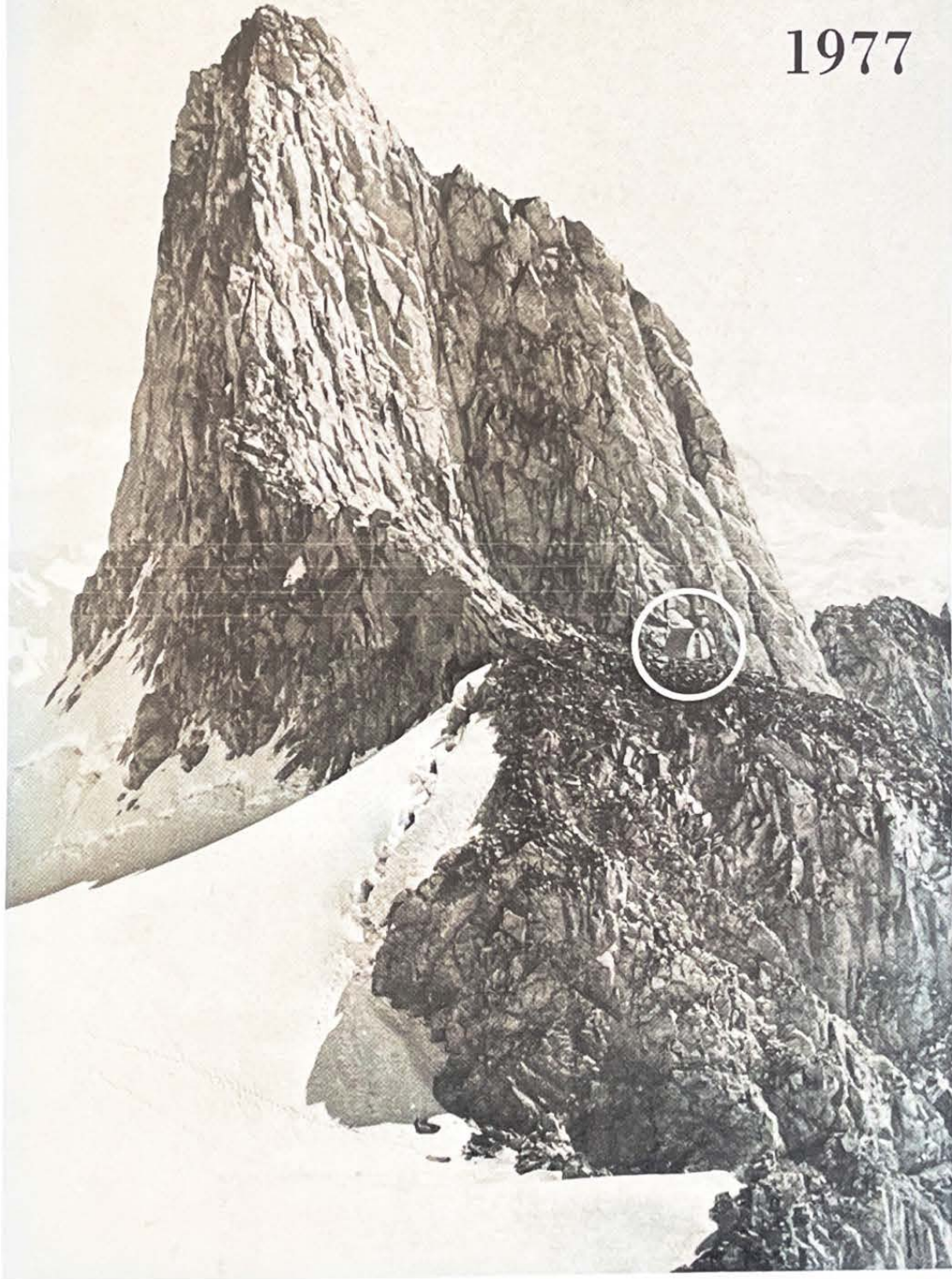


THE B.C. MOUNTAINEER

1977



EDITORIAL

Due to circumstances and personal shortcomings this issue of the "Mountaineer" is a bit late. But since the nature of it is retrospective nothing is lost except a little time. For the young that shouldn't matter because they have still so much of it, and for us old coons it has become a way of life and we accept it as inevitable.

Life in general is a constant collection of experiences, with the near misses implanting themselves most vividly in our minds. The same holds true for mountaineering. Neither gadgetry nor "short-cut easy lessons" can replace the needs for those experiences.

And because there is an obvious relationship between the time spent in the mountains and what one could call "mountain maturity or wisdom", I would like to pay tribute to our Senior Members and their achievements, from which later parties have benefitted and will so in times to come.

It is on their pioneering efforts that coming generations of mountaineers will be able to base their higher expectations.

Bill Hobeck

IN MEMORIAM: NEAL M. CARTER

Many members of the club will be sad to learn that Neal Carter died at the age of 75 while swimming in the Barbados. Neal joined the BCMC in 1920 and left it in 1926, along with many others, for the Alpine Club. In 1926 he served as editor of "The Mountaineer". Mount Neal and the Carter Glacier in northern Garibaldi Park are named after him.

Neal's climbing career was long and too extensive to note here in full. In the 1920's he attended several BCMC camps in Garibaldi Park and made, among other climbs, the second ascent of The Table. In 1931 he visited the Meager Peak area and climbed all the major summits. The ascent of Mt. Dalglish in 1933 was followed by an attempt on then-unclimbed Mt. Waddington. In the early 1950's Neal visited the Tchaikazan, Raleigh-Gilbert, and Chilko Lake areas where he made the first ascents of Mts. Monmouth and Gilbert and the second ascent of Mt. Good Hope. In the northern Coast Mountains he climbed the highest of the Seven Sisters in 1941, the first of the northern 9000-footers to be ascended. And in 1976 he revisited the Meager area with the Vancouver Section of the ACC.

Neal was interested for many years in mountain history, maps, and geographic nomenclature. His long interest in the Tantalus Range resulted in two articles on the history of the region. He made the first good, accurate maps of many areas in the Coast Mountains; several of these maps remain unsurpassed in usefulness. His contribution to, and influence on, the nomenclature of the Coast Mountains is enormous and well known. At the time of his death he was serving in an advisory capacity on the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographic Names and was actively revising the nomenclature of several areas.

Few people in the BCMC knew Neal personally. But those who attended the Annual Banquet a few weeks ago will remember him for his delightful and witty talk on his early days with the club. We extend our sympathies to his wife Dorothea and their family.

Glen Woodsworth

RUSSEL J. YARD

1921 - 1977

Russ was standing near the top of the steep slope between second and third peak of Mt. Seymour on our way to Mt. Elsey. He took one appraising look and then, pushing himself off with both ski-poles "schussed" down in a straight line. I cannot remember how he stopped but as always he eventually did. Fancy swings and turns were never his way. Instead he simply stood erect on his skis his arms spread out like birds wings and then just let go! He hardly ever fell. "Come on! Paul, schuss it!", was his advice and roaring laughter his reaction after I had crashlanded at his feet! Jo, his wife, following her husbands lead, once fell so spectacularly that she literally flew out of her boots leaving both behind in the snow still attached to the skis! (They don't make the safety releases as they used to do.)

Then there were the three brave attempts on Mt. Waddington. In 1952 an adventurous drive took Russ and Jo from Williams Lake to Bluff Lake. After a harrowing three days hike with stretches up to their waists in mud, nearly driven mad by clouds of vicious mosquitoes passed Middle Lake and Twist Lake they arrived at Mosley Creek. By the time they headed up Scimitar Creek, Russ discovered there was hardly a nail left in his boots. (Tricouni tempered steel studs were the thing then).

Not to be discouraged, Russ then organized his first approach from the West. In those days the Yards chose to live in a squatters cabin at Roche Point (of Malcolm Lowry Fame), now Cates Park near Dollarton, preferring to spend their money on mountaineering exploits. Each day Russ would sail across the inlet, rain or shine, clear or foggy, to the Shell Refinery, where he was employed as an electrician. Finally, in 1955, using a 26 foot fishing boat, after a 2½ days journey, Russ and Jo arrived at the head of Knight Inlet. There Russ helped a logger to string a steel cable across the Franklin River - both parties being interested in a successful crossing. The weather, however, was so bad that they never found the supplies which Russ and a pilot friend had air-dropped a few days earlier on the glacier from a two-seater plane (Russ holding the door open with one foot while pushing the loads out with the other!)

A detailed account of their final attempt in 1956 was published in the 50th anniversary issue of "The Mountaineer" 1957. On a partly finished outboard motor boat they returned once more to Knight Inlet. Alas, ice and snow conditions on the glaciers plus a minor accident forced them to give up again.

In 1958 Russ, as a member of the Joint Alpine Club - B.C. Mountaineering Club Centennial Expedition, climbed Mt. Fairweather.

Meanwhile he had moved with his family to their present home in North Burnaby. He became interested in glider flying. He also passed a pilot exam. Flying eventually took precedence over mountaineering. In 1975 Russ retired from Shell. He had built a second glider plane and was busy with the construction of a 40 foot ferro-cement boat when a heart attack put a sudden end to his life in June 1977.

Those of us who knew Russ will always remember him as a strong, reliable companion with a good sense of humour and a ready laughter. Our kind thoughts are with Jo and her family.

Paul Binkert

MT. WADDINGTON AREA TRIP 1955

Russ and his pilot friend flew into Waddington in a two-seater Canuck and dropped the food and gear on the Buckley Glacier at the base of Mt. Waddington on Saturday morning (23.7.). Perishables were packed in large biscuit tins (lids wired on) and clothing, tents and other light equipment in cardboard boxes. This was a free drop from a low altitude -no parachute. The plane was not really adequate, but at the last moment they were unable to get the Tri-Pacer, as they had intended.

From Sunday to Wednesday noon (27.7.) we travelled to the head of Knight Inlet in our 22' fish-boat. On the whole we were very lucky with weather and tides, especially on the Johnston Straits where they say you can get some dandy blows. Our big difficulty was in finding suitable mooring for the boat at Franklin River, but Mr. Stanton came to the rescue and we beached the boat at high tide on the mud flats in front of his home. He gave us an unforgettable ride to the other side of river in his 28' river boat (four feet wide and about three inches draft).

Thursday, July 28. Rode in camp crummy to log crossing over Franklin River. This cuts off about three of the worst miles around Dutchman's Head. We aren't complaining! Bushwhacking not too bad, devil's club of course, and a few swampy places, several patches of slide alder. Blazes are a bit difficult to pick up in spots - there is no actual trail. 4:00 p.m. Last Chance Camp. It has poured all day. Have managed to scratch up enough dry twigs and chips to get supper ready and smoke out all our belongings. No branches for beds though. Great chunks of ice rolling down the Franklin are making the ground tremble.

Friday, July 29. Hit trail (?) about 7 a.m. and are immediately confronted with a slide alder moraine. However soon we break out onto the second bar and this is dandy travelling; mostly gravel and moss with clumps of low alder. The one we travelled yesterday lasted 45 minutes. 8:30 Snout of glacier. What a let-down. This dirty heap of gravel can't be our glacier! 12:00 Have stuck to the moraine, grade is quite steep but ice not too broken. Texture of ice has changed from rubbery to crunchy on the surface and provides a much better grip for our nails. Confederation Glacier entering on the left and a wild upheaval ahead to get through. Raining again, can no longer see across glacier.

We are leaving the moraine; too much time lost finding a route around the crevasses, and the "junior" moraine to the north appears to be less broken. We have donned crampons as we are having to climb in and out of the wider crevasses. Losing a lot of time here as the cracks can no longer be jumped. 3:00 p.m. Out of the mess at last! Glacier has levelled off. Rainclouds just lift enough so we can catch a glimpse of the main icefall glittering in the distance. 5:00 p.m. Base of icefall. It looks hopeless for the two of us to tackle. The glacier is quite broken here and partly covered with wet snow. We are working a very erratic course over to Icefall Point on the north side in hopes of camping on rock or heather as the air mattresses are in the air drop. 7:30 p.m. Crawl up a boulder filled gully to find a perfect camp. An alpine meadow strewn with heather and daisies, a mountain stream and lake nearby, all in miniature; a bed of boughs among the lilies (we are too dog-boned weary to worry about the latter having any significance) and it has even stopped raining! We are almost level with the icefall here. It is a tremendous thing, must be all of two miles across at this point. We plan to go to Icefall Point in the morning to see what's on the other side, perhaps we can sneak around it. 11:00 p.m. The clouds have blown away and the jagged spires across the glacier are shimmering in the moonlight.

Saturday, July 30. Wow, was it cold last night, frost over everything. Russ has just been over the ridge, took about an hour but it looks feasible. 7:00 a.m. Break camp. Weather closing in already. Russ had one quick glimpse of Waddington and thinks the drop must be on Dias Glacier. Our map has so many peaks marked on this spot, it is hard to read. One hour to the top of Icefall Point and about 15 minutes down the other side brings us out just nicely above the icefall. Snow frozen, easy going. Clouding in fast though. The treeline seemed to end at Icefall Point. Very desolated land-

scape now, just rock and snow and ice. 10:00 a.m. Have made a diagonal crossing of the glacier with very little trouble from crevasses, and are now climbing over the toe of Mt. Savire to avoid the ice-fall on Dias Glacier. Have just seen a peculiar animal - something like a weasel but larger and blunter nosed, smaller than a coyote though and short legged in proportion to the body length. Smallish furry tail and light brown fur with longer darker fur down its backbone. (Anyone know what it could be?)

We are leaving our packs on the glacier while we look for airdrop. 1:00 p.m. Can't find a trace. Mist closing in. Back to packs, snow has almost covered our tracks. Think we may have wrong glacier and are leaving packs on talus slope between Dias and Regal Glaciers. 3:00 p.m. Weather has closed right in and snowing hard. Just returned for the packs, don't want to be benighted without our gear; and off for the Regal Glacier again. 3:45 p.m. Clouds have just lifted enough to find that this couldn't possibly be it. Regal Glacier just shoots straight up in an awesome ice cliff. Fury Glacier right next to it showed itself for a moment. It's pretty steep too, and broken. 5:00 p.m. Plugged back to Dias and have levelled out a camping spot on the talus slope. Misery me, it's sleeting and blowing now. A humming bird, of all things, just buzzed up and looked us over.

Sunday, July 31. What a night, blowing and sleeting. Part of the "tent" (our somewhat inadequate ponchos) blew off. Each lay there willing the other to get up and fix it. It was a toss-up whether to lie there half frozen and damp or dash out and lose precious body heat. 5:00 a.m. Apple rings and raisins for breakfast, gaaaaaah! All our socks are wet now, we find it best to wring them out hard and put'em on fast. 5:30. We are making one more search of Dias. 7:30. Bend of Dias. Clouds have just lifted enough to show the ridge leading to the South Peak of Waddington. We're on the wrong glacier alright. The drop must have been on Buckley Glacier; it is at the base of the peak. If only those accursed clouds had lifted sooner. We're going to make one try at going over the 8000' pass by Mt. Jester, although think it may be pretty steep on the other side. It's our last chance, we have very little food left and it will take three days to get out. The snow has been soft and up to our knees all the way. Steady grind up the pass. Strong wind and wet snow coming over top. Skirted a bottomless blue bergschrund in the snow near the top and Russ' ice-axe suddenly broke through. Will have to be careful -- we're 40 feet apart on a taut rope but it would still be difficult to struggle out of a hole by oneself. 10:00 a.m. Turning back. Russ just put a leg through into nothing. The wind has blown the snow in a crust over the crevasses and there is no indication at all with this flat lighting. Russ' foot has been burting the last few hours and he found a large blister has broken and is bleeding. 1:30 p.m. Back to the toe of Mt. Savire. Brewed a can of tea, ate a quarter of the carefully hoarded remains of our one loaf of bread with the ubiquitous apple rings and raisins, and joy of joys, dug up a square of chocolate from the depths of one pack, somewhat the worse for pine needles and sock fuzz, but delish. 6:30 p.m. Icefall Camp. It took us 5½ hours to get back; snow soft but not deep. Rain all the way. We haven't really been dry since we started five days ago. We looked into the cairn on top of the point on the way back. It is in memory of Alec Dalgleish who was buried at the foot of Waddington in 1935. Sitting on a windy heathery knoll overlooking the whole glacier and circled by these great barren peaks, what better monument could a climber want?

7:30 p.m. Cold and windy, just finished moving and remaking our bough bed in the shelter of some trees only to discover we are practically sharing it with a very deceased beast. To heck with it, it's too darned cold to smell and we're too tired to move again. (Talking to the Laughlans later they told us a couple of German fellows had been skiing up here in April. They had shot at an animal one night that had been nosing in their pack. They must have had quite a trip; snowbound a couple of days by a storm, one of them froze his feet and they were another five days getting him in shape to come out.)

We are feasting tonight on instant potato and stewed apple rings although it rather palls on the second cupful. Toured the tin can dump of previous camps and found: 1 piton hammer, 1 pair of crampons, and a can of rancid butter, probably all of 10 years old. We're no Tebetan Lamas and decided to forego this delicacy.

Monday, August 1st. 5:00 a.m. The only warm and soft sleep of the trip: contemplated our soggy socks for a moment and rolled over and slept some more. 7:30. Can't put off rising any longer. Putting on boots is a misery. Russ' heel very painful and we both have blisters on the soles of our feet. Have been poking among boulders in a halfhearted hunt for other rations left behind, and have been kind of stalling around in hopes of a bunch of Sierra Club Mountaineers arriving. They were supposed to be making a camp at Icefall Point about this date. We could perhaps make a deal for enough food to get us to the air drop. We're having THE CHUCKWAGON DINNER for breakfast and a re-boiling of our last teabag. 8:30. Start down the glacier. Raining as usual. There are a number of streams rushing down the glacier, some disappearing down crevasses and others suddenly dropping down bottomless holes. Clouds have closed right in, we have had to cut over to the main moraine by compass bearing. Ate the last chunk of bread for lunch and the dehydrated beef. This is pretty good stuff, it's paper thin and rubbery and you can chew on a slice for quite a time and kid your innards along.

After working through the jumble where Confederation Glacier joins in we have found a better line of descent by following the secondary moraine almost the whole way down. It is not as widely crevassed as the main moraine nor as rough. Arrive Last Chance Camp 8:00 p.m. Bushed and foot-sore. Instant potato and rice for supper. Good thing we brought vitamin pills along! Tragedy has struck! THE TEABAG is lost. It had at least one good squeeze left. Why, it had only been boiled twice. Slept on the bare ground again and never moved a muscle all night.

Tuesday, August 2. 5:00 a.m. One cup of potato gruel for breakfast. Sure looking forward to that patch of rather sour blueberries we disdained on the way up. This bush seems endless and while it is not raining the undergrowth is still wet. Dying to get off our feet for a moment, but seem to chill off so quickly when we pause, and it takes about five minutes to straighten up our creaky knees again. 2:00 p.m. OUT!!!

We had planned on buying food from the logging camp after a days rest. We still actually had time to go back for our air drop and have one day of rest before coming out. But a day at Laughlan's soon proved Russ wouldn't be hiking anywhere with his heel for at least a week; and to be honest, we rather dreaded that awful grind up the first part of the glacier.

We had no trouble coming home in the boat and Russ was a splendid sight to see steering the boat through the Yuclutaws with his foot in a bucket of hot water, not to mention a week's growth of scruffy beard. If only the weather had been as kind to us on the mountain as it was on the sea.

THOUGHTS ON HILL FEVER.

*"I must go up the hills again, to the rushing mountain streams,
To the bear's way and my soul's way, to the heartland of my dreams;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep with a warm friend when the long climb's over."*

MEAGRE GROUP - 1977

The Meagre group, a collection of 8,000 foot peaks located about 40 miles west of Pemberton was the objective of a visit this summer by three BCMC members as an alternative to the cancelled summer camp. We drove the gravel road along the Lillooet River beyond Pemberton Meadows and parked near the new bridge across the Lillooet River just upstream from its' junction with Meagre Creek. After a short lunch stop we hoisted our 30 kilogram packs and started up the dry steep ridge just across the bridge. We finally reached meadows and water after about 6 hours and continued along the ridge, enjoying fantastic views on all sides, until late evening.

The next morning we moved camp to an oasis of meadow at about 6,500 feet on the flank of Meagre. After dropping our packs, we scrambled up Mount Meagre, a rotten third class volcanic peak. On the descent, a side trip up a gendarme with a triangular hole provided the only half decent rock climbing in the area. We arrived back at camp with plenty of time to soak up the sun.

The following morning we started off towards Capricorn Mountain. After a mile of steep loose sidehilling and some minor glacier travel we arrived at the base of the south ridge. This route turned out to be an easy snow walk if one stayed away from the large cornice on the east side of the ridge. The summit was a large rolling snowfield with a ridge leading west to Mount Job. We returned to camp at 5 P.M. for our usual leisurely evening.

After skirting Mount Meagre to the west on the next day, we crossed the glacier on the north flank of Meagre and arrived at Plinth Peak. An extremely rotten gully brought us to the summit, a large sandy plateau where we were amazed to find butterflies fluttering about despite the lack of vegetation. From here we had a fine view of Silt Lake at the snout of the Lillooet glacier. We returned to camp after some excellent glisading.

The next day we packed our gear to the Capricorn-Pylon col with the intention of making camp to the west and exploring Polychrome Ridge and other areas. Bob decided to get a sunburn so Martin and I proceeded to the base of Pylon Peak. The north face proved to be a fine snow climb, the most enjoyable of the week. The summit was a pyramid of large fractured blocks with air blowing through the cracks.

After a snack we returned to scout the area to the west. However we couldn't see any feasible campsites and decided that the large glacier between us and Polychrome Ridge would cause navigation difficulties. So we turned back and began the pack out along Capricorn Creek. After travelling down the glacier and moraine we arrived at the site of a massive slide and made camp among a profusion of wild flowers. Our decision to leave proved sensible as we watched a sandstorm blow up and rain clouds build.

Rain continued the next day as we followed the creek through the broad open slide area. We were unable to ford the stream due to high water and were soon forced up into the slide alder. After 3 or 4 hours in wet bush we arrived at the logging road where a crew was building a very permanent looking metal bridge with concrete pilings. This interesting but seldom visited area is now accessible for weekend trips due to the new logging roads.

On the trip were:

Bob Gall, Martin Moseley and John Gudaitis

WEART MOUNTAIN

It is from somewhere beyond the columnar basalt, about where the potholes are deepest, that you can see the mountains in the Alta Lake area; and it is Weart in the middle distance that appears to be the highest. I always think that it resembles a large content cat slumbering on the skyline, full of dreams about milk and mice and incautious birds. Like this- (sketch by Paul) and the cat's tail is the long dark ridge that curves sinuously down into the valley, its tip hidden among the tall timber but in all probability twitching delicately.

This was a trip last March, an ascent of the cat's knee, by a group of stalwarts consisting of: the ebullient lads Fred and Paul, Chris Maniac, Klaus Kayak, one half of that noisy pair from Australia, Dark Tim, and myself as locum for whoever should have been the leader.

We had arranged to meet in the smoke and hubbub of the cafeteria at Whistler. Who was there first? He and I roped up and tried the standard route into the place but were driven back by waves of uniformed skiers in yellow boots and blue jump suits. I nearly lost him in the treacherous area of the line-ups when he tried to get through a momentary gap, and then he in turn saved me from a pack of large dogs that had prepared an ambush in the car park. We retreated without further mishap, narrowly avoiding the Ski Patrol who were inspecting the crowd for their pins. Luckily we met up with the others just as they were being directed to park several miles away, and we proceeded in convoy to the Garbage Dump, the future of Whistler, to sort gear. Then friend Larry drove the red truck load of boisterous paratroopers with their bulging packs to the drop zone at the Green River bridge.

We strapped black skins onto our skis, heaved our packs on and started up the logging road on well consolidated snow. It was sunny and just about freezing...nice conditions. The dogs ran ahead, pleased as kids to be out in the snow. At the end of the road we stopped for an early lunch. It was too early really, but Fred who led up to this point, is a man who goes into the mountains in order, amongst other things, to eat. By the time we had caught up to him he was busy investigating a large cheese with a sharp knife and was not to be dissuaded. Later, with the crumbs of our repast now in our beards, we again strapped on skis and packs and started into the woods and up the steep ridge.

The snow here was in poor shape, very crusty and it was difficult to set an edge let alone to get the skins to hold. We tried carrying our skis and kicking steps but found that we broke through and then floundered about trying to get back on top of the snow. Conditions improved though as we worked our way up the hillside. One behind another we slowly zigzagged up between the trees, traversing and then kicking our way around the knuckles of the zigs, a strung out team of puffing men pushing their skis up the narrow track. It was hot work and monotonous at this stage. In the early afternoon we reached the water hole that marks the half way point up to the shelter. We were all steaming gently and paused to fill water bottles from the creek. From here one can see the final head wall in the high distance. We moved on, first Tim and then Fred breaking trail through the now quite deep snow. The going became easier because, for my part anyway, I was beyond that first part of the climb when each step has to be a conscious muscular movement. Now a rhythm was established, an easy motion of swinging the skis ahead, giving the tips a little flick upwards each time before stepping down and feeling the pile of the skin catch and hold in the snow. Then on, another step, the movements becoming automatic, blending into each other and I could shrug the pack into a more comfortable position and look about. We were still in the forest, and apparently clean forest with all the undergrowth buried by the snow. Big trees: spruce, hemlock, fir. Where was Mike Feller with his string of latin names to impress the sheilas and mystify the men? A luminous green moss grew on the lower limbs of the trees, and we had a glimpse through the branches of distant white mountains under a baby blue sky. I could hear Paul and Fred carrying on a noisy conversation that had started somewhere at the foot of the mountain and occasionally Ross would call out from lower down the hillside, asking Fred to clarify some detail that had failed to carry the thousand feet or so between them. Then we reached the tree line and the last part of the day's hike which would take

us up the headwall. We paused for a moment while the last man caught up and switched on our 'Pieps'- some were Club ones- to traverse out of the woods and up the steep snow gully. These gadgets; we sounded like amorous crickets and I disliked them in case I should put any faith in them. Finally we kicked our way up the last zag and slipped across the small meadow towards the silvery shelter. There was the icebound lake and its silent thick glacier, and the immense backdrop of mountains, pink at their tips from the late evening sunlight.

The first arrivals at the cabin latched back the shutters and soon we were all banging the snow off our skis and rubbing the skins against a ski edge to clear away any ice, then rummaging in our packs for down jackets to protect quickly cooling bodies. Someone went down to the lake to knock a hole in the ice and bring back a bucket of water. Daylight began to fade as we settled into the shelter for the night. Soon there were several stoves hissing in the confined space of the cabin which now began to warm up, and so did the occupants, primed by Klaus's Armagnac and then by mugs of tea sweetened with honey. And the stoves sang. Supper, as always on these weekend trips, was a private concoction of leftovers from some other trip, a handful of rice, a bouillon cube perhaps, some dried vegies, ah-a tin of sardines. Later there was a mug each of mulled wine while we listened to Klaus's canoe-up-a-tree adventure and other tall tales. A final brew of tea and then Ross and I fed our dogs. It was clear outside, moonlight throwing huge shadows across the snowfields, the mountains very tall and old and dark about us. We zipped ourselves into down bags in the now cold cabin; I remember a poor nights sleep, usual on this kind of trip- so much sudden exercise of mind and body that neither can be readily turned off. Buck was restless also and Ross would patiently rise to tend to his dog.

A cheerful breakfast. Cold! Cold toes, but we were an organized group and moved off quickly. We skated across the lake and then put on skins for the flog up the glacier. I led a long way but then dropped back for company and the ease of following someone else. The weather was still fine but we were out of the sun in the shadow of the Wedge north ridge. A long gentle climb on windpack brought us into sunlight and the ski tracks were full of blue shadows. High overhead a small plane passed and I fell to brooding about this skiing business. Yoyo skiing must be the most existential activity ever invented. There are so few tangible benefits, so few recollections sufficient to satisfy. One must keep on doing it over and over again just to remember the experience; so little carries over. I think it was when I realized this that I began to cut down on my commercial skiing: which run next? where are the line-ups? Anyone sitting here? Single? excuse me! herecomesthechairhaveaniceday!

But ski touring. Here I can make a meal. It is something to chew on, something that will take months to digest. Look at this trip, still going strong a year later. I see my friends skiing every weekend at Whistler, the weekends tending to blur into a similarly vague recollection of each other. I want if possible to recall each step of the day, to know the winter mountains in the full measure of their own scale- not as a playground- and to be aware of this old body working hard for the rewards of the run down the mountain. And there is this- and now we are getting to the bones of the mountaineering urge- one can obtain a mental release in the discipline of climbing hills, some mechanism is triggered which frees the mind into a state that is what I can only imagine must be meant by the term 'Satori', the state of enlightenment sought in Zen and other contemplative faiths. Ski touring, mountaineering, Big walks, all these provide, for me anyway, this heightening effect. It is the best high I know and I carry the memory, the buzz of it, for ages.

We rested briefly on some rocks which showed through the snowfield, then moved on again, rhythmically swinging the skis forward and up. Click-click-click-click said the bindings. There was a tidy ledge to be traversed above a wind cirque and then we were at the base of the summit pyramid. We cached our skis and kicked steps up to the peak. The dogs came too. Lovely day, open world. We sat on daypacks and looked across the ranges to Nome and southward to Monterey and Carmel. There was the speck of our cabin; and in the valleys the logged areas showed as no more than a bandaid on the dark forests.

Someone told the story of how Weart got its name. There was this Government Surveyor writing in his notebook, who called across to his assistant: hey, where are we? and his assistant who had a bad stammer replied: we are at.... we are at.... OK. OK. got you the first time! said the civil servant.

Then it was time to come down.

Fred protected the only exposure. We nibbled on things and put on our skis. There was good snow at the top which some of us won and then a long free run down the glacier, a run filled with the sound of chattering skis, wind in the face, snow hissing around us, and long linked turns and swings. How good? you ask. Better than bicycling downhill? Yes, yes, much better. What, better than sneezing three times in a row? Yes, better than that. Better than taking some alley cats to a dog show? Yes, again, even better than that!

In the early afternoon we skied down the headwall, through the trees and down the mountain. There were exaggerated turns between immovable spruce and wipeouts and bumshuffles and tree rappels. And once, not expected, a long dance down a gully full of new snow that I swear came up to my armpits. Oh! and oh! again. We wiggled out of the woods and regrouped at the bottom of the lowest scree slope. That was really the finish. Then we skied silently together to our waiting DC-3 and quick farewells in the carpark.

Have a good trip thanks see you soon come on the North Creek trip OK come along Briar. VROO-OOOMMMMMM, vroom.....

Ian Turnbull



"It belongs to that queer animal man alone, to toil up steep and perilous crags, to arrive at a bare peak, to sleep ill and fare worse, and then the next day to descend and call this a feast."

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

"It does not matter what kind of ice-axe you carry, so long as the head does not fall off."

Edward Whymper.

MOUNT MCGILLIVRAY

SEPTEMBER 10 and 11, 1977

Inclement weather denied the original objective - Mehatl Peak on the Labour Day Weekend - so the following weekend we ventured forth to Bralorne to sample the McGillivray Pass alpine area - the environs justifiably lived up to its reputation, and so did the access road. Under no circumstances is the Hurley Creek road open to anything except four wheel drives and possibly mule trains - it's not a road, rather an extended rut that churns one about in the vehicle with such intensity that the most diabolical amusement park ride seemed as gentle as a lullaby - masochists and self-flagellators would revel with delight. It's a pity the "road" is not improved as it would provide fast access to a truly beautiful region - both low level and alpine areas contain stunning scenery.

The four wheel drive lurched to a halt about three miles from the alpine area and we staggered out of the vehicle feeling and looking like freshly churned buttermilk. The trail is actually an extension of the road although it never could be used as such now. After a pleasant jaunt along this route we rounded a corner and burst into the meadows - they were as extensive as they were magnificent. What lay before us was a long (about four miles) and wide alpine valley comprising open meadowland with very few trees to obscure the view, I have not seen such extensive alpine country in any of my previous mountaineering experiences. We paused at the VOC hut which is an extremely gross intrusion with its haphazard construction and pink exterior wall. Shoddy imitations of bordellos are not my idea of enhancement of the alpine experience. We carried on to the pass in which vicinity we located our campsite on a small plateau area overlooking the valley. From this vantage point we enjoyed its breathtaking sweep, at the same time having supper.

The next day we arose early and after breakfast proceeded up towards Mt. McGillivray on a clear and sunny day. As we rose up the north slope of the valley its full extent became apparent dramatically sweeping off to the southeast towards Anderson Lake and to the northwest toward Bralorne. Mt. McGillivray, a summit of about 8600', provided a minor but pleasant class three climb on very loose rock - not only helmets but suits of armour should have been the order of the day. The summit afforded fantastic vistas of mountains and valleys which could be enjoyed while having lunch. To the south, the Cadwallader Range, a complex maze of peaks, ridges and valleys provided an enticing temptation - this particular area alone would be a great region to explore over a period of a week with hiking and climbing in the class three and low four range all possible.

Behind this panorama, Joffre and Matier provided an impressive backdrop. To the north and west stood Mounts Truax and Snowcap, the latter looking like a 9000 foot plus mound, and off in the far distance we spotted what we thought was Mt. Waddington, and other high ragged peaks arrayed around it. Even Black Tusk, Wedge and Garibaldi in the far southern haze could be detected. It was indeed a grand overview of the southern Coast Range.

Reluctantly we descended while the peaks, once possessing so dominant a presence, one by one slid from sight behind the valley ridge. We broke camp and within a short period of time were back at the vehicle mentally preparing ourselves for the extended lurch that the impending journey promised us. Our trip back consisted of the usual shake, rattle and roll in the van and at least an hours delay on the Hurley Creek road because some village idiot who had been drinking and driving the night before, had careened his truck off the right of way. Somehow it took twenty-four hours for this bucolic lush to find a way to extricate the wreck and at least another hour blocking the road with cables and winches to succeed in his efforts, thereby tying up traffic in both directions. Finally we sprung loose from this scene and proceeded on. After the last two days in the McGillivray Pass area it would take far more than this incident to dampen a tremendous weekend.

Attending: Ian Arnott, Bruce Watson, Sally Tatlow, Barb Durant, Rick Sheppard (leader)

A CLASSIC MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE

After having braved physical exhaustion, and the ever present dangers of mountaineering, all climbers know about the extraordinary feelings that exalt one when a difficult goal finally is reached. People have reported natural highs ranging from absolute mental exuberance to a peaceful satisfaction, or even deep meditation. Sometimes these unique moments are even more heightened by exceptional circumstances, such as an extremely beautiful sunset. I myself, being a lover of fine music, have often wondered what it would be like to further enhance these precious times by allowing myself to be surrounded by powerful crescendos of favourite orchestral compositions. Could this ever be done?

The transport of a high-quality stereo system and its supporting gear across glaciers and steep slopes to a mountain peak, would be a truly formidable undertaking. Although ultimately not impossible, it indeed would involve a great expense. For once, a lot of carriers would be needed and, would they appreciate the music? The acoustics would be another serious problem. The wide and open spaces are anything but concert hall environment. No, this definitely did not seem the route to be taken.

But what about a portable system? The reproduction would have to be of the utmost quality in order to provide the sound expected for this so unique moment in time and location. Becoming more obsessed with the idea, I started to look for suitable equipment. I was very fortunate to have interested a compatible friend of mine in the undertaking and together we located an expensive tape machine. Difficulties arose when we tried to match headphones to the unit; the sound obtained was rather disappointing. This appeared to be due to the lack of output power of the recorder - it simply was not sufficient to drive the heavy phones at levels necessary for a full and brilliant sound. We tried a great many sets but the problem essentially remained. The answer obviously was more power. Thus, after searching for some time, we found a small enough booster amplifier able to deliver 24 watts of astonishingly undistorted audio! The resulting increase in sound quality was simply unbelievable - putting a lot of home installations to shame. It did not bother us anymore that the battery pack needed for the booster, weighed in at a hefty 15 pounds itself! After some connecting work and final test, our system was ready.

Producing the all-too-important tape was not quite as easy as it seemed at first. We agreed to limit each other to 15 minutes of music, not because of technical reasons or time allocated for listening, but simply because we felt that perhaps too much exposure to the sound might somehow degrade this beautiful experiment. Thus the selections would likely consist of excerpts, professionally edited and spliced together with each of us not knowing what the other had recorded. This was to be a surprise. Two weeks later we had completed our recordings. The precious tapes were then carefully joined together and sealed into a container - not to be touched again until our arrival upon an as yet not selected mountain.

It is February. Our destination has now been chosen. We have waited many weeks for a break in the weather. We want it to be absolutely perfect. In fact, everything will have to be perfect on this trip. Nothing should be allowed to cast even the slightest shadow onto the adventure we are about to embark upon. Our expectations are high and we keep on waiting.

Our day finally arrives. It is Thursday and a strong overnight wind has swept the skies clear. It is going to be a beautiful day. The forecast sounds just as favourable and we know this is our chance. The equipment is ready, we are ready and within hours we are finally on our way.

Arriving at the starting-point of our climb, our secret hopes seem to be fulfilled: No other vehicle in the vicinity. We are likely to be privileged to have this mountain all for ourselves, a gracious gesture indeed. Within minutes we are packed-up and on the move. Because of all the extra weight of the electronics, a pressing 45 pounds, we proceed more cautiously passing the familiar landmarks rather slowly. Luckily the snow is very firm and presents no problems at all and in less than three hours we reach the glacier.

Resting time. There is not another soul in sight. The weather is absolutely perfect with just a few clouds drifting in the far distance. All of a sudden we are joined by a group of Whiskeyjacks. Coming out of nowhere they soon are hacking away at the offered orange. I begin to realize that Peter and I have hardly spoken a word since our departure and I wonder whether the unusual load we are carrying in our packs could have something to do with it.

We continue up a steep ridge marking the beginning of the glacier, it being so familiar from journeys of the past. We are roped together now. Being on the lookout - more appropriately called "feelout" - for hidden crevasses, we make progress rather slowly. There is no need to take chances now. Soon we reach the top of the ridge and an exciting vista rewards us: Beyond an immense bowl of ice and snow, our mountain majestically rises into an unbelievably blue sky! We stop briefly, our eyes drifting ahead, surmising the strange world up here. Then we move on.

We decide to establish the night's camp as high as possible in order to have plenty of time for the final ascent the following day. One never knows what lies ahead. Because of the high elevation, the snow had become quite powdery now, slowing us down even more. However, as we still have sunshine, we keep on going, gradually gaining ridge after ridge. Looking back we admire our distinctive tracks, winding and twisting in the pure snow, finally disappearing into the distance. We truly have come a long way.

A small plateau with a beautiful view is selected for the overnight stay. In no time at all we put up the tent and unload the gear. While I am preparing supper, Peter already starts to repack some of the equipment needed for the next day. To prevent possible frost damage to the sensitive electronics, we place it into our sleeping bags - to be kept warm by body heat! Quickly we consume a rather standard meal: Freeze-dried chicken with noodles. A little later we silently watch the sun disappear, the last rays creating a gorgeous, golden glow around the horizon. With the sun gone, the temperature starts to plunge and it is very cold. A few cups of hot tea and then it is time to crawl into our bags, leaving the shivering outside world to the stars and a rising moon.

The piercing sound of the alarm clock abruptly ends our sleep. A new day is about to begin! Reluctantly we start to move - huh, the cold! It is still dark and fumbling around with flashlights we manage to light our stove. Soon we are sipping hot soup - the warm broth circulating new energy and heat through our bodies. I peek outside and in the twilight I see that the low-lying areas are solidly covered by a blanket of clouds. Probably just a heavy morning mist. Nothing to worry about! Stumbling into the open we have to tell ourselves repeatedly that there is no return to the warm and cozy quarters.

Final preparations and checks - then we are ready to move again. The sky is clear and a thousand stars sparkle like diamonds. A band of pale light in the east announces a not-too-distant sunrise. We are moving swiftly over the frozen snow, the tips of our ice axes ringing like bells as they scrape along the frozen surface. It is getting bright. There are no crevasses and we make excellent time. The first rays of a rising sun are striking the far mountains. Unfortunately we cannot witness the actual sunrise, as now our peak massively occupies most of the morning sky. As we reach the Roman Wall we seem almost within grasp of our goal.

The only challenge remaining is a steep slope, perhaps several hundred meters in height. It should not be too difficult - providing, of course, the surface conditions will be just right. But soon we realize that the snow has turned soft again. Each step becomes a struggle as we seem to sink endlessly into the fluffy material. Slowly, very slowly, we plow our way upwards. It is good that we have the extra time for our progress is barely noticeable. My head feels dizzy and I ask for a break. We look up. How much further? 200 meters? 100 meters? What does it matter now. We keep on going, step by step, straining ourselves almost to the limit. All of a sudden we notice that the slope is levelling off considerably. New spirits hasten our pace for we know, that now we must be close to our destination. And then, we can hardly believe it, we have arrived! The plateau! There - a tiny ridge, that must be the peak. Almost crawling we move towards it and, gasping for breath, plummet into the snow. We made it!

The view from the top is spectacular: Snow-capped mountains glitter in the brilliant morning sun, their uncounted numbers stretching to all horizons. The lower panorama is filled with bewildering arrays of jagged ridges, treacherous slopes and the ever present glaciers. Lower yet the valleys and forests have long since been swallowed up by an immense ocean of clouds. A narrow transition zone above shimmers in an intense, vivid violet, a rare phenomena. Above all is a sky, dark blue and clear as crystal.

We are stunned by the magnificent sights. But all too soon the icy surroundings start to remind us that we are still strangers here, only being tolerated for a little while. We start unpacking: Foams, downs and, most valuable to us, our special equipment. Peter places the units onto the packs and connects them together. In the meantime I assemble the elaborate headphones. A few minutes later our task is completed and all seems to be in order. We lean back on the mattresses, getting comfortable. Then, in a very dignified manner, Peter hands me the shiny box containing our tape. Slowly I break the seal, remove the tape and carefully place it into the machine. The moment of truth has finally arrived.

We are sitting quietly - neither of us daring to start the machine. My eyes half closed, I stare into the distant blue and think of the efforts it has taken to be so close to the realization of our dream. Glancing at Peter, I see that he also has drifted away in thoughts. I lean back and relax in the warm sunshine, being immensely grateful to be here.

The thundering sound of an avalanche crashing down some mountainside breaks the silence and brings us back to reality. I look at my companion. He barely nods and then I move my fingers towards the machine. The "start" button. Slowly I depress the lever. I see the tape turning and close my eyes. There! The music! I start to shiver... "The Pines of Rome..." The sound is overwhelming. Against closed eyelids I project mountains and mountains, mysterious towers in the dark, dazzling blizzards alternating with tropical suns, shreds of clouds racing through the sky, cascading waterfalls plunging into depths below fiery sunsets. The memories of a thousand hikes! I open my eyes but do not perceive anything but glitter. What is this? Again, music whisks me away. More mountains, frozen in icy silence of the north, glaciers rolling endlessly into the distance, then disappearing into nowhere. How long have we been listening? I do not know. The music slows, the vibrant bursts of emotion giving way to soothing melodies of promise. Peaceful alpine meadows appear with exotic flowers in breathtaking colours blooming everywhere. Gracious trees line gurgling creeks in a sun-drenched landscape. Enchanting lakes lay motionless in the stillness of a summer's eve... The tape has come to an end. But we dare not move for our minds are still reverberating from this incredible experience.

I cannot remember how long we were sitting there, neither do I recall any details of our descent. Somehow we made it back in one piece. But I do remember finally returning to our car, throwing off the heavy burdens and falling into the comfortable seats. Looking at the mountain from this perspective, it was hard to comprehend the events that had taken place not too long ago. A strange and lasting sensation made everything appear like in a haze, almost removed from reality. Then Peter played the tape once more, turning up the loudness on the car stereo. As the music started, it was as if some gigantic force had lifted us up and accelerated us with enormous speed towards the peak. Racing over the glaciers and being swirled around the sky, it took only seconds to get there this time. Freed of gravity we were once more in total harmony with the music and mountain world - until the end of music signalled the moment of inevitable return... We glanced at the mountain in sheer disbelief. Thank you Mt. Baker, thank you very much!

Guenter Hoernig

YOHO PARK FAMILY CAMP

JULY 3rd to AUGUST 5th, 1977

Twenty-four people, not all at one time mind you, attended an unofficial BCBC Summer Camp in the Rockies (remember them?). There were people of all ages from pre-schoolers to one retired Grandma who flew in from England, also a lady from Washington State, in short a universal experience.

We camped at Kicking Horse Camp Ground near Field, B.C. The area has a lot to offer as well for the hiker as the climber. Some hikes, which were from 2 to 22 miles in length, went to High Line, Sky Line, Emerald Lake, the Alpine Club's cabin at Little Yoho, the old CPR Lodge on the trail to Twin Falls, and on slack days a few short hikes. The peaks climbed were: Mt. Field, Panorama, Paget's Peak, Tower of Babel and Mt. Eiffel.

Nearly everyone got caught in a storm one Thursday afternoon. One group was at the far end of Lake Louise while another large party hiked in the Moraine Lake area (Larch Valley) when the storm broke. On arriving back in camp some tents and lots of clothes needed drying out and the large cooking shelters were much appreciated. We cooked and ate there until the weather cleared while several people drove to Banff and soaked in the Hot Springs. When conditions finally improved we set out for the mountains again. Unfortunately we didn't get into O'Hara Camp but the next time around we shall try and stay there. Join us and bring the kids.

Those that were lucky enough to be at Yoho were:

Peter, Margret, Gordon, Brian and Janet Waddington, Violet Taitz, Renata, Thomas, Nina, Graham and John Lewis, Andreas and Brigitta Schneiter, Maria Heller and two friends and Spot, Frank, Sonia, Susan and Alex Ward, Mrs. Daniel (England), Jack and Simon Bachrich and Jennifer Fumner (Washington State, USA).

* * * * *

"Occupied with my own thoughts as I ascended, I sometimes unconsciously went too quickly, and felt the effects of the exertion. I then slackened my pace, allowing each limb an instant of repose as I drew it out of the snow, and found that in this way, walking became rest. . . . By lifting the leg slowly and allowing it to fall forward by its own gravity, a man may get on steadily for several hours, while a very slight addition to this pace may speedily exhaust him."

John Tyndall ca. 1860

* * * * *

Another from Conrad Kain for that great Kain disciple, Peter Goy:

"... Next best (rock climb) was the descent of the east face of Monument Peak, on the north fork of Toby Creek in the Purcells. Several years later I pointed out the route to a prespector, who remarked, 'Say, you are either a fool or a doggone liar!'"

Conrad Kain re: 1916

* * * * *

MT. WADDINGTON

13,177 ft. (4,017 m)

JULY 1977

From the first time I read about Mt. Waddington, I had a great ambition to visit the area and hopefully make an attempt on the peak. My desire was reinforced in the summer of 1974 at the B.C.M.C. Mt. Good Hope summer camp. From Mt. Good Hope and surrounding peaks, we were able to get a superb view of Mt. Waddington, 50 miles to the Northwest.

Although the Waddington area is visited several times each year, logistics still have to be carefully planned. We chose the Interior approach because of costs, a greater chance of better weather and a general preference by the group. So it was on Friday, July 15th we were off, although we were concerned about Doug's gimpy ankle (courtesy of a recent volleyball game). After a one night stand at Terry Preston's place in Ashcroft, we were able to drive across the Chilcotin Plateau and down the Mosley Creek Valley to Middle Lake.

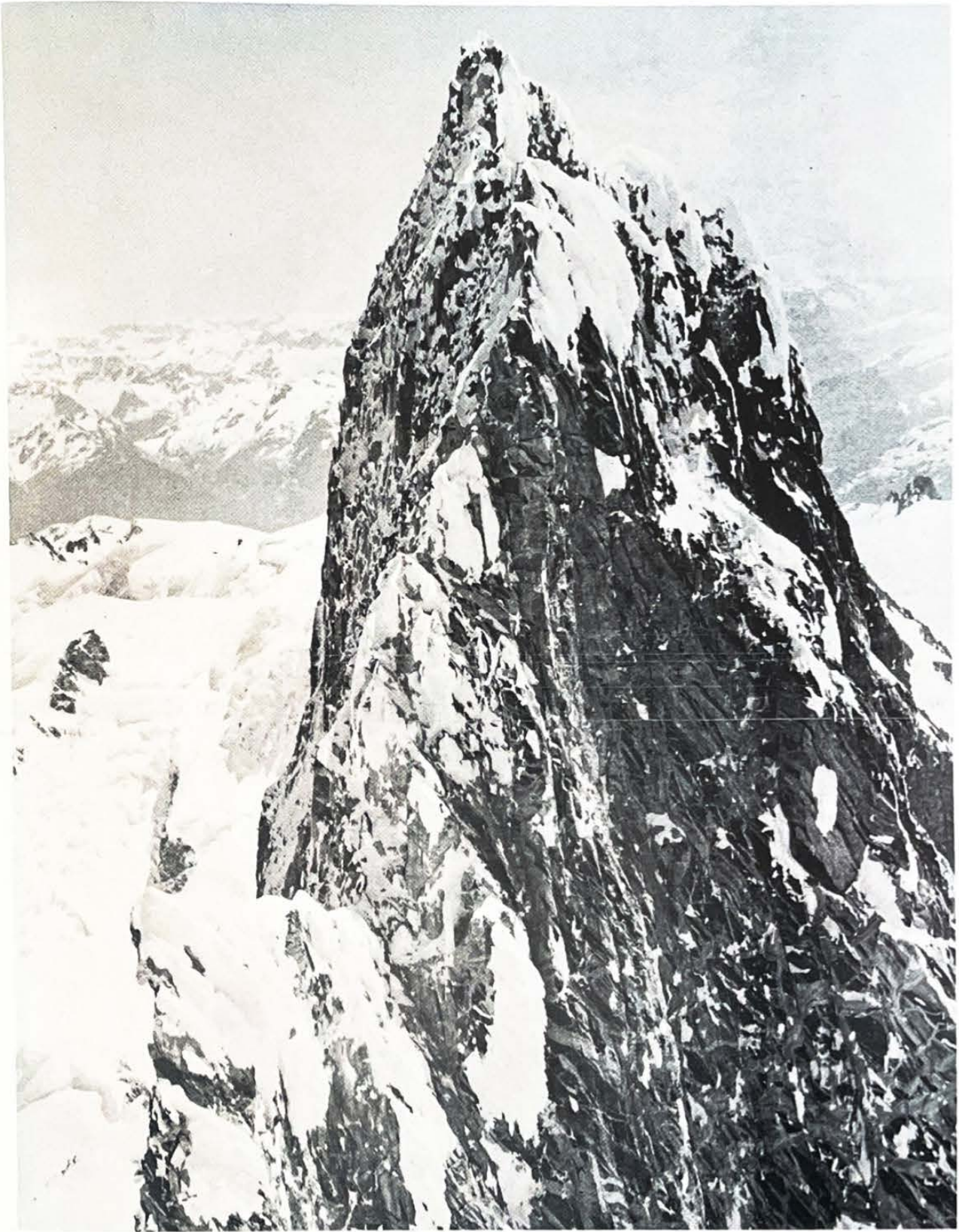
Despite stormy skies, our Dean River beaver arrived at 5:45 A.M. the next morning. Our plan was to first make an air drop near our base camp on the Tiedemann at 6,000 ft. (1,830 m) and at Bravo Col, just below 10,000 feet (3,000 m). Our second air drop site however, proved too ambitious, and in fact, we were lucky to get our base camp drop as poor weather forced us to drop boxes from as high as 800 ft. (244 m) above the glacier. By the way, we proved it is possible to drop eggs from 800 ft. - if a 40% success rate is tolerable.

Fortunately, the weather cleared sufficiently to allow us to land our float plane at Tellot Lake. From there, it was one long day up over Nabob Pass and up the Tiedemann Glacier to our base camp at the bottom of Rainy Knob and the Bravo Glacier. If the clouds had not cleared sufficiently, we would have been forced to land at Ghost Lake and our ensuing walk would have lasted two days.

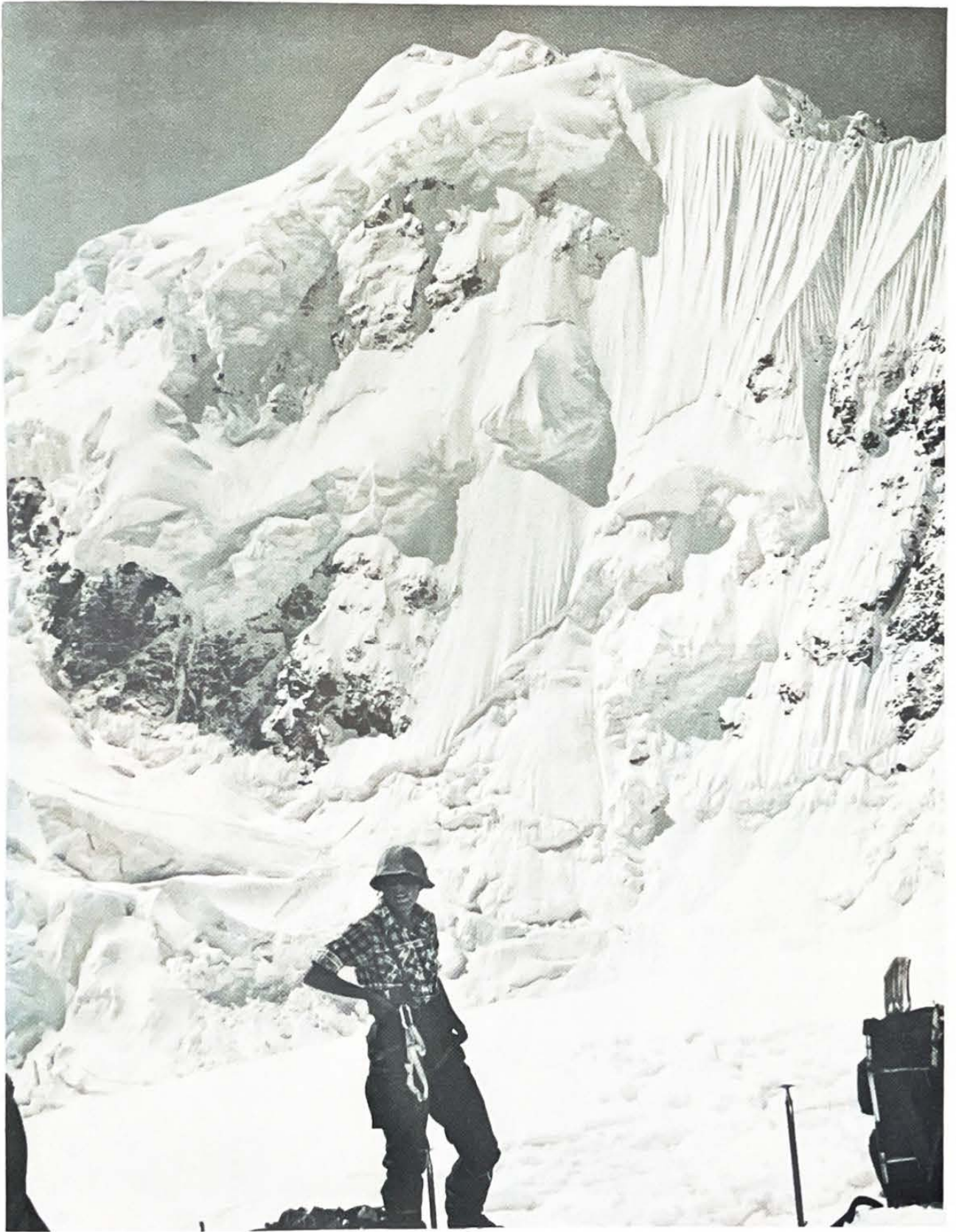
After a day of organization and a trip up the lower Bravo transporting supplies, we were ready to tackle the entire Bravo Glacier on Day 3. We had hoped to reach Bravo Col by nightfall as many expeditions in the past had found the Bravo nothing more than a long steep snowslog. But not this year! It would seem the crevasse, route-finding problems on the Bravo are getting worse every year. Heavy deep snow slogging, all but impossible route-finding, falling seracs, and terrible sugary snow conditions on the ridge leading out of the Bravo made too much for one day. At 8:00 P.M. we retreated from the ridge at a point very much near where Graeme Nourse fell to his death in 1974. The poor conditions on the ridge led us to try another route the following day. We were able to find a way off the ridge and over to the headwall of the Bravo. After an hour of digging through the last 20 ft. of sugary snow on the headwall, we were able to negotiate a route to the Bravo Col easily. Day 5 brought white-outs and a day of rest.

Happily, the following day brought better weather and we were off for our camp 3 just below 12,000 ft. (3,650 m). Here we dug our tents in under overhanging ice blocks to seek refuge from the never-ending winds.

Finally - an assault on the main summit tower! Day 7 started at 3:00 A.M. with a beautiful morning. Our climb at 4:45 A.M. at the base of the Tooth. Progress was slow as the recent weeks' poor weather had left a large dump of sugary snow. The Tooth traverse, under good conditions, would be a stiff class 4, but today it was a definite class 5.



*"THE SUMMIT PYRAMID of MOUNT WADDINGTON"
from the North West Peak.*



"WADDINGTON GROUP" North Peak of Mount Munday.



"MOUNT WADDINGTON" looking west.

“NORTH WEST PEAK”



Mid-morning we arrived at the base of the chimney. Much to our chagrin, one side of the chimney was coated with a layer of ice too thin to crampon on, and too hard to break through to the underlying rock. Today was also probably the first day the peak had thawed for weeks and as a result, the chimney was an avalanche chute, constantly being bombarded by falling ice. Slowly we started up the chimney over the three chockstones out onto the platform and eventually up the top snowfield. At 5:00 P.M. Doug and I were on top (and a remarkably small point the top is!) amidst the cheers of our four comrades at the bottom. We quickly changed places with Tom and Geoff and then headed down. After 7 long and difficult rappels, we were down and arriving back at camp at 10:45 P.M.

Day 8 brought a reversal of roles as we headed off for the Northwest peak of Waddington and our four compatriots attempted the main summit tower. With a trail broken through the sugary snow, Phil and Peter were able to reach the main peak by early afternoon, the same time we were on top of the Northwest Peak. However, it was 6:00 P.M. before all four were on the summit and we knew that they would be very late getting back.

The next morning came with no second party in sight so off we went to the base of the main summit tower and the site of the last rappel. Fortunately, we found the party just completing their last two rappels minus two thirds of one climbing rope. The other two thirds of their second rope had been cut after becoming caught half-way down the main chimney. Phil, Peter, Maxine and Sig had spent an uncomfortable night perched on the notch between the Tooth and the chimney.

Later that day, we headed down to our Bravo Col camp and the next morning we made an enjoyable ice climb up Spearman 11,000 ft. (3,350m). From here we headed down to the top of the Bravo Glacier headwall, arriving around noon. The hot day's sun, however, made the headwall very dangerous and consequently, we elected to wait until after 5:00 P.M. before starting down. The balance of our trip down the Bravo was also difficult as snow bridges had caved in and the snow remained soft and wet well into the night. It was close to midnight when we finally staggered into our base camp.

The balance of the trip was tame by comparison as two bad-weather days limited our climbs to the steep hike up to the B.C.M.C. Plummer Hut and Claw Peak 9,200 ft. (2,805m). Our departure was by helicopter with the Alpine Club who were holding a one week summer camp on the upper Tellot Glacier.

We brought many wonderful memories back from Waddington and thousands of pictures. Inspired by Sig's example of two cameras - one for colour and one for black and white, and 35 roles of film, we all made a concentrated effort to capture our trip in pictures.

As in most successful expeditions, a great deal of the credit goes to the tremendous teamwork and spirit of the members. My thanks to Peter Benson, Doug Herchmer, Phil Kubik, Geoff Mumford, Tim Ryan and Maxine and Sig Werner.

David Hughes (Leader)

A man does not climb a mountain without bringing some of it away with him and leaving something of himself upon it.

Sir Martin Conway

There is much comfort in high hills, and a great easing of the heart.

Geoffrey Winthrop Young

RAMBLES AND SCRAMBLES WITHIN THE LORD RIVER WATERSHED

When it became apparent the Club summer camp was to be cancelled, it was an easy matter to increase our numbers to nine people. Five of the group might loosely be described as civil servants, while the remaining four spent sleepless nights worrying about indexed pensions. Regardless, it was a compatible group who assembled in Pemberton on the 21st of July, 1977.

After a quick supper in the local cafe, the forty mile drive up the Lillooet River was completed just at sundown. Here in the shadow of Meager Mtn., we drove the vans onto the gravel bars - ideal as a camp site and also dustfree and unobstructed for the helicopter. Equipment and food was off-loaded and stacked into one heap for the first time. Obviously it would be "nip and tuck" to cram this load plus the nine people responsible, into three flights as planned. We lit a cheery fire and pulled a cork which easily took care of the nip. The tucking could wait till morning.

Friday dawned beautifully clear with only a wisp of cloud on the highest peaks. It was indeed a go situation for the helicopter but we had yet to return our three vans to a more secure location. The possibility of vandalism and the certainty of rising water during our absence made this mandatory. Arrangements had been made with the caretaker of the Outdoor School, twenty miles down valley, to keep an eye on the vehicles and also to use his property as a rendezvous point with the pilot. Simple though the plan was, we had stupidly allowed insufficient time for its execution. Twenty miles in thirty minutes on a freeway, is no problem at all, but we were to find a similar mileage on active logging roads quite a different matter.

As might well be expected and only shortly after leaving the river camp, Murphy's Law took over the situation. We were travelling in a cloud of dust - straight into the rising sun. Ahead were even larger clouds of dust and imbedded in each of these storms was a logging truck. Anxiety reached an explosive level when we encountered a mechanical monstrosity mounted on the chassis of a Sherman tank. Mounted beside this beast was a half loaded logging truck, neither of which was about to move for us. We were about to confront the operators with our official "letter of permission" when the double bladed axe was spotted in the hands of the biggest man. Discretion took over, debris flew in all directions, and a path just wide enough for our caravan to squeeze by was the outcome. Speed was resumed until the next approaching vehicle was met up with. This was a company ambulance and an excellent reminder to take it easy. The rendezvous point was reached, where the pilot waited with machine shut down. We were greeted with a - "What held you guys up"?

What a relief to sit in the aircraft and let someone else do the driving. In minutes we were back to the river camp, overflying the palls of dust and of course, the man with the double bladed axe. As the pilot concentrated on his landing, our eyes focussed on the fuel gauges. My God, he has enough fuel in the tanks to fly to the moon, something we had not contracted for nor was it apt to enhance the lifting capability of the helicopter. Remembering the heap of equipment, anxiety levels were rising again. At six dollars per minute a fourth shuttle was not something to relish. Even the civil servants showed concern. (This type of operation is usually carried out with minimal fuel aboard. The pilot then adds additional fuel from barrels on each shuttle. This method reduces the overall weight and improves performance. In fairness to the pilot, the system involves certain hazards.)

Unlike the man on the flying trapeze, who supposedly flew with the greatest of ease...our man earned his pay while coaxing his machine to the 9,000 ft. level. A sweaty situation, with the torque metre at times reaching the red line. His navigation across the vast icefield was quite good but once he had trimmed the ship for level flight, indications were he would happily fly on forever. As the Lord Glacier slipped past beneath, it was time to inform our captain he was over-shooting the target. A brief discussion as to who was doing the navigating followed this intrusion and then a quick turn to correct the error. In moments we were gliding down over the glacier where the Club ski party had dug their caves in 1973. A couple of broad spirals and the aircraft came to rest on a small meadow, putting to flight a deer which had been grazing on the very spot.



Northern extremity of the Bridge-Lillooet Ice Cap. Prominent peaks in background are - left to right: Mt. Altrust, Spyglass Peak, Mt. Monmouth and Fluted Peak.



*"LORD GLACIER". Helicopter landing area to right of tarn.
Base Camp at foot of timber -*

In moments the magic carpet was gone, heading back to pick up our companions. The silence was overwhelming as we stood alone, each with his or her own thoughts and each suffering shock from such rapid transition. With an hour to spare while awaiting the next flight, the initial group had ample time to assess the surroundings. We had landed beside a beautiful alpine tarn perhaps two hundred and fifty meters in length. The early morning sunshine was glittering from the little wavelets which were being tormented by conflicting breezes, first from the Lord and then from the Frank Smith Glaciers. On the far shore, a resident family of spotted sandpipers was restlessly searching out a meal. Around the margin of the lake and on adjacent benches, nature was struggling to rehabilitate the area which had emerged only recently from the ice-age. Delicate groupings of flowers and a few pine seedlings were competing for a foothold - never in profusion yet beautifully arranged where ever nourishment was available. As a backdrop and added bonus, a ring of peaks, mostly clad with ice and reaching to nearly 10,000 ft., extended their challenge.

We could camp right here but not a stick of firewood could be found and under adverse weather the wind might be violent. This factor prompted us to search for a more sheltered location as our stay was to be a long one. We wandered to the north over numerous well rounded and gentle moraines. A fat marmot recognized us as intruders and whistled a warning to his community. In minutes the perfect site was found. A chattering brook, complete with stepping stones, and bordered with flowers of every colour and description babbled its way through the final moraine. Above the far bank was a bench, flat as a table and as long as a football field but somewhat narrower. Strategic in their placement, a number of alpine firs offered both shade and shelter exactly where needed. A few steps beyond, an ancient moraine, belonging to a different time period was hosting a small forest of albacaulis pine. These were quite large - some with butt diameters of twenty-four inches. Firewood was in abundance and would lessen the demand put on our gasoline supply. A pair of robins ignored us but the local colony of nutcrackers tended to be more aloof. On an old snag, a large flock of Bohemian waxwings carried on their business of fly catching. Truly a wonderful place!

Our comrades soon joined us and the helicopter droned away for what we thought to be the last time. (So we thought - but events were to prove differently). The afternoon was spent in putting together a functional camp and in transporting perishable items over to the Smith Glacier - a huge but rather inconvenient refrigerator.

On Sat., July 24th our camp work was completed and the entire group scrambled to the top of Transition Ridge as a shakedown and orientation trip. Here at 8,700 ft. we could sort out and enjoy our surroundings. The heat was oppressive as it was during much of our stay in the region. Little did we know the ridge now being used as a view-point, had been pre-empted by other "mountaineers" whom one of us would meet at a later date. We planned some of our future activity from this vantage point, unaware of problems created in the past dry winter in relation to glacier travel.

On the 24th, the entire party tramped up through the ablation zone of the Frank Smith Glacier under clear skies. Our intention was to climb both peaks located west of the point where the Smith bends sharply to the south. Failing to consult the newly published map, these peaks were dubbed as "Romeo" and "Juliet". The liberation movement flared up and also a friendly argument as to which peak was to be "Juliet". Anatomical structure governed the decision and the lady retains her name. Several hours later, as we sat on this summit which showed no sign of any previous visitors, it was decided to consult the map. Poor old "Romeo"! Thou art not on our chart! Could it be that you are Mt. Fowler and that you were trodden upon by the ski party back in '73? A brief visit confirmed the claim of the previous party. Homeward bound, an inspection of the lovely but treeless valley leading to Mt. Sovereign was part of the itinerary.

July 25th we split into two groups with Mike, Manfred and Wayne completing an ascent of Transition Pk. via the north face. The rest of the party crossed over the Smith Glacier with the intent of marking the position of the snout as we saw it in 1977. The marginal moraine on the (true) right of this glacier is nasty, muddy and unpleasant. We were however able to find some bed-

rock adjacent to the snout and construct two cairns aligned at 355 degrees magnetic. Enthused with our contribution to science, we continued down valley, hoping to mark the nearby Lord Glacier in like manner. Grizzly tracks created a distraction, and some concern, until we noted he had forded the wild and turbid stream which drains the Smith. Trying to duplicate the feat of the great bear, one member attempted a crossing but was soon to learn this unmapped stream can't be forded by a mere biped in summer. Continuing onward, we encountered the sheared and badly fractured wall of ice which forms a small part of the Lord Glacier snout. With this obstacle in front and the wild stream at our left, further progress was impossible. From our position the true snout could not be determined. These same problems were to deny us access to a large and rather attractive climbing area.

Tuesday, the 26th, the entire party started out for Mt. Porter, using the same route as yesterday to a point near the grizzly tracks. At this point we turned southward. Making use of a moat between the Lord Glacier on the left and an insubstantial rockwall on the right, altitude was quickly gained. But not without risk! Huge, poorly supported boulders were lying everywhere and needed nothing more than a sneeze to set them in motion. At about 7,500 ft. we were able for the first time to make use of the glacier and happily roped up, thinking that most troubles were behind. It was not to be as crevasses of all shapes and sizes impeded progress. Then came the grand-daddy of them all, forming a near bottomless trough and stretching right across the glacier. At the narrowest point it could be jumped by stout hearted men (and women) but we had only one of that dying breed in our group. As no one would follow, he had to turn around and jump back for which he was rewarded with a standing ovation. The writer, leading at this point, searched to the east. After crossing much of the glacier and where the crevasse was about thirty feet wide, a very narrow bridge about sixty feet long, stretched diagonally to the upper lip. It was this or nothing. Wayne drilled in an ice-screw, as a formality if nothing else and I started out on this cat walk. Half way across where the view is best, particularly downward, the rope tightened. I knew not whether to

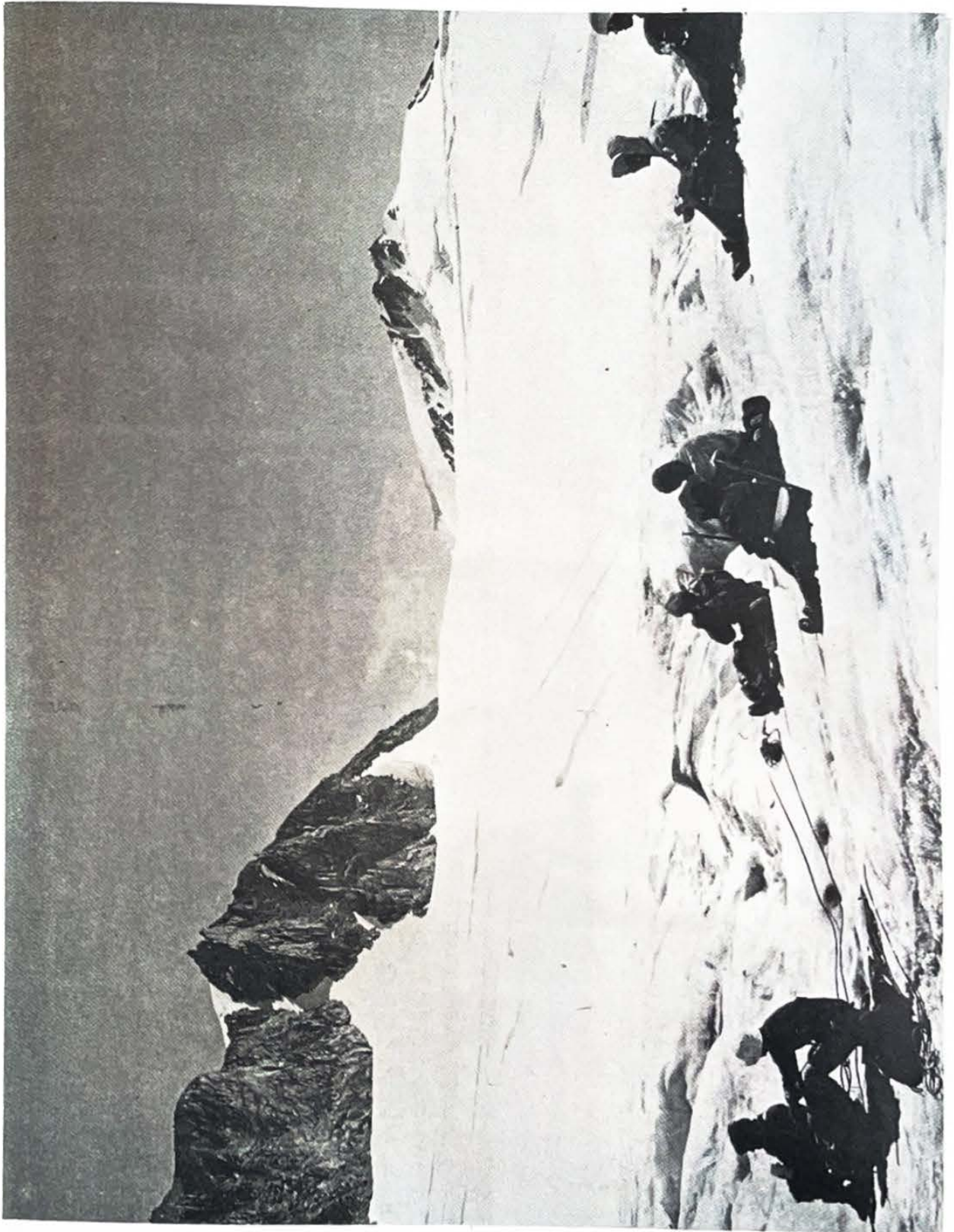
ask for more rope or a roll of toilet paper. Wayne, always quick to recognize a problem, responded with more rope, saving me from further embarrassment. We now had a sort of umbilical cord across this horrible place and the others quickly followed. Beyond, a large area of lightly bridged crevasses awaited and this was likely typical of the entire ice-cap, thanks to a most unusual winter. Well above 9,000 ft. the last unsuspecting foot plunged into an unsuspected hole.

Southward a bare, rock-strewn ridge led to the cairn built by the "detestable" skiers. Somewhere between the skiers and our visit, one American party had snuck in. The skies were clear and our view limited only by the horizon. Cowardly, we elected to return to camp via the Frank Smith Glacier rather than face the "toilet roll passage" and the nasty boulders which were no doubt girding for our return. This optional route is safer but does have a few surprises above the ablation zone. Of interest to the naturalists would be our chance finding of a Greater Yellow Legs. This bird, usually found in coastal tidal pools had met death in this lonely area of ice, perhaps in the spring migration. To have reached this point, it would have to overfly the desolate ice-cap.

Using the weather as an excuse, the next three days were spent in local exploration and on one of these we ambled down valley to a point where the Lord River plunges below timberline on its hectic journey to the Taseko Lakes. The lower valley looks formidably, bushy and in no way an attractive approach for mountaineering parties.

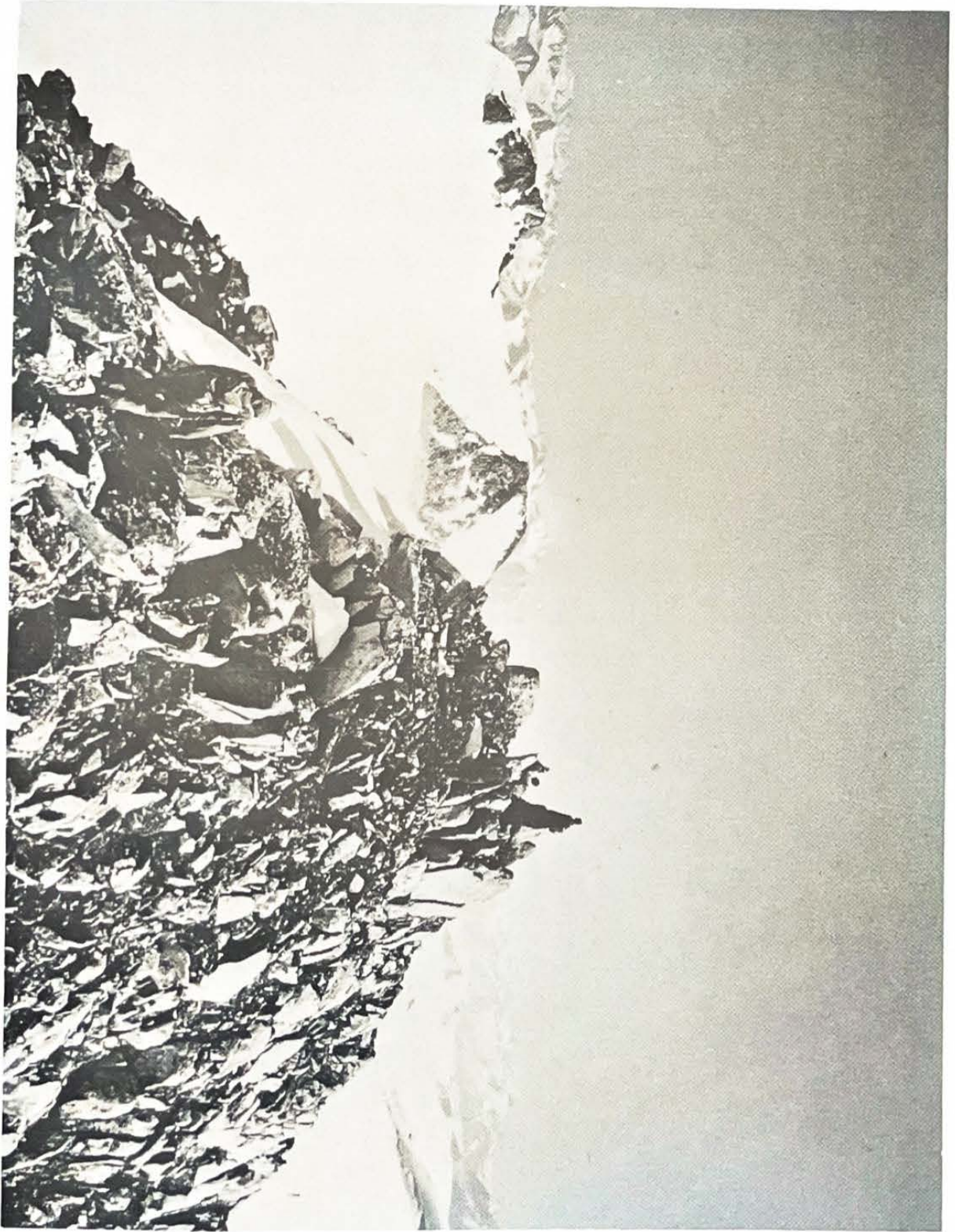
Grizzly tracks were again in evidence and it was quite easy for the writer to superimpose his size ten climbing boot tracks (left and right together) into a single imprint left by this beast. Showing unusual courage, we turned about and returned to camp, intending to hoist the food supplies even higher into the trees.

Dissolving clouds on Saturday, July 30th, left little justification to remain in camp. We donned crampons and again trudged up the Smith Glacier with Mt. Sovereign as an objective. After an hour or more on the ice, it was a pleasure to take off the spikes and enter the heather and tundra covered valley leading toward Edmond Ck. This route was followed to the pass below Mt. Sovereign in which several attractive lakes of unusual formation sit astride the ridge. We turned northward up moderate snow and then steeper snow leading to rock. Weather and initiative rapidly deteriorated, not neces-



Breakfast on the upper Lord Glacier.

Looking south - east from summit of Mount Porter 9,550 ft.



sarily in that order. At 9,300 ft., in dense fog, the attempt was abandoned and perhaps because it was getting near time for tea, a retreat was made to the valley. Just why a tea bag should prevent bagging a peak is hard to explain.

August 1st saw the return of fine weather. We were away from camp early and in a new direction with the hope of climbing Mt. Heaney or Mt. Taylor or perhaps both. Climbing steeply from camp to the 6,500 ft. level, the route then contoured the easterly end of Transition Ridge. At 9:30 A.M. and in spite of an interesting traverse with many fine views, Mary and Joyce opted out in favor of swimming in the tarns much higher on the ridge. Farewells were exchanged. Dead ahead was Mt. Heaney but between was a considerable gap to the snout of an unnamed glacier. The rock was black and the place had an ugly, sinister appearance to it. Not too willingly, the party descended into this pocket valley and were soon faced with jumping the braided stream draining the glacier. With a mighty leap, Manfred cleared the first channel and turned around to help Jo who fell somewhat short in her attempt. One leg jammed between submerged rocks and momentum did the rest. What we had feared on so many trips was now a reality. Jo had fractured her leg!

Ill equipped to deal with this type of accident, we splinted the leg with materials available and carried her off the little island that would soon be inundated by rising water. The time was 10:00 A.M. and we were at least 80 kilometers from our cars! Decisions were called for and executed as quickly as conditions would permit. Mike dashed up Transition Ridge, a climb of over 2,000 ft., to find our doctor but Joyce could not be located. Manfred and Wayne remained with Jo who had been made as comfortable as possible while Frank, Andy and Art traversed back to camp. The plan was to crank up the emergency radio and should that fail we would return to the accident scene with full camping gear and medical supplies.

While Frank assembled gear, Andy and I singled out trees as antenna towers and strung out the radio aerial, aligning it for transmission to Pr. George or so we thought. By 12:30 we were ready to transmit and turned on the radio with a prayer. After much fine tuning we could hear Okanagan's Pr. George operator but they seemed unable to read us. After many garbled transmissions, a weak and far away voice broke in....."Station calling Pr. George - say again your location". Considerable garble followed this transmission and then the words....."Understand emergency L.O.R.D. River - helicopter on way ... Williams Lake".

We dashed down to our landing pad, expecting a strange pilot who would have trouble locating us. A smudge was started and a large red fly laid out to make our position more conspicuous. Meanwhile Mike rejoined us after his unsuccessful search for Joyce. We sat straining our eyes in the direction of Williams Lake and each in turn swore he could hear the helicopter coming as it eventually did but from the opposite direction. The chopper had come from Alta Lake and was now gliding down over the Lord Glacier with siren wailing like a common street ambulance.

Back at the accident scene the people had no idea what was going on. High up on the ridge, Joyce and Mary were enjoying their swim and naturally had nothing on! Mike jumped aboard the aircraft and guided the pilot to the swimming hole 2,000' above us. Again the siren was turned on even if the girls were not. A mad scramble for clothes and professional help was on the way to Jo. At 2:20 P.M. we saw the helicopter climb into the sky and start the long journey to Squamish. How very different events might have been but for the kindness of Dick Chambers who provided us with the radio.

One of the closer and more attractive peaks, as seen from our campsite, lay across the Smith Glacier. We had been saving this one for an easy day and Aug. 3rd was so designated. Six of us tramped over the icefield to the long steepish snow gully on the north side of our objective. The gully went well and above only a large snowfield remained between us and the summit ridge. Manfred sped ahead and attempted to deceive us with his hastily built cairn that we were again second best. The freshly turned rocks were a give away. It has been suggested this unnamed peak be known as Mount Hutton as a memorial to the late Joseph Hutton who was among the first to

explore the adjacent Falls River area. After a pleasant hour on the summit, the party split - four ridge hopping southward to another peak and two returning to camp.

The following day was the warmest yet and we retired to the local swimming hole - all that is except Mike who set out alone to make use of his movie camera in the Transition Pk. area. Mention was made earlier of other 'mountaineers' in this region and today Mike was to make their acquaintance. Visibly shaken by the experience, he returned to camp and related his story - "It had been a good day and I even managed to climb a couple of 9,000 footers south of Transition Pk. I glistaded down from the final peak and entered the high, barren plateau leading back to camp. Suddenly, I realized I was not alone. In front of me was a bear, taller than a man as it stood on hind feet, perhaps to impress me. Indeed, I was suitably impressed and immediately reversed my direction. Looking over my shoulder, I could see the brute coming after me, so I broke into a trot. After a few yards of this nonsense, I chanced another look to see if any ground was being gained by either of us. To my surprise and horror, a second bear of equal size had joined in the pursuit, which forced me into a run. Tiring of this unequal contest, I looked around again and this is when I thought my end had come! A third bear, larger than any I had previously seen, even in a zoo, was rapidly overtaking all three of us. And then what to me was a miracle the huge beast cuffed and woofed at the two lesser animals and the pursuit fizzled out. Needless to say, and in spite of events, I spilled off a thousand feet of elevation as fast as possible and took sanctuary in the crevasses of the Smith Glacier."

This was to be Mike's last outing and several of us joined him in guarding the camp on our final day, August 5th. While we hoisted the food supply still higher into the trees, Manfred, Joyce and Wayne completed a long and successful trip to Mt. Mills. Those in camp were able to watch the climbers from time to time with the aid of binoculars. Their route took them over much of the ground covered in the ascent of Mt. Hutton and eventually southward 'to the neve' beyond Mt. Porter. We continued to watch as they got themselves fouled up with a schrund, well above 9,000 ft. A considerable backtrack, coupled with a new approach, and the summit was theirs.

The next day, the helicopter returned, six hours late due to fire in the Pemberton forest area. This ended seventeen memorable days, not all of which were energetically spent, but each will surely linger in our minds.

Participants: Jo Carney, Joyce Davies, Mary Harper, Andrew Carson, Frank Foster,
Manfred Putz, Mike Strudwick, Wayne Saunders and Art Dellow (reporter)

MT. UNNECESSARY 4900' (from Cypress Bowl)

AUGUST 20th, 1977

Due to a lengthy bout with the gout (!) I was unable to do the recce for the scheduled trip to Silver Daisy Mtn. Instead--God alone knows what made me do it--I selected the West Lion from Cypress Bowl--I mean you couldn't really pick a worse place to go or a worse route to get there. Ross Montgomery, completely taken in by my wild and exaggerated stories about the wonders of the route, foolishly offered to go with me on a recce the day before the trip...now we're not speaking any more:

Recce day was another of those unpleasant, hot and muggy days when the only thing to do is to stay home and drink beer. We only went as far as Unnecessary Mtn. (now there's an appropriate name!) and then gave up. We decided to do the same thing the next day since we deemed it very unlikely that we could persuade anyone to go any further.

The Soporific Coast Trail, which for some unknown reason, is planned to go as far as Squamish (--I mean Squamish for God's sake! What the hell is there in Squamish?) has been completed as far as the meadows north of Strachan by a bunch of U.B.C. students on a Provincial make-work program. From there to Unnecessary it is marked with millions of red, blue, green, yellow and purple tapes until it seems that every bush, tree, and blade of grass is covered with the things...and if you should manage to get lost somehow, just follow the trail of gum-wrappers, orange peels and soft drink cans...aaah! --Wilderness! the route follows a very indistinct ridge to the first bump at 4400' then it is up-down, up-down, up-down, until you darn near go crazy. Eventually it breaks out into a horrible bunch of slide alder full of poisonous snakes, bears, escaped convicts...aah to hell with it! I don't even like to think about it.

Seven of us met at the Cypress Bowl Parking Lot, and it was certainly a sullen, cheerless crowd at that. I saw several cars approach, stop at a small distance from us, and then reversing suddenly, turn around and speed away. I wish I had had the sense to do the same. After a lot of grumbling and muttering we managed to get the group going about 9:30 A.M. and we set off following the trail of banana peels and paper bags leading around the base of Mt. Strachan. Well, what is there to say about it? It was awful, dreadful, horrible, and boring--and those were the good parts! Dick, Bob and Chris (the idiots) elected to slog up to the top of Unnecessary; Jim, Earl and Ross went as far as the second bump and quit. I, using the excuse of "yesterday's blisters", gave up at the first bump...at least I didn't have to put up with the looks of hatred, and the muttered comments of 'stupid idiotic idea', etc. Eventually, with tempers frayed and nerves rubbed raw, the miserable group re-assembled at the parking lot by 7:00 P.M. By the look on some of the faces, several fights must have broken out during the course of the day, and in fact, several heated arguments occurred right in the parking lot itself. Everyone simply got into their cars and, without a word to me, left for the nearest pub.

What can I say about the trip? It was a stupid idea to begin with, and it didn't get any better as the miserable day wore on. It is an awful, boring, dirty, dangerous route to nowhere...muddy, rocky, brushy, mushy, aaarrgh! I developed malaria whilst sitting around at the first bump and you will too if you are fool enough to go there. My advice is to stay home or else go somewhere else. Leavy Unnecessary Mtn. to the snakes, mosquitoes, escaped maniacs and Tiger Jim.

The survivors - "Les Miserables" - Christine McMillan, Bob Doull, Earl Chambers, Dick Morris, Ross Montgomery (who used to be my friend), Jim Mawhinney, and last, your miserable servant, Peter (Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa) Goy (L).

Note: I have not mentioned the casualties that occurred on this awful trip. We lost someone in a patch of quicksand. I didn't get her name and there wasn't anything left to identify her... nobody we knew anyway. Two unidentified members of the North Shore Hackers were attacked by bears - I think they were Grizzlies - and were not seen again. I didn't know them either. Lastly, and sadly, it was a member, old Fred Smith was severely injured when run over by a group of trail bikers. We managed to flag down a helicopter which was passing overhead, but altho' the pilot was very sympathetic, he was ferrying supplies for a seven course formal dinner (Black Tie and Boots) for the North Shore Mountain Rescue Group being held on top of the East Lion, and he was behind schedule, had to leave. Luckily, just at that moment a group of American Tourists slogged up through the fever-infested swampy mud and we were able to borrow their guns. We managed to put old Fred out of his misery with about 25 rounds of small arms fire. A good effort on the part of the club members, many of whom had not previously handled guns of any type. (In fairness, I must state that the Yanks did offer to do the job, but we felt that we ought to do it since Fred was a long time member... I mean what else are friends for?).

MAN'S BEST FRIEND IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Having been suitably flattered and given a free choice of subject, I take this opportunity of dispensing some random thoughts on a neglected aspect of mountain climbing, i.e. the place of dogs in mountaineering. And as my first digression (there will be others) I must say that I use the term "mountaineering" rather loosely. For example my most recent climb was with my five-year-old granddaughter and we reached an altitude of over 1300 feet (385 meters according to Trudeau). When I confess that our mountain was just outside Kamloops which has an altitude of 1159 feet you will appreciate what I mean by "using the term rather loosely".

The most widely publicized mountain dogs are, of course, the St. Bernards who roam the Alps peddling brandy. There are many fancy ways of packaging booze, as a visit to one of Bennet's Dairies will disclose, but this one must be the most extravagant. However, I understand that brandy-drinkers are able to return empties to the distillery in half-dozen lots and have only themselves to blame if they are burdened with an accumulation of St. Bernards.

The dogs that I want to talk about were just ordinary dogs with the standard set of built-in reactions and fixations which they use instead of brains, like labor bosses. You see, a dog does not have freedom of choice like a human, except in small details. For example, a dog will always follow a familiar trail to get to his destination, while I, being human, climb the Squamish Chief either straight up from the road or around by the back, depending on how I feel. So far I have always felt like climbing it around by the back, but I still have a choice.

Coming back down a trailless mountain my dog used to lead the way, meticulously following our upward route. But whenever I spied a short cut not visible from below and left the original route, he would stop, gaze reproachfully at me for a moment and follow behind, muttering. As soon as we regained the old route he would take the lead once more. This proves... whatever it was.

Dropping back another generation (mind the step!), I used to go up Grouse Mountain with my sister and her dogs. She had two of them. One looked like a bear with a plumed tail, called "Chum". (No. The tail was not called "Chum". That was the dog's name. The tail was called "Mervin".) The other was called "Ginger", and appeared to be standing submerged to his knees. When he stood on a sidewalk, people would hesitate to use it until they had tested to see if the concrete had set. In those days one could get a permit to take dogs on a streetcar, which we did. We always went right up to the front as far as the partition which guarded the privacy of the motorman. This was so the short-legged dog could be sick unobserved by the conductor who plied his trade in the steerage.

We would embark on the North Vancouver Ferry at the foot of Abbot Street and twenty minutes later ride up Lonsdale to Rockland Avenue on one of the egregious streetcars. (The North Vancouver streetcars were left over from a previous age. See Captain Vancouver's Diary, p.361.)

We used to clamber upon the worn outcrops of Grouse and Dam Mountains until one day good old Chum pushed me over a cliff. There wasn't room for us both and he had the inside track. I can still remember the beautiful symmetry of a young fir as seen from above in mid air. I landed stern first and hurt only my dignity. But I learned something - on steep rock, man's best friend should be a pen pal.

Our expeditions came to an end on that dreadful Sunday when Chum was disrespectful to a skunk who lived on Dome Mountain. It was one of the spotted kind (*Spilogale gracilis latrifons* by name) and it did its own thing with the utmost accuracy. So we had to walk all the way to the ferry. We lurked nearby until it was about to take off, then charged through the turnstile, flung our tickets at the man and leaped aboard just before the drawbridge went up. We had a large section of the deck to ourselves during the crossing. It was a long, long trail a-winding from the ferry dock to our home in the West End. About half way, I deeply offended my sister by asking "What are we taking him home for, anyway?"

Before we leave that canine version of Laurel and Hardy let me add one more thing. We used to come home quite weary, practically carrying a duo of dog-tired dogs; but sometimes my father would volunteer to go to the corner store for some ingredients needed in our supper. Calling "Come on, dogs. Let's go for a walk", he would stride off with the same two dogs barking, prancing and cavorting around him.

There are many ways in which a dog can be a nuisance if not a menace. Years after Chum and Ginger had folded up their act, my family and I went hiking in Manning Park on the Three Brothers trail, taking along our dog, "Lucky". He was a gentle, well-mannered semi-spaniel with the courage of a nervous rabbit, but on the way up the zigzag scrape that served as a road to Blackwall he suddenly charged off the trail downhill into a mess of bleached logs. We had to go fetch him and found him roaring bloody murder at the lashing tail of a half-grown porcupine which had its head under a log. We dragged Lucky away and ripped out a bouquet of quills from his muzzle. A difficult and unpleasant job. Later, on our way back we led him carefully past the battlefield before releasing him on a lower zig (or zag). So he charged uphill roaring and chased the same porcupine under the same log with the same results.

Lucky would have liked to be a hero. He firmly believed that he had once frightened away a bear. Actually he did not get into the act until the bear was in full retreat. But let us not sneer. We elect men to govern our country who make the same sort of claims.

My last trip involving a canine companion was with two friends who were called Harry and Bill. Harry had made a pack to be worn by his dog. "Let him carry his own food," said Harry. "Like hell I will," said the dog (to himself). So on the first day our four-legged helper lagged behind for a while, did his Houdini trick out of sight and reappeared unburdened and full of chutzpah. He seemed to expect us to share his delight. We never found his pack. Maybe he buried it.

That evening he ate our supper. Lacking a table, Bill, who was cooking, had yelled "Come and get it" and poured out the stew into three dishes set on the ground. As we were washing in the creek, we could not hear above the water noise, so he came over to tell us. By the time we got back to the fire, his dog was licking the last dish and wondering what was for dessert. Plates on the floor are for dogs, aren't they?

Next day we had to toil up a long narrow gully that functioned as a gravel chute. The dog had a lovely time leading the way, unresponsive to Harry's calls and whistling. He kept out of sight most of the time but we knew where he was. He was where all the bouncing rocks were coming from. When we reached the headwall of the gully, there was the dog, rested and glad to see us, his hearing miraculously restored.

As we clambered on the rock below the crest of the ridge, our four-footed friend decided to show us how agile and clever he was. He would scramble up impossible places than come skidding down headfirst almost into our laps to see how we were getting along. He liked to trot along the lower edge of a tilted slab enjoying the view. Like most show-offs he had no idea how unpopular he was and doubtless overestimated our concern for his safety.

Of course he finally got stuck in a nasty sloping little niche and had to be rescued. So while Harry tried to soothe the brute from a nearby foothold, Bill and I climbed around and up to a good belay and Bill lowered himself on our rope to rescue the whining animal. Just as he got within arm's length, the dog sprang wildly away, landing on his loving owner who was barely able to grab a handhold and avoid a bad fall. The dog then proceeded nimbly to the crest, while Harry recovered.

Well, in due course and after a bit of snow-walking we reached our peak and were happy to find it cairnless. We built a fine cairn as a monument to us. As we stood back to admire our work, the dog went and peed on it.

Bill said, "He didn't have to do that. We already got the message."

I will conclude this rambling effort by stating the obvious. The place of dogs in mountaineering is somewhere else. Let them be limited to digging out skiers and hustling brandy. Especially the latter. There are plenty of skiers, but good brandy is hard to get. R. A. Pilkington.

ANNUAL REPORT - 1977
RECREATION & CONSERVATION COMMITTEE

There were 6 meetings in 1977; average attendance was 18, including 2 from Government Agencies and 1 from industry. 10 different member groups had persons present.

Topics considered were as diverse as: The Stein River Valley; Cascade Wilderness (Manning Park Extension) Proposal; Skagit; McGillivray Pass; Schoen Lake; Cypress Park snowmobiling; Golden Ears, Garibaldi, and Sapper Parks; West Coast Trail; Spatsizi; Koeve River; Pearse Royal Commission; ORC Trail Marking Project; folio planning; historic trails.

Matters are referred to the Committee by the Delegates' Meeting (e.g., consideration of the FMCBC's endorsing a brief), or may originate with the Committee or an individual. (Any decisions involving FMCBC policy are not made by the Committee; recommendations are passed to the Delegates' Meeting for action.)

Functions of the Committee are: (1) to provide a forum for discussion of issues, sharing of information, expression of concerns, and the study and direction of subcommittee or other briefs or projects; (2) to further our awareness of certain technical matters such as Government and industry planning and other activities; (3) to provide Government and industry with greater awareness of the range of opinions of our member groups. It should be emphasized, however, that these ideas--often varied--do not constitute official FMCBC policy which can only be established through the Delegates' Meetings and referral to member groups.

Activities of the Outdoor Recreation Council of B.C. (ORC) are often discussed, but this Committee is not, and cannot be, the same as a regional ORC committee. It is not limited to the Lower Mainland, and our Federation is made up of non-motorized, non-horseback users of the mountains. (ORC is a mechanism for coordination of diverse and sometimes conflicting provincial user groups, with regional committees being set up recently.)

Member groups or individuals should feel free to suggest consideration by the Committee of proposals or problems, whether local, regional, or Provincial.

The largest "project" this year has been the continuing activity in the Save the Stein Coalition. Participation in the Trail Building Workshop run jointly with ORC and the Parks Branch in June was very successful.

Subcommittees are appointed from time to time. The Historic Trails Subcommittee with Tom Nichols as Chairman, is not presently active, but can consider new matters arising. The only continuously active Subcommittee is Trails, whose report is below.

I want to express my deepest gratitude to June Banwell, Recording Secretary, for her unfailingly dependable efforts, without which the Committee's activities would be greatly reduced in effectiveness. I also wish to thank the Government representatives (particularly Mel Turner of the Parks Branch and Doug Herchmer of the BC Forest Service) and Pem Van Heek of M&B (representing COFI) for their frequent attendance and always helpful input.

Roger D. Freeman, Chairman

TRAIL SUBCOMMITTEE, 1977

More than a dozen member clubs and other organizations, and many individuals, were active in our trail work this past year: BCIT, BCMC, Alpine Club, Capilano College, Mennonite Education Institute, VNHS, NSH, Outsetters, Sierra Club, SFY Outdoor Club, Valley Outdoor Assn., VOC-UBC. At least 2 groups worked with Government grants: (1) A Canada Works Project for VOC members to build the first section of the Howe Sound Crest Trail (from Cypress Bowl to Strachan meadows, eventually to the Lions and beyond); and (2) work on the Canadian Hostelling Assn.'s Centennial Trail from Sumas Mtn. and along the Chilliwack River to a point 6 km. east of Greendrop Lake. Another party of students (paid by the Parks Branch) constructed nature trails near Yew Lake. There are also new nature trails in Mt. Seymour Park.

Volunteer trail work was done on Joffre Lakes Trail, McGillivray Pass, Singing Pass, Rainbow Lake, Tenquille Lake, Petgill Lake, Deeks Lake, Mt. Brunswick, Black Mtn., Elk-Thurston, Mt. Cheam Mt. Pierce, and along a trail from Manning Park towards the Ashnola River. A route along the Howe Sound Crest beyond the present construction has been partially cleared and taped.

The best marking system developed consists of squares (4x4 cm.) of orange-coloured aluminum for general use and 7.5 x 7.5 cm. for strategic locations in timbered areas; paint, cairns, and tape may still be needed for rocks and brushy areas without trees. A pilot trail signing project under ORC for about 11 trails has begun; trailhead signs are provided, as well as directional signs to the trailhead from the highway.

No trail marking system or trail maintenance program is permanent. Work must be done every season. Our stress is more on maintenance and care of existing trails than on building new ones. So if you use trails, come out and give us a hand at least once a year; and get your club or group to take on the responsibility for at least one--and let me know which.

NOTE: The Parks Branch will try to assist responsible clubs with trail clearing and maintenance, provided sufficient notice is given for tools and chain saws; contact your local personnel. We are grateful for this offer. If this is not feasible, the FMCBC will reimburse you for chain saw rental and other reasonable expenses. (For construction of new trails, you should ensure you are not contravening provisions of the Forest Act or other land management agency; contact local Government officials about this.) Reimbursement for expenses through FMCBC is via R. Freeman (263-9101), 3507 West 47th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6N 3N9.

Paul Binkert, Chairman
(263-4360)
3725 West 50th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C. V6N 3V4

"Whatever your experience of mountaineering, a slope always looks steeper from above than it does from below."
Frank Smythe.



