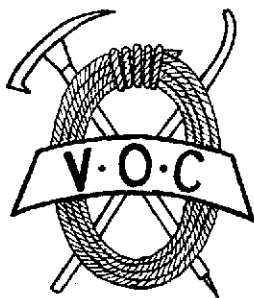


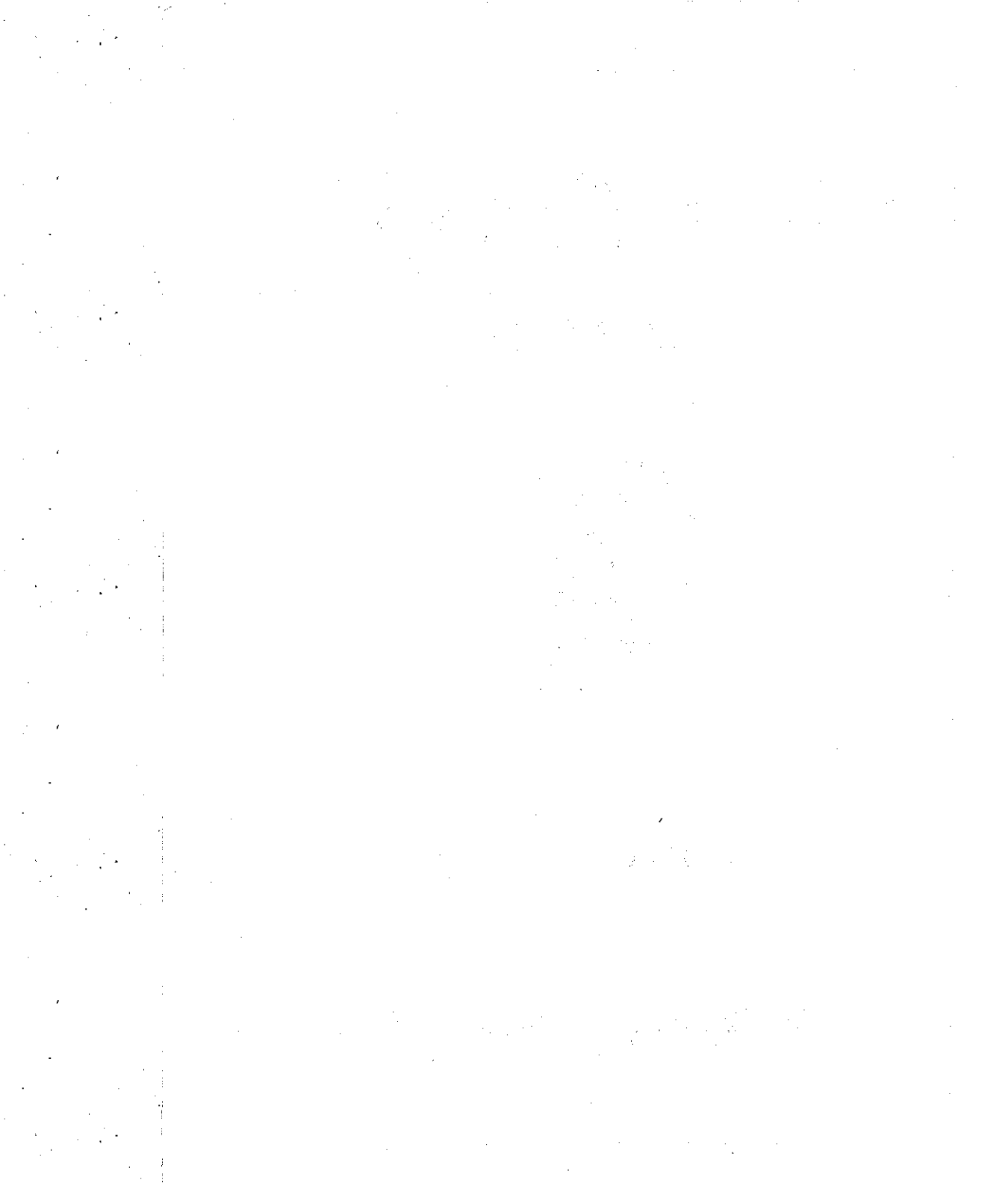
The Varsity Outdoor Club Journal



VOLUME VI - 1963

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA
The University of British Columbia
CLUB HOUSE

Edmonton, ALBERTA





i.

IN MEMORIAM

JEAN SHARP

On the morning of December 30, 1962, an avalanche on Mt. Whaleback in Yoho Park struck and buried fourteen skiers and claimed the life of Jean Sharp.

Jean came to U.B.C. and V.O.C. in 1958. The following year she went on the Christmas Ski Trip to Banff, after which nothing could dampen her enthusiasm for mountain life. Her love for the mountains was shown by her active participation in the V.O.C. In 1961 she was elected Vice-President of the V.O.C.

Whether at Garibaldi, Wedge, Yoho, or even cooking for the Long Hike, her zest for life, her willingness to help and her contagious good humour made Jean stand out in the minds of those who knew her. She is remembered and missed.



Jean Sharp

V. O. C. EXECUTIVE 1963-64

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President Bruce McKnight
Vice-President. Anne Charlton
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Treasurer Tony Lyttle
Cabin Marshall. Hart Pfortmeuller
Climbing Chairman Jim Fowler
Archivist Gail Robinson
Journal Editor. Jane Muskett
Membership Chairman Alan Whetter
Public Relations Officer. Dave Higgins

V. O. C. EXECUTIVE 1962

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Journal Editor... Stella Barbour
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Public Relations Officer. Kim Deane

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The V.O.C. constitution states "The object of the V.O.C. is to promote outdoor activities at U. B. C., particularly mountaineering and skiing". This object is, I believe, more than just the promoting of a mere physical pastime. Indeed, mountaineering and skiing are a way of life - to some, almost a religion. Any sincere person who promotes a religion does so because he wishes to share the benefits of his religion with those who have not experienced them. Similarly, I think the purpose of V.O.C. is to share the rewards of outdoor activities with others.

This purpose behind V.O.C. gives us some responsibilities to fulfill. We should encourage new members and non-climbers to go on our trips. We should conduct climbing and skiing schools to educate those who are interested. We should mark trails and record routes to climbing areas. We are, I think, doing these things - in other words, I think we are promoting mountaineering and skiing.

Although today, with our increasing size and diversity, we have people in V.O.C. whose activities scarcely overlap, we can still have unity if we maintain our objectives and work for a common goal. Working for a common goal is in itself a powerful unifying factor which, when coupled with our common interest in outdoor activities, will insure that V.O.C. remains internally strong.

I and the members of my executive have been honoured in being given the responsibility of maintaining our objectives, of expanding our contributions, and of coordinating our members. These responsibilities, are trying but still rewarding; we have tried and shall continue to try to fulfill them to the best of our ability.

Bruce McKnight,
President 1963-1964.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

This year the Journal received a good deal of controversial attention. The committee which was organized last May to look into all aspects of the Journal is continuing to meet. It is hoped that their report will be of use as a guide and reference on all matters pertinent to the V.O.C. Journal, both for the general membership and future Journal Editors.

You'll find in this edition of the Journal, like you'll find in V.O.C., a variety of interests and styles of expression ranging from the scientific to the humorous and even the poetic.

I would like to thank my hard working editorial committee who spent those nights sorting out the problems and also to thank those of you who contributed articles.

Jane Muskett

THE JOURNAL 1963

Editor	Jane Muskett
Assistant Editors.	Tove Monsen
	Ric Sebastian
	Dick Daly
	John Pringle
Ex Officio	Stella Barbour
Photography.	Sandy Lockhart

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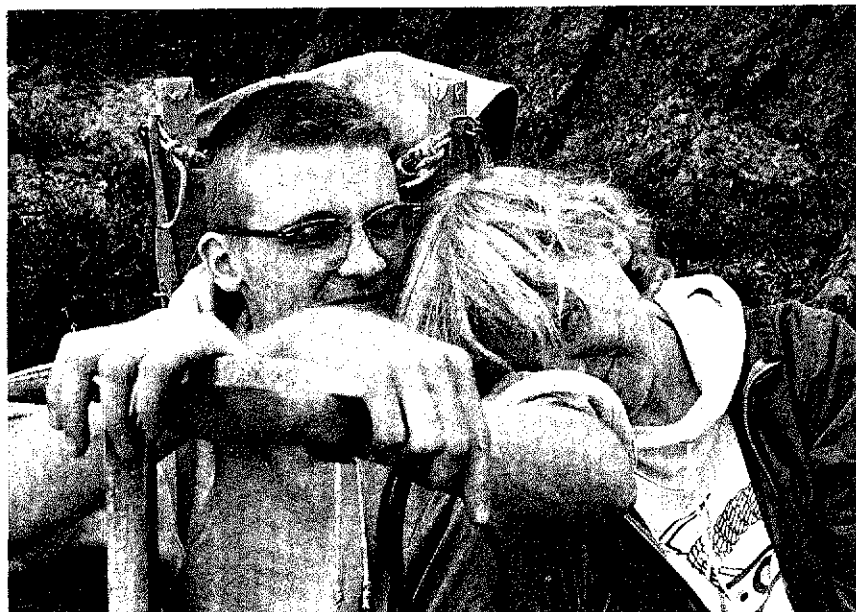


Rock Hounds

Dog Tired



Familiar Faces



Alister and Dorothy Fraser relaxing

(A) GENERAL CLUB ACTIVITIES

V.O.C. 1962-63 SOCIAL CLIMBING

Sept. 17....Old Members' Party.....Sept. 21...Splash 'n Dance.....Oct. 6-8...Long Hike.....Oct. 20-21...Short Long Hike.....Nov. 3...Hallowe'en.....Nov. 3...Homecoming float..... Dec. 22...Carol Singing.....Dec. 31...New Years.....Feb.16-17 ...Open House.....March 9...Banquet.

"Get somebody to write the social report," the editor purred doggedly. She said she didn't care how it was done, she'd be editing it anyway. But nobody would tell me what happened, socially. Marion knew how and where but refused to say who and when did what. She referred me to Anne who referred me to Stella. Having lost Stella's phone number, I decided to check through past journals for possible inspiration. My findings were anything but inspirational: Breakfast consisted of raw mush...6 a.m....dirty old man... mosquitoes...those last ten miles of devil's club...those pregnant billows of misery.

Finally I conducted a series of unofficial interviews in the Sociological Wing of the library. Question: What was your opinion of the Old Members' Party? Answer: Well, gee uh, Robin Kennedy's house was so over-populated you had to stand, penguin-like, jammed together. It was the same all over the house and garden; physically impossible to do anything but eat. Someone refused to let Mrs. Kennedy in the front door. One girl complained of beard tickle. All the guys wore ties.

Did you know anything about V.O.C.'s Splash 'n Dance in the men's gym? No, I don't. But I've heard there were copious amounts of noise, confusion, fish, octupuses, and people. It didn't rain for a change. Several people swam. There was trouble with the record player or something.

And Long Hike, it rained, I suppose? Believe it or not, the sun was shining (when we left); however, it rained before the day was done. 200 people leapt from the boat and scurried into the welcoming arms of Camp Elphinstone. The next day was

"falling water" from dawn to dusk; it was the trucks breaking down; it was mud and sleet on Mt. Rainy, people getting lost, people enjoying thoughts of dry clothes, people eating a questionable, but hot, dinner; people singing, dancing, salty-dogging, and limbo-ing; people yawning, and people sleeping. Monday there were climbing films and lectures, and some climbing techniques were demonstrated. At noon the boat arrived to cart away a large semi-wet mess of friends.

How short was Short Long Hike? Very brief. Ken MacKenzie saved the evening with his accordian (the generator insisted on breaking down). The following morning, in rain and incredible fog, 60 people groped their way up to Seymour's First Peak. The trip went without mishaps, but the delay in accounting for one person raised a few gray hairs on the Climbing Chairman's head.

There was a mishap a short time later, however, when the mountain on Wendy Webb's float (Homecoming Parade) avalanched. The mountain, major casualty, was given immediate aid (scotch tape and paint) and the float continued across Burrard Bridge. Vancouverites, meanwhile, were given a sample of a V.O.C. mountain camp, complete with Ken's beard and accordian, tent, fire (used to make real sourdough biscuits), skis, ropes, people and confusion.

Question: What happened at the Hallowe'en Party? Answer: What didn't happen? There were more costumes, masks, and grotesqueries than ever before. The turkey was good. There was nowhere to dance but on someone else's bare feet. If you were lucky enough to get a view from the outside you saw about 10,000 polka heads bouncing in unison, like a field of pumpkins.

Was there any further pre-Christmas socializing? I suppose committee meetings might fall under that category. Stella said her committee could never find a room to socialize in. For instance, one stormy day she blew around campus in a flurry of journal reports and giggles; her committee followed, coughing and complaining. Gillian had the hiccups. Sebastian strode along behind, head down, deep in sarcastic silence.

A rather unique series of social functions began in Sue Parrott's room at the Vancouver General (see V.O.C.J., vol.5,

page 2a, for how she got there) where all summer Sue was central intelligence agent for club activities. In the fall she was hostess to a slide party in the ward where Ken MacKenzie was loved by all the old ladies (he winked at them over the top of his accordin).

Somebody decided everybody should sing Christmas Carols in West Van. So a valiant troop of dedicated soles traipsed through the cold streets, singing, joyously. Said one bystander, "Sons of Freedom in West Van." "Salvation Army," countered his neighbour. "Election campaigns: we're never free of them," sighed a third. Later the hordes descended on Marion Gardiner's parents for a party. Throughout the evening one could find Mr. Gardiner standing outside in amazement, watching his house being danced off its foundations.

New Year's Eve was quite a success for those VOC'ers who made their way to the Seymour cabin with its full regalia of decorations, turkey, and pie. "There was so much scrumptious pie," sighed Pat Hartley, her eyes filling with nostalgic tears, "that we all had to eat at least four pieces." Afterwards people kept coming and coming and singing (we propped Sue in a corner, wound her up like a music box, and she sang till 3 a.m.) and dancing. We thought of skiing or trotting up to Third Peak but it rained, so we sang 'Auld Lang Syne' for the thousandth time."

Open House? I asked the judges. Well, we approached the chorus lines with a mixture of trepidation and...well (remember it's the boys turn to win) and...oh, those girls, oh, those pink, uh, costumes...The Downhill races sort of fizzled because of the rain and fog and everything. We had a large display for parents....

The V.O.C. Reunion Banquet, held this year in the redecorated Stanley Park Pavilion, was the gala event of the year. After a lavish dinner, and a lively 'slide trip' down the Mackenzie River System with guest speaker, Willy Schmidt, in a kayak, we danced, then paddled off to Joan Curtis' food, I mean hospitality, for the after-party. And here I leave the indefinable spirit called V.O.C., as it should be left, enjoying itself amidst genial friends, good food, and summer plans.

ABOUT THOSE DAMNED TREES

Oct., Nov., Dec. . . . '63

Ric Sebastian

It all began with a big wind. Mind you, if the cabin is used to big winds, but well, this one was different; you see it came from the outside. And therein lies the story. . .

Two large trees lying against a cabin makes for dinner conversation, and so it was the wind moved indoors. Everybody, quickly grasping the true import and impending danger of the situation, agreed something should be done. But everybody being everybody, they of course decided nothing.

Eventually Stevens, Alway and Stephens, Ltd. contracted to remove those trees. The plebians cheered during the first act as the tops were carefully bounced through the roof. Then the finale--winches, wenches, ropes, tackle, a spar-system in the neighbouring trees. In the hush of the climax, Brite-eyes Broatch chirped "Ohh--its not going to work." And of course it didn't. The front of the cabin was ingeniously pranged. But we still had a cabin without trees. Many more dinner conversations later we managed to fix the cabin. The wind has now returned outside, and we burn the story during wet winter nights.

KULSHAN CABIN--MT. BAKER

Nov., '62

Ian Stirling

The Kulshan Cabin work-hike started with a bang on Sunday morning when Joey Hamilton turned up with all her gear in a duffel-bag. A long argument ensued after which she was finally persuaded to use a pack. We arrived at the beginning of the Kulshan trail to find Bill Brain industriously eating "Thumper's" food and the usual number of minor fracas going on.

Several of us had taken skis, the tips of which knocked snow from the branches above down the backs of our necks. When we arrived at the cabin we found Bruce and Diana (ahem!) comfortably settled and Diana happily sewing by the fire. It was a scene to warm the heart of any red-blooded pioneer.

Some worked that afternoon and some skied. The skiing was good, except for a few rocks, such as the one Sandy Robinson broke his ski on, and the one on which Marion

turned her hip blue. That evening we had a wonderful sing-song led by John Godfrey, truly one of the most memorable since I've been in the club. Later on in the evening Roy Hyndman and Bert Port arrived with their harem while Bruce and Diana left for Vancouver. The cabin population was then about thirty-five which is quite a few for that cabin considering only the first layer of people by the stove are warm while wind whistles in through multitudinous cracks.

The following day was cold and windy though the skiing was excellent. The cabin was completely cleaned up and a large supply of wood was cut.

Later that afternoon we slogged out through the rain and mud to the cars after a very constructive but relaxing weekend.

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS SKI TRIPS

BANFF TRIP

Xmas, '62

Dick Daly

A train whistle, a flurry of snow, and Bob Kersey's happy little band of 28 U.B.C.'ers (temporary truce between V.O.C. and the fraternities) landed on the streets of Banff. The ski slopes were bare on our arrival, but, by invoking all possible gods, we soon had enough blizzards to ensure good skiing both at Norquay and Sunshine.

After an enormous New Year's feast we packed our gear, our gang, and our cook, June Prevost, off to the Lake Louise Youth Hostel, not far from the powdery slopes of Whitehorn and Temple Lodge. The highlight of the trip came with an overnight jaunt up to Halfway Hut beyond Temple Lodge. Perfect sun, snow and sky -- take 10 starving people, a tuna fish casserole, hot tea and peaches add moonlight, season with a crackling fire and zero temperatures, and you have life at Halfway Hut. After an unsuccessful attempt to blow up the cabin by Robin Kennedy, we ate, and pushed off into snow sparkle and sunrise-glow over Temple and the Valley of Ten Peaks.

We returned for a last fling at Banff's powder snow and its hot springs. With Chinese dinners, pickled herring and corncob pipes, we boarded the train once more, and sped, only 12 hours late, back to exam results.

and their numbers on the hill slowly started to diminish. A few of the keen-types got in a bit more skiing at places like Norquay or Tod and Apex, but eventually even they had to make that one last run.

They've gone from the hill, they've gone from the town
the road they've finally hit;
To come again? oh, no: I'm sure that we
won't allow it.

THE 1962 YOHO SKI TRIP

Dec. 27, '62 - Jan. 3 '63

Byron Olson

On Dec. 27, a turkey-filled crew, coach-car slept and feeling ragged, but excited, met in Field, B.C., for what had become an annual ski trip for the V.O.C. From Vancouver had come Art Heine, Denton Hewgill, Dave Zuest, Charles Daughney, Alastair MacDonald, Rosemary Anderson, John Denton, June and Ted Wells, Jean Sharp, Mohamed Yalpani, Hildie Stewart and Dave McRae. Bert Port, with five days of skiing and whiskers and suntan, hopped the C.P.R. in Banff to join Sandy Robinson and me on our way from Alberta.

Bill Hollingsworth, the Yoho Park Warden, with his news that the road through Yoho Valley was unplowed, did little to dampen our spirits. We divided the food and, tossing our gear into Bill's truck, we sped up the snow-blanketed road on one of his "routine" checks. At the Kicking Horse Camp-ground the snow was too deep so Bill spun his light delivery around, wished us luck and good skiing and returned to Field.

With loaded packs we broke trail through the knee-deep powder on the road and by 9:30 p.m. everyone was warm and fed and relaxed in the Takkakaw Cabin.

Early in the cold and dark on Dec. 28, we were knickered and mushed and ready to move. The deep snow condition of the lower trail made breaking difficult and we did not reach the Twin Falls Cabin until 4:30 p.m.

Early in the morning on Dec. 30, with the sun straining through the cloud cover, we broke trail to the Notch and climbed through. Traversing the rimrock to the Twin Falls creek bed

we slogged up the slope toward Whaleback Ridge. For approximately 3/4 hour we skied a section of the slope above the creek.

Around noon, just as we were really beginning to enjoy our first day of skiing, the rumble of an avalanche was heard. Everyone listened intently. We were spread out along the fall line of the slope. Four people near the hump, 3 people climbing the hump and 7 people were standing, having completed runs down, near the creek bed on the lowest section of the slope. In the distance a ribbon of snow was cascading down the face of Whaleback. It looked like a "duster" and well to our left. But it was veering toward us.

Someone shouted, "Avalanche! Take off your skis!" There was not enough time. Within seconds those near the hump were being engulfed. Thoughts raced through my mind. To ski away was impossible because of the flatness of the terrain. To ski to either side was out of the question because it was impossible to determine exactly where it would strike. The avalanche was already sweeping over those people higher on the slope. I faced down hill and braced myself. It was about 150' wide and hit with two wave-like blows a split-second apart. The first wave knocked me flat and covered me as I moved my arms near my face to keep the snow away. The second wave, more severe and heavy, completely covered me. Everyone was caught and buried. Having spent its energy the avalanche stopped at the creek. In a desperate lunge I poked both arms through the snow over my head. My body was immovably clamped with only my head and arms free. I could neither see nor hear anyone. It is impossible to describe the images you have in those hour long seconds of silence that ring in your ears when your yell, "Is anyone clear?" goes unanswered.

Those first out helped those still partially buried. At first count, 3 people were missing. Denton Hewgill was quickly found because he had had the presence of mind to push his hand to the surface. Art Heine was found, nearly unconscious, by probing with inverted ski poles. Probing was frantically continued until Jean was found. She was unconscious. Artificial respiration was applied immediately and continued for 1½ hours but she failed to respond. Facing the cruel helplessness of this reality was very difficult.

We improvised a stretcher. Evacuation from the avalanche site to the cabin began at 3:00 p.m. Those who had lost skis and those pulling the stretcher through the waist-deep snow arrived at the cabin at 6:30 p.m.

Only after some food and some warmth and rest did the full impact of the tragedy strike us.

The following morning, Dave McRae, Bert Port and Denton Hewgill skied to Takkakaw to inform the other part of our group at the Takkakaw Cabin and to Field to inform relatives and the proper authorities. R.C.M.P. Constable "Stretch" McLean and Bill Hollingsworth spent New Year's Eve and all that night skiing to Twin Falls, and on Jan. 1 moved the stretcher to Field.

The remainder of the group moved on mismatched skis and snowshoes to Field to find that sleeping accommodation and train reservations had been thoughtfully handles by Bill and "Stretch". Their consideration, kindness and tireless efforts were greatly appreciated.

From our experience, sad and unexplainable as it was, will come perhaps an even greater respect for the power of nature. The mountains have little concern for those who venture near them.

YOHO CAIRN

On the July 1st weekend, a large group of V.O.C.'ers from Calgary, Trail, Banff and Vancouver motored to Yoho Park. The objectives of the group were to erect a memorial cairn for Jean and to search for lost equipment.

The cairn, bearing a bronze plaque and overlooking the Yoho Valley, was built at the end of Whaleback Ridge.

It was a difficult task to return to the avalanche site. The snow had not melted completely and we could still see hollows where people had been buried. Pieces of equipment lay scattered haphazardly. We were able to find about one-third of it.

Late in July and again in August, Don Lyon very kindly returned to the avalanche site and thanks to his perseverance nearly all the equipment has been retrieved.

V.O.C. - COAST RANGESTEVENS PASS

Spring '63

Cathy Finley

No, the bus didn't go this year, fell thro' - not enough people. However, two Stevens Pass trips did materialize with many carloads of VOC'ers heading down to the "best skiing of the Pacific Northwest."

We stop at the border to proclaim ourselves, and for a brief rest - a polka or two under the street light. The customs man is a little skeptical. The sky always smokes and sulphur clouds the moon on the way to Stevens. VOC here.... mein host settles us into the mossy cottages, the fireplace alight, creaking stairs and orchard, oil stove, refrigerators.

We take a spin down to see the bright lights of Snohomish and later, with a prickly warm snow-down-your-neck feeling, we load the Higginsmobile.

The top of the stairs is fortified, so are the girls. In the scuffle, Helen sat on the safe place we put Stella's glasses. At last, breakfast.

It rains and the smell of warm wet wool permeates the cars; feet and boots, knees and laces tangle. Some days it's glorious -- days of powder bashing in the trees, of Seventh Heaven and racers, the Chair and the Bowl.

Supper and songs. We're waiting to be amused -- well, let's polka. Outside, the river rattles, the moonshadows are silent; damp lichen, wild roses, thorny in the dark.

Another day of snow, lots of photos and snow bunnies, then back to pack, and home, singing.

MT. BAKER (19778')

Jan. 19 - 20, 1963

Bruce McKnight

Anticipating good weather on Jan. 20th, Nick Close organized Randy Harrison, Ian Stirling, Denny Hewgill, Bill Brain, Dave Gibson, Sandy Lockhart and myself for an attempt on Mt. Baker. The road between Glacier and Kulshan cabin was washed out in several places, forcing us to walk an extra six miles to the cabin, where we all arrived by 8 p.m.

At 5:00 a.m. we started up the icy, but skiable slopes above the cabin. At 5:05 a.m. precisely, Nick's skins (yes Trimas!) broke, and he had to proceed on foot. About 7 a.m. we reached the foot of the Coleman glacier, where Nick found he was punching into crevasses; since Sandy was suffering from "cursus lungbustus", we left the two of them at this point. The rest climbed all morning up the Coleman glacier, reaching the 9200' sunlit col (and a 40 m.p.h. wind) at 12:00 noon. Here we roped and put on crampons, before starting up the last 1500'. The effects of altitude and the extra six miles began to tell, and we rapidly degenerated to the point where we walked five minutes, and rested ten. One smart person created excuses by stopping every few minutes to take a picture - until he ran out of film. We also discovered that Dave "I don't want to rest now" Gibson was a member of UBC's cross country ski team. At 3 p.m. we reached the peak and then, with a hurried glance at the beautiful scenery, galloped back, reaching the cars at 10 p.m.

AS I REMEMBER GARIBALDI

May 1963

Ric Sebastian

It was springtime and it was trainbound smiles and hiking and bridges out yet there and falling rocks and muddy hills to snow to wet with water as rain, and warm meals waiting then sunsunshine and snowhills and early mornings and fog with the perennial pillow running wild; we remember skreen smell and sunbonnets over painted faces and the Finley apparition and blood-red Pashun, remember the Close tent with female warmth and snow caves and forty-four people on the cabin floor and Pinetree's nest in the rafters and breakfast smells seeping through the floor: it was, we remember, Scarfe ascending the Battleship Islands and Kim's red garters and lime socks and Whetter the Cisco Kid and Ibbly old Pancho and lovely short shorts and Nina's snuggies; silent nights there were with a Quail guitar and Asgar and Al and the bubbling Stellason; three shifts of meals good meals bad meals indifferent meals and The Meal which couldn't be but was and looking like the shifting souls lines forty deep for john and had believed their cooks and not their eyes; it was lazy cabin days and wooing and watering and sleeping and waking, with birthdays and dry twenty-firsts but weeklong parties and picnics and cakes with candle and Robin's heart; it was walking across to walk up to sit down to come

down in arcing turns or straight lines with patterns and pot-holes and red happy faces coming back and Joey's slalom course at night before the crispness and stars after sunsets and alpenglow; it was fruitcake and ryekrisp and Danish pastry and sweet lechery at 8787 and other places and happy sad eyes speaking the whispered goodbyes of youth and it was names faces names places and It was Garibaldi '63.

GLACIER PEAK (10,541')

May 18-20

Marion Gardiner

We were assembled at the end of the Whitechuk Spur road by 11 a.m. Saturday and started up the trail, the first section of which was in bad shape due to the action of horses. At 7 p.m. that evening we made camp at tree-line on Kennedy Ridge, having used our skis for the last mile.

Three a.m. arrived uncommonly early and soon our group was on its way....except for "Weggie" Wilde that is! "Weggie" could not be persuaded to move from his bed, even when the stability of his tent was threatened. Roy Hyndman led a group up the left hand side of Kennedy Glacier while Robert Nash tried the right, despite crevasses. Avalanche danger eventually forced Robert to rejoin the main party. At about 9000' on Kennedy Ridge we stopped, apparently thwarted by the route; Roy, Tove Monsen, Dan Phelps, Jim Savage and myself tried one possibility with no success while Robert Nash and Bert Port treaded up a steep avalanche slope and eventually reached the summit.

Back at base camp after a hilarious ski run in heavy snow, we joined our hero "Weggie" and basked in the sun until it was time to move camp to Kennedy Hot Springs. "Weggie" led the descent going as fast as he could run without appearing overly anxious. After all, a guy has a reputation to maintain.

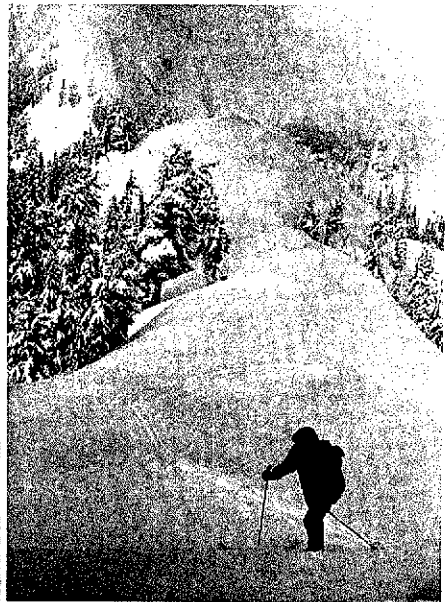
Next day, we returned to Vancouver.

SKY PILOT (6645')

June 2, 1963

Carole Russell

Saturday afternoon a party of fourteen set off for Sky Pilot cabin. Present were: Sandy Robinson (leader), Mike Barnes, Charles Daughney, Fred Vermeulen, Roy Hyndman, Anne Charlton, Carole Russell, Tom Widdowson, Reg Wilde, Frank Bercha, Alastair Macdonald, Steve and Marlene Lower, and Rosemary Anderson.



ON RIDGE BETWEEN
MT. SHEAR AND MT. LEDGE



SKY-PILOT AND MT. LEDGE FROM
LEDGE-SHEAR RIDGE BY B. MCKNIGHT



MT. SHUKSAN - BY J. PRINGLE

Mt. Garibaldi
from Gentian Pk.



Waddington View
onto Tiedman Col

There the night passed uneventfully except for a minor squabble between the upstairs and downstairs factions over who had the worst floor to sleep on. It seems that downstairs the group, on the raised beds, had a cold current circulating under them which considerably lowered the temperature of the mattresses and the human beings. Now since warm air rises, they concluded that we, upstairs, must have all the heat. However, smoke also rises, and we spent half the night with tears streaming down our faces.

Sunday, we set off through the mist under the able guidance of Sandy Robinson. But after a halfway mark conference, four members slunk off home (including Reg, the only person who had been up Sky Pilot before) and the rest roped up to tackle a peak we couldn't see. Eventually we found some rock on the north-east side of Sky Pilot and tried to climb it. Sandy and Roy's ropes had the sanity to come down off the rocks because the rocks were so wet and the weather was getting worse. But my rope, with Mike Barnes and Frank Bercha, was determined to reach the top even if they did have to haul me up bodily. Eventually, steep rock and snow slope with an air layer between stopped them. One half hour, one peel, and one potato sack lowering later, we returned to our freezing companions.

Sky Pilot, we will be back !!!

ATTEMPT AT MT. BAKER BY THE AUSTIN PASS ROUTE (19778')

June 15-16, 1963

Fred Vermeulen

A favourite climb to the summit of Mt. Baker leads south-east from Kulshan Cabin across the Coleman and Deming Glaciers. Early this summer our group of ten attempted to climb Mt. Baker by a less frequently travelled route from the north-east.

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon when we gathered near Mt. Baker Lodge: our leader and organizer Dan Phelps, his wife Jan, Alaistair Macdonald, Les McLachlan, Steve Lower, Steve Hodge, Sandy Robinson, Charlie Daughney, myself and glaciologist Dr. Jim Savage.

We checked our gear, shouldered our packs, and began our trip by ascending nearly 1000' to the summit of Austin Pass.

From there a long traverse on the south-east slope of Table Mountain brought us to the slope of Ptarmigan Ridge. We rounded a small wooded knoll, and, before us towered the white, massive cone of Mt. Baker. The peak, a mile high above us, clad in a mantle of shimmering snow and ice. What a magnificent mountain!

We arose a few hours past midnight and were on our way at 4 a.m. Our party stumbled through the wooded south-east side of Coleman Pinnacle, walked across a few hillsides and ridges, passed Camp Kiser and set foot on Rainbow Glacier.

To the east in the silhouette of Mt. Shuksan broke into the bright orange sky. To the south-west the summit of Mt. Baker was flooded in faint pink by the first rays of the rising sun.

After a short search we found and passed through The Portals, a giant natural rock gate. A traverse beneath a crumbling rock wall and a short climb lead us into a large plateau at the junction of the Rainbow and Mazama glaciers. From here we ascended towards the peak on the heavily crevassed Park Glacier. Sandy and Alastair led. Alastair, at all times safely belayed by Les, was the first to test the numerous delicate snow bridges which we were to cross.

Toward noon we were moving slowly, well to the left of the rock ridge known as the Cockscomb at an altitude of 8400'. It was a hot day and the snow became very soft. We discussed our situation and agreed to turn back.

Upon descending to a comfortable spot we rested and ate, and then retraced our route to Camp Kiser. Dan led us back to our camp on an easy traverse along the open north-west slope of Coleman Pinnacle. We packed our equipment and towards evening we returned to Mt. Baker Lodge.

THE SLUSH BOWL

June 15, '63

Joey Hamilton

The Goons came out in full force last June 15. It was so sunny that Lawrence of Arabia found many of his relatives on Table Mountain, the ascent of which was accomplished in an hour at the most! Meanwhile down below, the Schuss-bombing

experts were practising in full force on the slopes. Little did the skiers know that Sam Stirling and Bob Kersey were setting up the "goon course."

After lunch wild cries were heard above the clacking of harnesses, Kneissel's, Kastlies, being piled for the race beginning! "Help, my new metal skis. What have they done to them? I can't get it tied on!" "Hey! do we have to take off both skis?"....GRUNT! and SWOOSH they were off! The first obstacle was to find balloons of one's team colour in the trees. (An impossible task when one wishes to use all available limbs for skiing.) On through a huge hole, a tiny gauntlet, and a spastic flush sped one and all until the finish line came into view. Several people missed that altogether! One team legitimately finished first (a few people may disagree BUT)

The prizes were generous and expensive, the beauty of which was unimaginable....a rubber knife was first price - 2 marbles booby prize. After the presentation by Bob Kersey, all agreed it had been a "delightful day".

MT. RAINIER (14,410")

June 29-July 1

Alastair Macdonald

The gang: Bert Port (leader), Brian Dawkins, Les McLaughlin, Peter Bowers (Little New Zealand,) Robert Nash, Charlie Daughney, Jim Savage, Chris Gardiner, Rosemary Anderson, Pete Sylverter, Pat Harding, Tom Widdowson, Rick Gallagher and Fred Vermeulen.

After checking out with the ranger, we strolled the 4 miles up from White River Campgrounds to the foot of Glacier Basin. No sooner had we reached the snow than we were enveloped in a white-out, but luckily we could follow the route of the mountain rescue team who had gone ahead to receive a Camp Schurman (9,700') airdrop. As they filled the cabin we were forced to camp outside on the glacier. Most of us spent the evening lying back wondering what we would meet the next day. At midnight the owlish face of our leader appeared at the door of each tent. At 2:30 a.m. Robert Nash's rope struggled off into the darkness. Soon the rest of us were under way. Up, up, into the starry darkness. Several times we were guided left or right by Robert's route-markers in order to miss hidden crevasses.

To those who have seen a Rainer dawn, high above the clouds with the stars gradually fading into an ever-brightening sky, and the sky rising between the eastern peaks, I need not describe it further, and to those who haven't there are no words....About the 13,000' level we stopped in the warm sunshine to let our stomachs catch up to us--most were suffering a bit from altitude. At 11:30 when we were at 13,800', with only a crevasse and an easy 500' of snow slope separating us from the summit, the bitterness of the wind forced us back. (Had we gone on we would have exceeded the 12 noon limit for turning back which is set by the park authorities). We retreated to the now-empty cabin (the airdrop having mangled Tom's tent) where we spent the night safe from the howling wind.

MT. SEDGWICK (6815')

August 24, '63

Sheila McMeekin

On Saturday, seven VOC'ers left Vancouver for Mt. Sedgewick, behind Woodfibre. Following a trail well tramped during two previous long-hikes, we reached Lake Sylvia at dinner time, and camped there for the night. Soon the mosquitoes -- thousands of them--discovered us. We found that they much preferred the red to the green squares in our leader, Sandy Robinson's shirt. This greatly cheered all those wearing red. At 7:30 Sunday morning, during a change between the graveyard and day shifts of mosquitoes, we started off for the peak. Suddenly, the mosquitoes disappeared. We had reached the fly-belt. They hid in the underbrush, and each hiker aroused a few more. Swarms of them eventually accumulated around Brian Scarfe, who was last in line. We proceeded from the fly belt, to another mosquito belt, into more flies and then onto the barren rocky ridge leading up Sedgewick. Everybody arrived at the top shortly before noon. After writing our names in the cairn, eating, and taking pictures of the fantastic view (visibility of 20 feet), we headed down. There was a moment's anxiety and a great deal of pushing when the car refused to cooperate, but soon we were off for home. All agreed that the only way to spend a weekend is close to nature in the "great outdoors".

OTHER V.O.C. EVENTS ON THE COAST

Mt. Cheam (6913') May 25-26. Carolyn Young reports that she, Ian Stirling, Marion Gardiner, Reg Wilde, Alaistair McDonald, Rosemary Anderson, Marilyn Young, Sheila McMeekin, Denny Hewgill, Fred Vermuelen, Les McLaughlin, Tom Widdowson and Stan Freeman reached the summit in cloudy conditions. The trail was marked in style, V.O.C. style - nothing less than purple toilet paper. Rumour has it that Ian transformed into a blue grouse.

Mt. St. Helen (9671') June 1-2. John Pringle, Robert Nash, and John Coope made the summit under abominable conditions.

Manning Park June 8-9. Axel Kellner reports that the party succeeded in burning down the V.O.C. eight man tent, but not in doing anything else. Weather conditions were blizzardous - that's why!

Castle Towers (8778') July 12-14. John Denton reports that he and Peter Bowers climbed the peak via Gentian Pass, from a camp at the foot of Mimulus Creek. Also along for the purposes of sunbathing, were Ernie Enns, Cathy Finley, Bob Kersey and Gavin Hume.

Mts. Panther (5548') and Tetrahedron (5699') July 27-28 Betty Dishaw reports that Sandy Robinson, Charlie Daughney, and Dean Goad climbed Panther on the Saturday; and along with Rosemary Anderson, Fred Vermuelen, Brian Scarfe, Rudy North, Tony Lyttle, Mike Barnes, Betty Dishaw, Bob Kemp, Allen Lill, and George Austin, they climbed Mt. Tetrahedron on the Sunday.

Penticton Weekend Aug. 3-4. John Dick says base camp was at a lakeshore property in Naramata, which many people had great difficulty in finding. The weekend passed as usual with swimming, sunbathing, and water-skiing, and ended with an enjoyable barbecue at the home of Hallie Smith.

Mt. Coliseum (6500') Ashlu Creek July 6-7. Jan Phelps reports that a V.O.C. party made the summit in good weather. Karl and Marion distinguished themselves by climbing Zig Zag peak (6900') as well. The party consisted of leader Tome Widdowson, Steve Lower, Reg Wild, Brian Scarfe, Sheila McMeekin and her visiting cousin, Paul Havelin and Wendy Webb, Karl Ricker, Marion Gardiner, Dan and Jan Phelps and Betty Dishaw.



JOHN PRINGLE AND MT. SLESSE

Photo - B. Olson

MT. SLESSE (7500')

Sept. 11-13

John Denton

(a) Old Route

Stan Paterson, having wangled a few days in Vancouver en route between California and Ontario, was anxious to make good use of them. We decided to try Mt. Slesse near Chilliwack.

From the end of the logging road, we bushwhacked along Silesia Ck., following the semblance of a trail for about a mile. Just North of the border, we turned left up the bed of a creek flowing into Silesia Ck. from the N.E. After half a mile, this creek forked and we climbed a steep bare ridge between the forks for some 2,000'. Just before the slope eased, we contoured left to rejoin the stream. Unable to find water and flat ground in close proximity, we engineered a campsite out of a steep scree slope.

Next morning a storm was threatening but we started early and contoured steep grassy slopes beneath the S.W. face of Slesse to reach the gully which bounds it to the N. We were able to scramble up this for 1,500' before having to rope and climb out of the gully into a scree bowl on the left. Crossing this, we climbed a chimney near its upper left hand corner to reach a ledge on the N.W. face. From this 200' of excellent climbing on firm rock brought us to the summit.

The storm was almost upon us, thick cloud swirled around the pinnacles and a few heavy raindrops were falling as we rappelled down the top few pitches. We raced the storm back to our camp and narrowly won.

N.B. The route described in the A.A.C. Climber's Guide to Coast Range is very difficult to follow. For a more detailed description see V.O.C. climbing report.

June, '63

Byron Olson

(b) A New Route

One very rainy Saturday in June, John Pringle, Alister and Dorothy Fraser, and Fred Vermeulen, met Bert Port, Reg Wilda, and me at Vedder Crossing near Chilliwack. Our objective was to climb Mt. Slesse by the timbered ridge which rises directly to the S.W. face of Slesse.

24.

Route: At the end of the logging road, cross the creek on a log. Approximately 150 yards further, turn left into the timber on the ridge. A straight line can be followed from the logging road-creek junction to the top of the ridge. In places the ridge is poorly defined, but by keeping to the right near a deep gully you will soon reach open timber and scree patches. From the upper part of the ridge, now clearly defined, you can ascend directly to the route on the actual peak as described in the preceding article.

This route is direct, loses no altitude and is shorter than the regular route. Except for the first $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, the bush is quite open. The ridge at tree line offers many good campsites (Alt. 6000'), however, later in the summer, water will be scarce. You should allow 4-5 hours from the creek to the campsite.

Contrary to Alister's (B.C.'s weatherman) prediction, the weather was bad so no attempt was made on the actual peak. To console ourselves, we climbed to the ridge leading west from the main spire (c. 7000') and peered intently for two hours into the clouds that swirled around us.

* * * *

SOUTH OKANAGAN CLIMBS

Summer '63

Parker Williams

If you're looking for an area with good weekend climbing, don't go to the Okanagan. However, if you're spending a summer in the Okanagan and get tired of gazing through dark glasses at bikini-clad beauties, read on. Apart from the endless back roads that are fun to explore, there are several peaks with relatively good access that take you to sub-alpine or alpine country. The route descriptions that follow are complementary to the specified maps available from the Geographic Div., Surveys and Mapping Branch, Dept. of Lands and Forests, Victoria.

Mt. Baldy (7550')

Map Sheet Penticton 82 E/SW

From Oliver proceed East along the power line road approximately 20 miles to microwave station and leave vehicle. Walk north, under the transmission lines to the natural gas pipeline right-of-way (not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from car) and proceed east, descending 200' into creek valley and back up.

After emerging from the depression, examine the left side of the right-of-way for a 4-wheel drive track and follow to the summit. Time from car - 3 hours. Karl Ricker and myself found that June 1/63 was about 3 weeks too early.

Mt. Snowy (8507')

Map Sheet Penticton 82 E/SW

Proceed about 10 miles south of Keremeos in the Similkameen Valley to a bridge that crosses the river, follow the road west across the valley and start directly up a plainly visible logging road. Follow the logging road to a small knoll on a ridge $\frac{1}{4}$ mile west of lot #2106S and continue about one mile past the knoll, choosing always the upper road. In 1963 the highest road terminated at 5700 feet, midway between the aforementioned knoll and a more prominent one 2 miles south. The remainder is a relatively simple problem of navigating the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the peak, half through dense underbrush and half through alpine-land. Approach the peak on a ridge bearing S 75° W for one mile. The last $\frac{1}{4}$ mile will then strike N 45° W. Time from car for Roy Hyndman, John Martin and Parker Williams, 5 hours on July 29/63. Rope not required.

Cathedral Lakes

Map Sheet Princeton G2H/SE

Leave highway No. 3 six miles west of Keremeos and proceed $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles south on the Ashnola River road to the mouth of Ewart Ck., distinguishable by the log cabin and bridge with gate. Attempt another $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the private road. On foot, follow the Ashnola River trail on a terrace to a junction $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before Lakeview Ck. crosses the terrace. The Cathedral Lake trail climbs abruptly from the junction and splits into high and low trails 200 yards after crossing Lakeview Ck. The most worn route is along the low trail for $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, then up the switchbacks to the high trail. The low trail is cooler but has many windfalls. For mountaineering, a camp at Glacier Lake is ideal. Skirt half the south shore of Quiniscoe Lake to a 50' corridor leading directly up to Glacier Lake. Time from car about 8 hours. The ridge above Glacier Lake, bearing NW-SE is quite interesting and appears to offer good climbing on the south end where a rope would likely be required. On Sept. 8/63, Peter Otway, Karl Ricker and Parker Williams spotted 42 ewes and lambs on the ridge. They recommend that at least three days be allowed for the trip.

1. First recorded ascent by Dr. and Mrs. Neal Carter, Canadian Alpine Journal, vol.21,1932, p.16, Mt. Grimface (8601').

S E L K I R K SIN THE TRACKS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA

Summer of '63

Hamish Mutch

After 9 soul-destroying weeks in the bush and rain of the Okanagan our considerate employers saw fit to send Dick Culbert and I to the Selkirks, to bolster the rapidly falling company stock by finding a mine. In this we were unsuccessful, but we did succeed in bolstering our own morale by some two months of enjoyable climbing and exploration.

Four of us were flown to the bend of Fang Creek (VOC J '61), and while the other two bushwacked merrily below the tree line, Dick and I climbed the long S.E. ridge of Pk. 9814 (new route), and several unnamed peaks to the west of it; together with Fang Rock, White Fang (first ascent), Graham, Dismal and the N. face of Durand (new route). An attempted new route on the N. buttress of Grey Fang failed due to the extreme rottenness of the lower section.

Dick and I were next flown to Downie Lake, an idyllic campsite situated in the centre of a group of Falconbridge claims, whose existence was unknown until we observed two other equally surprised - and ragged - prospectors advancing upon us. After friendly relations had been established we (somehow!) found time to climb Sisson, Eric, Anstey, Baal and Moloch via the N. ridge (new route). This route on Moloch had been attempted several times before, and despite disappointing weather proved extremely enjoyable, involving amongst other joys a hair-raising descent of the N. face of Baal under very doubtful snow conditions. Dick then decided to spend 3 days bushwacking out to Flat Creek, via the Corbin camp, while I elected to sunbathe for 3 days, and make the trip out by helicopter in 30 minutes.

Two weeks later we were camped on the Thor Glacier in the Purity Range, being assailed on all sides by avalanches, still in search of our elusive mine. We didn't find it on the S. ridge of Wheeler (new route), or the summit of Kilpatrick, and once again drew a blank on the summit of an unnamed 10,000-footer nearby. Still full of hope, however, we were flown to the head of Freeze Creek (VOC J '61), and in quick succession climbed Purity, McBean, Findhorn, Tomatin,

the famous Oz pk., and several other unnamed and probably unclimbed peaks to the S. and W. Finally convinced that we would find no mine this year we flew back to Revelstoke, and while Dick headed for the Coast Range and the fabled Fire Spires, I hitched to Banff for my introduction to the Rockies.

CARNES PEAK (10,070')

July 15/1962

R. Harrison

Party members:

Dr. J.O.Wheeler
Terry McCullough
Doug Craig

Randy Harrison
Ken MacKenzie
Nick Close

A strong and steady wind blew down the mountain to our camp, bringing with it the bitterness of early morning. Slowly extracting ourselves from sleeping bags, we struggled through breakfast. Within the hour we left camp and the intended 5:30 a.m. start was but a few minutes late. The pace was quick over the relatively flat snow and rock slopes west of Carnes, for this was the area of transition from gnarled green woods to the steep rock and ice cliffs of the mountain massif. As the slope increased the still-shadowed snow soon required the use of crampons which, despite previous fittings, were found to require the inevitable fuss of further adjustment.

We snaked our way up the steep slope, zig-zagging back and forth to the crunching rhythm of steel in ice. High above us a snow-capped ridge glowed in the morning sun. We climbed steadily higher, finally emerging from a world of cold shadow into one of sparkling brilliance that tingled deliciously with light and warmth. By the time we had gained the 9000' crest of the ridge sweaters and jackets had been removed and dark snow-goggles afforded relief from the icy glare.

The crampons were taken off and we roped up in pairs before starting along the ridge towards the base of the broad snow slope which led up to the secondary summit. The sun was by now high overhead, its sweltering heat reflecting back from the snow onto bare arms and faces beaded with moisture. Below the snow slope we replaced our crampons and slowly

started the climb to the lesser peak. However, once we had reached the slope's end our troublesome crampons were "filed" in the packs and our attention turned towards the corniced ridge of the main summit.

At first glance it did not look too difficult, though care would have to be exercised in moving near its edge. The relatively level crest was broken by a steep thirty-foot wall about two-thirds of the way along but from there it appeared to be but a few easy minutes to the lower summit. This impression proved correct and we were able to make rapid progress, all the time enjoying a breath-taking view down either side of the ridge. On our right the broad well-jointed face of Carnes fell away to the dark jaws of a bergschrund. While on the opposite side there was the steep jumble of rock and snow.

A broad platform of snow provided a good belay point for the attack on the wall. It's many cracks and ledges proved surprisingly easy and little time was wasted. Three quick belays beyond the wall put us on the main summit just in time for lunch. A bolt in the rock bore silent testimony to a previous ascent---the surveyor, Bridgland, in 1910. Our (probable) second ascent was the first time the 10,000' mountain had been climbed in fifty-two years!

While we dined in our lofty perch a small snow-storm brushed by below us along the flanks of the mountain. The deteriorating weather did not yet completely hide the view and far to the south we could see the metallic glitter of the rooftops in Revelstoke. To the east rose the peaks of far-off Yoho, bringing back memories of Christmas skiing among those distant giants. Nearby, the cold grey hulk of Carnes Tower sat watching us silently.

After lunch we built a large cairn, added our names, and finished off the ceremony with the usual hero shots. Our three ropes retreated from the peak, conglomerating when we had reached the top of the large snow slope. Using several very unorthodox methods of descent the six of us ran, slid, and glissaded down, to arrive at the bottom, wet and breathless.

We roped up for the last time to traverse the ridge where we had first met the morning sun. Soon, that too was left behind as we turned our faces down the last slope towards home.

With the rope removed and coiled up in our packs Terry and I finished the day somewhat ingloriously by hurtling down the snow, trying to self-arrest. Terry eventually ground to a halt, but my failing air-brakes had to be supplemented by J.O. who had firmly planted himself below me. A bone-crunching jar followed by a flailing somersault ended our day on Carnes.....

CARNES TOWER (9250')

July 11, 1962

Randy Harrison

Within five minutes from the word go, the four of us were heading up the hill from camp, the figures of Doug and Terry becoming smaller and smaller among the blue and yellow dots that were our tents. Ahead lay the mountain: Carnes Tower, a 9200' blade of limestone that had drawn our eyes for the past two weeks as we slowly marched northward across the Selkirks. It was an awesome sight, smooth gray slabs on the east face, and on the west an almost vertical wall rising 1700' from the glacier below. The meeting of these two sides formed the narrow ridge that was to be our route.

By nine in the morning we had reached the base of the mountain and climbed quickly and easily to a broad snow-apron that tapered upward towards the crest of the ridge. At this point, we roped up, and started upon the more severely exposed part of the ridge. Our early apprehensions disappeared to the pleasure of climbing team work - smoothness, rhythm; each man's actions and thoughts shared through the thin line of rope.

Working in pairs we were able to move up the ridge rapidly, only a few difficulties being encountered. A slight hump forced us on to the slab side from which we negotiated our way back to the center of the ridge, kicking steps up the edge of a snow patch clinging tenaciously to the steep rock. A little further along a small pinnacle deflected our route to the westerly face. Turning in toward the cliff we traversed out and along a small ledge. Once off the ledge it was but a short distance to the first summit, a point united by yet another ridge to the higher main peak. This second and more jagged ridge began about a hundred feet down the back of the lesser summit and so sloped gently to a gulley leading up to the main peak. In order to reach this ridge we had to slither over a rounded shoulder of rock,

manoeuvring on little else but friction. Once down, we unpacked our ice-axes, then cautiously edged along the delicate link between the two peaks, confining our movements as much as possible to the narrow band of exposed rock at its crest. On our right the steep snow would break away to slide down the smooth slabs with a soft and sudden hiss. It took almost an hour to work the 400' ridge and gain the base of the main summit. From there it was almost a scramble.

Seven hours after leaving our camp in Bridgeland Pass, we became the third group to reach the 9250' summit. Unable to find any signs of a previous cairn we hurriedly built our own, leaving our names in an empty can. Dr. J.O. Wheeler (Geological Survey of Canada); Ken MacKenzie; Nick Close; Rand Harrison.

THE ROCKIES

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE ROCKIES

Summer '63

Stella Barbour

Try a different summer, adventure, new people, mountain scenery; try working in the Canadian Rockies. You can paddle a canoe up the Bow River to Vermillion Lakes, canter a horse through the tundra to Peyto Lookout, cycle up the clay road beside Spray River, climb Tunnel Mountain in the middle of the night, ride the Moraine Lake road on the back of a garbage truck. You will easily afford such pleasures from your enormous wages, and the only requirement for a job is that you be able to answer questions as to why the lake is green and if there is fish in it, where glaciers come from and how thick they are, where you come from and why, and where the restroom is.

Once in the Rockies you are already up several thousand feet, so you can enjoy alpine hiking without planning mountain climbs. For a day-off with a couple of friends; sun, an amiable hike and good food, the following notes are invaluable.

LAKE O'HARA: Just over the hill from Lake Louise. Try the Odaray Link Circuit, branch off to McArthur where you can sit on a cliff and watch the fish marching around in this incred-

ibly blue lake. Back to O'Hara for tea with Grassi, the warden and one of the original Swiss guides.

THE DOLOMITES: The trail starts across the highway from the Crowsnest Glacier Lookout beside Bow Lake. Many languid rests on the heather and stoppings by alpine trickles will take you up under the Dolomites to Helen Lake. On three sides shadowed by twisted orange cliffs, the fourth looking giant's eye down the Bow Valley to Mt. Temple. Over the pass to a grass hill a half-mile high above Katherine Lake. Two hours siesta in the hot sun. Watch for a pair of chubby marmots called Brewer and Brewster.

MORaine LAKE IN THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS. Land of larch trees, porcupine, and the malfunctioning pop machine. Instead have a glass of iced tea in the friendly lodge before picking wild strawberries up to Sentinel Pass--in eighty minutes you are up to 8500' and looking at some of the prettiest larch in the country. Test the echo and your wineskin at the summit. A downhill eight miles through Paradise Valley to Lake Louise.

COLUMBIA ICEFIELDS: Take an ice-axe and a knapsack full of nectarines, canteloupes, apples, and chocolate cake. Do not go to the icefields, but stop $\frac{1}{4}$ mile sooner, at the campsite and the comfort of the nicest cookhouse in the Rockies. A good place for goodies. After a leisurely feast, wander up to the Alplands in Wilcox pass. The ice-axe is for poking at the abundant fossils in their heather-covered beds.

This summer, the VOC Tourist Agency, operated by several girl members, offered the casual visitor the best of hospitality and companionship. He could run the grub train free from Bow Lake to Banff. Of special note were Jean Finley's "Garage-style Rooms", the finest in free accommodation; licensed fishing trips by Robin Kennedy; Neeter Cowell's viewpoint of Sunrise on Mt. Victoria; and Tours across the Crowfoot, by Carole Russell.

* * * * *

COLUMBIA ICEFIELDS

Summer '63

Tove Monsen

If you have a long weekend, go up into the Columbia Icefields, wend your way up the lefthand side of the Athabaska Glacier. The ice-axe here is for poking for crevasses. Once over the headwall, the Icefields stretch on either side in soft undulating hills from which magnificent peaks thrust their jagged heads. Wander towards the most impressive of all, Mt. Bryce. The mountain ledges of Castlegar offer a good site for camp one; the moraine on Mt. Bryce for camp two. Most people look at Mt. Bryce; most people do not climb Mt. Bryce. After looking, wander down onto Thompson Pass, then past two lovely lakes, following Watchman's Creek. This lush country is filled with wildlife. Use the ice-axe here to whack bushes and scare wildlife. Follow the creek into the Alexander River, which flows into the N. Saskatchewan. This trip takes another two days, during which the Tyrolean traverse, log-walking and bushwacking techniques can be practised.

ROCKIES WEEKEND

Sept. 7-8, '63

Hamish Mutch

Tower of Babel - first ascent by "Linear Route", Grade 5.

The 1962 C.A.J. describes two routes on the Tower of Babel, both of which start approximately one third of the way up, on opposite sides of the face, and angle in towards the centre, thereby avoiding one of the main features of the wall, a band of overhangs about 200 feet above the base. A direct route was established by Lloyd MacKay and myself from the lowest point of the wall, up through the overhangs to join the route from the west about half way up.

1. From the cairn at base, climb wall above, move left and up to large ledge and fir tree, 100 feet. 2. Climb up fifteen feet, then move left and up to corner, cross back right and finish up on open corner to a large ledge. Cairn 110 feet. 3. Bridge up an overhanging corner, and continue up rotten wall above to level of overhangs - move right and

up to small stance. 60 feet. 4. Continue up a long corner on good rock to overhang, move right to good ledge. 50 feet.

After this move easily up for several rope lengths to a junction with west route, and continue up to the final wall. Here, climb the wall directly 15' left of the cairn for 100 feet, rejoining the old routes for the final pitch, above some obvious overhangs.

Yamnuska - "Direttissima" Sept. 8th. Grade V.

This route was first established by Hans Gmoser et al over a period of days in 1957 (C.A.J. 1958). Although only about 1300' long it must surely rank as one of the finest climbs in the Rockies. Ken Baker, who had done the route before, and Tim comprised one rope while Lloyd MacKay and I were on the other. Although prepared for a severe climb I think that we were all surprised by the sustained difficulties which we encountered.

Ken, who knew the route, and Tim started first, alternating leads as they went, while Lloyd and I followed, also alternating leads. We wound our way slowly up through a continuous series of overhangs, and the exposure made us well aware of what Gmoser meant when he said, "The wall fell away below us without a break, and above we could see only the yellow underside of a number of overhangs." Five overhangs in the top fifty feet demanded our attention to the very last, and when the four of us stood at the top it was already dusk, the end of a fine climb, and for me, the end of a fine summer.

P.S. Thanks to Terry Brown and Tove Mosen for picking up a penniless hitch-hiker at Lake Louise and transporting him back to Vancouver.

SILVER PIN AWARDS

The V.O.C. silver pin is awarded to honor those who have beyond average activity and interest in the club and its objectives at both the executive and general membership level. It was instituted in 1950, and since then these people have been honored:

Ev Walling	John Riddington
Dick Lazenby	Jim Denholme
Fred Bennett	Dave Kennedy
Nick Hudak	Beth Chilcott
Al Hall	Lew Moir
Frank Martin	Al Smith
Harry Smith	Karl Ricker
Shirley Taylor	Art Wootton
Jack Lintot	Carman Smith
Marg Norris	Robin Clarke
Peter Girling	John Pringle
Fay Dobson	Bruce Ward
Doug Harvey-Smith	Byron Olson
John Rivett	Dean Goard
Pat Duffy	Dick Culbert
Sev Heilberg	

There has been but one gold pin awarded, and that to Ron Leslie in 1950 for his work in the building of the present cabin on Seymour.

DAMN DOWNHILL 1963

Men - Class A Kim Deane, Class B Ric Sebastian, Class C Dave Hibbetson
 Women - Class A Helen Stirling, Class B Gill Broatch, Class C Caroline Yong.

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

Byron Olson - Best Slide, Best black & white, also Class "E" slide (Mt. Portraits)
 Richard Russell - Best Slide, Class C Black & White, Nature Picture.
 Murray & David Sharp donated a cup for Class B slides in memory of their sister, Jean. Class B is the section on climbing and skiing.

GOON AWARDS Sam Stirling - Loving Cup...Jim Fowler-Burping Cup
 Alexia Caldwell - Assistant Loving Cup
 Boys Chorus Line won the cup.

MT. VISION

The land was so extraordinary through which
 we passed, the river of torn, torment and flowers
 the gorge rocks and the milk of rocks on ice
 the ice so turbid and the cool shuddering walls
 crouched in cols and couloirs....

Met:

a vision, or close to it:

he said, in delirium:

I have dazed and falling fallen into
 tents torn and breaking the wind ungainly
 and not wishing to subdue its delicate tread
 among wet snow that creeps into the
 unfloored tent and cramps a smallness
 smaller and the water further
 (who for water now)

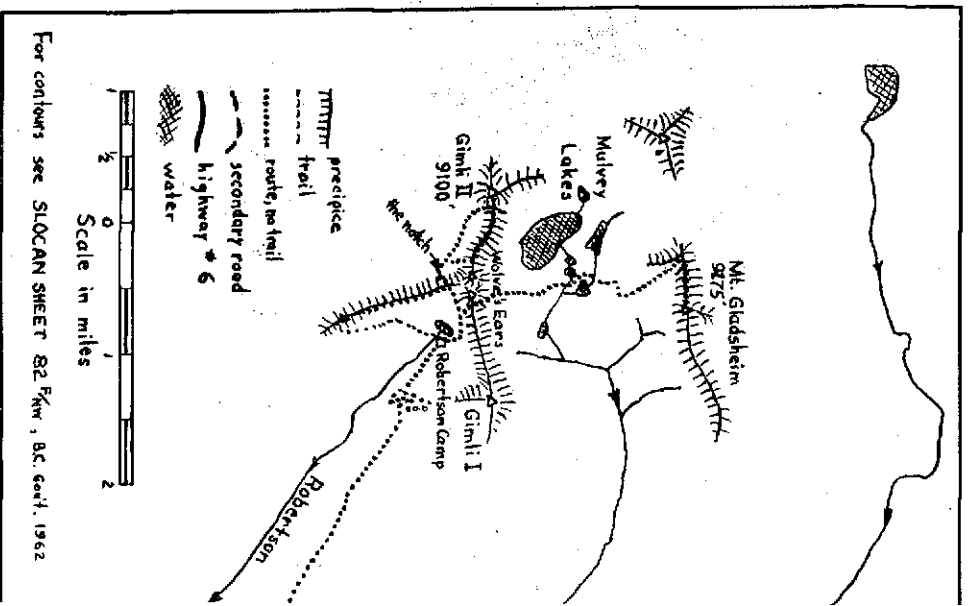
I delirious have felt the growing day upon
 day upon which can falter you;
 have read by twilight before midnight
 by unlyrical candle past midnight
 aloud and to myself or to another
 written wet words on a damp torn book
 (my duty) damn bad pens in the rain that falter

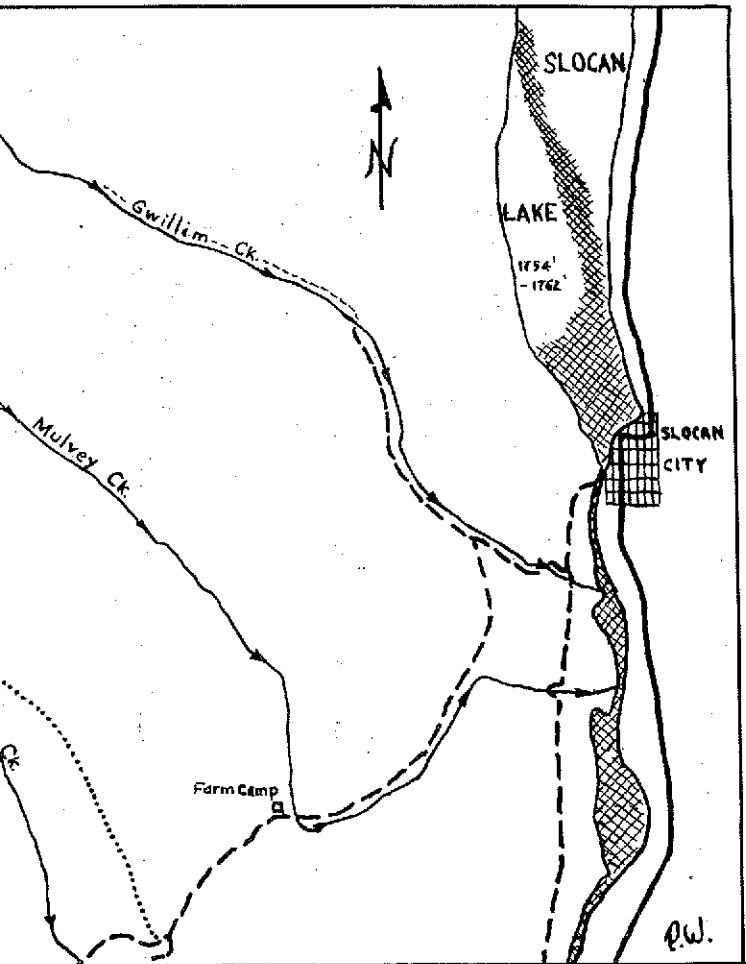
Also (in delirium) he said:

have walked open ridges
 goats hair on the rocks and snow
 seen goats take refuge from
 squall storms terse and mad
 such beautiful and dampness and moist warm above
 (beneath) moss lichens after and the goats gone
 and fossils in the talus;
 have seen memorial cairns to men
 dead on mountains on rocks covered
 in snow and the bronze
 stained and galloped with lassitude
 unroped to another col and seen---
 felt: a second later it came down and
 went by me it left a foot deep scar in the snow
 which was steep and the gully walls were sprayed.

At which moment, or perhaps a few moments later he subsided.....
 and with him a lost and mountainary vision.

....Arnie Shives





(B) TRIPS OF NOTE:THE VALHALLAS SUCCUMB

Aug. 31-Sept. 2

Parker Williams

According to an old Norse legend, Valhalla means "resting place of the slain heroes." The name was given to a group of peaks tucked unobtrusively between the Slovan and Arrow valleys, about 40 miles north of the Canadian-U.S. boundary. To the best of our knowledge the only first ascent of any peak shown on the accompanying map and not described herein was a 1927 ascent of Gimli I (10,104'). In 1953, Leon Blumer attempted Mt. Gladsheim (9275', highest and most difficult) twice from the N.E. but was stopped by a deep gash in the east ridge, and approached very close to the summit of Gimli I from the east. Past V.O.C.'er John Rick-er, who spent the summer of 1958 in the area with Dr. J. Rieson of the Geological Survey of Canada, advised Kim Deane of the Valhalla climbing potential. Various subsequent V.O.C. trips had frustrations with Gwillim Ck., time shortages on Mt. Bor (9073' 4 miles north of Mt. Gladsheim) but finally made a 1960 ascent of Gimli I. In 1962, Kelowna architect Gordon Hartley climbed to within 500' of the summit of Mt. Gladsheim by ascending Mulvey Ck. to the lakes and climbing by the route shown on the accompanying map. All trips proved that access was very difficult.

Kim Deane, leader of past V.O.C. trips in the area, organized our Labour Day weekend trip, and the Saturday morning saw ten climbers flying by helicopter from Farm Camp to Robertson Camp (7500') by the tarn of the head of Robertson Ck. The climbing commenced immediately when Kim Deane (V.O.C.), Mike Stewart, Bud Stovel (ex V.O.C.), Jack Oswald (ex V.O.C.) and Parker Williams (V.O.C.) struck out for Mt. Gladsheim, up 800' to the Gimli Ridge, down 1100' to Mulvey Lakes, and 1600' up the skree and snow gully to the Gladsheim ridge where we roped, ½ mile west of the peak. The two hour ridge climb was very enjoyable with good rock and plenty of exposure. We made about ten lead-outs, maximum difficulty grade 3 or 4 on numerous 10' faces. Time from Robertson Camp to the summit

was five hours. Also on Saturday, Dave Deane (V.O.C.), Jim Rees, Gerry Brown, Mrs. Helen Butling and Gill Broatch (V.O.C.) made a first ascent of the West Wolf's Ear (about 9000') from the Gimli II side. Gerry later climbed the slightly lower East Wolf's Ear from the east while Dave and Jim traversed a peak to the south (8180')². Mrs. Butling and Gill had a delicious stew dinner waiting when we returned to camp.

Sunday broke as clear as Saturday, so Jim and Gerry left early for a second ascent of Gladsheim by the same route while the others made a more leisurely start. Sunday's objective was Gimli II (9100'). From camp we climbed to the ridge immediately south of the Wolves Ears, descended through a notch in the vertical west face of the ridge, and split into high and low parties for the ½ mile hike to the base where the Gimli ridge flattens into the east face. The 600' face climb was good sport even though ropes were not required. Time from camp for Mike, Mrs. B., Kim, Dave and Park was 3 hours. We outdid ourselves by building a most ostentatious cairn to mark our fifth first ascent in two days. We learned that two weeks later another party had utilized a Bannock Burn Ck. approach (one valley SW of Robertson Ck.) to reach a point 150' below the top by a more southerly route. They were turned back by a difficult pitch after hiking and climbing 11 hours from their car. Sunday evening entertainment was provided by Dave Deane who had climbed the 100' cliff beyond camp and pushed huge boulders over its precipice into the tarn. The soaring sheets of water were as spectacular as any fountain. An early morning storm made Monday's hike out a bit damp, but this was more than compensated for by the miles of waist high meadows of ripe huckleberry. Our trip, made possible in a 3 day weekend only by the use of the helicopter, was every bit as successful as any had hoped, and we predict that the remaining peaks west of Gladsheim and Gimli II will soon fall.

1

Canadian Alpine Journal, no. 37, p.110., "Trips -- Valhalla Range, Slovan Lake Area"

2

Unnamed, incorrectly referred to as Mt. Rinda in A Climbers Guide to the Interior Range of B.C., 4th edition, revised by W.L. Putnum 1963. American Alpine Club, N.Y., p.248

FIRE SPIRES

Sept. 11-18, '63

Tony Ellis

Dick Culbert, Glenn Woodsworth, and myself landed in a chartered plane on a small lake at the head of the Stave River on Wednesday, September 11. After three wet days huddled in our tents, between short excursions, we decided to pack our soaked selves and equipment over to the Fire Spires. We reached a lake near the foot of the glacier at about 4800' and pitched camp in the meadows.

The Fire Spires are a group of rock summits sticking out of the neve at the head of the Fire Glacier. They are situated between the head of the Stave River and the Lillooet River system. We named the peaks more or less for their degree of difficulty, replacing the numerical names given in Canadian Alpine Journal, 1951.

Sunday by 9:00 a.m. we were on the summit of Flicker (7200'), having scrambled up a gully on its S.E. side. We descended to a snow gully between Flicker and Flash and started up a steep rock gully on the S.W. side of Flash. Leaving the gully by a ledge system on the right, we gained the summit ridge and headed for the peak. It was difficult to decide which of four gendarmes, apparently equal in height, was the peak. The most difficult gendarme, the second from the east, proved to be the summit (7100'), providing fourth class climbing.

We descended to the snow, traversed south through the Flash-Flame notch, and around the N.E. corner of Ember, the highest, and only climbed peak of the group. A steep hard snow slope then confronted us, necessitating step cutting by Glenn and serious reflections by myself and Dick on the ugly exposure. A rapid glissade brought us to the base of Spark, an orange coloured tower whose main component turned out to be scree covered rotten rock. Cairn building ceremonies on the peak (6700') were followed by the scramble down. The day had been beautiful and since there were no signs of approaching storms, we decided to leave the Flames until tomorrow.

40.

Next morning we awoke to find the mist had rolled in and it was starting to rain. We broke camp and packed up the glacier to find all three peaks of the Flames, as well as ourselves, enveloped in a swirling blizzard. We climbed the middle peak of the Flames, about 7000', the lower of the two main peaks. By the time we had descended, both Dick and myself had freezing hands, having forgotten to bring mitts, and Glenn was complaining about fantastically cold feet. About three inches of snow had fallen in an hour and the highest Flame looked so plastered that we decided to leave it and continue our pack out. We descended the glacier that forms the south tongue of the neve, walked for a short distance down the headwaters of Stoney Ck. and then climbed to a 5800' pass to the south of Mt. Glendinning. The weather had improved, allowing some drying out before hitting our almost dry sacks.

THE WATCHTOWER (8646')

(New Route)

Sept. 2, '63

Peter Thompson

Monty Lasserre and I sat in the hot sun (very unusual in the Rockies this summer) gazing at what appeared to be the "hairiest" climb we had ever attempted, the West face of the Watchtower. Our viewpoint was one hour of easy bushwacking and 1500 vertical feet from the private road leading to Lake O'Hara. Suitably impressed by what we saw; we chortled onward and upward. 500' of scrambling up the rotten trash which is so typical of the Rockies, brought us to the base of the climb. The red rot had suddenly changed to very solid grey limestone. Hurray! Roped up securely, I took the first lead. It was not much "sweat", a grade IV chimney for 60' to a bombproof belay stance. Monty leap-frogged past me and after traversing a few steps to the left made a classis lead up a shallow groove using one piton for protection. He discovered another convenient belay stance just as he ran out of rope. Anchored securely he shouted, "Come on up!" I climbed through; difficult moves brought me to the base of a relatively easy grade IV slab which angled up to the right. Forgetting that the first ascent party had always gone left, I charged up.

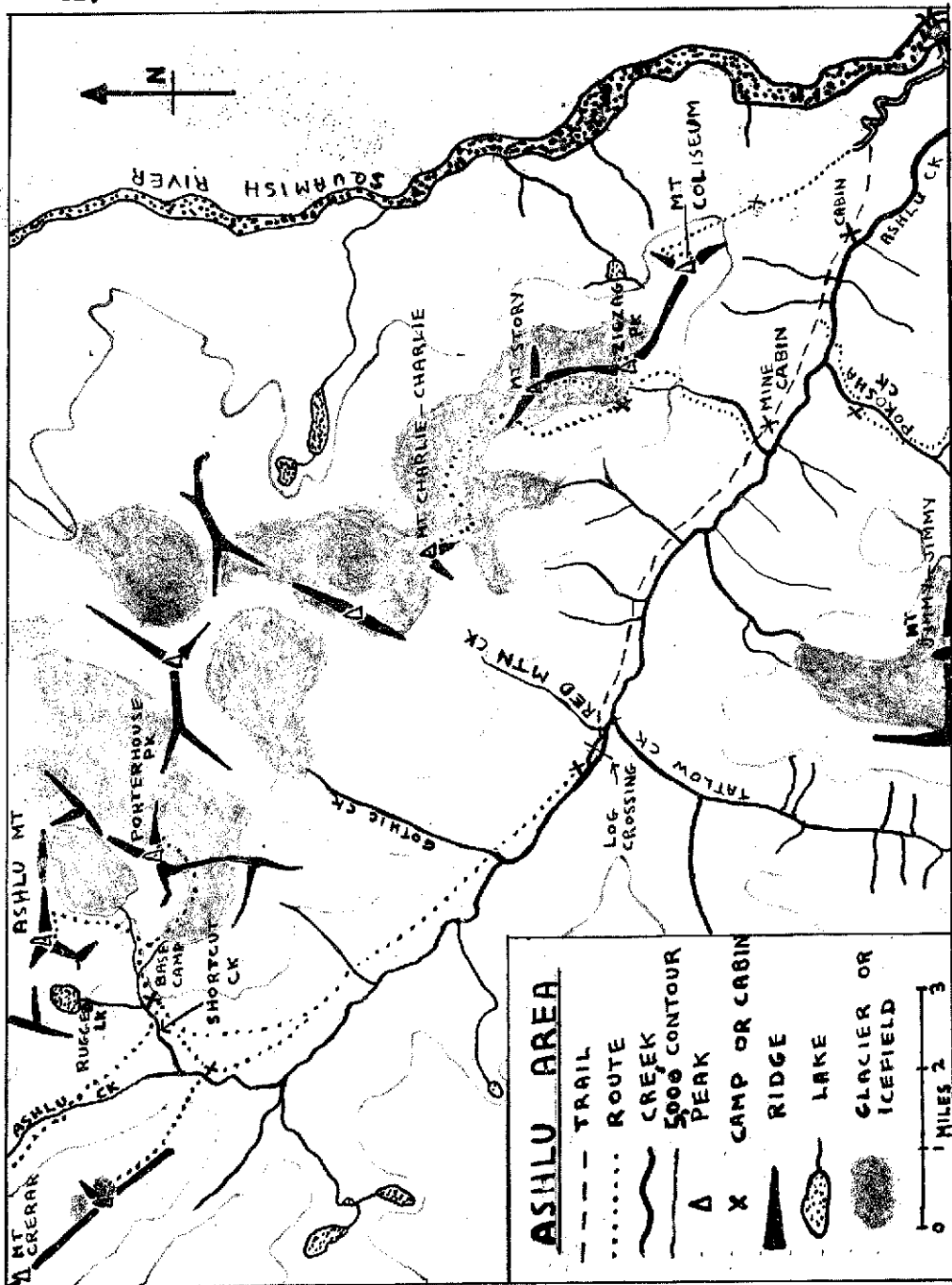
The slab steepened into a vertical wall and soon little flutterings in the pit of my stomach indicated it was time for a piton. Twenty feet higher a rusty vertical was found, obviously left by the previous party. Mistakenly thinking this meant we were on route I anchored myself and Monty started up. He found the lead more difficult than yours truly did as he had to dodge the rocks which occasionally rumbled down from my disintegrating belay ledge. Much to our dismay we discovered numerous overhangs barring further upward progress. Coming to the earth-shaking conclusion that our new found piton was a rappel anchor left by those before us making the same mistake, we roped down. Monty descended first (about 80') to an obscure chimney leading to the left. Fifteen strenuous feet higher he gained another roomy ledge. He shouted up that it would go from there. Encouraged, I rappelled down to the chimney and a few minutes later joined Monty. A pleasant grade IV lead over well broken-up rock brought us to the summit. We did not dally long as a beautiful sunset was fast approaching. Four spectacular rappels brought us to the surrounding scree slopes. We were down.

EXPLORING THE ASHLU CREEK MOUNTAINS

Summer '63

John Denton

Ashlu Creek rises in a pass above Jarvis inlet, and flows S.E. for some 20 miles before emptying into the Squamish above Cheekye. The construction of a bridge over the Squamish at this point has made the mountains around Ashlu Creek accessible from Vancouver, and several of us have seized the opportunity to explore this little known area. To the best of our belief, no climbing party has been in the region before, although other activities have occurred in the valley bottom. A logging road climbs from the bridge to a 1500' col on the ridge between the Ashlu and the Squamish, and a good trail continues $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the Ashlu valley to an abandoned mine. There is a good cabin 2 miles along this trail and a serviceable one at the mine. Recently a fire trail has been constructed along the banks of the Ashlu to Red Mountain Creek, 5 miles beyond the mine.



In the summer of 1962, I made several trips into the area with Tom Widdowson. By ascending the creek N. of the mine, we climbed two easy peaks, which we named Mt. Story (7500') and Mr. Charlie - Charlie (about 7800' - 8000'), the latter in opposition to Mr. Jimmy - Jimmy across the valley. On June 9th, 1963, Peter Bowers, Chris Gardner and myself used the same access route to climb a third peak, which we named Zigzag Pk. (6900').

Early in March 1963, Tom and I tried to reach the snow-fields by following the ridge from the end of the logging road. Tom used snowshoes and I used skis, the latter being more suitable. Above timberline we traversed right, but finding that route passed beneath huge cornices, we turned back to try the peak on the end of the ridge, which Peter Bowers and Chris Gardner had climbed the previous day, naming it Mt. Coliseum (6500'). Later in the year when the cornices have fallen this route provides access to some excellent ski touring country, as subsequent VOC parties discovered.

On a trip to Sigurd Lake (VOCJ V 1962), South of Ashlu Creek, Tom and I had noticed some interesting high pinnacles much further up the valley. Study of air photographs showed that these lay in the vicinity of a small lake just north of the headwaters of the Ashlu. I made a solo trip to this lake, taking 4 hard days for the round trip through bad bush in late May. Low cloud hid the peaks but the precipices enclosing the Lake were very impressive. I named it Rugged Lake.

An expedition to this area was planned for the late summer. Alastair McDonald and I were to fly into the lake at the source of the Ashlu with the food, and pack it 3 miles to a base camp on Shortcut Creek. Eight others, John Pringle, Tom Widdowson, Peter Bowers, Chris Gardner, Brian Dawkins, Rosemary Anderson, Carrie Ann, and Ann Harding were to bushwhack up the Ashlu in two days and meet us at base camp.

The weather was perfect as we flew from Sechelt on 30th Aug., and we had a glorious view of the mountains we hoped to climb, including one very impressive rock pyramid to the North of Rugged Lake. However, the lake on which we had hoped to land proved too small, so we airdropped half

the food into the meadows of the upper Ashlu valley and landed with the rest at Deserted Bay on Jervis Inlet. The 8 miles from there to base camp took up 2 extremely hard days of packing heavy loads up cliff bands, through slide alder and finally over the supposed meadows, which turned out to be waist high bush. We staggered into base camp on the Saturday evening expecting to find the others waiting for us (and the food). No one was there so we put up a tarp and settled down to wait. It rained all next day so we dozed and picked blueberries until just before dark we heard a whistle from above and John Pringle descended out of the mists alone.

It was again dull and rainy as on the Monday morning the three of us descended to the Ashlu valley to look for the others. As they did not show up before noon we reasoned that they must have turned back (as they in fact had), and so we spent the afternoon searching for the air drop in the bushes of the upper Ashlu valley. This was rather futile, but quite by chance we stepped on the contents of one of the two boxes of food, far from its supposed landing point.

The clouds cleared during the night and Tuesday dawned perfect. Alastair had to leave for a date with the U.B.C. computing machine, so we made arrangements that he should return and warn us if the others were in trouble. John and I set out for the highest peak E. of Shortcut Creek, following the creek upstream for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, before turning right into a glacial bowl almost invisible from below. We climbed the N. upper snowfields, from which our objective looked most impressive. Its ascent proved easy however; a scree slope on its N.E. side gave access to a gully which we followed to a notch just below the summit. John had been dreaming of steaks on the way up so we named it Porterhouse Peak (guessed height 8000'). A view of the W. face on the way down revealed that the whole summit was a gigantic overhang!

The weather remained perfect on Wednesday so we set off for the highest peak W. of Shortcut Creek. Again we followed the creek upstream for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, before turning left up a steep gully overgrown with bush, which led to a snow filled basin containing a small ice lake. Above this, the S.E. face of the

peak was cleft by a deep gully, up which we climbed over steep snow and very loose rock, to reach the E. ridge. The latter turned out to be broad slope of scree, so we unroped and walked to the top. This mountain was the highest in the area at between 8000' and 8500'; so we named it Ashlu Mtn. We stayed on the ridge during the descent and reached the snowfields without needing the rope.

After a week of strenuous activity, we declared Thursday a rest day. In the morning we ambled up to Rugged Lake where John had a brief swim (very brief - brrr!), while the afternoon was spent moving camp 1½ miles into the Ashlu Valley. From there we hoped to try the S.E. Peak of Mt. Crerar on our last day of climbing.

We forded the Ashlu without difficulty and started up the right hand edge of a long slide. After 1500' of extremely steep bush we came out on the ridge between Ashlu and Snafu creeks. Two miles of scrambling along this ridge brought us to a small snowfield between three rock peaks, of which the highest proved an easy climb from the South. The main peak of Mt. Crerar was obviously higher but lay a mile further along the ridge.

On Saturday morning, we started down the Ashlu, and eleven hours of bushwhacking later we collapsed at the mine cabin. Sunday was an easy walk to the Squamish River, where we were relieved to find that John's car had been burnt along with the slash.

MT. TANTALUS (8500')

July 5 - 8

John Denton

Many generations of V.O.C.-ers have stood on the University campus and gazed longingly up Howe Sound at the snow clad peaks beyond. The highest of these, Mt. Tantalus, had not previously been climbed by a V.O.C. party, and so June Wells, John Pringle, Alastair McDonald and I decided to remedy the situation.

46.

We left Vancouver on Friday evening and turned off the Squamish River road 8.7 miles beyond Cheekeye, immediately opposite Zenith Creek. The night was spent by the banks of the Squamish, and next morning we crossed the river in J.P.'s kayak. The bushwhack up the ridge between Zenith and Tantalus creeks took 8 gruelling hours, to a camp beside Zenith Lake (4200').

We were off by 6 a.m. on Sunday morning, climbing up the ridge on the south side of Zenith Lake, and then traversing south of Zenith Mtn. to a glacial col. Here we roped and traversed west over steep snow slopes to notch in the long north ridge of Tantalus, where we ate a late breakfast. Crossing the ridge, we ascended easy snow slopes to the West, before rejoining the crest at 7500'. Alternate rock scrambling on the crest of the ridge, and exposed snow traverses on its western side, led to an ice col below the short summit ridge. An easy scramble over a rock buttress gave access to this ridge and a short traverse over airy snow slopes brought us again to rock. We changed from one rope of four to two ropes of two, and soon found ourselves on a gendarme slightly lower than the summit and separated from it by a notch. The descent to the notch proved the most difficult part of the climb, but from it the summit was reached by easy scrambling at 4 p.m.

The descent proved more rapid than the ascent, and we unroped as the snowfields of Garibaldi Park glowed pink in a magnificent sunset. June and I went straight to camp, but J.P. and Alastair decided to try Zenith Mtn. It turned out to be longer than they had expected, and they had to bivouac for a rainy night in full frustrating view of our campfire. It rained all next day too, and the descent to the Squamish River through wet bush can be imagined only by those who have had similar experiences.

In Greek mythology, Tantalus, was a wicked King who invited the gods to his home for supper one night, and served them choice cuts from his little son Pelops. The gods were properly annoyed by this behaviour and sent Tantalus to hell, where he was given a raging thirst and stood in a pool of water up to his chin. Every time he bent to drink, the water ran away; just to tantalize him!

communion

soft on celibate snow
 he trod to distant
 spire and coolly gazed
 on deep ice below

steep ruby blood ran
 savage as the moon
 muscle mind contorted
 to elevate man

still from humility
 turned serf's eye
 sunward and ripped his
 heart with ecstasy

Bert Port

C. ARTICLES OF INTERESTA NEW ROUTE ON MT. MAMQUAM (8475')

1962 - 63.

John Pringle

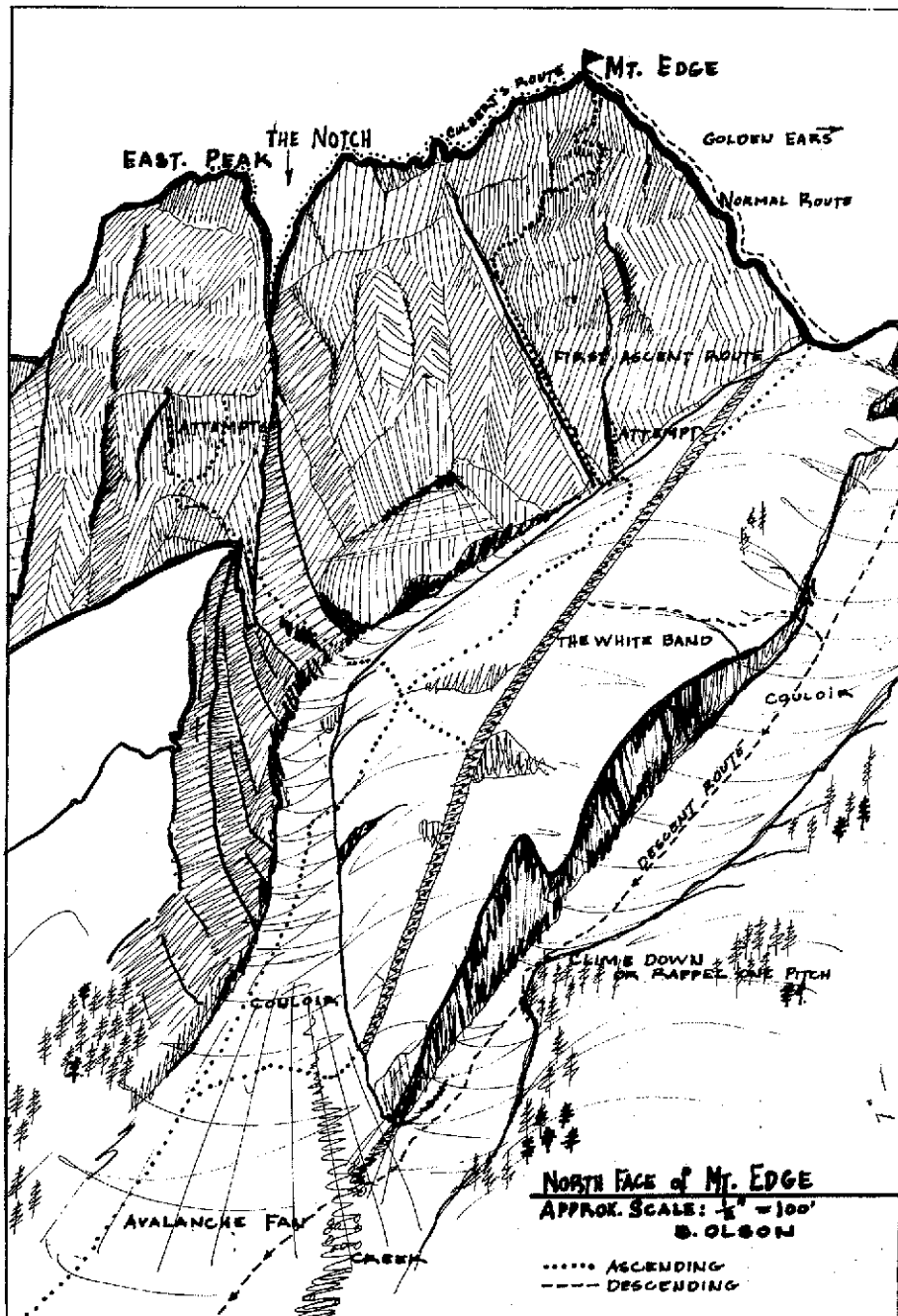
Two V.O.C. parties have recently climbed Mt. Mamquam by an easy route, which does not appear to be well known and is therefore described here. The first party, John Denton, Steve Lower, and Ken Morin, climbed it on September 7-9, 1962; the second party, John Pringle, Peter Bowers, and Chris Gardner, on August 16-18, 1963.

Route onto Snowfield

The second party left the car at base camp and hiked over to Mamquam Lake in seven hours, following the usual route past the Diamond Head Chalet and the Opal Cone. We kept well out into the Garibaldi Neve to avoid a crevasse field on its south side. An excellent campsite was found near the outlet to Mamquam Lake. Next morning, we went S.E. through the brush down to Skookum Creek, crossed it, and climbed a very obvious grassy slope leading to a gully. We climbed up this gully and so got onto the ridge running west from the N.W. corner of the Mamquam massif. Scrambling up the south side of this ridge to the Mamquam snowfield, we trudged $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles over level snow to the peak. Time up from Mamquam Lake seven hours, down five hours. This route is far safer than the "death traverse" round the head of Skookum Creek made by John Ricker and Ken McKenzie (V.O.C.J. vol. IV, 1961) and could probably be used for a ski ascent. The gully up to the W. ridge is the only route through some cliff bands; an alternative and perhaps better ski route would be to go S. from Mamquam Lake, rather than S.E., onto the W. ridge lower down where the slope is easier. In summer this section of Skookum Creek is a swamp.

Locating the Peak

Previous parties have experienced some difficulty in picking out the correct peak, as it is surrounded by several other pinnacles only a little lower. From the 7300' bump at the N.W. corner of the Mamquam Snowfield, the true peak bears about 120° (E. by S.E.) as read on a compass; it lies on the right hand (W.) side of the snowfield, and is partially masked by an intervening rock. The latter should be passed to the E., so that the final pyramid is approached from the N.



From this direction, the highest point is on the extreme left (S.E.) of the summit ridge; the snow slope leading up to this ridge has a prominent bergshlund.

THE NORTH FACE OF EDGE MOUNTAIN (5600')

Bert Port and Byron Olson

The possibility of long and exposed climbs suggested by the first ascent of the North Face of Mt. Edge (V.O.C.J., Vol.V, p. 35) prompted a party consisting of Dick Willmott, Jack Bryan, Byron Olson and Bert Port, to attempt the steep slab below the East Peak in June, 1963 with a view to another first ascent. This effort ended in retreat as darkness approached and the true size of the slab was realized from the fact that only one quarter of it had been climbed that day. However feasible the route and competent the climbers it was apparent that the ascent could entail a bivouac on the face or a descent in the dark. As the latter is the lesser of two evils it was decided to find a route down the back or side of the Pinnacle before another attempt was made on the face.

During reconnaissance trips it was found that the broad white dyke between the two couloirs provides delightful climbing and a sure way onto the ridge in bad weather. Also the broad right-hand couloir which starts at the second notch from the face, provides an easy walk down with a short rappel on pitch. It is a quick way to the valley floor.

It was thought that the usual route up would provide a means of descent if the ridge between the East Peak and the main peak would "go". However, a traverse east from the main peak proved the Notch to be about 300' deep and perhaps unreasonable after a climb on the face.

In October 1963 Dick Culbert and party made the first ascent of the East Peak via the ridge between the two peaks. They rappelled into the notch taking 2½ - 3 hours from the main summit. From the summit of the east peak they were able to see the ridge to the east. It is cut by a deep notch too.

They descended via the ascent route. To avoid difficulties, they rappelled several pitches, down, on the south side of the notch, to Class 4 climbing leading to the scree cirque east of the summit ridge.

NOTES ON THE STAWAMUS CHIEF

Hamish Mutch

While specific routes in the Stawamus Chief area have been described in various editions of the C.A.J., nothing has yet been written of a more general nature. The rock is very similar to that found in Yosemite Valley, California, and Yosemite techniques are increasingly in evidence. Examples of this are the use of a single rope and a hauling line for direct aid climbing, tubular nylon slings, the Sierra-Wilts grading system, and the appearance of a few chromoly pitons. (For a further discussion of Yosemite and its techniques see A.A.J. '63). The smooth glaciated walls offer little opportunity for high angle face climbing except in jam cracks, and most of the face climbing is done on the slabs, which are characterized by grooves and low angle laybacks. The gullies and chimney systems also afford a number of vegetated climbs, which are not without interest, and are excellent for training novices (V.O.C.J. '62). Climbers should always carry a few pitons, for protection and in case a rappel has to be made. Anyone planning to make a new route is also advised to carry a bolt kit, as blank sections are often encountered. Fine weather is more of an asset here than many areas, as some of the friction pitches require 3-4 days to dry off after a severe rainfall.

The Sugarloaf cliff at Murrin Park offers a number of easy routes on the slabs, while some harder face and aid climbs have been done on the other cliffs. All routes are short, but are good for novices and bad weather climbing.

Two routes have been done on the 500' high face of the Paoposse, and are both described in C.A.J. '62. The Beckey route has subsequently been repeated twice, and is a very enjoyable line cutting diagonally up the face--it involves some easy aid and interesting free pitches, and takes 3-4 hours.

The Nightmare Rocks mentioned in C.A.J.'s '61 and '62 provide good practice in aid climbing on an easily accessible 120' cliff. The most popular route is the Big Daddy Overhang, but other new routes are sure to follow.

The Grand Wall on the main cliffs of the Chief (C.A.J. '62) is by far the most serious undertaking in the area, and is liable to remain so for a long time. The two most classical lines are

follow the South Arrete (C.A.J. '60 - central west buttress), and the North Arrete; both of which have been climbed twice. The top 4 pitches of the North Arrete provide some of the most exposed and technically difficult free climbing on the Chief. The most popular area is the large apron of slabs to the left of the Grand Wall. Here, four routes of varying difficulty offer pleasant 2-4 hour climbs.

Every year the Chief becomes more popular, and as the old climbs are repeated and new ones established, standards and aims will both rise. There are still plenty of new routes to be done, by both purist and mechanic alike. The Stawamus Chief is a training ground, a means to an end, and not an end in itself, and Vancouver climbers are slowly becoming aware of its possibilities.

GARIBALDI DEVELOPMENT

John Pringle

With the completion of the road to Alta Lake, pressure for the development of the area round Garibaldi Lake will be much intensified. All political parties were in favour at the last provincial election, but so far few definite proposals have been put forward.

Any development around Garibaldi Lake must take account of its unique character. First, the region is volcanic, which makes for gentle slopes. Second, the lava dam has buried the glacially steepened lower slopes of the valley beneath the waters of Garibaldi Lake, and has therefore made a wide variety of mountains easily accessible from the lake-shore. And third, the land is at or above treeline, which means it has open slopes, a heavy winter snowfall, and a short summer season.

This combination of assets makes the area unrivalled anywhere in B.C. for ski touring. In summer, the same features make it ideal for mountain hiking, and for introducing people, particularly teenagers, to the pleasures that the mountains have to offer. Both types of activity require the same development--NONE, except the construction of a few simple cabins at strategic sites, linked by a system of well marked trails.

GRAD NEWS

The European section of VOC boasts an ever-increasing number of members.

DON "BROWNIE" POOLE is now designing ski lifts at Gjovik, Norway, and rumor reports a good-looking Austrian girlfriend on the scene.

After working and climbing in New Zealand for a few months, HU NAYLOR wended his way through south-east Asia and India to Europe where he is working in a Swiss ski resort for the winter.

SONIA STAIRS has abandoned her career in Montreal to attend the University of London and take graduate work in Mathematics.

Our Rhodes scholar, BRIAN SCARFE, is at Oxford working in Economics.

STU FALL and Ann are off to Europe for a year. Oh yes, after eight years of work, Stu received his Masters in Electrical Engineering last May at UBC.

KEN MACKENZIE, RANDY HARRISON and HANK REID are our intrepid VOC European Expeditionary Force this year. BILL BRAIN is also touring the Continent, and may join our brave little band.

Old members also turn up in other strange places.

ROBIN LEECH, on Ellesmere Island last summer chasing insects, is now working on a Masters at the University of Alberta.

Further south, JOHN RICKER has been working for the New Zealand Geological Survey, but in the late fall he and another Canuk began training in the Kiwi Alps for the Canadian Himalayan Expedition.

ROBIN KENNEDY is working and skiing in New Zealand for the coming year.

ART WOOTEN married a Kiwi girl in New Zealand last spring, then beat a fast return to the Calgary oil offices.

BRUCE and DI WARD are still D.B.H'ing in Tokoroa, New Zealand. The latest family count was two girls and a car.

NICK CLOSE is at Sydney, Australia, having fun.

ROBIN CLARKE has also joined the migrating masses to Australia.

On the Afro-Asian front, DAVE and LINDA KENNEDY are just off to Ratlam, India for five years as a medical team for the United Church.

The Canadian Himalayan Expedition, which had to cancel its proposed departures in 1962 and 1963, is still as determined as ever to reach the Karakoram. It goes in 1964, and the latest list includes FRED ROOTS, JOHN RICKER, DON LYON and DON "BROWNIE" POOLE as VOC representatives. SEV HEIBERG unfortunately remains behind.

Closer to home, the working force includes many old members.

KEN BAKER returns to Tremblant for another winter of ski-instructing after an active climbing summer in Banff.

KIM DEANE, victorious in his long battle with the Valhallas, returned to his Trail headquarters for electrical engineering at the Smelter.

BETH CHILCOTT has come home after a year in Europe to enter the Business world as a stock broker.

DENNIS HOLDEN worked in a German ski resort last winter, and after visiting Brownie on an Austrian holiday, returned to Vancouver this fall.

CARMAN SMITH sported a three week flying ski trip to Europe last spring. He is still cedar pole logging on the North Thompson.

TED STEVENS, still recuperating from his bout with "mono", is wandering around the Island. Also on the Island is our red-bearded friend, NEALE ALWAY who is "taking a year out".

DON LYON is still working at Banff and doing "hairey" climbs.

MURRAY WRIGHT is now instructing others on how to fly fast jets for the R.C.A.F.

JOHN FAIRLEY returned from the Yukon in mid-October, and spoke of plans to travel.

The last we heard, ASGER BENTZEN was in Montreal chasing girls.

JUANITA COWELL is working on the east coast, in preparation for her attempt on Europe.

BRISTOL FOSTER is in England buying a landrover en route to a job teaching zoology in Nairobi, Kenya.

SUE TATUM is now back working in Vancouver after her two years in Banff; however a ticket to New Zealand lies temptingly in her pocket.

Nursing occupies MARY SHAKESPEARE in San Francisco and BARB WHITAKER in Kamloops, definite stops of interest to travelling (male) VOCers.

The backwoods teachers include SUSIE LEUCHTE at the Queen Charlotte Island, DENNIS HALE near Horsefly, ANN PREVOST at Oliver and DIANA YATES and DAVE "WOODY" RICHARDSON at Prince George.

Then there are the perennial students.

TOM WIDDOWSON, the bearded Ashlu explorer, leaves soon for post-doctorate work in eastern Canada.

BOB KERSEY is now at McGill taking Dentistry, and no doubt dazzling sweet young things with his skiing skill in the Laurentians.

TERRY BROWN was seen cavorting in the Rockies this summer with a certain blonde.

It seems that the team approach to life is gaining in popularity.

STEVE LOWER married a bright lass last summer, Marlene Hunt, who was doing graduate work in Chemistry. Steve is now doing post-doctorate work at New York University.

DON BARCHAM married Carol last summer, and is back at UBC in the School of Town Planning.

JACK BOULDING teamed up with an English school teacher in England last summer. They plan to return to Canada next September.

BOB MACFARLANE rushed home after two years of forestry in East Pakistan to marry DI BAILEY last July.

GRAHAM DAWSON and first VOC Journal Editor BEV CAMPBELL were married last July. Graham returned to graduate school at UBC while Bev is teaching.

CHUCK BOYD and NADINE GWYER were married last Christmas. Chuck is still at medical school while Nadine teaches.

JERRY VAN TETS marries PAT JOHNSTONE on the date of sailing for his new ornithology post at Sydney, Australia.

DALE and JANICE GILLARD have set up housekeeping at Maple Bay.

The last we heard, CHRISTINE and PETER READ were three and expecting four.

Our roving reporter interviewed a distraught looking young man in New York--"Experience in the B.C. bush is proving useful in beating one's way thru a subway train packed with snarling New Yorkers. We miss both the Northwest mountains and VOC'ers, vow to return if I must become a dishwasher!"

It was Steve Lower.

TO THE BOYS OF V.O.C.

Now girls, I think you must agree
The boys are grand in V.O.C.
They help you when the going's rough
And cheer you when you're feeling tough.

They'll often even lend a back
To help you tote a heavy pack
And when they teach you how to ski,
They scrape you gently off each tree.

But when the daily chores are done
They're just as ready for some fun
If their dancing's not the best,
At least, it's always full of zest.

So say it soft in words of wonder
Or shout it out in voice of Thunder;
Go chip it into stony cliffs,
And write it in the snowy drifts.

Oh, yes! Our boys are even steady,
Much better than Ever-Ready
And they're our everlasting joys,
These charming V.O.C.'er boys!

Betsy Ferguson