



COC TRAIL MAINTENANCE - OCTOBER



The Riverside east TCT bridge is performing as expected. The Fisheries Department have pulled the old collapsed bridge from the fish channel and are operating from the bridge we constructed last year.



Salmon spawning is evident in the channel and Fisheries staff are doing fish counts using the frame they placed temporarily by the bridge to hold their net.



The Sandhill Project - TCT realignment- The Chilliwack Lake Road repairs near the fish hatchery are continuing. A large intercept ditch is being constructed to prevent major storm runoff from washing out the road again. The new road widening has encroached on segments of the TCT. Those that have seen the old vehicle body lying near the trail will get a sense of the new road alignment - as shown in the photo the car is still there. The contractor will construct new sections of TCT beyond the new road alignment. They plan to be completed this work by December.

On October 30, a crew of seven COC members ventured out to the Skagit Valley to clear a section of the TCT. We left Chilliwack at 7:30 and were back by 5:00. The contractor doing the flood damage repairs to the Silver Skagit Road allowed us access. They also gave us a radio so we could confirm our location each kilometre and hear reports on the locations of the construction vehicles. They actually had our two vehicles follow a large rock hauler in convoy a portion of the way. We stopped at the Hicks Creek FSR and did a quick

recce of this entry to the TCT; there was no evidence of forest fire that burned near that area over the summer. We then drove another 5km to the trailhead for the Paleface section arriving at about 8:30. We worked as two groups; one group moved quickly up the trail for about 4.5km to address the section of the trail with heavier growth and the second group moved up clearing the snow laden brush threatening access at various locations along the trail. The snow-covered trees, clear skies and mild temperature made it a great day on the trail. At about 2:15 we headed back to the vehicles, about 5.5km downhill all the way. We were at the vehicles and back on the road by 3:50. We were advised by the contractor that there will be no access to Silver Skagit Road construction zone after 1 November. The contractor will be closing off the road for the winter and more repairs will be completed next spring.

Who is this bushman?



Who is this bush woman?



The complete happy crew:



Gary B, Jim A, Lorenz B, Patrick R, Eileen R, Paul L and Margaret T

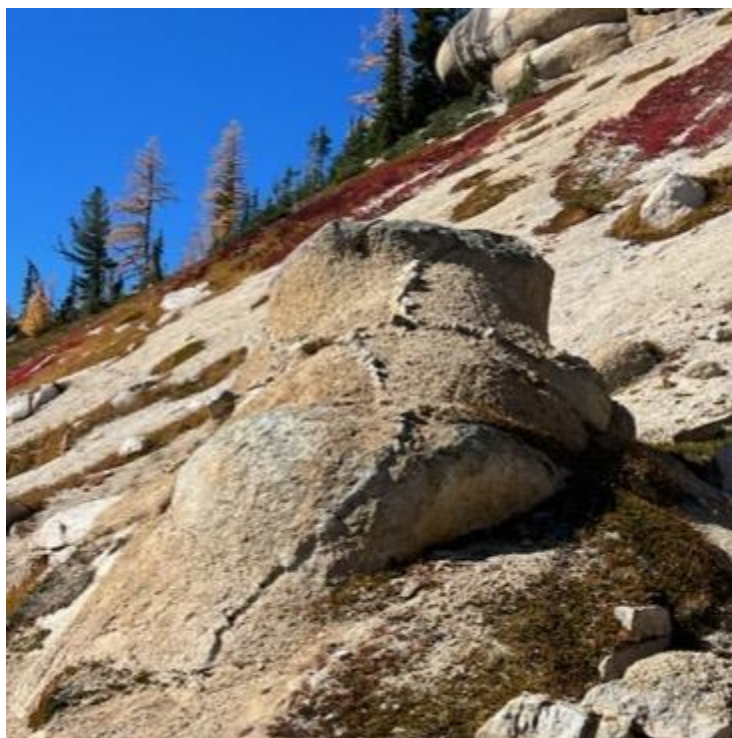
By **Jim Alkins**

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL FOREST - OCT 5-7



Oct. 5: The weather for the trip was forecast to be glorious and being close to a weekend, with the larches in full color, and high probability of it being the last warm weekend of the year, two of us went down early on the 5th to snag sites at the only campground available, Goodell Creek. First though, we stopped to grab lunch at the Lone Star Restaurant

Concrete's historic downtown where time appears to have stopped in the 1940's.



Once campsites were secured, we set off to Blue Lake, 8.4K, 305 metres elevation gain. The area was already busy, so we had to park on the highway rather than at the trail head which added a little distance to the hike. The trail meanders gently through the forest for the first 1.5K at which point it breaks into a small clearing giving the first views of larches and the magnificent towers of Early Winter Spires and Liberty Bell Mountain.



1.5K further the trail wanders through the larches and intersects with an alternate route to Liberty Bell. We ignored that temptation and continued through evergreen forest and small meadows, brilliant red and gold, before passing the



remains of a log cabin and ended in a cirque with Blue Lake at our feet. The trail continues up to another lookout over the lake and this time we did take the option to do the Tarn Loop before retracing our steps to the trailhead.



Oct. 6: Carmen was driving all the way from Hope on the

second day to meet us at the trail head for Thornton Lakes and Trappers peak at 10:00 am, so some of the campers enjoyed a leisurely morning watching spawning salmon in the Skagit River with their morning coffee. After travelling 8k up a bumpy gravel road we found Carmen had already been waiting an hour for us. You can be lulled into thinking you are out for a leisurely stroll in the park as you only gain 200 metres in the first 3.5K along an old FSR. Then reality hits as you start zigzagging steeply to cover almost 600 metres over 3K to the split between Thornton Lakes and Trappers Peak. Then things get really serious.



Four of us stopped about 80 metres above the trail split revelling in the views of the Thornton Lakes, the astonishing fall colours and a teasing glimpse of the Picket Range. Carmen and Lorenz soldiered on to the Trappers Peak Summit. Lorenz stopped at the false peak and provided moral support to Carmen while she tackled the last scrambles and was rewarded with magnificent 360 degrees views of the ranges all around us. Stats for four of us, 15.8K, 848 metres, for Carmen and Lorenz 17K, 1060+ metres.



That evening we debated which trail to take to Cutthroat pass the next day. Depending on the information source the stats are roughly the same at 16+K and 600+metres whether we accessed through via the PCT (Pacific Crest Trail) trail or via the Cutthroat Lake trail. The biggest difference was having to drive an additional 15K for the second option. We knew the trails were going to be a zoo either way.

Oct. 7: We decided on the PCT trail access and while wethought we were mentally prepared for lots of people, we

were gob smacked as we drove 1K past the trail head turnoff to find parking. At the trailhead it was rather disconcerting to see a bathroom lineup that would have been right at home at an outdoor concert not a hiking trail. Still after about 1K on the trail groups sorted themselves out and we found ourselves hiking undisturbed for the most part.



The trail is gently graded, wending its way through forest, over small streams, and past waterfalls for the first 5K and then the views begin to open up. The larch forest, that is the big draw, starts around 6K and continues right up to the pass. There are also tantalizing views of the Dome Glacier and Crooked Bum far to the southwest. There were tons of people at the pass, so we decided to hike a little further northeast along the PCT trail to find our lunch spot. Immediately after the pass the geology changes from mostly granite to mostly sedimentary rock (subsequent research reveals that two tectonic plates are glued together at Washington and Cutthroat passes). This gentle and stunning trail was a perfect way to end the 3-day trip. Final stats, 21.6K and 673 metres elevation gain.

Participants Lorenz B, Lori Y, Carmen P, Lucy S, C.P and **Ingrid F**

FROSTY MT – OCT. 6



Spectacular! Great day with 13 other members of the Chilliwack Outdoor Club. It took us 8 hours to get up and back to the car.



Total length 21.85 km; 1236 m elevation gain; about 6 hrs and 45 minutes of moving time.



By Tracy G

MOUNT MACFARLANE – OCT. 7

On October 7, 5 very intrepid COC members made the biggest hiking/scrambling ascent in the Chilliwack River Valley. We climbed 1800 metres to the summit of Mount MacFarlane (2100 m). This is the hike for those who want to show their chops and enjoy the most amazing views. For reference, this is a bigger ascent than Black Tusk.

Mount MacFarlane is accessed from a low elevation parking lot immediately off the Chilliwack Lake Road. Unlike many other peaks in the valley, you do not get a head start by driving up an FSR. On MacFarlane you earn your views.



The trail is a typical Chilliwack Valley trail – it essentially rises straight up from the trailhead. It was built for those not wanting to waste time navigating lazy switch backs. After ascending 1000 metres, one arrives at Pierce Lake, a gorgeous mountain lake. And it had a warm wharf basking in the sun. It was tempting to go no further. But our peak-bagger instinct would not let us rest. A very steep 400 metre push got us to the alpine and Upper Pierce Lake.



Upper Piece Lake is an emerald gem. It was wrapped with a garland of scarlet blueberry leaves glowing in the bright autumn sunshine. The surrounding peaks reflected majestically off the calm water.

The 300-metre climb to the summit from the upper lake was gnarlier than any of us expected. There were multiple Class 3 scrambles requiring us to use all 4s to ascend the bluffs. We dared not rest during the summit push—we might have lost our nerve.



Mt. MacFarlane, a prominent peak, presents clear and unobstructed views of all the big peaks in the Chilliwack River Valley – and way beyond. The view of the Cheam Range was unsurpassed. Rexford's massive granite faces brightly reflected the golden October sun. The black monstrous Border Peaks in the southwest looked like a massive evil fortress.

Slesse to the south, presented the most amazing view of all. We were able to get an up-close appreciation of the massive Slesse Buttress. Slesse is the highest peak in the Chilliwack River Valley, is the most dramatic, and is the most famous. Getting this view of Slesse made all the suffering worth it.



Mount MacFarlane is a “must hike” mountain for those willing to suffer to see the most beautiful mountain lakes and to see the most incredible views of the north Cascade Mountains—especially the view of Slesse.

Black Tusk anyone?

CtoC – 13 hours (Alpine start, Alpine finish)

Elevation Gain – 1800 metres.

Number of broken people staggering down the path after dark – 5 (Joan A, Denise D, Brian H (newby), Jaco N, and Owen W)

Safety Note: Please remember headlamps while hiking. A group can get slowed down for a million reasons. Headlamps can be the difference between a SAR call and a celebratory tailgate party.

By **Owen W**

FLORA PEAK – OCT 12

Flora Peak, great day hiking to the peak with magnificent 360 degree views. 14km return.





Denise, Jan, David, Lorenz and **Iraj F**

LIUMCHEN RIDGE – OCT. 13

It was so good to be out in the mountains again, after a month in Europe with many of the club members for the TMB and then a month off the trails due to an ankle injury. We had a happy reunion on a beautiful autumn day. This trail is referred to as, “Chilliwack’s best kept secret”. It’s often hard to get up there due to logging truck traffic and deterioration of the FSR. But we’d scouted it out a few days prior and were glad to find they’d just graded and decommissioned the road to loggers by putting a lot of water-drainage bars in the road. So a 4WD is necessary.



After a 40-minute drive on the Chilliwack-Liumchen West FSR, we parked at 1440m. Even during the ride up, we had wide-spread views of Sumas Prairie, all the way from Abbotsford to Chilliwack.



After a half-an-hour steep climb on a switch-back trail through the furry-treed forest, we set foot on Liumchen Ridge. This was a “wow!” moment. Many familiar peaks were not that far away. We headed south, dropping down and keeping a close eye on my GPS for the turn-off to the left, which is easy to miss. Look for a tiny tin red & white sign on a skinny tree, just a bit off the Liumchen Lake trail.

The Church Mt / Old Baldy trail was not as distinct and angled upwards, still having some ice in the dirt on the open north-facing slope to the summit of Old Baldy (only 14m higher than Church). I prefer Old Baldy, because Church Mt. has too many evergreens obstructing the views. To our northeast was the Cheam Range above Chilliwack River Valley, then east were the Rexford & Slesse Peaks, the Border Peaks, Mt. McGuire + Tomyhoii. Southeast was Shuksan, south was Mt. Baker, west was Liumchen Lake and northwest to northeast were the flats of Sumas Prairie. Lots to see. We again dropped down to carry on along the ridge, the trail having become even more faded now. We had to do some bushwhacking and route-finding. The bright red & yellow & orange bushes were alive with color. Angling to the right, we were soon at the meadow where we had our lunch (about 2 hours from the trailhead).



With the sun warming us and hardly any wind and good company, no one was in a hurry to go. We could now also see Liumchen Peak and look back on Old Baldy & Windy Knob. The latter some of us did on the return journey, it taking only about 20 minutes more. There you get better views of the Elk-Thurston-Mercer Mtns and the Chilliwack River Valley.

When we were unloading our gear back at the parking lot at 3:30pm, Susan V came up to me and said how it’s not often that when she’s new in a group, she’s made to feel so welcome. She said we were a “fun, friendly group”. Nice to know.

Stats: 9.9 km / 721m gain / 1720m high point

Participants were: Sue A, Terry B, Heather B, Tracey G, Sonia J, Sheri K, Bote M, Ling S, Mark S, Susan Ventura, Ziff, Case & Joce T

SKYLINE 1 MANNING PARK OCT 13

It was our lucky day as we headed out on Friday the 13th with clear skies and sun. It was cool in the shadows but warm in the sun so much of our time was spent putting on layers then taking them off again — this is the essence of fall hiking.

We used a car shuttle system, so we avoided a 2 kilometer walk along the road and instead piled into the waiting vehicles at the end of the day. Leaving some at Spruce Bay, near the Lightning Lake campground, we parked at Strawberry Flats and headed into the forest and climbed towards the junction of Skyline I and II. Nearing the ridge, we got our first glimpses of the mountains until we reached the junction and paused there to admire the view.



On we went east along the ridge through alpine meadows (I never promised them a flower show!) as some of our group still had memories of the botany hike led by Ingrid F in the summer. We went up and down and once again up then once again down and my words “delightful ups and downs” came back to haunt me... actually in hindsight they were delightful! Lots of fall colours on the trail and across the valley the aspens were glowing yellow like candles on the mountainsides.



The burn area of 1994 gives way to forest as we descend into the cool again and our waiting cars.

Having hiked 18 kms, ascended 837 m over 7.5 hours we headed to the Manning Park Resort for some refreshments and then decided that dinner was a better idea.

Trip Leader Christine Camilleri thanks Johnny G. Darcy G, Elizabeth B, Carol A, Ingrid F, Jaco N and George for the camaraderie.

CHAIN LAKES – OCT. 19

I was surprised to see 15 hikers come out on a day with a forecast of sun and increasing chance of rain in the afternoon. The unpredictable weather did not stick to the forecast. Apparently not even the forecasts seemed to agree. But this was the best day the week had to offer. The border guard asked us, “Why are there so many hikers coming out today?”



We parked at the Austin Pass picnic area. This got us doing the steepest part of the climb first and only a 15-minute climb at the end of the loop. And it warmed us up quickly in the cold wet morning air. By 10:00am we were on the go, but it was pouring with no hint of sunshine. And it didn't let up till we passed through the Artists Point parking lot, along the oblong south-facing talus slope of Table Mt and just past the

junction to Ptarmigan Ridge. There we turned right or north on the Chain Lakes trail and were at the col in minutes.

Just as I'd been thinking I wouldn't get any photo ops that day, the sun popped out and a broad vibrant rainbow graced the sky! From there the trail gradually sloped down and northeast to the first and smallest of five lakes, Mazama. Crossing a boulder slope, we shortly thereafter arrived at Iceberg Lake (the largest) and Hayes Lake.



We parked ourselves for lunch at Hayes Lake (1463m). All the while, the sun was teasing us, playing a cat & mouse game with the clouds. After a colorful group shot (due to the raingear), we commenced, staying right at the junction where the trail led us between the two lakes. Again, it wasn't long before we got to the fourth lake, Arbuthnet. There the slope climbed more steeply up to a second col.



Cols have a way of blocking the clouds on one side. So hiking beyond the col was under cloud cover but no rain and no snow on the ground. Even so, the yellows, oranges and reds of the bushes and groundcovers were vibrant. At the base of the slope was Upper Bradley Lake. A narrow stone bridge crossed over the creek and then we climbed up a broad stone slope with steps, to the parking lot (2:00pm).

All but one vehicle went for dinner at El Nopals.

Stats: 11.15 km / 588m gain / 1651m high point

Participants: Elizabeth B, Lorenz B, Iraj F, Heather F, David G, Sonia J, Sheri K, Paul L, John McL, Jaco N, Patrick R, Maureen S, Lucy S, Helen Xu (newbie) + Case & **Joce T**

SNOW CAMP MT. – OCT. 21

11 snow-campers left Manning Park Strawberry Flats along the Skyline I trail headed to Snow Camp Mountain via Despair Pass. The hiking pace to the ridge above Lightning Lakes was comfortable enough to enjoy good conversation. New friends quickly became old friends.

After an hour and a half, the trees thinned and vistas to the west opened up. The open slopes along the trail, which would have been carpeted in colourful wild flowers 3 months earlier, were now beautifully coated with yellowed flower leaves and red blueberry bushes.

To the west we looked hard for a mountain called "Snow Camp". No mountain fit the description. However, where Snow Camp should have been, there was summit that should be called "Sun Camp". In the soft autumn sun, the straw-coloured alpine grasses growing to the golden summit made this peak an inviting destination.



At the junction of the Skyline Trail, I and Skyline II trails we broke out into the early morning sunshine. The most amazing views then opened to the south and to the valley floor lakes 800 metres below. A 10-minute break could have become a 2-hour meditation in the sun. It was tempting to go no further – especially knowing that we were headed to "Despair Pass". But the assertive leader would not allow rest.

The team rolled down into Despair Pass afraid to learn why it was called thus. (Was it named by despondent hikers sorry to lose the elevation they had just worked for) Fortunately, the refueled hikers had the energy to roll up the other side toward our destination. After 45 minutes were we in the lower meadows of Snow Camp Mountain. The dormant grasses glowing in the sunshine had beautiful autumn brown and yellow hues. Close above us was our destination. The team almost ran to the inviting summit single file like mountain sheep.

At the summit, the views were breath taking. We were surrounded by familiar peaks that the CoCers had climbed this past year. From Outram in the north, to Three Brothers in



DIEZ VISTAS – OCT. 27

Winter laid claim to the mountains, leaving a thin layer of white even on the lower mountains in our neighborhood such as Vedder and Sumas Mtns. So we headed for the hills above Buntzen Lake in Port Moody.

By 9:30am 13 of us were on the way, going counterclockwise and north. The Buntzen Lake trail ran parallel to the Powerhouse Rd. slightly higher up, and along the eastern shores of the oblong lake. It was a crisp, clear and cool morning. The lake glittered in the sun. At the far end of the lake, we dropped down a bit by the 3.6km-long tunnel pouring water into the lake from the Coquitlam reservoir. This tunnel was created in 1903 by blasting through solid granite below the 1300' high Eagle bluffs.

the east, to Frosty to the south and around toward the Chilliwack Valley peaks to the west, it felt like we belonged. But there was one near peak upon which we clearly did not belong - and that was "Hozomeen" Peak.

After we crossed the new suspension bridge, we turned right onto the Old Buntzen Lake trail that followed along the western side of the much smaller McCombe Lake. After passing two junctions to the Lakeview trails, and about halfway along this lakeside, we turned left onto the Diez Vistas trail. That's when the trail really began to climb, angling up to the ridge. Once on the ridge there were numerous mellow ups & downs.



Hozomeen looks to be an evil two headed monster. Hozomeen's south peak is the steepest mountain in Washington with dark vertical cliff faces of over 300 metres. North peak is similar.

"Hozomeen, Hozomeen, the most evil mountain, I've ever seen". Who said an evil two headed monster couldn't be beautiful?

After an extended lunch, we woke the nappers and we staggered to our feet. Too snoozy to go further to Lone Goat Mountain, we headed slowly downhill. There was a feeling that this might be the last warm hike of the autumn season. Soon Snow Camp Mountain will deserve its name.

It wasn't till the 5th viewpoint that we finally got a view. I knew there were two viewpoints coming up that would be more open, resulting in a sunny lunch spot. But at this point we had done 3 hours of hiking, and we were getting hungry. So we parked ourselves on the rock and were pleasantly surprised when Sonia (who takes great delight in celebrating festive days) gave us all not one, but two Halloween treats! Thank you, Sonia!

To celebrate our most enjoyable day, we patronized the Manning Park Lodge and enjoyed each other's company, fortified refreshments, and finger food.

CtoC = 7.5 hours / Elevation – 900 metres / Distance – 20 km.

Back on track about half an hour later, it wasn't long before we got to vista #3 where I took a group shot in the sun. Below us Indian Arm stretched out with Deep Cove on the opposite shore and Mt. Seymour above it. To the south was the Pacific Ocean and the imposing skyscrapers of Vancouver.

Snow-Campers: Christine C, Ingrid F, David B, Carl A, David S, Corinne H, Susan V, Ed W, Frank B, Danny G, and **Owen W.**

MOUNT SLESSE - OCT 28



Not much farther down the trail we came to the biggest and best vista #1. A beautiful stained-glass picture of a parrot hung from a signpost.

From there it was all downhill till the lake. We branched off to the left by the Buntzen Lake viewpoint. If you walked to the farthest point in the clearing, you could see Mt. Baker to the southeast. Then the trail got really steep. At the bottom of the slope, we regrouped before crossing the floating bridge at the south end of Buntzen Lake. On the other side we were pretty close to the parking lot, but realized three hikers were not coming. They must've turned right on Pump House Rd, not left. Charlotte did a quick reverse to hunt them down, yelling along the way. It wasn't too long before they sheepishly showed up. When I asked what happened, Ingrid said she thought she was following Sonia because this woman wore a similar hat to Sonia's but then realized she was not. Not a biggy. They would've just taken a more round-about way to the parking lot.



In an effort to somewhat beat the rush-hour + a few of us had evening commitments, we left promptly at 3:30pm.

Stats: 16.6 km / 911m gain / 575m high point

Participants were: Frank B, Elizabeth B, Don F, Ingrid F, Heather F, Danny G, Charlotte H, Sonia J, John McL, Patrick R, Monique S, Susan V + **Joce T**

Most of the twelve who went out this day had hiked the trail many times before and here we were again — a local favorite no doubt. The road in to the Slesse trailhead is much improved since the storm of 2019 took out a large section of it. About 4 kms in we came to the commemorative plaque which tells what happened to the North Star flight on Dec 9, 1956 (for those who don't know the plane hit the mountain and all 62 passengers died. At that time, it was Canada's worst aviation disaster). I shared with the group a Chilliwack newspaper story from 2006 about the COC being approached by 3 adult children who wanted to go to the site with their husbands and children to pay their respects to their parents who died on the flight. There was a tricky log crossing, so COC members decided to rebuild the bridge over Nesakwatch Creek.



COC members Ray Dawes and Terry Bergen and I don't know who else accompanied them up the trail and Wendy one of the daughters says in an email "Saturday will always be one of the most memorable days of my life. The gift that all of you gave to us to be able to go up the mountain will be treasured forever."



I also shared the card that Wendy, Janice and Julie gave to the COC: "Thank you so much to all those who assisted us in overcoming the obstacles to journey to the final resting place of our Dad and Mum."



We continued on to the propeller cairn but first had to get through the alders which had made the trail quite narrow from several years ago when we had pushed it back with loppers, chain saws and weed whackers. Looking back across the valley Michelle K pointed out the Chinese Puzzle Wall where in August 2016 Marc-Andre Leclerc and Brette Harrington spent 8 days establishing the first ascent. "We aided, cleaned and freed the pitches as we moved up the wall, while living on the ports-ledge. We returned a year later and freed the climb in a day. This wall will always hold a special place in our hearts." — B. Harrington.

Up past the forest we quickly got into snow. On came the spikes making walking so much easier. What a beautiful day to be in the mountains with good friends, fresh air and sunshine. The sky was intensely *cobalt* blue (Darcy's words).

The propeller cairn is 11 kms from the plaque with a plus 14% grade and was our well-deserved lunch spot. Another chance to reflect as we saw an 8X10 photograph tucked up against the propeller: "RIP Grandpa. It would have been nice to know you. Grandma always thought of you." K. Collett. This is Karl Warren Collett, whose name appears on the plaque naming all those on board which is down in the valley and more accessible to family members.

A very memorable hike steeped in history. Thanks to all who joined me: Jaco N, Anita U, Lorenz B, David D., Jan S, Peter E, Jim A, Stelian, Lonja J, Michelle K, Darcy G and **Trip Organizer Christine Camilleri**

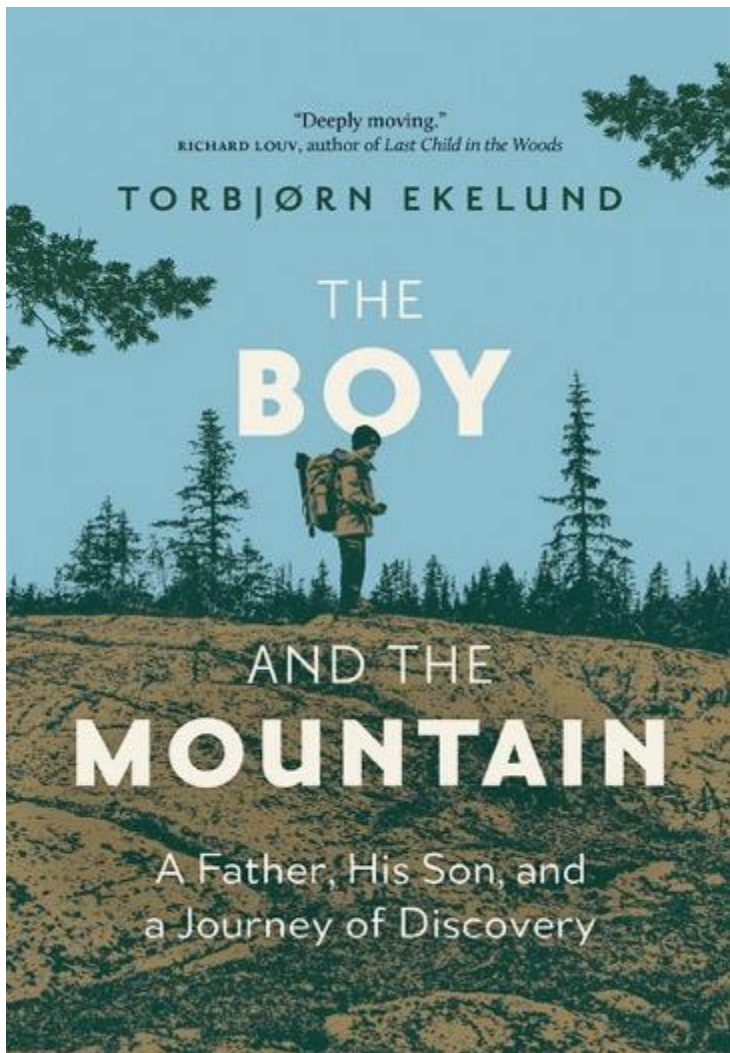
THE BOY AND THE MOUNTAIN: A FATHER, HIS SON, AND A JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY GREYSTONE BOOKS, 2023

BY TORBJORN EKELUND

The Boy and the Mountain was originally published in Norwegian in 2017 and translated into English in 2023. Ekelund has, thus far, published two fine books that weave, thoughtfully and delicately together, the layered relationship between humans and nature: *In Praise of Paths* and *A Year in the Woods*. There is a meditative approach that shapes and defines Ekelund's writing style and such a tendency is front and centre in *The Boy and the Mountain*.

There are a variety of suggestive layers at work in *The Boy and the Mountain* and the interweaving of such layers makes this missive inviting and evocative. There is the story of a young child (six years of age) that wandered from his mother in a backcountry and mountainous in southern Norway (near Kongsberg) in the Skrim area, lost his way and was found dead—such was the fate of Hans Torske when he disappeared July 8, 1894, and was found July 29 1895. It is this mysterious death of Hans that is constantly, like a stream, running through the mind of Ekelund as he takes to the same area with his son (August) for a father and son trek to, in principle, the summit of Styggemann mountain. But, what the significance of mother and son taking to the backcountry, father in the city, Hans innocently leaving mother, then disappearing, lost in the woods, disoriented, many in the area searching for him, when found a year later dead? This is certainly a tale of poorly prepared trips and treks into nature, a child acting in a spontaneous and creative manner, nature quite indifferent to such a choice, no sense of how to orient or find his way back to his mother, then being lost and nature taking its inevitable toll—certainly no nature romanticism, those unprepared and unaware often victims of nature's ways and means. So, the tale of Hans is the warning and backdrop to the hike of father and son.

The extensive planning by Torbjorn for the trip with August is in obvious contrast to the journey of Hans and his mother, the same area visited but the preparations for such a trip almost the opposite—poorly prepared versus overly prepared. The almost step by step trip and trek by father and son in the footsteps of the memory of Hans makes for a compelling read—father notes, often, the comments and actions of son, moments of being discouraged (heavy rain storms, sleeping on porches, unanticipated weather conditions, wet bogs, long and demanding trips to the summit) and the sheer energy and joy of taking into the wild, summit accomplished, longer route for a return not welcomed well, longing to return home, post summit achieved the immediate goal. Torbjorn not only deftly describes his son's varied moods but also his own observations of both ever changing landscape and inner terrain (or to give a nod to Hopkins, "inscape"). The planned route is well planned, perhaps too much carried for the short trip (knapsack heavy) but the always unexpected weather is the persistent and consistent variable. The death of young



Hans was the result of no planning, no being with another and a weather system that took its toll, such a reality the brooding backdrop in the book.

The contrast, therefore, between two types of relatively benign trips far from an urban centre make for an instructive analogy to life itself—wandering far from others into unknown places and unanticipated life weather systems can bring tragic consequences. Even with the best of planning, though, being attentive and alert, changing course when needed is part of the ability to navigate through nature and life—such is the parabolic nature of *The Boy and the Mountain*. But there is yet more to this meditative exercise into meaning.

The “Journey of Discovery” is about a father understanding his son better and, hopefully, a son understanding his father better in a setting which is not predictable nor secure--- setting up tents, sleeping as rain soaks much, what to eat when, what pace is best for both, energy conserved and not erratically dissipated—such are lessons learned when the more predictable life in the city or cabins in the country are not the safe, secure and reliable places to go to when nature threatens on the all too human journey. There are also reflections on geology, age of the earth, environmental concerns, quotes from Muir, obvious returns to human-nature

symbiotic relationship and the tragic consequences when this is not realized. There are a few black-white photographs of the mountains, terrain and huts on the journey, a celebrative final photo of Torbjørn and August, hands raised, on the summit hut, mission accomplished.

The finale in the book, “About the Work on this Book”, raised the ever-troubling question about how we interpret a tragedy when witnesses are nil, speculation varied and layered causes unknown. What is the real story of Hans Torske’s death? This question is a persistent and continually one in

The Boy and the Mountain. Is the boy in the mountain the now dead Hans or August (so well and faithfully guarded by his father)? And the mountain? Silent! All the potential witnesses (and those who would have tried to find Hans) are dead also. How are we to interpret history when much is shrouded in mountain mist and white out conditions? How can we prevent tragedies from recycling and replaying themselves? Such are some of the lingering thoughts that are left with us we sit with book on lap and allow the well told tale to massage our mind and imagination.

I was drawn to this book for the simple reason I lived in Norway in the early 1970s in both Bodo and with the Mountain Sami in Kautokeino. This was a period of time when the pioneer of deep ecology, Arne Naess, was opposing large scale Norwegian development projects that would have a negative impact on the Sami. *The Boy and the Mountain* was set in a mountainous section of southern Norway in which the rock boulders remind the curious of troll games and battles fought for territory against opponents, Norwegian myth, science and history layered with competing interpretive versions. We are, also, offered brisk reads of significant phases of Norwegian culture and reasons for place names in an inviting manner. Needless to say, *The Boy and the Mountain* is a deceptively simple read and, I suspect, each read will ask of each of us, parent and child, how we prepare and journey with those we love and the implications of not being alert and attentive to ourselves and others on the pilgrimage through time.

THE BOY AND THE MOUNTAIN is a finalist for the 2023 Banff Mountain Book Competition—winner decided November 2

montani semper liberi
Ron Dart

Masthead of Trapper Peak by Carmen P

CLUB INFORMATION

Notice to Trip Participants

It is understood that risk is inherent to some degree in all outdoor activities. Please ensure that you understand the risks involved and are prepared to accept them. As a participant, you are responsible for your own safety and equipment at all times. Trip organizers are not professional guides—they are simply club members who have volunteered their time for your enjoyment.

Inform the trip organizer of any medical conditions that he or she should be aware of in an emergency, for example: diabetes, asthma, and bee sting reactions. Ensure that your previous experience, ability and fitness level are adequate for the trip. Be sure that your equipment and clothing are adequate for the trip. Stay with the group. Wait for other group members frequently and at all route junctions. Tell the trip organizer if you must turn back. **Be safe and enjoy!**

Required Equipment

Trip organizers will be pleased to answer any questions regarding the required equipment for any outing. For more information, it is recommended that you visit one of the many websites that provide such information. Some recommended sites are: www.valhallapure.com (club sponsor), www.backpacker.com and www.mec.ca.

Safety first, last, and always! It is the responsibility of trip participants to be equipped appropriately. Plan for the **worst!**

The Ten Essentials

Before you hit any trail, no matter how easy, no matter how short, no matter how close to home, make sure your backpack is loaded with the ten essentials. When in the backcountry you are responsible for your own safety, and any one of these ten items may help to save your life. Carry them all and know how to use them.

1. Map
2. Compass
3. Extra clothing
4. Sunglasses and sunscreen
5. Headlamp/flashlight
6. First-aid supplies
7. Fire starter
8. Matches
9. Knife
10. Extra food and water

Equipment for Club Members' Use

2 Shovels	2 ice axes
2 pairs of crampons	2 avalanche probes
2 avalanche transceivers	
2 pairs of snowshoes	
	contact Cal Francis to use: calfrancis@gmail.com

Note: All equipment must be returned in the same condition as borrowed or repaired appropriately. The equipment is being examined to determine its state of repair and will be reviewed by the Board of Directors as to what should be retained, scrapped or sold.

Hike Grading System

Duration (hrs.)		Elevation Gain (m)		Difficulty	
A	0-4	1	10-500	a	Easy
B	4-7	2	500-1000	b	Moderate
C	7-10	3	1000-1500	c	Difficult
D	10+	4	1500+	d	Advanced

CLUB CONTACTS

Position	Name	E-mail
President:	Christine Camilleri	4christinecamilleri@gmail.com
Vice President:		
Secretary:	Jackie Chambers	Jackie.p.chambers@hotmail.com
Treasurer:	Carol Ault	carolault@gmail.com
Executive:	Tracy Goodwin Cal Francis Carol Ault Pat Ramsden Charlotte Hall Paul Levett	tracy.g22222@gmail.com calfrancis@gmail.com carolault@gmail.com patrickr@shaw.ca chartuff@hotmail.com plevett@sasktel.net
Membership:	Tim Yochim	membershipsecretarycoc@gmail.com
Past President & FMCBC Rep:		
Club Trip Email:		chilliwackoutdoorclub@googlegroups.com
		For trips and announcements to be forwarded to all
		Note: also you can post in members: Facebook: Chilliwack Outdoor Club Group
Librarian:	Ingrid Fisher	ingyfisc@gmail.com
Newsletter Pub:	Jocelyn Timmermans	jocelyntimmermans@hotmail.com
Website :	Christine Camilleri	4christinecamilleri@gamil.com
Vedder Mt Trail Ass'n:	Gary Baker	604-858-4928 garybaker@shaw.ca