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Photo Contest 1994

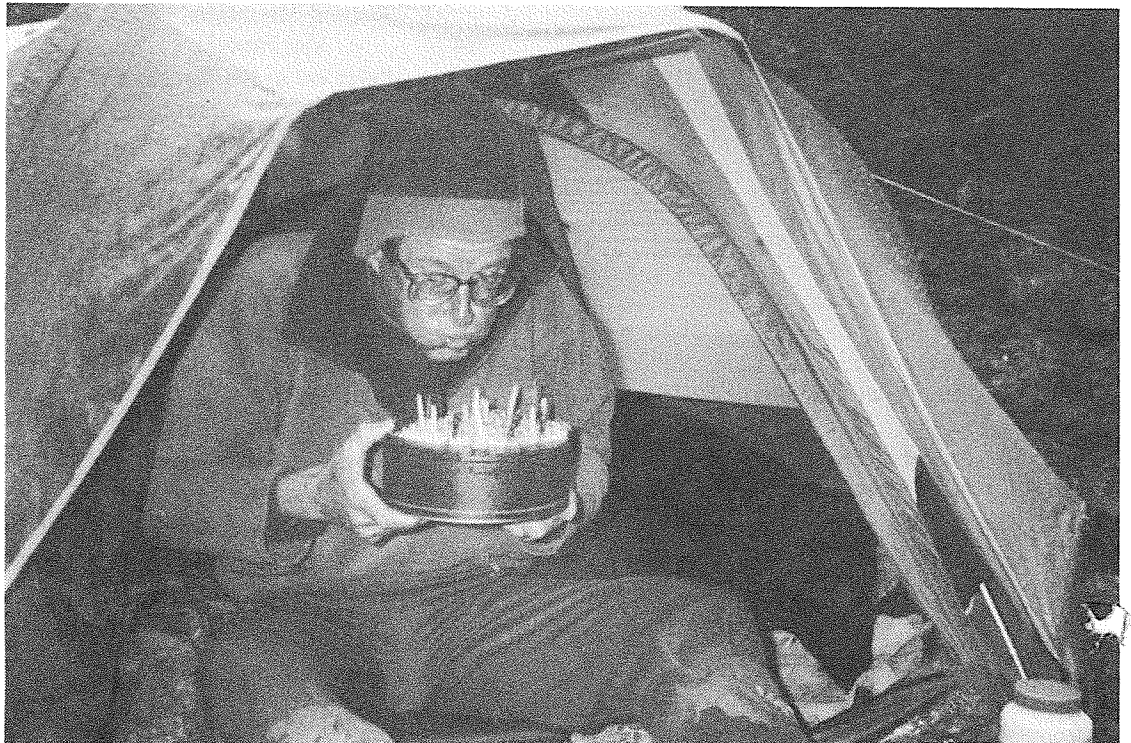


Mountain Scenery

Catrin Brown

Humour

Kayla Stevenson



Mountain Activity

Ian Brown

Best Print

Reg Stratton



Wildlife

Rob Wilson

1994-95 EXECUTIVE

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.....	Russ Moir	(477-0070)			
.....	Martin Davis	(361-9622)			
Membership:			Maija Finvers	Dennis Manke	
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			Greg Gordon	Anne Webster	

Editorial: 1330 Burleith Crescent, Victoria, B.C. V9A 4B4

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Editors' message

Finally we've got the "thing" to press! I think the three of us can utter a deep, collective sigh of relief and certainly feel satisfied with a magazine which we feel does justice to the efforts of all the members. The wide range of trip articles and their expressions of joy and humour will give us plenty of food for thought in this season of "armchair mountaineering".

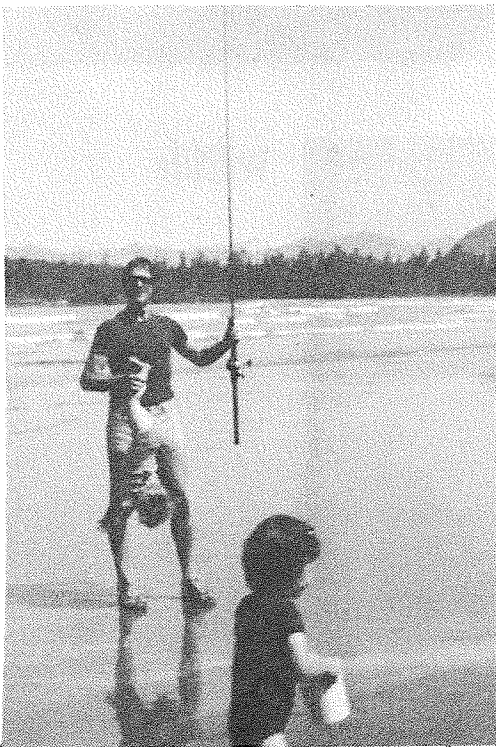
Now for the season ahead!

If there is one message that we can send to you all, as you read and hopefully enjoy the past year's experiences, it's that our job can

be so much easier when you, the contributors, continue to give vent to your thoughts on the events in the hills. Just remember that "long distance hindsight" plays tricks on our visions. So if you can record your trips as soon as you return those impressions become the more poignant.

In the meantime, this trio awaits "with bated breath" the adventures, real or imagined, that make being part of our club so entertaining.

The Island Bushwhacker



Russ



Kayla



Martin

1994 Trip Reports

Mt. Landale - New Year's Day

January 1

Russ Moir

"Dinna be pissed off by the firrrst day of the yearrrr." (Old Scottish tribal chant.) This is mainly espoused 'cause it's ten-to-one Highland weather on this day will be the pits. I think we all saw the event as a day to blow the cobwebs off our Christmas festering. Murrough stepped into the breach "once more" and took over the leadership from Rob who had a late call-off. Well I shouldn't say Murrough led this trip. That conspicuous role was soon taken over by Mojo, saddled with Chris's usual weighty paraphernalia. (What does he stuff into Mojo's pack?) No one really wanted to lead in the deep heavy snow, so we kindly let Mojo mush through all the slush. He did a grand job, even took off onto Lomas Lake to show us the ice wasn't safe, by falling through, thus becoming the first club 'member' to take an alpine dip in '94. What a guy!

By early afternoon (late lunch) we had had enough of the wet mist and even soggy snow, so that after a convivial lunch "somewhere" below the summit, we chose the easier path of descent, rather than risk a benighting on the proverbial invisible summit. Reinhard, I'm told, even questions the existence of a Landale Summit -- on a day like this the general assertion of the party was "we ain't goin' to check that one out."

We beat a damp retreat.

Participants: Murrough and Pat O'Brien, Chris Odgers, Chris & Lynn Pepler, Russ Moir, Mojo, and others

5040 Peak

January 28,29

Doug Goodman

Approaching the Steamboat Mountain trailhead last spring, I noticed a triangular, snow-covered peak to the southeast with long, smooth-looking ridges on both the north and south sides. Ideal for skiing I surmised. Rob MacDonald agreed, and he and Rick Eppler later gave me good info on access and route finding. As 5040 was to be my first ACC trip as a leader, I wanted to be sure I'd find the way. Hence a solo reconnaissance trip. Although some rules of mountaineering dictate a minimum party size of 3-4, many climbers and outdoors people, including myself, feel the satisfactions of soloing are worth the increased risk. I like the sense of self-reliance and independence I get from soloing. Also I find myself more aware of my thoughts and my surroundings. From Sutton Pass on the road to Long Beach, descend a few miles, turn left onto Marion Main, and drive about 5 Km to a locked but rather high gate that can be ducked with a small car.

The road continues up the east side of the valley about as far again, then crosses the creek that drains the north side of 5040. I drove to about 1300 ft in a clearcut and struggled over slash in the hot (yes) afternoon sun. It's easier to start up the NW ridge immediately after the bridge, at about 1000 ft elevation, thus avoiding the clearcut. Below 2500 ft the going is smoothest if one stays, rather naturally, slightly on the north side of the ridge. Above that level one is lead directly to the summit by staying on the ridge top. It's an easy ascent with only two brief steep-ish bits, and moderate exposure near the top. Ski touring is good to excellent above 3500 feet. There was little bush below this level in old-growth forest. Possible short excursions lead in all directions. Most interesting is a ridge leading east to Nahmint Mountain. Klitsa is father away, to the north, via a route that appears more laborious and circuitous, and descends to 3000 ft. The north side of 5040 is easily negotiated above trees and bluffs at 3500 ft, providing an alternate route to and from the bench and small lakes lying E and NE of the summit.

With a heavy pack, I reached the summit in 4.5 hours from the road (including a 45 minute backtrack to retrieve my sunglasses). As the sun set over a glazed Pacific, a fine panorama lay in the clear sky: Arrowsmith, Klitsa, Nahmint, Henderson Lake, the Broken Group, spectacular crags of the Mackenzie Range, Maitland, Steamboat, Pogo, and numerous peaks of Strathcona and beyond. I chopped out a flat area for my tent on the leeward snow slope just below the summit. Not into an evening climb, I took care not to send any gear sliding down to the lake 1500 ft below. Waking late, without the time or energy for Nahmint, I checked out the south ridge and bench to east of the mountain. Due to icy crust I'd have done better to leave the skis at home. I made a few telemark turns in small areas of shaded snow, and a good steep snow climb on the E side of the mountain. Sooner after a snowfall, or in warmer weather, the Klitsa-5040-Nahmint ridges would provide interesting touring.

Mt. Whympier, Northwest Ridge

February 6

Nigel Matthews

"Harambee, harambee, tu jenge pamoja.
Watu wa kenya na jenge pamoja"

Swahili on the summit of Mt. Whympier? An old Kenyan song popular in Kenyatta's day, sung by an ex-Kenyan and a recent aid worker to that country! Both Fred and Ed would have been bemused although Frederick might have been indignant as this is his peak; Edward Whympier of Matterhorn and Chimborazo fame has his mountain in the interior. However, the arrival of two men clad in tweed jackets would have pleased Mallory and perhaps Irvine. The day had begun at a meeting place in Victoria where the smashed window of a parked car reminded us of the evils of



Kris Holm attempting the first handstand ascent of Mt. Whymper
Nigel Matthews

society and the dangers of leaving a car parked overnight. After a breakfast stop in Duncan, we proceeded to the logging road which runs along the north side of the Chemainus river. Fresh fallen snow gave us hope that there would be a good snow base in the alpine zone. A wash-out on the road forced us to stop sooner than planned and before long we were plodding uphill toward the saddle between El Capitan and Mt. Whymper.

The first difficulty in route-finding at Whymper's northwest ridge is locating the trail. There is a conveniently marked "Gate" for anyone wondering what it is. The trail starts about 15 metres on the Nanaimo side of this gate. A brief stumble across an ill-defined stream bed leads to the rough trail which heads straight for the treeline. It was not immediately apparent that we were on a ridge but by the time we reached the snowline, drop-offs on either side were discernible through the clouds. Crampons and ice axes were in evidence and wisely so; some sections of the ridge were flanked by steep snow slopes leading to precipices. Accidents on Whymper are few but disaster threatens.

Our fearless leader ordered numerous halts to allow what was one of the largest groups on an Alpine Club meet to assemble. It was at one such halt that Kris, under the tutelage of our leader, attempted the first ascent of the mountain on his hands. Sadly, he didn't get far but can claim an altitudinal handstand record on Mt.

Whymper.

The visibility deteriorated and we consulted a compass. Surprisingly, our leader headed off in the wrong direction. At least we all knew it was wrong, but he apparently didn't; before long he made some adjustments and repeated the reading, getting us back on track, restoring our faith in him.

Unlike previous years on the mountain, we weren't treated to "glories", but Gerta's graphic description of this phenomenon left us in no doubt as to their beauty. Perhaps next year we'll be lucky.

Surveyor's tape marks a vital point on the ridge where it is prudent to descend on the southern side to bypass a steep rock section. Continuing along the crest of the ridge would have required the use of the rope which would have taken an inordinately long time.

Finally, the familiar monolith on the peak appeared through the mist and we gathered around to sample some excellent homemade brandy and listen to East African songs. It was agreed that this was the first time that Swahili had been spoken, let alone sung, on the summit of Mt. Whymper. Apart from losing the trail through the forest on more than one occasion, our descent down the standard route on the south flank of the mountain was uneventful. Here again brandy helped raise our flagging spirits.

Participants: Catrin Brown, Ian Muirhead, Craig Hollinger, Barbara Molin, Rick Johnson, Russ Moir, Kris Holm, Rick Eppler, Reinhard Illner, Mike Kuzyk, Kayla Stevenson, Richard Keltie, Jack Fisher, Brian Pinch, Valerio Faraoni, Claudia Odgers, Greg Dowman, Gerta Smythe, Nigel Mathews, Brad Hagen, Sandy Briggs (Leader)

Mt. Washington Avalanche and Tele Clinic

26 - 27 February

Katy and Viggo Holm

This year Bill Moffat was kind enough to share his vast knowledge of avalanches with us in two night lectures and a day clinic at Mt. Washington. In these lectures we discussed crystal formations and conditions that promote an avalanche hazard. We also discussed safe routes up and down a potentially dangerous snow slope. Bill had us look at slides to decide which routes we thought were the least hazardous. Note, we often could not look for the safe route, but the least hazardous route, a safe route being something that one cannot often count on.

Bill also shared stories about what one can do to minimize injury when caught in an avalanche. A more eyebrow-raising example included Bill, in his job of avalanche control, getting caught in an avalanche while holding a live explosive. What would you do? Would you throw it away or hold on to it? How many of us would have the presence of mind to realize that, if thrown away, the explosive might end up nearby when you come to a stop. How many of us would do what Bill did? He held onto the live explosive until the avalanche slowed and then threw the bomb.

Bill also covered rescue techniques and formations in the

Mallory and Irvine look-alikes arrive at the summit of Whymper

Nigel Matthews



lectures. We talked about in which areas of avalanche debris you are likely to find the victim. With new ideas and techniques learned, we were eager to get some hands on experience at the avalanche day clinic. The tele and avalanche clinics were to be combined into an all weekend event.

For the Saturday tele clinic at 9 am, the beginner class went with Charles and the more experienced with Kris. By 11:30 Kris' class wanted to try their new techniques on the steeper runs, so stopped for an early lunch. Charles' classes were so eager to learn they carried on to 1:30 before stopping for lunch. The rest of the afternoon the telemarkers practiced their turns on almost every run on the mountain. Thank you, Charles and Kris, for your excellent instruction.

On Sunday we headed up Mt. Washington, this time via our own power. At 10:00 we met Bill Moffat behind Far Out and began the avalanche clinic section of the weekend. After an excellent lecture by Bill, we divided into groups of two or three and began to dig our snow pits. Under his direction from Bill we proceeded to find layers in the snow pack and do a sheer test. Using a magnifying glass and a metal plate with grid patterns we could look for differences in size and shape of snow crystals and begin to recognize which crystals produced weaknesses in the snow pack.

In the afternoon we did an avalanche simulation. Bill had buried two dummy victims wearing pips and three without. Using pips, probes, and our knowledge of where you are likely to find victims in avalanche debris we quickly recovered the two victims wearing pips. Later we found one of the other victims. After extensive probing, and much time, Bill decided to help us with our search. Bill could not even find the other two victims. I hope that neither you nor I will ever be the dummy not wearing an emergency beacon. Our thanks to Bill for the hours he volunteered to share his knowledge with us.

Participants in this weekend were Bill, Charles and Kris (instructors) Joseph, Graham B., Jack F., Murrough and Pat, Carol S., Doug McG., David S., Ian M., Mary P. and UVic students Mike K., Sarah Homer, Jessica Speed, Ryan Cownden, Peter Holloway and Katy; Viggo (organizer)

Local Mountain Time

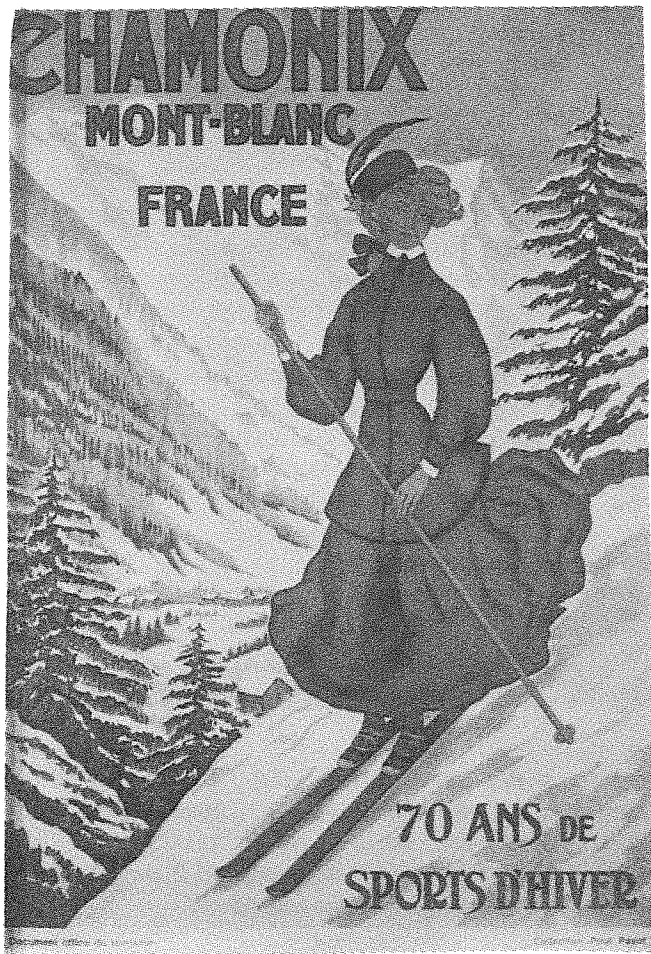
19 March

Sandy Briggs

"Climbing is about being in the right place at the right time with the right people. What is actually done is of no importance whatsoever. Serious climbing, and there should be no other kind, is almost entirely a matter of personal friendship."

Kevin Fitzgerald (1902-1993)

Out of the swirling mists of huddled time and shivering place, out of the snowy greenness of the mysterious lurking forest, emerge figures familiar yet unknown. Wondrously do they wield the numinous impish power to fold time back upon itself, to fold this place onto another, and, for a moment, to transform themselves, present friends, into that quartet which in 1928 made the first all-women traverse of the Cuillin Ridge of Skye. (Trilby Wells, Lillian Bray, Biddy Wells, and Ann Dillinger.) But the long dresses, smiles and alpenstocks which first strike the milling mumbling multitude are but a preface to a picnic, which, with its checkered cloth, elegant comestibles and liberal libations honours exuberance, and bewitches onlookers, so that one forgets, forgets to implore moderation, lest all life's fun be consumed in a wanton moment and none remain for then, for then and then again when other storms and greater hammer at the "windowed



Une dame d'hiver (circa 1894)

raggedness'' of body and of soul.

The scheduled trip was to Mt. Maitland, but one does not go on scheduled trips when chaotic weather and peopled chaos take control, oh so out of control. Mt. Landale beckoned as Plan B. We went to see. And in that sea, that summit sea of fog, we see indeed with ease the seed, the seed of joy, of exhilaration, of passion in the wild white wind, which, life that it is, and like life itself, hides the view, that we must guess and go, or follow tracks, only follow tracks.

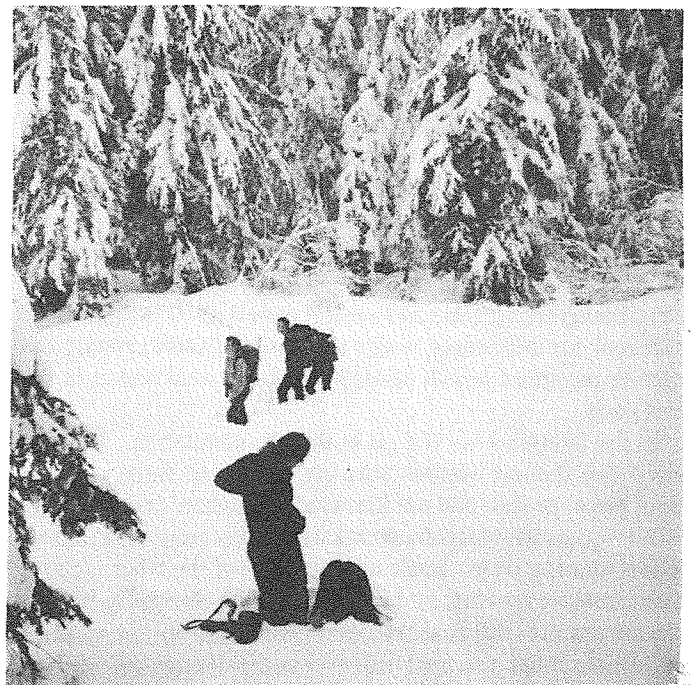
Trudging and trundling in the trench the boots have made, sliding without cares in the cleansing whiteness of the winter, downward full of the day, the kind day, the kind of day whose very breath and breathing, whose power and chill and pleasure banish doubts that question 'are there other goals?' Questions are for other times. now heart and legs and eyes must hie the forest down, the road along -- and do -- and at the end, no headlamp on my head, we savour this. This place, this time, these people, food and smiles. Such riches!

The cast: Sandy Briggs, Kayla Stevenson, Richard Keltie, Claire Ebendinger, Gerta Smythe, Mark Elrick, Chad Gottfried, Sylvia Moser, Larisa Searle, Richard Eaton, Ian Muirhead, Brad Hagen, Kaj Jakobsen, Katie Holm, Valerio Faraoni, Greg Gordon, Russ Moir, Catrin Brown, Pedro Montoya-Pelaez, Francis Vitek, Jack Fisher, Chris Odgers, Mojo.



Madame Claire (circa 1994)

Sandy Briggs



Valerio disrobes yet again on Landale

Kayla Stevenson

*Les belles dames dans le
neige - n'est-ce pas?*

Sandy Briggs



Alpine Club Whistler Weekend

March 25-28

Trudy Rey and Katy Holm

Four days of sunshine, lots of snow.

March 25 - down-hilling

March 26 - Trudy and Chris off to Rainbow Mountain, Nancy and Brian down-hilling; all others to the Cerise Creek cabin - see below. An evening of beautiful accordion music by Brian - THANK YOU, BRIAN!

March 27 - Matier Peak for Gerta, Viggo and Katy. Musical Bumps for Joseph, Charles, George, Trudy, Chris and Judy (who does NOT put too much jam on her toast, Joseph!)

March 28 - down-hilling for Gerta and Katy

Trudy writes: Sunday dawned bright and sunny at Judy and Viggo's cabin. After a leisurely breakfast we drove to the day parking at Whistler Village and started skiing up the access road to the Singing Pass trail at about 9 a.m. Skiers on the chair looked curiously at this odd group skiing up the down runs. After a hot slog up the access road, the shade of the trail was welcome. We passed several downhill skiers using the trail as an exit to the ski runs. Three hours later saw us at tree line, enjoying lunch in the warm sun.

With great reluctance we started the trail-breaking climb to Oboe summit. The views at the top were spectacular: Black Tusk, Tantalus Range, Spearheads, Garibaldi, all seemed close at hand. The bowl between Oboe and Flute, once the domain of the back-country skier and a few intrepid down-hillers, was completely tracked out by lift-serviced adventure seekers. An hour more brought us to the summit of Flute Peak, our highest point of the

day at 6300' and the last climb before our gravity payoff. Down into Burnt Stew Basin we schussed as the last rays of sun left us, on past the Blue Chair and down the freshly groomed Olympic Run (until we got a lecture from a groomer). The last ten feet we dodged rocks and slush before taking off our skis at the entrance to the Pub at Whistler Village. Ice cold brews finished off a long but rewarding day.

Katy writes: It is interesting the way a mountain can catch the eye and the urge to climb it fills you. On our previous trips into Cerise Creek I had looked up at Matier wishing to climb to its peak. The ACC trip to Whistler seemed the perfect opportunity.

With a lazy start to the morning we left the cabin at 9:00 and arrived at the trail head at about 10:30. The trip into the hut took us about two hours. Once at the hut, and with packs discarded, it was hard to resist the urge to join the other parties who were basking in the warm sun. We enjoyed the sun, relaxed and looked up at the mountains. After a while we decided we'd had enough laziness and it was time for us to get up and go skiing. Choosing to head up the ridge above the hut we headed off, with Charles leading the way and Joseph close behind.

Part way up the ridge Judy, Charles and Joseph decided to head down as they planned to do Singing Pass the next day, and had to get back to the cabin at Whistler. Gerta and I continued up the ridge hoping to get a better view of the route we would take the next day. A beautiful view of mountains alight with the setting sun greeted us as we arrived at the top of the ridge.

The snow melted by the hot day's sun had now turned to ice and what looked like a beautiful run down was hard and crusty; impossible snow to turn in. This would not be our route down. We retraced our steps and then headed down the north east side of the ridge. This proved to be a good decision and the run down was very enjoyable. We arrived at our tent site, cooked dinner and

promptly went to bed. We wanted to get an early start the next morning.

Well, it was a little bit later than planned, but 6:00 is still quite early. At 7:00 Gerta, Viggo and I left camp and headed towards Matier. With a large avalanche path to cross under I was glad that the snow had not yet begun to soften. At 10:00 we reached the col between Matier and Joffre. We skied up to a notch in the west ridge of Matier, left our skis and continued on foot. We were on the top of Matier by lunch. Although we had been in strong winds, the summit was sheltered, and we were able to enjoy lunch on top. Gerta brought out of her pack the traditional small container of brandy for the summit toast. Gerta very graciously offered a sip to another party that had arrived just after us, but they did not seem as enthusiastic about the ritual. Gerta also brought out of her pack her recorder. Three hundred and sixty degrees of mountains to look at and music to listen to. What an incredible combination!

On the way down, Gerta and I had to work hard to keep up to Viggo who swished down the Anniversary glacier, smiling all the way. I think Dad much prefers the ski down to the ski up, and no wonder, with the way he skis! That evening we arrived back at the car happy, suntanned and with dreams of new mountains to climb.

Participants: Brian and Nancy Money, Trudy Rey and Chris Bradley, Joseph and Charles Turner, Gerta Smythe, George Smekal, Katy, Viggo and Judy Holm.

Fifty-Forty Peak

March 26-27

Jack Fisher

Doug Goodman's slide presentation of this mountain near the McKenzie range peaked my interest. Showing proof that his car would in fact drive under the logging road gate, thus shortening the distance, definitely gave me the inclination to do this trip. Rated at "B-2" by Doug, I was all set for a moderately strenuous weekend, and should have known better.

Bright and early Saturday morning Doug and I left Victoria for Nanaimo where we met Andrew and Richard. Having packed all of us and gear into and onto Doug's car I was sure we were low enough to fit under the gate. Although my confidence was building in this regard some skepticism was sprouting about my ability to keep up to Doug and two teenagers. After passing through Port Alberni we pushed and putted through the snow on the Marion Creek road almost to the infamous gate.

At 12:30 p.m. we skied under the gate and arrived at the start of the NW ridge at 1:30. The ascent to the 4000 ft. level was short on distance but long on height. Arriving at 6:30 p.m., we set up camp on a nice bench with an outstanding view of several ridges including the McKenzie range. In the evening the shadow of Fifty Forty Peak crept across the valley bottom below while ridges all around were highlighted in the moonlight. An evening's rest came easily (thank you Albert for your recent article, the 500 ml Nalgene bottle worked fine for me). A leisurely breakfast was enjoyed along with the view on the following morning. The summit was reached at 11:30 a.m. after about 2 1/2 hours of



McKenzie Range from Peak 5040

Doug Goodman

ascent, where again we were offered majestic views all around.

Back in camp at 1:00 p.m. lunch was downed and gear packed up for the descent. Methods used to descend were skiing, falling, sliding, tumbling, sinking, and finally walking. As I enjoy variety I used all of the above while the others limited themselves to two or three. We were out of the bush on the Marion Creek road at 4:00 p.m. and back at the car by 4:30.

Although not a major peak or technical, it is a trip worth doing. Thanks for the organization and route finding, Doug, and for picking the weather.

Participants: Doug Goodman, Andrew Simpson, Richard Gage, Jack Fisher.

Pykett Peak - "But it's a nice area"

2-4 April

Murrough O'Brien

We drove up A700 until the scouts returned saying "no further, and this time it's for real". The washout ahead would easily have swallowed the van, so we skied alongside it, took some shortcuts and continued until we found the half-mile wide clearcut slope that we were to ski up. From the top we could see across to Jimmy Jimmy where Brian was planning to lead his next trip. However, it wasn't too soon to recruit participants for his "absolutely fantastic trip of a lifetime". Shortly we set up a "just-in-time" camp inside the woods, already anticipating the next day's highlights of finding Pykett, skiing to the summit and continuing northwards forever across Icecap Glacier and Icecap Peak, in a glorious blaze of sunlight and radiant happiness.

Unfortunately the soggy weather next day dampened our spirits effectively, with only Brad and Richard venturing out of the tent before the afternoon. However they returned later a little shaken saying that most of the avalanche transceivers didn't seem to work and proceeded with safer endeavours like building a classy kitchen complete with shelves, cupboards and stand-up seating arrangements.

Easter Sunday morning, after the whizzing overhead candles en route to far tents quietened down, we gave Pykett our attempt, but a huge bowl ahead looked unstable and the only other possible

route dead-ended vertically, so we retreated. That lovely wide open snow slope that we had skied up on the way in was now "blankety-blank wet cement." The trip's eternal optimist kept repeating that these were "the most horrible ski conditions ever encountered" and just to prove his point he executed another wild tumble (as everyone else was doing on almost every turn) and broke one ski at the binding. Then he proceeded to complete the job by burning the ski through and moving the binding up to the centre of his now two foot long ski tip. Brian did salvage some reputation by developing a picturesque "push and limp" style of progress but it didn't catch on with the others. Everyone who knew him at the start of the trip was aware that Brian was a bona fide "crash and burn" skier, and so didn't really have to say anything - but we all did anyway. He was last seen on skis muttering something about stamp collecting.

Participants: Brad Hagen, Brian Pinch, Trudy Rey and Chris, Murrough O'Brien, Richard Eaton.

Kokanee Glacier Ski Camp

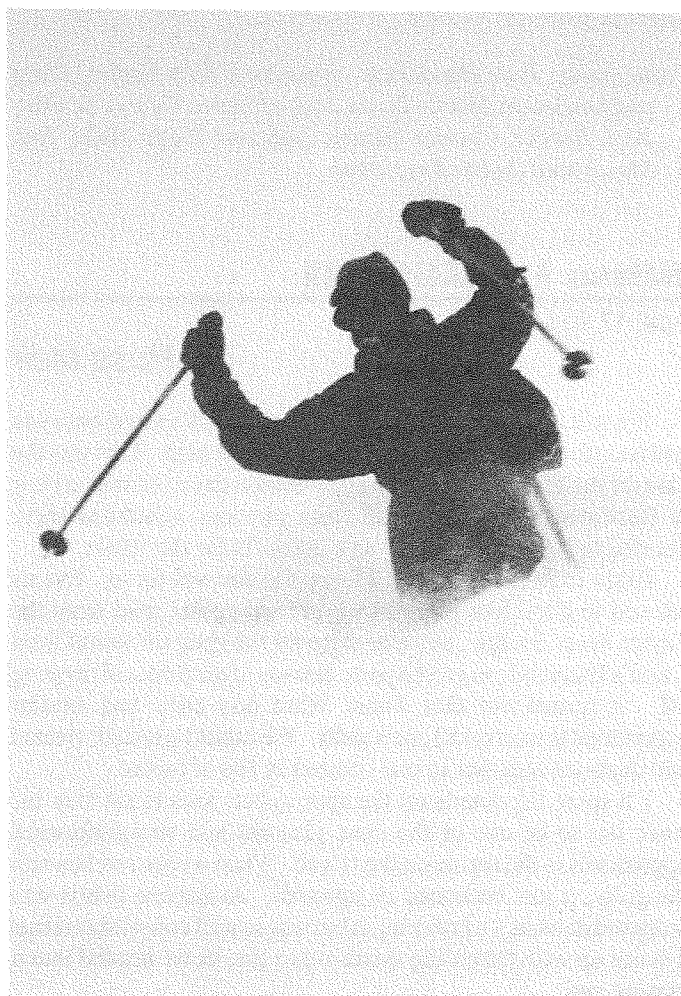
April 2-10

Rob Macdonald

Kokanee Glacier (Chomobrewma) is located just out of Nelson. On Saturday, after three helicopter loads from Sandspit on Kootenay Lake, we were in at the Slocan Chief Cabin with the Kokanee Glacier towering above us. We practiced finding each other's Pieps for a while and, well, the snow and the slopes got the best of us and we were off to see the glacier. Ian and Marg went out like they had been slingshotted. The hut is at about 6500' so it didn't take long to gain the 2000' to the glacier. It started to snow, and soon to white-out. We got that "mixed blessing" ski down - perfect snow but not too good an idea of where the slope was. However, we were soon back at the cabin, shaking out the powder, and sitting down to the first of many feasts.

The next day we were off semi-early, zipped back up to the glacier, climbed Pyramid, and then went over to the Giant's Kneecap where it started once more to snow. Another great ski down on powder was had by all -- we Vancouver Islanders are living a deprived existence, let me tell you.

We soon caught on to the weather routine; 10 cm of snow every night and another 5 cm each day. In 5 days, that adds up to over half a metre, and we hadn't even used the snow that was already there. We tried, but could not keep up with the nightly visit of the powder elves. One day we went over to Outlook Peak across the valley, skiing in white-out and snow most of the way. Another day we returned to Pyramid and climbed Battleship and hell, I would have gone just for the ski down. But the mother of all powder ski-runs was yet to be. We set out for Cond Peak, crossing the Glacier in blowing snow, sometimes even knowing where we were. Our trusty custodian, Kevin Giles, knew a circuit that would give us a 1500' ski down the north slope of Cond in what turned out to be waste-deep powder. This 15 minutes of skiing I will never forget, but we had to pay for it a bit by a semi-long traverse through Coffee Pass and around Joker Basin to get back to the cabin. Some went back out for more punishment so it couldn't have been that bad!



Julie plundering powder on Cond Peak

Rob MacDonald

Still, we weren't through. We headed out across the valley that holds Kaslo Lake, skied up the opposite slopes to do Mount Giegerich and Nansen Mountain and visit well-named Glory Basin. More snow, more powder, skiing the trees, life is hard. Sadly, it comes to an end. Each of these ski camps has its own gift - the Esplanades' was bomber weather, sun and even some good north slope snow; Trophy Mountain was neat terrain and some decent peak bagging; Lake O'Hara was weird snow - great views. Well, Kokanee will go down as dream-quality snow, great peaks, but not much of a view. As on all these trips, the shared meals are just one more bonus.

Believe it or not, the group booked for the Cabin after us canceled and we could have had another week if we wanted it. Some were sorely tempted. This did create a little difficulty in that there was no longer to be a helicopter ferry system to drag our bulkies out. We therefore hired the chopper for one flight to get rid of baggage (I mean our stuff, not you, Maija) and then skied out across Kelso Lake, down to Kokanee Lake and out along a logging road to reach our cars.

This was a great trip, but we saw nothing of the Sasquatch or Brew. The "Kokanee Can" looks different to me now; fond memories of slipping down a slope precede that nice feel of a brew going down. Just remember next time you "pop a Kokey," we

skied the head off that brew, but don't worry -- there's lots more where it came from.

Participants: Julie Henderson (organizer), Rick Eppler, Marg and Ian Brown, Martin Davis, Maija Finvirs, George Smekal, Barb Brooks, Charles Turner, Judy and Viggo Holm, Rob Macdonald (belated reporter).

Klitsa I -- Klitsa II

April 17 and May 25

Russ Moir

It's still amazing to me how a hill can cast it's mood onto you and transform your visits from one day to the next. This was the case for me this spring. On an early-season day in March, a bevy of frustrated souls, rained off from previous scheduled trips, decided to "grab a summit" as a quick fix for the 'blahs.'

Right from the first light I knew the day was for us. Events seemed to click into place as we ground up the road from the Taylor River Bridge. In a fine crisp air the gang unwound from Carol's Batmobile to greet a party already in the throes of tripping off. It turned out that Thom Ward and crew had similar aspirations to ours on Klitsa's gully. We rapidly greeted, cleated and departed together in one comradely file of twelve.

I'll spare the details on the approaches, save to say that the route has to be one of the most pleasant and straightforward approaches to the alpine on the Island. When we arrived beneath the gully, it just beckoned us upwards. Avalanche debris was scattered down it's whole length but was so well consolidated that driving up with trembling quads was a joy, as we headed into a glaring sun.

At the rock slab, a third the way up, a snack stop was taken. Not by Valerio; he was in auto and steamed on up, followed by several of the younger chickens savouring their spring exuberance. The party began to split up, some to emulate the 'Italian Stallion's' charge, others to fester on the rock. I reluctantly decided to follow on, only managing to catch up with the 'steamers' at the gully's exit.

The summit ridge always excites my 'armchair epic' visions. It's a classic image of a BIG peak's approach. A clean snow arete curves towards a fine, angular top. At varied intervals the party sauntered onto the summit for a leisurely enjoyment of the glorious vista around the Alberni Basin. It was a fine meal. Dessert was next. From the summit to the col and on down the gully, we had a bundle of fun in one continuous bum glissade. I, probably not the only one either, paid the price anatomically speaking. It hurts!

Back at the cars, while the ladies enjoyed sprucing up in the river -- full immersion version -- the males savagely splashed a few drops onto sweaty brows and armpits and made ready for a reeky ride home, our faces glowing from a perfect day on the hill. Well, if you take the chances the rewards will come, I tell myself.

Four weeks later and it's a return visit, this time an 'official' club trip. Sadly, Kayla and Richard, intrepid adventurers that they be, met us at the bridge to say that Kayla's bugs would prevent them from joining us. We bade farewell, feeling that at least the

day was still ours for the taking. It wasn't at all bad, but the early sunshine had now changed to scudding mist and drizzle.

The big bummer, however, was the gully. It just wasn't the same place. The thaw had made a pig of the avalanche debris. It was amazing to see how much had gone so quickly. Now the rock slab was clear, forcing a slimy bush scramble up to the left, which had me cursing.

The higher gully sections, spent in gloomy mist, were just a plod, in contrast to the previous visit's exhilaration. The vistas were masked in writhing clouds and our summit rest cut short by the damp cold. And worst of all the snow just wouldn't accommodate our backsides. We did go down a lot faster than our ascent, but it was a slightly mis-shapen crew who reassembled in the scrub at the bottom.

Poor Roger! In our trip preamble I'd stressed the need for an ice-axe. Well had we had a 'scene' at Helmcken when he had pulled out one MAMMOTH, prehistoric tool! It was worthy of old Ed Whymper himself. It was truly awesome, a yard and a half, n+1 pounds, with an inscription "to _?_ French 1912" on its voluminous shaft. I guess it was better than now't and actually an inspiring companion on the hill, but in essence as useful as a *%#! in *%#!.

I vote that the club should dig in to purchase this floating contact with our heritage, it shouldn't be left to fester alone as it has done for so long. It might function as our "conch shell" (shades of Lord of the Flies) at our executive meetings. To speak one needs Excalibur in hand. Ian could speedily bring meetings to order and we troops could end them faster than Sir Lancelot.

Klitsa I Participants: Carol Stewart, Claire Ebendinger, Valerio Faraoni, George Smekal, Brad Hagen, Russ Moir, Thom Ward and his Ramblers.

Klitsa II Participants: Russ Moir (Leader), Andy Preto, Francis Vitek, Roger Pollard

Early Spring in the North Cascades

April 25-30

Michael Kuzyk

After months of talking about it, a brutal exam period in the final year of my B.Sc., and pouring through guide books for routes and back-up routes in case the weather didn't cooperate, we were finally on our way. I nearly totalled my Jeep after pulling myself out of bed around 5:00 a.m. on a Monday morning to make it into town to pick up Marc and catch the 7:00 a.m. ferry to Tsawassen. After quick stops at MEC and FMCBC, to pick up some gear and rent PIEPS, we headed for the border crossing at Blaine and were in Bellingham shortly thereafter. We quickly found the local climbing shop, Base Camp, Inc. (thanks to Marc's memory) and obtained the local weather scoop for the next few days: partly cloudy, chance of clearing and showers. We were hoping to get in some steep snow and ice routes, but we were told conditions

were not at their best. Nonetheless, the itinerary remained: South Early Winter Spire in the Liberty Bell group via its SW couloir, the north face of Chair Peak, Triple Couloirs on Dragontail Peak, and Mt. Shuksan. Ambitious, yes, but we had ten days.

We set up camp in the bushes just off the parking lot for the Blue Lake trail at Washington pass, around 5200 ft.. We met two guys, from Portland, close to our ages who were getting ready to do the same route as ourselves on South Early Winter Spire. We figured that the routes we had chosen may be popular since we picked them all from a recently published guide on selected climbs in the North Cascades (which is much more affordable than the guides by Fred Beckey). We became acquainted with our tent neighbors realizing that we would probably be climbing with them the next day unless we staggered our departures. We finished packing for the next day, chowed down some food in the dark, set the alarm for 3:30 a.m. (hoping to find frozen snow and an ice filled couloir when we awoke) and we hit the sack.

3:30 a.m. and six hours of sleep, more than enough, and we're ready to go and everything is frozen. We were a bit rusty breaking camp, getting some breakfast into our stomachs and readying our military-issue snowshoes (skis are on this fall's shopping list). We were on trail by 5:00 a.m. with our American friends about ten minutes ahead of us on skis. The approach hike was minimal (much to our pleasure since our snowshoes lacked claws) and we caught up with Kent and Alex near the base of the route, they were busy shearing a snow column. After deciding that it was safe to continue, we clambered up to the base of the spire. Unfortunately, ice was nonexistent within the couloir, thereby changing the route from a 35-50 degree ice route to a 35-50 degree steep snow and rock route. Fair enough though, we got to break in our ice tools and definitely dulled our crampons in what Kent and Alex commented on as being the most scenic couloir they had climbed. Vertical slabs of gorgeous rock rose 80-100 ft. on both sides of the couloir which became narrower and steeper as we progressed up the route. Throughout the climb, the weather had changed from overcast, to partly sunny, to heavy flurries at times and then back to sunshine. As we reached the top of the couloir, the clouds parted enough to let us peek at a few of the surrounding spires and to reveal just how vertical the spire we were coming up the backside of truly was. A quick rock step from the couloir rated at 5.3 in the guide, but contested to be more of a stiff class 4 by Alex, put us on the summit of this 7807 ft. beauty. This peak had turned out to be an excellent warm up climb and a perfect introduction to steep snow.

The lack of ice on the route, combined with the forecast for the week, and the fact that we lacked skis, led us to agree that we should stick to 'high access' climbs, thereby drastically altering our plans. Within two days of beginning this trip, we had successfully climbed one of our objectives, but Chair Peak and Dragontail Peak were ruled out due to rockfall potential and lack of ice. We packed up and headed back to Base Camp, Inc. in Bellingham where we found the owner, Frank, to be a great guy who was able to help us with endless route suggestions all over the Cascades, taking into account the current snow conditions. The updated weather forecast had been altered and now predicted a clearing trend over the next few days. We decided that the exposed west ridge of North Twin Sister Peak in the Twin Sisters Range sounded very intriguing as our next climb. For route descriptions

of this range, Marc ended up purchasing one of the volumes of the more expensive guides to the Cascades by Fred Beckey. Even though more expensive, these guides are unmatched in their comprehensive route descriptions, most of which Beckey first ascended. Although this guide contained amazing detail and accuracy we found Beckey's times to be those of a somewhat 'possessed man.'

The west ridge of the North Twin Sister sounded like a classic, it has excellent, steep, exposed class 3-4 rock that would grip even during a downpour (my hands will attest to that after spending 13 hrs. on the ridge). As an additional climb, the gently glaciated north slopes of Ruth Mountain standing at 7106 ft. near Mt. Baker and Mt. Shuksan sounded like a picturesque climb (as Frank put it, 'save ten shots for the summit'). After that, we still had our sights set on Shuksan, via the Sulphide glacier.

Accessing the North Twin Sister turned out to be a bit trickier than Frank made it out to be, but once we found it, we camped and set our alarms for 3:30 a.m. once again, but this time with the intention of climbing the peak in a day. As we approached the peak and it came into sight the following morning, it immediately became apparent that the west ridge of this 6570 ft. peak demanded respect and it looked like it was going to be a long haul even though we hit trail at 5:00 a.m.. The approach via logging roads was only a few miles through gorgeously manicured clear-cut slopes, which reduced our tree bashing to reach the west ridge to only a few hundred metres of forest before we reached the alpine around 4500 ft.. Fred Beckey's route description was extremely accurate from the 30 ft. drop-off and obelisk to the headwall and the yellowish color of the rock. Since it was only 7:00 a.m., and the false summit was in clear view, we felt confident we would summit by 1:30 p.m. at the latest (2.5 hr. longer than Beckey's estimate). The early going on the ridge was composed of fun, bouldery class 1 & 2 scrambling on the ridge crest and progress was rapid. As the ridge narrowed and steepened, our progress slowed due to the fact that the easiest route lay slightly on the south side of the ridge, which had a bit more of a 'forgiving' slope compared to the snow clad cliffs of the north side of the ridge.

We had lucked out with the weather, it was gorgeous. We had beaten the sun to the base of the west ridge and with the peak located on the western outskirts of the Cascades, we could gaze out across the foothills and flatlands all day, from Puget Sound to the Olympic Mountains beyond. Later on, clouds would form and rise up over our heads as they hit the side of the mountain, which only added to the eerie feeling of this already isolated and exposed climb as the wind howled in our helmets. As the day grew longer, it became apparent that the generous time allotment we had given ourselves to summit, based on Beckey's estimate, was not generous enough because route finding had taken us longer than anticipated. From the 1750m point and beyond we set up anchored belays and placed protection because of the immense exposure on the north side and even the south side had long since lost its appeal as its gentler slopes had turned into steep, loose rocked gullies. We reached a notch at the false summit at 3:30 p.m. and decided that in order to make it off the ridge before dusk we would have to turn back.

The peak does offer a rapid descent via 45° snow on the northern side, but these slopes had not released yet and this late in the day they would have been far too risky. Only a few weeks

earlier, some foolish individuals had jump-stepped their way down the north slopes and triggered an avalanche, but luck was with them as it came to a halt and they came out on top. Therefore, we began the arduous task of downclimbing the ridge and threw in one rappel for good measure (some of the snow portions of the route were far too sketchy to downclimb by this time of day). Although we did not summit, we felt quite content with our accomplishment of having come up only about 100m short of the summit. Plus, this route provided an excellent experience on relatively steep and exposed technical ground, only whetting our appetites for the fast approaching climbing season.

After returning to Bellingham from North Twin Sister we found out that the weather picture had been altered drastically and a storm was ready to move in within the next two days. We decided to try and squeeze in Ruth Mountain under the wire, but we were rained on for 14 hrs. straight at our camp on the approach trail for the peak. Since we had received five days of decent weather and the outlook was poor for the final days of our trip we headed back to the Island. We had no desire to contend with an angry Mt. Shuksan in low visibility and fresh wet snow. Marc and I figure that Ruth Mountain will make an excellent winter skiing objective and as for Mt. Shuksan, any time soon please!

Participants: Marc Elrick and Michael Kuzyk

Mt. Matier and Joffre

April 29 -May 1

Doug McGhee

Chateau Holm was abustle with excitement as fourteen of us assembled for a trip to ski and climb in the Joffre area. This Whistler cabin was our Friday night meeting place and I watched wide-eyed the arrival and preparations of such a varied group readying for a weekend ski. This was my first experience with the Alpine Club.

We made a reasonable 07:00 departure from Whistler and encountered falling snow as we ascended the steep road out of Mt. Currie. We considered chaining up but didn't. The lower slopes of the Cerise Creek access road had recently been logged which confused us in our approach but we found the correct road to be the higher of the two branches to the right.

Weatherman Bob must have done some special dance, as the falling snow made for an easy ski to Keitie's Hut, and meanwhile the skies opened and turned the day magical and blue. Who arranged for the hut to be vacant and serene?

After a short pause to admire the view, our group headed out for a ski up the north slope of Joffre, the ridge west of the hut. Carol, Andrew, Bob, Katy, Martin and I reached the summit of Matier that afternoon as wispy clouds started gathering. Bob must have been too busy breaking trail and doing laps on Matier's slopes above the col to arrange for a perfect view. The rest of the group skied in the perfect snow and enjoyed the warmth on Anniversary Glacier and nearer the hut.

It was a 04:00 start the next morning that allowed Brad, Murrough & Richard to seemingly flash high-up Matier and for Richard and Murrough to reach the summit early in the day. Carol

with her passion for the finer things slept an extra fitful hour or two and summited Matier that afternoon by herself. My inexperience would have sent me scampering as moderate winds blew clouds and spindrift about her alone on the ridge, but she seemed oblivious.

Over the col between Matier and Joffre was the perfect line of a snow-filled gully that rose from Matier Glacier seemingly to the top of Joffre, banding its southwest face. Katy had been curious about this line and the sight of it excited Claire but afternoon sun made the route dangerous and we withdrew. The skiing enjoyed by everyone on Matier, Anniversary Glacier and near the cabin was wonderful but the ice crust difficult. I recall descending the glacier "bum-skiing" with a few others.

Almost everyone departed Sunday afternoon, exhausted and pleased with the skiing. Carol and Claire stayed Sunday night and managed an epic hitch-hiking saga the next morning. A solitary grosbeak wished them all a safe trip home from the trees in front of Keitie Hut.

Catrin drove like a demon and won the race back to the ferry. Katy, Bob and I made an 05:00 start for the snow gully eyed on Sunday. We reached the col in what I stuttered to exclaim were white-out conditions. Katy and Bob breezed up effortlessly in casual approval of perfect conditions. The chute was compact snow moderately steep with one section very near the top of Joffre which Katy and Bob admitted we should have roped up for. My speechlessness betrayed my anxiety. The summit was an easy walk along the ridge to the northwest. We descended unroped by the same route to clearing weather.

As we skied down the glacier, I was exhilarated by the superb conditions left by the dusting of innocent snow. Carol had been right when she had earlier reassured me that I would be "in good hands" on Joffre. I was also in a beautiful place and in great company.

Participants: Graham Bennett, Catrin Brown, Martin Davis, Claire Ebendinger, Bob Enagonio, Richard Gage, Judy and Brad Hagen, Katy Holm, Doug McGhee, Murrough O'Brien, Andrew Simpson, George Smekal, Carol Stewart

Wedge Mountain, North Arete

7-8 May, 1994

John Pratt

After an indifferent night's sleep at the Wedgemount Trail parking lot, we cooked a hurried breakfast and set off up that steep track at about 7:20 a.m. The top half of the trail was snow-covered and it took us over four hours to reach the cabin. It was a gorgeous day with scenery to match. Even by mountain standards the landscape of this area is 'aggressively three-dimensional.' As we approached the cabin the bulk of snow-plastered Rethel Mountain towered skyward in a most imposing fashion. To have been indoors on this weekend would indeed have been a crime.

After a brief rest at the cabin, we continued on along the lake shore and up Wedgemount Glacier. We arrived at the high bowl below the North Arete at about 3:00 p.m. and promptly set up camp. Surrounded by some of the choicest scenery in Garibaldi

park we had a leisurely brew-up, cooked an early dinner and relaxed the afternoon away until the sun sank behind a ridge of Parkhurst Mountain and our campsite fell into shadow. Above, the high ridges and crests of Wedge Mountain still glowed brightly in the evening light. Time-wise, we could have climbed the route, reached the summit and returned to camp, but late in the afternoon the snow would have been extremely mushy and we had come to climb, not to swim.

After a cool night's sleep (for me at least), we set off at 6:20 a.m. as two ropes of two. With Russ and I alternating leads, Rick and Pat followed in our bucket steps. We should have charged them a fee! Above, the North Arete glowed invitingly in the morning sun. The sky was a deep, stainless blue; there was a faint breeze. We climbed above a small icefall and reached the base of the arete without difficulty.

I led straight off along the lower, knife-edged portion. The snow was soft even at this hour of the morning and I apologized to Russ for the slow pace. But to tell the truth, the route was so beautiful that no-one particularly wanted it climbed quickly! Although this section could be "dicey when icy", conditions were ideal on this day. Everything seemed to epitomize just what mountaineering should be -- if one wants the perfect answer to the question "why climb?"

At the halfway point, Russ took over the lead and began breaking trail up the broader, steeper section above the point where the arete abuts the north face. Too quickly it was all over. I broke trail up to the lovely, pointed snowy summit (2906 meters) with its stunning view; the others joined us there some 15 minutes later. This was Rick's first trip into Garibaldi Park. I believe it safe to say that he was suitably impressed and in fact suffering from sensory overload.

We had "lunch" on top -- it was really only 9:30 a.m. or so -- and commenced our descent. Down the delightful scree-slope

(actually mostly snow-covered) on the west side, and through the Wedge-Parkhurst col, we tramped back to camp. There we rested, re-sorted our gear and had another brew-up. The journey back to the cabin was pleasant and wholly uneventful. We arrived there at 2:30 p.m. and it was agreed that a stop of at least half an hour was in order. We escaped the horrendous ultraviolet flux and just vegged out in this majestic place, the silence seemingly made all the deeper by the muted rush of meltwater, the powder-snow avalanches on Rethel and Parkhurst, and the occasional plaintive bird-call (which I thought were crows, but which Russ solemnly declared to be unmistakably those of the "yellow-spotted, black-tailed, lesser flagellated bunting". Isn't education wonderful?)

The rest over, we bade good-bye to our heaven, gritted our teeth for the descent and plunged down through the steep snow and so into the trees. Actually, it wasn't too bad. We reached the van at 6:30 p.m. and within the hour were tucking into badly-made lasagna at the Boston Pizza in Whistler, a great weekend behind us.

Participants: Russ Moir, Rick Johnson, Patrick Jones and John Pratt

Misty Septimus

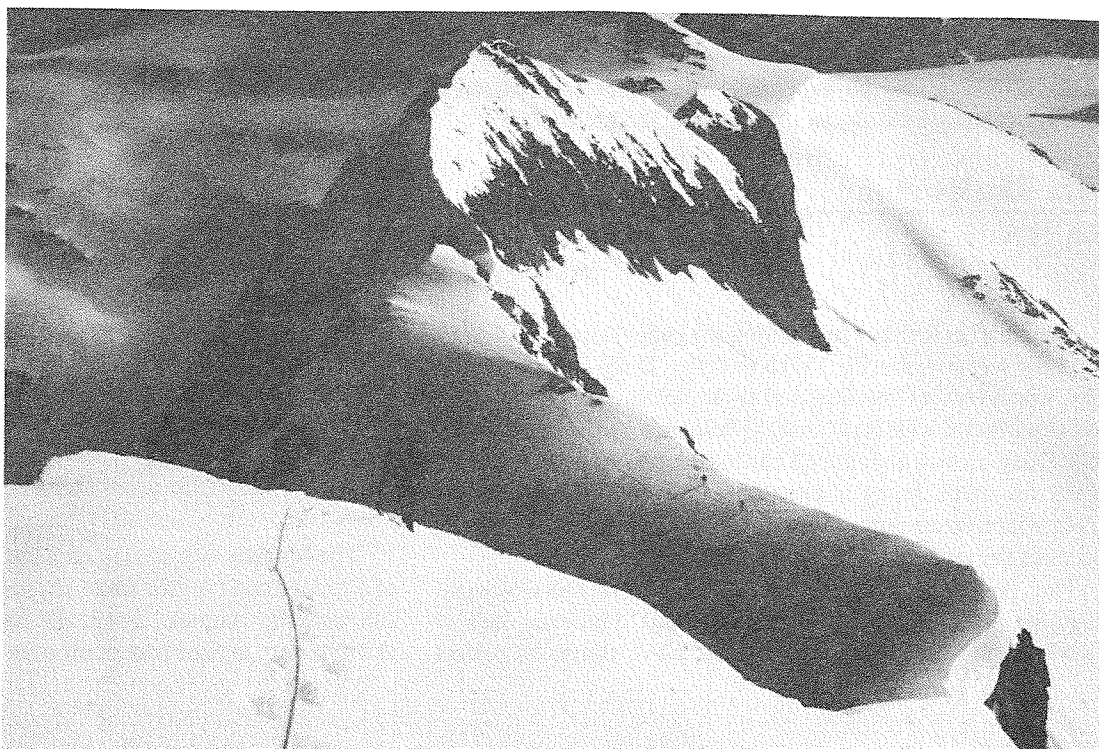
May 10

Doug Goodman

Monday morning, clear and sunny, haven't been in the mountains for two weeks, hmmmmmm. Been wanting to try an IQ for some time, thinking and planning Septimus for a month or two, being perhaps the most accessible IQ. Calls to a few friends,

North Ridge - Wedge Mt.

John Pratt



they're working. 9:00 packing, 11:00 on the road, trip plan filed with Lynn: don't call S&R till Wed. eve. Frigging traffic in Nanaimo, Parksville. Hot and sunny. Campbell River, is this the right road? OK, no more towns, starting to get excited, McBride looks nice, heh, the end of the lake, the mine road. What's that big black rock in the alders beside the road, never seen such a black rock/bear jumped away. Big pile of scat in front of the scathouse door. Famous Bedwell trail, 17:30, easy if steep, snow at 3000 ft. 19:00 skiing, cold and misty, lake below, which one? Camp? No, eat, dress, feeling better, ski on. Lake looks iffy, but probably shallow close to shore, lets try Baby Bedwell. OK, down to Bedwell L., heading for Pacific. Poles go into ice, no, slush, lets try the shore. 21:00 at turn off to Cream Lake., tent up, mist, no mountains, Tom Taylor looms once, yikes! Drizzle mist, night, morning, drizzle mist, birds singing nicely (didn't know the eclipse was due a.m., did anyone tell them not to look?), 11:00 quiet, just mist. 11:30 to 13:45 Cream Lake via compass, altimeter, slush and mist, cache tent, where's the snowfield, that looks more like Flower Ridge, try this way, heh the clouds are lifting, there's the route! Is that the peak? not long till the col now, I've said that a few times, 15:30 in the col. There's the rock but where's the route? Rick and Ian couldn't give a clear description, I can see why, that looks doable, ...rock climbing in ski boots is weird, yikes, this is scary, this is not wise, getting down isn't easy! Further on, a shallow gully with some snow, not so steep. OK, it goes, bit exposed, but the holds are abundant, big to not too small, snow melt drink and sprinkle, sun flirts, warm and misty, slowly up, very careful, use a couple of snow patches, yikes what's that looming spire, must be Rousseau. The ridge! Easy rock and snow, a bit wobbly legged, snow on N side down into gloom, up snow to ... the top? 17:15 a slab, and a cairn? Sort of fits what Ian said, don't see anything higher but can't see far except some flat cloud tops briefly through the mist. Bite, water, photo, down, where's the route? Yeah this is it, fun downclimb, no decisions to make, flows amazingly fast, the col, 2000 feet of telemarking (more fun), my gear and Cream Lake, still misty, 18:00, 1/2 way to Bedwell, heh, blue sky, Septimus behind me, Tom Taylor, Ursus, Big Interior in mist, more fun telemarking down to Bedwell, 19:15, end of ski, green ladder trail, sunshine, car 21:00, policeman 23:45, climbing can be expensive, sunglasses tame damned headlights but are too sleepy, 01:30 home, bed, satisfied.

Mt. Baker

May 14 & 15

Kris Holm

The weather forecast is unsettled as Leslie Illner kindly drops Reinhard and me off at the 7:00 a.m. ferry. Doug Goodman with John, who is visiting from England, are to pick us up at Tsawwassen, and as we board with heavy packs, Reinhard comments, "I sure hope Doug owns a big enough car for the four of us plus gear." When we arrive, Doug is cheerfully towering over his Honda Civic, which he attempts to destroy with abandon on our speedy ascent of the potholed Mt. Baker road.

Plan A is to hike/ski in Saturday and climb the Coleman-Demming Route, then hike/ski out Sunday. However, lack of visibility Saturday gives us some great yo-yo skiing on perfect

slopes but no summit. This evening the tendency graph on Reinhard's barometer/altimeter watch becomes as involving as a Stanley Cup play-off game. John's sagging tunnel tent becomes increasingly soggy under about 15 cm. of wet new snow, and he attempts to prop the midsection up with a stick.

With the barometer still falling, we leave at 5:00 a.m., Reinhard, Doug and I on skis and John on foot. The fresh snow on a firm base is fine for both skiing and hiking, and the three of us quickly find that Doug skis uphill as fast as he drives. Visibility quits as we kick steps up the final Roman Headwall to the broad summit plateau, where Doug, who was far ahead, is nowhere to be seen. A brief search yields his tracks and I soon find that, determined to find the highest point on the foggy summit, Doug has clawed his way up a small rise obviously about 10 cm. higher than anything else.

Skins off! Thirteen hundred metres of soaring and swooshing lead to our tents and then the tree-line where the snow ends. We reach the car in bucketing rain, find the hidden key, and become literally the last car allowed on the 6 o'clock ferry to Swartz Bay. A great trip and a good time of year to climb Mt. Baker.

Participants: Reinhard Illner, John, Kris Holm, Doug Goodman (leader)

East Sooke Park

May 15

Tom Hall

East Sooke Park's 1400 hectares of semi-wilderness is one of the few local spots where you can actually get away from the sound of the internal combustion engine (but try and avoid peak fishing season!). This jewel of the CRD park system offers family hikes with chances of whale watching, views of the Olympics and an unbeatable hours-on-the-trail/hours-on-the-road ratio compared to those up island day trips.

For the 6th or 7th year running (I've lost track by now), we met in the Aylard Farm parking lot on a clear, warm spring morning to leave cars for return transportation before driving over to the Pike Road parking lot (to find Albert and Jim!) and begin our trek of East Sooke's mini West Coast Trail.

We also had the chance to welcome Petra, here for only six months from Dresden, to Victoria and the Club.

See you next year!

Participants: Tom and Pam Hall, Mike and Barbara Hubbard, Petra Strougal, Judy Holm, Albert Hestler and Jim Kirby.

It's Munday Again!

May 21-29

Claire Ebendinger

The Munday trip started on a Saturday, with ten keen skiers and gear packed in two small planes heading to the Scar Creek International Airport. From the logging camp we drove two crummies up to Scar Mountain -- as far as we could! ("Are we

still on the road, Rick? All I see are alder trees surrounding us.”) We walked on the road a bit and up the hill to the snow line. A few skiing hours later we set up camp on top of Scar Mountain, overlooking the Waddington Glacier and admiring the White Mantle Range. The next day was a long and enjoyable one since the weather was mostly good and we covered a lot of ground, leaving Scar Mountain behind us and approaching the glacier and the ridge above it with no difficulty. Our leader and last year’s participants were quite excited with our progress. We gladly dropped our packs for another camp with views of Waddington and Munday in the distance.

On day 3, we woke up feeling greatly motivated and greeted by sunshine and blue skies. What a treat! Off we went, clicking cameras often, past Martello Peak, down to the Waddington Glacier and to the foot of Mt. Agur. The fog had moved in and the visibility was reduced at times, so Margaret and Rudy left wands on the way to mark our route back. As we took our last break in the afternoon, we decided to push on and set up base camp at the col, above the Ice Valley. It had been another long day and we were pleased to unload our packs at the end of this last section in cold wind and clouds moving in quickly.

“If it’s Tuesday it could be Munday” said Rob when we woke up. But the wind was bitter and blowing snow around so we slept in for a while, a much-needed rest. At 11:00 a.m. the weather forecaster announced clearings in the afternoon and we all decided to head up the slopes towards Munday (forecast = what you see is what you get.) The weather was cooperating and the clear breaks materialized. Onward we go into a large basin, surrounded by peaks and glaciers nearby. *Helás!* As we were climbing the headwall at the end of the basin, the gods tricked us and everything closed again. We dug a ditch to keep warm and waited, our backs to the wind. 45 minutes later....Margaret sees a ridge shape ahead. Quick! Skis back on and, faithfully, we follow our leaders into the white out.

Mysterious mountains -- now you see them, now you don’t -- magical and challenging. Soon we were at the foot of the summit, and we left the skis to do the final climb and by-pass a cornice. The true summit is 20 feet further at the end of a “foot-wide” ridge, with exciting drop-offs on each side. Belaying back and forth, we made it across, walking carefully on the narrow “path”. We shook hands, felt pretty satisfied, even though the visibility was nil. The wands left on the way up confirmed the route as we skied back to camp.

We hoped for a good night’s sleep that night but a wild storm brought strong winds and a new blanket of powder snow. After another lazy morning, we checked the forecast -- clearing in the afternoon, “it” said. Rob and Rick started up Mt. Agur for possible views. Barb, Doug and I followed, later on joined by Ian and Rudy. We enjoyed the climb, with the mist drifting around us, occasionally revealing views of summits across the glacier. As we reached the top, we were ecstatic. The clouds were mostly gone, glaciers and mountains were stretching forever, Waddington, Munday and their neighbors looked awesome and daring, and the sun was shining over this marvelous scene. We studied maps, took photos, and just sat on the ridge, laughing and smiling at it all. Were we ever high! Sitting out of the wind we watched the evening sun doing light shows on Waddington and on the clouds rising again from the Ice Valley. As we climbed down, we stopped

many times, taking in all the views and peering at our little “igloo” town down below.

Day 6 - another stormy cold night. More fresh powder snow. Can’t even see the buffies so we build new ones. As the clouds threaten to part we decide to try Munday again. A few of us ski back up the basin and enjoy the excellent snow conditions. As it closes in on us again we turn back, gliding on the powder, making noises of excitement and keeping an eye on the person ahead as he/she is the only landmark in sight, and the odd wand left again on the way up. The group who attempted to get to Fascination Peak also turned back and skied up a “Dome-Peak” nearby.

The weather pattern was becoming rather predictable. Another snow storm blew in at night. But at 4:30 a.m., Margaret called “It’s clear! We are going up to the headwall for views!” Up we went, some faster than others, skiing this route for the third time. The ones who made it to the top of the headwall enjoyed great views of the Tiedeman Glacier and its towering peaks. The ski back to camp was excellent -- like floating on clouds. The weather was closing in again -- Rick and Rob had packed when they woke up and were long gone. Soon the rest of us were gliding down the glacier, appreciating the lighter packs. We traveled fast during these two days out, some on icy slopes, some in a fresh winter wonderland scene with heavy snowflakes covering the trees and the old snow on Scar Mountain.

As we were driving down in the crummies, we were dreaming of meals and showers we might be able to get at the camp -- and of Mt. Waddington. We’ll be back.....

Participants: Barbara Brooks, Rudy Brugger, Ian and Margaret Brown (Leaders), Claire Ebendinger, Doug Thorburn, Graham Maddocks, Doug _____ (Campbell River), Rick Eppler, Rob MacDonald.

The Lion in Spring - Ascents of East and West Lions

21-22 May

John Pratt

We set off up the Lions Trail at 2:50 p.m. on the sunny afternoon of 21 May. I had decided to get some real exercise by hogging both the rope and the tent (plus some assorted and unnecessary climbing hardware). As a result, I was soon sweating in a manner that would make Sylvester Stallone look positively fresh. The log across roaring Harvey Creek had been swept away, there were lots of fresh blowdowns on the trail and the upper half of the route was in deep snow. Nonetheless, we reached the ridge-top just 3h:30min after leaving the car. We stamped out a flat spot on the crest and pitched camp. With what remained of the daylight we had a leisurely cook-up and admired the view. We could have knocked off the West Lion easily and still got back in daylight, but why hurry?

The next morning we set off at 8:20 a.m. On the ascent, the “dead tree” ledge was a bit damp and I exercised all due caution -- I have never liked that move. Once you are across the ledge, however, the rest is easy. Just 40 minutes from starting out, we were on the summit of the West Lion. This was my fifth ascent and Francis’ first.

Once off the peak of the West Lion, we headed toward the East Lion, a much tougher proposition. Getting to the base was easy. Reaching the safety of the bush-route was not. We had three tries at it; the first would have worked had the rock (exposed and stiff class 4) not been damp. Eventually, I grasped hold of the first welcome cedar bough and from there on it was just 150 meters or so of vertical bush.

Francis was deeply unimpressed with the route, but there was a bit of historical irony in our presence on this very day. My only other ascent of the peak was when I soloed it in 1978, the year Francis was born! In fact, I think I climbed more rock and less bush the first time, but that was an August trip. One of the problems encountered in early summer on the route up the East Lion is the ugly and dangerous moats that form just where you are supposed to get off the snow and onto rock.

We had a quick snack on the summit and observed another party, late risers, on the snowcap atop the West Lion. Their voices were unfortunately audible, along with the yapping of two dogs they had chained up in the gap just before that peak. One of these idiots even let off a "bear banger" on top, a noise normally associated with the Second Coming. People like that, together with the numerous helicopter sightseeing trips that plague the area, are annoyances Lions climbers have to bear.

Nonetheless, it was a great weekend out. If you haven't climbed either peak, go and do them both, for the contrast. The West Lion is a delightful rock-scramble while the East Lion is, well -- er, different.

Participants: Francis Vitek, John Pratt

King's Peak (Plan C)

June 4

Judith Holm

King's Peak is a pleasurable destination. The trail is clear, passing through attractive open mature forest. When we broke out into the snow gully there was dramatic evidence of the power of avalanches. We walked on a blanket of fir branches and around snapped trees; on either side many young firs were bent over. Thank you to Dennis and John, the rope bearer, who kicked steps all the way to the col. The rock at the peak is interesting, all knobby for good holds and quite solid. We had terrific cloud effects, for it was windy; the clouds at different elevations were zooming in various directions, opening up ever changing vistas and views of peaks. At the top it snowed a bit. I would have liked a photo of our good King John crowned with the aluminum wind shelter of the Whisperlite, which is just the right size and shape. It was great fun sliding down the snow, all soft and fast but for the surprise of a couple of clumps of icy lumps from old avalanches. John expressed his dismay that all had enjoyed the day.

Route used (thanks to Rick Johnson for his assistance):

- ☛ Camp in parking lot of Lady Falls.
- ☛ Drive 1+ km. west to where power line crosses Gold River road.
- ☛ Left turn onto dirt road and park (passable with 4 wheel drive)
- ☛ Walk road under power line for about 2 1/2 km. until about just before major creek crosses road.
- ☛ Turn left on a trail marked with blue/white and also red flagging across cleared area.
- ☛ Trail crosses creek and follows up beside creek.
- ☛ Where trail comes out into open snow gully, continue in same line up gully to col.
- ☛ (Snow was excellent, but should gully be impassable it is apparently also possible to go around headwall on right side of gully and up snow on right of it.)
- ☛ From the col at top of the gully it is a short scramble to left, to the peak.

Time: left Lady Falls at 7:15 a.m.

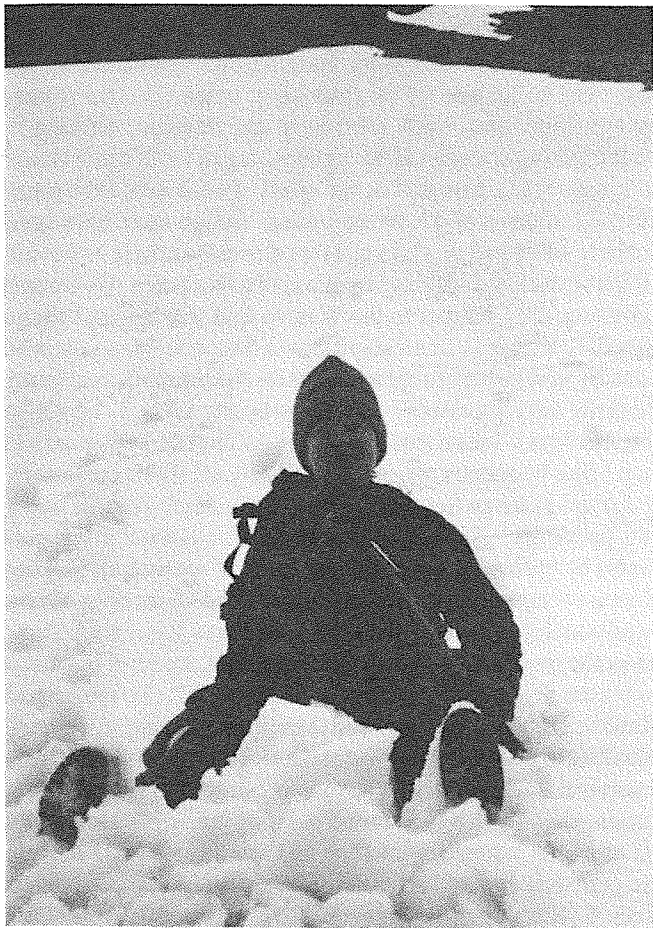
At peak shortly before 1 p.m.

Back at cars at 4:15 p.m. Home in Victoria before 10:45 p.m.

Participants: John Pratt (leader), Mike Kuzyk, Dennis Manke, Steve Robinson, George Smekal, Francis Vitek and Judith Holm.



The Island Bushwhacker



Kayla passing her bum glissade test Richard Keltie

Mt. Olympus

June 10-12

Greg Gordon

As we sat on the Coho ferry to Port Angeles, Gerta, Graham, Doug and I were busily making glacier wands. The bamboo rods with bright pink flagging attracted a few odd stares from our fellow passengers. Within a few hours we were hiking up the lush Hoh Valley rain forest. Twenty-four kilometres and nine hours later brought us to Elk Lake where we set up camp.

The second day dawned wet. We hiked out of the valley to the snowy alpine meadows. After reaching the Blue Glacier we roped up, took a few bearings and headed across. On the other side of the glacier we climbed a steep snow slope onto the cloud-covered Snow Dome. It was easy level walking once on top until we reached its southern end where it rises abruptly towards the summit. We zig-zagged our way past a couple of 'schrunds. And then with only a handful of wands left, the summit block emerged from the swirling mist directly in front of us. Good navigating Doug! After a short rock climb we were on the summit congratulating each other.

It was already late afternoon so we made a hasty retreat (but not before straightening the impossibly tangled rope.) We were off the glaciers before dark and walked back to camp by headlamp.

Participants: Doug Goodman (leader), Gerta Smythe, Graham Maddocks and Greg Gordon.

Crevasse Rescue Workshop

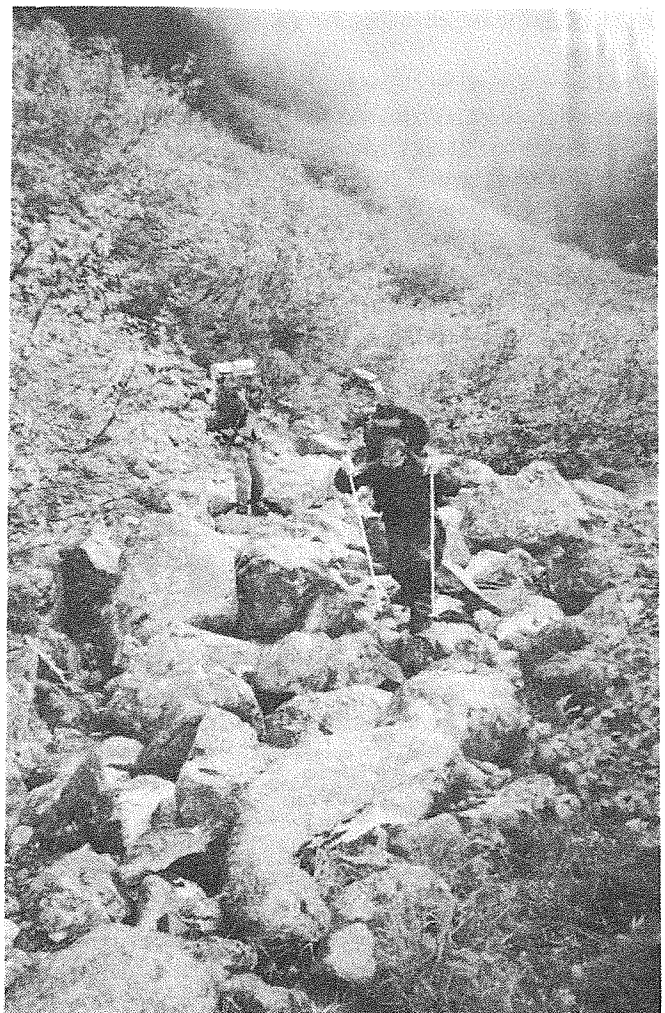
June 18-20

Ian Brown

A few hours up the trail we camped in the usual campsite (floodplain) above the upper Joffre Lake. The dedicated crew brought your feuhrer a birthday cake complete with candles. While these brave folks sang 'Happy Birthday' standing around in the monsoon, the intrepid leader sat in the dry in his tent, blew out the candles and ate the cake. At least Kayla got the shot that won her the humour award at the photo contest.

The next day brought Coast 'good' weather, namely only mist. So we all got properly soaked practicing ice axe arrest and then wandered off up the hill looking for a crevasse to rescue. Care of the winter's heavy snowfall, we found no open slots so ended up digging our crevasse. After a maze of tangled roped and pulleys we finally hauled the leader/victim, complaining steadily all the while, up to safety. To finish the day, Doug and Rex attempted Tszil (the ridge was too long) and the rest dodged up Taylor for a grand view in the clearing sky of the whole Lillooet Lake Valley.

Those of us who managed to stay the third day were treated to



Joffre Lakes obstacle course - Richard winning!

Kayla Stevenson **19**

bright sun and clear sky. So we learned low angle ice climbing on the Joffre Glacier. We set a few ice screws, cramponed up and down several times and lowered Doug into a serious slot and hauled him out again. Such nonsense mountaineers get up to! We finished the day with a fine swim in Lillooet Lake.

Crew: Ian & Margaret Brown (leaders), Judy Holm, Rex Andrew, Doug Goodman, Greg Gordon, Kayla Stevenson, Richard Keltie, Kate Darling, Beat Tenger, Martin Fichtl

Kayak Trip to Hot Springs Cove

June 20-25

Barbara Hubbard.

Description of a trip that was to have been an Alpine Club Kayak and Hiking trip from Tofino to Bedwell Lake and Big Interior Mountain but instead became a joint "Kayak Only" venture by Mike (Leader) and Barbara Hubbard (Follower) as no one signed up for the official trip as stipulated. The writer gaily named the Islands that were camped on as they had no names on the chart. Mike, my fearless leader, and I were in two separate kayaks loaded with provisions for a week.

Route:

1st Day = Tofino to "Our Island in the Sun" (a small island between Vargas Island and Morfee Island in Calmus Passage).

2nd Day = to "Rocky Island" (off the East Coast of Flores Island in Millar Channel North of McKay Island).

3rd Day = to "Song Bird Island" (an Islet off George Island in Shelter Inlet).

4th Day = to "Hot Springs Cove" back to "Song Bird Island"

5th Day = "Rocky Island"

6th Day = "Our Island in the Sun" to Tofino

Sunday, June 19th: For me the trip started in Port Alberni at the "Blue Gate Breakfast Restaurant", a classic old-style Diner serving huge portions of hash browns, eggs and bacon, particularly on this day -- Father's Day. On leaving, well fed and full, the sun burst out of the clouds (after days of rain and cold) which was the start to an ever improving weather pattern. We were able to launch our kayaks in Tofino in late afternoon benefiting from heat and sunshine, a good omen for the days to come. Two hours of paddling past "Schindler's Point" brought us to our first magnificent camping spot, an island basking in sunshine until 9 p.m. Massive amounts of green ivy and deciduous trees climbing up a steep bank were the backdrop to a pointed beach of clam, mussel and geoduck shells where we pitched our tent high enough, we hoped, not to be reached by the high tide waters. We had no trouble cooking our meal over the open fire: rice, broad beans, a can of turkey meat, peaches, coffee and German cookies -- all this in brilliant sunshine and heat. No signs of any bears but - a fisherman (hermit?) with black lab living on the other side of the Island. We wondered where the dog barking had come from but fortunately saw the Hermit leave "OUR" Island by boat and we knew we were alone.

Monday, June 20th: We packed up Camp in our Paradise and left at 10 a.m. only to arrive in yet another idyllic spot for lunch after two hours of paddling. A beach offering the finest sand

facing the open ocean in the distance, flanked by the thickest jungle with a fresh water creek running over the sand into the ocean. The scene was set for frolicking: lunch - sleep - skinny dipping - water amazingly refreshing and pleasant, walking in the nude feeling sinful and free and washing in fresh water creek, who knows when this will occur next? Two hours were spent easily with dreams of where the Indian Village must have been and where - if we had the right tools to cut into the jungle - we could have found the lost and forlorn remains of totem poles. We carried on crossing the Channel to the West to find the Indian Village "Ahousat" which we knew about from a doctor friend of ours who used to fly in regularly to treat natives for rheumatoid complaints apparently very prominent in this particular village. We also wanted to find a Treatment Centre for Alcoholics in this area to which Mike frequently sends his extremely alcoholic customers, (we did not manage to locate and visit it). After an hour and a half's paddling "Ahousat" showed itself, a beautiful bay surrounded by Indian houses, a great number of native kids playing and swimming everywhere, with no worried or anxious mums around watching, life seemed very easy. This scene could have been in the tropics, Mexico or South America, weather hot, not a cloud in the sky and sunburn prevention a MUST. No sooner had we beached the kayaks than I had three little girls sitting in mine pretending to paddle away. The greatest attraction for them were our survival trail mixes. "Have you got candy?" was the popular question whereupon Mike started handing out (what I found out from him later) three raisins each and a nut while I was slightly more generous and probably not very wise -- the stuff had to last a week!! Next time we have to arrive with proper candy but judging by their teeth that would probably be the last thing they need. We would have liked to have walked through the Village at this point but could not risk leaving our kayaks under the care of thousands of kids so we decided to move on and concentrate on finding our as yet unknown camp spot. Around 6 p.m., after three hours of paddling, we found our island (note: bear-proof), extremely rocky with one flat mossy patch at the top just big enough for us to bed down. We had to empty the kayaks totally while still afloat and carry the contents up over treacherous rocks to our chosen campfire site. Only now were the kayaks light enough to be carried way up past the high watermark. This was a strenuous and hazardous affair and the first cup of wine had to be delayed until all tasks were completed and the high water level accurately assessed. As the tide was flooding Mike's kayak had to be moved higher up once again (even after the consumption of some wine) and eventually ended up sitting on the ledge of a different island. By 10:00 p.m. a deep water channel had separated US from IT.

Our gourmet meal consisted of Mike's first caught rock cod, two of which were caught on one hook, the larger attempting to swallow the smaller one who had succumbed to the Buzz bomb, expertly filleted and cooked on another one of our romantic fires, so rarely enjoyed these days. As Mike kept commenting: "This beats the old Coleman Stove anytime". We woke to the sound of a strong wind around 4 a.m. which sounded ferocious and, I thought, might create havoc with our possessions around the camp site. On checking all was well though, we only had to cope with a change in weather, morning fog and lower temperatures.

Tuesday, June 21st: Longest Day and Night - how will it turn out? We waited for high tide to leave Rocky Island at 11 a.m.

and took advantage of a strong tail wind down "Millar Channel" which allowed us to travel fast and quite often just sail with our paddles. Delightful paddle through Hayden Passage (on the S/W side) flanked by deep rain forest. Our lunch spot turned out to be heavenly. A good sized creek flowing into "Shelter Inlet" provided a gorgeous "rainforestry" inlet by which we did our lunch-time thing, eat, sleep, read, wash, walk and write diary. I checked my pepper spray instructions, as this area looked to me like it had potential for such encounters. We always made a point of camping on islands as we deluded ourselves that we might be safe from unexpected bear encounters, but frequently bears, had there been any, could have walked from island to island at low tide, they did not even have to swim! Throughout our entire trip we did not spot any bears except in the Park near Tofino and came to the conclusion that they were only very few as they must feel very threatened by hunters.

We left "Shelter Inlet" at six p.m. after the winds had somewhat died down only to find "Songbird Island" one hour later to camp on. We decided we could find nothing better in the foreseeable future and this spot seemed grand. Birds were twirping and chirping from tree to tree telling each other tales. We found these sounds very unusual for this part of the world; wonderful, almost English bird sounds, they did not stop singing until 10:20 p.m. and must have known this was the longest day of the year.

Wednesday - June 22nd: We were not quite sure how high the water would come up to our campsite and as it turned out it stopped short of our tent and immediate surroundings where we had stored our provisions on two rocks. Good night's sleep, uneventful and I felt nothing wet around my legs when I woke up to the sizzling sounds of a crackling fire, the smell of bacon and my guide being very awake and active. The tide was very low again which meant lugging the kayaks a mighty long way over rocks, clams and oysters to reach the sea. We wanted to be off early to make it to "Hot Springs Cove" our ultimate goal. This part of the trip involves a brief encounter with the open Pacific - "Songbird Island" (by George Island) in "Shelter Inlet" around "Starling Point" into Sydney Channel" along West side down to "Sharp Point" into "Hot Springs Cove".

Kayaks packed and all in place we paddled off at 8:15 a.m. to seek our next adventure. Shortly before our departure I realized that a wire leading to my kayak's rudder had broken and my "provider and guide" fixed it only temporarily, which made sense at the time but nothing was balanced and I spent the next three hours either paddling in a very twisted position or struggling with no rudder at all through the open ocean - after all I am tough and can cope - but was a little exhausted and glad when we reached our destination - Hot Springs Cove. I definitely needed some lunch while Mike wanted a quick dip into the Hot Pool and to get away from the astonishing hustle and bustle by the Government dock where we had tied up. Alas, our opinions on what to do differed, little did he know that the Hot Pools were a 2 km Board Walk away. When he realized this he graciously consented to lunch on the grassy banks opposite the Government Dock which, of course, involved carrying the kayaks full of provisions up the slope which I find to be an irritating but unavoidable task at the end of a trip. Strengthened by some food and a rest we set off through wonderful rain forest on an idyllic board walk with many

different initials expertly carved into individual boards. We reached the Hot Spring which becomes a hot creek and flows and drips over rocks into three round rocky pools before flowing out to sea. Every now and then an ocean wave would hit the rocky shore and flood the pool nearest to it. The water in the pool is so hot that the cold ocean wave does not seem to make any difference to the pool's temperature. Bodies clad in bathing suits were everywhere and bathing in the nude was definitely out and we were glad to have brought along our respectable bathing suits. Traces of melted candles on the rocks triggered off pleasant fantasies of romantic hot pool evenings by the sea and in the wild. Stepping out of the hot pool and sitting on the rocky ledge facing the sea, waiting for a cold wave to come crushing over my head and cooling me down was probably close to what I call ecstasy but one had to be aware of the odd wave that could prove too powerful and carry one out to sea. We happened to get up just before such a wave hit and silently shook our heads.

We made the decision to paddle back as wind and tide conditions were very favourable and had us back home on "Songbird Island" by 6:30 p.m. We went via "Sharp Point" crossed over to East side of "Sydney Channel" around "Starling Point" to "Songbird Island". This time I was in good shape as Mike had done an expert job on my rudder which worked very well throughout the rest of the trip. Again we were greeted by wonderful bird sounds which abruptly stopped a little earlier than the night before. We set up camp on our two-person mossy spot. After another gourmet meal provided by gourmet cook Hubbard (who also caught the fish we ate - he really is very versatile, but I have to add I picked the sea) we retired only to wake up in a frantic tumble when we had both heard scratching on the kayaks at 4 a.m. Mike groped for his glasses and flashlight while I armed myself with my pepper spray hoping not to have to use it. Now what? Mike made as much noise as possible and bravely stepped outside to deal with the danger. But what danger? Bear? Raccoon? Otter? Rat? Mouse? We will never know and I was glad I did not have to use my weapon.

Thursday, June 23rd: Around 1:45 p.m. the tide was close enough to the kayaks that we packed up and took off to head for our "Rocky Island". While paddling it began to rain heavily for the first and only time during our entire trip. I do not mind the



"Our island in the sun"

Mike Hubbard

rain while paddling as it feels warm and dry under the kayak skirt, and rain jacket and hat provide the rest of protection. We were fortunate though that when we reached our island the rain had stopped but the tide was so low that a massive amount of carrying provisions up the slippery rocks was required - not for the faint of heart. The kayaks had to be bedded down and tied up on the second level of our "Rocky Island" - no mean feat - and the tent was built up on the third level (Penthouse) with just enough room for two bodies. The camp fire roared away on the second level and we knew the flooding tide would extinguish it by the time we were asleep in the Penthouse. Asleep as a result of the exhaustion of building house not because of too much wine, I managed to drop our last half bottle of wine onto a slippery rock and had to watch the contents flow into the sea. If only we had not saved it and drunk it the night before!

Friday, June 24th: Took down campon all levels, packed the kayaks and waited for the flood to grip them when we were off at 11 a.m. A visit to Ahousat after 3 1/2 hours paddling was most interesting. I even put on my wrap around skirt - around my water logged tights - to look respectable. People were most friendly, the village boasts an impressive looking school, a super modern and organized grocery store and a delightful little Indian Art Gallery and NO Liquor Store. After a walk about and lunch on the Government Dock we left at 4 p.m. for another fierce 3 hour paddle to head for our "Island in the Sun" which was quite hard to find as we were approaching it from a different direction, and things do look different from the other direction, as I learned on this trip. But as usual my fearless leader Mike did manage to locate it and before I could disembark he already had the camp fire going. I jumped into the sea for a quick wash before indulging in a bit of whiskey and water followed by fish caught an hour earlier and rice plus coffee and coffee mate -- tastes great.

Saturday, June 25th: A leisurely paddle to Tofino brought us to the end of a wonderful week spent on the ocean, on unnamed islands and deserted beaches.

Mount Filberg

July 1-3

Rob Wilson

This was an ACC joint trip with the Island Mountain Ramblers. Charles Turner arranged an 8:00 a.m. Canada Day breakfast rendezvous at Bino's in Courtenay. After a hearty breakfast and fortified with coffee, we headed for the Lady Falls Trailhead -- 16 kilometres west of Buttle Lake Bridge on Highway 28. We arrived at noon. Donning boots and packs, we started up from the trailhead -- elevation 850 feet.

After only 10 minutes of luxury hiking on trail, we regretfully followed Charles into the dense bush and headed southeast on a route occasionally marked with flagging tapes.

At one point, Charles led us up a steep section ending at a small ledge, and then onto a wet, rocky, moss-covered 60-foot bluff. I was gingerly climbing with my 50-pound pack near the top of the rock bluff when I heard a scream from below. A climber had lost her footing and fell six feet before the person below managed to arrest her fall.

Charles anchored a rope and lowered it over the bluff. The shaken climber was re-assured and soon joined us at the top. Two

rest stops during our climb afforded views up Cervus Creek Valley towards Rambler Peak, and to the west, the cloud-covered summits of Elkhorn and King's peak. Although it seemed like we were climbing forever, our group finally arrived at 4,700 feet where camp was set up beside a small snow-melt tarn. (Topo map 92F/13 021236.)

After enjoying a good night's sleep, and duly noting with dismay that the surrounding summits were still in clouds, we started off at 9:00 a.m. on Saturday July 2nd, continued southeast and followed the bumps toward summit of Filberg. At 5,800 feet, we arrived above and to the north side of a small lake one mile northwest of Filberg's summit. Dropping down to the lake, we circumnavigated the northeast shore, then continued southeast to a snow-covered cirque. Re-grouping, we turned southwest, climbed a snow gully to a small col, and once again continued southeast negotiating class 4 rock bands.

Rounding the final bump to a flat ledge, we finally viewed the summit area across a large snowfield -- still shrouded in clouds. With Doug leading the way, we climbed the snowfield for an hour, belayed two climbers up the final summit rock, and reached the summit at 3:00 p.m. Unfortunately, the ever-present clouds prevented any views.

We descended via the normal route northeast of the summit, which required a one-rope-length rappel down a steep snow gully above the icefield. Descending the icefield and dropping another 600 feet, we rejoined our ascent route and returned to camp at 8:00 p.m.

After rehydrating, consuming a good supper and enjoying a restful sleep, we awoke to frustratingly clear views of Mt. Filberg, Rambler, Elkhorn and King's Peak. Needless to say, our appetites were whetted for a return trip.

We descended to Lady Falls Trailhead without incident. After a wash in Cervus Creek, and a drive to the pub at French Creek for more liquid and food intake, most of us returned to Victoria at a reasonable hour.

Thanks to Doug for his talented map and compass work. (Or was it Claire and Barb? All I know is that someone owes Doug a beer.) Thanks also to Charles for his leadership and for showing us how to have a good time on Canada Day Week-end.

Participants: Charles Turner (Leader), Barbara Brooks, Randy Davies, Claire Ebendinger, Chris Einarson, Doug Goodman, Jay Moore, Tak Ogasawara, Ken Rodonets, Chris Schreiber, Larisa Searle, Rob Wilson.

A Brandywine Mountain First Ascent

July 5 & 6

Chris Odgers

It was an ambitious plan, conceived, as these things often are, over a half-pint of non-alcoholic beer and a high fibre muffin, with dog biscuit; the first midweek, early July, canine ascent of Mt. Brandywine, *without* avalanche poodles. The rigours of this type of climb entail a heavy pack. Food, wine, board games, books, Frisbee's, patio furniture and the like must be included, because



"... and we collapsed exhausted on the summit" Russ Moir

of the fine line between success and failure.

On the first evening, we placed our tents precariously in a large flat open meadow, fully exposed to the direct rays of the morning sun, which woke us at about 9:15 after a harrowing night. Breezes gusting to 15 km/hr had buffeted the tents, and the temperature had plummeted to 10 ° C. From our bivi all we could see of the mountain was broad low-angle snow slopes interspersed with gentle rock bands. We searched anxiously for a weakness in this impregnable fortress, but in vain. There was no way around it, we would have to go uphill. We quickly prepared a meagre breakfast of tea, soup, oatmeal with peaches and cream, hot lemon with honey, oatmeal with apple & cinnamon, and some granola bars. Pro forma, Mojo also had a dog biscuit.

It couldn't have been much later than 10:15 a.m. that we made our bid for the summit, a true sub-alpine start. (Actually although I say it couldn't have been later than 10:15 a.m., what I really mean is, it probably wasn't any later than 10:15 a.m., because as for what we could or couldn't have done, well, we probably could have just sat there all day, eating like hippos. But we didn't, only half a day.) The sky was clear blue with scattered high clouds. Not exactly suspicious, but it was our last chance. I don't know why, exactly.

In the Mojo Couloir, the snow slope steepened to 20°, our feet/paws were sinking in up to our ankles/whatever those things are called at every step. We fully expected each moment to be our next. The rarefied air of 2000 metres was beginning to have its insidious effect - Chris started singing. Obvious remedies were attempted, to no avail. After what seemed like an hour of arduous din, we called a halt, the sweat/drool dropping off our noses/muzzle. The summit seemed to be only 100 metres away, but was, in fact, much closer. We had a quick snack of dried apples, dried apricots, dates, trail mix, iced Tang, Gummy Bears, bagels with cream cheese, bagels with havarti, bagels with gruyere, various small tasty things in the shape of huge extinct carnivores, and some sweets. Mojo, under some duress, also had half a dog biscuit. After a brief rest of 45 minutes, we continued to the summit, arriving at about noon, where we had a light meal. Our food had now dwindled to the point that, even if we cut back to five meals per day, we only had enough left for two weeks. When we finished eating at about 2:00 p.m., Martin suggested that due to the lateness of the hour (we only had eight hours of daylight left,) we

might bivvy there on top and start dinner right then, but Russ and Chris decided to return to the tents for lunch, which we all did, sliding down the couloir on our bums/bum. Upon our return, we made up for the privations we had suffered earlier; unfortunately, space limitations prevent my telling you exactly what we had for dinner.

Good trip. Grueling (in the sense of porridge, but more tasty, you know?)

Participants: Martin Davis - Guide, Russ Moir - Cook, Chris Odgers - Dog Handler, Mojo - Dog.

Circling Mt. Filberg

July 1 - 3

Chris Einarson

Well, my first trip (excluding Mt. Finlayson) and I calculated that this B3 mountain would be a relaxed way of getting into the swing of things. That concept went out the window in a hurry, and I felt compelled to question who graded the mountain (Charles promptly offering the extent of his knowledge: "It wasn't me!"). It was more than we expected and I would speculate that's what made it an interesting climb.

It's 11:15 Friday morning and we have all assembled at Lady Falls parking lot. The weather is somewhat dreary and the forest is soggy from the morning rain. By 11:45 we've gotten acquainted, geared up and are ready (some of us, anyway) for the 3800' bushwhack to camp. Throughout the march, Doug managed to further our education with his boundless collection of interesting fungi facts. He also displayed an interesting talent for rock finding (it was later observed that this was the only section of rock in the forest), of which Larisa may have something to say. Trail head to camp was 6 hours and 30 minutes, with dry weather (not to be confused with terrain) until we began to set up our tents.

We had hoped to follow the ridge from camp to summit, but



Mt. Fee from Brandywine

Chris Odgers

the route seemed long and precarious. We therefore opted to drop 700' to the lake and trace the gully to the top. An hour later we were offered the choice of continuing up the main gully, or taking a seemingly more direct (and vertical) path lying to the left. We chose the left-hand path and found it to be just a long combination of steep snow and rock. Interesting, but hardly direct. Our last obstacle before the summit was some ugly rock. Some climbed and some took an alternate, safer route (undiscovered, of course until the belay was prepared). At any rate, our goal was achieved by all.

Summit photos took a good ten minutes (everyone had a camera), then we all had a bite to eat and enjoyed the view (clouds for the most part). Going back the way we came was out of the question and a new route was found. One that involved a 50' repel off a cornice, followed by another 100' or so of down climbing the gully beneath. Half-way down, I discovered that not everyone intended on climbing down (something I was finding particularly slow and uncomfortable). No, these guys were screamin' down the mountain. Jay stopped long enough to give me a lesson on the plunge-step technique, a much more exciting approach to getting down. We then found ourselves back on the main gully several hundred feet above our first detour. Now, no one will say we exactly took the route of least resistance, but we can say we completely circled the mountain (I'm just going to assume there is some sort of distinct prestige associated with such a unique feat).

As I slug into camp, eleven and a half hours after our 9:00 a.m. departure, a conversation with Charles from the previous week stirs in my mind. "Yes, we'll be hiking about six hours a day", he claims.

The hike down to parking was uneventful, and it was agreed that we would meet for dinner at the Salmon Point Resort. After departing the restaurant, we then tended to Chris Schreiber's second flat tire of the day (Q - So how many mountaineers does it take to change a tire? A - Well, apparently eleven).

Participants: Chris Einarson, Chris Schreiber, Barb Brooks, Larisa Searle, Doug Goodman, Claire Ebendinger, Rob Wilson, Ken Rodonets (Ramblers), Tak Ogasawara (Ramblers), Jay Moore, Randy Davies, and Charles 'six hours a day' Turner (Leader).

Castle Towers

July 9-11

Catharine Ascah

Everyone made their way safely to Judy and Viggo's chalet in Whistler on the Friday evening. Introductions were made, gear sorted out and sleeping arrangements were made before retiring to our various beds.

A wake-up call aroused everyone and after breakfast we were on the way to the Cheakamus River parking lot in good time. While gear was transported to the cable car crossing, vehicles were shuttled to the Black Tusk parking lot. The shuttle of gear across the river was done with ease and completed just as the others caught up with us.

The hike up along Helm Creek was shady, the company good and the scenery beautiful, but it was an uphill grind.

We were rewarded at the top with a spectacular view of the Black Tusk. An early lunch break was had as we enjoyed the view and heard tales of the same trip done last year - slush, deep snow and done in two days!

We meandered across the meadow heading into the snow towards the Helm Glacier. Under the guidance of our leader, Judy, the uninitiated (as well as the initiated) roped up to climb the glacier. It was uneventful - no need to use my newly learned crevasse rescue skills!!

At the top we were treated to yet another spectacular view and while having a break we discovered Gerhardt's Chair. There were lots of envious people - Gerhardt decided to beware.

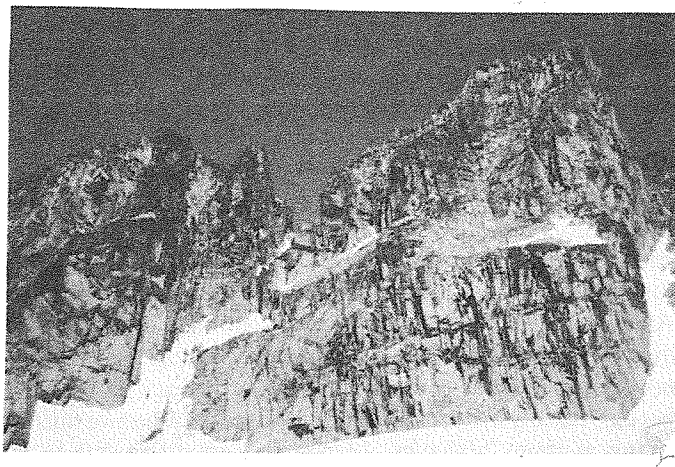
The group climbed down into Gentian Pass - or rather some slipped or slid or used innovative ways to get down the snowy slope.

Camp was on a spacious clearing next to a trickling stream. After erecting tents, dinner was made and then there was discussion regarding the route for the following day. Greg and Chris went on a reconnaissance trip up Polemonium Ridge and delighted us with their slide down!

Sunday was going to be a glorious day, but the climb up the North slope early in the morning was difficult due to the crusty, hard snow. Brad came to my rescue and I got to use my harness again. At a rest stop, those new to doing ice axe arrests practised before heading further up the slope.

Judy's insert - The Climb:

"The west ridge of Castle Towers was white and frozen hard. Without crampons (next time...) it was not a practical place for our group to go. So we consulted the map and my piece-of-Fairley-in-the-pocket and headed over the glacier around to the class 3 snow gully on the south side. Gerhardt led up, keeping tightly beside the rock wall. His decision to stay out of the centre was proven sound when a two-foot boulder flew past; Greg captured it all on his video camera. After a fair bit of deliberation, most followed. Our route led to the col between the west tower and the main tower. We roped up for the short final climb around an easy



Castle Towers

Judy Holm

*Contemplating Garibaldi
Park from Panorama
Ridge*

Judy Holm



but exposed ledge and up a short chimney. In sunshine and a completely blue sky it was just great to be surrounded by all those well known peaks and a million others. By the time we returned to the col our gully was in shade, so we elected to down-climb and rappel the known route and save the west ridge for another time. The return trip was good fun indeed with many long glissades! It was an aesthetic route with a lot of variety."

The group straggled back to camp starting around 7 p.m. - elated, tired and hungry after a successful day. Tales were recounted and after a well earned meal the group retired early.

Monday saw us heading home via Gentian Peak and Panorama Ridge. An interesting route led us over snow slopes and scrambling over scree slopes. Lunch was at the top of the ridge with spectacular views in all directions.

Julie was feeling unwell. The entire group came to her aid - Brad with the appropriate medicine and by distributing her gear amongst us all, she was able to complete the trip.

What remained was a gentle hike across the meadow and down a well graded trail to the Black Tusk parking lot. The fast ones headed down the trail to do the car shuttle - many thanks to them.

We all were on the 9 p.m. ferry from Tsawwassen (except for Bill who went his separate way) and enjoyed the Buffet - a regular meal for the Alpine Club.

The weekend was great, as was the weather and everyone had stretched themselves to a new limit. Thanks Judy for being our leader. We appreciated your skills and caring.

Participants: Catharine Ascah, Chris Einarson, Bill Green, Greg Gordon, Brad Hagen, Tom Hall, Albert Hestler, Gerhardt Lepp, Julie Thomson, Viggo and Judy Holm (coordinators)

Mts. Tantalus and Serratus

July 9, 10, 11

Doug Goodman

These jagged peaks arising from steep and heavily crevassed glaciers tantalized me too as I traveled the Pemberton to Squamish highway several weeks earlier. Our original plan had been to traverse a part of the range starting at the Ashlu River road by bushwhacking up to Pelion Mountain, following the divide south to Mt. Tantalus and Serratus Mountain, and coming out to the Squamish River via Lake Lovelywater. The trail from the river to the lake starts on the west side of the river at a cablecar crossing. One of us would have to cross the river by attaching a carabiner to slide along the cable, and retrieve a canoe stashed on the east side. The car would have to be retrieved by bicycle.

To check it out, we drove to the crossing late Friday night and bivouacked next to the looming steel tower under a very starry sky. The cablecar was operable and unlocked, and was on the far side of the river, but was without a tether system to allow it to be retrieved. Perhaps for the best, the opening on my carabiner was too small to fit over the cable, and there was too much weight and friction for me to use a rope or sling instead. We decided therefore to go in and out via Lake Lovelywater, which saved us some bushwhacking and traveling time. We crossed by canoe without any problem. The Squamish is flat here, though fast enough that a single paddler needs to work fairly hard to move across. We pulled the boat onto the sand at the riverside, tied it to a small alder, hid the paddles in the bush and set off.

The trail leads one briefly through the magnificently lush forest along the Squamish River before climbing alongside thunderous waterfalls. As we neared the lake we met a hiker and his dog coming down. He informed us that we were just in time for a wedding being held at 12:00 at the cabin by the lake, and that champagne awaited us. We inquired about his river crossing. The

cablecar had been on the wrong side for him too, but he was able to cross on a large 'biner.

Neither tempted nor invited to join the wedding party, we paused only for a brief lunch on the logs at lake's outlet. We were enthralled by the view of lake, forest, peaks, snow and glaciers. We spied a rowboat which would have provided easy access to our route onwards at the far end of the lake, but it was in use by the bride and groom. No matter, a good trail led to Lambda Lake, from which with a bit of difficulty we were able to follow the forested ridge up towards the Alpha-Serratus col. My plan was to follow the guide book's climbing route along Serratus's ridge from the col to the summit at the west end, then climb down the west face and camp in the Dione-Serratus col. Barb sensibly questioned the need to carry full packs over the mountain. We decided to traverse the snow slopes on the south then west sides of Serratus in order to reach the same col. This was done without problem and only one short and easy scramble on rock at the divide.

We were pleased to find in the col a white fiberglass dome, the Red Tit Hut, which is mentioned in Fairley's guide book, but the location of which I didn't know. It was a roomy home for Saturday and Sunday night. From the hut we gazed through clear skies at a spectacular panorama: Mt. Baker, Howe Sound, The Strait of Georgia, Mts. Lydia, the Red Tusk, Pandareus and Ionia in a line to the south, numerous peaks and glaciers to the west and north, including those of Vancouver Island in the distance. Broad snow slopes lead up to Mt. Diana on the ridge to the north, the Cheakamus and Squamish valleys, peaks and glaciers spread north of Whistler and in the northern part of Garibaldi Park. The near 1000 foot west face of Serratus with two steep snow gullies completed the picture. Well worth the 12 hour, 6500 ft pack in!

As the peaks of Tantalus and Dione were relatively close and less than 2000 feet higher than the hut, we slept in till 6 a.m. on Sunday, our day to climb Mt. Tantalus. Using the rope for the first time, the three of us walked the snow/icefield slopes on the west side of the southeast ridge leading up to Mt. Dione. A short snow climb led to the ridge top route pictured in the guide book. We soon discovered that Fairley's guide leaves lots to the imagination and to one's routefinding skills. This is good for a sense of exploration, but bad for efficient peakbagging. The knife edged ridge offered exciting scrambling. Mike did not like the look of the ridge and opted to return to the hut, considerably allowing Barb and I to travel more quickly.

The ridge lead easily, with a few belays, to the snow bench on the east side of Dione's summit block. Tantalus and the Witch's Tooth were still not clearly visible from there. The route across the east side of Dione and the Witch's Tooth was found only after many frustrating deadends and much enjoyable rock climbing. Abandoned rappel slings marked the route. Although the climbing was neither difficult nor vertical, I placed protection occasionally because of the exposure. The rock gully leading up Tantalus was reached by 4 p.m. and it too presented a routefinding challenge. Again Barb made a sensible suggestion, and we headed down. We rappelled thrice to a dirty ramp with very sharp rocks, which we scrambled down and then jumped onto the glacier. Avoiding a couple of crevasses, a simple snow climb led back to the snow bench on Dione. There we discovered a long



Alpha from Southeast ridge of Dione

Doug Goodman

south-facing snow gully that separates Dione from its southeast ridge. The gully lead us quickly back to the gentle snow slopes to the south, and we reached the hut about 8:30 p.m. The disappointment of not reaching the summit of Tantalus was outweighed by our enjoyment of the snow and rock climbing, and the superb scenery under clear skies.

We were determined not to leave without reaching at least one peak of the dozen or so in the area. At 4 a.m., one hour after being woken for the second night in a row by rodents under the floor of the hut, we roused ourselves and prepared to climb the northerly of the two snow gullies on the east face of Mt. Serratus. The crisp snow made for excellent crampon-ing, and only one belay was requested. The summit was reached in the regulation 2 hours, and we were on our way home from the hut by 10:30 a.m. We retraced our steps, with the exception that we passed north rather than south of Lambda Lake. This saved some time and took us through a profusion of flowers in the avalanche slopes. We stopped only twice, including a swimming break in Lake Lovelywater and were on the river bank at 4 p.m.

The adventure was not over. The canoe was not there! The cablecar was on the other side. I volunteered, with some trepidation, to cross the cable using a carabiner. We had discovered earlier that Barb and Mike had larger 'biners than mine, and, happily, they fitted over the cable. Although hanging by a 'biner and a sling high above the Squamish River was probably safer than clinging to the side of Mt. Tantalus, I was afraid of falling into the fast-moving muddy waters below. Pausing a few times to rest arms, I eventually reached the far side, where I noticed the canoe tied to my car. Relieved, we used the cablecar to move all and baggage over the river.

We got Barb to the 7 p.m. ferry in Horseshoe Bay, and Mike and I satisfied our appetites on the 8 p.m. sailing from Tsawwassen. As Mike put it, a "totally awesome trip". With Tantalus and 10 other peaks waiting to be climbed, we'll be back.

Participants: Mike Kuzyk, Barb Brooks, Doug Goodman (Leader)

Brew Lake

July 16-17

Chris Peppler

Once again, Judy and Viggo Holm's 'home away from home' served as a convenient and welcome Friday night stop-over for seven of us just off the ferry for a weekend's fun in the Whistler area. The next morning, we parked the cars at Brandywine Falls Provincial Park, where Ise and Kilian were waiting for us, and set off about 7:45 for the trailhead, about 1/2 hour directly south along the BC Rail tracks.

The first part of the Brew Lake trail is a steady climb over a fairly well marked and maintained path through the forest. The trail then goes up and down over a series of rocky ridges culminating in a 150 m. scree slope. Another hour or so along the trail brought us to Brew Lake, elevation 1,420 m.

The day was extremely hot, rising rapidly in temperature from 20° C. at 8 a.m. We arrived at the lake around noon to find that much of the snow around it and on the surrounding hills was gone and the lake itself almost clear of ice. This was in stark contrast to the previous weekend, when all but a small corner of the lake was ice covered and the surrounding hills were almost completely snow covered. The lake sits in a shallow bowl flanked by low hills on every side except the south, where Brew Creek drains.

After a long lunch we set off to find Brew Mountain summit, elevation 1,740 m, which is not visible from the lake. Ise and Kilian decided to do some exploring around the lake. The rest of us scrambled the slope west of the lake and on over snow fields toward the most likely knob.

Brew Mountain summit is an oblong hump on a roughly north-south axis that is completely treed except for a bushy top. It is a walk-up from the north and south sides. We got up via a short bushwhack from the ridge above the lake.

While we were on top, admiring the grand view of the mountains to the west, we received a visitor who had climbed to the summit from the opposite side of the mountain. Another hiker, a self-confessed Brew Mountain aficionado, who had been coming to the mountain for years. We had a pleasant chat and then suddenly she asked the group now lounging around the summit cairn whether we were friends or members of a club; after a considerable pause, the answer came back: "Members of a club". We all had a good laugh.

Then it was good-bye to our interrogator and down via another route over a snow field with Lynne showing off a nice ice-axe self arrest on the way down. On the way back to camp, we made a side trip to inspect the nearby Vancouver Outdoor Club hut and found it in very bad shape. According to our mountain-top visitor, it was due to be removed for that reason.

The next morning, with skies growing darker and the temperature cooler, we had a further look at the snow-covered ridges to the west of the lake. As there was no specific objective, we looped up and over the ridges west of Brew Mountain for a better look at the terrain above Roe Creek. There we crossed more snow fields, including some steep and long runs ideal for telemarking, although for those who were not equipped with ice axes, it was a bit too exposed for comfort.

We returned to camp in the early afternoon in time to pack up and be gone before the skies opened. By the time we were on the

trail, the rain began in earnest and continued more or less steadily for the rest of the trip down. We returned to the Brandywine Falls parking lot about 4 p.m.. Having said good bye to Ise and Kilian, who were staying in Whistler, the rest of us raced back to Vancouver in order to miss the 7 p.m. ferry to Swartz Bay by a hair. The last official activity of the outing was the traditional ACC post-hardship ferry feast, with all members present buffeting to the max.

Participants: Chris and Lynne Peppler (leaders); Gerhard Lepp and Joanne Draper; Terry Hartrick, Al Munro, Ise and Kilian Henin; Judy Holm.

A Loss on Fos' - or How to Bum Out

July 16 & 17

Russ Moir

Rick and I were primed for the Colonel. So well prepared that Rick had even discovered the Island's own "Wainwright's Guide" entry. That's to say Reinhard, having succeeded admirably on the route two weeks before, had drawn an epic five-page 'pebble-by-pebble' route guide for us, which should be published. Only an idiot would get lost with this scroll under his/her belt.

Four weeks of perfect weather had us drooling to get to the mountain, worrying only if the couloir had lost too much snow to make the rock step difficult. At dawn, as we tumbled from the van, Tak & Doug rolled in from Campbell River full of pep, so the optimism meter cranked up another notch. Though the trip around Landslide and up the rockfall slope is always a trial in heat (or rain...or anything,) we reveled in the scenery of Foster's awesome east corrie with its imposing (i.e. off-putting) east face.

By the early evening all four of us, after varied routes and events, were bivvied on the notch below the couloir, enjoying the prospect of seemingly ideal conditions. We'd witnessed two climbers, actually two who should have been with us, descending the snow late in the day. Their information on conditions above confirmed our hopes for our turn. The night was warm and calm, an enjoyable time to be sleeping under the stars, free from bugs, on top of two 'made-to-measure' slabs of flat rock.

Folks, from here the fairy tale unwinds. By dawn, we were up and cooking but wary of the solid cloud front approaching us from the west. Blast those fates, why now? What had we done to gain their wrath? By 6:00 a.m. it was sleeting and the inviting route above us was now wrapped in gruesome, squally wreathes. We could sit tight and wait it out, but Rick had not brought bivvy gear and who knows how long a vigil it might have been?

With heavy heart, and pack, and 'curse bag,' a full-scale retreat down yesterday's slog route was the only logical answer. I couldn't resist a screamed-out expletive at the elements, as the rain beat us down the scree slope. Why, after all this stable weather, couldn't the change have waited for twelve hours? What had we not done to placate that 'Hidden Hand?' I looked at Rick and decided it's HIM they were getting at, not ME. The rest of the story was just a mindless, wet, numbing (for August) squelch out. As we headed home in disgust, the sole consolation was the giant



East face of Mt. Colonel Foster

Russ Moir

apple pie waiting at Rick's mum's. I wonder if she knew how frustrated her two hungry guests were that day?

The saga continues in '95. Watch out for details. We're mad. We'll be ready again!

Participants: Rick Johnson, Russ Moir, Tak Ogasawara, Doug _____?

General Mountaineering Camp

July 16 - August 13

Chris Schreiber

The 1994 G.M.C. was held in Elk Lakes Provincial Park which is south of Kananaskis Country and east of the Royal Group. The park is accessible by bumpy gravel road 104 km north of Elkford, B.C.

The 8 km route in from the trailhead takes you past the two Elk Lakes (Lower and Upper), up Petain Creek, then up a 1,500 ft headwall to the area below the Petain Glacier. The campsite was located at 7,550 ft on gravelly flats below a cliffband and waterfall. Personal dunnage was flown in by helicopter which made the walk in more enjoyable.

The camp was very well run by Brad Harrison, Camp manager. Reporting to him were a camp coordinator (and doctor), two professional guides, three volunteer guides and a cooking staff of three. The 32 paying participants (\$695 plus G.S.T.; \$645 for multiple weeks) were mostly from Alberta, however Ontario, Quebec, California and England were represented. Noticeable, during the week of July 16 there were only two participants from west of Cranbrook (Kamloops and Victoria.)

The campsite included the all-important cook tent, a tea tent, a drying tent, goods storage tents, staff tents and biffies. Participants were accommodated in older UV-bombarded 4-person Sierra Designs tents at two people per tent which greatly assisted in sorting gear for those early morning get-aways.

The tea tent was the social focus of the camp. It housed some reference materials (climbing guides, trip reports, plant identification guides, etc.) and a notice board. After dinner and after we had packed our lunches, the guides would post a selection of about four or five activities/objectives for the next day. These activities

would range from mountaineering objectives (complete with name of destination, name of guide(s), altitude, degree of difficulty, estimated duration of trip, and equipment required), to hikes, to rock and snow/ice schools. Participants were asked to list their first, second and third choices and by 9:00 p.m. the following day's activities had been organized.

Wake ups were at either 4:00 a.m. or 6:00 a.m. depending on the length of trip and people were generally away by 6:00 a.m. or 8:00 a.m. The campsite provided relatively easy access to the mountains of the French Military Group (DeGaulle 9,600 ft, Castelnau 9,800 ft, Ney 10,000 ft, Foch 10,300 ft, Petain 10,400 ft and Joffre 11,316 ft), Mt. McCuaig 9,300 ft and Mt. Marlborough 9,600 ft. Climbing was varied with many snow and ice routes and some good rock (limestone) on the cliffs behind the camp. The rock at higher elevations tended to be fractured and unstable.

Your correspondent's memories include: chicken wire around the vehicles to ward off porcupines; moose scat; meadows ablaze in wildflowers; a limestone arch near the camp; fossils (sea shells); a narrow and exposed catwalk near the summit of Mt. Foch; views of Assiniboine, King George, Sir Donald, Victoria, etc., a wind storm at night which shredded several tents; excellent glacier walking in stormy weather to Castelnau and McCuaig; a vividly bright double rainbow against black clouds, an adrenaline-rushed seven hours on the knife-edged ridge of Mt. Ney; up a 1,000-ft snow gully (we called it Cowboy Couloir) to Mt. Marlborough; rappelling off the cliff behind camp; a sinkhole in the moraine; a white-tailed deer in the middle of an enormous snow bowl; and a full moon and bright stars casting distinct shadows.

But mainly I remember almost perfect weather, good companionship, meeting people from all walks of life, and the opportunity to advance my climbing abilities under the close attention of excellent guides. I would recommend that all Section members consider attending a G.M.C.

Wedge Mountain

July 23 - 25

Judith Holm

"And beauty is not a need but an ecstasy.
It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand
stretched forth,
but rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted."

Kahlil Gibran: The Prophet

At about 11.5 km. north of the Whistler Village traffic light, we turned right on a dirt road and crossed the railway tracks. There is a Wedgemount Lake trail sign where you turn off highway #99, but no advance warning. The drive up to the parking lot and the trail are now both very obvious, no route decisions to make. The trail up to Wedgemount Lake did not seem quite as steep as we had expected. Perhaps it has been tilted to a lesser angle or simply ground down by use. We began walking at 6:45 a.m. and arrived at the lake at 10:20 a.m. It was a "30 degree plus" day, with not a cloud in the sky. We enjoyed a lazy afternoon by emulating the marmots - eating, snoozing in the shade, absorbing the beauty of the views and flowers and fending off 'mossies'



Wedgemount Lake and Glacier

Judy Holm

The original plan had been to approach from the south-west side, which at this time of year would have included scrambling up 2500 ft. of loose, hot talus. However, as soon as you see for yourself the aesthetic line of the north arete, other approaches immediately fade into distant last resorts. By great good fortune, while we were considering whether the arete would be too icy, another party returned and reported that it was snow and very good for climbing.

Because of the extreme mid-day heat, we elected to wake at 3:45 a.m. By 6 a.m. we were crampon-ing up the blue ice of the toe of Wedgemount Glacier and then across the snow-covered glacier. There was a short pitch of steeper ice to the left of a large rock outcropping (nunatak) near the head of the glacier and then we swung east to the toe of Wedge's north arete. The arete was only about 2 feet wide, with air on each side, but as we each have only two feet it was all we needed. After a very short scramble over some rocks we found ourselves at the summit ridge, along which it is an easy walk, and we summited at 10:30 a.m. Two fellows arrived shortly, having completed the challenging north face variation (55 degree slope at least, with a huge cornice at the top under which they had hacked their way along, hoping nothing would break off, until they were able to climb out at the east end). One of them noticed an enormous insect hovering above and asked if it was the helicopter arriving to take us down. It took about an hour to try and name all the surrounding peaks that we could, for the sky was so very clear. Ann and Kaj generously fed the starving Holm's who had forgotten their munchies in camp. What we concluded could be Monmouth Mt. looked spectacular with its height and triangular shape. It was fun to see Castle Towers and Mt. Brew, which I had just climbed the previous two week-ends. I waved to Claire and Doug Goodman, who later said they likewise had waved to us just three hours later from Cypress Mountain.

By general consensus, we returned along the same route. It was glorious - the enormity of the Weart Glacier on the east side of the arete, the distant peaks, then the close up experience of the blue ice section, with water rivulets everywhere, lots of cracks and narrow crevasses, shining and crunchy large crystals of melting ice, and circular shapes where melting was faster around stones. At 2:30 p.m. we were back at our tent. We suffered a second hot and lazy afternoon of simply thoroughly enjoying being in the alpine, each in his or her own way. We were camped well along

the lake, past the hut and right beside a creek cascading from the Armchair Glacier. It was cooler and free of mosquitoes, but with deer flies large enough to fry for dinner.

By Monday morning Kaj had made a complete recovery from his tiredness and stomach bug acquired during his previous busy week in Paris and Montreal, so we were then able to return. We left at 7 a.m. and were back to the parking lot at 9:30 a.m. After a stop at the cabin in Whistler for lunch and showers and to collect our gear etc., we headed home to prepare for the next trip.

Participants: Ann Denman, Kaj Jakobsen, Viggo and Judy Holm (leaders)

Callaghan to Brew Traverse

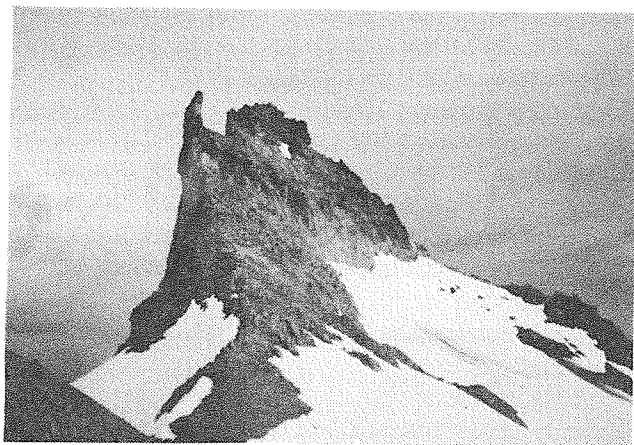
July 20 - 25

Claire Ebendinger

The Callaghan to Brew Traverse had been on my list since the winter of the Brew ascent (Bushwhacker 1991) -- the sight of the snowy ridges glistening in the sun were still clear in my mind. With the traverse as my main objective and Cayley as a bonus (Doug's objective) we set off late on a sunny July afternoon. A stop in Vancouver to acquire extra pieces of climbing gear and a "detour" to Whistler when I noticed that I had forgotten my ice-axe delayed us unexpectedly. At 6:00 p.m. we started by wading across the outlet at Callaghan Lake and up towards the ridge that leads towards Mt. Callaghan. The heat of the day and the mosquitoes made it a miserable start for me but by 9:00 p.m. the conditions were cooler (on snow) and bug-free. We continued the evening climb in the light of the full moon and set up camp at 11:00 p.m. on the shoulder south of peak 7495.

The next day was gorgeous. The views towards our route were clear and motivated us to get going. We soon reached the glacier north of the peak and followed it until Mt. Callaghan. We scrambled to the summit, admired endless views of glaciers and mountains and dropped down to Callaghan Lake via a gully, east of the summit. We rested there and ate dinner as we opted to climb in the late afternoon when the temperature would be cooler. By 7:00 p.m., we were walking up a snow patch, following the tracks of a bear which Doug had scared away while he was cooking dinner. We soon reached a basin leading up to a ridge (camp 2) and on to the glacier fields which brought us to Powder Mountain by mid-day and to the foot of Mt. Cayley (North end) by late afternoon (camp 3).

We decided to check the North ridge of Cayley after supper but poor climbing conditions and the collapse of a 'schrund convinced us this was not a safe route for the summer. Another pink sunset stretched across the sky and brought us sunny skies on day 4. Feeling lazy and a bit too confident about getting Cayley via the south ridge, we started late in the morning, left unneeded gear on the glacier and climbed the snow slope leading to the south ridge. We were startled by an avalanche of rocks followed by a cloud of dust in the direction of Pyroclastic. Soon seven goats appeared running up the steep slopes. Using Doug's binoculars, we followed them as they climbed and later on, we spotted another group of goats on a ridge. We continued our climb in the hot sun



"The Trudeau Finger?" on Mt. Fee Claire Ebendinger

of mid-day belaying each other up the exposed snow slope and the loose rock gully. When we reached the gendarme, we contoured it to the left (west) and reached the base of the summit spire. Doug led the pitch to the summit and I joined him at the top with a gleam of success on my face (a winter attempt the previous year had ended at the foot of the North Ridge due to bad weather.)

As we savored the views and the fading sun for a while, the descent was done in the dark with a friendly full moon shining as we rappelled down the gully and climbed down to the glacier which we reached by midnight. A quick water refill at a nearby cliff and into the sacks for a bivvy night on the glacier.

Day 5 led us to Mt. Fee through a variety of terrain (scree slopes, lush meadows, cascading torrents, snow slopes) to a great camp on the south shoulder of Fee. Under sunny skies again we continued south the next day, dropped the packs at the "intersection" of the ridge leading to Mt. Brew and scrambled up the snow slope and rocky ridge of Cypress Peak. We looked towards Wedge Mountain and waived at Judy and Company as they were climbing the north ridge (see report in this annual.) Looking towards Tricouni, we wished we had an extra day to include it in our traverse but decided to stick with the original plan and returned to our packs in the late afternoon. We followed the ridge leading towards Mt. Brew and set up camp in a pretty patch of heather between two gurgling creeks while the night crickets were singing.

The last day greeted us with a show of morning colours on Cypress and on Mt. Garibaldi in the distance. However the fog soon rose from the valley and we navigated the rest of the ridge to Brew Lake in white out. We hitch-hiked back to the intersection of the highway and Callaghan Lake Road where we had asked (day 1) campers at Callaghan Lake to drop off Doug's car on their way out.

This was a great traverse to do in the early part of the summer in good snow, and would probably be a good winter ski trip as well. One can exit at Brandywine Mountain also, or at Brew via the Brew-Brandywine roads.

Participants: Doug Goodman, Claire Ebendinger

[See photo on page 42]

Mt. Sutton

July 31

Doug Goodman

Mt. Sutton, 3838 ft., is not to be confused with Sutton Peak, which is 75 feet beyond 6000, and has its own, albeit decrepit, glacier. The mountain, as opposed to the peak, is below the tree line, and the best views are to be had on the way up, rather than on the flat-ish top. The trail up goes steeply through young forest, clearcuts and blueberries. Kate reminds me now that I didn't go to the summit though. I am giving you second hand info! Mark and I decided that the trail was too steep. No, Mark cannot tell a lie, it was because his knees were aching. Wonderful to have help with trip report writing. We lounged by the pools of the Gordon River, swimming briefly (not me says Mark), and scrambling on the rocky side of the little canyon. Sassy, Kate, Peter, Bonny, and Reg made the top, or almost, but then Kate and Sassy got bee stings and Sassy didn't want to go on. The wasps were nesting in a lot of blowdown on the top. Much fun was had on the little cable crossing, a little scary says Mark, what with that river below.

This was a very pleasant way to meet the Stratton family from Sooke, and we were impressed by stories of Peter and Reg's ordeal on Mt. Arrowsmith, and Bonnie's long runs. After a couple of hours of indolence by Mark and me, the climbers came back, heralded by Sassy, and after a joyous reunion we crossed the Gordon once more with less ado, and ended a pleasant day in the bush.

Participants: Sassy Goodman, Mark Goodman, Kate Goodman, Doug Goodman (leader, sort of), Reg Stratton, Peter Stratton, Bonnie Stratton.

Mt. Albert Edward

August 6-8

Reg Stratton

Another early start to a mid-summer day. I wasn't looking forward to the long drive up to Mt. Washington but the weather was fairly clear and hey, at least it wasn't raining. This motivated me a little more than usual. For the first time in at least six trips it wasn't raining. I was looking forward to a dry enjoyable sunny weekend on the plateau.

We all sat expressionless on the steps leading up into the cross-country ski lodge, watching the rain pour down in solid sheets. I kept reassuring my parents that the rain would stop soon and we'd be able to start hiking. My parents, keen to begin, waited half an hour and decided to head out, despite the rain. The rest of us stayed back and left when the rain seemed to let up a little.

What a hike! I'd never been in the Forbidden Plateau area to experience it's beautiful sub-alpine marshes and meadows. Unfortunately, because I was carrying most of both my injured parents' loads as well as my own gear, plus breaking in a pair of two-week-old mountaineering boots, my view on everything was slightly blurred. The seven kilometers felt like a marathon to my feet. At least it wasn't raining.

We arrived at Kwai Lake where the group decided to stay for the night. I had been counting every kilometer every step backwards, gasping out the numbers between wincing of agony. Finally we had stopped for the night. The kids couldn't have gone on anyway; they were pretty tired.

I had just taken off my boots and begun repairing the damage done to my blistered feet, when I received word that my parents were nowhere to be seen. They had gone another three kilometers on to Circlet lake. Seeing as how I had our tent, food and stove and fighting the nagging temptation to set up camp here and let my parents freeze, I slipped my boots back on, re-mounted my 55-pound pack and headed off up the trail. Doug and his son had also gone ahead, not knowing the rest of the group was camped back at Kwai Lake. Claire jogged up the trail to deliver word to Doug.

The sun was going down as I speed-limped what I later found out to be the long route up and over another mountain while the short route, a kilometer less in distance, wove its way through the valley below. Darn!! I rolled into camp just before dark and immediately went to sleep. Doug and his son also stayed the night at Circlet Lake.

We met with the Kwai Lake group around 9:00 a.m. After a brief visiting break, we started up Albert Edward. A long, tedious task more so for the younger ones. Stopping at an alpine snow patch on the ridge for a short break, led to a fun new game of sliding down the steep snow on garbage bags. A blast for kids and adults alike. Once again, my parents, keen to head on, left the group behind and we headed for the summit. It was a moderate day, providing us with an excellent view off the summit. After a brief stay on the summit, we headed down, that's when the real rain started, and didn't stop all night.

The rest of the group had decided to save the summit for another day. We gave up on breakfast the next morning because of the heavy rain, deciding just to head out to the parking lot. Once again, a long, strenuous task, not quite so much as the hike in.

We met the rest of the group back at the parking lot just as they were leaving. We were all soaked right through. Once again my luck had proven itself by delivering mass amounts of rain over the course of the weekend. I believe none of our spirits were dampened, despite the rain.

Mt. Septimus

Aug. 6-7

Chris Einarson

I have been eyeing Mt. Baker for years. After my first ACC trip, I decided I was going to take a look from up top. Two weeks after I started my daily ritual of phoning strangers, the group dwindled from seven down to three - none of us exactly gleaming with glacier experience. Greg convinced me this was a bad idea (not that I had much of a choice, he wasn't going), and that Septimus would be an acceptable plan B. The prospect of doing some mountain that didn't even clear 2 km. was not totally appealing, but it beat sitting around the house complaining.

We had decided to camp near trail head Friday night. Our site -- behind a few trees on the side of the road -- turned out to be a popular area. A truck load of drunks showed up at about 1 a.m. with stimulating conversation ("How the !*@# should I know

where we are? All I !*@# said was we're gonna run out of gas. "Oh, shut up you !*@#?. Where the hell is Gold River, anyway?"). This carried on for a good ten minutes until Greg politely informed them of our presence, and they remained at least relatively quiet for the rest of the night.

We arrived at Cream Lake after 4.5 hours of hiking, pitched camp, chowed down, and set off again. After ascending the small glacier to the tune of 'Singing In The Rain' (a charming rendition courtesy of Larisa), we crossed a talus slope to what we felt was the route up. The climbing was cut short when Larisa was hit in the face by falling rocks. An X was placed beside that route and we went in search of an alternative. Greg and I ended up pursuing a gully while Larisa recovered from her wounds. The gully lead us to good views, but not a tick on our 'Qualifier' list. We enjoyed a beer on our false summit, snapped a few shots, and got the heck out of there.

We arrived back at camp under light of the first stars and met with the Ramblers, who had been waiting up for us. It seems that word got around quick - I told Charles we were going, he told the Ramblers we would be there, and they told the Park Rangers (and pretty much everyone else they met). We told of the shame of our failed ascent and discussed the 'proper' route (no one really knew).

Returning to the car on Sunday ended up taking more than five hours. As I mentioned, the entire park had heard of us, and we bumped into the Brown's on leave from their three week boating trip. So a respectable portion of our exit was spent talking rather than exiting. We then met Charles Turner for a beer and a Mt. Logan shirt in Comox.

Participants: Greg Gordon, Larisa Searle, Chris Einarson.

Yoho Trip

August 8-15

Robert Griffiths

Drives to and from distant parks are never popular, so ours will be consigned to a memory of squashed backs and mainlining cinnamon buns and coffee. Takkakaw Falls was however a truly spectacular place to begin the holiday caper. Our walk to the Stanley Mitchell Hut was taken at a stately pace. We shared the accommodation with a talkative and friendly group of French alpinists and their guides. When we arrived they were engaged in the various stages of preparation required to create a bewildering meal that smelled really good -- better than our "Magic Pantry" gourmet selection at any rate.

The day for our go at The President and Vice President began at dawn; we, thanks to Jack's provision of most effective ear plugs, began a little later. The mountain, that the previous evening's clear sky had revealed as a golden cone lightly frosted with a hint of snow, was presented as a somber grey mass, covered in lowering cloud. Once on the glacier, we found that the sartorial elegance so beloved of mountaineers was sadly mocked by the need for frequent changes of attire to match the elements. Indeed, we experienced a wide and entertaining selection of weather during our ascent: from dull skies on the way to the top of the



Hector Lake from Mt. Hector

Albert Hestler

glacier, through heavy rain on the summit ridge, to a keenly appreciated thunderstorm on the very top. Despite Jack's birthday chocolate and brandy, all this weather led us to choose not to go for the Vice President. Naturally, our descent of the glacier took place in glorious sunshine and clearing skies, once again occasioning the display of a wide variety of apparel. Undaunted by the day's adventure, we spent a pleasant evening in the almost deserted hut, punctuating our eating and drinking with chat with the others there and forays to the solar-powered "biffy" that graced the nearby, closed campsite.

Brad and I elected to go directly to Yoho campsite the following day to ensure that there was a place for the group's tents. Albert and Jack decided to go for a little walk along the Whaleback Trail. When they finally returned to the car park by the falls, they had certainly had their money's worth from the trail and the baking hot day on which they walked it. As a result they took the next day fairly quietly around Emerald Lake whilst the young 'uns went up Mount Carnarvon. Both pairs had an excellent day. Carnarvon was deserted, hot, steep, and fun. The walk through the woods in the early morning and late afternoon was magical and well worth the effort involved. Meanwhile, back at the lake, Jack and Albert enjoyed the views and disturbed the tourists with dashing displays of boxer shorts.

For a variety of reasons we ended up in Banff the following day. The inevitable once-round-the-shops preceded a session on an outcrop where we practised glacier rescue techniques -- the others may not have needed the practice, but I certainly did -- then we went to the hot springs. After such thorough preparation, we were ready for Mount Hector.

The trail beside Hector Creek is not marked, but is easy to follow once you manage to start it. It ascends beside the true left bank until a flagged crossing is reached. We descended without crossing the stream, i.e., following the true left bank from above the waterfalls, thus experiencing both routes to the alpine: neither was especially difficult, nor easy. It is worth noting that, once Hector Creek is left behind, there is no water until the edge of the glacier is reached.

The alpine itself was starkly magnificent. We camped beside its gravel-covered snout on a beautifully flat and soft area. Apart from a session playing with ice screw belays, the most memorable part of the end of the day was Uncle Jack's Slurpee Surprise. I suppose that the sunset ought to have a mention here, but such dramatic splurges of colour against black silhouettes had become all too familiar during our week, though this was my first experience of it at eight and a half thousand feet in the Rockies.

Hector itself was an unforgettable day out. My alleged attempt to kick start the sunrise by encouraging it with a flare from the stove awakened the party at an early hour. When we reached the glacier it seemed to swoop upwards to the minute rock tops of the mountain which felt close enough to touch. Our progress towards them revealed something of the effects of this illusion, but was easy enough to allow us to revel in the views and the situation in which we found ourselves. As a newcomer to the Rockies I co. not get over the amazing sight of the peaks marching away in all directions, and the surprising turquoise of the lakes -- I had imagined that such views in coffee table books had been enhanced by the photographers. But then I have always felt that when I am in the hills, regardless of the continent; there is something magical about the light and the situation that makes the experience seem unreal: something outside the immediate limits of mundane existence. I think this feeling affected all of us on this trip. Anyhow, our route progressed steadily and enjoyably.

We did not reach the summit itself. The exposed, crumbly rock of the subsidiary summit, together with its direct view of the rubble at the foot of the face which forms the other side of the mountain and the unyielding nature of the ice beneath the top we reached, caused us to follow the better part of valour. Indeed, our descent was filled with sensible discretion. It would have been good to have reached the main top, but the day was not spoiled in any way, shape or form by not achieving it; blue skies, sparkling snow, views that stretched for miles, and good company made the climb a success.

Once back in Field, we found that the railroad company's bunkhouse made excellent milkshakes, and filling meals. All this led to a goods night's sleep and a relatively easy drive home. Yoho National park had given us a memorable week and a taste of what could be targeted for another summer's outing.

Participants: Jack Fisher, Brad Hagen, Albert Hestler, Rob Griffiths

August in the Alps

Kris Holm

This is supposed to be a "culture trip". No climbing allowed! With a bad case of forearm tendonitis from overtraining, I fly to Amsterdam early June determined to see museums, art galleries and other sedentary European attractions I'll never consider seeing under other circumstances. However, after a great week in the Pyrenees with a friend, Katie, the willpower is weakening. Finally it is destroyed altogether by two wonderfully relaxing weeks of hiking and some climbing in the Italian countryside with Valerio and family. So, off to the Alps, first stop Zermatt, Switzerland!

The plan is to hike up to base of the Matterhorn, so after hitching to Zermatt I hike up and bivi in the rain and fog, sheltered by my green plastic tarp, awaking in sunshine to find myself directly under the snow plastered north face, framed by impossible looking ridges soaring up to its narrow summit. Wow! Next day to a bivi outside the Hornlii hut, where the Hornlii ridge ascends to the 4400 m summit about 1200 m overhead. The lower section actually looks rather doable now, so "the plan" changes to a short scramble the next day up the lower rock section of the route. The next afternoon a Texan, also alone, and I scramble up almost half the route, and think hmm, maybe we should try for more tomorrow. The big problem is that I have no gear beyond an ice-tool lent by Valerio. Luckily this is solved that evening as a client of a guide, totally fed up with the sport of mountaineering, decides to sell his crampons and headlamp for dirt cheap.

I start the route in darkness at 4 a.m., and am the first of almost 100 people that will be on the ridge that day. Breakfast in the hut starts at 4 a.m. so apparently everybody starts at 4:30. After a couple of route-finding errors the first guide and client catch up, and I solo behind them. What is quite literally a race has really begun now and I see a long string of lights below - moving not unlike the annual New Year's Eve torch light parade at Whistler. Very exposed 4th class and some short mid-5th sections lead past the small Solvay hut on the ridge and into the mixed rock and ice of the upper sections. A gargantuan rope fixes the steepest section and the exposure is absolutely wonderful - 2000m straight down the north face. I reach the summit at 7:30 a.m. and pause only for a quick photograph before racing down to try to get below the fixed ropes before the hordes arrive. At this time I really am starting to appreciate being unroped as the horrors of descent through the tangled ropes of dozens of people would be an absolute nightmare. Lower on the ridge I meet a group who are caught in this and are on their second day on the ridge, the first being 19 hours long. I reach the Hornli hut at 10:30 AM, and relax with a bottle of tap-water, surrounded by people paying \$8 for a 2 litre bottle of Evian!

Unfortunately the day has now just begun as I can't afford either the gondola or the private train, and must hike another 2000 m down to Zermatt, and then out to the Public train for which I have a pass. Okay, one could hitch down from Zermatt via a private road, but I'm sure other people must also share the curiosity as to how far they can go in a day. The town of St. Nicholas is about it, and I stop for the night at 12:30 AM.

The next morning it's off to Grindewald and the hike-in to an attractive peak called the Wetterhorn. Unfortunately, food poisoning stops the attempt and I spend a miserable day and night vomiting under a leaking tarp in pouring rain. However, a closer view of the Eiger is also tempting and the following day I stagger weakly up to a pass below the Jungfrau station and down to a small town, Lauterbrunnen, and another rainy night, before heading back to Valerio's house in Italy.

It is nice to finally relax on the luxurious intercity train to Italy, and, bedraggled and soaking wet, I tromp into a crowded cabin of six and sit down beside five immaculately dressed businesspersons. Unfortunately, as I pull out the food bag to make lunch, it appears to be infested with ants, who rapidly start exploring the train cabin. It is a difficult job to nonchalantly squish as many as possible without alarming my fellow passengers.

The next trip starts August 13 from Molveno to the Brenta Group of the Dolomites, near Trento, Italy. As usual there is no plan yet, except that this rather glacierless section of the Alps should be good for a couple of weeks of hiking and climbing.

The dolomitic limestone is good rock, and I start with some soloing and "via ferate" (scrambling routes where one is secured to the rock by fixed cables). Being almost the only English speaker in the whole area I quickly discover, however, that climbing partners will be almost impossible to find, and that it will also be difficult even to ask the advice of other climbers as to where it would be good to go. Bivi-ing once again outside a hut, Refuge Tolsa, and spending the evenings inside, I am dejectedly staring at my map, spread out on a table one night when I realize that several people, seeing my map, have come up and want to look at it. Hmm.... Quickly this turns into an info gathering plan, and a couple of huts and a couple of tables-with-maps-spread-out later, with much sign language and broken English and even worse Italian, a plan is forming to the first objective, Cima Grande, on which is one of the "six great North Faces" of the Alps. Unfortunately, after two days of walking it turns out to be the wrong Cima Grande, as I couldn't figure out how to ask if it was The Cima Grande or not. However, I'm going north and have always wanted to see the Austrian Alps, so perhaps it is possible to hike there. Innsbruck becomes the Next Objective.

Mountain passes are wonderful things, especially here, where along with a new view there is always a different town, dialect and culture on the other side. A routine forms: hike up 1000-1500 m to a new pass, cross over and then down as far as possible to spend the night in the warmer lower elevations, as I have only a tarp, a terrible sleeping bag, and no stove or sleeping pad. The tarp is also starting to leak and I can't find any duct tape, and it seems to rain almost every night. A highlight is crossing into German-speaking Italy from Italian-speaking Italy. It feels like this is much more the true border into Austria than the political border.

Finally the border nears and on August 22 I cross into Austria! Very significant, as this is the first point in the trip where Innsbruck is seeming to be a realistic goal. Also, some of the loneliness and stress due to trying to communicate in an unknown language is lifted, as Austrians seem to speak English much more readily than Italians. Furthermore, I am finally getting used to the fact that one can take a trail to almost anywhere in the Alps and this is important as I seem to never buy a new map until I am

on the absolute edge of the old one, and consequently have no idea what comes next or if it is even possible to continue.

The Stubai Alps of Tyrolean Austria are the "wildest" part of the traverse, as there are no towns for four days and much glaciation, only innumerable trails and masses of people. Luckily it is possible to avoid all glaciers except one, which was bulldozed for the benefit of tourists who took a ski lift up into the alpine. The weather is again fairly unstable, and on the second night it is totally soaked in and starting to rain as I set up my tarp under an overhanging rock, smoothing out the rocks beneath. Unfortunately unnoticed is a seam on the underside of the overhang, and at dusk, when it starts sleeting heavily, this becomes a dripping torrent directly over my head and sleeping bag. I try to tape a garbage bag to the seam, but must evacuate, and frantically repack and move camp. Luckily, the same boulder has another sheltered spot, and I scrunch under it for the rest of the night.

Finally, on August 27, I walk down into the last valley-bottom of the traverse, and take a short bus ride to downtown Innsbruck. The end of a worthwhile traverse, a great month in the Alps, and an even greater appreciation for the hut-less wilderness we have here in B.C.

My First Tantalus Trip

August 15-18

Gerta Smythe

Fairley says in his book that the mountain range got its name from 'tantalizing' mainland climbers from across the river. In Greek Mythology, (Yes, John, I did a bit of homework!) Tantalus was the son of Zeus, husband of Dione, father of Pelops and Niobe. He displeased the Gods and was banished to the Other World, where he stands in water knee-deep and whenever he bends to drink from it, it recedes from him. What a familiar agony; whenever you climb one mountain you discover another one and you can hardly wait to return once more and give it a try!

What a beautiful highway it is 'Sea to Sky' from Horseshoe Bay to Whistler and beyond. I have traveled it many times in the past and have marveled at the imposing view of mountains on the other side of the Squamish River. Then I heard talk of 'Lake Lovely Water,' saw slides of vertical rock and I started hoping and dreaming, until one day last summer, Judy's voice came onto my answering machine: "Do you want to come to the Tantalus?" Well, did I ever! And John Pratt, our resident expert on Tantalus Affairs is going to be our leader!

So, we tied the old canoe on top of Judy's Volvo and mingled right in with the holiday crowd at Discovery Bay ferry line-up. In spite of John's pessimistic thoughts we got onto the very next boat and had put the flimsy canoe into the swift flowing Squamish River by 6:00 p.m., Judy up front and John steering, with our heavy gear in the middle. The two of them paddled skillfully upriver and across, with me on the other side praying that they would land safely. And back they came for me, successfully repeating the maneuver; we pulled the boat up on the other side, hid it well and marked the trail, so as not to overshoot the spot! And off we were on our hike, a little bit later than we had hoped for. Still, the trail is a trail and a treat for us Island Bushwhackers. Well, we had to complete the last hour or so in the dark, with the aid of our headlamps, red reflectors on the trees and John's



John and Judy contemplate a cool dip - Alpha above Lake Lovelywater

Gerta Smythe

excellent memory. What a reward to gaze onto the idyll of the lake surrounded by snow-covered peaks in the moonlight!

We pitched our tent right behind the ACC cabin, which was unoccupied. Daylight showed us a ladder, which helped us climb the one window that could be opened from the outside. So we borrowed a lovely canoe, as previously arranged with John's contact in Squamish. Lowering the heavy vessel down from yet another window, locating the paddles, it all added to a sense of mischief and adventure. This time we all fitted into the canoe at once; so I got to paddle as well and we soon settled for Judy's choice, a little delta with, on the very left corner, a dead tree to complete the camouflage. We just did not want to come back and have to start walking. As it turned out, we probably did not have to worry, since we didn't see another person during our 4-day stay.

We then started up a steep valley, trampling the most exquisite flowers, since there was nowhere else to step, and entered a huge basin, called the 'Russian Army Camp' since somebody thought it big enough to camp that country's army in. We found a fair level spot near a red lake, set up our tent to mark the spot and were off to climb Mt. Alpha, which John had never climbed from this side before. Looking for the 'dominant shoulder' between

Serratus and Alpha, we angled upward, over boulders and bushes, nibbled on berries and found questionable shelters from the occasional rainsquall. Still, it never rained seriously enough to detain us, and soon we spooled up over a small snowfield, found an easy step onto the rock, did a bit of fun--scrambling and soon stood on the col and followed the southwest ridge to the summit. We did not linger long, always mindful of the unstable weather conditions, and retraced our steps and red-ribbon markers.

Early on the next day, we ascended the slopes toward Serratus over steep snow and mixed terrain, curved to the left over a wide snowy ledge and roped up at the base of the glacier. There was only one decent crevasse and we reached the col between Pandareus and Ionia and started looking for the southwest ridge; but this route did not materialize until the very summit block. We first had to traverse behind the base of the mountain, scramble upward in a loose gully, ascend a subsidiary peak over smooth slabs and finally found the key to the mountain, which John successfully opened in his rock shoes. It was a lovely narrow crack on a very exposed smooth slab, and once the rope was secured above, it was joyful to follow up to the summit. Pandareus was a messenger in Greek Mythology who broke the Trojan Truce by firing his arrow too soon and was subsequently killed for his misdeed. Well, our mountain too might have been a messenger for John because he was busy studying routes on the Red Tusk and Ionia, during our brief summit stay and slow, leisurely descent. Judy came prepared; she staged a summit photo with birthday greetings for Dave, who soon will turn another decade. These special birthday-messages seem to have become Judy's specialty.

On our last day, we rose early, made breakfast and broke camp by head-light and we descended in the early morning hush, watched the sun light up the mountains' contours and the dark forests reflected in the glassy smooth surface of the lake. We had to interrupt our paddle, so John could conquer a tiny island and Judy and I had a most refreshing swim in a small bay. We inspected the sandspit, a most desirable camp spot, and giving access to Omega. We returned the canoe, where we had found it, and down we went, back to everyday life and realities. It was an altogether perfect trip. Thank you, my friends!

Participants: Judy Holm, John Pratt (Leader), Gerta Smythe

The Golden Hinde

August 22-27

Greg Gordon

I'd always wanted to go to Mt. Golden Hinde. Two failed attempts in '91 and '92 due to bad weather discouraged me for a year, but now was my chance to try again.

A small group of us, Judy, Claire and I, met early on a Monday morning at the Helmcken Road parking lot. The forecast was for showers, but clearing for the rest of the week. On the highway near Campbell River the rain began to fall, but as we headed inland towards Strathcona Park the pavement remained dry.

After a little over two hours from the mine parking lot we were



East Face of Golden Hinde

Greg Gordon

walking around Arnica Lake in bright sunshine. Two and a half more hours of hiking put us onto the first big bump on Phillips Ridge. We set up our tent and ate dinner while taking in views of Mt. Myra, Septimus and Big Interior. A chilly wind swept broken clouds over their icy summits and forced us to retreat into the shelter of our massive club tent. That night someone snored ferociously as if competing with the wind to make the tent flap and flutter.

A thin veil of fog lifted shortly after we got up the next morning, revealing puffy broken clouds above - perfect hiking weather. The numerous tarns from the previous week's rain had a thin sheet of new ice covering them.

A short while after leaving our camp spot, we got our first views of the distant Golden Hinde. It dominated the skyline and grew larger and larger as we made the long hike north along Phillips Ridge. By late afternoon we were above Schjelderup Lake and anxious to descend from the ridge - perhaps a little too anxious. We went down from the wrong col and had to come back up. I should have known better since I have been there before.

We found the route again and made our way down to the lake and up to the north ridge of Mt. Burman. We set up camp and after a beautiful sunset we settled in for a moonlit night. I slowly drifted to sleep with thoughts of alpine flowers, ptarmigan and limestone...and of course, the Golden Hinde!

During the night huge boulders thrust skyward through the tent floor into Claire's back, tossing her violently about the tent while Judy and I slept peacefully.

PEAK DAY started out with broken clouds and a light breeze from the east. As we made our way down the ridge towards Burman Lake we discovered a pair of fairly large tarns at approximately 1300 m. This area would make a very good campsite if all other tarns were dried up and it is quite close to the Hinde. We discovered later that Burman Lake and beyond offer little in the way of camp spots.

After a little bushwhacking we found the trail leading up the south ridge of the Hinde. To our surprise it was clearly marked and well worn. The trail ended at an icy tarn at the bottom of a large bowl where glaciers not so long ago flowed. From there we scrambled up a scree slope to the gully directly below the cliffs of the south face.

At the top of this gully we contoured east to a ridge that drops off abruptly to the impressive east face. From here we scrambled up the southeast gully on fairly stable scree. Higher up it was filled with snow. We squeezed our way up a narrow moat and from there it was an easy walk to the summit.

We spent about a half hour on the summit taking pictures in the cloud and thought of the others who had wanted to come on this trip but could not make it.

On our way back to camp we met four men from Port Alberni who planned to climb the mountain the following day. They wanted to hike out via Phillips Ridge but had a canoe waiting below Marble Meadows at Phillips Creek. EUREKA! Claire came up with the idea to borrow the canoe. This way we could go out Marble Meadows and they could return by Phillips Ridge without having to retrieve the canoe. We arranged to shuttle their van from the Elk River parking lot down to the Myra Falls parking area.

We spent the next day relaxing. Claire and I hiked up Mt.

Burman and soaked up sun and endless views, while Judy remained by the camp and slept under a colourful veil of mosquito netting.

On Friday we were sorry to leave, but our six days were running out. We headed north to Marble Meadows and enroute climbed Mt. Judy (although not aware of it then as the name is not on the map). We climbed another bump on the ridge also unnamed. I thought it should have a name since it was only eighteen metres shorter than Mt. Arrowsmith. Judy and Claire suggested "Greg Peak" after the famous mountaineer. (We later found out that it is called Tibetan Mountain.)

A few hours later we were exploring Limestone Cap and all its fascinating rock formations. Claire found a deep cavern into which we all climbed. Inside the temperature was only 4 degrees compared to 20 degrees outside. This must be what it's like inside a crevasse, only much warmer.

We camped at the west end of Marble Meadows near a beautiful stream cascading down from near Morrison Spire.

Our last day was absolutely clear and hot. For a group who didn't want to leave, we moved very quickly through the lake studded meadows. We stopped at the shelter found half way along the meadows and saw Dennis Manke's name in the guest book from a trip the week before. I had searched for this cabin last March on a McBride trip but it had been completely buried under snow.

We stopped and had lunch at a spot overlooking Buttle Lake before descending. We found the canoe hidden in the trees and paddled across the lake to Augerpoint. We had a swim in the surprisingly warm water and said good-bye to the mountains, at least until next week.

Participants: Greg Gordon, Judy Holm and Claire Ebendinger (leader)

Mt. Harmston

September 3-5

Nigel Mathews

Early on a rainy Saturday morning we assembled at Barbara's new house in Cumberland and were soon heading for the glacier trail. We had to hike the last few kilometres of track before starting up the steep, slippery slope toward the Alpine zone. The views of the glacier from the ridge were conspicuous by their absence. An occasional glimpse was all we were afforded before the clouds again descended and the mist enshrouded all but the closest trees. Century Sam Lake was visible and we were reminded of the recently erected plaque to Sid Williams who played the part of Sam the prospector in the 1958 centennial tour of Canada. Comox is a native word for "land of plenty"; for our hike up to Lone Tree Pass the only thing there was plenty of was cloud, mist and rain. Finally, as the clouded day grew dimmer, we arrived at the pass where half the group camped at the pass itself and the others on a large flat area some 200 feet above, on the glacier side. That night the clouds dissipated and a multitude of stars appeared in a clear sky; there was no moon and any owls were silent.

Sunday morning dawned bright and warm. The Red Pillar to

*Overlooking the Red
Pillar from near the
Comox Glacier*

Nigel Matthews



the east glowed in the rising sun. As we began to sweat, rainy, misty memories faded. The glacier itself was in perfect condition with no fresh snow to trudge through; simply crisp, firm and frozen. Across the water the coastal range on the mainland seemed a mere stone's throw away. A flock of horned larks appeared and busied themselves on the snow pecking at entrapped insects.

A change in plan took us over Mt. Argus instead of around it. This mountain was named after the now defunct Comox Argus newspaper in honour of its editor, Mr. Hughes, a hiker in the 1930's. Half the group ascended a steep gully which emerged at the cleft near the peak, whilst the others climbed to the left of the main peak and traversed over the summit. Respects were paid to a small monument erected for Harry Winston who died on Mt. Argus in 1958. Photographs will be delivered to his son who was to have accompanied us.

Later, descending onto the Cliffe glacier, Nigel's front teeth were damaged in a fall on the ice; more practise at self-arrest would be useful.

William Harmston, an English settler who arrived in the area in 1862, had a daughter, Florence, who, although no nightingale, married a Cliffe, thus beginning one of the most successful families in the area. It was said she fell, head over heels... Harmston was no climber and the mountain named after him is an easy scramble. Bird watching on club outings is not encouraged but despite this a rare, partially albino Golden Eagle was seen soaring high over the peak, sailing majestically in and out of the cloud banks.

The return trek across Cliffe glacier brought us around the southern flank of Mt. Argus and back up onto the Comox glacier by a much less strenuous route. The considerable route-finding abilities of our leader were much in evidence, and everyone made

it back to camp before the western sun had finally sunk into the Pacific.

Participants: Ian Brown (leader), Rex Andrews, Michael Bartier, Barbara Brooks, Margaret Brown, Chris Einarsson, Carl Erickson, Paul Erickson, Judy Holm, Viggo Holm, Greg Gordon, Nigel Mathews, Gil Parker, Gerta Smythe.

Rugged Mountain

September 10, 1994

Gil Parker

It was an interesting strategy -- Rick Johnson waiting nearly three months before asking me to write the trip report for our climb of Rugged Mountain, expecting a pre-alzheimer climber to remember the details.

Do we need another article about Rugged?? This was not a first ascent. I think it is about number four for Rick (18:4 Bushwhacker at least, and Sandy 15:4), and there were a few before him. For me it was my third trip to the mountain, the first two rained out half way up the ridge.

If you have looked at the previous reports, you will know that you approach the mountain by driving almost to Zeballos, turning east on the Nomash Road system, then finding spur N20 (usually in the dark). In our case, our leader very logically decided on a relaxed, late start, since we were only carrying our camp up to the col anyway. The walk up the logging road was, well, like every other logging road. Then we staggered through 200 metres of slash to the trees leading up to the ridge west of the road. The route starts left of a big grey rock bluff and continues in the bush, well

marked by flagging; in places there is even a trail. (Rick prefers to go straight off the end of the stream and up the slabs, perhaps in dry weather and in rock shoes.)

The first significant view comes as you clear the forest above a large open cirque. You cross the firm rock, descending slightly, towards the obvious summit of Rugged to the east, then slip and slide up 300 metres of scree to the col. At the top it is quite a different scene. Woss Lake is below, stretching north to the Nimpkish River. Sharp, upthrust peaks ring the glacier, and off to the northeast the ranges march, from the Island to the Mainland.

It is a fair elevation gain (1200 m to the col). It was a struggle for me. But I did not notice any pain on other faces, as they joyfully decided to convert our leader's conservative two-day climb into a one-day push. He was their willing accomplice.

So, on with crampons and up the snowfield to the north face of the ridge. Rick decided on the northeast face just west of the big gendarme, thus avoiding the long traverse to the east end of the ridge, and back again. The six of us shed crampons, formed two ropes, then Rick and Doug set off up the wet and scree-sprinkled face. Climbing out of the bergschrund from two different points, they soon passed each other, the ropes forming a neat spider web of crossed lines. This must be some new safety technique, I thought.

It started to rain in earnest. But, in less than two rope lengths, we were on the ridge west of the gendarme (thanks to my rope leader, Doug Goodman). From that point it was really quite easy class 3 from there to the summit. The clouds parted a bit for summit views, then we were off, down the same route. A messy rappel brought us to the bergschrund, a few minutes on crampons and we'd crossed the glacier to our camp on the col. A pleasant evening of candlelight dining ensued.

As usual, the next day was fine; there had been no need to panic about making the summit in one day after all. The clarity of hindsight! But we had a leisurely descent to the cars, and by noon were off, down the long drive south.

Participants: Rick Johnson (leader), Doug Goodman, Charles Turner, Barb Brooks, Rex Andrew, and Gil Parker

Point me in the direction of the N. Cascades

September 16-18

Michael Kuzyk

This trip was destined to be a classic, it had been at least a month in the planning. Alex, who I met in Washington in April, and I had kept in contact by mail throughout the summer. He had been living in Bly, Oregon all summer and we were both anxious to get back into the North Cascades for something interesting. Alex contacted me to let me know that on the 16th of September he was moving to Marblemount (near Washington Pass) and wanted to do a climb the following two days. We tossed around a few unrealistic suggestions and then decided on Fisher Chimneys on Shuksan. I was unable to interest anyone on the island to join me on the trip so we made some sketchy arrangements and

I was to take an evening ferry on the Friday. I was to call my answering machine from the ferry to get the final details on where to meet him. No problem, right? It was Friday afternoon and in a perfect world, all I had to do was go to the bank, get travel medical insurance at BCAA and catch the 5 p.m. ferry. In reality, I was behind schedule, found out that the ferries had a two sailing wait and started stressing out.

Well, to help calm my nerves I managed to get involved in a three car accident on the Pat Bay Highway. Great, there goes the weekend. No, my Jeep took it like a tank (wish I could say the same for the car I rear-ended), I gratefully accepted my ticket from the police officer and somehow managed to make the 5 p.m. ferry (even after stopping to have a headlight replaced). Well, nothing else could go wrong now, right? Wrong again. I called my answering machine from the ferry and to find that Alex had left a message letting me know that the climb on Shuksan I had been anticipating all week was out because, it would be too weird with his dog. Instead he wanted to head into the Boston Basin and climb Forbidden Peak because he could bring his dog. I arrived at his place in Marblemount around 9:30 p.m. and we discussed this at length.

The next morning we drove to the Ranger Station in Marblemount to get our backcountry passes only to find that none were available for that weekend. Back to the guidebook. O.K., this could be worse, we'll just go back to Alex's, drop off all our glacier gear, grab some more rock gear and go climb the Beckey route on Liberty Bell and the Southeast arete on S. Early Winter Spire and car camp. Well on the ride back to his place, we changed our minds once again. By this point I just wanted to get on a mountain and climb to justify getting in an accident and foot² the bill for the entire drive by myself. We finally decided on Mt. Baker, so instead of dropping off our glacier gear, we dropped the 10 lb. of rock pro we were each carrying. We drove up to the Baker National Recreation Area and were on the trail approaching the Easton glacier on Baker's south side by 11 p.m. in true alpine fashion.

The weather was beautiful, the mountain was beautiful and the trail was so easy that it was appropriately named the Railway Grade. After starting at ~3000 feet we were up to 7400 feet by 3:30 p.m. and were debating whether or not just to climb the entire mountain now, wait for dusk or eat, sleep and then climb (my personal choice). We were treated to amusing stories from people descending that had not summited because it was so soft. When questioned, it turned out that they had all started not much before noon. We enjoyed an amazing sunset framed by the upper Demming glacier and the silhouette of Colfax and Lincoln peaks and then bivvied under a nearly full moon.

We awoke at 4:45 a.m., had breakfast, geared up and headed out. I was quickly aware that my shins hadn't healed yet from the approach hike in my double boots. Although the temperature hadn't dropped as much as we had hoped, the snow was nicely frozen and provided perfect crampon conditions right up to the summit, which we reached around 9 a.m. All the impassable 'schrunds and sketchy snow bridges we had heard horror stories about the day before, were just fine when crossed at the right time of day. From the summit we were treated to amazing views of Twin Sisters range, Shuksan, Rainier, Glacier Peak, Tomyhoi and Slesse mountains. We had been beaten to the summit by two

guys who had started the Coleman glacier route at 11 p.m. the night before. We exchanged some stories, gazed at the crater's fumaroles, and wished we had more time to climb Sherman and Colfax. The entire descent to the Jeep took us six hours. As a fitting conclusion to this trip we discovered that I had left my lights on and my battery was dead. Luckily we received a jump from someone within half an hour and I was on my way home with an excellent climb under my belt surrounded by some very unusual circumstances I don't hope to repeat any time soon.

Participants: Alex Krawarik and Michael Kuzyk

Crown Mountain

September 17-18

Ian Brown

With a failure of courage, not for mountaineering, of course, but for ferries and driving, we converted Mt. Urquhart into Crown Mountain and set off for this delightful two-day trip. Don's instructions in Bushwhacker 1992 navigated us precisely to the start of the hiking, the brush was minimal and we camped on a delightful meadow at about the 5,200-foot mark on the 5,412 bump a mile north of Crown (don't ask me what all that is in metres). As Don suggested, the peak goes easily and nicely from the col between the two summits and we turned out to be the next visitors since their trip in '92. We could see forever from the summit and gleefully counted all our former climbs on the Central land.

One fascinating find was a piece of plane wreckage embedded in the snow below the pocket glacier on the north side. No word yet whether this is a famous missing plane crash or a site well known to the people who catalogue these grisly things.

Participants: Claire Ebendinger, Barb Brooks, Ian Brown, John Pratt (intrepid leader) and Mike Wilmut.

The Skutz Falls Family Hike

September 18

Sharon McCann

We arrived early that Sunday morning for our first Alpine Club family hike. Honour, 14 and Caitlyn, 7, checked out Skutz Falls: nothing grandiose for sure, but interesting enough for young explorers. Around 10:30 the other hikers drove up. Honour, an irrepressible dog lover, noticed Max in the parking lot right away. This golden retriever is a member of Mike and Barbara Hubbard's family, especially adored for his bark. Doug Goodman, our hike leader, introduced his mother Ruth and his children Kate and Mark, who brought Sassy, smaller than Max, but equal in bark. I met Liz and Albert Hestler a few minutes later on the rocky start of the trail. Four children, two dogs and seven ults - which one of us would really lead the way?

Happily, we all kicked off. Sun and spray, rocks and branches and barking dogs underfoot. For awhile we sprightly hiked along

the trail beside the river, and then followed the old railway with Doug leading the way. Sometimes he was behind us all to bring up the rear. A very gallant leader to say the least. Only once or twice did he remind the more experienced hikers that this was a family hike. I liked the way he put it.

Later, we followed an old logging road to a clear cut at Cowichan River, where we had lunch. By now, we had all chatted and gotten to know one another somewhat: I had just relocated from Montreal with my children (a Quebec refugee, I called myself); Liz grew up in Quebec and like every relocated English Quebecer I've met on Vancouver Island, would never return; Barbara immigrated from Germany, speaks English with a soft British accent and met her husband in Vancouver; and Ruth does not fear her son's fast driving (I'm cheating here -- she said that at the end of the day).

The lunch at the Cowichan Riverbank was for me the highlight of the day. Toward the end of munching on cheese or peanut butter sandwiches, a few of the hikers (not named here) disrobed almost completely, and swam across the river to a small island. Now, Mike had tied Max up to abate the barking, but the irrepressible dog lover let him go for company in the river. Mark and Caitlyn, both close in age, made mud castles, while Doug and his daughter, appropriately attired, swam in the river. Those who are observers by nature stayed on shore.

The sunbathers were not pleased when Max suddenly appeared on the island to shake off a coat of water and sunbathe too. So everyone headed back to camp shortly. We packed our backpacks and tried to discourage the children from play. I think it was the irrepressible dog lover who threw the last stick to Max in the river. At this point, Max revealed his true self. He swam, for hours it seemed, in a circling current following the stick in his mouth. After repeated attempts to dissuade him from this folly, Mike decided to leave him to his fate, and we all assumed Max would finally come ashore to follow the disappearing hikers. At least the irrepressible dog lover was pleased when Max did just that.

Refreshed after lunch, we marched on. Doug claims now that this trail was not well marked, but I think he led us bushwhacking for the more experienced hikers. Anyway, none got lost despite losing the trail twice and we came out on a railway bank. After a kilometer or so, we came upon an old railway bridge, at least 50 feet high above a ravine. Most everyone was bold enough to walk on the wooden ties to the other side and come back, which Doug said was good experience for alpine climbing, although the observers (myself included) were not inspired.

After this event, we followed a fairly well-marked trail to the old Cowichan Lake road, stopping only once at the river to cool off our feet. Two cars had been left at the road to take the hikers back to the Skutz Falls parking lot. We had all really enjoyed the hike and decided to go for dinner in Lake Cowichan. We stopped at the restaurant with the trains that 'choo-choo' around the ceiling ledge. Unfortunately Max and Sassy could not join us. After welcomed food and lighthearted conversation, I and my children left to go home. Albert invited me back to go on a real hike -- alpine, that is.

Participants: Sharon McCann, Honour McCann, Caitlyn McCann, Albert Hestler, Liz Hestler, Mike Hubbard, Barbara Hubbard,

Max Hubbard, Sassy Goodman, Ruth Goodman, Kate Goodman (10 yrs.), Mark Goodman (7 yrs.), Doug Goodman (leader)

A short walk in the Hinter Bush -- Mount Bate Revisited

Oct. 8-10

Rob Macdonald

I'm sure I go on too much about the Alava-Bate sanctuary, but there is a reason and now that others have been in there, I think they too are beginning to see the light. The weather forecast was not very favourable, but we headed out anyway on Saturday morning from Helmcken, finally getting to the Sebalhall access at about 2 p.m. The hike up the washed-out logging road was fine as was the elk trail we discovered at the end of it. The trouble was that the elks led us away from the gully that gets you onto the ridge and we ended up on a pass between the Sebalhall and Conuma drainages. Oh, well, it doesn't much matter where you are when it rains all night and all the following day, as long as it isn't a local minimum.

Finally, on Monday, we set off at 7:30 swarming through the dripping bush. We climbed the flank of the ridge that leads in to the sanctuary, traversing around water falls, grunting up wet, greasy gullies, and even throwing in an overhanging soaked bush or two. After several ugly hours of torquing our ice-axes in the moss, we got to the alpine and that lovely red Karmutsen rock. By this time, it had decided to clear and we got views of Mount Bate and the Thumb. The sun came out, the hoar frost started to melt off the bushes and we were able to scout a bit more of the route. It looks like it goes, but there are some ups and downs to be negotiated along that ridge. After a brief lunch and some bouldering on the bluffs, we turned back along the ridge, located Syd and John's gully and down we went. We regained our camp by 3 p.m., packed and got out to the cars by 5:30 p.m. to face the long trek home. Any takers for next year?

Participants: Rob Macdonald (organizer and reporter - no one else would do it), Rick Eppler, Charles Turner, Paul and Karl Erickson, Murrough O'Brien, Darlene Anderson and Julie Henderson.

Mt. Maitland

October 15

Jack Fisher

*Rapping in the Dark, Singing in the night
or
A Day Trip with Sandy Briggs*

"Mt. Maitland is 1435 m., located on the north side of Kennedy Lake to the west of highway 4. The name is incorrectly placed on map 92F/3. It should be 3 km. farther north." (from a *Guide to Climbing and Hiking in Southwestern B.C.* by Bruce Fairley)

Leaving Victoria at 18:30 we arrived somewhere beyond Port

Alberni that evening. A suitable campsite was found by Sandy precariously peering over the roadside escarpment with the help of the car's headlights. This was repeated several times in various locations until a passable access was found.

We drove from the campsite at 07:00 along Highway 4 towards Kennedy Lake. The turnoff is to the right on a stretch of road that is three lanes wide, 2 km. past the usual McKenzie Range turnoff. For those who miss it, 2 km. before Kennedy Lake. After leaving Highway 4, we crossed a bridge 300 meters in. One kilometer from the highway, we took the left fork and passed a little lake, then up the spur to the clearcut at the base of Mt. Maitland.

At 09:00 the hike started at the corner of the clearcut and to the left of a gully. A viewpoint was reached at 12:30 from where we spied the Broken Group and ate lunch. All of us enjoyed the mid-August weather in mid-October. Our direction was then up and over the saddle, traversing around the back to one pitch of rock with two short sections of class 4. The summit was reached at 14:30. Two newcomers, Molly and Jacqueline, proved to have natural climbing ability, while two other members snoozed at the bottom of the rock pitch. Summit shots were taken with climbers and cameras changing places simultaneously. It was a small space for twelve people. Unfortunately the summit register was waterlogged and unreadable. Excellent views were enjoyed of the McKenzie Range, Broken Group, Deer Group, Mariner, Steamboat, Hidden peak, Cats Ears, and Mount Hall.

Sandy and Valerio set up a double belay to aid our downclimbing the rock pitch, and at 16:00 we started the hike down. At the saddle we were lured down the gully by the quiet pools, trickling water, and lush vegetation surrounding the boulders. As we tried to follow this scenic route, sometimes on the creek bed, Sandy was heard to say "This is what the book says not to do." This was verified on several occasions. After exiting the creek, a route was found to the right which promptly brought us to another gully. Having found ourselves between a gully and a hard place we wound our way down the bluffs to a place where two creeks converged. We were now truly "up the creek." It was noted that there are four gullies on the north slope of Mt. Maitland. At 19:00, we were finally stopped by a bluff. As no one could shine a light on this situation and to go back up would take too long, it was decided to rappel down to the gully in the dark. We then ascended to the ridge leading down to the clearcut. Sandy was concerned with getting out of the bush before nightfall, and instead found his reputation was enhanced to a new level. Finally reaching the clearcut, we hiked and slid back to the logging road to within a few hundred yards of the vehicles. The time was now 22:00. We arrived in Victoria around 03:00.

Thanks, Sandy, for leading a safe and rewarding trip!

Participants: Sandy Briggs (Leader), Judy Holm, Gerry Bean, Gerta Smythe, Claire Ebendinger, Doug Goodman, Valerio Faraoni, Andrew Ross, Mike Hubbard, Jack Fisher, Jacqueline Cameron, Molly Cooperman, Peter Steele, Nigel Matthews.

Diamond Head Trip

Nov. 19 - 20

Leslie Gordon

When it comes to organizing trips, some run smoothly according to plan, while others groan and struggle to stay afloat and on course. And then there was the Diamond Head outing scheduled for November 19th & 20th. It's in a category all its own.

The trip was to have been led by Claire Ebendinger, keen to break virgin snow reported to be plentiful despite the predictions of an El Nino Year. With about ten days to go, Claire, with sadness in her voice, advised the keeners that she would be postponing her trip 'til December 10th. But there were those who couldn't let go of the possibility of this outing.

Jack picked up the torch by proposing to Brad Hagen and Catrin that he'd like to see the trip happen despite the fact that he'd be out of town for the prior week and not available to organize 'til Thursday night before the weekend in question. Before his departure, his path coincidentally crossed Albert's and at the slide show on Tibet!

For a few days, Brad carried the torch but was then dealt a 'cold' blow and knocked out of the running plans. Yet Albert had been smitten by the idea and conveyed the fuzzy-wuzzy plans at a dining event at Leslie's. So now Pat and Leslie were fired up while Murrough wavered.

Meanwhile on Pearson's campus, Catrin sparked the interest of Theo, a college cohort, who had never done back country skiing before.

So by Thursday night all those torches, sparks and fuzzy fuzzies ignited the plans to official status with Pat as our trip leader.

There was one more challenge before our intrepid seven could skin up and be off. One in our party, whose name will not be mentioned, though he deserves gold star credit for his ingenious solution, arrived at the meeting place parking lot with but one ski pole.

Did you know there are no sports stores in Squamish? Now what would you do? Surprisingly, a hardware store broomstick tapered at one end with a metal insert for a ceiling light fixture jammed into position did the trick and entertained many passersby.

The trip itself weathered a Saturday storm, necessitating a night's layover at the Red Heather Warming Hut and continued the next day in the full glory of clear, blue sky and bounteous snow. Four folks made the homeward journey shortly after the Elfin Hut destination was reached. The remaining three-some tested their tele skills on the Gargoyle Slopes, and on return to the vacant hut, huddled close to the timed propane heater telling those stories that only such a setting can coax. The night's moon was full, shedding awesome views on the trek. By all accounts it was a great trip, wobbly at the beginning but well worth the ride.

Participants: Jack Fisher, Albert Hestler, Pat O'Brien, Murrough O'Brien, Catrin Brown, Theo Dombrowski, Leslie Gordon

Gowland Range Traverse

November 27

Chris Odgers

We met at Mt. Work (north end) parking lot at 9:00 a.m. The forecast was for rain, snow, typhoons, etc., but we only got sun. We headed for Jocelyn Hill (the trail is a bit non-existent in spots, or we were off-route.) We had lunch at Jocelyn Hill and collected a third dog, then headed south to Holmes Peak. Shortly after that Mojo and Chris got lost, due to their idiotic habit of running ahead and looking for rabbits (found some, though!) Before we got to Mt. Finlayson, we split into two groups: the sensible group, who went back to their cars parked at Goldstream; and the others, who were too cowardly to admit they had sore toes. (I had sore toes!) Those went up Mt. Finlayson comprised Russ, Tom, Catrin, Wayne, Chris, our fearless leader Claire, and all three dogs! Then we went home. Lovely day. Nice country. Nothing happened. Thanks to Ian Brown for his part in the preservation of this beautiful part of the Saanich Peninsula.

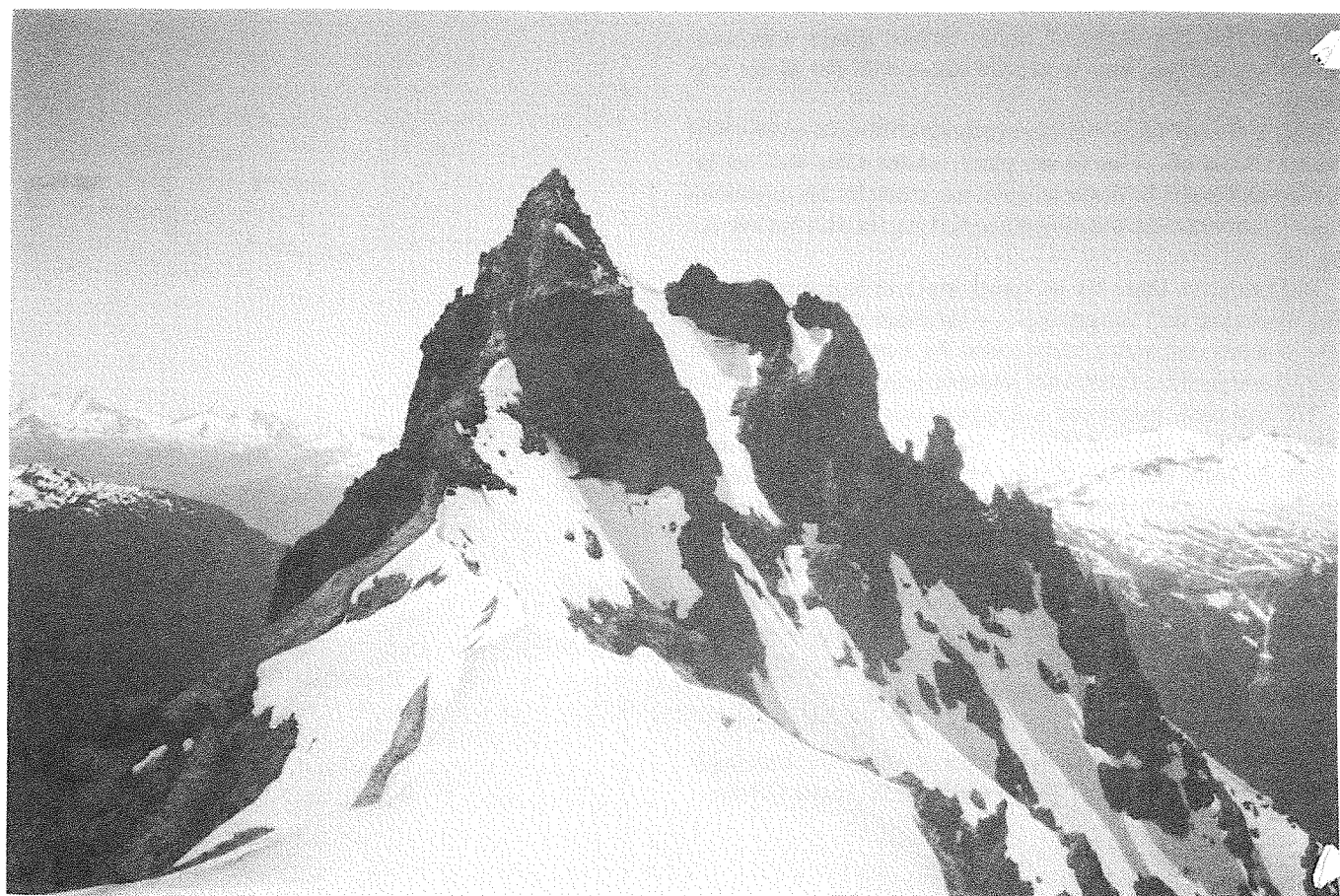
Participants: Dave Foster, Don Morrison, Wayne Aitken, Albert Hestler, Judith Holm, Tom Hall, Russ Moir, Claire Ebendinger (leader), Catrin Brown, Walter Speirs, Gil Parker, Ross Parker, Chris Odgers, Mojo, Aziza Cooper.

Ski Season Opener - Forbidden Plateau

December 10-11

*"We really don't know
if there'll be any snow..."*

Claire Ebendinger

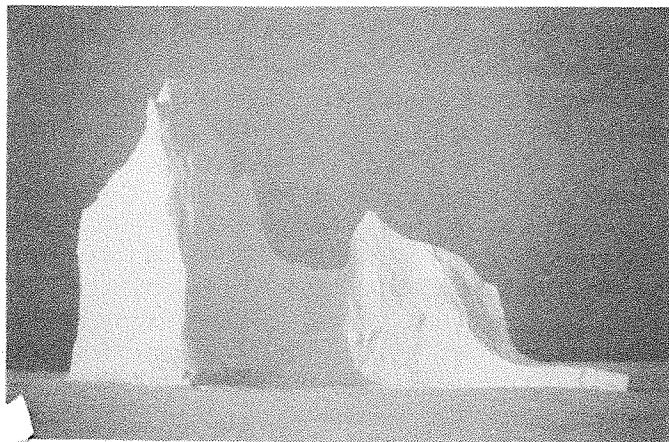


The land of the Inuit is an immense one with few people. This land, like all land, is indifferent to our puny presence. Like the Inuit, we are on the land, but unlike them we are not of the land. Our relationship with it is a romantic one, one of struggle, adventure, escapism, sport [1]. Our lives are enriched by the land but our life comes not from it. We are visitors. In Sam Ford Fjord we meet hunters who invite us to their camp for tea and boiled seal. John explains the nature of our project, a human-powered north-to-south traverse of Baffin Island. He explains that our sleds contain all our food, brought from the south, that we will travel about six weeks between re-supply points, and that our next cache of food is in a refrigerator in Clyde River. The laconic reply of one of the hunters delivers more meaning than I had thought possible in only three words, "food is everywhere."

The project was born several years ago in the imagination of John Dunn, a photographer, lecturer, and Arctic aficionado who lives in Calgary. He dreamed of assembling a team to travel under its own power along the length of Canada's eastern Arctic seaboard, from the northern tip of Ellesmere Island to the tree-line in Labrador. The Ellesmere Island section was completed in 1990, and in 1992 John and I traveled from Resolute Bay across Devon Island to Grise Fjord to complete the second stage. In 1993 John and two others skied from the northern tip of Labrador to Nain. The final (1994) segment of the traverse would involve a total distance of 3,000 km. and require six months.

John, Mike Sharp, and Bob Saunders set out in late March from Cape York, Baffin's northern tip, and skied through a period of cold but fine weather to the town of Pond Inlet, where Graeme Magor and I joined the expedition on April 28th. With sleds weighing upwards of 110 kg. we set off the next day for Clyde River, eager in anticipation of skiing through the spectacular fjord country of northeast Baffin Island.

Swish, swish, swish -- I ski. The sled follows. Legs and arms and lungs and heart strengthen and flow over the glistening land. The movements are mine, but the journey itself is a separate thing, alive, like an animal. It cannot see itself, but only wakes, and travels, and sleeps. The animal slides over the snow, over glaciers and frozen lakes. It crawls into an ice-cave to wonder at giant



Aulitiving Bay, Baffin Island

Sandy Briggs



Graeme sledding out of Gibbs Fjord

Sandy Briggs

crystals of hoar, an arched ceiling of fragile jewelry, pillars and plates and daggers and fish-skeletons, variations of the magical hexagon that is water in the solid state.

Emerging from the cave of ice, the animal slinks into the mountains and upward to the highest point in north Baffin (Peak 6440, N 72° 10.8' W 75° 55.7') [2]. From this sunny dome one enjoys a panorama of a land and a sea locked in ice. Rounded hills, smooth and white, march toward Baffin Bay, while southward lie steep-walled fjords where soon the journey animal will crawl.

Did I say crawl? For two days in Coutts Inlet there is no crawling, instead a wild flight before the wind. Brightly coloured sled-sails bulge to fling our loads along the ice in an ungainly and delirious race, a race almost to see how much of life can at once be lost and won in the flowing moments that swirl about the journey like the spindrift itself.

From fjord to fjord across isthmus and ice we glide and walk and push and strain and laugh and eat, until our now too unfamiliar friend, the sun, returns to work its magic. Gibbs Fjord becomes a gilded corridor of wonder. A night of day upon the precipice above a sea of cloud connects the eyes directly to the soul and reminds again, insists, shouts -- so loudly that the tears come even now -- that there is so much to share, so much beauty to share.

Mere photographs will prove but feeble tools for this.

Our visit to Clyde River proves more valuable than we could have imagined. We participate in a variety show for the school kids. We laugh and cause laughter, and feel touched by the community of people through whose land our journey wanders. Graeme's holidays have ended and he has to leave us here, but his Monty Pythonesque humour lingers.

Southward the land is flatter. We link patches of rapidly disappearing snow across the Henry Kater peninsula and start island-hopping in Home Bay. The meltwater has nowhere to go, so it lies on the ice making slush and giving a whole new meaning to water-skiing. But the animal lives by its movement, and so splashes its way onward into Okoa Bay to begin the crossing of the Penny Ice Cap. Day upon day of wet gray skies, punctuated by what seemed only brief moments of spotlighting on icebergs, give way to clearing weather as we gain the glacier. Struck once again with wonder, we eagerly take turns peering through the telescopes as a mother bear and her two cubs frolic and mock-wrestle on the other side of the fjord. Four days of good conditions and we are across the ice-cap. We remove the skis for the last time. Now 35 km. of summer landscape separates us from Shark Fjord, the site of our next air-lift of supplies. The "secret weapon" is deployed! We mount the sleds on pontoons to make a raft, then float down the river. Well, almost. The river is mostly too shallow -- the animal drags its belly in the cold silty water -- and soon becomes an impassable canyon. Tundra sledding and much load-ferrying

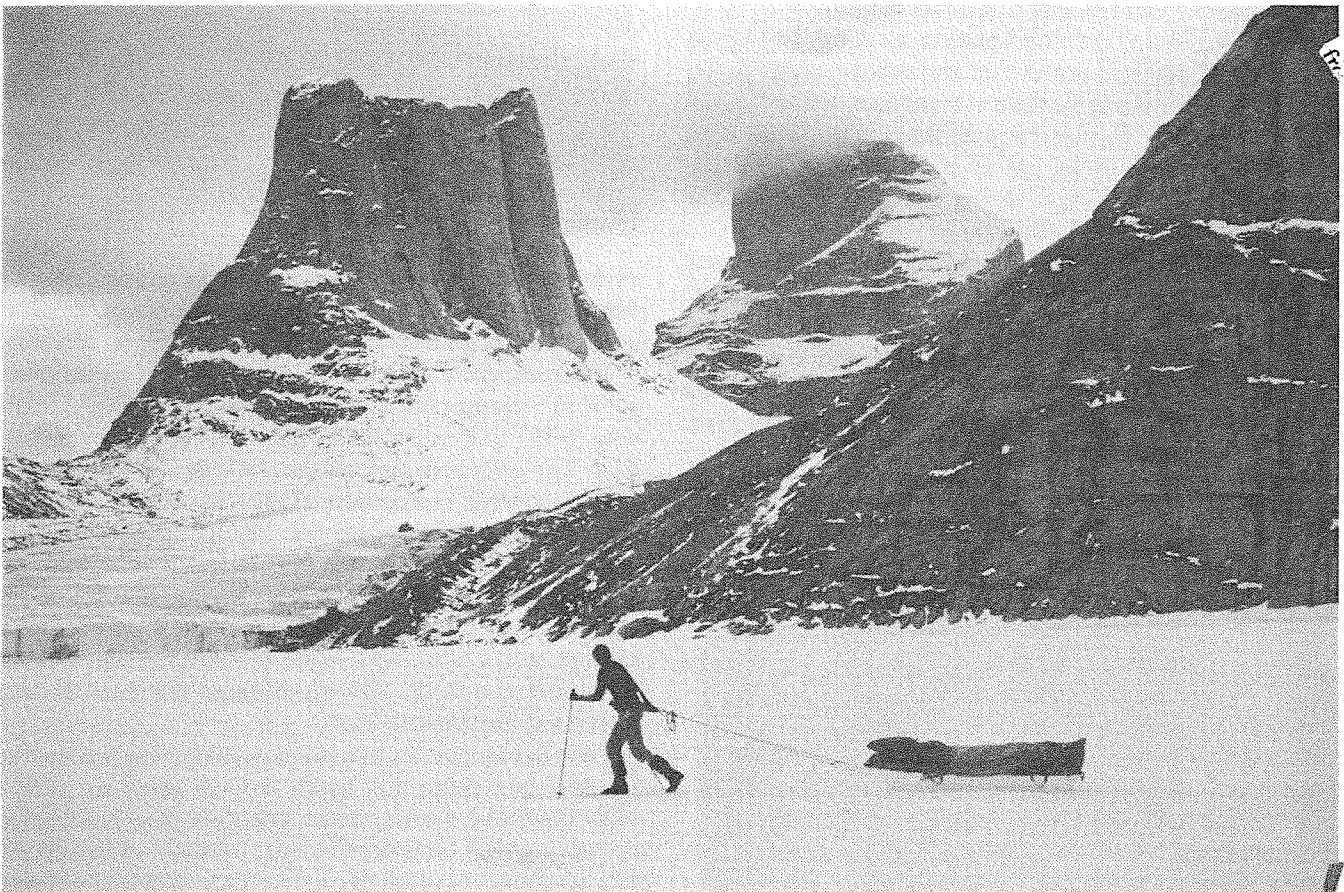
get us to tidewater on July 12th, three days ahead of schedule. The air temperature reaches 20°C.

The pilot arrives with our folding kayaks and more food. He takes away the sleds and skis. The seven meter tidal range and wide boulder-strewn intertidal flats make for an interesting loading operation, but all goes well in the end, and the pleasure of receiving mail from friends is the ample reward for the day.

After two days of sewing and sorting, packing and patching, we are almost surprised that everything will fit in, and on, the boats. Our journey, now become amphibious, swims cautiously across the back end of Cumberland Sound, portages and hops lakes across to Nettilling Fjord, and then, midst a swarming maelstrom of mosquitoes, makes its way to Nettilling Lake. Gray skies and rain, the tinkling music of candle-ice on the shore, and the presence of a fresh-water ring seal lend an air of mystery to the place. The expedition animal has followed a traditional Inuit route to this 5,000 square kilometer inland sea, where now we must push aside the lingering winter ice in order to advance.

The west side of this great lake is the edge of the Great Plain of the Koukdjuak, a low rolling expanse of tundra and water rich in caribou, geese and many other species. Returning mesmerized from an evening stroll, Bob calls it the Serengeti of Canada. On August 7th I pass the 1,000-mile mark.

Blackflies swarm as we tackle the final challenge of this, the fourth leg of the traverse. We must ascend the Amadjuak River to the large lake of the same name. So, into a final week of mainly



sunshine, frustrating portages, lining the kayaks up moderate rapids, paddling flat-water sections, and marveling at the clarity of the water. The river keeps us guessing. I am openly nervous. John is openly confident. Mike and Bob are in between. Once, while nosing a kayak around a corner with ropes and all hands on shore, we allow the bow to get caught. The boat is immediately flipped up and the cockpits fill with water. Were it not for the sea socks we'd have lost it. In spite of this sobering lesson, we repeat it a day or two later.

We try to leave the river and connect a series of small lakes. One day we do eight portages, one of over a kilometer. So it's back to the main river, with respect. We are putting in long days. Steadily the animal gropes its way upstream. We make blackfly paste in the folds of our clothing. On August 16th we arrive at a long spit in the north end of Amadjuak Lake, one day early for our re-supply, and the end of the line for me. We have paddled nearly 500 km.

August 17th. A day of sorting and repairing, planning and reflecting. The plane comes, bringing Glen Cowper to replace me in the kayak, and more wonderful mail from friends. The team

will paddle and portage to Lake harbour on Hudson Strait, where the kayaking ends and where Mike and Glen will leave for the south.

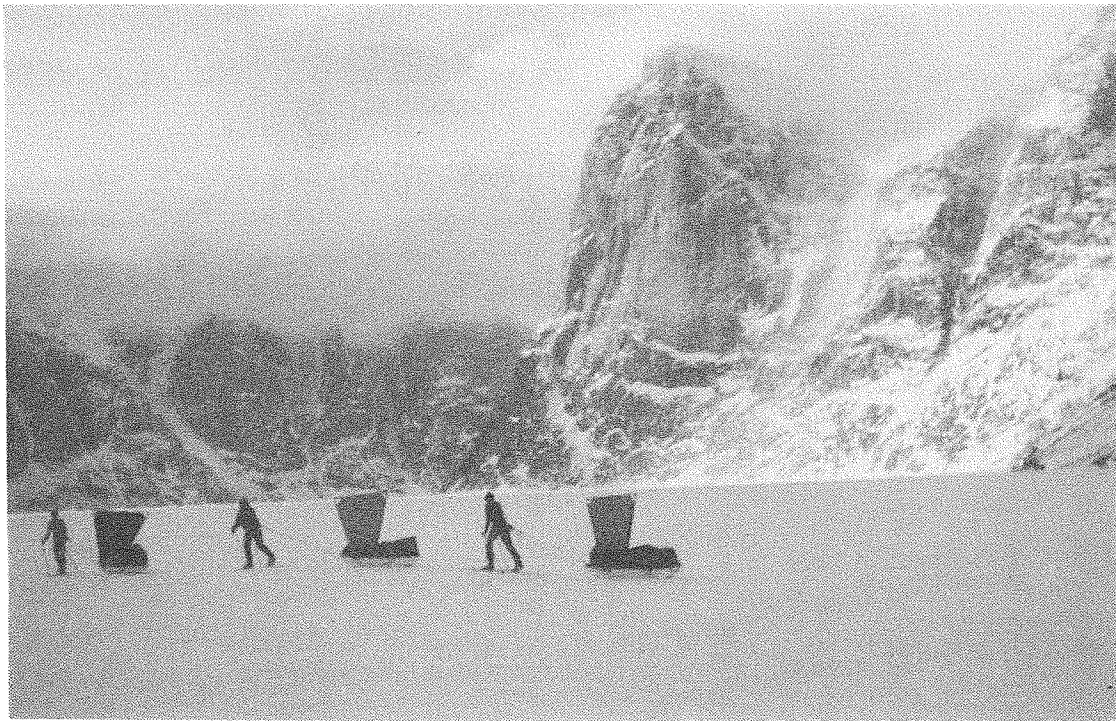
I am not sad to be going home, but I am sad to leave my friends before the project is complete, before that greater animal, the journey, has reached its goal.

Up close the land is alive. From the plane it is a vast stretch of featureless sameness, a patchwork of brown land and blue water in the rain. Appearances can deceive.

October 4th. John phones from Montreal! He and Bob reached the southeast tip of Baffin Island after a long hard hike over rough boulder slopes, through deep new snow, and having had two close bear encounters. The journey, alive like an animal, reaches home.

[1] Paraphrase of Walter Bonatti

[2] See CAJ 58 (1975) p.95ff



Graeme, Mike and Bob exit Icy Arm

Sandy Briggs



Sandy and Mike, Cumberland Sound

Sandy Briggs



Mike and John on Home Bay

Sandy Briggs

