

Newsletter 2021
Volume 98, Issue 4



For over 100 years we've been fuelled by passionate volunteers
who've kept BCMC vibrant and exciting

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Of Cities, Wilderness and the Garden of Eden

Written by Chris Ludwig

As a philosopher, I have been wrestling with a series of self-imposed questions. Our modern cities represent centuries of human technological effort to create an environment ideal for human habitation.

That being the case, why hasn't our urban environments yet been able to cultivate a utopian state in human mental, physical and social well-being? There shouldn't be a mental health crisis, an obesity crisis and social disharmony. Why do we need to flee our perfect technological creations in ever increasing numbers to find wellness in nature?

Our creations of endless jumbled walls and boxes might well be toxic to us, hence why we need to escape it. And so we pour down clogged ribbons of concrete in our chariots of iron and steel to reach nature. And once there, we impose the same toxicity of walls, infrastructures, day passes, gondolas, lift tickets, roller coasters, tenures, cabins, master plans and controlled recreation areas upon the very thing we seek to find healing in.

We poisoned our urban homes with our thoughtlessness, and now we are poisoning what little nature is left with that same thoughtlessness. The law of unintended consequences be damned. Little by little, our natural spaces are losing their original healing power.

I wonder if there will come a day when we run out of things to pave over and to destroy. Philosophically, I wondered if even a single first human visitation to a wilderness space alters it permanently.

So where does the problem come from, and how do we solve it? I suggest our greatest cause of suffering is rooted in our own minds and psychology. And that chaos and suffering manifests in the world we build and see around us.

We must make sense of our pain and ourselves in our own company, in the very depths of the concrete jungle. When we ourselves are damaged, we will damage the people and environment around us. It is unfair for what is left of our wilderness and natural environment to pay the price for our inability to face our own demons in the mirror of our own creations. It is time to reflect and to take personal responsibility.

If there is to be a Garden of Eden, it can only be cultivated and nurtured one mind at a time, alone in our own company. The age of laziness and lack of mindfulness must end.

Only then, do we have any business and ability to tread lightly and responsibly upon the world outside of our great and toxic urban achievements of iron, concrete, glass, mirrors and hubris.

A little chuckle along your hike by *David Scanlon*.....

How do crazy hikers get out of the forest?

.....They take the psychopath!

Featured Member

A Tribute for Evelyn Feller

Written by David Scanlon

Evelyn has been an avid BCMC member since her arrival from Australia in 1979.

You'll catch her now soaking up the sun in Australia nowadays but come spring and fall, Evelyn is ripping up BC slopes and waters. A dual Canadian and Australian citizen, she remains happy as a clam that she can still vote in Canadian federal elections.

Her love for the BC's majestic towers embraces BCMC's activities such as hiking/se kayaking/ski mountaineering trips.

Evelyn served as BCMC Membership Chair on executive in 1983-84 and helped organize many summer expedition camps.

Evelyn has an extensive resume with many, many BC committees - oceans hasn't kept her out of touch (thanks to Zoom!)



Canoeing out of Brooks R Alaska 1980

Continued from Page 3



Egypt Lakes area Banff nat park 2000

She has been on the FMCBC Recreation and Conservation committee for over 20 years.

A past vice-president of SPEC (Society Promoting Environmental Conservation) for some time in the 1980s.

The Membership chair for the Vancouver Kayak Club for a few years in the 1990s.

A member of the Environment Committee of the city of Richmond for several years in the 1990s-2000s.

A past member of the Vancouver Kayak Club.

Evelyn has also given many years and many hours on the Fraser River Coalition working to protect the Lower Fraser from degradation.

This resume did not shy away from being on the Surrey School Committees all the while juggling her career as a secondary school teacher.

She was instrumental in organizing extra-curricular student hiking trips to special long distance trips; Mt. St. Helens, Drumheller area in Alberta.

Thank you Evelyn for all that you have done and are doing!



Pierce L trail Chilliwack valley 1979

Welcome New Members

September - December 2021

Felix Lawrence
Jennifer Nixon
Matt Breton-Honeyman
Emma Harris
Derek White
Stanley Tse
Kelly Buse
Celeste Bain
Kayden McDonagh
Zoe Druick
Guillaume de Wasseige
Elise Galuska
Gregory West
Ka Wun Leung
Marsh Pitzman
Evan Price
Katelyn Garrity
Jennifer Schweers
Torin Glass
Andrew Downton
Henry Wu Liu
Brent VanderVeen
Benjamin Skinner
Edward Sweetman
Michael Marckwort
Jaime Stein
Craig Xing
Andrew Potter
MIHIR PUJARA
Julie Wong
Mary Wong

Yuta Nozawa
Will Bamberg
Siobhan Dawson
Sacha Galea
Andrew Xia
daniel morton
Jordan Konyk
Jack Edgar
gruff davies
Alexander Janusz
Sean Case
Teresa Dobson
Eddie Cai
Colin Smith
Brock Garden
Tim Stoll-Pott
MICHEL DION
Alexandra Chapkin
Duncan Etches
Eric Hui
Tanya Hauswald
Riley Troke
Noah Moss
Carlee Kukat
Kaitlyn McLachlan
Jeff Lee
Rachel Rhyason
Darryl Emmett
Cayley Lawrence
Leonardo Iezzi
Susan Steudel
Sara Skoczylas
Vesna Irsic
Ben Liegey
Clarice Lai
Christina Radeka
Justin McCloskey
Tiffany Bergen
Tasha Salman

Kevin Poskitt
Dafydd Samuel
Zach Sinclair
Jenny Reynen
Raasika Gaugler
Denise Roman
Kyle Marancos
Nick Cramp
Jason Curtis
Conrad Koziol
Brendan Smith
Sarah Ries
Ruth Outridge
Karen George
Alec Bwman
Simona Chutnakova
Erik Toman
Tim Smith
Cecile Poulin
Maria McKim
Audrey Spielmann
Harvir Khangura
Nicolas Astudillo Figueroa
daniel effinger
Alistair Jackson
Ben Martin
Nathan Slaco
Robert Gait
Zehra Talib
Andrea Moore
Vince Jewlal
Ariel Goldenberg
Tanjot Gill
Erica Ellefsen
Gabrielle MacDougall
Adrien Noble
Greg Viger
Will Dietz
Blake Burbank
Mark Dawson
Lewis Zhou
Max Hurson
Rob Thomson

Milos Lazic
Raul Lara
Jae Lee
Ariana kaknevicus
Nathan Daniels
Mikey Vaclavik
Michelle Bajurny
Jakob Ager
Mo Afshin
Pawel Cisek
Joanna Cisek
Stefan Currie-Roberts
Danny Spagnuolo
Erik Venini
Shanee Chung
Evan Goldenberg
Caitlin Purvis
Xiaoyu Yu
Tiffany Fong
Jacob Alleyne
Kitty Zhang
Rachel Gill
Jade Scrymgeour

In the Community

Pinstripe Truck

Poem by Chris Ludwig

We got out late on the third day
opened the canopy
threw in the packs
boots and poles
recklessly

It was my truck
and my turn
to bash out the logging road
with tired bobble heads
flopping about in the cab
bench seat
heavy leaf springs
and loud thuds

We hit the Duffy as night fell
I can't remember when it happened
when I noticed them all asleep
Somewhere around Pemberton I guess

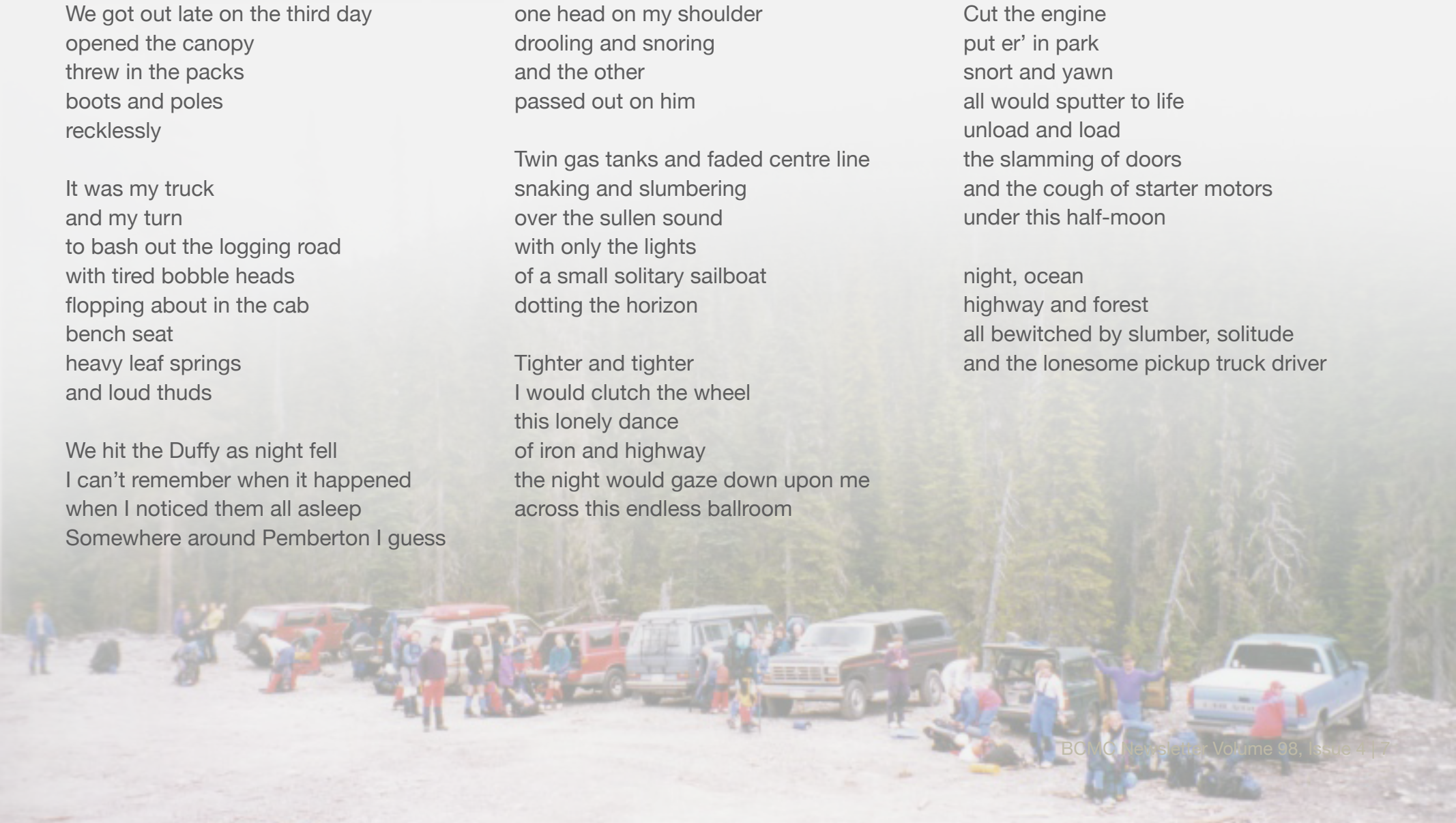
one head on my shoulder
drooling and snoring
and the other
passed out on him

Twin gas tanks and faded centre line
snaking and slumbering
over the sullen sound
with only the lights
of a small solitary sailboat
dotting the horizon

Tighter and tighter
I would clutch the wheel
this lonely dance
of iron and highway
the night would gaze down upon me
across this endless ballroom

Cut the engine
put er' in park
snort and yawn
all would sputter to life
unload and load
the slamming of doors
and the cough of starter motors
under this half-moon

night, ocean
highway and forest
all bewitched by slumber, solitude
and the lonesome pickup truck driver



Extract From a Fictionalised Account of Smith and Doolittle's Traverse of the Coast Mountains in 1893

Authored by Chris Barton

Currently seeking agent representation or publisher

Based on actual events

1893: Starting from Squamish, Stanley Smith and Doolittle have been struggling through the Coast Mountains for seven weeks, trying to find a route to Chilko Lake in the Chilcotin.

"...had to descend, and camp... We had cold rain at the foot of these glaciers, and blinding snowstorms at their summits..."

At daybreak, peering from within our natural sarcophagus beneath the boulders, I discover the driving rain has congealed into snow.

"What is this madness?" I grumble. **"It is barely September."**

"Not unusual in the mountains," Smith bromides. **"Best get moving."**

"Does it seem wise to climb a glacier in such conditions?"

"Damned if we do," He groans, struggling upright to stretch, **"damned if we don't. At least we won't get blinded by the sun. The longer we wait, the deeper the snow... and the harder to spot crevasses."**

We plod up the right-hand glacier. Covering our sparse rags and bits of fur, Smith is draped in his tattered Mackintosh, while I am wrapped tight in my trusty bark blanket. Moving helps get the blood flowing, and soon I become tolerably warm.

It is not so bad; my pack does not feel heavy. We have perhaps three days' food remaining. But then what? Game seems scarce. All Smith has managed to shoot in the past week are two grouse and a scrawny groundhog. And now the snow...

We keep the rock wall in sight to our left. Otherwise, there is merely white. The snow thickens, great fat flakes settling and melting in my long hair and beard. It swirls and gusts around us; mesmerising in its silence.

For hours, we trudge forward, making no apparent progress. "It's turning north," Smith says, squinting at his compass. His tone sounds hopeful, but I am not falling for his flimflam.

The snow flies in our faces now, streams past. We battle on, fighting blind. I envision the salmon I've seen in the autumn streams above Maple Ridge, swimming against the current, desperate, exhausted, half-starved.

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I see nothing now, save Smith's hunched form, appearing, disappearing... appearing again. When he is hidden, it becomes hard to tell up from down, and I suffer the bizarre sensation of falling endlessly into this unceasing snow. Then my foot sinks suddenly, my heart lurches upward and I stumble forward across some pothole, or crevasse, or who knows what.

Where is Smith?

I halt, squint ahead into the cascading snow. Where the hell is he? I swing left, swing right—thankfully glimpse his faintly shadowed steps in the blinding white. Gulping down my panic, I stagger on. But... his prints appear strange, as though he is trying to walk a highwire, one foot directly before the other. I feel a cold chill. Do crevasses lie on either side? Why does he not wait, warn me? I shout his name.
Nothing.

I tramp on in his tracks, the imprints filling gently with fresh snow. **"Stanley!"** I yell again.
Then I hear him shout back.
Blessed relief! But... I stop, turning in confusion.
He shouts again, closer, but... behind me.
How can that be? Has he gone in a circle?
I see his form lurching towards me.
"What the hell are you doing?" he bellows. **"Why are you going this way?"**
"I was following..." I point.

Brows and beard frosted, eyes slit, he peers at the tracks, then murmurs, **"That's not me."**

"It must be. We're... we're..."—panic avalanches upon me—"...going in circles!"

I see—imagine—a wall of white all around, a hundred feet high, growing with every passing minute. I imagine climbing, scrambling up the walls, but the walls keep growing...

Smith shakes his head, taps at the compass clutched in his rag-wrapped hand. "No, no. I've been watching. We're going north, steady north. These prints go east."

"But..." I push back my panic, try to focus on the strange prints; big, far apart, in a single straight line. **"A bear?"** I shiver.
He shakes his head.

"Indians?"

"Come on." He grabs my arm, pulls me away.

"But, if it is Indians, they can help us," I protest, stumbling along.

"These tracks must be fresh—the snow—"

"Fresh, yes," snaps Smith, "but not Indians. Gotta get away."

Hunched over his compass, he flounders northward, into the nettling wind.

"...appeared as depressions 8 inches wide and 4 inches deep, and about 3 feet apart. The odd part was that they were placed in a long single line, one exactly in front of the other..."

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We pitch away through the deepening snow at an unsustainable pace. I stumble to my knees, struggle up, fall again.

“Stop!” I cry. “I cannot go on.”

Smith halts, squints at me, looks behind, then thumps down in the snow, his back to the wind. **“Come, drink. Eat some goat.”**

We hunch, squatting upon our packs, masticating fiercely on dry jerky, while the snow spins past.

“Those tracks. What do you suppose they were?”

He chews a while before responding. **“Boqs. Maybe.”**

“Whats?”

“The Nuxalk—the people of the coast here—they talk of Boqs. Like Skoocooms further south, but white. Live up in the snow.”

“Boqs? Skoocooms? You are talking gibberish,” I chide through chattering teeth.

“Chinook Jargon. Skoocom means big... monstrous. Indians use it to describe a beast—perhaps like those Wild Men of the Squohomish. Hairy, ape-like.”

“So, a monstrous white ape?” I snort. **“Living out here in the snow.”**

Smith gulps down his jerky, then nods. **“Boqs.”**

“Let’s follow it, shoot it,” I say, semi-serious, tapping the cold barrel of Smith’s trusty rifle. **“Imagine if we could return to Vancouver Town with the specimen’s skin.”**

He smiles strangely. **“Bella Bella Charlie—a tyee I know—”**

“Tyee?”

“Indian chief. Lives on the coast west of here.” Stanley waves vaguely

at the white walls of our prison. **“Charlie cornered one once—gathering clams up near River’s Inlet—so he claims.”**

“And he has the skin of this creature?”

Smith shakes his head. **“Charlie shot at it—just shrieked at him. Then his musket blew up.”** Smith holds out his ruddy hands. **“Showed me the scars. Boqs have supernatural powers, apparently.”**

“Of course,” I huff, willing myself to choose scepticism over the frightful alternative. Nevertheless, I hold my tongue. How else to explain these strange tracks? This wilderness is vast, rugged, labyrinthine. We have travelled places no man has travelled, seen no-one for what—a month and a half? Who can really say what lives out here?

Is that the moan of the wind I hear, or something more?

“Come on.” Smith lurches to his feet, grasps his pack’s straps, kicking at it to dislodge the massing snow. **“Don’t want to be out here at nightfall.”** He grabs my arm, drags me upright.

“Don’t want to be out here at all,” I grumble, floundering after him.

In Memoriam: Joan Ford



With the recent death of Dr. Joan Ford, the club has lost one of its oldest and most honoured members. Joan was born in England and did her medical training at the University of Sheffield. During her university days, she began climbing on the hills and crags of England and Wales. She emigrated to Canada in 1953 and soon joined the BCMC, remaining a member for the rest of her life.

For many years she was the custodian of the club's library, which was housed at her home. Joan was part of a group of club members that included Joyce Davies, Rita and Don Ourom, and Doris and Dick Chambers who regularly attended concerts of the Friends of Chamber Music and the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

Joan was active in, and donated heavily to, many humanitarian organizations, including Save the Children, Médecins Sans Frontières Canada, The Nature Trust, and the Trans-Himalayan Aid Society. She was an Honourary Life Member of the Board of Directors of the Sir Edmund Hillary Foundation. With this foundation, she worked for some years as a medical doctor and relief physician in medical clinics in the Khumbu region of Nepal, continuing this work well into her seventies.

Joan was made a member of the Order of Canada in 1991 and an Honourary Member of the BCMC in 2005. She died in Vancouver on October 31, 2021, four days short of her 96th birthday.

-- Glenn Woodsworth and Anders Ourom, with thanks to Cicely (Ford) Bryce

2021 Year End Report

Authored by David Scanlon

Being on your executive as your past president means that I have no specific duties but I do things for the club some of which are listed here;

Project	Status	Agenda	Personal Notes
Hollyburn Ranger Cabin	ACTIVE	In touch with the district of West Vancouver representing the club with the possibility of acquiring use of the ranger cabin on Hollyburn. It may end up being a shared arrangement	
Norm Deacon Cabin	ACTIVE	Working with the District of West Vancouver on obtaining the Norm Deacon Cabin for BCMC. This project started over 2 1/2 years ago and if all goes well, the club may have the permit for this cabin next spring, 2022. This is being planned as a BCMC Hollyburn family oriented cabin for club members.	
Demon Peak Trail	ACTIVE	Passion project which last year & the trail is 98% finished. The trail needs some trail markers on the ridge proper.	Thank you Susanne and Terry for helping.
Pinecone Burke Master Plan Progress	ACTIVE	The province has passed a Declaration on the rights of Indigenous People and now BC Parks has to work through this new legislation as well with no end in sight. The club has a cabin tenure application on hold near the park and are awaiting for this master plan to be finalized before it can go forward.	I have a friend in the BC Parks Squamish office who keeps me up to date on the BC Parks workings for the Pinecone Burke master plan progress

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Being on your executive as your past president means that I have no specific duties but I do things for the club some of which are listed here:

Project	Status	Agenda	Personal Notes
VIMFF	ACTIVE	BCMC & VIMFF are working towards having one specific night for the main yearly February event to be sponsored by BCMC and be called the “Best of Beautiful BC” , possibly to be held in the Kay Meek Theater.	I’ve been VIMFF for 15 years. I’ve had meetings with our new marketing person Hanna Bystrom and have introduced her to Alan Formanek. She will be taking over most of the arrangements from now on.
Watersprite Lake recreation Site	COMPLETE	BCMC has signed an agreement with RSTBC to be the operator of the site. Gerry Egan, Mike Knudson, Susanne Postill and Terry Wong and myself are a committee representing the club working with RSTBC to get the site up and operating for next summer.	I spent 39 days up at the Watersprite cabin this summer, working on the trail with Susanne’s Labour Day weekend work crew and many days with Mike Knudson working with RSTBC at the tenting area I am proud to say the outhouse is officially done!
FMCBC	ACTIVE	BCMC is no longer a member.	Chris Ludwig & I agreed there is always the possibility of BCMC and FMCBC agree on terms for BCMC to rejoin. One way to keep that a possibility is to keep abreast of what they are doing.

Your club is growing and expanding all due to the many volunteers who give freely of their time. We all owe them a debt of gratitude for all they do.

Next year will be my 20th consecutive year on your executive. It’s been quite a ride being a part of all of the changes. Looking forward to another year.

Season Highlights

Trip Snapshots

Over the Rainbow

Authored by Annette Muttray

For years I had been dreaming of walking the colorful ridges of the Rainbow Range in South Tweedsmuir Provincial Park. Tantalizing photo essays by Chris Harris and a route on Bicouac.com by Robin Tivy kept me, and then us, pouring over maps. Our group of four women friends (Anna Bron, Oriana Graber, and Lisa Quattrocchi) finally used spare time in the “covid summer” of 2020 to drive up to the trailhead on Highway 20 for a week-long hike.

We followed the Bivouac route from 2004, planning to cross the Beef Trail Creek valley, which was described as a bushwack through stretches of “open pine forest”, climb Mount Tsitsutl – the highest peak in this ancient volcanic range (2504 m), hike along the ridges to the colorful red and orange mountains, and return back to the car by crossing the upper Beef Trail Creek.

The first day, just beyond the official BC Park’s trails, provided us with the first surprise: an abandoned tent and backpack laying on the meadows near DeMacedo Lakes. Thanks to our InReach, we were able to communicate with our safety contact and a two-day helicopter-assisted rescue effort ensued. We were rather spooked and cautiously continued along our route. A couple of lone goats appeared on rocky towers above “Lone Goat Lake”, as if prompted by the name.



Lisa looking down on Lone Goat Lake from the flank of Beef Mountain.
(Photo by Oriana Graber)

The following day, we climbed Beef Mountain, and after a beautiful plateau hike plummeted into the valley of Beef Trail creek. There is no trail, and there was no “open pine forest”, but we did make it to the opposite side of the big valley and up along an unnamed side creek, along which we set up our next camp. We received the exhilarating message that night that the hiker had been found alive after 5 days of being lost!

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The next morning saw us climbing out of the forest to a wide open pass near “Grizzly Lake”, with superb views onto Anahim Peak, the next volcanic plug in this ancient volcano belt. From there, we pushed on to Tsitsutl Peak. The weather was nice, but storm clouds were gathering in the distance, and the wind slowly picked up. We will never forget the views from up there – 360 degrees of BC’s plateau and Coast Ranges under an amazing sky. It was too late to go further and so we took the risk to camp on the broad summit.



Camp on Tsitsutl Pk_ Camp on top of Tsitsutl Mountain's round peak with views west to the Coast Ranges and brewing storm clouds. (Photo by Annette Muttray)

Turned out, we shouldn't have done that! The storm picked up overnight and we were literally blown off the peak at about 5am in thick fog. We retreated to Grizzly Lake to huddle over hot coffee in a tent shelter to discuss out next moves. We had to retreat, and never made it to the red ridges of our dreams.

The retreat through a different valley diverging higher up from Beef Trail Creek (just for variety!) was hellish most of the time, with thick bush, swamps, mosquitoes, and a scary climb up an avalanche track that FINALLY let us regain an open ridge after a day and a half of bushwacking.

After one last camp at DeMacebo Lakes, we hiked out in the rain that turned to snow in the mountains behind us. Fast forward to 2021. Anna and I were undaunted and were itching to try again. Two new kids on the block, [Nigel Hessey](#) and his friend Jeff were eager to join. But as fate would have it, both Anna and Jeff had to cancel last minute.

Although we were rather afraid of grizzlies and generally accidents in this remote area with just the two of us, Nigel and I decided to go. This time we took the ferry up to Bella Coola and drove “the hill” up to the trail head. And this time, Anna and I had talked to Chris Harris about a more promising route. Nigel and I proceeded to DeMacebo Lake (felt like home!) and were greeted by 4 abandoned cans of beer chilling in the lake.

Good start. We went down the valley Chris had described, again bushwacking our way thru to Beef Trail Creek. At some point I thought I saw blazes and a faint trail, but it disappeared quickly and I decided I was probably hallucinating. Compared

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to last year, when signs of wildlife had been almost absent, prints and droppings of bear, moose, deer, and even caribou were everywhere, and fresh!

We kept yelling as we fought our way down and then back up on the other side of the big valley. A deer looked at us as if we were crazy and then leisurely bounced off over thick impenetrable bushes. We camped along a dry ridge with the evening sun illuminating oranges and reds on the ridge in front of us while we sipped a beer instead of water.

We had to gain “Doucette Soaker Col” and hope that the snow field, described in 2004, was still there. Satellite images had indicated that it should be. We made the col in no time the next morning and saw the snow field and a tiny area to camp steep below us.

Down we went, set up camp and started collecting dirty water and snow, then set off to explore in the hopes to reach Doucette Peak. The pastel colors of these mountains were amazing, but we had to turn around before we could reach the peak.

The next day was a dream come true: We walked across bands of vivid colors of yellows, oranges, and reds, with the greens

of Paradise and Beef Trail Creek valleys below us. But just to remind us of how fragile we were, Nigel was suddenly taken down several meters on a sliding scree and rocks and was fortunate that nothing got broken. Shaken up, we hiked down along a side ridge into Paradise Valley, this time with surprisingly little bush. Chris had mentioned a blazed trail that is used by the local guides and outfitters in Paradise Valley, and after crossing the creek p we were very happy to locate it amongst the thick bush and swampy meadows.



Walking along the Rainbow Ridge, with Paradise Valley below. A dream come true.
(Photo by Annette Muttray)

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From then on, we put every effort into not losing this old and faint trail. We had no choice but to set up camp in the depth of the valley, having narrowly avoided a big animal (probably a moose) in the bush, and to pick up the blazed trail the next morning. Apart from losing time searching for it, the trail was fast and easy and got us back into the alpine via a beautiful little lake and views of several goats.



Rainbow over an unnamed lake on route between Crystal Lake and Lester's Camp. We camped there on our last night. (Photo by Annette Muttray)

The next night, the weather pummeled us and we were glad to be off the Rainbow Ridge. There were three more sights to tick off on

our list: a dark red volcanic outcrop, Macebo Peak, and Crystal Lake, all of which we accomplished the next day. The desolation and fierceness of the Rainbow Ridge east of Beef Trail Creek were replaced with open rolling terrain and mountains of subalpine tundra, flower meadows, bogs, and lakes. We spent our last night on a tiny peninsula at a lake at tree line and were grateful and astounded with what we had accomplished.

The nitty-gritty:

We hiked both times at the end of August-early September to avoid mosquitos and grizzlies, and both times the weather was mixed and rather cold. You have to be a pro at route finding and comfortable off trail in a remote wilderness setting, but you don't need climbing skills. Both times, we did not see another person for a week as most people will stick to the BC Park's trails.

Contact us if you plan to go and would like route details:

Annette Muttray : amuttray@gmail.com

Anna Bron : annabron@live.ca

Nigel Hessey : nigel.hessey@cern.ch

Sky Pilot Trail and Stadium Glacier

Authored by Elizabeth Law

I felt I had regained my hiking strength after having done Rainbow Lake a few days prior. However, I did feel the remnants of fatigue in my shins but it dissipated, as soon as I got started on the hike. We short circuited the hike by taking the Sea to Sky gondola to the top, and started the trail from there. The gondola had been deliberately damaged twice before, and we could see the strategically placed cameras hoping to catch the perpetrator. It obviously didn't help with identifying the individual the last time, as everyone wears masks these days!

The trail started with a long slog up a gravel road until we finally reached the turnoff to Mt Habrich. We continued straight along the Sky Pilot Valley trail which started getting more rough and dense with berry bushes. We made a lot of effort to ward off any hungry bears by singing, hollering, clapping hands and banging on poles. Fortunately there were a few people ahead of us, who would more likely have been the victims!

After some light scrambling, creek crossings and pulling on tree limbs for balance, we broke out of the trees into a basin surrounded with rocky mountains and waterfall. There seemed to be two ways to get to the top of the rock slide, but we opted for the one that looked more "worn" but steeper unfortunately. We donned our helmets and plucked up the courage! It looked fairly

daunting from the bottom, but even more scary from the top, but it was completely doable. Extra care needed to be taken with foot placement to avoid releasing rocks down the hill onto someone's head.



Scrambling up steep boulder field with Co-Pilot behind

At the top of the rocky bowl, we were served up a panoramic views of Mt Baker, The Lions, The Co Pilot, Mt Habrich, the Tantalus range and Black Tusk. We also witnessed a rescue on the rock slide that we had just scaled. A hiker had slipped off the glacier and made it down as far as the rock slide before coming across our group and asking for some help.

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Our group leader made a decision to call Squamish Search and Rescue, who arrived on scene by helicopter within 45 minutes. The hiker suffered significant abrasions that needed tending before being transported off the mountain. I hung around at the top and explored the area which had colorful rocks engraved with glacier movement and several small lakes (tarns) that were formed as a result of the glacier hollowing out the ground.



Scrambling up steep boulder field with Co-Pilot behind

We had a spectacular view of Stadium Glacier from that vantage point. I chose not to continue down the other side of the hill to get a closer view. I figured that we already had one accident, and didn't feel it was necessary to possibly cause another. Once the helicopter finally took off, we proceeded back down the rock slide, during which I had a hard fall on my butt but fortunately didn't slide any further.

The hike back was rather uneventful and the last section of gravel road was extremely monotonous. By the time we reached the gondola, I still felt pretty fresh, and could easily have done a longer hike. We sat at the viewpoint having our snack and admiring the view of Sky Pilot and the fjord below before catching the last gondola ride of the day back to the parking lot.



Insignificant against amazing backdrop

Duration: 6.5 hrs

Distance: 14 km

Gain: 800 m

To read more on [Elizabeth's adventures](#)

Season Highlights

During a traverse of ridges in a backwater corner of the Coast Mountains we found tent sites to be scarce. This cornice-edge was the best we could find. But it had a great view of Snowside Mountain (2970 m).

Photo by Glenn Woodsworth, 2002



Season Highlights

View south across the Whitemantle Glacier to Pointer Peak (2390 m), one of many fine summits in the little visited Whitemantle Range.

Photo by Glenn Woodsworth, 2014



Season Highlights



Some golds are priceless, Photo by Pirabalini



Love from Frosty Mountain, Photo by Pirabalini



The BCMC 2007 Centennial Mount Garibaldi Ascent team taking JJ Trory's original ice axe back to the summit 100 years later by David Scanlon

Upcoming Events

December 2021 - February 2022

December

- 18** AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
Kees and Claire Memorial Hut Weekend! 2 Days
Marie Amante
Advanced Crevasse Rescue - Squamish
MSAA
- 19** B.A.C. UP
Cliff Eschner
Decker Mtn
Bill Maurer
Sunday Red Heather Ski
Ian Cowan
Seymour skiing
Jayson Craig
- 21** Lizzie Cabin 6 Days
Brian Sheffield
Spearhead Glacier
Omar Elofir
Weather Workflow
Jim Nosella
- 22** Avalanche Rescue Skills (ARS)
Jim Nosella
- 23** Snow Safety Education: Backcountry
BC AdventureSmart

- 25** Kokanee Glacier ski week 8 Days
Youliana Tichelova
Christmas camping at Sky Pilot 2 Days
Artur Dzikzoiev
- 29** AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training FOR SNOWSHOERS 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
- 31** New Years Eve at Taylor Meadows 3 Days
Owen Lee

January

- 08** Season Intro Ice Climbing Warm up- Practice Session
Mohammad Pahrhod
Introduction to Backcountry Skiing
Steve Yun
Introduction to Backcountry Skiing & Splitboarding
MSAA
- 15** Watersprite Weekend 2 Days
David Freeman
AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
Avalanche Skills Training 1 - Squamish 2 Days
MSAA

- 16** 5-day Ice Leader Camp Jan 17-21, 2022
Shashi Shanbhag
- 22** AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training FOR SNOWSHOERS 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
Winter Crevasse Rescue & Glacier Travel 2 Days
MSAA
Intro to Ice Climbing - Whistler 2 Days
MSAA
- 29** Another Watersprite Weekend 2 Days
Shane O'Donohoe
Mt. Mulligan
Greg Hamilton
MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER WITH YOU 2 Days
Marie Amante
Advanced Crevasse Rescue - Squamish
MSAA

February

- 05** DEEP IN THE DUFFEY 2 Days
Marie Amante

- 11** Kees and Claire Guided Hut Trip (3 Days, 2 Nights)
MSAA
- 12** North Creek Cabin Winter Camp 8 Days
Brian Sheffield
AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training FOR SNOWSHOERS 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
Ski Mountaineering Course 2 Days
MSAA
Avalanche Skills Training 2 - Splitweekend 2 Days
MSAA
- 16** Snow Safety Education: Backcountry
BC AdventureSmart
- 19** AST-1 Avalanche Skills Training 2 Days
Canada West Mountain School
Watersprite ski weekend 3 Days
Youliana Tichelova

The Top of Africa

Organized by Wayne Pattern

August 3 - 13, 2022



The Top of Africa

Scrambling



Grade: B2



Screening

Climb Mt Meru and Kilimanjaro, with après Sa

There are 3 parts to this trip:

Mt Meru (acclimatization), Mt Kilimanjaro (main objective), Safari (it's Africa)

All trips to Kilimanjaro must be led by a trekking organization.

All three segments of this trip will be hosted by Snowcap Tanzania Tours.

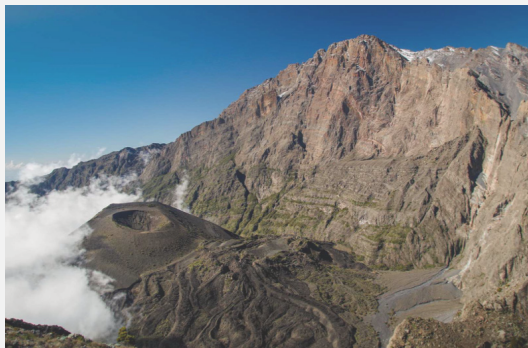
The Rongai Route route is one of the best routes on Kilimanjaro, offering beautiful scenery including the quiet, rarely visited northern slopes.

The cost to join a group is \$3760 USD per person. This does not include airfare, additional activities, or guide tips.

A \$190 non-refundable deposit is required to join this trip. The deposit must be submitted by Dec 1 2021. If the trip does not take place the deposit can be applied to a later trip.



Mount Kilimanjaro



Mount Kilimanjaro

Climbing Kilimanjaro is not easy. Every year approximately 1,000 people are evacuated from the mountain. Approximately 10 deaths are reported. The actual number of deaths is believed to be two to three times higher. The main cause of death is altitude sickness. Everyone climbing Mount Kilimanjaro should be familiar with the symptoms of altitude sickness.

Trip participants will be confirmed as soon as the trip deposit is submitted. Payment can be made by cheque or e-transfer. All the funds will be forwarded to the trekking company.

Please see itinerary or contact Wayne Pattern for further details

Fantastic Finds

Member Perks



Special Private Club Nights

10% OFF



All Day Passes & Memberships

10% OFF



All Day Passes & Memberships

10% OFF



Rock Climbing Shoe & Hiking Boot Full Resole

10% OFF



THULE, YAKIMA Products

10% OFF



Rock Climbing Shoe & Hiking Boot Full Resole

10% OFF



Happy Yak Products

10% OFF



Sea-to-Sky-Gondola

15% OFF



Canada West Mountain School

10-20% OFF



Mountain Skills Academy Adventures

10-20% OFF



Hillsound's products

20% OFF



STRÜB Land & Sea Activewear

20% OFF



Richmond Olympic Oval Climbing

20% OFF



Cypress Mountain Resort

20-35% OFF



Canadian Rockies Annual

25% OFF



Business Plan Signup

UP to 32% OFF



US Premier Climbing Magazine

40% OFF



Gripped Magazine

70% OFF



Premium Membership

3 Months Free



Brewpub Food & Beverage

10% OFF










Pacific Packers Coffee

15% OFF

Note: All discounts are subject to change without notice. The merchant has final say on its discount program

NEW: As a Frequent Trip Organizer(1) you can participate in the BCMC's "PRO Discount Program" with discounts of up to 50% on major brands. Must show BCMC PRO-Card for discounts below:

			
BCMC PRO Discount	BCMC PRO Discount	BCMC PRO Discount	BCMC PRO Discount
50% OFF	40% OFF	50% OFF	15% OFF

		
BCMC PRO Discount	BCMC PRO Discount	BCMC PRO Discount
25-50% OFF	35-50% OFF	50% OFF

Any Member who organized 4 qualifying club trips during the past 12 months can apply for the BCMC "PRO Discount" Program
Apply with the BCMC Marketing Team for your Pro-Discount

Your Story

Matters

The BC Mountaineering Club Newsletter is an official publication of the B.C. Mountaineering Club and is published four times per year. All material within this newsletter is copyright by the British Columbia Mountaineering Club or the respective owners.

SUBMISSIONS

We want you to write for us! Any submitted news, events, trip reports, letters relevant to the BCMC will be published unless the club executive decides otherwise.

For photos, high resolution is much appreciated. 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 BCMC.

SUBMIT YOUR CONTENT

editor@bcmc.ca

British Columbia Mountaineering Club

P.O. Box 20042

Vancouver, B.C., V5Z 0C1

info@bcmc.ca

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