

GLORIOUS GARIBALDI:

The Canadian Playground in British Columbia

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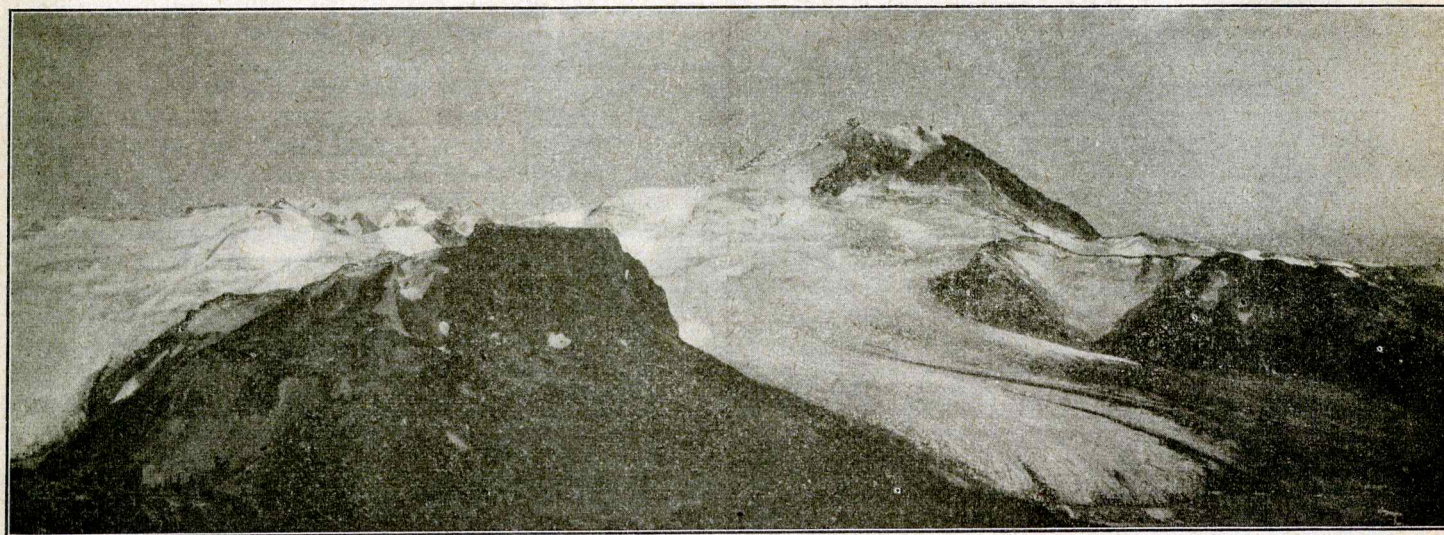
Member of Alpine Club of Canada, and the British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

"From the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
 From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
 From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
 From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
 (Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
 I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air."

—Henry Van Dyke.

MOUNTAINS always form a nation's playground. In Europe thousands upon thousands flock to the romantic Vale of Chamonix, or to Zermatt under the shadow of the majestic Matterhorn. Snowdon and the Great Orme in Wales, Skiddaw and Scawfell of the English Lake district, Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis in Scotland, give to the crowded cities of the Home-land the necessary breathing spaces. The busy New England states love the Adirondacks, to which the tired New Yorker and weary Bostonian may flee to find rest for the body and to gain the wider vision for the mind and soul. But no province or state on this continent has a richer mountain heritage than our own British Columbia, and yet

sleep soundly, and the rising sun of the morning reveals an undreamed-of panorama of mountain scenery. Climbers of wide experience are amazed to find such a truly Alpine region within such a short distance of Vancouver. As the traveller looks about him, there comes over him the feeling of the vastness of his new surroundings, and with it the realization of the smallness of all that is human. Little things become smaller, and he smiles at the insignificance of the worries and cares of the valleys. His mind is touched with the spirit of infinity; his heart feels the presence of the Infinite. He is moved by the strange silence—the silence of the eternal hills. Yet in the silence there is music, for the mountain streams

*The Table**Garibaldi**Sentinel Glacier*

LOOKING SOUTH FROM RED MOUNTAIN.

Warren Glacier

Photo by the late W. J. Gray

we ourselves know so little about it and value it at so low a price. For example, within sixty miles of Vancouver there is one district possessing untold wealth of Alpine scenery—stalwart peaks, wide glaciers, vast snowfields, lakes, waterfalls and mountain flowers—glorious Garibaldi. Yet of its existence and its charms the majority of our citizens know very little.

A boat journey of less than four hours from Vancouver to the head of Howe Sound (a delightful outing in itself) brings the traveller to Squamish, from which can be seen the glistening peaks of the Garibaldi district. Then a short rail journey on the Pacific Great Eastern, twenty miles only, passing by the deep gorge of the Cheakemous River, and we are ready for a tramp up Stoney Creek. By nightfall we camp on the Black Tusk Meadows, five thousand feet above sea-level. We

on very side form a deep-toned organ with a predominant minor note, broken only by the echoing thunder of the avalanches as they break away from their rocky fastnesses and hurl themselves down to the valleys far below. The soul expands in this new glory of the out-of-doors; dull care flees away; a truer perspective is given to life. Unconsciously in this new and vast cathedral, the traveller bows in worship.

"Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
 With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
 And set thine altars everywhere,—
 On mountain heights,
 In woodlands dim with many a dream,
 In valleys bright with springs,
 Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
 In thy great out-of-doors!
 To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
 God of the open air."

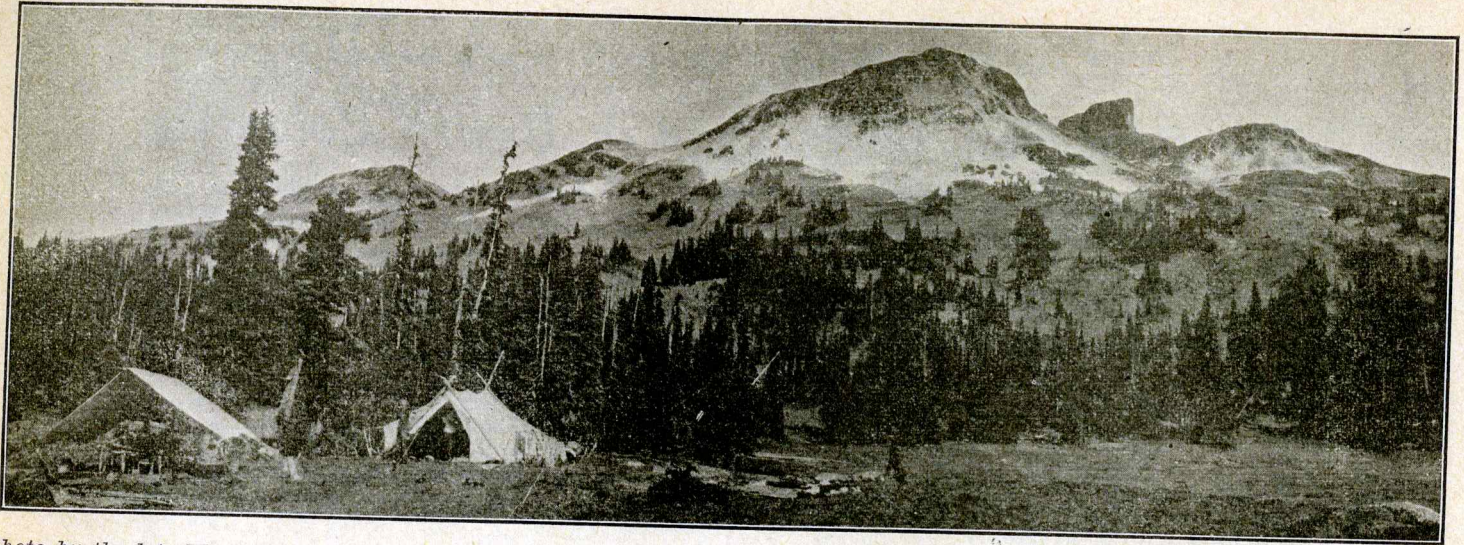


Photo by the late W. J. Gray

Black Tusk Meadows

What pictures unfold themselves on every side—a thousand pictures, and each so perfect in itself! To the north there rise the flower-carpeted slopes of the Black Tusk, then the ridge, and 800 feet above the ridge a peculiar black monolith. With an altitude of 7,350 feet, it is visible from every part of the compass, and on a clear day may even be seen from the north end of Bowen Island in Howe Sound. The “tusk” is composed of basalt with perpendicular columns which in places are quite isolated, but fast decomposing and falling to pieces. It is of volcanic origin, in fact the whole area is volcanic and is full of the most interesting phenomena, telling of a time of a comparatively recent date (geologically) when these peaks were wrapt in dark sulphurous clouds and streams of molten rock flowed down the slopes to the valleys below. At first glance it would seem impossible for any climber to scale its perpendicular sides, but on nearer view, deep fissures or alpine “chimneys” may be seen which offer a comparatively easy pathway, dangerous only because of falling stones. Mountain goat, ptarmigan, and marmot are frequently seen on its ridges, and at times even a wolf or bear.

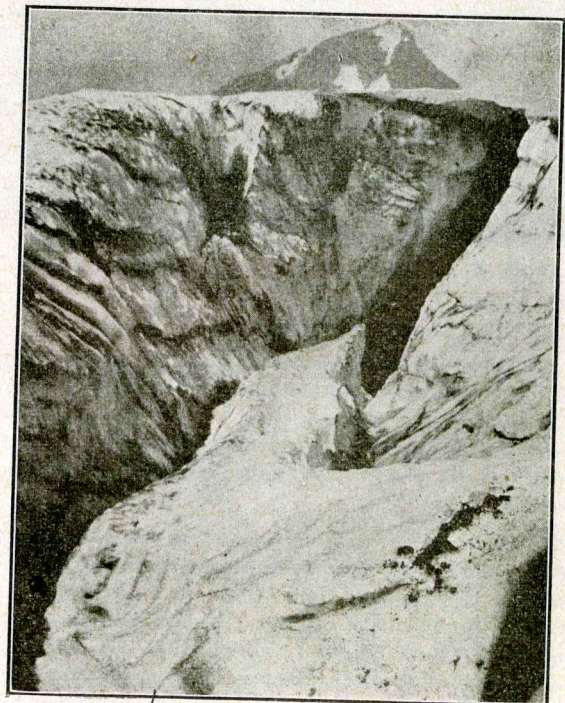
Wandering a little to the east of the Meadows, we reach a fine cascade, 200 feet high, which drains a hanging valley with ice-covered lakes. These lakes are fed by Helmet Glacier, which is divided into two parts by a ridge which at first sight looks like a glacial moraine, but which in reality is a volcanic crater, a tufa cone, 500 feet high. The crater at the summit is about 60 feet deep, and is generally filled with water and ice. On the south side, a stream from the glacier has left a section of the cone exposed, where the faulted layers of volcanic tufa may be clearly seen and easily examined.

Rising above Helmet Glacier to the south stands Panorama Ridge, and to the east Corrie Ridge. The view from the latter is most inspiring. Below is the perfect “V”-shaped valley, leading gradually up the slopes of Gentian Ridge, which lies at the foot of Castle Towers (8,000 feet), with a deeply crevassed glacier hanging on its side.

But we must not go too far afield. Returning to the Meadows we look southward, and there, 400 feet below us, is Garibaldi Lake. What a gem it is! Readers would probably smile if the writer should venture to compare it to Lake Louise or Loch Lomond or Derwentwater or Lake Lucerne, but no one who has ever seen Lake Garibaldi would smile at the comparison, for they well know that it is no mean rival to its better known sisters. It is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 2 miles wide, fed chiefly by two extensive glaciers, the Sentinel and the Sphinx, which come to the water's edge. Like

all glacial lakes, its color is its chief charm, ever changing from bright emerald green to a deep turquoise blue as the shadows from cloud and mountain-peak play upon its surface. When no wind disturbs its calm, it forms a perfect mirror in which is reflected the amphitheatre of hills, glaciers and snowfields. I venture to predict that before twenty-five years pass it will be the chief scenic attraction of the lower mainland.

Rising from its southern shores is a wondrous panorama,—Castle Towers, Sphinx and Sentinel peaks, the Table, Red mountain, and above and beyond all, glorious Garibaldi. At one time an active volcano, but now peacefully clad in ice and snow, it stands as a majestic old giant. It has an altitude of 8,700 feet, which may seem rather small for a first-class peak, but it must be remembered that it rises practically from sea-level. If it were transferred to Lake Louise in the Rockies, it would tower above all the surrounding peaks; even Lefroy, Aberdeen and Hungabee would bow before it. Six splendid glaciers hang on its slopes—Lava, Pyramid, Garibaldi, Pitt, Sentinel and Warren glaciers. It may be climbed



A Yawning Crevasse

from the north side, though the approach from the south and east is much easier. I have often wondered if in reality the conquerors of Garibaldi do not deserve more credit than those who climb the higher peaks in the Alps. In Switzerland there are luxurious hotels, certified guides and porters, cables and chains in dangerous places and huts at convenient spots, but the pioneers of the Garibaldi district travel with their bed and kitchen on their backs and cautiously seek out a pathway up unexplored glaciers and across vast snowfields untouched by foot of man. Such has been the task of the enterprising members of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club and the Alpine Club of Canada. But it is not necessary to climb Garibaldi in order to admire it, for the view from any part of this natural park is inspiring.

These are only a few of the interesting features of the area. Space does not permit a description of Mt. Mamquam and its surroundings, nor of Rampart Lake with its great ice-wall twenty-five feet in height, nor yet of that peculiar rock formation known as "The Table," with its flat top like the "mesas" of Arizona and Mexico, nor of Red Mountain with its two volcanic cones, one of them 200 feet deep and 300 feet in diameter, nor of Copper Peak with its rugged castellated crescent known as The Battlements. In years to come, many a traveller will find in these scenes a world of interest.

"The paths, the woods, the heavens, the hills,
Are not a world today,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play."

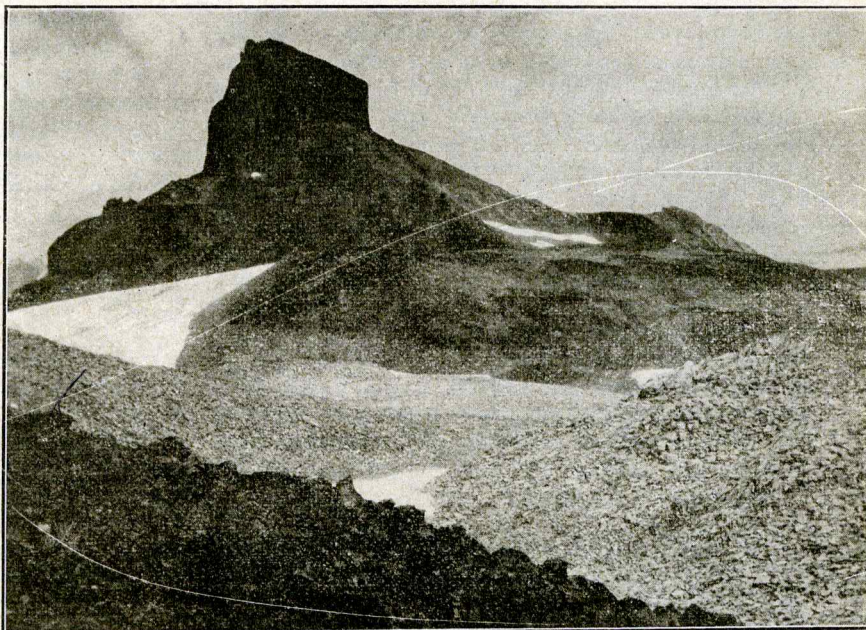
But we must not forget the flowers—the flowers that bloom above the clouds. To this park the botanist will come to find rare and beautiful treasures, for Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts. As the snow gradually recedes, the *Caltha* is usually the first to appear, and then follow a distinguished array—the cream-coned *Anemone*, the interesting little *Claytonia*, *Lanceolata*, the *Mimulus* with its flashing yellows and scarlets, the red Indian Paintbrush, the blue *Lupins*, the rare *Gentian* with its peculiar greenish-blue flowers, the *Alpine Phlox*, the *False Heather*, the white *Heather*, the white *Rhododendron*, the tiny *Saxifrage* with its pink and white blossoms, the blue *Jacob's Ladder*, one of the rarest of *Alpine* gems, and a host of others which bloom "in the freedom of this Garden Wild." Splendid work of exploration in the area has been done by Professor J. Davidson of the University of British Columbia, and his enthusiastic assistants. In this Botanist's Paradise, the next generation of High School and University students will find a rich mine of flowery wealth. Is it not possible to preserve it for them?

The Geologist already has explored many parts of the section, and has found it full of the most fascinating problems. Professor Edward M. Burwash, Ph.D., of Chicago, visited the district in 1913, writing a most thoughtful article for the *British Columbia Academy of Science*, which has since been published. Here, as Professor Burwash points out, may be found strata of almost every geological period and volcanic phenomena of remarkable interest. A dozen glaciers gives endless material for the study of these vast rivers of ice. Garibaldi Lake and its smaller sister are kept in position by a huge lava flow which has formed what is known as "The Barrier,"

in which can be clearly traced a series of eruptions, telling of a time when the lava flowed from the belching craters of Red Mountain. Indeed, a few days in this unique area would give to a class in Geology more real first-hand information than a year in a class-room. May we not claim it for our students?

It is hardly necessary to add that the artist will love this park. Already Mr. H. J. de Forest has visited it and found it to be all that is claimed for it and more. The photographer, both amateur and professional, will revel in its vast proportions and its ever-changing scenes. On behalf of the artist and the true lover of the hills, we plead that this unique district may not be lost to our people. This mountain-paradise should belong to the people for the people.

May we not ask that the Garibaldi region be set apart as a National Park? It would comprise some 300 square miles, being all that portion having a greater elevation than 3,000 feet above sea-level, bounded by the Mamquam and Pitt Rivers and by the main stream and east branch of the Cheakemous River. Several of the members of our Provincial Legislature, including Cabinet Ministers, have been approached at different times; public bodies such as the Board of Trade have had the matter placed before them, and no objection has ever been made save one, i.e., the fear that mining rights might be interfered with. However, in the Act these rights could be amply safeguarded, and thus the only objection easily and fairly removed. The feasibility of building a motor road has already been thought of, and a surveyor-member of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club has outlined a road from Daisy Lake on the P. G. E. Railway, with an easy grade leading into the very centre of the park.



The Black Tusk.

Photo by the late W. J. Gray

Most of the states in U.S.A. have set aside similar mountain playgrounds, and thousands of citizens and tourists are drawn by them. In 1917, the Yellowstone (2,142,720 acres) was visited by 35,400 people, the Yosemite (719,622 acres) by 34,510 people, Mt. Rainier Park (207,360 acres) by 35,568 people, Rock Mountain Park in Colorado (254,327 acres) by 117,186 people, and these are only four of the 52 National Parks set apart by the Coast and Mountain states. It is to be sincerely hoped that at the coming session of the Provincial Legislature, steps may be taken to claim this area in British Columbia for all time for our province and for all nature-

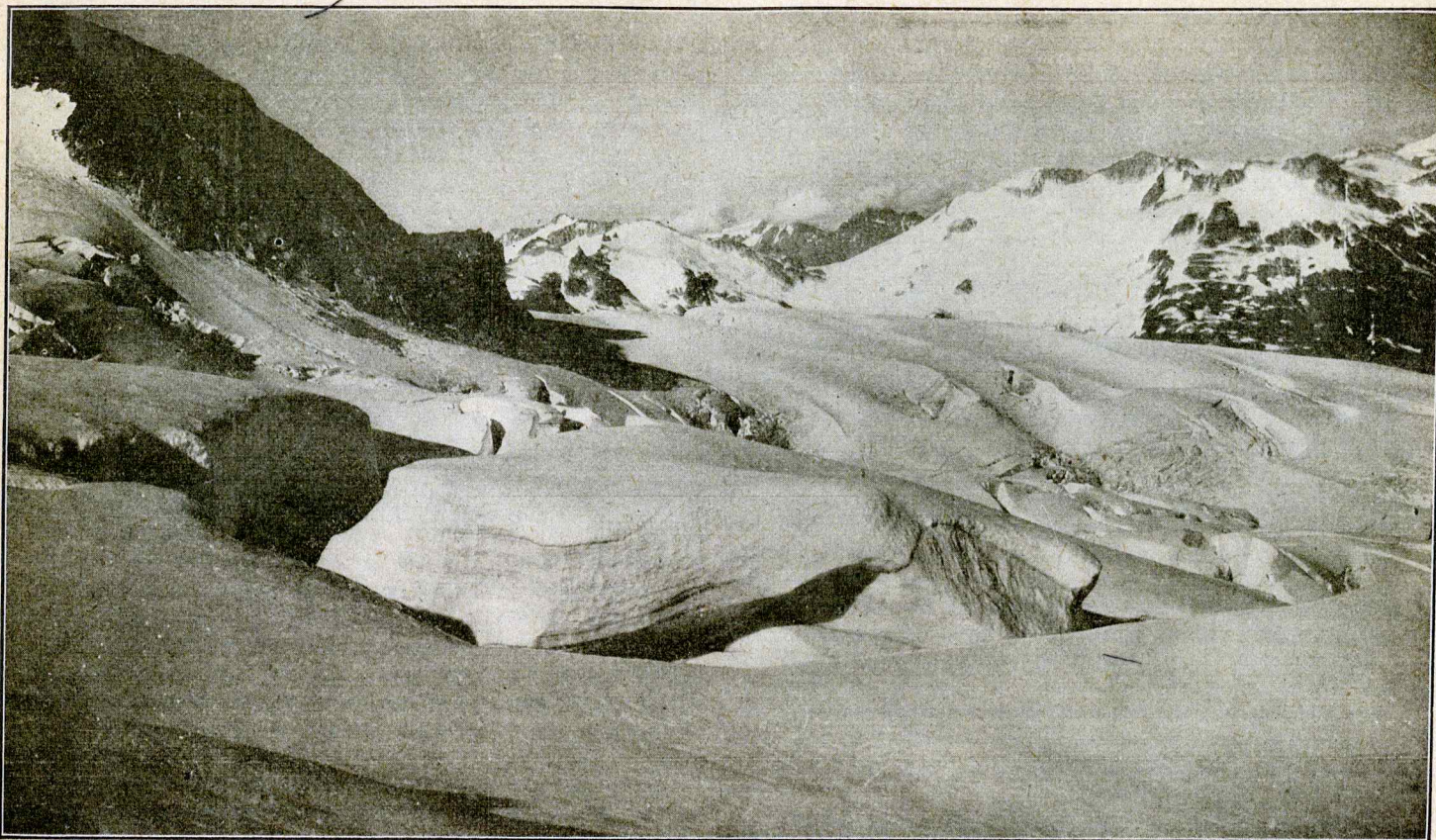


Photo by the late J. C. Bishop.

On the Neve of Garibaldi Glacier

lovers the world over, so that no company or private corporation may gain possession of it and exploit it at the expense of our citizens. It is so accessible; it is on a government railroad; it is in itself a natural park; it is close to large centres of population, and but a few hours' journey from the highway of our Empire. These constitute a call to our citizens of today to save this wonder-land of mountain peaks, of glaciers and snowfields, of extinct volcanoes, of flower-clad meadows and blue-green lakes for this generation and for generations to come.

"Two dwellings, Peace, are thine.

One is the mountain-height,

Uplifted in the loneliness of light

Beyond the realm of shadows—fine,

And far, and clear—where advent of the night

Means only glorious nearness of the stars,

And dawn, unhindered, breaks above the bars
That long the lower world in twilight keep."

N.B.—The writer wishes to express his thanks to the British Columbia Mountaineering Club for the illustrations used in this article.

COMPETITION

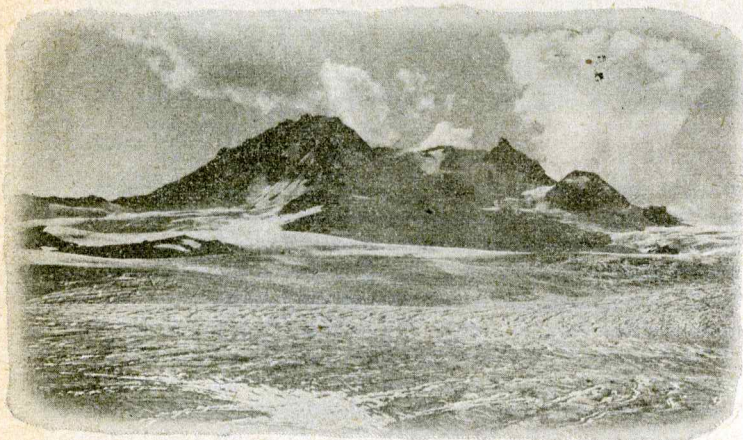
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Mount Garibaldi from the East