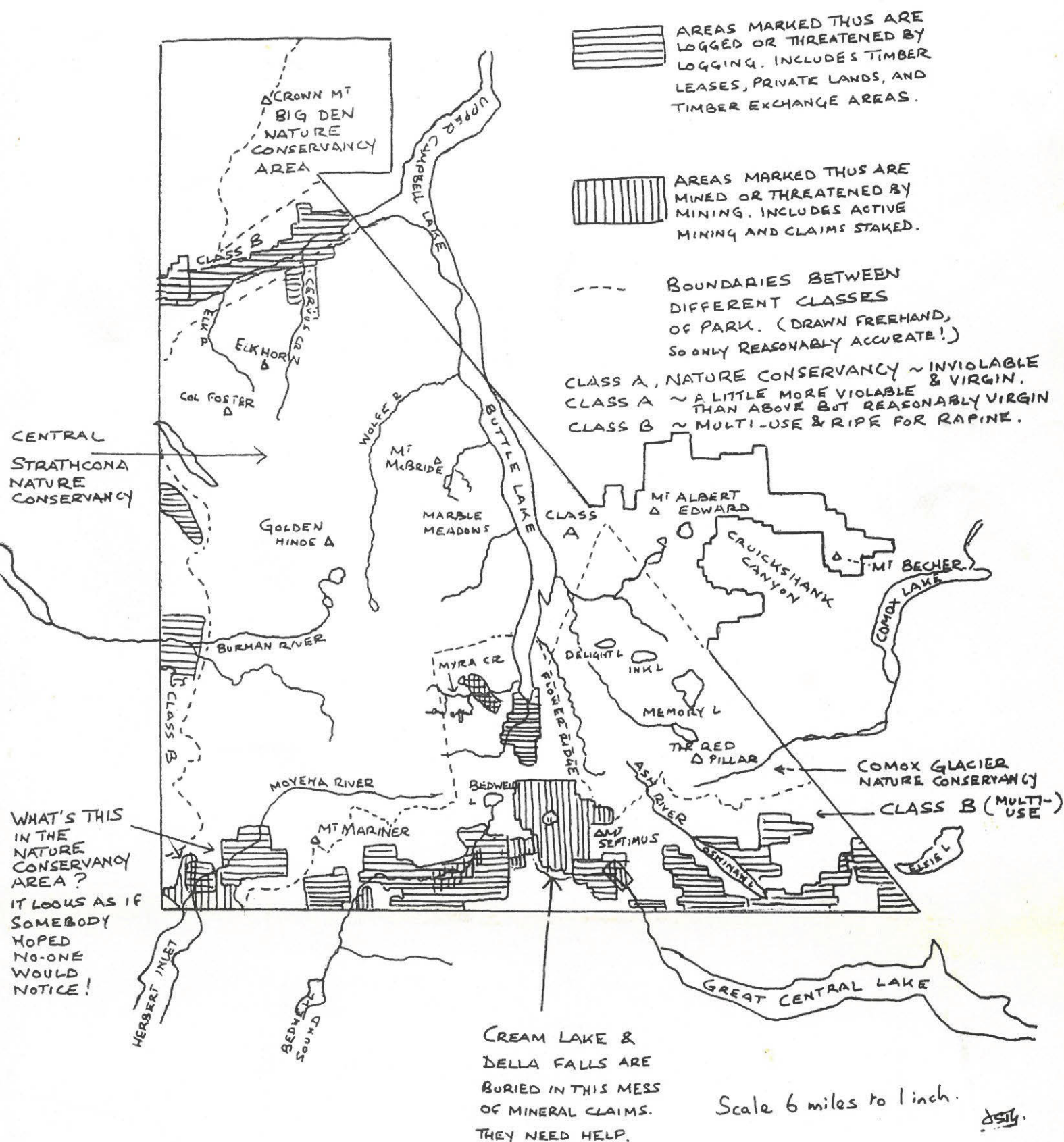


# ISLAND MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS

## No 8 JAN 1973

### STRATHCONA INDUSTRIAL (?) PARK (See Page 3)



# TIMBERLINE TALES

## ISLAND MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS

### 1972 Executive

President:	Bob Tustin
Vice-President:	Hank Wilkinson
Secretary:	Sylvia Apps
Treasurer:	Lynn Noye

### District Representatives

Victoria:	John Cowlin	Nanaimo:	Bob Tustin
Duncan:	Hank Wilkinson	Courtenay:	Ruth Masters
Ladysmith:	Jack Ware	Campbell River:	Pal Horvath
		Port Alberni:	Hans Affourtit

### Club Appointments

Editor, "Timberline Tales":	John Gibson
Club Historian:	Doreen Cowlin
Climbing Chairman:	Don Apps

### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Fellow Ramblers,

At the Fall Meeting I stated I would like to see a "Strathcona Committee" to be a watchdog for our wonderful Park.

I have now changed my mind, and no such committee will be formed.

EVERY Rambler member should assume the responsibility of both educating friends to "carry out their litter", and report to the executive any violations they see.

So let's clean up our mountains! If you discover a messy campsite, take a picture (if possible) and send it to Ramblers, P.O.Box 691, Nanaimo, along with a brief note of the location and who is responsible. The executive will try to have the mess cleaned up. In Strathcona Park, to leave litter is a violation of both the Parks Act and the Litter Act.

The 1973 schedule has strenuous climbing trips and exploratory trips, which are the Ramblers' trademark. We must strive to continue to be an active club. Routine business is looked after by the executive, which allows our Spring and Fall Meetings to be primarily social. In 1973 the routine business will be reported to you in issues of "Ramblings", which we plan to send in the early Spring, late Spring, and early Fall. If you have any suggestions, let us know.

As long as I am President, I will push to keep the Ramblers a "physically" active club. 1973 represents the 16th year of the Ramblers and we are lucky to have some of our original members still very active. Over the years they have learned to live with the mountains, and these "old" mountaineers took the time to show me the mountains, and I am grateful.

This spirit of introducing new people to the mountains seems to be lacking recently. Are we being selfish? Think about it.

Good Climbing !

*Bob Tustin*



#### EDITOR'S REMARKS

( I wouldn't inflict a full scale Editorial on you.)

Here it is again, with apologies to people and mountains whose names are mis-spelled . When phone book or map resolved doubts, I have referred to them, and when they didn't I used whatever version the contributor sent in, resulting in several variants of some. Perhaps one variant is the correct one! I am indebted to our President for supplying the correct spelling of that neighbour of Arrowsmith, unnamed on any of my maps, and spelled differently by just about everyone who ever refers to it. Please note, it is Cokley. So let us discard the other variants, and henceforth, COKLEY it shall be.

As far as possible the write-ups are in chronological order, but some came trickling in late, after the rest were typed out, and you'll find them slightly out of sequence or right at the end, depending how late they arrived.

I don't know if I'll still be your editor next year (anyone else like a go at it?), but anyway please send in write-ups as soon as possible after the trip, and not later than the end of November.

One day last July, Bill Lash and I hiked up Augerpoint, using Jack Shark's trail, and were really impressed by the excellent job he has done, on his own initiative and without subsidy. I thought the story of how he came to make this trail would be interesting to I.M.R. members, so asked him for a write-up on it. He kindly complied, and here it is.

*John Gibson*

#### THE AUGERPOINT TRAIL

I made the trip across from Buttle Lake to Courtenay and also the other way several times, and every time I went I tried out a different route, but always got into the same fix. There was a belt of salal and devilscub mixed with windfalls all along the road at Buttle Lake, and there were the cliffs just before one got on top of the ridge at the 5000' level. There did not seem any way round these obstacles. A couple of years ago I took Syd Watts and Emily across from Courtenay and as we descended the cliffs towards Buttle Lake we noticed a rocky ridge going down part-way and running parallel with the top ridge. We did not have time to investigate further, but I fixed the position in my mind.

The following Spring, with the help of Nial Forster and his son Brian, we scouted out an approach from the road that would lead us to the bottom of the ridge. It took three tries to find the one place where there was no mess to go through, right from the road. We found enough deer trails which could be linked up to form a tentative route to the ridge, and that is the route which is marked with paint on the trees. Once I had established the direction of the trail I started to put in switchbacks at the worst spots and as time progressed I gradually linked them together to make the trail as it is now. I had several small unofficial workparties to help me last year. Apart from that I've been at it off and on for nearly three years now, and hope to get most of it finished this fall (this was written August 1972, Ed).

You may have noticed that no work was done at the bottom of the trail. I left that intentionally unfinished to discourage the type of person who just goes up a little way to see what it is all about and usually leaves a lot of litter behind. The rope at the low cliff was donated by Brian Lee, who bought the discarded ski tow rope from the Mount Becher ski area and donated it to the Comox District Mountaineering Club. I hope to use some of that to advantage for bridging some of the creeks on various trails.

As far as the Parks Branch is concerned, it is just another deer trail with maybe a little improvement from me and several others who are interested in making things a little easier for climbers to get into the mountains. After all, they had the Park for sixty years now, and how many trails did they build? I for one have no intention to wait for holy bureaucracy to sort itself out and give me their blessing. When I want something done I find the best way is to do it yourself. If at the same time, somebody else

can get some benefit out of my misbehaviour, so much the better. I did not want to publicise what I was doing because I thought the fewer people were involved, the less repercussions there would be, if any. In the meantime, the trail is there to be used, and that is what counts as far as I am concerned.

Jack Shark.

(The following came in after the main body of write-ups had been typed out. Since it describes the first trip of the 1972 season, I'm fitting it in here, before the beginning, instead of leaving it to the end. Ed.)

Mount Arrowsmith

Feb 5-6

Leader, Bob Tustin

Although 14 people showed up, only 4 made it to the Cokley-Arrowsmith col, to make snow caves. We struggled all day in waist deep snow to get to the col. Ray Faine and Paul Rothe ended up in one snow cave and Bob Tustin and Ted Olsen in another. We were disappointed the snow was too powdery to allow us to build an igloo.

Snow caves are neat! All night there was a blizzard and yet we were warm and comfortable in the snow cave. You couldn't even hear the wind.

It was still bad weather on Sunday, so we retreated to the cars, left at the M & B parking lot at about 3000' elevation.

We'll have to wait until next year to build an igloo on the summit of Arrowsmith.

Bob Tustin.

Cover Story.

The map on the cover was compiled from information given on several large scale maps showing the various kinds of timber leases and privately owned logging, and mineral claims within Strathcona Park. It makes your flesh creep to look at it, doesn't it?

In condensing all this information onto one small scale map, it was not possible to show all the gory details of who plans to destroy which piece of Park, so it must suffice to show the broad outline of how the loggers and the miners are carving and planning to carve up OUR PARK. The map shows clearly how the southern part of the Park, which the Socreds downgraded to Class B, is being severely eroded by industry. Just to show the scale of the erosion, the mineral claims average about 51 acres each, and 204 of these have been approved within the last 5 years. That could dispose of more than 10,000 acres of our Park! An awful mess of these claims are in the Cream Lake- Della Falls area, where active and destructive exploitation may be imminent.

The Class A, Nature Conservancy areas remain inviolate and are safe unless Industry persuades Government to downgrade them. Similarly the Class B areas cannot be protected unless we persuade Government to upgrade them. So let us make our views known in the corridors of power, and hope that we shall reach a more sympathetic ear than in the past.



HIKES, CLIMBS, & A STROLL, 1972

Old Baldy (about 1500')

Feb 13

Leader, John Cowlin

This one is the stroll, and a very pleasant one too, on a sunny winter morning. A party of seven or eight of us (no list of names extant) parked our cars opposite Cliffside School, by Shawnigan Lake, and started walking about 9.45 A.M., up beside the playing field and across the E & N tracks. After a short passage through bush, we were soon out on fairly steep open ground with little rocky steps which we circumnavigated, sauntering in leisurely manner by the line of least resistance. The south facing slope was virtually free of snow, and a welcome contrast to the icy road in the valley. When we reached the ridge, we sat down and admired the view, and in due course ambled on up a broad ridge, which all too soon ended at the summit (11.30). Here we sat and ate sandwiches, and John Cowlin produced a rope which we draped over a mini-bluff, and practiced abseiling. We descended by the same ridge, but followed it down beyond the point where we struck it on the ascent, a line of even less resistance than the way we came up. We were back at the cars soon after 1 O'clock.

John Gibson.

Mount Prevost (2580')

Feb 27

Leader, Alan Robinson

Owing to adverse weather conditions, rain, snow etc, it was decided at the meeting place to climb Mt Prevost instead of Mt Sutton, as scheduled. This was done via logging roads and the track up the face of the hill. Shelter was found for lunch in a cave below the summit. After the War Memorial was visited, the descent was made through soggy snow on the road behind the hill, back to the welcome shelter of the cars. Names of those attending were noted, but the rain washed them off the paper they were written on.

About twenty-three persons were with me on this hike,... Alan Robinson.

Mount Menzies (4063')

March 12

Leader, Pal Horvath

Only four of us turned out, very likely due to the lousy weather. Billy Sadlish, Eric Bjorn, Jessie Greenhalg, Pal Horvath.

The four of us snoeshoed up to the forestry lookout in heavy to moderate rain. We had a cup of tea in the shelter and decided we had had enough. Visibility was near zero, the wind was very strong and it rained. We returned to cars.

This would be a very nice snoeshoe hike in clear weather because of the good view. Not recommended for a summer hike, because a large logged off area is ugly.

Pal Horvath.

Shaw Valley, Mt Hooper, east knob (4540')

May 14

Leader, Herb Warren

We left promptly at 7.00 A.M. from the North Cowichan Municipal Hall, with promise of good weather and arrived one mile above the fenced tree plantation on the west fork of Shaw Creek at 9.00 A.M., where the road



was blocked by snow at 1200'. This trail is now so overgrown with alder and eroded by freshets that it is practically impassable for vehicles. At 9.40 we crossed to the west bank on a log just above the slide at the end of the old railway right of way, then travelled for about half an hour on this side to avoid eight gully streams which came off the mountain to the east. We then found a log and recrossed to the north side and made our way over a dozen or more snow slides, across snow bridges over streams and eventually arrived at the unnamed frozen lake at 12.35 P.M., elevation about 2950'. The snow was wet and we were sinking 6" to 10" deep in it. After lunch, by general consensus, we decided to aim for the east peak, and arrived there at 3.00 P.M., beneath bright sunny skies.

Following a steep snow descent to the east, we turned southward and continued the steep descent in a gully to a point where we were on the edge of a small box canyon. At this point I remembered we were descending where John Cowlin led us in 1970. Ascending a bank to the right, we carried on to another watercourse and crossed it at the brink of a waterfall and into a steep forest where we dropped to the point where we had made our second log crossing (5.45 P.M.), arriving at our cars at 6.35 P.M., nine hours of heavy snow travel, something more than a B 1 as scheduled, with a descent of 2860' in about 1.1 miles.

Attending were Pal Horvath, Don Apps, who broke trail when I petered out, and visitors Angie Rossiter, Barbara Cowell, Janice Spearing, Lorne Johnstone, Sylvia Lepmanis, and Jan and Warwick Whitehead from New Zealand.

Herb Warren.

Mount Whympers (5056'), by the Great Circle route, May 21.

Leader: well, - er- Whoever happened to be in front.

This was not an official Ramblers hike, so it really has no business in here at all. However, it is fairly unusual for those who ought to know better to come down completely and absolutely on the wrong side of the mountain, so perhaps it is worthy of record, if only as an awful warning.

Sid Watts, Keith Waterfall and John Gibson met at N. Cowichan Municipal Hall and proceeded in Keith's Wagoneer, up the Chemainus valley road, and parked, at 9.00 A.M., at the top of a logging road at 2000' on the south side of Mt Whympers. From there we went straight up, quickly and easily, to the summit, which we reached, unexpectedly in the mist, at 11.30. We sat there for half an hour, hoping the mist would clear, which it didn't, then set out to go round the cirque, intending to descend to the pass between Whympers and El Capitan. The ridge remained swathed in mist, but the snow was in perfect condition and lots of it. We glissaded down the dips and made good progress on the ups. A short rock pitch after one of the cols, steep but with vast and solid holds, added variety and soon we were back on the snow, and going faster than we realised. In the mist we went right past the place where we should have turned left to follow the ridge leading down to the pass. We agreed that we couldn't possibly be there yet and pranced merrily on along what looked like the proper ridge, until we came to an apparent bifurcation in same. We checked the compass, and the map, and the ridge going down on the left seemed more or less in the right direction, so down we swooped and soon emerged beneath a ceiling of cloud. A minor eminence on our right did not seem to be quite where it should have been. The compass seemed to think we had swung a bit to the right when a swing to the left would have been more reassuring. Far below we could see a valley and a logging road. Surely that must be one of the roads just over on the north side of the pass, and we had come down just a little bit too far to the right, and would have a mile or two to walk back up to the pass. We plunged on down to the logging road and reached it about 2.15 P.M. Meanwhile the truth dawned first on Sid, who realised that the massif rising into the mist on our right was Whympers from which we had descended, and which ought to have been over our left shoulders. We realised that we were in the valley of the South Nanaimo River, and that we had the choice of walking out into the Nanaimo river valley and phoning one of our wives for a rescue, or walking <sup>back over or</sup> around Whympers to the south, or to the north. We decided on the latter, as Sid was fairly certain the logging roads connected up. So we followed the logging roads down towards the South Nanaimo river, then turned left and followed up the valley beside Jump Creek, a tributary of that river, around the north end of



Whymper and his outlying bastions, and back over the pass between Whymper and El Capitan, which we reached at 6.30 P.M. Down the other side, up another logging grade, and a final traverse across the slope to gain the place where the car was parked, which we reached at 8 P.M. Two and a half hours to go up the mountain, two and a quarter hours for the ridge traverse and descent, and five and a half hours for that great circle back around its base!

We were a little apprehensive about the reception we'd receive at the gate, but the gatekeeper, a genial soul, took the whole thing as a joke, and urged us to come again. But it was a little hard on our wives, who knew we meant to be back through the gate by 5 P.M., and were consequently getting somewhat worried.

John Gibson.

#### Souamish Chief

May 27-28

Leader, Bill Perry

This trip was postponed from May 13-14, following reports of water running down the face of the Chief from the still melting snow above. I hoped to avoid a repeat performance of the drizzly dilemma Bryan Lee and I encountered on the Chief's diedre route last October. With the basic rock school at Piper's lagoon and Party Climbing at De Cosmos behind us, and a few intervening weekends for improving technique, the Chief trip was originally envisioned as a graduation exercise of the rock climbing training programme. District reps were informed of the change of time and meeting place, but precious few climbers seemed inclined to participate in the graduation festivities. At 7.30 A.M., we met in Nanaimo: Paul Rothe, Gus Hardy, 5 of Paul's high school students, Tom Volkers and Bill Perry, trip leader and reporter.

On Saturday, Tom and I climbed "Slab Alley", a popular route on the far right of the "Apron" area. It took us 3 hours and 7 rope leads. Paul and his group concentrated on the practice cliffs in Murrin Park. That evening we met for a much needed swim at Murrin Park. The last few pitches of Slab Alley had been like climbing inside a reflector oven.

We camped under the power lines near the base of the Chief, and attempted to beat the heat the next morning with an early start. Paul and company decided to hike to the top of the Chief by a trail on the back side and then returned to Victoria. Tom and I climbed "Banana Peel" which was similar to "Slab Alley" but shorter (2½ hours) with a bit more variety.

Both routes were mainly friction, with some flake and crack climbing. The friction was notable for lack of protection; 60 foot run outs were common. The diorite is excellent rock for climbing, but we found the difficulties somewhat underrated and allowed twice the guide-book time for each route, which proved about right.

The Chief has become a focal point for Vancouver area and Washington climbers. Parties were observed on nearly all apron routes, as well as "Uncle Ben's" and "The Grand Wall", both bivouac climbs.

Bill Perry.

#### Mount Landalt

May 28

Leader, Hank Wilkinson

On a warm ~~summer~~ morning at 8 A.M., 25 enthusiastic ramblers and friends met at Henry road and B.C. Highway #1. After 25 miles of dusty road up the Chemainus valley the hike began.

Doreen and John Cowlin, Alan Robinson and John Gibson, led by the latter, split from the main group and ran up the east side of El Capitan, then along the adjoining ridge to Mount Landalt, arriving about 2 P.M. (See below)

The remainder headed west almost to Shirk Lake, and then turned north up the southerly slope of Landalt. The snow was good for climbing on, which was 90% of the hike. Fortunately three quarters of the time spent was in the timber which broke the sun's rays, as half of the group were clad in shorts.

The summit was reached about 12.30, the usual lunch hour. Sunbathing,



photographing, and general recovering was concluded by a bellow from the leader to head back down.

It was a short trip out to the highway and pollution, then home. The following people were on the hike:

Pat Leahy, Warrick and Jan Whitehead, Barbara Cowell, Angie Rossiter, Don Bolton, Chris Worbets, Hanno Ehrenburg, Louise Miller, Mac and Bess Page, Norma Soderquist, Doug Moore, Jo Fraser, Nancy Hamilton, John Renton, Clara Bartel, Leila Long, Keith and Jill Waterfall, and

Hank Wilkinson.

Traverse of El Capitan (4897') and Landalt (5042')

See para 2 of Mt Landalt  
write -up

We parked almost in the pass between Whympet and El Capitan and left the road where it crosses the creek a little bit south of the pass. We angled up to our right through big trees, heading towards El Capitan. Nice going, and it is sad to think those big trees are probably doomed. Soon we emerged onto open snow covered terrain, the logging scars all nicely hidden by the snow, and continued to angle up, on good snow, to reach the main ridge at the col nearest to El Capitan. Here we turned right and were on top of El Capitan soon after noon. We sat, ate, admired the view, and watched the mighty army of Ramblers appear on the summit of Landalt. At 1 P.M., we started down and along the ridge to Landalt, over the first bump, then down some steep snow to the right, and back up again, to evade the next one; up onto the ridge beyond it, over the last bump and up the final snow slope to Landalt (2 P.M.), where the rest of the party was still assembled. We left the summit at 2.45 and had a lovely glissade down the snow slopes on the east side, into a hanging valley where we crossed the tracks of quite a large avalanche, with a lot of broken yellow cedars. We traversed out of the valley to our left, onto a well defined ridge, down it for a bit, then off again down steep snow into the next gully on the left, also full of old avalanche and broken trees. We crossed the creek on a snow bridge near the bottom of the gully and only left the snow when we got into big trees two or three hundred feet above the cars, which we reached soon after 4 P.M. A very pleasant route altogether, and we were back through the gate punctually by 5 P.M.

John Gibson

Mount Arrowsmith (5962')

June 11

Leader, John Gibson

This was the trip that was scheduled to culminate in a draw for a book on the summit of Arrowsmith, but that didn't happen.

Instead of the large party expected for this trip, only six turned up, possibly because the weather wasn't very inspiring, or perhaps because a large party visited Arrowsmith the previous weekend, diverted by a loggers' closure which barred them from their scheduled trip. No write-up has come in about that trip, so who they were and what route they took is not a Timberline Tale.

Anyway, we gathered at Cathedral Grove, all six of us, and proceeded on our way, over the "hump" and then off to the left to join the road by Cameron Creek, and thence up the road toward Rosseau Chalet, from which we took a spur road which turns off sharply to the right and leads back across the face of Arrowsmith, ending at 2800', straight below the summit. We started walking at 9 A.M., up through fir forest with a clean brush free floor. Up near timberline the going was less clear, and the snow had melted enough for the tangle of branches to be more of a nuisance than a month previously, when I reconnoitred the route with Sid Watts, Alan Robinson and Hank Wilkinson. We entered cloud at 4500', and I was very glad to have seen the route before in clear weather, for without the memory of that trip, I should probably have managed to lead the party astray somewhere. As it was, we proceeded uneventfully up through the snowy fog, beetling precipices looming ominously ahead and changing into relatively innocuous items of scenery as we came abreast of them. A short way below the summit on this route there is a beautiful, graceful little snow arete, which leads up to



a snow slope just below the summit rocks, and thence to the ridge, above the place where people sometimes like a rope on the ordinary route. We reached the summit a few minutes after noon, and it was cold and snowing.

We ate our lunch quickly and then started down, with no regrets for the lottery that wasn't happening. We left the summit at 12.30, followed the same route down, with one or two minor variations, and were back at the car at 2.45.

On the trip were Bill Lash, Don and Hugh Bolton, Hanno Ehrenburg, Chris Worbets, and .....

John Gibson

Marble Meadows Work Party

July 1-3

Leader, Jack Ware

July 1st was a beautiful weekend for the outdoors, the air was clear and the days were warm.

Nine members of the Ramblers camped at the pond, midway along the trail. The party consisted of Jack Shark, Don and Eileen Bolton, Paul Horvath, Doug Offerhaus, Allan (last name missing), Bob Nicks, and John and Jack Ware.

The trail was cleared of windfalls to the upper levels, where the snow was four feet deep on the trail.

On Sunday we all left camp early and were soon on the meadows, which were deep in snow. The view was excellent due to a clear sky and all the peaks stood out in their glory. Three of us climbed to the summit of Marble Rock Peak and enjoyed the view and the new flowers on the ridge. Descending from the peak, we ate lunch and then visited the shelter that was built by the Shawnigan Lake boys. The snow was about six feet deep at the shelter. We soon met the rest of the party, who stayed on the meadow, and made our way to camp, an enjoyable supper, and a good campfire discussion before retiring to our sleeping bags.

Monday was a glorious day, so we made an early start to the lake, so that Jack Shark, Paul Horvath and Allan could hike in on the Elk River trail. When we pulled in to the Ralph River campsite we had the pleasure of seeing a bear feeding.

Don and Eileen Bolton were the last to leave the campsite at the water hole, and had only just started on the trail when they had the pleasure of seeing a full grown cougar. To see a cougar in the wilds is very rare and is often only a once in a lifetime event.

To sum up, we had an enjoyable weekend and look forward to the next one: may it be blessed with equally fine weather.

Jack Ware.

Mount Col Foster, North Peak (6500'+)

July 15-16

Leader, Bill Perry

We all met quite accidentally in Buckley Bay at the Denman Island ferry dock. We stopped briefly at Tyee Plaza, the announced meeting place, to look for additional trip members, found none and proceeded to the beginning of the Elk River trail, where we bedded down beside the cars, shortly before midnight, July 14th.

The next morning five of us started off early under cloudless skies. Bob Tustin intended to camp at the lake below Col Foster and join the other Ramblers trip scheduled for the Elk River valley this weekend. Ralph Hutchinson, Ron Facer, Joe Bajan and I intended to camp near the 5000' level on Foster's north shoulder and push on to the summit on Sunday.

Packing in was reasonably pleasant in the early morning coolness. On the rock and sand flats below the lake it was warmer. Here we surprised a sunbather, who scurried with nude and nubile swiftness into her sleeping bag as we approached.

A leisurely lunch was enjoyed at the lake in brilliant sunshine. The warmth was anything but pleasant, packing around and above the lake. We were mostly on snow now, and the over-all effect was that of being in a giant reflector oven.

The heat led us to consider making an early camp, but no suitable

sites were located until we were less than 100 feet below the ridge top near the north shoulder. From our camp and the ridge above, Rambler Peak, Elkhorn, Victoria, Warden and several other mountains were visible in the Alpenglow of late afternoon.

Following a calm night under the stars, we rose at 4:00, consumed our meal, in the half-light, and were soon at the base of the N.W. facing snow gully between the north and northwest peaks. We kicked shallow steps in the steep, hard, snow slope, negotiated a tricky moat, and traversed to the left margin of the snow, to a ledge, which led to a prominent chimney in the middle of the northwest face of the objective.

At the end of the first rope lead the wet chimney ended in a bifurcation of the crack system. Here I opted for a narrow chimney leading to the right. After two leads the chimney petered out and some hard class 5 moves were encountered. It was obvious we wouldn't finish this route in our allotted time.

After rappelling to the top of our first lead, we climbed straight on for 50 feet, then left onto an ample ledge. We rounded a corner and beheld a system of scree slopes, blocks, ledges, and a small snow patch, - a much more promising route, and undoubtedly the one Mike Walsh soloed in 1968. Two 30 foot high vertical blocks were surmounted by narrow chimneys requiring some class 4. The rest was a scramble.

The summit was a real classic which we had to straddle one at a time. We built a cairn and left a record of our second ascent.

The descent was via the same route. Three rappelles, an abortive glissade attempt and beaucoup scree scrambling brought us to the snow gully, now soft enough to glissade.

We slid into camp around 4 P.M. and prepared for the long slog out. Our arrival at the car coincided with the demise of our last flashlight batteries at about midnight.

We all felt it was an enjoyable and rewarding climb, but a bit much for a two day weekend.

Bill Perry.

#### Cowichan River Trail

Aug 27

Leader, Don Bolton

The day was bright and cloudless,  
And hot where lacking shade.  
But the trail along the river  
Was like walking through a glade.  
Fragrant with the scent of forests:  
Sheltered by a canopy, -  
Trees deciduous and coniferous  
In Nature's nursery.

The pace was slow and steady.  
We kept together well.  
I thought of other outings  
When the leader went like hell.  
The men were talking politics;  
The girls were in the rear;  
While the murmur of the river  
Could be heard from far and near.

We paused to look at nurse trees,  
And flowers by the way, -  
Saw the stumps of many giants  
That had stood in ancient days:  
Saw the evidence of slaughter,  
By mankind in his haste  
To reap the richest treasure  
While the rest was left to waste.



We noted dates on culverts,  
Beneath the railroad grade,  
The downhill end protruding,  
Over which the trail was made.  
One was built in Nineteen-forty,  
And one in Thirty-five.  
In another of its life spans,  
Few of us will be alive.

We noted vandalism, -  
A shattered arrow sign,  
Meant to show the right direction  
Where the trail and road entwine.  
There was litter-buggers' litter  
Amid the shrubby green,  
A woodcrafter's grotesque lean-to  
To spoil the natural scene.

A ridden horse had travelled  
Across the dips and knolls,  
And in the soft spots floundered,  
Leaving many ugly holes.  
Some corduroy was knocked askew  
And sadly out of place,  
The hoofs that done this damage,  
Not of the human race.

We continued on to Camscot,  
Where we found no decent pool,  
So instead of going swimming,  
We lunched and shot the bull.  
We talked of many subjects  
Such as dentistry, and jazz -  
Merits of retirement,  
Hazards of laughing gas.  
We thought of man's short span of years  
Upon this earthly beat  
And wondered at the age of -  
This old river at our feet.

We took a nice long lunch stop,  
Then started our retreat,  
The trip to be completed  
E're again we rest our feet.  
Now some were spry and cheery  
And some were stiff and sore.  
Eleven miles we covered  
And glad there were no more.

We reached the cars at Four-fifteen,  
Whereon I said, "Methinks,  
Let's all comonamyhouse  
And lift a few cool drinks" !

On this hike were Billie Sadlish  
And Doug Offerhaus was there,  
Pat Leahy from Naniamo:  
And Jack and Mrs Ware.  
Teresa Morton, Ann McKinnon  
To Skutz Falls continued on,  
While last comes Eileen Bolton  
And yours truly,  
Ever, Don.

Mount Rainier (14,408')

Via Cowlitz and Ingraham Glaciers

July 1-3

Leader, Carl Lund

We all met at the home of Carolynn and Carl Lund in North Vancouver on Friday evening. While Dan Rettmer did not show up until breakfast time Saturday morning, he actually arrived at midnight, but out of politeness chose to sleep overnight in his car.

On the way down we stopped briefly at Seattle, or more precisely at the Co-op, and acquired a few more things to carry around on future trips.

After lunch at the observation building in Paradise Park, all six of us began our ascent towards Camp Muir. The time was 1:30 P.M., and the weather was glorious. Part way we ran into George Waite, who was a member of an A.C.C. party from Vancouver. George obviously was not feeling well and according to him, required a long rest before he could continue to Camp Muir. (He had the flu and never did make it beyond the point where we ran into him.) Just before arriving at Camp Muir we ran into John and Doreen Cowlin who, (also having visited the Co-op) were going to test some new equipment and clothing which they intended to use on a forthcoming trip to Afghanistan. A little later we saw the wreckage of a small helicopter which we later learned, crashed only the day before. Arrived in camp at 5:30 P.M. and in short order had our tents up and supper under way. Met the rest of the A.C.C. party which was led by Jim Tearoe (Carolynn's rope partner on Mount Tantalus exactly one year earlier). Before hitting the sack we decided to get up at 3 A.M., and leave for the top by 4:30 A.M., all of us that is, except Joan Hutt, who had gone as far as planned.

Shortly after rising next morning we ran into Jim Tearoe, most of whose party had departed at 2:30 A.M. However, a girl on his rope got sick and Jim consequently had to return with her. She was now resting at the cabin and by the time we decided it was safe to leave her in camp, it was too late for Jim to catch up with his party. We then offered to take him along so he ended up on a rope with Carolynn and Carl. The second rope also had three members, namely Bryan Lee, Dan Rettmer and Franz Bislin. Franz, incidentally, is a Swiss and climbs just as well as you would expect someone from Switzerland to climb. A good half hour after leaving Camp Muir, Dan decided the whole thing was just too strenuous and wisely decided to return to camp. (Being young is not necessarily equivalent to being in good physical condition.) The rest of us carried on and eventually found ourselves at the rim of the crater by about 10 A.M., having passed several rope teams on the way. Half an hour later we were on the top of this part of the world and enjoyed marvellous views in all directions. By about 3 P.M. we were all back at Camp Muir tired but happy. Later that afternoon a large helicopter arrived on the scene and literally picked up the wreckage of the helicopter that had crashed a couple of days earlier. An impressive sight.

Next morning after a long, lovely rest we set off down the mountain and by noon were in the cars and on our way home.

Those participating were Bryan Lee, Joan Hutt, Franz Bislin, Carolynn Lund, Dan Rettmer, and Carl Lund.

Carl Lund.



Leaving all cars in Victoria, Ray Paine, Don and Sylvia Apps, Christine Smith, Sylvia Lepmanis and Lynda Iwanik departed Victoria Friday, July 21st aboard the 5:30 P.M. sailing of the Princess Marguerite bound for Seattle, Washington, to begin the Pacific Crest 1972 Expedition. We spent the night at a nice motel-cabana and after the staff accepted us (backpacks, ice axes and all...) with much doubts and dubious stares, they opened the pool for us and we all enjoyed a swim before retiring for the evening.

We bussed to Snoqualmie Pass, a journey of approximately 55 miles out of the city of Seattle, Saturday, July 22nd. We hiked  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Lodge Lake campsite under the afternoon sun, then set up camp and spent the night under the stars. Sunday, July 23rd, a bright sunny day, we left camp at 8:00 A.M., hiking  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Olallie Meadows (mosquitoes !!), then  $4\frac{1}{2}$  onward to camp at the south end of Mirror Lake, which truly lived up to its name most of the time we spent there.

Monday, July 24th: another lovely sunny day - left packs at junction of Stirrup Lake and Pacific Crest Trail and hiked in  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to Stirrup Lake for lunch. Hiked  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles total to Lizard Lake where we set up camp.

Tuesday, July 25th: a sunny day, hiked  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Borup Trail intersection where we all had supper, cake and wine in celebration of Sylvia's birthday (?-?...). Short walk down the trail after supper, - a beautiful view of Mount Rainier in the distance. (Logging being carried out in this area).

Wednesday, July 26th: A sunny day, we hiked 14 miles over "blow-downs" to Blowout Mountain where we camped in the Alpine area. High winds and fog so we had supper under Ray's shelter. First Alpine area which we encountered.

Thursday, July 27th: a sunny day, hiked to Windy Gap 6 miles, had lunch, another 5 miles to Government Meadows (Urich Camp). Walked through the meadows. Over Naches Trail the 1st Wagon Train came from the East to Puget Sound in 1853. This intersection was the Government Army Campsite, which protected the wagon trains.

Friday, July 28th, a sunny day, we arrived at Arch Rock camp ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles) at 11:00 A.M. Lunch up in a field above camp. Hiked up to Arch Rock and picked berries. Went to sleep with the sound of Coyotes howling through the hills.

Saturday, July 29th: a sunny day, hiked to Big Crow Basin ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles), lunch near shelter, in the meadows where we were surrounded by pretty flowers and little streams. Hiked on to Scout Pass, first view of Mount Adams and St Helens overlooking Crystal Mountain Ski Resort. Camped below Pickhandle Ridge beside a pond. Total day, about 10 miles.

Sunday, July 30th: a sunny day, hiked through Sourdough Pass and Bear Gap to Penskin Lake and on to Chinook Pass, 6 miles, where we met the highway, and entered Rainier National Park.

Travelled by truck approximately 35 miles to the starting point of the Wonderland trail. Hiked  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Summerland shelter and camped in an Alpine area.

Monday, July 31st: a sunny day, hiked to Indian Bar Shelter - crossed swift flowing glacial stream to shelter barely visible in snow. Saw Mountain Goats on nearby hills.

Tuesday, August 1st: a sunny day, after waiting an hour for the fog to clear, hiked on to Nickel Creek camp (shelter).

Wednesday, August 2nd: last day on Wonderland Trail, long hike up hill to Paradise Inn, where we spent the night. Hardest day of trip: 10 miles from 3200' to 2700' then up to 5600'.

Thursday August 3rd: sunny day, hiked to camp Muir, fantastic view of surrounding mountain peaks. Spent night at shelter amidst the arrival and departure of climbing parties.

Friday, August 4th: a sunny day, descended to Paradise Inn, bussed to Seattle, spent the night at motel, had a swim in the pool. Next morning, left Seattle aboard Princess Marguerite, arriving in Victoria at noon. Total: 70 miles backpacking on Cascade Crest trail, 30 on Wonderland trail from White River entrance to Paradise Inn. Plan return trip to Camp Muir at 10,000' on Mt Rainier.

"A most enjoyable trip".

Ray Paine.

For those of us who have been flying into mountain lakes in Strathcona, this year's trip started out differently. Fifteen people assembled gear on Island Airlines floats at Campbell River and looked over the new Husky that would take us all in two trips instead of the Beaver's three. I had private thoughts as to how the pilot would land on tiny Bedwell but as he appeared unworried, dismissed my worries and settled down to enjoy the flight. Heavily laden though it was, the powerful motor lifted off quickly and we were soon winging through the storm clouds that had been building over Buttle's. As we neared the southwest section of Strathcona we broke through into sunshine.

We passed high over Bedwell and were well down the valley with Bedwell Sound and Tofino coming into view when the pilot turned his head and asked where the lake was. When I replied, "Back in the pass", he said "That small"! As he circled back we had a bird's eye view of Nine Peaks and Mariner Mountain. Back over the lake he began a series of lowering turns eyeing the lake with obvious mistrust while the passengers had sparkling views of the glaciers and peaks of Big Interior, Septimus and Tom Taylor. Shaking his head, he said he didn't like the strong cross-wind, put the Husky into a climb, and back we went to Campbell River. Most of the passengers enjoyed the free trip, though one confessed to me later that one more turn around the lake and a breakfast would have been lost.

Back at the float it was decided that since we were demoted to the sturdy but smaller Beaver, most would drive to Ralph River and fly from there. The remainder flew back to Bedwell, and landed with no problems. In short order all the party were landed and busily setting up camp. Nothing that I've yet seen beats the reliable old Beaver.

On Sunday we hiked over to the beautiful lake and meadow area northwest of Bedwell. The little unnamed lake looking to Big Interior must be one of the most beautiful in this area. Flowers were just coming out in the meadows. We lingered so long that we were caught in an afternoon shower and got thoroughly soaked from the rhododendron and blueberry bushes.

Monday dawned bright and clear and Big Interior was climbed by the north ridge from Bedwell - Drinkwater Pass. We returned by way of the main glacier, stopping to watch a large bear flaked out on the snow, looking for all the world like a fur rug.

Tuesday, some of the party hiked to Cream Lake, a turquoise gem on the north ridge of Septimus. The whole area has suffered disgracefully due to the recent mining explorations. A flattened plywood shack, unburied garbage dumps, and what must be the only toilet in the Park with a view of Della Falls. Last year's dynamiting had changed the lake's lovely green to a dull brown but this year, though there were recent drillings and blasting, none had been done on the lake itself, apparently.

Wednesday was overcast and raining. Ralph and family were to fly out, but low skies brought no plane and the day was spent round the fire. Thursday dawned with clear skies and at 9:00 A.M. the plane flew five out to Campbell River. The rest who had missed the Cream Lake trip, hiked up that day. Two of the party packed over to walk out from Cream Lake to Buttle's by way of Joe Drinkwater's old trail. The magnificent falls across the valley are named for his wife, Della.

Friday, our last day, was spent climbing Tom Taylor. We went up the south ridge in sunshine, though across the way, Big Interior and Septimus were in cloud till afternoon. We spent a happy hour on the top admiring the Taylor Glacier, the Moyeha valley and the north peak of Tom Taylor. It was a happy day, a first mountain for Lisa, a good climb for 14 year old Tim, and we would all hope to be able to duplicate Bill's climb when we are past 70.

The lift off from Bedwell is a thrill as the lake is very small and ringed by bluffs. Those tree tops seemed to brush the floats as we skimmed over the ridges and down to Buttle's. In minutes we were back at the lake and a wonderful week, though marred by some rain, was over. It is a wild lovely area of true wilderness and no effort should be spared by club members to stop present and future destruction by mining companies.

Sid Watts.



Hikers met at the Courtenay Court House, 9.00 A.M., good weather expected. The group was large, being 39 persons.

Going through the logging company's gate, we were told we had to be off the logging roads by 1 o'clock, so this meant we would have to be out of the gate before 1 o'clock Monday. Arrived at the farthest point we could travel on the logging road around 10.30 and the group hiked to the first creek crossing, having to walk the last two miles of the road, and there had lunch. Having young children and a large group of hikers with different paces the group spread out quite a way on the hike to the ridge. Four hikers didn't go any further than the creek as they had blistered feet and were not in condition to go further. The leader decided to camp further along the alpine ridge where there is a large lake and a good area to camp with plenty of room for such a large group. Most of the group swam in the lake as they turned up, after the back-packing up there.

The camp was woken early and almost all of the group started for the glacier, again spreading out over quite a distance. All made the glacier and walked to the far end, where some sunbathed. Others explored around the rocks and photographed the marvellous views on all sides. Groups started off down at intervals, some looking at the crevasses on the way. The largest amount left about 3 o'clock and arrived back at camp at 5.30, the last getting in by 7 o'clock. Most went swimming again. In the morning camp was woken at 5.30 so as to get to the vehicles by midday. Sunrise was beautiful both mornings. On the hike down, the slower hikers left earlier and all were on the way by 7.30. Groups got off the trail on the ridge and less occasionally on the drop into the gully. All reached the cars by 12.15, just in time to drive out on the logging roads before the gate was closed.

All had a good time, and the weather being continuously fine, conditions could not have been better.

Don Apps.

Warden and Victoria Peak (7095')  
(6500'+)

Sept 2-3-4

Leader, Bill Perry

Franz Bislin and I met in Parksville and drove to Kelsey Bay, Friday night, Sept 1. We slept in the fogdamp woods by the White River and arrived in Kelsey Bay logging camp at 7.00 A.M., as scheduled. Nobody showed up for either trip. (Our objective was Warden; apparently the Victoria trip, which was supposed to meet there at the same time, was cancelled or met elsewhere.)

We drove up the White River mainline and left the car at the end of spur WR 340. After wading the White River, we followed the Elk trails south along the west bank of the creek which separates Queen Peak from the Victoria-Warden massif. Two miles upstream we turned west up the creek which later becomes a gorge, then tapers off and leads to the low point of the Victoria-Warden col. I would not recommend this route so late in the year. The snow was not continuous in the creek bed. We had to leave it and bushwhack for several hundred feet, which seemed like several thousand. The brush on the east side of Victoria and Warden is the worst I've ever encountered. One is well advised to stick to snow gullies or gradual timbered ridges.

Once through the col, we spied a small pond slightly below and north of us. Here we pitched camp at 5200' on the northwest ridge of Warden. From a point near our campsite we could view Mount Waddington and most of the Coast Range. To the west, Rugged Mountain and the Haihte Range impressed us with their jagged pinnacles. We had to climb a few hundred feet to see Strathcona, where the Elkhorn-Rambler-Col Foster group was clearly visible.

At 8:30, the morning of Sept 3, we left for the summit of Warden Peak. We traversed around to the north side of the rock pillar which is the summit block and a bit further on, a narrow ledge which brought us further north and slightly east. Here we found a wide groove which we followed directly to the summit and the second ascent of Warden. I suppose our route would have to be called grade 3, as it is exposed in places, with some loose rock. Holds were plentiful and climbing easy enough so that ropes were not required. Clear, warm weather and dry rock were also in our favour.

So there we were on top of Warden at 10:00 A.M., all dressed up with no place to go. We added our notes to the 1st ascent record left by



Guilbride et al., and decided to give Victoria Peak a try from this side. Essentially, our plan was to reverse the route of the 1st ascent of Warden, i.e., traverse the east face of Victoria Peak "via a ledge system around the 6000 ft level". From the top of Warden we could see two ledges. The lower one was more accessible, but the upper seemed more likely to take us where we wanted to go. We followed the lower ledge until it was blocked by a steep snow gully (we'd left our ice axes in camp, seeing no need for them on Warden). We backtracked to a point where the upper ledge was only 200 feet above, and spotted a route. After three leads of medium to hard class 5 we reached the upper ledge. The three rope leads at such a slow pace seemed insignificant on this 2000 foot face, but from here on it was just a scramble (class 2-3) to the normal route and the summit. We transferred the plaque, "They hold the heights/ They won" from the west summit to the obviously higher east summit and added a few rocks to the cairn.

We varied the descent by traversing the upper ledge to its end above the glacier on the northwest side of Victoria. From here it took three rappelles, one of them a pendulum, and two traverses to avoid the gaping bergschrund and reach the snow beside it. We returned to camp with time enough for two hours of sunbathing before supper. That night our campfire and the Milky Way competed to illumine the night sky as we listened to the crashings and gut-rumblings of the glacier and talked of other mountains, other climbs. I'm surprised no-one has mentioned the Victoria glacier in previous write-ups. Despite its small size, its crevasses and ice-fall were most impressive as viewed from our campsite.

The next morning we descended west down a snow gully to a small lake and then north beside a creek to the White River. We crossed the river on logs and followed it several miles to our starting point.

I should think that the Victoria-Warden group would be of more interest to climbers than has been evident so far. Neither peak has been climbed by any but the easiest routes, and many new and fascinating lines exist. Increasingly easy road access and attractive high campsites will probably make these among the more popular mountains on the Island in the near future.

Bill Perry.

Mount Moriarty (5283')

Sept 17

Leader, Bill Perry

Eight of us met at Northwest Bay at 7:00 A.M., and drove in two cars to the end of spur 146-41 C. It is possible to drive a half mile further than last year at this time. Those participating were Alan Robinson, Ralph Hutchinson, Joe Bajan, John Ricker, Warrick Whitehead, Linda Burnham, Bob Down and Bill Perry.

By 10:00 we had ascended the northeast ridge to the "lake", a small spring near the base of the north-facing cliffs below the summit. Only Joe, Ralph and I were interested in rock climbing. Three-party climbing was considered too time consuming, so Ralph volunteered to lead the hikers over the summit and along the south ridge to a minor summit overlooking the Nanaimo Lakes country. The hikers experienced alternate sunny, cloudy, and foggy periods. During a prolonged lunch break on a rocky knoll, someone luxuriating in the heather remarked, "This is the life".

Meanwhile, Joe and I did not have enough time to establish any new routes as planned, but the last pitch of "The slot" was led for the second time, as well as the entire "Middle C" route, including the former aid pitch.

When the hikers returned, we all participated in some top-rope climbing on a 50 foot face on the lower section of the cliff. We left at 4:00 and retraced our route to the cars.

I felt lucky to be able to lead a club trip to Moriarty in good weather (see last year's Timberline Tales, Sept 12/71) and share one of my favourite mountains with others who may wish to lead hiking trips up Moriarty's many ridges or establish new routes on its impressive cliffs.

Bill Perry.