the usual congratulatory handshakes, we commenced our descent, in the gathering darkness, down a steep north-west facing snow gully. It wasn't long before the headlights came out! The darkness changed rapidly from a light sort of dark to a dark dark, so we decided to await the dawn in true mountain-

eering style: we huddled on a rocky ledge and froze for a few hours!

Eventually it became light enough to move and we disposed of the last obstacle, a 15 meter cliff, with an easy rappel back onto the snow and scree fields leading down to the lake. At camp we cooked ourselves hot meals and then snuggled into our sleeping bags for three or four hours' rest. We departed around 12:45 pm and that same evening Dave and I were enjoying the buffet on the 8:00 pm sailing to Swartz Bay.

All in all, it had been a hell of a way to break in my new mountaineering boots.

Participants: Gerta Smythe, Claire Ebendinger, Rob MacDonald, George Smekall, Dave Tansley and John Pratt (leader).

Jocelyn Hill - North Approach

June 21, 1992

by Dave Scandrett

I wanted to lead a trip to Jocelyn Hill from the northern end because it deserves to receive more use. Hopefully, people will tell their friends of this five hour hike within a short distance of Victoria. If anyone doesn't have a weekend for a trip, wants a good workout, or doesn't want a long drive, this is the hike to do.

We met at Mt. Work Park, about 200 meters south of the parking lot, at Timberman Trail (on the right, heading south on the road, just before a right bend). It was Father's Day, and it was already hot at 10:00 am. We followed the main Timberman Trail for ten minutes, avoiding the trails that lead down to McKenzie Bight. The trail curved left. We passed out of Mt. Work Park and along an uphill slope that, five minutes later, split into three trails - the shore trail to the right (our return route), a mid-trail (straight-ahead) and the ridge route, which angled left and steeply uphill on an overgrown logging road for ten minutes. The trail is mainly a flagged route from this point, but is becoming more distinct with use. It follows a ridge, sometimes on mossy rock outcrops, other times through Arbutus and Douglas Fir groves. Occasional glimpses to the west are seen and high points afford views of Saanich Inlet.

About one an one-half hours brought us to a joining of the

three afore-mentioned trails, which became one trail up to Jocelyn Hill (about 20 minutes). When we arrived on top, in the shade from the sun and heat, we saw about thirty members of the Victoria Outdoor Club hike by, obviously coming up from the southern trail. Then, about a dozen mountain bikes bounced by. On our ridge route, we only encountered two people, who had unintentionally gone in a complete circle, and were now backtracking. We put up more flagging so their mistake would not be repeated by others.

On the return trip, we went left (west), where the three routes split. The west trail is a forty minute trip to Elbow Point, following cairns and flagging. It was so hot, we stripped and enjoyed the refreshing waters off Elbow Point before continuing along the coastal trail to the McKenzie Bight area. We couldn't resist another swim at a beach just off the coast trail, before heading up.

A trail cutting off from the beach trail leads steeply uphill for ten minutes to the joining of the three trails. From here, it was a fifteen minute walk back to the cars. This was a good workout and we were back in time for supper. If this route description is not clear, call me for details.

Participants: Tom Hall, Bob Turner and Dave Scandrett (leader).

Mt. Arrowsmith Snow School

June 28, 1992

by Dave Tansley

A second cup of coffee was in order, as we assembled at the restaurant in Coombs. The rain was heavy. Then, timed to perfection, the last shower diminished as we strapped ice axes to packs and headed up the trail. Snow was scarce after the record-breaking temperatures for this spring, but sufficient for the group to practice a variety of anchor system, boot belays and self-arrests. From Mt. Arrowsmith I noticed for the first time, that there is an unobstructed view of Mt. Tantalus, so clear that one could easily pick the route up on the glacier.

Instructors: Dennis Manke and Dave Tansley.

Participants: Judy Holm, Julie Stevens, Brian Ross, Greg Gordon, Marc Stadelman, Gerta Smythe, Hannah Horn, Katarina Gengler and Keith Delcourt.

Glacier Travel and Crevasse Rescue Workshop at Joffre Lakes

July 11-12, 1992

by Sandy Briggs

Every year a large number of people attend this instructional weekend, a fact which I take to have very positive implications for the future of our club. With respect to glacier travel and crevasse rescue, there is too much to learn to properly assimilate in two days. I emphasized at the time that all we can really do is to see what we SHOULD learn, and to have some fun doing it.

There are two comments I wish to make:

First, the main reason that the currently use format actually works with so many people, is that there has been a really good mixture of experienced and less, experienced people attending. This simplifies the job of the organizer much more than is perhaps obvious. I thank you for this, and I encourage our experienced members to continue their support for this event.

Second, our sin of omission is that we do not practice enough. Let's all work a little harder to think about what the rope is for, and how the particular method of tying in depends on the circumstances. No more independent parties of two just tying to the rope's ends and dashing off, imagining themselves surrounded by a force-field of good luck.

I'd like to thank Craig Hollinger for being my official deputy again, and for not quite managing to dislodge my shaky-looking snow fluke. Thanks also to Judy and Viggo Holm for their hospitality in Whistler, and for rescuing my passengers and me from another attack of my van's degenerative nerve disease (electrical failure).

We went off to Joffre Lakes this year to avoid the hassle of border-crossing, an unwelcome logistical problem associated with our traditional Mt. Baker venue. The Matier glacier is too broken to encourage use by such a large and diverse group, but we found some useful crevasses on a small bench glacier on the west side of Slalok Mountain. Snow slopes in the Tszil creek valley were also suited to our purpose, with the qualification that they had poor runouts. Future groups should keep this serious factor in mind when selecting slopes for self-arrest practice.

Participants: Craig Hollinger, Anne Webster, Hannah Horn, Ian Brown, Marg Brown, Claire Ebendinger, Katy Holm, Todd Polinsky, Martin Davis, Trevor Nelson, Maija Finvers, Dennis Manke, Nathalie Gagnon, Ria Hodgson, Nicola Marrior, Judy Holm, Viggo Holm, Barb Brooks, Josh Armstrong, Sam Smith, Chris and Lynne Peppler, Katarina Gengler, Dave Whitehead, Earl Morton, Mark Dayton and George Smekal.

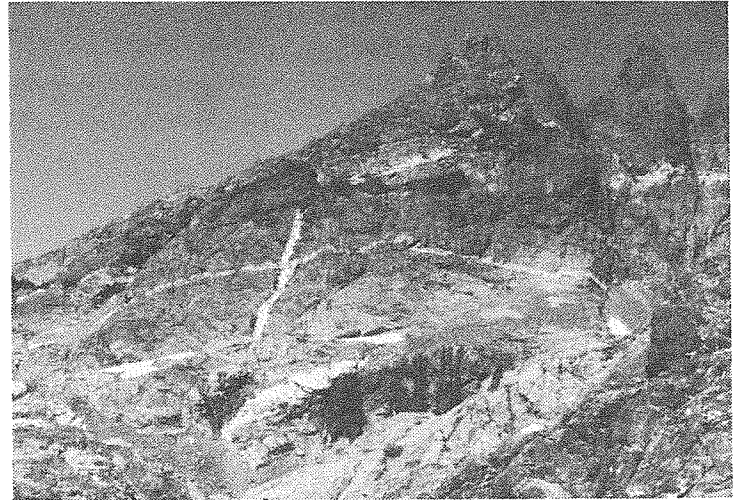
Mariner Mountain August 15-17, 1992

by Charles Turner

A meeting of participants from various clubs met, including the Vancouver Island Alpine Club, the C.D.M.C. from Courtney and the Heathens from Campbell River. The intrepid explorers all met for breakfast at the Loft in Tofino.

Plan B was soon agreed-upon, as the fog lingered around the coast, making it impossible to fly to the trail-head (plan A). Off I went in search of a boat. I soon had success and by 10:00 am, we were speeding up the inlet accompanied with screams of joy from Gerta and Claire.

We were soon hiking up the old logging road at full speed. After about an hour, we arrived at the first crossing of Bedwell River. There are various ways of making the crossing, the easiest being the use of an inflatable boat someone had very kindly left there. Alternatively, one can try the remains of a bridge which is a log covered with gravel. A method which is definitely not recommended, is the cable crossing high above the river. One in our party selected this option,



Mariner Mt.

Charles Turner

advancing hand over hand. Unfortunately, he had a bad landing on the other side and twisted his ankle. Gerta and Claire swam across.

We followed the trail to a point just before Noble Creek, where the trail to Mariner branches off to the left. From here the climbing took us through a beautiful old growth forest. From here, we continued up the valley, following a dry creek bed. After a while, we came across water in this desert of boulders. At this point Jorg, who hurt his ankle in the cable crossing, took his boot off to inspect his ankle. It was badly swollen and we decided he should go no further. Sandy and I stayed with him as the rest of the party continued up to the col just before sunset.

The next morning Sandy and I left Jorg behind and headed up to meet the others. We left Jorg at 6:45 am and arrived at the col one hour later, in time for tea and grilled cheese sandwiches. Our party were soon off to the summit and had no trouble route finding, remembering to go left of the cross. On the summit we enjoyed the impressive views, including the huge glacier that surrounded us. On the way down we stopped for a most refreshing swim in a beautiful glacier lake, followed by stone stepping and a snowball fight.

Sandy and I continued down to our camp, where we were reunited with Jorg. We gave him painkillers, broke camp and headed down the valley, arriving at Noble Creek by 8:30 pm. The next morning we hiked the rest of the way out and arrived in plenty of time for the 2:00 pm pick-up by float plane. A final farewell with dinner and beer at the Blue Heron, with a good view of Mariner from the



Glacial lake on Mariner Mt.

Charles Turner

deck.

Participants: Charles Turner (leader), Claire Ebendinger, Gerta Smythe, Sandy Briggs, Trevor Nelson, Julie Thompson, Jorg Dahms, Brian Ross, Jackie Rankin and Scott Isbister.

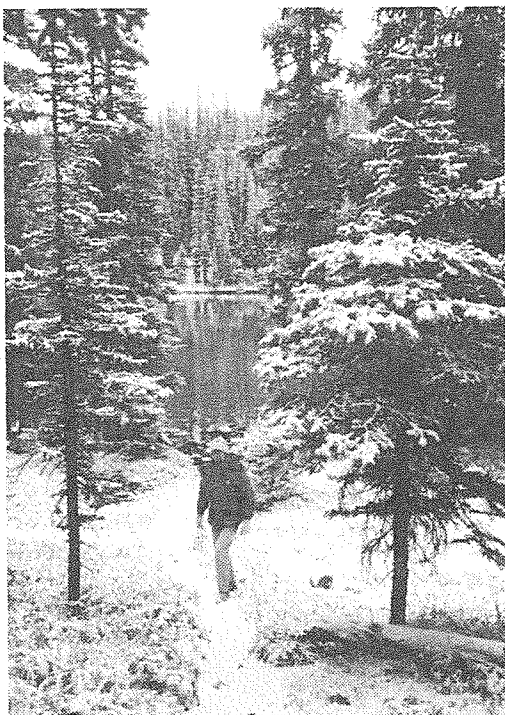
Cathedral Lakes Family Hike

August 20-25, 1992

by Trudy Rey

After a one hour jeep ride to Quinescoe Lake, we couldn't wait to get away from the staff of the resort and the crowd of campers nearby. We went to Pyramid Lake, at approximately 2,000 meters in altitude, and twenty minutes further, we were rewarded with a wilderness setting, except for the occasional avid young fisherman. Along with the kids, we explored all lakes, peaks and rock formations in all directions. We even saw mountain goats on a few occasions. This was a wonderful and relaxing place to spend a few days.

In the middle of our hot weather (with no bugs!!) we woke up to...an inch of snow and frozen water bottles. Nevertheless, on that day, the adventurous Claire, George and I battled the howling winds to climb Lakeview Mountain (2,628 meters) and Boxcar Mountain. The next day, in sunshine, Dave, George and I enjoyed



First snow at Cathedral Lakes

C. Ebendinger

scrambling to the top of Mt. Grimface (2,621 meters), our most ambitious climb. The last day brought back warmer temperatures and we took a last chance to explore ridges, say good-bye to the marmots, squirrels and pikas, and....to warm our bodies from the unexpected cold spell from the previous day.

Participants: George and Pat Smekal, their friend David from Australia, Trudy Rey, Dave Scandrett, Shawn and Katya Scandrett, Marc Seguin, Yuka Kurokawa and Claire Ebendinger (leader).

Mt. Sutton

September 6, 1992

by Dave Scandrett

This is not the North Island Mt. Sutton, but an infrequently-climbed mountain south of Cowichan Lake. Directions for access are in the guide, Hiking Trails III. To get there, drive to the end of the pavement, past Honeymoon Bay, and turn left at the stop sign. From here, 100 meters onward brings you to a T-intersection. Turn right to Gordon River Camp and continue for about 18 kilometers. Just after a road enters from the right (at about 100 meters), park at a widening to the road and look for blue flagging behind some cut alders. Once the flagging is gone, perhaps the locals will not want the trails used?

A few minutes on the trail brought us to the Gordon River crossing - an ancient cable car spanning the ten meter wide river. It was fun to use, especially when balancing the two rocks on either side of the seat, so the ropes will not get tangled above it. The clipped bushes and branches on the way up and flagging on uncertain spots marked the trail. There are two locations where someone has strung ropes to help one up some steep, rocky sections in the beginning part of the trail.

We were surprised and slowed down by some recent helicopter logging in the top of the middle section of the trail. I wonder if, on our next trip, the top section will be obliterated. We flagged our way through the middle section, so it should be safe for others to follow. Walking through old growth was a treat, as there is so little of it remaining close to Victoria, other than small stands in designated parks. The hike took us almost three hours of steady and steep climbing to reach the summit. Here, we had views north and north-west, but not south because of the trees.

A stop at the "Fat Clown" ice cream trailer in Lake Cowichan Village completed a good day trip.

Participants: Dave Scandrett (leader), Judy, Viggo and Katy Holm, Albert Hestler and one other club member.

Mackenzie Range Circumnavigation or A Little Problem Under the Centaur's Tail

September 5-6, 1992

by Sandy Briggs

After several visits to the MacKenzie Range, I still had not seen the spires in profile from the north, that is to say, in the view presented by Bob Tustin's famous photograph (see Bruce Fairley's guide). This situation could not be allowed to continue.

I drove up-island in the evening with Dennis Manke and Valerio Faraoni. We slept under the stars in a wooded pull-out near the Kennedy River, and were entertained at breakfast by the futile fishing attempts of a not particularly adept bear cub.

The obvious ridge leading from Canoe Creek bridge to the north side of the spires is bushy at the very beginning, but soon mellows to an easily-followed route. This is rendered physically less troublesome, though philosophically problematic, by the presence of a partially cleared mining survey line, which goes in the right direction to perhaps an elevation of 1,400 feet. We reached the high shoulder and a view of the peak after about four hours.

The mighty MacKenzie ice sheet carves amazing bergs into a glacial lake of stunning dimensions. We descended easily to this lake and traversed the north side of the group of peaks, with several stops to scope route. Sorry, there are none. You might as well stay home.

Two gullies, separated by a minor rib, offered themselves as routes to the notch east of the Centaur. The profile of this man-beast is seen clearly in photos from Cat's Ears peak. We chose the left-hand gully, though in retrospect, the right-hand one might have been a better choice, in spite of its steeper start. Scrambling led soon to a roomy alcove beneath a giant chockstone. We

belayed a short mid-fifth pitch around the corner and wandered, still roped, into the appropriate notch. Now, I had not expected the southern descent to be a walk, but neither had I anticipated that parachuting would have been a realistic option. Hey, this was turning out to be altogether too entertaining, considering the time of day.

We whacked and bush-rappelled down a ramp to the south-west, then rappelled diagonally to a semi-hanging belay at a cedar shrub, with lots of air to contemplate. A short climb westward over rocks of rope-severing sharpness finally got us to a place where we could move together. Continuing west, we gained easy ground by a final rappel through a cedar thicket, then changed back into boots and coiled the rope. We scrambled hurriedly along and through the normal access notch, paused for some photos then dove down via the normal route. In two hours we were at the road. Darkness fell as we walked along to the van. High time for a West Wind burger.

We have (re)established that this ridge is a good approach to the northern aspect of the MacKenzie Range - not that anyone would ever want to go there, of course!

P.S. Take helmets.

Participants: Sandy Briggs (leader), Dennis Manke and Valerio Faraoni.

Mt. Arrowsmith

September 19, 1992

by Judith Holmn

Murrough's 4x4 Toyota appeared to be as eager as we were to head up the trail toward the col between Mt. Cokley and Mt. Arrowsmith. It managed some impressive rock hopping on the abandoned road. Just as we began to hike, Rudy appeared over the hill - fantastic timing the man has!

It was a beautiful fall hike up to the col, where we met a party coming down, who advised us not to continue up to the peak on account of the wind, fog and cold. They appeared somewhat taken aback by Murrough's cheerful reply of "let's get going!"

As Rudy's nose told him each step of the route, we were

able to move at a good pace, despite the thick fog which enveloped the mountain. Claire and Katy, having just done Martin Conder's level2 rock course at Squamish, were looking forward to belaying us on the final pitch. Murrough hoped for a view, after a couple of trips in the clouds, and Pat wanted to come, so we had three good reasons to return to Arrowsmith. Judy actually appreciated the weather, as the last pitch was easy this time. One could not see the exposure in the fog!

Three hours to the top and lunch at the peak. Rudy returned the way we came and, with the fog dramatically swirling up the gullies, the rest of the party headed down the Judge's Route. It was nice, having two vehicles for the circle route. Thanks, Claire and Rudy, for a most enjoyable day.

Participants: Claire Ebendinger (leader), Rudy Brugger, Murrough O'Brien, Peter Wigen, and Judith, Viggo and Katy Holm.

Black Tusk Area

September 19-21, 1992

by Albert Hestler

The trip was suppose to go to Gentian Pass via Panorama Ridge, with a possible ascent of Castle Towers. The weather determined otherwise. We therefore activated Plan B and on Sunday, climbed the Black Tusk instead. We still didn't see anything, but had an interesting encounter with three former citizens of the former Yugoslavia while huddling in a stone ring on the summit, eating lunch. The weather on Monday was fine, so we hiked up Panorama Ridge and enjoyed the magnificent views of Garibaldi Lake and the mountains beyond. And we didn't miss the last ferry!

Participants: Leslie Gordon, Trudy Rey, Gerta Smythe and Albert Hestler.

Alava Rebate, Please

October 10-11, 1992

by Sandy Briggs

In the face of a poor weather forecast, Rob's proposed trip to the Mt. Alava, Mt. Bate region was transmuted, perhaps even transmorgified, to a day and a half outing

to the Steamboat area off Highway 4. Then, at the last minute, he couldn't get away and asked me to play co-ordinator and facilitator in his stead.

Logging roads south and west from Sutton Pass led us to the familiar parking spot in darkness and light drizzle, on Saturday night. After tea and cookies we hit the sack, harbouring, it must be said, some doubts about next day's meteorological prospects. Later (much later), Paul arrived as an autonomous party, the amazing thing being that he had been able to make sense of my telephoned directions.

We started hiking at 8:00 am, in dampness and cloud, but as we got higher - and we got higher quite quickly with Frank out in front - we started to get some views, and later even a little sun. We were on the limestone shoulder at about noon and made a traverse north to a small saddle for lunch. The cavers' trail is in good condition and is easy to follow. The limestone terrain up high is eroded into fascinating and dangerous shapes. There are sink-holes, caves and underground streams.

The ribs of rock are so sharp, one has the sense of having taken one of Alice's pills and then started trekking through a veg-o-matic. Fortunately, there is no motor. To our surprise, as there had been no other vehicle at the trail-head, we met a couple of guys coming down off the hill. They were, of course, cavers, and one is in my chemistry class - interested in acidic solubilization of inorganic ions and crystallization of metallic carbonates, no doubt.



Limestone formations near Steamboat Mt.

C. Ebendinger

Further around, we came to a saddle overlooking the lovely pass of the lakes and the remnant icefield on Steamboat. A scramble to the top of a nearby bump confirmed that access to steamboat from here would be straightforward and pleasant. Alas, we were out of time!

On a different and lower path, we recrossed the carbonate canines and sped downward. "Notice how they don't so much fly, as plummet". We groped our way out of the deep dark forest in the gathering gloom of another cloudy evening, and enjoyed a fine wee grub stop in the Port before the long winding road home.

Participants: Sandy Briggs (leader), Paul Erickson, Dennis Manke, Russ Moir, Gerta Smythe, Carol Stewart and Frank Wille.

Possibly the First Canine Ascent of Mt. McQuillan

October 25, 1992

by Carol Stewart

After an action-packed dawn-till-dusk day on Steamboat, in the tender care of Sandy Briggs, as my introduction to Vancouver Island mountains and mountain-folk, I was left wondering what surprise lay in store on future Alpine Club trips. Our day trip to Mt. McQuillan, on a perfectly calm fall day, proved to be an exceptionally pleasant and straightforward outing with another great bunch of people.

I still haven't decided if the Alpine Club initiation ceremony was the mass carbohydrate cram in Nanaimo or the thicket of devil's club. In any case, we arrived at the China Creek road-end by mid-morning and set off, up the forestry road. After about fifteen minutes, we headed off leftwards, sidling upwards towards the ridge crest with our dog Kemo, bounding enthusiastically ahead.

Apart from a brief tussle with the devils club, the going was good and we soon regrouped on the ridge. From here, it was a pleasant jaunt along the ridge and around the left side of the upper (King Solomon's) basin, with ever-expanding views up-Island, out to the Pacific and across to the Coast mountains. A short scramble led to the summit, where there were smiles and *berg heils* all around, and a dog biscuit for Kemo.

Having opted for a round trip, we continued on along the west ridge, picking our way down between bluffs. All were easily negotiated and we duly arrived at a little col, where Gerta entertained us with an Austrian folk-dancing display. A broad gully leading down from the col provided an easy way down, and Sandy managed to pick up an excellent flagged trail that bypassed the gorge. And so back to the cars, to more calorific collations at Nanaimo, and home.

Thanks all for a great day.

Participants: Sandy Briggs (leader), Claire Ebendinger, Albert Hestler, Frank Wille, Valerio Faraoni, Carol Stewart, Gerta Smythe, Judy Holm, Brian Savage, Don Newman and Kemo (our four-legged hiker).

MacKenzie Range Trail Clearing

November 8, 1992

by Jack Fisher

By 5:30 am we were on our way to pick up volunteers in Mill Bay and Nanaimo. Then, a quick stop at the Island Inn for breakfast, and on through Port Alberni to the access trail for the MacKenzie Range,

Seen at work:

- **Sandy Briggs** spending the day looking for another axe, so he could have two for climbing trees;
- **Hannah Horn** fighting dizziness from the clean air, after spending the last two months in Vancouver;
- **Brian Savage** just clipping along with his shears;
- **Rick Eppler** keeping the axe sheath on his axe to soften the blows on the trees;
- **Murrough O'Brien** not admitting to the real reason for failing to cut anything over four feet high, as he buzzed along with his chainsaw; and,
- **Jack Fisher** busy taking notes, as he volunteered to write this article.

After a very rewarding day, clearing to the 1,200 or 1,400, or 1,700 foot level, depending on who you asked, we retired to the White Spot in Nanaimo for dinner.

Participants: Sandy Briggs, Hannah Horn, Brian Savage, Rick Eppler (leader), Murrough O'Brien, and Jack Fisher.

by Judith Holm

The driving approach to Mt. Muir, in his '72 Dodge Dart, was daunting to all of us - except our intrepid leader, Dave. Inspired by the ever-increasing challenge of yet deeper streams to ford, greater boulders to bypass, a steeper and more washed-out logging road to negotiate, he had the adrenalin level of his passengers raised to a point that, when at last he did park, we were on top of the ridge before we noticed there had been a hill to climb.

Catrin, who had been hiking in Switzerland for the past few years and had only been here since September, repeatedly remarked, in reference to all the bushwacking through the wet bushes and our rather loose reliance on the accuracy of the topo, "This IS different". In the end, she appeared to have enjoyed our rather strange "Wet Coast" version of hiking.

Dave led us to the cairn where there was even a wide view of the hills to the north, which did look very special with the fog and higher clouds moving across.

Reinhard popped open his umbrella shortly after the start and used it for pretty well the whole trip. He also produced a flask of rum. He has a wonderful German word, which I cannot begin to spell, which means that he

likes hiking to be comfortable and enjoyable. It sounded much better in German.

By the time we were nearly to Mom's Cafe in Sooke (and the car brakes, which had been wet from recrossing streams, were again working), we had such faith in Dave's driving that, when we discovered we had turned right one block too soon to reach the cafe, it was agreed, if we all got out once more, Dave could probably drive directly through the garage that was between the cafe and us! It was a good day.

Participants: Dave Scandrett (leader), Catrin Brown, Albert Hestler, Mike Hubbard, Reinhard Illner and Judith Holm.

NEW VANCOUVER ISLAND ROUTES

Rugged Mountain February 8-9, 1992

by Sandy Briggs

A report on the first winter ascent of Rugged Mountain by Sandy Briggs and company is included in the Island Bushwhacker Update 20:1, dated March 1992.

Haihte Range (Peak 5600-South Face) March 21-22, 1992

by Dennis Manke

I must say that, with Sandy and myself having the whole of the Haihte Range to ourselves a few weeks earlier, I was amazed with the way the place became a circus on this occasion. I don't recall the exact excuses at the time, but let us say that no one was interested in the typical eight hour drive up-island on the previous occasion. Well, this time we managed to twist a few arms into seeing what this place was all about - this time to climb the northern-most peak in the range, Peak 5600. Sandy even pulled off a coup by talking a mainland peak bagger (JP) into trying his luck on these nondescript little bumps of northern Vancouver Island.

Everything was shaping up well; the weather, Sandy's



Northwest Face of Rugged Mt.

Sandy Briggs



Haihte Range

Dennis Manke

van, everything. After the usual late night camp in the ditch at the end of N20, we set off about 8:00 am via the now-standard approach to the north col of Rugged. What little snow was in the trees, was nicely consolidated and we managed to gain the col by noon. At some point on the way up I recall that we digressed into a philosophical discussion about the use of air access on Vancouver Island. The Island, we feel, is just too small and too developed to require any form of air access. Chris, never previously exposed to these issues, was still forming his views on air access, when wham, the Haihte Range was swooped down upon by a few dozen crazed ghetto-blasting snowboarders. All that was missing was the composition by Wagner, played in the movie "Apocalypse Now" - you get the picture, I hope. I must say that Chris's opinion crystallized rather quickly.

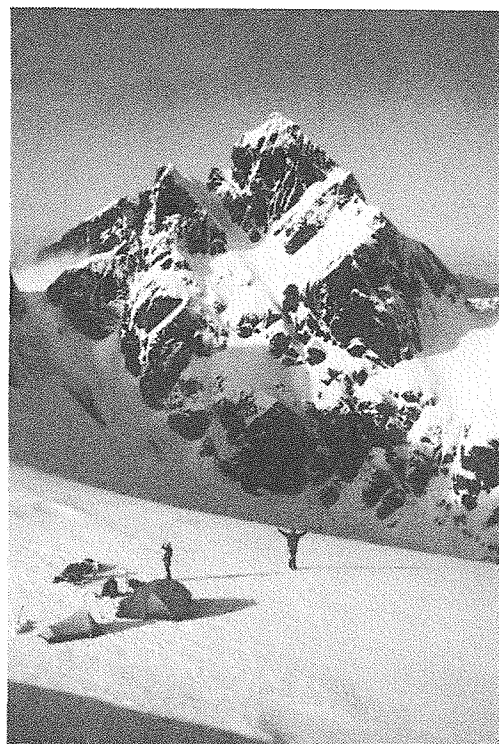
The snowboarders not only disturbed our party, but another party as well. Gad, this supposedly remote Island range was hosting three separate parties in a single weekend, and five of these people (namely us) drove eight hours to hike in! It seems the HAIHTE range is quickly becoming the HAUTE route. I hope that, in future, people read up on an area such as this before considering a fly-in. There have been numerous articles, over the years, describing access and the history of this range.

Now we could see them setting up camp on the lower glacier, but they hadn't seen us yet. This brings to light our problem - how do we get to our objective without having to deal with this sorry lot? Eventually we decided to make a run for it, down to the lower glacier, across to the other side and up again to the northern glacier, hopefully before they had a chance to bother us. Oh, did

I mention the northern glacier is not marked on the map? Seems the surveyors messed up badly when they contoured the Haihte range. We have known this for years and it has worked in our favour, keeping the snowboarders away until at least we were gone.

Our plan of avoidance had one flaw - one of those little dots in the distance was the one and only member of another party who, sadly, flew in also. Consequently, he had loads of energy to sprint across and catch us just before we headed up the east ridge of Ya'ai. We passed on some dated information about routes on Rugged, and left - there's lots to be done here, but one must earn it legitimately.

Once on the north glacier and well north of the east ridge of Ya'ai (where ghetto blasters could be heard), we dumped our packs, fueled up and headed off for Peak 5600. Sandy and I had previously scouted out the peak in winter and were turned back by lack of time. On this occasion things would be different, and we planned to push for the summit before the day was over. Unfortunately, the combination of a low snowbank and several weeks of hot weather meant that the snow gullies leading to the hanging icefield on the south face were now rock. It was at this point that we lost Al. It seems that partying all night prior to the trip didn't quite agree with him.



Ya'ai Peak, Haihte Range

Sandy Briggs



Haihte Range

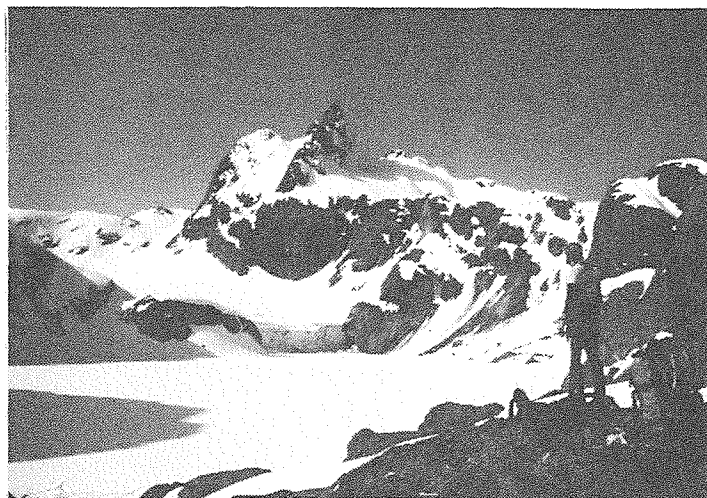
Dennis Manke

(You're getting old Al - age does that kind of thing to you).

Not until Sandy was starting up one of these gullies did we realize their scale. An hour or so of dickering had us through the rock band and marching up to the south-east couloir, which gains the final east/west summit ridge. This couloir turned out to be rather steep and icy, with a short rock pitch. Again, we were slowed down. Surprise! The final summit ridge is not the easy walk portrayed in our slides. This catwalk offers incredible exposure - one slip and your descent need only be measured in seconds. Here we were, celebrating our achievement, taking photos, writing a note for the cairn John was building, and behind us, to the east, was a spectacular coastal sunset. (Oh God, I wasn't looking forward to this).

This is not the only time in the Haihte range when an epic was unfolding before my eyes. I don't recall how it came about, but somehow I was elected to be the last one down through the icy upper couloir - hey Sandy, next time let's take crampons - I couldn't resist this jab. Fortunately, we were rewarded with an unusually warm breeze and the three hours of downclimbing were not too uncomfortable. We reached camp at 11:00 pm, where Al had kindly cleared out some tent platforms before he crashed for the night.

Sunday dawned clear and our original plan to take advantage of the weather fizzled, due to Saturday's 15 hour push. We did, however, manage to drag ourselves out of our sacks early enough to allow time for wandering



Haihte Range

Dennis Manke

about and taking in the breathtaking scenery. This place is a jewel that should be a park. From a hilltop to the east of our camp, we could look back and see our tents smack in the fall line of the snow packed on top of Ya'ai. Oh well, it was probably safe, as long as an earthquake didn't strike.

As usual and all too soon, we had to pack up and head out, in order to make the return eight hour drive. On our way out we observed several from the fly-in group descending Rugged. We could not help but take justice in our own hands and drew a "NO HELICOPTERING" sign in the snow, then quickly descended before they had a chance to meet us.

Rating: Class 5 (likely first ascent).

Participants: Sandy Briggs, Al Johnson, Dennis Manke, John Pratt and Chris Wickham.

OTHER TRIPS

Wapta 1992

March 14-20, 1992

by Margaret Brown

A brief update - This is one of those trips like the Spearheads that seems to require numerous attempts before you hit it right with the weather. This was attempt #4.

Ian, Ron Cooley and I took off for a week in mid-March. Because we wanted to avoid the problem of retrieving



Plusieurs teles on the Des Poilu Glacier

M. Brown

our car, we decided to start at the Yoho valley end and finish a few miles up the road where the trail from Sherbrooke Lake hits the Trans Canada Highway at Wapta Lodge. This involved a long ski. The first day into the Stanley Michell Hut; the next day, it took us well away across the Des Poilus Glacier; the third to the Bow hut; the fourth to the Balfour Hut; the fifth to the Scott Duncan hut near Mt. Daley; and the sixth back to the Trans Canada Highway.

It was practically a totally uneventful trip with absolutely perfect weather and a very low avalanche hazard, even getting a ride back to the car was amazingly easy. A guy pulled into the Wapta Lodge for a cup of coffee just as we were finishing our beers and volunteered to take all three of us and our gear back to the Yoho valley parking lot.

Lillooet Icecap

May 15-31, 1992

by Ian Brown

Inspired by John Clarke, Margaret and I talked Rudi Brugger and Chris Holm into joining us for a two week crossing the Lillooet Icecap from near Chilko Lake to Meager Hot Springs. Our excitement began as the helicopter pilot mumbled about not being able to lift the weight of the four of us and our gear: one of us might

have to drive the 40 miles from the airfield to Meager Hot Springs to await a second shuttle flight. Only trouble was a kindly skier had already taken off in our car to deliver it to the Hot Springs. To add to the fun, as soon as we groaned into the air, our pilot announces he is from Blue River and hasn't the faintest idea of the geography hereabouts, so I am officially dubbed navigator. That went OK until I looked down to mark a route on the map and looked up to find I could identify none of the myriad of peaks in view. So when he set us down at the junction of the Monmouth and Tchaikazan Glaciers I could only hope that was truly where we were. Otherwise I would have no hope of finding our way to the food cache, let alone the car.

We trucked up the Tchaikazan Glacier and made camp at the junction of the glacier running east from the summit of Monmouth Mountain, leaving us in good position for climbing the peak the next day. The climb is straightforward up the southeast ridge (not southwest, as described in one CAJ article) with only scrambling and a couple of awesome exposures to get the heart beating faster. The 10600' summit was an excellent day trip from our spectacular camp at 8000'. The upper Tchaikazan would repay a weeks climbing in one of the most gorgeous mountain basins in the Coast Range.

We spent the next two days traversing the high glaciers: Chapman, Edmonds and unnamed to a camp at the top of the Frank Smith Glacier. We were thrilled to see dinner plate sized grizzly tracks fresh enough to show distinct claw prints in the hot sun. As we picked our way across a frozen hard sidehill with yawning crevasses below, I heartily wished for a pair of Rudi's ski crampons. We made our camp in an excellent place to climb Donar and Fulgora. Total whiteout stole our climbing day and gave us a rest day instead. The reward was bright sun on two inches of fresh snow that gave us the most beautiful day of skiing I can remember, topped off with glorious telemarking descending Stanley Peak.

We made a slight variation on the route of Ludwig, Baldwin and Sovdat, earlier travellers this way, to avoid the only icefall on the route. I am not fond of skiing cozied up to great crevasses, and skiing roped up is a pain I would rather skip. So we crossed the col between Stanley Peak and Peak 9508 and descended the upper Bridge Glacier for about a mile before we turned west and descended to the Ring Glacier. By now the ring had



Nightcap on the Icecap

M. Brown

a magnetic draw on us since we were 6 days out and our food cache lay at its high point. I had been fretting for all six days whether we would find ravens had demolished our cache our snow had disappeared it, so you can imagine the relief as we slowly topped the slope north of Mt. Alecko to finally see the tiny red flag waving in the distance.

Cache time is pig out time: cheesecake, liquor and fruit. So the three of us men got to tackle Mt. Magaera with bloated stomachs while Margaret decided to loaf in camp. Rudi and Chris would have made it too but I chickened out on a particularly nasty steep slab and retreated to camp from a beautiful climb.

Since time was getting a bit short we gave up an attempt on Tisiphone and camped near Lillooet Mountain. A 5:00 am start allowed us to be on the summit by 7:00 am, giving us a marvelous telemark run down just as the morning sun was softening the surface. Unfortunately, that was the end of our fine weather and we had to feel our way along the Obelia-Mu (9490') ridge in whiteout sometimes so thick I couldn't see 20 feet in front of me. The murk cleared for a few hours, long enough to let us ski around Obelia and get set to climb it. Then it socked in solid, forcing our retreat and we camped in the Dolphin-Obelia pass, we think. In fact we saw nothing further of the peaks, wiping out our chance of climbing Wahoo or anything else and we saw very little of the glacier until we had descended right to the trees in the upper Manatee Creek. Our crossover into the Meager drainage was the same experience of ascending into a world of white on white and descending into alpine

meadows with scattered trees. It's a beautiful touring area that warrants further exploration.

The exit from this paradise consisted of a wild descent through the trees by ski and then on foot, a hairy crossing of Devastator Creek, a hot trek down the road to the car and a luxurious soak in the pools at the Hot Springs.

Our Coast Range obviously provides some of the world's most glorious ski trekking. So we are heading back next year. A week skiing up Mount Munday.

Mt. Moyeh

June 20, 1992

by myself

On Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1992, I went down to Frank's shop to help him clean up and was pleasantly surprised to find him almost ready to go. An early start set the pace for what was to become a successful climb up Mt. Moyeh, a remote summit in Strathcona Provincial Park. The mountain's remoteness was well known to us, having tried twice previously to reach the mountain in time for an ascent. We drove over to Chris's shop and loaded our gear into a Jeep Cherokee which was to be our travelling vehicle. In spite of its small engine, the jeep performed well on the trip and seemed to have plenty of pep. We dined at Patti-Jo's Restaurant in Campbell River which Frank had recommended on the advice of some climbing friends, and arrived at Westmin Mine shortly after midnight. Chris and I took a few minutes to climb the scaffold of the ore-conveyor to look inside the long tube which spanned the mine operation. It was not running at the time and we were able to get a close look at the beast which transports ore from the pit to the crusher.

We parked at the visitor's lot behind the mine at 12:30 am and climbed into our sleeping bags for a few hours of sleep on the flat gravel parking lot. I slept well, but was woken by the crashing of a very well-fed looking bear in the bushes about 25 feet away. Chris was sitting up in his sleeping bag but Frank was gone! My first thought was how to break the news to Anne Marie that Frank had been devoured, but upon checking the back of the cherokee, I was relieved to find Frank sleeping in the back (to evade mosquitoes) and as it turned out the only casualty we could blame the bear was of eating Frank's wallet, which

it likely snatched from the groundsheet. It was only 4:00 am but this was the second longest day of the year and we knew it would soon be light so I cooked up our traditional scotsman's breakfast of instant porridge on the butane stove.

While eating we saw a large deer and mother grouse with chicks pass nearby; we seemed to have parked in a wildlife mecca. We donned our packs and hiked up to Tennant lake, which had to be waded in order to reach the west shore.

From the lake we made excellent time under Chris's leads through various small passes and gullies and arrived at the ridge which marked the spot of our retreat in 1991. We contoured around many humps for the rest of the morning, stopping frequently to share Frank's refreshing canteen of orange juice. Most of our day was spent navigating snowfields, and Frank obtained two fine pictures before it bounded away. As usual, the mountain did not give up easily, and it was well after 1:00 pm before we were positioned at its base. Frank took the lead up a long ice gully which seemed to connect to the summit ridge, but we were pushed back by a wide bergshroud. We downclimbed the gully for about 50 meters and climbed out of it, where I led over some class 5 rock to gain the summit ridge at about 2:00 pm. Frank was going strong (as usual!) and reached the summit ahead of us but we were all on top by 2:20 pm.

The summit was an agglomeration of loose rock slabs which made movement somewhat dangerous, but we managed to take some photographs and start a summit register in a small plastic bag in spite of the unstable rock. To the south, Big Interior mountain and Mt. Mariner made a pristine sight, and we could see both coasts of Vancouver Island from our vantage point.

The trip out was long, however, we pulled together as a team and were back at the jeep before dark. The long walk out is always an opportunity to reflect on our trip and other issues and we always enjoy the chance to be in the mountains again.

We arrived back at the jeep some 16-1/2 hours after our departure, hungry and ready for a big dinner at Patti-Jo's.

Special thanks was due to Chris for his careful and practical leads throughout the day and to Frank for

carrying my ice axe on the route home.

Participants: Frank, Chris and myself

Garibaldi Lake Circumnavigation

July 27-31, 1992

by John Pratt

This fine trip began as an attempt on Mt. Pitt - let me be quite up-front about that. But it turned into a splendid hike around what must be one of the most scenic alpine lakes on the continent. The weather was perfect and we shot two rolls of film apiece!

Despite B.C. Ferries, we made it to the Black Tusk parking lot and, after cooling down the boiling radiator in my overheated car, we set off with suitably heavy packs (the bulk of it being twelve person-days of food) and made it up to Taylor Meadows in a little over two hours. Owing to the crowds and mosquitoes, the place holds little attraction for the serious mountaineer, and we were glad to be gone the next morning.

There followed quite a hard day, as we laboured up the Helm Glacier, stumbled down into the Gentic Pass and laboured up Polemonium Ridge, onto the upper Sphinx Glacier. Steep, broken and receding, it was thoroughly unpleasant to cross. We lugged our heavy loads in the hot afternoon sun, grateful for whatever clouds chanced to cross its blazing disc. From the rocks above Grey Pass, we saw Mt. Pitt in the distance and concluded that we



Sandy Briggs above Gray Pass

John Pratt

could not be back by our stated deadline. So we rapidly decided to turn the trip into a circumnavigation of Garibaldi Lake, climbing some peaks en route.

Mt. Pitt, we decided, would be best approached, at some future date, from the east - and approached it shall be! We passed a pleasant evening and night at this delightful camp (at 2,250 meters) and next morning, began a leisurely departure. Just ten minutes later, however, we dropped our packs in the snow and roped up to do the Bookworm's main summit. Actually, the rope turned out to be unnecessary, it being only a class 3 scramble of 50 meters or so. We were treated to an excellent view of a nice, pointy summit.

We continued down the glacier, climbed Deception Peak (easy), took photographs, had lunch and descended some more glaciers before caching our gear at the Guard-Deception col. Then, in the hot afternoon sun, we scrambled up Guard. It was my second ascent of this peak, having previously climbed it with James Budac in April 1983. Now, it looked quite different. There is a mildly interesting notch between the two summits, but a rope is not really required.

We returned to the packs and descended to Sentinel Bay by a rough, but direct and easy route, amid masses of wildflowers. We checked out the glaciology research station, with its huts and various pieces of equipment, then set up camp in this wildly primitive little valley.

The next morning we set off up a steep, slope toward the Table, which, as number one on my "four most wanted" list, I was eager to check out. The views of Mt. Garibaldi were stupendous, and ever-expanding as were those of the wonderful turquoise lake we were circling. At a conservative estimate, this was my thirtieth visit to the park, and it seemed just as lovely as ever.

We were quite brought up short by the Table. It looked awful. Spectacular, but awful. The first pitch looked not too bad - indeed, I made a feint at it (and a faint at the succeeding two), just to get the feel of the rock. It needs a lot of pitons and we didn't have any. The upper part of the ridge looked wickedly hard and the rock is looser than an Australian hooker! But I'm not writing it off, not yet. Maybe Reinhold Messner will call me up one day and ask me for a Coast Mountain challenge worthy of his talents...

A descent to Table Meadows followed; we had a leisurely lunch there before facing our last ordeal, a 400 meter slog up the south side of Mt. Price (2,049 meters) with heavy packs, in hot sunshine. Sweat ran off us in buckets, but of course we made it, congratulating ourselves that the climb would have caused cardiac arrest in the average person! We stayed on the summit for about half an hour. It gave us a panoramic view of the whole of our route. Then it was down through the lava flows and forest, amid the heat of the day. It is somewhat fortunate that a trail exists from the base of Clinker Peak (the volcanic vent west of Price) to Battleship Islands, or the last leg of the journey would be warm work indeed!

At Battleship Islands, we swam in Garibaldi Lake (by no means ice cold) to cool ourselves off and wash off the most offensive items of clothing. Here, we saw our first people in three days. Well, I thought, as we attended a packed slide show in the Ranger cabin that evening, they can have their wilderness - for we certainly had ours! That night I slept like a log.

Next morning, twenty minutes after breaking camp, we reached the junction on the Black Tusk trail, and formally closed the loop.

Participants: Sandy Briggs and John Pratt.

Rugged Enigma Three-Quarters Solved

August 3-5, 1992

by Sandy Briggs

Do you remember the article in Island Bushwacker 17:4 (Fall, 1989) about the mysterious Rugged Mountain register box? Do you remember that, in the fall edition of the Bushwacker, 1990 (volume 18:4) I suggested where the box might be found? Well, time passed. It seems nobody went to look, so the onerous task fell upon me (sigh) to go and check for the silly box.

Reinhard Illner had just returned from a year in Germany and was interested in a trip, so we set off for the Haihte range on Tuesday, August 4th. The news about the Nomash River is that a logging road is now being pushed through towards Zeballos Lake; that they are currently ripping the last few "sticks" out of the Nomash headwa-

ters; and that, for some unknown reason, they have dozer-graded and re-ditched spur No 20 so that it is in two-wheel drive condition as far as the first landslide.

We carried camping gear as far as the upper bridge on Nathan Creek and stashed it. The plan was a light day trip to Peak 5500, the southernmost of the south blades. N.B. The northernmost and lowest of the three blades is not contoured on the maps. The middle and south blades, 5400 feet and 5500 feet respectively, are seen superimposed in photos one and two, on page 30 of *Bushwacker* 18:4.

We entered the forest above the clear-cut and near the area of blow-down that appears on your right as you enter the hanging valley of Nathan Creek. A surprisingly trail-like route led us eventually to the little rock lakes nestled below our objective. Apart from the visit of Rick Johnston and Don Newman to this spot in 1987, I know of no one else who has been here. Several large snowpatches persisted, one of which almost touched the lake.

After lunch we donned helmets and set off scrambling above the middle of the lake in a system of gullies and ledges which led, with some class 5 moves, to a little knot of trees quite high on the face. From this, we traversed right (south) to a larger gully, which we ascended some way without roping up. When it steepened, we belayed a pith with a few mid-fifth class moves, and some loose rocks, to a cedar bush near the notch. Our undoubtedly novel route took us to the notch just north of the prepenultimate summit block. We moved in coils over moderate, but exposed terrain to the summit, where we arrived at 3:30 pm.

WE FOUND THE MYSTERY BOX!

Sadly, it was half full of water. The register book was waterlogged and nearly destroyed. The snapshots were ruined. The champagne bottle, left outside the box, had been shattered as the contents froze. The odd goblet and the "first aid kit" full of wee booze bottles were, however, in fine condition. We toasted our success with Remy Martin. Nine little bottles remain.

I bailed out the box as best I could, and photographed the register book. The opening pages contain some "information" about Rugged Mountain, much of it incorrect,

such as the assertion that Rugged is the tenth highest mountain in the Island. A page entitled "Previous Ascents", contains the following information (copied at the time):

Sept. 22,23, 1984 Al Turkington, Terry Kennedy

Aug. 3,4,5, 1985 Al Turkington, Terry Kennedy, Tim Kennedy, Craig Monroe, Jim Tyerman, George Ferrier and Howard Bevan

July 11, 1987 Al Turkington (solo climber), brought up cairn

So now we know who put the box up, and where and when. The mystery is now in figuring out why he imagined that he was on Rugged Mountain. On the topo map the name "Rugged Mountain" is printed beside a peak fully two kilometers north, north-west of the location of the box. Moreover, could he not have looked up and seen that another peak looms 600 feet higher than his summit? Or is this his idea of a bad joke?

Light rain began as we started down, never having had a view of Tahsis. In fact, clouds restricted the view in most directions, so that poor visibility and the lack of any snow equipment decided for us not to go exploring for a better descent across the snowfield. Unwilling to reverse our ascent gully, we scrambled to the lowest point between the south and middle blades. From here, a series of six rapells, not all entirely trivial, and some scrambling, got us back to the lakes.

At the beginning of the Johnson/Newman exit gully, we found the crashed remains of a radio transmitter. The rock gully, then devoid of snow except for a patch at the top, is a safe and convenient route for small and careful parties. It leads, without bushwacking, out onto the end of the uppermost branch of spur No. 20. The sketch map in *Bushwacker* 18:4 is slightly in error.

We set up the tent at the fading end of twilight. The rain began falling harder. Supper was truncated in favour of a snack in the tent. We lay listening to the deluge. There would be no climbing on the morrow.

The Inaccessible Mt. Cobb and Peak 6390

August 13-14, 1992

by Trevor Nelson

At about 3:30 pm, on August 13th., Sandy Briggs, Dave Routledge, John Pratt and I headed off from the Cervus Creek parking lot. Our intention was to, in one and a half day, make our way up the west side of Cervus Creek for about ten kilometers, the climb about 4,000 feet up to Mt. Cobb and Peak 6390. The only thing that could prevent our doing this would be the lack of a trail up Cervus Creek.

That fact did not bother us. We chucked out just about every conceivable item that would be considered necessary on most trips. Tent, stove, rain gear (this was during that beautiful stretch of high pressure), climbing gear, and food to a certain extent, were all sacrificed for a lightweight assault on these two supposedly inaccessible peaks.

The fact that there is no trail did not turn out to be entirely true. Bruce Fairley's guide makes reference to an elk trail that is passable. We found this trail fairly quickly and followed it "after a fashion" for several hours. It was heavily debated whether or not to reveal any of the details on how to find a way up the creek.. I've probably given away too many details already.

We made camp, which consisted of rolling out a sleeping bag on a patch of gravel, ate some sandwiches, and tried to sleep and swat bugs at the same time. I was feeling quite hot, tucked into a fully zippered, minus 15 degree sleeping bag. That was, until Sandy explained that his sleeping bag was the minus 25 degree variety with no zipper! All of a sudden I felt cool.

The next morning we packed up and rolled off very early. We had about 4,000 feet to gain just to get to the top of Mt. Cobb. Then we had to descend about 600 feet and make our way over to Peak 6930. To make a short story shorter, we were up and down Mt. Cobb by about 1:00 pm and formed a plan of attack for Peak 6930. For Dave Routledge this peak had special significance. He had recently submitted a proposal to the government to name the peak Mt. Haig-Brown.

Roderick Haig-Brown had been one of the first "Friends



First Canadians on "Mt. Haig Brown"?

Sandy Briggs

of Strathcona" when tried to stop the flooding of Buttle Lake. Although the mountain has been climbed before, we were all proud to be among the first to ascend the newly-named peak. To get up this peak, we had to climb a short class 3-4 chimney. We made our way back to the col which would lead us down to the Cervus Valley, and decided that we could camp up high to get a breeze and avoid the bugs.

The next morning we were again up and away early. We made our way down 4,000 feet, encountering several wasp nests and a big elk. We hiked out at a fairly brisk pace and were back at the trucks by 11:00 am, having knocked off two "inaccessible" peaks within the time span of thirty-six hours.

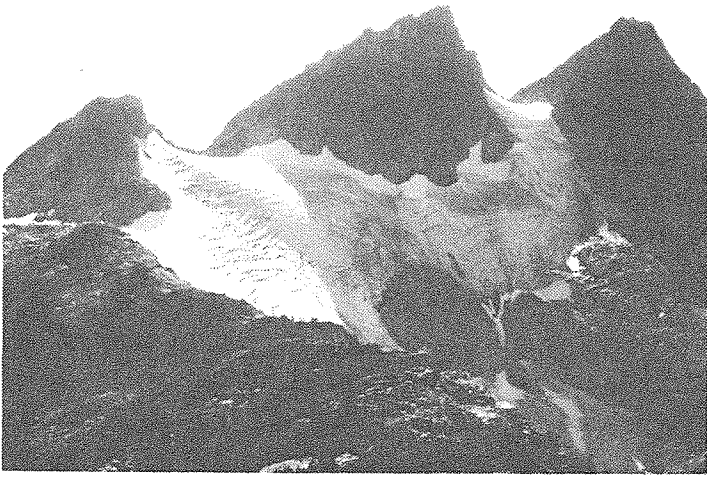
Participants: John Pratt, Sandy Briggs, Dave Routeledge and Trevor Nelson.

Alpha East Ridge; Niobe-Pelops-Iota-Omega Traverse

August 23-26, 1992

by John Pratt

On the hot afternoon of Sunday, August 23, Trevor and I stepped ashore on the muddy bank of the Squamish River, eager to unload our gear, cache the canoe in the dense jungle and make a start on the Lake Lovelywater trail. We found this delightful path in a state of good repair and three hours and one wasp sting later, we were crossing the log-jam at the outlet of the aptly-named Lake Lovelywater. The cabin was locked, so we pitched camp right behind it, cooked supper and settled down fore the night.



Iota, Pelops and Niobe

John Pratt

The next day was perfect and we left the camp at 8:00 am or so and laboured, with heavy packs, up through the steep forest and even steeper meadowland. to the low point to the right of the four prominent bumps on Alpha's east ridge. After a quick break, we set off along the ridge, partly climbing the bumps, partly traversing them on hard, icy snow on the north side. Just beyond the last bump, we came to a steep headwall, which we bypassed with a large excursion onto the south (i.e. left) face. The trick here is to descend an obvious ledge about 30 meters, regain the lost height and continue climbing up steep heather and rock, angling back up to the right to regain the ridge above the headwall. The rest of the ridge was an easy scramble (ascend summit block on the right) and we reached the summit of Alpha at 12:35 pm, never once having used the rope. The summit view is splendid - we spent a whole hour enjoying it. I highly recommend the climb. We descended the ascent route and were back in camp well in time for a cold dip in Lovelywater Creek and a delicious victory supper cooked up by Trevor.

Well, it couldn't last! Just about 8:00 pm, a large group of kids arrived, having sweated up the trail (with much whining and many breaks, so one of the "guards" told us), armed with a key to the cabin. My heart sank. Right up there with politicians, ICBC and mayonnaise on my list of pet hates are noisy crowds! Upon hearing that further arrivals were expected on the morrow, we quickly uprooted camp and moved to a quieter spot some 200 meters around the lake shore. To move in the gathering darkness was something of an irritant, but it was worth it for a night's peace and quiet!

The next morning, we set off at 8:20 am for the north-east ridge of Niobe. An excellent, but highly undulating trail leads around the south side of the lake and a cairned route continues up to the spectacular Omega-Niobe basin. From here, it was a laboured climb to the notch to the right of the prominent cliff which terminates this ridge. The ridge-top is then gained by a steep scramble. Although scrubby in its lower parts, the vegetation can be largely avoided by rock on the right. The ridge is an airy (but not too hairy) climb until a prominent tower is reached at about the half-way point. This tower is bypassed on the left. We roped up beyond the tower, as the ridge became extremely narrow for a way and a stumble would likely carry a high price tag. Nonetheless, the climbing cannot be considered difficult, and the universe continued to unfold as it should: we arrived on the summit nicely in time for lunch, having immensely enjoyed the climb - a climb superior, in my opinion, to that afforded by the east ridge of Alpha.

After half an hour on Niobe's summit, we descended to the Niobe-Pelops col and scrambled up Pelops (easy) where we spent ten minutes before heading off to Iota, not knowing whether or not it would "go". It did, like a dream; so did the scramble down of Iota. Before long, we were scrambling along the pleasant, mildly rolling ridge leading towards Omega. From this angle it looked fierce and cliffy. However, as we climbers all know, you can't tell how difficult a peak is until you actually rub noses with it and indeed, we did find a stiff class 3 cedar and rock route on the right of the summit block. We spent 15 minutes or so basking on our forth summit of the day, before heading down the north ridge toward camp. This was more difficult than anticipated, involving a rappel for one pitch and tedious downclimbing. Also, once in the forest, I selected a less-than-optimum route down to the lakeshore, involving slopes of 60 degrees in places, necessitating blueberry-and-cedar rapells. Ice axes were a vital necessity; as it was, Trevor slipped, slid and came to rest with his feet hanging over a ten meter high bluff!

Eventually, we arrived in camp, tired, happy and fulfilled. A swim in the lake, another victory supper, then sleep. Finally, the next morning, as Shakespeare didn't quite say,

to the canoe, and to Squamish then,
where ne'er arrived from Tantalus more happy men.

Participants: Trevor Nelson and John Pratt.

by Reinhard Illner

My parents came from the Sudetenland, a part of Czechoslovakia with a significant German minority, prior to 1945. In 1945, in the aftermath of the war, they had to leave, like all Germans in Czechoslovakia, and moved to West Germany, where I was born and raised. Neither of my parents ever saw their homeland again.

My father used to tell us children about the great sandstone rocks of the Elbsandsteingebirge; big sandstone towers straddling the German-Czech border to both sides of the Elbe River, between Decin and Pirna. We got to look at old faded photographs of our much younger father climbing, with old hemp ropes, steep chimneys, exposed ridges and walls. In the sixties, he taught us the art of rock-climbing at the nearby sandstone rocks in the Palatinate, but the old pictures meant little to us. They were from another age and another life.

In June 1992, my brother talked me into a visit to the "Saechsische Schweiz", the now so easily accessible rock climbing paradise in East Europe. He had been there ten times since 1985, and kept raving about it.

He had not exaggerated! There are more than 1,000 free standing rock towers in and near the newly-created border crossing national park, some of them up to 150 meters high. The hard, rough sandstone is a rock climber's heaven. On the second day there, we crossed into Czechoslovakia and visited a rock formation called "Rosenturm", standing prominently on the East slope of the Elbe river valley. The west side must be 60 meters high, while the east-facing slope is a mere 30 meters high. The scenery around were memories of my parents' old picture album.

The Rosenturm is difficult and not climbed very often. Our East German friend, Guenter, is an excellent climber and decided to lead us up a route called "Angstweg". The name is justified - 30 solid meters of difficult and very exposed climbing, with only one piece of protection, a little cemented ring about half-way up. Later, I rated the difficulty at about 5.8, but one needs excellent nerves to move on small hand holds over the final, incredibly exposed overhang. Here, the cemented ring is 15 meters below you. We were certainly glad that Guenter led the

pitch.

On the summit, as with all these rock-towers, there is a thick, solidly bound summit register in a weather-proof steel cassette. We had written our names into several such books over the previous two days.

But this one was different. The book that emerged from the register cassette was old, very old, but well preserved. The opening page revealed that it was placed on the summit in 1941 by the German Alpine Club, Sektion Bodenbach, the section my father belonged to. And, on page three, we found his signature: Illner, Albin,...1942. Unfortunately, the exact date was not readable anymore because the entry was made in ink, and is now partly blurred. The signatures remain crystal clear.

After 50 years, what a strange encounter. Our father died in 1990. We recognize what an excellent climber he must have been when, aged 23, he climbed this difficult tower with vastly inferior equipment. There are very few entries during the war years, not more than four or five a year. In the hot June sun, we begin to browse through this incredible book, which, upon this isolated summit, has survived Nazi terror, war, eviction, the cold war and finally its end. We find other familiar names, long gone climbing friends from our parents' generation. We take pictures.

There are many blank pages left. We add our names, return the book into the cassette, and leave the Rosenturm with undescrivable feelings.

Where the Crowds Can Go?

**A Meditative Gaze into the Magic Looking-Glass of
WILDERNESS from the Moyeha/Bancroft Creek Divide**

by Sandy Briggs

.....Once upon a time, in a land not so terribly far away, there was a rock, a rather small rock. The details of its formation are not important to my story, and are, in any case, a little speculative. Suffice it to say that it had once been part of a much larger rock, which had been thrust skyward in the orogenesis of aeons past. With patience, yet persistence, this larger rock was worked by the forces of heat and cold, of wet and dry, of seismic rumblings, and even by the action of tiny vegetable fingers, until a smaller fragment, the little rock of my concern, tumbled from its lofty perch onto a mountain terrace, where again

it was acted upon by water and by ice. Its edges rounded, its surface pitted and dappled with lichen, this rock came to rest upon a small patch of gravel and rough soil, a patch which gradually conformed to its presence, so that ultimately the rock came to have a place of its own, a place where it belonged, where it fit and where no other rock would fit. There, undisturbed on its gravel terrace, on the side of the mountain which is known to humans as Moyeh, sat the rock through many human generations.

It came to pass that every year in the summer, in a depression near this rock there formed, from melting snow and from rain, a pond of the clearest and most dazzling water that it is possible for you to imagine. The surface facet of this liquid gem reflected the sun as it arced daily across the sky. It reflected the white and the gray and the black clouds and the soaring hawks. It reflected, had anyone been there to see, the moon and the twinkling stars. It reflected one side of the little rock, and, quite recently, it reflected my thoughts. It is this last-named reflection which you now see.

I had thought a trail had been cleared on the forested ridge leading westward from Upper Myra Falls and into the hill country north of Mt. Thelwood. That this proved not to be the case is philosophically comforting, though it bent somewhat the plan for the first day of our trek. A small path leading to this ridge departs the Upper Myra Falls trail just before the falls, and is marked by a CDMC sign saying only THELWOOD. The path descends to the creek near the forks, from which point one is on one's own but for bits of animal trail and a few old pieces of ribbon. We lugged the heavy packs steadily upward, turning the only significant bluff on the right, and steadily into the late evening, by which time a source of water was long overdue. Finally, just at dusk, we reached the summit of the ridge (3600 feet) and found a small brown pond which, with boiling, answered our wishes perfectly. The first day, one of unplanned strenuousness, ended with our contented contemplation of the full moon rising over Mt. Myra.

The next day we continued SW, which makes it sound easier than it was, to gain the NW shoulder of Mt. Thelwood, where we camped in a heavy mosquito infestation at 5100 feet. We had no further problems finding water, and, indeed, we swam in almost every second lake and pond for the remainder of the trip. The following morning we skirted the NW summit of Mt.

Thelwood, crossed the glacier and deposited our packs at the col between the two south summits. A quick scramble put us on top. The note left by Don, Wendy and me in 1988 had been read only once (?) in the interim, in 1991 by a C.O.L.T. group from the Lodge. This is not a high-traffic area! We descended southward from the col and traversed onto the steep SW ridge of Mt. Thelwood, which we descended uneventfully but for the observation that we had stayed perhaps too far west on the upper part.

The flats west of the Thelwood/Moyeha col sport a small lake not marked on my map. Here are the headwaters of Bancroft Creek. Lunch was followed by a straightforward hike up to the rock tarns on a terrace (4000') NW of Mt. Moyeha.

Here, beside a pond, is the little rock to which you have already been introduced. Here are no fire rings. Here are no twist-ties, no rusty cans. Here are no scuffed turfs, no dried imprints of human footsteps. This is wilderness! Here is a piece of land so perfect in its being that one cannot help but be struck, and a little saddened, by the way a careless rubber-soled foot cuts a soft path of moss, breaks a delicate flower, or tips a small rock from its earthen cradle. To undo these changes---impossible.

I meditated over the crystalline water, this most uncommon common substance, and I reflected in the blue-green mirror. I saw THE rock, the one my toe had rolled from its bed, and I went back to replace it.

Oh hiker! Oh climber! You who are new to such places, and you of many mountain memories! Here is WILDERNESS. Here is a place where your visit is recorded in the stoney ground. Seldom has my mark in the Land, the mark made by my heavy foot so rebuked me, so questioned my actions. And in my daydream, in that magical place I heard, or so it seemed, each severed strand of moss, each broken flower, each crushed blade of grass, each unseated stone,

“---and from them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world”¹

We set off for higher ground and Rick happened upon a bear calmly drinking from a moss-fringed pool. The reaction of the bear was to look, and to lope gracefully away. The reaction of Rick was awe. Not shock. Not fear. Awe. The bear---this beautiful muscular animal, black fur shining in the sun. The bear---through whose home we trod. Perhaps there is room for us four and the bear---today.

We had some trouble gaining the Moyeha/Bancroft divide, maps being what they are, and terrain being not always obvious even in the light of a clear day. Strenuous exposed scrambling took us not to the col west of Mt. Moyeha, as we had hoped, but to a high shoulder of that mountain somewhat NE of the col in question. From here Dave scouted a good descent and we were able to move out onto the divide a short way to make our third camp, with a splendid view of the pristine Moyeha watershed and sprawling Mariner Mountain and its icy ruff.

The next morning we passed through a col near a spectacular hanging lake and up onto the ridge to its north. Continuing north we encountered a cliff inhabited by a collection of trees, trees which both mark and provide the only reasonable ascent. We scrambled a little precariously upward, then traversed over the 4800 foot bump and descended about half a kilometer to its NW, where we stopped to survey our universe, and our plans. Already it was day four of a planned eight-day trip, and though the weather had been perfect the terrain had enforced a moderate rate of progress. Rick's knee had been acting up and was not improving, so that to continue west would have thrust us outside the "mellow trip concept" according to which I had conceived this outing. I took a telephoto panorama of the remote western Strathcona Park, including Lone Wolf Mountain, "The Scimitar", "Cat's Ears II", Mt. Splendour, and Mt. Matchlee as well as numerous unnamed peaks, some past the edge of my map.

We retraced our way down the cliff, this time belaying two sections. Back, then along the down to the wonderful hanging lake. Here we swam. Here we floated in water so clear it was almost like being suspended in the sky---but colder. How, oh how to visit such a place and not let go for a moment of the rational, the scientific, the analytical? How not to imagine here and now that some numinous magic formed these rocks just so, and made

sparkle this pool in which we are today so privileged as to bathe? How---yes how to know what part of the magic is in just being here and what part accumulated with each step over rock and log and stream during the beautiful sunlit days of our approach?

We scrambled eastward to some ponds near the lake on the SW flank of Mt. Moyeha, where we camped our fourth night amid even more mosquitoes than before. On the fifth day we climbed Mt. Moyeha via its west ridge. Our note from 1988 had been read only once (?), by a C.O.L.T. group in 1989. That's all!

We broke camp and descended directly north from our col to a waterfall draining the Moyeha rock tarns. After some exploration we found a straightforward route to the tarns---hug the cliff on your right before the falls---where we placed our fifth camp.

Here is my place of reflection, the home of the little rock. Here I recall the words of the Master to disciple Kwai Chang Caine in the television series Kung Fu. The young Caine is to begin an exercise in movement.

Behold the rice paper, fragile as the wings of the dragon-fly, clinging as the cocoon of the silkworm. When you can walk its length, and leave no trace, you will have learned.²

We too moved, less gracefully perhaps, over our metaphorical rice paper, the wild carpet of earth and stone, moss and flower, eastward through the Thelwood/Moyeha pass and down the stony upper channel of Thelwood Creek. An unnecessarily tedious bushwhack brought us finally to the "square" lake E of Mt. Thelwood---keep to the E of the stream from about 3700 feet up --- where we had a long and late lunch. We climbed over the 5100 foot bump to our E and startled a deer on our descent to the next saddle, in which we placed our sixth camp.

Upon reaching 5355 feet the following morning we found the remains of a once large cairn scattered about the summit, and no sign of the any marker of this horizontal control point. We then wended our way through the "granite lakes" west of Mt. Myra. Here too are no fire rings, no charred logs, no ribbons nor cans. How many of us, seeking our own true path, can follow it through such places and leave no trace? (There are two senses to the question.) How many will come if the "barrier of fatigue" is removed? Is every glistening lake

and every shining summit to have a cleared and graded trail, a horse track, a cable-car, a heli-pad?

I thought of Graeme Pole's two thought-provoking essays about the barrier of fatigue.^{3,4} His lament about the helicopter is that "Its use for recreation, for bringing the otherwise unreachable into our immediate domain, represents the height of consumptive elitism: I want it now!" "...while grabbing for more with technological ease, have we let the very wilderness values we seek, slip unnoticed between our greedy fingers?" This debate is not new,^{5,6} but its intensity increases as our wilderness disappears.

While the ethics in my own record would be found wanting if measured against the rigorous standard championed in his essays, I nevertheless feel that he has made an important point. I do not take offense nor am I indignant, for though we may fall, yea even leap from grace as so defined, it is well to possess a clearly-formed concept of a style of mountaineering which, if not actually perfect, is at least highly resistant to censure. Can we as players in the "Great Game" really be so smug as to think we are untainted by the vice of consumerism which pervades the society in which we live?

I guess the question of how much mechanized access is "where do you draw the fuzzy metaphorical line". Graeme Pole seems to have drawn it where it's not going to cause anybody much trouble, philosophical or otherwise. On the other hand, there are those who draw it up near Tantalus in a place which has Kobus Barnard concerned⁷. I promise I won't fly to Lake Lovelywater again, but as for other Coast Range destinations, well... Let's keep talking anyway.

I want to offer you a passage from the fifth book of Tilman, in the second chapter, beginning at the 9th verse.

"I have quoted elsewhere the Bengali proverb that 'the sight of a horse makes the traveller lame', and I have some fear that the sight of an aeroplane might make the mountaineer think. To see an aeroplane accomplishing in four hours a journey which will take him nearly three weeks of toil and sweat is bound to give rise to thought--some of it subversive; whether the time so spent can be justified in the face of heaven and, perhaps, his family or employer; ... or ... whether it is not his duty to spare himself a little toil and sweat --- a proposition which, of course, strikes at the very root of a mountaineer's religion".

In an earlier paragraph he writes:

"Perhaps such an uncouth method of approaching a mountain can be justified in a place like Alaska where the mountains can be justified in a place like Alaska where the mountains are more inaccessible (than in the Himalaya), (and) the season shorter..."⁸.

Yes, I have been in helicopters and aeroplanes---my philosophical house has some glass walls, as it were---but I cannot help but lament with Kobus Barnard that for more and more people, hiking is no longer part of climbing.⁷

Perhaps we should be advised by the words of climber-poet Liliane Welch, who writes "I cannot live without my feet being in touch with the ground... What had my feet heard and seen?... June and July dawns, hiking up peaks and down snow fields, fording crystalline waters in air transparent as glass, behind the presence and solidity of rock half-hidden in clouds, they felt the mountains' granite heart pounding. ...Why walk? ...To be put at the edge of conversing with the great poem of our earth."⁹

If your path leads you through that wilderness, pass gently. Pass in harmony, not in combat, "for nothing can live well except in a manner that is suited to the way the sacred Power of the World lives and moves."¹⁰

And respect the place of the little rock.

Trip Summary: Sandy Briggs, Rick Reeve, Dave Whitehead, Jorg Dahms, July 14-21, 1992, Strathcona Park, Vancouver Island. Exploration westward along moyeha/bancroft Creek divide including ascents of Mt. Thelwood, Mt. Moyeha and Mt. Myra.

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