

A silhouette of a rock climber is positioned on the left side of the cover, climbing a dark, vertical rock face. The climber is wearing a helmet and a harness, and is secured by a rope that runs vertically down the rock. The background is a clear, bright blue sky. At the bottom of the image, a landscape of rolling hills is visible, covered in a mix of green evergreen trees and yellowish-brown deciduous trees, suggesting an autumn setting. The overall composition is vertical, with the climber's silhouette creating a strong vertical line on the left side.

Varsity Outdoor Club Journal

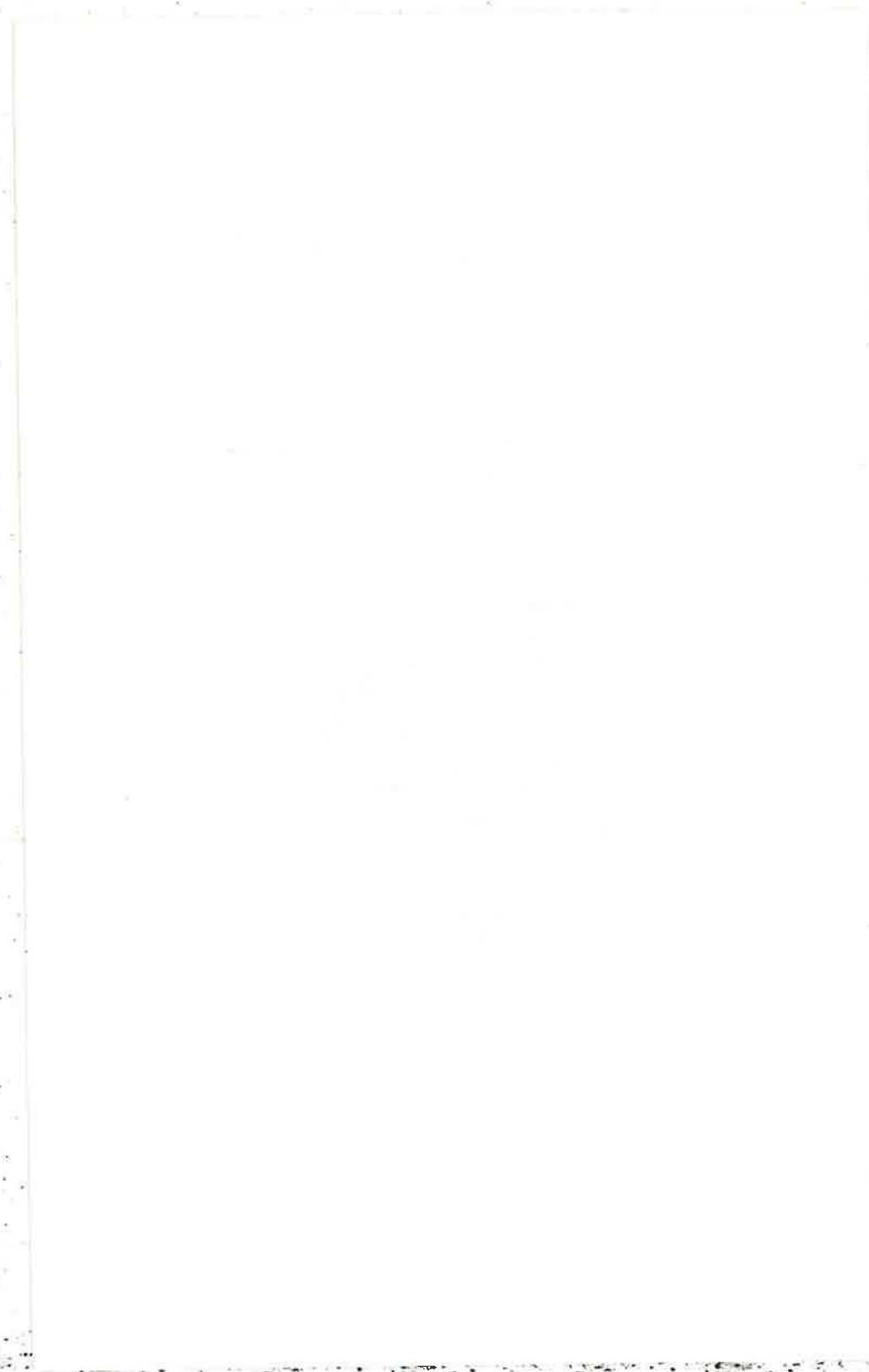
2002-2003

VARSITY OUTDOOR CLUB JOURNAL

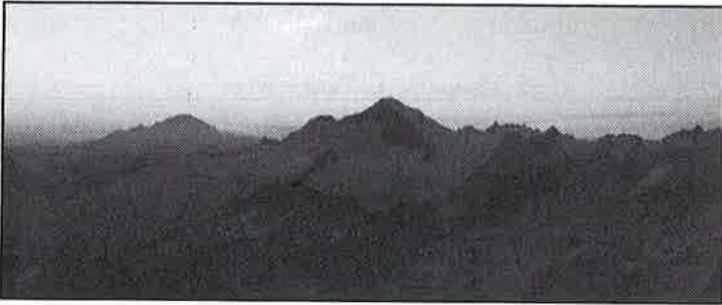
Volume XLV

2002-2003





VARSITY OUTDOOR CLUB JOURNAL



Vol XLV, March 2003.

The Varsity Outdoor Club was founded in 1916 at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, BC.

The Varsity Outdoor Club Journal has been published annually since 1958.

On the Front cover: Mike Hengeveld climbing in Leavenworth, WA by Matt Buckle

On the Back cover: Sunset by Chee Fong Chan.

above: Dusk over Mt Elderado and Baker by Tyler Linn.

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President's Message

Chris Michalak

THE VOC IS a peculiar thing. The faces change so quickly, but the spirit always seems to stay the same. The other day I was reading an old huts logbook in the clubroom. It was hard to remind myself that the adventures I was reading about took place sixty years ago. I could have thought they had taken place last weekend if it wasn't for a sketch of an Allied plane shooting down a Nazi one.

But somewhere along the line some things have changed. I think the most important change has been the club's increased involvement in environmental and land use issues. I am only beginning to realize the importance of Mark Grist's and Sandra Nicole's work in this area. This is a direction the club will have to continue to take if we want to continue to enjoy our playgrounds and sanctuaries.

But the VOC isn't primarily about reading old log books or negotiating with snowmobilers, it's about getting outside. This year saw many fresh faces on the executive (hey, how else do you think I ended up prez?), but that didn't stop the year from starting off with a bang. We had a bit of a blunder at Glacier School when we got busted for too many kids on the hill. Longhike went smoothly, the usual rock trips

followed. In the new year at winter longhike we found out that snow caves are better at handling rain than igloos (hey, you learn something new every day!). In true VOC fashion many fresh new smiling (mostly) faces learned to ski in the backcountry this year. Somewhere amongst this blur of activity Greg Rekken has been planning the new Brew Hut.

Many thanks go out to the entire executive for making my job easy (and for putting up with me).

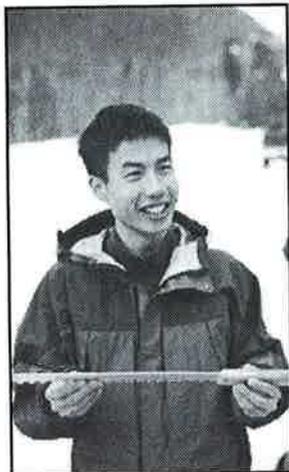
The VOC Executive
2002-2003



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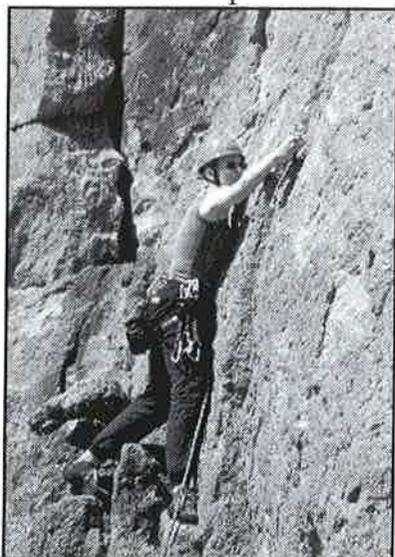


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- Very Useful Person -

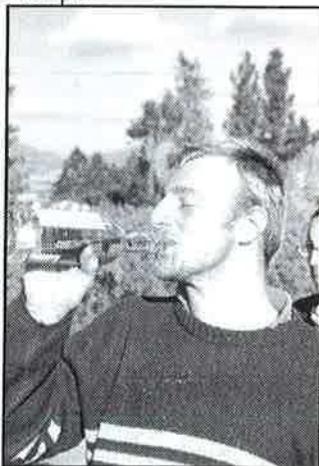


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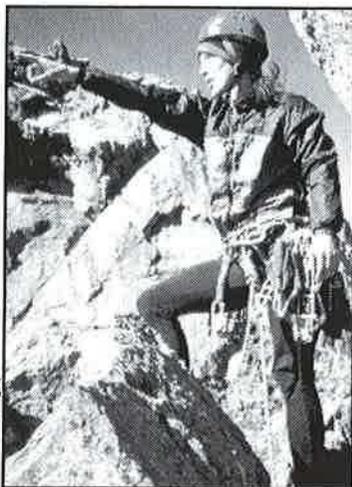


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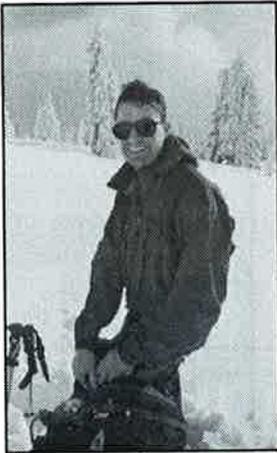


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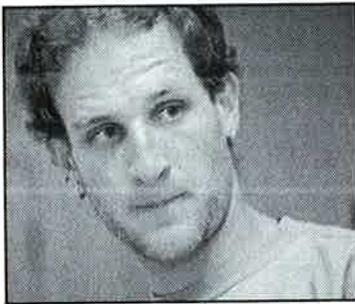
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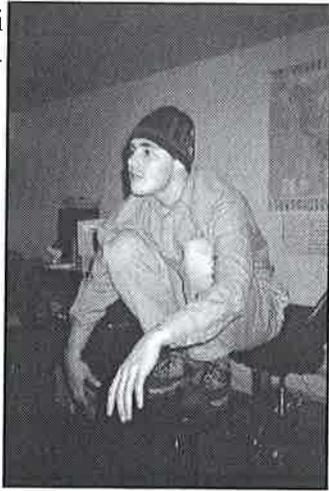


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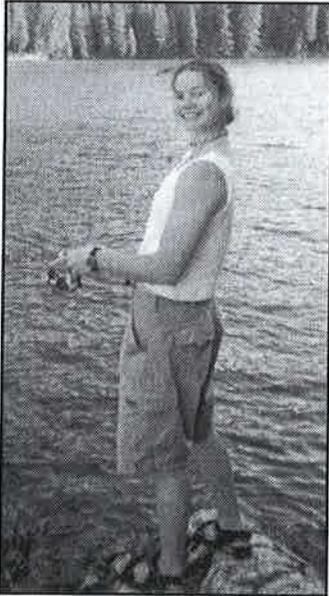
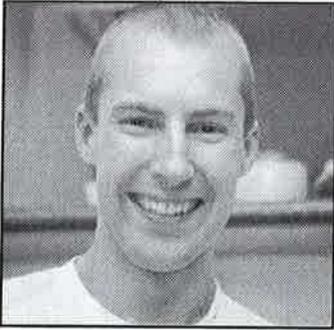


Kristen Beaumont
-Journal Editor-

Chris Majewski
-Quatermaster-



Vincent Johnson
-Quatermaster-



Nicole Obedia
-Membership Chair-



Beth Friesien
-Climbing Wall
Coordinator-

Members missing:
Alica Barenas, -
Quatermaster
Mark Grist - FMBC Rep.

Editor's Message

Kristen Beaumont

I CAN'T believe I finished it.

This year's journal surprised me, again and again. Or, to be more accurate, the VOC did. To be honest, I didn't always think it would work out, I thought that nobody would submit anything, that advertisers wouldn't support us, and that my computer skills were totally inadequate. But you guys did submit things, advertisers bought ads, and I received more advice and offers of help than I knew what to do with. And so to thank you, I edited this book - here it is, I hope you like it.

I would especially like to thank my friends who are not in the VOC (they know who they are) who put in hours on the journal, or just put up with me while I did. You really didn't have too, but I am so glad that you did. You kept me sane. I also want to thank my father for letting me keep him up all night while I scanned, saved, discarded and rescanned over 200 images.

As for awards in this year's journal, I wish I didn't have to choose, because the quality of the submissions seems to get better every year. I personally know a few members who

spent hours editing their submissions to get them just right. The photos and slides were amazing as usual, especial those submitted by Matt Buckle, Scott Nelson and Chee Chan. I don't know very much about photography, so I hesitate to say one is better than all the rest, instead I'll just chose my favorite. Its the suset pictured on the back cover, by Chee Fong Chan.

The VOC is fortunate to have in its membership some wonderfully humorous individuals. Luckily, a few have them have written some very entertaining articles. Runner-up for funniest article is Mike Hengeveld's most inspiring piece "If Your Clothes Are An Expression Of Who You Are, Then You Must Be Rather Boring." I will be sporting lycra from now on. The one article that makes me grin no matter how many times I read it is a bit of a tragedy, really. Its Crystal Penner's " How to Get a Ride- A Step-by-Step-Guideline" I really, really understand you, Crystal.

It seems likely that our club members draw their inspiration from the places they visit, and from the people they meet. Mark Grist seems to be one of the fortunate who were able to gain inspiration from both those sources, and has passed this on to us in his article "Remembering John Clarke". This is this year's most inspiring article, by far. Thank you Mark, and thank you John.

The best overall article is really a matter of opinion. As for a runner-up I have to go with "Mickey's off-width journal" because it is entertaining from start to end. The one I have chosen for best article was an easy decision. It is everything that a journal editor could want in an article- humour, adventure, and nice diagrams. And it goes to show that its not only the successful trips that make great stories. This year's winner is Matt Brown's piece, "Mt Columbia in February."

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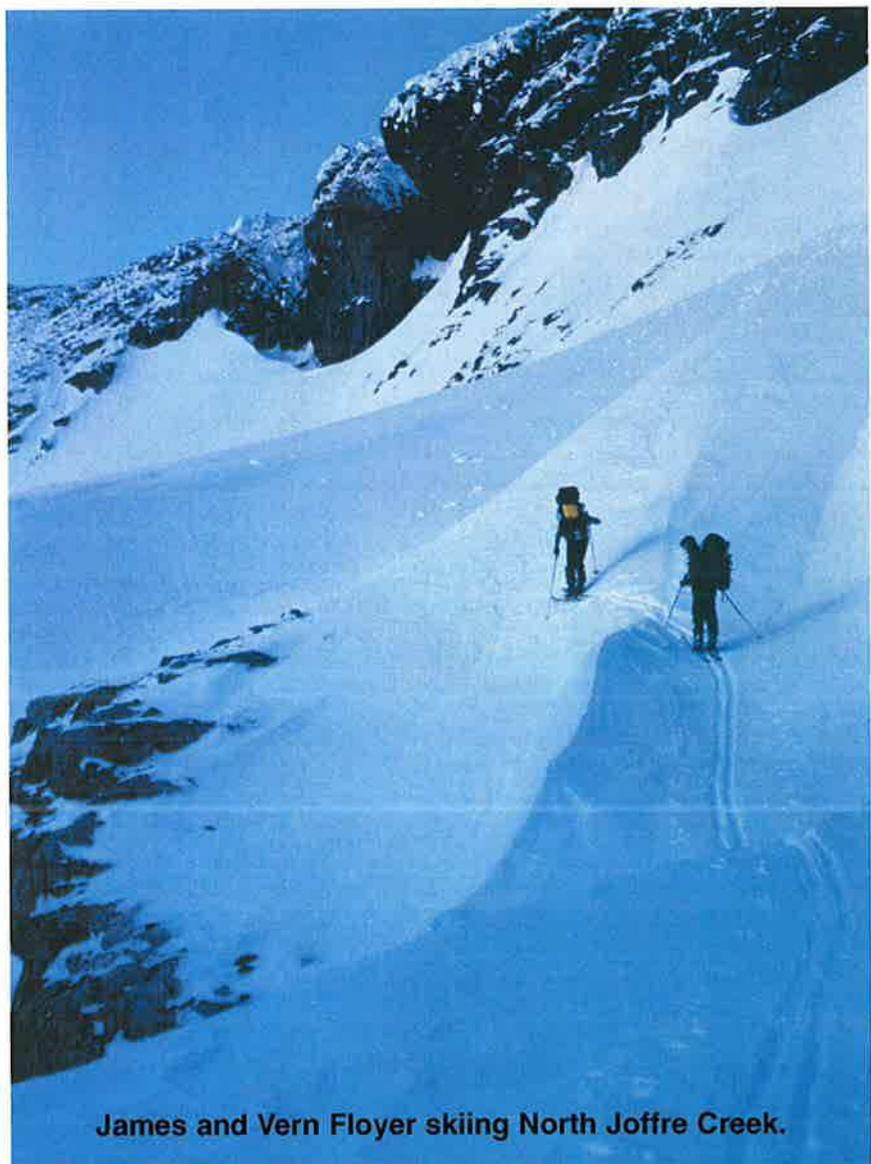
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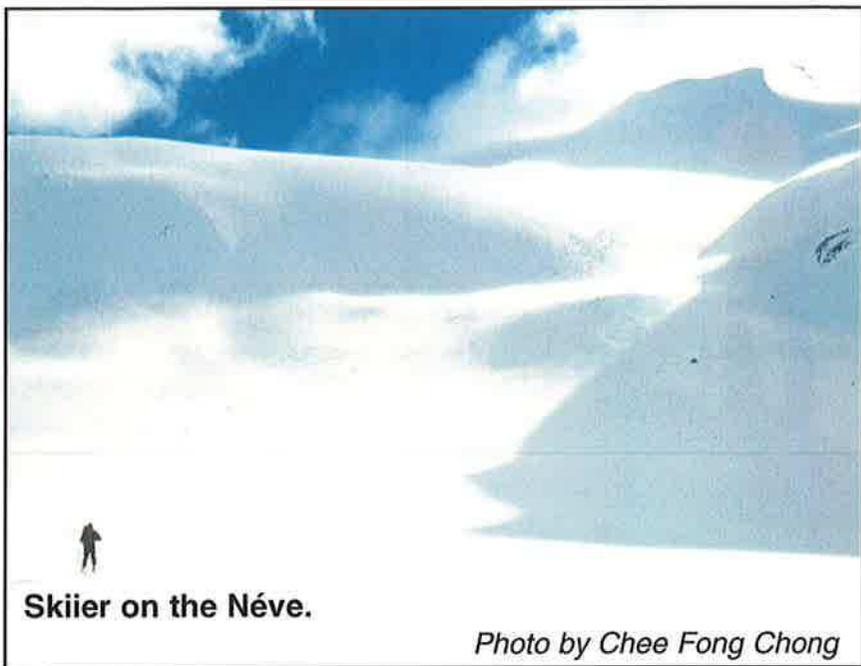
Lena Rowatt skiing the Australia Coullour, Mt. Joffre.

Photo by Jacqui Hudson



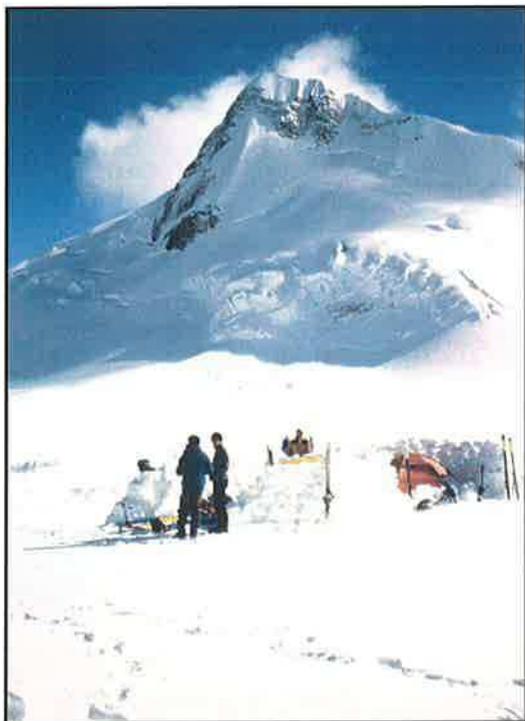
James and Vern Floyer skiing North Joffre Creek.

Photo by Chris Michalak



Skiier on the Néve.

Photo by Chee Fong Chong



**Mount Satan,
Monarch Icefield.**

*Photo by
Stefan Albrecher*



Tim Doty on Mt. Joffre.

*Photo by
Jacqui Hudson*



Sunset from Duffey Lake Road.

Photo by Milena Semproni

Mount Columbia in February?

Matthew Brown

NOT A CHANCE. Not even the faintest glimmer of a hope. What a wonderful thing hindsight is. Maybe foresight is an equally wonderful thing, but with 'the benefit of foresight' we certainly wouldn't have ventured onto the Columbia Icefield, Feb 15, Day after Valentines, 2003, when the forecast called for -30 deg C temperatures and 1/2m of new snow.

The Grand Plan involved a string of 3000m peaks - Castleguard, Columbia, Snow Dome, North Twin and Kitchener. We would ski in fresh powder, camp in our tents and maybe a snow cave, see wonderful views, take lots of photos and have lots of FUN. In reality we achieved none of our objectives: we climbed no peaks, made no turns and saw no views. The whole thing was definitely *not* FUN. Luckily, it's the *relative* fun that counts (see figure 1)...

DAY 0 Sat Feb 15

7:30am One white Honda leaves Vancouver, destination - the Columbia Icefield, vast swathe of glacial ice flanked by numerous formidable peaks. Matt contemplates the adventure ahead whilst Reid recaps the subtleties of manual transmission. "It's been a while" he said. What he meant was that the last standard he drove was a tractor on his

parent's farm, if you tried to stall it, it usually had other ideas. Cruising at 20km/h in 5th gear we spotted a place for lunch, pulled off the road and ...*!CLUNK?# Such was Reid's dislike of changing gear that we were overtaken four times by a transport tanker, and whilst trying to avoid reverse changed from 5th to 2nd at 80km/h. Ouch.

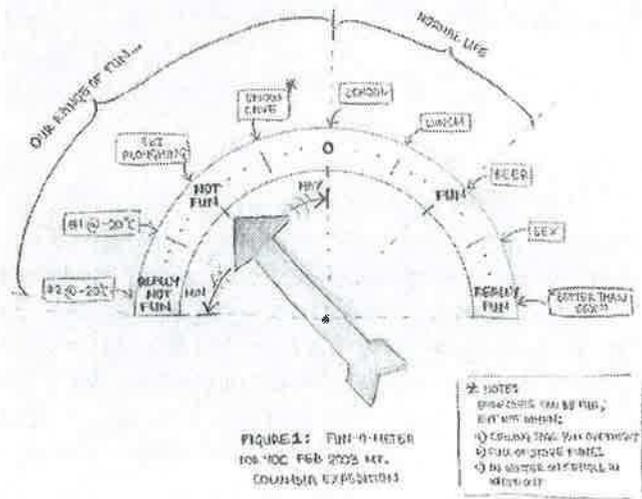
7:30pm Surprisingly we made it, and Steph and Jan had already arrived at the ridiculously warm hostelry at Rampart Creek. Over Kraft Dinner and a v. large bag of licorice allsorts we made plans. All seemed well until we realised that size 8.5 boots don't quite fit into 13.5 bindings. A makeshift engineering workshop was established and a Swiss army knife called into action. One tub elbow grease later the Silvrettas were one notch the better and we were back in business. Reid, why do you have such small feet?



*Reid and Steph on the glacier
-Matt Brown.*

DAY 1 Sun Feb 16

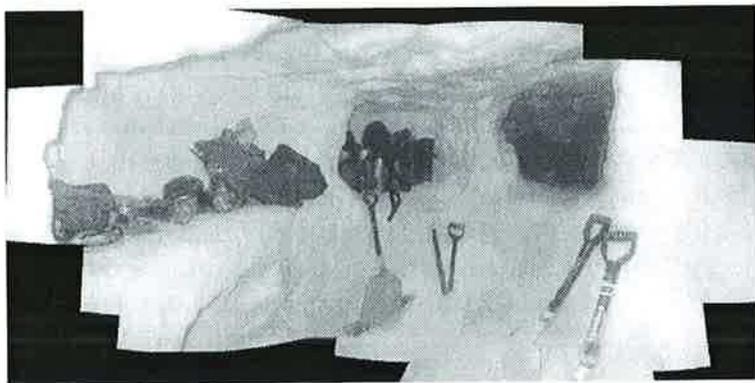
The morning brought a thin covering of snow, and being the only cars on the 93 at 8am was strangely beautiful. We pulled up at the Saskatchewan Bend (1600m) and stacked a weeks worth of gear in packs and sledges. Then off we plodded through the trees, surprised to find a vague trail indicating the presence of at least some other fools who thought that ski touring in the Rockies in February was a smart idea. The trail soon faded though, and we were sliding through fresh snow towards the Saskatchewan glacier. After tempting us onward with reasonable visibility, the clouds closed in and we were reduced to following the rope ahead, or the compass if unlucky enough to be breaking trail. At 5pm and just north of Mount Castleguard we dug in and pitched camp 1 (2500m). Cheesy rice and sausages followed by Grasshopper Pie and Cookies went down a treat. We settled to sleep with the weather disappointingly warm at -5 deg C. Hey, it said -20 in the brochure, I want my money



back!

DAY 2 Mon Feb 17

The morning ended all our disappointments. What can you say about a day of complete whiteout, wind and horizontal snow? We made a tragic 6km in as many hours, ploughing uphill through deep powder, guided by the compass and the magic of GPS. Definitely not fun. Pitching camp, the temperature fell to a much more respectable -15 deg C.



inside the snow cave

DAY 3 Tue Feb 18

Camp 2, 2800m, visibility nill, wind and a shedload of snowfall showing no signs of stopping. Opting to sit it out, Steph and Jan retreated to their tents, Matt played around with the digital camera, and Reid starting digging. At noon Reid was still digging, and halfway to the construction of an ice palace. After drawing a 6km circle (=1 day's progress) on the map from our current position, I thought about it for a moment, then picked up a spade. Pointless, but sure beats skiing...

I didn't realise quite how important the snow cave was until the tents started to collapse under the weight of the snow that evening. After a desperate break of camp in the continuing snowstorm (our tent poles were frozen and we had to breathe on them to free them), we moved all our gear to the snow cave. The cave was a palace. It had a large bend in the entrance to block wind and spindrift, a cavernous sleeping area for four, storage shelves and a cooking area. The one design flaw was putting the cooking area in the middle - the sleeping area filled with fumes and our inadequate vent holes kept filling with snow. When Reid complained of being cold and thirsty we had a bit of situation - we needed Reid to be warm in his bag, but the sleeping area was being filled with fumes, we had to turn off the stoves, but we needed warm water. We tried digging a ledge just outside but the spindrift quickly rendered the Dragonfly a ball of ice. Quickly the spades came out and we dug a new platform in the entranceway.

Still no joy though as the lighters were full of snow, and we had to resort to flint and steel to get going again. This was 'REALLY NOT FUN'.

DAY 4 Wed Feb 19

Waking in the morning everyone was a lot more chilled out. Steph read us a fascinating story about the Yorkshire sport of Ferret Legging. This involved the participants tying the bottoms of their trousers, dropping in a pair of hungry ferrets and then tying up the belt. Maybe sitting out a snowstorm at -20 isn't so bad after all...

I broke out of the cave first in the morning - digging out a metre of accumulated snow. But the conditions were identical to yesterday and not conducive to moving from our now comfortable snow palace. Jan buried her head in Lord of the Rings, Reid slept and Steph started preparing oatmeal. Steph and I seemed to be coping best with the cold,

but the team dynamic was good and we each had our roles:

Steph "Let's go climb Columbia in February" Durocher -
Our fearless leader

Matt "Husky" Brown - Master snowbuster

Reid "Caveman" Holmes - Snow cave designer and digger

Jan "Pees like a man" McPhee - ...spending a healthy
amount of time in Middle Earth

However, the reality of the situation was setting in and we began to think of tactical retreat. The fair weather objective was now Snow Dome, and otherwise we would head out.

The snow cave was a *really* good idea - the white stuff just wasn't stopping. Inside the cave was silent despite the howling wind and (relatively) warm, despite the bitter cold. Any trip to the surface brought back the same reports: temperatures around -20 deg C, wind, snow and zero visibility. This made every trip to the top something of an ordeal. Worst was if nature called for a number 2, for which scenario Steph advised

"Dig a hole, get everything out of the way, and be quick!"

Definitely not fun.

So we spent another night in the snowcave, but we knew it would be our last - the roof had sagged noticeably under the weight of fallen snow.

DAY 5 Thu Feb 20

The plan was to get out. In a day. It was 19km and the conditions were awful. We knew that high on the icefield every step would sink us knee-deep in powder, even deeper in the wind swept dunes. And we had to drag sleds through this stuff with our week sized packs on. We only hoped that

the snow would improve further down the glacier. So it was with some trepidation that we coerced our frozen gear back into commission and left our oasis beneath the snow.

9:30am The first few steps confirmed our fears. Reid set off in the heavy snow, laden with 80l pack and battling to keep skis above snow. Behind him was Steph, who, breaking a sled-width trail, was also working hard. The plan was to follow back our GPS waypoints from the ascent, and steer clear of avalanche danger. The reality was a miserable rate of progress that we knew would take us at best back to camp 1 and another night on the glacier. The problem was: breaking trail was a nightmare - after 5 minutes slog and maybe a rope length's progress, the leader would be panting, maxed out aerobically whilst the back of the chain, sliding down the by then well packed trail, would get cold. So we had to spread the load, and what we came up with was "the system" (see figure 2):

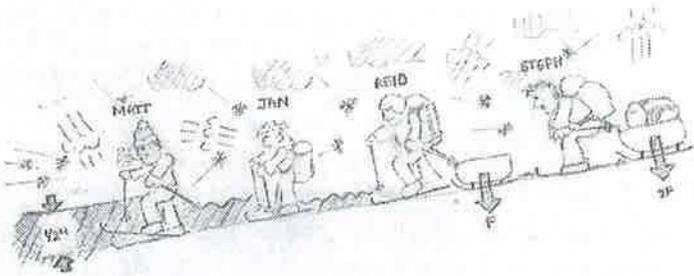


FIGURE 2: "THE SYSTEM"
- a drawing for 4

In 1, Matt "Husky" Brown, breaking trail with no sled, no

pack, and only the knee deep snow to contend with (that's 1/2 metre, Matt has long legs).

In 2, Jan "Pees like a man" McPhee again with no sled, but carrying a pack and ploughing partially trodden but waist deep snow (Jan has small legs!).

In 3, Reid "Caveman" Holmes, bearing the first sled and a pack, thus digging a wider trail for the anchorman...

In 4, Steph "Let's go climb Columbia in February" Durocher, carrying a beast of a load with two 80l packs, one on his back and another perched atop the fully laden sled #2. In this way we could make about 1km/h, with everyone happily balanced at the 'NOT FUN' level.

1pm After a few hours slog in this fashion we were within 2km of Camp 1. We had covered only 4km in 3 1/2 hours but from here the conditions improved markedly and soon we were motoring at 2, 3 and finally our skis skid briefly to hit 4km/h.

No one got any turns in, so it wasn't really 'FUN', but the transition from 'REALLY NOT FUN' to around '0' that day was equivalent to a relative fun level of 'REALLY FUN' (better than sex), so everyone was pretty happy.

Night fell and 12 hours after leaving camp we arrived at the cars. Of course neither of them started but that was considered par for the course. BTW - a really great way to fix a frozen wheel is to take it off and pour boiling water over the brake discs...

Moral:

"It doesn't have to be 'FUN' to be fun"

Marriott Hut Day Trip

Roland Burton

IN JANUARY 2003, snow around Vancouver was hard and scarce, so we thought if we drove far enough, maybe we could find some powder. So we planned an overnight trip to the Wendy Thompson ACC Hut at Marriott Basin. Then we remembered that the Hut was no longer a no-charge Hut and we should have made reservations. By the time we contacted the guy to make reservations we had pretty much convinced ourselves to not stay overnight, but instead camp beside the road. This way we wouldn't have to haul the usual brutally heavy packs, etc. Or pay.

Friday evening, we camped so close to the highway that the generator in the big sand shed could be heard. The night was clear, and cold, maybe -15°C . There were beautiful snowflakes or ice crystals in the air. In our sleeping bags we were warm enough because we had a couple of extra bags, but we had troubles keeping our noses warm. We seemed to be getting colds, which didn't help. Doris coughed. And Roland snored.

Morning eventually happened and we hid the tents behind some shrubberies and took off. The old logging road was pleasant enough, with a foot of base plus a little powdery

snow, but once into the trees it was plenty icy and nasty where the snow on the trees had melted and dripped and frozen. Higher up we started getting into powder, and after about 3 hours, arrived at the Hut. Above the Hut, the skiing was great- definitely worth the hike up. We saw a few brave souls up on the glacier making some tracks, which strengthened our desire to plan another trip at a later date. The hut, which is a fine piece of work, provided us with an excellent spot to eat our mighty fine chocolate chip cookies. We had time for only one run before heading down. The trip back started out lovely but eventually degenerated into putting on the skins, then taking off the skis and carrying them until we hit the valley. We got lost the usual number of times on the way back and it was probably the harmonious melody of the generator that guided us back to the home base. We arrived at the car at dusk, and decided that the skiing was not good enough in the valley to justify another night in our well-insulated accommodations, so we packed up and drove towards Pemberton. Without mentioning names it was suggested that we spend the night at the bed and breakfast at Mount Currie but, alas, we did the boring thing and drove home. We arrived home just ahead of a snowstorm, which could have closed the road, leaving us five adventurers stranded. We were April, Scott, Tasha, Roland, Doris.

Fjället och Skogen-
Exploring Sweden and Lapland
Dave Campbell

I HAD FINISHED up some work out in Quebec at the end of November, and found myself with both some money and time off. Steph was in the midst of a year exchange at the Swedish Agricultural University in Uppsala, about an hour north of Stockholm. I decided that perhaps a few months tromping around Scandinavia might be in order, so off I went.

Now it seemed to me that anyone heading to Scandanavia for the winter had best bring along a pair of skis, and I had, unfortunately, left my trusty pair back in Vancouver. I spent a couple of days parusing the second-hand establishments of Montreal, and managed to find a nice set of x-country skis, complete with adidas-style shoes. The whole get up was about \$30 which was perfect for me as I wasn't entirely sure how I was going to stretch my savings for such a long visit to a pretty expensive part of the world. I had never really used x-country skis before, and I kind of just assumed that it couldn't be much different than tele-skiing. The plastic bindings worried me a bit, but I figured with the set of bamboo poles I got I was set to be a bit of a fashion statement at any rate.

Now Sweden is truly a magical place. Maybe I am just romanticizing it but it seemed like a nation of outdoor

enthusiasts. Wherever I went, families, friends, people, were all outside playing and generally having a good time. People seemed to be pretty happy riding bikes along trails, going for walks in the forest, watching bird through their binoculars. And, unlike Canada, it didn't seem like it was a fringe activity to be in the outdoors. It seemed to be very much a part of everyone's being. I felt very at home amongst this philosophy.

When I first arrived in Uppsala, it wasn't quite winter yet. Uppsala is roughly at 58 degrees north; about the same latitude as Whitehorse. The North Sea regulates the climate significantly, and the area has a similar feel to the Interior of B.C.. In fact the landscapes and forests are also very similar to the Interior. The one main difference in Sweden is due to its northerliness, and can be summed up in one word- DARK! When I arrived in December it was fairly close to the winter solstice. The sun would rise some time around 10 am, though it would only cast a very low light. The height of noon was similar to what I would call dusk, and again it would be dark not long after 2. Despite the many long hours of darkness, the lightness did bring an incredible spectacle of light. The low light made the day seem like a constant sunrise or sunset. And as if to accentuate this light, the Swedes have painted their building in incredible tones of yellow, orange, and red that seem to enhance the daily light display.

The darkness is certainly enough to drive most people into a good bout of the mid-winter blues. The Swedes seem to combat the effects of this by drinking vast quantities of coffee. In fact, coffee seemed to be one of the only affordable things at the grocery store, which made me seriously question whether the government was not subsidizing it just to keep the nation perked up. In any event, I love coffee and had no complaints.

As I waited for the snow to fall, the early part of my visit was spent riding my bicycle around the countryside near

Uppsala. Sweden is amazing for its focus on bicycles. It seemed, riding into the town of Uppsala from where we lived, that there was far more traffic on bicycle than car. Bikes got their own separate lanes, traffic lights. When it snowed, the paths got sanded and snow-plowed. And the bike parking at the train station was unlike anything I had ever seen; there were literally thousands of bikes.

The snow finally fell, and I could get my new (old) skis into action. Perhaps it is because I grew up in Vancouver and am not used to having snow be around that much, but for me it was pretty amazing being surrounded by so much of it. I found it terribly novel to be able to step out of the front door of the house and put my skis on! Things that I would have done on my bike I could now do on my skis. If I needed to get some groceries (i.e. coffee), I could throw the skis on and away I would go. The best thing was that when I got to the grocery store, I wasn't the only one who had skied there! I was truly falling in love with Sweden. I would often spend



Millena Sembroni looking for avalanches.

my days touring around on my skis in the countryside around Uppsala. The whole of Sweden is criss-crossed with all sorts of trail networks, and it seems like you can go on exploring forever.

There was a fairly big lake nearby, Lake Milarin, and I would often go for a ski to the lake shore for a picnic. In late January, the lake finally froze over, and again I was introduced to another Swedish treat. Rather than x-country skiing, a really big activity is x-country skating, or long-distance skating (*långfarskidskrö*). In general, Sweden is a pretty dry place, so when lakes freeze over, they are often bare of snow. With lots of lake around, skating makes a perfect way to go exploring. The skates are different than ice-skates we have in Canada. They are longer, and have a binding that make them similar to x-country skis, and you can wear tele-boots in them. With little friction against the ice, you can get going pretty fast on the skate. On Milarin Lake they would have races every year to Stockholm, which was about 80km away. The Baltic Sea freezes too sometimes, and people explore the coast line on skates. There is even a race that goes Helsinki in Finland if the conditions are right!

I found this *långfarskidskrö* pretty neat. There is a lot of safety equipment that goes along with it (throw ropes and ice picks to help you get out if the ice breaks-in fact it seems that breaking through is just a part of it sometimes). Being on a big frozen lake is different than anything I have experienced. The ice was about a foot thick, and clear, and being able to stare through to the nothingness produced a strange vertigo feeling. As well, the shifting of the ice made the ice literally "sing", which was both eerie and magical. The whole touring thing seemed to work pretty well with the x-country skis. I did manage to rip off the toe to my adidas shoes trying to crank some tele turns. A replacement pair of boots ended up costing most of a month's spending money. We managed to explore a lot of the area around

Uppsala, as well as doing some touring further afield.

While I was in Sweden, I really had a strong desire to go to the north of the country and ski around the mountain in the arctic. There is a train that heads up north to the town of Kiruna, then through the national park, Abisko, then out past the border with Norway to Narvik. Sweden is odd sometimes. Some things seem to be very expensive (going out for a beer would cost about \$8-10), while other things were pretty cheap (coffee). Well luckily long distance train trip were pretty cheap, and I found myself in early on the long train journey (something like 16 hours) up to Abisko. Abisko is at about 70 degrees north latitude, well above the arctic circle (about the same latitude as Inuvik). I figured March would be a good time to go, as the area sees a lot more people later in the spring, yet it was late enough to get a bit warmer weather (or so I thought).

The plan was to spend a 8 days travelling along the Kungleden, or King's route. This is a major trail that heads through the mountains of Sweden. Along the way I would pass 110 km through the heart of Abisko national park and out past Kenekeise, the tallest mountain in Sweden. There were mountain huts along the way, as well as warming shelters spread in between. Since the huts were fairly expensive, I was hoping to stay in the warming shelters or bivi.

The train ride up was spectacular. The boreal forests of the south turned to taiga, then into the arctic. Everything seemed to have a stark whiteness to it all. The train was filled with other ski tourers heading out for adventures around the country. Because the terrain is in general fairly flat, sleds, or polken, are fairly popular. I actually felt pretty light for my journey despite having everything on my back (I think it was the x-country skis).

The train let me off at north end of Abisko park. To the north was a wide open, white valley, filled with a big frozen lake, Torneträsk. To the south were the mountains (in fact

the image of this valley is fairly ubiquitous in Swedish tourism stuff. Kind of the Swedish version of the Rockies). I strapped on my skis, and headed for the hills.

Perhaps a comment should be said about these mountains. Compared to mountains in B.C., the Swedish hills are somewhat shorter. Kebnekaise, the tallest mountain in Sweden, is just over 6000 feet. Yet, the mountains are more or less entirely alpine, and in ways this gives the impression that you are much higher than you actually are.

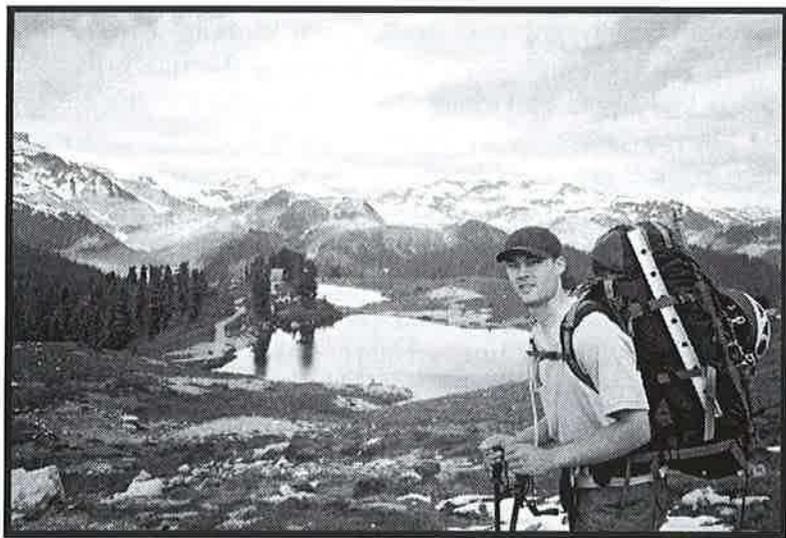
My first day took me through some lovely rolling terrain. I set up a camp at Akiskojaure, a small lake at the gateway to the mountains. I dropped my pack, and went rambling around the hills nearby. There was some thick forest scrub brush on the hillsides that made travel fairly tricky, and made my foray somewhat short. I did manage to see quite a few ptarmigans though, nestled in cover under the trees.

The first night of the trip was certainly not the best. I had been having difficulties getting a hold of white gas in Sweden; the favored fuel is alcohol. Well, alcohol doesn't burn too well in a Whisperlite (I found this out by trial and error), so I jury rigged an alcohol stove out of a beer can inside of a big tin can. I thought that I had worked the kinks of the stove back at the house, and it wasn't until I was field testing it the first night that I found out that alcohol doesn't burn too well in really cold temperatures. It took over 3 hours to cook dinner and melt a litre of water for the next day. The whole time I half shivered away in my bivi sack. I wore all of my clothes to bed, and brought my water bottle into my sleeping bag with me. When I woke in the morning, my water bottle had frozen solid! It took another couple of hours to melt water again (I learned not to bother doing it the night before in the future), and had breakfast and was on my way.

The second day was the first real bit of uphill. I was curious to see how my skis would fare since I didn't have any skins, and was only using wax. This day was really enjoyable. I

climbed up out of the Abisko valley, and up into some high country. I always seem to find that the world opens up as you get higher. The weather started to turn later in the day. Just after lunch I ran into the first person so far. I was all excited to get to practice my Swedish and said hello to the fellow “*Det är so jette bra idag*”. In a thick British accent the man responds to me “Sorry, do you speak English?”. At least I tried.

The weather deteriorated into a full blown storm by afternoon, and I met another fellow, Danish this time, heading in my direction. It was pretty hard to get lost on this trip; the trail is marked every 30m or so with a pole! I guess the down side of that is that you can travel in just about any kind of weather. I made it to the warming hut I was heading for. I arrived with the Danish fellow, and it was already occupied by a tough old crusty Dutch lady. It



Mike Young at Elfin Lakes.

ended up that the Danish guy and Dutch lady knew each other; they would both spend weeks or months exploring the mountains around Lappland every year (for the past many it seemed). I quite enjoyed the company. The Dutch lady had all sort of entertaining stories, and she was a real character. She must have been in her late sixties or seventies, and was quite weather beaten. She had a sled with her, and would traipse around the mountains by herself for months at a time. I was quite inspired by her.

I spent the next day exploring around the cabin. I headed up a valley to the south which diverged from the main Kungsleden route. In the summer, the Sami, the indigenous people of this region, herd and graze reindeer in these valleys. I came across a *renvakterstugan*, or reindeer herding hut nestled in the valley bottom. That night I spent another toasty warm evening in the warming hut.

The next day was another stormy day. By the time I made it to Alesjaure, the next staffed hut, it was a full blizzard. Up until this point I had been trying to keep a low profile with the hut wardens, as I was avoiding the pay huts. The warden had heard that there was a Canadian coming through (the Danish fellow had passed the message along) so she was expecting me in the midst of the storm. I was in a bit of a bind as I really didn't want to pay to stay there, but the warden thought it somewhat reckless for me to carry on. Morals were compromised, and I coughed up the money. The place was definitely over the top. It was more like a hotel rather than a hut. There was actually a separate restaurant, gift shop cabin, it could sleep about 200 people, and there was a sauna!

The next day was a long haul as I wanted to get to the next "free" hut (I had spent my emergency fund on the hut the night before, and was starting to wonder how I was going to eat for my remaining 3 weeks in Sweden once this trip was over). This day took me to the high point of the trip, a high (relatively speaking) pass between Tjåktja and Sålka.

There was a bit of a shelter there which I called home for the night. I went for a nice foray up the mountainside near the hut, and had lovely views of where I had come from over the previous days, and where I would head for the rest of the trip. I even got some nice turns back to the hut.

Day six was a pretty mellow day. I followed tracks down to the next hut, Sälka. I had assumed that the tracks were maybe a dog that stayed at the huts, but when I chatted with the warden there she had no dog and figured they might have been wolverine tracks. I made it out to the next hut, and had a good chat with the warden there. He was about the same age as me, and was involved in similar work to what I do. He hadn't had a visitor in over a week and he was pretty happy to have someone to chat to. He was a pretty nice fellow. I was planning on biving outside and paying the day use fee, but as he headed off for the night he said he wouldn't be bothered if I stayed inside.

The next day was out past Kebnekeise. The mountains all around were spectacular, and they were far more rugged than the terrain that most of this trip had gone through. Unfortunately, there was a fairly big hut complex at the far side, and I couldn't deal with the crowds enough to go and investigate it. I camped the last night on the trail out to Nikkoluokta, a small Sami village.

Day 8 was a short ski out, and I spent the morning skiing around the hills of Nikkoluokta, and waiting for my bus to arrive. It was nice to get a glimpse of what life is like for these Northerners.

The rest of my visit in Sweden was fairly laid back. Most of the snow had melted around Uppsala. There was a lovely river near where we lived, and we managed to spend some time canoeing around. With the spring also came all sorts of bird life. It was neat to see the whole land come alive again after the winter. I unfortunately came back to Canada before the Swedish summer started and I missed the "midnight sun". But I really enjoyed my time there, and look forward to when I can go back.

The Arrival

Chee Fong Chan

With contributions from Jon Woodward, Erin Tong, and Alasdair Buchanan.

“ARE WE THERE YET?”

“No”.

10km later...

“Are we there yet?”

“No”.

For a weekend excursion, one could say that crossing Garibaldi Lake to Burton Hut is longer than one might reasonably agree to participate in. That however, was not the opinion of Roland Burton, Erin Tong, Doris Leung, Vince Johnson, Jon Woodward, Alasdair Buchanan, and I, who made the traverse on the 2nd weekend of March, 2002. Many experienced ski tourers know that the frozen lake makes the crossing a viable option from the months of January through to early May. However, having only seen the turquoise blue waters of Garibaldi Lake by summer's glow, my confidence in that assertion was marred by thoughts of thunderous shots of cracking ice beneath the thin camouflage of fresh snow. Standing alone on a broken fragment of ice in a lake of icebergs, I'm floating away like a message in a bottle towards the waterfalls off some massive cliff, plummeting to my watery doom in the roaring river below...

“Are we there yet?”

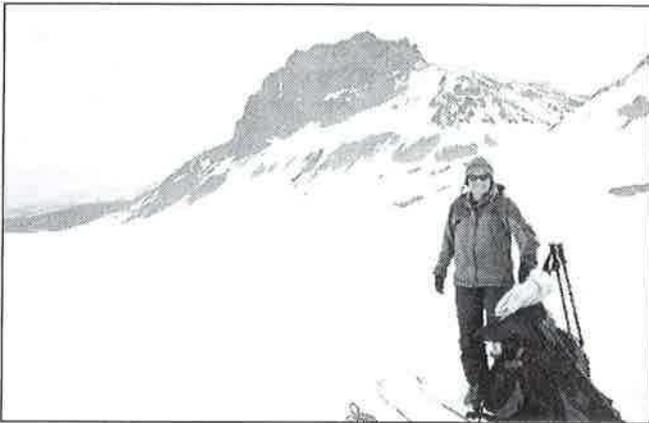
“No”.

“Does someone want to carry me?”

“No”.

When you stand at the frigid edge of the lake, indistinguishable from the shore because of the mounds of snow that blend the surfaces together seamlessly, the distance to the other end seems conceivably short. After all, what was four kilometres across a frozen ice sheet? Glancing across its vastness, images of sitting atop the ice with a rod in hand, ice fishing, or plummeting into the glacial waters because of the laws of physics wrought my thoughts...

We set off in a path as straight as we could plow across the featureless surface. Against a headwind and driving snow, we trailed across the lake at our respective paces, spreading far apart enough to surely be visible from space. After 11km of previous trekking up to the 1400m elevation, the 4km



Skier (on the neve?)

--Chee F. Chan

journey stretched the length of the Great Wall. Fortunately, the visibility remained clear enough for us to see our destination. However, that only instilled a dire sense of stationary motion; each slide of the ski seemed to bring us no closer to the opposite shore. Only the slow retreat of Black Tusk and Panorama Ridge towering beside us indicated we were going anywhere. Slowly, they too vanished in the snowstorm.

Having heard a previous account of Fern having to probe for the hut underneath all the snow in a previous excursion was not a welcoming thought to our weary bodies. However, our shovels would be used for little more than clearing the doorway of the blue hut, a diamond in the rough when we finally set our sights upon it. Tired though cheerful and accomplished, we fervently stowed away in the warmth of the Coleman lamp, Roland's stove, our food, and fine company. For only a distance of 15 km, the ten hour day had been exhausting. We all envied Jon's full length ultra plush thermarest, an (un)necessarily heavy compliment to his pack. I encourage outdoor enthusiasts to take lessons in message therapy. Apparently, it wins favours, places people in your debt, cures headaches, looks illicit, makes friends, and sometimes even comes back to you.

The driving blizzard that had set itself upon us the night before continued the next day with only a slight reprieve to allow the rising sun to awaken us. Early morning yawns, boiling water, Kraft dinner, and reheated chicken soup heralded the beginning of the new day. Keen to draw a few turns in the landscape, Jon, Alasdair and I set out to a slope behind the hut while the rest decided to return to the parking lot. With only a short amount of time before we had to make the crossing again ourselves, and the deterioration of the weather and slope conditions, we made the best of three short ascents and descents. Returning to the hut to collect

the rest of our gear, we eventually set off once again across the frozen lake.

“Are we there yet?”

“Where’s there?”

Even though the return journey should be easier due to the fact that the world can’t keep going up, it was arguably more perilous. Although Roland, Erin, Doris, and Vince had trekked out only a few hours earlier, their trail had disappeared under the driving snow. At times through the hour long traverse, the shorelines vanished and reappeared like black phantoms in the grey light. Hamsters on a wheel, skiing on the inside of a giant ping pong ball, and running a delusive treadmill were all appropriate analogies to our trail breaking efforts. Finally, we arrived after a bit of compass navigation to the shores of Battleship Island. After a quick lunch break we continued on our journey, eventually arriving at the well known switchback section of the trail. In the style of the winter sport of luge, we careened down the track with “a propensity to miss the hairpin corners”. However, luge tracks have walls... the trail held barely more than trees and cliff edges. Through sheer exhilaration and disregard for basic ski safety principles (ie. ski in a controlled manner with regard to those below you), we finally caught up to the other part of our group, reaching Erin at the cusp of the moment when her backpack rolled like a boulder down the slope. In spite of her horror at the comical sight, it was eventually recovered by Roland at the valley’s floor. Although the condition of the snow covered trail deteriorated as we lost altitude, Alasdair and Jon continued to ski all the way down to the car’s door. Ski tracks over protruding rocks, roots, dirt, soil, stream beds, pebbles, logs, fallen trees, branches, staircases, ice, and snow was evidence to the sheer ludicrous success of their descent. The less illustrious of us, or some might argue the wiser, dismounted

A White Awakening

Mike Young

GREG REKKEN AND I went on a backcountry snowboarding trip from Dec. 27-30, 2002. We had done the VOC organized avalanche school together last year, and boldly decided we were ready to venture out into the backcountry on our own for the first time. Our destination was the 'Bird's Nest' hut at Cayoosh Basin – a well built

and maintained private hut open to the public. After an easy approach (about 5km) from near the summit of Duffy lake road, we arrived at the 'Bird's Nest' on a calm overcast day, and found it was well stocked with everything from an axe to zig zags.



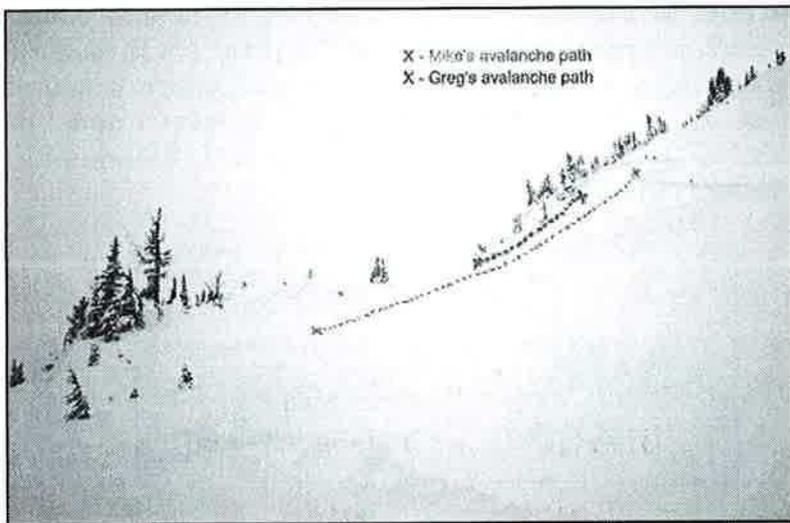
looking down toward the hut
-Mike Young

On the second day, we thought we'd try to climb a nearby peak with some beautiful looking lines. The snow was very soft and deep and extremely hard to move through, even with our snow shoes. Without snowshoes, you just sink up to your armpits and

it's nearly impossible to move. Ideal boarding conditions, less than ideal snowshoeing conditions. Everything was going fine until we got just around the treeline. We decided to risk ascending the side of a steep exposed ridge. Once atop the ridge we would have a relatively safe and easy path to the summit. It got increasingly steeper as we climbed the ridge, and I became increasingly uneasy about the terrain we were exposing ourselves to. As we approached the top of the ridge, I observed some fault cracks propagating from Greg's tracks ahead. Then, right after taking a step, I felt a slight shift in the snowpack around me. I yelled up to Greg to be alert, and told him the slope didn't feel so stable. He stopped and we assessed the situation. I dug a quick pit in the snow where I was to see if I could find any signs of an unstable slab. There were no obvious dangers from my crude test, and we decided that we were so close to the crest of the ridge we may as well press on. As a precaution, I decided to undo my pack straps so that in the event I was caught in an avalanche, I could easily ditch my pack which would act as an anchor and pull me under. The moment I undid my waist strap, Greg took one more step and 'Whoomph'... AVALANCHE!



It was the strangest sensation. The ground all around me just started sliding, taking me for a ride. I desperately spun around to face upslope, and attempted to ditch my pack, but it was still fastened by the sternum strap. All the things I learned in the avalanche course started running through my head – don't panic, try to stay upright, if you get buried 'swim' through the snow to stay near the surface, cup your hands around your face as things come to a stop to create an air pocket. I slid helplessly about 30m before things finally slowed down and came to rest. I was still above the snow, but I couldn't see Greg. I yelled his name, then heard him calling my name from below. He was carried about 80m, and had stopped near the bottom of the slide and was buried up to his waist.



We were both lucky to be unscathed by the event. This was a big wake up call for us, as we both realized how foolish it was to venture above the treeline in the current conditions

before properly analyzing the snowpack. If we had made it up the ridge, we probably would have followed it up to the summit. Then we would have boarded down from a much higher position, and almost certainly would have triggered something up higher, which likely would have been several times bigger in scale.

Before turning around, we assessed the damage. It was classic avalanche terrain – about a 40° convex leeward slope. The crown stretched about 30m across, and was 40cm deep.

So we quickly retreated back down into the trees on our snowboards, where we knew avalanche danger was much lower. We dug some test pits in the slope to analyze any other weak snow layers for future reference. “Yep,” Greg confirmed, “There’s a weak surface hoar layer at 40cm.” Good to know.

All we could do then was get back down. This is what we came for, the snow conditions were ideal for snowboarding and we made perfect powder turns all the way to the bottom, negotiating some small cliffs along the way.

Needless to say, we were much more cautious for the remainder of our trip, and avoided avalanche terrain as much as possible. The rest of our tour went without incident, and we got plenty more brilliant turns in while we were there.



Greg getting air off a boulder

A Humbling Encounter

Greg Rekken

IT HAD BEEN a dismal winter thus far. Another El Nino, global warming, Shiva's angst, or for whatever reason, the snow cover had been scarce to say the least. Winter felt more like a transition from fall to spring, with nothing in-between. So when Christmas brought a welcome dump of the fresh pow, I could barely contain myself. With a few days to spare between the festive holidays of Christmas and New Years, an outing was essential.

Mike Young and myself, two novice backcountry explorers, set out for a small, easy to access cabin in the Cayoosh area. We made the appropriate preparations, checking the weather forecast, avalanche bulletins, examining the snow pack, making virgin sacrifices, and a number of other pagan rituals.

The first day brought us to the cabin, where we sampled the light fluffy powder in a nearby cut-block. Reminiscent of Rocky Mountain conditions, I could hardly wait for the following day to gain some elevation and sail. We moved out after a casual breakfast. The going was tough, the snow hadn't had time to settle, and we sunk knee-deep every step of the way. Eventually the trees separated, exposing the

sub-alpine, where straight on would take us through a field of small trees, to the left was a gully leading to the alpine and further left was a ridgeline rising above the suspicious gully. We decided the ridge was the best line, as the tree laden field would eventually put us below dangerously steep slopes.

The ridge seemed easy enough with only one steep section rising over a bare knoll, onto the flat and easy. We trudged on, criss-crossing the slope, sinking above the knees with every step. We identified a hard layer at about 30 cm, only after the surface cracked. Almost at the top we moved on. A few more steps and Mike felt the whole slope move beneath him. One more step and the slope did move. It was surreal, my whole world closed in. I was stationary, watching the slab shear in front of me, rising up the slope. It took a moment before realizing it was me that was moving, not the mountain. I remained on the slab, only a few feet from the top, watching the gap widen. All seemed well until the hulking mass liquefied; heavy and viscous it sucked me down. I struggled to stay afloat, attempting to swim, arms flailing, hopelessly. Being a part of the slide I rode it to the end, packed amongst those airy flakes turned to lead. The energy was incredible, coming from every direction to squeeze and pile around my body. Sinking deeper as the mass settled I was relieved to be spared, with my upper torso and head still exposed.

It took a moment to gather my thoughts before realizing that Mike was nowhere in site. I had myself dug out in an instant while hollering for my partner. Relieved to hear his reply, I scrambled over the exposed boulder hiding him from view. Clear of all debris, he sat on the hard crust responsible for the slide. It was smooth and hard from the beating winds and penetrating sun earlier in the season. An inspection of the site revealed numerous signs indicating an un-save slope,

including the bare slope rising to a convex knoll at the top, with a mass of broken, leaning trees at the bottom. It was all there in plain site. Had we only first consulted the mountain before climbing, the whole experience could have been avoided.

In truth I am glad it happened. Having only taken an avalanche course last year I had no point of reference. No way of evaluating the difference between a moderate and a considerable hazard. No real sense of the truths lying behind a moderate tap test, or an easy compression test. As the avalanche instructor constantly reinforced, experience is the only true teacher. I am just glad my experience afforded me another chance.



Crown of the Avalanche
-Mike Young.

Brew Hut Ski Trip

aka

Why are you skiing UP the mountain?

Ashley Peterson

WHEN I TOLD my mom I was doing a ski trip to Brew, she was confused. I explained that I was skiing up to the hut, then skiing back down the next day. “Why are you skiing *up* the mountain?” was her next question.

I was wondering the same thing myself. Chris and I left Vancouver at the unholy hour of 5:30am, and made the necessary stop at Timmy H’s on our way through Squamish. After some confusion at the bottom, we managed to get a good ways up the logging road and we got started. It is my firm belief that there are way, way too many waterbars on that road. Can’t they come up with another system that won’t result in me ending up sprawled in the snow at every other drainage channel?

Just as I was thinking there was no way in hell I’d make it to Brew before dark, Roland showed up with Kristen and Erin. That gave me the motivation to keep going, although I started to lose that motivation again when we got to the steep clearcut.

Kick-turning is a lot more difficult than I thought it would be. I had the bright idea that it would be less scary to do it

facing uphill. That thought lasted about 2 seconds, and ended right about the time when I well over and ended up tangled with my skis pointing in all the wrong directions. At first I thought I'd be able to get up without too much problem, but I just ended up sliding farther down. So off came the pack, and Roland got below me and tried to take off my skis, which was a lot more difficult than anticipated. Finally I got them off and crawled up the rest of that little section.

A little ways above treeline was when we ran into our first round of binding problems. Roland was able to fix it with his toothbrush, though, and didn't have to resort to peeing on his binding to melt the ice. A little ways higher up, Chris's binding broke. You may have seen him skiing down from winter longhike on one ski. That was the first broken binding. He wanted to get 2 cables after that so he'd have a spare, but there was only 1 left at MEC. I think he spent the rest of the way up worrying about how he'd get down.

I was a little embarrassed that Chris went the rest of the way on one ski and he still beat me to the hut by about half an hour. I can't even begin to describe how happy I was when I was the last of our group to drag myself in through the upstairs window shortly after sunset. We managed to get nice and cozy downstairs without dying from asphyxiation from the heater.

Chris put a lot of thought into how he was going to get down the next day, and came up with an ingenious system involving a Jack Daniels keychain and some of the club Pieps webbing. Of course, at the time of writing this he still hasn't replaced the webbing and returned the Pieps that he borrowed for me, so to the quartermasters, please don't hold it against me!

The next morning we woke up to the sun shining in on us. We had breakfast and packed up, and Roland emptied out the bucket of pee that had been left downstairs. Then we headed up to find Microbrew before heading down. I was pleased- skiing down I can do. Skiing up is far more questionable. Chris's binding held, and I managed not to crash into any trees. We made pretty good time, and were pleased to discover on the way out that the gate wasn't closed. This had been a bit of concern, so we had split up with the others when we got to the forest.

Despite not being able to move for the rest of that day, I enjoyed our little trip to Brew. And though I'm sure I will do more ski trips, each time I will wonder what on earth made me want to ski up a mountain.



*James Floyer,
Powder Hound.
-Chris Michalak*

My Tarp Leaks:
A Winter Longhike Experiment
Crystal Penner

IT WAS A lovely January day, morning actually...6:20 in the morning. I had recently gone to sleep after a hard early morning drinking and, after a healthy 2 hours of sleep I was rarin' to go. Objective: to determine whether my tarp leaks or not and, it seemed, the only way to achieve this would be to spend the night underneath it in a downpour. My ride showed up. That doesn't seem like a big deal but in light of another article entitled "how to get a ride – a step-by-step guideline," I was ecstatic. Surprisingly, the ride to Manning Park was relatively uneventful; of course I wouldn't really know since I slumped into a coma the minute my ass hit the seat; if it began raining whales and they were smashing through the windshield I wouldn't have noticed.

We arrived at the Park to find that our dear friend Kristen hadn't been able to interrupt her sleep long enough to meet her ride, that was fine (shed a tear, she had the dessert). So our quest began...the walk up to the crazy-snow-shelter-building place was nice, despite the fact that the snow, rather than being something easy to snowshoe on was the exact opposite. Everyone made it up (as far as I can tell) and we all began shelter building. My group (there were three of us) thought it would be wise to build a quinzie (snow piled

up then dug out) on a steep slope which we mistook for snow. That's right, a steep slope of ground cleverly disguised itself as soft, deep snow. As an added insult, there was a big log running through the middle of it, a big log. After a couple of hours piling snow on top of our slope-with-log, Scott came by with a probe and we realized that we were on a slope-with-log and decided to abort mission. After a little cry, we were convinced by many that a mass grave was the way to go so we did as we were told and dug ourselves a grave! It has a homey grave, around 3.5 feet high, tarps on top and bottom, quaint. To make a short story miniscule, it rained all night, our roof leaked, we got really, really wet. Not as wet as those whose igloo fell in on them, but wetter than those enlightened souls who decided to build their quinzie on flat terrain and spent a night in relative comfort. It is thus that we not only were able to meet our experimental goal, but also, as an added bonus, were able to spend twelve hours soaking wet and becoming bitter about our success. We established that my tarp does indeed leak and is likely not suitable for any liquid that does not consist of molecules smaller than golf balls.



Sarah, Chee and Al building a quinzie.

The Whiteout, April 25-27, 2002

Chee Fong Chan

STANDING IN THE DULL gray light, only the cracks of the crevasses ahead of me gave any hint of the edge of the slope I couldn't see. I had to bend my knees and duck my head down several times to let the lines of the crevasses below disappear behind the line of the descending slope. I had to be sure that the crevasses were real... I had to know how close I really was to the edge of the precipice. In the utter and complete blankness of the whiteout, we could make out few distances, few contours, vague shapes, and no directions. Occasionally the dense fog would lift momentarily with a gust of wind, and we would catch quick glimpses of rock faces, ice falls, avalanche fallouts, or the eerie blue of crevasse walls before the white blanket obscured our view again. Except for that occasional gust of wind, we stood in deathly silence as we tried to survey the forbidding landscape. Although it was difficult to tell, I estimated that the gaps of the crevasses before us were too wide to ski across, and the snow bridges were uncertain at best. Everything was uncertain at that moment, and for the third hour that day, we contemplated our path with apprehension and fear.

The Garibaldi Neve is a large icefield perched among the

volcanic behemoths that dot Garibaldi Provincial Park. It's part of a famous and popular ski traverse known as the Garibaldi Neve Traverse. Simply known as "doing the Neve", many backcountry skiers treat the traverse with respect and reverence. In fine weather, the Neve traverse provides an awesome experience in ski touring and a landscape benchmark in beauty. In bad weather, doing the traverse is every navigator's nightmare. Spring weather, long days, and the end of school term allowed Katy and I the opportunity to attempt the crossing. Having heard about it since I began backcountry skiing last January, crossing the Neve has always been a goal for me. In the many trips I had made to its accesses, Garibaldi Lake and Elfin Lake Shelters, I talked of its presence high above with companions with a matter of fact tone, slowly cajoling myself into the commitment I sought. Last Thursday, we committed ourselves to the attempt, in spite of reports of a small weather system moving in the day after.

The trip began easily enough under the blazing sunshine. We set out on our skis before midday and arrived at Elfin Lake shelter (11km) by 3pm. The skies began to gray as high cloud slowly moved in. Flakes of snow fell prophetically, but we paid them little heed. We ventured on for a further hour across gentle hills towards the access to the Neve, a glacial tongue below Opal Cone. In the process we crossed the crumbled paths of fallen avalanches, probably triggered by the solar heating of the spring warming, and hopefully not by human intervention. In the good visibility still afforded by the high cloud, we saw several avalanches in the distance that swept down chutes wider than entire city freeways. Though we were equipped with avalanche rescue gear, the thought of being caught in one so large was not comforting. We prepared to ascend the glacier and tethered ourselves 15m apart with the rope.



Skiers in a whiteout
-Chee F. Chan

After 6 hours of travel, we were already tired by the time we arrived at the start to the Neve. However, the high clouds remained high, and the Neve, which is usually shrouded in fog, was entirely clear. With visibility to see the other end, we finally committed to the crossing. Stopping only shortly to melt the snow for water and take a few pictures, we began the traverse in good spirits. Because of the relative flatness of the actual Neve, it took us less than an hour to cross. Those few kilometres were supposedly the most dangerous in heavy fog, for the icy plain becomes completely featureless without visibility. By 8 pm, we arrived at the top of the ridge, and in ghastly shock realised that we had steered too far east. Having not been to the area before, we quickly reassessed our situation in the dying light and propelled ourselves westward towards a higher ridge. We scrambled as far up the ridge as we could towards what we thought to be the actual route. By 9:30, I finally gave into exhaustion, and we set out our bivies on the side of the mountain. Under

the full moon, Katy triangulated our location with her compass while I prepared dinner. Knowing that the weather system would move in that night, we cut our rations in half and used our fuel conservatively in case we needed to wait out the storm. We got in to our sleeping bags with longing comfort and apprehension, unclear as to how the next day would turn out. I slept fitfully in spite of being incredibly tired, and by the early morning, I began to hear the pitter patter of snowflakes on my bivi.

7:20 am the next morning, we awoke to absolute whiteness. We shouted at each other through our bivi covers and contemplated our situation. Though warm and comfortable in our down bags, we elected to brave the front and try to navigate our way out. Although Environment Canada predicted that the storm would only last a day, we didn't know how long the system would actually persist; we didn't trust weather forecasts beyond a day, and we knew how much food we still had left. Packing our gear and eating a granola bar in haste, for neither of us were very hungry, we set off in the direction our compasses and instincts told us. I led out front while Katy kept my direction in line using the rope between us. Despite the safety the tethered rope offered, it gave little reassurance of the stability of the snow ahead of me. Every slide forward was taken with tense anticipation, uncertain of whether the slope would slide in an avalanche, or the snow would give way to a hidden crevasse. The three to five meters of visibility was as threatening as it was limiting. Slowly and apprehensively we edged forward following the point of the compass needle and map, used more frequently during that storm than the number of times I would check my watch on any given day. Although the exit to the traverse, Sentinel Glacier leading down to Garibaldi Lake's edge, was a mere 2.5km from our supposed location, the grueling hours we slid through the snow were agonizingly long. At moments we were sure that

the contours of the map fit the contours of the ground below us. At those times we headed forward with some reassurance. Then the fog would lift momentarily, and obstacles would glimmer briefly before fading out again, stopping us in our tracks and forcing us to reexamine the map and our fears. It was a journey charged with emotion, yet we acted as pragmatically as we could, hiding the fear that threatened us more than any physical obstacle.

Unfortunately, maps don't show the positions of people. Neither do they show crevasses and ice falls. The crevasses we came across several hours after setting out laid exasperatingly across our path. We stood overlooking them and eventually I ventured within few metres of the edge to assess the ice bridges. Katy regarded me and the rope with readiness and worry in case I should fall in. We chose the only thing we could do – to follow the crevasses along as far as we could to get around them. I'd often romanticized glacier travel as one of the true extremes of outdoor sports. At that moment I regarded those open slivers with awe and dread. We've both had some training in crevasse rescue before, but they were in controlled situations. The crevasses I willingly fell into were chosen and used under the watchful auspices of the more experienced. It also wasn't snowing and the visibility was appreciably better when I undertook my training.

Fortunately for us, we chose the shorter route to go around the cracks in the ice. Sliding next to a massive ice fall towering two stories above us, we crossed the crevasses just as they began to open. Katy held in ready anchor as I moved quickly over them. I took a moment to look down and observe that they were less than 30cm across. When safely to the other side, I braced my skis in ready anchor while she made the crossing. We kept moving as quickly away from them as we could across the slope, wishing to put both a

physical and mental barrier between us and them as soon as possible. Slowly, they trailed away below us like writhing fingers, unable to take grasp of us up above. We pushed on after a short stop for lunch, and certain that we were near our destination, began a steep descent off the side of the mountain.

As the day prolonged, the storm began to lift. The sun made its first appearance as a glowing orb in a mist as the fog began to thin. We continued onwards on a steady descent, until the next set of mountains appeared visibly before us. The characteristic flat top of Table Mountain was distinguishably comforting and disturbing. With the sight of the volcanic outcrop, we then knew precisely where we were. Frighteningly, we were several kilometres from the head of Sentinel Glacier where we had intended to be. Although following Warren Glacier out beside Table Mountain offered us an alternative exit to the traverse, we were distraught by the fact that we had been steering ourselves along the wrong route for most of the entire day. It wouldn't be until later that evening in the warmth of Burton Hut that we speculated where we had possibly strayed in err.

As we descended further towards the lake, the clouds began to break. Through the rays of sunlight the mountains we had just crossed became visible. In spite of the journey, skiing the last descent to the lake shores across freshly powered slopes in the improving visibility offered us some consolation to our efforts. We greeted the frozen shores with the relief like that of finding a lost puppy. During the final three kilometre traverse to Burton Hut, the sky cleared and backed the landscape around us in a brilliant blue. We paused often over that final distance to look back upon the mountains we had just come across. I regarded the vista, the rocky peaks, Table Mountain, Sentinel Glacier, all

covered by a white velvet blanket of snow, with mixed emotions. It was more than a relief to be out, a feeling we could find few words to express. Needless to say the storm had passed over as the weather forecasters had predicted. We cherished the moments as the sun set over the lake that evening.

With the beautiful weather over the next few days, it would almost be easy to forget that single day in the storm. We talked to great lengths over what could have happened, what should have happened, and how we would we change our actions the next time. I must admit it was foolish of us to believe we could safely make the traverse despite the weather warnings of the storm. That we did come out at the other end was perhaps a lucky accident. And although we were versed in the knowledge of crevasse and avalanche rescue, and we carried all the necessary equipment, we, barely over twenty, were lacking in experience. Through hindsight we realised that we could have waited out the storm and crossed much more safely and enjoyably. But we could not have anticipated that the storm would have cleared so quickly. We could have turned around before we committed ourselves, and even after we realised that we had steered off course on the first day. However, our sheer belief that it was possible, in spite of the circumstances, drove us onward instead. And now at the very least I have a story to tell. I realise that we were indeed lucky that none of the aforementioned dangers occurred. I would be inclined to believe that the mountains restrained their might while we scurried beneath their feet. That notion however is quickly dispelled by simple rationale – we cannot personify the environment. Things happen as they do when they do. Whether we place ourselves in those situations or not is entirely incumbent upon us. Those decisions are made with the best of our knowledge and experience. It is after all, the survival of the fittest, or is it the lucky?

Garibaldi Neve Traverse, 2003

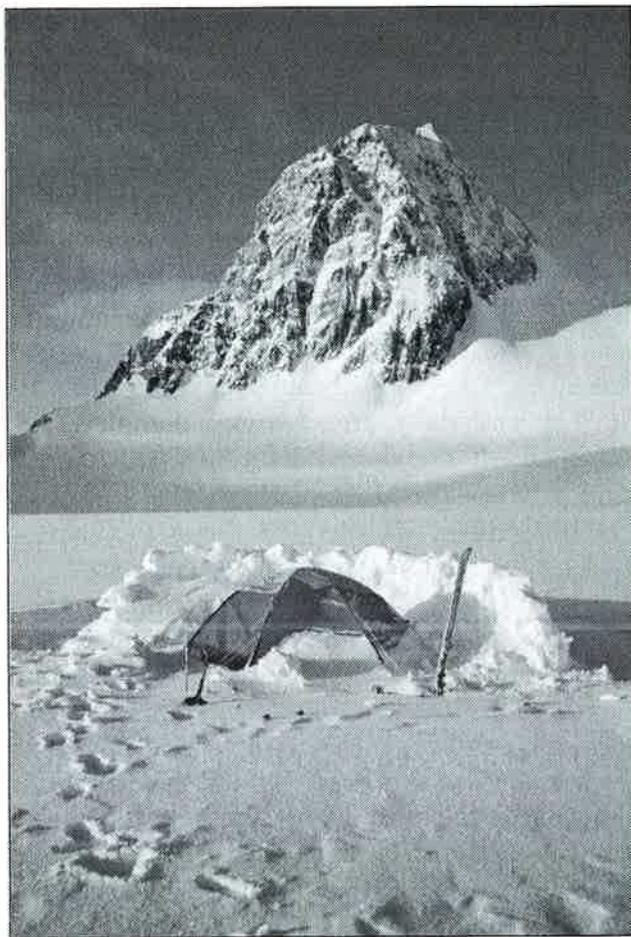
Chee Fong Chan

I SWORE TO MYSELF that after the last traverse of the Garibaldi Neve I would never attempt it in anything less than sunshine and blue skies. Yet there we were, Scott, Sandra, Johannes, Lucy, Andy, and I, at the saddle between Columnar Peak and the Gargoyles in a complete whiteout, ready to descend off the slope into Ring Creek. Once again, I was trying to cross the Neve in the fog.

From the saddle, we traveled down the same stream valleys and gullies that I had remembered freeway sized avalanches had filled the year before. The comforting thought this time was the fact that I was traveling with people more and less experienced than I was. Having people look to your guidance inspires confidence. Looking up to people also inspires confidence. Furthermore, Environment Canada predicted that the fog was supposed to lift. Later on that day, it did.

We successfully completed the Garibaldi Neve ski traverse during our Reading break, February, 2003. And inspite of the chilling weather, the skies during the latter part of the trip were clear and blue. As we approached the rocky outcrop known as the sharkfin, the open crevasses and giant icefalls were easy to spot. We steered wide berths around them all easily. Because it was the second time I

was making this journey, the gorgeous vistas and ecstatic feelings of the skiing were always overshadowed by the memories of the past; inspite of the ease with which we made this journey, my memories of my previous traverse were still fresh and humbling.



*Lesser Wedge.
-Stefan Albrecher*

Monarch Icefield Traverse

Tim Blair

WE WERE STORM BOUND. With the wind blowing snow horizontally, Stefan decided to start making dinner. Fred Touche is known for his toughness and speed. Fred has climbed the highest mountains on the continent, and upon hearing that Stefan was going outside of the tent to start making dinner, his only words of advice were "Holy shit, man, you're going to die out there!" When dinner was ready, Stefan had a layer of rime built up on each one of his eyelashes.

The trip was an east to west (clockwise) horseshoe traverse around the Talchako River, across the Monarch Icefield. This traverse can take anywhere from 8 days for a strong group in perfect conditions, to twenty days. We decided to pack 16 days worth of food, and including the 3.5 storm days, the trip took 12 days.

Two points should be noted for any group considering this traverse. The debate of whether to ski clockwise or counter clockwise should be taken seriously as this can make or break the trip. The second is that the route description surrounding Polar Bear Mountain must be researched carefully.

DAY 0. Car Travel from Vancouver to Tweedsmuir park. As we had our heart set on doing the route clockwise, we examined every lake we passed in the Cariboo Plateau. The eastern section of the traverse depends on crossing frozen lakes. So if we passed a frozen lake on the plateau, we would check the altimeter and compare this against the known elevation of the lakes that we hoped to cross in two day's time. The condition of Turner Lake is key to the traverse, so we asked as many officials as possible as to their opinion on whether the lakes would be frozen. We talked to bush pilots, BC Parks rangers, and even had a great conversation with the local fire control officer at Anahim Lake as we ate our last greasy restaurant dinner.

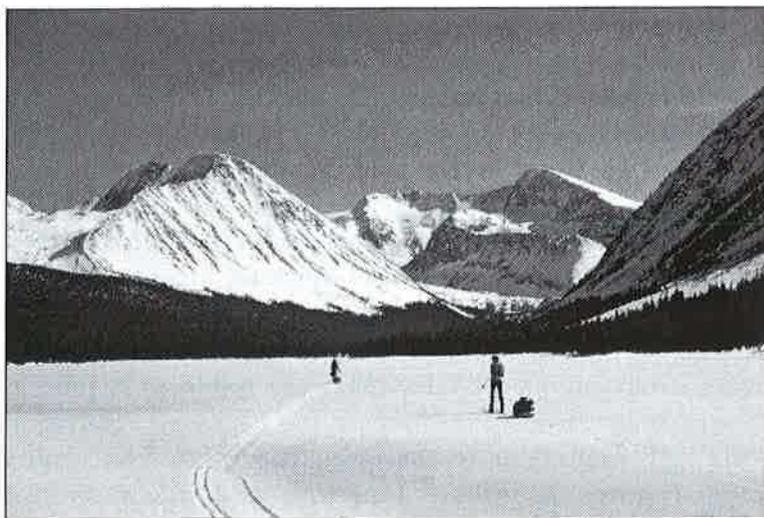
The drive up went through sleet and heavy snow before we descended the "switchbacks" down into the Bella Coola valley. These switchbacks are the most amazing and stupid things that our province's transportation engineers have ever done. However, they do open up the Bella Coola valley to the rest of the world.

The evening was spent at an old homestead in Tweedsmuir Park. While Stefan, Ivan, and I relaxed in the abandoned cabin, Robin and Fred shuttled the little Toyota Tercel to the end of the traverse, arriving back at the homestead after midnight in driving rain.

DAY ONE.

We awoke to sunshine and after the cold front, the high pressure ridge was welcomed, as it would follow us for the next week. The trail started 10 km up the Atnarko Valley. This trail is locally known for being steep and brutal. It is 16 km to Turner Lake and it is fairly explicit that hikers are not to camp until they reach the lake. For the five of us, and our two weeks worth of food, ten kilometres was our objective. This included the 74 switchbacks, which cover

the full two thousand feet of elevation gain, and would enable us to reach snowline. Robin and myself elected to put all our gear on our backs and make one arduous 10 km trip up, while the other 3 chose to make two trips, travelling a total of 30 km and ascending the 74 switchbacks twice. By the end of the day, all of us were tired, and there was no consensus as to which strategy was better. I was a little sad to leave the beautiful Atnarko River valley, with its steep sides, and floodplain meadows. Before the trail climbs the ridge, it crosses the Atnarko at the end of Stillwater Lake. The lake would be great for swimming and there were sockeye salmon and beavers going about their business.



Tweedsmuir Park.

DAY TWO - Hunlen Falls, Turner Lake, Cutthroat Lake, Vista Lake, Junker Lake.

We spent the night on the trail at the edge of snowline around the 10 km mark. We skied towards Turner Lake hoping to find it frozen over and interested to get a view of

Hunlen Falls. This was the first time that Stefan, Robin or myself had tried using sleds. Needless to say, we were happy not to have 90-100 lb packs, although the tree wells were a bit of a nuisance. We arrived at the lake to find that it was indeed frozen... thank God. We also took a side trip to view Hunlen Falls. These are the third highest waterfalls in Canada. If any group is in the area, they **MUST** visit the falls, as they are spectacular. We proceeded to cross Turner Lake, Cutthroat, No-Name, and Vista Lake and set up camp on the shore of Junker Lake with our first view of the glaciers and mountains to come.

The hardest decision of the trip was whether to traverse from east to west or the reverse. If the Turner Lake chain was still frozen over, we could start with a speedy trip across the lakes. However if we decided to ski the reverse direction, then Turner lakes would certainly be broken up by the time we arrived to them at the end of the trip forcing us to bushwhack around the sides of the lakes. The major problem would arise if the lakes aren't frozen, although you think they are. We would arrive at the edge of Turner Lake with 100 lb packs, only to find that we would have to bushwhack our way around the lakes with our monstrous loads. The forests surrounding the lake chain are lodge pole pine and this area is in the rain shadow of the Monarch Icefield and all the high mountains to the immediate west. The resulting ecology is a dry shallow soil base with very little snow cover. There are also strong westerly winds that blow daily off of the icefield producing significant blow downs in the forest. Lack of snow and blow downs leads to a very difficult bushwhack, turning almost impossible with 100 lb packs. Our recommendation would be to start the traverse in mid April when the lakes are almost guaranteed to be frozen, or to take an extra day at the start of the trip to run up to Turner lake (16 km each way), to ensure that the lake is frozen. We would have preferred to start a week earlier; however, my

exam schedule dictated otherwise.

DAY THREE - Junker Lake, Widgeon Lake, Kidney Lake, Ant (Sunshine) Lake.

With the Chilcotin Plateau quickly disappearing behind us, the chain of lakes enters deeper and deeper into the coastal mountains. Our campsite at Vista Lake, and the official campsite at Junker Lake, both have impressive views of Talchako Mountain, which has a 9000' relief from its peak down to the floor of the Talchako Valley over a distance of a few kilometres. The head of the Talchako Valley was where we would leave the trees and ascend up to the icefield.

Day 3 was spent travelling across lakes and then ascending the slope from Kidney Lake up to Ant Lake. The main chain of lakes has very little elevation difference and the portage routes in between were short, although the snow was patchy in places, forcing us to carry our sleds. The trail up to Ant Lake was reasonably well marked with few blow downs. Being treed and north facing, the trail offered continuous snow upon which we could drag the sleds and let them slide into tree wells, crashing into trees. The day finished at the meadows beyond Ant Lake.

DAY FOUR- Ascend to alpine and traverse the ridges towards Pandemonium Pass

We ascended the ridge to alpine, beginning at the meadows on the western side of the pass from Ant Lake. Although we covered only a few kilometres, ascending the ridge took us into the afternoon as the terrain is steeply treed with many tree wells in which our sleds enjoyed resting. Once we reached alpine we found that staying high provided the fastest travelling, although we had to drop down to the creeks between the ridges. Our campsite was next to one of these creeks with a great view of the Talchoko Valley and Talchako Mountain. So far the weather has been pure

sunshine.

DAY FIVE- Pandemonium Pass, Talchako Glacier
Like many camp spots, this one enjoyed an abundance of sunshine in the evenings but with a steep hill directly to the east, the morning sun wasn't seen until we were packed up and ready to go. From the gladed ridge we dropped down to another creek and ascended out of the glades and up to Pandemonium Pass. Here, we got to try out the sleds in steeper terrain without the tree wells. The sun blared down on us as we gulped with in amazement at the Coast Mountains, which suddenly appear like a popup book. The innumerable mountains and glaciers all radiated out from the Monarch massif and flooded our senses.

This day was one of the longer ones. From Pandemonium Pass we dropped down through open glades towards the glacier. The glades slowly drew denser and the slope slowly grew steeper until we had to abandon any hope of skiing. Post-holing our way straight down, lowering the sleds into tree wells as we went, we tried desperately to stay out of the gullies that had unfortunately swallowed up Ivan and Stefan, until we were all spat out. At the edge of the Talchako Glacier, we rested in the sun with running water. Good had once again overcome evil and we were ready to ascend the glacier until we reached the icefield, or dinnertime. Once we were roped up a few of us wanted to leave the perils of glacier travel behind us and so dinnertime came and went.

DAY SIX - Monarch Icefield.

We let Ivan sleep in this morning as we only had to travel about 12km up to the high point of the entire trip, the pass between Mount Dagon and Erehwon Mountain. From there, Fred and Stefan climbed Mount Dagon.

Most of the day was spent travelling in a straight line. We

could see our camp when we were 7 km away and 900ft below, and it looked deceptively small. There are a few side peaks along the icefield, seemingly only a km off the main track. Robin and I skied up one in the hopes of seeing the end of an ocean inlet. It was the wrong peak; however, Robin got some great tele turns on the way down. Then, we were back to the slow, straight, uphill slog to the high point, but it beat pulling sleds out of tree wells. At the end of the day we saw the first cumulous clouds and figured our good weather luck had come to an end.

Just before we settled into our tents, a stranger skied into our camp. He introduced himself as Don, and here, at the highest point of the Monarch Icefield, three long days from our car, we stood and talked about our various trips. Don was on a two week solo trip with a goal of scrambling peaks around Ape Lake and the icefield. He also had an AM radio with which he could pick up a Vancouver news station at



Packing up after the storm

11 pm. He confirmed that the forecast was not good, so we agreed to all ski down to a lower point, where we weren't so exposed., Hunkering down for the storm, we all enjoyed a well deserved break from our long ski days.

DAY SEVEN - Monarch Icefield.

At 6 am, Robin, Fred and I hiked 2 km over to Don's camp in booties and fierce blowing wind. Don said the forecast was still for a storm, so we packed up our tents and skied down to a plateau beneath Mount Satan. The wind was still bad but at least we weren't as exposed. That evening the clouds broke, giving us a view of the surrounding peaks.

This was the time when Stefan was talking to Don about the bivouac website. As it turns out, "Don" was actually "Don Funk" (regular users of bivouac should understand). Don had written numerous articles for bivouac and is known among us for his long solo day trips. Even on Day 1, we were talking about a trip and had jokingly mentioned that "Don Funk" could probably have done it "solo in a day". So now we were in the presence of Don Funk and the character of the trip changed.

The storm once again blew up at night and we spent the following three days keeping ourselves entertained, periodically leaving to dig out the tent, cook, etc.

DAYS EIGHT, NINE, TEN - Monarch Icefield, Storm Bound.

Not much to report. There was a lot of laughing, talking, eating (as we had 16 days of food and we knew we were only 2 days from the car), and sleeping. Three and a half tent bound storm days isn't bad for a two-week traverse on the Monarch Icefield considering this area has the highest precipitation of any mountain chain in BC.

This Poem has probably been written thousands of times.
By hundreds of people with imaginative minds.

Here we sit in our tent to fend off the storm. We're
cozy in our fleece in our sleeping bags so warm.
While outside the weather is frightful, ruthless and
fierce. The wind shakes the tent loudly, the fly almost
gets pierced. Snow fills the vestibule like water fills
a sink. Only there's no plug to pull and it's full in a
wink.

Frost lines the tent both inside and out. In layers so
thick there's enough water to cure a drought. When
the wind flaps the walls, snow comes from above
and below. There is no true shelter, there's no place
to go.

But inside we're content, as sardines in a can. You
roll over? So must we all. Movement requires a plan.
No it's really not too bad if you're a clam or a snail
You're house is always with you in the cold snowy
gale.

For fun we talk and play games, we sing and we
sleep. While our tent is buried one, two, three feet
deep. In the neighbours tent, they laugh and they
cry Anything I guess, to make the time go by.

Cussing followed by laughter, is all that we hear.
But the content of the conversation is entirely
unclear. In a sense we're alone in a world of white
At the mercy of the weather with no hope in sight.

At the same time we're together with all that we
want. Our skis and our friends, the basis of this
jaunt. An experience like this in our memory for

good Yet we come back for more, I know that we would.

And when the storm is over in a day or a week. Our relief will soar when out of the tent we do peek. At the warm sunny skies and the glistening white. Of the snow covered peaks what an amazing sight.

We'll pack up our gear slap on the screen. Head for the car and the pass in between. We'll leave the same as when we arrived. But we'll talk forever of the storm we survived.

Once we get home, we'll be welcomed and kissed. Yet we'll feel something inside, there's something we'll miss. It's that bond that we built while stuck in the tent. The support we felt while energy had been spent. On the next trip, however, we're sure to find. This camaraderie, this understanding like no other kind.

So although I sit here shivering with spindrift trickling down my neck. Hoping for relent, I first must check. That I appreciate the present so that I look forward to more. Days in the mountains with storm days in store.

- Robin McKillop

DAY ELEVEN - Monarch Icefield, Fyles Glacier, Noeick Glacier.

The "Don Funk midnight weather report" called for clearing, and we were ready to move again. As the mist cleared, we could barely make out the peaks surrounding us, against a blue sky beyond. We skied up towards the pass between Mount Jacobsen and Mongol Mountain, then

headed across the Fyles Glacier and down the Noeick Glacier. It was a short ski through isothermal snow up into the glades (packaged with tree wells) to our camp. This was the day that Vancouver received its first snowfall in May in 30 years.



Fyles Glacier.

DAY TWELVE - Polar Bear Mountain, Nusatsum River. The morning broke with clear blue skies and great views of Mount Jacobson, Mongol Mountain, Snowside Mountain. We packed up camp and headed for Polar Bear Mountain. The route between Ape Lake and the nearest logging road is fairly straightforward and could be done in a long day. However, the only glitch is Polar Bear Mountain. John Baldwin suggests traversing Polar Bear Mountain via the avalanche slopes at about 5600 ft or so. These slopes are very steep and run down to the bottom of a valley that is difficult to get out of due to canyons. The alternative is to ascend up and over the south-west shoulder of the mountain. There is a nice bowl on eastern side of this shoulder. The western side has an obvious ridge, which involves some steep

snow. For ascending this ridge, an ice axe is highly recommended and sleds are not

As we approached Polar Bear, the plan was to head towards the eastern bowl. However, from the south, the south ridge looked straightforward. As we ascended, the ridge grew steeper. Fearing exposure I decided to drop 50 feet and head towards the bowl with Don Funk following an hour later. The rest of the guys headed straight up the ridge. While the bowl was straightforward with a good run out, the ridge turned very steep and icy, as this south ridge is no more than the eastern side of the avalanche slopes. We all made it to the top. Next came the steep descent on the west ridge. We pulled out the rope for this and after 100 m of rope assisted downward step kicking we were ready to cover Polar Bear in noodles. The pass was reached through very open glades heading straight down from the western bowl. Reaching the road, a few km beyond, involved skiing through open meadows and then frustrating tree wells. We eventually skied and hiked down the road to our cars, visited the pub and camped in Bella Coola.



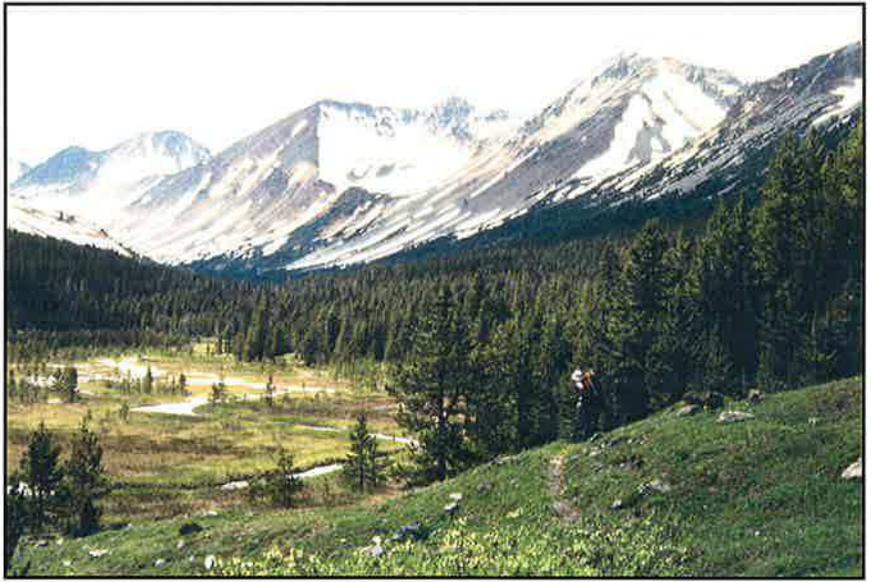
Mt Monarch.

Hiking



Hiking to Mt. Baker for Glacier School.

Photo by Scott Nelson



Warner Creek Valley, South Chilcotin.

Photo by Scott Nelson

Helicopter Adventure

Roland Burton

LATE OCTOBER, I COORDINATED a trip to our Harrison Hut, with the usual beginner types, plus a few strong people, like Vince and Kzrys. Though the route was steep and tough, it was short, the crew was happy and everything went well. Ok, nearly everything. About 200 meters from the Hut, it is necessary to cross many braids of swift-flowing Mad Horse Creek, also known as Barr Creek. I could have just waded it, but by jumping to a partially submerged boulder I expected to keep at least one foot dry. No big deal. The next thing I know I'm lying in the stream with water running up the sleeve of my Gore-Tex jacket and down my body. Turns out I twisted my ankle badly, and tore some important thing in my shoulder. I made it to the Hut and got into my sleeping bag.

Now what to do? All these tough people offered to carry my pack out, let me lean on them, leave me with food, or go for help. Possibilities whirled through my head. I might get half way back and then be unable to go further. Or I might (probably) damage my ankle worse so it never works again. I tried walking around the Hut and decided I was too damaged to even crawl out the 4 km to the car.

So on Sunday the Crew hiked out without me, and in Pemberton they dropped into the RCMP station and told them about my Adventure. The RCMP got pretty excited, wanted to send in the Army with a stretcher, but finally decided that a helicopter on Monday morning was the best choice.

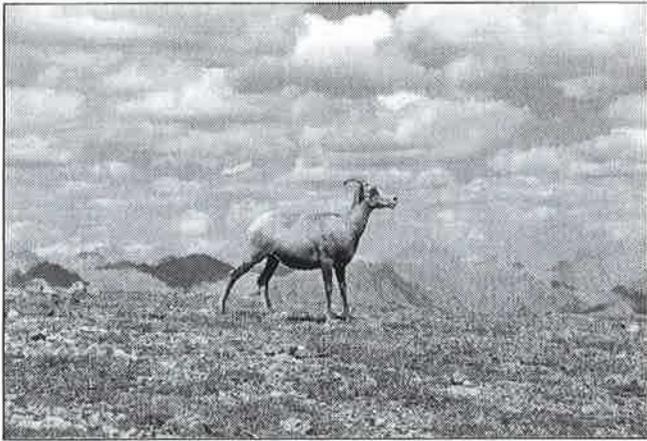
And that is what happened. The two ambulance attendants on board were a little stunned by the beautiful scenery, and happy to see that I was not in bad shape, though obviously unable to walk out. The flight was beautiful, a clear blue-sky morning, and we took a route that included most available glaciers. We saw a wolverine wandering up a glacier and dropped down for a closer look.

In Pemberton the health clinic checked out my ankle and decided that if I could stand on it, probably it wasn't broken. Then I had an interesting adventure phoning collect to Carla in Vancouver so she could give me her credit card number so I could get a cash advance from the clinic to buy a bus ticket home. Late October is a very beautiful time of year to be flying in helicopters and to be riding the big Greyhound bus on the Sea to Sky Highway.

It's now four months later and I have just come back from crossing the Garibaldi Neve. The ankle works ok, not perfect, but according to the Physio at the UBC Gym, it's impossible to twist your ankle while wearing plastic ski boots.

So it worked out quite well. I got a helicopter ride (free, so far, but I'm never sure). Missed a day of work, but that's ok. The VOC'ers drove the Dodge home and report that the brakes are trashed, and it makes funny noises, but I knew that. Will I do another trip to our Harrison Hut next year? I hope so.

We were Ileanna Costrut, Kasia Celler, Rita Kizilos, Kzrys Majewski, Vince Johnsen, Han Cho, Elaisha Stokes, Caitlin McNally, and Roland Burton.



*Goat on Mt Borgeau, Alberta.
-Stock.*

Brew Hut and the Birth of Micro Brew

Amanda Brown

THE BREW HUT hike in september was an amazing way to start the year off. James' three or four hour hike somehow turned into an 8 hour epic with numerous lunch breaks and a swim in absolutely frigid water. I only got as far as my toes but a few brave souls made it all the way! There were stunning views the whole way up and that night we sang for hours under the full moon. Thanks for lugging your guitar all the way up there James! Then we put Brew Hut to the test by cramming about 20 people into it. Not the most comfortable sleep I've ever had but there was definitely no lack of body heat. The next day a small group of us decided to put our construction skills to work. Some very rusty nails and rotten wood later we had created 'Micro Brew'.... no roof, no door, full of rocks to keep the walls from falling in... but nevertheless a hut. Somehow we managed to do the trip back down in under three hours and I paid for it all of the following week, but it was definitely worth it.

Garibaldi Neve in the Summer

Roland Burton

THOSE OF YOU who know of the Garibaldi Neve traverse at all, probably think of doing it on backcountry skis, probably in February or March. It is a popular trip for backcountry skiers, it is longish, and includes glacier travel and navigation and avalanche challenges. It offers awesome scenery, genuine backcountry country, and lots of solitude even if you happen to choose a busy spring weekend, when there may be 20 people in the whole area. When you find a ski track, you welcome it, because it indicates you are not lost, yet.

But what's it like in the summer? Once you get away from the miniature city around Elfin Shelter, it still offers many of the winter features, lots of snow, interesting crevasses, interesting navigation, solitude, and lots of walking. One of the features that make summer crossings special is that you can't ski across the lake; you have to hike around it. Though there has been some discussion of inflatable rubber duckies, the lake is quite cold, and about 5 km from end-to-end, so unless you are a Parks Employee with a powerboat, you'd better plan to walk around it.

It's best to allow three days for a Neve crossing, but as you

will see, you can cheat a little and fit it into a two day weekend, plus a little. We left town Friday after work, and after taking Mike's getaway car to the Garibaldi Lake Parking Lot, eventually started walking at the Diamond Head Parking Lot at 9:30 pm. The moon was full, but it was on the south side of the ridge, and as we were on the north side, it didn't help us much. We used our headlamps occasionally, and Martin fell asleep briefly while hiking. We walked until 1:30 am, by which time we had passed the Elfin Shelter and were safely out of the paid camping area. We slept lying single-file on the trail, not bothering with tents as it was a nice warm night, even at 1:30 am, and the insects were all strangely absent.

Roland cruelly awakened us at 5:30 am because the day was looking like a hot one, and we didn't want to fry our brains on the glacier. We were walking by 6:15 and stopped for breakfast at the low point, where the small creek joins Ring Creek.

The actual Neve was beautiful as always, and uneventful. Part way across, Mike got some bizarre leg cramps so we cooked up some chicken soup and fed it to him, and this fixed him up. We passed the site of the old VOC Neve Hut, where only the remains of the outhouse were visible; the rest may still be up there, buried in the snow. By the time the sun got fierce, we were high enough that there was some cool wind, which helped a lot. There are a lot more open crevasses in the summer, but we threaded through them and did not need to rope up, nor did we need crampons, but we had our ice axes. Lunch was served at the Sharks Fin, and by 2 pm we were looking down onto the Sentinel Glacier and across to the Guard-Deception Col. Here we decided we were tired, and that we didn't want to go down to the lake, and we definitely didn't want to go back up the other side to the Col, and we mainly wanted to sleep. We set up

the tents on the east side of Table, and cooked ourselves in the tents until the sun dropped behind Table. We had a leisurely but buggy dinner and went to bed early.

Sunday the weather continued good, but with some clouds, and extremely high humidity. We guessed that we might be able to go up the ridge to the NE of Table and down the NW ridge, and thereby get around Table. This worked very well, and was very scenic. West of Table we crossed some fine meadows, then bushwhacked around to the south of Price for a while, hoping to get around it, but eventually we had to climb it. There is wild volcanic country up there; Price is an extinct crater. From near the top we eventually located the trail down to the Lake, and all the happy tourists. A quick dip in the Lake, then off down the trail to the getaway car. Distance covered was about 40 km, and my new boots worked just fine.

We were Martin Berka, Alicia Barcenas, Mike Young, Roland Burton. 24 Aug 2002



*Kevin Burton & Doris Leong on Mt . Seymour
-Roland Burton.*

Brew
Jeffrey Burton

MY NAME IS Jeff. I am 11 years old. Around mid-June, I went up to the Brew hut with my two younger brothers, my parents, and Stock. When we first parked the car, there were a lot of mosquitoes. When we finally lost the mosquitoes we hiked up a logging road for a long time. Then we went through some bushes. It was very steep and slippery. When we finally got to the snow we went up a steep part then down a part of the Gully of Death. Then we went up again and found a lake. We went around the lake and found the hut.

Unfortunately the snow blocked the door but didn't go up to the window. We had to go up Roland's pack to get a little higher, and then Roland and Stock helped us through the window. When we got inside the hut we snacked and then had dinner, slept, and so on. The next day Stock and me went up Brew Mountain. When we got to the top there was a very nice view and it snowed for a little. Then we caught up with my family, we went back through the Gully of Death, down the snowy hill, down through the bushes, and down the logging road. Finally we got back to the car with the lots of mosquitoes and some of them got in the car. Finally we went home and all the mosquitoes either were squashed or flew out the window.

November 11, 2003:
Night Flight To Brew
Greg Rekken

IN THEORY it was an easy enough task. Run up to the Brew hut in the dark, retrieve the logbook, sleep a few hours and descend. It hadn't been long since my last trip and the trail was freshly flagged. So, Chee, Mohammad, John, Shaun and myself left from the UBC bookstore, in the pouring rain, at about 3:30 p.m. By the time we hit Squamish night was in full vigour, and so were the rains. In no rush to face the elements, we had a luxury feast and a pint at the aptly named Brew Pub, finally hitting the trail at around 8:00 p.m.

With the rain beating off our heads, we made our way down the tracks to the trailhead. That was easy enough, piece of cake. "Boys, I reckon we'll be there by 1 a.m., latest." It didn't seem inconceivable. However, it wasn't long until we were retracing our steps in search of the trail. You see, those damn foresters also like that fluorescent marking tape; just to make our lives hell I'm sure. A multitude of minor setbacks delayed our ETA, finally arriving at Brew Lake well beyond the witching hour, only to find a foot of snow, and a complete whiteout. With the way still fresh in my mind from a month earlier, I yanked out the compass, pointed northwest, and into the white abyss we trudged. It wasn't

the easiest route, often clamouring up steep snowy slopes, tripping over buried boulders, always peering into nothingness. The headlamps serving no purpose other than to keep track of the group. At last the contours changed. According to the map when the slope faced west we would be near the pass. We stumbled and backtracked, contemplating setting up camp, or heading back, but visions of a dry hut and the smelly kerosene heater beacons. We reached the pass, and spread out in search of Micro Brew, our "experimental" replacement hut. Shaun soon found the beast, filling our souls with hope. The cabin was near, just a few hundred metres more to the east. The rocky terrain didn't help, but we finally found our destination, after once again spreading out into a search party. The time was 4 a.m.; just a little late, eh?

Before long the heater was lit and all were asleep, exhausted, soaked, and satisfied. To our dismay the morning remained socked in with cloud, the only difference being the small amount of diffuse light penetrating the soupy thick atmosphere. Reluctantly we loaded up the still wet gear, pulled out the compass and navigated our way back to the lake. Spirits were amazingly high, the sky cleared and we made our way back to the car. In celebration we returned to the Brew Pub in Squamish, covered in muck, stinky and proud. It was a hiking adventure in the truest sense.



*Roland visits Microbrew
-Chris Michalak.*

Waves and Rain

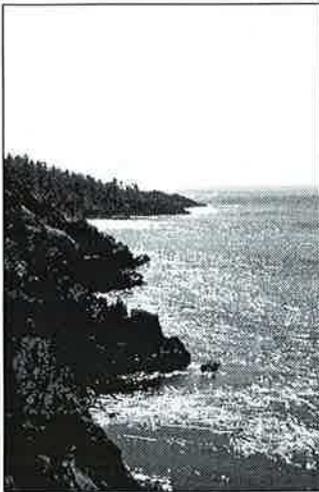
Sandra Nicol

I SPENT THE FALL in Victoria working on my last co-op term. Victoria is a pretty nice city. It's basically flat and fairly dry, so it's very bike friendly. I found a really good yoga studio (Moksana Yoga in Fan Tan Alley), and the one and only climbing gym had some good routes, despite being over crowded. But the hiking in the surrounding area lacks something that the hiking at home has. I think it's elevation gain.

Despite spending almost every weekend commuting back to Vancouver to see family, friends, and of course the boyfriend, I did get a couple of hikes in. Both were sections of coastal traverses. If you're planning to hike in the Victoria area, the coast is the place to do it. A few weeks into my stay Scott came to visit and we went hiking along the Coast Trail in East Sooke Park. The trail is gorgeous – it runs along the tops of the bluffs that line the coast. All rocky and very dry. Arbutus trees, grasses, and stubby little pines dominated the vegetation. We were lucky enough to have a beautiful sunny day, and we could see across the water to the Olympic Peninsula. As I said, the hike is a traverse, and could quite easily be done in a day if you have two cars some sort of other arrangement, but since we had only one

car we hiked about two thirds of the way from West to East then turned around and came back. Really a very nice walk, and, according to some of my coworkers, the best day hike in the Victoria area.

Of course, the Island has a few slightly more famous hikes than the Coast Trial in East Sooke Park, namely the West Coast Trail and the Juan de Fuca Trail. The West Coast trail requires many days, more than I could muster, so that was out. But the Juan de Fuca has the distinct advantage that has several trails connecting it to the highway. Sometime in October Scott packed the camping gear and caught the late ferry over from Vancouver, and we set out the next morning to Port Renfrew, at the Western end of the trail. Into the rain. And with no tent poles (“oh shit!” Scott exclaims while sitting bolt upright in bed in the middle of the night, waking the sleeping Sandra, “I forgot the tent poles!”). No matter, we’ll work something out.



coast line - Scott Nelson

We left the car at the top of the gravel road connecting Sombrio Beach to the paved road (‘highway’), and hitchhiked to Botanical Beach. We got really lucky and the first car to come along the road stopped, and the two women inside were going to the same place we were. Botanical Beach is famous for its tidepools, so I was of course very excited to

see all the beasties. However, the tides weren't cooperative and I got to see a crab. And a sculpin. I guess I have an excuse to go back. Scott and I elected to do the Botanical Loop trail that connects Botanical Beach to Botany Bay, since we wanted to be on the sea shore as much as possible rather than in the thick coastal forest (more on that to come). We had a bit of an adventure on the loop since we took to beach route rather than the forest route and ended up having to do some bouldering to get around the cliffs. At the last possible obstacle I lost my footing on a wet sandstone traverse, slipped, and somehow managed to not fall into the water. I wouldn't have gotten washed away, since the water was only about a foot deep and in a sheltered spot, but it was nice to start the actual hike at least sort of dry.

We set off along an extremely well built trail through the rain forest (rainy forest). The Juan de Fuca trail was built following the 1994 Commonwealth games as a commemorative thing. A bunch of E-teams (environmental youth teams) were hired to do the construction – and construct they did! The muddy parts have wooden board walks, and all of the beach/trail access points are marked by big orange balls hanging in the trees. There are interpretive signs at regular intervals telling visitors about the plant and animal diversity, the geology of the area, warnings about rogue waves, and so on. I figure anything that educates and gets people interested is worth while, although I would have been a tad more frugal. But then again, there was money to spare for that type of thing in 1994.

We camped at the Payzant Creek forest campground after passing tons of scenic spots along the way. We had some graham crackers, marshmallows, and chocolate for making smores, so we set out to find some dryish twigs to have a little fire with. It had been raining for several days at that

point, so pickings were slim, but we managed to get an almost laughably small fire going. It was big enough to roast two marshmallows over at once, but no more. We got into a rhythm: roast a marshmallow, make a smore, put some more twigs on the coals and blow until they catch, then eat the smore and wait for the new twigs to become coals. Repeat until cracker supply runs out. Eat rest of marshmallows. We supplemented our dinner with some 8 year old freeze-dried food that my mother found in their closet. Still good. But the freeze-dried scrambled eggs we attempted for breakfast were inedible. An important lesson learned. We rigged up a tarp system using the tent fly and some logs, and believe it or not spent a dry night. The rain didn't stop but it didn't get us either.

Sunday we hiked from the campground to Sombrio Beach. There was less beach access along that part of the trail, so we were in the woods most of the day. We saw some Real Coast Bush along the way. The trail is cut through six foot high salal so dense that we were in a tunnel of vegetation. Salal on either side and a pale patch of cloudy sky above. Not the most interesting hiking, but we did get to see a really big blowhole. A blowhole forms when a space between rocky bluffs narrows slowly. If the waves come in at the right angle then the water runs up the narrow space until it is forced vertically out. When big waves come along they shoot out of the blowhole in a very entertaining way. We also crossed a couple of suspension bridges. Still raining.

Feeling damp we arrived at Sombrio beach. Suddenly there were lots of people. Surfers in the water and watchers on the beach. We watched the surfers a bit. They all looked like seals because of their black wetsuits. Pretty neat to watch. We trekked part of the way up the road to the car until another vehicle drove by and picked us up. The rain stopped, of course, when we were about half an hour away

from the coast.

The highlights of the hike were the beach parts. The beaches are rocky benches, and waves crash spectacularly on the outcroppings. We had almost no view off the coast due to the fog and rain, but it kind of added to the atmosphere. I expect that the trail gets crowded in the summer, but on a rainy October weekend we were the only ones there, other than some tourists at Botanical Beach and surfers at both ends. We couldn't see the Olympic peninsula across the water, so we could pretend that there was nothing but open ocean in front of us. Maybe I'm just antisocial, or maybe that 'being one with nature' mind, it is more a part of me than my rational brain would like to think, but being surrounded by noisy humans detracts somehow from the music of the waves. It's a different type of music than the silence on a windless winter day, or the chirping of frogs and crickets on summer nights. I'm grateful that we had time to sit and watch the waves.



*Mt. Forbidden and Eldodo
-Tyler Linn.*

F A M O U S

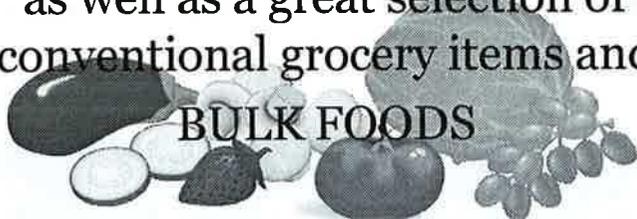
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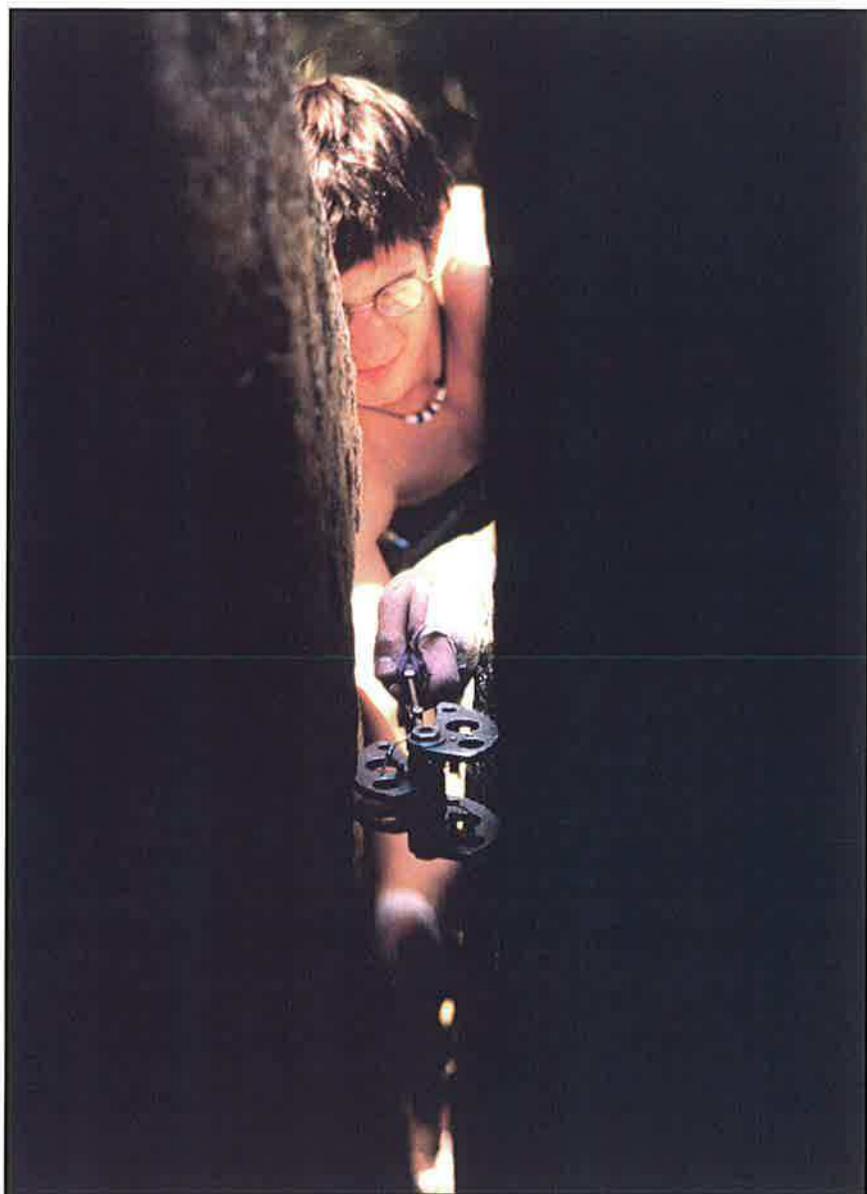
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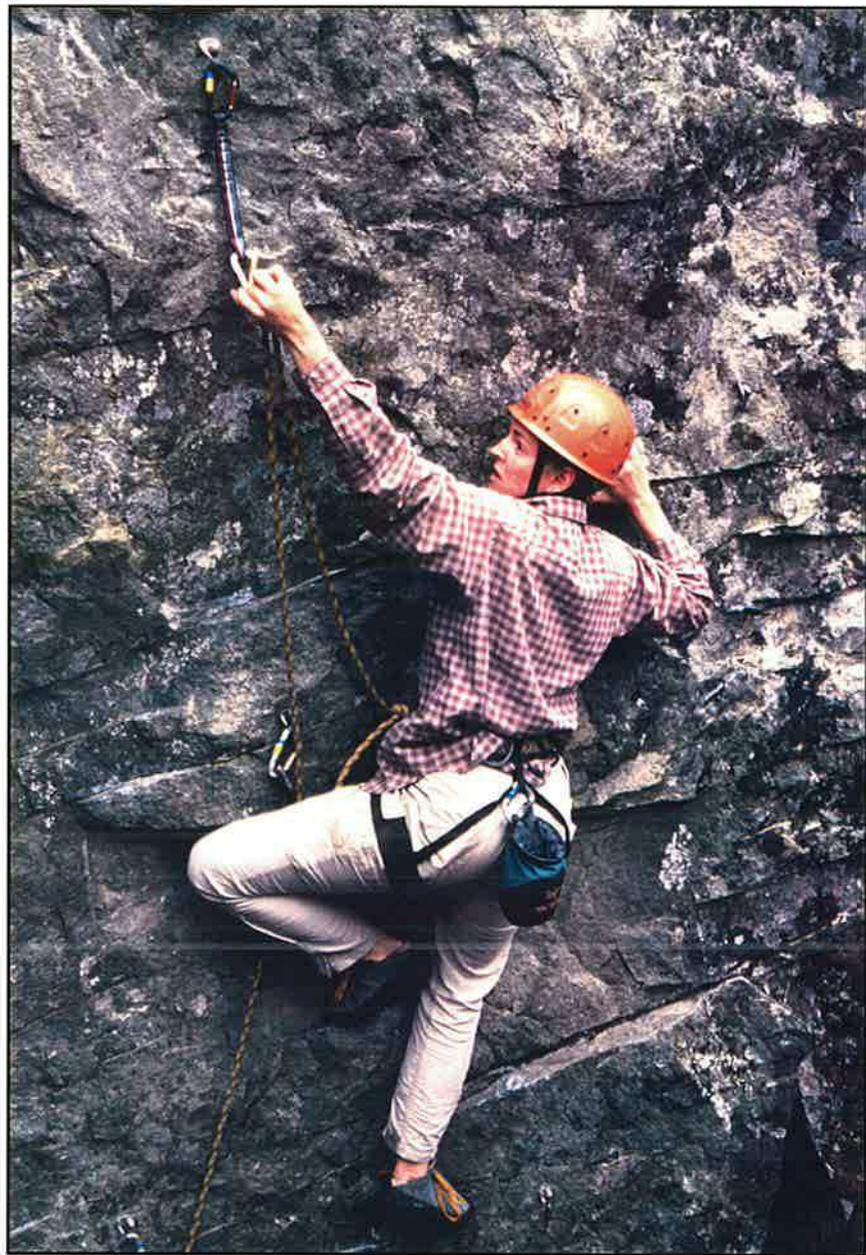
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Climbing



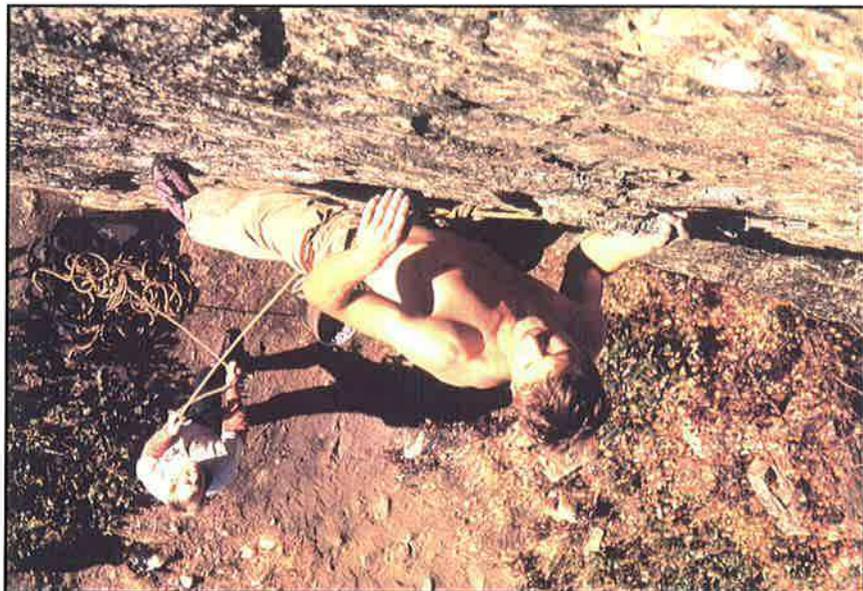
Conor Reynolds on “Split Beaver,” Squamish.

Photo by Scott Nelson



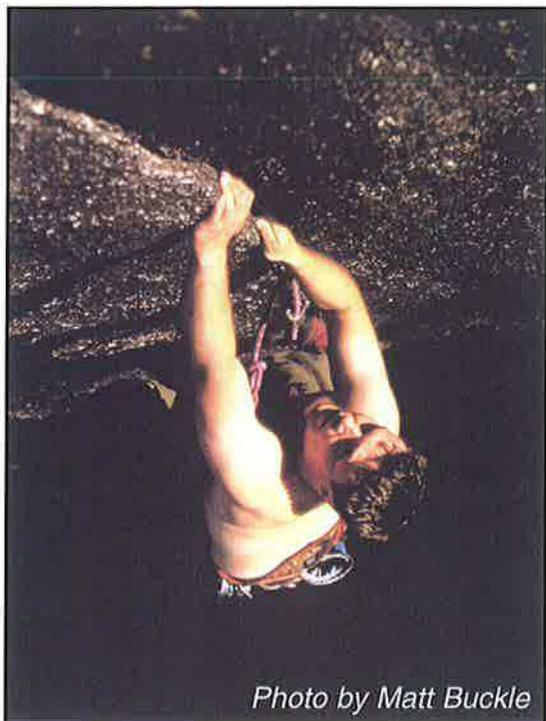
Sandra Nicol on “I Hate Snakes,” Whistler.

Photo by Scott Nelson



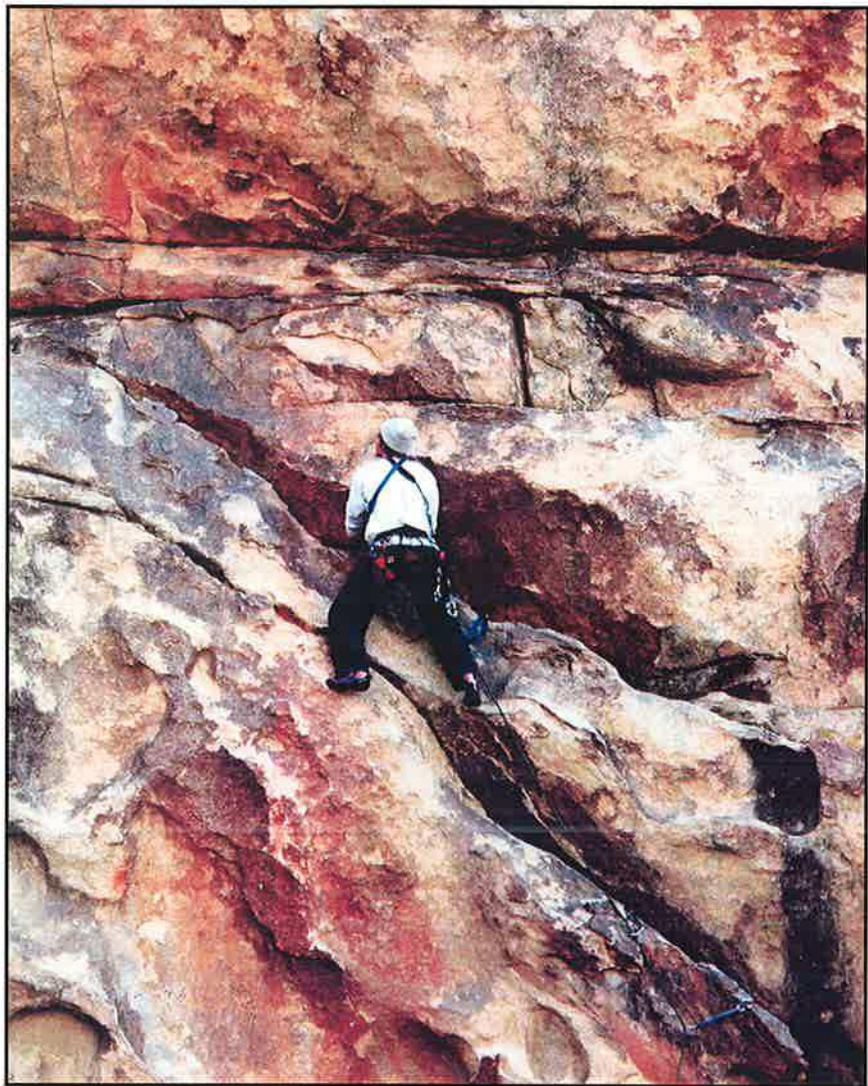
Chris Michalak on "Climbing with Elvis", Skaha.

Photo by Scott Nelson



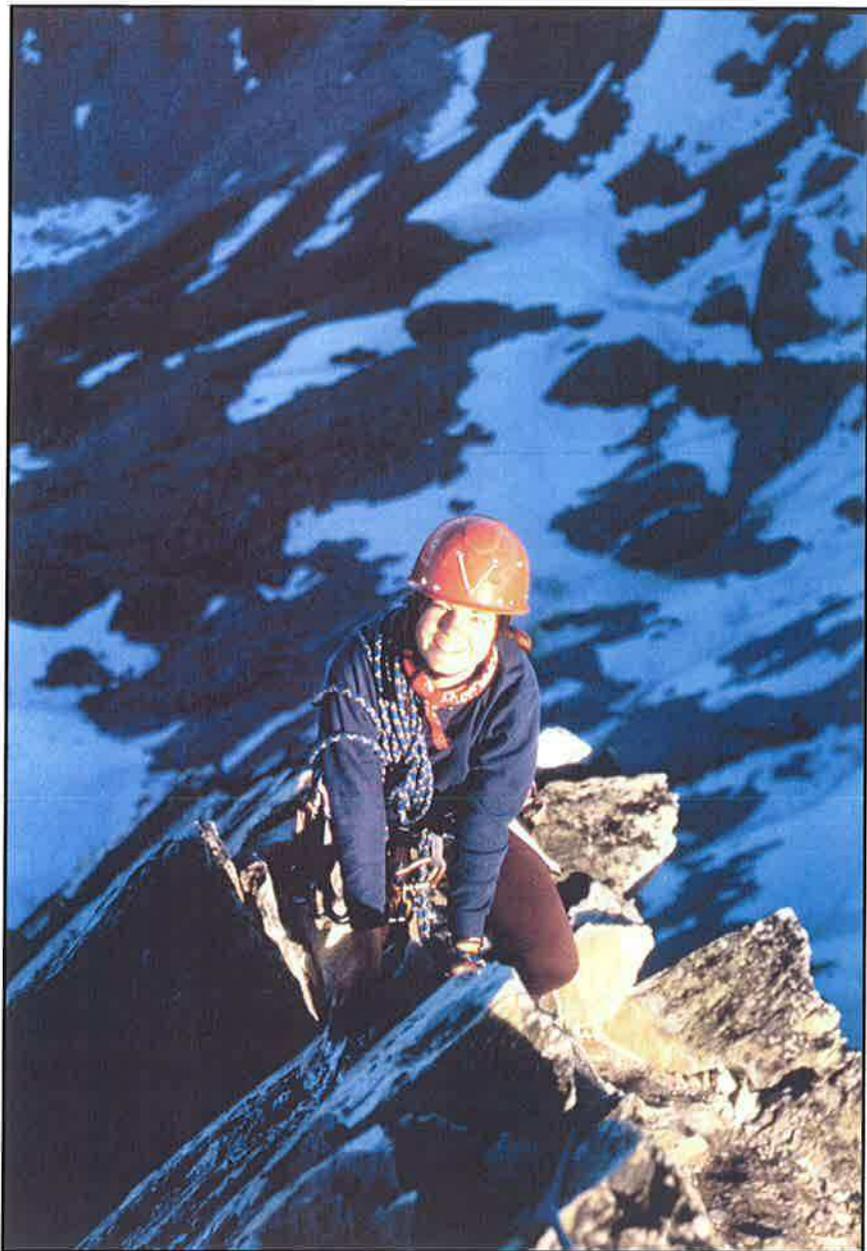
**Mark Huscroft on
"Coogee Crack,"
Whistler.**

Photo by Matt Buckle



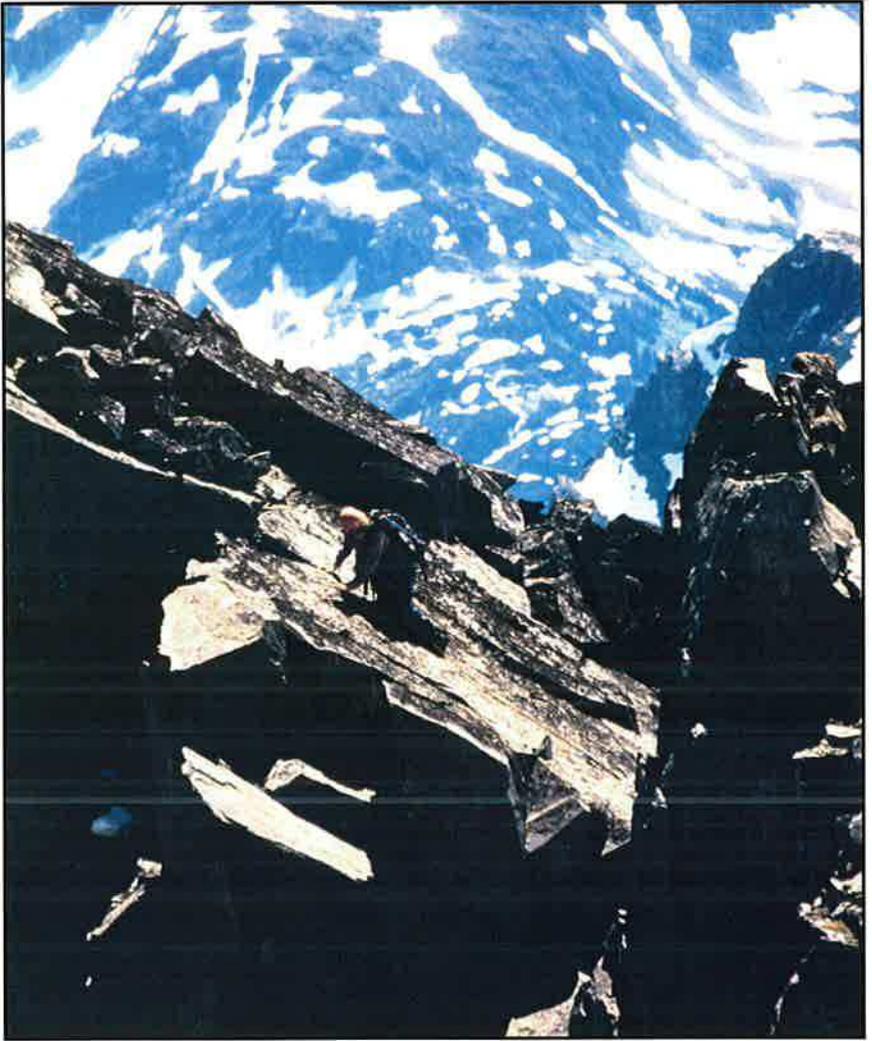
Sandra Tyler Linn on "Deceptive Corner," Joshua Tree.

Photo submitted by Tyler Linn



Elise Breyton on the NW Ridge of Sir Donald.

Photo by Matt Buckle



Sandra Nicol on Joffre Peak.

Photo by Scott Nelson

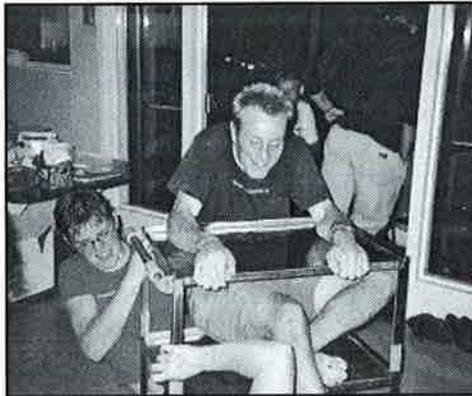
Longhike 2002

Chee Fong Chan

IT WAS A BRISK and cool morning, Sept 28th, 2002. The sun was shining, the birds were tweeking, and the air was crisp. Unfortunately, I got up abruptly to the silence of my alarm clock, the hands half an hour over the time I was supposed to pick up my passengers. Amidst the building of anxiety and after the rush of breakfast, I was out the door in less than 15min with my stuff roughly thrown into the back of my trunk to lie amongst the two crates of mushrooms, dozen loaves of bread, and enough vegetables to feed a zoo. It was one thing to stand in front of 100 people and tell them to be at Murrin park at 8:30 in the morning and not be late. It was entirely another greivous sensation to realize how biting that deadline was to me as the organizer. Past the windy bends of the Sea to Sky Highway, we eventually pulled into the parking lot amongst the organized and the confused.. albeit a half hour late. With a striding confidence to hide my utter embarrassment over being late, I helped to sort out the rest of the groups and file them off towards their respective crags. Longhike's rock school had begun.

While Nicole and I slaved away in a far away kitchen in Pemberton, preparing dinner for the scores of hungry

climbers and hikers who would certainly arrive, instructors and students alike swarmed the rocks of Squamish like ants. I heard that the instruction went well for all groups, even though the choice of climbing locations brought some groups into conflict. On the other hand, my directions to get to Pemberton left directions to be desired – stories of groups knocking on farmers doors for directions, lost in bewilderment, and voraciously hungry, only to be told to go back from where they came from. I assume that everyone made it – mental note, make sure next year's organizer has better directions.



Sandra & James at Longbike.

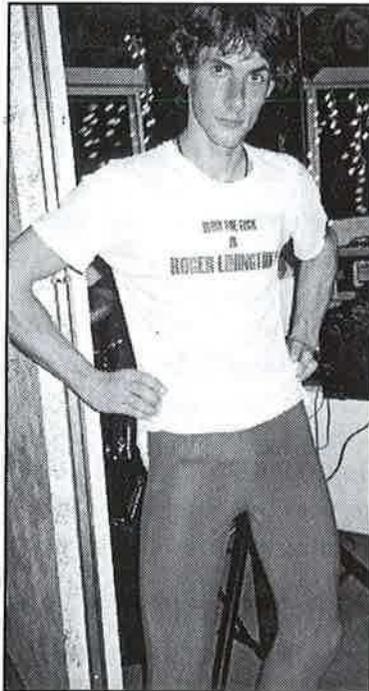
-Chee F. Chan

With a fabulous banquet of pasta, garlic bread, and salad, followed on by desserts, prizes, a live band, and relentless drinking and maneuvers around tables and chairs and broomsticks, it was a fun night for all. Slowly and surely to the spin of Fern's DJ skills, the rumbling dance floor surely kept those wishing for an early night alert. In spite of all the horror filled scenarios that had plagued my mind the prior week, all involved that evening drank well – needless to say no one had to clean up the floors the next morning

due to an over reactive liver.

The beautiful weather of Saturday would not prevail into Sunday, and with a rainstorm over our heads, the crowds slowly left for home after a pancake breakfast. I stayed on till 12:30 to return the keys to the custodian. In the quiet moments after everyone had finally left, I contemplated that the stresses of organization for the prior three weeks had finally concluded.

I want to thank everyone that pitched in to help at Longhike – especially to those who got up early enough Sunday morning to help cook breakfast. A special thanks goes to Nicole for devoting her time to ensuring that adequate food was available to the hungry, and to all the instructors for volunteering their time to this annual event.



*Mike Hengeveld
at Longhike.
-Chee F. Chan*

If Your Clothes Are An Expression Of
Who You Are,
Then You Must Be Rather Boring
Mike Hengeveld

I WAS SITTING on the can at my in-laws, somewhere in California, when I came across a J.Crew catalog; a popular clothing retailer. Once we get beyond the fact that outlet retail becomes fascinating at times³/₄so fascinating that it leaves red oval markings and a cold arse³/₄I would like to point out that J. Crew has the most preposterous "colours" ever. Breezy blazers and serge pants come in *Safari Tan*, *Aubergine*, *Sandstone*, *Apache*, *Serpentine*, and *Sea Spray* to name a few. The possibilities were endless. I began to pose questions in my head: If a person has an ensemble with three choices each of cheshire long sleeves, boot-cut chinos, gingham for spring in poplin, and a seersucker cotton twill blazer, in a choice of the above colours, how many fucking boring combinations can be made?

At one time the climbing was just a thing people did. It didn't matter if you were dressed in a burlap sack. But that was fucking boring and so - with the advent of lycra - climbing became a vehicle that took tights out of the ballet theaters and onto the rock. Designer drugs, glam rock, and sexual repression further paved the way for leopard skins, polka dots, and blue and black pinstripes. Photos in every 1980's guidebook are packed with colourful gems. We came

a long way in a short time. Sadly, about the same time that climbing appeared in its first advertisement, things began to go wrong. A flood of new climbers created a huge, tasteless market, open for the creation of brand name climbing clothes. Companies filled the gaps with all varieties of safe, dull, earth-toned sportswear. MEC now sells “rugged, brushed nylon-cotton blend climbing pants” that will not only stand up to abuse on the crags but also promise not to “offend the style police”. Translation: fucking boring.

Well, brothers and sisters, I have a dream. I believe that we can end this oppression of the eyes. I once had opportunity to chat to famed alpinist Conrad Anker about this burning issue. I was crestfallen to discover that he is less than concerned with the relative dearth of colourful spandex on the market. So, it's up to us. But be warned! - the road isn't easy, nor for the faint of heart. If you have the slightest intimations of homophobia, stay home and hug your dun coloured climbing garb. For the loveliest, sassiest, most groovy duds are not found in a department store, but deep in the women's bodywear section of the Salvation Army. You will suffer through sideways glances as you hopefully paw through the children's clothes, looking for stretchy items misplaced for their “smallness”. You will scandalize (and secretly tantalize) older women as you try on and model all manner of funky, revealing spandex. Guilt will mount as you accidentally tear countless seams. But you will rise like a phoenix from the pyre when you arrive at the crag, shining like a disco queen. All eyes will jealously scan your accentuated physique. The camouflaged, bleating hordes will admire your panache and confidence; for we are children of the revolution.

A Letter From the "Austrians"

Skaha – a Trip Report.

Thomas Leiter & Gerhard Lindner

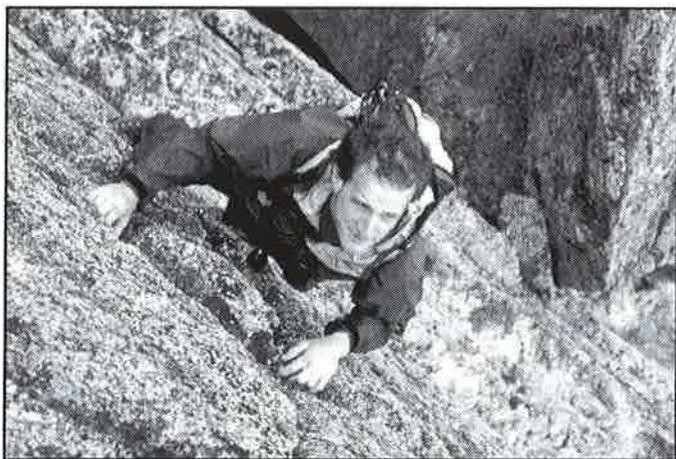
WEDNESDAY - 23 OF OCTOBER and big confusion in the VOC clubroom. Around 30 people were there for the pre-meeting for this climbing-trip, arranging the carpools, talking about the trip equipment and lots of more things.... Then finally Friday 25 at noon Gerhard, Stephan, Crystal and me, Thomas were sitting in our brand new Ford Aerostar 89 and started the big adventure SKAHA!!

We were all pretty exited about this trip, because for most of us this should be the first real climbing-trip, we didn't know anybody from the VOC so far, but our first impression was not that bad, and later on that trip one guy told me that "the VOC is probably the most amazing and best club I know, although things are never organized (without offending anyone), but people are always there and are always nice and amazing. Don't ask me how it works..."

Anyway, after almost 6 hours of driving we finally reached Penticton, and what a surprise, also our muffler made it so far. But Penticton was definitely bigger than we expected and looking on the notes written on my safeway-bill, we had really no idea where to find Bob's place. At least the phone number was there, and so we got a nice description

of the way and reached the huge Stathers-property around 7pm. And...we were the first!! We realized soon that Bob was a funny and nice guy, we spoke about different topics from apple-picking to fisheries-stuff, about his wonderful house and that some trees definitely came from Vancouver. Sooner or later everyone arrived, was having a beer, some where playing "fooseball" others played pool, so it was a kind of nice atmosphere there.

After a night on Bob's precious carpet we had a wonderful breakfast with "pancake al la Bob" and lots of other yummy things. Everyone was just using the whole kitchen with its equipment, so all in all it was a big nice morning mess. But while I was still working to open my eyes properly, the first people were already leaving to Skaha's bluffs. It took some time for us to get ready as well but finally we got off, found the right place immediately (!!!!) and started hiking to the "Red Tail" which was supposed to be the easiest place in the area. Although I wasn't sure about that, and so I brought



Greg Reken Climbing in Skaha
-Scott Nelson

the guitar with me, because you never know what's going to happen!

20 minutes of walk, up on the feared stairs, and "holy shit" we saw the first people climbing like spiders. Others, probably kind of beginners like us were observing them and got taught by other experienced guys, how to set up routes, how to handle all the stuff, and we, the "Austrians", got a special lesson on how to belay.... But after a while we had set up our own route and started climbing, and it was just so nice - climbing in the sun, relaxing, talking to people, playing guitar, having lunch. But after a while this place was too easy ;-) for us and we decided to move to another site, which was supposed to be more demanding. And so it was - we were sitting there observing others and after a while we were sure that some of them must have been cheating, because the rock was such a kind of steep and "flat" that it was the only possible way that they were able to climb that up.

Finally the sun went down and we back to our base at Bob's. Not too many people were around already, but soon we got the reason for that... HOT TUB. Five more minutes, and we and a few beer joined the magic tub-party. It was so great: stars, nice people, hot water with cold beer. I think nobody would have liked to change with somebody else on earth at that special moment. And that moment lasted for more than one and a half hour. But then we got a call by our stomachs, which told us to have a snack in the kitchen. And so it was! Everyone was preparing dinner, tortillas, mushroom pasta, tomato pasta, lasagna and I couldn't believe my eyes...KRAFT-food!!! For the first time in my life I was confronted with that so-called "most popular student food in Canada". I tried to argue against it, but suddenly almost all the VOC was defending KRAFT pasta, and I was also introduced to different varieties of it.

Then suddenly everyone was moving towards the windows and started laughing. So I did, and what I saw was definitely great... or let's say it was funny: A guy, which name I won't mention, was standing close to the hot tube and was spewing fire. Naked. Thank you J. Ames for that show! That was the moment to go to bed (floor) for me, and fortunately we had one hour more of sleep (time switch), which I spend with dreaming about KRAFT....

However, new day, good breakfast, and climbing again! On the program: moderate climbing first, than exploring the caves! One hour of walk, then we thought that we reached the place we wanted to, set up out route, started climbing, but after a while we realized that the 5.7 we wanted to climb was in a whole different area. Instead we were climbing something like 5.10 but anyway. Nobody was there to observe us, so it was great. After that we searched for the caves, found them and were really amazed: We had to squeeze through narrow holes had to cross cracks and didn't have any idea where to go. It was great...maybe not for Jordan, because he got stuck in one of those tunnels, and we had to push him through. Maybe too much KRAFT the day before.:-)

The timing was great, because while we stayed in the cave it started snowing and raining outside. But we were fine, just a lot of mice shit and dust. But who cares!

Then we went out, but the rock was too wet to do some climbing, and so we decided to go back to the car and start our way back. During those 5 hours of driving I was thinking, that this guy was right about the opinion that the VOC is definitely a nice club!

Thanks for this trip.

EPIC 5.7

Beth Friesen

FIRST OF ALL by writing this I am already breaking a promise Kristen and I made to never speak of the climb. We came to this conclusion while walking back to the campsite in Leavenworth. In fact we both agreed we didn't want to discuss climbing at all, or hear about it, or even think about it, we'd had enough.

It happened something like this...

For some odd reason, which i can't explain Kristen and I figured that since she had lead belayed once and we had a small, very small, random assortment of gear we were ready to do a multipitch trad climb, something easy...a 5.7. So we found a climb in the guide that said it was ideal for a first time multipitch, excellent.

We arrived at the climb with a slim rack and 2 ropes...hmmm...don't need 2 ropes, we'll leave one on the ground. I led the first pitch which was alright and after setting up a sturdy anchor consisting of a single cam and securing myself I prepared to belay up Kristen. This went smoothly but a piece of gear was left behind, not so bad, we'd just grab it on our way down...oh wait...our rack was now severely depleted, oh well. At the top of the first pitch we ran into traffic, some nice people who seemed a little sketched at our anchor, I don't know why, and then some

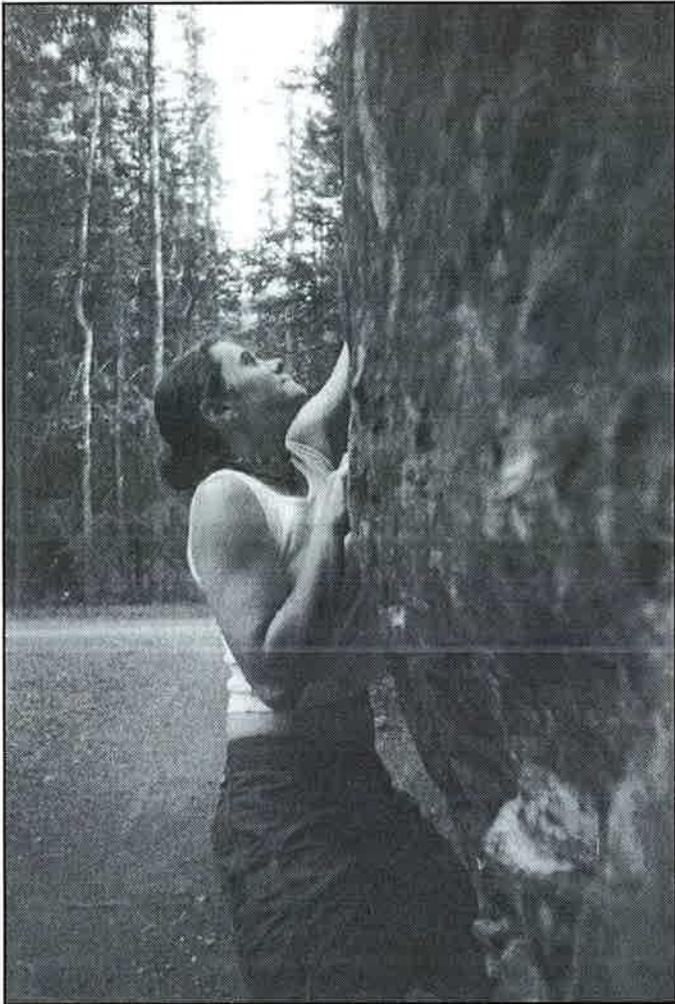
annoying typical Americans, whom Kristen and I decided voted for Bush. During this time we contemplated what to do next, deciding to continue I got about a quarter of the way up the second pitch before realizing i had no gear left...hmmm...logical solution- down climb while taking out gear, surprisingly this was not the first time this trip I had done this, I was in fact developing quite a skill.

So back on our comfortable little ledge we once again contemplated what to do next. We finally came to the conclusion we were going to have to bail. For anyone who has never had to do this, you're missing out on an amazing experience involving patience, innovation, and frustration. You see we were too high up to rap with one rope unless we did a single rope rappel, which neither of us knew how to set up. That's alright, we had two ropes remember? An extra...on the ground, also, we needed to get the piece of gear left behind. No problem, remember my handy downclimbing skills?

I once more put them to use and half down climbed have lowered to the ground to retrieve the extra rope and gear, then it was back up to Kristen again. At this point the day was starting to feel long and we still had to get down. We searched around until we found a boulder we could sling with a corelette(which was all we left behind) and set up a double rope rappel. Finally after a very time consuming rap, due to tangled ropes we reached the ground, or close enough to it.

Now all we had to do was pull the ropes and leave, simple right? Wrong. let me now introduce you to a friend of mine, his name is Friction. He has superhuman strength, which Kristen and I fought hard to overcome. Our struggle proved to be fasinating entertainment for bypassers on the road below who stopped to watch, but not help. Included in our

audience was our not-so-friendly American buddies who had cruised up ahead of us and already hiked out. Finally we won our tug-of-war, coiled our ropes and headed back to the campsite, hungry for our homemade pumpkin pies and promising not to tell anyone about our epic 5.7.



Beth boldering a less epic problem.

Dreamer

Fern Webb

LONG MODERATE GRANITE routes - Is there any better kind of climbing? Squamish certainly has it's fair share, but sometimes the crowds and the highway noise become a bit of a drag and I like to go somewhere a little more alpine. The approaches in BC tend to make most alpine routes at least a 2-day affair. Within a few hours driving distance to the south however, Washington state has many great routes, easily climbable in a day. One area in particular is Darrington in the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest where the slabs and buttresses of a compact group of granite domes host many 4-10 pitch lines, most adequately bolt protected. The classic of these is Dreamer, a 10 pitch 5.9 on the Green Giant Buttress.

Never having been to the area and not knowing too much about the route, I asked my American friend Erik if he would like to climb it with me in August, 2002. Despite questionable weather and never having climbed together before, we had a great time and finished the route with the only casualty being a hole in Erik's muffler.

The area is approached on Forest Service Road #2060 off the Mountain Loop Highway. By BC standards this road is

in pretty good shape, no cross-ditches or steep loose grades, but a low-clearance vehicle will bottom out unless you drive very slowly over some of the larger cobbles. My understanding is that the local Forest Service people have been convinced of the value of the climbing in the area, and agreed to not de-activating the roads even though active logging and mining have ended.

From the end of the road an easy trail heads up the valley through nice forest past the rusted remains of old forest equipment. Someone with a sense of whimsy has taken to indicating the approaches around here with rather unconventional trail markers. In the case of Dreamer the side trail is identified by a lacy black bra tied to a tree. About an hour of hiking through forest then up a steep creek-bed brings you to the base of the slabs of the Green Giant Buttruss.



*Mike Hengeveld on the Grand Wall, Squamish.
-Matt Buckle.*

A prominent white dihedral looks like the obvious start to a route ... but it's not. From here Erik and I scrambled up and left into the mist but soon decided we were not on route. Nevertheless we racked up and left the packs making a long traverse back to the right across the slabs until we found the correct start to the climb. This proper ledge bears all the telltale landmarks - trampled vegetation and cigarette butts. The correct way to get here would be to follow small flagging tape up and right from the top of the creekbed generally heading above the highest largetrees that would be worth logging. From higher on the route we saw another party below that had also gone the wrong way at the base, possibly they found our packs and started climbing straight up. But they got lost in a maze of bulges and dihedrals and eventually gave up.

The first 5 pitches wander left and right following an easy but inobvious line with a mix of protection bolts and natural gear options. All the belays are fixed and festooned with rappel slings, though some are hidden from below. The two crux pitches come about halfway up where the buttress steepens. The first of these is the so-called Blue Crack although I didn't think the crack was so special to deserve it's own name. I was glad that this was Erik's lead as there were a few long reaches and after climbing through some overlapping flakes the increased exposure was dramatic compared to the lower less-steep pitches.

The Blue Crack ends at an awkward hanging stance below a large roof. Moving up to and around this roof is supposedly the technical crux of the route, but it's easy to aid off the bolt. The real challenge of the pitch is keeping the rope from jamming in a crack and finding the easy way to pull onto the hanging slab above the roof. After a few false starts I found the right way around to the welcome line of bolts, but in the process I managed to thread the rope

through the crack so that the drag was almost crippling by the time I reached the next belay. Still the climbing was great, with a sea of chickenheads to pull on and bolts spaced just far enough apart to be spicy.

The final few pitches are a bit scruffy. I guess that many parties choose to rappel after completing the crux, but it is well worth continuing to the top of the buttress. The climbing continues up the chicken-heads at a lower angle to top out on a knife edge ridge with great views. It is possible to scramble down a bushy gully on the back-side of this ridge, but like most parties we chose to rappel back down the way we came. The rappel option requires some care, as the route wanders and there are many flakes and knobs to get the rope jammed. We took our time and made it down without incident and were back to the car for beers before dark.

Dreamer is a great route in a beautiful remote setting. It's similar to Snake on the Apron in Squamish though longer, and anyone comfortable with that route should have little trouble. We brought a small rack of 8 cams from a Blue TCU to #3 Camelot and about 8 draws, with several long ones to help with rope drag. There are certainly opportunities for more varied gear especially smaller sized nuts, but many of the cracks and flakes are wobbly or expanding and the bolt protection is more than adequate. Rappelling the route requires two ropes. A guidebook to Darrington should be published sometime this year, but until then the best information can be found online at <http://www.seanet.com/~mattp/Darr/>.

Joshua Tree for Dummies

Amanda Brown

OUR ADVENTURES IN California over reading break with Krystil, Carmen, Ileana (be careful how you pronounce that one!), April, Mike, Graham and Vince were ones I will never forget. Thirty hours of butt numbing driving each way but worth every second of it. The scariest part of the trip was definitely... no not the climbing... but crossing the border with fruit. We had some good strategies to deal with it but the fear still consumed us. Thankfully I didn't buckle under the pressure. Krystil kept her cool and calmly handled the situation like a pro. They have some really wild towns in the states with names like 'Weed' and 'Boonville', and street names like Easy street and A,B,C and D street. That kept us entertained for a good part of the trek down and back. Our side trips to Beverly Hills, the Oregon coast, Death Valley and the Golden Gate bridge (and the Bay bridge twice!) also made it slightly more interesting. I'm sure Ileana and Krystil would agree that mine and Carmen's serenading to BonJovi the whole way down is what made the trip truly enjoyable and with Vince's insane schedule, Graham, Mike and April got to see about half the states. Unfortunately this schedule brought them into Joshua tree after we'd given up on ever seeing them again and some of us dearly missed the sleeping bag and mat that they had in

their van. Just kidding guys.

Somehow we went to Joshua Tree expecting scorching heat but found that hurricane winds and snow storms were more common. We did get enough sun to sneak in some suntanning though and as Mike put it "there were a few climbers with mixed priorities" in the group. We met up with some great people from the states that were a little confused as to why us people from Canada didn't speak a different language but we managed to give them some sort of an explanation. We also had a little run in with the coyotes but everyone came out of that unscathed except for Mike's back pack. We got three great days of climbing in and a hike up Queen mountain, which April especially enjoyed because of the quality time she got to spend with the cactuses. The nights were spent roasting, or burning to a crisp, our marshmallows and being entertained by Graham's 'manky bittom' and other equally strange and wonderful scottish expressions. To finish it off we had a long relaxing soak in the healing waters of Desert Hot Springs on thursday and came back to Vancouver feeling slightly refreshed and not at all ready to finish the semester.



A trimpahnt VOC Gang at Leavenwoth, WA

-Milena Semproni

Climbs That Scare Me

Mike Hengeveld

LIKE MANY PEOPLE, I keep some kind of journal of the routes I have done in Squamish and elsewhere. After some time now, the red pen has worked its way through many of the coveted Squamish classics; so much that the gaps are now becoming small and troublesome. There are now quite a few routes that are well within my ability, yet every time I open my guide, these particular three star routes confront me, and I am forced to wonder "why haven't I done that yet?" Because, as we'll soon see, they're fucking 'ard and scary.

Clean Corner (5.8)

(Dick Strachan, Dick Willmott '62)

"A fine outing that offers exposed and exciting climbing. Climb the chimney until it narrows to a wide crack. Avoid the crack by delightful stemming across the walls on good holds. An easier chimney above leads to the top."

Kevin McLane, The Climbers Guide To Squamish

The date of the first ascent is what makes me most nervous. Consider for a moment what was going on in 1962. Nobody had heard of *The White Album*, because the Beatles hadn't

even produced *Help!* yet. The Marlboro Man was cool. Anthony Hopkins was starring in *The Elephant Man*. In black and white. Climbers were still tying swami belts. What the hell would 5.8 mean?! *Desperate thrutching and sparse protection*. To confirm this suspicion, one only has to find the right angle by which to study the route. Whilst on *The Grand Wall*, a full six grades harder than our route in question, I found a fantastic vantage point from which to scope the route. I was slack-jawed and horrified. It appears that getting to the base requires either a long hike and a rap in, or a suspicious traverse over from half-height on *Crap Crag*s. Once at the base, the two pitches above undulate between 4 inch crack and chimney, interspersed with 3 ton chockstones (lodged in securely, no doubt). There are no bolts or any obvious signs of protection. I know of one person who has actually climbed this route. Coincidentally, he appears in *Climbing* magazine and has put up some of the most spooky and technical alpine climbs on the west coast. His comment on *Clean Corner?* "The realest 5.8 I've ever climbed."

Neat And Cool (5.10a) (*Dave Lane, Perry Beckham '79*)

Just look at it! Sure, it's a low ten, but it is steep and committing! Moreover, Perry Beckham is a mullet-wearing hardman (1999 Squamish Guide, pages 266, 381) who is reputed to have regularly climbed to the top of *The Split Pillar* with friends late in the day, only to commence in drinking heavily at the belay. Once completely destroyed, they would wait until sober enough to finish the route. Back at *Neat And Cool*, I have long envisioned getting through the first two moves and discovering that I am too pumped to even place any gear. Of course, I would then fall off into the jumbled boulders beneath, splitting open my head. This has happened! One day, up at Penny Lane we saw two

paramedics far below dragging some poor sod out to a nearby ambulance. We found out later that he had fallen off and connected with the boulders below while on the route in question. This gruesome scenario has repeated itself so often that local hospitals call it *The Zone Of Death*.

Bran Flakes (5.10a) (*Peter Croft, Tami Knight, Anders Ourom '78*)

“A head spinning runout on the first pitch tests your self-worth as a climber.”

Kevin McLane, The Climbers Guide To Squamish

With this description in mind, I set my tough-guy guns to *stun*. I set off with much confidence up the relentless slab, reaching a bolt after a mind blowing distance. Clipping happily, I congratulated myself on being true hard man. Who wouldn't sleep with me now? Then, turning my eyes upward, I cast about for the next bolt. I spent some time like that; motionless and scanning. As my eyes strained for the glint of sunlight on steel it occurred to me that I might not be on *A Question Of Balance* after all. “A head spinning runout” implies a singular, indefinite object, I reasoned. “*A runout*”, not “*The runouts*”. Surely Kevin knew the difference. As these things work out, I was on *Bran Flakes*, a neighbouring slab route that breathes life anew into the word “runout”. There is exactly one bolt located somewhat less than halfway between the ledge and the anchors, 150 feet distant.

Mercy Street (5.10b) (*Kirt Sellers, Bill Noble '86*)

“Power up the remorseless layback corner...”

Kevin McLane, The Climbers Guide To Squamish

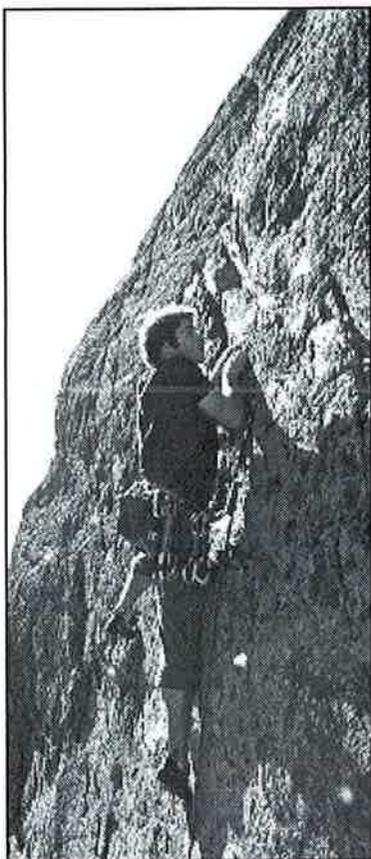
This diamond in the rough is found in depths of the South

Gully. I have not even come to look at this climb for three reasons. The first is simple; by all accounts, it is a dripping nightmare that only dries out following the most oppressive droughts. Then, once, while on the spacious comfort of Memorial Ledge, I witnessed a full grown fir tree plummet from a cliff like a huge, green, flapping dagger into the South Gully. When it landed at the base of Mercy Street I was supplied with my second reason.

The third reason is more involved. A recent paper in the Canadian Journal Of Mountaineering introduced "*Nearest Neighbour Grade Interaction*" to the climbing lexicon. Authors Haliday and Resnick have found that when a route is bracketed by other routes of obscenely different grades the middle route is invariably influenced in the direction of the average grade. In general, this means that your first 5.10a gear lead should be in a neighbourhood of 5.6 cracks, not in the middle of a buttress of traditional 5.12's. It forms a corollary then, that at 5.12d, a next-door neighbour *The Opal* has not yet received a continuous free ascent.

Survival Of The Flatus (5.10b)
(Dean Hart, Peter Croft '84)

a climber in Skaha
-Scott Nelson.



“A superb pitch with a couple of big runouts.”

Kevin McLane, The Climbers Guide To Squamish

At the onset, I was not afraid of this route. After all, every second route in England is filled with runout death potential, and that is where I learned to climb. However, the authors of this Lower Malamute work make me suspicious. The aforementioned *Bran Flakes* is also a Peter Croft creation. In the description of *that* runout horror-show, McLane only says “a slightly harder and bolder climb,” a reference that compares it to the runout classic, *Question Of Balance*. Two years before rambling up the climb in question, Croft redefined hard free climbing in North America by making the first clean ascent of *University Wall*. Dean Hart, it turns out, is no slack either. The North Walls of Squamish alone are the forbidding home many of his first ascents. Descriptions of these 5.12 traditional monsters include “strenuous power laybacking,” 11b offwidth, “runout on deteriorating rock,” and pitches that are “something to really sweat over.” This may beg the question: If one were to be “power laybacking” and “redefining” on Saturday, what is the meaning of “runout 5.10” on Sunday?

The Grim Reaper (5.10b) (*Gordie Smaill, Neil Bennet '70*)

“This famous route, first climbed in stiff soled boots, is one of the great legends of Squamish. Its fearsome reputation for the huge runout on the crux pitch, done on-sight, remains undiminished.”

Kevin McLane, The Climbers Guide To Squamish

In 1970, Gordie Smaill must have been living large. I am to understand, from Chic Scott’s reading on the “Squamish Hardcore”, and sage, oral accounts that he was a hard aid

climber, heavy drinker, and generally ahead of his time. At the time of his roller-skated first ascent, most people fell off just doing the easier pitches that led to the crux. It is unfortunate that the thin, smeary nightmare *The Climbers Must Be Crazy* beat out my naïve enthusiasm for runout slab before I got to *The Grim Reaper*. Now I will have to climb it while fighting off strong urges to vomit.

The Climbers Must Be Crazy (5.10c) (*Nick & Robin Barley '87*)

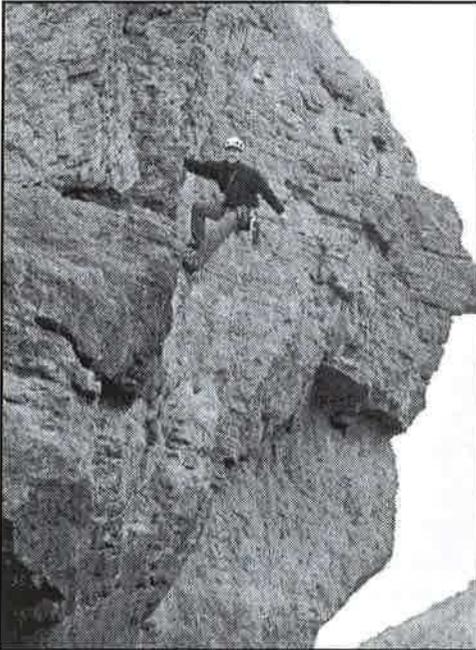
It's on the 5th pitch of the route that this Barley creation earns its name. I headed out from a good stance and weaved up and right over moderate ground. After a disconcerting distance I arrived at a bolt. My heart sank to see that it was of the rust 1/4 inch variety. I clipped it without much hope, and looked ahead to get my bearings. I spotted another rusty number, some thirty feet distant. Gee, I thought. The slab steepened and moderation was replaced with ponderous smearing. I arrived, quaking. This bolt appeared, in quality and size, comparable to something from a childhood tree-fort project. Repeating the ceremony, I saw the next bolt ahead, again, some thirty feet distant. Gee-zus, I thought. Halfway to the rusty offering I froze, struck like I have never been struck before by the madness of my situation. I looked at my feet, pasted onto ethereal depressions that provided just enough friction to hold me in place when properly weighted. I was a foot swap away from looking like a motorcycle crash victim. Every subsequent move was accompanied by dry mouthed anticipation of my bolt snapping demise. There was no trust or hope in my movement as I continued along, making it past two more widely spaced rusty numbers. I arrived at the final headwall to find a streak of water that terminated in the texture between me and the anchors. I studied the blankness ahead, deflated. Then, like a miracle, a low sun came out and

poured across the rock. I wobbled up on faint holds, made visible by the heightened relief, and arrived at the anchors, destroyed.

Peanuts (5.10c)

(R.Milward, J.Campbell '83)

When I first came to Vancouver, I went to go explore Squamish. Along the way, I stopped at the Comic Rocks. While there, I met a guy who had just fallen off of a route called *White Lightning*. He looked like he had been dragged through a village by a team of wild horses. I was in awe. He was planning, on this day, to go do *Peanuts*, which looked hard. Well, if that's what hardmen do, I'm leaving it alone.



Mike Young on Monkey Face, Smith Rock.

Even Steven (5.10c)

(John Howe, Dave Lane '86)

Even Steven is located at the suspicious *Petrifying Wall*, lauded by McLane as "the easiest climb in the area". That *Petrifying Wall* is a playground for mutants goes unmentioned. Here again, *Nearest Neighbour Grade Interactions* (Haliday, Resnick) comes into play. All of the surrounding climbs are conservatively protected 5.12 horror shows. No doubt this accounts for the fact that *Even Steven* is a full on 50 metre pitch of death, punishment, and toil. Who can blame the 5.12 climbers? After all, what 5.10 climber can usurp the difference between 5.4 and 5.6?

Milk Run (5.10c)

(Peter Croft, Tami Knight '82)

This entire route is suspiciously hard. Just getting to the base of the real climbing requires a true leading dilemma. Choice one: traverse 15 feet on steep unprotected smears. The belayer has options here too: Giving a lot of slack allows the leader to fall further, but into a grotto of rocks and shrubs. Keeping a tight rope will result in a corner-smacking pendulum. Choice two: the "easier" option heads directly up to a bolt and then requires the most desperate, crimpy, smearing dyno to reach a hand rail where critical failure is protected by falling on your belayer. Once at the first belay, the true punishment begins. A hard, rising, layback traverse is graced with fiddly protection and plenty of pendulum potential. Thankfully, a tough corner pitch ensues with more laybacking. It works out well then that, just when things are looking a bit down, the final pitch turns out to be another full whack of steep, unrelenting lieback. I set about the first ten feet before realizing that I was certain to meet my pumpy death.

Wall Of Attrition (5.10d)

(R. Milward, J. Campbell,

S. Young, J. Rosholt, P. Ourom '84-96)

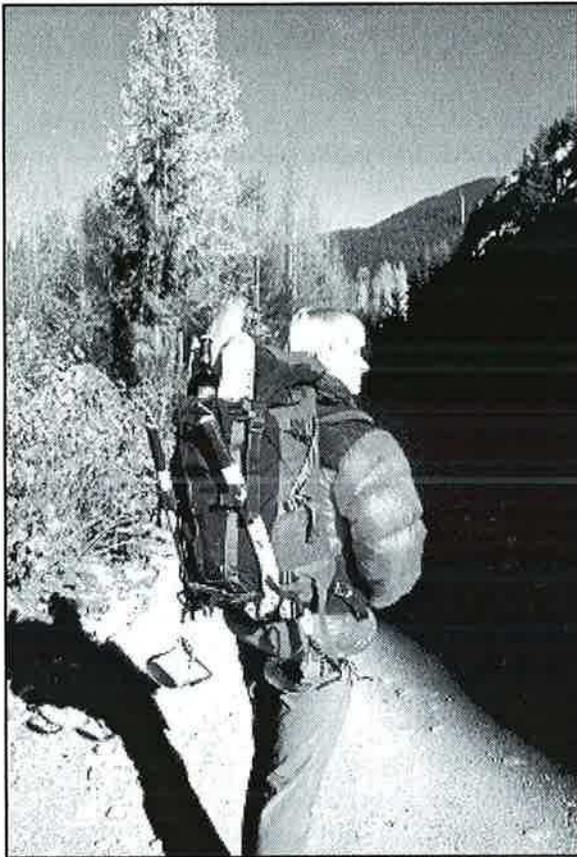
McLane's description of this route is innocuous enough, but something is amiss. On the second to last pitch, a blocky, rising traverse, Kevin bothers to script "bold" onto the topo. I have looked through the entire guide trying to find this warning elsewhere, but to no avail. What is the meaning of this! Moreover, a route that rises to the heights of Dance Platform at a grade easier than *The Grand Wall* should receive frequent ascents. Yet, find me the man or woman that has been BOLD enough to do it.

Frail Scales (5.10d)

(*Peter Craft, John Howe, '82*)

Most of these routes are scary because of what they *might* do to me. *Frail Scales* makes the list not for what it *might* do, but for what it *did*. Long had I looked at this steep layback, looming over the road on the way to Squamish. It looked ferocious, but great. In a moment of enthusiasm, I found myself working up the steep crimping that leads to a series of flakes. Sharp, but thin, the exfoliations strike up wall in a draining layback. I gathered my wits and set off with determination. If there was any body shape that I would be given in hell, it would be that of a person with long legs paired with exceedingly short arms. This would make almost any layback a fucking impossibility. Although I don't suffer this form, I did somehow manage to have my feet shoot off of the very first smear and I catapulted off halfway down the crag before coming to the attention of my belayer. Stirred, rather than shaken, I returned to my high mark. I managed to cruise the beginning section, placing friends behind the wafers with little confidence. I came to the end of the flakes and the final mantle. At this point the wall had assumed a slight overhang. Placing a friend, I shook out a pump and sussed out the secret holds that would carry me over the lip and onto the thin shelf above. I committed to an irreversible move and tucked my

fingers into the thinnest, shittiest, bottoming crack I've ever been so unlucky to find. I didn't have the juice I needed. Realizing my straits, whinnying and thrutching, I watched hopelessly as my fingers peeled off against my strongest will. Having my gear rip out was just an unfortunate event. It sent me sailing backwards for close to 40 feet. Whoever coined the country wisdom "If you fall off the horse, get right back on" was a fucking moron. I subscribed to this mantra, taking two more 15 foot peelers before running away.



*Jacqui Hudson on approach to Wedge
-Matt Buckle*

The Romanticized Version
of Smith Rock
Ileana Costrut

ALREADY THURSDAY NIGHT, a frenzy of climbing equipment, food and clothes formed a path between the kitchen and my bedroom, as I scrambled to make them all fit into my backpack, which seemed to have shrunk. I did not have a ride yet for Smith Rock, the last climbing destination of the season, but I contained my rising blood pressure with the ordered and tedious task of packing. Every time the phone rang I snatched it and answered envisioning an empty seat in someone's car. Nothing... Even the trunk spaces were reserved for the luggage. At 10:00 pm, Han, this sweet, somewhat reserved and quiet Korean guy, called asking whether I would be interested in sharing the costs of a rented car. By that time I was willing to even bus it down there, so I agreed.

Friday afternoon I was waiting with Rita, who I am sure most of you know, in front of the UBC bookstore, for the other three guys, who went to rent the car. They arrived in this beautiful five - person luxury car, a white Chevy, which would be our home for the next three days. Oh but I haven't introduced the guys, except for Han. "In the right corner, ladies and gentlemen stands Andreas, from Germany while

the left corner is occupied by Ignacio (also known as Nacho) from Mexico!!!!” All in all we set out in our mini jet towards the border with passports from three different continents, uncontained excitement and Rita’s music playing in the background. We were the international car.

The trip only took 13 hours. As daylight sliced the Oregon sky and a glowing line appeared on the horizon, we jumped out of the car for a Kodak moment. The sun brought with it only the illusion of warmth; reality was on icy wind urging us to rush back into the car huddling goose flesh near goose flesh. We entered the Hollow Skull campground just in time for breakfast, set up our tent, crammed some dry, tasteless and cold food into our mouths and headed for the rocks.



Friends in Smith Rock

-Mike Young

The surroundings were vast plains of soft browns and yellow grasses, with some budding hills scattered unevenly. The sky seemed to take up three quarters of my line of vision.

Smith Rock was an abnormality on the landscape, a patterned dark and light brown wall of solid rock jutting out from the flat palm of the field. It didn't look very big from far away but as we got closer it too grew in size. Along the walls, climbers were already setting up routes. This was my first time climbing real rock and my third time climbing in general.

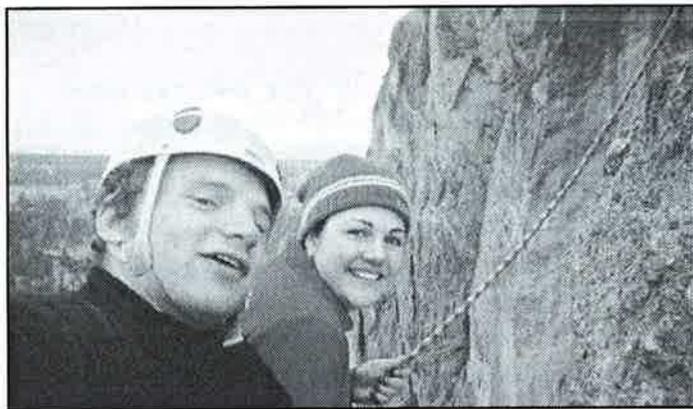
I let Nacho and Andreas lead us to what would be our first climb of the day: ThePeanut. Now that you're impressed, I have to say it wasn't as easy as itsounded, at least not for me. My hands were frozen, and I barely managed to take off my warm boots and put the climbing shoes on. The wind whipped us onthe rock, it even rained sporadically but the atmosphere and the people we metwere so cheerful that it didn't really matter that I had popsicles for limbs. It even helped me jam my numb fingers into cracks and nooks without any bit of pain. The day unravelled as we inched our way along the walls, snickered at the names of the routes, ate plain bagels and drank in the view. On one overhang there was a guy dangling, not far from him someone was crawling in a crack, miniatures covered the walls with differing degrees of difficulty.

Darkness summoned us to the campground, partly hallucinogenic from the lack of sleep and food. A fire was built and we all gathered like moths absorbing the heat,listening to stories, attempting to sing the odd song; the buzzing questions of the day were "Where are you from?" and "What did you climb?" Leaving the fire wasn't easy, especially when the tent awaiting is just a bit warmer than an Eskimo's patio. That night I had on two pairs of pants, three pairs of socks, five shirts and a jacket and I was still cold in my sleeping bag. I fell asleep to the faint howls of coyotes and woke up stiff at the sound of rebelling geese.

The second day wasn't as cold as the previous one simply because it wasn't as windy. We seemed to be more organized today and managed to climb more. Nacho and Andreas were on a roll setting up top ropes and I climbed a 5.9 called Helium Moment. I won't mention that I was up there for a while huffing and puffing while I was probably cutting the circulation to Nacho's lower body.

It was so rewarding standing at the top of the rock, my feet shaking, my arms throbbing, my nose running and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth like Velcro. No matter how tired we were we didn't want to stop. The last climb of the day, which we baptized as "The Cheese", was enticing because it had these big perfectly rounded holes deep in the rock, all the way up the route. It was different than the almost flat rock we attempted before. We left reluctantly, knowing that the next morning we would resume the trip home. Another campfire, another star filled night and a brilliant, sun light morning marked the end of our stay at Smith Rock. But I'll be back!

Special thanks to the drivers (Han and Andreas), the DJ (Rita) and the exotic entertainment (Nacho).



Neal and Amanda in Smith Rock.

-Mike Young.

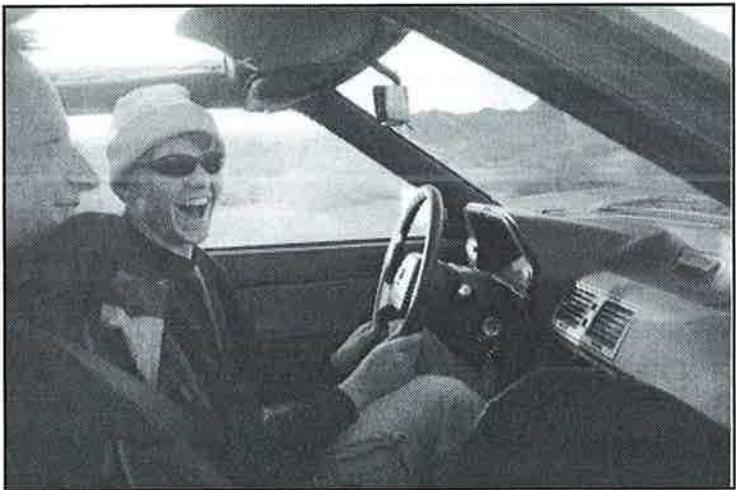
J-Tree Trip, Christmas Break 2003

Tyler Linn

IT'S AMAZING THAT I never anticipated any problems fitting ten days worth of stuff for four people into my five passenger car. It was actually kind of fun packing all the stuff in there, mainly because I was the driver, and for safety reasons I was entitled to all the room in the world. Actually, it wasn't that bad, no one had stuff piled on top of them and we were able to leave UBC by 6:30am. It was amazing how fast we went through the border crossing, I think they only asked us a single question, about where we were headed. I enthusiastically answered, and she wished us well. I guess there aren't many blonde, rock climbing Al Qaida members from around here. As we passed the border the traffic moved very quickly and by the time we hit Portland, we were excited about our progress. It took us about 4.5 hours, and it seemed as though Joshua Tree was just around the corner. Little did we know that California is a really big state, and Joshua Tree is a really long ways down it. I chugged a few red bulls between Sacramento and Los Angeles before handing the driving over to Neal on the San Bernardino Highway.

Before long, we were spread out on the warm desert sand of Joshua Tree, sleeping bags and all. After 24 hours of

driving I was finally given the opportunity to sleep, but I had no idea I would be rudely awakened by a park ranger only a few minutes later. Coincidentally, after being redirected by the park ranger we bumped into other VOC friends with park ranger troubles. After a brief chat, we decided we would try and make something of our day and do a few routes. After heading for food in Yucca Valley we went to explore the Lost Horse Wall with the hope of doing something. It was very busy so we shuffled over to Dairy Queen Wall and settled on climbing a few 5.7 and 5.8 cracks to the left of the wall. I led the first part of Leap Year Flake but turned it over to Neal when I ran out of gear down low. He led it beautifully, but admitted that narcoleptic climbing is pretty scary, intensifying any nervous tendencies you had before. That night we were treated to a spectacular sunset. I didn't have my camera, but I think Elana got some nice photos.



Neal and Tyler driving in Joshua Tree.

As we congregated back at the car we tried to remember the

conversation we had that morning with a local climber who gave us directions to his friends place in Joshua Tree. We decided to follow the directions he gave us and pulled into his friend's place to pitch a tent. We cooked, and talked to a few of the people that were staying there before passing out in our tents by 11pm under clear skies and a sea of stars. The next morning we slept in quite late, but made a strong effort to get to the climbs at a reasonable hour. We tossed everything we owned on a steep slope out of sight and drove to Echo Rock. We were very impressed with the sights, and marched off towards Echo Cove to find some quality routes. When we got there the south facing side was very busy and the dark, north facing side was deserted. I decided to try Deceptive Corner on "the dark side." This route let me know that Joshua Tree grading really means business. It was definitely the first overhanging crack I've done with a grade of only 5.7. It seemed even harder for the grade once I got into the corner itself with only a shallow crack to follow up. Neal seconded, and agreed that it was a very nice route, but difficult for 5.7. The rest of the day included doing a 5.9 slab, Neal leading an unnamed crack that wasn't included in the guidebook, and the final lead climb up the Echo Rock itself. I lead an easy 5.6 up the Echo Rock face and managed to stretch it out in one 60metre pitch. It was getting pretty dark so Neal seconded and then we tried to make our way down off the back side. We scrambled down to a reasonable height above the desert floor and then rapped back down to safety. The girls were nice enough to have our packs ready when we got back down. It was very cold so we walked quickly back to the car to stay warm. Next stop: Denny's.

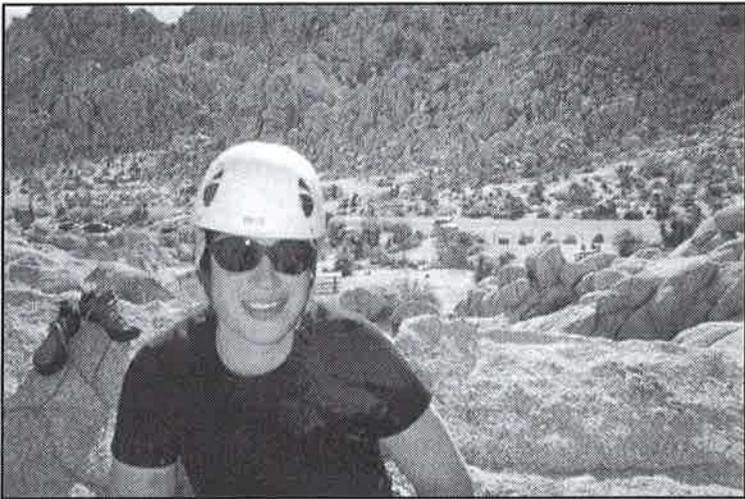
Denny's was a great post climbing meeting area. They served bottomless coffee for \$1.40, had warm comfortable seats, and didn't seem to mind us staying there for hours. Although there was that one waitress who seemed a bit distressed that we wouldn't order something and seemed to think that if

she poured us enough coffee we would have met our caffeine limits for the day and would be forced to leave. She never left us alone, refilling our cups after every second swallow. But despite the interruptions we were able to make plans for the next day, and have a lot of fun talking about what had gone on the day before. Lack of sleep finally forced us to retire to our tents once the caffeine high fizzled out.

The next morning was our chance to get on the Lost Horse Wall so we were quickly out of our tents and getting ready. We pulled up to the wall at 8:30 and luckily, we were the first ones there. Elana and I climbed first, choosing Dappled Mare as our objective. The route stretched over three pitches and deserved its three star rating. It seemed to deserve its 5.8 rating as well, maybe I was just climbing better, or getting used to the rock but it was definitely easier than the 5.7 I had climbed the day before. As I reached the top I was really getting into holiday mode, enjoying the amazing temperatures and the stellar view across the desert. I was having an excellent time basking in the sun while I brought Elana up on the final pitch. Elana met me up there with plenty of time to relax and nap while we waited for Neal and Kristen. We finally decided to make our way down to the bottom in case they rapped down. By the time we finished lunch, Elana and I had decided to make an effort to get some more climbing in. We headed for Atlantis Wall and did a couple of 5.9 routes and a 5.10 on top rope. By the time night fell we were reacquainted with Neal and Kristen so we decided to stroll over to the Aiguille De Joshua Tree before heading back to the car.

Tuesday was New Year's Eve so we decided to take a rest day and head to Las Vegas for a night on the town. We wanted to get at least one classic route in before we headed for the strip so Neal lead us to Walk on the Wild Side. Once again I would climb with Elana and Neal would climb with

Kristen. Neal and Kristen were first up to the plate with Neal deciding to lead the scary run outs. Six bolts provided the only protection on the first pitch, and while the climbing wasn't that difficult at 5.8, the run outs were very tough mentally. A fall between the first and second bolts would equal a ground fall, but Neal continued, despite the strong winds that were wiping at his jacket. When I met Neal at the belay after leading the first pitch there was a mutual decision made to head down. The wind was too much and the run outs were a bit more then we had bargained for. A double rope rappel brought us back to the ground for the drive to Vegas.



Elana Sefton in Joushua Tree.

The drive was fairly uneventful besides driving along a road that suddenly ended without warning. That took us all by surprise, but my car survived the bumps and we soon found ourselves on route 66 before making our way north to the interstate. We were really excited about some giant rocks half way between Vegas and Joshua Tree. We made plans

to climb there on the way back, before proceeding to the strip and booking ourselves into a cheap hotel. That night we took in all the cheesy sights you expect to see while you're in Vegas. The fireworks display was pretty nice but the highlight of Neal's night must have been eating at Fat Burger. Neal had mentioned how much he liked this place on the way down I-5, so he was pretty happy that we had actually found one of the places he had mentioned. It had taken us 10km of walking through mobs of people to get there put it proved to be well worth the effort.

We left Vegas the following afternoon excited about the mystery area we had seen in Mojave National Preserve. We arrived there and scoped out some potential routes. The rock looked good and there seemed to be a few good routes within easy walking distance of the car. The following day, after camping on a side road we made our way back to the cracks we made plans to try the day before. A few of the routes that appeared great from far away were actually very painful off-widths. I chose to wrestle my way up a flaring chimney type crack but bailed only a short ways up as my arms and legs were getting sliced by the rock. Meanwhile, Neal found two beautiful cracks leading their way up a small tower a few hundred feet to the west. Neal took the crack to the left and I lead the route to the right. Neal's route was quite sustained and he finally reached the top with drops of blood flowing from his hands. He decided to name the route Scar Tissue, for obvious reasons. After a few difficult moves my route eased off and I met Neal near the top. After a victory photo we all hiked back to the car and headed to Twenty-Nine Palms for pizza.

We were intrigued by our mystery area in Mojave National Preserve and decided to go and find out if the local climbing store knew about the area. We figured it was highly unlikely no one had climbed there before but we still wanted to get

some information on it. Apparently, the area is a bird nesting ground and despite the excellent routes, no one climbs there because those who do are fined and put in jail. This made the climbs feel a bit more adventurous, and helps make the story of these routes a bit more exciting, but from then on we decided just to stick to the routes specified in the guidebook.

From Friday through Sunday we kept a low profile climbing only the classics such as Colorado Crack, Mental Physics, and Moosedog Tower. After many excellent routes we decided to call it a day early on Sunday and headed to the Palm Desert Hot Springs to relax in one of their many hot tubs. The drive home was uneventful, besides stopping for meals at small casino towns in Eastern Nevada and getting pulled over for a speeding ticket warning somewhere in Oregon. As we arrived at UBC it was difficult to get into the flow of school again but we were motivated by the promise of doing it again next year.



An interesting fellow met on the trip.

Smuggling TriCams

Chris Michalak

Sometime this summer (I have a terrible memory for these things) I went and climbed the Viennese-Clarke Traverse with James Floyer. The details of the plan were worked out at a local pub, not because I'm hip, but because I was homeless and had no phone. At first, James wanted to do something crazy rated TD+ 5.9 A2 (we can learn how to aid climb on the way up this multi-day alpine climb, he tells me...) Ever the voice of reason, I suggested something more moderate. The Viennese-Clarke traverse seemed like a fair compromise. It's mostly 4th class rock, but with some more technical pitches, and very long.

Every time I plan a trip with James, I try to make sure it involves driving on lots of difficult logging roads. You see, James has a jeep, and I think I may have been a lard-ass beer guzzling 4x4 enthusiast in a previous life. After much debate on the rack we should bring we set off rather late one day. After driving through some monster water-bars (weeeee!!!), we hiked in by headlamp and bivied at Upper Statlu Lake.

We slept in a bit the next day because we didn't hear our alarm over the noise from the stream. As we made our way

up towards the col of peak 6500 I felt quite a buzz in anticipation of a 12-16 hour day. When we reached the alpine ridge and started scrambling, everything seemed to come together. There's something quite fantastic about moving light and fast on an exposed ridge high up in the mountains. When we reached the 5.9 pitch below Viennese peak and donned our climbing shoes, I pulled out an extra #1 TriCam from my pack lid and handed it to James who was going to lead the pitch "Here, you might want this". "Oh no..." James replied in his British accent. This particular piece wasn't supposed to be on our rack (per our negotiations) but I felt strongly enough about it that I had smuggled it in (hey it's only 34g!).

As the day went on, things just seemed to click. The views were great and the thrill of exposure combined with the need for speed was incredible. We had brought 2.5L of water each. Luckily there were snow patches up there and we were able to refill. We must of gone through 5-6L each that day. After descending from the ridgeline, the long traverse back to our bivy site started. Then we started heading down along creeks and slides back to the lake. At this point I could feel my body starting to give in. I was getting sloppy (the ball-bearing-like pebbles on slopping rock didn't help the matter) and was eager to rest. We got back to camp before sunset. It had only been a 13 hour day, but I was beat (turns out being VOC president doesn't automatically make you hard). My legs were quite wobbly for the walk down the next day. But I got to look forward to a jeep ride down.

Kiss the Cod and Long May Your Big
Jib Draw
Rebecca Goulding

PARTICIPANTS:

Roger Linnington, Mike Hengeveld, Mark Huscroft, Matt Buckle and Rebecca Goulding

Roger- Kiss it! GO ON, Kiss the Cod, Beccs. Come, OOOOnnnnn! – chicken.

We were five lucky participants of “Kiss the Cod” night, at the Fringe Bar, Broadway on a Saturday night in September. I had been enjoying a rather tasty pint, yapping excitedly with the boys about our plans for climbing the following day when a barman dressed in a Fisherman’s raincoat approached. He stood there eagerly awaiting the “Kiss” while his equally dressed buddy beside him was playing the bagpipes. He held a distinctly smelly and presumably recently defrosted, fully intact cod in front of my nose, and it smiled sweetly at me. “Kiss me!” the slimy fish said. I looked into my beer.

Bagpipes, pipes, Pipeline. It seemed like such a simple plan that night. A photographic expedition with Matt Buckle to document a rare event, the climbing of the notorious Pipeline by none other than the Off-width -offender himself,

Mike Hengeveld. Accompanied by the equally crack-minded, with passions for peril, Roger Linnington and Mark Huscroft.

I Kissed the Cod, knocked back the shot of very bad whiskey and yelled "Long May Your Big Jib Draw!" fulfilling all the Newfie Tradition requirements of the night in question.

That was the start of the evening, somehow we all ended up on Roger's porch to polish off a bottle of single malt whiskey. Our hopes for adventure even higher than before, we relished the thought of the ultimatum with Pipeline. In a last, desperate move, Mike purposefully spilled his gin and tonic onto the balcony. I think he meant to spill it into the garden but with great resolve and intent focus he tipped the glass forwards ever so gently and watched it trickle down the siding. With that the evening was over, and we left Roger's place and stumbled off home.

Pipeline: 10c. A few pitches of approach climbing on the Squaw leads you to the objective; a marvellous 50m overhanging, off-width, squeeze chimney that arches up and left. Mike H. calls it the Great Giant Granite Sickle. The first nut-bar to climb this classic did so in 1979, and he climbed it without the aid of Big Bros (expandable protection for off-widths) or oversized camming devices. In fact he soloed the beast. His name was "G" Cameron. I bet Mr. Cameron's titanium cahjones would be the prize exhibit in any climbing museum in North America.

This was Mikes and Roger's second date with the belle Pipeline. Mike had lead it a month earlier, clean, but with moderate casualties (notably his ankle and shoulders were completely shredded). This was the second round of off-width madness, and Matt and I had signed up to take photos from a separate belay, just across from the crux move – the

bit where the climber must exit the relative comfort of the squeeze to get through the overhang.

Matt, Mark and I made it without too much fuss to the Squaw pullout. We even felt a bit giddy. By the time Roger and Mike arrived, I was festooned across the trunk; my hangover was approaching like a turbo charged steamroller. I was not impressed.

Matt and I made it up to the Squaw summit (somehow) and rappelled down to the belay, set up our anchors and settled in for the wait. The other boys climbed up to the base of Pipeline. I began to contemplate my situation. It was clear to me that I was experiencing the worst hangover of my life and to top it off I was hanging with a sheer and endless abyss under my feet. I realised my position at that moment in time was a rather foolish one. I rested my head on some belay slings and shut my eyes tightly. The exposure was ridiculous; looking at the crux of Pipeline made me retch. At this point it dawned on me, I was so weak compared to those alcoholic British climbing legends! You simply don't cut it unless you reek of whiskey and curry the morning of a day's climbing. How weak and feeble I was, I was only in a hanging belay after all. I had the security of knowing that I could jug out of there at any time, up to safety, where I could lie down and enjoy the sunshine. Whereas Mr Hengeveld, was down there beginning to climb one of the hardest routes in Squamish (Nobody climbs Pipeline, nobody climbs the mother).

-Matt, if you don't mind me saying so, but why the hell am I here? Oh God, I think I am going to.
My photo shoot partner was also grumbling quite considerably, but I think I provided some sort of entertainment to distract him from his own whiskey woes.

We watched the off-width super-hero at work. Mikey pulled up through the first moves as I yelled greetings to Roger and Mark, threatening to barf all over the belay below (A threat that I did not fulfil). He grinded and squeezed his way gaining ground like a worm squishing up a wormhole. Extend, regroup, extend, regroup. He was over the moves. He made it look smooth. His cahjones must be titanium too. I was filled with admiration for the guy, and this distracted me from the funny tummy noises I was creating.

Well darn my pantyhose, but Mike styled through the crux. Admittedly I had to look away a few times while he has huffing and puffing and Oh-Jesus-ing, but what I did see could only be defined as supreme classic rock gymnastics. Mike had three Big Bros and a huge green friend attached to his harness by a sling that he kept moving up as he went.

As he topped out the obligatory “Pokarooooo” battle cry was heard echoing off the steely granite walls of the surrounding monoliths. At last I could escape the hanging belay! I jugged up the rope to the soft mossy ledge. I lay down on the moss, closed my eyes and listened as the now distant intermittent sounds of hardship and discomfort. The grunt-fest continued. Roger was seconding Pipeline. Mark followed sometime later. By the time the sunlight had turned soft and golden we were all at the top of the route. We all had survived a date with Pipeline.

For an even better account of the event, and some extra info on off-widths check out Mikes Climbing pages!
<http://home.primus.ca/~dooley/climbing/offwidths/episode8.html>

Mikey's Offwidth Journal

Milke Hengeveld

The following article was posted as installments on Mikey's Big Bad Webpage over a period of six months. It has been tailored for your reading pleasure.

I HAVE RECENTLY become interested in climbing offwidths. With this interest has come a fascination with discovering exactly why I might want to. There are some events and signs of reason emerging and I am dedicating myself to exploring and reporting on this issue of offwidths so that I can share what I find with you, gentle reader. This is my offwidth journal.

Episode I: The Split Beaver

My offwidthing started with a climb called *Split Beaver*. It is a beautiful, stand-alone line, running directly through a smooth granite wall. In the local climbing circle, it had a reputation as a hard climb; it is steep, sustained, and—worst of all—it widens all the way up.

I went in late last season and led it on-sight, with much grunting and groaning, but good form. For the first time in my life, having big hands meant something more than that you were going to get cancer, or that your dick was really big. Where most people were suffering from rattly, shitty fist jams, my cleavers stuck. It felt good to rock a climb that was widely respected as a “burly” route.

In what we will come to see as pure evil, some sick “friends” openly admired my feat of strength. They cloyed me with all manner of praise. They said things like “You da man!” and “Mr. Hengeveld, you just became my hero.” Deliriously buoyed by my success, I secretly fancied myself a hardman. “What,” I thought to myself, “is all this fuss about wide stuff. It’s pretty easy!”

And so it came to pass that I began, rather publicly, to wonder why nobody climbed the classic offwidths in the neighbourhood. “Why,” I wondered aloud, “doesn’t anybody ever do Pipeline? I know it’s offwidth and everything, but I’m sure it’s not as bad as people let on.”

I began to seriously believe that climbers are just afraid of a good grunt. And my spouting grew, and grew, until it reached epic proportions. Eventually, it was known all over the kingdom that I was keen to do offwidths. And it was true. All that remained was for me to actually get on one, and that chance came on a fine day in June, the following year...

Episode II: The Empire Strikes Back

On a sunny June day I found myself below the maw of the ubiquitous 5.9+ offwidth. A group of us were on *Borderline*, well up on the lonely North Walls of the Squamish Chief. As I studied the pitch, I was filled with a heavy sense of the moment. Finally, I was faced with the real deal, and I knew it was time to pay the piper.

An easy dihedral led upwards until capped by a large roof, at which point one would push on through via the large, offwidth crack. I worked up to with brave composure, figuring that I could shoot up through the enormous roof

crack, but I was quickly denied. The roof spat out every manner of chicken wing and arm bar before I fell back to reclaim my wits. I was already sweating profusely; the angle was more than I had anticipated. Breathing heavily, I stared ahead until I saw an imaginary line of weakness that would allow me past the roof and into the wider, body sized crack above. I returned with confidence and vigor, but my plan was shortly dashed. I was spread eagle across the dihedral, body pressed against the roof and arms piled uselessly into the slot above. All upward progress was halted by the simple fact that my entire body was in the way. I was dripping sweat and trembling with impossible anger. I clawed my way up, falling twice, pulling a bolt once, stepping on it twice, before I found myself in a sweaty, cheese-grated heap at the top. I was humiliated and disturbed; it seems that I wasn't a hardman after all.

Episode III: The Age Of Reason

This is a very low time for me. No doubt news of my struggle has traveled around the kingdom already. The bitterness of my defeat has caused me to take a serious look at why I would even want to climb offwidths.

Reason I Might Like Offwidths	Reality
I am strong	I am a skinny weakling
I am a natural	My only true offwidth encounter was met with dismal style
I enjoy discomfort	I never noticed the serious bleeding until afterwards, at which time I didn't like it at all.

I have extra money for
huge gear

I live in a one bedroom
apartment with my wife, cat,
and over 37 house plants. I have
learned to love malt liquor be
cause it is cheaper than actual
beer. I am being actively
crushed by debt.

I can only reason that nothing is impossible if set upon with
the fire of determination. So I've resolved to set about
learning the craft of offwidth climbing. To strengthen my
resolve, I buried \$400.00 into three pieces of offwidth gear.
Now I'm really screwed.

Episode IV: March Of The Kitchen Utensils

With new-found
humility and
determination, I set out
to do the easiest
offwidth I could find in
Squamish. Weighing in
at 5.9, March Of The
Kitchen Utensils is
found well up a steep
trail that leads around
the backside of the
Chief. Although it is a
full pitch of wide,
corner crack, I was
excited to find that less
than ten metres of the
route promised any sort



*Mike on Pipeline
-Matt Buckle*

of punishment. Roger and I set off with a half borrowed rack of huge cams and big bros. Unfortunately, of the six large pieces we lugged up the trail, only two fit into the crack. I resolved to leap-frog the two good pieces and hope that there were no serious changes in width. Upon reaching the difficulties I was despondent to find myself in the same thrutching position as my last offwidth effort. No method seemed to provide the upward inching of success, until I attempted a chicken wing. In drawing back my forearm, my bicep seized up in the crack. I nervously locked off my upper body and rammed my foot into an ankle grinding smear. I pushed upward and detected undeniable progress. I was ecstatic! Over the next three or four body lengths, I repeated this ceremony, oblivious to all pain, sweat, and growing potential for a long, long fall.

I reached the top and humbly basked in the nectar of my first offwidth success. Removing my left shoe produced a sucking noise. While admiring the quantity of blood filling my shoe, I pondered the long, long road ahead.

Episode V: The Road To Pipeline

In 1979, "G" Cameron rocked the Squamish climbing community by completing the first free ascent of Pipeline, an overhanging, offwidth, squeeze chimney. Cameron didn't have any fancy Camelots, Big Bros, or any of the yet-to-be-designed large hardware. He probably also had a tough time convincing climbing partners that it was a great idea. Given these limiting options, he soloed the route.

Pipeline is found on the Squaw, north of the Stawamus Chief in Squamish. It is an unmistakable curving dihedral, and remains the object of my desire. Although it undulates in width throughout its length, it is a true squeeze chimney, weighing in at 7-9 inches. In Kevin McLane's outstanding

guidebook of the area, it has mega-classic status. Ah—but here's the rub! At 5.10c, it remains the least climbed classic route in all of North America. There may be several reasons for this:

- 1) It is fucking hard and scary.
- 2) Nobody can afford the necessary rack.
- 3) It is the last pitch of a four pitch route and, at 50 metres in length, is not given to top- roping.

When I became interested in Pipeline, I became obsessed with finding somebody who had done it so that they could lie to me about how “it really wasn't that bad.” I would, and still do, ask every climber I meet. Strangely, of all the climbers (most of whom climb much harder than 5.10c), and all the people that they know, nobody has done Pipeline. I decided to do some reconnaissance climbing *Jungle Warfare* on the Squaw and then rappelling down *Heart Of Darkness*: a route that neighbors Pipeline (my intention was to measure the true width of the crack; unfortunately I dropped my Lufkin tape measure from the last pitch of *Jungle Warfare*). From the top of *Pipeline*, I swung over the dramatic edge of the first rappel and, to my utter disbelief, found somebody on the crux of the route! At the stage that I found him, our brave soul had resorted to aid, and I watched with mute horror as he weighted a completely tipped out Camelot #5 whilst placing a #3 Big Bro. This lasted until his Camelot no longer fit the gaping crack. He then continued upward, swapping his two Big Bros. I decided that his heavy titanium balls were almost certainly offset by his Styrofoam cerebrum, but he finished the climb, making him more of a man than you, or me, or any of our friends.

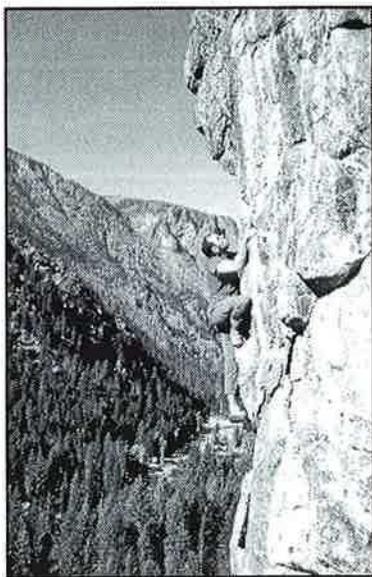
Climbing, for me, has always been about getting to places where others are not. Pipeline is the ultimate expression of

this pursuit. In many ways I am also fueled by a desire to refute—disprove even—the overwhelming belief that Pipeline is “another man’s route”. I have spent so long trying to find a person who has done the route specifically because I yearn for some encouragement; I need to believe that I can do it. It is 5 parts horrifying, 5 parts inspiring that I could become that person for others. If I can get my ass up, perhaps I can convince my friends that they could do the same.

Here’s to hoping. I’ll keep you posted.

Episode VI: The Sound Of Music

Since my brief success on March of the Kitchen Utensils, my offwidth activity all but ceased. Yet, my self-imposed deadline to climb Pipeline is approaching. Clearly, I need



*Jay Burbee in Leavenworth
-Matt Buckle*

to spend time on routes that weigh in at 8 inches. After some lament, it was suggested to me that the Forestry Building on the UBC campus sported a squeeze chimney that would give me over a dozen floors of offwidth pleasure. I cycled up to campus with my shoes and chalk. The Forestry building is made of glazed, tan coloured bricks and, indeed, hosts an offwidth chimney. Wide enough to take in the span of my shoulders, I commenced in a strange and exhausting exercise whereupon I tried to hold my body in the chimney without tipping out. This turned out to be simply impossible. Deflated, despondent, I biked around campus. I passed through the crumbly stucco Math Buildings for old times sake. Upon entering the courtyard of the Music Building, I was struck by the thin concrete flutes that enclosed the foyer. Upon closer inspection, every other column was separated by just over 8 inches. I had found my Pipeline.

The concrete flutes of the Music Building were not easily taken. Barely squeezing between them, I could initially do no more than hold myself a few inches off the deck. The strain was considerable. I farted around with a chicken wing, but it felt insecure and painful. I tried a disastrous T-stack with my feet. In frustration, I would layback up several feet and inject myself, only to slip miserably downward, leaving long black streaks on the concrete. After some time, I managed to stay reliably wedged in. I tried a “shoulder roll” that I had read about on the internet. Nothing doing. It seemed that every time I pushed up, some other part of my body was fighting the progress. I vowed to return.

My second visit met with much more success. Given a fresh start, I quickly determined that using my any part of my torso for opposing pressure would keep me from moving. Period. I began to use my outside hand to push behind my back and was instantly rewarded with upward motion. I managed to struggle to the top of the column. A whopping

8 feet of vertical.

On the third trip I brought Mark Huscroft. I did two laps, and discovered that my heel-toe was secure enough to do away with the hand-behind-the-back. We had to laugh, because Mark couldn't even fit his ass between the columns. We went on to do many other buildering problems around campus, but I was thrilled with the offwidth progress.

Over the next three visits, I took parts of my rack along to practice placements and see how wearing a sling would make a difference. I was shocked to find out that my shiny new Big Bros (see Episode III: The Age Of Reason) weren't even going to pretend to stay in, given the smooth and slightly flaring nature of the columns. This was disturbing. However, my technique had progressed to the point where I could complete eight laps, resting for a full minute at the top of each. I only sweated on the last two runs, owing mostly to a perfected hand-ass stack (pile your hands under your ass and let your feet go; kind of like it sounds) that was ideal for resting my belabored feet.

The summer is waning. It's time to get on *Pipeline*.

Episode VII: Return Of The Jedi

On a cloudy Monday morning, I pulled onto the ramp of *Pipeline*. A trail of chalk breaks left here, following the popular route *Birds Of Prey*. Roger and I were moving right, continuing along the wide ramp. I looked up. The ramp was like a giant granite sickle; it narrowed and curved upwards, becoming steeper and steeper until it came back on itself in an overhang. The sickle hung detached from the headwall on the left, creating a gaping wide crack from top to bottom. This was *Pipeline*. I could see the next belay station a short way ahead. I padded up the curving ramp, easily at first,

with more care as it narrowed. It was equipped with bolts and heavy rappel chains. Clipping into the exposed stance, I got my first good look at the business above. It was awesome, and much happier looking than I could have expected. While Roger came up to join me, I decided for the first time that I might be able to have fun while doing the route.

PART I: GET TO THE BOLT

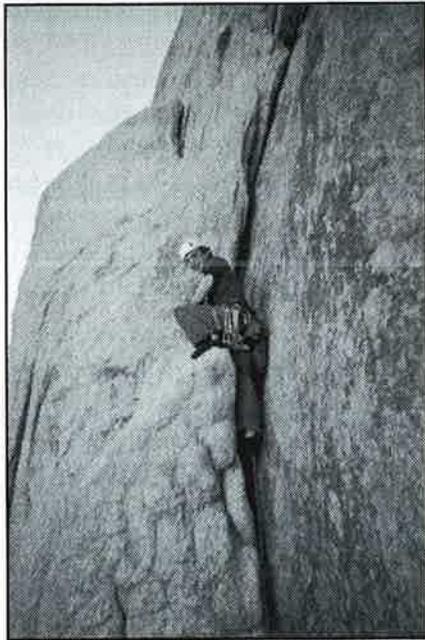
The crack ahead steepened to vertical before reaching a distant alcove and a happy, shining bolt. I retied my rope onto the left side of my slim harness, and rotated my chalkbag to the right. Setting off with much happy encouragement from Roger, I was instantly confronted with the reality that my body would not fit in the crack. Nor, as it turned out, would I be able to use a happy heel-toe lock without years of breaking and binding my arches.

My practiced arsenal of techniques was desperately compromised. Luckily, reasoning under pressure has never been my strong suit, so I resolved to set off anyway. Initially, I made progress using rather largish footholds on the lip of the crack, beginning what would be a right foot marathon. All the while, my #6 Wild Country cam provided overhead joy, sliding along ahead of me. The crack steepened. Footholds disappeared. I became keenly aware of the vacuous space between me and Roger. Nervously seeking purchase, I ground the living fuck out of my left ankle. I found a great chicken wing and popped in a #3 Big Bro. Grunting and blowing air, I inched up toward the alcove. With every great lock I could feel the wall eating my arm and ankle. The bleeding had begun. Finally reaching the alcove, I managed to wedge my ass into the crack for the first time since leaving the belay. The fit was better than anything I could have imagined. I broke out in a wide smile and enjoyed the perfect ass jam, waiting for my heart rate

to come back down.

PART II: GET THROUGH THE OVERHANG:

Leaving the alcove was a struggle. After the wideness, the crack returns to a one-leg squeeze overhang. The mystery is how to get your feet from the no-purchase wideness back into the right-foot rand smear. (It is rumored that one person laybacks through the ensuing 15 feet, as such avoiding the problem). After some puzzling, I produced a grunting sound that somehow propelled me to a happier place, established in the crack once again. I gave Roger the signal and began to move with alacrity. I found it difficult to secure good locks with my right foot and six inches of upward progress were followed by 4 inches of slipping and grinding. I began to bleed heavily from the back of my left arm and the



*Neal Blomjous on a new route in the Mojave
-Tyler Linn.*

occasional good locks were accompanied with gruesome pain. I became acutely aware of being pushed outward by the overhang. I tried to imagine what I would look like from the ground, seemingly climbing outward at 45 degrees. Bad move. Bahoooooga! Bahooooooga! Battle stations! I set another Big Bro. I groveled onwards and, reaching the lip, I became sure that I would not make it over. I began to panic and tremble. I swept the walls for features. Yea verily, on the face was a perfect foothold, placed there by sweet Jesus himself. Swinging out of the crack, I stemmed across, smearing on the headwall for an unlikely rest. The exposure was incredible.

PART III: FIGHT OFF THE PUMP GOGGLES

A quick step up popped me over the lip and into the final 20 feet of vertical punishment. My spirits were lifted by the reappearance of features on the lip of the crack. With the hardest work done, I struggled to keep moving. In places, my cam rattled around uselessly. I left behind my largest tube chock, and focused on the blowout above. Groveling up, my Music Building rehearsal in full affect, I completed a wobbly mantle into the wide groove. I instinctively turned and yelled at all the people down in Valleycliffe.

PART IV: DON'T FALL OFF THE FINAL RAMP

The work was done. I felt like a superstar. Roger shouted all manner of praise and happiness. I set off up the final ramp, which was dirty and rather more steep than I had anticipated. It was with much trembling and relief that I reached the top. An hour had passed. I fell to the ground and removed my shoes. My feet ached. My spit was like putty. Roger joined me in short order. Communication was surprisingly easy, given that the pitch is a full fifty metres. I could see him throughout the climb, his face dipping in and out of the other side of the fissure. As he came on to the

final ramp I began laughing uncontrollably. I couldn't help it: I have never experienced such a sense of release, joy, and accomplishment.

Episode VIII: Testicular Jones And The Temple Of Booze

It was an evening of debauchery and vomit. In a string of events that included copious pints of beer, kissing a fish, and yelling "long may your big jib draw!", I found myself inert on Roger's porch at 2 am. I was armed with gin, tonic, and a slouch from hell. The single malt whiskey had disappeared and I had been turned down by the drunken party next door when asking for a cigarette. The party was over. I sluggishly cast about like a teenager for a way to casually dispose of my drink. In a deft maneuver I tipped it and watched it stream down the wrong side of the railing and onto the porch. It seemed unlikely that we would go out the next morning and climb Pipeline for the second time. I stumbled home and went directly about the drunken business of putting left-over chicken in the oven to warm up. A voice drifted in from the bedroom.

"Did you just put something in the oven?"

God bless the sober. I removed the chicken from the oven, saving us all from a fiery death and nearly fell asleep just walking to the bedroom. I awoke with some caution the next morning, but I felt great.

Tossing together some gear, I rang up Roger. In short order we were sitting in the 99er Cafe, watching Roger (with a great anvil tied to his head) try to hold down his breakfast. Mark, Rebecca, and Matt were waiting at the Squaw pull-out in various states of decay. The vomit count had been notable. We pimped up and headed out. Matt and Rebecca went around to the summit to set up some photos; Mark

worked with Roger and I to get to the base of the Pipeline. Less than a month after our first outing, I found myself again on the great, granite sickle. Far above us, Rebecca threatened to shower our belay with barf.

Approaching the crux provided me with less trouble than before: Taping my inside ankle allowed me to actually USE my inside foot. This boon made sliding along fairly smooth. Leaving the alcove was still difficult, but I wiggled up into the growing steepness. The crux was coming on strong and I decided to go for the “gas pedal”. I left too early and my heart rate doubled as a wild lurch met only with air. Groaning and calling on Jesus, I fought back into the crack. Grinding higher, I slid up the cam and went for it again. At full extension, my foot settled onto the hold and I swung out. I was jolted to a precarious halt midway through the rock over. My left foot was weighted heavily and pasted weakly on the wall. I struggled to move my weight onto my right foot but was denied. The sling I was using to attach the cam to my harness had caught on the lip of the overhang. It was dire straits. Whooping, face flushed, I made a desperate lunge to reestablish myself in the crack. Fighting to stay in, I wiggled the cam upwards. It was an extremely unlucky thing that the crack widens just there. I said some naughty, naughty words, hoping God would notice and keep up his end of the bargain. I rattled the friend in horror and Matt became so uncomfortable that he stopped taking photos—a feat in and of itself. I fumbled about and finally reestablished the cam. I settled down as best I could. The second time, the crux passed smoothly, and I was left to fight the pump goggles on the final steepness.

Testicular torsion occurs when one of the testicles rotates, twisting the spermatic cord and cutting off blood flow to the testicle. Symptoms include sudden, severe pain in one testicle that may radiate to the lower abdomen; swelling high

in the scrotum; nausea and vomiting; and fever. Testicular torsion is a medical emergency...without prompt treatment the testicle can be permanently damaged and may have to be removed.....[BC Health Guide (page 277)]

Heavy breathing and sweating had done much to dehydrate me, and I arrived at the top of the route with a pasty mouth and the dawning of a hangover. I was delirious and in great need of liquid sustenance.

In this second ascent, Roger followed smartly and in great style (four weeks later, in Leavenworth, he would profess to enjoying his first ever squeeze chimney lead, placing two "solid" Big Bros and a small wire. Further proof that the only constant is change). Mark slowly came up to join us, enjoying some parts of the pitch two or three times before moving on. Reaching the ramp, he looked up at us. In a way that is only natural to Mark, he managed to summarize my entire offwidth pursuit with a simple, two word benediction:
"Holy fuck."



*Setting up camp
-Jacqui Hudson.*

Epilogue: Uncle Mikey's Offwidth Wisdom

You can do Pipeline. It is a well protected, awesome climb. I won't pretend to be an offwidth master. In fact, other than being better looking, I am just the same as you. Even so, here are some things that I found useful before getting it on. You may find them useful too.

1) Practice Faces In The Mirror.

You would have to be a special sort of lunatic to get on a committing offwidth without any sort of practice. As mentioned earlier, I found an offwidth crack at the UBC Music Building and did just that with great effect. In reasonably short order, I developed an arsenal with which to approach the classic squeeze chimney.

2) Fuck All That Hardman Bullshit.

My first Pipeline adventure was a tapeless, ankle grinding tour of hairy-chested destruction. Creating a tape cocoon for my tender skin on the second ascent allowed me to concentrate, instead, on how rapidly my shoe was coming apart (I was startled to discover that rubber sticks to granite infinitely better than low grade, faded green suede). The Chicken wing can be delightful, if you are adequately protected. After my first trip up Pipeline, I was quite impressed with the road rash on the back of my arm (so much so that I went home and took a photo directly). Had this been the extent of my injury, I would have happily donned my t-shirt and done it again. The gaping hole that Pipeline produced in my back, just above the shoulder blade was a nasty, weepy puss-hole that stained every goddamn pillow, bed sheet, and shirt that I own.

I toyed with several ideas for future protection. Neoprene

sleeves and thick shirts seemed a bit too bulky. I briefly entertained the notion of butchering a diving suit into some retarded sling-thing that would cross my shoulder and cover my arm. I even had the great fortune of finding these very same diving suits ON SALE for \$30 at the local diving shoppe. In the end, I settled for half a roll of tape and a slim turtleneck, meeting with great success. Anyway. I'm sure all the hardmen out there would shake their head at the thought of using a whole roll of tape in a single ascent of any route. Fortunately, I didn't have to push my way through a crowd of hardmen to reach the base of the route.

3) Marry Into Money.

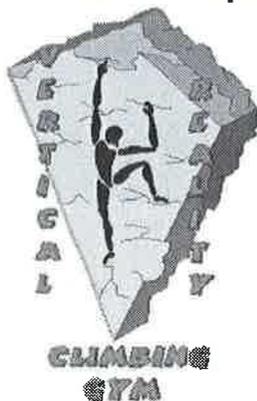
1x #6 Wild Country Friend
1x #4 Big Bro
2x #3 Big Bro
\$ 569.00



*Laura Scull & Ryan Shick, near Joffre.
- Milena Simproni*

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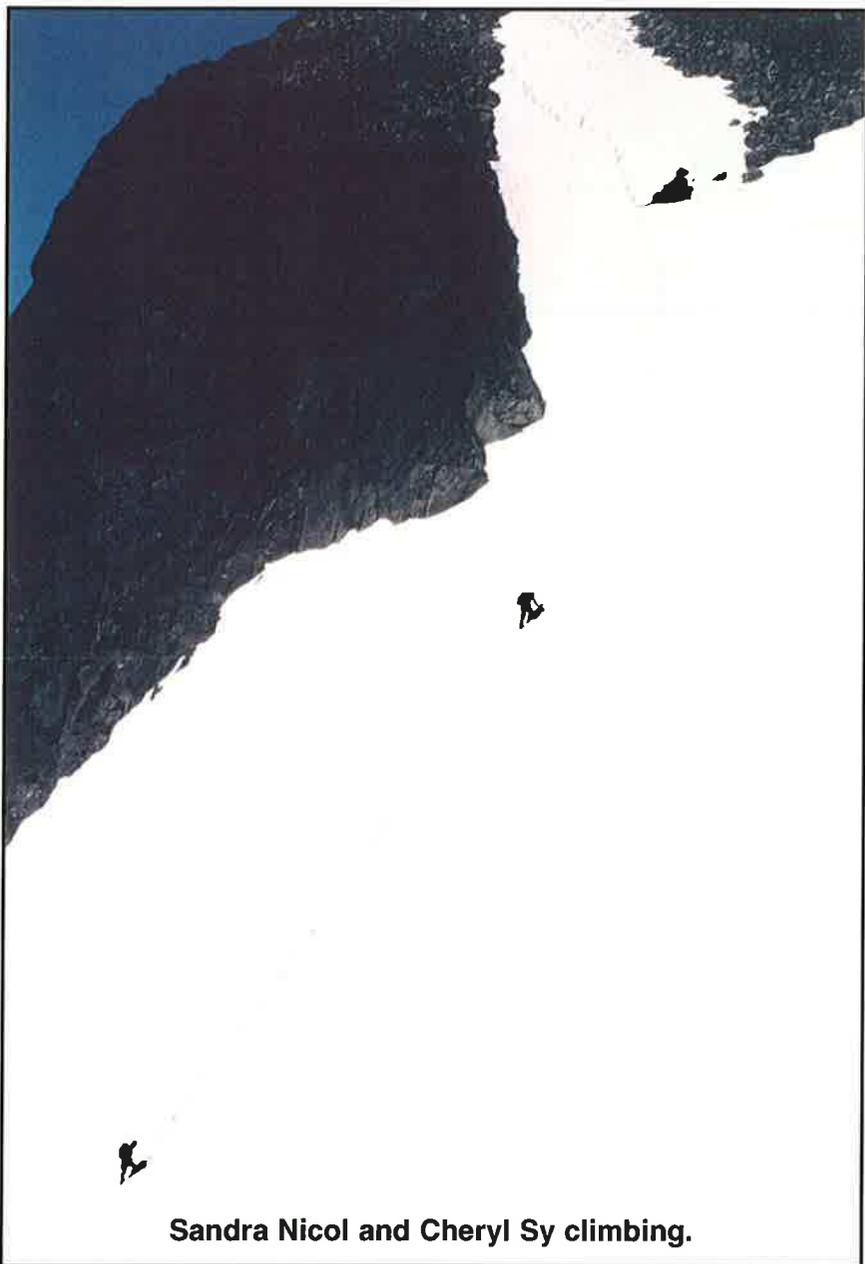
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Mountaineering



Sandra Nicol and Cheryl Sy climbing.

Photo by Scott Nelson



Garibaldi and the Tent.

Photo by Scott Nelson



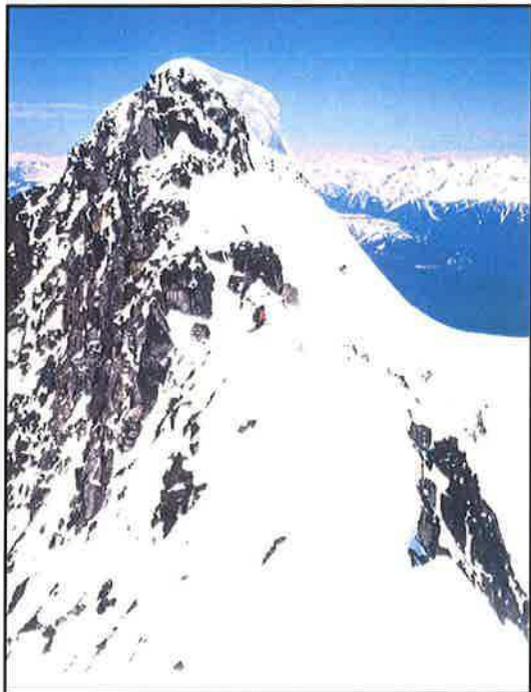
Rebecca Goulding at Glacier School.

Photo by Scott Nelson



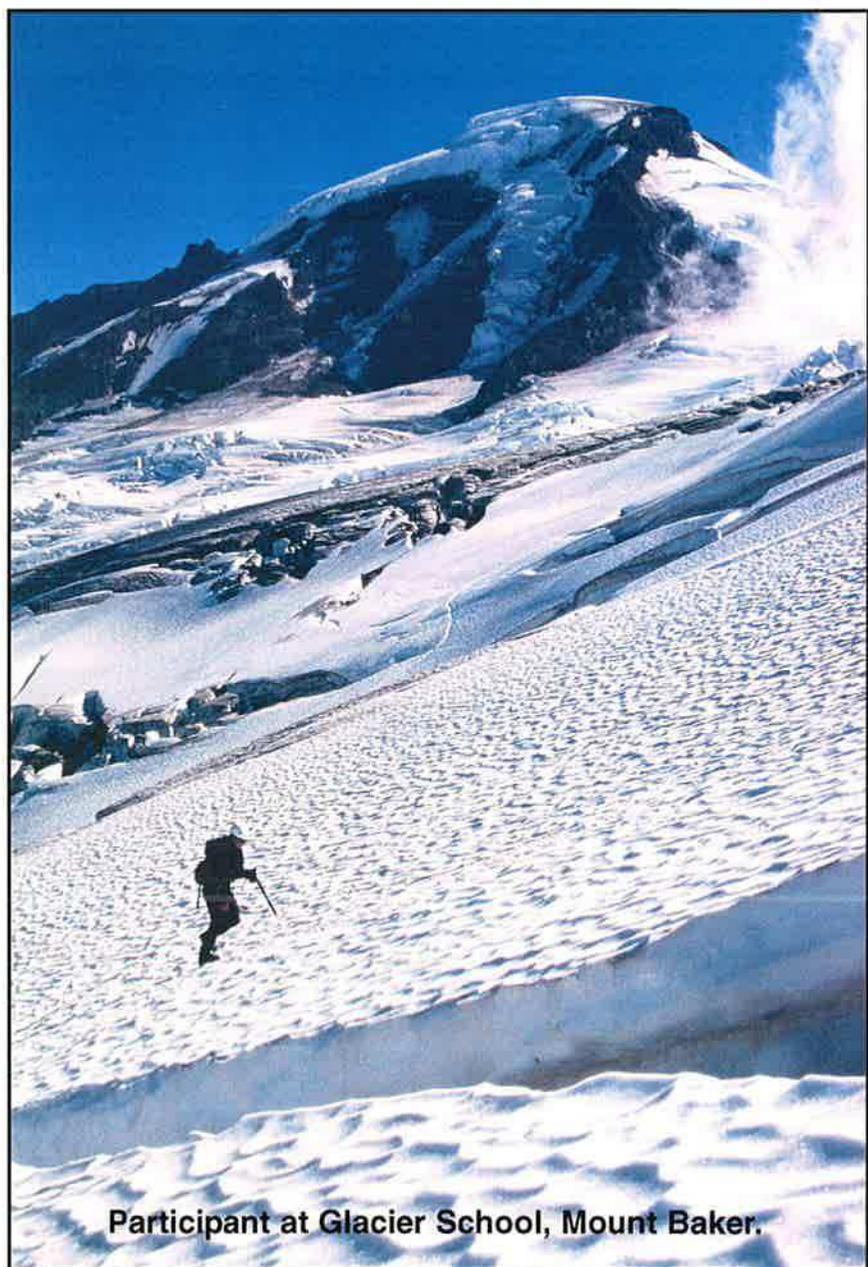
Sunset at Mount Baker.

Photo by Scott Nelson



**Scott Nelson on
West Ridge.**

Photo by Chris Michalak



Participant at Glacier School, Mount Baker.

Photo by Scott Nelson

Mountaineering Camp Fall 2002

Wedgemount Lake

Matthew Stockinger

THIS IS MY TAKE on the mountaineering camp, as told with extra expletives. I went up with Erik Fenster (hope I'm spelling these right) and Krzys Majewski, to whom I was innocently referring as Ma-juice-ski. Only later, over a few Sesame Snaps did I find out with disappointment that it wouldn't be funny to offer a brewski to Majewski, because of course his name is pronounced Majewski, not *Majewski*.

The trail up to Wedgemount Lake was a rotten bitch because it was so hot and we all had forty pound packs. I sweat my balls off, Fenster felt sick, and Majewski wanted to sleep. We made it anyway and when we got to the top we met lots o' nice folks. I won't try to name them all because I'll forget someone and they'll be pissed. However, I did have Fenster take a picture of that initial group. Hopefully it'll be in this journal somewhere. Later on plenty more people came up and it was groovy. We sat around the fire and drank Magrogski, which tasted pretty nice. I wanted to climb a mountain the next day and I didn't give a damn who I went with and I was being a very typical rube VOCer. Rube means "An unsophisticated country person," which according to the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language probably originated from Rube, a nickname for a Reuben.

A Reuben is a sandwich. This is what it looks like:



Fenster and Majewski and I ended up being a party. Majewski was also a rube and I thought Fenster was a half-rube, but he turned out to be a non-rube later the next day when he pulled off some groovy heroics that I'll describe pretty soon. We were gonna climb the northeast arête route on Wedge. So we all went to bed with plans to get up around four.

The next day we got up at four and left by five. I guess it coulda been six, but I can't remember. The Wedgemount Glacier was slick and we cramponed up pretty quick for more comfortable walking. Nobody fell in a crevasse. I was scared of crevasses because a couple years ago I fell through a snow bridge over a deep one without a rope. That's another story, but I'm still here to tell it because I got lucky, so that's cool. I was glad I didn't pitch in again on this trip.

The weather was beautiful. The snow was secure and easy. We climbed all the way up to the final pitch of ice without

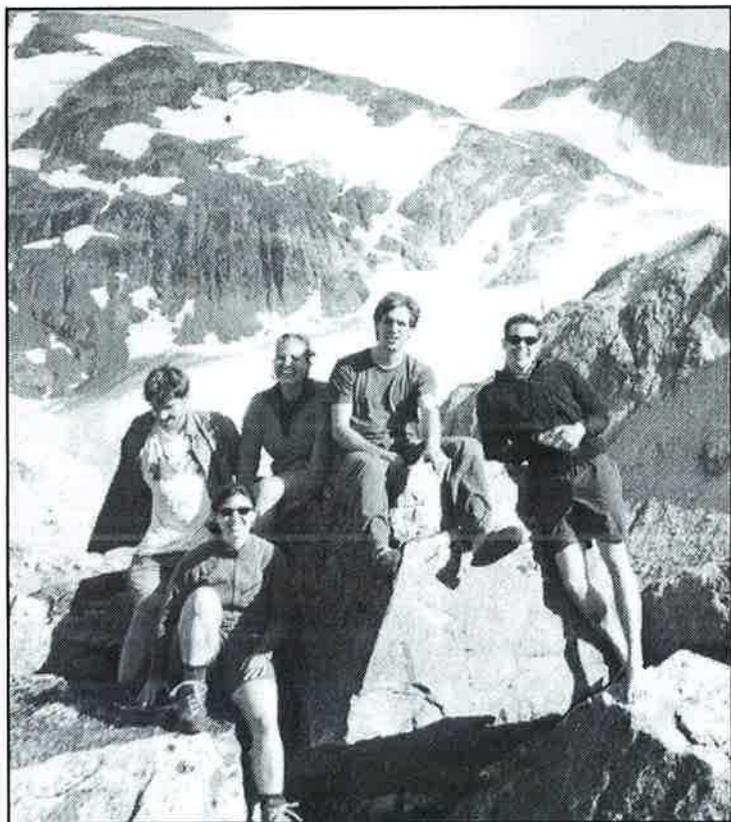
putting in any protection. At the top was a section of 50 degree ice, which was really fun because I had never climbed on ice. Fenster belayed us up to the top off of a giant boulder. We plodded up to the summit from there, kissed and hugged and left Tibetan prayer flags for the Gods or whatever. We didn't really kiss and hug 'cus we don't wanna kiss and we're too phobic to be hugging, but you'll have to ask Fenster about the prayer flags. I think that's his bag or something.

So anyway, we decided on the advice of Michalak to retrace our route back because they said the west ridge walk-off was a terrifically long slog and nobody should be subjected to that torture. So we put all our gear back on and started back. By this time the clouds from the valley beneath had started rising and the wind was picking up. Fenster set up another belay at the top of the ice pitch. He let Majewski and I down to the top of the arête where the snow started. I put together a boot-axe belay for Fenster just in case something sick were to happen. So as soon as that's done, I'm b.s.ing with Majewski and within seconds I hear what sounds just like Fenster when he's falling on rock—kind of a prolonged grunt mixed in with a wooooah! I also hear scraping sounds.

I turned around just in time to see Fenster blasting by me at about mach billion and I had just enough time after that to look back at Majewski with the oh-shit-that-fucker's-gonna-pull-us-both-off-this-ledge! look. I don't remember Majewski's face. All I can remember is my face, which is pretty odd, since I had forgotten my vanity mirror for this trip. Anyway, Fenster kept blasting and he was headed straight for a several hundred meter drop, but at about the time I realized I had forgotten my mirror, the rope went taught, my foot was pushed deeper into the snow under the force of the rope running over it, and the axe tilted over on

its way to pop out. Another instant later it stopped and the axe was still in the snow.

Fenster looked like he was about a meter away from that Evil Knieval drop and he wasn't moving. I said something anticlimactic to Majewski to the tune of "well, that was interesting," then yelled down to Fenster to get the damage



*(L-R) Krzys, Sarah, Eileen, Stock and Yanick at
Mountaineering camp.
-Erick Fenster.*

report. He didn't reply at first, so I told him to sit tight while I set up a new belay for him. Then if he couldn't climb back up to us we could figure out a rescue. A bit later he said he was ok. This is where he started losing his half-rube status. I think if I were in his situation I would have been begging for all the t.p. I could get my hands on.

He climbed back up to us and at that point, somehow Majewski and I became the sketched out wusses while Fenster lead us out. He had rolled his ankle, but he didn't know it yet. He had also split his leg open on some rocks sticking out by the edge of the drop. There was a large patch of blood soaked into his pants where that was. He repeatedly insisted that we didn't need to dig out the first-aid kit. Perhaps he just wanted to get out because the weather wasn't getting any better. Visibility was pretty bad at that point.

Well, we slowly made our way off the mountain. Nobody wanted to slip anymore, so we were making pretty poor progress. We were all very tired and everyone had run out of water. Of course none of us was afraid we were in trouble because of the water, but the dehydration played with the mind and made us more sketched out. Fenster didn't seem affected. Somewhere on the bottom half of the arête, Majewski slipped while we were on team arrest. Fenster was ready to jump over the other side before I even figured out what was happening. Krzys didn't go down, though. He said, "sorry." Fenster was now a shining tower of non-rubeness, and he remains so to this day.

Several hours later we were down and hiking back to the camp in the rain. It was dark as I remember it. All three of us ate a couple bowls of chili, a couple bagels, some bread, some apple dessert thing, and some noodles, I think. It was



Matthew Brown

IN JULY Matt Brown and Steph Durocher went peak bagging in the Rockies. Here's what we came back with...

ANDROMEDA (SKYLADDER) 3450M SUN 21 JULY

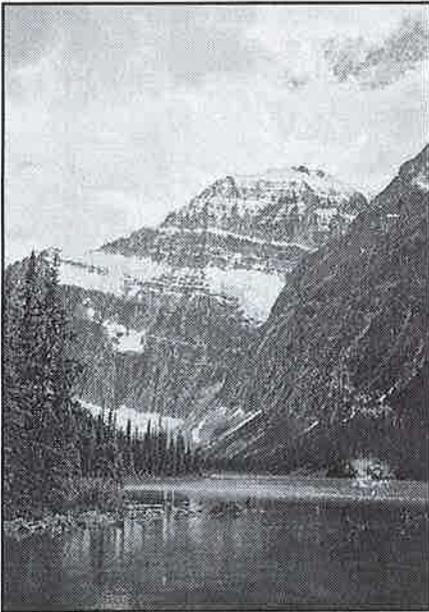
After driving the 12 hours from UBC to Icefields Parkway on Saturday, we found that all the campsites were full. So we figured we'd drive up to the trailhead and squat there. What do you know but a whole bunch of other climbers had the same idea, so we all pitched camp for a few hours until...

3am Alarm beeps and climbers gear up to depart. We pack all our snow and ice gear including two 1950's ice screws that Steph acquired from an equally old French guy in Vancouver. Not for serious pro you understand - just to try them out. Little did we know what lay ahead. We began with a scree scramble up the moraine followed by a bonus traverse of the AA glacier (the real route skirts around the base, but our night vision wasn't quite up to scratch). After an interesting climb onto the Andromeda glacier we 'climb easily' to the large bergschrund observed by telescope last night (from the Icefields visitors center). This was negotiated

with little difficulty and the first couple hundred metres of 45 degree snow is very doable. Thereafter we hit the ice and the shit hits the fan. Well not quite that bad, but probably not the best place for an ice climbing debut(!). The 1950's ice screws are placed in anger several times, yanking them round using both arms and an ice axe makes us appreciate those little knurled knuts you get these days...

Arriving at a loose rock face at 1:30pm we realise we are off route, tired and we've lost our Ablakov tool. Though we are only 200m shy of the summit we decide the safest option is to turn back. This proceeds more easily and we find the correct route is further to climbers right on the face. Shucks.

8pm Arrive at the car after an 18 hour attempt!!



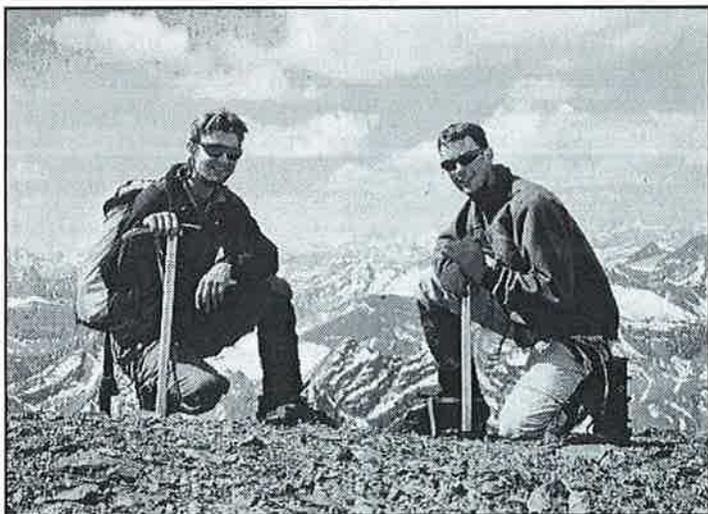
*North Face of Edith Cavell from
Cavell Lake*

**EDITH CAVELL (EAST
RIDGE) 3363M TUE 23
JULY**

4am We wake up in Wabasso campground and after a hideously efficient break of camp, we are on the road at 4:30. The only way to have speeded things up would have been by eating less! The road to the trailhead is bumpy but affords spectacular views of the magnificent peak of Edith Cavell towering above the trees. Starting at 1700m, there are 1600m to climb to the summit at

3363m, and rated as 'D' in the French system with low 5th class climbing, this is the hardest peak either of us has attempted. Yet we set off without fear and trepidation in the knowledge that a stout heart and a cool head will enable us to take the sneaky line up the east ridge and down the west of a mountain whose other faces (North!) look impossibly impressive!

A 2 hour slog up the moraine and loose scree with barely a stop for water puts us on the col at the base of the east ridge at 7am. The weather is perfect and this aspect of the mountain looks decidedly do-able. The first couple of hours of 4th class on mainly solid rock are a treat. A short section of step kicking on 45 degree snow leaves Matt flat on his back gasping for air, while Steph looks solid. But the best is yet to come, and after a rest, powerbar and admiration of the phenomenal view - green meadows, forests, turquoise lakes and infinitely many snowy peaks, we head for the 5th



Matt and Steph on the Summit.

class. We keep saying we'll rope up at the next bit, but when we get there we find the quartzite ledges provide safe ascent, though the exposure is exhilarating, and occasional loose rocks provide nasty surprises.

So we haul our rope and gear just shy of the summit, where a patch of steep ice blocks the path - crampons on, and the summit is ours. And the views are the best we have ever seen!!! We reach the summit just after noon and spend an hour photographing each other and the perilously steep and distinctively banded panorama of rocky mountains. Patches of snow sit like clouds on the ground in the meadows, pearly blue green lakes shimmer, and we dare not tread too close to the huge cornice on the North Face! We sign the summit log and head down at 1pm.

One disgusting scree face later we reach some comfortable snow glissades and at 3pm are off the mountain proper. After congratulating ourselves and eating many oatmeal cookies we head off on a gruelling 3 hour hike out, all the way round Mt Sorrow. Matt's feet hurt and he contracts Steph's stomach bug, forcing him to lie down to rest on the well used trail (to the amusement of passers by!) to regain energy. By 'eck that was knackerin'g.

6:30pm Arrive back at the car after a successful 14 1/2 hour climb!!!

MOUNT TEMPLE (SW FACE) 3544M THU 25 JULY

Temple is almost antitropical - but not quite. The day begins with a brisk stroll up the well manicured trail lining Moiraine Lake (1900m, 5am). The lake is bright green and a bright moon illuminates huge boulders forming the terminal moiraine after which the lake is named. We pass signs warning us that to travel further we must be in groups of 6 or more due to the presence of bears - but we knew that, the



guy in the Park Office told us yesterday. 'Matt, I've seen 15-20 bears' said Steph, 'Some as close as that rock' (points to nearby rock) 'Hell, I've been between a mother and her cubs' he claims '...and the Park Rangers won't care, they're just covering their asses'. So we forget about bears and march on.

All very pleasant, we reach a nice clearing and lake, and on good trails we soon reach Sentinel Pass (2600m, 7am).

being arrested !

After 400m up pleasant rock climbing and manageable scree, we reach a squad of Banff ski bums in baggy jeans and day packs. Eyeing our axes curiously, they claim to have reached the summit in 4 hours for the sunrise, having left 8 hours ago. Hmm... 1 hour more of easy climbing and we are on the summit. Ice axes remain strapped to backs. After an hours deliberation on the summit we rock ski down the slopes to the lake.

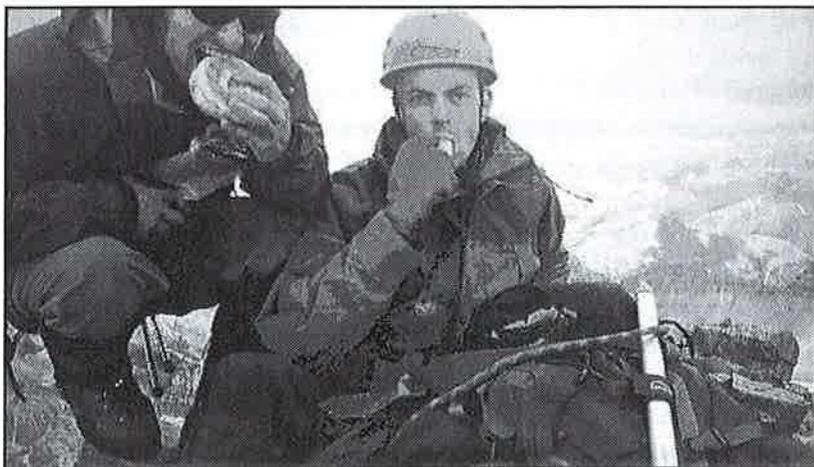
Anyway, the fun begins when we reach the lake. After having

been warned by 2 groups of hikers, we are very suprised to find a ranger and a cop (mountie) who promptly nick us for our stupidity. To our disbelief they present us with a summons in Banff in October and take our mug shots for *the federal offence of hiking in an area thought to contain bears*, in a group of less than six. Since they were armed to the teeth with shotgun, pistol and god knows what other Frech-Canadian torture implements in ornate holsters we complied with their requests, and honesty was our undoing. We should have gone out to climb something more dangerous instead...

Epilogue On Friday 17th Jan Steph and Matt appeared in Court in Vancouver. The judge took pity and we got off with a \$100 fine each...

MOUNT VICTORIA (SE RIDGE) 3464M SAT 27 JULY

Lake Louise is eerily quiet in the absence of its usual tourist population as we zoom past at 5am on our approach to



enjoying cheese sandwiches

Victoria. The trail is easy, and before we know it, we are at the tea house (2100m), with great views of the Mitre, Lefroy and Victorias North and South summits. We are to be aiming for Mt. Victoria North Summit via North East Ridge (3388m). However, by virtue of a collective navigational cock-up, we end up off route. A quick consultation with the map reveals that we have inadvertently wandered into an area known as the 'Death Trap'. Hmmm. No worries we can join the South Summit route via Abbot Hut. Abbot Hut looms on the horizon on a col which suggests a route directly through the Death Trap. Oh well. Nervously, we head on our way. The glacier is strewn with dead climbers... Not really, but it does contain a helluva lot of fallen rocks and some very large and very fresh looking chunks of ice from the upper Vic glacier, teetering 1000m higher on the cliffs above. Steph briskly navigates a safe route, and before we know it, we are out of the Death Trap, and into another one...

The upper part of the glacier is split by huge crevasses and a mighty bergschrund. Though seemingly impassable at first, way over to the left side Steph finds a tenuous link, which he bridges with a stunning, off-balance ice climbing lead. We arrive at the hut at 9:30am, 2 hours from the bottom of the glacier in the Death Trap, and at 2925m, some 700m higher. We must nearly be there right? Wrong.

After 1/2 hour out of the wind in the amazing swiss-style hut, we climb easily up the rocks to the ridge. At 3150m and about 1hr from the hut, it seems we are almost there, but the ridge is infinitely long and almost as sharp! We climb carefully over exposed rocky sections, and pitch out some 55 degree ice at the sickle. After many, many false summits we finally reach the top (3464m) at 1:15pm and eat cheese sandwiches. The view down to Lake Louise and of the surrounding mountains is brilliant. We ponder how many

of the thousands of tourists at Lake Louise are looking up at us right now.

The ridge isn't any shorter on the way back, and we get a nasty surprise when we try to avoid the steep ice at the sickle by following footsteps onto the large but stable looking cornice to its left. The whole thing makes a loud cracking noise, and Matt hastily leads back towards solid rock. We didn't want to be around when that thing went off!

Back at the hut (5pm?) we assume the role of hardcore adventurers as we describe our exploits, now 12 hours in the making. The assembled company seem nervous at the prospect of climbing the Vic tomorrow, and our stories of cracking cornices don't help. Anyway, we are not out of the woods yet, and know we have to get back through the Death Trap before we reach safety. The massive crevasses are no less tricky in descent, and in fact the crux harder due to snow which is too hard for snow stakes and too soft for ice screws. With a lot of swearing, ice axe hammering and bending of Matt's snow stake, we finally set anchors and clear the Death Trap parts I and II. We later find this route described in the guidebook 'Selected Alpine Climbs in the CA Rockies' as *'Difficult if not impassible'*. Well, there you go.

Mt. Victoria South Summit (3464m) via South East Ridge and the Death Trap - successful summit, 15 1/2 hours

PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT 3139M / 3066M
MON 29 JULY

After rain throughout the night, we poke our heads from the tent at 4am to find the mountains blanketed in cloud. Back to bed for an hour to see how the weather develops - Matt sets the tacky 'Lake Louise' alarm clock forward to 5am, then forgets to turn the damn thing back 'ON' again.

We promptly fall asleep. At 7am Steph wakes and realises it blatantly is not 5am, what's more, the clouds have lifted too, so we decide to do a double shuffle to the mountain. After all, the Presidents are supposed to be easy after the likes of Cavell and Victoria! We'll just shoot up there and be back in time for breakfast!

However, early indications were that this would not be the case - the sign at the parking lot reads 'Emerald Lake 1302m' as we scoot past at 7:45am. El Presidente towers above us at 3138m. 1836m of climbing to go. Doh!!

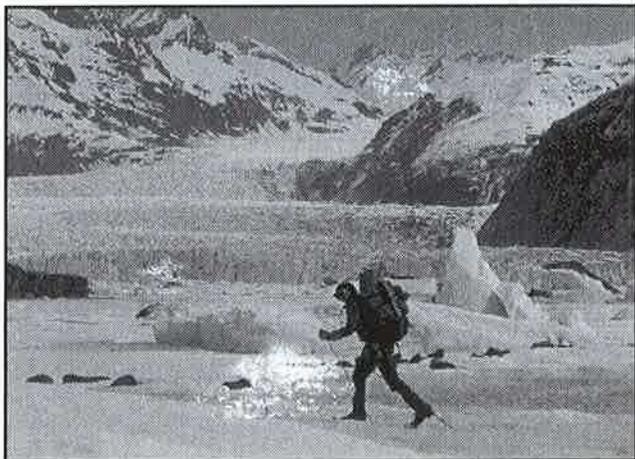
Now thinking in blocks of time the size of 'Do approach' or 'Get to col', we make speedy progress without needing too much in the way of breaks. After a 2hr march to the base of the couloir, the clouds are low again, and Matt suggests binning it and going back to bed. Steph charges up the couloir before Matt has chance to argue / beat him up. As we climb higher the clouds lift over the glacier, and the sun appears. At the top of the couloir we engage in some charming (NOT!) low 5th class on exposed and very loose rock. Fortunately when we reach the top we find a rap station equipped with pitons, although perhaps we climbing the descent route and should have ascended the rocks to the right? Anyway, suprisingly after all this sketchiness, the loose stuff disappears and we climb beautiful steps made out of stripey beige and white rocks.

This leads to the easiest glacier we've ever seen, and Steph patiently hacks a 2hr lead to the col, which we reach at 1:30pm. At 2875m, we're pretty tired of climbing, so we mentally delude ourselves that the false summits we see are in fact the real ones. First, the President (3138m) is an easy climb except for a slightly dodgy cornice at the very top. Then the Vice President. After a weary argument over the relative merits of loose rock and 45 degree ice, we opt for

the latter, but fortunately it turns out to be snow, and half and hours step kicking puts us on the summit (3066m). The view is great from up here, and there is no cornice to fall off! Nutella bagels are consumed and then down, down, down we go.

In under 1hr we are at the foot of the glacier. Then it's all good fun rappapping off the pitons and boot skiing down the couloir. We're suprised to see a couple more climbers headed up, camping out below the couloir. We give them the beta, discuss mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies (which by now we know something about!) and roll on to the lake. The sign at the lake reads 'You are now half way round'

President (3138m) and Vice President (3066m) successful summits. 12 1/2 hour attempt with (2875 - 1302) + (3138 - 2875) + (3066 - 2875) = **2027m of climbing!!!**



Lena Rowatt at alsek lake.

-Jacqui Hudson



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photo chris joseph

Inspiration



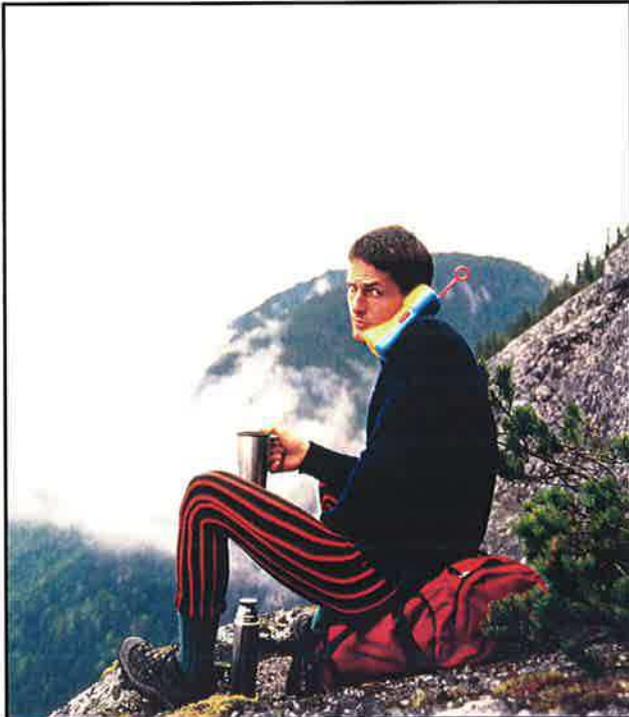
Flower in the South Chilcotin.

Photo by Scott Nelson



Mist of the Stawmus Chief.

Photo by Matt Stockinger



**Mike
Hengeveld
on the Chief**

*Photo by
Matt Buckle*

Remembering John Clarke

Mark Grist

I CONSIDER MYSELF one of the younger generation, one so inspired by the adventures and educational approach to conservation embodied by John Clarke. It may be quite some time before we see another like him, if at all.

I'd like to share my first encounter with John, and the subsequent impact he has had on my life. It was the fall of 1992 during my first year at UBC. I was killing time after classes and, outside the VOC clubroom, saw that there was a notice for a slideshow that evening, to be given by John Clarke. Now I had no idea who this chap was, so I timidly entered the clubroom (like so many first year students) and asked if the evenings' slide show was worth seeing. To this day, I still remember Drew's response: "Yeah, ya might want to check it out."

So I did, but I had no idea that John was about to introduce me to a massive playground, practically in my backyard. Sure I had done some hiking in the North Shore mountains as a little chopper, but I didn't know what most of the Coast mountains really looked like. It was almost as if, up until that time, I had been living my life in two dimensions, and John (through his slides and stories) had shown me a third

dimension. Photos of one area in particular seized my attention and imagination. They were of a place called Raccoon Pass, which John raved about. I immediately resolved to go there, even though I had no clue where it was.

So it wasn't until two summers ago that the necessary skills, confidence, and time came together for me, and in spite of ludicrously high expectations, Raccoon Pass surpassed anything I had hoped for. In fact, I am unsure how such a marvelous gem of a place could disappoint. At any rate, later that fall I caught up with John at a slideshow he was giving at St. George's School. That slideshow in itself was a classic example of how John knew that it wasn't enough to just take a school group out into the wilderness. He was keenly aware that an evening slideshow "wrap-up" was needed to really cement the experience not only for the participating students, but also for the parents and friends. Perhaps John Clarke's greatest gift was his ability to reach a wider audience of almost any age or culture. John would probably say it was the subject material, but anyone who saw him with young children knew that he had a very special talent indeed.

After the show I mentioned to John that after many years, I had finally made it to Raccoon Pass, and I thanked him for sharing with us that such places exist. His eyes lit up when I told of where I had gone, and after asking how my trip went, he wanted to know how the place was. It was as if Raccoon Pass was one of several corners of the B.C. backcountry that John held in an almost pantheonic high regard, like a very good old friend – and he was keen to hear that they were alive and well, and what the latest news might be. I'd like to think that Raccoon Pass is one of several places where John's spirit will reside.

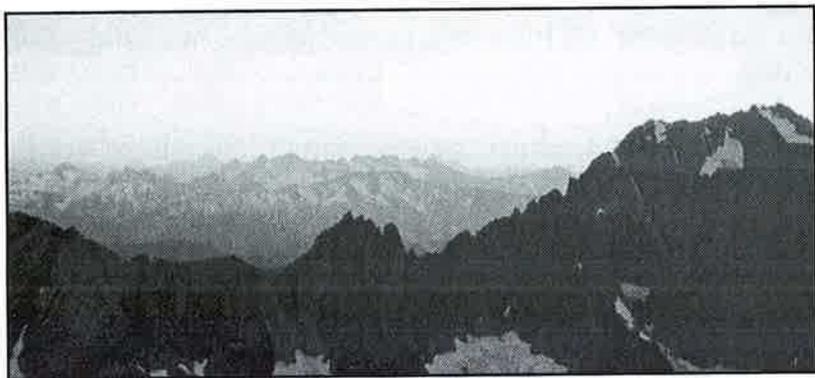
I have to share one other vignette, which really speaks to John's political savvy (which is relatively rare amongst such ardent explorers). John was giving a presentation on the impacts of logging on water quality in the lower mainland's watersheds. After mentioning that Dr. Ernest Cleveland was the first commissioner of the water district and that he had somewhat infamously stated, "Over my dead body will they log in the watershed" John paused and summarized the (then) current situation in one sentence. He said, "You know, the politicians are like little kids – they're fine so long as you keep an eye on them, but the minute you turn your back there's no telling what they'll try to do." Logging no longer takes place in the North Shore watersheds, thanks to the hard work of John and several others, including Will Koop.

I'll end with a short quote, which somehow seems appropriate. It is by Graeme Pole.

A map dream is a purposeful, imagined journey. Map dreamers shun trails. They formulate a backcountry travel route by studying maps, by assessing the contour lines, by connecting valleys via passes and ridges. Destinations suggest routes of approach. Routes of approach suggest destinations. Map dreamers count the number of days it will take to reach a goal and to return. They fret: will a route go? Or, days from the trailhead will they find themselves at the foot of an unscalable cliff, on the wrong side of an unfordable river, obliged to descend an unmapped glacier, or in a dead end? Map dreamers chisel away at the collective avoidance of untrammelled landscapes. In their forays, over time, they claim profound knowledge of the land.

Thank you, John Clarke, for being such a prolific map

dreamer and for sharing your stories and photographs. Thank you for introducing me to a world of adventure and of wonder – a world that is the backcountry of British Columbia. And finally, thank you for your diligent and effective approach to preserving what little remains of wilderness in this province.



*Sunset over Johannesburg Mountain
-Tyler Linn*

Vinni Coyote goes to the Sunshine Coast

Vincent Johnson

PART I: Summer School Discontent

I had realized the day before my pitiful traveling itinerary since the previous September. I hadn't gone South of North Richmond, East of West Coquitlam, West of East Bowen Island, or North of North Phelix Creek!

For a gentleman who the previous year had crossed Canada 4 times from Vancouver to St. Johns in winter and summer by bike and bus, travelled between Calgary and Vancouver about 8 times, been to the Queen Charlottes, Jasper, Vancouver Island, and hitchhiked through the Kootenays on a horror trip that required 8 rides for 367 kilometres (upon one ride which I forget my very expensive camera), it was a rather stifling kind of thought.

So I decided upon an adventure for a day. Where to go? How about Tetrahedron Provincial Park on the beautiful Sunshine Coast. Perfect! I could ride my bike there from Vancouver, enjoy the morning ferry, about a 2-1/2 hour bike ride along the highway through Sechelt, play in the wet snow for a few hours, climb a hill or two, check out the four cabins and ski terrain as to their suitability for VOC lunacy...

Part II: Sunrise upon My World

So, as my bike adventures usually go, I decided upon an early start from UBC. Leaving at midnight, quick work done of Khatsalano, the City, Stanley Park, ascend the steep path from the Seawall to the bridge in the dark, cross Lions Gate Bridge to the comfort of Marine Drive, continuing on to Horseshoe Bay, arriving at a leisurely 3 in the morning, rolling out my bivy to sleep in the park under a pleasantly green Rhododendron Bush upon an even more pleasant dew-covered lawn, showing good weather on the morrow.

As usual, I wiggle back and forth in my sleeping trying to stay warm, and don't fall asleep until the sky lightens. Waking up just in time to grab a ticky, I'm the last person onto the first ferry for Langdale on the Sunshine Coast.

Part III: The Ascent

Of course I don't want to take the tourist route into the park, besides I would have to deal with the glares from all those smileyfriendlysappy "locals" we know who inhabit these small towns. Better to take a shortcut into the park from the other side, from nearer the terminal ferry, up the deactivated McNab Creek Forest "Service" Road. Little bekownst to me a friend had also made that choice earlier in the day.

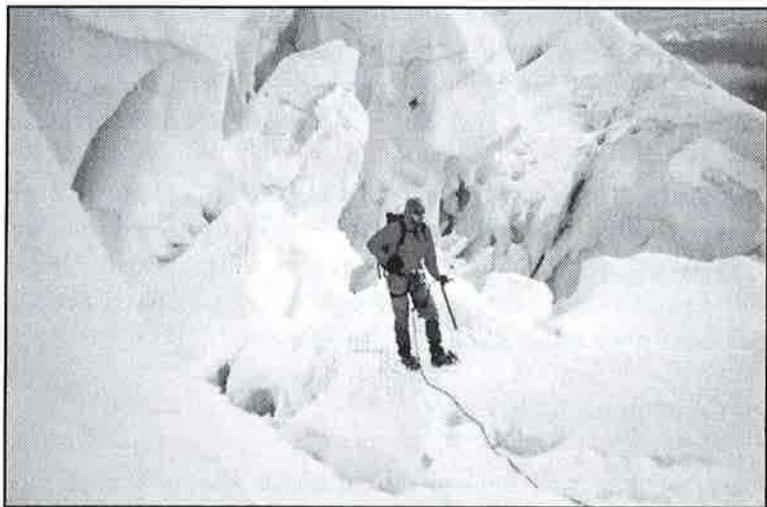
So about 40 minutes North along the coastal highway. Turn onto beautifully graded, overly lush McNab road. Cross roaring McNab Creek on a bridge. Have a drink of pure glacier water. Ahhh...

Start going up. And up. And up. Up the now rocky road about 5 minutes until I see the usual pile of Brown Stuff

with flies buzzing on it. Tradition! Must be bear poops! I am excited. No trip is complete without a pile of bear poops. If we can't see a bear, we at least need to see sign of bear so when we get home we can say... "I saw... BEAR POO!" to which the captivated listener responds "Oooooohh!"... Danger!! Excitement!!!

Now, myself being a hardened animal tracker and woodsman, it was quite obviously a day old. Preferably two. So thus continues the journey up and up and up and down into one of those drainage ditches and up and down and up and down and up, in this hot summery day up the river valley to the sound of hundreds of violated American Robins telling me I don't belong here. I pass by a pile of bear poo about every 20 minutes. Oddly enough, they seem to be getting fresher the higher up I go. Definitely a day old now.

Eventually I reach snow! A patch of snow on the road! I have caught up to winter! Of course there are bear prints. A



Crevasse on Easton glacier.

day old of course, as I could tell by the smudged imprints from the melting snow. They are HUGE tracks. I figure the bear is definitely heavier than me. Bigger. Stronger.

I continue. Snow patch ends. Down into drainage ditch thing. Up. Down across the 15th creek. Iquana (my faithful Giant bike) continues to crawl up the gradual incline. The valley begins to narrow, the river at times horrifyingly close, snowmelt rushing down on this fine spring day. More snow. More prints. End snow. More bear poos. Down. Up. And now a change! After two hours of going up this road... another patch of snow, and... this time...

Fresh prints!!! There is a paw print inserted precisely into the tracks of the previous day. (The tracks from the previous day were slightly larger from snow melting). Snow ends...

... fresh pile of bear poos!

Mind you, an experienced wilderness traveller like myself does not concern himself with bears. If you don't bother them, they won't bother you! Become a part of nature and vibrate good feelings and no wild monster will ever attack!

Regardless, I must admit to being slightly excited and considered what kind of weapons I might use in my defense. Bike?! A swift kick with my heavy mountaineering boot?! Water bottle?! At any rate, a lone traveller needs to keep his mind occupied with such idle thoughts.

Part IV: Coyote Meets Bear

Of course it is well known that disaster always strikes when least expected. The most vigilant bunny rabbit will always keep a sharp eye for human snares along his runway, until

one day, the first day of such occurrence, (s)he is distracted. SSSNNNAAAAP!!!! Cute little bunny is caught in trap with blood splattering on white bunny fur. The life of being a bunny can not afford even the slightest slip.

Thus it was with me. Two and a half hours in the most incredible heat up the worst gravelly road in the province and I start thinking about... Fish and Chips! ... and... and go around a corner and...

BBBBAAMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!! Adrenalin Rush!!!!!!

..there is BEAR... ... shhhhhhh..... (the biggest bear I have seen in my short life)... on all fours, she is smelling the ground and looking for lice to eat and doing what bears do when they are pretending to be innocent nature lovers. Even on all fours, her rump is as high as my head. Of course she must know I was coming... waiting...

Part V: The Great Defeat

Two and a half hours up and a split second, regretted, decision! I turn around... hop on my bike which I have been pushing up this steep section, and start going down the hill, my brakes don't work because they are wet, the rocks are huge JANGA! JANGA CLINKA! Oh God Oh God Oh God, I race down the hill, I hope my tires don't fall off... boots digging into the gravel to slow me before the first big ditchy thing. Bloo-bloop. Down into creek, up out of creek, catch some AIR!, down down down the hill WeeHOOOO!!!!. And after only a half-hour I am at the bottom, on the bridge over McNab Creek. I stop. I look behind. No bear.

I lost her! I have defeated BEAR! A surge of confidence and power races through my body! Who is STRONGER? Who is BIGGER? ME!! AAAARRRRRGGGHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

I sit down on the wooden railing of the bridge over McNab Creek and eat an orange. The sound of the river below calms me, the sun-dappled Aspen trees around me shimmering in the breezy sun of this serene afternoon. I see the end of a fishing rod poking up over the side from the river. An old grizzled hippie-fisherman with crazy white hair and beard climbs up the bank, his fishing rod waving in the breeze.

"Nice day, eh?!", he nods...

"Yup. Nice Day."

(This was a brief history of part of a day by Vincent Johnson)



Friends on the Gargoyles.

On getting hurt and getting better

Sandra Nicol

I HAD A BIT of an accident last fall. I fell off a climb, a crack climb on a sunny day. All of my pieces held (at least, the top one held), and although I fell a long way (my belayer tells me it was about 30 feet) due to my own stupidity in getting run out, I didn't hit anything or get flipped upside down by the rope, or even really pendulum across the face. But at the very top, at the very beginning of the fall, my foot got stuck and I fractured my fibula. A lot of stuff happened to my body that day, and a lot of stuff has been going through my mind since. It's been quite a learning process.

First of all I learned about adrenaline. When you take a 30 foot fall and know from the beginning that it's going to be a long one, a lot of adrenaline gets pumped into your blood. The adrenaline, and probably some shock from the injury, made me very dizzy. So dizzy that I almost passed out. Twice. Passing out is really weird. Everything sounds like it's happening very far away. I could hear people's voices clearly, but they were very quiet. Then I started to lose my vision, and my ability to sit up straight. At that point somebody noticed that I was wobbling and moved me from the rock I was sitting on to the ground. I put my head

between my knees and felt better. I had to move and start the trip down the trail, or get the pack, or change my shoes, or something that I don't really remember, because after Scott picked me up and carried me around the rocks I started trying to hop on the uninjured foot and got dizzy again. But eventually my head cleared and I was able to hop/be carried out down the trail by Scott and this nice guy named Doug who I had never met before. I remember pointing out every plant that I recognized and telling my escorts what it was called. Oregon grape! Salal! Rubus! Alder!

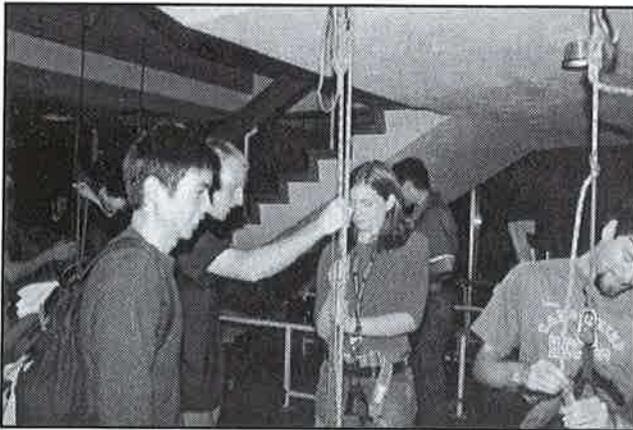
It didn't take long to get to the hospital, and once there I got the best of treatment. I have a great deal of respect for the Squamish hospital. The nurses were nice, the radiologist who x-rayed me had a sense of humour, and the doctor explained everything he could to me, and was kind of cute to boot. They weren't sure whether it was broken or not, but it probably was. I got a slab cast and a prescription for Tylenol 3s, and a pair of crutches. On the drive home I started thinking about what changes I was going to have to make for the next little while. The first conclusion I came to was that if I was going to hurt myself I did it at the right time, since the rain would be setting in soon but ski season wouldn't start until Christmas or so, and by then I should be able to try skiing. Of course, in the mean time it was a good thing that the field work I was doing for work was finished, and that I knew of a carpool that went by my house, since I wouldn't be able to ride my bike. Then I realized that I was going to have to call my parents and tell them what had happened, vindicating my mother's every fear about my outdoor activities and possibly resulting in endless guilt attacks for being so inconsiderate as to break my leg and worry my parents. They weren't too bad, although the conversation kind of went like this:

Sandra: "Hi Mom, how are you? I was climbing in Squamish today and I'm fine, but I slipped and I'm fine,

and then I broke my ankle a little bit but really I'm fine, and the doctor says get a full cast this week but I'm fine, and Scott's taking good care of me and I'm fine, I'm fine I'm fine...."

And I was fine. Surprisingly so. I always thought that I'd be a much bigger whiner if I hurt myself, and that breaking a bone would be more traumatic. But really it wasn't that bad. It hurt quite a bit the first 24 hours, and I had to learn how to use crutches and put on clothes and go up and down stairs, but so long as I didn't accidentally bump my foot on things it didn't hurt.

The second big thing I learned about how my body works is about swelling. My body is capable of huge amounts of swelling. By about a week or 10 days after I hurt it my foot was the shape of a butternut squash, and very colourfully bruised. Pretty gross actually. The swelling receded slowly, with lots of ice and elevation. The swelling still hasn't gone away completely, and my physiotherapist said that with



*Students Practicing for Glacier School
-Roland Burton*

breaks it can take a year for the swelling to go away completely.

I made a pretty big impact at work. I arrived on my crutches at my usual time, then got to work and waited for my supervisor to arrive. He's as far from mellow as anyone can get under normal circumstances, so he got a bit worried about this new injury. He never got mad at me, which I was grateful for, or even did what most of the other grown-up-types did and told me that these things happen when you're young and foolish and do things like rock climbing. But he did rush about and clean up the lab so that I would be able to crutch around unimpeded. And he gave me the only direct order I got the whole time I was there, and that was to stay out of the cold room with my crutches because I might slip on the ice and fall down. It didn't take long for everyone on my floor to find out, and everyone was watching my recovery. I think I suddenly became much more interesting. The day I traded my crutches in for a cane I got a lot of pats on the back.

It was amazingly difficult to get a doctor to see me in Victoria. I have a GP but he lives in Vancouver and doesn't work weekends, so I had to find someone in Victoria who would make me an appointment to get a full cast, no one wanted me. My grandparents' GP wasn't taking new patients so I went to a clinic, and the clinic said that because I would need a second appointment I had to find a GP. So I called back my grandparents' doctor and promised that I was leaving Victoria in 2 months and that I would never ever bother him again if he would just see me these two times, and that got me an appointment. A note to any medical students, or medical student wannabes: there is lots of work in Victoria. I did eventually get a prescription for an air cast, since the fracture was minor enough that I didn't

need to be fully immobilized.

And then the waiting started. I had to have my tea in the kitchen because I couldn't carry it to the living room, and I did a lot of cross stitch, and read a lot, and watched a lot of TV, and learned to crutch at great speed. Before long I was deemed fit to start physio (at about 5 weeks) and I started putting small amounts of weight on the foot, and then walking. It felt like I healed really fast. Physio does amazing things. I went from limping heavily with a cane to limping lightly without one in three weeks. I got to go back to yoga (although easier classes than before), and I could even stand on my bad leg. Before Christmas I put on ski boots and spent a whole half day on green runs, with Scott patiently following me around. When I took the ski boot off my foot was actually foot shaped, but that didn't last too long, although I could still walk the next day. My work term ended on December 20th so I moved back to Vancouver and left the cane behind. The pain changed from a general discomfort to more specific pain in response to specific movements, which my physio said was a good sign. I started riding my bike again. Life started getting back to normal.

But still not normal. The third thing I learned about my body is that it is easy to heal a lot when you're hurt a lot, but that the rate slows down considerably. Scar tissue is very stubborn, and doesn't seem to be leaving despite massage and ultrasound and microcurrent. If I go for too long a run then it is sore and stiff the next day. I still can't bend it the same as the other foot. And it would be easy to say that it has healed enough. I mean, I can ski again, and run (sort of) and ride my bike. I guess I have to keep working at it.

I guess the fourth, and certainly most important thing that I learned about getting hurt and getting better is that life goes

on. I will be as strong or stronger than I was before. I think if anything I'm less afraid of hurting myself. Less fear for the sake of fear, and more caution for the sake of having grandchildren. It would be easy to use the injury as an excuse for not doing things. But I made a decision in the car ride home from the hospital way back in November. I decided to keep smiling, because getting upset about it wouldn't help me get better. I managed to do that pretty well if I do say so myself. The challenge now is to keep remembering the fourth lesson.



*Execs roughing it at a meeting
-Roland Burton*

Recipies from my Kitchen to Yours

Nicole Obedia

THE RULES: This selection of recipes is to be used loosely. For those of you who don't cook a lot I added some extra notes to help you out. Nothing is set in stone and if you want to add other things or omit something, in most cases it will be fine. But feel free to experiment and try new things. I hope I have introduced some new ideas for you.

"The only real stumbling block is fear of failure. In cooking you've got to have a what-the-hell attitude."

Julia Child

"There is no technique, there is just the way to do it. Now, are we going to measure or are we going to cook?"

Frances Mayes, in *Under the Tuscan Sun*

Moroccan Beet Salad

Use a can of sliced beets

OR boil a few beets in a pot and then slice them (make sure they are not too soft)

In a jar shake up:

½ -1 clove of minced garlic

Lemon juice

Rice vinegar

Ground cumin (good amount)
Lots of fresh parsley
Olive oil
Canola oil

Use ½ lemon to ¼ rice vinegar.

Use ½ amount of olive oil to ½ amount of canola oil-use double to triple of oil mix to the amount of vinegar/lemon mix.

Definitely marinate overnight or at least for a few hours, it tastes way better.

You can use this recipe and use chick peas instead of beets.

"The beet is the most intense of vegetables. The radish, admittedly, is more feverish, but the fire of the radish is a cold fire, the fire of discontent, not of passion. tomatoes are lusty enough, yet there runs through tomatoes an undercurrent of frivolity. Beets are deadly serious."

Tom Robbins

"Serve the dinner backward, do anything - but for goodness sake, do something weird."

Elsa Maxwell

Chinese Style Stir-Fry

At Apple Farms at Broadway and McDonald they sell a bunch of mixed chopped veggies for .99. Use that or chop your own such as broccoli, peppers, onions, zucchini, etc. Also add puffed tofu- I don't like the firm or silken tofu but the puffs are really good. I slice them in half or thirds. Add oil to a stir fry pan and bring to a high heat. Add veggies and tofu and stir around until veggies brighten up in color. You can also add garlic and/or ginger.

Sauce

In a measuring cup add 4 Tbsp cornstarch to 1 cup of cold water stir well. (It will settle after a short while so stir before adding to veggies). Add soy sauce, teriyaki, oyster sauce, some or all of these to the water mixture. Stir fry veggies until they brighten in color and cook a little. You still want them to be a bit crispy. When veggies are close to being done start to add the mixture slowly. It will thicken immediately. Have water on hand to thin out the sauce. That's it!! You probably won't need all the cornstarch mix so in that case you can half it. Serve with rice.

"Wish I had time for just one more bowl of chili."
- the dying words of Kit Carson

"Don't wreck a sublime chocolate experience by feeling guilty. Chocolate isn't like premarital sex. It will not make you pregnant. And it always feels good."
~ Lora Brody

Couscous and Chick Pea Salad

1c. Couscous

1c. boiling water

Put dry Couscous in a wide dish so the grains have a large surface area. Pour boiling over evenly and seal tightly with a lid. Steam it for 5 minutes and fluff with fork.

Note: The count is always one to one if you make Couscous.

1c. chick peas or more

Chopped red pepper

Chopped green onions

Lots of chopped cilantro

In a jar, shake up:

½ c. olive oil

3 Tbsp lemon juice

1 clove garlic minced

¾ tsp salt

1 tsp cumin

¼ tsp turmeric (this will give it a nice rich yellow color)

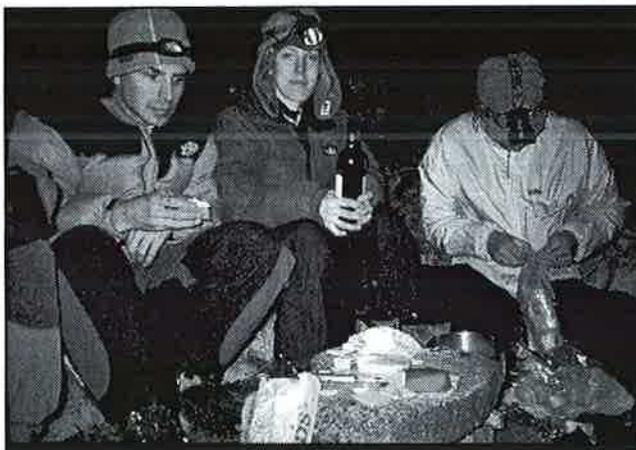
Mix everything together and serve cold or warm.

“Some people like to paint pictures, or do gardening, or build a boat in the basement. Other people get a tremendous pleasure out of the kitchen, because cooking is just as creative and imaginative an activity as drawing, or wood carving, or music.”

Julia Child

Baked Garlic

Awesome for using with pasta sauces, on bread with cream cheese, in a herb and olive oil sauce for pasta. Add it to whatever. I eat it with practically everything. You can prepare it ahead, and if you want to keep it for more than a few days pour oil completely over it to keep it fresh for a few weeks.



*Matt Buckle, Rebecca Goulding and Conor Renolds enjoying a cheese fondu
-Jacqui Hudson.*

Get one or more bulbs of garlic. Cut off the tops so the raw cloves are slightly exposed. Place each whole bulb on piece of foil large enough to enclose bulb and leave room for expansion. Add dried herbs such as thyme, oregano, basil, cracked pepper. Drizzle about 2 Tbsp of olive oil over the garlic. Gather foil together at the top and put in the oven at 350C or so and bake for 1 hour or until soft. You can actually squeeze out the garlic as it is sooooo soft. It is not as strong in flavor as raw garlic.

"There is no such thing as a little garlic."
Arthur Baer

"No cook who has attained mastery over her craft ever apologizes for the presence of garlic in her productions."
Ruth Gottfried, *The Questing Cook* (1927)

Spaghetti Squash Dish

This squash is unlike all the others and called by its name because it is actually spaghetti-like. I usually cut it in half and put it face down in the microwave on a plate. I remove the seeds first. I pierce it with a fork or a knife to let the steam out. You can put it in the oven as well at 350C for 45 mins. or until soft. When it is done use a fork to separate the squash from the sides and it will come away in strands. It will be al dente even when it is cooked.

Use:

Cooked spaghetti squash

Sautéed bacon bits

Sautéed finely chopped onions in a little leftover bacon fat

Shredded asiago cheese

Mix all ingredients together and you can add some sour cream and chopped dill. Serve warm...

Yummy!! Although the bacon gives a really great flavor,

for no meat add sautéed or roasted vegetables.

"No man is lonely while eating spaghetti: it requires so much attention."

~ Christopher Morley

One Pot Thai Curry

Chopped vegetables-medium sized-

1 can of coconut milk

Thai curry or Indian curry paste (Use about 2-3 Tbsp from a package or a jar)

Don't forget for things like sweet potato and potatoes, the bigger the pieces the longer they will take to cook and vice versa.

I use sweet potatoes, mushrooms cut in half and green beans. If you want to use meat: add sliced raw chicken or whole breasts with the bone (2) or legs with bone (3-4) but remove the skin first. Add all the veggies and meat in a pot and stir in curry paste so it's on the veggies and meat. If you use an Indian curry you can use cooked chick peas! You can marinate for an hour or even over night for extra flavor or just pour coconut milk over right away. Stir and put in the oven slightly covered (or it will boil over) at 400C for about 45mins. Test with a fork for doneness. After the dish is cooked use tongs and a fork and the meat will fall off the bone. Its sooo easy and sooo good. Serve with rice.

"Eat your curry, and be brilliant!

Why should I make the effort to try something new when I already like the food I eat? Part of the answer lies in the

Indian belief that eating more complex and subtly flavored foods exercises the brain, making it better at understanding and appreciating and surviving the subtle complexities of life."

~ The Spice House Catalog, on curry powders

Easy Herbed Chicken Dinner with Roasted Vegetables

Use one whole chicken- make sure you have a baking pan large enough to fit the whole chicken and vegetables.

Vegetables for roasting such as chopped sweet potatoes, sliced onions, chopped potatoes, and chopped celery.

In a cup or bowl add a bunch of fresh herbs such as basil, oregano, sage, parsley, or all of them. Add a clove or two of minced garlic. Add about ½-1 cup of olive oil to herb mix. Stir. Rub this herb mix over the chicken inside and out. Add ready made stove top to the inside of the chicken. Place in pan. Add chopped vegetables and place them around the chicken. Make sure they are not too big and don't fill the pan too high or else the veggies won't roast. You don't need to add anything such as oil to the pan. The fat off the chicken will help with the roasting of the veggies. There will not be a lot of fat coming off -just so you know.

375C-400C for 50min or so. Slice with a knife to check for doneness. Ta-Da! A full meal that takes no time.

"She died with a knife in her hand in her kitchen, where she had cooked for fifty years, and the death was solemnly listed in the newspaper as that of an artist."

Janet Flanner writing about the death of Mother Soret of Lyons, whose 'chicken in half mourning' was famous all over France.

Easy Easy Quiche

Note: For every 1 cup of milk add two eggs and scramble. To your thawed ready made pie crust layer your raw vegetables. Some vegetables contain more water than others so be weary. Squeeze out excess water when adding spinach. Mushrooms, Ham or just plain work well. Add cheese as

your layer or you can also layer in between veg. Make sure the cheese is on top. You can use fresh herbs, gruyere cheese, Monterey, mozzarella etc. whatever! Pour egg mixture over the veggies and cover the cheese. It's a good idea to put the pie tray on an oven tray so the transfer is easy and if it overflows it won't dirty your floor or your oven. Make two or three at the same time, it goes fast!

*"Bread is the warmest, kindest of words. Write it always
with a capital letter,
like your own name."*
Russian café sign

Peanut Noodle Salad

Get one of those packages of thin egg noodles (Chinese) 8 squares for less than a dollar. They cook in 7 mins. Use a few squares and boil. Drain.

Add some ready made sauces-Presidents Choice Peanut Satay sauce, or Soy ginger, teriyaki –use whatever tastes good with an Asian flavor and feel free to mix the sauces. Add chopped green onions, red peppers, chopped cilantro, and whatever you like. I love cilantro (also known as coriander) in everything!

*"If the soup had been as warm as the wine; if the wine
had been as old as the turkey; and if the turkey had had a
breast like the maid, it would have been a
swell dinner."*
Duncan Hines

Greek Salad Sandwich

Fresh or lightly toasted French bread cut lengthwise
Chopper red/green peppers
Thinly sliced red onion
Slices of yummy feta cheese

Sprinkle a little dried/fresh oregano and basil
Drizzle with olive oil
Awesome!

Variation: Cold Greek Salad. Use cooked penne and add above chopped ingredients and drizzle with oil. Throw some black olives in there and that's it.

*"A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat,
and to drink, and to be merry."
Ecclesiastes 8:15*



*The Joy of cooking outdoors
-Stephan Albrecher*

How to get a Ride –
A Step-by-Step Guideline
Crystal Penner

1. SIGN UP FOR desired trip...under the thingy that do you have a car (Y/N) put N.
2. Go to the trip meeting...a novel idea I know, but I assure you there's no better way to start. I can tell you from personal experience that all of the times I have attended trip meetings, my chances of finding a ride that will work out have doubled (tragically, 2 times 0 is still zero).
3. While at the meeting, approach everyone you know who has had a vehicle in the past, they will certainly have one this time but it will already be entirely full. This step is mostly just to eat away at your self-esteem.
4. Next, participate desperately in whichever find-a-ride scenario the execs have devised, whether it be the everyone-with-a-car-write-little-lines-on-the-chalkboard-corresponding-to-the-amount-of-seats-you-have-while-the-remaining-no-ride-mob-jostles-for-position, or a sporting game of Russian roulette where the three surviving participants are awarded the seats.

5. Assuming scenario one (because the odds of surviving scenario 2 are slim and there would be little point in continuing this), you were either too busy doubting yourself as to which ride to sign up for or someone you know had just walked into the room and you gambled and lost as to whether he/she had a car or not. Now you must seek out the trip coordinator (who is weeping in a corner somewhere), hand him or her a tissue and ask for the sign-up sheet. You then look at the 50+ people who have claimed to have a vehicle but have failed to show up at the meeting (obviously having no problems with rides themselves), and take down their names and numbers in the unfounded hope that they are still going on the trip, despite their absence, and miraculously have one seat left.

6. (Very important step) Return home, have a glass of wine (cheap) and start dialing. This is an exercise in rejection. Approximately 50 % of your possibilities are no longer going: these people are write-offs, restrain yourself from begging them to change their minds and have another glass of wine. Another 40 % are going but are full and, though they sympathize with your plight, there is little they can do except give you the name of someone else who may be driving; sadly, this person also has a full vehicle. The next 9 % have either given a fake number or have skipped town to elude something life-threatening (mob?); these are also write-offs, silently wish them luck and move on (you will never see these people again). Assuming 50 possible drivers to begin with and your 1 % of drivers left, this leaves you with around 0.5 of a person. Don't worry, this rounds to 1: this person has one seat left and is your new best friend. Arrange a time and place to meet.

7. It is now close to 12:30 am...start packing. You'll probably get to sleep around 2:00 because you're excited

now that you have a ride.

8. Wake up at 6 am...around 7 the phone rings; answer it despite your sense of foreboding. There is a 3 % chance it is your mother calling to tell you to be careful and offer advice about the activity you're going to be doing despite her complete lack of knowledge. There is a 97 % chance that it is your ride calling to offer sincere apologies because something unprecedented has occurred.

9. Cry.

10. Go to the bar because it is Friday night and your non-outdoor (i.e. drinking) friends go to the bar every night...I mean every Friday. A combination of hard alcohol and heartfelt drunken sympathy from friends will ease the pain, I promise.

Now, this is indeed a depressing tale of woe but a lesson can be learned from your ordeal: ...no it can't I was just taking you for a ride (the proverbial one, not on a real ride because I obviously don't have a car...if I did I would have absolutely no material for this article). This story is to teach those who are naïve and trusting that a ride is elusive, like a unicorn (yes they exist, you just never see them because they are like rides). It cannot be harnessed or tamed and, once you have trapped it (if you are so lucky/cunning), you must never trust it for it will escape given the slightest opportunity.

Finally, sincere thanks to all those who have been so kind as to give me rides in the past (and future?). Obviously it is you heroes who are exempt from my barrage of sarcasm, you lovely people. PS do I owe any money for gas?

Outdoor Food

Roland Burton

YOU MAY WANT tasty, inexpensive, light weight, easy to prepare, impressive, doesn't go bad, or bear-resistant, or any combination of these. Here's some situations and how to deal with them.

1.I don't have time to get organized. Here are five speedy meals you might consider, if you don't have time to prepare, or even to think.

a.Lipton Side Dish. Buy the package, it doesn't much matter which one, though connoisseurs will have their preferences. Forget the (powdered) milk, butter, though they do make it nicer; just use water. Make it a little runny so it doesn't stick to the pot. Cooking time around 30 minutes if you count finding your stove, starting the stove, scooping up snow and melting it, drinking the water, melting more water, etc. Secret ingredients: Let it set for a few minutes off the stove, this way you're less likely to get it stuck to the bottom of the pot, and less likely to burn out the inside of your mouth. Add a tin of tuna, not to the pot, but to the serving container, otherwise the pot tastes like dead fish next time you need to melt snow for drinking. Serves one and a third persons.

b. Soup with Added Rice. Again from the fine Lipton Family of Products. Get a package of Soupworks Soup. Prepare according to directions on the package, which will require cooking 20 minutes. Make it a little runny so it doesn't stick to the pot. At the 20 minute mark, add 220 grams of instant rice (1/3 pkg). Remove from the heat and let it stand for 5 minutes, covered with a down jacket if it's chilly out. Serves two.

c. Turkey with Mashed Potatoes: A good one when seven people are sharing your little mountaineering stove, and it's cold and dark and someone's socks are dripping into your cooking pot. Boil water, follow recipe on mashed potatoes. Remove boiling water from heat so we don't scorch the pot. Throw in mashed potatoes, not too runny, not too flaky, just right. Buy around 100g sliced turkey from your favorite delicatessen, and keep it cool until ready to eat, so it doesn't go bad. Throw the turkey into the mashed potatoes. Throw in some cranberry sauce from a can. You'll think it's Thanksgiving. Serves 1-2.

d. Samosas, Pizza, Sausage Rolls, etc. Though not



*Roland's Gang at Winter Longhike.
-Chris Michalak.*

particularly cost effective, these can be ready to eat surprisingly fast if you have a wood stove and can wrap them in aluminum foil and throw them atop the stove. Lacking a stove, you might try thawing them in the armpit of your down Jacket, though this is less satisfactory. Serves many if you bring lots.

e.Mcdonalds Take Out. Just grab some burgers as you pass through Squamish. Be aware, however, that some of this stuff is designed to be served hot and may not work if frozen solid. Serves (gag, hack, choke).

2.Time to Impress the Loved One

a.Here what you eat is not as important as how much effort you put into it. I once saw a VOC Member haul a cast-iron griddle, one dozen eggs, a bag of pancake mix, butter, syrup, canned peaches, etc up to the Phelix Brian Waddington Hut, just to impress one Young Lady, who didn't even bother to show up. Names can be provided on request.

b.We sometimes see the opposite effect, which works something like this "I don't want to be remembered as a great cook because this may detract from my other desirable attributes, so I'll prepare as bland and boring a meal as possible". Maybe (4 a), see below.

3.Expedition, lots of time, too much weight. Here you have to haul a lot of stuff, and grams count. I haven't done any of this type of travel lately, so refer to someone who has. If you're lucky, you'll get their complete shopping list, packing list, and a list of serious gripes at the end. I remember one week long trip to the West Coast Trail, where all we had to eat for the last day was granola and powdered milk, these being voted unanimously the worst things we

brought along. For day one we had steak, baked potatoes, salad, red wine, but we only had to carry that lot for one day.

4. Things That Don't Work

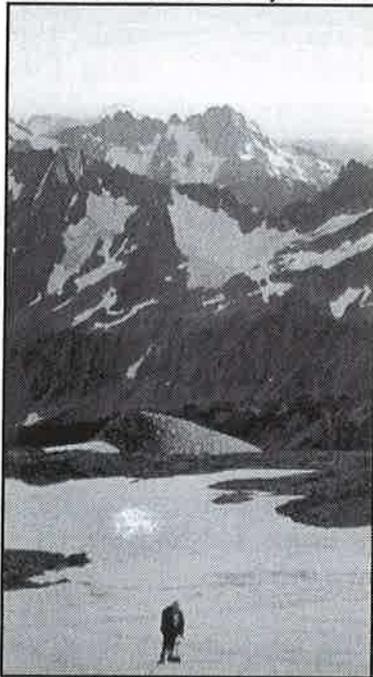
a. Noodles From Hell To prepare this dish, get a stove that doesn't work very well, and a small pot and around ten hungry people. Melt snow for hours until you're tired of doing this, then try and boil the water. Add too many noodles before the water has started to boil. The water will never boil. Due to the magic of thermodynamics the whole pot will go solid with noodles, though they won't actually cook. The noodles at the bottom of the pot will turn black and glue themselves to the bottom of the pot and will actually become part of the pot. If you like campfire flavor, you can salvage some of the noodles, and the rest may be used as fuel. (Naiset Huts, Assiniboine, Reading Week 1998)

b. Vegetarian Special (Gas from Hell) If you are a vegetarian at home, then be a vegetarian in the outdoors. If not, then don't. If your enzymes etc are all set up for digesting meat, it takes a while (maybe a week) to adjust them for Textured Vegetable Protein, or whatever, especially if you didn't have enough time/fuel/water to reconstitute the TVP properly.

c. Weird foods Don't try and survive a whole weekend on a mixture of chocolate, peanuts, and dried apricots; your body is not fine-tuned to run on this stuff. A Subway sandwich will work better if you can prevent the sandwich from going bad in your pack.

d. Camping Ovens, Pressure Cookers You got nothing better to do than cook? At least try it at home first. See category (2) above.

e. Food and High Altitude Various things don't work at high altitude (around 17,000 ft, your results may vary). First, your appetite doesn't work. You gotta make yourself eat. Some people are better at this than others. Some will waste away; others will force down food and thrive. Second, your digestion may not work. You may not get good value from your food, either because it passes through undigested (if this happens, try chewing it), or because it won't stay down for long enough. Third, hydration is a big problem; you need lots of liquids to replace those lost by heavy breathing and similar strenuous exercises. Stoves are a little unenthusiastic in the rarified air, all water is in the solid form and has to be melted, yak shit is everywhere, and toxic chemicals designed to kill off the teeny parasites, make everything taste terrible. Drink crystals may help.



*Climber with Glacie and Mix-up Peak behind.
-Tyler Linn*

Sleeping Around (Campus)

Vincent Johnson

NOW THAT THE weather is getting better I realize that many VOCer's will naturally aspire to live in the fresh, unpolluted air of the UBC peninsula, especially if one is doing summer school. I moved out of friendly Fairview on March 1st of last year for my comfortable MEC Tarn 2 tent located carefully in the endowment lands. I have provided for my own living accommodation (or UBC has!) for over a year now, and find myself in a unique position from which to enlighten others.

Essentially due to academic and leisure pursuits I was only returning home to sleep. So basically I was paying \$13/night for the privilege of a small bed to sleep in. Why pay for this, when there is a whole world free for the taking outside? Notice that while it is okay to live in a tent for frugal reasons, I prefer to not save this rent money, but put it towards a more comfortable living, for things such as skis, vacations and eating gourmet food.

I acknowledge that while living in a Van is certainly a traditional, and respected method, this brief essay focuses upon simpler, more... "pure" ways of living, with less dependance upon this cruel capitalist world we live in... (!)

Technicalities

Storage: I found the rental cost of a bike locker next to the Memorial gym to be quite competitive to the cost of rent. There is ample storage space for clothes, skis, camping gear, a cooler, books, and even a guitar. This naturally encourages one to “essentialize” possessions, to live a simpler life. These lockers are very secure. Stay away from faculty lockers, and be wary of the gym/pool lockers which are easy to break into.

Hygiene: There are free warm showers (and cheap lockers... convenient for storing wet towels and shaving tools) in the SRC and the pool. You can also use the free facilities in the pool to get buff (and the hot tub is nice). You can sneak into the Birdcoop for free (to use the bouldering cave) through the aerobic studio.

Food: There are ample microwaves throughout campus in any of the faculty and student lounges, in the SUB, and the clubroom. It is easy to cook some noodles, salmon, a potato, vegetables, in a Tupperware container, which is very quick and nutritious. Also KD is actually pretty good without milk or butter! There are also ample free condiments in the sub provided by the AMS. I found myself also eating at the Pendulum quite a bit, and I had more money for eating at fancy restaurants on Commercial with rich grad students.

Technology: Numerous free telephones, again in student faculty lounges, in Koerner library, and the clubroom. A pager combined with e-mail is ideal for communication, and much more affordable than a cellphone (or a regular phone service... which is basically an overpriced answering machine for most people). Pagers also come with a free alarm clock, which is very convenient. There are hundreds of computers for essay writing across campus, find a lab

that makes you feel at home!

Clothing: Down to the essentials, although at last count I did have 7 pairs of various footwear!!! Gage was found to be the most convenient place to wash clothes, about one load a week.

Locations

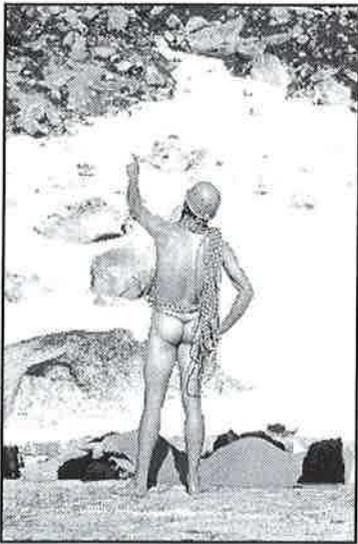
Tent: The tent is the best place to sleep. There is nothing better than waking up to filtered sunlight and the tweetering of morning birds. I can help you to find a location in the Endowment lands that is safe, secure, not visible from any trail, and is closer to the SUB than Fairview residence as an additional bonus. It is essential that the tent be deadly waterproof, but also well-ventilated, as the humidity can be high in the forest. The MEC Tarn II is ideal, and very cheap, though I wished it had a bit more ventilation. Most people who use the trails are freaked enough about just getting lost ON the trails, much less venturing off-trail; it is not likely your place will be discovered. Nonetheless, I keep only a foamy, two sleeping bags, and a pillow in my tent for security reasons. I have discovered a few others who sleep in the forest, and they are very nice people and live a very low-impact lifestyle. Crawling critters pretty much stayed out of the tent, though I would still check the tent each night before bed.

Eventually the weather gets warmer, and it is natural to be drawn to sleep "under the stars", so to speak. Some of the better locations I found were:

1. Tower Beach: Take the stairs down from the Anthropology museum. I noticed just the other day that the lock on the old lookout tower has been bust, although I have not yet investigated the building for a sleeping spot.

Generally, in nice weather the rocky beach is very pleasant, with the use of a Thermarest. The view from here at night makes you think you are in the wilderness, and the stars are quite sparkly. Further around towards Vancouver, the next beach trail also leads to a nice spot. (Trail #1?) Here there is a view of the city. It can be nice to build a small fire to fall asleep next to. In the summer Greek and Chinese fisherman will be catching small smelts with their nets by 5:00 every morning all along from Spanish banks to Wreck Beach.

3. The Greenhouses: Near the agriculture building, they provide safe (from security) and weather-protected shelter. Also the tables are quite convenient upon which to sleep.



Cam Shute demonstrates frugality in mountain attire.

-Matt Buckle

Stay away from the big modern-looking glass greenhouse as sprinklers and pesticide may spray without warning in the night. Unfortunately my favourite 'house was torn down this past summer, and the current existing one appears quite run-down and sickly. It may be possible to build a small shelter in there that is hidden from the outside, with existing timber.

4. Chan Centre: Next to the rose garden (nice but not very hidden) is a beautiful cedar-rhododendron grove that provides nice shadows. There are large spotlights but... just twist the lightbulbs to adjust

the lighting to a suitable (off?!) level! This grove smells very pleasant, is unpatrolled from security, and is surprisingly dry in minor showers. Beware of the sprinklers though. They are quite high-powered, and may wake you up violently at 1:00 a.m. However, similar to the lights, they can also be adjusted for personal comfort. It is easy to tie some string around the rotors, thus preventing the water from circulating toward your sleeping spot.

5. Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden: Find yourself spiritually renewed in the morning.. it is only moderately difficult to clamber the fence, and I think a caretaker actually lives in the compound, so quietness is essential! There are many fine grass and moss surfaces upon which to sleep, though there can be mosquitoes here. If it starts to rain there are also shelters to hide under. There is just something magical about the garden at night... the sound of the waterfall trickling into the pond is very special. Unfortunately the traffic noise from nearby Marine drive is not so nice, so earplugs may be necessary.

6. Wreck Beach: Extremely over-rated. Everybody seems to know somebody who has slept at Wreck Beach, but I can not think of any attraction for this (for longer term residence), unless one is into that scene. As far as finding a safe and quiet place to sleep for the night, Wreck Beach is probably the worst on campus. First of all, it is difficult to find a safe place around there to pitch a \$215 tent, so one would have to live under a tarp if one was concerned about theft. Also, the bluffs bordering the water all along are just plain dangerous, in terms of sluffing and trees falling over in storms. Secondly, especially on Friday and Saturday nights when the weather is warmer, there is a great deal of noise into the late hours of the morning. It is illegal to be there after sunset, but most of those yahoos are not concerned with rules. Thirdly, the beach itself is disgusting.

There are more cigarette butts and campfire debris per m² than any other Vancouver beach. If you sleep on the Beach guaranteed you will be covered with black ash and will stink like burnt tobacco in the morning.

Of course for those who are not so eager to sleep outside, there are many faculty lounges that may be suitable, or clubrooms (though security often patrol). To the keen eye exist many other locations such as under buildings (W. Annex has a nice 'basement'... enter through a piece of missing plywood W. side) or stairwells (check out the S. side of War Memorial gym down the basement stairs.. there is even a couch.

So, in conclusion... break away from the brain-washing of society that you NEED to pay rent and you NEED a place to 'live'. Just LIVE. LIVE wherever you find yourself. Make the world your home. Nature (and UBC!) does provide (pretty much for free) every necessity for years of comfortable living.

(Note: this public-service info-piece provided by Vincent Johnson, contact me for my AFFORDABLE booklet on FREE living!)

The Learning Curve

Kristen Beaumont

AS A CLUB that encourages beginners to participate, the VOC has a lot to teach to the inexperienced. I think that is why there are so many students eager to join, and I know that is why I did. What I have learned in the VOC so far, however, is certainly not what I expected to. This knowledge is also much more useful than anything that I paid tuition for this year, or at least more so than organic chemistry.

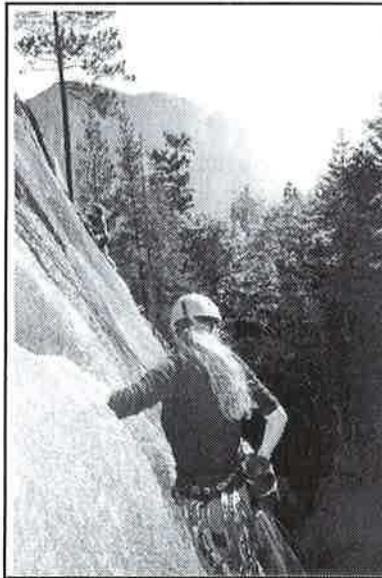
“You know how to build an anchor, right?”

I think so. That was my reply to my some-what nervous climbing partner. You see, in theory I knew how to build a beautiful anchor. But it's not as if *I* would ever fall on one that I built. Luckily most VOC-types are fairly easy going and don't seem to mind putting their life in my hands, and my partner decided to trust my anchor-building job sight unseen. Unfortunately, I also picked up this casual attitude, thinking that whom ever I happened to be with in various outdoor activities will always do a good enough job for both of us. BAD IDEA. Over the last year, events like longhike and glacier school have taught me the basics, as they are supposed to. Ending up on far-from-the-ground ledges without gear, spending time in scary, unpredictable

situations, and being far from civilization while either cold, wet, hungry, tired or all of the above while in the company of fellow club members has taught me much, much more. The most important lesson being that I need to be competent at what I am trying to do, or at least correct in thinking that the other person is.

“So, you’re the journal editor?”

I am? (I write this article assuming the journal turns out all right in the end, but I am not sure it will). Somehow I’ve become journal editor. It was never my plan; let me assure you. As far as I was concerned, editing a book was far more work than I was interested in doing. The VOC was just a club I was in, it had some cool people and I got to try some new things, but I didn’t plan on becoming very involved in it. I just didn’t want to go to meetings or talk to people that I wasn’t really friends with. Then something nice happened, I participated anyways (with a little urging) and found out that I actually liked it. Huge lesson learned here, those people sitting the clubroom are NOT scary mountain hardcore elites, well, not really anyways. The enjoyment gained from the club is definitely



*Climbing in Fern gully, Squamish
-Jeremy Frimer*

better the more you participate in it. And to top it off, now I sort-of know how to use a computer to publish books.

“Learn to ski, or die”

Those were Roland's words when describing the type of trip he was inviting me on during reading week. He seemed pretty confident that I would make it, even though I assured him that I don't know how to ski. That trip was in theory the simplest, and in actuality the toughest club trip I ever went on. The plan was to ski up to Brew hut, check out microbrew, and ski out the next day. I felt great heading up, a little tired, but nothing too terrible. During the 8 hours of that day's travel I was only a little bit scared, a little bit frustrated and never too tired to keep going. The hut was nice, I warmed up and ate some food and got some rest. The next day was something else entirely.

The first time I led a climb on gear, the first time I checked out a crevasse, and the first time I went down a hill on teleskis was a little scary. But scary in a good way, and also really fun - that's why I did them after all. The trip down from Brew hut was a lot different. We were on beautiful, exposed, powder slopes just begging for someone to carve gracefully across them, and I was not to be that someone. When I started out I was pretty enthusiastic (ok, naive) and looking forward to this whole skiing thing. That did not go as planned. I spent most of the day rolling down, face first into the white stuff. When the rolling stopped, my knees ached to be in a more anatomically natural position, my skin longed for the comfort of earlier, when my clothes were not full of snow, and my brain wished that my eyes weren't looking up at an avalanche slope. I just wanted to be in the car and not stuck on that damn mountain. And I was actually stuck too, sometimes taking more than a minute to

free myself from my heavy, sodden pack and get my skis back in the right direction. For the first time on an outdoor trip I was completely, totally, utterly miserable and I wanted to cry. Lessons learned? The true meaning of “it doesn’t have to be fun to be fun”, and that Roland Burton is the most patient person that I know.

“Don’t worry, it sounds like you’re doing just fine.... you *are* doing fine, aren’t you?”

I hope so. I have heard this phrase a LOT lately. I mean, the journal isn’t done, I skipped all my classes *again* and I still don’t know what to have for dinner tonight, let alone where I want to go in life. But as long as I keep trying things whether I want to or not, and surviving (I didn’t die on the brew trip, so I guess I learned something) with the help of friends, I imagine that I am doing all right. The VOCJ has a lot of confidant, capable people in it. Maybe I can learn how they did it, and have fun, too.



early morning on the neve
-Scott Nelson

Motivation for Mountains

Robin Mckillop

THE MORE TIME I spend in the mountains, the more time I have to think about why I am there. What is it that draws me back? For what reasons do I leave the supposed comfort of home and of city life to visit cold and, more often than not, wet environments? Each time I am shivering inside my wind-blasted and spindrift-filled tent, I can't help but think of questions such as these.

Recently, I have been discussing my thoughts and ideas about backcountry inspiration with my hiking and skiing partners. I find storm days provide both the best opportunity to ponder such useless topics as well as further incentive to determine what makes being trapped in the mountains actually desirable.

Sir Edmond Hillary stated his reason for climbing Everest was "Because it's there." I'm not convinced. A lot of things are there. My dishes are there in the sink. It doesn't make me want to wash them.... Anyway, in the discussions I have had with my friends, I have learned more and more that each person who travels into the backcountry and climbs mountains is motivated by different things. Although there is certainly some overlap among people's motivations, it

it seems clear to me that the goals and desires people have towards mountaineering are often very different. This is not to say that differently motivated people cannot enjoy each other's company and would not interact well on a given adventure, but I think it is important to recognize the different reasons people visit the mountains.

Most of my friends who consistently join me on expeditions of various lengths and difficulties share common interests. They all believe that self-propelled recreation is the most responsible and sustainable form of activity in the backcountry. They are all driven to wilderness areas that show no signs of human impact and especially to remote subalpine landscapes, where small clusters of trees give way to vast meadows and then to barren rock and ice. In fact, I'd say all of my hiking and skiing partners like summiting mountains and traversing long alpine ridge systems. However, I have recently identified several distinct differences between my friends' motivations for mountaineering.

According to my observations of why people travel through the mountains, I have defined three "categories of primary motivation": (1) sensory motivated, (2) technical challenge motivated, and (3) physical challenge motivated. Although each of these categories is not entirely unique, this division will make describing each kind of motivation easier.

A *sensory motivated* person is stimulated by new scenery and, at a smaller scale, the diversity of scents and textures found in the mountains. A person in this category is motivated by good weather (and, therefore, good views) and ideal conditions (e.g. powder snow in winter). Sensory motivated people, partly because their enjoyment depends on factors beyond their control, change moods more readily than people in either of the other motivation categories.

From my experience, people within this category tend to be less driven to push their body's limits. The prospective social atmosphere of a trip can often serve as the key motivation for these individuals. While a sensory motivated person sees little point in reaching the summit of a mountain in fog or rain, inclement weather does little to deter a technical or physical challenge motivated individual from climbing a peak.

A *technical challenge motivated* person constantly pushes their own limits and strives to exceed the limits of others. They are motivated to climb difficult peaks and often use the reputation of a mountain as the basis for route selection. By using standardized climbing grade scales such as the Yosemite system, they are indirectly able to compare themselves to other mountaineers. Like physical challenge motivated individuals, people in this category set goals for themselves. Their objectives are usually clear and achievement is easy to evaluate. For example, if a technical challenge motivated climber sets out to climb the northeast buttress of given peak but fails, then they have not reached their goal. It is not uncommon for these people to work hard, even according to specific skill-enhancing programs, in order to succeed where they were previously defeated. A technical challenge motivated person is generally confident in their own technical abilities and uses their 'mountaineering resume' as verification. People who view first ascents of mountains and specific routes as the ultimate symbol of skill or status belong to this category.

Physical challenge motivated people use the physical limits of their bodies and the physical terrain through which they are traveling as motivation. Such people thrive off pushing their body's physical limits on expeditions. They enjoy the feeling of total fatigue. They are always interested in increasing their strength and endurance in order to more

comfortably cover greater elevation or longer distances in one day. Physical challenge motivated people are also driven by the unknown. The uncertainty of routes through the mountains, due to unforeseen terrain characteristics, serves as their primary inspiration for planning trips. Not only do people in this classification place great importance on detailed pre-trip map analysis to define a possible route through the mountains, but they also try to improve their ability to read actual physical terrain off maps by noting any significant differences between what they expected and what they found along a given route. Goals set by these individuals are not necessarily as concrete as those set by technical challenge motivated people. Mountaineers belonging to this category set rough goals of getting from point A to point B. However, a path with greater difficulty does not serve as additional motivation for them.

While you probably feel you belong, in part, to each category, it is likely that you identify more strongly with one than with the others. In the end, it really makes no difference to which of these categories you belong, or whether one of these three divisions even comes close to representing your motivations for going into the mountains. All I ask is that you take some time during your next storm day to reflect on why you are there. I know that I, for the most part, am a physical challenge motivated person. In addition to the motivations described above, the absolute freedom and simplicity I find in the mountains draws me back time and time again. I love how the biggest decision in a given day in the mountains typically involves how best to ration the last supply of chocolate, and how a lift skier's "out of bounds" is a backcountry skier's "in-bounds".

The Current State of Brew

Greg Rekken

IN THE SPRING of 2002, after being a humble quartermaster for one semester, I took on the executive position of "Special Projects Coordinator." In more layman's terms, I am the hut guy, challenged with the burden of maintaining the four VOC huts, most of which I have yet to visit. This is partly due to a lack of time, but mostly due to my main task of replacing the crumbling Brew hut.

The Brew hut was first built in 1982. It was located by the unnamed lake, down the slope, to the north of the current location. Like a liver transplant gone wrong, the mountains rejected the cabin, crushing the large gothic arch with creeping snow. In 1984 it was rebuilt at the present location, with a section missing, making it 14' x 16'. The cabin has lasted until now, but was crushed by high snow accumulations during the winter of 1998-'99. While still usable, the hut is often buried over the winter, making it hard to access, let alone find.

A new location was found for the hut, with a small structure built on the site during an overnight, fall equinox trip. "Micro Brew" has held up well over the winter, showing how the snow loads around a disturbance on the ridgeline

located approximately 400 metres west of the current site.

We are narrowing in on a final design. Requiring something strong, cheap and simple enough for club members to build. Most likely we will build something similar to a common garage, minus the large doors, adding a much steeper roof with loft space for sleeping.

While progress has been a crawl at best, we are making progress. With the permit application submitted, it is not inconceivable that the cabin will be completed this summer as first projected. However, there is much work to be done, and a lot of help is needed to organize materials, tools and transportation, on top of the actual construction. A new "Brew Hut" section has been added to the website, and any interested parties are encouraged to check it out and lend a hand.



The Brew Hut
-Matthew Stockinger



