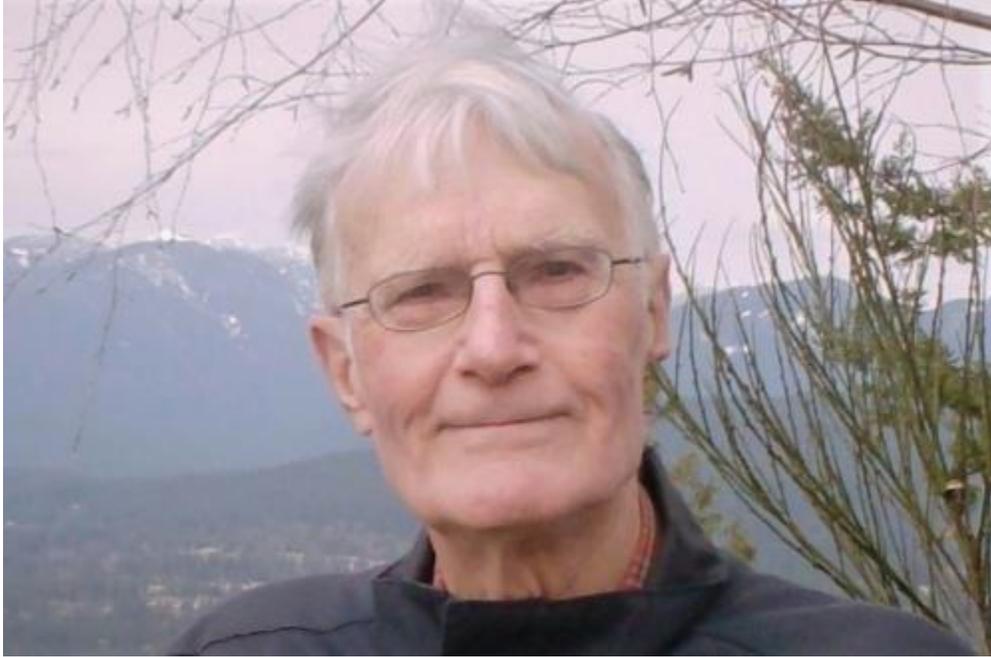


## In memoriam: Arthur Alexander

[Arthur Alexander Obituary \(May 17, 1932 - December 20, 2020\) - North Shore News \(legacy.com\)](#)



Two years after our move from the beloved North Shore mountains to Abbotsford, Arthur died peacefully at home in the arms of his wife. He was born in Colchester, Great Britain, spending his younger years with his parents and his brother, Bruce, in Iraq. He studied at the University of Alberta, moved back to Great Britain and then returned to Canada (Ontario) before settling in BC. He leaves behind four daughters and loving wife.

YOU ARE NOT HERE, BUT YOU DID NOT DIE.

Forever and always, Elishka



*At the end of the July, we took an hour helicopter flight over our local mountains. It was wonderful and made Art very happy. – Elishka Klima*

## Stories from the North Shore Hikers (current and past members)

*Jean Lederer & Barry Berto*

“Art somehow seemed larger than life, with intellect and heart and voice to match. He would drop bits of intriguing information, like growing up in what he referred to as Persia, and it made us wonder if he hadn't had some other daring and dashing double life! He was curious about many things and shared his wide-ranging knowledge of the arcane and practical, historical, and current. You wouldn't need to see him to know when he was bringing up the group as he regaled everyone within (wide) earshot with another story or explanation. He also would bring out curious contraptions like his old fold-out camera and other vintage gear.

Art was a constant feature on many C trips, including the infamous Wednesday hikes. He would show up in his hiking uniform (golf shirt, brown polyester pants) and large smile. We don't recall Art instigating many of the typical shenanigans on a C hike, though he seemed well entertained by them. He probably carried out a fair number of souvenir rocks in his pack (and likely deposited a few too). He wasn't opposed to a bit of subversion either as we'd choose not to head back with the group, beginning with his drawl, "Well, I wouldn't mind going on..." Art was a member of one of Rick Carlson's California trips, and he provided commentary to fill many miles, including a bridge in Portland he had engineered.

We hadn't seen Art for a few years, but while we were still living in North Van and going down to Maplewood Flats for bird walks, we came across him in the parking lot. From the far end of the lot, he spotted and hailed us, "Barry! Jean! I've got a new hip!"

Art was great company in the mountains – he found contentment, peace, and friendship there – and he fills many of our NSH memories. I steadfastly use the Alexander-double-hiking-pole method (to the side as a lever, I'm sure he explained, and I've forgotten the engineering principles) and I think of him whenever I do.“

*Kate Hill*

“I remember particularly that he and John Sapac were keen to open up a route from Petgill Lake to Shannon Falls trail and we did a lot of clearing up through a rough clear-cut to an old road and then down through thick alders to hook up with the Shannon Falls trail so we could do a crossover. This route did not last very long - was in the '90s when we did it - the jungle grew back in very quickly! Art was another keen Wednesday hiker in the '90s”.

*Lesley Bohm*

“Art Alexander was always singing!”

*Rick Carlson*

“Art and I had a lot of verbal fun, and he always had a great comeback. He won our verbal fights almost all the time, but I got him once. I was driving with Jennifer and Carolyn and I think I said something nasty to Jennifer. Well, Art looked at me and in his baritone voice he said, "Rick! Do you even know how to spell Asshole?" I said, "Yes, A R T". We jousting a lot, but I think most people would not understand our political incorrectness.“

*Patrick Brown*

“Art led his first NSH hike in 1992 and last hike in 2005. I started hiking occasionally with NSH in the late 1970s and seriously in early 1990s, I met Art. For 14 years he led many hikes, snowshoe trips, bike trips and many trail clearing trips. On some trips I remember him appearing with his “umbrella hat”, a hat he found with a small umbrella attached. Whether as a leader, end person or just a participant, Art was always a joy to have on a trip and a pleasure to hike with. A great person to hike with and a great friend to know.”

*Carolyn Goluzza*

“Although I have many, I think my most cherished memory of Art Alexander was the time a group of us budding mountaineers decided to climb Mt. Adams. All of us had the latest gear—ripstop backpacks, lightweight ice axes, tiny stoves that fit into the palm of one's hand...all of us except Art, of course. He was outfitted with the latest (circa 1950s) external frame backpack, with ole skool leather mountaineering boots, and an actual aluminum kettle! We started our hike in dry, hot heat, most of us grumbling intermittently about the weight on our backs, our bodies begging for shade in the already baking forest. But not Art. I remember his long slow gait, that kettle swaying back and forth with every step he took. Not a single grumble. Just joy in every step on that trail with nothing but encouraging words for the rest of us whiners. Art will always be remembered for his sense of humour, his intelligence, and his effortless cool. Here's to you, Art. You will be missed by many.”

*Heather Burles*

“My memories of Art and the C group, and all the fun we had. Art Alexander was the tall man in the cowboy hat or umbrella hat (or carrying an umbrella on the Hanes Creek crossover) with a big voice. When a stranger praised his speed climbing Mt Shasta, Art boomed out: “That was a DEAD CRAWL.”

On a hike to Golden Ears in late September, 1996, Art carried a huge GPS as a favour for some agency. The GPS back then was about a metre long and shaped like a thermometer. Art claimed it was for measuring whether a grizzly sow was in heat. He carried the GPS to the summit. Halvor Lunden, aged 81, stuck with him.

My favourite memory of Art was at a pub after a hike when I paid my bill, just for the fun of it, I paid his, too. When he realized I had treated him, I swear he blushed. RIP, Art Alexander.”

*Carol Kautz/Brent Ehrl*

“Art was truly one of a kind and a special person. We went on so many “C” hikes with Art. He was a key member of the “C” group at the time. We fondly remember him leading Dilly Dally, Shannon Falls, Beth Lake, Eric the Red, Mt. Fromme, Widgeon Lake, etc. He led trips everywhere and did lots of trail clearing for the club. He was a real character, with great stories, jokes and memories that he freely shared with all of us. He took part in many of the snowball fights and of course he collected a few rocks in his pack and added a few rocks to other hikers packs many times. Brent travelled with him to these hikes many times, and always enjoyed stopping after a hike for a beverage and some food. Art was a good friend. I enjoyed the Wednesday Hikes with Art and our club. He cared about all the hikers and mentored many of us. Art was a real asset to the club. Rest in peace, Art”.