The Varsity Outdoor Club Journal



VOLUME XII • 1969

The University of British Columbia

Vancouver, Canada

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

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Within the past year, members of the Varsity Outdoor Club have completed several outstanding climbing and ski-mountaineering expeditions. Garibaldi Park, The Cascades, The Coast Range, The Bugaboos, The Kokanee Glacier have all seen their footprints. I shall leave them to tell of their own adventures, but mention that these groups set their goals and followed through on them with the limited time and on the limited budgets of students. To share the outdoors has been a goal in itself for them. The camaraderie and elan of these mountaineers is at the heart of the VO.C.

The present size of the club has fostered small groups with special interests: rock
climbers, mountaineers, ski-touring types,
snowshoers, and a survival training group, to
name a few. More important, however, is that
a large segment of the club has become actively involved in the growing war against
pollution. It is through their urging that
the VOC has joined the Society for Pollution
and Environmental Control. Thanks, too, to
this group for their campaign to make members
aware of what they can do personally to prevent ecological ruin.

A large increase in club equipment this year has made it possible to schedule regular overnight winter skitouring trips and to increase the number, variety, and safety of our mountaineering schools. An emphasis has been placed on smaller groups on all trips, while the Whistler Cabin has served as the focal point for club activities. The hut erected by the club at the base of the Sphinx Glacier will serve as the base for future spring camps.

All this is the VOC, but there is so much more that cannot be just written down. Come out and find it.

Charlie Brown



N/E FACE of MT GARIBALDI MASSIF from MT. PARAPET.

VOC EXECUTIVE 1968-1969

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Treasurer
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VOC EXECUTIVE 1969-1970

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THE EDITOR'S DILEMA

Gefting out a journal is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, people say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines,

We are too lazy to write then ourselves.

If we don't print every word of all contributions,

He don't appreciate genius.

If we do print them, the columns are filled with funk,

If we make a change in the other fellow's article,

We are too critical.

If we don't, we are blaned for poor editing.

Now, as like as not, someone will say:

We swiped this from some other source;

We did.

From "Matilda"-Girl Guide Magazine from Victoria, Australia.



EDITOR'S MESSAGE

I would like to thank all those people who took the time and trouble to write articles, proof-read, type, draw cartoons, maps, and sketches, give advice and moral support. Without them, this Journal would never have been completed.

I hope you all enjoy reading the 1969 Journal and that you think it worthwhile to be an active participant in the publication of next year's.

Thank you all again very such.

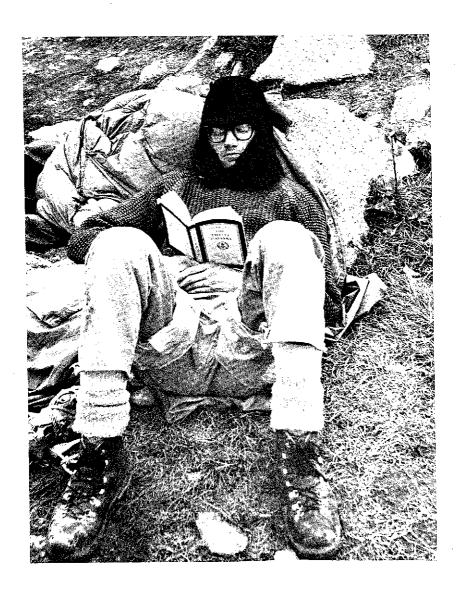
Sara Oliver Editor, 1969

JOURNAL COMMITTEE

Editor Assistant Editor Assistants

Sara Oliver Judy Spanks Roland Burton Louise Kilbeins Chris McNeill Hevin Hoffman

Cartoonist



Roland Burton relaxing - Photo by Les Watson

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Diddi Price and friend - Photo by Peter Macek

VOC SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Whistler Gathering

Although there wasn't a battle of the bands, spirits were high. Everyone had a gas talking about their Christmas trips. Whist-ler Luxury seemed to feel that it was the best, but those who went to North Star, Schweitzer Basin, and Rossland would argue against that!

Open House and Chorus Line

Because of snow and road conditions on the Whistler highway, the party was held at the Seymour Cabin. The girls, under the controlled handling of Mike Woods and Chris McNeill, turned the audience on with a "strip act". Because of their skill and special qualifications, they of course won. The valient efforts of the boys under the guidance of Sue Burns, Joni Fisher, and Cathy Milligan, must also be praised. They too, performed a "strip act" but because of their lack of qualifications, lost. The party was a great success and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Banquet

Martin and Esther Rafer gave an excellent slide show on climbing in Bolivia and Peru. Kathy Bickerton was hostess for the afterparty. Congratulations to Dave Wingate and Les Watson on receiving Silver Pins.

Fall Reunion

Everyone met at Ford Cannon's this year. The party afforded a chance for people to renew old acquaintances and tell tales of summer experiences. Not only was there dancing but a guitar session provided good entertainment.

Splash and Dance

Although we didn't draw as many people as we have in the past, those who did attend had a bash. The Wiggy Symphony provided the music and Charlie Brown donated his house for the after-party.

Clubs' Day

Our display was again in the open courtyard in S.U.B. Club equipment was put on display and pamphlets with information on the club were handed out. A slide show on various club activities was also held.

Chief Day and Kakademon Kloset

Approximately seventy people appeared at Smiling Jack's for annual ascent. People scrambled up the Chief and climbed Big Daddy Overhang. It of course rained, but our spirits weren't dampened. Soggy climbers and hikers gathered at the Kloset afterwards for a rousing singsong. All-in-all it was a good day.

Curling

VOC invaded the Thunderbird curling arena again this year. Some people curled, others tried but usually ended up on their posteriors. Everyone had a good time and collected a lot of bruises. The after-party was held in S.U.B.

AWARDS

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Overa1	1	Shield	Ron Kot
Class .	A	Edwin Kerr Cup	Ron Kot
Class :	В	Jean Sharp Cup	
Class	C	Certificate	Ron Kot
Class	D	Certificate	Rick Price
Class	E	Certificate	Ron Kot
Black	and White	Certificate	Peter Macek

DAM DOWNHILL

Charlie Brown set the course up, and of course won it!

- Men: A. Charlie Brown Women: A. Sue Sainsbury Ken Craig Liz Ritch
 - B. Ed Torupka Tak Uyede

- B. Anna Preto Virginia Moore
- C. Jonathon Wilson Pat Gibson
- C. Donna Dougan Louise Kolbeins

STEEPLE CHASE

A snowshoe race was held instead and Greg Brown proved to have the most stamina.

Australia - New Zealand

DR. TERRY and PAT TETS are in Canberra.

Africa

4

Recent returns from Africa:
DUN CAN ET CHES and DAVE KING who are
both on campus
ANN and PARKER WILLIAMS.

JEAN STRACHAN and JOY STANLEY toured Europe and hitched down through Egypt, Sudan and Ethiopia to Tansania and climbed Kilimanjaro.

Russia

CAROL RUSSEL toured Russia and is now in Vancouver, teaching.

England

JIM SIDDAL is now a bartender in a Lon-don pub.

Scotland

BARB (BOOTH) McLEOD and husband are now in Glasgow. Barb is nursing. She canoed last summer with JENNY CLOSE, NICK and PATTY CLOSE, and JOHN PRINGLE in the Laurentians.

U.S.

RANDY and MARG HARRISON are in Providence, R.I. where Randy is working on a Ph.D. at Brown U.

Canada

ALEX DEAS is teaching at the junior college in Prince George.

JOHN and MARY DICK are back from Africa. John is at U.B.C. working on a Master's in Forestry.

DENNY and MARYLIN HEWGILL are back from New York. Denny is in the Math Department at the U. of Victoria.

HUGH and JAN NAYLOR are farming near Pemberton.

DAN and JAN PHELPS are back on campus after spending two years in Argentina.

BERT and SUE PORT, DENNIS and ANN HOLDEN are in Kinnard at Selkirk College.

KARL and NANCY RICKER are now residing in Calgary.

BRIAN and SUE SCARFE are in Winnipeg. Brian is in the Economics Department at the U. of Manitoba.

JOHN FLOOK is now in Prince George.

LES WATSON is now in Calgary.

Latest Hitchings

RICK PRICE and DIDDI YOUNG in December, 1969.

RICHARD SCOTT and PEGGY in January 1970

BRIAN ELLIS and MARG DEMPSEY in August, 1969.

DICK CULBERT and ALICE PURDY receive the "sneak-nf-the-week" award.

Offspring

JOHN and CATHY (FINDLAY) HEMBLING TERRY and TOVE (MONSIEN) BROWN SANDY and ROBIN (KENNEDY) ROBINSON BILL and MARION (GARDINER) BOYD IAN and STELLA STIRLING-their second.



KOKANEE PARK CHRISTMAS 1968 or getting there is half the fun

Roland Burton

First of all, why do people go on ski touring trips at Christmas, travelling for a day or two on skis with a heavy pack through unfamiliar terrain and unpredictable weather to arrive at a crude cabin which boasts no facilities of any kind? Well, it's cheaper. It beats the crowds. It is non-standard and non-predictable. It permits you to wrestle with the huge but understandable forces of nature, as a change from the insidious problems of civilization.

At first there were only two or three of us looking for a suitable area, one with a cabin and stove, with snow, in the interior good weather belt, below 8000 elevation so we wouldn't freeze, within reasonable ski touring distance. At Kokanee we had all this, and in addition, we had a friend, Helen Butling, who had been with a VOC group in the Park the Christmas before and was largely responsible for that group's great success. (VOC Journal 1968.) We were offered transport assistance by the Nelson ski-doo club, also arranged by Helen. As our plans took shape. more people joined our trip until finally we had twelve. We left Vancouver and other places around midnite December 25 and accomplished the long drive to the Interior without incident.

In Nelson a shrewd appraisal of our food supplies made us decide to fly two people and the food into the area by helicopter. The two, Nancy and Eckhard, were chosen semiby-lot. The remaining ten started out as passengers on ski-doos, hoping to go about twelve miles on the little machines and then ski a further three miles that day to shelter in some abandoned miners' shacks. Ski-doos don't work well in very cold powder snow;

despite a reasonably heroic effort they got us only eight miles and we skied a further three before putting up our tents. night was extremely cold: we learned later that it was sixty below in the Slocan Valley: it was at least forty below where we were camped. Sleeping at such low temperatures was a new experience for all of us. Despite the crowded condition of our tents we were all cold; some too cold to sleep. To sleep at all at minus forty you have to somehow warm the air you are breathing or you will freeze your nose. This is done by breathing into a hood made from the top of the sleeping bag; the air you breathe is warmed by exhaled In the morning the top inside of the bag is coated with a most unpleasantly cold layer of ice and the tent contains footlong strings of frost crystals, but we are still alive. The primus stove starts very Kathy B. and Peter J. both decide slowly. that they are not in good enough shape to continue and they ski back to civilization. This comes as a great blow to the rest of us. but is is the only thing they can do. Breakfast is largely ignored because we (eight) want to get moving: once ski boots were put on we had to get them warm immediately or freeze our feet. In due course we arrived at the mine shacks and some of us continued. breaking trail for the next day.

We spent the second night in the shacks trying to eat and drink enough to make up for the past two days, and finally sleeping. Next morning we re-assessed the situation and found that Peter M., Mike L., and Vera R. were all suffering to some extent from frostbite so they had to turn back. We were worrying about what the citizens of Nelson would think of all this. The remainder of us (five) continued on the trail made the day before and in a few hours arrived at the Slocan Chief cabin to be greeted by Nancy and Eckhard.

The rest of the trip (five more days) had its memorable times, like cooking pizza and baking bread; skiing by moonlight; ascending the Kokanee Glacier under negligible visibility; several day trips; a somewhat original New Year's; the helicopter coming to see if we were still alive; and last but not least, the one day, twenty-two mile trip out, breaking trail through all sorts of strange and useless snow (temperature above freezing) to arrive exhausted at Nelson and dig out the cars.

The following people participated: Nancy Deas, Eckhard Buss, Peter Jordan, Kathy Bickerton, Vera Rosenbuth, Peter Macek, Mike Lopatecki, John Rance, Terry Rollerson, Marg Dempsey (now Ellis), Brian Ellis, Roland Burton.

Epilogue: Peter Macek didn't lose any toes as the hospital people thought he might, in fact nobody suffered any permanent damage. The worst thing about the trip was that five people didn't make it and had their Christmas plans badly distorted. The second worst thing was that we caused some people in Nelson considerable concern for our welfare. Those of us who survived it agree that the experience was invaluable, but we are not keen on doing it again, at least not at forty below.

MIS CELLANEOUS RECOLLE CTIONS OF SCHWEITZER BASIN SKI TRIP

Doug Monk

Christmas 1968

Schweitzer Basin ski area sprouts from amidst the bustling potato fields of Idaho's fertile Northwest. Three lifts give access to a very broad powder basin, and a fourth

long lift, then under construction, is probably operational by now. There are slopes for beginner, intermediate, and advanced skiers, and plush new lodge facilities for hungry, frozen, and indoor skiers. Big attraction is the mile-long chair-lift. Just like a giant red Idaho potato runner it stretches up toward the distant mountain ridge! Just like the plot of $x^3 = y^5 + 2y$, it steepens toward the vertical between mid-station and top! And just like that promised escalator to the Pearly Gates, it lets one off atop a fleecy paradise of virginal whiteness.

On the other hand, Sandpoint Idaho, sixteen fair-to-good, variable-surface-conditioned miles to the south, offered a devilish contrast to the etherial pleasures of skiing. Closer to earth, Sandpoint was the source of more basic pleasures: food, drink, sleep, and nightlife. Take our wild, raucous nightlife for example. One recalls the seductive atmosphere created by the dizzying cascade of neon down Main Street, the Satanic lure of the local movie house playing "Rosemary's Baby", the husky moan of frustrated steers attempting to live it up down in the stockyard and the suggestive trundle of heavy potato trucks setting out for distant exotic markets. One recalls the rhythmic passage of the night train brimming over with Idaho's favorite fruit, and the sensual whine of the lumber mill with its shapely mounds of musky sawdust, and how all these sights, sounds, and smells combined to form such tempting charms that our VOC'ers simply could not withstand the lure of Sandpoint at night. And yet the nightlife of Sand-Point had something of an unreal quality about it - something difficult to pin down in retrospect. Perhaps it was the clear light of a full moon dancing and shimmering upon the frozen motel parking lot; - how it would arouse our romantic desires. Or was it the lumbering passage of an orange snow plow? How this would becken us to open our doors

upon the crisp night air and seek within darkness the lover's adventure promised in the glistening stars above! No locks, no curfews, no fatigue, wet clothes, or dead batteries could possibly confine us to our cellular rooms. We would tumble out into the hungry parking lot, to be found night after night; twenty-seven-odd dissolute VOC'ers, necks craned skyward, stiffened by seventy-two degrees of frost (that's forty degrees below) staring all awesome and wondery-eyed, at the ineffable Idaho sky, the erect young evergreens, and the round fullness of the moon. Twenty-seven woolly-mittened young angels clutching mother nature in a wild (but pure) embrace, there on her own snowy white conter-Ah, - such was the nightlife! Frostbite was not too large a price to pay for these treasured soirces. These were nights of numbing fascination and an inflamed tenderness we shall never forget.

And one recalls too the fun of evening meals. Four of the five (five of the six, six of the seven - one doesn't recall everything) food groups shared the kitchen and dining facilities of a Masonic-type community hall (redecorated barn?) only two miles brisk walk from the motel. The fifth group of little piggies stayed home, all snuggly with their very own cooking unit. Spaghetti and meatballs, beans, apples, turkey, pudding, milk, potatoes, potatoes, potatoes, french fries, yum, potatoes.

Our hall served also as cultural and recreation center for the trip. Here we frolicked and gambolled (if it was too overast for outdoor nightlife) late into the snow-encrusted night, playin' bridge, injun poker, and footsie to the primitive 200 decibel throb of early psychedelia. Ford's sonorific stereo and Monk's superb collection of contemporary musical classics were enjoyed by all. Nancy

Heatherfeather summed up one night's symphonic program with a spontaneous and heartfelt cry: "Oh you guys, that far out psychedelic music is socooocoo grrrocoocovvvvyyy!!! I can really dig it! WOW, it sure beats honky-tonk piano music." That is how she said it.

After a year has passed one finds it difficult to remember more than the highpoints of an event, and it is only a pity that most of the memorable highpoints of Schweitzer are somewhat scandalous in nature. However, here are a few for your perusal:

- --perfectionist Pearce punching through forty-six inches of pucilanimous powder!
- -- Gail winds over a flaming birthday cake!
- --combustable Canon as he cut across those crystaline crumbs of cryogenic crud; in his car on his skis on his ear!
- --Stainedberry and Heatherfeather trying to get some sleep in that groovy overcrowded bedroom!
- --unit number 9 number 9 number 9 number 9 when Miss Ferguson begged those stubborn visitors to go home case Sparks had begun to fly in the Gray of the night!
- --Enemark pelting down under a tricky avalanche cornice, oblivious to the hoarse cries of the persuing ski patroller!
- --when Marilyn and "Hands" met Mary-Jane!
- -- the half-baked Idaho potato who jabbed Canuck Jim Gallager in the jelly

Why don't 'cha:
Jab him in the jelly!!!!
Bop him in the brow!!
Poke him in the pupil!!
And left him in the snow.....

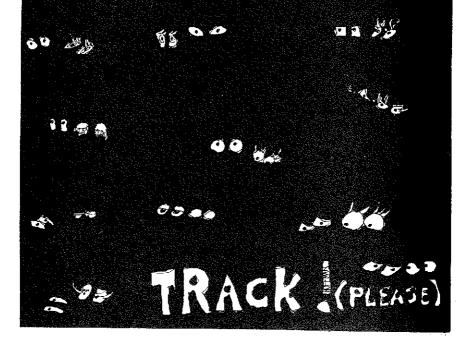
- --Maureen, Margurite, and Kay schussing to the Mo Mountain sound of the Supremes!
- -- the big New Year's dance, the fun and games, the fireworks and flares, the frozen plumbing!
- --Marg Pillow, white as a sheet, feathered down with a phomey case of the flu!
- -- Dave (Bluesman) Fisher laying down Betty!
- --flash-opo-blinder-shudderbug Bill PicLintock - the Cecil B. DeNille of the slide set - who snaffled the prize from "Click" Colison and Ford the Flash Kanon with his award-winning slide series entitled "Boxed Compass", comprised of seventytwo different shots taken from the top of the chair in dense fog with the film loaded backwards!!!!
 - 1. (this, folks, is a Congrats, Bill!! footnote)
- --Rosenbuth plumbing the depths of inner experience with an avante-guard socialog-ical theory whereby one must experience the experience of experiencing experiences on a more experimental level than experienced during any previous experiences.
- 1. Incidentally, those wishing to purchase negatives of the, shall we say, more controversial, slides please contact Flash C., Jean-Claude Card, B. PicLintock, or Collision C.

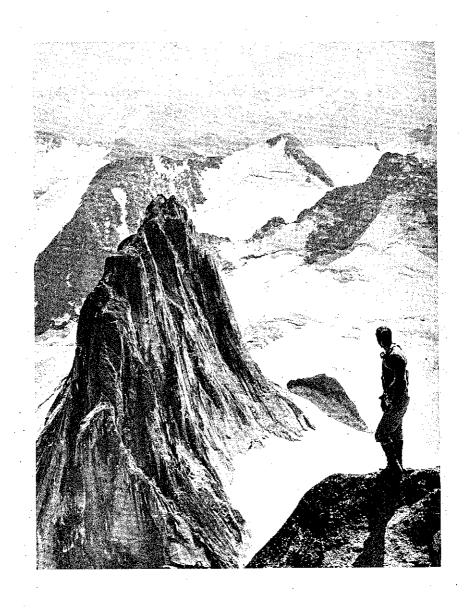
Frank Baumann

January 4, 1969

Bachelor lift-skiing had been great but the thirst for some mountaineering had not been quenched yet. Also, I had just purchased a pair of crampons at the Co-op and like a kid with new toys at Christmas, was anxious to try them out. As a result, former VOC'ers Peter Macek and Duncan Etches and myself got together, and early January 4 started out from Lions Bay up the standard route to the Lions. After 3 hours of steep uphill hiking through somewhat deep snow, we arrived at the top of our first objective, Unnecessary Mountain. Another hour of ridge walking brought us to the notch at the base of the West Lion. Here we donned crampons, roped up and started up the final 400 feet.of the summit tower. In summer, this part is a not-too-difficult rock scramble but now. with most of the rocks covered with thick coats of ice and snow, the route became more formidable. After an hour and a half of careful climbing, we gained the summit where we rested for 5 minutes before starting down again. Fortunately, the climb down was much faster due to knowledge of the route and some of the steps we had chopped previous-Soon, we were back at the notch where we repacked the climbing gear and hurried off along the westerly ridge, determined to get as far down the mountain as we could before dark. At this point, the sun sank below the clouds giving us a most beautiful view of Vancouver and the distant mountains from Bellingham to Chilliwack all bathed in a golden light. The scene was clear and peaceful as we looked quietly over the rugged maze of mountains, the wind blowing gently into our faces, making us aware of our own insignificance on the earth. But, no time for daydreaming, we must be off. Darkness found us nearly down, only on the last half hour of hiking did we use our headlamps. A quick drive and we were home again where supper, a shower and the regular world signalled the end, to a perfect day in the mountains.







Les Watson and Snowpatch from the summit of the Bugaboos - Photo by Peter Macek

HAPPINESS IS A QUIET CORNICE

Brian Ellis

February 21-23,1969

B. E11is

R. Thompson

W. Prescott

E. Buss R. Jamieson

Ski touring in February is generally considered to be 'pour les oiseaux! But, sometimes you catch it just right and that's why you go back. This explains why five of us were alternately groaning up the slopes under un-February-like sunshine and skiing down long tree-scattered stretches of settled powder on our way to the Himmelsbach Hut at Russet Lake. (That's east of the people-and-ice-covered hill called Whistler.) A run down the side of Fissile to the cabin in a crimson sunset ended that day perfectly.

Saturday started cold and so did we. But by the time the Whirlwind-Fissile col was reached we were in sunshine again, and into problems. The two alternate routes past Overlord looked dicey. Refuse Pinnacle could possibly be traversed on foot but nobody seemed keen to try. The traverse below Overlord's cliffs to the notch at its western end was overhung with enormous cornices, some of which were casually scattered down the slopes like huge kiddies snow blocks among the debris of recent slab avalanches. So we peeled off down the Overlord glacier to reach the col overlooking the Fitzsimmons Glacier. An impressive run was interrupted only by a series of ice cliffs and one huge u-shaped crevasse which could be used to stable mastodons if you were so inclined. The bypass to the left found all the photogs standing on a questionable snow bridge gazing into the pale blue depths.

From the col (lunch stop) we had a grand view of Macbeth, Iago, and Fitzsimmons across the glacier far below. To get the most out of the day we slogged up to the nose of Overlord and traversed its east side to the summit of Benvolio (8660). From this point the route to Macbeth is feasible via a traverse of Iago but it would be an extremely long day. Eckhard and Rick roared over Overlord's summit while we three began the fantastic run from Benvolio down to the glacier to finally reach the moraine below the hut. (Three miles and 2600 vertical feet, no tracks.)

After an hour or so we began to worry about Eckhard and Rick, but they arrived just before dark with a remarkable account of skiing down in front of the national ski team and Nancy Greene, as little men draped with cameras waited below with the chopper. No introduction, unfortunately, but keep an eye out for their pictures. After a quick trip up to Whirlwind, Eckhard and Rick skied on to the hut, alone on the glacier again.

Sunday we were all feeling more fit and made good time from Russet Lake to Whistler (4 hours). We enjoyed (?) a run down the USED slopes and joined the rat race again.

We would do it again, and I guess we will, as long as there are untracked slopes out there.

DIAMOND HEAD TRIP

Vivian Webb

March 1-3, 1969

This trip of three keen V.O.C.'ers, namely Roland Burton, Wendy Watson and Vivian Webb, joined an A.A.C. outing to attempt Atwell. All started well as we drove up the sheer-ice road to reach the parking lot in powder and

starlight. Mfter a quick game of monkeys, the rest of the crew, led by Rick Jamison, arrived with their gas tank patched with soap and Tang (for the flavour). The scenery by moonlight was fantastic. The next morning found members spread out from the lake beyond the lodge to somewhere below treeline. This, however, was the least of our leader's problems. for the visibility had dropped to just beyond the tent flap. Undaunted, the V.O.C. girls slept 'til noon, establishing a good tradition. We did ski to the top of the saddle but it was doing the snowing-blowing-foggy thing, so we retreated. While the leader talked of all the great possibilities for the morrow .--Atwell or bust appeared to be his theme--the rest spread throughout the area and tracked the untracked. The next morning Rick and his separate camp awoke at four A.H. to start, but it was the V O.C. girls! ten a.m. rising. which proved to be the wisest. We again went to the top of the saddle on the southwest (as in the higher part) and then blasted down. During our stay the road had thawed and the sides slumped so as to be almost impassable. With a Tyrolean dinner to finally kill the taste of beef jerky and cheese, we (of V.O.C.) concluded the trip a success. We would like to say that those who take the snowmobile up are worse than slackers.

GARABALDI NEVE TRAVERSE

or "Elegy to a touring-plate"

Paul Starr

March 22-23, 1969

Ski-mountaineering (or ski-touring, if you prefer) as practised by the VOC is not the exclusive preserve of the accomplished down-hiller. In fact, you don't have to ski well at all: just be a good side-slipper and kick-turn artist!

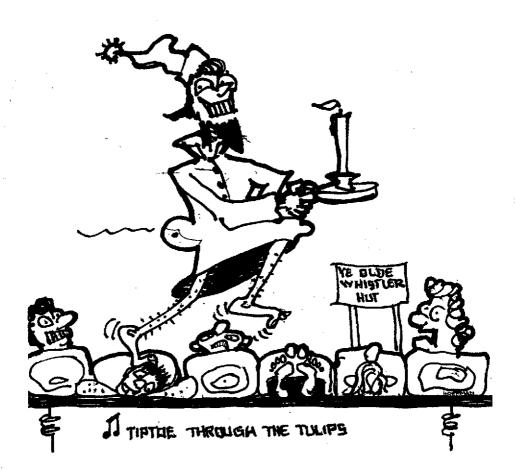
I discovered all this while doing the famous (infamous?) Neve Traverse around the East side of Mt. Garibaldi last March. The participants were Brian Willis (fearless leader) Marg Dempsey, Roland Burton, and myself, Paul Starr. All, needless to say, are accomplished tourers,—except one.

We got off Diamond Head snow cat on a perfectly clear and cold night. I soon discovered that skiing with a fifty pound pack on ice in the dark is a very novel and distressing experience! Anyhow, while the others stamped out a suitable tent platform, I, with the tent, rolled merrily down the ice.

The next morning began easily—a slog up to the Saddle. I was beginning to think ski-touring was OK and the previous evening was fading from my memory. Unfortunately, the down-hill side of the Saddle jogged back that memory and restored my humility. A thousand down-hill feet later (and numerous pratfalls) found us ready to begin the climb up to the Neve glacier.

From that point, things became easier. First of all, there never seemed to be any downhill. Then, when it did come, I was so tired that attempting a turn under anything but ideal conditions seemed like sheer lunacy! So we wended our way over Pringle's Ridge (who's he??), past the Shark's Fin, through Glacier Pikes, and finally down the Sentinel Glacier and the welcome haven of the glaciological huts. What a day! The scenery is magnificent. I was from that day onward an ardent disciple of ski-touring!

The final day of the traverse is anticlimactic, and perhaps a bit harder. The slog across Garibaldi Lake is followed by some ludicrous manoeuvers through trees and steep slopes. Finally the Summer Trail lurks in wait of passing skiers: its crafty dead-falls, narrow tracks, and numerous turns put fear into the neophyte. But I made it, and in one piece too! I'm even going to do the whole trip over again next year. What better recommendation can one give for a trip?





Band at Shinx Camp 169 - Photo by Roland Burton

V.O.C. SPHINX CAMP - 1969

DIARY EXCERPTS by Ken Lefever

May 1 ... Weather is much like past few days: sleeting below on the Barrier and snowing around Garibaldi Lake; visibility poor....trip across the lake seemed unsusually long and flat today-must be out of shape! A few days at Sphinx Camp will cure that. Boy, will sleep be great tonight. Just before completing the slog great tonight. across the lake, the fog lifted to reveal Sphinx Mountain and Glacier area: beautiful. In camp even in time for dinner...glorious (?) food.... An oasis of familiar faces after a long day in....have been looking forward to this for weeks.... Tonight, the persistent poor weather since the start of the camp has prompted everyone in camp to construct a large snow-Sphinx. A touch of cinnamon sprinkled on the Sphinx's head (simulated sunburn) completes our bid for fair weather About twenty people in camp tonight.

May 2....Awoke moderately early, having slept in sauna bath conditions with five in the McKinley... Weather offered a few brief periods of sunny warmth... Some of us (Dave, Keith, Barb, Joanie, Sev, Terry,...) played porter to help carry supplies up to Bookworm Co1 3000 feet above Sphinx Camp to aid the passing thru VOC expedition bound for McBride Range and Mt. Sir Richard on the Eastern fringe of the park...Finally at the col, we sorted packs and contents. unskinned. reset harnesses, said our "good-lucks" and quickly moved out being anxious to beat the oncoming fog and cold wind. An enjoyable run back down to Sphinx Camp....

May 3....shamefully slacked around Sphinx Camp today and quite enjoyed every minute of it... a great way to live and relax....exams and everything seem so far away and insignificant

at the moment.... Quite warm this afternoon; skies overcast. Tomorrow I'll have to get active. Tonight we saw a light up on Bookworm Col and are wondering what the expedition is still doing up there; they should be gone by now....Walter, Sue, Joan, Nora, Pat and Nancy and ukelele arrived this evening. Music and singing sound great up here..."Hey, where'd the gut bucket come from?"....A clear sky and beautiful display of stars.

May 4... Awoke to clear blue sky. Peter, Terry, Carol and I headed off back up to Bookworm Col to ski the fabulous Corridor. Dave. Keith, Sev, Barb and co. set out for the Castle Towers run...whew! what a scorcher today... finally made the col; Carol claimed this was her first time to the top of anything. We found the expedition supplies, collapsed tents and a note...left return note, ate lunch and prepared for descent. Weather clouding and ceiling dropping by this time. Peter found a tin of jam and was ready to borrow some for his SWT's but was thwarted by the lid spotwelded shut!... The 3000 foot vertical descent back to Sphinx Camp was fantastic spring skiing at its best, all the way down the Corridor and Sphinx Glacier. Looking back on a long series of linked S-turns only added to ecstatic spirit. This evening an ambitious discussion with the Castle Towers group as to who had the best skiing

May 5....Again, breakfast under clear blue sky.
Most of the camp left early for Mt. Carr.
Peter and Lorne left for Sphinx Mountain and
Deception Pinnacles from the back. Nancy, Joan,
Nora, Barry and I headed out late for Deception Col and Pinnacles...On our right, Guard
Mountain and its active avalanches continually
broke the silence...suddenly the peak of
Garibaldi blossomed above the horizon of
Deception Col. Wow!..my first ever view of
Garibaldi and...camera's back in camp. Dined
at the col to admire Garibaldi's beauty, Table
Mountain, Sentinel Glacier, Glacier Pikes,
Tantalus Range...continued up Deception,

quickly appreciating the advantages of kickturns. over flopping, rolling over and getting up again ... behind us the Black Tusk...between the Pinnacles. to the south, the beautiful expanse of the Mt. Mamquam massif....After a "lungy" conversation with Lorne and Peter below the far Pinnacles, we started to ski run down ... truly great skiing ... finally back down into the Spring gorp just before Sphinx Camp...afternoon spent lounging around, reading, sleeping, watching Guard's thing, and trying not to get sunburnt.... Early in the evening, two minute specs were spotted slowly drifting down the Corridor ... soon Bill and Roland appeared under heavy packs. Expedition delays due to weather had hit their food supplies and two had elected to withdraw to guarantee success for the rest of the party ... Plans for a very early awakening and a climb of Garibaldi were made for tomorrow.

May 6.... Slept in! Awoke to perfect weather: almost wrote off the climb until some bright lad said "what the hell!"...at nine a.m. Roland, Bill, Carolyn (remember never-beento-the-top-of-anything-before?), Dave, Terry, and I set off, across the lake and up Sentinel Glacier...amazingly found a still walkable crust as far as Glacier Pikes. Sighting of the Neve (alternate two day route to Sphinx Camp via Diamond Head) led to a remark about all Neve crossings being cancelled this year due to weather ... "maybe we go out that way, eh Dave?"...past the Sharks fin and Tent...on skis and skins up to 200 feet below the bergschrund on the north-east face of Garibaldi....It was now two and hot...ice axes out and roped up, crossed an almost closed section of the 'schrund and ... on up to the summit (87871). The view...superb...gorgeous... 360 degrees...horizon to horizon.. no haze. "Hey, there's Sir Richard, and Atwell and Whistler and the Tusk and Mt. Baker and ... and...hey, there's Smilin' Jacks!"...returned via our route of kicked steps to the 'schrund and our skis. The skiing was magnificent,

including a few hairy schusses and spectacular wipe-outs below the crevasses on our way back to Glacier Pikes... Sentinel gorp... lake slog.... Exhausted, jubilant, burnt, happy, and starved, we arrived back in Sphinx Camp at seven p.m. to the luxury of boots-off and a gigantic feed of spaghetti.

May 7...up toward Deception Col late this morning under a clear sky. A slack day really, but...great; lounging....Tonight we are now only seven in number; Sphinx Camp has only a few days left; everything is looking well skied out; the snow Sphinx had almost completely melted....

May 8.... Habit-forming excellent weather again today ... oh my! Lorne, Dave and I set off for Castle Towers...going is steep and hot ... sit and enjoy the shade of a wind cirque where we left our skis. With the intriguing Phyllis! Engine behind us...on foot up the snow couloir up the West side of the Central Tower ... continued up the ridge to the final summit rock where we stopped, before the top, none of us being climbers...again a magnificent view all the way up: Garibaldi, Whistler, Helm Peak, Cheakamus Lake farrr below...bum schussed down the couloir back to our skis ...finished a refreshing drink from a trickle of water just before it became part of a shower of snow and water from above. The ski descent was again great above thru an unbelievable bowl of semi-set "cement" and then...better Spring skiing back to Sphinx The rest of the afternoon was spent cleaning up the remains of the camp. is getting extremely low in supply (a Sphinx Camp first) so we have reluctantly decided to leave the gorgeous weather, snow, and Garibaldi behind. Anyway, everything has been well skied out by now! Lorne finally got his kite flying after many hilarious attempts yesterday and today...Dave and I set out tonight to try and locate a few potential sites for the planned Sphinx Hút to be built

by VOC nearby. We ended up down by the lake in the trees as the sun set... the setting sun, clear sky, scattered trees, Garibaldi Lake and scenery, and the silence, along with instant memories of an unbelievable week created a most satisfying mood. Peaceful, beautiful... many local peaks visible... a worth-while spot to visit, and little visited, while at Sphinx Camp...back to the wee remains of Sphinx Camp. We are now only five (Nancy, Joan, Dave, Lorne, and myself) and the "city" on the glacier has shrunk to one tent. Still, quiet, clear.

May 9...Excellent weather again. Reluctantly we folded up what remained of the camp, cleaned up the site and garbage...finally, across Garibaldi Lake back to the Airways Cabin...A final glimpse back at Sphinx closed Sphinx Camp 1969. In a short while we were back at the base of the Barrier trail and soon headed back to.....

CENTENNIAL TRAIL

Marilyn Baker

May 4, 1969

Being the first scheduled summer activity, attendance was limited to Sphinx Camp rejects and those who decided it was time to terminate hibernation. Because we had seen enough cows on our way out, we decided to relocate the hike from the Vedder crossing area to Chilliwack. This would not only eliminate cows, we hoped, but also hiking on roads crawling with hoards of Sunday drivers.

From Chilliwack Lake, the trail follows Post Creek about two miles to Lindeman Lake—an easy forty-five minute walk. Around Lindeman Lake are several peaks with some impressive looking gendarmes that might furnish some interesting climbing provided they are not rotten. Unfortunately, no one had the foresight to bring

ropes or ice-axes, so we decided to mush on to Greendrop Lake four miles away. Two miles later, we were floundering knee-deep in snow and decided we didn't want to see Greendrop Lake quite that badly.

Returning to Lindeman Lake, we enjoyed lunch on warm rocks and after a short siesta, raced the tourists down the trail--of course, they were left in our dust.

Later in the year, this trail would be passable all the way to Manning Fark Lodge and would probably be an enjoyable two to three day hike.

OLYMPIC BEACH INVASION

Marilyn Baker

May 17-19, 1969

In an attempt to avoid the snarl-up at the border caused by the May 24 exodus, most of the group left Friday afternoon and headed for Deception Pass. There, instead of sweet dreams, nightmares of troop-carrying superjets were in order - complete with authentic sound effects.

Being a group of Seattle side-trippers who discovered a way of avoiding the Keystone to Point Townsend Ferry (the Seattle to Winslow Ferry) we were the first to reach La Push. "Meet in La Push", had been the instructions from noble (now late) leader, Dave Wingate. It was not until seven p.m. that all the stragglers had caught up and things were finally organized with most of the cars at the finish and all of the drivers at the start. During the shuffle Charlie Brown's car suffered an aneurism and was incapacitated at Third Beach.

To reach the campsite at Goodman Crescent before dark it was necessary to move at a

quick pace. This is rather difficult over headlands - their being steep, muddy and well vegetated at this time of year. The trails are fairly well-marked but in places where they are not, you can usually fake it with no problems (See Peter Macek for details of exceptions). Just before Goodman Crescent it was necessary to do a little wave running, that is, wait for a stretch of sand to be exposed and run like crazy before the next one clobbers you half-way between rocks.

After pitching camp nearly in the bush to ensure we wouldn't be caught by high tide, we awoke the next morning to find the water had receded drastically. A very low tide had been sent as a gift from the gods and in thanks, thousands -well, a hundred- clams were sacrificed as a burnt offering consumed by the natives. The exceptionally low tide meant we could explore the caves in the sea stack at Strawberry Point at our leisure. It also meant we could go around, rather than over, a couple of points, for which we were grateful.

Our destination for Sunday was Mosquito Crescent and by the time we arrived there midafternoon, a roaring gale was in progress. Sand gradually sifted into everything—sleeping bags, food, and even closed toothpaste tubes. The shelter was crammed with bodies but even at that only about one third of the thirty people were sheltered and the rest had to fend for themselves. Driftwood windbreaks were constructed for tents, sleeping bags were anchored with rocks, cooking shelters were devised and when all was finally in readiness, the wind just died - dead!

Remembering how Mosquito Crescent rises with the tide, we pitched our tents as high as possible. Except for one disparaging remark by Jim Stevens directed at a small group across the creek who hadn't drifted over to the shelter - "Don't let bad breath isolate you!" - the

evening passed uneventfully to the tune of Nancy Deas' ukelele.

We were up and on our way early the next morning taking advantage of the low tide that again permitted us to hike along the beach rather than the headlands. Soon we reached Hoh Head which is impossible to round on the beach. Here we got our last close-up of rain forest vegetation - this time complete with low cloud hanging in the trees. The weather was beginning to look ominous with solid cloud rolling inshore and this helped to quicken our pace so that we reached the Hoh river and the cars in record time. Seems that the cloud was hung up on the headlands and ten miles in—land the weather was beautiful and warm.

Most people headed straight for Point Townsend Ferry or Seattle, leaving Charlie Brown to resurrect his car. This was accomplished with the aid of a hunk of tree as a spare part and a push to get started. Resurrections take time though, and the delay necessitated some fierce driving to make the last ferry - which because of the returning crowds turned out not to be the last ferry.

All Monday night cars staggered, exhausted, into Vancouver and all day Tuesday people explained to the boss, while stiffling yawns, what a gas Olympic Beach is.

GOLDEN EARS PARK

Party: Marilyn Baker May, 1969
Pat Gibson
Charlie Brown
Justin Schmidt (Penn. State Outing Club)
Andres Loo

Friday
Gathering V.O.C. ers together took longer
than expected but we did leave Vancouver soon
after our planned six thirty departing time

at nine o'clock and apart from the speeding ticket Justin got in Haney (radar) the trip to Alouette Lake Provincial Campsite was uneventful. (Only slight difficulties were encountered explaining to the nice R. C. M. P. officer that he shouldn't really arrest Justin because he was an "out-of-province" driver and that we really were not going to the Friday night teeny-bopper blow-out in the campsite.)

When we finally got the tents up the party was in full swing--local yokels rattling their pipes--and asking directions (Have you seen three drunk chicks?)

Saturday

Early Saturday we drove the car as far as potholes would permit and started up the road beside Bold Creek. Once there, we looked for (a) the crossing on the map, (b) the crossing in the guidebook, (c) the cable car in the guidebook, (d) any crossing? We tried two shallow sand bar crossings. Justin got up to his chest on the first before he was persuaded to come in. Andres ended up swimming but did get himself across the second spot. Having decided that we wouldn't try taking the equipment across until later in the summer, we packed it out to the car with a long look back at the amphitheatre route to Golden Ears and Edge Peak.

Starting again, late in the day, from Mike Lake we carried our gear to the snow level on Battery Mountain. Exploring a bit before dark we found the elusive A.C.C. trail markers for the rest of the climb and then turned in for the night.

Sunday

Leaving most of our gear and Marilyn at the bivouac site we trundled up through the snow, finding and losing the trail, to the top of Battery Mountain (Just a walk). We found ourselves on an open alpine ridge which dropped off at a cornice into the amphitheatre, a col leads to the base of Blanshard's Needle and from there the ridge curves around the amphitheatre to Edge Mountain and the Golden Ears.

Alas, there were no other climbers with me so we started down, ending a good weekend at Mike Lake at four o'clock. This looks like a good area for climbing. Easily accessible, class four, low five rock or harder. Perfect for weekend trips.

THE GRAND MALL

Frank Baumann,

May, 1969

The Grand Wall (also called the Cooper-Baldwin, after the original ascent party of 1961) route on the Squamish Chief is probably the first major objective for any upcoming rock-climber. Although not the hardest rock-climb available, the route is attractive because of its very prominent position near the center of the great west-facing wall of the Chief.

Paul Starr and I had spent two days at Squamish practice-climbing, trying to get such essential techniques as making hanging stations and jumaring down pat; our climbing speed would depend on being able to perform such simple tasks efficiently. Finally, one morning in late May, we hiked up the short trail to the top of the Flake (a huge slab at the base of the Chief) and started the first of two bolt-ladder leads to the base of

the Split Pillar. Most of the bolts in this section are fairly good and have hangers attached, it is a good idea to take several small loops of thin nylon to place over the dozen or so bolts that do not take hangers due to damaged threads.

The Split Fillar lead ascends a perfect crack to an excellent belay ledge. lead starts off with a 14 inch angle placement and gradually works up to a thirty foot section which uses four 22 inch bongs in a A few feet higher, the crack widens considerably and the rest of the Filler must be free climbed. * Above this, the fourth lead starts off with a psychy jam crack for about twenty-five feet, then switches to aiding up a prominent crack on a slightly overhanging wall. After overcoming a small roof, the lead continues on poor bolts at one place two in a row must be tied-off with nylon shoe lace cord. A hanging station ends this spectacular lead on a blank wall; at this point the exposure " is terrific - a dropped piton would end up at the base of the Chief. 700 feet below.

Another short lead takes one to another good ledge at the start of what is commonly called The Flats. The next lead is probably the hardest one of the climb. From the tree, one must traverse way right, then free and aid up bolts and poor pitons to a small overhang. After two easier leads, the Dance Platform, a big ledge almost 1000 feet above the ground is reached. Although the route continues up from here, most parties end the climb at this point and escape by means of the Bellygood Ledge which crosses the face.

After traversing off Bellygood and ending the climb, Paul and I stopped for "supper" - cheese, sausage, mountain mix and water, before continuing our descent. We were now crashing

through bush in the dark trying to find the easy backside trail. However, we soon ran into small bluffs and decided to bivouac rather than force a way down in the darkness. As it turned out the next morning, the bluffs were easily bypassed and the trail found only a few hundred feet away. Soon, we were down at the bottom looking at the wall, glad to have climbed it, but glad to be down again.

"See definitions below.

DEFINITIONS

Aid climbing - climbing where short rope ladders (etriers) clipped into pitons are used to ascend.

free climbing - climbing where ropes and pitons are used for protection, progress is made using only hands and feet.

hanging station - a procedure used to make a belay stance on a wall where there are no ledges or trees and the belayer must sit in a hammock-type seat attached by ropes to pitons or bolts.

jumaring - to climb a rope using mechanical devices which slide up a rope easily but jam and will not move down a rope.

bolt-ladder - a number of expansion
bolts (pushed into small holes
drilled into th rock) set a
certain distance apart used to
get over blank sections of rock
where no pitons can be placed.

hanger - a piece of metal which is attached to a bolt and has a hole in it to allow a carabiner to be clipped in.

- A1 easiest type of aid climbing; aid difficulty ranges from al to A5, A5 being the most difficult.
- bongs large pitons made of aluminium alloy, used for cracks 2 to 4 inches wide.
- exposure the distance between the climber and the first bounce.
- lead distance between belays; usually
 120 to 150 feet.

LIFE-BOAT TRAIL

John Flook

May, 1969

At 6:10 a.m., Friday, May 9, Mike Miles, Chris McNeill, and John Flook left on the bus for Nanaimo, the first part of our journey along the life-boat trail between Bamfield and Clo-cose. By splitting up, we found hitching to Port Alberni easy but the fifty mile ride into Bamfield included riding in the box of a gravel truck, a logger's car, twelve miles of walking and dodging logging trucks, a foreman's pick-up, and the final twelve miles by local residents. By ten p.m. Friday night we reached Bamfield and beautiful Pachena Bay where we set up our first camp. next morning we saw old telegraph lines and ancient signs pointing to Bamfield. morning fog burned away by one p.m. and the sun shone without a cloud in the sky. That afternoon we reached Pachena Point and visited the lighthouse keeper. We spent most of the afternoon exploring the marine life, observing twenty sea lions (300 in September), and climbing on fantastic surf-cut rock formations. We also took a swim in a pool of seventy degree fresh water right next to the pounding surf. Around dinner we headed off towards Clo-oose. We crossed ancient bridges.

some overgrown trail and finally reached the beach where we set up camp for that night. On the rock reefs we discovered hugh boilers and metal parts from old shipwrecks. next day we Beach combed and found eighteen metal seine balls, four glass balls, and plenty of mylon rope, nets and bleach bottles. Cable cars, suspension bridges, caves, old survival cabins, telegraph wires and more gave the trip a trmendous spirit. Wherever there was rock. Chris climbed it. At one point, he discovered a beautiful waterfall and on a five plus move for a hero shot, he fell into a rool of ice water, losing his glasses. Mike enthusiastically pointed out the varieties of wild life about and took pictures of every interesting event. John calmly stood back and was entertained by both of them.

The trip back to Bamfield seemed twice as short. Along the way, we met the trailman and his two year old German Shepherd who rode on a trail bike along with the trailman. By five p.m. Monday, we reached Bamfield and managed to swing a ride in a half-ton hauling butterclams to Sooke. During shifts in the back with the clams, we took a short cut through the back hills past Cowichan Lake and into Duncan where we stayed with Chris's relatives that night. The next day, the sun still shining, saw us on the ferry from Victoria to Vancouver.

The trip was a great success and we would highly recommend it for a weekend and a new qualification hike. Close attention paid to road closure six a.m. to six-thirty p.m. between Bamfield and Port Alberni and good timing will make this trip a huge success.



Paul Sims on the Bowron Lakes - Photo by Peter Macek

BOWRON LAKES

The trip diary said, "Bowron Lakes - Canoe!"
But often we sailed, so that wasn't true.
We began by stocking with beef stroganoff;
To the States we went for our load and then,
"Cough,

Sputter, Bang," in Les's old car (The one that's now Peter's, and gone very far). We sped to Bill's Lake to meet Mike and Paul -Their stampede was on, but in spite of it all We found them.

By now the five of us formed quite a crew But Pat, Bill and Ann were others we knew (Peter was with us in case you forgot) And all of us went to the same camping spot. In the morning we started with a pack on each back

To take the cances down the long winding track. It seemed we portaged a lot of that day But also spent long hours in play. We joined the cances so we could have lunch Then put up some plastic - an ingenious bunch! We sailed along the lake called "Isaac", By the night feeling rested and really quite slack.

But as most of the day passed in idle repose We weren't very sleepy, as everyone knows. So we stayed up till three, saw our first porcupine.

And of course the next morning till ten were supine.

We paddled and sailed and paddled some more Then spent a long lunch in the sun on the shore. A storm came up the next day and we froze From ten paddle-worn fingers to one runny nose. The next few days we paddled and swam, Hiked, ran rapids, and browned a good tan. Now throughout this trip Pete and Les made me try To eat all we had, or they said I would die. The hail made some of us bruise large and red And others had bites from mosquitoes instead. But we didn't regret a moment we spent As all that we found was the reason we went.

* William's Lake won't fit.

Diddi Price

BAKER TRIP

Pat Powell

June 7-8, 1969

This summer, an intrepid band of stalwart hikers trudged their way up the six-lane, "no passing on curves" trail to Baker. The weather was perfect, sunny and clear. Saturday, people hiked up to the base camp traditionally situated on a ridge just below the start of the glaciers on the north face. An ice school was held, climaxed by Roland Burton falling into a crevasse, ("Please let me fall, Reg!"), and after a fifteen minute struggle, deciding he was too well jammed in the crack to create a disaster. At twothirty we were moving up the trail to the The snow was fairly firm, and the summit. trail had been tramped down by a horde of people who had gone before. There were about thirty people in the group that travelled up to the summit, and the trip was only slightly more dangerous than a Vancouver street. But the scenery was fantastic! We then glissaded, bum-schussed and strolled down the mountain in brilliant, glorious sunshine. All in all, it was one of the more enjoyable weekend trips this summer.

Ed. Note: Who's kidding who about an easy trip? Thanks to the ideal climbing conditions and to our experienced guides for helping most of us short-winded and exhausted climbers to the summit.

TANTALUS TRIP

Barb Fulton

June 28-July 1, 1969

In the early morning rain on June 28, fifteen people (VOC, BCIC, SFOC) gathered at the Squamish River. VOC members were Roland Burton, Pat Powell, Andres Loo, Peter Tchir and Barb Fulton. The hike to Lake Lovely - Water was in light rain and heavy mud. We spent the night in the luxuriously equipped ACC cabin.

Sunday, all except Nora McGillvary moved up to the Red-Tit shelter. None of us, however, had ever seen it, and due to dense fog, none could spot it. Using the grops method, we finally arrived, to find the humidity inside the same as the outside-130% The shelter was furnished with an excess of foamies. all soaked. As a public service gesture, we drilled a few holes in the floor to drain the puddles. The logistics of sleeping 14 in a shelter for 8 necessitated suspending packs and boots from the ceiling with chicken wire. Two of the wettest foamies were put outside, the others were covered with waterproof clothes, maps, etc. Unfortunately, not all the packs remained in limbo, but crashed down during the Cooking under such conditions beggars night. description.

None of our party had ever climbed Tantalus, so we followed guide directions, and managed to find the appropriate couloir leading to Dione-Nitch's Tooth col. Here three climbers traversed the NE face of Dione to Tantalus. New snow on ice forced their return, so they rejoined us on the summit of Dione. Time from shelter: four hours.

Serratus was climbed by a group of five on the way back to camp. July 1st, climbs of Alpha, Niobe, and Peleops were done before a return to Vancouver.

LAST WEEKEND IN JULY

Norma Kerby

As a preliminary to building the Sphinx Hut, a group of VOC'ers climbed up to Lake Garibaldi to talk with the local ranger. Though we arrived at the parking lot at nine a.m., "Flying" Roland Burton made it to the lake by eleven a.m. The rest of the people went tourist style and walked. The ranger, as it turned out, was willing to give a boat ride to three people and packs to the end of the lake, so Roland, Barry, and I waved goodbye to the multitudes. The scenery down the lake was magnificent. After surveying hut sites at Sphinx Creek and agreeing with one chosen by the Parks Branch (apparently above high tide level), we were given a ride over to Sentine1 Glacier to visit with Peter Jordan, a VOC'er working there. From the base of Sentinel Glacier we climbed a 2,000 foot fairly steep slope of flowers and marmot holes to the Guard-Decep-The walk down the other side was tion Col. slow and easy going. Crossing Sphinx Creek was another story. About 300 yards from the glacier, the creek split into three channels. The first channel was shallow and freezing The next two were above the knee and -cold. oh my gosh!!! We camped Saturday night by the lake at the hut site, tent-less, foamyless, and rather sore.

The next morning, Sunday, the great expedition left early for Polemonium Ridge. This ridge is steep and a bushwhack, but by heading towards the top of the ridge, the crossover to Gentian Creek is not much of a drop. Gentian Peak was a pleasant stroll up a rather narrow ridge with a spectacular view -- we even saw eight mountain goats on Panorama Ridge. From Gentian Peak we slid sun-cups down Helm Glacier, then roped down the center ice face. Before returning to Helm Lake, where the rest of the group had camped, we spent a rather futile time looking for ice caves, finding only some frozen cinder holes. In all, this traverse is rather long (about seven hours from Sphinx to Helm Lake) but presents no great problems and is one way to escape the herds of tourists tramping the Black Tusk Meadows.

THE BUGABOOS

Irene Wingate

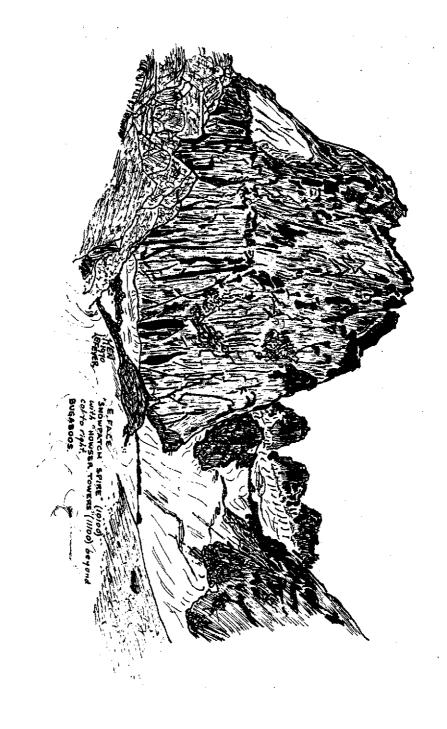
August 8-17, 1969

Party: Roland Burton
Nancy Deas
Ron Kot
Ken Lefever
Hurray McPhail
Feter Macek

Barry Narod
Patrick Powell
Les Watson
Irene Wingate
Bob Woodsworth

Look! There are the spires thrusting through glaciers to pierce the sunset. The rock-climbers blood starts to race through his veins as visions of routes dance past his eyes. Alas, the hiker's heart grows faint as thoughts of exposure grow in his mind...there must be an easy way up the back! Yet one and all are pervaded by the spell of anticipation.

Next morning this spell melted a little as we packed up to Boulder Camp in the warm sun - then, we were there. Among Hans Gmoser's tents, the A.C.C. igloos and thousands



of rocks, camp life was soon in full swing. Instant entertainment was always available in the form of thirty (?) pound chipmunks and other fat snafflehounds. Other transients active in the area were Monica Morris (see Nasmyth), her husband, Tich, and their zany English friends; Karl and Nancy Ricker, Bert and Sue Port, Gmoser's climbing school, and others.

It was a good week...there was that beautiful day when Bob, Peter, Les and Murray climbed Bugaboo Spire while the rest of us tackled Pigeon (Ron, Barry and Ken reached the top); ... or that rainy day when we learned knots and rope tricks from a guide, and made birthday cake pancakes over the primus... and that party for Ron and Peter in the McKinley tent! There was that other great day when Bob and an English fellow climbed Snowpatch Spire, Peter and Les ascended the South West face of Marmolata and the rest of us went part way up the normal Marmolata route. Another day was spent towards Eastpost and Crescent peaks. AND the day ended with a notorious Bugaboo special - lightening!! The next morning we hiked out in an early snowfall- a stimulating end for a fantastic trip.

CASCADE PASS

Charlie Brown

Act I - (or peas) - July 12-13, 1969. - Marilyn Baker Charlie Brown

The three-hour trip from Vancower to the parking lot (blocked by a snow-slide) was over by ten-thirty, including registration at the Marblemount Ranger Station. (This wasn't necessary. It turns out a Ranger lives at the Pass all summer.) Weather had been cloudy, with some sun. The trail to the Pass is beautiful, but was muddy that week. We had lunch at the Pass at one, in a chilly, saturated mist.

By mistake we took the trail down from the Pass, believing that it was the way to Doubtful Lake. There was a traveller from Stehekin (five days he said) striding up the "Is that the trail. We exchanged greetings. Pass?" he said. We said it was and he looked happy. On down the trail we soon decided we had taken the wrong path. Back up to the Pass, taking short cuts where possible. (On one I slipped on a small, muddy slope and fell into a stream.) Occasional rain had hit us, but now, starting up Sahale Arm, which hides Doubtful Lake, it poured. Just as we reached the ridge and had a view of the Lake, it snowed a cold, wet snow and the wind buffeted us. We started to put up the tent. but soon thought better of it.

The retreat into Marblemount turned into a rout as I was soaked and exhausted. We drove to Bacon Creek campsite for the night and dried out (beautiful warm weather in the valley), set up camp, and talked over coffee with a middle-aged couple who were just discovering the outdoors.

Sunday we drove to the end of the road (which is soon to be pushed through the North Cascades National Park). On the way home we discovered a pea field.

Act II - (or more peas) - July 18-20,1969

- Charlie Brown
Rolf Kullak
Roland Burton
Ron Kot
Len Winter
Joy Petty

Marilyn Baker Nancy Deas Lil Deas Irene Wingate Wendy Watson

Stopped for peas at Sedro Wolley on the way to the Friday night rendezvous at Bacon Creek campsite. Saturday morning we arrived

at the parking lot to find it crawling with people and cars. The trail was dry this time, and we all reached the Pass in less than two hours. We had soon commandeered the largest campsite for base camp, and after lunch the whole group set off up Sahale Arm. Joy, Wendy, Irene and Ron went down to Doubtful Lake. The rest continued up Sahale Arm towards the Roland Lenny climbed to the top of the snow fields but opted not to molest the summit rock-tower. Rolf and I climbed it via the west skyline ridge, and Marilyn scrambled up past some roped Americans on the south "face". The trouble was, I had to climb back up to belay her down as Rolf and I were down before she reached the peak (va77).

By the time we were down to base camp, Rolf had turned as red as a (German) beet for he had been climbing in shorts and not shirt. Peter, Les and Marg had arrived in time for dinner (coincidence?) from the Ptarmigan Traverse. There was singing and dancing that night. We even had the Ranger singing.

Sunday, Rolf led a group on the traverse over to Cache Col, while the rest of us just lay about and sunned. We broke camp in the early afternoon, and Marilyn and I obtained some more peas on the way back.

Act III - (or no peas)-long weekend in October
- Charlie Brown Marilyn Baker
Terry Rollerson Nancy Deas
Kent Watson Louise Purdy

The weather had looked bad for the long weekend, but at the Co-op six of us decided to chance it and head for Cascade Pass. By Saturday evening we were in a huddle of two tents and a wooden utility shack at the parking lot. The strenuous day's shopping took its toll, some singing, and then to bed. But not before the sunset had treated us to a magnificent display. A tapestry of colours high above all the north wall of Mt. Johannes-

burg towered over us, showed bare rock and ice, then disappeared as the curtain slowly climbed up the wall until only the summit ridge still glowed. Then it too was gone.

Sunday we literally ran up to the Pass to confirm what we suspected. Sahale would go, only deep snow to put up with. The traverse to Cache Col was too treacherous now, with fresh light snow on old snow fields. The time necessary to belay everyone, and the risk were not justified.

The thought of another cold night at the parking lot soon scared us off to Deception Pass. They wanted money for a night's camping. By the time we found a free campsite it was dark and the dew was so heavy that night that both tents were soaked through and dripping.

Mount Erie lives behind a small grocery store. We rushed to the climb Monday morning. Marilyn read a book in the sunshine. Terry took the other two girls up a few leads of protected class four and five. Kent and I climbed the "whole thing", five leads of class four and five with good protection and clean solid rock. Emerging at the top, we surprised a few tourists (who had driven to the top for the view) with a vision of three-day grubbies and beards, clanking along like junk collectors. We did manage to con some of them into a ride down. Lunch in the sun with some "obtained" apples, and home again.

RAINIER 1969

Rolf Kullak

August 1969

For Rainier (14,400 feet) the best meetaing place is Seattle, Tenth Avenue. But still you are better, if you are in a hurry, to meet

at the paper work and equipment check at the park gate of the Rainier National Park, before the ranger goes to sleep with the sun. We were lucky he was held up to watch a gas truck burn in front of the gates. That did away with the equipment check and left us with the paper work. The night was clear, so most of us slept outside at the White River Campground.

Not too early in the morning we started up the first 5000 feet to the Steam-Boat Prow base camp. The weather was fantastic - blue sky and a light breeze. The hike is quite pleasant, however higher up everybody realized the altitude. The air is thinner alright.

At the base camp the remainder of the afternoon was spent in fighting the gusty wind. The cabin was occupied by a group of Boy Scouts who attempted the peak on Saturday. Up there one goes to bed early for one has to get up early according to Roland. So I had to look outside at two a.m., and almost every following hour. The observation was pitch darkness and nobody wanted to get up. We finally started at six a.m. with the first glimmer of daylight.

At this early hour the snow is frozen hard and a delight for crampons. Our three ropes quickly moved along the faint trail marked on the glacier ice. Only the different physical condition of Charlie Brown's rope, with Ken Lefever and Marilyn Baker in tow, soon lagged behind while Roland and I stayed together.

Several nice crevasse bridges invited me to show my rope companions how to behave in such conditions, while Roland detoured around the crevasses. This way we easily could dissipate our excess energy.

At that elevation it is much better to judge the altitude by altimeter rather than by guess work. I made that observation a long time ago and had not been too surprised to see everybody disagree with my readings. It is always a kind of a throw-back to hear that we are not as high as we would have liked to be.

Higher up, crevasses got rarer. Roland turned back at that point, about 500 feet below the summit.

During the whole day clouds brushed over the top and the wind was quite gusty. We did not see very much except a short glimpse of the huge crater which creates the summit. Two solitary climbers just turned back over the south-side ascent. With some patience we could determine the smoke which still comes out of the rock in places. It was too cold so we quickly turned back down. While the climb took four and a half or five hours, the descent was done in about three hours. Below 11,000 feet the glacier became slushy but it was not bad enough to slow us down much. We returned to the base camp about two p.m.

The climb is always worthwhile and a great experience. I would recommend it to everybody.

OR CAS ISLAND CUM PENDER ISLAND

Wendy Watson

August 23-24, 1969

After planning to spend one of the last weekends in August cycling around Orcas Island Saturday morning, nine a.m. found us aboard the ferry bound for North and South Pender, two of the Canadian Gulf Islands. One of the car loads failed to arrive in time for the only ferry that would get us to a connecting ferry to Orcas. The weather was with us this weekend with blue skies and sunshine, so bathing suits were the order of the day.

With a few minor repairs to ailing bicycles, we made our way across the island, stopping first at the general store to obtain a map so that we could see where we were going. We cooled off after lunch with a dip into the briny off the pier at Hope Bay. Then we proceeded to the provincial campsite somewhere in the middle of North Pender, where we dumped our sleeping bags, food and guitars. last the bicycle would respond to our weary legs with no more load dragging off the rear end. Now to find a place to swim. An artificial lake was found to be unfit to swim in because of dead bugs floating in the cloudy green water, so off to the cool, refreshing We didn't stay in long but we were ocean. refreshed!

Next morning we started off to explore South Pender, which was much flatter than North Pender. We were able to visit Bedwell Harbour and cycle clear across the island to each lunch on a rocky point facing Orcas Island, our original destiny.

As we had a ferry to catch at five p.m., we struck a bee-line back to the campsite, but not without incident. Doug Monk's bicycle finally gave up the ghost and he had to get a ride to the ferry. Others had missing gears and failing brakes. But all except Doug managed to make it back to the campsite, collect our gear, tie it back on to the bikes (sigh) and head towards the ferry. Funny, there seem to be many more up hills in this direction!

We all made the ferry with time to spare, and just as the ferry pulled out, a few spots of rain started to fall. Another great weekend had passed without being marred by rain. Bicycles don't give much protection from the rain!

The Group: Cam Pearce Tom Pearce Doug Monk

Justin Schmidt Wendy Watson Joyce Van Heck

Joy Petty Bonny Thyer Sara Oliver

MOUNT SLESSE (or blueberries)

Charlie Brown

August 1969

Charlie Brown, Rolf Kullak, Marilyn Baker.

A late start on Saturday morning, and when we got to the Slesse Creek Road we found the guidebook had been forgotten. We were sure that we could find the trail without it. One half hour later we asked a logger. Soon we started up the trail, which is without a doubt one of the most poorly marked and poorly built "trails" I have seen. At some points windfalls block it completely. At others, one must scramble up steep rock. But -- blueberries saved us from the terrible experience of the You see, we were carrying two gallons of water, tent, food, and climbing hardware. As the going became steeper, the rest stops became more frequent. When we started to find blueberry patches, the stops became ridiculously long. Finally we were spending more time grubbing for blueberries than climbing the trail. Each of us jealously guarding his latest find lest one single blueberry be snaffled by someone else.

We eventually did reach our camping spot in time to pitch the tent and cook supper before enjoying a drink (Tang) as we watched the sunset cast a pleasant glow over the Cascades.

Without the guidebook, we planned to fake it straight up. Slightly to the east of the notch (which is the start of route number three in the guide), Rolf made a nice lead on small holds to a good belay ledge.

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The next lead started on small holds but soon degenerated to easy class four. I found myself on a small shoulder with grass on it. Here we were just at the level of a band of white streaks across the east face. We traversed south (mostly a walk) and found ourselves looking down into the gully between the main and the south peaks. We descended to this, then decided it was a nice gully but not in the spirit of climbing. Rather than continue walking up the gully, we climbed up a ramp of broken rock on the true right of the gully. I took a lead over the top of the ramp, then traversed right over a large flake to a belay point. Rolf came up and led through up a crack system which starts just above the top of this flake, then over a bulge to a good belay seat without a good anchor point (he used a sling around a block). I led through and over an overhanging block and up an easy crack, then found myself only a short walk from the summit ridge. There is a good belay point below the summit and Rolf soon joined me for a bite to eat on the top.

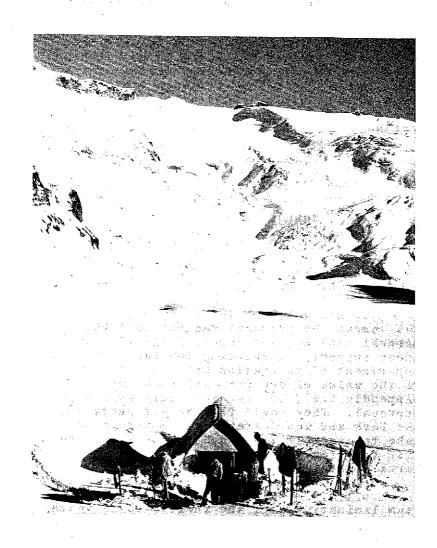
We descended by route number one and were welcomed back to camp by Marilyn with some Tang and about a gallon of blueberries.

P.S. We had a full set of iron on the climb but found no place to place pins. The difficult and exposed moves were always just above belay points.

SPHINX HUT 1969

Roland Burton

VOC has been going into Garibaldi Park in the spring for as long as anybody can remember. A short search of VOC archives suggests that the first VOC ski trip to Garibaldi was in 1942. (club records go back to



The Burton Hut - Photo by Mike Miles

1927). Originally these trips stayed at the Taylor Creek Cabin, and from about '55 to '65 we used the Airways Cabin. For the past three years, the Parks Branch has not made any winter shelter available to us, although there are now six Government cabins at the West end of the Lake. Although camping on snow is a beautiful and simple way of life, it puts you very much at the mercy of the weather. Keeping this in mind, we now consider another trip.

Five of us last January rode to the top of the Whistler lift system with single ride tickets, and after thawing our feet for an hour at the Round House, took off for Singing Pass, meaning the B.C.M.C. Russet Lake Hut (Himmelsbach Hut). That night, as we lay in our sleeping bags in the hut, at eighteen below zero, somebody suggested that VOC build one of these shelters. At Sphinx.

We all got back to Vancouver, and in due course the proposal was put to a VOC General Meeting, and received almost unanimous support. Convincing the Parks Branch, Department of Recreation and Conservation, of the value of our proposal took longer (Appendix One), but by early July we had their approval. They would fly the hut parts into the Park and would transport us across the Lake to assemble it. Much thanks is due to Alec Deas for handling discussions with the Parks Branch.

B.C.M.S. supplied us with plans and their beam laminating jig, and invited us to watch them prefabricate their latest hut in Ladner (Plummer Hut). Glue was bought, and a load of 1 x 4 KD fir, and the first beam was laminated July seventh. Thereafter, beams rolled off the form in SUB basement at the rate of one every two days (weekends and statutory holidays excepted). A typical weekday noon would find three or seven VOC'ers,

somewhat gooey with glue and scraps of newspapers, trying to get the next beam stuck
together before the glue set or the lunch
hour expired. The final beam was finished
August eighth. At this point most of the crew
left for a week's climbing in the Bugaboos.

The week after the Bugaboos, Ken Lefever, in Barb Fulton's dad's truck, spent a
lot of time driving around the city and picking up bargains, donations, and deals on cheap
lumber, hardware, paint. In the evenings the
prefabrication was going on, directed by
Barry Narod, with a cast of thousands. By
the Thursday night of the same week we had
it all prefabricated, assembled on the concrete
pad outside SUB, disassembled, and taken
back to the SUB basement (cage room), so
that we could leave Friday noon to climb
Rainier.

Monday evening (August twenty-fifth) we loaded the whole lot, including paint, tools, and some food, onto a large Department of Physical Plant truck and five of us took off slowly towards Garibaldi Station. Just before the Second Narrows Bridge a twentyfive pound can of tools, mails, and food fell off the truck and we retrieved it. passed through Squamish about midnite and noted that all the gas stations were closed. five miles up the road we noted that all the gas stations were closed so we returned to Squamish. We went to the Police Station, they woke up the gas station attendant, he drove to the gas station and sold us some gas (there was a service charge). We cont-Around three a.m. we arrived at the inued. general vicinity of Garibaldi station and started looking for the helicopter landing site. We drove up and down the valley, also back and forth. We tried to remember ever seeing the helicopter up there. We got out of the truck and wandered through the dewey grass until our shoes were soaked.

we said, "Let's leave it here; the helicopter pilot can find it." We unloaded the truck, took it back to UBC, and got home at six a.m., in plenty of time to go to work.

For the remainder of that week the weather was too rotten for flying, but by Saturday (the first day of our planned week for assembly) the helicopter arrived. Two VOC'ers flew in with the first load and helped unload subsequent loads; two of us stayed at the bottom to load; the rest of the crew hiked in and were ferried across the Lake by the Ranger. Many loads of Government supplies had to be flown in first, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the first load of hut materials went in. There was a tense moment when a load of plywood started to rotate under the helicopter and we thought he might have to drop it. When he got back from that load the pilot explained politely the necessity of centering the plywood accurately in the sling. That night, as it got dark before all the material was flown in, we spent in rather unsophis ticated Parks Branch cabins. We finished the flying the next day. The last load contained the two people who had been loading the helicopter. They were "treated" to a ride straight up the face of the Barrier and about ten feet away from it (maybe fifteen?).

The final assembly took about seven days by an average of seven people per day.

Highlights were as follows:

Day one - Sorted everything; put floor skids
in place; assembled four arches and some
floor.

Day two - Attempt to climb Castle Towers by half of crew, stopped by big (huge) crevasses; finished floor and most of end walls; that night Barry Narod slept on the floor of the hut, we had a wild electrical storm and much rain; Barry got soaked.

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Day three - We started on roof; we put all our cedar on the roof and there was still a hole four feet wide and the full length of the building; balance of crew left for Vancouver in disgust and mainly to get more cedar; two of us remained to put on aluminum siding over the cedar.

Day four - Put on aluminum siding; rain; ugh.

Day five - Crew arrived with cedar; installed cedar; finished aluminum siding.

<u>Day six</u> - Built door, windows, sleeping platforms; finished painting; climbed Garbage Pile in afternoon.

Day seven - Cleaned up; left. Ranger came for us in his power boat.

It is hoped that more of these high altitude huts will be built, and that VOC will continue to do its share. (Do you have any suggestions for a site for the next one?)

ED. NOTE: This hut has since been named the Burton Hut.

BURTON HUT - INSUFFICIENT WOOD CAPERS

Barry Narod

September, 1969

Tuesday, Registration Week, two days after materials for the hut had been flown in to Sphinx Glacier. The weather (noted in particular by Jim Jordan and myself, who had attempto sleep under the stars) was wet. At one-ten p.m. it was observed that there were only nine hundred feet of the required 1,100 feet of roofing materials. The following escapade resembled a poorly organized Mission Impossible trip.

At one-thirty p.m. Bill Prescott, Jim Jordan, Pat Powell, Norma Kerby, and I climbed into a Parks Branch rowboat prepared to go to Vancouver for more wood. Forty-five minutes later, Norma left the remainder to hotfoot it down the Barrier, while she rowed the three miles back to the Hut, her part in the fiasco now complete.

An hour and forty-five minutes later, the foursome arrived at Garibaldi Station (four and a half miles beyond the Barrier parking lot) where the only available car had been left. Six o'clock found us in Vancouver. At seven o'clock Ken Lefever, our great and illustrious P.R.O. and mastermind of all purchasing schemes required to keep the project within its budget, was drawn into the act.

Wednesday's activities opened with a rendezvous in S.U.B. A second rendezvous was scheduled for four-thirty, as each conspirator went his way to accomplish his own project. For some it was battling the Registration lineups and red tape. In spite of minor setbacks, six-thirty found the foursome-plus-three gather in the garage at the Lefever residence. Peter Jordan had come up with a truck to ferry the lumber to the Barrier parking lot. Ken exceeded himself in coming up with a sufficient quantity of cheap wood plus sufficient bodies to carry the lumber up the Barrier trail.

Sometime between Wednesday evening and Thursday morning, the wood was shouldered up the trail, approximately twenty-five feet per person. At noon, the wood (and various bodies) was transported across the lake, bringing the total of wood to what it should have been four weeks before.

CATHEDRAL LAKES

Marilyn Baker

September 3-7,1969

Cathedral Lakes is British Columbia's newest Provincial park and at this date had remained almost unknown to V.O.C. and also to the Average Tourist. For these two reasons it was decided that this would be a good place for a retreat. After registering for the fall term individuals and carloads left for Hedley. At the Ashnola River Road, about eight miles past Hedley, a dirt road leads up into the Ashnola Valley. Following this road for thirteen miles we arrived at a private resort and road whose bridge provides the only access into the area. The park boundary is at the end of this ten mile access road and it is necessary to cross privately owned land at both ends. The road is suitable only for four-wheel drive vehicles and the toll is prohibitive.

The assault on the road was lead by Wendy Watson, Joy Petty and Vivian Webb who arrived at Quinescoe Lake in the middle of a snow-storm and in good V.O.C. style immediately rented a cabin. Charlie Forester and two friends arrived the next morning and, since there was still snow on the ground, they too, rented a cabin. The trip was only saved from complete degeneracy by the fact that the weather started to break by that afternoon when the hardier types arrived, and that there were no more cabins available.

There are five lakes in the Cathedral Lakes group. They are at about 6500' and are surrounded by an 8000' ridge with 8500' peaks or "bumps" scattered along its length. Access to the ridge consists of a walk and from the ridge the summits of Pyramid Mountain and Mount Bamford are easily attained. Hiking the complete semicircle of the ridge from

Quinescoe Lake, over Bamford and Pyramid and down to Ladyslipper Lake can easily be accomplished in one day and we took advantage of the ample opportunities offered us for meadow-wandering, enjoying the fine autumn sunshine and trout fishing. The largest specimen caught was Charlie Forester's Pentax camera which he fished out of Lake-of-the-Woods.

Finally it was time to leave all the things with which we had become familiar — the lakes and gentle grassy ridges, Stone City, the Devil's Woodpile and Mount McKeen which we resolved to try and climb the next time. The ten-mile backpack down the road was almost as hard on the rear axle as the slog up had been. We were grateful to be able to cool our feet in the Ashnola River when it was over.

In all, thirteen V.O.C.ers and friends headed reluctantly back to Vancouver - just as the rainclouds began moving in

Charlie Forester Val Prattico Mike ? Charlie Brown Marilyn Baker Rolf Kullak Bob?
Justin Schmidt Andres LooWendy Watson Ethan?
Vivian Webb
Joy Petty

27-IN-A-BUNK

Joy Petty

September 13-14, 1969

After spending a luxurious night at the Whistler cabin, thirteen lucky people trundled up the Singing Pass trail. We split into three parties: Flash, Slow and Steady, and the nine-fifteen Express which brought up the rear-with the leaders! We crossed the ridge between Singing Pass and Russet Lake oblivious to the hail pounding on our packs. We were glad to discover that the Flash group had hot tea ready when we reached the Himmelsbach Cabin.

Mt. Fissile was climbed by Terry Rollerson, Jim Byers, and Chris McNeil via the steep snow gully about one-quarter of a mile North of the cabin. Norma Kerby and Roland Burton approached the summit from the usual back scramble.

They returned to the cabin to find fourteen Canadian Youth Hostelers there, cooking dinner. We had no need of a garber-ator-Terry finished off part of everyone's dinner, before starting his own. Wendy Watson, Marg Fellows and Nancy Deas (with guitar) led a long and enjoyable sing-song before sacking out. The truth will come out...of the twenty-seven people, only nineteen slept in the cabin...but there was room for lots more!

People were strewn from the floors to the rafters. Roland provided room service (that is, fetching lost "piwwows", missing socks, glasses of water) before tying himself into his bivouac bunk above the door.

Six-fifteen a.m. and all's clear! VOC people were rising to get an early start. Terry, Chris, and Jim started off to climb as many peaks in the area as they could in one day. R. Burton, Irene Wingate, Nancy Deas, and Norma Kerby left shortly after to climb Whirlwind. One of the trusty leaders (Wendy) forced herself from her perch after Elizabeth Deas returned from the "Whirlwind" group to encourage Burt? and Marg Fellows to go meadow and ridge wandering.

We enjoyed an uneventful hike down...just a bit of hail this time, but it's not wet so what the.....

GARIBALDI ATTEMPT

Nancy Deas

September 27-28, 1969

Marg Ellis Bill Prescott Bruce Erickson Andy Carson Nancy Deas Paul Starr (L)

It was one of those sort of weekends, when it is impossible to determine just what the weather will do.

But Saturday morning we left Vancouver... drizzle. It wasn't quite raining as we drove up the logging road on Alice Ridge. Was it clearing? Maybe.

Although the trail wasn't well marked at first, we followed the ridge, and, by noon, had lunch near little Diamond Head. We traversed its slopes, finally doing a madness descent on heather and talus down to Ring Creek. Then we climbed again, up the valley to the start of the Neve. Camp was on the snow, looking at Garibaldi. Wow! "That's probably the most feasible route" (quote by leader) - and the weather looked "okay".

Camp was entertaining. Paul was the hero of the evening, with his "Water-all-over-the-tent-floor" trick, and dinner was it's usual multi-course, one-pot affair.

Then it cleared, and the Neve was truly the place to be. Every star was shining, the moon was full, and known horizons expanded in all directions to include limitless moon-lit peaks. The glistening snow made it almost daylight. And Garibaldi....the last cloud drifted from its peak and it was awesome. So close, well detailed by the moonlight, and cold.

Up...early...soon. It was still clear. We left camp as the sun began to break over

Mamquam. We went up a snow corridor weaving around crevasses until "no way" - one <u>large</u> crevass cut of the route. Another attempt to cross a snow bridge was equally out of the question. So down, around, up again, and then the snow got wetter, deeper and very slow. The clouds came, the peak disappeared, the west looked grey, It was ten o'clock.

Down again, and back to camp. Finally we packed up, leaving the snow for the slog to the cars.

At Garibaldi, we awed, wowed, and happily attempted.

LIUM CHEN RIDGE

Nancy Deas

October 5, 1969

Some VOC trips are less than serious, and some approach the ridiculous. The trip to "Lump-chen" ridge, thankfully, only came close the latter.

It was October 5, and twenty-seven people turned out, all in Volkswagons (or so it seemed), and breathlessly made our way up the logging road (or some of us did).

We started up the trail, now with only half our party, and about an hour later were on the first meadowy high point of the ridge. Lunch.....

The view was great, and the sun warm. What an introduction to the outdoors!!

We moved on, downward unfortunately, to an old trapper's cabin, and Liumchen Lake. By now it was about three p.m. and, Wow! the other half of the group were now at our lunch spot. We joined them soon after, and

all departed, downward.

Everyone had been outdoors, and, I guess, that's what it's all about!

HEDLEY

John Rance

The closing of Peshastin Pinnacles cost V.O.C. climbers a favourite practice, training and general relaxing area. A new area was clearly needed. Such an area needed to be reasonably close to Vancouver but it also had to be in a dry area with good camping and short routes suitable for practice and training. The cliffs four miles east of Hedley were investigated and deemed the equal of Peshastin on all counts.

The area comprises a series of cliffs which occur intermittently along a mountainside for about a mile. The rock is granite and varies from rotten to excellent. At the base of the central cliff is a large flat meadow suitable for camping. One can also camp on or beneath the boulders which are found in the area.

The routes in the area tend to be short and most of the routes done so far are free. All types of climbing are found at Hedley but crack climbing is especially prevalent. Laybacks, jam cracks and chimneys abound. Several obvious slab routes and aid cracks, (especially on the eastern cliff) remain to be done.

Four or five V.O.C. trips went to Hedley in the fall of 1969. There is little doubt that it will become a popular place for V.O.C practice climbs. The large amount of good rock, the good weather, excellent hiking and exploring possibilities (back roads, old towns and mines) make it an ideal place for a Fall or Spring weekend trip.

Tak Uyede

October 19, 1969

Chief Day '69 started off in the age-old traditionally wet manner-in the morning. By nine-thirty a.m., about one and a half Chatterboxfuls of both boisterous and sleepy recruits, and a handful of residents to boot (so to speak), crammed the dining establishment of the peaceful burg of Brittania Beach. Just as the natives started to become restless, our intrepid leader, General Franklin Baumann wheeled into the parking lot. Under his watchful eyes we formed battilions of climbers, hiker, climbers, trail workers and climbers. As you may have gathered, there were but a scattering of climbers. Field Marshalls for the assault of the backside of the Chief were Pat Gibson and Ken Hall, while Glen Woodsworth headed up the trail workers.

At any rate, or rather, at a very slow rate, the access trails to climbing routes at the base of the Chief were marked and cleared. Also, a hike was hiked and some short climbs (Big Daddy overhang and Trauma Face) were climbed.

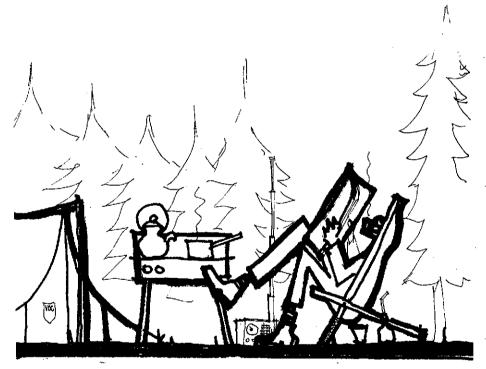
At about supper time, a great gaggle of grundgies gathered at Smiling Jack's Canteen. All relevance aside, it was found, to the utter amazement of all that two Cokes and a dish of ice cream for forty-five cents is a better deal than a ready-made Coke float for fifty cents. It only goes to prove that you get more when you make 'em yourself.

Back at Kakademon Kloset meanwhile, shishkabobs were shishing over a hearty bonfire while Peter-with-the-fantastic-baritone was leading a sing-song. (No dum dum, that's not a prison). A little later Herr Herb hobbled in and soon after, the cave rang

60

with fire. One of the highlights of the evening's entertainment was a shadow show put on by Frank Baumann and his partner who was so anonymous no one even knew her name.

Hany a song later, some sixty sittersaround-campfires finally headed for their cars. After pleasantly wasting a wet evening, we then proceeded to duck the fog on the way home to a pile of unopened books, leaving many a song unsung.



804, THESE SURVIVAL HIRES ARE A BREEZE.

Chris McNeill

Last year ('68-'69) saw the formation of an elite group of survivalists. These industrious members of V.O.C. endured several nights (without any artifacts of civilization save a knife and matches) in the wilds of Mount Seymour Park. They then graduated to snow caving at the top of Whistler Mountain. However the term ended before any major excursion could take place.

The beginning of the 1969-70 school year saw renewed interest in the art of surviving. An area was chosen to survive in, by Mike Miles, Chris McNeill and John Flook, members of last year's group. The date was set for Thanksgiving weekend, a four day holiday.

The area chosen was on the west coast of Vancouver Island, two miles south of Pachena Point lighthouse, which involved an eight mile hike from Bamfield. Finally thirteen people arrived in Bamfield (via modern transportation, four in a Volvo, nine in a V.W.— the Volvo barely made it) at 10:30 p.m. Friday night after a long and trying journey from Vancouver (one car lacked a starter motor). A haphazard camp was made. People under trees, under cars, in cars, under park benches, under plastic, under nothing — all was quiet. Then — an inebriated group of S.F.U. Clansmen invaded the scene. Chaos — they shouted obscenities and faded mysteriously into the night.

Daylight arrived -- the long arduous trip began -- the group stretched out over about one and a half miles of the trail. About two thirds of the trek had gone under (for the leaders at least) when the noises and the aromas of the nearby sea-lions

(located on rock benches on the ocean shore) drifted on the balmy breezes to attract our Having deposited our packs on attention. the top of the trail leading to the rockery, we, the leaders, cautiously tip-toed down. We were astounded by the large number of seals they covered exactly (according to a reputable source, Mike Miles) 161.93 acres. Once the animals caught sight of us they panicked and some disappeared into the ocean. (We were about two hundred feet from them, across a deep inlet, of course.) As more people arrived on the scene, more seals disappeared into the clear blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. There were none left when we continued our journey several hours later. However, their every move had been preserved numerous times by the eager photographers.

Upon reaching our destination the group immediately split into two opposing parties — the H.S.'s and the S.B.'s (Hardy Survivalists and Slack Bums). The S.B.'s had tents, sleeping bags, food, and other assorted objects of distant civilization. The H.S.'s had only the aid of a knife and an axe — some even had the luxury of matches — wow! (As a safety precaution sleeping bags were along with most people but were only used in the S.B.'s camp.) The H.S.'s were split into groups of two's and four's and constructed their shelters for the groups or for individuals. The shelters varied in construction and in shape — from glorified rock piles to great luxurious lean—to shelters.

The next item was food -- food on the Pacific Coast is abundant. The rock benches at low tide are cluttered with clusters of muscles, goode-neck barnacles, numerous varieties of seaweeds, and in the pools there were sea urchins, crabs, eels, sea anenomes, fish, snails, barnacles, and more muscles. Virtually all types of marine life were tested for their edibility. The most successful

in my opinion were goose neck barnacles, muscles, crabs, eels, and some sea weeds. It was decided unanimously that sea anenomes were not to be eaten by human beings (and likely not to be eaten by anything else, either). Plants were tried; these were less popular as they were more difficult to obtain and to prepare. It was found that grass shoots were tasty when boiled or fried; and ferns (the root stock) tasted similar to yams but were very bitter and dry as they had been roasted and not boiled.

The troup stayed in the area for two days. We toured the beaches looking for valuable articles--Japanese purse-seine balls, pieces of styrofoam, netting, shells, drift-wood and other similar and useful commodities.

Apart from a short visit to the seal rockery (for more pictures) and innumerable attacks upon the members of the S.B. camp (those who were carrying food with them were attacked relentlessly by the nearly starved H.S.'s). The trip out, if slower than the trip in, was uneventful. However, the group still had the journey to Vancouver to cope with. No problem to Nanaimo. We were in time for the three p.m. ferry. We just managed to get on the eight p.m. one. The intervening hours were spent in a wild singsong in the V.W. - all nineteen persons were present. The trip on the very crowded ferry was passed in a similar fashion, apart from numerous excursions to the cafeteria for sustenance (that's free sugars and creams). Strange thing -- the people on the ferry avoided us like the plague.

Before I close, it is imperative that I make several references to outstanding conduct. Neil Humphrey lasted the whole time without even having a sleeping bag with him -wow!! Confidence! Then there was Wendy Watson and Reg Wild. They had a tent, sleeping bags, foamies, food, and a Coleman stove! Reg carried it. Congrats!

Resume: On the whole, the trip was successful and much was learned if not practiced, by all. The weather and the scenery were fantastic (needless to say the circumstances were too). It was decided that survival on the West Coast would not be difficult. Our attempt would have been more successful had we spent less time traipsing along the beaches and more time concentrating on survival techniques, that is, more meals at more regular hours would have helped. (I don't know that anyone had more than two mediocre meals a day).

Leah Seamann,
Christy Shaw,
Wendy Watson,
Sandra Davenport,
Sara Oliver,
Gaye Law,
Mike Miles,
Mike Wood,
Gord Currie,
Steve White,

Daniel Say,
Pat Gibson,
Reg Wild,
John Herbert,
John Perry,
Neil Humphrey,
Justin Schmidt,
Chris McNeill,
John Wilkinson,

DEAD-END DIHEDRAL

John Rance

Late in November Frank Baumann and I spent a wet Sunday grunging around the base of the Chief looking for pitons. Much to our surprise we discovered a classic looking dihedral which soared off into the clouds. We could not tell how long the crack was but we decided to climb it the next weekend.

We arrived at the base of the wall just after dawn and just as a rainsquall hit. After the rain passed we headed up. The botstom lead is a dirt and veggie combination of the most disagreeable sort. Fortunately, Frank took the first lead. The second lead

was clean and included enjoyable A2 nailing beneath a roof. The last lead was also clean and involved nailing a flaring crack. When the crack ran out I lowered Frank and he pendulumed into a bush line. I cleaned the pitch and prepared to be lowered for the pendulum. Pulling pins made further preparation unnecessary and the pendulum became automatic. This left the problem of the pack which was still hanging from a piton in the dihedral. A second pendulum brought me to the pack. While standing on the pack I clipped it to my waist sling, then hammered out the pin to which the pack was connected. This resulted in a third pendulum which brought the pack and me back to the bush line. At this point the R. C.M.P. who had been watching the performance left. We climbed down the bush line and went home.

MOUNT BACHELOR BOMBERS

Cam Pearce

Christmas, 1969

Mt. Bachelor? Where? Oh yes, of course, Bend, Oregon.

On December 27, 1969 a group of twentysix VOC'ers set off, starting at four-thirty a.m., for a ski holiday at Bend, Oregon. Ten hours later, the first arrivals were welcomed at the White Owl Motel by the manager.

Of course the ski problem of the year was snow, so the topic of discussion for the first evening was whether the five-hundred foot knoll with the top hundred feet sprinkled with snow was indeed Mt. Bachelor.

Luckily of course, the real Mt. Bachelor turned out to be a 9060 foot extinct volcano. The first morning dawned sunny with a foot of fresh powder, better conditions than any had expected. Imagine, twenty-six VOC'ers bombing down the mountain leaving tracks!??

in their wake. Of course that is not the whole story: also bombing down the mountain were dog and grandmother of every description from Portland, Eugene, Salem, Bend, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver (Wash.), Vancouver (B.C.),......

One good thing, however - the weather did hold. Five sunny days later, we were dining in style New Year's Eve at Shakey's Pizza Par - lour in Bend. The incident worthy of mention at Shakey's was that we were told to stop dancing to the juke box because it was contrary to Oregon State law.

Later in the evening we had a New Year's Bash in the rented lobby of a condenned hotel, the Pilot Butte Motor Inn. Highlight of the bash was Dave's acquisition of a super siren Stan Spareman Gun in the gift exchange.

Finally, one more day of skiing in the sun and a beautiful trip to Vancouver instilled in us all pleasant memories of Mt. Bachelor, Oregon.

SINGING PASS

Bob Brusse

Christmas, 1969

It was two o'clock on the morning of December 29 as the second party of the now famous Singing Pass Expeditionary Corps (S.P.E.C. for short) assembled, amidst much bilingual chatter for a rest and recreation break at the Whistler cabin. Inclement weather in the area immediately adjacent to Whistler-Luxury (due in part to great masses of fogginess and gloom escaping from the cabin itself) was responsible for the tardiness with which this group was plagued in those early morning hours. However, after much procrastination and the arrival of the grey light of day, it was decided that the assault on Singing Pass should begin.

Having thus negotiated what is through common knowledge the most difficult hurdle, our company was immediately beset with the second traditional problem of which route to take. Up the Singing Pass trail or over the Whistler peak? In arriving at our decision we owe no small measure of thanks to Miss Virginia Moore and Mr. Morris Schneiderman, who, having just returned from the area, informed us that the first party (seven members) had battled valiently for two days and a night before breaching the natural barriers in their attempt to attain the scenic grandeur of Fissile Mountain; that is, of course, not to mention the warmth and comfort of the Russet Lake hut.

The decision was made and our trio filed off towards the Gondola where we were fuly impressed by (1) the cost of a one-way ticket, (three dollars each) and, (2) the prospect of instant notoriety through the Canadian Alpine Journal should one renege on the contract which must be signed in attempting to obtain said ticket.

At the top of the chair, our departure was somewhat delayed as one of the packs (not removed by the lift attendant) slowly receded from view. Later, donning skins, skis and packs, and doffing various other accourrements, we left, in high spirits and with much cheering and applause from that species known as homo yo-yo (or yo-yo sapiens).

Although in the final stages of the ascent on the Whistler peak the mountain was heard to make threatening avalanche-like noises, nothing precipitous occurred. In due course the first objective was trampled under foot, as it were.

The remaining part of the trip was for the most part uneventful, with two major exceptions. The first of these being the loss

of a ski touring plate by one member of the party. In the process of removing the skins from the skis, this particular member of the party nearly disappeared from view. The other member of the party experienced some difficulty in attempting to use his crevasse rescue techniques to extricate this individual from what may prove to be the world's deepest sitz mark

The second major exception was the unexpected falling of darkness which was accompanied by an audible thud. At this time we three were still some five miles short of our destination. Undaunted and prepared for anything, except possibly a night's tenting in the pass between Flute and Oboe, our crew pressed on. Six o'clock found us in the murky depths of Singing Pass; and after a short pause, for a meal, the extravagance of which left the whiskey jacks wondering whether they should share their relative bounty with us, we prepared to resume our struggle. A headlamp in working condition was produced and all present joined in praise of the benevolent deity responsible for preserving the batteries in such a wonderful state. After two hours, the light expired and we found ourselves off the beam. The gods were roundly damned for providing so temporary a respite from the vagaries of nature.

In our devil-may-care attitude a red railway flare was produced and struck. And thus, with much light, did the party arrive at the Russet Lake cabin where it was found that one Bill Prescott, so overcome by the redness which lit the whole area and convinced that the flaming redness approaching the cabin was certainly his maker come to claim him, was prompted to offer a sacrifice to the gods by sprinkling white gas over the cooking table and unceremoniously causing it to be ignited. Our reception was warm indeed.

Not much need be added at this point, save that the stay was memorable and the skiing in the area was fantastic. P.S. It is to be noted that the distaff member of the second party is actively involved in preserving and enhancing as well as employing those techniques first developed in Japan for the revivication of tired and aching muscles. For her services the male members of the expedition are most thankful.

Andres Loo Christy Shaw Bob Brusse

WHISTLUX '69

Gord Piper

Christmas, 1969

Whistlux 1969 was one strange trip or "trip" whichever way you wish to look at it. Trip-wise Whistler was as good as or better than any other mountain in B.C. The snow was no hell, particularly because of a general lack of it. Skiers were kept busy nimbly dodging rocks, stumps, and beginners (me.)

"Trip"-wise it was harder to evaluate. There were several hassles about food and the enforcement of cabin rules, but these were minor in retrospect. It seems that we had an ideological conflict at Whistler.

There were those at Whistler (around New Year's Eve) who thought that we required more organization and that people were sitting around looking bored because we didn't have anything organized. It never seemed to cross their minds that maybe the people who were sitting around were content or, if they weren't, maybe they should start something themselves. Most of the people I have talked to about Whistler said that they were not aware of the discontent that some people feel was so rampant.

I know the feeling of discontent that comes from trying to start something and having it fizzle. I tried a few times; however, I soon learned that if I couldn't get something going at the cabin that was enjoyable to me. I could go elsewhere. I suppose the reason that some of us were periodically unhappy with the trip is because the trip, as such, was extremely nebulous.

I haven't really decided as yet whether that was good or not, but I suppose that time will tell.

Whistler is a Mother '69'

The Self always feels right,
Especially if it has achieved a degree
of recognition,

and so it becomes conceited and self-righteous in its own domain. A come down is necessary sometimes. Enter Whistler.

Cool degenerates under self-scrutiny
Because cool is in the eyes of the
beholder

Anon

YOSEMITE.

Nancy Deas

December 25, 1969-January 4, 1970

Yosemite, Yosemite, Yosemite. I do believe I've heard the name before. But go there? Why not?

So it was about two p.m. on December 26, twenty-one hours after leaving Vancouver, that

we got our first clue to what this place is all about. It's really something else.

It was seven and a half days of sunshine. It was frozen waterfalls and climbing in T-shirts; it was cozy fires and cold breakfasts; it was friends, strangers and fascinations.

Yosemite Valley is a feeling. Being there you become aware of it, taken in by it, and overcome. The unreal enormity of the rock faces dominated every view. The rock is the Valley, its personality; sunwarm or snow-swept, frozen or melting, difficult...changing, yet eternal

We saw the Valley, felt the Valley, and regretfully left, though ourselves changed by its experience.

THE VALLEY

John Rance

As soon as you get hooked on rock climbing you start to think about Yosemite Valley. "The Valley", as it is known, is the place for the rock climbing purist. The approaches are short and simple, the weather in the climbing seasons is good, and the light coloured rock is pleasing both to the eye and the touch. Here is the perfect setting for the climber as rock artist. In this most beautiful of valleys, sheer walls three thousand feet high challenge and inspire those who dream of climbing them. It is a place of enchantment and fascination that lures people from the valley floor to find uncommon experience on the glacier-carved walls.

I'd been there in September 1969. At that time Peter Macek and I had vowed to

return at Christmas. Peter was unable to extricate himself from work but Louise Purdy, Nancy Deas, Paul Starr, Marilyn Gilmour, Steve Heim and I met in "The Valley" on Boxing Day for a nine day stay.

We were hedonists all those nine days. Climbing, eating, talking and sleeping was our existence. We wanted nothing else. I think we nearly forgot there was anything else.

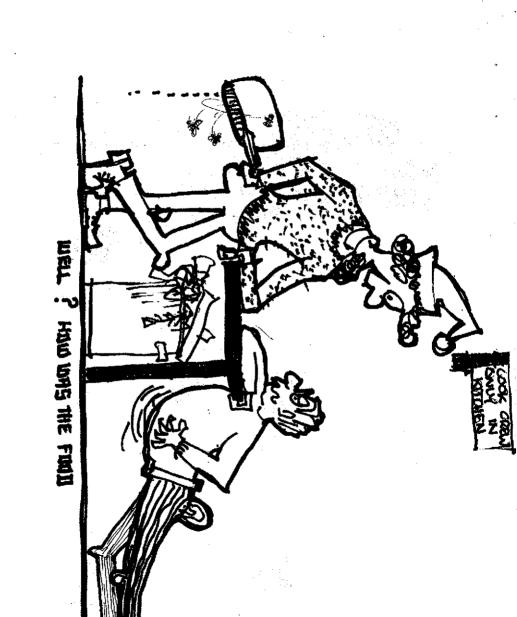
Too soon, the day to leave arrived.

A soul searching session persuaded me that I had things outside "The Valley" I had to do. So we loaded the cars and headed home. Almost a month has passed. Still I am not sure leaving "The Valley" was the right choice.





Bob Woodsworth and Howser Powers - Photo by Peter Macek





CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

Illecillewaet, Rogers Pass

May 20-25

This year, anyway, this was much too late in the year to go ski-touring in this area. There wasn't enough snow and the avalanche danger was severe. We got as far as the Deville neve south of Glacier Circle and saw inside of a storm.

John Boyle, Harg Dempsey, Ken Lefever, Peter Macek (L), Les Watson.

Cashmere Crags, Levenworth, Washington. Fourth ascent of Gremlin Tower 5.1 Al May 29

Access is by an excellent eight mile trail to the Snow Lakes. From camp here, a two hour hike leads to the base of the rock. One long lead and a shoulder stand reach the summit. This area is spectacularily beautiful and deserves more visits with a great variety of climbs available. Same group as above.

Quesnel Pinnacles, five miles west of Quesnel. First ascent of "Barad-dur Tower" 5.2, I July 8

Now a provincial park, this area of semi-consolidated volcanic debris and sand makes a good climbing area for a desperate suicide. Our route was on the uphill side of the largest tower and is one short, rotten lead. A longer, much more solid climb should be possible on the opposite side.

Peter Macek, Les Watson.

Falls River area, Taseko Lake July 27-Aug.7

B. C.M. C. general camp. Our (all VOC) group did almost all of the climbing. Our ascents included: Beast, 10200' - S.Face

4,111, second ascent; Beehive, 9,900' - S.W. Ridge 5.1, I, third ascent; S.W. Face 5.3. II, first ascent (Macek, Watson, Jurg Reiss); and unnamed pinnacle 5.3, III, second ascent. The country is very beautiful, access is not all that terrible and there is much good climbing to be done.

Marg Dempsey, Peter Macek, Les Watson.

Lake Ohara Region

August 21

Grassi Ridge on West Wiwaxy Peak, 8,870', 5.2, II. This is a very enjoyable climb, starting from very close to the Ranger cabin. The rock is adequate, the route is about eight leads long and there is a trail down the back.

Peter Macek, Les Watson, Bob Woodsworth.

Mt. Victoria 11,365'

August 23

We got what we think is probably a speed record-three hours, fifty minutes up and return from Lake Ohara (6,700). When snow is good, one can crampon very quickly up to and along the ridge. Fourth class, and a beautiful view of Lake Louise as well as Lake Ohara which really must be seen to be believed.

Peter Macek, Bill Mercer (McMaster O. C.), Bob Woodsworth.

SHUKSAN - A CONTINUING SAGA

In Yearly Installments

Peter Macek

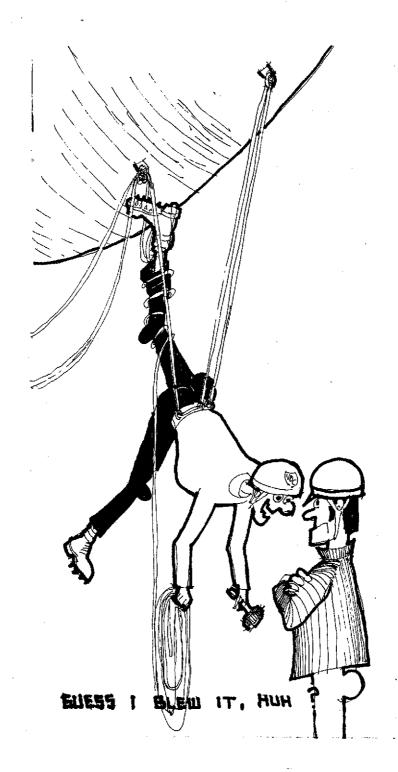
The border guards were adamant--a borrowed credit card is insufficient identification and besides the car wasn't mine and Dunc
and I have beards. We slept in Vancouver and
tried at Sumas the next day, bluffing our
way through, sleeping at Silver Pines picnic
shelter Saturday night.

Sunday at two we stumbled around for a while, convinced ourselves that mush would probably not stay down anyway and drove up to the start of the Lake Ann trail. Dunc, Nance and I did the crashing through the dark with a bad headlamp thing and arrived at the Lake just at dawn. The intermittent drizzle had let up and parts of the mountain were actually visible. He scorned out Starr so that he finally got up, but Rick Price just yelled obscenities and nuzzled up to his tentmate, hoping desperately no one would remember that he had told his crew not to bother bringing ice are and crampons. He had breakfast, abandoned Nance, and started up.

Fisher Chimneys were dry so we gained altitude quickly and by eight thirty were at the foot of Minnie's Slide roping up. An hour later we had hacked our way across some crevasse on the Lower Curtis and discovered we were whited out. It was impossible to see the other end of the climbing rope and so we retreated, although a certain climber suggested we wait till it cleared. It turns out that it would have taken three days.

The rest of the day was spent bouldering with the others (Lake Ann has great boulders) and planning next year's attack. At this rate we advance about a quarter mile farther each year and should make the summit in 1974.

Nancy Deas, Duncan (Dunc the Punk) Etches, Peter Macek, Paul (Super) Starr, with a supporting cast of thousands and Rick Price, our fearless leader.



ACCIDENT ON SOUTH ARETE

Peter Macek

June 4. 1969

Brian Ellis and Marg Dempsey, Les Watson and I roped up on Baseline Ledge at two p.m. and Brian led off. We climbed quickly, easy bush scrambling taking us to the main crack, and then two pitches, more difficult, up to and over a large overhang to a spacious ledge. Brian relinquished the lead and I did some very enjoyable climbing over the upper wall. The crack I was in petered out and I was at a bolt with nowhere to go. Ahead stretched slabs, mossy and concave away from the protection. Tentatively, I moved out and then decided I was chicken. Swallowing my pride in the interest of self-preservation, I was lowered back to the ledge. Brian was next.

The late afternoon mellowed and Marg and I sat (unroped) on the edge of our world, feet dangling, idly talking. An incredulous scream and the scrape of kletts and and skin on granite, "Falling"! I am very mortal, my mind flashes. Time slows, the memory grasps split seconds -- a body white against the blue sky above the wall, Les hauling rope; myself scrambling for safety away from that awful drop, a weight striking my back; moans and Marg's choked-back reaction. Accident!

Training (reflex?) takes over. I hammer in a pin and clip in Marg and myself. Les cinches down the climbing rope. Brian moans, gasping, my stomach knots in fear while the brain surges out its commands. We ease him away from the abyss as the moans cease and eyes open.

Diagnosis: scrapes, feet hurt, perhaps broken, back sore but obviously operative. Reaction: relief, it's not too serious, we won't need rescuing--our ever present vanity! Treatment: removal to car, five hundred feet below.

Five hundred feet, five hours, agony and screaming muscles. I do a piggyback rappel, Brian tied to me, with a prusik as the only safety. Why? We had another rope, why didn't we use it? The prusik jams again and again and finally my arm doesn't have the strength to free it. I unclip but actually have to unwrap to free it, standing on a small ledge-foolishness and extreme danger. Keep the faith, baby; I have absolute confidence which in retrospect is amazing. One hundred and ten feet, a moment's lapse from eternity for both of us, but the tree's near and I lower my burden. My body and mind are numb.

The technique is acquired. Les rappels, tied into a belay rope. Brian sits piggyback, a prusik into the belay. I sit above and lower Brian on tension, Les matching speed to stay beneath him. Even this is not without incident as the anchor tree starts to pull out. However, it works and although signals are misinterpreted and ropes jam, we progress. Rappels follow and we continue into shrubs. Below the Baseline a rappel rope jams and I have to reclimb half a rope length. Marg works hard clearing ropes and then after the last rappel leaves us and heads for the car.

My hands are sore, I should have used a carabiner brake. My throat (and Brian's) is dry, we should have had water. I am fatigued; that's tough.

Just at dark Les stumbles down the last part of the trail with his load as I coil the ropes for the last time. We did it. More through luck and brute strength than technique, but we're OK. Thank God for that mercy.

Epilogue: Brian got off crutches the second half of August and tried not to limp down the aisle with Marg on the 28th.

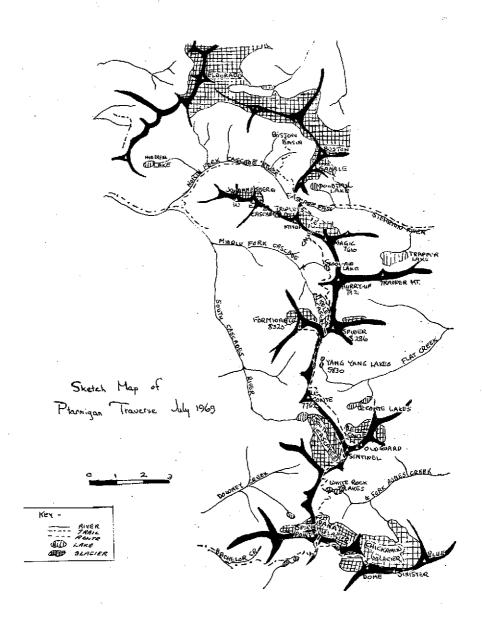
CAS CADES TRAVERSE

Peter Macek Les Watson Marg Dempsey July 12-19, 1969

The trek started one evening from a camp ground still smokey with strog wrapperspacks heavy and the trail never-ending. We had parked the car at the confluence of the Suiattle River and Downy Creek and now six hesitant mile markers led us to a shelter. Mist and wet--good weather for backpacking-but will it clear?

July 13

Morning, glorious, sunny; and then we put on packs and with sweat curse the sun. The trail forks up Bachelor Creek and one hour stages take us through timber and bogs to the meadows. Our clouds have returned and we toil uphill till we cross the high ridge and below lie Cub and Itswoot lakes and somewhere in that cloudbank stands Dome. The traverse above the lakes is tiring and then 800 vertical feet of direct aid on poorly rooted bushes. When exposure gets too great, we camp on a bench fifty feet below the crest of Spire Point's main south ridge. A large meal and heavenly oblivion.



Five a.m., early, but after two months of this we hardly need an alarm. I roll towards the entrance and peer out. Cloud cover is one hundred percent and only a few hundred feet up, but, well it may clear so we fire up the stove and suffer through mush. Again.

Before seven we're diagonalling towards the crest. The tor drops away and we stop dead. The view is unbelievable. South looms Glacier (10,000 feet), while ahead, above its . icefall, Dome (8860 feet) shreds the rassing clouds. Fatches of blue chase vivid colour across the meadows. He sit and absorb, filing away another image forever. The traverse towards Dome is not hard, on snow perfect for kicking steps. We look north towards White Rock Lakes and our route for the morrow, confused, horrendous, with torn clouds revealing ice and black faces. We ascend the Dome Glacier on crampons, weaving through crevasses towards the high col north of the peak. hundred vertical feet later, I lead out on an exposed arete. The Suiattle Valley appears far below on one side and the Dome glacier 1500 feet below on the other. Then we're on the false summit, a fifty foot rock traverse on a two foot wide sidewalk and we sit on top. Billowing mists play hide and seek with soaring gendarmes. North, Hydromatic and other spires beckon with grantte walls, while eastward, the soaring buttresses of Blue bring promises of future trips. The cloud is breaking but occasional snow adds crystalline The walk home is spectacular and we sparks. walk slowly, enjoying it. The weather is again deteriorating and a peach and Tang picnic at camp is driven indoors by rain. We cook dinner and lie in our sleeping bags, happy, tired.

At six forty-five, we're already burning our garbage in the col above camp. is not a cloud anywhere and from Glacier to Dome the mountains stand stark against the pale morning sky. We put on crampons and head up the west side of the ridge. The snow is perfect, the points bite and we climb quickly. At nine we're in the 7800 foot col east of Spire Point (8264). The snow on the other side is already soft so we kick step up and then on warm rock put on our kletts. guide book description is complex so we ignore it and follow obvious weaknesses. We rope up and then two high class moves and seventy feet later I'm on top. Surprise, anticlimax, almost, but the rock is superb and so we enjoy that, rappel off, and after lunch can put off the serious business no longer, put on packs and head north across the Dana Glacier. At one stage we blunder through an icefall but otherwise the foreshortening had prepared us for worse. On the lower slopes there's a sudden scream, I dig in, expecting the jerk on the rope and at the same time wondering what Marg found to fall into. She had managed to dislodge her sleeping bag, which bounced and somehow snagged before rolling into the Agnes valley. Then heather and scree and the last rise. We're at White Rock Lakes (6194') and Camp II where we eat, dry socks and stalk marmots. July 16

In the early morning cold, we do an ascending traverse around the lake towards the next-to-lowest col. To the south, Cascades Glacier, 1000 feet above. Here we see our first signs of civilization, footprints and glaciological survey markers from the group based at the snout. Still on crampons, we traverse west around Sentinel to the col (7300') on the north. After a mid-morning snack we head towards Old Guard (8200'). I lead up a tricky little snow gully which is made even more exciting by a shrund at the

At the top, we regain the normal route and climb 500 feet of exposed class two talus cum rock to the summit. The record was placed in 1968, so the only thing of interest was that the mountaineers do the Traverse like we do Olympic Beach: exchanging keys in the middle. We rolled a spectacular doogin that threatened to destroy the entire rubble heap and then went down for lunch and more backpacking. Things started interesting and got worse with crevasses everywhere. We blindly followed paths of least resistance, blindly zigzagging along what proved to be the only practicable route through the icefall. A long traverse frayed tempers as slop alternated with ice, and ankles and arms ached. Below the north side of LeCoute (7762') we dumped packs and set up camp in an ideal spot, overlooking Yang Yang lakes and the great hole of the Flat Creek valley.

The usual time was too early and we slept till the morning sun was baking us out of another cloudless sky. At nine we started up Le Coute. The firm snow took steps well and easy scrambling brought us to the top in the prescribed hour. The South Cascades Glacier was below and a rowboat could be seen on the lake at its snout as well as a large circle cut in the ice for movement studies. We headed south from camp along the heather and trees of the ridge top to lunch at Yang Yang Pass and then camp on a tiny lip below Formidable. We recce the route up Formidable for tomorrow and then take a rest day. There are beautiful little meadows here and we seem to have arrived at the height of the season. Indian paintbrush, erica, and blossoming mosses are everywhere. I sit in the afternoon sun, back against a sun-warmed rock, feet dangling over 200 feet of nothing towards the valley floor where Flat Creek meanders through the marshes and side areas. Above it is an almost continuous cliff band 200 to 300 feet high and then a bench with vivid ponds and lakes set among the heather -- Yang Yang and Le Coute. Topping off the panorama is the rock and ice - Le Carte Glacier with our tracks still visible, snow slopes and black spires against the blue sky--Old Guard, Sentinel Le Courte.

July 18.

Somehow we got up on time today and by six-thirty were cramponing up to Formidable. After traversing several ridges, we dumped our ice axes and crampons and continued up the rock. Too late we discovered that the direct line lay over another snow-field and up a gully. I let up the snow chute, chunk of rock in my hand much like my stone-age predecessors would have done it. Beyond the gully the climb degenerated into a heather walk and then loose, down sloping slabs to the top at 8325 feet and ten o'clock. last we could see Koll-Aid Lake, Cache Col, and familiar terrain. The down climb was more direct but harder. Just above the snow we were stopped by a vertical section. We placed a bad pin, an old sling and Les led off-vertical and then over the largest overhang on the mountain. At least it produced good photos. We belayed down now sloppy snow and headed towards camp. Just off the last ridge, on a class one dirt slope, I twisted my knee for the one injury of the trip. After lunch, Les 1ed up the inferno towards the Spider -Formidable col - sloppy, long, and hotter than hell. Finally the col and onto the Middle Cascades Glacier which was gorpy, steep, exposed and ready to slide. We took the wrong route and had to retrace, tired, edgy and getting irritable. We dropped well down and, as our route became obvious, morale picked up and we staggered towards Art's Knoll. There the way was bared by a one hundred foot vertical cliff, fortunately cut obliquely by the very prominent "Red Ledge" of softer

rock, forming a good path down. This was very impressive - black vertical rock above and below and a sloped, narrow path contouring across. Half an hour later the blue sparkle of Kool-Aid Lake welcomed us to home ground. This little pond is one of the most beautiful spots I've ever visited. We set up the tent five feet from the water and watched the sunset blazing orange.

July 19
No alarm today, and it wasn't missed. The sun climbing. Hurry-up held no message for us today. Finally the nine o'clock heat drove us out, to greet a Black Tail buck drinking ten feet away. We sunbathed, ate lunch and then, too soon, packed and did the last long slog. Every step is familiar, and then Sahale is standing above the Pass where Roland's Standard Ultimate rules the anthill. We are back.

SIR RICHARD

Diary Excerpts by Peter Macek

Spring, 1969

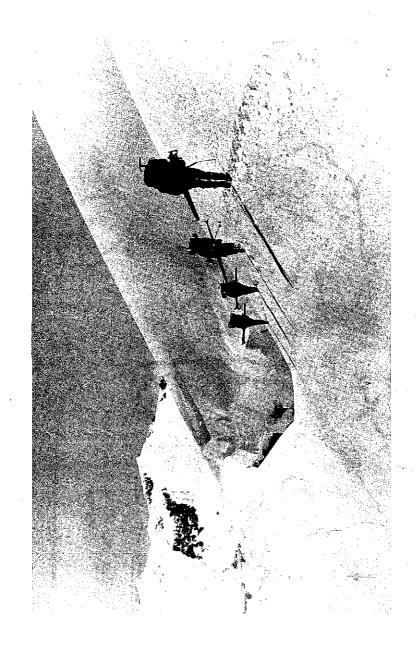
April 30. Our motley crew gathered at the start of the Black Tusk road -- Thorsten and Mike Lopetecki had dropped out and Roland had been in Sphinx since the 24th, so we were Brian Ellis, Eckhard Buss, Paul Starr, Ken Lefever, Bill Prescott and myself. Ken and Bill shuffled cars to Whistler while we distributed about ninety pounds of food into six piles. With the stuff already in Sphinx camp, this would give us six days, giving Bill Tupper till Sunday to do the drop. The first part was up the snowed-in road and then the new trail which was unduly hard work on frozen snow. Slog, slog, and the switchback count gradually increased. The weather was marginal -- no visibility, but no precipitation either. Finally the Airways cabin and the monotony of the lake. Nonstop, I finally arrive at Sphinx Camp less than fifty minutes after

leaving the cabin. Sphinx had definitely changed since I was here last, three years ago. The kitchen is much more permanent, caves are dug in, the john has a seat, and then there's "Resurrection City", three tents set up together and covered with an enormous sheet of plastic.

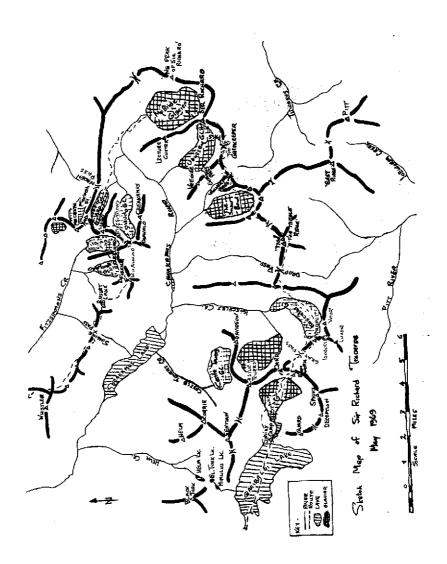
May 1. Morning oozes in on snow-covered tents, bleakness and the futility of a low cloud cover. It's obvious that we aren't going anywhere soon. A leisurely breakfast and then immense slackness and apathy... Groups leave. Most of the Sir Richard group (that is, all except me) go up to the Bookworms packing food.

Just after dinner Ken and Bill finally show up. They had camped near the barrier. The entire mob (we are twenty-nine) build a "Sphinx" to appease the weather gods. Everyone helps build the statue and then Roland, beautifully playing the role, officiates, putting lighted matches between the toes, fruitcake in the mouth and then cinnamon on the head.

May 2. The weather's not much better but there are rifts in the hereto uniform cloud banks, so at about eight we get up and consume a good breakfast. Then our little group breaks camp and prepares to leave. Several others, notably Dave Lloyd, helpfully carry most of our food. Then the slog up the Corridor begins. Blue sky patches! We sweat uphill and finally reach the food dump 400 vertical feet below the Bookworm. Paul and I load up with two bags each (about twenty-five pounds) and steam straight on. The clouds are socking in again and we want to climb the Bookworm before it becomes impossible. We climb from the col between the middle and north Bookworm. On the top we are just above the site of our Camp I. The sherpas have gone down, Ken with them,



Isosceles Icefall - McBride Travers - Photo by Roland Burton



and the orange McKinley is being set up. We set up the other tent and then start dinner. We are at 7900 feet, warm, comfortable, and lazily listening to the incessant snow pile up on the tent roof.

May 3. Morning's not worth it at five, so we get up at seven-thirty and, after much in bed, we do an ascent of our wind cirque and the lump beyond it. The view is threatening; but from Garibaldi to Sir Richard the mountains stand clear, ridge after ridge stretching into the distance. Sir Richard: So very, very far away! I realize for the first time exactly what we are trying to do.

At two-thirty the weather has improved significantly and so we decide to head for Parapet, cannabolize the tents for skis and poles and leave forty-five minutes later. The run down to Gray Pass is phenomenal -excellent snow on very exciting terrain. We make it to the Pass at the same time as the sunshine -- blue sky, warmth, optimism soars. Skreen and skins on and we roar up Parapet. Eckhard pushes the pace, joining Paul and myself as the animals treading on Brian's heels. The summit is heavily corniced, so we gingerly take off our skis and look We count three monstrous thunderheads around us and so decide to get the hell out of there. Gray Pass and the sun disappear behind gray clouds and we are made aware of the fact that the air temperature is actually well below freezing. The slog up is hard and we waste no time. Back at camp, dinner (Beef Strog) is delicious, then early to bed in the hopeful expectation of an early rise.

May 4. This is the crucial day-will the expedition go, or do we amuse ourselves until food runs out and we return home? We've got till noon for our airdrop, but the morning dawns cold, windy, and very threatening. However, by eight-thirty it's breaking in the west and so we decide to recce the route to Drop Pass. By the time we set off, the sunshine is brill-

iant and we are in high spirits. Quickly we are in Gray Pass and starting up the other side. Soon it becomes obvious that it is too steep for skis and so we start walking. second try takes us over a prominent rock bluff where, surprisingly, the ridge isn't corniced. This leads onto a beautiful bench--huge crevasses everywhere, but good walking and all feasible on skis. It is twelve-fifteen and the plane was to arrive at twelve at the latest; too bad; we make promises to return next year. We stand silent, then an indistinct hum isn't imagined any longer. A silver plane is banking over "7700", coming low towards us. tic action, out comes the blue poncho, the drop signal. Bill T. roars over and heads for Sir Richard. The expedition is suddenly alive again and we whoop and holler like kids at Christmas. Lunch on a nearby outcrop of sun-warmed rock brings back sanity and we realize the awful import of what we have committed ourselves to. If we leave tomorrow we will have four days food and the trip to the drop would probably require three days of good weather. The margin is non-existent. Roland suggests that he and Bill do a carry for us and then head back, giving us two extra days. This is the best, most logical plan; but I wonder, and I think the other three are also wondering, whether I would be capable of the same sacrifice, and how I would feel about it.

The plane returns, dropping a pop tin from ten feet up with a note "Everything dropped at number one (Gate Pass). Nothing at Russet Lake". After a brief route check, we head back for camp, arriving in a whiteout. The day is still hot, so we dry sleeping bags and prepare for the morrow. Cold creeps in, clouds and then snow. It appears anything but probable that things will in fact go.

May 5. The night was windy (thirty m.p.h., gusting to forty) but by ten the clouds suddenly broke and, although it was still cold

and windy, it was beautiful travelling weather. We broke camp, pitched the small tent and other superfluous stuff into the kitchen hole and headed east. We started on a really gorpy run with continuous kickturns replacing yesterday's parallel turns. Then Gray Pass again, the traverse of Para-pet, and the bowl of the Isoceles Glacier lay below. In a freezing wind we ate lunch, distributed the rest of the food, and said goodbye to our two sherpas. The ski down was very exciting, the only feasible routebeing through a semi-buried icefall. Once again kick-turn followed kick-turn, until until the schuss across the valley floor. The climb up the other side was frightful. The snow tended to slump, and the pitch of the slope was at the limit of the possible. The sound of frequent avalanches didn't help my psyche either. All things end, and our slope eased off and Drop Pass lay ahead. This developed into a real mess as we crossed avalanche fans and our convex slope kept disappearing beneath us. A few long, dropping traverses, and Drop Pass at last. We were soaked and totally exhausted. To avoid the Pass' habitual clouds and the icy slopes of morning, we climbed higher, and finally fifty minutes later and 700 feet higher (at sevenfifteen) we dropped our packs on a rocky point, hardly appreciating the stupendous view.

May 6. We ate and drank for hours last night and finally went to bed at eleven, so an early start was not in order. We got up at eight and were on our way at ten-thirty. The first slope was very icy but we all survived somehow. From then on things improved and the going was very enjoyable and scenic. We abandoned our skis just south of "7700" and walked up the western (highest) summit. Our first ascent! Whoopee ding! It was now twelve-thirty but we decided to push it to the broad saddle just north of here for lunch. The

traverse around the far eastern peak of "7700" went but was rather dicey due to the avalanche danger. After lunch we covered the next snow bowl with one grand sweeping schuss, and stopped at a series of rocks with genuine free running water. We drank our fill, and then pushed on around the shoulder to Gate Pass. The drop down involved two extremely icy traverses. The pass is actually double, with a 150-foot hump in the middle and so we camped in the far one, amid sun-warmed flat rocks. Camp III, five o'clock. The view from camp is once again great, with Pitt in one direction, and in the other, the Cheakamus Valley.

May 7. We got up at seven-thirty to another perfect day. It once again took two and a half hours to break camp as Brian walked up the buttress above us on a recce. We managed to ski up to the first rock band, but then the angle of the snow increased considerably. We kicked steps, carrying everything, for about 400 vertical feet. The person kicking steps would go up unloaded and, when exhausted, would return for his things. This often tied up another person since the packs had to: be held in place on the sidehill, there being no level spots. It was very tiring work. At the top of the buttress, things got progressively worse, our route being barred by extremely steep rock and constantly avalanching The only possible line of progress was along the ridge down to the col in front of "The Gatekeeper", a high triangular pinnacle of rock and ice. The ridge was mainly a class three scramble, which is very interesting with a full pack and skis crosswise on top. From the col we went down the avalanche slope to the south on a fixed line, avalanches falling a hundred yards away with unnerving regularity. Then on skis across the bowl and with skins up to the col. a wind cirque ahead lay our tins -- we had made it to the air drop! By now it was two o'clock so we had a long overdue lunch and then gathered together the drop -- five large tins and two foam plastic acid boxes -- all reasonably intact and with no spoilage.

We decided on a nomenclature change. Yesterday's pass, formerly "Gate", is now "Wolverine Pass". Today's pass, the drop site, is now "Gate Pass" with "The Gatekeeper " above it.

I have never seen so many avalanches before as I have today. Beautiful ones were constantly cascading off the rocks in our col; off "East Ridge" to the south; and the icefall of Sir Richard is also quite active. We heard a real monster that probably fell into the Ubyssey Glacier and that reverberated for several minutes. For a while we could actually feel the shock waves in the ground.

May 8. We got up today at the horrendously early hour of four-thirty, and by five-fifteen we were on top of "The Gatekeeper". The snow (higher) summit was a simple walk on crampons from camp.

We returned and had breakfast and two hours later we started up the icy snow towards Sir Richard. The route around the head of the Ubyssey Glacier was easier than I had expected. The scale is immense, though, especially across the west face (which isn't steep) of Sir Richard. We were at the North Col at nine.

After a short break we strolled up the 500 vertical feet to the summit, which is mainly snow. No summit record was found or left, but it was a profound moment, knowing we were following the Mundays to this spot. The view was truly majestic, especially in the two new directions. The summits of Judge Howay and Robie Reid stood out in the south against the smog, along with the jumbled immensity of the "Misty Icefields". East was unknown country, a sea of not too impressive summits culminating in a great black triangular flake.

Westward, our entire route could be picked out -- the traverse of the Parapet icefall, "Hour Peak", "7700", "The Gatekeeper". Veeocee was below, across the gulch of the Ubyssey Glacier; and beyond lay the blue of Cheakamus Lake and other familiar friends. Finally we gazed north, to the remaining challenges: the McBride Glacier, ridges and avalanche fans to be crossed, the black mass of Macbeth; in comparison it all seemed familiar, we were heading home.

At last we came down and started for the first Lecture Cutter (which we named The Eight-thirty). A snow walk finally brought us to the gap fronting our objective. The Cutter looked like a twin of Boston Peak in Cascade Pass, rotten, red, and uninviting. We had lunch and somehow no one suggested we climb it.

We were ready and eagerly anticipating the run down the McBride Glacier, boots tightened and skis waxed. Ahead rose John Carter's North East Peak of Sir Richard (which really does deserve a name) and below, the expanse of ice. The run varied between good and slop, with the latter unfortunately predominating. At the snout of the glacier the snow was more water than anything else, and the sun reflected off all the surrounding white, making the valley a parabolic oven.

We followed the valley to floor and turned off into a grove of trees overgrowing an old moraine. Here in the shade, stripped to our undershirts, we panted in the memory of the furnace outside and finally decided to camp. It was two-thirty but impossible to travel much further because of the killing heat and the severe avalanche danger on the other side of the valley. We lazed away the afternoon, had dinner (strogs of course) and turned in early. Ah, the strenuous life of the mountaineer!

May 9. Day began at four-twenty. We were camped at 4900 feet and the top of Macbeth is 8600 feet, so we had no time to waste. We were out of camp within two hours and the pleasant run down the river flats was soon only a memory as we "graunched" up through the trees. The snow was soft in the bands of forest and very icy in the avalanche chutes. At ten we emerged above the basin of the lago Glacier, exhausted and only 500 feet above camp. The run down to the ice was very hard, but fun. Then skins again, and the climb began. Fortunately there was a breeze, because the floor of the valley was a real scorcher. The slog continued until there was a pass ahead leading to the Fitzsimmons and a pass to the left to Tago. We thankfully dumped our loads and started walking towards Macbeth. The route leads along a small ridge and then across an almost infinitely long snow bowl to the col between Macbeth and Couloir Ridge. From here it was a long class three scramble on loose rock along the east ridge to the summit. We had made it -- another first! And this one actually a mountain that other people had tried for! After just about falling off the mountain building a cairn, we returned by the snow north of the peak, a definitely easier route involving only moderately steep stuff and one bergschrund to jump. The walk down was long, and we were all pretty well exhausted by the time we reached the packs. A short climb brought us to a saddle overlooking the sheer snow face of Fitzsimmons. We flaked out on some rocks and declared Camp VI. It was a long successful day and the end is definitely in sight. We have managed to set up camp in some truly beautiful places but this one is second to none.

May 10. The slope above is still icy as we start up the short haul to the col east of Iago. Paul and I decide that second ascents are not to be sneezed at, and so, grabbing our ice axes, we leave the other two and wander up. We add our names to the cairn and run down.

The others had already gone on, so on with the skis, a sideslip, and then a glorious run down to the Diavolo Glacier. Here, re-united, we started what in my opinion was the worst slog of the trip: 800 vertical feet to Benvolio. At the top we have lunch, then tighten boots and we're off down the Overlord. Even Paul links turns, temporarily forgetting that he is supposed to be a non-skier.

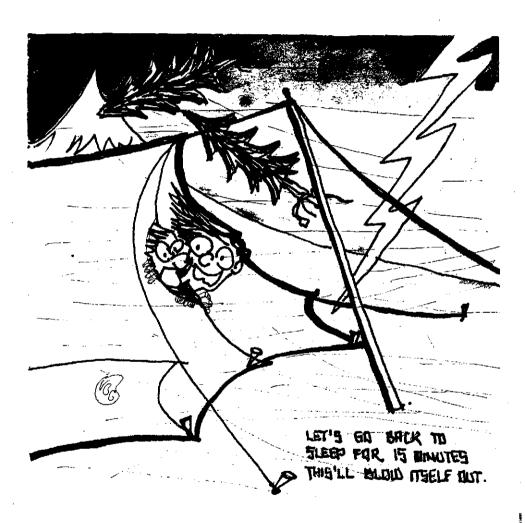
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We stop below Fissile and the last uphill before civilization -- 500 vertical/feet to the col. Next, it's down hill to the Russet Lake Hut. This is the best run of the trip -- steep, perfect snow. Then we're there, dump stuff, pull out food, relax. Too soon a party of 10,000 show up, ski touring from Whistler, so we eat some more and leave. Across the lake, bare ground, shin-deep slop to Singing Pass, and the agony in the desert sun up Oboe. Summit, camp, more food. The quiet beauty of alpenglow, the sunset enhanced by our first cloud streamers. All weak, we sleep.

May 11. We got up at six-thirty and by nine were skiing down towards Flute. The run is good, but the return to civilization is uppermost in everyone's mind and we just want to get it over with. The trip is finished and only a few of the details remain. Flute, and traverse north around Piccolo. The climb to Whistler's shoulder, and below our feet the bright red of metal, other people scurrying antlike in their activity.

We tighten our boots and wax up so that we don't put on too much of a horror show on the run down. The slope above the T-bar I remember as horrendous, but this time, although steep, it's nothing unusual We give our packs to the lift operator and then the exuberance followed by the slush of "Jimmy's Joker". The bottom; a note; off to the VOC cabin where fifteen people are sitting around discussing cabin construction.

Successful? Sir Richard was classic in its success. It was a fantastic party, we got along, joked and had fun. Brian, Paul, Eckhard, myself...a strong party, well matched. The Bookworms, "Hour Peak", "7700", Sir Richard, Macbeth...a fantastic area that deserves another visit, a few cabins and better access. It's a real gem.



SIR DONALD (10,800 FEET)

Peter Macek

August 27, 1969

Bill Mercer (M.O.C.) Les Watson Bob Woodsworth

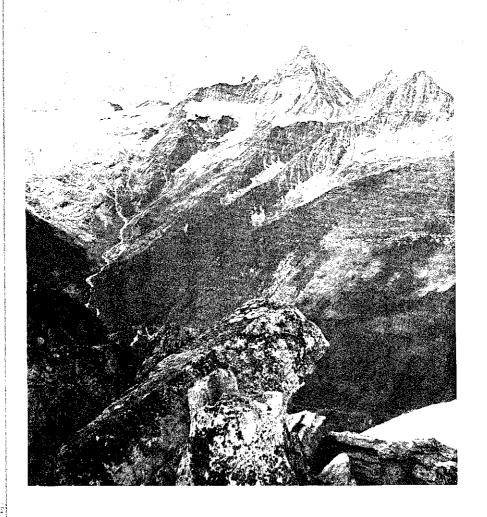
Night, starry and warm, the rocky presence black above the tent flickering orange. It is three-fifteen, the candle glitters, we are at 5500 feet below the west face of Sir Donald.

Warmth is not usual in the high mountain nights, especially in the waning of the summer and unease builds, as, porridge laden, we stumble over headlamp-sensed morraine. rushing rocky black is betrayed by our dislodged footholds; bouncing rocks strike flashes in the static-laden pregnancy. walk on, high on the crest of ancient glacial debris, a humming sub-consciousness forced at last into realization as an ice-ax tip whines. with blue light. Forgotten science labs with Telsa-coil blues and purple sparks spring to mind - we're discharging to the heavens. night's few whispy clouds now congealed into black thunderheads. We stumble a hurried retreat below the crest, an awful vulnerability riding our backs. Finally, we sit again in the tent, watching the clouds pass, and dissipate without flash. The morning dawns and ominous clouds turn friendly pink in It's time to start again. sunlight.

The morraine and sidehill lie behind and hands touch gray quartzite. Five hundred feet above looms the ridge, which we'll intercept from here rather than waste time traversing all the way to the col. Ahead of us are several other parties which we'd rather not get stuck behind. The rock is beautifully solid and the essential holds are all there. Soon we're on the crest,

sharp, continuous. The North-west Ridge, for years a dream and now the reality. Unroped, we climb in ecstacy, in good form, enjoying the subtlety of an adequate hold, a fine move. The walls drop a long way now, on the left the icy blackness of the North face plastered with fresh snow. On the right, the warm redness of the West face no less far into The route is classic, never the abyss. dropping more than a few feet off the ridge, never extremely hard, yet never allowing relaxation. The group climbs quickly, effortlessly, no one wants to stop and interrupt the joy. Then a blaze of light and we are climbing directly into the rising sun. The angle eases, a short traverse and there's the cairn. Two hours from camp and no one else in sight. The mountain, the world is South across the shining icecap rise ours. the mountains of May-Selwyn, the Dawsons. Far in the distance, the wind paints in the Bugaboos. North, way below, stands Avalanche Peak, where not so many years ago I sat and dreamed of that direct mighty line. Abbot, Rampart, Tupper, it is the ridges and the faces I look at now, black rock soaring into the endless blue, new dreams to challenge, no sense of surfeit to mingle with the pleasure of attainment of a sought-after plateau. We sumbathe and read summit records of "fourteen hours from the col , we'll have to bivouac." We eat lunch, it's ten o'clock.

The down climb is also challenging and possibly more dangerous, but no one suggests a rope until already below the ridge, several hundred feet from the ground, when Bill slashes a hand on a piece of quartzite and must be patched up. Two hours up, one on top, two down. We shoulder packs and walk down the trail. The trip is over and we're going home. It's the fitting climax to a long summer, so we end it there.



Mt. Sir Donald - Photo by Les Watson

SIR DONALD - N.H. RIDGE

Les Watson

August, 1969

Party:

Les Watson, Bob Woodsworth, Peter Macek, Bill Mercer (McMaster Climbing Club)

Rogers Pass, two p.m., late August, a fully loaded grey Austin Λ -40 pulls into the Ranger Station. Three climbers extract themselves from the food, equipment, climbing gear - as the car coughs a sigh of relief on three of its four cylinders, and dies.

> I hope the weather holds! Nayber and we can do the North face.

Peter: It looked a little icey from the light fall of snow last week.

Les: Hey, look at this! Four parties planning to do the N W ridge tonorrow have already started up. . We'd better get an early and start tomorrow to avoid the mob.

We stroll over to the Northlander, infamous summer working spot of many VOC girls. as a big American car pulls up with an airstream trailer. Bill Hercer, a member of McMaster Climbing Club whom we met in the Bugaboos, and Nancy Deas hop out. They had hitched a ride from Lake Louise since we had no more room in our car. Nancy decided to continue on to Kamloops while we shuttle our equipment down to the Illecillewaet campsite. Bill: I guess we'd better try to catch up to the other parties if we are going to be first on that ridge tomorrow.

So on with light packs, for a change, and we head up the trail to the Sir Donald - Uto Col and the late afternoon sun blasts into the valley. The sweat rolls down the nose, and the relentless heat is exhausting as shady spots are few.

A small level spot beside the creek on the morraine below the west face of Sir Donald is reached by sunset where we find two parties camped. We decide to stop and make an early start in the morning. We learn, from a group which has just finished the climb, of a route up the west face which gains the ridge about a quarter of the way up. So up with the McKinley tent and we hit the sack. Four a.m. comes early, dark and hot. A warm breeze is blowing storm clouds across the sky. Damn! The last big mountain of the summer and to be foiled by the weather! Decision time as breakfast is cooked over the primus. Mush again for the ninetieth time (WHORETCH - raisins or no raisins). We decided to push it anyway - after a breakfast like that, what other decision is there to make!! Five a.m. we are scrambling up to the lateral morraine leading to the base of the west face.

Les: Boy, it's hot!

Peter: Yeah, those clouds don't look too good either.

Bill: Do you hear that funny noise?

Bob: What noise?

Bill: That crackling noise behind me.

Bob: Yeah, I see it! It's a four-inch spark jumping off the tip of your ice axe tied to the back of your pack.

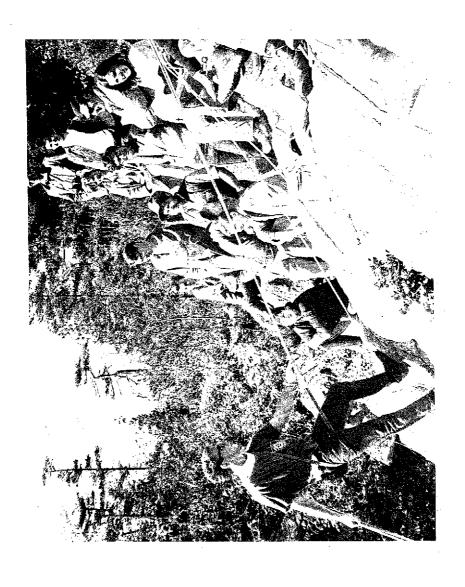
Les: Mine sparks too.

Peter: I think it's time to get out of here!!!

Four bodies exit down the morraine back to camp. Morning comes with only a few clouds, and then cools off. The other four parties are seen retreating from the Col. Decision time again, forward or retreat!

Bob: We still have twelve hours; let's go!

The decision is made. We pass two parties who had retreated from the Col also turning around to go back up again. They said they experienced St. Elmo's fire at the Col. sun comes out as we climb a small chimney and some easy slabs and gain the N.W. ridge. The rock is solid and the climbing is excellent class four on a knife edge ridge exposed for over 3000 feet on both sides. The route follows the ridge all the way to the top. mind soars higher with every move on the solid quarzite. What a way to end a fantastic summer of climbing. Three hours (time from camp via the west face to the N.W. ridge to the summit by an experienced party unroped!) finds us scrambling up the last block to the summit. We are the first party up today and we all lie in the sun, relaxing, enjoying the view of Beaver River, Illewath Neve, and the Dawson Range. The return is made by the same route as we climbed. Bill manages to cut his hand on a sharp corner of rock. Back to camp, roll up the McKinley, and run down to the car by three p.m. A refreshing wash in the icy Illecwath River before we head back to Vancouver ends the trip. An excellent ending to one of the best climbs of the sum. mer.



Harry Bruce's rock school at Murrin Park - Photo by Les Watson

Mt. Habrich -- the Southwestern Nose-Dick Culbert

Party--Fred Douglas, Paul Starr, Alice Culbert,
Dick Culbert
Route--Circa 700' - Class 5 quite continuous-5.7. III

Habrich is good rock—a bit corroded in places but coarse granite and just at the angle to keep free climbing hectic. This is the third route on the southwestern walls and follows the subtle nose between south and southwestern faces. If you are clever at route sniffing, cleverer than we were, you can get away with a 5.7. Four pitches are on the nose (continuous class five) and the final lead goes right. Base is an hour from Shannon Creek logging road. To be recommended.

Mt. Rideout -- North Face

Dick Culbert

Party--Fred Douglas, Dick Culbert
Route--circa 3000 -- Mixed class 5 and easier-5.5, III

To what extent do we climb to collect experiences? In some measure we depend on things going wrong to generate memories, although the aesthetic moments also leave their mark. Show this route lacked both. We set out to Someclimb the north face of Mt. Rideout, which rises from above the end of the logging road on Sumallo River, just northwest of Silvertip Peak. It is a big face, three thousand feet and steepish, but the rock proved mostly poor and the ledges scree-clad. We figured one and a half days, so we left at noon, but reached the summit on the following morning. Route finding was a mite tricky, but even so only half the leads were class five, which is difficult to believe whether looking up, down, or across the beast. Everything went smoothly, there were no crux moves and few aesthetic ones Cheated? -- in three thousand feet of loose rock one expects at least something un-expected. Recommended only for those getting in shape for the Rockies.

Marble Canyon -- The Pavilion Edge

Party--Paul Starr, Fred Douglas, Alice Culbert, Dick Culbert.

Route--circa 2500 -- five leads of class 5-5.8, A-1, III

Long a tourist haunt. Marble Canyon and the Pavilion Lake valley are receiving increasing attention from climbers driven from coastal haunts by soggy Spring and Fall climates. has the main ingredients of a climbing site-namely, a cliff and easy access. The rock is so-so; good in places but varying from crackless through brittle to downright cruddy in Hank Mathers did some early climbing in the canyon, but in following years interest was confined to an abrupt tower known as Chimney Rock. Now other things are getting done. In November 1968 the western corner of the main canyon face was scouted, but it was a case of short daylight and too cold to bivouac. We returned in October 1969 and completed the route.

The edge starts with a couple thousand feet of class three and four, a more than trivial warm-up. Class five enters the scene abruptly at the last lone pine tree and it is two and a half leads. (5.7 and one aid pin) to where the edge steepens into an overhanging corner. Belay here. Now move out to left over main gorge (whose far wall sweeps back under your perch). Up fifteen feet and across to a chimney system-5.8-lots of luck. Thanks Paul, that was a nasty lead. Chimney is a bit loose, take a left fork onto wall beyond. One more lead and its over. We bivouaced on the canyon rim, there being a mile walk east to get off. A very pleasant day (mostly).

Johannesburg--Regular Route

July 14-15.

The steep ice couloir which leads to the notch between Mt. Johannesburg and Cascade

Peak is probably one of the best ice climbs in the Northwest. It is easily accessible from the Cascade Pass road just before the final parking lot. The 3000 feet of mixed hard snow and ice should be begun very early because there is some (!) danger from falling ice in the bottom half. The top thousand feet are the steepest (average around 50 degrees) and are very enjoyable. The amount of exposed ice depends on the time of year—the later in the year, the harder the climb.

Once in the notch, there are still about 2000 feet of mixed third and fourth class rock and snow which are not trivial. Finally, a quarter mile summit ridge traverse seems just interminable because of all the fourth class. Little wonder this peak sees only about ten ascents a year, despite its easy access.

It is best to retreat via Gunsight Notch. This is long, but safer than the couloir. We had not planned to bivouac, but were forced to because we got lost in gulley systems leading to the notch. The climb is highly recommended.

Paul Starr, Fred Douglas.

Northwest Ridge, Mt. Alpha: 4,II July 5 - 6.

The northwest ridge of Mt. Alpha can be clearly seen from the Cheakamus Canyon turnoff on the Whistler highway: it is the jagged skyline ridge to the right of the main peak of Alpha with the prominent gendarme. Approach was made via the Lake Lovely Water Trail to the ACC cabin. We ascended timbered slopes directly to the north of the cabin and broke out into steep heather about 1200 feet higher. Continuing up to the obvious shoulder, we bivouaced on heather and among small trees. This is the last vegetated area (about 6000 feet) on the main east ridge of Alpha. The fol-

lowing morning we contoured on the glaciers of the north face of Alpha, passing between rock steps of a large north buttress. We gained the northwest ridge by means of an obvious second class ledge system at a level about even with our camp. At that point we realized that the ridge was not as steep as we had feared -- it was mainly third class with mixed fourth class. Proceeding upward very quickly, we soon reached the base of the gendarme. Although the gendarme can be circumvented, one easy fifth class pitch (over a slightly overhanging section) leads one to the summit, which was a first ascent. Down climbing on the south side of the pinnacle leads one to a sloping ledge where a fixed pin allows one to rappel with one rope to a notch. Second class climbing directly up a face leads one to a false summit from which a rappel must be made (fixed pin) and easy scrambling leads to the summit. Descent was made by the east This would be a fairly long two-day ridge. trip and is recommended. Personnel: Paul Starr (VOC), Fred Douglas (BCMC)

SOUTH FACE OF LEDGE MOUNTAIN:
"How to Ruin a Mountaineer's Reputation"

Paul Starr

June 21-22, 1969

Ledge Mountain is the large, flattened peak directly to the east of Sky Pilot. It has large faces both on the north and south sides - the south face is the smallest (about 800 feet high), but we thought the rock would be sounder and the approach was easier. We approached via a logging road which runs along the Stawamus River. Open timber slopes on the east side of Mt. Sheer eventually led to snow covered heather. We ascended just to the south of Sky Pilot Creek (see wonderful government map), but the gully of the creek may be more satisfactory. Getting onto the main ridge of Mt. Sheer is complicated by a cliff band, but easy ways

exist provided one is not totally socked in. Once on the ridge, easy walking leads one directly to a talus slope underneath the face. Picking as direct a line as possible, we aimed for a shallow chimney system that led up the center of the face. Roping up on very loose fourth class rock, we led up two pitches to sounder fifth class (overhanging) rock. Although the protection was poor (would you believe tied off knife blades?), the belay stances were adequate and the holds were plentiful. The crux of the climb came on the fourth pitch -- a very overhanging holdless section. Not being Joe Brown, I cheerfully resorted to aid, which considering the abundance of pin placements and the exposure, was not exactly A-1. A hairy free move (5.6) off of aid slings leads one to a sloping ramp and easy rock which terminates on the class two ledge of the normal route.

The descent from this climb is a classic example of what not to do in the mountains. At the base of the face prior to roping up, Fred and I decided this would be an easy climb, and proceeded to leave all our bivi gear (including matches) and took only one 150 foot rope. Our stupidest move was to leave the guidebook as well, thinking that the Class 2 descent route would be easy to find. Naturally enough we became socked in about halfway up the face. This didn't bother us, because we knew the easy way down. After lunch on the summit, we casually walked easy, expecting to find easy rock climbing leading to snow slopes. Instead. we found ourselves on a buttress of shattered rock which was swinging to the north. rappel, then another led us to trouble: fog everywhere and nowhere to go but back up. Then the fog parted slightly and we saw below to our right (east) a snow patch and some trees, quite a bit farther than 75 feet. Being fearless (ho!) mountaineers, Fred banged a piton in the only crack (a knifeblade) and

merrily rappeled off with the hardware, etriers, and hope. Fortunately he found a nice standard angle crack at the end of the rappel. Another rappel from the hanging station brought us to the snow bank from which we contoured on steep ledges to the ledge-ledgelette notch (and our packs!)

Personnel: Paul Starr (VOC), Fred Douglas (BCMC)

Grade: II, 5.6 A-2

MT. STUART, NORTH RIDGE or "Look, Ma, No Protection"

Paul Starr

June 14-15, 1969

Mt. Stuart is a high (9,500'), impressive granite peak in the East Cascades of Washington. Peter Macek, Fred Douglas, and I braved the U.S. Border in order to do one of the ambitious routes on the north side of the mountain. However, our expectations dropped very quickly when we arrived at the roadhead only to find millions of climbers, all no doubt heading for the North Face of Stuart (good ol' U.S. of A.). Fortunately, a little friendly (?) negotiation soon established our "right" to the North Ridge and we were off to Ingalls Lake (6,500 feet), and an early (seven p.m.) bed. So early, in fact, that Peter woke up at ten p.m. and informed us that we had overslept! Peter is a truly keen mountaineer.

The next morning saw us donning heaving packs full of iron and bivi gear. The approach to the base of the Ridge took about two hours and required quite a bit of cramponing across steep and hard snow slopes. The final snow gulley that led onto the North Ridge was virtually ice. The "ridge" itself is a graceful buttress which bisects the main face and leads directly to the sum-

mit. The elevation gain is nearly 2,000 feet. Shortly after gaining the ridge, the class changed from fourth to fifth, all very exposed. The climbing was exceedingly enjoyable, mixed crack and face climbing, never too difficult, but never very easy either, All of a sudden the buttress ends in a steep vertical step. Heroes with enough pins can start mailing at this point. The rest of us wrap off into a gulley from a fixed bolt. The crux of the climb turned out to be the lead across this gulley and up the other side. Smooth slabs in the gulley (dodging the occasional rock) are followed by rounded and unprotectable climbing (about 5.6) up the other side; a fall at that point would be a foolish way to cheat Uncle Sam. One more roped pitch led to loose, but easy, fourth class. Four hundred feet of agonizing scrambling led us onto the summit ridge, only to find that we were the eighth party to reach the summit that day! Oh, the humility of climbing in the U.S.

Descent was quick and dirty. Ulrich's Couloir (class 2) is a 3000 foot glissade which ends up 1000 feet below Ingalls Lake. One tries to forget retreats like this one. Suffice to say that we made it back to our cars sixteen hours after our morning start—a fitting end to a memorable, but exhausting climb.

SLACK CLIMBS IN THE ROCKIES

Peter Jordan

July, 1969

Hans Reisenleiter and I had the opportunity to take a week away from Sentinel Glacier in Banff National Park. The Peyto Glacier is one of the three glaciers draining the Wapta Icefield, a sprawling icefield which lies between 7,500 and 10,000 feet on the continental divide. For two days we explored the icefield on foot and on Uncle Pierre's

numerous skidoos. I was impressed by the chain of huts and shelters on the icefields, which opened up the area for ski touring and mountaineering. These are quite heavily used the year round.

On our third and last day at the Peyto Glacier camp, we joined the Peyto crew (seven of us in all) and climbed Mt. Baker, at 10,400 feet, the highest in the area. Skidoos speeded up the approach considerably; shortly after leaving them, two of the party fell into hidden crevasses. Otherwise the climb up the corniced snow ridge was uneventful.

Since we had two days to drive from Banff to Vancouver, Hans and I felt we should bag one more Rocky. Mount Temple (11,636). which dominates the view from the Trans-Canada Highway with its impressive 5,000 foot north face, especially caught our eye. So we awoke at three a.m., and at sunrise we left the cars at Moraine Lake and set out into the promise of a cloudless day. climb proved very disappointing and we reached the summit a mere four hours after leaving the cars, without ever uncoiling the rope. Mount Temple is a very popular climb, understandably so, as it is the highest mountain in the area and I know of no other mountain where one can get so high so easily. A pleasant hour was spent admiring the view, which stretched as far as the eye could see in every direction. By noon, we had begun the long drive back to Vancouver.

MT. GARIBALDI

Peter Jordan

June. 1969

After the hectic first few weeks at Sentinal Glacier, Hans Reisenleiter and I succumbed to the temptation of a day off for climbing. We planned to climb Mt. Garibaldi, following the route the successful party

from Sphinx Camp had taken a month earlier. We arose early, and were soon greeted by the unforgettable sight of Garibaldi and Mamquam glistening in the rising sun. After a hectic attempt to get a closeup photograph of a goat on the Glacier Pikes, we made good time on foot across the Warren neve and soon reached the saddle beneath the Tent. Alas, the bergshrund was wide open and blocked the snow route completely. Ever undauntable, Hans looked up at the sheer east face rising above us and said, "I bet that would be a new route."

Several hours of battling the vertical scree and a narrow escape from a falling boulder convinced us to let it remain a new route. Reluctantly, we descended and traversed the snow below the bergshrund until we reached the north-west rock ridge. A pleasant surprise! This ridge gave us some enjoyable climbing on unexpectedly sound rock, as well as a spectacular view of the Warren Glacier directly beneath us. Soon we joined the usual route and walked up the rotten summit block to the top. A leisurely hour basking in the sun, and we started down the direct route. After an anxious hour crossing the bergschrund, we jogged across the icefield and glissaded into camp, fourteen hours after leaving. The iceworms were out in full force enjoying the coolness of evening, and we calculated there were in the order of 108 of them on the Garibaldi Neve.

GLA CIOLOGICAL RUMBLINGS FROM GARIBALDI LAKE

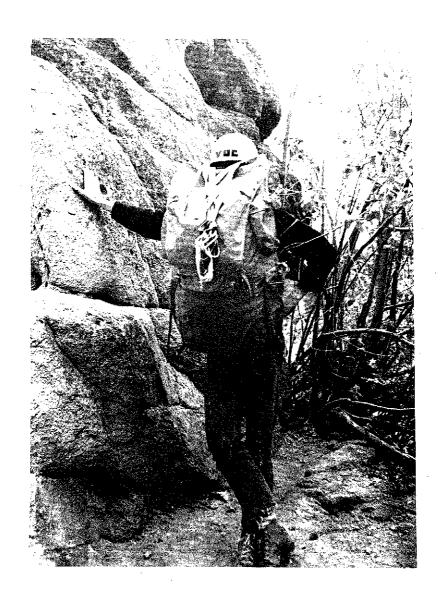
Peter Jordan

Summer, 1969

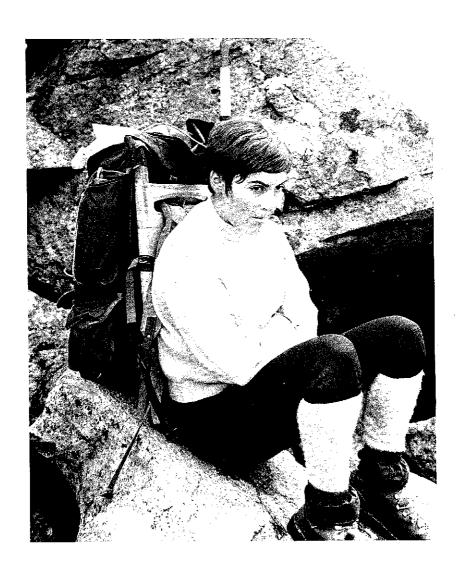
Like many VOC'ers, I was familiar with the Garibaldi Lake area as a skiing paradise in the winter and spring. But until last spring, I did not know that the Sphinx Camp area was the site of a glaciological research project, so I jumped at the chance to work there all summer. If you can call fishing in the lake and skiing until July "work".

The Sentinel Glacier (which together with the Sphinx Glacier, drains into the east side of Garibaldi Lake) is one of the six glaciers in B.C. and Alberta which are under study by the Federal Government Inland Waters Branch. The basic purpose of this ten-year project, currently in its sixth year, is to study the relationship between the climate and the yearly growth and shrinkage of mountain glaciers. (A yearly account of the project can be found in the Canadian Alpine Journal so I won't go into it here.) The Sentinel Camp was manned throughout the summer by a party of two, more or less.

There are not too many disadvantages to such a job. One is that a diet of oatmeal and canned stew gets tiresome, but we were able to supplement this with fish and as much fresh food as we could haul up the Barrier trail on our rare trips to civilization. Another disadvantage is that there is a lot of work to be done in the first few weeks, and also in the last few weeks. But in between there is a lot of time to gain an appreciation of the high country. It is one thing to obtain a quick acquaintance with a large area of mountain country in the course of ski touring, hiking, and climbing. It was a new experience to achieve an intimate friendship with one small mountain valley, to know it in all its moods and to learn to appreciate its complex life cycles. One becomes familiar with the ice caves where the iceworms abound. the meadows beneath the Glacier Pikes where hummingbirds can be found, the ledges on Guard where goats graze, the creek mouths where the trout feed, and the places where the wolverines hide the food they steal from camp.



Rick Price on Donald Duck Rock at Peshastin Pinnacles - Photo by Les Watson



Barb Fulton - Photo by Roland Burton

Home for two months was two tiny, mouse infested, leaky A-frame huts on a bluff at the snout of the glacier. The shape of one had been drastically altered by an avalanche. A third building (furnished only with a pail) was tiny and three-sided. It sat on a ledge overlooking the valley and one could sit there in moments of contemplative solitude and admire the panorama of the Black Tusk reflected in the lake.

One regret I had was that I was only able to spend about four days of the entire summer climbing because one person always had to remain near camp to take regular weather readings. However, in the course of work it was often possible to go for solitary hikes around the valley, from the desolate lava ridges near the Table, to the steep slopes of the Guard-Deception Col, where there grows an unbelievable variety of wildflowers. Also, we enjoyed fabulous skiing on the glacier well into July. It was somewhat shocking to watch the Sphinx Glacier transformed from the smooth ski slopes of spring into a maze of crevasses.

Perhaps fortunately, our skidoo broke down early and we were forced to walk or ski. It seemed an intrusion on the quiet of the mountains when the end of the season came and the valley was again filled with the shattering roar of the helicopter.

THE RUWENZORI MOUNTAINS

Dave King

Christmas 1968

In last year's journal Duncan Etches describes his trip into these mountains with Don and Nita Poole. Last Christmas I had the opportunity to enter the Mountains of the Moon on a more protracted trip than Duncan and

under better conditions. My companions were Dave Payne and his wife Barb of Toronto (with CUSO in Dars es Salaam), an Asian chap from Dar es Salaam (Habibulla Janjua), and a British gal, Sarah Parker. All were either experienced rock climbers or mountaineers. We generally followed the same route as that taken by Duncan and the Pooles and arrived at Bujuku Hut on December 22.

We spent four nights at Bujuku Hut climbing Speke (Vittorrio Emanuele-16-16,042) on the first full day and the three highest peaks of Stanley (Margherita-16,763; Alexandra-16,703; and Albert-16,690) and Moebius (16,134) during the next two. All climbs were done under superb snow and weather conditions. During the descent from Speke, Dave and I bathed in a lake at 14,550 feet (Dave has since tried a lake in the Himalayas at better than 16,000 feet). The snow that surrounded the shore was in sharp contrast to the hot dry Congolese plains we could see 12,000 feet below. Our ascent of Margherita was the first in six months due to foul conditions that had persisted for weeks before our visit. It was also Christmas day and the day that the American Astronauts were circling the moon's mountains...though we failed to see them ...

The following morning back at Bujuku Hut we had a most unusual visitor, a leopard. Mr. Payne had been out to the water hole to wash up and was followed two minutes later by Jan. Jan came boiling back into the hut having found the snarling leopard drinking at Dave's spring. It looked very content to lay in the shade of the giant groundsel 40 feet from the door and gave the impression that it just dared someone to step out. We weren't worried as we had two weeks food..but, oh! oh! no water. = Fortunately, however, he (it was!)

finally got bored and slowly slunk off into the groundsel behind the hut....to lay down again next to the john. There can be few animals which match the leopard's fluid motion and pure beauty...its strength and fierceness seem to radiate from its every spot. Suddenly it was gone. (For days Dave was wondering and having nightmares about where that cat was while he was washing....)

We crossed over Scott Eliot Pass to Kitandara Lakes and Hut, which must surely be one of the 10 most beautiful spots in the world. On the way our head porter caught a hyrax (marmot-like animal) and tied it to his load where it squealed and whistled until sacrificed for the evening meal. First day at Kitandara we ascended the highest point of Baker, Edward, at 15,889 ft. Next day while Hans and the girls swam and slept, Dave and I took a crack at the rarely climbed southern peaks of Stanley, all over 16,000. Clouds came in early on the reaks and it was pea soup before we reached the summit of the first, Philip (16,200). The ascent was the second by our route with ice and snow creating a little sweat. Elizabeth (16,150) was a walkover and then it was Savoia at 16,330 feet.

I reached the summit of Savoia as pellet snow began to fall. Suddenly, I became aware of a buzzing sound and a moment later realized it was coming from my ice axe, my pack, and me! I beat a hasty retreat for lower places and plopped into the snow about the time Dave arrived. I continued to hum and sing but for some strange reason Dave was not affected. He went on to the top and while standing there ridiculing my predicament and complaints of burning hair, raised his hand to heaven. Miraculously (it seemed) sparks began dancing in weird patterns from his finger tips ... we left that summit quicker than it takes to type these words.... After gathering our wits at a lower elevation, we decided to forego any attempt on the remaining two 16,000 ers... and besides, they looked difficult.

So we left those mountains via Fresh-field Pass, as did Duncan, and got out to our car just as torrential rains—as only it can fall in the tropics—broke, ending 10 most wonderful days. Someday, we vowed, we shall return under more friendly conditions for those last two 16,000 'ers.

LAST CAMP ON KILMANJARO

Dave King

Christmas, 1968

My time in East Africa was rapidly drawing to a close, a tearful close as the realization sunk in that many African friends and students, my wonderful cook and, above all, Kilmanjaro, would soon become memories. I wanted to tread the summit of Kilmanjaro one last time and just when I had given up all such hope, time suddenly sprang to my side. I quickly gathered my things and set off.

Friends drove me to Shira Plateau at 11,000 feet on the west slope. My plan was to make a traverse of the peak via the western glaciers arriving back at my home on the south slope in five days. Such a route had never been done, and I was alone. Following a day of plant and animal collecting, my friends departed and I turned my eyes to the glaciers above.

September 8th, under clear skies, I wended my way up Lent Valley leaving the last vegetation at 14,000 feet. At 14,500 I filled my water bottles and while doing so was surprised to see a lost (surely) bird alight on a nearby rock. I continued on finally stopping for the night at 16,300. Camp consisted of a small platform dug in a morraine at the foot of Drygalski Glacier. Under the hot afternoon sun a torrent of muddy

water cascaded off the ice to vanish into the sands. For shelter from the cold and wind I used only a space blanket and prayed no storm would appear....

Next morning no wind blew and the roaring stream was a river of ice--silence, beautiful silence reigned supreme.

The first part of the day's climb involved ascending a rubble cliff partly coated in ice and sand, and it was with some relief that I reached the glaciers at 17,500 feet. However, the glacier was not to be as easy going as I had hoped. There had been no fresh snow for many months and the ice was peculiarly fluted by thousands of vertical 'leaves'. These 'leaves' were 1-3 inches thick and stood to 3 feet high in tight rows parallel to the movement of the sun. As my route crossed these flutes, travel was slow and tiring even with crampons. It seemed to take hours to reach the rim of the crater that forms Kilmanjaro's top. I thought all my problems were over but I soon found that was not so.

My route had taken me up to the top of Credner Glacier and there, to my horror, I found myself trapped in a jumble of football field size icebergs bound by 200 foot cliffs and no apparent way off. I spent two hours and the sun was getting low...would I have to spend a night on the ice? But a last ditch effort located a treacherous though passible route down onto the volcanic sands of the Inner Crater of the summit.

I planned on camping inside the Inner Crater but hot fumeroles blowing steam, sulphurous gases, and other unknown fumes suggested it might not be a wise idea. Thus I set up camp in the skree of the uter slope and for the second night, used only a Space Blanket for mattress and shelter.

All night a gale blew, but dawn came crystal clear, calm, and cold. I climbed down onto the first level of the Inner Crater to collect sulphur from one of the many fumeroles when I slowly became aware of a growing headache and giddy feeling. It was not altitude sickness! I propelled out of there as fast as one could at that elevation and soon the strange feeling went. Whether it was CO, CO₂, or another gas, I do not know but was I thankful that I had decided not to seek the warmth of a fumerole for camp.

An hour later I was on Uhuru Point, the highest peak, for my sixth time and second time alone. I could not help reflecting back to my companions of other trips--Tom Choate who'd climbed McKinley, Ranier, and peaks in New Zealand and Antarctica, ten of my students representing five different African countries, and Duncan Etches and Joy Stanley (Joy Stanley and Jean Strachan hitch-hiked from Europe down through Egypt, Sudan, Ethiopia, and Kenya to spend two weeks in Tanzania before making the return trip. Jean made it to 16,000 before altitude stopped her while Joy was able to continue on to the summit of Kilimanjaro. They also climbed with Duncan Etches in Ethiopia for two weeks on their way through to East Africa.) both old VOCers and friendsthen it was time to leave, to leave not only the freedom and peace of this mighty mountain, but Africa, too. Ahead stood uncertainty, tension, noise, the western society ... Ugh!

ETHIOPIA

Duncan Etches

1967 - 1969

A mountainous country isolated by deserts. Ethiopia is a Christian island in a Moslem sea: the unique and exotic nature of the country comes from its mountains, and just as the society is poorly known, so are the ranges. Their formation is associated with a major weakness in the earth's crust called the Rift Valley which stretches from Israel to Mozambique. Lava spread out in sheets over what is now Ethiopia, the land mass rose and the lava surface cracked down the middle to form escarpments up to 3000 feet high. swollen by the rains, which inundated Africa during Europe's Ice Ages, carved awesome gorges, such as the Blue Nile, over 6000 feet deep.

With this type of formation it's predictable that the "mountains" are often flattopped plateau remnants made challenging by the impressive erosion on all sides. emperors and lords of Ethiopia probably stimulated the first climbing of these "ambas" as they used to exile unwanted members of the royal family (for example, the emperor Lij Yassu in 1916 by Haile Selassie) and other competitors for power, to the tops, where they could live comfortably and be easily guarded by a handful of soldiers. The exile of Rasselas, a medieval prince, was well known in Europe and in 1868 when the British invaded, the Emperor took his last stance on the top of Magdala where an old home-made cannon stands as the "summit cairn".

The stresses of faulting also led to a lot of volcanic activity and two volcanos are still active. In many places raw, black lava fields, devoid of even lichens, spread over hillsides and across plains. Around Addis

Ababa nearly all climbing is on ten or eleven thousand foot volcanos, which is not impressive as it sounds as my house was at 8200 feet. One of the mountains, Entotto (10,0001), is commonly visited by tourists as buses and taxis drive a fair way up; and it was here the Emperor built the original town of Addis Ababa. Only a pair of churches remain, and the way of life of the peasants farming here is little different than in the remotest part of the empire. The local Gallas know the national language, Amharic, only as a market language: in old olive groves they worship animist gods, and groves are marked with pagan symbols carved on the stone. Little known even to residents, there is also a ruined monolithic church at least 400 years old on Entotto. A monolithic church is carved free-standing out of the ground as one piece of rock, hollowed from an outside trench, in. Most of them are in Lalibela, which is inaccessible except by air and is one of the main stops in the dry season tourist circuit. India is the only other country with similar structures but they are not still in use. Apart from relics and traditional farmers, Entotto often attracted me as a place to escape the turmoils of Addis Ababa and to enjoy the painfully clear, cold, thin air typical of the Ethiopian highlands.

Furi (9,860'), also overlooking Addis, is practically unvisited by foreigners; and the day we were there we smelled incense, which led to a women's group praying in the sanctuary of a great cedar. A lot of high places have religious significance, the form depending on the tribe and religion. The summit of Barrack (10,000') was marked by dried poles with red cloth and bells tied to them; broken pottery and butter lay among the rocks. Yerer (10,500'), one of the more rugged-looking peaks, densely inhabited with serval cats, jackels, bushbuck, and mongeese, has a sacred spring on top,

and as a thirsty cynic I drank my fill. When I returned to my jeep I found I'd left the key on, draining the battery. After a lot of pushing to start, I drove into a rut and bent the axle - carry water on Yerer! A plain round lump, Managasho (9,600°) has a Coptic (Ethiopian Orthodox) church on top, and many hermits live in caves around the summit. Zuqualla is a very typical cone-shaped volcano with 3500' of relief. The crater lake is sacred to both pagans and Christians so the most exciting time to climb it is during the massive pilgrimages there every year. Finally, Wechcha, at 11,100' the highest of the lot, provides long, difficult boulder problems on the rock towers of the eroded dyke summit.

Further afield most climbs are expeditions, not only because they are difficult but because access is so long; ninety percent of the Ethiopians live more than half a day by foot or mule from the nearest road. Our expeditions were quite different than those encountered in most other countries. Flying is cheap and a good way to get near the target -- many isolated towns are served by airports and not roads. Buses are an adventure in themselves and so are the "hotels" where they stop. Mules are a great way to carry your gear, for they are cheap and no Ethiopian will ever degrade himself to become a porter. Boots are out, as the weight is too tiring on the long distances covered (we often went twenty-five miles a day), rock shoes or even sneakers being ideal. Dried food is stocked in Addis: but in richer parts of the country food is available locally, especially in trade (for example, three eggs, one tin can). However, famines are common, not all farmers are friendly enough to want to sell, and local food is not palatable to everyone - dysentry is a plague. High mountains are cold and even in Addis it freezes at night in winter; on the highest mountains it Snows.

The highest of the high mountains are the Simien (North) mountains culminating in Ras Dashen ("Head Guard" - 15.156"). are proposed as a national park, for within its boundaries live three animals found only in Ethiopia, and one of them, the Walia Iben, is now reduced to a hundred animals. yellow roses grow among the "tree heathers" and higher up wild foxes chase rats over miles of alpine grassland. But to the mountaineer the main attraction is the fantastic escarpments dropping nearly vertically 4000 feet to broken, eroded shelves which drop for several thousand more feet to the lowland plains beyond; isolated towers and the walls themselves are completely unclimbed. trip to Ras Dashan takes eight days, but there is probably still a hut to stay in half-way there, so it is not entirely a wild-However, around Ras Dashan soil erness trip. erosion is very bad and the locals suffer very badly from undernourishment and exposurechildren wear only raw sheepskin, legs still intact.

Further south on the same Eastern side of the Rift are five more areas over thirteen thousand feet, some of them moderately close to roads. But nearly all are essentially unvisited by foreigners and first ascents in that sense are probably possible, though shepherds undoubtably get to the summits occasionally. West of the Rift are three more thirteen thousand foot plus areas. Mt. Batu (14,140) is the second highest in the empire, and Dick Rottinger from Colorado and I got a second ascent (by a month) on Here again is another rare animal, the magnificent Mountain Nyala, with horns which arch a yard over its head; and again, mostly because of the wild life, a park is proposed. The area was closed because of Somali-supported rebellion against the government but by not starting from any town we were able to avoid any hassle with officials.

This type of problem is very common as the ruling tribe, the Amharas, are very suspicious of strangers, and anyone crazy enough to just "climb mountains" has to have ulterior motives. Twice I was arrested and often we had long debates with police to get permission to travel.

Apart from the hills around Addis and the big ranges, such a mountainous country is bound to have a lot of potential for the ways minor climbing. For example, a needle I and and a call "Injabara Rock" is about 300' high, 50 the bask across at the top, 30' at the middle, and overhung on all sides -- unclimbed so far. A and an fifteen man Polish expedition visited Ethio pia in January, 1969 to explore climbing possibilities, but did nothing new and in a couple of months could hardly comprehensively cover a country as big as B.C. Mountain World, 1955 reviews the mountains of Ethiopia, but it is general and nothing more valuable is has been written since then. Neither is it ever likely to attract much mountaineering interest as the ranges are hikers! mountains and the worthwhile rock climbing areas are too scattered for intensive climbing areas. But to people who love mountains for their peace and beauty, and who explore them partly out of interest in the people that live among them, there can be no more fascinating place to explore than Ethiopia.

PARK AND RECREATION COMMITTEE (P.A.R.C.)

Mike Miles

Up until Christmas P.A.R.C. was mainly involved with organizing Singing Pass Trail Workhikes. Over 200 people were comerced into coming up and finding out what is involved in "cutting trail" to Parks Board Standard. Most groups worked fairly well and fortunately we had only one casuality-Sara Oliver -- who, desiring some masculine attention, sprained her leg near the top of the trail. Luckily I had an axe so she was soon supplied with a cane. Generally, most people enjoyed working on the trail, and felt that they were doing something that was worthwhile. When work stopped in mid-November we had succeeded in re-cutting and repairing over two and a half miles of trail. Assuming the Parks Board puts maintenance crews on the trail this summer, all that remains to be "cut" is the last portion into the pass itself. Hopefully we can finish that next fall.

Reflecting our increased awareness of pollution and conservation problems, V.O.C. has become a member organization in the Society for Pollution and Environmental Control (S.P.E.C.). Hopefully this will make VOC'ers better informed on the current threats to our environment. In the next few years VOC'ers will be asked to support a greater number of organizations formed to "fight" some proposed development. I would like to offer some suggestions as to what action the members of V.O.C. should (If this seems like I'm giving a lecture -- please forgive me--my only excuse is that I'm just a poor illiterate Science man.)

As our society will always have a demand for more and more resources, we will be continually faced with the exploitation of "our wilderness". It is very easy to condemn (and justifiably in many cases) the actions of large profit-oriented companies. and government institutions, who are doing the "exploiting". This usually results in a hastily formed group, operating on limited information, meeting to TAKE ACTION. groups such as this can, in some cases, do much more harm than good. Admittedly the project in question may destroy some of our "recreation area"; but, as the "demand for the product must be met", the alternate which the company may be forced to use could quite possibly be worse!

An excellent example of this is hydroelectric dams versus thermal plants. Hydroelectric sites result in the inundation of
large areas, and, during winter and early
spring, leave great quantities of "guck and
slime" between the high and low water levels
(assuming the reservoir has been properly
cleared). Probably just as bad, if not
worse, is the destruction of the plants and
animals who used to live on the flooded land.
A fact many people don't realize is that even
animals, such as deer, which can retreat before the advancing waters, will also die.
An animal requires a certain minimum territory to live on, and if this is not available,
he will die.

This picture is very grim, and hence whenever a new dam is proposed conservationists immediately begin to prepare battle plans. But what are the alternatives? If the increasing demand for power must be met then some other form of generation must be supplied; usually by "thermal plants". As atomic powered generators are very expensive to install, and as yet unreliable, either coal or oil will be the probable fuel. Thus we strip mine coal or drill more oil wells, and with an unfailing

regularity spread both all over the place. transporting them to the generation site.
Here we burn them, and for every one hundred B.T.U. burned, only thirty-four B.T.U. equivalents become electricity. Of the remaining sixty-seven B.T.U.'s, twenty percent are beliched into the atmosphere, along with un-burned hydro-carbons and secondary products. other eighty percent are picked up by the cooling system and boiled back into our streams, lakes, or oceans. This thermal pollution is very dangerous: for even a few degrees change in water temperature is enough to kill great quantities of marine life; or for a few species cause a fantastically increased rate of growth, to the point where they can become a menace.

Neither alternative is very impressive. What are the possible courses of action? The first is to stop spiralling demands, but unfortunately, until we achieve "zero population growth" this will be impossible. Secondly, we must demand technological improvements-such as fusion powered generators and using the waste heat from cooling to heat our cities. This requires a high degree of cooperation between both engineers and politicians (something that happens only rarely), plus a great deal of time and money to do the necessary research. The third choice is to take the alternative that does the least long range damage to the environment-not a good choice, but in many cases the only practical one. A lot of care must be taken in making this decision, for who can predict what we may need in the future-something that is just "worthless rock and jungle" may become a necessary weekend refuge for a metropolis dweller of the future.

What can a concerned citizen do to help matters? Of utmost importance is to press for a constant population. If nothing else, this will decrease the future demands upon our resources. Support Government subsidies

increasing the amount of research being done into the better utilization of our natural resources. Read articles about this research. and tell other people about what you've read. Pressure government to force industry to use this new technology-even if it does mean an increase in the price of the product. an active role in examining proposed developments and financially support organizations that are trying to do this. Don't blindly accept what someone tells you-get the FACTS yourself and form your own opinion! Weigh the project in light of what the alternatives Suggest means of lessening the damage, and if possible, think of secondary developments to make the project into something that can be of larger benefit. But remember, at some point you have to stop investigation and make a "value judgement". If, after examining the proposed devlopment, you conclude that something must be done to stop or change it. tell your friends about it, form a group of concerned people and get other people concerned about it; contact the press, get your FACTS published; send letters, petitions to the concerned people; publish your results. of primary importance is to have the FACTS, and using this information to conduct a reasonable campaign. A logical argument not substantiated with correct information will have little chance of success-and even more important, will severely limit your ability to find support on the next fight! Hunting!

SEYHOUR CABIN

Bill McClintock

It may be of interest to Grad Members of VOC to know that the Seymour Cabin has been sold. As many of you will recall, the basis for the loan which VOC received to build the Whistler Cabin was that VOC would sell the Seymour Cabin to help pay off the loan. Several people expressed interest in buying the Seymour Cabin, and in 1968 we had a firm offer. However, the provincial government would not allow us to sell the cabin to an individual, and so we could not accept In the spring of 1969, Keith the offer. Moore, the VOC Treasurer, and Chuck Campbell, the A.M.S. Treasurer, paid a visit to the provincial government offices in Victoria. Seeing as how the provincial government had vetoed the sale of the cabin to an individual Keith and Chuck were going to try to persuade the government to buy the cabin. The government representative was overwhelmed with their typical VOC imaginativeness, eloquence, and ingenuity, and agreed to buy the cabin for \$12,000. This amount enabled VOC to pay back the loan and have \$932 left over. as of March 31, 1969, VOC not only owns the Whistler Cabin, but is also completely debt free!

Snow banners announce morning to the sky Light replies.
We shake the mountain awake with soft footsteps.

A patient mother
She endures our wandering and restless
play.

Until careless liberties Cause her to brush us from her flanks.

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Barbara Fulton

WEST COAST BUNKHOUSE

FOOTSTEPS, Footsteps, footsteps, Echo chequered halls and broken windows. Withered months of a tattered year, Hang on a weeping wall, But April's faded girlie still winks. Abandoned songs of a graveyard shift Are sung by a drain-tile cricket. Only the wind listens.

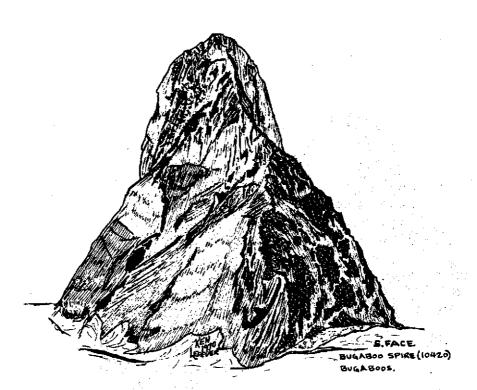
Rick Price

The stream bubbles from the spring
We are one with the water
It cascades down the mountainside
We are one with the rapids
Bright water and liquid jewels in our
hair

Foam cascading from our shoulders
It snakes through the lowlands
We are one with the silt and mud.
Quietly buried beneath the smooth brownness

It sweeps into the sea
We are one with the saltness
We are one with the vastness
Unknowing
Uncaring.

John Frizell





CLIMBING CLIFFS

When life's a drag And the world seems grey, I climb a crag And make my day.

The reach, the crack, The pin, the crab -I've got the knack And life's not drab.

It sure feels neat Up on the wall, With only air beneath the feet And life reduced to just a crawl.

All good times must come to end, Like fun and life and climbing things; Death's a fear of many men, Reduced by something climbing brings.

Frank Baumann

IMAGES OF A CLIMB

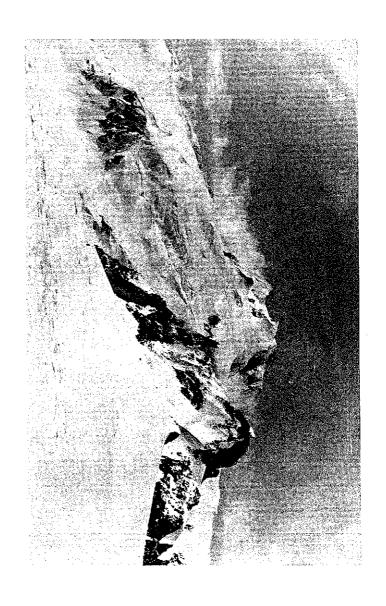
John Rance

I'm often asked, "Why do you climb?"
I've never been able to articulate a fully satisfactory answer to this question.
Terhaps there is no answer other than the reply, "If you've got to ask, you'll never know." So I'll not burden you with a phileosophical treatise on "why", rather I'll try and tell you what I feel on rock.

Image a sunny day, the rock is warm Overhead in the weightless space the rock and sky join. Happily, you climb towards that place. You're doing everything right, climbing at the limit with youthful strength and grace. The pins sing for joy as you pound them home. The rock crystals are sharp but your fingers are tough. There's no pain. Through your soles you feel the rock gripping your klets. You know exactly what you are doing and the whole thing is so beautiful you hum a crazy tune. But now, a hard part. Now no songs, only concentration. Fight down fear and panic. up! You can't fall and you won't stop. Stand where there is nothing to hold you. For an infinite moment -- total transformation -- a world of body, mind and rock, then the final breathless move, reality returns, the pitch is ended.

The next lead is your partner's. You entrusted your life to him a few moments ago. It's his turn now. He racks the iron and takes off, leaving you alone on your tiny ledge.

Belaying. You're trying to pay attention but soon your mind wanders. People and things, that girl, a character in a book, the colour of a quartz crystal, or some other daydream fills your universe. Suddenly your partner calls out. Tension rises. Finally he makes the move that liberates him. That lead took a long time but you don't have a watch and its a sunny day. Nobody is in a hurry.



Mt. Garibaldi - Photo by Roland Burton