

# THE B.C. MOUNTAINEER



1988



JOURNAL OF THE B.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

VOLUME 59, 1988

ISSN 0045-2998

B.C. Mountaineering Club Executive

	1986-87	1987-88
Honorary President	Paul Binkert	Paul Binkert
President	Brian Gavin	Brian Gavin
Vice-President	Robbie Roe	Rosanne Konrad
Secretary	Rene Torn	Miriam Soet
Treasurer	Sev Heiberg	Sev Heiberg
Climbing	Brian Waddington	Russ Fretenburg
Membership	Harold Rydell	Harold Rydell
Camp	Brian Gavin	Einar Hansen
Social	Mark Force	Debbie Caldwell
Conservation	vacant	Paul Kubik
Cabin	Pat Crean	Pat Crean
Editor	Michael Feller	Michael Feller

PHOTOS

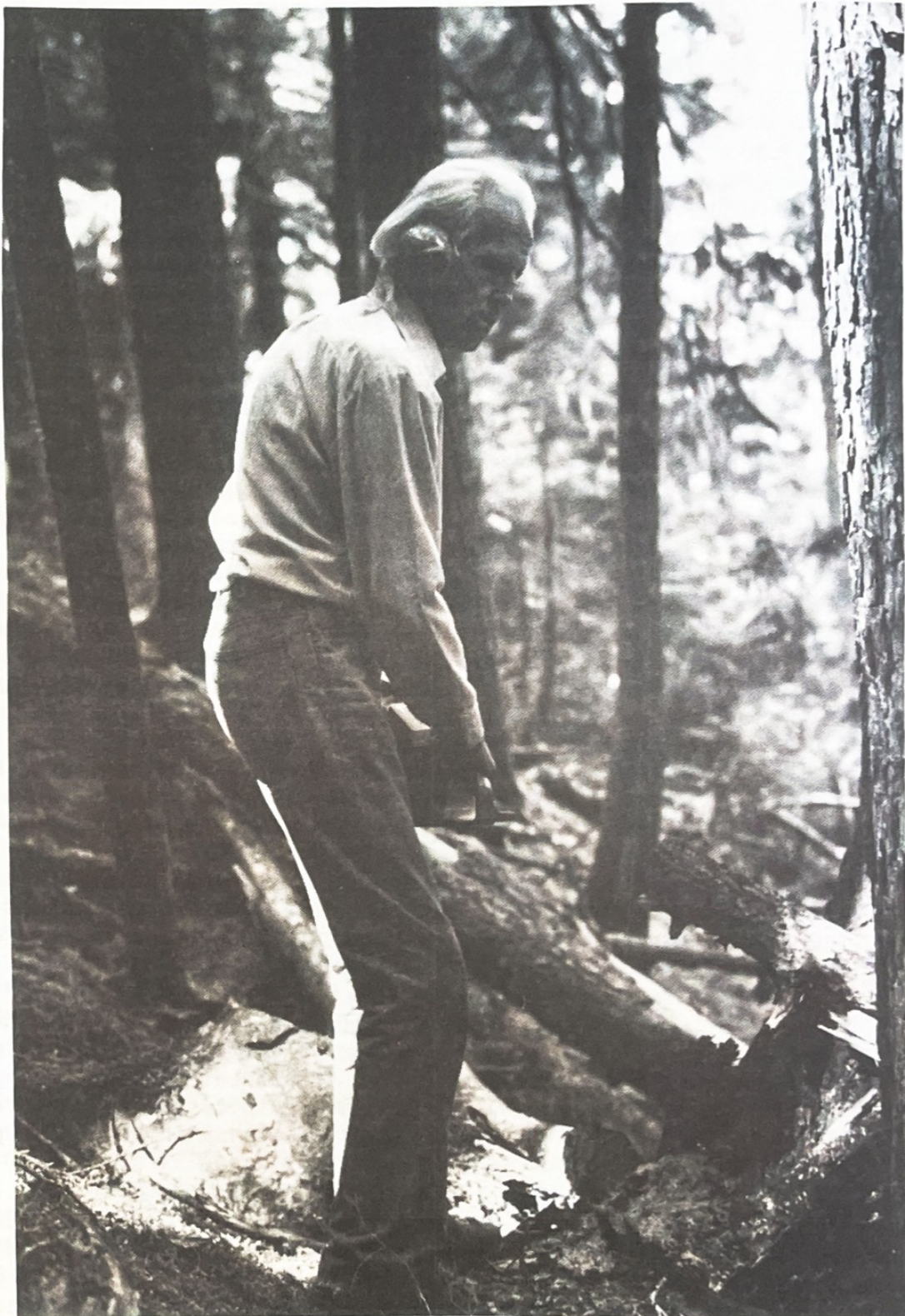
- Front Cover: Peter Gumplinger looks back towards Mt. Garibaldi from beneath Mt. Carr. Photo - S. Grant.
- Inside front cover: Steve Grant skiing near the Place Glacier with Mt. Saxifrage behind. Photo - B. Waddington.
- Inside back cover: On the NE face of Mt. Redoubt, with Mt. Spikard behind. Photo - B. Gavin.
- Back cover: Paul Kubik jumping a crevasse, Tchaikazan camp 1986. Photo - G. Marcuse.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

MOUNTAINEERING	Page
- The history of the North Creek cabin, by Pat Crean and George Hamilton . . .	2
- Coast Mountain odyssey - Princess Louisa Inlet to Taseko Lake, by Peter Rowat . . . . .	8
- Bridge-Lilloet divide, by Steve Grant . . . . .	21
- Tchaikazan valley summer camp, 1986	
- the approach, by Rosanne Konrad . . . . .	24
- camp summary, by Paul Kubik . . . . .	25
- Mt. Chapman, by Brian Waddington . . . . .	33
- New routes in the high country, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	34
- Needle Peak traverse, Coquihalla 1986, by Karl Ricker . . . . .	36
- North Creek Christmas trip, 1986, by Steve Grant . . . . .	37
- Garibaldi Neve traverse, by Gavin Thurston . . . . .	42
- Spearhead traverse, by Frank Baumann . . . . .	43
- Lord Glacier spring ski camp, by Michael Feller . . . . .	44
- Wells Gray Park area ski camp, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	47
- A ski trip from Geneve, Switzerland, by Erich Hinze . . . . .	49
- Mount Rainier, by Larry Emrick . . . . .	50
- Premier Range summer camp, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	51
- The Goddard historical expedition, Chilko Lake area, by Robin Tivy . . . . .	55
- Mt. Howard-first ascent of the north ridge, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	71
- Tantalus Range summer camp, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	73
- Mt. Baker north face routes, by Brian Gavin . . . . .	79
<b>MOUNTAIN SCIENCE</b>	
- A recent advance of the Overlord Glacier, by Karl Ricker and W.A. Tupper . . .	84



**DEDICATION** - This issue is dedicated to the club's Honorary President, Paul Binkert, who continues as an inspiration to all of us.



Paul Binkert working on the North Creek trail. Photo - M. Feller.



Ed Zenger cutting the North Creek trail through slide alder. Photo - M. Feller.



The cabin frame goes up. Photo - P. Crean.

place, the two foundation beams leveled up, and all floor joists placed and nailed. The crew of eight (including "Chairman of the Board" Pat Crean and "Chief Executive Officer" Howie Rode) settles down to cook dinner and prepare for the night.

Monday, September 1 - Brief rain showers last night. An overcast morning. Before 6:00 a.m. the crackling sounds of a wood-fire are heard coming from Howie's patented "tin can stove" (if it isn't patented it should be). Crew emerges from sacks and by 7:00 a.m. all are more or less awake, breakfasted and at work. The first problem is to try to make sense of cryptic markings apparently intended to facilitate matching laminated gothic arch beams with certain pre-drilled floor joists. Despite a certain amount of theorizing and ad hoc consultation the code is never really cracked. A "to hell with the torpedos" attitude prevails and by 10:00 a.m., with alignment persuaded by sledgehammer where necessary, all four arch ribs are bolted together, hoisted upright and secured with temporary bracing. By noon the T&G plywood flooring is all in place and nailed to the joists. During lunch the sun appears.

When construction stops at 6:55 p.m. the prefabricated end panels have been lifted into place and stitched back together, the roof ridge-beam inserted, and T&G decking nailed half-way up both walls. Energetic digging by Jack and Gerard has completed the biffy excavation.

After dinner there isn't much on television so around 9:00 p.m. the crew retires to listen to the roar of nearby North Creek, a moderate translucent grayish stream in the cool of morning but by late afternoon a muddy, raging torrent.

Tuesday, September 2 - Again a few brief overnight showers and morning cloud giving way to sunshine before noon - accompanied today by black flies.

11:50 a.m.: The West wall/roof is completely decked, roof paper applied and the first sheet of galvanized steel nailed in place. East side T&G decking 2/3 complete. Before breaking for lunch Ed and Howie position the sheet-metal chimney in the centre of the roof ridge. After midday comestibles, Ed begins a solitary hike-out to his car hoping not to run afoul of a large grizzly observed near the trail on one of Eldon's helicopter passes. Howie convinces Sev to stay another day by agreeing to share a dinner potato with him (the hot rum supplies which Jack had the foresight to bring may also have been a (factor)).

6:30 p.m.: Galvanized steel sheeting is complete on the West side. East side decking is near the ridge-beam. A start has been made in applying T&G decking for the second floor sleeping loft.

Wednesday, September 3 - 6:10 a.m.: Morning quiet is ruptured by a shrill blast from Howie's police whistle followed by a high-pitched, abrasive howl like a wounded baboon in heat. Thus the C.E.O. reminds us that it's time to rise and shine. After breakfast Gerard sets out for a hiking tour of the ridges and crags North of camp. The balance of the labour force is soon back at the hammer and saw routine. At 10:00 a.m. a bulletin from Jack advises that the biffy is complete and open for business - or should that be closed for business?

Placement of galvanized cladding on the East side gives rise to a spirited debate of alignment procedural theory between the Chairman and the C.E.O.; nevertheless, by noon most of the cladding has been applied and the T&G roof decking is being trimmed pre-



The roof is almost on. Photo - P. Crean.



Some of the cabin builders (from left to right - George Hamilton, Jack Apps, Howard Rode, and Pat Crean) relax after finishing the exterior. Photo - W. Saunders.

paratory to the installation of the final sheet. After lunch Sev and John shoulder packs and commence the walk-out along the trail which Howie swears he will never hike again (refer Howie for details).

2:45 p.m.: The last sheet of galvanized steel is in place. The roof is complete. Windows are being installed and T&G decking of the loft floor is 50% complete. This afternoon the river is higher and muddier than ever. By supper Gerard is back from his upland foray with tales of mountain goats, alive and dead. By 11:55 p.m. the camp is quiet. The air is mild. The milky way arches overhead.

Thursday, September 4 - Most of the crew sleeps in to 6:45. Breakfast over, Gerard begins the hike-out to his car while the remaining four laborers/executives, in consideration of the completed roof and the sunny morning, set out with intent to explore the route to Hurley River headwaters. After an hour or so scrambling through bush and boulders Jack decides to re-cross the river on the mud-caked ice bridge and head back to camp. Howie, Pat and George continue scrambling up brushy, rocky slopes, following goat tracks and by early afternoon breaking out near the summit of a heathery ridge, whence expansive views: Boomerang Glacier and the Hurley Headwaters (site of 1982 B.C.M.C. summer camp). A doze in the sun and/or a stroll to the ridge crest from which, to the north, a broad ice-field slopes away gently to the head of Pebble Creek, and northeastwards Mt. Thiassi upthrusts against sky. But now down the heather to the valley and into a horror show of blueberry, salmonberry and slide alder before reaching the moraine, recrossing the ice bridge and boulder-hopping back to camp where Jack and Wayne Saunders (Wayne hiked in this morning) have virtually completed installation of the loft flooring.

Friday, September 5 - Again clear skies. By 6:30 the labour force is still largely sacked out. Indicative of eroding discipline? Nevertheless, momentum is generated, and by "tools down" time at 6:15 p.m. the following has been accomplished: the stove heaved into place; protective coating (i.e., paint) applied to exterior of the plywood end panels; all windows installed; fibre glass insulation affixed to cabin end interiors; interior plywood "panelling" covering insulation more than 50% complete; front porch installed and steps constructed; and a supply of firewood bucked.

Saturday, September 6 - 6:25 a.m.: clear and cooler. The final full day of construction activity commences. Window sills installed. Interior panelling finished. Final stove pipe adjustments. Door installed. Kitchen counters, sink (minus drain pipe) in place. Porch rail. Sweep-up. Chairs and tables carried in. Chopper landing area enhanced.

4:40 p.m.: Project essentially complete, a 5 x 6 m gothic arch beauty! Initial fire-up of stove provides an opportunity to use up the last of Jack's hot rum supplies. Chairman of the Board Pat produces wine (Fontana di Papa) and Macadamia nuts, adding a touch of class to the official completion ceremonies which fortunately do not feature a speech. Thunder at midnight is thought not to be coincidental.

Sunday, September 7 - Final site tidy-up while waiting for Eldon's 500D to appear (somewhat after the scheduled 9:00 a.m. hour). Last act: Pat rolls a coat of paint on the main floor. Eldon arrives and we depart. The cabin stands resplendent in its lonely corner of the forest.

Hut builders: Jack and Irene Apps, Juri Borksy, Gerard Clement, Pat Crean, Larry Emrick, John Halliday, George Hamilton, Sev Heiberg, Doug Herchmer, Hugh Kellas, Karl Ricker, Howard Rode, Wayne Saunders, Frank Ward and Ed Zenger.

Pat concludes:

The final work party for 1986 took place on the long week-end of November 9-11 when Michael Feller, Steve Grant and I were able to drive with a 4x4 almost to the end of the logging road. The weather was well below freezing and sunny, the ground frozen and the underbrush all gone. A most enjoyable hike of 3+ hours (believe me, Howard) saw us into the cabin. The week-end was taken up with caulking seams, putting finishing touches to the eaves, making and installing shutters and spiking cross-bracing between the footings to prevent the hut from teetering off its perch. With the wood-stove blazing away, we found the atmosphere inside very snug, despite the -8°C temperature and the fresh fall of snow outside. Hiking out in the sun on a few centimetres of fresh snow was so much more pleasant than fighting the nettles and bugs of summer. But don't let that deter you from turning out and working on the trail.

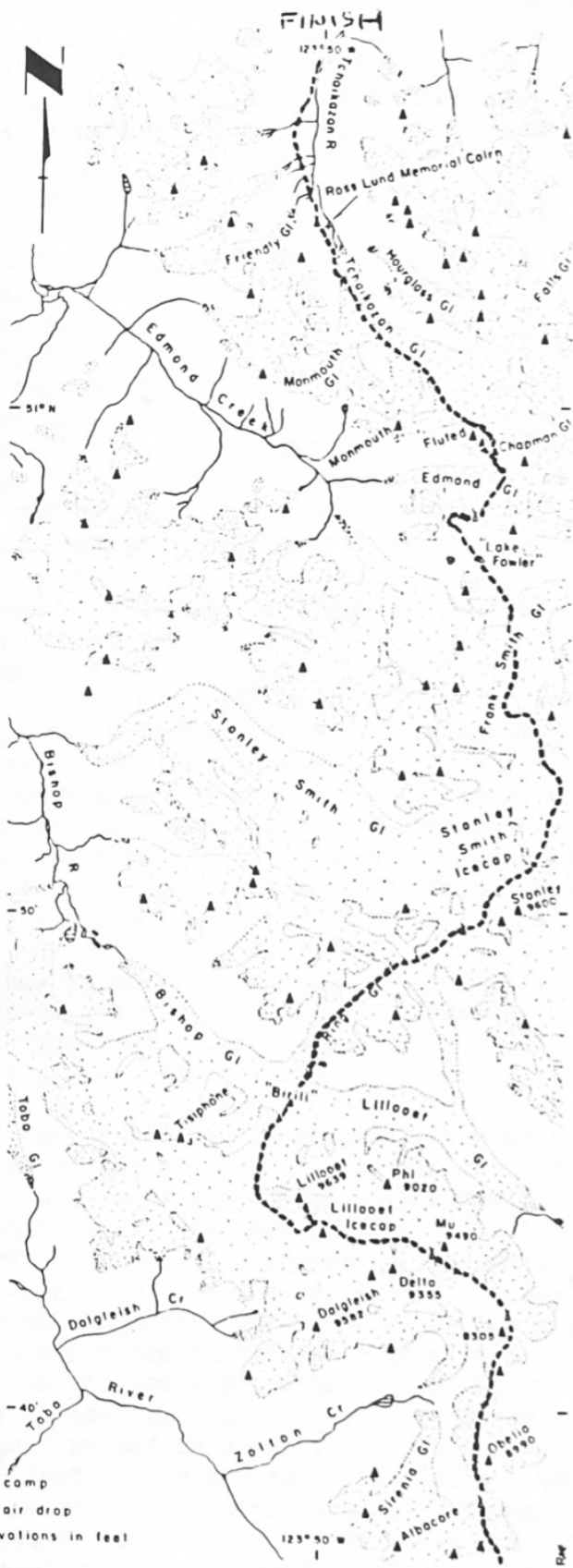
**COAST MOUNTAIN ODYSSEY - A SOLO SKI EXPEDITION FROM  
PRINCESS LOUISA INLET TO TASEKO LAKE, May - June, 1986**

by Peter Rowat

I had long harboured a dream: to traverse through the Coast Range from Pacific Ocean to Interior Plateau on skis, taking in the finest powder and climbing the finest peaks. Ever since arriving in British Columbia it had seemed obvious to me that the best way to travel in the Coast Range was in winter on skis, when the bush was blanketed in snow and the peaks easy of access with magnificent powder runs on the descent. In 1983 I had climbed Mt. Monmouth from the north and gazed south over an ocean of peaks diminishing in the distance towards Pemberton and Whistler; I was sorely tempted to keep heading south but reluctantly turned my back and returned to our family camp in the beautiful Tchaikazan valley. It had finally sunk into me just how short it really was between Pemberton and the interior plateau. My chance came in spring 1986, when I had the time available. I had arranged with Andrew Wilkins to go with me but he dropped out due to knee problems. I tried to find another partner at short notice, without success. I talked to John Clarke, and finally I decided to go solo. I had never done such a long trip before, and I had never gone solo in the mountains for such a prolonged period. I was scared by my decision.

With advice from John Clarke I picked a line starting from Princess Louisa inlet, heading roughly due north to the Tchaikazan valley. The line takes in: Mount Tinniswood country; Clendenning glacier country; Elaho Icecap; Manatee Range; Stanley Smith Icecap; Lillooet Icecap; and the Tchaikazan glacier. I went south to north rather than the usual north to south, for several reasons. The Tchaikazan valley was familiar and would be an easy exit (I was suspicious of Loquilts Creek at the head of Princess Louisa, correctly as it turned out); I did not want to be coming out in unfamiliar coastal bush terrain; the skiing conditions are usually better and safer on north-facing slopes; and the sun isn't in your eyes.

In the first week of May I got my gear together and Nona packed four ample food boxes for helicopter drops. At the last minute friends persuaded me to purchase an ELT, a



hi-tech wonder the size and weight of 500g of butter, that would enable me to summon help in an emergency - if I was still conscious. Nona drove me and my gear to Eldon Talbot's helicopter pad in Pemberton Meadows, and I set up camp in his hangar on Sunday. The weather was very bad, the usual heavy rain, but on Tuesday night the sky cleared dramatically and the stars were twinkling in anticipation. At 6:00 am I phoned my acceptance of a teaching position for September, and at 6:16 am on Wednesday 14 May, after a cup of tea with Eldon's wife Ruth, Eldon and I took off! Up into a brilliantly clear and cloudless and seemingly rarified atmosphere surrounding the Coast Range. All peaks were heavily plastered with snow, of course. We choppered the full length of the Lillooet valley, past stately Bridge Peak, and set up the first food box at the high point of the Stanley Smith icefield, circa 2800 m. This was the most northerly box, last in my sequence and still there, unless bear or wolverine have found it. Then we sped south, skirting the Wahoo Tower while I frantically snapped away at its prominent north buttress, and set up another box on the wide Remora Pass in the Manatee Range; another one on Clendenning glacier; one last box at 1600 m high on the north side of Loquilts Creek, just south of the Bon-bon glacier; and finally Eldon dropped down, down, down, as into the bowels of the earth, and left me alone with my pack and skis on a tiny foreshore meadow at the head of Princess Louisa Inlet.

I was surrounded by typical "stupendous scenery" of the Coast Range. Enormous cliffs rose around me. From the air I had seen that Loquilts creek was full of bush and slabs and smaller cliffs and side creeks, with a major recently formed area of marsh blocking the north side of the main valley (thanks to poor logging practices); but it was only now sinking into my dulled brain just how bad it was. The roar of Chatterbox falls filled my ears, drowning out the occasional roar of avalanches coming down the cliffs. It was hard to believe I'd started. I was overcome by the wild beauty of my surroundings, yet at the same time full of doubt about whether I could complete such a trip on my own. How would I survive three weeks totally alone? Maybe I'd go crazy. Maybe I'd have to retreat after the first few days. The northern half of my route had been done before, but not the southern half, and I was doubtful about several critical sections of this, even after looking at the aerial photographs. However, technical difficulties did not worry me so much as whether I had the physical and psychological strength to handle the journey. John's words of advice stayed with me: "Hold back a little, don't push yourself"; and for myself I knew that, at all times, I had to be prudent. I couldn't ever knowingly take a risk; I was on my own.

Swallows were flitting about, bufflehead ducks were paddling on the water, and the sun felt warm. It was hard to believe that soon I'd be up in snowy wastes so close and yet so different from here. The first crux of my trip was simply getting out of Loquilts creek and I had some directions from Paul and Marilyn Starr who described a trail "going up the creek". I found the trail but was dismayed to find that it did not ascend the main creek but went up a small creek on the south side of Loquilts whereas I wanted to be on the north side of the main creek. After passing the tea-house, an old trapper's cabin at about 550 m, I ascended another 150 m then tried to contour round to the north side, but instead was forced down by a line of 100 m cliffs. Rather dejected, I camped in the middle of the valley not far from the main creek. In the morning I explored the main valley without my pack. The south side was barred by a continuation of the cliffs that had forced me down yesterday, so I crossed the main creek below a waterfall and tried to force a way up. The going was strenuous through heavy bush, large boulders, and blowdowns: too strenuous for me to handle with my pack and skis unless I wanted to spend my whole summer fighting the Loquilts creek bush! That wasn't what I was here for - I had to admit defeat. I packed up

camp and had a hot and tiresome descent back to Princess Louisa inlet. The blue jays seemed to be laughing at me. At least twice I threw my skis down a cliff, lowered my pack and then myself. My nose began to bleed and I lay on my back in the sun until it stopped. Back at the inlet, I was surprised to see a yacht tied up at the jetty, and the boat's occupants were equally surprised to see me lumbering out of the bush with skis on my back and ski-boots on my feet! I quickly made friends and enjoyed beer and supper on board.

It rained for the next five days. I lived in the large open-sided "picnic house", watched Chatterbox falls grow in size every hour, and made friends with the various yachtsmen who came and went. In fact it was essential to make friends because I had only packed 2 days food to reach my first foodbox. Also, I was concerned that with the new snow up high I might not find my first box so I was holding back a small amount of food as "iron rations" for retreat in that eventuality. I read "The Curve of Time" by M. Wylie Blanchet and memorized her description of a hike up to the high country above Princess Louisa Inlet. one day I went fishing with yachtsmen George and Evelyn and we briefly stopped at Malibu at the entrance to the inlet. There I met Peter Talbot for five minutes as he was getting on a plane. He had been a park warden in past summers at the head of the inlet and gave me some crucial directions how to get out of Loquilts to the north side of the creek. That very evening the weather began to clear, and I was too psyched up to wait for morning. I set off up the trail in the twilight and camped in pitch darkness just a few minutes below the teahouse.

In the morning I crossed under the waterfall next to the teahouse, climbed the "chimneys" higher up, and donned my skis - at last - at about 1000 m. I reached an area of huge boulders leading up to a big wall, just as Peter Talbot had described it. It was slow going through the boulders; then I had to angle up and left to gain a narrow gully on the lefthand side. Looking across the wall to the right, I could see an obvious steep granite ramp through the forest, locally known as "Hastings Street" - as Wylie Blanchet wrote:

"Then suddenly, in the midst of the tall mountains, we came out on an almost civilized highway - a strip of smooth red granite stretching up at a forty-five degree angle. It was perhaps thirty feet wide..."

I felt a certain kinship with her and her young family exploring the coast back in the 1920's.

I gained the gully and then the ridge at its top and continued up to a point where I could see my way down to Sun lake. I purposely went a bit high so I would be sure to get a run down. A short snow squall provided a welcome excuse for a brew of soup in the shelter of a tree. Suitably rested, I had my first taste of Coast Range powder as I skied down through bluffs to the lake. "Cliffs everywhere", as I noted in my diary. The way out of this spot was steep and probably dangerous in the afternoon sun, so I stopped here for the night and instead enjoyed myself with the problem of getting water out of an open stream from the top of 10 m thick snowbanks. I was jubilant - I had completed the first real day of my trip!

Next morning the weather had socked in. However, it began to clear after lunch so in ragged cloud I set off up the steep exit from Sun lake, nearly fell in a large tree hole in the process, and gained the high point between Sun and the Contact Lakes. I made a few powder turns on the way down, crossed the first Contact Lake and camped by



Clendenning glacier with frozen Clendenning lake in foreground. Photo - P. Rowat.

the second Contact Lake. The weather cleared, revealing a magnificent scene.

Next day was a day of flat light; I was very glad to have a pair of yellow-tinted glasses as well as dark ones. These glasses also doubled as a lens filter. The continuation along the ridge from my position involved two very steep steps, too steep and hard for me to risk on skis, so both times I strapped my skis and poles on my back and ice-climbed, using my axe to cut footholds. I would have used crampons if I'd had them but they were at the first food box that I was still trying to reach. One section of the ridge was gently rolling downhill terrain but due to the flat light I could hardly tell where I was going or whether I was going uphill or downhill; like in an elevator, I relied on the feelings in my stomach to know whether I was moving with or against gravity. After a gentle uphill section I finally reached the last high point of the ridge, from which I could just discern a small black speck a long way over and down from my present position. Was that my box? I would soon know. I was on a high knoll that terminated the ridge, and the only exit that I could find in the direction that I wanted to go required a little jump over a small corniced bergschrund. With some trepidation I took the jump then made a dozen or more turns in good snow with my pack on. Yahoo! I had to stop and snap those turns to show my skiing friends! I was now on the foot of the Bon-bon glacier and after a long gentle ascent I dropped my pack near its head. I retrieved my foodbox and set up camp. I was so used to a starvation diet and my stomach had shrunk so much that I could hardly eat anything; in fact I was nauseous after my first bite of real food in many days. Now I didn't mind if the weather socked in again, which it promptly did!!

Thick cloud and rain held sway for the next three days. I began to wonder if I would finish the trip before the summer was over. I read, meditated, and learned the art of waiting. I broke trail towards Bon-bon mountain one day in light mist and was

followed by some snow sparrows. A low steady roar from the depths of Loquilts creek grew daily louder, and when up on the Bon-bon ridge I could hear a different roar, the roar of Hunaechin creek's east fork. All the creeks in the Coast Range must have been in spate now, each with its own individual roar. I had no watch with me and relied on sun height and compass to give some idea of time. But in these conditions there was no sun, and I was curious to see how my biological clock would function - not very well as it turned out. I woke once in the middle of the night thinking it was dawn and another time I ate supper when it must have been close to midnight. One day I played with the idea of moving even in these bad conditions: I carefully measured my stride, calculated how many strides to the kilometre, etc., and laboriously marked off stride counts and compass bearings on the map. I even started off once in this way but quickly acceded to the foolishness of the idea - for instance I might end up camping in some ridiculously exposed position - and returned to my cosy campsite.

On the fourth evening there was a slight clearing, the temperature dropped, and a "red sky at night" was my delight. I prayed for good weather. During the night I looked out at a clear moonlit sky above me. Surrounding me, in all directions, a sea of dense moon-reflecting clouds filled all the valleys almost to the brim, as if the tide was in. In the morning the same conditions held so, at my campsite above the clouds, I spread out my slightly soggy gear to dry in the first sun in almost a week, and set off as soon as I could.

I skied up a ramp above my camp-site onto the south-west ridge of Bon-bon and soon angled north towards the almost level summit ridge. This connects Pk. 2090 m with the main, unmarked, summit of Bon-bon which is about 30 m higher and almost 1 1/2 km east-south-east of Pk. 2090. Once on the ridge I drank in the views around me like a drunkard getting back on the bottle. By now the sun had done its work and burnt off all the valley-filling cloud. Everywhere I looked was a visual feast: granite walls and slabs and faces were everywhere; I looked to one side and saw a creek with numberless waterfalls dropping like slender veils over big granite faces that extended up and down its sides, I looked to the other and saw a creek whose sides consisted entirely of avalanche tracks, several of them blocking or bridging the main creek. Another had a wide flat bottom with bear tracks in the snow. Avalanche tracks were everywhere, and the backdrop to this wild scene was the Sims creek peaks to the north east on one side and the jagged Hunaechin peaks to the west on the other. I bounced down the northwest ridge of Bon-bon on deep soft snow, avoiding frequent vertical drop-offs on the west side and stopping often to drink more of the view. At one point the snow was getting dangerously soft, collapsing under my skis, so I took them off and gingerly kicked big steps down the edge of a large area of sun-warmed, steep soft snow. I was rapidly descending to "Casement Pass" that connects the east fork of the Hunaechin with a west tributary of Sims creek. I had considered this to be another crux, since it was likely to be swept by avalanches, and there was no obvious way to avoid the danger zones. The col itself was wide and flat, traversed by several sets of bear tracks going from the Hunaechin watershed into the Sims creek watershed. Such tracks were to be a frequent sight on my journey. The col also had two or three piles of avalanche runout debris disturbing the angled edges of its flatness, which the bears had walked straight across. Except, that is, for one bear, more circumspect than the others, who had daintily detoured around the lower edges of each pile of avalanche debris.

The way ahead from Casement col looked terrible. All the visible slopes of Casement mountain consisted entirely of steep rocky bluffs or avalanche tracks, and the slopes

below the col on the north east side were obliterated by more avalanche tracks. At first I thought I should wait for the lower night temperatures to proceed. But then I realized: **There are no avalanches falling!** The first rule of avalanche forecasting is to observe what is happening around you. If there are no natural avalanches falling it is a good bet that you are perfectly safe, however bad the snow may seem at close quarters! The warm temperatures and rain of the previous weeks were now to my advantage: all avalanches that were ever going to run had already fallen, and in fact the place was literally as safe as a house! To reassure myself I sat and watched while I ate a leisurely snack: I saw no avalanche activity, even in the middle of a warm afternoon. I dropped off the edge of the col onto its track up north east slopes, traversed beneath the lowest bluffs of Casement and worked round into a small valley at the base of the glacier that flows down the south side of Mount Tinniswood. I went a short distance up the valley and camped on a prominent knoll.

Next morning the weather was still clear, good conditions for my first solo climb of an icefall. The bottom icefall turned out to be very easy, though there was a section at the beginning when I was forced to traverse beneath some threatening seracs on Casement. I crossed the intermediate plateau and took the second icefall, steeper and more broken than the first, on an ill-defined ramp rising from left to right. The upper icefall was also quite safe going. I saw some snow moths and noticed a few ice-worms here. I rested directly below the summit of Mount Tinniswood, 450 m above me. I was pleasantly surprised to find that I arrived on the upper plateau by mid-morning. Now that the sun was out, I could tell the time reasonably well. Time enough for a climb!

One of my objectives was to climb at least one major peak in each range that I crossed, so naturally Tinniswood was my first objective. It was also important to climb Tinniswood for reconnaissance purposes. The north side of the Tinniswood massif forms a steep barrier, the "Tinniswood wall" as I call it, blocking any north-south traverse. It is 7-8 km wide, around 600 m high, and I had to descend it. (The real altitudes may be greater since the map seems to be inaccurate around Tinniswood.) On the aerial photographs I had spotted a potential route more or less straight down the north shoulder of Mount George Edwards, but the bottom of it was obscured in the photographs, possibly by overhanging cliffs, and I could not determine whether the route went through. So I was particularly keen to get a view of this.

The climb of Tinniswood was quite easy. I diagonalled onto the south east ridge and ascended this until the angle got too steep for comfort at which point I stashed my skis by some rocks, scrambled up these, and kicked steps to the summit (c. 2600 m). I lingered on the summit, absorbing the fantastic panorama of the Coast Range spread out before me. At closer quarters, I could see most of my proposed descent route except for the crucial bottom section which was unfortunately obscured by Tinniswood's west shoulder; but I was encouraged enough by what I saw to try that as my first choice. I also noticed, about 4 km north of me, near the snout of the Tinniswood glacier but on the far (west) side of it, a waterfall and a cloud of spray with a rainbow in it. This had to be the point where the "Glomach glacier" turns off from the main Tinniswood glacier and winds up towards Blumlisalp Mountain - part of my planned route. The waterfall producing the spray had to be pretty big for it and its spray to be visible from a distance of 4 km. I glissaded down to my skis and savoured the rare delight of free skiing without a pack, in good snow conditions.

I planned to traverse over to the top of my descent route and camp, ready to descend in the early morning when conditions were safest. I contoured the north slopes of a twin summited peak, 1.5 km. south west of Tinniswood. onto the western extension of the Tinniswood ice-field, then continued across this flat snow desert at 2100 m and climbed gentle slopes to the north east summit of Mount George Edward. Before setting up camp I aired my boots and brewed up hot soup. The sun was low and the snow was hardening and setting up. The conditions were perfect. Why not descend now instead of the morning?

Six hundred metres below me was "Inaccessible Pass", connecting Tinniswood glacier to "Inaccessible Valley". The ever-steepening convex slope meant that at no time could I ever see more than a hundred metres or so directly below me, and Inaccessible Pass itself never came into view until I was just 60 m above it. I began by making a few turns but then regressed to making long traverses and kick turns. There were quite a few crevasses but not many of them were open. At the end of each traverse right, where the slope began to steepen drastically, I paused to admire the icecliffs and seracs where the north edge of the Tinniswood Icefield tumbles 400 m to the Tinniswood glacier; and in these positions I was uncomfortably aware that large cliffs must be hidden below me. At the end of each traverse left I saw how the gentle upper north west slopes of Mount George Edwards terminated in rock walls disappearing into Inaccessible Valley. Occasionally the east end of "Inaccessible Lake" was visible. This small lake, frozen of course, was hemmed in on all sides except the east by 300 m walls and must be impossible to pass in summer. Yet there were bear tracks along the bottom of the upper Inaccessible Valley! When I did finally see the pass I saw that, in addition, cliffs just west of the pass barred any direct access to the upper valley. However, a small ledge system extended west onto the valley's north slopes, marked by the ubiquitous bear tracks.

While descending this slope I never knew whether I would be able to get off it onto the Tinniswood glacier. At the very bottom of the shoulder I arrived at a level spot 60 m directly above the pass but I couldn't descend any further because of cliffs. A high-angled ramp led diagonally down and right above the cliffs and disappeared. I carefully began to descend it. Thirty metres down, the ramp opened out onto a wide steep snow face with, at its base, a narrow passage through a band of rock onto the upper slopes of the glacier. I was through! The low-angled sun cast my tall, slender shadow far across the steep secret snow face. What relief and happiness - I had passed the major obstacle of my traverse.

The upper Tinniswood glacier is a spectacular place. It is fed by ice avalanches calved off the ice-cliffs of the Tinniswood plateau and hemmed in on the east side by the 750 m west buttress of Mount Tinniswood; just around the corner from the buttress is Mount Tinniswood's north face, 1100 m in all when you include the icefall from its base down to the Tinniswood glacier, which I had peered down from the summit earlier that day. It is hemmed in on the west side by more 600 m walls, not as ferocious-looking as the east side. Inaccessible Pass in the south-west bay provides an escape from the Tinniswood glacier, but leads only to the impassable Inaccessible Valley. (In August, when, for our annual family trek, we repeated the first quarter of my route in reverse, I found that Inaccessible Pass is a delightful place with a small tarn and with heathery slopes on either side. It was an easy scramble up steep rock and heather slopes to the level spot on top of a rock buttress where I was stymied in the spring.) The north west slopes of the north east ridge that extends from the summit of Mt. Tinniswood out to Pk. 2288 m are heavily glaciated and are mixed with



Mt. Tinniswood from the south (in summer). Photo - P. Rowat.

large rocky buttresses in the lower sections; it would have been difficult but not impossible to find a route down them.

I skied down my steep secret slope, through the passage in the rock band and reached the glacier proper. I stopped to examine some huge ice blocks at the end of some avalanche debris that had extended curiously far out onto the level upper glacier. While resting here I suddenly became aware that there were ice-worms all over the ice-blocks. I looked around at the snow surface and saw ice-worms everywhere, millions of them! The worms were about 2 cm long, thin, black and wriggling. Every square cm of snow or ice surface had a wriggling ice-worm. I had never seen anything like it - was I hallucinating? I began to have an eerie feeling that I did not like; I wanted to leave. The huge walls rising around me and keeping out the light, the billions of wriggling ice-worms wherever I looked, and the utter remoteness of my situation taken all together they were beginning to affect me. I pointed my skis straight down glacier and poled along. My skis became coated in a thick black layer of mashed up iceworms (like mashed up rotten bananas), and I began to imagine the nightmare of living on ice-worm soup for the remainder of the trip. Three kilometres down the glacier there is a steep 400 m gully, the only break in the north side walls. Out of this many avalanches had issued, most of them coming to rest where the slope's

angle was 10°-20°, the usual angle of repose for wet-snow avalanches. The most recent one, however, had travelled far beyond the others and its tip had come to rest several hundred metres out in the middle of a completely flat section of glacier. A very uniform, long, narrow, 2 m high pile of avalanche debris, like a man-made dyke, extended from the avalanche tip back into the base of the gully. This provided a ready-built wind wall so I camped in its lee. With some difficulty, I obtained some relatively worm-free snow and had soup with only half-a-dozen ice-worms for extra protein. (The new "alternative" source of protein for B.C.?)

I was curious about the two extra-long avalanche run-outs I had seen. I conjectured that the recent heavy rain and warm temperatures had resulted in conditions such that a watery, frictionless boundary layer formed between the surface of the glacier and the moving mass of snow avalanche debris. Perhaps the main avalanche mass, once in motion, compresses and then exudes water which forms a lubricating boundary layer.

The next morning I slept in and the sun was bright when I poked my head out. The glacier was unexpectedly white, not dull gray. Why? All the ice-worms had disappeared! I dug a hole 2 m deep in the snow but never saw a single ice-worm. A mystery. Presumably they must have been there, only deeper than I had dug.

After breakfast I glided down glacier towards the waterfall location. This was another of my critical areas. The aerial photos, taken in the summer, had shown extensive slabs which I thought might cause problems, and there had been no indication of a waterfall. Soon the spray came into view. Before reaching or seeing the falls I went off onto the left (west) bank of the Tinniswood glacier and angled up some easy slopes, passed beneath some overhanging bluffs with beautiful mossy vegetation, and then, coming easily round a steep corner, found myself at the mouth of the Glomach valley. This valley is filled by a large glacier that terminates about 400 m above the mouth. At the snout of the glacier emerged a large glacial creek which flowed along some flats before disappearing into a narrow rock canyon. The canyon led to the lip of the falls. I dropped my pack and went back down to explore with my camera. I was on my last film until the next foodbox and I was determined to get shots of these falls. The big creek emerged from the short canyon and took four 20 m leaps before disappearing from view into what looked like a volcanic crater. One and a half kilometres further down, where the Tinniswood glacier ended, I could see a gentle meandering stream emerge from the snout. I skied down to the Tinniswood glacier and circled around towards the base of the falls. I came up to the edge of an enormous 50 m deep crater at the edge of the glacier. The raging torrent took one last 60 m leap, disappeared into a hole behind a cone of ice in the bottom of the crater, re-appeared briefly at another hole, then finally vanished with a roar into the depths of Tinniswood glacier. It took me some time to absorb the fantastic scene.

I finally dragged myself away from the thundering falls and returned to being a pack horse. I climbed back up to the corner at the mouth of the Glomach valley, dropped 15 m onto the valley floor, and soon gained the toe of the Glomach glacier. Continuing up the Glomach glacier, I followed mountain lion tracks for a long way and passed another ultra-long wet-snow avalanche run-out. I dropped my pack in the upper bowl of the glacier and went for an evening ski-tour.

I wanted to climb Pk. 2200 m, just in case it was unclimbed, and also to get better views of Mount George Edwards and the Tinniswood wall. I followed the mountain lion

tracks up onto a gentle pass that leads into the upper Hunaechin. The tracks continued across the pass presumably continuing on down to Hunaechin Lake which is about 650 m below it to the west. I abandoned the tracks and turned south east along a ridge towards my objective stopping every so often to admire in the west the fantastic views of Blastus Ridge and the multi-summitted Hunaechin peaks, and, to the east, a panorama stretching from Ross Ridge round the upper Sims Creek peaks to Mount Ralph. I passed a huge 25 m deep wind hole in the ridge. There was no obvious reason for its formation. I took careful note of its location for the descent since I'd then be moving fast and possibly in darkness.

Large windholes are a common hazard in the Coast Range. Usually they occur at the base of a steep ridge and are often 15 m deep or more. On the side of the hole away from the ridge the windhole sidewalls typically consist of vertical or overhanging hard-packed snow. Just one more objective danger for ski tourers in bad conditions. It would be an interesting project in wind dynamics to provide a model of their formation. Clearly their shape and size is related to prevailing windspeed, rate and quantity of snowfall, and to humidity and temperature in so far as these affect the stickiness with which a wind-driven snow particle clings or not to a partly constructed snow wall.

I reached the summit half an hour before sunset and was mildly disappointed to find a small cairn with no cannister - John Clarke's handiwork. I did not linger long but I did spend long enough to discern my ski tracks from yesterday, zig-zagging down the Tinniswood wall. The descent to my pack was fast less than 20 minutes, and a little unpleasant because the snow was setting up and forming a tricky crust. Back on the glacier, the weather looked so good that I didn't even bother with the tent. I stretched out in my sleeping bag and fell asleep beneath the stars.

I woke with a start in the middle of the night. It felt like something, perhaps a mouse, had been rooting in my hair. I ignored whatever it was and tried to go back to sleep. Very soon the same thing happened and I clearly felt the mouse in my hair. Ye gods! Is this how you go crazy in the bush? How could it possibly be a mouse, way out in the middle of a glacier? I don't mind a house mouse, friendly furry creature that cleans up the crumbs, and leaves his own kind of visiting card. But here? I was quite paranoid about mice because back at Princess Louisa Inlet the mice had chewed a big hole in my pack to reach a bag of rice, and I certainly did not want this critter doing the same. After several minutes of banging around and trying to be sure he wouldn't get into my sleeping bag or back in my hair, I got mad at him and yelled "Get the hell out of here you jerk". He got the message and scurried off into the darkness across the snow; and I fell back to sleep.

In the glorious morning sun I saw a rocky buttress perhaps a kilometre away from my bivouac site; presumably this was where the mouse resided, and from where his sensitive nose had detected my scent. I went up a gentle slope to "Blumisalp Pass" at 2000 m, but it turned out to be impossible to cross the pass due to large cornices on the north side. A hundred metres or so higher and east along the ridge leading to Ross Ridge I found a ramp through the cornices and, later, had a wonderful run in good powder down onto the Clendenning glacier. But first I skied out to Pivotal Mountain, where I enjoyed a commanding view of the Clendenning area and sunbathed on some warm rocks. After returning I took the narrow, nerve-wracking ramp. I was glad to get off it and then released the tension by making many turns in the powder down onto the main glacier. I had a gentle run down the long and spectacular Clendenning Glacier, picked up the next food box, and set up camp at the base of Rund Glacier.

By now I was thoroughly committed to the traverse, far beyond the point of no return; I had passed the major unknowns of my traverse; and I had not gone crazy. Time to enjoy life. Unfortunately it was 30 May, and I was only a little over quarter way, so I knew I couldn't hang around much if I was to be out by 19 June. Next day I spent in bed, partly because I had a touch of sun-stroke, maybe just to celebrate getting this far. After that I climbed Doolittle mountain, got high carving turns off the summit at 2650 m and visited its northern shoulder overlooking Wave Creek. There were no snow bridges still in place, as John had assured me there would. So I could not ascend Chaos Glacier to the Elaho icecap but instead had to make a detour up Doolittle Creek, caching gear along the way to lighten my load. Then I spent the best part of a day on the biggest grunt of the trip: Raccoon Pass (1400 m) to the summit of Raccoon Mountain (2469 m). I was then on the Elaho Icecap, which I crossed, and camped a short distance from Elaho Mountain.

I climbed Elaho Mountain - just 30 minutes from camp - then I skied down and up to make the first ascent of Pk. 2646 m, "Boulder Mountain". Next day I had a wonderful run down the Elaho Glacier to a camp at the "Toba Source", a group of small lakes that are the source of the Toba river. From there I followed a kind of horizontal, 50 m wide, ledge-cum-gully along the west-south-west slopes of Manatee Peak and then cut high across "Marmot Corner", a prominent steep slope almost due west of Mt. Manatee. There were many large marmots here, who had obviously just recently emerged from their winter hibernation. They watched me with great curiosity, and I observed them with great amusement as they cavorted around on the steep snow slopes and on the occasional rock beginning to poke through. Most of the snow surface had been scoured by the spring avalanches. Once round the corner I continued the upwards contouring into a high hanging valley (with a couple of ultra-long avalanche run-outs crossing it) that quickly led onto "Remora Pass". Here I spent three hours finding my third foodbox in dense cloud. My route round Marmot Corner would not be possible in avalanche season - a big detour would be necessary to avoid the obviously avalanche-prone slopes.

I spent a day confined to my tent by dense cloud and a gale. The tent, secured in place by skis and poles, seemed like a ship at anchor, a haven of security in the storm. Next day the cloud was breaking up with extensive clear spells. In one of these I climbed the Wahoo Tower, using skis onto the very summit block, and dutifully peered down the "Articling Blues Buttress", also known as the north buttress. An approaching bank of cloud forced me to stop taking photos and make a quick descent. I wanted to make some nice turns (I had no pack), but it was steep, a crust was forming on top of the slush and I found it a bit nerve-wracking. Later I discovered I had pulled a muscle, and for the next week I could not make left hand turns.

That evening I skied down the Remora glacier, contoured around the Dolphin corner and camped at about 2100 m on the "Obelia" glacier just below Mount Obelia. I had finally figured that the only way I could possibly finish in time and thus prevent undue worry on the part of my family was to keep moving at every possible opportunity, and trust that the weather did not break again.

Accordingly, I was up before dawn next morning, and cooked breakfast and packed up camp by the light of my candle stub. At first light I was off, in cold conditions but a cloudless sky. The well-known "High-Ridge" that leads in twelve kilometres from Obelia to the Mu-Delta col was my optimistic goal for the day. This required almost 1200 m of ascent from my campsite including major ups and downs. After half an hour a

thick dark bank of cloud barrelled rapidly in from the northwest, obscuring the sky, and caused an angry, ominous, flaming red sunrise. Obviously a storm was imminent. But I refused to let progress be slowed by a mere storm. If it wasn't for the pressure to return to civilization, I would have dug myself a cozy snow cave in a sheltered spot and sat out the storm in comfort. Instead the order of the day was "Press on, MacRowat!"

Very soon the clouds started hitting the ridge, causing whiteouts and snow squalls. These slowed me to a snail's pace. After I had passed Obelia there were gentle downhill sections of the ridge where the snow surface was so hard and the gusts so strong that I was blown over the icy snow like a leaf in the wind. Since the visibility varied from zero to fifty metres at best, it seemed prudent to take off my skis and carry them. Then there was a long uphill section. When I neared Pk. 2530 m I thought I would save myself a hundred metres or so of ascent by traversing round its east side. Unfortunately the eastern slopes consisted of steep, frozen avalanche debris and I spend an exhausting time clambering over frozen chunks of snow on skis. I rounded a corner and was confronted by several large crevasses which forced me to go over the top anyway.

The scene as I struggled up against the wind to the crest of the ridge was quite psychedelic. I was wearing my yellow-tinted glasses and the sun was diffusing quite strongly through the cloud layer. The gale buffeted my body and yellow clouds that looked like evil fumes came streaming over the ridge crest, casting shadows on the yellow snow. I seemed to be engulfed by a river of yellow, foaming cloud. The whole scene reminded me of the desert storm in Star Wars.

The thick cloud forced a halt on the north side of Pk. 2530 m, by an outcrop of rocks and boulders. While waiting here for a clearing I used the rocks to build a wind-wall. Earlier in the trip I had day-dreamed of building a chain of cabins across the Coast Range, and, well, there's no time like the present to start working on your dreams. The first task was to learn how to build a reasonable stone wall. The blasting wind kept up. I delayed putting up the tent in the hope of being able to move on before darkness. I made supper in the shelter of my wall. When the sun began to set and the cloud had not cleared I gave up: I erected the tent and slept next to my rock wall. Next morning there was a clearing at daybreak so I raced to make the most of the opportunity; but it did not last long, and after an hour of rapid progress I was once again engulfed in the swirling clouds. However, with careful compass work and by taking advantage of every little gap in the cloud to keep track of my position, I inched my way onwards through the gale, heading up towards the Mu-Delta col. When I arrived the cloud seemed thicker than ever, so I made a comfortable place to sit and waited for a clearing. As much to keep myself warm as anything else, I began to dig a tent-pit out of the sloping side of the col. Many hours later, when no clearing had ever come, I realized I would have to spend the night in this wind-blasted, godforsaken spot. The pit was very big by this time and when I pitched the tent only the top 30 cm protruded. I made myself cosy inside and prepared to sit out the night. Every few minutes I heard a huge roar like an express train; this was a gust of wind racing up the slopes below the col. Then there was an explosion as the gust burst onto the col, grabbed the tent, and shook it wildly for what seemed like an age. A short lull ensued, and the cycle repeated. Each time I heard that roar I fully expected the tent to rip apart in the darkness. I dared not go outside and start digging a snow cave because I thought one of these gusts would blow the tent away without my weight to hold it down. If I had dug a snow cave in the first place

instead of a snow pit, I would have been as safe as a house now. Somehow I fell asleep amidst all this roaring commotion.

Later the next morning, to my amazement, the sky was completely clear and a steady cold breeze was roaring over the col. I made breakfast as fast as I could and broke camp. These were the coldest conditions of the trip. Everything was covered in ice, including the tent and skis. I chipped ice off the skis and the ski bindings, put on every stitch of clothing I had, and set off.

I crossed the amazing Lillooet Icecap. In one long day I left the Mu-Delta col at dawn on the hardest, iciest snow I have ever skied on, climbed Lillooet mountain on my way past, crossed "Birili" where the Bishop, Ring, and Lillooet glaciers all meet, and camped at the head of Ring Glacier c. 2400 m. Hit my last foodbox on Stanley Smith Icecap then trekked on across the ocean of ice and down the Frank Smith Glacier to Lake Fowler - had a lovely cup o'tea there - and on to a camp on the upper Edmonds Glacier 250 m below the summit of Transition Peak. There were many bear tracks passing Lake Fowler. The next day I climbed a subsidiary summit of Fluted Mountain and saw grizzly bear tracks climbing to 2700 m on its south side. Crossed over into the Tchaikazan and felt as if I had come back home. Skied beneath the solid rock (not granite) of beatling Fluted Walls, poled down glacier, and took off my skis for good at the snout of the Tchaikazan glacier. I camped on a grassy bank very close to Ross Lund's memorial cairn, and revelled in the delights of creek and pasture after 25 days of snow camping.

Four days later, when I had almost passed the north end of Taseko Lake, I was limping along a gravel road to Konni Lake with about another day's hike still to go. I had stopped and laid down by the road to rest when along came a jeep and a motor home. The vehicles drove past me and stopped. Many minutes later out stepped a man who eyed me carefully. Finally I was accepted, they took me into Williams Lake, and I arrived back in Vancouver on 18 June, 39 days after I had left.

### BRIDGE - LILLOOET DIVIDE, July, 1986 by Steve Grant

The summer of '86 found us looking for a wilderness traverse near Vancouver that would not involve the use of a helicopter. Despite many trips in the area north of the Lillooet River, none of us had been to the Bridge - Lillooet divide west of Mt. Samson. My original plan to begin a trip by traversing Mt. Athelstan fortunately was vetoed by more sensible minds, and Peter Jordan told us of a convenient route to the high country. An agreement with Pat Crean to come out North Creek and help work on the new cabin site and trail in exchange for a vehicle shuttle was the last piece in the puzzle.

Monday - The road up the Lillooet beyond Meager Creek was not exactly what family wagons were designed for, and a narrower vehicle would have required less boulder moving. Let it be known that there were severe recriminations over the wrong turn I took, but eventually we were able to drive as far as a total washout about 0.5 km before Salal Creek. Along the way, the road passes through a grove of monster cedars and up the bottom of a great canyon. We noted that the road is susceptible to washing out because parts of it are made of pumice, which floats.

We hiked across the intact Salal Cr. Bridge, and started moderate bushwacking up the ridge immediately west of the creek. Although it was mostly sunny, there was just enough rain to keep the bush wet. We marvelled at how heavy the packs were. Finally we emerged from the trees onto vast areas of pumice and fabulous views up and down the Lillooet, including the washed out bridge where the road crosses the river for the last time. There were grizzly tracks in the pumice, and fields of plants that looked to us like carrots. Bob tried to escape the ensuing carrot farmer jokes by fleeing to the top of this gentle ridge, where we selected a fine campsite. The wind caused Robin's Humbug some problems, and he accused me of tricking him into bringing it. But just because I led him to believe I was bringing mine was no reason for him to bring his.

Tuesday - After a clear and cold night we ambled west along high knolls, mostly on concrete-hard snow. We roped up for the first of many glaciers, and circled the head of the west fork of Salal Creek to approach White Cross Mtn. After leaving our stuff on a huge flat boulder west of the mountain, we scrambled up the peak's warm and solid granite. There really is a white cross at the summit, and a fat pack rat as well. How the animal got there to begin with was a mystery to us, since the peak is surrounded by ice. However, it certainly knew what Smarties were. We had an outstanding view of the Bridge Glacier, and even spotted the geology hut on the nunatak. The descent to the pass at the head of the east fork of Salal Cr. was straightforward, with some fine glissading. The little pass was a beautiful place to camp, and we saluted it with boysenberry cheesecake from England.

Wednesday - This refreshingly cool morning saw us climbing east out of the pass on steep, flower-bedecked slopes. The flowers turned to talus and snow as we approached



From Ochre Pk. looking down to Athelney Pass with Mt. Ethelweard to left, and Icemaker at head of, glacier. Photo - A. Miettunen.

the pass between peaks 2470 and 2436m. After visiting the tops of both and marvelling at the massive trim lines of the Bridge Glacier and the volcanic peak just north of peak 2470, we continued to Ochre Peak. Much of Ochre is covered by soft, bright orange soil. The area nearby is covered with rocks of many colours, reminding one of the Apollo 17 Moon mission. To the south is an extinct volcano. Unfortunately there are a dozen abandoned drums of aircraft fuel near there. Then it was time for the steep drop into Athelney Pass. We had heard that the pass was nice, but we were quite unprepared for the spectacle that unfolded before us. Mts. Ethelweart and Guthrum form a wall to the east, and from between them a broad glacier flows down into the pass. The south side of the pass is extensive flowered meadows, and there are large flat areas of pumice. Between the meadows and the glacier is a large, crescent-shaped, cobalt-blue lake. Down the valley the Athelstan area reaches to the sky. The soundscape consisted of bubbling streams and hundreds of whistling marmots. There was also a large hut left from a geology camp. Since it was already full of animal shit, we filled it up with tons of rusting garbage that was strewn all over the meadows. We found a ten year old unopened bottle of beer, but, alas, it was stale. There was even a truck hood there!

Thursday - We split up to climb Guthrum. Anita, Doug and I, very tired of wet boots, started up its rocky west flank. Bob, Robin and Sarah headed up the glacier. Due to events which, for the sake of our mountaineering reputations, will not be described here, Team Confusion ended up retreating from "Flying Rock Ridge". Bob, Robin and Sarah's fine day on Guthrum and Icemaker was only a little spoiled by their anxiety caused by our failure to meet them atop Guthrum.

Friday - The topic of conversation as we prepared to go up the glacier was the effect calculators are having on students. We threaded past crevasses under the south face of Ethelweart, then crossed to the pass between the northern two of the three minor peaks south of Ethelweart. Bob eyed Ethelweart but could find no takers. I eyed Icemaker but it was not to be. We all eyed our food bags and made pessimistic calculations. Doug climbed the peak to the east, while Bob traversed the corresponding one to the west. Together again, we dropped down steep snow to the vast microwave oven leading to Fasp peak. Along the way, a few ice worms were spotted. From the popular pass east of Fasp, a spectacular view from Mts. Thiassi to Hemonious spread before us. The McParlon and Pebble Glaciers stretched towards the lush green pass separating us from them. But first, more peaks to bag! Bob and I rectified the lack of cairns on the two summits just north of Fasp, and then rejoined the group. A steep 200 m dirt glissade landed us on a glacier missing from the maps, and we crossed it to camp on a beautiful but buggy sub-alpine bench. That night's brain teaser was "Why does the number of mosquitoes around increase faster than you can kill them?"

Saturday - Goat highways led us down the knee-wrecking cliffs below the campsite, and soon we were thrashing through the dense bush at the head of Pebble Creek, attempting to find the glacier. The fierce bugs complemented the heat. The pleasure of reaching the boulder flats below the glacier was tempered by having to push through scrub willow infested with zillions of tent caterpillars. The rocks were slippery with them. This was the summer of the caterpillars, and we finally made the connection between them and the many brown moths on the glaciers. We did get some entertainment by clapping at them - causing them to shake their heads vigorously.

Part way up the Pebble Glacier, we made a side trip up the 2690 m peak to the west. Unfortunately the dual summit bore a cairn. From the top, our whole trip route was

visible, including the headwall in North Cr. A big fight over the monocular was set off by the discovery of a herd of over a dozen mountain goats, including young and old, male and female, crossing the glacier towards our tracks. When they intersected our tracks, they broke into a run and soon climbed and crossed a rocky ridge. On our way down, we discovered them watching us from the top of the ridge.

Progress to the crest of the glacier was impeded by hundreds of 1 m deep, red snow trenches diagonal to our direction of travel. While the rest of us went down to the North - Hurley Pass to make camp, the irrepressible Bob climbed the 2343 m peak at the east end of the glacier. An evening exploration to the moraine below the Boomerang Glacier to locate the cabin site was unsuccessful. Speculation about the fabled North Creek trail and its log bridges filled supper conversation.

Sunday - Bob and Doug were up at 4 a.m. to climb Sessel. How do they do it? The rest of us lazed around in the sun until their return at 9 a.m. We wandered down the flowering heather to the top of a rockslide that led to the bottom of the North Creek headwall. Huge avalanche remnants still bridged the stream and afforded better travel than the alder. Everyone was searching for the cabin site and trail tapes. There was no one at the cabin site, and so we continued out, painstakingly finding the orange trail tapes lest we miss the important bridge. After seeing the cabin site and the trail, bug bites were not the only reason why we were scratching our heads. The woods were flat and pleasant, except for the heat and insects. Finally we headed into the first slide alder section. The trail was grown in with shoulder-high stinging nettle, and we marched with our hands above our heads like prisoners in a steaming jungle. Why bother going to Honduras? We even lost the trail now and then, and had to poke around in alder, nettle, and devil's club. At each dead end, the message to turn around had to be passed back to the far end of the column hidden in the dense foliage. After the main log crossing, the new trail disappeared and we climbed very steeply to reach the "high trail" (since abandoned). Part way along this mind-boggling horror show, I fell off the so-called trail, twisted a knee, and managed to walk another 30 m before I passed out. After I was nursed back to mobility by Anita and Sarah, we continued. Fortunately the trail improved and at long last we emerged onto the logging road. To our surprise, the van was on the right road.

All in all, we felt the trip was a bit too long on wet snow slogging and too short on meadow rambling. The peaks were more spectacular, and the trip was more strenuous than we expected, but that left us with a feeling of greater accomplishment.

Party: Robin Tivy, Anita Miettunen, Sarah Chaney, Bob Saunders, Doug Oien, and Steve Grant.

### TCHAIKAZAN VALLEY SUMMER CAMP, July, 1986

#### 1. THE APPROACH

by Rosanne Konrad

After seeing the helicopter off from Fishem Lake airstrip with the first load of gear, the hikers drove to the end of the mining road on the north side of the Tchaikazan R. The weather was perfect and spirits were as high as our packs were light. The first 10 km followed a well used horse trail leading through open pine forests and glades of lupine. Where the river broadens and turns to the south the trail opens out onto

magnificent meadows extending for several kilometers up valley. We strolled onward over a carpet of spring blossoms, mesmerized by views of the peaks ahead. Further along several of the creek crossings made for lively entertainment as members of the group displayed their various talents at bridge building, log rolling, and the broad jump. The crossing of Friendly Creek offered the most dramatic photo opportunities of the day. After a brief reconnaissance upstream from our position, it was determined that the best plan of attack was to leap across the gushing torrent above a constriction of the gorge just upstream of a 3 m waterfall! For psychological support a hand-line, two belays and a spotter were duly placed. An hour passed before all were safe on the other shore. By now we were only a couple of kilometers from camp and could almost smell supper cooking. Little did we realize that perhaps the worst obstacle yet lay ahead. Continuing to traverse high we encountered a nasty but brief bushwack through "THE MISERABLE FOREST". A tangle with a sharp dead branch left the writer with a lasting memento of the trip. (Warning: rubbing DEET into a fresh wound can result in a permanent scar.) Finally out of the forest we proceeded hurriedly through swampy meadows squishing countless bog orchids and mosquitoes as we went. We arrived at base camp around 5:30 p.m. just in time for "happy hour". The location of the camp in the middle of the valley beside the terminal moraine was not only scenic, it was practically bug free!

P.S. By staying low, the week two group avoided both the "big leap" over Friendly Gorge (there was a fallen log over the creek), and the crash through the Miserable Forest (there is a trail of sorts).

## 2. CAMP SUMMARY

Edited by Paul Kubik

Monday, July 21

Peak 8600 at the head of Monmouth Glacier

Climbers: Paul K. (r), Rosanne K., Gary M., Maureen H., Peter R.

Surprised a goat at the lake 150 metres above the snout of the Tchaikazan Glacier on the west side. Named it "Goat Lake". The northeast ridge of the peak was attained from the glacier basin at the head of Monmouth Glacier. The ridge was traversed to the peak. We descended the N.W. ridge back to Monmouth Glacier. We proceeded unroped down a lateral moraine towards camp. Day old grizzly tracks ran parallel to the moraine back to "Goat Lake". The previous evening (Sunday) I heard the marmots on the alp slopes above camp shrieking for over 30 minutes. Since everyone was in camp at the time it is possible the grizzly was traversing through their territory, fortunately giving our camp a wide berth. The marmots were quite tolerant of our presence for the duration of our stay even though our meat supply was on their doorstep. Perhaps they have not yet learned to fear the predations of human kind.

Friendly Peak via North Ridge

Climbers: Wayne, S., Mark F., Jack B., Brian W. (r)

We set off expecting (hoping for) a couple of pitches of low to mid fifth class climbing on the large gendarme on the north ridge. The prominent dihedral on the east face of the gendarme looked attractive. However, we found it wet and more of a chimney than a dihedral. Also, it narrowed at the top making the exit look manky. So



Getting closer on the approach march to the Tchaikazan camp. Photo - P. Kubik.



Tchaikazan base camp. Photo - P. Kubik.

we moved over 10 metres and worked our way up two pitches of entertaining, if loose, fourth class rock. The ridge was a scramble beyond but very aesthetic due to the views of Tchaikazan and Friendly glaciers. The descent was down a snow gully from the south ridge of Friendly leading to a small glacier above the Tchaikazan moraine.

Tuesday, July 22

Friendly Peak, East Ridge

Climbers: Gary M. (r), Maureen H., Paul K., Rosanne K.

Visible from camp, we approached the ridge by climbing the meadows and snowfields on the NE face, arriving at the base of the ridge near 2200 m (just above the pocket glacier used as a descent by the north ridge climbers). We scurried up the next 150 m on good rock and then slowed as we came to the first of two steps (clearly visible from camp). Both of these gave way with a few fourth class moves, allowing us to stay right on the ridge line to the top where it met the summit ridge of Friendly. Saw goat tracks and mountain sorrel (edible and tangy to taste) on the small saddles and gullies on the way up. A Clark's Nutcracker was seen from the summit, along with innumerable black butterflies. We descended the snowfields to the Friendly Glacier. Nylon rainpants gave Gary the fastest descent.

Was this a first? Possibly; other parties from previous B.C.M.C. camps abandoned the (East) ridgeline at the steps and ascended via the adjacent gully. (Numerous gullies drop south from the summit ridge. These are often used as descent gullies by climbing parties.)

Flower Day

Climbers: Monica, Marilyn (r), Rafe

Identified over 30 species near camp using C.P. Lyons and Audubon books. Rafe was becoming an enthused nose, head in flower books, magnifying glass in hand and prone to check for hairs and fragrance. Hot work!

Rock Island Peak via Hourglass Glacier and East Ridge

Climbers: Jack B., Brian W. (r)

After a late 9:30 a.m. start we made good time and reached the snout of the Hourglass Glacier 75 minutes after, crossing the Tchaikazan Glacier snout to get there. We roped up after half an hour when we encountered snow. We headed up a glacial ramp angling up under the north face. We were uncertain whether the obvious north buttress led to the true summit and doubts about the snow stability below it encouraged us to continue up the ramp to the east ridge. The east ridge was Class 3 climbing and narrow in spots.

On the descent, Jack knocked down a large wet snow avalanche on a 45 degree slope and another smaller one on a 30 degree slope. Plunge stepping caused both slides.

Moose, East Peak ("Moose's Molar") via "Moose Gut", S.E. Face

Climbers: Wayne S., Mark F. (r)

We had a late 9:30 a.m. start and set out planning to do the east skyline of Moose but ended up in the named "Moose Gut", the most prominent gully and buttress route facing camp. We headed up and around the north end of Friendly massif and swung into Friendly Valley. I found out that Friendly Creek did not live up to its name and came out of it with cold feet. We finally crossed the creek at the snout of Friendly Glacier and traversed up to the mouth of the large couloir that drains the east end of the face. The route starts up the rock to the left of the couloir. We ascended Class 3 and 4 rock and easy heather benches until a steep gully was reached. Two pitches where we could drop into a water course cum snow gully. The 50 degree gully led up and left and eventually topped out at about 2750 m.

Due to the late hour we abandoned the summit attempt and retraced our steps, getting back to camp at 1:30 a.m.

Wednesday, July 23

False summit of Deviation

Climbers: Paul K. (r), Peter R.

This was a rest day for some but not for the wicked. We forded the Tchaikazan River just above camp. The water being cold, I just about froze my feet by mid-stream. The shortcut across the river had saved at least an hour of moraine walking. A steep climb following a left-leaning ramp led through a line of bluffs. Placing some decidedly precarious cairns to mark the route we emerged from the bluffs to an upper scree slope. Unstable rubble continued to the ridge crest where a leisurely lunch ensued, followed by photo taking and spying on semi-nude sunbathers in base camp.

We could have descended easily to the Pathetic Glacier and then down but continued up the ridge towards Deviation. Marmot Towers presented incredible buttresses to our view east. The rock on the ridge was quite pleasant. Unfortunately, we had no hardware so we had to bypass a 10 m step below a rappel station. The bypass route was to the left and was unpleasant. We regained the ridge and continued the remaining distance to the false summit. We could not cross an exposed ice couloir without some protection so we had to abandon our true summit bid. Past the couloir it looked like further Class 4 rock and another half hour to the summit. We retraced our steps to below the rappel station and then down snow and loose scree gullies to the Pathetic Glacier. The glacier basin was ringed for 270 degrees by couloirs, scree and buttresses; presumably this is the only way for a south facing basin to support a (pathetic) glacier at this altitude.

Wednesday, July 23 to Friday, July 25

High Camp, Mount Monmouth

Climbers: Rafe H., Paul McE., Bren M., Jack B., Monica S., Marilyn C. (r)

Had a beautiful walk up the Tchaikazan glacier to high camp, below Corner-Rock Island col. Tent sites were constructed or excavated out of the moraine (about one hour) and sorting the food was a "Christmas" experience. A spectacular spot - totally surrounded by peaks, even a mountain stream for convenience.

Next day, had coffee and bagels in bed and off at 5:30 a.m. to walk up to Monmouth-Fluted col. Arrived there two hours later. OOPS! - then the guys discovered that Monica and I were definitely going to need a rope and it was not a simple "20 minute rock scramble". Anyway, with remarkable patience and kindness we did reach the summit and were delighted with views of Waddington and a multitude of peaks. Downclimbing was slow on the loose rock of the S.W. ridge. Monica did add some excitement on the glacier walk back to camp. Jack probed and stepped across the late named "Monica's Crevasse". Up to her shoulders, Paul and Rafe assisted in her rescue and pulled her out.

Bren, who had walked up to the col toward Corner Peak, had tea ready for us but had to take some significant ribbing about a "20 minute scramble" to the peak. Had lemon daiquiri's to celebrate and a delicious supper. The glorious weather made it a wonderful day and the shade rock was a pleasant place to rest.

Saturday, July 26

Sail Peak

Climbers: Brian W., Pamela J. (r)

Scattered rain during the night and low cloud in the morning made Brian's offer to take me up a respectable peak seem unlikely. By 10 a.m. the sky had lightened so we set off across the gravel flats to cross the outflow of the Tchaikazan Glacier. Then followed a rock scramble to the foot of the Hourglass Glacier. Here Brian insisted we put on crampons. We proceeded unroped until we hit new snow. I had problems sorting out my rarely used harness but eventually got it right. We continued on up steep snow, then crossed an ice bulge to a crevassed ridge. Here we sat in snow to eat lunch at 2 p.m. The snow steepened and Brian traversed across a potential avalanche slope to the rocky ridge. A shale slope leading down to the Tchaikazan glacier looked to be an alternate route back. A long rock scramble ended at the summit. The views were incredible-extensive snowfields and mountain peaks all around. After picture taking, we descended, Brian a lot faster than I.

Monday, July 28

Friendly via East Ridge

Climbers: Geoff M., Jan St. A., Tricia D., Erna B., Lisa B., Paula F., Peter P. (reporter unknown)

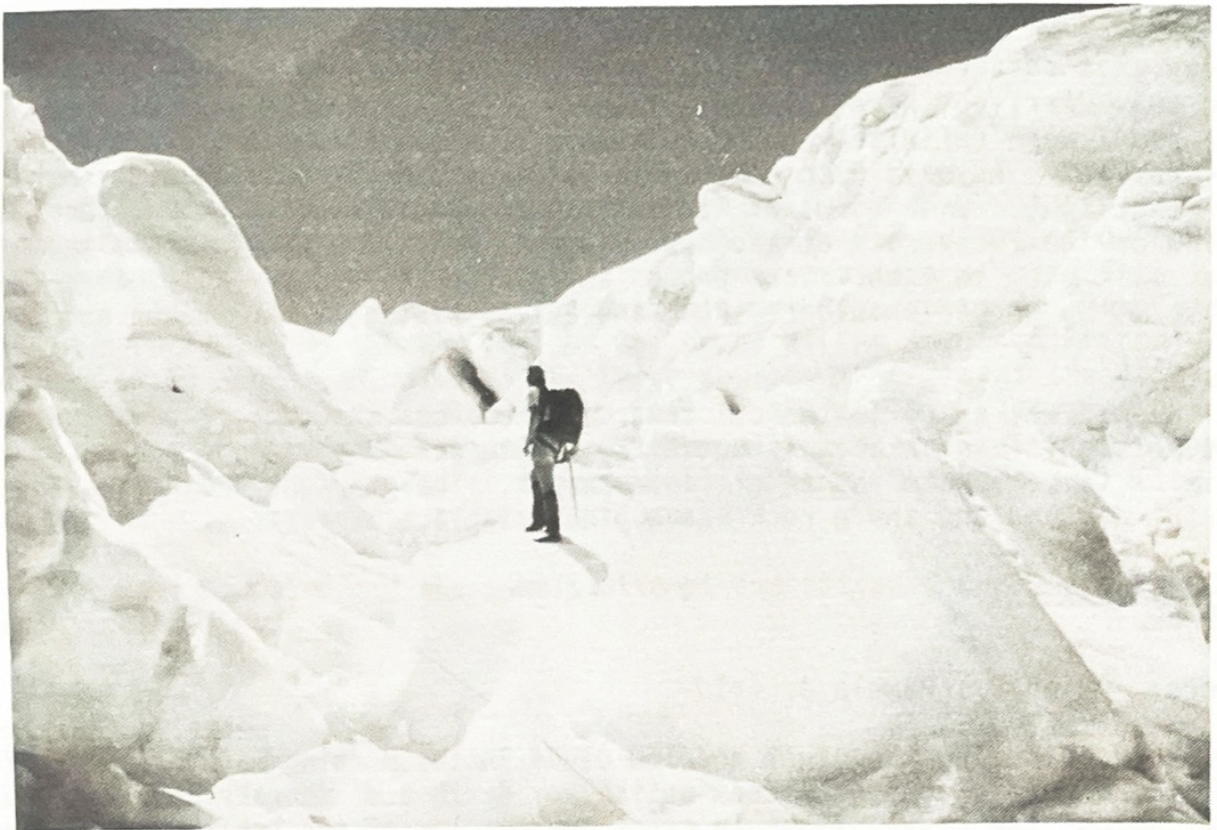
We ascended by the east ridge and descended the west side onto Friendly Glacier. This was a first mountaineering outing for Paula and she was fantastic! She was a natural on the rock and when we started to descend the west side and found that the previously soft snow was frozen stiff, she made two self arrests when she slipped during plunge stepping.

Saturday, July 26

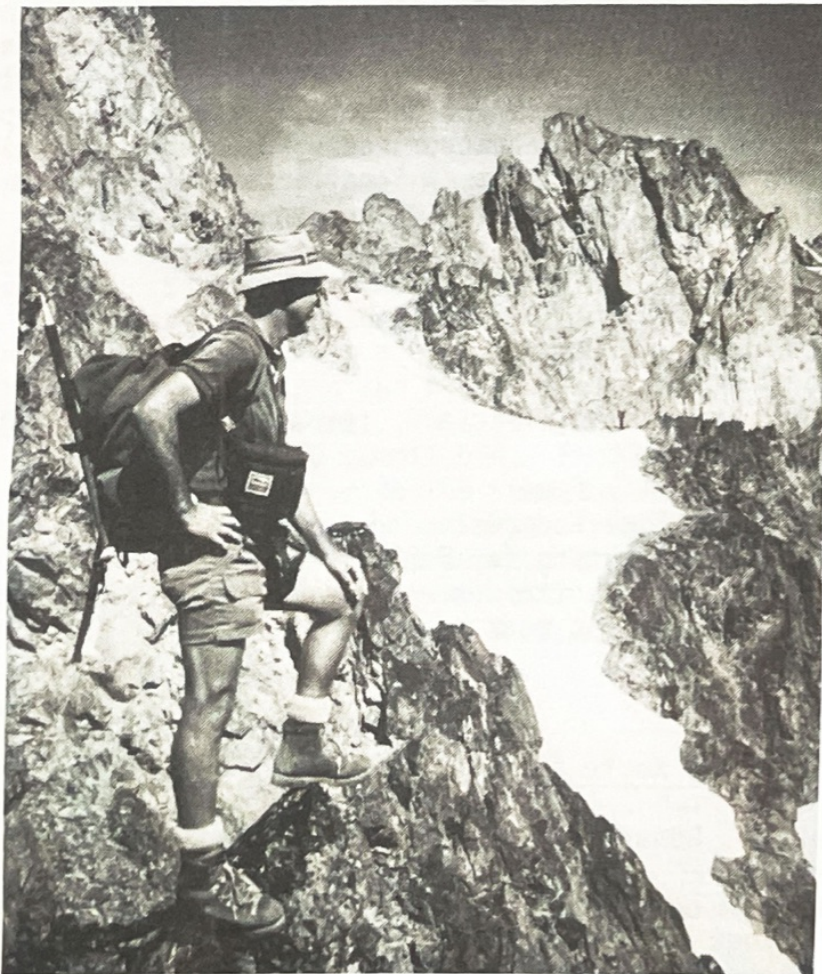
Mount Monmouth, Standard Route (S.E. Ridge)

Climbers: Maureen H., Rosanne K., Paul K. (r), Gary M., Peter R.

We had retired to high camp, in anticipation of the arrival of the hordes for the second week.



Ascending the Rifferswil glacier. Photo - P. Kubik.



Peter Rogers with Marmot towers in background. Photo - P. Kubik.

By 10 a.m. the weather had cleared sufficiently to go up Monmouth. We were off at 11 a.m. Trudging up the glacier below Harmony towards "Monica's Crevasse"; the humidity was high and the sun came out; we perspired freely even though following the previous group's footsteps. We got some good views of the long west ridge of Fluted which proved useful for Gary and I the following day. We reached the col below the S.E. ridge of Monmouth after three and a half hours from high camp. We unroped and climbed the ridge to the summit. Two knife-edged snow couloirs, loose rock and classic ridge climbing provided the entertainment on the way to the summit.

At the summit we read the register which included names from the 1951 first ascent party and later climbers such as the Kafers, Culbert, Jim Craig and the 1975 B.C.M.C. party. Our group was about the thirteenth or fourteenth ascent.

Sunday, July 27

Fluted Peak (West summit) via (Unclimbed?) North Ridge

Climbers: Paul K. (r), Gary M. (r)

Paul - Overnight a front moved through so we had a lazy start. By 10 a.m. Gary and I were setting off towards Fluted under partially clearing skies. As we knew a fresh group of climbers was coming in we figured to snatch a possibly new route on Fluted for ourselves. For the next two hours we alternately waded through the thigh deep snow and climbed the short, steep steps of rock. This initial section is low angled overall but has 400 to 500 metres of exposed rock buttress, scree and cliff on the west and steep ice and snow faces on the east. Very pleasant exposure. Using a doubled 35 m 9 mm rope proved too time consuming so we switched to using two 9 mm ropes. The initial section contained several corniced sections which we attempted to bypass on rock or climbed from side to side if forced over them. The rock steps were short and sweet, Class 4 and low Class 5. The protection on rock was good allowing ample nut placements. One wondered if the snow flakes would do anything in the rotten snow on the cornices.

Where the pocket glacier meets the ridge at the upper end (2850 m), the ridge steepens considerably, the cornices give way to snow slopes and the climbing becomes more solid. Starting out as stiff Class 4 and low Class 5, this final section of the ridge ends as moderate Class 4. Here we moved rapidly as we were not encumbered by the dangerous cornice problems and the two ropes afforded longer lead outs. We still climbed carefully as the wind was high, creating rumbling noises in Gary's ear. Fortunately, my 60/40 blend parka stood the test and in the dry, alpine air did not soak me in the least, despite the considerable driving drizzle and graupel. At one point there was a lull, perhaps not even long enough to glance about and get your bearings, but the sun shone straight down the north ridge above us. Every rock stood out from the snow in black relief as we looked up through the tunnel in the mist. When the curtain dropped seconds later it was no longer on two insignificant dust motes adrift in the void for we knew then with a certainty that we would reach the summit.

The Class 5 gave way rapidly to Class 4, then finally we merely carried coils of rope to the summit. A 20 minute lunch break at 5 p.m. afforded a brief glimpse of a possible descent via the west ridge. The late hour and the storm meant we should not tarry long.

Gary - Aside from a few glimpses of the valley the clouds were packed in around the peak most of the day. Once, as we had crossed from the ridge onto the main summit, we had a few seconds of sun; that's when we felt the elation that comes with solving a new route. From the top we debated descending by the same route but driving snow, mixed with sleet promised a slippery, slow descent. Instead, we chose a snow gully descending to the S.W. to get around the first bump on the west ridge. We hoped to descend the western edge of a small glacier that clings to the ridge. We proceeded in worse weather with lichen and moss frozen on the rocks. Finally, we reached the glacier after about an hour along the ridge, roped up and Paul led over the edge. Two minutes later he reappeared after setting off a small avalanche into a bergschrund. Blocked, we decided to climb the unnamed 2900 m peak on the ridge (Class 3) and finally descended into the Monmouth col cold and tired at about 8 p.m. By 9:30 p.m. we were back in camp.

### High Camp continued

Climbers: Peter R., Maureen H., Rosanne K. (r)

For the three of us remaining in high camp, Sunday was a day of rest. Peter retreated to his tent after breakfast and didn't reappear until dinner time. Maureen and I scrambled up the rocking boulders behind camp in hope of reaching some sort of vantage point from which to watch the progress on Fluted, across the valley. Only once did we have a fleeting glimpse of the intrepid climbers through the swirling vapours. By lunchtime, we had reached the apex of the 2870 m rubble heap between Corner Peak and Rock Island Peak. (No cairn - maybe a new route!) Since the views were non-existent through the Scottish mist we decided to forego further pleasures and slithered back down over wet lichen covered rocks.

### Monday, July 28

#### High Camp continued - Rock Island

Climbers: Paul K., Rosanne K., Gary M., Maureen H., Peter R. (r)

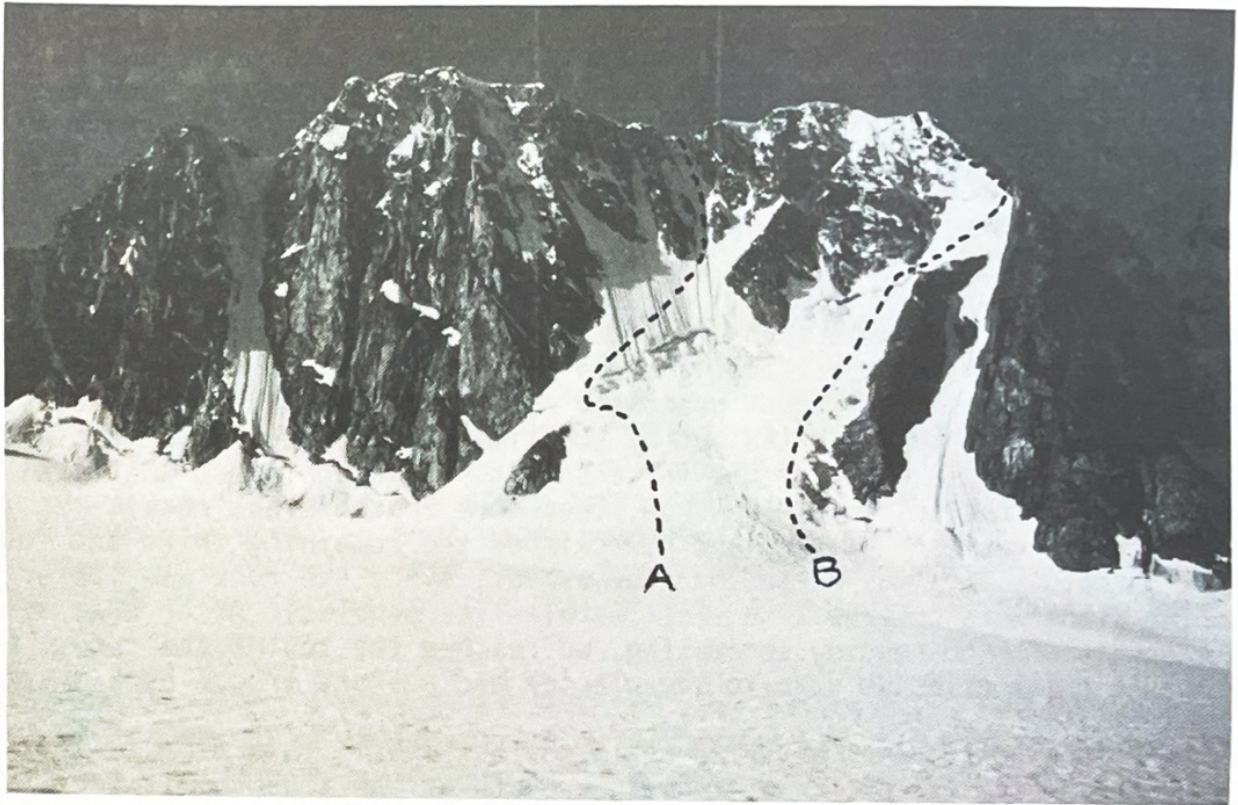
After a leisurely breakfast at high camp, we ascended the bouldery talus slopes in a north-westerly direction to gain the east ridge of Rock Island Peak. Easy snow walking just north of the ridge provided a welcome alternative to the loose, jagged rock. The final kilometer of the ridge was rock scrambling, approaching Class 4 in a couple of places and with some exposure, but pleasant on the whole. We managed to finish lunch on the peak in sunshine with lovely views.

### Wednesday, July 30

#### Rim Mountain

Climbers: Marilyn C., Maureen H., Pam J. (r)

An all ladies' trip to Rim Mountain resulted from the fact that no one had definite plans. The morning start was slow - the weather good - so we set off down the river flats turning up towards the Friendly Glacier before reaching the Tchaikazan canyon. We roped up for the glacier and had lunch on the snow and reached the first rocky summit by 1 p.m. It had certainly seemed to be the high point from below but sitting at the cairn we realized a higher summit lay towards the rim of the snow bowl. We



W. face of Fluted Mtn. from the Ichaikazan glacier. Route A on the left of the snow was ascended by Gavin and Fore; route B on the right of the snow was ascended by Kubik and Marcuse. Photo - B. Gavin.



Fluted Mtn. with the N ridge in the foreground. Photo - P. Kubik.

face, looking from high camp. The line went up just right of a broad left-trending gully that with another gully forms a prominent "V" on the face. The ascent was good fun on remarkably solid third and fourth class rock. We climbed only one pitch roped, near the bottom. Unfortunately, this line put us on the ridge considerably north of what looked from high camp to be the summit. As it turned out this is not the true summit: the true summit is somewhat further south. At any rate, the ridge was very narrow and had two fifth class notches in it. We also had to drop down onto the west face to bypass a gendarme just before the false summit.

Unfortunately, the false summit turned out to be guarded by at least a pitch of fifth class, including a couple of overhanging moves near the bottom which neither of us was willing to try. By this time it was pushing 4 p.m., and it was time to head down. Retracing our ascent route was ruled out by the time constraint, so we headed directly down the broad gully just north of the false summit. We downclimbed the first three pitches roped (fourth class rock, icy snow, then more fourth class rock). We then unroped (since pro was very scarce) and downclimbed the remaining third and fourth class rock unroped. This was worse than the ascent, since the rock was looser and the down-sloping slabs were covered with small marble-like pebbles. After what seemed like an eternity of mind-bending scrambling, we reached the top of the snow. From there it was a quick glissade down to the glacier and a short trudge back to camp.

Since we were feeling stubborn we tried again the next day. This time we took the easy way and headed up the prominent snowslope south of the true summit (on the west face). This proved to be quite easy - 45° snow, hard enough to warrant crampons. We managed to borrow two flukes; so we belayed up the snow 6 1/2 pitches from the bergschrund leadout style. We then got onto the rock for the final two pitches or so.

This was mostly third, with a little fourth that we broke out the rope for (entirely for my benefit, I might add). The rock here was very loose, but we were soon on top. It had taken us just 3 1/2 hours up from the bergschrund. On the summit we found a rusty sardine can, a piton, and an 11 mm rope, all coiled up and tied into the pin. The rope had obviously been there a while and was stiff and faded. There was no cairn or summit register, and we left everything as we found it. The descent was quick, as the snow had softened in the sun and we didn't need to rope up. Gavin even did some glissading.

#### **4. NEW ROUTES IN THE HIGH COUNTRY, 26 July-4 August.** by Brian Gavin

The E. ridge of Harmony looked very enticing from camp - providing a clean skyline directly to the summit. Mark Force and I left camp at 8 a.m. heading south, skirted around the icefall and descended back to the base of the ridge. Ascent of the ridge required five hours on generally sound rock, mostly Class 3 and 4 with some minor fifth class moves in one gully. It proved to be mainly a series of chimneys and some ridge crest walking with no real route-finding difficulties. We descended down the N ridge until we could drop onto the upper Rifferswill and walk over to Passage Spire to peruse the W ridge of Monmouth. We returned to camp via the Monmouth/Harmony col.

Two days later, with the weather pattern now well established, Mark and I decided to go for Monmouth - W ridge. We were up at 3:30 to a bomber day. Left over curried clams and coffee attacked both of us on the way down the glacier. There is a huge depression at the junction of the Monmouth and Tchaikazan glaciers requiring minor

navigation and we were soon at the lake at the base of the west ridge. From here we toiled up scree, slabs, broken ledges and snow slopes, arriving at the first high point by 9:30. From here the ridge became increasingly narrow and committing as escape became more and more difficult. We got by the first gendarme with a couple of airy ledges. From here the rock just got better and better and we finally lowered the packs past another gendarme. We were having lunch at 12:30 when we were joined by Wayne Saunders and Jack Bryceland. They were racing from base camp.

We continued along the now narrower ridge and rapelled the last gendarme with Wayne making his characteristic sounds of pleasure. We now reached the first step which was passed by Frictioning along downsloping slabs on the south side until we could turn left up a broad corner and regain the ridge crest. From this point the ridge was still quite narrow and snow covered. Three leads of mixed climbing with crampons brought us to the west summit. A steep narrow saddle brought us to the higher E summit at 6 p.m. We spent an hour under beautiful skies with map, compass and binoculars taking in the view from Waddington to the Meager group. We descended the loose Class 3 SE ridge to the col and then engaged auto pilot for the ride back to camp.

Two days later, Mark and I were up at 6:30 and away before 8:00. As we approached the N ridge of Fluted Mtn. the telltale footprints showed the route to have been climbed. Things always look different when you get your nose on it - so they say. So it was with the North face. Somehow it didn't seem quite so steep here and Mark thought not having full shank boots wouldn't be so bad. We had a rather tricky bergschrund crossing and then we reroped, wishing we had a bit more than my 30 m 9 mm rope. The slope was an honest 45° with some really deep runnels going down to ice. Nine leads using screws and deadmen brought us to the bottom of two couloirs. We opted for the one on the right due to a cornice overhanging the one on the left. We did two leads beside rock and then crossed to the right side of this couloir - again due to a cornice. We considered trying the rock but it was loose and I unleashed a couple straight for my belayer, but they mercifully parted before getting there!

We continued up the right side of this couloir beside the rock enjoying and occasionally cursing the truly mixed climbing using axe, hammer, screws, rock gear with one foot cramponing ice, the other sometimes in the moat, sometimes on rock, usually on ice. We contended with steep bulges up to 70° but probably 60° on average. We summited (or crested more exactly) on lead number 18 at 9:45 p.m. and were absolutely ecstatic - even though we were actually in the saddle between the east and west summits. Shelter seemed a good idea and it looked like the perfect evening for a bivy. Ironically, this was the only day neither of us carried bivy gear. We built some rock walls to cut down the wind, put on all our clothes, crawled into our packs and had lunch for supper. The night wasn't too bad until just before sunrise. It cooled down then, but we were soon up at 5:30, had more lunch for breakfast and sat on the summit in the sun for a few minutes. Discovered the time capsule summit register from 1951 and then began the descent over the west summit and down the complicated W ridge almost to the Monmouth col before heading down for home.

Camp Party: Gary Marcuse, Monica Schroeder, Brian Waddington, Paul McEwan, Marilyn Cram, Mark Force, Maureen Hill, Rafe Hutchison, Peter Rogers, Rosanne Konrad, Paul Kubik (camp chairman), Brian Gavin, Gavin Thurston, Wayne Saunders, Bren Moss, Jack Bryceland, Pam Jenkins, Geoff Mumford, Jan St. Amand, Tricia Daum, Erna Burda, Lisa Baile, Peter pare, Paula Fainstat.

## NEEDLE PEAK TRAVERSE, COQUIHALLA, 4-5 October, 1986

by Karl Ricker

It was the perfect autumn day - clear skies, some nip in the air, the best foliage colours in over a decade, and the residual skiff of snow on the higher peaks from last week's cold front. The two and one half hour drive to the upper end of Boston Bar Creek leads to parking lots on both sides of the new highway. To the north, the south face of Yak Pk. was unusually quiet - not a hard rock EB'er in sight and the empty picnic ground located at the distal end of the avalanche swath at the base of face made us ponder the longevity of the tables. To the south a new Highways' equipment garage stood open but empty at the edge of a creek which drains the north face of Needle Peak. There are safe places to camp in the woods behind. The route to be taken for our day trip, however, was suggested by Ed Zenger who, with Roman Babicki, had traversed the circuit a month earlier. It's a classic that everyone will want to do, preferably after bug season. It goes over "Thimble Peak" (elev. 2000 m on the map) which lies adjacent to the highway and east of the above noted creek, or about one kilometre northeast of Needle Peak.

There are several ways up Thimble from the new highway - at least three buttresses offer rock routes which begin near road level, but for the traverse, the northwest ridge, beginning in the open woods at the garage, is faster and relatively bush free. The enormity of the trees to an unusual elevation impressed us, but eventually the ridge gave way to open broad steps and a bit of scrambling before the final slope of "sand" (grus) which leads to the north ridge. We taped the route above tree line because the descent on it could lead to many blind alleys among the cliff bands overlooking the highway. Actually there are two summits, and the higher to the east is complete with one very large erratic boulder left by the ice age. Gazing to Needle Peak's northeast ridge (or NNE), an abundance of new snow brought the temptation to turn back. However, only two hours of effort had been expended, and the 300 metre drop before us was hardly a barrier should we have to retreat. For the easy descent, the route goes between the two peaks of Thimble; however, this was not obvious from the main summit and we descended its south facing slabs until the angle of friction became too marginal. A convenient bush allowed us an 80 metre rap down a wet gully, and from there a descending traverse to the west through bushy ledges brought us to the base of the face, with two (not one) bumplets between it and Needle Peak. Along the way we thought we had spotted people on the latter's summit and had in fact heard "voices" behind us while setting up the rappel.

It was tempting to traverse over each bump, but Ed had directed us to contour around their eastern flanks, although we still took it too high, having to downclimb gravelly slabs under the first one. By now it was downright hot and asses were dragging as the gang trudged back up into the basin on the northeast side of Needle Peak. It looked like one hell of a headwall climb to regain the ridge connecting bumplets and the objective. Young Keith looked skyward to see the other Needle Peak party descending its northeast ridge. Suddenly it was realized that it consisted of a big Billy goat. So much for the speculation about fast climbers leaving their car after we had started our climb. Continuing to crank our heads to the west, and then northwest, we discovered a line of bushes leading up to the ridge crest. Following Ed and Roman's boot tracks through them, we popped out on the summit of the second bump with only an easy walk before us beside bear tracks in the new snow to the base of the ridge. At the first greasy spot going up, the party roped for the better rock work to come. Looking back to Thimble, over the bumplets at this point, we could see that the descent of the

first bump would have been time consuming had we gone over it. Looking farther beyond the folly of our descent route off Thimble was painfully obvious, and near the rap point the farsighted types spotted another goat. Those mysterious voices were not people - only goats braying to one another at a kilometre apart! Unknowingly we had witnessed one of alpine nature's rare events, including the quick disappearance of the goat on the ridge before us, which had to be down very steep slabs.

The ascent of the northeast ridge took about an hour of easy pitches and a couple of crux moves, but all with bombproof belay points. From the summit the descent goes via the southwest ridge with only one step to scramble (w/o rope). At 1850 m elevation we cranked a right turn to the north and walked the crest of a beautiful alpine ridge for a full two kilometres. It has ponds, smooth whaleback ridges, and is typical of Yosemite style terrain with spectacular views of U- and horn-shaped topography. It is obviously a favourite for the local goat herd, and their trail finally peters out at the far end of the ridge, just above the highway. Here we had to plunge through prolific subalpine shrubbery, bearing northeast, to reach a wet forest floor above the creek, which was easily crossed to reach the garage again, in only an easy 7 1/2 hour day of longish but mostly pleasant traversing. The descent ridge route is ideal for families and it offers dead easy access to the other ridge lying south and west of Needle Peak - rambling terrain of the pluperfect.

37

Party: Bert Parke, Ken Hunt, Keith and Mark Patterson (a father and son team to watch) and Karl Ricker on his 80% leg (leader).

### NORTH CREEK CHRISTMAS TRIP, 26 December, 1986 - 2 January, 1987

by Steve Grant

Since no one knew what a Christmas trip to the North Creek Cabin involved, (or even if it was possible) the following is a description of our attempt to impose our wishes on the unknown.

The first threat to our safety and comfort was brown ice on the road between Whistler and Pemberton. Having survived that, we rendezvoused at Pemberton Helicopters. Eldon would try a flight to the cabin despite the lousy weather. The plan was for Wayne and Erna plus group baggage to fly from the hanger, followed by a second flight from the end of the plowed road at the Coast Mountain Outdoor School with Phil, Sue and the rest of the gear. In the meantime, Tony would be trying to reach North Creek in his 4WD jeep, carrying the first load of the 10 people who would be skiing to the cabin. We hoped to know the state of the road before the departure of the second flight. Gavin got something to worry about when his car broke down just before the school. All the time, many exotic contingency plans were being considered in case the chopper couldn't make it or if the road was impassable. Options included hiring bulldozers or snowmobiles. Logistics can get pretty complicated on a trip that combines some people who are limited by their budgets or ethics, and others who have heavy boxes of food. Somehow, the sneaky God of Logistics stole one of Sue W.'s ski poles, but fortunately Gavin had a spare pair along.

Eldon soon returned, reporting a difficult flight to the cabin. He doubted that the second flight would make it, but he would try. The remaining six people piled into the station wagon and began slowly forging through the snow towards North Creek, 20 km away. It was marginal going, and we got stuck once while doing a positraction drift around a sweeper. The jeep bounced into view with Tony bearing the good news that he

had made it to the North Creek turnoff. Until this point, we didn't know exactly how we would be travelling. Tony was to continue back to Eldon's to find two drivers to return our vehicles to the school, lest they get snowed in at North Creek. The helicopter flew past, empty racks indicating a successful second flight. Except for the late hour and the steady rain, everything was going smoothly.

The wagon finally flowed in to North Creek where three soggy people were standing on the road in the rain. Five more joined them, we somehow got the wagon emptied and turned around, and I headed back out. After 5 km, I met the jeep again, this time containing Tony, Peter DeVisser and Ross Wyborn. Peter took the car on out to the school, while I transferred to the jeep to return to N. Creek. As Ross started out with the jeep, he bid us goodbye with: "This is your last chance, turn back before it's too late...". And he drove away, laughing.

So now it was noon. It took two hours of slogging through sticky cement, in heavy rain, to get to the end of the logging road. Abundant moose tracks afforded slightly easier trailbreaking. At the start of the trail the rain changed to snow, and stuck to our totally soaked clothing. After following the trail tapes for an hour, we arrived at the first major avalanche path. Crossing this first swath was no easy matter - the skis were never visible, and they pushed huge cones of wet glop ahead of them deep under the surface. Thrown in for good measure were sharp gullies across the direction of travel, insufficiently covered alders, and the constant threat of avalanches. It was snowing heavily, the slopes above were shrouded in cloud, and there was a fresh avalanche to cross. One km of such enjoyable touring to reach an island of big trees took another hour, and at 4 p.m. we decided to make camp. The accommodations: Jenny, Helen and Harold under Harold's ingenious ski-supported flysheet, Gavin and Rachelle in a cozy plastic tarp, Dave under an Air Canada bicycle bag, Dave Ross under a claustrophobic snow "overhang", Tony and Sue in the open, and myself under a Humbug flysheet held up by skis. Tony and Sue had pulled in at 8, just before a few avalanches started. The most popular scheme was to get into your bag and let your clothes dry out at the expense of getting your sleeping bag soaked. No elaborate cooking was observed this evening.

We were entertained by a constant bombardment of snow clumps from the trees, and the first of the clod jokes that were to plague the rest of the trip were inflicted on the captive audience. The clods ranged from the trivial to a serious hazard depending on their fetch and weight, and the quality of one's shelter. At about 10 p.m., I had just drifted to a fitful sleep when a terrific impact occurred. After fumbling (since it is fashionable for mountaineers to fumble) with foggy glasses and the flashlight, I made the frightening discovery that a snow laden 3 m bough had fallen from far above and shishkabobed my flysheet. While trying to extract the thing from my humble hovel, a large avalanche started rumbling down in the dark from high above us. It continued snowing heavily. The woods suddenly didn't seem very friendly, and our situation looked like a really bad scene. We were in exactly the conditions we had said we wouldn't travel in, and here we were caught between major slide paths, and with minimal equipment. If the storm continued, we likely would be stuck here.

Fortunately conditions were slightly improved in the morning, so we had a simple breakfast and continued to the first log crossing. It had 1.5 m of snow on it, so that had to be shovelled into the open creek. Soon after, we skirted another major slide, and pushed on through the deep wet snow. An hour after leaving camp, a very relieved group stepped off the last avalanche swath into the woods, and intersected a

trail that the people who had flown in had broken out towards us. Another hour and we were safe and sound at the cabin.

The people who had flown in had busied themselves with numerous good public works, such as digging a 3 m deep hole for water, clearing snow from the porch and roof, tunneling under the cabin for firewood, hauling supplies, and organizing the cabin. They were off breaking trail up through steep woods towards the Boomerang Glacier, creating what became the main trunk route for excursions beyond the cabin.

The days fell into a pattern: 7 a.m. Snowing heavily. Phil gets up and starts the fire. Jenny comes in from her tent. We have breakfast and head for the high country on the one safe route. Storm and whiteout conditions turn us back. We crash down through the steep woods. The rest of the day is spend yo-yo skiing increasingly risky slopes in the bottomless goo on the nearby moraine or trying out the even less safe slalom course we packed. After getting thoroughly soaked we go zooming back down the stream trail to the cabin. Hours of supper rituals follow, reading and talking under the hissing Coleman lanterns, and to bed. And all the time heavy snowfall continues, and clods thump down from the trees.

We spent one day on cabin chores. Tony led a fire and cancer prevention crew that dismantled and reversed the joints on the stove flue to stop creosote from running down the outside of the pipe. Helen chopped a huge pile of firewood. Harold and Rachelle hammered together a bench that had one leg slightly too long. We all banged hundreds of new nails into the walls to hang wet things from. The radio aerial was strung up and foot trails were improved and repacked. Jenny cleaned the snow off her tent for the umpteenth time. All the time, unseen avalanches rumbled down the peaks while the clods thumped and misted out of the trees. We concluded that the most appropriate headgear for skiers in this valley would be dunce caps.

Evenings did not want for entertainment. The failure of the games Harold brought were more fun than the games themselves could have been. Prizes were awarded to those displaying either exceptionally high or low levels of skill at cabin arts. Tony accidentally dumped his brother's spoon down the outhouse with dishwasher. Sue W. thought this was such a good idea that she did the same with mine. Wayne and Erna produced unbelievable gourmet meals. The radio yielded little but static.

Tuesday, December 30 dawned clear and cold. Freed from imprisonment, a euphoric mob broke a new trail up through crisp sparkling snow to the pass joining North Creek to the Hurley. We gaped at the incredible snow-laden peaks that had so far been hidden from us. Steep and big! So many avalanche tracks! The safe route from the pass led west to the edge of the Pebble Glacier, and from there we went up the 2343 m peak that overlooks the cabin. A snow wall was built to protect the rubbernecking hordes from the biting wind, and we could have stayed forever. But the powder beckoned, and we started down to enjoy it. The powder was astonishingly perfect, and most of us made an extra swooping, flying run down into the pass, amazed to discover that we really did know how to ski, and getting very high on it all. The phrase: "this makes it all worth it" came to mind. A new trail broken to bypass the technical difficulties of the bunny slope afforded a disconcertingly close overview of a black hole. The new route finished the drop to cabin level by diving down an avalanche track, providing a final flourish of giddy powder.

From the peak, we'd had an overview of the rockslide that approached the cabin site the previous summer. It had started from the western end of the face we were looking down, and had travelled over 2 km to within 100 m of the cabin, destroying trees several hundred years old. The top of the face we stood on consisted of overhanging rubble that looked like morainal material. A smaller and more fluid portion of the slide had actually bypassed the cabin site on the west. The people who assembled the cabin around Labour Day reported the slide was there at that time, and the stream water was too muddy to drink. When a group of us on another trip passed the site at the start of August, we drank clear water from the stream, and we most certainly would have noticed the destruction reaching to within 20 m of where we crossed the stream.

The muddy appearance of the debris, the mud on tree trunks extending up to 3 m above the surface of the mess, and tiny islands of untouched heather in the midst of the devastation indicate a violently rapid and fluid slide. The large rocks in the slide reminded one of the garage-sized boulders in the trees just above the cabin. But back to the ski trip....

The next morning brought deteriorating weather, and Tony and Sue headed for the road without having been able to reach anyone by radio to drive in to meet them. We found out later that Tony had to ski all the way out to the school. Unfortunately there was so much new snow that when we left two days later, a whole new trail had to be broken.

Sue Clarke adds - "The trail through the trees and down the logging road resembled an ice rink. It had snowed and rained enough earlier to make locating some parts of the trail difficult and gave a great deal of extended side-step practice. The ski down the logging road also known as the "Moose highway" was challenging. Besides being iced over, the moose had decided the ski tracks we had originally set were great to walk on, causing huge holes just waiting to swallow a ski tip. The ski out to the main logging road took 7 1/2 hours, then two more hours to reach the jeep, 18 km away."

Most of the rest of us skied up the 2500 m peak just north of the crest of the Pebble Glacier. We envisioned further ambitious explorations to round out the day. However, the approaching storm suddenly struck, and within minutes the shelter afforded by the snow wall we'd built was invaded by swirling snow. Dave, Phil, and Helen left the peak at about the same time that Harold, Jenny, Gavin and Rachelle arrived. Then Sue W. arrived, having followed the broken trail. Rachelle and Gavin started down. We suggested to Sue that she start down, but she wanted some lunch. It wasn't a very good situation for Sue to debug her equipment, and she managed to knock over part of the precious snow wall. The storm was getting more intense by the minute, blinding wind-driven snow cut off visibility, and it was interesting watching a tight situation developing. Sue seemed unaware of how serious it was getting. We finally convinced her to start down, and she went a short distance but was unable to determine the route and returned to the top. So Harold and Jenny and I escorted her down. Fortunately we had lots of clothes on, and the weather was less severe lower down. But Sue learned later that her toes had suffered frost nip.

After reaching the shelter of the trees, we rejoined the rest of the troupe, who had been anxiously watching the peak for our descent. Then we traversed "Punishment Park" for another exhilarating run down the avalanche slope to the valley. That evening the cabin was regaled by stories from the climb of fearsome "Mt. Savage". Wayne wasn't enjoying the festivities much since he had wrenched his back doing extreme parallel

turns. Various intoxicants allowed both deeper reflection and lighter humour on the last day of the year, and four people even managed to keep their eyes open until midnight.

We saw more wildlife than usual on a Christmas trip: Stellar's jays and chickadees besides the usual whiskey jacks and ravens, a shrew up in the pass, a mottled grey rabbit on the bunny slope, an ermine, and a bull moose down in the clearcuts.

When it came time to leave, the radio couldn't contact anything, and even if it had, the weather would have prevented a helicopter exit. The irony was that if the weather was bad enough to create a high avalanche hazard, it would also preclude flying out. Thursday night the cabin was a scene of intense packing, with just not quite enough room either in the packs or for getting organized. All the time, those who had skied in gleefully repeated terrifying descriptions of the route out to those who had flown in. Sue W. left her pots on the stairs, where Phil stepped on them and went flying down the stairs. Soon after, another great crash shook the cabin. Wayne had climbed onto the new bench to reach something, and the bench had flipped over. Fast and Dirty Construction Ltd. had claimed another victim.

Just before dark, I was wandering around outside, and noticed that no less than three trees were leaning drunkenly towards the cabin. The smallest, only 30 cm in diameter at snow level, had its top horizontal and 10 m directly above the cabin. There was no time left to carry out a plan to cut it down. A firm kick temporarily dislodged its snow load onto the cabin, and it lurched more upright. But every time clods fell on the roof during the night, I awoke fearing that a tree was on the way down. I had a thing about this by now.

The concensus was that since we were unable to radio someone to drive in to meet us, the trip out would take two days. The trail breaking crew started before there was enough light to find the route, followed by assorted load bearers. Bringing up the rear were the cabin cleaners. The trip out went fairly well, except for a few things like enormously heavy packs, and more damn rain once we reached the clear cut. We were able to contact Dave Ross's brother in Whistler, and Dave convinced him to abandon his girlfriend and try to come up the Lillooet Valley road in a 4WD. In somewhat better spirits we mushed down through the porridge to the main road, six hours from the cabin. A fire started, providing first an antidote to boredom, and much later, warmth. Wonder of wonders - the 4WD showed up.

Five people rode out: Dave and his brother; Gavin to start the rescue of his car, and Wayne and I, wide-eyed at the prospect of throwing our poor cars against this depth of snow for 20 km. Well, we made it without getting stuck - at least until we tried to turn the limo around, but it was rather tense going. Both cars dragged their bottoms all 20 km back out - Wayne's Saab with four people and three packs; my car with six people, eight packs, and 11 sets of skis and poles. The floors heaved all the way, we both got stuck once, it was dark and raining and the going was very slow, but we made it out OK at about 5. Thereafter followed an epic drive down to Vancouver in "yellow alert" conditions.

We note that all the other Christmas trips dependent on flying in this area were cancelled. Many thanks to Harold for pulling off this adventure against all odds, (and all clods) and to the many other people who helped us.

Party: Wayne Saunders, Erna Burda, Phil Kubik, Tony Ross, Steve Grant, Dave Robertson, Jenny Smith, Gavin Thurston, Rachelle, Sue Williams, Dave Ross, Harold Rydell (leader), Helen Row and Sue Clarke.

GARIBALDI NEVE TRAVERSE, 17-20 April, 1987

by Gavin Thurston

The four day Easter weekend provided the opportunity for a leisurely traverse of Garibaldi Névé. The hectic week preceeding the trip was spend trying to organize the many interested people [the trip was finally limited to 12 plus the leader (hmmm, a journey on Easter with 13 people...)]. The weather during the week had been extremely foul and as we congregated at the church on Friday morning, I think that most of us were thinking back to one or more earlier abortive attempts to cross the Neve. Nevertheless, we headed up the Squamish Highway, performed the usual car shuffling to get one vehicle at Diamond Head, and drove to Garibaldi Lake trail. We walked most of the way up the trail amidst heavy traffic, and then skied across the lesser lakes and onto Garibaldi Lake. For most people it was a pleasant ski across the lake to our campsite, for the next two nights, at Table Bay. One member of the party with Alpine gear began the mulching of her feet (which would soon become a focal point of mealtime



A weird mob on the summit of Garibaldi - Harold, Gavin, and Mary.  
Photo - D. Robertson.

conversation). As the sun set, the sky gradually cleared, so we had a cold night with a spectacular view of the Milky Way.

The next day dawned clear and crisp. The party broke up into two groups: one group did some touring around the lake, while the other headed to Mt. Garibaldi. Speaking only for my group, we encountered some very variable weather, but managed to get to the summit of Garibaldi via the Warren Glacier. The ski down the Warren was easily among the best of the season. The two groups rendezvoused around supper, and we camped again at Table Bay under cold, clear skies.

On day 3 we broke camp for a not-particularly alpine start, and skied to the moraine flats and travelled just to the west of Table Mtn. We skied onto the Warren Glacier and past the Shark Fin as the weather gradually became more threatening. We hurried along, expecting the worst. Luckily the storm/whiteout held off, and we had a very pleasant ski across the Neve and down to the Opal Cone. From here it was somewhat tense while we slogged up the Ring Creek gully underneath very heavily loaded slopes. Michel provided some relief when he took a high speed crash and buried himself in wet snow up to his thighs (that is headfirst up to his thighs). Eventually we arrived at the Diamond Head Hilton around dusk, and to our pleasant surprise there were very few other lodgers. We spent the evening singing folk songs (special thanks to Terry, John, Laurna, and Mary), and listening to moaning about sore feet. Actually, there were some pretty nasty wounds.

The next day, after a leisurely breakfast, the drivers were sent to retrieve the vehicles while some of us went to the Gargoyles. Eventually everybody reconvened at the parking lot, and we headed for a well-deserved meal at the Highwayman. Those readers who are familiar with Harold's gastronomic habits will understand when I say that large quantities of food were consumed.

Party: Carol MacMillan, John Gothard, Harold Rydell, Dave Robertson, Martine and Michel Michaud, Terry Hale, Laurna Walsh, Mary Prendergast, Sylvia Lyrenmann, Janet and John Pearson, and Gavin Thurston (leader).

### THE SPEARHEAD TRAVERSE: SUPREME TOURING IN THE COAST RANGE, 17-19 April, 1987

by Frank Baumann

The Spearhead Range near Whistler, B.C. is a ski tourer's paradise - easy access and constantly changing scenery along a spectacular high alpine route that provides a most enjoyable challenge for the ski mountaineer. On Good Friday under sunny skies, thirteen of us were lucky enough to start out from the Blackcomb ski area. Avalanche control at the ski area had brought down a few slides but as we approached the first steeper slopes on the Decker Glacier, our test pits revealed a snowpack that was rapidly stabilizing after the storms earlier in the week. Caution was still necessary so we carefully spread out as we traversed the slope leading over to the Trorey Glacier. Imagine our panic when the Whistler HeliSki helicopter suddenly whop-whop-whopped up the valley and, inexplicably, veered from his course and did a low level pass right over us. Did he not realize that the booming noise of his blades could set the entire slope in motion? Surely a pilot who had taken thousands of heli-skiers

into the mountains should know enough to stay clear of ski tourers who happen to be on a potential avalanche slope. We were frustrated and angry, but could only shake our fists and curse the Provincial authorities who would allow such a blatant and

dangerous conflict between a commercial heli-ski operation and a ski touring party to occur in, of all places, the pristine beauty of a class "A" provincial park.

By evening, we reached Tremor Col, a beautiful 2600 m camping spot with a view that goes on forever. Tents were pitched, snowcaves dug, and dinners enjoyed before we retired to spend a rather chilly night in our sleeping bags. The next morning broke clear and warm: the rising sun was shining directly into our camp, motivating even the most weary to get up and make an eager start. Before touring on, we walked up nearby Tremor Peak, returning just as the first load of heli-skiers landed at our now-deserted campsite. Imagine the rather perverse satisfaction of seeing 12 skiers hop out of a helicopter and jump in and crouch low in the sanitary pit that had just served the excrementary needs of 13 tourers for a night. Brown revenge!

The traverse from Tremor Col to the MacBeth glacier exemplifies what the Spearhead Traverse is all about: in a little over three hours of easy touring, all of it over 2200 m, one crosses no fewer than four glaciers, goes by five peaks, zig-zags through four passes and sees a thousand and one different panoramas! It is hard to believe that a touring trip so close to Vancouver could offer so much variety in so spectacular a setting! If there was ever a high alpine area in Garibaldi Park worth preserving for the exclusive use of the non-mechanized mountain traveller, this would be it.

By late afternoon, we were on the MacBeth glacier, hoping to tour up Mt. Iago and then down onto the Diavolo Glacier. Unfortunately, the afternoon cumulus clouds moved in and obscured the route, forcing us to go down to the Fitzsimmons Glacier instead. As we stood in the fog at the top of the last steep slope leading down to the Fitzsimmons, a sudden burst of blue sky lured most of the party onto a dangerous avalanche slidepath. Tension was soon replaced by relief and delight as the last person skied off the slope and the realization was made that the pictures of this incident would make good, but fortunately not gory, material for next season's avalanche safety lectures.

The second night was spent in the forest below the Overlord Glacier - the green woods, running water and campfire providing quite a contrast to our first camp. The next morning, we started up Mt. Overlord but decided to forego climbing the actual summit when the blue skies started clouding over and flat light conditions threatened to interfere with the quality of the powder ski run down the glacier. It was interesting: 13 hardy mountaineers deciding that a great ski run down was more important than bagging another peak. All too soon, we were back where we had left the overnight gear and, after lunch and re-packing, we split into two groups - one to tour out immediately, the other to spend an extra night at the Russet Lake hut before also heading back out to Whistler.

Party: Peter Durnford, Randy Enomoto, Doug Herchmer, John Hills, Lloyd Jeffery, Robert Kennedy, Steve Lynn, Brian Miltimore, Mark Simpson, Ian Smith, Keith Thompson, Brian Wood, and Frank Baumann (leader).

### LORD GLACIER SPRING SKI CAMP, April/May, 1987

by Michael Feller

Several days before the trip was due to depart, Pat, our leader, rang to inform me that he had just broken his arm and was unable to go, so would I lead the trip. This explains why our trip got off to a chaotic start and why your leader ended up on the

trip minus all sorts of important things, of which the lack of spare socks was the most serious, from the viewpoint of the rest of the troops, whose noses reminded them of this towards the end of the week.

On a sunny day we left the old B.C. Hydro camp near Meager Ck. and let Eldon fly us up Salal Ck., over the Bridge glacier then over a 2600 m col beneath Mt. Perry, before descending into the upper Lord River valley. A quick survey of potential campsites indicated a perfect one on a forested bench behind the moraine wall just above the snout of the Frank Smith glacier. The open forest would provide greenery with its associated bird and animal life, and shelter from storms. The calls of birds establishing territories were to provide us with much enjoyment during the subsequent days. One colourful yellow streaked bird, possibly a warbler, entertained us for many hours with his beautiful melodious calls. The forest would also provide support and shelter for the large club tent and wood for its stove. A small lake a few hundred metres away could provide water although we always had enough just by melting snow on the stove. In the sun of our arrival it was an idyllic spot. Gerard, however, was not convinced, and wanted to camp higher on the snowy wastes of the Lord glacier, but greenery prevailed.

Tents were soon set up or, in the case of Reinhard, a bivy under a rock. An excellent toilet was constructed although the height of its seat caused a slight debate, and the large club "circus" tent was erected and its stove set up. An exposed patch of moraine nearby even provided sand for the bottom of the stove. After setting all this up we still had time for a ski, so three of us headed up the treed slopes above our camp while the others went to check out the slopes above the lower Lord glacier. Upon return to the camp that evening Helmut was a little disconcerted to find that all his effort of skiing up over 400 m counted for naught as he did not get up a peak. No summit, no points!

As the next day dawned clear and sunny, the troops decided to go for the highest peak which was also the furthest one accessible from our camp in a day - Mt. Fulgora. A long ski up the Lord glacier lead to the col between Porter and Mills. From here it was a gentle descent of about 70 m spread over 2 km, before skiing up the glaciated eastern slopes of the peak. The last 50 m involved a steep snow climb up the east face, the skis being left below. Maria, however, preferred the north ridge.

The following day was again sunny and most of the party ascended Mt. Dodds, with a few going on to climb Mt. Henderson as well. Helmut and Reinhart knocked off Pk. 2732 (m), about 1 1/2 km NE of Mt. Porter. The following day was overcast but by this time the desire to accumulate points by knocking off summits was overwhelming. So a small party set off up the Lord glacier again for Mt. Tait. The north ridge of this provided some pleasant rock scrambling with the occasional third class move, despite the heavy snow and wind which resulted in an early retreat to camp. Another sunny day saw the entire party heading up the Frank Smith glacier for the first time to climb Mt. Porter by its glaciated north slopes. Mt. Porter had the distinction of being the first summit to host the entire party. The descent from Porter was to the east back down onto the Lord glacier. The competition for points was getting keen so a group of point baggers set off into the now-forming mist up the steep northern slopes of Mt. Mills. The summit provided no view but a stack of points. The descent to camp was by way of the Frank Smith glacier since the lower portion of the Lord glacier had begun to develop moguls and gaping holes as crevasses had begun to open in the heat.



Brian skiing down the Frank Smith glacier with Mt. Fowler in background. Photo - M. Feller.



Descending the Frank Smith glacier looking towards the Lord Glacier with the ramparts of Mt. Tait in the background. Photo - M. Feller.

A bad weather day had some of the troops relaxing, but not so the germanic duo who convinced Brian that points could be obtained even in bad weather. Their objective was Pk. 2763 (m) about 2 km S of Mt. Fowler. This was duly ascended, much to the leader's chagrin, as he was beginning to drop behind in the points race.

During these days, Bruce and Denise had not been salivating for points, unlike some of the others, and had made a couple of forays above the camp toward Transition Pk. They had had pleasant skiing, but no points. However, with time running out they too joined the troops in search of points when, on the last day for an ascent, the whole party skied up the Frank Smith glacier headed for Pk. 2984 (m) about 3 km N of Fulgora. As the troops ascended, the clouds descended with an encounter around 2800 m. Pk. 2984 was part of a cluster of four peaks, being the highest. The lowest was 2900 m. Needless to say, the plan was to climb all four as this would give one more points than climbing Mt. Everest! The southernmost peak was climbed first, in a whiteout and strengthening wind. Then came Pk. 2984, followed by its neighbour immediately to the west. With the wind howling and snow coming in horizontally, some people were going up as others were going down. The race to accumulate points was intense. This was the last chance. The frantic activity, however, was overcome by the bad weather. Finally sanity prevailed and the troops retreated having climbed only three of the four peaks. Helmut, another Bavarian, and a rookie to boot, was declared the winner of the points race, chalking up one more peak worth of points than Brian.

The next day our radio worked as we spoke to Eldon through B.C. Tel. The departure was on. So camp was packed up and flown out through snow and down to the rain at the cars while an A.C.C. party was being flown in, sharing the costs of the helicopter flights.

All told it was a highly successful camp with 12 peaks ascended - those ringing the Lord and Frank Smith glaciers - and much camaraderie. The troops even gave the leader a present of 2 pairs of new socks upon arrival in Pemberton. Was this a hint?

Party: Helmut Maier, Brian Vezina, Reinhart Fabische, Tom Moskven, Maria Burda, Denise and Bruce Blackwell, Gerard Clement, and Michael Feller (leader).

### WELLS GRAY PARK AREA SKI CAMP, 15-24 May, 1987

by Brian Gavin

For some, due to work schedules, this was the alternative to the Lord Glacier ski camp. The destination was a small lake at treeline at 1700 m on a tributary of the Rausch River near the NE corner of Wells Gray provincial park. The lake, known as Tranquility Lake, is seldom visited - perhaps only once before according to the American Alpine Journal.

After flying to the base camp and setting up the digs, folks disappeared in various directions doing recce's. Next day dawned clear and we were away by 8 a.m. towards Mount Quanstrom. From the creek we continued up valley and out onto the glacier which was rather lumpy, but brought us to the end of the E ridge. Some discussion found us contouring the north side to the col. From here, crampons and ice axes were used to ascend 150 m of hard snow/ice to exit a short gully directly onto the summit. With lots of cloud around now and some blowing snow we descended to start skiing - first some powder, then breakable crust, then spring corn.



Mary looks at the view with Mt. Quanstrom directly above her. Photo - B. Gavin.

Monday was overcast and snowing so breakfast was delayed until near 11. It became a megaproject day with an igloo built between the kitchen and fireside salon. Eventually, the chunnel project connected the whole business. Logging activity assured a wood supply to heat the musicians and choir until midnight.

Tuesday was promising enough so after breakfast we were away to the glaciers south and east of camp. The upper glaciers were flat enough and we were at the base of Pk. 2740 m (grid ref. 990655) in no time. One ardent individual pushed skis up onto the ridge before continuing to the summit on foot. On the descent, this person was caught in a small surface slough and dragged 10 m downslope. Back at the bottom, the party continued on to Pk. 2740 m (grid ref. 988645) in search of better skiing. Somehow it was not to be found up here at the summit. Another slough was triggered, so home seemed a reasonable objective now. The upper glacier was a little too flat to be good skiing but off the snout and down the gullies to the outwash of the Pierrway Glacier was superb.

Wednesday dawned fine with some fair weather cloud so it commanded more activity. We were away at 8:30 gaining the glacier near some remarkably striated rocks. A direct route was used all the way to the col with minor switchbacking on the last hundred metres or so. The col was reached just in time for lunch. From here we contoured the

west side of the mountain, finishing quite high on the SW ridge. The last bit was done on foot and a second lunch was had in the sun on the summit. The sky seemed to be filling up with storm cells now and we were hit by one snow squall on the descent. The ski down was not particularly memorable.

Thursday and Friday brought inclement weather and abortive attempts on peaks, but Saturday dawned a fine day and after breakfast we were off toward Columbiad again - better luck this time? We used the usual route up our now familiar creek and gully, then along the moraine and onto the glacier. Again the glacier proved quite flat and was trivial to the col on the south ridge. The summit looked quite impressive. We proceeded on foot up and around to the NW side. The last bit was Class 4 solid rock and quite fun. The descent was uneventful although we decided that Heartbreak Ridge deserved one more visit and so the waterfall group were duly introduced.

Back at camp the major clean up began and before long the place was nearly spotless. We choppered out the next day.

Party: Ross Wyborn (leader), Mary Prendergast, Brian Thompson, Malcolm MacFadyen, Gavin Thurston, Colin Oloman, and Brian Gavin.

### A SKI TRIP FROM GENEVE, SWITZERLAND, 16-18 May, 1987

by Erich Hinze

Ski touring is alive and well in the Alps. Your editor will also be pleased to hear that the mountains there are completely metric. Telepopping, however, ist nicht erlaubt. The equipment of choice is downhill skis with touring bindings and plastic boots.

After leaving the usual meeting place of Geneve airport we decided to cancel the planned ski ascent of Mont Blanc. The weather was deteriorating rapidly. The next day we headed for the Val d'Herens in the Valais with lower peaks, only up to 3700 m high, in the hope that the weather would be better at lower elevations. At the end of a two hour drive through the Rhone valley and up a very serpentine mountain road we found ourselves at Arolla (elevation 2300 m) where the trail began. The snow level was low enough that we could use our skis right away. After a short ascent through the fog we arrived at the Pas de Chevres S. Arolla. A vertical drop of 40 m led to the glacier below. This difficulty was easily surmounted by use of a steel ladder previously attached to the rock by the S.A.C. A short ski across the glacier led to the cabane des Dix (2928 m). This cabin turned out to be a five storey affair capable of holding at least 150 people. To our surprise we were the only ones there. This bode ill for the next day, since we might even have to do some trailbreaking. Your reporter had been promised no trailbreaking in the Alps! Someone will have always gone before.

Indeed, the next day we were actually forced to break trail since no one else had arrived. The weather was still marginal and after climbing up to approximately 3000 m on Mont Blanc de Cheilon in ever deeper powder we turned back due to ever decreasing visibility. After an excellent ski down we now ski toured up a lower peak with a more obvious route, la Suiette (3500 m). At the top, the weather cleared considerably so we had another excellent run down to the cabin where we rewarded ourselves with a beer or two. The beer was available from the hut warden at a nominal cost of 3 SFr.

The next day we attempted Mont Blanc de Cheilon again but turned back near the top due to high winds. After another good run down to the cabin we paid our bill and returned to Arolla. As a nonmember of SAC the hut fee was 20 SFr. per night per person. At the present exchange rate that is approximately 20 dollars, so having the trappings of civilization in the mountains is costly.

Party: Peter Gump(linger) and Erich Hinze.

### MOUNT RAINIER, 27-29 June, 1987

by Larry Emrick

Your head pounds with every heart beat; legs ache, breath comes in short, sharp bursts. You're unstable on your feet and you feel nauseous or drunk - or both. You are at 4,200 metres on Washington State's Mount Rainier, fifth-highest mountain in the contiguous United States and higher than anything in Canada outside the Yukon and northern B.C. And you still have another 120 m of weary, stop-and-go plodding before you reach the final summit pitch, where steam, whipped by the wind from silver-dollar-sized vents in the crater rim, remind you of Rainier's volcanic nature. Hunkered on the southern skyline is another reminder - the ragged, gutted remains of Mount St. Helens. On the July 1 long weekend nine of us escaped the Canadian holiday to climb Washington's highest mountain. Given the soggy state of the weather, we were luckier - though not so loyal - as those who stayed at home for the holiday.

Fortified by a beer stop at Blaine, we drove down Friday night and camped in one of the public campsites at the base of the mountain. The next sound we heard was an ominous, distant roll of thunder as a weather system began to enshroud the mountain at dawn. I tried to convince myself that perhaps it was the sound of an icefall on the Nisqually Glacier, which we could see from the campsite, but the rain that began soon afterward dampened that optimism. I knew from a trip on the same weekend the previous year that to be sure of getting a campsite at Camp Muir we had to sign in as soon as the ranger station opened about 6:30 a.m. The rain gave us a good excuse to get up so while the remainder of the party slept in, three of us headed off for Paradise to sign the party in. Our advance planning and early start paid dividends for we were first in line and among the few parties who were given permission that day to camp at Muir. The alternative is either to camp higher, or lower, because the park rangers will only permit 110 people at Muir.

Despite our early sign-in, the rain settled in and rather than trudge off into the fog we decided to sit tight in the hotel at Paradise to see if the deluge would ease. At 2 p.m. the sun shone briefly through the cloud and the rain stopped so we headed off, just about the same time most of the parties that went up early arrived back dripping wet. We climbed in cloud for the first 90 minutes then broke into the sun at about 2400 m. For the remainder of the three days we were on the mountain we were treated to blistering sunshine.

We camped at Muir and arose on Sunday morning at the civilized time of about 4:30 a.m., unlike the guided parties, which get up at 1:30 a.m. and do most of their climbing in the dark. We were away by 6 a.m., which still got us past the most dangerous part of the ascent before the sun had been long on the mountain.

The climb is really just a long slog. This year we only had to cross one or two crevasses less than a metre wide, although a fresh snow-fall made the plodding a

little tougher than if we had had frozen snow or ice on which to crampon. There are few places where it is not even necessary to rope up but rather than run afoul of officialdom we kept the nine-mills on all the way up and down. We went steadily, passing several guided parties which had turned back, and shared a variety of reactions to the altitude from nausea to no reaction at all. We bagged the summit at about noon and after about half an hour's rest at the top, headed back down. I cannot say that Rainier is a pleasant climb, although I have done it two years in succession. The standard route is so heavily travelled that in places it is reduced to a knee-deep trench. There can be dozens of people on the route at any one time and one is constantly meeting other parties either going up or coming down. Still, there is satisfaction in having done it, if only because it does afford an opportunity to climb at altitude. Even the tourist route is over-hung with house-sized seracs, seamed with crevasses that could swallow locomotives, and rock falls that rattle with the menace of distant machinegun fire. But counterpoint to the danger is the solemn majesty of the setting and the beauty of vistas that stretch to the curve of the horizon.

Party: Jacqueline Bradshaw, Brian Waddington, Lyn Ashley, Jerry Martinek, Jack Bryceland, Keith Thompson, Paul Hannig, Bob Stair and Larry Emrick (leader).

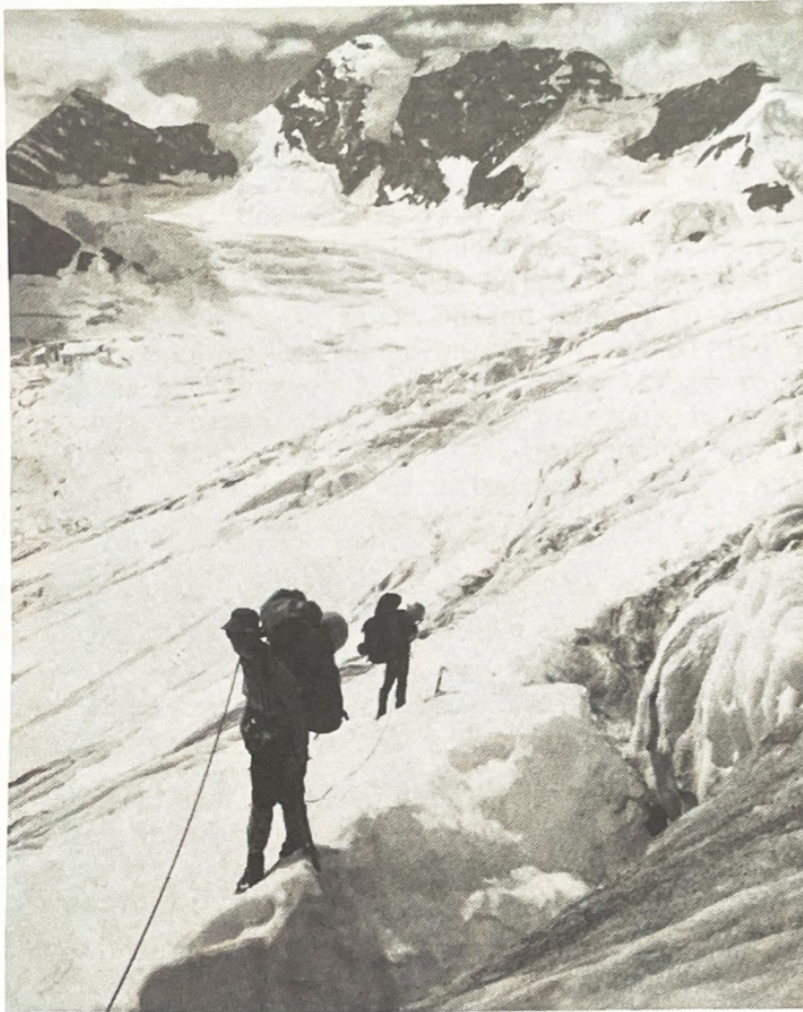
**PREMIER RANGE SUMMER CAMP, 25 July-3 August, 1987**  
by Brian Gavin

Early on in the planning it was discovered that Canadian Mountain Holidays operates a heli-hiking program out of the Cariboo Lodge in the Canoe River valley. Their Banff office was contacted to discuss area useage and to hopefully avoid any conflicts or "encroachments" by either party. We exchanged maps by mail indicating potential base camps and objectives. All of this proved very worthwhile and CMH proved extremely helpful and considerate - slightly modifying their normal program to accommodate us.

We left Vancouver Friday evening, and met at Yellowhead Helicopters in Valemont at noon on the 25th. After a day of storms and a morning of confusion we finally helicoptered in. Noon found us munching lunch while the mossies dined on us. Full effort was put into establishing camp. Once done, Randy, Hugh and I left for high camp arriving there in three hours. The route proved fairly straightforward with a minimum of blue ice. With the cache from the helicopter dug in, we triangulated its location and left for base camp, wanding the route on the way.

Monday dawned clear so we were all up and keen, getting away by 8 a.m. An easy 3 1/2 hours found us on the summit of Penny with a side trip over Ice Dome included. From here, David and Peter decided to return to base while the others all went on to Mt. Aha and then the unnamed summit one km to the NW. We had entertained thoughts of continuing on to Gunboat but descent in that direction was not easy and would have required a significant descent to the NW. With the weather deteriorating we headed for the Ice Dome - Penny col. We had two interesting bergschrund crossings to contend with and arrived in the col with strong winds and rain. We pulled the wind gear on and started down fast. Part way down, the thunder and lightning started quite close. The rain nearly stopped as we reached camp and died out over supper.

Tuesday dawned a beautiful day so we were up at 6:30 and decided high camp was the place to be. Several hours later at high camp a long time was spent digging in and building snow walls.



The approach to high camp with Pyramid (left) and Sir John Thompson (right). Photo - B. Gavin.



High camp beneath Sir John Thompson and Pyramid (left). Photo - H. Kellas.

Wednesday dawned clear yet again and we revelled in the wonder of our luck. Last night, the winds had been so warm that the snow walls were all but gone. Peter's tent had actually blown down in the night and he was up at 4 a.m. to do repairs. After breakfast we were off to Sir Wilfred Laurier. On the the lower slopes we turned right to some rocks and from the top of them, up an ice slope. Beyond this four of us stuck to the glacier while Randy, David, and Peter kept to the rock. The glacier team had one very interesting crevasse crossing, but beyond that all was fine. The last 300 m+ was very windy with steady 50 km/hr winds, gusting to 70 km/hr. The summit was broad and flat - rather boring and out of character with the other summits in the area. It was somewhat reminiscent of Mt. Baker. There was now lots of cloud overhead but we still had excellent views of Mt. Robson and the Wells Gray area to the west. We descended to the west ridge for the sake of a look at the Kiwa Glacier and the peaks of John Abbott, Richard Bennett and MacKenzie Bowell. The route down would be very easy with John Abbott being the most inspiring looking peak. The Kiwa deteriorates into a horrendous icefall at about 2500 m and it appears that an approach from Kiwa Creek would be very difficult if not impossible.

Back on the summit we dropped into a hollow for some lunch but this was short lived. Being the only one with plastic boots (doubles) I was also the only one with warm feet. With everyone wearing everything we headed for home. This proved to be a non-stop trip with the motivation to get warm and out of the wind quite strong. We were back in camp after a total time of seven hours. We learned later that on the way up, Randy, Peter and David had stopped at 3140 m to rewarm David's feet. This took so long that they decided to descend rather than press on.

Thursday again dawned clear but cooler and we felt we had the weather all figured out. Peter and David chose to return to base camp and warmer country. Hugh had a cold coming on so elected a day of R&R. Randy and I, along with Mike and Evelyn had our eyes on the north side of MacKenzie King during yesterday's descent so thought we'd test it out. The north face of the east peak looked interesting and the route proved rather easier than expected - probably not steeper than 40° in most places. Above the final bergschrund was about 10 m of 55° ice and this offered the most excitement. We came over the top just off the summit - and three hours from camp.

Our plan now was to traverse the entire ridge of MacKenzie King from east to west, but Mike was convinced we were doomed by a storm coming up from the south. The weather all round was looking worse with a number of active storm cells, but we seemed to be in the calm. Randy and I were much tempted and so pressed on while Mike and Evelyn descended to the David Glacier. Four leads on steep hard ice got us by the first rock step on the south side and onto the ridge. Next came the most aesthetic portion of all as we walked along a corniced ridge with 1500 m vertical relief on our right and the steep south face on our left. The second rock step was Class 3/4 and not as poor as the first. We again got by on the south side and then continued along the ridge to the summit where Mike and Evelyn were beside a large cornice. We determined this summit to be 10 m higher than the previous. This traverse had required four hours. Mike and Evelyn had bypassed the traverse reaching the summit from the relatively easy David Glacier.

After lunch we descended to the David Glacier and then plodded up to the pass with a minimum of route finding problems. Coming through the pass we were faced with incredibly black clouds - like night - completely obscuring all the peaks east and south of



Crossing a bergschrund on Sir Wilfred Laurier. Photo - M. Feller.



On the slopes of Sir Wilfred Laurier looking towards MacKenzie King, showing the route up the east peak. Photo - B. Gavin.

us. As it turned out, this storm cell just missed us and we had time for supper before the next one came along. This one didn't miss! We endured a ferocious lightning storm where the flashes and crashes came together. The high winds brought hail so loud and hard we feared for our tents. I had visions of us all in Hugh's Oval Intention with the remains of our other tents on top for more protection. The hail gradually turned to pelting rain and then snow. The snowstorm continued all day Friday with very high winds. Throughout the day, the temperature dropped and winds strengthened. Typically, Randy and I read or slept while taking turns shovelling us out to reestablish snow walls. Supper was late - near 9 p.m. - and then more snow and wind - in gusts exceeding 80 km/hr.

On Saturday I woke to discover the back end of the tent nearly buried. The storm had continued all night with more snow and drifting. I did a major shovelling out and found Mike had sat up all night as his tent had sustained serious damage. In mid afternoon with winds abating we decided to abandon high camp. Motivation was low but somehow we all got packed up and jettisoned all surplus into a huge crevasse. Unfortunately a burn up was impossible. We left high camp in a virtual white out and were thankful for our wanded route. We lost the wands a couple of times but rediscovered them without too much difficulty. The fresh, drifted snow resulted in us falling into crevasses but not too seriously. The descent to the rock benches demanded caution due to avalanche conditions but we eventually made our way to base camp.

Base camp was a disaster with the cook tent flattened and we found a note that David and Peter had flown out. Their own tent wasn't handling the weather either. We attempted to raise the helicopter company on the radio but to no avail. I was up at 7:30 on Sunday to cloudy weather but at least it wasn't raining. I was busy getting a gourmet breakfast going for everyone - coffee, eggs, bacon, pancakes, cereal and fruit - and had them all invited over. The boys down at CMH must have smelled all the brewing up and they dropped in by helicopter to see how we were. I suggested we would love to go home today since tomorrow was our last day anyway. Dave, from CMH, said if we could be packed in a half hour, they would fly us out - free!!

Well, somehow everyone forgot the gourmet breakfast and their damp spirits. Everything was packed faster than I ever imagined possible. This giant Bell 212 swallowed all our equipment and the remaining five people to put us down right beside the cars. We were invited to come up to the lodge for coffee and German Kuchen. It was somehow difficult to tear ourselves away from these folks.

Party: Hugh Kellas, Peter and David Stange, Randy Enomoto, Michael and Evelyn Feller, and Brian Gavin (camp chairman).

**THE GODDARD HISTORICAL EXPEDITION, CHILKO LAKE AREA - 75th ANNIVERSARY,**  
**25 July - 8 August, 1987**  
by Robin Tivy

Since our 1983 expedition to the Goddard Glacier, I knew we must return again to Chilko Lake. Large and wild with storms, this clear blue glacial lake offers access to some of the finest peaks in British Columbia. The lake is over 80 km long and accessible only at the north end. The south end of the lake projects into a kingdom of giant glaciers, tree filled valleys and ice covered peaks which has rarely been penetrated on foot.

The names of the peaks in this kingdom add further mystery and interest. The names of one large group were derived from the Battle of Coronel on Nov. 1, 1914 between the German (Admiral Von Spee) and British fleets off the coast of South America. This battle accounts for the names of the following peaks: Scharnhorst, Dresden, Leipzig, Canopus, Cradock, Otranto, Good Hope, Glasgow and Monmouth. The 1947 Encyclopedia Britannica describes the battle as follows:

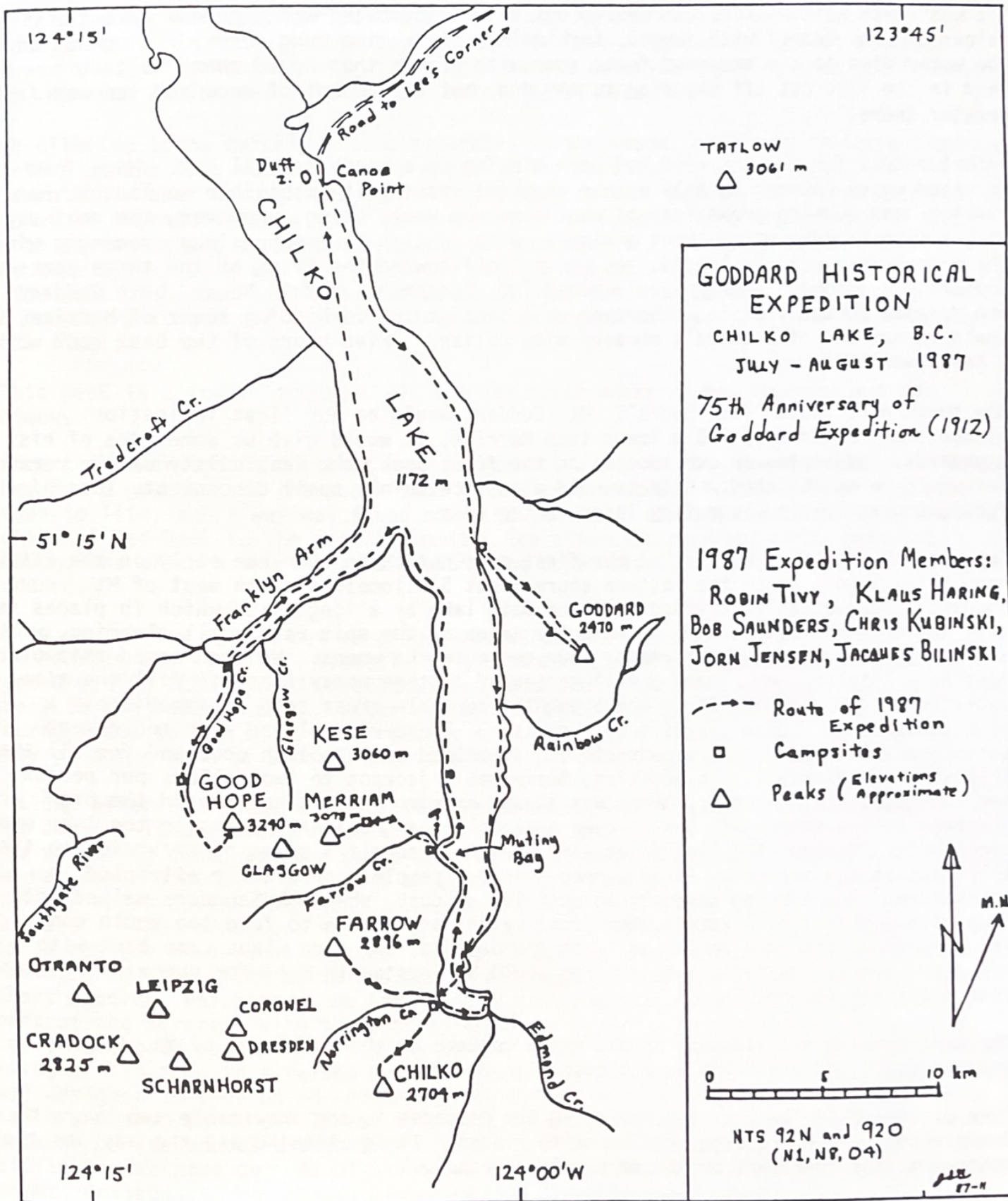
"Feeling compelled by his orders to fight, despite inferiority in gun power, speed and trained personnel, the British admiral closed, on sighting the enemy, and by 6:25 p.m. the action had begun. Tactical advantage lay with the Germans. A heavy sea rendered the main deck guns of the almost obsolete British cruisers ineffective, and silhouetted against the setting sun, they presented easy targets for the heavier armament of the German 'Gneisenau' and 'Scharnhorst'. The 'Good Hope' was blown in two at 7:20 p.m. and the 'Monmouth' was sunk at 800 yards range at 8:55 p.m. Not a man was saved. The 'Otranto' and 'Glasgow' escaped."

However, the present expedition revolves around two other geographic names: Kese and Goddard. The story behind these names is in the 1913 Alpine Club journal, in an article titled: The Mountains of Lake Chilko, by Malcolm Goddard of San Francisco.

From the article, it was learned that Malcolm Goddard had taken the CPR passenger train to Ashcroft, and from there went by stage coach to Norman Lee's (now called Lee's Corner). From here, he made arrangements to be joined by a Siwash Indian called "Kese", and the two of them rode packhorses the last 150 km to the north end of the lake. From here, they used a dugout canoe to get to the very south end of the lake, which at that time was only known by the Indians. By careful studying of Goddard's article we were able to determine that Kese and Goddard had climbed three peaks, one east of the lake, one south and one west. Each one is geographically distinct and of a different character and style. Our objective was to duplicate their canoe trip, and climb all three of their peaks.

Determining where Goddard and Kese actually went required detective work. In the article, almost all of the peaks were nameless (since the Battle of Coronel was yet to happen). Further confusion was caused by Goddard's estimates of the elevations of the peaks. His elevations were measured by a method depending on the temperature of boiling water and were low by about 200 m. Thus, he never knew that Mt. Merriam and the surrounding peaks were over 3000 m high. The glaciers Goddard described had greatly receded, and in some cases a study of the modern map did not show any sign of sights he described. However, at least the starting point was identifiable. The current road into Chilko Lake ends at the Nemaia valley Indian reserve, which is the same place Goddard and Kese turned their packhorses loose and launched the dugout canoe 75 years ago.

On July 24, 1987 we set out for the Chilcotin, with two cars, three canoes, and four people. First stop was a midnight rendezvous at the Husky station in Cache Creek. Here we picked up our fifth and sixth members, Bob Saunders and Chris Kubinski who were returning from Alberta. Once underway again, the car then climbed up onto the restful Cariboo plateau, where we spent the night under the pines and the stars just below historic Clinton. From Clinton we proceeded by the Cariboo Highway to Williams Lake, and from there westward on the Bella Coola Highway to Lee's Corner. Finally, in the early evening, we reached Chilko Lake. In the words of Goddard:



GODDARD HISTORICAL EXPEDITION  
 CHILKO LAKE, B.C.  
 JULY - AUGUST 1987  
 75th Anniversary of Goddard Expedition (1912)

1987 Expedition Members:  
 ROBIN TIVY, KLAUS HARING,  
 BOB SAUNDERS, CHRIS KUBINSKI,  
 JORN JENSEN, JACQUES BILINSKI

- - - - - Route of 1987 Expedition
- Campsites
- △ Peaks (Elevations Approximate)

N  
M.M.

0      5      10 km

NTS 92N and 920  
(N1, N8, 04)

JLL  
87-N

"It was worth waiting for. Spreading out to the southward was a narrow lake the colour of Lake Geneva with jagged, forbidding, black, ice hung peaks, rising out of the water five to six thousand feet, some with aretes that would shame Deltaform. A bend in the lake cut off the view to the end, but the amount of snow and ice was far greater there."

Unfortunately for us, the wind had been blowing up a heavy sea all day. Huge foam-streaked waves churned swiftly by our campsite, making it impossible to launch that evening, and causing great fear of what tomorrow would bring. However, the next day at 5 a.m., the lake was without a ripple, with no sign of the previous evening's wind. The canoes were quickly loaded, and we were off toward the first of the three peaks Goddard had climbed, appropriately named "Mt. Goddard". Within hours, both Goddard and Merriam became visible. Whenever we looked at the forbidding tower of Merriam, we would repeat one of Goddard's phrases with relish: "Five hours of the best rock work I have ever had".

How tough were those "five hours"? Mt. Goddard would be our first indication. Although Mt. Goddard is 500 m lower than Merriam, it would give us some idea of his standards. Depending on our success on the first peak, the feasibility of the remainder would be established. Defeat would almost certainly spell discontent, loss of focus, and an inevitable mutiny later in the trip.

The water being calm, we reached our first destination on the lake early in the afternoon. The lagoon is on the eastern shore about 5 kilometres north west of Mt. Goddard. The lagoon is divided from the main lake by a long spit, which in places is only two or three metres wide. Among the trees on the spit is a small clearing, with an open space and room for three or four tents in the woods. We soon named this place "Jensen's Cottage", and began a full series of cottage activities, to fill the time until tomorrow's climb. Chris had brought a portable chess set, so immediately a complex series of chess playoffs were devised. These were played with tournament seriousness with each of the contestants determined to establish once and for all that they were the smartest. In addition, there was a jackpot to two dollars per person. For those not playing chess, there was always a swim. As you get toward the big glaciers at the south end, Chilko Lake gets colder and colder. Swims in the lake were very short. However the lagoon was warm enough to permit a swimming excursion to the lily pads at the far end. After dinner, various people sporadically attempted to catch fish. The fishing suddenly intensified at dusk, when Bob Saunders walked into camp with a giant Dolly Varden, the first catch, and enough to feed the whole camp. The remaining fishermen immediately hit the beaches, and soon Klaus came back with a pan sized trout. We decided these fish would be roasted in foil for our victory feast after climbing Goddard.

The next morning all six were up and ready to take on the challenge of Mt. Goddard. Goddard described the climb as follows:

"One disagreeable feature of climbing in the Cascades is the inevitable two hours of dense woods, which are muggy and mosquito ridden. It is climbing all the way, as the mountains rise sharply from the very water's edge..."

To combat the bugs and bush, we conceived the term "full metal jacket", from Chris's description of a recent movie by the same name. At first the term meant putting up the hood on your full Gortex jacket, and fastening down the sleeves, but the term

quickly became very popular as the standard way to describe a whole class of experiences: "In today's society, you have to have a full metal jacket attitude toward the job". Another use of the term was to describe anything that looked tough: "Mt. Merriam looks particularly full metal jacket today".

The climbing teams quickly became separated in the woods, resulting in three separate parties by the time we reached the meadow. The first party was Jacques, who ran like a marathon runner through the woods for an hour or two, and was the first to reach the top of an impressive rock tower to the west of the peak. Here he walked back and forth so the others could see him, and was subsequently joined by Bob and Chris. By the time Klaus, Jorn and I reached the meadow, the tower was periodically obscured by a low mass of cloud, and I doubted we would find the true summit. Goddard had found it necessary to get off the west ridge and go around to the south side to climb the peak itself:

"This peak is a tower, sheer on all but the south where we had ascended a steep chimney."

Since the tower that the others were on was not a summit, it looked doubtful as to how they could get back to the south side to the true summit. However, later the cloud began to lift, and a way was found round to the south side, and from there Goddard's "chimney" led back to the actual summit. The chimney turned out to be pleasant enough, and after a short scramble along the upper ridge, we were on the summit of Mt. Goddard.

Below us, a view spread out of cloud shadows on the lake, and in the distance, most of Mt. Merriam was visible. Directly on the other side of Mt. Goddard is an enormous face dropping 1100 m into Dorothy Lake. Beyond that there is apparently an old horse trail to the Taseko Lakes. After an enjoyable hour on the summit, we began the long journey back to the ships. For me, it had been a hard day, but at least the feasibility of doing some of Goddard's climbs had been established.

The day after Mt. Goddard, we packed the canoes and proceeded south. Our destination, Mt. Chilko, loomed ever larger as we got toward the south end of the lake. The day was sparkling blue, and the waves were kicked up by a steady wind coming against us. We had three canoes, a green 5.6 m marathon canoe known as the "Hermes", a yellow 5.3 m canoe known as the "Nonsuch" and a white 5.2 m canoe known to the crews as "the Gunboat". The Hermes and Nonsuch were substantially faster than the Gunboat. Their speed was due to several factors: sharp fronts designed to cut the waves rather than riding over them, flat decks instead of upturned bow and stern, and efficient bent shaft paddles, which have the advantage of being more vertical in the most powerful part of the stroke. With their spray decks on to cut wind resistance, these ships could make good headway against any kind of wind. The Gunboat was built along classic voyageur lines, with a raised bow and stern, high seats, and broad in the center. It was designed to ride up on the waves rather than cutting them. On rough days, when sailors feared for their lives, there was no problem getting a crew for the Gunboat, because of its supposed stability. However, with the adverse wind, the Gunboat had difficulty keeping up. As of lunch, we had barely covered a quarter of the distance to Mt. Chilko.

At this early point in the trip, some of the crews had not yet learned all the tricks of power paddling. In order to make better time, crack troops had to do a shift



Paddling down Chilko Lake opposite Nemiah Valley. Photo - R. Tivy.



Mt. Chilko from Chilko Lake. Photo - K. Haring.

aboard the Gunboat. Unfortunately, this order meant a transfer of myself and Klaus from the fastest ship of the line to the slowest. The old Gunboat crew were put into the "Hermes", and the "Nonsuch" continued as before. Klaus and I increased the Gunboat's boiler pressure 300% which allowed us to develop tremendous horsepower and still managed to lead the fleet. At this early stage of the trip, such feats were still possible, because other crews were in training.

At about 18:00, we reached the extreme south end of the lake, about 49 km from our original launch point. Our camp was on a sand bar at the mouth of Norrington Creek. This end of the lake has a completely different climate and feel from the north end. Here, surrounded by roaring glacial streams, it was "full metal jacket" every night, because of the bugs. The water was far too cold even to wade in. The only compensation was that the bush on the delta was so miserable that we had no fear of building great roaring fires to keep the bugs away. (At our other camps, I had a continual fear of the beautiful dry pine forests catching fire.) The crews, having become spoiled at the idyllic lagoon camp, could talk of nothing else but escape. I now know how Captain Bligh felt after leaving Tahiti. The camp became known as the "Norrington Compound", and everyone imagined that it was like the miserable compounds that were the bases between tours of duty in the Vietnam war movie "Platoon".

The next day was reserved for Mt. Chilko, the second peak Goddard had described:

"This region (end of the lake) is dominated by the peak immediately beyond the end of the lake and upon this we bent our energies. Leaving camp at 6:30 we paddled across the bay and entered upon the arduous two hours of sticks which brought us to the snout of the Y shaped glacier flowing northward from the peak. We took a direct route for the peak ascending the maze of crevasses and seracs to the central arete which we ascended to the summit. I had studied the route and expected difficulties in but one place. They appeared to a slight degree, however, in three places where rock was very steep and about ninety per cent of it loose. The north side of the arete is bad, as the granite is just in the position of the rest and it required but a touch to send four or five blocks a cubic yard in size, crashing to the glacier below and starting miniature avalanches. The summit was reached at 2:30, where I made observations for my map and took some photographs while Kesse made a cairn in which rests a brass Alpine Club tube. The hypsometer boiled at 196.4°F - 8392 feet."

Upon reading this description, we thought we could probably make an improvement to his route, and avoid getting into the canoes. Instead, we would ascend directly by the ridge opposite Norrington Creek, and rejoin his route higher up. On day 4, everyone was up at 5, and quickly ready to go. To get off the delta involved a horrible crash through dense willow, pines, and fallen logs to get to the base of the ridge. This was really "full metal jacket", but after crossing two more tributaries deep in the jungle, we arrived at the base of the wooded ridge. From here, it was a fast ascent straight up to a small peak at about 2100 m. From this peak, we dropped down onto the western part of the glacier and proceeded toward the Goddard ridge. To our left, we could see a valley whose bottom was scoured down to the rocks by glaciers that had since retreated. This must have been the icefall of Goddard's day.

At the end of the glacier, we had a minor technical problem getting off - across a bergschrund and onto the long west ridge. This caused the party to split into two, with Bob, Chris and Jacques in one party, and Klaus, Jorn and myself in the other. Bob's party climbed a short pitch of steep, solid rock and gained the skyline ridge

directly, whereas Klaus led off to the right across a snow bridge and gained the ridge lower down. This gave Bob's party a bit of a lead over our party. Once on the ridge, both routes rejoined the original Goddard route. Between us and the summit, there appeared one more steep ridge, with large loose rocks on it. At this point I was fearful of Goddard's "four or five blocks a cubic yard in size", but fortunately the climbing was straightforward, with no excessive danger of falling rock. His problems must have been lower down on the ridge. Upon reaching the summit, Bob's party made a momentous discovery: they found the previously mentioned Alpine Club tube left by Goddard in 1912. Inside, through his even handwriting, Goddard came alive from the past:

"July 2, 1912

First Ascent of Mt. Chilko by Malcolm Goddard, San Francisco, accompanied by Keese, a Nemaia Valley Siwash Indian. Ascent by arete bet. glaciers on East. 8 hours from lake."

This personal note from Goddard gave everybody a big boost. Previously, discussions about Goddard's probable route seemed pretty theoretical, like some history teacher generating bogus facts about Christopher Columbus. Everybody had gone along with it for the fun, and there were many jokes about finding pieces of Goddard's canoe, and finding Goddard's footprints in the dirt, etc. But now standing on the peak looking into the vastness beyond, our predecessor came alive. Yes, he was a real mountaineer, building cairns and writing in summit registers, just like we do today. Klaus remarked that usually such historic notes would be locked away behind glass in a museum.

In his note, Goddard told us the exact time of year that he had been up there, almost a month earlier in his year than we were in ours. When our time came to write in the summit register, each person wrote his name, and I followed the list with "In Goddard's footsteps we trod...." All too soon, everybody was cold, and it was time once again to leave the place we had spent half the day to get to.

On the way back down the ridge to the compound, we stopped for a leisurely break on top of a bump on the ridge, before plunging back into the bugs. Here we had a wonderful view across Norrington Creek of a steep gully and glacier route to the top of Mt. Farrow. Our two leaders, Bob and Klaus immediately agreed that we should suspend our rest day, and make a bold strike for Farrow the following morning, directly from the compound. Although Goddard did not climb Mt. Farrow, he described it to us:

"A peak between Mt. Merriam and Chilko Peak, C 24 on the map, presents straight, sharp, snow aretes which fall away abruptly to ice filled cirques shown plainly in photographs from the two peaks mentioned. Any route I could discover demanded considerable ice work, so that a bivouac would be necessary at its base for the successful ascent."

Because it was there, Klaus and Bob with the spirit of Goddard wanted to climb it directly from the lake in a single day. This idea caused some consternation among the others, who were looking forward to leaving the compound for a rest day. The argument of the troops was that Merriam was the objective, and Farrow was unscheduled. Farrow had been written up on the expedition "prospectus" as a likely substitute for Merriam, should Merriam prove too hard. However, since we had gotten onto the lake, the talk was of nothing but Merriam. Every day coming up the lake, we had cast fearful glances at its forbidding peak, with its glacier coming right off the summit, knowing that

there lay the final challenge. However, with both leaders in agreement, the only choice for the rest of us was either to follow or to "mutiny". Jorn and Chris decided to take one of the boats and proceed to a beautiful sand beach just south of Farrow Creek, which we discovered in 1981. This left me and Jacques to follow the leaders.

We were still discussing Mt. Farrow when someone stepped onto a wasp's nest, which caused the troops to scatter into the woods in every direction. By the time people stopped running, Chris and I found ourselves off to the left of a steep mossy gorge, with the rest of the team somewhere on the other side. Thus there were two routes back to camp. Chris and I once again battled the bug infested willow jungle on the delta. The others descended directly to the lake, and then worked their way along the shore, wading into its icy waters. Once back together, an anti-bug fire was built, and we huddled around it for the remainder of the evening.

The next morning the Mt. Farrow team awoke at dawn and trooped out of camp to try to gain the western shore of Norrington Creek, and thus avoid the horrible bush and swamps that are in the bottom of the valley. The silty gray creek was soon crossed on a rotting log pile. The west side of the creek is populated by mature trees, some of them large enough to make a dugout canoe such as the one Goddard used. For the next hour we worked our way through the large trees, staying on the bank just above the swamps that filled the bottom of the valley. Time was passed by picking up fragments of Beatles songs, which would be added to line by line by various members as we climbed over the deadfalls.

Eventually, we reached a point where it seemed we should start to climb up out of Norrington Creek. It was difficult to determine exactly which gully was the one we had seen leading to the glacier. It turned out that we were still several kilometers short and had an hour of traversing before the proper gully was reached. The main challenge in the traverse was to avoid the cliffs and the pockets of impenetrable slide alder between the cliffs. After another hour, the proper gully was reached, and we were soon climbing steeply and efficiently up the snow tongue leading to the glacier. The glacier turned out to be quite broken in the center, with the best route up the right hand side against the polished rock. It was necessary to rope up and jump several open crevasses. Next was a snowfield feeding the glacier and finally a rock ridge off to the right leading to the pointed summit.

The summit of Mt. Farrow was cold and snappy, with a strong wind blowing from the west. In every direction, glorious peaks and icefields stretched off into the distance. To the north we could look down into the flooded moose meadow where we had camped years earlier en route to the Goddard Glacier. Across the valley towered the black and impossible 800 m south face of Mt. Merriam, dropping directly into the same moose meadow. Further up Farrow Creek was an impressive view of the top 600 m of the route on Good Hope. Below and to the east of the summit, we could see the top portion of the other climbing route, coming up the glacier from Farrow Creek. Upon examining the summit cairn, we discovered that a party had been up the Farrow Creek route earlier in 1987, leaving us with inspiring summit messages written in German. After half an hour we thrashed our way down back to camp.

The next morning started calm and clear, and we quickly readied our ships for departure to the mouth of Farrow Creek, known as "Mutiny Bay". Klaus and Jacques took the "Hermes", leaving me and Bob in the Gunboat. On our way we carefully traced a route completely around the "bulb" at the end of Chilko Lake, looking for any other spot



Mt. Farrow from Chilko Pk. Ascent route was via the glacier. Photo - K. Haring.



Mt. Merriam from Chilko Lake. Photo - R. Tivy.

where Goddard may have camped. There was no other likely spot, which lead us to believe he must also have camped at the Norrington Compound. Upon reaching the mouth of Edmund Creek, we discovered an entrance into a maze of brown lagoons, connected by passageways no wider than the length of a canoe. We spent the next hour exploring these passages.

After landing in the Edmund Creek lagoon for lunch, we got underway back up the lake toward Mutiny Bay. At first, the lake was flat and calm, but as we proceeded the waves quickly built up to a size where the ships were starting to surf. On several occasions the waves seized control of the Hermes and forced it sideways causing Klaus and Jacques to resort to desperate rudder action to recover control. Upon rounding the final point, we soon spotted the yellow "Nonsuch" belonging to the mutineers, and we proceeded into their camp. The remainder of the day was gray and overcast, with Merriam remaining completely in the clouds.

There was considerable discussion about whether Merriam should be a one day or two day effort. Also there was a question of whether we should start from the small lake directly east of Merriam, or start directly from Mutiny Bay. By studying Goddard's article, it seems that he started directly from Mutiny Bay at 3:30 a.m. and did the entire 1800 m climb in a single day:

"In spite of the fact that the sky was no more promising than it had been for days, we set out at 3:30 (AM!) for the peak. We reached, at 8:30, the end of the arete that separates the two glaciers flowing to the east. After a second breakfast, we crossed to the north glacier, and gained the col from which began the best five hours of rock work I have ever had."

"Mt. Merriam is a black, forbidding peak, sheer and impossible to its very base on the south, and almost so on the west, while the northeast forms a cirque with high narrow aretes on the southeast and north. The glacier in the cirque drops from the very summit of the peak broken here and there by rock cliffs forming a series of ice-falls from which blocks crash ominously. Camp was gained at 8:45, a sixteen hour day with an ascent of six thousand feet from the lake. Barring the Aemmer Pass near Mr. Goodsir, this has been my best day of mountaineering."

Since it had taken Goddard two separate attempts at the mountain, we adopted a more conservative two day plan with a high camp on the east ridge at about 2300 m. Our weather looked no more promising than his had, 75 years ago. We took an extra day's food in case we really had to lay siege to the mountain.

The next day we awoke at dawn to completely clear skies, with not a sign of the previous day's cloud. Chris and Jacques, who were starting their trip back to Vancouver that day, quickly loaded their gear in the Gunboat, and soon faded to a white speck across the lake, leaving the remaining four of us to face Merriam. Shouldering heavy packs, we started up in the open trees climbing about 60 m up the shoulder of Five Brothers peak on the south side of Farrow Creek. Dropping down the far side of this shoulder, we then crashed through the willows until we came out to the swift gray green waters of Farrow Creek. Fortunately, we were soon able to cross the creek on a large log jam. From here, a natural route led directly up toward Merriam, crossing another small, clear stream on the way. Soon we were out of the valley bottom, and picking our way up the lower east face of the steep ridge in front of Merriam.

Although it had looked almost vertical from the lake, the ridge was actually made up of interconnected ledges, covered with pines. To the south, we had a fantastic view of the icefalls on the Farrow Glacier. The sky was clear and blue and the air was fresh. After about an hour's climb, we stopped in a sparkling green vertical meadow at about 800 m for a snack. Here we were able to refill our water bottles from a small clear trickle through the moss, the last water we hit until the snow. Although we were still a long way from the top of the ridge, the angle of the slope was easing off somewhat, and it seemed like there might be a good campsite available. However, we were unable to find one, and soon the trees gave way to a long scree slope, stretching up toward the skyline. Thus, we continued climbing the long hot slope with our heavy packs, until finally reaching the crest of the ridge at about 2300 m.

Coming over the crest of the ridge, a different world awaited me. Between my position and the mountain, was a huge glacier filled bowl that was invisible from below. Beyond it, the mountain itself towered above, with shattered icefalls, and sweeping avalanche runs blocking every approach. From the ridge the glacier route looked very bad, and Goddard's idea of the rock ridge seemed just the right thing. We could see the long north ridge of Mt. Merriam which connects with Mt. Kese. This was where Goddard and Kese wrote that they made their first attempt on Merriam. It was also the route Steve Grant and I had tried to scramble up in 1981. Kese itself is quite unlike its sister 300 m peak, being a giant red pile of rubble instead of a steep black tower.

We threw our packs down on the crest of the ridge, and sat among the rocks for lunch. Our original plan was to camp here, and make a crack of dawn approach on the peak the next morning. However, since it was only 1 p.m., and the skies were blue we dumped our overnight gear, and made an immediate push for glory. It appeared that the ridge we were on would take us right to within 300 m of the summit, first swinging south to go around the glacier bowl, and then climbing west and north till we gained the upper snow sheet leading to the summit. (The summit itself is mistakenly marked on a minor 2900 m tower according to the 1:50,000 map edited in 1981.) The true summit is 500 meters to the northeast, at the top of the Merriam Glacier. Our route from the ridge was exactly the one taken by Goddard in 1912, which he described as follows:

"We roped at 8:45 and in six hours were on the summit, ascending by steep rock to the edge of the glacier which falls from the very top. A sharp cleft had to be descended and ascended as the sides of the arete were impossible."

With Goddard's words in mind, off we went, waiting for the "cleft" in the ridge to appear. Unlike Goddard, we did not initially rope up, and soon we were quite spread out along the ridge, with Bob Saunders in the lead always beckoning us on to the next bump. When we reached the steep cleft described by Goddard, it looked very terrifying. From the top it dropped off at an angle which increased as you went down until it looked like the last 15 m was an overhang. Far below, the ridge resumed again. However, by climbing down and traversing a bit to the north side, it turned out to be quite straightforward. A system of solid ledges and stable rocks soon unfolded, providing a ladder to the bottom. When Jorn and I reached the bottom, Bob was already part way up the other side, and so we had to be off again, still without roping up.

The next stretch was straightforward scrambling, with out progress mostly limited by energy rather than terror. However, as we approached 2700 m and neared the spot where the ridge butted into the glacier, things got a little tougher. The ridge became

increasingly pointed, and it became necessary to cling to either one side or the other. First there was a "finger traverse" on the north side, with a near vertical drop of 300 m into the glacier bowl. Following this, the route swung to the south side of the ridge. At one point, Jorn seemed to be hesitating quite a bit before climbing out to the left, and suggested perhaps I should take a look. I quickly discovered the cause of his apprehension. The rock was loose and vertical, and looking down, there was a 1700 m drop straight down into Farrow Creek, ending in the "moose meadow" where we had camped in 1983. You looked down a steep gully and the next thing you saw was this patch of green way below, with not a single thing in between! Like Jorn, I also couldn't find a way across. Had I been in the lead, we probably wouldn't have gone much further. However, Bob Saunders was still ahead of us, so I didn't spend any time thinking about the "big picture", the only concern was to get by this spot. Eventually we discovered that we could stay a bit closer to the crest of the ridge and continue. For the next 60 m the route continued to alternate from side to side on the sharp ridge, as terror gradually built up in my heart. We must soon catch up with Bob and gain the smooth snow slopes for the final summit climb.

The next terror was a sequence of sky ladders which went up steep loose chimneys. The hand holds were mostly small rocks imbedded in the rubble of the ridge. We climbed up these chimneys fairly briskly, each time hoping it was the last. However, as soon as you climbed up one, another would appear. On each climb, I carefully tested the holds, to discover which ones were firm. On one last chimney, I was about half way up, with the moose meadow below me, when a hand hold suddenly came out as I was raising my weight. Fortunately the other three holds were firm, but I was considerably terrorized by the event, and slowed to a crawl. After the worst of this was over, we put on the rope for the first time and continued up a damp, dark hollow finally joining the summit glacier at about 2800 m.

But still the mountain would not ease up. Klaus summed up how I felt when he said that it was tough and sustained and would give us no quarter. The word that sticks in my mind is "tough" and "sustained" as opposed to "hard". There was very little opportunity to recollect one's sense of safety. I had hoped that once we reached the snow, we would be able to either kick steps or use our crampons. However, the snow turned out to be between 15 and 30 cm deep on top of ice, and much steeper than it had looked from the ridge. It was too shallow to kick reliable steps, and too steep and uncertain to rely on crampons and ice screws. So rather than get onto the snow as Goddard had done, we opted for trying to work our way along the thin margin of wet and slimy rock at the edge of the snow. This was just as terrifying as the chimneys, with the same drop to the moose meadows always to our left. Furthermore, it was not continuous and in places we still had to use the snow route. We belayed each other across the tricky parts, and continued to climb. The snow steps were always in danger of giving way to the underlying ice. At one point, I had no sooner reached a belay point when Jorn slipped on the ice and slid to a stop on a tight rope. Each bump looked like the final summit, but finally just after 17:00, the slope eased off and Bob shouted down that it was the top. I was glad to hear it.

On top of Mt. Merriam, I threw down my pack, and looked around. The sky was completely transparent, limited only by our line of sight, the best view I have ever had in this region. To the west stood Good Hope, and a bit more towards the north stood Queen Bess. Across the Homathko Icefield one could see the distant hulks of Waddington and Tiedemann. To the south, we could now look down on Mt. Farrow and endless

icefields beyond that in the distance. Bob had by now discovered the summit register, which indicated that there had been very few ascents since Goddard's time. The summit register had no mention of Goddard, but apparently it was evident to the second party that someone had been there before them. They wrote that the first ascent was unknown, to which Bob replied "Well, we can supply that information". So we backdated an entry in the time capsule to July 1912 for Goddard and Kese. In addition, we added our own message to those in the future.

There was little time to relax and reflect upon the fact that with Merriam in the bag, we had duplicated the Goddard trilogy of 1912. The snow was already refreezing, and after very few pictures, we left the summit by 17:30 and started back down. The top part of the descent went just as slowly as the ascent, with some belaying on the ice, and on the skyladders. Like all descents, each obstacle passed on the way down seems to unwind the terror, and eventually we were on the more straightforward part of the ridge. We reached our overnight gear at about 21:00, and prepared camp as darkness fell. The first job was to level out two tent platforms in the snow. By the time the steaming hot chicken noodle soup was served, it was fairly dark and quite cold. A canopy of stars spread out above our heads as we bid goodbye to Merriam, and crawled into our tents for warmth.

The following day the peak was misted in as we began our descent down the series of ledges, across the river, and out to Mutiny Bay. Later the weather cleared up, and we spent a pleasant afternoon on the beach reading, fishing, and exploring around camp. After a careful rereading of Goddard's article we concluded that the "cove" that Goddard mentioned in his article must have been our "Mutiny Bay". Late in the afternoon, Klaus and I took the green boat (the Hermes) over to the rockslide where the Siwash had his famous double bear hunt, as described by Goddard. Below a small waterfall, there appeared to be fish jumping, and Klaus managed to catch two of them, which we had for dinner.

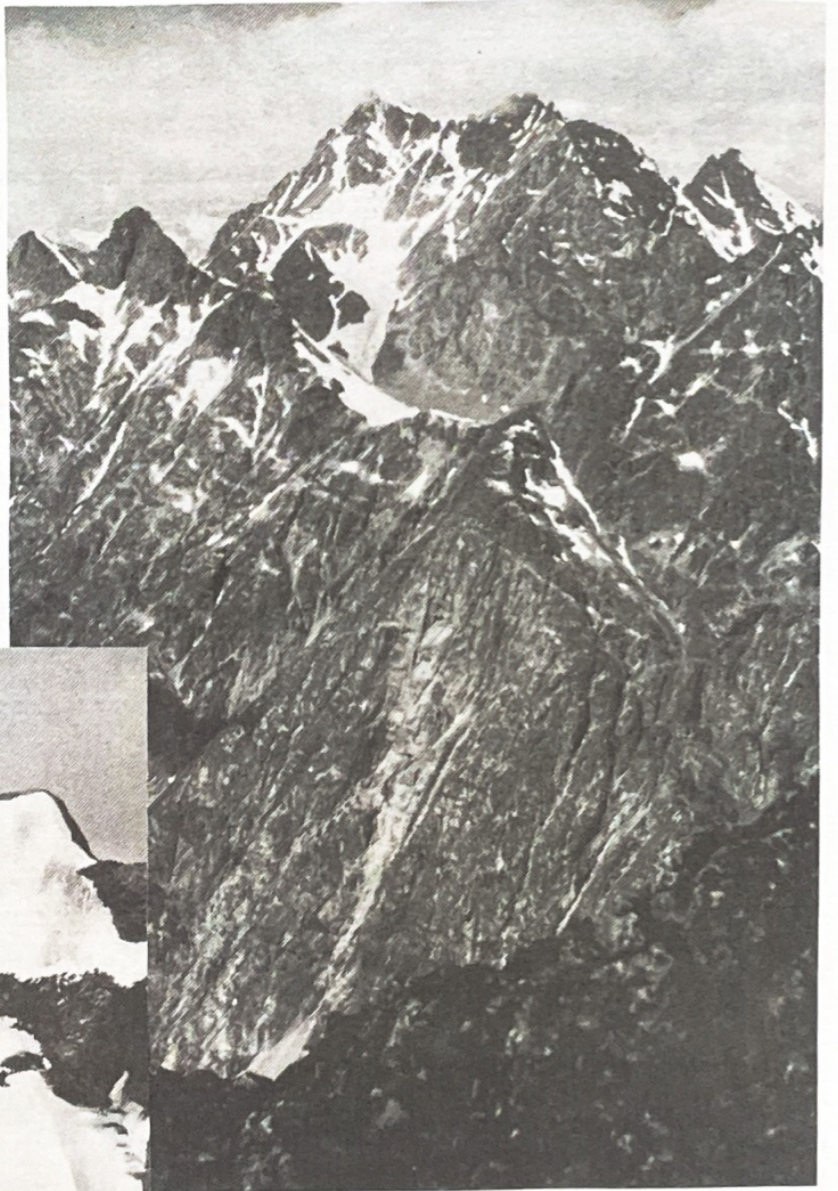
The next day, it was time to get underway for Franklyn Arm in order to climb our final peak and the highest of all, the peak Goddard referred to as "C26" (Good Hope).

"C26 towering above the pass to the Southgate River and opposite the end of the west arm of the lake offers, I think, a fine climb as it is quite steep and the highest of the lake region."

After a steady paddle along the lake, we reached Franklyn Arm at about noon. We were more fortunate than Goddard, and were spared from "a heavy sea running out of the bay, necessitating a camp till morning". After rounding the point, we had a delayed lunch. After lunch a wind picked up considerably, and soon the decks were awash. We could only proceed because the more the waves picked up, the closer we got to the end of the bay. At Franklyn Arm we found an old cabin which had been extended by mining ventures and then used by hunters. The grounds were somewhat of a mess so we briefly looked for another campsite. However, the end of the bay is quite shallow and no better site was found, so we stayed near the cabin.

The next day, we beat our way up Good Hope Creek to our high camp for C26. Of the three possible approaches to Good Hope from the lake, this one is the easiest going. (I am probably the only person to have walked all three approaches: Glasgow Creek, Farrow Creek and Good Hope Creek). After a search for Bob who had gotten ahead, we made a camp in the high meadows at tree line. Unlike Glasgow Creek, Good Hope Creek

Mt. Good Hope from  
Chilko Pk.  
Photo - K. Haring



Near the summit of Good  
Hope.  
Photo - K. Haring.

gives way to a series of meadows spaced nicely between tree breaks, and covered with beautiful blue and yellow flowers.

The next morning was somber and overcast as we set out for the Good Hope Glacier. After several hours, we reached the icefall where we needed a rope and crampons to wind our way through crevasses. It seemed like no time at all before we reached the upper end of the glacier and rejoined our 1983 route on the mountain. From here, it was a 150 m climb to a level apron upon which the route swings around to the south east. From the apron, several great snow tongues presented themselves leading up into the gray mists around the summit. Taking the left most snow tongue, Bob punched a long sky ladder up into the rock corridors, and the rest of us followed. From the top of the sky ladder, it was only another 100-150 m of scrambling between the moist and forbidding towers of rock before we reached the summit. There was no view in the swirling mists that enveloped the summit ridges. Bob was immediately off down Good Hope and across to Mt. Durham, which stands across the Good Hope Glacier and at the head of the Southgate Glacier. While Jorn and Klaus waited for the mist to perhaps clear, I climbed down to try and go over toward the slightly lower east peak of Good Hope, less than half a kilometer away. However, this proved to be beyond a casual solo scramble. To get to the other peak involves some tricky traversing on a knife edge snow ridge, with one side dropping off to Glasgow Creek and the other to Good Hope Creek. Eventually, I retreated back up to the main peak, and we began our descent back down the misty rock gullies. In spite of their steepness, the long snow tongues were too mushy for glissading, and so we had to tramp all the way back down to the apron. While on the apron, I tried to locate Steve's and my 1981 route on the Glasgow Glacier. There was much less fresh snow than in 1981, and everything I looked at seemed impossible. Steep, evil ice slopes covered with imbedded rocks dropped away almost vertically onto the Glasgow Glacier, way below. Leaving the apron we swung back around to the south and west and climbed down through the boulders to the top of the Good Hope Glacier, where we re-roped. Halfway down the glacier it started to rain, but we were soon back in camp.

The next morning, Aug. 6, it was bright and clear, and every man for himself as we came back down through the trees to the lake. Quickly we packed the boats, and were underway for Bateman Island by about 10. We reached the smooth rocks of Bateman Island about 11:15, after several spurts of speed in which the yellow canoe had managed to beat the Hermes. Now that everybody was an experienced canoeist, it was no longer possible for the Hermes to easily pull away from the crew of the yellow Non-such. In fact, on several occasions they had beaten the masters, which gave rise to much boasting at lunch.

It was back in the boats by 12 to start the big crossing. By now, we had only a slight breeze as a headwind and the lake was almost flat. Jorn and Bob set out to cross directly, whereas Klaus and I tempted fate by setting a direct course down the middle of the lake, aiming directly for Duff Island, some 15 kilometers away. Soon the yellow boat was a distant speck, and we began to lose sight of its position. It seems that the maximum visibility of a canoe from another canoe is about 2 or 3 kilometers. Although any sort of race for the last 15 kilometers was the farthest thing from anyone's mind, we aboard the Hermes thought it very prudent to keep a watchful eye on the yellow boat's position relative to ours.

The lake went mirror calm in the early afternoon doldrums. The first part of our course took us fairly close to the western shore, past the numerous small streams and

beaches. After Tredcroft Creek, we worked our way gradually out into the center of the lake. We came gradually closer to the other canoe, which could frequently be seen scouring along the far shore. Then for a while I lost sight of them, and when they were next spotted, they appeared to be ahead of us. Furthermore, the trees seemed to be moving by behind them fairly fast. Just in case, we picked up our speed slightly, and for the next half hour, we kept a good pace. The breeze had now turned to be at our back, as the hot air over the Chilcotin Plateau is inevitably displaced by the denser air from the coastal icefields. The ripples were now consolidating into small waves. We were now more than half way across the lake and able to distinguish our destination of Canoe Point. The next time I looked at the yellow boat, I could distinguish the people in it, and it seemed that they had their shirts off and were paddling fairly briskly. The boat was going faster than ever. Canoe Point loomed ahead, less than two kilometers away. In discussions afterward, it was disclosed that up until we were several kilometers from Canoe Point, the yellow boat had mistakenly considered our position to be behind them. They thought we were still against the far shore, and thus no threat to their lead. Similarly, our view was that they were against the far shore. In fact neither boat was against the shore, but this trick of the sea lulled the yellow boat into a false sense of secure leadership.

As both boats drew together toward Canoe Point, the yellow boat suddenly realized that our position was in fact slightly ahead of them. So they put on the steam. Well, we were not about to have the Klaus Haring "open sea" route discredited, so we picked up the pace a bit as well. By now, the waves were bigger and causing a moderate surfing action. As we approached Canoe Point, it became necessary for the yellow boat to alter course and swing out from the shoreline to round the point. This change of course caused them to be cutting across the waves, whereas we still had them at our back. Thus the yellow boat required uneven paddling to maintain its course. Meanwhile we could slack off slightly, and conserve strength for the final push. Upon rounding Canoe Point, the yellow boat was less than three boat lengths behind, with a kilometer to make up the distance. Remembering our races earlier in the day, I poured it on to stay ahead. Behind us, Bob and Jorn were churning up quite a storm but we were able to hold our lead. The boats hit the gravel shore of the Nemaia campsite at about 15:00. Since it was still early in the afternoon, there was no question of making camp. We quickly loaded the canoes onto the car, and after a quick dip in the lake, were underway back to the attractions of the city.

However, once we closed the doors to the car, our constant companion, Malcolm Goddard could come no further. And so we left him, roaming forever among the ice and the pines at the end of the lake in ...

"A land where the mountains are all nameless...  
And the rivers all run God knows where."

Party: Klaus Haring, Chris Kubinski, Jacques Bilinski, Bob Saunders, Jorn Jensen, and Robin Tivy.

**MT. HOWARD—FIRST ASCENT OF THE NORTH RIDGE, 22-23 August, 1987**  
by Brian Gavin

With visions of the usual "Duffey Lake Road approach" of only a couple hours we had agreed to meet at the church at 11:00. However, the first technical difficulty proved



Mt. Howard showing the ascent route. Photo - M. Feller.



The summit tower of Mt. Howard from the north. Photo - M. Feller.

to be navigating the west end while the PNE parade got underway! I waited patiently for an hour and was eventually joined by three very exasperated souls who wished they were already up the creek. We now headed out of town and used the "new road" which leaves the Duffey Lake road at its height and then contours along the south side of the valley. We parked at Cerise Creek and dutifully signed the register, wishing there were more names. Mike then discovered he had forgotten his boots but resolved to find out how far he could go in runners.

We set off up the valley, enjoying the flowers in the swampy meadows, but the bush became rather heavier beyond. Eventually, log walking beside the creek seemed the way. Finally camp was set in meadows just below Vantage col. The flies went home and I enjoyed a night under a beautiful starlit sky.

Sunday morning dawned clear and after a leisurely breakfast we headed up to the col. My moderate glacier I'd told the others about looked distinctly like an icefall, while the east face of Matier looked out of the question! Steve now admitted under severe questioning that his rope was well aged and second hand. Good grief! Mike somehow fitted his crampons onto his runners and we were off. The route studying/guessing paid off in the end. After ascending the west side of the glacier about half way we lucked out with a complete traverse to the east side and were above all the difficulties.

Now enroute to the col we began to notice a very appealing north skyline on Howard. We decided to test the runner/crampon technique a bit further. The snow arete was gained just above the buttress and followed up, then left to gain a chimney. This was a bit loose but not worse than 3/4. The top brought us to another snow arete 200m+ long. This brought us to a final rock ridge of class 3 and firmer than the earlier rock. The summit was reached directly and easily and we enjoyed splendid views. The original summit register established by R. Mason and co. in 1957 was discovered with an account of the second ascent by Juri and Anderson from Twin One Creek later the same year. No other notes were found.

We descended by the south ridge and then down a short chimney on the west side directly to the col. Beginner's may be happier to rappell half a lead here. The SE ridge of Matier looks very straight forward from the col. Our descent to camp and the car was uneventful.

Party: Michael and Evelyn Feller, Steve Grant, and Brian Gavin (leader).

**TANTALUS RANGE SUMMER CAMP, 29 August - 7 September, 1987**  
by Brian Gavin

The weather for the entire week could only be described as California sunshine. We had rain only once - strategically at night. If there was a complaint - perhaps it was too warm. The Saturday found us meeting at and leaving Klahanie at 9:30 a.m. for the Vancouver helicopter base in the Squamish industrial park. It was intended to fly two canoes up to the lake and leave one on the west bank of the Squamish in case of emergency. Finally, only one was flown in since the helicopter was not as prepared as they expected to be. The extra water transport proved a major boon in flexibility at the cabin. Finally, the camp chairman and cook were flown to base camp to do helicopter chores and the chairman also flew supplies in to the high camp. All other participants walked in and found the trail in good condition. After supper, a quick

meeting was held to discuss meals, group chores, use of the radio, log books and most importantly - to divide the loft into snoring and nonsnoring sections!

Sunday everyone was up to breakfast at 6:30 and then the enthusiasm could scarcely be contained. Cheryl and Simon left for the E ridge of Alpha, Phil and Bob to the N rib of Niobe, Harold led a group of six up towards Iota and on to Pelops and Niobe. Brian G. led Russ, Michael, Evelyn and John up the NE ridge of Niobe. It was a marvellous day for climbing with wonderful views of the surrounding peaks and the lake below. The Niobe teams met on top and sunned for a while over lunch. We watched the hiking party reach the summit of Pelops and then we traded places with them. From this point, Phil and Bob decided to continue on to Omega, bypassing Iota. They subsequently traversed the peak, descending the N ridge towards the cabin. From Pelops, the Niobe NE ridge team walked up Iota before descending the glacier to practise crampon technique and discuss terrain and features. On returning to the cabin we discovered 9 out of 20 people late for dinner! After eating we went out with the canoe and collected Bob and Phil out of the bush at dusk. The hiking party was just rowing home after a slow descent from the Niobe/Pelops col. Cheryl and Simon did not return from Alpha. Carol sustained rope burn belaying Monica when she fell just below Pelops.

On Monday we were up to breakfast and Brian pulled Bob, Phil and Russ in to consider going out towards Lambda Lake. John and Evelyn were to follow along behind later. With no sign of Cheryl and Simon by 10 a.m. we left, following the trail. They were met just before we reached Lambda Lake and everyone returned to the cabin. They had had a long day, only reaching the summit at 6 p.m. after 9 hours out. The bivy was brought on by darkness and Cheryl was kept awake by critters drinking at a nearby stream. Meanwhile, Harold, Chris, Debbie, Ray, Monica and Carol went up into the Niobe basin and ascended the west ridge of Omega. Others spent the day rowing, swimming fishing or beach-bagging.

Tuesday dawned clear as usual, and after breakfast, Philip, Bob, John, Evelyn, Michael, Russ and Brian left for high camp in the boat and canoe. Brad obligingly went along to row the boats back to base for the others. This first group had in mind to attempt the SW ridge of Serratus out of the col while enroute to high camp. Later on, Ray, Maureen, Carol and Harold also left for high camp intending to follow the same route. Those left in camp rambled around some meadows or went rowing.

Well, the early morning group split in two at the head of the great basin and both gullies were climbed to the slopes below Serratus, and the col was reached about noon - just in time for lunch. After jettisoning anything extra from packs, the ridge was assaulted. The rock was quite poor and loose although not terribly difficult. We arrived at a point where the ridge levels off somewhat, becoming a series of loose gendarme-like features and decided time was against us. On the descent, Evelyn was struck in the throat by a dislodged rock. Breathing was a bit difficult and uncomfortable but she managed under her own steam. The party above stayed put until we were well clear. Once down we packed up and headed for high camp, expecting the second team right behind us. Harold and company were already in high camp - and very comfortable too thank you! We started supper in the failing light and watched the head lights of team two preparing to ascend the blue ice and gain the saddle, but they went back for some reason. After supper John and Brian suited up and went back to Serratus, placed a fixed line and descended to discover team two had gone to the col to bivy in a wind cirque. They were soon convinced they had chosen a rock fallout



Lydia (left) and Red Tusk (right). Photo - C. MacMillan.

zone and so packed up and we all returned to high camp. Within half an hour of arriving there, the heavens opened with what was to be the only rain of the camp.

On Wednesday, the base camp people awoke to a leaden cloudy sky and so Simon, Cheryl, James, Brad and Natalie chose this cooler weather for their travel to high camp. Those in high camp found themselves in ragged clouds with occasional glimpses to the north. After some serious sleeping in, Brian organized an ice school for the afternoon.

Thursday dawned clear and cool. Evelyn was already up shaking out the troops at 6. After breakfast and head-scratching we were away shortly after 7 - Brian, John and Evelyn, Phil and Bob, Michael and Russ, Harold, Maureen and Ray, Simon, Peter and Nedjo. We donned crampons shortly out of camp and route finding was reasonably straightforward across the glaciers toward Dione and Tantalus. We assaulted the appropriate gully and after enduring the usual loose stuff were making our way along the ridge. On arriving at the base of Dione, Brian, John and Evelyn descended to assess the route to Tantalus. In the end this required descent of quite steep snow to the top of the bergschrund and then a full length rappel to the glacier below. Phil and Bob added another deadman to the rappel station and followed. The others all chose the standard route on Dione which was climbed without difficulty. Tantalus was climbed in a reasonably straightforward manner across the usual green ledges and then straight up the rock to the left of the snowfield. From the summit, the Dione team could be seen just descending the ridge. After a quick lunch, team Tantalus retraced their steps and were soon back at the bergschrund. Brian led the way jumaring back up the rope and replacing it with an 11 mm line. Everyone else followed readily but Evelyn had difficulty steeling herself up for this event. Consequently we tried a crevasse rescue method which proved a bit inefficient due to the distance involved. In the end she was brought to the edge of the schrund but the ropes had become set in a deep groove. With another line and much effort involved harnessing the other members in a dog sled fashion, she was pulled over the edge. This event required a great deal of time and darkness was fully upon us. It should be noted that while attempting to help Evelyn at the bottom of the bergschrund, Bob Gall was struck in the eye by her ice axe pick.

Now at the base of Dione, we all shared most of what food we had left - mainly Phil's lunch. More serious consideration should have been given to a bivy here but with little water left and Bob's injury we opted for home. We successfully negotiated all the class 3 rock climbing, downclimbing snow and the glacier travel home by moonlight and headlight. Camp was attained very late. You may be assured that very serious sleeping in, dozing in the sun, and serious laziness resulted the next day.

Meanwhile, on Thursday out of base camp, Pam, Debbie and Chris climbed the NE ridge of Niobe, getting back quite late. On Friday, Pam and Monica rowed to the west end of the lake to explore the basin below Serratus and return to camp via Lambda Lake.

Sensing the impending finish to summer camp, everyone was keen on Saturday. Phil and Bob, Brian, Simon and Peter left high camp early and easily ascended the north face of Serratus - by what seems a major variation. The snow route on the extreme west side of the face was used as high as possible - finishing with a short gully and a few gravel benches which led directly to the summit. Views of Lake Lovelywater and Dione were splendid. On their return to high camp, the others had done an incredible clean up job with a major burnup and everything else packed out. Such a joy to find camp in this condition. Packing up, they were soon underway to the lake but crossing the upper basin, Nedjo slipped on some rocks and stood up wearing his hip belt! The pack had exploded. Thankfully, it was an external frame version and judicious rearranging of pins had it operational again. The final descent to the lake was at dusk and the boat was waiting. We tested its capacity with six climbers and full packs but it performed admirably. The cabin lights were our beacon for home.

From base camp, Alpha received lots of attention with Michael and Debbie, Chris, Harold, Monica, and Carol all heading up the southwest slopes from Lambda Lake while



The group at Lake Lovelywater. Photo - P. Rogers.



Hard core Simon below red tit hut. Photo - P. Rogers.



High camp beside the red tit hut. Photo - B. Gavin.



Heading for Dione on the Dione glacier. Photo - P. Rogers.

John and Russ successfully climbed the East ridge. This latter team arrived home late but very pleased and couldn't possibly accept a boat ride the last bit of the way. Finally now everyone was back home at the cabin and once again, the more the merrier for supper.

Sunday, the last few forays were made. Brian and Phil nearly ran out of camp at 9 for Alpha. Maureen and Evelyn went for a casual ramble up around Lambda Lake while Cheryl and Debbie did some serious beach bagging. Rumour has it they also risked some high exposure suntanning. Anyway, Brian and Phil gained the saddle east of the infamous four bumps in an hour and a half. Taking time out to absorb the view and contemplate infinity, the NE ridge became very appealing - partly because we hadn't thought of it until then and no one else had done it out of our camp. Armed with all these good reasons they were off and enjoyed a particularly aesthetic climb reaching the summit directly at 1:30. They descended to the Serratus col and then the basin arriving at the west end of the lake to see Bob and Simon rowing away after leaving the canoe for them. Everyone was somehow surprised to see them back in time for dinner; but they had heard about Olga's desserts and wanted to save one from methodical destruction by the Harold eating machine. Sunday night turned out late with lots of talking and reminiscing. The common wish was that this was only the beginning rather than the end. Somehow, as much packing as possible was done.

Monday dawned clear as usual. After breakfast, packing up was finished and all the gear moved out to the helicopter landing site. Phil and Michael left early to do chopper duty down below. Pam flew out with the first load due to her leg injury. Two more loads completed the flights and everyone else walked down. Brian and Bob performed sweep duty and were ferried across the Squamish river by Evelyn in very fine style.

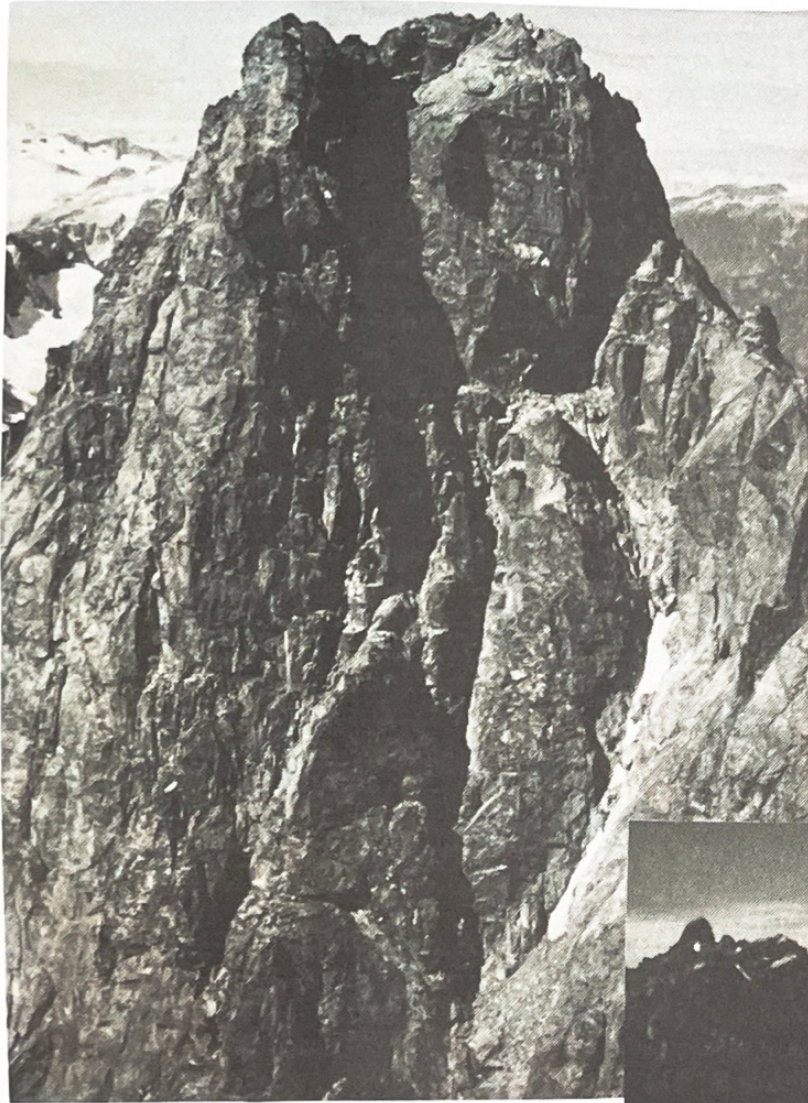
Party: Russ Frettenberg, Pamela Jenkins, Maureen Hill, Michael Dorotich, Christopher Kirk, John Gotland, Peter and Nedjo Rogers, Ray Perrault, Carol MacMillan, Evelyn Feller, Debbie Caldwell, Natalie Philip, Brad Caldwell, Cheryl Jeskiw, Bob Gall, Monica Schroeder, Simon Waters, Harold Rydell, Phil Reuben, James Madelgy, Olga Coltman (cook), and Brian Gavin (camp chairman).

### MOUNT BAKER NORTH FACE ROUTES, 26-27 October, 1987

by Brian Wood

It had been an exceptionally dry summer and fall and I expected that the North face route to Mount Baker would be in good condition. Since the previous weekend had had good weather, I was besieged with a multitude of phone calls about my trip in the early part of the week. However, by Thursday the weather seemed to be breaking and the original "firm commitments" from prospective party members gave way to a few vague statements such as "Something else has turned up" or "It depends on the weather", etc., etc. By Friday evening, I was somewhat relieved to note that the original overwhelming numbers of prospective party members had been reduced to about thirteen, which was still rather too many for this type of climb.

The clear early morning in Vancouver deteriorated to light rain and heavy overcast as we headed east along Highway 1. Nevertheless, the faithful and hopefuls met at the climber's "Shrine of American Pancakes", i.e., Spud's Restaurant in Sumas, for a final farewell meal before leaving civilization. The party was reduced to eleven now and so natural attrition was taking its toll.



The summit block of  
Tantalus from Dione.  
Photo - R. Fretenburg.



From Pelops looking beyond  
Bob Gall and Phil Reuben to  
Red Tusk (left) and Serratus  
(centre). Photo - H. Rydell.

etc., etc. By Friday evening, I was somewhat relieved to note that the original overwhelming numbers of prospective party members had been reduced to about thirteen, which was still rather too many for this type of climb.

The clear early morning in Vancouver deteriorated to light rain and heavy overcast as we headed east along Highway 1. Nevertheless, the faithful and hopefuls met at the climber's "Shrine of American Pancakes", i.e., Spud's Restaurant in Sumas, for a final farewell meal before leaving civilization. The party was reduced to eleven now and so natural attrition was taking its toll.

As I listened to the conversation at Spud's, I got the distinct impression that a high proportion of the party had not been climbing recently, and certainly not steep ice slopes. In fact, members were in hot competition to claim the honour of having done the least physical activity, for the longest period. Ah, the many faces of Machismo!

During the drive up to the parking lot, we caught glimpses of the north face through drifting cloud, and noted with some disappointment the light dusting of fresh snow on the rocks. It seemed to take forever to sort out the gear at the parking lot, and then Bob found that he had left his ice axe somewhere so had to drive back to the Ranger Station to try to scrounge one. Two waited for him to return while the remainder of the party trudged slowly up the "main road" trail to the site of the old Kulshan cabin, now just a clearing in the woods. By the time we reached the edge of the glacier, the remaining three members of the party had caught up with us, now equipped with a borrowed ice axe. It's heartening to know that the U.S. Forest Service can sometimes provide substitutes for forgotten equipment. Forgetful members please take note!

Since most of us seemed to have forgotten how to tie into a rope for glacier travel, or to put on crampons, it was about 3 p.m. by the time the party actually ventured out onto the ice of the glacier. As would be expected, the "main road" or normal route between the open crevasses was well marked but the party was soon spread out across the lower slopes of the glacier. By 6 p.m., those at the front of the party selected a reasonable campsite below the Black Buttes, at about 2400 m. Two of us prospected a route through the crevasses for the morning, while the remainder of the party dug out the tent platforms. The clouds drifted in and out around the top of the mountain itself, but our campsite was clear and we had good views of the Fraser Valley as the sun went down. Two party members had turned around before reaching the campsite as they had decided they were not fit enough for the trip, thus bringing the party down to nine. Perhaps they knew something we didn't know?

While we cooked our meals in the dark, the temperature plunged as the cold air moved down the glacier. Before turning in, I suggested that we started moving on Sunday morning at about 6:30 a.m., but upon reconsideration (i.e., our lack of practice and the size of the party) I secretly reset the alarm clock about one hour earlier. Sunday morning "dawned" clear, cold, dark and early. We finally left the tents at around 7:00 a.m. and followed a relatively easy route through the crevasses to the bottom of the face. Here the party split into two main groups, the first group consisting of a rope of three and a rope of two was to attempt the Coleman Headwall route, and the second group, consisting of two ropes of two each was to attempt the North Ridge.



Climbing the Coleman  
headwall.  
Photos - B. Wood.



I preferred to do the Coleman Headwall route, and using the leader's prerogative, opted to "lead" from the rear, enabling the fitter and more enthusiastic younger members to spend their time finding a good route through the broken ice at the base of the face. After all, the younger climbers need the experience - the older ones don't. Perhaps my memory was fading, but from my recollection of climbing the route many years before it used to be much easier getting on to the better slopes of the face. The enthusiasm of the younger set led us into some interesting acrobatics for negotiating short steep ridges "au cheval", digging our crampons into the sides of the ice ridge like John Wayne spurring his horse into action. Whilst I was slipping and sliding around on the hard ice, I remembered some aspects of ice climbing were quite different from rock climbing. Oh, why didn't I remember to sharpen my crampon points! Occasionally, we came too close to the rotten rock of the small buttress on the west side of the face and this limited our choice of route. At one stage, the leading Headwall party was dilly-dallying on a short steep section of thin ice over rotten rock and from my position at the back I thought anything would be better than that. Ulli and I avoided this awkward bit of rock by following a crevasse across a long steep slope, and finally climbing the upper wall of the crevasse by following an interesting "tunnel" to gain the bottom of the upper slope. Even though the two Headwall parties' routes quite often diverged, we would often meet again somewhere else further up the face.

In general, the Headwall route had a fair amount of variety with some continuous slopes of steep hard snow mixed with ice of about 45 to 50 degrees, connected by short vertical wall sections of hard ice of 5 to 10 m. As we were not looking for difficulties, we tried to choose the easiest routes. Sometimes the positions were quite airy, and nearly always with good views of the Coleman Glacier below. While the view was spectacular, our rate of progress was not. Soon after starting front point cramponing most of us began to feel aching calves, and I, for one, regretted that I had not done a little practising beforehand to toughen sagging muscles and refresh technique. I noticed that some other members of the party were taking every opportunity to rest their weary legs. Luckily, the North face is in shadow most of the day, and we kept fairly cool. However, by late afternoon we were on steep sunlit slopes near the summit and soon became overheated. Because there were few places to stop on the last 300 m or so, we kept on moving, albeit slowly, until we finally reached the crater rim sometime after 5 p.m.

The actual summit of the peak was about a km away across the relatively flat top of the crater. Because most of us had already been to the summit on previous climbs, it did not take long to decide that we would not bother completing the climb to the summit itself. Ah, sweet compromise! Oh dear, where have climbing ethics gone? Have they been lost in the rush to buy designer shirts and breathable fashion jackets. The traditionalist or purist climber reading this report would say that we did not climb the peak, which is technically true. (Editor's comment - no points!) However, the Coleman Headwall route is an aesthetic climb, even if we can say that we climbed only the route, and did not climb the peak. I have a hunch that the technical difference between climbing the route and climbing the peak will become insignificant over time, but at that moment on the crater rim with the sun approaching the horizon, the difference was definitely significant. None of us felt very lively and the situation was put into true perspective when we saw the last two climbers from the North Ridge route leaving our camp about 750 m below us. We now knew that the North Ridge parties had completed their climb and would be at the cars well before us.

There was no time to delay and so we set off back to camp down the normal route. Some of the crevasses were very long and wide, but luckily there was no difficulty finding the route because the normal route is well travelled. We were back at camp just before sunset, and with an acute sense of urgency we stuffed our camping gear into our packs and headed off across the glacier below the Black Buttes. I even had to forego my usual cup of tea in our haste to retreat from the pending darkness. Ah, such a sad compromise. It would seem the older one gets, the easier it is to accept the compromises, good or bad.

Nightfall found us threading our way around the last few crevasses, the thin fingers of light from our headlamps reaching out to feel secure ground. I was surprised how narrow some of the bands of ice between the crevasses seemed when compared with the day before when we were ascending in daylight. It seems a long time since I had negotiated crevasses with headlamps, and either my batteries were getting low or my night vision was deteriorating. As the batteries lasted for the next two hours, I realized it must have been my night vision. Is this another sign of being "over the hill"? The trouble with being "over the hill" is that one barely has the energy to get to the top of the hill, never mind "over the hill".

Once we had left the ice, we had some difficulty in finding the start of the trail down the moraine. Phil's sharp eyes picked the trail through old bivy sites and we descended to treeline. After spending some time thrashing around in the bush trying to locate the good trail, we came across an old beer can in the creek (not one of ours!). This got us back onto the main trail. We sleep-walked our way back down the main road trail to the parking lot, arriving at about 10 p.m. We heard cries of recognition in the darkness from Kim and John, who were lying in their sleeping bags waiting for us to return. Both North Ridge parties had been successful, and far quicker than the Headwall route parties. Ah, but easy success can be less interesting (and usually less tiring) than just muddling through.

It was with great anticipation of a good "guts up" that we approached the first late night cafe, only to find that the earlier party members had cleaned off the last piece of apple pie! Somehow, even my long awaited cup of tea (now coffee) seemed thin.

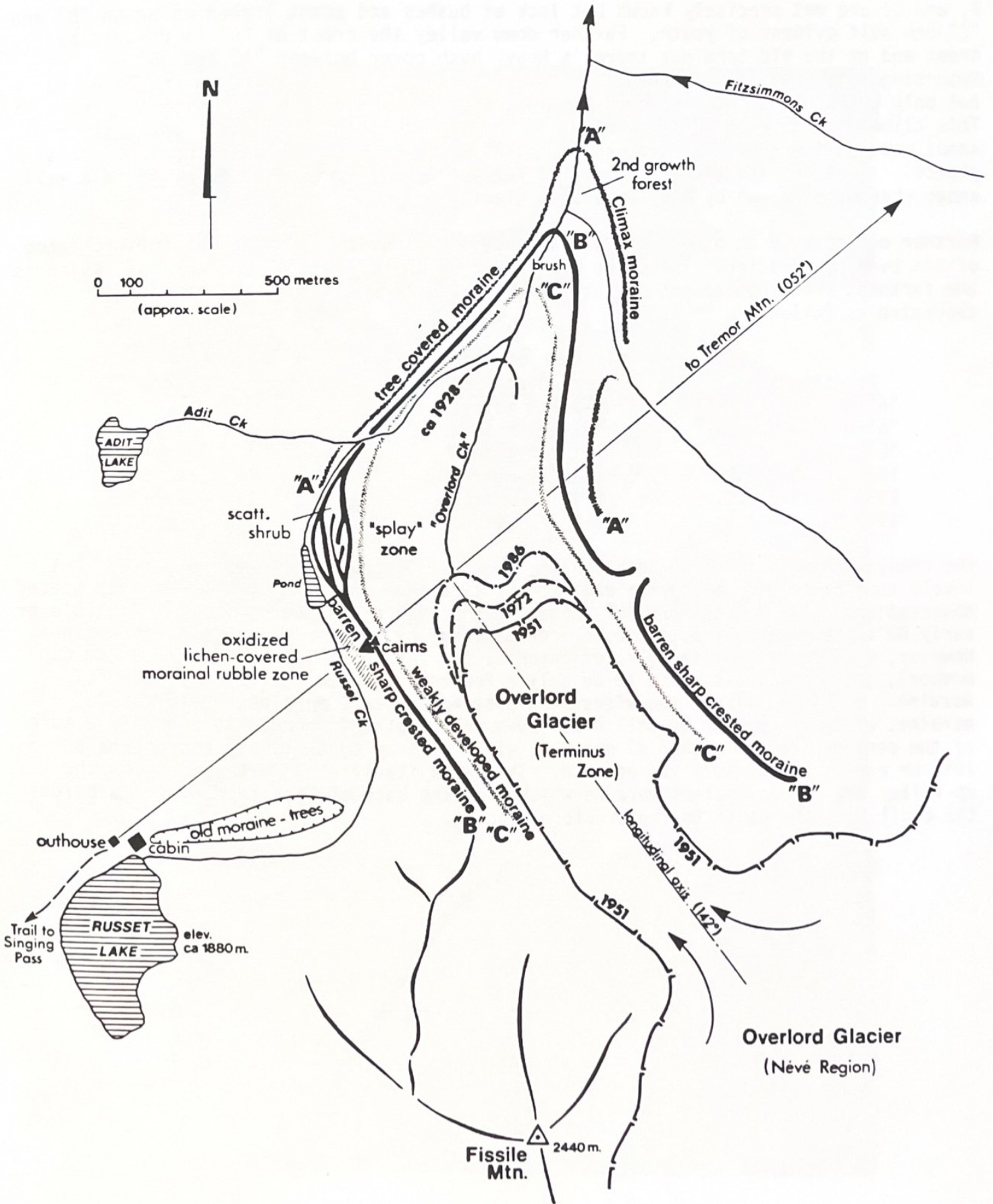
Party: North Ridge parties - John Knight, Gavin Thurston, John Gothard, Kim Langager.  
Coleman Headwall parties - Brian Gavin, Bob Gall, Phil Reuben, Ulli ?, Brian Wood (leader).

## MOUNTAIN SCIENCE

### A RECENT ADVANCE OF THE OVERLORD GLACIER

by Karl Ricker and W.A. Tupper

This glacier, in Garibaldi Park, was relatively smooth in the 1960's and early 1970's. However, reports of increased crevassing just above the point where parties gain the ice surface under Fissile Mtn. have been trickling in over recent years. In August, 1986 the heavy crevassing was very obvious and while hiking the crisp crest of the left lateral moraine we stopped to line up the position of the snout against the peak of Tremor Mtn. to the north. A cairn was built atop a large boulder leeward of, along with a smaller one on, the actual crest of the moraine. Down valley this moraine splays out into series of ridges as shown on the sketch. The ages of each moraine (A,



B, and C) are not precisely known but lack of bushes and scant lichen cover on "B" and "C" are self evident of youth. Farther down valley the crest of "A" is covered by trees and at the old terminus there is heavy bush cover between "A" and "B". Returning to the hut that evening we could see that our newly built cairns lined up not only with the summit of Tremor Mtn. but also to the cabin's outhouse door frame. This allowed us to plot this resection on the map and to discover that the glacier snout was about 175 metres advanced from that shown on the map (based on 1951 aerial photos). This is likely the explanation for the heavily crevassed zone; it is a well known phenomenon shown by many advancing glaciers.

Further office work on other maps and airphotos yielded more data on historic changes of the Overlord Glacier. These are measured from the tip of "A" end moraine, which is the farthest from the present day ice terminus (as shown on the sketch), and are tabulated as follows:

Position	Distance of Retreat (-) or Advance (+)	Rate of Change
"A" to "B"	(-) 213 metres	?
"B" to "C"	(-) 177 metres	ca. (-) 8m/yr.
"C" to 1928 A.D.	(-) 220 metres	ca. (-) 28m/yr.
1928 to 1951 A.D.	(-) 715 metres	(-) 31m/yr.
1951 to 1972 A.D.	(+) 99 metres	(+) 4.7m/yr.
1972 to 1986 A.D.	(+) 76 metres	(+) 5.4m/yr.

The change from recession to advance over the last 35 years is very pronounced, but likely took place over a shorter duration of time than indicated by the broadly spaced observations. The advance probably began in the 1960's and peaked in the late 70's or early 80's. Further inexactitudes concern the age of the three predominant moraines. However, a 1931 photo of the glacier taken by the late P.L. Tait (a former B.C.M.C. member), shows the ice surface to be only a few metres below the level of the "C" moraine. So, it is likely the widespread post World War I moraine, while the "B" moraine, which is covered by tall brush down valley of the "bend", is probably a turn of the century feature. The "A" moraine, with its tree cover likely represents an 18th or early 19th century ice advance. The cabin itself at Russet Lake is on the up-valley edge of an ancient moraine which rims the base of Fissile Mtn. It provides the trail from the cabin to the Overlord Glacier.

