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Photos

Front Cover: Camp 4 on the platform on Logan, looking back to Catenary Peak (Mt. Logan via Catenary Ridge). Photo - D. Herchmer.

Inside Front Cover: Climbers on the south ridge of Joffre; Mt. Matier in centre background with Mt. Hartzell to the right (in the footsteps of Roy Mason). Photo - K. Ricker.

Inside Back Cover: McGillivray Pass (Cadwallader Range Crossover). Photo - R. Sheppard.

Back Cover: On the glacier beneath Mt. Desdemona (Howson Range). Photo - M. Feller.

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OVERLORD - SPEARHEADS

A low apogee flight among Overlord and Spearhead space; being also the discovery of a Stone Angel.

Monday: Still coming down from our trip around Fitzsimmons. The mind stalls at too rapid a descent. It's going to take a week or two yet, glide down to Spring in the valley.

Notes from the debriefing:

Sitting on a rock in a snowfield above a glacier with three companions, taking lunch from a wedge of cheese and broken biscuits. Overlord overwhelming. Cracked and crinkled carpets of ice, hanging steeply on the mountain, threaten to slide into the deep valley. Mountain flanks under assault from battalions of tree troops, milling about the base. In Singing Pass, under a cool and leaden sky, with a whiskeyjack that took crumbs from the outstretched hand of Christina. Another day, in weak sunshine we sat on our packs and looked back to our path through the Iago icefall, remembering the tension of Tim on a green rope, foraging in the windswept whiteout for a route down the swollen slope; a glimpse of this col when the storm paused; movement; blue shadows of crevasses, a dark patch of rock revealed across the way, the slope shallowed, a bench, a bump, a contour, suddenly between Fitzsimmons and Iago, looking across to Cheakamus Mountain, a whale of a mountain rising out of a frozen sea, ice cascading off its back, wind sweeping through the gap in the mountain curtain; cheese and sausage and sesame crackers from Poland: that was the divide where we crossed into the hidden land.

The Stone Angel. On the ridge between Mount Fitzsimmons and Iago. She is beautiful, plain, well-jointed, unweathered, very strong. We couldn't get up to her, lacked a rope. It didn't matter. She has a lady-in-waiting, a fine, old country woman with great sagging breasts, in a gown with a bustle that gives her dignity and the respect due her age. The Angel is young, a Madonna, moonlight, Lady Galadriel, Guinevere. I shouldn't spell it out so much; it may subdue her spell. She watched over our camp on the Diavolo Glacier, and saw us climb the steep exposed slope to get onto Iago. We gave thanks for harscheisen at the top. She saw us again at our lunch stop before we disappeared up MacBeth Glacier. And the next day she must have seen us skirt Mt. Pattison on its south flank, where we went too low, made a long, unnecessary detour which tired out Albert, and we missed a nice powder ski onto Trorey Glacier. There we lunched and then bagged Trorey and had problems getting down the SW gullies. We slunk around the corner and made camp on the col leading to Decker.

The following day she picked us up again. Four rats scurrying out of a gully, skiing in a whiteout by faith in a map, into the tree line where they skipped from tree stand to tree stand, anticipating avalanches of the wind-driven snow on the rotten base. She saw us all the way to the steep skyline ahead of us, and when we turned it and came out of her sight, the worst was over. Look, ahead were gentle baby slopes and snug snow and large secure trees in groups. Once again, when we came over the west ridge of Blackcomb, then she might have seen us, but we were too busy with yodel skiing to say our thanks, and only remembered them much later.

Tim kicking steps, driving in his iceaxe, climbing the incredibly steep direct route to Iago. He couldn't get through or over the soft cornice at the summit. 'He's nuts,' said Christina and liked him for it. I was chicken and waited at the edge of the snowfield with the girl while Albert and Tim climbed the peak along its crest. We went back to camp by glissade, bum-slide, plastic-bag toboggan and footsteps across the flat glacier.

A camp amid white and cream and dark blue mountains. A dark brown tea chest of a rock on top of Detour ridge. A monkey with a fez, asleep on the Iago ridge. A woman hanging up sheets on a blustery day on the central buttress. And Fitzsimmons gave us a boar's head,

roasted and served on a snowfield, and a lady of ill-repute, with a mole on her nose and mascara and false eyelashes. There was a goat and a seal and a tiny man with a packsack, resting. Christina found a cow, Buttercup, her head the tent ventilator, tied shut with a ribbon. Albert found another seal about to splash into the water and put our high camp under a huge eskimo carving.

We skied part of the Iago glacier. Left our packs at the top. Yodel skied about fifty wiggles each. Lots of silly grins. Plodded back up. We skied into Tremor glacier. More silly grins. Turns in deep stuff, where for just a while we floated, couldn't find the bottom, planed across the inland sloping sea. Distance deceived us. We went down the short run off to the bottom of the bowl and the slope just kept on going and going, until we just had to pause and laugh about this illusion.

We skied down from the Mt. Fitzsimmons col, firstly in long traverses and then when we could see ahead and the slope eased, we wiggled down through porridge snow to the airfield on Diavolo. That was all the skiing we did, save for some tree skiing down Blackcomb, through stiffly beaten white of egg at the top and mashed potatoes among the trees. Albert skied the most, continuing from snow patch to snow patch, across the carpet of moss, while we stepped down the wet forest floor, and wondered where we were. Lost Lake, that's where we came out. Clambering soaking wet over deadfalls, through second growth, across creeks. Alder, the healer, growing on old logging roads barred our way: and mosquitoes. We hid our packs and skis - we had returned to the world of man - and walked to Albert's cabin.

Later, after remembering how to drive a car and collecting the gear, and after a hot shower and slowly putting on dry clothes, corduroy and denim and cotton traded for wool and nylon, we took tea together. And fresh bread and butter and jams and more tea and honey. And we took our farewells. Goodbye. Nice to have shared this with you. And similar words.

We climbed Overlord, and Iago and Trorey. And Flute, since that bump has a name, where someone had left a pair of sunglasses in a case, with some dollar bills and a small stash of dope. We left them there.

We went in two days from Whistler to the Diavolo Glacier, lifted off on the first part of our journey by gondola and chair assistance. The first night on Fissile, in a wind cirque. Then a day to cross under Overlord, roped, a traverse to get to the switchback to climb steeply onto a shoulder, a high line around the throat of this blunt-headed nobleman, took him from the back. And then we crossed into that empty quarter of the park, more of the great frozen inland sea of mountain waves that march so leisurely to the edge of their continent; and ourselves tiny and brave slid down a curl and made camp in a trough. And sat still while a storm brewed. All the next day; brooding and brewing in our little orange pyramid. Four caterpillars waiting for wind and cloud and snow to pass by. Mauve, brown, red and fawn downy caterpillars in a row, side by side, two with beards, one with stubble, one smooth. Two stoves to roar sweatily and optimistically. Stove music in a pointed nylon womb. Mush and soup and noodles. Prunes and porridge, jello and chocolate pudding, scrambled eggs once and resuscitated beef steaks cooked in butter and a hint of brandy, also once. Tea and then more tea. Tang - that wonder of the plastics industry. Nuts for nibblers, with ginger and smarties. Three gerry tubes of honey. Peanut butter.

We watched the weather, how it got moody on Monday, temperamental on Tuesday, cleared up and felt better in the evening but had a relapse that night and stayed in bed all Wednesday. Still felt poorly, grumpy and miserable Thursday morning but felt better by noon; no, still a bit light headed and shouldn't have been up. Friday, convalescing but feeling really quite weak, indigestion and full of wind that night and Saturday just gave up and cried all day. Oh dear.

In our pyramid. Soft patter of snow on the fly. The rustle and crack of nylon. Orange light which makes us look so well. Mauve turns to magenta, red to orange. Dozing - reading - talking desultorily, scratching, looking out the door at the white featureless snowscape. Pondering maps, watching down feathers float, searching in plastic bags for nibbles. Pots and pans, cups boots sleeping bags water bottles spoon gaiters candle disorganized storm waiting mess.

Couloir Ridge camp. A grey and nearly dark green rock pinnacle, a wind cirque hollow at its base. Our high camp, 2550 m. At the head of Ripsaw Glacier that we never saw. A compass course followed in cloud to this gap in the ridge. Soft snow. We stamped out a platform for the tent with our skis, discussed the direction of the door, aesthetics won over function, and put up the tent. Sierra Design McKinley model. Four poles in sleeves, the poles fitting into an aluminum bagpipe and a fly over the whole. Skis bristle from the snow, hold the tent up, and in the night - down.

Two quarries started, to provide blocks of snow for the walls that shelter the tent. Albert's walls. We are fortified against the elements. Christina is matron and spreads out the ensolite pads. Tim's stove mutters in the corner. Albert marinates 0 sole mio, snippets of folk songs, brutalized calypsos, harmonized Frere Jacque and one dutch melody that Albert taught us. Lemon pudding in one bowl shared four ways. Water bottles filled. We settle down for the night. Damn jumping legs in my mummy. The tent flaps and shakes. Spindrift builds a wall against Albert's wall. The quarries fill up. The altimeter climbs which means the barometer is dropping. Night is a tent. The four caterpillars turning occasionally. Cold creeps through the ensolite pads. Feathers in nylon keep it at bay from above. We sleep through until light from beyond the unseen horizon touches the clouds which light the snowfields which brighten the orange interior of our womb. Someone looks out and gives out the news. We snooze on, and then slowly surface and make breakfast. Piss pressure overcomes sleeping bag suction. Tea and porridge or granola with hot water. It takes about an hour to pack our bags, dismantle the tent, fold the poles, shake and stuff the fly, roll up the tent. The morning unwinds.

Naden Glacier. We never saw that one either. A whiteout which broke once so that we got a direction. Following our noses on a contour.

Platform Glacier. Aptly named. The weather lifted when we had crossed it. We missed a good yodel ski coming off it.

Tremor Mountain and its col where we saw old ski tracks. Helicopter skiers. We hoped later that they would come after we had skied the Tremor Glacier and be put out because we had put signatures all over that.

Trorey Mountain. Albert tired, more so than we realized, than he realized. Suddenly, for an hour or so, an old man. We crept down the snow gully, making small deep steps, and side-slipped the last part before contouring to our last camp.

A storm in a tent. A storm outside the tent and relative calm inside. The walls pressing in on four people holding them out with their minds. Tim going out to check the guylines. His moonwalk. Wack crack and roar and buffet of wind angry and unreliable. Silence, nothing stirs. Then crash woosh take that little orange tent on the Decker Col. A night spend pretending to sleep. Packing up in the morning, pulling down the spinnaker fly, collapsing the high altitude balloon that was our tent. Blindly faithfully zigzagging down a gully, hopeful for an exit.

The tree line, sudden friends. The smell of pine. Handholds on steep climbs up snow shafts to get a run at the next hanging gully. Tightening traverses, wet snow flung on top of wet snow. Tiny movements felt as massive ones for that short second. Pieps chirrup gives small consolation. The imagination is, in the end, the biggest troublemaker.

One gully had avalanched. We crossed its smooth shiny slide plane and looked down hundreds of feet to the wet concrete slumped into trees. Skis balling up but Albert's candle fixed that. Wet and cold, melting but still snowing. Contouring to find a bench inferred from the map. What a magnificent invention and the strangest part - made by someone who has never seen the place. We sweated and slipped and climbed, side-stepping up under the shelter of trees, pressing on, one nibble break and then at last we were under Blackcomb and secure from these subjective dangers. The imagination could rest up.

The ski down, into trees and then a forest where the snow lay in patches and then into a damp mossy ferny dank green shimmering shivering forest with streams of water that tasted of the dark brown cedar roots that tangled the water holes. Lovely smells, delicate ferns, moss carpet and a profusion of conifer seedlings starting life in this dark green nursery room. The hopefuls. Soaked to the skin, pleased to be down, wishing we were out, following a creek that came to a gravel road that led to a cabin with a woman and child to be rediscovered. Slowly coming down.

A trip in another world; along the edge of our own; four companions roped together by fellowship; the body purified; the mind quietened; the emotions kneaded; the spirit acknowledged.

Slowly coming down and a natural law at work you hope, you never come down quite as far as your starting point. Next time it will be easier or next time you'll go further.

Thanks then for your company Christina and Tim and Albert.

Ian Turnbull

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ROY MASON

1977 - 1978

During the late 1950's, which was before the era of development of access roads to such areas as the west side of the Fraser Canyon, Duffey Lake, Pemberton, Upper Harrison Lake, or even Squamish, the local climbing crews watched enviously from afar, the aerial antics of Roy Mason and his friends. Some of the better and higher peaks which were denied to us ordinary mortals, were explored by them using float-equipped aircraft to overcome the arduous access problems. Roy reported on these missions in the 1958-1960 issues of the only mountaineer's bible of assembled permanence at that time - the old green-covered Canadian Alpine Journals, or "CAJ's" as they are now nicknamed. We cheaper sorts were simply too reluctant to waste (?) two weeks of the then-usual allotted holiday period to bash to low valleys to reach these areas; we thus had to be content with the climbing on the age-old grinds...There were the once-a-year watertaxi or ferry trips to a peak in Howe Sound, the too-many ascents of Mt. Seymour (especially after watershed closure blocked further trips to Crown Mtn.), the perpetual traffic tussle on the old crowded Fraser Valley



Mt. Howard (centre) and Mt. Matier (right) seen from the snow-covered avalanche debris zone of Cerise Ck. basin, May 1976. (In the footsteps of Roy Mason). Photo - K. Ricker.



From the summit of Kwoiek Pk., Mehatl Pk. (right) lines up with the highest, but lower, peaks of the Snowcap Icefield (arrows). Tiara Tower in the centre foreground (In the footsteps of Roy Mason). Photo - K. Ricker.

highway to reach the Lucky Four and peaks about Hope, and the border hassles to reach the better goals of the Cascades and the Seattle Co-op! The latter brought us in by the hordes as there were no equipment stores in Vancouver as we know them today, and the Customs authorities appreciated this fact by treating the climbers with much suspicion. All of this added up to potentially repetitive summers and hence the usual defections to the Rockies, the bush camps of our summer work, or the Alps. Jet aircraft in those days, however, were still in the hands of the military, so the European mountains could only be reached by means of long holiday periods which were beyond the mentality of most employers. (The older guard of the horse and buggy days must be chortling at the above lament!).

Meanwhile, Roy and an ever-changing group flitted about picking off the cream of the vast unclimbed regions located so near to, and yet so far from our doorsteps. If lucky, we commoners could, by comparison, make it to Garibaldi Lake on a three-day weekend (usually Labour Day), using the old '20 K' route: train station to Packer Meadows, then on to the lakes by way of Taylor cabin. Now, two decades later, the situation has indeed changed, although Roy's trips were not quickly repeated because of the multitude of other opportunities that have opened up. However, after decades of procrastination, I find myself - one of a fortunate few (?) - in the role of a follower...in the footsteps of Roy Mason (Mason-ite?).

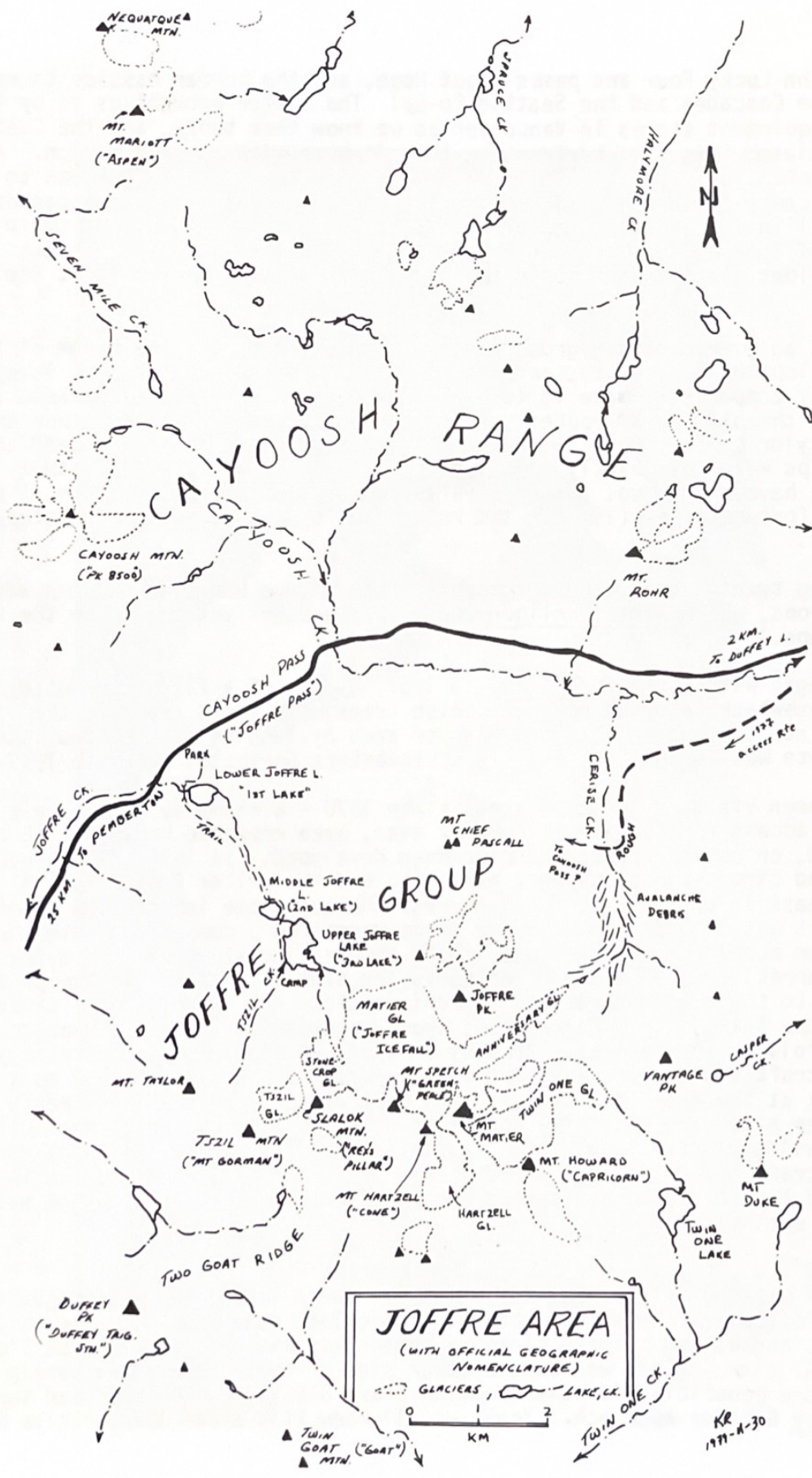
(In the intervening twenty years, the geographic nomenclature has also changed with recent official designations, which are underlined where they are not yet placed on the federal or Provincial topo maps.)

Roy's itinerary began with the Joffre Group in 1957, by way of a flight to Duffey Lake and a following-day bushwhack into the head of Cerise Creek, his first reported trip. A year later he dropped into the Kwoiek Peak and Glacier area by landing at Chochiwa Lake, and his last journey of note was to Snowcap Lakes in southeastern Garibaldi Park, in 1959.

While there have been visitors to these areas since 1970 - a stampede in the case of Joffre Lakes - the Mason access routes have seldom, if ever, been repeated because either aircraft are still required, or better approaches have been developed. In 1977-78, however, a series of unplanned circumstances changed all this, and the writer found himself duplicating, at least in part, Roy's old ventures. Because some interesting facets turned up on each trip, it was thought that the new trips warranted a comparison with the old, if not a record of our modern-day weaknesses. Many interesting items will be covered in the three following narratives, for example, which is the highest peak in the Kwoiek area?, and what has happened to the glaciers at that mysterious mecca - Snowcap Lakes - since 1959? However, perhaps the introductory formalities should close with a short summation of the recent re-hashed follies (or fables), for they show a few things in common; namely: 1) Never hire an aircraft to take you anywhere which may look exotically remote on a map. Take it easy; look at the proliferation of roads on the maps over the last twenty years, and sooner or later a logging road will appear to make the trip easier (temporarily at least) than your wildest dreams would have suggested. 2) If you are impatient and blow your 'wad' on aircraft access, it's a 50/50 chance that your trip will provoke the wrath of the heavens to the tune of being overdue at work, putting your job on the line with a less-than-patient employer.

CERISE CREEK CAPERor Joffre As Roy Did It.

It was a BCMC June weekend trip to provide a warm-up for a later summer Waddington expedition. Mt. Joffre was the decreed target to simulate something I'm sure that "Wadd" never had. Why D. Hughes and company picked a summer approach on Cerise Creek I'm not sure; the Matier Glacier icefall was on the other side of the mountain and surely this would have been more beneficial for the upcoming Bravo Glacier experience than the rather mundane Anniversary Glacier approach. Yeah, we all knew it - since 1973, Cerise Creek was



the known easy winter ski access, and already in 1971, the summer approach had been carved up to Joffre Lakes by Alpine Crafts Ltd., but it was to be a ass-backwards weekend despite my protests. Perhaps it was Roger Griffith's annual pilgrimage with only 20 new students in tow, on "Rex's Pillar" (whoops! hold it! it's now officially known as Slalok Mtn.!) that put our gang onto the 'bush' approach, physically and metaphysically. (To interject, why Slalok - a native pomme de terre - over "Rex's Pillar"? Because there is a Rex's Peak located close nearby in the Yalakom country, and even if Tom Anderson's dog, Rex, did climb the peak first, back in 1963, the authorities are not as impressed as we, and took a shine to Roger's suggestion of the lowly Indian potato which grows on the Lilloet River flood plain.

Getting back to the 1977 trip, Mt. Joffre via Cerise Creek, it turned out to be a morass of avalanche debris mixed with voracious mosquitoes. The latter hung in dense clouds whilst we tripped, plunged and poked our way along the chaotic piles of fallen trees. It had looked like so innocent a start from the cars, but in less than an hour I was forced to come up with a good reason to justify the trip, with our six month old son, Jörli, strapped onto his mother's back. "Well," I reasoned to myself (although not aloud to my exasperated wife) "as far as the mountaineering game goes, this trip will either make him or break him, and henceforth we won't have to spend days arguing over whether he should come on a trip or not."

The actual climb began with a walk up the Anniversary Glacier to the Joffre-Matier col, which was the expected easy slog. While two ropes led by P. Kubik climbed the south buttress direct, the other half of us skirted southeast a few hundred metres to a gully which led to the top of the same buttress in only Grade 3 moves. That ornament, however, was the only good rock (Grade 4-5) and the rest of the climb degenerated to a scree ramble on, or just below the ridge thereafter. The excitement at the top was in watching the other side of the Matier Glacier where Roger's long column of students were slowly creeping up to the summit of Slalok Mtn. Our summit also provided an escape from the "moss's" for the day, which did little to please our camp-bound wives. For the dropping down to the bug environs below, we split on the descent route: family men hastened back down the ascent gully and glacier route; another pair did the adjacent buttress, both routes giving a fantastic bum-schuss down the Anniversary Glacier to within hailing distance of camp. Others chose to downclimb the ascent route of the 1957 party, the southeast "face", using broad snow ramps, gullies and rocky ledges. We had long departed from camp by the time they returned in the late afternoon. It proved to be about the worst session of bush bugs I had ever endured in 30 years of mountaineering - the retreat to the cars, parked on the logging spur located between Cerise and Casper Creek, will long be remembered for the mosquito annoyance alone.

How does the above compare to the 1957 episode? Roy and his partners obviously had a more satisfying trip despite the desperate weather and the long pack-in from the float-plane site on Duffey Lake. While they too had problems with mosquitoes, it appears that this resistance was overcome before reaching upper Cerise Creek, which apparently had no sign of a climax avalanche in 1957. Our first side trips into the basin in 1973, however, were over the avalanche debris zone, thus bracketing the time of this cataclysmic event to within 15 years. The Mason achievements included the first ascents of Vantage, Joffre, Mt. Matier (their "Anniversary Peak") and "Capricorn" (now officially named Mt. Howard). The latter is still not climbed that often and in retrospect it should have been the prime objective for our trip, considering the route used. We did nothing new on Joffre, although the approach saw the first fool-hardy pack-in of children into the basin. How did Jörli endure the test? The little guy escaped without one bug bite!, but the older children of Don Lyon's had a rather rough time of it.

In conclusion, then, without even the tantalizer of an expansive tract of alpine meadow at the head of Cerise Creek, it is suggested that children be spared this ordeal in future. Comparing the two trips then, it is rather obvious that it is "Round One" to the Mason gang, even if they did walk out of the area on the old trails all the way to Lilloet Lake!

KWOIEK - KUMKAN KAPER (or "There is Something Screwy About the Elevations in this Area" - Dick Culbert)

It was a year later, and having carefully avoided bush-battles in the interim, I found myself weakening - the schedule pointed to the picturesque Kwoiek Creek basin that I had seen from the ridges of Mt. Skihist in 1973. It looked far too good to pass up, even if it did conflict with the timing of the BCMC summer camp at Roger's Pass. The camp application form was discarded and I booked in on this long-weekend trip with Rick Sheppard instead; his description of the approach made it seem more attractive. It was almost twenty years to the day previous that Roy and his new gang of comrades had invaded the area by flying into Chochiwa Lake. I say new comrades because there were no returnees from his previous year's mission to the Joffr  Group. One can speculate as to why this change took place - perhaps they were still fed up with the mosquitoes, or they were still paying off the flying bills to Duffey Lake?! However, he had a shorter approach march for this trip because they only leisurely staggered up from the easy and closest end of Chochiwa Lake to establish their first high camp on Haynon Lake at treeline. This gave easy access to all the high peaks of the area, namely: Kumkan, Kwoiek, and Mehatl Peaks of disputable elevations. Little did they realize that the Dominion Topographic Survey had preceeded them by twenty-three years to establish an important triangulation cairn on Kwoiek, with a fixed elevation of 8964' as reported by W.H. Mathews in CAFJ, 1941. Geological Survey of Canada rambled through the area, but they were the type who visited summits without leaving cairns. Regardless, Mehatl and Kumkan are regarded as Mason et al. first ascents until the geologists resurrect their field notes to prove otherwise. Elevations were to be a puzzle to the Mason party. Using their aneroids, they guessed Mehatl peak to be higher than the 8800' readings taken on Kwoiek and Kumkan peaks, but found it 50' lower when they climbed it a day later. This is probably a realistic relative difference because their view of Mehatl from Kwoiek the previous day was marred by a cloudy backdrop (CAJ 1959 photo) thus preventing a view of higher background peaks in the Garibaldi Park area which are important horizon markers of known elevation. (see photos). This elevation mixup has since been further complicated by various editions of federal and provincial topographic maps which do not agree with one another on the above altitude problems. This led to the famous Culbert guidebook quote about 'screwy elevations.'

In 1971 the BCMC summer camp went one step further than Mason, and choppered into the Haynon Lake area, thus eliminating the uphill struggle from Chochiwa Lake. By this time, however, the loggers had invaded the Kwoiek Creek basin and were approaching the lower elevated Kokwaskey Lake. This eliminated the old valley trail which had been built on the north side of the basin. The rock on the south side of the valley, being rather bold granitics, was not too mineralogically attractive, and thus trails stopped at the outlet of Kokwaskey Lake. The Mason party had contemplated an escape by this route when weather delayed their aircraft departure, and in fact they had already reached the outlet of Chochiwa Lake when the overdue pilot showed up unexpectedly on a cloud-hung day. Culbert was a member of that party and it was no doubt his idea that the Kwoiek Glacier area would be a "C" designated trip in view of the loggers' encroachment on the 1970's. Curiously enough, he chose to place a "D" on Mehatl Peak and this no doubt added even further to the challenge when our climbing committee put it on the schedule for the August long-weekend.

The Kwoiek party of 1978 took things a little too easy due to some misconceptions. A mere 5 - 6 kilometres between anticipated road spurs and Haynon Lake made it appear a 'breeze' on the map which neglected to show avalanche fans. The party was over-confident and rolled



From Kumkan one can look over lower Mehatl Pk. (centre) to see the lowest point on the ridge between Mt. Weart and Wedge Mtn. Tiara Tower in left foreground. Thus, Mehatl is substantially lower than Kumkan! (In the footsteps of Roy Mason). Photo - K. Ricker.



Snowcap Icefield from Greenmantle Mtn. Advancing bilobed Griffin Glacier and Hourglass Lake on lower left. Thunderclap Glacier, below Ram God Mtn., calves into Lower Snowcap Lake (right centre), and Mt. Mamquam in background clouds (In the footsteps of Roy Mason). Photo - K. Ricker.

into a tardy rendezvous at the Boston Bar aerial ferry. It was a long hot gravel road from there to Kokwaskey Lake, and an eventual parking spot high above the basin on its northwest corner. What was once a shady forest approach in 1973 was quickly turned into mass devastation by the loggers, though their efforts were in the western fork of the valley, rather than on our line in the southerly tributary of the system. By 1978, the road had already passed well beyond the outlet of Kokwaskey Lake, raping the slopes of John George Lake beyond. In fact it was pushed past Klept and Kah Lakes, in a 'steal' around the big bend of the western valley to yield good views of the Kwoiek Glacier icefalls. Perhaps it would now be shorter to use this approach to the icefield, via Stukolait Lake, but we had already settled on the south fork via Kokwaskey and Chochiwa Lakes. Stepping out of the vehicles about noon, I looked at the map and counted 5 or 6 grid squares between our position and the Haynon - Tzequa alpine valley campsite and muttered "its obviously 5 or 6 hours to camp because its in the heat of the day". Others, however, were more optimistic and expected results in 2 or 3 hours.

The descending traverse from our parking spot to the inlet of Kokwaskey Lake was met with mixed reactions. It was pleasant going, capitalizing on the odd elevated log walk to ease the strain. Others, however, grimaced under tottering loads and were obviously not impressed by the aerals. Spirits were progressively dampened in the denser bush thereafter. Just short of the spectacular viewpoint on the outlet of Chochiwa Lake, a hurried concil of war led to mass defections, with even our sick trip leader now turning back, leaving Jack Bryceland and myself of the old guard and three of the newer jet set to continue. Reaching the viewpoint a few minutes later we muttered that the others at least should have come this far for a look, but our shouts were in vain. Ahead lay a dazzling backdrop of giant waterfalls pouring over a high headwall from Chochiwa Glacier and Tzequa Lakes, the latter to be the day's destination. In between lay the avalanche fans, at least three big ones along the lake and smaller ones near the headwall. The last vestige of any sort of marked route (old blazes) had stopped at the viewpoint, which sported an old cairn and campfire ring. Obviously traffic was not too heavy in this part of the world though a forest ranger had recently been as far as the headwall.

The dash around the northwest shoreline of the lake became progressively hotter. Initial forest and steep side hill gouging gave way to the lighter-coloured green avalanche fans. Expansive, head-high ferns on some, and intertwining alder on others were duly bashed and threaded respectively, to reach the southwest corner of the lake and the faint remains of the Mason base camp site. We were now back under the easy forest canopy and its invaluable shade. The pace again picked up as we stayed within earshot of the very noisy Chochiwa Creek. However, it and tributary Tzequa Creek cascaded over a remarkable headwall whose only weakness, for the laden back-packer, was a steep line of trees to the west. Smaller avalanche fans, of the alder tree variety, were crossed near a lower waterfall to reach a temporary flat in the creek system at about 1400 metres elevation and the signal to leave this waterway altogether. It was a steepish ascent into the forementioned trees just south of a very prominent and recent avalanche debris zone that had stopped just short of Chochiwa Creek by only a fortunate few metres. A few minor bluffs had to be bypassed, and finally an ancient pile of walkable talus boulders was reached. We were now above the basal cliffs of the headwall. The dense subalpine shrubbery encountered soon after was a very wearying uphill battle, but eventually it gave way to the heather and more broadly-spaced conifers just before topping the ridge and its screened views beyond to Tzequa Lakes. Being too weary to walk to them, it was a relief to set up camp at the nearest pond at 1900 hrs., and by 2130 the crew was fast asleep...it had been one hell of an afternoon!

Cloud appeared the following morning while we were rambling over heather-clad boulders to Haynon Lake. It was definitely not the smooth style of alpine meadow country. Roy's whitebark pines were found to be in good shape but the overall rocky appearance of the scene, with dense zones of Krumholz vegetation, did not rate the same accolades from me.

The boulders on the north shore of the lake were particularly large, but they were free of the dense evergreen barrier and traversing them led to a steep basin topped by a col on the southwest side of Haynon Peak, where we roped for glacier travel to the day's objective. By then, it was decidedly more cloudy and a chilly breeze was blowing. A storm appeared to be forthcoming and our obvious reaction was to at least bag one peak for all efforts. We opted out of the scheduled Mehatl and decided on a run to nearer Kwoiek Peak.

The snowfield ahead was rather tame and in a zone of complex wind cirques common to Kumkan and Kwoiek Peaks. The ropes came off for a fast but pleasant rock scramble on granitic outcrop and short snow patches to reach the latter with its piercing, if not predominate, 40-year-old survey cairn. The records suggested, including the surveyor but excluding any geological parties, that ours was a fifth ascent. Jack then turned to Mehatl and said, "There is indeed something screwy about the elevations in this area!" It was obvious, by scanning over its top to the lower elevated, but highest point (7900'), ridge running between Snowcap Lakes and the Misty Icefields, that Kwoiek - on which we stood - was much higher (or 'equal to') as the latest Federal 1:50,000 topo map would lead us to believe. In fact, older maps have even a 9,100' contour on Mehatl, suggesting its unfounded superiority.

The source of the elevation problems is unclear and perplexing. Mason gave Mehatl an elevation of 8,750' with some trepidation. His aneroid, relative to Kwoiek, read 50' lower, but from the latter they thought Mehatl to be higher. His subservient assignment by 50' is probably close to the truth and had he realized the designated 1938 topographic elevation of 8967' for Kwoiek (instead of his estimate of 8800') he would probably have given Mehatl its true elevation to within a few feet, just over the 8900' elevation. However, there is another fly in the ointment. Recent surveys in the southern Coast Mountains are suggesting that all the old triangulation points are at least 41 to 43 feet too low! Thus, for example, the elevation of Mt. Skihist as established by the 1935 Topographic Survey at 9600', is now over 9700' on the new topographic maps. They aren't saying how much, but some interpreters suggest 9770', while others simply average it at 9750'. Therefore, carrying this revision elsewhere in the area, we have Kwoiek as a confirmed 9000 footer ($8967' + 41' = 9008'$) which could actually be pushing Mt. Skihist (9660' to 9750'). Thus, with an approximate 50 foot difference between Kwoiek and Mehatl, an optimistic forecast could be made: that it too is a 9000 footer (but barely in comparison).

Added to this scramble of numbers is the fact that Mehatl didn't even look so great, and with the weather again clearing, it appeared that a leisurely walk to it would allow an easy scramble on its east ridge with much of the day remaining before us. However, was the extra-long snow slog back to camp at the end of the day worth it when a nearer, and potentially higher Kumkan Peak lay an equal distance away? Obviously the greater elevation was the more attractive because there was little else to rate the two other objectives by.

Descending to the Kumkan - Kwoiek col, Ray and Theo decided that a leisurely stroll to camp was more appropriate, leaving only Jack, Sarah Cheney and myself to work on Kumkan. More wind cirques were contoured to reach shelf after shelf of granitic rock on the northwest side. While the Mason gang had contoured this to the south to make a final chimney climb on the southwest side, between its true summits, we stuck to ascending the rock shelves to reach the glacier cap on its north. It led direct to the lower northwest peak, and then onward to the rocky blocks of the higher south peak, to give us spectacular views into the Nahatlach basin. From there it certainly appeared that Kumkan was higher than Kwoiek Peak and certainly much higher than Mehatl, as shown in the photo (p. 13). We could easily see over the latter to view the lowest point (8100') on the ridge stretching between Wedge and Weart Mtns. Unfortunately there was no identifiable horizon to make a final judgment in the case of the former because Mt. Matier and Mt. Marriott (formerly "Aspen Pk.") are too far off course for useful on-site eyeball alignments. Thus we disagree with the Fed's map

deliberation of equal elevation for all peaks, and will not buy at all the latest Provincial map's version of Kumkan being lower than the others. If anything, Kumkan may be higher than Kwoiek by a few metres, and as a matter of fact, an earlier Prov. Gov't 1:126,720 scale map (dated 1958) does show Kumkan to be the highest in the area at 9200'(+), with Kwoiek and Mehatl receiving only 9100 foot contours. This is probably the most realistic map of the lot, and it does appear that map makers had better set up some more ground triangulation control in this area because they are obviously pushing their limit with the stereo models currently being contoured with their plotting machinery.

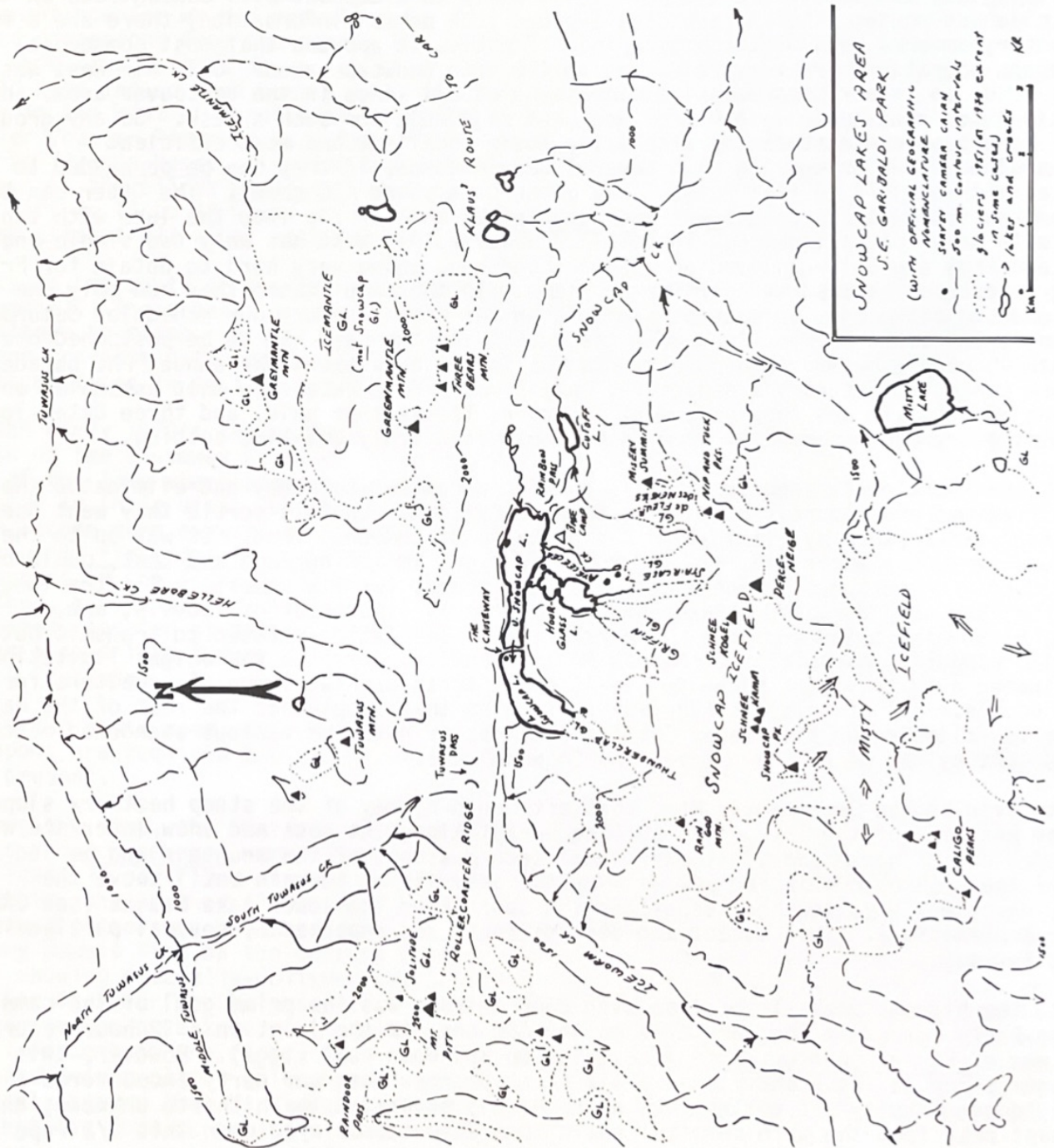
With the survey formalities over, Kumkan was descended via its east ridge to reach the upper neve common to Kwoiek and Chochiwa Glaciers. Descending into the former, we encountered a troublesome series of crevasses on the riser which leads down to the main glacier proper. Sarah couldn't jump a key crevasse and thus a confusing maze of travel had to be taken on somewhat thin conditions before we reached the trail of the morning. Reaching the Haynon col, we decided that Haynon Pk. would be left for someone else; the boulder-hopping back to our camp was the remaining task for the day, which took a seemingly long period of time, whilst we lost Jack en route. It had been a 12 hour day, and it was a welcome and satisfying ending...we were ready for retreat.

On the following day camp was broken by 0700 and was followed by a quick drop down the treed portion of the headwall. Blueberry and related alpine shrubbery yield much more easily to down-going forces! Our first brief rest came at the old Mason campsite on Chochiwa Lake, with the exclamation that they at least tried to do the job the right way - fly it from here! However, the avalanche fans that lay ahead were tackled during the morning buildup of heat, and the next stop was made at the viewpoint overlooking the outlet of the lake. Soon after, we were on the well-beaten track of those who had turned back, but just short of Kokwaskey Lake, their signs of bush-flattening disappeared in a maze of head-high shrubs and fallen logs. By this time it didn't matter; we bashed ahead flattening all vegetation that lay in our way. The easy slopes of Kokwaskey Lake were nearby, we thought, but what happened two days ago, could not be duplicated on the return trip. Bush and fallen logs were bullied and bashed about throughout the Kokwaskey traverse before we intersected the timber block ribbons that led directly up slope to a noonish arrival at our cars! Surprise, the traverse of the slopes had been too low, being near to the lake. The departure sentiments were unanimous: the loggers can have Kokwaskey Lake as well!, and so closed the first weekend trip to be successfully made into the Kwoiek Glacier area. Would we recommend it again? No! The joy of the Kwoiek Creek basin lies in the expansive meadows on the north side of the valley on the slopes of the much higher Mt. Skihist area.

And how did Round Two go? Mason et al. won it all again, though their enthusiasm for the area is perhaps over-rated.

SNOWCAP LAKE PILGRIMAGE.

Snowcap Lake was classified as a gem in the Mason travels of 1959. His team was down to three members by that year though it did sport one returnee from the Joffre group - he must have paid his airline bill in the interim. Their visit featured the second ascent of Mt. Pitt via a new route from the east, and Greenmantle Mtn. from the slopes of Snowcap Lakes, and other unspecified ascents (?) to the south. Unfortunately, Mason's article in CAJ 1960 was all too brief, but what was written, was enticingly so, and this probably helped account for the 33 people who wanted to visit the area at the Vancouver Section's camp in August of 1978. After all, they were following Roy's example and using aircraft to reach the area! Between the time of the Mason visit and the 1978 fiasco, about three parties had been to the area. In the early 1970's a VOC gang passed through in wet weather by way of Garibaldi Lake to the Misty Icefields. Klaus Haring and friend upstaged that feat by walking through a year later in good weather by way of Wedgemount Lake - Mt. Sir Richard - Misty Icefields to Alouette Lake yet! Sanity returned a few years later when Peter



Durnford and friends flew in and out. However, none of these parties repeated the ascent of Mt. Pitt though all did climb a few peaks in the Snowcap Icefield, and two of the three reached Greenmantle Mountain.

The 1978 version of the Snowcap Pilgrimage has already been well publicized (CAJ 1979) from the sociological and scientific viewpoints, so while this account will concentrate on the actual climbing routes (the CAJ articles avoided such useful information) there are a few introductory remarks well worth considering. Firstly, it appears that most commercial float plane operations are very reluctant to fly into Snowcap Lakes. Only Air West was willing to do so in our comprehensive canvassing of all lines in the Vancouver area, and they stipulated that their Twin Otters were not available for such a task. So any group of five or more people are stuck (!) with using their excellent and most efficient single-engined Otter or working with several Beaver loads, if they can be persuaded to return at all (in 1979, a flat refusal was given to a young ACC crew). The Otter can take off from the lake with 10 passengers and light packs and can fly into the lake with ten people with heavy packs (1100 kg. in total). However, Air West has only two single-engine Otters and they are well-utilized on weekend charters, being very hard to obtain for Friday evening departures because of overtime problems. In the camp fiasco they had only one Otter, and the plane blew an exhaust manifold on the Friday before our scheduled Saturday departure! It took a weekend to repair the craft, and the camp had to be postponed one week with 10 people having to drop out. On the following weekend the annual PNE parade rainstorm cancelled Saturday's departure, and it was a desperate crew that assembled on the following Sunday...it was then or never! However, the weather held, and three Otter loads of people, gear, and Canova boat were in business in a truly gem-like setting.

The Vancouver Section decided to run this camp on a new twist. They had eliminated the cook in previous endeavours, in order to keep costs down. On this sortie they went one successful step further by eliminating the purchase of communal food. It was up to the individual to supply their own, and the total baggage, including food and tent, could not exceed 30 kg. per person. Communal gear included ropes, two fly sheets, a 4 metre long Canova for lake transport and relaxation, and the usual assortment of shovels, axe, lantern, First Aid, twine and Dick Chambers' radio. The latter refused to transmit but gave fair reception, especially of Moscow Molly's antics. Despite the weight limitations, it was indeed an extravagant sight to see 17 small tents and two large fly shelters for only 23 people. All of this was hurriedly set up so that people had the rest of the day to practice ice-climbing on the nearby Griffin Glacier, or hike the various abandoned beach terraces left by the once higher levels of Snowcap Lake.

One party even bagged Greenmantle Mtn. that afternoon by way of the steep heathery slopes above the east end of the lake, leading thence east along the rock and snow interface with the glacier on its north side. It was Klaus' second ascent of the mountain and he led the party off the peak by continuing westerly on the easy alpine terrain until above the causeway or climax moraine, that separates the upper from the lower lake basins (see CAJ 1979 for explanation). This ascent and descent route was repeated by several parties in the next few days.

Mt. Pitt, the highest peak at about an even 2500 metres, was the prime goal of the camp. The Mason Party camped in the same area as the ACC and did the jaunt in a 12 hour return trip by way of Roller Coaster Ridge (i.e., the up and down east ridge). However, this route description is vague and it was a bit of a surprise when our party encountered a vertical "discontinuity" of rotten rock which nicely separates the hitherto unknown, and lower, east peak from the main summit. While some were top-belayed down this 1/2 rope length pitch to gain a sloping shelf, others refused to down climb it and thus retreated to the glacier which had been crossed on the upper part of the long ridge grind. This feature, Solitude Glacier, extends onto the south side of the mountain and funnels upward between the east and main peak. Thus, by contouring around to the southeast, the remainder

of the party gained the summit by way of this constriction, which fed onto the ridge from where an open gully of loose rock led almost direct to the final summit. Those who navigated the discontinuity also used this final summit route, and, most probably, the Mason Party did also. The question is: did the latter reach the gully by way of the snow-funnel, or by traversing the ridge discontinuity? With no cairn on the east peak, we suspect the former. While we gasped at the view from this tiny summit, it was only too apparent how far we had travelled for the day. The gem-like lakes were of postage-stamp sized dimensions from the peak. The western side of the mountain was still adorned with new snow, and on this day a repeat of the Jenkin brothers' route of 1938 via Raindoor Pass, would have indeed have been a messy ordeal, for the north arrête is very thin and loose even in the best of conditions. Retreat to Snowcap Lakes was an enjoyably long descent; Roller Coaster Ridge gives outstanding views and pleasant scrambling and walking all the way to Tuwasus Pass. Skirting the shores of the Lower Snowcap Lake we reached our Canova parked on the climax Causeway moraine. All were back into camp with the third ascent of Mt. Pitt in 11 to 12 hours of travelling time. While six people reached the summit on the first attempt all other attempts were called off because of weather.

Peaks to the south of the lakes on Snowcap Icefield were also under attack by the camp personnel. These peaks protrude above the icefields as nunataks, and most are of no great challenge to climb. Access to the upper icefield proper is becoming messy because of severe crevasse patterns on the main outlet glaciers, and because of ice cliffs with vertical faces in most intervening areas.

In the early 1970's the parties gained the icefield by way of the rocky ridge which lies south of the Causeway Moraine. However, this is inconvenient to those camped at the east end of the lake where aircraft prefer to dock. Durnford and party had used the Staircase Glacier in their visit, but it is a crevasse-weaving exercise during late Summer, and may even become more awkward as the glacier begins its advance in the next few years. The Glacier de Fleur des Neiges provided the easiest access but this route means much longer traverses on the icefield to reach the higher objectives. After a pleasant ramble through heather, alpine slopes and morainal rubble, this glacier can be stepped-upon at its very terminus, located at present in a narrow rocky throat. It was the most used route and it makes a good late Summer ski route, should you have brought them along, for missions to the Misty Icefields.

The other route used was a rock rib that separates the Staircase and Griffin Glaciers. Crampons are required but there are no severe time consuming obstacles, though crevasses are present.

During the camp, the icefield peaks of Misery Summit (no previous cairn), Nip and Tuck Peaks and Schneekogel were climbed, the latter by three routes using both approaches onto the icefield described above. While there were great plans to climb all the peaks on the icefield, the weather closed in for the second half of the camp week, reducing activity to firewood gathering, blueberry picking, frisbee flicking and Canova-cruising - in the rain. Misery Summit lies on the eastern edge of the icefield and was ascended on a broad ridge of rock showing glacially-polished steps. This route was approached from the lower reaches of Glacier de Fleur des Neiges. It is only a scramble and an even easier route can be taken by way of the nevé zone of the glacier with the final rock ascent from the southwest. A total descent of the ridge, thus avoiding the glacier approach altogether, terminated with a Class 3 down-climb, which from overhead appears much harder. Lacking a summit cairn, we can only assume that K. Ricker and K. Haring have made the only ascent to date, but I suspect the Roddick geologic crew of 1955 was there first.

Meanwhile, on the same misty day a rather large party led by Dave Blair, ascended the same glacier to its culmination to grab a short Class 3 climb on rock to the colour banded pair of projections named Nip and Tuck Peaks. The Durnford party had preceded their visit at

least. Schneekogel was a popular climb because of its respectable appearance - a rock dome rising out of the glacier. (The topo maps show it as ice in its entirety). The traverse to this feature from the upper neve of the Glacier de Fleur des Neiges approach is slow when the snow is sloppy. The snow and ice of the final northeast slopes was the popular route though crampons were required in this late Summer trip.

Another party circled to the south side of the peak and climbed it direct with no difficulty. Yet another route was established by K. Haring and Lisa Baile using the access along the east side of the lower east arm of the Griffin Glacier. Crevasse problems barred access to the upper part of the ridge direct, so, crossing snow and crevasse to the west, they gained the very long northwest ridge of rock which was a very pleasant scramble. The party made a speedy exit by picking up the established track of previous parties to descend by way of Glacier de Fleur des Neiges, and thus rounded out a long day of circular touring. The other peak directly accessible from camp, Perce-Neige and associated minarets, were not climbed. For the more distant peaks on the snowfield, the use of skis, even in mid-Summer, is recommended. The Misty Icefields to the south, by the way, could thus be easily reached using an outlet glacier to the south of Snowcap Peak.

Withdrawal from the Snowcap Lake area was a protracted wait in wet weather. Some were planning to traverse out of the area by way of Garibaldi Lake, using the open valley of the South Fork of Tuwasus Creek to reach Raindoor Pass in an indirect route. The alternate route - reaching the pass by way of Roller Coaster Ridge, the upper neve of Solitude Glacier, and thence down the slopes and hanging glaciers between the main and north peaks of Mt. Pitt, is not practical with a heavy pack. However, beyond the pass the route is complex; it uses several rounded ridges and broad passes that are prone to cause severe navigational errors in heavy weather such as we experienced. This left the camp crew with three alternatives: 1) descend Iceworm Creek and walk the gravelly flats to the Pitt River logging roads which now reach the park boundary; 2) traverse above Snowcap Creek to catch a prominent plateau north of Glacier Lake, to eventually descend to logging roads of the Lilloet River system, or 3) wait for the weather to clear to allow at least a 'rescue' by helicopter. Because it was the Labour Day long weekend, the first and second alternatives would have required at least an additional day of walking on empty logging roads, and thus we decided to gamble on the dwindling food reserves and wait for aerial retrieval. By the morning after Labour Day, however, we were not so optimistic and it was decided to ascend the ridge of Greenmantle in order to 'push' a radio signal out asking for a helicopter, at any cost. While the radio was being set up, the Air West Otter dived through the clouds to quickly extract 10 people, leaving immediately with a stern order to have "everything ready to go" in the next hour because the weather forecast was for yet another storm front. Mayhem ensued, and with much desperation, the radio party ran and rowed back to camp to help collapse everything into piles. The baggage was set under the tarps just as the Otter returned with a back-up Beaver. The pilots were chewing their fingernails in the final hassle to tie things down; we left in deteriorating weather, leaving our possessions for the bears.

It took another four days and another intervening aborted Otter attempt to reach the baggage. However, in desperation I finally managed to helicopter in on a late Friday afternoon in very dicey weather, to sling two loads to the park boundary, then returned to Pitt Meadows with a third load when daylight ran out in a dusk of drizzle. On a very stormy Saturday, the chopper pilot did finish the job, to everyone's relief though the bears did not seem to like our meager camp fare. It took days to return all the gear to the owners. A few weeks later, Klaus Haring hiked back into the area on a 3-day weekend to look for a lost film!! The above described Lilloet River approach (from Harrison Lake) was used; parking his Subaru on the highest of logging roads north of Glacier Creek. The first day saw him camp at some small tarns just east of Three Bears Mtn. On the second day he traversed, in new snow, over these peaks before descending to Snowcap Lakes, but failing to locate his film! That afternoon, he traversed out of the basin below the Three Bears

summits on talus slopes and found it to be an exhausting route back to his camp. On the final day he marched out and drove back to Vancouver by way of Pemberton, thus concluding a great 'great-circle route' to the mecca of Snowcap Lake.

In the final analysis, despite the fact that we did it his way, we will award "Round Three" to Mr. Mason as well!!

Note:

1. In 1978 and 1979 the Canadian Committee for Geographic Names made numerous decisions on the final official nomenclature for many peaks and glaciers covered in this article. Matier Glacier, for example, replaces the name "Joffre Icefall" because there is a Joffre Glacier located elsewhere in the Cayoosh Range. For a list of the decrees see CAJ 1979. Those new names used for the first time in this report are underlined.
2. The old feature "Snowcap Glacier" has been ruled a misnomer as it appears on all presently published topo and geological maps, because it does not drain into Snowcap Lakes or Snowcap Creek. This glacier was re-named Icemantle Glacier to fit in with the surrounding peak names of Greenmantle and Greymantle Mtns. Snowcap Icefield now applies officially to the dome of ice lying immediately south of Snowcap Lakes, but north of the lower-lying Misty Icefield.

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Karl Ricker

LIZZIE - STEIN SKI CAMP April 1977

The winter of 1976-77 was unusual in its lack of snowfall. In January there was still barely enough snow to ski on. This augured poorly for the coming ski-touring season, but by that time a fair amount had fallen, although with no compacted base. In spite of this our trio comprising Peter Stange, Gerard Clement and myself Patrick Crean decided to take our skis to the area between the headwaters of Lizzie Creek and Stein Lake, believing that most of the area had not been skied before. About 10 a.m. Saturday morning, April 23, a hot and sultry day, we drove up to the helicopter pad at Whistler and lugged out our skis and food boxes. A flip of the coin decided that Gerard was to ride with the helicopter, while Peter and I drove to Pemberton, down the east side of Lillooet Lake and up the Lizzie Creek logging road as far as possible. We discovered that the road had been opened up at an old slide, giving access to an open space near the end of the road, where we parked the truck and unloaded the remainder of the gear. Shortly after the helicopter whirled its way over the ridge and touched down. It was 1:30 p.m. The amount of equipment was unbelievable. Every available inch of the aircraft was full. I finished up loading the last pack on Gerard's knees and cramming him in like a rush-hour passenger on a Japanese sub-way train.

Fifteen minutes later we were landing and unloading in a clearing right beside the cabin. Why does one feel so guilty at times like this? Our Puritan ethic, we decided, determined that we had not suffered. Flying in was much too easy. Over another glass of sherry and a cup of Earl Grey we agreed to try and endure some degree of hardship, so that we might finish up enjoying ourselves. After one run behind the cabin we began making up our packs for the higher tent camp.

Sunday came on hot and sunny again, with the snow deteriorating very early to deep mush. With outrageously heavy packs we "skinned" up the slope north easterly from the hut, through a little gorge which leads to the col on the right shoulder of Anemone Peak.

From here we could see our objective, a wide basin at the uppermost point of Rogers Creek, containing snow-covered "Caltha Lake". From where we were we had to circle the head of the valley, moving north then swinging round to the east. Facing us was a steep, avalanche slope, with at least two hours slogging. The alternative route, which we took on the way back, was to climb up to our left onto a bench under Anemone, ski on the flat to the end of the bench and drop down a steep slope to where it would meet the first route. We chose the traverse. With no firm base at all, falling through unpacked snow into holes became a feature at all times when we were carrying heavy packs. Fortunately all the slopes hung right on throughout the trip, in spite of loose conditions.

A small group of trees above the frozen lake was an ideal campsite with sweeping, magnificent views from the east clear round to the south and west. It had taken us four hours from the cabin. Snow shovels flying, we dug a flat spot for the tent and a cooking and sitting trench. We felt like birds, relieved of our packs. Despite the heat there was no water showing around the lake, but after digging a few holes Peter and Gerard came in with a successful well, obviating the need for melting snow. By 6 o'clock the sun was sinking and the snow beginning to sound crispy underfoot. Time for supper, down jackets, admiring the last red tinges of the sunset and so to bed.

Monday was the big day. We never did get around to making early starts, thus compounding our feelings of so-called guilt. Climbing up south easterly from the lake we approached the 2290 m peak directly east of Caltha Lake from its south ridge. It proved to be straight forward on skis all the way up. We dubbed it "Lynx Peak" although it may have a prior name. Skiing down to a small frozen tarn we skirted a minor peak and continued on a

long traverse to the south and east. We had to decide if there was enough time to reach Mt. Scotscheen. Clouds were beginning to move in; and it was touch and go. Go it was, onto the snowfield to the west of the peak, then up the steep approach to the long ridge, swinging left and arriving on the 2620 m summit at about 3.15 p.m. By now we knew that the weather was changing for the worse, so after a good run down from the peak, it was on skins again for the long side-hill trek to the slope just above camp. 7:15 p.m. found us back with an hour to spare to enjoy supper, batten down the hatches and prepare for whatever came. By 9 o'clock the tent fly was flapping. By midnight and all through the night it was pounding away steadily. Dozing fitfully we awaited daylight.

About 9 a.m. Peter poked his head out of the flap. "Guess what" he said, there's four inches of fresh snow". Our thermometer read minus 5 C. It was soaked in, but the wind had died away. Peter gallantly went out and dug out the stoves and cooking utensils. Granola, bread and jam and hot tea went down in great style in our roomy four-man tent. By noon we just had to get up and dig the snow away from the tent walls. Drifting snow had filled in our dining room - kitchen and water-well, but a little shovelling restored them. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the hill above the camp beckoned and, through the patches of mist we managed one run down in the heavy fresh snow.

After a clear, cold night Wednesday was bright and warm again. Northeast of Caltha Lake is a col overlooking Tundra Lake. From here we took a route following the ridge north-westerly to a steep pitch where the skis had to be carried. Kicking steps over this brought us onto the approach to the summit. The snow was hard, time to put on harscheisen. Over and around some bare rocks to a narrow, 10 m long "horse" of boiler plate connected to the summit ridge. Exposure on either side was interesting, to say the least. The altimeter read 2440 m. Wolverine Peak seemed to be an appropriate name, since we had seen what were apparently wolverine tracks on the way up. This proved to be an excellent ski run, with two challenging routes off the summit. One went down the way we had come up, the other over the cornice and down a tantalizingly steep slope to the left. It looked like the latter might peel off, so we saved it for another time.

By mid-afternoon we were back in camp and ready to move out. The sun was scorching. Ahead of us lay a sloppy, south-facing traverse, followed by the stiff climb up the north-east end of the bench under Anemone. It was almost dusk and the snow was getting crusty by the time we arrived back at the cabin.

On Thursday we followed up the scenic little gorge out of which comes tumbling the creek which runs in front of the cabin. South across Long Lake and towards the end of the Long Peak ridge. One possible route up a gully was overhung by a large cornice, so we stayed to the right, carrying the skis up one steep pitch. From there the ridge follows north-easterly to the summit. Skiing down was very fine, especially down the south-west face of the ridge. After walking across Long Lake there was also some pleasant skiing through the trees down to the cabin.

Anemone, the 2290 m peak north of the cabin turned out to be an enjoyable, straight-forward trip for Friday, leaving us with enough energy to get out on the "bunny" slope after supper for night skiing by the light of the full moon, a truly enchanting experience. Our last day at the cabin started with retracing our tracks across Long Lake, then following up the creek (Long Creek?).

On the right lies a good ski slope which can be climbed to give access to a ridge and peak north of Long Peak. This is a great ski down, starting with a bit of a cliff-hanger (when icy) followed by a delightful "ego run" down to the lake. Flat-foot across the lake and nip down through the trees to the cabin all in time for a glass of sherry before lunch on the verandah and a bathe in the refreshing water of the creek. Ho - hum, the hardships of ski-touring!

DAWSON RANGE, SOUTHERN SELKIRKS
B.C.M.C. Summer Camp, July 1978

The advance party left Vancouver on Tuesday, July 18th, three vehicles and a trailer which looked like some sort of circus act as it was loaded with Les Churchill's aluminum tent-frame creation. We reached Revelstoke quite late in the evening after being delayed due to a tire blowout on the trailer, and resisted the temptation to stay at a comfortable hotel (mainly because all the hotels and motels were filled to capacity).

Wednesday was a busy day with hardly enough time to get everything done, but all went well, with Les and Dennis making three trips from Revelstoke to the gravel pit. The food did arrive on schedule, and a sign posted at the park gate "Mavis is at the pit," helped us to communicate as we went back and forth like yo-yos.

Our friendly helicopter pilot (Owen Shannon) arrived at the gravel pit on schedule at 0700, Thursday, looked at our pile of equipment and said, "Do you always travel this heavy then you climb mountains?" We assured him that we do not!

We were greeted at our base camp site at Glacier Circle by many hungry mosquitoes. For some reason most of them departed when the main group arrived on Sunday. We have several theories to explain this:

- (a) They were introverted;
- (b) They tasted the blood of the advance group and didn't like it;
- (c) Our feathered friends (the birds) ate them for lunch;
- (d) It was too hot for them so they retreated to the woods.

Dennis and Fred (and the meat) were unloaded from the chopper at the S. end of the Illecillewaet Nevé on Thursday afternoon. The meat was cached in a crevasse to keep it cool. The route across the nevé from Perley Rock was marked with wands so that the participants would not get lost on Sunday (in case of whiteout conditions). As it happened, none of them got lost but the bamboo wands did! The bears probably ate them. The meat was also lost - for a while, but was recovered by a group of volunteers (meat-eaters, one and all) on the following Monday.

The route-marking party was unable to get back to camp before dark on Thursday so spent a cool but fairly comfortable night on the slabs of Mt. Macoun. Sunday, the day of the hike-in, was clear and hot and all arrived at camp safely to be greeted with a big pot of stew, courtesy of the cooks. While the main group were plodding monotonously across the Illecillewaet Nevé, Les and Dennis were enjoying the first climb up the headwall to the Deville Nevé; they looked across the valley and seeing the masses arriving, hurried down to meet them.

On the following day the headwall was again climbed and fixed ropes were placed. This headwall involved four rope lengths of Grade 4/5 climbing, and it was climbed by most (if not all) of the campers sometime during the camp.

The high camp tents and food had been deposited by chopper on the glacier between the Bishop and Purity groups. On the first day at high camp the supplies were divided into two locations to suit the individual preferences of the various groups of climbers. As there were not enough supplies at high camp for two parties, a minor conflict threatened. The two groups were again consolidated several days later by Les, Ron and Mavis at the lower site. On the one stormy day we had, the group at the high camp had an unpleasant time due to leaky tents which almost blew away.

The most popular ascents were Mts. Macoun, Topham, Witches Tower, Fox, Selwyn, Hasler and Wheeler. Also climbed were Mts. Augustine, Cyprian, Kilpatrick and Beaver Outlook.

Mt. Fox was climbed via the steep East ridge by Murray and Jason Maitland on July 24. Murray wrote in his trip report, "The ridge was typically narrow with expansive views, tremendous exposure, and fairly good rock. At one point the ridge was two feet wide and tapered beneath - like an upside-down pyramid. Finally, after 8 1/2 hours we reached the summit."

Also on July 24, Geoff Mumford and John Cumberbatch climbed Mt. Selwyn via Fox Glacier, returning to base camp via Bishop Glacier, Deville Nevé (high camp site) and the headwall - a long and ambitious first day at camp.

The following day a group of six, led by Martin Kafer, climbed Mt. Macoun via a prominent gully on the west face. This route, which was pioneered by Martin, was repeated later by other groups with minor variations - all on good rock.

Geoff teamed up with Jason, Murray and Sig Werner, on July 26, to climb Mt. Augustine in the Bishop Range ("rock very crumbly") while John led a group of three up Mt. Kirkpatrick, crossing a bergschrund then up a steep snow slope on the east face.

On July 30 a new route was pioneered on the West Buttress of Mt. Macoun by Jason, Murray, Geoff and Matt Babicki. As this route was directly above base camp, it provided entertainment for those remaining in camp. A rainshower failed to turn them back. "Here at the top of the buttress we had lunch, waving occasionally to the people in camp. It turned out that there was a running commentary on our progress the whole time. We stepped back onto the ridge to take a look and what we saw was not pleasant. Standing there in the rain and hail, Jason remarked, "should have brought etriers!" Talk began about the 10 or so rappells needed to get down. Geoff looked around the corner to the left (south) and there, like an escape hatch, was a gully that took us to the summit ridge."

Also on July 30, Ian Kay led a climb to the summit of Mt. Topham, and Les and Ron Churchill made the only ascent of Beaver Outlook - "a pleasant trip."

On the following day Geoff and Jason succeeded in reaching the summit of Hasler via the Fox Glacier and Selwyn-Hasler Col. A 3 m icewall, which had blocked the route for other groups, was bypassed around the southern end. Crampons were used to cross the steep ice to the rock. An easier route to the summit of Hasler was from high camp via Bishop Glacier and the south ridge. This route was followed by several groups.

The days of camp slipped quickly by. We enjoyed delicious food cooked by Maria and Erika at base camp, and lazy days basking in the sunshine beside the swimming hole. Occasionally we would hear a thunder-like sound, and, looking up towards one of the big icefalls above camp, we could watch huge blocks of ice come tumbling down the mountainside. All aspiring (and perspiring) mountaineers were able to find climbs to test the limits of their individual ability.

The campers returned to the highway on August 3, some following the same route as on July 23, while others chose a more westerly route, ascending to the Illecillewaet Nevé close to the slopes of Witches Tower. Nobody chose to brave the rigours of the bushwhack into the Beaver Creek valley, or the dangers of the cable crossing of Beaver River. In the spirit of true mountaineering, an ascent was made of Mt. Sir Donald on August 3, by Dave Hughes, Bob Kandiko, Doug Herchner and Alfred Menninga, and on the 4th, by Roman Babicki and René Torn - a very popular and enjoyable climb.



Unnamed peaks around the headwaters of Sockeye Ck. (Cadwallader Range crossover).
Photo - R. Sheppard.



Sun God Mtn. (Cadwallader Range crossover). Photo - R. Sheppard.



The north side of Goat Mtn. north of Tenquille Lake (Cadwallader Range crossover).
Photo - R. Sheppard.

Many thanks to Gary Marcuse and Susan Leslie for the fine audio recording which they made at the camp. (This 45 minute radio program was broadcast over CBC on November 18th, 1978, on the series "Between Ourselves.")

Dennis Sims, Camp Chairman 1978.

**MT. LOGAN - CATENARY RIDGE
B.C.M.C. Expedition - May-July, 1979**

It had been a long time since the last official B.C.M.C. expedition to the St. Elias Range. In the fall of 1978 several of us on the climbing committee decided that perhaps 1979 would be the Club's first expedition to Mt. Logan - Canada's highest peak.

As I was the member of the committee most interested and most likely to go, I got the unenviable job of organizing and co-ordinating the expedition. I was soon joined by Paul Starr who had led the 1976 B.C.M.C. expedition to Oasis Peak in the Alaska Panhandle, and Doug Herchmer and Tim Ryan who had been with me on the Club's 1977 expedition to Mt. Waddington. We were later joined by Bob Kandiko, a B.C.M.C. member from Seattle, and Ross Nickol and Jim Allan, two newcomers to the Club. We were a diverse group with Ross and I being Chartered Accountants; Paul a Federal Fisheries biologist; Doug and Bob professional foresters; Tim an education student at U.B.C.; and Jim a past medical student who now ran Eco Summer.

After several meetings, we chose as our objective the long and classic looking Catenary Ridge on the northeast side of the mountain. The Ridge connects Mt. McArthur, a 4330 m subsidiary peak of Logan, and runs over Dak and Catenary Peaks before finally connecting to Mt. Logan. The Ridge had only been climbed several times previously and offered a route of mainly class 4 and class 5 climbing, the majority of which was on a knife-like ridge. We wanted something that was going to be challenging, but still afforded a reasonable chance of success within a four-week time frame. But given the lack of information on the route and the unforgivingness of the St. Elias area weather, we elected to take five weeks' food - just in case.

To Kluane

Finally, mid May rolled around and we were off to the Yukon. We chose to start our climb at this time because mid and late summer usually bring very unfavourable snow conditions to Logan's long and dangerous fluted ridges.

By late Saturday, May 19, four of us and all the equipment were on the beach next to a frozen Kluane Lake. Bob arrived via Haines Alaska late Sunday afternoon, as did Doug and Roscoe (Ross) who took over 24 hours to return our rented truck to Whitehorse and hitch-hike back. Traffic is not very abundant on the Alaska Highway in the middle of May.

Then began the wait. Although Kluane is a desert with less than 30 cm of rainfall a year, the trip in by plane to the base of Mt. Logan is frequently held up by weather. The distance is approximately 190 air kilometres, and the weather has to be good all the way. So for the next five days, our time was spent playing soccer games on the gravel airstrip, frying hamburgers on snowshovels and travelling to Haines Junction for more food and beer.

Perhaps this is a good point to explain a bit about the topography of the St. Elias Range area. Located at the junction of the B.C., Alaska and Yukon borders and next to the Gulf of Alaska, it is the third most glaciated landmass in the world (after Antarctica and Greenland). The area is continually hit by storms from the Gulf and hence, snow and ice are a year round phenomenon. Adding to the spectacular character of the area is the sheer mass of the larger mountains and in particular, Mt. Logan. Arising out of the coastal plain some 72 km from the Pacific Ocean, it is one of the world's largest vertical rises. Mt. Logan measures 160 km around its base and is considered to be the most massive mountain in the world. Its summit plateau at the 4,900 m level is about 80 square kilometres in area.

It was for this objective that we waited restlessly for our chance to fly. Finally on Friday, May 25, three flights took six of our party to our base camp on the northwest side of the mountain. The plane used to fly climbers and researchers in the area is a heli-courier, a very specialized plane capable of landing on the mountain's plateau at the 5,370 m level. What the plane possesses in aeronautic qualities it lacks in space (only a 270 kg payload) and as a result, Roscoe had to wait until the following Monday before he could join us. He was fortunate (?) however, to be able to bide his time with Reid Carter and the Alpine Club's expedition team, nicknamed "The Animals", who were also waiting for their turn to fly to the base of Mt. Logan.

Base Camp and the Catenary Spur

To add extra challenge to our trip we decided to consider a new route up to the Catenary Ridge. An obvious spur in the middle of the ridge, running directly from Catenary Peak, had never been climbed and looked inviting from some previously researched photographs. Paul and Jim had the duty of making the decision on their flight in on whether to try the unclimbed spur or not. After a couple of pass-bys they elected to give the spur a shot, although perhaps with some trepidation. As a result, our base camp was established (a healthy setback from the base of the spur to avoid avalanches) at 2,320 m.

For the next several days our weather was good and we were able to gain access to the Catenary Spur around the corner from the camp. We spent the next three days making our way up a knife-like corniced ridge. We were able to establish camp 1A at a break in the ridge just below a difficult face to a second corniced section of the ridge. We had now surpassed any previous attempt on the Spur, but the section in front of us looked exceedingly long. After a day of climbing on the second corniced section at above 3,000 m we could begin to see the main difficulties that lay ahead - a very long corniced ridge with a series of rock towers and gendarmes blocking the route at its end. We then knew that we had insufficient hardware and fixed rope to get safely along this section of the ridge. This was despite having almost 1200 m of rope. We were also discouraged at the pace of our progress. After much discussion we elected on May 29 to abandon the Spur and retreat to our base camp.

We then moved our base camp to the east about 2 km from a headwall that separated McArthur and Dak Peak. This access to the Catenary Ridge was the original ascent route and it reaches the ridge at its lowest point of approximately 3400 m. The weather had turned sour and the trip up the headwall to camp 1B at 3,170 m was to be slow and difficult. When we were finally to reach the ridge we found snow accumulations were light on this side of the mountain. Rather, holes and ice proved to be more frequently the difficulties. But on



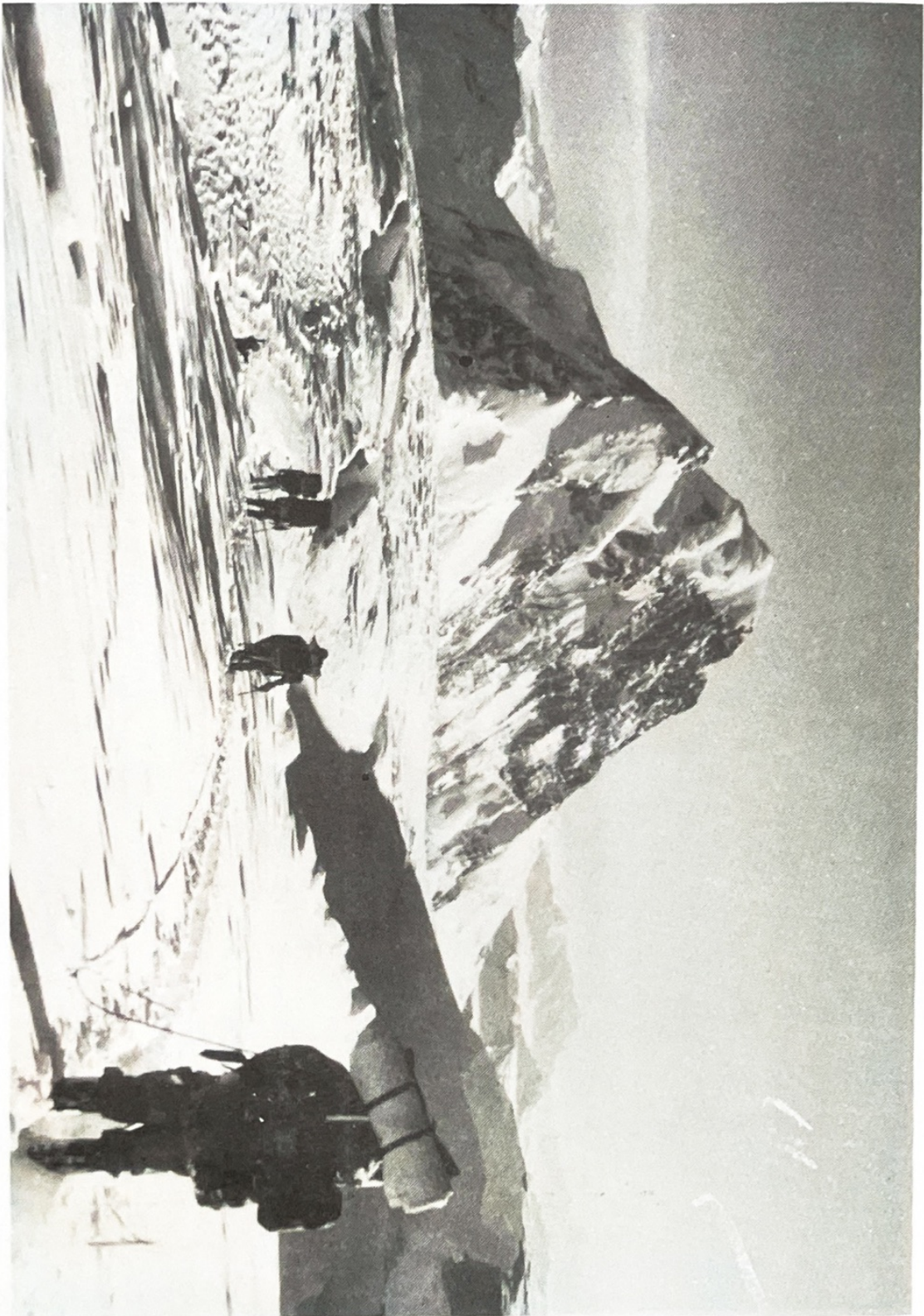
Catenary Peak to Mt. Logan with Catenary Spur in the foreground, as seen from the air
(Mt. Logan via Catenary Ridge). Photo - D. Herchmer.



Catenary Peak to Mt. Logan with Catenary Spur in the foreground, as seen from base camp (Mt. Logan via Catenary Ridge). Photo - D. Hughes.



Ridge en route to the Platform looking back towards Catenary Peak (Mt. Logan via Catenary Ridge). Photo - D. Herchmer.



Descending towards King's Trench with Kings Peak in the background (Mt. Logan via Catenary Ridge). Photo - D. Herchmer.

the headwall the snow accumulations were immense and we were unable to keep our route up the headwall clear. It was now June 1, day 8 on the mountain. Spirits were probably at the lowest at any point during the trip, but fortunately things started to improve from here.

The Ridge

It still took another four days before we were able finally to make the ridge on June 4. On the following day Paul and Ross set off to establish camp 2, hopefully on the top of Dak Peak, while the rest of us ferried loads (up to four loads on lower stretches of the mountain). Weather and conditions again made progress slow and Paul and Ross had to settle for an advance camp 2 at 3,660 m. The next day we were able finally to push over Dak Peak and make a camp above the clouds at 3,800 m. Much to our dismay, on our last ferry up to camp 2, we noticed that another party had been flown in to the base of the headwall and was going to follow us up the mountain.

After a very windy night, we were blessed with a good day during which we were able to push the route to the top of Catenary Peak, 4,025 m. On June 9, day 16 on the mountain, we established camp 3 at 4,000 m just down from the top of Catenary Peak. We now had a good view of the main section of the Catenary Ridge. Our objective now was to find our way down to the Catenary - Logan col at approximately 3,690 m, then along the most difficult section of the climb to the face of Mt. Logan. Fortunately, nature provided a fluke piece of landscape, in the middle of the second part of the ridge a large flat platform hung from the otherwise knife-like corniced ridge. This would be our camp 4 at 3,700 m.

Getting to camp 4 proved to be most interesting. Cornices and the narrowness of the ridge forced us to change our route three times from one side of the ridge to the other. At the col, or low point between Catenary Peak and Logan we had to abandon the ridge entirely and resort to climbing on the face for more than 300 m. Despite more bad weather we made reasonably good progress so this section of the climb was most gratifying.

By June 14, day 21 on the mountain, we had established an advance camp 5 just at the immediate end of the Catenary Ridge. The following day we established a full camp 5 at 4,060 m just above a set of ice falls of Mt. Logan's northeast face. In six days we had managed to cross the most difficult part of the Ridge and establish a camp on the Logan massif, but we had only gained 30 m in altitude.

This section of the climb was eventful, however. On day 21 Doug, Tim and I managed to finish the route on the Ridge and fix our fixed lines. Doug and Tim proceeded to push the route up to an icefall on the face of Logan, while I returned to ferry a heavy load. Near the end of my second trip just at the end of the ridge the route gave out and I found myself dangling in a ten foot hole with an ice axe cut in my head. Other than a messy gortex jacket and a few photographs everything was back to normal in short order.

Logan Face to the Peak

The next section of the climb was also interesting and rewarding, but again with its share of difficulties. Progress up the face was reasonably smooth but more knife-like ridges and very steep slopes meant we had to fix ropes all the way to the Plateau. Camp 6 was established two days after camp 5 on June 17 at 4,600 m. This camp had to be set under some ice blocks to provide shelter from sweeping avalanches from above. The effects of high altitude were now starting to strike in the form of headaches and a lack of motivation.

After more snow and a relayed radio call home, to say "it looks like we are going to be late", we pushed on. By June 19 we reached the Plateau and set up camp 7 at 4,900 m. Digging out a camp on the hard nevé of the Plateau was difficult especially with the effects of altitude becoming more pronounced.

We were then at the point of carrying all our supplies for the balance of the trip in one load. On June 20 four of us broke camp and started up to what we hoped would be our summit camp. The heavy loads, however, were too much for us and we had to settle for an advance camp 8. The next day, the longest day of the year, brought a return of energy and by day's end we had established our high camp at 5400 m. Set beneath a towering ice block we had a tremendous panorama of the north side of Logan, all the way from the East Peak to the Northwest Peak. We also could see the H.A.P.S. camp (the High Altitude Physiological Camp) some 9-13 km away, where the Arctic Institute of North America was conducting their research.

The next day, June 22, we went over to the ridge just below our camp to see if the last three members of our party were in sight. To our surprise only Tim and Ross were coming up. We soon discovered that Bob had been left at camp 7 because his physical state had deteriorated from headaches and loss of appetite to severe nausea and vomiting. Jim and Ross, armed with a new formula of diuretics returned to camp 7 to help Bob, while Tim and the balance of the supplies were brought to camp 8.

The following day brought more unsettled weather. With no sight or signals from our three comrades at camp 7, our first attempt on the peak was made. But the weather was not to be with us as fog beset us about half way to the peak. The weather, however, cleared later in the day and to our relief, Bob, Roscoe and Jim came into camp. The new formula of diuretics had allowed Bob to recover sufficiently to permit him to move up to high camp.

We arose next day to find relatively clear skies but much wind and blowing snow. It was Sunday, June 24, Day 31 on the mountain and the weather and food supplies both looked as if they were running out. As noon approached, the wind started to drop, and Bob was feeling well enough that we thought we could all make a summit bid together. To our surprise we heard voices outside our tents. It was the American party which had followed us up the Catenary Ridge. They had climbed the East Peak which is just lower than the main summit and were on their way to the H.A.P.S. camp.

After their encouragement, we were all off for the main summit. At 6:30 p.m., four hours later, we were all on an unmarked narrow strip of snow - the Peak of Logan.

The Trip Down

The next morning, with food supplies starting to run perilously low, we hastily started our trek across the Plateau to the H.A.P.S. camp. By late afternoon bad weather again hit us, this time with considerable fury. We just managed to get our tents up in time to experience the worst storm we had encountered on the mountain. A four-hour break in the weather the next day allowed us to reach the H.A.P.S. Camp at 5,370 m.

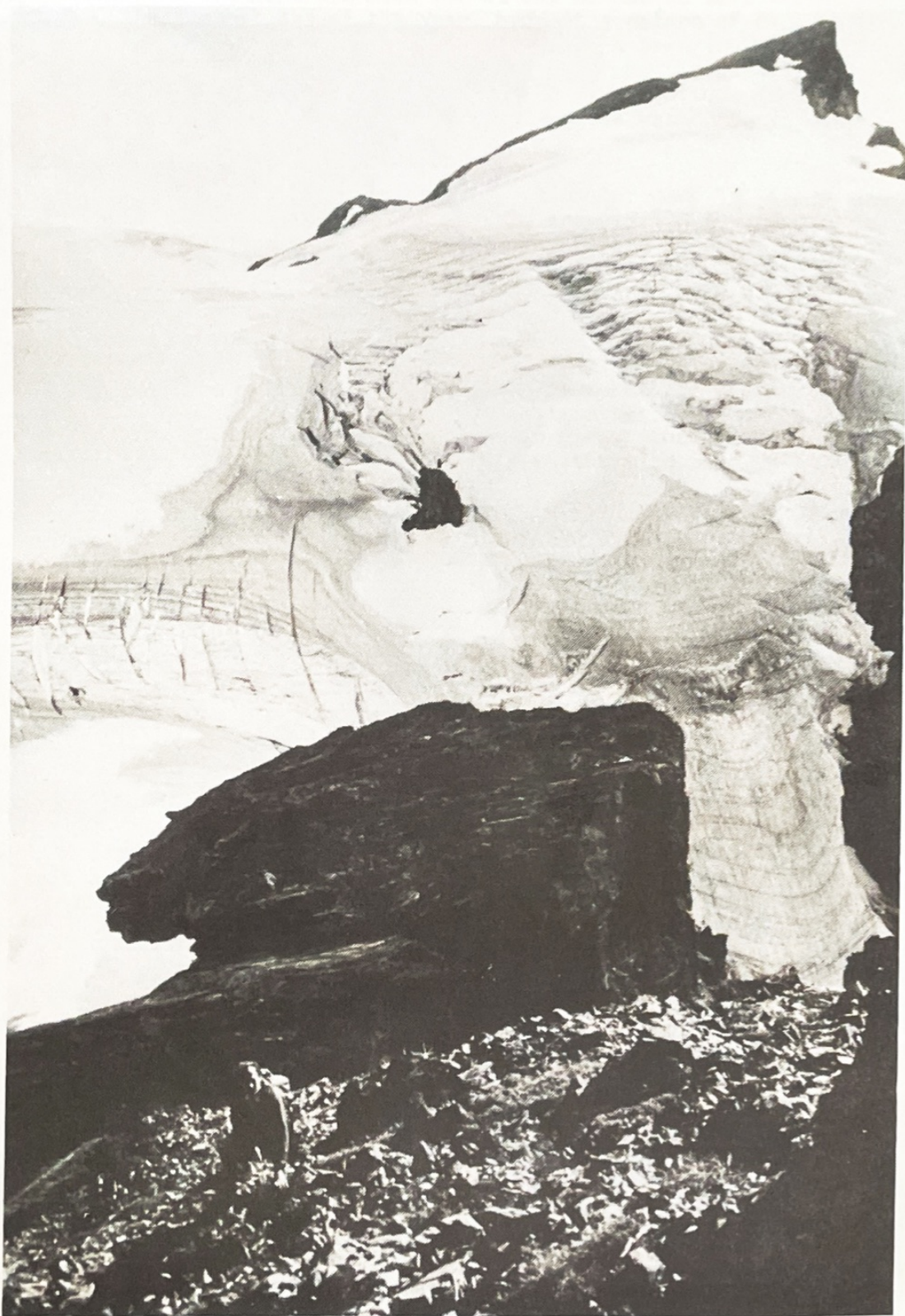
Again the weather delayed our progress, this time for four more days. Fortunately, good company from the eight students (who were waiting to be examined and studied by a team of high altitude scientists) and a number of Canadian Army emergency ration handouts saw us through until mid Saturday afternoon. By then the weather had cleared and we were off to our flyout spot in the King's Trench at 3,350 m.

Our trip down the King's Trench route was a 21 hour slog in waist deep powder snow. Oh for a pair of skis! Finally the next morning we reached the H.A.P.S. camp in the Trench and another source of rationed food as we were now completely out. At 5 p.m. that day two of us were flown out to Kluane and to our first sight of greenery in 38 days. True to form it took another two days before everyone was off the mountain and back at Kluane.

My thanks to everyone who helped make the trip successful and especially to my fellow team members for hanging in there.



On the approach to the Fire Spires with Ember, the Flames, Flash, and Flicker on skyline from left to right. Spark is in front of, and beneath, Ember (Fire Spires). Photo - M. Force.



On the Southwest Ridge of Spark Pk. with the Terrarosa Glacier and Ember Pk. in the background (Fire Spires). Photo - M. Force.

Participants: Jim Allan, Doug Herchmer, David Hughes, Bob Kandiko, Ross Nichol, Tim Ryan, Paul Starr

David Hughes - Reporter

MANATEE RANGE
B.C.M.C. Summer Camp, July 1979

It was a pleasant Saturday in July that saw 35 climbers, two cooks and two helpers congregating at Jack's place to pick up all the necessary food and gear for a holiday in the mountains. In various private cars, we drove up Howe Sound, meeting again in Pemberton, then taking the good logging road up the Lilloet River Valley. Before supper everybody arrived at a big clearing towards the end of the road in Meager Creek. After dinner al fresco, we were kept busy stacking boxes and lugging umpteen pails of water out of a nearby creek to dampen down the helicopter pad. Fortunately, Sunday morning dawned bright and clear.

More than half the party was driven in a big van to the end of the road from where they bushwacked for about an hour to "Goose Lake", a newly formed lake at the foot of the big slide that came down from Job Mountain. There they sat, watching the helicopter fly over, taking the work party and all the gear to the camp site on the south side of the Manatee Range. Logistics for a big camp being what they are, it took a long time and the people at the lake got a good chance to practice their patience. But finally everybody's turn came and by late evening we were all assembled again.

And what a fantastic camp spot it was too. The cook tent was pitched on a large flat meadow beside a lovely creek. Close by, but a little higher, were numerous flat spots interspersed with clumps of trees and best of all, many tarns. Tents sprouted over the whole area, giving as much room and privacy as one wished. The view was spectacular across the headwaters of the Toba River and the hanging glaciers of the Elaho Range. At our back were the south faces of Mounts Sirenia, Manatee and Dugong. Monday morning we all pitched in to help finish setting up camp. Toilets were dug, the dining fly erected, food placed in a snowbank, a bridge built across the creek, firewood cut...The biggest of the tarns was designated a swimming hole, the one next to it was used for bathing with soap and shampoo. Much use was made of both, there never was a cleaner camp. But after lunch, people could not be held back any longer. Some went to explore the meadows, which were in full bloom, offering a wonderful variety of flowers. Others went up to the glacier and got so carried away with delight that they climbed an outlier of Remoa Pk. Of course they came back late for dinner, but the cooks were kind enough to feed them anyway.

Tuesday was the first real climbing day. The largest party, 13 to be exact, decided to tackle Sirenia Mountain, the highest of the group. The trip started very pleasantly by hiking across the extensive meadows west of camp. We then wound our way over steeper meadows and scree slopes into a side valley. This brought us to the foot of a rather large glacier lying between Sirenia, Wahoo Tower and Manatee. Here we roped up, the first short pitch necessitating some step cutting. After that, it was an easy walk up towards a very steep snow filled gully leading to a col between Sirenia and Wahoo Tower. From here, a rotten rock ridge was followed to a big gendarme. We bypassed it on the north side over snow. We had lots of fun negotiating the bergschrund and a short, steep pitch leading to the elegant northeast ridge. Kicking steps up it, we soon reached the final summit tower.

Here we found pleasant grade 3 rock. A happy bunch ate lunch on top and took in the spectacular view all around. Basically, we followed the same way down. Some people glissaded the lower snow slopes, while others preferred the loose rock. In the meantime, eight people climbed the glaciated ridge to the east of camp, which later came to be known as Beluga. Everybody in camp climbed this at least once by every conceivable route. That same day, John did a solo route over the unclimbed west ridge of Dugong Peak, while Art, Bill, Frank and Peter climbed Remora Peak. Seven of the young eager-beavers went across the headwaters of the Toba to climb some interesting pinnacles in the Elaho Range, which were referred to as Peak 44/98.

And so it went on all during camp. Parties formed and regrouped. Some followed in the footsteps of the previous climbs, others did their own thing. Manatee Peak was climbed by at least five different routes. Four parties did the south ridge on Dugong, which was also previously unclimbed. This route involved a lot of scree walking with some grade 4-5 climbing near the top. Not too solid, as Donna found out. The descent was via a steep face, whose snow cover got progressively thinner towards the end of camp. Unfortunately Donna slipped, taking with her Paul and Bren. She suffered from bruises and a cracked bone in her ankle, but managed to limp back to camp. On the descent from Manatee Peak, Martin K. lost his balance on a teetering rock and bruised his thigh, while Guenther twisted his knee. For a few days, the two had a fine time wandering around the meadows, taking pictures of flowers, ptarmigans and waterfalls. A large area around camp was so charming, that one did not need to climb a mountain to have a good time. And if all else failed, one could always go, for a swim. There was a particularly nice lake about an hour away with a fine sandy beach and only a stone's throw from the long Elaho Glacier.

Despite all the comforts and attractions of camp, people were eager to climb. To get into a better position for some high-angle stuff, John, Norman, Gary and Susan packed up and established a fly-camp at the top of Manatee Glacier. John and Norm did a fine new rock route on the south side of Sirenia and on Wahoo Tower. Gary and Susan also went on Wahoo. Far across the valley beckoned the snowy peak of Elaho. To make sure of their objective, the following established another fly-camp above the Elaho Glacier: Paul, Donna, Lee, Kate, Jim C., Bren, Paula, Jan and Marsha. The climb itself was basically a snow slog, but with some big crevasses and a fine snow arete thrown in to make it a very worthwhile trip. Later on, a second party climbed Elaho Peak from camp by leaving at 5 o'clock in the morning. By that time the fine weather of the first week had given way to fog and high overcast, so they missed the thrill of the knife edge to some extent. Brian and Margaret were tempted by a fine looking peak down and across the Toba River. They first made a recce through the bush down to the river. The next day, after a rather difficult crossing, they climbed up over scree and snow into the most obvious saddle. Here they found very difficult, steep rock for the last 30 m or so. Having neither the required hardware nor time, they regretfully retreated, but as it was, they didn't reach camp 'til dark. All the same, it was a strenuous, valiant effort. Attempts were also made on a peak south of Sirenia.

But alas, all good things have to come to an end; for some, sooner, and for some, later. Two groups walked out during camp over Meager Glacier and down the creek to the cars, a good day's trekking. Martin and Esther left on Thursday to pack down the Elaho River, a good bushwhack of five days duration. The rest of the party packed up on Friday. To save helicopter time, most of them walked down the Meager Glacier to another meadow for pick-up. The helicopter arrived on time and so ended another successful B.C.M.C. Summer Camp.

Esther Kafer

Following are some general statistics.

Campers: Jack Bachrich, Art Dellow, Bill Hobek, Frank Foster, Peter Goy, Donna Goy, Jim Craig, Bren Moss, Eric Wilson, Guenther Marx, Louis Semproni, Lee Bruch, Gary Marcuse, Susan Leslie, Marsha Ablowitz, Paula Pick, Jan St. Amand, Kate Allen, Margaret and Brian Ellis, Jim and Ivy Addie, Fred Brownsword, Joan Ford, Martin and Esther Kafer, Paul Binkert, Liz Hansen, Wendy Taylor, John Gudaitis, Norm Abraham, Bob Gall, Martin Moseley, Jody Charbonneau, Fred Cashmen, Jan and Jan -- the cooks, Simon and Kevin -- the helpers.

Mt. Sirenia: Esther, Martin K., Jim C., Bren, Paul, Brian, Margaret, Susan, Kate, Bob, Martin M., Wendy, Liz, Louis, Donna, Guenther, Marsha, Jan, Paula, John, Norm.

Manatee Pk.: Louis, Paula, Marsha, Jan, Gary, Kate, Martin M., Bob, Susan, Brian, Margaret, John, Norman, Martin K., Esther, Wendy, Liz, Paul, Lee, Fred, Jody, Eric, Donna, Jim, Bren.

Dugong Pk.: John, Martin M., Bob, Susan, Brian, Margaret, Esther, Louis, Guenther, Jan, Bren, Jim, Paul, Paula, Kate, Donna, Peter.

Elaho: Paul, Donna, Lee, Kate, Jim, Bren, Paula, Jan, Marsha, Martin K., Esther, Louis, Norm, John, Liz, Wendy, Joan, Guenther, Susan, Gary, Margaret.

Peak 44/98: Paula, Jan, Marsha, Lee, Gary, John, Donna, Martin M., Bob, Kate, Wendy, Liz, Susan.

FIRE SPIRES August 1979

The day was getting very long indeed by the time we had arrived at the top of that rotten gully, and the dust in my parched throat had reached the consistency of a Bino's buckwheat pancake. I was in desperate need of a drink of water, considering that I had just sweated out two quarts of that precious fluid coming up the dirty gully. I was just making a mental note to myself that granite dust tastes a hell of a lot better than pumice, when the rest of the party stumbled into view. "That's just about everybody," I said wearily.

"Not quite," countered Miguel, who was looking back at the top of the gully. I turned to follow his gaze and saw a dusty, blonde giant emerge from the defile. Accompanying him was the clamour of rockfall and prodigious clouds of dust. "Aaaaaaaa!!!" he bellowed. "Ah yes, I forgot Macho," I replied, amidst much laughter.

That is just one of the moments that stands out in my mind from the August Long weekend '79, when a small party of Club members went into the Fire Spires.

The Spires is a group of five or six rotten, volcanic-based peaks all clustered at the head of Terrarosa Glacier, a seldom-visited area located in the eastern corner of Garibaldi Park.

One of the reasons they're seldom-visited is that they're not high enough to attract much attention (about 7,000 - 7,900 feet - oops! 2,100 - 2,400 m.). Another reason is the access into the area, which until lately, was decidedly lacking. Flying-in is one way of getting there but costs so much more than simply hoofing-it in. With new roads in the Fire Creek valley pushed all the way to the park boundary, hiking-in looked very promising. The camp site chosen was a small lake located at the north end of the Spires, at about 1,600 m., the route looked good as it passed by a couple of lakes and meadows.

So on that note, five people met at the tried and true stomping ground -- the Pemberton Cafe. We then left the cafe and made our way to the end of the road. Only the toughest of the vehicles was volunteered for the last 4 km of questionable logging road. We arrived none the worse for wear, except for a couple of cases of severe palsy (including the author) due to a few close encounters with eternity. We packed up, and in keeping with the BCMC Trip tradition, crashed straight off and up into the bush, ever mindful of the season's over-abundance of wasps and bees.

We arrived at the first lake after an hour or two of very light bush, and were then informed that it was "lunch!" due to the fact that Macho's stomach refused to let his legs continue. It was during this lunch break that Miguel stumbled over a sign declaring the lake to be "Biddle Lake." He promptly removed said sign, whilst muttering things about people who can't go into the wilderness without leaving signs of their passing. "Dismal, that's what it is, dismal," I heard him mumble.

After Macho had satiated himself on his "Ernie's Take-Anywhere," we quickly left for the final campsite, arriving there after what seemed an eternity but was only six uncertain hours. All were inspired, some were perspired and one definitely retired! Oh! what a fine campsite it was! A beautiful blue lake reflecting the red of the lava cliffs that form the north end of the Spires. Topping all this off was the crisp white and blue of the hanging glacier, perched at the top of the cliffs with several waterfalls cascading noisily down from the ice, and carving a sinuous path to the lake below. We could feel the chill coming off the ice, and this snapped us out of our reverie to realize that it was getting late; time to fill our stomachs and turn in early for the long day ahead of us.

Of course, we all slept in! I didn't even feel guilty about it. After a nice cup of refreshing tea to start the morning off, we decided the only way to get Macho out of his snorebag was to roll his tent into the lake. Fortunately for him he must have heard us, for a few minutes later he came striding into view, dragging a Glad Kitchen Catcher bag full of food. "Well," I thought to myself, "we've all got to eat -- some more than others!" I must add, however, that the bag lost a good deal of its bulk before we got back to the cars, due to a wholehearted effort on all our parts.

The plan for the day was to climb Ember, the highest peak in the group, and look around. After my umpteenth cup of tea, we finally set off, following goat trails around the lake until we reached the glacier. Here we roped up and Peter led off to our beckoning objective. After some steep snow and a thin bridge over a deep moat on the east face, we reached the summit.

From the summit, one was rewarded with an interesting and different view of the heart of Garibaldi Park. To the north lay the Mt. Sir Richard massif and the lofty summits of the Matier group. Below us to the east, just a stone's throw away, lay the head of Harrison Lake. The unmistakable twin spires of Mt. Judge Howay made their appearance to the south, while to the west lay the sprawling, glaciated summits of the Misty Icefields. Barren, inhospitable and isolated -- is probably the best description of the area. This makes the place a playground for people willing to put that extra energy into getting there.

As it was still early in the day, we had lots of time left to explore the surrounding peaks of the group. Close at hand were the Flames, which were unclimbed until 1972. We decided that these peaks looked to be a lot easier than Flash Peak, which lay immediately behind the Flames (besides, the Flames were a lot closer!). Flash deserves special mention here as it has an impressive looking summit with at least four towers, all carved into long slender fingers of fragile-looking rock, reminiscent of the Flagpole in the Enchantment Lake area of the Central Cascades. Spectacular, but not our cup of tea, seeing as we weren't completely prepared for it.

After a quick run down Ember's loose south slopes, we found ourselves at the base of the Flames. While Miguel, Pete and Theo looked around on the north side for a route up, I found an easier line on the south. Leaving Macho behind to clean up the lower slopes of any loose rock, I headed for a comfortable perch on the top. Here I indulged in my favourite pastime -- snoozing. Voices coming from below confirmed my suspicion that this was the laziest way up. (By the way, the rock in this area is extremely loose and it's recommended to bring a 'brain-bucket' to keep the head together).

After a hearty lunch, the party broke up. Theo and Macho wanted to head back to camp and have a go at Spark. (Spark, by the way, stands just above the lake and is an easy scramble just off the route back down to camp.) Meanwhile, the rest of us wanted to cross the neve to try and climb what appeared to be an unclimbed summit. No sooner had we started trekking off towards it, when Peter promptly dropped himself into a crevasse. Unfortunately for me, I wasn't as fast as Peter, for he had extricated himself before I could get to my camera!...very nice of him to find all these slots for us. We reached the summit of this peak without further ado, and found no record of previous ascents. In accord with the surrounding nomenclature, we decided to call it 'Ashes.'

Miguel and I thought that wasn't enough for the day, so on the way back to camp we clambered up Spark. If someone were to come into the area to climb, he or she shouldn't miss Spark. It provides the best view of camp, and the most impressive view of the north face of the Spires.

Back in camp that evening, we had a feast fit for kings. That, plus another beautiful sunset and a couple of nips of Drambuie was a very good incentive to hit the hay, which we all did without further delay.

An early morning start was in order, in view of the fact that it was probably going to take us the better part of twelve hours to get back to the city. After a quick breakfast and a few last clicks of the shutters, we tore ourselves away from this enchanted spot and managed to make it back to the cars in one piece, other than a few blisters and a few lost kilograms on the way. Except for Miguel! We managed to excite a wasp nest, and seeing that he was last in line, well...he was the only casualty.

Back in Squamish, we finally had our pizza and that hard-earned beer. We all decided that it was an area that deserves further visits from the Club, even though we all knew we'd probably be visiting the area again in the future. I know Theo wouldn't hesitate if there were more extensive meadows. For Paul, it would be an Ernie's Take-Home on the shores of the lake. Pete would go running back in if a ski-lift were put in at the front door of Ernie's. As for Miguel, it would be a dismal blizzard, so that he could try out his archaic but functional rain gear. Ah yes, what about me? It would be another such trip with close friends and plenty of warm sunshine (i.e., wine, women and song!) What more could one ask for?

Peter Parrotta, Paul Hannig, Theo Mosterman, Mike Feller and Mark Force (Leader and Reporter).

CADWALLADER RANGE CROSSOVER August, 1979

We arrived in Pemberton Saturday morning at the usual greasy spoon cafe in the hotel. After half an hour's wait for the menu and yet another half an hour to get breakfast, we finally tasted food -- the snail's pace of this bucolic eatery would send Job into paroxysms of impatient rage.

After this near starvation experience, we proceeded to confront the necessary logistics of the trip. One car was dropped off at the Tenquille Lake Trailhead in anticipation of the return journey. From Pemberton, we drove to D'Arcy under hot and sunny skies, biting dust that swirled into the car from every opening. One final chance at the grocery store gave us the opportunity to indulge in the last vestiges of civilization as chocolate bars, coke and junk food of all varieties were grabbed up before we finally left D'Arcy and ascended the steep powerline road that rose above it. At certain points the edge of the road sheered off precipitously, plunging sharply into Anderson Lake hundreds of feet below us. At this point our sincerest collective hope was that our driver didn't have a latent death wish, or even a minor muscle spasm that would send us all careening into the forbidding waters below. We located the spur road without difficulty and headed up it until we found the trailhead. The hike into the meadows was very pleasant except for a few bushy spots and an overabundance of blackflies whirring lazily about. Further up, the trail broke open to supply some splendid views of the Prospector Peaks -- a pleasant vantage point where one could rest and soak in all the mountain scenery. We reached the first meadow around 5:30 in the afternoon where camp was quickly set up. Supper was rapidly attended to, after which good conversation and a very mellow campfire provided a fitting finale to our first day.

We arose at 0800 under a blue sky dappled with scudding white clouds. After a leisurely breakfast, we broke camp and departed for the vast open expanses of McGillivray Pass where we stopped to rest in the vicinity of Snowcap Resorts lodge. The immensity of this place seemed timeless and infinite -- it had a gravity of its own that wanted to pull you down into the lush meadow growth to lie forever soaking in the alpine splendour. Alas, we had to move on, so with considerable effort we overcame our inertia, said farewell to two of our party who were along for only the weekend, and slogged up the southwest slopes of the pass and around the back on our way to Mt. Taillefer. The meadows were ablaze with alpine flowers -- blue lupin, red columbine, paintbrush and yellow daisy combined with a multitude of other colours to form a richly textured mosaic.

Steep side slopes made the traverse difficult, particularly with heavy packs bearing down on our backs. Slipping and sliding on the heather, we finally stumbled to an alpine plateau where a small picturesque alpine lake greeted us. It seemed to hover above the valley below while its glassy waters mirrored Mt. Taillefer -- a perfect camp spot, so we set up our tents. As it was only late afternoon, we scrambled to the top of a nearby peak for some views of the surrounding countryside. Below and to the east of us a cerulean lake glistened in the sun with the craggy formations of Prospector Peaks hovering over it. A sea of peaks lay to the south and west with Mt. Taillefer dominating the immediate skyline -- somewhere through that rocky maze our route to Tenquille Lake twisted and turned. We returned to our camp for supper and a glorious sunset -- conversations around a small campfire mellowed out the evening before we turned in.

We awoke to frosty tents and crisp blue skies -- Mt. Taillefer was still magically reflected in the smooth waters of the lake. After breakfast we broke camp and departed, heading down a wide but steep gully full of alpine vegetation -- very pretty but unfortunately very wet from the morning dew. The descent took on the aspects of a glissade as we skidded and careered down to the creek below. After fording this turbulent rush of water, we were confronted by a thick wall of tightly interwoven alpine fir. There was considerable thrashing about, needles and curses flying every which way until we finally broke through this stubborn phalanx into more open and friendly territory. Some sidesloping took us into the next valley where a creek tumbled down in a series of pristine waterfalls. Further up, the creek flowed from a milky azure blue lake nestled in a basin defined by jagged peaks and snowfields. The place somehow seemed epochal -- with the wind whispering through silent peaks it appeared to echo its earth sundering beginnings in the distant past. After reflecting for a time on this, we slogged up the giant steps of a talus slope to the saddle below Mt. Taillefer. Back behind us, the lake we had camped at the previous day seemed tiny and insignificant in the distant hills. Lunch provided a pleasant break from our trek, after which we climbed Taillefer, attaining the summit around 1430. Incredible views confronted us from this vantage point -- to the southeast Joffre, Matier and Peak 9015 at the headwaters of Upper Cayoosh Creek were clearly visible. The latter summit I had climbed about six weeks before, so it was most interesting to stand on the top of Taillefer and sort of look back in time. Black Tusk, Wedge, Garibaldi and even Mt. Baker, over a hundred km away, could all be picked out. To the north and west, Mounts McGillivray and Truax and a host of other peaks were spread before us, whilst two blue lakes lay anchored below the north rampart of Taillefer. Beyond this, even more lakes lay shimmering in the afternoon sun. An interesting historic note completed the summit visit -- in the rock cairn we found an old shaving brush tin in which was a list (although not the original which had been returned to the BCMC) containing the names of the first ascent party, dated 1921, among them the Fyles brothers and other BCMC members. After this historical diversion, we descended and set up camp at a small placid lake just above the two major lakes at the foot of the steep wall of Taillefer. The constant din of falling rock, water and snow combined with a spectacular display of alpenglow to provide a memorable end to the day.

Yet another clear blue sky greeted us in the morning. Upon breaking camp, we started our hike along a spectacular meadow ridge which provided ever-changing vistas of the surrounding mountains. This very enjoyable trek ended at an abrupt steepening and confronted us with a profound question -- was the line of least resistance up and over, or was sidesloping around the easiest way? Such difficult decisions require deep pondering involving considerable time, so a lunch break seemed to be the natural course to take. Our minds and bodies appropriately energized by food, we opted for the sideslope route which proved, after all, to be the easiest. This led up talus and meadow to a glaciated rock ridge which afforded expansive views of even more lakes and peaks. From this vantage point the sharp peaks of Mt. "Aragorn" could be seen, and like a magnet, we were drawn closer and closer to them. We pushed on, struggling through talus the size of houses, until we reached the lake at the base of the mountain. Steep ice faces, formed by the glacier which clutched onto the sheer ramparts of Mt. "Aragorn", buttressed much of its shoreline. After skirting this, we scrambled up about 250 m of rather gruelling talus and rock until the pass was reached, where another directional crisis confronted us. Befuddled as to whether we should go up, down or sideways, we again pondered a difficult choice over food. Compromise being the essence of any decision (particularly Canadian), the option chosen was to go upwards and sideways. Thus committed, we soon arrived on the top of a rock ridge overlooking a large bowl whose stark moonscaped features were softened by a diverse abundance of alpine flora. Teetering down a rock ramp, we descended to some small ragged-edged lakes shimmering quietly in the late afternoon sun, and set up camp for the evening.

The usual blue sky (boring??) greeted us as we broke camp the next day and headed up the ridge. From there a great alpine bowl sprawled before us -- a large, almost treeless amphitheatre ablaze with alpine flowers lay majestically in the morning sun. Alas, as Dorothy found out in the field of poppies on her journey to Oz, the flowers sheltered an ominous secret, and as we descended unsuspecting into the bowl they sprang their trap -- bugs!!!.....battalions of them, particularly horseflies as big as B-52 bombers and as thick as mosquitoes. Squadron after squadron blitzed us so as to make the Battle of Britain look like an effete teaparty. Flailing madly about, we careered through this alpine Dieppe, strafed from the right and left by the insect Luftwaffe -- "Buggery over Mankind" clearly emblazoned on their fuselages. After many valiant attempts by our clearly outflanked and outnumbered ground batteries, we finally rallied and escaped this alpine battlefield to obtain what we hoped would be a safe refuge beside a large lake at the opposite side of the bowl. However, even there the cool waters were rife with enemy ambush parties, yet in spite of these almost insurmountable odds, a beachhead was finally established where we managed to get a bite to eat. Swatting these buggy behemoths only stunned them, such was their extraordinary mass. Once down, they actually had to be bayoneted to prevent them from winging off again. By the time we departed, the ground was strewn with insect casualties -- the body count must have been incredible.

After lunch we retreated up a steep talus slope to loftier climes and finally a bug-free haven. From the pass a snowfield led onto a spectacular ridge directly below the multi-ribbed face of Mt. "Gandalf". The slopes swept dramatically away from either side of this lofty perch -- we couldn't help but pause and contemplate the jagged sentinels arrayed all about us. From here, sidesloping led to a small pocket valley where camp was set up beside a stream, just before it got dark. One couple in our party had brought a half bottle of Valpolicella which added a touch of viniferous elegance to the usual bland freeze-dried fare.

As usual, fair weather was the order of the next day as we left our campsite and headed up a gritty slope to the pass. Behind us, the corrugated flanks of Mt. "Gandalf" provided stark relief against the sharp blue sky. From the pass we scrambled up a spectacular ridge and thence to a peak that terminated it. The views from this vantage point were nothing short of stunning -- it appeared that the Cadwallader Range had concentrated all its power and resources in this one spot. The sharp peaks that thrust up all about us with gothic intricacy seemed an awesome reminder of past beginnings. We stayed on our summit for a considerable time soaking all this in and having lunch. As this particular perch had no cairn, we quickly set to and built one, using the left-over bottle of wine from the previous night's mountain revels as the container for our note. With that in mind, this peak will be named Mt. Valpolicella henceforth, at least, as far as we are concerned. Now, at least, Garibaldi to the south will have an Italian brother, if somewhat of a viniferous one. Good grief...this could be the start of a whole new generation of culinary Italian summits -- the possibilities are endless -- Chianti Crest and Mount Macaroni for the main course, followed by Spumoni Peak for dessert and naturally Amoretto Arête for the aperitif! From our vantage point, we descended to the azure lake below where a bracing dip provided an invigorating pause. A short hike to the next valley led to an even larger alpine lake with a jagged, rocky horn set squarely above it. We skirted around its shores and ascended some talus to a pass where yet another lake lay before us shimmering in the late sun. Since there were no other takers, I decided to climb the peak alone while the rest of the party descended to the lake to set up camp. Scrambling and some pleasant Class 3 rock provided about an hour's diversion to the top where a sea of snow-capped peaks were seen undulating off into the far distance -- Garibaldi, Tusk, Wedge, Matier and even the far-off summits around Monmouth, were all visible. To the north Mount McGillivray, which had hovered high above us five days ago, appeared as a small rocky knob in the distance. As the day was closing quickly, I scurried down towards the lake below, its waters throwing golden sparks in the late sun.

Next day, the morning sun softened the peaks to pastel tones which lay mirrored in the lake before our campsite. After breaking camp, we headed along broad alpine slopes with the sawtooth peaks to the southeast providing a sharp contrast. Almost treeless but replete with alpine flowers, the meadows provided splendid hiking throughout the major part of the morning. Around midday we reached the headwaters of the Birkenhead and thence up steep slopes to a large alpine plateau. The jagged summits around Mt. Samson, west of Railroad Pass, hovered in the middle distance as we hiked up the open expanse to a saddle and our first prominent view of Sun God Mountain. We traversed the vast alpine bowl which lay before this stark granite horn - a waterfall sprang from its base in a scene reminiscent of Middle Earth - or was that really Frodo Baggins sitting on a rock amongst the alpine flowers downstream from us?

The Feds must have been playing a wild game of darts with our particular topo as Sun God Mountain wasn't where it was supposed to be.....note to Ottawa - yes, there really are mountains west of the Rockies, honest! This miscalculation led us considerably astray so it was with much sidesloping and thrashing about that we finally reached our campsite for the night, just in time for one of the more spectacular sunsets in recent memory - the peaks around Samson seemed fuelled from within, glowing with soft magenta hues while the high cirrus cloud fanning out from their summits radiated intensely in the indigo sky. They looked like a nest of alien UFOs about to take off.

The last day - the large tarn we had camped beside provided excellent bathing as we cleaned up in preparation for our grand entrance into Tenquille Lake. The glacier hanging onto the face of Goat Mountain rumbled as we passed by on our way to the saddle above us. From that vantage point we took one last look at Sun God Mountain mirrored in a rocky pond and then worked our way around to the cliffs above Tenquille Lake. We stopped for lunch and took in the multi-coloured hues of the lake below us. Finally we worked our way down the steep slopes to the waters below and thence down the incredibly dusty trail to our waiting vehicle.

It had been eight days since we left Anderson Lake and crossed some of the most spectacular alpine country this side of Valhalla. Only one thing had been missing - a hamburger stand! Eight days of freeze-dried foods had atrophied our taste buds - that modern technological innovation certainly allows great ease and convenience but after about the second day Chicken Cacciatore tasted like Beef Stroganoff tasted like Shrimp Creole tasted like wallpaper paste. By the fourth day of the traverse certain geological features began to look like giant hamburger patties, so that by the time we got back to the car our cravings were almost uncontrollable. Half crazed, we tore down the highway until we finally reached the local eatery in Pemberton. 'Hamburgers all around' were gulped down rapidly until we were satiated. After this we retired to the Pemberton pub for rounds of beer - indeed a sharp contrast to the previous nights around the campfire - but somehow a very appropriate ending to a most unique and pleasurable summer week.

Traversers: Ron Walker, Mike Lawler, Ruth Schewing, Kris Foess, Rick Sheppard (Leader and Reporter)

BEARS' EYE VIEW OF MANKIND
June 1980

Led (driven?) by Guenter Hoernig, four of us had spent the 8th. June ('80) weekend doing the Heather-Skaist Manning Park traverse. Snow had lingered late (all May was cloudy) and deep, and the foot-sink varied from ankle to crotch-deep all the way from Blackwall to Grainger. Nicomen Lake was still frozen solid.

Accordingly, when we met bears at Skaist River they were quite surprised to see us - obviously we were too early in the season, from their perspective. So I amused myself on the last stretch of trail by thinking about Mankind from the Bear viewpoint:

"It is well-known (amongst us bears) that Man eats (1) some delightful stuff which he carries in a sort-of detachable marsupial pouch and, (2) berries. But since berries don't ripen until late Summer, the fact that Mankind goes looking for them in Spring is clear proof of the stupidity of the species.

Some mystic bears, who claim to have seen Man during the Great Annual Sleep, say they even go floundering around looking for berries in Sleetime snow. Furthermore, when these idiots search for berries they usually do so only along trails. But instead of sticking to sensible routes made by the ForeBears, these crazies make trails through berry-deficient areas like scree-slopes, etc. In forested areas, they stick so closely to trails that they never find the berries - growing where they are supposed to be - in the bush.

Finally, a warning about these weird creatures. Most of the time they will avoid us, but they can be very unpredictable and you never know whether they are going to be friendly - or throw thunderbolts. Watch out for Humans, particularly when they have young around!"

Translated by Raymond S.B. Rodgers

Lines Written on a Chocolate-bar Wrapper

The curlew tolls the knell of parting day,
The hiking herd winds slowly o'er the scree,
The climber homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the woods to darkness and to me.

Bears' Elegy.

ENDICOTT MOUNTAINS, BROOKS RANGE, NORTHERN ALASKA
BCMC Expedition, August 1980

In mid-August, 1980, the 5 members of the summer expedition arrived by various means in Fairbanks. From there we flew by DC3 to the village of Bettles which, as the sign at the airport proudly proclaimed, has a population of 51 and lies 35 miles (56km) north of the Arctic Circle. From Bettles we had planned to charter a Beaver to fly us northeast across the Brooks Range to its eastern extremity, near the Yukon border - the Franklin - Romanzof Mountains area. August precipitation was supposed to be only a few cm so we were to have no problems flying in.

After 3 days of rain and storm at Bettles we began to wonder. Base camp was established on the grass behind the airport control building, which also provided us with dismal hourly weather reports. While there we found that the general store sold just about anything you wanted, including maps of most of the Brooks Range. We also found that veggie gardens in Bettles seemed capable of producing anything that a Vancouver garden could produce. The U.S. National Parks Service was in the process of establishing an office in Bettles in anticipation of the declaration of several large parks in northern Alaska. (They have since been declared). In fact, one of the most topical and controversial issues throughout Alaska that summer was Federal vs state (i.e. Alaska) rights concerning management and use of land. The U.S. Federal government had proposed many large areas in Alaska for National Park, Wilderness and Wildlife Refuge status to the rage of a vociferous group of Alaskans who wanted state, rather than federal control of most lands. The most common argument against federal control revolved around a loss of freedom caused by more restrictions. This argument was very popular with hunters who would no longer be able to kill animals anywhere (the slaughter of wildlife in Alaska is horrendous). Interestingly, the park proposals caused a major split among climbers, with one group leaving the Alaskan Alpine Club to form the Alaska Alpine Club (or vice versa), the breakaway group being against national parks because of the restrictions they claim the Parks Service imposes on climbers. The debate between the two groups of climbers had been raging in U.S. climbing journals for a year or two by then. Hopefully conditions will not deteriorate to this extent in Canada. (This is unlikely in B.C. climbing circles where apathy reigns supreme!)

Interesting though our discussions with the Park Service personnel were, we had come to climb mountains, although one might not have thought this of Peter, who swarmed over every piece of machinery that flew into Bettles. Since there appeared little chance of our flying in to our chosen area (and even less that we could fly out on schedule) we looked for other areas to visit. By a process of elimination we came up with the Mt. Doonerak region of the Endicott Mountains, just over 100 km N of Bettles on the southern slopes of the Brooks Range. This region was first described by Robert Marshall who explored it in the 1930's. Marshall is revered among wilderness lovers because, as a senior officer in the U.S. Forest Service, he was responsible for getting set aside "primitive areas" which were the first protected wilderness areas in the U.S., and were officially given this status with the passage of the U.S. Wilderness Act in 1964. The highest mountain in the area is Mt. Doonerak, which has different heights on different maps, but which is given as 2273m on the U.S. Geological Survey maps. Marshall made several unsuccessful attempts on Doonerak but it was not climbed until 1952, with the second and third ascents being made in 1973.

Our Beaver landed us at Chimney Lake, where we established camp on a small bench overlooking the lake. We chose August for our trip primarily to avoid insects, and were indeed rewarded with very few for the first few days until some frosts arrived, after which we sighted none at all. Eager to be active after lazing around Bettles, no sooner had we established camp than we set off to climb a nearby mountain to the south. We left camp at 5 pm and reached the summit of a very impressive limestone tower (only a scramble up its backside) around 8. This peak was around 1130 m high, and was called, as we later found, Chimney Tower. Back at camp by 10 pm, we cooked dinner and retired with daylight to spare. Although it was too late in the year to have 24 hours daylight, we did have about 20 hours, with four hours twilight -- never completely dark.

The next day we walked up a 1670 m peak to the north (camp was around 730 m) but were deterred from continuing along the ridge to the higher Whiteface Mountain by a strong, bitterly cold wind and 3km of scree. In this part of the Brooks Range, forests (of black and white spruce and paper birch) only occurred in small pockets; with favourably warm temperatures in the valley bottoms. Lower slopes were covered with basically two types of vegetation - dense thickets of Swamp Birch (a shrub up to 2m high) in the drier areas (if

any soil in the area can be called 'dry'!) and more open grasses and sedges in the wetter areas. The upper slopes were covered with a mixture of low grasses, herbs, and shrubs (including 10 cm high willows!) and were a delight to walk on after the nightmares experienced in the valley bottoms. The Swamp Birch thickets could only be penetrated via moose trails. The wetter areas were great for mud and broken-ankle lovers - they frequently contained a type of grass consisting of tussocks about 20-50 cm high, rising out of thick mud. They bent freely when stepped-on, throwing us into the mud, sometimes face-first. Above 1400m there was no real vegetative cover - only lichens and an occasional clump of mosses or Dryads. The area was too dry (this we found hard to believe) to support many permanent snowfields or glaciers, so the country above 1400 m was mainly a desert of scree and rock rubble.

Apart from the flora, of particular interest to us was the fauna. Beavers were abundant - a family of 5 living in Chimney Lake checked us out within a few hours of our arrival. Arctic Ground Squirrels and Red Squirrels were also quite common. An occasional Marmot and several small herds (20 - 30 head) of Dall Sheep were also sighted. Moose were relatively common and, despite their reputation, were more frightened of us than we of them. One startled bull moose ran past one of our camps, only about 20m away from our tents. His expression and actions were clearly those of bewilderment and fright. We sighted only one grizzly - a beautiful silvertip - who was enjoying a feast of blueberries. He barely even looked at us as we passed at a relatively safe distance.

Had we been hunters with high-powered rifles we could have killed dozens of animals. We are convinced that it requires very little skill or intelligence to shoot an animal in this area. What other animal species kills its fellow creatures purely to adorn its home with parts of their bodies? Trophy hunting is a brutal act of ecological vandalism which should be banned by a civilized society.

Bird-life was also abundant, with Margriet - our resident ornithologist - reeling off the names of many species. There were relatively large numbers of hawks and falcons, a few eagles, many water birds, chickadees and, to our surprise, even some of the "robins" so common to Vancouver. Also seen were a Kingfisher, several Boreal Owls, and many Whiskeyjacks, the latter being just as fearless as their relatives in southern B.C., but much more vociferous.

From Chimney Lake we headed north to a delightful campsite near Pinnyanaktuk Creek, from which we spent a long day climbing Mt. Doonerak. Ross called it "Doonerheap" in view of its abundant scree. However, the upper 200m was surprisingly sound Class 3 rock. This appears to be the 5th recorded ascent, all ascents having been made by the SE ridge and S face. The summit offered magnificent views in all directions, particularly to the north where the mountains dropped precipitously to the Koyukuk River, some 1700m below. Just east of Mt. Doonerak was the only significant glacier in the area - a badly retreating one about 2km long. A species of Racomitrium moss growing near the summit must have been incredibly hardy. Apart from the occasional moss and ubiquitous lichens, the area was a sea of scree and rock.

The next day we arose at our usual time of 9 am and headed south. Three days of hiking, one through heavy rain and swamps, saw us at Redstar Lakes. During this period the tundra turned on its best Autumn colours for us. The reds and oranges of the shrubs, together with the brilliant golds of the birch trees and an occasional aspen, were overwhelmingly beautiful. Our campsite at Redstar Lakes was on top of an esker in a spruce-birch forest with a deep and soft moss-lichen ground cover. The setting, overlooking a lake with valley flats beyond, rising up to mountains, and the brilliant autumn colours made this one of the most beautiful campsites one could experience.

At Redstar Lakes we picked up two canoes which had been left there for us by our pilot, who not only ran Brooks Range Aviation, but also Brooks Range Expeditions, catering to people who want to explore the Brooks Range wilderness. A 1 km portage from the lakes had the canoes on the North Fork of the Koyukuk River. For the next 3 days we would canoe about 110 linear km (many more river km!) downstream back to Bettles, which lies on the Koyukuk River.

The river was fairly tame with lots of gravel races but only one set of real rapids - horrendous to those of us with less canoeing experience, but only about Class 1 in reality. Initially we raced through steep mountains, often beside cliffs. After the rapids, the river slowed somewhat as it meandered through swampy areas, and the mountains began to recede. Beaver activity was everywhere with small stands of Balsam Poplar, sometimes 20 m by 20 m, being completely "clearcut" by these industrious animals. Their skid trails would have made a logger feel right at home.

With increasing distance downstream the forests became taller and more dense. The Birches remained golden but the bright reds of the tundra disappeared. Our last campsite, at a bend in the river, was beneath a small clump of White Spruce. It rained heavily all night but in the morning the ground beneath the trees was almost completely dry. Later that day, when we joined the Middle Fork of the Koyukuk River, we could look back to the Brooks Range to see that it had snowed heavily down to about 1200 m - winter was on the way. Soon, most of the animals we saw would be hibernating, and the wolves and the caribou back again.

There were the usual complaints about the food, but fish (Arctic Grayling) were abundant and responded rapidly to a lure. Delicious blueberries added flavour and nutrition to our pancakes and jellies. We did not lose weight. The tundra and its inhabitants are truly fascinating and magnificent, the forces of nature rule. Man is but a humble visitor.

Participants: Margriet and Ross Wyborn, Peter de Visser, Evelyn and Michael Feller (Reporter).

NORTH CREEK April 1981

I should have known better. It's happened so many times before. What a fool I was to agree to Ed's pleading and cajoling! Easter is a time for warm, dry rock with lots of cold beer, T-shirts, sunshine, all night pool games, etc. In other words, any climber who knows anything about anything goes to Leavenworth at Easter for a great long weekend of rock climbing and socializing. Oh well, I guess I wasn't the only misguided climber cum skier that weekend as eleven other individuals managed to twist my arm into leading them to the snowy depths of North Creek, some 20 km north of Pemberton.

Everything started off well with the sun shining warmly as the group assembled at Pemberton Meadows uneventfully and re-assembled on the logging road leading up North Creek. At this point the road turned quite nasty and allowed only 4 WD's to proceed so ferrying bodies and packs became the order of the morning. We were very fortunate to be able to drive within one-half km of the end of the logging road and spirits were still high among the group. Our joy was short lived however as someone forgot to order that most important ingredient SNOW - that precious fleeting, white substance that can bring so much enjoyment to a skier. But wait, was this really supposed to be a ski trip? I mean we did see lumps of white stuff every 50 m or so, but we walked (stumbled) for over five hours before finally strapping the boards on.

Spirits were somewhat depressed that evening as most of us wondered what we were getting ourselves into because of the lack of snow. We finally managed to camp in a small grove of trees on top of one-half to one meter of soft snow at an elevation of 1060 m after having gained only 120 m in six hours!

Conditions and spirits improved tremendously the following day as we traversed through steep dense forest to more gentle open slopes above the valley floor where the snowpack was one to three meters in depth. The weather continued sunny and warm all day and after a suitable campsite was stomped out, everyone went for an afternoon's ski to the peaks above. A number of small bumps were climbed during the course of the afternoon and eventually five of us managed to ski and crawl our way up to the top of an interesting looking peak approximately 2560 m high. The ski back to our campsite that evening proved somewhat more challenging than anticipated as we decided to take a more direct route and ended up traversing some very steep and icy slopes but we all made it back in one piece though not all at the same time!

Sunday was another clear and sunny day as the main group packed up and headed back to the area visited the previous day. Meanwhile, a small party went off in the opposite direction to explore and climb the interesting looking peak directly behind our camp. Four hours later most of the main group were standing on top of the highest peak in the immediate area - altimeter read approximately 2710 m but the map indicated only about 2590 m! The view in all directions was really outstanding as one could see NW to the Meager Group, the Manatee glacier, the Lillooet ice cap, N to Mt. Athelstan, the Bishop, Lord and Bridge glaciers off to the NE then Mt. Samson to the SE and finally the upper Pemberton Valley to the south. The ski run down was a lot more enjoyable this day because of the better snow conditions, though lower down the snow became very soft and heavy from the hot sun.

The other party arrived at about the same time after climbing the peak behind the camp and then everyone spent the remainder of the afternoon relaxing in the warm sunshine. That evening the wind began to blow quite ominously and sure enough by morning, a new storm had moved in and it was snowing lightly. We had hoped to go back a different way in order to avoid most of the alder thrashing and side-hilling of the first day but now because of the limited visibility and unfamiliarity of the proposed new route, we headed back down our original tracks in light snow/rain. As expected the worst part was through/over the patches of slide alder intermingled with bottomless rotten snow. It seemed to take forever but we managed to claw our way through the alder and then traversed the long sidehill back to the trucks by about five p.m. Somehow we managed to pile the skis, packs and all 12 bodies into the two vehicles and made it back to the cars at the bottom of the logging road in one trip. The group then split up at this point but we rendez-vous'd at L'apres in Whistler for pizza and beer before proceeding back to Vancouver.

Except for the first and last days, the trip was very enjoyable with nice sunny weather and good skiing. The North Creek area does have some excellent ski touring possibilities but the long and difficult bushwhack up North Creek itself, places a severe limitation on the area as a prime location for ski touring and as a candidate for constructing an alpine hut (to say nothing about the avalanche hazard crossing those steep side-hills and open slide paths).

Participants included Ehleen Bohn, Erich Hinze, Evelyn Feller, Mike Feller, Jim Haberl, Wayne Saunders, Christiana Schnetzler, Tim Ryan, Heather Hamilton-Wright, Murray Lashmar, Harold Rydell and Doug Herchmer, leader and reporter.



The upper Clear River valley with Mt. Doonerak the highest peak on the centre skyline (Endicott Mountains, Brooks Range, Northern Alaska). Photo - M. Feller.



First camp in the Howson Range with Delta Pk. in the background (Howson Range).
Photo - M. Feller.



Mts. Desdemona (left) and Othello (right). New route on Desdemona was on the opposite face to that shown on photo but followed a rocky rib appearing on left skyline behind the hanging glacier. First ascent route on Othello was behind the right skyline ridge of Othello (Howson Range). Photo - M. Feller.

HOWSON RANGE
B.C.M.C. July 1981 Mountaineering Camp

Not since the summer of '62 when a party of 4 young 'prospectors' visited the area, has the Howson Range been witness to such a frenzy of activity over so short a period of time. For two weeks last summer, 24 BCRC members enjoyed the raptures of living on high mountain ridges surrounded by the glaciers and rugged black rock of these rarely visited peaks.

The Howson Range of mountains, southwest of Smithers, B.C., is situated in the unenviable position of being the first major height of land encountered by moist Pacific air moving inland. The range is oriented on a north-south axis with the east side being heavily glaciated but generally well-disposed toward easy access to the peaks, and the west side being steep with few glaciers and generally obscured by clouds. A major feature of the range is the Sandpiper Lake depression which inconveniently divides the east side of the range into two parts.

We airlifted from a warm sandy beach 24 km up the Telkwa River at Jonas Cr. in two groups. The first group flew in at twilight to a camp at 1950 m south of Sandpiper Lk. and the second group flew in at dawn the next day to a separate camp at 2040 m, north of the lake. The flying was performed with consummate skill by pilot John Innis of Okanagan Helicopters, Smithers.

Exploring and climbing proceeded apace as climbers from both camps ferreted out routes suited to their skills and temperaments. A party from the south camp was able to attain the summit of 'Mt. Othello', the last major unclimbed peak of the range, when the clouds to the west parted to reveal an easy snow gully that by-passed the north ridge difficulties encountered on a previous recce. Another party succeeded in climbing 'Mt. Desdemona' by a new route on a long day trip from the south camp. Meanwhile, north campers climbed Mt. Howson, at 2740 m, the highest peak in the range, in an extremely long day.

After three full days of climbing, the group at the south camp packed up and moved out to join the others at the north camp. This excursion involved only a little route-finding and no technical difficulties as we descended into the Sandpiper Lk. depression and then ascended the northern side. As is almost inevitable in situations such as this, the clouds parted and the downpour caught most people 150 m below the north camp.

From the north camp, a wide variety of climbs and peaks were easily available. All peaks were climbed on day trips. Howson Peak was climbed again. This time on a north ridge variation where the party encountered some excellent ice climbing. Many new routes were established on 'Polemic' Pk., without argument the most popular peak of the lot. The general consensus was that the best rock-climbing peaks were 'Peak 8000' between 'Felber' and 'Specular' Pks. and 'Polemic' Pk. Overall, these two peaks are the best of a mediocre selection. Your average Howson rock is in most respects broken and loose and the condition of the more northerly peaks of the range is accurately reflected in their given names: 'Breccia Buttes', 'Ruination Ridge' and 'Perdition Peaks'.

On day 8, a helicopter rendez-vous at the north camp recalled five people to civilization, but the remainder stayed on in anticipation of the highlight of the trip, traversing the northern Howson Range and walking out via the 'Fubar' glacier. And so, two days later the north camp was struck and in groups of three and four we marched off with alacrity toward Polemic Pass. By the end of the day after 6 hours trudging over -- km of what could have been inspiring scenery, we descended to camp just south of 'Verdict' Pass. On the next day, our last in the Howson Range, the clouds parted and the sun shone through enabling four peaks to be climbed. The same day, Verdict Pass was ascended, the 'Fubar' glacier was descended, by-passing the dreaded icefall easily on the north side and side-hilled to a small lake 4 km down the valley, a suitable campsite to end a long day.

Our final day started pleasantly with a short ascent to the col above the lake and a glissade to begin the long descent to Telkwa Pass below. After passing through open meadows, an over-grown hunter's trail quickened our descent to the road. By now the temperature was 30° C hot, but the road eventually led us to Milk Cr. where a four-wheel drive vehicle had been parked two weeks before. Our packs and our bodies were eventually transported back to Sinclair Cr. (which was unpassable by regular cars) to end a superb and rewarding adventure.

Weather note: A peculiar feature of Howson weather is that by early afternoon, clouds and mists rise up from the west and engulf the peaks along the main divide of the range. However, these clouds rarely descended to the glaciers on the east of the divide, hence a few of the peaks (Dire Spire, Lonesome Crag, Polemic Pk., Specular Pk.) were almost always visible and available for climbing, while other major peaks (Othello, Gamma, Delta, Felber, Howson) were most often obscured by mid-day.

Maps: 93 L/5, 93 L/11. 93 L/12

Reference: 'A Climber's Guide to the Coast Range of B.C.', by Dick Culbert. 1963

SUMMARY OF ASCENTS

1st Ascents

Mt. Othello (2520 m) From a camp on ridge 1.5 km SE of Sandpiper Lake, the party crossed over col between Gamma and Othello, traversed underneath Othello's NW - Face and W Ridge, and reached a prominent snow gully (50°) on the SW Face which was climbed. It leads directly to the peak. Class 3 + 4. Descent was by 2 vertical rappelles leading to the notch between Main Peak and N-Peak. (N-Peak was climbed on a "recce" over its N-Ridge class 4) N-Ridge was descended with one more 45 m rappell. Party was Ed Zenger, Dave Hughes, Frank Savage, Geoff Mumford, John Gudaitis, Matt and Roman Babicki, Erich Hinze.

✓ Peak 7850 (2390m) 2 km W of top of Fubar glacier and 5 km NW of Outcast. This nice mountain was climbed via the SE Face. The route is mostly on ice and snow with some easy rock (class 2 + 3) towards the peak. Party was Jan St. Amand, Frank Savage, Erich Hinze, Ehleen Bohn, Geoff Mumford, Ed Zenger.

Peak 7800' (2380 m) 3 km S of W. Perdition Pk. It was climbed by Rosanne Konrad and Paul Kubik over the West Ridge (class 2).

Peak 7100' (2160 m) 1 km W of Peak 7800' N. side class 2. large party.

Peak 7950' (2420 m) Immediately W of top of Fubar glacier. Easy snow climb over E-face and upper S ridge. Fred Douglas and Alice Purdy.

New Routes

Desdemona (2560 m) - Rib on S-face Party traversed around Dire Spire from the notch in NE Ridge to glacier on south side and ascended this glacier to the S-face rib of Desdemona. The rib is a mixture of rock and snow and is class 3-4. It leads directly to the peak. Descent was via the E ridge. Party was Mike and Evelyn Feller, Paul Kubik, Rosanne Konrad, Randy Enomoto, Elaine Kennedy.

Dire Spire (2070 m) - NE Ridge. Class 3 and some class 4. The NW Ridge was reached from glacier N of Dire Spire. From this glacier a snowfield leads to a notch in the NW Ridge about 100 m above the glacier. Entire ridge was climbed from there. Descent was made via upper N-Face (class 4) and W-Ridge, and snow couloir between Dire Spire and Desdemona. Couloir has some Bergschrund problems. It is not recommended. Party was Roman and Matt Babicki, John Gudaitis, Ed Zenger, (M. & E. Feller, Jan St. Amand, Paul Kubik, Ehleen Bohn, Elaine Kennedy, descent via NE Ridge).

Lonesome Crag (2380 m) - Upper N. Ridge Class 4. From the beginning of W. Ridge party traversed to the left on the little glacier, scrambled up a gully on snow and rock and continued over the N-Ridge to the peak. Descent via W-Ridge. Party was Dave Hughes and Geoff Mumford.

Howson (2740 m) - Variation of Lower N. Ridge Class 4. This route by-passes the first two towers of the N-Ridge on the NW side. From the N-col party walked to the bottom of the steep ice slope, (55-60° max.) NW of both towers on the N ridge. They crossed the bergschrund right below the second tower, climbed straight up to the rock and continued on the right side of the second tower on ice and snow next to the rock 'till they reached the N-Ridge. From there, ridge was climbed to the peak. This route proved to be much faster than the original N. Ridge route: N-col to peak 3 hr. Party was Ed Zenger, Geoff Mumford, Frank Savage and Dave Hughes.

Peak 8000' (2440 m) - E ridge Between Felber and Specular. Low Class 5. Several towers at the beginning of the ridge can be by-passed on the S-side on the glacier. A glacier tongue leads to a gap above the towers. Ridge was climbed from there to peak. (The first tower on ridge was also climbed by Dave Hughes and Frank Savage - low class 5). Party was Erich Hinze, Ehleen Bohn, Geoff Mumford, John Halliday, Ed Zenger.

Polemic Pk. (2560 m) - W Ridge Class 5.8. From the Polemic-Specular col, gain the W. Ridge over easy class 3 rock, by-pass the next steep section on the N-side. From there follow the ridge to the peak. The rock is firm. 3 long leads of class 5 and rest is class 3. Party was Phil Kubik, Marilyn and Paul Starr.

-W Ridge Direct Class 5.8. climbed by Randy Enomoto and Paul Kubik. First steep section (1 long lead) of ridge was climbed. Above same as W. Ridge.

-South Face Buttress Class 5.7. Climbed by Roman and Matt Babicki. This is the most prominent buttress on the south face, just to the left of the big snow couloir (descent route). Entire buttress was climbed to about 60 m below the peak, when snowfall forced the climbers to traverse to the left into a gully and walk up to the peak.

-SW Couloir Class 3. This couloir was first climbed by Alice Purdy and Fred Douglas and became the most popular climb in the area. This couloir is just to the right of the W. Ridge. It is very narrow and about 45° steep.

Other Climbed Peaks and Routes

Peak 7100 (2160 m) - 2 km S of Sandpiper Lk., Delta (2350 m) - N. Ridge, Gamma (4210 m) - SE Ridge, Peak 7700 (2350 m) - 1 km N of Delta, Felber (2620 m) - SE Ridge, Lonesome Crag (2380 m) - W. Ridge, Specular (2350 m) - W. Ridge, Perdition Pk. (2530 m) - W. Ridge, Peak 8300 (2530 m) - 2 km NW of Perdition, N of Fubar glacier.

5 first ascents, 9 new routes, 9 repeat ascents, 23 routes total, 19 peaks total.

Participants: Matt Babicki, Roman Babicki, Ehleen Bohn, Randy Enomoto, Nigel Eggers, Fred Douglas, Evelyn Feller, Michael Feller, John Gudaitus, John Halliday, Erich Hinze, Dave Hughes, Joanne Johannson, Elaine Kennedy, Rosanne Konrad, Paul Kubik, Philip Kubik, Geoff Mumford, Alice Purdy, Frank Savage, Paul Starr, Marilyn Starr, Jan St. Amand, Ed Zenger.

John Halliday and Ed Zenger (leaders and reporters).

MT. NOEL - FIRST ASCENT July 1981

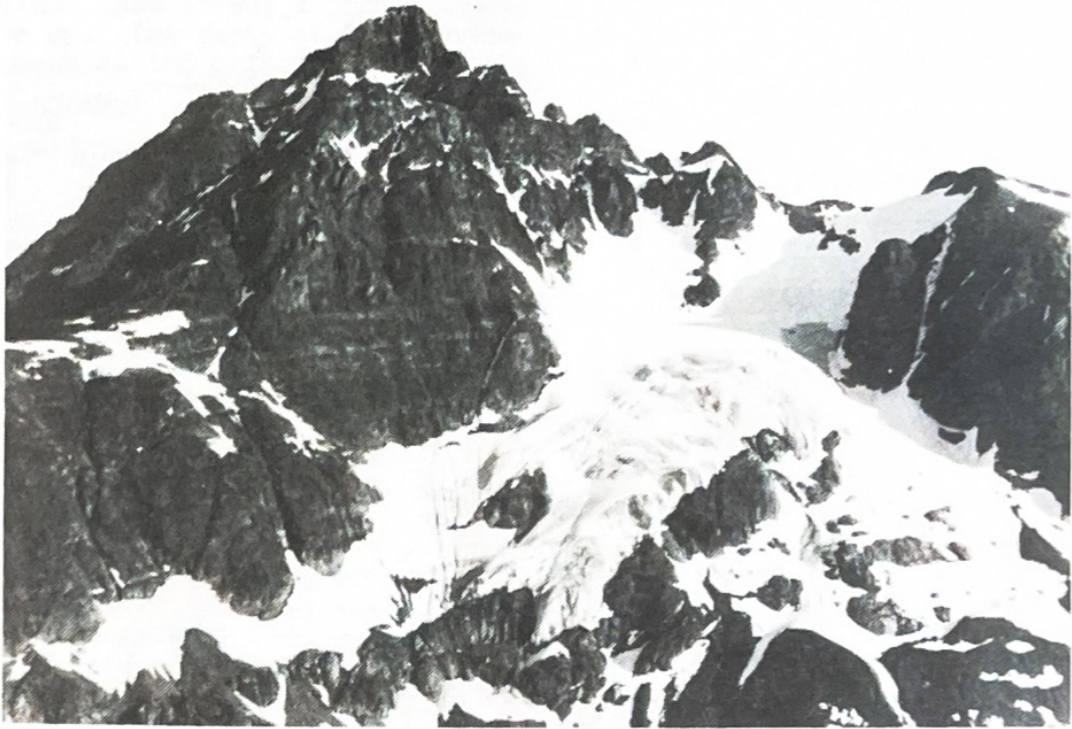
Located approximately 110 km N. of Wrangell on the B.C. - Alaska boundary.

The Stikine expedition which was planned for the summer of '80 petered out for a number of reasons but mainly due to transportation difficulties and costs. This year we had a lot more information available thanks to the efforts of Rafe who has acquired a good knowledge of the N.W. country.

Instead of approaching our objective from the West Coast of the Alaska Panhandle we decided on the inland route via Dease Lake and Telegraph Creek, down the Stikine River by jet boat, and a short fly-in by helicopter to base camp. We were a party of ten made up mainly of present and past Vancouver Island climbers.

The spring and early summer had been one of the wettest on record. The amount of snow at base camp confirmed that and the sky was indicative of more to come. As the mountain had been tried unsuccessfully a few times before we were determined to make at least a good effort. In bad weather and worse snow we packed up to high camp and worked 'til the late hours of the night in blizzard conditions levelling a few square metres of tent space for the five who were going to attempt the summit, the other five having decided to return to base camp to explore the area.

The morning dawned golden. The rugged peaks were crystal clear and snow covered to capacity. Our enthusiasm grew by the minute but travelling a short distance through the snow convinced us that we were not going anywhere that day. We watched numerous avalanches peel off the faces where the sun hit at different times of day.



Top. Howson Pk. - seen from the first camp (Howson Range). Photo - M. Feller.
Bottom - Polemic Pk. seen from the second camp. Ascent routes were the left skyline ridge (W. ridge), the partially hidden snow couloir leading to the dip at the top of this ridge, and the buttress to the right of the summit (S face buttress). Descent was via the snow couloir to the right of the S face buttress. Photo - M. Feller.



On the summit of Mt. Noel. Photo - A. Menninga.

The obvious route up Noel is up the 1000 m south face but that was out of the question when it became obvious that it was a proper avalanche freeway collecting debris from dozens of gullies higher up. The party of the previous attempt was swept down that face and landed in the bergschund at the bottom, miraculously alive and well. Not an experience we would care to repeat!

The following fine morning saw us off at sunrise headed for the southwest ridge which looked pretty straight forward from high camp. Well we were in for a surprise for the ridge got progressively worse, the rock loose and crumbly, the holds all having a negative angle to them and the granular loose snow very treacherous. The ridge now resembled a shark's jaw, we went up one gap and down another, always belayed. The route ahead looked more dismal still. After ten hours of this we were not quite at the halfway mark when we let reason prevail and turned back.

Back at high camp at midnight we supped under a beautiful azure sky in twilight. Truly a mid summer night's dream.

The next day was declared a rest day followed by a day of indecision and low morale. The ridge route had been our great hope but that was dashed. The face looked inviting. The snow still came rumbling down like an express train at regular intervals only to stop for a few hours when it froze. Should we risk it? So we set off in the middle of the night almost in a trot for time was of the essence. We travelled on glare ice crossing the bergschund on a fragile snowbridge and front pointed up the 1000 m face. Our progress was impressive, we soon emerged through the couloir onto a fine firm snow slope leading to the summit. The watch indicated 7:25 a.m.

For Rafe, our de facto leader, this was his fourth attempt in as many years and a particularly fine moment. It was unfortunate that we were almost forced to flee from the summit in order to get down the face before the sun would hit it, unleashing a renewed barrage of avalanches. At base camp that night there was cause for celebration.

The summit party: Mr. Justice Ralph Hutchinson, Mike Walsh, Paul McEwen, Tom Volker and Alfred Menninga (reporter)

The exploratory party: Roger Neave, Hugh Neave, Walter Latter and his wife Carol and Peggy.

VICUÑA AND GUANACO, COQUIHALLA PASS AREA September 1981

And so the forces were lined up for the 9th annual visit to the Coquihalla Pass country. It was that time of the year again - the last weekend in September when the Coquihalla Valley should be full of autumn colour and with a new dusting of snow on the mountain tops. The question is how much snow; in '75, and '80 it wiped out the climbs, in '74, '76 and '79 it was either a dusting or non existent. And the other years ('73, '77), we prevailed. So there we have it, it was time for another snow job, but carry on with perserverance. Arriving on Saturday afternoon after a day of clambering about tunnels and disappearing creeks in Coquihalla Canyon we found ourselves arriving at the upper Coldwater

Creek campsite, still too soon for our tardy Merritt contingent - Norm Hansen with his usual Weyerhaeuser 4 X 4 to take us those few extra K's. So, we skipped out onto the pipeline road to Falls Lake, only to find a rebuilt road in excellent condition leading across Falls Lake Creek and onto the new Coquihalla Pass highway. What a sight - an 8 lane wide rock cut leading onto Boston Bar Creek, culverts so big we could drive our VW vans right through them, and a highway head on view of Needle Peak. It will be quite a rock climber's highway. Looking at the mountain tops it appeared that skiffs of snow were the rule and we picked our routes on the objective before descending to camp to find Norm scratching his head in by now a very stiff breeze.

Setting up camp hastily, the crew of seven jammed into my van for a long game of knockout hearts while rain blasted away outside. The pounding deluge delayed the 6 a.m. wakeup, until a lull at 7 forced the leader to be at least honest and take a look. Fast moving clouds suggested that a break was imminent. It came at breakfast to show us a new mantle of snow well below treeline. By now the uppermost reaches of the newly constructed Coldwater logging road were in a quagmire, but we finally slithered to road end on the south east side of Guanaco, a hundred or so metres above the valley floor. A short but very wet bush bash lead to tremendous sloping slabs of granite between Vicuña and Guanaco. Sole deep snow was fortunately confined to the heather at first but by the time it became ankle deep it began to stick to the rocks as well. With the sky again closing in, and the northeast ridge of Vicuña being a plastered disaster, we turned to the south slopes of Guanaco.

The actual southwest ridge of the latter looked as if it could be slippery; so we chose a Krummholz snow-laden slope slightly to the east that eventually led on to the broader ridge above. Higher up, it had a few small slab faces that could be outflanked to the west in knee deep snow. The summit consisted of broad expanses of alpine turf and boulders but without a cairn. Norm assured us that the logging road below was so new that this could be only a first ascent, unless a Geological Survey of Canada type had passed over it on years gone by. This would be possibly Drs. Cairnes or Monger but Woodsworth assured us that there is no way that the latter would have done so, and the former's map falls just short of the peaks. As this is the last major peak in the Anderson River - Coquihalla group to be climbed, we celebrated with two cairns - one for the geologists who should have scooped us, and the other for our own personal self-believed "victory" - in this case, over the elements. Surely nobody else would be out on these slabs and pristine sharp ridges on such a blustery day.

During the descent cloudier conditions led to warmer air and by the time the broad Vicuña - Guanaco col was reached enough snow had disappeared on the northeast ridge of Vicuña to spur on the masses for a closer look. It is a very attractive rock peak and everybody wanted to climb it - unroped! Even if the new Becky guide rated it as a scramble it did go on to say that there is a 12 metre pitch which the first ascent party had to rappel down. That is, it was a yet untested route in the uphill direction and with snow on some slabs, and on the narrow ledges of the obvious crux pitch, I ordered: ROPE UP FOR C-----SAKE! By this time it was early afternoon and in deteriorating weather it was obvious it would be 6 p.m. or later before the last party had cleared the crux. So Sev, Julian and John had a go with the team roping up on the move. The ridge crest on the crux proved to be too slippery direct on; a sortie to the west of it also blanked out on snowladen lichen-covered steep slabs. A desperation lunge to the east side proved workable at the base of a face along expanding flakes. John fiddled for a half hour on the next snow ledges above requiring gradually more rope until the middle man had to untie to give him that final last long reach to the desperation heather hold. And then he scampered back up to the ridge crest to bring up Sev, leaving Julian sitting on the flake below. We grew cold and numb watching the delicate gymnastic feat and the two disappeared into the cloud. Apparently the summit was very narrow requiring one at a time to reach it for a second ascent (?). The remainder of the party descended the slabs flagging the route back to the end of the logging road.

Of course the ribbon will be logged off but we'll be back next year for our turn on Vicuña and neighbouring Alpaca. This whole ridge is now a very accessible rock climber's paradise. The gang broke up quickly with the Weyerhaeuser courtesy vehicle leading the slosh back to camp. The weekend ended with a torrential downpour as the caravan belted its way back down the Coquihalla Canyon.

Where will our new highway be next year? The government is now officially broke, so it looks as if the large construction camp at the pass will be folded up. There we have it, the world's only 8 lane autobahn starting and ending nowhere near timberline between Falls Lake and Boston Bar Creek. However, it will make a very good airline runway.

Sev Heiberg, John Gudaitus, Julian Lash, Robert Roe, Dave Steffy, Norm Hansen with usual Bash Vehicle and Karl Ricker (backstop and reporter).

BABY MUNDAY September 1981

Our original plan, a climb of the Illusion Peaks approached by Centre Creek, was thwarted by a locked gate, installed only a day or two before. We were unable to obtain a key at the Gulf station since Cattermole no longer logs in that valley. Rainbow Logging now operates there. It is run by a Brent Eaton who has no phone and is therefore virtually inaccessible. We eventually decided to hike up Airplane Creek and having camped outside the gate, started out at 6:30 a.m. on the Sunday. Finding the old road where it leaves the flashy new one, to join Paul Binkert's trail, was no problem, though it was quite overgrown. We picked up the trail too, but soon lost it where it ran into logging slash. Rather than trying to follow its route, we hiked up to rejoin the new logging road and followed it until it ran above the point where Paul's trail crossed the creek. There we dropped down to rejoin his trail intending to climb Baby Munday. The day had been overcast but the Cascade peaks were all clear when we reached the meadows. However, they were then obscured by fast moving clouds which brought us a snow storm by the time we reached the base of Baby Munday's summit ridge. I decided to retreat at this point and we reached the cars at 4:15 p.m. just in time to avoid a complete soaking from the heavy rain then beginning.

As one who has hiked Paul's trail up Airplane Creek at least half a dozen times, I am saddened by its present state. One doesn't fully appreciate the beauty of virgin timber until one sees the contrast after. The limited visibility created by the forest is sometimes frustrating but it does give a valley an air of mystery. When a valley is cleared, it seems cowed and shrunken. I was actually amazed at how small Airplane Creek is. It had seemed vast when treed. I would like to see, without much expectation that I shall, some valleys of first growth in the year 2000 for the next generation to admire.

Those present were John Stinson, Henry Boschman and Robert Coupe, leader and reporter.

1986 AND ALL THAT - OR SKI - MOUNTAINEERING HOT-DOG STYLE

"I thought you'd never ask" I said, as I took a sip of the fine cognac that Pierre Piton, the french member of our group had thoughtfully provided.

It had been one of those great days in early Spring with warm sunshine following an overnight fall of fresh snow. The four of us had left our tracks in the delectable fluffy powder, down from the summit, over what remained of the Roman Wall, across the re-arranged glacier and over the new snow-covered lava beds to the Kulshan cabin.

The last roaring stove had been turned out and we were settling down for the usual after-dinner story-telling that mountaineers like to indulge in. The crackling fire and mellow liqueur created a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere.

"Yes" said Bob Lay, better known as B. Lay to his compatriots, "You never did tell us how your boots come to be in that condition". He jabbed with his pipe at my contorted plastic ski boots.

"Well, it was like this" I started. "You all remember, of course, back in 1986, when the rumblings from Mt. Baker became so ominous that the U.S. Forest Service decided that the mountain had to be closed? It was fairly apparent from reports issued by the authorities that an eruption was imminent. As previously, they stated that all the action would take place on the south side, towards Schreiber's meadows and Baker Lake. Always having been a bit of a volcano nut, I decided that I had to have a close-up view before it was too late. So, having hidden my car down an old over-grown turn-off late one night, I sneaked through the bush with my skis on my pack and made it up here to the cabin in the moonlight. By day break I was away up the mountain and headed over towards the vents on the south side of the summit. I was brought up short before I reached there by an incredible sight. A huge rift had developed from top to bottom of the Roman Wall. Out of it was pouring steam and sulphurous-smelling gas. I thought I detected a red glow down in its depths when the wind momentarily blew away the steam clouds, but I couldn't be sure.

I stood there for quite a while, fascinated by the whole scene, until with a jolt I realized that steam was now coming up from behind me. A series of small vents had opened up below me. The air was getting choking and unbreathable. Coughing and gasping I crammed skins and camera into my pack and pushed off with my poles. A loud roar came to my ears and a blast of hot air caught me in the back. I looked behind and could hardly believe my eyes. The Roman Wall had opened up like two huge furnace doors and red-hot molten lava was starting to flow down onto the glacier. The resulting clouds of mist were obscuring things badly. I had to stop to get my bearings and catch my breath. I made a few more turns in the mist and cautiously descended. I could smell burning. It was also hellishly hot all of a sudden. The snow had turned to watery mush, slow and wretched to turn in. The burning smell was more pronounced and, glancing behind me, I saw that the stream of lava was at my heels, catching up, licking at the tails of my skis. Here goes, I thought, schuss the works, straight down the glacier".

"Do you mean to say" interjected Cliff Hangar, the fourth in our party, "that you bombed all the way down from just below the Roman Wall without turning"?

"Well" I replied modestly "the snow was pretty slow, you know". Pierre looked like he was going to make some kind of scurrilous remark, so I quickly went on.

".....however, the faster I tried to go, the greater the speed and volume of the glowing red mass chasing me. I was zooming straight down, intent on reaching the island of trees on top of the moraine just up from the cabin, thinking this would be safe for a little while at least. But by the time I reached the crucial point to turn in that direction I'd been cut off by a long finger of smoking lava, which had overtaken me on the right. That was that; I was committed to the gully leading down to the cabin. I was dripping with sweat and my feet felt like two boiled lobsters. Taking another look behind me I found I was just keeping pace with the stream of bubbling, molten rock. Only just. The tails of my skis were disappearing, melting away into some weird chemical compound of basalt and fiberglass. I was still on snow at the front ends and managed a couple of turns to slow down. I had nearly reached the trees when I felt the lava touch the back of my boots. My feet were boiling and my back-side was being roasted. There was one last hope. I turned on the remaining front half of my skis and plunged my legs down the bank and into the

still-running cold water of the creek. A few yards back the lava flow had reached its limit and was already hardening into a black, solid mass. And that's how my boots came to be all melted out at the back" I concluded, swigging down the dregs of my cognac.

"What about the pictures?" B. Lay asked, "You had your camera eh?"

"Gone" I answered "The nylon pack was charred to pieces, the camera fell out and was lost forever"

"How come you weren't burnt to a crisp, at least on your rear end" queried Cliff, "you must have wearing asbestos long-johns"

Pierre tittered and plied me with more cognac.

Honestly, some guys just won't believe anything! But you know, I've got the boots to prove it.

Patrick Crean



