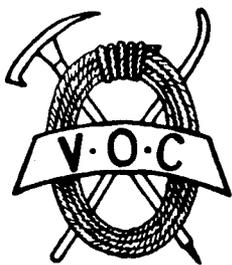


The Varsity Outdoor Club Journal



VOLUME XVI 1973

The University of British Columbia

Vancouver, Canada



Mt. Robson from Robson Glacier.

Photo: David Lemon

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It is unfortunate, but nevertheless true, that the President's Message has become stereotyped, and as a result, boring. Numerous active members of the Club have told me that they don't even bother to read the account of the President's Message. A typical comment is, "Who kneads it, anyway?" A perusal of past Journals has indeed convinced me that in the past this space has been filled with only two kinds of accounts: tales of great backrubs, and stories of close escapes from death, as the President narrowly avoids being rubbed out.

Of what, then, should I write? I could talk about the soft caress of dense slide alder and devil's club on bare legs, chest, face, etc. I might have told of the soothing effect experienced by one's posterior while sitting in a rocky belay station for two hours (during which time your partner drops most of your hardware). On a more pleasant note, I thought I might write on the healing powers of the legendary Pink Fingers of Dawn as They Spread Across the Snow, eventually reaching your tent and your shivering body. But no, these things must remain unelaborated, for all those who enter the mountains will eventually encounter them.

Rather, I felt I should tell of a massage that is probably unknown to most of you, but nevertheless very much a tradition in the V.O.C. This is the pummelling and pounding of the President by the Journal Editors, ceasing only when this article was reluctantly coughed up. This year we had two Journal Editors sharing this job, and of the two, I would have to say that Vivien's efforts were more appreciated; perhaps the feminine touch is important in these matters. (Next year's President is equally lucky, in that half of next year's Journal Editor is female). The massage delivered by David the Lemon was nowhere near as enjoyable. His acid comments and sour feelings detracted considerably from the intended state of relaxation. His poor technique may be due to the fact that, as a thick-skinned creature, he has never himself received a good back-

rub. This would be understandable, for how could anybody start giving him a backrub if they couldn't decide which side of a Lemon is the backside?

In closing, I would like to thank all those many who, through their enthusiasm, have made the V.O.C. what is is. I wish them good skiing, good climbing, good luck, and may the Pink Fingers of Dawn continue to do their thing.

Julian Harrison

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

MY GAWD! It's finally through the press,
This work of genius, more or less.
Preserved for all eternity
Your grammar mistakes, your crudity,
Your strange sense of humour, your lack of decorum
Your handy ability to thrill 'em and bore 'em.
We now know about every Stoned Wheat Thin
You ate on that day when you all got snowed in,
The bongos that got stuck and the bindings that
broke,
Pink Fingers of Dawn that attacked when you woke.
For what it's all worth, you'll find it all here.
I hope that you're all just as zany next year.

My thanks to the typists and all those who help-
ed,
To Chris, Bob and Moira who came when we yelped,
To those whom we pestered with all of our power,
But especially to the Lemon, who never went sour.

Vivien Bowers

VOC EXECUTIVE 1972-1973

President	Murray Fierheller
Vice-President	Sue Bodie
Secretary	Julian Harrison
Climbing Chairman	Fred Thiessen
Quartermaster	Moira Lemon
Treasurer	Erich Hinze
P.R.O.	Bob McMechan
Membership Chairman	Marvin Currey
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Cabin Marshall	Ian Cordey
Ski Representative	Alan McKillop
P.A.R.C. Chairman	Peter Jordan

VOC EXECUTIVE 1973-1974

President	Julian Harrison
Vice-President	Andrea Harris
Secretary	Moira Lemon
Climbing Chairman	Chris McNeil
Quartermaster	Mary Bussel
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P.R.O.	Ernie Bodie
Membership Chairman	Bob McMechan
Archivist	Helen Lemon
Cabin Marshall	Ian Cordey
Ski Representative	Ann Carter
P.A.R.C. Chairman	Wynne Gorman
Journal Editors	David Lemon and Vivian Bowers

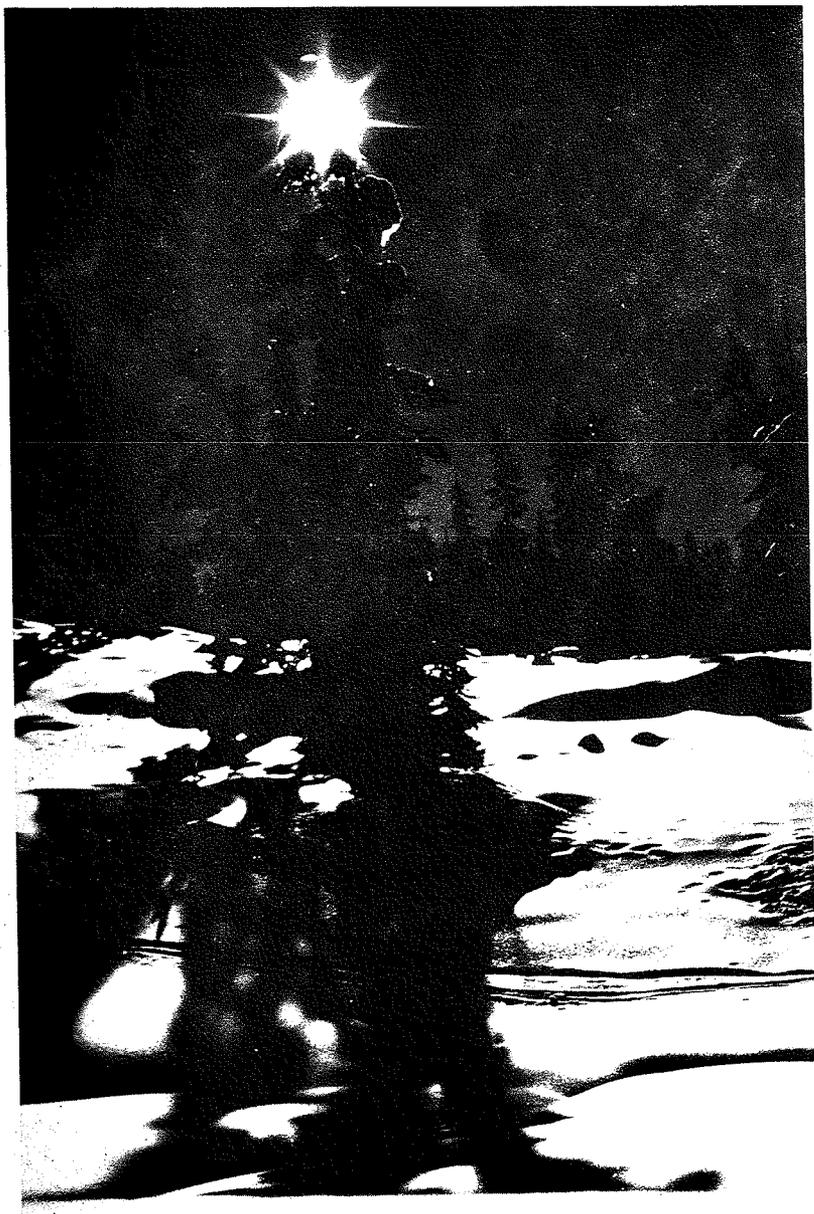


Photo: Bob McMechan

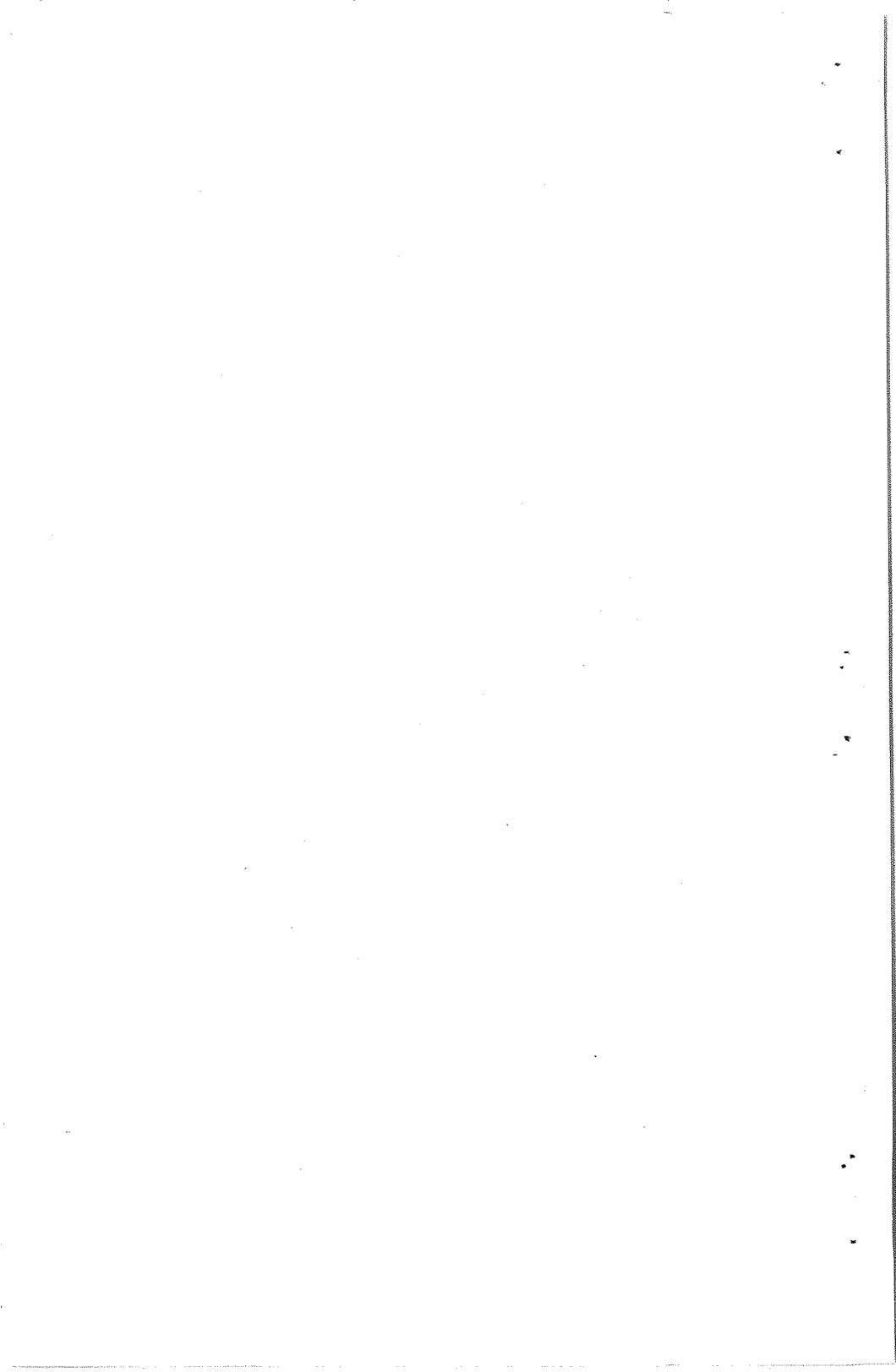


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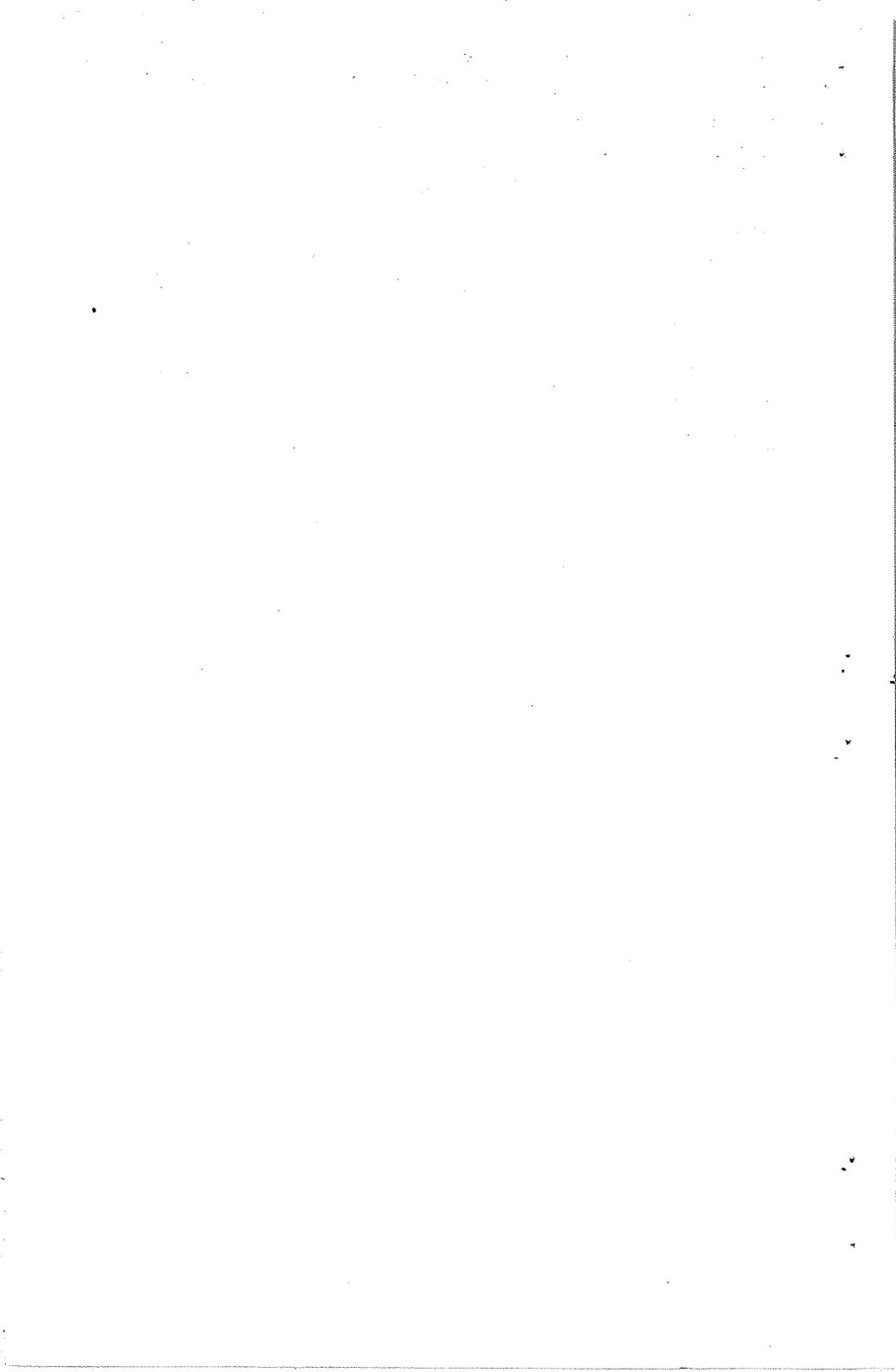
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VOC SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Fall Reunion Party

Dr. Neil Carter offered his beautiful home for our September get-together. The pool was crowded all night long and there was dancing and singing until the wee hours. Everyone enjoyed seeing each other again after a busy summer

Longhike

About one hundred and fifty people were fed a hearty chili dinner at the Whistler cabin. This large crowd of old and new members enjoyed a rollicking party lasting well into the morning - singing, dancing and Salty Dog lessons, etc. Again, everyone headed off early the next morning for Singing Pass, Black Tusk, Cheakamus Lake and Rainbow Mountain.

Hallowe'en Party

This was a very successful party; the theme was "Legendary Beings". The Little Miss Muffet skit (with a horrible spider) was a notable prize winner. Apple bobbing and singing brought the singing to an end.

Curling Party

The curling party was a lot of fun this year with both curlers and non-curlers taking part. Afterwards, everyone warmed up and danced at Andrea Harris' house.

Carol Singing Party

After exams and shopping, we all gathered at Neil Kirk's house for a good evening of singing, dancing and eating. Neil led us around the neighborhood for hours singing, but it was a clear evening (no snow) and lots of fun.

Christmas Reunion Party

It was very difficult to decide which trip

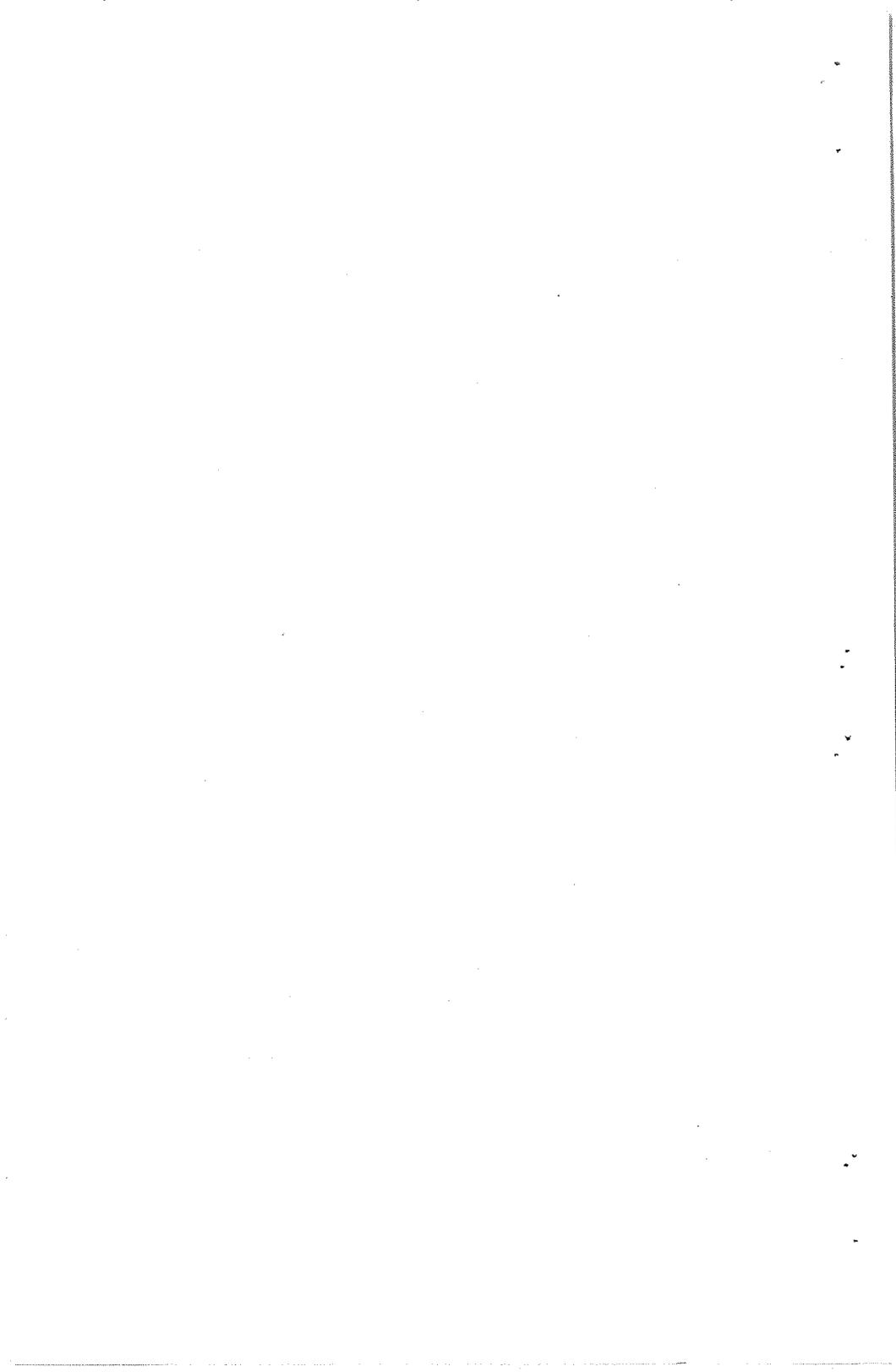
Christmas Reunion Party - cont'd

had the best song - all were excellent. The party was terrific, with groups from Red Mountain, McGillivray Pass, Kokanee, the Bugaboos and Yoho. If you overlook the spaghetti that turned to glue, it was a great party.

Andrea Harris



Chorus Line, 1973. Photo: Rob Boyce



GRAD NEWS '73 GOINGS AND COMINGS...AND STAYINGS

Mike Miles and Ken LeFever came back from their travels in New Zealand and Antarctica - Mike is currently back at UBC - Ken has gone back to New Zealand.

Roland Burton, Bill Prescott and Joy Petty are going to South America "or at least south..." in the Spring of '74.

Wendy Watson is working as a dietician in Gorge Road Hospital in Victoria.

Ellen Woodd is teaching those little beasties in Invermere and plans to stay on for another year.

Sara Golling is still teaching in Lillooet. She plans to retire at the end of this school year.

Dave Whiting is still teaching in Nelson.

Jim and Allison Crellin are living in Quesnel along with their dogs and cats.

And just twenty miles south of Quesnel, at Narcosli Creek, Sue (nee Bodie) and Mike Edwards are teaching in a two room school house.

Yes, Ross Beaty, Paul McGuigan and Mike Caron came back from South America! They are now back at UBC, and Ross, Paul and Mike are working like mad, according to rumour.

Nancy Johnston is working in the Vancouver Manpower Office.

Peter Jordan is living in Squamish, where he is teaching at the same school as Charlie Brown.

John Frizzel has finally finished his thesis, and plans and plans and plans to travel to Nepal during 1974.

Jim Byers is working at MEC, where is a full-time paid manager.

John Rance is teaching in the Okanogan.

Paul Starr is working on campus for the Zoology Dept., and has recovered from his spectacular bike accident earlier this summer. He got his Masters' this year.

Fred Thiessen earlier this year dug ditches, then packed paper bags and now has a job with Canadian Agriculture at UBC, but is making noises about travelling to New Zealand or Antarctica or...

Jill Bridgeman was back from South America (?) this summer, and is now home in North Vancouver.

Anne Little is working in Australia.

Ron Cupit is wiring boats (?) ie. electrician in a boat yard in Vancouver.

Goulin Barford has moved to Nanaimo where he has come out of retirement to work for a civil engineering company.

Frank and Wendy Baumann are going to Nepal in 197

Dick and Alice Culbert are in town...

Brian and Mary Ellis are still living in Peterborough, Ontario where Brian works at a university

Sue Macek is in Vancouver and is getting her teacher's certificate at SFU.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ian Cordey and Mary-Anne Watson. He went on a trip to Manning Park and got more than he bargained for (?).

Teresa Colby and Michael Shepard.

HITCHINGS

Duncan Etches and Nora McGillivray
Sue Bodie and Mike Edwards
Nancy Deas and Peter Macek

OFFSPRING

Les and Carol Watson - a boy, John Cameron Fall
'73

GOON AWARDS 1973

To JULIAN HARRISON and GRANT MCCORMACK, after voluntarily spending a night out at the base of Rex's Pillar: a candle, a presto log and a song-book to help them in future bivouacs.

To STEVE SCHWARTZ: a knee pad to prevent him from impaling himself with his crampons on future ice climbs.

HOT DOG AWARD: to Christreefir McNeill for his actions as a portable rappel station on Mt. Shuk-san.

HALLOWE'EN AWARDS

POOR TASTE AWARD: PETER JORDAN won a meal ticket for wearing the same costume as he did last year (some people say he never changed in between).

PISSIEST COSTUME AWARD: A "Don't Eat Yellow Snow" plaque went to WALTER PEACHY as Richard Nixon.

KISS ME, FOOL AWARD: This went to all those beautiful girls (ANN CARTER, KIRSTEEN LAING, MOIRA and HELEN LEMON, ANTHEA FARR and MARG MATTHEWS) who got to kiss all the wonderful, handsome judges.

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT AWARD: ROGER LAING received a broom to clean up his distasteful presentation.

THE LEMON AWARD: This annual award went to someone who likes Lemons, PAT JAWORSKI, for her Christopher Robin costume.

THE WART AWARD: was for all those who didn't dress up. They were supposed to have "WART" stamped on their foreheads but they stole the stamp.

GRAND PRIZE OF 80,000,000: went to JULIAN HARRISON, ROB BOYCE, MARY BUSSELL and BOB MCMECHAN for their presentation of Little Miss Muffet.

MIKE MILES received a Boy Scout "BE PREPARED" AWARD for putting one of his skins together so

that he would be ready to go backwards in the event of meeting a bear, Mazamo, etc. Wynne also gave him a bottle of PhisoHex for his skin problem.

ANN CARTER received the contents of a bucket of water for her rowdy actions at the Reunion party where she drenched numerous people.

JULIAN HARRISON and MARY BUSSELL were noticed spending a lot of time in bed on their Christmas trip, but they appeared to be only talking and sleeping. It was felt that perhaps they were in need of guidance (just to be on the safe side) so: Dianne Bodie gave Mary a copy of "How to get your Man" and "Bring 'em Back Alive", Ross Beaty gave Julian his copy of the "Allied Van Lines Guide to Moving In", and Rolf Kullak contributed his copy of "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask".

HELEN LEMON received a pair of boxing gloves to prevent further damage to Stuart Lynne's front teeth after a scuffle in the clubroom.

STUART LYNNE received a two inch wide roll of tape to prevent further trouble in the clubroom.

SPRING 1973

January
26-28

SINGING PASS

Bob McMechan &
Christine Bullen

On the evening of January 26th the troop converged on the Whistler Cabin to out-gross the hoards visiting from Place Vanier. Naturalmente, the Salty Dog, Virginia Reel and Polka were exhibited for the benefit of the uninitiated (warm-up exercises for our trip into Sinking Fast, y-know).

Morning came early and saw 22 people and packs strung out along the cold olive (drab) chair. (It's fun skiing off the chair with a pack, isn't it Kirsty?) Then up the red chair and T-bar for a brief strategy conference. Whistler, Piccolo, Flute and Oboe followed - on with the skins, off with the skins, on with the skins, off with the skins... "Sure this looks like a good place for another lunch! After convincing Ross (with snowshoes) that he really didn't want to bivouac, we trucked on out of the Pass itself, onto the ridge and down to Himmelsbach hut. Julian, Bob, and Roland amused themselves playing musical streams ("Well, I was sure the creek was right here"), but finally came to the decision that melting snow was the only way to get H₂O. Altogether in the cabin, there were twenty-two people trying to create dinner simultaneously on top of many ornery Optimis - does that say enough? (And Mary - do you really like swallowing fire?)

Grant and Julian started to build a comfy snowcave - but ended up with four in the Crestline (with Kirsty and Mary - in how many sleeping bags?)

"When the wind glows, by gar, she blows a whole lot more". (as Mike Miles would say) "and the big Mac, she do flap, flap, flap". (as Christine, Gouin, Dave and Bob will attest)!

The less daring folk slothfully remained in the crowded cabin (Eh, Ross, and how were you feeling Ernie??)

Rolf tried to wake us all up when that time came, but there was no need cause those Crestliners kep us all awake - yak, yak, yak, all night!

But the sun was shining on those far-off mountains and the group split on the trail home.

The half of us who went back along the ridge and over Whistler ended up much the wiser, had a great time freaking out yo-yo skiers on the slopes as we zoomed by with our big packs and cable bindings (or Marker TR's) and were out five hours earlier than the second group.

The other half took their time attempting to find the trail (hey, this might have been a trail marker - 10 years ago!) But we ended up traversing the bank of the summer trail (or where we thought it might be) until we reached the first creek, and then continued as close to the summer trail as possible.

Dusk was beginning to fall - when one of the trip's members joined it and fell about 50 feet down the embankment, ending up with both skis in the trees (feet attached) and head and pack in the snow. Gouin went down and hauled Christine out while the others continued on until they coincided with the exact head of the old logging road (third time in a row Roland - what are you, psychic?) where they waited until Gouin and Christine finished the summer trail in the dark.

Finally we all hit the logging road and slogged our way one foot after the other, in the moonlight to the Whistler garbage dump and the end of a long trek out, but a good trip.

February
3rd-4th, 1973

DESPAIR PASS ALMOST

Wynne
Gorman

Moira Lemon (Leader), Chris McNeill, Rob Burnhardt, Ron Cupit, Don?, Friend McNeill, Onthea Foss, Rob Boyce, Terry Rotherson, Roland Burton, Jane Davis, Freddy Theison, Seggi (Jack McNichols) Wynne Gorman (L).

The last of us struggled into Manning Park Lodge ? a.m. Saturday morning and set up tents in the dark (so they wouldn't fade). In accordance with the rule of early to bed and early to rise, we were up and away by noon (1:20 anyway). Heading due south, compasses clutched in our hands and hoping that the clouds wouldn't lower any further

and smother us, we slithered down the first steepish slope and into the woods in our search for Despair Pass. We did see the trail markers but never a trail, but figured that this type of skiing (?) increases dexterity, agility, and confidence on ungroomed slopes. However, a run longer than three feet would have been appreciated.

Freddy and Roland finally designated a campsite and started digging out platforms and slowly we reassembled as dusk turned to darkness and flashlights faded. Although we couldn't see anything we kept in touch by exchanging curses, mumbles and various cries of disgust. Finally we were all in and safe, except for Chris, who had broken his skins and one pole and anyway his bindings don't work. (Ding it anyway!) However, we don't have to worry about him, 'cause he's tough. Chris and Friend spent a chilly night in a natural bivouac site, about five minutes below us - i.e., Chris fell in and didn't bother climbing out.

Chris claimed it was clear about 6:00 a.m. but the rest of us missed that and slept until finish, except Freddy, Roland and Ron, who keenly thrashed up the pass before joining the general retreat down about noon. The interval between was spent throwing out Jack's pants and slothing.

Logically, we headed north and, except for Roland, ended up on the top of mysterious 500 foot cliffs, nonexistent on the map, to the east of where we would like to have been. As we were now close enough to see the Gibsons Pass chair, we took another bearing and thrashed off through the trees. As we skimmed, ploughed (Friend) and snowshoed (Rob and Rob) up to the cars, the clouds lifted and the sun slowly set and we could see that it's actually quite a pretty place although the timberline is rather high for ski-touring. The trip was designated a success, because we all came back and most important, had fun.

P.S. Anthea sleeps in the outside of her fairy bag.

P.P.S. Our thanks to the McNeill-Rotherson Theissen-Burton Guide service, without whom we probably would have been even 'loster'.

and after a long leisurely start we got one way lift passes and arrived at the top of the upper T-bar at 10:30. After repacking, skinning up, etc., we left Whistler at 11:00 in sunshine; it was like Spring. We went over Piccolo, Flute and Oboe and arrived at Russet Lake around 5:00 P.M.

At midnight we were awoken by two ski-tourers, who had had problems and had not left Whistler until 3:00 P.M. We had our just revenge as we got up at 4:00 A.M. in an attempt to get an early start to go climb Mt. Cheakamus. Tom was still pooped from the day before so he stayed and recuperated while the rest of us went on. Stumbling through the dark we got up to the Fissile - Whirlwind Col at daybreak to greet the morning white-out. Undaunted, we climbed Whirlwind and the weather cleared.

Dodging the clouds, we skied on the North side of Whirlwind to the base of Refuse Pinnacle. We then went up and over Refuse Pinnacle, which was a bit exposed but not technically hard. But it was hard, physically, carrying our skis and punching holes; it was a relief to put on our skis on the other side. We were able to get over due to a lack of snow; however, in snowier years one would probably have to go around the north side of Overlord.

We then went past the North side of Overlord and continued to Benvolio which was an easy rock scramble. The weather socked in again so we went back via the Overlord Glacier on the north side of Overlord (usual winter route), being careful of the large number and variety of crevasses (Mastadon size). We skied down the Overlord Glacier to a point below the hut, then went up to the hut.

After a good night's sleep we repeated the same stunt as the day before, only waking at 5:00 and leaving Roland behind. We followed the now familiar route to Whirlwind where Tom left us to take pictures while Erich and I went on. Only this time the weather was beautiful; a blue sky and a decent temperature (25-30 degrees) made it considerably more enjoyable than the day before. We ate lunch at 9:30 at Benvolio, then skied down the Diavolo Glacier, avoiding the ice fall by ski-

ing underneath Diavolo and Angelo to end up at the West ridge of Mt. Cheakamus. At this point, not wanting to go around to take the usual (N.E.) route, we decided to stay on the West side and went up a steep, side snow gully, which went up for 700 feet. A small break, then up another 400 feet on the ridge to the summit. The climb was physically exhausting from punching steps, but not technically difficult (not over 3rd class). However, a rope and ice-axes are recommended. We descended via the same route and then ascended the Diavolo Glacier to Mt. Benvolio.

Clouds were now moving in and the weather was rapidly deteriorating as we got up to Benvolio. The crowning touch was a total white-out at Benvolio which was a pain and made navigating a bit difficult to get onto yesterday's route down the Overlord Glacier. We then skied down yesterday's route in quite nasty weather, to arrive back at the hut around 4:00 P.M. Tom and Roland returned shortly after climbing Whirlwind and Fissile and skiing down the Overlord Glacier from the Fissile Whirlwind Col.

The next morning dawned cloudy and crappy, which set the tone for the way out. We followed a previous party's trail out, which had gone way above the existing trail and made the trail finding a bit hard. We ended up skiing down Oboe Creek to the trail at 4500 feet and then skied down through the wet, drippy, melting forest to the cry of Roland (the lone seymour) yelling goddam basket ball (bombs from trees) and onwards to the dump.

If the weather permits, I think it is best to go over the scenic route to Whistler instead of down through the forest, which seems to have a hard-to-find trail and is aesthetically unpleasant.

February 22-25 OLYMPIC BEACH Jennifer Morgan
1973

The Olympic Beach trip this year was blessed with good weather (except for the trip back when it rained a little and some of us got a mite muddy). Twenty-six hikers went - twenty led by Christine Bullen went directly to the cabin on

Scott's Creek and six went on the traverse. We camped overnight on Lake Crescent Wednesday night and Thursday we hiked to the cabin. The highlight on Friday was when a U.S. Navy helicopter landed on the beach and two parksmen got out to put up trail markers. In the afternoon a group of us walked down to Toleak Point and the A-frame shelter there. Leslie and Pat, taking their time, finally returned after sneaking around the headlands after hightide, in the dark. However, this didn't stop Pat from staging his nightly gourmet performance - this time sausages and bacon a la creamed onions. Meanwhile most of us were existing on mountain mix and plenty of Dave Fern's Norwegian flat bread (plywood, according to Geoff).

Saturday was spent caving and lazing; the more energetic of our troupe tramped out again as far as Goodman's Creek where there is a scenic cabin with a tree through it. The traverse group arrived, intact.

Entertainment was provided by Dave McLean amusing himself with a 69¢ box kite which, after several hundred thousand repairs, ended up being very useful as kindling. Ellen, Lil, Bob, Christine and guitar, serenaded us around the campfire. John had a strange beastie digging at his growlies Shiona was always up first, and Betty tried her hand at waterfall sketching. Al delighted in revealing his hidden sadistic tendencies by violently stomping on every bulbous strand of kelp.

Sunday we plodded home, George executing a fancy slip in the mud. All those who didn't go missed a lot of fantastic scenery and interesting geological formations.

Rob, did you ever crack that book open?

February OLYMPIC BEACH TRAVERSE Jeff Roberts
22-25, 1973

PARTY: Jeff Roberts
Ernie Bodie
Ron Cupit

Rob Bernhardt
Kirsteen Laing
Helen Lemon

I had written this trip up (only two weeks late) when I received my copy of the 1972 journal. In perusing said Tome I discovered a write-up of a previous Olympic Beach Trip and found that there

were remarkable similarities, so I must try to make this a new and more exciting write-up to rise above those who didn't even traverse the beach.

Like all VOC trips that don't go in planes, we went in VOCer's cars. This was not as easy as it sounds, but after much searching (and repair work) we discovered a vehicle that might make the trip. We arrived at Crescent Lake campsite at 2:00 A.M. and settled in for a few hours sleep. We were up and away by 9:15 after arranging to meet the rest of the traverse party at some intersection somewhere. We eventually stopped a Slathers Smoked Salmon when we realized we were far enough off course for the time being. We were just finishing our flat tire (yes, Virginia, Washington highways do have nails in them) when the others arrived to tell us where we were supposed to be. We changed cars, and all six of us piled into Kirsteen's car, and headed off into the right direction. A member of the slacker party drove Ron's car to the other end (Rialta Beach) where we would pick it up after the traverse. Eventually, we arrived in Ozette, had lunch, signed out, and ignored the warning signs about bears and such. The trail (South Sandspit) was new and most of its marsh was covered with a boardwalk, so no one got their feet wet. Soon we arrived on the beach and spent a while admiring the beauty of it. We then trucked a few miles down the beach to find a 2nd class camping area complete with the season's first daffodils. Everybody engaged themselves in cooking supper, which was promptly ruined, but we ate it anyway (of course). We watched one of those unbelievable West Coast sunsets and sat around the fire singing songs and rubbing backs. Despite the Park Warden's warning about bears, we left our packs on the ground, and (you guessed it) nothing larger than squirrels touched our food.

Next morning we broke camp, and toddled down the beach picking up agates and bits of glass that looked like agates. We also climbed many of the pinnacles on the beach. Passed a 1st class campsite but decided it was too early to camp so we went around the next point. We found no place to camp and also the tide prevented us from going back or forward. Vainly looking for womewhere to camp, I noticed a clear spot up above a mud slide

and generously told Rob and Ernie to go have a look, and on the way down Ernie's foot got stuck in the mud but the rest of him didn't: net result was a sprained ankle. We settled for a beach campsite after checking tide-tables and paying homage to the God of the Tides in hopes that we wouldn't wake up floating. Set up a 1st class campsite (after all, we did it ourselves) and had a very good meal finished off with some freeze-dried ice-cream. Eventually came to the decision that it wasn't ice-cream, but styrofoam with strawberries in it.

Next morning, progress was slow as Ernie's ankle was not in good shape. We woke up before noon with Ron and Rob going on ahead to bring the car around from the 3rd beach.

It was now Saturday and there were many (too many) hikers on the beach so we were glad to be off the beach and also to find the car waiting. We drove to the 3rd beach parking lot and started to hike into the 3rd beach where the 22 member slack trip was camped. The trail seemed like you were either ankle-deep in mud or knee-deep in tide that insisted on coming in. On reaching 3rd beach we did our best to ignore everyone else as there is always a certain closeness you don't like to lose when you've been hiking together for awhile. There was another fantastic sunset that night!

Left early the next morning to collect the car at Ozette. The remainder of the trip was uneventful except for Salty Dog Ragging on the Ferry which seems to be becoming an Olympic Beach trip tradition.

Summary: An easy relaxing trip, don't go in a large group though. Also don't climb mud banks and make sure you have enough gas in the car before all the gas stations close. You can, however, get gas in Sequine at any time of the night for a price. Just find its local cop (it's easy if you try) and he'll find someone for you. He's also an interesting guy.

February 22-25
1973

JURNAL ARTICAK
THE NEVE IN WINTER

Rolf Kullak

Ed Note: This following article is totally unedited to preserve Rolf's unique style.

When you cross the Garibaldi Neve in February, you'd expect wintery conditions. Not so this year. It was entirely different. It already started out off schedule. The snowmobile did not like to start too early. We finally agreed to 8:30 on Thursday morning. To shuttle the only car down I wanted to be at basecamp at 7:30. The shuttle was provided by Mr. Harrison Sen. I was late but all the rest still later. Well, after lots of fiddling around and some mind freeing cursing we started by 10:00. Only an hour and a half late. Hence we started down to Ring Creek after 11:00 from Diamond Head.

I wanted to make up some of the lost time. The avalanche which usually goes across the trail should be down since we had some warm, sunny days preceding. The snow was crusty, started to get wet. It was as expected the avalanche was down already. It had been quite a small one and thus easy to cross, so we sat at 12:00 on top of Ring Creek for lunch. Time was made up and all delays forgotten. We practically had it made, sunny, hard snow, easy going. The weather was predicted to hold. That means another 2-1/2 hours to the Hilton. Just like in summer. The temperature matched. Hopes were raised high to climb Garibaldi tomorrow.

That, however, changed. In the morning the cloud level was at 8,000 feet and less. So we had another slow start. Nothing was pushing us. Garibaldi showed large lumps of snow in its N.E. face, the normal approach. It looked unstable alright. Just like a large cornice broke off and slid half ways down. No way, not for my father's son.

The glacier changed, as if a surge happened below Tent. The crevasses have shifted. We had to look out. The snow still didn't improve, with some care you could do well. Be as soft as butter, no sudden movements, no jumps, not easy with a pack. A break at the Sharke Fin, over to the notch below the Pikes, then down to the Sentinel Glacier. Fine skiing that was. No wind crust, the sun hadn't hit it yet, a fine run. We were

at Sphinx early. The weather didn't quite know what to do, turn bad or not. But then there is a guitar at Sphinx and we had Brian along. So time was not entirely wasted and music was made for the rest of the day. Also Julian tried his luck. He only knows one piece and this leaves still lots of room for development. The next morning we had an early start, after 10:00. Six of us headed out in bright sunshine. Then clouds drifted in, fog and flat light. We surged all over the mountain for good snow, but only found wind crust. Must have been quite a breeze. When we were up the weather was bad, blowing and cold. Didn't spend much time up there. Skiing wasn't easy. Had to look for hard slabs then turn quickly. Tricky alright. We made it down slowly. Many bathtubs. Below the Corridor the crust softened and skiing improved. At the hut it was as warm as Spring. We sat on the roof as long as the sun peeped through again. Then looked out for other activities. One was to start the catastrophic heater. It was no catastofy at all. It only took about two hours. By now the weather socked in, it had made up its mind. Well, we were across the neve, so what did it matter. The next morning it snowed. It was time to leave. I like an early start, the snow is sticky, things tend to go wrong. But we were lucky. Lower down it rained alright.

March 18th, BLACK TUSK ATTEMPT Fred Thiessen
1973

PARTY:	George Povey	Frank Baumann
	Robin Barley	Rolf Kullak
	Roy	Peter Macek
	Doug Hersmich	

This is yet another in a continuing series of Black Tusk attempts which has met with failure in an attempt to scale the formidable heights of the Black Tusk. Only this attempt was tried by the members of Mountain Rescue.

It all started as a training exercise where members were to go on a trip to get to know each other. We decided to try and climb the Tusk instead of Mt. Rainbow, as originally intended.

We left the highway around 10 and quickly sped up the trail to pass 12 Bio 101 students on a winter field trip to study winter ecology (?) at the snowed-under parking lot.

Crossing the creek was easy; then we started up the Barrier trail which became increasingly difficult as the snow became deeper as we went up. Several switchbacks up the trail we submitted to the demands of the ecologists "how cum you guys are going too slow"? and let them break trail. After a few minutes we passed the ecologists who were gaining a knowledge of the intimate relationship between man and the outside environment (by laying in the snow). At the turnoff at the top of the trail the trail-breaking became incredible; because I am so small I was almost up to my thighs breaking trail while the monsters like Frank were only down to their knees. There was absolutely no base to the snow, it was terrible.

It took an hour to reach the new picnickers cabin at the Taylor Creek campground where we spent the night. Frank and George spent the night in snowcover while the lazier members of the party (the rest of us) slept in the cabin.

Our attempt at climbing the Tusk was quelled the next morning as it had snowed overnight and the thought of breaking trail in snow up to our waist didn't really appeal to us, so we went home. At the junction at the top of the Barrier we split with Frank, Rolf, Peter, Robin and I going to Garibaldi Lake and the others going down. We went into the Lake via the summer trail which is so much easier than crossing the creek and going over "Cardiac Arrest" hill. The trail came out at the Lake outlet where we ate lunch and greeted the ecologists who all survived, even the girl with the 4" foamy.

We then went, having an uneventful trip down the trail to arrive at the cars at 1:00 P.M.

SUMMER 1973

May 13, 1973

THE LIONS

Gouin Barford

PARTY:	Fred Thiessen (L)	Dave Lemon
	Kirsteen Laing	Ron Cupit
	Erich Hinze	Moira Lemon
	John Halliday	Jeff Roberts
	Julian Harrison	John Spouge
	Rob Boyce	Ernie Bodie
	Gouin Barford	

The trip left Lions Bay at the keen hour of 7:30 in the morning after the usual wait for the last car. The cars spun out on the first part of the gravel road so we got out of the cars and walked up. Many sunworshippers were trying to catch the first sunshine of the summer. We headed up the road (did that tree really grow upside down?) then off the road and steeply up through the trees, and finally up to the ridge for first lunch. Looking around, "Gee, that snow gully sure would be neat". "Yeah, but look at those cornices". We set off West onto Unnecessary Ridge, up onto the Ridge and down the col. Yep, that gully would have gone. Up the arrow route on the West Lion, pictures and lunch on the top at 10 o'clock, down to the col and up the other side. "Hey, lets look at the East Lion". We went down the col. and slogged through soft snow. Did that bergschrund really have teeth, Kirsteen? That must be the route up the South-West face. Yep, too bad we don't have hardware.

We headed back up to the col. One group headed down a snow gully. Interesting bum schuss. The other group beat us back to low ridge anyway. Down to cars, where the sunworshippers were now trying to avoid the sun. Impossible. "Hey, who wants to go swimming?" Me! Me! You're crazy!! It's early May!

Most people headed back to Vancouver but the intrepid group headed down to a secluded cove. It was overrun with people. We went in anyway and came out quickly, but thoroughly refreshed. A great ending.

May 18-21
1973

MOUNT BRANDYWINE

Ann Carter

The sun had barely risen (read noon) as six keen souls started up the logging road, turning off Whistler Mountain Highway just past Brandywine. There was a brief controversy over where the trail began, but this was cut short when John found the trail markers, and thus, the trail. The flattish, woodsy walk was only slightly spoiled by rain. Heading upwards beside a gully, we were rewarded by a few moments of sun - very picturesque - then it rained, sunned, snowed, hailed and thundered. (Did those yelps come from fearless Fred?). Camp was set up amongst gently falling snowflakes, just below the meadows - or where the meadows would have been in a few months!

Sunday was grey, but Fred, John, Shiona and I headed off in the direction of Mount Brandywine, where the sun was shining. Across the meadows and halfway up a gully, we met the sun. We stopped to sun-bathe, but the clouds descended, thus forcing us onto the summit of Brandywine; there we discovered the mark of the Mad Swede. After one and a half hours on top (with zero visibility, but John had to thaw his feet), we bumschussed down, right into a huge wind cirque. The poor visibility made Metal Dome or Nameless Bump attempts appear useless, so the next few hours were spent by John and Fred climbing a rock face. Shiona and I practised our ice-axe techniques as we tried to climb out of the cirque. Finally we headed back towards camp, and met Julian and Mary-on their way up.

The evening passed quickly with six crowded into one Crestline. It was early to bed, however, because Monday was to start early. I awoke at 2:26, ready to go - John gently (?) suggested that I go back to sleep. A second attempt to get up at 6:45 brought similar results. Therefore, due to lack of enthusiasm, Metal Dome was not climbed (partially because we couldn't decide exactly which little bump was it!)

Finally hunger pangs forced Fred, John, Shiona and I to get up, pack, eat, and leave. As we set off, Mary and Julian were going through the motions of getting up. The trip down reassembled

a mass game of follow-the-leader as we charged along the trail. Mary and Julian caught up to us at lunch. A second session of follow-the-leader brought us quickly to the logging road and Mary's van. Mount Fee made an impressive appearance - maybe next time, if the weather is better...

Well, at least Fred found some consolation for the slack trip in the M-F ratio. No, John, that has nothing to do with an electric circuit.

Those who went: John Halliday, Julian Harrison, Fred Thiessen (mourning the loss of a wisdom tooth), Mary Bussell, Shiona Whyte and Ann Carter.

May 20-22
1973

MT. BRANDYWINE

Julian Harrison

PARTY: John Halliday (L)
Ann Carter
Mary Bussell

Fred Thiessen
Shiona Whyte
Julian Harrison

We found that Mt. Brandywine trail much as indicated in the Mountain Trail Guide. We trashed 100 feet down to the trail from the first switchback on the road. The weather - showers with intermittent rainy periods. After several hours of hiking through wet and vaguely unpleasant bush, we made camp.

The next day we went for a leisurely ramble up Mt. Brandywine. This is easily done in three hours, though a large part of the group required seven hours. We remained at camp that night, and walked out the following day.

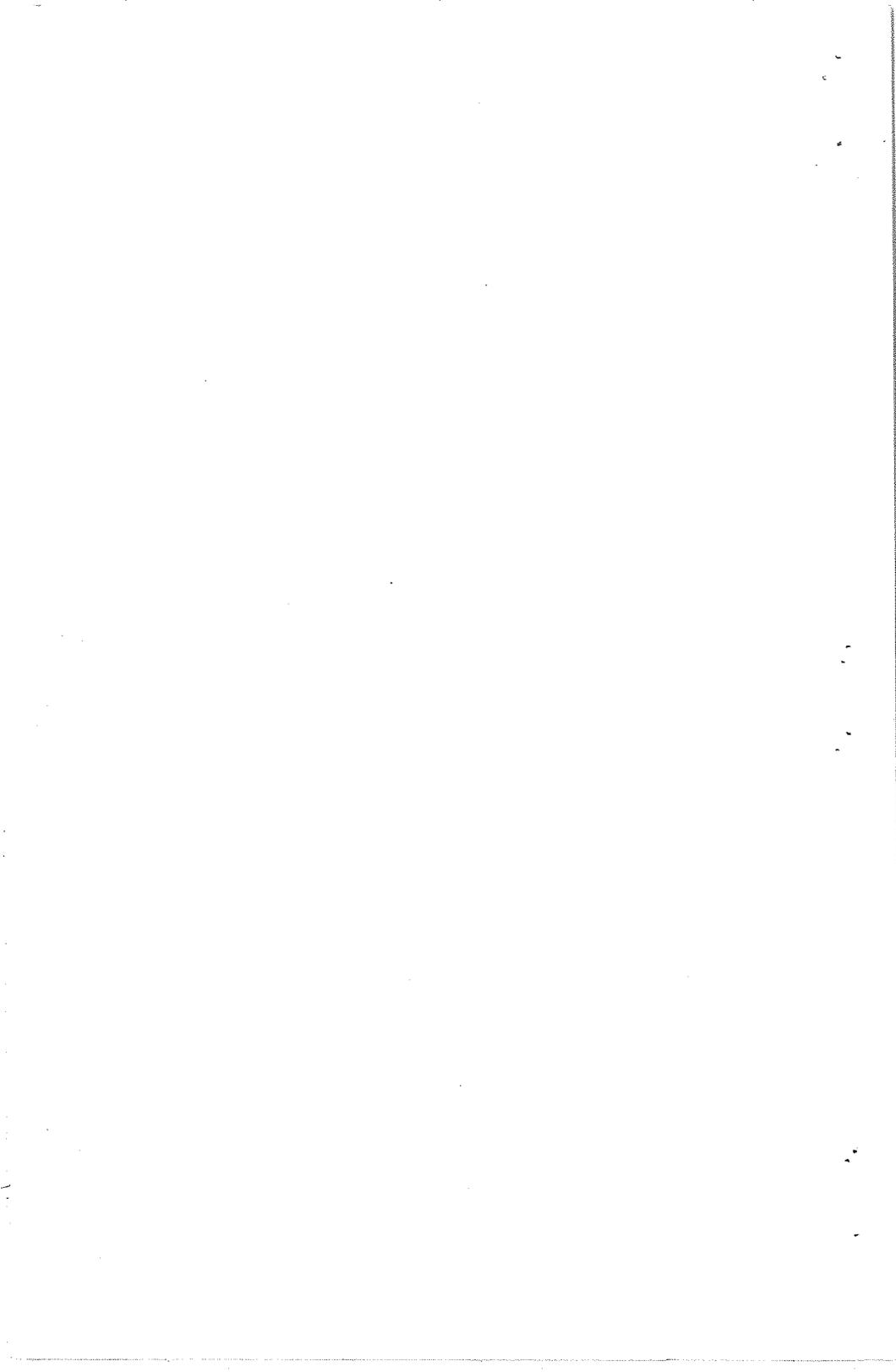
Mt. Brandywine would make a good day trip, and combined with Mt. Metaldome would be an easy two day trip.

Editor's Note: This article, possibly due to bias on the part of the author, does not mention the fact that Julian and Mary took only three hours to get up, and they did not get up until 3:00 P.M.



Left: Grant McCormack on Mt. Resplendant (Photo: David Lemon),
Right: David Lemon on Guard Mt. (Photo: Bob McMechan),
Bottom: Moitra Lemon and Friend (Photo: Chris McNeil).





May 20-21
1973

CHILLIWACK VALLEY

Rob Boyce

PARTY: Rob Boyce
Gouin Barford
Sue Elliot

In the beginning, the long weekend was without form and void, and darkness lay upon the face of the weather gods. And we spake, saying, "Let there be a Chilliwack Valley Trip." And we saw that it was good.

Sunday morning we shoehorned into Gouin's car, determined that this would be the best trip of the long weekend. Naturally it was raining and we turned up the valley road, with fresh snow low on the hills. A short detour up "Pierce Lake Road" showed us a sizable mudhole with a well-marked trail. We returned to the road and eventually found ourselves at Chilliwack Lake. The place was literally seasoned with weekend campers in every possible site around the lake. Sue didn't believe it. We considered going to Greendrop Lake, but found the trail started in another campsite, and would likely be crowded. Going back down the valley, population density seemed to decrease. As the rain let up, we turned in at a sign proclaiming "Chilliwack River SUB", and looked at the new houses. Gouin of course had to find out what "Local Traffic Only" meant. The sign did not exaggerate.

The north bank of the river seemed the place to set up camp, but we took a very wrong road which ended at a ford in some creek. We then concluded we were lost; therefore an ideal place to set up the tent. So we did.

Retracing our tracks we took the right road across the river and up Foley Creek, and behold! saw our tent across the creek. A sign then appeared, indicating the road to Mt. Laughington, so we drove up it a short way, then parked. Then, wandering up switchbacked fire roads amid spotty rain, sleet, and snow, we came to a four-way fork, and consulted the MTG. Seems we should have found a trail way back there. So we went on to the end of the road at snowline, where there was no view and it was so dull that Sue's pink coat hardly

showed up. So we had lunch and returned to the car, by which time, of course the weather had stopped. So we went up to Foley Lake where we found people, a waterfall, beaver dams, and a view of Welch and Foley Peaks. The road continued up the valley, but wasn't passable by car.

Back at camp, we combined our suppers into a multicoloured horror. Even the lumpy pudding was good, as Sue had only a fork to eat with.

When we woke up, late, I found two new critics when I had breakfast in bed. We drove to the marked road up Fort Mt. in the center of the valley. It was a "good jeep road" and Gouin managed to drive halfway up while we held onto the door handles. The trail is from the end of the road, and reaches the ridge in an hour. The peak holds a forest lookout in a cleared area. The sky was totally clear that day; and the view was a spectacular 360 degrees. We could see that we hadn't been far from the top of Laughington. Gouin and I spent a while taking panoramas, and we ate lunch on top. As we started down, clouds sneaked in from the West.

More road surveys seemed in order, so we went up Center Creek Road. It looked well travelled, but we found that the bridge across the Chilliwack River was a little wide for a narrow track car. We then went down Nesakwatch Creek Road. It was rougher, and a mile or so up the creek we had to turn back. But then a logging truck came rumbling down, indicating it was passable for some.

It seemed time to leave the Chilliwack Valley, so we headed off into the dusk and weekend traffic. By Port Mann we were into driving rain, but looking back, the sun still glinted off the Lucky four and Mt. Slesse. And this was a sign unto us. And we saw that it was good.

May 26-27
1973

MOUNT SHUKSAN

Gouin Barford

Those who came: Dave Lemon, Gouin Barford, Mary Bussel, Moira Lemon, John Spouge, Dave McLean, Axel Kelnor (PGOC), Gordon Bullen (PGOC), Lynn Simpson, and Julian Harrison (leader).

Part of the group goes down to REI on Friday afternoon. Will meet everyone else at Glacier at 10:30 Saturday morning.

I arrived in Glacier at 10 o'clock and had coffee. Went outside as Lynn pulled up for gas, and went over to the ranger station where we met Axel. Time: 10:30. Fifteen minutes later: they must have overslept. Thirty minutes later: where are they? One hour later: but of course we said 10:30...Pacific Standard Time.

We parked at the Shuksan Arm Ski Area about noon. We had a late lunch on the way into Lake Ann. We set up camp, and met another group of climbers, who we discover are Mazamas, who intend to leave at 4 A.M. Fortunately, our camp is not between them and the mountain.

As we were cooking, the weather, which has been overcast and drizzling, started to break, and we caught some incredible glimpses of Shuksan. By 8 o'clock, everyone except the gourmets in the McKinley (four course meal; no wine) were in bed, under clear skies. We woke up at four o'clock to a beautiful day. The Mazamas were off already. We left camp by 5:30, minus Axel, whose cold had the upper hand. As usual, the Mazamas cramponed out of camp. We put our crampons on about one hour out of camp, and caught the Mazamas another thirty minutes later, at the start of the Fischer Chimneys. "Hey, would your group mind kicking steps for awhile? We're getting tired." We truck on past and head up. Got out onto the steep gully of the chimney. Hard crust and one patch of ice over something. Front point to 500 feet. Ooh! my calves! We got to the top at last and roped up for the glacier. The Mazamas were last seen near the bottom of the gully, roping up.

Easy snow walk to the last pitch on Shuskan. We stopped and had lunch and noticed two people coming up a different route. They are on skis, and arrived just as our last rope was leaving. "Hey, it's Roland Burton! And isn't that Eric White behind you?" Yup. Say, you people got any of that liquid stuff - you know, water? Eric is a bit dehydrated!"

We head on up, still on crampons. Roland and Eric don't have crampons, so waited temporary-

ily at the bottom. Up onto the Skyline Ridge. We look across to Baker and see the top disappearing in cloud. Returned to where Roland and Eric were. Eric borrows a pair of crampons and seven people headed up. Baker clouds up again but they made the top anyway.

We came down in deteriorating weather. By the top of the Fischer Chimney, we found ourselves in the middle of a heavy snow storm. We set up a fixed line of about 400 feet and chopped a belay platform at the lower end. Three rope lengths later we were out of the gully. Walked on singly towards camp and realized we were there when Axel's voice called out: "How do you like your tea?" The last person was back at camp by 7:30. The Mazamas were long gone, having taken 12 hours return to the top of the Fischer Chimney. We packed up and headed off into the gathering gloom, ending up using headlamps for the last 1/2 mile back to the cars. Down at Glacier, we found that the gas stations were all closed, but one opened up for us. "Hey Martha, these kids have just come off Shuksan. How old did you say that you were?" We loaded up with gas and ice-cream and then headed back to Vancouver, too tired to feel elation.

EAST & WEST LIONS VIA WEDGEMONT LAKE

June 9-10, 1973

Grant McCormack

TROOPS: Fred Thiessen
Dave Lemon
Dave LePatourel
Julian Harrison
Grant McCormack

It started as a trip to climb Wedge, however the weekend was finished with us having climbed both Lions. We decided to abort our attempt on Wedge when it snowed an inch while we were nibbling Kendall Mint Cake at 4300 feet.

APPROACH AND TRAIL

To find the start of the Wedgemont Lake trail drive north from the Whistler Gondola along the Squamish-Pemberton Highway. Past Green Lake and

10.5 miles from the gondola there is a gravel road which turns off the highway to the right and immediately crosses the railroad tracks and a creek. Follow this road, taking left forks (but not the left into the gravel pit). The correct road is marked by blue and red survey tape. Near the road's end and marking the start of the trail is a large log (4' dia.) across the road. (By this time you may have parked and been hiking due to road conditions). The trail is flagged.

Even though we were driving home in the pouring rain, the weather gods' interpreter was still forecasting good weather so the Lions idea was put forth at the Tastee Freez in Squamish. Sounded good ("if it don't rain"). Sunday was good, and by 8:00 A.M. we were hiking.

APPROACH FROM VANCOUVER

Take the Horseshoe Bay-Squamish Highway to Lions Bay. Turn right at the first street past the Harvey Creek Bridge. Turn left at all subsequent streets until you reach the gravel road. You can park your car at the pavement's end or approximately 1/8 mile up the road and hike from there; or if your vehicle (i.e. Land Rover, pickup, VW) can negotiate the first switchback you can drive another couple of miles. At the top of the switchbacks, the road goes straight to Brunswick Mountain but forks right to the Lions and Mt. Harvey. A sign marks this.

Stay on the road leading to Harvey Creek until you reach a small sign on the right indicating the New Lions Trail. The trail goes from here down to the creek, crosses it, and then goes up steeply for several hundred feet. It is well marked (and well used). The trail reaches tree-line below Unnecessary Ridge. You can traverse right and up to gain the ridge and then go North along it to a point above the Notch (between Unnecessary Ridge and the West Lion) and lower yourself into it via the fixed chain, OR ascend a prominent gully immediately to the right of the West Lion. This gully also gains the Notch, from which you climb the West Lion. To reach the East Lion, descend the gully on the East side of the Notch and traverse the slopes to the base of the East Lion.

The actual climbing route is heavily marked on the West Lion, and "tuum est" on the East Lion. Descending the East Lion is accomplished by following the flagging down the heavily brushed East face (i.e. rappelling on slide alder) and traversing around the North side of the East Lion to the gap between the Lions. DO NOT ASCEND BY THIS ROUTE. It is B5 by Burton's bush classification (Culbert suggests it as an alternate route up, but it would be hell).

Fred introduced us to the pleasures of hiking in undershorts and boots. I was skeptical at first, but found through experient that it is the only way when (a) it is hot out, and (b) you're hiking hard. The sweat, instead of being soaked up by the clothes, thus making you hotter evaporates quickly from the skin, leaving you cool and dry (also recommended for the gross climber).

At the top of the trail below U.R. we got dressed because it was cold with the sun behind cloud. While nibbling Kendall Mint Cake we saw this gully and decided it would be neat, and we really didn't want to walk all the way around U. R. to get to the same place. The gully went all right, but it did have its exciting moments. It was moderately steep (35 degrees near the top), we had to negotiate a bergschrund and then traverse above it, and the snow was hard, only affording two inches of boot tip. Peeling would have hurt. The problem was more acute for Fred and I because we did not have our ice axes.

At the Notch we could not see the East Lion (thick grey stuff). Since Dave LePatourel and I had never been up the West Lion we took the opportunity (Julian came along for his second time) On the way down the thick grey stuff broke up bringing the East Lion into view. We were lucky, for it stayed clear for the rest of the day.

We traversed to the base of the S face and started climbing class 3 directly up its centre line. Two thirds of the distance up the face, we traversed up and to the right to gain the S.E. ridge. This involved some high class 4 moves. Once on the ridge it is a walk to the summit. The S face is covered with just enough loose rock so as not to impede climbing, but to make the

danger of rockfall quite bad. Also, the face is steep enough to accelerate any loosened rock. Fred dislodged a 20 pounder that arched down the mountain past Dave Lemon and I, giving us a scare. ("The climbers watched the rock's ever-increasing bounds...they choked on their Kendall Mint Cake).

"At the summit we gazed as far as the eye could see in all directions...we nibbled Kendall Mint Cake". The only way to make a good climb really great is to end it with a satisfying glissade, and there's one of the best from U.R. to the top of the trail (the last bit through the trees). Later in the summer it's a jumble of boulders below U.R. and not very much fun.

NOTE ON KENDALL MINT CAKE

IT'S ADDICTIVE. If you're not prepared financially to fork out 80¢/lb for each climb, don't get within a rope's length of it. If you're offered some to nibble on a summit, beat a hasty retreat. The person probably works for MEC, and is interested only in boosting sales, not your welfare or peace of mind.

Documented examples of the unfortunate state in which addiction leaves you are:

P. Jordan - purchased seven pounds for three weeks

C. McNeill - purchased 12 pounds for only one month

Addiction is immediate, but fortunately does not cause an increasing tolerance level. You'll get hooked - happy, but hooked.

June 9-10/73

MT. BREW

Peter Jordan

One wintery weekend in June, Sara Golling and I decided to get together and find a mountain which would help get us in shape for the ambitious trips we were planning for July. Mt. Brew just south of Lillooet, seemed a good choice, since it is necessary to climb 7000 vertical feet from the road to the summit. I had never climbed in the area before, but this was Sara's second

attempt on this mountain. So one Friday evening I drove up to Sara's house in Lillooet, and next morning we set out for our mountain by way of the Riley Creek Trail.

Since the route is not in the guidebook and it is not well known to climbers, I will give a description. Mt. Brew is actually the 9500 ft. summit two miles southwest of the minor summit so marked on some maps. To reach it, drive about eight miles south of Lillooet on the Texas Creek road, until you reach Riley Creek. Take a side road which climbs to a point just south of Phair Lake, at about 2500 ft. From here, a good horse trail starts, but it is difficult to find the beginning. The trail immediately climbs steeply about 500 feet up through a prominent band of cliffs. (These cliffs are the fault scarp of one of the major faults in B.C., which separates the Coast Range from the Interior Plateau). The trail then drops into the north fork of Riley Creek above its canyon, and follows along the creek to meadows at 5000 feet. From here, follow the valley southwest into a cirque just east of Mt. Brew. There are good camping spots above the timberline with attractive meadows. There could be a problem with water late in the season.

Sara and I awoke from our camp here to find four inches of fresh snow on the ground. The weather did not look promising, but valour getting the better part of discretion, we continued on. We climbed up the valley into a huge cirque, which was very impressive with its bleak rocks and blowing snow under a cold, steel-grey sky. We climbed straight up the headwall of the cirque to the peak - this involved 2000 vertical feet of steep snow, which covered scree and steeper loose rock. The climb was easy but somewhat exposed. The summit consisted of a huge plateau of wind-swept shattered shale, surmounted by a vast calm. The view was non-existent, so we retraced our steps back down into the cirque. We went with caution since we were unroped; in fact we backed down 600 steps in the steepest part, before we turned around and slid the rest of the way to the bottom. With 7000 feet to descend, it was a long day, but well worth it. Few people realize that there are attractive green valleys and mountains

worth climbing behind the drab, dry ridges of the Fraser Canyon.

June 9-10 GULF ISLANDS CYCLING Betty Walsh
1973

PARTY: Betty Walsh (L)
Jack McNicholls
Erich Hinze
Pat Butler

Last June, we set off to Saltspring Island for a weekend of cycling. That Saturday morning we piled ourselves and our bicycles into Jack's car and drove to the Tsawassen ferry - barely on time. After a sedentary four hour ferry ride, we arrived at scenic Saltspring Island.

First, we cruised to Greater Metropolitan Ganges, to stock up on food. We lunched in a park by the water, and then set off to explore the island. After a short stop at an old graveyard, we pedalled around to Vensuvius Bay and the far northern reaches of the island.

We didn't look like spiffy bike tourists: Erich wore his mountaineering rucksache, Jack had his bedroll slung over his shoulder by a Karate belt; Pat's bike, complete with huge camera case in front and packs in back appeared overloaded, though not up to Sphinx camp standards. I chugged along in the back, dropping behind ever so often (especially on steep hills) looking for stragglers in my capacity as leader.

We toured along in the rolling countryside, past sheep farms and summer homes; we found a place to camp along the beach of the North side of the island. The rest of the evening passed in chiselling oysters off the rocks and eating them in an oyster stew. It was only the next day that we found the signs warning about inedible shellfish. Well, none of us had died yet.

The next day with typical VOC timing, we slept in too long to explore the southern part of the island. We stopped by the mudflats around Walker Hook. Then we stopped at a pleasant campsite on the western side of St. Mary's Lake - a good place to camp, if you want to stay at a camp-

site. Jack thought the place so nice that he went for a swim there - for a fee of 25¢.

We passed the time away until the ferry came. Erich even found himself a rock face ("staircase climbing") in Ganges. Then it was a lazy ride back to the ferry, and home again.

June 6,
1973

ROSS LAKE EXPEDITION

Murray
Fierheller

How do you organize a trip? If you have your own car, then the organization is a little easier. You can go where you want. Also the statistics change so drastically overnight (usually the night before), that you wonder why anyone leads trips at all. Adding this confusion with lack of transportation, picking up rental canoes, and summertime phone organization, equals frustration. (Also a pain in the foot, ear, and loss of voice from standing too long at the phone).

Our original destination was the Nahatalach Lakes, but lack of more than one car made that plan unfeasible. Ross Lake was next on the list, so why not Ross Lake? Besides, R.E.I. has such a beautiful picture of Ross Lake on the front of the summer catalogue.

We left Friday night as planned. That way, I didn't have to tell Pat and Betty that we weren't going to Nahatalach (and avoid losing two more out of an original fifteen). As usual I didn't know where I was going. I know now. The turn-off from Highway #401 is approximately 2.5 miles this side of Hope, right onto Silver Creek Road. The lake is approximately 35 miles along this gravel road.

What to expect: Total seclusion, a beautiful lake with trees growing right down along the shore? Imagine our expressions when arriving late at night, we couldn't find a camping spot because of wall to wall camper trucks, trailers and tents. EVERYWHERE! They were there literally by the thousands, for Saturday was the beginning of the fishing season. The beautiful lake was a mass of stumps and dried lake bottom because the Yanks are demonstrating the need for

more electrical power. Oh well, we're here now.

To old lake canoers the river looked more tempting. We headed back up the road next morning for a possible launching pad. If it hadn't been dark the night before, we would have noticed a good place at the bridge over the Skagit River. Our place was good enough. After a successful launch past angry fishermen with tangled lines, we floated merrily downstream. The river is truly beautiful with a little, but not difficult white water. How could they flood this? The only problem, to us, anyway, were the log jams - the water tends to go under them instead of around them. With Sue's and my tremendous (lack of) experience we came to grips with the log jam. We were swept alongside and the canoe swamped because of ill-placed logs which pushed us over. We pulled ourselves out, picked out the canoe, which had assimilated itself into the log jam, dried the contents of our craft and portaged. Some of the fishermen that lined the shore helped us out (literally). Our inventory of losses was remarkably slight; one new running shoe, one balaclava, and my beautiful white with blue striped wind-breaker (somewhat decayed). Knowing my agility in a canoe, Sue always insists that everything (now even shoes and socks) be tied into the canoe - a very good practice on rivers. The rest of the journey was not as relaxed as at the start. I am speaking for us; Pat the wild mountain man from the Ontario rivers, with his foot-wide paddle, fears no end. With his giant paddle in one hand, his fishing rod in the other he coolly drifts on down, through sweepers, around log jams, over gravel bars. And Betty, well Betty does as she is told; if Pat says paddle, she paddles.

Our river journey ended at the last bridge where Pat negotiated a very tricky log jam and still hit an upright branch (no casualties).

The wise thing to have done would have been to leave the packs on the lake side of the white water, since that is where we camped the night before anyway, but I don't possess wisdom yet. Another of our problems was trying to find a campsite. What a hassle with four different ideas. The lake shore was out because of the just storms.

So it was up the river. About another three hours later we chose the site and made dinner in the fading light, and camped on an island-type sandbar in the river delta. Forgot to mention Pat's twelve inch trout that made excellent eating - but for four?

The next day it was off down to the end of the lake. The mouth of the river meanders a great deal, and is littered with barely submerged stumps and snags, so my first mate was really barking out the orders. When we reached the lake the course was head-on into a gale. We only made it up the lake a mile or two, with the odd wave coming over. Being lunchtime as it was by this point, what with the wind coming into us from the far end of this steep sided, inhospitable lake, we stopped for lunch to watch the fishermen fight over who used the launch next, their boats cracking into one another. The wind was too much, so the decision was to head for home. Sailing canoes is really fun if you can run with the wind; tacking being difficult. So the wind at our heels, we set up our ponchos (crestline rain flies would be good) and merrily sailed back.

One last incident - I ran out of gas five miles from the Home Station - in the rain.

EXPEDITES: Murray & Sue Fierheller
Pat Butler
Betty Walsh

June 16-17
1973

MT. NIKAIA

Julian Harrison

PARTY: Gouin Barford (FL)
Dave Lemon
Dave Bustard
Dave's Hound (Natasha)

Sara Golling
Grant McCormack
Julian Harrison

Some of us had been making plans all week to try for Mt. Atwell, so we arrived Friday night at Lillooet, of course, heading for Mt. Nikaia. We had suddenly, changed our plans, and headed for the sunny interior, because of an equally sudden change in the weather (sunny all week, but raining Friday night - you may have met this before).

We left Sara's place on Saturday morning,

drove to Lytton, and crossed the Fraser in a little free ferry. Enquiries at local farm-houses revealed:

DIRECTIONS FOR STRYEN CREEK TRAIL

Go $\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond ferry, then turn left into a ranch with very long white buildings squatting on it. Speak to the owners, bite their dog, and continue up their road. Do not cross their newly planted wheat field, or they may bite you. Road continues for one mile, and then degenerates into a trail, for 11 miles and 4,000 vertical ft. up the left fork of Stryen Creek.

We set up camp, surrounded by acres of cow-pie, in a meadowy area by some dilapidated cabins. Sometime in the middle of the night, Natasha went yapping off into the woods. Judging from the sounds of breaking branches, she was vigorously attacking a Large Beast (a bear, or one of last year's cows just out of hibernation, or a Sasquatch, or a Great Northern Horny Toad, or a passing Yak)?

The next morning we spent an hour playing "tiptoe through the cow-pies", crashing through slide alder, progressing (sort of) through swamp, and hopping over boulders, before reaching the base of the mountain by the N. face. We were now nailed by a distinct difficulty - the last ferry across the Fraser was at 7 P.M. This left three alternatives:

i) Take the regular, long route up the back. This would probably not work because of the limited time available.

ii) Take the prominent, broad, steep 2,500 ft. high gully going up through the N. face. This is probably folly, as crampons and a rope are certainly indicated, and we left them in the cars.

iii) Take our time, do as we please, and swim the Fraser at night. This is probably unfeasible because it would be so hard to keep the flashlight lanterns dry.

To be brief, Grant, Gouin and Julian opted for choice (ii) and made it to the summit, while the others tried choice (i), and did not. We of the choice (ii) group were somewhat lucky that

the angle of the gully turned out to be no steeper than 45 degrees, and maybe less. The snow was very hard, but held steps that were just about adequate. A great incentive was that it was easier to continue upwards than to retreat. As always, the summit was totally socked in, so a rapid decent was made down the back. For an account of the trip out, read the article backwards starting from the asterisk, Niatnuom eht fo esab eth gnihcaer.....

July 1-8
1973

WEDGE MOUNTAIN

David Lemon

PARTY:	John Halliday (L)	Chris McNeill
	Dave LePatourel	Andy Carson
	Ann Carter (& dog)	Dave Lemon

Instead of going to Wedge via the Wedgemont Lake Trail, John decided to go up the W. ridge. There is no trail, so it is necessary to bushwhack up. The route starts from the same logging road system as the Wedgemont Lake Trail. Drive past the Whistler Gondola and the Ski Boot to Green Lake. Go past the lake and take the first gravel turnoff to the right, crossing the P.G.E. tracks. Then proceed to the top south corner of the logged off patch. From here, bushwhack straight up the ridge.

We found our way to the top of the logged-off area late Saturday morning. The weather was cloudy, with occasional hot sunny periods. This gave one a choice of either roasting or being eaten alive and mauled by various vicious insects and plants. Bushwhacking is never really enjoyable. It took us all day to bushwhack up the ridge. We pitched camp just above timberline. There were still a few patches of snow around.

The next morning, it was completely fogged in. Visibility was about 10 feet. Activity for the morning consisted of eating, lying around and wondering when the weather would clear, and what we should do if it did. About 2:00 P.M. the clouds began to lift, so we set off in the direction of Wedge, in order to reconnoitre the ground in case the weather was suitable for climbing on

Monday. The clouds kept rising slowly, and one thing led to another, so that by 6:00 P.M. we were on the summit. None of this had really been intentional. The climb from this side is not very inspiring, being simply a 3,000 foot scramble up very large, loose talus blocks. This is followed by a long snow walk along the summit ridge to the true summit which as usual, is at the far end of the ridge. (Murphy's Law: The high point is always at the far end of the ridge, no matter which direction you approach from). The clouds had cleared completely by this time, and it was possible to see Garibaldi, Manquam, Baker, the Lillooet Icecap and the Cayoosh Range.

We returned to camp by sunset, making a 1500 foot glissade down a snow gully to avoid most of the talus slope. We decided to return via Wedgemont Lake the next day, and perhaps to attempt Weart on the way out.

The next day was clear, so we packed up early and climbed over the col to the glacier on the north side of Wedge, above the lake. This side of Wedge is much more impressive than the talus slope on our ascent route, being steep and heavily glaciated.

We traversed around the end of the lake, above the crevassed area of the glacier, and arrived at midday on the steep, bluff slopes below Weart, just above the lake. The usual route up Weart goes from the cabin at the outlet of the lake, up a long scree slope to the left of the hanging glacier, across the glacier and then to the summit by an easy class 3 ridge.

We decided to try a shortcut by going up to the right of the glacier. This did not work out as well as planned. The rock became rotten and exposed, and the route was out by several steep snow gullies. Some parts were class 4. It took us much longer than we had estimated to turn the corner of the glacier, as it extended much higher than we had thought. We finally gained the glacier just at the base of the summit ridge. In the meantime, the weather had closed in and it was snowing. It was also quite late in the afternoon. Therefore we went down (by the back) and returned to our packs. The sun came out then (an example

of Murphy's Law in action). We hiked to the cabin, had something to eat, and then highballed down the trail, reaching the cars just before dark.

July 8
1973

CROWN MOUNTAIN Julian Harrison

PARTY:	Gouin Barford (FL)	Glen McDonnell
	Dave Lemon	Al McKillop
	Moirra Lemon	Tony, The-
	Roger Laing	Waterboard-Man
	Andrea Harris	Julian Harrison

Having duly sworn, two weeks in advance, that we had not suffered from a variety of dreaded diseases, including diarrhea, we had left the top of the Grouse Skyride at 10:30 A.M. The hardest part of the trip was negotiating a nasty 45 degree sea of sloping mud, produced by blasting for the installation of artificial snow-making machines. (One would think that Grouse Mountain Advertising Dept. produced enough phony snow). A trail led to the top of Dam Mountain, where the author, please note, made a presumed first ascent by climbing the tallest tree immediately adjacent to the summit (S.1.,A.2.)

We lost ourselves on the next stretch, to Crown Gap, because of the dense cloud. When it cleared at 3:30, we found ourselves on a flank of Little Goat Mountain, above Capilano Lake. We regained the ridge (it swings gradually Northward from Grouse, after initially heading West), but because of the lack of time left, only Gouin, Dave and Julian continued. (The others slowly piddly-assed their way home).

Five o'clock saw us on the summit of Crown, after which we did an ascending traverse on the East (i.e., true left) side of the camel, from directly beneath the neck, up to the top of the beastie's rear (one pitch - 5.3.) Somehow this killed 2½ hours. Then we rappelled off and raced back to the Skyride by dark.

July 14-15
1973

MT. BAKER

Moira Lemon

PARTY: Grant McCormack (L)
Gouin Barford
Ann Carter
Moira Lemon
John Martyn
Paul

Mt. Baker appeared white and glistening in the evening sun as we drove down Friday night for the yearly VOC assault. We arrived at the parking lot somewhere near to 11:00 P.M. after getting truly psyched up for the trip, with Baker growing larger and larger as each bend of the road fell away behind us.

Grant, bounding up and down with energy that many of us thought could be saved for the morrow, was keen to go past the cabin and onto the heather benches for an early start at the peak. However, this was met with grunts and hisses since the early start would be when we arrived. So we settled our objective for the night as the Kulshan Cabin. The hike up the trail was truly wunnerful. We got to the cabin at 1:30 A.M. or so. "Where's the cabin?" "You just passed it." Peer. "Oh yeah!" Memories of the night include stumbling up some more of the trail to locate water with two or three water bottles in my pockets, being lulled to sleep by the gentle patter of mouse feet over my head at our sleeping quarters outside the hut, and being woken from a fitfull slumber a mere two and half hours later at 3:45. Going to bed when its dark, getting up when its dark still, goes against the grain of living was the thought being passed through several numb brains. However, once the granola was consummed, we were ready for anything (even Mazamas). We continued up the trail as we had started (in the dark), but as we neared the tree line, day had begun.

I had heard many tales from ancient legends of VOC about the cattle track that leads up from the base of the glacier to the peak. Any disbelief we had of the phenomena that clinched identification as the species Mazama, was quickly

dispelled as we entered a narrow snow canyon that almost cut off any view of surrounding peaks. The Infamous Cattle Track! It was definitely Mazama because there were crampon tracks and long rope drag marks in the soft snow. Anyway after a long toil we got out of the small snow patch and onto the benches where we unloaded our overnight packs and repacked everything into our day packs. We started up the Coleman Glacier (luckily here the famous trench loses some of its depth and appears only as countless footprints over the snow). Paul was not feeling up to going all the way, so returned to camp. The snow was firm and made walking easy and quick. As we reached a flat bowl at the top of this section, the sun rose above the distant peaks, whereupon a camera session dominated the next ten minutes. Perfect, clear weather yielded some incredibly beautiful views. We wound our way up to the base of the Roman Wall passing over mammoth crevasses that seemed to stretch for ever in both directions. One snow bridge must have collapsed not long before, since there were foot prints leading to and then from the edge of the gobbler, but nothing in between. The Roman Wall wasn't as steep as I had thought, and soon we were walking across the top towards the highest point (a small blob of snow). A group were just leaving so we claimed the summit for a full hour.

With remarkable speed, duvets and food were produced from day packs and we reclined against our ice axes and "Nibbled Kendall Mint Cake". Shuksan seemed very small from our high position. We even saw Garibaldi and Mamquam in the distance

On the way down we stopped off at the base of the Roman Wall and a couple of people climbed Colfax (a short snow walk to the top).

Coming down off Baker shortly after noon certainly exemplified the point that one should get up early to climb in sunny weather. The snow had turned sloppy and we were sinking in to mid-calf level at each step. By the time we were half way down we were sinking in past our knees. Going up sure wouldn't have been any fun. We arrived at our camping spot to find the area swarming with people. Were we glad we climbed on

Saturday!

A fine glop was prepared and plans for the next day were made. Since it was such a good weekend, and feeling good (but tired) from climbing Baker, we decided we'd attempt Lincoln, one of the west Buttes. So 4:00 A.M. was again set as the arousing time.

Sometime in the night (about 1:30) we were awakened by voices. Hearing John in the next tent mutter something about going to wake Grant up, Ann and I both had the same reaction, which was to trip John if he even attempted to go to wake up Grant. However, we played dead (sleep), hoping we'd be ignored in the confusion. When we finally realized it was merely a Mazama breakfast call, we looked out of the tent to see long lines of head lamps threading their way up the glacier. We went back to sleep.

Four o'clock arrived definitely quicker than it should have, and we dragged our unwilling bodies out of the sack at 4:30. (Grant told us later he had been thinking for the last half hour of excuses not to go, but decided even his fried face wouldn't hold much weight as an excuse). We started out in the early light towards Heliotrope Ridge. The route from here involved descending on the other side to a glacier, then around the base of Lincoln until the correct gully was reached. We got 1/8 of the way down the ridge and everyone stopped. We could see the first gully which contained a large hanging glacier, but couldn't see the second. Finally Grant voiced the question, "Do we really want to go all the way down there and around and then up that?" The vote was quick and unanimous...No! Great! So we retraced our steps to the top of the ridge and decided to eat a hearty lunch (at 6:00 A.M.) at the high point on the north end of the ridge. From here we had an excellent view of Baker and Lincoln. During our amble we had heard many rumblings from around the other side of Lincoln. Hmmm pretty active for early morning. As we watched, the hanging glacier in the first gully let off a small avalanche. Then a few moments later, half of the glacier began to move and then cascaded with a deafening roar down the slope where we would have been crossing just a-

in the lake. The weather was extremely hot and there was nothing to do but swim. The water was not even cold enough to solidify the butter. This had to be a true type A-1 trip, - burning in the sun, leisurely floating down the lake, swimming in warm waters.

The sun went down and our heaven turned into hell. A million mosquitos buzzing on one's ears, biting one's neck and shoulders. One could hardly hear one's dreams or visualize much either, because of those little buggers. The only partial relief was to leave the tent (no floor) and climb out onto the open plateau where there was a very slight breeze, and burrow under a sleeping bag. Pat put up his tent, sometime during the night, that had mosquito netting and a floor. The ungrateful wretch didn't even tell anyone!

The next morning it was the short traverse to the sea (it is shorter than you think). We found that Teepee canoes are cheap to rent, but they are also tanks weighing over 100 pounds requiring four people to portage them - a fairly strenuous hour. The sea is much different than a lake, the boats are bigger, the swells are also bigger, and it is more exciting.

Lunch stop was an island at the entrance to Garden Bay, which supports the remains of the original Irving's Landing. We spent a few minutes touring the dilapidated old houses and other buildings. This little island is now deserted except for the occasional trespasser and a horde of seagulls. We had lunch and left, after watching Pat eating his oysters and the seagulls pick minnows out of a live bait pool.

We arrived back in Vancouver, fried crimson, exhausted (lack of sleep, not due to the strenuous trip), and a little poorer.

Those who went: Murray Fierheller and brother Doug, Anthea Farr, Margaret, Lesley and Pat.

July 28, 1973

SKY PILOT

Ernie Bodie

Six o'clock on Sunday morning found seven sleepy people awakening in Kakademon Kloset to wonder where their soft beds had gone to. It

turned out that we had forgotten to go home on Saturday after climbing on the Chief. After gathering what wits we had, we headed for Britannia to meet Gouin, Dave and Ron.

We were soon driving up the road to the Mount Sheer townsite. We continued past the townsite into what turned out to be VOC's first hill climb/endurance test for cars. Ann was a runaway winner. Under the brilliant directing of John "Crash" Halliday, she deftly pushed her car over boulders and through pot holes. After checking the cars for damage, we started hiking at about 8 o'clock.

The skies were mostly cloudy, but the air was warm, and spirits high. We hit snow about 5000 feet, and after slogging up aways, we looked back to see two new bodies ascending the snow-slope behind us. We didn't tag them as VOCers because they were moving too fast, but they turned out to be Rolf and Bob Brusse. Continuing up, Julian and Gouin decided to split and try the gully route up Ledge. It turned out to be fun since they had lots of pitons, but no hammer! The rest of us went around to the southwest ridge of Sky Pilot, and had a very enjoyable scramble up the rocks to the top. We summited about noon, and had lunch while enjoying the fabulous view and watching for signs of Julian and Gouin on Ledge. We decided, for some unknown reason to descend directly down the east side by way of the tree route... This is NOT to be recommended for a fun route down. We spotted Julian at the top of the Ledge gully when we were about half way down, and so we continued down to a nice sunny rock below Ledge, to watch Julian's and Gouin's antics. After walking to the top of Ledge, they hit Ledgelot on the way down, and then rappelled back down the same gully they had climbed.

Continuing down we had some bumpy glissading and hiking, arriving at the cars, happy and a little tired after a very good trip.

Those who came: Jeff Roberts (L), Kirsteen Laing, Ann Carter, Julian Harrison, Grant McCormack, Gouin Barford, Ernie Bodie, John Halliday, Ron Cupit, Dave LePatourel, Bob Brusse, Rolf Kullak.

July 29, 1973

SKY PILOT

Gouin Barford

Party:	Jeff Roberts (L)	Ernie Bodie
	Kirsteen Laing	Grant McCormack
	Ron Cupit	Julian Harrison
	Ann Carter	Johnny-come-latelys:
	Gouin Barford	Rolf Kullak
	John Halliday	Bob Brusse
	Dave LePatoural	

A quick trip was made to the top of the ridge where Julian and I waved good-bye as everyone else went off to bag Sky-Pilot. We then trucked up the gully between Ledge and Ledgelette, making our way cautiously through the rubble and taking time out to admire Tombstone Tower (a Phallic symbol if ever there was one). A short time later: "Julian, did you knock those rocks down?" No, must have been you. "Yeah, but I'm on snow."

Finally at the base of the chock-stone (a slit capped by the stone 40 feet high, 15 feet wide, with a near vertical drop on the other side). No way. Culbert must have grown wings the day he climbed this.

Sudden flash!! Culbert sometimes uses "true right" convention (looking the way water would flow). That means the other wall. Take a look over there. See one piton at shoulder height. Julian starts climbing. It goes like a staircase. Traverse onto chock-stone. "Hey, this mother's BIG." Continues climbing to top of chock-stone, I follow.

From where we are can climb either Ledge or Ledgelette. Decide to try Ledge first. One fairly easy, exposed pitch and we unrope, then scramble to summit. Have lunch and wave at party descending Sky Pilot. No reply.

Head back to the chock-stone. Can we rappel? Our rope reaches to a ledge six feet above the chock-stone with two feet to spare. Great! Down we go.

To climb Ledgelette, the guide says you have to step from a boulder over to a nubin on Ledgelette. Julian climbs up boulder. Sees nubin. Just a small step. But it is a small nubin on an outsloping shelf. He finally gets the correct foot on top of the boulder, steps across. Two

more moves and he is safe. I follow. That step is freaky. I am glad I'm not leading.

Unrope and walk to summit. Wave to other party who are sunbathing. Rappel back down. Our rope reaches-just.

Rappel off the chock-stone. Free for the last 30 feet. This time we have two feet of rope to spare. Head down and rejoin other party. Altogether a highly enjoyable, classic, climb.

August 4-5 SILVERTIP MOUNTAIN Gouin Barford
1973

Those who came: Gouin Barford (L), Moira Lemon and Betty Walsh.

Silvertip Mountain is usually climbed from the Skagit Valley Road. A few years earlier I had driven in the valleys north of Silvertip and was fairly sure that a road went into the base of Silvertip.

Saturday morning at 11:00 saw us parked just off the Hope-Princeton Highway, debating the wisdom of untying the rope (with its "no trespassing" sign) across the road into the Silvertip Ski Area. One of the salesmen for the real-estate development there happened along, and let us in. "But if you're caught, don't say that I let you in!"... We found out later that they are fairly relaxed anyway about people driving in.

The road into Silvertip follows the valley bottom until it ends in mudslide debris on the west side of Silvertip. The route goes up the mudslide to the ridge and then along the ridge to the summit. We got in at 3 o'clock and decided to wander part way up the rockslide, then returned and wandered in the valley, finally setting up camp on the road. Dinner was prolonged, as we watched clouds form, drift about, and disappear in rapid procession. Later we had an astronomy lesson from Betty, and then went to bed for an early rise.

Morning dawned, foggy and raining. After a quick breakfast at 11:00, we broke camp at 2:00 to return to Vancouver, disappointed, but well rested, and vowing to return.

August 18
1973

ENGLISH BAY SAILING

Betty Walsh

PARTY: Betty Walsh (L)
Gouin Barford
Ann Carter
Erich Hinze
Murray Fierheller

Last August we decided to infringe on UBC Sailing Club territory, and have a VOC cruise out in English Bay. Yes, I realize that sailing is a sedentary occupation (one does not chug up mountain trails or claw their way up mountain peaks) but VOC can't be keen all the time!

Though the weather the day before had not looked promising (I was looking forward to having the mast struck by lightning) the weather on the day of our cruise was fantastic. It made for a good sailing day.

At 9:00 Saturday morning, we met at the Burrard Bridge Marina where Betty kept her 17 foot Davidson dinghy...In a short time we lowered the boat into the water, and set off.

It was a great day. The wind was just beginning to ripple the surface as we got on the water. It rose to an excellent breeze for the rest of the day. Together with a friendly tide, it helped us make it from Jericho to Snug Cove in a single tack; a space of three hours from False Creek to the Cove.

It was beautiful. Dozens of blue sails dotted the bay for the Canadian Enterprise - class dinghy championships. Half of the crew had once been hooked on sailing, but alas, had strayed into mountaineering instead.

Of course, no VOC trip would be complete without its social comment. When we reached Snug Cove, we found a lifeless ferry tied to the dock, and an empty cafe: the ferries were on strike that weekend.

We tied up to a log boom in the cove and hopped along the logs to shore. We munched our lunches on the vacant ferry dock. Then it was a run with the wind homeward, as we dodged the freighters in the harbour. And Gouin and Murray pretended to be human boom vang's (that's one for

sailors).

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. In fact, a member of the party was contemplating buying his own sailboat. I think VOC needs trips like this in the future!

August 19,
1973

DIAMOND HEAD

Alan McKillop

PARTY: Ken Rodgers
Glenn McDonnell
Barb Gormely
Alan McKillop

It was a good party Saturday night - that's why we were in such fine form on Sunday morning. We slept most of the way up the Squamish Highway, however, the Diamond Head road was a real eye-opener and the scenery had nothing to do with it.

We started up the trail at a brisk pace, following the road through the trees. Once out onto the meadows the pace slowed to a leisurely toddle. We made our way up to the high point, then down Paul Ridge to the lodge. It was beautiful! The weather was superb: sunny, but not too hot, just enough to get sunburnt.

We stopped at the lodge for lunch. The homemade bread and soup is inexpensive and quite tasty. Later we found an open part of the meadow and lolled in the sun much to one energetic member's disgust. "But Glenn, Mt. Garibaldi at this time of year?" No, we're not going across the Neve, Sphinx Camp was two months ago." After a great deal of consolling we headed for home.

August 24,
25-26, 1973

BLACK TUSK MEADOWS

Alan McKillop

PARTY: Rick Zuk
Gillian Sparks
Glenn McDonnell
Barb Gormely
Alan McKillop

Our merry group left Vancouver on Friday night and stayed at Whistler in order to get an early start on the trail Saturday morning. At 6 A.M. the alarm sounded and a mere three hours later, we were almost ready to start hiking.

On a previous trip, we made it the Taylor Campground in less than 1½ hours, however, this trip proved to be different. With full packs the trail seems somewhat longer and steeper - a lot steeper. Much to our dismay we passed many groups of people on the way up and very few were coming down.

The word from the few people coming down was that the Taylor campground was full and that the Battleship Islands were suspected to be same. At a specified rendezvous point, it was decided (rather, it happened) that we would split up, one group would go to the lake, the other group would go to the meadows. The group that went to the lake was successful in finding a spot, but we still had to fetch the others and eventually carry all their gear down to the lake. The rest of the day was spent lazily setting up camp. That night we watched a slide show of the area presented by VOC member, sometimes park naturalist, Andy Stepniewski.

Sunday morning we left our camp and headed up to Helm Lake. We crossed the Cinder Flats, then followed the creek up to Helm Glacier and the sink hole. Numerous pictures later, we scrambled over to the Cinder Cone, expecting a small lake at the top. All we found though, was a small patch of snow and a great deal of shintangle. The run back down to Helm Lake was great. Ever boot-skied cinder and rocks?

We arrived back at the campsite in mid-afternoon and started packing. How did I ever get all this garbage into that tiny pack?

The trip down was long but uneventful. It sure felt good to sit down in the parking lot. As some of the group made dinner, the rest of us took the luxury of soaking our feet in Rubble Creek. You may take note that there are no fish in Lower Rubble Creek now. Tired as we were, we all made it back to Vancouver intact.

August 31- INTO THE TANTALUS
September 3rd, 1973

Rob Boyce

We three left the Fraser River air terminal at 6:00 P.M. Friday, in bright, sunlight, enroute Lake Lovelywater. The flight up Howe Sound was smooth and scenic, as we picked out familiar mountains from an unfamiliar angle, until we dropped onto the lake where all view was cut off by spiky ridges thrust skyward. We pattered across the still, green surface toward the icefalls at the west end, and landed on a gravelly bar. The other group was flown up from Squamish and we sorted out our gear among the wild flowers. After duly noting that Ann was the only one who didn't have a beard, and that everyone else had a lighter pack, we climbed in the dark, and afterwards sat around Peter's campfire and listened to the icefall.

Saturday morning was spent slogging up snowfields, admiring the views, and teaching Rob to crampon. The McKinely was set up near the Red Tit Hut and we went to climb Serratus, which proved a trifle rotten. The sun set as we took pictures from the peak, and downclimbing was consequently slow. Supper was in the dark of course, and the stoves became uncooperative. Antisocial Erich slept outside again.

We got up early (well...) and vowed to do Tantalus, although the weather indicated different plans. There was a long slog over ice and snow, a short, steep ice pitch and some ridge scrambling which took us to the base of Dione by 9:30. We looked across at Tantalus (which Martin Kafter and Marilyn Starr were climbing), then watched the clouds sinking lower on Garibaldi. So we decided to try Dione. We climbed it by different routes and were met on the top by a biting wind and no view. On the way down we were encouraged to hurry by scattered rain.

A new route was taken down to the glacier, which involved spending a lot of time traversing an exposed sawtooth ridge. The straight drop to the icefall was impressive to say the least. Where we came back onto the glacier, it was steep and rather freaky side-hilling. The rain degenerated to a horizontal downpour, forming ice in

places, as we trudged miserably back to camp. A fly was belatedly put on the tent. We then joined Martin and Marilyn in the hut, where we B.S.ed until 7:00 while Ann made Erich's grasshopper birthday cake. Unfortunately, Erich wasn't tough on rainy nights, so we all had to cram into the tent.

It froze hard the night after the rain, so everything was coated in a "see-yourself" shine. The trip down the icefall was quite "interesting" for the junior members (notably myself). Afterwards it was snowfield walking, a bit of rock climbing in crampons, more snowfields, and a bushy trail down to the cabin on the lake. From here on in, it was a veritable highway down to the Squamish River, and we eventually caught up with the thundering hordes of the Salt Circus. (Seems that these intrepid folk had actually hiked up to the lake). It was then a quick row across the river, a short pause at the Tastee-Freez, then home in time for registration.

Those who went: Gouin Barford (L), Ann Carter, Erich Hinze, Ron Cupit, Peter Jordan, Bob Boyce.

Late REASONS FOR ROPING UP - OR -
Aug. GOBLERS ON THE DEVILLE GLACIER

PARTY: John Halliday
Roland Burton
Tom O'Connor

As we climbed the steep switchbacks to Perley's rock, we felt not at all like the Swiss guides, Hasler and Fuez; we felt wet, it was raining and foggy. We trudged across the Illecillewaet Neve and following Tom's direction, continued by circling far to our right between the dreaded Geike Glacier and the cliffs. The cliffs form a circle - well almost - a sector is missing, a relative crack in the cup of rock and ice. But the cup is unwashed as well as being broken. It is filled with goodness, a once moraine-dammed glacial lake has become the stream and the old lake bottom a forest. Mountain goats live about the walls and in the trees mosquitoes and people

visit.

We stayed in the hut there. (The Glacier Circle Hut, built by CPR employees in the 1920's for guided parties from Glacier House in Roger's Pass. Today it is used by helicopter and hikers alike...Putnam and others like ourselves who come to bask on the wholesome Selkirk rock).

But it is now the end of August and mosquitoes have fled the winter rain. Even now it is hailing as Tom and I sit in the drenched chimney leading to the rock face route to the top of the Deville Icefall. But I recall we made it, Tom doing a magnificent slither to the ageless piton that was my belay. We continued on the ice through the shallow snow then decided nonchalantly to rope. I gave Tom my icescrews and he put his loops on the rope. It's difficult to keep that 60 feet of rope straight when you're second and the scenery like gods broaching the clouds - Dawson group, Bishop group, and Mt. Wheeler - but by now we are probably on the Neve, it looks flat and unscarred. I recall thinking ahead to the tent on the snow near our objective, Mt. Wheeler. I look back at Tom only his head is no longer on his shoulders, it's on the snow, then it's disappeared altogether. In its place is a jagged opening. I sit down abruptly and dig in my heels. The snow is six inches deep on top of solid ice. I have an ice axe, but no screws. The rope dribbles across to the mouth but I wrap my end firmly about my waist and listen...no sound...now my voice, "Tom, are you all right?..." Hey Tom, say something, Goddamnit!!! I get an answer... something about knees and icicles. Soon after he prussks out, the rope about my waist wrenching my guts with each step as the rope cuts into the lip of the crevasse. I swear and curse our stupidity and Tom's lack of speed, but he is out and only bruised and scraped. I haul his pack out then we feel our way a quarter mile off the ice to camp. In the morning, too scared to try again against the nefarious desert, we turn our backs on Wheeler and retreat.

The next day from the flanks of Mt. Fox in the sun, we watch Roland's dot making its way into the Illecillaet. I was thinking how we had learned the easy way - we had been roped,

Tom walked away (with pictures). We swore up and down as how we'd never tempt it again - always roped and prussiked - and then we turned our attention to the wonder of the Illecillawaet, Mt. Sir Donald, and the Geike Icefall.

FALL AND WINTER 1973

September
8-9, 1973

CULLITON CREEK

Gouin Barford
Rob Boyce

Rob and I are both interested in the Culliton Creek area, so Saturday morning saw us making our yearly pilgrimage into the area, this time trying to reflag the route up to the Warren Glacier.

One hour's hike from the highway took us to the end of the logging road (which has recently been extended). We headed straight upslope, intending to hit the gully through the cliffs described in the M.T.G., but we were a bit too far east. Rather than search for the gully, we went up the cliffs and came out on top of the lava flow about 1/4 mile east of the gully.

Once up, we discovered there was no water. This forced a change in plans and we decided to push to the moraine. After three and a half hrs. many blueberries, too much bush and boulders, we finally hit the moraine, water, and camp, expecting a storm.

Sunday: No storm overnight. Instead, we see retreating clouds and by noon an almost clear sky. We decide to climb Price and go out by the Barrier. Consolation for having walked up the logging road: our car is on the highway. We are back to it by five and off to Vancouver.

COMMENTS

With the most recent extension of the logging roads, it is easy to get to the base of the lava cliffs in the vicinity of the main gully through them.

Bushwhacking along the top of the lava flow is slow and painful over most of the route. Until a good route is flagged through here (we put up no flagging), travel should be restricted to winter and spring when snow covers everything. On snow, this should be a good access route to the Warren Glacier and points beyond.



Anthea Farr.



Photos: Bob McMechan, Chris McNeil

September CONQUEST OF MT. BRUNSWICK Stu Smith
16, 1973

The day was Sunday and believe it or not it was sunny. The group was due to meet by the highway at Lions Bay at 8:00 A.M., but the majority of us, being eager-beavers, were there half an hour early. This was a real 'first' which shocked many of the veterans. However, we had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the remaining three hikers to show up (I'm not going to mention any names, but I'm sure that Andrea Harris Roger Laing and Kim Tanner will know who I mean).

The group of us now totalled sixteen, and we were ready to begin. We got back in the cars and drove a short way up the mountain, where we parked the cars and began the climb. (see map sketch).

There was a good logging road going about half way up, which deteriorated bit by bit. With about two miles left to go, the road was replaced by a path which wound through the trees and up to the top. The main group reached the top after about four hours (leisurely climb), but there were a few fine physical specimens who ran up in just under three hours. True to the VOC spirit, everyone who started the climb, made it to the top (we pick easy mountains).

By this time, the sun was beating down unmercifully, so there was nothing we could do but lounge around on the tops of the ridges, eat lunch, and soak in the grandeur of the coastal mountain ranges. No one seemed too upset. Along about 3:30 P.M., we decided it was time to head back into the dirty city, so we descended, reaching the cars at about 5:30 P.M.

But the day's fun wasn't over! Not long out of Lions Bay, our fearless leader, Ernie ('clutch-burner') Bodie, decided to visit some members of our group, while stopped at a red light. No sooner had he turned off the ignition and started walking back along the highway, than the light turned green. Ernie turned red. Not long after this, we got caught up in the Sunday Evening, Squamish Highway Traffic Jam, and this prompted further antics on the part of Ernie and his crew.

Picture if you will, four guys - some with boots, and some bare-footed - charing along a highway in pursuit of their car (driven by Diane Bodie) which has suddenly sped up along with the other traffic.

Fresh mountain air can do strange things to people, as the following members of our group will surely agree: Ernie Bodie (L), Dan Spencers, Diane Bodie, Bud Muller, Dave Paterson, Dave Allen, Jeff Roberts, Stu Smith, Rick Ney, Barb ('Blisters') Duncan, Robert Joyce, Alan Evanson, Berni Claus, Roger Laing, Andrea Harris and Kim Turner.

September 22, HELM CREEK TRAIL Steve Schwartz
1973

On the Friday evening an obscure group of VOC'ers gathered at the Whistler Cabin in an attempt to get an early start Saturday morning. Led by Stephen Schwartz, your friendly narrator, the group included:

Brian Gardner	Neil Kirk
Barb McDonald	Charlotte de Heinnich
Marina McCready	Donna Sweeny
Rob Boyce	Dave Vincent
Roland Burton	

A half-hour drive from function junction (about five miles on a lumpy road); the left-hand fork at the first parting of the ways, and stay on the road at the Cheakamus Lake Trail parking lot turnaround.

The trail is reached by continuing on the road, past the washout, then onto the Cheakamus trail to the fork with a sign that says Helm Creek Trail, and points to the right. Not feeling too argumentative, we took that trail and soon arrived at the cable-car. It is worthwhile noting that it takes at least two fairly strong people to maneuver the car into the docking position, so if you are hiking alone, be prepared to bivouac in the cable-car.

The trail is marked with ridiculous clarity and is negotiable in sneakers although boots are

a definite advantage.

It takes between three and five hours to reach Helm Lake, a water-filled cinder flat.

We hiked around the lake and onto Helm Glacier. We found two deep sink-holes, beautiful crevasses, and assorted fascinating geological formations, skillfully explained by the honourable Rob Boyce.

One of the sink-holes slopes down quite gradually to a pool, (30 degrees). If one had a rope and crampons, one could examine it at a closer proximity.

Return to Whistler cabin was accomplished by 8:00, in time for supper, dance and song.

The major obstacles on the trip would be a rather high incidence of blueberries along the trail, and in the alpine meadows, strawberries although no strawberries were around (wrong season).

CHEAKAMUS LAKE - LONGHIKE '73

September 23, 1973

Alan McKillop

The Grand Slackers were:

Becky Woodd	Ford Cannon
Cheryl Vick	Harry Billingsly
Glenn McDonnell	Sharon Lees
Barb Gormely	Alan McKillop (I)
Jane Kavanagh	+ an unknown soul

After being named the 'Grand Slackers' of the year our little group started out to Cheakamus Lake. Admittedly the road was the worst part of the whole trip. However, when everyone compared notes at the end of the weekend it was found that the Cheakamus Lake trip was undeniably the best. We were the only trip that didn't get soaked, injured, or lose any new members.

After playing on the cable car for 20 minutes, we almost felt energetic enough to go up the Helm Lake trail. But seeing that this was a 'slacker's trip', we vetoed that idea and continued up to Cheakamus Lake. We left Ford half way up so he could try his luck at fishing. He still swears there isn't a fish in the whole lake.

Our objective was a trapper's cabin on the

shore of the lake. We dutifully trudged on along a rather wet trail, or was it a creek bed? After a valiant but unsuccessful attempt, we settled down for lunch. By this time the weather was closing in on us. A rather hurried departure soon followed, but by dodging raindrops everyone managed to stay reasonably dry.

BLACK TUSK LONGHIKE '73

September 23, 1973

Helen Lemon

PARTY:	Bill Say	Rob Bernhart
	Don Crowe	Bob McMechan
	Robert Tsang	Karen ?
	Bob Aderly	Helen Lemon (L)

After getting to bed very late the night before, Longhike Party, some of us didn't manage to get up as early as planned. According to those plans, we eight were to leave by 8:30 and be at Black Tusk parking lot by nine. As 10:00 rolled around, we left the cabin and arrived at the parking lot at 10:45. There was a detour to see Brandywine Falls.

Quite a few were doing the trail that day, but luckily we didn't see any of them until we got to the Barrier Lookout. We watched the clouds ooze around the corner and boil up over the Barrier. Then the masses descended on us. Lunch was quickly adjourned and we made our way to the lake. It started raining by the time we got to Garibaldi Lake, so we stood in the shelter and showed new members the sights (what you could see of them!) "And if you could see behind that cloud there, to the right is Sphinx..."

Because the rain continued we didn't go further up but fooled around the campground and then went down. Sunshine met us at the bottom of the trail. Despite the rain, I think everyone had a good time on the hike.

September 29- GARIBALDI MOUNTAIN Gouin Barford
30, 1973 HOME OF THE WEATHER GODS

Those who went: Dave Lemon (L), Ehleen Bohn, Chris Blundell, Ron Cupit, Gouin Barford, John Martin and Gordon Frank. Those who didn't climb: Pat Javorski, Roland Burton, John Frizell, Christine Nelson, Rolf Kullak

The trip was organized with a dual purpose; to climb Garibaldi (recognized as improbable due to weather) and to move and make snow-tight the Neve Hilton, a victim of snow creep.

With the second purpose as an excuse, we got permission from the Parks Board to take a four-wheel drive (with our packs) up to the Chalet, where we loaded the packs with equipment - two come-alongs, a couple of jacks, hammers, saws, and set out.

All the way up, Dave and I had fun watching clouds drifting around Garibaldi, hiding, but seldom obscuring the peak. We arrived at the Hilton at 3:00 P.M. and after a short conference, decided to assault the peak immediately, rather than chance tomorrow's weather. (Although the weatherman had promised clearing skies). Acting on a suggestion from John, we headed up the snow face that can be seen from the cabin, dodging crevasses on the lower slopes, and then step-kicking the upper slope until we arrived in the upper snow cap in a fog. At just the right moment the fog lifted and showed us the peak. We headed over to it, unroped and scrambled up the rock, a few quick summit shots, then down out of the freezing wind. We roped up again, then headed down in the clearing weather, arriving at the Hilton as the stars came out in a clear sky. A good climb.

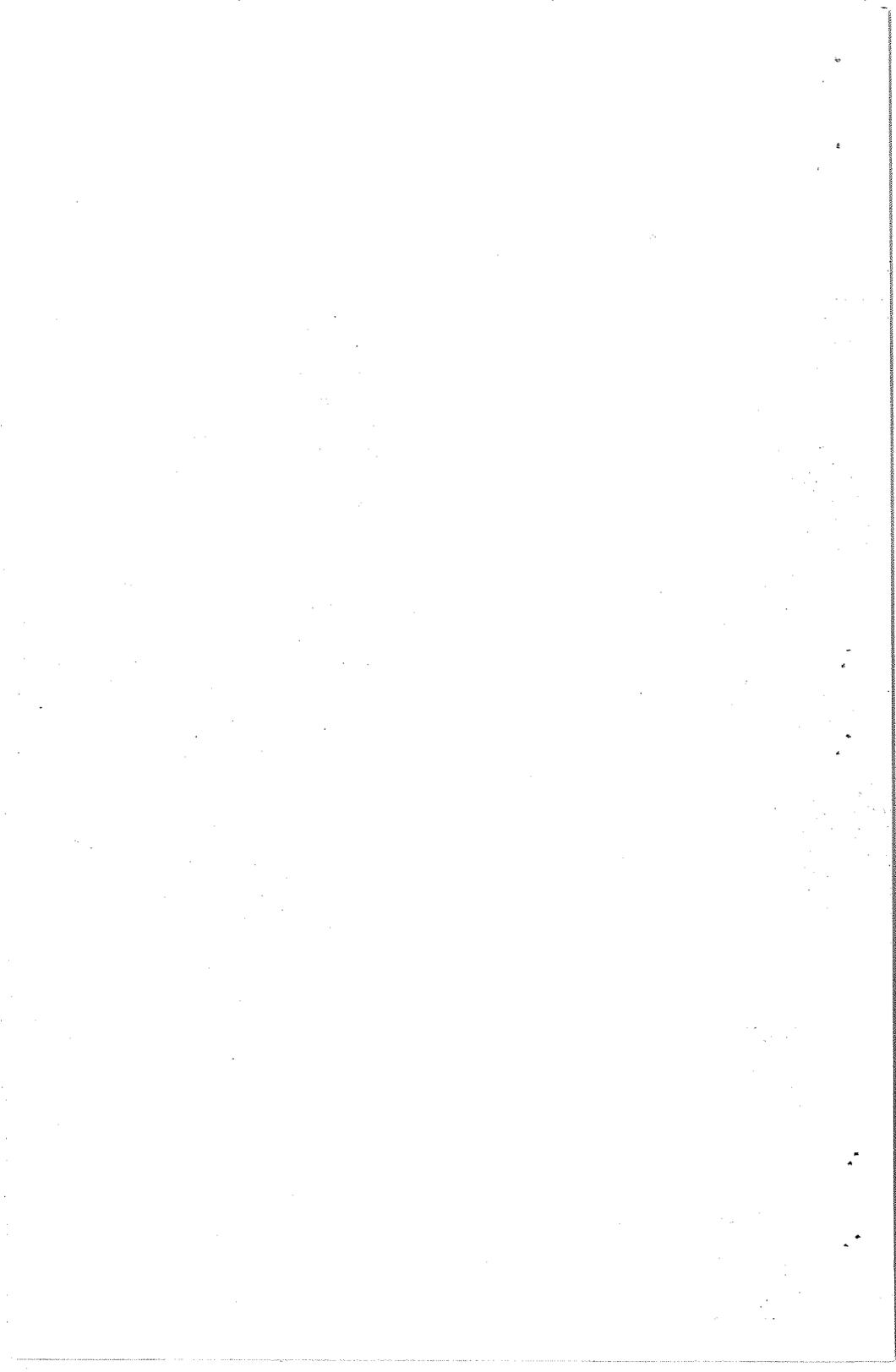
We awoke in the morning to a pattering on the roof, and looked out at the first thin covering of snow on the rocks and a white-out. We had fooled the Weather Gods, and climbed Garibaldi before they could get their storm arranged!

The party that stayed behind on Saturday had examined the Neve Hilton, and had decided that if it was moved forward, the snow creep might be avoided. Saturday and most of Sunday morning



Top: Julian Harrison (Photo: Grant McCormack), Left: Roland Burton (Photo: Bob McMechan), Right: Grant McCormack tunnelling a cornice (Photo: Julian Harrison).





were spent gathering a pile of rocks for the cabin to rest on. Finally everything was ready. The come-along was anchored to the rock with pitons, and fastened to the hut's skids. Everyone got behind the hut and gave a "Heave!"... and the hut moved. An hour later it had been moved 12 feet and was in position. After lunch, the doorframe was jacked into position, fastened and reinforced. The fog lifted for the first time, and most of us set off through a foot of new snow, leaving Rolf and Roland to finish and catch up with us as we left the Neve; once more shrouded in fog.

We slogged up to the chalet in the still falling snow, loaded the packs into Chris' jeep, then quickly drove down to the parking lot, and then on for some dinner at the Perogy House in Vancouver. After numerous attempts, we had finally climbed Garibaldi.

BAMFIELD BEACH TRAVERSE

October 6-8, 1973

Graham Gregory

On Friday, it was decided that a number of people would head out to the West Coast of Vancouver Island for the weekend. We began the trip by fighting bumps in the back of a pickup; whether this was a result of Stuart's driving or the windy dirt road, I never had the opportunity to find out. We spent the night on a beach, and then on Saturday, approximately fourteen bodies headed northwards along the West Coast Trail. A pleasant, semi-sunny five miles later, after having harassed the sea lions with our bungling explorative enthusiasm, we came upon a very pretty, sandy beach. It seemed familiar to Chris and Friend. After the general slack-hike pattern of walking around in circles such as a dog does, we settled down, and prepared ourselves for what was to be a beautiful Bamfield Beach Traverse.

After setting up plastic sheets and a few logs which the girls were only to keen to move, our sleeping quarters were weatherproof and functional. For that night. In the evening, many smiling faces enjoyed song around the campfire.

The sun reappeared in the eastern sky. Our

alarm rang life in the community. Friend spread his wet tongue throughout our sleeping quarters, as well as widely swinging a rather wet tail, accompanied by much dirt and sand. We came to be once more. Our gear was to remain, and we were to explore, perhaps five miles again down the coast. It began to trickle. People were walking with a large bag of Roy's mountain mix to generate the required energy. Quite a variety of attitudes and interests fanned out, some developed into super-keeners, others into keeners, and the rest into archaeologists, swimmers, rock chasers, wildlife biologists or just plain walkers. Friend continued to display his amazing ability among sea surf and rocks, while following a rock tossed through the air. The trail continued to be existent; the weather had closed in. It was towards the hour of 6 P.M. when we finally gave in, and huddled for shelter from the rain under a handy overhang. It was here that the keeners were going to be separated from the super-keeners, as the keeners went back of their own accord to a hopefully warm and dry campsite.

The super-keeners, through the sheer courage and defiance of doom, rappelled down onto a rock somewhat surrounded by surf, and scrambled very cautiously to shore. However, it was no ordinary shore, in that it had no visible exit, having steep walls on all sides. We were to enter a cave as a way out; rumour had it that there were sparkling pools of water within its depths. Well, perhaps they would have sparkled if it had been lit. We slowly found our way through this sandy, wet, muddy, stinking, holy, broken down, but yet quite enjoyable hole and edged out of it onto a slimy canvas ledge above the cave. Our leader, who has a rather keen sense of direction, plotted a very interesting route for us, as we bushwhacked our way through the muck - up and down and around and through and between and over and under logs, rocks, trees and moss...there were many very exciting moments when we had to exhibit limbo rock or guerilla warfare in order to keep up with the procession. People tend to become very earthy in suchlike situations.

Towards the rather late hour of about 9:30, after it had become dark, we again wended our way

along the trail and back to camp. Before our sunny walk back the next day, we managed to recover, and clean up our gear.

We made it over on the last ferry that night, and enjoyed much singing across the water, landing at 3:00 A.M. on Tuesday morning. Needless to say, most of us slept through classes the next day.

MOUNT MATIER 9100'

Pronounced Ma-tire

(Formerly Anniversary Peak)

October 6-8, 1973

Grant McCormack

PARTY:	Grant McCormack (L)	Joe Buckley
	Bob McMechan	Keith Niall
	Vivien Bowers	Julie Ourom
	David Lemon	John Halliday
	Jeff Roberts	Erich Hinze
	Steve Schwartz	Rob Bernhardt
	Allison Tourner	Kirsteen Laing
	Kim Tourner	Ann Carter
	Ron Cupit	John Martyn
	Fred Nuszdorfer	Roland Burton
	Julian Harrison	Peter Jordan
	Rolf Kullak	

This was the first VOC trip into the Mt. Matier area, and all but one of us had never visited this group before. The Mount Matier massif includes Joffre Peak, Vantage Peak, Rex's Pillar, along with numerous subsidiary peaks. The area is close to Vancouver and approach is surprisingly easy.

Drive to the Mount Currie townsite (five miles E of Pemberton) and proceed along to the road to Duffey Lake. Specifically follow the Cayoosh-Joffre Road. A right turn is made at the church in Mount Currie. Fourteen miles from the church (the start of the gravel road), there is a cleared area, just past a small wooden bridge, on the right hand (E) side with an area to park cars. Proceed along the right hand side of this cleared area to the start of the trail, which is marked by an outhouse. The trail proceeds to the first lake (of three), but a fork

to the right (S) is taken before the lake, which crosses a stream, and skirts the south side of the lake. The trail is very well cleared, but not very well flagged. The second lake is skirted on the north and the third on the south.

Camp is made above and south of the third lake, beside a stream, near a large plywood shack, owned by Alpine Crafts, a mountaineering course which uses this area. From camp to the road is approximately three miles with 1500 feet elevation gain. The trail is roughly defined from the third lake to camp, but stone men mark the route (through talus).

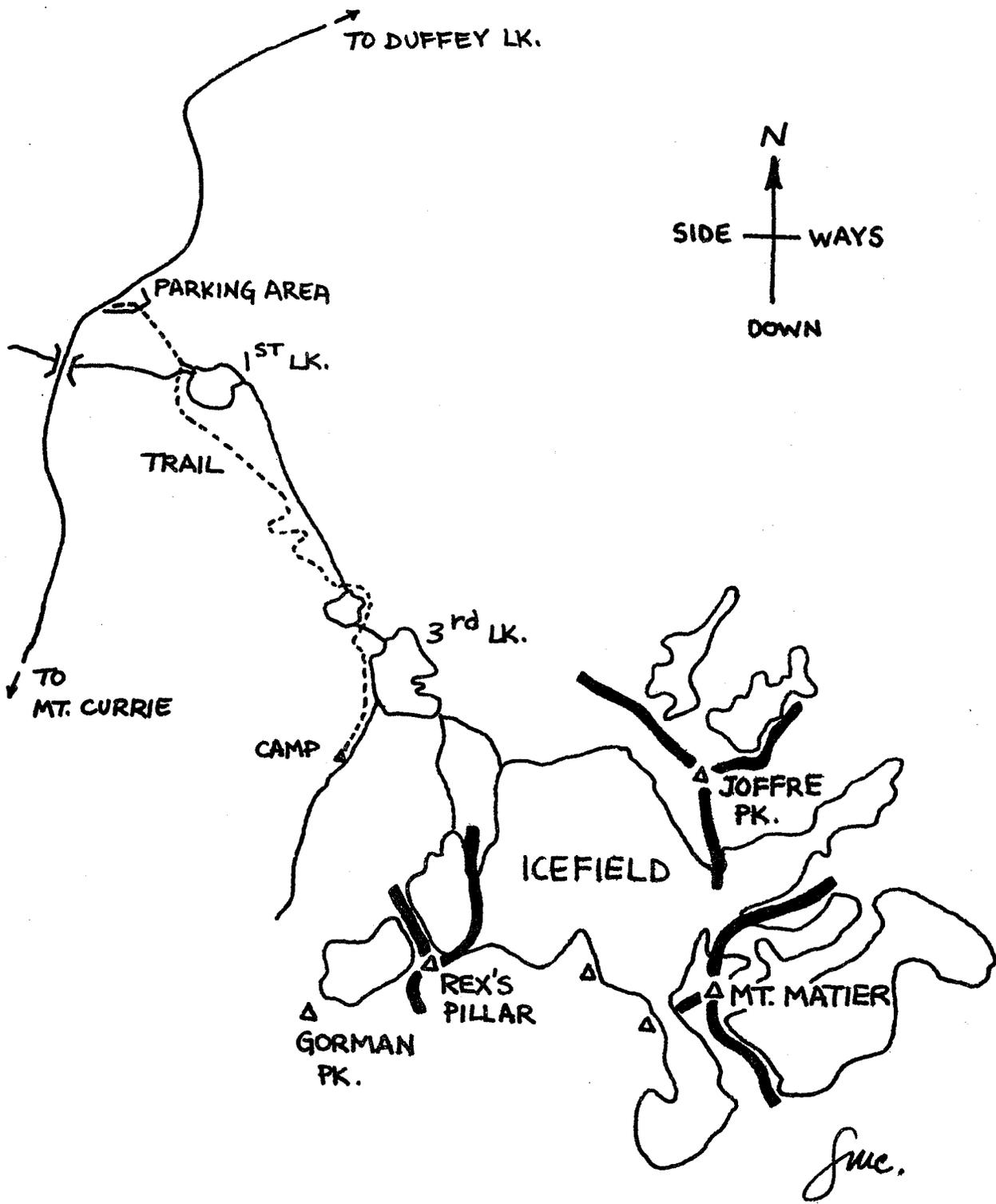
Rex's Pillar is the peak. It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south and slightly east of the third lake, and has a glacier on its north side clearly visible from camp. Also clearly visible is the large icefall which terminates the icefield below Mt. Matier. To climb Matier and Joffre from the camp requires obtaining the icefield through a crevassed area just south of the terminus. This crevassed area will provide some interesting ice climbing, and route-finding. Once on the icefield, Mount Matier and Joffre Peak, can be climbed from their col., Mount Matier via its north ridge and Joffre Peak via its south ridge or its east face. Rex's Pillar can also be climbed from a col. directly east of the peak.

Rex's Pillar is so named because of a class three pillar somewhere on the mountain, which Julian and I did not see from the summit, because it was dark and cloudy (a story Bob Mc-Mechan explains following).

The weather did not cooperate, thus only Rex's Pillar was climbed; however, some excellent ice climbing was found on the glaciers, affording, when one wanted, some very stable, high angle ice climbing.

A number of routes can be done on the peaks, but most don't exceed class three unless one really tries.

It would be no trouble to ski tour to the camp in the spring, and it would probably be feasible to tour up onto the icefield. (At worst, one would need to take off skis, and kick steps). I doubt that climbing from there would present any difficulties.



1 MILE
 SCALE : 1/50,000
 FROM 92 J/8

NOW FOR THE TRUE STORY ABOUT GRANT'S AND
JULIAN'S NIGHT OUT TOGETHER:

As Grant has already mentioned, we made the truck up to the campsite on the morning of the first day, and since everyone was still too keen, we trucked off to continue doing keen things (bad habit sometimes). This sometimes has unfortunate consequences, as we shall now explain. While we saner types (Roland, Peter, Dave, Vivien, Joe and Bob) traversed around the west side of Rex's Pillar, (toward Gorman Peak), Grant, Julian and some others went up the icefall on the north side of Rex's Pillar. Everyone, except Grant and Julian turned back as the great red ball was starting to descend (behind the clouds somewhere). Grant and Julian, never having been out alone together before, decided to stay out all night. Grant had always wanted to, but the opportunity had never before presented itself. When Grant mentioned it, Julian was not unwilling. (This is beginning to sound like a typical Harlequin romance).

They shove on together, their only materialistic reward being to have the privilege of seeing five minutes of sunshine from a few thousand feet higher than everyone else. But it now was rapidly getting dark (their mothers had never said anything to them about this situation before!) They spent the night huddled together on a ledge while the rest of us luxuriated in the extra room in the tents. In the morning, they emerged, tired and bruised, but nevertheless, happy. They were men at last,...they had finally bivouaced.

October 6-8, MANNING PARK TRIP Vicki Seraphim
1973

Those who went: Mary-Anne Natson, Cathy Dirola, Graham Lorimer, Jacques Bilinski, Ian Cordey, Brian Gardner, Vicki Seraphim and Rob Gardner (L).

We left Vancouver at the atrocious, ridiculous, and downright preposterous hour of 6 A.M. Saturday. Everyone was in a slightly dazed con-

dition (which seemed to last throughout the remainder of the trip). We arrived at the Manning Park Lodge relatively unscathed (despite exploding engines and an almost rear-ender) to the heavenly sight of tiny white flakes drifting down past the windows. Needless to say, it was rather chilly, and we made a mad (if not somewhat erroneous) dash past Lightning, Flash, and Strike Lakes. By this time the precipitation was in a form more common to that found in Vancouver (i.e., it was raining), so it was a rather soggy lot that set up camp on the foothills around Thunder Lake. The tents looked just about as bedraggled as we did, however, we remained undaunted and started a fire to dry ourselves and a few unfortunate sleeping bags. Dinner was rather plentiful, as nearly everyone had dishes that served four, so when Brian and Ian came crashing into camp (they had left Vancouver that afternoon), they were soon revived.

The next morning, we awoke to about two inches of winter wonderland, so instead of hiking up to a nearby ridge as planned, we settled for slogging through the bush around the lake. Arriving back red cheeked and thoroughly exhausted we spent the rest of the afternoon in playing bridge and eating Ian's candies. That evening, after one of many wood-collecting excursions, plus a little first aid practice, we sat around the campfire for a minor singsong and a major balancing act (ever tried to get comfortable on a highly unstable log?)

Monday morning we awoke to a few promising patches of blue. We set off for the lodge at a rather slow pace, due to photo-freaks, sore feet, heavy packs, and various other excuses. The two cars met at the Dairy Queen at Hope, which was promptly vacated when we ambled in (I mean, what can you expect after three days away from running water!) Except for being led on a wild goose chase, by Ian, up a non-existent road, we all made it safely home to cold Thanksgiving dinners.

October 6-8,
1973

TRICOUNI

Rob Boyce

A fine weekend was promised as we roared off, but enthusiasm waned as we drove around looking for the road to Garibaldi Stn. At the trail base we met Dave McPherson (who became our guide), Chris Whyte, and Dave's dog. The trail was easy up to Cedar (alias Ginter's, alias Gilder) Lake, where we poked about in the cabin, where Dave had recently taken over as resident trapper. From a bluff above the lake he pointed out where a logging road was planned, and told us about his park proposal for the area and the government's lack of response. The trail continued northwest along numerous rockslides and some steep bush near the top, until open country was reached at 5000 feet. From here it was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across the meadows to a pond where we set up camp.

It was fairly clear but cold, and the views of Garibaldi Park to the east and Cloudburst southwards were impressive. The three peaks of Tricouni hung over the head of the meadows, dark, with a dusting of fresh snow. We made a fire to fend off the cold, and the guys sang around it into the night while Carol tried to sleep.

Sunday crawled in grey and gloomy, with clouds trundling through camp at a good pace. Since Chris and Dave had planned to go the lakes area on the west side of the ridge, they decided instead to turn back that day. In the morning we wandered up to look at the lake at the head of the valley, which was beautiful, tucked in between two feet of the mountain.

Following Dave's directions, we scrambled up to a relatively cloud-free bump on the ridge south of the main peaks, with no problem other than a biting wind. We split up Paul's pineapple to celebrate the ascent. The view, however, was disappointing, with much cotton batting stuffed into valleys and rolling up ridges. It was also getting late, so we decided not to climb Tricouni. We'd get up early and do it if the weather was clear.

I woke to find it soggy inside, but sparkling outside. The peaks of Tricouni were quite striking against the sky - under five inches of fresh snow - as was the tent. Keeness was still-

born and we went back to sleep. Later the sun put in an appearance and we dried out some clothes.

Going out, the snow was soppy on the meadows; and the steep, upper part of the trail was treacherous with hidden heather, mud, outcrop and so forth. Lower down in the forest, there was little snow on the ground, but it was dripping steadily off the branches. A halt was called at the cabin where we dried off and brewed some soup. It was then a quick jog to the road, where we tried out the "echo tunnel", then bombed off to join the weekend traffic.

Those present were: Gerald Haase, Carol Frost, Paul Manson, Rob Boyce, Dave McPherson, Chris Whyte and Taipan.

October 21-22,
1973

MT. PIERCE

Ernie Bodie

An early start saw five sleepy people on their way up to the base of the Mt. Pierce trail. The first part of the trail was found to be rerouted, starting with a road. We ditched the car in the bushes when the road looked impassable and stepped outside. It was still dark! Undaunted, your fearless five trucked off through six inch deep puddles and soaking wet bushes with headlights on full beam. The first 1500 feet vertical was covered in less than an hour, at which point it became light, and we decided that we had been too keen. Therefore, we took a rock break. It turned out that all of us had some geological tendencies in us, and spent much of the remainder of the trip analysing rocks. (This is a good place to do a Geology 150 field trip). We arrived at the old cabin above the main lake about 11 o'clock, and had an extended lunch, complete with campfire. For those thinking of sleeping in the cabin, forget it. The roof is full of holes, and the whole thing looks ready to collapse. Bring a tent for overnight.

Sometime after 12 o'clock, we finally started upwards, and played with the scree slopes all the way up to the Pierce-McFarlane col. at 6,000 feet. Here we saw fog, felt rain, and explored

an old mine claim, complete with thirty foot deep drilling holes hidden by snow! The weather gods must have gotten angry when Ernie tried to fall into one of these holes, because snow and rain started falling. We quickly forgot about Pierce, which we couldn't see in the fog anyway, and found our way down the seldom used trail to the cars. An excellent trip, but it could be better on a nice day!

Those present: Ernie Bodie, Bryan Fraser, Rob Boyce, Roland Burton and Fred?

November 4,
1973

MOUNT SEYMOUR

Marilynn Rode

Seven people showed up at the parking lot in Mount Seymour at the appointed time, despite the descending cloud level and slithery road conditions. It was duly noted that none of those who went to Kakedemon Kloset showed up. We started out by following the trail to Mystery Lake and Forgotten Valley. On the bluffs above Forgotten Valley we paused to take in the view of Judge Howay, the Golden Ears, and Mount Blanshard. Still rather reluctant to join the main hiking trail, we headed for the crest of Deponse Bluffs, which we then followed to Brockton. Here there was another pause to examine the met site, with the sun and snow measuring devices, as well as an "amens-?". "No, Heather! anemometer!" This route is to be recommended for up and down travel, because one tends to avoid the majority of the populars, wending their way upward or downward, at a snail's pace. The snow by now was making itself more apparent and ice frozen into and onto gullies and rocks made travel interesting. However, a solution was to find a windy place and there one found dry, snow-free, ice-free rock. From First Pump, we had a momentary glimpse of Mount Garibaldi (in the sunshine) before the clouds and snow settled in. A chilly (relatively it was warm) lunch break at the base of the Blue Streak Gully and we set off with renewed energy for Second Pump and the peak. We weren't the only people out for a hike, as we found out when we reached the peak, and were

greeted by the Hamber Outdoor Club. The trail became more slippery from increased use on the way down, so we headed for the blueberry bushes, which offered both better footing and something to hang onto.

We used the main trail going down, but it was blasted in several places, making it more like Granville Street than a trail. (Another good reason to go via Mystery Lake when hiking). Back at the cars we took time to brew up a pot of tea which was welcome received by all - besides, it was free! We parted, thinking about the snow and skiing which is almost upon us - Hurrah!

This is perhaps not the best time of the year to do this trip (although we encountered no problems); a little earlier, before the snows, when the colours and the blueberries are out is ideal. There are also definite possibilities for ice-skating if one goes at this time of year.

Those of us who came: Clyde Scollan, Myrna Scollan, Neil MacLennan, Bryan Harris, Keith Nicol, Heather McPherson and Marilyn Rode (L).

November 11, HOLLYBURN MOUNTAIN John Leighton
1973

PARTY:	Jenny Stark (L)	Jill McKenzie
	John Leighton (G)	Brad Watson
	Anthea Farr	Bryan Harris
	Gouin Barford	Laura Harris
	Steve Schwartz	Ros Waddams
	Vicki Seraphim	Doug McKegey
	Betty Walsh	

With November 10, 11 and 12 providing another long weekend for keener VOCers, the purpose of this trip was to provide a pleasant, slack hike for those who couldn't afford the time to go away for all three days. It also supplied an alternate activity for those who were snowed out on the Hedley trip. With no specific objective in mind the hike consisted of a leisurely loop around some of the small mountain lakes. Even though the trip was planned for a late start it proved to be even later than expected when our courageous leader was 3/4 of an hour late. The

weather was heavily overcast but not raining and temperatures were quite mild. Unfortunately it had snowed a few days previously and was thawing rapidly. Thus, most of the trails had become rapidly flowing streambeds...but the group mucked on up. A short side trip was taken to the scenic Brothers Creek Falls and I have never seen so much water coming off the mountain as I did that day. From then on it was an easy but enjoyable hike wandering through the heavily timbered area. Our first planned stop was Lost Lake, a small but pretty gem on Hollyburn. So far the trip had been completely uneventful, but on our way up we occasionally heard the shrieks and shouts of a noisy bunch ahead of us. As it turned out, these noises came from one of those rare but annoying menaces on a pleasant hike; a troop of hoodlum boy scouts. I was first made aware of their presence when, on the approach to Lost Lake, I received a cold, gloppy slushball in the side of the head and found myself in the middle of a small ambush. However, the battle was shortlived due to the intervention of the troop leader. Our party all settled down for lunch at the lake as soon as the hollering, whooping mob trundled away. Gouin brought forth some "camel dung" which proved to be tastier than the name implies. Steve helped to finish off the meal with a contribution of Kendall Mint Cake, which was much appreciated by Jenny. Typically the mountain fogged in so there was not much to be seen at the lake so we moved on towards Westlake. This leg of the journey proved to be the soggiest. The melting snow had turned the trails into swamps and necessitated some bushwhacking to avoid some spots and going in shin-deep. One little creek which is usually just a trickle was an unexpected surprise when we came across a raging torrent but managed to hop across on convenient, but slippery, rocks. Unbelievably, no one fell in! Westlake didn't look like much being completely fogged in so we all headed back towards the Westlake Ski Lodge for a cup of coffee and to dry out a bit. During this short section of the hike, Jenny, Gouin and Steve achieved the near impossible feat of getting lost (temporarily) on the Hollyburn trail system, when they got separated from

from the rest of the group. They missed a great big sign nailed to a tree a few feet above their heads! The rest of us, having warmed up at the lodge, assumed they must have gone ahead back to the cars. We were surprised when we arrived there not to find them. However, they arrived a while later and (get this!) their first question was "Where were you?" It was a good trip and enjoyed by all who went, but in the future I would recommend a drier day. For those interested, Hollyburn has great potential for easy cross-country and touring day trips.

December 2,
1973

CHEAKAMUS LAKE

Julie Ourom

Those who came: Gouin Barford (L), Bill Lee, Mark Hoffman, Rob Bernhardt, Dave Bustard, Julie Ourom and Tasha

The idea for this trip was that it would be a sort of slack ski and snowshoe trip so that people (us brave, hardy souls, who weren't studying for exams) could test out their equipment, bodies, etc. for the winter. However, it turned out that five people spent the day adjusting their skis, and one person (myself), showing them up on snowshoes (which don't need any adjusting, testing, fuss, bother...and furthermore are more useful in such like terrain as we were in (in my opinion anyway)).

We had planned to have a reasonably early start (i.e. to meet at the road at 8:00 A.M.), because we knew that it was quite a long way - sixteen miles round trip to be exact. However, due to several un-reckoned for and un-wanted problems (i.e. difficulty in finding people's houses, and the un-intelligence of people who forget such necessities as touring plates), we got off somewhat later than originally planned.

We left the roadhead about 10 o'clock, and walked (?) fairly steadily along a lovely, snow-covered, unplowed logging road, until we reached the halfway point about 12:30, where we stopped for lunch. Rob decided to give up and wait for us here, as his feet were very sore, not realiz-

ing that we were barely halfway to our objective, and that it would be a long time before we would return.

So, we left him there, and continued along. The weather was almost perfect. The sky was completely overcast but we had no rain and only a very little amount of snow all day. The snow was lovely and the land rather flat, and we made rather good time to the end of the road. At this point, however, the party got spread out a little, as some people were having trouble with their skis and/or bodies, and were forced to travel slower through the rather bumpy, windy, partially forested next two miles.

Anyway, four of us (and Tasha) finally arrived at the lake at about 3:30, where we stopped for a quick lunch and a few pictures. It was getting late and we wanted to be on the road by dark, so we were quickly off. We made very good time back to the road, where we waited for everyone to catch up. (We had caught up with Bill about half-way between the lake and the end of the road).

Because the skiers, for some obscure reason, had decided that I would never be able to keep up with them on the way back, because some of the road was downhill (but, little did they know!), they sent me on ahead. However, I ended up getting well ahead, and then waiting about a half hour for them to catch up. By this time it was completely dark, although we had no problems seeing the trail, and we all (except for one person) thoroughly enjoyed the trip back. For anyone who has never walked along a snow-covered, logging road in the winter, with the sky cloudy and dark, but very nice and warm and cheerful and comforting nonetheless, it is very much to be recommended. It's a really beautiful and rewarding experience.

But just make sure that certain members of your party aren't out calling the RCMP, Mountain Rescue, and god knows who else, like a certain person in our party, who shall remain nameless (although I'm not quite sure why) did.

What happened was that after it had been dark for awhile, he became worried that we weren't down yet, so he hitched into Whistler,

and found the local Search and Rescue, who were very delighted as this was only their second year of operation, and the first time that they had been called out. They weren't very excited about our still being out, though, although one of them did accompany Rob back to wait for us.

In the meantime, however, we (actually Gouin and Dave) had caught up with Mark, who had been way ahead of us, and had stopped to wait. In the very short interval of time which passed before Mark went on, and Bill and I caught up, Gouin and Dave fabricated a story about RCMP officers on snowshoes looking for us, and thermos' of hot chocolate and other such nonsense, that in any other time wouldn't have been believed for a second. However, this wasn't any other time, and we did believe it and them, - in fact, we both fell for it completely.

We finally made it back to the cars, and I found out what they had done. And I couldn't figure out why I was going to get a goon award. We sent the search and rescue person home, and then went that way ourselves, stopping briefly at the Klahanie Inn en route.

Despite our difficulties, it was really a lovely day and very worthwhile. The area is to be recommended for a long, but slack, (elevation gain is only 1000 feet in about eight miles) winter trip. It would also be an interesting alternate route into the Black Tusk area, but as it is quite aways, this might be better attempted in the summer or fall.



Pin-Up of the Year!

Bob McMechan

Photo: Rob Boyce

CHRISTMAS TRIPS 1973

And where were they at midnight, on New Years Eve? Sound asleep and snoring, I do believe.

December 26,
1973

KOKANEE

Bryan Fraser

Early in November people began looking for places suitable for ski-touring at Christmas. Marilyn pulled the name "Kokanee" out of a hat and began organizing the trip. Pretty soon there were ten of us:

Wayne Smith
Bill Prescott
Fred Thiessen (L)
Phil Kubik
Mary Bussell

Julian Harrison
Bryan Fraser
Rob Hartvikson
Marilynn Rode (L)
Dave Lemon

Helen Butling in Nelson, who has been largely responsible for preserving the Slocan Chief Cabin, was contacted. She wrote and told us the cabin was in great shape. However, knowing it was situated 18 miles from the nearest main road and with temperatures expected to drop to -30 F., we were apprehensive about walking in. After one minute of hard discussion, we unanimously agreed to go in with the food by chopper.

We left early on December 26th, picking up Rob at Popkum (6:00 A.M.) then Fred at Keremeos (10:00 A.M.); with beautiful sunny conditions we made Nelson by 3:30 P.M. This was great, because it allowed us time to scout around for a chopper pad and to make use of Dave Whiting's stereo, books and general hospitality.

At 8:30 A.M. on the 27th we went down to Okanagan Helicopters and met Ev Cameron, our pilot. Fred and Bill flew directly from Nelson with the food while the rest of us hopped in the cars and drove to the landing spot, the Kokanee Creek picnic site. At \$250 an hour, the pilot figured it would take us three trips, totalling an hour. But the last group got a bonus: a guided tour of the area and 20 minutes extra flying time! all for the flat rate of \$250. That

afternoon we had our first ski-run down the steep hill behind the cabin, about 500 feet of fantastic deep, dry powder.

On the 28th, the Kokanee crew went into the logging business. Because of a shortage of dry wood, we spent a full day chopping down nearby snags, bucking them and carrying them by sled back to the cabin, where the girls cut them into lengths for splitting. Although we didn't get any skiing in that day, everyone felt pretty contented to see the wood boxes piled high and we decided to make for the Kokanee glacier on the morrow.

On the 29th we toured past the bowls of fine powder up through the glacier, and spent the day climbing three 9000 foot bumps: Giant's Kneecap, Esmeralda, and the Pyramids. The temperature was about ten below, with wind chill it was probably less than 40 below, and we finally agreed that we were pushing our luck when people's noses and fingers began to turn white.

Check! Check! Poof! Poof! The run down was unreal. Everyone seemed to get the rhythm in the clouds of powder and S tracks marked our better efforts. Fred, Bill and Marilyn cut their trail through a steep narrow gully, while the rest of us skied the wide bowl up which we had climbed.

On December 30th we climbed up to the Smuggler's Ridge for another run of light powder (like ARRID, extra dry!); followed by lunch at the cabin (slack!), followed by an afternoon of great skiing. We topped the day off by valiantly trying to bury ourselves in the snow, tobogganing.

On December 31st it was decided (with great emphasis on Dave's part) that we should head for Lemon Pass and also have a look at Kokanee Lake and our route out. Outlook Mountain looked inviting in the warm sun so we climbed it, and got a good view of an area which has miles and miles of untracked potential for the ski-tourer and deep powder freak. The run down into Kokanee Pass was steep and exciting. Great going Wayne! (Wayne had only skied a few times before this trip). Julian, and especially Mary, forced us to sweat a bit as they led us up to Smuggler's

Ridge above the cabin. Here four of us, Fred, Marilyn, Julian and Bryan skied off a cornice onto the steep slope behind the cabin. In Marilyn's words, "Whee - it was fun!"

New Years Eve: Dinner that night was special: ham, baked potatoes, peas, and home-made apple pie. After dinner we relaxed around the stoves, and as midnight approached, we somehow found room for the cheesecake. All the while, our bartenders Fred and Bill kept everyone warm with exotic Kokanee brews, for example:

Kokanee Black Russian: Equal part Kalhua and Vodka

Kokanee Hot Rum: Lemon Tang, honey (beaucoup beaucoup!), margarine (?), hot water, demerara overproof to taste, brown sugar.

Kokanee Whiskey Sour: Lemon Tang, Canadian Club (also good as a rolling pin!), garnish with cherries cut with exceeding care from the fruit cake (but don't tell anybody!)

A short Salty Dog Rag, and we were prepared to make the next day a rest day.

January 1st: Our easy trip became a little longer when we found two intervening vallies between us and the ski runs to the northwest of the cabin. But the snow was up to the usual standard, and we were able to do the steepest slopes with minimal avalanche danger. As well, we were in the sun for most of the day. The cabin never sees the sun at this time of year! Dinner came complete with dumplings in the stew, and after dinner we ordered pizza and popsicles from our local dealer, Fred.

January 2nd: We had planned to climb Cond Peak, but great snow plumes above the Pyramid made us aware of the fierce winds blowing on the glacier. Because it was cold and we were all pretty comfortable, we waited until after lunch before climbing up to ski the bowl beneath the pyramid.

January 3rd: Determined to leave the cabin with more wood than we found it, we spent the morning logging, and in the afternoon got another great run in the same area as the day before. That night we cleaned up the cabin and prepared to leave the next day for Nelson.

January 4th: Up early, the majority got a

good start leaving Fred, Bill and myself behind to do the last bit of cleaning up. It was chilly that morning, and no one needed any excuse to keep moving. We had been prepared to take two days to walk the eighteen miles out, but surprises were to come. Trail had to be broken to Gibson Lake (five miles) where Julian did an excellent job of hitting the summer access road. It was here that we really lucked out. People had ski-dooed up the previous day to the edge of the park. As a result, we pretty well flew down a packed trail and trip times ranged from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 hours total. That evening we shared some time with Helen Butling, an amazing person who seems to be an active force in the Kootenay Mountaineering Club. But my most vivid memory from that night is of the hot showers that Dave Whiting arranged for us to have at the local school!

If you are interested in going into Kokanee, contact the Park Ranger in Nelson. The following maps will be useful:

1. Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park, B.C.
Scale: 1 in. = $1/2$ mile
(Black and white Advance print)
2. Topo Series 1:50,000
(two maps)
82F 14E
82F 11E

Maps are available at Dominion Map, Vanc.
And as anyone on the trip will tell you, if you ski that Kokanee powder, you'll just never be quite satisfied with the stuff out in the Coast Range.

P.S. Thanks, Marilyn, for the diary.

MCGILLIVRAY PASS

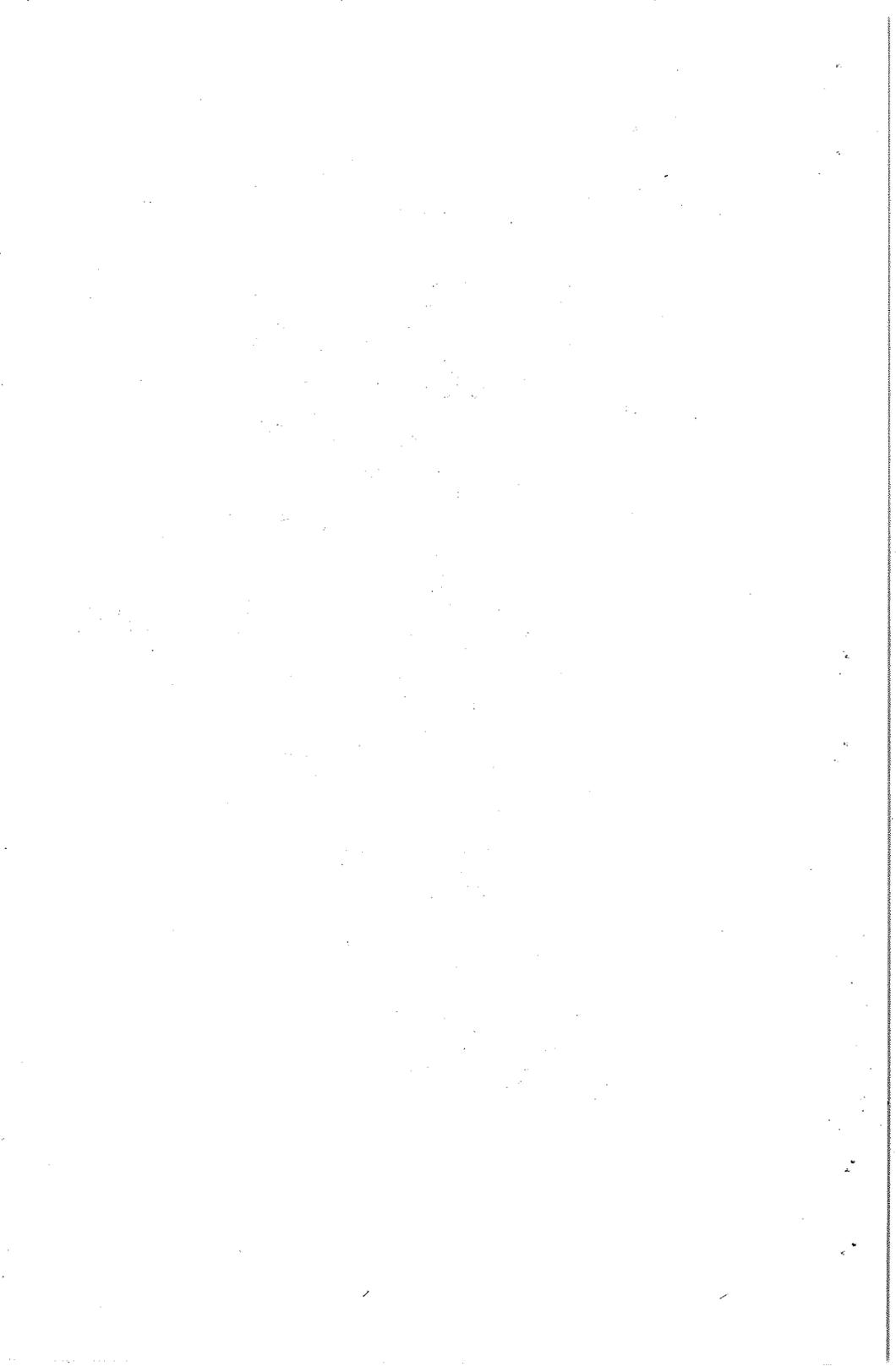
Rob Boyce

McGillivray Pass is an alpine region between high ridges, situated at 6000 feet on the east flank of the Coast Range, 70 miles west of Lillooet. It drains southward to Anderson Lake and eastward to the Bridge River Valley. Historically it was the route of the telephone line from civilization (PGE) to Bralorne, and the remnant of the service is the route followed in. The



McGILLIVRAY '73. Top: Ron Cupit, Dave McFarlane, Rob Boyce
on Mt. Royal. Left: Ron Cupit. Right: Vivien Bowers
descending Mt. Royal. Photos: Bob McMechan





use of an ancient cabin in the pass is offered to VOC by the owner, Paul Kleinschrot.

This Christmas trip had actually been planned, and an attempt was made in November to carry in non-perishable food and to cut wood. But a major snow storm occurred on the same week-end, and it was a failure as two cars didn't make it, and the others got only as far as Bralorne. The effort served to get the food into storage in Lillooet, and to reconnoitre the road.

Boxing Day came clear and not-too-cold as Ron, Bob, Vivien and I left Vancouver at 9:30 to give the others time to catch up. Peter flew in from Calgary that morning and picked up his car, Anthea and Don. Christine and John took the train from Squamish to Lillooet, where they were to meet Dave, who was to drive up with his dog, Skip. Unfortunately, Dave woke up in Victoria half an hour after his intended ferry sailing. Our car stopped near Chilliwack for the view of the snow-capped peaks, and to stuff any available roadside garbage into Ron's ski rack to stop its eerie wailing (it worked!). The highway was in good shape to Lillooet, with little evidence of snow. While stopping for lunch at Lytton, we marked that the Interior was much colder. When crossing the bridge at Lillooet, we stopped and looked down on the Fraser, mostly frozen bank-to-bank. A great bulge of ice below, heavily crevassed, made the bridge feel rather insecure.

As we were wandering down Lillooet's main street, John and Christine stepped off the train, so we all retired for coffee. It was then up to Sara Golling's house where we met her parents (Sara was in the Bugaboos) and Peter's group who'd just arrived, shivering. (Note: dress warmly for Peter's car!) We divided up the stored food and took off, leaving John and Christine to wait for Dave.

The road to Mission Dam was okay, but beyond was 35 miles of narrow, rutted ice, with darkness coming. (Anthea claims she had her eyes closed all the way). The frozen upper end of Carpenter Lake showed, by dim moonlight, dead trees and fenceposts sticking out of the snow, the result of flooding. From Gold Bridge, Ron used lead foot and 4 - wheel drift techniques to get up the

icy switchbacks into Bralorne. We waited half an hour in the pub for Peter, even getting a free billiards game from the management.

Then we went "downtown" where, for \$2 each, we could occupy the echoing corridors of the mine office. Three foot icicles appeared to hold up the eaves under all the snow. A search inside produced such comforts as three mattresses, four pillows, kettle and a table to cook on. The trip's tone was set by preparing a gargantuan supper, followed quickly by sleep.

The frigid silence was shattered in the wee hours by the arrival of Dave's group. They were duly ignored.

Reveille was at 4:30 and breakfast was prepared while some sorted the food into individual loads. We stuffed it into our packs, shoe-horned in some more, then threw out the superfluous, leaving us with 60 pound packs. A final check revealed 22 pounds of frozen meat we'd forgotten, so it was thrown on top along with the Coleman lamp and the guitar. The final hill to the edge of the ploughed road had to be negotiated with Bob and Vivien on the hood of Ron's car, for traction.

The ordeal began at 8:00, breaking trail through a thick raincrust, which cut our boots. All bindings and skins did typical things, with Don's rotomat and Dave's new skin self-destructing almost immediately. We slogged up past the ghostly remains of Pioneer Mine and several dilapidated houses, then into the trees. The first eight undulating miles of road gained little elevation. Peter used a cross-country wax which helped little in these conditions, but might be good otherwise.

Six of us ate lunch at the old cabin by Hawthorne Creek, where a sign read: "Have gone out. Be back soon", on the door, above four ft. of drifted snow. The interior was "rustic", tiny, dim, no floorboards and full of junk. The cold caused us to move on, but Bob was sent back without pack to look for the others.

It was easy going to Piebiter Creek where there are two even more rustic cabins: one has only one and a half walls, and the other no roof. From here, the road gained almost 2000 feet in two and a half miles of switchbacks. Dark soon

came, and the leader broke through several inches of powder. Headlights were used occasionally for navigation. The last half mile was flat, through thinning trees, and it became hard to find the telephone poles. A block of snow materialized into Fred Thiessen's cabin, and it was only 200 yards to our goal. Peter, Anthea, Vivien and I reached it at 8:30, after 12½ hours on an 11 mile trail...

The snow was up to the eaves and a huge cornice overhung the front, so Peter shovelled out the back door as we stood around shivering and admiring the frost and tusks on each other's hair and beards. A fire was lit, and Vivien started cooking supper as Ron appeared. Don, Bob, Christine and John arrived within the hour. No-one had seen Dave, but messages were left for him.

Understandably, the next day began late. Five skied down to Piebiter Creek for the food, where they met Dave, being towed by a ski-doo (the monster couldn't make it up to the pass). The remaining members cut wood, dug things out, and set up the cabin. Our log abode could comfortably sleep at least nine; and had a wood stove and heater, a sink (running water in the creek outside), a table, surrounding benches and an L-shaped couch, for choral arrangements with guitar. Being built on a swamp, the floor had developed an interesting sinusoidal pattern, which is hell in the dark. Low rafters and doorways are additional hazards.

We were keen the following day, touring two miles up the pass to look at Paul's new cabin. Then we climbed to a col on Telephone Ridge and gaped at the view westward. The bowl we skied back down through was full of powder, and even the less skilled among us had a good run.

To be yet keener, on the 30th we went up to climb Mount Royal. It was quite warm in the sunshine until we reached the wind, where we left our skis, due to wind-packed snow. We hiked several hundred feet to the summit, where it was magically calm. At about 7500 feet, Royal is not high relative to the surrounding peaks, yet the all round view from the top was breath-taking. We then ran (Vivien somersaulted) back to the skis. Then we chose a route down which avoided

the avalanche slopes and came out of the trees right by the cabin.

That evening, the young-at-heart frolicked down the trail in the moonlight and jumped off Fred's cabin, and threw each other in the snow, until we were all freezing.

Peter and Vivien left for home on the morning of New Year's Eve. Apathy then set in, but we went up Telephone Ridge in the afternoon, just to ski down it. P.D.T. (Peter's Daylight Time) was established so we could get to bed early, and the New Year came in with flares and yawns.

Then apathy began in earnest. The sky remained clear, but strong winds changed the powder to crust. So we stayed inside, and the boys turned their attention to Anthea. Then some tried baking bread, others played monopoly, cards or chess, while still others sang with the guitar. Once we stayed up late doing all manner of puzzles involving matchsticks, rope, strings through holes, words and coins. We worked on the cabin a bit, Skip doing his part by vacuuming the floor of all food particles. But the major pre-occupation (next to Anthea) was eating. It was observed that there was a great excess of (good) food, notably a five pound brick of Camel Dung. Conversely, there was a marked shortage of toilet paper.

Plans were then formed for an exist by way of McGillivray Falls, on the railway. Dave and Don were in favour of it, and by the morning of January 4th, Bob and Anthea were convinced. Ron and I accompanied them over the pass and down to treeline. There we futilely thrashed about looking for a mythical road and telephone line and an imaginary cabin. So Ron and I left them to their own devices and returned to the pass and part-way up the scanty tree cover on Mt. McGillivray. But those steep, open snow slopes looked too sinister, so we skied into the teeth of the wind, back to the cabin.

The last morning Dave's (broken) thermometer read -45 degrees, the coldest yet. We left the cabin at 10:00 and soon hit the hill. The snowmobile track was icy, due to no snow fall since Boxing Day, and it was uncomfortably fast for those of us who couldn't ski. We fell less often

in becoming used to that growth on our backs. From Piebiter Creek it was easier, with skins not needed for the minor uphills. Ron and I were down first, in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours (eds. Note: It took Peter and me 4 hours), our water bottles having frozen on the way, even inside our parkas. Ron's car started with difficulty and ether, but Dave's wouldn't. We then put on all our clothes, but still froze until Christine and John made it.

The road had been greatly improved, and we made good time to Lillooet, by which time John had regained feeling in his feet. We descended on Sara's and under the pretense of cooking supper, we stayed three hours. She told stories from the Bugaboos, while we fed her all kinds of lies about McGillivray. The final leg of the journey was following the Duffy Lake Road (with a minor detour), which was spectacular by moonlight, and arriving in Vancouver at 3 A.M. in a balmy 25 degrees..

Conclusion: McGillivray Pass was obviously the best trip this year, with clear weather, great food, and most of all, the heros and heroines who made it happen.

Those who went: Bob McMechan (L), Peter Jordan, Don McInnes, Dave McFarlane and Skip, Vivien Bowers, Jogn Frizzell, Christine Nelson, Ron Cupit, Anthea Farr, Rob Boyce.

RED MOUNTAIN

Bruce Fairley

On December 30th, 1973, at an ungodly early hour of the morn, fourteen eager beaver yoyo skiers left Vancouver in three Toyotas and a Peugeot for the hills of Rossland's Red Mountain, to spend a week of skiing free from the lineups of Lower Mainland ski haunts. On arrival at the Glenwood Motel in Trail we were greeted by the surprised looks of the proprietor, who informed us that reservations had not included the night of the 30th. However, @ \$4.50 a head per night, he managed to scrounge up comfortable quarters for us.

The next morn dawned bright, clear and cold, setting the pattern for the rest of the week.

On arriving at the slopes, we sent Al into tackle the management, and he worked out a \$29. deal for the week's skiing (leave it to a Commerce student...) All commenced with a psych run down the T-bar, then the group split up, with some preferring the 8000 foot Granite Mt. chairlift and others testing their mettle and metals on the Red Mt. runs.

New Year's night our Godfather (who else but Al?) arranged a repast at the famed Kootenay Hotel. Rubbing his hands with glee at our obviously ample appetites, our host, Uncle Luigi, ushered us into a private room, lavishly furnished in early railroad station decor, and proceeded to stuff us with salad, chicken and spaghet. Toasts to one and all enthusiastically downed. We followed this up by attending a party at Red Mountain Motel, turning a rather sedate gathering into a more boisterous boogie with our exotic Salty dogs, etc.

The group skied every day and passed the evenings in pleasure of various description. One night we embarked on a sleigh ride, which was a gas, although it must be admitted that some found it difficult to maintain their balance and had to constantly be assisted back into the sleigh after tumbling off it in the most undignified manner. Cathy J. proved to be particularly dextrous at this feat. And at the $\frac{1}{2}$ way point of the ride, Dave, Dave and Keith entertained us with displays of gymnastic ability, such as the double reverse flop into a snowbank. Some of the girls were also persuaded to attempt these exploits.

Other nights were spent mangling cards and spoons in the motel rooms or clinking glasses in seedy back alley establishments. (Thar she blows! Occasionally, for variety we pushed psychotic automobiles around the streets.

The food had been well organized by Betty, Pam, Bryan and Laura, and all proved to be adequate cooks, although Dave C. has been heard to proclaim that he never could abide tuna fish casserole.

Other sundy adventures, not covered in the above, are recorded in all their gruesome detail in our Song, here published for the first time, without the gratuitous permission of the chief

composer, Dave Crowe (may the Lord forgive him).

For its hi, hi hee, we took a week to ski (Chorus)
And every night we closed down the bar,
We slalomed and we schussed,
At night we all got juiced,
And that was the best part by far.

Over hill, over dale, down the 401 to Trail,
As the ski bums go rolling along.
On the hill behind Cominco,
(Holly Molly what a stinko)
We camped at the Greenwood Motel.

About the grub I won't be rude,
But I wouldn't call it food
It tasted like crusty bedrolls.
Pam organized as custom,
But we didn't have an oven
So we panfried the dead baby casserole.

And of course there was Trigger
Who did things no one could figure
As he jumped and he did hot dog flips.
He would twist and then contort
On his K2 Bermuda Shorts
And at night he'd warm his lips with some sips.

Those Sohler skis of wild man Ian,
They just weren't produced for skiing,
Cause they broke down on hitting the slope.
Pig farmer that he was
He skied as well on Barrel staves,
Still using his safety bindings cum mountain
climbing ropes.

Betty sweated and she slaved,
But in the end was quite enraged,
For her plans had included an oven.
With no oven for her to bake
She really went quite snake,
Cause she munched on panfried meadow muffins.

And a word about old Dave,
Who certainly was a knave,
For he was the worst gas that I ever smelt.
A guess his diet was too rich,

For that dirty son of a bitch,
Would give a mudgie and then light a triple
fudgie.

Some ski on 180's, some on 200's,
But Cathy skis on 292's.
Her boots bruised her bones,
Till she almost went home
For pain killers she cried out the blues.

Christmas

YOHO 73

Ernie Bodie

We all arrived in Field safely by 10:30 on the night of December 26th. We took over the Field Hotel and sat in the hallway distributing food and fixing skins until the wee hours of the morning. Those sleeping on the front side of the hotel were serenaded (?) to sleep by a steam generating plant (Mm phht, Mm phht). Our local metric warden gave us the good news that we had 100 cm. of snow (1 metre = 39.3 inches) at Takkakaw Falls.

We crawled out of bed by 8 A.M., got the cars running by nine, and were all on the trail by 10. Under light cloud and on a well packed trail we trucked slowly to the two picnic shelters at Takkakaw Falls, now replacing the warden's hut as accomodation. While most of us arrived at the shelters before 4:30, Ehleen and Jeff were packing the first two miles of the trail looking for Chris. On returning to the parking lot, they discovered that Chris had taken a side trip to Lake Louise after his boots and skins had fallen apart. They finally plodded into camp about 7:00.

At this point it would be good to stress the usefulness of cross country wax in ski touring, especially on long flat stretches like the nine odd miles to Takkakaw. Ian and Mike easily skied the road and found that the drag factor was significantly reduced. Wax is generally easy to apply with a cork and can be removed from bases, even plastic ones, with white gas.

A good supper was had and we were off to bed early. We were up by 8:00 and away by 10:30 having another easy day up 16 switchbacks to Stanley Mitchell Hut. Everyone arrived by 4:30 except

Blundell who turned up after supper having come up all the way in one day.

December 29th - Ian got everyone up early for the first of many mushy mornings. Twelve people got up to the President-Vice President Col (9900') to find a beautiful view. A fine 3000' powder, wind packed run to the cabin was had.

December 30th - A typical late start (10 A.M.) to the Isolated-McArthur Col. Eleven people climbed McArthur (9992') which was socked in on top, of course. Another fine 3000' run to the cabin where baking powder biscuits were made. Others bummed around in the local avalanche gullies.

December 31st - After a keen start Ian led the mob up to Emerald Pass. Ian, Mike and Jeff scrambled up the first ice snow rock slope towards the President, but decided that it was not safe for the large number of people. Another excellent powder run was had down to the cabin. Meanwhile a subsidiary trip went up Kiwetinok Pass where we found yet more powder. A great feast was had this evening, including chocolate cake. Being New Year's Eve, we brought out the usual unmentionables, which left John Spouge in a somewhat abnormal situation; either hanging from a beam or lying on the floor. The party dragged out until 2 A.M., when the Coleman began to flicker.

To make a long story short, the rest of the trip was sunny and beautiful. The keeners bagged a few more peaks such as Mt. Kerr, Isolated (Dave P. and Jacques) and the President (John H., John M. and Graham). Semikeeners and not-so-keeners spent their hours searching for and skiing powder snow slopes, which were all too quickly turning into wind slab. Graham started a small slab avalanche which he managed to out ski. Generally the avalanche hazard, except for steep slab was non-existent. When not-so-keen, we could be seen spending the hours washing hair, baking bread, playing bridge, reading the "Hobbit" sampling the cheese cake, or playing on the roof.

January 3rd saw the departure of John H., Helen and Ann, while the rest of us left on Jan. 4th after some hasty decision making. We were scared out a day earlier than planned by a few

few factors: 1. fairly low and uninteresting food supply, 2. threatening of a storm by wardens and 3. the possibility of downhill skiing.

All of us used cross country wax on the way out and found it superior to skins. Average time out on a well packed trail was $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the road. This was on a well packed trail with relatively light packs of 35 lbs. (20 lbs. less than on the way in).

Upon reaching Field the ranks rapidly split, with everyone generally heading towards Vancouver after a very satisfying trip into the Rockies.

One recommendation for future trips into Yoho is to bring imperishables up in late summer. Roland Burton and friends carried about 70 lbs. up to the hut for this trip, which made an essential weight difference. Thanks Roland!

Hiking time in summer from Takkakaw: 5-6 hours return, compared with three days in winter). Also it is wise to get some wood piled behind the woodshed before the snow falls. Once again Roland helped in this way. Wood is hard to find in snow, and the wardens do not like their wood supply to be raided to any great extent.

We were: Jeff Roberts (Organizer)

Diane Bodie

Ernie Bodie

Kirsteen Laing

Anthea Tench

Mike Fenger

Dave Bustard (Food)

Dave Paterson

Ann Carter

John Halliday (Food)

John Martyn

John Spouge

Graham Lorimer

Vicki Seraphim

Ian Heath

Ehleen Bohn

Chris Blundell

Helen Lemon

Dan Spancers

Shiona White

December 23rd-
January 6th, 1974

BUGABOOS

G. McCormack

Sunday, December 23rd

Today, Fred Douglas, Roland Burton, Sara Golling, Neil Humphries, Erich Hintze, Paul and Marilyn Starr and yours truly flew into the Bugs. We flew from Radium in Bob Ambrose's Pilatus Turbo Porter in the morning when the weather was dubious but we managed to avoid clouds and other obstructions. He put it down on the upper Vowell Glacier between Snowpatch and Pigeon Spire requiring between 200 and 300 feet (I was very impressed) after one abortive landing. For the eight of us and gear there were two flights at \$100 each. After getting it together, we skied to the Snowpatch-Bugaboo col and walked and skied down the gully on the east side and down the slopes to the cabin at Boulder Camp. We left about six boxes of food at the col, which we planned to retrieve on the next day. The ski run down was fantastic, even with grossly heavy packs, through six inches powder on hardpack.

The cabin is very large, being somewhat like the Burton hut in design only fancier inside. The weather has cleared and it's getting colder being about 10 degrees outside and 30 degrees inside. There's no heat in the cabin but propane supplies for cooking and light.

December 24th

Not much happened today since when we got up the visibility was almost non-existent and the white fluffy stuff was descending upon us. About 2 p.m., Rol, Fred, and I summoned the fortitude to go out skiing after being inspired by a run made by Erich, Neil, and Paul yesterday afternoon. Unfortunately, the visibility did not cooperate, making any style difficult, except for Fred, who can ski anything. The large boulders didn't help, either. Fred opened a bottle of wine (well chilled - it's about 30 degrees in the cabin) and we all opened Christmas presents.

December 25th

We went (less Sara, because she's sick right

now) up to the Snowpatch-Bugaboo col and got the rest of the food. The couloir up to the col was unstable with possible slab danger. With avalanche cord out we scared any avalanches away and made our ascent and descent without incident. (Knuckleheads-Eds.) Just above the cabin while skiing down in the flat light, Roland skied off a boulder while doing a turn. He fell about three feet into powder snow making a huge divot (mogul?). Paul, Neil, Erich and I went for a run before dinner. We spent the evening reading Cannery Row aloud.

December 26th

Today it was up to the Pigeon-Snowpatch col via the Bugaboo Glacier. The last bit to the col was through an icefall. The weather is consistent with previous days: windy, cold, and variable cloud, however, the powder skiing has been really fine. Gmoser and his team have been heli-skiing on the other side of the valley from the cabin all the time we've been here.

December 27th

Up early today (7:30 A.M.) to go meet the second group. We were at the Upper Vowell at 10:40 a.m. waiting for the plane. The clouds broke and it was sunny and cold (-3 degrees). Beautiful pictures were to be had for the taking, but we all "forgot" our cameras because the weather was so grim when we left the cabin. By noon we were getting restless and cold so Rol, Erich, and I went up to the Pigeon-Howser Spire col. While up there the plane came in.

Between flights the weather deteriorated again, so that when the pilot left us for good, he flew right off into the cloud banks (what a pilot). Neil and I skied down the Bugaboo Glacier because the run is so good. Paul, Fred, Erich, and Sheila McLean were ahead. The rest of the new crew, Bob Brusse, Mike Miles, Wynne Gorman, Chris McNeil, Sue Preston, Steve Chatwin, Steve White and Moira Lemon went down the Bugaboo-Snowpatch couloir.

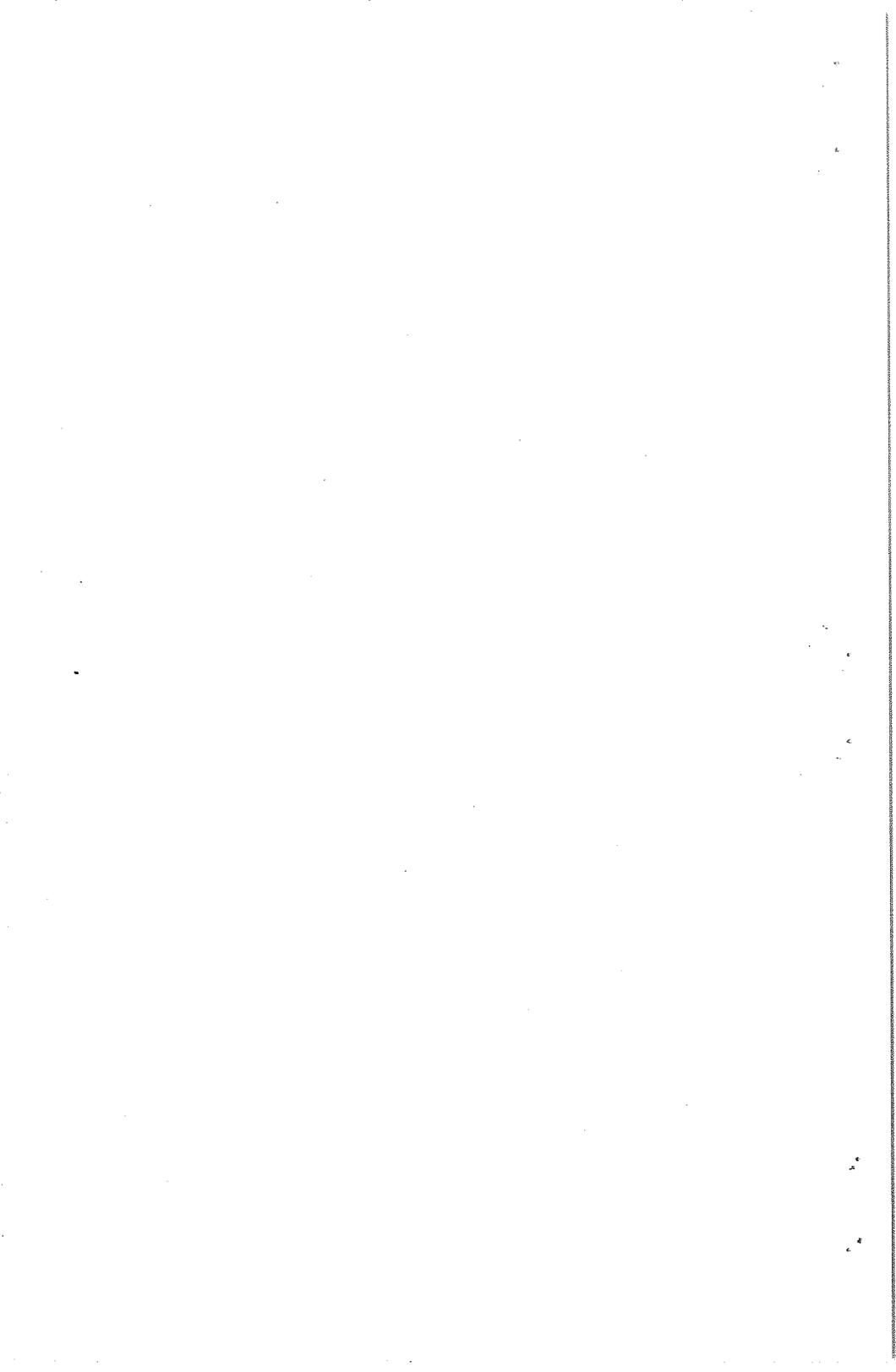
December 28th

The new group went up to get the rest of



BUGABOOS '73. Left: Chris McNeil, Right: Sheila McLean,
Bottom: Neil Humphries and Chris. Photos: Roland Burton





of their food. Rol and I went to approximately 9200' on the Bugaboo Glacier. Crevassed, so we came back. Paul, Fred, Neil and Marilyn spent a long day going to Cobalt (Blue) Lake then down to Gmoser's lodge then back up the valley. They arrived back after dark. It has cleared.

December 29th

Great weather. The upper Bugaboo Glacier is finally clear. This is also the first day Gmoser's crew ski the glacier. Met Rudi Gertsch in passing on the South Forty (flat area S. of Snowpatch Spire). Rol and I continue up the Mar-malota side of the Bugaboo Glacier through very large crevasses. (This time it's clear and there are more people along to haul us out if we fall into a slot). Mike and Wynne catch up and later so do Sheila, Chris, Moira, Steve C., and Sue. We continue up below Turret Pk. towards the Howser Spires (click-wind, click-wind). Made a run down the Pigeon side of the Bugaboo Glacier (wind packed now) to meet Fred, Neil, Steve W., Marilyn, and Erich hauling Sara out of a crevasse. They had just finished skiing the Vowell Glacier. We had known that that crevasse was there and had previously acknowledged it by avoidance. Until Sara went in, its presence was realized by only a slight depression in the middle of the slope we had been skiing on heavily.

So much for security- that slope is covered with hidden crevasses. (Bugaboo Glacier is now known as the "slot machine"). One of Sara's skis came off so we sent Steve W. down for it (roped of course) which, by good fortune, he found. Sara went down about 20' and was not badly banged up. She landed on a ledge. The ski was recovered at a depth of 80'. -5 degrees at the cabin during the day. Not as cold as we'd been expecting.

December 30th

Fred, Erich, Sara, Paul, and Marilyn left today. Neil declared it a National Holiday, and did not venture out, along with some others who decided to revere the proclamation. However, some hardy souls ventured forth and did some skiing. Chris, after skiing, came in and fed Neil

a line about going out to see his tracks. The trap was set. Once outside the door Neil was savaged and thrown into a snowbank. The rest of us stayed in our sleeping bags. Yawn!!

December 31st

Broke sloth today. Everyone went to Cobalt Lake except Neil, Steve W., and I. We wandered off to climb Eastpost (8850'). We skied to a col on the NE ridge via a bowl on the N side of Eastpost then climbed up steep snow to within 50' of the summit where we roped up to climb class 4 to the top.

On the way back from Cobalt Lake, Wynne got the galloping Crud and had to rest before descending to the hut in the dark where she received suitable first aid. New Years was celebrated in the usual manner with Roland's "special" pudding followed by dried fruit cooked in the "secret" ingredient. 1974 was acknowledged by everyone falling asleep.

January 1st, 1974

Another National Holiday spent furthering our education with reading, chess, and card tricks. Steve W. thought otherwise and went skiing in the dark - he started a little late.

January 2nd

Went up to the North Forty below the Crescent-Bugaboo col to take some pictures and check the trap lines. The wind of the last few days has made everything very wind packed and hard to ski. Also it has been slightly colder (-8 degrees at the cabin at 2 P.M.) so that toes were frozen (mine to be specific).

January 3rd

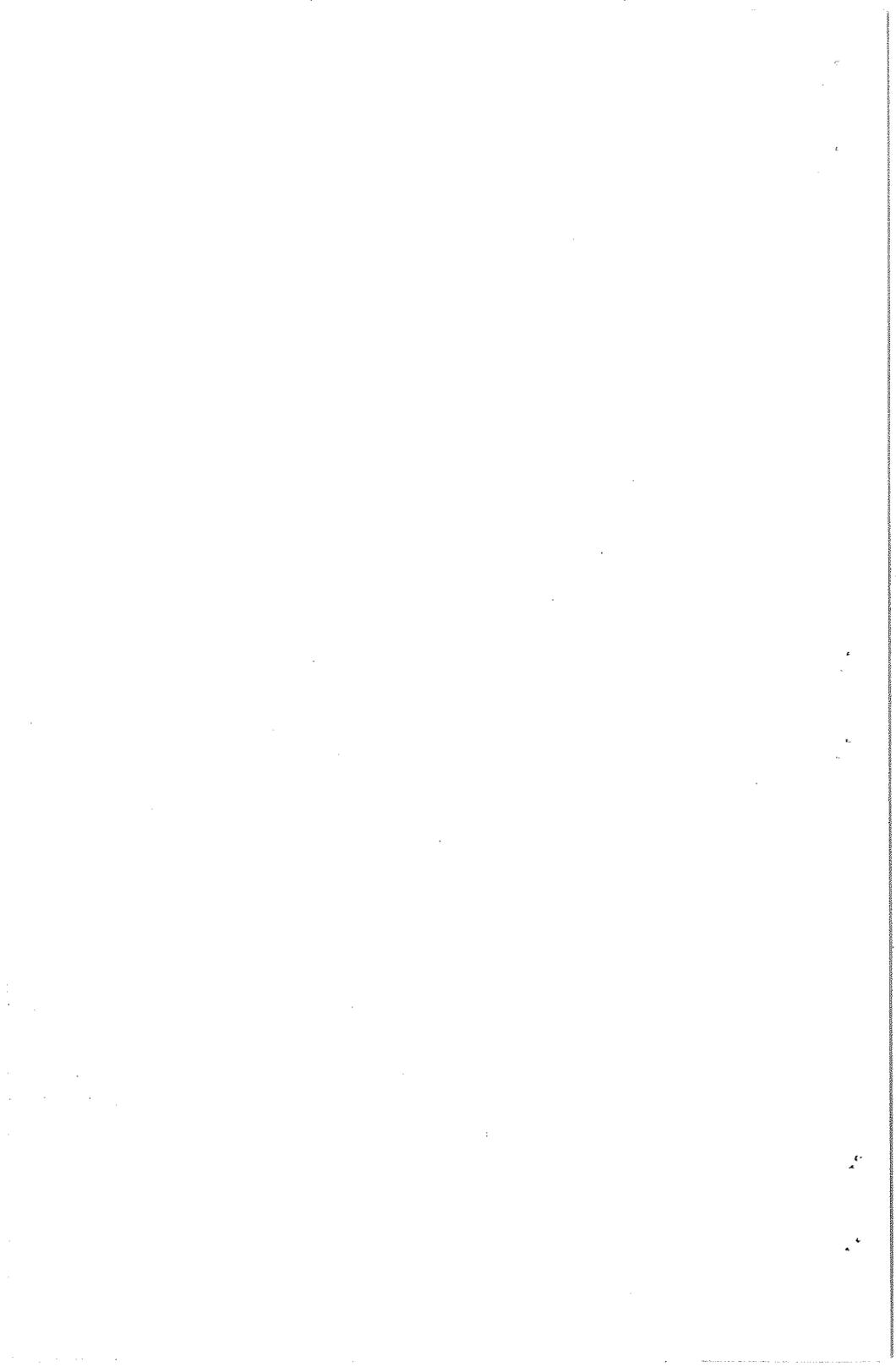
In search of some powder most of us went skiing down into the valley and actually found some. We've been consistently skiing the 7000' - 9000' levels but due to the wind it has become packed and virtually unskiable whereas it seems powder still remains at 7000 feet and down in the trees where the wind is broken.

Getting ready to leave tomorrow. We have a gross excess of food even after we sent two days'



"Snowpatch", Bugaboos.

Photo: Roland Burton



food back on the plane on the 27th. The white gas we bought hasn't been touched because of the propane present.

January 4th

The long road seemed to slip past as we went down the 26 miles of logging road - in a GVW 100,000 logging truck stacked high with the old sylem and phloem. We actually did get some exercise getting out. We skied from the cabin across the tongue of the Bugaboo Glacier to the south side of the creek down into the valley and along to Gmoser's lodge. Near the lodge we hitched our rides (courtesy Rotvold Trucking) and we were all in Radium by 10:30 P.M.

A group of us went to the Radium Hot Springs that evening and we all stayed at the National Park Hotel in Radium that night (sleazy to fair). That night we nearly froze when the radiator went on strike. It didn't help that the window was open and it was -22 degrees outside.

January 5th-6th

Managed to make it home after more swimming at the Hot Springs, being plied with beans and Gluewine at Ellen Woodds', flat tire in Golden, and rest and food at Chris' in Penticton.

CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

April 29th- MT. PITT APPROACHED
May 13th, 1973 92 G / 15 Julian Harrison &
Grant McCormack

PARTY: Julian Harrison, Mary Bussel, Kirsty
Leighton, Grant McCormack

Day 1 - April 29th

We shouldered 60 lb. packs at Sphinx Camp, leaving at 11:00 A.M. and we reached the Bookworm Col in the very hot afternoon. We skied down to Gray Pass at dusk and made camp. This was the only day that we had gotten as far as we planned.

Day 2

In some fashion we have to get around Mt. Parapet, either under the cornice on the NE face or over the top. Since the day, was, again, clear and hot, we avoided getting wiped out by the cornice by doing the latter. We made camp approximately 500' below the peak on the East face, affording a beautiful view of our proposed route to Mt. Pitt.

Day 3

Next morning (again! clear), we skied the East face of Parapet, and crossed the basin below the Minutehand, Hour Peak, and the Isoceles Icefall. Gained the "West Ridge", skied along the top and descended to Drop Pass, nearly destroying ourselves in an avalanche on the way. Had a four hour lunch break and then made camp.

Day 4

First signs of weather deteriorating. We climbed 7700' (3rd ascent) and then skied around its East side, through the incipient white-out to Bronchitis Gap (6900' pass on the Forger Glacier). We quickly located four of our air dropped drums, and a quick search revealed another buried one. Camp was made there and the weather closed in.

Day 5

The weather was busy and we were not.

Day 6

The weather was reasonable so we ventured out to probe for our two lost food drums, and only succeeded in aerating an acre of snow, and getting more tanned. We also decided that due to the reduced amount of food, and increased probability of avalanches, we should not proceed to Mt. Pitt.

Day 7

Weather is...well sort of... We finally get up enough energy to climb Mt. 7900' (2nd ascent), which is right above our camp. Round trip two hours. Tomorrow we start for home.

Day 8

Tomorrow we don't start for home. See Day 5. Kirsty gets laryngitis.

Day 9

See Day 8. In the afternoon we get so fed up that we leave anyway, in very poor visibility. We succeed in travelling less than a mile before visibility vanishes. We camp in a gap in the East ridge of 7700' in a large cirque, at 7000'. We come to know and love this place as "Tuberculosis Notch". Weather screams all night.

Day 10

Weather continues screaming. Both tents are essentially buried. We have to shovel out the tents every four hours, and we start rationing food. We are gradually being buried alive, so Grant and Kirsty move their tent to a spot away from the drifting snow. Mary and Julian get up at 3:00 A.M. to dig out their tent. Life is hell.

Day 11

Life is still hell. Breaks in weather appear by noon. We are off by 2 P.M. and move in the clear periods through THREE feet of fresh powder snow. We work our way around Mt. 7700' and ski down to Drop Pass, with pretty ghastly

visibility. Sun breaks through at Drop Pass.

Day 12

The weather cleared completely overnight. We ascend directly up the side of West Ridge to avoid the bad avalanche conditions we had encountered on Day 3, during our first arrival at Drop Pass. We retrace our outgoing route, and make camp beneath the East face of Mt. Parapet.

Day 13

Today we received the highly dubious distinction of being the first party to climb Mt. Parapet twice. We ski down to Gray Pass, and eat all our remaining food in a glorious three hour lunch. Grant qualifies himself for sainthood, by being the first to force his bloated carcass (thrashed bod?) up to the Bookworm Col, thereby breaking trail for the rest of us. We trundled over to the Middle Bookworm and climbed it, for lack of anything better to do with it, and then skied down to the now-uninhabited Sphinx Camp. Here we stuffed our ugly faces.

Day 14

Read the previous sentence six times. The weather was fantastic, lying around felt great, and there was all kinds of food.

Day 15-May 13

Around noon we finally get up enough energy to leave Sphinx Camp and ski out across the rapidly thawing Garibaldi Lake. About 100 square feet of open water is showing by the mouth of Sphinx Creek. Summer comes soon...

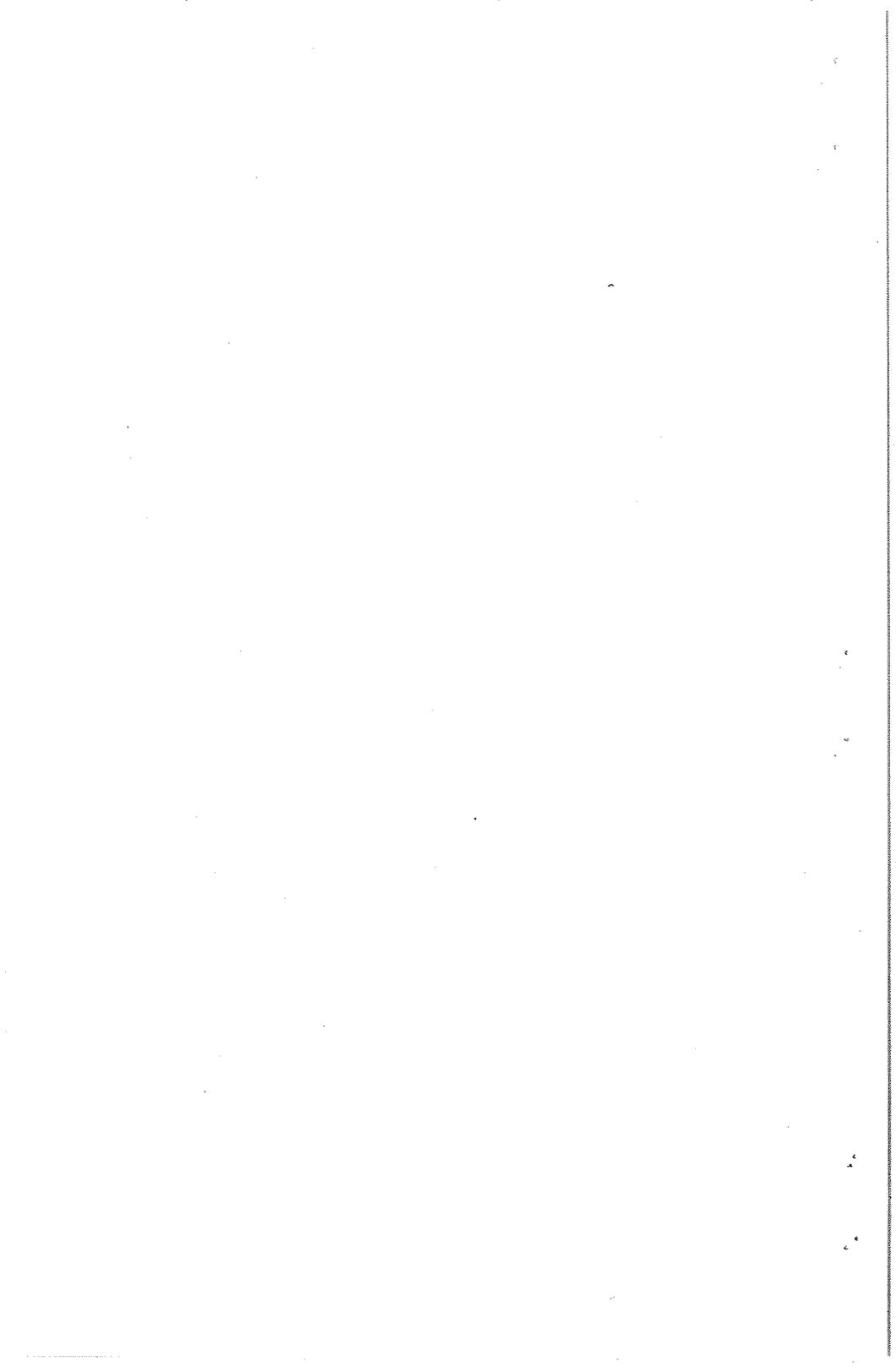
General Notes

1. About airdrops: We had trouble finding ours because it was done a week before we got there. We recommend you have it done when you are at the airdrop site, so that it may be dropped into your waiting arms, through your tent, etc. Five gallon drums are tough and waterproof, but cardboard boxes are bio-degradable. Dropping on to snow does not fracture Stoned Wheat Thins.



Mt. Cheakamus from Drop Pass.

Photo: Grant McCormack



2. About other climbers: Numerous others who were supposed to know more about it than us said, "You shouldn't do this trip because there is a lot of avalanche danger!" So we asked, "how do you know?" "Well," they reply, "When we were through there three years ago, on skis, blah, blah,..."

Basically our advice is this: If you want to do a trip and you think you can do it, then DO IT. The comments of others caused us to have considerable misgivings, but, while we did not reach our objective, we all considered the trip to have been exceedingly worthwhile (and safe).

For further infor see:

ACC Journal 1938	First Ascent of Mt. Pitt
VOC Journal 1971	Misty Icefields Traverse
VOC Journal 1972	Sphinx Camp Log re: John Clark and Bill Sampson

A TRAVERSE FROM THE TELLOT GLACIER OVER MT.
MUNDAY AND DOWN THE FRANKLIN GLACIER
July 1973 Fred Thiessen

PARTY: Ellen Woodd, Erich Hinze, Eric White, Fred Thiessen, Jennifer Lilburn, Roland Burton and Sara Golling

It all started in the late morning of July 1st when Eric and I with a fully loaded Beaver placed two airdrops, one at Glacier Island and the other at Rainy Knob. We then landed at Tellet Lake (N 3000'); the plane then left to return with the others about two hours later. Once more, the plane took off, buzzed us, then was gone. It seemed so strange to be here after all the planning and packing; the trip had actually begun. We then set off for Nabob Pass, which consisted of walking on the moraine, and snow up to the Pass. We spent the night next to one of the tiny lakes, which was complete with all of the garbage of more civilized areas (rusty tin cans, tinfoil, plastic buckets...).

In the morning, which was rather dismal, we bushwhacked down a steep sidehill to gain the Tiedemann Glacier moraine. We followed the moraine for a half mile or so, until we could drop down to the Glacier. Then we slogged in the mist and drizzle up miles of flat level boring glacier that never seemed to want to end. Eventually we reached Rainy Knob 6300', where we picked a reasonable campsite and proceeded to retrieve the airdrop. While retrieving the airdrop, we noticed that our seemingly reasonable campsite now appeared to be on a crevasse line, so we moved the camp a few days later.

During the next few days, the weather was unreasonable, and not much was done. On the 5th, Roland and Jennifer plodded through the mist up to the Tello Hut, and pronounced it fit for habitation. The next day, Roland and Ellen went and explored the Bravo, while the rest of us, in the world's worst snow, dug holes up to the Claw Hut 8700'. Little known to us up in the cozy little hut, but Roland and Ellen had triggered a small slide which had partially buried our camp down at Rainy Knob. After digging out most of

the camp, they arrived in the hut on the afternoon of the 7th to inform us of that little fact. We then reassured ourselves that it would be no real hardship to dig out what was left.

The succeeding days were exceedingly stormy, so we cuddled up and read from the excellent library in the hut. Novels such as Couples, Catch 22, The Autobiography of Queen Victoria and African Genesis, were but a few of the titles found on the shelves. During this time, Roland, Sara and Jennifer did some exploring in the mist, but the rest of us were content to read and eat.

On July 9th a decent day finally arrived and we're off. On this fair day, we broke up into three groups, Ellen and Sara towards Mount Tellot and Mount Argiewicz, Roland and Jennifer to Mount Tellot, and to explore the area, and the rest of us to Serra III. All of us were unsuccessful in peak bagging, as we were all turned back by phenomenal amounts of fresh snow and the approach of bad weather. Those of us on Serra III descended to the base of the mountain just as the storm hit, and followed barely visible tracks in a raging storm, back to the hut.

The storm was quite spectacular the next day, as the hut was buzzing with static electricity and wind visibly shook the hut. Needless to say, nature's calls were very unwelcome and an unpleasant task.

In order to appease the weather gods, a burnt offering was given and the next day was beautifully clear. After deciding what we should climb, we set off for Mt. Heartstone 9300'. Eric and Erich stayed behind to langour in the sun. Excitement was had crossing the glacier by both Jennifer and Fred falling into crevasses. Mt. Heartstone turned out to be a short snow climb via a gully which was easy and pleasant. After suntanning on top, we all returned back to the hut. Our route seemed to remind us of crossing a desert of white sand and with a glaring hot sun overhead, the only difference being that we sunk up to our shins with every step. Upon returning, Roland and Fred hydrated themselves, and then climbed the main Claw behind the hut. This turned out to be a very pleasant little 1½ hours climb on excellent rock.

July 12th was another day of good weather. Sara and Jennifer stayed behind to climb the main Claw, and Ellen to suntan and take pictures. Erich, Roland, Eric and Fred set off for Serra I. After abandoning an attempt to go up the West Col, we went around and up the S ridge. We ran into some disagreement with the guide book, as the book said that it was class 3-4, but maybe we were off route, as we got into some quite interesting, hard climbing. We reached the summit, which was very cold and windy, around 4:00 P.M. We descended down the W side, and tromped back to the hut in a glorious moon-lit night, complete with moon shadows and crunchy snow.

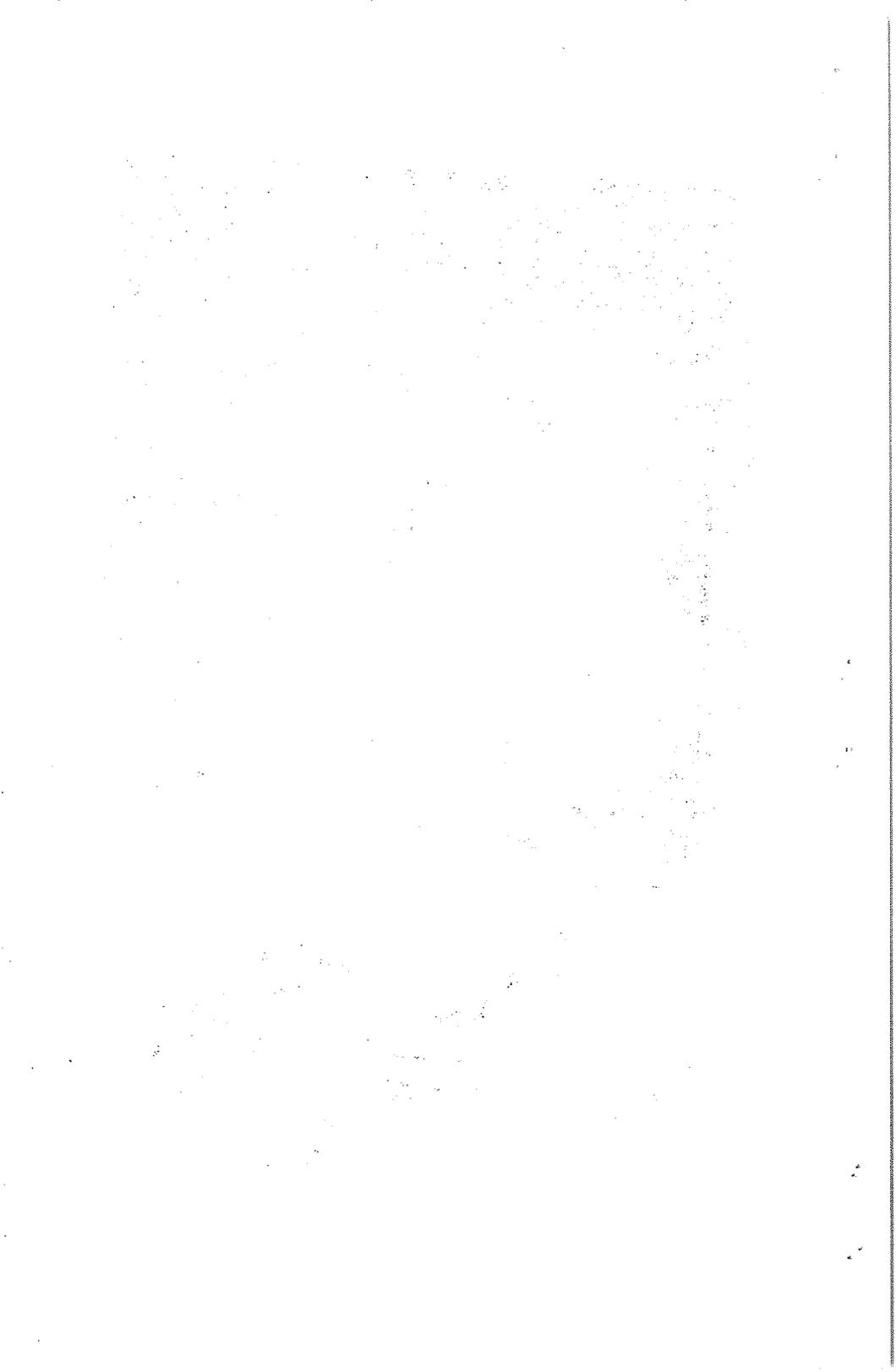
Having spent enough time at the hut, we descended down to Rainy Knob on the 13th, and uncovered the rest of the food from the avalanche, in order to discern what we had lost. We discovered that the only thing which was missing was Roland's ensolite, so we deduced that probably the avalanche ate it.

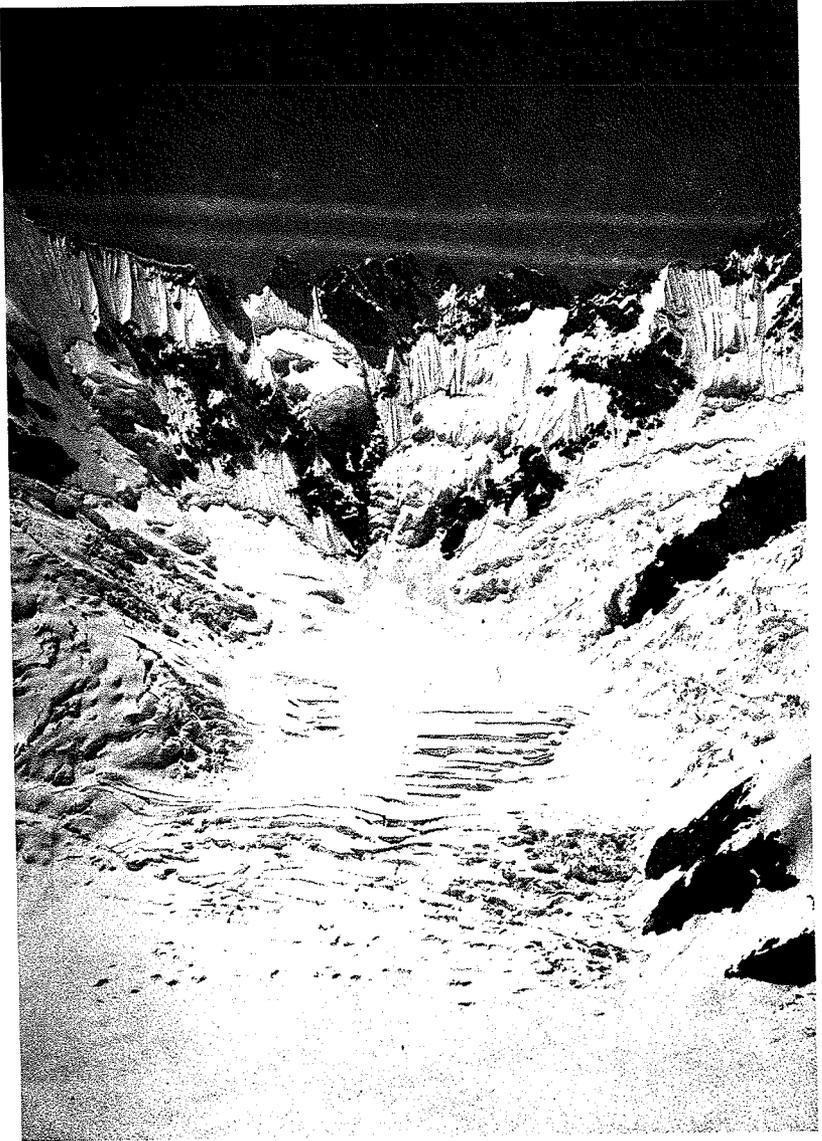
Since one of the objectives of the trip was to traverse over and down to the Franklin Glacier, we thought that it might be a good idea to have some sort of route. Since Mount Munday appeared in our minds to be the logical route, we decided that we should climb it and see if we could go over the top. So the next morning, around 3:30 A.M., we set off. Roland and Sara explored the Splendor Glacier, and the rest of us went off towards the long prominent ridge which comes off Mount Munday. The route up the ridge turned out to be feasible, even technically easy, but an incredible slog through deep corn snow. The way down was far more exciting; as we neared the bottom, every step triggered a small avalanche, so we amused ourselves by triggering about 300 yards of avalanche across which was quite spectacular. We arrived back at camp, ate, and then promptly fell asleep.

After a day's rest, we were off for Mt. Waddington, and the first bit of excitement was the Bravo Glacier. During the first three hours proceeding down, we gained 2000', which put us right in the icefall. We gained only 600' in the next six hours. The route through the icefall was no problem, but the snow was incredible; we

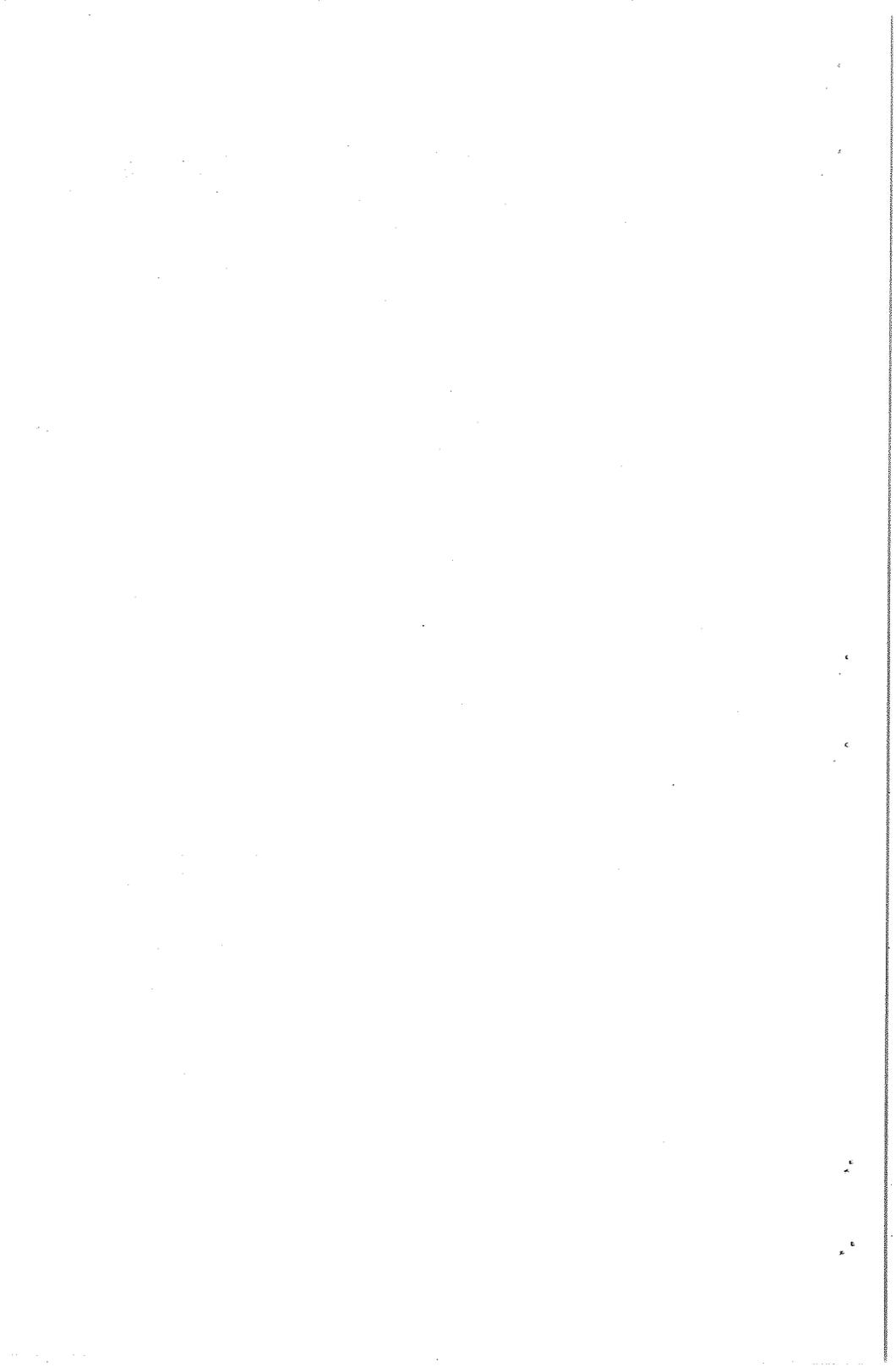


Mt. Waddington





Arabesques, Waddington area. Photo: Roland Burton



waded in waist deep snow across the wretched ice-fall, then up to the base of the head wall. Not liking the rocky ridge, we fixed lines and went up the 400, 500' headwall, then plodded up to camp at Bravo Col 9750'. Not having completely drained ourselves of energy, we walked up and conquered Mount Bravo 9910'.

The previous day's adventure, having exhausted us, we proceeded up to the Spearman Col 10,400', where we set up our camp, and climbed Mt. Spearman 10,730', which was another pleasant, snow climb. Another early start the next day saw us cramponing up to the base of Waddington. Another gorgeous day, with the entire mountain bathed in a yellow light. At the base of the mountain we split into two parties. Roland, Ellen and Eric went to the NW Peak, while the rest of us went to the Main Peak. Our route on Waddington followed the standard route and took us between 7 and 8 hours. The only real hazard was falling ice-feathers and loose rock, dangers, which were not mentioned in the guidebook. Our descent took an indeterminate amount of time and we ended up rappelling the last bit in the dark. It was thoroughly cold and miserable! Finally, we did our last rappell over the gaping bergschrund, and all that remained was to stumble down to Spearman Col in a tired stupor.

Ellen, Roland and Eric fared considerably better on the NW Peak. They climbed several hundred feet of rotten ice, and were on top around noon, and then descended, being back at the Col well before dark.

We rested the next day, and then in view of an approaching storm, we left Spearman Col to go down at 11:00 that night, as the prospect of a storm at that altitude was not too appealing! The descent was beautiful. We had a full moon with swirling clouds threatening to cover it but which had threatened to fall when we came up, still held, although they were noticeably thinner. We were back at Rainy Knob at about 8 P.M., where we slept and ate for the next day and a half.

On the afternoon of the 21st, after cleaning up and packing, we set off for Mt. Munday, and up the ridge. We camped at 7500' on the ridge that night, and the threatening storm fin-

ally did its thing and dumped eight inches of wet snow on us overnight. Undaunted, we plodded up into the clouds surrounding Munday, and navigated by compass to somewhere on the Munday Plateau, where we camped (10,500'). That night, another burnt offering was made, and seemingly accepted, as we awoke with the cloud level below us. What a fantastic view! Waddington and all the Upper Tello Group were in sight and absolutely plastered with fresh snow. After eating, we ascended the highest peak of Munday 10,800', to photograph and admire the immediate world. After breaking camp, we went to the Col between the second and third peaks of Munday and descended to the head of the ice-valley in about one hour. The expected ice-slopes or icefall did not materialize, and it was a nice pleasant jaunt down; much easier than anticipated.

Wanting to climb Mt. Agur 9700', we set up camp in the Agur-Munday Col 8800', where the Waddington and ice-valley glaciers separate. We think that we may have climbed Mt. Agur, but are not too sure, as it was very misty (whited-out). However, we did find a place that didn't go up anymore, and assumed that it was probably the top? Sara and Ellen stayed behind and constructed a big sculptured head out of snow. This seemed to have the desired affect on the weather gods, since they then gave us a spectacular sunset and a restful sleep.

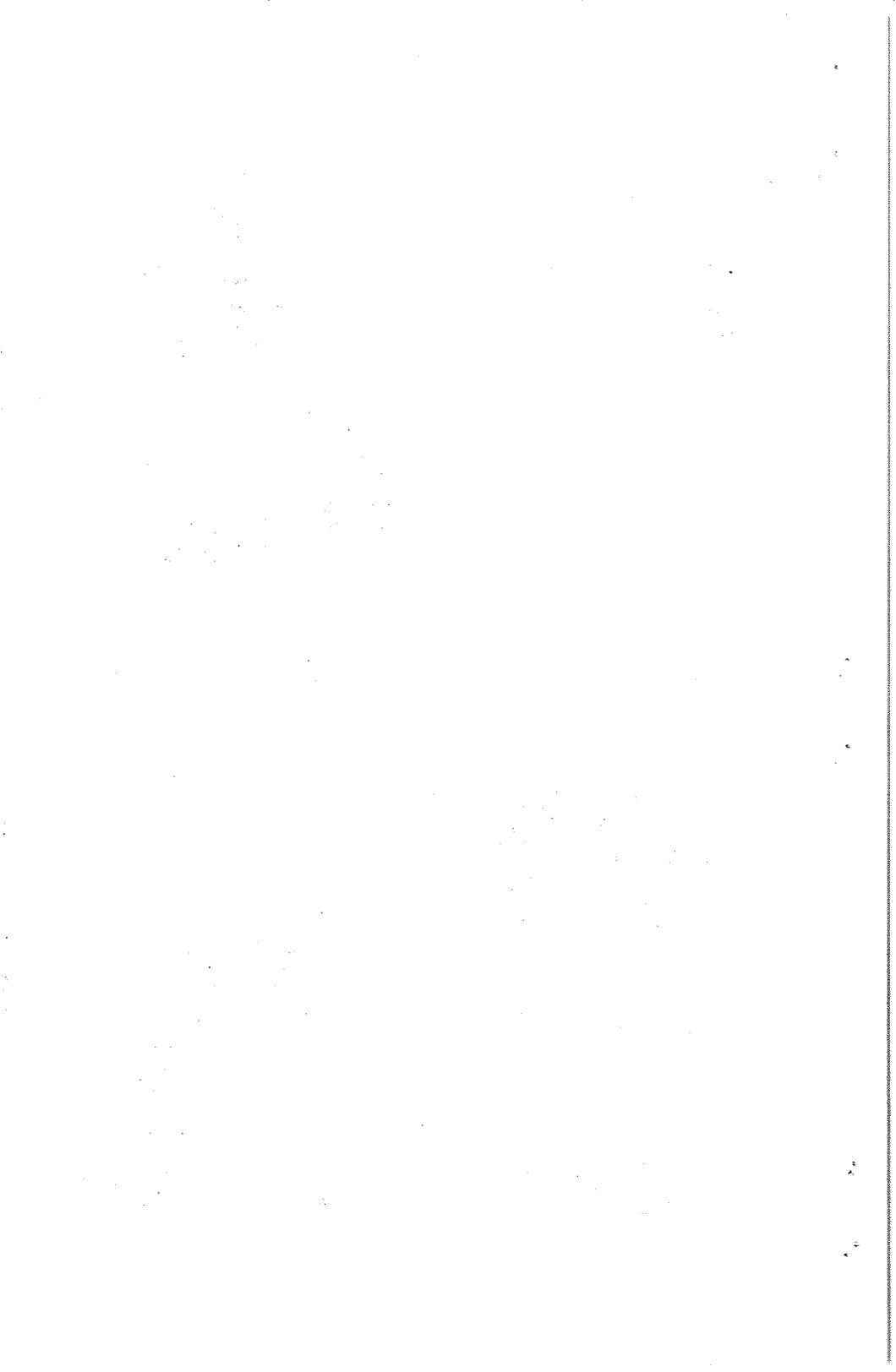
The next day (July 24th), was rather drippy, so we descended down the appropriately named ice-valley to the Corridor Glacier and arrived at Glacier Island 6000', in the rain and mist. In contrast to our last airdrop, this one was a slight disappointment, as a box of crackers and a package of dried fruit had gotten wet, and were ruined. The 25th was rather dismal so we explored Glacier Island, bathed, rested and ate; not all in that order.

The next day being excellent, we set off in three parties, Roland and Ellen to Furry Gap. Sara and Eric to Mt. Jester via the N side, and Jennifer, Erich and Fred to Mt. Jester, via the S. side. Having climbed Jester by noon, and discovering how rotten it was, we were still feeling good, and therefore set off to climb the rest of



Found on Waddington: Ellen Woodd, Fred Thiessen, Eric White,
Sara Golling. Photos: Roland Burton





mountains in the group. Cavalier and Squire turned out to be snow walks, and Halbridier was several short leads of class 4-5. Our descent was made by bum-schussing down for the most part and we arrived back at Glacier Isle around 6 P.M. Roland and Ellen then arrived, having explored Furry Gap and circumnavigating the Jester Group. Sara and Eric were last to arrive and had also climbed Jester, but had encountered a large amount of rotten rock, which had been quite unpleasant.

After a late start the next morning, with the exception of Ellen and Eric, we were off to Mt. Repose. We proceeded up the westerly slopes, and reached the rocky peak in the early afternoon. Sara and Roland were ahead, and returned after "reccing" the peak to assure the rest of us that the E side was probably easier. As it turned out, it wasn't, and we ended up doing some quite hard climbing and getting fooled by some false summits. Our descent down the W ridge was much easier than it looked (class 3), and only took about 10 minutes.

Another rest day was spent cleaning up, packing, etc., for our journey down the Franklin on the next (July 29th). After disposing of garbage, we were off and heading down the Franklin. We went down the E side of the glacier at the icefall point, and then crossed over to the W side underneath the icefall. This seemed to be a very satisfactory route, and not too time consuming. At this point we just followed the Franklin down, and then had to zig-zag to avoid some crevasses, which were the only real difficulty. As we approached the snout, we walked on a medial moraine which was like a gravel road, and then we got to the very snout and it was awful! Gravel coated the ice and it was like walking on marbles. Escaping to the moraine, we encountered the same sort of thing, only this time the moraine was ice-cored and we had to contend with big rolling rocks. We traversed along for a ways, then slipped and slid our way down to a gritty campsite at the snout of the glacier next to the river 800'.

The last day, was the only day where we saw trees close up, and had the unique experience of crashing through them. We went over to a small

hill, descended down the other side, then walked along gravel bars, through bush to gain the logging roads. After umpteen miles of logging roads, we reached Knight Inlet. After resisting the urge to steal a parked truck, we walked three more miles up the Klina-Klina to the logging camp, to give the loggers a bit of a shock. After phoning Trans-Mountain, we were allowed to stay in an abandoned house-hovel near the camp.

The next morning, we were stuffed with real food, while waiting for the plane, which arrived around 8:30. We waddled aboard the plane (an Otter) and were off to the big city...Campbell River, and then to Vancouver.

Comments:

Everything seemed to work out okay. Our big mistakes were not bringing any peanut butter, and little goodies like cookies and such.

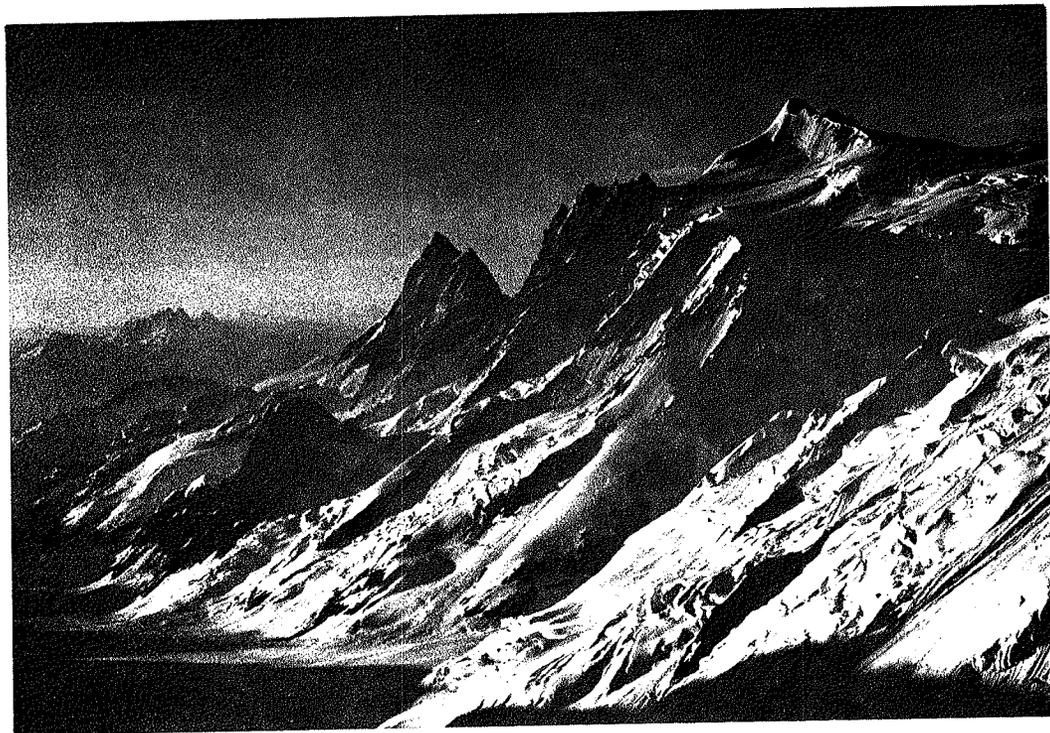
The other thing which we should have done entirely, was to bag everything in plastic bags, especially crackers.

Our food list was compiled according to the heavy ration list in my food article. Needless to say, we didn't starve and we all ate very well, indeed.

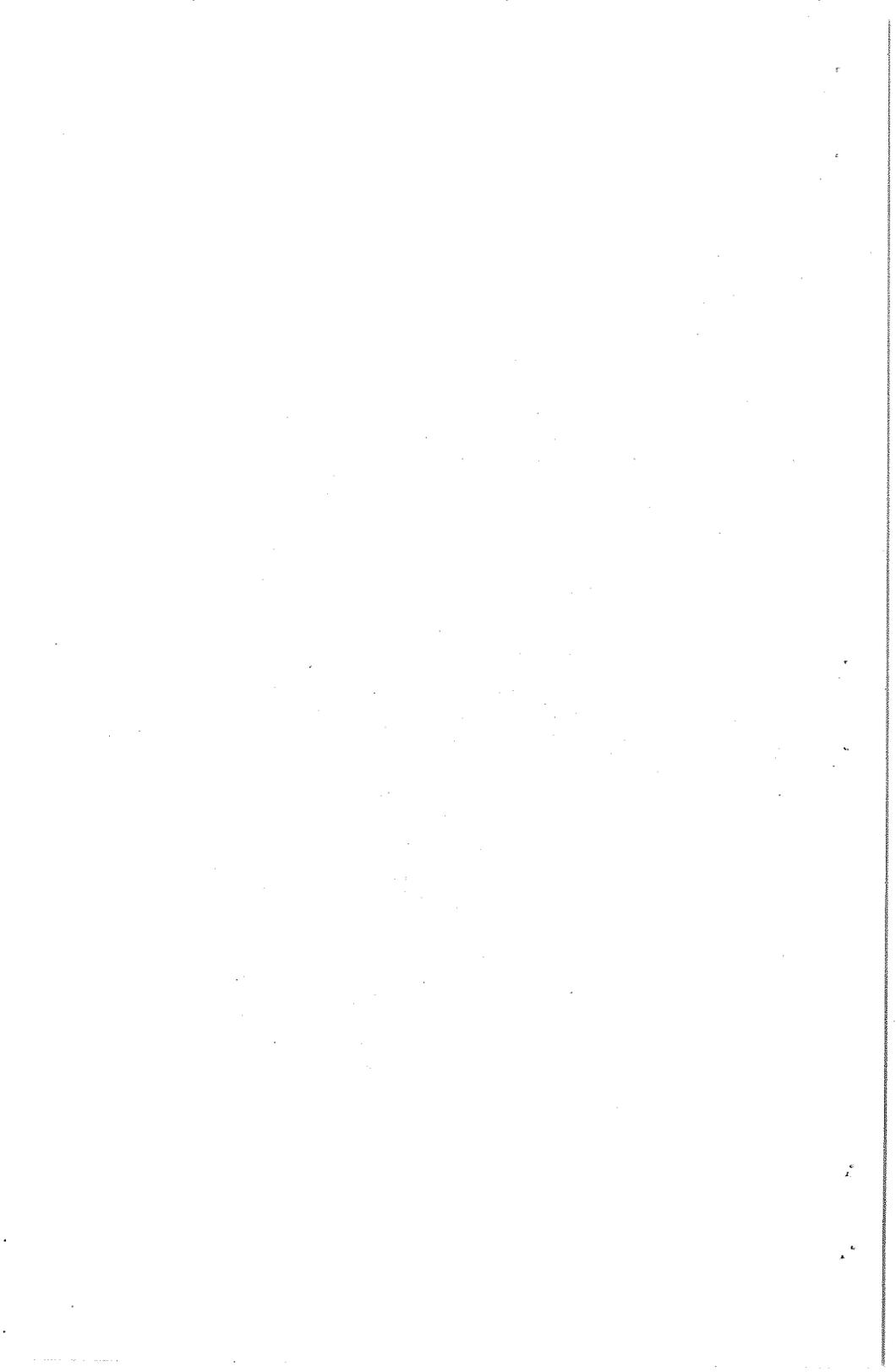
Rainy Knob and Glacier are very good campsites, as running water is available in abundance.

Trans-Mountain seem to be a very friendly outfit, but in order to get a quick response, it is best to phone them.

How much did it cost? Not very much - \$190 per person, for the whole, of which \$90 was for the plane. This amount does not include film.



Marcus Smith etc. Waddington Area. Photo: Roland Burton



July 1973

TASEKO LAKES AREA

Peter Jordan

In early July of last summer, John Frizell and I undertook a two week climbing and hiking expedition to the Falls River Valley, south of Taseko Lakes. Approaching the big mountains of the Coast Range from the exterior side has several advantages:- there are ranch roads and trails reaching far into the mountains, you can start climbing from the 4000 foot Chilcotin Plateau instead of from sea level, and coastal bush is almost completely absent. I had long been attracted to the Taseko area by the photo of the Tchaikayan Valley in Olch Culvert's guidebook. This area has the greatest proliferation of 10,000 foot peaks in the Coast Range, outside of the Waddington group, and it appeared feasible to approach it on foot. The possibility of getting into the major peaks and icefields of the Coast Range without air support was appealing for ethical as well as financial reasons.

Two days of driving from Vancouver brought us to the end of the road, at the shore of Taseko Lakes. We found the region to be a rolling rangeland sparsely covered with Jackpine, interspersed with a lot of open grassland. The Coast Range was visible on the distant horizon and to get to our mountains, we had to walk about 25 miles. But before we could even start, we had to get across Taseko Lakes. We spent a day sheltered from the mosquitos in a forest service cabin, trying to squeeze two weeks worth of food and equipment into our packs (a formidable task). Also we were enjoying the hospitality of Roy and Sue, a friendly local couple who had a rather idyllic, down-to-earth existence in a cabin further down the lake. They had a tiny dug-out canoe which unfortunately was too small to brave the strong winds of the lake, so we faced the prospect of having to wait a day or two for the wind to die down. However, that evening John Murdoch, the rancher who lives at the lake, arrived home and we bummed a ride to the other side in his motorboat.

The next day, we walked along 12 miles of flat jeep road through the pine forest and grassland of the foothills country, and reached Fishem

Lake, where Murdoch has his Lord River Hunting Lodge. Fishem Lake is a small quiet gem of a lake, in a picturesque setting at the edge of the mountains near the mouth of the Tchaikayan River. From it the next morning we followed a long abandoned jeep road to an old gold mine near the Falls River. We made a mere five miles that day, all uphill. Our packs were painfully heavy. John's boots had been giving him trouble, and he had switched to running shoes. We spent that night camped in a 5800 foot pass between the Tchaikayan and Falls River. By now, the weather was deteriorating. On our third day out, we hiked about eight miles in all, down the last couple of miles of jeep road to the Falls River, and then along the river bank through open pine forest and swampy meadows to the moraines of the Falls Glacier, where we set up our base camp at about 6100 feet.

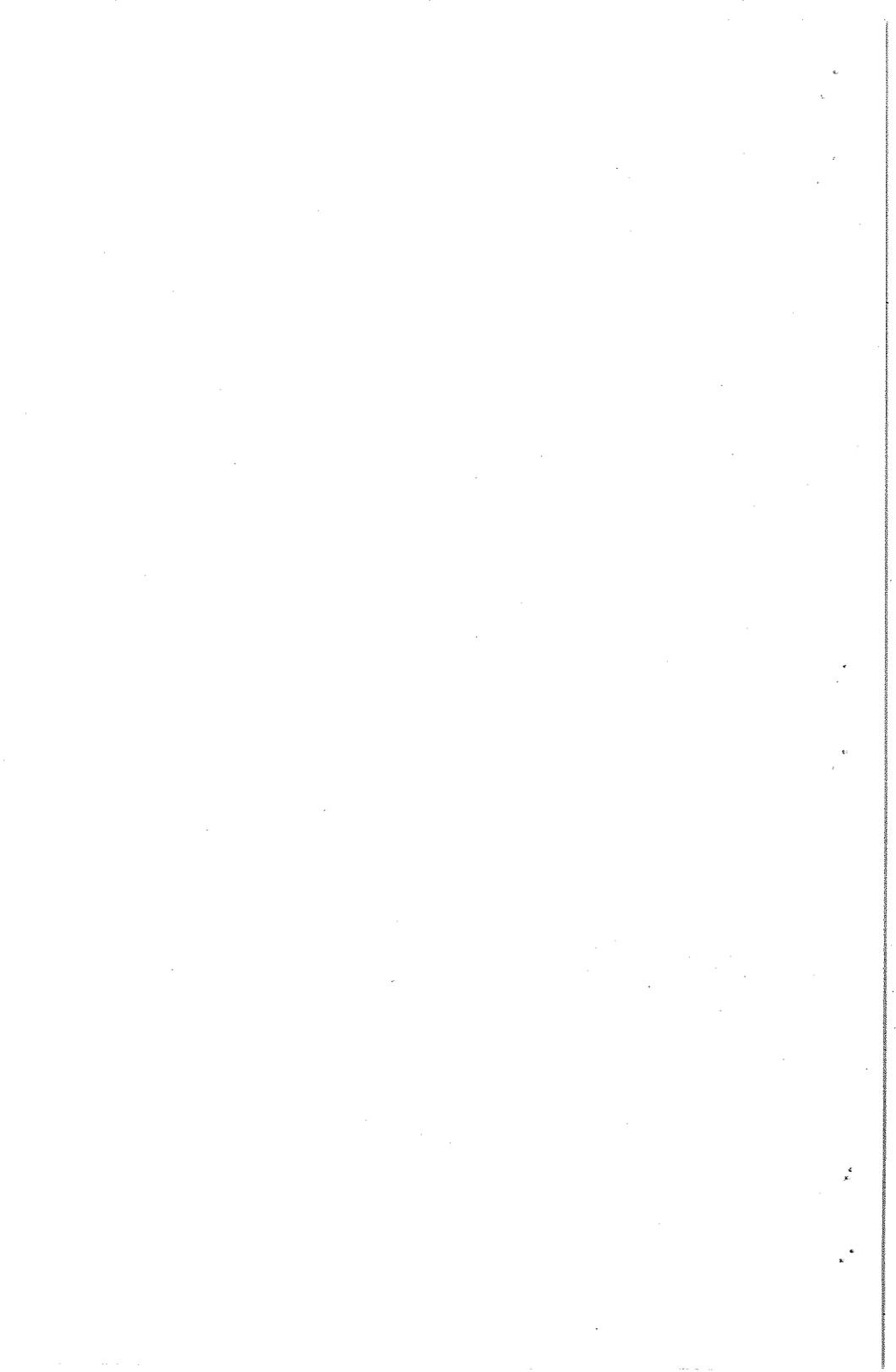
The next three days were spent sitting out generally miserable weather with only a few tantalizing glimpses of the rock walls and icefalls at the head of the glacier. We spent our time setting up a superbly comfortable base camp, under a plastic tarp. We even found an old frying pan in the bush from some previous camp, and it became very useful after an hour or two of scrubbing with sand. We were glad we were able to enjoy the luxury of a timberline camp with abundant firewood and food such as pancakes, curried lentils, slow-cooking beans, fried bacon and baked biscuits, which don't seem to be found on many climbing trips any more.

Finally, the weather cleared up and we were able to do some climbing. The stormy weather had dumped a lot of fresh snow everywhere, and this made glacier travel very difficult. It also ruled out an attempt on Monmouth Mountain, one of the really big peaks of the Coast Range, as it would have been a two or three day trip from our camp. Our first peak was "The Beauty" (10,150') which was a pleasant but not difficult climb. "The Beast" close to "The Beauty" is a huge impressive rock peak, but we didn't feel up to attempting it due to the ice and snow plastered on the rock. We also climbed two unnamed peaks of 9800 feet and 8900 feet, which gave up good views of the Tchaikayan River Valley and of the



Top: Mt. Winstone. Bottom: Fishem Lake, near Tchaikazan River.
Photos: Peter Jordan





Lillooet Icefield to the south. On our way up the second peak, John lost one of his boots through strange circumstances, so I was forced to climb the mountain alone. Much to John's chagrin, it was a first ascent. We found the boot later that day.

By now, a long period of hot and sunny weather had settled in. With only two days left before we had to leave, we decided to climb Mount Winstone, at 10,300 feet, the highest and most impressive mountain in the valley. We followed the Falls Glacier south to an 8200 foot col at its head. From here, we went up and down over two more glaciers and cols to reach the easier southeast ridge. This was an easy scramble up to the east peak. We then climbed down the narrow class 3 ridge connecting this to the main summit, which we reached at about 4:15 P.M. The view was fantastic. All the giants of the Coast Range - Monmouth, Good Hope, Queen Bess, Waddington and Teidemann were spread out before us, as well as the wide Lillooet Icefield to the south. But it was late and we had to hurry to get back before dark. We climbed back along the narrow ridge to the east peak and then we took a short cut across a very steep, exposed ice face to avoid the long loose rock ridge we had climbed up. We still had three glaciers to cross, and they had become very soft in the afternoon sun. After many miles of punching post holes in the snow and getting our feet soaking wet, we reached the tongue of the glacier and our camp at about 9:00, just after dark.

Mount Winstone had been climbed about five or six times before, according to the summit record. There are several fine routes on it, ranging from class 3 rock and ice to class 5 on fine granite. There are quite a few other peaks which we didn't have time to climb, including Monmouth Mountain, the Beast, The Beehive and the Marmot Towers. The rock is generally good on all of these, and most are over 10,000 feet.

We rested for a day after our climb and then walked out the 25 miles to the north end of Taseko Lakes, which took two days. Fortunately, a row-boat had been left on our side of the Lake outlet, which greatly simplified getting back. We spent

a day in the forestry cabin, eating, baking bread and washing clothes before driving to Chilco Lake and on to Bella Coola.

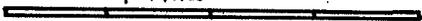
FALLS RIVER AREA

Based on a map by Dr. Neal Carter, in the Coast Range guidebook (without permission)

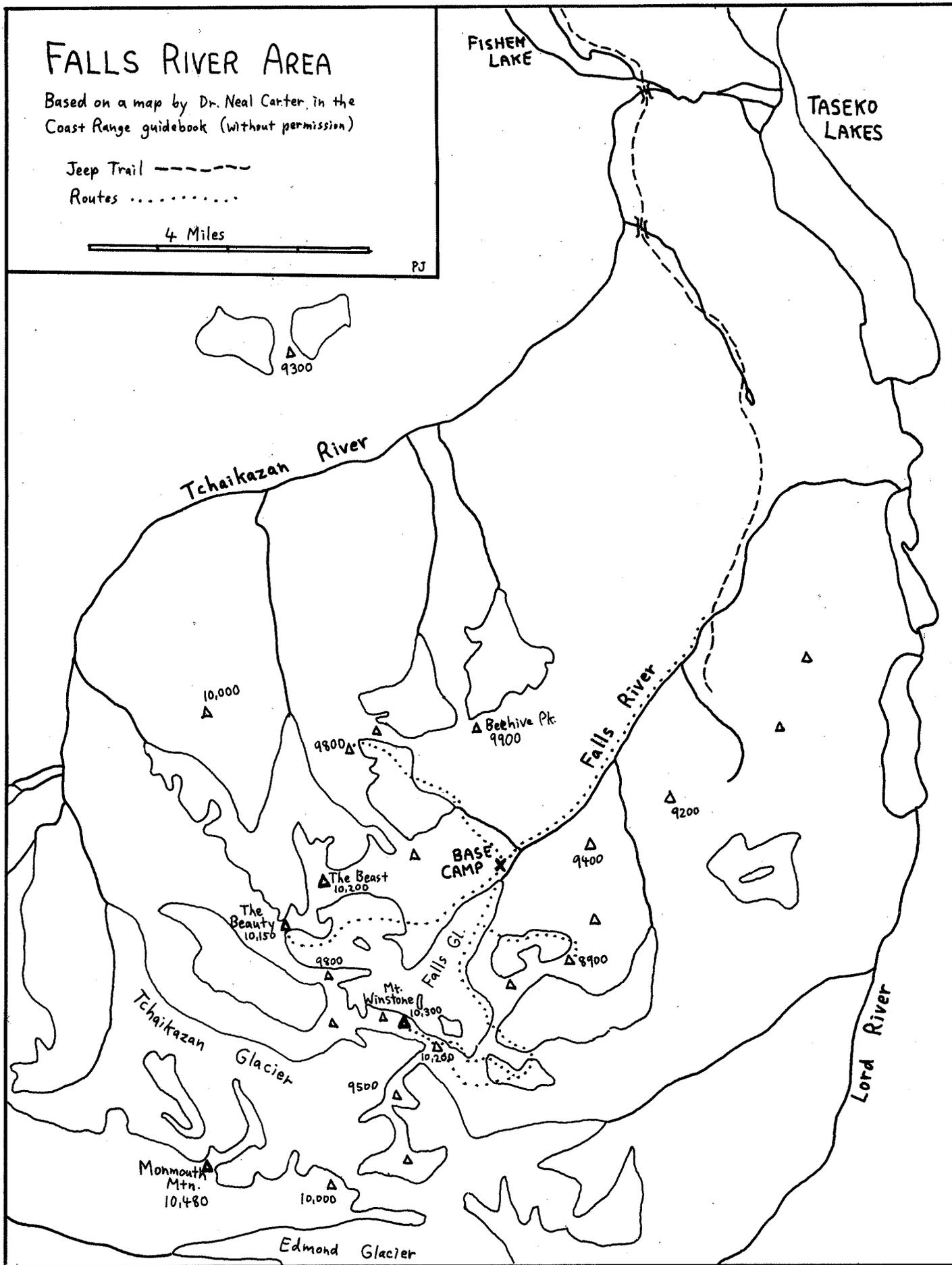
Jeep Trail - - - - -

Routes

4 Miles



PJ



CONTINUING ADVENTURES IN THE SELKIRKS

August 7-13, 1973

Fred Thiessen

PARTY: Eric White and Fred Thiessen

The Year before (1972), we had both worked in Revelstoke and had managed to do some climbing in the Roger's Pass, among other things attempting to climb Mount Sir Donald twice and Mount Uto once, which provided the incentive to go back and climb them again. Besides the fact that they are next to the highway and one can always say: "We climbed that one!", we were immature, irresponsible and unemployed this year and thus had lots of time.

Mount Sir Donald and Mount Uto - August 7-9

Barb Patterson drove us to the Wheeler Hut from Revelstoke; at the hut we stored some stuff, reorganized, and set off at 4:30 p.m. up the now familiar trail to the Sir Donald-Uto col. We arrived at the col at 8:00 that evening, after much sweating and grunting.

The next morning at dawn, we awoke to a beautiful day, ate and observed two parties ahead of us. At 6:30 we started climbing up the NW Ridge, passing one party almost immediately. The rock was excellent, - good, solid quartzite, with lots of holds; really fun climbing, with much exposure. About 800' up we roped up to belay for one short pitch, then continued up, only belaying where necessary.

About half way, we caught up to the party ahead of us, had lunch, and attempted a camera repair on Eric's camera, while they went ahead. Then we continued up excellent rock as before, to reach the top at 11:30 a.m. The exposure is phenomenal on top as is the scenery. A really fun, enjoyable mountain - how can I express it?

The descent was considerably slower than the ascent. We downclimbed the NW ridge, setting up belays, which took about six hours in all to downclimb the whole way. It was Vancouver day on the mountain - on the way down who should we meet but John and Clo Burton and Bob Cuthbert, who streaked by us going up. We also discovered that the party ahead of us that morning were the

Lunds, also from Vancouver.

Technical Stuff:

N.W. Ridge of Sir Donald is about 2300' (vertical) of Class 3 and 4 on solid quartzite. Elevation 10,818'.

S.W. Ridge of Mount Uto is about 1200' of class 3 on quartzite. Elevation approximately 9800'.

The next morning after a late, leisurely start, we climbed Mount Uto from the col. It was another really fun mountain. We climbed it in about 1-3/4 hours on third class rock, then had a suntanning session before descending to the col, and then back to the Wheeler hut that evening.

Mount Hermit (10,500') - August 11-12

After an enjoyable evening at the Northlander, Jerry, Eric and I hiked up to the Hermit, to climb out the area (we hoped!). Jerry went down in the evening, while we stayed at the hut.

The next morning bright and early, we left to do the Rogers Traverse, so up to the Rogers Glacier and to the base of Mount Rogers we went. At the base of Mount Rogers, a council was held: "Sure is a long ways up that snow slope." "You know, we went up there last year." "Well, instead of wasting the day, let's go over there." "Where's over there?" "Mount Hermit is over there."

So off we trucked to Mount Hermit. At the base of the mountain, we decided to go up the south side (or south face, whichever one prefers) which was rather cruddy third class. We persevered and reached the top at 11:00, where we rolled rocks, suntanned and looked down the N side and understood why there are overlapping contour lines on the map. We descended more or less the way we came up, continued on to the hut, and then on to the Northlander, having decided that we'd been there before.

Mount Cheops (8500') August 13

After our descent, from Mount Hermit, we decided to go hiking, and figured that Mount Cheops ought to be fun as it is in the middle of the pass, is low and should give a good view of the area (it does).

We spent the night in the tow shack and set

out to Balu Pass at 6:00, pausing to switch packs, take flower pictures and to fight off horseflies, which didn't seem to mind the blue sky surrounding us. From Balu Pass we continued up Cheops, which is a rocky scramble for about 1500' or so. On the top, we did the usual things, - ate, took pictures, admired the scenery and looked at our watch: 9:30 - Holy shit, we must be in shape or something. The way down was more leisurely, as we ate pounds of huckleberries, which tended to slow us down a bit. That afternoon we thumbed down to Revelstoke, to end our adventures in the Selkirks for that summer.

MOUNT ROBSON 12,972'

August 1973

Grant McCormack and
David Lemon

PARTY: Eric White, David Lemon, Fred Thiessen,
Grant McCormack

ROUTE: Via Berg Lake, Robson Glacier, Kain Face
and SE Ridge

They said it couldn't be done, but nevertheless we resolved to climb Robson during the last two weeks of August. On the 18th we cruised into Revelsticks to pick up Fred and Eric. We left town packed to the gills (in Dave's clapped out '62 Anglia) and made it to Sunwapta Pass (Columbia Incefields) by 8:00 p.m. After dodging tourii, traffic accidents, etc., that night was the shits. Heavy cloud, cold and snow at low levels, but the morning dawn spread fingers of red across the snow and promised a beautiful day.

At noon we reached the lookout to see the peak of Robson perfectly clear (an unusual event), a condition which persisted for the next five days. Sorting out our food and equipment in the parking lot, we noticed four American (sub species: New York) climbers (?) shouldering the most horrendously huge packs you've ever seen, containing 13 days food and vast amounts of equipment. They struggled off only to be passed by us an hour later. Words were exchanged.

Them: Where to?

Us: Kain Face

Them: Ever been on a glacier before?

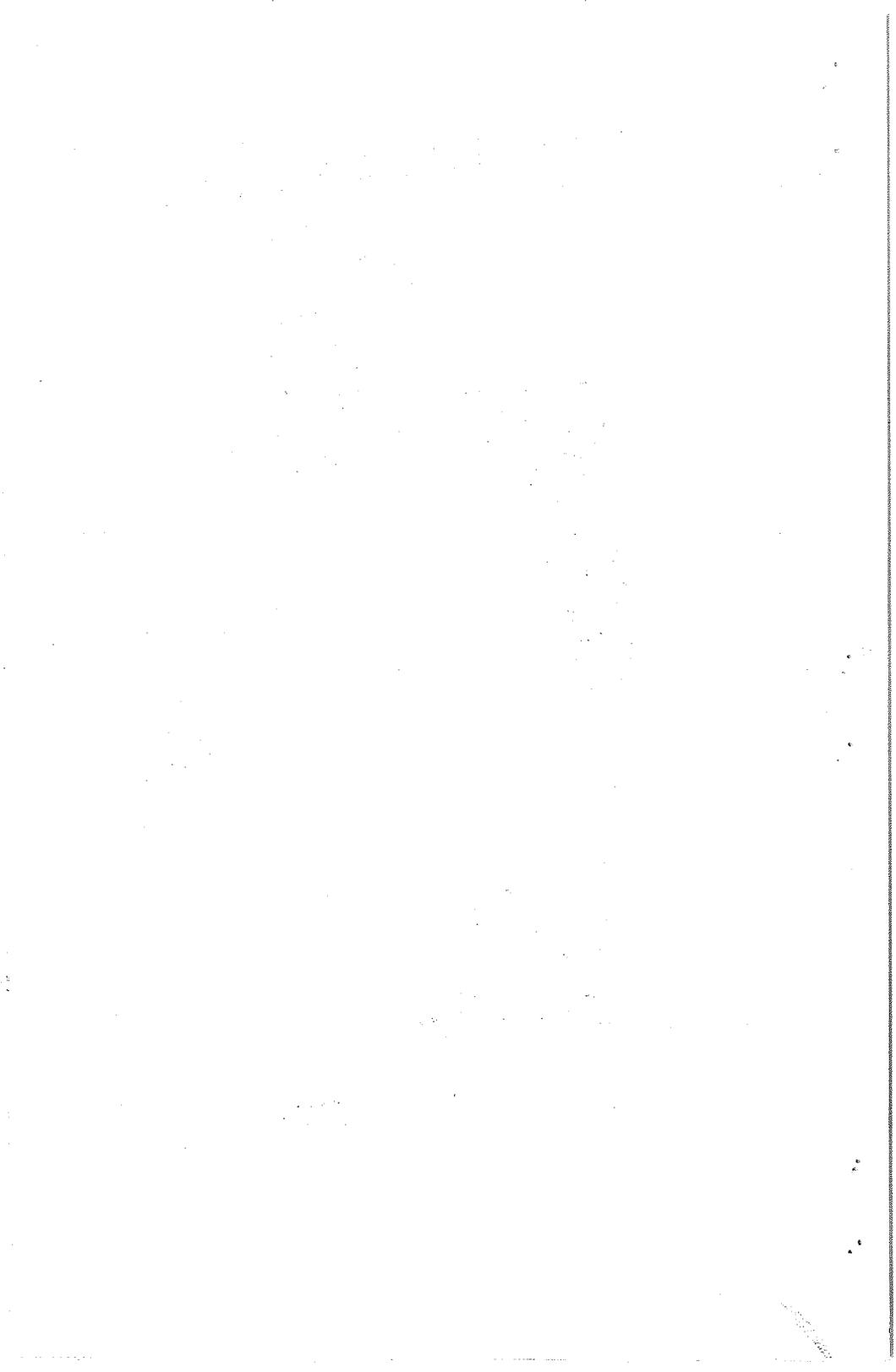
Us: Once or twice, etc.

We continued on intending to reach the north end of Berg Lake that evening. This trail is 11 miles and gains 2700', (elevation at base level is 2700'), and it took us six hours. The trail is reasonably good (except for horse traffic and its effects on it), but quite steep in places, especially where it passes a series of waterfalls.

Berg Lake offers a spectacular view of Robson's north side and the glaciers which spill into the lake. We were suitably awed by Emperor Ride and the unclimbed northwest face.



Mt. Robson from Mt. Resplendant, showing Ice-fall, Dome,
Kain Face and Peak. Photo: Grant McCormack



Day 2 we set off up the Robson Glacier, hoping to camp that evening on top of the Dome (10,200'), at the base of the Kain Face. The lower reaches of the Robson Glacier were bare, but higher there was new snow (below 7500'), which however did not impede progress. To reach the Upper Robson Glacier, it is necessary to bypass the first icefall (at about 7,000'), by ascending a moraine at the base of Extinguisher Tower. The Upper Glacier is crevassed, but route-finding is not difficult.

At 9000', just below the Robson-Resplendent Col, we still had to negotiate a non-trivial icefall to reach the top of the Dome. Logistically we felt that we could camp there and still climb Robson in good time, although we assumed that the Dome was the usual base camp. Also we were bagged after two strenuous days. (The Robson Glacier is about seven miles long and gains 4000' to what was our camp).

With the prospect of another hard day, we did not get much sleep that night. Also, we tended to worry about the stability of the weather and our luck. At 3 a.m., the peak was still clear with a few scattered, harmless clouds. At 4:30 in the dark, headlamps glowing, we started up through the icefall. The icefall was reasonably broken but we managed to follow roughly the tracks of a previous party. It was good timing that we did this part in the dark, because we didn't realize, until our descent, just how bad the icefall really was. I.E., we didn't notice the vast holes below, and the huge seracs above. (Quote Fred: "I don't like this place.") At 6 a.m. we reached the top of the Dome and discovered two tents, and, showing true form, we woke up the occupants. The conversation went like this:

Us: Good Morning.

Them: Mmphh!!

They soon became conscious, and informed us that they climbed Robson (via the Kain) the day before taking twenty hours return, starting from their camp at 5 a.m. It was now 6 a.m. and we were disturbed. We decided then to do a route variation of the Kain, which we hoped would be faster. As it turned out, we returned to their

camp at 4:00 that afternoon.

The Kain Face is a steep (50-60 degrees) slope between 1000' and 1500' vertical. It has three distinct sections. In the centre there is a large hanging glacier bordered in the left by a steep ice face and on the right by steep snow which leads above the hanging glacier to the SE ridge at 11,700'. The ice route reaches the ridge at 11,400'. Considering the good snow conditions (depth varying from nil to 1' and a hard base), and that the bergschrund was closed below the right of the hanging glacier, we decided that the right (snow) route would go and would be the faster. The standard route is the ice (left route taken by the other party). It took about two hrs. to complete the face. We actually ascended through the fringe of the hanging glacier and Dave and Grant managed to avoid placing protection by sticking to the snow, whereas Fred and Eric deviated on two leads and took an ice route which required three ice screws for protection. In total, we did about 5-6 leads of belayed climbing.

From the top of the Kain it is an easy walk to the base of the Summit Block. We remained on the SE Ridge to within 200' of the summit where we traversed the S face diagonally upward to the Summit Ridge between the True and False Summit. It was then an easy walk (well, how easy can you walk at 13,000'!) along the Summit Ridge to the peak (tippety-top). We gazed as far as the eye could see at the country below...we nibbled Kendall Mint Cake. That day six others reached the summit via the SSW Ridge above Kinney Lake. This ridge has a hut at 8200' (which is consistently being destroyed by avalanches; this is the third one) and does not require a long approach from the highway.

We had lunch about 50' below the summit in a bergschrund out of the wind. It was 31 degrees F., blowing about 20 mph., and clear except for some forest fire haze. We descended via the same route up and reached the base of the Kain Face in 2½ hours. The other party camped on the Dome were still there so we stopped to talk. They turned out to be Americans from New York, who worked for Eastern Mountain Supplies and had sold

to the other four New York climbers (?) all the 400 lbs. + of gear they were dragging up the trail. We had a good laugh over that.

It took another two hours from the Dome through the icefall to our camp where we met more climbers (gasp, shock, one Canadian) who were making their third attempt on Robson. When Grant and Fred stated that it was their first trip to the Rockies ever, they were told that they didn't deserve it.

That night we enjoyed a good sleep for a change. At a wonderfully late hour we decided to enjoy the still good weather, and wandered up Mount Resplendent (11,240'), mainly to take pictures of Robson. It is essentially a snow and non-steep ice walk which required about two hours from our camp at 9000'.

On the descent, we were displaying improper technique by walking roped in a bunch. Fred was stating that, quote "Crevasses are sometimes a risk you just have to take.", then whomp, in he went up to his waist in guess what. He crawled out, brushed himself off and we continued.

Nothing else eventful happened that day except that we couldn't resist a precarious snow bridge that crossed a huge crevasse. We sent Fred across on belay (three snow flukes), but unfortunately it did not break.

The next morning we left for Berg Lake. On the way down at the head of the Lower Robson, we met those four climbers (?) who we'd seen the first day. They still had their huge packs and still intended to climb Robson, although they were four days behind us, and although we didn't know it, it was our last day of good (climbing) weather. That night we camped just south of Berg Lake, where with the dying rays of light, we saw the peak for the last time.

RAMBLINGS IN LAKE O'HARA: MT. VICTORIA (11365)
August 1973

Bob McMechan

The Group: Fred Thiessen, Eric White, Dave Lemon
Grant McCormack, Bob McMechan

Preamble: The first four 'gentlemen' have just successfully mounted Robson (to the tippy-tippy-tippy-top-top); Bob has just spent a pleasant two days hiking the Skyline Trail (Maligne Lake to Jasper) with Christine Bullen, who was working in Jasper for the summer.

Now down to the Nitty-Gritty:

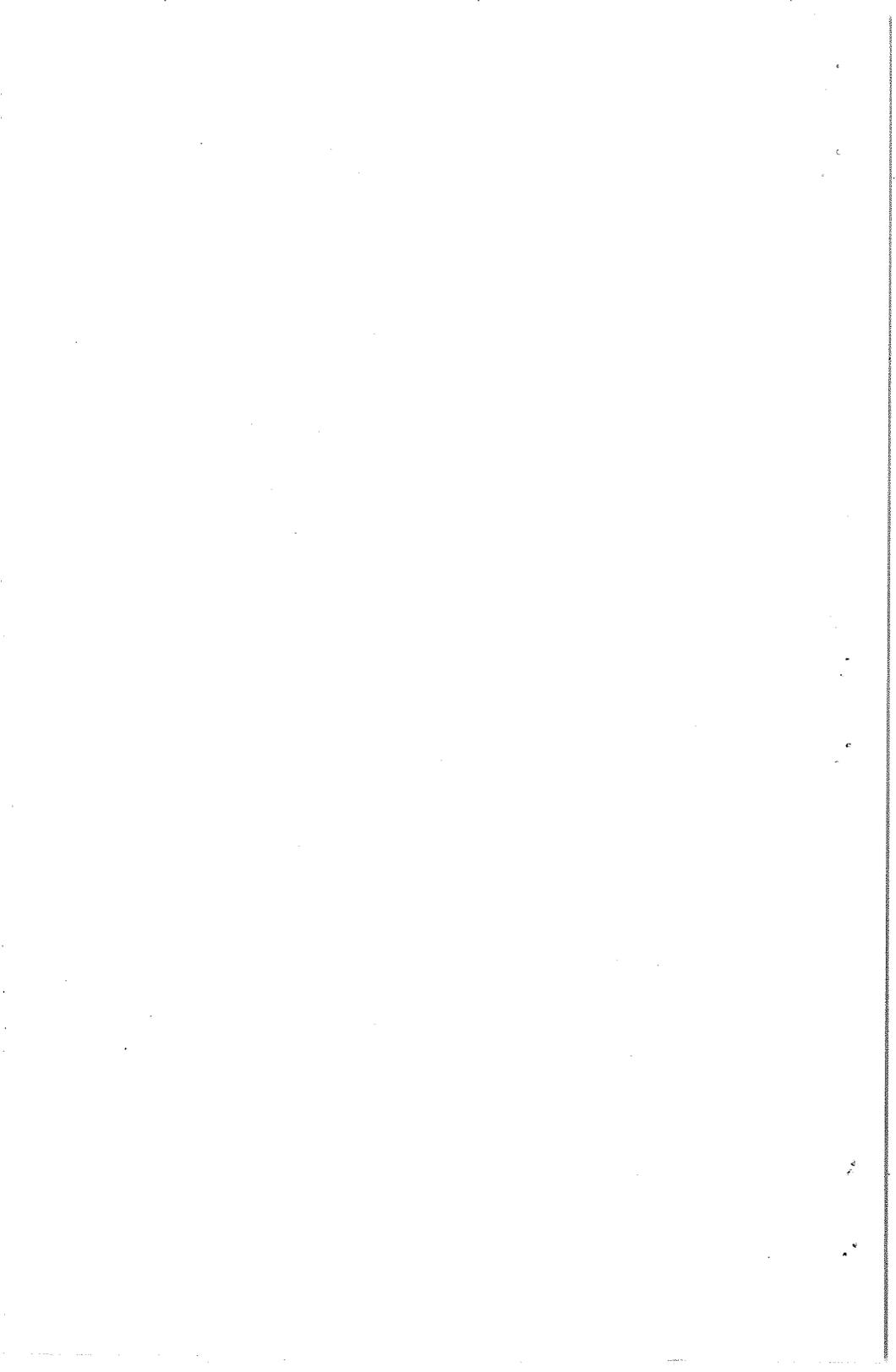
After an enjoyable visit with Christine in Jasper (we didn't see all that much of her, but the Fort Point Lodge pool was sure nice!), the five of us pointed our noses (not heads) in a southerly direction on Sunday, August 26th with the intention of climbing something (who knows what, but you know the feeling). "How about the Columbia Icefields area?" It sounded all too good until we arrived at the toe of the Athabasca Glacier, and were confronted with beaucoup de moisture, in the form of drizzle, CLOUD, and other nasty meteorologic phenomena. Such weather conditions are best avoided, or at least scrutinously observed from the inside of a dry shelter; so we did just that (lunch stop) and then kept on driving southward. Mid-afternoon found us having a cup-o-tea at Wapta Lodge - after a moment or two pondering the dank depths of our navels, we got our butts into gear and caught the last bus up to Lake O'Hara. We spent a pleasant evening in the A.C.C. Elizabeth Parker Hut slouching around the iron stove (comme heater), singing along with the guitar. Bob and Grant slept outside to avoid paying the usual \$\$\$bucks\$\$\$ charged for inhabiting cabins and similar, unhealthy pastimes. (Ed. note: that evening they 'found' each other and have been living happily together since September '73!)

Monday morning, although cool, suggested of good weather (false impression), so we packed up our gear and started the trek up to the Abbott Pass Hut. The weather was moderate-good until we reached the base of THE SCREE SLOPE just above



Fred Thiessen on Summit Ridge, Mt. Victoria.

Photo: Grant McCormack



Lake Oesa, when beaucoup de flocons de neige (alias solid white PPTN), accompanied by a hearty serving of wind, started to fall in ever-increasing numbers. Suffice it to say that talus or scree slopes are not made any more enjoyable by a six inch dusting of powder snow. An hour or so later we reached the pass itself, and were confronted by THE Abbott Pass Hut. Now this hut is no ordinary run-of-the-mill mountaineering hut. Located at 9600 feet elevation on the B.C.-Alberta border, it was built in 1908 (?) by the C.P.R. for the use of its patrons (accompanied by Swiss guides). The physical setting very nearly approximates what a mathematician would call a saddle point. The hut itself is built out of wood and stone and there is no trouble in accommodating 20+ people in it; besides the main living and cooking room, there are two sleeping rooms and a large sleeping loft upstairs. It is supplied with foamies, thick 5-point HBC wool blankets, pots, dishes, cutlery, Coleman stove, an oil heater, and often even oil. Hence sleeping bags are generally unnecessary and one only need bring food, white gas and ass-wipe. But the most traumatic part of actually staying at the Abbott Pass Hut has to be one's journeys to the outhouse. The exposure is phenomenal - unfortunately on the B.C. side of the divide.

Meanwhile, the five were no doubt getting cold standing outside in the blizzard waiting for me to finish babbling on about the merits of the hut, so after carefully heeding the sign to 'Remove Crampons Before Entering Hut', they (we) entered. We sat around the heater during the evening talking to some other people, and continued this pastime on into Tuesday, as the visibility was somewhat non-existent. The only item of note on this day was the first official dis-organizational meeting of the 'Beaver Patrol', with the five charter members present. (To those interested in joining, no chance!)

Wednesday was the day. The weather had cleared and we were all keen - Victoria was the objective. Our route went up through snow and ice covered limestones on the west side of the pass up to the southernmost bump on the ridge, and from there we traversed north along the

ridge to attain the main summit of Mt. Victoria. We remained unroped most of the way, but Eric, Dave and Bob did rope up on the last part along the knife-edged ridge. Upon reaching the peak, we mutually congratulated and reverently nibbled Kendall Mint Cake while gazing as far as the eye could see in every direction - Assiniboine, Sir Donald, Robson, St. Elias, Nanga Parbat, 19th Party Congress, gorbies (touri) at Lake Louise,...

Fred: 'Sir, how does it feel to climb your first 11,000' peak?'

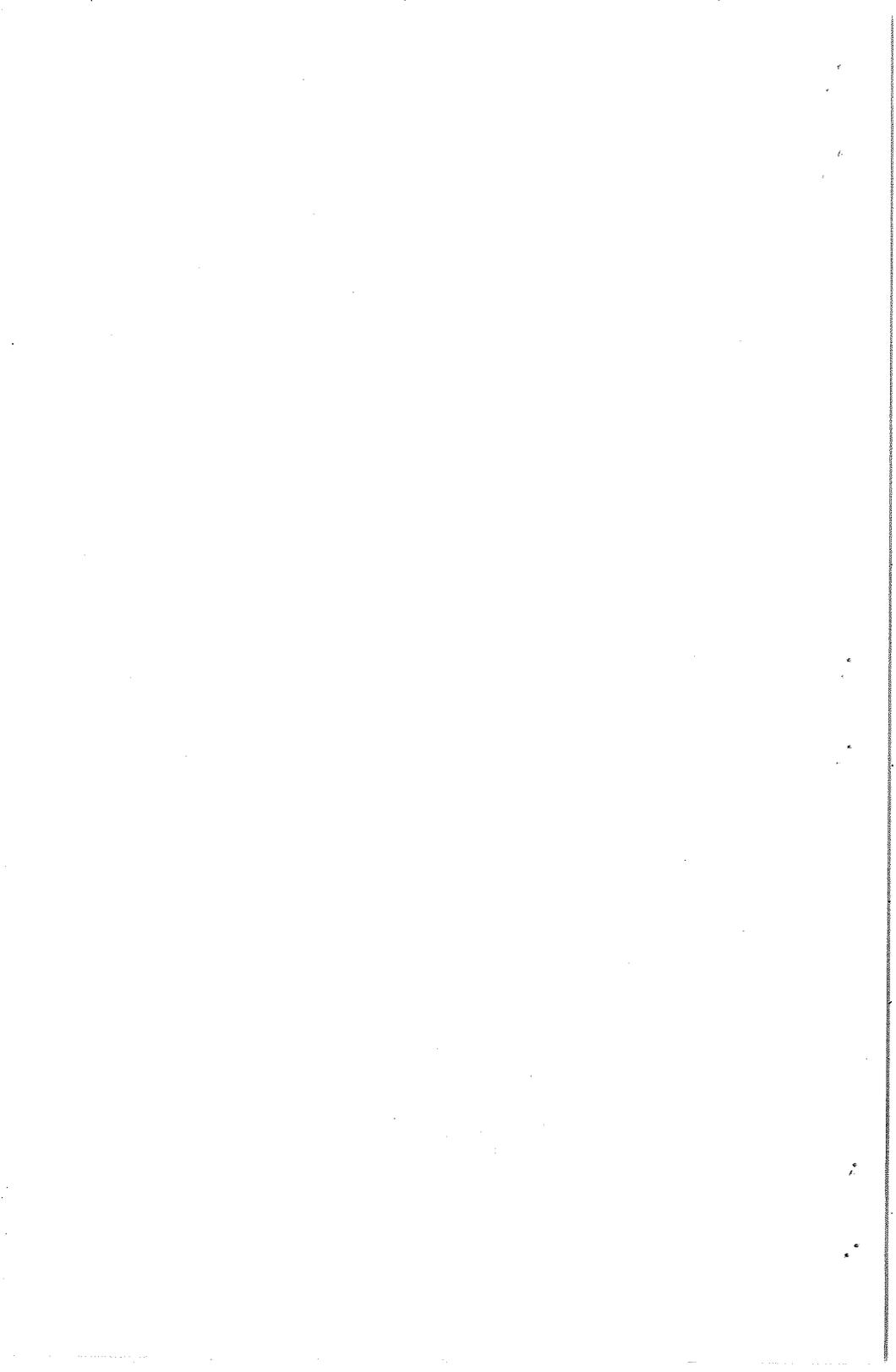
Bob: 'Great!', but let's bring out the growlies-I'm hungry!' (hearty approval heard from all members of party).

We followed the same route on the descent, but were fortunate that the sun had melted most of the ice and snow. The chief consequence of this was that Fred nearly parted company with his knee, thanks to a carefully aimed projectile, courtesy of Grant - no hard feelings. The ascent took roughly four hours and the return three hours back to the hut. We spent the evening talking with Herb Bleuer (guide with Canadian Mountain Holidays) and two others who accompanied him.

Thursday morning, Eric, Dave and Bob went back down to Lake O'Hara, the former two to explore some of the trails in the valley, and Bob to go back to Vancouver. Grant and Fred stayed another day to see if they could climb LeFroy but the weather was generally lousy (dumping snow everywhere). Naturally, the weather was gorgeous the day we left.



Eric White leading on the Kain Face, Mt. Robson.
Photo: Fred Thiessen



SOUTH AMERICA 1973
OR: THE ANDES ON \$3/DAY

Ross Beaty

Have you ever wished you could go climbing in some far-off, mysterious land but decided it required too much organization, money and hassle? Well, my experience in the Andes with two friends (and VOCers), Paul McGuigan and Mike Caron, has proven that a large, well funded, super-organized expedition is not necessary in order to climb in another continent.

With the pressing desire to escape the books for a year, and to see some good sun, surf and high places for a change, we left a rainy Vancouver on November 4, 1972 and headed south to the sunshine. After whistling through the States, stopping briefly enough at Yosemite to be turned on by the walls and turned off by the rip-off situation, we entered Mexico at the infamous border town of Tijuana to the melodious sound of "Hey, meester, you want to buy my seester?" Struggling in Spinglish (our hybrid version of Spanish), we hopped on an el cheapo bus and buzzed down to the sun-kissed surf, white sandy beaches and dark-eyed señoritas of Mazatlan, then to Mexico City, then to the Yucatan Peninsula where Mayan Ruins, and Caribbean coral islands kept us relaxed and happy (ahh - swinging in a hammock under a swaying palm tree savouring a succulent pineapple: WHY did I come back to Vancouver??

From Mexico, using mostly second (third?) class busses and hitchhiking, we swung through Central America: through the jungles of Guatemala, the highlands of Honduras, and the rich banana belts of Nicaragua, ending up in San Jose, Costa Rica. By some fluke of fate, we passed through Managua, Nicaragua only ten days before the earthquake of December 22 which leveled the city and killed 5,000 persons. In general we found Central America, especially the cities, rather unpleasant due to the enormous population density, the depressing poverty level, and the frustrating mentality of the bureaucrats responsible for such things as visas, custom checks, etc.

Since a recent ruling (courtesy of the US Narcotics Bureau) had banned the entrance by air

into Colombia of anybody with a pack and/or long hair. Mike and I with collapsable Millet 294 packs bought a \$5 cardboard suitcase, folded the packs into the suitcase, cut our hair, and flew the short hop into Colombia without a hitch, while Paul with a Camp Trails frame pack had to go to the expensive, dangerous port town of Panama City where he caught a banana boat to Colombia.

Finally we were all in South America, the land of manana, coffee, cocaine, the sambo, the Inca, the most haywire politics in the world, and best of all, the Andean mountain range. Travelling separately, we passed along the windy precipitous mountain roads of Colombia and Ecuador, both of which were thoroughly enjoyed, and into Peru where we had intended to climb for a month or two. After viewing (with difficulty due to bad weather) what is probably one of the most awesome ice and snow ranges in the world, the Cordillera Blanca, we concluded that since it was the rainy season, these mountains would be totally out for climbing. We then turned our attentions south to where we knew of better weather and equally adequate mountains, to the Aconcagua area in the middle of the Argentina/Chile Andes.

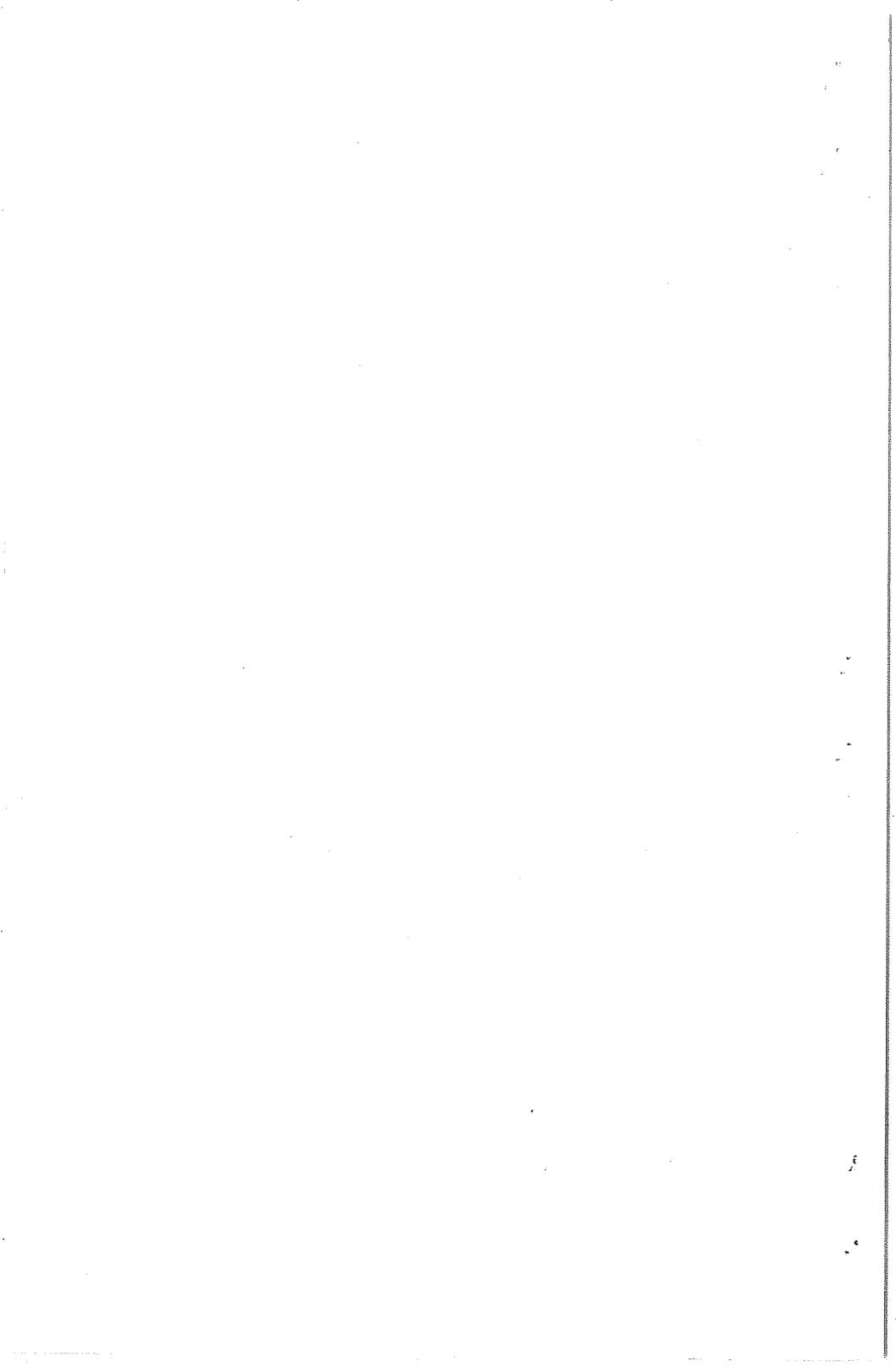
Since we had not intended to go to S.A. exclusively to climb, we had not brought any equipment with us (except tent, stoves, etc.). We had prepared in Vancouver an eighty pound trunk full of such things as heavy boots, crampons, ice axes, rope, etc., which was air freighted to Lima, Peru when we arrived there. After organizing the gear, we travelled to Cuzco and Machu Picchu (lost Inca city), along the 14,000' plateau country of Bolivia, and into the progressive, enlightened country of Argentina, which for us was without doubt the friendliest, most interesting and enjoyable country of all. Expecting to buy all the necessary food and supplies in local markets and be up into the mountains in a day or two, we received a rude awakening when we reached the jumping off city of Mendoza, Argentina.

Aconcagua at 23,000 feet, the highest point outside the Himalayas, has attracted climbers



Nevés Penitentés, Aconcagua.

Photo: Ross Beaty



from all over the world. Although it is not a technically difficult climb, the extreme altitude and poor weather has made it a grave for more than 65 persons, two of whom were killed at 21,300' the day before we arrived in Mendoza. To prevent more tragedies, the Argentina government had instituted a number of safeguards which we had to follow before we were allowed on the mountain. These included: a complete medical exam, including a blood test, tooth count, and electrocephalogram; a complete personal history accounting at the Fire Hall (eg. birthplace of grandmother and other pertinent information); another personal history accounting at the city Police Station where we were completely fingerprinted and photographed; personal permission for us to climb the mountain by the City Mayor, the Dept. of Internal Affairs, the City Police Chief, and the local army commandant. It was like a hilarious dream for four days while we puttered around satisfying the largely superfluous requirements. Finally, we were ready to go, and bussed up to 8500', the high point of the International Road connecting Argentina and Chile. Here lay our last obstacle, a small border outpost of the elite Argentine border troops, the "Mule Corps". After a thorough inspection of our equipment and food, the Capitano in charge offered us the use of a couple of mules and soldiers to transport our food and gas supplies into the base camp, a distance of 22 miles with a vertical rise of 5500 feet. Gratefully we accepted, and trudged up the next day to our base camp (called Plaza of Mules) expecting the mules to be right behind us. In true South American fashion, they showed up two days later by which time we were ready to eat the mules themselves!

The next eighteen days above 14,000 feet passed too rapidly. We spent a week acclimatizing at base camp and climbing small (19,000') subpeaks in the area to get in shape. Aconcagua itself is just a giant rubble pile, built of unstable volcanic rock which is in a primary stage of rapid deterioration. Although one of the finest ice climbs in the Americas is on its South face, the route we took zig-zagged up the north side and consisted mainly of an incredibly long,

snowy talus slope. We were blessed with the presence of three small huts built by the Argentine Army in the 1950's which were strategically placed at 14000', 17000' and 21000', meaning that we didn't need our tent. Acclimatizing took time. After ferrying three loads of food and our special naphtha-kerosene gas mixture which didn't work anyways at that height (the only workable fuel was the self-pressurized butane canisters which an earlier American expedition had fortunately left behind vast quantities of) to the 17,000' shelter, we went back to base camp. Three days later we had made it up to the 21,000' shelter with a weeks supply of food and gas. Here we passed five days, all at temperatures well below zero F., in an incessant wind storm. It is difficult to describe the sensations felt at that height, the occasional penetrating headaches and nausea; the heart beat of 150/min.; the total disinterest in food; the serenity, loneliness and raw beauty of looking out in all directions and seeing nothing but a dark, crystal clear sky and snowy mountain tops.

On the third day, we climbed to within 150 vertical feet of the 23,000' summit. Why we stopped there is something we've all tried to figure out. As Gaston Rebuffat once said, "Towards 23,000 feet life grows thinner still, is no more than an obsession: take a step, then another." I needed forty to fifty deep breaths per step. Perhaps it was just that we didn't want to become another statistic: another group which didn't know when to stop, which didn't realize the effects of the extreme altitude. Planning to return after a day of rest, we went back to 21,000. The steady deterioration of our bodies after five days at that height, however, put a veto on any further attempt on the top. Two days later we were back at 14,000' where we spent several more carefree days before heading back to the civilized(?) world.

Following the climb, Mike and Paul slowly worked their way back to Vancouver where they had summer jobs, while I continued further south to spend a month and a half in the Patagonian Andes and in Tierra del Fuego. By late April, I was basking on the beaches of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil,

which I regretfully left to go to South Africa where a job with a Canadian mining company was awaiting me.

To anybody else thinking of a trip to South America, I can't recommend it highly enough. It can be done very cheaply if you're careful. All you need is a good ability to bargain, an iron-clad stomach, and a callous on your ass so that 40 hour bus trips (no springs, no pads) don't bother you!!

SPECIAL FEATURES

TWEEDSMUIR PARK (AN OBITUARY)

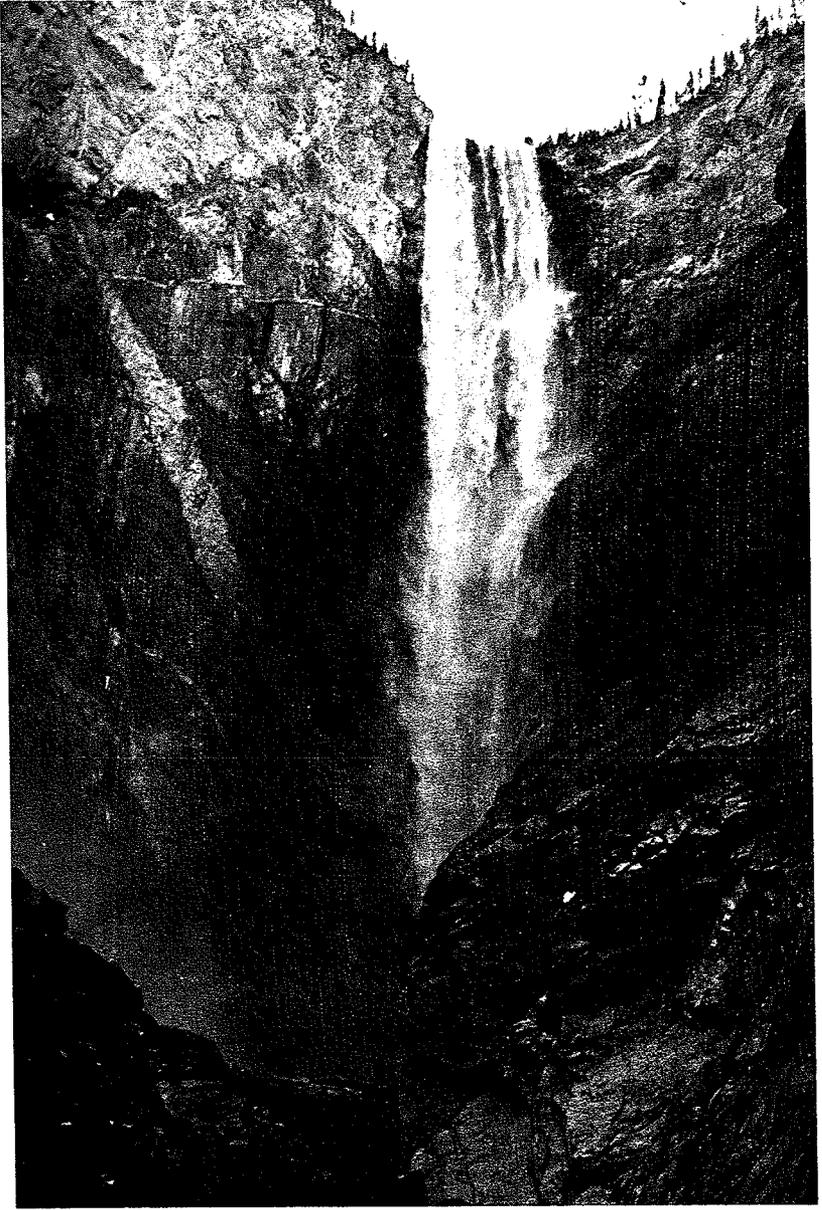
July

Peter Jordan

Around the end of July this summer I found myself alone in the Bella Coola Valley, which is a rather incredible paradise of green farmland, spectacular granite cliffs, and friendly people, as yet relatively unspoiled by big highways, big industry, and the American tourist. The upper 30 miles or so of the 60 mile long valley is in Tweedsmuir Park, and through it flows the Atnarko River. I decided to take about five days of food and hike up the valley as far as I could. About one and a half days travel up the valley at the upper end of Lonesome Lake, the Edwards family has been farming for over 50 years. Since they first homesteaded there nothing has changed, except for the introduction of the floatplane, and the 50 year old trail is the only access to their homesteads.

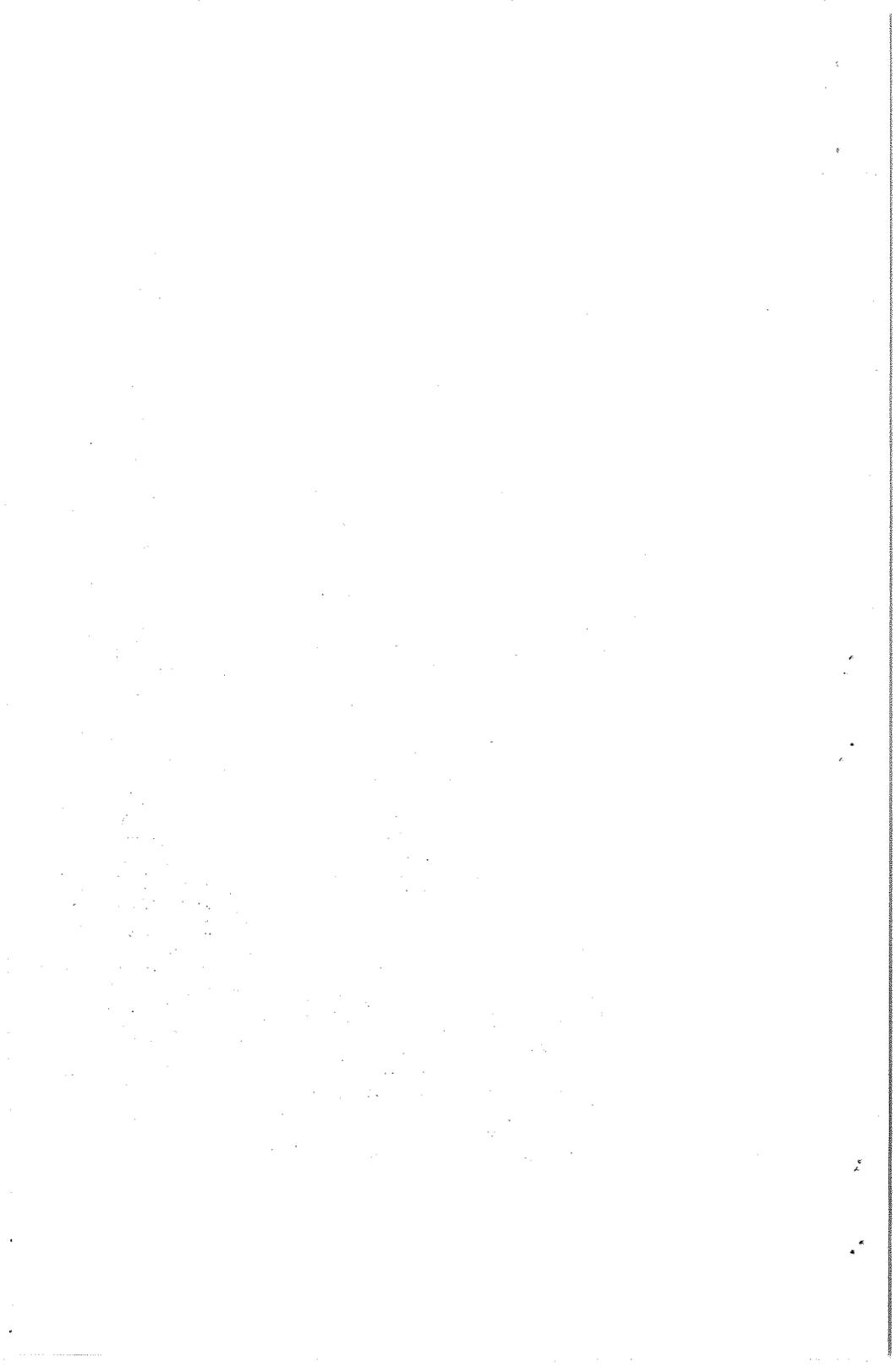
After a few hours hike on a good trail, I reached a small lake about two miles long. Here the Edwards use a boat, and the trail continues on the other bank of the river. I saw an old raft across the lake, so I swam to it and came back for my pack. A tough bushwack led me to the trail at the upper end of the lake. Near the beginning of my second day I encountered Hunlen Creek, a raging torrent which was clearly unfordable. A couple of logs soon produced a temporary bridge, and I continued on. The trail now wound for six miles along the steep bluff shores of Lonesome Lake, a still, crystal-clear lake of incredible beauty. Suddenly at the upper end, the valley flattened out to a wide expanse of grassy, delta soil, covered with widely-spaced cedar and birch. I could see hayfields and buildings across the river. I continued perhaps five more miles along the valley to the shore of another equally pretty lake where I camped on the grass between huge birches.

Next day I returned to the farm and talked for awhile with the Edwards. In this whole five mile stretch of bush valley the only intrusion of



Hunlen Falls, Tweedsmuir Park.

Photo: Peter Jordan



man is the two 160 acre homesteads and the horse-trail connecting them. The only equipment other than the home-made or horse-drawn is a small tractor, recently brought in piece by piece by floatplane. I found the Edwards to be very friendly--apparently they do not get very many visitors hiking in like this. They told me of a way to get up the gorge of Hunlen Creek to the base of Hunlen Falls (which may or may not be higher than Takkakaw Falls). They also told me how to find a log jam across the Atmarko River to avoid repeating my swim.

So on the morning of my fourth day I hiked back down Lonesome Lake, and I spent the afternoon picking my way across log jams and up goat trails to Hunlen Falls. The falls were well worth the trip. They plunge down a 1000 ft. overhang in the almost continuous granite walls which guard both sides of the valley. The next morning I managed to find the elusive log jam, which led me to an incredible tangle of back channels, windfalls, swamps and eight foot high devilsclub. Several hours of battling this finally landed me at the small lake, down which I followed the Edwards' trail to my crossing point four days before.

Imagine my surprise to see a group of people with a floatplane, motor boat, tools and equipment at the foot of the lake on the far side! I swam across to find out just what was going on. They were employees of the Parks Branch, and that very day they were beginning construction of a bridge across the Atmarko. They told me that they were going to "improve" the trail to "Parks Branch" standards as far as Lonesome Lake. With a new appreciation of what I was walking on, I hiked out the last few miles to the road. The trail was handmade, painstakingly built across coarse talus and sometimes along hidden ledges of cliff faces. For 50 years it had been used by the packhorses which supplied the homesteads up the valley. The Edwards had maintained it to exactly the standard required for the use to which it was put. It was a work of art, the balance between the wilderness and the family which had been living in harmony with it for two generations. And I was the last to walk on it.

The story does not end here. I spent two more days in the Atmarko Valley. That night, while camping by the road in an ancient one-tent campsite, in a grove of cedar just off the road, I was told by the park ranger that I had to move, since fires weren't allowed here. Besides, they were eliminating all these small "unauthorized" campsites. So I moved two miles down the road to the new Atmarko campground, which was still under construction. It consisted of a wide gravel road slashed straight through the forest, far wider than the highway itself. Along it were spaced, at geometric intervals regardless of the lay of the land, huge gravel clearings with a regulation table and castiron and concrete fire pad. There were maybe 30 of them, all in plain site of each other. I spent a rather uncomfortable night, missing my accustomed bed of 5000 years accumulation of cedar needles.

Next morning I stopped to talk to a young parks employee who was splitting wood for the campground. Except for us the campground was almost deserted. We talked of fishing holes and places we had both been, and of course of the Atmarko Valley and the Edwards. He said he had heard that the Edwards had grown somewhat unfriendly in recent years towards visitors. This surprised me at first since I have seldom met such friendly people, until I realized who these visitors must have been, and that they had certainly not swam rivers and built bridges to get in there. He also told me that they were planning on re-routing the highway into the valley to avoid the infamous 4000 foot hill, which keeps out all trailers and most American cars. In fact, the Parks Board was planning on "developing" the whole "recreational potential" of this valley, by building hiking trails, campgrounds, paved highways and the like.

Please, you who read this, if you support the movement for "more parks", if you toss around phrases like "meeting the recreational" needs of the future", "getting into the wilderness" and "better access into the mountains", ask yourself if what you are supporting is good for the wilderness itself, and for the people who live in and understand that wilderness. Is the new "wilder-

ness recreation industry" really any better than the logging and mining industries in its effect on the wilderness?

Twenty years ago, the northern part of Tweedsmuir Park was sold to Alcan for a bag of aluminum coins. The main feature of the southern part is the Atmarko Valley. From the switchbacks high on the bluffs and talus slopes, I stopped the car and looked back over the valley. Above the point where the highway left it there was no visible sign of man. I felt a good feeling at being one of a fairly small number of people who have visited it in its wild state. I felt a great sadness knowing I was the last.

ACCESS TO THE INTERIOR SIDE OF THE COAST RANGE

Peter Jordan

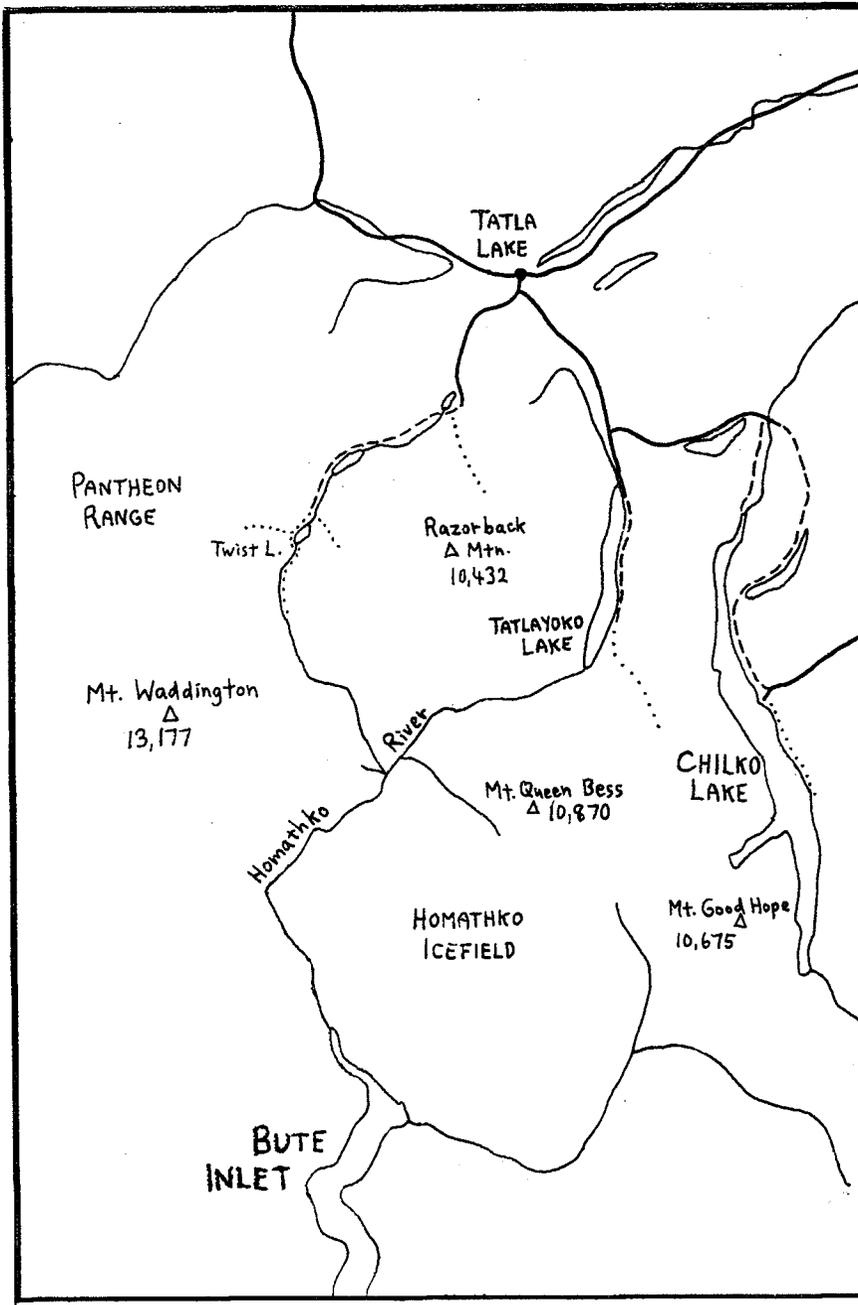
Most of the good climbing areas in the Coast Range these days are usually reached by footpath or helicopter. This intrusion of technology into the wilderness is useful if you are prospecting for copper, or if you are the kind of person who likes to do things like climb Mt. Waddington in a long weekend. The main requirement for this approach is money. (In all fairness, the more extended ventures like John Clark's explorations, or the VOC Waddington-Franklin Glacier trip, are only made possible by air support).

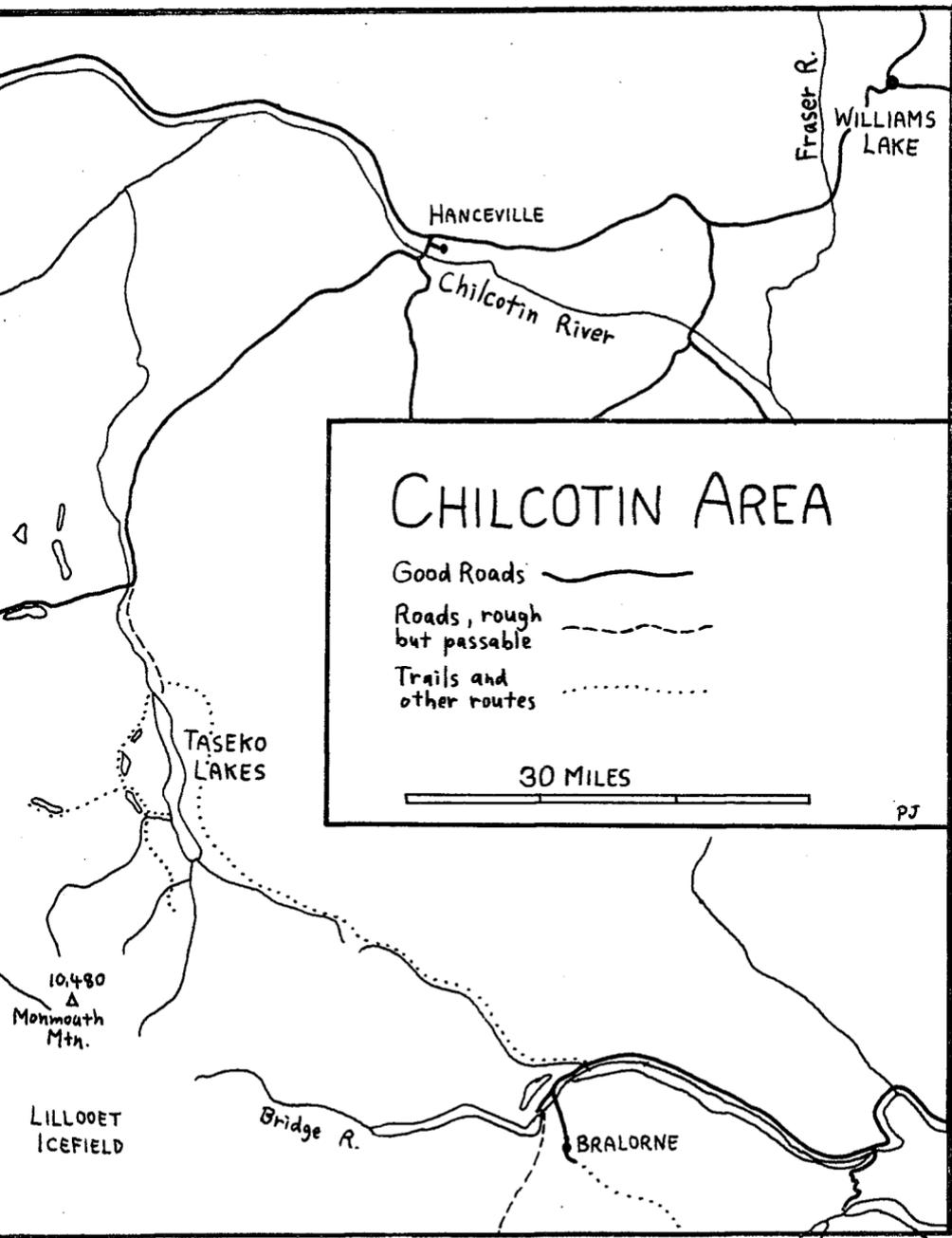
However, most of these climbing areas can be reached on foot from the Chilcotin Plateau. The bush on this side of the mountains is quite light; and the approaches are very scenic. I have found that a lengthy approach to mountains through forest, grassland, alpine meadows, and finally glaciers leads to far greater enjoyment and appreciation of the area than does falling out of the sky directly into a high camp. Also, for those who would rather do backpacking trips than serious climbing, there are a lot of attractive and easily accessible areas in the Chilcotin.

The Chilcotin-Bella Coola Highway can be reached from Williams Lake, or from a good gravel road which runs from Clinton to Gang Ranch to Riske Creek. For scenery, the latter is recommended. Generally, no gas or service is available off of the Bella Coola Highway, so for travelling the back roads you should carry extra gas, a spare tire, and tools.

The most useful secondary road is the one which starts near Hanceville, and goes up the Taseko River and across to the Nemaia Indian Reserve on Chilco Lake. It is a very good road to here, and a rather poor continuation goes north to Tatla Lake. With a boat, the mountains on the west side of Chilco Lake can be reached. Chilco Lake is at about 3800 feet.

A very rough, but passible road leads up the Taseko River to Taseko Lakes (4300 ft.). Old jeep roads and trails here join up with the trail over Warner Pass from Bralome. If you have a boat or can arrange for one with the local rancher,





CHILCOTIN AREA

- Good Roads —————
- Roads, rough but passable - - - - -
- Trails and other routes

30 MILES

PJ

you can cross the lakes and go south into the Tchaikavan area, which is very good country for hiking and climbing.

A good highway runs from Tatla Lake south to Tatlayoko Lake, and from here, many good climbing areas can be reached. Logging roads and cattle trails are fairly extensive, although I have no definite information. They may give access as far south as Mt. Queen Bess.

A good road also runs from Tatla Lake to Bluff Lake, and a poorer road continues down Mosely Creek as far as Scimitar Creek, thus giving a possible foot approach to Waddington. The cattle trail up Twist Creek into the Pantheon Range only goes half way to the timberline, and the bush is supposed to be pretty bad from there. The Niut Range to the east of Mosely Creek is reached by trails on most of its valleys. The northern part of it looks like good hiking country, and further south there are lots of formidable looking 10,000 foot peaks in the Razorback Mountain area.

Food, one of the basic necessities of life, seems to be a subject of some controversy in mountaineering. This article does not attempt to solve the controversy, but only to add to it by expressing some thoughts of my own on the subject.

What I have attempted to do here, is to give some ideas for the three main meals of the day, and then give a list of food on a man-day basis to assist in planning. Being a plagiarist, this list is drawn from the experiences of others, various books, and from a list made up for Sphinx Camp. On the list, not all of the ingredients are to be selected for any one meal; it only shows the variety available to pick and choose from. The list also includes a number of fresh, frozen and canned products which are suitable for base camp, air-drop type of activities.

Nutrition is a very important factor to consider in meal planning: on a hard working day, up to five quarts of water and up to 5000 calories may be required. Nutritionists recommend that $1/4$ of our calorie requirements be met by fats, $1/2$ by carbohydrates and the balance by protein.

Breakfasts:

Breakfasts may be either hot or cold, depending on preferences and conditions. In the way of hot breakfasts, one may have:

- a) Porridge or mush, the traditional hot meal. To make it slide down easier, most people add brown sugar and milk. To disguise the taste even further, one can add chocolate powder or cinnamon.
- b) Rice pudding made from instant rice and brown sugar, cinnamon and milk is very good.
- c) Powdered eggs may be used to make scrambled eggs or egg-nogs or pancakes, etc. The flavour may be improved by using orange "tang" in the egg-nogs.
- d) In a base camp situation, canned bacon, and sausages, and pancakes should also be considered for an occasional change in the basic fare.

For cold, quick breakfasts, one can consider:

a) Granola or muesli - both are very popular, and nutritious at 600-800 cal/cup. To make it easier to go down, one can add fresh, dried or canned fruit, powdered milk, and hot or cold water. It even tastes good when mixed with left-over pudding from the night before.

b) For a non-cereal breakfast, one could consider puddings, bread and jam, cinnamon buns, etc.

Lunch:

Lunch tends to be easier to plan as it is usually cold, and everybody likes lunch goodies. The staple lunch foods tend to be bread or crackers, which are eaten with sausage, cheese, sardines, kippers, jam, honey, or peanut butter. This is usually followed by dried fruit, chocolate, peanuts, candies, etc., the limit being what and how much one wants to eat and carry. On shorter trips, where weight and bulk are not too crucial, fresh fruits are nice. For variety, goodies like honeyed fruit and halvah are a nice treat.

Suppers:

Supper is the meal where the imagination can run wild, as one can either go to a multitude of different varieties of food or stick to basic fare. One can either prepare food from scratch, or go the alternate route, and buy pre-packaged meals, such as stroganoffs, or freeze-dried meals.

Generally speaking when one is preparing one's own meals, the idea is to combine a carbohydrate and a meat (or substitute) together, and maybe some vegetables, spices, etc., and eat the resulting mixture.

For carbohydrates, rice, noodles, potato flakes can be used, and different meat products-sausages, canned meats (beef, fish), freeze-dried meats (meatballs, pork chops), fresh meats (hamburger), or synthetic substitutes (soybean) are then added. To add flavour and nutrition to a meal, one can add rendered beef fat in almost any

glop, which greatly improves the flavour, as well as being a necessary part of the diet in colder climates.

Prepared Meals:

In meal planning, the alternate to packaging and preparing a glop is to go the pre-packaged route. These meals usually involve adding boiling water or boiling for a number of minutes. Stews, creoles and full course meals are very good. The most popular, although not the best tasting and most economical, prepared meals are the stroganoffs. Lipton's and others market these products and they come in a variety of flavours. The advantage to these meals is that they only have to be boiled for 15 minutes. The flavour may be improved by adding beef fat and vegetables (eg. surprise and dried vegetable flakes).

Spices:

To add variety to meals, spices are a necessity, even though bland foods seem to go down easier in the hills. Important spices are salt, pepper, cinnamon and perhaps garlic salt, and oregano.

Desserts:

Desserts are not necessary, but they sure are a nice luxury, where weight is not too much of a problem. Suggestions are cheese cakes or any other quick setting pies, made from puddings and graham cracker crumbs, dried fruit stews, boiled dried apples with a granola topping, instant and regular puddings, canned fruits, and milk shakes made from instant milk powder and instant puddings mixed thinner than for a pudding.

Trivia:

Again, where weight is not essential, all sorts of luxuries are acceptable. In these cases, fresh foods such as vegetables and meats can be used to make stews, etc. Things like canned

meats of all sorts, canned fruits, canned puddings and cakes are also very nice. If an oven is available, or if one wishes to venture baking over a fire, flour, yeast and/or baking powder may be used to make biscuits, bannocks, etc. Fresh onions, onion flakes and green peppers and whatever else one thinks will make glops taste better. Whole milk powder (KLIM) is better than skim, although it is more expensive. On a long trip, vitamins of one sort or another should be given consideration.

FOOD SUGGESTIONS - QUANTITIES OF FOOD ARE IN OZ.
OR CUPS MAN/DAYS

In places, there are figures for light and heavy rations for light and heavy eaters and light and heavy days. Figures for all cookeable items are given as dry measures.

Breakfast:	Light	Heavy
oatmeal	1½ oz. (1/2 cup)	2 oz. (3/4 C)
granola	1 cup (3-4 oz.)	
powdered eggs	1 doz.=5 man/days	
raisins	1/2 to 3/4 oz.	
canned bacon	1 lb.=5 man/days	
brown sugar	1-2 oz.	

Lunch:

sausage	1½ oz.	2 oz.
cheese	2 oz.	3 oz.
rye bread	3 oz. (48 oz. loaf=26 man/days)	
crackers(SWT or rye crisp)	1 package=3 man/days	
hovis bread	1-16 oz. loaf=5 man/days	
mountain mix	2 oz.	3 oz.
dried fruit	2 oz.	
hard candies	6	
fruit cake	3 oz.	
halvah	1 oz.	2 oz.
peanuts	1 oz.	2 oz.
chocolate	2 oz.	

Dinners:

Starches

dried mashed potatoes	2 oz.
minute or regular rice	2 oz. ($\frac{1}{3}$ cup)
macaroni or spaghetti	2 oz. ($\frac{1}{3}$ cup)
Jap. noodles (Roman)	1 pkg. (2 oz.) man/day
lentils	1 lb. = 10 man/days
suprise vegetables	1 pkg. = 4 man/days

Meats

	<u>Light</u>	<u>Heavy</u>
canned fish	3 oz.	4 oz.
canned corned beef	3 oz.	4 oz.
canned boneless chicken	3 oz.	4 oz.
canned ham	3 oz.	4 oz.
soy bean meat	1 oz.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
fresh hamburger	4 oz.	5 oz.
fresh turkey-deboned	5 oz.	
partially boned	8 oz.	
whole	16 oz.	
fresh stewing beef	4 oz.	5 oz.
fresh fish	6 oz.	
fresh pork chops/steak	9 oz.	
fresh roast beef	6 oz.	
cheese for meals	1 oz.	
fat for meals	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.	
sausage	3 oz.	4 oz.
freeze dried meat	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	2 oz.

Frozen Vegetables

beans, corn, peas, carrots, etc.	5 oz.
----------------------------------	-------

Trivia

onion or vegetable flakes	1/4 oz.	
onion	4 man/days	
1 cheesecake	6 man/days	
1 green pepper	3 man/days	
1 soup package	4 man/days	
1 Lipton's stroganoff	1 man/day	
jam, honey, peanut butter, etc.	2 oz.	3 oz.
margerine	1 oz.	
sugar	2 oz.	3 oz.
powdered milk	1 oz.	
jello	1 oz.	

pudding	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
tang	1 pkg. man/day
beef in a mug	1 small jar = 50 man/days
matches	1
white gas	4 oz.

The above list seems to work reasonably well, but take the quantities with a grain of salt; they are just average figures. It is much better to over-estimate, rather than to under-estimate on a trip! To get the quantity of a food required, just multiply the daily ration X the number of man/days and there it is.

JURNAL ARTICAL
A WORD TO SAFETY

Rolf Kullak

The calls for Mountain Rescue slowly but steadily increases. To cope with the problem the group grows in size and efficiency. All too often, though, we get called out to help somebody who got into trouble by sheer carelessness. It also happens that we get called upon but the ones in apparent need rave about the would be rescuers and their worries.

To explain I will show an example: Last winter two people went up one mountain near Vancouver. They did not return within the expected time so Mountain Rescue was called out in the middle of the night and went right up to search. By morning a rescue was successfully completed if you may say so. One person was dead from a fall but the other survived. Only the prompt action saved the girl's life. She likely may not have survived the night. It makes one feel good having accomplished something.

From the point of the rescuer the next example looks just the same. It happened seven months later. In some areas you are urged to register your trip and in particular your time of return. The idea is to bring help in case of an accident. The mountain in question was within comfortable reach from Vancouver. The weather was from a light overcast and some ocasional fog by some to high winds, snow and whiteouts by others of the fairly large group. I experienced the later where I was, which makes it more likely.

The group registered at the local ranger to be back by Sunday night. On Monday morning I get a phone call at 3 a.m. The ranger reports those people have not returned yet. A rescue gets organized. The mountain is not easy at this time of year, one of the group just recovered from snapped femurs. It appears quite obvious someone must be hurt. Later the rescue gets called off, someone returned to report everything is alright. The would be rescuers get all the thanks they could ask for: it is nobody's business how long we stay out and anyway we can look after ourselves. This kind of behaviour makes me question the value of Mountain Rescue and registration of

a trip. In particular since some members of the group were at one time or still are in Mountain Rescue. They called on a 24 hour rule. A what rule? I never heard that before. If somebody is injured he needs all the help he can get and that fast. As in the first example it can save someone's life and often does. The excuse, it got late, is not valid. Not the mountain but the sun dictates what time it is. When I force a mountain and ignore time and weather, I am pushing my luck to its limit. When I am dead I couldn't care less if someone is sorry. But I also can't reverse my ignorance, it just is too late.

The way down is often more dangerous than the way up, not in terms of objective dangers but in terms of subjective dangers. Particularly if the group is large, when it gets late. Most everyone experiences that when he swipes a cookie from the jar and despite trying as hard as possible, something goes wrong. He drops the lid and it bounces all over the floor or something else makes a hell of a racket. This kind of thing also happens in the mountains, particularly when it gets late. We will rush and push instinctively. There is not much we can do about it except avoid the whole instance in the first place, i.e., keep sufficient time for the returns. I just like to remind everyone at the fatal accident in the Canadian Cascades several summers ago. It happened one hour before sunset relatively high on the mountain and a major obstacle still to cross.

We always should look at accidents to learn from them that they don't get repeated.

SONGS

In VOC, if you don't sing
Believe me, you don't miss a thing!

KOKANEE CHRISTMAS SONG

1. To go into Kokanee was our intent
And we figured that 25 bucks was well spent.
Over mountains and glaciers in the chopper
we flew
With the resus that no fingers or noses
turned blue.

And it's no! nay! never!
No! nay! never! no more!
Will we walk in at Christmas,
No! never! no more!
2. For the cabin we cut many cords of dry wood,
For the coldness inside just could not be
withstood.
The wood was hauled in on the akja sled
And bucked up and split and then stacked in
the shed.
3. We have master bakers and bartenders two
Who can whip up hot biscuits and powerful
brew.
These chefs they produced us a stew of horse-
meat
Which was almost as tender as fresh poured
concrete.
4. Mary and Julian, in the sack they did stay
While the rest were up quickly and out of
the hay
Writhing and reeling in the stove's clouds
of smoke,
While upstairs late risers in bed they did
choke.
5. Through bowls full of powder in temperatures
low
We skied and we turned and we weaved to and
fro.
When turning on AVA became mush to dull

You could jump over corni and land on your skull.

6. Fred's skiing was so good, we felt quite forlorn,
But distance was treasured when Fred blew his horn.
Fred treated it all with remarkable scorn
till Bryan and David the air did adorn.
7. The seat in the outhouse was made of sheet steel.
Ice-feathers and frost made it quite an ordeal.
As ana added incentive for those that were slow
You could freeze off your scruples at 20 below.

YOHO 1973

(to the tune of "Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to work
we go!")

Yoho, Yoho, It's off to ski we go!

We drove from rain to find the snow.
The Field Hotel o'erflowed
With skis and skins. Adventures did begin
With picnic shelters to sleep in.
It's cold, It's cold!

The shelter was not warm at all as everyone
attests,
Some found it much more comfortable when sleeping
chest to chest!

Awake! Arise! It's off with clear blue skies.
So up switchbacks for yonder Stanley Mitchell
lies.
To ho! To rest, relax, no pack upon the back.
A little mush and then a rush out to the shack!

Across the flat and up the hills the slow ones
hobbled on.
After hours of struggling all made it before dawn.

Aches and pains, Doc John our wounds attends.
Poor Vicki's heels no moleskin was suffice to
mend.
YO HO! Away by dawn, up President we're drawn.
Pure powder bowls soon filled with holes. Right
on! Right on!

The stars at night were beautiful as every night
was clear.
The Big Dipper shone bright but Kehoutek would
not appear.

With freezer mitts and super parkas red,
And balaclavas on the head, embroidery prolific!
Now, Beware! Ann's in long underwear!
Her butterflies and B.O. are all we can bare.

Vicki's tender heels were a blessing in disguise.
She spent many an hour getting water and supplies.

Bridge we play from four to ten each day.
Some unwise bids on Ernie's part results in some
dismay
On Graham's part. Two thousand points were lost!
Each game we munch eleven biscuits, eat we must!

Over hills and thru the dales to find a slope of
snow
That's still untouched by powder hounds. Oh,
what a way to go!

It's twelve below, with no new snow as yet,
So off we go o'er wind slab snow up to McArthur
peak.
We stop on top, the white-out made a flop.
The last two down three packs they found. Oh
Jacque! Oh Jacque!

From bed to bed John's cold was spread across
the foamy wide.
With all that sniffing and coughing it's a won-
der noone died.

It's New Years Eve, Spouge swings with greatest
ease.
He can't see well, but what the hell! His Gibbon
call works well!
It's rum and rye, a joint effort when dry.
The midnight air is wildly lit with Damy's
flares.

Ian was keen on New Years morn though no one else
would stir.
He finally dragged Dave, Mike, and Ann up to the
top of Kerr.

Each night 'fore bed the Hobbit tale is read
By Auntie Anth and Uncle Dave. The dwarves
From Orcs have fled
With Gandalf's wand to steal from Smaug beyond!
When bored we snore, our nose an old sock does
explore.

Graham and John H. and M. were the only ones to
get
That great big chunk of slippery rock, the good
ol' President!

In the boudoir, friends from Alberta are.
With Doug and Fran clogging the can
In line we stand. YO HO!
And on time flies, and so the smell does rise.
While baking bread your eyes turn red.
More rum by gum!

Out in the can a pinnacle of great height was
amassed.
The clearance shrank to just an inch before it
was collapsed!

Yoho! yoho! It's back to rain we go.
We hate to leave, but don't be grieved
For when we leave we know
We will return. For Yoho we will yearn.
Good memories are shared by all forever more!

MCGILLIVRAY PASS CHRISTMAS SONG

1. If you want to have a good time
With song and women and wine,
Then hustle your ass
To McGillivray Pass,
It's where the living is fine.
2. McGillivray's no fun with a 50 lb. pack,
Especially when one of your skin's out of
whack.
Then along came a skidoo,
What else could Dave do,
But how is he going to get back?

Interlude: (spoken)

Truckin' to McGillivray Pass,
Bustin' everybody's ass,
Carryin' enough food to last
The whole Polish army for a year.

3. Skip, the dog, is my name
And taking life easy's my game,
For nothing I lack
Though I carry no pack,
Them humans all are the same.
4. We thought we heard the name Don,
An answer came quickly from Ron.
"What's that?" queried Bob,
"I dummo!" shouted Rob,
Christine was just calling for John.

Chorus:

Ki-yi-yi-yi
McGillivray's the place to ski free
So here comes an other verse
That's worse than the other verse,
So waltz me around again Willie.

5. One can say that some are discreet,
And others are pleasant to greet,
But then there's Rob Boyce,
Who's got such a voice.
He can be heard from three miles down the
creek.

6. We tell you in song and in rhyme
That Anthea had a good time.
She was hustled by Rob,
And by Dave and by Bob,
They figured there's no harm in tryin'.

Chorus

Sweet violets,
Sweeter than all of the roses.
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with snow.

7. While skiing, Frizell is a wonder,
From disaster down to mere blunder.
Just one thing, as he slides
Down the steep mountain sides,
Why doesn't the man come asunder?
8. We skied through the deep powder snow
Where Christine's sitz marks did show.
And Ron had a gas
Going too fast
And landing head first in the snow.

Chorus

Ki-yi-yi-yi
In McGillivray we had too much chili
So here comes another verse that's worse than
the other verse,
So waltz me around again Willie.

9. Pete, the Jordan was keen,
As all of us here have seen.
When he went away
We slept in every day
And hardly ever went skiin'.
10. Now Vivien, our only Arts student
Found it was not very prudent
McGillivray to leave
On a clear New Year's Eve
She wanted to stay but she couldn't.

Interlude:

Oh, they called us super-slackers
As we sat around the cabin
Playin' chess and drinking tea.

Oh the snow, it was snowin'
Or the wind, it was blowin'
So we never went out to ski.

11. Throughout a long cold winter's night
We sat by the dim Coleman light.
And puzzles we worked
Till we all went beserk,
But Rob never could get them right.
12. It's loudly and frequently said
That it takes some skill to bake bread.
Our boys, they did bake
And skiing foresake,
But all of it came out like lead.

Spoken:

We shall not go back by car,
McGillivray Pass is no bar.
Skip, Dave, Bob and Don
Struggled grimly along
While another did better by Farr.

13. Thus four made the trek to the train,
They got cold, they broke skid, they com-
plained.
Seemed it was quite a ways
And it took them three days,
And Skip was sure they were insane.

Outerlude:

Did we ever return?
Yes of course we returned!
Otherwise we wouldn't be here to tell the
story.

These are two old VOC songs that are still, surprisingly, very popular.

#1 Bottle of Wine

1. Ramblin' around this dirty old town,
Singin' for nickles and dimes.
When times get tough I can't get enough
To buy me a bottle of wine.

Usual Chorus.

2. Pain in my head, bugs in my bed,
Pants are so old that they shine.
Walking the streets beggin' people I meet
To buy me a bottle of wine.
3. Kool-aid can't wait, Tang it is great,
I'd even drink Rise'n Shine.
Still I wish I could fill up my dish
Out of a bottle of wine.
4. Sittin' on my butt in this dirty ol' hut,
Wonder' which socks are mine.
Way up here is too far to pack beer
But we could have brought a bottle of wine.
5. Climb up a slope, smoke up some dope,
The run down is guaranteed fine.
I'd rather get high out under the sky
Than drink from a bottle of wine.
6. Socked in again, Oh what a pain,
Sure wish the sun would shine.
Days like these in this deep freeze
Would go faster with a bottle of wine.
7. Skiing the hills, skimming the rills,
Frasking in the sunshine.
We gotta change that ol' rule so we can be
cool
And have us a bottle of wine.

Song #2

I've wandered all over this ice-field,
Living on sausage with mould,
I've lost my direction in white-outs
And I have been frequently cold.

And I have been frequently cold,
And I have been frequently cold.
I've lost my direction in white-outs
And I have been frequently cold.

Bronchitis Gap was our high camp
And it suited its name very well,
Wet sleeping bags in a rainstorm
Make for a personal hell.

We set up our camp in a high col
And through it the wind it did blow,
The wind by itself was not too bad
But with it it did carry snow.

So we left our camp for the valley,
And bushwacked our way through the slime,
And so it was we avoided
The mountains we had come to climb.

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