THE MOUNTAINEER

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

1907 - 1957

PREFACE

Within these pages it is intended to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club. We have a selection from the many articles submitted by members, both past and present, and it is fitting that there is emphasis on the early days of the Club. The articles printed, with the possible exception of that of the late Mr. L. C. Ford, have not been published elsewhere and so should be of interest to all members. Furthermore, the material retained is intended to reflect in some measure certain aspects of the Club during the past years, without duplicating material available from many other sources.

In its task the Editorial Committee was generously assisted by all those whom they approached, and they are very much indebted to those who took so much trouble to prepare and submit articles. It is regretted that there was insufficient space to print everything, although an attempt was made to do so.

In conclusion we would like to pay tribute to the founders of the Club, and all those who were instrumental in making it so vigorous and happy during the first half century of its life. It is unnecessary to dwell on the achievements of the past as they are well chronicled and part of our tradition. Instead, may we look forward to the next fifty years with eagerness and expectation, and hope that some members of the B.C.M.C. will follow Sir John Hunt's idea to its conclusion, and claim some first ascents among the 40,000 ft. peaks alleged to be on the moon.

The Editorial Committee was as follows:—R. A. Pilkington, G. Williams, L. McEwan and R. Hutchinson. The committee would like to thank C. Chapman for his great assistance, and for the benefit of his knowledge and memory in correcting errors. Mr. Chapman is the sole surviving member of the Editorial Committee of the Northern Cordilleran, The B.C.M.C. publication of 1913. W. Westall also gave his help.

HONORARY PRESIDENTS

1910-1913	J. C. Bishop	1933-1952	L. C. Ford
1913-1933	J. E. Porter, B.E.	1952-1957	C. Chapman

PRESIDENTS

1907-1910	J. C. Bishop	1937-1939	G. W. Henderson
1910-1912	Dr. E. W. Bridgman	1939-1942	W. Williams
1912-1914	W. J. Gray	1942-1944	E. Smith
1914-1919	C. Chapman	1944-1946	C. Willis
1919-1922	C. J. Heaney	1946-1948	J. Irving
1922-1924	L. C. Ford	1948-1950	G. Rose
1924-1932	F. W. Johnson	1950-1952	J. Booth
1932-1933	L. C. Ford	1952-1954	J. Addie
1933-1934	H. R. Christie	1954-1956	R. Pilkington
1934-1935	R. Howard	1956-1957	F. H. Smith
1935-1937	F. W. Dobson		

SECRETARIES

1907-1912	G. Jarrett	1941-1942	Miss E. Henley
1912-1914	R. T. Thorburn	1942-1943	Miss E. Tye
1914-1916	D. McMillan	1943-1945	Mrs. C. Willis
1916-1919	Mrs. H. E. Coulter	1945-1947	Miss I. Rattenbury
1919-1923	J. H. Speer	1947-1948	Miss J. M. Cross
1923-1926	R. E. Knight	1948-1949	Miss E. Minter
1926-1931	L. G. Golman	1949-1951	Mrs. O. Hardy Horan
1931-1934	C. R. Fripp	1951-1953	Miss D. Rose
1934-1935	Miss Mary E. Jordan	1953-1953	Mrs. R. Chambers
1935-1936	C. R. Fripp	1953-1955	Mrs. R. Yard
1936-1937	Miss O. T. Selfe	1955-1956	Miss D. Bentley
1937-1938	Miss S. Shopland	1956-1957	Mrs. R. B. Mason
1938-1941	Miss D. Rose		

CABINS, CAMPS AND CLIMBS

1907 - 1911

by Frank H. Smith

A short time ago the "New Yorker" published a cartoon depicting two prehistoric men seated on boulders beside the remains of some animal they had evidently been eating raw, and one remarks to the other "Do you know, I often think of the Good Old Days". This habit of investing the past with glamour has continued down to the present day and, given a suitable occasion, the rising generation is sharply reminded that things fifty years ago were much more satisfactory than they are now. In most instances this is sheer illusion and were those "Good Old Days" to return one would probably wish them a speedy return to the place where they belong. However, in speaking of the early history of mountaineering in the vicinity of Vancouver one is quite justified in looking back fifty years with a certain nostalgia, since today, even if one could be rejuvenated, one could no longer enjoy the carefree life that was experienced in the hills with no Water Boards to restrict and no Forestry Departments to forbid.

While the first ascent of the Western Lion is claimed to have taken place in 1889 and that of the Eastern in 1902, with Crown and the Grouse-Dam-Goat ridge some time prior to the latter date, no organized mountaineering as a distinct sport was undertaken until the Vancouver Mountaineering Club was formed in 1907. During the next four years a great number of first ascents were made in the local hills and the climbing area extended until it reached that part of the present Garibaldi Park immediately north of Squamish.

To modern mountaineers, equipped with specially designed clothing and every gadget possible to ensure safety and comfort, whether in camp or on the climb, the appearance of a climber of fifty years ago would cause amazement, if not mirth. Everybody perforce wore their oldest clothes and since the material was not as a rule designed for bushwhacking, a few trips reduced them to well patched rags. The first climbing boots were made by an Icelander in Vancouver who claimed he had made them for mountaineers in Europe, who must have been hardy souls, indeed, as the finished product, adorned with edge nails from England, made one tired even to look at them. Puttees had been fashionable since the Boer War and were adopted by climbers. Although never seen in the mountains today, they were actually a very good rig, especially as one had to wade a great many small creeks and the puttees prevented water getting into the boots and protected the legs up to the knees against snags and bush.

Before packsacks and boards were developed to their present state of efficiency the general method of packing was to pile blankets, equipment and food in the centre of a sheet of oilcloth about six feet by four, later used as a groundsheet. The pile was then wrapped up like a parcel and secured with packstraps made from old army surplus. This was never a very easy procedure even if carried out on the floor of one's bedroom, but carried out in a creek bed in the rain, with smoke in one's eyes and mosquitos on one's neck, it called for endurance and profanity of the highest order. In addition one had to take it to pieces to get anything out, a feature that endeared it to nobody.

The appearance of lady climbers was even more hideous than that of the men. Forced by the laws of polite society to wear a skirt reaching to her heels and clothed above in some form of blouse with long sleeves and high neck, the picture was completed by a pair of heavy nailed boots peeping from below the skirt. Some form of hat was also necessary to cover the long hair. Of course, the skirt had to be discarded at the first opportunity, bringing into view a pair of bloomers which ballooned out from the waist and draped over the knees. A more unsuitable garment for the local bush could hardly be conceived. It simply invited every snag to grab it, with disastrous results. On the return trip, the cached skirt was resumed for the business of crossing on the ferry and reaching home. Woe betide the young lady who through some accident or failure to locate the cache found herself skirtless. A rule of the Ferry Company forbade any lady to board the boat attired in bloomers and on one occasion an unfortunate bloomer girl had to send word across and have some relative come over with a skirt to enable her to get home.

One of the most interesting climbs which took place in 1908, the first year of the club's activities, was the first official ascent of Mount Seymour. Previous attempts had been made from the lower pipe line road up the west side. A point near the summit of Dog Mountain had been reached, but was too far to the west to find the connecting ridge to the lower summit.

The party, consisting of Billy Gray, Chas. Chapman, Fred Mills, B. S. Darling, George Harrower and the writer left Vancouver one Saturday afternoon in the late summer and after crossing on the ferry went to the end of the Lynn Valley car line, at the top of the east boulevard. From there a rough road led to the head of Lynn Canyon. Descending to the creek, they forded it

and located a trail leading past Rice Lake and down to the upper part of the old pipe line road on the west side of Seymour Creek. They stopped short of the old intake, forded the Seymour and made for the mouth of the great gully which descends from the north side of the main peak, whose snow-filled depths are a prominent landmark from Vancouver in the early spring. Entering the gully which is very wide at its base, they progressed up it for a short distance until a suitable place was found for camping. The next morning the party rose early and made quick time up the gully in perfect weather. Passing the mouth of the side gully which comes in from behind the Dog Mountain, the scene of the rescue operations last fall, they continued up until, entering a branch that comes down from between the main and second peaks, they gained the summit at about 10.00 a.m. After building a cairn, they strolled over to the middle peak and then, descending by what is now known as the Roy Howard gully, they reached the amphitheatre below the third peak. On the ascent of the latter, the writer happened to notice a decayed stump, which had the appearance of a pump, complete with spout and handle. He drew the attention of the others to it and later, when speaking of the climb, the third peak was generally referred to as Pump Peak. The name stuck and remains to this day an awful example of how a casual remark may perpetuate a name as unsuitable and mystifying as that above referred to. The return trip was made without incident, packs picked up, Seymour and Lynn again forded and Vancouver reached late Sunday night. This route was followed for a number of years at various seasons until logging on the west side opened up roads that afforded a drier, if not as straightforward a route to the summit.

After the founding of the club in 1907, it remained without a mountain headquarters for three years. A few of the members used what was known as the Red Shack on Mosquito Creek, a short distance above and to the east of the lower ski lift terminal.

In 1910 some land was acquired on Grouse Mountain and a cabin built a few hundred yards above and to the west of the present cabin. Seven fine week-ends from April 17th to May 29th enabled the builders to complete the excavation, raise the log walls and commence shingling the roof, before summer activities called a halt. While the building was in progress, members used the nearby "Perdendicular Farm" owned by the Stevens brothers. All the work was done by members, including the cutting and hauling of logs and shakes, while the ladies cooked and assisted in the packing.

Work was resumed in the fall and by Christmas, members were able to move in although much work remained to be done and the cabin was far from comfortable.

The grand opening of the cabin took place on February 11th and 12th, 1911. A faded programme lies before me giving details of the melodrama enacted on the night of the 11th. This was the result of collaboration between Charlie Chapman and the writer, generously assisted by the late William Shakespeare. The script of this famous effort has unfortunately been lost, but it was entitled "The Poison Pointed Poniard", and gave almost as much fun to the audience as it did to the actors.

Summer of 1910 saw the first summer camp of the club in the Garibaldi district. The area had been prospected by "Pa" Bishop and "Doc" Bridgman, who were the first and second Presidents of the club, respectively. They had packed from Squamish dock to Diamond Head and camped near the site of the present chalet. They brought back such glowing reports of an area never previously seen by mountaineers, that it was decided to hold a camp there in 1910.

In 1911 a small party went in to make the first ascent of Mamquam, ahead of the main camp, as there had been rumours that some other climbers had decided to beat the B.C.M.C. to it. Leaving Vancouver on July 16th, six members, Billy Gray, Fred Perry, Charles Chapman, William Taylor, H. Korten and the writer packed from Squamish wharf to a point where the blazed trail of the previous summer started up Paul Mountain. On the following day the main camp of 1910 was passed and the party pushed on to the site of the advanced camp near Crystal Lakes. The snow was very heavy, but a small patch of heather was located on which to camp. The weather was clear and hot. On the third day the Mud River glacier was crossed and a route found over the glaciers and icefalls to Mamquam Lake beside which the third camp was made. No tents were carried so the party slept in the open throughout the trip. The fourth day dawned fine and getting an early start they climbed up beside the Tyee glacier to the edge of the great névé of Mamquam at the far end of which rose the highest point. This was reached without difficulty at 11 a.m. and a cairn built at an altitude of about 8,400 feet, slightly lower than Garibaldi. After an hour's stay, steps were retraced to the lakeside camp. The fifth day saw the return of the party to the camp at Crystal Lakes. That night a heavy fog descended and made it difficult to work back along Paul ridge and down to the site of the previous year's camp on the sixth day.

Mamquam was ascended for the third time at the annual camp that year, the second ascent having been made in the meantime by the rival party, who had been unaware of the first ascent until confronted by the cairn on top. The club camp was able to get pack horses in to the Crystal Lakes and carried out extensive exploration

work, in the area between Garibaldi and Mamquam. In addition to climbing these two peaks they made first ascents of Castle Towers, the Sphinx, Copper Mountain and Glacier Pikes. No ladies were present at this camp, but it is interesting to note that the late Don Munday, who had recently joined the club, attended camp and gained his first taste of exploration in the higher mountains, to which he later devoted his life so successfully.

And so, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, the early mountaineers went their way. The valleys of the Capilano, Lynn and Seymour saw their campfires, the peaks above echoed to their shouts, while as darkness fell, down the trails you could hear their songs as, guided by the humble "bug", they tramped at last down to the ferry and so home.

The closing lines of some verses written in 1911 by one of the pioneers, Charles Macdonald ("Old Mac"), who was obviously an ardent admirer of Robert Service, may fittingly bring to an end this ramble:

"But say, comrade mine, isn't it fine,
Dog tired and loaded for fair,
To struggle back with a twisted pack,
And think of the joys up there."

EARLY DAYS OF THE B.C. MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

by R. M. Mills*

In Sanford Fleming's book and report on the C.P.R. 1877, there is a map showing the surveyed line of the C.P.R. from Hope to Port Moody with the unsurveyed extension to Burrard Inlet and English Bay. On this map are shown:—Mount Strachan 5289 feet; an unnamed mountain to the southwest 4280 feet; Mount Crown 4708 feet; Seymour range (unnamed) 4880 feet; Mount Blanchard or Golden Ears 5560 feet; and four Brothers mountain east of the Chiakweyuk River; the altitude not shown. This is the spelling of the river's other name near its junction with the Fraser. Further up it is spelled Chilukeweyuk. The map does not show the two Lions for they are too far to the north to be included in the map area. Add to this list, Great Dam and Dome Mountains and you will have the local mountains as they were known in 1906. Little more was known of the peaks to the north than could be seen from the streets of Vancouver; there were no maps and nothing was known of the sources of many of the streams and the divides that separated them.

In the issue of October 7th, 1938, Daily Province, there appeared the following item under the heading of "thirty years ago".

> "conquered — Camel's back, hitherto unconquered peak of Crown Mountain, was climbed over the weekend by Vancouver Mountaineering Club. Mills, of mountaineering fame, led the party. Special mention is also given to Hewton who has yet to find a peak unscalable."

When my thoughts go back to those early days, I cannot but compare the thousands of young people who every weekend crowd our ferries, bridges and trails leading to the North Shore Mountains, with the handful, I can safely say ten, faithful pioneers who started all this recreation in the early years of the present century.

In the spring of 1906, when I first arrived in British Columbia from Eastern Canada, I formed a friendship with two young South African war veterans, H. B. Rowe and George Jarrett. We were all very fond of the woods and camp life, and set out to learn all that we could about the North Shore.

During the summer of 1906 we three made many trips and occasionally on the summit of the mountains we fell in with other small parties of two or three being led usually by J. C. Bishop (killed Mount Baker, July 1st, 1913), or J. J. Trorey. With these parties were such men as George Edwards (formerly of Edwards Bros., Photographers), Joe Moyles and H. Miskin (both of the firm of Anderson and Miskin), W. J. Gray and our entomologist, R. S. Sherman.

In the late summer of 1906 we decided to continue our exploring through the coming fall and winter, as well as to make a base for hunting the large amount of big game which we had seen during our trips. For these purposes a cabin was built. This cabin was located in the midst of a fine stand of primeval forest (since logged off), to the right of the Grouse Mountain trail at an elevation of about 2500 feet.

We named it "The Red Shack", and from this base all our hunting and other trips to Grouse, Dome, Dam and Crown mountains were made during a period of some four years.

Our club was democratic. I have the list of the 90 members for the year 1913 before me, and I notice among others thereon, two lawyers, two land surveyors, three bankers, one botanist, two electricians, three salesmen, two railwaymen, two exporters, two nurses, seven stenographers, one meteorologist, three printers, one postman, one civil engineer, one cigar maker, one piano tuner, two real estate men, all gentlemen and gentlewomen. (How the times have changed.—Ed.)

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* One of the Charter Members of the Vancouver Mountaineering Club, and a great leader and climber in the early days of the Club, was unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the B.C.M.C. at a recent executive meeting.

RECOLLECTIONS

by Charles Dickens*

The B.C. Mountaineering Club was founded at a meeting in September of 1907. It was held in a frame building occupied by the Vancouver Tourist Association, a few doors south of the Colonial Theatre on Granville Street, and the meeting had an attendance of about forty people.

The Chairman explained that mountain climbing was becoming popular enough to warrant the organization of a body to arrange climbing programmes and to co-ordinate the knowledge of trails and routes and to give the sport an official status. These suggestions were met with enthusiasm and most of those present signed as charter members.

Prior to this, Grouse Mountain was the chief target of the early climbers, but Crown, Dam and the Lions were next as goals. In those days the general public considered that anyone who reached the top of such peaks was either a superman or balmy or both. No trails existed except up Grouse and all the other peaks had to be scaled after hours of bushwhacking.

My first trip up Grouse was with a party of ex high school students, including several young women who had never been on a mountain before; they wore the popular city dress of the time, long ankle-length white skirts, high button boots and wide-brimmed hats. We walked from the North Vancouver Ferry Wharf and returned the same day. I was so exhausted that I spent most of the next day in bed and swore that I would never climb another mountain. But within a month I was invited to join a private party on another climb. From that time on I became an ardent devotee of our local peaks.

I helped to build the first club cabin of poles and shakes, located on Grouse Mountain about two hundred yards above the present club cabin and that had an extensive view to the west, south and east over the city and harbour. At first there were no bunks, so the men slept on the floor at one end and the women at the other, in separate rooms. Our nights were frequently made miserable by the noise of packrats who seemed to wear hob-nailed boots and drag boom-chains over the roof. An occasional friendly skunk scampered over our prone bodies. The fireplace was a rough structure of rock and galvanized iron held together by good luck and a little cement. The building was very draughty so that, in winter, we would huddle close to the fire, toasting our fronts and freezing our backs.

New Year's Eve was generally celebrated with turkey and all the trimmings. On one such occasion, Fred Perry and Tom Shelshear wrote and produced a comic play with the costumes made from whatever garments were available. The results were not polished but hilarious.

Amongst the early members I recall there was a middle-aged Old Country man named Porter who was very deaf and had manufactured a large ear trumpet of tin which he carried on all his trips and all communications with him were conveyed through the trumpet.

Among first ascents made by the B.C.M.C. was the climb of Mount Bishop from the Indian Arm of Burrard Inlet opposite Crocker Island. That was the first time I saw mountain goats in their native habitat. They were going up an appalling cliff face, leaping and balancing from narrow ledges. The peak was named after J. C. "Pa" Bishop, one of the early presidents of the club.

I also took part in the first ascent by the B.C.M.C. of Mount Dickens, lying west of the Wigwam Inn at Indian River Park.

It is a matter of satisfaction to pioneer members of the B.C.M.C., like myself, that so many thousands of people enjoy our mountains today, hiking or skiing, as a result of early explorations of the B.C. Mountaineering Club which first opened up the various mountain areas.

* Mr. Dickens was seriously ill when he dictated this article to his son, and we regret that soon after he passed away. We know that all members of the B.C.M.C. will extend to Mrs. Dickens and her family their deepest sympathy.

REMINISCENCES

by Professor John Davidson

The activities of the Club up to the early part of 1912 were lucidly recorded and illustrated in the Club's first publication, the "Northern Cordilleran" edited by the publication committee:—Messrs. J. Porter, B.E., W. G. Barker, Chas. Chapman and W. J. Gray.

For the benefit of present and future members of the Club, it may be of interest to record the highlights of events leading up to the discovery, exploration, and survey of the Black Tusk Region in Garibaldi Park in 1912 and later years.

I arrived in Vancouver in April, 1911, and on June 1st was appointed Provincial Botanist by Dr. H. E. Young, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education. My duties were: (1) To lay the foundations for a botanical survey of B.C.; (2) Start a herbarium collection of native plants of the Province; and a botanical garden of plants for demonstration and research purposes for use by the Department of Botany when the University was established.

In my efforts to obtain maps of B.C. I visited the store of Bishop & Christie on Granville Street to see what maps were available of the local mountains. I was introduced to J. C. Bishop who, I was told, was President of the B.C. Mountaineering Club.

After I explained the nature of my work, Mr. Bishop promised the hearty co-operation of club members, and sent W. Gray — who at that time was "excursion director" — to my office to see how members could be of service. He invited me to join their 1911 camp to the southwest side of Garibaldi; but, as I had planned to carry out a botanical survey of Vancouver and adjacent municipalities: — Point Grey, South Vancouver Richmond, Burnaby, Hastings and New Westminster, during the summer, I promised to include the B.C.M.C. Camp in my plans for 1912.

I pointed out that, since the area had not been mapped, and no names given to mountains, valleys, lakes or creeks, it would be necessary for me to do some topographical work to be able to indicate the exact locations of the specimens collected. We would either have to give names to these localities or label them A.B.C. and so on.

I also had to know the geology or rock formations in each area, because of its relation to the nature of the soil. It was also necessary to observe what insects and birds or mammals were present; as insects pollinate some flowers, and birds and mammals aid in the dispersal of seeds.

I suggested that when they decided who was to attend the 1912 camp, some members could (a) help in collecting samples of different rock formations to be correctly identified on return; (b) others should receive instruction on simple plane table work, and use of a compass for obtaining our bearings by triangulation; and (c) some should receive instruction on how to collect and prepare insects for identification. This would provide more time for purely botanical work, and I would be glad to train some members to assist me in that. Aneroids would supply approximate altitudes, and photographs would help to fill in approximate topographical contours between our plotted locations on a map.

Mr. Gray informed me that the Club had members who could render assistance in all these branches of field work: Prof. Porter could give instruction on what to observe, and what to collect for geology records; Chas. Heaney, B.C.L.S., could give instruction on how to secure plane-table and triangulation observations and records; R. S. Sherman could give instruction on collecting and preparing insects, and several of the members would have cameras and aneroids.

This was indeed a highlight in my career, to find so many friends ready and anxious to co-operate; and we looked forward to the 1912 camp party making a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Coast mountains.

Mr. Gray reported the results of this interview to the Club, and many of the members were enthusiastic about doing something more than merely climbing a mountain. So, during the latter part of the year my office became the "rendezvous" of the B.C.M.C. members; the co-operation of Fred Perry, W. Taylor, H. Samson, H. Selwood and R. S. Sherman was acknowledged on pages 10-11 of the First Annual Report of the Botanical Office, published by the Government, 1913.

The next date in my diary worthy of note was 20th November, 1911, when a general meeting of the Club added a Botanical Section with Fred Perry in charge; a Geological Section with W. Gray in charge, and at the Annual Meeting on 25th March, 1912, an Entomological Section with H. Samson in charge. In this way the scope of the activities of the Club were expanded, and began to draw new members from those who were more interested in some of these Sections. The mere effort of hiking and climbing was incidental to the pursuit of their hobby.

The year 1912 marks the beginning of a new era for the Club. A deputation consisting of F. Perry, W. Taylor and Ewen McLeod called on 5th January to discuss the possibilities of starting a class in Botany, and on the following day (6th) Mr. Perry returned to say that a number of the members were anxious and ready to begin.

On 30th January, I met the group at the home of Ernest Burns, 561 Cordova Street. At this meeting Mr. Burns told us that when he climbed Garibaldi with other members of the Club last year, he had decided to take a specimen of the first plant—whatever it was — he found on the way down; this happened to be a tuft of a small grass which he had pulled up and put in his pocket. He produced the small shrivelled specimen which proved to be *Poa Lettermanni*, not only a new record for B.C., but also a new record for Canada. This fired the members with still greater enthusiasm; if this first specimen was so rare, how many other rare specimens may be recorded at the forthcoming camp? On 28th May, I gave the fifth and last lecture for the season, and announced the first series of local excursions to study the relation of plants to their environment.

On Thursday, 11th July, 1912, with the assistance of Fred Perry and "Bill" Taylor, we left on a four days' botanical survey of what was then known as "Black Mountain". This consisted of the whole range from Howe Sound to Capilano. This trip resulted in restricting Black Mountain to the area west of Cypress Creek, and naming the Eastern horse-shoe shaped ridge "Hollyburn Ridge". We returned on the evening of 14th July. The botanical account of this survey may be found in the Club Library in the "First Annual Report of the Botanical Office (1913) pages 22-24 and plates 27 and 28. This has the first recorded reference to "Hollyburn Ridge", and this name was chosen because, in those days there were two Post Offices — Dunderave and Hollyburn; both districts were sparsely settled summer resorts, but Hollyburn was nearest the centre of the ridge.

On 25th July, W. Gray visited my office on the eve of his preliminary trip to find a means of access to what is now known as the Black Tusk Region. He admitted he was somewhat nervous of this trip, as word had been received of possibly meeting cougar on Pemberton Trail or bear in the mountains. He was advised to carry a gun in case of emergency. He wanted to travel as light as possible, so in his own words he said "I got a rusty old pistol cleaned up, but I've never fired one".

On his return, he again visited me to report success of his mission, and said as soon as he saw a clear access to the area, he returned, blazing his way out. "The Last Blaze" was not made on this preliminary trip, but was made at the spot where we camped a few weeks later, illustrated in the Northern Cordilleran, p. 38. I mention this to clear up some confusion caused by an illustrated article in the "Province" about 22 years ago, in which accuracy of detail was sacrificed to make a good story. By the way, "Billy" met no big game.

On August 4th, 1912, the following eleven members of the Club left Vancouver on the "Baramba" for Newport (now Squamish):— Jas. Badcock, E. Burns, F. Carr, D. Connor, J. Davidson, W. Gray, W. E. Park, F. Perry, H. Samson, H. Selwood and R. Thorburn (alphabetical order). We travelled by motor "bus" to Brackendale Hotel where we spent the night. (Ref.:—1st Annual Report of Botanical Office, supra.)

Today (1957), credit is entirely due to the B.C.M.C., with the co-operation of J. S. Cowper, M.L.A., for their indefatigable perseverance in pressing for the conservation of this area, that was ultimately made a Provincial Park Reserve eight years later by the Government of B.C., in 1920.

Now that the P.G.E. Railway provides transportation direct from Vancouver to the vicinity of Stony Creek (Rubble Creek), the Club should regard itself as custodian, with a watchful eye to see that the original aim in conserving the area is maintained, and not allowed to be exploited by money-grabbing profiteers.

Chronological Data On

THE CONCEPTION AND BIRTH OF THE VANCOUVER NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

by Professor John Davidson

In the contribution entitled "Reminiscences", the writer discussed the growth of the Botanical Section of the B.C. Mountaineering Club to the point where the membership of the Section was larger than the Active membership of the Club. So much so, that several club members were anxious to separate and form a "Botanical Society". They were advised it was better to stay and strengthen a weak Club rather than split into two weak struggling Clubs.

Furthermore, a "Botanical Society" was too narrow to fill a useful place; a botanist had to know the insect agents in pollination; the bird and other animal agents in seed dispersal; the geological origin of soils in which plants grew, so that it would have to be a Natural History Society to include all branches.

Acting on this advice, on 23rd March, 1916, the Botanical Section changed its name to the Natural History Section of the B.C. Mountaineering Club, and elected the writer as President of the Section and H. J. McLatchy as Secretary. This continued for over two years.

Meantime, early in 1916 a committee of the University Women's Club met at the home of Prof. D. McIntosh, to consider the possibility of establishing an Arbor-day in the schools of Vancouver. Mrs. McIntosh was convenor, and the writer was invited in an advisory capacity.

At this meeting it was decided to seek the co-operation of all interested bodies; so an outline of our plan was sent out to be considered by each organization and, if they favoured such a movement, to appoint and send their delegates to a meeting to be held 16th April, 1916, in the office of Wilson and Jamieson, Rogers' Building, Granville Street. This meeting had delegates from: — Vancouver City Council, Parks' Board, School Board, B.C. Teachers' Association, Local Council of Women, University Women's Club, University of B.C., City Beautiful Association, Central Ratepayers' Association.

As an "Arbor-day Committee", we contributed a series of twenty weekly "Arbor-day talks" — many of them illustrated — to the "World" newspaper from Saturday, 11th November, 1916, to Saturday, 24th March, 1917. These aroused great interest in our native trees, and many requests were received to have them published in book form.

It was found that the City By-laws gave no authority to the Council, or to the Parks' Board, to recognize or proclaim a Civic Arbor-day; nor had the Parks' Board any responsibility for the boulevards. So, with the co-operation of the Parks' Board, Superintendent W. S. Rawlings and the writer, besides amending the old By-law, drafted a new "Arbor-day By-law" which was introduced by Aldermen Hamilton and Marshall, and adopted by the City Council, and signed by the Mayor on Monday, 12th March, 1917.

On Wednesday, 27th April, 1917, at a meeting held in the University Buildings, Fairview, the "Arbor-day Committee" decided to form an "Arbor-day Association", the writer was elected President, and Miss Kate McQueen, of King Edward High School, was Secretary of the new organization, which continued for over one year.

On Wednesday, 10th May, 1918, a joint meeting of the Natural History Section of the B.C.M.C. and the Arbor-day Association was called to consider amalgamation to form the Vancouver Natural History Society, whose aims and objects more than covered the scope and work of the two organizations; the two groups unanimously agreed to amalgamate.

Thus, on Wednesday, 10th May, 1918, was born an organization whose inception began in 1911 in the B.C. Mountaineering Club. The first office bearers were elected from both former groups, and from that day the new Society progressed and prospered until this year (1957), the membership exceeds 350 ladies and gentlemen, not only from Greater Vancouver, but from Vancouver Island, Northern B.C. and the dry-belt. We have reason to hope that, through our influence, similar organizations may develop in other areas of the Province for the dissemination of information on the Natural History of B.C.

We are proud of the fine spirit of fellowship which has existed throughout the years between the B.C. Mountaineering Club and the Vancouver Natural History Society, and while we congratulate the former in reaching its 50th anniversary this year, we look forward to the latter celebrating its 40th anniversary next year.

THE STORY OF GARIBALDI PARK

by L. C. Ford*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. It preserved any vested interests which had already been acquired within the Park area, but gave the Crown power to buy them out.

2. It empowered the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to permit the acquisition of mineral and water rights within the Park.

3. It empowered the Lieutenant Governor in Council to extend the limits of Garibaldi Park by adding adjoining tracts of land.

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

In the meantime the club had been exploring the mountains to the north of the Park. In 1923, Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, two of its most active explorers, had made the first ascent of Mount Overlord in the Avalanche Pass District, 8598 feet high, which lay 2½ miles north of the Park boundary, and the Club's monthly Bulletin of June, 1923, advocated that the mountains in this district should be included in Garibaldi Park.

On 10th September, 1923, two adventurous members of the Club, Neal M. Carter and Charles Townsend made the first ascent of Wedge Mountain, which lay some ten miles north of the Park. This mountain is 9484 feet high, and is therefore 697 feet higher than Garibaldi. Two days later they made the first ascent of another high and difficult peak about 3½ miles to the southeast of Wedge. This they named Mount Turner; its height is 8913 feet.

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

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

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

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

The new territory they included is about 60 miles long from north to south, but is only 5 miles wide at both its northern and southern extremity. It is very irregular in shape, but widens out in the centre to a width of about 20 miles. Roughly speaking, it widens Garibaldi Park to the east so that it approaches to within varying distances of from 2 to 7 miles of the Lillooet River.

* It seems strange that there should be members of the B.C.M.C. who do not know of Les Ford, but such is the case although but five years have gone by since his passing.

Les Ford loved the mountains and he cherished the B.C.M.C. He climbed with the club for over forty years after arriving in Vancouver from Australia at the age of 40. He was elected President time and again, and served the Club well. In his later years he held the post of Honorary President. The following article was found among his papers, after his death.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF 1920 - 1926 WITH THE B.C.M.C.

by Neal M. Carter

Many answers have been given to the oft-asked question: "Why do people climb mountains?" The one that appeals most to me at the moment, while I pause in writing this to look out of the window at the Gatineau "range" across the Ottawa River, is: "To store up beautiful memories".

Your Club is half a century old — a long time for mountaineering memories to be stored by its remaining charter members. Although not a charter member by some 13 years, I was informed in the invitation to contribute to this issue that I am considered an "old timer" of the Club, so perhaps I will be pardoned for a little retrospection, a sure sign I am getting to be an "older timer".

My own mountain memories go back only four decades, to 1917 when my uncle took me up Grouse Mountain where we spent the night on the Plateau with one blanket and I was introduced to tea — brewed in a billy, strong, with no trimmings. I later came to prefer coffee, but I have never changed my taste for the beauties of the "Mountains across the Inlet" from my native Vancouver. Although I have had the pleasure of climbing in the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Swiss, Japanese and New Zealand Alps, my allegiance is still to the Coast Range of British Columbia.

Following that introduction to Grouse Plateau, I grew brave enough during the next two years to explore it further on several occasions, mostly alone with my dog. On one occasion I even penetrated *all* the way across the seeming miles of woods and blueberry bushes to the base of a high peak, which I ascended via a trail now obliterated by the ski jump above the parking lot. From this summit of "Grouse Peak" I appreciated the thrill experienced by Cortes upon that peak in Darien. Before me stretched a vast horizon of still higher peaks, still untrodden, or perhaps unclimbable, I supposed, although the narrow little trail continued on, diving down into the dank depths of a gloomy pass. I thought I could see it commencing up the forested slope of the mountain beyond (Dam, I learned later). But to climb that would be an Expedition.

Then, in January 1920 I was introduced through our postman to Tom Fyles, who invited me to accompany him and Mickey Dodds on a trip the following weekend. I discovered that there was a whole Club of People who Liked to Climb Mountains; that they had a Cabin on the slopes of Grouse, with Their Own Trail; and that they made a young chap of seventeen most welcome. That Saturday night at the Cabin and the trip up Goat Peak in the soft snow the following day was one of the highlights of my life. Tom and Mickey pointed out the various peaks in the distance and told me how members of the Club made week-end trips to Crown, even up the Lions; and of the lakes and glaciers in a fabulous region behind Mount Garibaldi away to the north. I joined the Club that week.

It wasn't long until I was one of the "regulars", helping to break trail to the Cabin on Saturday afternoons, getting the fireplace going, and the gramophone thawed out in the oven. More trips up Goat and one up Crown followed, then up Cathedral with Tom Fyles and two others on April 18th, 1920, where I slipped just as we were topping the corniced summit. I didn't realize then how lucky I was to stop so soon, for a more serious accident occurred near there a few years later. But it taught me caution. I became the proud possessor of my own ice axe in time to go up the Sawteeth on a May 24th Club trip that year. Then followed Club trips up the Lions, Seymour, the Camel, and so on. I don't think I missed a trip.

But the culmination of the year's activities was the Summer Camp — at Garibaldi. I didn't add "Park", because it wasn't a park when we arrived at the Black Tusk Meadows; but during our week of climbing there we received word that it had been created a Provincial Park Reserve and on August 11, 1920, Miss Peggy Gladstone (now Mrs. Tom Fyles) planted a flag on the roof of the trapper's cabin that then stood beside Mimulus Creek, and officially opened the Park to the public (us). Then at Driftwood Bay by the mouth of Mimulus Creek we assembled the planks we had struggled with up the long trail and created the *Bill Wheatley*, the second boat to grace Garibaldi Lake (the first, the *Alpine Beauty*, was getting somewhat decrepit). Bill himself had forgotten the caulking for his namesake, so a lady who shall remain anonymous donated her spare blouse for tearing into strips to fill (most of) the seams, and the ferrying commenced, six at a time, two rowing, four bailing, for Lakeside Camp two miles up the lake. From here, during our second week, we climbed everything in sight, including Garibaldi and even the Table (second ascent). The Sphinx and Sentinel Glaciers came practically to the lakeshore then, making splendid highways to the upper regions, which was a good thing because we had to do our own cooking and not every "mess" included a lady. After a breakfast of bachelor cooking, some of us needed a gently sloping highway to work off the worst of the effects. One of Harold O'connor's pancakes nailed to a tree was still there two years later, immune to the attacks of whiskeyjacks and winter blizzards.

During the next six years I formed many lasting friendships with Club members and the peaks we climbed together. The Summer Camps were particularly delightful — the Selkirks in 1921; Garibaldi Park again in 1922, during which I first tasted the thrill of a first ascent, Mounts Parapet and Isosceles across the headwater of the Pitt with Don and Phyl Munday; the Fitzsimmons Range in 1924; Lake O'Hara in 1925. Any member of the Club who wishes to learn the lurid and sometimes gruesome details of the participants and exploits at those four Camps should read the four (and only) annual issues of the "Avalanche Roar", now rare first editions.

Then in 1926 came the "big" Camp on Black Tusk Meadows, to which the Club invited anyone who could get there on four legs or two for the purpose of becoming acquainted with Vancouver's Alpine Playground. All told, about a hundred people were introduced to the Park at that Camp. The weather was good, climbs and hikes were plentiful, and we even had Sunday services conducted by Bishop Sovereign, who after service led off the golf game played with tree stems for clubs. Marmots provided the nine holes. Later that year a special issue of "The Mountaineer" was devoted to an account of that Camp and some of the interesting scientific aspects of the Park. Among these was (and still is) the rapid recession of the glaciers, a subject to which Mickey Dodds and some other Club members have devoted much study resulting in interesting data.

The Club worked very hard to encourage the Provincial Government to develop Garibaldi Park. Billy Gray, who helped cut the first trail to the Meadows, had prior to 1920 made a sketch map of the peaks surrounding Garibaldi Lake and as far east as Mount Mamquam, but some official maps still used this "unexplored area" as a suitable place for the legend explaining the rest of the map. During the 1922 Camp there, I undertook an amateur survey to extend Gray's map. In 1923 I spent the summer on a waterpower survey from Green Lake to Cheakamus Lake, and my descriptions of the alpine areas I glimpsed during hurried climbs alone on the odd days off prompted Don and Phyl Munday to visit the region while I was on the survey. They made the first mountaineering ascents of Mount Blackcomb at the western end of the Spearhead Range, and of Mount Overlord in the Fitzsimmons Range. I was not able to accompany them, but as soon as my job was over. I persuaded my chum Charlie Townsend to go with me for a fortnight's climbing in some of the places I had seen. We headed first for Wedge Mountain, and as far as we know made the first ascent of it and several others, including Mount James Turner beyond Wedge, and Mount Diavolo in the Fitzsimmons Range where we spent our second week. During these climbs I mapped the two areas, linking them with the Park to the south, and recommended that the northern Park boundary should be extended to include them. The Club took up the cause, and the Park was enlarged.

My interest in surveying and digging into old records to assist in a compilation of a history of mountaineering on the Lower Mainland had soon dispelled my earlier naivete concerning the "untrodden peaks". I learned that Garibaldi itself had been climbed as early as 1907, and that the Club had held Camps at Mamquam Lake about 1912. I heard the tales of those stalwarts, including Charles Chapman, the printer of these words, who thought nothing of starting from Loch Lomond to descend the Seymour Valley, participating in first ascents of Cathedral and White to finish off the trip, "away back when". W. B. Warren, a member of the 1907 Garibaldi party, had also made some first ascents in the Tantalus Range by 1910; Basil Darling had tamed Mount Tantalus in 1912, and Tom Fyles and his brother John made the first ascent of its companion peak, Mount Dione, in 1919.

The Tantalus Range fascinated me for some reason ever since I saw it in its full extent from Garibaldi in 1920; and although I was too late to be a pioneer therein, I did organize private trips to it at Easter of 1923, 1924 and 1925. During the second of these, three of us got within about 50 feet of the summit of Tantalus Peak, but a corniced drop-off caused discretion to overcome valour. On the 1925 trip five of us made some remaining first ascents around Lake Lovely Water. Not until 20 years later did I succeed in climbing those last 50 feet of Mount Tantalus, and it was a couple of years later still before I led the second ascent of Mount Dione. It is amazing how relatively few parties have climbed in this interesting range, closer to Vancouver than is Garibaldi Lake.

Circumstances necessitated my leaving Vancouver for many years following my six years with the Club, and I was unable to keep in touch except through the kindness of someone who retained my name on the mailing list for "The Mountaineer", perhaps because I was once its editor. Through it, while far away from my old stamping grounds, I learned of your continued happy Camps and exciting climbs.

Through other channels I read of the step-by-step narrowing of the gaps in the unclimbed portions of the Coast Range, notably through the Mundays' splendid exploration, climbing and mapping of the Waddington and other regions. On a few occasions when living not too far from Vancouver, I was able to participate in some of it; but at the risk of turning these

reminiscences into an autobiography, I will mention only a couple of the expenditions on which I was lucky enough to be a member.

Long intrigued by some of the features shown on the 1923 Powell Lake Map Sheet, Tom Fyles decided some of us should make an expedition in 1932 to the area marked simply "ptarmigan on high snow peaks" around the headwaters of the Lillooet River shown rather vaguely on that map. We made a lot of first ascents, saw few ptarmigan, but did see some higher "snow peaks" to the west and northwest. Next year with much the same party (four) we climbed above the headwaters of the Toba River, claiming Mount Dalgleish (9150 ft.) and envying still higher peaks beyond Eventually I did have the satisfaction of being on the first ascents of two of these higher peaks (Monmouth, 10,400 ft., Gilbert, 10,100 ft.) and on the second ascent (since 1922) of another (Good Hope, 10,632 ft.). But those expeditions are comparatively recent history.

Good Luck, B.C.M.C., and Good Climbing for your next fifty years.

SNOW PEAKS, MOUNT JUDGE HOWAY

by Tom Fyles

From view points on the North Vancouver Mountains, many an enterprising trip has been planned. Peaks along the horizon under the different effects of sunlight and shadow have revealed themselves to those who have had the urge to climb something new.

From the early days of the Mountaineering Club, a double headed mountain seen to the north of the Golden Ears had roused many an ambitious plan. Somehow the name of "Snow Peaks" had been attached to this mountain. By the time my own interest was aroused, it was known that the peaks were in the vicinity of Stave Lake and that H. H. Korten, a club member who had worked near the lake, had some knowledge of the peaks. Unfortunately, Korten, whilst working at Brackendale after the 1913 B.C.M.C. Garibaldi Camp, was drowned in the Squamish River.

In early June, 1917, my brother and I made a trip to Stave Lake to try to locate the peaks. The Western Canada Power Co. operated the plant at Stave Falls and ran a passenger coach of their own by rail between Ruskin on the C.P.R. and the Falls. The connection was good on the way in, but somehow coming out we walked all the way to Mission. At the Falls we managed to prevail on a local resident, Mr. McIvor by name, to lend his canoe for our trip up the lake. As it was obvious that our knowledge about operating a canoe was nil, it was with reluctance that he bade adieu to us and the canoe. We spent four wet days up the lake, but saw nothing of the peaks and the only climb we made was to about 4,000 feet on Old Baldy (now named Mount Robie Reid), where rain and clouds prevented our going further. One gleam of satisfaction was provided by our meeting with an elderly logger who told us that up the Stave River were pinnacles that no man could climb.

In early July, 1920, we made another trip. We were able to procure a large row boat and spent a good many hours rowing the 16 miles to the head of the lake. On our way in, clear weather prevailed and we were able to obtain a good view of the peaks and to locate their approximate position, between the Clearwater and Stave Rivers, which flow into the head of the lake. The following morning we started up the valley of the Stave but the water was high in the river and soon we ran into trouble at an extensive slough which we were unable to cross. The idea then occurred that instead of going further up the valley, we might climb the ridge between the two valleys and reach the peaks by following the skyline ridge.

The night was spent at about 3,000 feet above the end of the lake and the next day we climbed a series of ups and downs along the crest to about 6,000 feet. We obtained good views of the peaks and felt that we were getting pretty close to them. However, we found that a deep gully, or cirque, with precipitous sides separated us from our goal and it was obvious that it would take too much time to reach the peaks across this gulf. We had not set foot on the peaks, but we had satisfied ourselves that the only reasonable approach was by way of the Upper Stave Valley. We saw, too, many attractive peaks across the Stave and up its tributary, the Stump and the mass of Old Baldy showed up its precipitous side not far away.

In September, 1921, another opportunity offered. My brother was unable to come, but Harold O'Connor and Eric Fuller joined me and we obtained permission to travel to the head of the Lake on a tug owned by the Abernethy and Lougheed Logging Co. From their camp a hand logger rowed us up the lower reach of the Upper Stave to a cabin known as the Cromarty Shack and agreed to pick us up six days later. Here we spent

the night, glad to be able to shelter from heavy rain and in the morning we followed an overgrown logging road as it cut across a hugh bend of the river. In September, the river and sloughs were low and often we were able to travel along gravel bars and make good progress. On three occasions bluffs blocked our way and climbs had to be made over and around these. The weather continued wet, but on the second day the sun shone and we were able to dry out. We were soon able to see the Snow Peaks ahead and in the afternoon we made camp beside the main stream at the outlet of the valley which descended from the cirque, which had blocked our progress the year before.

What seemed to be a shoulder of the peaks dropped abruptly to the main river a short distance ahead. The shoulder was broken by a steep rock-chimney and it appeared that we might climb this chimney and obtain a foothold on the shoulder. The following morning, September 9th, we started out with two days' food to make the climb, intending if necessary to bivouac for the night. The chimney offered an interesting climb, but it led to a wide ledge where we crossed beneath a fine waterfall, beyond which, we worked up into a basin west of the main shoulder. The basin still held a large amount of the previous winter's snow and from 2,500 feet elevation, offered a continuous route to the peak.

The amount of snow was notable for this time of the year. It would appear that in the spring huge avalanches swept down the cliffs into the Upper Stave River which at that point is only a few hundred feet above sea level. Near the summit, a steep arete of snow called for step cutting and at 5.30 p.m. the top of the highest peak was reached. The aneroid registered 7,400 feet. The visibility was perfect and we were delighted with the new viewpoint. We could look down the length of Stave Lake and also into the cirque which had been seen from the opposite side the previous year. The lower of the two peaks from this viewpoint looked forbidding but not so shapely as from other angles. In order to have a chance to climb this lower peak, we decided to descend the opposite side of the mountain towards the cirque. The way down was precipitous and we made good use of the rope, but the rock was good. Time passed quickly and soon daylight departed. A good moon helped us out for a while, but after it passed behind the peak, we resorted to a carbide lamp with which we negotiated the last of the cliffs and later found a patch of heather on which to bivouac. Soon we had a cheery fire which we kept going by turns until daylight.

In the morning, Eric and Harold were not eager about climbing the lower peak, but after having made so many efforts, I did not like to let the opportunity go by. It was another perfect morning and I left at 8.00 a.m., climbed to the snowy saddle between the two peaks, up more snow to find a footing on some sloping slabs, and after some prospecting, managed to worm a way up to where better going landed me on the summit. I built a small cairn, but the only record box had been left on the higher peak. I took a few photographs and set off down to my companions whom I was able to rejoin about noon.

The journey out down to the cirque along the stream and through the bush seemed long and tiring and I can remember when finally we found the tent by the Stave River just at dusk, Eric and Harold made the supper whilst my only ambition was to stretch out on the sleeping bag and call it a day. The journey out with lightened packs was enjoyable after our successful climb and the hand logger picked us up as arranged at the Cromarty Shack.

ROBIE REID, FIRST RECORDED ASCENT, JUNE, 1925

by Elliott Henderson

The party was under the leadership of Tom Fyles and started out on a Saturday afternoon in a couple of Ford touring cars with packs lashed on the outside as was the fashion then. Stave Falls was reached at 5.00 p.m. and we boarded a boat and went about two-thirds of the way up Stave Lake, and camped on the bushy shore at 8.00 p.m. Unfortunately clouds obscured our mountain and we landed a little too far north.

Next morning we were up at 3.00 and soon on the way up the timbered slope, on which numerous small cliffs and ledges hindered fast progress. We emerged from the bush on top of a low peak approximately 3500 ft. altitude, and saw that we were separated from the main mountain. We had to descend 500 feet, but once on the proper route we made fast time up the snow slopes, which steepened and then gave way to rock, at the top of which a summit was reached at 11.30 a.m.

Here lunch was eaten and some doubt was expressed as to this being the main peak. Two went eastward along the ridge and soon hollered there were rising slopes ahead, so we continued on without packs, and eventually reached and surmounted the shattered rock tower which is the main peak. As there were no signs of previous visitation

a small cairn was erected and return started at 12.40 p.m.

The steep rocks were descended with care and a fast slide taken down the snowfield, then we started on a new route down to the lake. Here we erred again, going too far south and hitting some big bluffs, so the lake was not reached till 6.30.

As driftwood was very bad on the lower lake and river, it took four hours to force a passage to Stave Falls in the dark and the various members did not reach home till around 1.30 a.m. The party consisted of Bill Wheatley, Eric Fuller, Gus Fraser, Bev Cayley, Bud Foster, Elliott Henderson, Stan Henderson, Harold O'Connor, Bill Vidal and Tom Fyles (L).

WADDINGTON DIARY - 1936

by Elliott Henderson

In 1936 the B.C.M.C. teamed up with the Sierra Club to tackle Mount Waddington which had resisted so many previous attemps. The main party consisted of Ken Adams, Jack Riegelhuth and Harvey Voge of the Sierra Club and Bill Taylor, Ken Austin, Don Baker and Denver Gillan (the last three signed on as packers), who left Vancouver on the 1st of July with most of the food and equipment.

On the 11th July the second party left, and consisted of Bestor Robinson, Dick Leonard and Raffi Bedayen of the Sierra Club and Bill Dobson, Jim Irving, Lawrence Grassie, Elliott Henderson (spare climber and packer), and Arthur Mayse, the reporter from the Province who had obtained the launch for us.

By the 13th July the second party reached the mouth of the Franklin River and were greeted by Bill Taylor. He described the weather conditions the advance party were enjoying with choice adjectives. However, the advance party had done a good job of packing 1200 lbs. of supplies, but not perfect so the second party had to add 35 lbs. of equipment and supplies to their personal packs. The reporter carried one of the oddest loads ever to go up the Franklin — a wicker crate containing two carrier pigeons. This was not heavy but very awkward to push through the jungle of the lower river. By now a fair trail had been broken and the going was not too bad, and was even excellent along the several large bars. Last Valley Camp was reached late in the afternoon and the whole party was united with the exception of Bill Taylor who was botanizing the mouth of the Franklin.

On the 14th July camp was moved, and the Franklin Glacier soon reached. Continuing up the glacier, the large food cache at the mouth of the Marvel Glacier was passed and camp made on a heather shelf above the Confederation Glacier. The weather had improved, so the next day wet tents and equipment were left on the rocks to dry while the party went back to the Marvel cache. From there the food was picked up and packed through to Ice Fall Point where base camp was to be set up. Then they went back and carried their travelling loads up to Ice Fall Point.

Loads were relayed on the 16th to the mouth of the Dais Glacier, and the return made to base camp. I might digress here to mention the reason for the frantic pace. An American Alpine Club party was at the head of the inlet and had caches packed in as far as the snout of the Franklin Glacier. Naturally the B.C.M.C. and Sierra Club wanted to bag the peak first. When they met up with the American Alpine Club, Fritz Weissner, their leader, agreed to let us have the first chance. On the following day a party of nine left for Dais Glacier where another camp was set up at about the 7500 ft. level. The packers meanwhile brought more loads from the Marvel Cache up to Ice Fall Point and spent the night there.

The 18th July was cloudy and threatened a storm so the day was spent in camp. Several of the party were suffering from sunburn. In the afternoon Gillan, Austin and Henderson went off in search of a first ascent. They crossed the Franklin Glacier below Ice Fall Point and climbed up the Dauntless Glacier to spend the night on a pile of rocks. On the next day they angled up to the base of Mount Dauntless, but could not set foot on it because of a huge crevasse. So a westerly traverse was made below Mounts Dauntless and Vigilant, a crossing made over a snow bridge and the snow fields to the west of Mount Vigilant attained. They worked round the back of the mountain where a gully took them up 1000 feet and a short rock scramble landed them on the summit (9,800 ft.). Then they returned to camp in heather at the edge of the Franklin Glacier. Two or three first ascents could have been made if snowshoes had been taken as the powder snow became very soft in the sun.

On the 19th July an attempt was made on the peak of Waddington, and a start made at 2.00 a.m. As the snow was very soft on the Dais Icefall it took three hours longer than anticipated to reach the base of the peak. The B.C.M.C. rope was started up at once, and the two Sierra ropes went further east on the ridge. All ropes encountered very difficult climbing and two returned to camp. One Sierra rope delayed too long and had to bivouac for the night.

The following day the party rested except four who carried another load of supplies up from the Icefall Point. Weissner and House were already at the high camp at the top of the Dais Icefall ,and the B.C.M.C. and Sierra party established camp there on the 21st July. On that day Weissner and House attained the summit. They were observed through glasses high on the face making very slow progress. They had started out on the B.C.M.C. rope route and it was thought they were bivouacked above somewhere, but they got down safely in the dark.

On the 22nd July another attempt was made by the B.C.M.C.-Sierra party, but was afraid to use the B.C.M.C. route because of a rockfall from above. A Sierra route was followed, but they had to turn back about 700 feet from the summit as a storm was coming up. The next day that party went down to the Dais camp while Dobson and Grassie cut steps up the Couloir for an attempt the next day. However, on arising they were greeted by a blizzard so retreated to the Dais camp. As there was not enough time for snow to clear from the main peaks two other climbs were planned.

On the 25th July Robinson, Voge, Bedayen and Austin left for Mount Bell (11,750 ft.), which was eight miles northwest of the camp. The party succeeded in reaching the summit via the Portal Glacier, though Bestor Robinson injured his kneecap which he sewed up and hiked back stiff-legged.

On the 26th July, Dobson, Grassie, Gillan and Henderson left at 4.30 a.m. to climb the North Peak (13,200 ft.). They angled up a side ridge of the Dais Glacier, and reached the main ridge at 8.30 a.m. which was followed to the base of the tower. From there the going was in deep powder snow. and the summit was reached at 2.00 p.m. A breath-taking view was had of the summit spire directly opposite and 60 feet higher. Camp was regained at 6.40 that evening, and the next few days were spent in packing out to the beach. Incidently, the carrier pigeons were released and never heard from again.

WADDINGTON AREA - 1956

by Jo Yard

Russ and I left Horseshoe Bay 7 a.m., Saturday (July 28th) in a borrowed boat, and stopped for the night in Lewis Channel, about a hundred miles from Vancouver and just below the Yucultaw Rapids, which were reached by 7 a.m. the next morning. The tidebook had been mislaid when reloading the boat and we found ourselves going against the tide through the rapids an hour before slack water. The speed of the boat (about 15 knots) and its shallowness shot it through the boils and whirls with little trouble. Headwinds in Johnson Straits held us to half speed, but we were soon able to nip into Havannah Channel and through Chatham Channel to Knight Inlet. It was nerve-wracking to have a large wave loom up behind and wonder if it was going to break over us, so we called it a day at 5 p.m. and tied up for the night with the fishboats at Glendale Cove.

Friday and Saturday Russ helped Earl Laughlan set up a ¾-inch cable across the Franklin. We could actually have crossed the Franklin at the mouth and a three hours' hike would have brought us to the same spot, but we thought it would be nice to have the cable for future trips.

We started off about 5 p.m. Saturday, August 4th, and hiked until dark when we camped on a gravel bar at the head of the canyon. By noon the next day we had reached Last Valley Camp (Russ managing to gallop the "FortyMinute Bar" in 41 min. flat), and by 3.30 we were at the snout of the Glacier. It was decided to spend the night there in spite of the cold wind, as between us we had a sprained ankle and a swollen knee. It was disappointing to be crocked up so early on the trip, especially as the woods closure had made it too indefinite to arrange an airdrop and we had quite heavy packs.

We were very surprised the next morning to see Adolph and Ulf Bitterlich and four others coming up the Valley. We had planned on staying the day at this spot until the swelling went down a little, but half an hour after the others had gone on, we couldn't stand that left behind feeling any longer and started packing the gear to the top of the bluff to save an hour next morning.

Having managed this far, we decided on "a little bit further" and ended up camping for the night on the ice at the beginning of the junction of the Confederation and Franklin Glaciers. The cold down-glacier wind had offset the heat of the sun during the day, making hiking pleasant, but it was necessary to don parkas and sweaters on snack stops. However, the durn wind blew

all night, too, and we had to pile some of the moraine into a windbreak and wrap as much of the plastic groundsheet as we could around us. It wasn't too cold though.

We set out 7 a.m. Tuesday with a handful of "scroggin" for breakfast as the wind kept blowing out the primus and we were too chilled to have the patience to fiddle with the thing. It took us two hours to work our way up through the jumble of Confederation Glacier. Up to this point, most of the crevasses are at right-angles and of stepping over width, but where the Confederation flows into the Franklin there is a vast upheaval. Crevasses run in all directions and you cover more distance up and down in this maze than along. Some of the crevasses, which might better be called troughs, are 15 ft. or so deep and quite easily climbed in and out of, while we had to wander along others seeking a place narrow enough to jump.

Three hours after leaving Confederation Glacier we arrived at the foot of the Franklin Icefall and crossed over to land at Icefall Point. The crevasses here are deep and irregular. It took thirty minutes to cross less than half a mile of glacier although there was very little snow on the ice to mask the crevasses.

The wind finally died at 12.30, just as we started up the steep moraine to the campsite. We made Icefall Point our permanent camp.

On Wednesday, August 8th, we started off at 5.30 a.m. for Glacier Island. It took about an hour to hike up the Alpine Meadows of Icefall Point and down onto Whitemantle Glacier, and another 1½ to 2 hours to cross the Franklin to Glacier Island. We spent an hour climbing the steep rubble and heather slope to the crest of the Island. Looking up the Corridor Glacier we came to the conclusion that our lost airdrop of the previous year must be halfway up Corridor Glacier at the base of the pass leading over Dais Glacier. As there was so much bare ice showing this year we felt there might be a faint chance of salvaging some of the gear.

We left Glacier Island at 10.30 and took an hour to cross Corridor Glacier. The snow was starting to soften and broke through in several places. We followed along the Glacier edge on the south slope of Mount Jester, but turned back at 12.30 as ice chunks and cornices hanging overhead did not look too secure. Distances and sizes were very misleading up there; what had looked to be a thin skiff of snow on the rocks from Glacier Island proved to be ice blocks several feet thick. Waddington would seem to be an afternoon's climb from there, where in reality it takes some four days to climb the 7,000 feet remaining.

We arrived back at Glacier Island about 5.00 p.m. and located the Bitterlich's camp. There is water and enough level ground for a small camp, and just above, the divide of the Corridor and Agur Glaciers provides a very good spot for an airdrop. We camped under an overhanging boulder for the night, and set off about 6 a.m., Thursday, across Corridor Glacier in another look for our equipment. The going was good on firm snow and our route cut directly over to the base of the pass leading to Dais Glacier this time. However, the crevasses at this spot were that nasty bell-shaped variety; the type you can straddle in spots and upon looking in them, find they widen into a big black 'ole beneath. We felt it useless to look further for the airdrop. The snow had been a good deal heavier the previous year and this had looked a smooth spot from the air. Our stuff was probably inside the glacier by now. We know now that near an ice fall or bend in a glacier are poor spots, anyway; usually heavily crevassed. Two of the Bitterlich party had passed us on the way to reconnoitre a route up the Buckler Glacier — which is more an ice fall — as an approach to the south-east ridge of Waddington. We were back at the Island by 10 a.m. When the other group came in they said they had been unable to find a route over a 60 ft. wide bergschrund that had been better bridged the year before. They asked if we wished to accompany them on an attempt on the south peak of Waddington, so we shot off for "home" to pick up more food. We got mixed up with a "swampy area" at the foot of Agur Glacier this trip.

On Friday (August 10th), three of the other party met us just below the Dais Glacier. Conditions in this area were changed considerably from the previous year. The crevasses were cavernous and only thinly bridged with snow. It took a good deal of testing and backing off on the part of Adolph Bitterlich before we worked our way through. It would not have been a place to attempt by ourselves. We camped for the night on a rock slope between Dais and Regal Glaciers. The others left their equipment and returned to their camp by way of Jester Pass. A much better route. The other party arrived by 9.30 Saturday morning. We traversed Fury Icefall and climbed up the side, mostly on rock. Fury Glacier itself — elevation 8500 ft. — is only about a quarter of a mile long and then it plummets 2000 ft. from Fury Gap to the Scimitar Glacier. From here we climbed a steep ridge made of enormous tippy boulders; and camped on the top at about 10,000 ft. We were rewarded with a magnificent panorama of peaks and watched the sun set behind the sharp wedge of Mount Bell. This was not an ideal campsite. The other bunch spent a hilarious evening trying to sleep six people on 2-1/3 air mattresses, coils of rope and packboards wedged in the rocks. It was too windy to put up our plastic fly that night, and by morning the sleeping bags were streaked with frost. The snow was hard at 7.30 a.m. and crampons were used. A bergschrund was manoeuvred and the ridge to the South Peak followed. The ridge was narrow and we pretty well had to climb up and down each "peak". The summits were rubble heaps and there was snow in between them.

Time was lost on the third summit (11,000 ft.), waiting turns to drop down a steep snow and ice slope; and even more on the fourth. This one had loose rock at the top and an ice gully at the bottom. It was about 2 p.m. when our turn came to go down. I had been watching the others working down and listening to the rocks crashing to the glacier below, and to be quite honest had lost my nerve.

Russ regretfully decided we couldn't afford to spend two more days on the trip anyway and still have enough energy to make it out to Knight Inlet by Wednesday, which was the date we had told the Laughlans we would show up at the latest. It had been the Bitterlich's plan to travel light, and to bivouac without sleeping bags for one night if necessary.

We sat and watched the others for an hour. They had dropped some 200 ft. and then climbed a very steep snow face. We lost sight of them, but later learned they had had to drop down another deep cleft before gaining altitude again. They made the summit; the first time it had been climbed for some 20 years; and spent a cold night on the ridge before getting back to the 10,000 ft. camp.

We returned to Dais camp by 8 that night, and on Monday morning crossed the Dais Glacier and followed the Jester Pass to Corridor Glacier. We had climbed almost to the top of this pass the previous year in a sleety blizzard, but the lighting had been so bad we couldn't see crevasse cracks and Russ had broken through a big one to his thigh. We had turned back then, and we must have been close to the airdrop. It was certainly a revelation this year to see some of the places where we had been before. We were on Glacier Island by 10.20, so after a rest and sunbath carried on to Icefall Point and spent the afternoon taking flower pictures.

Thursday was spent hiking to Last Valley Camp, or perhaps I should say limping, Russ being neatly spitted to the ankle bone on the crampons of his better half, as we negotiated a steep trough. The pack frame caught an overhanging ice projection, toppling me onto Russ who was standing on the bottom.

The warmer weather above had made a wild thing of the Franklin River. It is only seven miles long, but an awesome sight in flood. We slept that night on an old gravel bar that normally had a bank of four feet, but with our heads on the ground we could see the crests of the waves in midstream and feel the ground trembling from the tumbling ice blocks.

We whizzed across the river on the aerial trolley, just beating the first rainfall of the trip. Laughlans had a 19 ft. outboard they were wanting to ship to Vancouver so we travelled home in style — it even had a top — and towed our boat behind.

"ANNIVERSARY PEAK"

by Roy Mason

The following is the account of an eight-day trip in the Coast Range made by a B. C. Mountaineering Club party in July, 1957. This trip was planned as a special anniversary year expedition and was carried out by Dick Chambers, Joe Hutton, Roy Mason and Cyril Scott, all of the B.C.M.C., and Paddy Sherman of the Vancouver Section, Alpine Club of Canada.

The climbs were centered in a small area north of the head of Lillooet Lake at the source of Joffre Creek. Here, straddling the divide designated as "the summit of the Cascade Mountains for administrative purposes", stands a group of glaciated and (as yet) unnamed 9,000 foot peaks. These peaks first attracted our attention while examining air photos of nearby Duffy Lake and Gott Peak in 1954. However, it was not until 1957 that we were able to arrange a visit to the area.

A 60-minute flight from Vancouver took us to Duffy Lake via Howe Sound, over the Black Tusk Meadows of Garibaldi Park, and northward to the deep trough formed by the Joffre Creek-Cayoosh Creek Valleys. As we skimmed low over the trees edging Duffy Lake, we were rewarded by breath-taking views of our unnamed peaks silhouetted against the sky to the south.

A sandbar conveniently located at the south end of the lake simplified the transfer of ourselves and our packs from the aircraft to shore.

Saturday morning, July 13th, proved to be better than the weatherman had predicted so without delay we left our sandbar on Duffy Lake (3,600 ft. and moved slowly

up the broad valley leading toward Joffre Pass. Four hours later we turned eastward up a tributary valley and by late that afternoon had established a campsite at the edge of a moraine near the head of the valley.

Continuous bad weather confined the party to camp for 48 hours. Finally, Monday evening the rain ceased and we caught glimpses of our peaks from the campsite for the first time. On Tuesday morning the sun broke through the overcast. This provided a much needed stimulus that sent the entire camp into a frenzy of activity. Ropes, axes and packs were retrieved from where they had been hurriedly stored two days previously, and the party set out in a single group to reconnoitre the area.

Climbing south from our camp we skirted to the left of the moraine onto a ridge which provided us with spectacular views of "Capricorn Peak", and the area between it and "Anniversary Peak". The glaciation on the east side of the latter peak was more extensive and broken than we had supposed from an examination of the air photos.

Higher on the ridge, we reached the base of the first rock tower of several which we found adorned the upper part of the ridge. Traversing a steep snow slope to the right of the rock tower we descended to the glacier and soon stood on the broad col separating "Anniversary Peak" from Joffre Peak". Although we could see what appeared to be a feasible route up "Anniversary Peak" the hail that had pelted us intermittently all day now changed to heavy snow, forcing a hasty retreat directly down the glacier to our camp.

The weather on Wednesday, July 17th, followed much the same pattern as Tuesday. Because of the indifferent weather, and because the major peaks were deep in fresh snow, it was decided to carry out another reconnaissance. This time, we wandered through very pleasant meadows leading to "Capricorn Pass". From here we made an easy first ascent of a minor summit north of the pass which we called "Vantage Peak".

Thursday morning dawned cloudless. With our reconnaissance of the area complete, this was the signal for climbing to begin in earnest. We wasted no time, therefore, in heading up the glacier directly south of camp to the snow col reached two days earlier. From the col we made a steep climbing traverse across the north snow face of "Anniversary Peak" and gained the ridge at the 9,000 ft. level. A further 15 minutes along a classic snow-capped knife edge led to the summit which was devoid of any sign of previous inhabitation. The aneroid read 9,050 feet.

After a leisurely stay on the summit, we built a suitable cairn in commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the B. C. Mountaineering Club.

On Friday, July 19th, our last climbing day, we divided into two parties. Dick and Paddy climbed "Joffre Peak" (8,950 ft. ca), by the east face overlooking the glacier above camp, while Joe, Cyril and your author climbed "Capricorn Peak" (8,200 ft. ca).

Our route to "Capricorn Peak" led us over the pass of the same name and down onto the glacier draining the basin between "Anniversary" and "Capricorn". Near the snout of this glacier we paused to watch the continual icefalls cascading onto its edge from a tributary hanging glacier.

After venturing into several "blind alleys" on a broken section of the main glacier, we reached a broad neve basin at 7,500 ft., below "Capricorn". This gave us access to the rock face west of the peak. A prominent chimney in this face led to the top of the summit ridge from which the peak was easily reached. From here we were able to watch two black dots, which we knew to be Dick and Paddy, descending near the top of Joffre.

Retracing our steps, we arrived back at camp at 4.00 p.m., half an hour behind the other party. Here, Dick and Paddy told us of 2,500 ft. of excellent rock climbing on Joffre Peak. The altitude as indicated by their aneroid was 8,950 ft., second only to "Anniversary Peak". The conquest of this peak, which had appeared severe from all sides, was a fitting end to our week's climbing.

Since we were anxious to make connections with the P.G.E. Saturday evening, the camp was broken on Friday afternoon and we moved down to the main valley. What had taken us five hours on the way up, took only two and one half hours down. Upon reaching the main valley, we picked up the pack horse trail (?) leading south-west to Joffre Pass and camped for the night.

Saturday, July 20th, we hiked up into Joffre Pass (4,100 ft.), which we found to be 2-3 miles in length and very swampy. At first we carefully skirted the sloughs, but soon abandoned this approach in favour of a web-footed operation. Upon reaching the Lillooet Lake side of the pass, we found the avalanche areas, into which the "trail" had been disappearing, growing less numerous. As we descended further, the trail became better defined and, eventually, became a pleasant, gently descending walk through heavy timber with little or no underbrush. At 3.30 p.m., we broke out onto the B.C. Electric Company power-line road near the head of Lillooet Lake.

BUSHWHACKING

by R. A. Pilkington

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A MOUNTAIN

by R. Culbert

The crags unfurled their clouds aloft,
And told the world of coming night.
The vivid ice grew dim, and soft,
The wild awaited sleep or flight.

The lengthened shadows searched the slopes
And found four men upon a knoll,
The first to stand in all this land
They gazed once more upon their goal.

A threat made good, the mountain stood,
In peaks of grandeur yet untold
Where ramparts rose through virgin snows
And forests lay in dusk-like mould.

As they watched, the dying Sun-God
Sank below a distant col,
Projecting demons on the snowfields,
Leaking forth in cosmic pall
To bathe the ageless icefields
In its bleary red flood,
To guild the gruesome gargoyles
With the sickening hue of blood.

* * *

I

There could not be a starker silence,
Yet to them a tale was read;
Through memories they heard this story
Here is what the mountain said:

"For countless æons have I known
The monarchy of magnitude
Implacable to flesh and time
I brew my clouds in solitude.

My birth and roots are molten lava,
Child am I of fire and force.
With nature's brand I'll rule this land
Eternity may take its course.

My storms are bred and fury fed
With sights that only clouds may see,
The mountain howls through frozen jowls
And trumpets past the flying scree.

Great, ice-plated granite needles
Each a rock-work Frankenstein.
Gendarms, aiguilles, seracs, gargoyles
Spike each ridge, adorn each spine.

High above the mountain chasms
Seeping, creeping arms of snow
Feed my countless ice-bound cascades,
Glaze the chimneys far below.

Obliteration stalks my canyons;
Pending ice-walls guard the heights,
On every flank my frozen legions
Lend protection to my rights.

Gaunt and leering hangs the cornice
Set with eager subtlety,
Trigger to my countless snow-slides,
Trademark of my treachery.

A citadel of finest granite
Smooth as glass and steeped in storm,
The blizzards lash and shriek and smash
And spend their fury on my form.

Far below the yawning bergshrunds
Mask the snow in vivid starkness,
Seem to freeze the very darkness
In the dankness of their depths.

My walls of stone stand cold as ice,
My ice as hard as stone;
The war they fight endows my might
I hurl each blade they hone.

Gouging, grinding, crumbling, groaning,
Tortured rock and twisted ice.
Chaos here is but a garment
He who comes must pay that price."

* * *

Through the murky mountain hallways
Pushed at last who dared to seek
A weakness in its mighty armour,
Challenge this the virgin peak.

This song ran in their blood alone,
Nature shows not such conceit,
For pride may be a vanguard to
The armies of defeat.

(All creatures there below beware
The horrors fear alone can breed;
Where knowledge gapes, the mind reshapes
And draws from nature such a creed.)

II

Let us watch while fifty years
Chase the æons through the pass.
Gaze once more upon our peak
And hear the wind in alpine grass.

A lakeside lodge is sitting
In a grove of scented trees.
The floats and boats are bobbing
In a lovely evening breeze.

A little trail goes winding
To a place with lots of snow
To see a bowing cornice
With its feathered rim aglow.

To see the lovely frosting
Where the snow sticks to the rocks
To smell the mountain's breezes,
And listen while it talks.

There's field on field of heather
Where the alpine lakes reveal
The wild and boundless beauty
That a heart cannot conceal.

From far and near the day collects
The happy people it has spread,
Who turn once more from nature's door
To thoughts of dinner, friends, and bed.

Then many in the evening time
Will watch from dusk below
Each shifting tint of sunset
With the pastel peaks aglow.

This scene is set in happiness;
The short is often sweet.
But,
The hounds of hell have feasted well
When man and mountain meet.

III

Once more the book of time is turned
Till fifty leaves have come to rest.
With pride or pain we see again
What nature once could call her best.

The monarch's million dares and thrills,
The happy days of trail and talk
Are nipped in bud or killed at flood
Decay and man together stalk.

Through the snow and shifting shadows
Glare the scars that father power,
Strangle every crystal cascade,
Let each creek and stream run sour.

Hark! the roar, as men and monsters
Gouge their glory from the grime.
Moulded steel to plunder nature
Seeks the wealth amid the slime.

The whistles shriek, their echoes jeer
The drooping crags and looted creeks.
Valley breezes choked with fumes
Breathe disease among the peaks.

In shattered piles of rock and ice
Each masterpiece of glaciation
Ends with both the art and artist
Ground to endless, rank stagnation.

Roads trace lines of least resistance
Through the bleak and scoured passes.
Skylines drain the forest giants
Leave the slash in rotting masses.

Mountain lilies wilt and die,
Bugs and plagues infest the murk,
Worms and weeds will lick the blood
And bury devastations work.

Shrunk and spineless sits the icefield
Bleeding down the useless slab,
To wash and root from treeless slope
What fire and man have failed to grab.

* * *

Again the sunset searches
For a scene to glorify,
A spirit or a detail
That a glow can magnify.
But what is spice if food be gone?
And yet the food is not to blame.
Futile thus the sunset shone,
Till darkness hid the monarch's shame.

The Lions.

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