

THE B.C. MOUNTAINEER



1986

B. C. Mountaineering Club

FORTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

ANNUAL BANQUET



Hotel Georgia

MONDAY, NOV. 19, 1951

P. TAIT

BOAT HOUSE



THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEER

JOURNAL OF THE B.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

VOLUME 58

ISSN 0045-2998

B.C. Mountaineering Club Executive

1984-85

Honorary President	Paul Binkert
President	Theo Mosterman
Vice-President	Robbie Roe
Secretary	Rene Torn
Treasurer	Sev Heiberg
Climbing	Anders Ourom
Hiking	Brian Gavin
Membership	Harold Rydell
Camp	Albert Souza
Social	Mary Prendergast
Conservation	Murray Lashmar
Cabin	Pat Crean
Editor	Michael Feller

1985-86

Paul Binkert
Brian Gavin
Robbie Roe
Rene Torn
Sev Heiberg
Anders Ourom
Dan Thomas
Harold Rydell
Paul Kubik
Mary Prendergast
Sue Williams
Pat Crean
Michael Feller

PHOTOS

- Front cover: Near the top of the Price Glacier, Mt. Shuksan. Photo - B. Gavin.
Inside front cover: The second and last BCMT cabin on Grouse Mtn.
Inside back cover: Pat Crean skiing up the Stanley Smith Glacier with Mts. Donar (left) and Fulgora (right) in background (Stanley Smith Glacier ski camp.) Photo - G. Clement.
Outside back cover: Frank Savage and Brian Vezina climbing on the north side of Mt. Shuksan. Photo - R. Enomoto.

Table of Contents

	<u>Page</u>
- The B.C. Mountaineering Club - past, present, and future	3
THE PAST	
- Historical Notice from the Northern Cordilleran	4
- The first B.C. Mountaineer	8
- South Peak of the Golden Ears, Anon.	12
- Climbing in the Rockies, Anon.	12
- Trip to Wedge Mtn. and Mt. Turner, by Chas. T. Townsend	15
- First ascent of Mt. Foley, Anon.	16
- Climbing in the Tantalus Range, by E.H. Nunn	18
- Mystery Mountain, by Don Munday	20
- The ascent of the Lions, by John F. Latta	21
- Early ascent of Crown Mountain, by A. Taylor	26
- Bushwhacking, by R.A. Pilkington	29
- Early history of Garibaldi Park and the BCMC, by Katie Bell, Susan Leslie and Les Ford	30
THE PRESENT	
- At work and play with the alpine guides, by Anders Ourom	43
- Snowmobiles, by D. Macaree	44
- Mt. Logan - first winter ascent, by Bill Maurer	44
- Stanley Smith glacier ski camp, by Pat Crean	55
- Kluane - boundless wilderness, by Karin Hönlinger	58
- Spruce Lake ski camp, by Helen Row	60
- Mt. Matier - first ascent of the east face, by Brian Gavin	62
- Fisher Peak, by Philip Kubik	64
- Mt. Waddington - a dream fulfilled, by Brian Gavin	65
- Philip Smith Mountains, Brooks Range, Alaska, by Michael Feller	75
- Mt. Davidson - first ascent of the northwest ridge, by Brian Gavin	78
- Tenquille Lake ski camp, by Paul Kubik	79
THE FUTURE	
- Hiking with big brother, by Thais K. Baer	81
- Mt. Garibaldi - Centennial ascent, by Tim Kendrick	84

The B.C. Mountaineering Club - Past, Present, and Future

This year, 1986, the BC MC experiences (celebrates is too strong a word) its 79th anniversary. Unfortunately, no one remembered the 75th anniversary until a year after the event so we were unable to celebrate that one. Because the BC MC is a fine club and one that has been at the forefront of mountaineering activities in B.C., particularly in the Coast Mountains, it is only fitting that we acknowledge our history and perhaps try to seek inspiration and guidance from it. In order to facilitate this, this journal contains several small vignettes from the past.

It also contains reports of some of the more interesting and extended trips that club members have gone on during the last 2 years, together with some visions of the future put forward by club members and friends. In keeping with the outstanding early history of the club, the "present" trips include accounts of club members involved in the first winter ascent of Mt. Logan, as well as new routes on Mts. Matier and Davidson, and explorations as far afield as arctic Alaska.

Hence, the theme of this issue is the B.C. Mountaineering Club - Past, Present, and Future.

It should be mentioned that not all of the articles are about club trips and not all of them were written by club members, although most were. All the articles, however, are relevant to the past, present, or future of our club.

The editor would like to acknowledge the assistance of Fred Smith for supplying some of the historical photos and articles. He would also like to thank the word processing and printing staff at Sport B.C. for actually typing and printing this Mountaineer.



Vancouver Mountaineering Club (later called the B.C. Mountaineering Club) party on an ascent of Crown Mtn, 1908.

THE PAST

HISTORICAL NOTICE FROM THE NORTHERN CORDILLERAN

The first publication of the club was "The Northern Cordillera," which was similar in scope to the current B.C. Mountaineer. It was published in 1913. The early history of the club up to 1913 was briefly described by J. Porter, the editor of "The Northern Cordillera," in the first few pages of the journal, which are reproduced below -

Historical Notice

The British Columbia Mountaineering Club, or, as it was originally called, the Vancouver Mountaineering Club, came into formal existence on Oct. 28th, 1907. For several years previously a number of enthusiasts had been making isolated efforts to explore the mountain region which lies to the north of Vancouver's great harbor. As they increased and became aware of one another's efforts, they saw the importance of forming a club to undertake the work more systematically. Early in October, 1907, Mr. George Jarrett, after consulting a number of friends, arranged an informal meeting at which Messrs. J. J. Trorey, H. B. Rowe, W. H. Tassell, and F. Lennox were present. A public meeting was then called for Oct. 28th, in the rooms of the Tourist Association. A committee was appointed at that meeting, under the chairmanship of Mr. Trorey, to draft a constitution and by-laws. These were adopted, and officers elected, at a general meeting held on November 18th. It was also decided that members joining before Dec. 31st, 1907, were to rank as charter members. The officers for the first year were as follows: President, Mr. J. C. Bishop; vice-presidents, Miss Laverock, Mr. G. Edwards; secretary, Mr. G. Jarrett; treasurer, Mr. A. D. King; editor, Mr. J. Porter, B.E.; committee, Miss Mitchell, Messrs. W. T. Dalton, W. N. Lailey, R. M. Mills, A. G. Ross, H. B. Rowe, R. S. Sherman, D.L.S., W. H. Tassell, J. J. Trorey, and W. T. Willet.

A chaste and artistic design for a crest was prepared and presented to the Club by Mr. A. E. Sherman. It is the one which has been in use ever since, and shows the best known and most climbed peaks near the city: The Lions, Crown, Goat, Dam and Grouse.

The first annual meeting of the Club was held on March 1st, 1908. This was followed by an illustrated public lecture on "Our Mountains," which was given by Mr. J. Porter, B.E.

Regular excursions were undertaken during the summer of that year. A number of smaller parties were organized for the purpose of exploring new territory. These pioneer trips led to the discovery of routes practicable for larger parties. The name of Mr. R. M. Mills deserves special prominence in this connection on account of the remarkable skill, enterprise, and talent for leadership he displayed. He was director of excursions during the earlier years of the society's existence; and the rapid extension in the range of its operations is mainly due to his unerring topographic instinct and skill in woodcraft. It was fortunate for the Club that, before he was compelled by the pressure of

business to withdraw from active duty, he had trained several of the members in his methods, of whom the most conspicuous are Mr. Gray, the present excursion director, and Mr. F. Perry, a disciple of Thoreau in his indifference to bad weather and his love of the woods.

The first recorded ascents of White Mountain, Seymour Mountain, and Loch Lomond Head were made on these pioneer trips. During this season the Club members also cut a new trail up Grouse Mountain.

The Club pennant was formally hoisted on Nov. 15th, by the president, Mr. J. C. Bishop, at the Capilano Hotel, under the shadow of the mountains which the society was to do so much to make known. A silver loving-cup was presented on that occasion to Mrs. D. W. Kells by the members.

The second public lecture was given on Dec. 2nd. The number of photographs in the possession of the members had been largely added to; and the area to be described had grown so extensive that the work was divided up between Messrs. J. C. Bishop, W. H. Tassell, R. M. Mills, and C. Chapman, who gave the addresses.

The second annual meeting of the Club was held on March 29th, 1909. The name was changed at this meeting to the present one. The most important of the pioneering trips which was made during the following summer was that of Mr. Bishop and Dr. Bridgman to Mount Garibaldi. It had been ascended for the first time two years before by Messrs. J. J. Trorey, A. T. Dalton, W. T. Dalton, T. Pattison, Atwell D. King and G. B. Warren.

The report of Messrs. Bishop and Bridgman led the Club to arrange for a summer camp there in the following year.

The members had begun to feel the necessity for a club-house within easy reach of the mountains during the second climbing season. It was impracticable to arrange for any winter trips which involved sleeping out overnight. A site of five acres was therefore secured on Grouse Mountain in January, 1910, and the work of building was begun soon afterwards. It was entirely completed by the members in their spare time. The club-house is now one of the society's best assets, having proved of the greatest value in maintaining the interest of the members and increasing their numbers. There is a large and well-furnished living room, and the kitchen department receives special attention. A separate building is provided for the lady members.

The club-house can be reached from the ordinary Grouse Mountain trail, a special trail having been cut to connect with it. The popular and very picturesque route between the Canyon View Hotel and the summit of Grouse, which passes close by the Club-house, was

cut by Mr. Larsen in 1910. No one interested in local climbing can afford to miss an ascent of the mountain by this route.

The third annual meeting was held on March 31st, 1910. Mr. J. C. Bishop was elected honorary president and Dr. E. W. Bridgman president. The public lecture was given on March 23, the addresses being delivered by Messrs. J. C. Bishop, B. S. Darling, C. J. Heaney, and F. Perry.

The formal opening of the club-house took place on Feb. 11, 1911. The ceremony was performed by the honorary president, Mr. J. C. Bishop. A very successful dramatic performance was given in the evening, for which the piece was written by Messrs. F. Smith and C. Chapman.

The fourth annual meeting was held on March 20th, 1911. The summer camp was located in the same district as before. Several new peaks were climbed.

Two new sections of the Club, the Botanical and the Geological, were formed at a general meeting on Nov. 20th, 1911. The sections held frequent meetings for study during the ensuing winter months, the botanical classes being conducted by Mr. J. Davidson, F. L. S., Provincial Botanist, who entered most cordially into the whole scheme.

The fifth annual meeting was held on March 25th, 1912, when Mr. W. J. Gray was elected president. At this meeting the by-laws were revised, and an Entomological section formed.

The illustrated public lecture was given on April 12th, in which Mr. D. Connor gave the address on the Garibaldi region, Mr. Chapman taking the nearer mountains.

The summer camp of this season occupied a more northerly position than the previous ones. Much useful work was done by the new scientific sections, and Mr. Gray carried on plane-table and photographic work for the map of the district.

Mr. C. J. Heaney, B.C.L.S., who had been making very careful studies of the southern group of mountains for some years, completed a plane-table survey of them during this summer. It is with much pleasure that we publish the important contribution of Mr. Heaney to the topography of a district which was all but unopened at a very recent date. It is interesting to recall the fact that, even as late as the year 1906, an ascent of Mount Crown was looked upon by most people as a task of great difficulty. The first observation of camp fires on that mountain, which was made from the city of Vancouver, was given a very prominent position in the press.

It is only right that special mention should be made of the work of Mr. G. Jarrett in connection with the Club. He occupied the responsible

position of Secretary-Treasurer during the first five years of the Society's existence and conducted its affairs with a business ability and tact which led to general regret on his withdrawal from the office.

Two of the lady members, Miss Fowler and Miss Wickwire, have been constant in attendance and zealous in the work of the Club from the first. The presence of these two ladies in the group of self-sacrificing toilers on whom the chief burden always falls has greatly simplified the problem of administration.

The ladies had a very important duty to perform in looking after the comfort of the builders during the erection of the club-house. Amongst these ardent workers none were more prominent than Miss Hanafin and Miss De Beck. These two ladies and Miss Fowler have taken part in nearly all the arduous climbs of the district.

The strongest personal influence, which has smoothed the path of administration in the Club is that of Mr. J. C. Bishop. A true lover of the mountains, he has lent the prestige of his name and the dignity of his presence to the meetings; while he has brought the tact and charm of his kindly nature to bear on the task of making the excursions a success. There is no one whose services to the Club are more highly valued than his.

The Club is greatly indebted to its first Vice-President, Mr. George Edwards, for his indispensable aid in connection with the public lectures. The numerous photographs taken by the members have been utilised in the preparation of a full set of lantern slides numbering over 300, most of which were made by Mr. Edwards, whose fine lantern has been constantly made use of for their display.

The present is the first extended official publication of the Club. Many of the important excursions have been described unofficially in the local newspapers. Some of these notices were written by Mr. J. Porter, Mr. F. Smith, and Mr. B. S. Darling. The later ones were almost entirely prepared by Mr. C. Chapman. His ready pen did much, in conjunction with the illustrated lectures, to foster public interest in Vancouver's scenic heritage—a heritage unsurpassed and probably unrivalled by that of any other large city in the world. The task of making these mountains known has been a heavy one. Unstinted toil and unflagging perseverance have been called for; and the financial demands on the members have been heavy. With absolutely no aid from government or any outside quarter, they have carried on a work of great public importance from year to year, finding their reward in the doing of it.

J. P.

The First B.C. Mountaineer - Initially the club's newsletter was called the B.C. Mountaineer. The first B.C. Mountaineer, reproduced on the next four pages of this issue, was published in March, 1923.



Published monthly by the British Columbia Mountaineering Club.
(Founded 1907. Incorporated 1921)

Honorary President: J. Porter, B. E. *Secretary:* J. H. Speer *Treasurer:* W. E. Martin
President: L. C. Ford
Edited by W. A. D. Munday

No. 1. Vol. 1

MARCH, 1923

Vancouver, B. C.

THE B. C. MOUNTAINEER

This is the first issue of the B. C. Mountaineer, but it is for the members of the Club to say whether it is the last—for the time being—for, sooner or later, the Club must have a publication of this nature if it is to realize the success awaiting it in a province with such unlimited opportunities for mountaineering as British Columbia possesses.

This issue is distinctly a trial issue. It is sent free to all members. There will be no more free issues. A large number of members responded to the appeal for subscriptions, but not enough to warrant going ahead with publication. Their subscriptions are being held a little longer in the hope that their support may be put to account. A considerable number of members expressed themselves as favoring the proposal, but up to date have failed to subscribe; if they will now convert their goodwill into tangible support in the form of a dollar bill, success is assured.

Election of the Executive of the Club from year to year has always resulted in a fair proportion of members with experience in this work being re-elected. This is mentioned merely to add emphasis to the statement that for a number of years now the Executive have felt that the Club

needed something in the way of a periodical publication to keep the whole membership in touch with its activities and problems. In the past, meetings at intervals never met this need; not enough members can attend.

There has been only one obstacle in the way of a periodical bulletin—the financial one. The present merely nominal annual dues are insufficient for the purpose. Suggestions of raising the dues have not met with approval. The only solution left was to ask members to subscribe direct to a Club publication.

The B. C. Mountaineering Club is your Club. It needs your support. You would not belong to it unless you were interested in its objects. But the constant problem of the Executive is with regard to the member who gets out of touch with things till he or she decides to drop out. The Club organization exists to serve the members, but the members must be kept informed of the ways in which it is prepared to serve them. Your Executive have given the subject long and serious study, and they feel that the regular publication of the B. C. Mountaineer is in the best interests of the Club. With this opinion a majority of Club members have shown their agreement by subscribing, or promising to do so.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club will be held on Monday, March 19th, at 8 p.m. sharp, in the Assembly Room of the Board of Trade, corner of Pender and Hamilton Streets. All Members are urged to attend.

THE CLUB'S WINTER ACTIVITIES

In carrying out a programme of winter trips the Director tried something not previously attempted. In the light of the experiences of the past winter there is reason to believe that more trips might have been included, for the response was highly encouraging.

There are climbers who incline to ridicule those who insist on climbing in the winter months, but the winter conditions sometimes met with on the local peaks are easily comparable to possible summer weather on higher peaks in periods of storm, so that the training is excellent: besides, even in the face of adverse weather most of the winter trips prove sufficiently enjoyable to be well worth while, but sometimes the weather is favorable and then such trips are among the ones to remember. In any event winter climbing is increasing in popularity within the Club as well as outside it.

The October trips fell through, and the Rainy River trip at Thanksgiving could not be made owing to lack of boat service at that time. Goat Lake afforded splendid skating one week-end but only two members guessed conditions accurately and took advantage of it.

The attempt to climb the North Western cliffs of Grouse Mountain on November 18-19, drew a large party to the Cabin, but torrential rain following a fall of snow made the climb out of the question, much to the disappointment of the Director, Tom Fyles, who had spent some time plotting a line of attack that promised to prove interesting. Many of the members have not had a good view of these cliffs which are seen to the best advantage from the Alpine Club trail up Dam Mountain.

The day-trip up Dome Mountain, December 19, returning by the Cabin, met with smaller response. Mr. L. C. Ford was in charge. This trip came rather close to Christmas, and at a time when snow conditions made travelling with, or without, snowshoes a matter of some difficulty; in addition, the intense frost kept a number of members home to play nursemaid to water pipes which threatened to freeze. However, the trip was carried through.

The Lions trip, January 13-14, resulted in a party out of which 23 climbed. Through the courtesy of St. Mark's Church the Club was granted the use of the fine camp building on Lions Beach, where the party were very comfortable. At sea-level rain fell heavily the whole week-end, but a short distance higher snow and wind combined to make the wildest kind of weather. In spite of a great depth of new snow, the party reached the top of the ridge. Mr.

Neal M. Carter was in charge of this trip as Mr. Fyles had not expected to be able to be there.

The snowshoe trip to Mt. Strahan, February 10-11, was led by Mr. Eric Fuller. The night was spent at the Mill cabin the Club has permission to use, on Hollyburn Ridge. This was one of the very cold nights in the February cold snap. Snowshoes were used from the first lake, and excellent going was encountered all the way to the south summit. Mrs. Don Munday was the only lady in the party of 13. The ice-heathed trees and the extremely fine cloud effects offered good subjects for photography, as well as adding to the pleasure of the tramp. The rare colouring of Howe Sound and the mountains beyond, was especially fine. Real winter temperatures prevailed.

The trip to Goat Mountain and return by Lynn Valley was not carried out in full on March 10-11, by a party of 20. Mr. Don Munday was in charge. The weather was perfect but many of the party did not have snowshoes; three feet of new snow made climbing most tedious. Some of the party reached Goat, some went down to Goat lake and thence to Lynn Valley. The snow-decked trees were marvellously beautiful, being so delicately adorned yet so completely mantled in white.

Mt. Cathedral, April 7-8, is the last trip of the winter programme as scheduled originally. Mr. Fyles intends to take charge.

In addition to the regular winter trips, parties of Club members have been active whenever the weather was favorable, and sometimes when it was not. Snow conditions have been better for snowshoeing than is often the case. The south slopes of Mt. Seymour were discovered to offer some scope for snowshoeing from the vicinity of the steel bridge above the canyon. Echo Peak, Crown, Seymour, and Lynn Peaks have been visited in the winter under varying conditions.

Indications point to a demand for more frequent scheduled trips next winter; whenever an improvised trip is held there are always members who express regret they did not know of it beforehand so that they might have gone.

THAT BLOOD TEST CERTIFICATE

Members are reminded of the necessity for carrying a blood test certificate when above the intakes on Capilano, Lynn, and Seymour watersheds. (As the Capilano Timber Co. own land above Capilano intake they claim authority to stop or permit trips in that direction.)

In view of the generous arrangements being in connection with the securing of a blood test certificate there is no excuse for any member failing to have one, and failure to have one when it is demanded might result in loss of the privileges the Club now enjoys with regard to the watersheds, and only obtained by dint of much hard work on the part of the Executive in the course of the past year.

To those not familiar with the procedure of making the blood test, it may be said that the whole thing does not amount to a pinprick, in fact, is disappointingly simple after the bold mountaineer has mustered his courage for the unknown ordeal.

As the requirements are reasonable and by no means difficult to comply with, loyalty to the Club ought to make everyone live up to what is expected of them in this respect.

ANNUAL DUES

Membership fees, \$2.00 a year, in advance, become due on March 1st, except in the case of new members accepted in the three months period before that date, their subscription carrying them through till the end of the next financial year. By prompt payment of dues members may save the Treasurer from the unpleasant duties of a bill collector; he is not a paid official.

CLUB TELEPHONE

The Club telephone will be listed in the new directory. It is Sey. 3189, in the office of the Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Martin, 303 Crown Building, 615 Pender street west. This ought to be a great convenience to members, and it is hoped they will make use of it.

The information box will remain at Camera & Arts, 610 Granville Street. The box behind the counter has been replaced by a drawer in a table at the front of the store. While the store invites members to make reasonable use of their telephone behind the counter, they are asked not to telephone to the store for information about mountaineering matters.

CONGRATULATIONS

The prospective mountaineering population of B. C. was increased by one on February 27th, when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fyles. Our popular Director and his wife are still receiving congratulations as the good news spreads among the members.

THE SUMMER PROGRAMME

The Director will present a programme of summer trips for the approval of the general meeting, and alternative proposals

for the annual camp. The marked enthusiasm displayed for climbing has seemed to justify weekly trips for the coming season, and an attempt has been made to include some trips to suit the less strenuous members as well as the others. The programme will be printed as soon as possible after the annual meeting.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please notify the Secretary, P. O. Box 1223, of any change of address. If you are interested in the Club, the Club is interested in you, and wants to know where to find you promptly. In conclusion, have you subscribed to the B. C. Mountaineer?

PERSONALS

On behalf of the Club the Executive Committee expressed its sympathy with Mr. A. O. Cooper on the death of his father recently. The late Capt. Cooper died at sea in the service of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

Mr. C. J. Heaney, formerly president of the Club, is now working in Los Angeles. He and Mrs. Heaney have been in the south several months.

Mr. Len Hoidsworth and Mr. P. B. Long ("Pelo") are also in Los Angeles at the present time.

Mr. H. Selfe, who has been in Anyox for several years, paid a brief visit to Vancouver a few weeks ago.

Mr. "Bob" Dalton, a well-known member a few years ago, and a former director, is still in the city. He has not renewed his membership yet.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Smith, Britannia Beach, have been in Vancouver several times in the course of the winter. Both were members of the Club when living in Vancouver, and always give the members of the Club a warm welcome on trips to the Sawteeth, Mr. Smith being instrumental in getting us many privileges and favors from the Britannia Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beltz, who have been in Trinidad for a long time, are expected back this summer.

News of members leaving the city or returning is welcomed.

As it may be news to a few members, mention is made of the decision of The Mountaineers, of Seattle, to hold their annual camp this year in Garibaldi Park as the result of the publicity given by the B. C. M. C. The Provincial Government has also shown some appreciation of the value of the Park to the extent of a willingness to spend money to make it more accessible for The Mountaineers.

THE B. C. MOUNTAINEER

BALANCE SHEET

<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
Land (5 acres Grouse Mountain)	\$175.00	Reserve Fund	\$ 150.00
Improvements on above	100.00	Bulletin Subscribers	40.00
Tents, Alpine Ropes, etc.	135.00	Surplus a/c	954.33
Tools	37.00		
Library	50.00		
Photo Record	20.00		
Cook-Stove	50.00		
Heaters	15.00		
Furniture, lamps, etc.	30.00		
Kitchen & Dining utensils & towels	45.00		
Lantern Slides	75.00		
Boats at Garibaldi Lake	50.00		
Cash in Bank	362.33		
	<u>\$1,144.33</u>		<u>\$1,144.33</u>

REVENUE ACCOUNT

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Expense</i>	
Members subscriptions.....	\$224.00	Cabin & Equipment a/c.....	\$ 87.09
Members Entrance Fees.....	\$ 72.00	Stationery a/c	27.21
		Printing a/c	39.35
		Revenue & Expense a/c.....	84.10
		Stamp a/c	12.04
		Annual Camp Deficit	17.30
		Annual Dinner Deficit.....	18.71
		Excess Revenue over Ex-	
		pense to be transferred	
		to Surplus a/c	10.25
	<u>\$296.00</u>		<u>\$296.00</u>

W. E. MARTIN,
 Hon. Treasurer.
 F. W. JOHNSON,
 Auditor.

February 28th, 1923.

*After the First of April, the place to go for your
 Stationery and Printing will be*

569 SEYMOUR ST.

*where we are opening an up-to-date Commercial
 Stationery Store in connection with our modern
 Printing Plant*

MURPHY & CHAPMAN

STATIONERS - PRINTERS - BOOKBINDERS

PHONES: SEYMOUR 718-719

South Peak of the Golden Ears

The second ascent of Blanshard Needle, published in the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol.1, No.2, April 1923.

Over the Easter weekend five members of the Club, Messrs. "Gus" Fraser, H. Davidson, Dudley Foster, Harold O'Connor, and E.A. Fuller, made a successful trip to the south peak of the Golden Ears, seen from Vancouver as a snow-covered triangular peak beyond the end of Burrard Inlet.

Leaving Vancouver Thursday evening, they reached Haney about 8 p.m., and continuing up the Lillooet River by the bright moonlight, camped for the night on its shores. Alouette Lake was reached after a four-mile hike in the morning, and the party was ferried across by Mr. Matthews, a resident there. A trapper's trail led up the ridge to the north, and the party was soon able to use snowshoes on the summit of the ridge, which was followed to its highest point, about 4500 feet, where camp was pitched in a sheltered hollow on snow estimated as between twenty and twenty-five feet deep.

Saturday dawned dull and cloudy, but a start was made towards the peak, which looks absolutely impregnable from almost any direction, and certainly does not improve on a closer inspection. On the east it is a sheer wall of rock dropping at least 4000 feet down into the valley of Gold Creek. The south and west slopes are almost as sheer. The party had hopes of climbing the south face by means of a steep gulley; but the warm weather had melted the snow, making the route up the rocks impracticable. Thus the only alternative was to descend west 1000 feet and then go up excessively steep snow slopes on the northwestern side, by which route the summit was reached at 1:30 p.m.

Upon opening the summit cairn, always an impressive ceremony on a seldom-scaled peak, the party was surprised to find that they had made the second ascent, the first having been made by Mr. Don Munday, Miss James (now Mrs. Munday) and Mrs. M. Worsley in 1918.

Descending, the party had to face into the slope for over 1000 feet.

(There seems some ground for concluding the name "Golden Ears" is a corruption of "Golden Aeries". The fact that the three peaks are visible from most directions rather conflicts with the idea of any resemblance to ears, which usually go in pairs. Mrs. M. Worsley, a member who lived at Port Haney for some time, favoured "Aeries".)

Climbing in the Rockies

An account of early climbs in the Lake O'Hara area, extracted from the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol.1, No.7, September 1923.

Probably that section of the Rocky Mountains lying immediately to the south of the C.P.R. in the vicinity of the Great Divide, a section not more than 15 miles square, is by far the most popular and best known portion of the whole range. The lakes and valleys have long been explored, the passes have been crossed on numberless occasions, the peaks have all been climbed, but the charms of such gems of natural beauty as Lake O'Hara, Lake Louise, and Paradise Valley, and the appeal of the mountains surrounding them can still cast a spell on the mountain pilgrims as thrilling as that which rested on the early explorers 25 years ago.

Only seven names had been submitted for the proposed Club camp at Fitzsimmons Creek. The district, a new one, would be well left in its unexplored state as an appeal for next year's camp. The Director had spent 10 days four years ago around Lake O'Hara, and was still full of praise of its charms. A suggestion was all that was needed, and the six who could go for the two weeks were unanimous for Lake O'Hara.

At 8:15p.m., August 11, H. O'Connor, R.E.Knight, B.C. Cayley, B. Clegg, S.M. Millard, and Tom Fyles entrained with 40 pounds of food and regular camping outfit, and 24 hours later found

themselves deposited with their belongings in the darkness on the modest little platform at Hector. Arrangements were speedily made with the Brewster Transport Co. to do the packing the following morning. The night was spent in the station building, sacks of oats proving a fair substitute for feather beds.

Early Monday morning the well marked trail, which rises 1,400 feet in seven miles, was followed to the lake. The weather was reported to have been very unsettled; that much rain had fallen was evident by the condition of the trail, but neither mud beneath nor clouds overhead could interfere with the expectant joy as the big mountain forms, one after another came into view.

Lake O'Hara hardly looked its best for the first view. Mts. Huber, Lefroy and Hungabee pushed their heads into the clouds and so reflections were spoiled, but the charm of the district was felt at once. A camping place was arranged on the shore of the lake. Very soon the pack horses arrived. Tents were pitched, a table erected between two trees with an out-look over the lake; a fireplace built, and everything put into good shape.

At 4 p.m. it was suggested that a stroll be taken to view Lake McArthur, about two miles away and 600 feet above Lake O'Hara. An arete of Mt. Schaffer, which mountain separates the two lakes, proved tempting, so the stroll developed into a scramble of 2,000 feet. The splendid view of the surroundings with the first impressions of the gorgeous coloring of the lakes at our feet, repaid all efforts. It is most striking to find a different tint in each of the lakes. Lake McArthur had the deepest blue of all the lakes seen on the trip.

The party did not exactly exult at early rising. Sometimes the first alarm would go at daybreak, about 5 a.m. Traditionally that ought to have been the starting time for some of the trips, but 7 a.m. became early starting time.

Tuesday, the 14th, the trail was followed along the lake shore en route for Mt. Huber, 11,041 feet, which rises like a tower to the northeast of the lake. The usual route was followed up the scree slopes to the pass between Wiwaxy Peak and Mt. Huber. A traverse was made of scree-covered ledges at about 8,000 feet to the north side of the mountain, then a climb of rock and avalanche snow for a thousand feet to below the glacier tongue.

As none of the party had been on the climb before, some time was lost here owing to keeping too low on the ledges, and later, by considerable amount of step-cutting in ice to avoid the track of avalanches, a large example of which was seen three days later pouring down for 1,500 feet. For some distance soft snow and easy going was obtained, but the steep slope of the peak for the last few hundred feet proved to be ice only, thinly coated with snow, and much step-cutting was again necessary before the summit was reached.

The air was clear and good views of all the surrounding peaks were obtained. Lake O'Hara, 4,400 feet below, with our small tents set beside it, and the C.P.R. camp half a mile further in a green meadow, looked very pleasing. The descent was made by the same route, and camp regained at 7:30 p.m.

One of the best trips in the district is a circuit of five passes which can be made in a two-day tramp -- over the Abbott Pass to the head of Lake Louise valley, then by Mitre Pass to Paradise Valley; from here there is a choice of two passes, the Sentinel or the Wastach to the Valley of the Ten Peaks; then the Wenchemna and Opabin passes lead back to Lake O'Hara. Abbott Pass, 9,588 feet, is the highest, and on its summit is the newly opened Alpine Club hut.

In order to lighten the packing on the trip around the passes a special trip was made with food to the hut on Wednesday afternoon, fuel for use on the way also being carried. The trip was made first by the trail to Lake Oeesa, then up the steep slopes of over 2,000 feet to the pass. The journey took over four hours. A heavy rain shower was encountered half way up the steep slope, and near the top the scree was very trying, so that it was dark before the cabin, which had been in sight for over an hour, was reached.

The cabin is a wonderful affair, built of stone, with a large living room and two rooms with beds for six people on the lower floor, and sleeping accommodation in the roof for fifteen more. Beds, mattresses, and blankets are in abundance. The living room has a large cook

stove and all necessary dishes and cooking utensils. The room is panelled and has several enlarged photographs on the walls. A night was spent in this delightful shelter whilst the wind whistled through the pass outside. The morning broke with gorgeous coloring on the peaks. The windows on one side of the hut look down into B.C., and on the other into Alberta, and Mts. Lefroy and Victoria rise on either side of the pass another 1,500 feet.

The next day, Friday, Mt. Odaray, 10,165 feet, was climbed; this rises directly from the meadow behind the C.P.R. camp to the west of the Lake. The trip gave another most interesting day as the weather was at its best again. A little extra scramble was obtained by climbing from the glacier to the ridge to the west of the usual route as stones were bounding down the gully usually climbed.

Saturday, the first stage of the trip round the passes was made, and another night spent at the hut on Abbott Pass. Sunday, the weather turned dull and showery, but the trip was continued down to the Victoria Glacier, then up the Lefroy Glacier, and over the Mitre Pass to Paradise Valley. At one point, by clinging too close to the shelter of Lefroy we almost became targets for a shower of falling rocks and had some little excitement in making efforts to avoid them. Steps had to be cut most of the way up to Mitre Pass; this was slow work when loaded with packs. Camp was pitched in Paradise Valley on the site of an early camp of the Alpine Club. Clouds covered the tops and the valley did not look its best. A large deer came grazing within sight of the camp during the evening.

Monday was a cool day, but leaving Messrs. Knight and Clegg in camp the remaining four climbed Pinnacle Mountain, 10,062 feet. Some difficulty was experienced owing to the mist. Two anchored ropes at difficult points in the climb have taken the sting out of a mountain that was attempted on a number of occasions before being conquered.

As there was only one tent, 6 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in., carried on this trip (the others having been left by the lake) there was a tight squeeze that night for floor space but it was managed successfully. Tuesday morning a brief spell of sunshine coupled with highly colored clouds tempted the earlier risers, but the sunshine did not stay very long. The return was to be made to O'Hara, so everything was again packed and carried over the Wastach Pass to the upper end of the Ten Peaks Valley. Here the packs were left behind and a trip made down the fine trail until views were obtained of Moraine Lake; but the day was quite dull, clouds hung low and again did not show the valley at its best. The trail continues right to the top of Wenchemna Pass at a very easy grade. The first members over the pass saw eight goats grazing at the head of Prospectors Valley but these were quickly out of sight. The short rise to the top of Opabin was made with eager expectation of returning to the camp site at O'Hara. Short rations only had been issued on the last day and it felt like returning to the land of plenty. Thoughts of bread instead of hardtack and other dainties in the shape of macaroni, cheese and pancakes as a change after pork and beans proved very alluring. Imagine then the disgust, when, tired with carrying packs, about 7 p.m. the old campsite came into view, but what was the matter with the tent! It was soon found that a bear had made free with the food in our absence. The tent was torn to shreds, the precious bread and the bacon had departed, the cheese had also tempted bruin, and a trail of prunes and raisins led into the bush were some of the delicacies had been consumed. Luckily, much of the food was canned goods and the hardtack had been spared. So we settled down again to pork and beans with cornmeal pudding and jam thrown in and being hungry thoroughly enjoyed them.

Wednesday, another perfect a.m. for weather, was the last day at O'Hara. Half the company preferred to lay around camp and it was 9 a.m. before the other half got off for a climb up Mt. Ringrose. The late start made it impossible to continue to the second and highest peak as an early start had to be made the following morning out to the railway. Early Thursday morning a heavy thunderstorm passed over the camp. At 7 a.m., however, everything had been packed up and farewells said to the beautiful lake. Halfway down the trail a heavy hailstorm was encountered, and just as the station buildings at Hector came into view another tremendous storm came on.

Trip to Wedge Mountain and Mt. Turner

by Chas. T. Townsend

The first ascents of Wedge and James Turner, published in the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol.1, No.8, October 1923.

Mr. Neal Carter and I had been planning all the summer to make the first ascent of Wedge Mt., as soon as we could get away in the fall. Accordingly on Saturday evening, September 8th, we landed with our belongings at Alta Lake. Having nearly a fortnight before us, we decided to make Rainbow Lodge our headquarters, and to make two trips, one up Wedge Mountain, and the other to Avalanche Pass, the proposed 1923 camp site. We left half our grub at the Lodge, and with the other half and the rest of our belongings, started out from Alta Lake on Sunday morning bound for Wedge Mountain.

We followed the railway for 4 miles to Mile 42, as from Rainbow Lodge we could see that the main ridge from Wedge Mountain hit the railway at about this point. From the railway we travelled east following logging roads for about a mile, and after that picking our way through the trees (there was very little bush), for another half-mile until we reached Wedgemount Creek, where we had lunch. Our journey so far had taken us 3 hours. Wedgemount Creek was larger than we had expected, and we were lucky in finding a log on which to cross quite a short distance above where we struck the creek. On the east side, the hill rises very sharply from the water for about 800 feet, and as the bush was thick we were very glad of a rest when we reached the top. From there on, the ridge is a succession of bluffs, thickly wooded. At about 5,000 feet elevation the trees thinned out, giving place to meadows, which must have been beautiful when the flowers were in bloom. We were nearly "all in" when we found water at about 6 p.m., and we made camp as quickly as possible. We were now in an ideal place for an attempt on Wedge Mountain, being at an elevation of 6,000 feet, and at the extreme limit of timber line.

Early the next morning we started up the ridge. At the end of it we found quite a gap in between us and the base of the mountain, and I should suggest to any others who might make the climb, that it would be more advisable to keep on the south side of the ridge at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, instead of climbing to the top of it. This would bring them to the foot of the gap and at the base of the easiest face of Wedge Mountain. As it was, we had to descend into the gap, cross a number of ridges composed of masses of loose rocks, probably moraines at one time, and then cross a small glacier, before we got on to the climbable slopes of the mountain. The glacier we named "Eclipse Glacier." From there to the peak, about 2,000 feet, we were travelling over talus slopes, the rocks being on an average cubes about 2 feet in thickness. We reached the summit at 1:15, after having had a good view of a partial eclipse of the sun a short time before.

The summit of the Mountain is a long ridge ending in quite a sharp peak at the eastern end. It is very precipitous on three sides, but is readily accessible on the south side, up which we had come. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, we had a magnificent view, and were able to secure some fine photographs. Immediately to the south of us was the Spearhead Range, which has been practically unexplored. It contains seven fine glaciers on the north side, and, as we afterwards discovered, one on the south side.

What particularly attracted us was a valley immediately south of the peak of Wedge Mountain. This valley pointed north and south, and contains beautiful meadows. At the head of it, on three sides, there are three large glaciers, one of which has a splendid ice-fall. The meadows are probably at an elevation of about 5,500 feet, and they lie in the centre of the Spearhead Range, so that a party intending to climb in that district would do well to investigate the possibilities of a camp there. We named the place "Glacier Meadows." It would also seem to be possible to climb peaks in the Fitzsimmons district from there, as there is quite a low pass over to the Fitzsimmons Valley. Mt. Overlord, and a number of other peaks at the head of the Fitzsimmons glacier, possibly could be climbed in a day's trip.

On the north side of Wedge Mountain are several large glaciers, one of which we called "Wedge Glacier," and another the "Crescent Glacier."

To the east of us lay a peak which we resolved should be the object of our next climb. It lay across a valley from Wedge Mountain, and promised to be an enjoyable three-day trip from camp.

The next day, taking with us just enough food for three days and our bedding, and leaving our tent behind, we hiked round the southern slopes of Wedge Mountain, keeping just above timber line to avoid the bush. To obtain water we had to drop down about 800 feet into the valley east of Wedge Mountain, which we had seen the day before, where we found a delightful camping spot. The journey from camp to camp took us about 5 hours. We lulled ourselves to sleep under the stars that night with soothing strains from the camp orchestra.

The first part of our climb the next day took us over four high ridges, very much similar in composition to Wedge Mountain. This brought us to an elevation of about 7,000 feet, where we came out on to a glacier which we called the "Quarry Glacier." From there we had a good view of the peak of Mt. Turner, as Neal had named it, in memory of the Rev. Jas. Turner. Once across the Quarry Glacier, we had to cross the Turner Glacier, much larger than the former, and flowing east, while the other flowed west towards Wedge Mountain. We were now at the foot of the cliffs at the base of the peak. These cliffs run east and west from the base of the peak; on the west side they form a striking ridge of jagged rock surmounted by fantastic pinnacles. Owing to this peculiarity we called it "Finger-post Ridge." We had some trouble getting up the cliffs to the east of the peak owing to the extreme looseness of the rocks, but once on top, we were ready for the final climb. The peak is a mass of jagged rock, most of which is very loose and dangerous, and I doubt whether it could be climbed from any direction other than the east. An hour's rock-climbing took us to the summit, where we arrived at 1:30.

The top itself was so small that it was hardly big enough for a cairn. On three sides the cliffs were very precipitous, while even the face up which we had come looked very steep from above. Once again we had a magnificent view, particularly of Wedge Mountain, which looks very fine from that side. Three glaciers to the north we named respectively, "The Chaos," "The Needle," and "The Albert Edward" glaciers. We reached camp again at about 6 p.m.

The next day we packed back to our first camp, and the day following down to Alta Lake, the latter journey taking us six hours.

Our aneroid was found to be untrustworthy, so we had to estimate our elevations from well-known peaks in the Garibaldi district. Thus we made Wedge Mountain to be 8,400 feet high, or higher than Castle Towers, and Mt. Turner to be 8,000 feet, or 400 feet lower than Wedge Mountain.

At Rainbow Lodge we had an excellent supper, which partially made up for a week of dried goods, and afterwards collected the other half of our grub preparatory to making an early start the next day up Fitzsimmons Creek.

First Ascent of Mt. Foley

From the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol.2, No.3, May 1924.

The most notable trip of the last month was that of a party of eight club members to Mt. Foley, 8,000 feet, in the Cheam Range, this being the first complete ascent. The party consisted of Mr. W.F. Wheatley, Mr. Dudley Foster, Mr. Eric Fuller, Mr. H. O'Connor, Mr. Beverley Cayley, and Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday.

Leaving Vancouver on the 6.20 p.m., C.N.R. train, the party arrived at Laidlaw at 10.20 p.m. and spent the night there, leaving at 7.20 next morning by the trail up Jones Creek, the seven miles to Jones Lake, 2,000 feet, being covered in three and a half hours in a heavy snowstorm. A terrific wind storm in December had created havoc in the woods, but Mr. R. Barr, who lives at the lake, had cleared the trail that far. Unfortunately the remaining seven miles was still uncleared of obstructions, and six hours was required to reach Timberline

Cabin of the Lucky Four mining claims. The roof was covered with 10 feet of packed snow, and tunneling for the stove pipe hole was one of the preliminaries to lighting a fire -- the temperature was well below freezing point, and the hour 7 p.m. The snowstorm had ceased in the afternoon and the late evening light revealed the great white crags in all their impressiveness.



Mt. Foley as photographed during its third ascent in 1925 by Art Cooper, Brick Spouse, and Fred Smith. Photo - Fred Smith.

The cabin had never been properly finished for occupancy in winter weather, and the small stove failed to thaw anything beyond a three-foot radius, so drying wet clothes was a slow process.

Snow clouds were gathering deliberately from the northwest, but the peaks remained clear. The crest of the ridge, 6,800, was reached shortly before noon, permitting entrancing views eastward, through shifting clouds, of a world of nameless peaks. Foley was obviously the only peak of the range even remotely within the power of the party this day under winter conditions, and the chances seemed slim indeed. Before the half mile along the ridge was covered, snowshoes had to be exchanged for boots owing to the narrowness of the corniced crest.

On the Lucky Four Glacier the snow lay five feet deep. The angle soon became 45 degrees, and steadily steepened. The eastern arete on closer approach proved out of the question owing to the iced rocks. The northeast face, the only one of the three that was accessible, was smothered with loose snow. Its condition in many places gave cause for grave concern, but never quite reached the point where going on meant unjustifiable risk. The arete was gained about 800 feet below the summit, and then success was assured.

For the most part the climb was still on the face, now steepened to about 65 degrees, being rocks overlain with mixed ice and snow. The south face is nearly perpendicular, the arete too sharp to carry a cornice. Clouds had closed in at last, snow falling, the wind rising.

The three faces of the slender pyramid meet at the summit which was a tiny platform of ice from which one member of the party claimed to be able to look down all three sides of the mountain at once. The time was 3.10. It was no place to be caught in a storm, and an immediate descent was begun. Once off the arete the wind was not so biting, but an added difficulty was finding the steps which were completely hidden with the snow now streaming and hissing down the great face. New steps might have been made but a safe route was not to be abandoned lightly. The descent to the glacier was nearly as slow as the ascent.

Changing back to snowshoes was necessary on the ridge; a blizzard was sweeping it, and the temperature dropping rapidly - an experience to remember. Even with the snowshoes, going downhill was laborious. The cabin was reached shortly after 6 p.m.

Morning broke brilliantly, displaying the range at its best. The delicacy of the lines of the wind-sculptured snow on the precipices was unforgettable. Seldom are peaks of this order so well placed for viewing them to advantage. Reluctantly the party started home at 7.15 a.m. The downward trip to the road took about five hours travelling, interrupted by a stop for lunch at Mr. Barr's. By 4 p.m. all were ferried across the Fraser River to Ruby Creek by Skookum Jack, the return to Vancouver being by C.P.R.

Climbing in the Tantalus Range

by E.H. Nunn

Early ascents in the Tantalus area, published in the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol.2, No.4, June 1924.

Our party, consisting of Neal Carter, Ted Taylor, Arthur Cooper, Fred Smith, and myself, left on May 10 for Squamish to spend a week in the Tantalus Range. Leaving the boat we learned that Barber's Camp on the Squamish River was not operating, so had to abandon the idea of camping at 5,000 feet and proposed to make camp instead at Tantalus Lake or the "Lake of Lovely Waters," at 3,700 feet. We got to Chee Kye at 4.30 and a hike of about two miles brought us to the Squamish River where we made our first night's camp. The beauty of a perfect moonlight night was somewhat marred by armies of husky mosquitoes who attacked us on all sides, and we retired early to our sleeping bags, -- two to a bag, the advantage being of less weight to pack and of added warmth, although the prominent features of one's anatomy are somewhat accentuated.

At 5.30 a.m. we beheld the sun rising over Garibaldi, and to the west our Tantalus peaks swimming in a sea of molten gold. Hurriedly eating our breakfast, we cached some grub and crossed the river by the cable near our camp. From here we plunged into virgin forest and pushed our way through underbrush and over fallen timber until, at 12.30, we emerged at the creek which drains the lake.

We were now only at 1,000 feet, but from this point on, the going became better. Ascending a rock-slide for 1,000 feet, we hit the snow line (3,100) at 4.30. Here the going became better still and we were soon on the ridge in view of the lake. Finding no bare ground, camp was made on the snow. We retired early in anticipation of a good day's climbing on the morrow.

Leaving camp at 8.30 Monday a.m. we hiked down the frozen lake to a favorable point and commenced the assault on Mt. Alpha. A few preliminary snow slopes brought us to the scree-covered ledges of the main peak. To the west lay the serrated crags and pinnacles of the Ted Tusk Ridge, dominated by Mt. Serratus itself. From this ridge a series of glaciers flow eastward toward the lake, each terminating in an ice-fall, from which came almost a continuous roar as tons of rock and snow poured over the cliffs.

Alternating between interesting rock work and steep snow slopes, we passed the last vestige of vegetation at 11.30 (6,400). At this point we were surprised by an avalanche which swept down the slopes not twenty feet from us and went thundering down over the cliff. The rock ledges were covered with a lot of loose rocks, and the rear climbers were kept busy dodging the fusillade. Suffering no casualties, we arrived on the corniced summit at 1.50 and found in the cairn a record to the effect that A. B. Morkill and B. S. Darling had made the first

ascent in 1914, and that Tom and John Fyles had climbed the peak in 1916. Ours was the third ascent and the earliest. Observations on two aneroids gave an elevation of about 7,700 feet. Lunch and the wonderful view were absorbed simultaneously and made a good combination. On every hand stretched an endless ocean of snowy pinnacles and billowy ridges,—material to reward the efforts of exploration for many years to come. In the valley, 7,500 feet below us, lay the thread-like Squamish River, and the tiny villages of Chee Kye and Brackendale.

Mts. Alpha and Omega (also known as the South Peak), are visible from the Squamish Valley and are well known by name. We suggested a number of new names from the Greek myth of Tantalus. Thus the N. and S. Twin Peaks we called Niobe and Pelops, while the two main peaks of the range we named Tantalus and Dione. Two prominent pinnacles in the Red Tusk Ridge we called Sisypus and Pandareus.

At 3.30, having taken some plane-table observations for a map of the district, we left the summit, and after an exhilarating descent arrived on the lake at sunset. In this vicinity we noticed several areas of red snow. The lake was a bit slushy, and every step was a knee-deep plunge. We arrived back in camp at 6.25, and a victorious attack was made on the macaroni and cheese.

Tuesday morning we left at 9.15 and crossed the lake towards the southern peaks. Ascending a snow gully, we emerged into a glacial amphitheatre filled with avalanched debris. From here an hour's grind up the north margin of the snow covered glacier brought us to the neve. In places the wind had blown the snow away, exposing the blue and green ice. In front of us rose the Twin peaks,—Pelops and Niobe; behind us towered Omega, and to the north loomed the imposing mass of Alpha. On our left we noticed a small, but promising looking, rocky peak. By noon we had gained the summit and found that Smith and Warren had made the first ascent in 1910.

Dropping down again to the neve, we ascended Mt. Pelops by a series of snow slopes broken by jutting rock ridges. Finding no cairn on the summit we left evidence of the first recorded ascent and observed the elevation to be about 6,800 feet, and that of Dione (probably Niobe-ed) to be slightly lower. On the ridge between the two Twin peaks we found a fine example of a wind cirque which showed the depth of snow to be about 40 feet. By 2.40 we were on Mt. Dione (probably Niobe-ed) and found a record stating that Smith and Warren had climbed the peak in 1910. Leaving at 3.15, we glissaded down the cliffs of Pelops, crossed the snowfield towards Mt. Omega. An interesting rock scramble brought us to the summit at 5.15. There was a cairn with no record, but we recently learned that it had been built by Tom Fyles in 1916.

The view from the peak was almost as fine as from Alpha. The sun was getting low and the peaks threw their shadows for miles across the snowfields and glaciers. The bases of the crags and their ridges lay in the soft purple shadows of twilight, but the summits still flamed with the fiery splendor of the sunset. The tremendous ice-fall of the Chee Kye glacier on the west face of Garibaldi looked especially fine where the level rays of the sun brought out the vivid blue and green in the ice, contrasting with the red volcanic rock.

We left Omega at 5.45 and after scrambling down the rocks, glissaded back into the amphitheatre. From here a short hike across, or more properly, through the lake brought us back to camp.

Wednesday dawned cold and cloudy, so we stayed in the vicinity of the camp all day. Thursday was another dull day so we broke camp quite early and left the Lake of Lovely Waters at about 10. Following our route in over the rock-slide we arrived at the creek at 1.45 and found the water much higher. We finally managed to cross, however, and followed the ridge down to the Squamish River. A hike of about two miles along the west bank landed us back at the cable and we were not delighted to find the car on the wrong side. The situation was saved, however, by Neal, who made a rope sling and hauled himself across. At 7.30 we hit the Cheakamus River and made camp.

Leaving Chee Kye at 9.30 a.m. Friday we started the ten-mile hike to Squamish, but fortunately got a lift for six miles. An enjoyable trip down the Sound landed us in the city at 5.30.

Mystery Mountain

By Don Munday

An account of early attempts on Mt. Waddington, published in the B.C. Mountaineer, Vol. 5, No. 10, December, 1927.

The most important achievement of the 1926 expedition to Mystery Mountain was discovery that Mystery Glacier was the source of the Franklin River, draining to Knight Inlet. The glacier, then estimated to be 80 square miles in area, was found by the 1927 expedition to exceed 100 square miles, and is 25 miles in length. The trailless Franklin River valley is highly difficult to travel. The glacier snout is 500 feet above sea level and distant six miles. The complex flow of the glacier and intense thawing at low altitudes makes the surface everywhere rugged and troublesome. Crampons were found essential.

The mountain stands in an area of 400 square miles devoid of even scrub timber, making it impossible to establish a base camp within striking distance of the mountain. Base camp at 4,300 feet was found unsatisfactory owing to poor wood supply. Wind-proof clothing is important, a half-gale practically always rushing down the glacier. The highest temperature recorded at base camp was 63 in the shade.

Climbers acquainted only with the friendly southern portion of the Coast Range will find it hard to imagine the austere character of the region inland from Knight and Bute inlets where glaciers 10 miles in length are commonplace, and the peaks exceed in average difficulty the finest section of the Selkirks, while much of the region equals that range in average elevation—the Mystery Mountain area exceeds in height any equal area in the Selkirks.

All probable routes to the summit of Mystery Mountain are guarded by hanging glaciers, icefalls or rock towers ranging from gendarmes to individual mountains in size. The rock is a hard schistose formation breaking into smooth slabs and overhanging faces. The danger from falling rocks was extreme; one rockfall, amounting to thousands of tons, was seen after the party had decided further advance in that direction was too dangerous. The height reached was 11,000 feet on the first attempt. Some close shaves and painful bruises from rocks were incidents of the second attempt, this time on the east ridge. Collapsing snow bridges in the icefall of Buckler Glacier absolutely barred any further attempt in this direction. This climb took 27 hours, attained 10,500 feet, and the icefall and glacier was descended by night. Masked longitudinal crevasses on the east branch of Mystery Glacier gave much trouble. The bivouac was at 7,000 feet.

The third attempt was from Fury Gap, 8,700 feet, and over three of the 11,000 foot peaks of the formidable west ridge. This is the only practicable route, is somewhat intricate, never obvious for far in advance, and possible only under the most favorable snow conditions likely to be found at this elevation. It involves passing under impending ice cliffs of the summit ridge. Frequent losses of elevation cost valuable time. At 6.40 p.m. a height of about 13,200 feet was reached close to the bergschrund under the final 200-foot ice slope which presented no difficulties.

However, storm had threatened for hours, and snow now began to fall. Instant retreat was imperative before three serious rock faces became iced up, otherwise the party would have been stormbound indefinitely at over 11,000 feet on the exposed ridge. Fortunately the worst of the storm did not come until midnight, but 1,800 feet of rocks still remained. Rain, hail, snow, terrific wind, and spectacular electrical discharges from the rocks, our ice axes and persons, made that descent unforgettable. Our bivouac was drenched, and we had to wait over two hours till daylight to descend the 1,000-foot icefall below; after seven hours travel down the glacier we had a meal, then went on in renewed storm to base camp, reaching it at 8 p.m., 39 hours from starting the climb.

Mr. E. M. McCallum had to return to Vancouver, so we started down next day. Mrs. Munday and I returned to base camp an hour ahead of what proved to be 150 hours of rain out of 153 consecutive hours. We made a few short trips, but even the lesser peaks of the region were now unclimbable in their burden of new snow, and we returned to Vancouver September 15. Armed now with a thorough knowledge of the difficult approaches to the mountain, we feel our 1928 attempt will be successful.

The Ascent of the Lions

By John F. Latta

An account of the first ascent of the East Lion and the second ascent of the West Lion during an extended September Labor Day holiday in 1903. The ascent was made by the three brothers - William Smith Latta, John F. Latta, and Robert Peter Latta. Published By the City Archives, Vancouver, in 1953.

Although nearly fifty years have passed the annual event of labor day always brings to my mind that week in 1903 when my two brother and I decided to climb the Lions. Previous less arduous excursions up Grouse and Crown had fired our ambition to seek a greater thrill. So on Saturday, September 5th, we set out on the great adventure. Our home at that time was in the ten hundred block Homer Street then considered fairly respectable residential neighbourhood. Across the street there was nothing but vacant C.P.R. property, where we used to pick wild blackberries on the slope between Homer Street and the railroad yards. Later, a part of this land next to Nelson Street was fenced in, and used for many years as a ball park. That section of town had no street car service, so we had to walk to the North Vancouver ferry. We did not consider this any great hardship, for in those days legs were regarded as a legitimate means of transportation, and were supposed to be used for other purposes besides pushing down on a clutch or brake pedal.

Our equipment consisted of the following items: One tin cup, one empty lard pail, one saucepan, one small frying pan, one knife, three forks, two spoons, one cake of soap, one towel and a candle. Flashlights had not yet been invented. Three pounds bacon, two pounds beans, one pound rice, two pounds dried peaches, a half pound of butter, quarter pound of tea, two loaves bread, a small quantity of salt and sugar and a one-pound tin of canned chicken. One pair of blankets, one ten by twelve canvas sheet, one hand-axe, one 30-30 Savage rifle, matches in a waterproof case, and fifty feet of half-inch manilla rope. Our intentions with regard to the rope were somewhat hazy, but having seen pictures of mountain climbers tied together, we fancied we would not be properly equipped without it. As I had sternly advocated the elimination of all non-essentials in order that we might travel as light as possible, I had objected to the butter and tea as being unheard of luxuries to be encumbered with on a camping trip, but I was over ruled. The majority tauntingly opined that if I had my way the commissary would consist only of dog biscuits and dried fish. The can of chicken was sneaked into the pack without my knowledge. From previous experience, I knew that the trip would be hard on clothes, and not wanting to hazard damage to worth-while clothing, I donned an old suit and pair of shoes that were no longer decent enough for ordinary wear. I thought this would be a good opportunity to finish them off. As regards the latter part of that statement my judgement proved to be infallible, but with regard to it being a "good" opportunity it turned out to be lamentably the reverse, as will subsequently be shown.

Arriving on the north shore we set off on the first of our journey of two and a half miles to the waterworks intake. A thumb was no use as an assist to transportation here, as the road was seldom travelled except by horse-drawn trucks hauling shingle bolts, or the occasional trip made by a waterworks inspector. The intake consisted of a log dam across the creek. A wire gate gave entrance to the fenced enclosure and it also marked the end of the road. An elderly man who lived in a cabin by the gate seemed to be the sole guardian. His duties were apparently limited to preventing anyone from fishing or bathing in the pool, and reporting on conditions at the intake. He told us we were not supposed to go beyond the gate, but as he turned his back, and there was a well defined path around the cabin we assumed this was merely a formality, and proceeded on our way.

Reaching the mouth of Sisters Creek, which enter the Capilano on the west side, we crossed on some conveniently located boulders in the river bed and began our climb up this steep boulder choked watercourse. The day had been cloudy, and now a light rain began to fall, so we started looking out for a suitable camp site. About half a mile up the creek we came to a large log supported on boulders and offering some shelter underneath. Branches were cut to make a bed, and the canvas sheet stretched over the log to shed the rain.

Next morning we took time to prepare a good breakfast. The rain had ceased, and we continued on over the boulders and log jams, finding it pretty rough going. It was the end of the dry season, and the water only showed up in spots where the bed rock was exposed. Some hours of

climbing brought us to the glacier on the east side of the eastern Lion. The melting ice from this glacier supplies the water for Sisters Creek. The creek emerges from a tunnel under the ice, and we explored it as far in as daylight penetrated and enabled us to see anything. Above us were hundreds of feet of solid ice. Then we climbed up the steep talus strewn south slope arriving in late afternoon on the plateau-like terrain between the two Lions. Examining the south and west precipitous faces of the eastern Lion, we agreed that those who had reported this mountain unclimbable were not far wrong. That night we camped on the plateau, making up a fairly comfortable bed with boughs cut from the scrubby cypress that grew all about. Not thinking about the high altitude, we put some beans on to boil, but after several hours on the fire they showed no signs of softening up, so we left them in the pot all night and used them next day. We made out very nicely however, on bread, bacon and stewed peaches. Some animal kept prowling around in the brush near us, but we could not find out what it was.

In the morning it was bitterly cold with frost on the ground but giving promise of a fine day. This day we climbed the western Lion and found the records left by Martin, King and Dalton who had made the climb on August 10th. (Arthur Tinniswood Dalton afterwards Assessment Commissioner, City Hall, Vancouver; Fellow, Royal Geographical Society. Atwell Dalton King, afterwards solicitor, B.C. Electric Railway Co., Victoria; and George Martin, railway official, B.C. Electric Railway Co., Vancouver — climbed to the summit of the western Lion August 11th 1903, and, to symbolise their victory, flew a small Union Jack from its peak.) It was the finest day we had on the trip, warm and clear, but there was a strong wind on top of the mountain blowing down from Squamish, so we did not stay long. That night we camped again on the plateau after exploring the small peak that rises between the two Lions.

Tuesday morning we had planned to see some of the country lying to the north. But as we were passing the ice field lying against the north flank of the eastern peak, Will suggested taking a look at the side of the mountain. Chopping steps in the ice with the little axe he worked his way up to the top of the ice ridge, and from this vantage point shouted to us that he thought the peak could be climbed from that side. So dropping our packs we followed in his steps. By this time he had gone down the reverse slope, and was standing on the edge of a crevasse some five or six feet wide which separated the ice from the rock. It was not much of a jump, but the speculative part of it was: would you bounce back when you hit the other side? There was not much of a foothold to land on, and the act called for some exact timing. It was necessary to grab for a handhold at the same time as your feet hit the rock, to prevent bouncing backward, and taking an unscheduled tour down three or four hundred feet under the ice. Will being the most venturesome, took the first jump and reported back that it was dead easy. Bert went next, and Will grabbed him as he landed. Then they started to pull themselves up by the bushes. I being of no consequence whatever was left to get across as best I could. Bert did not quite make good his first attempt, and slid back until his feet were about two inches from reaching the ledge he had just left. Hanging on to the root above he called to me to do something about it. My suggestion that he hang on until I went back to North Vancouver for a plank did not seem to strike him as funny. However, I soon had him by the legs and boosted him up to where he could get a better hold. It then occurred to me that we might have some real climbing to do and it was in order to use the rope. So we got hitched up in approved alpine style, one on each end of the rope and the other half way between. We struggled upward for a short distance, fumbling with the rope which would get caught on every sharp corner and root on the mountain. Once Bert got his leg in a bight and was in danger of being pulled up feet first. Finally, after having the rope whip smartly past my head, nearly severing one of my ears, we concluded that ropes were meant for professional mountaineers. For us it was more of a menace than a help. So we got unhitched, coiled up the rope and dropped it where it could be recovered on the way back. The rest of the climb to the top was unexpectedly easy. There was plenty of brush to grab. It was wonderful what feeling of security you get when hanging on to a friendly bush, rather than risking your safety on a projecting piece of rotten rock that may come away in your hand.

Will was the first up and searched about for evidence of any previous climbers, but there was none. Over us came that feeling of reverent awe that one experiences when treading for the first time a spot that has never known man since God raised it up out of the sea.

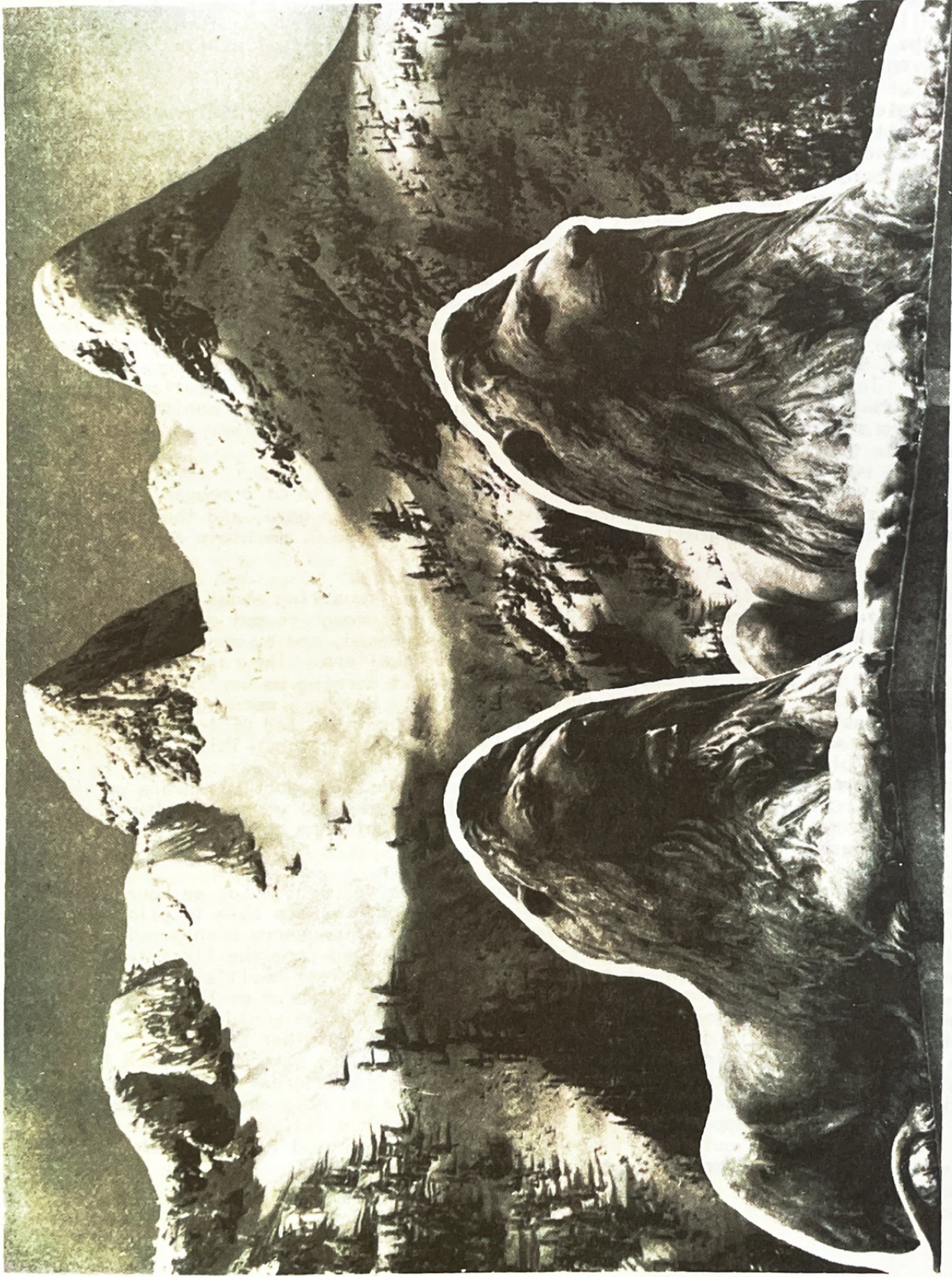
Having a small diamond nose chisel in my pocket and using the axe head as a hammer, I chipped our name on a granite slab. It was a clear day and we lingered there for some time enjoying the superb view, the clean uncontaminated air, and that feeling of spiritual exaltation one seems to find only on a mountain top.

The climb down was pleasant and uneventful, and on reaching the lower levels again we were entertained for a while watching a herd of about twenty mountain goats clambering about on the cliffs the other side of the glacier. As there was still some of the afternoon left we pushed on for about an hour before making camp. I was now becoming deeply concerned about the condition of my clothes from the waist down. My shoes had been showing signs of serious deterioration and a disinclination to log any further mileage. Relations between the soles and the upper had been strained to the breaking point. My efforts to save the situation by tying them together with string had proved dismally ineffective. This evening complete disintegration had taken place and I had to throw them away. Luckily, I had brought along a pair of buckskin moccasins for evening wear, and these I had to depend on to finish the trip and carry me back to the city. My pants had also suffered severely. They were badly torn in several places and were only held together by wishful thinking on my part. Wednesday dawned dull and threatening, but leaving our packs in camp we went to explore the picturesque country lying to the north. This is very charming country resembling the highlands of Scotland. The ground is covered with the pink flowering heath interspersed with pretty green conifers, giving it a park-like setting. Several small lakes that feed the Capilano River add greatly to its charm.

Near one of the lakes we found the bones of a deer, evidently the victim of a cougar as there were many cougar signs about. Outside of a few grouse we saw no other game, and there was an almost total absence of birds, a regrettable feature of most of our B.C. mountain and forest areas.

Back at camp we built up a good fire to dry out our wet clothes, squatting about and getting supper, arrayed as Nature's children, until our clothes were dry enough to put on again. Then under the canvas for the night. During the night the rain increased, and by morning it was coming down in that unrelenting downpour so familiar to coast dwellers. The rain continued all that day and we did not wander far away from the camp. Next morning we were due to start back and we hoped the rain would spend itself during the night. However, morning brought no relief, but our time was up and we had to get ready to move. Our route led us to the edge of the heath-clad meadows, where the stream pitches down into a sort of gorge. This is really the beginning of the Capilano River. Owing to the canyon like walls there was no place to walk but in the stream bed itself. We had not gone far when I was made forcibly aware of the treacherous nature of moccasins on wet rocks. The grease that comes out when wet makes them as slippery as if the rocks were coated with ice. My feet flew out from under me and I came down backwards on the hard unyielding rocks.

After that, I picked my way along as if I were treading on Grade "A" eggs. For an hour or so we plodded along in the stream bed, then the gorge widened out and we were able to climb out and follow along the bank. This was much better except that the salmonberry bushes paid most embarrassing attention to what was left of my trousers, and I emerged from the first tangle, with nothing left but about six inches next to the waistband. The giant devil's club also grew along the bank in great profusion, and kept making caressing passes at my bare legs, an affectionate gesture which was certainly not reciprocated. In places we would run into a projecting bluff, forcing us to ford the stream and continue down the other bank until faced with a similar formation on that side. Three times we had to ford the stream, and each time it became more difficult as the water was rising. Then we came to the great spruce swamp where the walking was easier. Hour after hour we plodded on the wet moss among the sombre spruces, whose dripping tops disappeared in the mist overhead, and still the rain came down. Each minute we expected to break out on to higher ground, but every bend in the stream just revealed more spruces and more swamp.



Two of the four lions at the base of Lord Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square, London, England. Sculptored by Sir Edwin Landseer. To the Squamish Indians, who knew nothing of lions, the two peaks were known as "Chee-choc-yoh-ee", i.e. twins; our early pioneers called them "The Sisters", "Twin Peaks", and "Sheba's Breasts". The name "The Lions" came into use by general adoption about 1886.

The day was almost spent and we did not relish the idea of spending a night in the swamp, but finally decided there was nothing else for it but to make camp while there was still light enough left to enable us to get together some fuel. It is no easy problem in semi-darkness, to find anything combustible in a swamp, in pouring rain. We gathered small twigs from the drier side of the spruce trees, and managed, despite our clumsy swollen fingers to get a fire going. It was not a great deal of comfort to us, as the heat generated was not much more than enough to dry the moisture out of the fuel. But we were able to keep it going all night. Sometime about midnight I was lying with my back as close up to the fire as I could get, and the welcome heat seemed at last to be getting through to my perished system. Presently it got a little too hot for comfort, believe it or not, and I shifted further away. Still it kept getting warmer. Then the smell of burning rags awoke my dulled senses to the fact that something else besides the fire was burning. Getting up and investigating, I found the back of my coat had been burned off. That was a long, long night. Things looked more hopeful in the morning, for the rain had ceased and we started off in better spirits, but with empty stomachs, as we had finished up the last of the grub last night at supper. All but six pieces of dried fruit were left which we decided to hold on to as an emergency ration. We had not tramped more than twenty minutes when we broke out of the swamp on the high ground we had so anxiously look for the night before, when we could have had a good fire and spent the night in comfort. On the west bank of the river we made out what looked like a man-made trail, and we assayed our final crossing. By this time the river, swollen by the rains, was running swift and strong almost waist deep. Will got across by using a pole to steady himself and with one end of the rope which Will and I kept taut between us. I don't know how we could have got him across without the rope, as he was nearly all in. The previous day he had been doggedly stumbling along, not saying anything, in a sort of daze. So the rope turned out to be of some use after all. I have sometimes wondered if, when he was lying in the trenches in Flanders, where he gave his life, he was reminded of the night we spent in the Capilano swamp.

It was good to find a real path under our feet again, and the warm sun soon dried us out and chased the misery from our bones. About eleven o'clock we stopped to rest and divided up the dried fruit, two pieces to each and nothing left over. Then on to the river crossing we had used on the way up. A few miles further down we stopped at a logging camp, where Will went in to see if he could borrow a pair of pants for me. I kept under cover until he returned with a pair that a good-hearted Swede had let him have for 50c. Judging by the size, said Swede must have been about seven feet high and broad in proportion, for the pants came up to my armpits, and even then the legs had to be rolled up about six inches to keep them from dragging on the ground. But I was clothed in comparative respectability once more. God bless the Swedes! The soles of the moccasins were worn completely through by this time, but that did not worry me greatly. I had walked in my bare feet before.

There was nothing ahead of us now but the long weary trek to the ferry. In those days the last trip was about 6:30 P.M. and we had to whip up our jaded legs to make it. Will forged ahead and stopped at Jack McMillan's store long enough to get some biscuits to keep our stomachs from caving in. Home was reached about 8:00 o'clock where a good supper awaited us although we were almost too tired to eat. All had a hot bath and tumbled into bed, where we stayed until ten o'clock next morning.

I have watched the population grow from twenty thousand to nearly half a million, and the tax burden has become heavier every year as the population increased. That odious word "parking" had not yet been coined, and traffic was regulated by the good sense of those who used the roads. An hour's walk would take us out into the woods, where nature could be enjoyed by the poorest without cost. Progress we have attained in great measure. Yes, but it seems we have paid a heavy price. Freedom and contentment have had to go down under the Juggernaut of progress. Through all the changes that Vancouver has passed, from a small town to a seething metropolis, the Lions have looked down unperturbed by the hectic scramblings of restless, ambitious men. Their unchanging serenity is a tonic to the souls of those who, in their perplexity, wonder what it is all about and how it all will end. We can be thankful that God made something that man, in all his conceit, cannot destroy. When we look up to The Lions, in their calm enduring majesty, we feel comforted and assured that, so long as they stand guard over our destiny, no great harm can befall.

Early ascent of Crown Mountain

By A. Taylor

An account of a winter ascent of Crown Mountain by a B.C.M.C. party in 1925. Published in the B.C. Sporting News, April 20, 1927.

For several years previous to the time of the climb I am going to recount there had been a friendly competition amongst the members of our club for the earliest ascent of Crown Mountain immediately following the turn of the year. In 1924 a couple of my chums had succeeded in reaching the summit at 4 p.m. January 1st, having left Lynn Forks early that morning and travelled under very adverse snow and ice conditions. With the idea of bettering this record a small party of us, including one of the previous climbers, decided to leave the city shortly after supper on New Year's Eve and travel all night with the object of reaching the summit as soon after midnight as possible.

We anxiously watched the weather and scanned the forecasts with the hope that New Year's Eve would be clear and preferably cold, but alas for our fond hopes, for several days previous it had rained steadily in town and showed no abatement on leaving work that night. However, nothing daunted, five of us congregated at a chosen point on the North Shore and started out for Crown Creek by auto taxi. In view of the conditions we might have felt a little skeptical as to the outcome of our venture, but the taxi driver (and our sisters and our cousins and our aunts) were absolutely certain that we were crazy and if we didn't get killed or lost or something equally desperate we would be getting off with a lot less than we deserved. However we laughed down his remarks and alighted from the taxi at Crown Creek at 9 p.m. and duly settled our account with the gloomy one.

Our plan was to proceed up Crown Creek until we reached the long gully on the south side of the mountain, which would bring us out of the col just east of the Knees of Crown. Those of us that had candle-bugs lighted them, and Jim and Fred were resplendent with miner's carbide lamps duly filled them at the nearest puddle and after numerous smells produced very fair lights. The drawback to this type of light for climbing in bad weather was later demonstrated. We now started out in single file up the old Capilano railway grade winding up to the limit of logging at an altitude of about 1100 feet and dropped into Crown Creek. Those of you who have travelled a mountain stream in daylight can perhaps form some idea of the unlimited possibilities of getting wet when travelling the same course in the pitch dark with only the feeble light of a bug. However we plugged on steadily choosing our different routes and I feel even now the eeriness of watching those little lights bobbing around apparently detached from all human touch until the person carrying slipped and barked his shins and the human contact was instantly established with various kinds of remarks.

A great part of the pleasure of such a trip as this is wondering whether you have taken the right turn or fork in the stream because after dark, especially on a cloudy night, familiar landmarks are hidden and you may continue up a fork for a quarter or half an hour before you are sure you are on the right one. We made only one mistake which cost us much heated debate and about thirty minutes. We reached the snow line at 10.30 p.m. and from there on we had to pay very particular attention to our route in the stream bed because our trip had followed closely on the heels of a cold snap, and above the snow line many of the rocks and slopes had ice in considerable quantities on them, and it was only by careful prodding with your ice axe that you could be sure of your foothold, and in fact as we rose higher we found it necessary in several places to cut steps in the ice over falls such as you might be expected to do on a steep glacier.

At twelve we reached the foot of the long gully before mentioned and we could quite clearly hear the whistles in town so we all stopped a minute wishing each other a merry and happy New Year, and shaking hands in the lights of our bugs in the midst of a driving snowstorm. About two hundred yards further on, at the foot of a steep rock slope we decided that reinforcements for the inner man were indispensable so we sat down only to find that water was flowing down this face under the snow and the pressure of our bodies formed a dam which made, to say the least, rather damp quarters so we all finished our meal standing up.

Feeling considerably better we attacked this slope and got up with less difficulty than we had expected except for a short distance at the top which was considerable steeper. It fortunately had a few stunted cedars clinging to it, which are sometimes a mixed blessing as you cannot climb over them or around them, but have to go through them, which as you can well imagine with a pack on your back causes numerous entanglements and puffing and pulling before you finally drag yourself out at the top. At this point we noticed a decided drop in temperature, the snow was now dry and shotlike with a keen wind whistling down the gulley. This was a signal for everyone to look hurriedly into their packs and don all the remaining clothes and look again in the hope they had over-looked something.

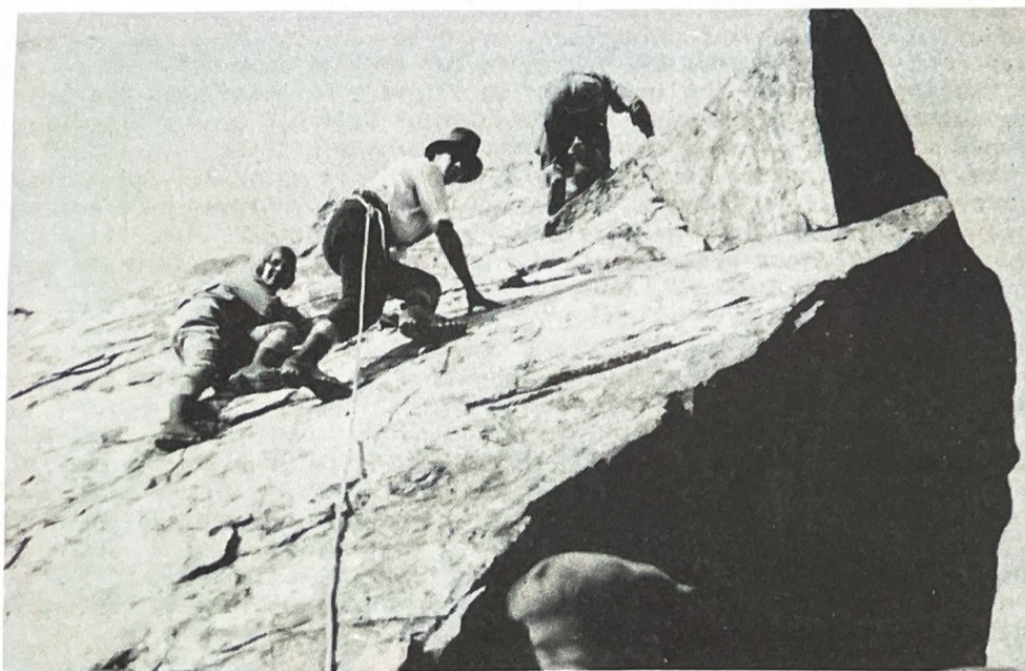
We decided now it would be advisable to rope up so we made two ropes with Jim and myself on the first, and Arthur, Fred and Brick on the second. Almost immediately after this we came across another rock face with seemingly no chance of a direct ascent so we turned our attention to the sides of the gulley and after some discussion finally agreed on the left as the most practicable as it had considerable growth on it. It was just here that the carbide lights failed us because these miner's lights are not equipped with glass and if you should slip when climbing a slope your hands automatically plunge down-ward and extinguish the light in the snow. Failing this you were almost certain to bump a tree and kill the light in the ensuing cataract of snow. The bugs were not free from this but proved far more satisfactory.

It was just somewhere here while I was trying to get up a short steep slope that my footing gave away and I plopped straight on top of Arthur and as he remarked forcibly later my not inconsiderable weight nearly knocked him flatter than a pancake. Fortunately we were both roped to others and slipped only a few feet before being checked. We had thought when climbing this side to work our way above the rock face back into the gulley, but we now found that instead of being able to do so there appeared to be no route except vertical walls leading down into the darkness which with our feeble lights and the driving snow did not appear at all inviting, and not wishing to retrace our steps we kept on climbing along and up the side of the gulley feeling so long as we were ascending steadily we were in some measure accomplishing our object. The climbing was very slow which was necessary owing to the steepness of the slope which must in places have been from thirty to sixty degrees and it was only because of the timber that it was at all feasible. Our manner of progress was somewhat similar to that of an inch worm; Jim would anchor himself to a tree and I would climb until I reached the end of the rope and then I would anchor and he would climb to me, and so on seemingly adinfinitum. Suddenly we came to a snow slope absolutely bare of timber and stretching above and below us as far as we could see and looked to be above fifty yards across. We had now gone too far to turn back and considering it feasible we used every possible precaution, which when looking back, was I am sure the only reason we got across. It was very steep rock face with from six inches to two feet of snow on it which required the most careful feeling to follow the ledges and we all felt relieved when the first tree on the opposite side was reached. I remember once when about half was across standing on a very rickety foothold with my ice-axe jammed into the soft snow and the rope looped around the head saying in a very reassuring and confident voice that "it is quite all right Jim, I have a really good anchor" knowing if he should slip the chances of holding were not very good; However the old saying that 'ignorance is bliss; still held good. From there on the climbing became better and just before reaching the col we were able to drop into the gulley, which coupled with the advent of daylight, cheered us up considerably.

It was exactly eight a.m. when we climbed out onto the level thus taking eight hours to climb a vertical height of something just over two thousand feet. We felt the occasion was worthy of another meal and jamming our ice-axes in the snow sat down to make further inroads into our provisions. We were considerably behind our anticipated schedule so we started out very shortly, still roped up, to continue along the ridge and so on up to the peak of Crown. The snow on the level was very soft allowing us to sink in at every step a good two feet, which made trail breaking very arduous, not to mention somewhat hot under the collar as occasionally you would strike a bit of wind crust which would give promise of solid walking until all of a sudden you would break through even deeper than before. As we approached the Crater Rim we were struck with the beautiful effects of the frozen cloud moisture on the overhanging rocks, the most fantastic designs being formed by this cause.



The Camel as seen from Crown Mtn. Photograph taken during the first ascent of the Camel in 1908.



Climbing the head of the Camel. Photograph taken during the 1920's by Fred Smith.

We were now on the final lap which was the peak of Crown itself and it was with the greatest of caution that I ventured out onto these rocks with tremendous sheer drop under me. The wind here must have had a velocity of thirty to forty miles per hour and was bitterly cold. Owing to this wind the rocks were only thinly covered with ice. However my sticking close to mother earth and keeping the rope taut I was able to keep my courage up until the notch on the summit was reached where I had something solid to hang onto and the rest climbed up to me, the last man arriving at 11.45 a.m. January 1, 1925. We all shook hands, peered over the summit and admired the view which was limited to about fifty feet of the inside of a cloud. We were indeed a cold looking bunch with frozen cloud moisture on our outer garments and icicles, formed from our breath, all around the opening in our woolen helmets. After taking a photograph of ourselves we started down.

As might be expected the descent was considerably faster than our ascent and we should have arrived home fairly early but we now conceived the bright idea of making a complete traverse of the mountain and returning to Vancouver by Crown Pass and Lynn Forks. It was not at all bad going until the big rock slide at the foot of Crown Pass was reached. Here the snow was about eighteen inches and was just sufficient to mask the holes between the big and small boulders so that about one of every four steps let us through between a couple of rocks. By this time we were too tired to care of expostulate with the rocks so we kept straight ahead, picking ourselves up from various unbeautiful postures as the occasion demanded. We reached the head of the skid road about 5 p.m. and commenced our six mile hike to the car line and our homes were reached from 7.30 onward according to our destinations.

Thus concluded one of the most interesting, and aside from disparaging remarks, one of the most educational trips we had ever been on. We had not made as good time as we had calculated, but we had at least lowered the record by four and a quarter hours, which however still leaves considerable room for improvement and will no doubt be lowered by some enterprising climbers in the time to come.

Bushwhacking

By R.A. Pilkington

This article appeared in the 50th anniversary issue of the B.C. Mountaineer, published in 1957. Although written 30 years ago, it is timeless in its content.

Probably the most neglected aspect of mountaineering is bushwhacking. Not only is it avoided whenever possible by climbers, but it is ignored by all writers of alpine manuals.

The reason for this aversion seems to be instinctive. Anthropologists currently cherish a theory that man's ape-like ancestors took to the trees in order to grow themselves hands (four of them) the possession of which, it seems, stimulates the growth of the brain. Probably as a result of his increased intelligence great great grandpappy later forsook the forest for the meadows, and would not go back. He took to walking on one set of hands and turned them into our hideous feet. Then he set about getting civilized, a process which seems to have reached its present culmination by arranging to have a dead dog in a box circling the earth.

Anyway, men no longer live in the forest. They may live in clearings within it, they may work in it, they may make passage-ways through it, but they will not live in it the way it is. There is a continuous fight being waged round after round yet man knows in his heart that the forest will be the ultimate victor.

However, until helicopters are popularized to the extent of putting an end to mountaineering (as they are bound to do), mountaineers in these parts will have to do some bushwhacking if they want to ascend any worthwhile bumps. A mountain with a trail is definitely a second-hand article.

So we find ourselves face to face with the bush. We have 40 lbs. of things in our pack and we are suitably clothed and wear heavy boots. If not, God help us.

Once off the trail we renew our acquaintance with a world of sturdy weeds that have been doing as they pleased since Creation and are not going to change just to humour us. That is the first lesson in bushwhacking. You have to conform to the way of the vegetables. The second lesson is patience and the third is husband your energy. And those three lessons complete the course.

Be patient and don't fight the forest. Here is a posse of devil's club, snaky, prickly and just rarin' to tangle with you in a bout of scratch as scratch can. If you slap it with your ice-axe it swings away and smacks right back at your face with the unerring aim of a medieval quintain. If you trample it, it lashes up at your hands as soon as you remove your weight. All you can do is wiggle your way through trying to avoid contact between your bare skin and the horrid stuff.

Now we are scrambling along a steep hill-side. Behold another adversary, mountain alder. It grows in companies of crooked springy poles leaning downhill almost parallel to the slope. They bend when you first push against them, but build up pressure to oppose yours until you find yourself shoved rudely back again. You must climb and scrape slowly over, under, along and between them. They are experts at catching the top of the posts of a pack board so as to pluck back a traveller who has just started to congratulate himself on clearing the obstacle. They are botanical bureaucrats, brainlessly obstructing those who do not conform to their ways.

The vine maple has similar proclivities and is almost as bad. And scrubby yellow cedar on occasion can perform the same office.

Another tribulation is the windfall. I don't mean an inheritance, but one or more trees that have crashed down across the route you wish to follow. One such tree is a nuisance. The twentieth is an imposition, the fortieth is an affront. After that they are a form of punishment. Patience and persistence my friend. Kicking them won't hurt them. Tears will not melt their dry-rotted hearts. Do you think that they fell in that fearsome tangle just to spite you? Of course they did. But what can you do about it?

There are other phenomena that have to be endured. Blueberry bushes down the ages have perfected leaves that gather the largest possible drops of rain, holding them faithfully just for you. It is no use pretending that you are someone else. The shower is in your honour and you get it. Blueberries and mountain azalea grow pointing down hill so that an ascending climber finds himself struggling against the grain and, if he likes idle fancies, can imagine himself to be a flea scurrying up the leg of a wirehaired terrier. It helps. When you come down again the same bushes form a slide for your boot soles and insist on your being seated. They also harbour mosquitos, but since bushwhackers are not the only donors to the anophelian blood bank, I shall not enlarge upon that subject. Nor on wasp dodging. Nor upon the sport of hunting for ticks in your limbs by the light of a campfire.

Still other varieties of botanical obstruction abound. Swamps with their sphagnum quagmires. Rockslides covered with salmon berry and rose bushes which present prickles to your clutching hands as you teeter on the edges of unseen boulders. Thickets of young hemlock laced with salal like the Dannert wire fences of Hitler's war.

It can be very exasperating, indeed, but before you decide to shun the woods as hostile, consider this. With patience and intelligence you can learn to pass all such obstacles with a minimum of time and trouble. Further, when you call it a day and make your camp, the friendly forest gives you fuel and shelter and a soft bed for strength-restoring sleep.

Personally, I like the forest even though the liking may be an atavistic leaning toward our primitive ancestors. I like bushwhacking. It is stimulating. And you should see me pick up things with my toes.

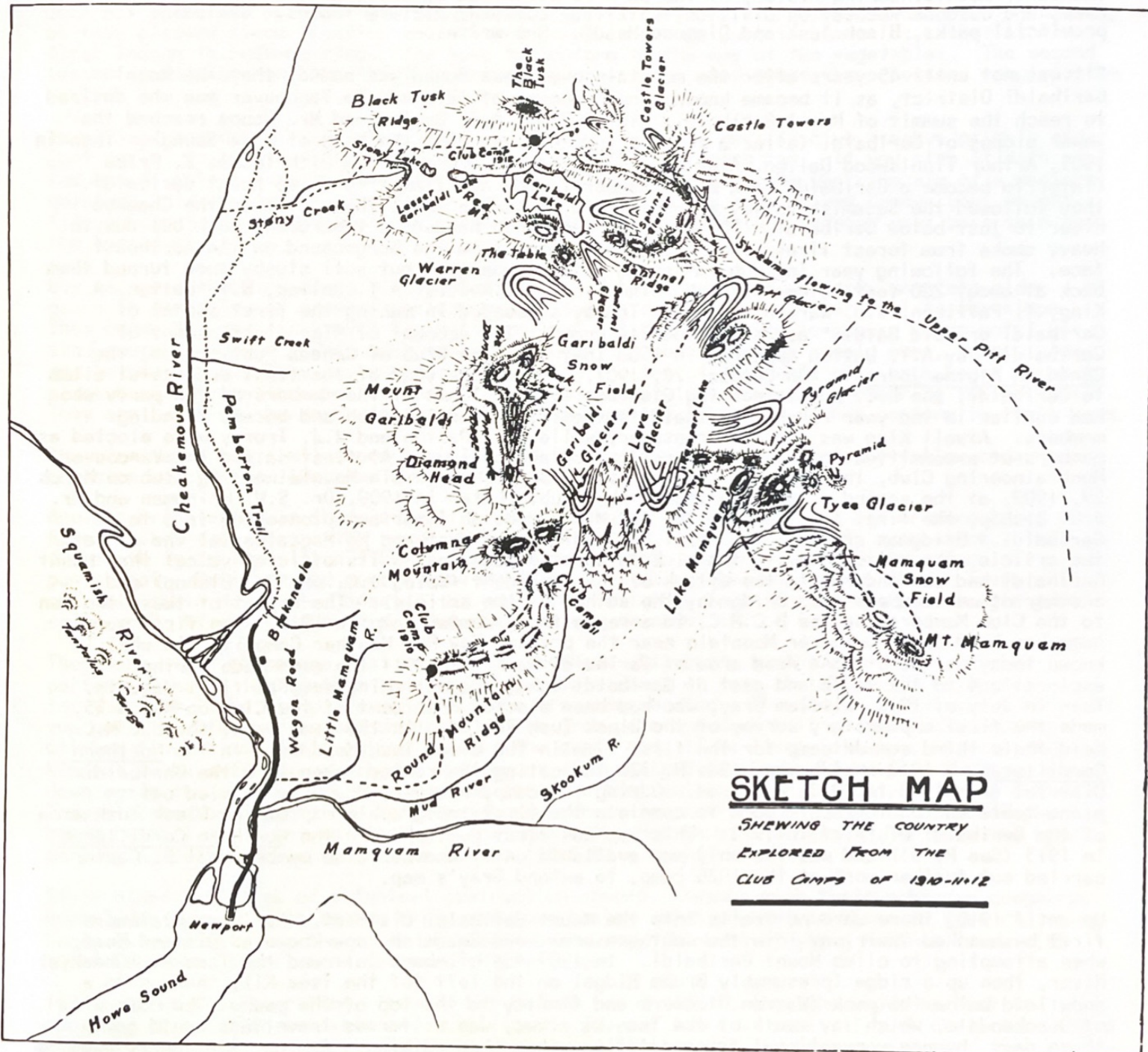
Early History of Garibaldi Park and B.C.M.C.

The B.C.M.C. was established in 1907 at the same time as the founding members were making exploratory trips into what is now Garibaldi Park. The B.C.M.C. was closely involved with the exploration of this area and the actual establishment of the area as a provincial park, as the following accounts show.

The early mountaineering history of the park is described by Katie Bell in her 1984 report to Parks and Outdoor Recreation Division, entitled "Cultural History Themes. Garibaldi provincial parks, Black Tusk and Diamond Head". She writes -

"It was not until 45 years after the mountain over Howe Sound was named, that the Mount Garibaldi District, as it became known, would become of interest to Vancouver men who desired to reach the summit of Mount Garibaldi. In 1902 Mr. A.T. Dalton and Mr. Hoops reached the lower slopes of Garibaldi (after a trip up Indian River from the Head of Howe Sound). Then in 1905, Arthur Tinniswood Dalton, Atwell D. King and David Grey along with Thomas E. Price (later to become a Garibaldi Park Board Member), made an attempt to climb Mount Garibaldi. They followed the Squamish valley along the old Pemberton Trail then followed the Cheekye River to just below Garibaldi. The party of four then headed up toward the peak but due to heavy smoke from forest fires, they could only make it to the bergschund on the northeast face. The following year in 1906, a second attempt was made but soft slushy snow turned them back at about 200 feet below the peak. Then in 1907, Messrs. A.T. Dalton, W.T. Dalton, A. King, T. Pattison, G.B. Warren, and J.J. Trorey succeeded in making the first ascent of Garibaldi or "Old Baldie" as is locally known. The account of "The first ascent of Garibaldi" by A.T. Dalton appeared in 1908 in the Alpine Club of Canada Publication, the Canadian Alpine Journal. On October 28, 1907, in the same year of the first successful climb to Garibaldi, the B.C. Mountaineering Club was formed. Some of the members of the party who had earlier in the year reached Garibaldi's summit, joined the club and became founding members. Atwell King was elected treasurer, while W.T. Dalton and J.J. Trorey were elected as members of a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws. At first called the Vancouver Mountaineering Club, the name was changed to the British Columbia Mountaineering Club on March 29, 1909, at the second annual meeting of the club. Later in 1909, Dr. S.W. Bridgman and Mr. J.C. Bishop, the first president of the B.C.M.C., made an important pioneering trip to Garibaldi. Bridgman wrote in the April 1910 edition of Westward Ho Magazine (at the end of the article, the editor permits the club to use the magazine as its official voice) that Mount Garibaldi had surrendered to the attack of the president (being J.C. or "Pa" Bishop) and another of our members (Doc Bridgman, the author of the article). The report of these two men to the Club Members led the B.C.M.C. to arrange for a summer camp in 1910. The first summer camp was held below Columnar Mountain near the present day Red Heather Campsite, in what is known today as the Diamond Head area of Garibaldi Park. In 1911 the club made further explorations to the south and east of Garibaldi Lake, accomplishing several first ascents. Then in July of 1912, William Gray, who had been elected President of the Club on March 25, made the first exploratory survey of the Black Tusk Region. In the same year, the B.C.M.C. held their third summer camp for the first time in the Black Tusk Meadows. In the Northern Cordilleran, a 1912 sketch map, (See P. 32) indicating the routes taken into the Garibaldi District from 1910 to 1912, appeared. During the camp, however, Mr. Gray carried out plane-table and photographic work to complete the first topographic map of the Black Tusk area of the Garibaldi District in 1912. This map was first published in the Northern Cordilleran in 1913 (See P. 33) and was the only map available until another club member Neal M. Carter carried out further work at the 1926 camp, to extend Gray's map.

Up until 1910, there were no trails into the Mount Garibaldi District. Early mountaineers first bushwacked their way into the southern area near Squamish, now known as Diamond Head, when attempting to climb Mount Garibaldi. In 1907 the climbers followed the Tsee-Ki (Cheekye) River, then up a ridge (presumably Brohm Ridge) on the left (of the Tsee-Ki), then on to a snowfield below the peak (Warren Glacier) and finally to the top of the peak. The community of Brackendale, which lay south of the Tsee-Ki river, was as far as travellers could go in those days, by any conventional transportation other than walking. Around 1906, Harry Judd, a local resident of Brackendale, - began a horse-drawn stage service (in 1910 it was changed to a crank motor-driven service) to transport goods and people back and forth from Newport (Squamish). It is possible that in 1907 the climbers used this service. In 1908 another route was taken to climb Garibaldi as it was assaulted from the Southeast facing Dalton Dome. The particular route taken in this case is unknown. Then in 1909 two members of the B.C.M.C., Dr. W.E. ("Doc") Bridgman and J.C. ("Pa") Bishop packed from Squamish dock, presumably following the Mamquam River and camped below the south face of Garibaldi Mountain near the site of the present Diamond Head Chalet. The trip made by these two men was to set the stage of the exploration and development of Garibaldi Park. Up to this time routes were not formally blazed or developed, but in 1910 for the first B.C.M.C. summer camp in the district,



Dr. W.E. Bridgman and Fred Perry left two days early to "blaze the trail and get the packers into the campsite." During the second summer camp the trail was such that provisions could be transported by pack horse from Newport (Squamish) up to the western end of Round Mountain Ridge (the site of the 1910 summer camp). From this point the provisions were carried on the shoulders of the mountaineers a further three miles to the Crystal (Elfin) Lakes where the camp was set up. During the 1911 camp a party of 10 B.C.M.C. members, among them William J. Gray, decided to explore the territory to the north of Mt. Garibaldi. The group climbed several peaks, including Copper Peak (Mt. Carr). "As viewed from Copper Peak, the land about the lower end of the lake seemed to drop suddenly into the Cheakamous Valley and appeared to offer a good route by which the lake could be reached." The idea of holding the camp of 1912 in the meadows to the north of Garibaldi Lake was conceived while the group was on top of Copper Peak and William or "Billy" (as he was known to club members) Gray was chosen to look for a route into the unexplored territory to the north." On July 26, 1912, Gray began his journey into the area. He travelled to Squamish by boat and then by stage to Brackendale. From that point he travelled along the Pemberton Trail to a point upstream from the junction of Stoney Creek and Cheakamous River. Then he followed Stoney Creek up to an elevation of 3000 feet and then ascended into the meadows where a camping place was selected. When he returned to Vancouver, Gray paid a visit to John Davidson, the newly appointed Provincial Botanist, whose task, in part, was to begin a botanical survey for B.C., and who had been instrumental in having a Botanical and Geological Section added to the B.C.M.C. in 1911.

In 1912, prior to the club camp Messrs. W. Gray, F. Perry, and P. Long, went in four days ahead of the party and blazed the trail to the meadows. This was the first trail into the Black Tusk Meadows. In that year, the first B.C.M.C. camp held in the meadows was set up near the banks of Mimulus Creek.

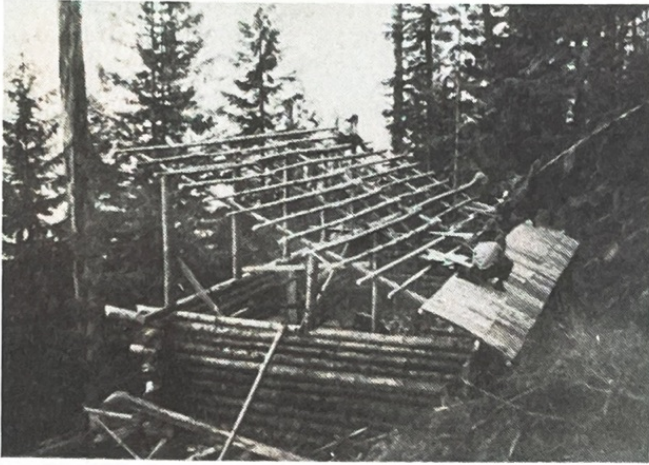
In 1913, W. Gray and P. Long went in ahead of the camp to blaze a trail for pack horses. Now that access into the meadows was much improved with a pack horse route, the climbers sought ways to cross Garibaldi Lake, although boating on the lake did not originally start out as a recreational pursuit but rather as a fast and convenient means of getting to Sentinel Bay where it was easier to stage climbs from: it would eventually serve another purpose. The first craft launched in the lake was a raft which was built in 1913 by the B.C.M.C. members at the summer camp. Later in 1916, as reported by two Seattle Mountaineer members, the first of the boats to be packed up the trail in pieces by B.C.M.C. members was built on the lake, and christened the "Alpine Beauty".

Susan Leslie (current B.C.M.C. member), describes the early activities of the B.C.M.C. in her book "In the Western Mountains, Early mountaineering in British Columbia", published by the Provincial Archives of B.C. in 1980.

"Just a year after the formation of the Alpine Club, a group of mountaineers on the west coast decided to form their own organization. The Vancouver Mountaineering Club (which in 1909 became the British Columbia Mountaineering Club) was not in competition with the Alpine Club. The ACC had declared the Rockies and the Selkirks as its domain; the Vancouver Club was concerned with exploring the mountain country within reach of the city.

The BCMC began with modest weekend trips up the North Shore mountains. In January of 1910, the Club obtained land on Grouse Mountain, and in the spring of that year, built a cabin which became the weekend haunt of many of its members. Though early Vancouver climbers had included men like Basil Darling and Henry Bell-Irving, who came from the city's more affluent and influential families, the BCMC proved itself remarkable egalitarian:

Our club was democratic. I have the list of the 90 members for the year 1913 before me, and I notice among others thereon, two lawyers, two land surveyors, three bankers, one botanist, two electricians, three salesmen, two railwaymen, two exporters, two nurses, seven stenographers, one meteorologist, three printers, one postman, one civil engineer, one cigar maker, one piano tuner, two real estate men, all gentlemen and gentlewomen. (R.M. Mills, "Early Days of the B.C. Mountaineering Club". The Mountaineer, Fiftieth Anniversary Edition, 1957, p.5.)



Construction of the first club cabin on Grouse mountain in 1910, and the cabin builders.



The club cabin on Mt. Seymour which was constructed around 1940.

Unlike the Alpine Club, the BCMC made it possible for ordinary working people to take up mountaineering. It was not that the Alpine Club set out to be exclusive. But, because its climbing program was centred on the summer camp in the Rockies only people who could afford to travel to the camp could climb with the Alpine Club. The BCMC, on the other hand, was a small, local organization. Its regular weekend trips were inexpensive, and everyone ate and travelled together with great informality. Since the trips usually began on Saturday afternoon, even people who had to work on Saturday mornings (as most factory and office employees did) could come along on the outings.

At first, the club members hiked on the mountains within a day's travel of the cabin on Grouse Mountain, but they soon began going further afield, up Howe Sound toward Garibaldi, and east up the Fraser Valley, to Golden Ears and the Chilliwack River. To the south, Mount Baker and Mount Shukshan in the United States became popular weekend objectives. In 1909, the first BCMC party packed up Paul Ridge to the Diamond Head area, and came back with excited reports of the wonderful alpine country behind Garibaldi Mountain. The next summer, there was a club camp above Paul Ridge, and for several seasons following, club members climbed and explored throughout the Garibaldi region.

The BCMC's interests were not limited to climbing. In 1911, a Botanical Section and a Geological Section were created; the next year, an Entomological Section was formed. Under the tutelage of Dr. John Davidson, the Provincial Botanist, members of the Botanical Section learned to collect and identify specimens. The plants they collected provided the first B.C. record of many alpine species. In 1912, Dr. Davidson accompanied the BCMC on the first climbing trip into the Black Tusk area, to make a survey of the area's flora. Many of the place names around the Black Tusk--Empetrum Ridge, Mimulus Lake and Parnassus Creek--come from the floral species Davidson identified in the area: in order to record correctly the locality of his specimens, Davidson needed place names. Within a few years, the Botanical Section of the Club had grown larger than the active climbing membership, and it merged with the Arbor-day Association to form a separate Vancouver Natural History Association.

In 1912, the BCMC began a campaign to preserve the Garibaldi area from logging and mining interest. To most Vancouver residents, the country beyond Squamish was "a veritable howling wilderness", as an advertisement for the new Pacific Great Eastern line described it. But BCMC members know better. They had seen the flower meadows and the alpine lakes and the curious volcanic peaks, and they were determined that this area should be saved. J.S. Cowper, a writer for the Vancouver Province, and a Member of the Legislative Assembly in Victoria, was persuaded to take up their cause, and in 1920, the provincial government agreed to set aside Garibaldi as a parkland reserve. In 1928, the park was extended north to include Wedge Mountain and Singing Pass, after two BCMC members who had explored and climbed there urged that this further area also be retained as parkland.

Now that Garibaldi Park is such a well-used recreational area, it is hard to imagine a time when its preservation would have been a cause of dubious popular appeal. But by their own report, the early members of the BCMC were regarded as an eccentric lot; their enthusiasm for the mountains and the forest was not shared by other residents of the province. It required foresight and an energetic publicity campaign to persuade the provincial government that this "howling wilderness" was worth preserving.

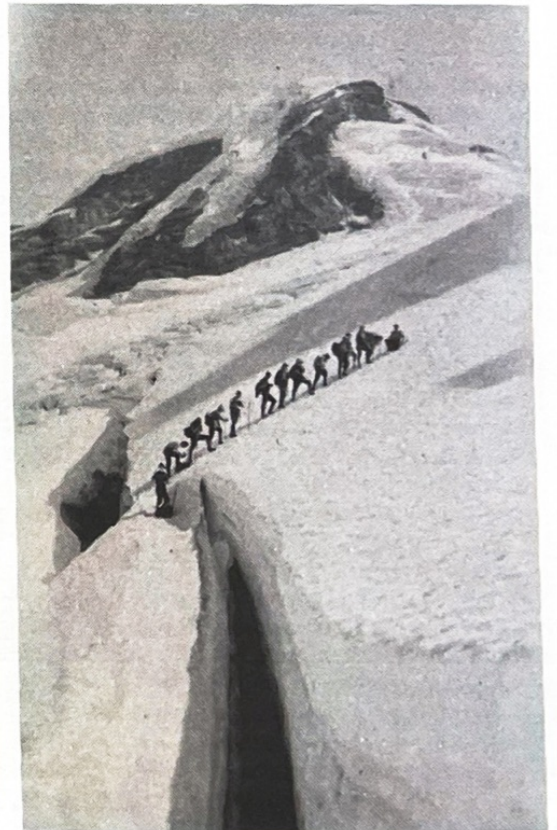
From the outset, the BCMC had a sense of its public mission, which was to explore and preserve the alpine areas of the province. But its members went about their climbing and mapping and collecting because they enjoyed doing it, not because they thought it was an important public service. Writing in the club's 1913 publication, *The Northern Cordillera*, J.C. Porter (who was the honorary president) correctly assessed the contribution of the club:

"The task of making the mountains known has been a heavy one. Unstinted toil and unflagging perseverance have been called for and the financial demands on the members have been heavy. With absolutely no aid from government or any outside quarter, they have carried on work of great public importance from year to year, finding their reward in the doing of it."

It was indeed "work of great public importance", but Mr. Porter's martyred tone would not have accorded very well with the plain and modest people he was praising. The Alpine Club was more frequently given to such grandiloquence in describing its historical role; the BCMC's members were not much concerned with the regard of posterity."



BCMC members on an open air sight seeing tour bus used as transport to the Mt. Baker area in 1923. The bus is parked at the corner of Georgia and Granville. Seated are Percy Locke (front) and Seymour de Gruchy, Fred Smith, and Ed Nunn (back, left to right). Standing to right of bus are Walter Westall and Tom Fyles.



The BCMC party ascending Mt. Baker. The photograph on the right was a special one which was on exhibition. It was taken by Ed Nunn.



BCMC summer camp in the Black Tusk meadows area, 1917.



BCMC party on Mt. Garibaldi (left) and near Diamond Head (right) around 1910.



BCMC party crossing the snowbridge on an ascent of Mt. Garibaldi around 1910.



BCMC parties exploring the country around Mt. Garibaldi (left) and the pass between Columnar and Lava Pks. (right) around 1910.

Les Ford loved the mountains and cherished the B.C.M.C. He climbed with the club for over 40 years after arriving in Vancouver from Australia at the age of 40. He was elected club president time and again and served the club well. In his many later years he was Honorary President. In the following article he describes the BCMC involvement in the establishment of Garibaldi Park. This article was found among his papers, after his death in 1952, and was published in the BCMC 50th anniversary issue "The Mountaineer" in 1957.

"In 1910 the club had discovered a scenic country containing beautiful flowering meadows lakes and clear running streams, set in the midst of far-flung glaciers and enticing mountains, and they tried to get legislation enacted to preserve these beauties for the enjoyment of others, for one of the objects of our constitution is "The preservation of the beauties of British Columbia's mountains through protective legislation."

In "The Northern Cordillera", a magazine which the Club published in 1913, the late J.C. Bishop, Hon. Pres. of the Club, advocated the creation of a park which should comprise the Garibaldi district. He gave human interest to his advocacy by throwing his remarks into the form of a story called "A Romance of the Mountains". That same year J.C. Bishop had the misfortune to be killed on a glacier of Mount Baker, through falling down a crevasse which was concealed by a treacherous covering of snow. His successor, J. Porter, B.E., however, carried on the work of propaganda, and in October, 1915, the Executive of the Club, on his motion resolved, "That it is desirable in the public interest, to have a park reserve created in the Mount Garibaldi district, to include all those portions which have a greater elevation than 3000 feet above sea level in the area bounded by the Mamquam and Pitt Rivers and the main stream and East Branch of the Cheakamus River, so that its remarkable assemblage of glacial, volcanic and other natural features may be preserved unimpaired for the instruction and recreation of the people of Western Canada".

Copies of this resolution, accompanied by photographs of the district, were sent by the Secretary, Duncan McMillan, to the Board of Trade, the Vancouver City Council, the North Vancouver City Council, the M.L.A.'s for the City of Vancouver, and the members of the Provincial Cabinet.

The City Council and the North Vancouver Council both approved it, and on 4th November, 1915, it was endorsed by the Council of the Board of Trade on the motion of C.E. Tisdall and E. Buchan. The Provincial Government, however could not be induced to act at the time, but later, while the late John Oliver was Premier, real progress was made. The Club's President Charles Chapman, got one of the M.L.A.'s for Vancouver interested and the Club's vice-President, J.C. Heaney, B.C.L.S., furnished the member with a plan and description of the land which the club recommended should be reserved as a park, and which J. Porter had indicated in his resolution. The Cheakamus River, however, was largely constituted as its actual boundary, so some land below the 3000 feet level was included.

The M.L.A. referred to was J.S. Cowper, then a member of the Vancouver Province's staff. By his efforts, the Provincial Government was induced to pass an Order in Council on 28th April, 1920, reserving for park purposes all vacant and unalienated Crown Lands within the area which had been submitted to J.S. Cowper by C. Chapman and C.J. Heaney. The Proclamation appears in the Gazette of 29th April 1920.

The B.C. Mountaineering Club celebrated its victory by holding its summer camp in Garibaldi Park Reserve. The camp was held from 7th to 21st August, 1920, and the Provincial Government sent "Cowboy Keen" in with the Mountaineers to take official photographs of the district. Colour was lent to these pictures by the introduction of the mountaineers in action and the pictures were exhibited in the Vancouver theatres.

The club now sought to popularize the Park with their sister mountaineering clubs south of the International Border. From 5th to 19th August, 1922, the Club held its summer camp on the southern shore of Garibaldi Lake at the campsite which the members christened "Lakeside". They had as visitors to this camp, Mr. and Mrs. Hazard of the Seattle Mountaineers, who climbed Garibaldi Mountain and other peaks in their company. The report of the Hazards was so satisfactory that the following year the Seattle Mountaineers held their own summer camp in Garibaldi Park Reserve on the Black Tusk Meadows, They had a party of 120 in camp. Ivan Miller and Don Mackay of the B.C.M.C. acted as guides for the American Club.



BCMC members and friends on the porch of the second Grouse Mtn. cabin. Standing (left to right) are - woman visitor, Seymour de Gruchy, Hazen Nunn, Mr. McKenzie, Fred Smith, unidentified man. Seated (left to right) are - woman visitor, Edith Henley, Les Ford, and two woman visitors.

Again in 1932, the publicity of the B.C. Mountaineering Club resulted in the "Mazamas" of Portland, Oregon, holding their summer camp in Garibaldi Park on the Black Tusk Meadows. The B.C. Mountaineering Club held their own camp at the same time, August 7th to 21st, adjoining that of the "Mazamas" to whom they gave the advantage of their knowledge of the district, and whose camp fires they attended when the climbing of the day was done.

But I have digressed from the chronological order of my story. In the year 1926 Garibaldi Park was still merely a "Reserve for Park purposes, but in that year the club held a well attended camp on the same spot organized by the late H.O. Bell-Irving, whom they had interested and with whom they worked in co-operation. Eighty-three persons who had attended the Club's camp met at a re-union in Vancouver on 23rd September, 1926, and signed a memorial for presentation to the government of the Province asking for dedication of the Park to the people of British Columbia as a Provincial or National Park.

On December 21st, 1926, the Hon. T.D. Pattullo, then Minister for Lands, met a delegation of the signatories to the memorial and the interview resulted in the passing of the "Garibaldi Park Act" on March 7th 1927.

This Act converted the land which had already been reserved, into a public Provincial Park, to be known as Garibaldi Park. The Act also did three things:-

1. It preserved any vested interests which had already been acquired within the Park area, but gave the Crown power to buy them out.
2. It empowered the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to permit the acquisition of mineral and water rights within the Park.
3. It empowered the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to extend the limits of Garibaldi Park by adding adjoining tracts of land.

A Park Board was appointed under the Act, comprising the following:--J.W. Weart, chairman; Rev. A.H. Sovereign, vice-chairman; J. Wilson, Hon. Secretary; T.E. Price and H.J. Graves.

In the meantime the club had been exploring the mountains to the north of the Park. In 1923, Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, two of its most active explorers, had made the first ascent of Mount Overlord in the Avalanche Pass District, 8598 feet high, which lay 2 1/2 miles north of the park boundary, and the Club's monthly Bulletin of June, 1923, advocated that the mountains in this district should be included in Garibaldi Park.

On 10th September, 1923, two adventurous members of the Club, Neal M. Carter and Charles Townsend, made the first ascent of Wedge Mountain, which lay some ten miles north of the Park. This mountain is 9484 feet high, and is therefore 697 feet higher than Garibaldi. Two days later they made the first ascent of another high and difficult peak about 3 1/2 miles to the south-east (sic) of Wedge. This they named Mount Turner; its height is 8913 feet.

A few days after climbing Wedge and Turner, Messrs. Carter and Townsend followed the trail of the Mundays into Avalanche Pass where they explored the mountains which formed its northern boundary. They made one first ascent, that of a mountain 8400 feet high which they named Diavolo (from its black and sinister appearance), and after completing their climb, they were sure that it deserved the name. This ascent was made on September 19th, 1923. To reach the top, they had to cut steps with their ice-axes up a steep knife edge ice ridge, and when within four steps from the top, Neal Carter's ice axe cracked and almost broke in two, very nearly throwing him off his balance and precipitating him to the Diavolo glacier which was hidden in the fog far below. Then followed an exciting climb up 200 or 300 feet of rock so difficult that it took 50 minutes to make the ascent. To reach the final peak, they had to straddle a knife edge of rock 50 feet long, from which they could only pick a way, throwing down crumbling sections of rock as they advanced, which clattered down to the glaciers on either side below.

The next year the Club held its annual camp (August 9th to 21st) at Avalanche Pass at a point ten miles southeast of Alta Lake on the P.G.E. and explored the district. This camp was pitched at an elevation of about 5500 feet.

All this exploration and publicity given by the club bore fruit; the members of the Garibaldi Parks Board under the Chairmanship of W.J. Weart, approached the Government, and as a result the boundaries of the park were extended to the north by Order in Council dated March 8th 1928, to include Mounts Wedge, Turner, Overlord and Diavolo, as well as Mount Weart 9300 feet high, and other peaks.

The years rolled by, and it came to be six years since the passing of the Garibaldi Park Act, but the Provincial Government had no funds with which to develop the Park. They had made a new packhorse trail from Garibaldi station into the Black Tusk Meadows, and had made a slight effort at improving the trail from the Meadows to Driftwood Bay on Garibaldi Lake, but that was all, and even those efforts were becoming ancient history. They considered, therefore, transferring the Park to the Dominion, so that it might be made a National Park, and be developed and administered by the Dominion Government. It was, however, contended that the Park was too limited in area to meet the requirements of a National Park, and the Provincial Government planned to increase the area, and did so by an Order in Council published in the B.C. Gazette on the 31st August, 1933."

THE PRESENT

At Work and Play with the Alpine Guides

by Anders Ourom

In 1964 four young members of the B.C. Mountaineering Club were grubstaked for the summer by the Geological Survey of Canada, ostensibly to geologize in the remote corners of the Coast Ranges. The most tangible result of their summer's work was the 1965 Climber's Guide to the Coastal Ranges of British Columbia (by Dick Culbert), although both Dick and Glenn Woodsworth did pursue careers in geology. Accounts of the quartet's adventures evoke images of fortitude and tenacity, particularly given the terrible access and unsophisticated equipment of the time. Perhaps the most impressive of their many climbs that summer was the first ascent of Serra V. The guide was reprinted in 1968 with a supplement.

Improved access and burgeoning interest in mountain travel prompted a wholesale revision of the section covering the southern Coast Ranges in 1974. The Alpine Guide to Southwest B.C., another Culbert effort, again emphasized general mountaineering but without neglecting the growing number of technical routes. It quickly became referred to in religious terms, and is still the starting point of many Coast adventures.

The object of the 1984 Alpine Guide project was (heresy!) to revise the 1974 guide, an ambition amply supported by the faltering federal government. The evil genius of the scheme was Bruce Fairley, both as its instigator after years of alpine rambling and writing, and as its coordinator. The motley crew included several other less reputable local mountaineers. One such was Rob Driscoll, a staunch Conservative (fuel for many arguments during an election summer) and occasional cynic with medical ambitions. The latter were shared by Kevin Haberl, an avid conservationist who had 'been high' on Mts. Logan and McKinley, experience which was deemed an invaluable preparation for coast bush. Chen Chih-Pien typed up the garbled notes ('chapters') given her, and was also office manager and secretary. Delightfully, she often made afternoon tea and cookies. Kreg Sky was our cartographer, in a futile attempt to find a scapegoat for our geographic blunders. Yours truly was included as token BCMC-er and rock jock, as well as for supposed literary ability.

We moved in on the FMCBC at Sport BC in mid May. Jim Rutter ('J.R.'), our hapless co-tenant, was to have a rather livelier summer than he had perhaps anticipated. The receptionist promptly dubbed us the 'Alpine Guides', having mistaken us for a perfidious un-coastal influence responsible for many evils (e.g. heli-skiing) afflicting Canadian mountaineering. In retaliation we renamed the office the Alpine Guide Tower.

A pattern soon developed: a few days in the field, usually in pairs, followed by time in the fleshpots pouring over maps, making sense of observations and interviews, and writing it all up. We began with nearby, low areas and worked our way further afield as conditions allowed. Transport included Bruce's new 4WD, Kevin's old Valiant, my reliable but uncomfortable VW, and a decrepit green van shunned by all. Most everyone we met was helpful, though some were puzzled and a few suspicious.

During the summer we also managed to climb a few mountains, despite a hectic schedule investigating logging roads and interviewing 'sources'. The first, and perhaps best, route was the northeast ridge of Mt. Davidson, a classic outing in Garibaldi Park climbed by Bruce, Kevin, Rob and Ken Legg (see CAJ 1985). In mid-June we went exploring on Mt. Habrich, and after much awkward climbing nearly finished a crack system between the Initial Route and Gambit Groves. We planned to call this the Diachronous Route, in honour of a certain insufferable climber/geologist, but then discovered it had (more or less) already been climbed.

Three weeks later Kevin and I visited the Radium Creek area to photograph the east side of Rexford. After viewing the devastation at Radium Lake (courtesy of the 'Hoods in the Woods') we proceeded to a heather bivouac in the Radium/MacDonald col. En route we were ambushed by a gully hiding in the fog. At the col the sun emerged, so we trotted over to the west face of Mt. Webb, which provided five leads of moderate climbing on decent rock and a light show on top. Next morning we wandered up the east ridge of Mt. MacDonald, an excellent climb in a good situation. Ten days after, Bruce and I visited the Rexford area with a large BCMC group. The weather was dull, but on Sunday four of us were able to climb the north ridge

of North Nesakwatch Spire. This was mostly heather scrambling with the odd step of real rock. We descended the ridge connecting the Spires and thence into the basin west of Rexford.

In late July Rob and Bruce left for a three week trudge across some dreary icefield. At the same time Kevin went to Roger's Pass to visit his ladyfriend. The narrator was left to slave over office work, which was abundant. The others straggled back in mid-August, and the rest of the summer was spent tidying loose ends. One such was editing the rough draft so that grammar and usage were consistent. This was quite pleasant, as it involved 'impacting' (ie eliminating) such hideous jargon as 'accessing the alpine'. We also climbed the east ridge of the south peak of Mt. MacDonald, an ugly thrash made worthwhile by a Brocken Spectre on top which, being so far from home, was quickly captured on celluloid.

By early September, the official end of the project, we had finished a reasonable manuscript. Both the BCMC and the ACC decided to support publication in conjunction with Gordon Soules. Unforeseen problems eventually led to postponement of publication until spring 1986, although thanks to word processing, revisions have been continuously made. Some of these concerned routes climbed by the 'Gang of Four' in 1985. The first was a buttress on the north side of Mt. Grimface climbed by Bruce and Rob on the July long weekend. This involved ten good pitches to 5.9. A week later Rob and I climbed the west face of Mt. Overseer. After a long approach we camped on a rognon at the foot of the face. The first part of the route was an easy snow gully, then we switched left to a buttress which we scrambled up to the headwall. Five leads to 5.7 on shattered rock (with Rob's double boots for ballast) took us to the top. The final act involved the north buttress of Wahoo Tower, long a coveted route. Bruce, Rob, Ken Legg and Bill Durtler sneaked off and climbed it in August. The scoundrels flew into it, spent a day and a half climbing 15 pitches to 5.9 in a very alpine situation, then spent as much time again plodding out.

Snowmobiles

by D. Macaree

(With apologies to Wordsworth's "Daffodils")

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That hides the summits of the hills
When all at once, I met a crowd,
A mess of noisy snowmobiles
Along the trail and on the ground
They ruined the peace for miles around.
Continuous as the cars that whine
And screech along the broad highroad
They stretched in never-ending line
Spreading their nasty stink abroad.
They ruined the pleasure of my day.
I wish to God they'd go away.

When in my sleeping bag I lie
In dreams I see them all about
They strike upon my inward eye
Until I want to scream and shout
I'd like to see the bastards banned
And peace returning to the land.

Mt. Logan - First winter ascent, February - March 1984

by Bill Maurer

Monday, 20 February - Haines Junction - We woke up to find it sunny out even though the forecast was not good. In rereading the correspondence between Brian and Trans North we found that there had been a serious misunderstanding. The cost to helicopter in and out would be \$1200, not \$600 as we had thought. The letter had quoted \$600 as an approximate round trip

cost. It didn't explain that this was the helicopter's round trip cost and not ours if we were planning on getting out. This was more than we could afford. No problem for serious mountaineers like ourselves! We could just walk out the 200 km and radio for the helicopter if we ran out of food.

Thursday, 23 February - Day 1 - Brian and I were slated for the first flight in. After packing our gear onto the helicopter we took off at 10am. The clouds around Haines Junction looked even thicker than yesterday. We rose up to the 3000m level and crossed the first divide which took us above the Kaskawalsh river. We could see the Slims river coming in from the north. Normally it's glacier is blue ice but this year it had a healthy covering of snow which would make the skiing out easier. We started flying up the Kaskawalsh Glacier to the Divide. The Divide itself was a huge expanse almost 25 km across. Once over it we flew above the Logan glacier which dropped down on the other side. We finally landed at 11am at the junction of the Quintino Sella and Ogilvie glaciers at the 2900m level. We set up our tents and had a leisurely afternoon. The temperature was -25C. Jamie and Peter showed up at 1:10p.m. like clockwork two hours after our pilot left us.

Friday, 24 February - Day 2 - We folded camp in about 2 hours after waking at 8am. It was just getting light around that time. We left some food and fuel behind for the ski out. We towed our sleds which were attached to our packs. We went up to the 3300m level of camp 2 in a single carry in about 3 hours. Distances and elevation gains were incredibly deceiving. It seemed that we had hardly risen at all.

Saturday, 25 February - Day 3 - We woke up at 8am again this morning but didn't leave camp until 11am. I had a lot of problems getting my boots on. I was using polypropylene socks under neoprene socks. Each time we stopped my feet got colder and colder until finally I had to stop and warm them up. Brian and Peter were far ahead of us by this point. We continued across the flats until we got to the base of the hill at 3500m. The temperature was around -15C during the day. Coming to the crest of the hill we decided to camp as it was already getting dark and our lantern wasn't working. We ran into Peter and Brian who told us that they were camped 60m above. Dinner consisted of Sweet and Sour Pork with spaghetti. We were using a dried meat with sauce and pasta for dinners along with a soup. We used a pressure cooker to rehydrate the dinners. Temperatures in the evenings dipped to -35C.

Monday, 27 February - Day 5 - After the preceding rest day, we packed up camp in the hopes of moving up to King Col. We could barely find our way up the 60m to Brian and Peter's camp. It didn't look like we'd be going up to King Col with visibility down to 3m. We sat in Peter's McKinley tent and read. We cut out a platform for the tent using the snow saw and used the blocks to build a wall. It was snowing and windy all day.

Wednesday, 29, February - Day 7 - After a bad weather day, the weather cleared enough for us to get up to King Col. Brian and Peter took off ahead of us and wanded the route every 6m or so. Jamie was having problems with his skis coming off and still needed to rest every 5 to 10 minutes. It took about 4 hours to get up to the col. Brian and Peter already had their tent set up when we got there. They had left a cache of things at the bottom of the hill at 4100m. We set up the tent and had a leisurely afternoon.

Saturday, 3 March - Day 10 - After 2 days of snow and winds up to 90 kph, we woke up to find almost clear skies. Brian and Peter headed up to do a carry to 5000m while Jamie and I were going to try and move camp up as high as possible. We took a long time getting ready as this was the highest point we'd be able to take sleds. Above King Col there is a bit of an icefall to climb which starts up a steep slope and traverses around some crevasses. When we started off Brian and Peter were just little specs in the distance. It was obviously much farther than it had looked from camp. The clouds were slowly moving in but conditions were still very good. Brian and Peter had done a good job wanding the route. This was good for us because by the time we approached the crevasses it had clouded in. We had to stop, wait for it to clear a bit, and continue. We came up to a crevasse which gave us a little bit of excitement. Because Peter and Brian had lighter loads than us they were able to walk over the snow bridges fairly easily. When I tried one my feet just kept punching through. I was finally able to clear away part of a neighbouring snow bridge and was able to step over the crevasse which was about 1 metre wide. Jamie was having problems with cold feet so I stopped and had a bite to

eat and a rest while he warmed them. He approached the spot where I was sitting so that I could help him but broke through a crevasse with one leg before he reached me. He rolled back out of it but couldn't get back up on his feet for about 15 minutes because of the awkward way his pack was loaded. He had skis, poles, side pockets, foamies, and other assorted items lashed to the outside of his pack. These all seemed to keep falling off. By the time he got himself straightened out he no longer wanted to warm his feet so we continued on up. Visibility was down to 15m when we continued around a steep slope with Brian and Pete's wands barely visible. The slope was getting steeper and icy as visibility dropped to 3m. I couldn't even see Jamie at the end of the rope and the winds were howling. All of a sudden Jamie's right crampon fell off and I couldn't see the next wand.

We waited a few minutes hoping that the wind would die down and visibility would improve. With no such luck it was decided that we should back off. Jamie took a step downward and slipped. It was obvious that he had to put his crampon back on but with the pack and steep slope this was no easy task. He tied the pack onto the rope with a prussik and took it off. Then he put his crampon back on without too much difficulty. Trying to get the pack back on wasn't nearly so easy. The winds were still fierce. As this was going on Peter and Brian came barreling down from above on a beeline for King Col. They had been carrying their loads up at 4700m when the storm hit. They disappeared in the mist as Jamie was still fighting with his pack. A few minutes later they were back. Jamie was still trying to put his pack on. They had decided it would be safer to stick with us than try to go down in blizzard conditions with no tent, sleeping bags, or food. Brian helped Jamie put his pack on. Sometime during the ordeal his foamies had fallen off. Peter had 3 and offered him one but it was down at King Col. In the meantime he could use one of mine. He had decided to leave his skis behind at this point. We all went down to a flat area just below the traverse. We dug out a platform, set up the tent, and started a brew. Winds were howling the whole time. Since we only had my two foamies we spread them crosswise in the tent and then used the ropes and packs to fill in the gaps. Brian and Peter slept in their down clothing with Jamie's sleeping bag draped over them. Jamie finally had a good use for his double layered thinsulite climbing suit which had been too hot for him to walk in. We all fitted in the tent although it was a bit cramped.

Sunday, 4 March - Day 11 - In the morning Peter borrowed my sleeping bag. His feet had got quite cold overnight in his climbing boots. He and Jamie had shared his sleeping bag with them opening it up like a blanket. Jamie's climbing suit served him well as did my sleeping bag. The weather was still terrible. We shared our food as Brian and Peter were debating whether to go down or not. They finally decided to give it a shot and left around noon. The winds had subsided but it was still snowing heavily. A little over an hour later I was outside shoveling some snow when I dropped the shovel. It landed on the back of the scoop and went sailing down the mountain. Luckily the shovel stopped before going over the edge of a big icefall. Winds were gusting to 100kph. As I walked down to pick up the shovel I was nearly knocked off my feet a couple of times. After retrieving the shovel I headed back up to the tent. When I got close I saw that something was wrong. The tent was all out of shape. On closer examination I saw that a few of the poles had pulled out of their grommets. One pole had actually snapped, ripped through the pole sleeve material, and torn a big hole in the fly almost 30cm across. Jamie had been in the tent when a gust had picked it up and tossed him and most of the contents around as if they weighed nothing. On closer inspection many of the other poles had bent but with the spare pole I had brought along the tent could still be set up. However, with the winds as fierce as they were the same thing could happen again so I opted for building a snow cave - it was a good thing that the shovel hadn't got lost. We spent most of the afternoon digging it out and shoveling the snow away. We finally moved our things in around 5pm. It was reasonably comfortable and spacious and very quiet. We couldn't hear the winds at all.

Monday, 5 March - Day 12 - We woke up at 8am this morning, half an hour later than planned. I pulled the pack and vestibule nylon away from the door only to find that it was blocked with snow. I started clearing it as Jamie started on breakfast. A lot of snow had fallen overnight. As I was digging fumes and flames from the stove rapidly started eating up oxygen. Before we realized it we were both panting, coughing, and our eyes were watering profusely. Jamie was wondering why he was having troubles lighting the stove! He quickly turned it off as I continued to dig. It took almost half an hour to clear the entrance of

snow. Once outside I saw that it was still cloudy and snowing as it had been yesterday morning. Another rest day, ugh! We discussed how much time we had left to climb to the summit. If Jamie was to make his March 20 plane flight from Vancouver to Toronto and we still had the 150km to ski out to Haines Junction we would have to climb the mountain in the next 4 days. With ideal conditions we could do the climb in 2 days from where we were. One day to establish the 4900m camp and then one to actually climb the mountain. If we didn't get any good weather by Thursday we would have to go down. We were keeping our fingers crossed but morale was low. We spent most of the day writing in our diaries, keeping the door clean of snow, and eating. We'd already read all of the books we had brought except for two which Brian and Pete had in their tent.

Tuesday, 6 March - Day 13 - We woke up this morning to clear blue skies. It was still quite windy but the views were superb. We got all our things out of the snow cave and packed up. As I was packing up, my vestibule fell out of my pack and flew away. I chased after it but wasn't able to catch it. An inconvenience, but not too serious. Just as we were about to leave, who should round the corner but Peter and Brian. They were moving camp up. They stopped for a break as we traversed the slope heading to the 4100m bowl. Jamie grabbed one ski and I grabbed the other as we passed the spot where they had been left. We stopped for a bite to eat and chatted at a flat spot just above the traverse. Brian and Peter were going to camp at 4600. They had 6 days of food with them whereas we only had 4 days left. We had brought 6 with us from King Col two days ago. They had chosen a spot just above the bowl to camp. They were in the process of digging out a platform as we came along. Once finished they planned to carry up to 4800m. We passed by following wands they had left to their 4700m camp three days ago. It didn't take them long to catch and overtake us with their lighter packs. They wanded a route under the icefall and dug out a spot for the second cache on the lower part of the headwall. We passed them as they were on their way back down to camp. We were hoping to get up over the headwall before dark but such was not to be the case. After much heated debate we ended up establishing camp at 4800m on the headwall rather than at the 4900m camp earlier planned. The weather had been crystal clear all day long, the best day so far on the trip. We chopped out the platform, had dinner, and finally got into our bags at 11:45pm. If the weather looked good tomorrow we would try for the summit from where we were.

Wednesday, 7 March - Day 14 - I had set the alarm for 7am. On waking, the ridge opposite us was in cloud. I didn't need much of an excuse to go back to sleep. We folded up camp and headed to the 4900m camp at 1pm. Brian and Peter's tent was still visible at the 4600m camp. Once we reached the top of the headwall we had to drop 60m to get to the col. We spent the afternoon digging a deluxe tent platform impervious to all forms of snow storm. We went to bed early so that we could be rested for a summit attempt tomorrow if the weather was good.

Thursday, 8 March - Day 15 - We woke at 6am. It was incredible, a clear day! We had carried our skis up from King Col and would now use them again to ski to the top. It was just getting light as we left camp. A lot of the time getting ready was spent just putting our boots on. The colder it was the stiffer the leather of the inner boots got. Even the zippers on the neoprene supergaiters were hard to close. The neoprene itself didn't stretch as easily at low temperatures either.

We started towards the edge of the col where our camp was situated. It was about 60m down to the bottom of the bowl leading to the next col. There appeared to be an icefall there and it was also too steep to ski. We headed down a more gentle slope which dropped us 150m lower than we wanted to go. We were skiing roped together and had left our skins on because of the small distance to descend. One of Jamie's skins very quickly came off. He decided it would be best to take both of them off. He took the back position on the top since he would be able to ski faster than me. There was no end to frustration to the roped skiing. The rope kept getting in the way and tripping us up. We had to ski as slowly as possible. The heel piece on Jamie's Fritschi binding kept coming off because of the small welt of his Koflach Ultras combined with all the supergaiters he was using on them. By the time we got into the bowl Jamie figured it would be faster for him to walk as the snow was packed anyway. He left his skis behind and walked behind me on the rope while I skied. I hardly noticed he was there as he kept up so well. Conditions definitely were not very good for skis. There were a lot of boiler plates on the snow rising from 50 to 100m up above the surrounding snow. These were always difficult to ski up and over. We walked across the bowl from our camp and ascended up beside a rock ridge. From our camp one of the gendarmes had looked a lot like a hut but it

had been an illusion. As we climbed we could see clouds slowly moving in. Just before we reached the col I could see clouds slowly moving in. I was getting worried that our summit chances today might be fading. When we got to the col we could see a glimpse of what looked like the summit pyramid. We traversed under the face of another mountain but were soon stopped completely by a total whiteout. We waited for about 20 minutes to see if it would clear and then turned around as the weather continued to deteriorate. Luckily we had been wandering the route as we came up.

On the way back I started having all kinds of problems. My skins wouldn't hold on the steep hardpack snow and there was an area of boiler plates we had to cross. Soon both of us were walking up the slope with our skis strapped to our packs. It was slow progress getting back up to camp. There were many spots where we had to wade through deep snow which had drifted since we had left. The winds were really getting strong. I was worried whether the tent would still be standing when we got back, but it was. We got into our bags and cooked soup, tea, and dinner. The weather remained poor well into the night. We didn't hold out much hope for another attempt in the morning and only had one day's food left.

Friday, 9 March - Day 16 - We woke up at 6am again not knowing whether to climb the mountain or to go down and see what Peter and Brian were up to. The weather looked as though it might cloud in again. We put on our boots, had some breakfast, and decided to go down leaving our camp where it was. As we started descending the headwall conditions once again deteriorated. Winds were blowing up the face, it was snowing, and there was spindrift everywhere. Visibility was down to 15m. From the top of the headwall we had a brief glimpse of Peter and Brian's tent. The headwall starts at a 50 degree angle which drops to 40 degrees lower down. We were facing out coming down quickly on hardpack snow. Without paying too much attention I stepped on some blue ice, couldn't get my axe in, and slipped. I only slid a metre or so before hitting more hardpack snow but the experience was nevertheless disconcerting. I slowed down considerably after that. Peter and Brian had made a summit attempt yesterday but only got as far as the top of the headwall before the weather closed in. They had both expected us to show up with all our gear heading down. They had already made up their minds that they'd had enough and wanted to go down as soon as possible. They still had 4 days food left. They offered us a day bag which we readily accepted since we were down to our last one.

We figured that if tomorrow was good we'd make another summit attempt. If not we'd return to King Col and possibly to base camp. Peter and Brian would definitely move down to King Col camp and wait for us there. Jamie and I had both brought our skis back down since they weren't very useful for a summit attempt and I had also brought the first aid kit down. We would pick them up again when we moved back to King Col. We chatted for a couple of hours before returning to the fortress on the hill. The weather had been awful all morning but as we started our climb back up it started clearing. Before very long it was a beautiful day with unlimited visibility all around except for some loose cloud hanging on surrounding peaks.

As we were climbing I thought that weight appeared to be the most important single factor to a person or group's climbing speed. Now that Jamie's pack was as light as mine he was having no problems at all keeping up. It seems that if people are fit and in reasonable shape then as long as they are carrying similar loads in proportion to their body weight they should be able to maintain the same pace. There will always be exceptions to this but weight seems to outweigh degree of fitness in importance. Of all the items which can weigh a group down food must be the most dominant. It is one of the problems that seemed to plague Brian and Peter. Their day bags weighed about twice as much as Jamie's and mine and were much more bulky. In essence this forced them to make carries and to bring as few day bags up the mountain as possible to reduce the number of carries. They both felt quite strongly that without all the food they would constantly feel hungry and rapidly lose all their strength. A day bag for Jamie and myself weighed just under 1.5kg whereas Brian and Peter's weighed 2.3kg. The food seemed adequate to me although I did feel hungry if I didn't eat everything in the bag. Sometimes I wished for more trail mix. By the end of the trip, however, Jamie and I had each lost about 5 kg in weight whereas Brian and Peter had each lost a bit less - about 4kg.



Jamie climbing below the high camp on Logan. Photo - W. Maurer.



Heading across the summit plateau of Logan. The main summit is directly above the climber. The peak climbed is immediately to its right. Photo - W. Maurer.

Saturday, 10 March - Day 17 - At 6am it was clear out. What good luck! Our last chance for the summit. We cooked breakfast and started up around 7:30am. This time we went straight to the edge of the col where our camp was and traversed around into the bowl. We didn't drop more than 60m. We climbed directly up to the col from where we had seen the summit last time but ran into a crevasse field, which we skirted. We managed to get to the col by 9:30am in excellent time. Another 20 minutes and we were at the spot where we turned around 2 days ago. We continued on to the base of the summit pyramid where there was yet another col. The weather was still clear and calm. When we got to the col we had a shock in store for us. What we thought was the summit was actually the North Peak and we were now standing in the NW col. We could see all the summit peaks clearly: AINA Peak, Prospector's Peak, the West and East Peaks, and of course Logan in it's majestic beauty. The bowl where the Arctic Institute planes used to land was also clearly visible. It was 11am and we still had a long way to go. We were wondering whether it was feasible but had come all this way and wanted to give it our best shot. Some cloud was forming around the summit and we were worried about the weather coming in. The cloud was much lighter than we had had a couple of days ago. We could see patches of mountain right through the cloud. As we were crossing the bowl the clouds started moving in on us as well but we could always make out the North Pk through them to our rear. The clouds seemed to remain fairly localized centred around the main summit. As we skirted the bowl our morale started sinking. It was getting harder and harder to see where we were going and it was a long way back. We were not well prepared for a bivvy. Eventually we came to the base of the summit pyramid after skirting around Prospector's Peak. It was shaped almost exactly like a pyramid with some rock sticking out on the shoulder of the NW ridge. We climbed up the SW ridge and were starting to feel the altitude. My head was pounding as usual and the steps were coming slowly but deliberately. We were over 900m up from camp now. Up and up we plodded taking rests every few steps. The winds had picked up and it was quite cold.

Finally we reached the top. I went to look at my watch but it wasn't working. The liquid crystal display was completely clear. I figured it was between 3:30pm and 4pm. The views from the summit were not terribly inspiring. We couldn't see a thing! The summit had many unusual rock formations on it. We took all conceivable angles of photos. Jamie had brought a Canadian flag with him and being patriotic we included it in many of our photos. Jamie had some promo shots to take for Fuji and Canon. I took a picture of him wearing the Canon Camera and then a particularly funny one with a Fuji toque on. All this time we were getting colder and colder. Jamie's fingers were getting especially cold since he was taking his gloves off quite a lot to operate the camera. He wanted to leave some kind of note to record that we had been on the summit but given the conditions and the fact that the note hadn't been written yet he reconsidered the idea. He left an ACC decal in a leather pouch that a little girl from Caledon had given him, in some rocks.

After half an hour on the summit we were on our way down. A short way down conditions improved quite a bit with the winds dropping significantly. We had no problems finding our way down. As we were crossing the bowl it started clearing. We had no problems route finding. Around 5:30pm everything was clear. We looked back and had a great disappointment. Rather than having climbed the main summit we had climbed the West Peak. However, it was still the first recorded winter ascent of the mountain and a great experience. The West Pk is 50m lower than the main summit. The climb had all the ingredients that a mountain can offer (except a clear summit) and we were quite satisfied with our success. We took a last glimpse back, took some photos, and concentrated on getting back to camp. It didn't look as though we would make it before dark. We were lucky to once again have clear weather and a half moon which rose at dusk. It was still light when we got back to the NW col at 6:30pm. I noticed a large wood post poking out of the snow with an old rag shirt and tattered pants hanging from it but didn't know exactly what it was. We heard afterwards that it was the site of the old arctic institute cabin. The cabin was dismantled and taken away last year but there was still tons of food, mostly tinned, cached at the spot. We continued on to the next col. It was just dark when we got there at 7:30pm but with the moon out visibility was excellent. We stumbled back to camp arriving at 10pm, 14.5 hours after we had left. We quickly brewed up dinner and some hot drinks and crashed at midnight.

Sunday, 11 March - Day 18 - After yesterday's long ordeal we decided to have a lazy morning before heading down to King Col. We woke up around 9:30am, slowly packed up camp, and started down around 1pm. The weather was perfect all day. It would have been a good summit day. We



Bill Maurer sitting in front of the high camp on Logan. Photo - J. Moffat.



On the ski-out with the Logan glacier in the background. Photo - W. Maurer.

headed the short distance up to the top of the headwall collecting whatever wands we could as we went. The packs didn't feel too heavy now that they didn't have any food in them. We were soon taking off clothing it was so warm out. From the top of the headwall we could make out Brian and Peter's tent in King Col. We descended the headwall with much greater ease than two days ago. With unlimited visibility it was much easier down climbing. We still had to watch the icy sections but had no problems finding the wand that marked the start of the route under the icefall.

We collected our skis and I grabbed the first aid kit from the campsite. We unroped for the ski down. We hadn't seen any major crevasses on the way up and the snow conditions were excellent. Jamie decided to walk down and headed down as I was still fiddling with my skins and boots. The first section had a slight upward gradient to it but my skis didn't slip even without skins on. I rounded the corner just above the steep traverse and saw Jamie's tracks heading straight towards a hole in the snow. My heart was pounding as I approached it and saw that it opened to one of the biggest crevasses we had come across yet. It was at least 6m deep and I could see something lying at the bottom of it. I shouted out but quickly realized that Jamie's tracks continued down on the other side of it. He later told me that he had slipped in up to his waist but had managed to roll out. He had then thrown some garbage into it and that was what I had seen. I continued down and as I rounded the next corner I saw Jamie almost at the bottom of the traverse above our old camp where we had dug the snow cave. I skied down on hardpack feeling confident when all of a sudden I hit a drift which I wasn't expecting. My weight was slightly too far forward and I went over in a big puff of snow. After picking up the pieces I took it a bit easier the rest of the way down to the old camp catching up with Jamie just before we reached it. We stuck close together the rest of the way down. Just beyond the camp was the slope above King Col which proved to be the best powder skiing of the trip. At times I had problems seeing where I was going as the powder was spraying up so high. The sun was just going down over King Peak as we got to the bottom of the slope. We rejoined Brian and Peter at 5pm

Monday, 12 March - Day 19 - It was another clear and sunny day. It felt as though the mountain has stopped storming on us because we weren't trying to climb it anymore. We were glad to have a clear way down. We had brought too much white gas with us and ended up leaving 16 litres of it behind. We tied our poles onto the front end of the sleds and used them to help control the sleds on the way down. Brian, Peter, and Jamie started off ahead and I brought up the rear. The snow was smooth hard pack and easy to ski on. I snow plowed most of the way down to keep my sled from flipping which it did occasionally anyway. Even with the poles the sled tended to drop below me when traversing slopes. I caught up with the others at the bottom of the steep slopes just below our second camp. Peter was picking up the pieces that had fallen off his sled when he had skied down the slope. His sled had started tossing and flipping during the descent leaving a trail of gear behind. We skied the rest of the way down together. We roped up at the crevasse field just above base camp for the final stretch back to the cache we had left there.

It was brilliant out. I put on my third coat of sun tan lotion and labisan. As always it still felt cold out when we weren't moving. We stayed roped up but took off our skis and put on crampons and used ice axes for the trip down.

The upper Ogilvie Glacier is one massive ice fall over 600m high. The Ogilvie Glacier connects the King Trench to the Logan Glacier to the north. The west side is passable on a steep slope. We had to traverse this slope all the way down and were constantly being thrown off balance as the sleds swung around below us. The going was good on hard snow. We couldn't see the entire route down to the bottom of the icefall but it had looked feasible from the helicopter when we flew over on our way in. There was a crevasse field to cross at the bottom but we could make out a route through it. The descent was easy as we punched steps facing outwards. The snow got deeper and deeper as we descended the slope. At the bottom we were sinking up to our knees.

Peter started across the crevasse field in a northerly direction down the Ogilvie, being belayed by Brian. He fell part way into a small crevasse but still managed to get across. A few minutes later he fell up to his armpits in quite a large crevasse which ran quite a way across the glacier. He lost his ice axe in the process, having had only a wrist loop on it.

After that experience he decided to return to where we were. I headed east across the glacier before swinging around to the north. The going was quite good and we were able to bypass the crevasses that Peter had found. Luckily they didn't go right across. Now that the terrain was considerably flatter than it had been on the traverse we put our skis back on. As we continued on down the Ogilvie we ran into more crevasses blocking our path. We were forced to zigzag quite a lot to bypass them until we finally reached one that appeared to go most of the way across and was about 15m deep and quite wide. We found a snow bridge across it that looked like it would go. Jamie put me on belay and I skied across it. Next I put Jamie on belay and he came across. With the skis we had no problems. The sleds also performed well following right behind us. We had been concerned about whether the sleds would stay on the bridge or not as we were crossing. From that point on it was smooth sailing to the bottom of the crevasse field which marked the end of the Ogilvie icefall. Brian and Peter traversed further around the big crevasse than us but were soon visible behind us. We continued on down the Ogilvie for another hour before setting up camp at 7pm.

Tuesday, 13 March - Day 20 - Another day of clear blue skies. Brian and Peter headed off down the glacier as we were packing up the tent. We were hoping to be able to travel 30+km each day and be out in four or five days. Jamie and I headed off down the glacier and were soon shedding all our warm clothing it was so hot out. We had to take off our skis in one spot and carry our sleds across a large section of medial moraine which had boxed us in. We continued on down the glacier weaving in and out of crevasses and moraine sections. The Logan Glacier was much further down than we had anticipated.

We stopped for lunch on a knoll overlooking the Logan Glacier. The glacier where the Ogilvie fed into the Logan was quite broken up. It looked like we would be having more route finding problems. We crossed another crevasse and moraine field weaving in and out of crevasses and even some seracs before getting onto the Logan glacier. It was quite a bit easier going once we reached it due mainly to its large size. We met up with Brian and Peter as they were setting up their tent at 6:30pm. We had only covered 13km due to the difficult terrain. We were hoping to do better tomorrow.

Wednesday, 14 March - Day 21 - We started out at 10am. The Logan Glacier stretched as far as the eye could see in both directions. It was essentially flat dropping 150m every 5 or 6 km. We had our skis on because of the extra drag that the sleds caused. We took rest stops every hour. The landscape was unchanging except for the valleys which fed into the glacier. The size of the Logan massif was incredible. After a full day's walking we had only covered half of its north side. It was another disappointing day with only 16km being covered even though the terrain had been good. It began to dawn on us that our "4 day" walk out might take considerably longer.

Thursday, 15 March - Day 22 - We covered another 16km reaching the point where the Logan and Hubbard glaciers meet. The weather had been fine all day. Brian tried the radio again in the evening with the same predictable results. We could hear people talking on some of the other channels but no-one could apparently hear us.

Friday, 16 March - Day 23 - Jamie and I thought we could get back to the highway faster if we increased the number of hours we travelled each day. Brian and Peter felt that they were pushing as hard as they could given the distance we still had to cover. Jamie and I folded up camp quickly managing to get away by 9am. Just around the corner from our campsite there was quite a substantial crevasse field to cover, comparable to the one at the bottom of the Ogilvie icefall. After much weaving around crevasses and crossing many snow bridges we finally got across it. Once across, the glacier was smooth with a barely noticeable upward gradient to it. We continued on and stopped for lunch at 12:30pm. We caught glimpses of Brian and Peter earlier but couldn't see them any longer. The travelling was tedious as we made our way across the divide. We stopped for dinner at 5pm for two hours as the sun was replaced by the moon. After dinner we continued on in the moonlight with the surrounding peaks clearly visible. Our pace was getting slower and slower all the time and we were both feeling weary. Clouds started building up at 10pm forcing us to stop at 10:30pm. We were now at the highest point on the divide. We quickly fell asleep.

Saturday, 17 March - Day 24 - We awoke with the weather still being marginal. We could barely make out the surrounding mountains. We set out at 10:30am getting a very late start. It hardly made last night's effort seem worth it. After a couple hours we stopped for a break where the slope finally started downhill although not nearly as steeply as we had hoped. We'd be lucky if we got any glide at all. We decided to take off our skins and have a bite to eat. As we were munching on some snacks who should we see approaching but Brian and Peter. They had managed an 8:30am start this morning which explained their remarkable progress. The weather cleared slightly as we headed NE to the north fork of the Kaskawalsh Glacier. During our descent we had to cross a few more crevasses. The route finding was not quite as simple as it appeared on the 1:250,000 map we were using.

Once in the North fork we dropped fairly rapidly downwards. We had put our skins on again because of some uphill sections we had been encountering. At the 1800m level there was another small icefall marking the end of the downhill section of the glacier and the start of the flat section. To our left was a fantastic tiered iceflow. The rock underneath the ice had a tiered formation which ice had subsequently built up on. Its appearance was magnificent. After more weaving around crevasses in the icefall we got onto the flat section and set up camp. Jamie and I decided to give up our extended days idea and concentrate on 9am to 6pm days.

Sunday, 18 March - Day 25 - We all started out together this morning under clear sunny skies. After a couple of hours we reached the junction of the south and north forks of the Kaskawalsh. We continued on the flat glacier crossing moraine and a few crevasse fields. Peter and Brian were half an hour ahead of us. I followed their tracks over one crevasse which was covered over but still discernable when the whole bridge collapsed under me even with skis on. I lunged forward and managed to get across as the snow bridge was crumbling. The crevasse was as wide as my skis were long and although I had got across my sled was still sitting on the other side. I had to pull it into the crevasse and then out on my side. It was amazing that the bridge hadn't collapsed when Brian and Peter had crossed. Jamie crossed 3m over from where I did without any problems. We had been hoping to reach Observation Mtn in our eternal optimism but only got to the point where the Kaskawalsh curves to the NE just under Kaskawalsh Mtn. The glacier was quite broken up around this bend slowing our pace somewhat. Brian tried the radio again at 6pm but didn't get any response.

Monday, 19 March - Day 26 - Observation Mtn was visible at the Kaskawalsh Glacier terminus as we started out. The glacier was covered by moraine flowing down toward the terminus. This didn't cause us any problems as it was flowing in the same direction as we were travelling. We were out of lunch food by this point. I was eating brown sugar and still had some Koolaid left while Jamie still had a small amount of trail mix left. We had eaten too much of our extra food on the way out from base camp thinking that it would take at most 7 days to get out. We still had some soup and rice left for dinner.

Guarding the mouth of the Slims River was a pile of moraine 150m high. We bypassed it to the west climbing up to the head of a canyon which was one of the sources of the Slims River. It was quite a remarkable canyon being from 6 to 15m wide. There were vertical walls on both sides of the canyon with only a few potential exit points. I hoped that there wouldn't be any impassible waterfalls. The bottom of the canyon was covered in smooth ice interrupted in a few spots by patches of snow. We started down with our skis on since the floor of the canyon had a fairly gentle slope. I would liken our mode of travel more to skating than skiing. We slowed ourselves down by grabbing onto the canyon walls. As the canyon floor steepened we stopped and put on our crampons. All this time our sleds were generally in front of us as they went sliding on ahead. We descended a few steep sections before reaching the falls. These dropped about 10m straight down. I climbed up out of the canyon and around the falls on some snow slopes to the side. I had followed Brian and Peter's tracks for a way but they had changed their mind and descended the falls instead. Getting the sleds out of the canyon by this route would be next to impossible. Jamie lowered both sleds down to me and then downclimbed the falls. From this point on the going was easier for a stretch. We had to descend one more steep section and then drag the sleds around all kinds of boulders as the canyon narrowed. It was 7pm when we finally left the canyon. It would have been much quicker to descend via slopes to the east of the canyon. We never did catch up to Brian and Peter when we finally set up camp at 8pm in the dark.

Tuesday, 20 March - Day 27 - We had soup and tea for breakfast this morning. With luck we would be back in civilization this evening. We had another 24km to go. It was 9am by the time we left camp. We reached Brian and Peter's campsite in another half an hour. They were already on their way out. We crossed more moraine which covered the entire valley before reaching the main section of the Slims.

We stopped for lunch (more brown sugar!) near the bend in the river. The temperature was above freezing and the surface of the ice was melting. Trudging through a cm of water slowed us down considerably. Then when we crossed sections with no water our skins froze with great clumps of ice on them. This ice tore and pulled at the skins until they developed holes and the buckles themselves started to bend and pull out. Jamie's right skin eventually fell completely apart and my back buckle tore right out. We continued on towards Kluane Lake. The basin it was in could now be seen in the distance. We had to stay on the SE bank of the river because of the tributaries, bush, and sand bars on the NW side. The road was getting very close and we could clearly make out the bridge at the point where the Alaska Highway crossed the Slims. As a parting shot the mountain put a sand bar in our way which was about 15m across. We were forced to drag our sleds.

We arrived at the highway at 7pm just as it was getting dark. Brian and Peter had left their gear under the bridge and had obviously got a ride to Haines Junction as they were nowhere in sight. We also left our gear and climbed up to the highway to hitch a ride. But no cars stopped so we got out our sleeping bags and resigned ourselves to spending one more night out. Brian and Peter returned with a friend at 11pm and we loaded up our gear for the drive back to Whitehorse.

Party - Jamie Moffat, Peter Ravensbergen, Brian Vezina, Bill Maurer

Stanley Smith Glacier Ski Camp, 28 April - 6 May, 1984

by Pat Crean

The Fat-bodied yellow Pilatus Porter trundled down the Squamish Airport runway and with a noticeable tremor of its wing-tips lifted off the ground and over the alders crowding in at the end of the tarmac. Over the meanders of the river, between the steeply wooded hillsides with their cascading waterfalls we slowly gained altitude on our way north. Steve Sheffield, Ed Zenger, Gerard Clement, and Pat Crean were on their way to Stanley Smith Glacier. Gradually the immense expanses of glaciers, ice-falls and magnificent peaks dominated the landscape on all sides. The day was sunny, hot and somewhat sultry with increasing high stratus clouds as we progressed. Leaving the Meager group on our starboard side we turned north-westerly toward the Lilloot Glacier. The more we climbed the more cloud we encountered. The pilot reported an increasing head-wind. Looking at the map we weren't too clear where we were right then. I pointed out a route to our projected camp-site and was taken aback when the pilot said "We won't make it over the col - it's too high with our load and this head wind." In the air there is no stopping for a leisurely look at the map. A decision had to be made right then! Lets try to the left, we should be over the Bishop Glacier if our reckoning is correct. There was another opening through to the north; it cleared a bit and we decided to go for it. In amazement, the pilot declared that we were at 8,500 ft., an unsurpassed feat for the fully-loaded yellow bird. Coming out of the clouds there was no doubt that we were over the huge east-west expanse of the Stanley Smith Glacier. The extensive lateral moraine at the opposite side stretched far away to the left to tree-line at the western end. Our camp location lay ahead and below us, exactly as we had visualized from the map. Big sigh of relief! We were back in sunshine, touched down and taxied to within a few metres of our camp-site at the junction of the Stanley Smith and Donar Glaciers. It was 10:30 am and had taken us about 1 hour of flying time.

Two tents were set up at the edge of the moraine at 2070m, south-west of Mt. Donar. Just around the corner in a large wind cirque we discovered a frozen pool of water and were able to chop it out for a water supply. It was surprisingly cold when the wind blew, about minus 8°C with some high cirrus cloud. Since we had most of the afternoon and evening left we put the skis on for our first trip up the broad, gently sloping main glacier, heading south-east to an un-named 2800m peak, east and north of Stanley Pk. grid ref 466322. After the initial wind

crust near the top, the skiing down was excellent in cold powder; however, the gradient on the Stanley Smith was so gentle that it was necessary to push on the poles once we were back to the main glacier.

Sunday, April 29th - Our first full day was sunny and warm, but whenever the wind blew it had a keen edge, making Steve go in and out of shorts and longs in rapid succession. Skiing up the Donar Glacier we approached the Mt. Gray-Cooper col from its west side. The last 60m of Mt. Gray was climbed on foot. Mt. Cooper was reached by climbing an aesthetic snow ridge to the summit. Skiing down was fine, powder with some challenging portions of crust here and there. Some snow and wind overnight, but nothing unusual.

Monday, April 30th - There was more cloud today and so a bit colder as we followed our tracks up the Donar Glacier, this time swinging north-west past a sheer rock face with a huge wind-cirque below it, then turning south in the gathering mist. From there we carried the skis a little way, then left them to traverse a steep snow slope to the 2800 - 2830m peak, grid ref 423392. It was a small summit with standing room only for the four of us. The view was almost zero. Back in camp at 3:30pm and with the weather deteriorating, we decided to get out of the cold wind and dig a big snow-cave kitchen in a handy snow wall near our tents. The barometer was falling and it was fogging in.

Tuesday, May 1st - This turned out to be the inevitable soaked-in, snowy, windy camp day which every ski trip has. The 15 - 20 km/hr wind was just too cool, which speeded up our completion of the walk-in snow kitchen, with benches, shelves, food-storage and short-wave entertainment via Ed's super hi-tech little radio.

Wednesday, May 2nd - The approach up Mt. Donar from the south looked steep to start with but an interesting route, so, keeping close under the steep slope for a while, we then turned north, getting onto the glacier on the south side of the mountain. The visibility was getting worse, so about 200m below the summit Ed and I felt we would sooner go for the ski down than the peak and headed down to camp by a nice gully leading into a long traverse across the hillside above and down to camp. Gerard and Steve went for the summit and had slightly poorer light for the ski down.

Thursday, May 3rd - The queen of the whole panorama that we could see from camp was undoubtedly Mt. Daphnis, a majestic peak on the far side of the glacier. The day started out superbly with bright sun and blue sky, so away we went, south-westerly to a 2700m col to the south-east of the 3000m summit. As we arrived the weather changed dramatically, clouds swirling up from the other side and obscuring everything above us. After holding on for a while and seeing no signs of improvement, we gave up and retreated to the powder snow slopes below the fog for a few up and down runs before calling it a day.

Friday, May 4th - A better looking day, so away we all went up the Donar Gl. again turning south-east up to the north side of Mt. Fulgora. Leaving the skis at the beginning of the summit ridge, we roped up for the first time to climb the peak by the sharp, corniced snow ridge, a very enjoyable route. On the ski down, super powder on the upper slopes gradually changed to hard crust on top of powder, then a mixture of everything in between. Necessity being the mother of invention, as they say, we developed a new turn called the stem-crusty, which worked very well if you were very careful. By evening we were in a white-out at camp and very glad of the candle-lit snow refuge and the after supper radio entertainment from Moscow, Cuba and various other intriguing places.

Saturday, May 5th - On our last day of skiing Ed and I had to finish off our "local" mountain, Donar, and having stopped short of the summit on the south side thought we'd do it from the north. Parting company with Steve and Gerard midway up Donar Glacier while they took off to climb a 2900m peak to the north-west, we skied up the glacier between Fulgora and Donar, moving westerly to the col on the east side of Donar. Going through to the other side we joined up with the tracks of Gerard and Steve and went to the summit. At this point we felt we might as well do a route all the way over the peak and so skied off the south side and back down on our tracks from Wednesday. Down the choice gully again and so to camp.



Skiing down the Donar glacier with the Stanley Smith glacier below and Mt. Daphnis on the far side. Photo - G. Clement.



Nearing the top of Mt. Cooper. Photo - G. Clement.

Sunday, May 6th - The finest day of them all of course, flawless in all respects. Our scheduled pick-up at 10am, delayed to 3pm and after an aborted attempt to take-off, we reluctantly unloaded our packs for flying out later. While we revelled in the super-scenic flight out, our packs were destined to stay on the glacier for almost another month before being brought out.

Kluane - boundless wilderness, July 1984

by Karin Hönlinger

In the summer of 1984 I spent 2 months in the Yukon and Alaska together with my sister and a friend from Germany. We took the ferry up to Skagway, hiked over the Chilkoot Pass and spent 8 days backpacking the Kluane National Park. Then we continued our trip to Fairbanks, Alaska and to Denali National Park where we had a dangerous experience in survival when trying to cross McKinley River. The last few weeks my sister and I hitchhiked down to Anchorage and Homer, Kenai Peninsula and then all the way back to Haines, where we took the ferry back to Prince Rupert. Our trip ended in Glacier National Park, B.C.

A warm, sunny evening in the Yukon. We left the Alaska Highway near Burwash landing and started on our backpacking trip into the wilderness of Kluane National Park. We estimated that it would take us about 8 to 10 days until we would be back to civilization again; I felt excited as I'd never done such an extensive trip like this before.

Following Halfbreed Creek we made our way through dense bush. The ground under our boots was swampy and bugs were all around us. Was this an indication of things to come? As it was too late to make it through the bush that day we decided to camp on the bar of the creek. We had a nice supper which was disturbed only by the bugs. We quickly escaped into our tent. At 11pm the sun was still shining and we felt like fried sausages in our sleeping bags. I woke up in the middle of the night and watched Chris mercilessly killing mosquitoes.

The next morning we got up early before the bugs awoke to have breakfast and then followed the creek again, crossing it several times until we came to a wide saddle between wooded and bare, brown mountains. In the distance we got a glimpse of the first glaciers and snow-covered peaks. Our goal lay there! Having lunch at the shore of a beautiful small lake, we relaxed in the warm sun and then continued on our way down through bush into the huge valley of Duke River. The water was icy cold and we had to cross many streams; luckily the worst of them was only waist-deep and the current was not too strong. On the other side we walked into a side valley where Grizzly Creek comes down to the river. It was getting late, so we pitched our tent, had supper and crawled into our sleeping bags.

Next day we got up at dawn and watched the early sun on the mountain summits coming down slowly into the valley where the air was still very chilly. We started again crossing the creek and wished we were where the snowfields and glaciers gleamed in the sun. In the middle of the creek, on a gravelbar, Chris discovered three caribou wading upstream. They came fairly close, staring curiously at us; no signs of fear - this was their country.

In the afternoon we left the valley of Grizzly Creek and climbed up to a pass. High above us there was an eagle circling in the sky. On the pass a cool wind was blowing and clouds were moving in from all sides. There was another small lake just at the foot of a snow-covered mountain and we pitched our tent on its shore. The vegetation was quite different here compared to down in the valley; it was like tundra. The mosquitoes had vanished. A herd of dall sheep grazed in the distance. The silence of the wilderness surrounded us; the only sounds in this world were the noise of the wind and our own voices. Waking up the next morning, I heard raindrops pattering on the tent fly and I thought about how it would be hiking in the rain for the next days or maybe weeks. But by the time we got up the rain had stopped and, as we could see a few patches of blue in the sky, we decided to climb the mountain in front of us. Leaving most of our equipment in the tent we made the ascent first up a steep slope of scree and then in deep, wet snow. On the summit we looked over an endless range of snow-covered mountains, wild valley, bush and wide rivers. Far in the distance was the towering peak of Mount Steele. We stood silent as dark clouds gathered from all sides, covering summits and the view into some of the valleys, their shadows wandering quickly over the snowfields. Back at the tent we packed our gear and headed down into the valley of a nameless creek. First we followed the creek valley but then the canyon became wild and steep, the creek made many turns and it was no longer possible to walk in the valley. We climbed up

the side wall but after a while there was another obstacle: wild gorges led into the creek from all sides. We felt fatigued and after going down a steep scree we pitched our tent on a rise from where we had a gorgeous view into the valley of Bighorn Creek and all the high mountains around it.

The next day we finally reached Bighorn Creek but this valley was much wilder than we expected. We fought our way through dense bush as there was no way to walk down through the valley. We had decided to try to reach the wide valley of the Donjek river the same day (the Donjek is one of the main rivers in the park) but we didn't anticipate the wild country of the Bighorn. Wilderness always has its own surprises for people venturing into it.

We walked a few kilometres through the bush and came down again into the canyon. But suddenly the wild creek made a turn to the right, forcing us again to climb up the wall of the gorge. It was all loose rock and I found myself hanging on for dear life, a heavy pack on my back, and the wild silty waters below me. That was certainly too much, as we had been walking now for more than 12 hours. In the wilderness it can be dangerous pushing yourself to the limit, as you leave caution aside and a mistake could be made very quickly. I'm not a good rock climber and I wished it would have been at least solid rock. Ulli and Chris were above me and I shouted: "I'm not scared of drowning but I'm scared of falling down, getting smashed on the rocks. I think, I better try to cross this creek!" It was a decision between life and death but now I'm glad that I didn't cross the creek. It would have been impossible. The sun was still shining, but I only felt fear, my fingertips were bloody and I tried to convince myself that I could manage this wall, that I would get out of this. We simply overestimated our strength and endurance. Finally we managed it somehow and ended up standing on a ridge. It was nearly 10:30pm. The next hour we spent running through the bush looking for some water and a spot to camp. At midnight we crawled into our sleeping bags, totally exhausted but thankful to be safe and alive.

Another clear morning; it was our sixth day in the wilderness. We got up very late, spending a long time on breakfast. The last day was still in my mind and the only thing I was thinking about, was: to just survive! On this day we made it to the mouth of Bighorn Creek and into the Donjek valley. We followed the Donjek downstream along river bars. It was very hot and felt like I was walking in a desert of gravel and sand, as the river was braided and the main stream was far away. Tracks of grizzlies and - surprise! - people - in the sand. But during our trip we never saw another soul. Feeling dusty and hot, I washed my hair in a clear sidestream. The mighty Donjek glacier comes down into the river. Covered with gravel, boulders and silt it looks like the surface of a wild sea. Huge pieces of ice thundered into the water where the tongue of the glacier meets the river. It was a wild spectacle. In the evening we found a beautiful spot close to a creek where we pitched our tent. The noise of the stove, the pleasure of a good supper, clear water and a warm sleeping bag, a sense of real life - that's camping in the wilderness at its best. What's going on "outside" in the civilized world? We couldn't have cared anymore. Long after midnight, the sun was still there. The ice on the glacier looked like a gleaming stream; summer in the North, the Midnight Sun.

Dawn broke as I looked outside the tent: rain and fog. Everything was soaked from the moisture in the air. But as we started we discovered a break in the clouds and around noon the sky was blue again. And again we followed the Donjek, with spectacular views of the glacier and a thundering waterfall. Then the river wound around wild gorges and we had to climb higher up the side of the range. But what looked like green meadows from the distance turned out to be chest-high poplar bush and it was a real ordeal to make our way through it. Again we underestimated the distance to the next side valley of Hoge Creek. It became too time consuming and strenuous to continue walking through the bush, so we fought our way back down to the river bars, as we saw that it was again possible to walk on them. In the evening we reached the mouth of Hoge Creek where we pitched our tent. The next day we followed it upstream and then turned into another valley to the left. The creek wound through a wild and narrow gorge but this time it was possible to stay in the valley as there were lots of boulders and rocks where we could walk. I only hoped that the gorge would not end up as narrow as Bighorn Creek, forcing us to climb up on the sides again. And it didn't. We came out on a nice green meadow, and on a hill we had a beautiful view towards the Donjek glacier and the snow-covered peaks in the background. It was early afternoon but we decided to camp early as we figured that we were only one day's walk from a mining road outside the park,

which would lead us back to civilization. We gave up our plan to climb Mt. Hoge as the snow conditions were very poor. On the other hand we were looking forward to continuing our trip to Alaska, but after these adventures of the last week we had no longing for civilization anymore. I think, if we hadn't had the desire to go to Alaska and if we had had more food, we would have stayed in Kluane for another week.

Our last day in Kluane. In the morning the sky was again cloudy; we waited for the sun to warm us, as the wind was very cold. We made our way over a pass with impressive formations of rocks. Before heading down to the mining road, we looked backwards one last time, to see the snowcovered peaks, the front range of an immense wilderness. What lies beyond? Endless icefields, huge glaciers, giant mountain - and more adventure! We'll come back, for sure.

Spruce Lake - ski camp, Christmas 1984

by Helen Row

The trauma of bivouacing on Harold's living room floor, in preparation for an early start, left me unconscious except for the rituals of packaging and unpacking myself from the Tercel in true Boxing Day form. The next thing I know we were at the trailhead some 85km NW of Lillooet. Sylvia, Theo and Klaus had managed to set off in advance to set up high camp at Taylor Ck. Meadows. Jenny, Erna and myself liked the logging slash so much we convinced Albert, Paul, Bruce and Harold to help set up base camp in the "parking lot" for the first night. Little did Bruce know that we had been planning a group sauna in the back of his camperized truck, before retiring to the tent for the night. Realizing that the truck had a limited capacity we encouraged Paul and Rosanne to set off for high camp in the dwindling light, which they did.

The next day dawned cold and clear. Our trail was well set as a snowmobile - sled system had been hired to haul the wall tent and stove and the bulk of our food the 10km to high camp. So packed and open was the trail that the leader's red sled negotiated its way without difficulty. An added rented feature was a glossy pure bred sled, complete with aluminium poles, which Erna pulled most of the way laden with two packs. Could this sled rental prove that Harold was flirting with mass production? A leisurely 3hr ski, gradually gaining 600m, brought us to the meadow and cabin of high camp. The dry, calf-deep snow lay on a 1m base. The visible terrain was more than promising. Half of the party occupied the cabin while the other half used the wall tent for cooking and socializing. Our group was completed by the evening arrival of Calgarians, Penny and Ernie, who hauled their own wall tent, stove, food, etc. etc., on a Woodward's toboggan. Rumour had it they were in training for a new winter Olympic event - haul and eat.

So we skied and skied and skied all week - glorious powder and limitless terrain. The temperatures were rather coolish at first with the nights dipping to -30 to -35°C and the days hitting highs of -22°C. As the new year approached a warming trend developed and the sun soaked valleys felt gloriously like Spring.

As could be expected the evenings were filled with food and a rotating social schedule between the two wall tents and lone cabin. One unforgettable evening performing edible charades was held in the cabin - cabiners vs tenters. There was a slight mismatch in taste buds thanks to cabin gourmets Sylvia and Rosanne. The tenters were to mime culinary delights such as Bombay Duck (unforgettably performed by Erna) and the delectably created Parisienne Leek Soup (thanks to Chef Paul). Harold got so excited over Haggis he had to open a window to cool down.

Half of the party returned to the coast before New Year's leaving the rest of us to herald the New Year sound asleep. Perhaps it was Harold's fine meal that relaxed us. I spent the evening teaching Penny and Ernie some tobogganing survival techniques.

The trip out was fast and warm. The journey home uneventful. The Spruce Lake area is highly recommended given enough snow and suitable conditions. The access is attractive foregoing the long drive.

Party - Paul Kubik, Rosanne Konrad, Harold Rydell (Leader), Sylvia and Theo Mosterman, Klaus Streckmann, Jenny Smith, Erna Burda, Bruce Landels, Albert Souza, Penny Clarke, Ernie, Wayne Saunders, Paul Hannig, Murray Lashmar, and Helen Row.



Paul and Helen on the ridge south of the cabin in the Spruce Lake area. Photo - R. Konrad.



On the ridge north of the cabin in the Spruce Lake area. Photo - R. Konrad.

The trip out was fast and warm. The journey home uneventful. The Spruce Lake area is highly recommended given enough snow and suitable conditions. The access is attractive foregoing the long drive.

Party - Paul Kubik, Rosanne Konrad, Harold Rydell, (Leader) Sylvia and Theo Mosterman, Klaus Streckmann
Jenney Smith, Erna Burda, Bruce Landels, Albert Souza, Penny Clarke, Ernie ??
Wayne Saunders, Paul Hannig, Murray Lashmar, and Helen Row.

Mt. Matier - First ascent of the East Face, June 1985

by Brian Gavin

The seed for this trip was planted in early March 1985. On one of those warm sunny weekends we were treated to that winter, Keith and I were part of a BCMC trip originally destined for Cayoosh Mtn. but switched to Matier due to excellent weather. As luck would have it, the logging road to Cerise Creek had been plowed. The result was a remarkably short one hour ski to camp at the base of the high moraines flanking the glacier descending from the Matier - Joffre col. With such a beautiful afternoon on our hands we skied up to the Matier - Vantage col and subsequently up Vantage. Our viewpoint afforded an excellent perspective of Matier's east face - an aspect neither of us had seen before. We stared at it quietly for a few minutes, suggested to each other that it might go and turned our attentions to the 20-25cm freshly powdered slopes between us and camp.

Later in the season with the snowpack dwindling we reminded each other of Matier. Armed with a favourable weather report for 22, 23 June, we left Vancouver for breakfast at the Pemberton Cafe and then drove up the Duffey Lake road. We paused for photos of the North side of Joffre Peak since Keith was to lead a trip there in a few week's time. With plenty of time on our hands we decided to explore the roads up Casper Creek with an eye to access to Mount Duke. Keith reasoned that the distance to Matier from where we were was perhaps shorter than that via Cerise Creek. With the weather looking less than favorable we decided to camp in the Duke - Vantage col and perhaps climb Duke to salvage something out of the weekend.

Two and a half hours from the Casper Creek junction brought us to the col and an impressive view of our objective. We found a sheltered camp behind some trees and turned in for a siesta. About 7:30 we had dinner and surveyed the proposed route through binoculars. It seemed straight forward to stay on - track if visibility deteriorated - straight up the steep narrow glacier to a gully, ascend this to the isolated upper snowfield (now smaller in summer) and keep right to exit at its highest point onto the rocks - the unknown quantity.

Optimistically we were up at 3am and it was actually clear and cold with virtually no wind. At 4:20 we left camp, descending a bench system in several cm of fresh snow to reach the toe of the glacier at 6. We stopped to rope up and then proceeded up the gentle snout of this glacier descending from the Howard - Matier col. Our steep glacier ended in a series of small ice cliffs above this lower glacier as we ascended south a short distance and then traversed back right on a bench to join the route. We paused for a snack and some weather watching. It was clouding up lightly but there was no wind.

Keith now led up over a few steep broken up sections to gain the far side of the glacier. Here I led up steeper ground over a series of very long crevasses more like bergschrunds. These would pose problems later in the season. In places we negotiated bulges up to 60°, as we climbed essentially paralleling a rock rib. At the top of this rib we moved well off to the right, using rock for protection from above. Avalanche runnels were evidence of debris having come down the gully we were headed for. We adjusted clothes, had another snack and did more weather watching. Nothing came through while we sat there and there was no evidence of debris other than the runnels. Cloud was continuing to thicken.

With Keith leading, we moved back to the narrowest part of the bergshroud guarding the gully and crawled across on packed snow and avalanche debris. Once over, we again moved off to the right and gained the side of the gully. It was interesting but not too difficult as we climbed snow over ice-covered rocks. Predictably perhaps, part way up the gully, a small surface slough of dry snow came through but it caused no concern. Soon we exited out of the



The route climbed by Brian and Keith on the east face of Matier. Photo - M. Feller.

gully onto the upper snowfield. We were now completely engulfed in cloud and lightly falling snow but no wind. Remembering our picture of the route, I led up the slope which stayed upwards of 45° and kept to the right side.

Keith finished off the last bit of the snow and arrived at the entrance to another gully we had been unable to see yesterday. The entrance was a bit thin so we had to step across an overhung gap between rock and snow to balance on steep rock with crampons. The belay was a bit manky as well but went O.K. We continued up snowy rock to an abrupt end. We put in a belay and Keith led up and left to easier ground. Then I leap-frogged him and continued up snowy fourth class rock to exit on the summit ridge less than a rope length from the cairn! We were ecstatic!

We sat on the summit having lunch at 1pm. It had stopped snowing and we had nearly climbed through the storm. Blue holes loomed overhead and we were offered occasional glimpses down onto the Joffre glacier. As the realization set in that we had done it, we couldn't stop grinning. Somehow it hadn't been quite as desperate as we thought.

Our original plan was to descend the south east ridge of Matier and then the steep glacier back to the Vantage col. However, with the poor visibility we had and since neither of us had been on this route we opted to descend the ski route. We got down the glacier without incident and at the earliest opportunity we cut up over the right hand moraine and contoured to Vantage col. Then we walked the rest of the left hand moraine until we contoured across two rockslides and stumbled across a "near-trail" which took us back to camp. By now all the fresh snow had melted in the afternoon warmth. After packing up a leisurely hour and a half brought us back to the cars.

Party - Keith Cover and Brian Gavin

Fisher Peak, July 1985

by Philip Kubik

"No, I'm afraid the camping quota for the NE ridge of Triumph is full. In fact, the entire area around Triumph is full." According to the notice board, there were 16 parties signed up for the NE ridge (surely they meant people rather than parties.) Little had I realized when I stumbled across the route description while perusing Beckey's guidebook in search of a suitable BCMC trip, that the ridge was as crowded as Granville St. I didn't even bother to ask about the Cascade Pass area. Apparently we were in luck though: one more party could be squeezed into the El Dorado area. We departed from the ranger station in disgust. Harry must have been particularly disappointed, having taken leave from his lucrative hot dog business at Wreck Beach specifically so that he could fulfill his ambition of climbing Triumph.

After some debate, we settled on Kangaroo Ridge near Washinton Pass as the best alternative. Having developed a strong interest in Triumph none of us was too thrilled about this decision. However, on the way there I received a vision like a bolt from the heavens: Fisher Peak shimmering in the late morning sun above Rainy Pass. Stopping at the pass, it was easy to convince everyone to go there. Jan's question about the bush was easily brushed aside. Keith was particularly keen since he had been defeated on a previous trip by the iron maidens that he tortured his feet with.

Travel was easy enough to start with. The bush was quite light and we even found a log on which to cross Granite Creek. Once we were committed, it became more serious - flies, blueberry bushes, slide alder, wasp's nests, devil's club - the usual array of bush demons. It appeared that I had mistaken the direction of that blinding flash, it clearly had not emanated from the heavens. My previous trips to the peak had been a little earlier in the season so the demons had not been able to penetrate the blanket of snow, permitting relatively effortless progress.

At the terminus of the forest, we were greeted by a vast expanse of green foliage extending to the head of the valley. We debated various alternatives primarily to avoid the reality of plunging headlong into the slide alder. As it turned out, we were only in Purgatory rather than Hell and after about twenty minutes of struggling we discovered that the remainder of the green foliage was grass and heather. Clearly this was the place to camp; there was even a slight breeze to ward off the flies. In retrospect, the trip in wasn't so bad (it only took three hours, after all) but once the snow is gone the approach from the Easy Pass trail is much more pleasant although longer.

Next morning we were up at 5am instead of 4am (my biological alarm clock isn't completely reliable if its still dark when I want to get up). Rather than going onto the toe of the SE ridge of our objective, we climbed along the base of the ridge for 60m to a shallow depression, which provided easy access to the crest. By this time, Keith had discovered that his new plastic boots were as uncomfortable as his old leather boots and was forced to return to camp and spend the rest of the day relaxing. The rest of us continued scrambling up to the crest and then along it until it steepened. The ropes were brought out for two or three pitches of fourth class with the odd low fifth class move. This was followed by the second hardest pitch of the climb: steep and exposed mid-fifth class. While Harry was leading his rope up this pitch, he was hit on the hand by a falling rock. At first we feared that he might have broken his wrist and we debated whether we should turn back. There was some consternation expressed about rappelling down the somewhat loose pitches below so eventually we decided that the devil you don't know is better than the one you do. After some rest, Harry was able to climb the pitch on a top rope and then to continue leading. A week later he was off to Waddington.

After this incident, everyone became much more circumspect and the pace slowed somewhat on the third and fourth class pitches leading up to a subsidiary peak. By about 2pm, we began to rappel into the notch between the subsidiary peak and the main summit. Time was getting on but it was probably faster to continue up than to turn back. The first 3m above the notch is the crux of the climb and everyone surmounted this section by hook or by crook. The remainder of the climb was second and third class but the consensus was to remain roped up due to the looseness of the rock.

Everyone was on the summit by 7:30 and we promptly began to descend the NW face. We belayed down the first couple of pitches and then continued unroped, reaching a large flat area just prior to dark. The rest of the route down didn't involve anything more than second class but it was bluffy and route finding would likely be a little tricky in the dark so we settled in for the night. I hadn't brought enough clothing to keep me warm enough to be able to sleep, but at least I had had the foresight to bring a star chart so I was able to relieve the boredom by identifying constellations.

We awoke to another cloudless day and continued uneventfully to camp, the cars, lunch at Marblemount, and Vancouver.

Party - Mary Prendergast, Harry Kettman, Tricia Daum, Jan St. Amand, Keith Cover, and Philip Kubik (Leader).

Mt. Waddington - A Dream Fulfilled, August 1985

by Brian Gavin

A particularly fine day in July 1984 found us on the summit of Mt Fulgora at the head of the Stanley Smith Glacier. After an easy ascent of the snowy east ridge, we sat amongst the rocks to enjoy lunch and the cloudless view from our lofty perch. Slightly obscured by a thin veil of atmospheric haze, a tall steep mountain pierced the distant sky, towering above all its neighbours. Halfway up the steep north side lay a flat white bench. The headwall reaching up to this plateau was split by a slender rock tower.

This was my first view of Mystery Mountain and in staring at it I sensed I could feel its reputation even at this distance. My thoughts were filled with a series of adjectives . . . rugged, savage, majestic, imposing, sterile, beautiful . . . and a magnetism was there too. There was a desire to go there but with the realization that it would be serious business and there was much to learn and experience to be prepared. -Maybe one day, but not for a few years.

Towards the end of April 1985, there was suggestion of a small group going into the Mt. Waddington area in conjunction with the summer camp planned for the Pantheon Range. The hoped-for opportunity was early - how long before another came along? With some trepidation I expressed interest in this adventure, simultaneously planning a series of demanding routes and summits to prepare myself.

Before long the nucleus of the group was formed - Randy Enomoto, Harry Kettman, Mary Prendergast and myself. During the weeks that followed we discussed routes and philosophies, menus and essentials, and training. On this last point, approaches varied: Randy ran 50km/week and spent weekends in Seattle Harry sold Bavarian smokies on Wreck Beach Mary and I bivouaced.

We were first introduced to the concept of the forced bivvy by the seasoned Wayne Saunders. One weekend later we went solo with a planned and an unplanned night out. At this point I retired to day trips with encouragement from my employer, wife and concerned friends. Meanwhile Mary's enthusiasm rewarded her with an unprecedented third consecutive Sunday evening bivvy!

Much discussion of routes and the record dry summer led us to shy away from the normal route from Rainy Knob up through the Bravo Icefall. Our concerns later proved well founded as the Bravo was very open and active requiring two days to negotiate amid collapsing seracs. We eventually settled on an ascent from the Scimitar Glacier to Combatant col and then the New Zealand route up the main summit with a descent past the Northwest Peak and down the Angel Glacier. The extraordinarily good weather spurred our optimism to consider a drop on the Radiant Glacier or upper Tellot Glacier for a few day climbs at the end of our second week. Finally, all the preparations were complete and on Friday, August 2nd we left Vancouver in pouring rain.

Beyond Lac La Hache we drove through the occasional localized storm but the weather was generally drier and clearing. Eventually we arrived at Bluff Lake and the Kings' residence

and base for Whitesaddle Air Services. Last minute packing and sorting easily occupied us until midnight.

Saturday August 3 - The dawn sky was nearly clear after last evenings' red sunset. This spurred on our enthusiasm and we moved the supplies and equipment onto the tarmac with heightened anticipation. Our pilot, Mike King, arrived punctually at 8am on his dirt bike. The logistics were soon sorted out; all the supplies were loaded up, Harry and I climbed aboard the helicopter and the adventure began.

After placing food drops at 2100m on the Radiant glacier and at 2600m on the upper Scimitar glacier, we stood in light rain on the Scimitar glacier watching the helicopter disappear down-glacier and then stared, shaking our heads in disbelief at the visual chaos of the Scimitar glacier headwall. Our carefully planned trip was already in disarray! Both drops in the wrong places, the route a disaster and the weather not at all like the last many weeks in Vancouver.

From the helicopter I had seen what appeared a reasonable approach up a gentle rock ridge rising out of the crook in the Scimitar and running up south of Mount Hickson. We cached two days of food and fuel for the planned route down the Scimitar and up the Radiant. After a quick lunch we headed up, finding the going quite easy. We were forced a little higher than necessary but this helped in locating the drop. We descended a short steep section of glacier and set camp just below a couple of large crevasses. We were quite wet after 5 hours of alternating drizzle and sleet, so once we dug in Randy and I crawled in to enjoy salmon dinner in luxury. Strangely, we were treated to another red sunset.

Sunday August 4 - After a peaceful night, I woke up at 7:30 to a clear sky and the sight of the Northwest Peak veiled in a cloud cap! Once again our spirits soared. After a hurried breakfast we retrieved the drop and sorted everything out. To move everything and camp would definitely require two trips - even so my pack was my heaviest load ever at 30+ kg. I even left my camera in camp.

Our camp was in a large bowl northwest of Combatant col and ringed by a steep headwall with numerous ice cliffs. We struggled along under the packs straight up to our best crossing of the bergschund. Above this we found ice covered with a thin layer of snow. Donning crampons I led two pitches of 35 - 40° "ice" but from the top of the rim the route down into the col was straight forward. The view through the col to Bravo Peak and Mount Munday was impressive. After admiring our future home for a few minutes we descended back to camp, down climbing the headwall with empty packs.

Monday August 5 - We woke early this morning to another near cloudless day. We hurried through breakfast to pack up camp and take advantage of the now frozen snow. With lighter loads and yesterday's frozen footsteps we moved much faster arriving at the top of the headwall in less than two hours. After three hours of steady shoveling we had our camp established.

Having enjoyed the warm afternoon and with camp well established, Harry and I went off to climb the nunatak piercing the Tiedemann glacier headwall. After a short snowy crest and easy scramble we squeezed together on the high point. What an awe-inspiring place! We looked 600m+ straight down the forbidding headwall. On either side soared the precipitous flanks of Waddington and Combatant. If only the Plummer hut were here - but it wouldn't survive.

Tuesday August 6 - I was up early and discovered we were between cloud layers with the wind blowing ragged clouds through the col from the Tiedemann headwall. Occasional glimpses of a snowy Combatant were had but Waddington afforded us no views. All morning the winds increased bringing snow, spindrift and sleet. The vestibule wasn't handling the winds too well so Randy rigged it on the other end of the tent. With a large pit dug under it for cooking etc. it worked much better. The day was passed by reading, sleeping and munching.

That evening I went out for another shift of digging out. On stepping outside our little walled city a blast of wind took me off my feet. After this, my ice axe went everywhere with me. Going off to the latrine 20m away required following a wanded route. Rime built out 2cm into the 80kph+ winds on the wands while the altimeter rose 110m.



Combatant from the nunatak on the Tiedemann glacier headwall. Photo - B. Gavin.



The Northwest peak of Waddington with the Angel glacier leading up to it. Photo - B. Gavin.

Wednesday August 7 - The winds died down late in the night but light to moderate snowfall continued until morning. I got up at 6:30 and had to do a major digout as our tent was half buried and the vestibule had all but collapsed. I made breakfast and continued digging out - just puttering and enjoying the improving weather.

By noon it had nearly cleared off and the sun became quite intense, forcing everyone out. We all dried out clothing and made modifications to camp and equipment. Our best guess was that 15 - 20cm of new snow had fallen but the lee slopes would have been loaded by the winds. Wondering about our planned route, Randy and I decided to do a recce towards the Angel glacier and travelled to the southwest corner of the col to where we could see a feasible route onto the bench above the ice cliffs.

Over dinner we noticed the winds were from the west now and cooler. We were wondering about our planned route, having seen a couple of minor slides that way when we witnessed a large avalanche come down across the approach. This confirmed the Angel for us. By 8:30 the temperature was already -6°C but the altimeter had improved by 40m.

Thursday August 8 - We rose this morning at 4 am to find the weather better in the east than the west. We packed up inside the tents as best we could, burned everything we were leaving and headed off towards the Angel glacier. Progress was excellent as far as we had recced but beyond this the snow became nearly knee deep. We pushed hard to get beyond the firing line of blocks coming off the ice cliffs, stopping only in the safety zone. A half hour later the blocks began falling in earnest and we were engulfed in a snow cloud.

Progress was now tedious and we changed the lead often. Snow was steadily over our knees, sometimes a bit higher. The crux came at the crossing of a tenuous bridge over a huge crevasse. No snow clung to this area, requiring crampons and protection for one lead. By 1pm we had only reached the bench of the Angel glacier and paused for lunch. We pressed on, realizing that our planned high camp at the base of the Northwest Peak was looking unlikely. At 5:30, after a steady 10 hours of plodding we had gained only 500m. The lead was changing so frequently we decided to halt - the weather was coming in from the west again. We dug in below two huge crevasses in the lee of a natural snow drift. After dinner the icy blasts were already stronger than anything we had experienced in the col below.

Friday August 9 - All night the tent was buffeted by strong gusts. We woke in the morning noticing that the front of the tent was nearly buried. I went out in strong winds to dig us out from under 75cm of snow. The valley of the Scimitar glacier was visible but the Northwest Peak was obscured. By 11 we were whited out in a light snowfall but so far the altimeter was holding steady. Our hopes rose contiously with the glow of a fine sunset although the mercury had already plummeted to -9°C .

Saturday August 10 - We were up at 3am to a still starry night with a quarter moon. After a cold breakfast we were away before 5am with the glow of sunrise just beginning to warm the -15° air. We trudged in knee-deep snow for a bit but conditions steadily improved as we gained altitude. We witnessed sunrise over Combatant and soon afterwards stood at the base of the Northwest Peak. We couldn't immediately see a route down to the glacial shelf leading to the main summit so decided to climb in hopes a better view would help. Randy suggested I do the honours and I was glad for the opportunity to warm my feet. Donning crampons we ascended the North ridge, arriving on the summit crest at 8:30. This was a very airy spot with inspiring views of Waddington and the Franklin glacier.

Randy discovered a route down so off we went. He led four leads of down climbing across an icy slope through the crevasses to the bench. A little more knee deep snow and soon we arrived at a large bergschund complete with icicles at the base of the tooth. We watched the weather waffle a little while we had lunch. Resigning ourselves to a long day, we stashed our bivvy gear and were off. Randy and I leap frogged diagonally across the lower tooth to the notch with Mary and Harry not far behind. At first sight the chimney pitches looked imposing but the ice feathers elsewhere with a few falling ones made us think better of going out onto the face. I lead up to the first chockstone and found smooth water ice over everything.



On the Angel glacier. Photo - B. Gavin.

Suddenly the weather seemed to leap onto us from the other side of the mountain and we were consumed in swirling mists. I retreated back to Randy at the notch. We rappelled once to where Mary and Harry were setting the next anchor. By the end of this rappel we were completely whited out in 80kph+ winds driving stinging ice particles. The rope was being continuously blown sideways across the bluffs. We concentrated very hard on being safe and huddling together while waiting our turn. Finally, after what seemed an eternity we rappelled past the bergschrund and all roped up. We found our bivvy gear straight away.

The weather was now very severe and retreat to camp was out of the question. Visibility was very poor and we would have to go into the wind. We spent the next 2 1/2 hours digging a snow cave in the hard windpack. As we could we added people in the doorway to pass out blocks and get out of the wind. Finally we had a bench comfortable for two but tight for four.

Sunday August 11 - After a fitful night we woke as the cave grew lighter from the sun outside. Harry went to investigate, reporting it was still quite windy with some cloud. Still stretching yesterday's lunch we pondered what to do. Randy and I had our sleeping bags so if it looked good we would climb. Mary and Harry had been cool even using all our extra



On the Angel glacier. Photo - B. Gavin.



High camp at 3500m on the Angel glacier. Photo - B. Gavin.

clothes so they thought they would descend. We also realized this was our last chance. Supplies back at high camp and in the col would not allow another attempt even if the weather were perfect.

Once outside, Mary and Harry couldn't stand being so close to the summit as well as the thought that Randy and I might be successful! Again all bivvy gear was cached and off we went. The weather was clear, cold and very windy but it seemed sheltered on the rock. Four quick leads brought us to the notch. Then Randy led up to the first chockstone and cunningly bypassed the water ice by climbing the slab to the right. From here I went out on a long lead, passing a bulge and then straight up what proved the exit pitch. Between the ice filled cracks, the altitude (4000m) and my plastic boots I found it quite strenuous. I pulled out of the top breathing hard, but was it the exertion or the stupendous view?

Randy soon joined me and 2 1/2 easy pitches later we stood on the summit crest, although the summit itself could only accommodate one. In spite of it being 6pm we lingered for an hour on top. The winds had all but died and the air was crystal clear with views beyond the Monarch group, to Vancouver Island and to the Lillooet Icecap where my dream began. It must have been such a day when the Mundays discovered this distant peak. We looked down on their approach route up the Franklin glacier which stretched towards the distant tidewaters of Knight Inlet, and couldn't help admiring them and their ambitions.

Time pressed us to retreat. The rappels went like clockwork this time - 3 to the chimney, 4 more to the notch, 5 down to the bergschrund and our home. On the way we witnessed the huge shadow of Mount Waddington as the sun set - the first time I had seen such a spectacle. We were down at dusk after seven hours up and three down. We crawled into the cave once more to further stretch lunch from two days ago, taking great pleasure in simple delights, such as an apple and bits of chocolate.

Monday August 12 - We were up at 8 and ate what little food we had left. We packed slowly and left in bright sun but very strong cold winds. I was wearing everything I had and three pairs of mitts! Our weakened condition became apparent as we reached the series of crevasses and the climb back to the Northwest Peak. Randy led the way up and we reached the shoulder at 1:30. Walking down was easy now, but we were concerned as it became apparent that the strong winds of the last two days had stripped away nearly all the soft snow. Where we had trudged through knee-deep snow, all that remained were our foot prints above the snow. What condition would camp be in - if it was still there? Finally we came over a shoulder to see camp still intact! Digging out was such a pleasure this time, and we drank over 2 litres per person.

Tuesday August 13 - We got up at 3:30 to pack up early. We wanted to get past the Angel Glacier ice cliffs before any activity began. Packing up took a little long but the going wasn't bad and we were down at the tenuous bridge beside the serac at 8. We looked first for an alternative but there was none. We put crampons on, got the screws ready and I started out on belay. I placed the first screw twice but it was still shaky. I got to the edge of the bridge and placed a bomber snarg. Now a long step-over but I got across O.K. and put in a solid screw and tied off. Randy started across and suddenly executed a half-gainer! I took in slack as fast as possible, the first screw popped and I hung on, hoping I could stop him with his full pack. After sliding 7m down the steep slope he was over the edge into the monster crevasse, free falling another 6m. I finally held him 2m from the bottom. Whew! To our great fortune Randy was able to walk up a steep ramp and out on my side.

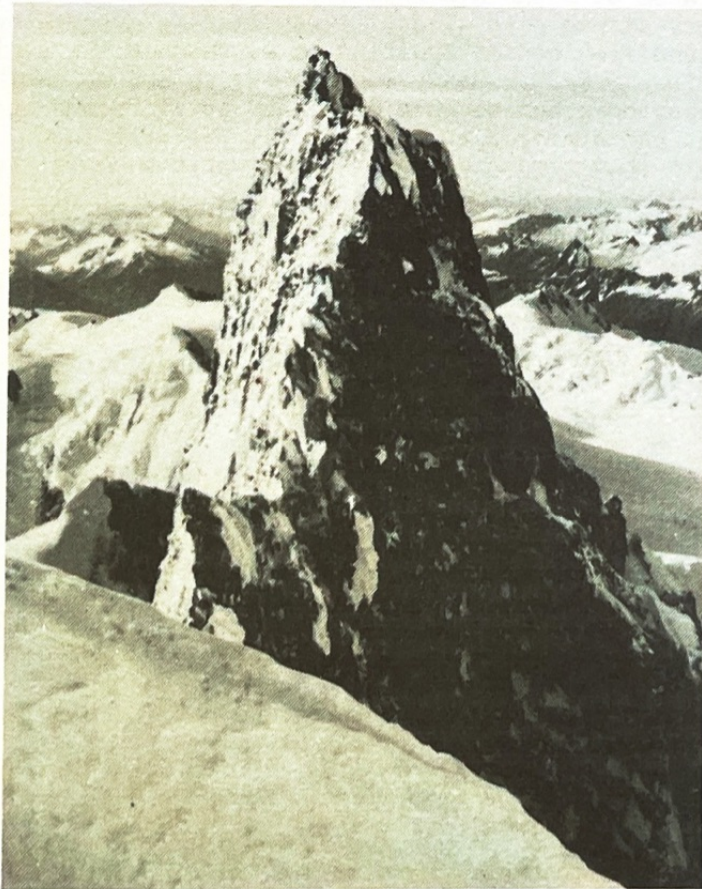
I was getting really nervous about the Angel glacier ice cliffs but with Randy's new found motivation we were safely down in the col before Mary and Harry finished the traverse. Near the bottom, following our footsteps Harry fell in up to his knees. No sooner had he got out than Mary fell in up to her waist. We were glad to be back in our old camp!

Interest evaporated for a while in spite of the best weather so far. Camp was reestablished and a feast-style breakfast initiated. Blueberry pancakes with real maple syrup. Mary also produced a bottle of champagne!

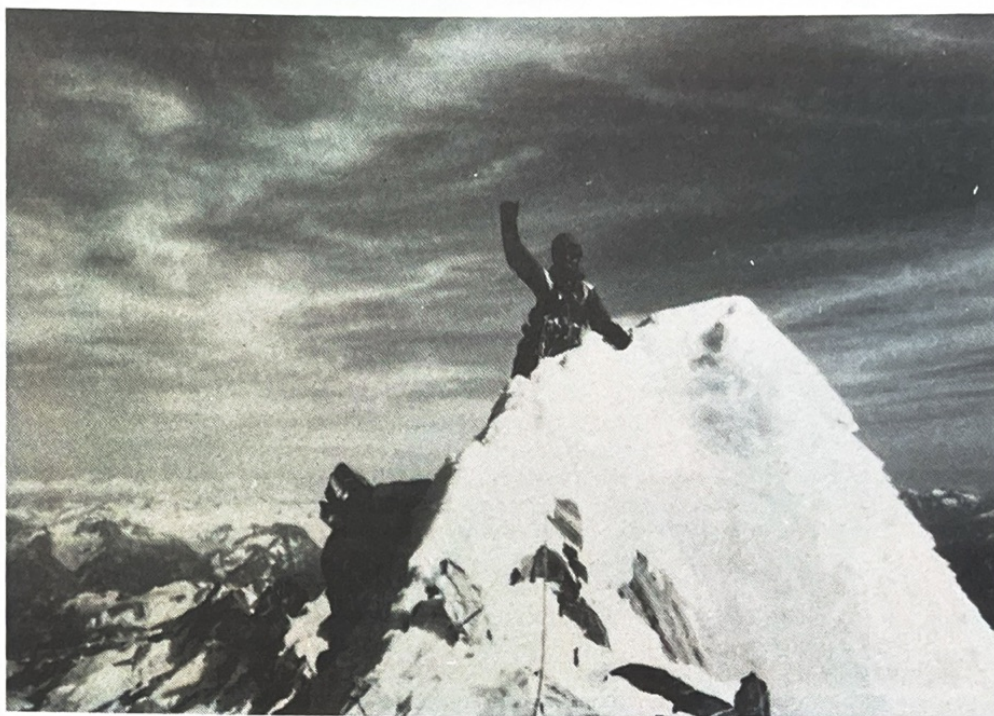
About noon interest gradually rekindled. Mary decided to rest up with her bottle while the boys went off to Combatant Mtn. We crossed the schrund and traversed a scree bench to a continuous couloir. This proved to be ice covered with 7 - 10 cm of slush and we did see one



Tiedemann glacier and Mt. Munday on right side of photo, taken from near the summit of Waddington. Photo - B. Gavin.



Summit of Waddington from the summit of the Northwest peak. Photo - B. Gavin.



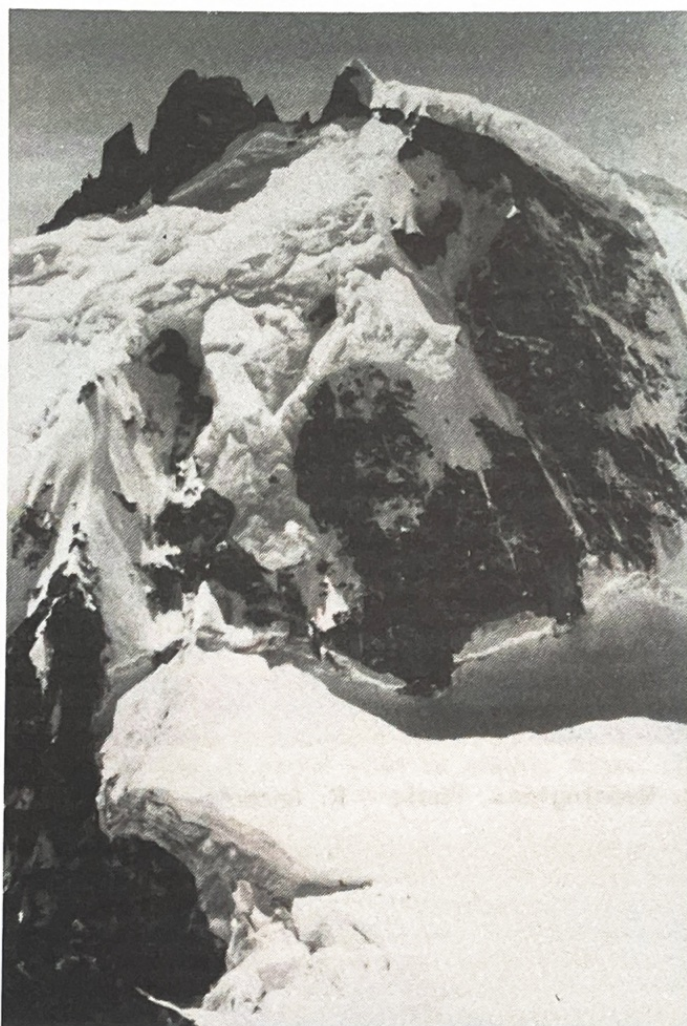
Brian on the summit of Mt. Waddington. Photo - R. Enomoto.

slide. In spite of only being 35 - 40° we decided to use running belays. Two very long such leads brought us to the top of the couloir. Here we directly ascended the steep left-hand wall. I led the first pitch to possibly the most comfortable, airy stance I'll ever enjoy. Harry continued on though to the ridge crest and a short scramble found us on the summit. The rock there was so solid, grainy and beautiful - like the birthplace of all excellent rock.

We stood on the summit at 7:30 with the now usual spectacular view in all directions. It was a warm still evening of a rare quality, probably one of the few times one might consider a summit bivvy, but not for us. Mt Waddington again cast its hulking shadow away from the glowing sunset. Two fast rappels brought us back to the couloir which was now nicely frozen up. We cramponed easily back to camp amidst a glorious sunset surrounding Mt Bell.

Wednesday August 14 - After yesterdays' near 20 hour performance we seemed a bit slow starting this day, perhaps partly because it was the beginning of going home. We were up at 8:30 packing slowly while cooking breakfast. We prepared to jettison all non-essential food. Finally we were away and climbed up to the rim northwest of camp. We downclimbed to a small rock band and considering the large packs, decided to rappel the steep slope to below the bergschrund. From here the descent was straight forward but the recent warm weather meant trudging along in 25cm of slush so progress on flatter ground was slower. We paused for lunch on some rocks in the sun.

Continuing on we came to the Hickson/Combatant col. At various times we had considered a camp here to permit climbing Hickson's east ridge. Now facing the objective this route was obviously very loose and steep. We also found the glacier in this area filled with numerous crevasses so close that we didn't feel any camp was really safe. Thus, we descended a little



Mt. Waddington from the top of Combatant. The summit is on the left, the Northwest Peak is on the right. Photo - B. Gavin.

southwest to the moraine which led to the rocky ridge we had ascended several days ago. At the moraine we found a few rocks and benches which, with a little gardening, produced admirable sleeping platforms with a view overlooking the two arms of the Scimitar icefall and our entire route to the Northwest Peak. With such a warm still evening we opted to sleep under the stars.

Thursday August 15 - We were up at 7:30 to a cold breakfast and left within the hour to ascend the southwest face of Mount Hickson. The frozen snow made for fast travel as we crossed the lower bergschrund, ascended the glacier and crossed the upper bergschrund. We headed directly for a rock ridge leading directly to the summit.

Randy and I pursued an aesthetic line by staying directly on the crest of the ridge. This provided very enjoyable climbing on rock similar to that of Combatant. Climbing was steadily low 5th although lots of options off our selected line were easier. Mary and Harry preferred to climb unroped on the easier lines. Randy and I came onto the summit to witness Mary doing something she called an Irish jig.

The descent back to camp was straight forward. We packed up and the packs were again heavy in a familiar way. We easily reached our rock ridge and descended to the Scimitar glacier so

glad to see a few flowers and heather on the way. We retrieved our cache and then roped up to get onto the glacier, down which we trudged until eventually, well past the junction with the Chaos glacier, light and time ran out. We camped on a medial moraine and slept under the stars again.

Friday August 16 - We were up at 6 and moving by 7. We continued along the moraine amongst some huge erratics and crossed onto the Radiant glacier. At 8am the sun still didn't see us. We soon saw the helicopter fly over our Radiant glacier, then turn and leave since we weren't there.

The route up the Radiant to our drop did look a bit imposing as the icefall was very open. It seemed there might be a possible route on the left and I went off to investigate. As I reached the bottom of the ascent, I heard the helicopter coming up the Scimitar glacier and then saw it land by the others.

We were soon all back at the King residence. Mrs. King spoiled us with her warm hospitality - coffee, homemade toast and jam - while we traded tales with other groups. Such a marvellous ending. After a late lunch in Tatla Lake, we headed home. The last events - the Alexis Creek road collected Randy's muffler as a souvenir and Mary collected only a warning for driving through downtown Hope at 100kph after midnight! The luck of the Irish!

Philip Smith Mountains, Brooks Range, Alaska, August 1985

by Michael Feller

Captivated by the far north following a highly enjoyable trip to the Endicott Mountains in northern Alaska's Brooks Range in 1980 (see B.C. Mountaineer 1982). I decided that in 1985 it was time to return. A small group of interested people formed, then the destination of our trip was chosen and we were away.

We spent two weeks hiking and climbing in the central portion of the Philip Smith Mountains, during the first half of August. August was chosen so as to avoid bugs (we saw hardly any) and to hopefully experience the tundra turning red in the fall (we were about 1 - 2 weeks too early for this, however). The Philip Smith Mountains were chosen because there was apparently no record of climbing in the area, they were not too expensive to fly to (virtually all hiking or climbing trips to the Brooks Range require aircraft access), and they offered a reasonable chance of a flight out even in bad weather (which did in fact, occur).

After purchasing maps, some food, white gas etc. in Fairbanks, we flew north again to the small village of Bettles, located on the Koyukuk River just north of the arctic circle. Alaska was also experiencing many wildfires and the air was quite hazy from the smoke. From Bettles we flew almost immediately via Brooks Range Aviation about 250 km northeast to a small lake in the heart of the Philip Smith Mountains.

This lake, at 1400m in a broad pass between Accomplishment Creek and another unnamed major valley (latitude 68° 30') was our home for the next few days. It was desolate, being surrounded by rocks and grassy tundra, and beautiful, as its deep blue colour contrasted with the yellow-green of the tundra, the brown of the rocks, and the white of the snow and nearby glaciers. A herd of about 30 mountain sheep were living nearby and in the upper Accomplishment Creek valley. Our tents were placed near a small colony of lemmings and a few arctic ground squirrels. One of these ground squirrels spent many hours on a large rock observing the lemmings. To our dismay he once caught a lemming and marched proudly though our campsite carrying his prey.

Our first objective was Pk. 2453 (m) - the highest peak in the Philip Smith Mountains. This we climbed by a ridge leading north from our lake to its south peak (easy), then dropping down some rock steps (class 3-4) before climbing up some excellent rock (class 3) to the central and highest peak. From here we scrambled down some mixed rock about 100m before scrambling up easy rock to the east peak. Here we found a cairn although we could still claim the high peak as a virgin. The views from the summits were marred by smoke from the fires burning a long way to the south of us. From the east peak an easy descent down a ridge to magnificent slopes

of very fine scree (perfect for long plunge steps) took us to a valley which descended to near our lake. The climb was leisurely, taking about 12 hours. We never had to worry about daylight since we had 24 hours of it. At 11pm we took several photos of the reflection in the lake of the surrounding slopes basking in the evening glow of the sun.

The next day we headed southwest from our camp following an incredible sheep trail up a scree - covered ridge. The trail looked as though it had been built by people, so well defined it was. Three kilometres of magnificent high traverse on the ridge led us to a glacier up which we climbed to a rocky peak at its head (2250m). The high point on this peak also sported a cairn. Interestingly, a set of sheep tracks went from near the summit out onto the glacier to a large hole where the sheep had fallen into a crevasse. Many scuffle marks and another set of tracks leading back to the summit ridge indicated that the sheep had decided that the rock was preferable to the glacier!

The next day Erich opted for a rest while the remainder of us dropped down to Accomplishment Creek where we encountered our first flowers for the trip - some yellow anemones, the ubiquitous broad-leaved Epilobium, and some delicate saxifrages. A kilometre up this valley we came to a place where the whole valley bottom appeared to have flowed leaving a jumble of rocks and mud. At the head of the valley we got onto another glacier heading south and climbed up the hard ice (all the glaciers in this area had a lot of hard white ice with a small amount of hard snow near their heads) to a small ridge running along the east side of the glacier. Using several ice screws for belays and runners we ascended this interesting little ridge, exiting on a broad flat rocky ridge which our snow/ice ridge intercepted. From here it was an easy walk to our 2340m summit, near which was a caribou antler. The caribou had presumably ascended the easy scree slopes on the south side of our peak. We descended this peak down a class 3 rocky ridge running along the west side of our ascent glacier, until we could easily drop down onto the glacier again.

The next day for the first time, a few clouds drifted in, but we again followed Accomplishment Creek, this time ascending easy, but interminable, scree slopes to Peak 2380m lying 4km NNE of our previous peak.

The next day we had our first wind, cloud, and rain, but it cleared in the afternoon, allowing us to break camp and head down to the major valley 2km south of our lake. Here we encountered at lower elevations (1200m) some shrubs, including deliciously ripe blueberries, but walking was still extremely easy. We headed up the valley to a pleasant campsite around 1150m.

After another "night" of sleep we headed further up the valley leaving it via a rocky gully which led to a beautiful hidden lake with its two resident birds, then up a scree ridge to the edge of a Y-shaped glacier. We climbed up one of the arms of the Y to peak 2245m (easy), then descended an easy rocky ridge around the edge of the glacier, arriving at a beautiful blue water hole in the ice at the low point in the ridge. From here easy scrambling followed by two class 3 steps up excellent rock led to another summit (2135m). We then descended the other arm of the Y-shaped glacier to reach our ascent route, at which point a pair of woollen mittens is still lying on the rocks, having been left there by your editor.

The next day was declared a rest day in view of the rain and cloud. This weather continued into the next day and gaps in the cloud showed us fresh snow only 500m above our camp. We broke camp again and headed east down the valley until it turned north. At this point we continued heading east up a tributary valley. After 14km of travelling we had come across some 3m high willows containing some robins - a much more hardy lot than their "city-slicker" cousins of Vancouver. We camped watching a Jaeger living up to his name, hunting for food amidst the tussocks. these impressive birds with their sharp and loud calls can hover like a humming bird, but beating their wings ever so slowly and gracefully.

Next morning saw more fresh snow and cloud as we continued up the valley following animal trails up to a 1460m pass which lay on the continental divide. Accompanied by wind and snow we crossed the divide, heading south, dropping down into the valley of a major tributary of Wind River. After a few hours we found ourselves following rocky river channels through 3m high dense willows. At one point I stopped for a rest waiting for the others. Hearing footsteps in an adjacent river channel some 20 - 30m away I shouldered my pack thinking that



On the ridge leading to pk 2250m at the head of the glacier, Philip Smith Mountains. Photo - M. Feller.



On the glacier beneath pk 2340m above the climbers. Ascent was via the left skyline ridge and descent via the right skyline ridge to its low point. Philip Smith Mountains. Photo - M. Feller.

they had passed me. As I set off I looked back to see the others resting some 100m back. Shortly thereafter a strong smell of bear reached my nose. That deterred me from investigating the footsteps - and that was probably as close as we got to ever seeing a grizzly on the trip.

At another rest stop a large energetic wolverine came bounding by hunting for prey between the shrubs and tussocks. The shrubs were getting taller and denser so we began following the occasional moose highway until we came to a small rocky mound near the confluence of another major creek with the one we had been following. Here in the late afternoon sun we decided to camp, hoping that the wolverine's tracks in the sand below our mound did not indicate that this was his home.

An impressive rocky peak (2046m) opposite our camp lured us on the following sunny day but at about 1600m we encountered almost vertical scree which was unclimbable so we retreated to spend the remainder of the day basking in the sun.

The following day saw us continuing down the valley for another 10 km until it joined the Wind River valley. We left the main valley and followed some erosion gulleys, swamps, swamp-birch jungles, and moose highways up to a small lake where we camped amidst reddening birch shrubs, playful lemmings, and lazy ground squirrels. Two moose were feeding at the other end of the lake and we encountered our first conifer tree (2m high) for the trip - a spruce at a latitude of 68° 16' north.

Next morning our pilot arrived in one of the finest beavers around, and in less than 24 hours we were back in Vancouver via Bettles, Fairbanks, and Seattle.

Party: Ellen Woodd, Terry Rollerson, Erich Hinze, Evelyn Feller and Michael Feller(Leader).

Mt. Davidson - First ascent of the Northwest Ridge, 31 August - 2 September 1985 by Brian Gavin

After casting around ideas on the phone, Keith and I agreed to try the northwest ridge on Mt. Davidson. After two weeks in the Waddington area and then lazing around for a few weeks, I needed motivating.

After breakfast at Klahanie we arrived at the Cheakamus Lake parking lot at 10am. Half an hour later we were away under very cloudy skies which seemed to be almost down on the meadows. However, our favorite weatherman promised Sunday and Monday would be better.

Two hours later we began coming out onto the meadows and paused briefly for lunch. It was breezy and only 5°C. We packed along the trail to the Conservancy Area boundary and then swung left up Helm Creek to cross the moraine and gain the glacier. This small gentle glacier was in dry condition with many narrow crevasses running at an odd angle. From the col at the head of the glacier we began dropping down toward Gentian Pass, but found a heathery bench with a stream part way down so this was camp - six hours from the car. Clouds were still down on the summits and we speculated whether we would spend tomorrow reading, but set the alarm anyway.

We were up at 4:30. I stuck my head out to find a starry sky and a setting moon. We had breakfast and left camp in dim light at 6. We descended easily and climbed a shoulder of Polemonium Ridge to gain the glacier and headed up towards Phyllis' Engine. The upper glacier was quite open and we were forced south of the very aptly named Engine. The crest of the divide from Castle Towers south beyond Mt. Carr is an exposed rock spine which we gained by means of a loose bench and then rappelled past the bergschund onto the Cheakamus Glacier. It was now 9:30 but we were able to travel very quickly across to Mt. Davidson arriving at the NW corner at 10:15. We were unable to descend to the true base of the ridge due to very severe crevasses. The part of the ridge we gave up was steep and very loose so we felt we didn't miss much.

We climbed up the corner (mostly class 4) to a point where we belayed one pitch (low 5th) onto the crest of the ridge. From here we stayed on the crest composed of large blocks (easy 3rd) to a high point connecting directly to the SSW ridge - the standard route. The true summit was 2 leads to the east from here and rather reminded me of Forbidden Pk. as it was solid, narrow, and airy with large blocks. This was a very pleasant summit. All around us there seemed to be over-developed fairweather cumulus which was producing showers.

We left the summit at 3pm, easily walking down the SSW ridge and crossing the Cheakamus Glacier to Phyllis' Engine. Gaining the rock from the snow was a little tricky and one lead to the crest of the divide followed. The descent back to camp was uneventful but long and tiring. We arrived at 9pm as dusk was becoming serious. This was probably the toughest 15 hrs we had put in where we were both moving so continuously. Somehow we resisted the urge to just fall asleep; I really wanted supper after having only a bagel and apple all day. That night our thoughts of climbing Castle Towers faded and we didn't set any alarm.

At 7 the next morning the sun shone straight into the tent. We stirred slowly and had some breakfast - not moving too fast-trying to assess the body's protests. Strangely, there didn't seem to be any. Well maybe we should try it. We left camp at 8:40 - rather leisurely. We seemed to be quite fast in spite of ourselves, dropping down to the pass and contouring around to the glacier on the NW face. Although the glacier looked very open and difficult we had quite good luck and two hours later we were at the first bergschrund. This was very long and forced me onto the rocks on the right (south) of the glacier. Keith had some problems with the heel-lift in his boots so we continued along the rocks to the gap and then scrambled up the standard route from the top of the ice slope. The day was absolutely clear and still. I have rarely enjoyed a summit more. Garibaldi Lake and the vista south to Mt. Garibaldi which tends to be avoided due to its popularity, looked no less than spectacular.

We left the summit at 4:30 and made a very fast descent to camp in two hours, packed up and were moving again in only minutes. In spite of our continued break-neck pace we were overtaken by darkness at the edge of the meadow and had to don headlights for the last two hours of descent. We were so tired when we arrived at the cablecar over the Cheakamus River we pulled in to the wrong side of the river first! We finally arrived at the cars at 11pm. Is this the stuff memories are made of?

Party - Keith Cover and Brian Gavin

Tenquille Lake Ski Camp, Christmas 1985

by Paul Kubik

Perhaps it was the two weeks of fog before Christmas or the shortage of snow which discouraged people from joining the annual year-end powder pig-out. With some trepidation I stepped out of the chopper onto Tenquille Lake and my legs disappeared up to the knees. Whew! at least I wouldn't be returning to work looking like I'd been pulverized by an ice scraper. Rosanne and I hauled the Christmas goodies to the cabin which looked like it was in pretty good shape for a public shelter. (Many thanks to the Pemberton people whose efforts are greatly appreciated by us). We spent the afternoon hauling water, cutting firewood and found time to ski and grab the best bunks. The others finally showed up around 7:30 after taking two wrong turns on the way up from the Hurley River road.

The next day a couple of summits on the south side were bagged by various members (Ho, Hum!). These were Copper Mound and Crown Mountain. We located some good bowls and carved a few tracks on the way down. It was back to the cabin for some home-cooking then out again for a ski under the full moon. We were joined in the evening by a couple of guys seeking a cure for low altitude sickness.

On the third day we skied up the north side to check out the country that way. We sought out some powder above Grizzly Pass then headed into the trees and a gully for a change of pace. Finally we groped our way out of the forest and got back to the cabin before the moon rose and made us crazy.

On the fourth day we returned to the powder bowls on the south side for some yo-yo skiing. We decided we had to leave the next day since the goodies were all eaten up. Philip and Helen stayed up for one more day.

Not a bad trip in retrospect. On the plus side - it was a short drive; the Hurley River road was plowed enabling us to drive as high as we wanted; I learned to ski with one pole. On the minus side - I busted a new pole and my brother snapped a foam-cored ski on the way down the trail.

Powder Pigs: Harold Rydell, Helen Row, Catherine Barass, Rosanne Konrad, Philip Kubik, Paul Kubik (Leader).

THE FUTURE

Some of us don't think about the future, others do. Some of those who do are concerned about the possible technological and social restrictions on the freedom we currently enjoy. This freedom we have in the mountains is something precious. It is an important part of the mountaineering experience but, as the following articles suggest, it is something that we may not always be able to take for granted. Be warned.

Hiking with big brother, 1990

By Thais K. Baer

Taken from Signpost, June 1985, a publication of the Washington Trails Association.

Our first hiking day in 1990 was a memorable one - I cried all the way up the Boston Basin Trail.

Why did I cry? It's difficult to point out any one reason . . . a mixture a fatigue, disappointment, anger and frustration, I guess. And sorrow.

Perhaps a sense of resignation set in after waiting three years to get a reservation to take the Boston Basin hike - one of our favorites in years past. After reading the lengthy Wilderness Regulations manual, we decided to take a cross-country route, in hopes of finding once again the serenity and peace of the American wilderness.

But resentment burned in my heart as we approached the trailhead parking ramp and Bill forked over \$34.80. The mandatory parking area seemed an unnecessary contrivance, although we felt assured to some degree by the well-lit, patrolled lot. Perhaps we would find our vehicle unmolested upon our return.

Perspiration trickled down my neck as we lugged our packs to the check-in area. Bill wore a grim look, his lips pressed tightly together, as if to hold inside all the things he would really like to say.

A ranger in a freshly-pressed tan shirt checked his watch as we joined the long line of hikers waiting for clearance to enter the Wilderness Area. The fact that we had squeaked into the check-in one minute before the 9am deadline seemed to reflect many of our recent relations with Wilderness Policy.

At last we reached the first desk in the check-in. An official took our trip reservation card and our backpackers' licenses and stuffed them into a green machine that made an ominous electronic hum. Within a minute we heard some clicking noises and two yellow lights flashed.

The screen squiggled the message we waited anxiously for: Clearance. The computer bank in Seattle had accepted our arrangements. Then the machine belched out a strip of orange plastic printed with a string of code numbers and symbols.

"Ten dollars, please." Uncle Sam's representative smiled and issued us a validation sticker. Here at last was our passport to the wilderness. In large black letters it said: NOTICE YOU ARE REQUIRED TO READ AND COMPLY WITH THE REGULATIONS REGARDING DISPLAY OF THIS PERMIT. SEE REVERSE SIDE.

On the back it read: PERMIT MUST APPEAR IN THE PERMIT WINDOW ON THE PARTY LEADER'S PACK WHILE TRAVELING OR IN DISPLAY WINDOW OF TENT DOOR IN CAMP. PERMIT MUST BE VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES.

HOLDER OF PERMIT AND THOSE UNDER HIS/HER JURISDICTION SUBJECT TO HARD CAMPING REGULATIONS. SEE PAGES 21A to 24A WILDERNESS USE REGULATIONS.

The first step after check-in was to pass the visual inspection. We were required to open our packs and remove the entire contents, placing them on the tables provided. An inspector fingered through our gear, looking for unapproved items: hatchets, saws, fire grates, tent pegs, radios, guns, soap, foil. We had to open our personal kits and show our officially-approved toothpaste.

Next we were required to show our bear-bag kit: regulation food sack, 10 meter wire cable, pulley and 15-metre length of forest-green nylon rope.

We were reminded also that each hiker is required to be in possession of a regulation trash bag, to be carried on the backpack or hung with the food bag - visible at all times.

Our tent passed the color requirement test: it must be "of suitable color, somber in tone, such that it is not visible at a distance of 1500 meters." Our tent - colored forest duff - was acceptable.

Our boot soles then came under scrutiny. The inspecting officer looked at our permit . . . standard 8mm lugs were approved for our proposed trip.

All trails are coded - Type 11, Type 21, or Type 31 - and permissible soles (smooth, striated, stippled) allowed on those trails: Soft Forest, Rocky Wooded, Boulder/Scree. Our intended route was classified Type 41: Mixed.

Then we were required to place our food bag into a large bin-like black cabinet called the Zetascope. This electronic sensing device detects the presence of illegal packaging materials: foil and metal, glass, non-biodegradable paper and plastic.

Any food items in such prohibited containers had to be turned over to the inspectors or the contents changed to approved containers. We seldom carry food in metal or glass anyway, but many others in line were caught with these forbidden items and were scurrying to make amends.

As I stood in line, waiting for the remainder of the inspection, I remembered the hassle of getting our backpacking licenses.

There were three classifications now: Novice, Intermediate, and Master. Bill and I were outraged when the official announcement first came. Licensed to go hiking? It seemed such an indecent requirement, wholly unsuited to the wilderness experience.

Although we fought it in our minds, we were forced to comply or else hang up our boots altogether. Had we been backpackers and mountaineers, lo! all these 40-some years to come to this? We sent for the application forms. Novice class is just as it sounds - people who are just beginning to backpack and hike. Before the licensing requirement became law, these were the people we would invite to go with us on various rambles, teaching them - as we went - the gentle art of wilderness travel. But not now.

They are required to comply with a set of rules as long as my arm - and pay the \$50 fee. They must pass a test in basic sanitation (Section 391.4), including the use of the Packa-Potti.

They must demonstrate proper use of the bear wire, the lighting of a gas-powered stove and pass a test of international symbols on trail markers.

Those with Novice class licenses are required to stay on officially-marked trails and are assigned Class A campsites - those equipped with Tuffa-Turf tent pads and cooking areas with bear wires already rigged. The Novice license and Novice trip permits are red.

Bill and I think it unfair for beginners to be categorized in such a blatant manner, but the Intermediate was little better - it cost the same but involved a lot more time.

Requirements for Intermediate status include passing a written exam on basic plant and animal ecology, fragile plant identification and the attendance of a four-hour seminar on Wilderness history and ethics. Intermediates are also required to stay on posted trail and are assigned campsites, but they are allowed the use of Class M sites - those without bear wires or Tuffa-Turf. They must erect their own bear wires and see that their tenting and cooking activities are on hard ground at least two meters from any vegetation. They are also required to use the Packa-Potti. Intermediate licenses and trip permits are yellow.

The requirements for Master status include: cross-country travel only, above 1500 meters elevation; must stay within assigned districts; group size of three or fewer; camping no closer than 1000 feet to any trail; bear-bagging in approved manner.

A Master must also post bond for rescue expenses or sign a waiver upon entry. Otherwise, a Master is left free to roam. A Master's license and trip permits are orange.

Another regulation involves mixed groups: the group must abide by the rules governing the lowest licensee, ie, if there is one Novice in a group of four Intermediates, they must all abide by Novice rules. Masters may not take an Intermediate or Novice cross-country.

After reading the stipulations for licensing backpackers, Bill and I decided to go for the top rating, the one with the fewest shackles. But fulfilling the stringent requirements for Master status took several days of our precious vacation time (as well as \$65 apiece), and we chafed under the jurisdiction of officials who were born twenty years after we started mountaineering in these hills.

But it was that or nothing.

We were required to show proof of hours spent (or else show up at official work sessions for 20 hours) dismantling fire rings, installing tent pads, bear wires and bulletin boards within an assigned area in the state where we were seeking licenses.

For us that involved several hours' travel to a distant district. Fortunately, we could give proof of previous volunteer trail work with our community outdoor club and had to spend only six hours on the state crew.

We also had to pass a written test including that for Intermediate status plus questions dealing with hard campsites, approved latrines and cross-country travel.

Fortunately, we were spared the inspection of the Packa-Potti setup (since we have Master status), but we did have to show our approved biodegradable toilet paper. Those with Novice or Intermediate ratings must satisfy the inspector that their appliance is charged with the proper quantity of chemical in accordance with code. Since we were Masters, our ice axes (with adzes and picks of approved design) filled the requirement. Those Masters who do not carry ice axes must have in their possession the official Wilderness Shovel for sanitary purposes.

As we stood in line, enduring the heat and slapping at mosquitoes, waiting for our inspection to be completed, we were handed a printed sheet listing current closures:

"No camping at Heart Lake. Closed for vegetative restoration.

"Entire Big Meadows closed to hiking and camping. Causeway construction in progress.

"No camping or hiking in Boulder Basin drainage. Nuisance bear transplant.

No trail travel beyond junction of Skyline Divide trail and Furmann trail. Bridge work and blasting under way.

As the final step in confirming our trip permit, we were issued a Location beeper, programmed for the route and travel time indicated on our permit. This beeper was to be kept with our party and in the transmit mode at all times.

Beepers such as this allow the ranger-scanners to locate the position and progress of every hiking party in the district. This gives them immediate knowledge of off-route parties and those who might deliberately infringe on Wilderness Regulations.

Failure to return the beeper within 24 hours of the termination of the trip results in automatic cancellation of the holder's license. By the time we finished with inspection, signed our rescue waivers, and the electric eye allowed through the exit gate to actually begin our hike, we felt terribly tired and thirsty.

The long morning of red tape caught up with me, and I cried. A quarter-mile up the trail we sat on rustic benches carved with ecology slogans and ate a light lunch, glad to be out in real wilderness once again.

Mt. Garibaldi - centennial ascent, 5 - 6 August, 2007

By Tim Kendrick

This prophetic article was taken from the B.C. Mountaineer of March 1973, and is a view of our "high-tech" future.

Although the weathercast had been computing August 6th as "sunny" for the previous three weeks, we had a disappointing turnout for the long-planned 100th anniversary of the first ascent of Mt. Garibaldi. This could have been due to the large number away at the Everest Summer Camp but, in view of two years of lobbying by some hard-working members to reserve a whole section (routes 3-28, S.E. Face) for the Club, it was hardly surprising that there were some raised eyebrows among the briefing officials when only 143 climbers checked in downtown at Federation Tower. Mind you, it would have been 144, but 2683 Willy Goy ran out of rope in the middle of Fraser Dam on his way in from Foley, arrived late, and forfeited his climb deposit!

After picking up robomaps and climbing permits, we passed the equipment inspection and boarded the Pemberton mono by 1500. The party was in high spirits. Older members had decided to make this an unofficial Club reunion and we were entertained all weekend by stories of "back in the '70's when women were women and men were lib." Over the Fifth Crossing, through the Blackmount Tunnel, round the Lions Bay slide, and soon we were removing masks and relaxing on the cable to the Diamond Head Woskon.

At the majority's urging the leader decided to cancel the official preclimb workout and we had the evening to ourselves. The Woskon has improved considerably under to new Comptroller and the outdoor exhibits were drawing large crowds. Under its protective dome, the Alpine Meadow in full bloom was well worth the admission fee, as was the tableau "The Last Alpine Club Members" (cryogenically preserved down to the last red hair of the dog's tail). The younger members were more entertained by the lectronic Whiskey Jacks realistically flitting from post to post. After first class synthosteaks in the Culbert Room we enjoyed by special arrangement, through the newly installed 3 meter Holoboxe, a feely retape of the old 3-D pornocast "Carry on Climbing" -- a real classic, but very tiring.

All too soon it was brownout, and after downing the last shot of tingle we curled up on the floormat of the main dorm. The only member who really had a rough night was 6834 Georg Ruffini who lost his credicard down the flushet and had to sleep outside in his inflatable pigloo -- but he managed to nixon a snack from the kitchen during the night.

Next morning we were up early and filled the first 10 mobiles to Ring Creek Terminus. Scrambling past the sooty remains of the Garibaldi Neve we were soon gazing at the sheer S.E. Face and reflecting how easy it must have been in the old days, when snow and ice reached almost to the summit. A.T. Dalton, leading the 1907 first ascent, recorded "Every step had to be cut" and ". . . we at last crawled up a ridge of soft, clean snow and found ourselves on the summit!"

The climb itself was a real mumford. The fourteen subleaders each pulled out 200 meters of spidon and climbed almost in unison, keeping contact with the trip leader and the climb Fedrep, Tom Ouram, by comset. Mostly they clipped on to Park aidposts, but 2934 "Pug" Loset, leading his dad and a line of other elderly climbers, got somewhat off route at one point and had to use a couple of bangpins, leaving clouds of smoke (and comment).

1100 saw our fearless subleaders on top, and the rest of us were soom clipping in power-jumars and rising up the Face. For once there were no breakdowns and by 1200 we had all had our climbing certificates 'putered and were enjoying the view from the summit. A brisk wind had cleared most of the dust from Port Barrett and we could see for several miles in some directions. Gaily coloured glidewings floated down from the school on the

Black tusk, and the small green patch of Squamish Tree Preserve stood out vividly a good five miles away against the brown hillside. Through a gap in the smog we even saw for a few

minutes the heap "Granola Hill" which started the usual round of "I was there the day after stories from those who had taken part of the mammoth rescue after Sky Pilot collapsed under the weight of a large North Shore Hikers party back in the '90's.

We were about to start down the main trail to Brohm Village when . . . surprise! The polished head of our oldest active member appeared over the edge of the North Wall! He was celebrating his 100th birthday by leading a party of comely liberettes on an unregistered climb, using nylon rope of all things, right up from the Garibaldi Lake Surfathon without power aids! He continues to scorn the new miniature equipment, claiming that it makes climbers soft -- and Paul may have a point.

From Brohm Village most members went straight back to town, but the "mature" group decided to wind up the day with a gourmet meal at the Lions Den and talk over old times. Present at the gathering that finally cabled down the West Lion were 4003-8 John, Barb, Zoya, Tanya, Jake and Jessica Metcalf, 0382 Irene Adam, 1384-5 Roy and Mary Yates, 0732 Susan Thompson and her daughters visiting from Brazil, 4082 Justin Trudeau, 0831 Joyce Strudwick, 0786-7 Fred and Clao Douglas 5673 Eco Smith, 0837 Ed Zenger and his wives, and newly-weds 0932-3 Ian and M'Gombu Turnbull, and of course, the weary trip leader.

We were debriefed before blackout time and parted in happy agreement that it's trips like this that make club membership well worth the new \$500.00 fee. See you next week at the tingle party (Meeting Friday 2030, Kafer Monument, Federation Plaza. Phone Fifi Feller (9872-40338). Limit 1500, so phone early! B.Y.O.T.).

2831 Bev Clayton (L)

(For the climb statistics and full list of participating members punch FEDSTAT 1317-2007 on your faxbox.)





