

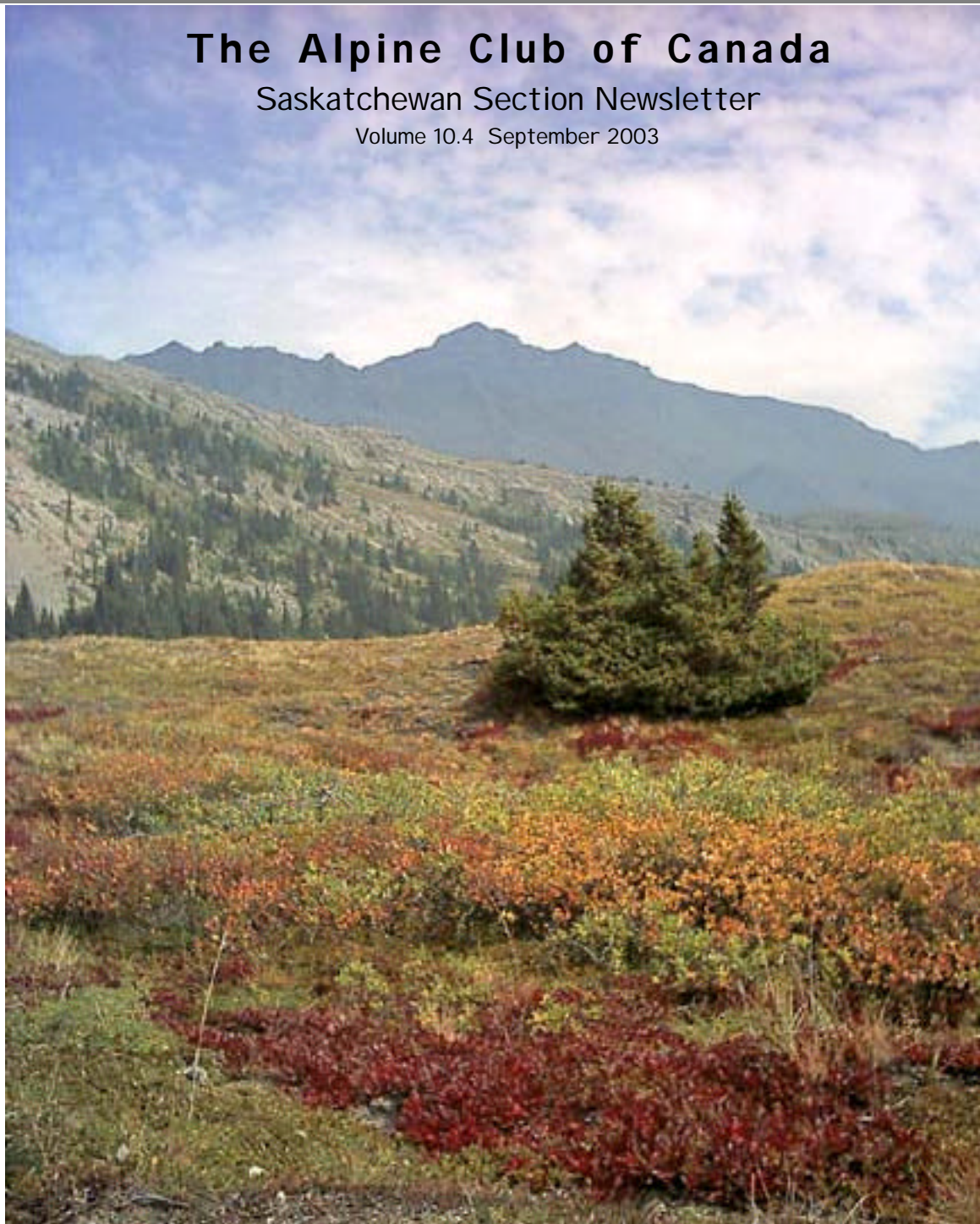


The Prairie Pitch

The Alpine Club of Canada

Saskatchewan Section Newsletter

Volume 10.4 September 2003



Upcoming Events and Activities

The Saskatchewan Section needs trip leaders. If you have a favourite trip, have taken (or want to take) a mountain leadership course and would like to introduce others to an activity or area in the mountains, please contact us.

A new policy has been adopted by the SK Section. Effective September 1st, 2003, all trip participants must be members of the Alpine Club of Canada (any section) and be prepared to sign the waiver form as usual on our trips. You may read the waiver form in advance on the ACC's website.

The Prairie Pitch

The Alpine Club of Canada
Saskatchewan Section
Newsletter

The Prairie Pitch is the official regular publication of the Saskatchewan Section of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Submissions for publication are welcome at any time and will be published given sufficient space and interest. Generally, given the schedule of the editor, submission deadlines are the middle of

February
April
June
August
October
December

Publication dates are approximately the beginning of the month following.

While we make every attempt to ensure the accuracy of the material contained herein, neither the editor, the Sask Section nor the ACC can be held responsible for errors or omissions. Be aware that opinions or language contained in some articles may be viewed as offensive by some. Reader discretion is always advised !!

October 17, 2003 - Section slide show. A Kodak slide projector for slides and a laptop with Powerpoint and a projector will be available. Bring pictures and stories of your excursions this past summer. Location & time will be announced shortly. Watch this space and check your e-mail.

December 12, 2003 - SK Section Christmas party. Starts at 6 pm at Dave McCormick's place (384-3676). More information to follow.

February 20-22, 2004 - Chopper's Weekend - the Saskatchewan Section's annual beginner's ice-climbing weekend. Mark those dates on your calendar. Trip leader will be Dave McCormick. More information about the trip and about ice-climbing in general can be found here.

July, 2004 - Walk the Wapta with the SK Section. We've run this trip for 2 years and had a great time each year. Trip leader will be Dave McCormick. For more information, contact Dave or follow this link for pictures and a trip description.

Call for Executive Nominations: As usual each fall, we look for new members of the Executive. Positions available are listed on the back of this newsletter. If you wish to get involved, please contact any member of the current executive.

Cover photo: Wilcox Meadows with Mt Nigel in the background. Photo by Linda Breton, August 31, 2003, Scrambles weekend, Icefields Parkway, Jasper National Park.

EDITORIAL

MEMBERSHIP IN THE ACC

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Over the next little while, all ACC Sections and members will likely be asked to consider a membership fee increase. While considering this, members need to be aware of some things about how the ACC is organized and what it does.

The ACC is a national mountaineering organization, registered as a non-profit athletic association, with its headquarters in Canmore, AB. There are a number of paid employees, but it's probably safe to say that a large amount of what happens gets done by volunteers. The National Office operates from the "Clubhouse" in Canmore and manages all memberships, publications, facilities and activities from there.

The ACC is also made up of 19 regional/provincial sections stretching from Vancouver Island to Quebec. Each Section sends one representative to the ACC's Board of Directors which meets twice each year to discuss and approve the direction of the ACC. This style of organization isn't cheap but it is believed to be the best for connecting the Sections with each other and fostering a sense of belonging in the national organization. Although about 25% of all members don't belong to any section, the majority do, presumably for social and activity-related reasons.

Facilities include the Clubhouse and a string of backcountry huts, many located in remote alpine areas which support mountaineering activities in those areas.

Activities include larger-scale operations such as a five-week annual General Mountaineering Camp (GMC) and a wide selection of multi-day camps. These are generally led by professional, paid guides, managed by volunteers who often act as cooks and amateur leaders. Porters often are used to carry food and other supplies. Participants can pay up to \$1500 for a week-long experience.

All facilities, activities and the office work to support them pay for themselves; the huts actually add substantial revenue to the ACC each year. Office expenses to support membership have always exceeded the revenue from those memberships. The main issue facing the ACC right now, aside from a small deficit this year, is that somewhat in excess of \$200,000 generated by the huts is being used to support other membership-related office expenses. Over the next few years, a lot of this money generated by the huts will be needed to maintain and renovate those facilities. For example, extensive repairs to the Bow Hut this summer will cost approximately \$35,000, even though almost all of the labour is volunteered. Aside from the cost of materials, one of the biggest single expenses is helicopter time as all materials and waste need to be flown to and from the hut site. The initial load of materials for the Bow Hut, for example, kept the chopper busy for close to 5 hours, with all volunteers and staff working busily packing, loading and unloading.

In addition, helicopter time is used regularly to service the huts; removing human waste from the biffies and flying it out in barrels, supplying propane tanks, and so on.

The question is, why do people join the ACC and what do they expect to get from their membership? Few people would welcome any increase in any fee they have to pay to belong to something, but it is worthwhile asking what people expect to get from the ACC for the fees they do pay. What will allow the ACC to re-direct hut revenue back into the increasing needs of some of these important assets? I suppose if all a member sees is the Gazette three times each year, one might justly question the value received for their membership fee. So, what do people join the ACC for? Suppose we assume that many join for the connection to people in their local area who share a common interest in organizing and participating in trips in the mountains. They might also join to have access to the network of huts the ACC operates. My experiences with the ACC have convinced me that value for my membership doesn't come from sitting at home waiting for the organization to provide that value. To me, the value of membership comes from getting out and getting involved.

Value comes from volunteering to work at the Section level, leading trips, taking skill-development courses, assisting with various ACC projects, hut renovations, National trips, the occasional committee, and so on. I've met some wonderful people doing all of this and had many exceptional experiences. All of this has made my membership in the ACC a valuable experience and one I plan to maintain.

How much would I be willing to pay for these experiences? That's a good question and one which each ACC member will have to ask him/herself in the coming months. One thing I do know is that an involved membership makes this organization better and worthwhile supporting.

A SUMMER UP IN SMOKE

BY DAVE MCCORMICK

It certainly wasn't a summer for taking pictures of scenic vistas. The only cloudy, damp weather I experienced was at Berg Lake, early in July and late in August. Low clouds obscured the views the first time, but we did see Mt Robson, if only briefly. After that, later and elsewhere in the mountains, the smoke haze got continually worse with day after day of hot, sunny weather.

Our seven days on the Rockies Panorama trip was marred by a very tragic accident. One participant tripped while hiking down a lateral moraine near Moraine Lake and fell nearly 200 feet down the side of that very steep, rocky, slope. He was airlifted out, progressed well in hospital for several days and suddenly died of complications. The smoke hadn't make much of an appearance by then, but it was on its way.

During our four days on the Wapta icefield, there were days we could smell the smoke from fires in BC. Returning from those four days of splendid isolation, I learned of the death mentioned earlier and the destruction of the Fay Hut, the ACC's oldest and certainly one of its classiest huts. The fire was apparently caused by a lightning strike. A beautiful valley turned into a stand of charred sticks.



Plans were to spend 5 days in the north-eastern corner of Kokanee Glacier Park, but a small fire in that area closed the two huts I'd planned on staying in. A quick rescheduling added me to the work party doing some major renovations to the Bow Hut.

It's the middle of August, and what started as a "prescribed burn" in Banff National Park a number of weeks ago has now flared up again. As I drive to Canmore, I see billows of smoke just east of the highway outside Banff. A few hours in Canmore are enough to convince me that clearer air lies north and I drive off towards Bow Lake. As I pass Lake Louise, clouds of smoke drift past Mt Temple, coming from the Tokum Creek fire which is again out of control. That and another fire in Kootenay National Park have caused the closure of Highway 93 to Radium. So far as I can tell, it's been mostly closed for a few weeks now.

It's clearer at Bow Lake and finally cooler (+2C by morning). After being used to all the heat, I need all my fleece to stay warm. As soon as the sun pops up over the hill, it's hot. We spend a warm afternoon rigging up loads for the chopper, our reward being a quick ride up to the hut once we're done. I spend the next six days sawing and pounding. The smoke has returned. After some nights sleeping on the hut's deck my sleeping bag is covered with the remnants of burned BC forests.

The days pass at the Bow Hut with several beehives of activity, one on a new biffy, another on the bunkhouse, another on the hallway between the 2 buildings. It's a \$35,000 project and only two weeks in which to complete it. Most days, it's nearly impossible to see Bow Lake and the valley below us because of the smoke in the air.

I continue to sleep on the deck, even with the smoke smell and the ash fallout, preferring it to sharing a tent with someone who snores or farts. One night I'm treated to a fantastic show of aurora with huge curtains of light flickering and dancing across the sky under the light of a half-moon. It's hard getting back to sleep with all that activity going on above me.

When my six days are up, I hike out and drive to Jasper with smoke thick enough that few mountains were visible along the way. Another prescribed burn east of Jasper has been burning for weeks now. I head for Mt Robson again to hike in with members of the Prince George section who are planning a climb of Mt Resplendant. Unfortunately, it rains, and all I get is the exercise of 46 km of hiking in under 24 hours. I give up and drive home, summer mostly over for this year.

One week later, I join Jesse Invik in her 1st Annual Scrambles weekend. Smoke was still in the air as I made my way to the rendezvous at the Columbia Icefields. At least the night sky was filled with stars and you could see. We planned to spend the long weekend labouring, appropriately



enough, up a couple of peaks along the Parkway. Aside from some smoke, the views from Wilcox and Nigel were pretty good. Many peaks were visible, including Columbia & Mt Alberta. We did wish for crampons on Nigel, as well as an escalator for the scree which took several hours to toil up. At least the descent of the scree was suitably fast (20 minutes). And with that, we all went back home and back to work. The last bit of the summer gone.

< Ascending Mt Wilcox

Three weeks later, after some rain and snow, the smoke had disappeared and 6 of us made an ascent of Mt Temple. The snow was deep in spots and the summit was very cold. Summer seemed definitely over now!!



September 20, 2003 – (left) the summit group on Mt Temple and (right) a view of Mt Temple from the Larch Valley.

SASK MEMBERS CLIMB BRITAIN'S HIGHEST PEAK

BY CATHERINE MCCORMICK

Well, Andrea and I said we'd knock off Ben Nevis on our third day in Scotland and we did! I'd have to say it was the easiest climb I've done with a 1000m vertical gain. The short description is: Follow the Hordes. Now for the longer version....

Andrea and I stayed at the Glen Nevis campground just below Ben Nevis. After two nights of adjusting to European time and rather noisy camping, Glen Nevis was a godsend! One thing we learned about Scottish tenting is that the tent ground is a field and you simply find your spot and go for it. In that field there might be two or three picnic tables. I guess I'd say it's pretty much like camping at Yam, but with thousands of people! However, at Glen Nevis there were excellent bathroom facilities and they enforced the quiet times from 11p.m. until 7:00 p.m. It was amazing how the radios simply shut down at that time. The gate entrance was also locked which kept cars from driving in and out.

We got to Europe in the midst of the hot spell of early August and, in fact, spent two weeks in Britain with a mere sprinkling of rain. The day we climbed Ben Nevis was beautiful once again, although it was very foggy on one side of the mountain and clear as a bell on the other side. We got underway by 8:30 (alpine starts aren't much done around this part of the world) because I wanted to get up before the heat of the day began. The climb started about 10 minutes walk from the campground. We crossed the Glen Nevis River and over the sheep stile and from then on it was an uphill walk. There were many stones in place for the first 300 m and then the trail just turned into a well-trodden mud and grass path. Because so many people climb it, there is one main trail and lots of other smaller trails. I actually got to a spot where I was off-route because I didn't actually see anyone else around and the trail looked so well-trodden that I took it. I thought to myself that the trail had changed difficulty quite suddenly, but I'd been expecting a little more of challenge than I was getting. Anyway, it only took a few minutes to realize I was off the main trail and not much work to get back to it. Unfortunately, the fog on the one side of the mountain didn't really leave by noon when I left the summit, but the views through the valley of Glen Nevis were very nice – not spectacular like the Rockies, but different and certainly pleasant. Andrea managed the route in under 4 hours return; I got down by 3:00 p.m. with a leisurely hour on the summit. There are commemorative plaques and cairns at the summit, an old radio tower and remains of an old hotel. Expect at least one hundred people up there with you on a fine day in August! The descent was fine, but I couldn't believe how many people were still coming up. It was hot and I was pleased to be going downhill. The best sight on the descent, to my mind, were two couples all of whom were hiking in kilts. I don't know if the men had anything on underneath!!

Looking at the summit in the cool of the evening is grand. We enjoyed watching several hang gliders both nights we were there, who take off from a hill about 500m up the mountain.

Even though this was a very easy summit, I understand if the weather is bad it can be a real challenge – I wouldn't want to go up in ice and snow and it may have been much more difficult in wet

weather – not difficult ascent-wise but could be quite slippery. If the weather is right I'd highly recommend a trip to Glen Nevis and Ben Nevis!

By the way, climbing a peak over 900m is called "bagging a Munroe" in Scotland – Andrea has two to her credit; I have one. The first unnamed Munroe we did occurred on our second day in Scotland – it was much more like a Rocky Mountain scramble but I couldn't tell you how we got there – followed our Lonely Planet Guide. I found it way too warm and humid to keep going, but Andrea

THE CONNS ARE PROS

BY PETER BURGESS

I love climbing, especially rock climbing. I also love to read, and, needless to say, I love to read about rock climbing. So, what's better to read while on a climbing road trip than the front section of a guidebook. One can learn about rock formations, the climate of a particular area, as well as the flora and the fauna. But, the most interesting part of the guidebook is the climbing history section.

While reading the history section you can find out that almost 60 years ago some person hammered pitons into the scariest 5.6 you have ever climbed, wearing cheap running shoes and a hemp rope tied around their waist. This was the case when I climbed at Seneca Rocks in West Virginia. The climb was "Conns East" and the first ascent belonged to Herb and Jan Conn in 1946. Wow!

Sometimes the names in these guidebooks are familiar. On my first trip to Devils Tower I learned that Jan Conn, climbing with her husband Herb, was the first woman to climb the tower by means of technical rock climbing. Shortly after that Jan teamed up with another woman for the first all female ascent. This also took place nearly 60 years ago, the route was "The Durrance", a very demanding 5.7.

The guidebook to "The Needles" in South Dakota is filled with first ascents by the Conns, since they took up residence there in the late 40s. Till that point, they really got around.

Now, I recently returned to Devils Tower, for some of the best rock climbing anywhere. After our first day of climbing, I trotted over to the visitors center to "sign out", being the responsible climber I am. While at the visitors center I read the notice board that listed upcoming presentations and events. Well, I could not believe my eyes when I saw that Jan Conn was giving a presentation that very night at 8:00 in our camp ground. I had to verify these facts with a ranger.

When I returned to the car I was stoked. Victoria, my excellent climbing partner, was perplexed. She could not understand my excitement, but she humoured me as I tried to fill her in on some climbing history through dinner. I don't understand why people don't share my interest in climbing history, then again some people have an interest in computers. Strange!

Anyway, the hours dragged on, until finally Victoria untied me from the tree at 7:45 and we, OK I raced over to where the presentation was, in order to get a front row seat. Unfortunately we had to

settle for the second row. I'd told Victoria we should have been there by 5:00.

Jan and Herb were sitting quietly on the far side of the head picnic table. On the table was an old rack of pitons, an old rope, some modern climbing equipment (an assortment of nuts and hexes from the 60s), a pair of hob-nail boots and a guitar. The air was electric with anticipation, you could have heard a pin drop when the ranger got up to introduce Jan. When the applause died down, Jan sprang up, grabbed the guitar, leaped over the table, sat down and belted out the first of many tongue-in-cheek songs about climbers and climbing. Between the songs, she talked about climbing gear, the early days of climbing back east, and in the west. Jan also told of how she and Herb both worked during the winters and spent their summers travelling and climbing. As one person pointed out, they were quite possibly the first "climbing bums".

Jan told us of the problems she'd had getting a permit to climb Devils Tower because she was a woman. When she eventually climbed the tower with Herb, she heard someone say that she'd only climbed the tower because a man helped her. This statement motivated Jan to call a female friend from back east and climb together as the first all female team. Jan and Herb then turned their attention to The Needles in South Dakota where they settled and pioneered many of the rock climbing routes there. The Conns eventually tired of rock climbing and took up spelunking (caving). They are responsible for mapping many miles of Diamond Cave and have written a book about the cave.

After a brief demonstration of old style climbing (Jan tied the old rope around her waist and Herb hip belayed her), we all sang "Gory, Gory, What A Hell Of A way To Die", and the floor was opened to questions. I asked several questions about climbing in the east and Devils Tower, but when I asked about the songs and where I could get copies, Jan simply went to her car and produced an envelope full of climbing songs from around the world. She asked that I simply return them after I'd made copies. I was speechless.

Someone asked the Conns if they would mind having a book written about their experiences. They said "No. If there is going to be a book" written about us, We'll write it, and we are not going to do that.

Herb and Jan Conn do not do any public speaking other than the Devils Tower camp ground once a year. I feel extremely lucky to have spent an evening of song, stories and discussion with these two people that have been pioneers and made climbing the great sport it is today.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing the attempt

Lucio in Measure for Measure by W. Shakespeare

WALK THE WAPTA 2003

BY JESSAMY FOULDS

On Friday the first of August James and I pulled into the parking lot of the Lake Louise shopping mall and immediately spotted Dave's old red van, side door open wide, revealing an assortment of ropes, bags and gear piled high inside. Dave was coiling a rope and walking around talking to people as everyone pulled up to park around the growing number of packs that were ready to go.

Slowly people congregated around the van and all the introductions were made. We were a group of ten people ready to challenge ourselves and traverse the Wapta Ice Fields! Off we drove, dropped half the vehicles at the end point of our journey, all packed into the remaining ones and drove to the parking lot of Bow Lake, the beginning of our journey. Goodbyes were said to the people staying behind, wishes of good luck were made and Rick's daughter told us to take care of her dad.

After many group pictures were snapped we were off, our packs full of food, clothes, cameras, crampons, ice tools, harnesses, ropes and more. We hiked along the paved trail towards Peyto Lake, passing dainty ladies in heels carrying small dogs, grandpas and other such intrepid explorers of the wild Alberta mountain scene. After we reached the lookout point for the Lake the real trail began, no more pavement and no more flatness. No more flatness for four days in fact.

We hiked along a classic braided stream (full of glacial flour, the fine powder that causes the turquoise water to be milky) and got our first look of where we were headed. The streams eventually became one rushing river, full of the melt water from the Peyto Glacier we were headed up to. When we came to the log bridge that crossed the river and crossed it ourselves, James realized that he'd lost his hat somewhere back along the path. So as we continued up to the moraine we were headed for he took off his pack and crossed back over the bridge and along the path we'd just covered.

He caught up with us awhile later snickering. He told us why. As he'd been running back along the path he rounded a corner quickly and came face to face" with two topless women hikers, one squashing her boobs together and the other one taking a picture of said squashed boobs. James, being the thoughtful and modest guy that he is pretended that he'd been looking at the ground and not seen what they'd been doing. They looked mildly embarrassed and told James that they hadn't seen a hat on the path. After chatting with them for awhile about the weather, the temperature, the condition of the trail, and several other things, he turned back around to catch up with us. James never did find his hat, but came back with a good story.

After lunch and a nice break we began up the moraine. The trail followed the ridge, with steep drops on either side. We gained altitude quickly and stopped every once in awhile to catch our breath (all of us but Dave that is...) and look at the spectacular view down the valley to Peyto Lake, and the mountains surrounding us. As we came to the top we looked over onto the other side of the mountain and caught our first view of the lower part of the Peyto Glacier. We hiked down onto it and stopped to gear up. We all put on our harnesses, crampons and got out our ice tools. Then we divided into two rope teams of five people each, and tied into a rope. Jesse and Dave were our fearless rope leaders. Off we plodded up the glacier. It was a blue-white color with little rushing rivers of melt water running down past us. Although the day had been very hot and dry, the air here was much cooler and crisper.

As we got higher up onto the glacier we started to see some crevasses, some just a crack and others that gaped down to blackness. Very exciting! We hiked up and around to the left of the glacier and came to the side of it and walked onto scree and rocks. Off came the crampons and harnesses. The Peyto hut was just a little higher and promised rest, food, relaxation and no pack hugging my sore back. Up we went and off the packs came, off the boots came and my tired little piggies had a rest as we all lounged around the big deck that looked out onto the glacier and mountains that surrounded us. What a magnificent view!!

We spent the rest of the afternoon and evening eating, relaxing and walking around looking at the view. By about 9 pm almost everyone had pulled out their sleeping bags and drifted off to sleep, that is until Rick's gigantic snore and subsequent giggling woke most of us up. I fell back asleep immediately. Sleep did-

n't last long though, at midnight I woke up needing to pee, badly! I felt around blindly for my head lamp but couldn't find it so I climbed down off the top of the long bunk beds and tip toed outside. As I stepped outside onto the deck and looked around I was amazed! Never had I seen so many stars shining so brightly! I could see millions of them. The air was absolutely still. I stood looking at the stars for a long time until my bladder reminded my why I'd come outside. Mission completed.

At the God awful hour of 4 am I awoke to the sounds of whistling and the hiss of the lamps being lit. How can Dave be so wide awake so early in the morning?? I've been on enough trips with him to expect this, but it still baffles me! I pried my unwilling eyes open and started to get ready. After eating and getting everything packed and cleaned up it was 5 am.

Off we started in the dark up the glacier again. Not feeling very peppy I dragged myself along (good thing we were all roped together or I would have been lagging far behind). As we reached the top of the glacier the sky was lightening. Dave had mentioned that we would thank him for making us get up so early once we saw the sun rise. Yeah right! is what I'd originally thought at 4 am, but at 6 am as the mountains were back lit by fiery reds and pinks I was beginning to come around. As the entire sky turned red and pink I was definitely thinking it wasn't so bad to be up so early. And finally as the sun appeared, a huge round red ball rising out of the mountains and casting everything with a warm and glowing light I thought Yeah! It wasn't that hard to get up so early, no problem in fact! I quickened my pace and started to whistle.

We spent the rest of the morning winding our way over the glacier, going to the right then around to the left of huge crevasses, sometimes hopping over them. The snow was quite deep and everyone took turns breaking through and falling into a crevasse. We'd be walking along and then suddenly there would be tension on the rope. "Glen is down!" would be yelled out. We'd all stop and watch as Glen would pull his leg out of the hole and off we'd go until someone else went through. Glen seemed to have a special ability to find and fall into most of the holes hiding under the snow. One hole he found swallowed him nearly up to his armpits, his pack being the only thing that held him

We stopped for lunch at the Olive-St. Nicholas Col. We enjoyed soup, bagels and trail mix while looking way down onto Bow Lake and the tiny highway. Feeling energized and excited about down hill for the rest of the day, we stepped onto the Vulture Glacier which was getting pretty soft and wet (perfect snowball snow...). The sun was very hot and reflected off the snow up onto our faces. It was time to reapply sunscreen, copiously!

The rest of the morning was spent going down towards our next destination, the Balfour Hut. Everyone (but me) continued to dangle their legs into crevasses and do face plants into the snow. Rhonda did one better than just putting her leg through though. As her foot was breaking through the thin layer of snow over the hole, she somehow managed to gouge her calve with her crampon, ripping her lovely new Mountain Hardware pants and creating a nasty crater in her leg. If I recall correctly her exact words shortly after were "I think I'm going to vomit". Nurse Dave came to the rescue, sat her down and temporarily patched her leg up.

We arrived at the hut in the just after lunch and spent the rest of the day napping, exploring the nearby rivers, water fall and glacier lakes, and eating of course. And trying not to look at the big mountain in front of us that we had to climb over the next morning...

Four am and the hut started to wake up as people stiffly moved around, pulling on stinky socks, malodorous polypro shirts (they sure wick the sweat but boy do they stink!) and gear. Instant oatmeal was starting to remind me of glue mixed with confetti, but I knew if I didn't force it down I'd be starving as soon as we started up the mountain. My face felt tight and unhappy from sunburn. My body was stiff and my feet sore. Yet as soon as we started hiking I felt wide awake and happy, even full of energy. My body started to loosen up and I felt as if I was getting into the flow of hiking.

We got up onto the glacier within 30 minutes and slowly made our way up towards the top. We skirted around huge crevasses that seemed hundreds of meters long. Every time it looked like we were coming up onto the top, there would be another summit to climb. Finally, after what seemed like hours of slow climbing we came to the top. We had an almost 360 degree view of the mountains around us and we could see way down into the valley, to the tiny river that was probably huge and roaring but silent to us. The view was awe-

some but marred by the smoke in the air below us (forest fires). After calling various people on Jesse's cell phone to say "Hey! Guess where I am right now?!" we enjoyed lunch and took summit photos as this was the highest point of the trip.

We arrived in the early afternoon again and laid ourselves out on the rocks, relaxing in the sun. After hanging around eating and chatting for a couple of hours Dave, Jesse, Darren, Rhonda and James decided to go on another little hike over to an Unnamed Peak and scramble it. Just as they were setting off I decided that I would regret not going when they returned with stories of how much fun they'd had. So I hauled myself up and joined the chain gang, off for more adventures. It was a pleasant hike over to the peak and an easy scramble to the top. More fabulous views and a summit handshake, then we started back. Rhonda led the way back and must have been thinking about supper because we were back and sitting in the hut in what seemed like no time at all.

Four am and the last time I had to rise so early, yet I felt strangely full of zip! I wasn't getting used to getting up at such a horrific hour was I?! Yet there was no denying that I felt great and ready to go. As the sky went from dark blue to light grey we hiked off of the glacier and onto rock. Another hour we started to smell earth and see plant life. It smelled and looked especially vivid after spending 4 days in the mostly lifeless and sterile environment of the glaciers and rock. When we hit the tree line we started to see endless varieties of flowers. We spent the last 5-6 hours of the trip hiking down the mountain and along Sherbrooke Creek and out to the highway and the waiting vehicles. Our trip ended in The Drake, like most of our trips, eating burgers and fries, sipping cool and delicious beer. We basked in the glow of a successful and satisfying journey and began to plan the next adventure.

Editor's Note: A number of pictures and stories I received would not fit into this edition. They will appear in the next issue. Keep the articles and pictures coming, folks!!



The Alpine Club of Canada SASKATCHEWAN SECTION

1722 Alexandra Avenue
Saskatoon SK S7K 3C5
242-0707, fax 249-5054
www.alpineclubofcanada.ca/saskatchewan
E-mail: info@accsask.ca

Chair: Shelley McKinlay (242-0707) - shelley@axonsoft.com
National Rep: Dave McCormick (384-3676) - davemcc@shaw.ca
Treasurer: Nikki Hipkin (373-7355) - nikkih2@shaw.ca
Secretary: Heather Dawn Matheson - hdm365@mail.usask.ca
Newsletter: Dave McCormick (384-3676) - davemcc@shaw.ca
Activities Coordinator: Ivan Hitchings (329-4484) - hitchings.ink@sasktel.net
Members At Large: Saskatoon:

Peter Burgess (242-2922) - pandgburgess@hotmail.com
Andrew McKinlay (242-0707) - mckinlay@suneido.com
Deanna Miller - deanna@cyancorp.com
John Mollison - (934-6811) molli.m.j@shaw.ca
Dan Kallstrom (931-2962) - dankallstrom@bigfoot.com
Allan Janzen - (956-3460) - ajanzen@shaw.ca
Richard St Pierre - stpierre@sask.usask.ca
Jesse Invik - invik@softhome.net
Prince Albert: Gary Kolar (764-6072) - g.kolar@sk.sympatico.ca
Regina: Mike Esson - m.esson@sk.sympatico.ca