

ISLAND MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS

TIMBERLINE TALES

FALL 1979

MACKENZIE RANGE July 30,31,Aug. 1, 1977

On Saturday it rained. We decided to delay our start, and spent the day walking along the sea cliffs between Wreck Bay and Wickaninnish Beach. Early Sunday morning we started up, minus Dave Coombes, who opted for more solo beach hiking. We slogged upwards through wet bush for 6 hours (this trip seems to take longer every year) to timberline, where a welcome sun broke thru the mist, turning the meadows suddenly and brilliantly to the most idealized vision of a mountain landscape. A great variety of flowers were in bloom and without Dave, we had to call upon our combined botanical lore to identify them.

We all established camp at my favourite snow patch on top of "false peak". Soon afterwards, Nicki and I left for MacKenzie Summit, reaching the top just in time to see Al and Tom begin roping down from their successful climb of Redwall. The other two explored around camp, as I recall.

A highlight of the trip was returning to camp - the whole scene bathed in the most outrageous sunset - silhouetting the Maitlands - flooding everything in a hushed, purple glow, to contemplate and savour, then and now.

The next morning, the pair from Victoria attempted Redwall Peak, Nicki wandered along the ridge to the North, and Tom, Al and I left for Flat-Top. This was the last unclimbed pinnacle of the main group of six. Two or three hundred feet of class 3 (maybe a touch of 3+ in places) brought us to the notch between Shadowblade and Flat-Top. The next pitch had a couple of hard moves, but was not very long or exposed. Here, Tom decided to wait, while Al led the vertical section and belayed me up to the easy summit friction pitch. On top there was a group of rocks which could conceivably have been a cairn (but more likely not, we told ourselves)!

We returned to camp, rested and finished the long hot descent to the highway with daylight to spare.

Besides being a beautiful and seldom, visited area, there are lots of challenging rock climbs left. The North Wall of MacKenzie summit (at least 700 feet) seems especially worth a try. The more distant peaks in the MacKenzies have no recorded ascents, and look like a lot of fun, but would require more than a 3-day weekend.

Participants: Al Harrison Tom Emerson
Nicki Westarp Bill Perry (reporter)
two guys from Victoria whose names I've (apologies)
lost track of.

"Time spent climbing mountains will not be deducted from your life."

by Carl Smith; from "Off Belay", an adaptation of an old Chinese saying.

LOWER BURMAN LAKES

October/1977

After years of waiting, and failed attempts in number, Dave Coombes' Burman Lakes trip got off the water in Gold River. Tom Muirhead, Mike Taylor, Al Harrison, and Simon Rivers-Moore (a flatlander picked up in Foo Hong's) took off with the Fearless Leader.

After landing at Burman Lake, we all hiked up to the edge of the big cirque on the south flank of the Golden Hinde. There, Tom, Mike, and Simon were given maps, with route inscribed and oral directions, and then they set off for the summit of the Golden Hinde, while Al and Dave trogged over to the Be-Hinde.

The Be-Hinde was an easy climb, but quite unpleasant on top, with fresh snow on verglas. Clouds ruined the view, so they did not linger long after lunch, and they were soon down to their packs. No sign was seen of Tom and Co., and they trucked off down the mountainside and slabby talus slope. They passed by a clear blue tarn which was about 12 feet deep or more, and on to a marble outcrop. Al left Dave to look at ferns, and went ahead to set up camp.

The others failed to arrive, and the next day Al went to walk out, but found a recent knee injury kept him to gentle grades, so he and Dave spent a lovely sunny day hiking around the meadows, tarns, ponds, and lakes, picking berries and taking photos while enjoying the view.

About 6:00 P.M. the plane came in and took them off, still no sign of Tom, Mike and Simon. A short flight around and a flashing mirror, with a puff of smoke, revealed three figures on the north ridge of the Be-Hinde.

Al and Dave spent a pleasant day at Donner Lake, fishing and picking berries, while roundly cursing their comrades' addled sense of direction.

They made a trip down to Gold River, and Dave flew out to the pick-up point. No sign of the three was seen, after flying around all the lakes, peaks, ridges and valleys in the area. The pilot insisted on landing at all the lakes within walking distance, and struck paydirt on the last one.

The story they told was a long one. Firstly, they had climbed the Hinde from the cirque - up the south face - which had taken 5-6 hours due to iced up rock and fresh snow. Coming down, they made a right-hand turn onto a glacier flowing north, and camped by a small lake, after negotiating several problems along the steep, rocky shore. The next day, realizing their blunder, they looked at their maps and decided to walk down the next valley rather than climbing back up the glacier and out. This proved to be the wrong decision when, arriving at the lake, they discovered cliffs dropping hundreds of feet into cold, black water. They climbed up the spine of the Be-Hinde to see us taking off, where upon they made their signal fire.

The next day, they found the Be-Hinde did not offer an easy out (at about 5.7) so they rappelled off (after Simon's short course on rappelling) taking the whole day. When the plane came by, they got a bit gripped, but made it, as you know by now.

Finis

David M. V. Coombes

UCLUELET SEA CLIFFS

October 22, 1977

On a rainswept day
of October gray
on the sea cliffs
we went strolling.

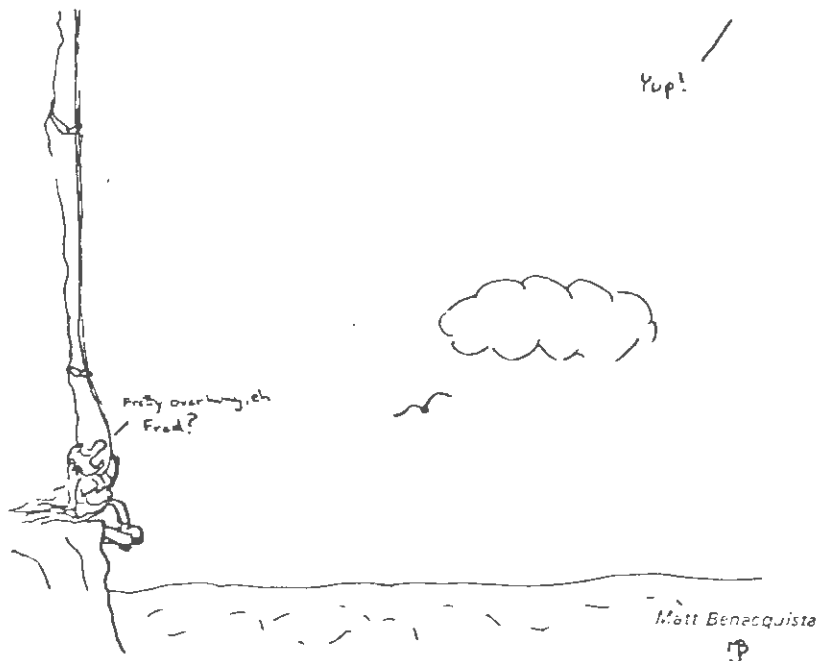
And the sea rolled by
and the waves foamed high
with the west wind rolling, rolling.

And rolling, and crashing - vibrating the rocky headland, sending sheets and plumes of spray unbelievably high. As we, the twelve whose names appear below this brief report, at first bushwhacked, then scrambled, slithered, played in the sand and tried puddle - jumping games with waves as big as boxcars. Then we danced, leaped a few surge channels, scrambled again as the rain let up and most got wet anyway, misjudging the odd wave.

In a few scant hours, we covered the distance between the south end of Wreck Bay and a place called Fletcher's Beach. Some of us continued on around a further rocky headland to see a blowhole, which was, needless to say, outdoing itself in this storm.

We gathered that evening in the Wickaninnish Inn for a festive farewell to that great old institution of the West Coast.

The cast, in order of appearance (approximately) were: Bill Perry (leader and reporter), Margaret Symon, Jan Frazer, Danusia Kanachowski, Mary Spoke, Kathy Christie, Keith McNab, Mike Taylor, Brian Johnson, Ton de Groot, Lynn and Laura Paterson, and Bob Tustin.



PRICE CREEK WORK PARTY

August 26/27, 1978

The C.D.M.C. work party of July 1st weekend saw the Price Creek trail snipped and marked to Cream Creek. Hoping for help to do the snipping and mattock work up to Cream Lake, Ramblers were invited to help. Only Don Apps, Jack Shark, and Ruth Masters showed up with aluminum cable for the log crossing, two tiny signs, chain saws and 3M markers. However, there was so much work needed at the start of the trail, that we sawed logs and snipped back the new growth for about a mile through Thelwood burn and matted across the slide but we needed more manpower to get up to Cream Creek. It's not a fancy job BUT the best way to appreciate our trail is to try going anywhere in that valley where our trail isn't!!!

Participants: Al Harrison (leader) Ruth Masters (reporter)
 Don Apps Jack Shark

FORBIDDEN PLATEAU

Thanksgiving 1978

The Plateau trip this year should be perhaps referred to as an experience and left at that. Enjoying the fog and rain were a group of "happy people" consisting of old Ramblers, two new wives (wondering what kind of nut they married) and six new people.

In spite of the adverse conditions spirits were kept high by "coffee" bull sessions, building lectures, De-bor-raaaaa's lyrics and discussions concerning various aspects of "Tustinology". Don and Maralyn Dalton had planned to hold a dance (Ontario style) in Claire Taylor's dance hall, but Claire packed out to try his luck fishing on the Oyster.

On Sunday, a day hike was conducted in the Circler Lake area by the "happy people". While in this area we encountered a party on their way home. At their campsite numerous new cans were found in their still burning campfire; therefore the litter was packed out and a letter mailed to the leader of the concerned group.

For a time it looked like the weather might break, but no such luck prevailed. As a result of thick fog plans were altered and we returned to camp for more "coffee" serious talks. It was decided to leave early Monday morning since there was no point lounging about in the swirling mist. True to form, the weather broke as we left camp and hurried off to the D.Q. in Courtenay.

Congratulations to the newcomers. We all enjoyed your company and sense of humour.

Lynn Paterson (leader and reporter)

CHEMAINUS RIVER VALLEY
CROSS COUNTRY SKI SCHOOL

January 7, 1979

Mike, Pat, and I met along with Ralph Brawn and company at Bridie's for breakfast. The skiers met at Chemainus while Ralph drove on to climb Mt. Whympier.

Snow did not look very promising but we raced up the valley anyway and sure enough, there it was just like last week. We parked at Rhienhart Lake, had a short lesson, then down to the lake for some practice. After practice we set off on a X-C trip, only to run into ice farther down the road. At this point we lunched and headed back to practice some "downhill" cross-country. Then (along with some sunburn), we headed out for a snack at the Haida-way in Chemainus.

Participants: Brian Johnson (leader and reporter)
Mike and Pat Taylor Innes Cooper
Bob and Janice Spearing Randy Carter
Mac Page Barbara Cowell
Lois Hubert

SONG FOR A PHACELIA

So silky this phacelia
growing in the mountain morn'
So gray
before the day
sets alight
the snowy heights
with orange rays of warming light;
Stamens of fire
engulf the spires
higher
and
higher
'til the sky blooms petal-purple
on this phacelia dawning day.

Margaret Symon

MT. CORONATION

January 21, 1979

The day dawned clear and sunny as we approached the Diamond overpass about one mile north of Ladysmith. Immediately before the overpass we turned left onto a side road which continued northerly dropping down to the level of the railway track. The road then turned to the left onto a Crown Zellerbach logging road which leads into the Mt. Brenton/Mt. Coronation area. Snow and ice at the higher elevations prevented us from driving further than about five miles at about the 1400' level. Our car suddenly swung around on the ice with one of the front wheels ending up in the snow filled ditch. The B.M.H.&D. Hasty Pushing Service assisted the car back onto the road.

At this point, we hiked on the ice and then snow covered road for three miles to the 2500' level where we put on snowshoes. The road led in a southerly direction to a cleared area at 3200' elevation near a swamp where we had lunch and a clear view of the coast mountains and Mt. Baker to the south-east.

After lunch we hiked around the southwest side of the swamp and proceeded to ascend the north ridge of Mt. Coronation. As the slope became steeper, those with plastic snowshoes found they had insufficient traction. Jan, Derek, John, and Doreen continued up the ridge on snowshoes to the 4200' level. As the ridge became too narrow and steep for snowshoes, we removed them and continued to the top of the ridge. Sometimes we were walking on the crust and other times sinking one or two feet into the soft snow beneath.

The summit was a treed area on a ridge gently sloping off to the southwest and east. We looked through the trees to assure there was no higher point to establish that we had reached the summit. After spending a few minutes for a quick snack, we left at 3:15, retraced our footsteps down the ridge and overtook the remainder of the group about an hour later. Snowshoeing most of the way back down the logging road, we reached the cars in the dusk at 5:40. We had hiked and snowshoed about ten miles aside from the summit climb.

While some members drove directly home, a few of us stopped at Bridie's Restaurant for dinner. This was an exhilarating hike in an area suitable for snowshoeing and skiing.

Members: John and Doreen Cowlin	Bob and Janice Spearing
(leaders and reporters)	Mac Page
Hank Wilkinson	

Guests: Derek Shaw(now a member)	Mayumi Flynn
Joyce Deshield	Tomoka Makabe

MT. BUTLER

March 11, 1979

Located immediately south of the ski slopes of Green Mountain in the Nanaimo Lakes area, Mt. Butler has two peaks, the north peak at 4000 ft. and the southerly main peak at 4700 ft. With the outing also on the Outdoor Club of Victoria schedule, we left Victoria at 6:40 A.M., meeting Bob and Barbara Graves and Routledges shortly after 8:00 A.M. at the turnoff for the Nanaimo Lakes. Continuing westerly, we drove eight miles past the logging camp, where we turned south to follow Green Creek. We passed snow on the north side of Green Mountain right down to the road at the 1000' level. At the turnoff for the steep road up Green Mountain, there were quite a few cars parked, but no snow on the southwest slope till near 3000 feet. Continuing along the Green Creek road we drove another mile to the junction of Bell Creek, at 1500 feet, where we parked the cars. Lets make a good hike out of it, without driving half way up the summit.

The nine of us, ascended the northerly ridge in cloudy skies, a little drizzle and the ceiling around 3500 feet - a pretty dull day, but with the odd suggestion of blue sky to lead us on, with the assumption that conditions would improve.

As we hiked through the young forest, and then up the slope which was planted a few years ago, we noticed that someone had cut the alder to allow the fir to get a good start. As we ascended the slope we crossed a number of logging roads before we reached the soft snow at 2000-2500'. Until we gained more altitude, we hiked in the standing timber. Above 3000 feet, we again hiked up the cleared area, stopping for a second breakfast at about 10:30 in the lee of a hill to get out of the gusts of wind. Continuing, the snow was generally firmer and we made good time in the logged area up to 3500 feet where the higher timber was enveloped in the clouds, making navigation more challenging. Entering the timber we hiked up a steep slope, sometimes sinking a foot or two. At the north summit we were in cloud and could not see the other peak or even the lake between the two peaks. Fortunately, there was a rock outcrop where we could sit to have lunch in the snow at 1:00 P.M. With the temperature well above freezing, even at 4000 feet we were getting wet in the falling snow. Retracing our steps, we returned to the cars in two hours, quite damp, but having had a reasonable workout, especially in climbing out of soft snow when, without warning, we sank to the top of the legs.

While the Graves and Routledges returned to Lantzville, the other two cars drove to Bridie's Restaurant, north of Duncan, for supper before continuing home.

Members: Doreen and John Cowlin	Barbara and Bob Graves
(leaders and reporters)	George Kelly

Guests: Adele and Dave Routledge	Chris Pritchett
Derek Shaw	

EL CAPITAN

April 22, 1979

A fine Sunday and an interesting mountain saw a group of 27 turn out to hike up El Capitan. The group split into two, one led by John Cowlin and the other by Brian Johnson, tailed by Mike Taylor. Brian's group took a different route heading at first up slash and then into a snow gully where we plodded up and up, at first led by Brian with two left feet, then others, as kicking steps was hard work. It was decided we were on a 35° slope, though it felt more as though we were on an 80 storey building!! At the top of this gully we were led astray by Brian who thought we could traverse directly to the ridge to El Capitan but a rock face saw us follow Brian in steps that were fine for the first few but for all after had fallen away, the conditions being very poor. So under the rock face and up the other side, losing both elevation and time in the process. We made the ridge to see the long line of the other group almost to the ridge; both groups arrived at the summit more or less at the same time.

A long lunch break was then enjoyed where all could lounge around and guess all the peaks surrounding us. For the descent, the groups changed around a bit and we set off down with the other group to make a round trip. There were many good sitting glissades going down which made a quick descent even for those that thought it would be difficult; they were amazed at how easily and quickly they made it. Both groups were off the mountain early in the afternoon.

John Cowlin (leader) Warrick Whitehead (reporter)

MT. HOLMES

June 3, 1979

To find the start of the Mt. Holmes trail, you turn off the main road by the Youbou Community Church and park in the Community Hall parking lot. Follow the dirt road for a couple of hundred yards north-east of the fire hydrant, to a point below the dam that holds Youbou's water supply. The trail starts at this point and will take you to the 1500' level with a beautiful view of Cowichan Lake and Youbou.

From here you follow the ridge in a northwesterly direction for about half a mile, then turn in a northerly direction for another half mile through a dense thicket, a result of a fire during the 1950's. Continue north after you have passed through the thicket until you reach the ridge of Mt. Holmes. Follow the ridge in an easterly direction for about a mile. This will take you to an open area with spectacular views of the surrounding countryside. The highest point on the mountain is about half a mile northeast of here. There is a tree covered plateau around the summit which is quite attractive. You can descend into the Widow Creek valley by heading north from the viewpoint near the summit or by heading northeast to the logged off area between Mt. Holmes and Mt. Franklin. The Widow Creek logging road will then take you back to Youbou.

Participants: Mac Page (leader and reporter)
 John Cowlin
 Bob and Janice Spearing

MT. PREVOST AND CAVE

May 27, 1979

I was more than slightly embarrassed when I took branch D instead of branch E, and led the group down a dead-end road, which resulted in our bushwhacking our way up the steep mountain side in rain and wet brush. I knew that eventually we would come to branch E but it turned out to be a long way to bushwhack. Once on the proper road, all was well, and we reached the cave without further trouble. I have lived within plain sight of Prevost for the last thirty-three years, and first set foot on it forty-two years ago; and yet I go and take a wrong turn!

We had our lunch in the cave and then scrambled directly up to the summit. It was cold on the summit and we had a short shower of ice crystals and snow. When we had had our fill of viewing the sights, and chilly air, we descended on the road by which four-wheel drive vehicles can almost reach the very top of the mountain. On our way down we stopped for a long chat with a logger friend of mine who was taking out logs.

Participants: Dave and Tracy Anderson
 Billie Sadlish
 Gerry Pement
 Kathy Cunningham
 Don Bolton (leader and reporter)

FORBIDDEN PLATEAU

July 13,14,15, 1979

Some club members expressed interest in this one, but for various reasons had to cancel out when the weekend approached. This left me alone - wishing to go but unsure about the weather. When I heard the weather might be O.K., I got a friend who was hungry for Mt. Albert Edward - and within a couple of hours of deciding, we were on our way!

After the usual two hour hike out of Cruikshank Canyon, we were making camp just short of Circlet Lake at around ten o'clock in the evening - just getting dark. Next day was perfect so we set off for the summit of Albert Edward. Allowing ourselves twelve hours of sunlight for the round trip, we got in plenty of picture taking. As it turned out, we were back in camp in about 10-1/2 hours. I only volunteer this information as a guide to any other old and burned-out people who might want to do Albert Edward!!

The following day we set out for Mariwood Lake, Lake Beautiful, and the cliff tops of Cruikshank Canyon. I lost both my sunglasses and a cup, but was lucky to retrieve everything. As I neared our camp on the way back, I passed a large pond in the middle of which a black bear was swimming. I made the mistake of shouting for my friend with the camera, who was in camp ahead of me - he never heard me as a rock bluff intervened, but the bear heard me. When his feet touched down in the shallows he was soon out of sight. I will not reveal what outstanding scenery we happened upon on our way out of Cruikshank Canyon. Our camera man was sorely tempted, but it would have been impertinent of him to have used his camera.

only two of us: Cyril Weismiller and Don Bolton

After some road building and sightseeing on logging roads the group of eight persons, three which had joined us after the Victoria Peak trip (which was also scheduled that weekend) was rained out.

We set off at 10 A.M. through the avalanche greenery. Hanno, taking photos one moment, disappeared the next so I went back finding that he had lost his camera. While we looked for it the rest of the group continued in a more northerly direction than I had originally planned so the route was set. This route turned out to be a steep scramble with a fair amount of bush whacking. Finally, at 1:30 P.M., we reached the ridge high up the peak to the north of our objective. The col between the two peaks was easily crossed from there. With time getting short, we tried (without packs) to climb the last knob from the north but were turned back by rock bluffs so traversed around to the south where a wet gully gave us enough holds to scramble up to the last easy slopes to the summit of Hooper. For a day that looked doubtful before we started, the weather was excellent and from the top views were excellent in all directions. Since it was 5:15, we soon headed down following the snow covered ridge down to Bomber Lake where a cutback gives an easy descent to the valley above the twin falls which we came between on the return. We at last caught a bit of trail leading down to the avalanche meadows and were soon back at the cars.

Dave and Bev looked like walking greenery having collected some very rare species of fern along the way. To end an excellent day, we watched two elk disappear beneath the spectacular falls, which all present agreed should be named Bomber Falls since it appears that their water source is Bomber Lake. In the cars, we came across four more elk along the road, as we were driving out. They stopped and looked at us; when they went on their way, so did we.

- Participants: Dave Coombes
- Mike Taylor
- Hanno Ehrenberg
- Jan and Warrick Whitehead (leaders and reporters)
- Bev MacLean
- Loretta(sorry, no last name)
- Marga Olson



EXPLODING THE WILDERNESS MYTH

MYTH: Only the wealthy leisure class can afford to use wilderness.

FACT: A study by the U.S. Forest Service's Missoula office found that the cost for wilderness recreation is the same or lower than that for other types of outdoor recreation. A snowmobile, 4-wheel drive vehicle, or trail bike is more expensive than a backpack or good pack horse. **Anyone, regardless of their income or leisure time, can use wilderness areas.**



COMOX GLACIER & ARGUS MOUNTAIN June 30-July 2,1979

It started off being a very popular trip judging by the number of inquiries on the phone. Well, the sudden change in weather conditions also caused a sudden change in enthusiasm for this outing. When we met by the Courtenay courthouse at the appointed hour, a veritable cloudburst occurred, leaving only four climbers assembled on the front steps. Without hesitation, we headed in the direction of an even more dismal looking sky.

After an hours drive, we left the vehicles and proceeded up the Comox Creek track on foot. A four hour hike up the steep track brought us up to the ridge at 4000 feet elevation, reasonably dry as the weather had improved considerably and it stayed dry until it was time to hit the sack. During the night the monotonous rain turned to snow. Needless to say, we were in no hurry to get up in the morning so we got a late start. Just then the clouds were beginning to disperse as we hiked along the ridge up and down various gaps, cutting across Black Cat Mountain, over Lone Tree Pass and up to Comox Mountain. It was a pleasant sensation to walk over the pure vastness of the neve of the Comox Glacier. There at a prominent rock outcrop, we lunched and split up. Russ and Derrick decided to return to camp.

Ominous clouds again appeared in the distance partly obscuring the Red Pillar and our objective "The Argus". For Mike, this was no ordinary mountain, not just a peak that had to be climbed; it had a deeper significance.

The weather held but as a precaution, we marked the route with boughs stuck in the snow as we went along in case a white-out should make our return hazardous. On the approach, a cairn erected in memory of Harry Winstone acts as a reminder of that intrepid mountaineer who fell to his death on Mt. Argus twenty years ago.

The climb was made more interesting when we deviated somewhat from the standard route and ended up scaling the East face. After a brief stop at the summit, we retreated in haste as it began to snow. Descending the snow gully we glissaded down in seconds and some three hours later we were back at camp where Russ had a very welcome cup of tea waiting for us.

Mission accomplished, we returned to civilization the following day. A successful trip spent in good company.

Participants: Alfred Menninga (leader and reporter)
Russ Pierce
Derrick Randall
Mike Winstone

KENNEDY RIVER SLIDE HIKE

July 8, 1979

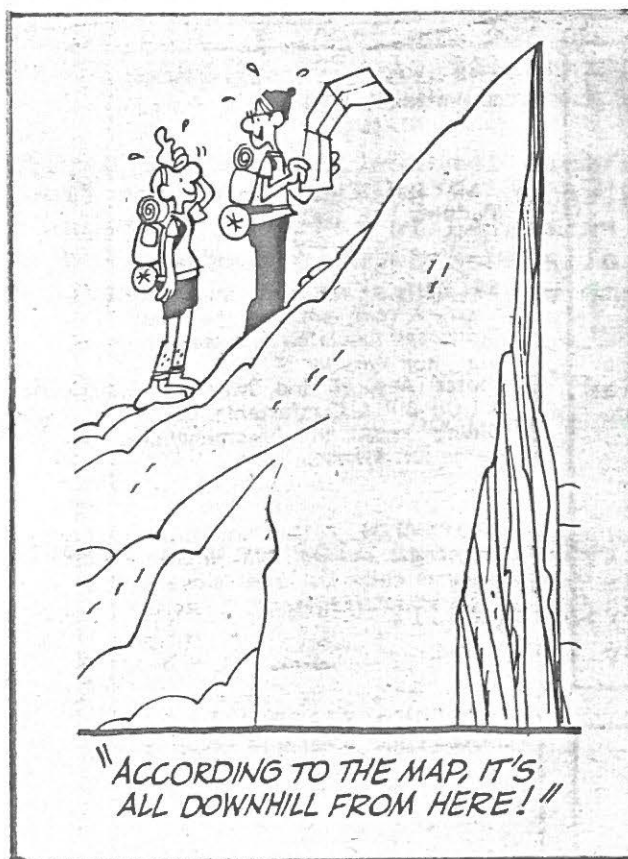
We have had a very dry spring and early summer. I have been saying all along that we needed a forty-eight hour downpour. Well, we got it starting on the afternoon of July 7th. It poured all night and was still doing the same at 6 A.M. No way could I carry on with my hike because there would be close to two miles of rather easy (but very wet) bushwhacking.

I phoned Pat Leahy at 6:15 A.M. to let him know that the hike was canceled. Last year I put the hike on especially for Pat and again this year. Last year he had other commitments on that day. I told him that I would do it again within a few weeks. Once again we were defeated; the woods were closed due to extremely dry conditions. This year, too much rain. We will make it one of these days!

A hiker from Tofino phoned me early in the week and we had arranged where to meet on the Tofino highway. I did not get his name or phone number so I had no choice but to drive the thirty miles and meet him. When we arrived, there was no one there. A lady friend (hiker) accompanied me so we hiked for about six hours in the downpour. There was so much water on the roads that after about an hour or so, we did not try to avoid the puddles. We waded through as though we had hip waders on!

We did not go to the slide area; we just hiked on the logging roads, but the hike was well worth it. The Kennedy River was rampant. We finally quit counting the beautiful waterfalls cascading down the mountains.

Billie Sadlish



KULSHAN CABIN (MT. BAKER, WASH.) July 27 - 29, 1979

Koma Kulshan, the native indians called Mt. Baker. White and steep; how I wish more of our mountains bore the names that natives must have known them as for untold centuries. Instead we have them named after people who may not ever have gotten as close as two hundred miles to them! There are some people we all know well, who through their devotion and hard work have eased our own progress through the wilderness areas of this island. These people have been there! Having been there, they have blazed and mapped a trail for less capable people such as I to follow and enjoy. These leaders are entitled in my opinion, to have an unnamed mountain, lake, canyon, or falls named in their honour. But to have a beautiful mountain such as Koma Kulshan named after a sailor who may never have set foot in the Continental U.S.A. - well, it makes me sick! The early Spanish explorers called the mountain "La Montand del Carmelo" (The Great White Watcher). Although rather cumbersome, this name has more meaning than "Baker".

But, I'm getting away from the subject of the trip. The day we arrived, we took a camp site near the Glacier Creek road that leads to the Kulshan Cabin trail. Then we went to see Nooksack Falls and drove up the Wells Creek road for several miles where it was possible to get spectacular views of Mt. Baker and Chowder Ridge.

The next day, we hiked to a viewpoint overlooking the Coleman Glacier. We saw many marmots, lots of flowers, even a wolverine, as well as close up views of Grants Peak and various glaciers. I had never before seen a stretch of white water above the rocks that formed the sky-line ridge, yet, there it was - rapids between rock and sky!

A young man was killed on Baker the day we arrived; he fell through a snow bridge over a crevasse. I understand he only went down about ten feet, but while being pulled out, his harness broke and he fell much farther, got wedged in and died of hypothermia before he could be rescued. This was all told to me on the mountain, so some of the facts may not be correct.

Our own trip was just an easy hike of 1 1/4 hours to Kulshan Cabin, then another mile to the edge of the Coleman Glacier. There we had our lunch and enjoyed the sun and scenery.

The following day we drove up the Austin Pass way and visited Artists Point to enjoy the view of Mt. Shuksan and many other high peaks north and east of Mt. Baker. There are many good trails to enjoy if one had enough time and energy. We returned to Canada and home the same day.

Participants: Billie Sadlish
 Elenor Richardson
 Eileen Bolton
 Don Bolton (leader and reporter)

MT. AUGERPOINT

September 23, 1979

On a previous trip in the Augerpoint area, Al Harrison pointed off into the clouds and rain, and told me that the summit lay about 1 1/2 - 2 hours away. Well, at that point we were sitting at the top of the trail, reaching saturation point from a typical fall monsoon, when one of our party started to come down with hypothermia. Needless to say, that was as far as we got as we beat a hasty retreat down the trail to find someplace dry and warm.

The usual approach to climbing Augerpoint, is to pack up the trail, camp on the ridge, and then do the peak the next day, making a two day weekend. Our fairly reasonable time on the previous trip prompted me to try it as a day hike.

And so, on Sept. 23, another beautiful day (as was the case all summer) dawned as the four of us met at the trailhead. We started hiking at 8:00 A.M. and made good time up the trail, with one brief stop to swat at wasps which erupted out of their nest in the middle of the trail! About 3 hours hiking saw us up in the meadows on top of the ridge. At this point, the trail stops but the going is very easy and open along the ridge. The small lake to the east of the ridge was a gorgeous turquoise colour, very much like Peyto Lake or Lake Louise in the Rockies.

By-passing the next bump, via some wide ledges and scree slopes to the north, we were almost to the 5700' middle peak by lunchtime. The sun took its toll as we started to succumb to "tustinitis" after lunch! But, after some spurring, we carried on over the middle peak, down its south ridge, and after some pleasant scrambling, were on top of Mt. Augerpoint (South Peak - 6094') at 2:30 P.M.

After depositing the summit register in the cairn, a few pictures of the incredible view (including Mt. Waddington looming off in the distance), and emptying the last of our water into our parched throats, we set off down the mountain. The only drawback was having to climb back up and over the middle peak! Soon, after filling up with water at one of the many pretty tarns on the ridge, we were scooting down the trail and forcing our tired bods to run past the aforesaid wasp nest. We hit the road at about 7:00 P.M., just as it was starting to get dark, and were soon on our way down island, very content with the days efforts.

This peak and the surrounding area makes a worthwhile objective at this time of year and it is possible as a day trip. It's nice not having that 50 pound pack to carry all the way up! Anybody planning to do this peak in one day should be sure of their endurance and weather as it is a LONG day hike, including about 5500' of altitude gain.

Oh ya, and watch the wasps!!!!

Participants: Jan and Warrick Whitehead
Hanno Ehrenberg
Mike Taylor (leader and reporter)

Victoria Times

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1979

GORDON BELL
Managing Editor

COLIN McCULLOUGH
Publisher

BARBARA McLINTOCK
Editor

Logging in the Parks

It may seem academic whether or not to allow loggers into one of British Columbia's smaller provincial parks to remove wind-felled timber that some say is ripe for an infestation of disease and insect pests which might threaten healthy stands of trees.

Lands and Parks Minister Jim Chabot says that trees blown down in 1975 in the northeastern corner of Bowron Lake park constitute a special problem, and the government may allow logging.

There is disagreement about how severe the insect problem is, but the mere possibility of logging off part of a provincial park is worrying those with long memories of what previous provincial governments allowed in supposedly inviolable provincial parks. It is not over-cautious to suggest that allowing chain saws into one park — even if only to remove diseased trees — is setting a precedent that could see logging in other parks.

The minister is probably entirely sincere in his assertions, but the past performance of other parks ministers makes us uneasy. They made similar statements about getting out the diseased and decadent timber cluttering up the parks; then logging and mining were allowed in provincial parks.

Strathcona Park, the only big recreational reserve on Vancouver Island, is a case study in the results of allowing industry into a park. The "conservation policy" of the old Social Credit government in the 1950s and 1960s allowed mining companies and logging firms to transform parts of the park into a wasteland.

The government could not void Crown-granted mineral claims of the 1920s, but it was derelict in doing nothing about a 1949 cabinet order which allowed another 162 claims to be staked between 1959 and 1962. It was those claims which allowed the Western Mines copper mine to go ahead, with all its ugly pollution of Buttle Lake.

Logging was allowed in different areas of the park, a few thousand acres here, a few thousand there, and Strathcona's unique qualities (which one visitor early this century compared to Yosemite in California) were allowed to deteriorate. The park's western boundaries skirted the superb Pacific slopes of the Island, a natural addition to any park, because the logging of those slopes was thought to be a higher priority.

This tale has put many British Columbians on their guard, whenever "logging" and "parks" are mentioned by their government in

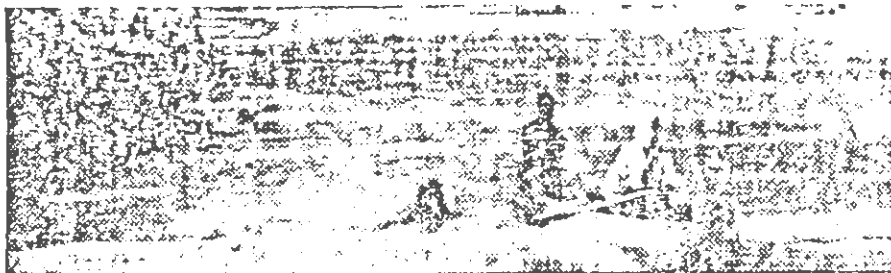
the same sentence. This time, they are doubly suspicious of the government's motives.

There are reasonable grounds for opposing logging in the parks under any circumstances, even with the threat of insects. In the current case even this justification has been questioned.

Federal forestry experts say the Bowron Lake park blowdown is likely to escape any beetle infestation. The timber has dried out so much that the threat has diminished considerably.

It recalls the spruce budworm scare campaign mounted by Forests Minister Tom Waterland through 1976 and 1977. Thousands of square miles in the B.C. interior faced imminent doom if the trees weren't sprayed with insecticide, he told us. Vociferous protests caused the cabinet to back down and suspend the spraying program. What happened? Last year the budworm population collapsed of its own accord, and there was no need to attack with poison sprays.

Likewise, the government should proceed cautiously before logging off part of Bowron Lake park. We need more definite evidence that healthy timber is threatened before this precedent-setting move is made.



A section of Bowron Lake park may be logged off by the government.

Policy of Disaster

Mixed in with the present thrust of the logging industry in its plea for public subsidies to cover up a politically inspired over-commitment of our public commercial forest lands is the cry for the implementation of "multiple use." To the conservationist "multiple use" means one thing and to the industry it means quite something else.

To the industry it means opening up the park system to logging. To the mining industry it means opening up the park system to mining. In the name of integrated resource management, industry is seeking to convince cabinet that parks must be managed to produce logs and minerals.

To the conservationist, parks are natural ecosystem preserves. Commercial exploitation of a park is unacceptable. To the conservationist, multiple use is a forest management principle to be employed upon commercial forest land, both public and private. Parks cannot be considered commercial forest land.

The thrust to open the park system to logging is being spearheaded by the Association of B.C. Professional Foresters who last year submitted a secret brief to the cabinet advocating the logging of certain timber within Bowron Lake provincial park. The rationale of the association was the alleged threat of insects. Without public debate or opportunity for rebuttal, the cabinet is accepting the recommendations of this brief. It is our understanding that the assertions of the brief alleging an insect threat are false and would not stand the test of exposure to public scrutiny.

If the forester's association wins this test case they will be back to cabinet with new briefs. Indeed, industry will be presenting briefs by the dozen. For if cabinet accepts the secret assertions of an insect threat inside a park, they will also be prepared to accept a whole host of industry arguments about "wasting" timber contained within the park system.

It is important to remember the following:

- Ninety-eight per cent of all commercial timber land is outside the provincial park system.
- The Park Act, Section 9 (2) states:

this concept of land management, will be treated differently than any other area of land. Under such a policy there can be no room for non-consumptive use of land. There can be no special status for lands that have the potential for commercial exploitation. Thus, the park system is in jeopardy.

We are asking you to inform your friends and associates of this imminent danger. Your MLA, the ministers of the opposition parties must be informed of your views. Act now. Tomorrow may be too late. — Sierra Club, 1645 Broadmead Avenue.

"No natural resource within a park of any class shall be granted, sold, removed, disturbed, damaged, or exploited unless, in the opinion of the Minister, the development, improvement, and use of the park in accordance with subsection (3) of section 12 will not thereby be hindered." Subsection 3 of section 12 states: "No person shall carry on, in any park, any activity that will restrict, prevent, or inhibit the use of the park for its designated purpose."

The time to act is now. Cabinet is about to embark upon a policy of disaster spelled out by former Recreation and Conservation Minister Sam Bawlf. This is the concept of protecting all land equally. No land, under

FALL CLIMB AT CASTLE ROCK

Gazing skyward
 Up the rope and
 past the rock and climber to
 the endless blue
 where my thoughts, like swallows, fly
 Soaring in the autumn sky
 So high
 above the world below--
 the snake-river curling
 in a glistening line,
 the airy spines of ancient pines,
 and higher still, than a climber climbs--
 my mind, a-pondering, wandering goes
 dreaming, daydreaming on
 and on.....
 until
 The climber falls
 cries falling cries
 the echoing walls
 as he swings
 down like a swallow swooping
 down he dives
 down with my dreams.

Across the canyon I see
 even the cottonwoods are crying
 golden leaf-tears floating to the river flowing away.
 Tears for the season
 Tears for the salmon struggling upriver
 upcurrent
 ever upward
 to spawn and die in quiet mountain streams.
 Praise for the strength.
 Tears for lost dreams.

Margaret Symon

"For the genuine mountaineer, whether he be stuck like a fly on a wall in the most desperate of situations or regarding the view on an easy stroll, making a first ascent or the hundred and first, it is enough that he is there."

Ronald W. Clark
 "Men, Myths, & Mountains"