

B.C. Mountaineering Club Newsletter



September 2009. Vol. 87, No. 9

Mt. Meslilloet 2001m
Photo: Ed Zenger

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 8 September - A selection of presentations on what members did this summer.

Tuesday 13 October - Author Mike Nash talks about George Evanoff, subject of his book: *The Mountain Knows No Expert*.



Summer in Brandywine Meadows
Photo: Alice Purdey

British Columbia Mountaineering Club

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Esther and Martin Kafer

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LIBRARY -	JOAN FORD	604-876-4255

CLUB EQUIPMENT FOR HIRE

Avalanche transceivers - First day - \$5 per day for members, \$7 for non-members then \$3 per subsequent day .

Snow shovels - \$3 per day.

Avalanche probes - \$3 per day.

VHF radios - \$8 per day, \$40 per week

Satellite phone - \$60 per week or \$10 per day plus \$300 refundable deposit, all payable in advance, then \$2 per minute use.

If the phone is returned damaged, the renter will be responsible for repair costs. If the phone is lost or damaged beyond repair, the renter will be responsible for reimbursing the club the \$2000 cost of the phone. Trip organizers should request a deposit from trip participants to cover this cost.

First priority for equipment rental is club camps and trips. Equipment is rented from Kit Griffin (604-736-8462) or Peter Gumplinger (604-733-8264), who should be contacted at least 2 days prior to the day the equipment is wanted, except for the satellite phone, which should be arranged at least 2 weeks prior to the day it is wanted.

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 August). 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 **Alice Purdey**

(ph. 604-293-2951, email - alicep.fred@gmail.com).

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. Any person who attempts to participate in a club trip without such mandatory equipment, may be requested to withdraw from the trip. 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 more than 1 day prior to the trip.

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.

Trip Schedule

Please check the website for final updates.

September

5: Saturday climbing in Squamish (weather permitting)	A5
Peter Woodsworth	604.254.7076
5-7: Mountaineering Anderson R	C4/5
Margaret Hanson & Tony Knight	604.873.2276
5-7: Liberty Bell WA	B5
Dave Morriss	604.892.9899
5-7: Mt Rainier- FULL	
10-14: Five Fingers	C3
Jos van der Burg	1.604.824.5676
12: Trigger Pk	D3
Alastair Ferries	604.329.1637
12: Welch Pk	C3
Denis Lalonde	1.604.793.9675
12-20: Mountain Lk Hut Repairs	A
David Scanlon	604.572.5051

13: Macdonald Pk & Mt. Webb	B/C3
Murray Lashmar	604.221.4183
19: Crown/Camel	C4/5
Neil Beattie	604.984.6345
19-20: Semaphore Lks - Locomotive/Face	B3
Ilze Rupners	604.222.3720
19-20: Mystery Pk	B3
Helen Habgood	604.357.3094
26: Saturday climbing in Squamish (weather permitting)	A5
Ivana Sigur & Adrian Lazar	778.240.1696
October	
3: Phelix Pk	C3
Alastair Ferries	604.329.1637
3-4: Spius Basin - Far Out & Ainslie	B2
Karl Ricker	1.604.938.1107
10-12: Grimface Mtn	B3
Peter Gumpfinger	604.733.8264
10-31: Red Rock Nevada Climbing Camp	B5
Francis St. Pierre	email

WELCOME BACK EVERYONE

The weather was great this summer and we hope that you could take full advantage of it in the mountains. This issue contains several reports of fun trips; please send in reports of your trips too, preferably with photos, and we'll publish them here.

This club is run by volunteers and a new season is beginning. We're always looking for new energy - so please speak with the executive about how you might share some of your energy with us to make this another fun and successful year.

Member News

The Club welcomes the following new members: Lori Elling, Michael Spagnut, Peng Luo, Adam Wakeling, Rod Magee, Jamie McIntyre, Kelly Bunting, Clayton Dunham, Nathan Rehorick, Oriana Graber, Jason Wheeler.

MOUNTAIN LAKE HUT WORK BEE

BCMC built and maintains the Mountain Lake Hut. Now we need to raise it and build new foundations,

build a new front porch and door, and repaint it. We need YOUR help - come for the full week or just a few days: Sept. 12- 20.

We also need TOOLS. All materials will be flown in. There should be room for all personal packs and gear to be flown in also. We plan to climb Sky Pilot on the Tuesday for a different kind of fun.

Please tell Dave Scanlon how you can help - 604.572.5051

IRENE APPS - 90 YEARS in JULY *Martin Kafer*

In celebration of her significant birthday we invited Irene Apps (née Rattenbury), on a recent Friday for an outing to Grouse Mtn. and a visit with the GMMG*. We met our hiking ex- and old BCMC'ers at our usual hour for the also usual mocha at Grouse's Lupins coffee shop. Irene was feted by the oldtimers and elected by acclamation to the illustrious position of "First Honorary Patron" of the GMMG. She also enjoyed



a short hike with us, a ride on the peak chair with a picnic on top, as well as the "Lumberjack" and "Birds in Motion" shows.

Irene has been a member of the BCMC longer than anybody else, she joined in 1944 and within a year was already on the executive as secretary!

Irene grew up in Ocean Falls and Powell River, where her father worked for the mills ("Rattenbury Point" on King Island in Dean Channel is named after him). She later married Jack Apps, also a club member - it was the by now well known BCM(atrimonial)Club at work!

When I asked Irene what her most memorable trip with the BCMC had been she told me of her harrowing adventure in November 1945:

During an early winter storm a party of four or five club members had hiked up from the "mushroom" bus turn-around to the new Seymour club cabin. It was a miserable slog as they carried skis and packs through the damp forest and when they reached the cabin wet snow started to fall.

Fortunately two early arriving fellows had started the stove and soon a cheerful group was enjoying a late supper. A very competitive game of four-handed cribbage was the evening's entertainment, the two women members, Nell Leitch and Irene cheering the men on. Around eleven or so another wet and bedraggled fellow appeared out of the roaring snowstorm. He related a scary story of nearly being hit by a falling tree on the way up.

Toward midnight Irene was ready to call it a day, but Nell urged her to wait until the game was over. About half an hour later there was a tremendous crash that shook the cabin severely, splintering timbers were heard and the oil lamp fell over. In the dark all rushed up the stairs to rescue the one fellow who had gone to sleep early with his dog.

Fortunately the large tree that demolished the roof had landed on the gable end of the men's side of the sleeping loft and the solid and short logs prevented it from crashing right through to the lower floor: in fact, the sleeper and his dog escaped unscathed, but the top of the tree smashed the women's side of the loft completely. The rest of the night was a nightmare of howling wind, huddling around the stove and trying to dodge the water dripping from the ceiling.

A miraculous escape for all concerned and a night to remember!

*GMMG stands for "Grouse Mtn. Mocca Group", a somewhat less ambitious successor to the notorious "10,000 Club", a group of retired BCMC members and friends who regularly hiked 3 times a week, all

year round with the aim of climbing 10,000 ft. each week. The group was started in the early 1980's by Art Dellow, Bill Hobeck and Roy Mason et al. They often managed over 450,000 ft. in a year, carefully recorded over many years by Roy, who had written his own G-Basic computer program for the purpose.

Trip Reports



Mt. Meslilloet 2001m - July 4-6, 2009

I can see this mountain from my living room window and it was time to have a closer look at it. We made two reconnaissances, the first one on skis and the second one on foot. Both times we drove along the Mamquam river on the bumpy logging road from Squamish (about 30 km)The first time we drove to 49Deg. 37' & 123Deg. 55'. The second time we drove to 49Deg.37' & 123Deg.52'. The ski route is about 3 km longer. Finally, on July 4, we were ready for the climb.

From the end of the drivable road (850m) we walked about 15 minutes along the road and then headed straight up to a col (500m elevation gain). The lower part is through open forest and higher up is some thick bush. It took us 2 ½ hrs to get there. We headed east and steep up from the col, still through heavy bush, till we arrived on an open knoll at about 1350m. From there we had a good view of Mislilloet. It was easy from there to our camp at about 1520m on a ridge NW of a lake. As the crow flies, the peak is 5km SSE from this camp. It took us 4 ½ hours. The view and sunset from camp were great.

Len got us up early next morning and we were ready to go by 5:30. First we had to descend about 200m along a very bushy ridge to the lake. Karl quickly named it 'Bushwhack' lake. From there the route follows more or less a ridge crest. We by-passed two rocky towers on the west side. Finally, after lots of ups and downs, we arrived at the glacier and out came the rope and slings.

We traversed the glacier at the upper end and headed

to the east ridge of the peak. There were only a few crevasses open. On the lower part of the ridge is a short class 4 section and also on the upper part are a couple class 4 moves. About 50 m below the top we traversed on a big ledge to the south ridge and arrived on top just before noon.



After lunch, photos and some phone calls were made we returned along the same route and arrived at the camp too tired to walk out. So we stayed one more night.

We left camp early next morning. On the way down it rained a few times and the route was quite slippery. It took us 2 ½ hours back to the car. The GPS told us that we walked 24 km and ascended over 2200m.

Party: Karl Ricker, Len Soet, Dennis Vacha and Ed Zenger (organizer and reporter)

Marmot Mountain, May 23, 2009

This was the 5th joint BCMC/ACC/NSH I led this year, and like the previous four trips I was the sole participant from BCMC. I am not sure that this trip report will increase future attendance on my trips.

Marmot Mountain (6,800 ft.) is just south of the Hope Princeton Highway about half way between Hope and Manning Park. Fairlie wrote 'no reported ascents'; Becky suggests possible routes; and Bivouac.com wonders if it is possibly unclimbed. The reason for this is access. It is bounded on the north by the Sumallo River and Bluffs; on the east by the Skagit

River; on the south by Mt. Silvertip; and on the west by Mt. Tearse.

I initially reced along the Skagit in April. It seemed doable but boring. My second reconnaissance to the pass south of Mt. Tearse was more satisfactory. Marmot would be at least 7,500 ft cumulative elevation gain but the views were great. A final recce from the north, wading across Sumallo River and going up alongside Laforgue Creek worked, and the plan was finalized. It would be a traverse, starting from the abandoned Sunshine Village ski run to the west and descending via Laforgue Creek to the north where we would leave a car.

At 11:00 pm Friday evening, Craig, Mark and I were in our tents at 3,700 ft on the Sumallo ski run road. We arose at 5:00 am and were at the pass by 9:00 am. It was fabulous weather. Craig kept asking, "Why don't people come here?" Good question. During this entire trip at no point, in any direction could you clearly see a clearcut. From the pass we ascended the south ridge of Mt. Tearse to about 6,100 ft. before dropping 2,000 ft into the valley west of Marmot. Initially the ascent of Marmot was great, firm snow in old growth, but once out of the forest at 5,500 ft the snow started to get mushy.

By 1:00 pm we were on the top of the first of Marmot's 5 peaks over 6,500 ft. and by 2:00 pm we were on the highest. Here we basked in the sun for an hour. The next two peaks were easy. From here we had hoped to descend via Mt. McConnell (also no reported ascent) but it was 4:30 pm. and we decided not to push it. The bumslide and descent to Laforgue Creek was great but then the going became surprisingly slow. Despite the old growth and lack of bush the snow was very hard, extremely rain pitted and we had to be constantly careful about breaking through into holes. By the time we got to the Sumallo River at 9:00 pm it was getting dark and we were all pretty tired.

The Sumallo woke us up. Instead of the 30 feet wide, mid thigh at the deepest, clear running creek that I had crossed the previous week was a brown, rapidly running river, overflowing its banks. There were no rapids for a couple of 100 metres so we decided to attempt crossing. Mark went first. After three steps he was up to his waist. He took another step. "I'm losing it!" he called. Then, "I'm swimming!" Initially he made good progress. Halfway across however, despite all his efforts he remained midway as he got swept downstream. I thought, holy shit, is he

going to die? Fortunately the current changed or something, and he managed to swim the remaining 15 feet to the opposite bank. He let out a victory cry. My turn. Somehow by not trying to fight the current I managed to do a kind of bouncing off the bottom run diagonally across as I was swept downstream. Then came Craig. He used my technique but embellished it with profanity.

The funny thing was that the river was incredibly cold when I crossed it the previous week. After each fording I was jumping up and down in pain swearing. This time however, despite being much more immersed, (and in Mark's case completely), none of us even noticed that the water was cold.

Mark Burgoyne, Craig Speirs, Alastair Ferries (organizer and reporter)

Postscript: Afterwards we learned through Club Tread that Marmot has been climbed at least twice.



What is this??

A Hood and St Helen's Hiatus - May 16-18

She was twitchy, alert and full of questions at 11 pm at night. We were tired and smelled of crusty sweat and moldy boots.

"Camping were you?" she barked. "What protection did you have with you?"

I choked down a giggle: border guards are intolerant of mistakes.

"I've a pocket knife and an ice axe," Ron ventured. Miss Authority seemed happy.

That same morning we had skied to the top of Mt Hood; the previous day we'd skied off the summit of Mt

St Helens. Now the border was a rainy, snarly mess of irate drivers. Inadvertently, we found ourselves in the NEXIS lane; like a fly in a spider web, it was impossible to escape. A definitive SIN, even to Canadian border guards who refused to be polite to compatriots.

Two days earlier we had left Vancouver. Seven people assembled at Cougar, Washington, where we exchanged our \$22 on-line reservation for a tag rather like morticians pin on the toes of the deceased in the morgue. A hundred permits a day: They were all spoken for - sold out the previous week. It was not to be a solitary experience.

The 5 am start from the Mt St Helens parking lot was inauspicious. We skied through high elevation fir and scrubby pine as the sun rose higher. We passed gangs of walkers with Buddha like physiques, snowshoers - and most interesting of all - people carrying skies with climbing skins carefully adhered.

Us Canadians, two Germans and one Iranian all got to the corniced summit in between 3 and 4.5 hours. The breeze was slight and the sun continued a steady arc over our heads. I peered into the caldera, privy to a strange, sinister world. Puffs of steam rose in the primeval landscape. Twenty nine years earlier (May 18th, 1980) Mt St Helen's had erupted and had made startling news around the world. Harry Truman refused to leave, and his charred corpse no doubt sank to the depths of Spirit Lake. His legend lives on. Fifty-seven people were killed or never found. Had the eruption occurred one day later, when loggers would have been at work, rather than on a Sunday, the death toll would almost certainly have been much higher. (wiki)

We left a group of Americans on the rim. They were exhausted. We skied up to the true summit, where, incredibly no one had yet ventured for several days.

Back at the parking lot by noon, we sat around drinking Cinder Cone Red Ale. We basked in our success. We ate Behnam's chicken pizza. We stood barefoot on the hot tarmac parking lot and thought life was pretty darn great.

Ape Cave, just down the road is an extraordinary 12 mile long tubular affair. I looked methodically for cave mice, cave spiders, cave bats: the parks people had drawn a colorful poster of all these at the entrance. All I found was slime and cold drips. The darkness was that pure black sort. Not a place to linger.

That evening, at the Best Western in Hood River, we dined on soused halibut, arugula salad, ribs and that ubiquitous beer that seemed to follow us on Gumplinger-led trips. Lovely.

Monday (Victoria Day) as the dawn broke Ian and I set off at 5 am with a grainy wind buffeting my progress and choking my breath. Ron and Anya had left an hour earlier and Peter and Silke were taking up the rear. Andrew, wisely, was still in bed. We skied beside the seemingly endless downhill chair lifts in silence. The snow was hard and wind blasted, forming large bobbles that caught my tips. We rammed our skies into the frozen snow at 3,200 m (the top of the “hogs back”) and cramponed across the frozen slope to then climb 70 meters up a more vertical (yet easy) slope to the narrow ridge. We got to the windy 3500m summit - elated.

The following day, this thread was posted on the Cascades Climbing Forum:

Conditions for climbing beyond the hogs back were dangerous. The snow is frozen dense and hard - very difficult to cut secure footholds. Even for roped teams, one slip... everyone goes down on hard snow. Only four brave souls out of 25 made the summit that day.

They were wrong, of course. Six brave souls made the summit.

The people living south of the line are a strange lot. As soon as one crosses the 49th parallel, the world changes. The cars get bigger, the shopping malls longer, the highways bumpier, wider, faster, more crowded. A land of superlatives.

Regardless, the very tops of the mountains this weekend were empty: left empty just for us.

Thank you Peter and Silke Gumplinger.

Andrew Brown, Ron Groom, Behnam Giwi, Anya Pakendorf, Peter Gumplinger, Silke Gumplinger (organizers), Ian McGillivray, Jane Weller (reporter)

James Turner, Wedge and Weart Mountains July 3 – 5, 2009 - *Gordon Esplin*

Many years ago Hart Kemp and I kick-stepped up the west face of Wedge during a sunny spring day. The views from the top were awesome. Way off in the east jutted the isolated spire of James Turner, which I then vowed to climb on some future day. So when Radmila

recently asked if I could lead a few trips during 2009, James Turner came to mind.

Eight of us departed in two vehicles and soon arrived at the Wedgemount Lake parking lot, where we saddled-up with our heavy packs and huffed and puffed our way up to the lake. The Wedgemount Lake hut was spotless and there's a new out-house and numerous handcrafted paths leading to comfortable and dry camping pads. Hats off to the hard-working park rangers!!

We hiked up the Wedge glacier to the Weart-Wedge col, then dropped down to the Weart glacier below, crossed this glacier and then set up camp at the foot of Eureka Mountain. Early the next morning we had a quick breakfast, then continued east to gain the Needles glacier. (I had thought that a more direct route to James-Turner would be to go south on the Weart glacier, but fortunately I was out-voted, as the “direct” route would have involved a bit of scrambling around the south end of a ridge that separates the Weart, Needles and Berna glaciers.)



Fingerpost Ridge from Needles Glacier

The Needles glacier offers easy hiking and soon we were approaching Finger-Post Ridge. James Turner is the dominant central tooth of this ridge and while it has been climbed from the north the easiest routes ascend via class-3 gulleys from the south. To get over to the south side we had to drop down to what is left of the Berna glacier, then ascend a steep ridge to gain the Turner glacier. It is advisable to do this as soon as possible in order to minimize lost elevation. (Elevation loss is like hair loss – to be avoided if possible!)

The Turner glacier is another expansive ice field. When approaching James Turner from this glacier the straight skinny is to head for a notch on the bottom

of James Turner's right flank. One can leave gear at this gap and then head right up to the summit. Climbing is class-3 if one traverses over to some obvious gulleys, or low class-5 if one moseys straight up from the notch.



Summit view: Wedge, Weart and Owls

The views from the summit are spectacular (somewhat similar to the Bugaboos) with black spires jutting out from the surrounding ice fields.

After the obligatory hero shots on the summit we descended back down to the notch, crossed the Turner glacier and then dropped down to the Bema glacier via a steep snow face. (Had we ascended this same face earlier in the day we would have saved ourselves a lot of effort and time.)

The Bema glacier turns into an oven during the afternoon and the steep slog back up to the Needles glacier soon turned us into slow-moving zombies. But once back up on the Needles glacier we quickened our pace and soon were hiking over the north end of the ridge that separates the Needles and Weart glaciers. From this ridge we dropped down beside the north flank of Eureka Mountain and back to our camp. It had been 12 hours camp-to-camp that day and we were all hungry and tired.

We were awakened at 4 AM once again by Radmila, who was keen to get going to climb Wedge Mountain. I was in no rush to get up but since my tent was on a slope, and I kept rolling out anyways, I decided that there was little future in fighting gravity and finally arose.

Sabine and I wanted to bag Mt. Weart on the way

back. Once up on the Weart-Wedge col we dumped our heavy "mother-ships" onto a pile of rocks and transferred a few essentials to a super-light Outdoor Research summit bag. Then we made a route-finding boo-boo. Rather than climbing up this ridge towards



Weart Ridge

the Weart summit we traversed below some cliffs, on the east side of the ridge, down almost to the Weart glacier. Then we had to kick-step our way back up steep snow to regain the Weart ridge while thinking unkind thoughts about my navigational skills.

Once on the ridge the hike up Weart is simple indeed. It's basically a pile of rocks and one only has to move one foot in front of the other, while keeping alert for rocks that want to roll down and crush a human foot or two.



Sabine on summit of Weart; Wedge Mtn. to South

From the top of Weart one can look down on Wedgemount Lake, as well as south towards the North Ridge of Wedge Mountain. On the way back we stayed on the Weart ridge and soon were back to where we had left our packs.

While looking for a spot to bum-slide down the north side of the Wedge glacier I managed to step through the snow into a crevasse that swallowed my right leg. After extricating this appendage I looked down the crevasse's throat. An icy-cold blast of air from the deep, narrow crack brushed against my face, reminding me that safe passage in this life is but an illusion. The least dangerous portion of a glacier can still blind-side those who are not prepared.

Back at the hut we found four of the group enjoying the sunshine while murdering voracious mosquitoes. Ian McGillivray had a pretty good score – he would have been a top WW1 fighter ace. We then waited for Radmila and Serguei, who had to traverse the entire length of the North Ridge to gain the summit of Wedge. Since there was only two of them on this climb, they did not want to risk taking the shorter route up through a heavily crevassed glacier to gain the North Ridge. Eventually they showed up and we made our way back down the hill to the vehicles and hence to the Shady Tree, that fixture of tranquility and nourishment nestled somewhat north of Squamish. A good trip with great people and great weather!

Participants: Radmila Jaksic (organizer), Gordon Esplin (scribe), Ian McGillivray, Sabine Decamp, Diana Diaconu, Clayton Dunham, Avi Barzlai, Serguei Okountsev. Photos: Gordon Esplin

FRENCHMANS COULEE May 8-17 2009

Wow! What an interesting trip this was this year. The whipped cream, the concert, the porcupine. Oh to be a trip organizer!

With there being no portapotties at Vantage any more we rented our own. The climbers access society had as many as three installed there but due to vandalism the company removed them. It ended up with us being up on the hill with our own sunroof and our own portapottie looking down on the peons below.

Arriving at the campsite we were surprised to see SO many people there! Many more than ever before. The

count was 35 tents, 1 motor home, 3 truck campers, and various others sleeping in their vehicles. It turned out that there was a fundraising event / concert this weekend to raise money for a permanent facility, outhouse, to be built in co-operation with the state. The group playing was from Rossland. So there we were from BC and the band from Canada too, with them trying to raise funds. It turned out to be a fun evening with dogs and kids everywhere, but nothing rowdy. Just a bunch of like minded folk having a good time.



The first day of climbing saw us at the feathers climbing area watching a rattlesnake for a while that apparently had fallen from one of the cracks in one of the columns giving the belayer there quite a surprise. During the rest of the week we were always looking for more. Very disconcerting. Shortly after going back to camp I almost did the world record long jump by almost stepping on another rattler right on the trail. He was making lots of noise with his rattle telling me to stay away and I was trying very hard to do just that!



We climbed for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, trying to pace ourselves. Just to add, that, after the weekend there were just us and two other tents being the only ones left after the concert. To take a break from climbing we went for a hike on Tuesday. We followed an old jeep road south to a lake. An oasis in the sage of the semi desert with trees, flowers, birds and fish. In following it's outflow we came to a waterfall. It being such a windy day the waterfall was going up! Yes up. The wind was funneled into the basin and forced upwards with such force as to force the water up and backwards. An amazing sight.

Further south we came across another larger lake and following the shoreline came across a porcupine in a tree. They are not often found and to see one was such a treat. Poor guy never had his picture taken so much as that day! There also were these ant hills in the area just teeming with activity. They were about 1 to 2 feet high. Beaver dams and houses were also in evidence but they were old with no signs of recent activity. That was disappointing. The drainage from this lake went underground and in going where the water would have gone, we came to another cliff overlooking a large sand dune. Being still quite windy we hunkered down for lunch for a while.

I'd asked everyone interested to bring their climbing gear for the hike my intent being to climb a free standing tower that we had climbed last year. After lunch we went over to it for a look see. It looked wicked. The wind was still howling. Either I am getting older and more mature, or the tower looked so much more fractured, or the wind was so fierce, I don't know. But I didn't want to climb this thing this year. No one else wanted to either, so a pass was given. Perhaps next time, we'll see.



So we walked on down the sand dunes and turned north then east heading back towards sunshine wall climbing area. Someone, I can't remember who, spotted 3 deer. Then there was another one. Later one more was seen making the total 5. A fitting end to a great day.

Back to climbing we went for the rest of the week with the only untoward thing that happened was a wind warning for one day. We took the precaution of taking down our sun shade so the wind wouldn't blow it down or away as last years was destroyed by the wind. The end of the week saw us going to the sunshine wall climbing area where the climbs are much longer, many requiring a 60 m rope and needing all of it. The routes there are so much more airy than at the feathers as well as much longer.



So the week came to an early end. With a fullblown concert coming to the Gorge Amphitheatre at the weekend nearby it meant that the free camping area would be overrun with partiers so we left on the Friday. The portapotty company was there bright and early to pick it up. So time to pack it up again.

And now the report from our flower girl, Carol. The wildflowers seen were Larkspur also called delphinium, Camus (blue), Hog Fennel, Balsam Root, large flowered Brodiaea (wild hyacinth), Wild flax, poison ivy, Lupines, Bitterroot, and lots more not identified.

So. The party is over for another year. We climbed like heroes, ate, climbed, drank, had the whipped cream fun times. {you had to be there }.

Thanks to those who came. Carol MacMillan, Bob Woodhouse, Serena Levy, Donna Scanlon. Anya Pakendorf, Peter Woodsworth, Peter Malacarne, Werner Grzmek. David Scanlon organizer and reporter.)

Books

Stein Valley Wilderness Guidebook – Second Edition By Gordon White, Selcouth Publishing

One of BC's showcase provincial parks has become more accessible with the release of the 2nd edition of Stein Valley Wilderness Guidebook. This eagerly anticipated guidebook will be welcomed by a wide range of backcountry explorers, as the Stein's trails have been cleared & upgraded in the past year.

The 20+ year campaign to protect the Stein from logging is one of the great conservation and First Nations' rights success stories in BC's history. Now co-managed by the Lytton First Nation and the provincial government, Stein Valley Nlaka'pamux Heritage Park was officially proclaimed a provincial park in 1995. Appropriately, the elected chief of the Lytton Indian Band, Byron Spinks, and the former Band chief, Ruby Dustan, who courageously led the First Nations fight to protect their traditional lands, co-wrote a welcome in the book. This may well be a first for guidebooks in BC.

This comprehensive guide to one of BC's most popular wilderness parks provides hikers with the information needed to travel safely and respectfully within the Stein River Valley, which is located between Pemberton and Lytton in southwest BC. The 1st edition, which had a print-run of 5,000, has been out of print since 2002.

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The Mountain Knows No Expert. George Evanoff: Outdoorsman and Contemporary Hero. Mike Nash. Natural Heritage Books: Toronto, 2009. Reviewed by Ron Dart

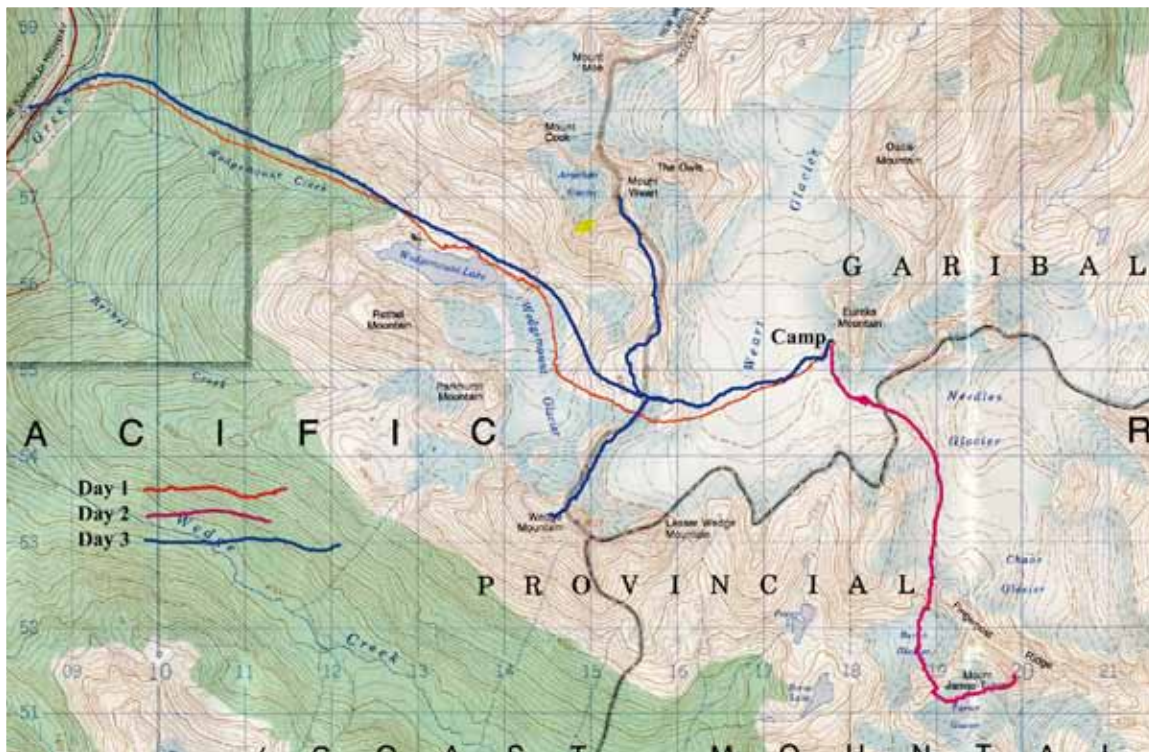
George Evanoff (1932-1998) has too long waited for someone to tell the tale of his rich mountaineering journey in which he was a mountaineering mentor and icon to many. *The Mountain Knows No Expert* opens with an evocative Prologue: "Path of a Hero". Evanoff's life unfolds in the mythic hero mould. He faces many challenges, and, inch by inch, lessons are learned and character is filled out in greater depth.

Evanoff was a child of an immigrant Macedonian family that sunk deep roots in the rocky mountain region of northwest Alberta and British Columbia. Evanoff's early mountain years were typical of the time—mountains were places to hunt for game, bring home trophy and reel in many a hapless fish.

It was, to Evanoff's credit, that he, like Andy Russell from Alberta, came to see that mountains need not be places for the slaughter of animals. A mountain man emerged who became committed to the roles of ski guide and ski patrol, a mentor in avalanche safety and a superb mountain guide in the Prince George area and beyond. Evanoff offered leadership in the Alpine Club of Canada and the Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC, and his mountaineering vision brought much needed leadership to the growing industry of ecotourism.

Mike Nash has done an A+ job in recalling and articulating the life of George Evanoff who was killed by a grizzly bear in 1998. Many other mountaineers with the highest qualifications have died in the mountains from a variety of accidents. The mountains always have the final say and sway, and even experts are not immune from the unpredictable nature of the wild and untamed backcountry—truly a basic lesson one and all should heed. *The Mountain Knows No Experts* is the sort of book that will hold the reader throughout the day and night.

It's an emergency toothbrush made from found materials on a beach.



Top: Map of route on James Turner trip

Left: Camping on the Wear Glacier

Photos: Gordon Esplin