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British Columbia Mountaineering Club
P.O. Box 20042
Vancouver, BC
V5Z 0C1
bcmc.ca

2019
Edition

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by Daniel Raber



by Daniel Raber

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

CLUB PHILOSOPHY

The British Columbia Mountaineering Club is an incorporated society founded in 1907 which celebrated its centennial in 2007. Its pioneer members did much of the early exploration and mapping of the then unexplored mountains near the young city of Vancouver. Most of the mountains in the Lower Mainland of B.C. were first climbed by BCMC members.

Today, the BCMC is dedicated to the enjoyment and exploration of the mountains, valleys, and alpine regions of British Columbia through activities such as climbing, hiking, backpacking and ski touring. The primary mode of travel is by foot. Mechanized transport is secondary and is generally restricted to access only. Pedestrian access is considered to allow the greatest appreciation of the mountains with the least impact.

In addition to direct involvement in the outdoors through trips and camps, the club is active in conservation, trail and hut construction and maintenance, mountain safety, and education.

The club has assisted in publishing several guidebooks, including Kevin McLane's *Alpine Select* guide, the *Alpine*

Guide to Southwestern B.C., 103 Hikes in Southwestern British Columbia, 109 Walks in British Columbia's Mainland, A Climber's Guide to the Squamish Chief, Guide to Climbing in South-Western British Columbia, and the Stein Valley Wilderness Guidebook. Club members regularly act as volunteer instructors in basic summer and winter mountaineering courses offered by the club to its members.

The club has been very active in conservation land use issues almost from its inception. The existence today of Garibaldi Park is a direct result of the discovery and exploration of the area by the club. Starting in 1913, BCMC members petitioned the provincial government requesting protection of the area as a park, and in 1927, the Garibaldi Park Act was proclaimed. More recently, in the 1970s it was a club member who first drew the attention of society to the values of the Stein Valley. During the 1980s it was club members who were most active in defending the interests of wilderness ski tourers against commercial heliskiers. In the 1990s, club members were involved in B.C.'s Protected Area Strategy and have been instrumental in the establishment of Pinecone – Burke and Tantalus Provincial Parks, as well as others. Today, club

Cover photo by Peter Margetak. View from Mu Col towards Wahoo Tower

HISTORY

members are actively involved in attempts to protect some areas against the intrusion of motorized recreation, particularly snowmobiles, and to protect access to areas we value, such as Singing Pass. The club continues to play an active role in land use issues relevant to B.C. mountaineering and generally trying to maintain opportunities for non-motorized mountain recreation.

CLUB TRIPS AND ACTIVITIES

The Club runs a website bcmc.ca in which its various activities are described.

The most important function of the club is the running of an extensive schedule of different grades of hiking, mountaineering, rock and ice climbing, and ski touring and snowshoe trips. Usually, a variety of overnight and day trips is scheduled each weekend throughout the year. These trips are all free and are also open to prospective members.

Club members organize yearly summer climbing camps/expeditions to various parts of the province.

Numerous climbs, many of them first ascents or new routes, have been made in such areas as the Kakwa, Kawdacha, and Monkman areas, N. Rockies, Lake Lovely Water, the more remote parts of Garibaldi Park, Stein Valley area, Ape Lake area, Mt. Waddington area, Mt. Fairweather, Bendor Range, and the Selkirk Mountains.

Occasionally, expeditions are organized by club members to more remote areas such as in Alaska (e.g. Denali) or South America, to Canada's highest mountains

(most recently to Mt. Logan in 2010) and to the Himalayas. Extended hiking trips are also organized, within the last few years to the South Chilcotin mountains, Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, Jasper National Park, and the Mt. Edziza-Spectrum Range area.

The ski touring program occurs throughout the winter and spring. This has included a Christmas ski camp as well as spring ski camps to such areas as the Lillooet Icecap, Kokanee Glacier, Bridge Glacier, Fairy Meadows, Columbia Ice Fields, Stanley Smith – Lord Glacier area, Franklin Glacier, the southern Chilcotin and the Homathko icefield.

Rock climbing practice has been held midweek during the summer months. Beginners can receive instruction and more advanced climbers can hone their skills. Rock practice is held in the evening at Lighthouse Park, Murrin Park, the Chief, or Smoke Bluffs.

In winter, mid-week night skiing has been organized at local ski hills.

To help the beginner in developing his or her climbing skills, the Club organizes instruction courses and from time to time organizes training climbs. The purpose of these climbs is to allow people to gain experience on roped climbs.

The club's trips programs are given in its electronic and printed newsletters and on

the club's website. Members on the club's email list receive frequent trip updates.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Social gatherings are held monthly from September through June on the second Tuesday of each month at 7:30 pm, in the upstairs room at the ANZA Club, corner of 8th Avenue and Ontario Street in Vancouver. The meetings are informal and the chairs comfortable. Beginning with general club business, there is usually a photo show, film, or talk on some aspect of mountaineering. In the past we have also featured product demonstrations by local mountaineering stores, auctions, and equipment swap meets. Refreshments and cookies are served. Beer can be obtained from the licenced premises below the meeting hall. At the November social the Club conducts its Annual General

Meeting. Details of these events and other special activities are announced in the club's monthly printed and electronic newsletters and on the club website.

LIBRARY, ARCHIVES, AND PUBLICATIONS

The Club maintains a library with an extensive collection of books, photographs, guidebooks, and periodicals on mountaineering. It is open to use by members and details about the collection and its use can be obtained by contacting the Club executive or from the club website.

The club archives, spanning well over 100 years of mountaineering history, are probably the largest set of mountaineering archives in B.C. They are now housed in the North Vancouver Museum and Archives, where they are available for viewing.



by Daniel Raber, Lily Qian and Gloria Lam on Mount Sloan

HISTORY

The Club produces newsletters, both printed and electronic. These contain club news, trip schedules, access information, trip reports, and other news. This journal, the B.C. Mountaineer, is produced every two years and contains accounts of recent climbs, camps, expeditions, photographs and articles about mountaineering, natural history, studies of mountains, and other material.

MEMBERSHIP

The BCMC has several categories of membership: active, associate, youth, life, senior, and honorary. Persons interested in joining the Club can obtain further information by contacting the Membership Chair (info@bcmc.ca), viewing the website, or by attending a club social event. Club social events and trips are open to non-members as well.

HUTS AND SHELTERS

There are four BCMC huts, all of which can be reserved by the public. Two huts in Garibaldi Park were donated to the public by the club. The BCMC is partnering with the Spearhead Huts Committee and as such club members have special booking privileges on the Kees and Claire Hut. Club huts and their general locations are:

Himmelsbach

Russet Lake, Garibaldi Park

Wedgemount

Wedgemount Lake, Garibaldi Park

Mountain Lake

Mount Sheer, Britannia Beach

North Creek

North Creek, Lillooet Valley

Plummer

Claw Ridge, Mount Waddington

Watersprite Lake

Mamquam area



CONSERVATION GUIDELINES

In order to conserve the alpine environment and species in it, such as those in the photos, Club trips try to adhere to the following guidelines:

1. Pack out all garbage.
2. Where toilets are not provided, select a screened spot at least 50 metres from any water and dig a hole 15 to 30 cm deep. Cover the hole with soil and ground cover. Keep water sources free of contamination.
3. Alpine life, whether flora or fauna, is fragile and not in abundance. Plants and animals are not killed unless in an emergency.
4. Stay on trails and do not cut corners on switchbacks to avoid erosion.
5. Light small campfires. Use only dead wood and remove traces of the fire site. Ensure that fires are properly extinguished. Do not light fires in alpine areas or in areas where fires are not allowed.
6. Camp in forests or on non-vegetated areas to avoid damage to meadows, lakeshores and streambanks.





by Peter Margetak. Skiing
down Obelia Glacier

GLACIER UPDATE 2017

After a two-year absence (knees weren't working last year), I had a half-day off from work at the Spearhead Huts Project to measure the recession on Overlord Glacier. It is/was 29.4 metres, or an average of 14.7 metres per year in the 2015–17 interval. This is well-above average, though slightly below the values for 2013–2014 and 2014–2015.

Survey at Wedgemount Glacier was assisted by a helicopter ride, courtesy of the Whistler Naturalists Society. On a day of cool breezes and rain, we discovered that the new lake at glacier terminus, that

is 440 metres upslope from Wedgemount Lake, had grown in size significantly with large, dirty icebergs floating and grounded in the new basin. The survey of 2016 was re-checked because of reliability of one compass reading and the possible movement of a cairn marking the 2015 ice position. The new figure for 2015–16 is 36.3 metres (not the 34.8 previously published). For 2016 to 2017, the recession is another 31.2 metres, but the hydrologic right side of the terminus was about 80 metres, hence the enlargement of the lake!



PAST BCMC PRESIDENTS

Name	Years as President	Years as President	repeat?	In Club today?
Joseph Bishop	1907–1910	3		Deceased
E.W. Bridgman	1910–1912	2		Deceased
Billy Gray	1912–1914	2		Deceased
Charles Chapman	1914–1919	5		Deceased
Charles Heaney	1919–1922	3		Deceased
Les Ford	1922–1924	2		Deceased
Frank Johnson	1924–1932	8		Deceased
Les Ford	1932–1933	1	2nd stint	Deceased
Herbert Christie	1933–1934	1		Deceased
Roy Howard	1934–1935	1		Deceased
F.W. Dobson	1935–1937	2		Deceased
Elliott Henderson	1937–1939	2		Deceased
W. Williams	1939–1942	3		Deceased
E. Smith	1942–1944	2		Deceased
Clare Willis	1944–1946	2		Deceased
J. Irving	1946–1948	2		Deceased
George Rose	1948–1950	2		Deceased
John Booth	1950–1952	2		Deceased
Jim Addie	1952–1954	2		Deceased
Rod Pilkington	1954–1956	2		Deceased
Fred H. Smith	1956–1958	2		Deceased
Roy Mason	1958–1960	2		Deceased
Dick Chambers	1960–1962	2		Deceased
Frank Dawe	1962–1963	1		Deceased
Don MacLaurin	1963–1964	1		Deceased
John Harris	1964–1965	1		Deceased
Martin Kafer	1965–1967	2		Yes
Jim Woodfield	1967–1968	1		No
Brendan Moss	1968–1970	2		No
Dave Boyd	1970–1972	2		Yes
Jack Bachrich	1972–1973	1		Deceased

Name	Years as President	Years as President	repeat?	In Club today?
Esther Kafer	1973–1975	2		Yes
Paul Starr	1975–1976	1		No
Jim Craig	1976–1977	1	Deceased	
Glenn Woodsworth	1977–1980	3		Yes
Rick Sheppard	1980–1982	2		Yes
Mark Force	1982–1983	1		Yes
Theo Mosterman	1983–1985	2		No
Brian Gavin	1985–1989	4		No
Paul Kubik	1989–1992	3		Yes
Andrew Wilkinson	1992–1994	2		No
Anders Ourom	1994–1998	4		Yes
David Hughes	1998–2002	4		Yes
Kit Griffin	2002–2005	3		No
David Hughes	2005–2007	2	2nd stint	Yes
Todd Ponzini	2007–2009	2		No
David Scanlon	2009–2011	2		Yes
Alena Dzujkova	2011–2012	1		No
Francis St. Pierre	2012–2014	2		No
David Scanlon	2014–2016	2	2nd stint	Yes
Wilson Edgar	2016–2018	2		Yes
Chris Ludwig	2018–			Yes

SKI CAMPS AND THE BCMC

An article in the BCMC March, 2017, eNews described the 2016–17 BCMC ski camp as the “BCMC first annual ski camp”. As someone who had been on many BCMC ski camps previously, I thought it might be informative to provide a brief history of the club’s ski camps. BCMC ski trips started in the 1920s and the first articles about skiing appeared in the 1931 club newsletters, then called the BC Mountaineer. In the February, 1931, BC Mountaineer appeared an article entitled “The relation of skiing to mountaineering”. It stated – “A knowledge of skiing, the king of all winter sports, is now recognized by the world’s most prominent climbers as a most essential factor to every mountaineer. The snowshoe, hitherto used by a few climbers, is now almost entirely supplanted by the ski”. The article then went on to extoll the virtues of skiing, both alpine touring (just called skiing then) and cross-country, with alpine tourers required to have some mountaineering expertise.

In the next (April, 1931) issue of the BC Mountaineer, another article extolled the virtues of ski mountaineering and urged club members to learn to ski. These efforts to get club members skiing resulted in the formation of a club ski section that year and the November, 1931, BC Mountaineer reported that 25 members had joined it. An expert Swiss skier was engaged to give a series of lectures to the club about skiing over the 1931–32 winter. The first lecture, given in November, dealt with equipment. The ski section fee of \$1.50 included a “reasonable supply of wax”. A ski section room was opened at the club’s cabin on Grouse Mountain, and club ski trips began. The ski section had a position on the club executive from 1932 until 1935, but was active throughout the 1930s. At that time, skis were wooden, 6.5 ft (200 cm) long, ranging in price from \$4.50 for maple to \$10 for hickory. Bindings for nailed boots cost \$1.50 while bindings for ski boots cost about \$7. The ski section saw increased activity and membership



by A. Menninga, BCMC Archives. The first BCMC extended ski camp party in 1967. John Clarke 2nd from left, Paul Plummer kneeling.

through the 1930s and Mt. Seymour was considered to be the prime skiing destination in the North Shore mountains, leading the club to build its next cabin there. This cabin soon became the main base for club ski trips. In 1939 Art Cooper extolled the delights of ski trips in the Rockies, based on a spring ski camp there. Generally, however, club ski trips were based out of huts, primarily the one on Mt. Seymour. Club ski trips continued to be held throughout the 1940s and 1950s, but it wasn't until 1967 that the club organised an

extended ski camp, in this case a spring ski camp in the Manatee area organized by Martin Kafer, who ended up not going due to work. A young John Clarke was on this trip – the first of his many Coast Mountains expeditions. The group of 7 was flown in by Paul Plummer, whose later death caused the club to commemorate him and his wife by building the Plummer hut near Mt. Waddington. The next ski camp, again in spring, was in 1969 to the Squamish Icecap. The group of 6 was dropped by

HISTORY

helicopter in the Overseer Mountain area and traversed south to the Squamish River. It was organized by John Clarke, who also couldn't go due to work (John had not yet sorted out his generous work-leaves which were to characterize most of his later life).



Spring ski camps then became a regular club fixture from the 1970s until today, although there were a few gaps in the 1990s and in the current decade (see table on following page). The 1980s saw the emergence of regular club Christmas ski camps. These ski camps, at first under the leadership of Steve Grant, initially focussed on North Creek and its suitability for a hut site, but later camps visited a variety of areas in the Coast Mountains, generally close to Pemberton. Brian Waddington and Jeff Rabinovitch were also frequent leaders of these winter camps. The club purchased a large circular flysheet to act as a communal living space for these winter camps. The camps continued throughout



most of the 1990s but then disappeared until they reappeared in 2009, then again in 2016. Perhaps 2016 marks the start of a new series of annual winter ski camps.

The spring ski camps, frequently under the leadership of Pat Crean, tended to visit heavily glaciated areas further afield in the Coast Mountains. Paul Kubik, Todd Ponzini, and Dave Scanlon also organized a number of these trips.

A group of club members, under the leadership of Ross Wyborn, purchased a large, heavy duty canvas tent with an aluminum frame. This was helicoptered into different areas, usually near Pemberton, for a week of Christmas skiing. Although not advertised as club trips, these trips involved up to about 10 club members per year.

Descriptions of these trips are given in the

2002 BC Mountaineer. This same group of club members also began to go on regular spring ski camps, usually in the Columbia Mountains, from the Purcells near Invermere to the Cariboo Mountains near McBride. These trips, generally organized by Ross Wyborn or Michael Feller, resulted in many first ascents, as Michael used his work in the field to recce possible trip destinations.

Written accounts of most of the winter and spring ski camps described above have appeared in the club publication – the BC Mountaineer. This journal provides a wealth of information on the many ski camps club members have organized.



opposite page top left to bottom right:
by Michael Feller. Ski party on first ascent, Upper Dore Valley
by Pat Crean. Slim Creek area from BCMC archives
anonymous, 1930's BCMC skier, BCMC Archives
this page:
anonymous, 1950's BCMC skiers. BCMC Archives

PAST BC MC SKI CAMPS

Year	Winter		Spring	
	Club	BCMC group Individual	Club	BCMC group Individual
1967			Manatee area	
1969			Squamish Icecap	
1970			Tellot Glacier	
1971			Whitemantle area	
1972			McGillivray Pass	
1973			N Lillooet Icefield	
1974			Mount Tinniswood area, Kokanee Glacier, Fitzsimmons area	
1975			Garibaldi Park	
1976			Waddington area, Kokanee glacier	
1977			Lizzie – Stein area	
1978			Mount Meager area	
1979				
1980			Kokanee Glacier	
1981			Lillooet Icefield, North Creek	
1982			Clemenceau Icefield Stanley Smith Glacier	
1983	North Creek	Phelix Creek	Fairy Meadows, Columbia Icefields, South Ck area	Argentine Glacier
1984	Spruce Lake	Lost Valley Creek	North Creek, Compton Neve, Stanley Smith Glacier	Hell Raving Creek
1985	Tenquille Lake	Noel Creek		Bobb Lake
1986	North Creek cabin		Dickson River area	
1987	Aspen Peak Area	Sun God Moun- tain. area	Wells Gray park, Lord Glacier	Cariboo Moun- tains
1988	Meadow Dome area	Sockeye Creek	Franklin Glacier	Cyclops – Quanstrom area
1989	Chipmunk Peak. Area	Mount Currie area		

Year	Winter		Spring	
	Club	BCMC group Individual	Club	BCMC group Individual
1990	Upper Hurley River	Downton Creek		Hatteras Glacier
1991	Blowdown Creek	Gott Peak Area	Homathko Icefield	Dore River
1992	Duffey Lake Rd. area	Lost Valley Creek		East Dore River
1993	Lizzie Creek area	Upper Hurley R.		
1994	Nuk Tessli Lake cabin Caspar Creek	North Creek cabin	Warner Pass	Sunset Lakes, Clearwater area
1995	Van Horlick Creek	Wasp Creek	Warner Pass	Hell Raving Creek
1996		Monashee park	Dias Glacier	South Creek
1997		McGillivray Pass cabin	South Edmond Glacier	Truce Group
1998	Lizzie Lake area		Bridge Glacier	Ryan River
1999	Lizzie Lake area	Phelix–McGil- livray divide	Bridge Glacier	
2000		Fowl Lakes area		
2001		North Creek cabin	Bridge Glacier	
2002		Battleship Lakes	Dickson Range	
2003		Sockeye Creek		
2004		Place Glacier	Hurley River	
2005		Headquarters Creek		
2006			Prospector Peaks area	
2007			Mount Fee area	
2008			Garibaldi Park traverse	
2009	Black Tusk Meadows		Misty Icefields	
2010			Garibaldi Park –, Nivalis Mountain	
2011			North Creek cabin, McBride Range	
2015			Lillooet Icefields	
2016	Watersprite Lake cabin			
2017	North Creek cabin			

WEDGEMOUNT GLACIER SURVEY – SEPTEMBER 23RD, 2018

This year the survey was cancelled twice on the weekends of September 8th and 9th and September 15th and 16th due to unfavourable weather. Furthermore September 22nd was also very wet but, fortunately, the weather began to clear to allow a quick helicopter-assisted trip to the glacier on September 23rd. We thank Blackcomb Helicopters for taking the risk of dodging thick clouds to land us at the ice margin, which greatly sped up the survey. The writer also thanks his very ambitious helpers to complete an alternate survey which added more precise measurements. Unfortunately, the Overlord Glacier survey had to be cancelled altogether because of my relative immobility and the lack of field assistance personnel while at the construction site of the new Spearhead *hut*.

The Wedgemount Glacier survey for the fourth year is blocked by an ever-expanding lake at its terminus. While brave helpers swam to the terminus with the survey

tape (in their mouths) for the first year (2014–2015 year), in the following years the position of the most extended portion of the glacier ‘snout’ could only be measured by long compass projections as shown on the accompanying diagram. This required offset procedures because of the irregular lake shoreline. The methodology on rugged terrain is error prone for several reasons. Long range sighting to the extended snout some 150–200 metres away adds to further error because a one-half degree deflection of the compass needle will generate a 4 to 5 metre error in ice position.

Nonetheless, the offset-long range projection method was again used this year showing another 21 metres of ice recession in the ever-expanding lake, although icebergs were unusually few and small in 2018. Thus it appears that Tupper Lake has reached near maximum extent, because calving of large icebergs, buoyed by deep warmer

water, is no longer possible. That is, the excessive 30 metre plus recessions of the last two years were induced by buoyancy, no longer possible because the lake has *shoaled out* at the present terminus.

The second survey by triangulation was carried out from the 2015 baseline to see what the recession was for the last three years. It is a fairly precise procedure, provided the baseline is accurately measured (50.56 m) and the intersection angle is robust (29°). The three-year recession was found to be 90.8 m by this method, as opposed to 88.5 metres of 3 years of accumulated measure by the offset projection method. Thus the latter had a probable 4% error. I elected to proportionally add the 2.8 metre discrepancy for each of 2015 – 2016, 2016 – 2017 and 2017 – 2018 years as shown on the attached

Appendix. That is, the 21.00 metre recession of this year is now 21.55 metres, and the data of two previous years is also adjusted (last year's table should be disregarded).

The cumulative recession from *Little Ice Age* maximum glacier extent (near the outlet of Wedgemount Lake) is now 1719.5 metres, and the distance from the east end of the lake (ice present in 1990) to the current ice terminus is about 460 metres away, uphill; a trail is being quickly worn into the intervening glacial rubble to reach our new Tupper Lake (named after the deceased founder of the project: William Tupper).

Excellent help was provided by Kristina Swerhun (organizer), Dave Lyon (the rally man to keep the surveys going) and Doug Wylie (Whistler's first city engineer!).

RECESSION & ANNUAL RATE OF CHANGE IN GLACIER TERMINUS POSITION (HORIZONTAL MEASURE)

Time Span A.D.	Measured Change (m)	Average Annual Change (m/yr)	Cumulative Change from Climax (m)	Method of Measurement	Amount of Potential Error (m)
ca ¹ 1900 – 1920	(-) 181.5	(-) 9.1	(-) 181.5	Photogramme- try and moraine analysis	+/- 10
1920 – 1928 ²	~ 138.5	~ (-) 17.3	~ 320.0	Photogramme- try and moraine analysis	+/- 10
1920 – 1933	(+) 570.0!	Discredited	Vis est. length of lake (122 m) (P. Brock)	+/- 10	
1928 – 1947 ²	~ (-) 204.5	(-) 10.8	~ 524.5	Photogrammetry and 1928 map (oblique)	+/- 5
1947 – 1949	(-) 60.0	(-) 30.0	(-) 584.5	Photogrammetry – (oblique and vertical)	??
1949 – 1951	(-) 93.0	(-) 46.6	(-) 677.5	Photogrammetry # (vertical photos)	+/- 3
1951 – 1964	(-) 274.0	(-) 21.1	(-) 951.5	Photogrammetry #	+/- 3
1964 – 1969	(-) 53.0	(-) 10.6	(-) 1004.5	Photogrammetry #	+/- 3
1969 – 1972	(-) 110.0	(-) 36.6	(-) 1114.5	Photogrammetry #	+/- 3
1972 – 1973	(-) 32.5	(-) 32.5	(-) 1147.0	Photogrammetry #	+/- 3
1973 – 1976 ³	(-) 25.0	(-) 8.3	(-) 1172.0	Photogrammetry #	+/- 0.3
1976 – 1977 ³	(-) 22.0	(-) 22.0	(-) 1194.0	Photogrammetry 1 (horizontal photos)	+/- 0.3
1977 – 1978	(-) 4.4	(-) 4.4	(-) 1198.4	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1978 – 1979	(-) 1.0	(-) 1.0	(-) 1199.4	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3

- 1 Age of moraines determined by dendrochronology, using time lag to colonization (eclisis) of 24 years; however it could be as much as 48 years
- 2 The 1928 park map is distorted, failing to show outline of lake (outlet) correctly
- 3 Debris at/on ice has caused photogrammetric ice margin distinction difficulties

Time Span A.D.	Measured Change (m)	Average Annual Change (m/yr)	Cumulative Change from Climax (m)	Method of Measurement	Amount of Potential Error (m)
1979 – 1980	(-) 3.3	(-) 3.3	(-) 1202.7	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1980 – 1981	(+) 0.8	(+) 0.8	(-) 1201.9	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1981 – 1982	(-) 5.0	(-) 5.0	(-) 1206.9	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1982 – 1983	(-) 4.0	(-) 4.0	(-) 1210.9	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1983 – 1984	+/- 0.0	+/- 0.0	(-) 1210.9	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1984 – 1985	(-) 5.8	(-) 5.8	(-) 1216.7	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1985 – 1986	(-) 8.9	(-) 8.9	(-) 1225.6	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1986 – 1987	(-) 7.0	(-) 7.0	(-) 1232.6	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1987 – 1988	(-) 7.9	(-) 7.9	(-) 1240.5	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1988 – 1989	(-) 1.8	(-) 1.8	(-) 1242.3	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1989 – 1990	(-) 16.8	(-) 16.8	(-) 1259.1	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1990 – 1994 ⁴	(-) 39.0	(-) 9.8	(-) 1298.1	Photogrammetry 1	+/- 0.3
1994 – 1995	(-) 14.2	(-) 14.2	(-) 1312.3	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
1995 – 1996	(-) 8.0	(-) 8.0	(-) 1320.3	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
1996 – 1997	(-) 10.6	(-) 10.6	(-) 1330.9	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
1997 – 1998	(-) 20.3	(-) 20.3	(-) 1351.2	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
1998 – 1999	(-) 5.6	(-) 5.6	(-) 1356.8	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
1999 – 2000	(-) 9.7	(-) 9.7	(-) 1366.5	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2000 – 2001	(-) 11.2	(-) 11.2	(-) 1377.7	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2001 – 2002	(-) 18.8	(-) 18.8	(-) 1396.5	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2002 – 2003	(-) 14.3	(-) 14.3	(-) 1410.8	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2003 – 2004	(-) 15.4	(-) 15.4	(-) 1426.2	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2004 – 2005	(-) 15.6	(-) 15.6	(-) 1441.8	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2005 – 2006	(-) 11.1	(-) 11.1	(-) 1452.9	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2006 – 2007	(-) 2.5	(-) 2.5	(-) 1455.4	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2007 – 2008	(-) 19.9	(-) 19.9	(-) 1475.3	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3

4 1994 ice is 90 m upslope from Station 9 (boulder) and the 1990 ice margin is 13 m from 1994. Station 9 is 21 metres away from the 1990 margin. The 1998 ice margin is 103.9 metres from Station 9 or 82.9 metres from the 1990 ice margin. There was no visit to Wedgemount in 1991 but photos by others indicate that the snout of the glacier was on the lake edge shore (+/-). In 1992 and 1993 terrestrial stereo photos were taken of thve snout from Stns 1 and 6, but the photos were never photogrammetrically processed and so there is no defining measurements (yet) of 1990 → 1992, 1992 → 1993 and 1993 → 1994. Thus we are stuck with a 1990 → 1994 measure of (-) 39.0 metres.

HISTORY

Time Span A.D.	Measured Change (m)	Average Annual Change (m/yr)	Cumulative Change from Climax (m)	Method of Measurement	Amount of Potential Error (m)
2008 – 2009	(-) 28.4	(-) 28.4	(-) 1503.7	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2009 – 2010	(-) 6.2	(-) 6.2	(-) 1509.9	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2010 – 2011	(-) 17.3	(-) 17.3	(-) 1527.2	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2011 – 2012	(-) 28.6	(-) 28.6	(-) 1555.8	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2012 – 2013	(-) 18.7	(-) 18.7	(-) 1574.5	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2013 – 2014	(-) 25.6	(-) 25.6	(-) 1600.1	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2014 – 2015	(-) 28.6	(-) 28.6	(-) 1628.7	Tape and compass	+/- 0.3
2015 – 2016	(-) 36.3	(-) 36.3	(-) 1665.0	Triangulation (using compass)	+/- 0.9
2016 – 2017 ⁵	(-) 31.2	(-) 31.2	(-) 1696.1	Offset projection on revised axis of glacier	+/- 5.0
2015 – 2016	(-) 36.7	(-) 36.7	(-) 1665.4	Offset projection (see note 1)	+/- .90
2017 – 2018	(-) 21.6	(-) 21.6	(-) 1719.5	Offset projection (see note 1)	+/- 0.6

Note 1: Long projections from west shore to ice margin on a compass bearing of 250° yielded a three-year recession of 88.5 m. More precise triangulation from the 2015 baseline in 2018 yielded a three-year recession of 90.8 m. The 2.3 m discrepancy was proportionally divided up for the three years, adding to each measurement.

⁵ Cairn on downstream right side of glacier (which is at the lake); the projection from this cairn to ice margin is about 250 metres distant; from this cairn to the true right margin there is a gap of another 48 metres. That is, the right side of the glacier has recessed far more than the left side over the year of 2016 to 2017. In 2018 the distance from the set 2018 cairn was 64 m, thereby providing another 27 m recession for the right margin of the glacier – slightly more than elsewhere.

OVERLORD GLACIER

RECESSION & ANNUAL RATE OF CHANGE IN GLACIER TERMINUS POSITION

Time Span A.D. ¹	Measured Change (m)	Average Annual Change (m/yr)	Cumulative Change from Climax (m)	Method of Measurement	Amount of Potential Error
A → B	~ 213	~2.2	(-) 213	Field plot of moraines	+/- 25%
B → C	~ 177	(-) 4.2	(-) 390	On to 1:50,000 scale map	+/- 25%
C → 1928	~ 220 ²	(-) 17.7	(-) 610	1928 = 1:40,000 park map	20 – 30%
1928–1951	(-) 715	(-) 31.1	(-) 1325	Resection from 1928 & 1951 maps	+/- 20–25m
1951–1972	(+) 99	(+) 4.7	(-) 1226	Photogrammetry / resection	+/- 5m
1972–1986	(+) 76	(+) 5.4	(-) 1150	Photogrammetry	+/- 5 m
1986 – 1989 ³	(-) 4.4	(-) 1.5	(-) 1154.4	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.1 m
1989 – 1990	(+) 1.1	(+) 1.1	(-) 1153.3	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.1 m
1990 – 1992	(-) 27.3	(-) 13.7	(-) 1180.6	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.1 m
1992 – 1993	(+) 1.8	(+) 1.8	(-) 1178.8	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.1 m
1993 – 1995	(-) 50.0	(-) 25.0	(-) 1228.8	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.5 (+/- 9%)

1 Three moraines A, B, C representing 18th century advance, 19th century Little Ice Age re-advance and post-advance recessional are dated lichenometrically as follows: A=1784 (+/- 65), B=1879 (+/- 13) and C=1917 (+/- 8) years A.D.

2 The measured change (220 m) could be as low as 170 m due to plotting uncertainty

3 The snout is bi-lobed; triangulation to true left (SW) lobe only

HISTORY

Time Span A.D. ¹	Measured Change (m)		Average Annual Change (m/yr)	Cumulative Change from Climax (m)	Method of Measurement	Amount of Potential Error
	Left Lobe	Right Lobe				
1995 – 1996 ⁴	(-) 6.6	(-) 10.0	(-) 8.3	(-) 1237.1	Long distance triangulation	+/- 1.5 m (+/- 9%)
1996 – 1997	(-) 1.7	(-) 0.3	(-) 1.0	(-) 1228.1	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
1997 – 1998	(-) 12.9	(-) 11.7	(-) 12.3	(-) 1250.4	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
1998 – 1999	(+) 2.8	(+) 0.2	(+) 1.5	(-) 1248.9	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
1999 – 2000	(-) 4.4	(-) 1.2	(-) 2.8	(-) 1251.1	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2000 – 2001	(-) 5.4	(-) 8.6	(-) 7.0	(-) 1258.7	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2001 – 2002	(-) 1.5	(-) 4.0	(-) 2.8	(-) 1261.5	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2002 – 2003	(-) 3.2	(+) 0.4	(-) 1.4	(-) 1262.9	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2003 – 2005	(-) 30.3	(-) 36.3	(-) 16.7	(-) 1296.2	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2005 – 2006	(-) 11.2	(-) 18.2	(-) 14.7	(-) 1310.9	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2006 – 2007	(-) 9.8	(-) 5.0	(-) 7.4	(-) 1318.3	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2007 – 2008	(-) 8.1	(-) 4.7	(-) 6.4	(-) 1324.7	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2008 – 2009	(-) 26.5	(-) 19.9	(-) 20.2	(-) 1344.9	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2009 – 2010	(+) 0.5	(-) 2.5	(-) 1.0	v	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2010 – 2011	+/- 0.0	Note 5 ⁵	+/- 0.0	(-) 1345.9	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2011 – 2012	(+) 1.9	Note 5	(+) 1.9	(-) 1344.0	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m
2012 – 2013	(-) 1.5	(-) 14.3	(-) 7.9	(-) 1351.9	Ignoring dead (?) ice cored moraines	1.0 on NW lobe
2013 – 2014	(-) 12.8	(-) 24.2	(-) 18.5	(-) 1370.4		
2014 – 2015	(-) 19.8	(-) 16.8	(-) 18.3	(-) 1388.7		
2015 – 2017	(-) 29.4	Note 5	(-) 14.7	(-) 1418.1	Tape measure from baseline	+/- 0.1 m

4 Triangulation extended to both lobes of the glacier snout; ground baseline established

5 The true right lobe (middle or NW) snout covered in past winter's snow; ice margin could not be seen; in 2012 it was exposed and found to be 6.2 m recessed from 2010 position. In 2017, the right lobe of years gone by is gone but at the left lobe a new division is taking place on its right side, a new projection is about 2 metres farther retracted from that on the left.

LET THE SKY FALL: LAWYERS IN THE HISTORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING

PART I: THE MOUNTAINS

From the earliest days of British Columbia and Vancouver as political entities, lawyers and judges have been attracted to the province's majestic mountains. Modern mountaineering and climbing as a form of recreation have their origins in the industrial revolution, and nineteenth century British middle and upper classes. Some famous lawyers and judges from that time and later in Britain were also mountaineers, including Quintin Hogg (Lord Hailsham), Lord Claud Schuster, and Sir Alfred Wills.

Why are so many lawyers attracted to mountains? Apart from seeking beauty and adventure, climbing a peak is a metaphor for the practice of law. A climber, like a lawyer,

who lacks any of patience, preparation, perseverance, or respect, will not only fail but may fail fatally. Or perhaps it is because the mountains are an escape from the practice of law: from a lofty peak, the petty squabbles of litigation and clients, and the strained nuances of jurisprudence and statutes, seem as small as the distant waves and trees. Or perhaps it is a synthesis of the embrace and escape: the authors have had some of their finest moments of strategic lucidity and epiphany on their files while their brains have been peaceful and happy on the long trek up a mountain.

This article is published in two parts. Part I traces the historic connection between

mountains and jurists in British Columbia focusing on mountains and regions named after them. Part II will focus on the mountaineers: judges and lawyers that have at least given mountaineering, climbing, scrambling or backcountry skiing a try.

LEGAL TOPONYMY

Vancouver can thank a judge for naming its most prominent geologic formation: the twin peaks of The Lions (elevation 1654 m (West Lion), 1606 m (East Lion)) were named around 1889 by British Columbia Supreme Court Justice John Hamilton Gray (1814 St George, Bermuda–1889 Victoria), after their resemblance to the lion statues in Trafalgar Square sculpted by Sir Edward Landseer.⁴ Before Gray's popular suggestion, the Skwxwumish (Squamish) people called them Chee–Chee–Yoh–Hee (“The Twins” or “The Sisters”), after their transformation legend, while lonely loggers and prospectors called them “Sheba’s Breasts” or “The Paps”. Gray was a pre–Confederation premier of New Brunswick and a father of Confederation. In 1872, as a consolation for not being named speaker of the House of Commons, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, and moved west. In 1878 he ruled that the provincial Chinese Tax Act was unconstitutional as its purpose was to “drive the Chinese from the country, thus interfering at once with the authority reserved to the Dominion Parliament as to the regulation of the trade and commerce, the rights of aliens, and the treaties of the empire.” Gray was constantly in debt:

Chief Justice Begbie famously delayed a creditor’s application for Gray’s arrest over an unpaid judgment by an hour, thus allowing Gray to sail away on a holiday. Gray died in Victoria and is buried in the Ross Bay Cemetery: the only 1867 father of Confederation buried west of Ontario.

Graham Island on Haida Gwaii has not only a Mount Begbie (see below), but also has mountains named after many of his contemporary jurists. Two are named after Begbie’s rivals for the Chief Justice post. Mount Needham (803 m) is named for Chief Justice Joseph Needham (1812 England–1895 England) of the Colony of Vancouver Island. The 1866 union of the colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia brought awkwardness: it was unclear which of Chief Justice Begbie and Chief Justice Needham would become the new Chief Justice. The dispute simmered until 1870, when Needham was appointed Chief Justice of Trinidad; he later retired to England. To the north, Crease Peak (671 m) is named for Justice Henry Pering Pellew Crease (1823 Cornwall, England–1905 Victoria), who vigorously lobbied the Dominion government to be Begbie’s successor. Upon Begbie’s death in 1895, Crease’s hopes were dashed when, instead, the government offered the post to the premier, Theodore Davie, Q.C. (1852 Brixton, England–1898 Victoria). His peak, Davie Peak (422 m), is located in the middle of Graham Island. To the northwest is Drake Peak (614 m), named after Justice Montague William Tyrwhitt–Drake (1830 Kings Walls, England–1908

Victoria), who came to Victoria in 1851, was named Queen's Counsel in 1883 and served as a justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia from 1889 to 1904.

In addition to Davie, two other British Columbia lawyer–premiers are commemorated in British Columbia mountains (and hills). Walkem Cone (also called Melbourne Hill) (253 m) on Broughton Island, to the northeast of Port McNeill, is named after Justice George Anthony Walkem (1834 Newry, Northern Ireland–1908 Victoria), who served as premier from 1874 to 1876 and 1878 to 1882, and as a Supreme Court justice from 1882 to 1908. Lawyer and Premier Richard 'Dick' McBride (1870 New Westminster–1917 London) (premier from 1903 to 1915), the first premier born in British Columbia, has no fewer than three mountains named after him: Mount McBride (2083 m) in Strathcona Park, Mount Sir Richard (2681 m) in the McBride Range of Garibaldi Park, and McBride Peak (2284 m) near the town of McBride.

Mount Brew (2891 m), south of Lillooet, was named after Judge Chartres Brew (1815 Corofin, Ireland–1870 Richfield), a Crimean War veteran who was appointed Chief of Police in the province and then Chief Magistrate at New Westminster. After the so-called Chilcotin Uprising in 1864, led by the Chilcotin Chief Klatsassin, in which some 18 settlers, workmen, and others of European descent were killed, Governor Frederick Seymour sent Brew on two search expeditions to the Chilcotins, traveling over and extensively searching the mountainous

territory in the area. In 1867 Brew was made Chief Gold Commissioner, and then a County Court judge at Barkerville, where he is buried in the old hillside cemetery.

Lawyers Pass, east of Spatsizi Plateau Wilderness Provincial Park, commemorates a murder trial and unsolved mystery that attracted national attention. Simon Gunanoot (1878 Kispiox Valley–1933 near Stewart, B.C.), a Gitxsan merchant in the Kispiox Valley near Hazelton, was accused of the 1906 murder of two men with whom witnesses say he had recently been in an argument. Gunanoot disappeared with his family. He eluded posses, police, and the Pinkerton detective agency for 13 years. At last, in 1919, he turned himself in to the authorities. Stuart Alexander Henderson (1863 Aberdeenshire–1945 Victoria), one of the best criminal defense lawyers in British Columbia at the time, successfully defended Gunanoot, arguing that the evidence was purely circumstantial. After the verdict, Gunanoot led Henderson on a prospecting trip from Bulkley House to Toodoggone River, via said mountain pass.¹⁸ The true killer was never found.

The dramatic peaks of Mount Judge Howay (2262 m) and Mount Robie Reid (2095 m) in Golden Ears Provincial Park are readily seen from the North Shore mountains and throughout the Fraser Valley. The northeast face of Mount Robie Reid is 1700 metres high: likely the tallest rock wall in southwest British Columbia. Although within 100 kilometers of Vancouver, Mount Judge Howay is an arduous adventure,

requiring a boat trip, a ten-kilometre hike, a vertical bushwhack, and a technical climb to the twin black craggy peaks. These peaks commemorate the historians, law partners, and friends William Frederick Howay (1867 London, Ontario–1943 New Westminster) and Robie Lewis Reid (1866 Cornwallis, Nova Scotia–1945 Vancouver). Howay and Reid moved to British Columbia from Nova Scotia and Ontario, respectively, and became teachers. Reid then convinced Howay to return to Dalhousie University with him to study law. They graduated in 1890, and in 1893 returned to British Columbia, forming the law firm of Howay & Reid in New Westminster. In 1907 Howay was appointed a judge of the County Court, serving until 1937. Around this time, he changed the spelling of his name from “Howie” to “Howay”. Despite his legal accomplishments, Howay was better known as a historian of British Columbia, writing a complete four-volume history of the province, as well as histories of Captain James Colnett, the Dixon–Meares controversy, shipping in Burrard Inlet, and Fraser River mining. Reid was also an enthusiastic historian and supporter of the University of British Columbia, serving on its board of governors from 1913 to 1935. He was a bencher of the Law Society from 1927 to 1943. Reid donated to UBC the Howay–Reid Collection; these thousands of books, pamphlets, and maps formed the largest collection of Canadiana assembled to that date.

Mount Duff (2198 m), located on the Alaska border, is named after Chief

Justice Lyman Poore Duff (1865 Meaford, Ontario–1955 Ottawa), the first British Columbian and the second-longest serving Chief Justice of Canada. In 1895 Duff moved from Fergus, Ontario to set up practice in Victoria. The location of his peak is appropriate, given that in 1903 Duff served as junior counsel for Canada before the Alaskan Boundary Commission in London, England. Other nearby border peaks are named after the Canadian and British members of the arbitration panel convened to settle that dispute: Mount Jetté (2558 m) after Sir Louis A. Jetté (1836 L’Assomption, Quebec–1920 Quebec City), Lieutenant Governor of Quebec and former Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench in Quebec; Mount Alverstone (4420 m) after Lord Chief Justice Baron Alverstone (1842 Holborn, London–1915 Cranleigh, Surrey); Mount Armour (2674 m) after Chief Justice John Douglas Armour (1830 Otonabee, Ontario–1903 London, UK), Chief Justice of the High Court of Ontario, and Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada; and Mount Aylesworth (2830 m) after Sir Allen B. Aylesworth, K.C. (1854 Camden, Ontario–1952 Toronto), who took Justice Armour’s place on the Commission after the former’s death.

World War I coincided with the rise of alpinism, surveying, and mountain naming. The lawyer Lieutenant–Colonel William Frederick Hart McHarg (1869 Kilkenny, Ireland–1915 St. Julien, France) commanded the 7th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. He was the first British Columbian

killed in action during World War I, while on a reconnaissance mission ahead of the Battle of St. Julien in April 1915. He is commemorated in Mount McHarg (2888 m), on the Alberta border in the

Height of the Rockies Provincial Park. To the northwest, Mount Leval (2733 m) is named for Gaston de Leval (1871 Hodimont, Belgium–1944 Menton, France), the Belgian lawyer who unsuccessfully defended Edith Cavell (1865–1915), the British nurse shot by a German firing squad on October 12, 1915.

Mount Plewman (2241m), northwest of Rossland, commemorates Judge Richard Elgood Plewman (1875 Gloucestershire, U.K.–1949 Rossland), who served as police magistrate in the Kootenays for many years. He apparently played a key role in the enforcement of prostitution laws in the mining town. Judge Plewman explored the area of his eventual namesake peak on countless skiing, snowshoeing and hiking trips. He is buried, appropriately, in Mountain View Cemetery in Trail.

Two lawyer peaks were named by prominent visiting American conservationists. The double-peaked Mount Herchmer (2633 m), west of Elkford, is named for Harry William Herchmer (1868 Kingston, Ontario–1933 Cranbrook), a Fernie lawyer and president of the local Game Protective Association in 1904.²⁴ The name was bestowed by the American zoologist, alpinist, and conservationist, William Temple Hornaday (1854–1937), whom Herchmer led on a hunting expedition. Mount Daly (3148m), above Wapta Icefield in Yoho

National Park, was named for Charles Patrick Daly (1816 New York–1899 North Haven), Chief Justice of the New York Court of Common Pleas and President of the American Geographical Society, by Professor Charles Ernest Fay (1846–1931), an American alpinist and educator, who was on the ill-fated Mount Lefroy expedition that claimed the life of Philip Abbot, described in Part II of this article.

Finally, Canadian prime ministers who were also lawyers have been commemorated in British Columbia mountains. Rogers Pass has Mount Macdonald (2883 m) and Mount Laurier (2361 m), as well as mountains commemorating non-lawyer Prime Ministers such as Tupper and Mackenzie. Mount Sir Robert (2388 m), east of the Skeena River, commemorates Sir Robert Borden. The mountains of the Premier Range, between the Fraser, Thompson, and Raush Rivers, were set aside in 1927 to be named after deceased prime ministers and other politicians, including the lawyers: Mount Sir Allan Macnab (2297 m), Mount Sir John Abbott (3398 m), Mount Sir John Thompson (3349 m), Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier (3516 m) (the highest peak in the Cariboo Mountains), Mount Arthur Meighen (3205 m), Mount Richard Bennett (3190 m), Mount Louis Saint Laurent (3045 m), and Mount Pierre Elliott Trudeau (2650 m). Mount John Diefenbaker (2637 m) is located in another part of the nearby Cariboo Range.



by Daniel Raber

A SEA TO SKY CLASSIC AT GARIBALDI

May 29, 2018. 2:30 am. The day starts like it so often does for ambitious single-day trips: Ideally, a ridiculously early alarm that pulls you from your sleep, after a very short night. More likely, you're already awake, having spent most of the night trying not to think about what you forgot to pack, or what could go wrong the next day, or whether you'll be able to keep up with your traveling companions, or whether you'll have to bail on the goal and perhaps wait another year or more to try again, or...

It's a quick gathering up of the last few items required for the trip – food, water – throwing everything into the car, and then it's off to the meeting point.

3:00 am. Headlamps in the parking lot. Loading everybody's gear into the car. We're all BCMC members, we met informally online around a request for anybody with a 4x4 to join some willing participants for a Garibaldi summit attempt. Some chit-chat. We agree on decision points, and turnaround times. As we talk and load up our gear, we are trying to be conscious of

time, but also making sure that nothing (and no-one) critical gets left behind.

A long, dark bumpy ride up a logging road. Driving slowly to make sure not to miss the critical turnoff. First patches of snow by the side of the road. First hints of light in the sky. First patches of snow on the road. Getting across any additional snow patch means that much less hiking up, and that much less hiking back down. The last patch is the uncrossable one. Backing down the road to the closest turnaround and parking spot. We estimate we are about one kilometer from the ideal starting point, the yellow gate. It could be worse. We sort out the last of the gear we'll be carrying, distributing the weight of the glacier travel gear among us.

4:45am. Skis on packs. Packs on backs. Hopefully the continuous snow starts soon, so we can get the skis back on the ground, beneath our feet.

Ten minutes up, and we're already shedding layers. The sky lightens. We hit continuous snow at one kilometer, but no yellow gate. Another ten minutes of

TRIP REPORTS

skinning before we reach the yellow gate. We were off on our distance estimate, but not by too much. First transition, for the descent after the gate. Not the best run, but not the worst either. But we also know that we will have to climb back up those 100 meters at the tail end of the day.

We get onto the open slopes of Brohm ridge about 90 minutes after starting. The Garibaldi massif is visible in the rising sun, surrounded by mist. Clouds are forming below us, and they are climbing up towards the ridge. Picture time.

We take a quick line of sight of the rest of the ridge, trying to memorize as much of the route as possible, as visibility drops to 100 meters. So much for the views.

Navigating the broad ridge in low visibility is relatively easy, but it can be hard to find

the most efficient route. Our party splits into two groups, invisible to each other in the mist. The GPS shows that we are on track, but we haven't seen the other group in over 40 minutes. So why are we now hearing their voices ahead of us? While our party chose what we thought was the most efficient route, the other group stayed high, and ended up passing us. So much for efficiency. As we regroup, snow starts falling. It's 9am on May 29. We decide to stick together and stay high on the ridge, keeping the few trees on the ridgeline to our right.

7:00 am. Visibility comes and goes, alternating between typical BC whiteouts, suckerholes, and snow squalls. Whenever the skies brighten, a wave of heat hits us. Soon our climbing skins are soaked, and they start sagging off our skis. As we follow the ridge,



we come up to Brohm Peak. Getting past the peak is often a bit of a challenge. Do we drop down below the steep slopes, losing precious elevation while sticking to safer, easier ground? Or do we try to stay high, on a tricky steep traverse where a fall could carry us a long way down? We split again into two groups, we each try one of the approaches. With the new snow, the steep slopes make a skinning traverse too challenging, especially with the sagging skins. We just can't get enough of an edge to avoid sliding down. The high line is also too slippery to traverse, even with an ice axe in hand. Crampons would be required, which would mean at least two more equipment transitions.

So be it, we decide to drop down. At least with the skins off, we get a solid edge on the traverse, and forward travel becomes very

efficient, even if we know we'll have to climb back up the elevation we lost. But if we're going to lose elevation, at least we can use the slopes to gain some forward distance.

When ski traversing toward our line of ascent is no longer possible, we skin up and climb again. The mists swallow us up, and we split into two groups again, quickly losing sight of each other. We switchback to work with the terrain and the steep grade. There's an obvious crest, the wind picks up, and during a quick break in the clouds, we see that we have made our way onto glaciated terrain. Again, we scan ahead while there's still something to see, noting the best route forward, and looking for any obviously crevassed terrain. We get tantalizing glimpses of Garibaldi's imposing north face to our right: gendarmes, cornices,



apartment–building–high seracs, blue ice, and brittle cliff faces that shed debris onto the snow below. Who knows when we will get another clear line of sight again.

9:45 am. A faint trail cuts across the snowfield, and threads over a snow bridge that spans a small bergschrund between two rocky outcrops. The line is very efficient, if the bridge is solid. It would allow us to climb right onto Warren glacier, and avoid having to go the long way around the toe of the glacier, exposing us to a series of crevasses which would probably require roping up.

We follow the trail to the bergschrund. We check the time, to make sure we're on track for getting on and off the summit early enough in the day. Though steep, the bridge is solid, and the bergschrund isn't very wide or deep. We switch from skis to crampons, and decide to carry our skis up higher. Most trip reports describe parties stashing their skis higher up, below the final summit approach, so we hope that the price of carrying the extra weight up will buy us some more turns on the way down.

The snow is solid, there's a boot track that's a few days old. We get beneath the first of the bergschrunds, stash off our skis, and grab our ice axes. The slope steepens to 40 degrees, but the bootpack steps are holding strong. The snow is solid, the ice axes plunge in and hold reassuringly. No need for ropes or snow pickets, so we can climb a bit faster.

11:30 am. We look down beneath us during a clearing break, and see what we think are our two other traveling companions. We call to them several times,

but they don't respond. Are there other people on the Neve today? It looks like they're fumbling with their gear. We call and wave again, no response. We climb a bit more, and look again. It turns out our eyes are playing tricks on us. We have been calling out to crevasses whose shapes look like two people. The mind and the eye play tricks on you. You have to be careful in big terrain, you can end up seeing what you want or hope to see, and not what's really there.

We reach the main bergschrund, and contour it to the right. There's still 10 meters of unbroken snow between the edge of the bergschrund and the cliff band above. Plenty of room. Once that bergschrund reaches the cliff, summiting will be much more challenging.

We hug the cliff band above and to our right, and keep climbing. Very occasional breaks reveal the Garibaldi Neve far below us. Altimeter checks are the only reliable way to gauge our progress while we're in the clouds. Finally, the slope levels off. There's a faint blob on the exposed rock ahead. We can only go down from here, nearly straight down into the mist.

12:45 pm. Almost exactly eight hours after starting, this is the summit. Our altimeters confirm the summit elevation. So much for summit views.

A summit hug, a few sips of brandy, we chew down some calories. We get full cell phone reception, so why not facetime a few people from the summit?

At 1pm, we start our descent. The low visibility reduces the perceived

exposure, and makes the downclimb uneventful. We're rewarded with some incredible peek-a-boo views of the Neve, Warren glacier, the McBride Range, Garibaldi Lake, and the Black Tusk on the way down. Only panorama pictures can do this huge space justice.

We switch back to our skis, and are rewarded with a long run. The new snow that fell earlier in the day makes for great spring turns. In retrospect, we could have carried our skis even further up for a few more turns. We are even able to ski over the snow bridge, and coast across the last of the glaciated terrain.

As we regain Brohm ridge, we see a fresh set of boot prints. We follow the tracks until we come upon the rest of our party, holed up behind a snow wall, with a stove melting snow. They were unable to break out of the clouds and couldn't see enough terrain ahead to continue on the glacier, so they decided to stop and wait it out.

3:15 pm. We pack up and head down the ridge. We get one good descent, but Brohm ridge is somewhat inefficient, and despite our best attempts to work the terrain, we have to make several ski-skin transitions. The sun breaks out for good, as it often does, during the descent. We try to find the best line out, but again, there's no way to avoid yet another climb on the way out.

The final climb to the yellow gate is hard on the spirits. At least we know that

this will be the last skinning of the day, but the legs are getting tired. We get a last few turns to the end of the snow on the logging road, and then we bang out the one-kilometer hike that finally gets us back to the car. Total trip time is 13.5 hours. Car food is waiting for us, thanks to several of us planning ahead. Anything salty is scarfed down and gone in minutes.

The drive down the logging road down to highway 99 seems to take forever. Thankfully the conversation in the car is entertaining. Rock and ice climbers are a funny bunch. Back to the carpool lot, splitting out the gear, and saying our goodbyes. We go our separate ways, a Sea to Sky classic trip done.





BCMC ANNUAL WINTER SKI CAMP AT THE NEW WATERSPRITE LAKE HUT

Step, step. Tap... Step, step. Tap... The sound of poles knocking against snow-caked skis was unmistakable. After two days of baking in the sun and above zero overnight temperatures, the ski out from the Watersprite hut was pure coastal mountain wet, concrete snow. The skin out had turned into one of those punishing slogs that leave you counting steps, dreaming of that coffee/beer/pizza waiting at the bottom of the mountain. But when that's the worst thing you have to write about, you know your ski trip was pretty amazing.

DAY 1

The First Annual BCMC Winter Ski Camp started in the pre-dawn dark at St. David's Church. Our group of nine loaded into three cars to make the trip about an hour up the Sea to Sky, just ahead of the Saturday morning Whistler rush.

A few minutes after sunrise, we turned right onto the Mamquam Forest Service road and started up. Typically, the road is plowed to kilometer fourteen, near the gates to the

Mamquam hydroelectric project powerhouse. It's a steady graded BC logging road, but it can be extremely icy in the winter (bring chains, seriously, even if you have a 4x4 with brand new all-terrain winter tires, bring chains). In our case, a broken plow had left the final three kilometers unplowed, so we parked at kilometer eleven and geared up.

After a short skin, we reached the powerhouse parking lot and waited for our ride. A quick lift from Black Tusk Helicopters up to the Watersprite Hut turned what could have been a slow nine-hour skin on the snow into a swift six-minute ride through the sky.

Arriving at the hut, we realized the amount of quick access ski terrain is staggering. The Watersprite Cabin sits atop a rise near the western end of the lake. Behind the hut, a sweeping alpine bowl with a range of skiable aspects, including steep couloirs, mellow rolling terrain, and both open and tight trees, presents plenty of

options for any kind of conditions. While not a massive area, it is eminently skiable.

The hut itself is easy to find, its cherry-red corrugated metal roof glinting in the sun. The inside is a classic design: wood stove, kitchen and a seating area on the main floor with a spacious upstairs sleeping zone. Think Keith's Hut, but without the years of wear and tear. A short walk away is, by far, the nicest outhouse I have ever visited. In matching red, it comes with a built-in urinal, wall mounted hand sanitizer dispenser, and a somewhat confusing rear window; it happens to be perfectly positioned to ensure that anyone passing behind the outhouse sees your bare ass when you stand up from the toilet!

After quick lunch break we headed out into flat afternoon light with the goal of ascending of Martin Peak.

We skinned out across the lake, trending towards a large alpine basin below Martin. The snow was mostly loose powder lying atop a knife crust of ice. The slopes above us were littered with avalanche debris from the recent storm cycle, and in the flat light we decided to change objectives to a ridge left of the summit of Martin.

After about an hour of breaking trail, and one detour towards a menacing cliff band, we transitioned onto a safe island of rocks. From here we dropped into a 300–400 meter run on snow that varied from perfect, calf deep powder to minimally covered ice.

DAY 2

After a night talking about track setting, trip leading, and what makes for an appropriate





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beginner ski trip near Vancouver, we woke up at 7:00 a.m. and started out for another attempt at Martin. Departing the lake around 8:30, we found the snowpack had bonded significantly overnight, lowering avalanche conditions and giving us a solid green light to go for Martin's summit. We skipped the previous day's up-track and veered lookers right towards a saddle between the true and east summit's of Martin. After just over an hour of skinning, most moderate with a final steep section, we made the saddle and traversed southwest around Martin's true

summit. As we changed aspects, the snow transformed into a breakable sun crust. After a short break and some compass work on a small saddle just below the summit (which we would later note is also the start of a beautiful ski line) a few of us powered through wind lips and made the technical skin to the proper summit.

From the small saddle just below the peak, to the main saddle between Martin and East Martin, we skied a mix of soft snow and breakable crust, taking a high traverse back



to the northeast. From the main saddle, it was an amazing 450m run back to the lake.

Seth and Claire talking about the next objectives overlooking the bowl

We were back at the lake by early afternoon and split into two groups, one to throw laps on the Martin saddle track, and the other to explore the slopes north of Watersprite Lake. The second group, which I joined, planned to find the route to Dreadnought Peak.

The skin towards Dreadnought was a slog through deep, heavy, wet snow, but we made it to our destination in under an hour. Unfortunately, it was not the way to Dreadnought. Turned around by massive wind lips and a sheer cliff, we traversed skiers left towards the next ridge. After some technical skinning, and some muscling up through trees, we were turned back again by cliffs and wind lips. We skied out open slopes and wide open trees (another 400–450m run) back to the lake to re-assess our line.

The afternoon ticking on, we abandoned our plans for Dreadnought and skinned up to a wide saddle looking east, towards Crawford Peak. Crossing open slopes, we found the proper approach ramp to the Dreadnought ridgeline, a steep gully north/northeast of the lake. The east facing saddle exit was significantly wind-loaded, but in good conditions appeared the gateway to some beautiful terrain. We skied down from the saddle, a roughly 350 meter run,

took one more lap to the Martin saddle and met the rest of our group at the hut.

DAY 3

In good conditions, we were told, the ski out would take us at least 3.5 hours. Knowing this, we rose early to get one more lap on a last section of untracked snow between our Day 1 and Day 2 descents of Martin Peak. We started slow, working out the past two days stiffness as we followed our first day skin track up the looker's left of Martin. At our previous high point, we trended west and traversed uphill to the top of a north-facing roll, around 100 meters below the wind-lipped ridge. The ride down was another enjoyable 450m run on variable snow.

A sweeping alpine bowl with a range of skiable aspects presents plenty of options for any kind of conditions

From the hut, we started the ski-out dropping west from just outside the hut doors. Staying a high skiers left, we flattened out at a creek crossing, transitioned to skins and continued westward through the flat swamp. We stayed on the skiers right of the creek, continuing westward for a little over 1 kilometer. At the second creek crossing, a marginal snow bridge, one member of our group ended up in the creek.

TRIP REPORTS

Thankfully though, she was fine and we made it out without any serious injuries.

We skinned up a small rise out of the swamp to a logging road and followed that for until it met back up with the Mamquam FSR at kilometer 16. The first 2–3 km of the road is low angle, rolling terrain, but around kilometer four or five, the trail trends much more downhill, eventually leading to an open cutblock, where it meets the FSR. From there it was a steady descent to the powerhouse and another 2.5 kilometer cross

country ski to our cars at kilometer eleven. The descent took between 4–5 hours.

Trip participants: Kurt Baia, Seth Baker, Peter Hanzely, Gina Hopper, Rory Curtis, Cameron Fenton, Carina Graf, Claire Tallon





THE BC MC SUMMER CAMP 2016

On July 30, 2016, Marlaina Rhymer organized a BC MC Summer Camp. The BC MC has a history of summer camps in years gone by, which is where Marlaina got her organizational inspiration. Marlaina explained her motivation in the camp's description: "Being inspired from learning about how these camps used to be, I wanted to see if there's interest in getting a BC MC camp going again for this summer."

The trip information read as follows, crafted by BC MC's beloved Marlaina Rhymer, Courses and Camps Chair:

Since around 1910, the club used to have summer camps where BC MC members would get together in a remote mountain location, set up a huge base camp, and spend a week or two swimming, hiking, scrambling, climbing, and mountaineering in the surrounding peaks. These camps were a great platform for not only the ultimate summer adventure getaway, but for meeting other members, mentorship opportunities, and even some first ascents!

Twenty were inspired, and jumped at the chance to go on this adventure, while another seventeen equally inspired individuals remained left to languish on the waiting list.

Shahdin Farsai was one of the lucky twenty to take part in the Summer Camp of 2016:

TRIP REPORTS

I was hooked. I signed up right away to spend what was to be an unforgettable nine days stationed at the Russian Army Camp in the Tantalus Range. The Russian Army Camp sat beneath a glacier, whose weeping formed the river that ran through our campground and met Lake Lovely Water's turquoise dream below.

From the camp, the playground of Alpha (2312m), Tantalus (2612m), Dione (2593m), and other Greek mythological characters encircled us: a mountaineer's paradise. I was no seasoned mountaineer by any means, so I took advantage of crash courses and spontaneous mentorships that

developed during the trip. Our group of roughly twenty-five participants contained a continuum of experience. Before the dust had even settled after the helicopters took off, a few crazy mountain goats amongst us said, "We are just going to pop up Alpha and be right back." And they did just that – without ropes!

The mortals among us took in the subalpine flowers and explored our immediate surroundings, opting for adventure the next day. On day two, I took on Alpha with three other participants, only to turn around with another participant half way once reaching a steep, slippery



slope of loose rock. The other two rocked on to the top, wisely carrying ropes with them to negotiate the tricky bits. My ego was left intact; at the very least, I learned how to hike with crampons and an axe for the first time thanks to Marlaina.

At dusk, when everyone communed to share their daily adventures, our friendships quickly blossomed over freeze-dried meals, whiskey hot chocolate, Uno, and fireside chats. Some even took off for a day or two seeking the Jim Haberl Hut that sat above our camp. We showered in the freezing river or skinny-dipped in Lake Lovely Water. We also took turns changing the porta-potty – a very democratic bunch. The weather was for the most part fantastic: lots of sun, but we did hit rain here and there.

My highlight was standing at the top of Niobe (2027m) under unadulterated sunshine after a long haul with four wonderful ladies. I took in the most breathtaking view of my life. The cherry on top was being greeted from the sky by an aerial acrobat moving his wings from side to side, waving at us (always wear bright colours, for you never know when an aerial acrobat might show up). The acrobat was a fellow participant who had just recently left the camp, but promised to come back and show off some moves. On our descent, some of the others caught a glimpse of a plump black bear, but I only saw his cute paw prints pressed into the snow.

In the evenings, the sky was glorious without any clouds or light pollution. I often seemed to be the last one to sleep. I was high on the constellations, which made for vivid

dreams. One evening, it was only the aerial acrobat and I sitting by the dying fire when the glacier let out a massive roar that sent a huge piece of ice falling. The headlamps came on inside the tents and heads popped out. We got startled, and thought boulders of ice were on a rampage down the valley, heading towards us. We grossly underestimated our distance from the melting glacier.

At the end of the nine days the melancholia of a trip's end came upon me. I got used to falling asleep and waking up to the sound of the stream outside my tent, and to the company of my new friends. As the helicopter ascended, I tattooed the range into my mind, promising to return. Sometimes the best adventures are with strangers.



by Daniel Raber, Ian Harris and others
on Mount John Clarke





by Aaron Snider.
Ascending Bridge Glacier

TEXT BY

Alena Mageta

UPS AND DOWNS ON THE LILLOOET ICEFIELD

DAY 1: LILLOOET FSR TO SALAL CREEK N BRANCH

April 15, 2017; Distance: 9.1km; Elevation Gain: 538m;
Weather: overcast/sunny

The adventure begins on the morning of Peter's birthday. This information is completely irrelevant to the trip outcomes, I just thought I'd mention the 3-pound strawberry cheesecake we devoured that night. On the morning of, however, our crew of six is waiting out the weather in a coffee shop in Pemberton. While it rains, we shamelessly stuff our faces with plate-sized cinnamon buns and drinks high in sugar content. Around 9am the weather finally decides towards sunshine so we're out of the door and driving towards Lillooet forest service road. At km 45.5 thereof we stop to unload gear and to do a short car shuttle to km 49, our end point if all goes well. After all this kerfuffle we're finally off into the wild.

That night we camp on the flats where the W and N branch of Salal Creek meet.

DAY 2: SALAL CREEK W BRANCH TO WHITE CROSS RIDGE

April 16, 2017; Distance: 12km; Elevation Gain: 1,229m;
Weather: sunny, clouds moving in in the evening

A 4:30am wake-up call is met with some poorly masked discontent and audible growling. However, we all know we need to get going in order to clear the W Salal Creek canyon before it warms up too much. It is a good terrain trap with steep walls around it. As we pass through the canyon around 11am the snow starts to soften up and sluffs from the sides. A party from 2014 recommends this canyon as the preferred way out (or in) but be warned that the canyon is tight with not much room for maneuvering and no escape route. Once you're in, you're in. The convenience of this route also much depends on the snow level. At the time we were there (mid-April) the snow cover over in the creek already had 2-3m gaping holes in it with running water at the bottom. Our sleds LOVED checking those out. After two hours of tiptoeing around the open water traps we finally emerge on the flats at the N end of the

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canyon. From there it is just one final steady uphill push to reach the icefield W of White Cross Mountain. En route we are passing close to some big alpine faces – surely not a place to be in high avalanche danger. Once we top out from the W Salal Creek drainage we follow the undulating terrain with White Cross Mountain behind us. As we stop to eat a snack I noticed the biggest sundog of my life. Sundogs are a harbinger of bad weather to come. Oh yeah, are they ever right!

DAY 3: WHITE CROSS RIDGE TO PIER MOUNTAIN

April 17, 2017; Distance: 3km; Elevation Gain: 283m; Weather: some visibility during breakfast, deteriorating to a white-out, then blizzard.

We wake up to an overcast day. While we pack camp the clouds descend and encapsulate us in their milky white. We

manage to cover only 3km before we can no longer see anything. We make camp early that day in a less than ideal spot on an edge of some mountain. The visibility drops to zero. The earth and the sky blend in a uniform shade of white paint. We stake out a 10m safety perimeter around camp as we cannot decide whether we are perched on a cornice or a cliff. By late afternoon the weather sets in fully. It is blowing snow, light at first, then heavier and denser with each passing hour.

DAY 4: STUCK IN A BLIZZARD

April 18, 2017; Distance: 0km; Elevation Gain: 0m; Weather: all-day blizzard

Positively not going anywhere today. Around 3pm I get called in as an arbitrator in a Scrabble game dispute. As an ESL I marvel at the choice but do as asked and issue rulings arbitrarily, waving off the protesters and



Ken, Alena, Peter,
Rebecca and Aaron
on Mu Ridge

enjoying the powers thus bestowed upon me. The rest of the day is spent loitering in the camp's safety perimeter and digging outhouses and other civic structures.

All the fun and action happens at night when we need to assign a midnight shift to clear snow off the tent to prevent it from collapsing. At midnight, one of us dons, inside the tent, a full-body weather protection including hat, gloves and goggles. The unlucky individual is then unceremoniously shoved outside to fulfill his/her shoveling duties. After the job is done the person is begrudgingly received back inside the tent where they undergo an assisted gear doffing procedure. The cycle repeats at 3am and 6am.

DAY 5: STUCK IN A BLIZZARD

April 19, 2017; Distance: 0km; Elevation Gain: 0m; Weather: all-day blizzard

It has not stopped snowing since we first made camp here which was an eternity ago. By now, we have dug six outhouses. They all get filled with drift snow within hours and then people refuse to step inside them for the fear of – you know what. The time passes slowly, the world shrunk into a white ball 10m in diameter. We become obsessed with barometers, triumphantly reporting the tiniest move towards a higher pressure reading. They are all false positives.

DAY 6: STUCK IN A BLIZZ...NO, WAIT. PIER MOUNTAIN TO UPPER BRIDGE GLACIERACIER

April 20, 2017; Distance: 10.7km; Elevation Gain: 681m; Weather: visibility breaks in morning, clear rest of the day

The impenetrable cloud moves away in lazy drifts and in moments of clarity we see down to Bridge Glacieracier and all the wonderful landscape we came here to worship. On our horses!

The mellow ridge to Pier Mountain is negotiated easily (we are also well rested and the ski run down to Bridge Glacieracier very enjoyable). Here we each get an opportunity to make friends – best ski buddies even – with our sleds to the point that they are given nicknames. It is here that the Flying Burrito earns its name. So does PITA. We laugh, act silly, take pictures.

The general merriment lasts until the moment when Radmila breaks her ski binding. The metal toe plate splits, with the failure line running through the attachment screw. We unsuccessfully attempt a field repair but are forced to make an early camp about two thirds up Bridge Glacier (which is IMMENSE, by the way, with huge crevasses down its centre). Not a bad spot for a camp, with the impressive Bridge Peak looming above us, but the mood is not cheerful and some whiskey is consumed to facilitate further decision making.

DAY 7: UPPER BRIDGE GLACIERACIER TO RING GLACIERACIER

April 21, 2017; Distance: 12km; Elevation Gain: 549m;
Weather: clear

The binding is still broken and it's a terminal loss. There is no other choice but to make arrangements via a satellite phone for Radmila to be flown out today. We take photographic evidence of the gear failure, we curse, make fists and threaten to make Black Diamond pay for all of this.

Around 11:30am we hear a distant thump of a helicopter and for Radmila the traverse is over. Our team shrinks to five souls. After she's gone we squabble over who gets the Serbian sausages from her provisions. The fist fight settled, we continue up mellow Bridge Glacieracier, skirting Stanley Peak from the S side, to an obvious col. From here the views on offer are: Bridge Peak, Stanley Peak, Mount Alecto, many other mountains, and a glimpse of Mount Waddington in the distance.

We ski down due W, choosing to keep to the left of the rocky rib and skirting a bit of an icefall to the skiers' right. We uneventfully ascend Ring Glacieracier to its apex just NW of Mt Alecto and we make camp for the night.

DAY 8: RING GLACIERACIER AND AROUND LILLOOET MOUNTAIN

April 22, 2017; Distance: 13km; Elevation Gain: 739m;
Weather: high overcast in morning, whiteout started at 2pm

In the morning the clouds roll in and start enveloping us in a milkshake as we ski down the other side of Ring Glacier. Those suffering in whiteout conditions suffer. Under

better visibility the ski down would likely be rated as pleasant. Having descended Ring Glacieracier we arrive at a Four Way Stop which has now, after three decades of glacial recession, become only a Three Way Stop.

This is also a point where Lillooet Glacieracier takes off to the east and eventually becomes Lillooet River. This was our planned emergency exit route, should we need to cut our trip short. But, being young and foolish, we continue up and towards Mount Dalgleish.

As we are looping W around Lillooet Mountain Glacieracier a light blizzard develops. This happens shortly after entering an area marked on our map as "big, open crevasses!", in red pen. The (in)visibility soon forces us to go only by a GPS. We rope up and entrust ourselves into Aaron's mad route-finding skills.

Tired, we finally make camp around 6pm in a less than ideal spot under a wall of something big (a serac? a Snow White castle?) lurking nearby from the impenetrable mist. We poke around carefully with probes and move ~3 tons of snow just to make a modest camp for the night.

DAY 9: DALGLEISH NEVE AND OVER MU COL

April 23, 2017; Distance: 10.8km; Elevation Gain: 577m;
Weather: intermittent clouds, in and out vis in morning, clear in afternoon

We wake up to something that might turn out to be a sunny day. Not too many of those on this traverse, that's for sure. We curl around the W and S side of Lillooet Mountain and top out at a broad col from which we get a great view of the Dalgleish N  v   expanse. As

we ski eastward and across it, the sun finally penetrates through the cloud and illuminates the snowflakes falling from the sky. Millions of tiny diamonds dancing through in the air.

We had no time to linger and no time to climb Dalglish peak. We were now so seriously behind the schedule that we couldn't risk another no-viz day. So we put our heads down and ascend to a high col in the SW shoulder of Mu Peak. I am not embarrassed to say that the view from that col took our breath away. This is where we got our first glimpse of the Wahoo Tower and the peaks in the Manatee group, from here we could see down to Zoltan Creek and follow it to where it meets the main Toba Valley. We

visually scouted the entire area, it was clear we were deep in the coastal mountains with their tumbling glaciers, steep mountain faces, deep cut valleys and powerful rumbling of the water in the creeks far below us.

We still had a big job to do – getting off the Mu Col which involved a short steep down climb but took much time as we set up an anchor to belay everyone and the sleds on this ~30 ft pitch. Once down this step we had to traverse across a 35 degree big alpine face on the S side of Mu Peak. By this time it was 3pm and the sun was pounding the face with its almighty force. It sure made for some long minutes as we nervously watched each other ski, one by one, across the face



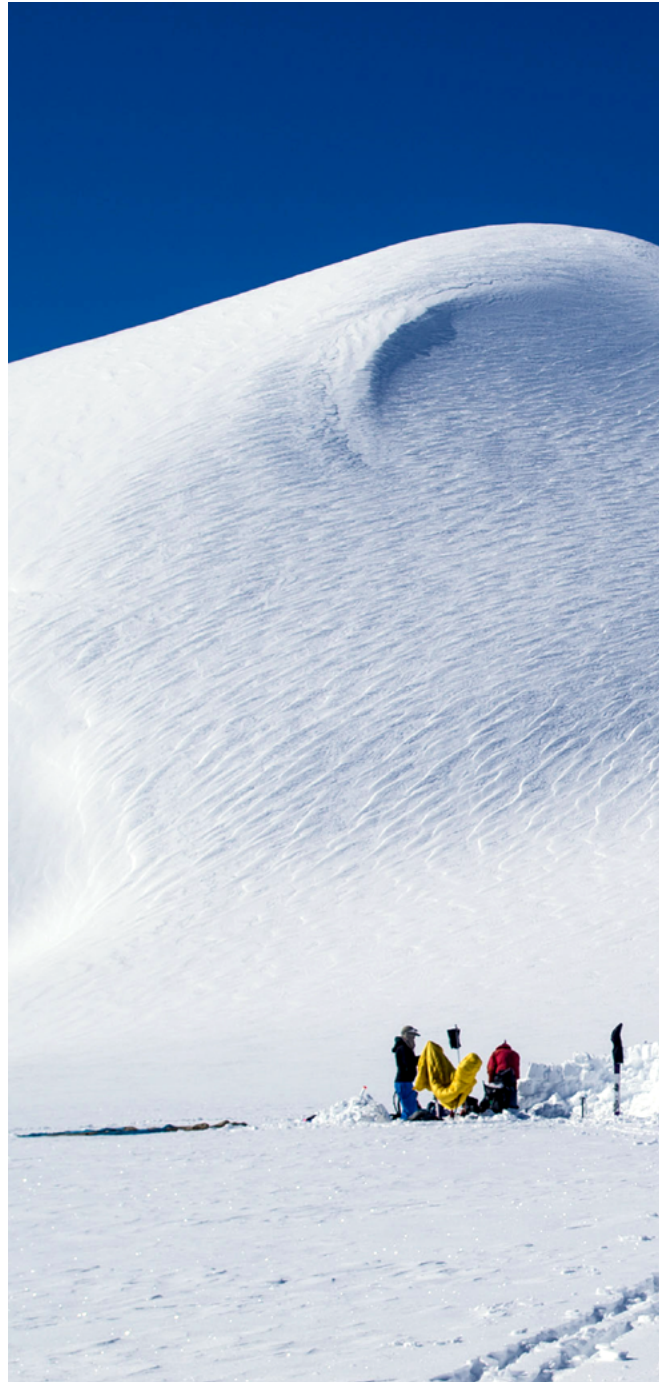
by Peter Margetak. In the West Salal Creek Canyon

and to a safe spot. Thinking that we have cleared the crux of the trip we settled down for a very cold night on Mu Ridge (-17 C).

DAY 10: MU RIDGE TO OBELIA PEAK AND DOWN TO MANATEE CREEK

April 24, 2017; Distance: 12.7km; Elevation Gain: 693m; Weather: overcast in morning, partly cloudy in afternoon
Mu Ridge is freaking scary. This is not the experience of previous parties, if you ask them, but for us it was a reach into the depth of one's brave soul. This was due to the snow conditions we had – hard and frozen, no boot penetration, and to the fact that we were unable to really follow this rounded ridge. On multiple occasions we were forced down to traverse on its western slopes. I made a major mistake by not removing my skins for this traverse. Realizing that I would get better edge control without, I was forced to remove them in a 45 degree slope. This took a lot of cursing, sweating and fear of losing some critical piece of equipment. It was so precarious that I needed Peter's assistance and while tinkering with the skis we both had to peg our backpacks down to the slope with ice-axes and carefully manipulate every single piece of equipment not securely tied to some anchor. Stepping back into the stripped skis was almost as much fun, where Peter had to hold the ski (and me) to make sure either did not shoot down and into oblivion forever.

Obelia Peak and beyond, on the other hand, offered nothing but a fantastic run down a gentle glacier and into the Manatee Creek drainage where we camped for the night. The views were stellar too.





by Aaron Snider. Camping
below Bridge Peak

DAY 11: UP MANATEE CREEK, ACROSS MOSAIC GLACIERACIER AND DOWN TO JOB GLACIERACIER

April 25, 2017; Distance: 15.5km; Elevation Gain: 1,197m; Weather: intermittent clouds, visibility decreased in middle of day, improved in late afternoon.

So close, yet so far away. During the days of Meager Creek forest service road (and prior to the Aug 2010 Capricorn Creek landslide), all one would have to do from this point on would be to leisurely cruise up onto Manatee Glacieracier, glide through it and be home in no time.

However, we had to veer NW and across Mosaic glacier to access the Lillooet Valley by crossing the Meager–Capricorn group. The mean weather gods dealt us another snowy day where in complete whiteout we again had to go only by GPS. This was where the home preparation with a mapping software hugely pays off because we were able to follow the best route despite not seeing anything, really. At one point everything was so white that we had to throw a 30m rope ahead of us just to see where the “down” was and what the angle of the slope. By some miracle we reached Mosaic Glacieracier and it was nothing as expected. The terrain here was supposed to be almost flat, according to or topo dated from the 70’s. Instead, the glacier in front of us was quite receded and fairly steep, we were virtually traversing across a headwall. Once through, getting onto the ridge NW of Job Glacieracier required another steep ascending traverse. A smart thing to do here would have been to bootpack it up but after all the trials and tribulations on this trip I did not really care

anymore whether I was gonna die there, that day, in a 200m slip down to the bottom of the glacier. So I kept on skinning.

DAY 12: OUT VIA JOB CREEK TO LILLOOET RIVER VALLEY

April 26, 2017; Distance: 14.6km; Elevation Gain: 352m; Weather: stormy/whiteout in morning, clearing by noon, sunny in the afternoon

We are now officially one day overdue. Yet we woke up still ways away from the car. The previous night we managed to ski down to Job Glacieracier without an incident although in a whiteout, and made hopefully the last camp on this trip. In the morning we took a good deal of time scouting our exit route. Today we should ski off the glacier and find our way to the main Lillooet River Valley.

This proved to be an exciting endeavour which involved skiing down a 45–50 degree moraine on isothermal snow. And things went downhill from there, excuse the pun. After we cleared the moraine the terrain sucked us into the Job Creek Canyon. The Job–Meagre group is made of soft volcanic rock such that when a creek flows through it, it does a good number on it. So at 11am on this beautiful day in late April we found ourselves clinging to the steep sides of the Job Creek canyon, trying not to fall in. At some point the canyon walls close in and constrict us to a single passage. Here we are forced to descend to the creek level and cross it on a snowy pillow that miraculously remains, unmelted, in the right spot to allow us to get to the other side. Here I experience a true “engine–flush” – a rush of adrenalin when waterlogged soil in the

gully we were crossing started to slide down in one muddy avalanche. I ditched the skis I had been carrying and only had a split of a second to roll to the side before the boulders shot past me. My skis were taken for a ride though and I had to, heart pounding, re-enter the unstable gully to retrieve them.

After being tried by the Job Creek we finally saw a clear way out and rejoiced upon emerging in the Lillooet River valley. Feels like we're almost out but there is still so much way to go. We follow the flats on the west side of the river, crossing Affliction Creek and a couple of its channels / tributaries without a problem. We start seeing some snowmobile tracks. They were all aiming up the Affliction Creek valley on an old road bed.

Finally, around 5 pm we reach a prominent FSR which traverses at the foot of Plinth Peak. Following this road we work our way out over massive avalanche

debris. Plinth Mountain east slopes, when warmed up, produce large wet slides, some of them hundred or more meters wide that spill over the road. Whenever these slides happened, a few days prior, we sure were glad we weren't around.

And finally – hallelujah – we see our car, patiently waiting for us at km 49 of the Lillooet FSR. Only a bridge over Keyhole Canyon now separates us from successfully completing this trip. We made it! I didn't take that for granted.

Total Distance: 113km; Total Elevation Gain: 5640m

April 15 to 26, 2017

Trailhead: Upper Lillooet FSR km 45.5 (Salal Creek FSR)

Exit: Upper Lillooet FSR km 49 (Keyhole Bridge/ Upper Lillooet IPP intake)

Trip participants: Aaron Snider, Rebecca Lee, Ken Lee, Peter Margetak and Alena Magetak



by Aaron Snider. Looking towards Mount Alecto, Ring Glacier to the right of it



by Paul Kubik. Sigurd Lake



STOYOMA AGAIN – 45 YEARS LATER

The article title says it all – a convenient abstract. In 1973 our first early autumn Coquihalla trip was launched, not knowing at the time it was to be an annual event. The Coquihalla highway did not exist then, although residents of Merritt were lobbying for it to be built. They had one or more auto rallies on the old Kettle Valley Railway grade to demonstrate the potential effectiveness of the route. We followed suit using the very aesthetic rail grade, and pipeline roads, to reach the Coldwater Valley’s farms and public road access to Merritt. This route was used annually for another 12 years before the highway opened in 1986.

The first climb was actually beyond the Coquihalla Valley, but in those days, any tract of land east of the Fraser Canyon, south of Nicola Valley, north of the Hope–Princeton highway, and west of Tulameen was known as the Coquihalla. So, on a cool and cloudy October weekend of 1973, six of us met Norm Hansen at his house in Merritt. He knew the logging road route to Cabin Lake on Mt. Stoyoma (2267 m)

– the highest peak on the northern end of the Cascade Mountains. For the day, his two young daughters, Sheila and Annette, plus their dog, “Snowy”, joined the group to hike and scramble up the mountain. It was a cool and breezy day with the odd squall of snowfall. Despite the adversity of weather, it was very enjoyable, and the recorder of the trip, Ragnar Bruaset, simply described it as a walk, suitable for ascent on horseback! Well, that was an overstatement, despite the fact that sheep herders had used the mountain for several decades and probably scrambled beyond the alpine flora to reach the very rocky summit.

Thereafter, Norm joined us for many of the trips to the Coquihalla, in his usual logger’s attire, including cork boots, and always with the same lunch: rye krisp smothered with sardines and topped off with raw onion. And, so, 45 years after the first trip, it was time to revisit Stoyoma with Norm, now in our 80s, our legs were wearing out. Interest in the revisit grew by leaps and bounds on the website trip register – a mind–

boggling 23 names posted, plus those of us who refuse to use the internet! But there was a caveat – participants had to also phone me. What?!, that might mean a long–distance charge, or other inconvenience! Few made the phone call and as the weekend approach, only 7 online registrants showed up! But, added to by another 7 luddites, including myself, we completed the entourage.

A recce a few days prior confirmed the road route, a place to camp, and where to park to start the climb. Usually, it begins at Cabin Lake but the road to it is bedeviled by a nearby ravine to cross which causes big problems. The selected campsite was reached after a 1.5 hour drive from Merritt. It was the first day after a long fire season ban that campfires were permitted. Norm and Bert then set off to rectify the lack of firewood and seats to sit on around the fire. His pick–up, with the usual chainsaw on board, returned to camp with a full load of dry wood and, cheerfully, we sat and ate around a very pleasant and warming fire. About 9:00 p.m., a cold rain sent everyone to their tents and the fire was soon self–doused.

Sunday dawned a crisp day with ice on the tents; Norm re–lit the fire, and then used an old circle–bar branding iron, driven into the red–hot coals to support his huge pot of “cowboy” coffee. He hasn’t changed in 4.5 decades. At 8:00 a.m. the entourage of 8 vehicles, all in 4WD, crawled up to the trailhead at 1800 metres’ elevation. A skiff of overnight snow didn’t slow the ascent of glade–to–glade leap–frogging to the alpine. A brisk wind, over rocky terrain, saw us

scramble over the south ridge which led to the very cool summit in about three hours. Who led the charge up? Bert Parke, at age 85, with alpen stick in hand was up with the young guys, while Norm and I were the last to show up. Descent to the cars on more or less the same route was greeted with honest snowfall. Coldcoqu #45 was completed in classic fluctuating weather and never faltering enthusiasm. All that was left to do was the 400 km drive back to Vancouver. Stoyoma is as far north that we go on the east side of the Cascades. Next year: #46? (might need a new organizer). Trip participants (by decreasing age) as follows: Bert Parke (Logan Lake), Norm Hansen (Merritt), Karl Ricker (Whistler), Jenny Faulkner (Vancouver), Dave Hughes (North Vancouver), Ed Zenger (Burnaby), John Sapac (Vancouver), Adrienne Hughes (North Vancouver), Erich Hinze (Vancouver), Marilyn Cram (Greendale), Ziff House (Bradner), Ehleen Hinze (Vancouver), Dan Marshall (Vancouver), Jesse Brown (Vancouver), and Decker (Snooper). Average age: 66 – qualifies as a pensioner status trip! Wildlife: one Northern pygmy owl; two White–tailed ptarmigan



MANNING PARK CROSSOVER – JULY 15TH & 16TH 2017

Brian Wood had expressed interest in this trip early in the year, and it seemed a fairly novel alternative to the usual out and back of the Heather Trail. Thankfully the weather cooperated stupendously.

Wilson and Frauke started at the Blackwall parking lot, while Brian, Lina, and Ryan (myself) entered via Cayuuse flats. Each party carried a bulky VHF radio, however it proved functionally useless in this terrain. We lost about an hour attempting to find the rather unmarked trailhead: the trail visible from the road dead-ended at Cayuuse Creek with no visible addition on the other side, and mobile GPS indicated another trailhead about 100m further up the highway. Eventually we just took the ATV path behind the yellow gate, which turned out to be the trailhead and swiftly had us on our way.

The wildflowers were in full bloom in the patchy meadows we encountered,

and in old forest fire burns, and the day remained cool enough to enjoy the scenery.

Much of the days hike was on this wide path, and we had a few sudden encounters with mountain bikers crossing from Blackwall. Just over midway to our goal of Nicomen lake we encountered some spectacular blowdown around the trail: likely from the severe storms the preceding winter. If not cleared out, some snags will present a hazard in the future. Several of the old horse-trail bridges were also in very poor repair.

We arrived at Nicomen around 3pm, managing to snag the last available campground at the lake, it was packed! As we waited for Wilson and Frauke, more people continued to trickle in, setting up tents in patches of heather. Just as the sun was setting down and we were becoming concerned about sending out a search party, since the VHF had turned out to be a failure, the other two sauntered into camp. We all enjoyed

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a hearty meal, Wilson & Frauke related info about the trail from Blackwall, and I promptly fell asleep while the others chatted.

The next morning we broke camp fairly early and parted ways, beginning the long ascent out of Nicomen Lake. The path up must sit on a significant slide path, as the runout from a past event has left quite the impression in the forest

below! The trail home proved long, very long, although incredibly beautiful with wildflowers and views all the way to Hozameen south of the border. We kept up a good pace, or so we thought...

As we passed through Three Brothers camp we encountered yet more people who had set their tents up all over the heather, and scattered remains of car-camping setups

in places. It was really quite sad to see, and unexpected in what is a relatively remote area (compared to, say, Garibaldi).

We hit Wilsons truck in the late afternoon, thoroughly exhausted from the up/down nature of the days trek, and upon arrival in Hope discovered Wilson & Frauke had beaten us by nearly four hours. All in all, a delightful trip was enjoyed by everyone!

Distance: 40km

Trip participants: Brian Wood, Lina Peralta, Ryan MacDonald, Wilson Edgar, Frauke Seewald



AN ATTEMPT ON THE BLACK TUSK – TRUE SUMMIT.

AUGUST 18, 2018

Lukas and I had discussed attempting the true summit of the Black Tusk some weeks ago, after fresh and detailed beta arose courtesy of local fulltime peakbagger Steven Song. Knowing that it has only seen three recorded ascents in the past two decades and somehow not alarmed by the prospect of rappelling off “choss bollards”, we decided to go for it.

Our first mistake was attempting to approach via the Microwave Tower FSR: Unfortunately my reading missed that the gate is actually over an hours very brisk walking from the park boundary itself, and nearly 4 hours from the Tusk. Matters were additionally complicated by the atmosphere of Mordor moving in during our slogging up that road and making breathing unpleasant. Half way up I stashed a 20m static anchor

line which I’d brought, reasoning that it was quite heavy and not actually necessary.

We started at 6am and topped out at 11:30am. Brutal, brutal pace due to the smoke.

Obtaining the false summit we spent a long time deliberating making the attempt, where our points of no return were, and our general comfort level given we’d heard it shedding rock constantly for the past two hours of approach.

It was pretty easy to identify the choss bollard which the last group used, and I rigged a static line around it and then piled more rocks on top of that giving us a “solid” rap station which probably wouldn’t kill us as long as we didn’t take a dynamic fall on it. Lofty ideals, given the nature of the rock we’d be ascending.

We had opted to make this attempt using a single 8mm 30m rap line and save the weight of carrying dual 60m ropes, in

hindsight a ridiculous choice which was responsible for the events about to transpire.

Lukas volunteered to go first and bravely descended into the notch noting “everything is very loose in here”. I kept an eye on the anchor and noticed some light fraying where the rap line crossed the immediate edge, so I put my last piece of rope-pro around it once Lukas had unweighted the rope.

Unfortunately, as I reached 10 feet below the anchor while descending myself, the hazard in our choice of single strand rappel was revealed: there was a ridiculously sharp edge which could not be seen from above and which I lacked any further rope pro to guard against, and I discovered this after I had already rappelled past it. I looked up, noticed severe fraying in the line, and promptly felt a liquid chill run up my spine and through my limbs. Very refreshing given the climate, very unpleasant given the immediate drop to certain death if it failed. Rapid calculations left me very skeptical that the line would not snap should I fully descend to the bottom and then re-ascend it. I am also exceedingly paranoid

about rope condition, so maybe it could have held just fine, we will never know.

How Stevens party in July (who also used a single-strand 30m) avoided this damage I do not know. It’s entirely likely that, given the shifting and ephemeral nature of the choss



up there, that the sharp edge we encountered simply did not exist a month prior or was created during their exit climb. Or they neglected to mention coreshotting their line in the report, but I find this extremely unlikely.

So I shouted at Lukas that we were aborting the summit attempt, attached my Jumar while holding the rope out from the rock, moved past the frayed spot as fast as possible, and quickly obtained the anchor. Along the way I dislodged a basket-ball sized boulder when I touched it to see if it was a viable hold, triggering a not-insubstantial slide down the north face of the peak.

Lukas meanwhile scrambled up the gully to the base of the final pitch, and after some deliberation decided that (while it would definitely go and is much lower angle than it appears from the false summit) he wasn't up to doing it alone without a rope to keep any potential fall to a more survivable 30m. With only three recorded ascents in the past twenty years, 10m from the top still puts him in a fairly select group of lunatics.

Some fuff and a frankly hair-raising amount of rockfall was involved in deploying the 60m line and retrieving Lukas from the notch, including narrowly avoiding a large spire which decided to collapse directly beside him. After some discussion of what had transpired and packing up we set off to slog back to the van, arriving at 6:10pm: twelve hours on the dot after we started.

The smoke had moved in hard by that point, and the air was best described as "chewable" during our exit which made for unpleasant body sensations. Lots of

delicious salmon berries, however. Along the way I discovered that some dirt bikers had found, and stolen, my stashed rope. To add insult to injury they'd scrawled mocking messages about our (rather insecure) bear cache on my van windows. At least they didn't break anything.

While unhappy that we were unable to achieve the full summit we agreed that it was a valuable learning experience on one of the worst pieces of utter garbage

Matters were additionally complicated by the atmosphere of Mordor

and easily lethal rock in the province, and that if we hadn't made some spectacularly poor choices in gear we'd have a much better TR to submit. Or we'd be very dead, or in the news as a ridiculous SAR case, as that rotten pinnacle is a total game of roulette regardless of climbing ability.

I would not in good faith recommend this summit to anyone unless you are extremely experienced, have solid confidence in free soloing 20m+ of extremely loose class 4 with a 500m drop to your death, or are very very stupid.

A GARIBALDI CIRCUMNAVIGATION

**PANORAMA RIDGE, DECEPTION,
GUARD, AND PRICE**



Alex had invited me to climb Guard Mountain, a rugged rock tower on the southeast side of Garibaldi Lake. Unfortunately, I wasn't available to do it as an overnight trip. I have always had this burning desire to circumnavigate Garibaldi Lake so I told him I would run on Sunday and meet him at their camp site.

The route was 50/50 trail and route finding over some complex terrain. I started at 8am from Rubble Creek parking lot, it was pretty late start with this kind of trip. As usual, it was a busy morning on the trail. After a 2.5 hours long slog, I made it to the top of Panorama Ridge. From there, there wasn't any trail to follow. I continued to the East ridge towards Gentian Peak, dropped down 300m to the meadows on the West face of

Gentian Peak while contouring around to the South side between Polemonium Ridge–Gentian Pass. At this point the whole West ridge of Castle Towers was in full view. I started ascending over to the West shoulder of Polemonium then I worked my way down to Sphinx glacier by traversing over cliffs, hefty amount of bush, and steep slope.

My initial plan was to link up Sphinx, Deception Peak, and Guard Mountain, by bagging Sphinx first then traversing westward. The ablation area of the glacier was gently inclined and easy to travel, however as I was getting up to higher elevation I had to navigate through a maze of longitudinal crevasses; some were deep and wide, other sagged down just enough to bridge in across. I turned around after



an unsuccessful attempt without engaging into a much steeper ice slope. The run-out was bad and a self-arrest would not ever work if I fall into a deep abyss.

I went back down at the glacier terminus and traversed on the moraine to the west end of the glacier adjacent to Guard Mountain. I climbed the col by staying to the glacier, following an old cougar track. I followed the East ridge to the summit of Guard Mountain. The false-true summit were separated by a terminal fall gap and a ridge composed of gently pasted rocks. I just wanted to get it done and I didn't linger at the summit, went back to the false summit, took a selfie, and planted my route over Mount Price. From the col, it was an easy hike up to the West face of Deception Peak.

I descended to a gentle south slope down to Sentinel Bay, by the time I reached the lake shore, the sun had already disappeared

to the horizon, soon I was on my headlamp. I tried to follow the shoreline without gaining elevation, hoping to connect the NE meadows just below Mount Price. But I got sucked into the water. I gained the ridge by climbing a steep gully, going through cliff bands and bushes, then forced myself to traverse to a more bottomless gullies. It was pretty bad and I regretted taking that route. After a slow progress, I made it to an open meadows between Table Mountain-Price col. Just as I was gaining the ridge to Mount Price, I spotted between trees and bushes a pair of glowing eyes staring at me. I turned my headlamp on and off to see if it will move. It didn't, but I was scared to think that it would be a bear or a cougar. I was being watchful not to stumble any of them. After 2 agonizing hours thrashing into dense bush, I made to the summit of Price. It was windy; blowing crystal granules of snow, and I was shivering from cold.

My headlamp died on me while on the summit. I normally always take a back-up spare, but it was bad call for me of leaving it in my car. Luckily, it was a full moon and I managed to navigate through silhouettes and my handheld GPS. I won't go through into details how I get back down to my car. It was a pure luck and years of experience in the Canadian backcountry. I hope to write something about this experience someday.

It took me 5.5 hours navigating through the darkness back to the parking lot.



STOYOMA AWASH

SEPTEMBER 29TH & 30TH, 2018

A cast of 13, sitting around Norm's cheery evening fire, heard the noises of birds overhead as we wandered to our tents at 8:00 p.m. Little did we realize that it was the murmurs of migrating Sandhill cranes, their chatter identified by the senior Coquihallyer, Bert. Were they fleeing from the dark clouds that had moved in at dusk? Those were the first cranes ever heard or seen in 46 years of our Coldcoqu quests.

This year's trip was organized by Dave Hughes who asked all of us at the Merritt meeting point to sign waivers!, another first!. Then began the 7-vehicle entourage up the Spius River valley to last year's camp spot for the hikes on Mt. Stoyoma. This year it was to be to its north peak, less than 20 metres lower than the higher south peak (2282 m), but on the same 7400 ft. contour shown on the federal 1:50,000 scale maps. The valley was in full autumn colour, for the entire 32 kilometre drive up the valley where campsite was eventually reached. Arrival was unanticipatedly too early. Norm reminded us that the spur road leading to Cabin Lake was very rough and could

tolerate loose rock removal. So while the "A" team helped Norm with gathering the firewood, and campfire stool material, the "B" team, under Bert Parke, went ahead to move rocks. Upon job completion, it was dinnertime and the clouds began to move in. Ominous? Light drizzle began at 8:15 p.m.

Rain continued, non-stop, overnight and a drizzly conference at 7:00 a.m. decided it was time to retreat as the moisture had then changed to snow! At a follow-up 2-hour breakfast meeting in Merritt, the trip was rescheduled for the same time and place one year hence. The Stoyoma follow-up 45 years ago had suffered the same ordeal in snow and rain, except that it was with a much younger crew; this year's entourage had an average age of 71.9 (median: 73), about 5 years older than last year's gang! It was a very rainy return to the lower mainland!, but on very full breakfast bellies.

Participants (in descending age order): Bert Parke, Norm Hansen, Karl Ricker, Fred Douglas, Jenny Faulkner, Dave Hughes, Alice Purdey, Mike Feller, John Sapac, Evelyn Feller, Chris Lepso, Ziff House, Tom Milin and man's best friends: Decker and Cedar.



BLACKCOMB
HELICOPTERS

THE CINDY LOPPER STORY

The four were cruising websites one day and came across the BCMC site and saw an upcoming trail building trip by Chris Ludwig. On a whim they took out a 30 day membership and joined his trip. As it turned out this was also the weekend that we were going to put up the new trail head kiosk so there was a lot going on.

Then we hit a snag. We came to Hemonious creek. We could not find a way across!

Splitting up Terry stayed with us working on the kiosk and the other three went with Chris to do the trail work. Everyone at the kiosk worked hard and upon finishing it we went to see how the others were doing. We heard them well before seeing them as there was a lot of yelling and laughing going on. My observation was that everyone was working hard; and they were; and that they were all getting along and having fun. (as a side note these trail building

trips are fun and at the end of the day you can see what you have accomplished).

As the day ended everyone was walking back to the cars when I had an idea. There was an upcoming trip to the clubs north creek cabin to fly in workers for an 8 day trip to start a new trail and more volunteers were needed. I could definitely see the new four ladies work ethic and thought! Why not? I mentioned to Deb; I have a proposition for you. As she rolled her eyes I outlined what I had in mind. A club sponsored flight into the clubs north creek cabin to do trail work. That there were already four going and we were looking for four more. By the time we got back to the car they had all four decided they were in! A done deal!

The only condition was that they had to join the club and that they did as soon as they arrived home.

You are right in thinking that we were taking a chance, not knowing them well at all. Even though I watched their work ethic, I also asked others on Chris's trip what they thought of the idea and they

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all said do it. Please keep in mind that they were also taking a chance on us. Here they were, four ladies, flying into the unknown with four men, only having met two of us! I sometimes wondered if they felt that there was safety in numbers!

Arrangements were made, we all came together at the Pemberton airport, and off we all went. Four flew in from the airport and the other four drove down the valley



and flew in from the north creek east main FSR. And we were off. The ladies were ecstatic! Three had never flown before and what a thrill for them all. Flying up the valley with nothing but green going on and on; high alpine snow covered peaks above us on either side. Then all of a sudden; look, the cabin! And far ahead that small red speck of red was seen. That small dot in the middle of nothing. What a sight!

The main objective of this trip was to begin a new trail from the cabin down towards the old original trail head on the west side of north creek. If this could be accomplished it would eliminate the two problematic north creek crossings and make the cabin much more accessible. The first thing done after arriving was to open up, clear the helicopter landing zone of brush. The ladies took this on with a vengeance. Look out brush!

While this was going on Gord Esplin and Bill Maurer started flagging a route south while I started chain sawing and Ed Zenger started lopping the way through behind them. The first small objective was to get across Sugus creek. (Sugus creek was our name for it). This was easily done and on we went. Brushing out a route. Later on in the day the ladies caught up to us. The work we were doing was awesome. the way was really being cleared out and our system was really working well. two going ahead and flagging and doing a small bit of clearing, me chain sawing the bigger

alder, Ed clearing more, then the four ladies finishing up. a great job was being done.

Then we hit a snag. We came to Hemonious creek. We could not find a way across! It was just that little bit too big to try jumping it. It was steep and fast. Maybe later on the year it would be lower but for now we were stumped.

We had flown in on Saturday and it was now Monday night. After 2 ½ days of work on Tuesday the group went for a hike up towards Sugus Mtn. Some many years ago on another trip a group of us had cleared a route from the cabin through the alder and as recently as four years ago Ed had also done some clearing on the same route. It was all overgrown. We bashed and thrashed some times finding a small bit of old flagging but most of the time it was just be like a moose,

head down and push through. Once in the alpine all was well again. Bill and Gord climbed Sugus while the rest of us mere mortals didn't go as far; just hanging about enjoying the view. While doing this a very

accommodating mountain goat showed up and posed for everyone. He walked along the ridge above going out of sight then coming back into view again and posing a second time. Very thought full indeed!

I am getting a head of myself here. Upon our arrival Saturday and after getting settled in some cleaning up was done around the cabin as well as a few other things. I started cutting firewood from some downed trees, Bill took a wedge and sledge and was breaking up the rounds i was cutting making them smaller while everyone started carrying them over to the cabin. A way was made for us to get over north creek for future hikes.

As we were stymied by Sugus creek and couldn't do any more trail work; work was started in and around the cabin itself. Over the next two days more firewood was cut,



carried over and piled underneath the cabin. There should now be enough for a couple of years. All of the garbage both inside and outside was gathered up to be flown out. There were many roofing nails that had either come out or were loose and they were all replaced with roofing screws. We had taken in more paint and the cabin was painted. A new roof was needed for the outhouse and at Corinne's suggestion we used a section of old left over metal roofing to replace the outhouse roof. I took out from underneath the cabin some left over plywood and used it to make a partial skirting around the base of the cabin to hopefully keep away some snow from the firewood. Lastly, just as we were leaving the porch and steps were painted.

On Friday most of the group went for a hike up towards the north side of Sessel Mtn clearing and flagging the way up as they went. While they were away some

work was done around the helicopter landing area to make it more accessible.

I do have to mention that whenever we were doing any trail clearing, or were around the cabin for any length of time the ladies were lopping. They sliced and diced and they brush and alder never stood a chance! They danced, they sang; (I must, I must, increase my...) they laughed. they lopped.

Hence the Cindy Loppers were born!

We didn't get as much done on a new trail out but what we did do was a fine fine job. Everyone worked hard and this was a very productive job well done.

Trip participants: Bill Maurer, Gord Esplin, Sue Postill, Terry Wong, Deb Wade, Corinne Janzen, organized by Ed Zenger



CROWN VIA WIDOWMAKER ARETE

21st October 2018 – A surprising long strike of good weather and warm temperatures made possible to consider one last summer alpine adventure. The objective that for one reason or the other we had avoided the entire summer (hot days, long approach, forest fire smog, but mostly laziness) is a North Shore classic: The Widowmaker arête.

Pav and I met at the parking lot of the Grouse Grind I think around 5.30am and after finishing the coffee and donuts (not a great prelude for doing the grind) decided on climbing rack and started moving. Headlamps and good conversation until the chalet, I seem to remember 1h20min definitely not a record-breaking



time but we had a long day ahead. We refilled the water bottles as this was the last source of water and on we went as the first lights started appearing.

Taking pictures left and right as we walked with an amazing sunrise happening, the path to the Crown pass felt extremely short, although checking the timestamp of the pictures we got to the top of the pass around 8.10am, then down the well-marked trail to Haines Valley and at some point down the talus where you can already see the Arête looming on your left we turned left crossing some thick vegetation and continued up the talus. I've read that there is a trail but we decided to go across the vegetation pretty early on where it felt thinner rather than keep going down to cross it and come back up, the start of the route was (almost) within sight and who cares for some scratches here and there anyway.

Slowly we made our way up the talus to the start of the route, had a second breakfast and decided for a long time which way to go up. Here there are three ways that seemed pretty clear, one straight up some featured face climbing with absolutely no gear, this option the Vancouver guide book described as 5.7 unprotected climbing but the wall is quite wide with multiples options and without any gear wasn't very appealing. Option 2 described in the guide book as well is to start towards the right, there is a cairn on that shoulder, and go up and left for one pitch and then another pitch that goes further up and left aiming to go under a left facing roof through a crack/



undercling, the picture on the Vancouver Rock climbing was spot on the line we took so nothing to add to that picture. There are three other options not mentioned in the guide book but that I had seen online: starting as for option two but going straight up, looks steeper but with better rock and pro, another option from the Alpine Select is to scramble up the next gully to the right and finally although probably cannot be consider as part of the climb is to bypass all of this going through the class 3 slabs on the far left (west) that join on the first headwall. We opted for option number two.

P1–The first pitch is kind of a blur, nothing really remarkable as part of it we scrambled and then we roped up for a couple of steps that felt like 5.6 or 5.7 climbing with good gear, this first pitch was perhaps less than 30m that we roped up for but had we started climbing and not scrambling I believe would've been a full pitch from the cairn. We set up an anchor a few meters below the roof, this is very easy scrambling terrain but looks like the second pitch would be real climbing and we didn't know where we would be able to set the next anchor.

P2–Here I would encourage everyone to have set up a good anchor atop of P1, it is a big ledge surrounded by scrambling terrain so the temptation is not to as the first pitch could be scrambled all together but the leader of the second pitch is going to go up and left, the rock there is bad so no matter how easy it is a fall could happen and the gear is not great. Here if the leader falls, wouldn't fall the 10m back to the ledge but

30/40m all the way to the ground (down the unprotected face of option 1, so if not doing a proper anchor here is far better to face climb straight up on solid rock and no pro). Pav led this solidly although we were discussing if any of the small cams until the dihedral would've held a fall. For this two pitches we followed the line described as “best” in the Vancouver Rockclimbing guide.

Pic from start point, up and left from this angle aiming to the roof that you go under and left, as said the pic from the Vancouver guide is really good as you can stand exactly from where was taken and see the line. Finishing P2 with the anchor over the first headwall.

P... here the terrain gets very easy, a few mid 5th class steps if you go straight up, 3 or 4 class if meandering left, followed by easy slabs all the way up to the ridge, we simul-climbed this zone as felt the faster option vs unroping. If something feels hard go left, although for better view stay on the arête. This probably was a few pitches but felt very fun. Going up and left until the “whaleback” where the second headwall starts.

Headwall 2 – This was for me the best part of the climb, on the guide book is described as two or three pitches however we did it as 1 without any simulung (I don't remember if Pav brought his 70m but communication is easy as you climb straight up and there are a few possible intermediate anchors). I would absolutely encourage people to do it this way as it was just amazing sustained climbing on a stellar position on great rock with solid pro. This pitch is steeper than it

looks with a couple of steep moves off the anchor on a widening crack, then perfect hand jams on a very exposed position on the mountain and when you think that the pitch is impossible to get any better you follow an amazing finger crack, then some ledges and bushes to the top. Unbeatable alpine climbing, in my opinion the entire climb was justified just for this pitch. You probably can make the pitch easier by meandering across ledges and there are a few taters left on shrubs from left behind anchors but this straight-ish line was SUPER fun!

P... more simul climbing slabs and another whaleback I seem to remember that not a lot of gear but very easy stuff. The exposure on the north side of the arête is spectacular here and the view of Haines valley superb.

P1—Two options tackle it; straight up as described on the Alpine Select/Vancouver guide or to do the 10a off-width going around the corner, lacking any of the big cams presumably needed for the off-width we went for plan A. This was the only part of the route that we are a bit dubious about what the actual route really was as the route described in the Alpine select and the Vancouver Guide didn't really match. However the topo from the Vancouver Guide has a very good picture that highlights the more or less around the dotted yellow line, as we got close the roof looks pretty big and intimidating (bigger than in the picture for sure) and looks like the crux going straight up would be to rise above it rather than the crack itself which was not consistent with the



route description of the older Alpine Select that says the crux is to reach the belay ledge. There might be some solid holds we missed or couldn't see from below for going straight up but we decided to follow what we thought was the Alpine select route, going leftwards under the roof through some cracks until it was possible through a series of ledges and cracks to go back right, here we found an old rusted piton (so probably we were "on route" a route, who knows if the right one) to a final hard move to gain the belay ledge (made harder by a branch that makes the mantel complicated). This last move was probably harder than any of the moves on the previous headwall but I think the second headwall was far more sustained and steep overall. This ledge is the same one you would

set up the anchor in any of the three variations so keeping that in mind is easy to aim for it.

P2 – Straight up following the cracks, when we did it there was a green BD cam stuck, we spent a few minutes trying to get it out as it was moving but ideally we wanted the flash and the rust on the cam made it useless anyway. At the top we set the belay on a very comfortable wide ledge with another cam stuck on it, one of those fancy



link cams, this one was not moving one bit so probably still there.

P3–Short pitch following the camels arse to the top, probably those two pitches could be easily linked lengthwise but communications would be hard as the top is facing the other wise of the arête. A few pictures and chose one of the multiple anchors to rap of the camel.

After multiple pictures and rapping from the camel, Pav insisted that he had another pitch in him (!?!?) and wanted to climb a classic 5.9 pitch (Camel Cracks) up the Camel, so back up again. Finally we followed the chimney up to Crown for more pictures snacks and whatnot, with enough daylight left we made our way back, we just had to turn the headlamps for the last stretch around Grouse, not bad for the short days at the end of October!

Arrived to the cafe of the Gondola asked for what beers they had and one of the options was a Widowmaker, kind of like when some actor midway through the movie mentions the title of such movie, very meta and silly. We both giggled and proceeded to down it while discussing details of the climb and hoped for longer summer days. At 19:45 we took the Gondola back to the car, so 14h overall car to car.

Unfortunately I had taken pictures of every place we set an anchor on my phone and every pitch but my house got broken into and my laptop and phone were stolen... happily Pav had taken some great pics.

Trip participants: Jose Collado, Pav Wypych

OBITUARIES

ERNST SCHMALZRIEDT

Long time BCMC member, Ernst Schmalzriedt, passed away in December 2017. He became a member in the 1960s and was an avid participant in the climbs and activities of the club, not only climbing and ski mountaineering, but also laminating many of the beams which were used in the club cabins. He also fabricated the pulleys, which many members borrowed, to cross the Squamish River to climb in the Lake Lovely Water area. He loved these outdoor activities and the BCMC community.

HEINZ WOLFF

by Glenn Woodsworth

Heinrich (Heinz) Wolff, one of the BCMC's longest-standing member and probably the oldest, died on April 11, 2018, at the age of 103. Heinz was born and raised in Berlin Germany. He fled Germany in 1936 and settled in South Africa, where he served with the Allies in the Second World War. Later he moved to Australia, where he met and married Margaret Affleck, a Canadian, in a local hiking club. Heinz and Margaret

moved to Vancouver in 1958, where they remained for the rest of their lives.

Heinz and Margaret joined the BCMC early in 1959. They were not climbers but were strong hikers with an interest in natural history. They also went on many trips with the Vancouver Natural History Society and the North Shore Hikers. I was on some BCMC trips with them both in the 1960s; I remember Heinz as a kind, gentle, slightly aloof person who has been described as a “perfect European gentleman.”

Heinz was part of a small group of club members that included Don and Rita Ourom, Dick and Doris Chambers, and Joan Ford, who regularly attended the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra and chamber music concerts.

Heinz maintained his memberships in the BCMC for the rest of his life. Although no longer active in the club, he continued hiking well into his 90s and stayed in good health until shortly before his death.

— with thanks to Bruce Wolff, his son, and with some data from legacy.com/obituaries/vancouverun/obituary.aspx?n=heinrich-wolff-heinz&pid=188972767)

SEVERIN ANDREAS HEIBERG 1922 – 2016

by Anders Ouram

Sev Heiberg, a long-time member of the BCMC, died on July 18th, 2016. He was born in Norway, and his family emigrated to Alberta in 1926, where he grew up. He lived near Kingman, attended a one-room school, and quickly excelled in academics, especially science, and gymnastics. After serving with RCAF, Sev in due course completed a doctorate in nuclear physics, and began a research career in Ottawa. In 1968 he moved back to Vancouver, where eventually he supported himself through investing.

Sev was proud of his Norwegian ancestry, and distantly related to the family for whom Axel Heiberg Island in the High Arctic is named. He was a quiet and determined man, with a wide variety of talents. He was a life member and for some years treasurer of the BCMC, a life member of the Varsity Outdoor Club at UBC, and a member of the Alpine Club of Canada. He also founded and contributed enormously to gymnastics in Canada, including the Ottawa Gymnastics Club and then Phoenix Gymnastics Club in Vancouver. Sev was a life member of both Gymnastics B.C. and Gymnastics Canada, and a coaching award was named in his honour. He coached for decades, and is known throughout the world of Canadian gymnastics. Certainly Sev encouraged athletic talent, but he also valued generosity, sportsmanship, and hard work.

Sev may have begun mountaineering while he was a student at the University of Alberta after the war. He moved to B.C. in 1950, and

did his doctorate at UBC, where he joined the VOC, leaving a strong impression on fellow members, with climbs near Garibaldi Lake, and handstands on top! He then worked for the Defense Research Board at Suffield, near Ralston in Alberta, but spent quite a lot of time climbing in Garibaldi Provincial Park, in the Kananaskis Ranges, and at Yamnuska, when climbing there was just beginning. In summer 1958 Sev and VOC friends did what was later named the Silberhorn Arete on Mount Athabasca, probably the first time it was climbed. In 1959 Sev as usual showed up for the VOC's Garibaldi Lake ski camp. Dick Culbert, then in high school, had just done Table Mountain solo – a loose, scary climb, so Sev made the next ascent, the seventh known. As rappelling wasn't possible, descending proved a considerable challenge.

Sev moved to Ottawa in 1959/60, and often climbed at Gatineau Bluffs near Luskville, often with young ladies. Possibly Sev's talent as a dancer had some relation to this. In any event, at that time he, Karl Ricker and Fred Roots decided it was time for a Canadian Himalayan expedition. A lot needed to be done to make it happen, including getting support from the establishment. Sev's plan was for a "warm up" climb of a new route on north summit of Denali (then called Mount McKinley), via unclimbed Pioneer Ridge. With several friends, Sev made the ascent in spring 1961. They used an airdrop, but hiked in and out from the base of the mountain, having adventures with grizzlies, big packs, and swollen rivers en route. Sev

reported on the climb in the American Alpine Journal, possibly the only time he ever reported in writing on one of his climbs.

Despite the success of the Denali climb, Sev eventually withdrew from the Himalayan expedition, frustrated with bureaucracy. He refocused his energies on participating in Team Ontario of the Yukon Centennial Expedition, in 1967. As part of it, he participated in the first ascent of Mount Ontario in the Centennial Range, north of Mount Logan.

After Sev moved back to Vancouver, he soon founded Phoenix Gymnastics, which is still thriving. He also attended many climbs with the Alpine Club of Canada's Vancouver Section, and in the early 1980s became active in the BCMC. As a somewhat independent free-thinker, he fitted right in. (He also became known for his prowess in rescuing fair damsels hanging upside down from their skiis in tree wells.) Sev was quite active in the club through the 1990s, and was treasurer for much of the 1980s, a time of considerable financial challenge. He regularly participated in Karl Ricker's annual autumn Coquihalla-area adventures, where he would borrow Karl's Samoyed dog Skoki each night. Another Norwegian trait.

Sev developed an irregular heart beat in the mid-1990s, which although he had a pacemaker installed, started to limit his mountain activities. However, he found the contemporaneous appearance of personal computers, and then the internet, a true blessing. Still, Sev would often go on solo trail construction and maintenance projects,

notwithstanding the concerns of his nieces and nephews. He did a lot of work on the Silverdaisy trail, the trail to Mount Slollicum, and the Sigurd Creek ("Randy Stoltmann") trail at the north end of the Tantalus Range.

Although few knew, Sev also trekked in the Andes in Peru, and the Garwhal Himalaya. Overall, he probably climbed several hundred peaks and routes over his fifty-year career, including a few first ascents and many new routes.

A fine celebration of Sev's life was held in November 2016, at Phoenix Gymnastics in Vancouver. Over 100 attended, including family, mountaineers and gymnasts – some of whom had known Sev for 70 years! Sev was a true gentleman and intellect, a life-long student and teacher, and an outstanding mountaineer and gymnast.

—with thanks to Karl Ricker, Al Rylandsholm, and others for contributions

IN THE MACAREES' FOOTSTEPS

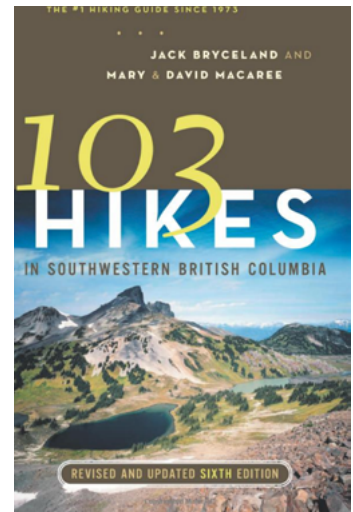
The relative growth of recreational hiking in southwest B.C. has far outpaced the region's population growth. Fifty years ago, the number of people on any weekend in the adjacent mountains might have been a dozen or so, and there were few guidebooks. Many people looked upon hiking and mountaineering as oddball activities: as a rather brutal high school teacher of mine put it, "real men don't hike or climb mountains."

The first proper trail guide, as distinct from just a listing, was probably 20 Lower Mainland Hiking Trails, Compiled and Printed as a Reader Service by *The Daily Province*, and published in 1963. Its successor, Hiking Trails, Compiled and Printed as a Reader Service by the Province, was compiled by Fred Curtin and went through several editions between about 1971 and 1977. The newspaper also sponsored occasional hikes for the public to some of the easier of these routes.

Many of these trails were described, marked, and maintained by the Mountain Access Committee (later the Federation

of Mountain Clubs of British Columbia), an informal organization consisting of delegates from six lower mainland outdoors organizations, including the Alpine Club of Canada, the North Shore Hikers and, most importantly, the B.C. Mountaineering Club (BCMC). From about 1966 to 1972, the Federation of Mountain Clubs published a Mountain Trail Guide for the South West Mainland area of British Columbia.

In 1966, the Mountaineers (Seattle) published the first edition of 100 Hikes in Western Washington. Inspired by this, the following year a BCMC committee began to compile a similar guide to southwestern B.C., under the general guidance



103 Hikes. Mitchell Press, 1973

of John Harris, a past president of the club. The book, *103 Hikes in Southwestern British Columbia*, appeared in 1973 (Mitchell Press). It was largely prepared by David and Mary Macaree following the model of 100 Hikes and published jointly by The Mountaineers and the BCMC, with the Seattle organization fronting the money.

An immediate success, *103 Hikes* was reprinted several times before a revised second edition appeared in 1980, published by Douglas & McIntyre and The Mountaineers (United States), with the authors listed as “Mary and David Macaree on behalf of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club.”

By the time the fourth edition appeared in 1994, hiking and mountaineering had become popular, something that *real* men and women could do without feeling like eccentrics. Today there are many hundreds or

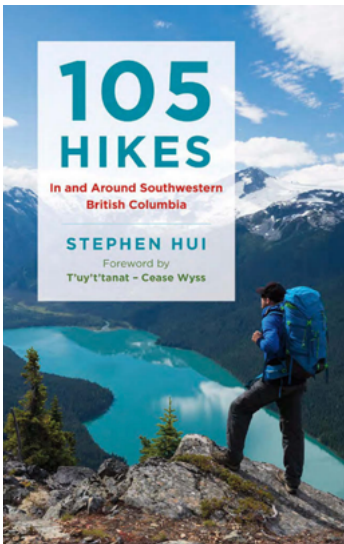
even thousands of people out hiking in southwest BC every weekend. David Macaree died in 1998, Mary in 2008, and the fifth (2001) and sixth (2008) editions were largely prepared by Jack Bryceland, a long-time BCMC member. Competing guidebooks

appeared, but *103 Hikes* remained the bible. Over its 45-year life, the book sold over 100,000 copies, according to the publisher.

The current book, *105 Hikes in and Around Southwestern British Columbia*, is advertised by the publisher as the successor to *103 Hikes*. It is the first without any direct connection to the BCMC, although a portion of the revenue from sales will go to the BCMC. The author, Stephen Hui, was a writer and photographer with the Georgia Straight for eight years and is currently the communication lead for BC at the Pembina Institute. He is younger than the Macarees when they started their *103 Hikes* project, and than Jack Bryceland when he took it on, and this helps give the book a *younger* feel. The title change, from *103* to *105* also breaks with the *103 Hikes* tradition.

The book is closely modelled on *103 Hikes*, though. The hikes are each longer than three hours and shorter than twelve. Each hike is allotted two pages, beginning with summary material on distance, time, elevation gain, difficulty, and a subjective quality rating. The necessary but often-boring details on road access are placed at the end of the main hike description.

It is good to see public transit options described; many outdoors-oriented people don't have cars. Maps, one for each hike, were always a weak point in the old books, although they had improved by Bryceland's tenure. The new maps are much better: real maps, in colour, with contours, and icons showing points of interest, trail junctions, peaks, and so forth.



105 Hikes. Greystone, 2018

Each hike is accompanied by one photo, all but one taken by the author. These are a mixed bag as far as usefulness and quality go. Some are excellent; a few others, such as the one of Illal Mountain, are so poorly reproduced as to be useless. Some, such as the photo of the purple starfish, seem to me to add little to the book. The photo of Needle Peak has its summit annoyingly cut off, perhaps because of the designer's need to keep within the two-page format for each hike.

In a book such as this, the choice of hikes to include is always a personal one. The area covered has been expanded to include southern Vancouver Island, hills near Bellingham, and the Gulf and San Juan Islands. A necessary consequence is that there are fewer hikes in the Lower Mainland than in the old books.

The selection of hikes seems good, although it is weak in the Chilliwack valley area, while the Howe Sound–Whistler area is over-represented. Unlike some hiking books, the author has personally done all the trips included. The description for each hike covers the trail, trail conditions, points of interest, safety notes, and, in some cases, comments on flora and fauna.

An unusual and welcome feature is the inclusion of Indigenous place names where appropriate and known. Unwelcome to me is the seemingly arbitrary renaming of The Lions to the Sisters or Twin Sisters. It could be argued that the Twin Sisters is a more appropriate name than the Lions, but The Lions has over a century of well-

entrenched usage. People familiar with the 1953 pamphlet by John, Robert, and William Latta, *The Ascent of the Lions*, published by the Vancouver City Archives may find, as I do, *The Lions* to be a perfectly adequate name with no compelling reason to change it.

The text is rounded out by a foreword and welcome by Cease Wyss (T'uy't'tanat), a Coast Salish ethnobotanist; a tribute to Mary and David Macaree by publisher Rob Sanders; and sections on safety and ethical hiking by Michael Coye and Jaime Adams. An extensive table summarizes the hikes by quality, difficulty, suitability for kids, and other factors.

Any guidebook is only as good as the information it contains. I have done just two of these hikes since the book came out. One of them, Brandywine Mountain, has a major blunder in the driving directions (go left on the Brandywine Creek road, not right as instructed). On the other, Illal Mountain, the driving directions are a bit sketchy and can lead to confusion, something that a few more words could have prevented. Time will tell if there are other such mistakes; if there are, they could be posted on a website and fixed in the next edition.

But on the whole, this book is a fine successor to *103 Hikes*, and I hope it goes through as many editions as the Macaree–Bryceland books.

105 Hikes in and around Southwestern British Columbia by Stephen Hui,
foreword by Cease Wyss (T'uy't'tanat)
Vancouver: Greystone: 2018
\$24.95 / 9781771642866

A PEAKBAGGER'S GUIDE

HIKING BETWEEN HOWE SOUND AND INDIAN ARM GETS ITS DUE

Most people in the Lower Mainland know only a few of these names.

Glorious Mountains lists North Shore peaks by height, difficulty, best berry patches, best for kids, most masochistic, etc.

From various points in Vancouver and the Fraser Valley, it is possible to look north to mountains that have had just a handful of ascents. Even from Vancouver, there are summits that are rarely visited. In this city of two million people, I find it remarkable and somehow comforting that I can rest my eyes on such peaks, and say to myself, “chances are excellent that nobody has been up there for a few years.” A new book, *The Glorious Mountains of Vancouver's North Shore – a Peakbagger's Guide*, tells the stories of what lies beyond the upper limits of the houses and streets of North and West Vancouver.

The book is an outgrowth of the *Bagger Challenge* contest, conceived by senior author David Crerar and modelled after similar challenges in Scotland. The idea is to

bag (mountain-speak for climb) as many of the peaks in the area as possible in a year.

In part this book is a guide to the mountains and some of the trails and routes on the North Shore mountains, in part a history of the area, and in part a cabinet of curiosities of miscellaneous information. The authors are highly experienced hikers and trail runners and, between them, have done all the hikes in the book. It covers the area between Howe Sound and Indian Arm, south of a line roughly between Britannia and the head of Indian Arm. It also



The Glorious Mountains of Vancouver's North Shore. Rocky Mountain Books, 2018

includes Bowen, Gambier, and Anvil islands in Howe Sound. For inclusion, a summit must have a minimum elevation of 1000 metres, a minimum prominence (local relief) of 45 metres, and an official or reasonably well established unofficial name.

The authors exclude the few peaks that require real climbing skills, such as the Camel and the East Lion. They also excluded most summits wholly within the GVRD watershed. They make an exception for Cathedral Mountain, a mountain conspicuous from parts of Greater Vancouver, because they realize “that people will attempt to travel to this peak, and that describing the route here will promote the safety of those individuals and of the environment itself.”

Each of the more than 60 mountains and hills described in the book has its own section. Each is rated from 1 to 5, on difficulty, “bang for the buck,” scenery, suitability for dogs and kids, special dangers or precautions needed, and other criteria. There are notes on cell coverage, elevation gain, round-trip distance, what you can see from the top, times and distances, first recorded ascents where known, and so forth. All three authors are very fast hikers and trail runners, and some of the times given seem unrealistic for the average once-every-few-weeks hiker. The access and trail descriptions and directions seem complete and accurate. For those excursions where there are no trails, the route is described in enough detail that you should be able to

follow it. The colour maps are well done and are useful, unlike the maps in some guides.

The book gives the origins of the names of the peaks, creeks and lakes in the area (e.g., Grouse Mountain: named for the blue grouse shot by a hiking party near the summit in 1894; Pump Peak after a remark in 1908 that a stump near the summit resembled a water pump). Old names, including those that were proposed but never caught on, are mentioned, such as the names Dome Mountain, Mount Diplock, and Timber Mountain for Mount Fromme (for J.M. Fromme, who built the first house in Lynn Valley). Unofficial names such as Rector Peak are given, with the name origin if known. Some of the names used by Indigenous people are given, but most are not, although the authors spent much effort researching them. The lack of Indigenous names is understandable, given that the authors are not Indigenous and the stories of the Indigenous names are not theirs to tell. Although some of this fascinating information has been published in in British Columbia Place Names by George and Helen Akrigg (Vancouver: UBC Press, third edition 1997) and other books, much of the material here is new, and this is by far the most comprehensive listing of the origins of our local place names.

The photos are varied and well chosen. Collectively they give a good picture of the mountains, topography, flora, fauna, scenery, and trail conditions to be found on the North Shore mountains. At the back of the book is a very useful section of 28 photos, each photo

labelled with the peaks visible from a given vantage point. The photo panorama taken from Coal Harbour should be of interest to many people; few will be able to identify all the peaks shown. (I'm pretty sure there is one case of mistaken identity in this panorama.)

There are 24 appendices. The first of these lists all the peaks in the book by height, difficulty, most scenic, most shapely, best berry patches, best for kids, most masochistic adventures, and many more, including best peak-bagging poems. It's nice to see Earle Birney's "David" at the top of that list, but it would have been nice to have something from Dick Culbert's *The Coast Mountains Trilogy* (Vancouver: Tricouni Press, 2008) to replace one of the four Robbie Burns poems. Some of the other appendices cover everything from flora and fauna, geology, the history of the B.C. Mountaineering Club and the local section of the Alpine Club of Canada (with lists of past presidents) to notes on the history of cairn building and the functions of each of the various types of radio towers that grace some of the summits. Others give excerpts from journals of Captain Vancouver's visit to the area; old, highly obscure and fascinating newspaper and magazine articles; and some unsolved mysteries.

The extensive bibliography of print and internet resources is highly useful. I do not know why Don Serl's fine *The Waddington Guide: Alpine climbs in one of the world's great ranges* (Squamish: Elaho Publishing, 2003) is included: it has nothing to do with the North Shore Mountains. Rich Wheeler's *Vancouver*

Trail Running (Squamish: Quickdraw Publication, 2011) is rightly included, but his *Vancouver Rock Climbs* (same publisher 2011) is highly relevant, far more so than Serl's guide, but is ignored. Roger and Ethel Freeman's 1985 guide *Exploring Vancouver's North Shore Mountains* (Vancouver: Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C.), often overlooked, is here, but the description applies to their *Exploring Lynn Canyon and Lynn Headwaters Park* (same publisher, 1985), which is strangely missing.

The book is difficult to navigate. There is no overview map of the region that shows the various sub-regions discussed. A simple map with the major roads, rivers, mountains, watershed boundaries and the sub-region boundaries would have been very useful. Finding individual hikes can be a challenge. To find the hikes on, for instance, Gambier Island, you have to go to the section *Howe Sound Peaks* and start thumbing the pages, or go to the Index and look at each entry for Gambier Island until you find the one you want. Putting the main entry in the index for each hike in bold would have helped. Similarly, a listing in the Table of Contents of the 24 appendices. You have to go to "How to Use This Book" in the Introduction to find such a list. The Table of Contents on the authors' website *baggerbook.ca* is more useful than the printed Table of Contents. Some of the historical and other material is repeated from one peak to the next. Judicious

pruning and internal cross-referencing could have reduced the page somewhat.

But these are essentially quibbles that can easily be addressed in an updated edition. It is an idiosyncratic and unusual guidebook, very well researched and well written. It is not directly comparable to *105 Hikes in and Around Southwestern British Columbia* by Stephen Hui (Greystone Books, 2018), the guides have different approaches, emphasis, and are probably aimed at different audiences. *105 Hikes* is like survey course: a broad overview of a large area of southwestern B.C.; *The Glorious Mountains* is the follow-up graduate-level course, looking at this small area in far more detail. It is essential reading for local hikers and indeed for anyone who has looked at the mountains visible from Greater Vancouver and wondered if anyone ever goes into the wild country beyond the last row of houses and what might be there. This book answers the question beautifully.

The Glorious Mountains of Vancouver's North Shore: A Peakbagger's Guide by David Crerar, Harry Crerar, and Bill Maurer

Victoria: Rocky Mountain Books, 2018

\$40.00 / 9781771602419

Reviewed by Glenn Woodsworth





by Daniel Raber

2019 MOUNTAINEER POEMS

A MINOR VIEW

This dip
In the side of the trail
Across the valley
Where the néve
So broken this time of year
Who would take notice
Of a minor view?
Tunnel vision
In a sea of alder
And a dusting
By the white seeds of cottonwood
Next to the old broken cedar log
And abandoned steel haul cable
The mossy trail bed
Is so kind to the toes
Next to a solitary lupine
Under the passing shadows
Of dynamic skies
Perhaps
Not so minor, after all

THE END OF THE TRAIL

I've yet to reach
The end of this trail
I've tried a thousand times
And as I grow older
It seems all the less likely
I was once bothered by the questions
"Come with us to the end..."
my friends would implore
"you have earned it."
Maybe one day
I will hike to the end of this trail
But what of my imaginings
as to the wonders
That lay in wait?
Might all the good be lost
If I reached the end?
Of this trail

CLIPPED

I was the Eagle
 Who forgot how to use his
 wings
 Flew once too close to the sun
 Now lay grounded
 In the pettiness of it all
 The euphoria
 A distant memory
 Here I stand
 As a cold wind blew over the
 mountains
 This river
 Dark and lifeless
 The salmon
 Long gone
 To hell with this winter
 And this slumber
 It is time to conjure the sun
 Stretch my wings
 Fly again
 Soar within reach
 Of the heavens
 And look down
 Upon the greatest of
 mountain ranges
 Another kick at the can
 Before the hourglass
 Has its final say
 And once again
 I forget
 About Icarus

THE SMALLEST OF
MOUNTAINS

I like it here
 Here
 Where it has been cut
 Tamed and beaten
 Here where countless have
 stood
 And here
 The place where others
 Cast their shadows upon
 From loftier perches
 I know these trees
 And rocks
 They are as they were
 When I was young
 And it is here
 Amongst these lowly trees
 Whose refuge
 In the coolness of
 these shadows
 Here
 I would take my refuge
 And make my last stand

SMASHED TO PIECES

Let loose
 From the Arctic ice sheets
 That poured out across the
 expanse
 Casting silence
 All over the world
 And buried this mountain
 Unseen
 In a desert of ice
 But this one would try escape
 To will itself free
 Fire and Ice
 In the utmost of violence
 Hot and Cold
 Would smash its icy tomb
 With all its might
 That great ice desert
 Would force its will
 Pound the square peg
 Into the round hole
 Crushing and Collapsing
 One giant side
 of this rebellious mountain
 Leaving the scars of greatness
 That would remain
 Long after the
 Ice had vanished

CREATIVE CONTENT

SOUND

At the end of the day
When the wind rises across the
sound
And we are our most
With fatigue
It would flutter and rumble
In our ears
As the setting sun
Casts haze
Over the forests of the valley
Bending and Breaking
Across the landscape
Blazing into
Tired eyelashes
Streaming around the river
As its swollen waters
Passed noisily
By the trailhead

THAT OLD PLASTIC BOOT

Set camp and pound down
The snow
Upon this expanse
This grey day
Where the peaks and sky
Merge into a smeared
Obscurity
Of distant
Ridged silhouettes
I would throw myself
Through the door
Onto my crackling
Bright sleeping bag
Cast off the purple shell
Into the snowy vestibule
Un-lace, un-pack
Watch the steam
Billow from my wilted sock
And dampened inner boot
Let the storms and the cold
come
Do their worst
After the day is done

THE RAINS OF NOVEMBER

Why must the rains come?
Sure,
The birds and the bees
Need the rain
Why must the sun set?
As if we all must sleep
In that nighttime
Which comes every year
And in every life
The hiking season
Is always cut short
Always too soon
I don't know
If this is cruel
There are some who enjoy
The change of season
Do not fear falling off
The end of the earth
Or running out of mountains
To climb
Maybe the world is flat
In this way
A time and a place
For everything
November,
Will wash it all away
As it always does

CABBAGE SWAMP

is the worst place
to build a trail
that skunk smell
water filled boot prints
where the wasps
always build their nests
next to
or on the trail
of course they do
and must
Put in the steps
Shovel the dirt
Pound in the re-bar
Play wack-a-mole
With the greenery
The humble cabbage
And its element

THE PILLAR

A lot of people keep climbing
this thing
They do indeed
There it is
Looks impressive
Aesthetically pleasing
No doubt
Twenty Years ago
Or now
Plaster that vista
All about
Scatter it to the winds
Let seeds
Get root
Grow and Grasp
Clutch and Scramble
Is it yours?
This pillar
This great granitic phallus
Listen closely
Place your ear against the rock
What does it whisper to you?
Let it speak
Let all of it speak...

I FELT

the dampness
the chill
the ice and the pellets
that blew across the slopes
stung the face
with squinting eyes
the patchwork of rock and
snow
so few colours
a world of yin and yang
at the summit
or so I thought
there was no more up
or down
it could have been anywhere
but here
and the cold
and the dampness
so big
so everywhere

**THE MOUNTAINS
WERE BLACK**

As a flamed
Cream-soda sky
Oranges and reds
Poured round their
Heightened silhouettes
This old blue tent
A-Frame
wooden
morphed single
technological and anodized
The clock
Whose hands spun the sun
and sky
Round and round
The clouds
Raced past season after season
Frenzied and furious
In light and under moon
I would see smaller and more
And more in the smaller
Until all lay sunken and
wearied

In the beauty
Of the most minute
The ice crystal
The wilted fern
The gasp of light's last
How wondrous
To finally feel the all of it
So long
Was this path
So small the mark
Yet sullen and dull
Old and grey
At the end of this trail
World in palm
Would it be better
To have never gazed
Into that first sky
On this lonely trail
To ruin
On that blind day
Of youth
And misadventure

WEST COAST ALPINISM

If – Vancouver was born

Then – The alpine was created

Mountaineers started at sea level and they walked

into a

*“Quite fun. Ran up this with my partner on our first time up
to the top of the Chief. Great fun!” — Juler 2011–09–03*

veritable howling wilderness

to counter this foreign domination

Thus the alpine was created by us:

Learned Cosmopolitan Alpinists

Would not could not cannot popularize

The exclusive sport of learned cosmopolitan alpinists,

To popularize was to vulgarize

Take for instance Art Cooper’s statement:

*“Million thanks to the one who put permanent
draws on the bolts” — calvinclimb 2011–09–07*

You’ve heard about the Squamish Chief,

The way they go up that rock wall

I don’t think that’s climbing at all.

No Art, certainly not

Now they do not stay long enough to feel diminished

Unlike us Learned Cosmopolitan Alpinists

Who drove our teeth through our lips for our

Exploratory climbing

Now

A well used recreational area

*“My buddy took a big fall fell
clipping. Lucky falls are super safe”
— boulamania 2013–06–05*

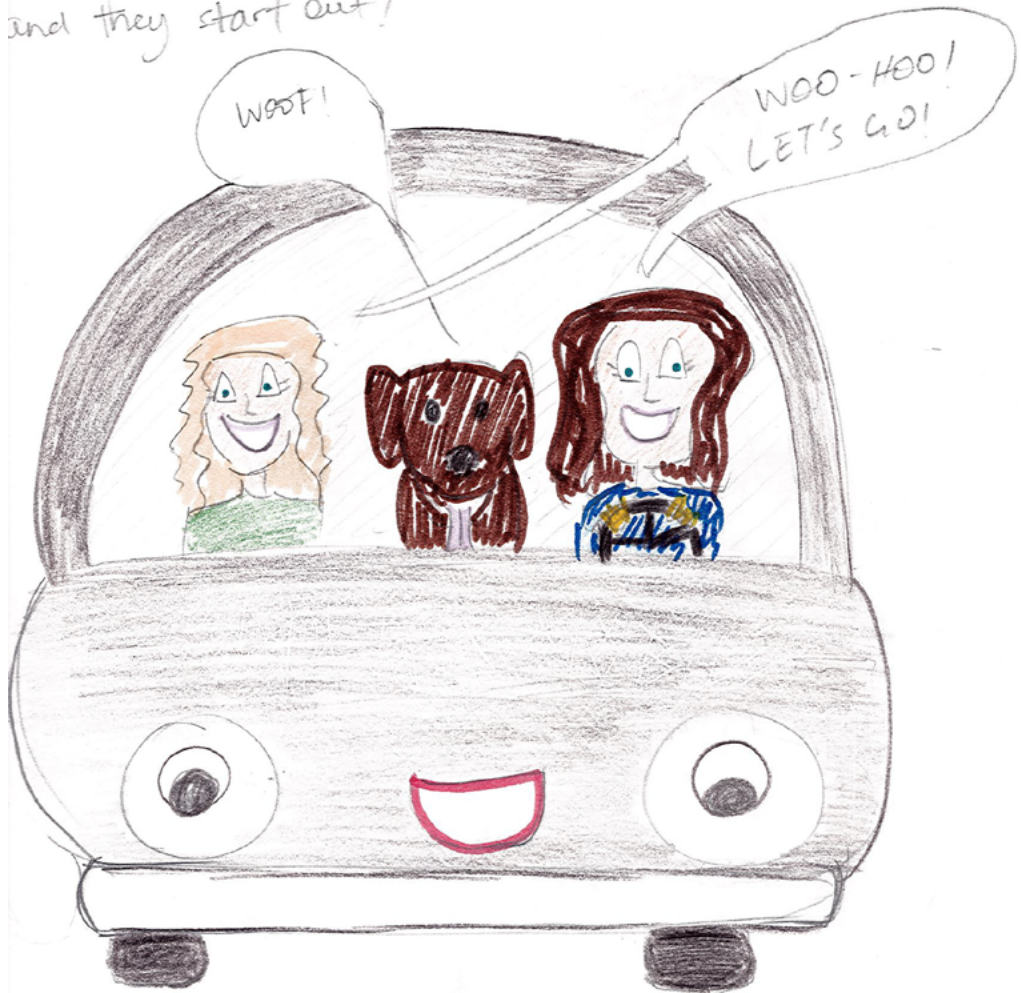
*“Everone in the free world has climbed
this uber-classic! Should you get lost
ask the party in front of you where
to go.” — rockclimbing.com*

CAITLIN AND MEGAN GO CLIMBING

Caitlin sends Megan
many text messages to
entice her to go
rock climbing



Megan finally agrees,, Caitlin is very excited. Megan and Sadie pick up Caitlin in the Maxtrix-Mobile and they start out!

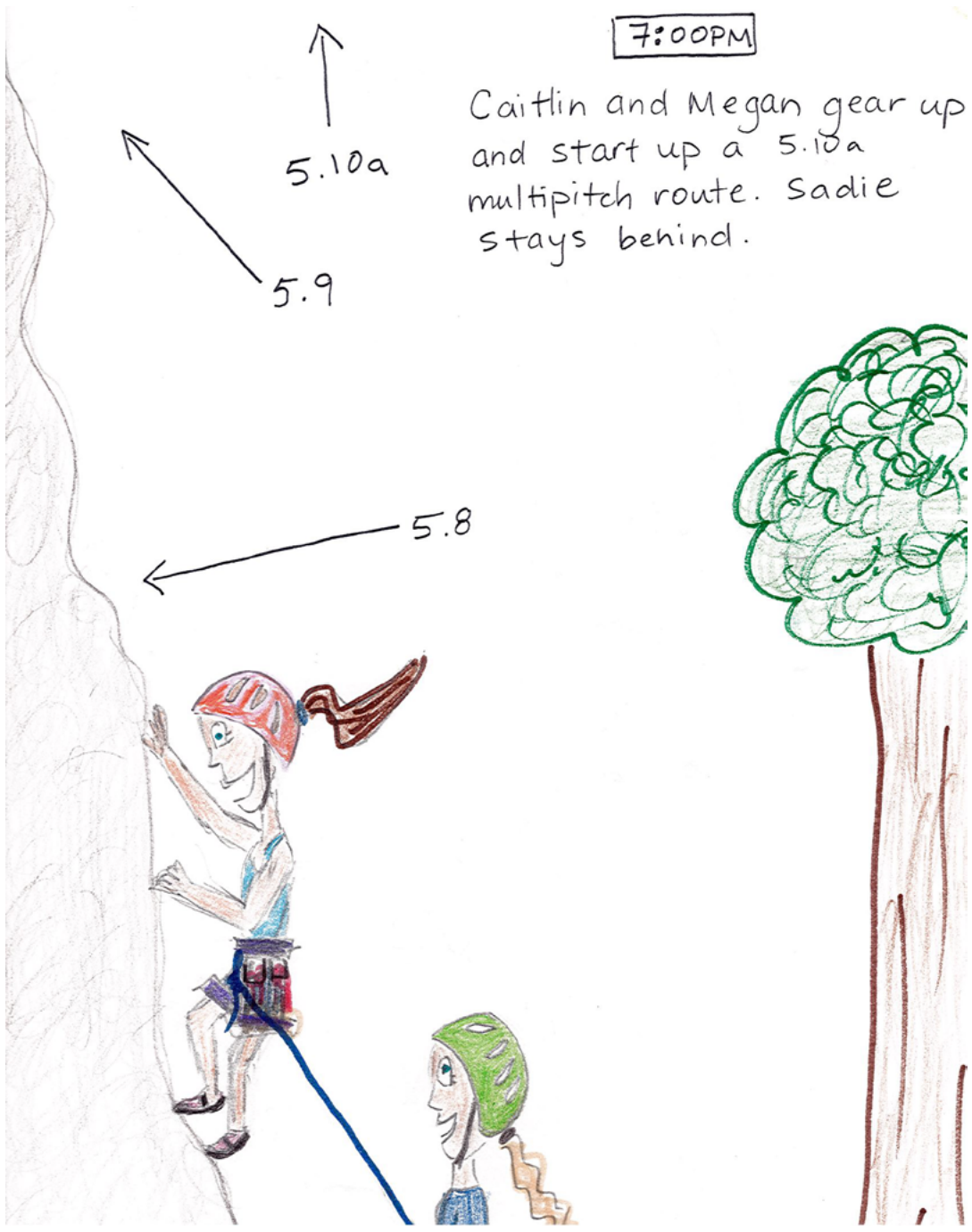




Caitlin and Megan have many lovely lady conversations on the way to Squamish.

7:00PM

Caitlin and Megan gear up and start up a 5.10a multipitch route. Sadie stays behind.







Carlin makes it up the last pitch. The girls are full of stoke!

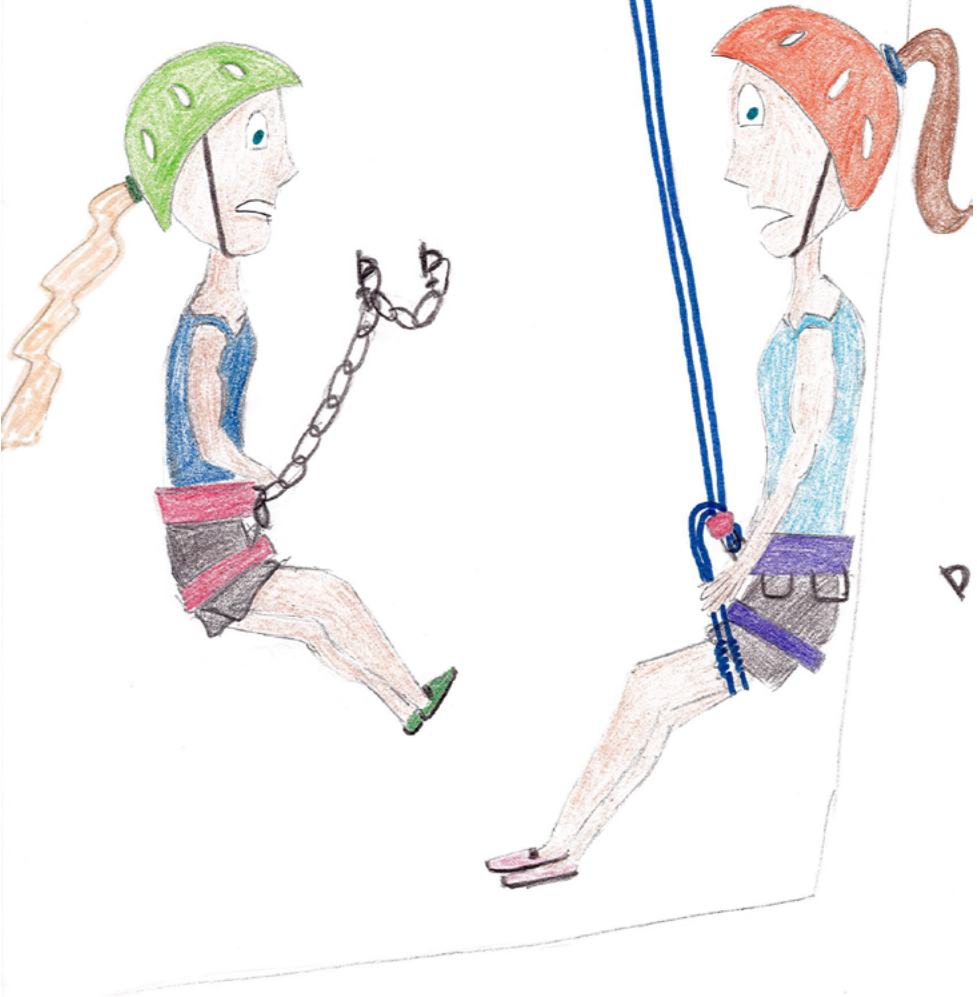




Megan is a trooper and follows Caitlin down, and doesn't give Caitlin shit for going to the furthest bolts down.

THIS LOOKS BAD

We can still be friends!



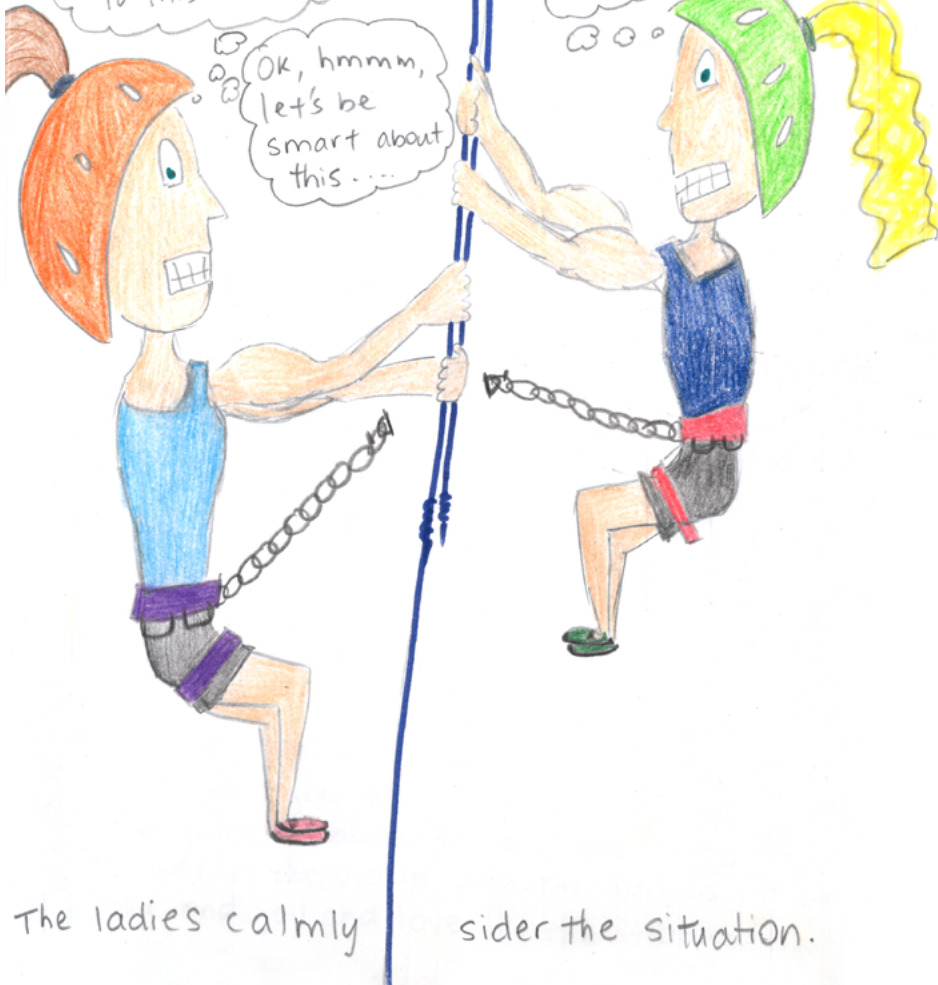
Megan joins Caitlin on the start to pull the rope down. The rope doesn't move.

anchor and they both

Oh shit, why did I agree to this???

shit, \$*%&! what do we do!?! Also, I'm a little hungry
OOO

OK, hmmm, let's be smart about this....



The ladies calmly

sider the situation.

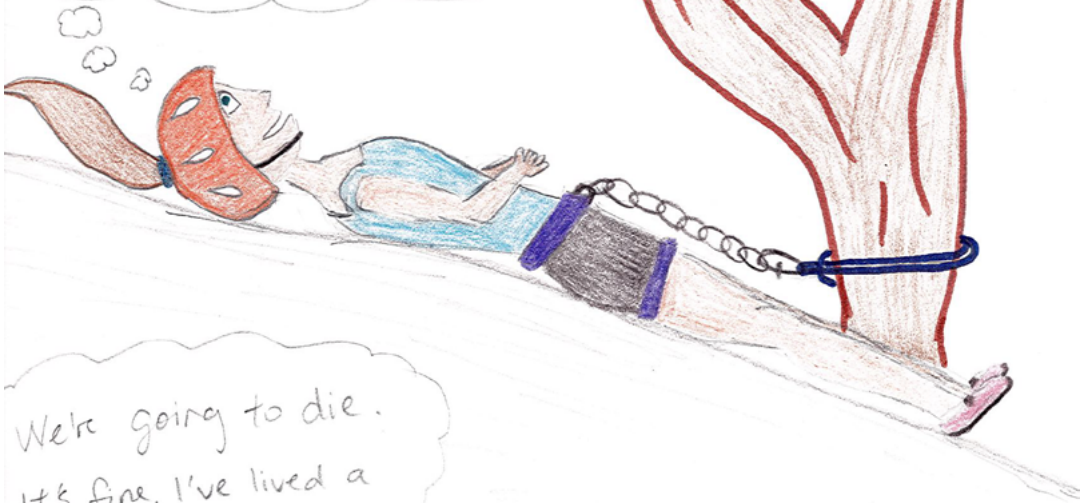
scension is agreed upon.
egan ascends like the baller
ampion of the world she is
ecause she has Caitlin's
elp holding the rope taut)
d secures herself to a tree.
itlin attempts to ascend,
t because Megan is
able to help her, she
ils miserably. 😞

It's ok Caitlin!
You can do it!



The ladies calmly consider.

Jolly the stars look pretty tonight. It's quite comfy on this ledge, I could almost fall asleep... better not though... I wonder how Caitlin's doing? I hope she's ok...



We're going to die. It's fine, I've lived a good life.



The ladies decide to continue ascension whilst also screaming for help.

Superheroes in climbing rags and headlamps arrive on the scene.

What's happening!? Is everyone ok!?

These \$!%#* -ers better not have been doing a night attempt without the right gear...



The superheroes realize the ladies are actually stuck and a little bit (very femininely) in distress.

1:00am



It's very simple... yes. just listen... no, just listen... you use your prussik and your joined body weight... relax, I'm right here... it's ok... yes, just listen.. here's what you do...



The ladies do exactly what F-Master G-Force says and successfully descend off of the final rappel.

Yaaaay!
We love you and climbing
and everything!!!

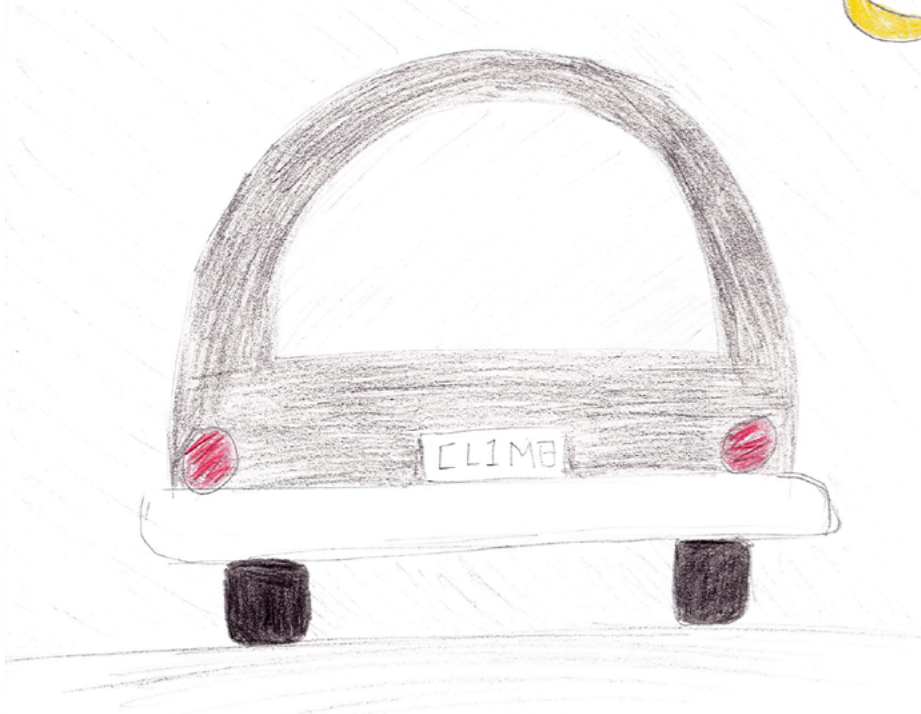
2:15am

Thank
freaking
goodness,
I thought
they might
die!



The superheroes give the ladies
champion-juice because they are the best
superheroes in the world and the ladies are full
of stoke and joy and love for the world.

The ladies pick up Sadie and drive home in the Matrix-mobile



4:30am |

The ladies are exhausted but happy that they live to climb another day. And have each made a new friend!

All's well that ends well! 😊

