

Canada's West Coast Adventure Magazine



IN THE WAKE

IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN VANCOUVER

A CLIMBER'S LIFE

CAUING IN THAILAND

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WIN

A pair of tickets

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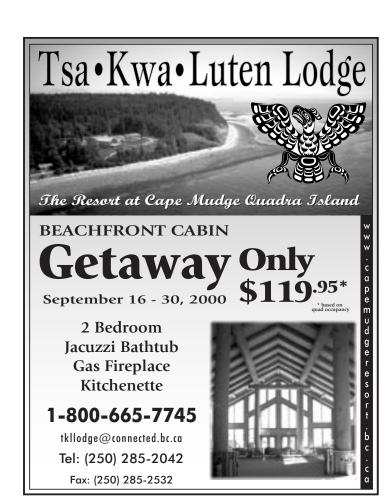


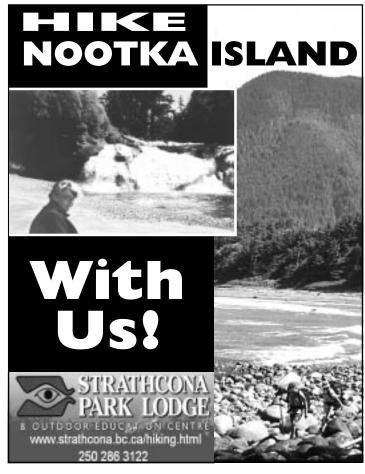
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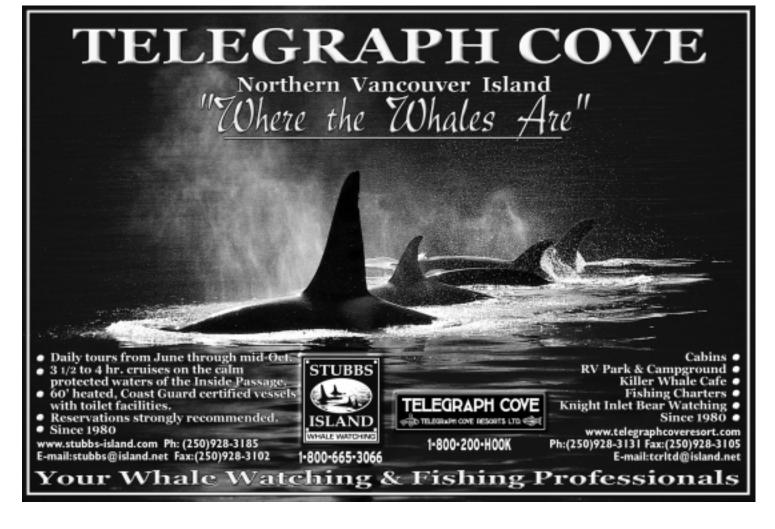
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CONTENTS

BC Parks View Point

Volunteering in Paradise

Linvin' the Dream p10

p9

The life of the unsponsored climber

Strathcona Park p13

An overview of the hiking trails in BC's oldest park

Thai Caves p17

Islanders Abroad

Underground adventure in Thailand

Mt Colonel Foster p19

Guide to Vancouver Island's alpine climbing mecca

Benighted on Mt Klitsa p21

A lesson earned and a lesson learned

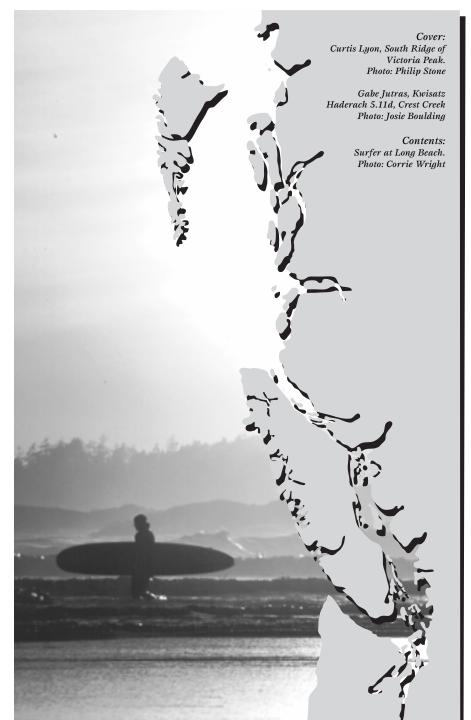
In the Wake of Vancouver p22

The explorations of Cpt Vancouver on BC's west coast.

Happenings p26

Coming events on the west coast 3 Changes to





• CENTRE PULLOUT - NOOTKA ISLAND - HIKING GUIDE •





WILD ISLE

Issue 12 - Aug-Sept, 2000

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Next Issue October-December, 2000

West Coast Lift Areas **Whitewater Roundup**

Deadline for editorial and advertising = 1st September, 2000 www.wildislemagazine.bc.ca/advertising

EDITORIAL



his is it, summer. High point of the year, vacations, great weather, bustling tourism business and time for adventure. Suitably, we've a packed issue, our

biggest yet. Excellent stories from as nearby as the waters surrounding Quadra Island and from as far afield as caves in Thailand line these pages. I'm ecstatic to say this issue we were close to overwhelmed with material which is swelling our stockpile for futures issues.

Having said that there is a noticeable gap in the content of our submissions. That is contributions from women. Can't be because of a lack of adventure to tell about. So how about it? Let's here from vou.

There's more to be said about submissions. Wild Isle is all about our reader's stories and news and we appreciate the chance to tell your tales. You can help us a great deal in preparing a story in a number of ways.

- 1) Whenever possible submit stories in a word processing file by floppy disk or email. Faxes and other paper copies need retyping and frankly we just don't have that much time to spare.
- 2) Always send pictures. If you have slides, prints or jpegs get them to us. The response to the frequent statement "I

have pictures if you like" is "why didn't you send them already!"

3) Be sure your article is submitted to our specifications. Either visit our web site or pick up the phone and give us a quick call.

There are other ways you can help support Wild Isle if you enjoy the magazine and would like to put something back. I've said it before but it bears repeating. Frequent our advertisers and tell them you saw their ad. This is very important. The advertisers part with good money for a service they believe is a sound investment. The only way they can be sure it works is if you tell them

Secondly, buy a subscription. It's cheap, \$16 for a year and it helps us pay the bills, keeps the presses rolling and bringing you the information, news and stories you want to read.

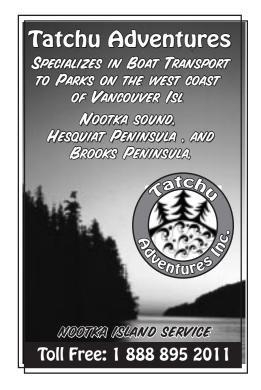
This issue, as an incentive, we are offering three chances to win a pair of tickets to EagleFest 2000 at Mt. Washington with your subscription order. The time frame to enter is tight, the event is August 26, so as soon as you read this, grab pen and chequebook and fill out the entry on page 26 and get it in the mail right away.

Enjoy the issue, enjoy the summer! Philip Stone



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Next time you make a purchase or visit be sure to let them know you saw their ad in Wild Isle.



FROM THE FIELD

Outdoor Leadership from an Aboriginal Perspective

To where else in North America is there a school quite like this one! Located in the remote, northwest corner of Clayoquot Sound, in the wilderness setting of Hesquiat Harbour, Hooksum Outdoor School is the first aboriginally developed outdoor/environmental education school on Canada's west coast.

Hooksum Outdoor School is offering its unique West Coast Outdoor leadership Training from Oct 11th to Nov 7th 2000. Based upon indigenous values of respect for and connection to the natural environment, Hooksum Outdoor School specializes in experiaential and practical education. The intensive 28 day training includes: certification in wilderness first aid and lifesaving, 7 days of intensive sea kayaking, remote surfing and surf guiding, backpacking/ coastal hiking, lessons in natural and cultural history, environmental education, outdoor

leadership, a guiding practicum, and - most importantly - the opportunity to reconnect oneself to the natural world.

The owner/operators of Hooksum Outdoor School are Steve and Karen Charleson of Hot Springs Cove. Members of the Hesquiaht First Nation, Steve and Karen have years of experience in developing and implementing indigenous-based outdoor and environmental education initiatives. For the Fall session of the Training, the Charlesons have assembled a world-class staff and a schedule to stimulate and challenge anyone interested in the Pacific coastal environment or honing their outdoor leadership skills.

Hooksum Outdoor School is found at www.surf.tofino.net. Information and application forms are available from Karen Charleson at 250-670-1120.

Eco-Adventure & Wildlife Zodiac Tours at the Kingfisher Oceanside Resort & Spa.

World Class Eco-Adventure Tours!

The Kingfisher Resort would like to welcome everyone of all ages, to experience "NEW" Zodiac Eco Adventure Wildlife Tours in the heart of the beautiful Pacific Northwest!

"Bon Voyage" exclaims Mandy Elvy, as she waves goodbye from the dock, to thirteen adventure seekers from the Kingfisher Resort. Off on a half day journey, participants will be visiting five local islands; Sandy (Tree), Hornby, Denman, Chrome and Flora. Spying on curious harbor seals, singing a baritone love song with sea lions, saluting Eagles and soaring with seabirds. Opportunities never cease, while admiring the historical Native Petroglyphs on one of the last manned lighthouses on the coast or trekking through Helliwell Provincial Park.

The Kingfisher also offers full day Eco Adventure Tours through the protected inside coast. You will experience some of the fastest tidal rapids in the world near Stuart Island, fill a glass with fresh, cool water from majestic waterfalls in Bute Inlet and walk to old growth trees 64 feet in diameter at Blind Channel. A gourmet picnic lunch, complete with refreshments and dessert are also on the menu of adventure.

Journey with 15 years of experience, beside "Captain John" aboard the 25 foot inflatable Zodiac. Half day tours depart the Kingfisher every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Full day tours departing every Monday and Tuesday. Dates and times are flexible upon availability.

For further information or reservations call (250) 703-2555 or toll free 1-800-663-7929 www.kingfisher-resort-spa.com

Cluxewe Resort

fter a period of re-organization, Northern Vancouver Island's most scenic "for pay" campground is definitely in business. Located at the mouth of the Cluxewe River, the Cluxewe Resort (formerly known as the Broughton Strait Resort) seeks to broaden its customer base.

"Many of our guests come here for the scenery and the relaxation. There is an almost mystical quality about the place where the river and the sea meet. I don't know of another campground in the area that is so well placed and where there is such a variety of environments in one location" says the new manager, Mary Murphy.

Visitors can camp along or near the ocean, the river, or the estuary. There are small, private campsites and large, open ones - sunny sites and shady ones. On the opposite bank of the Cluxewe is a Nature's Trust wildlife preserve.

"The opportunity to see animals in a natural state is one reason why people come here.," says Murphy. "We try to be very wildlife friendly and encourage our guests to be 'bear aware." Murphy and the Kwakiutl First Nation (which owns the resort) want to expand the facility's adventure tourism clientele. "This is a great place to be based for explorations of our region. Kayakers can launch either in the ocean or the estuary, plus we can arrange for rentals and delivery through North Island Kayaks, just down the road in Port Hardy."

Despite the sense of remoteness and seclusion, Cluxewe Resort is only 15 minutes from Port McNeill and its services. Travelers going to - or from - the Prince Rupert and Discovery Coast ferries find it a convenient stopping off place - but Cluxewe is definitely more than just an overnight stay. It's an experience in itself.

Cluxewe Resort's new telephone number is (250) 949-0378. Its web page can be found at www.island.net/~cluxewe e-mail address is cluxewe@island.net. submitted by Walter Miller

Outdoor Adventures in Historic Nootka Sound

THIS WORLD RENOWNED LODGE HAS IT ALL

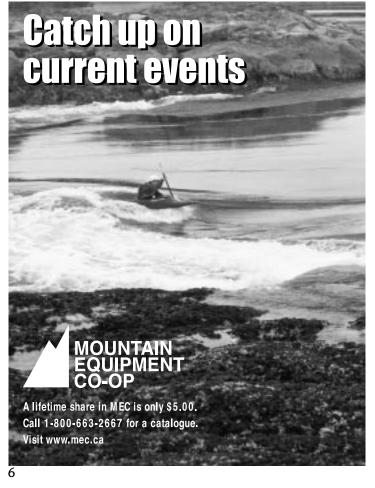


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Mt. Arrowsmith

-the saga continues-

he Regional Ski Park, owned by the Regional District of Alberni-Clayoquot (RDAC), has run into difficulties. After opening for only three days this past winter season, just before New Year's, they closed permanently. The investors, Step Financial Group, pulled their support. Their reasoning, in a letter to the RDAC, "it is clear that the operation of Mt. Arrowsmith is impractical without a gondola connection to "Lockwood Village" the proposed "alpine" village on Mt. Cokely's lower northeast slopes. The Nanaimo RDN Regional Growth Management Plan (which Cokely is in) stipulates no permanent residences in the area. It seems none of these developers or investors had done their homework. Further, while a small ski operation like Mt. Cain might be compatible within the area, some maintain a large Washingtontype operation will never work, if for no other reason than the Arrowsmith massiflacks the quality and quantity of snow needed. According to the Ministry of Environment snow surveys, one year in five will have a metre or less in snow base.

According to the contract between the RDAC and the ski hill developers, the hill has to be open for a minimum of ten days by the end of May. Therefore the developers are in breech of contract now and one would hope the RDAC will rewrite the contract into one that retains more control for the RDAC and the general public.

On a brighter note, the proposed park status for the rest of the massif is going well. The Arrowsmith Massif Advisory Committee (AMAC) has drafted a regional park management plan to "provide for the

stewardship of park land and trail systems for the protection, appreciation and enjoyment of regionally significant landscapes and natural features." This draft plan has been approved by the RDN board of directors. Our committee have also had meetings with Weyerhaeuser and Timber West concerning the Historic Arrowsmith Trail and both companies have agreed to lease a portion of their lands to protect the trail. TW has also committed to helping volunteers replace the bridge over McBey Creek. In our meetings with BC Assets and Land Corporation (BCALC) and the Ministry of Forests (MF), they favour a phased in approach towards park status. A special thanks goes to Jeff Ainge, RDN Parks Coordinator, for compiling the committee member's information into an excellent management plan.

Our next step will be getting the trails and routes officially recognized by BCALC and MF. This is where you the reader can help. We're looking for volunteers to help with trail maintenance and erosion control. Maybe you or your club or group would like to commit to a day or two. If you wish to help, please contact me: Peter Rothermel by phone or fax at 752-8792. The Alpine Club of Canada has scheduled a two day affair (Aug.12-13) to do erosion control on the "Saddle" route and the "Bumps" with a climb up the "Nose" to the summit on day

Lastly the Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC have decided to increase the amount of their Island directors from one to three. I have been asked to represent the mid-island and I'm looking for input.

Submitted by: Peter Rothermel



Quiksilver Roxy Summer Surf Jam

Sunny weather with marine fog. Small swell, light winds, large crowd, good vibe. Competitors from Canada/France/Austrailia/USA competing for \$10,000.00 in prizes and cash.

n Saturday the 15th, running through Sunday the 16th, the BCSA held the Quiksilver Roxy Summer Surf Jam 2000, the first Pro-Am surf competition ever to be held in Canada. The event was held at Cox Bay, Tofino BC, with conditions leaving much to be desired. The waves were about three to five feet, and in the afternoon the onshore winds picked up making the waves almost impossible to surf. Starting out, was the main round in the men's open with 65 competitors.

Next up was the main round of the women's open. All of the competitors fought hard in the main round, but unfortunately half of them were eliminated. Next came the second round for both the men's, and women's open, followed by the Quarter finals. By this time, the wave conditions had dissipated to three foot slop.

Next came the semifinals, one of the most exciting heats in the contest. Some of the best surfers were knocked out in this round, leaving only the best surfers in the Final. The Final in the Men's Open consisted of Peter Devries, Raph Bruhwiler, Sepp Bruhwiler, and Phil Loader. The waves at this time had turned into complete slop, almost un-surfabale, but the competitors made it look like they were perfect. The raining champ, Raph Bruhwiler put out a great show, but came up a little short losing to Peter Devries, the junior Champion from the World Qualifier 2000. Sepp Bruhwiler was also a huge contender, came up a little short of his potential, coming in third place. In fourth place was Phil Loader, who many thought had won the final.

Next was the Women's Open final, which consisted of Leah Oke, Jenny Hudnall, and Catherine Bruhwiler. Most would have thought the raining champ Leah Oke would have won, but it was Jenny Hudnall who took



Peter Devries 1st place/mens - team canada member in Brazil Photo: Cam Scott



Raph Bruhwiler 2nd place/mens - team canada member in Brazil Photo: Cam Scott

the gold, and Catherine Bruhwiler following in her brothers' footsteps, coming in second place, leaving Leah Oke in third place. The next day, Sunday the 16th was the Longboard division. The finalist champion of the Longboard division was Mike Stupka. The whole event was outstanding, there was a huge turnout, and the competition was high. We are all looking forward to the next contest



Eric Hansen - team Canada member in Brazil Photo: Cam Scott

Men's Final:

- 1.Peter Devries
- 2.Raph Bruwhiler
- 3.Sepp Bruwhiler
- 4.Phil Loader

Women's Final:

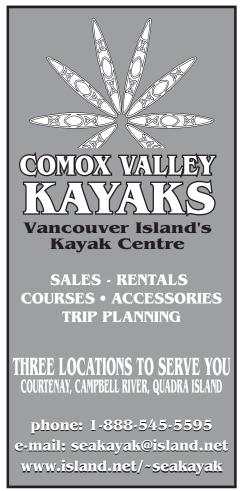
- 1.Jenny Hudnall
- 2. Catherine Bruwhiler
- 3.Leah Oke

Longboard Final:

- 1.Mike Stupka
- 2.Mike Redpath
- 3.tied Alex McWilliams/Ollie Atkey

-write-up by Nick Killins -submitted by Cam Scott Visit the British Columbia Surfing Association website: www.island.net/0~bcsa







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Brochure on Nootka West Coast Trail Released

The Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C. (FMCBC) recently produced a brochure entitled "The Nootka Trail:

Walking the Wild West Coast", describing the Nootka Trail, a scenic coastal hiking route that follows the western coast of Nootka Island. Nootka Island is the the largest island off the west coast of Vancouver Island. The purpose of the brochure is twofold - to provide useful information for people wanting to hike the route, and to focus attention on the threat that proposed development (including logging) poses to this unique wilderness hike. The trail passes through a rich and diverse coastal ecosystem, bordered by a fringe of old growth forest that needs to be protected. The Nootka Trail rivals the famous West Coast Trail in both scenery and wildlife viewing opportunities. But because few people are aware of the area, it has received no publicity and little

Heather and Rolf Kellerhals, who provided some of the trail information, have hiked the west coast of Nootka Island

protection from development.

several times since the early 1980's. They hope the brochure will bring more visitors,

> who will in turn demand more adequate protection for an area of incredible diversity and beauty. A private logging road now leads right onto the coast, more planned cutblocks are clustered along the coastal fringe, commercial applications are pending ... Although publicizing wilderness areas may ultimately compromise those values, hiker Paul Horvath who knows the area well and has led groups there, believes that logging poses a more immediate

Publication of the brochure was made possible through funding from the Mountain Equipment Environment Fund. Copies of the brochure are available on request from the

FMCBC office (Phone: (604) 878-7007; http://www.mountainclubs.bc.ca Or they may be picked up at various Vancouver Island tourist information centres or outdoor stores.

Submitted by: Markus Kellerhals

The FMCBC: Working For You

The Federation of Mountain Clubs of British Columbia (FMCBC) has sponsored the development of the Nootka Trail brochure through its advocacy role in wilderness access and preservation.

The FMCBC, a non-profit society, comprises a diverse group of nonmechanized mountain and wilderness recreationalists including hikers, mountaineers, backpackers, rock climbers, skiers, snowboarders and snowshoers with an interest in the protection and preservation of the mountain and other wilderness environments. The FMCBC currently has 18 Member Clubs, including a number on Vancouver Island: the Alberni Valley Outdoor Club, the Alpine Club of Canada (Vancouver Island Section), Club Tread, Comox District Mountaineering Club, Island Mountain Ramblers, Outdoor Club of Victoria, Vancouver Island Trails Information Society.

The FMCBC conducts advocacy activities through its committees. The Trails Committee works to have BC's hiking trails recognized, protected, and maintained. It runs an Adopt-a-Trail program, promotes trail construction practices and maintenance, and identifies grants for trail

The Recreation and Conservation Committee identifies and promotes the protection of natural and recreation areas. This Committee represents FMCBC members' interests in resource management issues and processes, develops policies, and ensures awareness of conservation issues through communications with FMCBC members, industry, government, and public.

The Education and Safety Committee promotes safe hiking and mountain travel through effective leadership and education programs.

If you are interested in more information, contribute to Committee work, or would like to join the FMCBC, either as an individual, or through one of its member clubs, please call: 604-876-7047, or view the Website: www.mountainclubs.bc.ca.



- the view is not always clear -

VOLUNTEERING IN PARADISE

as little as an

hour can help out

Strathcona Park, Forbidden Plateau area, 1 is being loved to death! With approximately 70,000 local and international people visiting | are in Strathcona Park, especially in the

annually, this special little piece of paradise is beginning to feel the affects of its great popularity. The plateau is one of the more popular

parts of the 250,445ha. Strathcona Park and is the only sub-alpine/alpine area on Vancouver Island which is easily accessed by the general public. The high quality paved road completed in 1996 has helped increase the use of the park and together with enhancements at Mt. Washington Ski Resort, visitation is expected to continue to grow.

As use increases, so does the need for more information. BC Parks wants to make more people aware of the importance of this park and how to properly explore the sensitive sub-alpine/alpine areas. Visitors also want to know more about Strathcona Park's history, flora and fauna, trail conditions, camp sites, day hikes, good picnic spots and distance to popular areas. There are some visitors who don't even realize they

winter, when nordic ski trails follow different routes than the summer trails and blend in with the Mt. Washington operations.

A visitor centre would

help, however, such a development if possible, is a few years from becoming a reality. In the meantime, BC Parks needs to call on the support of the local communities who have traditionally rallied when the park needs

BC Parks, with co-operation and assistance from Strathcona Wilderness Institute has developed a new volunteer initiative - The Strathcona Park Trail Host program. Trail Hosts provide basic information to park visitors while walking along the popular day use trails or greeting people at a new temporary information hut located at the Paradise Meadows trailhead. No experience is necessary, only a love of the outdoors and a desire to share your passion and support for Strathcona Park. If time commitments are an issue, as little as an hour can help out and can be worked into a day trip you may have been planning anyway.

Many readers of Wild Isle Magazine know Strathcona Park well and spend many hours of recreating there. Please consider contributing a little of that time back to the park, sharing your passion and knowledge with other less frequent visitors.

In order to participate in this volunteer opportunity, we request interested individuals or groups contact Andy Smith, BC Parks, Extension Officer at Tel: (250) 337-2405, Fax: 337-5695.

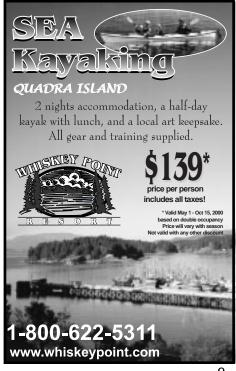
E-mail: Andy.Smith@gems6.gov.bc.ca. or stop into the Miracle Beach park Office at 1812 Miracle Beach Drive, Black Creek, British Columbia, V9J 1K. WI





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The Life of the Un-Sponsons

Ponsor sored

by Scott Kennedy

k, so you can't climb 5.14, and the chances of you cranking a one- arm pull- up are about zero. You've never met Scott Franklin or Christian Griffith and your picture has never been in one of the climbing mags. So you're not sponsored, nobody is handing you cash to climb and you're bummed. You want to be cool; you want the care- free lifestyle of a twenty-year-old model that has just hooked up with a dying millionaire.

Is there a way for you to live your life, climbing every day and avoiding the dreaded prospect of the 'real job'? Well yes, even without the help of Regis Philbin you can make it happen, you can live the dream and be a 'pro' climber. Of course it won't be the Sharma Esq. utopia you have always longed for, this the real world you know. But fear not this isn't the ireal worldî you parents have lectured you about, in this world you only need a part time job and a place with cheap rent. The job is the key, finding a place to put P.B. & J on the table is paramount to the whole lifestyle. The trick is to find just the right job, something that combines; not too hard, not too easy, not too much responsibility and enough money and time off to let you continue your rock star lifestyle. What follows is a list of possible jobs that are popular with the outdoor geek crowd, and I have included as a public service what you really want to know, "How bad does this job suck".

Above: Checkin' in on the Nasdaq before hitting the pumpfest at Owen's River Gorge.
Left: That flashy new SUV'll have to wait until the sponsor calls.



Living The Dream

Working at the Gear Shop

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

You will be on the leading edge of the climbing world. Conversing with manufactures about product development while doing R&D next year's gear. You will be working with the local hard-core climbers with whom you will share beta and compare all of the free gear you are getting.

FROM THE INSIDE:

It's minimum wage time! You will spend six days a week behind a till selling stuff to people who only buy their down jackets to wear to the next rave. The only free stuff you get from outdoor companies is their propaganda and the occasional t-shirt. Your co-workers are try-hard posers who get out twice per year, but still manage to justify the purchase of an aid rack and titanium stove.

BOTTOM LINE:

At least at McDonalds you get free food.

Working at the Gym

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

You get to hang out at the gym with all your mates, climbing all day, getting paid to get strong. What more could you ask for?

FROM THE INSIDE:

You spend every nice day locked in a chalk filled dungeon hanging out with 14 year- old kids who are stronger then you. 'Have you taken out the garbage yet?'

THE BOTTOM LINE:

This job does have status, you are perceived as hard-core. But when push comes to shove you still are till-boy for six days a week.

The Outdoor Photographer/Writer

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

National Geographic is going to send me to Kerblackistan to shoot photos of the first ascent of an unclimbed rock face. Then I'll travel the world with the slide show while ghost writing Chris Sharma's Autobiography for millions of dollars.

FROM THE INSIDE:

You'll drop thousands on camera gear so you can take photos that are just as bad as the ones you took before with your Kodak disk camera. Climbing magazine returns all of your submissions un-opened because they just don't need any more butt shots of people top roping at Wassooch Slabs. And nobody is interested in your article of the blow, by blow account of your successful ascent of Mount Lady McDonald.

THE BOTTOM LINE:

If you like rejection then this is the choice for you. Be prepared for editors to tell you that your biographic piece was, "really boring". Avoid this career move if you are in a fragile state of mind, such as if you just broke up with your girlfriend or your first ascent just got down graded.

Trust Fund Recipient

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

This is the brass ring baby! Uncle Gord has come through with a couple of hundred grand for you to blow on pure fun!

FROM THE INSIDE:

Unless your uncle is daddy Warbucks this just isn't going to happen, besides its getting close to RRSP time and its never to early to start thinking about the future!

THE BOTTOM LINE:

Keep dreaming, and when you do inherit the Microsoft Corp. remember who your friends are.

The Manual Labor Job

FROM THE OUTSIDE: While making more money then a doctor you will stay in shape and have your

weekends free to climb all you want.

FROM THE INSIDE:

"You mean seven, in the morning?" Your days will be filled with manual labor that you would expect to see in some Cambodian P.O.W. camp. You co- workers are Neanderthals who have less education then your 9-year-old sister and take pride in treating you like dirt just because you have an earring. Weekends free? Forget it, this is contract work you work until the job is done.

THE BOTTOM LINE:

The money is good but you are too tired to spend it, let alone climb.

The Night Job

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

You will spend your days in the hills while zipping back to town to tend bar, hit on the ladies and show off your muscles.

FROM THE INSIDE:

If you are lucky enough to land a job at a pub you will spend your nights mopping up vomit and talking to drunks who insist that you look just like their uncle Ted. Trying to work all night and climb all day works great for exactly, one day. Confucius say, "No sleepe no red pointe."

THE BOTTOM LINE:

You will now have a story about the summer you never slept and how it almost killed you.

4 on 4 off Shift Work

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

I'll use my climbing expertise to land a job with the Fire Department or perhaps with the Navy Seals. I'll make loads of cash saving the world four days per week. Chicks will dig me.

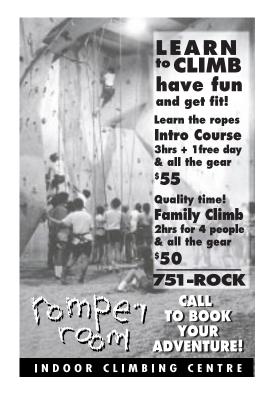
FROM THE INSIDE:

You will have to be serious about this one, thousands apply to be firemen and only just a few get in. So quitting after a month to head down to the Valley isn't cool.

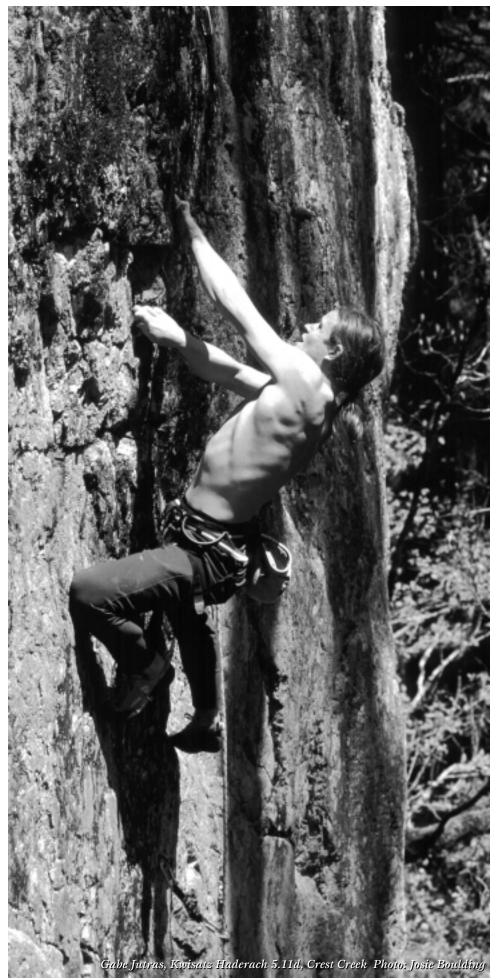
THE BOTTOM LINE:

It's hard to pick up chicks when they have just witnessed their home burn to the foundation, and I don't believe the Navy Seals are currently hiring unemployed Canadians.

continued...







The U.I. Climbing Team

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

The government is going to pay me good money to play in the mountains while I, 'look for a job' FROM THE INSIDE:

I hope you like Kraft dinner. The only thing that's 'good' about the money is that the checks don't bounce. You know they actually expect you to look for a job? Who knew?

THE BOTTOM LINE:

If you have no pride or shame this is the job for you. Be prepared for your mother to think you are a failure and start mentioning things like, ia waste of a lifeÖî Chin up son, you're climbing lots.

Student

FROM THE OUTSIDE:

Attend a few classes, make the fam proud and get a degree to boot. I'll have loads of time to climb, I'll set up my schedule so I have Thursdays, Fridays and Mondays off, it'll, be great.

FROM THE INSIDE:

"Hey these classes are hard. You mean I actually have to study or I'll be thrown out of school and be forced to get a real job." You have to make the decision, climbing vs. school; you have to pick one because you are going to suck at the other.

THE BOTTOM LINE:

Worth doing so if you blow your tendons you don't have to work at McDonalds forever.

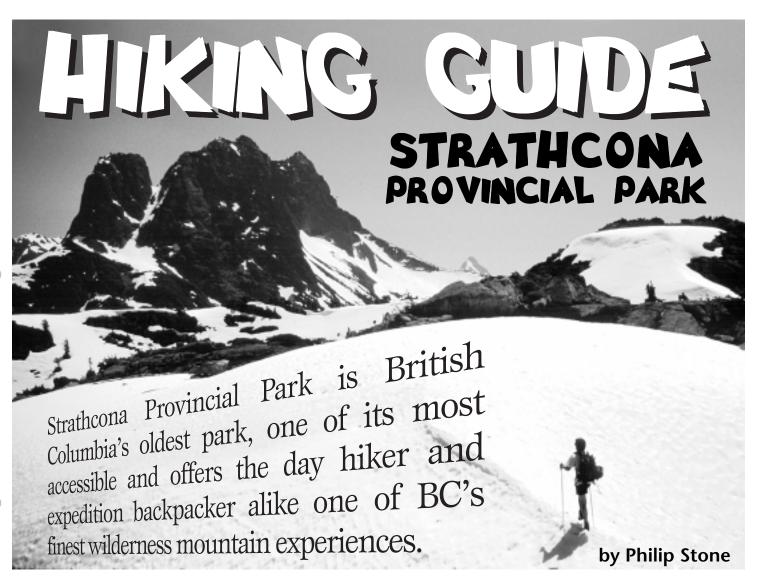
So what does all this mean? Well in the end, jobs are no fun. Especially when you would rather be out in the mountains with your friends. But what can you do? Working for, 'the man' is just a part of life that at some point you are going to have to accept.

Through my experience the harder you fight this fact the more fun you are going to have. I mean you can throw in the towel now and give up the dream and become a weekend warrior complete with Nissan Xterra and beer gut, but why?

I say, wake up every morning and relish the fact that you have next to no responsibility in the world. Live for the fact that you have chosen a life style that puts emphasis on the most important thing in your life, you. It's not selfish to put yourself first, its just perspective. Remember you are in charge of your own life. If you want something in this world you are going to have to go and get it, so get out there climb, look at the mountains, laugh with your friends and be the master of your own destiny.

"Find a job you love and you'll never work a day in your life"

-Unknown



From the tidal waters of Herbert Inlet to the icefields of Mariner Mountain and Vancouver Island's highest peak the Golden Hinde, Stathcona Park preserves an exquisite landscape, and a rich diversity of animal & plant life.

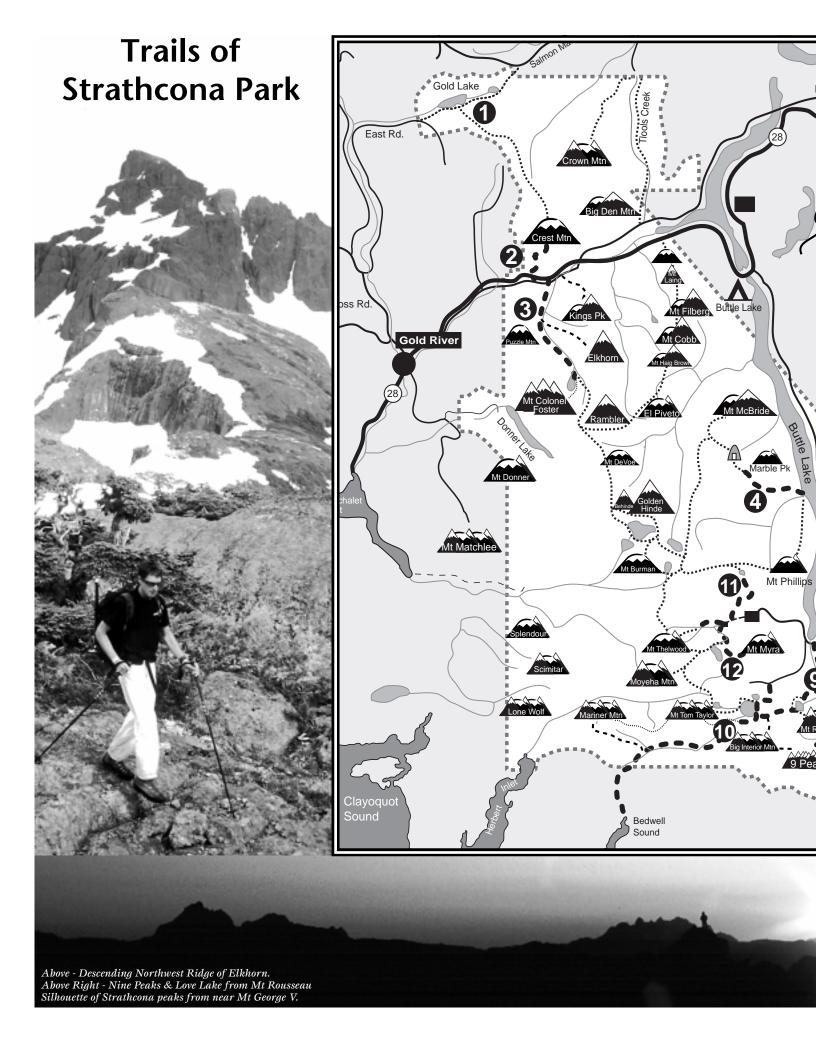
Strathcona offers a hiking experience for everyone. For a flavour of the park: interpretive loop trails give an informative look at the flora, fauna and ecology of the

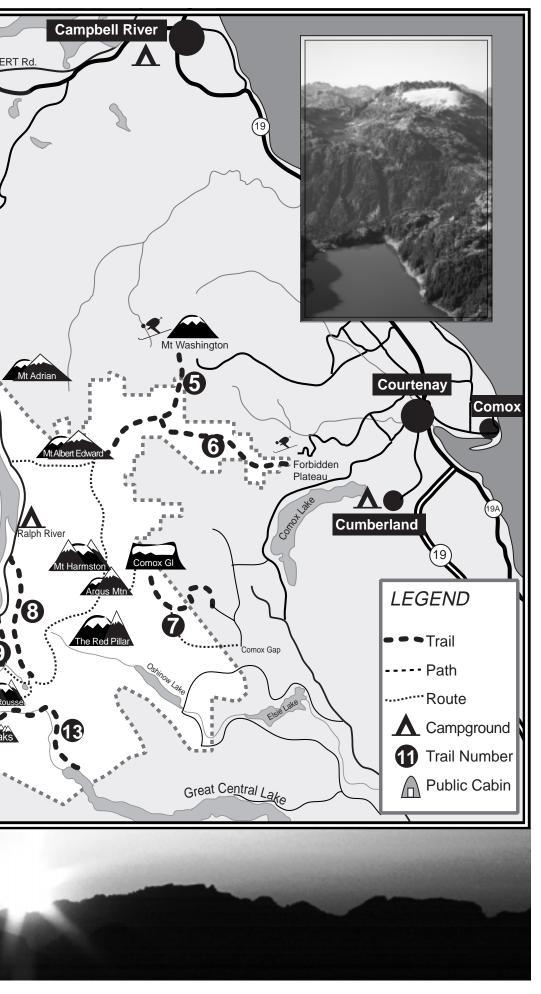
coastal rainforest. Short walks lead to viewpoints overlooking waterfalls or wildlife habitat and many of the longer trails offer plenty for even the shortest stroll part way along them.

Day hikers with time enough to follow a trail for 4, 6 or 8 hours will be rewarded by superlative panoramic views from above the treeline (the 'alpine'), an immersion in the lush, vibrant coastal rainforest or the drama of a rugged, mountain landscape complete with jewel-like alpine lakes and cascading waterfalls.

It is however the backpacker and mountaineer with 2, 4 or 6 nights at







CAMPING

As with many of British Columbia's wilderness parks, visitor impact is becoming an increasing problem in Strathcona Park. To help mitigate the impact of overnight stays camping along hiking trails is encouraged at designated or established sites only. Watch for signs at trailheads detailing designated site locations. If no sites are listed, use one of the obvious established sites enroute rather than hacking a new tent site out of the forest. In the backcountry campers should use their own judgement in selecting sites. No-trace camping techniques should be employed at all camp sites. No fires are permitted in Strathcona Park at anytime. Payment of a Backcountry user fee is now required at some trailheads. Deposit vaults and envelopes are prominently displayed where in effect.

DRIVE-IN CAMPING

Strathcona Park has two drive-in campgrounds on Buttle Lake at Ralph River and Buttle Narrows. A new group campground, Driftwood Bay, has opened adjacent to the Buttle Narrows site. No reservations are yet required for these sites. Other campgrounds in the area include: Elk Falls, Loveland Bay- Campbell River Comox Lake- Cumberland Stamp Falls- Port Alberni

GUIDEBOOKS

Hiking Trails III

MAP SHEETS

Gold River 92 E/16 Upper Campbell Lake 92 F/13 Buttle Lake 92 F/12 Bedwell River 92 F/5 Great Central Lake 92 F/6 Forbidden Plateau 92 F/11

USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

BC Parks Miracle Beach - 250 337-2400

WEB SITES

www.env.gov.bc.ca/bcparks/ www.wildislemagazine.bc.ca/activities/hiking www.wildislemagazine.bc.ca/bookstore/hiking oberon.ark.com/ ~ dragon/hiking/the_park.html mars.ark.com/ ~ bjtipper/trails_g.htm



1-GOLD LAKE

Trailhead(s): Salmon River Main via Menzies Bay - Campbell River and East Road via Woss-Gold River Rd

Length: ~ 12km through trip

Camping: Gold Lake

Synopsis: Trail leads through low elevation forest & marsh-lands. Huge cedars, elk and freshwater fishing are highlights.

Notes: Trail links two logging road systems but shuttle logistics make through trip impractical.

2-CREST MOUNTAIN

Trailhead: Highway 28

Length: 3km

Elevation Gain: ~ 1400m Camping: On summit plateau

Synopsis: Series of switchbacks climb a forested hillside to alpine meadows and lake. Superb views south into Elk River valley.

Notes: Access for backcountry toward Big Den and Gold Lake.

3- ELK RIVER TRAIL

Trailhead: Highway 28

Length: 10km

Elevation Gain: ~ 600m

Camping: Butterwort Creek & Gravel Bar only. No camping permitted at Landslide Lake.

Synopsis: Long easy trail up old growth valley to Landslide Lake. Dramatic mountain veiws of Mt Colonel Foster and Elkhorn. Long day hike or 1-2 nights.

Notes: The ERT provides access for Elkhorn & longer trips toward Rambler Peak, Golden Hinde, Marble Meadows and Westmin/Boliden via Phillips Ridge.

4-MARBLE MEADOWS

Trailhead: East shore of Buttle Lake via Western Mines Rd & Buttle Lake.

Length: 5km Buttle Lake-Wheaton Hut

Elevation: ~ 1300m

Camping: At trailhead, Halfway and in meadows.

Synopsis: This boat only access trail climbs up a steep forested hillside into a maze of meadows and karst topography.

Notes: Access for Mt McBride. Superb backcountry skiing in winter & spring. Wildflowers and lakes in summer

5-PARADISE MEADOWS

Trailhead: Mt Washington Nordic Cntr Length: 14km Trailhead-Mt Albert Edward

Elevation: ~ 1000m

Camping: Circlet Lake

Synopsis: Gently climbing trail winds through meadows and onto higher country on Mt Albert Edward. Notes: With a trailhead close to treeline this is the easiest trail on

which to reach the alpine.

6-FORBIDDEN PLATEAU

Trailhead: Forbidden Plateau Ski Park Length: 16km Ski Area to Kwai Lake

Elevation: ~ 400m

Camping: Established sites.

Synopsis: Gentle trail climbs up ski runs to subalpine plateau where it weaves through forested meadows to Mt Becher and on to join trails in Paradise Meadows.

7- COMOX GLACIER

Trailhead: Comox Creek logging rd

Length: 8km

Elevation: ~ 1700m

Camping: Meadow at Frog Pond

Synopsis: Steep, well maintained trail weaves up forested hillside to alpine meadows. A narrow, exposed, rocky ridge leads on to Lone Tree Pass and the final climb onto the Glacier.

Notes: Rocky ridge may be slick in rain or snow. Few crevasse hazards. Access to Cliffe Glacier, Argus, Harmston & Red Pillar. Access logging roads subject to frequent closures due to flooding & logging.

8-FLOWER RIDGE

Trailhead: Western Mines Rd Length: 7km Trailhead-alpine

Elevation: 1200m

Camping: At treeline and along ridge Synopsis: Trail winds up toe of ridge to alpine. Long easy hike along ridge with great views of surrounding peaks and Buttle Lake.

Notes: Flower Ridge can be used as start or finish for trips to Comox & Cliffe Glaciers, Mt Washington, Cream Lake & Oshinow Lake.

9- PRICE CREEK

Trailhead: Western Mines Rd

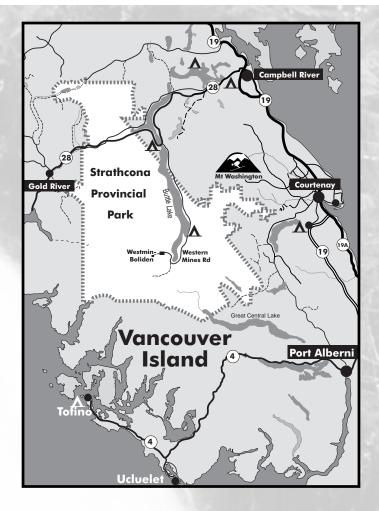
Length: 12km Trailhead-Cream Lake

Elevation: 1000m

Camping: Established sites enroute & at Cream Lake.

Synopsis: Begins on old logging/ mining road. Leads up old growth valley then climbs steeply up into alpine at Cream Lake, one of the most picturesque locations on Vancouver Island. Views of Della Falls, Nine Peaks and Mt Septimus.

Notes: Historically significant trail both from early expeditions through to Port Alberni and



10-BEDWELL

Trailhead: Jim Mitchell Lake Rd Length: 4km Trailhead to Cream Jntn

Elevation: ~ 400m

Camping: Designated sites at Baby Bedwell Lake & Bedwell Lake

Synopsis: Very easy trail and one of the quickest ways to reach the Strathcona alpine. Branch of trail continues to Cream Lake & views of Della Falls. Omnitis trail descends from Bedwell Lake to Clavoquot Sound at Bedwell Sound.

Notes: Despite elaborate infrastructure, trail is currently plagued with closures due to winter damage to bridges. Route to Bedwell Sound is overgrown withy sections washed out.

11-PHILLIPS RIDGE

Trailhead: Westmin/Boliden mine Length: 4km Westmin-Arnica Lake

Elevation: ~800m Camping: Arnica Lake

Synopsis: Trail switchbacks up forested hillside to subalpine at Arnica Lake. Pass waterfall enroute. Few good views until much further along ridge than Arnica Lake.

Notes: Phillips Ridge trail is start/ finish of Elk River-Westmin traverse via Golden Hinde. Loop around Phillips Creek via Marble Meadows also possible.

12-MT MYRA

Trailhead: Westmin/Boliden mine

Length: 7km Westmin-summit

Elevation: ~ 1400m

Camping: Tenent Lake, Sandbag Lake

Synopsis: Terrible trail up an old cat road leading to scenic alpine and an easy peak.

Notes: Access to connecting ridge to Mt Thelwood. Excellent circuit via Thelwood and Upper Myra Falls

13-DELLA FALLS

Trailhead: Great Central Lake

Length: 12 km Elevation: ~ 500m

Camping: Established sites

Synopsis: Trailhead is reached by boat at the west end of Great Central Lake from Port Alberni. Follows old logging and mining trail along Drinkwater Creek to base of Della Falls.

CALLA & teak coffin near Sappong, Mae Hong Son. Alex Baechler by Alex Baechler Son. Alex Baechler Baechler Son. Alex Baechler Baechler

ome people say that your life is a predetermined path. Following a linear sequence of events, no matter what decisions you make the outcome will remain the same. Others speculate that life is completely random. A statistical universe of probability where we are simply flotsam and jetsam along for the ride. Whatever you believe, recognizing opportunity when it's staring you straight in the face is what's important. At times this easier said than done. It is easier to think of obstacles and barriers which prevent us from doing amazing things. Everyone knows what they are, although they're different for each of us. Think for a second, what is preventing you from doing something great. I'm thinking of life defining moments that shape who we are. Now don't think. Decide to do it and make it happen. This is exactly what I did.

I had been wintering on Vancouver Island because the lifestyle and climate agrees with me. Skiing and other pursuits taking up most of my time. I worked at the local mountain just so I wouldn't have to pay for a pass. You don't make much money, but you get to ski and anyone who is in love with their sport knows, that's all that matters. That is until someone throws a wrench into the well oiled machine that has become your life. Which is what happened.

It was another day in paradise, a little work and a lot of play. A then acquaintance of mine stopped by to shoot the breeze. I knew he was leaving the mountain so I thought he was simply stopping by one last time for a send off. I think he thought the same. Stay with me here, this is going somewhere... You see, Gerry was leaving for Thailand in two weeks time where he would be guiding a research group that studies blind cave fish. This was his third year doing so. In the midst of skiing and riding we had spoken briefly of it and I expressed an interest in pursuing similar work. When Gerry casually mentioned that one of the participants was unable to make it this year I almost thought nothing of it. When he tauntingly said that I should join them. I think I shocked us both when I immediately said "OK".

One millisecond of unquestioning synaptic activity and a barrage of e-mails later. I was in. I was going. I had two weeks...give or take a day. Visa, plane ticket, immunization and gear not to mention how to pay for it all. These were not barriers. They were gates and I was flying through

THAILAND

them. Luckily excitement is contagious and everyone with whom I dealt were tremendously helpful. I explained the situation to my employer. "It's Thailand..." My supervisor having been to southeast Asia simply said "When are you leaving?" I cashed some RRSPs quit my job and found myself a week later greeting Gerry outside baggage claim at BKK.

Just like that I found myself at the Victory Monument smack in the middle of Bangkok at two am toasting the weird chain of events with Ger over some Chiang beer. The humidity, the hum of air-con, the rumble of dump trucks, the buzz of two stroke motorcycles and the crow of roosters. These are the sounds of Bangkok. Even without the jetlag Bangkok is surreal. A city that truly never sleeps. We would meet with Dr. Borowsky in a day or so and the various arrangements would ensue. Permits, Taxes, Surtaxes and goodwill. All necessary for our trips to Chiayaphum and Mae Hong Son provinces.

These things, I have discovered, take time. It was six days before we got out of Bangkok. After touring the Chao Praya River, the many temples, night and weekend markets, we came to the conclusion that we really had to get out of town. Yes, we did go to Soi Nana, but not Soi Cowboy, or Pat Pong. For those who don't know Bangkok, prostitution and gambling are illegal, however widely available. It's superficially entertaining, but deeply disturbing industry, where lives are bought and sold. Everyone should see this side of Thailand, but you have to truly look to see what's going on and understand the resulting Thai attitude in regards to most foreigners. I have to say that six days after our arrival in Bangkok I was extremely glad to get in an air-con van bound for Phu Kheio Wildlife sanctuary. That is until we got onto the highway, where I soon discovered that there are offensive and defensive driving techniques in Thailand not taught in North America. They go like this. Might makes right and the only time Thais are in a hurry is when they're behind the wheel of a motor vehicle. Oh, and amphetamine will get you there on time. We were always on time.

"The leeches are ... only a minor nuisance, as long as they don't make it past your knee."

Phu Kheio Wildlife Sanctuary is a magnificent karst and sandstone plateau. We spent three nights and two days in an area that even most Thais never venture. A jungle trip to Tewada cave was our first destination. We were provided ample guides and porters. All of whom wore special gaiters, of which we had none. In Chiayaphum there are terrestrial leeches. If you go there, they will get you. You'll walk around oblivious, until someone points out the chocolate coloured stains on your pant cuffs. Memo to self. Gaiters for the next jungle trip. The leeches are unpleasant, however they're only a minor nuisance, as long as they don't make it past your knee.

Our guides lead us through a labyrinth of game trails that appeared to have been made by a bulldozer. They made our progress through jungle easier but no faster, mostly because nobody including our guides or, their G.P.S., knew exactly where the cave was. While we considered whether we really wanted to come face to face with a wild herd of territorial Asian elephants, another debate between local knowledge and global technology was taking place. I'm still not sure who prevailed. Six hours and countless kilometres from the ranger station our guides found the white limestone cliff and the insurgence to Tewada.

It was time to go underground...



Tewada is a beautiful cave. Did I mention that I had never been caving before. That I'm a little claustrophobic and I sleep with a night light. It must have slipped my mind. I will skip the juvenile euphemistic innuendo that is so easily applied to caving. Simply said all others, superior or inferior will forever be compared. Truly a defining experience. That night our guides prepared a delicious meal, influenced by Lao and Issan regions. Rice whisky to warm us up rice, of course. Fresh water shrimp, frog, Lapp which is fermented fish marinated in duck blood... more rice whisky. Everyone was very hospitable. We laughed late into the night. We retired to the tent only to find it had become a new hive for a colony of sweat bees. Several stings later we succumbed to a Lao cao induced sleep. There will be work to do in the morning.

Our group awoke early, my head pounding from formaldehyde whisky residue. Back into

the cave this time to collect live specimens. With our work done we say goodbye to Tewada. It was important that we make good time if the fish were to survive. We did make good time until someone decided to take a short-cut. Eventually we arrived at the ranger station, everyone and the fish intact. Our hosts treated us to a farewell dinner where we celebrated our success and the many stories we now shared. Ger remarked on how fortunate we were to have had such a great experience. There is no doubt in my mind. A defining moment.

Our next destination was Cave Lodge in Mae Hong Son province. Our host John Speas and his gracious staff headed by the capable and lovely Pen provided us with all the necessities. The cashew chicken is delicious. Thaam Lod, a nearby tourist cave was great way to spend our first evening. At six we caught the exchange of bats and swallows which takes place every dusk and dawn. The next week was devoted to the collection and observation of specimens. Blindfish cave and porkies pit with their elevated levels of CO2 were first on the list.

The C02 is derived from decaying organic matter washed into the cave. Foliage, wild & domestic animals and crazy humans who are unaware they're not subterranean creatures. There is some debate over how, but one thing remains certain. C02 makes it hard to breath and function in a rational manner. Some say the gas displaces oxygen, others say the oxygen is present, but the C02 saturates the blood aphixiating you on a cellular level. All I know is not breathing is counter productive to being alive. The potential for an atmospheric pressure differential causing a cave to blow out is a very real danger. The heat of the day causing air to rise. A change in pressure drawing air out of a cave will turn acceptable levels in one area to dangerous or fatal levels quite quickly. My motto, when in doubt chicken out. We ate a lot of chicken.

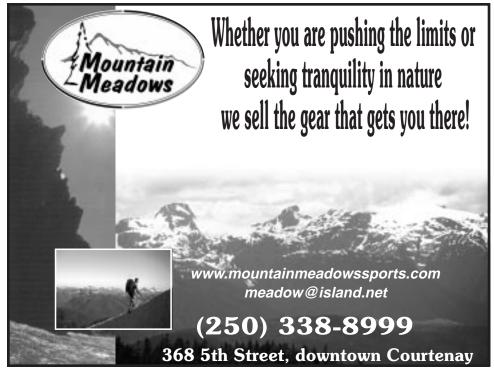
The muddy sump of Thaam Nong Pacham is on my list of places never to return to again; However given the opportunity I will visit more of the coffin caves which seem quite numerous in Mae Hong Son. The coffins are enormous teak logs carved and hauled up the limestone mountains, erected on stilts in the recesses of caves. The people who placed them there have yet to be identified, or discovered. The coffins themselves have been dated between 1800 & 2000 years old. They range between two to seven meters in length.

The final cave of our trip in Mae Hong Son was Mae La Na. A fourteen kilometre through system. We only ventured two and a half kilometres to the first tributary. Returning to do a through trip has been added to my list of things to do before I die. Mae La Na is as immense as it is beautiful. I look forward to seeing it again.

From then on we were on our own. Richard returned to New York to study his live specimens at the N.Y. Zoo. The research leg of the trip done we caught a train south to Trang province. Relaxing on the beach at Packmeng and the Island of Koh Mook. The caving continued though. Thaam Morocout, a sea cave. Ger, his family and myself hired a longtail boat that took us to the entrance. The tide was high the entrance small. Did I mention I have a phobia about deep water. None the less we all persevered and were rewarded. At the end of the cave is a gorgeous emerald lagoon. A paradise. We spent some time just taking in the place. It was decided we should return to the boat. As we made our way around the ninety degree corner leading out to the sea an eerie groan emanated from the cave. It was the sound of the waves forcing air out of the deeper recesses riddling the cave walls.

As we re-enter the lightzone it became apparent that the wind had picked up and the swell of the waves made the entrance alternate between emerald green sea and brooding grey sky. Did I mention the razor sharp shellfish that line the ceiling? It was just another one of those defining moments. When you trust your judgement and ability to prevail. When you don't have time to doubt yourself. You act according to the situation and find yourself better for it.

I am continually amazed at the generosity and trust extended by my travelling and caving partners. It is a trust which is rarely spoken, but always reciprocated. One second of not thinking about barriers brought an experience and some great friends into the meandering path that has become my life. I thank all who made it possible and I'm glad I was able recognize the moment. The fleeting moment between deciding and doing. Where it's already done and you just don't realise it yet. A defining moment. Whether it was my predetermined path or random chaos I am not certain. Of this I am though. Not going was never an option. I'm just glad opportunity walked up and slapped me in the face.



inging the Elk River valley in the northern end of Strathcona Park are a group of Vancouver Island's highest and most impressive alpine peaks: King's Peak, Elkhorn, Rambler Peak and Mt Colonel Foster. "The Colonel" is the fourth highest peak and undisputed alpine climbing mecca on the Island and is reached with relative ease by a trek up the Elk River Trail to Landslide Lake. The Lake comes by its name after an earthquake centred off Comox in 1946 shook loose a large section of the North Tower. The resulting landslide swept a wave of debris and lake water several kilometres down the Elk valley leaving scars that remain clearly visible to this day.

Colonel Foster is named for William Washborough Foster, a Colonel in the Victoria regiment and noted mountaineer of his day. The mountain was visited by survey parties and numerous summit attempts throughout the 1900's but it wasn't until 1968 that Mike Walsh succeeded in reaching the main summit. Since then many fine routes have been established on the various aspects of the mountain with many many more waiting to be climbed.

Summit Elevation: 7,000 ft./2135m First Ascent: Mike Walsh, June 1968

First Winter Ascent: Joe Bajan, Ross Nichol, January 1978

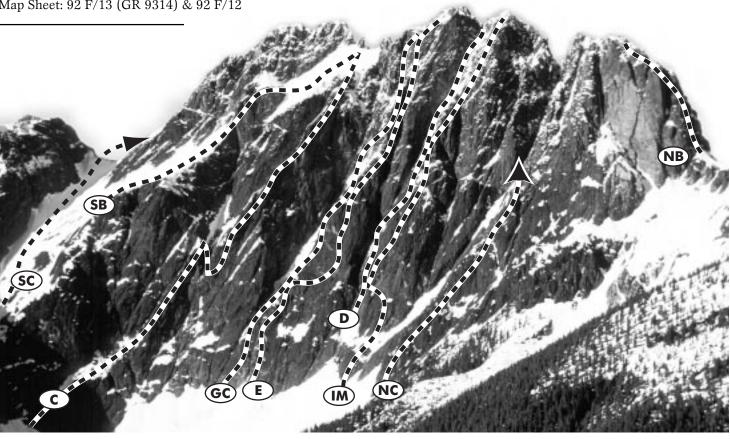
Map Sheet: 92 F/13 (GR 9314) & 92 F/12

MT COLONEL **FOSTER**

APPROACH:

4-6 hours to Landslide Lake via Elk River trail from Highway #28. To reach either the South or North col, traverse around Landslide Lake on south shore on a good beaten path to Iceberg Lake. To North Col, head directly R up moraine and through timber to slide basin and on to the alpine shoulder. To South Col, ascend snow gullies or low 5th class slabs depending on snow cover to South Glacier and South Col. The North Col can also be reached by striking directly up the forest from Landslide Lake but is very bushy! An alternative route preferable in late summer/fall to the South Col is to via Elk Pass and hike over satellite peak, descending an easy gully in to the South Col.

Usual descents are completed by: continuing or backtracking along the summit traverse to either end, rappelling any number of lines down the west face, or taking the exposed but direct Snow Band Route with 1 or 2 raps.



SUMMER ROUTES

SC- South Summit via South Col & South Gullies

AI2-4th class $\sim 1500 + m$ (ll)

Approach as above to Landslide Lake and around the south shore to Iceberg Lake. Walk from Iceberg Lake up the lower glacier below the South Col. Head up the narrow snow gully linking the upper and lower glaciers or when thawed scramble up the rock ribs on the right side of the gully. Attention should be paid to the avalanche exposure here at anytime of year. Continue up snow or ice to South Col. The South Col can also be reached from Elk Pass.

From the South Col two parallel gullies lead directly up to the South Summit. When full of snow these gullies are a fast and easy climb but with thaw/no snow become more difficult, with exposed rock scrambling and lots of loose gravel. Easier gullies can be reached by heading round to the south west side from the col. These gullies join the South Gullies at a shoulder from where the rest of the climb is a steep hike to the South Summit.

FA: Survey party 1936

SB- Snow Band Route: AI2 5.10 800m (111)

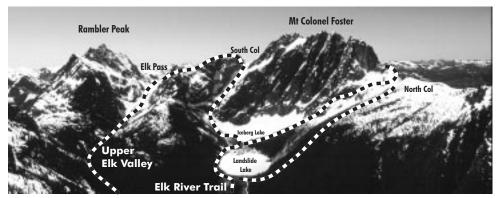
Approach as for the South Col but leave the South Glacier on a spur glacier that rises under the South Summits. A couple of rock pitches lead on to the Summit Glacier and joins the Summit Traverse near the gendarme. Can also be used as a descent route off the mountain with a couple of rappels over the rock step. Exposed!!

FA: Mike Walsh, Joe Bajan June 1974

C- Cataract: 5.8 1350m (IV)

A very long route up a beautiful knife-edge arete. Start far left of the waterfall that pours out of a cleft in the face. Climb 400m of 4th/low 5th class up the lower of two parallel angled gullies to a committing free hanging rappel down to the lip of the waterfall. Cross the creek! Escape over a steep bulge on the other side (~5.7). 20 easy pitches 4th class -5.8 follow up the knife-edge arete to a glacial arete & on to the summit ridge near the gendarme.

FA: Philip Stone, Sarah Homer 6-7 August 1988



Approaches to Mt Colonel Foster & Rambler Pk from Elk River Trail. Photo shows northeast aspect from Elkhorn in May.

E- East Face (Culbert Route) 5.8 1100m (IV)

A classic! Set the standard for alpine routes on the Island & is certainly the Colonel's must-do-route. Start up a triangular rock formation bounded by gullies, in to lower basin of the Grand Central Coulior, 4th/low 5th class. Traverse right, out toward buttress crest (can be wet from snow melt in early season)5.8. Continue direct up buttress trending left near the top to reach the Main Summit, 4th class-5.7.

FA: Richard Culbert, Paul Starr, Fred Douglas August 1972

I-Into The Mystic 5.10a 1200m (V)

Probably the best summer route on Vancouver Island! Takes a direct line up the buttress of the North East Summit on steep and solid rock. Start with two 5.7 pitches, depending on snow cover, to a long ledge across the buttress toe. Walk to the left end of the ledge close to the couloir of the Dirrettissima to find a line of weakness in the overhangs above. Weave 13 steep pitches of 5.8-5.10a past roofs and ribs to 10 easier pitches up to the North East Summit. Fast descent down gully on west side from col between NE Summit and the NW Summit or head along Summit Traverse in either direction.

FA: Chris Lawrence, Philip Stone, Corrie Wright 10-11 June 1989

GC-Grand Central Coulior 1000m (lll)

Follows coulior to Main Summit. FA: Joe Bajan June 1974



Looking up the South Gullies to the South Summit from the South Col. The standard route to the South Summit & on to the Summit Traverse climbs the obvious snow gully to easier ground on a scree slope above.

NC- North East Couloir 5.9 ~ 700m (lll)

Takes the gully between the North Tower and the North West Peak. Climb moderate angled snow to three steeper rock steps in the upper third. Some exposure to seracs and meltwater depending on season.

FA: Chris Lawrence, Chad Rigby 30 May 1999

ST-Summit Traverse 5.8 2200m (lll/lV)

Most aesthetically done from north end, starting up North Buttress on the North Tower. Descend in to col between Tower and North West Summit with two rappels. Continue along ridge crest keeping to the west side until the Main Summit. Several rappels and 5.6-8 pitches are then required to reach the South Summit. Descend to South Col. FA: Mike Walsh, Joe Bajan 1973

WB- West Central Buttress 5.8-4th class 450m (lll)

Approach by traversing under the west face from from the South Col. Climb the prominent buttress on West Face, leading onto the Summit Ridge between the Main Summit and the Gendarme. FA: Sandy Briggs, Ignaz Fluri 5 July 1991

WINTER ROUTES

GC- Grand Central Coulior AI 4 1000m (VI)

Follows coulior to Main Summit. Also climbed in spring conditions.

FA: Doug Scott, Rob Wood, Greg Child January 1985

D- Dirrettissima AI4 1000m (V)

One of Canada's finest winter climbs! Follows a plumline coulior with sustained 70-80 degree ice. FA: Joe Bajan, Ross Nichol 28-31 January 1978

NORTH TOWER

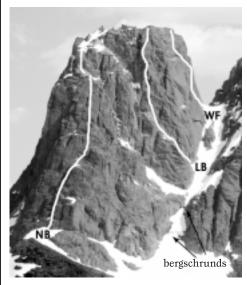
The North Tower can be approached from either end of Landslide Lake. From the the outflow of Landslide Creek, cross the log jam and head up through steep very bushy timber to gain the shoulder below the Tower. Alternatively, follow the rough path around the south shore of Landslide lake to the far side. Continue up to the moraine by Foster Lake, then head up through open timber to a boulder field and then onto the shoulder below the North Buttress.

NB- North Buttress: 5.8 400m (lll) ***
Excellent rock and excellent protection for 6
pitches of 5.6-8, lead to a ledge. There are several
options up a short, steep wall ~ 5.9-8 leading to a
summit boulder garden. 2 rappels down West Face.
FA: Scott Flavelle, Perry Beckham August 1977

LB- Lost Boys: $5.9\ 175m\ (ll)$ ** Climb an easy ramp and ledge system out of the coulior to the base of a steep chimney. Climb cracks up right wall ~ 5.6 -7, to reach a 5.9 arete. FA: John & Fred Put Setember 1989

WF- West Face: 4th/low 5th class 100m (l) Steep rock from top of snow gully. Descend route with 2 rappels.

FA: Mike Walsh 1968



North aspect of the North Tower. The rock on the North Tower is some of the best on the mountain and the North Buttress is an outstanding climb. Care needed with bergschrunds that form as snow in gully thaws.



Mt Colonel Foster's North East Face in winter as seen from King's Peak.

BERIGHED ON MT. KLITSA None of us had ever been to Mt. Kilitsa before but we had heard from a guy that knew a gal that had a friend that had once been there. So the word was that the old route was overgrown and not used anymore but that there was a new trail on the West side built by laid off forestry workers on a government grant. On this trip were Darlene Lane, Tim Lane, Tom Carter and myself.

by Peter Rothermel

e found the new trail without any diffuculty and boy was it new-staircases and handrails and bridges over nothing that were wide enough to drive a car over. Our boots never seemed to touch ground- at least not until the funding ran out. From this point the trail was a mellow single track that led to Brigade Lake, where we stopped for a snack and a swim. After the break we followed bits of flagging into total bushwack. Our source had also told us that the trail was being worked on from both ends, so we expected at any miniute to emerge from the alder and blueberry brush onto new trail. It never happened. We just kept following bits of tape with the bushwack interupted now and then by tarns and ponds. In retrospect I now realize this must have been a winter ski route when everything is frozen and flatened under a layer of snow. What else could explain why there was flagging at each end of the tarns yet none following around them. But being a hot August day we thought the lack of flagging around the ponds meant swim and swim we did! Tromp, pant, sweat, sploosh! I think half the distance we covered that day was using the breast stroke.

When we finally reached the summit someone said "What time is it?....What? Five o'clock!? We're not going back that way! No way!" Fortunately the summit register told us that the old way down was still there and would only take us a couple of hours down, so we dawdled around and fiddle farted our time away.

Finally down we went and lost our way again and again following some other poor fools flagging tape who is probably still lost on that mountain. After bluffing out on the East end of the hourglass shaped lake we realized we were on the wrong side of the lake. Back down at the narrows we figured to swim across. With our packs we sank like stones, so nixed that plan. "Who thought up that stupid idea?!" (blush, blush). So we resigned ourselves to hike all the way back around by the lake shore. Isn't it amazing how every time one looses their balance on slippery rocks, providence always provides something to grab onto...like devils club!

Once around the other side of the lake we found an old fire ring on a small peninsula, stopped for a rest and after getting the last of the spines out of our paws, fished our head lamps out of our packs because now



it was dark. Casting about with our lamps found a trail with flagging and the conversation went something like this: Curlie,"Look flagging!"....Moe, "Ya so? We've been following flagging all day and look where it's gotten us!"....Larry, "Ya but there's a trail!"....Moe, "We know where we are now on the map. If we go down that trail we might get really lost!" So it was settled, we were going to bivy, hunker down and bunk for the night (nuk nuk nuk-whoop whoop whoo!). We gathered up all the fire wood we could, broke out the raingear, sweaters, extra food and settled in and had a real in-your-face view of the Milky Way.

After a not too bad night, we woke at first light, stoked up the fire and had our last bagel, candy bar and gorp divided up fourways- thankful we were so piggish about packing lunch. Then we got our gear together and headed out.

It turned out the trail we found was the right way out but maybe a good thing we didn't go down at night as part of the trail was washed out and finding our way was a bit difficult even in daylight. Down we went and a long hike on the logging road back to the car. Then off to Port Alberni for burgers and beer-whoops, wrong time of day- I mean phone calls to our significant others, coffee and breakfast!

The lesson earned? We had rain gear, head lamps, topo map, fire starter, sweaters and extra food for a hot August day hike. Number eleven item I've added to the ten essentials in my day pack is a short piece of ensolite foam (man was that ground hard!).

The lesson learned? Don't take second or third hand advice from someone that's neverthen there before. Ask someone whose has!

IN THE WAKE OF Captain George Pancouver by Gregory Ross Drawing of the "Discovery" on the rocks by William Syles, taken from Vancouver's journal. Courtesy Museum at Campbell River

uring the last two of Captain Cook's three voyages to the Pacific (1772-75, and 1777-79), Cook had in his crew midshipman George Vancouver. Vancouver was born in Kings Lynn, England, in 1758, and at age 14 commenced service in the Royal Navy.

Vancouver's reliable service with Cook and other naval captains prompted British Admiralty in 1790 to make him captain of the exploration vessel *Discovery*, and send him to the Pacific coast of North America to negotiate with the Spanish over sovereignty of the area, and to chart the coast. Spanish, Russian and British were interested in the region because of the lucrative trade in sea otter pelts, and other furs.

One main incident initiated Vancouver's voyage. In May, 1789 British fur traders John Meares and partner John Etches were arrested by the Spanish navy in Nootka Sound, a permanent Spanish fur trading base where Meares was trying to establish his own base. Spanish confiscated Meares' ships, his trading post, and his land. This caused anger in Britain, almost leading to war with Spain.

The resulting Nootka Sound Convention allowed both Britain and Spain to trade in Nootka Sound, and made Spain compensate Britain for the loss of Meares' ships, buildings and land in Nootka Sound. Negotiations were to be completed at Nootka itself by Vancouver and the Spanish representative Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, in his ships Santiago and Sonara. While in the area of

Nootka, Vancouver was to map the coastline especially around the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and up to Cook Inlet in Alaska; to search for navigable rivers and waterways that might lead inland to the Great Lakes or to a northwest passage, and to negotiate with Quadra for a fur trading base in Nootka Sound.

On 1 April, 1791 Vancouver embarked from Falmouth, England, in his ship *Discovery* accompanied by its supply ship *Chatham*, and arrived on the North American coast in April 1792.

Vancouver sailed the coastline, mapping it from Puget Sound northwards. The crews used their smaller boats to go out from the ships and explore the coastline, camping on beaches while away from the ships.

A long way from civilization, Discovery ran aground

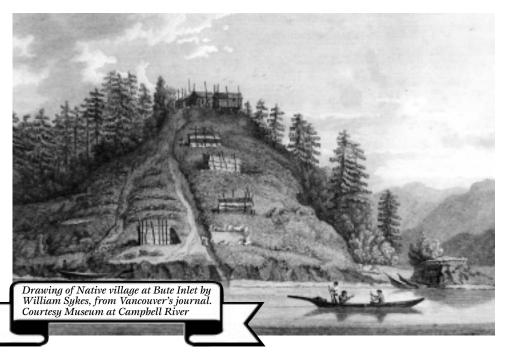
Mapping was an arduous task. From the Fraser River north to Bute Inlet and Seymour Narrows, Vancouver found the area dreary, as his name Desolation Sound suggests. At this time, Spanish crews were also mapping and collecting scientific information in the area and Vancouver found that their presence gave him a comforting sense of civilization.

A long way from civilization, *Discovery* ran aground in Queen Charlotte Strait. Vancouver's crew was lucky to refloat her, undamaged, during a high tide. Vancouver's ship was the first European vessel to sail completely around Vancouver Island,

originally called Vancouver and Quadra Island. In August 1792, after a summer of mapping, *Discovery* anchored in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, and negotiations began between Vancouver and Quadra. A series of visits began between the two men which developed into a friendship, including 13-gun salutes, and numerous dining sessions together on each others ships.

It is ironic that the land in dispute still belonged to the Yuquot Indians, under leadership of Chief Maquinna, who was not invited to the Spanish/British negotiations. Maquinna was not very concerned about being left out of the talks; he wanted Europeans to remain in the area for trade reasons, so he did not interfere with Spanish or British.

Vancouver did not reach complete agreement with Quadra over the land issue, and sailed south from Nootka on October 12, 1792, bound for Hawaii for the winter. He stopped at San Francisco Bay, then at Monterey. Due to Quadra's influence, Spanish commanders at both stops treated Vancouver well. After wintering in Hawaii, Discovery and Chatham sailed back to North America to resume mapping. While exploring Behn Canal, beside Revillagigedo Island, Vancouver and his small boat crew were almost killed during a skirmish with Tlingit Indians. During the skirmish several sailors were wounded by Tlingit spears, and British sailors killed twelve Tlingit with musket fire. In late September, 1793, after the second summer of mapping, Discovery again anchored in Nootka Sound, where Bodega y Quadra had been replaced by Rammon



Savedra. Vancouver stayed there three days then sailed south to California and Hawaii.

Numerous place names in the area around Vancouver Island can be traced to Vancouver's voyage. Cape Mudge on the southern tip of Quadra Island, was named after Vancouvers first lieutenant, Zachariah Mudge, who was put ashore there to fetch water and wood, and to visit the native village. Mudge later became a British Admiral. Cascade Channel(now Cascade Inlet), Chatham sound, Mussel Channel and Poison Cove(both so named because one of Vancouvers crew, John Carter, died on 15 June, 1793, on a beach in Mathieson Channel, after eating mussels affected by red tide. Other crew members who ate those mussels were sick for weeks. Carter was buried on a beach named by Vancouver as Carter's Bay.

Earlier that June, Vancouver had stood on a rock beside an Indian village. On July 20, Alexander MacKenzie stood on the same rock, after completing the first crossing of Canada by a European. He had missed Vancouver by just six weeks.

After their second winter in Hawaii, Discovery and Chatham sailed north for the third summer of mapping North Americas coast. Vancouver's health began to fail, due partly to cold and rain encountered during these years of exploring Canadas west coast.

They finished the survey on August 19th. 1794, and had a party on the beach at Port Conclusion, named for the occasion by Vancouver. They then sailed south to Nootka Sound for further negotiations with the Spanish over the land issue there. They dropped anchor at Friendly Cove, Nootka, in

September, to find no new dispatches from Spain or Britain had arrived, and to learn of Quadra's death earlier that year. The new Spanish commander at Nootka was Jose Manuel de Alava.

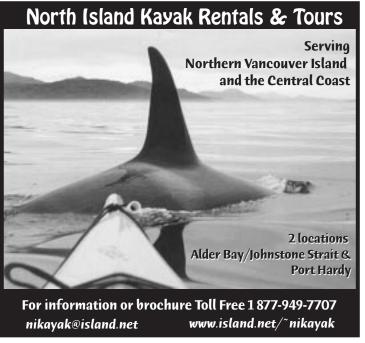
Vancouver decided to wait at Nootka until mid October for new dispatches from England or Spain. (The Spanish built a fort on a small island in Friendly Cove. Traces of the fort may still be found today.)

No dispatches arrived. Vancouver and Alava succeeded only in arranging for Spain and Britain to have temporary bases at Nootka. Discovery and Chatham headed south to Monterey.

The ships headed south after more than four years of hard work at sea. They were worn out ships with tired crews. They restocked at Monterey then sailed via the Galapolos Islands around the Horn to the Atlantic, where, to be safe from French warships, they joined a convoy of British ships bound for home. They arrived on the Irish coast on 13th. September, 1795. There, Vancouver travelled overland to London, leaving his crew to sail the ships around to the Thames. During the entire voyage Vancouver lost only six men out of a total complement of 200. One man died from red tide poisoning, three from drowning, and two from illness. Six men lost out of 200 during four-and-a-half years at sea: an astonishing feat at a time when death through scurvy and disease claimed more seamens lives than anything else, including war.

Vancouver spent the last three years of his life in England, editing and publishing A Voyage of Discovery, and trying to avoid several enemies who criticized him(and in one case attacked him physically in public) for his performance as a captain and explorer. He died on 12th.May, 1798, aged 40.





wo hundred years and six months after Vancouver's death I was looking to sea kayak in places around Vancouver Island; the region in which he had mapped, sailed, and anchored. Until that point I had never been in a sea kayak.

In November 1998 I hitch-hiked north, from Nanaimo, along Vancouver Island Highway 19 towards Campbell River where I believed I would be able to hire a kayak and experience the sport. I was keen to sea kayak--to try an outdoor activity different from hiking in the mountains and hiking along highways. I had spent many years tramping New Zealand and Canadian alpine trails, with a pack on my back. I wanted to use different muscles---to see wilderness from a different angle.

Arriving in Campbell River I walked along the waterfront in search of a kayak, information or both. A quick chat with staff at the BC Ferries terminal saw me hop on to the ferry to Quadra Island where I met Ben. Ben happened to own a kayak and have a spare bunk in his home, and happened to like me enough to invite me to use both kayak and said bunk.

Anticipating my trip next day, I drifted to sleep gratefully that night, in my warm sleeping bag, in my new friends' home.

Daybreak saw me up and packing drybags with equipment and food. We loaded the kayak and gear into the hatchback of Ben's car and drove to the beach. A few more instructions from Ben on how to use the kayak, spray shield, lifejacket, and pump; then I was away, taken by the ocean's magic into a new world. Hey, phenomenal.

Peering down I could see 20 feet into the marine world below---third dimension, like flying--- and I could see the forest and mountain world around me. This was adventure. I paddled.

I was not used to paddling. I knew my arms would become sore, but I told myself I could rest, and take things slowly to allow my arm and chest muscles to adapt. The thrill of sea kayaking drowned any muscle pain I had that day. The water was calm, the sky was sunny, I would paddle forever.

I followed the coastline from Heriot Bay northeast to Village Bay, then north into Hoskyn Channel, exploring every island and tiny bay I could. Eagles, seals, forest, kelp, always something to attract my attention. Dawn next morning saw me up, packed, then paddling. Paddling, drifting, exploring from the comfort of the kayak. An old rusted anchor chain wedged between two rock outcrops. One of Captain Quadra's? Maybe one of Vancouver's? Perhaps from a whaler or fur trader 150 years ago. Paddle back for a closer look. Fascinating.

Here is history. Here is where Vancouver's and Spanish ships explored and traded over 200 years ago.

I paddled south back to Village Bay, exploring rafts of oysters, salmon ranches, and streams-many streams of pure freshwater. I chatted to people, and absorbed the adventure. Patches of mist lingered among the islands.

By early evening I was near the river mouth in Village Bay, and ready to stop. I found a suitable site for my tent beside the ruins of a cabin on the north shore of the bay, and set up camp. Again I took the precaution of dragging the kayak well up onto the rock so it would be near the tent, and well above high-tide line. I spent the dusk watching the ocean and two other kayakers camped on the beach. As I drifted to sleep, and off and on during the night, I heard a seal feeding among



That evening, I chatted with Ben and his wife about sea kayaking, about Quadra Island, and about ocean adventure.

We all agreed that the ocean is the same as the mountains: both are wilderness which we must respect in all their facets to ensure happy adventures for ourselves. The weather, the water, the air, insects, mammals, fish, birds, reptiles, plants, and of course the needs of other humans, must all be respected in any wilderness.

Ben instructed me how to use his kayak, gave me a detailed map of Quadra and surrounding islands, and showed me on the map numerous spots worth visiting. I planned a four-to-five day trip, starting from near Heriot Bay visiting various spots on Quadra and on the nearby islands, camping in my tent on the coastline each night. Later that evening I strolled down to the coast near Ben's home, and studied the clear water and bouldery shore. A porpoise snorted in the quiet evening as it surfaced two hundred meters offshore. This adventure had come together perfectly, and I felt fortunate.

Near dusk I discovered an abandoned cabin perched right at Quadra's waters edge. I explored it, then paddled back south a few hundred meters to where a stream emptied into the ocean, and to where there was a flat site for my tent on a granite knob 20 feet above the high tide line. There I pitched my tent and fly, and dragged the 65-pound kayak up onto the knob for safe keeping during the night.

My campsite was a few miles south of Surge Narrows, famous for its powerful tidal flows. As dark fell I sat beside my tent watching the tide flow past like a powerful river. The power reminded me of snow avalanches in the mountains. No human defenses can withstand such powers. Tidal flows around Campbell River, Quadra, and surrounding islands are among the strongest on earth.

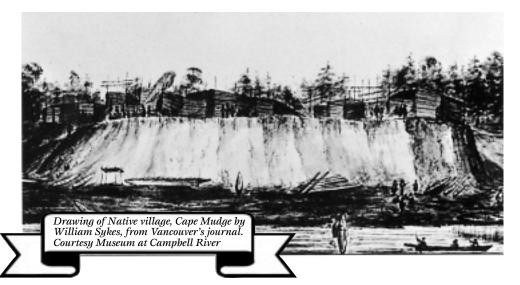
The owls hooted, a seal fished just offshore, a few boats headed home through the channel, the stars twinkled, and this adventurer crawled into his tent then into his sleeping bag and drifted to sleep.

the school of salmon which had gathered at the river mouth prior to spawning. This salmon food chain cylce has existed since the beggining of time. There are many parts to it, including trees that have evolved the way they have due to millenia of slamon fertilizer.

I arose at daybreak, shivering in the clammy air. Mist blanketed the bay. I studied my map. Would I be able to find the short way to Breton Island, where I planned to camp that night? I assumed the mist would lift later in the day. I packed camp, carried the kayak back to the water, packed my bags into the forward and aft holds, slipped on my lifejacket, slipped into the seat, then glided onto the ocean.

Free of land, free of walking, into clean air, in clean water where I could see down 20 to 30 feet---fish, plants, starfishall colours, all shapes, many sizes and pink jellyfish.

From the start of the trip I had paddled over patches of pink jellyfish, now here I saw them in vast clouds, especially when I paddled close to the shore. Some were the size of melons, some were the size of cherries; all



pulsed gracefully through the water, at levels ranging from surface to ten feet down or deeper, performing a vast underwater ballet. Trillions of them; underwater ballet.

I clung to the coastline so I wouldnt become lost in the mist. I paddled my way south, spotting the odd seal surfacing in the ocean around me. Later that morning, during a conversation with an oyster farmer, I learned that a gale had been forecast for that night in the area. The farmer suggested that I might be wise to forget about camping on Breton Island, and to head instead for Heriot

Bay, where I could not be caught by a storm. I paddled south and explored the seal colony at the south end of Breton Island.

After circumnavigating and landing on Breton Island, I took the oyster farmer's advice and camped the night in the Heriot Bay Inn campground, snatching a shower while there. I phoned Ben and arranged for him to pick me up next afternoon from the launching site. Then, comfortably ensconced in my sleeping bag, under tent and fly, I awaited the storm.

There was no storm; not even a wind. Only a damp, cold sea mist which swallowed the campground.

Next morning I arose at dawn, and paddled through mist towards the south end of Read Island. I explored part of the island, landed here and there, and enjoyed the day; then returned to the launch beach on Quadra, to meet my waiting host, Ben.

I was home, safe, and had enjoyed visiting Read because I hadn't been there before. I wanted to visit a new island, and that's what I had done. I had achieved the aim of the trip: to satisfy my sea kayak urge, and to follow in Vancouver's footsteps.

THREE QUARDA ISLAND HAIKU

by Gregory Ross

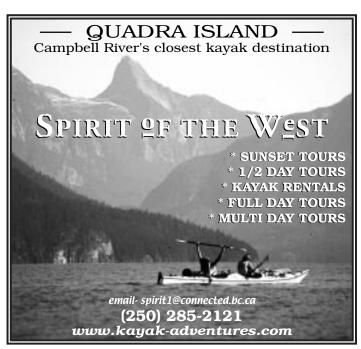
Layered blues dusk, rocks. Spruce, ocean, mountains, driftwood. Moon, silence, walk home.

Wind wears shore flotsam; People wander, history; Gusts inspired coast.

Old trees tower, peace; Silent forest clings to you; Bugs buzz; walk, absorb.







HAPPENINGS

Aug 6	Vernon Long Distance - VERNON - Valaine 250-260-4071
Aug 19	Jericho Long Distance - JERICHO - Paul 464-5801
Aug 19 -20	Victoria Dragon Boat Fest Victoria -Colleen 250-472-2628
Aug 26	EagleFest 2000 - MT WASHINGTON - 250-386-7600
Sept 1-4	RCA Chase Weekend - CHASE - Carey 604-437-1140
Sept 8-9	Bamfield Sea Kayak Festival - BAMFIELD - 250-728-3006
Sept 9-10	Disabled Paddlers Symp - CAMP SQUAMISH 604-597-1122
Sept 15-17	TAPS Sea Kayak SympPORT TOWNSEND WA 888-732-8275
Sept 16-18	Likely Paddle Fest -QUESNEL- Mark 250-398-7873
Sept 16-17	Kelowna Dragon Boat Fest KELOWNA- Paul 250-868-1136
Sept 24	Rivers Day Outdoor Rec Council 604-737-3058
Sept 30	Malasapina Clg Surf Meet - TOFINO- Don 250-758-7460
Oct 7	Cranberry Canoe Regatta- FT LANGLEY- Tim 888-9012
Oct 21	Bridges Race - VICTORIA - Cam 250-598-6855

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