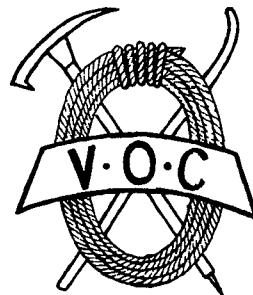




V.O.C.'s Cabin at Whistler Mountain, October 1966
photo by Dr. M. Lattey

The Varsity Outdoor Club Journal



VOLUME IX - 1966

*The University of British Columbia
Vancouver 8, B.C.*

V.O.C. EXECUTIVE 1965--1966

Honorary President and Vice-President
Mr. and Mrs. T.A. Kennedy

President	Randy Harrison
Vice-President	Joy Stanley
Treasurer	Dave Zuest
Secretary	Ann Nodwell
Cabin Marshall	Les Watson
Climbing Chairman	Bob Woodsworth
Archivist	Vera Rosenbluth
Journal Editor	Nina Locke
Membership Chairman	Hank Reid
Public Relations Officer	Peter Thompson
PARC Committee Chairman	Gordie Soules
Whistler Committee Chairman	John Boyle

V.O.C. EXECUTIVE 1966--1967

Honorary President and Vice-President
Mr. and Mrs. J. Stathers

President	Les Watson
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PARC Committee Chairman	Alec Deas
Whistler Committee Chairman	Dave Graham
Clubroom Marshall	Asgar Bentzen
Quartermaster	Len Baker

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Another year has passed and the Varsity Outdoor Club has continued to progress in the world of the outdoors. "What is V.O.C.?" This question is difficult to answer. V.O.C. is a group of people interested in the outdoors bounded together by common interests and friendship. I feel that V.O.C. not only provides an outlet for people to hike, climb, ski, build trails and assist with conservation projects, but also offers a basis for attaining new friends and companionship.

It is this feeling of group participation which has enabled us to build our chalet at Whistler Mountain. Now that construction is almost finished, I personally wish to thank the general membership and the old grads for the great effort they have put out. Already we are beginning to reap the benefits.

Still, there is much to be done by future V.O.C.'ers. As V.O.C. grows and as new interests enter the club, we must continue to work toward promoting greater participation in the outdoors.

Les Watson
President 1966-1967



Whistler Cabin, October 1966
photo by Dr. M. Lattey

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Did you ever stop to think of the number of people who not only function to keep V.O.C. in A1 running order but give it that extra sparkle and vitality? Behind-the-scene workers, people organizing hikes, dances, meetings; people taking part in skiing, climbing, cabin construction and conservation projects - all young, enthusiastic, keen on the outdoors.

It is the purpose of the Journal to represent these many activities of the club. Through the contributions of the members who wrote articles and donated pictures and through the work of the Journal committee we are able to achieve this.

This year we've placed a major emphasis on our new Whistler cabin. The emphasis, in fact, is dual: the construction itself and the driving forces behind the development.

We are pleased to see the increased number of mountaineering articles. They range everywhere from club and individual member's trips to globe-trotter's adventures - Squamish Chief to Kilimenzaro.

I would like to thank the grad members who contributed articles and encourage more grads to write us. So often, the Journal is the only means that old members have of finding out what their fellow V.O.C.'ers are doing. Besides...your adventures (and mis-adventures) never cease to amaze us!

To the members who wrote articles, to my committee for their hard work, I say "Thank you". To you the reader, we hope you enjoy our ninth edition of the V.O.C. Journal.

Barbara Booth
Editor 1966

JOURNAL COMMITTEE

EditorBarbara Booth
Assisting the Editor..Carol Fiske
Gaby Hunken
Georgine Brown
Kathy Summer
Photography.....Monica Nasmyth

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GENERAL CLUB ACTIVITIES - WINTER AND SPRING

WINTER SOCIAL ACTIVITIES 1965-1966

Joy Stanley

Oh, let us now sing this remarkable son,
 Vive la compagnie.
 Remarkably loud and remarkably long,
 Vive la compagnie.

Good fellowship brings us together today,
 Vive la compagnie.
 It lights up our faces and makes our hearts gay,
 Vive la compagnie.

It's the Old Members' Party and off to the home of Nina Locke.
 There to be greeted with shrieks of laughter, the munch of food wending
 it's happy way downward, sounds of "It's great to see you again!",
 maneuvering through friend-crowded rooms to an equally friend-crowded
 dance floor, where the ritual of the Salty Dog Rag is being re-enacted
 again.

Oh, why does a flea jump around with a flea?
 Vive la compagnie.
 Cause one is a he and the other's a she,
 Vive la compagnie.

My heaven's, what is it? Giant cats gleaming through the pulsating
 darkness to the beat of the Chessmen; hordes of people bobbing up and
 down on the gym floor, with equally as many hordes gazing on; the cry
 of an anguished V.O.C.'er, "We've broken tradition. Splash and Dance
 has gone teeny-bopper!" A few brave souls splashed, but the many (1,000
 of them!) jerked on 'til the wee small hours; and out in the entrance
 hall the time-honoured V.O.C. dances were laughingly spun out to the much-
 beloved music of Pinetree's accordion.

Each one to his neighbour his hand now extends,
 Vive la compagnie.
 Completing a circle of true, loving friends,
 Vive la compagnie.

Then it was Club's Day and a first prize for the V.O.C. Booth.
 Must have been Randy Harrison's smile and Peter Peeler's rope-hanging
 that attracted all those new-member girls. Help! What do you do when
 1,000 application forms have been handed out, and you know Bi. Sciences
 only holds 250 people!

A friend on the left and a friend on the right,
 Vive la compagnie.
 In joy and good fellowship let us unite,
 Vive la compagnie.

No, it can't be! A sunny long hike 2 years in a row! The
 curse must be broken. 225 people sing their way up to Camp Potlatch
 on the fluorescent green Hollyburn and spill onto the lawn.. Food,
 dancing, food, hiking, food, dancing. Singing until 5 a.m., rock school,



Open House. Girl's Chorus Line
photo by Marg Latimer



Open House: Boy's Chorus Line
photo by Marg Latimer

polka-ing on the ship, serenading Vancouver; 225 tired, throat-sore, muscle-weary marchers on their way to Victory Square; and "Oh", the agony of those stairs next day, but "Ah" the memory of good times!

I love to go a wandering
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing
My knapsack on my back.

....but I've heard rumours that Short Long Hike was mud and snow from eyeballs to insoles! Hikers even had the audacity to snub the Tea-stationers at the top-had to get home! The Whistler site looked like an overflowing refuge camp, but the singing went on.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows my sorrows,
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
...trying to get a costume for Hallowe'en!

Black night, winding trail, pumpkin on stump, candle-flickering cabin, cold winds of winter whistling through the skeleton framework and Hallowe'en at the Whistler Cabin-first party! No Scavenger hunt-it's too darned cold! "Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble." chant the witches brewing the hot chocolate; and believe me, even burnt cocoa tastes good when you're bones are rattling! Other people kept warm by doing the Virginia Reel in time to a home-made band lead by Jean Strachan and Ted Sebastian on the dishpans.

Oh, and there was the Kakademon Kloset parties at the Squamish Chief-now a "must" on the social calendar.

God rest ye merry gentlemen (and gentlewomen) let
nothing you dismay...
As you stroll the darkened streets of quiet West
Point Grey...

....but, Hark! where are all the voices, and why the reluctance? Are you afraid people may wonder-do you think singing has gone out of style?

Rejoice! Take 23 brave souls. Add the spirit of Christmas and a sense of humour. Roll out onto the streets and sing heartily. Sprinkle lightly with snow. Next, regather at Heather MacNamara's home and warm by dancing. Send homeward with wishes of a very Merry Christmas and Happy Skiing!

Do Lord, oh do Lord, oh, do remember me
Beneath the icy blue!

Seems it got a mite chilly at the Whistler Cabin New Year party!

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die!
And he ain't gonna race no more!

....is the often-heard refrain at the Dam Downhill race as a poor, innocent new member heroically lurches down the run, legs, arms, poles and skiis, undistinguishable from each other. Seymour in the sun cer-

tainly looked beautiful!

She had a dark and a roving eye,
And her hair hung down in ringlets.
She was a nice girl, a proper' girl, but
One of the roving kind.

Open House chorus-lines: girls doing a marathon, 17 minute medley from hikers to strippers. Sorry, boys, although you would make a tantalizing Arabian harem, you have just too much hairum for the trophy this year! Zoom, swish, sluush, "jump the rope 3 times!", crash-are the sounds heard from Station No. 6 of the Obstacle Race. A second mad race to set up the cabin and PARC display for Open House visitors. Throughout the afternoon is heard "...and you did this yourselves, all since last May?" "Yes, we did!"

Let every good fellow now join in a song,
Vive la compagnie.
Success to each other, and pass it along,
Vive la compagnie.

Last event for socialites: March 19 at the Ukrainian Community Centre-the Annual Reunion Banquet-so soon!" "I don't believe it", I heard one new member boy say, "the girls don't have trip-scarred legs they're trying to hide with slacks!" "What's this? Not enough food! Oh, oh, somebody goofed!" Wrinkle-browed caterers trying desperately to appease 60 famished V.O.C.'ers as they realize they didn't cook all the chicken! Presentations, and friends stand in applause, hearts in throats, feeling very proud as Byron Olson and Karl Ricker are awarded Gold Pins. Dave Olsen's prize-winning slide of a duck reflected on Lost Lagoon and Les Watson's famous statement, "This is a duck." Then it's thousands of miles south to Peru with Dr. Leif Patterson. Dancing with "the man from audio-visual" who even included in his act a twist solo; "Oh, my legs and lungs!"...3 Salty Dog Rags in a row! Evening ends at Peter Thompson's home with sounds of laughter intermingling with Byron's banjo and Bill's guitar.

Now that time and occasion compel us to part,
Vive la compagnie.
These days shall forever enliven the heart!
VIVE LA COMPAGNIE!

AWARDS

DAM DOWNHILL

Dam Downhill this year was a challenge to every keen skier. Mt. Seymour seemed determined to revenge V.O.C.'s move to Whistler. She covered her slopes with rough, crusty snow. Skiers, spoiled during the X'mas holidays by powder snow of the interior mountains, discovered they couldn't demonstrate their skills. But whether by luck or skill, the following people managed to prove themselves skiers:

Men

Class A Derek Choukalos
Class B Ken Hall
Class C Len Baker

Girls

Class A no winner
Class B Donna Griblin
Class C Poppe Crowe

STEEPLECHASE. Through this fun-filled obstacle course, the 2 to scramble to the finish first were:

Men: Peter Lattey

Girls: Claire Fraser

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

V.O.C.'ers once again have demonstrated their ability as photographers. A variety of colorful slides thrilled the viewers at the banquet. This year the photography competition included a game of "I Spy". 1 member distinguished himself as a detector of ducks. The winner of the duck identifying contest is: Les Watson. The winners of the photography competition are:

Class A	A Mountain Scene	Dave Olson
Class B	Climbing or Skiing	Dave Olson
Class C	Natural History	
Class D	Portrait	
Class E	Club Activity	
Class F	Miscellaneous	Randy Harrison
Best slide in competition		Dave Olson

WITH THANKS

Marion Boyd

Last year an unprecedeted event took place when Karl Ricker and Byron Olson received Gold Pins in recognition of their service to the Varsity Outdoor Club.

Byron joined the club in 1958 at the age of 22 and by the following year saw action as the P.R.O. Not content with doing only the bare minimum, he was partly responsible for instigating a V.O.C. Coast Climbing Guide and generally distinguished himself as a "worker". The result--more work as the 1960 Summer Chairman. One thing led to another and in 1960-1961, he was V.O.C. President and leader of the first notorious Yoho trip. Spring held plans for a Mt. McKinley expedition that unfortunately had to be foregone when V.O.C.'ers in boisterous appreciation, threw him into an almost empty pond with the disasterous results of a broken knee cap. Between 1961-1962, Byron took a year out to recoup his always failing finances and ended up training for a very successful Waddington trip (V.O.C.J. 1962) with Ken Baker and Dave Kennedy. The autumn of 1960 brought him back to U.B.C. as chairman of the V.O.C. Journal Revision Committee and leader of another Yoho trip. He was awarded a Silver Pin that spring. At this point active V.O.C.'ers would usually collapse with exhaustion but Byron instead offered his services as architect for a much desired Whistler cabin. And speaking of desire, he married the V.O.C. Journal Editor in the summer of 1964 finding that V.O.C. often offers more substantial awards than pins. Life since then has offered more moves, more work, more trips and the continuing legend of Whistler cabin.

Karl joined the V.O.C. scene in 1954 and reports that it rained on "Long Hike" even then. By 1956, he was receiving ski awards on crutches and in 1957 served V.O.C. by acting on Photography and Climbing Committees. This was the year he first won the Steeplechase, an achievement that he repeated rather regularly. And at Garibaldi, all 17 days were characterized by his motto: "A peak a day keeps cabin lethargy away." In 1958, after serving as Climbing Chairman, Karl organized jobs for V.O.C.'ers in the Rockies and led trips galore as "Rocky Mountain Chairman". The 1958-1959 season saw him as President, organizer of the first V.O.C. Journal, and leader of a Banff Christmas Invasion. That year he won the Downhill, the Steeplechase, and was awarded a Silver Pin. Still not satisfied with these accomplishments, he joined the successful Canadian Mt. Logan Expedition (V.O.C.J. 1959).

It was at this point Karl began to go to extremes (far north and far south) and in circles (around the world). He had recovered by 1962 and joined Byron to help revise the Journal. Then 1963 and the formation of the Whistler Committee led to the efforts that still continue but reached a peak between May and December of 1964 when over 800 hours of work were contributed by this member alone.

And so 2 Gold Pins were presented and on that night the club joined together to say "Thank You" and to remember trips, romance, committees, music, dancing, curses, and laughter all associated with Byron and Karl and their magnificent contributions to V.O.C.



Karl Ricker
photo by Denny Hewgill



Byron Olson



Presentation of Gold Pins at 1966 Spring Banquet
photo by Mrs. T.A. Kennedy

"GOLD PIN AWARDS" SPEECH

as given by Peter Thompson at the 1966 V.O.C. Banquet

"I have two little stories to tell:

The first one concerns my first encounter with Karl Ricker. In my first year in V.O.C., Karl and I were involved in the First Canadian Himalayan Expedition. The packing process was slowing down one day because 200 lbs. of sugar had not arrived. The hoped-for donation had not come through. Don Lyon the quartermaster suggested we work at getting the donation somewhere else, Karl Ricker took me aside and said "Peter we don't have time to wait for a donation, have you still got some of the expedition expense money Don gave you?" "Yes....but" "How about giving some to John and sending him down to the local Safeway to buy the 200 lbs?" We did just that and the packing panic continued in high gear.

This is a good example of Karl's ability to quietly and calmly insure that a project runs smoothly and efficiently. For 10 years now Karl has been insuring that the Varsity Outdoor Club is an efficient organization. He has worked in the forefront of everything in executive positions and behind the scenes quietly doing the little things that have to be done. I wonder if it is possible to look upon Karl Ricker as V.O.C.'s guardian angel?

I always remember the first time I met Byron Olson. Byron was introducing a crowd of V.O.C.'ers to the thrills of rock climbing. Byron's favourite method of demonstrating what it is like to belay a falling climber, is to fill up a duffle bag with rocks, tie it to the end of a climbing rope and arc it over the cliff. The idea is that the novice climber stops the bag before it hits the bottom. This particular time the system worked beautifully. The bag jerked to a stop only half way down the cliff. However the rocks kept right on going ripping the bottom out of the bag in the process! That was the end of that exercise.

Before and ever since the years Byron spent in executive positions, he has maintained his interest and enthusiasm providing leadership wherever needed. One fateful day about two years ago he said, "Want to build a cabin up at Whistler Mountain Karl?....I'll design it for you. That is all most architects ever have to do." But lucky old Byron gained valuable experience by acting as head construction foreman, nail puller, bricklayer, and biffy builder.

Only once before in the history of V.O.C. has a gold pin been presented. The gold pin is the highest honour Varsity Outdoor Club can bestow upon one of its members in recognition of his outstanding service to the club. Karl Ricker and Byron Olson are not the flash-in-the-pan, one-project type of enthusiastic people. For almost 10 years they have worked long and hard in the interests of V.O.C. The long term efforts of these two men have meant long term benefits for the members of the Varsity Outdoor of the past, the present and the future. Tonight I have two gold pins to award, one for Byron Olson and one for Karl Ricker."

PIN AWARDS

Where cabin members can purchase the Bronze V.O.C. pins, there are also Silver and Gold pins awarded to members who have done outstanding work in the club. Over the years, there have been many people who have contributed "above and beyond the call of duty".

SILVER PINS:

1950 - 1954

Ev Walling
Dick Lazenby
Fred Bennet
Nick Hudak
Al Hall
Frank Martin
Shirley Taylor
Harry Smith
Jack Lintot
Marg Norris
Peter Girling
Fay Dobson
Doug Harvey-Smith
John Rivett
John Riddington
Sev Heiberg

1955: Pat Duffy
Sylvia Leddingham
1956: Jim Denholme
1957: Dave Kennedy
Lew Moir
1958: Beth Chilcott
Al Smith
1959: Karl Ricker
Al Wootton
1960: Carman Smith
1961: Robin Clarke
John Pringle
Bruce Ward
1963: Byron Olson
Dean Goard
Dick Culbert
1964: Ian Stirling
1965: Carol Russell

GOLD PINS:

Up until 1965, there had been only one Gold pin awarded and that was to Ron Leslie for his work as Club Treasurer during the building of the Mt. Seymour cabin.

This year, 2 Gold pins were awarded, the recipients being Karl Ricker and Byron Olson, for their work in planning, designing and building the Whistler cabin.

GOLD WATCH:

In 1950 an engraved gold watch was presented to Don Manning, the Club Architect for his very outstanding work on the Mt. Seymour cabin.

GRAD NEWS

1965-1966

Karl Ricker
Barb Booth

NEW ZEALAND

PETER and CHRIS READ (V.O.C. President 1955-56) are now in New Zealand. Peter is teaching geology at Otago University which is quite close to good skiing and mountains, of course.

That Antarctic kick is still with V.O.C. grads. IAN STIRLING is spending his second summer season on the "ice" studying seal population around New Zealand's Scott Base. Meanwhile, wife STELLA and newborn girl supply the home moral support from Christchurch.

AFRICA

It's the "in" place to go for grad V.O.C.'ers... Kathmandu, Nepal. The trek to this once remote city started in 1960 with the grads, and every year more reach this exciting destination. During the past year, JOHN and MARY DYCK, PETER BENSON, RIC SEBASTIAN and KIM DEANE used the capital as an organizational point for their 3 week hiking tour to the bases of Mt. Dhauligirir and Mt. Annapurna complex in the Mustang district last March. So taken back by the fantastic scenery and winding trails, PETER went back to Kashmir to teach school while RIC back-tracked to Thailand to teach in a college at Bangkok. Meanwhile, KIM rushed through the Middle East to catch his wife, GILLIAN, and sister, BARBARA, fresh off the European ski slopes.

If it's not Kathmandu, then it's Mt. Kilimanjaro. The ever-increasing African contingent of grad V.O.C.'ers did a climb of this mighty volcano during the summer. * DENNIS and ANN HOLDEN came via Nigeria and the hills of the Cameroons to South Africa and all its climbing opportunities in the Drakensburg. Then they went up to Tanzania to meet PARKER and ANN WILLIAMS, along with JOHN and MARY DYCK. All couples reached the 17,000' high Kibo Hut and 2 reached the summit of 19,350'. Congratulations gang!

Presently, PARKER and ANN WILLIAMS are in Dares Salaam, Tanzania with C.U.S.O., PARKER doing Forestry and ANN in a library.

JOHN and MARY DYCK have spent 2 years in Tanzania with C.U.S.O. and are now home having travelled via the Far East. They plan to return for another 2 years.

DENNIS and ANN HOLDEN and JOHN AUSTIN ("OZ") are in Nigeria. DEN and OZ are on a Canadian Forestry Aid scheme for the Nigerian government and ANN is teaching.

CATHY FINLEY is finishing her $2\frac{1}{2}$ years C.U.S.O. stint, teaching in the bush in Nigeria. Come Christmas she'll be going to South Africa and then probably home.

EUROPE

Journal Editor '65, NINA LOCKE, is attending Freiburg University in Germany. Characteristic of German universities, is the concept of "Academic Freedom" where the students spend the first 2-3 weeks of a (4 month) semester auditing courses to see if they like them. They may sign up at this time, or at a date about half way through, and at the end of the semester have the option of writing an exam in a few of these courses. NINA is hoping to teach skiing when the semester ends in January.

* See page 51.

TONY ELLIS left for Europe at the beginning of November after a big send-off by the CULBERT-WOODSWORTH gang.

ENGLAND

SUE PARROTT, DAVE HIGGINS and KEN HALL are all presently in England. SUE is in Manchester taking a one year teacher-training course for teaching the deaf. DAVE is still in Southampton studying for his Master's when he's not travelling around the country.

London is where you'll find DAVE McRAE ("HONEYCHILE") where he is now married and is working on his Master's in Geology.

SOUTH AMERICA

DICK CULBERT tried the South American kick last year. He shuttled from Columbia to Patagonia in odd busses and what not, bagging 6 Andean peaks en route. * DICK is back with us now doing grad studies in Geophysics.

NEAL ALWAY tried the same trick as DICK travelling, as always, in his favourite red Land Rover. The jeep however, was left in Mexico after bond difficulties. Nevertheless, he persisted onwards. We haven't heard detailed results of this trip but know that he is now building cabins at Whistler Mountain...It's a continuous allergy!

JOHN RICKER reorganized the second Canadian Andean Expedition and recruited LISLE IRWIN and KARL TOMM of the First Canadian Himalyan Expedition as well as some Scots to join him. The team registered 3 first ascents of 17,500' to 20,000' peaks in the Peruvian Andes.

JOHN is now geologizing for the National Power Company of Peru. KARL and LISLE returned to Ottawa and the Antarctic respectively.

DAVE SCANDRETT left at the end of September with FLEMMING ENFELDT for South America. Their plans are to spend about 6 months there before splitting up. Flemming is coming home then and Dave will possibly carry on to Europe. He will return next September by way of Expo.

UNITED STATES

DICK STREET gave up the ski consultant business in Vancouver and moved his office to Palo Alto, California, where the fields are greener.

The MCKNIGHT'S (BRUCE and CAROL) are in Berkeley where Bruce is doing grad work in Geological Engineering

It is rumoured that HUGH and SYLVIA GREENWOOD (archivist 1954-55) will be back to Vancouver next year after many years at Princeton. HUGH will take an assistant professor job in the Geology Department.

ANN PREVOST is on Los Angeles working in Commercial Photography, apparently enjoying the Sierra Mountains.

* See page 53

CANADA

Old get-together parties became of fashion last season. The first was held by our Honourary President and Honourary Vice President, MR. and MRS. JACK STATHERS. The purpose of the party was to introduce old V.O.C.'ers to the architect of the Whistler cabin, BYRON OLSON. BYRON came equipped with floor plans and prospective sketches and handled the interesting queries of the older guests.

The second party was held by the Calgary contingent of grads to honour the arrival of DAVE and LINDA KENNEDY back into Canada from their 3 years in India. ART WOOTON, DON LYON, LARRY KENNEDY, GUS LOMAN, PAT DUFFY, etc. were on hand to welcome them back, even if only temporarily.

When the KENNEDYS, arrived in Vancouver, GRAHAME and BEV DAWSON organized another welcoming party. DAVE spoke to the large gathering on the medical problems in India and showed a few slides on Nepal as well. He then asked, "Which way to Whistler; how soon can we go?"

Graduates DON and NITA POLLE did some July rop-tow skiing on Whistler Glacier. DON is now at the U. of A. taking his Masters in Phys. Ed. Needless to say, they are anxious to come back for a winter visit, but not before the following hatched plan is executed: the cedar-pole loggers and vendors of Barriere, B.C.--BARB and CARMEN SMITH have organized a plan to evacuate the KENNEDYS from India in 1969 by means of a grand Volkswagen Bus Tour through the Middle East and Europe. The KENNEDYS also organized a visit to the Solo Khumbu of Nepal with BYRON and JANE OLSON for 1968...looks like their short summer stay with us has been hectic.

BYRON and JANE OLSON are now working out in Kelowna. Byron is trying to organize the construction of Okanagan Regional College at Westbank but has run into considerable opposition from the highly competitive and jealous Okanagan factions at Penticton and Vernon. He hopes to have the plan development settled in a December referendum. Meanwhile, JANE is doing Public Health Nursing when she is not giving physiotherapy to her husband at times when the college situation takes a temporary dive for the worse. To all Okanagan visitors: ask them about the 2 summer washouts on Mt. Sir Donald - then sparks really fly!

DR. FRED ROOTS planted the grass roots for Canada's largest ever summer climbing camp. After persuading the Centennial Committee to support the Canadian Alpine Club financially, he has organized the logistics for a 22 man camp in the mighty St. Elias Mountains of the southwest Yukon. The detailed organization has passed on to another V.O.C. grad, DON LYON. Don has recently been appointed the head of the "Camps and Expeditions Committee" of the Alpine Club of Canada.

The project does not stop here of course. No sooner had KIM and GILL DEANE arrived back in Vancouver from their travels, than Kim was appointed to assist Don on the committee while Gill was assigned to the job of assistant editor for the "A.C.C. Gazette". In their spare time, they are building the Alpine Club's Whistler cabin. And, where is it located?...next door to the V.O.C. cabin, of course!

And speaking of organization and building, TONY LYTTLE organized and ran the Whistler Mountain Ski Patrol last year. This year his problems are amplified. Not only are there more runs to patrol, but there are accommodation problems for his staff. So, TONY and the gang are building an A-frame cabin next to the lift terminal at the base of the mountain.

DR. and MRS. LEW GREEN (former Vice-president) have finally lost the lure of the Yukon. This summer LEW was transferred from the resident geologist job at Whitehorse to the Vancouver office of the Geological Survey of Canada.

KEN HUNT finally managed to work his way back west. After 2 years of snow patch skiing near Toronto, KEN says the "west is best" and has become a member of the staff at the Canada Forest Research Labs on this campus. KEN probably holds the record for the most and longest spring stays at Garibaldi Lake while he was an active V.O.C.'ers for 6 years. On arrival to Vancouver--you guessed it--back to the lake for 2 weekend trips the first 2 months.

DICK LAZENBY (alias "BROTHER RICHARD") had a V.O.C. cairn cylinder project going in the mid '50's. He made up a series of 6 heavy brass cylinders to be put on prominent but easily reached peaks for V.O.C.'ers and in 1954, began distribution. During the summer, Mt. Garibaldi, Mt. Carr, Mt. Holy Cross (Isollilock Mountain), Mt. Sky Pilot, and Mt. Wedge received the shiny new cylinders and had the old cairn records placed therein. Strangely enough, the sixth was never put onto a peak until DICK showed up at KARL BICKER'S * office one day. DICK said: "Karl, the sixth one has been in my basement too long. Here it is. In view of the club's new area of skiing and climbing interest, I think it should go on the first peak east of Singing Pass." This was Dick's favourite stomping ground as a V.O.C.'er and he often tried to promote the club to move to this area.

In August 1966, 2 of Dick's cylinder placement crew of 1957, KARL RICKER and STU FALL, took the officially stamped V.O.C. piece to 8008' high Fissile Mountain just east of the pass. They hope to see the cairn filled with V.O.C. names for years to come.

JACK STATHERS is Assistant Manager to B.C.'s latest mine development Brenda Mines, when not worrying about the V.O.C. cabin.

Still active in climbing is MAVIS McQUAIG when she's not brewing at Molsen's. 4 others one may see out on the slopes are SHELIA McMEEKIN, JEAN FINLEY, JEAN STRACHEN and DAVE HARDY. SUE TATUM is also in Vancouver working for the Medical Faculty at U.B.C.

Take GEORGE RAILTON: as Publisher of "Ski Trails", the object being to promote recreational skiing in B.C., he gets all the free skiing he wants!

* Ed. note: "I realize you're a new-member typist...but Karl's last name is spelled R-I-C-K-E-R!"

BETTY-ANN THOMPSON (V.O.C. grad '57) is never idle. Last year she ski instructed on weekends at Whistler and plans to continue instructing this winter.

BOB and DI MACFARLANE are back from East Pakistan, but rumors have it that they may be going back for more.

BILL TUPPER, presently working in the Metalurgican Engineering Department at U.B.C., and his wife are planning to leave for Holland this January where he will study Photogrammetry at Delft University.

JOHN HEMBLING spent the summer in northern B.C. managing a diamond drill project for New Jersey Zinc Exploration Co. He then spent the fall staking and selling mineral claims in the B.C. and Yukon area and is now employed as General Manager of Tournigan Mining Explorations Ltd. This winter he will be very busy planning a large scale helicopter reconnaissance exploration programme for the coming summer.

NORM HANSEN resides at Golden as a forester for Kicking Horse Lumber Co. Last spring he spent a delightful week skiing with HANS GOMSER in the Bugaboos. NORM says that the helicopter fee is worth it.

RIC MOODIE is at the U. of A. in Edmonton working on his Ph.D. in Zoology. When not analyzing the behavior of his "finny friends", he can be found jaunting around Jasper and the Columbia Ice Fields.

Two other zoologists whose last whereabouts known to be Alberta are ROBIN LEECH and RICHARD RUSSELL.

In Ottawa one can find SEIV HEIBERG and also DAN and JAN PHELPS. Dan is employed by the Federal government as a Physicist. Not too far away is SANDRA CALDWELL who is teaching in Toronto and rumored to be "chasing an oceanographer". For those who are still wondering..."has she still got square knee-caps"?

Quebec must really have something for Engineers. HANK REID is in Arvida working in the Technical Reduction Division of Alcan Aluminum. GEORGE HEADLEY ("GIMX") is in Chibougamau where he's been able to do little climbing. To compensate, he bought himself a motorcycle and spent some time "trundling" around Gaspe Peninsula.

Grad visitors to the V.O.C. Whistler cabin this year have included: DR. and MRS. NORMAN MCKENZIE (former U.B.C. President); MR. and MRS. RADCLIFFE (V.O.C. President and Vice-President in the mid 1930's); JOHN PRINGLE out from Chalk River; STEVE LOWER, now a chemistry prof at S.F.U.; DR. and MRS. NEAL CARTER, and DR. M. LATTEY of Vernon.*

* See page 19.

LATEST HITCHINGS:

WILLIE SHUTTLEWORTH to HELEN FROOM from Saskatchewan. At the moment they are in Vancouver, but he is expecting that he may be moved to Pitt Lake, B.C.

JOHN FIARLEY to an Alberta girl, PAULINE GRIBBLE, that he met at WILLIE'S wedding. They have returned from the Yukon and are presently in Vancouver.

DON (BROWNIE) POOLE to JUANITA COWELL before a horribly chaotic send off by their V.O.C. grad buddies.

RANDY HARRISON and MARGARET LENDRUM were married Christmas 1965. They are presently living in Calgary where he is doing graduate work at the U. of A. and she is a Nursing Instructor at the Calgary General Hospital.

ART LANCE and PAT ZUEST had a Spring wedding on Mayne Island.

HU NAYLOR to JANET RUSLER who are presently in Vancouver but have plans for a trip around the world.

TED STEVENS to PAT SULLIVAN
AL WHETTER to GAIL ROBINSON
AXEL KELLNER to FRANKIE DE LA HAYE
GLEN WOODSWORTH to JOY WEST
FRANK BERCHA to ANN CHARLETON

AUTUMN ACTIVITIESSHUKSAN '66

September, 1966

Alice Purdey

If you follow trail #600 in Mt. Baker National Park, you will arrive at Lake Ann, 4700'. It was here, on a rather damp day, that 17 hardy types rigged a community shelter and pitched a few tents in preparation for an assault on Shuksan, 9120'.

Although Sunday morning was dark and drizzling, all but 3 decided to "give 'er a go"! At first light we left the campsite and made excellent time to the top of Fisher Chimney, where 3 Americans joined our ranks.

Winnie's slide required some step-cutting, so it was time for the donning of the crampons--a new experience for many of the troop. Fortunately, the drizzle had now ceased and the visual field was fairly decent.

Hell's Highway was passable, although it involved navigation of a fairly large, open crevasse at the top. Steps had to be cut down and up the snow walls, after the traverse of snow lumps which were right down in the gut. This perfectly safe manoeuvre was a thrilling and classic experience.

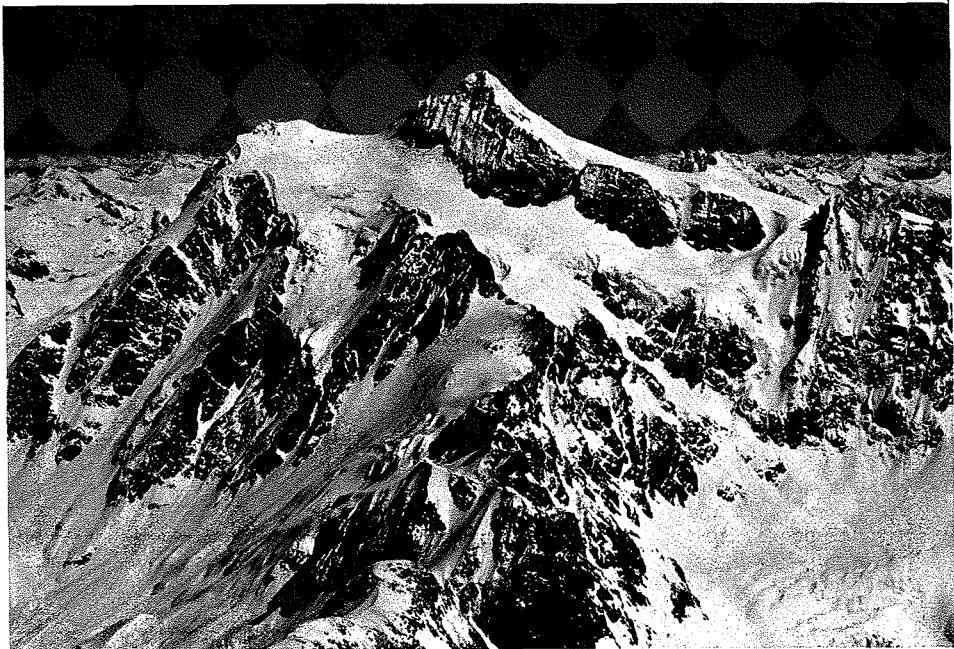
Then upward through the fog we plodded and scrambled to the summit where we basked in T-shirts and bare feet. It was thrilling to catch several glimpses of Mt. Baker as she fleetingly exposed her head and shoulders, then withdrew behind a veil of clouds.

The ascent had been made in guidebook time but the summit leisure had to be terminated. Descent was also fairly rapid, and except for the increasing visual field, was uneventful. By dark we were at Lake Ann.

Shuksan is a fine mountain. It offers a good variety of mountaineering experiences which may be practiced in relative safety.

Those reaching the summit were John Boyle, Sue Thompson, Chris Elms, Dave King, Jim Siddall (Poncho), Len Baker, Mike Kennedy, Robin Bolton, Pat Brownsword, Peter Fenger, Edwin Bussey, Bob Cuthbert, John Scott and Alice Purdey (L).

At Lake Ann were Sue Port, Thorston and Betty Jorgan.



Mt. Shuksan, April 1966
photo by Bill Tupper

PROGRESS AT THE WHISTLER CABIN

Fall, 1966

Dave Grahame

Since last year's work hikes ending in mid-November, a lot of work has gone into further construction of the cabin at Whistler. Construction has progressed from just closing in the cabin to putting in a few furnishings and other outward manifestations of a civilized domicile.

A great amount of work has been done considering a limited budget. During the summer, there were 4 weekend work hikes for those of us in the city who wanted to expend our excess energy. These were well attended even though they could not be used for membership qualifications. Special thanks is extended to those participating. Shaking was the main accomplishment of this summer group.

Early in September, a meeting of the Whistler Committee was held to discuss future progress on the cabin. Bruce Ward and Jack Stathers, the 2 grad advisory members of the committee, attended the meeting. As the Seymour cabin was not sold, it was decided to limit any funds spent on the cabin to those revenues incurred during the year, the main revenue source being the money from membership fees put toward the reserve account. A new loan was considered impractical. Also, money from the reserve account was to be used to pay off part of our debt from one of our outstanding loans. These decisions necessitated the cancellation of our plans to build the dormitories this fall as well as other projects, i.e. a second outhouse. Because of the limited funds, priority was given to shaking and electrical installations.

Shaking proved to be the major time-consuming job and continued into the last weeks in November. As a result, 99% of the cabin is now shaked.

Shaking was not the only job to be done. There were various jobs in the interior of the cabin that were finished - a stairway was built from the main lounge to the upper lounge, all the windows except one were installed, doors were hung, beams stained, guardrails for the upper lounge were built, the chimney was capped, benches were built, part of the kitchen was finished, and running water (cold) was hooked up under the supervision of Roland. Even the boys and girls washrooms were built although no facilities have been installed as yet.

There was also a lot of work done away from the cabin. A right-of-way path was blazed for the B.C. Hydro power line. All the shakes as well as other building supplies were packed in. Firewood crews hauled wood to the cabin. The water line ditch was dug and the water pipe buried in it. 3 poles for the power line were erected.

Most of these outside jobs were the dirty ones, with little glamour. These were jobs that had to be done. The new members played a big part in their completion and their efforts are appreciated by the Whistler Committee.

The last major job is the installation of electricity in the cabin. The equipment has been installed since the first week of November. However, at this time, the electricity has not been hooked up but is expected early in December. The delay is due to difficulties concerning electrical inspection.



photo by Dean Goard

...in perpetuation of the V.O.C. myth of work during workhikes



photo by Dr. M. Lattey

There are some people deserving special mention for their efforts towards cabin construction. Bill Boyd was up there every weekend except one. As cabin construction foreman he put a tremendous amount of time and effort into the cabin. Roland Burton spent just as much time up there and his assistance has also been invaluable. Special thanks must also go to 2 non-members of the club who helped us obtain our electrical equipment, Mr. Parr and Romeo Tuinter. There were also many others who came up for more than their share of work hikes and were of great assistance. Even though more work remains to be done, the rough part is over.

An interesting sidelight to the Whistler area is that the Varsity Outdoor Club signed the Joint Venture Agreement on November 23, 1966 after a delay caused by legal technicalities.

MY VISIT TO THE V.O.C. CABIN

October, 1966

Dr. Mike Lattey
Vernon, B.C.

In Vernon we have a magistrate who rejoices in the unusual name of Brown, and this magistrate at certain seasons of the year, pontificates on the evils and degeneracy of Modern Youth. Being a highly original character, he feels that said youth should be cracked down upon, jailed, paddled and whipped, so you see he is also humane and possessed of a deep understanding of human nature. Now when I first heard this man hold forth, I thought, "How fascinating, what a wonderful subject for a student of psychopathology. A study of such people would be both rewarding and useful. If done well, who knows, I might even become famous." So for 7 long years I have been searching for this decadent youth, so as to begin what I hoped might be the Magnum Opus of my career. To this end I have visited ski hills and mountain huts, I have been to Scout camps, Cub camps, government campsites, and even Girl Guide camps. On one occasion I went to Church, and for a while was quite hopeful, but what I took at first to be the singing of the "Red Flag", turned out to be "Nearer My God to Thee", sung too slowly and off key.

When Peter asked me up to the V.O.C. hut, my hopes once more ran high. V.O.C. obviously stood for Vice and Orgies Club; there would be Marijuana, Acid, even a litt'l discrete 'H', and I could, after 7 long years begin my studies.

By the time we arrived at Garibaldi, the windshield wipers were worn limp and tired, my passengers were all fast asleep, and when we asked the lift operator about skiing, he said "No skiing". The weather was too foul. We battled our way gallantly through mud, storm and assorted coastal rain forest, until at last, through the mist, we sighted the hut. I liked it. At first sight one could mistake it for a group of trees, or a rock bluff. It fitted so well into the landscape. Not a promising place for unparalleled scenes of decadence - but you never know. The rain was still heavy, so it seemed a good time for in-

door work. In order to avoid anything too strenuous, I rapidly became the world's leading expert on fitting doorknobs onto doors, so if the latches in the cabin never work, I know why, and you'll have to guess, because I'll never admit it.

Each time a new face appeared, it was obviously Youth On the Move (or youth asleep on a bench), and I looked hopefully for signs of decadence. Ultimately my patience was rewarded. I was told that there would be a Party. A magnificent party with refreshments, and other Entertainments, unspecified. I could imagine, all too well, their nature. In the meantime we went outside and feasted on burned baked beans and tea. I am often thankful that I have been blessed with a hearty appetite and a good digestion.

Soon things began to happen. People appeared masked, in strange robes, marked with cabalistic signs. Witches circulated counter-clockwise with broomsticks, muttering incantations, and weird creatures, only partly human, appeared suddenly through the walls, and at times materialised out of thin air. It was clear that before long, I was to witness the rites of Black Magic. Would I survive unscathed, or would I end up as a toad, or a member of W.A.C. Bennet's cabinet? I shuddered.

Presently Peter stood up on a table. My Peter, the little boy I had nurtured as a child, guiding his faltering footsteps, telling him bedtime stories, and trying hopefully to instill in him the difference between Right and Wrong. My Peter was to lead these fearful ceremonies. I held back my manly tears while he announced that there would now be a symbolic treasure hunt. I wasn't fooled. Now they would collect the properties for their evil and sacrilegious activities. Alas my son, my son. Toadstools, mice, navel lint, all the well known ingredients of the Black Mass were one by one flung on the crude altar, and when all was complete, music played, and to the insistent rhythm of the drums, the devil's dance commenced.

Later, much later, the music died, started, and died again, this time for good. A mystic chanting began born of the mists, and the sprites and goblins of the mountain. Slowly the dancers sank to the floor, and lay there still and silent. Only the rhythmic sound of snoring betrayed that Orgies were possibly now in progress. Exhausted, I slept.

Round and round, and ever faster they whirled, working themselves up into a Frenzy. Being no longer in any sense Youth, I watched, until presently a female acolyte asked me if I too would like to dance. I decided to forget my age, and try for a Frenzy myself. Alas - an hour, and one dislocated hip later, I had to give up, but I mean to try again sometime. I don't see why Flaming Youth should be the only people to have Frenzies.

CATHEDRAL LAKES

October, 1966

Dave King

MEMBERS:	Alan Coombes (L)	Jean Loth
	Roy King	Hal Marsden
	Bruce Haggerstone	Lorne Murphy

The outlook for the weekend was positively grim and it was raining heavily when we left Vancouver. However, we had set off anticipating a sunny Okanagan and sure enough, the moment we bridged the Cascade divide skies cleared overhead to set the stage for a fine 3 days in the Cathedral Mountains. Just west of Keremeos we headed up the Ashnola River following a logging road until we reached a private access road leading to the Cathedral Lakes. Here the car ride ended and the hiking began. It is exceedingly steep in climbing from 2900' to 5500' in the first $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and another 1200' is gained in the last $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It seems my stride is somewhat greater than that of the rest of the party, for I did the 9 miles in 3 hours while the others took $4\frac{1}{2}$ - 5 hours.

After resting a while at Quinesco Lake (6800') there was still no sign of the rest of the party, so I set out for Glacier Lake and Pyramid Mountain (8000'). 14 Bighorn Sheep were grazing near Glacier Lake and above it on a talus slope I flushed 6 snow-white ptarmigan. As it was cold and windy on the peak I remained only long enough to take a few photos and absorb the view. The route down passed by the tourquoise waters of Ladyslipper and Pyramid Lakes.

There was a howling wind blowing from the west from the time we arrived at the lakes until we left. As it was below freezing, it was a bit chilly! But that didn't matter for fall colors were at their best. The valleys were mosaic of golden aspens, yellow willows and green spruce. The rich orange needles of the mountain larch set off the forest from the bare slopes and rock faces above it. Squirrels abounded everywhere, scurrying to and fro with cones to be stored for the winter ahead. Several blue grouse were also seen.

Next morning Jean and Lorne headed for Lakeview Mountain (8621') to the east with hopes of continuing from there to the U.S. border. It took them 3 hours to reach the summit but they were not able to reach the border because of precipitous cliffs. The rest of us headed up to the ridge west of the lakes. We climbed Red Mountain (8000') and Bamford (8340'), then headed south along the ridge towards McKeen (8570'). The air was very clear and visibility unlimited. Baker (10,800') and Selesse (8000') were 2 prominent peaks we could see in the hundreds encircling us.

On McKeen there are unusual rock formations left where the last glaciation failed to reach. For the superclimber there are rock faces 500' to 1000' high. These are split at one point by a 300' crack called the Needle's Eye. There are alpine meadows everywhere for the average person.

Through the day we saw more ptarmigan, blue grouse and many pikas (rock rabbits) on the talus slopes. It was a tired, cold, and windburned but happy crew that hit the sack that night.

Al, Lorne and Jean set out for home early the next day. Those remaining left later going via what is known as the High Trail. It was a leisurely trip through alpine meadows then down into the forest back to Roy's car. Unfortunately, his battery was dead but luck was with us as the first car along had jumper cables. We were soon headed for Vancouver in the fading light of the day, pleased with our trip and hoping the "Long Hike" had fared as well.

THE PARK AND RECREATION COMMITTEE

November, 1966

Alec Deas

The need for cooperation between outdoor clubs in British Columbia is becoming more apparent since industry is applying substantial pressure for park exploitation. The economy of B.C. is highly dependent upon mining, logging, and power generation. When these activities are permitted to operate in a park, the park is the only sufferer. There is no compensation. In order to maintain the small percentage of B.C. that is designated as parkland, a voice must be heard from the recreational user. This is the purpose of an interclub cooperation program. The B.C. Mountain Parks Committee, upon which V.O.C. sits, is attempting to bring the outdoor clubs together to present a recreational viewpoint.

This fall it was noticed that about 20 mining claims exist within Garibaldi Park in the Fitzsimmon's Creek area. Government policy has been to remove the alienated land from the parks or permit a full scale mining operation within the park. The "Fitzsimmons" claims were granted since Garibaldi became an area supposedly free from further alienation such as mineral claims. How the government accomplished this fearless deed remains to be seen, but the entire issue can only have one result. The value of Garibaldi to us, the park users, will be permanently reduced.

With some interclub cooperation, a stronger protest than one isolated dissatisfaction could be made against this sort of park destruction.

In a less serious tone, the Cheakamus Lake Trail was completed earlier this year and received substantial use during the summer. At present, B.C. Hydro has apparently laid plans aside for damming the lake.

The V.O.C. has volunteered to build a trail up to Singing Pass in the Fitzsimmon's Creek Valley. When completed, the Singing Pass Trail should be 3 miles long and permit entry into Singing Pass in 1½ hours. In winter, ski exits will be possible along a safe route.

These are some of the activities of the Committee. If you want to know more or even want to help, then come to a PARC meeting.

CHRISTMAS TRIPSSILVER STAR (VERNON)

Christmas, 1965

Barry Clark

Leader: Peter Latty

Group : the usual assortment of V.O.C. rabble: for the majority of the time, 13 males and 8 bunnies. Also, several disillusioned skiers from Big White.

Blue skies and powder snow were promised us and this summed up the Vernon trip wonderfully. We had 1,419 minutes of dry, fluffy powder snow and a fast 20 minute burst of magnificent interior sunshine and blue skies. There were no complaints (or very few) about the weather as it was skiing for which we had come and the powder suited the purpose admirably.

This year's greatest Christmas trip left at various ungodly hours the morning of the 26th in the usual wild V.O.C. assortment of cars, ranging from an overloaded family Mercedes to Pine Tree's intrepid, but decrepit mail truck.

Much to the surprise of all passengers, the group was all together in Vernon by 6:00 p.m. that night devouring the hot dogs which had miraculously appeared out of the shambles of the kitchen and lounge. After this initial chaotic evening, Peter Lattey's organizational genius came to rule supreme, much to the disgust of the first cook crew who were thrown out of bed early the next morning. The epicurean tone of the week was set by this first true meal which actually drew 2 unsolicited compliments, thus establishing a new V.O.C. record! The food consistently maintained its high quality in spite of cooking methods seldom found in cook books. Where else can you watch your Waldorf salad expertly prepared in the cabin garbage pail? One evening when we had chili for supper, we were a bit concerned to see the cooks wish everyone "happy dining" and leave to go to the restaurant.

The apres ski activities that Peter laid on, along with what we devised on our own, kept us busy nearly every spare minute. These events included a skating and tobogganning party, a Hans Gmoser ski movie (complete with Hans!), a New Year's Party for which everybody neglected to bring records, Munroe's hilarious stories and some critical television watching (:).

Between all these fabulous activities, time was even found to go skiing. It was a very educational trip - everyone learned something, if only which side of the longish line-ups was faster, or patience when the tows broke down (which, unfortunately, was rather often). Some people even learned how to ski! Conditions could not have been much better! Each day there were several inches of new powder which delighted the stars and minimized the bruises of the novices.

As on every V.O.C. trip, there soon appeared people for whom ordinary names seemed inadequate - where was Ann who earned the rating of 7.5 P.L.S.P.I. (Peter Lattey Stretch Pants Index) and will now carry the name of "7.5" to her grave; Gay who earned the title of "Water Lush" for trying to drink what water she could not carry off the slopes with her (this might explain how she accomplished the amazing feat of splitting not 1, not 2, but 3 pairs of stretch pants in one day!)

Sunday arrived and the fun of the week seemed to be coming to an end. Through the week the drivers had been finding the Provincial Highways Department inadequate in their snow removal tasks. Being keen V.O.C.'ers, they all pitched in and helped by blasting through drifts, widening plowed shoulders, and locating ditches. When the trip home Sunday began to get boring, the drivers put their practised skills to use and began performing graceful pirouettes (do-nuts) into snowbanks, played "where's the edge of the road?" and "clean the windshield while standing on the running board with the passenger driving"! So we arrived home the night of January 2 after a great week of skiing and fun; on what was obviously V.O.C.'s greatest Christmas trip of the year.

CHRISTMAS WHISTLER TRIP

1965

Eva-Maria Haller

The Christmas Whistler trip of 1965 was a lot more than even the keenest of V.O.C.'ers expected! Many of us had great hopes of spending a luxurious week exploring the powdered slopes above the Gondola lift, and, in the evenings trudging merrily to our very own warmly glowing cabin where hot food and laughing voices would greet us. Instead of realizing our vision, we were confronted with silence, cold, darkness, and a frustratingly mobile Gondola lift. Everything froze!--not one apple, cookie, or even raisin escaped the fate of solidification. Rows of mandarin oranges lined the fire-place every morning, trying to regain at least a peeling temperature.

We hardy V.O.C.'ers faced a no less similar doom--moaning and shuddering with disbelief, we squirmed closer and closer together in our sleeping bags following the primary rule of survival when in danger of extinction by cold. One ingenious group built a plastic and aluminum tent around the fire-place and challenged any icy fingers to intrude. Others plugged up all the holes of the upper lounge, plastered make-shift insulation on the walls and boasted of having got that area up to 80 degrees--who wants to be that hot anyway!

This wasn't the end. The generator maliciously refused to run with gas and we had none...from no place could we extract a single drop all week. Every evening, then, we rationed--an hour of light--and then--darkness. As we huddled dispiritedly about the fire, occasionally croaking a song, visions of Christmas festivities back home danced through our heads and we groaned inwardly at our folly.

We stayed, however--we couldn't give up. In the morning, having brushed our teeth in the modern outdoor frozen water pipe, with frozen tooth-paste, we grinned a frozen grin and hauled wood for the coming night. It seems to me that we spent a great deal of time preparing for the struggle of nightly survival!

Later in the day we plodded to the Gondola station and waited with mutely beseeching faces for the inspector to come and okay the safety of the lifts. With gnashing teeth, we listened to the elated reports of some lucky ski patrollers about how fantastic the skiing was up over the hill...while we had to squat on the bottom!

Some of us, however, made the exaggerated best of everything, in spite of Duncan's funeral speech explaining the sad conditions. These, took ski lessons from excellent instructors, intruded upon the various lodges demanding their human right to warmth and light, danced the Salty Dog to a grinding beatle record, and ate voraciously of the food (which was darned good). 4 dauntless boys even dressed up in suits wandered down to Chekamus Inn, grumblingly stating that they were going to get at least a taste of that plush luxurious lodge atmosphere which they had expected.

These people thought the trip was great and it was, for those with a good sense of humour, hardy disposition and a like for roughing it indoors.

Next year, it will be different--as we recline on warm couches, sipping hot tea to piped-in music in the exclusive lounge of our Alpine Chalet, naturally, after a stupendous day of skiing.

KIMBERLEY CHRISTMAS TRIP

1965

Les Watson

The best Christmas trip this year was to Kimberley. 50 V.O.C.'ers found their way to the "Kimberley Kabin Courts" by means of a crazy car rally made up by Brian Wallace and Peter Macek. The winner is still unknown because most people missed the check points. As we arrived, the clouds parted to give us the promised "blue skies and powder snow" for 5 beautiful days of skiing on North Star Mountain. The social highlights were a free turkey dinner supplied by the motel owners, the annual New Year's Party at the Stanley's, a trip to the Sullivan Mine, an Italian feast (??) thanks to Paul Sims, and a snow dance and soccer game in which we halted a government snow plow. But the most important was the finding of a new religion, "KEYISM", with the return of Peter (THE BIG DUMB NUT) Peeler's lost car key. So through snowstorm, car troubles (Yeh Peter Peeler) and lack of sleep, everybody had a swinging time.

WINTER ACTIVITIESMOUNTAINEERING SCHOOL MT. WHISTLER

January, 1966

Bob Woodsworth

Saturday night the cabin was a beehive of activity. Where once there was no insulation, now the walls were virtually covered with the stuff. Evening draws to a close as the upper lounge fills with sleeping people. Dissention within the ranks. To use the Gondola or not to use the Gondola! The ethics of a touring trip dictate skins and skis, not cables and cars.

Sunday morning, 6 a.m. time to get up. About an hour later some 20 stalwarts see Whistler in the morning blue; the march is on. The basic elements of skinning-feet flat, no edges, sliding, not lifting- are soon learned and the group makes good progress underneath the Gondola. We reach a cliff and are forced to the left.; steep slopes and fluffy deep powder makes slow going here. Then a plateau and suddenly a road, complete with Grace MacDonald who was left behind she had taken the Gondola up and skied down to meet us. Up the road, faster, and we are at the base of the chairlift.

We are now 13. The temptation of a free ride up the chair has proved too much for some. But up we go, the skins pounding one, two, one, two. The steep chute is tiring, but soon we are up and enjoying the morning sun in our eyes. Snow crystals sparkle brilliantly as they do when hit by the very low angle rays of the sun, a sight never seen by skiers shwishing down the slopes. Then the midway point of the chairlift and the huge line-up of skiers. We rest and exchange teasing comments with our fellow VOC'ers riding the chair.

On, through the trees where it is cool and peaceful, then back right up the gentle open slopes, to the top of the chairlift. We catch up to some who have come up on the chair. Suddenly I notice that there is no-one behind me! On to the summit midst lovely ice feathers. 3 p.m., 8 hours from the cabin.

We all meet at the top of the Gondola for a free ride down. Everyone seems to have had an enjoyable days skiing. Down to the cabin, pack, wrestle with the generator and then home.

THE OLYMPIC BEACH TRAVERSE or "THE TREESABOVE, THE MUD BELOW"** IN THREE PARTS

February, 1966

D.C. Sloan &
J.G. Siddall

PART I

- S. (Glorious Leader) Knibbs
- F. & A. Birch (apologies to Anne Charelton for wrong spelling of their name)
- D. (?) Sloan
- G. (Sewing Machine) Singer

PART II

J. (Poncho) Siddall
 P. (Sexy) Crowe
 T. (Toad) Sebastian
 L. (Idiot) Blaine*

G. (Assistant Idiot) Macdonald
 J. (Nightingale) Strachan
 A. (Sweet Young Thing) Mitchell
 D. (Surf Runner) Belgia

PART I

The traditional Olympic Beach traverse got under way with the usual episodic Dantean tradition - minus the portal proclaiming the abandoning of all hope. Hope was the one thing that we all clung to. The traverse began in 2 parts; that of Frank in the "pink elephant" and that of Poncho in the "wreck", not to mention the second half of Part II (the Terrible Three) in something mechanized.

Part I left Vancouver on Wednesday night (sometime in February) and arrived at the Peninsula Thursday morning (rumored to be the same month) after driving all night. After a short sightseeing tour around the area, they packed off down the trail to the beach. This was their first encounter with mud but they remained undeterred and arrived eventually on top of a huge headland overlooking the vast and powerful Pacific Ocean (Phallic symbol for the non literaries). Having established themselves, they proceeded to wait for their rendezvous with the 2 halves of Part II.

Meanwhile, Part II proceeding down to the beach, was getting its jollies from road racing with each other. The second half ignominiously lost the race at Port Angelus when the "wreck's" timing gear went on strike. PLUG: when in Port Angelus, use the "Porter's Towing". He's a real sweetie. END OF PLUG. The first half of Part II, not to be put off, proceeded down to the beach--now in the dark of night (foreshadowing for the T.T.)¹

Part I and the first half of Part II spent a comfortable (would you believe tolerable) night atop the headland, lulled to sleep by the surge of massive breakers assaulting a willing (?) beach. Upon arising the next morning they climbed (all right--would you believe slipped) off the beach and proceeded on their way to Toleak Point. (Stop Over!)

At this point, new members might well be warned that the word "traverse"² is very misleading. What it really means is walking for a few hundred yards down the beach and then hiking up the towering headlands, plunging up to the armpits in mud and walking that way for miles and miles without even the light of day no less--hence the Blaineism about the trees--very poetic that boy. After the struggle up the headlands and across the muddy trails (grossly underrated in the guide books), coming back down to the beach at the other end was heaven. --if heaven can be considered descending a slope at a rather rapid rate toward an enormous pile of rocks. The Terrible Three (T.T.) had a better plan, they got lost on the first headland knowing full well what was in store for them. Funny thing though, it was their piteous moaning and sobbing that enabled our glorious leader to find them some hours later. They had actually abandoned all hope--Oh shameless wretches.

¹ Terrible Three

² In reference to the beach

Later with T.T. in hand, leader 3 spurred the group onto its next Herculean task--running the waves at Scot's Bluff. (not to be confused with dirty naval games played amongst its female personnel). Oh running the waves is fun? This game consists of waiting for a retreating wave to expose a stretch of sand which you must hurriedly make your way across before the next wave flushes you into the gigantic Pacific toilet (not to be confused with aforementioned Ocean). Alas, overcoming this, the group 4 wended its way down many a mile of twisting - no - many a twisting mile of beach--the T.T. entertaining the group by doing the limbo under logs (with 50 lb. packs on their backs?) until Toleak Point was reached.

Toleak Point is an interesting jut out in the ocean (some wicked sort of revenge we guess) covered with grass and other growing things like the cabin and skunks that occupy it from time to time. This idyllic cabin (early American cedar shakes 5) was provided by some demented beach bum at the turn of the century (give or take 20 or 30 years) who envisioned escape in great scope.

By this time, we had all but given up hope of seeing the second half of part II and settled in for the night. Dinner was consumed (?) and after some wanton and dallying games (singing etc.) we went to sleep, after all this is a moral club -- right? Alone with our thoughts ... alone with our thoughts we were suddenly startled into awareness by some massive and giant beast that flung the door of the cabin open and attacked the garbage can. We were able to rescue Larry and steer this thing toward the refuse bucket. It wasn't until the beast turned his back that one of the group mentioned that it was a skunk. 6

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS

PART II

By 3:00 Friday afternoon, owner-driver-mechanic Poncho (who was later to turn into a massive and giant beast that rendered rustic cabin doors asunder) had effected the necessary repairs on the "wreck" (whose name had now become poor taste), now called the *#*\$%&* or "the thing" Part II (second half) now proceeded to the beach more discreetly we might add -- I hear tell 40 miles an hour -- and arrived in sight of the sea stacks (also phallic) at dusk. And were on their way? After "phalling" across the headlands, mud, cliffs, beach etc. in the dark-- we might add--they arrived at Scott's Bluff where one of them splashed his feet in Toad Sebastian's earlier pool of tears--not to be confused with Narcissus. 7

³ Now not so glorious

⁴ Part I and first half of Part II

⁵ Point of reference for Fine Arts types

⁶ Discoverer was probably a sciencceman

⁷ Literary allusion

We might also mention, at this point, that the tide had risen once again and was dallying about on the beach - Oh be there no respite. 8 Viewing a 6 foot breaker from 6 feet--"Help" 9 was heard.

Following foot prints in the sand (desecration?), the group (Part II second half) arrived at an unknown destination where they hailed a mysterious cabin from the beach but could not penetrate solitary thoughts. At this point, Poncho who was feeling somewhat massive and gigantic whilst approaching the mysterious cabin, rendered the door asunder. "Poncho" cried the voice from within....

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS

PART III

Upon arising on the noon of the third day (?), amidst exclamations of a harrowing night of mud, beasts, skunks, solitary thoughts et al, the group set out in the rain for Goodman Creek and points beyond - which in reality turned out to be Goodman Creek. There amidst stately monarchs of the forest (not Phallic) and gently falling dew (hyperbole), they ate a pleasant lunch and returned to the idyllic cabin perched upon Toleak Point--not to be confused with Acapulco.

The T.T., now S.O.C. (Slacker's Outdoor Club), beat a hasty retreat back to the trail home--where in mud and water (the tide was in - nice going group) they loaded themselves into Toad's auto (?) and departed, hastily, back to the land of milk and mother - Vancouver. Part I left soon after and wended their way back to Vancouver also. They, however, remained dry, but not un-muddled, by cleverly waiting until the tide was out.

Part II (second half) stayed on an extra night (alarming someone's mother) while Poncho was still acting massive and beastly. They discovered that they had not yet eaten Friday's lunch: "Oh wanton fate", 10 "I'm hungry" cried Poncho, who had been outsmarted the night before. So they dined on fish and bread (symbolically ?). For 6 hours they dined and sang and dined again until they were good and late. So to sleep -- not to be confused with going to bed! Not to mention epicurean repasts, mud, rain, S.O.C.. For the whole truth...see authors.

EXPLICIT LIBER TERCIUS-DEO GRACIAS

⁸ P. Crowe

⁹ Anon. Probably female

¹⁰ A. Mitchell

ELECTIONEERING

Ken Hall

"Unfortunately, Charlie is unable to attend today as he is doing a ski ascent by a new route of Siwash Rock. Charlie has been a driving force throughout the whole of the Whistler Cabin Project. He took a carload up nearly every weekend. Charlie is a very old member, having been in the Club for 8 or 9 years.

Dick Culbert, of whom you have all heard, went on one of Charlie's first trips many years ago--a high level Tyrolean aerial traverse from the East to the West Lion--or vice versa.

I remember my first experience with Charlie. I signed up with him for a ride up Seymour to the Hallowe'en party in my first year in the Club. It was an experience I will never forget.

Not only has Charlie participated in virtually every workhike over the years, he has also found time to lead many trips and climbs--one of which I have just mentioned. The success of these trips has been unquestionable. A person with such ability (climbing school in Europe), with such a keen interest in the Club, I know would make the best P.R.O.

I hope you'll vote for him....

Charlie S. Bungi"

AN ODE TO THE UNSNOWED

Dick Culbert

I stand alone
The world is pale; and blind, and mute,
It seems this very air would loot
The warmth within.

I gaze afar.
This land which once tossed summer bright
Is faceless, formless, sickly white,
The view is better here by night
At least there's stars.

Can this be it?
Where once I watched two bear cubs sneak
Across warm fields, and heard a creek,
When flower-freckled heather swept.....
Is nothing left alive to speak?....
Alas--the lodge.

A noisy gall-stone far below
 One neon tumor breaks the snow,
 But little harm,
 The fancy clothes strut to and fro
 Around and back and forth they go
 Sweet orbits gilt with shine and show,
 How can they harm?
 They are not part of worlds I know
 A line of rusty towers show
 The axis of the trampled snow,
 No other track but mine breaks free
 And no one stands apart to see
 How omnipresent egos feed
 The neon gods of sex and speed.

They do not harm--they do not know,
 They melt in Spring, and with the snow
 Are gone before the land awakes
 And all that's warm and living breaks
 To Summer's glow.

Look once again toward mountain crest,
 The dismal greys are doing their best
 To make it seem no peak is there,
 Yet all is harsh, is blind with glare.
 Below the blanked out corrie's feet
 Where marmot's schreel once rose to greet
 The carefree souls who wandered by
 A nothingness joins earth and sky.
 And trees
 All statue dead, half skeleton,
 Can't move,
 A rigamortis grip of ice
 Holds brittle branches like a vice;
 Glad green lies but a shadow now
 Beneath the snow that warps each bough;
 And fungus frail, a lifeless lace
 Has rimed with hoar the death of grace.
 Betimes it seems that all is wreathed
 As though some souless witch had breathed
 Upon a corpse.

But trees will live.
 I like to think young alpine firs
 Dream of the time when all life stirs,
 When aimless breezes rise to pass
 In cobra fashion through the grass,
 When little creeks are gurgle bound,
 When green erupts from thawing ground,
 And firs nod just the way they please
 As night winds chase the evening breeze
 Across warm slopes.



Garibaldi Lake Cabin
photo by Dennie Hewgill



Training for Garibaldi Ski Trip
photo by Randy Harrison



Mt. Garibaldi, Late Spring
photo by Randy Harrison

SUMMER ACTIVITIES 1966THE BOWRON LAKES

August 24 - September 6, 1966

Jean Strachan
Joy Stanley

Members of party: Dave Olsen, Jim (Poncho) Siddall, Reg Wild,
Andres Loo, Dorothy Shives, Joy Stanley,
Jean Strachan.

Have you ever heard a jubilant voice proclaiming "I'm grinning again!"
It's the cry of the Bowron Lakers. The symptoms are: shining face with
teeth gleaming and eyes flashing (not red, I hope!). The recipe is:

7 V.O.C.'ers: 4 male, 3 female
4 canoes: 1 red, 3 silver
2 tents: blue for boys and yellow for girls
100 pounds of lovely grub
1 duck call
1 jungle cry (Dave Olsen brand recommended)
1 Poncho moose call
1 Wild yodel
1 Zorba the Greek Dance
2 week supply of Loo lifesavers
1 Strachan soprano
a good selection of Bill Cosby quotes
numerous "designated areas".

Take the "7" and distribute them between canoes. Wind them up and set them off on a trip. Add rain and sun, gaiety and stillness. Nourish with quantities of food cooked over open fires. Encircle all with music. Paddle leisurely for 10 days. Season liberally with madness.

Who can explain the allure of the Bowron Lakes?....the antidote for "townitis", that dread scourge of city life. How does it happen that the layers of sophistication peel off revealing beneath the lurking native in every one of us?

Who can explain:

- the freedom of being oneself, of not having to wash, shave, comb hair, decide what to wear, rush to meet X - of not having to go, go, go.
- the amazing discovery of "time" - mountains of it, to spend as you please.
- the luxury of taking 3 hours to get up, eat, get organized in the morning, and then announce you're going to make cinnamon buns, before paddling down the lake.
- afternoons of drifting, singing, splashing in the cool water, bobbing canoes, playing spin the dishpan, walking the log (challenge No. 1), shinying the pole (No. 2), climbing the skeleton of a pinetree (No. 3).
- dancing Zorba the Greek -- in the water, the sand, the moonlight, the rain, the wind, in the ponchos.
- listening to Dave's harmonica or Jean's songs echo through the mountain stillness.

- evenings of gorgeous smells, talking, solitary walks, the cry of the loon, moonlight, rain; the smell of Dr. Sloan's linament permeating a dark tent; squatting Ho-Chi-Ming style in ponchos in the pouring rain waiting for thunder and lightning.
- sounds of whistling; "Have you girls got that fire made yet?"; rain; jungle cries - "Aay-EiEi-Augh"; the clumsy squirrel bombing the john with pine cones; loons; "Let's go crew!"; "squack, squack" - a duck call!; "Yodel-a-i-o-o-o"; stillness; singing; "Time to go to bed, people. It's nine o'clock."; snickers of glee - the schemers are at it again frog in the sleeping bag..... caterpillars in the stew!; the plop of a fishing hook.
- the awe of being 10' away from an honest-to-goodness moose - and it's not stuffed!; of watching an osprey chase an eagle; of hearing the slap of the beaver, the honk of the Canada Goose. And such Wild Life! Elephants in the trees, and, of course, a sleepy on stilts (alias moose at distance of 3 feet), meeses in the trees, and, of course, a sleepy wolf!
- the sharing of experiences with 4 American med. students from L.A.; the cramming of 11 people, 4 dripping sleeping bags, and various other wet paraphenelia into a 9 x 9, porcupine-chewed, smoke-filled cabin; Stu building a fire in the oven.
- the thrill of white water, the challenge of conquering the river and outwitting the rocks.
- our dismay at being descended upon by great hordes of Venture Scouts, led by an old V.O.C.'er, Walter Roots, and our relief at seeing them gallop off into the bushes.
- the solitary walks
- the glee with which we sat in the middle of Lanezi Lake for three quarters of an hour and hooted and hollered at the mountains, while they hollered and hooted back.
- the determination of our ardent fishermen as they sat waiting.... and waiting....and waiting; the fish that graced the plate of our intrepid leader - by what foul means did it come to its end?
- the delight, the shock of discovering your face in a cracked mirror after 5 days of ignorant bliss.
- our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the boys who laboured over the kitchen stove to prepare a mighty meal.
- the breathtaking discovery of new snow on the mountains -- "We want to stay the Bowron Lakes by skates at Christmas!"
- stillness; the rhythmic dip and swing of the paddles; the weight of unread books; the beckon of a friendly cabin.
- the roar of wheels on the rail portage and above all choruses of "We are the redmen, tall and brave..."
- quoting and howling over Bill Cosby: "Heah ma! A miracle happened! This little angel came down, stood on my bed, hit me with her wand, and said, 'Prang. Go out and play!'"
- heart to heart talks about life in general, you, the world, and future plans.
- hilariously singing rollicking tunes, or quietly humming mood music.
- the mad race along a twisting, turning trail, over and around stumps to the hypnotic drawing of the Caribou Falls.
- the soft, foggy green of Lanezi Lake
- that sinking feeling as the first sign of civilization descended upon us in the form of one large motor boat.
- the yellows, oranges, pinks and blues of the sunset; the cry of the loon; our echoes.

And so as every good and perfect thing must end, we laid our sleeping bags out beneath the poplars of 10 Mile Lake Picnic Site, with a spectacular show of northern lights playing overhead. And we were reminded of our farewell song to the Bowron Lakes:

When we are gone, may our song linger on
May its echo fall soft on your ears.
May you all live in peace,
And your riches increase,
And your happiness grow every year, my friends,
Your happiness grow every year.*

* From the last verse of a medley of "Goodnight Ladies" and "Leaving A Song," arranged by Travis Edmonson and Bert Cerrito.

PRACTICAL BLURB

The Bowron Lakes are a rectangular chain of 9 lakes in Bowron Lake Provincial Park, 70 miles east of Quesnel. The circuit is about 75 miles long and can easily be done in 6 days -- but we recommend 10 for a perfect trip. We spent the night of August 24 camped at the Bowron Lake Lodge camping area. (Warning: it costs \$2.00 per tent and you can't build a fire.)

Next morning we headed off across Bowron Lake, portaged 2 miles to Kibbee Lake, paddled to the end and camped for the night. The following day saw us portage to Isaac Lake and set up camp at Wolverine Point, 5 miles down, where we stayed 2 days. On August 29 we paddled the 20 mile stretch down Isaac Lake in 7 hours and camped at the head of the Isaac River. With our little experience in canoeing we ran the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile stretch of "white water" of the river; portaged around the cascades; then paddled again to the log jam. Exit, stage right. Hurray, the last foot portage!

McLeary Lake looked very inviting, but we were off again - down the Caribou River and into Lanezi Lake, which is crowded around by 8,000' peaks. Day 7 found us down Lanezi, into Sandy Lake, down the Caribou River and into Unna Lake where we settled for 2 days and explored the 80' Caribou Falls. Kaza and Ishpa look like tremendous climbing. September 2 came with much misgiving as we realized we had only 1 day left -- up and at it, again! We "lined" the canoes from the Caribou River into Babcock Lake, then did 2 rail portages into Skoi Lake, and into Lower Spectacle Lake where we spent the night. Last day and it was off to the Bowron Lake and civilization. P.S. Average canoeing speed is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, but who does that!

Canoes can be rented from the Bowron Lake Lodge (address; Quesnel, B.C.) at \$4.00 a day per canoe. Life preservers are supplied, but you need to ask for spare paddles. Reserve well in advance. Aluminum canoes are recommended especially if your canoe gets bitten by a rock! A good way to carry food is boxes inside large, heavy-duty plastic bags. Ponchos are handy.

Good camping areas are provided around the lakes (courtesy of Kiernan and God, in that order), plus numerous small cabins which are usually left open (leave better than found). The end of August is a good time to go, for most of the flying beasts have disappeared. The trip cost each of us \$50: \$10 for transportation, \$20 for canoes, and \$20 for food.

FINDING YOUR WAY WITH A COMPASS

Summer, 1966

Gordon Soules

Compass instructions were held on UBC campus and Eagle Ridge in an attempt to get members more aware of the importance of being able to find their way in our rugged mountains.

The object of the compass course on campus was to walk in a straight line through dense bush. Six groups started at University Boulevard and Toronto Road, having been assigned a compass bearing on Chancellor Boulevard. The winning team came within 10' of their destination.

All were winners at Eagle Ridge. This time each group started out from a different point on Marine Drive with map and compass, their destination being the summit of Eagle Ridge (1494'). Some of the groups applied more tricky compass techniques to reach Eagle Ridge which is at the base of Black Mountain, near Horseshoe Bay.

MARKING THE CENTENNIAL TRAIL

May 15, 1966

Gordon Soules

On a rainy Sunday morning, Bev Tingley and myself set out to join members of the Canadian Youth Hostels Association in marking the Sumas section (near Chilliwack) of the Centennial Trail. The water-shy members who stayed home because of the rain in Vancouver missed a sunny Fraser Valley spring day.

The Centennial Trail is being constructed by C.Y.H.A. with the assistance of other organizations. When completed, the trail will extend from Vancouver to the Alberta border. The first section runs along the south bank of the Fraser River from Vancouver to the base of Sumas Mountain, up and over Sumas Mountain, up the Chilliwack River to Chilliwack Lake, over Greendrop Lineman Pass to Silverhope Valley; down the Skagit River and along the Skiline Trail to Manning Park Lodge. This section should be finished within a year. Eventually, hostels will be built in the mountainous area. A final decision has not been made as to the route east of Manning Park.

ROGERS PASS, B.C.

Summer, 1966

Monica Nasmyth

With the opening of the Rogers Pass section of the Trans Canada Highway, a whole new area with unlimited potential for outdoor activity has been made accessible to the public. This summer, 3 V.O.C. girls, SUE KNIBBS (alias "CLARABELLA"), LYNN MORTON (alias "MORT"), and myself, spent 4 months in the Rogers Pass working at the Northlander Hotel. We recommend this area to fellow V.O.C.'ers as a great place to spend a summer.

Spring skiing is at its best when you arrive in May. An easy 6 mile hike to Balu Pass gives you a beautiful, gently sloping ski run of 2500 vertical feet down to the highway. For better skiers, the Illecil-lewaet Glacier offers ideal powder runs of varying steepness. And for real keeners, a 2 day ski ascent of Mt. Rogers, with an overnight stay at Hermit Hut, is rewarded by a fantastic run of 6500 vertical feet from the peak of Rogers to the highway. Though not done often now, this is a well known run. Hans Gmoser used to take annual touring parties on the ski ascent of Mt. Rogers.

By the end of June, the snow has melted sufficiently for hiking and climbing activities to begin. There are several trails, shown on the map, which are maintained by the Parks Board. Of these, the most beautiful are the Balu and Hermit Hut trails. Both take you above the tree line and into beautiful alpine meadows where you can lie in a carpet of wildflowers and meditate on an afternoon off work. The Beaver River trail and Grizzly Cabin are ideal for either hiking or horseback trips.

For climber-types, the biggest challenge is probably Sir Donald. The north-west ridge route is one of the most notorious climbs in B.C. It is a classic steep knife-edged arrete, with sustained class 4 - 5 for almost 3000'. Other climbs with fairly hard routes are Uto, Tupper and the Swiss Peaks' Traverse. An easier and really beautiful trip is the Asulkan Traverse of Abbot, Afton, Rampart and Dome, with an overnight stay in the hut in Sapphire Col (8500'). The Bonney Group and Dawson Group seem to attract few climbers because of their relative isolation. However, they offer many excellent climbs over 10,000'. Generally, there is unlimited scope for new routes in the Rogers Pass.

Still another activity which the Rogers Pass offers is spelunking. The Nakimu caves are a fascinating place to spend a rainy day. Although these caves are closed to the public, special permission can be obtained from the Park Warden with the use of some tact and diplomacy.

For those interested in working in this area, resort work, trail maintenance for the Parks Board and road maintenance for the Highways Department are available.

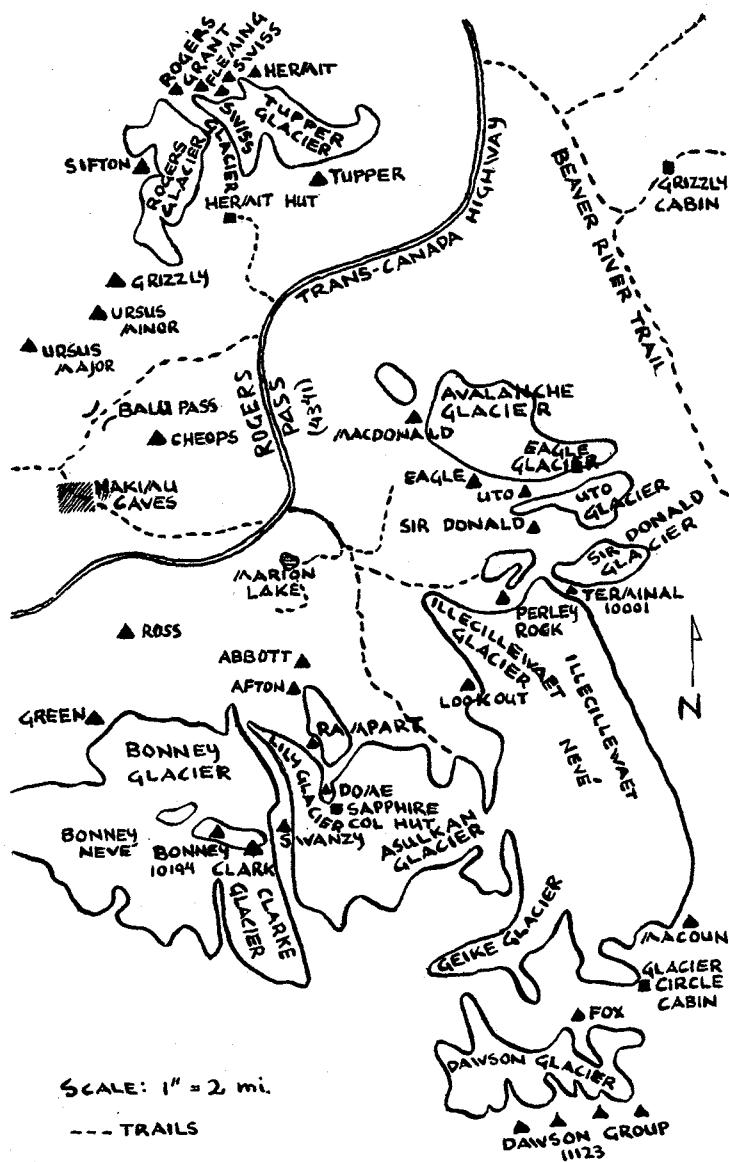
MT. SIR DONALD

July, 1966

Monica Nasmyth
Ken More

On July 14th, after our great ascent of Tupper, Ken and I jokingly agreed that no mountain could stop us now. Ken said, "Well, how about

TRAILS IN THE ROGERS PASS



Sir Donald next week?" My mouth dropped open. I quickly closed it, and said in a small voice, "Sure." So it was settled.

During the week, two more keen types, Mike Goodchild and Tich Morris, speleologists studying the Nakimu Caves, were recruited to our party.

On July 21st I staggered down to the cafeteria at 2:00 a.m. and fell asleep over a cup of coffee. Ken arrived at 2:30. At 3:30 we met Mike and Tich at the Illecillewaet Campground and started up the Sir Donald trail. It was very black and we could tell we weren't in for good weather. Ken was heard to say cheerfully, "Well, we'll keep going until it starts to rain." Somehow, it never did. By 6:30, we were up to the Uto-Sir Donald Col and ready to start the N.W. ridge. It is described in the climber's guide as the "finest rock climb in the Selkirks."

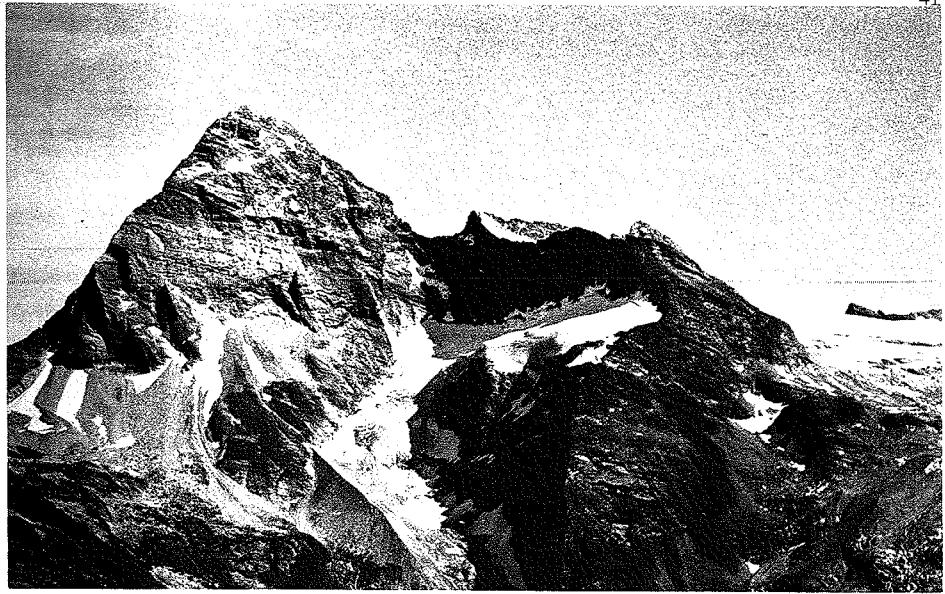
Climbing conditions were rather ugly all the way to the top. Fresh snow, snow feathers, slippery rock, verglas and fog plagued us. About two-thirds of the way up we unwittingly got off the route by traversing out onto the west face. It was soon obvious, by the appearance of numerous large overhangs, that this route wouldn't go. There was a tense moment as Ken, leading on a steep snow patch, slipped on a bit of ice. His ice axe was in his pack. He managed to check himself before disappearing over the brink below him.

Feelings were mixed as to the next plan of attack. Ken offered to check out a possible route back to the ridge. It turned out to be a super-hairy traverse under an outward sloping slab. Showers of verglas rained on us every few minutes. I heard Ken yell something in front of me. After much confused shouting, I finally got the message. "Tension!"

Then it was my turn. I unfolded myself from my belay position and, quaking with fear, started off. I glanced down. Overcome by a violent fit of shaking accompanied by incoherent babbling, I looked back up again. I told myself feebly not to be such a spaz, and glued my eyes to the ledge along which I was crawling with appalling lack of technique. I found I was being belayed through a piton. This was comforting. One more manoever and I was back on the ridge. Mike and Tich followed. Tich's Cockney voice was heard at one point to say, "Oo, it's a wee bi' 'airy up 'ere!"

The ascent continued. At about 3:00 p.m. I heard Ken call out in the fog above me, "Hey, it doesn't go up any more!" "I called back dryly, "Don't be funny!" But he was right. A few minutes later we were standing triumphantly, i.e. huddled miserably, on the 9,492' peak, gazing in awe at the fantastic panorama, i.e. blinking through the fog.

Our rate of descent was via the S.W. ridge to the Vaux Glacier. The weather cleared about halfway down. Morale improved greatly. A short rappel down a very wet chimney and a final steep slab pitch took us to the Glacier. We gingerly crossed the bergshund. A groovy glissade took us past the ice fall, which was lit with gold by the late sun. An hour later we were down. We had spent 18 hours on the most notorious mountain in the Selkirks. It was worth it, I guess.



Mt. Sir Donald showing N.W. ridge route (left)
photo by Monica Nasmyth



Spelunkers, just emerging from Nakimu Caves
photo by Monica Nasmyth

MT. TUPPER

July, 1966

Monica Nasymth
Ken More

I stumbled into bed at 2:00 a.m. on July 14th, after a swinging night in Golden. A note on my pillow from Lynn Morton said, "Ken is here. He wants to go climbing tomorrow and says to wake him up as early as possible." I set my alarm for 4:00 a.m. and flaked out. 2 hours later, Sue Knibbs came crashing in from her night on the town. When she ran into my bunk, I awoke with a jolt, and staggered out to shake Ken out of his sleeping bag. Over breakfast, we decided to try Tupper (9,239'), the formidable "East Wall of Rogers Pass."

At 6:00 a.m. we set out on the steep trail up to Hermit Hut. Ken was keen. I was feeling out of it. However, we were soon in the beautiful alpine meadows above the cabin. Another fantastic day was dawning, and I began to feel "gung-ho!" We crossed the wide snow-covered moraines below the Roger and Swiss Glaciers, then followed the left moraine of the Swiss Glacier up to the west arete of Tupper. Then followed a scramble along a knife-edge ridge. In the final col, the Hermit, a large gendarme with a conspicuous over hang, stood defiantly. The tupper Glacier lay 1500' straight down to our left and the Trans-Canada Highway, 4500' almost straight down to our right. Ken said something unintelligible. We dropped down slightly and traversed the south face below the Hermit. A series of 15-20' cliffs and a final chimney brought us back onto the ridge.

On the summit, we drank a toast of "Tang" from the wineskin and agreed that we were even greater climbers than we had been the week before. We added our names to the book in the cairn. The long lists of climbing accounts, starting with the first ascent in 1906, showed Tupper to be a very popular climb.

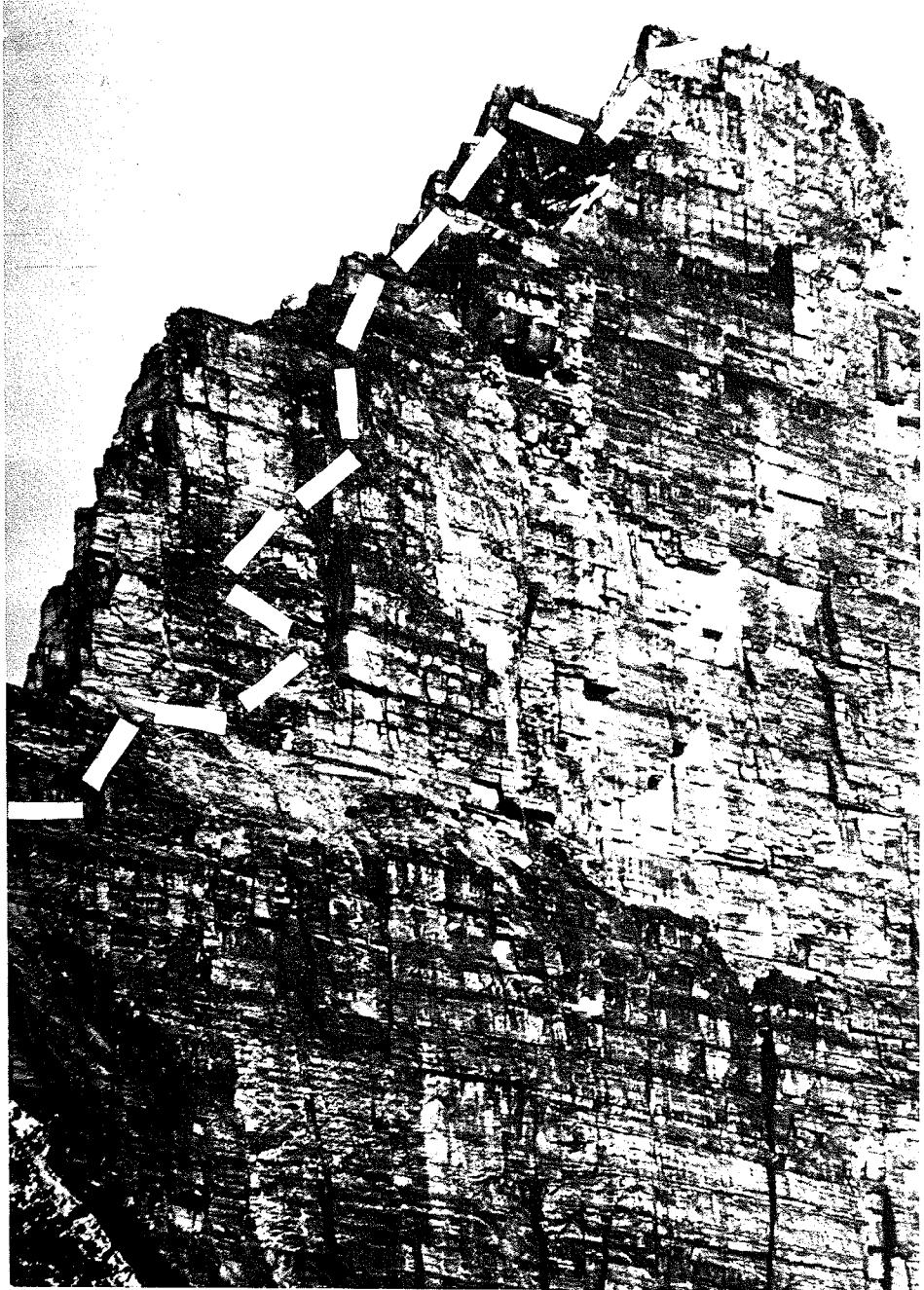
To descend, we retraced our steps to the col beyond the Hermit where an avalanche chute still filled with snow stretched clear down to the highway. 3500 vertical feet of hard snow! A horrendous glissade! It was the perfect end to a good climb.

NAKIMU CAVES

July, 1966

Monica Nasmyth

Spelunking is a neat sport. Climbing and skiing are great, fantastic, horrendous, etc., but spelunking is neat. It is crawling head-first into a small hole in a cliff. It is chimneeying between two slime-covered limestone walls, and then falling into the mud. It is feeling water dripping down your spine. It is grovelling on your stomach through a crawlway 10" high and 100' long. It is knowing what it is like to be buried alive. It is getting dirt in your mouth. It is manoevering a 90% turn in a prostrate position in order to deke off into the next crawlway, which is 9" high. It is swaying dizzily on a rope ladder in black



Mt. Tupper, Rogers Pass, B.C.
photo by Ken More

nothingness. It is burning your finger with your carbide lamp. It is losing your sense of balance as you stare hypnotically at a torrent of black water, catapulting down, around, under, into the earth. It is coming suddenly into a huge vaulted chamber with smooth walls and strange calcite formations. It is wondering if hell looks like this. Spelunking is the neatest!

The Nakimu Caves in Rogers Pass were once a C.P.R. tourist attraction. They have been closed to the public for some time now. This summer a group of speleologists from McMaster University were mapping the caves for the federal government and doing geographical and geological studies on them. 2 of the cavers, Tich Morris and Charlie Braun, took Lynn Morton, Ken More, Janet X and myself through the lower section of the caves. It was an unforgettable experience, and we recommend it to anyone with a pair of coveralls, a headlamp and a yen for the unusual.

RAMBLINGS IN THE ROCKIES

Summer, 1966

Alec Deas

Tiptoe through the thrust faults...

Rising abruptly from the prairies, one finds the Rocky Mountains. Albertans are proud that Alberta was chosen for this geological event, and tend to forget that B.C. owns half of them. The mountains are conveniently located close to Calgary, where I worked last summer. I consequently spent most of my weekends among the hills.

One of the most popular climbs was the ascent of Mt. Okotoks, located southwest of Calgary. The Crest route (fewer cavities with "Crest") on the southeast spur and the southwest overhang were successfully climbed.

Most of our wandering took place within the National Parks of Banff, Jasper, Yoho and Waterton Lakes. These parks are extremely well trailed, providing fast access for the weekend outdoor type. The Skyline Trail in Yoho and the Eiffel Lake Trail at Maligne Lake are recommended for superlative scenery. Waterton Lakes, located where B.C., Alberta and Montana join, displays the effects of heavy mountain glaciation. Cirque Lakes and Lake-occupied glacial valley create distinct beauty. These parks offer the choice of remaining "civilized", if you want to, while retaining the aspects of the wilderness. The pleasure of no slash, well maintained trails and informative literature are there also.

Marg and Randy Harrison, Harry Cuttie and I made up the foursome. Marg was a wonderful cook and Randy played the fearless alpine guide. Captain "Harry" Crunch scared off all the wildlife, except tourists, with his noisy nailed boots.

LIUMCHEN RIDGE

August, 1966

Vera Rosenbluth

The idea of exploring the Liumentchen Ridge area originated in the spring, when Dr. Danner of the Geology department spoke and showed slides of trips he had made there.

It looked exciting, so on Saturday August 13, 6 of us conglomerated at the Cultus Lake campground. Nancy Deas and Vera Rosenbluth, seized with inexplicable domestic impulses were busy making Rice Krispie cakes, and Walter Doering was circling the tent trying to figure out why the tent pole was so short, when a baby-blue VW roared up and Sue Parrott, Dave King and Gordie Soules untangled themselves. Thus our happy little group was complete.

Sunday morning, we packed up and drove along the south side of the Chilliwack River to the foot of a logging road. Half-way up, Gordie's VW stopped dead and refused to budge, so we all piled into the other car and went as far as we could go. Then we began what must have been a very scenic walk up the logging road; of course we didn't see the scenery because of the drizzle, but they tell me that the view is terrific.

At the end of the logging road we sat down, sang a few cheery verses of "Happy Wanderer" for the doubtful benefit of 3 very bewildered loggers who had the misfortune to be working there, and decided to bushwack up to where we thought the trail would be. It finally appeared, so we continued up through the woods and suddenly emerged on to the most beautiful open alpine meadow - a whole mountain completely covered with flowers of every colour. It is difficult to describe the utter exhilaration and sense of freedom one experiences in tromping among Indian Paintbrush, arnica, lupin and fleabane (I learned my botany lesson well, didn't I Dave?).

Walter decided to stop here, but the rest of us continued, wading through lush greenery up to our waist until we discovered the little trapper's cabin in the valley. Then back up to the narrow ridge and along it. At the cairn we celebrated our great ascent by cutting the Rice Krispie cake and with Nancy's ever-present ukelele, serenaded a deer and marmot who happened to be in the vicinity.

This is a new, exciting and as yet undeveloped area. Unfortunately at the moment it is not part of any park, and consequently there is absolutely no legal protection. It has been part of PARC's policy to urge that the park boundaries be extended to include Liumentchen Ridge, because there is an obvious need for wilderness areas now and in the future. To give it park status would prevent its commercial exploitation, and ensure that the natural beauty is maintained. The area is very easily accessible and provides a pleasant one day outing from Vancouver. The rapidly increasing traffic in the Garibaldi Lake region is proof that this is the sort of thing that people want and which must be planned for.

THE IDEAL SUMMER JOB

Summer, 1966

Paul Sims

What did you do on your days off this summer; enjoy the outdoors by sailing, swimming, climbing, hiking, or just relaxing in nature's splendor? Not I. I came to the city to be with the hubbub you were trying to forget.

One might say that the city had created my job for I was employed by the Provincial Probation Service as a co-ordinator of an "Outward Bound" course designed specifically for juvenile delinquents.

The two twenty-six day courses, each with 12 boys and 3 co-ordinators, involved nearly every aspect of the outdoors. It was run quite similar to a military camp, but relied on group pressure rather than on authoritarian discipline. Thus, if one of the boys did not do something, he had not rebelled against the co-ordinator, rather had "chickened out" and put the whole group out. Similarly, the group would discipline its own members. Often, however, we had to intervene for their punishment was too severe for the misdemeanor.

The activities in which the group took part were very extensive. Generally, they were taught the skills of a mountain rescue group. Thus, physical conditioning, mountaineering, orientation, first aid, and survival were very important. Other aspects included sailing, swimming and cooking. If you think V.O.C. food is bad, try twenty-six days of government food cooked by inexperienced chefs!

Nature's beauty is certainly not adulterated by the company you keep. My boys were horrible, grubby, dishevelled, and ill-mannered, often quibbling and complaining; yet, they were intelligent, persevering and generally a great bunch of kids. They were socially warped teenage boys, but in the flux of nature they were as overwhelmed by its magnitude and as eager for its conquest as any teenager.

As the twenty-six days passed, their conquests were not just the obstacle course, the mile run and icy swim before breakfast, the fifteen mile hike and the fifty pound pack rappel, the blisters on their feet, nor the mountain, but somehow the beginnings of a self conquest. As the boy conquered himself, the obstacles became goals; the work a game.

Thus, after developing a new self-concept in a new environment and becoming a man in twenty-six short days, the boy will return to the city. Hopefully, he'll have new self confidence, new defences against temptations and new motives for living.

One can only appreciate how close these young delinquents are to oneself. Think of climbing in the Rockies or the Coast Range (Kootenay, Yoho and Garibaldi Parks) and you reach a saddle. There confronting you is a panorama of dew-covered alpine flowers beyond which looms a massive peak outlined by the rising sun. You are stunned, and the boy beside you says, "Wow! J....C.... is that ever.. (supercensored).. mint!" His grammar lacks a little polish but his emotions are as great as your own - and this from a kid who twenty-six days before, had never been out of the city. Never before had he expressed a like for anything an adult would enjoy. A giant step into manhood.

RAINBOW MOUNTAIN

Summer, 1966

Nancy Deas
Judy MacKay

Yes, all you short-long hikers, believe it or not, Rainbow Mountain is great! The view, the meadows, the climb - all a beautiful experience in an area so close to the new Whistler cabin.

(The trip, a reconnaissance one for a fall qualification hike, was instigated following a trip to the area in May, and had the unique feature of two female leaders!)

The Second Great Expedition to the Rainbow area was an overnight trip. It was at the end of August and there were eight keen adventurers for this trip - Gaby Hunken, Phyllis Burton, Roland Burton, Brian Ellis, Dave Belyea, Rod Harvey, Judy MacKay and Nancy Deas (the 2 leaders). Saturday morning was wet, ooh.....very wet. But the dauntless crew left Vancouver hoping that the Whistler Banana Belt would live up to its name. It didn't. Everything was wet. So the mighty leaders made their first great decision. "Let's go to the cabin, it's too wet." Thus, the first day of the trip was spent sleeping, walking, berry picking and weather watching. Yes, the sun came out about noon and the dry weather remained.

It was a great evening in the cabin; candlelight and koolaid setting the mood for a terrific dinner that finished with sour Whistler huckleberries. It was early to bed for the keen group who awoke in the morning to find everything was soaked again. But by the time breakfast was over, it had begun to clear. Rainbow, here we come!!

The trail, now the snow had gone, was very well marked. (Detailed instructions for finding the trail were obtained from the Mountain Access Guide). It had a few muddy parts, but this only made the hike more exciting. (Watch out for that mud-hole, Gaby!!!!...Gaby??) Following the trail "right" to the lake, we reached the lake in less than two hours. The lake, now a rich blue, was surrounded by open meadows. It was breathtaking - the quiet, the beauty, the isolation, the sudden transition to alpine country. It seemed to "grab" the whole group.

We enjoyed our lunch break beside the lake, near a rough shelter. From here, we continued to the other end of the lake. There the climbers and the meadow-walkers formed into separate groups. The peak was now socked in and the girls felt that it wasn't as inviting as the meadowy ridges and lakes nearby. So the boys began climbing towards the peak and the girls wandered. At 6:00 we met back at the shelter. The boys, in the cloud, missed the peak by a short distance due to lack of time, but met up with Dave King who had made the peak, while the girls had seen flowers, lakes, and "mountain goats". But now, it was late. At "double-time" we hurried back down the trail and back to civilization.

LONG BEACH

June, 1966

Peter Macek

"Surf's Up!"...a cry to make all summer-bound skiers start waxing up their boards and trying on their new jams. (I've never had a pair of jams and my surfboard looks suspiciously like a canoe, but I thought I'd start off with all the "in"-type terminology I know.)

The weekend of our pilgrimage started when our convoy of packed V.W.'s embarked on the C.P.R.'s "Vancouver" at sunset, June 30th. At 1 p.m. we were roaming the streets of Alberni (or was it Port Alberni?) looking for Dave Helem's house. A short night's sleep and we were off, our stick-shift suitcases laboring over the goat track the natives euphemistically call a road. Then, bits of pavement, 60 m.p.h. road to the wide open Pacific, killer whales and the surf. Tents were set up on the beach and the brave ones tried surfing. We soon discovered that going out into a 6' surf with a 14' canoe is a shortcut to instant oblivion. If one is lucky and survives, the ride in is like nothing on earth. The canoe glides slowly forward, the sternman glances back. Panic strikes, frantic paddling. The stern lifts and the boat shoots downhill faster than one can paddle. All one's strength is applied to keeping the boat heading straight. The wave's breaking. Foam over the stern. The canoe yaws. The world is suddenly very green and violent and wet.... A half hour of this and two more VOC'ers struggled out of the water exhausted and numb with cold.

Friday we had a "Happy Dominion Day Party"-a Deas and MacKay original. A cake was baked, tents decorated, balloon-bursting races run. The judges were biased for all entrants in the sand castle building contest won in some category except for the obvious winner who was accused of bribery.

The weather continued to be perfect and something was always happening-swimming, clam feeds and a singsong with the Victoria Outdoor Club, trips to Tofino, drag racing on the sands, and always - surfing. We always managed a fast session before breakfast and a one before sunset. The surf each day got a bit bigger and more challenging. We laughed at the wet suit crowd and learned to "wipe out" more gracefully.

Finally, it was Sunday and home and rumours of return trips on every long weekend imaginable or just the greeting anywhere on campus: "Surf's up!"

THE LEDGELETTE

Bob Woodsworth

Up.
 Early dawn, the Chatterbox.
 Gleaming headlights
 swing
 past open gates.
 Dawn. If only ignorance might disappear
 as shadows flee the forest
 as green bids a welcome to blue
 a farewell to stars
 Well. Figures reveal faces.
 Boots, packs
 The road switchbacks, walking quickly to (already!) Park Lane Lake, the cabin on to Utopia Lake.

A fire on the sea?
An orange tent.
Yes! People waving from the shore.
No matter now
 but soon
 an oil slick will curse
 and the very worst will be
 that to this place
 no longer will I come.

Well. People touch clouds on Sky Pilot.
Broken scree, the Tombstone's cheek and then the col.
All are doing
fairly well.

Climbers all around!
Rotten rock ground swirling dust into our eyes.
At last the notch

a place of rest
before the final test begins.

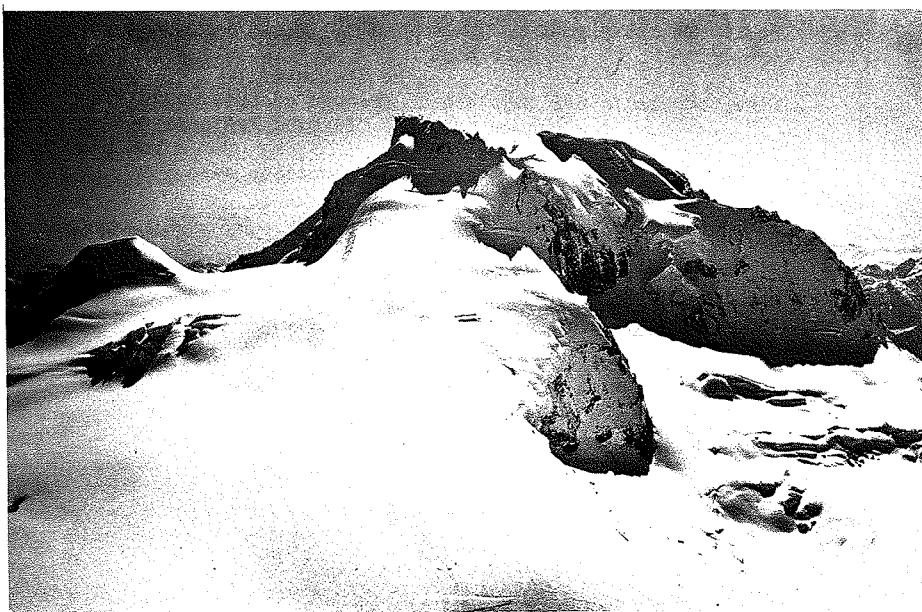
that most
cannot attain.
Like tempered steel that's bent through carelessness
the chance to weld the mind had gone
had past in time
No mast was climbed by most, no new horizons seen.
No joy at all?
But yes! The rest observed a solo of the Tombstone
The cold of rock on summers day
Rappells and falls
the power of the piton.

Descent: at last for some
for some too soon for real communion.

Morale is lifted
softly
the valley looms
How strange that spirits rise as shadow



The Ledgelette
photo by Monica Nasmyth



Mt. Garibaldi, North Side (February)
air photo by Bill Tupper

CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONSMT. KILIMANJARO (19,350')

Party Members: Dennis and Ann Holden
 John and Mary Dick
 Parker and Ann Williams

Ann Holden
 Calabar, E. Nigeria

What about 4 miles high, 40 miles across, the only one of its kind for 50 miles and hardly ever seen by tourists? Guess! I don't know who took that photo of Kilimanjaro you always see, but I'll bet he had to bribe every rain-maker in the area to do it. I'm just bitter. We went to all the work of climbing it and I still don't know what it looks like.

Four ancients of V.O.C. plus 2 members by marriage assembled one afternoon at a posh hotel, the Marangu, on the slopes of the mountain. We spread our stuff all over the lawn, took one gasping stare and hired 2 porters. The porters took one gasping stare and screamed for the scales. A gorgeous hour of haggling ensued, during which the 2 men grudgingly consented to carry the food--hoping no doubt that we were not large eaters.

We then bounced off in the Land Rover and up the rain forested slopes to Bismarck Hut at 9,000'.

A night spent in the company of a crew of Norwegians who were going up and a motley lot who had been, convinced us this was the most widely climbed mountain in the world. Some 3,000 try it every year!

Next day our troupe straggled off. Porters, guides and here and there a tottering climber. One of our porters was right out of "Rum Doodle"! He was tall and straight, wore a sports jacket, tattered pants and bare feet--feet a foot long excluding big toes the size of field potatoes.

We climbed for a half and hour or so through jungle, then suddenly emerged on to open moorland. The grassy landscape was dotted with heather trees and giant groundsel. The trail was awful, deeply rutted with boulders cunningly placed for maximum tripping efficiency. The porters amazed us--bare footed or thonged they stomped up the trail.

At 2 o'clock we arrived at Peter's Hut (12,000') after about 10 miles of walking. No mattresses and no fire place, but it would do. That night we had our first attack of headaches and retching stomachs--in polite language called mountain sickness.

After a small breakfast we puffed up the slope, pausing for a while at the last chance stream to fill our flasks. Around noon we arrived at the huge pass between the peak of Mawenzi and the higher one of Kilo, our goal. All signs of vegetation had disappeared. The pass was cold and wind-swept. We staggered toward Kilo Huts (15,000'), cursing our heavy feet and cold hands. During one rest we were startled out of our lassitude by a fantastic sight. Swinging along the trail, a 40 lb. load on his head, bare feet and all came our porter--a blaring portable radio dangling from one hand.

Kilo Huts were appalling. Sheet aluminum put together any which way; no water, no wood, no mattresses, tents would have been warmer. We tried to eat, threw it up and in disgust went to bed.

A tap at the door at 1 a.m. got us up, shaking with cold. It is traditional to reach the summit at sunrise--God knows who started it; a bloody Englishman no doubt and since we couldn't sleep anyway, we decided to conform.

Mary was too sick to start, but the rest, after gulping hot water and sugar stepped out into a cold moonlit, snow dusted scene. The first hour of climbing wasn't bad, but as the scree steepened our energies rapidly vanished. The others retched to a halt; Dan and I continued with the Norwegians. We'd follow a switch-back, stop, vomit, try to get some air into our lungs and longingly search for the top.

4 hours passed, the sky began to lighten behind Mawenzi peak and we began to think the summit was like the second hump on an African Camel's back, non-existent.

Then a shout from the top and 15 min. later we hauled ourselves over the rim of the crater. The sun was suddenly warm on our backs and glittered on the ice and snow beyond. What a view! Below us stretched miles of plains and behind lay a huge crater filled with wind-fluted snow and ice.

After a time of picture taking and unthawing we started down. Our energy returned quickly and we flew down the scree, pausing only to stare at an endless column of "Outward Bound" boys being "treated" to the joys of mountaineering.

A brief stop at Kilo Hut and we took off again, reaching the Land Rover at nightfall and the hotel in time to enjoy a cold beer and the "Carte de Jour".

Notes:

The Marangu Hotel is an hour or so from the town of Moshi, Tanzania (reached by plane and close to game parks).

The Hotel, for a fat fee will completely outfit a climber and provide guides (not necessary) and porters (nice).

The climb would be more enjoyable if one could spend more time getting acclimatized. Also, take mattresses along since one's bones don't acclimatize!

MISADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMOEBCICA

January - May, 1966

Dick Culbert

PART I

CERRO CUERNO (18,000')

Plaza des Mulas has real atmosphere. One might argue that, perched at 14,000' on the side of Aconcagua*, it indeed subtends too little atmosphere--a point of view I would have gladly subscribed to that evening, having just backpacked 50 lbs. for 18 miles up the desolate valley of the Horrones to this Plaza. I had then made the foolish attempt to pack to 20,000' next day. That was a mistake! Now, however, as I acclimatized at this little shelter amid the confusion of Argentine army mules and climbers from a dozen countries, I had the chance to savour the many unique flavours which Plaza des Mulas does offer. Mule dung fires, for instance, over which little groups of colorfully-robed men were cooking unimaginable brews; and the constant flow of strange languages, strange customs, strange equipment and strange foods among the various expeditions passing through or acclimatizing.

Aconcagua country looks very much like the Rockies. Rides are fairly gentle (except for a few faces) - the rock banded, colorful and draped in talus. Casting about for something to do while acclimatizing, my attention was soon focused on the abrupt form of Cerro Cuerno which dominated the head of the Horrones Valley. Its southwest face looked like it needed a route put up badly. I had sprained a finger trying to do an ice-axe arrest down a collapsing gravel terrace the day before but felt in reasonable shape.

Basically, this was a plan born in ignorance. In the first place, I didn't know about "penitentes". Entire glaciers were made of these things--unbelievable forests of needles and ridges of ice from 2' to 10' high. Getting through this mess at that altitude absorbed much of the day and most of my energy. Finally the face--and yikes! Cuerno means "born" and if I'd ever seen the route in profile I wouldn't have tried it alone, especially without a rope. Then there was the rock, which consisted of surprisingly stable down-slab. It was good luck (combined with considerable searching) and not good management which eventually turned up a route never going beyond class 4 difficulty. Finally the summit, where cairn records showed that this was indeed a new route.

Now about this getting down! As far as I could interpret from Spanish and German scrawls in the cairn, the usual approach was via an obvious glacier. Of that nonsense I'd had enough; especially as both penitentes and crevasses were at their prime at that time of year. Instead, I trundled off into an oncoming storm along a ridge joining with the scree slopes of Aconcagua itself. The ridges soon became knife-edged with unstable class 4 pitches. Weather grew rapidly worse and by the time my way was blocked by totally impassible tower, a fully mature Andean blizzard was in progress. To make a long story short, this proved the most desperate position I had met in the last couple years of climbing and it was finally solved by a very long traverse across very rotten, very windy, very icy, very class 5 faces. Getting through was a direct function of good luck.

* highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere, 22,835'

My luck had run out with this episode. Perhaps it was the mule driver's food with which I was stretching my own rations, but from somewhere I contracted amoebic dysentery. Instead of pushing on up to Aconcagua, I spent 2 days crawling like a sickly snail down the wind-blown gorge of the Horrones and 2 more days returning to Santiago in Chile. As if this ending were not sufficiently ignoble, the bugs stayed with me throughout the month I spent riding local buses in Patagonia, and it wasn't until I was up into Bolivia and Peru that I had enough energy for further mountaineering.

PART II

COROPUNA ESTE (20,500')

Coropuna is a group of rather high and rather uninspiring summits in the Cordillera Ampato of southwestern Peru. I was more or less confined to this section of the country in climbing out of season--all northern ranges being uninhabitable.

I had first spotted the distant ice domes of Coropuna while building a cairn on Huarancanti (17,800') of Cordillera Volcanica, and later recall seeing the moon set behind it while stumbling about the volcanic dust of Patapampa looking for my pack (which I'd hidden from the "hill tribes" just a little too well).

Later again I came much closer to Coropuna on the first ascent of Hualca-hualca (20,000') but discovery of steam vents and sulphur fumeroles* here pre-empted my interest (it's not every climb you discover an active volcano). Finally, from Sabancaya (19,850') I got a look at Coropuna, realizing for the first time that it was even higher than nearby Ampato for which the range is named. It was therefore with surprise that I learned from Dr. Parodi of Arequipa (himself a member of an Italian Coropuna Expedition) that the highest of the eastern summits was unclimbed.

Originally, Coropuna was just an addendum fitted to the front of a proposed exploration of western Cordillera Chila. I had already made the first ascent of Cerro Mismi (18,350'), which was supposedly the highest peak of the Chila Range, but there had been higher and better looking summits to the west. Hence, I had 3 weeks equipment on arrival.

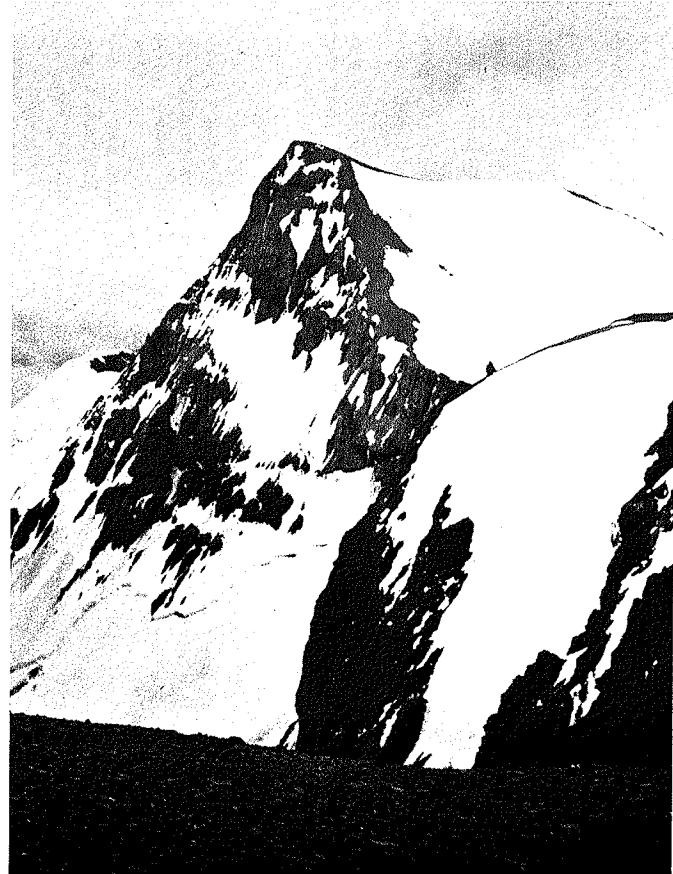
The little backroads buses in South America are an experience beyond description. This particular rolling menagerie was supposed to go to the town of Viraco, but the final 3000' elevation gain proved to be a pack horse trip. My lack of Spanish in making such arrangements had seldom been of much hinderance, as the Ketchua Indians living in the mountains don't speak much of it either. However, it was 2 days before I, a "guide" and my pack were finally above the green canyons and into the barren lands of the llama herders. Eventually the horses gave out from altitude, and the open ground broke into bluffs so I waved goodbye to the guide and started on the problem of hiding equipment. It was snowing gently that night as I finally camped at 18,500'.

Climbing Coropuna Este wasn't quite a walkaway. There was a slight problem with the top part of the volcanic rib I'd selected in the storm

* in the summit ice



Mt. Aconcagua, South America
photo by Dick Culbert



South Face of Cerro Cuerno
photo by Dick Culbert

the night before, and then, the first glaciers were broken into a very distinctive, truly nefarious, crevasse pattern. I'd met these before near the steam vents on Hualco-hualco, and sure enough, to the right was a "cirque" of yellow color and anomalously ice-free. That may be the first time that crampons have been used on sulphur slopes. The odd blast of fumes didn't help much (one doesn't hold their breath long when approaching 20,000'). Finally there were some nasty crevasses hidden by wind crust on the summit ridge, giving way to deep powder on top. Descent was hastened by an electrical storm.

By morning I was sick. Pulling camp down to the high pampas, I gave it a day but things got worse. An attempt to push through to the mountain town of Audua and Cordillera Chila beyond proved that I was far too sick to pack 90 lbs. at this altitude. Gradually the unmistakable taste of amoeba came back and a retreat was begun.

Always the llama herders ask, "Are you alone?--Are you rich?" Often I had been told that there were men in the "next valley" who would surely shoot me for my equipment. Of the month I had spent in those mountains, however, this retreat brought the first piece of real unsavantness, a classic game of hide-and-go-seek at sunset. Finally I managed to lose my tracks on rocky ground in the dark and by evening was down in the canyons. This was my last foray in South America as a job commitment at home was due.

Cordillera Chila is still waiting.

NORTHERNMOST CARIBOO

Summer, 1966

Dick Culbert

Of the 24 or so first ascents I had the privilege of "geologizing" while working in the northern Cariboo Range last summer, the climbs from one 16-day backpack with Ron Nicols of U.B.C. stand out as the most idyllic. The mountains we climbed were pleasant peaks, although fully 1000' lower than the highest of the season. We were set out initially by helicopter somewhere south of Crescent Spur and a line of 5 food caches were strung out across the country to Isaac Lake.

Immediately above our first camp, at the head of Snowshoe Creek, stood 3 peaks, all unnamed and all over 8500' in elevation. 2 of these we geologized to the top, "Slog Mountain" and "Whitespine". The third was protected by a storm although its exterior defences might just have proved sufficient.

One very pleasant day's packing westward brought us to our second cache by a glacial lake beneath the impressive walls of "The Boxcar". On one side of this abrupt white block stood the highest peak in the vicinity (8600'). On the other sat Mt. Hammell, the only named peak around. In the next few days, we found our way onto all 3 summits as well as to a couple of peaks farther north. Climbing never went above class 3 and weather was hideous only part of the time.

Then came a traverse westward through fields of avalanche lilies, with the dark walls of Northstar Mountain rising to the south. Just beyond the third cache, we walked into a mother grizzly who charged at

point blank range. It was a case of "quick draw" for the 357 government pistol which I was miraculously wearing and the grizzly was shot at a range of 8'...not to be recommended! One of the cubs put on a truly sobering scene trying to awaken its dead mother so we named a peak overlooking the field "Orphan Rock".

That country around the head of Haggen Creek soon proved to be teeming with big game. After being charged 3 times in 2 weeks, one becomes jumpy even at ground squirrels!

The day after the shootout found us poking about in an intermittent electrical storm to the summit of "Broken Arch", which stands between the head of Haggen and Ptarmigan Creeks. By noon the following day, we were at our fourth cache from where we mapped eastward to a summit beyond the head of MacLeod Creek (peak: 7180').

The day we left cache 4, there was an intermittent blizzard. On the way, we visited the summit of "Pinstripe Peak" (7800') via its very stormy western ridge. Cairn building ceremonies were cut short when static electricity started making FZZZZZZZT! noises. We reached our final cache behind Cariboo Mountain later that evening.

The main summit in vicinity of cache 5 was an old friend, long-studied and talked of during the weeks spent flogging greenstones in the bush of Bowron Lake country. Eventually, it was called Mt. Cochran (7900'). Ron and I climbed its south ridge one day after a snow-storm. (Ron was one of those natural climbers who took to class 4 climbing as easily as a new dance step.) It was fine rock, as I recall, blocky pink quartzite at that. On top was a cairn that was left 2 days earlier by Yance Buckingham and Ron Savelief who were another part of our wandering Geological Survey crew. 2 days later, both parties were united down on the shores of Isaac Lake swapping stories and waiting for a floatplane to terminate isolation.



The Boxcar
photo by Dick Culbert

ATTEMPT ON VOCEE MOUNTAIN

February, 1966

Peter Lattey

In the fall of '65, the "Geographical Committee for Names" announced that henceforth and forever more there would be a Vee Ocee Mountain. The only problem was that only one small group of people, led by Karl Ricker, had ever seen the mountain. It was therefore decided by three extremely able (as will be shown later) V.O.C.'ers to take their midterm trip in that general direction. This group consisted of the famed Les "Duck" Watson, Duncan "Crunch" Etches and myself, Peter "Chinstrap" Lattey. After due consideration, our expedition was to proceed as follows: travel to Whistler cabin Thursday evening and after an evening of riotous living at the cabin, ride up the lifts and start eastward on skis from the top of Whistler. The main idea is to go like mad to somewhere around Overlord Mountain, look around, look at VeeOcee Mountain, attempt an ascent if possible, and if not, climb a few bumps around Overlord. On our backs, we would need provisions for four days, a stove, tent, sleeping bags, foams, etc. Come to think of it, we were really going to look impressive as we...but that's later. Now to the story.

All went well Thurscay, even if Duncan was an hour late and the lady in Woodwards did give me some very odd looks when I asked her for dehydrated water (lightweight, you know). The drive to Whistler was uneventful as was the night of riotous living in the cabin. Next morning early, we were at the bottom of the lift, keen and waiting. After some begging, they let us on and up we rode with only small hitches - like riding a chairlift with a 70 lb. pack. Then the top. Picture this scene: "A noble snow-encrusted peak thrusting boldly into the deep blue sky; around it, rows of other mountains stretching endlessly away in the clear crisp air. On the slopes of the mountain stands a small hut-the last outpost of humanity-with a tight knot of people saying farewell to three mountaineers starting off to challenge the wilderness. Boldly, with immense dignity, they stride slowly up the mountain, heavy packs catching the sun and bright avalanche tape fluttering in the breeze." Is all that in your mind? Great! Now just forget the part about the "tight knot of people". The only interested people were those who asked "Who are those nuts?" or the patrolman who informed us that the area was unpatrollable. The blue sky disappeared after the first 10 minutes. In the whiteout that resulted, we took a small wrong turn and ended up on the back of Whistler wandering around trying to find our route. After some time, we decided to sit down and wait for a break. Due to the cold, this amounted to me sitting atop a snowbank watching while the other two dug a snowcave to keep us warm.

After about 3 hours digging with no break in the weather, we held a summit conference* and decided to spend the night in our cave. The fantastic cave was over 3' high with a 8' by 6' floor and involved the removal of 144 cu. ft. of snow. (Impressive, heh!) Here we slept and ate. Supper was O.K.

Macaroni and cheese and chicken soup in one pot was fairly pallatable, but breakfast of reheated strawberry-vanilla pudding and porridge with

* Yes, we get the joke, Peter.

raisins was a bit hard to take!

In the morning, we could still not see enough to push on, even though we did try some had to turn back after about a mile. With this situation only one solution remained-to admit failure and return to the lifts. We had a great time skiing in amongst the yo-yo skiers and finally returned to Vancouver Saturday evening.

Interestingly enough, Les tells me that he still has the rye crisp from the trip in his basement. He's saving it for next year's trip.

FIRST V.O.C. MT. BALDY EXPEDITION

February, 1966

Peter Macek

Having heard that Mt. Baldy (9150') in Idaho had never been climbed by V.O.C.'ers, Brian Wallace and I decided to devote midterm break to ski mountaineering and to try for the peak. After many futile attempts to enlarge the size of our expedition, Brian and I found ourselves struggling through the high, blizzard-swept Cascade Mountain passes in an overloaded V.W. A short bivouac in an Oregon train station and we arrived at the Sawtooth range, and another major difficulty. All our attempts to set up a proper base camp failed due to the depth of the snow and finally we had to set up camp at one of the established shelter huts, called "Sawtooth Lodge".

Early next morning in -5° temperatures, we started our first reconnaissance expedition. Mt. Baldy and neighbouring Dollar Mt. have a small commercial development at their base with the occassional chair-lift. We used these to gain the lower reaches of the mountain. Seeing no insurmountable difficulties at the summit, we decided to spend that day and the succeeding several days skiing. The conditions were ideal. The weather was cold and sunny, the snow dry and powdery and the line-ups non-existent, due, probably to the relative obscurity of the area. We returned each evening to base camp for a much needed rest.

On the 6th day of our stay, we decided to try for the summit, although by now we were suffering from sun allergies, over-exertion and each other's cooking. A long, gradual ski ascent up the north ridge brought us to the 9100' level and the final difficult summit block of the Ranger's cabin. A short, tricky pitch and we were on the back porch. Then, utilizing the available technical aids (a ladder), a class 6 face was climbed and a last, steep slab and I was at the chimney cairn. The rest of our stay in Idaho was uneventful, and then it was 16 hours (850 miles) of driving and university again.

Seriously, I can recommend Sun Valley to anyone. The skiing conditions are absolutely unbelievable with 8 chairlifts and 50 odd superbly groomed runs with no people. The cost was \$40 for a week pass and \$10 for accommodation and $23\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per day for food (we took our own). Next year for an encore, we are leading the First VOC. Squaw Valley Expedition with 22 chairs, etc., etc., so save your money at Christmas and ski midterm!



From left to right: Serra I--V, Asperity, Tiedmann, Combattant, Waddington
(facing south)

EXPLORING THE PANTHEON RANGE

July 17 - Aug. 6, 1966

Alice Purdey

On government map No. 92N you will notice a large, unnamed group of mountains to the north of the Waddington Range. It was to this relatively untouched area that 12 members of the B.C. Mountaineering Club went for an expedition-type Summer Camp. The official camp was 2 weeks in length, although 4 of the party were able to arrange to stay for a third week.

In the summer of 1964, Dick Culbert and Glenn Woodsworth had been in the area for $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks of miserable weather. They approached the area from the Waddington Range via Twist Creek, establishing a camp in the col at the head of the west fork. From here, 3 ascents were made -- the first on a ridge to the north, the second (Cyclops peak) and third (Fenris) both across a valley to the west. This was the only previous mountaineering history for the range.

Our own approach was a 2 day pack and bushwhack for 16 miles up Hellraving Creek, then through a 7200' col to Nirvana Pass (5800'), where we established base. Food and extra personal gear had been air-dropped earlier by one of the members flying with Roger Dane of Chilanko Lodge (at Kleena Kleene). The drop was mainly successful, although the cans were bashed (they remained sealed), and a box of packaged cookies was rendered inedible when it landed in a creek. In future, we will air-drop into snow.*

The topography of the Pantheon Range is very rugged, characterized by deep valleys and ridge upon ridge of finger-like gendarmes and pinnacles. Glaciation is not too extensive, especially in the northern sections of the range.

Some thick, high alpine-type scrub bush was encountered on all approaches except on ascents made from higher altitude camps.

Rock varied considerably. In the vicinity to the east of Nirvana Pass (at the head of Calwell Creek) the rock was mainly rotten. Objective dangers on 2 peaks here successfully frustrated summit attempts. Many of the mountains further west offered enjoyable, if loose, scrambling. 7 mountains in the vicinity of Nirvana Pass were climbed, although only the lower peak of one of these was reached. This was climbed again during a second unsuccessful attempt on the very rotten final tower.

Meanwhile, a group of 8 climbers moved camp south to a little pocket valley. From here they had 5 days of pleasant climbing, which included the first ascents of all 4 towers of the Septentrion Spires Group. The main tower (grade 4) was first climbed in a blizzard, a trip which will not be soon forgotten by those along.

Another memorable ascent from this campsite was that of Mt. Zeus, a 10,000' peak which had previously frustrated efforts at route-planning from the north. One party of 3, which went up merely "to see what's on the other side of the col", reported back 15 hours later with the peak in the bag. The other climbers (only slightly green with envy) congratulated them heartily. Both from the Nirvana and Pocket Valley campsites,

* Editor's note: Laf!

everyone got in on at least a few first ascents.

On July 29, official camp ended, and 8 of the party started packing out. The 4 fortunate members left headed farther back into the mountains to establish camp at the snout of a glacier under the north face of Mt. Zeus.

Rock in the southern section of the range (between Twist and Frontier Creeks) was granitic in character and much more solid and pleasant to climb on. In the following week we made 4 ascents on class 3-4 ridges. These included first ascents of Manitou, Thor (9900'), Kali (9400'), and Haephaestus. Good weather helped a great deal in making the entire 3 week camp a successful and most enjoyable experience.

16 first ascents, 2 seconds, and 2 abortions were recorded during the 3 weeks. A distance of 10 miles separated the farthest peaks visited. Much virgin territory remains to be covered and the area still offers many attractions to future expeditions.* Several challenging new routes, as well as first ascents, are waiting.

* would you believe a Freudian slip?!



Bob Cuthbert on platform on ridge
of Haephaestus (Pantheon Range)
photo by Alice Purdey



Alice Purdey on summit of Osiris
in Pantheon Range
photo by Martin Kafer

THE UNIVERSITY WALL

May 1966

Tim Auger

Rock climbing is of course, an everincreasing sport in B.C. and the Chief is really its center. The smooth, vertical granite walls provide the real challenge even with the advanced standards. 1965 saw a high level of activity at the Chief, with well over a dozen new routes being pushed up, some long and sustained. The "Northwest Passage Route", climbed by three Americans and Lief Patterson, a UBC Prof, was the most ambitious. It was amid this activity that some local climbers located a route line overlooked or unconsidered by previous parties. It follows a single-crack system directly up the West face (above the Squamish Highway) and between the two other wall routes of the Chief.

Climbing began in the Fall of 1965, but the route was not to be completed till May 1966, by Hamish Mutch, Glen Woodsworth, Dan Tate, and Tim Auger.

Moderate free climbing of the lower slabs led to a large corner. Using mixed free and aid the climbers ascended the corner as it became steeper, then vertical, then finally overhanging. By the time the climbers had attained 400' it was apparent the climb was going to be very difficult. They would have to set down to serious business.

Over the winter months they prepared and waited. The climb would require seige tactics, pushing fixed ropes higher up the wall, climbing whenever they could, on weekends, holidays and between classes.

In March, with snow and ice still on the face they went up to take the first crack at getting higher. A day's hard climbing netted a paltry 60' including some of the most hairy aid climbing the party members thought they had ever done, and left them quite demoralized about the whole climb.

But over the next few months pairs of climbers took spare time to return to the high point and climb further. Now the ropes were hanging from fixed stations in the crack, there being no ledges anywhere, and each attempt meant ascending the ropes by prussick which hung free of the wall because of the overhang. Three successive leads (225') had been almost entirely overhanging. Some of the best (most difficult) climbing came in these leads when completely dubious pitons had to be trusted. Once, 6 small pitons in a row were placed with only their tips pounded into the ludicrously tight crack.

On the last day of fixed roping the climbing went faster and 2 long leads were pushed up a beautifully smooth exposed wall above to 700'.

At this point the climbers decided that the next effort should be a sustained push for the top of the wall. This would be a several-day effort entailing bivouacs on the face, and fast climbing.

On May 4, the last day of final exams, Don and Hamish ascended the long trail of ropes to the high point, and set about undoing the secret to a large band of overhangs crossing the face at 900'. It was hard going but aiming high they climbed through a slot in the roof and were heading for the Dance Platform, a large ledge, two thirds of the way up the face, when Glen and Tim called from the road.

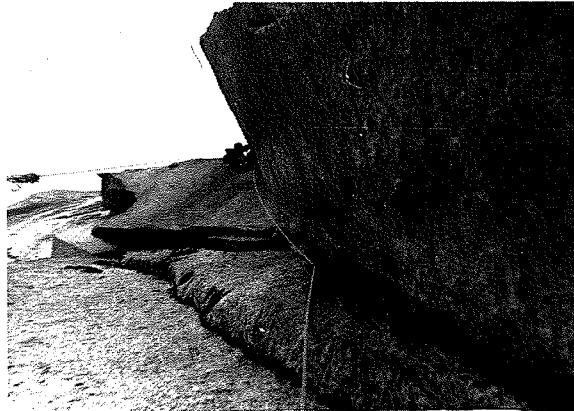
At the road they could hardly hear them above faint cries of encouragement. At dusk Glen and Tim started up the wall, this time cleaning the ropes out behind them, dropping them off the face as they went. Climbing in the dark they reached a ledge at 1000' and bivouaced for three hours until 5:30 a.m., when they finished the ascent to the Dance Platform. Here they completely startled their sleeping comrades who weren't expecting them until at least noon.

400' of difficult looking climbing remained above. They climbed through. It was difficult. By 3 p.m., exhausted from the previous night's climbing and dehydrated by the ferocious heat, Glen and Tim descended to the ledge having climbed only half way to the top.

Dan and Hamish, rested, resumed the climb where they had left off. They climbed higher into the horrendous Roman Chimney pitches. One lead here becomes increasingly overhanging. At its climax Dan was hanging completely free in his stirrups turning slowly in the breeze. Several pitons placed directly in the ceiling, a final move over the lip, and the climbs' sturdy back of challenge was broken. 40 more feet of vertical aid and 5 hours later, at midnight, the last of us crawled up onto the flat ledge at the top. Our desire to race down the backside trail for water was superceded by our desire to collapse into exhausted anti-climatic sleep.

Party:	Glen Woodsworth	VOC
	Hamish Mutch	"
	Tim Auger	"
	Dan Tate	SFOC

The route is 1500' high, almost entirely aid and Grade 6, A3.



Glenn Woodsworth prussiking (5th pitch)
on University Wall. Rope at left
indicates the vertical.

photo by Tim Auger

SQUAMISH CHIEF - BASTILLE ROUTE

May, 1966

Bob Woodsworth

On a warm sunny Sunday, Hamish Mutch and I did a short route which might prove to be of the most popular on the Squamish Chief. Leaving the car, we hiked up the rocky South Gully until we were below a prominent arch on the right hand wall of the gully. Here we could see our proposed route; a series of cracks and blocks which went up to the right of the arch.

The first of the 4 pitches is an ugly, dirty one; the reward is the pleasant climbing above. Hamish led this in fine style, droping only 4 pitons! Spaz! Actually, after the laughter subsided and we stopped grubbing around in the toolies, he soon was up the messy section, having used about 4 aid pitons.

I joined him at the fine ledge and then started up the next section. 30' of flake climbing gave way to a slight overhang which required 3 aid pitons. Another few feet and I placed a high piton which enabled me to pendulum down to a small grassy ledge. A 3" bong is needed here for a belay.

Hamish then came up, leaving a ring piton in place for the pendulum. He then continued on what is perhaps the most enjoyable section of the climb. First, 10' of jam crack; then a 2" bong for protection, then a 5.5 jam crack gave way to class 4 climbing. The lead ended with an interesting chimney and another excellent belay ledge.

The final pitch started off with a short lay-back. 5 aid pins followed; the overhanging block was passed on the left by a tricky move. Easy climbing led up a ramp under a huge chockstone. A short class 4 section and the climb was over ending on a lovely airy platform. Hamish then came up; a few hero shots and then we started the 3 long rappells to the gully floor.

PRACTICE CLIMB - SLAB ALLEY

March, 1966

Dave Zuest

A number of V.O.C.'ers who have been attending rock schools fairly regularly this spring got together and organized an excursion. Harry Milburn, Poncho, Barb W.T.L.N. and myself arrived in Murin Park and met Jim Fowler and Barb Dore. After a pleasant morning of rock school in Murin Park we drove north to the base of the apron. For most of us this was our first experience with hardware and Jim's able instruction was both necessary and very interesting. The climb was completed in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours much longer than usual, but considering that most of us were getting our first introduction to technical and rock climbing, it went smoothly. The only problem we had was removing one pin on a key belay station. Many thanks go to Jim Fowler. It would be nice to see more of the promising enthusiasts at rock school get instruction from the club's "super climbers". There are difficulties involved in equipment and the selection of routes. Also the better climbers have to sacrifice their time to help out. However, if the result is the successful introduction of converts to the high angle rock climbers club, then the sacrifices are well worth the trouble.

CLOUDBURST CLIMBING REPORT

July, 1966

Dave King

About 8 a.m., July 31, 12 energetic V.O.C.'ers met in Squamish. Dave Graham, our leader, naturally was the last to arrive. Using directions given in Dick Culbert's "Climbing Guide" and in the "Mountain Access Guide", we located the logging road on the west side of Cloudburst Mountain. Here we abandoned Rod's Austin Healy which had been smoothing the gravel since Cheekeye cutoff. Needless to say, the logging road was badly eroded and rough. After pushing the 3 V.W.'s up a couple of grades we called it quits. Donning our packs, we proceeded up the road to look for the "well marked third spur road on the right." We never saw "the well marked...", so set off up the south side of the creek which parallels the logging road. Using intuition, deer trails and good luck we found it easy going all the way to the timberline. Here we located the missing marked trail. A little further and we reached the lake in the basin below the peak. Those of us who were looking forward to a swim were disappointed in finding a solid sheet of ice and snow. Between swats at mosquitoes and deer flies we ate lunch then continued on our way.

Snow banks obliterated any trace of a trail so we set off along the east side of the lake and up the open bowl at the far end. Within an hour we had all reached the cairn (6,130'). Time up from the cars was 4 hours. The final pitch is a rock scramble. The panorama which unfolded before our eyes was awe-inspiring. Now we could see the Barrier, Garibaldi Lake and the Tusk to the east; Rainbow, Whistler, Fee and Brew to the north; Peter's Peak to the west; and Jimmy Jimmy, Pelion, Zenith and Niobe in the Tantalus Range to the south. Far below the Squamish and Cheakamus Rivers, Daisy and Alta Lakes could be seen. Only a little cloud and haze from Woodfibre made the view less than truly spectacular. After lying in the sun for an hour and posing for hero shots we slowly departed.

Being able to glissade down the snow banks, it was only minutes before all were back to the lake. Several found travelling on their rears rather wet! After a last look at the peak we descended into the timber following the trail. Several times we lost the trail because large numbers of the aluminum markers had been torn from the trees by settling snow. It was the opinion of everyone that the route followed up was much easier. There was less brush, fewer logs and no rock cliffs to crawl over. The marked trail came out of the timber 400 to 500 yards from the creek at the base of a rock slide. Most of the group then descended on Smilin' Jack's in Squamish before heading down Howe Sound in the setting sun. Glory be to a great trip and good weather.

EAST TO VEEOCHEE MOUNTAIN

September, 1966

Peter Thompson

Once upon a time a little white Sunbeam Imp met a big red logging truck coming down a steep logging road (the private variety). The enormous logger driving the truck was not impressed when the intrepid V.O.C.'ers asked, "Is this not the road to Pemberton?" We started walking.

"We" were 3: Peter "MacEk" Macek, "Roll-bar" Roland Burton and Peter "Peeler" Thompson. VeeOcee Mountain, named by the Ricker-Port Party (V.O.C.J. 1964) was still unclimbed. The mountain is located 30 miles east-south-east of Whistler Mountain in the McBride Range, 4 miles west of Sir Richard.

The run-in with the big red truck happened at an altitude of 3100' on the road leading to the top of the Whistler gondola lift. Scorning the cables and chairs of man's genius, the Intrepid Three walked up to the warming hut. Yea team! 5 hours after our late start, a soft pink sunset indicated it was time to play the game, "Try and Find a Flat Place For Your Tent". Some time later, mostly by feel, we found one. MacEk and I erected the tent while Roll-bar created the first of several tasty meals. Meadow Camp was in a pleasant cirque north of Oboe Mountain.

Morning came coolly. The sky, cloudless blue; the meadows, golden in the sunshine; optimism was high. "Hey Pete, how about "VeeOcee Mountain and Other Climbs" for a title of the Journal article?"

Oboe Mountain, our first summit, 6,500 lumpy feet high was conquered 10 minutes after leaving camp. Descending into the alpine paradise of Singing Pass, our weighty packs were forgotten. Rounding a ridge hiding Russet Lake, we stopped in our tracks. Beauty beyond words, isn't rare in the mountains, but each time one runs into it, it has a throat grabbing effect.

Lunch-time! 3 "Stoned Wheat Thins:, 1 ounce cheese, 1 ounce sausage, 1/3 of an apple, water--we went lightly on food this trip. After finishing our "meal" we charged up Whirlwind (7972') to calibrate the altimeter.

No sweat getting into the Refuse Pinnacle--Whirlwind Col. The traverse of the southern slopes of Refuse Pinnacle was a little slow. Intrepidly as possible we continued onward, slogged up over the Overlord Glacier to the saddle between Mt. Benvolio (8,500') and Mt. Fitzsimmons (8,600'). 4 p.m. found us reclining on the summit of Mt. Fitzsimmons. Back in the saddle (yuk!) we roped up to make a descent of the headwall of the cirque containing the Diavolo Glacier. All 3 of us were drooling over impressive Mt. Cheakamus. Promising ourselves to climb it on the way out, we started down. The odd semi-bottomless crevase made things interesting before the almost flat section of the Diavolo was reached. Straight across to Detour Ridge (another Ricker-Port name, V.O.C.J. 1964) was the route from there. Near the top of Detour Ridge, a steep-sided glacial cirque opened up to the south. Timberline was 1,500' below us. Firewood meant conservation of our meagre (Ha!) white gas supply.

Let's go! We lost the required altitude in a hurry. A screamy glissade and short ramble over glacial morain brought us to a gently sloping flat place close beside a babbling brook. Christening the immediate area with the heroic title, "Assault Camp", the crew set to work. 4 miles away, directly across the valley cut by the Cheakamus River, VeeOcee Mountain looked very climbable. It appeared that the challenge in reaching the summit was not the climb itself but in getting to the base of the mountain.

The third day dawned...Well, it didn't really dawn at all. The gray fog just turned a lighter shade of gray. Socked in at 6,000'! Curses! (Bag term for various unsavoury words pertaining to bad weather). Coast Range climbers, especially intrepid V.O.C.'ers cannot let the weather stop them. "Onward!!!" a little voice cried, "Onward!!"

First, the descent to the Cheakamus River, a fun series of controlled falls down 2,000 steep feet of tangled bush.

Second, ford the Cheakamus River, easier said than done. We couldn't do it directly and had to bushwack upstream a half-mile, jumping one small torrent along the way and going back down the other side of the Cheakamus to the creek draining the Ubysssey Glacier. (Ubysssey Creek?) where we headed in a southerly direction up said creek. Coming out on an old terminal moraine, it was obvious the cloud level had risen approximately 100'. Cheers! and stuff. A bit more bush, spiced with hornet's nests this time and then open moraines and snowfields at last.

Climbing mountains in the fog is always interesting. Not knowing just exactly where one is going keeps one on one's toes. Heh! Heh!

Generally the idea is to find a ridge and follow it up into the murk. We were lucky in that we had been able to pick out a route the night before from across the valley. Also, Mother Nature was on our side in the form of a group of mountain goats. While traversing the unnamed glacier on the east side of VeeOcee Mountain (How about "Goat Glacier"?), we intersected some goat tracks. Ah Hah! Assumption: Goats do not cross glaciers just for a chuckle. They must be going from A to B. Goats, being sensible beasties, would not travel across country via mountain faces but from one low point or pass to another. Conclusion: These tracks will lead us to the col south of VeeOcee Mountain.

Filled with feelings of good fellowship for mountain goats in general, we followed the tracks higher into the grayness. An overhanging face materialized out of the fog. The little voice said, "Goats are awfully good rock climber chaps!" Aha! What's this? A tongue of snow bridging the bergschrund and leading to a low point in the headwall. 100' of rock scrambling and we were on the South Col of VeeOcee Mountain, henceforth to be known as "Goat Pass". The south ridge was a steep walk, somewhat of a letdown after the long approach. The map indicated the summit would be 7700'. We managed to reach 8,000' before we were convinced we were on the summit. The view was somewhat less than inspiring, all of us having seen the inside of a cloud before. An indestructable cairn was constructed, summit hero shots were taken, and it was time to go down. My watch said 3 p.m.; we had $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours of daylight left.

2 long glissades made it easier to ignore the noise of the rain on our ponchos. We made good time on the way back. Darkness caught us with 1000' of bush to wack our way up. We squished into camp at 10 p.m.

Mmmmm! Happiness is drying out in front of a fire, eating freeze-dried chicken stew and anticipating a warm, dry sleeping bag.

NORTH FACE WEST LION

September, 1966

Alice Purdey

It just so happened that Dick Culbert and myself had one Tuesday free at the beginning of term. At 7 a.m. we caught a ride in a logging crummie up the Mt. Brunswick road to a point overlooking Harvey Creek, below the West Lion. Examination of the wall from this point revealed that route-finding might be somewhat of a problem, especially in the difficult looking upper section. The bottom skirts appeared to involve little more than scrambling. Besides the true north face, the wall displays a northeast and northwest face, a northeast buttress and a northwest arete.

Our route began about midline, jogged left, then gradually angled right until at one point we were just on the edge of the northwest arete. Up to now, shortly after lunch and half way up, the going had been much more difficult than anticipated. The rock had proved greasy and down-sloping; piton cracks which didn't bottom out were hard come by.

Suddenly, the nature of the rock changed and climbing from there on was delightful. Holds were ample and the cracks were good. This was very much appreciated when a difficult short traverse under an overhang near the summit had to be negotiated.

The 7 hour route was generally class 4 and 5 with a very little scrambling but is difficult to describe due to complexity of the wall itself.

We descended in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the road above Harvey Creek on an open timber ridge to the northwest of the Lion.

This is believed to be a first ascent of the face.

(The summit is only the halfway point. A climb is not finished until the mountaineer returns to camp. There he can relax and let the warmth of personal satisfaction take over. Deliciously tired, he feels ultrasensitive to the warmth of the fire, the good taste of food, and the comradeship of his companions. Chuckling to himself, he thinks, "Heaven is right here on earth".)

The next morning, after a friendly sock drying session, we 3 broke camp and climbed back up into fog heading for home. Driving rain changed to a blizzard as we ascended the Diavolo Glacier to the Benvolio-Fitzsimmons Col. Our tracks of 2 days before disappeared under the drifting snow just as the summit rocks of Benvolio appeared. Visibility was about half a rope-length and an extremely pushy wind was flinging snow at us from the south-west. Pausing momentarily on top of Benvolio, we decided the only route out was a traverse over Fitzsimmons, Overlord (8,600') and Refuse Pinnacle (8,100'), keeping the cornice and steep northerly faces on our right. It worked! Several hours later we were back down into the rain and making tracks for Singing Pass. The storm lasted all night and pushed us around some more the next day as we walked out over Oboe and Flute back to the top of the Chairlift. The descent to the world of people and stuff via the cables and chairs was the soggy end to a successful jaunt east to VeeOcee Mountain.



Alice Purdey doing direct aid
photo by Barry Hagen

LAND OF THE LICHEN

Dick Culbert

The north coast is a mangey land,
Trees fighting cliffs
Trees fighting swamp,
Storm shocked, abrupt;
Crag spangled, yet grotesque with youth;
Raw splendour, yet a scraglyness
As ragged claws of bushes push
Green lines up granite walls;
A certain fierceness clings.

Salt water smells!
The flashing, kelp-strewn, passageways of wind
Are never far,
For all these islands spread
Like some vast jigsaw-puzzle
Cut too small.
Forgotten fjords;
Green surging lines that never rest
Torn deep in rock--
Some say the Thunderbird went mad,
And some say ice,
Or cracks....
The throbbing little fishboats never ask;
A greedy seagull hardly cares.

Eagle claimed and eagle spanned
This is the eagle's rightful home:
Updraught swept
Their shadows flick on granite walls,
Down flaring cirques,
Bush strangled draws, quiet lakes
To salty foam.
And yet,
Like grizzlies, moose, and wolves, they number few;
Their ragged nests of hope fight storms from barren trees,
They barely hold their own.
An emblem?
Yes, perhaps,
Of how man dreams--not of this land
No creature's less appropriate;
Fearless freedom, swiftness, grace,
Are alien here.

I've watched the flames of sunset come
On ripples over nameless lakes
In silent splendor to my feet;
I've tramped
Where shocking walls of granite vault
To wild blue skies of wind;
Seen cataracts,
And flowers;
Heard clear birds and stormy coasts;
Have felt as one

With windy crests and flashing streams:
And yet I never sensed,
Not here,
The stinging essence of this land
The alien truth.

As if dew spangled webs could hide
The purpose in a spider's eyes,
I half recall a muskeg pool
Muck deep among
The water lily's lovely lie,
A giant water-beetle, pulling
Salamander guts.....
It's just a thought.

Relentless, silent
Green things pry.
Ceaseless, mindless, slow;
A savage stress of living cells
That fights the granite walls,
The sovereign slabs
Which sweep for half a holdless mile
Majestic, to the winds.
Some pressure, force,
Drives desperate, clinging, gnawing things
Up cracks that aren't a gnat's wing wide.
They strain to break the rock
And will,
But life is hard, there is no scree.

And what of forests; stringy, fighting trees
That line the stormy coasts.
Still in their youth, yet bleached
Halfway to snaghood, torqued,
And stunted.
No old-timers stand aloof, the forests here
Are bristling white with skeletons,
And dead tops rattle with the wind;
The soil is thin and all die young,
Die pioneers.

This is a land that's out of kilter.
Silent, gaunt, and yet
A battlefield,
A cry of raw despair,
Lichens, only lichens
Grow in ease,
Belong in billions.
Closest to the caustic tides
And highest on the crags, they chase
The lines of melting ice.
They grow on trees, alive or dead,
And only lichens hold
To overhangs
At home on seamless granite walls;
This is their world.

We cannot sense
Unceasing, crystal-splitting stress
In fresh hewn crags:
We see some cracks, and scars of slides,
But cannot feel.
Nor do we hear
The countless, straining, gnawing, hopeless lives
That fight for place,
That perish young.
It's all too slow, too alien;
We hear free streams, free birds, free wind,
We cannot sense the frozen scream
That's lasted some ten thousand years.
It's frozen in slow-splintering walls
Of flaring cirques,
And nameless, silent, desperate things that cling;
This is the lichen's heritage, and this
Shall be the lichen's legacy.

All beauty, peace,
The rugged pride with windblown hair,
Contentment:
These are gifts of pampered nerves;
It is ourselves we feel
And not the land, we can't
Except.....
Perhaps a fleeting glimpse just now and then:
Mosquitoes; screaming, mindless hordes,
Hysteric for a patch of skin
On which they'll die.
It's ghost still clings to avalanche debris,
To rock scarred snags,
And streams aflop
With spawning, trying, dying flesh.
And maybe just the edge of truth
Has scratched you, when the voice of wolves
Cut long, cold, aching voids
Across the stars.

Unlikely, but there's just a chance,
Sleet numb, storm soaked, sometime you've come
Rope's end, cliff hung, and stared far down
Relentless, unfamiliar walls
To swirling cloud.
Seen waterfalls down holdless slabs,
And felt wet lichen hopelessness.
Alone; your stomach oozed despair:
Perhaps for just a moment's void
The vortex of the abyss helped you sense
This land:
It wasn't hate, just heartlessness;
A moment you were half in tune
With all things wild, not quite a fear
But quiet desperation;
Fight!, cling!, or die unknown.

Perhaps you half-way realized,
 Half felt the abyss, then recoiled:
 Fight!, cling!, or die....
 In truth this whole land radiates
 The conscience of a blood-mad fly.

SPECIAL FEATURES

NOTES ON EUROPE

1965 - 66

Henning Freybe

Europe. The alps. Grindelwald. Arlberg. Many a student tends to spend uninspiring lectures thinking about these or other far-away places of excitement and fascination. Each year several V.O.C. students manage to find their way to that distant land to finally see and do some of the things of which they have been dreaming. The summer of 1965 was my turn. Munich, in southern Germany, became my second home. Besides being a fabulous town on its own, it is uniquely located with respect to the German, Austrian and Swiss slopes - excellent opportunities for skiing and climbing.

Have you ever strolled onto the sundeck of one of the many chalets overlooking Grindelwald on the "First" side some late evening with the village lights shining below, the moon looking down onto the snow-covered Eiger, Moench and Wetterhorn mountains and turning them into mountains of silver; seen a lonely light shining starlike in the middle of the Eiger north face indicating the railroad tunnel creeping up to the Jungfrau inside; watched the fog drifting up the valley so that all the lights of Grindelwald beneath you disappear and you are alone with the moon, the light, and the calm? If you haven't, don't miss it.

There are as many things to do in the Alps as there are beersteins in Munich! Thus, having survived the Octoberfest, I first bought myself a pair of Fischer Alus skis. Munich University offered many inexpensive ski trips. After much deliberation, I decided to go to a relatively new ski village called Ischgl, located in the Blue Silvretta region of Tyrol just southeast of the Arlberg. The hill has a vertical drop of some 4200', a gondola lift, many excellent runs and unsurpassed snow conditions. The village itself lies at the 3600' level. Students in the cheapest price class were put into the most fascinating old farmhouses just outside the town. Mine had a stable with real cows under the same roof! The main living room with its huge old tiled stove (the type that you sit against and lie on top of) was full of old family furniture and other belongings. A steep, creaky staircase led to the upstairs bedrooms, with small downfeather beds, cold water in the basins (not so practical) and slightly leaning ceilings. The only time that the 6' height of the rooms bothered us was when we danced the polka on New Year's Eve in the downstairs' living room. The 50 or more passenger gondola which took us up in about 7 minutes, cost \$20 (500 shillings) for a weekly pass and did we ever get our money's worth! The weather was excellent (and so was the sunburn) with lots of powder snow...but then that really isn't so unusual!

The choice of excellent ski runs is unlimited. As I later found out, some other V.O.C.'ers (Dave Higgins, Norma Wills and Dave Hardie) were at the same time 20 direct miles away at Lech and Zuers. The skiing (even though the runs aren't long), the atmosphere, the setting and the friendliness are just great. Find out for yourself sometime!

AVALANCHES: THE MARGIN OF SAFETY

1966

Randy Harrison

Author's Note:

"I have attempted to put, in a single article, all the facets of mountaineering and avalanches that go together... I have written it for your Journal and what I will always consider my club."

I. Avalanches

Snow avalanches result from a tremendous number of variables... wind, weather, terrain, internal and external stresses...and as such are often highly unpredictable. These slides may occur when the snow is dry or when it is wet; when the temperature falls or when it goes up. The heavy, wet-snow avalanches attain a speed in the magnitude of 17 to 20 m.p.h.; the dry-powder slides, coming off long steep slopes, have been clocked in excess of 200 m.p.h.! The very nature of powder-snow avalanches--a mixture of snow and air that is denser than the surrounding air--produces terrific columns of compressed air that travel ahead at speeds reaching 100 m.p.h. Subsequent vacuums are produced along the sides and behind these larger avalanches.

Although a cubic metre of powder snow weighs only about 20 lbs., an equivalent volume of the heaviest wet snow weighs almost 2000 lbs! The mountaineer who is caught in a wet snow avalanche is essentially imprisoned in the slide by the weight of the snow.

Avalanches may start silently, with a dull thud, or with an ear-splitting crack of sound. Often the noise of one avalanche will trigger other slides that may or may not be in the immediate vicinity.

II. Terrain

There are few hard and fast rules which can be set as an aid in judging what terrain is most susceptible to avalanching. What is safe one day may be a decided compromise the next. The old saying "cross high" is a good one, but the presence of cornices, concave slopes, and deep drifts often make exceptions to this rule. Occasionally, a party may not be in the mood to climb several thousand feet just to avoid crossing a narrow gulley.

It requires constant awareness and careful judgement on the part of the individual before he can make a sound decision. Among the more obvious situations are:

1. steep slopes, especially those that are concave such that the upper portion is steepest.
2. untimbered gullies act as natural funnels for avalanches.
3. old avalanche paths, often made obvious by scars on timbered slopes.
4. cornices, sometimes with a deep drift of snow existing on the slope immediately below.
5. depth of snow, considering also the cohesion and stability of the buried snow layers.
6. ridges are generally considered to be safer for travel than gulleys or couloirs.
7. trees, bushes, and boulders may increase protection but large avalanches can sweep through these.
8. a knowledge of the local geology is often useful: i.e...is the ground surface rough and broken, or does the dip of the strata form smooth rock slabs upon which the snow would have little or no anchorage?

III. Weather

Weather is perhaps the least obvious but nevertheless one of the most crucial factors in determining both the snow conditions and what type of terrain will be in danger of avalanching. Some of the factors to consider and remember are:

1. prevailing winds form cornices on the leeward side of a ridge.
2. the possibility of avalanching increases with rising temperatures, hence the avalanche-danger is generally at a maximum from the middle of the day to the late afternoon, with the southerly slopes being the most susceptible.
3. warm winds are a far more effective thawing agent than sunshine. Also, winds greater than 15 m.p.h. are considered to increase the danger.
4. cold weather is generally considered the safest, but steep slopes of deep powder bear watching, especially if it has been some time since the last snow fall.
5. temperature inversions and high-elevation slip-stream winds may be affecting the peaks while the party is still in the valley.

IV. Snow Structure and its relationship to avalanches

Basically, a crystal of snow has a symmetrical shape with a number of rays or dendrites that give it a star-like appearance when seen under magnification. This crystal is continually undergoing changes which, among other things, tend to reduce the dendrites, thereby altering the crystal into a spherical grain and/or causing the snow to adhere into a matrix.

The sublimation of these dendrites reduces the inter-fingering bonds between the crystals. As the grains become more intimately associated the density is increased. Hence, other things being equal, new snow of any type has a higher cohesive quality which it tends to lose with time. From this comes the first rule on avalanche prediction:

Rule 1. New powder snow tends to avalanche less than old powder snow.

However, such a rule does not take into account any factors other than the sublimation of the dendrites. It must be emphasized that all the "rules" are subject to modification, depending on the number of factors being considered. An example where the first rule might fail would be if the new snow fell on an old and very hard crust. Herein lies the second rule:

Rule 2. New snow will not adhere well to a hard, frozen, and wind-packed crust. The danger increases with the depth and the angle of repose. Check by probing.

A temperature equilibrium is often reached between the snow surface and a thin layer of air immediately above it. However, if there is a wind, the moving masses of air continually sweep this insular layer of cold air away from the surface and keep a steady supply of warmer air melting the snow. This "warm wind" is the greatest single force in the fast melting of snow. Also, percolating melt-water, plus moisture added by rainfall, will increase the snow's density and eventually lubricate its base.

Rule 3. Wet snow avalanches may be expected when warm winds cause rapid melting. The situation is aggravated by rain. It is most dangerous when it follows on the tail of a normal mid-winter cold spell when there is a lot of unconsolidated snow hanging on steep slopes.

There are two crust formations which are the result of wind: wind crust and wind slab. Wind crust is the least dangerous of these, occurring on the windward side of the slope as a result of a relatively dry wind blowing onto the snow and compressing the grains into hardened situs. The essential fact is that it generally develops in the absence of drift.

The wind slab is potentially the most dangerous snow condition in the mountains. This treacherous slab is generally found on the leeward side of slopes, ridges, couloirs, etc., the result of a moist wind drifting snow that freezes upon deposition into thin layers of slab which may build up. The danger lies not in the formation of the crust itself, but rather in the fact that this crust forms on unconsolidated dry snow. This underlying snow will eventually settle, leaving an air gap between itself and the overlying slab. This under-snow may also set up tremendous stresses by starting to creep downslope, but being prevented from sliding by the outer coat of slab. At this stage the crust is like a taut rubber band, a "trigger" which the unwary climber or skier might release. Later falls

of snow might complicate the situation by obscuring the original, but still deadly, slab below.

Rule 4. If slab is suspected, probe deeply with an inverted ski ice axe, or ski. Check leeward slopes particularly. If an air space is noted below the slab under no circumstances chance a steep slope.

If a deep probe to the lowest snow strata reveals large snow crystals with little ability to cohere, then depth hoar is present. This condition occurs in years when the snow falls before freeze-up. The still-warm ground will melt away the snow immediately above, leaving spaces which may cause the whole area to settle suddenly. On steeper slopes an avalanche inevitably results.

V. Mountaineering Precautions

Occasionally in mountaineering the crossing of a potentially dangerous slope cannot be avoided. Although the route to be followed may have been carefully selected, the following precautions should also be taken:

1. Generally, cross avalanche slopes as high as possible, and on foot rather than on ski.
2. Descend or ascend the slope directly (also preferably on foot).
3. Keep a wide spacing between the members of the party...not just a few feet, but as much as several hundred yards.
4. Cross unroped, unless a belay point can be established on safe snow or rock.
5. Silence should be maintained.
6. All bindings or straps should be loosened or undone in order to facilitate the quick removal of poles, skis, and packs. (The skis should come off with the flip of a single catch.)
7. It may be desirable to have one member of the party watch dangerous upper slopes while the party crosses one below. The watching member can thus give a warning shout as soon as an avalanche starts.
8. Warm gloves or mitts should be worn in order to avoid frozen hands if buried in an avalanche.
9. A cloth tied around the neck, to cover mouth and nose, will help avoid suffocation from the snow-dust of a light powder avalanche.
10. Each individual would be well advised to attach to himself a 3/16" coloured cord, thirty yards or more in length. If possible, arrows should be marked on the cord (with ink or felt pen) pointing towards the wearer. Such a cord is often invaluable in searching for people buried in an avalanche.

VI. Survival in an Avalanche

If an individual is caught in an avalanche there is little time for thought. Reactions must be automatic and fast. Above all else, the skier must get rid of his skis, poles, and pack before being caught by the full force of the avalanche. This point cannot be overemphasized.

Because an avalanche flows fastest at the top and the centre, slowest at the sides and on the bottom, a trapped person should try to get to the edge. Swimming, with head uphill, will help him to stay on the surface of the avalanche. An awareness of which direction is up should be maintained.

Heavy wet-snow avalanches, when they stop, freeze solid almost immediately. Therefore, in order to breathe, a person should strive to keep his head in the air or, if buried, to obtain a space around his head and chest. The latter is best done by putting the hands in front of the face like a boxer.

If buried, don't waste energy. Resist the urge to fall asleep. It has been suggested that lying on the stomach is a good compromise between freezing and breathing in different positions, but in heavy snow one cannot alter the position in which the body has come to rest.

Remember, if caught in an avalanche, keep fighting. Get your skis off, head for the edge, swim to stay on the surface, don't give up....

VII. Rescue

In searching for victims of an avalanche, remember that time is extremely precious. Members of the party that were not caught by the avalanche should observe the path of those being swept away, in order that they might direct others to place markers at the positions of the buried victims. People caught in the middle of an avalanche will generally have been swept further down the hill than those caught near the sides of the slide.

Probing for victims should be a well-organized and systematic search. Although long poles are best for this purpose, frequently skis, ski poles, or ice axes must be used. Once the area to be probed has been quickly but carefully laid out, the searchers, each about three feet apart, should be arranged in a straight line. As the line moves slowly forward, all the while maintaining perfect alignment, each person probes deeply with his pole from left to right, making the soundings one foot apart. Victims found should be dug out carefully, as they may be suffering from severe external or internal injuries.

It is hoped that the preceding article will have provided some understanding of the cause and effect of snow avalanches and what precautions the mountaineer can take. Printed words are a supplement to, not a replacement for, mountaineering experience.

Even the best mountaineer may have to take a calculated risk. It is the decision based on fact and knowledge, rather than on chance, that increases the ever-necessary "margin of safety."

SOME GEOMORPHIC FEATURES
of the
SOUTHERN COAST MOUNTAINS

Randy Harrison

The Coast Mountains of British Columbia stretch from a few miles north of the Canada-United States border up into the Yukon Territory in a belt that is from 100 to 150 miles wide.

Although the main physiographic features of the Coast Mountains are thought to have existed at least 25 to 30 million years ago, the present form of the area undoubtedly did not appear until towards the end of the last great ice age. Locally, the last North American glacial stage (the Wisconsin) is thought to have occurred in three individual periods ranging from 60,000 years ago to less than 11,000 years ago.

Glacier-developed features such as grooves and elongate ridges show that during the last stages of intense glaciation the ice sheet, which may have been as much as 8,000' thick, was moving in a general southward direction. Most of the mountain peaks below 500 - 5500' are somewhat rounded, an indication that only the highest peaks have escaped the erosional effects of the ice. The weight of the over-riding ice depressed the land surface considerably and marine fossils have been found up to 600' above the present sea level. Undoubtedly, these ice sheets affected the surface drainage by altering or diverting stream courses, scouring out depressions to develop trough-like lakes, and possibly affecting the natural watersheds enough to cause rivers or lakes to spill over into adjacent valleys.

Present-day glaciers are confined to the highest elevations of the southern Coast Mountains. Occasional advances in ice movement have been recorded, but on the whole the glaciers are slowly retreating and diminishing in size. In the area around the south-west corner of British Columbia glacierization is slight except in the vicinity of Mt.. Garibaldi, Pitt Lake, and the Tantalus Range, where small glaciers occupy cirques or the upper regions of small high-altitude valleys.

Cirques, tarn lakes, moraines, and small outwash deposits are common geomorphic features that have been developed by glaciers. Not all the cirques have tarn lakes, but the two are often together, particularly in the Tantalus and Earle Ranges northwest of Howe Sound. Many of the cirques have a somewhat symmetrical shape, possibly a reflection of the relative homogeneity of the granitic rocks in which they are developed.

The lack of glacial striations has been attributed to active frost action, a process which may have also produced the unusually large granitic blocks on the upper slopes of Castle Towers Mountain in Garibaldi Park. The formation of such blocks may be indicative of extensive exposure to weathering in an unglaciated environment, hence the peak may have stood above the last great ice sheet.

Moraines often provide an interesting setting to observe the struggle of plant succession....lichens, mosses, and some seed plants are usually the first forms of vegetation to colonize a moraine. These "pioneers" eventually develop enough soil to support trees such as the

Alpine Fir. The firs in turn produce conditions capable of sustaining the larger hemlock trees. These hemlocks eventually outgrow and kill the firs, leading to the development of yet another plant community.

The relative young age of the local topography is exemplified by the fact that the slopes bordering the larger lakes (such as the Pitt and the Harrison) and the coastal waters plunge precipitously into the water with few, if any, of the breaks or pronounced changes in slope as might be found along older coastlines. Beaches are scarce along these mountainous shores except where rivers have developed deltaic deposits.

The waters of Howe Sound are at least 800' deep and recent seismic studies have indicated the possibility of as much as 1200' of sediments on the sea floor (Dr. J. Murray, personal communication). This would make possible approximately 11,000' or more of relief between the granitic "bedrock" of Howe Sound and the highest (9500') peaks of the southern Coast Mountains.

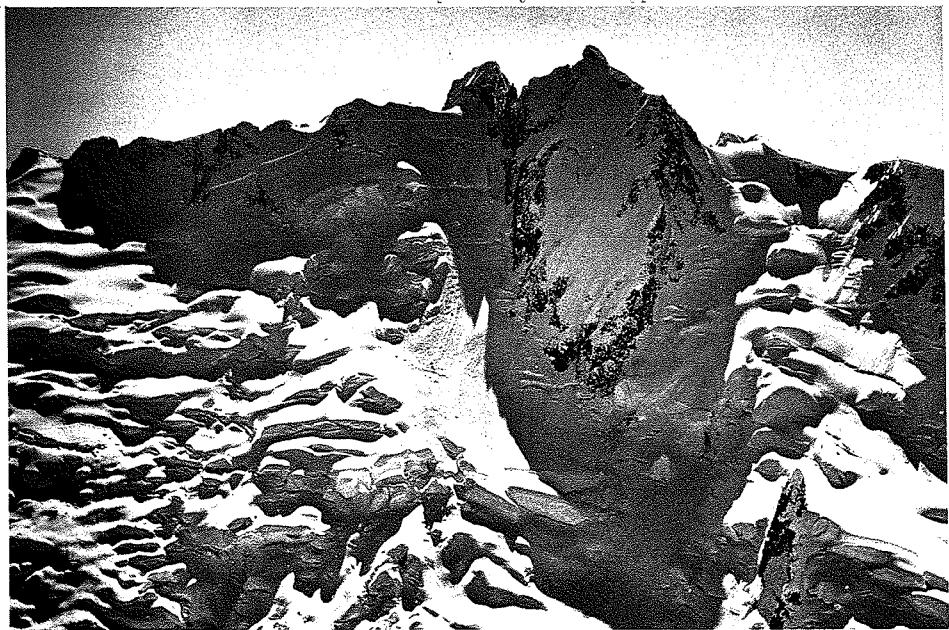
There is little doubt that the coastal fjords are merely "submerged" glacial valleys, and it is thought that the glaciers scoured out these fjords while the floor of the inlet was below the sea level of that time. If the depth of the water had been less than nine-tenths of the thickness of the ice, the glacier would have been resting on the bottom and therefore probably capable of eroding the sea floor. Valleys such as the one containing Pitt Lake were undoubtedly fjords that have since been isolated from the sea by both the upward "rebound" of the land after the ice sheets retreated and by the subsequent deposition of sediments in the area now known as the Fraser Valley.

Most of the valleys have of course been modified by glaciation and the classical U-shaped cross-profile is common. However, much of this U-shaped appearance may be due to the accumulation of scree, river deposits, and landslide debris in the floor of the valley.

Volcanic activity has also had a role in modifying the original topography left by the glaciers. Some lava flows followed and completely filled ancient topographic lows, others followed modern valleys. The Ring Creek flow, immediately east of Squamish, is an 11 mile flow that split the drainage of the valley. Further north, in what is now part of Garibaldi Park, the Price Mountain lavas were impeded against the margin of the last retreating ice sheet, subsequently developing unusually steep cliff faces that collapsed only about 100 years ago. This is the area commonly referred to as The Barrier. The same flows dammed the ancient valley that now contains Garibaldi, Lesser Garibaldi, and Barrier Lakes.



Lake Lovely Water, February 1966
air photo by Bill Tupper



East Face of Mt. Tantalus, February 1966
air photo by Bill Tupper

BEWITCHED

Dave King

Vancouver with its stench, clamour, and populace
Are soon forgotten as the muteness of
Rocky peaks, the whisper of green forests and the stark silence of
powder

Snows overwhelm us with their grandeur.
In most thoughts cause the pulse to quicken as
The excitement of anticipation heightens.
Yes, we are off on another V.O.C. weekend.

Onto the sheer face of the "Chief" the daring ventures as
Unlimited peaks and pinnacles beckon unto others and
The ski slopes attract the energies of still more.
Dramatic days end--end in rousing dances for those at Whistler, but
Others will creep into tiny tents on some forsaken mountain,
Odoriferous soups, cheeses, and meats or cold mush, rice and stew
Replenish voracious appetites that overlook bugs and charcoal.

Coming all too quickly are the dusks of Sundays, but
Left are the rains and cold and views and thrills for the memories.
Uncanny drives already have us planning new journeys
Back again to the indomitable lure of the hills.