



THE B.C. MOUNTAINEER



NEW SLETTER

OF THE B.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
P.O. BOX 2674 VANCOUVER, B.C. V6B 3W8

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<i>EDITOR</i>	

NOVEMBER . . . DECEMBER 1979

VOL. 56 NO. 5

SCHEDULED TRIPS

Nov. 4 Mt. Crickmer A summit between Alouette and Stave Lakes.	A1/4400	Leader: Irene Apps	266 - 9684
Nov. 11 Howe Sound Crest Trail The new Howe Sound Crest Trail runs for about 5 km towards Mt. Unnecessary.	A1/3800	Leader: Robin Burns	922 - 8463
Nov 18 Squamish Chief	A1/2300	Leader: Joan Ford	526 - 2401
Nov 25 Goat Mountain We start at the bottom and return via Gondola (free ride down)	A1/4500	Leader: Guenter Hoernig	688 - 9301
Dec 2 Hollyburn Mountain A pleasant hike on the Cyprus Plateau.	A1/4200	Leader: Joyce Gudaitis	438 - 4201

Dec 9
Mt. Seymour
Please phone leader re equipment needed in case of snow on mountain.

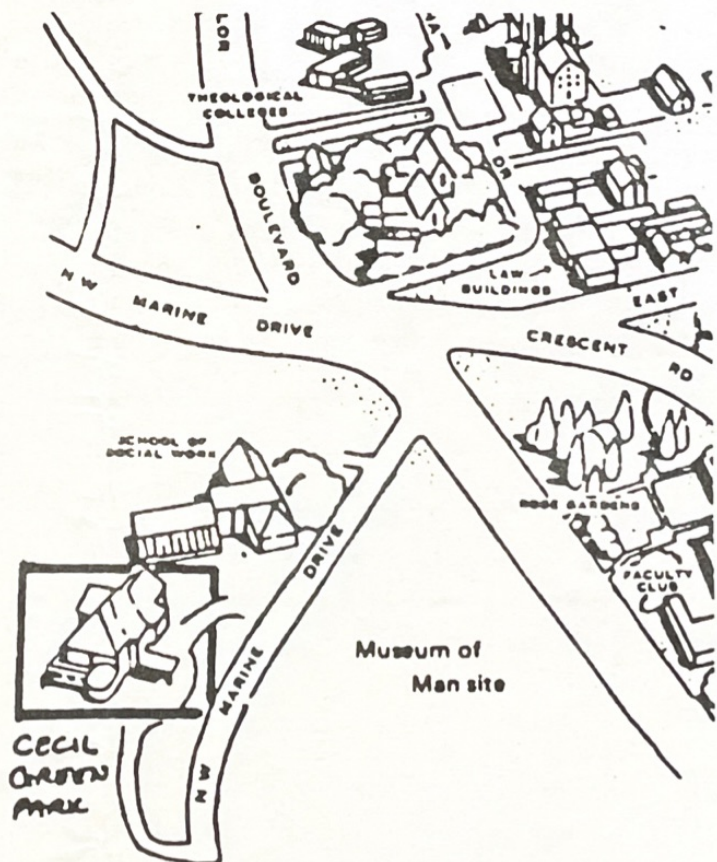
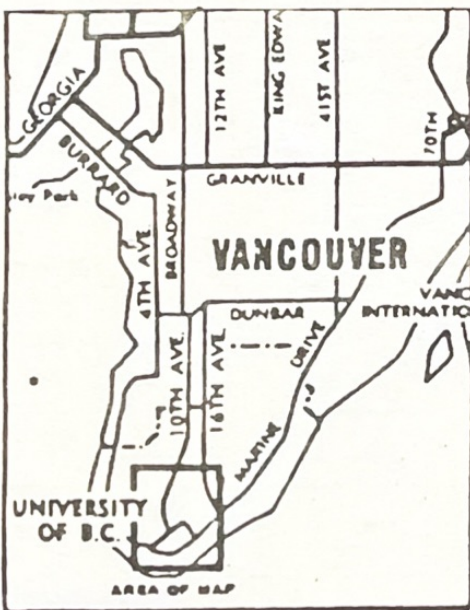
A2/4766

Leader:
Mavis Hayter 872 - 2279

SOCIALS:

Wednesday, Nov. 14th. CECIL GREEN PARK.

A short Annual General Meeting will be held, commencing at 6.30. For this we need a QUORUM. Before you start looking in your attic to see if by chance there's an old one up there you don't need, let us say that a quorum is simply a number of members who must be present in order to constitute a valid meeting, in this case 25. When you consider that the bar will not open until the AGM is finished, you can see how important it is that we have at least 25 members as soon as possible after 6.30. At 8.00 PhilKubik and Len Soet will show slides of a trip to the Fuhrer Ridge area of Mt. Robson, and of several climbs in the Bugaboos.



Tuesday, Dec. 11th.

Slides from the B.C.M.C. Summer Camp in the Manatee Range (1979) will be shown by Esther Kafer and Gunther Marx.

NOTE: The regular Social meetings are held on the 2nd. Tuesday of each month, except for July and August, in the church hall (basement) of Kitsilano United Church, 2490 W. 2nd. Ave. commencing at 8 P.M.. If in doubt, call one of the members of the Executive listed on the front page of the Newsletter.

And whilst we are on the subject of Socials, "Members are needed to form a Social Committee for the 1979-80. Those interested, please phone Donna Goy, 738 - 5239.

MEMBERSHIP

The Club welcomes the following new members:

Marsh Ablowitz	2663 W. 43rd. Ave., Vancouver.	263 - 7452.
Kate Allen	No. 2, 786 Gilford St., Vancouver.	V6G 2N4 689 - 8552.
Aristotle Azad	1207 W. 59th. Ave., Vancouver.	V6P 1Y1 266 - 7805.
Simon Bachrich (J)	3453 Wellington Cres., North Vancouver.	V7R 3B3 987 - 3449.
Paul Hannig	4725 Buxton St., Burnaby.	V5H 1J2 435 - 6042.
Elizabeth Hansen	P.O. Box 126, Canim Lake, B.C.,	V0K 1J0 397 - 2645.
Gunter Marx	No. 306, 360 e. 13th. Ave., Vancouver.	V5T 2K5 879 - 6484.
Paula Pick	976 Ringwood Ave., Vancouver.	V5V 2T8 435 - 5734 (Office).
Jan St. Amand	5065 Buxton St., Burnaby.	V5H 1J7 435 - 0233.
Eric Wilson	6025 Camarum St., Vancouver.	V6W 1J9 266 - 8024.

Changes of Address:

Lee Bruch	2265 E. Pender St., Vancouver.	V5L 1X5 251 - 4571.
Susan Leslie	No. 4, 2431 Vine St., Vancouver.	V6K 3K7 733 - 8987.
Ernst Schmalzriedt	3278 Coy Ave., Coquitlam.	V3C 3V4 942 - 6528.
Terry Taylor	4377 W. 11th. Ave., Vancouver.	V6R 2L9 228 - 9966.
Mrs. W. J. Edwards	No. 103, 540 Lonsdale Ave., North Vancouver.	V7M 2G7 988 - 5928.

Membership Fees were due Sept. 30th. for the year 1979 - 80. Please mail cheques to the Post Office number (P.O. Box No. 2674 Vancouver, B.C., V6B 3W8) or bring them to the November meeting at the latest. Those who do not pay 1979-80 dues will be dropped from membership.

The Club notes with regret the recent passing of two old-time members, Miss Grace May, who died Sept. 27th., aged 94, and Mrs. W. C. Westall, who died July 3rd., aged 90. Both were Active members in the 1920's and 30's. Mr. Wallace Westall, himself a Junior member in the 1930's, has kindly permitted us to print the following letter:

The Editor,
B. C. Mountaineering Club.

Dear Sir,

This is to inform you that my mother, Dora Westall, died July 3rd. of this year. She was in her ninetieth year.

My mother was an Honorary member (along with my late father, Walter Westall) for many years, and enjoyed starting out on more difficult climbs from the Grouse cabin. Both my parents enjoyed visiting the Grouse cabin on Sundays, and made lifelong friends of many of the members.

I have buried my mom's ashes close to Dad's, near the old Cabin -- this is what they both requested.....

"Once more
Unto the Hills."

Wallace Westall.

AVALANCHE BEACONS AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD!!

Alpine Research (the same people who make Ramer Ski-Touring bindings) has for sale their version of the Pieps Avalanche Beacons at a substantial savings. They call it "Echo I." It is smaller and lighter than any other unit, operates on the same frequency as the Pieps and Skadi, and has a host of other features as well. On top of all that the price is right too: only \$75.00 American. A good price at that considering that other units sell for much more.

If you want one for the coming and future ski seasons, phone MARK FORCE at 435 - 1044 as soon as you read this!!! We already have enough orders for a discount but I am waiting for a price quotation on a larger bulk order. So, if you've always wanted one, but price has been a bit too steep, now's your chance. Don't delay, Phone today!

N.B. I was hoping to send Alpine Research the order for the beacons by late November at the latest, so you might consider that as a sort of cut-off date.

Stein Guide books are available. Price to members: \$4.50. Contact Lee Bruch.

Early though it is, this is our only opportunity (in print) to wish the membership a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

TRIP REPORTS

Mt. Foley -- July 8.

For a change of pace this trip was scheduled to use the approach via Jones Lake. To avoid a 2½ to 3 hour drive in the very early hours of Sunday morning, most of the party met after supper at a cafe at Bridal Falls. We convoyed up the reasonably good logging road towards Jones Lake, which is just packed with fishermen and campers on weekends. (Unfortunately, on the way up, Stan Carsky, in his new-to-him camper, was side-swiped by a reckless driver coming down from the lake. Stan's vehicle suffered a torn bumper.) By the time everybody arrived at the road's end -- a big washout with water running across most of the road -- it was dusk. There were enough flat spots to pitch a few tents or park cars with sleeping arrangements.

No sooner had we settled in for the night than it started to pour and it was still raining lightly at 0600. Some early-risers had already started the drive back home, when all of a sudden, the clouds parted and the deserters returned. We stood around for a bit, but an hour later it was obvious that the trip had to go when re-inforcements arrived in the form of another carload of climbers.

So off we went, first hiking up the logging road and then following the good trail to Mile High Camp. During our rest stop there, a cold wind was blowing and our mountain was still wreathed in clouds. We pushed on regardless as far as the old mining site. The steep snowslopes leading up into the fog towards the ridge on Mt. Foley did not look too tempting, so five people elected to wander over to Mt. Conway instead. The main bulk of the party, twelve to be exact, decided to try for the peak all the same. The snow was in good kicking condition and we soon reached the lower rocks leading to the East ridge where two ropes started climbing up the face. Alas, the rock was very loose and unfriendly, and after a few near-misses and one bullseye (fortunately deflected by a pack) the rest of the group decided to traverse and gain the ridge at a lower angle. As we were climbing, the clouds lifted gradually and soon we were enjoying the warm sunshine on the more pleasant rocks of the ridge. We all scrambled up the grade 3 rock in good style to the peak (7400') to spend an hour in blissful contemplation of our surroundings. The descent down the rock ridge and over the steep snow was uneventful. Some of us stopped near the mine to search for colourful rock samples, the last of the party reaching the cars about 6 p.m., happy that such an unpromising day had turned out to be so nice.

On the trip were: Hartmut Camp, Stan Carsky and friend, Lloyd Jeffrey, Karl Ricker, Ken Hunt, Bert Parke, Don Burrige, Lorne Johnston, Leslie Williams, Martin Kafer, Joyce Davies, Bruce Watson, Ralph Reid, Rolf and Toni Maurer and Esther Kafer (L).

Custer Ridge, Chilliwack Lake Area -- September 15/16.

The schedule said: "Mamquam Area, B2 -- 3800'. Tel. 598 - 7264." Well to make the confusion complete I changed my mind and decided to go to Custer Ridge instead, an area I was interested in for the purpose of skiing.

At a civilized hour 9 of us met at the Village Inn in Sardis to plan the weekend. Our first surprise came when we reached Paleface Creek Road and found it closed by a cable, but luckily some nimble fingers saved us from seven km. of freshly graded gravel, and we drove up in style to a level spot close to the creek.

The time 'til supper was spent walking up a spur road, gaining spectacular views of the Lindeman-McDonald-Webb group. We also had a peek at our planned route, but first there was a beautiful evening with friendly conversation, some well-seasoned tea, and the stars complete with quietly floating space-junk.

Next morning clouds were drifting up from the lake, giving us a well-shaded approach to Custer Ridge. Except for a mile of washed-out logging road, it was a straight forward -- or better yet, 'upward' -- bushwhack until we were out of the underbrush, by which time the sun had gained the upper hand. A final long traverse put us on the bump West of Klesilkwa Mtn., which looked uninviting with a deep notch between us and a rather messy SW face. I didn't have to use force to hold anyone back from attempting it, instead we had a lengthy lunch before we worked our way Westward along the ridge, splitting into two groups, with Louis, Erika and me heading down through a burn to a spur road, whilst the rest went on over the next rise, which they had to recross on the way home. Making sure nobody was left behind, we hurried for camp and a wash-down of the soot picked up in the process. All in all a pleasant trip.

My thanks to: Joyce Davies, Frank Ward, Peter Waddington, Joanne Nelson, Louis Semproni,
Mike Strudwick, Howard Moore and Erika Hobeck. Bill Hobeck. (L and Rep.)

Mt. Cheam -- August 25.

Another of those perfect trips: The weather, the landscape, the timing. The company all worked hand in hand to make it such a pleasant event. Paul and June left North Vancouver Friday evening after a slide show at the Addie's to arrive around midnight at the foot of the mountain. We drove into an opening in the bush right behind the Ponderosa Cafe at Popcum (or Bridal Falls) and tried to sleep through the noise of the all-night traffic on the nearby 401 highway. The rest of the party showed up promptly Saturday morning at 0600. After driving a few hundred yards on the very rough logging road we parked our cars at a wider spot and started hiking. At 0800 we had a second breakfast where the road forks; the right branch leading up to Spoon Valley whereas we continued on the left branch, crossing the main creek. Two hours later we arrived at the head of the trail at the road's end in the "Hanging Valley" at around 4300'. From there the trail winds up very steeply, bordered by wet berry-bushes -- Blueberries & huge Salmonberries invited picking and somewhat slowed progress. By 1130 we were on the actual summit ridge and admired the wonderful view, particularly to the South where Mts. Slesse, Rexford, Tomihoi, Baker and many others rose above the still mist-covered valleys. We reached the summit at 1250 and just basked in the sunshine for a full hour. So high were the spirits that Lorne and June amused us with a waltz to a tune from Paul's mouth-organ. The long way back was somewhat shortened by a lift in the 4-wheel drive truck of the Douglas Logging Co. A pyrogi-supper in the Gulf Restaurant at Bridal Falls concluded very fittingly a wonderful day's hike.

There were Lorne Johnston, Cathy Wild, Judy Coulman, Murray Lashmar, June & Paul Binkert (L).
Ref: Chilliwack 92 H/4 East.

Our Himalayan Beasts of Burden -- Phase II on Giant 2000'ders.

September 22/23.

Last year we had our glimpse of the Falls Lake country in snowed-up condition from lowly Thar Peak. It showed a good camping basin between Thar and Nak Pks. (Caution: use Fed. map for proper location) which we reached in only one hour's travel on numerous game trails from the pipeline road below. Our Merritt superscout, Norm, had eased us all into that critical starting point on a Saturday afternoon with two round-trips in his 4x4 from two car-parking areas located North of the Falls Creek crossing of the highly elevated pipeliner's road. Realizing that the new highway will be just about as high as the pipeline, it soon became obvious to the 16 participants that our idyllic little comfortable basin, which sported about the only water supply in the Zopkios Ridge area, would soon be inundated by the road-bound cragrats. It is here that people will soon be camping (Yosemite or Squamish Chief-style) in droves because Alpine granite faces on nearby Yak Pk., in particular, will have lingering and irresistible lures. Not to be overlooked will be the shorter face routes on adjacent Nak Pk., on rock with far more handholds, and only an hour or

two in effort, and above the campsite.

However, our party lacked the face-artists and for that matter, was a bit shy on rope-leaders. Nonetheless, on Sunday morning, after a very comfortable night on 20 cm. heather, three parties hitched their way up the North ridge of Nak Peak in only 45 minutes of elapsed time to the summit -- it turned out to be a Grade 2 - 3 scramble on fairly sound rock. Others circum-navigated Nak by way of the East end, travelling on South-facing slopes above the highway survey locaters to reach the East-facing slabs of Yak Peak. However, they were soon joined by the Nak freaks and about 4 routes were pushed onto the same exceptionally smooth granite rock that also sports horrendous North and South faces on Yak Peak. "Little Yak" was also climbed by some during the day and, with the exception of two people, all returned to camp by way of its common col to Nak, and the intervening talus slopes to the Nak-Thar col. Thus, it was a good day of Alpine cruising on delightful terrain with outstanding views of granite, basins and more granite. The Autumn colours were a bit slow this year, but the vine maple provided the final glow as we drove down the pileline-torn Coquihalla road to Hope. Next year the Weyerhaeuser machine will lead us into the neighbouring Andean group of beasts. It will probably be our last chance of being fore-runners in the area because the new highway will soon bring on the cragrat technologists. Their work will make our efforts look like child's play, but at least a few of us have enjoyed the fun while it lasted in the non-serious vein. However, I can safely report that the present road is a Grade 5, and that route-finding on it is definitely becoming a problem.

Participants: A. Menninga, R. Babicki, L. Haring, N. Cameron, F. Letterer, W. Hamilton, P. Jordan, I. Goldstine, E. Faler, L. Schafer and gal, Norm Hansen of the Merritt Bronco Club, (Leader) and Karl Ricker. (Organizer and Reporter). A joint club trip which actually lived up to its numerous expectations.

Peak 7075 -- September 15/16.

Peak 7075 is an un-named rock pyramid a few hundred yards South of the Canada-U.S. border on the Slesse ridge. Logging operations in Nesakwatch Creek, which extends to the border, have made this peak accessible for weekend trips. The approach was by the creek, which necessitates obtaining a key to the locked gate from the Cattermole Logging Company. We set up a car camp on Saturday evening and made an early start the following morning, leaving at 0640. There was slight initial difficulty in heavy bush, and it took us half an hour to gain about 300 feet, but above that the bush thinned-out, and thereafter we made rapid progress. The peak is approached by a side valley which is completely bare of vegetation and which consists of an enormous stone chute from 700 feet above Nesakwatch Creek to the Slesse ridge; the objective itself has a large ridge running eastwards down to the creek. Between the top of this ridge and the main Slesse ridge there is a permanent snowfield, which was crossed at its level base and a lateral moraine climbed on its western side. This ran into a sandy gully which rose all the way up to the summit, class 3, which we reached at 1115. We had left the ice-axes at the start of the gully and on the return trip the party split, with Lauren and Terry retracing the ascent route to retrieve the axes, whilst Rosemary and I dropped down into a parallel side valley to the South. This valley was pleasant with alpine vegetation as the other had been bare... ..being alive with marmots; bear droppings were also seen. The valley contains three small lakes at the 4400' level. the descent to which took only 1¾ hours, but below them, as we approached the floor of Nesakwatch Creek, we again ran into heavy bush, and the last mile along the valley floor took a further two hours of heavy bush-bashing. We got back to the cars at 5 p.m. to find that Lauren and Terry had been waiting more than an hour. The weather was cool with sunshine in the valleys but clouds wreathing most of the peaks, so that we got only occasional glimpses of the surrounding summits..

This peak can be highly recommended since the initial bush is only a short part of the total climb, and the climb itself is otherwise pleasant and the peak gives superb views in every direction.

Those taking part were Lauren Johnson, Terry Murphy, Rosemary Coupe and Robert Coupe, Leader and Reporter.

Petgill Lake -- September 23.

The whole thing must have sounded like that old Abbott & Costello routine "Who's on First?".

"One Ringy-Dingy, Two Ringy-Dingies....."

J: "Is that you Randy?"
R: "Yes."
J: "I just called to find out what time and place we have to meet for Petgill Lake."
R: "Petgill Lake! Am I leading that?"
J: "Yes. Its in the bulletin."
R: "Good grief. I just got back from the Stikine... ..I'd forgotten all about that!"
J: "Well what time are you thinking of going?"
R: "Frankly, I wasn't thinking of going. You're the only one who's called."
J: "Well I'm going!"
R: "Oh. Well what time are YOU thinking of going?"
J: "Me? I guess about 9 or 9.30."
R: "Do you know how to get there?"
J: "No. Do you?"
R: "No. I have a friend who is interested in going."
J: "Does your friend know how to get there?"
R: "No."
J: "Well, look, it must be in 103 Hikes. If anyone else phones, tell them to meet me at....
let me see.....Petgill Lake, Petgill Lake, Petgill Lake, see page 60.....ah, here it is.....the parking
lot at Murrin Park, about.....oh lets say 9 to 9.30."
R: "OK. If I feel up to it I may come myself."

Some days following this enlightening conversation, we found ourselves at the very spot mentioned in the 103 Hikes. We looked with jaundiced eye at several carloads of cub-scouts, who were just putting on their gear and heading-off, undoubtedly for good old Petgill Lake. Drat! Whilst waiting for the rest of the party (?) to arrive, we surreptitiously checked out page 60 in the '103', which was lying open in the trunk of the car. The sun began to heat up the parking-lot area. A group of wild and woolly looking bods -- undoubtedly rock-maniacs -- began to load their cars with gear and empties, after a Saturday of Rock and Suds.

At 9.30 on the dot, we set off along the highway towards Squamish, as the book says, and we eventually managed to cross to the opposite side. The highway was occupied by several thousand cars moving at the speed of light, bound for God knows where. The trail goes up from the highway, I mean straight-up. On this section we met the leader of the cub-scout party coming down with a casualty.....one of the adult members with a twisted ankle. The pace was beginning to tell!

After what seemed about three weeks, a chorus of howls announced that the party in front of us had reached the lake. (We could actually hear them shouting, "The lake! The lake!") This came as welcome surprise as several times I had been forced to suppress near-mutiny, as the opinion was expressed that there WAS no lake in the direction we were heading. We passed a smaller party of three, containing a delightful elderly man, at least in his seventies, with pack, boots, and stout walking staff with iron tip.....a genuine 'grand old man of the mountains.' At last we trudged over a rocky bluff and espied the lake nestling in the trees below us. Time: about 11 A.M.

Since the cub-scouts were occupying the only feasible spot with any sort of recreational or lunch potential, we picked our way through the swamp at the Southerly end of the lake, and walked around to a spot from which we could hear them but not see them. We sat down and laid out lunch. The sun homed-in on us. Dragonflies skimmed the water surface, snatching small insects and other dragonflies in their capable, carnivorous jaws. I dropped my thermos in the lake, just managing to rescue it as it drifted away. From the S end of the lake came the voice of the Scout leader, as he droned on in a post-prandial talk....one of those 'Handy-dandy, All-in-one, Find-your-way-out-of-the-woods' talks.....snatches of it came to us through the trees. "...if your head is cold, put on your boots. If you're thirsty, drink some water." etc. etc. Finally, they left at about 1 P.M. We packed up and worked our way round thro' the late summer Blueberry crop and arrived at the cub-scout camping spot. The fire was nicely doused, ashes scattered. Alas, for the after dinner speech might better have contained some advice on cleaning up after other parties, and not just your own. They had completely ignored a pile of nasty-looking junk...tins, bacon wrappers, miscellaneous other guk, complete with green garbage bag, lying beside it. The stuff was less than five feet away from their fire! Mindful of my position, I heaved a great sigh, and began to stuff the garbage into the green plastic bag. It bumped against the back of my knees all the way back. It was then crammed into a garbage can already full of empty beer and wine bottles. (Murrin Park).

The book suggests that it is 7 miles return, this Petgill Lake. It SEEMS more like 4 miles there and 5 miles back. I don't know if I shall go there again, pleasant though it was. Being hot and dry, especially the latter, it seemed to me a good idea to drive to Klahanie, in order to soak-up some suds. I put this suggestion to the rest of the party, but she said "No."

(Upon my return home -- exhausted and dusty though I was -- mindful of the plight of the poor overworked Editor and his chronic lack of copy, I sat right down and wrote this trip report. He will at least have ONE trip report to print.)

The Petgill Lakers: Nicky Stowell, J. Derham-Reid. (L by default) BCMC Members: 1.
Is this a trend?

[No, I don't think so.....thanks for the report, Ed.]

Golden Ears -- September 30.

Its 5 o'clock in the morning and the alarm rings shrillingly. . . . why, oh why did I ever get involved in this sport? A little later, after a good breakfast (plenty of coffee) and off on the road to meet the rest of the party at the park gates (7 a.m.) my attitude soon brightened along with the sky, as I looked forward to the day ahead. There was heavy cloud following the heavy rain from the day before but patches of blue were visible making the day look promising.

We set off on the trail at 8, delayed a little as one of the cars got lost trying to find the park (would the fact that there were 13 of us have anything to do with it?) The route we took was the West Canyon Trail which was most pleasant, with beautiful rich green vegetation all about us, still wet from the previous day's rain. At 1.30 we reached the ridge in bright sunshine, the peak looking very inviting against the blue sky. As we were all keen to go to the top, we had a quick lunch and then set off again, but about 20 minutes later, part of the group decided to wait whilst the rest (9) trudged on up to the top, reaching it at 2.45 p.m. Since it was a long way back, and our 'inflatable Helicopter' had been poked by an ice-axe, we spent only a few brief moments on the top and then headed back down by the same route, picking up the rest on the way. The last bodies made it back to the cars shortly after dark -- 7.30 p.m. The day proved most enjoyable, mainly because of the warm and friendly people in the group, whom it was a pleasure to lead.

The Group: Robin Bowles, Bridget Martin, Ruth Nussbaumer, Murray Lashmar, Robert Plummer, Mike Hayward, Arthur Smith, Derek Smith, Mark Spencer, Gabriel Mazoret, Albert Souza, Adam Stein and Donna Goy (L). (Must remember to bring 2 Inflatable Helicopters next time!!!)