

B.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB NEWSLETTER



EVENING SOCIAL MEETINGS

Evening socials are usually held in the ANZA club, upstairs room (corner of 8th Ave. and Ontario, Vancouver) starting at 7:30 p.m. Cookies, tea, and coffee are provided.

Tuesday, 9 November - The Annual General Meeting. Entertainment will be provided by your executive as well as by Ravil Chamgoulov, who will give a slide show on a solo ascent of Mt. McKinley in spring, 2004. Ravil has been mountaineering for over 20 years and has been awarded the title "Snow Leopard", the Ultimate accolade for a high-altitude climber in Russia.

Tuesday, 14 December - Entertainment will be a slide show by David Hughes, Dave Scanlon, and Todd Ponzini on this year's summer camps in the Waddington and Wedgemount areas.

Autumn in Cathedral Park



On the summit of Wedge Mtn., looking towards Mt. Weart.



**HONORARY PRESIDENTS - Esther and Martin Kafer
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND CLUB OFFICERS**

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The **BC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB NEWSLETTER** is an official publication of the B.C. Mountaineering Club and is published 10 times per year (every month except July and September). All material within this newsletter is copyright © British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

Submissions - of any written, drawn, or photographic material relevant to the B.C. Mountaineering Club are welcome. If possible, submissions should be sent to the editor by email or on a diskette. Please note that images should be at least 60 pixels/cm (150 pixels/inch) for successful printing. Images with a lesser resolution will probably not be printed. Deadline for submissions is the first Tuesday of the month preceding the publication month.

Send submissions to Michael Feller (email - feller@interchg.ubc.ca, ph. 604-270-4050).

Editorial policy - All submitted written material relevant to the B.C. Mountaineering Club will be published unless the club executive decides otherwise. Submitted material may be edited for clarity or brevity, or for consistency with club policies.

Opinions and comments expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the B.C. Mountaineering Club.

SCHEDULED TRIPS

Participation on club trips is open to any person with adequate skills and experience, subject to the approval of the trip organizer. All non-member participants must sign a disclosure and waiver form relieving the club and all other participants on the trip from any liability. A trip organizer is not a certified guide. The function of the organizer is to organize the trip, ensure that it gets underway, know the access to the area, and know a route or routes on the climb.

It is expected that each person on a club trip has the necessary skills, experience, fitness, and equipment. The organizer may specify certain equipment mandatory for participation in a trip. The club has avalanche transceivers and snow shovels available for hire. These may be obtained by contacting Kit Griffin at 604-736-8462 at least 2 days prior to the day they are wanted. Any person who attempts to participate in a club trip without such mandatory equipment, may be requested to withdraw from the trip. The club has a satellite phone available for hire. This may be obtained by also contacting Kit Griffin at 604-736-8462 at least 2 days prior to the day it is wanted. Each person on a club trip is responsible for his or her own safety and for checking the equipment used. Please be considerate and call the trip organizer by Thursday evening for weekend trips, and by Friday for Sunday trips.

If you are given a ride, please remember to pay the driver your portion of the car costs. If you decide not to go on a trip for which you have previously registered, please be courteous and inform the trip organizer.

ORGANIZER

November 6: Mt. McGuire Hiking in the Chilliwack valley.	B2/2032 m	Emanuele Porra	604-533-7723
November 6-7: Place Glacier trail Trail clearing east of Pemberton. Do your bit to help maintain the trails you use.	B2	David Scanlon	604-572-5051
November 11-14: Frenchman Coulee (rock) Hanson Rock climbing in a drier environment.		A5	Margaret
November 20: Evans Pk. Hiking and scrambling.	B2-3/1132 m	Emanuele Porra	604-533-7723

MEMBERSHIP

Membership fees for 2004/2005 are

now due - Membership fees of 2004/2005 are now due. If you do not pay your dues, THE DECEMBER NEWSLETTER WILL BE THE LAST ONE YOU WILL RECEIVE. You should fill out the yellow renewal form accompanying the October newsletter, indicate if you would like to receive the newsletter by email, read and sign the waiver on the reverse side, then send the form with the appropriate dues to the club.
Membership dues are -

Single	\$45	Junior	\$20
Couple	\$68	Life	\$800

New Members - The club welcomes the following new Associate Members: Jenni Agnew, Jamal Ahmelich, Meriza Bennington, Alex Boston, Tai Chang, Iris Chot, Andrej Dobos, Peter Feichtner, Jim Fraser, Grant Gwynn, Michael Kelley, Tracy Langham, David Li, Tim Martiniuk, Daniel McGinnis, Brian Stachniak, Peter Steiner, Rachele Stokes, Dean Urquhart, Brock Wilson, Tara Witham.

BCMC NEWS

Do you want to serve on the club executive?

- All executive positions will become available at the Annual General Meeting in November, at which time you can volunteer to serve the club in any executive position. If you wish to serve the club, please contact Kit Griffin (604-736-8462) or any other member of the club executive.

BCMC Centennial committee report – a new hut for the club?

– Dave Scanlon, the committee chair, reports –
Your Centennial committee has unanimously agreed to pursue a hut for our club for 2007. (The BCMC will be 100 years young in 2007).

After many meetings and much discussion, 2 sites were put onto the short list. After seeing snowmobilers get to within 1½ km of one of these places, one site was left.

Donna and David Scanlon spent three full days working on clearing the road for access to this area – Battleship Lakes – north of Lizzie Lake, allowing 8 km of travel along it.

Labour Day weekend saw Dave lead a trip into the area with 11 participants. It took 2½ hours in to camp by a beautiful lake. The next day we all went up Meadow Dome and Priory Peaks. Day 3 we left the area.

Your BCMC executive has given their unanimous approval to continue investigating a hut in this area.

EQUIPMENT/TECHNIQUE

The latest in digital avalanche transceivers

The first digital avalanche transceivers, while facilitating searches for single buried people, had problems when 2 or more signals were received. The latest transceivers may have overcome this

problem with the use of 3D antennae. These antennae allow determination of the depth of the transceiver beneath the snow surface as well as locating and separating multiple signals - critical when two or more people

have been buried. We await tests from Europe to indicate if these transceivers really are as good as the manufacturers claim. One important point to note about these latest transceivers, however, is that when searching,

rapid or hasty movements must not occur, in order to allow the transceiver time to assess the incoming signal(s).

EVENTS OF INTEREST

Thursday, 18 November: The best of the best of the Vancouver International Mountain Film

Festival will be screened at the Ridge Theatre on Arbutus, in Vancouver.

TRIP REPORTS

Needle Peak – 20 April, 2003

Despite abysmal weather forecasts, 3 of us met at Wendy's and went up the standard route on breakable crust. The rain didn't fall and we even had sunshine. The snow conditions were terrible and we did not get to the top. Participants: Paul Ng, Murray Lashmar, and Marsha Ablowitz (Organizer and reporter).

Needle Peak repeat – 12 June, 2004

Eleven of us met at 7:15 at Wendy's. We parked at the Coquihalla parking lot, hiked up to the ridge, and scrambled to the peak by the standard route. Despite poor forecasts the rain held off. The hoar frost near the summit was impressive. Ten of us reached the top while one napped on the ridge. Participants: Marie-Belle Bulmer, Annari Faurie, Anna Rickley, Anne Lavergne, Marian Jans, Michelle Lebel, Uli Hausmann, Russ Ivanov, Doug Fleming, Jake Filusz, and Marsha Ablowitz (Organizer and reporter)

Brandywine Peak, 17 July 2004

A large group – 20 of us – met at St. David's church at 7:15 am. Most 4WD vehicles had high clearance and got to the snowmobile cabin, one van had low clearance and that group took the lower trail. They caught up in Brandywine Meadows. Both roads were okay. The group split into faster and slower subgroups. Sixteen people reached the summit to enjoy the views. The other four reached the upper ridge and glacier below the summit. The weather was sunny. The views were great. In such a large group it might have been better to pair beginners with more experienced mountaineers.

Participants: Paul Ng, Claudia O'Hearn, David Jakuback, Trudy Rey, Russ Ivanov, Anna Rickley, Neil Curtis, Annari Faurie, Dave Fleming, Dorothy Bartoszewski, Linda Rankin, Gerry Chicalo, Joquin Bernd, Sara Lane, Andrea Jung, Julie Wright, Raphael Tsen, George Mallory, and Marsha Ablowitz (Organizer and reporter).

Camping with the Kootenay Mountaineers

We are smack in the middle of summer. The sun is commanding a small fleet of cumulus clouds. At 3000+ m Mt Clutterbuck grazes the skyline like the hunch in an old crone's back - high and rounded and wind wrinkled. Ken disappears around the corner of a low 5^h class off width. My lead will be next. There's still an element of doubt that our route will "go". What a shame if it doesn't, as we're so close to the top. Besides, a perfect day was taking shape. Several hours ago we had been crashing excitedly through prickly spruce and walls of rhododendron, lurching over deadwood, emerging gleefully from watery bogs. Above the forest we found fluffy larches beside a wrinkled tam. A lovely sight. Then from here we'd followed up just below the prominent south west ridge and cramponed up the snow to the col between Mt. Clutterbuck and Mt. Lees. My lead now. The steely blue sun gazes. I shudder, and then move gingerly in the coolness. The rock is like cottage cheese clawed with a fork. It is solid granite, requiring several low 5^h class moves in mountain boots. Delightful. Ken and I un-rope and scamper up the final boulder slope to the summit. My senses try to adjust.

I've never lost that excitement of getting to the top of a mountain; it's always a euphoric bright blow to the brain. It's great to sometimes leave our super-charged world of accelerated travel, helicopter access and quick assaults on mountains. Here all mechanized travel is prohibited. Here is a quieter, stiller, slower world. There's no hint at all that anyone has been on the summit and ours is probably the second ascent of this route. I scan the horizon. Ridge after ridge, spire after spire - Henrik Ibsen's "...deep, unending, inexhaustible kingdom."

Most climbers have only a vague idea about this area. We West Coasters are smug about our endless coastal granite and rarely venture to the Kootenays. When asked where I was going, I'd wag a BC road map and point to somewhere off the Invermere - Golden highway.

The adventure actually began in Will's tiny '88 Honda Civic. Six-packs and three people rocketed east to make the meeting point at Canal Flats by 6 pm. Will made that Honda scream the entire width of BC for 8 hours at a stretch. Then, like Konrad Cain over 70 years ago, we had packhorses carry gear as far as they could be persuaded towards the headwaters of Finley Creek. We hiked from there along spruce and rhododendron-smothered horse trails and meadows bristling with wild flowers, some 30 km. Even without a heavy pack I felt trashed like a kayaker in a keeper hole. Yep, and it would've been easy to stumble on some crabby nearsighted bear so I made plenty of noise to give Bear ample warning we were coming: "Clear out out you wimps!"

Actually, I didn't know what to do for certain. Play dead? Swat Bear on the nose? Climb a tree? The skimpy trees would hardly protect me from an 2.5 m Grizz. I thought of Larson's cartoon: Two bears are talking to each other. "Don't you just love it when they play dead?" Summer's sadly gone. I'm back in Vancouver. High school's just begun and I'm stressed by the demands and workload of teaching already. These mountains are a mere memory. Nevertheless memories such as these are to be frequently poked with a stick, savored like a popsicle. I can never get enough. Thanks to Doug and Sandra for their fine organization. And to Peter Jordan who did the

cooking half the time and almost made it to the top of Mt Clutterbuck that day with me.

Reporter – Jane Weller.

Lake Lovely Water Summer Camp, 17-25 July, 2004

We were no fools nor were we ecologically pure. We transported 15 souls, some climbing gear, about 200 kilos of food and 50 litres of wine and spirits by helicopter. In doing so, we bypassed a hazardous river crossing and a grueling three hour hike of about six km and 1100 m elevation gain. "The wine is one thing but there is no way am I going to carry all of that food up there," someone was heard to mutter.

We flew from the Brackendale airport, just outside of Squamish, to a landing on a rock next to the Tantalus hut that squats on the east end of Lake Lovelywater. In a thrilling seven minutes we went from coastal rain forest to marine alpine. Five trips later the entire crew was ready to face eight days of hardship and adventure.

The aptly named Lake Lovelywater cirque is surrounded by, and provides access to, a number of moderate peaks of the southern Tantalus Range. All routes are mixed snow and rock. Climbing difficulty ranges from the relatively benign class 2/3 romp up Iota in about two hours, to the more challenging class 3/4 march up Omega in about three hours, or the harder class 3, 4, or 5 routes up Alpha or Lydia in never under five hours and often a great deal longer. Double the times if you want to get down.

We were a mixed group. There were some newly minted mountaineers taking a four day crash course in the alpine and some grizzled veterans doing self-guided wanderings among the nearby peaks.

This year's camp was not without its ironies. Such as when going into a region called "Tantalus," one reflects upon the name as one hears an audible "pop" and an electric-like jolt in the small of the back. In that magic instant there is a blinding flash of realization that one's desires are not going to be satisfied this trip; as the author did while unloading the incoming helicopter. However....

The normal preferred access on most of the routes is up snow fields/chutes. This year, due to the light snow pack, a warm spring and warmer

summer there was a lot more rock and bush than snow. No matter what anyone tries to tell you, bum sliding is a lot easier on snow than on heather. Descents in particular were slower through scree and bush than they would have been with snow cover. Mother Nature is mad as hell about global warming and she is fighting back.

Some highlights:

- After several years of camp business and mini disasters, getting in his way, Peter at last managed to climb Lydia, a long held objective.
- From the standpoint of getting things done, Team Imodium (don't ask) was the most successful. Members of this group ascended some of the harder routes on Omega, Lydia, Niobi and Alpha as well as circumnavigating Lake Lovelywater naked in a canoe.
- Meanwhile the author explored the medical possibilities of "wine in a box." He is considering submitting a paper on the subject entitled "How wine stops my aching back."
- After an attempted revolt by the mountain school members, over his dictatorial methods, Peter sent the students off to Thyestes as a navigation exercise. Some returned.
- For those of you who do read climbing guides, a new feature to the Northeast Ridge route of Omega is a lot of loose rock due to some disruption on the upper pitches. It is currently hazardous to climbers below

The school continues to be the biggest bargain in the mountains. Selected students get basic instruction in technique and safety in the alpine for the price of the camp! Peter wants to thank Scott Tebbutt, Tony Knight /Margaret Hanson, and Gordon Stead for their able assistance with the mountain school. There is a separate report on the school by Terra MacDonald.

When viewed as a whole, the camp must be considered a success. Each person took something with them as they descended to sea level. For some it was goals accomplished and routes completed. For others it was lessons learned and skills acquired. For the author it was a sore back and a fungal infection on his crotch.

Participants: Marta Fechete, Margaret Hanson, Robert Hodgins, Tony Knight, Thomas Kutter, Rick Mann, Terra MacDonald, Lawrence McIntosh, Bill Moore, Gordon Stead, Scott Tebbutt, Janice Tedstone, Dennis Vacha, Peter Woodsworth (Organizer and camp chaplain), and Howard Price (Reporter).

Lake Lovely Water Mountaineering School, 17-25, July, 2004 – another perspective

My hair is washed, the dirt's out from beneath my fingernails and this body of mine feels tired, but it's a good tired; I know I've fulfilled a dream; accomplished something I wasn't sure I was capable of. Eight days in the Tantalus Range, albeit not every single one of them climbing; but early mornings and learning new things with people I don't know takes it toll; I could sleep for days.

I take two days off work before the trip; making a desperate effort to fight off a flu bug, scared to death I'll have to bow out of the trip I've been dreaming and talking about for months, never mind buying all this gear for.

Up at 5 am to get the final items in my pack: lunch, water bottles, straps tightened, and I'm ready to go. I meet Howard and Rob, two independent climbers, at Rob's place and we head off to the Brackendale airport. We are the first to arrive. In ones, twos and fours the rest arrive. We get our gear out on the field and park all the vehicles off the tarmac, where they'll remain until our return. There are four of us in the school: Janice and Bill: a couple, Rick and myself and then there are the independent climbers: Marta, Thomas, Denise, Howard, Rob, Scott, Margaret, Tony, Gordon, Lawrence and our leader and organizer Peter Woodsworth. Our team of four, dubbed Team Alpha, had met for a barbeque a week before the school, to decide on food and meals. Thank god, we all seem to like each other and there's absolutely no friction between any of us - we're lucky.

It's my very first helicopter ride. Seven minutes gets us to the landing pad, a large flat boulder near the hut. The trail up to Lake Lovely Waters is supposed to be brutal; steep and long, it takes us four trips to get all our people and gear up. Howard's in charge of loading and unloading gear and getting everyone safely into and out of the helicopter. He lifts something and later says he heard a pop. He's hurt his back and spends most of the eight days lying perpendicular in his tent, poor guy.

The two-story red tin roofed hut sleeps about twenty. It opened officially in October 1961. I take a look in the loft, up a double-sided ladder in the middle of the room and decide I'll set my tent up, not wanting to risk sleepless nights because of snorers and restless sleepers. There are two tent platforms which Howard, Janice and Bill have already staked out. I look and look for a place to pitch my tent, finally deciding on a spot next to Janice and Bill. It's on an embankment and I can see myself going for a pee in the middle of the night and falling into the abyss. I'll have to be careful.

Our first venture is in the afternoon – a trip up Iota the smallest peak in the Tantalus Range. I'm tired, I doubt I've slept two hours a night the last three nights and the residue of the flu bug still lingers and then there's all the excitement and nervousness. Our school group heads out with Peter and Gordon deciding to join us. Gordon will accompany us on all our school outings, a competent and fit climber, who has been away from climbing for over a decade. I'm glad he's with us because he always waits for me when I fall behind and though he never says a word, I know he's looking out for me. We follow the trail along the lake, past the sandy beach into the trees, up the boulder field that follows the rushing creek, into the beautiful but buggy heather meadow, up another steeper boulder field and into the snow, past a crevasse. The grade is climbing upward. We start climbing, kicking steps in the snow. I'm thankful I'm following because I'm a little scared. We stop midway and Peter decides it's time for us to learn self-arrest techniques.

When I get back home this is what I'll say to my friends and co-workers: "So picture this, it's our first day on the mountain, and Peter has us lie down on our backs in the snow with our head pointing downhill, our ice-axe at the ready, while someone holds onto our ankles and when we say ready, they push us as hard as they can down the mountain. Our job is to self-arrest; turn over, dig our ice axe into the snow (and not one of our body parts) and dig our toes in and come to a stop." "Get comfortable with it," Peter says. He points to me, and says, "Again!"

I also learn a new skill on the first day which was to become my forte: bum sliding "There goes Terra again," they would all come to say. In case you don't know, bum sliding is a very important part of

mountaineering! Peter, a skilled mountaineer, is the oldest one in our group, but is the most nimble, quick and fit one amongst us. I take what he says seriously and find that although he can be tough he's an excellent teacher and very safety conscious. I trust his judgement and feel safe with him.

On day two (18th): a sweat drenching hot day: we learn three person rope travel and practise having one member of the team fall where we stop their descent by immediately going into the self-arrest position; ice axe and boot dug into the snow, bums up in the air, we learn to place snow pickets and we do a two roped rappel using our prusik knot. Not being a skier, coming down a mountain in the snow takes me some getting used to - maybe that's why bum sliding is so appealing to me. By the end of the week, my timidity in coming down mountains will almost subside and I'll sometimes even be the first one down (thanks Peter for your extra coaching on this!). I fall into my sleeping bag not bothering to zip it up.

Day three (19th): It's overcast and rainy. Scott leads us in rope work and a crevasse rescue session up in the loft. We take turns being part of a three member team: rescuing a loaded pack hung down the ladder. We do this for nearly four hours – so much to remember with the multiple prusiks, webbing to anchors and setting up pullies. In the evening we practise getting up a rope attached to a tree with our own resources and our trusty prusik knots.

Day four (20th): finds us having another rainy day. We plan to go out with Peter and attempt Omega and we're geared up to do so, but a sudden downpour changes our plans. Instead, a two hour session with Tony on map and compass work. He's a good teacher and we all learn a lot. After a snack and hot tea, Team Alpha heads out with Scott, a 38 year old, originally British, then a New Zealander, and now Canadian, to practise the crevasse rescue techniques he taught us. We take the rowboat down to the far end of the lake to a snowy patch of terrain that goes straight up the mountainside. We can see a waterfall far up the mountainside that exits from a snow cave into the lake. So the idea is: one of us will rappel down the snow cliff onto the rocks at the base of the lake and the other members will rescue us. I volunteer to go first. After we get this down, we again rappel off the snow cliff and this time we are to get back up the cliff on our own with our prusiks. I find this hard. Its slow going: push the



Lake Lovely Water. Photo - H. Price.

knot up; pull my legs up, push the knot up - damn it's jammed...My arms are pumped and finally when I get to the top I can't get over the edge. There's no place for my feet to wedge in. Janice calls to me, "use your ice axe." I try to slam it into the snow bank overhead, but my arms have grown too tired Suddenly, I want to get the heck off this rope. I use my primal scream and successfully jam the ice axe in and get over the lip. That's another thing I learned about mountaineering: the art of grunting to help you do things you don't think you can do. I'll grunt a lot during the week.

Day five (21st): Tony and Margaret lead us on an attempt up Thyestes. Janice stays back as she hurt her arm yesterday. Margaret is small like me, but tough as dirt! I'm glad to be following in her shorter footsteps. I'm the slowest member of the team, but no one makes me feel like I'm holding things up. There's a real sense of camaraderie and teamwork amongst us, which is part of what mountaineering is all about. Margaret gives me some pointers and I dream of one day being as good as she is. We bum slide all the way home...

Day six (22nd): a day of rest for me. Scott and I canoe Marta and Thomas across the lake so they can do the Niobe traverse and then we circumnavigate the lake, looking at the snow bridges, rockslides and waterfalls. I have the cabin to myself and spend the day on a rock on the lake's shore, naked, reading, swimming and swatting flies. I look across the lake way up the mountain and I can make out the trail we left bum-sliding yesterday. I feel a sense of accomplishment. At dinner I hear Lawrence just

back from 12 hours up to Lydia say, "Mountaineering is for those that like pain!"

Day seven (23rd): Our attempt up Omega with Scott and Gordon assisting Peter. We would have done it too, if all those rocks hadn't started sliding down. Our team is under strict orders from general Woodsworth, to find the route up the mountain. Those navigational skills we learned are to be put to use. This day sees us doing lots of rope work and some rock climbing.

Day eight (24th): another down day for me having twisted my ankle in one of the heather slopes coming down Omega. I'm a little sad because I really want to do the Niobe traverse I've been hearing about. I listen to Tony, Margaret, Peter and Lawrence at one of the kitchen tables' talk about mountains, routes and climbing lore. These are true blue climbers, I think. I'm in awe. Funny though, I hear one of them make a comment, "they are really hard core!" and this is what I think about them and I know when I get back to work, this is what my workmates will think about me. It's all relative. On this last evening, we have a feast, complete with wine, scotch, vodka punch made with Gatorade and Rob's famous carrot recipe. It's time for photographs and Peter decorates our helmets with stick-on stars to mark our achievements: just being there gets you a green star, completing the school gets you a red star, helping the school gets you a blue star and for those who did the hardest climb of the week, Alpha, you get a gold star.

In closing I'd like to say what fun, what a learning experience and what an honour it was to spend those eight days in July with the other fourteen participants. Lots of appreciation and special big thanks goes out to Peter.

Participants: Rick Mann, Bill Moore, Janice Tedstone, our nearly infallible leader: Peter Woodsworth, and Terra Macdonald (Reporter).