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This issue of
The Canadian Alpine Journal
is dedicated
to Arthur O. Wheeler

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EDITED BY
A. A. McCOUBREY

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THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA
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The Alpine Club of Canada

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ARTICLES

Articles for the Journal should be sent to the Editor, A. A. McCoubrey, Engineering Dept., Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man. Contributors are reminded that material for publication should be in the hands of the Editor at as early a date as possible, and NOT LATER than November 15, of each year. Manuscripts should be typed if possible, with double spacing. Photographs for publication should be finished with glossy surface. Each photo should be pasted on a slip of paper bearing the caption and author's name. It is inadvisable to use paper clips to fasten photos or to write on the backs of photographs. Copies of the current and past issues, also prices of back numbers of the Journal can be obtained from the Secretary of the Club, Major W. R. Tweedy, 1641 Burnaby Street, Vancouver, B.C. All applications for copies must be accompanied by money order or postal notes. Cheques are not accepted.

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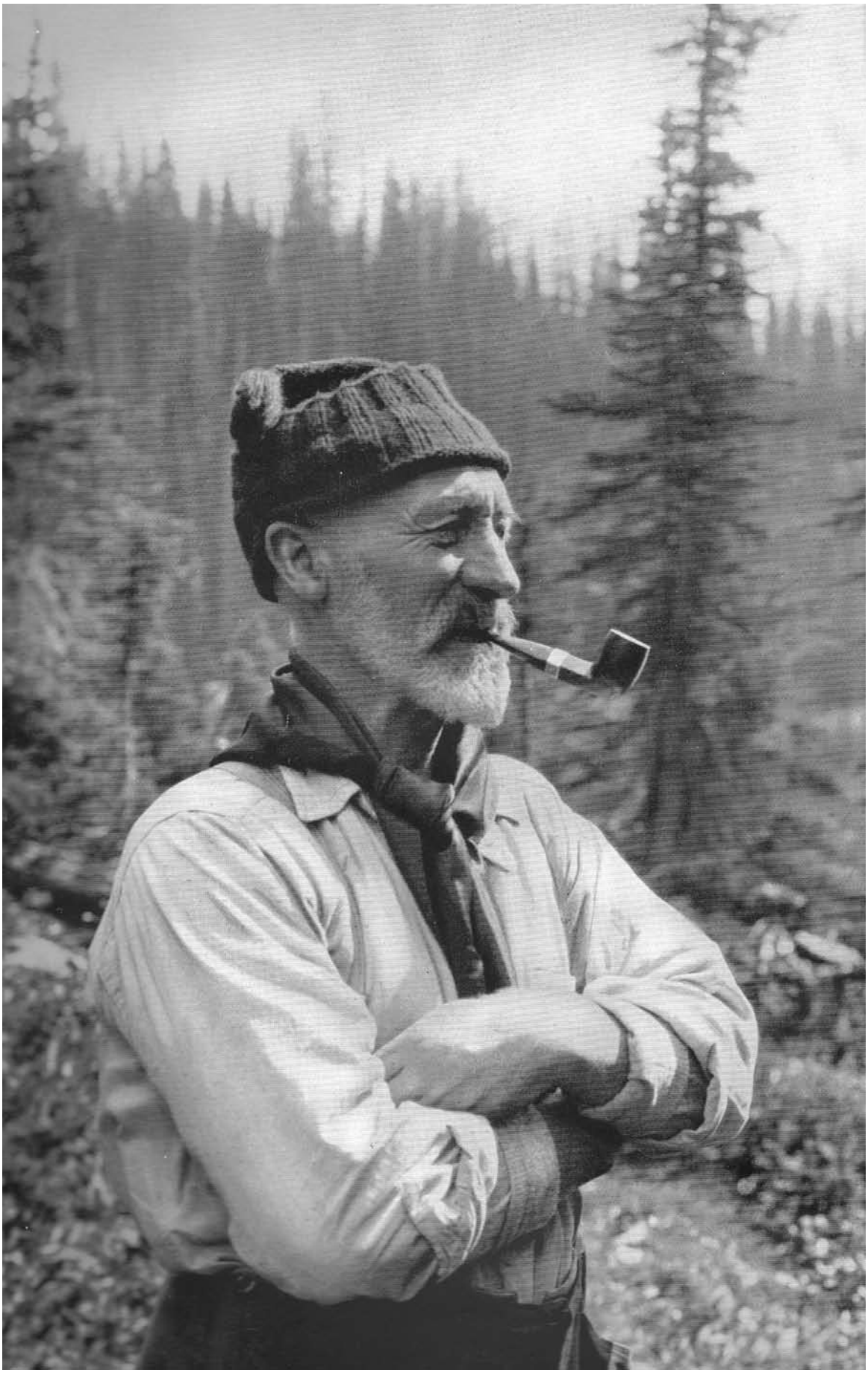


FRONTISPIECE
Arthur O. Wheeler

SNOWPATCH SPIRE

BY JACK ARNOLD

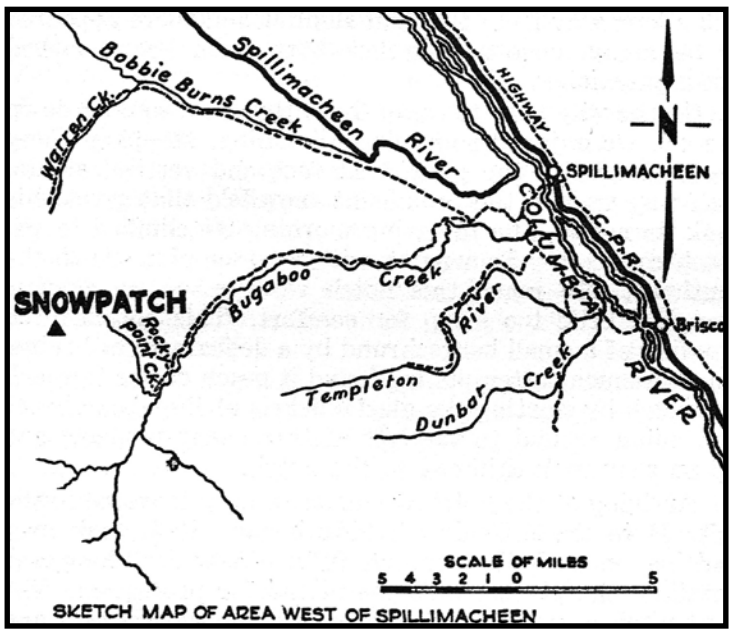
Our first view of the Bugaboos was one interspersed with great clouds. The upper walls of Marmolata were heavy with mist and Snowpatch had ragged streamers moving across its big granite face.

Four of us, all members of the Sierra Club, Rock Climbing section, R. Bedayan, E. Koskinen, F. Lippman and myself, after reading many glowing accounts of this part of the Purcell range, were determined to see the region. So here you find us, having driven all the way from San Francisco for a look-see, hoping for a chance to try our luck on unclimbed Snowpatch Spire.

Next morning we moved up to the lower camp just below the terminal moraine of Bugaboo glacier in a driving rain and I know we all thought the Bugaboo weather was giving us its usual welcome too.

The following day, August 2, we climbed up the left lateral moraine and established our permanent camp under a large granite block just at timber line with a clear view of the mountains to the east. This camp site can be recommended for a small party from the standpoint of shelter and especially the setting.

A group of Seattle Mountaineers was camped just below us and paying them a visit that evening, we were told what we all expected to hear, that the weather was unpredictable and that we should expect the worst. Luck must have been with us for next morning on arising, we found the weather had undergone a complete change and for the following seven days we had perfect climbing weather. Anxious to get things rolling, we climbed the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col and reconnoitered the west face of Snowpatch. This side looked particularly bad. The only apparent route that opened onto the summit ridge was still a long way from the final summit and there appeared to be many smooth stretches that from below looked uncompromising.



Sketch Map of Area West of Spillimacheen

On the way back to camp that afternoon, coming down the col, we enjoyed some fine glissading, stopping many times to admire the great east face and vertical strata. Half-way up was the prominent snowfield that gives this peak its name. The following morning we climbed to the notch connecting Snowpatch with a lesser pinnacle to the southeast. To reach this notch we climbed up a snow trough a little too steep for comfort. This entailed the crossing of a small bergschrund by a delicate snow bridge. On subsequent attempts we found it much easier to reach the notch by skirting the glacial debris of Bugaboo glacier and going around to the left of this lesser pinnacle and up an easy rock chimney to the notch.

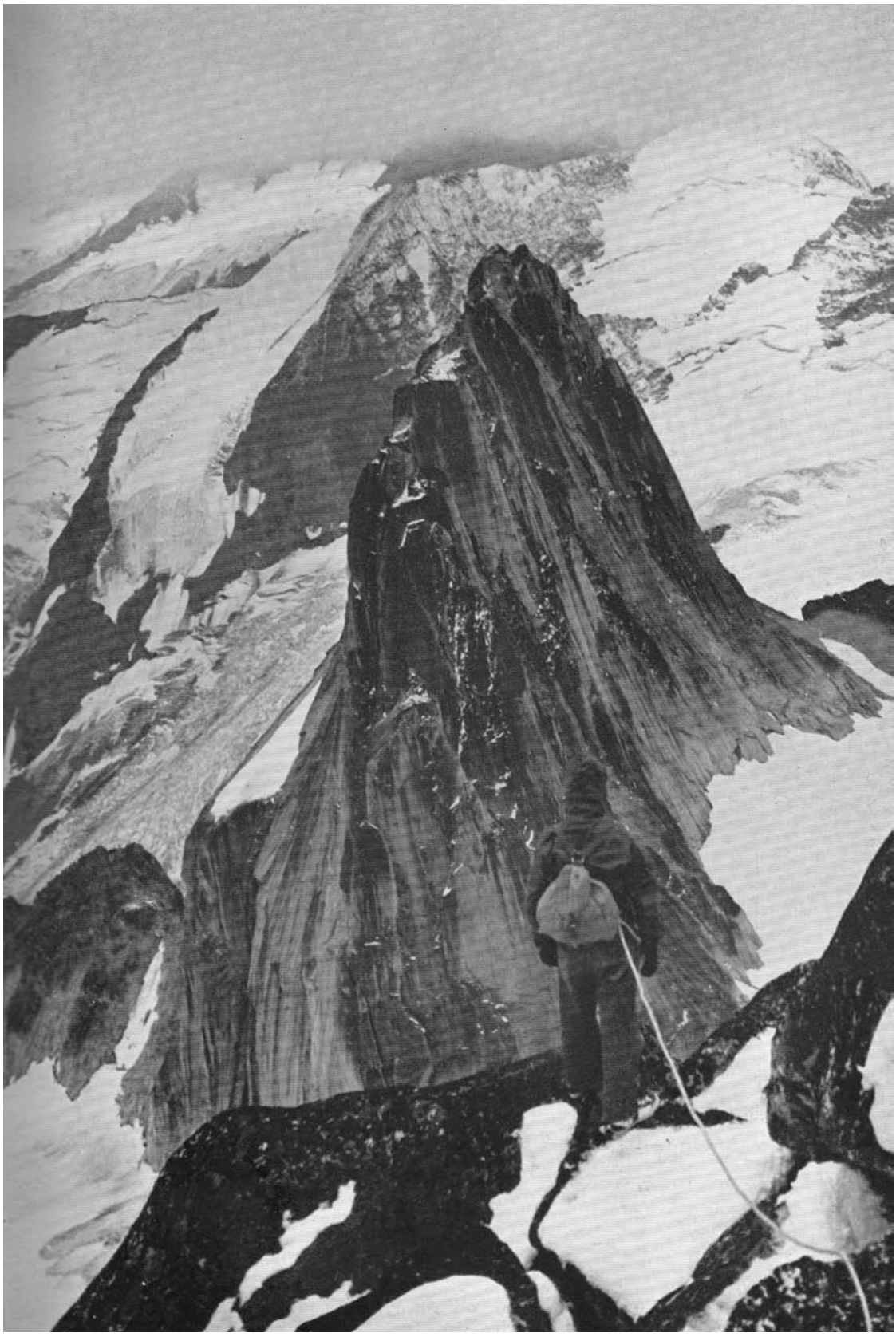
Arriving at the notch we made an easy traverse to the left. Here the difficult climbing began. Raffi took over and led up a shallow trough fully ninety feet long and entailing the placing of three pitons for protection. The next pitch was more difficult, calling for several arm and foot jams on about an eighty degree face. At the top of this pitch we found an old piton apparently used for a rope-down. As Fritz Wiessner was the only one to have been as high as this, we knew he must have placed it. After a short traverse along a narrow ridge, we were all staring at the Wiessner overhang, an awkward looking pitch of about twenty-five feet. Wiessner was stopped just above this, due to lateness.

Raffi asked me to take over the lead, not wanting to place his heavier weight on the direct aid pitons above. Taking over, I tested each piton carefully before snapping carabiners into them and, with the aid of a few foot slings, was soon over the overhang and anchored in a "bomb-proof" belay. I then brought Raffi up and together we studied the upper face, while Fritz and Ed waited below to hear our verdict. We were about on a level with the snowfield encased in the face but unable to see it due to bulging granite to the side of us. However, we had a good view of the face directly above. Possibilities looked poor, for all we could see were clusters of overhangs across the entire upper face. However, we had learned our lesson long ago. The only way to find a route that will go is to come to actual grips with the rock itself. We decided to retreat but determined to come up again. Three rope-downs and we were soon off the mountain and back in camp.

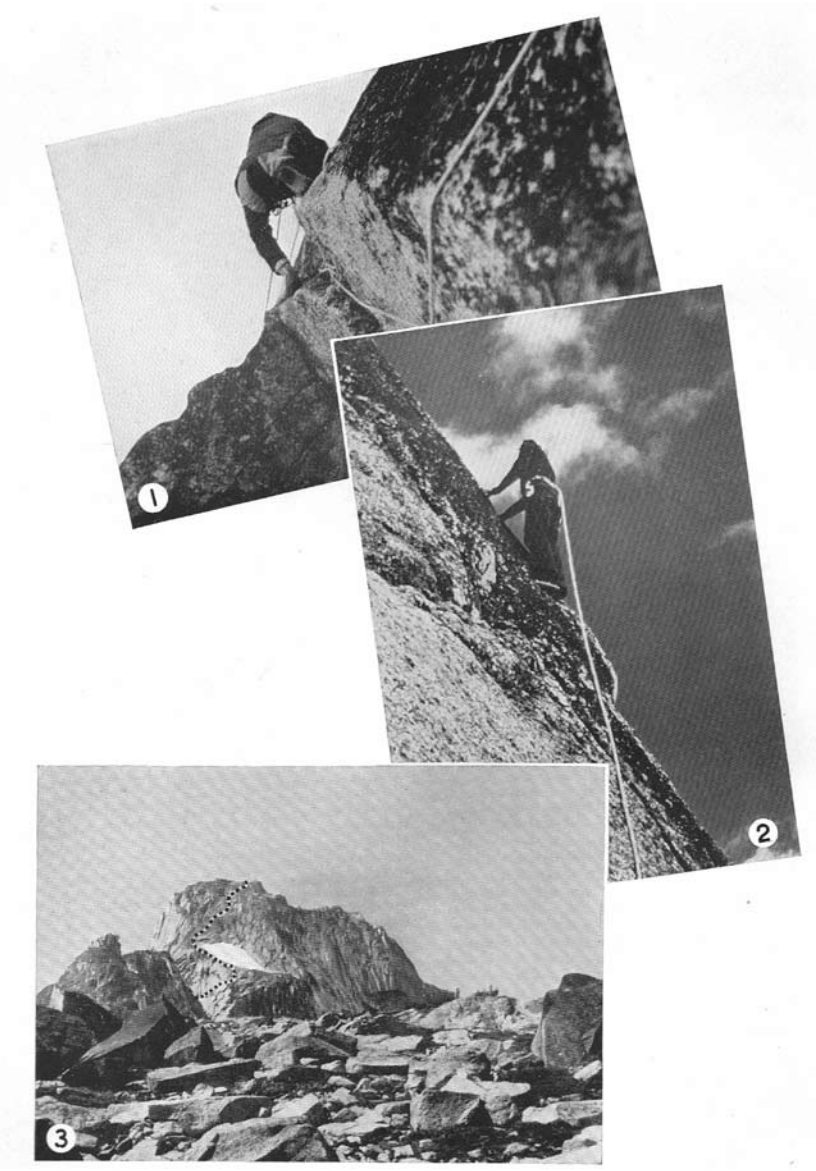
The afternoon of the following day Fritz, Ed and I decided to climb Bugaboo Spire, made famous by Conrad Kain a long time ago. We found the gendarme pitch exciting enough but we were unable from previous descriptions to understand the necessity of launching oneself from a piton. The entire climb is high tribute to Conrad Kain the climber.

The Howser group just across Warren glacier, little more than a stone's throw away, stood out in stark relief against a westering sun that left dull shadows moving in over the surrounding glaciers and rock spires. Hurriedly roping down, we were soon off the upper face. In the gathering dusk we scrambled down the last easy pitches and darkness caught us just at the col, made memorable by a long search for a misplaced boot sock amidst a jumble of broken rocks. In star bright darkness we hurried down heavy talus and back to camp. In the morning there was considerable discussion as to our chances on Snow-patch and when we finally decided to make a serious attempt, Ed and Fritz graciously stood aside in favor of a party of two for the sake of speed.

Throwing essentials and a lot of hardware into our rucksacks, we were soon on our way to the notch between Snowpatch and the lesser pinnacle where we deposited most of our gear. Roping up we soon reached our previous high point. Raffi took over the lead and after an easy friction pitch arrived at the snowfield. From here, climbing along the left-hand edge of the snow, we alternated leads. The climbing along here was characterized by several laybacks and friction pitches. Two of the friction pitches, on fairly high angle granite, were made possible by small cup-like depressions in the rock. Nowhere did we actually set foot on the snow on account of



Snowpatch Spire from Top of Bugaboo



1. Climbing Down the Wiessner Overhang

E. Koskinen

2. Climbing on Snowpatch

E. Koskinen

3. Route of Ascent on Snowpatch

R. Bedayan

our crepe soles and because of the insecure appearance of the snowfield. Arriving on a platform at the top and just to the left of the snowfield, we scrutinized the upper face but could discern no connecting route.

Due to lateness it was deemed inadvisable to attempt climbing higher. It was then about 5 p.m. It was necessary to climb down along the edge of the snowfield due to the lack of adequate anchorages from which to rope off. We managed one rappel to the edge of the Wiessner overhang where it was again necessary to resume climbing. It seems impossible to rope down this overhang due to its awkwardly placed position and the sheer face directly below it. A rope traverse may be the solution but this would entail as much trouble as climbing down. When we came down the last man was protected by tying slings in the upper pitons. The climbing rope running through them ensured an upper belay while the man below belayed. On reaching the bottom of this pitch it was necessary for the man to unrope and pull one end of the rope out of the slings. Two more rope-downs and we were back at the notch where we put on extra socks, stuffed our feet into our rucksacks and crawled into our bivouac sheet where we spent a very long night.

In the morning, starting early, it took about an hour to get really into the swing of the climb. The cramped bivouac had slowed us down a bit but the warm sun soon put us in the mood and in due time we reached our previous high point, the platform at the top and to the left of the snowfield. Looking over the upper face once more, we still could not see any route but decided to try it. Raffi having more experience, I suggested that he take over the lead from this point. Giving him a solid belay he traversed along an easy, upward-sloping ledge to the right and directly above the centre of the snowfield.

From here on piton protection was imperative and often I could hear the merry ringing of Raffi's hammer as he drove in well-placed pitons. Sounds came to me crystal clear. Moments later I could hear his call for "slack," then the soft snapping of a carabiner, and "up rope." We climbed straight up from this point on a series of small, interrupted ledges, connected mainly by narrow vertical cracks. I remember one particularly tiring pitch that required a left arm and leg jam for a distance of about twenty feet before the climbing eased off.

Clouds that were gathering over the district made us worry because much of the granite was covered with a great many black lichens that, when wet, would certainly complicate climbing.

Raffi led up an interesting friction slab to a ledge. The pitch leaving this ledge was the crux of the entire climb. Certainly it was one of the most unusual I've ever even heard about. On a very smooth, vertical face and, running upwards across this face at a seventy degree tangent, was a quartz vein with small knobs protruding. None of these knobs extended more than an inch and most of them considerably less. Raffi, placing pitons in the vein, led up on these small knobs to where he was stopped by a large overhang. This necessitated a traverse to the left, purely on the arms, to the base of a large chock-stone where this pitch ends. On following, I found the balance on these knobs very critical and the arm traverse so difficult, due to the character of the sloping hold, that the only way I could get adequate purchase was to balance with my right fore-arm and, with the left hand helping, inch my way across. The entire pitch is done under extreme exposure and I dare say the next party will find it interesting indeed.

I settled into a good belay behind the chock-stone and Raffi climbed up another vertical crack. In a few minutes he called down for me to come up. On reaching his belay point, Raffi complained of a leg cramp due to the awkward stance. Straddling a wide granite seat with an overhang pushing against my back, I was soon shifting around constantly to avoid a cramp. Two rope lengths farther, mainly on delicate friction, we were on the summit. I'll never forget Raffi's

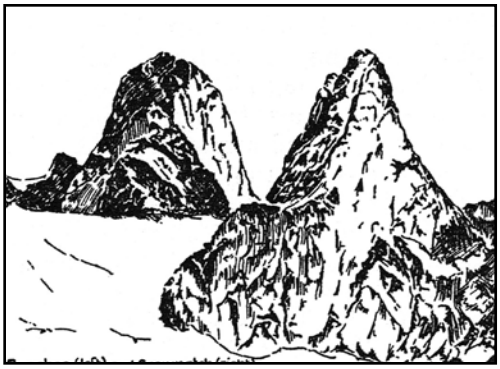
startled exclamation at his first view of the Howser group rising steeply out of Warren glacier or the wild, "awful," yodeling that rent the air.

We had found the climbing of a high order and at many points it was necessary for the belayer to be anchored to pitons. We placed, in all, twenty-three pitons.

After building a cairn where we left a small register, we were faced with the business of roping down. We found it imperative to rope down our climbing route. Two rope-offs were from pitons, the rest from chock-stones, the upper two rappels being very exposed.

The next day Fritz and Ed made an attempt on the unclimbed south tower of Howser. Due to unjustifiable snow conditions, they were turned back just at the base of the deep snow chimney that runs up the face.

In the early morning we left that lovely country. When far down in the trees we heard wind rattling through the dead timber behind us. We looked back once.



Bugaboo (left) and Snowpatch (right)

A TRIP TO THE TANTALUS RANGE[1]

BY C. S. NEY

The little-climbed Tantalus range lies from two to twelve miles northwest of the town of Squamish, B.C., at the head of Howe sound. It is therefore directly across the valley of Squamish and Cheakamus rivers from the well-known Garibaldi district. (See map and article by W. H. Mathews on page 30).

An excellent view of the range may be had from Point Grey, at the entrance to Vancouver harbour. From here, thirty-five miles away, it is a small but imposing group of rugged glaciated peaks, climaxing the progressive increase in height and ruggedness of the mountains as they lie further north of Vancouver, where the Coast mountains actually emerges from the lowland and the Gulf of Georgia. In detail the Tantalus mountains are typical of the B.C. Coast mountains; precipitous and serrated by glacial action, but massive and strong because of the toughness of the granite from which they are carved[2].

Seen from Point Grey, these mountains are indeed a powerful "tantalus" to any addict of the hills. So, after several years of viewing them from there, in every possible mood, Bill Mathews and myself yielded to the "tantalus," and with Harold O'Connor, planned a trip for the spring of 1940. The only time available was the last week of April, when coast weather is decidedly unpredictable, and snow conditions generally unfavorable for hiking.

We planned to go to Lake Lovely Water (Tantalus lake), which, although several miles from Tantalus peak itself, is centrally situated amid most of the smaller, though no less interesting, peaks of the group.

The first leg of the trip is a forty-mile boat trip from Vancouver, up picturesque Howe sound, to Squamish, at its head. From here we pedalled bicycles up the Squamish valley road for about twelve miles (to two miles beyond Cheekye). This distance might otherwise be covered by train or taxi.

At this point Squamish river flows at the extreme west side of the valley, right along the foot of the eastern slope of the Tantalus range. The road lies east of the river, and so it is necessary to cross by boat. After considerable negotiating, we located an Indian (Jacob Lewis) who was able to ferry us across to the mouth of Lovely Water creek, (draining Lake Lovely Water, see below). His fee was two dollars return; we considered this quite reasonable under the circumstances. This was a very convenient starting point for us. We camped the first night here at river level, about 100 feet above sea level.

Lake Lovely Water lies at an elevation of 3900 feet in a deep irregular basin surrounded by steep cliffs on three sides. Lovely Water creek drains it on the open side. The creek flows at gentle gradient through a small canyon for a few hundred yards, then plunges over steep cliffs at the head of a stubby hanging valley. This valley lies at right angles to, and is cut off by, the main Squamish valley. The gradient of the stream flattens again for a half-mile along the floor of the valley. At the outer end this floor is about 2000 feet above Squamish river. The intervening slope is the normal slope of the main valley side, and is very steep. The creek has worn only a small ravine in this

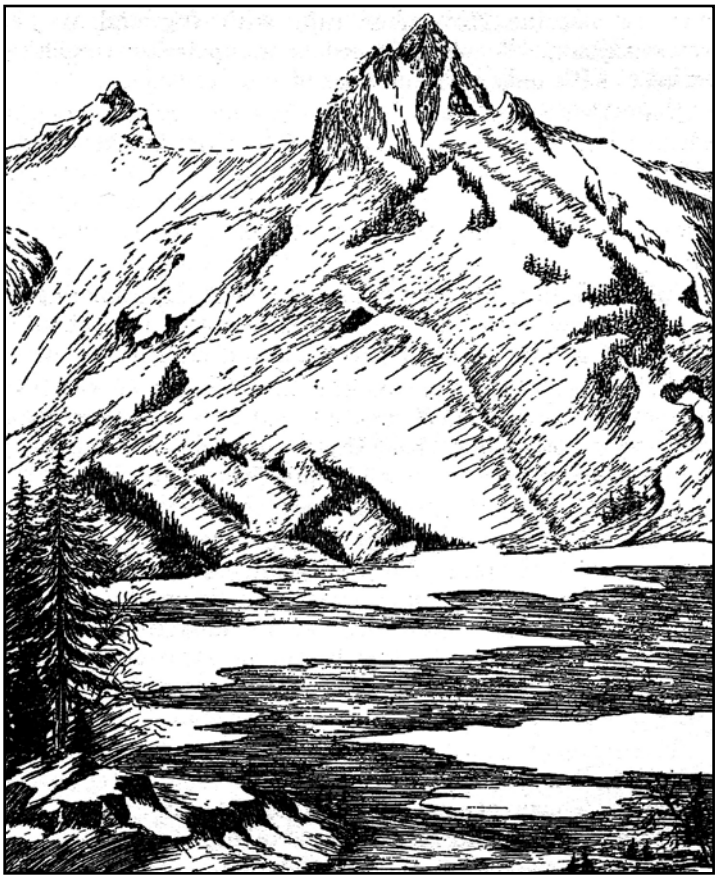
1 Names given are subject to correction by the Geographic Board of Canada.

2 We came prepared to study the geology of the range, but found little of interest. Over the area we covered, and judging from appearances, over the entire range, granite is the only abundant rock type.

slope,[3] and tumbles down in continuous cataract.

From Jacob Lewis' home one can look almost directly up the creek into the hanging valley. Alpha rises on the right of the valley; Omega peak on the left. These peaks are the beginning and ending of the circle of rugged peaks surrounding the lake; the others cannot be seen from this low elevation.

The following day we spent in climbing a mere 3600 feet in a horizontal distance of less than two miles. The first 2000 feet up to the hanging valley is a steep densely wooded slope with numerous small cliffs. We kept about 200 yards to the south of the creek, and encountered a few



Mt. Niobe from Tantalus Lake

H. O'Connor

bits of bad going. However, as we found on the way down, an easy trail could be picked out with a little patience. In the hanging valley we had a gentler slope but rough going over avalanche tracks covered with dense bush.

Part way up the valley we crossed to the other side and climbed upward away from the stream to avoid the cliffs at the head of the valley. We were soon on steep slopes in a tangle of

3 This ravine represents only a few thousand years of erosion since the glaciers left Squamish valley. Many of the streams entering Squamish valley from hanging valleys have done practically no erosion, and fall "slick" over the granite as over the spillway of a dam.

avalanche alder, with wet sinking snow underfoot. Pleasant spring showers in the lower valley had now become November rain with fog and it was growing dusk. We were forced to camp before reaching the lake, with only a vague idea of our location.

Everything was terribly wet. We had great difficulty lighting our fire. In spite of the fact that Mathews was a Boy Scout, it required several dozen matches, two carbide lamps, and an hour of hard blowing to get the miserable fire to generate heat faster than the rain carried it away.

Rain fell all night and continued next day, turning to snow in the afternoon. We found we were only about a quarter of a mile short of the lake, and slightly below it.

We were disappointed to find that the ice on the lake had begun to open, and was not suitable for travelling. There was little view from the lake—only dim shadowy forms of mountains rising steeply from the shore. We did no climbing, but spent the day improving our camp.

The following morning looked promising. Heavy clouds roared through the valley but occasionally broke enough to let the sun shine through. From the lake we could see the peaks more clearly, but only in parts at a time. We turned our attention to the easiest peak—Omega. This appeared to be easily climbed by a continuous ridge rising directly from the east end of the lake.

The lower part of this apparently continuous ridge proved to be interrupted by several small steep-sided gullies.[4] These caused us considerable annoyance and lost time, which could have been avoided.

We were forced to stop on a shoulder about 800 feet below the summit, as the snow was becoming increasingly difficult to climb in. In addition, an energetic blizzard was raging. As the wind broke against the ridge, it sent vortices of whirling snow reeling down the lee slope like miniature tornadoes. Our foot-deep tracks were obliterated in an hour. However we could see a little, and Bill was able to get a few pictures for his map. Alpha towered directly across the east end of the lake. Rugged Serratus lay to the left and farther away. Red Tusk, with a multitude of rocky towers, walled in the lake on the west. The Twins, Pelops and Niobe, rose on our side of the lake, only a mile away across a cirque basin. However our view was only a series of shadowy glimpses through driving fog and snow.

In the evening the storm subsided, and the sky cleared a little. For the first time we could see Squamish valley below us, and our route up. Across the valley the peaks of the Garibaldi district emerged from the clouds, cautiously, as though afraid someone were peeking. Garibaldi itself, solid white with fresh snow, towered majestically out of a sea of clouds. Black Tusk pierced the clouds for a brief instant. Most of the peaks remained clouded, and as twilight faded, the clouds rolled back entirely.

Next morning was cold and frosty. The sun shone brightly on the fresh snow-covered hills. However, at intervals, ragged cloud masses sailed furiously through our valley, bringing showers of hail and snow.

At the lake we were rewarded with a marvellous view. The Twins, Pelops and Niobe, stole the show—rising in steep granite crags 3500 feet above the lake to gleaming snowy summits. The cliffs and towers of Red Tusk ridge formed a barrier at the west end of the lake, as though holding back the clouds that were piled in scowling masses behind it.

4 Such small steep-walled gullies, with no appreciable stream in them, are very common in the granite mountains of the Coast mountains. They are characteristically straight, often traceable for miles, and are found to be oriented in a definite pattern. In most cases they are the expression of faults or master-joints where the rock has been strained or crushed so that it is more easily eroded than the surrounding rock. In geological literature they are called “goes.”

1. The Twins from Omega. Niobe right, Pelops centre, Iota extreme left.

2. Alpha from North Slopes of Omega

3. Peaks on Red Tusk Ridge from Slopes of Alpha

Photos T. Fyles

Harold stayed at the east end of the lake to sketch, while .Bill and I followed the north shore around the base of Alpha to a small knoll overlooking the northwest end of the lake. All along we enjoyed a changing view of Omega and the Twins. They were never quite free from clouds of cloud-shadows racing across them. Avalanching snow, hard hiking, and inclement weather prevented any serious climbing. At intervals great clouds broke loose and swept over Red Tusk ridge through the valley, bringing with them violent wind and snow. In spite of this Bill obtained a few good pictures for the map.

In the evening the sky cleared almost perfectly. We saw the entire Garibaldi district, from Black Tusk to Mamquam, in perfect detail.

Next morning was clear and frosty, but soon after sunrise a scarcely noticeable film of high cloud covered the sky completely. We set out for Pelops and Niobe. Our route lay along the south shore of the lake a short distance then up into the basin lying between Omega and the Twins. From here we headed directly up to a col between the Twins and a small peak (Iota) on the long ridge extending around to Omega. Thus far it was a plain snow trudge; we sank above our knees much of the time. The remaining 500 feet to the top of Pelops was a rather steep snow-slope, with a few rocks and tree-tops jutting through.

All the time the cloud had been uniformly lowering and thickening from the southwest till now, at 1 p.m., the sun was obscured and the higher peaks were shrouded with mist. Far in the northeast, mountains north of Garibaldi still enjoyed feeble sunshine. In the south, down Howe sound, the mountains were smothered in black cloud. We had our one and only glimpse of Tantalus peak several miles to the northwest. In a freezing gale, Bill read off angles to all the peaks he could see, while I mortified my fingers recording them. A cold snowstorm broke upon us as we left the peak, precluding the ascent of Niobe, which was only a few hundred yards north.

At camp, rain, sleet, hail and snow took turns all night and the next day. The clouds drew back a little in the evening but the way they sailed energetically in several directions, was not very encouraging. Later in the evening a small thunderstorm developed not far away, and more rain followed.

Rain continued most of next day. Bill cut a trail through the avalanche alder, for our use on the way out and for future parties.Next morning was clearing, and by noon it was a warm spring day, with only a few lazy cumulus clouds about. However it was time for us to leave. We followed the north side of the valley over a great rock slide and did not cross the creek till we were part way down the slope below the hanging valley, then down amongst the cliffs by deer trails to our previous camp.

Jacob Lewis, our ferryman, appeared on schedule the next morning, and took us back to civilization. Our bicycle ride to Squamish was made in torrential rain. Bill and Harold contrived to visit Alex Munro (a packer who had packed in to Garibaldi) a few minutes before lunch, so Mrs. Munro, with admirable hospitality, served us a remarkably fine dinner, and allowed us to wait in warmth and comfort till boat time.

MAPPING IN THE TANTALUS RANGE

BY W. H. MATHEWS, B.A.SC.

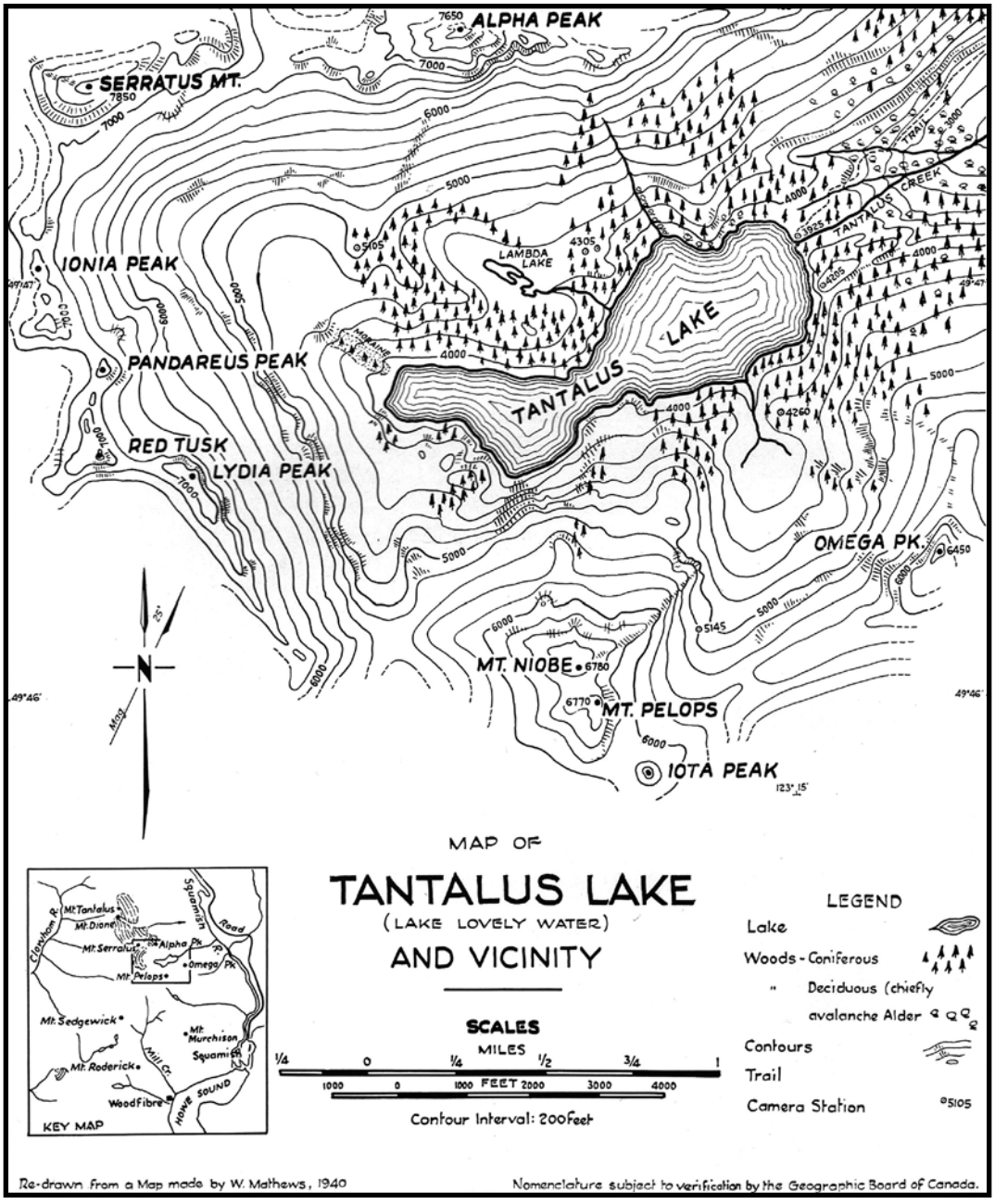
The accompanying map of Lake Lovely Water and vicinity is the result of an experiment in surveying methods especially adapted for mountaineering. All the essential information was obtained with a camera, an aneroid and a sextant, these with a combined weight of only five pounds of which the camera comprised over half. Observations from each camera station required only a few minutes and no undue delays were incurred though it must be added, that a good many hours were required after the return to civilization to draw up the map in its final form.

A one and three quarter inch box sextant was intended to be used for all the triangulation necessary for locating camera stations. By means of this instrument, angles can be measured between any two points with the limitation, however, that both points should be readily visible and that should either lie far above or below the horizon a correction must be made to the angle observed before it can be plotted. From a mountain top, since other peaks are both prominent and lie near the horizon, the sextant may be used in the place of a heavy and expensive transit or plane table with little or no loss in precision. During the visit to the Lake Lovely Water area, unfortunately, only one summit was occupied, though from the observations made at this point, the survey was tied in with the known peaks of Garibaldi Park, a few miles to the east. All other stations occupied were on the valley walls and the use of the sextant was restricted not only by the limitations already mentioned but also by the clouds which so often covered the peaks. For the location of the camera stations, therefore, angles were read directly from the photographs themselves, a procedure which introduced errors which in one or two parts of the map proved to be quite appreciable.

The camera, an old postcard-size Kodak was equipped with the two essentials for photo-topographic mapping, a rectilinear lens and a spirit level. Except in the case of two or three photos which had been tilted a known amount to include the summits, for which rather tedious corrections had to be made, the plotting of the map from the pictures was carried out by the accepted methods of photogrammetry.

The aneroid was used to determine the elevations of all the camera stations. In addition a "baseline" was measured between the lake level and the summit of Mt. Niobe by means of this instrument, corrected, of course, for temperature and changing atmospheric pressure. The vertical angle of this peak from a camera station on the opposite shore of the lake was measured by means of the sextant, and the original vertical "baseline" converted to the horizontal. Since Mt. Niobe rises almost three thousand feet above the lake and the error in measuring this difference in altitude probably less than twenty-five feet, the maximum error in a map of such a small area (two by three miles) introduced by this procedure is virtually negligible.

Although many of the methods suggested in this article would severely shock a land surveyor, it is felt that a map, even though it may be faulty, is far better than none at all. In concluding, the writer hopes that these short notes will not only instill caution in anyone using this map but will inspire other climbers to spare a little of their time and load for the preparation of detailed map's elsewhere.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IONIA PEAK
PANDAREUS PEAK
RED TUSK
LYDIA PEAK
LAMBDA LAKE
TANTALUS LAKE
TANTALUS CREEK
TRAIL
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MT. NIOBE
MT. PELOPS
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MORAINE
49°47'
49°46'
123°15'
MAP OF
TANTALUS LAKE
(LAKE LOVELY WATER)
AND VICINITY
SCALES
MILES
FEET
Contour Interval: 200 feet
LEGEND
Lake
Woods - Coniferous
" Deciduous (chiefly avalanche Alder
Contours
Trail
Camera Station
KEY MAP
Mt. Tantalus
Mt. Dione
Mt. Serratus
Alpha Pk.
Omega Pk.
Mt. Pelops
Mt. Sedgewick
Mt. Murchison
Squamish
Mt. Roderick
Mill Cr.
Howe Sound
Woodfibre
Clendinning R.
Squamish Road
Re-drawn from a Map made by W. Mathews, 1940
Nomenclature subject to verification by the Geographic Board of Canada.

CLIMBING AT THE HEAD OF NARROWS ARM

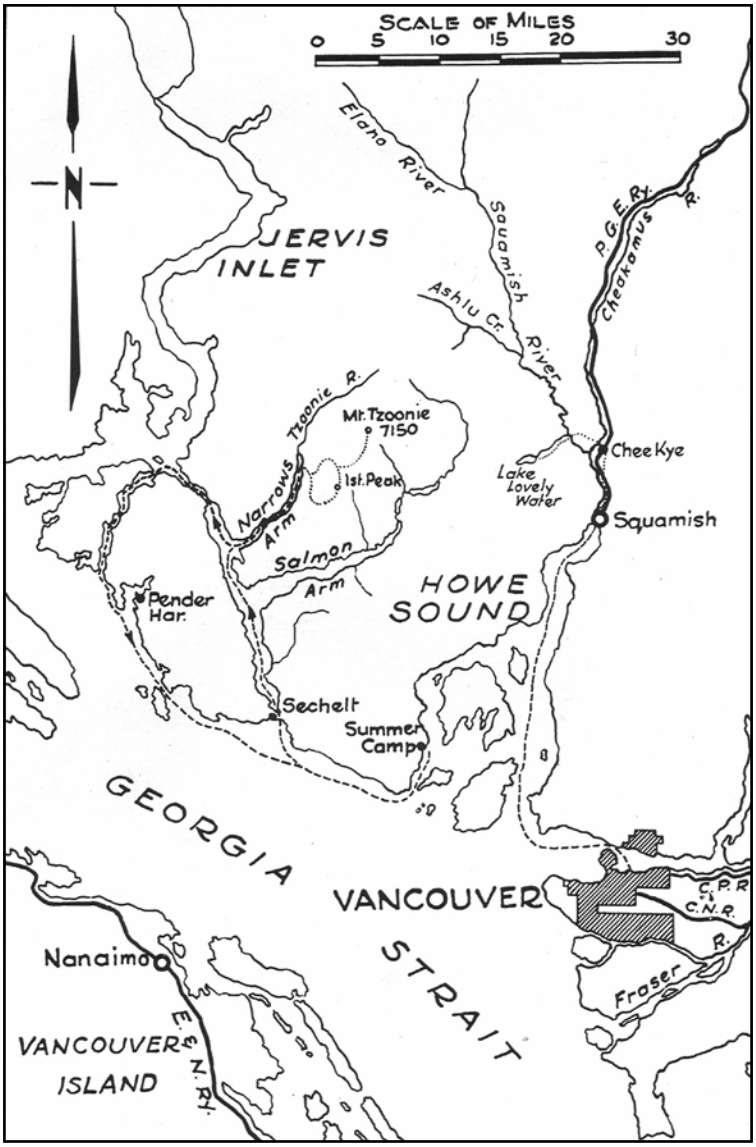
BY TOM FYLES

As a climbing centre, a beach cottage at the west side of Howe sound has its limitations, but, as a compromise to suit the needs of a growing family, it has been found to have possibilities. Day and overnight trips have with the aid of a small boat provided outings of a more or less strenuous nature to summits a vertical mile above the water, from which it is possible to obtain glimpses of higher and unfamiliar country as yet untrodden, as well as glimpses of the better known mountains around Howe sound. Compensations too have been offered on returning after a strenuous day by the home comfort, the bed without sticks and stones and the sea bathing—restful satisfaction for weary limbs and stiff muscles. If ambitions can be satisfied at moderate elevations, it is possible to make interesting climbs along the waterways and inlets north and west of Vancouver, and in spite of mountaineering attainments of the past, there is no difficulty in finding new worlds to conquer.

An opportunity offered for a week's outing this summer. The writer with his two sons, John, seventeen years and Jim, fifteen years, left the beach camp in the early evening of Dominion day for Sechelt. Here a truck was hired which in quick time transferred boat, party and equipment the three-quarters of a mile to Porpoise bay on Sechelt inlet. Half an hour later just before dark a camping place was found on a small island and a deer, which had chosen the same headland for his night's abode, was disturbed. The weather which had been of the best for some time showed signs of a sudden change; large drops of rain began to fall making it necessary to put up the tent before settling down for the night. By sunrise, however, there was a cloudless sky and for the remainder of the week, there was no thought of again using the tent except as a pillow. Literally starting before breakfast, as there was no drinking water on the island, we made a stop at the first convenient stream where we enjoyed a swim while the kettle came to the boil. Later we sailed along Sechelt inlet; passed the mouth of Salmon arm; turned into Narrows arm, which, true to its name, is only 100 yards wide at one point; passed under the steep slopes of Mt. Drew, the only named mountain in the vicinity, and by noon landed beside a disused cabin not far from the head of the inlet.

The object of the trip was to climb to the sky-line between Narrows arm and Salmon arm, roughly parallel strips of water. Maps revealed features up to 5000 feet and the words unexplored snowfields which stood for higher ground beyond this and which we hoped implied something to climb. Glimpses of this country from mountains on the west side of Howe sound had led us to believe that the trip would be worth while, if only for the views to be obtained of other new districts. A creek with conspicuous waterfalls joined the inlet beside the cabin where we had landed, and as snow-ridges appeared above the valley head, it was thought that this would be a good starting point for our climb.

Twenty-five to thirty years ago the slopes had been logged off to a height of about 2000 feet. When logging roads were first put in, the climb to timber line would have been a fairly easy matter, but since fire had been through the slashings and a dense growth had followed, the skid roads were almost beyond recognition. It took four hours on Tuesday afternoon to reach a point on the creek at 1200 feet elevation, and though a start was made at 6.30 the following morning, it was not until about 2 p.m., after we had forced a way through the tangle of bush up a dry hillside that our optimism had a chance to revive. A nearby rock slide revealed two patches of snow and early prospects of tea. The first to our dismay turned out to Be a white rock but at the second we were



Map of Narrows Arm Area.

1. Mt. Tzoonie

2. Along the Ridges to Mt. Tzoonie

3. Camping Place Before Climb

able to have our fill of the precious brew and soon were able to take a new interest in the country which was opening out before us.

Presently we emerged on the open hillside with heather and snow patches and rushing streamlets, and by 5 p.m. reached a gap on the sky-line where Narrows arm could be seen below on one side and Salmon arm on the other. Across a dip in the ridge to the south, two peaks on the divide between the waterways seemed worth a climb, while a higher summit rose directly above us. Leaving our packs at a suitable camping place, we took to the snow-slopes above and arrived on the top of the latter at 7 p.m., the aneroid showing 6700 feet.

While climbing, we had watched with interest the unfolding views of mountain country mostly new to us. Now the clear-cut sky-lines, the snows tinted with glows of sunset, the long shadows of the peak with our three selves projected far below on the apex of a pyramid, more than compensated us for our struggles through the dense bush earlier in the day. As the hour was late, we hastened down to our packs on the heather where we ate supper after dark by the camp fire.

The following morning we moved camp to another ridge across the valley to the north, in order to obtain a better starting place for a trip along the divide where the ground seemed to be higher. After traversing below the peak we had climbed, we left the packs beside a snow-covered lake while we again made a trip to the summit in order to take pictures and to look more carefully at the views. As the day was again perfect, we spent two delightful hours picking out the details of the sky-line before retracing our steps to the packs and continuing to look for the new camp site. Choosing the highest ground at 6000 feet, we found, on some sloping ground close to the snow a rather restricted sleeping-place with an attractive lake in view 1000 feet below. Later we continued along the crest of the ridge and climbed a small peak rising out of it from which it was possible to look down a large section of Narrows arm 6500 feet below. Some distance to the northeast was an attractive peak which seemed to be within reach and we took our bearings for a trip in this direction on the morrow. On turning to descend, we found that the youngest member of the party was missing. He had last been seen trying out the effects of gravitation along the precipitous north face. Shouts failed to raise an answer as we peered down at the rocks dotting the snow below, until we stumbled over him fast asleep a short distance away.

On Friday we were away at 5 a.m. over the frozen snow surface, following the crest of the divide with its numerous turns, its ups and downs. Fortunately there were no big breaks in the ridge but several descents were made of 500 feet, and at the lowest point we were 800 feet below camp level. The sun soon thawed out the surface but the going was good and the views were delightful.

To me the sky-line ridge, from which it is possible to look down on both sides on ever-changing scenes, offers the ideal outing. Fascinating lakes appeared at every turn. We passed above the head of seven valleys with two or three lakes nestling in each of them. For some distance we were able to avoid one of the curves of the ridge by cutting across the head of a glacier basin, which terminated in a rocky cliff and re-formed some distance below. At the lowest point of the divide where a little vegetation appeared, we planned to have lunch, only to find that both tea and kettle had been left behind, but a few oxo cubes and a jelly tin relieved the situation.

Above us now rose the peak we had set out to climb. As it was the most shapely peak and about the highest on the divide, we decided to call it Mt. Tzoonie after the river of that name which flows into the head of Narrows arm. Steep slopes of snow led us to the base of a rock wall which divided the two horns of the mountain. Here the only choice seemed to be a rock chimney where many loose stones had to be avoided, above, a snow ridge led to the final peak and a short scramble up the rocks led us to the summit which the aneroid gave as 7150 feet.

Under a perfect sky we spent two hours enjoying the views. A section of high country with extensive glaciers as yet untouched by climbers appeared to the northeast beyond the head of Tzoonie river. Mountains around the various reaches of Jervis inlet filled in the west, with the small but shapely peak of Mt. Churchill standing out from the rest. Tantalus group and the well-known mountains of Howe sound stood to the east while the snow-ridges and the country we had travelled through spread to the south. The long journey back to camp, tiring to the limbs, was relieved by the continuous views which were particularly beautiful with the evening shadows spreading over the snow.

On reaching camp at 7 p.m. we decided to continue our journey to a new camp site beside one of the pretty lakes seen from the ridge. There at 9 p.m. after a long but glorious day we prepared supper and settled for the night.

Saturday morning after climbing a thousand feet, we reached a point immediately above the head of Narrows arm which, 6000 feet below, looked to be only a stone's throw away. It was fortunate that the weather remained clear as it was no easy task to find a way down among the bluffs which composed the hillside. By descending some distance along the crest it was found possible to avoid the worst of the cliffs and after a final plunge through dense growth at lower levels we emerged on the water's edge at 6 p.m. Here we indulged in a refreshing swim and general cleanup sharing the swimming pool with a seal who was very inquisitive at our first splashes but quickly disappeared when he realized we were rather big fish.

On Sunday morning with a feeling of satisfaction over the successful trip, we set out for home, planning to go the longer way round by Sechelt and Jervis inlets to Pender harbour and so follow the coast round to the cottage on Howe sound. This, the easy part of the trip, failed to go according to plan. First we had to pass through the Skookum Chuck rapids, and, failing to time the tide correctly, had the thrill of looking over a formidable portion of the rapids before realizing our position. Later the boat was successfully roped through along the shore. The older member of the party too had a jolt by pulling out a loose rock and falling twenty feet to the beach where he found the rocks particularly hard. Later, too, the outboard had its turn and it was not until late on Monday that the last lap of the journey was completed.

THE SECOND ASCENT OF THE MIDDLE FINGER

BY W. H. MATHEWS

About the middle of May, 1940, Gus Fraser and the writer made a short exploratory trip in the northeastern part of the Coquitlam range, and ascended the highest peak of the vicinity, the Middle Finger[1]. Three earlier trips to this district had previously been made. The first was made in 1924 by a party under Tom Fyles from Coquitlam lake, when bad weather prevented the discovery of the highest peak, and the other two, in 1938 and 1939 by L. R. Harrison and R. Pilkington, who, approaching from Wigwam Inn at the head of Indian arm succeeded in making a number of ascents including the Middle Finger. Reports and photographs of members of an exploratory trip of the Vancouver section of the Alpine Club, in the mountains east of Pitt lake in April 1940 indicated, however, that an easier approach to these mountains might be made from the eastern side of the Coquitlam range from this lake.

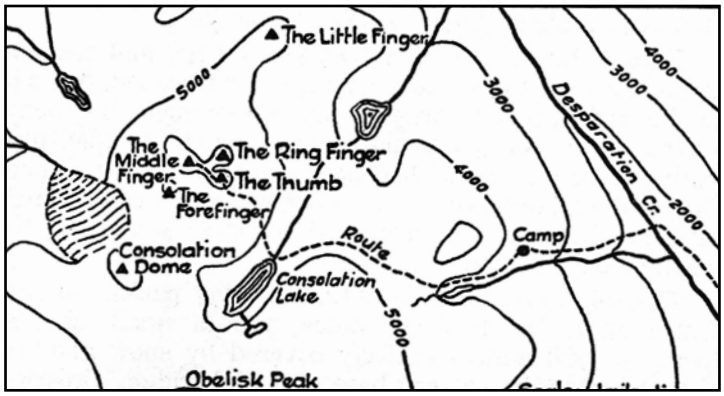
On the afternoon of May 17, therefore, we were put ashore with equipment and supplies for five days, on a delta on the west side of Pitt lake and four miles from its head, from the motor boat operating a scheduled passenger and express service on the lake. Here we cached one day's food on the shore, and set off up the hillside. After a climb of 1000 feet we set our tent on a narrow shelf we had hewn in the steep clay slope with our ice-axes. Incidentally, a geological hammer here proved serviceable in softening or flattening the boulders exposed in this excavation.

The following morning we traversed west along the hillside into the valley of the creek on whose delta we had landed. The lower part of the creek had a very steep gradient and it was unnecessary to lose any altitude in reaching the valley floor a mile or so upstream. Here we were dismayed by the size of the stream which we knew we had sooner or later to cross. By noon, we had reached a point on the stream two and a half miles from its mouth and had not seen a single place where it could be bridged or forded. At this point, however, there was an important tributary from the west and the possibility of crossing the main stream above it seemed improved, till we found that for some distance above the forks, it ran through a series of canyons. The trees, hereabouts, apparently as a measure of self-protection, all refrained from growing in such strategic localities that they could be felled to form a footbridge. In an effort to avoid missing anything that might be of help to us, we followed upstream, close to the water's edge in the worst tangle of small trees and underbrush and amid small cliffs and gullies. These proved so exhausting that we finally climbed to a bench about two hundred feet above the stream, descending periodically to look at the turbulent water. By two o'clock we were directly opposite our immediate destination and had

1 This peak is the centre and highest of a group of five which were originally called the Memorial group by the Fyles party. It was their intention to name the individual peaks after members of the B. C. Mountaineering Club who were killed in the last war, but only the one peak that they climbed (the Forefinger) was named, according to this system, Mt. Carr. This name was subsequently adopted, however, for a peak near Garibaldi lake and the system was dropped. It was from this source, though, that Harrison suggested the name Memorial Peak for the highest point ("Ascents in the Coquitlam Range" C.A.J., 1939). In recent years, after the appearance of the group from Mts. Meslilloet and Bonnycastle, the name Five Fingers has been proposed and is adopted in this article. The peaks are arranged in a line extending from the Forefinger at the southwestern end to the Little Finger at the northeastern end and with the Thumb as in the left hand opposing the Middle Finger and joined to it by a high ridge. Still another name has been mentioned for the group, Rhino Peak, after its profile as seen from the mountains of North Vancouver, the Little Finger serving as the horn and the Middle Finger and Thumb as the head and the Forefinger and Ring Finger as the ears.

still found no crossing. As a result of our desperation, we now gave the creek its name. What we decided was to be our last descent to the water's edge before giving up the battle and returning to Pitt lake, almost miraculously, brought us out at the first and only ford we saw. The crossing was cold and uncomfortable but was not particularly difficult or hazardous. To warm up, we started up the west side of Desperation creek valley towards the hanging valley leading to our peaks. After climbing in this direction for an hour and a half, we camped in a small meadow at 3100 feet, a short distance below snow line.

Here, after we had cut tent poles, pegs and boughs, and had brought down a cedar snag for firewood, our axe handle gave up the struggle and broke near the head. Neither of us was particularly sorry as the handle, projecting from our packs, had been a nuisance in the bush. The head was, however, still serviceable as a wedge, which with the help of the geological hammer was used for splitting our firewood.



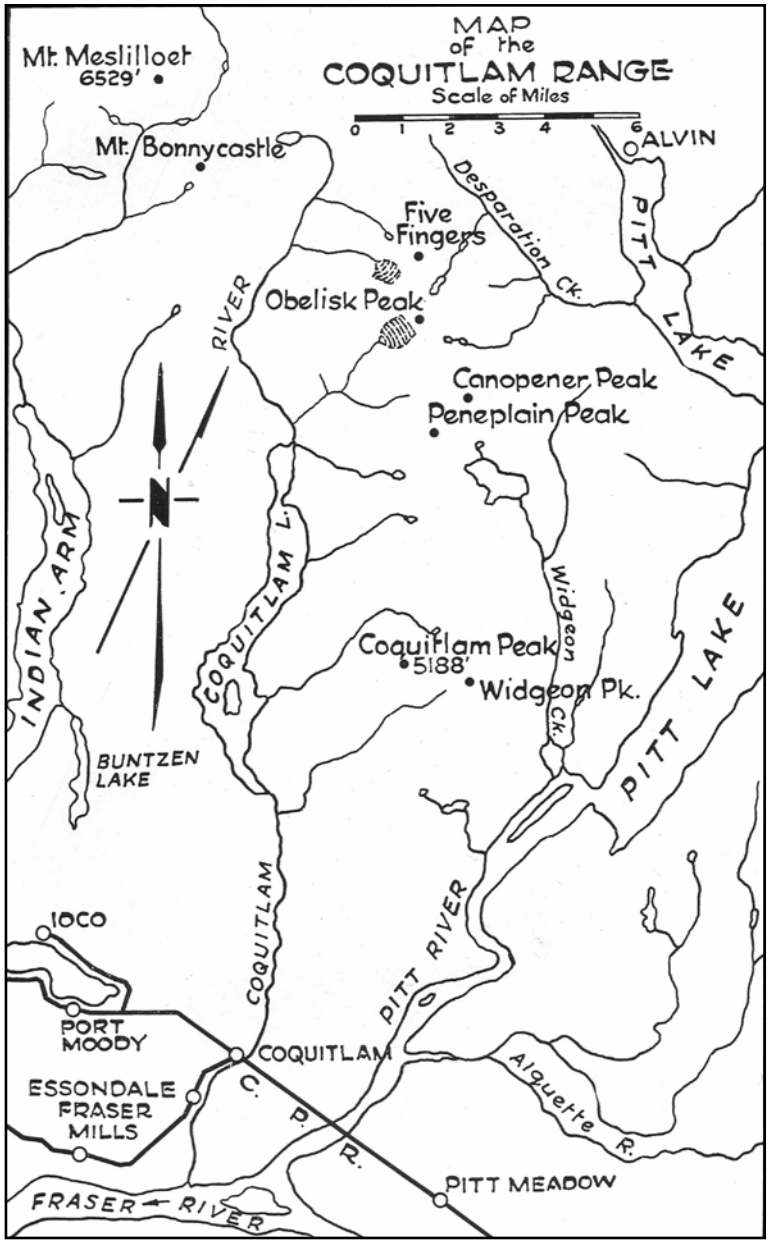
Map of the Five Fingers

SCALE: 1 MILE = 1 IN.

The following morning, with only day packs, we continued up to the hanging valley, past a small lake, at 4000 feet still almost entirely covered by snow and ice, to its head at the eastern base of a high ridge. Crossing a low pass to the north, we came in sight of our goal lying on the far side of a broad valley occupied by a main branch of Desperation creek. Three peaks presented themselves. Of these, the central was apparently the highest, but at the first and only glance, it seemed under the circumstances to be hopeless, indeed quite unethical. The eastern and lowest peak was attractive but remote. As the day was still young, and we had hopes of climbing more than one mountain before nightfall, we chose the western and nearest peak.

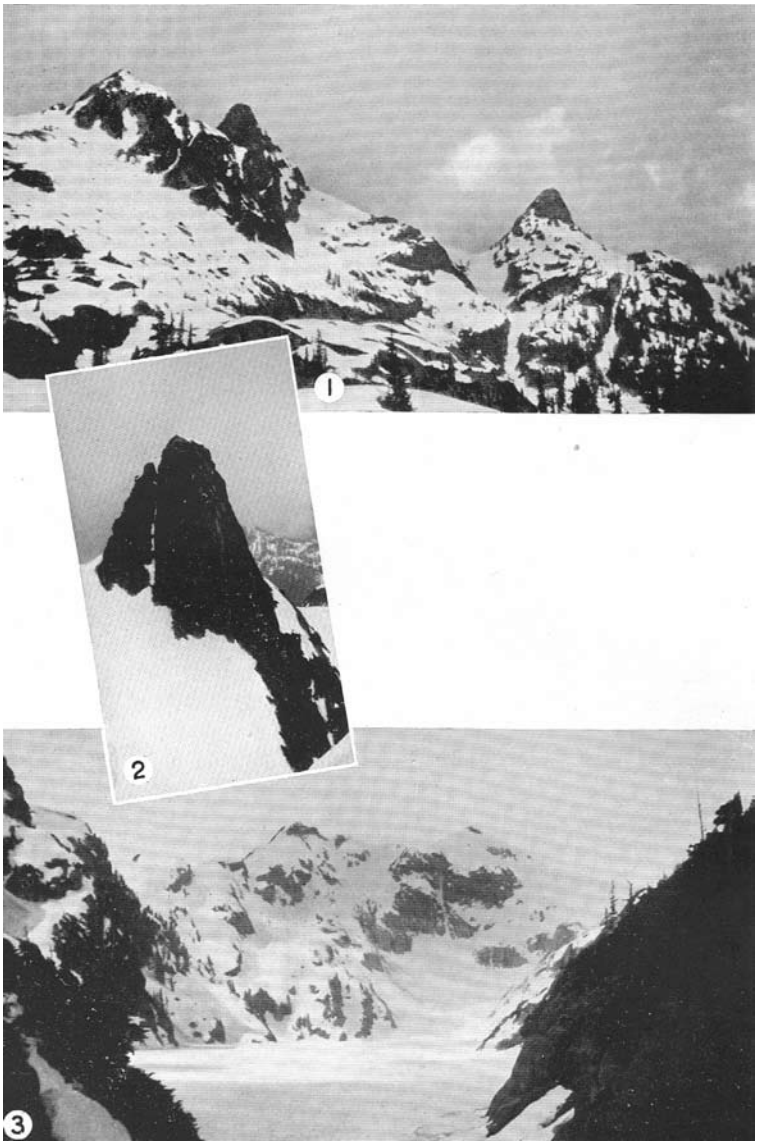
Within a short time we reached this fork of Desperation creek and, turning past a small bluff, we came within view of a lake of such beauty that we felt all our earlier efforts and discomforts amply repaid. We therefore immediately called it Consolation lake. Crossing the creek at the lake outlet without difficulty, we climbed easily towards our objective over the rolling hillside, in places, heather slopes swept clear of snow. Not before we had reached the base of the rocks forming the summit, however, did we see that immediately behind this peak lay another, the highest of the entire group.

When we had reached the first summit, built a cairn and consumed a bar of chocolate, we examined the approaches to the higher peak, only a few hundred feet to the northwest and about a hundred and fifty feet higher. The ridge between the two summits was broken at one point by a sheer cliff about twenty feet high and was impassable. A feasible route was found, however, to the



Map of the Coquitlam Range

Based on sheet 92SE - N.T.S. and field sketches and photos



1. The Thumb, Ring Finger and Little Finger

2. The Ring Finger from the Thumb

3. Consolation Lake and Obelisk Peak.

Photos R.A. Fraser

west of this ridge, requiring a descent of about a hundred and fifty feet. Gus was, unfortunately, now feeling the effects of this strenuous exercise after so many weeks in an office and elected to remain and take photographs. I carried on alone and reached the higher peak in about twenty minutes, finding there the record of the first ascent by Harrison and Pilkington. On this peak I had the first occasion to use my geological hammer for its rightful duty of breaking rocks and found I had left it back at camp.[2]

The clouds which had been accumulating all morning now descended about the peak, completely obliterating any view. By the time I had returned to Gus, a drizzle had started, soon to become a heavy rain. Except for one short interval when we crouched under a gnarled and quite inadequate tree to have a brief and belated lunch, we made a non-stop retreat to camp, reaching it by a quarter past three. True to the law of the perversity of inanimate nature, now that we were well removed from any peaks, the rain ceased and the sky cleared. Disgusted by this treatment, we had supper and turned in before five o'clock.

The following day we returned to Pitt lake. Knowing the location of the ford, we had no trouble recrossing Desperation creek. It was now unnecessary for us to follow the water's edge as we had coming up, and taking advantage of the more open bush on the bench near the base of the cliffs of the eastern wall of the valley, we made good time. Only the night before, Gus had told me of a story in one of Dumas' books of a prisoner, who, to pass the time, had made such a thorough study of the habits of flies, that he knew exactly where they would go and could pick them out of the air with his thumb and forefinger. Gus had apparently made a similar study of the habits of the deer, for his ability to follow their winding trails was nothing short of phenomenal. These trails passed through the most open woods at the base of the steep valley wall but dodged every one of the cliffs and steep rocky gullies. We saved so much time keeping to these trails that we reached Pitt lake by half past two, only six hours after we had left the high camp.

Pitt lake, though entirely of fresh water, lies so close to sea level that the tide has its effect up the thirty-five miles of river between it and the sea, and its surface rises and falls several feet twice each day. Though we had been aware of this tide, we had judged high water almost too well, for during our absence, a couple of cans in our cache of food and spare clothes had actually been immersed.

After a very brief swim in the lake, we set about establishing our last camp, on a patch of soft humus in which we sank ankle deep. During the evening some metamorphism must have taken place for by the time we retired, the humus had become completely indurated. All night I dreamed of sleeping on a rock outcrop and Gus claimed that he never slept at all. Though happy to have visited this little known part of the country, we were equally happy, next morning, when the boat arrived to take us back to the comforts of civilization.

2 The peaks are composed of deep-seated intrusive rocks, chiefly granodiorites, as indeed, are all the rocks examined along the route from Pitt lake, with the exception of an area of contact breccia near Consolation lake. No roof pendants were seen. The summits are, however, characterized by numerous very fine grained, hard and exceedingly slippery aplite dikes with a smaller number of basic dikes and at the outlet of Consolation lake is at least one pegmatite dike. Harrison, who examined the area to the south as far as Peneplain Peak reports only batholithic rocks ranging from diorites to granodiorites.

"STANLEY SMITH'S TRAVELS" IN THE COAST MOUNTAINS, 1893

BY W. A. DON MUNDAY

Mountaineering circles in British Columbia do not seem to have preserved even word-of-mouth knowledge of great glaciers discovered in 1893 in a section of the Coast mountains which is still incompletely mapped and, in part, is not known to have been visited since.

This account of "Stanley Smith's Travels" was found by Sub-Inspector C. Clark, of the British Columbia Police headquarters staff in Victoria, in a scrapbook compiled by Superintendent F. S. Hussey. I am obligated to Inspector Clark for a transcript of the newspaper account which seemingly copied most of Smith's report to the police.

Willard E. Ireland, archivist at the Provincial Library, helped to clear up several obscurities in Smith's account by supplying copies of articles in Vancouver newspapers.

The Victoria Colonist, Nov. 5, 1893, p. 6, carried the story of "STANLEY SMITH'S TRAVELS," with three sub-heads: "Three Months' Adventures in the Cascades— Where White Men Never Before Trod. How Clark and Braden Perished—A Cap the Only Relic Found. Marvellous Mountain Scenery and Picturesque Waterfalls—In Peril On the Glaciers."

Comparatively recent maps still carry the legend: "Summit of the Cascades as defined for administrative purposes," to mark roughly the crest of the Coast mountains. Otherwise, "Cascades" is ordinarily understood to apply to the southern extension of the range from Fraser river into the United States.

"When Stanley Smith, the noted explorer, set out more than three months ago, to cross the Cascades in search of the lost men, Clark and Braden, it was only upon a forlorn hope that he acted, and the result of his search seems to make a certainty of the general supposition that those two adventurous spirits forfeited their lives in their enterprise.

"Clark and Braden, the two men who were lost, left Vancouver in the spring of 1892 to go through the Squamish to Chilcotin. Clark was an engineer, and his evident intention was to make a rough prospect of the country, taking some elevations and levels with a view to report on the feasibility of the route for the Peace River and Alaska railway. He was not sent out by the promoters of that line, but took the trip on speculation, probably with a view to selling the information thus obtained at a later period. Braden was an artist and accompanied Clark to make sketches and take photographs along the way. [This paragraph appeared verbatim in the Vancouver News-Advertiser a week earlier.]

"The Provincial Government having determined to make an attempt to solve the mystery, the matter was placed in the hands of Superintendent F. S. Hussey, of the Provincial Police, and it was upon his instructions that Stanley Smith acted. The explorer, who returned a week ago, has made a very interesting report of his travels to Superintendent Hussey which in condensed form is as follows:

"In accordance with your instructions, on July 21, I purchased provisions and outfit for myself and one man, for the journey by Squamish to Chilcotin, in search of Clark and Braden.

"We started July 24, and reached Squamish on the evening of the 25th. Next morning we started up the river, reaching Jemmet's camp[1] at noon on the 28th, but had to wait to see Clark,

1 William S. Jemmett, P.L.S., was surveying land suitable for settlement, for the government. Crown Land Surveys, 1893, p. 983.

who was at work in the woods and would not return until evening. He did not care to go, however, expressing himself as satisfied that I would make a thorough search."

Clark, or Clarke, was a younger brother of the missing engineer, and evidently was expected to accompany Smith in the search, while a Mr. Doolittle, of Maple Ridge, would take Clark's place in the survey party. Smith and Doolittle took an Indian from "the Mission village," the Indian reserve on the north shore of Vancouver harbour, and paddled to the head of Howe Sound. (Vancouver News-Advertiser, July 22, 1893.)

Jemmett was probably working between fifteen and twenty miles up Squamish river at this time. As Smith gives little description of the first stage of his journey beyond this, Jemmett's experiences may be worth quoting from the Crown Surveys Report. He mentions "thick devil's clubs, which here grow to a height of nine to twelve feet or more. ... In moving camp . . . one of my canoes, in charge of Indians, was completely smashed up and the entire kitchen outfit and some provisions lost. It took the two canoes nearly the whole day from camp to camp, [between one and a half and two and a half miles]. On account of this accident one of my Indians immediately left me." He sent down to the river mouth for more supplies, but the Indians refused to make more than the one trip because of having to wade in the river while towing the canoe.

Smith's account continues:

"We left the camp on the morning of the 29th, and reached the lower portage on the evening of the 31st, where we hauled up the canoe and next morning started afoot."

Smith makes no comment to show that he took Doolittle in Clark's place, and never mentions Doolittle by name, but the News-Advertiser, Oct. 29, 1893, says "He had as companion a young man named Doolittle from Maple Ridge." The Vancouver World, Oct. 23 and 28, 1893, assumed that Clark was Smith's companion. But coupled with Smith's own version, it appears that Doolittle was the man who made the trip with him.

"We finished the portage early on August 2, and started to make a canoe for crossing the river. From here the Siwash returned. He gave us many warnings to 'klosh nanitch'[2] and shook our hands, as of men he might not see again. I completed the canoe on the 4th and spent till the 9th searching the East branch, but found no sign that they had gone that way.

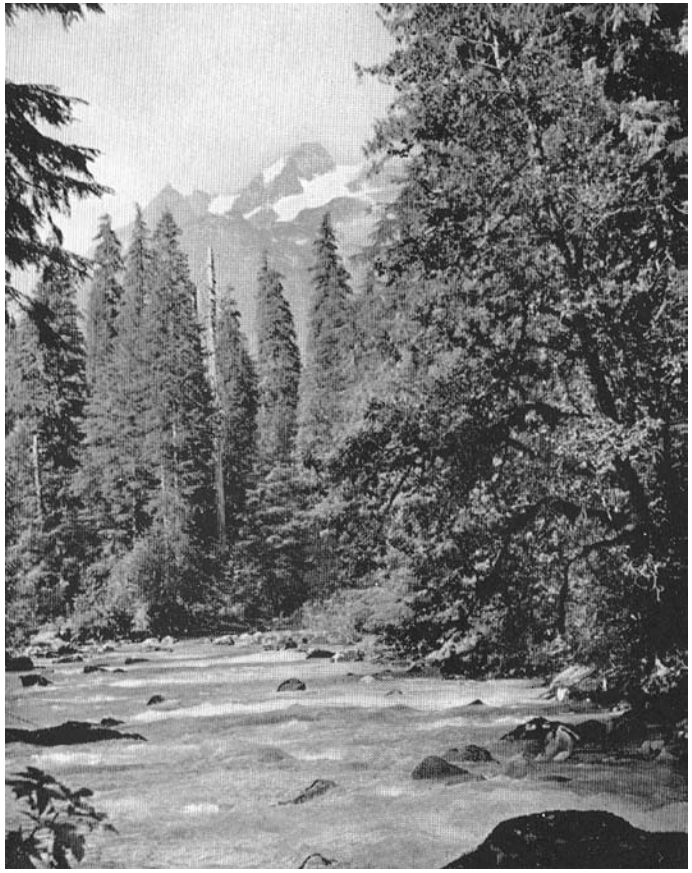
"On the morning of the 10th we crossed the river, and carrying 100 pounds each, proceeded up the canyon, searching as we went, and reached the head of the canyon on the evening of the 11th. Here Clark and Braden started up the river in a canoe, the Indian turning back.

"On the following day I picked up a grey tweed cap with peak, on a bear trail crossing a rock slide; according to the Siwash, the cap belongs to Clark. A thorough search of the vicinity failed to discover anything else."

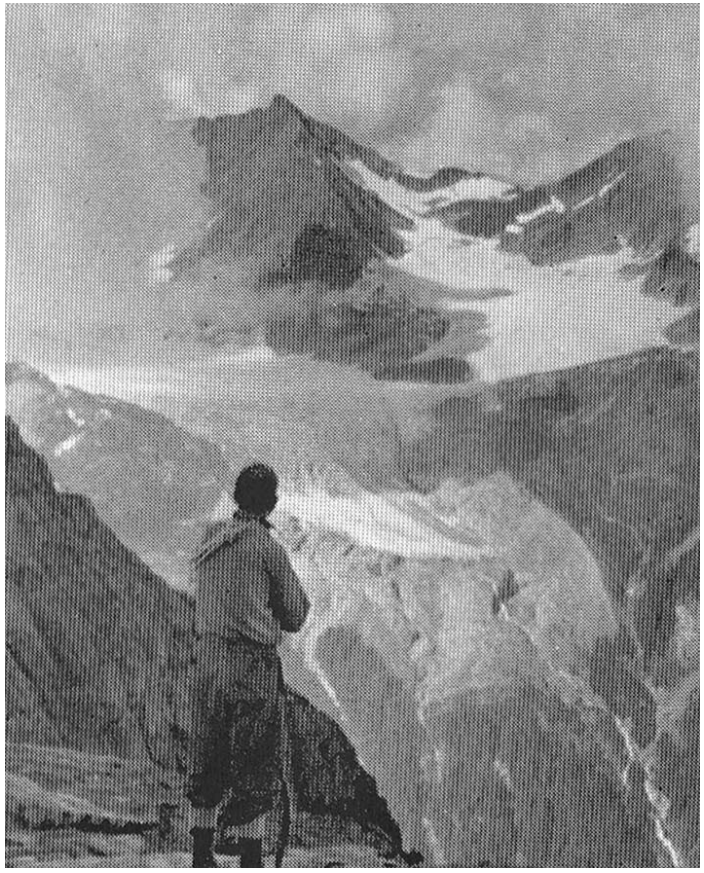
Identification must have been made, after Smith got back to Vancouver, by the Indian employed by Clark and Braden to help them part way up the river. The Vancouver World, Oct. 28, 1893, said the cap "had evidently been soaked in blood." This possibly was merely a "build-up" in hopes that murder by their Indian boatman might be charged. Smith in closing his report to the police said "I don't suspect Douglas or any other Indian in this matter." It must be borne in mind that a long succession of violent deeds along the coast had left a readiness to suspect Indians as responsible when white men disappeared.

"On the 15th we reached the reputed head of canoe travel, but found no canoe. That the real head of canoe travel is here is doubtful, for by using a tow line, three or four miles more might

2 "Be careful!" in Chinook.



This View Up Hunaechin Creek Is Typical
of Mile-And-a-Half Deep Valleys of the Coast Mountains



At the Higher Levels Beyond Jervis Inslet
Photos A.T. Dalton

be made than with pole or paddle, but had the canoe been anywhere in that part, we would have found it.

"On the 16th we came to a patch of several acres of ground that had been burned a year ago. We searched the patch, supposing a camp fire might have spread and burned their outfit, and perhaps themselves, but found nothing further than that some person or persons had camped there, the fire probably spreading after their departure.

"From here, the difficulties of travelling increase immensely. The hillside brush is so dense as to render travel almost impossible, and we found no evidence, afterwards, that they had gone any further.

"Above this we crossed occasional patches of snow on the river level; then two large glaciers come into the valley, one filling it to the depth of over 200 feet, the river running beneath."

To one familiar with the Coast mountains this will appear as accurate description—Scar creek, a tributary of Homathko river, in 1926 ran under a glacier which emerged from a side valley.

"We reached the head of the Squamish on the 23rd." The river is not entirely surveyed, and may be longer than shown on the map, fifty miles in an airline from the mouth. About twenty days of actual travel were spent to gain this distance. Smith's instructions seem to have included investigation of a report that Indians had found bodies of the missing men near Chilko lake, and he simply went on through the unknown heart of the Coast mountains, seemingly fully confident of being able to find it though distant fifty miles as the crow flies.

"Close to the summit we crossed a glacier which filled the valley. The scenery, in many places, is very fine, and we found luxuriant vegetation close to the snow. There are falls on this route rivalling Shaffhausen or Yosemite.

"At the summit, the pass breaks off, as it were, a precipice of about 600 feet descent crossing it, rendering progress that way impossible, but a glacier comes in on the east side, which we ascended in clouds and rain, to the summit, and descended another glacier whose stream falls into the river running into Jervis Inlet.[3] We followed this stream to its source, crossing on the way a large glacier stream.

"We made the crossing on a tree that rested across the canyon, at an angle of about 30° with the horizontal, and about 200 feet above the bottom of the canyon. This valley is very brushy and the travel is consequently slow. There was no sign of anyone having passed up here, not even a Siwash. ["Siwash," from the French sauvage, in the Chinook jargon meant an Indian, but in modern usage is acquiring a contemptuous meaning.]

"The glacier at the head of this valley is the most rugged I have even seen. It is crossed by great crevasses two or three hundred feet wide, between which the ice runs up like mountain peaks. The surface of the upper part of the glacier is always more even, but the crevasses there are capped over with the last season's snow, from a few inches to two or three feet in depth, rendering travelling extremely dangerous.

3 This statement seems to indicate that Smith followed the West Fork of Elaho river (the name "Squamish" is now applied to an easterly branch which, when joined with the Elaho, becomes the main Squamish river). Some maps, which almost certainly extend Loquilts creek too far northward, suggest Smith descended to this stream. More likely, he reached headwaters of Hunaechin river. Some consideration must be given to possibilities that he went up the East Fork of Elaho river, but the region there hardly fits in with Smith's description. (See Alec H. Dalgleish's and Dr. N. E. Carter's articles on Toba and Lillooet rivers in C.A.J., 1933 and 1932.)

"It is the most hazardous travel one can undertake, for a fall into a crevasse means certain death. [No mention of a rope!] Several times we have gone through with one foot, but the impetus of our forward motion, in every case threw us across the crevasse, which happened not to be wide.

"This glacier, which is about eight miles long and two miles wide, we ascended to the summit, and descended on the opposite slope, camping on the glacier about four miles from the summit.

"Our provisions were about done, a few handfuls of flour, and groundhog being all we had ahead, but about camping time I shot a large goat, weighing probably 300 pounds, and very fat but old and tough.

"The next morning we were so snowblind that we could only open our eyes with much pain, and could bear them open for but a few moments at a time. It was six days before we could see to proceed down the glacier. Could we have got down to the green woods we would have soon recovered, but the constant glare made recovery slow. They were not well for nearly a month, and are not strong yet.

"We cut up and dried all the meat clear of bones, eating every vestige besides, and started away from there with about 70 pounds of dried meat and tallow. This we lived on 'straight' with an occasional groundhog or grouse, for over two weeks.

"The stream from this glacier runs northwest by north, and I thought it must be the one running into the head of Chilco Inlet [lake], although the vegetation was scarcely of the right sort for the east slope, but I discovered my mistake after following it for two days, when it curved around to the south. It was a branch of the stream running into Jervis inlet." [Skwaka river.]

My conclusion is that they came down Jimmie creek to Toba river. This best fits in with the time they took to reach Chilko lake, and offers the fewest difficulties in

interpreting their route. As all southerly tributaries of Toba river run northwesterly, it seems strange they would think any one of them would run towards Chilko lake. Description of big glaciers encountered in crossing to Chilko lake is of course in keeping with map and illustrations in Alec Dalgleish's and Dr. N. M. Carter's description of upper Toba valley, though possibly leaving some doubt as to which branch of the Toba they followed.

"At one point in this valley a precipice rises from the river to a height of about 2000 feet. Halfway up the precipice is a narrow ledge with some brush here and there. We had either to take the ledge or climb the mountain. We decided in favor of the ledge and climbed a rock slide to reach it. It varied from a few inches to about four feet in width. In some places we had no footing and hung on by the brush.

"My rifle troubled me very much where the hanging work had to be done. Only once I felt the danger. It was on a bare part of the precipice; the ledge ran out and it was necessary to climb to a higher ledge and all depended on a small cedar root about the size of one's finger, for there was not footing. If the root held, I was all right, but if it broke?—the very retrospect makes me feel uneasy, even sitting here on terra firma.

"We crossed the stream, and took a glacial creek coming in from the north, and followed it to its source in two glaciers."

Carter shows only one glacier at the source of the last northerly branch of Toba river, but the snout of Toba glacier agrees remarkably in distance from Chilko lake as estimated by Smith.

"We ascended the left hand glacier, as seeming to come from the right direction, and had to descend in rain and snow to the foot of the glacier. Next day we took the glacier to the right,

ascending to the summit, a distance of about six miles, and descended a glacier on the eastern slope about four miles long.

"We had a cold rain at the foot of these glaciers, and blinding snow storms at their summits, and in our tattered garments it was very cold. At the foot of the glacier the rock formation and the plant growth showed we were on the eastern slope, and in fact it was only eight miles to Chilco Lake.

"On the following day, Sept. 13th, we reached the lake. Our goat meat was done, and game appeared to be scarce; we had half rations till we reached the foot of the lake on Sept. 22. Fir was the only timber large enough for a canoe, and was very gnarly and hard to work, and our pound and a half axe being very dull it was slow work. I worked very hard, however, and had the canoe finished in three days, and my man scoured round with the rifle.

"About halfway down the lake we had to stop a day and a half with head wind and rough water, snow and sleet falling till there was about six inches on the ground. At the foot of the lake we found plenty of salmon, killed two half dead ones with a club, and feasted accordingly. Afterwards meeting with Indians we bought some dry salmon and bear's grease, for the salmon here are very poor, to take us across to Franklin's. [At Tatla lake; Franklin river and glacier at the head of Knight inlet take their name from him; he was instrumental about this date in having Klinaklini river examined as a possible route for a trail to bring cattle from the Chilcotin to the coast.]

"We also bought moccasins, overalls and socks, for our clothes were completely worn out. One suit will not stand a trip like this. My shoes and stockings were long since done, and I was wearing goat skin moccasins that I had made in the mountains, and they were worn out. Our shirts were done, and our overalls too far gone to hold on the patches of groundhog and goat skins.

"We started for Franklin's on the 23rd, arriving there on the 26th, but finding no one at home, lived by the rifle till Franklin's return. In the general scarcity we ate a muskrat among other things. Mr. Franklin treated us with great hospitality, and provided us with everything needed, except meat, of which he had none, so we bought butter instead, and started on Sept. 29th for Kleen a Kleen river and Knight inlet as the shortest way out.

"There would appear to be no truth in the report that Indians had found the bones of two men near Chilco lake, as neither the Indians there nor Mr. Franklin know anything about it.

"We arrived at the upper canoe landing on the Kleen a Kleen river on Oct. 2nd, and spent two days making a cottonwood canoe; and thereby saving four days of very brushy travelling."

Smith's story as told in the Victoria Colonist mentions no trouble with Indians at this stage, but the Vancouver News-Advertiser said "The Indians of the North Chilcoten were inclined to be hostile. While building a canoe on the Kleen-a-Kleen River to descend to Knight's Inlet a band came on the two travellers one evening and demanded to know what they were doing there. They inquired whether they intended to do any trapping and on being informed by Mr. Smith that they had no such intentions they were allowed to depart in peace next morning." Smith is quoted as having found three vacant cabins of settlers in the valley where "all the implements were lying about as if the owners had left to attend to their work and had not returned."

The Colonist said its story was "in condensed form." The News-Advertiser story suggests that Smith was not giving out much news before reporting to Supt. Hussey at Victoria. The latter paper has, for the most part, only a brief, vague account of his travels, but tells convincingly how "up above the snow fields a region was found with a luxuriant growth of grass, shrubs and flowers, with birds singing on every side . . ." Smith would be describing country above the big valley glaciers, not above snow line. I have written in similar terms of slopes along Franklin glacier.

"I bought about 20 pounds of goat meat from the Indians here and started down the river on the morning of the 5th; reached the lower landing early in the afternoon, hauled up the canoe and started down the valley afoot. Rain and snow from here to the coast made travel disagreeable. Previous to this we were often drenched for a day or two at a time, but now for about ten days, we were never dry, sleeping besides in wet blankets.

"We shot everything we could on the way but at noon on the 12th our provisions were done. In the afternoon we shot a large porcupine, and ate every bit of it down to the claws, including the entrails, which I cleaned and cooked with the rest. This lasted us until noon the next day.

"In the afternoon we forded a large glacier stream, and a little further on we came to a slough that some salmon had got into at higher water and were there imprisoned. We threw down our packs and with a club apiece, waded in and soon killed six salmon. We lived on those and two grouse till we reached Knight on the 18th. From Messrs. Ward and Noon we bought supplies to take us to Port Neville, there to take S'.S'. Comox for Vancouver. We reached Port Neville on the 20th, went aboard the Comox on the 25th and arrived in Vancouver on the 26th at 6 p.m.

"With regard to Clark and Braden, I feel sure that they never got out of Squamish valley. We made a most thorough search, which accounts, in part, for our being so long in the Squamish, though the upper part of this valley is the roughest I ever traversed, but in such brush as covers it, a lifetime's search might fail to find them."

Smith then elaborates his belief that Braden had been drowned through the canoe upsetting, while Clark, a good swimmer, reached shore without rifle or food, and then starved. The upper Squamish still remains so difficult that within recent years an experienced trapper had a hard time getting out; his season's supplies were dropped from an aeroplane so unsuccessfully that all were lost or destroyed.

Stanley Smith is described as having "had a great deal of experience in the unexplored parts of the province," (News-Advertiser, July 22, 1893). The story of his trip leaves no doubt he was a seasoned traveller in the Coast mountains, and invites speculation as to what other forgotten feats he may have performed.

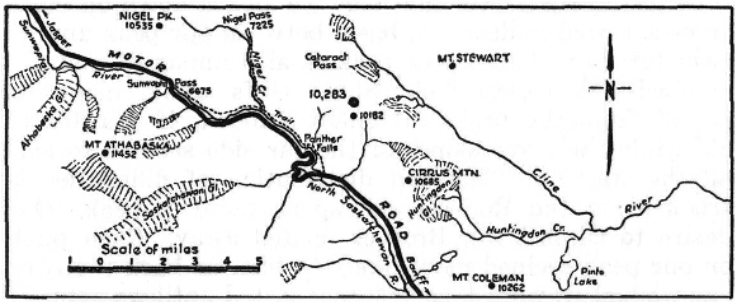
Pending a more complete mapping of the country through which he travelled, it may not be possible to trace his route with any assurance. His account throws little light on the character of the mountains among which he travelled except to reveal that big glaciers exist farther south in the Coast mountains than any other record indicated.

ABOVE PANTHER FALLS

BY LILLIAN GEST

It is no longer a novelty in the Canadian Rockies to start on a mountaineering trip in an automobile. The new auto road from Lake Louise to Jasper has made numerous peaks easily accessible to mountaineers. Last summer the road was open straight through for the first time. Polly Prescott and I looked there for a peak suitable for our initial climb of the season. Christian Hasler was to be with us and it was his first climb, too, since he had been badly clawed by a grizzly bear the previous September.

We chose a peak 10,283 feet unnamed and unclimbed. It was situated above Panther falls between Nigel Peak and Mt. Cirrus. There are two peaks here both over 10,000 feet. We chose the higher and better peak, but had an idea we might climb both.



Our tents were pitched below Mt. Athabaska at the old 1938 camp site of the Alpine Club. From there early on the morning of July 10, we motored six miles up the road and over Sunwapta pass. At an old road camp on Nigel creek we found a spot where it was possible to run the car off the road to park. We had located this place the day before and also knew that two logs felled across the stream below made a good bridge to the far side.

From there we started diagonally up the mountain side through light timber and underbrush to a dry stream bed. With only a little bush-whacking in the low spruces above, we reached timber line and open going. Our peak was one peak over, however, to our right, necessitating quite a long traverse. A gully had to be crossed and then a further traverse on the slopes of our peak to the ridge.

It was 10 a.m. when we reached the col. We had decided to go up the ridge as far as possible. If we got stuck with sheer cliffs before us, we would descend a bit and try again. The peak is one of those whose summit lies back, and you never know until the last pitch, whether the ridge is continuous enough to be climbed or not.

Chris tackled the first bit of real climbing with his old zest and skill. The fact that his left arm was badly weakened and considerably restricted in movement, did not seem to affect his climbing. If he avoided certain movements because his arm could not make them, it was not noticeable to us below—one tower was impossible to climb so we had to come down and go around it, but returned immediately to the ridge. Each tower in turn threatened to stop us, but only one other actually did so. Then we found an unexpected traverse around it, this time to the right. On that side we looked down on steep snow-smeared gullies to a basin between our peak and its twin brother. This latter peak is also unnamed and un-climbed and 10,180 feet. Sheer cliffs would make its ascent from the basin extremely difficult, if possible at all, while the scree slopes of the far side seemed to lead all

Christian and Miss P. Prescott On Summit

Mt. Christian Hasler

Photos L. Gest

the way up. This bad distribution of difficulties is frequent in the Rockies and spoils many a peak. Our desire to climb Twin Brother melted away. Each pitch on our peak seemed more likely to turn us back than the one we had traversed, so suspense lasted until we actually saw the summit ridge one gully beyond us. We reached it at 1.40 and settled down to a life of ease. This was disturbed, however, by the necessity of building a cairn which was mostly the work of Polly and Chris. They found a particularly nice stone, like a torch, to grace the top. The summit is not discernible from the road below, being obscured somewhat by the lesser peaks on the ridge. Our cairn was built so as to be visible from the loop of the highway at Panther falls, through a tiny notch. However, after a diligent search for it from the road several days later, we failed to discover it. I do not expect that the readers of this article will find it easily.

The view was grand, with lots of clouds adding to the beauty but not to the ease of identifying old friends among the peaks. A severe contrast is afforded by the view towards the icefields and that towards Cataract pass. The latter showed ridge after ridge of relatively low peaks and patches of July snow on the slopes; the former, the majestic giants of the Divide. A fine view of Mt. Cirrus

and the Huntingdon glacier was had and the highway loops showed up dramatically.

We left at 3 p.m. to creep slowly down a couloir to the basin between the peaks; passing over snow patch and ledge, we seemed to come very quickly into a sunny basin, with a feeling of sudden warmth and summer air.

We drank at a little lake, all but snow and ice-bound and then the trek around our peak began, back to our starting point at timber line. It would have been shortest to head straight down to Panther falls, but we were not sure of finding a crossing there. I lingered behind watching the late afternoon sun on the mountains across the valley and taking pictures. Then we started seriously at the work of "side-hill gouging," which was between us and the car. At timber line on the home-stretch, Chris was ahead and out of sight over a tiny ridge. Suddenly, he appeared swiftly, quietly returning. I did not need to ask,—grizzly bear was written all over his face. I fell in behind him and Polly behind me.

"A mother and cub just over the ridge, not 300 yards ahead."

We didn't look for a route down, but I remember that there was a dry stream bed part way. Boulders and slabs, alder bushes and logs, were our lot and we sighed for the carefully picked route we had left. But none of us would have gone back to look over the ridge beyond and Mamma grizzly and baby never knew we were there. We reached the valley by this direct method and there found a trail. Wearily we plodded upstream to the road camp. It seemed a long way. Then we crossed our log to the car and were soon back in camp.

A few days later, Chris was in the Alpine Club camp and climbed two of the Lyell Peaks. However, the exertion was too much for him and he returned to Lake Louise.

During the summer, he made several ascents, doing Ptarmigan, Temple, and others, in the Lake Louise district. In late August, he made a leisurely climb of Mt. .Burgess with the author. Bad forest fire smoke made further climbing impractical and other plans were abandoned.

Near the end of October, his many friends were shocked to hear that he had passed away in a heart attack, while working on a new house he was building in Golden.

The peak we climbed last July is unnamed. It was the first peak Chris climbed after his accident and his last first ascent. Mt. Sarbach and the Kaufmann Peaks, named for guides of the Rockies, are on the new highway. Why not name this peak, Mt. Christian or Christian Häsler Peak?

IN PRAISE OF LITTLE HILLS

By R. Hind

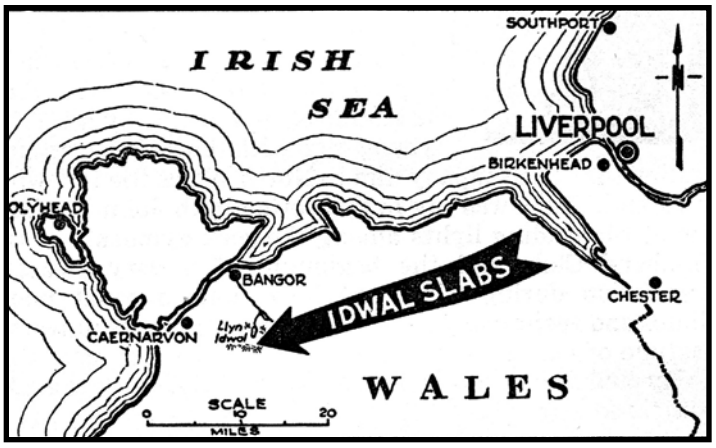
The Canadian climber is apt to feel a bit contemptuous of the possibilities of climbing in the British Isles and I must admit that I was not free of this feeling when I came to England in 1938. Frequent trips to Wales and one to the Lakes have given me a healthy respect for the "little hills."

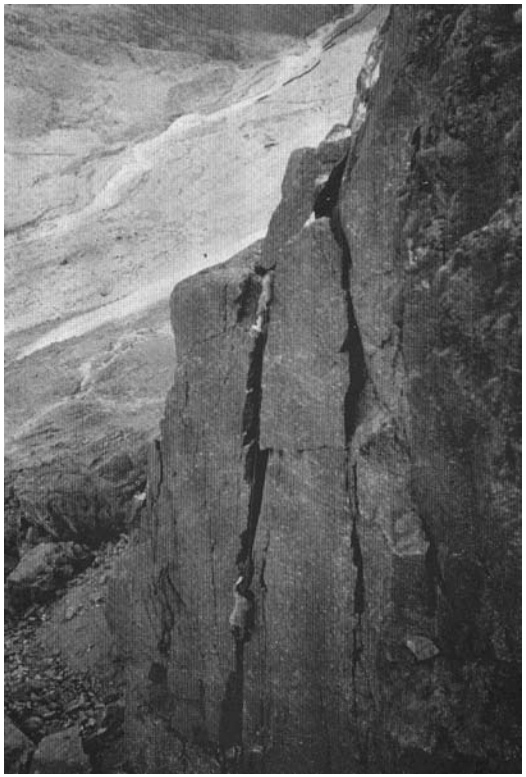
Shortly after my arrival in Rugby I showed my movies of climbing in the Rockies and was soon afterwards approached by a tanned young man with the interesting suggestion that I accompany him to North Wales the following week-end. That was my first meeting with John Barford, one of the leading lights among the rock gymnasts of the Climbers' Club, and the beginning of a very pleasant association during which we have done a great many climbs and spent many a day in the mountaineer's universal pastime of cursing the weather. For when you have only a day and the climb is short, the weather is no excuse, you climb anyway.

I shall not soon forget that first trip to Wales. Off to Idwal in pouring rain and up the famous Idwal Slabs by the route called Hope, but I had little hope and less of the other graces as water streamed down the rocks and down my arms, and snow began to fall. The Holly Tree Wall was even more severe and here both feet came off the microscopic wrinkles which are called footholds in Wales, but with considerable effort I concealed this fact from my companion and regained my position undisgraced.

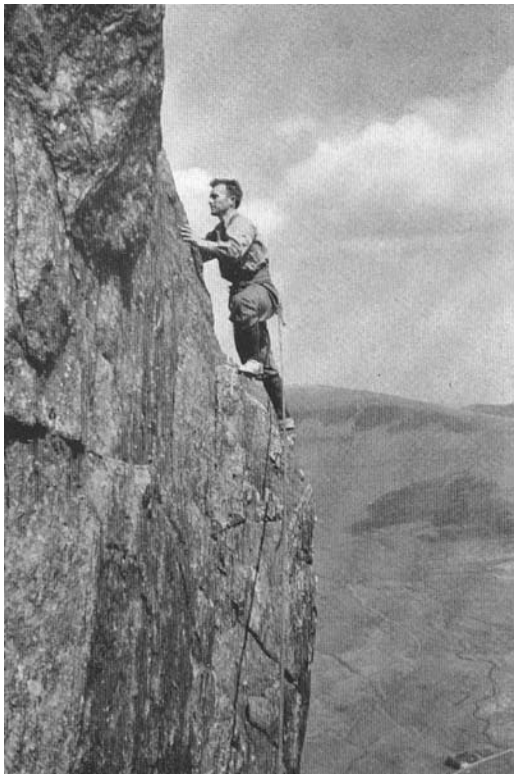
That winter Captain Gibson was in England and in a hurried 150-mile dash from Rugby we climbed the Gashed Crag route on Tryfaen, a very strenuous affair requiring more arm-pulling than the fixed ropes on Pinnacle ever did.

Whitsun saw me, again with Barford, at Wastdale Head, where my first try at Kern Knotts Crack failed ignominiously. However I made up for this by leading the very severe Central Buttress on Scafell the next day. The climbers who boast of Mt. Louis should try C. B.! About 400 feet—and five hours to do it! Halfway is the famous Flake Crack. If the leader is able to get up to the chock-stone near the top of this, he then ties himself firmly to the mountain and his second climbs





Kern Knotts Crack On Great Gable



On Tryfaen

up over him and is hoisted bodily over the top. I firmly believe that, after an hour swinging gently in the breeze at this point until our party was up, I climbed over without being pulled but I daren't ask what my second thinks about it.

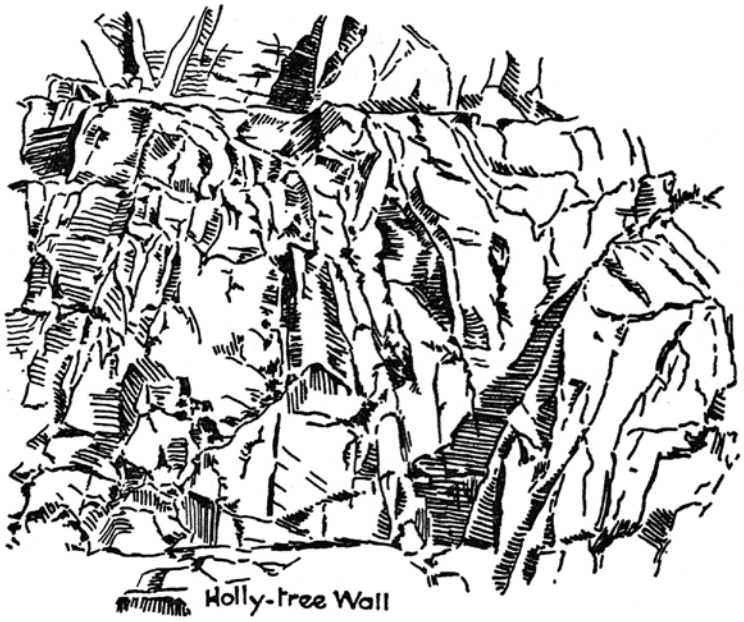
Napes Needle of course we had to visit and we ascended this little pinnacle by a route involving a hand traverse and considerable exertion. Despite its fame Napes Needle is not up to Eagle Eyrie for difficulty, and in any case millions of nailed boots will soon have worn it away.

More trips to Wales, fierce climbs, some we did and some we didn't—so the tale goes.

Once we spent hours trying to ascend a short climb, done only once by one, Edwards, the leading new route-maker in Britain to-day. We were beaten despite our efforts so tried to descend it on a rope from above. That was also a failure, we couldn't even get down it! With marvelling and cursing at Edwards' levitational powers we abandoned the spot in disgust.

Then there is Pharoah's Passage, excellent for descent, where one swings on the rappel free of the wall but Edwards has ascended it too, only the flies know how. And next to it, Pharoah's Wall, another Edwards joke which I ascended rapidly for some thirty feet and then peeled off, descending with even greater velocity. I have climbed it since on a rope from above but even thus morally supported found it a terrific struggle.

Twice those little hills have incapacitated me, a thing the biggest of the Rockies have never been able to do. It may not be quite mountaineering but I love the good hard rocks. You may have your miles of snow on Columbia or Robson, I'll take the little Welsh hills.



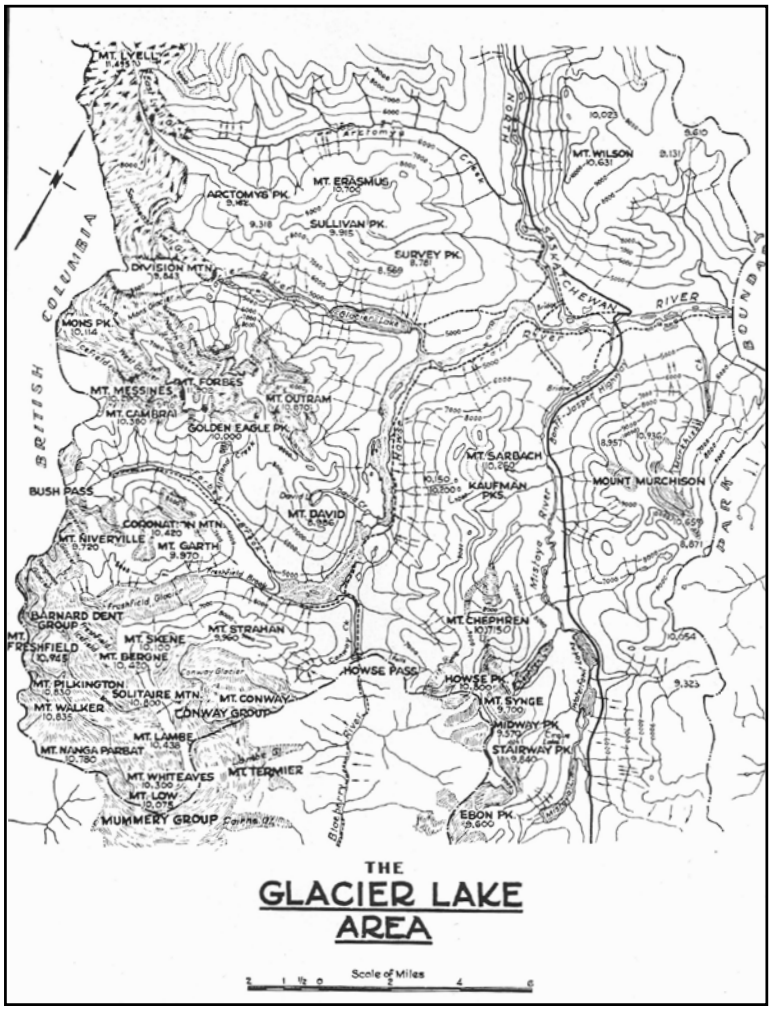
GLACIER LAKE CAMP

BY A. W. KRAMER

"The route to camp," stated the camp circular, "will follow the old bridge over the North Saskatchewan to the ford opposite the warden's cabin on the Howse. Thence, the new trail which it is expected will be cut by the Parks Authorities, takes up a draw away from the Howse, and after a short climb drops down to Glacier creek near the foot of the lake. The distance from the base camp to main camp by this trail will be about twelve miles."

So stated the circular. Twelve miles! A mere afternoon's jaunt! What could be nicer?

The camp circular, however, had not taken into consideration things which in legal parlance are referred to as "Acts of God"—forest fires for example. Camp circular or no camp circular the fact remains that there was a forest fire and this altered the situation considerably. News of it spread as fast as the conflagration itself and almost before the arriving members stepped off their respective east and westbound trains at Banff and Lake Louise they were met with rumors of dire happenings fifty miles up the Banff-Jasper highway. Like most rumors these turned out less serious than first reports implied but the fire did necessitate a change in plans for the trip into camp. Instead of crossing the Saskatchewan on the old bridge as the camp circular indicated, the campers



had to ford the Howse on horses and instead of a mere afternoon's walk into camp, they spent the better part of two days getting there, sleeping overnight at an improvised half-way camp.

The slight delay and the mild inconvenience resulting from the forest fire was more than compensated for, however, by the excitement which the situation afforded. Furthermore, in view of the much more serious consequences which might have ensued from the fire, everyone was thankful that the fire was under control by the time camp opened on July 14. When it became known that the base camp at the 52-mile post on the Banff-Jasper highway had to be abandoned because of the fire on July 3 and that, later, when the same fire spread westward all camp equipment had been packed out from the site of the main camp, everyone considered it fortunate that camp could be held at all. As a matter of fact none of the camp equipment was on the site of main camp as late as July 8, less than one week before camp was due to open. It had been there but when the fire spread all of it had to be moved out to the gravel bars away from danger.

By Sunday, July 14, the day camp was due to open, the fire was under control and on the afternoon of that day some fifty club members found their way to the halfway camp on the south bank of Howse river about half-way from the mouth of Glacier creek. Here the devastated area swept by the fire was in full view across the river. The fire was still smoldering and at times a pine tree would burst into flame and burn furiously for a few minutes. Smoke hung heavily over the whole area and though visibility was poor the condition showed some prospect of clearing up. The half-way camp itself was interesting and it provided a welcome terminus after the first five-mile walk in a rather hot afternoon sun.

Fording Howse river on horseback the next morning at a point a few hundred yards from the half-way camp provided a good measure of excitement and frolic. All available horses were impressed into service for the occasion and the party was transported across the river in relays. The proceedings involved much commotion and from the equestrian skill displayed by many of the members one judged that they were excellent mountaineers, provided one believed in the theory of opposites. The crossing took up the better part of two hours, the horses returning afterwards to pick up the baggage and supplies while the walkers resumed their journey on foot. The route took them along gravel bars skirting the burned area and so up the old trail up Glacier creek. Some of the members in picking a route too high above the gravel bars found themselves almost knee-deep in still-warm ashes, one young lady in fact suffered a slight burn on her leg as a result.

To many this was the closest they had ever come to a real forest fire and in view of the fact that the fire was under control by this time it proved an intriguing experience to them. The fire fighters were still on the job with their gasoline engine driven pump and the racket of this noisy but valuable contraption could be heard for many miles.

From the half-way camp it was about twelve miles to the main camp, a varied and enjoyable trail, part of it along the edge of Glacier lake. Towards the end the good trail lost itself among the gravel flats of Glacier creek and as a consequence practically nobody arrived in camp with dry feet. At first one endeavored to find shallow places and logs on which to cross running streams but after a short time and having gone in ankle deep, one struck out boldly through the water—after all shoes and socks could be dried out.

On this walk, our hats went off to Mr. Powel, 84-year old visitor from London, making his first visit to the mountains of Canada and who walked into camp under his own power. Although urged to ride a horse, he insisted on walking the twelve miles on foot.

The main camp site was lovely, and comfortable. In contrast to the Ice river valley camp of the previous year which was located in a narrow wooded valley, the Glacier lake camp was pitched

in a wide, open sunny valley, sheltered by a good stand of timber and with a magnificent view of the ice-fall from Lyell glacier at the head of the valley.

Tuesday, July 16, the first day in camp dawned, not bright and clear, but overcast and rainy. Heavy clouds obscured the head of the valley and intermittent showers occurred with such frequency as to discourage the planned attempt to establish a high camp. The morning was spent largely in playing games in the tea tent and in looking anxiously at the weather. Some were certain it would clear shortly while others—the pessimists—were equally sure it would rain for a week. Neither were 100 per cent correct because there was a slight shower almost every day of camp but except for the first day in no case did the showers seriously prevent climbing. Even on the first day, the weather cleared in the afternoon and a large portion of the camp population went out for a scramble on the rocks at the head of the valley under the general leadership of the Swiss guides, Christian Hasler and Edouard Feuz.

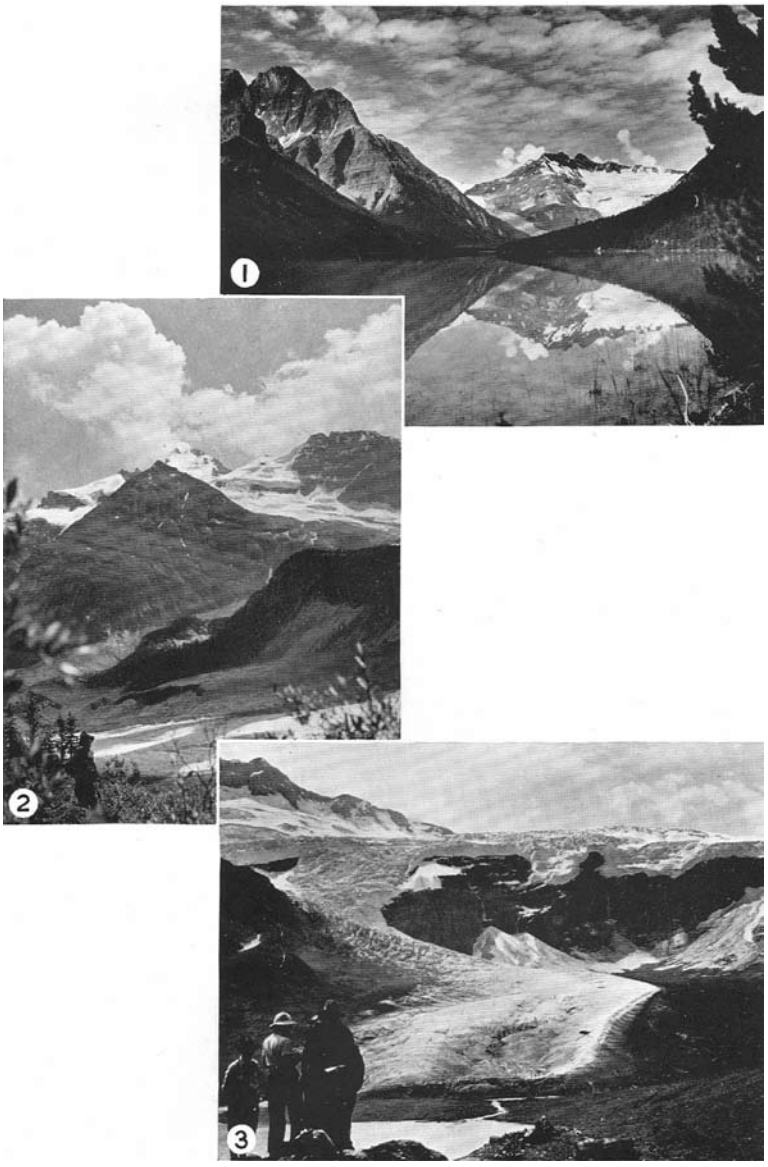
The establishment of a high camp over the tongue of the southeast Lyell glacier was the major activity on Wednesday. This required strenuous back-packing and all healthy, strong-backed members were impressed into service. There was some confusion at first owing to a misunderstanding of directions and several groups had to do considerable scrambling and unscrambling of moraines before they were all definitely on the right trail or whatever it was that went by that name. It was a long line of weary pilgrims that puffed and grunted slowly up the steep slopes, but it was said to be good training and the day brought its reward when the site of the high camp was finally attained early in the afternoon. A more perfect place would have been difficult to find. The camp site selected was in a wonderful alpine meadow, close to a fine stream and with a lovely view of Mt. Forbes and the surrounding peaks across the valley.

Though the same Logan type tents were used, this camp afforded a striking contrast to the high camp of the two previous years, both of which were pitched on snowfields. This camp was in a secluded meadow, carpeted with alpine flowers and alive with birds. Those of the supporting party were frankly envious of the sixteen members who were scheduled to remain at the high camp to climb the following day and they left for main camp later in the afternoon with considerable reluctance.

This high camp proved extremely popular throughout the entire period of camp, not only with climbing parties but also as a place for daily picnics from main camp. All five of the Lyell Peaks and "Gilbert" were accessible from this camp and numerous ascents were made. In many instances two and even three of the Lyell Peaks were traversed in a single day by single parties.

While the Lyells were attacked from this high camp, other conquests were made from main camp. It had been planned to establish another bivouac camp at the head of Forbes brook from which to climb Mt. Forbes, Division Peak, Mons Peak and others in that region, but the weather and difficulty of back packing heavy equipment up the steep slopes on the route prevented it. As a consequence, all of the peaks were climbed directly from the main camp. In the case of Mt. Forbes, especially, this made long and strenuous days of climbing and only the more vigorous members attempted them. Mons Peak was climbed twice. In many ways this proved the most spectacular climb of the entire camp. Though a comparatively low peak and with a snow route to the very summit, its ascent was made difficult by a spectacular bergschrund at a point about three hundred feet below the summit. The negotiation of this bergschrund and the traverse of the extremely steep snow-slope (estimated at 60-65 degrees) proved a thrilling experience for the two parties that made this climb.

Mt. Forbes of course was the major and the prize climb of the camp. Its altitude, 11,902 feet, gave it dominance over all the surrounding peaks and every true mountaineer in camp hoped



1. Glacier Lake Looking West, Division Mtn. in Centre

1940 Camp Site Between Division Mtn. and the Lake.

2. Mt. Forbes from the Northwest

3. Southeast Lyell Glacier, Looking West

Photos Herbert J. Kotke

for an opportunity to climb it. Its distance from camp together with the 7000 feet difference in elevation between main camp and its summit made it inadvisable to send any but those with good endurance out on it. Technically, the peak was not difficult. The ascent consisted largely of a long walk up the Forbes Glacier to the col and from there it was some 1600 feet to the summit. Except for about 200 feet of cliffs, the route to the summit was mostly a shale walk.

Despite the length of the climb a number of parties successfully scaled this high and formidable looking peak. In most instances the weather at the top was unfavorable and little or no view was obtained from the summit. One group, however, which included the writer was fortunate in having clear weather at the summit and the view was magnificent. To the north could be seen the Columbia icefields, Mt. Columbia, North and South Twins, Mt. Athabaska and all the other peaks that were so familiar to those who attended the Columbia icefield camp in 1939.

All things considered, the weather, an unexpected forest fire, the disturbed and critical situation in Europe, the Glacier lake camp was enjoyable and well attended. The total registration of approximately one hundred compared favorably with that of other years. Some of the members of the club were in military service and so were absent but other new members helped to bring up the total attendance. For the second time since he assumed the office of President, Mr. Cyril Wates was unable to attend camp because of illness and his enforced absence was sincerely regretted by all those who know him.

The camp fires were interesting and varied and as in the previous year much credit for this was due Mr. Eric Brooks who, in the President's absence, shouldered full responsibility for running the camp. An interesting visitor in camp was Dr. Allan of the Geological Survey party from Alberta University. He gave a splendid talk on the geological structure of the valley in which camp was held and helped members to identify rock specimens which they picked up on their climbs.

On the lighter side of camp fire activities, Walter Read's dramatic talents, as usual were drafted into service. With a new repertoire and an enlarged company, including a new leading lady, he established a new record for sustained and varied entertainment.

In closing, mention should be made of Ralph Rink's effective work in making the camp possible. Upon Mr. Rink and his efficient crew fell the task of moving all camp equipment from the main camp site when the forest fire spread and of moving it back again and erecting it when the danger passed. In addition also to the establishment of an unexpected half-way camp, they had the job of ferrying the members over Howse river and providing many additional horses. Instead of the pack train of fifteen to twenty horses planned for, they had to provide some fifty horses on short notice. All this required resourcefulness and good organization which these men supplied in abundance.

WHITE MAN'S GOD COMES TO THE ROCKIES

BY J. MONROE THORINGTON

"*I spoke to him* [the Sarcee Chief] *about my name in Blackfoot being right,—for it means the French or English or white man's God!!!* "

E.T.R. *Journal,* Nov. 2, 1846

Robert Terrill Rundle was born June 18, 1811, at Mylor in Cornwall. He was accepted for the Wesleyan Ministry in 1839, but gave up college training in the following spring to become a missionary. Governor George Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, while in England at the close of 1839, made representations to the Company to extend their patronage to the Wesleyan Society, so that missions might be established in the territories west of Lake Superior. Rundle was one of the men selected for this purpose, and sailed for New York on March 16, 1840, He reached Montreal on April 17, Norway House on June 5, and Fort Edmonton on October 18.

During the following years he made long journeys along the eastern frontal range of the Rockies, from Lesser Slave lake in the north to Highwood river in the south, travelling by way of Rocky Mountain House on numerous occasions.

In 1841, Rundle camped on the plains as far south as Bow river, and in 1842 ascended this river as far as the ruins of the Old Bow Fort, at the mouth of the present Old Fort creek. This fort, built by Henry in 1802, had been burned by the Blackfeet Indians in 1832.

In 1847 Rundle was again at the site of the fort, pushing on up the Bow valley to visit Cree and Assiniboine encampments in the vicinity of what is now Banff.

Never robust, Rundle suffered severely with a head complaint, probably migraine, and in 1847 was thrown from his horse, breaking his left arm above the wrist, the fracture never uniting properly. In consequence, Rundle returned to England in the summer of 1848. He married and lived to a ripe old age, dying at Garstang, Lancashire, in his 85th year, February 4, 1896.

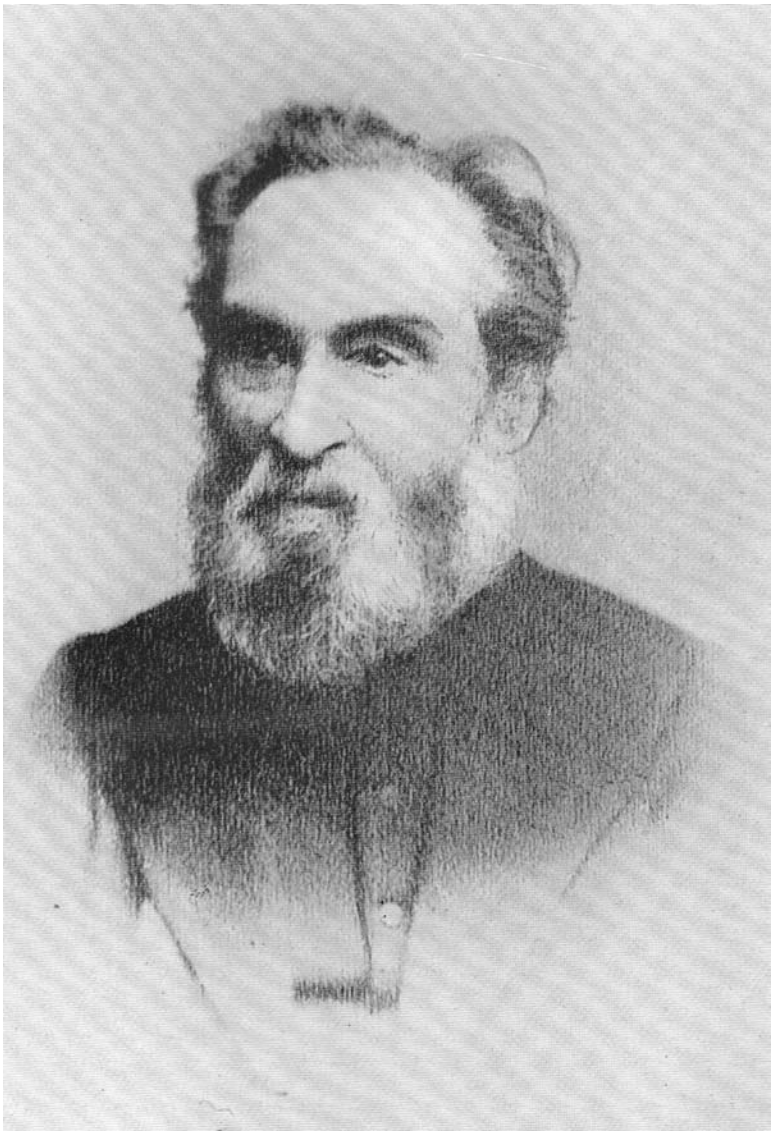
The journal from which extracts that follow have been taken, was transcribed by Rundle's daughter for the late Mrs. Wm. (Schaffer) Warren, of Banff, and is now in the possession of Col. P. A. Moore.

The name Mt. Rundle first appeared on the Palliser map (1863), and the portions of the journal selected contain all references to the mountain region. Local tradition has it that Rundle was the first white man to visit the site of Banff, camping below Cascade mountain. The waterfall mentioned in the journal under June 28, 1847, substantiates this, and the lake he describes is Lake Minnewanka. However, Governor Simpson had passed through in 1841, and the Mr. Munroe mentioned seems also to have been there at an early date, and knew about the big trout in the lake.

Rundle's party left the mountains by travelling eastward along the lake instead of returning directly to the Bow valley, and descended the valley of Ghost river to regain the site of the old fort, thereby crossing the route through The Gap, by which Simpson is supposed to have entered the mountains in 1841, and with which the Indians of Rundle's time must have been well acquainted.

In 1841 Rundle made his first journey from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House.

> *Feb. 20.* Crossed Gull Lake,—passed a hill to-day whose summit commands a view of the Rocky Mts.
>
> *Feb. 21.* Sunday. Off at 8 o'clock. Full of thoughts of the Rocky Mts., expected to see them this morning but was disappointed. The snow still lying was very soft & rendered travelling over it



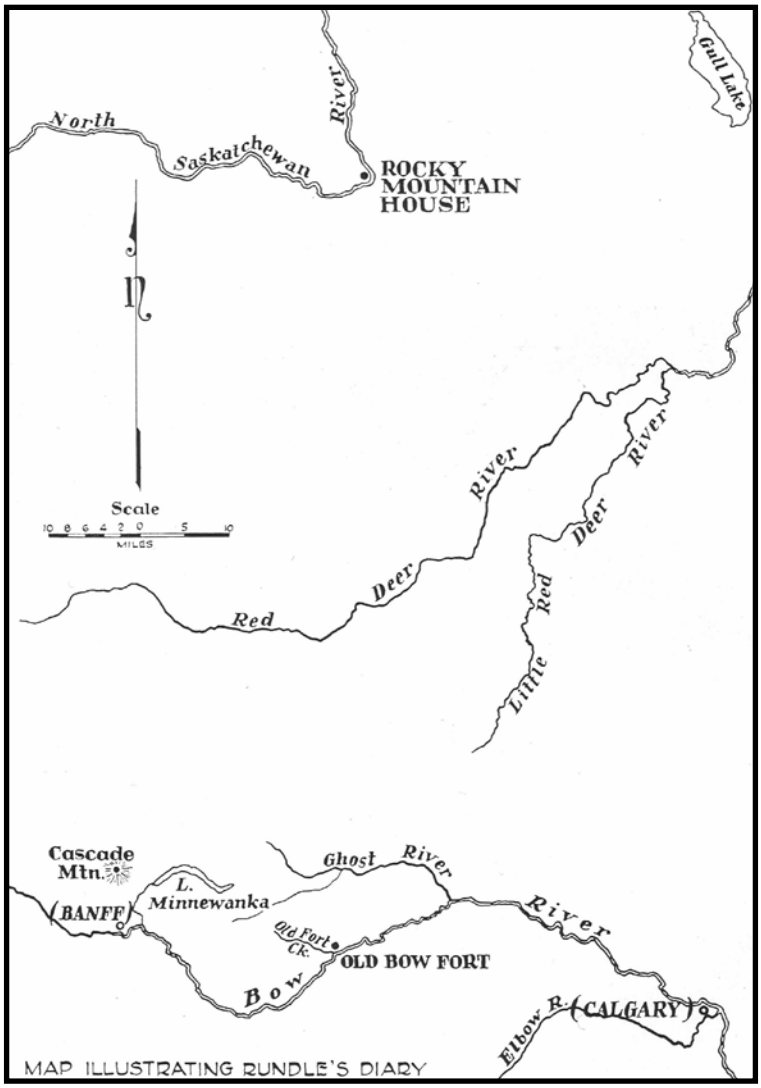
R.T. Rundle
Photo by G. Noble

most fatiguing. I proceeded a long distance before the mts. were visible, nor did they excite in my mind those feeling which I had anticipated. How uncertain is everything here below. How long and ardently I had thought of them & how different were my feelings in reality when I did see them. But I first saw them under trying circumstances. I was very weary with travelling & my thoughts were turned to England & my mind was rilled with pain by observing a track of blood on the snow which I felt sure was caused by a driver beating the dogs unmercifully.

March 9. Rode with Mr. H. [Mr. Harriott, in charge of Rocky Mountain House] to a high elevation, which commanded a fine view of the mountains, but they did not answer my expectation, much depends on the state of the atmosphere.

July 13. Started for Blk. Foot Camp on Bow River & so on to the Plains for the first time.

July 14. After resting somewhat proceeded toward Bow River. We now ascended the other side of the valley, from here the Plains appeared oceanlike spread to the base of the Rocky Mts. which rose sublimely in the distance & closed the landscape. About sunset we neared Bow River & encamped there Mountains looked magnificent . . . Crossed lady Simpson's Falls, encamped near Little Elbow River.



MAP ILLUSTRATING RUNDLE'S DIARY

July 29. (Near Edmonton.) Memorable day. Toward evening we were surprised by meeting the party of Sir George Simpson, the Governor, 45 horses, the party included a young Russian nobleman & Dr. Rowand. Sir George asked me to back with them to their encampment, which I did.

In 1842 Rundle made his second journey to Rocky Mountain House and the country southward.

June 6. Snow nearly gone, off early, Rocky Mts. visible long before breakfast.

June 7. Breakfasted near Little Red Deer R. & again crossed it. We are now approaching the mts., how sublime they look. What wd. my friends in dear old England give to witness them. June 8. Proceeded & breakfasted not far from the old Fort near Bow River . . . Camped with Coterry who very cordially rec' me, felt very disappointed on leaving the mountains, but was rather forced by circumstances to do so. June 9. Went up a high hill & had a fine view of the mts. Placed a few stones as a memento of my visit, shall I ever see them again ?

June 10. Went with Coterry into the woods expecting to get a view of the mts. but was disappointed, there is a splendid view of them from the brow of the hill opposite our encampment. Went there one evening & little William followed me. June 11. Went this afternoon to the old Fort but could not succeed in reaching the mountains. How anxious I felt! How deceptive the distance. After breakfast I made signs & spoke broken Cree to my guide to leave the horses there & proceed without them. So on we went. We got into a swamp, it took nearly an hour to reach the Fort—all was ruinous & grass growing everywhere—but the mountains still far off. I went toward one but after fatiguing myself I was obliged to return without even getting a stone which I intended to carry as a trophy & send my friends in Eng. On my return I was taken very ill in consequence of drinking cold water.

June 13. (Mem. The appearance of the mountains here rekindle the feelings of romance in my disposition. I am never tired of gazing on them & what a spectacle to see them painted on the western sky about sunset.)

The autumn of 1844 found the missionary on another tour of country south of Rocky Mountain House.

Oct. 29. We are now very near Little Red Deer River. After we arrived here I went to the top of a hill to see the Rocky Mountains but was disappointed. The weather was misty & a cloud of mist on a high hill between me & the mountains. What romantic scenery is here! ! On a hill I saw a pile of stones and wood, what is it ?

Nov. 7. Altho it was cloudy with us in the morning, yet it was clear on the Rocky Mts. & I determined to go. However I did not start till quite late, past midday when I left ... At length however I started for the Rocky Mts. Weather fine, clouds were resting on 2 of the mts., one pointed thus ^ & another thus ⌐¬ or something like this ——. It was a long distance to the old Fort & how deceptive afterward. Very interesting. I was anxious to get on ... We turned a little and encamped, so here I am at last in the Rocky Mountains. Fine brush here & I am thinking of taking a little back with me . . . Heard noises, perhaps stones falling in the mountains, thro the deer passing . . . It is rather strange that at the very time appointed for my departure on a visit to England, I should be at the farthest distance from my native land. It is now night and I am writing before the fire. Thought to-day when I was at the old Fort of Sinai & the delivery of the law by Jehovah. What a fine place for such an event!

Nov. 9. Am now climbing a mountain, here are two veins of spar, in the bed of rock where I am now sitting. I became quite ill thro fatigue &e. but was in good spirits while climbing, until I was very high up. I made two attempts to get up to an elevation but could not succeed— rocks very steep—felt very weak, so weak that at last I was near fainting whilst passing over a projecting ledge

of rock. What a moment of anxiety! I have some recollection of calling to the Almighty to assist me & praised be His name, my prayer was heard. I descended to the next stage. It was presumptuous of me I know but I began again to see if I could not find a way to scale higher, but I could not succeed so I now abandoned my design & commenced descending. I was not very careful about the road & had great difficulty in descending. I was very weak from want of food, having left without breakfast & began to feel afraid. Ever & anon too I heard the moving stones which terrified me. How hard to pass along the steep sides sloping away to fearful descent. At length however I reached the bottom, but how was I to get to the encampment ? I had lost the road—very tired—weak and unwell. Heard gun fired! ! ! & so guided! ! reached at last thanks to Providence. Took some medicine & had *breakfast* about sunset.

Rocky Mountain House in 1845 was the scene of an interesting meeting.

Oct. 4. Rev. Mr. De Smet, Jesuit, came to the Fort from across the Mts. He came to see the Slave Indians but his plan was rendered abortive thro the refractoriness of his interpreter. (I found him very agreeable, and we parted with each other, when he left, on very friendly terms. He did not interfere with my Indians at all, tho he had an opportunity for doing so. I met him again at Edmonton later where we passed part of the winter together & before we separated he gave me a letter of introduction to his brother in Belgium. Perhaps a R. Catholic Priest & a Wes. Missionary never before met & parted on such friendly terms.)

Oct. 8. Mr. De Smet gave anecdotes of travel to-night. Once I think he said he was without a shirt for 2 months. His sister supplied him with 200 shirts & he returned to St. Louis without one.

In 1847, Rundle made his last visit to the Bow valley, attaining his desire to enter the Rocky Mountains.

May 25. Started early & reached Bow River. A memorable day! I nearly fell into the river whilst crossing on horseback, but the Almighty preserved me.

May 26. We are short of food, but the hunters are off and please God, we shall have some this evening . . . We are encamped near a river in a wood. Snow on the ground . . . This was my first crossing of Bow River, though I had been near it both in 1841 & 2. I was shown the place where it comes out of the Rocky Mountains.

May 28. Breakfasted at Steep Rock River . . . Fine scenery at High Wood River.

May 29. We reached the Assiniboine Camp of about 16 tents. Quite on the edge of the Rocky Mountains.

June 21. Removed to Bow River.

June 22. Went along Bow River. Pitched at Red Deer L. Saw near us 12 Red Deer.

June 23. I expect to start to-morrow for another place. I may go to the mountains (D.V.) before I return.

June 24. Started toward the Ry. Mt. or old Port.

June 26. Breakfasted at a little river close to the mountains. Near here was a trading post or fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Co. some years ago, but it is now almost in the last stages of ruin. I left some of my luggage hidden until I returned in order to facilitate our travelling in the mountains, as the roads are so difficult. We proceeded up the mountains. A mountain sheep was shot by our guide, which gave us acceptable supply '. of fresh meat. Saw many others near.

June 27. Remained on a small plain in the mountains in some pine trees. Grass near the river & the horses were there for some time. There were only 3 of us. We had prayers twice & I read. It was most interesting to me to be quite among the mountains & a time never to be forgotten. The scenery

is most <• magnificent. The first Sunday I have spent in the mountains.

June 28. Proceeded onward. Reached the Water Fall (reached near b ^ b < p n but could not make it out as Little Fish said a small stream we saw rushing down an eminence was this.) We first of all thought we were not on the right road to the Indians but found they had gone down the road leading to the Lake. Scenery most grand, road very hard. The Indians were pitiful for meat, but we heard at night a moose had been killed. This is the most interesting lake [Minnewanka] I ever saw. It is several miles in length embedded in the mountains which rise in grandeur. The water at times has the most beautiful appearance & Mr. Munroe told me there are most beautiful salmon trout in it but none were caught whilst we were there. In this neighbourhood lies buried a half-caste girl (daughter of Mr. Bird), whom I trust to meet in my Father's House above. I baptised her at Ry. Mt. House & she made a hopeful end . . . We had service in the evening during which the moon rose over an adjacent mt. & added a peculiar interest to the place.

June 30. Prayers in the morning (prayed for the Queen in Cree), part of the discourse interpreted in Assn but not correctly. Baptised an old woman & a man. We all proceeded along this interesting lake. Steep rocks on either side of our encampment at night. This lake was named after a person who was accustomed to encamp near it & who, in Cree, was called after the Wild Cat—Cat Lake.

July 1. Cut on tree R.T.R. July 1, 1847. Did not start before breakfast as it was raining in the morning. Proceeded thro an opening in the mountains & left them. Reached Dead [Ghost] River. This river has a subterranean passage for some little distance at this point & again rises to the surface near the forks. Passed over burnt ground, fire not extinct. We reached the river where I left some of my luggage before we went into the mountains & I got the note I left for Mr. Bird—still there. Indians came and went after a bull buffalo . . . We are now encamped near Bow river, not very far from the Old Fort, & there is a little river quite close to us. We had meat last night as buffalo was killed.

THE DISASTER POINT HUT

BY HELEN A. BURNS

Have you ever climbed an easy peak on a cloudless summer day? Have you slogged up the last scree slope to the summit and turned to survey a widespread panorama of snow-capped peaks and boundless prairie? Have you tramped down the trail after the descent, and five minutes later found yourself soaking out the tiredness in a hot pool whose sapphire blue was visible all day, like a little jewel in the valley? And then, after a satisfying supper, have you luxuriated in front of a blazing fire in the great stone fireplace, or relaxed on the wide verandah and watched the sun set over river and lake and mountain ?

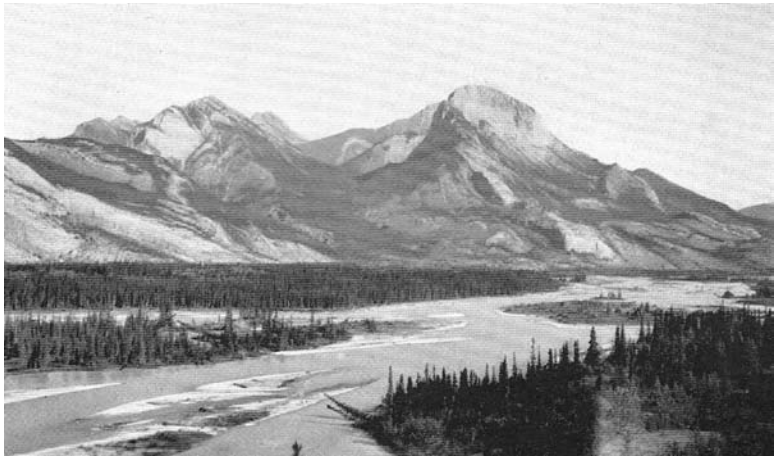
No, this is not a description of Banff and Sulphur mountain, of the upper hot springs and the Club House. It is a brief glimpse of Mount Utopia and Miette springs, of the Athabaska valley and "the little club house in the north"—Disaster Point hut.

It all began during a Labor Day week-end four years ago. The active members of the Edmonton section had made a plot to take a group of our section associates up to Pocahontas and show them some real climbing. The Skipper had told us about Roche Miette, the great rock tower which marks the northern gateway to Jasper Park. He told us how he failed to reach the summit in 1919, and made some excuse involving a train he had to catch, but knowing the Skipper we accepted that story with our tongues in our cheeks!

So nineteen of us started for Pocahontas that Saturday afternoon. In those high and far off times the Jasper highway was still "under construction" and what with long delays while our cars were hauled through gumbo by tractors, and what with Rex Gibson dropping the battery out of his car and sailing on blissfully without it; and what with Lil Chapman picking up the truant battery and bringing it back to its master; yes, in spite and because of these and sundry other adventures it was the wee small hours of Sunday morning before we reached our camp site at the spot where the mining town of Pocahontas once stood.

This is no place to tell of how we slogged through the bush to the cliffs of Roche Miette, or of how we too beat an ignominious retreat with the gathering darkness as an excuse. We returned to Edmonton on Monday with two things we had not taken with us: a group of budding "actives" and a firm resolve that we would have a section hut somewhere near the foot of Roche Miette. Most of those budding actives have long since burst into full bloom, and the section hut which was nothing but a dream has awakened into reality as a Club hut far more pretentious than anything we had pictured—a centre of activity which fully justifies the affectionate title, "The Little Club House in the North."

The first question was money, and a modest building fund was not long in materializing. The second was a site. Fortune was with us and the ideal site was found, but thereby hangs a tale. Back in the big, bad boom days before the first Great War, when the tracks of the Grand Trunk Pacific occupied the roadbed which is now the Jasper highway, two young men started a limekiln just north of Disaster Point, which is the end of the great buttress running down to Athabaska river from Roche Miette. The brothers erected a substantial stone dwelling house near their kiln, put in a spur line to the railway and settled down to make their fortunes. Then came the war. The brothers dumped the lime from the flat cars, where it still lies in a huge heap to attract the mountain sheep from many miles around. The railway tracks were torn up and sent to France, where the two

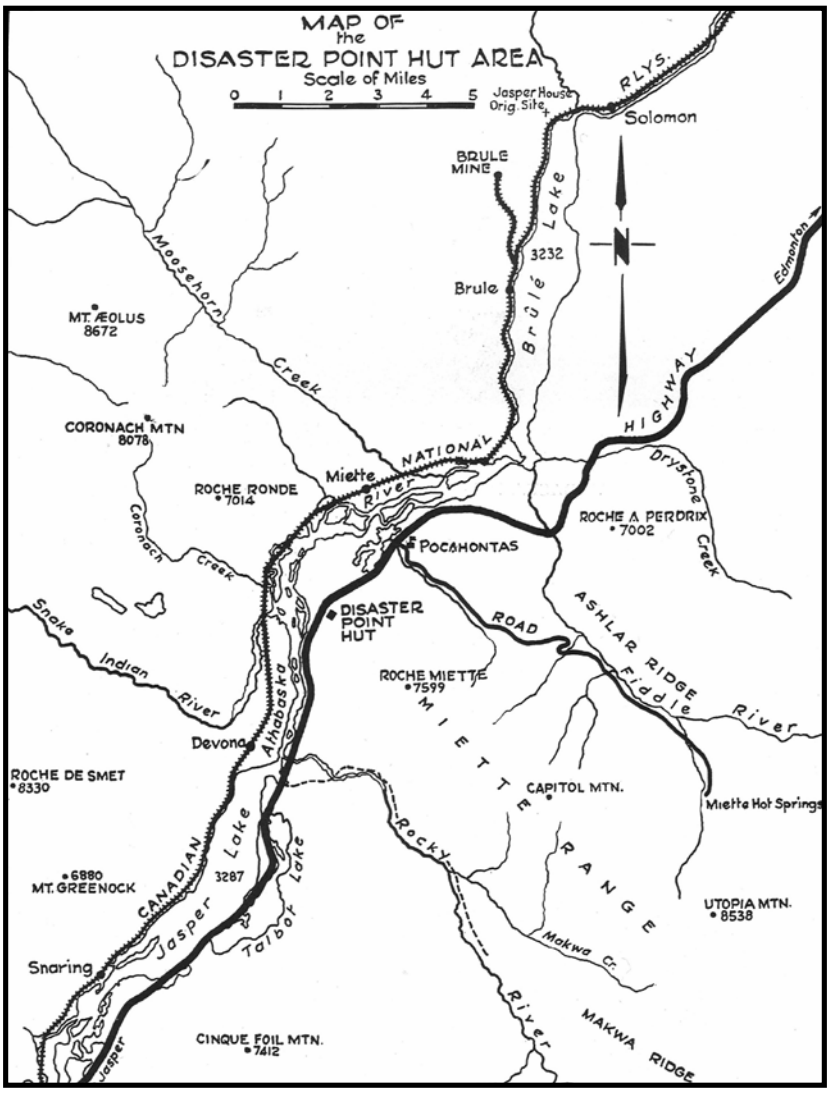


Athabaska River from Disaster Point

C.W. Pearcy

Disaster Point Hut

H.E. Bulyea



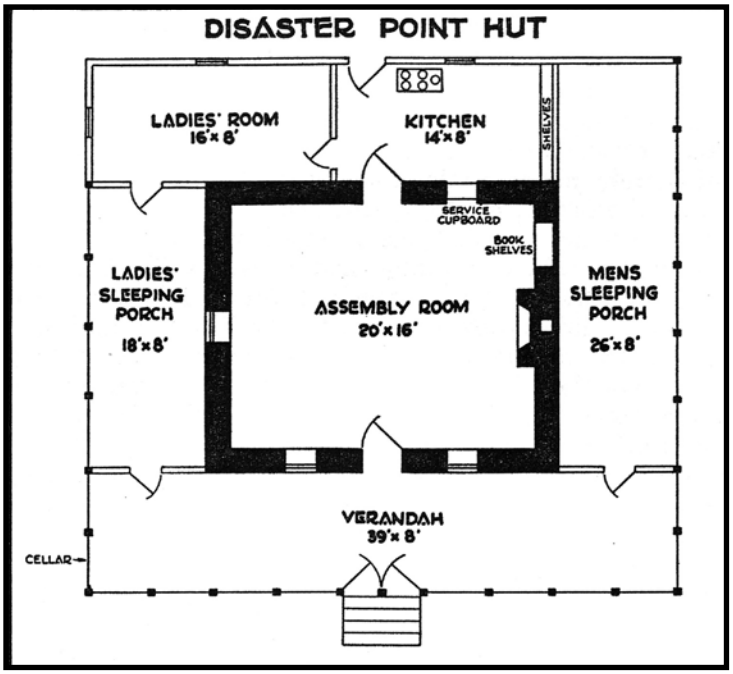
brothers followed them. The stone house was deserted and the peace of the primitive wilderness settled back once more upon Disaster Point.

The years passed. Pack rats made their home in the silent rafters. An occasional hobo tore up planks from the floor to build his fire. But the two brothers had built well, and the four stone walls stood four-square to the winds until, two decades later, we found the old house and recognized it as the much-desired nucleus of our Disaster Point hut.

Then followed prolonged negotiations with the Dominion Government. At last, through the generous cooperation of the Hon. J. A. McKinnon, the site was ours, together with the building "as is." Our ambitions were modest: a new floor, new doors and windows, needed repairs to the walls where frost had loosened the limestone blocks. The Skipper made plans, Dr. Bulyea produced an oil painting of the finished hut, we were confident that with plenty of volunteer labor our section home would be ready for occupation by the end of the next summer. But now we struck a snag. This was the year of the Columbia icefield camp, and every member of the section was going to camp or bust!

However, we did succeed in getting together a little work party, and then followed ten days of strenuous labor compared with which the ascent of Mt. Columbia was a mere summer picnic. The Skipper, who was engineer in charge, had insisted on one thing "strict union hours," and we obeyed his ruling; we worked eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon and evening! Our only relaxation was the occasional dip in the newly opened Hot Springs.

At the end of ten days we left for Edmonton with a long-drawn sigh of relief. The hut was not finished, but at least it was habitable. The party who visited it on the following Labor Day admitted as much with a certain restrained enthusiasm, but—. Sadly we came to the conclusion



that the section had bitten off more than it could chew. Funds were exhausted, and the hut was far from finished. What should we do? The Skipper came to our rescue with a suggestion.

At about the same time that the two brothers abandoned their lime kiln, Charles Robert Cross of Boston, U.S.A., bequeathed to the Club the sum of one thousand dollars in memory of his son, C. R. Cross Jr. who lost his life in the early days of the war. There was a proviso in Mr. Cross' will to the effect that the money was to be used for the benefit of the Club "and especially of the Edmonton section." The money was lying untouched. Here, perhaps, was the solution of our difficulty.

After long discussion, we decided to approach the executive of the Club with a suggestion. We proposed that the Cross Fund should be divided between the Disaster Point hut and the Stanley Mitchell hut, which also needed money; in return the section would turn the finished hut over to the Club to be used as a sort of Jasper Park Annex to the Club House. To our delight, the grant was approved, and a building committee was set up with the writer as chairman. Realizing that the Club would require something much more commodious than the simple one-room structure which now existed, we drew up new plans and went to work. We felt that we owed it to the Club to provide the best possible in the way of building and equipment, so for two years volunteer work parties

spent every holiday week-end at Disaster Point. A group of five young men who were "handy with tools" were enlisted to do much of the carpentering work. The climax came in the summer of 1940 when Dr. Bulyea built with his own hands a stone fireplace which is a memorial to his son John, who was one of the original party during that exciting Labor Day trip which saw the beginning of the project.

Today, the Disaster Point hut is a worthy addition to the growing list of Club property. It stands on the Jasper highway, twenty-four miles north of Jasper, and fourteen miles from Miette Hot Springs. The original stone building forms the assembly room, where the activities of the day culminate around the great fireplace. In front is a wide verandah, forty feet in length, affording a wide view across the rushing Athabaska to a background of peaks, from Pyramid mountain to Roche Ronde. On the north side is a spacious ladies' sleeping porch, with screens and shutters, and on the south side a similar sleeping porch for men.

At the back of the building are two rooms, a kitchen and a ladies' room, the latter opening into the sleeping porch. The hut is equipped with sixteen cots, but no bedding has been provided, as cars can be driven right to the door and members are expected to bring their own blankets. Provision has been made for the installation of four bunks in the attic, when more sleeping accommodation is needed. There are books and pictures and even a boat for use on nearby Talbot lake, where fishing is reported to be good, but a boathouse is still a project for the future.

The attractions of Disaster Point are manifold. For the climber there is Roche Miette, whose cliffs rise a sheer four thousand feet above the hut, and many other lesser peaks. For the hiker there are numerous trails leading to canyons, lakes and streams. The nature lover will rejoice in the abundance of wild life, for it is a common experience to wake and find deer or mountain sheep browsing on the front "lawn." Best of all, the hut is ideally situated as a stopping place for the motorist on his way over the famous Jasper-Banff highway.

The key of the hut may be obtained from the Park Warden, whose cabin is two miles north of Disaster Point, or from the warden at Park Gate, seven miles north of the hut.

The name Disaster Point, which appears on government maps of Jasper Park, had its origin in an incident which happened to Sir Sandford Fleming seventy years ago. Fleming was exploring a possible route for the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1872 when he traversed the slopes of Roche Miette on his way to the present site of Jasper. Principal Grant, who was acting as secretary to the expedition, describes the following event: "The Chief's bag got a crush against a rock, and his flask that held a drop of brandy carefully preserved for the next plum pudding, was broken. It was hard, but on an expedition like this the most serious losses are taken calmly and soon forgotten."

There has been some criticism of the use of the name in connection with a Club hut, but we are sure that when our members become familiar with the historic incident described above, this prejudice will disappear. At the time when the hut was still a section project, a vote was taken with the result that the members were almost unanimously in favor of retaining the name. We hope that the Club will agree with our viewpoint and that no disaster more serious than Fleming's may ever take place at "The Little Club House in the North."

THE CARIBOO RANGE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SURVEYORS AND MODERN CLIMBERS

BY W. A. DON MUNDAY

"Up to the present, as far as I know, not a white man has ever penetrated into its fastnesses. I have heard how even the most adventurous prospectors have been turned back." In 1912, J. Norman Collie wrote thus about the Cariboo Range. [1]

Without appropriate comment, E. W. D. Holway four years later used the foregoing fanciful and credulous sentences to preface his article about the first mountaineering visit to this magnificent range, in the *Canadian Alpine Journal,* 1916.

But in 1924, when Allen Carpé's party made the first important ascents in the range, Carpé undertook to show that Canadian Pacific Railway surveyors in the '70's failed to penetrate "the nucleus of the range," which, inferentially, he defined as the 100-mile section extending northward from Albreda pass.[2]

In 1939, R. T. Zillmer made an enterprising trip to headwaters of North Thompson river, and endorsed Carpé's hasty conclusions, although plainly indexed material in *Canadian Pacific Railway Reports* and *Royal Commission Report,* 1882, (on which Carpé founded his conclusions) do not bear out his belief.

Zillmer also assumed that a controversy still existed as to the sources of North Thompson and Raush rivers, his "considerable correspondence" in preparation for his trip having failed to inform him that any doubts on the subject had been authoritatively settled twelve years before by surveyors.

To review briefly: Carpé assumed the head of the North Thompson valley lay directly north of Mt. Sir John

Thompson (his "Mt. David Thompson")[3] while my wife and I found this valley to be part of the Raush river drainage. Carpé later found we were right[4]—surely agreement ends a controversy!

When we made the first ascent of Mt. Sir John Thompson (ca. 11,250 ft.), July 18, 1925, all the main drainage systems except Canoe river were graphically plain. The mountain towers directly at the head of McLennan river valley. On the summit we seriously discussed using this valley to enter the district next summer —not foreseeing that within a few weeks Mt. Waddington would suddenly turn our thoughts from the Cariboos.

Carpé in 1924, and we in 1925, felt that views from Mt. Sir Wilfred Laurier (Carpé's "Mt. Titan," ca. 11,750 ft.), which is at the source of McLennan river, left no doubt about the course of McLennan river to the Fraser. Carpé's later confusion remains inexplicable. After climbing Albreda mountain, thirty miles away, he wrote "Views of the Cariboo range, although somewhat marred by clouds, leave little doubt that the valley head indentified by Holway in 1915 as that of

1 *A.J.,* 26, p. 8, 1912.

2 Climbs in the Cariboo Range, *A.J.,* No. 230, 1925.

3 However, his companion, R. T. Chamberlin, said "The course was partially hidden from view by a splendid peak to which we gave the name Mt. David Thompson." (*Geographical Soc. of Philadelphia Bulletin,* April, 1927, p. 70). But this would place the pass south of the mountain.

4 *Appalachia,* June, 1928, pp. 5-11.

Mica creek (McLennan river) is really the source of Canoe river . . . The McLennan river does not go so far back into the mountains and appears to head at the E. base of the Challenger group."[5] Yet Carpé coupled with it a suggestion that from Thompson my wife and I could look right down McLennan valley. We could, of course.

The grand peaks on the McLennan-Canoe divide were so high and crowded that even from 11,250 feet we could not define the divide with assurance. Holway termed the head of the McLennan "the most magnificent valley I have ever seen."

Doubtless the first white men to view that scene were Canadian Pacific Railway surveyors. Sir Sandford Fleming says "Many fruitless attempts have been made to carry the railway through the colossal wall of mountains which presents so inspiring a barrier to its westerly course for so many miles north and south of Tête Jaune Cache. So far as known, every depression has been examined, and every indentation explored, without success. The few lateral valleys, which at wide intervals exist, immediately terminate in gorges, again to disappear in glacial sources at high altitudes.[6]

No modern climber has discovered anything which throws doubt on the accuracy of that description. Survey parties made many explorations of which accounts were never printed in the reports. Roderick McLennan said the duties of one of his subordinates, Green, stationed at Cranberry lake, were "to examine the country thoroughly around that region and explore both north and west, particularly with a view of finding a valley or pass through into the Cariboo country westward . . . they tried by several valleys for about twenty to twenty-five miles westerly, one or two places that seemed to promise an outlet, tried these in succession . . ."[7] A valley as prominent as the McLennan and as close to Green's headquarters could not have gone unexplored. To assume otherwise borders on perversity.

Second-growth timber along the Vancouver line of the Canadian National Railways now interferes greatly with views of the Cariboo range; fifteen years ago one could look up McLennan valley and see a goodly part of Mt. Sir John Thompson.

Weather and food shortage nearly robbed us of a chance to climb Thompson. We had bivouacked two nights under a tent pitched as a lean-to on ice axes at 7300 feet on a gale-swept spur of Mt. Sir Wilfred. An extra blast of sand and mica dust made Mrs. Munday peer over the windbreak.

"We'd better get out of here!" she exclaimed and scraped our untouched breakfast back into the pot. The west wind raged across the head of Sand glaciers; from the upper plateau wind drove falling snow half a mile horizontally, as from a giant nozzle, before dropping it on the trunk glacier.

We hurried down toward base camp below the glacier snout at 4500 feet, but grew stubborn when we reached a small heather shelf at 6500 feet, with a few small trees under a cliff. Though comparatively sheltered, we battled a full hour to pitch the tent.

In spite of rain, hail, and wind, we finally breakfasted at 2 p.m. In better weather it would have been delightful; the outlook was fine, and beside us a glacier front discharged waterfalls and ice blocks 800 feet to the trunk glacier.

We had thought it important to bivouac this evening on a small nunatak far out in the McLennan glacier névé—to be reached by descending about 1500 feet beyond "Promise point,"

5 *C.A.J.,* 1926-27, p. 243.

6 *C.P.R. Report,* 1877, p. 31.

7 *Royal Commission Report,* 1882, Evidence, pp. 1520-1533.

a previously ascended minor summit (about 10,000 ft.) on the Sand-McLennan divide. Storm forbade this, hardly allowing us sleep where we were.

Racing clouds smothered all the summits when after much uncertainty we started at 2.20 a.m. At 7500 feet, mud around a small morainal lake was crusted two inches deep. [8]

The bitter wind made me thankful to discover a mitt blown into a crevice of the rocks of "Promise point" on our previous visit. Clear ice glazed the snow, but Tricouni nails generally gave us just the extra security to avoid need to bring the axe into play for long distances, particularly at the beginning of the three-mile traverse of the McLennan névé where our course ran more or less along the lines of concealed crevasses.

Some mountaineering writers convey the impression that surface signs always mark presence of a crevasse roofed thinly enough to be dangerous. This is bad advice, and likely to lull

8 "Water froze in my tent on the 29th of August at this point." (Tête Jaune Cache). G. A. Keefer, *C.P.R. Report,* 1877, p. 355. This was at about 2400 feet.

the less experienced person into false sense of security. With the support of such a good snow-craftsman as my wife, I felt our party kept within the bounds of reasonable risk.

We mounted about 500 feet to a rock-rimmed pass at the base of the grand northern ridge of Thompson—had Carpé been right, we might have been the first to stand at the farthest source of North Thompson river, for he had so termed this pass.

The too-icy crest line decided us to make for the less exhilarating-looking ice-rib which interrupted the northerly face. An uncompromising bergschrund, and an exact replica just below it, gashed the whole face as far as this ice-rib.

After descending westward about a thousand feet, we climbed amid big fallen blocks. One mighty fragment with a prow-like front had a tail of lesser blocks in order of diminishing size.

The structure of the rib ensured its being under tension. My axe blows opened a crack which ran jerkily across it while ice clashed in hidden caverns below. This happened several times.

I merely nicked the ice, leaving Phyl to chip out a little more. Her hands bled with the ice I hailed down upon her, but she would not pause to put on mitts. We had 800 feet of step-cutting, the upper part being thinly covered with snow.

Upon rounding a boss of snow at 10.20 a.m., we suddenly gained the summit ridge at about 10,500 feet—a gleaming, sinuous knife-edge of snow mounting splendidly for half a mile eastward. As the peak threatened to cloud, we halted here to photograph a scene so unlike Carpé's impression of it from Mt. Sir Wilfred.[9]

The scene was illustrated in the *Canadian Alpine Journal,* 1928, p. 78, showing part of a big snowfield described as existing in the arc formed by heads of Raush and North Thompson rivers.

Though Zillmer refers to this illustration, he proceeds to state "If there is such an icefield, it must be N. and E. of the divide ridge, for there is no such icefield in the basins of the Thompson or in the upper Raush. They may have in mind the large Braithwaite Icefield which is W. of the Azure."[10] Yet it is shown just where he concedes "it must be" if it exists.

Since the foregoing was written, Zillmer has stated in the A. A. J., 1941, p. 320, "Munday's remarks relative to the large icefield and to the low pass are so contentious as to deserve no comment. Mr. Munday located the large icefield, ... on the glacial plateau between the converging upper reaches of the Raush and North Thompson rivers. We, of course, walked in this region. It is not a plateau, and it does not contain the large icefield."

Such statements remind one of the blind man who got hold of the elephant's tail and decided that an elephant was very like a rope.

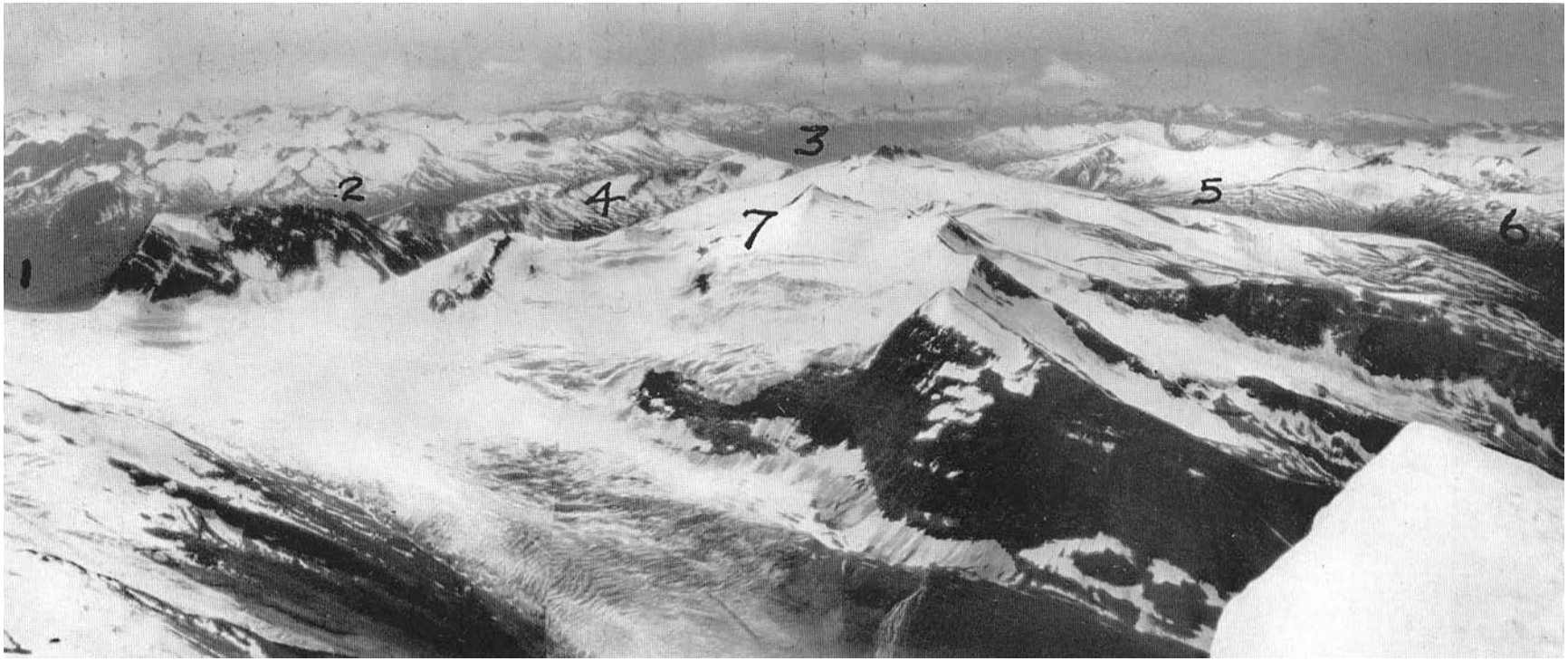
The view of this region from Mt. Sir John Thompson is reproduced with this article. The ridges Zillmer travelled, and the Braithwaite icefield, are minor features in relation to the icefield which I described and which extends left out of the picture to merge with glaciers on the McLennan-Canoe river divide. These snowfields obviously were hidden from Zillmer by the high ridges described by him and shown as bounding his map in this direction.

Zillmer claims: "The Mundays and Carpé believed there was a low pass between the Raush and the Thompson."[11] I never tried to describe it in geographic detail. There is an indirect pass.

9 *C.A.J.,* 1925, p. 131. We estimated the heads of the Raush and North Thompson valleys to be six or seven miles S.W., but eight or nine is more likely.

10 *American Alpine J.,* 1940, p. 81; *C.A.J.,* 1939, p. 60. Statements in the two journals are not identical, but may be read as one.

11 *C.A.J.,* 1939, p. 59.



From 10,500 Feet on Mt. Sir John Thompson.

Photo Mrs. Don Munday

1. North Thompson valley.
2. Summit of Thompson – Azure pass lies approximately below figure.
3. Azure river valley.
4. Ridges traversed by Zillmer, showing slopes to "Ella Fry creek."
5. Summit of Raush-Azure pass approximately below this figure.
6. Raush valley.
7. Extensive snowfield as shown here, stretches from near Raush-Azure pass eastwards along the Raush-Thompson divide and out of the view to the headwaters of Canoe and McLennan rivers, with total area of from 20 to 30 square miles. Zillmer's final conclusion (p. 321, *Amer A.J.,* 1941) Is that it does not exist. In his original description he conceded it might be beyond a skyline which he estimated at 10,000 to 11,000 feet high — 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the highest point he reached, 8,900 feet as computed by him.

"In the minds of a great many people who are not particularly interested in mountain lore the term 'pass' merely applies to the summit of a pass, but this, of course, is a misconception."[12]

Zillmer continues his happy assumptions: "The Mundays probably thought that this pass was south of the meadow [in the Azure-Raush pass], for their picture in the *Canadian Alpine Journal* of 1928, p. 78, includes this meadow, although they assumed it was entirely in the Raush basin." If he relies on the accuracy of his own map, this calls for an explanation as to how a camera at 10,500 feet from a distance of not less than six or seven miles (but almost certainly considerably more) could photograph a meadow which he places at 5250 feet on the far side of mountains about 10,000 feet high. The meadow would be several thousand feet below the line of vision.

In the 1941 A. A.J., p. 321, Zillmer finds it proves my "controversial spirit" to present him with this difficulty, but he fails to see he created it. He gives no sign that he has oriented his sphere of travel with the country shown in the photograph.

Zillmer's map and data do not wholly agree with Geological Survey reports and a contour map of the region.[13] The Thompson-Azure pass summit is 6000 feet, and the Azure-Raush pass summit 6100 feet. Zillmer omits any scale of miles on his map.

Although Zillmer admits not having seen these Geological Survey maps, he argues "The map in the 1938 mining report, and I suppose this is true of the Geological Report, contains nothing showing the Thompson or any territory E. of the Raush-Azure meadow." (P. 319, *A. A. J.,* 1941). This is another bad guess.

The Geological Survey map does not attempt to place any of the higher peaks. The report describes the biggest tributary of Raush river as that flowing from Raush glacier which occupies an impressively deep and narrow gorge between Mt. Sir Wilfred and an 11,000-foot mass to the southward. This must be a most magnificent glacier, but we saw little of it either when we climbed Sir Wilfred or when coming down, and the broad top of the mountain cut off the view close to its base. The report placed the glacier tongue at 4100 feet.

Carpé's party had climbed the mountain from a bivouac on ".Bivouac peak," about 10,100 feet, which point he listed as a separate ascent; we thought it had no independent importance, being merely a spur of Laurier.

We bivouacked for the climb at 7300 feet on the east side of the mountain, more or less following Carpé's route over Bivouac peak, a thousand feet or so down its west side and then traversing on the glacier round to the western side of the main mass of Laurier where fresh snowdrifts in a badly broken area forced us out on to bare ice. I cut steps for an hour in wind so violent that the axe could be used with precision only while one kept a bent knee braced against the slope. (We thought bare, or nearly bare, ice appeared very high on these mountains.)

On surmounting the final snow-wall, the wind hurled me forward on all fours on a broad level expanse, but Phyl, picturing me as dangling down the other side of an arête, hauled mightily on the rope till a lessening of the gale made my voice audible. On top the air was almost calm, though all around us up-rushing blasts whirled in a glittering dance myriad flakes of clear ice, some as wide as a hand, stripped from storm-glazed slopes. The summit is probably about 11,750 feet.

Weather was glorious this day except for the terrible wind. By the time we started down, water from the ice slope streamed towards the edge of the chasm in which Raush glacier lay; at the brink the gale scooped it upward for fifty feet and sprayed it back on the ice along with small rocks. We were drenched. Even when we regained our bivouac under the lee of the mighty mountain,

12 R. W. Cautley in *C.A.J.,* 1921-22, p. 155.

13 *Can Geol. Survey, Summary Report,* 1929, Part A, pp. 274-296; and 1927, pp. 42-46.

the wind there deserved to be called violent. Next morning it developed into the storm which has already been mentioned as nearly preventing the ascent of Mt. Sir John Thompson.

We got little sleep during our three nights on the mountain. For the first one, rain did not permit leaving base camp, nearly 3000 feet below, till 5.25 p.m., and when we had eaten and got into the sleeping bag at last, a weird, green, auroral beam outlined the pallid crest of Mt. Robson, playing up to the zenith. We watched it a long time.

After the ascent of Thompson—a 17-hour trip in which we covered about fifteen miles on glaciers and ascent of 10,000 feet—lower water in Sand creek eased our outward trip. Thanks to Phyl tinkling our ice axes, we nicely missed meeting a she-grizzly and cub face to face. Later, while I was momentarily blinded by wasps, I slid down a steep slope to escape; Phyl fearing I would end in the torrent, jumped to my rescue; her devotion was ill- rewarded, for my axe blade bared the tendon in her thigh. We were still seven miles from Tête Jaune station. It is not on the site of Tête Jaune Cache which is mentioned so frequently in the accounts of railway surveys.

The Canadian Pacific Railway surveyors knew much more about the Cariboo range than Carpé or Zillmer give them credit for. One regrets the records are so condensed. In 1871 James A. Mahood's party made a bold crossing from Barkerville through "Dominion pass," about 9000 feet high, to Castle (or Cottonwood) river. "For the horses a passage over the glacier had to be cut with picks and axes." In 1874 E. W. Jarvis ascended an unspecified branch of Clearwater river to look for a pass into the upper North Thompson. "The summit of the divide at the lowest place that could be found on this route was an immense glacier 7000 feet above sea level." Walter Moberly in 1873 "proceeded to explore the country at the headwaters of the Canoe river, and very soon found there was no pass in that direction."

After making these quotations, Carpé sums up: "it will be seen that the railway surveyors never succeeded in piercing the real nucleus of the Cariboo mountains between Albreda pass and the Castle river."[14] Carpé ignores his own quotation as to Moberly having done so.

Sir Sandford Fleming's general statement on the subject has been quoted.

Zillmer's remarks in *A. A. J.,* 1941, pp. 319-321, further reveal his incomplete knowledge of the historical records. The work of Green's party having been drawn to his attention, he demands "How could Green, with horses, I presume, have crossed the Cariboos from Cranberry Lake base to the Raush ? "Zillmer trips through lack of knowledge. Green never set out for the then undiscovered source of Raush river. It was Mahood who explored valleys from above Tête Jaune Cache as far down the Fraser as Castle river. McLennan says "Going down from Tête Jaune Cache they got to the first stream, some thirty miles from Tête Jaune Cache. They went up that stream some thirty miles." "In what direction?" "Southwest."

"That is towards the crest of the Cariboo range?" "Yes." "Having crossed the crest of that range, they went down that river some distance."[15]

Raush river is the only river extending from the Fraser thirty miles in a southwesterly direction into the Cariboo range. Obviously "that river" refers to the Azure, and this explains why no mention is made anywhere of any party working west of the range having ascended the Azure, though Hobson river to the north was explored, and Jarvis seems to have been farther southward where a party exploring the .Blue river pass reported a break might exist in the range along the North Thompson. The aim at this time was a direct route from Yellowhead pass to Bute inlet.

14 *A.J.,* 230, p. 66.

15 *Royal Commission Report,* 1882, Evidence, p. 1533.

This shows quite definitely that the surveyors knew of the 6000-foot Thompson-Azure-Raush pass, praised by Zillmer as "an easily found, non-glacial, under-timberline pass," but without his taking into consideration the prohibitive gradient down the Azure river side. References to a maximum gradient of one foot per 100 in the survey reports imply that at this time that limit could be exceeded only for short distances. Westward towards Fraser river all surveyed routes proved possible but not practicable; on this account a 3800-foot pass at the head of Blue river, a tributary of the North Thompson, was rejected, so naturally a 6000-foot pass by a longer route was never entertained.

This leads to the conclusion that Jarvis was exploring for a pass somewhere between Blue river and the head of the North Thompson, with full knowledge of both passes.

Zillmer insists rashly that Moberly could not have reached the head of the North Thompson. It may not have been his objective. He was in a position to know what other explorations had been made. A person with knowledge of Moberly's iron determination—as witnessed by his crossing of the Selkirk range near Mt. Sir Sandford in December—will not lightly imply he did not reach the head of the North Thompson if that was his objective on that October trip.

Also, it will occur to one used to year-round travel in British Columbia mountains that the leafless October undergrowth is much easier to travel through than in July. One must not think of these exploratory parties burdened with transits, etc. Their instruments amounted to little more than barometer and hand level. They travelled light and hard. From the earliest days in British Columbia it has been a matter of pride with surveyors to travel hard.

Mahood, in charge of the party at Castle river, had had previous experience in British Columbia.

Thus the evidence is positive, not negative—as Carpé (and Zillmer) inferred—that every valley of any size leading into what Carpé called "the real nucleus of the Cariboo mountains" was explored by the railway surveyors. If any proof of the calibre of these surveyors is needed, it exists in the fact that much of this preliminary exploration was done in winter.

Mountaineers, of all people, ought to be readiest to pay tribute to them.

ARTHUR OLIVER WHEELER *

Born on May 1, 1860, at "The Rocks," Dower House to the estate of his cousin, Sir Charles Wheeler-Cuffe Bart., "Leyrath," Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, A. 0. Wheeler was the eldest son of Capt. Edward Oliver Wheeler of "The Rocks," Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, and Josephine Helsham, daughter of Arthur Helsham Esq., M.D., London, England.

He was educated at a private school, Dublin and later at Ballinasloe College, County Galway, Ireland and at Dulwich College, London, England.

Coming out to Canada with his parents in 1876 he took up the profession of Land surveying. He served his apprenticeship first with Riley and Hamilton, and then with Elihu Stewart of Collingwood, Ontario. It had been his boyhood dream to go up the Great Lakes and spend the summer in a birch-bark canoe. This he did the following year, 1877, as assistant to Mr. Stewart, for he travelled up Lake Huron in the old time side-wheeler, the Frances Smith. He spent the summer, much of the time in a birch-bark canoe, exploring and surveying for settlement in the vicinity of the Bruce Mines.

Again with Mr. Stewart on Indian Reserve surveys north of Battleford and Prince Albert, in 1878, he travelled from Winnipeg to Battleford with Red River carts. The journey to Winnipeg was made by the old route, via the Great Lakes, Duluth, Moorhead and Red river. The entire distance from Winnipeg, over six hundred miles, was made on foot, following the old fur-trading cart track. The journey took six weeks going to Battleford and five weeks returning from Prince Albert. The farthest outpost was the little town of Brandon, 135 miles from Winnipeg, the balance of the distance to Battleford lying across what was then known as the North American desert. One stretch of twenty-four hours crossed the Great Salt Plain, where both fuel and water had to be carried, as there was no timber and all water was bitterly alkaline.

He qualified as Ontario Land Surveyor in 1881; as Manitoba and Dominion Land Surveyor, in 1882, as British Columbia Land Surveyor, in 1891; and as Alberta Land Surveyor, in 1911. In 1929 he was elected an Honorary member of the Dominion Land Surveyors' Association, now the Canadian Institute of Surveying.

Mr. Wheeler was at Winnipeg in 1881 and 1882 during the big boom and the year following was employed by the Dominion Government on pioneer surveys in the Northwest Territories, then being opened up for settlement by Sir John A. Macdonald. In 1884 he sub-divided a number of Canadian Pacific Railway townsites along the line of railway construction.

He was appointed a technical officer of the Topographical Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior in 1885 under Dr. E. Deville, F.R.A.S., Surveyor General of Canada, by whom he was trained in the specialty of photo-topographical surveying then being applied by Dr. Deville to the mapping of the Canadian Rocky mountains. In this work he collaborated with the Surveyor General for several years.

The same year, 1885, he took part in the suppression of the Riel Rebellion, serving as a lieutenant with the Dominion Land Surveyors' Intelligence Corps under J. S. Dennis, D.T.S. (Captain). During this period he was slightly wounded at Batoche, but took part in General

* It has been deemed appropriate in this issue of the Journal, which is dedicated to Mr. Wheeler, to give our readers some details of his varied career.

Middleton's abortive chase after the Indian Chief, Big Bear, north of Fort Pitt. On one occasion he rode with Col. Bill Herchmer and his famous North West Mounted Police troop. The services of the Corps took him to Swift Current, Long Lake, Saskatoon, Batoche, Prince Albert, Battleford and Fort Pitt. He received the Saskatchewan Medal and Clasp.

From 1890 to 1893 he was in private practice at New Westminster, B.C. In 1893 he returned to the Department of the Interior's Survey Branch and was employed on township subdivision surveys south of Edmonton. He was employed on irrigation and photo-topographical surveys of the foothills in southern Alberta, with headquarters at Calgary from 1895 to 1899. In 1900 he made a photo-topographical survey of and mapped the Crowsnest coal mining areas for the Surveys' Branch and in 1901 and 1902 a photo-topographical survey of the Selkirk range along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The report and maps of this survey were published by the Department of the Interior in book form under the title of *The Selkirk Range* by A. 0. Wheeler, 1905. From 1903 to 1910 he continued the photo-topographical survey of the main range of the Rockies and during this period was appointed Topographer of the Department of the Interior.

In April of 1903 Mr. Wheeler was sent to Alaska, via Skagway, travelling on the old C.P.R. steamer, Princess May, to investigate a report received from the North West Mounted Police of the finding of supposed remains of an old Russian stone house and some boundary monuments thought to have a bearing upon the location of the Alaska-Yukon boundary between Canada and the United States, then being adjudicated in London. He was instructed to make a photo-topographical survey of the terrain involved and report to Ottawa. During the month of April he was in the hands of the Yukon division of North West Mounted Police and travelled over a part of the old Dalton trail of the Yukon mining boom, incidentally meeting and spending a night with Jack Dalton at his home at Porcupine City. The area surveyed was close to the historic trail point of Rainy Hollow cabin, where several nights were spent. At that time the surrounding country was covered by snow and all travel was by dog-team. Maps and report of the survey were prepared and turned over to the Boundary Commission at London, where adjudication was in the hands of Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England.

In September of 1904 he attended the International Geographic Congress, convened at Washington, as delegate from the Department of the Interior and, while it was in session, visited Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the St. Louis World's Fair, then in operation.

He returned to private practice from 1910 to 1913 and, during that period, completed a large contract subdivision survey at Tetachuck lake, some seventy-five miles northeast of Bella Coola, B.C. He was then appointed Commissioner for British Columbia on the survey of the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, consisting of the watershed line of the main range of the Rocky mountains to its intersection with the 120th meridian of longitude. Mr. Wheeler's share of the survey included photo-topographical map representation of the watershed and adjacent terrain, extending from the United States Boundary at the 49th parallel of latitude to the intersection with the 120th meridian, a distance of some 600 miles of the highest mountains. This work was demonstrated by three large atlases of contoured maps. The survey was carried on from 1913 to 1925. At its close Mr. Wheeler retired from active professional work.

Later, he superintended the construction of a number of topographical relief maps for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company of mountain areas adjacent to the main line of the railway, which are now in use at the Banff Springs Hotel and at Chateau Lake Louise for the guidance of tourists.

Inspired by his mountain surveys, in 1906 he founded the Alpine Club of Canada, assisted by Mrs. H. J. Parker of the *Manitoba Free Press,* Winnipeg, and the Rev'd Dr. J. C. Herdman

of Calgary. Both the *Manitoba Free Press* and the *Calgary Herald* opened their columns to the Club's organization. Much assistance was also given by Sir William Whyte, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, through whose good offices practical organization at Winnipeg on March 27 and 28, 1906 became possible.

Mr. Wheeler was the Club's first President from 1906 to 1910, then Managing Director until 1926, when he retired and a Committee of Management was appointed. He was elected Honorary President and continues in that connection until the present time.

The year following the founding of the Club, he prepared for publication the first issue of the *Canadian Alpine Journal* and was its Editor until 1927. In this work, the late S. H. Mitchell, Secretary-Treasurer and then Honorary Secretary of the Club, collaborated as Assistant Editor from 1906 to 1927.

The same year, 1907, as President of the Alpine Club of Canada, he attended the Jubilee celebration dinner of The Alpine Club, held at Lincoln's Inn Hall, London.

Seated at the High table beside the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Wills, a distinguished mountain climber and author, he found himself separated by two from the Chairman, His Lordship, the Rt. Rev'd the Bishop of Bristol, President of the Club, and next but one to Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England, with whom he passed remarks concerning his Lordship's adjudication of the Alaska-Yukon Boundary, a most unpopular one to Canadians. (See *Canadian Alpine Journal,* 1908).

At the close of the Jubilee celebration Mr. Wheeler paid a visit to Switzerland and with a party arranged by Mr. Frank Bergne, son of Sir Henry Bergne, who had visited Canada, he took part in a proposed ascent of the Ulrichshorn from Saas Fee on New Year's day, 1908. A very sad accident, resulting in the death of Mr. Bergne, put an end to the climb on the way up.

The following year, 1908, proposed by the famous mountaineer and author, Edward Whymper, Mr. Wheeler was elected to Honorary membership in The Alpine Club (England) and at the present time there are only two others whose election is of prior date: Dr. H. Dubi, Switzerland, (1904) and Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis Young-husband, Kent, England, (1905).

The Club's headquarters at Banff, on the eastern slopes of Sulphur Mountain, known as the Alpine Club House, was built in 1909. Mr. Wheeler selected the site, a very beautiful one with outstanding views of the Bow River valley and its enclosing mountains. He designed the building and superintended its construction. It stands out as a prominent feature of the landscape from the main street of the village, a mile and a half distant.

The Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Winnipeg in August, 1909, at which a number of members of The Alpine Club were attending, gave Mr. Wheeler, then President of the Alpine Club of Canada, an opportunity to introduce them to the Canadian Rocky mountains. An invitation was sent to these members and the ladies accompanying them to be the guests of the Club for a programme extending over a period of three weeks. Some twenty accepted and all attended at one time or another. First, they were received at the newly opened Club House at Banff and were there from July 27 to August 1. Then a move was made to the Club's annual camp, held that year at Lake O'Hara meadows. Camp closed on August 9, when a number of the guests were taken on a six-day trip around the Yoho valley and for the eastern half of the trip the party travelled high up across the icefields. There were thirty-three in the party altogether, of whom ten were guests and the remainder, officials, guides and volunteer members, young stalwarts, who for the part of the trip above timber line carried all necessary food supplies and camp equipment on their backs. The western half of the trip was made over trails and the equipment carried by pack ponies. At its conclusion our guests said they had never done anything

like it before and, sotto voce, hoped they would never do anything like it again; but they approved, for at the close they gave us a fine farewell banquet at Mt. Stephen House at Field and the majority joined the Club as life members.

Among our guests were a number of renowned climbers and explorers: The Rt. Hon. Col. L. S. Amery; Dr. Tempest Anderson, the volcano expert; Godfrey Solly, President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club; Geoffry Hastings; A. L. Mumm; Prof. H. B. Dixon, F.R.S., and Edward Whymper, whose speech at the camp fire will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The closing paragraph was as follows: "This is the first and it will be the last occasion on which I shall have the honour to speak to you. I came from Europe expressly for this meeting and tomorrow I start back. But, if unable to be with you in body, I shall so long as I live be with you in spirit and wish you success and prosperity." Mr. Whymper then auctioned off his mountain outfit and equipment, and donated the proceeds, which were considerable, to the Club. (See *Canadian Alpine Journal,* 1910).

In 1911, as Director of the Club, Mr. Wheeler organized and led an expedition to the Rainbow mountains, of which Mt. Robson is the chief, and mapped the locality by photographic methods. At that time it was known chiefly to prospectors, trappers and hunters of big game. The Smithsonian Institution of Washington collaborated with the expedition and made collections of the smaller mammals, birds, big game and botanical specimens. During the expedition, a reconnaissance survey was made of Maligne lake and the mountains surrounding it. The well-known Alpine Club of Canada's mountain guide, Conrad Kain, was with the expedition and he then made the first ascent of Mt. Whitehorn alone.

The Allied Congress of Alpinism was held in 1920. Mr. Wheeler then organized the Alpine Club of Canada's representation and exhibit. It was held in the Oceano-graphic Museum at Monaco, under the patronage of S.A.S. the Prince of Monaco. The Congress was presided over by M. le Baron Gabet, President of the Club Alpin Francais, and embraced the great alpine clubs and societies of the Allied nations. The Club's exhibit was outstanding and received very favorable comment.

Although unable to attend, owing to press of professional work, the Prince recognized Mr. Wheeler's good work by creating him an Officer of the Order of St. Charles and conferring upon him the Cross of the Order. In the work of organization he was very greatly assisted by Dr. Deville, the Surveyor General; by H. F. Lambart of the Geodetic Survey of Canada; by Byron Harmon of Banff, who supplied a magnificent collection of Rocky mountain photographs and also presented the first motion pictures of the Canadian mountains. These took the Congress by storm and had to be shown again and again. Mrs. J. W. Henshaw of Vancouver lectured to the Congress on the Canadian Rockies and illustrated the lecture by beautiful colored lantern slides. Others contributed papers on scientific mountain subjects, notably the Rev'd E. M. Burwash, H. F. Lambart, N. B. Sanson, and A. 0. Wheeler. (See *Canadian Alpine Journal,* 1920).

The expedition to ascend Mt. Logan, the highest Canadian mountain, 19,850 feet above sea level, of which Mr. Wheeler, the Club's Director, was the instigator and official executive, was made in 1925. The expedition was led by Capt. A. H. MacCarthy with Mr. H. F. Lambart as assistant leader.

In the 1925 *Canadian Alpine Journal* the full story is told in a series of correlated articles written by members of the expedition. It is an epic well worth the reading.

Mr. Wheeler named a mountain at the junction of the North Saskatchewan and its tributary Alexandra river, Mt. Amery, a name confirmed by the Geographic Board of Canada. In 1929

Col. Amery came to Canada and, under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, proceeded to make the ascent of his mountain. The trip was organized by Mr. Murray Gibbon, who invited Mr. Wheeler to accompany Col. Amery and lead him to a climbing base below the mountain. This he did and, on August 20, led by the Swiss guide, Edouard Feuz, and accompanied by Mr. Brian Meredith, Col. Amery made the ascent in a snow blizzard, which developed while en route. Mr. Wheeler did not make the climb. At the Club camp at Roger's pass, the previous July, he had cracked a couple of ribs and was in no condition for strenuous climbing.

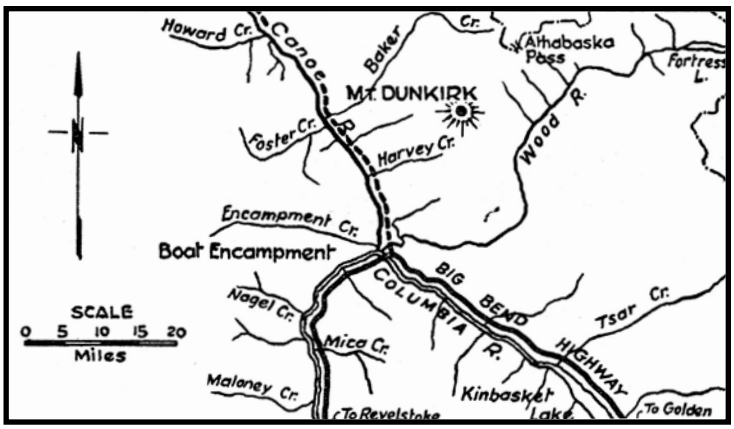
Mr. Wheeler was greatly interested in glaciological studies in the Canadian Rockies and for many years carried on scientific observations of a number of the more prominent glaciers. For many years, also, he was the Canadian representative on the International Commission on Glaciers.

We feel sure that members of the Club will join in wishing Mr. Wheeler many years of continued activity. His leadership and interest have long been appreciated by the Alpine Club of Canada.

MOUNTS "DUNKIRK" AND MURCHISON

BY HENRY S. HALL, JR.

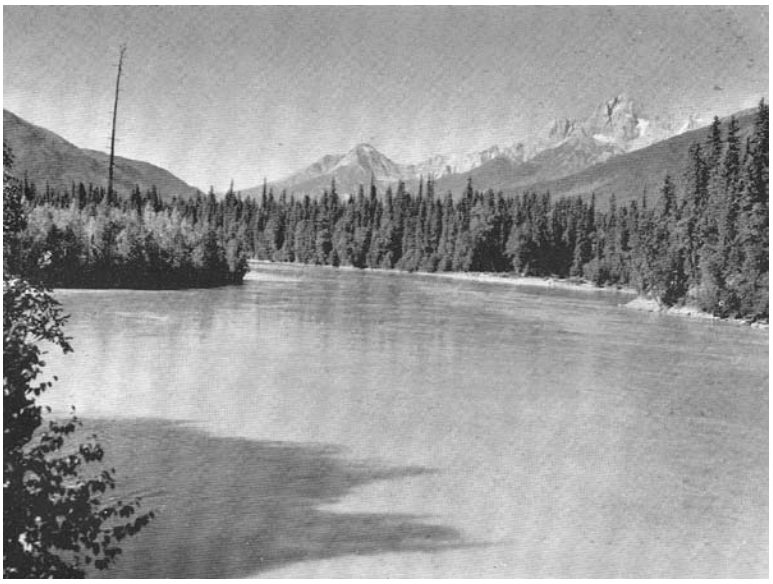
Not the least interesting part of climbing in widely scattered sections of any mountain range over the years is the successive realization of goals observed and fixed in the mind's eye from earlier points of vantage. In 1922 and 1923 from Mt. Clemenceau, Allen Carpé, Henry Schwab and I had often noticed several prominent rock peaks near the confluence of the Canoe, Wood and Columbia rivers at the Big Bend of the latter. Before the new road around the Big Bend was begun as an unemployment relief project in 1932, I had cached these peaks in my mind as one of those somewhat remote reserve goals which it was comfortable to feel would continue to be safe from casual attack, and which one could count on as an objective when more accessible peaks had fallen to the insatiable craving for first ascents, nearer the beaten track. Now to the reader's surprise he will learn that the very peaks to which I refer above are to this day virgin, and await only the labor and sweat of the back-packer ten or twelve miles northwest of the Big Bend. The Canoe river marks as clearly defined a boundary as I have seen in any valley between two very different geological and vegetational zones. East of the Canoe the peaks are light colored limestone and the forests are scarred with fire. To the west the peaks are the darker rock of the Monashee and Selkirk ranges, with more ample snowfields and glaciation. As one stands on the bridge carrying the new road across the Columbia at "Boat Encampment" a mile above the Bend, there is a prominent peak visible to the north, a few miles east of the Canoe, which at once appeals strongly to the climbing instinct. "It looks pretty close to ten thousand" said Edward Feuz, as we examined it with the glasses. Doubtless, this was also one of the peaks I had seen in 1922-23.



We had driven down from Golden that morning, August 11, 1940, with Sidney Webber in his car, getting a fine view of Trident mountain from Kinbasket lake and stopping to look at the rock tower in the Columbia just below Surprise rapids.[1] This peak in the Rockies looked good to Edward and me and he was pretty certain it would be easily approachable, but at my insistence we drove on around the Bend as far as Mica creek, to see how near the peaks I had really had in mind looked from across the river. The peaks I had hoped and expected to see west of the Canoe were set farther

1 See illustration opp. page 102 in A. P. Coleman's *The Canadian Rockies.*

Peak (10,659 Ft.) of Mt. Murchison from Saddle Between It and North Tower



Mt. "Dunkirk" from Big Bend Bridge

Photos H. S. Hall, Jr.

back and were not visible from the road. The Columbia is a wide and powerful stream here, and it took no trained eye to observe that the backpacking from the further bank would be formidable.

A lumber road comes into the main road a few hundred yards east of the bridge. We returned to this and drove along it until stopped by a recent windfall which we cut around in an hour, and spent the night at a cabin at the mouth of Wood river. The next day after driving across the good bridge over the Wood, we went on for another mile and a half before finding the road hopelessly blocked by a bad windfall, and just beyond, undercut by the current of the Canoe. After turning the car around, we put on packs, and found the road in good shape and almost free of obstruction for miles. About nine miles from the main road we came to Harvey creek where less than two years before there had been a thriving lumber camp. I followed the road another six miles, well past our mountain, finding on the way another large abandoned camp and bridge over Boulder creek, almost out, also a steel cable still in place across the Canoe. Getting back to Harvey creek at dusk, after having seen what appeared to be a good route from the north on our mountain, I found that Edward and Webber had prospected the "going" up Harvey creek.

Just before daylight on the 13th, Edward and I left with food for overnight in our sacks. We pushed steadily up through the woods above Harvey creek, down timber, limited areas of devil's club and the other usual obstacles being overcome with only minor delays, and by 9 a.m. we were well above tree line, and by 10.30 stopped to eat at 7700 feet (camp on the Canoe was 2200 ft.), on a grassy rock ridge leading to Harvey creek. From here the route appeared quite uncertain. Crossing the ridge we were obliged to drop at least five hundred feet to a tiny creek which issues from the small pocket glacier on the south face of the mountain. A fairly formidable cliff band west of the glacier was passed in an hour by a narrow, steep gully until slabs were encountered of no particular difficulty but requiring care at intervals. Above this it was an easy scramble up broken rock and scree to the summit, reached in eleven hours, at 3 p.m. The aneroid showed 10,150 feet and checked back to the Canoe very closely the next day. We were thus almost 8000 feet above the starting point. The north face of the peak drops off vertically to a small glacier flowing toward Boulder creek. Mt. Clemenceau loomed, a prominent white mass, twenty miles to the east through the thickening smoke which had been drifting in since noon from the southwest, and which now shut down on the Canoe peaks and the country to the west, northwest and south, preventing photography, but not before we had seen the principal features. Athabaska pass lay fifteen miles to the northeast. We called our peak Mt. "Dunkirk" in a note left in a cairn on the summit, in honor of the miraculous escape of most of the British forces in France only a few weeks before. The Big Bend was clearly visible twelve miles to the south. There appeared no peak higher than ours in the angle of the Wood and Canoe rivers west of Athabaska pass. The "Canoe peaks" fifteen or twenty miles to the west were a few hundred feet higher. No higher peaks were visible up the Canoe, but visibility was cut to twenty-five or thirty miles at most. Dropping down off the peak, back up over the 7700-foot ridge and down to 7000 feet at dusk, we found water and spent the night by a small fire at scrub-tree line under the stars, and were back at Harvey creek in four hours the next morning, and returned to Golden the day after, on the fifth day.

After luncheon on August 21, Edward and I drove north from Lake Louise to Totem creek just beyond Waterfowl lake on the Jasper highway, and walked in an hour and a half through easy forest to a camp site on the creek, used by the Cromwell - Engelhard - Ernest Feuz party two years before. Our objective this time was the highest and easternmost Murchison peak (10,659 ft.) which had so far escaped climbers' all inclusive attentions.[2] I believe Edward thought that

2 See map, p. 48.

Ernest's party had been heading for this peak, but had climbed another instead. At the first sign of daylight we started up the valley, passed two lakes, turned north and up onto a glacier hidden between the peaks Cromwell's party had climbed and our objective. The East peak looks well from below. By ten o'clock we were on the saddle between the peaks, and roped up. The actual peak was just a straightforward, easy rock climb, taking fifty-five minutes for approximately six hundred feet. The view from the top was perfectly clear, without any haze at all, and included Columbia, Clemenceau, the Lyells, Forbes, the Selkirks to the left of the Forbes, the Freshfield group, both Goodsirs, Temple, and beyond. This view reminded me of an exceptionally clear view once from Uto at Glacier in which every important peak in the Rockies from Hooker, Clemenceau, Columbia and Alberta to the north down to Assiniboine and King George to the south was clearly visible. Hooker and King George are about 150 miles apart. Such views come infrequently, but are enjoyable, particularly when one has climbed and recognizes many peaks in the range. After an hour on the summit, which is but six miles from Saskatchewan river, we started down at noon and were back at Lake Louise in less than six hours, twenty-eight hours after leaving. Thus has the new road shrunk the Canadian Rockies. Ten years ago this trip would have taken a week.

EDWARD WHYMPER

It is always difficult and sometimes impossible to analyze fully and determine exactly the relative importance of the factors of heredity and environment which combine to form an individual's character. Sometimes qualities are displayed of which it is hard to say how far they are innate, or how far they have been developed by daily experience. In his comprehensive and authoritative book on an epoch-marking figure in the history of British mountaineering, reviewed in the last issue of this Journal, Mr. F. S. Smyth has emphasized, and in the opinion of some, over-emphasized, the arresting and embittering effect on Edward Whymper's character of the daily grind to which he was subjected in his father's business in early youth. Has he?

The following typical passages from the diary of the years 1855 to 1859 show how Whymper detested the work which ill-suited one of his superior mentality and adventurous outlook. Again and again one reads: "Cut up wood," "no news." From the year 1857: "Oh! Sickening job." And a few days later: "Cut up wood. Drew diagrams. The same everlasting filthy round day after day, one day not varying at all from the other." "I went on misanthropically not caring much about anything." The work was atrophying. From the same year: "Finished Baths of Caracalla which is, I think, the only drawing which I have yet executed that my father has not complained of in some particular." He was a hard taskmaster. In the diary of the year before one reads: "My father wants us to go with him to Yorkshire and pay our own expenses. Would he not like it? Oh yes! But he won't get it." "My father ventured to Reigate to sketch but returned with none, but with a bad temper, which was to be expected." From the same year at the age of 16: "Christmas Eve! The bells of Lambeth church have just been ringing their merry peal, and now all London is retiring to rest after a day's preparation for the day's work of piggery." These utterances, and remarks on certain London sermons, "in which error was mixed with truth being beautifully calculated to lead those astray whose opinions are not settled," and on the filth and stench of the London barracks strike one as extraordinarily precocious and cynical on the part of a healthy male under nineteen years of age.

Whymper appears to have been a self-centred and egotistical youth; he felt himself capable of more important achievements than his father's shop provided, and his work there probably produced a feeling of frustration which gradually increased to one of almost bitterness. There appears to have been a certain inherited hard core in his composition. Even as a young man he seems to have had very few, if any, friends of his own age, and none of the other sex. In later years he never entered into cordial relationship with his guides; he never treated them as real companions. His attitude to them, in particular in the Andes, was harsh even though he praised them afterwards for helping him in his aims. "The Carrels," he wrote, "are abominably lazy and unusually insolent." He was very exacting. The cash nexus and the quid pro quo appear to have always been uppermost in his mind. He treated his guides much as his father had treated him.

It has been advanced against the interpretation placed by Mr. Smythe on the Diary, that the very attractive portrait of the twenty-five year old Whymper shows that his Alpine experiences had liberated him at least for a time from the repressive and embittering effects of his early occupation.

This is not so certain. Although the face is fine and eager, still its expression is not altogether harmonious, it reflects power, but at the same time an element of wistful striving. But the hard and caustic humor which permeates the Diary certainly reasserted itself in his later writings. In this respect the tragic result of the Matterhorn climb did not help. To select only a few out of numerous illustrations: he was sarcastic over the exceedingly simple method by which the Bank of Quito earned a dividend, and wrote the following in his Andean experiences: "A few miles on the road we came upon a small knot of people who had assembled to bid our new interpreter farewell, including his wife who cried and screamed and fell on his neck as if he were going to an execution. I am told that a display of grief upon the departure of a husband is quite the correct thing, but am unaware whether his return usually produces a corresponding amount of joy." Apropos of a lecture he gave at Davos, he said: "Was well received, but as the audience was two-thirds female, little applause and a good deal of whispering." In September 1903 when in the Canadian Rockies he wrote: "A party of Lords and Commons arrived this evening at the back of a freight train in a private car. The Commons preponderated, and some were commoner than others. All seemed rather vulgar."

The Diary is without doubt a self-revealing document. It discloses in early youth an unhappy temperament, subjected to irksome occupation, an individual of good intellect, but without human sympathy. Later experiences provided no adequate avenues of release for persistent and unsatisfied desires and ambitions.

—W.H.

THE 1941 SKI MEET

BY SQUADRON LEADER R. S. PEILL

This year's Ski Meet was held at the Stanley Mitchell hut in the Little Yoho valley from the 11th to the 20th of April 1941, and was notable chiefly for the fine weather and perfect snow conditions prevailing during most of the period.

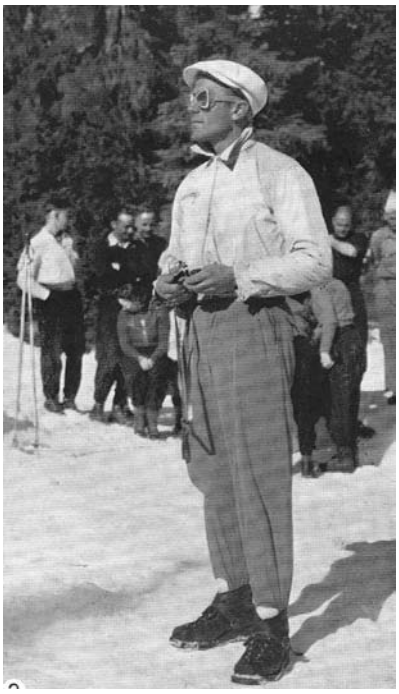
The party was led by Mr. A. A. McCoubrey and numbered eighteen, including Bruno Engler as guide and Ken Jones as cook. Members from the east left Field on Good Friday afternoon, reaching the Little Yoho the following afternoon; those from the west left Field early on the Saturday and skied through to the hut in one day. Motor transport was possible to a mile above the junction from where the main valley route was followed. Those who were new to ski-ing with heavy packs found the "nice hill" rather inaptly named, but the trip in was thoroughly enjoyable all the same, the silent snow-carpeted forest, clear running streams, and changing mountain vistas lending refreshment when the spirit flagged. A hearty welcome was encountered in the Little Yoho valley in the form of Mrs. Brewster with a thermos of hot tea.

The hut is beautifully situated near the upper timber line with a fine view of the President range across an open meadow and distant only a few minutes walk from the terminal moraine of President glacier. It is a well designed and beautifully built two-storey log cabin, and, thanks to the exertions of the advance party and forethought of the Club, was well stocked with the necessities of life.

On the morning after arrival most of the party repaired to the practice slopes on the President glacier moraine, where they were delighted to find the snow in perfect condition, loose powder on a hard base encouraging swing turns even by the inexpert. Under the tuition of Bruno Engler much progress was made by the novices, and stem turns rapidly progressed into stem Christianias. Unluckily however, one novice, Douglas Adcock, ran into an area of breakable crust and fell, breaking both bones of his leg. It was splinted on the spot with spruce boughs and he was soon brought down to the hut on the toboggan, where his leg was put up in splints and he was made comparatively comfortable. Fortunately there were two doctors in the party. It was decided to take him down to Field the following morning and to make an early start in order to take full advantage of firm snow conditions. Ken Jones got to work on the toboggan with Bruno and Mac., and with a few nails, cord, two stout spruce spars, and parts of the only chair in the place, produced a very fine sledge, strong but flexible, which could be steered from behind and in which the patient could lie in his sleeping bag, well padded and wrapped up, in surprising comfort and security.

A start was made at two a.m. the following morning, Bruno towing, Ken steering, and three others taking turns in carrying their skis. The patient held an acetylene lamp, which was useful amongst the trees, although there was bright moonlight. Amazing progress was made by the sledging party who refused all offers of help, Bruno expending prodigious efforts on the tow ropes and Ken showing marvellous skill in steering and controlling the sledge in steep and difficult places. It was a weird cavalcade to disturb the silence of moonlight and early dawn on that wild wintry trail. The "big" and "nice" hills were successfully negotiated without mishap or delay, with a short pause at Lake Duchesnay, beautifully illuminated by the sunrise glow on Mount Wapta, and soon the road was reached and easy progress made to Takakkaw where rest and breakfast were

The Party



Bruno Engler

Near Kiwetinok Pass

Douglas Adcock

Photos A.A. Mccoubrey

Mt. Kerr

Mts. Daly and Niles from High Route

enjoyed. The final pull down to Field proved hard and long on ever softening snow, and below the switchbacks the guides donned skis and skins and all hands joined in pushing and pulling. Meanwhile Norman had gone ahead to organize transport and when, after dragging the sledge across a few bare patches of road, the end of the snow was finally reached, the lorry was hailed with joy, clanking its way up with chains. The sledge was soon hoisted aboard and the luxury of mechanical transport enjoyed by the tired party, all except Douglas, who complained that it was the roughest part of the trip. He was put to bed in the hotel at Field, which was reached about midday, having been in the sledge for ten hours without moving and without complaint. Disaster threatened to finally overtake the party when the liquor store was found to be closed, but a case of beer was somehow procured and, needless to say, thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Having seen Douglas off by train to Calgary, and reluctantly demolished the superstructure of the sledge, the party returned to Takakkaw, towing the toboggan, and next morning reached the Little Yoho again by the skyline trail in a blizzard and mist, having to plough through clogging snow during the last part of the trip. So ended an interesting but rather exhausting diversion.

The fresh snowfall gave excellent ski-ing conditions during the next three days, and very fine runs were enjoyed on the three favorite routes—President glacier, Emerald glacier, and Kiwetinok pass. The wide, smooth, undulating glaciers gave ample scope for all tastes in speed, and the final steep tongues exciting finishes.

Mount Vice-President was ascended on the 16th from President pass by most of the party on two ropes. There was a cold wind and a good deal of cloud about that day, so that little view was obtained.

A first ski ascent of Mount Kerr was made on the 17th from Emerald glacier by a party of five,[1] led by Norman Brewster. The north ridge was reached by crossing below the northeast face and the ascent completed by an easy ascending traverse across a steep snow-slope on the west side of the mountain, two enthusiasts taking their skis to the very top, the rest leaving them about 200 feet below where the rocks commenced. The view from the summit was magnificent, although many distant mountains in the sea of peaks visible in all directions could not be identified. Lunch was eaten in comfort beside the cairn although the wind had been so cold on the upper Emerald glacier as almost to deter the part from attempting the ascent. From the top, members of the other party were seen descending the glacier from Emerald pass, one being seen to take a spectacular toss while travelling at speed. The descent from the mountain afforded a delightful run, and the party went on to Emerald pass before turning home, the whole expedition occupying about six hours.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made on Isolated Peak, both failing owing to late afternoon starts. The view of President range from the alps above the hut was magnificent, President glacier from here appearing to plunge almost vertically from its high hanging pass to the valley nearly three thousand feet below. Emerald glacier too was impressive and one gazed with awe and wondered that it was possible to ski down these fearsome slopes.

The last two days were devoted to ski-ing on President and Emerald glaciers. Emerald glacier rises steeply for about 1500 feet and from here slopes up gently to the pass. The view of Mount Marpole and Emerald pass from the upper Emerald glacier, and the view toward the Goodsirs from Emerald pass were particularly fine and this expedition proved a firm favorite. President glacier gave a longer run and a very attractive finish, but it was a long hard climb,

1 S/L R. S. Peill, J. A. Addie, S. Smith, Neil McCoubrey and N. H. Brewster.

particularly for those who were foolish enough to attempt to follow in the tracks of a certain senior member's upward schusses.

Evenings in the hut were very cheerful, enlivened by Bruno's stories and Elizabeth's hearty guffaw. Much time was spent on minor repairs to skins, as well as the inevitable putting on and taking off of wax.

Full advantage was taken by the many photographers in the party of the excellent photographic conditions prevailing during most of the period. The thanks of the whole party are due to Mr. McCoubrey for his organization and leadership of a most successful and enjoyable meet.

The party began to break up on the 18th and the last members left on the 20th. The high level route was used on the way out and gave wonderful views of the Waputik mountains and icefields. The run down to the trees was most enjoyable albeit rather exciting with heavy packs. Most members walked down the very steep, wooded descent to Takakkaw. Snow on the road was rather sticky, but transport was met at the appointed times and trains were duly boarded for destinations east or west. So ended another Yoho Ski Meet, and the valley was left once more to silence, undisturbed save for the ever increasing sound of running water and the crash of occasional avalanches, till the first summer visitors should again intrude on its age long solitude.

IN MEMORIAM

DR. ANDREW J. GILMOUR

1871–1941

It is difficult to write dispassionately, or in terms of cold statistics of an old companion of the mountains, endeared to one by all the intimate experiences of the trail, the pack trip, the camp, the bivouac and the joys and risks of many climbs. Such a friend, to many of us, was Dr. Andrew J. Gilmour, whose death on March 9,1941, came as a shock and a bereavement.

Dr. Gilmour's father was Scottish, born near Paisley, Scotland. His mother was of Dutch ancestry, born in Schenectady, New York. His father died of tuberculosis in 1885.

Dr. Gilmour did not have a naturally strong constitution —and the completion of his early education was delayed by illness. For his health he was taken abroad in 1886, and travelled through Europe with his mother and sister. During part of the year so spent he attended Margate College in Kent, England.

Graduating in 1895 from Yale University, where, in spite of his rather poor physique, he was a member of the gymnastic team, proficient in horizontal bar and trapeze exercises, he took his medical degree at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1899. After serving his internships in St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, and Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York City, he studied at the University of Gottingen, also serving in hospitals in Vienna and took up private practice in New York City in 1903, which he continued until ill health compelled his retirement on August 1, 1940. While studying medicine, he was told that if he wanted to live he must spend as much time as possible in the open. He was therefore advised to choose a specialty which would permit him to have his summers free for an out-of-door life. This advice really determined his career.

Known to the medical profession as a dermatologist, associated more particularly with Cornell Medical College and various hospitals, Dr. Gilmour was to us the enthusiastic mountaineer and genial camp companion, whose good nature was never ruffled by any discomfort or discouragement incident to the life of the mountains.

His climbing career began in Tyrol in 1905 and through the ensuing years, down to 1937, he climbed extensively in the Alps, the French and Spanish Pyrenees, the American and Canadian Rockies, as well as in Wales and the Lake district of Great Britain, Mexico, the Cascades of the Pacific Coast and the ranges of the Eastern United States.

In the years 1914, '15 and '16 in company with Professor E. W. D. Holway, of the University of Minnesota, he took part in important explorations of the then little-known southern Selkirks, making numerous guideless ascents and pass traverses, including a number of first ascents; in the region about Mt. Edith Cavell—then known as Mt. Geikie—of which the first ascent was made (guideless); in the jumble of peaks and glaciers north of Mt. Whitehorn and west of Robson pass, where first ascents of Mt. Longstaff and a number of unnamed peaks were made and a second ascent, but by a new route, of Mt. Phillips, all guideless; and in an attempted exploration of the then entirely unknown Cariboos, which was largely defeated by continuous bad weather, although two unnamed peaks in excess of 10,000 feet altitude were climbed. In 1914, Professor Frederic K. Butters was a member of the party in the southern Selkirks, and in 1916 Howard Palmer shared in the explorations and climbs in the Mt. Longstaff region and contributed to the Journal an account of them (C.A.J. 1922).

Dr. Andrew J. Gilmour

As all of these regions were trailless and inaccessible to pack animals, all supplies and equipment had to be back-packed by the climbers themselves, with the assistance in some cases of a single packer. Professor Holway later told the writer that Dr. Gilmour was an ideal exploration and climbing companion. No defeats discouraged him, no hardships ruffled him and he was always eager for new adventures.

Dr. Gilmour's climbing record is far too long for specific recital. In addition to extensive climbing in other countries, it included a number of first ascents in Canada, other than those already mentioned, of which the guideless ascent of Mt. Sir Alexander, with Newman D. Waffl and Helen I. Buck, is particularly notable. He was equally at home on ice or rock and delighted in such climbs as the Grepon, in the French Alps, or Mr. Louis in the Rockies of Canada. He retained for many years his fondness for gymnastics, was always ready for a test of skill and was wont, if conditions permitted, to express his joy at reaching a summit by standing on his head on the highest point and waving his legs. A photograph of him so posed on top of Mt. Blanc is well known to many of his friends. On one occasion he entertained at one of the A. C. C. camps by giving an amusing imitation of a tightrope walker on the ridge of the main fly, using an alpenstock for a balancing pole. He was fond both of long distance and of figure skating and frequently got his winter exercise in these ways, in addition to participating in the strenuous walking trips of the Fresh Air Club of New York City.

In addition to membership in a number of medical societies and social clubs, he was a member of the American, Canadian, Swiss and French Alpine Clubs, the Appalachian Mt. Club, the Explorers Club and was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. He had a fine collection of mountain photographs and occasionally gave lectures illustrated by colored slides of high quality.

A skilful mountaineer, a cheerful and entertaining companion and a good friend has passed beyond our knowledge. Those who knew him best will most deeply mourn their loss.

—F.N.W.

EDWARD J. PREST

1870-1941

Mr. Edward J. Prest who joined the Alpine Club of Canada (New York section) in 1927 died in early morning of February 28, 1941 after a few hours' illness. With his wife he attended a dinner party seemingly in good health. At three the next morning he had a severe heart attack and passed away three hours later.

Mr. Prest was born in Hartford, Connecticut, November 27, 1870. He prepared for college at Egbert High School at Cohoes, N.Y. and entered Union College in New York State in the class of 1892, graduating with the degree of A.B. in the classical course. He later studied law and was admitted to the Bar. Coming to New York he was employed in the law department of the Lawyers' Title Insurance Company and later became associated with the late William C. Orr, a prominent attorney. On Mr. Orr's death he succeeded to the business. He specialized in real estate matters and probate of wills, executors and trustees accountings.

During 1937 and 1938 he was chairman of the New York section of the Club. He attended one summer camp and was much interested in the out-of-doors and in hiking and climbing, golf and tennis.

Edward J. Prest

Photo by Pach Brothers

He was a member of the Delta Phi Fraternity, the American Bar Association, the New York County Lawyers' Association, the Union League Club, N.Y. Besides the Alpine Club his outing clubs were the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Fresh Air Club. He is survived by his widow Mrs. Isabel Ten Eyck Prest and two brothers.

—MORTIMER BISHOP.

———

DR. HARRY PEIRCE NICHOLS

1850-1940

Another of the pioneers in the popularization of mountaineering on this side of the Atlantic has left us in the passing of the Reverend Dr. Harry Peirce Nichols in his mountain home at North Conway, New Hampshire, on November 16, 1940, at the age of 90 years.

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, and brought up with a background of New England history and culture, Dr. Nichols was the embodiment of all that was best in the New England character. It is interesting to note the events that were happening at the time of his birth. The United States had just won the war with Mexico; gold had just been discovered in California; the first Women's Rights Convention in history had just been held. Millard Fillmore was President and Daniel Webster was in his Cabinet. Commodore Perry was about to make a treaty with Japan. When he was one year old the Erie Railroad reached Lake Erie, and two years later the completion of rail connection between New York City and Chicago first linked the East with the Middle West.

Dr. Nichols graduated from Harvard in 1871 and was one of its oldest alumni. He studied for the ministry, was ordained in 1876, and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from New York University in 1904. His most notable ministries were as Rector of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, and Rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York City. The latter pastorate continued from 1899 until his retirement in 1922, at the age of 72. As a religious writer he was best known for his "Bohlen Lectures" on the "Temporary and the Permanent in New Testament Revelation," delivered in 1905, and later published in book form.

A distinguished figure in the religious and educational work of the Church throughout his 46 years in the ministry, Dr. Nichols was best known to the members of the Canadian and American Alpine Clubs for his unbounded enthusiasm for mountains and mountaineering. He was a faithful and enthusiastic attendant and often a speaker at their meetings in the East, where he was sure to be surrounded by a group of admirers eager to greet and chat with him. It was his custom to bring several young guests. At the dinners he was always asked to say Grace and it is to be regretted that his prayers were not reported for they were notable for their beauty of thought and expression and breathed the feeling of reverence that the mountains inspire. Delivered in his sonorous voice they were most impressive.

Dynamic in character, energetic in bearing, even in his advanced years, he made a special appeal to the young and he in turn was especially attracted to them, so that he was a veritable missionary of the mountains. Many owe their interest in mountains to the inspiration derived from him, among them some of our best known mountaineers. It was characteristic of him, that, in welcoming into membership in the American Alpine Club a group of Harvard undergraduates, who had achieved distinction in mountain climbing, Dr. Nichols said: "A great many men of my age go about dolefully and say they are increasingly lonely because all of their contemporaries are dying. I tell them the trouble is that they have chosen the wrong contemporaries. I know who my contemporaries are. These are my contemporaries that I am introducing here tonight." He lived up to this declaration, ever choosing young men as his companions when possible. On one occasion the writer, with his brother and the latter's college student son, arrived at the Lake O'Hara chalet just after Dr. Nichols had come in. Space was at a premium; it was necessary to double up and therefore father and son were assigned a room together and the writer was quartered with Dr. Nichols. Dr. Nichols at once announced that he would change the arrangement, if nobody

Dr. Harry Peirce Nichols

objected, and choose the young man for his room-mate, and promptly moved the latter's pack into his own room. On his eighty-fifth birthday, he climbed 4000 feet up Mt. Washington by way of Tuckerman's Ravine (one of the steepest routes) to celebrate the event, with a student who was summer caretaker at one of the huts.

Always a vigorous walker, Dr. Nichols began his alpine climbing in Switzerland in 1878 and in Canada in 1893, but eventually, after having done such peaks as Breithorn, Monch, Jungfrau and Mt. Blanc in the Alps and the rather inaccessible peak of Mt. Fox in the Selkirks (certainly one of the earliest recorded climbs of a major Canadian peak by an American), he apparently abandoned that sort of climbing and devoted his attention to passes, in the higher mountains, and to the lesser mountains of the east, where in his earlier days he worked out new and difficult routes. The White Mountains in particular attracted him and he knew them as few others have ever done. He is said to have ascended Mt. Washington more than 250 times. His Christmas card, one year, showed him standing on the topmost rock of Mt. Madison on his eighty-third birthday.

In spite of his dignified bearing, Dr. Nichols could enjoy, and even perpetrate, a practical joke and advancing years did not rob him of this capacity. During the summer which brought his seventy-second birthday, with a young friend from the East, he was one of a "walking tour" party to Mt. Assiniboine. One morning, just before rising time, the camp was startled by the sound of savage growling and snarling near by and the shout of "bears" brought the erstwhile sleepers scrambling to their tent doors. The sound came from adjacent bushes, where dark hairy forms could be seen giving an illustration of what might happen if a difference of opinion arose between two grizzlies. Further scrutiny revealed the fact that the commotion was due to Dr. Nichols and his travelling companion who emerged from the bushes garbed in hooded, woolly sleeping suits and greatly enjoying the excitement they had caused.

He was a great reader of mountaineering literature and one of his letters, written one winter evening in his library in the White Mountains, expressed the pleasure he was having re-reading some of the earlier writings. The bookplate he used for his books was made up of a picture of the Matterhorn and the words "Ascendere est vivere." He sometimes expressed a similar sentiment in negative form "Not to climb is not to conquer." He lived his motto, continuing his climbing almost to the end. It has been truly said of him: "Life was indeed for him a climb, physically, intellectually, spiritually. Mountain climbing was part of his religion."

Dr. Nichols was one of the founders of the American Alpine Club, a past president and one of its most influential members. He also assisted in the formation of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. In addition to being a member of these and of our own Club, he belonged to the Green Mountain Club and the Appalachian Mountain Club.

In these, as in all the associations of life, he made enduring friendships. Many of his friends were touched and startled to receive, at Christmas time, 1940, more than a month after his death, a card, addressed by him, showing his children and grandchildren gathered about him in front of his White Mountain home in celebration of his ninetieth birthday. Before his final illness he had prepared more than four hundred such cards, each bearing, in his bold hand, a personal message of greeting to the recipient.

To a multitude of his friends his death constitutes a personal loss. Few will be so widely and so sincerely mourned.

—F.N.W.

CHRISTIAN HÄSLER

1889-1940

All of us who knew and climbed with Christian Hasler heard with great sorrow the news of his sudden death on October 31, 1940. He was engaged in building a new home in Golden and collapsed while working on the chimney. When reached on the roof, a moment later, he was already dead. He was buried in Golden.

All mountaineers in Canada will miss the gay and wholesome spirit who was their companion on the climb as well as their skilful guide. Chris loved life and people and mountains. He enjoyed the climbs, the fun on the summits, the glissades on the descent. He could play like a boy rolling down rocks on lonely slopes or yodelling from the huts. He was a good photographer and the pictures he took for his patrons were often better than their own.

Chris was born December 15, 1889 in the little hamlet of Gsteigwiler above Interlaken. He received his guide's license from the Swiss Alpine Club at Meiringen in 1911 at the same time as Hans Fuhrer; then came over to Canada with a party of guides in 1912. His father, Christian Hasler, Sr., had guided in the Canadian Rockies since 1899, but he used to return to Switzerland each fall. The 1912 party came to settle at the Swiss village of Edelweiss built for the guides by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Christian was accompanied by his fiancée, Rose Margaret Feuz, a cousin of the Feuz brothers and they were married the day after their arrival in Golden.

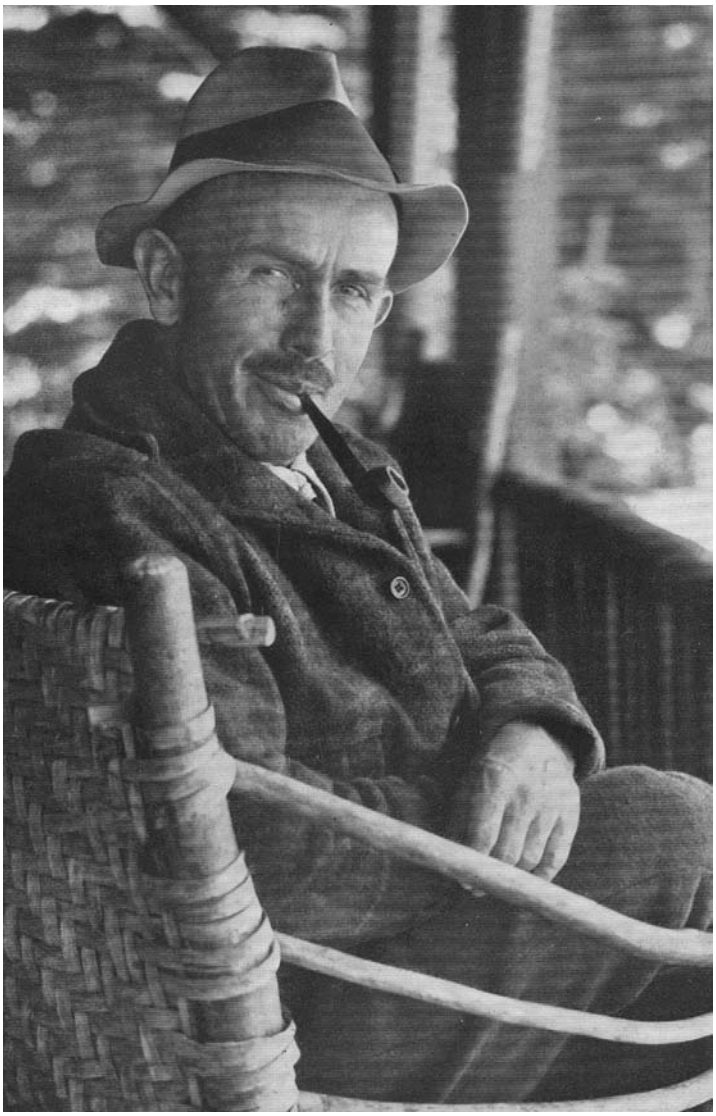
Chris always showed a certain nostalgia for Switzerland and watched the fate of that country anxiously in the conflagrations of Europe. He read much of world events and loved to discuss them with his climbers. The democratic ways of the States and Canada intrigued him greatly. He always regretted however that the life of the Swiss guides here took them from home most of the time: in summer to climb and in winter to take charge of the Chateau and to make regular trips to the Bungalow camps to shovel snow.

Chris was first stationed at Field but was soon transferred to Glacier House where he remained till it was closed in 1926. Here Chris knew every peak and route; took many of the Alpine Club members on their first climbs; climbed and played with Paul Mclntyre and his father, Dr. Eggers, Dr. Cora Best, and many others. A number of first ascents and new routes are credited to him during these years.[1]

Ernest Feuz was also stationed at Glacier and both guides were often in the same climbing parties. Together they maintained the Hermit hut and the Glacier Circle hut and took many parties there. Chris took his turn at the Alpine Club camps generally in company with Edward Feuz. After Glacier House was torn down, he often returned to Glacier to climb and arranged for his parties to stay with Bill Hartley, the warden. It was from there, that the writer first climbed with him in 1932, and thereafter no summer seemed quite complete without a week or ten days climbing with him.

After the first year, we went far afield and Chris seldom climbed a mountain that he had climbed before. In 1933 with Miss Kate Gardiner and Walter Feuz in the climbing party, we made the first traverse of the South Tower of Mt. Goodsir from north to south, did the North Tower and several other peaks. Curiously enough, we were turned back on the ridge of Mt. Chancellor at the same place that Christian's father had been turned back in 1901, with another Philadelphian, Mr.

1 For partial List, see *American Alpine Journal,* 1941, p. 287.



Christian Hasler

Photo by Nicholas Morant

J. Henry Scattergood. [2]

1934 found us at such widely separated peaks as Mt. Resplendent and Helmet in Robson Park; Mt. Simon and Bennington near the Eremite; Mt. Edith Cavell, Mt. Louis, and as far south as Mt. Assiniboine and Eon.

In 1936 Chris made one of his big climbs when he made the first ascent of Mt. Bush on September 8, with Mr. W. N. Hogg. Ever after from the mountain tops he looked over to Mt. Bush with great satisfaction.

In 1937 he and Edward Feuz took the writer and Miss Gardiner in from Kinbasket lake to climb Trident mountain. The alders and devil's club which Chris loved to talk about, became a reality to us all on that trip. Then followed a pack trip north to make the second ascent of Mt. Bryce and the first complete ascent from Rice brook. Although the weather was unbelievably bad, seven ascents were made, two being first ascents. Even so the party was on the summits of both Mt. Alexandra and Mt. Chephren in blinding snow storms.

The ascent of new peaks offered no great difficulties to Chris. He looked at Mt. Bryce from Watchman Peak and pronounced it "duck soup." He knew the formations common in the Rockies and could estimate accurately their possibilities for climbing. He picked his routes to suit the abilities of his party and their moods of the moment. He enjoyed the steep spectacular bits and the writer remembers seeing him above, hopping around on one foot on a narrow ledge of Mt. Uto in comic imitation of a mountain goat.

In 1938, Chris attended the Alpine camp at the Columbia icefields and took parties on numerous noteworthy ascents, including Columbia, the South Twin, and Kitchener. In 1939, he was with the Kingman family at Lake O'Hara teaching the boys how to climb as he had taught their father back in the old Glacier House days. In August he accompanied Kate Gardiner and Edward Feuz to Robson and made the ascent of that peak.

In the last three years of his life a series of misfortunes overtook him and his family. In the late summer of 1937, he broke his ankle coming off Mt. Stephen. Before he could use it again, his younger son Billy was killed accidentally in the basement of their home while experimenting with chemicals. This was followed by the severe illness of his wife. In September 1939 while with Nicholas Morant of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he was attacked by a grizzly bear and both men were badly injured. Chris was in the Banff Hospital for months for treatments, but was home in Golden over Christmas. His wife passed away in March.

During the summer of 1940, Chris made a valiant effort to pull himself together and to regain his strength. He continually exercised his wounded arm to develop the muscles again and refused to let his misfortunes overwhelm him. His friends hoped and believed he would succeed but realize now that his death was probably a welcome release from the cruel fates which seemed to pursue him.

He leaves one son, Walter, to whom every member of the Alpine Club of Canada will extend his sincerest sympathy.

—L.G.

2 See ibid. p. 194.

J. J. TROREY

1858-1941

In the passing of J. J. Trorey, familiarly known as "J.J." at the age of eighty-three, the Alpine Club of Canada loses one of its oldest members and the Vancouver section its Honorary Chairman, who was one of the real pioneers of climbing in the Coast mountains.

Born in sight of Niagara Falls in 1858, Mr. Trorey began his business career at the early age of twelve in Drummondville, Ontario. He came to Vancouver in 1897 to join his brother George in the jewelry business, which was later taken over by Henry Birks and Sons, with which firm he remained until his retirement a few years ago, achieving a respected position in the business life of Vancouver.

Shortly after coming to Vancouver he was attracted to the mountains on the north shore, then little known except to a few prospectors and he was one of the first to reach their summits and gaze at the sea of unclimbed peaks beyond. It was no light task to climb even such a modest peak as Grouse mountain in those days. As a preliminary step, one had to row across the tide swept waters of Burrard inlet to the site of what is now North Vancouver and then proceed from tidewater up through dense bush to the base of the peak before commencing the actual climb, so that the ascent and return to the city would occupy at least two days of strenuous effort, which can now be accomplished with the aid of a motor road, in the space of four hours.

In 1907 he formed one of the party making the first ascent of Mt. Garibaldi, at the head of Howe sound *C.A..,* Vol. 1, No. 2, page 205). It is interesting to note the difficulties encountered by the climbers of that early date in penetrating the unexplored country so close to Vancouver and to recall that a few years ago a party of local climbers flew to Garibaldi lake, made a leisurely ascent of the peak and returned to Vancouver between sunrise and sunset on a lovely summer day.

In the same year Mr. Trorey took a prominent part in the formation of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club, of which he remained an active member for the rest of his life.

In 1908 he joined the Alpine Club of Canada and the following year attended the camp at Lake O'Hara, being one of the party to make the first ascent of Mt. Biddle from that camp.

It was at his home that the first meeting of the Vancouver section took place in 1909 and thirty years later in 1939, he again entertained members of the section to celebrate the event, only two of the original group besides himself being present.

Throughout the years his chief pleasure was in the hills and he attended several of the Alpine club camps and was a frequent member of climbing parties of the Vancouver section and B. C. Mountaineering Club. In 1928, at the age of seventy, he climbed Mr. Ranier (14,363 ft.) and continued to go into the mountains at frequent intervals until shortly before his death, visiting the new Vancouver section cabin on Mt. Seymour in 1940. One of his last acts in connection with the section was to present a complete set of the *Canadian Alpine Journal* for use in the new cabin.

Apart from climbing Mr. Trorey was interested in other sports including yachting, golf and skating. He was an active member of the Connaught Skating club and only a few weeks before his death took part in one of the regular gatherings of the club at a local rink.

Though below the average in height he made up for his lack of inches in a determination to keep up with the other fellow—a determination which carried him over every obstacle to the summits he loved so well.

So passes a real pioneer of the days when mountaineering on the Pacific coast adjacent to Vancouver meant hardship and endurance. It may be said of him that all through his life he maintained something of the spirit of the boy; the boy who wants to see what lies on the other side of the hill. May he rest in peace.

—F.H.S.

J.J. Trorey

Photo by Chas. West Studios

MARY VAUX WALCOTT

Mary Vaux Walcott (Mrs. Charles D. Walcott) died in her sleep on August 22 at the home of her dear friends, the Henry Phipps Rosses, at St. Andrews, Canada. She had just passed her eightieth birthday, when a warning heart attack made her realize her long life of activity and independence was closing down.

She was an extraordinary woman. In early years she was a well-known glaciologist, studying the recedence of glaciers on the North American continent. With George and William S. Vaux, Jr., she made measurements of the Illecillewaet and Asulkan glaciers from 1898 to 1922. She was the first woman to climb Mt. Stephen in the Canadian Rockies and did so much toward the development of that beautiful country that a mountain was named for her, Mount Mary Vaux. Joining the Alpine Club of Canada as an original member in 1906 she was made an Honorary member in 1914. She was director of many charities in Philadelphia, with a full and active life of varied interests, including a successful dairy farm, when, at the age of fifty-six, she married Dr. Walcott.

Then followed thirteen years of perfect companionship in a life of different activities, of wide social contacts, of scientific interests. Dr. Walcott encouraged her to continue her hobby of painting wild flowers and finally to publish the beautiful books of North American Wild Flowers, which will always be a lasting memorial to her name.

The friends she made, the associations she formed during those years were continued and added to, after Dr. Walcott's death.

Instead of a lonely widow marking time, she pushed ahead her forceful life of usefulness and accomplishment. Her church, the Society of Friends, had no adequate meeting house in the nation's capital. The newly elected President, Herbert Hoover, was a friend. So she decided to have a Meeting House built in Washington. She raised the money, bought the land, and built the beautiful building that will always stand as a symbol of the quality and character of the Quakers.

Mary Walcott had the simplicity and naiveté of a child, with the business astuteness and driving force of a master of men. Entirely self-reliant, she drew people to her by the force of her independence and character. She helped, materially and inspirationally, all she came in contact with who needed help, and the love and tributes from her many friends were always a source of wonder to her.

A completely rounded life was hers—full eighty years of leading toward that goal of Christian civilization that in the course of history, in spite of the setbacks of wars and periodic decadence, makes man go forward.

—H.W.Y

Mary Vaux Walcott

Photo by Blackstone Studios

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY

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TITLE	**DONOR**
"Colnett's Journal;" Champlain Society.	
"Peaks, Packs and Mountain Tracks;" W. Scott Gilkinson	The Author
"Cwm Idwal Group."	The Climber's Club.
Mountaineering Holiday; Frank Smythe	The Publishers.

New club journals added to our list of exchanges include the *Climbers' Club Journal* and *Cambridge Mountaineering*.

REVIEWS

Ten Great Mountains

by R. L. G. Irving, pp. xii and 213, with 15 illustrations and 10 diagrams.
J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London, 1940. Price 12/6.

With this attractive book, the author of *The Romance of Mountaineering* has contributed another excellent, although slighter, volume to mountaineering literature. Whether he has justified his restriction of great peaks to ten and his inclusion of Snowdon and Ben Nevis in this limited number can be questioned. One of them, at least is not beautiful; both are easily accessible. There is never any perpetual mantle of snow; and the difficult routes on both require only a few hours of climbing, except under winter conditions. Besides actual height what makes a mountain great, according to Mr. Irving, are its history and character "embodied in the personality it has developed by contact with the spirit of man." And of these two mountains he writes: "Being what they are, and what they are to us in Britain, we know of their claim to greatness." In this one may perhaps perceive a tinge of national bias which was not absent from his greater work.

Amongst Swiss peaks, Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn stand out pre-eminently on the above mentioned and other grounds; the former being the only glacier-clad mountain which has a continuous record of ascents for over 150 years. On the four counts of position, height, beauty and inaccessibility, the author holds that "Kangchenjunga secures a higher aggregate than any other mountain in the world." P.171. It, Nanga Parbat, well named 'the mountain of calamity,' and Everest, represent the three Himalayan peaks included in Mr. Irving's list; the only unclimbed ones that are included. The remaining three are Mount Cook, Ushba and Mount Logan. It is noticeable that the Andes do not contribute to the list, a fact that the author does not overlook.

Only two of the climbs described are first ascents, those of Ushba and Mount Logan. Of the former a most vivid account is given in which tribute is paid to the courage and endurance of the Germans who first captured the higher peak, with which achievement Schulze's name will

always be associated, just as Whymper's is with the Matterhorn. Mr. Irving is indeed very fair in his appreciation of foreign mountaineers. Thus the importance of the new standard of ice work set by Dr. Bauer and his companions on Kangchenjunga is recognized, and their ascent of the next thousand feet above Camp VIII, at 20,700 feet, is designated as "the biggest piece of work in ice and snow ever accomplished by a climbing party." "In their attempts on Nanga Parbat the Germans took bigger risks than any other Himalayan parties have taken except that led by Dr. Dyhrenfurth on Kangchenjunga, and they took them for the porters as well as for themselves." P.156.[1] It is probable, Mr. Irving thinks, that of the three great Himalayan peaks in his list, this may be the first to be conquered just because it is a snow peak, and it has been shown what assistance can be obtained by the use of ice caves which enable climbers to dispense with the use of tents, and in which the temperature is markedly higher than outside.

In regard to the Matterhorn and Mt. Blanc, ascents made in this century have been selected in order to avoid repeating what has been described so often before; thus the daring climb of the brothers Schmid up the north face of the former in 1931, is commented on. The Author's object with reference to Mt. Blanc is to induce any reader who has_ not done so to climb it. It has, as he says, an astonishing variety of routes of which he has personal knowledge of "only eight," none of which is disappointing. "I would rather repeat any one of them in preference to almost any other Alpine expedition I have made."

A curiosity, which is not an idle one, and love of adventure are the main impelling motives in mountaineering; and while first ascents may appeal to individual vanity and add something to the riches of life, the element of adventure is not lacking on a peak which may have been climbed often before. Changes of season and weather, the endless variation of features, particularly on great snow-clad peaks, will provide adventure which is never exhausted. "There is no need to go to the ends of the earth" declares the author, "to capture the whisper of adventure that passes in the air of mountain solitude." But he recognizes the difference in satisfaction on the part of an experienced mountaineer who makes a new pass or a new peak in the Himalaya, and that of a novice whose first big climb opens up to him the fascination of a world above the snow line.

The last chapter on Everest contains interesting conjectures and suggestions. In regard to Mallory and Irvine's attempt he considers that "the scales were heavily weighted against prudence,"and regrets that Odell, a climber of great skill and experience who was well acclimatized, had not been selected in place of a less experienced man, even though the latter was more capable with the oxygen apparatus. Over what actually happened to the two climbers he is content to draw a veil.

The diagrams are, with the pictures, very helpful in visualizing the routes of the climbs.

—J.W.A.H.

British Hills and Mountains

by J. H. B. Bell, E. F. Bozman and J. Fairfax Blakeborough.
Pp. viii+120, illustrated. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London, 1940.

The cover tells us that "this book is designed equally for the rambler, the climber and the country-lover." The objective has been attained with a high degree of success and the result will naturally be enjoyed most fully by the reader who combines within himself the threefold outlook.

1 The unroping by the two Germans, Aschenbrenner and Schneider, from the porters near Camp VII on the 1934 Nanga Parbat expedition was a questionable action.

With remarkable skill the authors have effectively presented to us the mountains and hills of Great Britain in a hundred pages of text which, filled as they are with information, do not numb the reader with a too concentrated hail of factual pellets. The numerous photographs are of a very high standard and cooperate effectively with the text in conveying the atmosphere and characteristics of the divers high districts of Britain. Useful references are given for the benefit of those who desire the more detailed information provided by guide books.

In the first half of the volume J. H. B. Bell takes us without effort (save for the Gaelic place-names) through the mountains of Scotland, adorning his tale with apt garnishings from the realms of history, literature and the natural sciences. He permits himself the well-established luxury of a brief comparison between the Scottish heights and the loftier mountain ranges of the world. Despite his eminence as a mountaineer he views without scorn the pleasures of those who climb their hills with car or bicycle.

In the second section E. F. Bozman deals with England and Wales, beginning with the high places of Lakeland, "our great English mountains for which we have no name." J. F. Blakeborough contributes the chapter on the Pennines and the hills of the northeast. His broad-minded treatment of this area includes a word on the pastime of pot-holing and several more on the profession of lifting guillemot eggs from the sea cliffs of the East Riding.

The Welsh mountains are effectively contrasted with the heights of the Lake District, to the glory of both. Ingenious and debatable explanations for the sensible differences are put forward, namely, a ten percent difference in maximum elevation and a suggestion that atmosphere depends in part on the human history of the region. The more gentle elevations of the south are given a place in the last chapter, which discloses pleasant uplands for the walker from "the stockbroker areas of Surrey" to the moors of Cornwall.

It is a friendly little book which many readers will supplement extensively from their own experiences. It is the more welcome in these times.

—F.N.

Mountaineering Holiday

by Frank Smythe, 229 pp. with 24 illustrations and map.
Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1940. Price 12/6. Musson Book Co., Toronto. $4.

Commencing with "Climbs and Ski Runs" and ending with the book under review, Frank Smythe has, to the knowledge of the reviewer, issued fourteen books in the eleven years from 1929 to 1940. This would be a respectable output for a novelist, but for an active mountaineer it constitutes a record. In the history of alpine literature no one has ever approached such a total which of course does not take into consideration various contributions to other works, such as the Everest books, magazines, etc.

These books have enabled the climber to follow closely the career of Mr. Smythe. The long and difficult climbs with Graham Brown on the great northern face of Mt. Blanc below Mt. Blanc de Courmayer; the Kangchenjunga attempt in 1930; the Kamet triumph in 1931 and the Everest expedition in 1933. The inclusion of Mr. Smythe, fresh from his Himalayan experiences, in the Everest party, gave rise to hopes that his recent acclimatization at high altitudes would enable him to lead a successful attack on the final pyramid, but unfortunately he only succeeded in sharing with Norton, Wyn. Harris and Wager the honor of reaching the highest known point as yet attained

on the mountain. Since his return to England several of Mr. Smythe's books have been collections of his wonderful photographs taken in the Alps and Himalayas, accompanied by his interesting comments, while in 1940 he published the long awaited biography of Edward Whymper, presenting a very sympathetic analysis of the character of that commanding figure of alpine history.

The book under review records a two week's holiday in the Alps, with one companion, which commenced on July 29, 1939, and the narrative ends with these words "A few days later Europe was at war." This sentence is significant, since it would seem to account for the feeling of depression and almost of futility that pervades the book. Mr. Smythe has always leaned towards the mystical in his contact with the mountains and one cannot help but feel that he was oppressed by the tension that prevailed in those critical weeks and even amid his beloved mountains could not shake off the feeling of impending disaster.

The trip itself was somewhat unusual. After a preliminary warm up in the Dauphine Alps on Les Bans and Les Ecrins, they moved over to Chamonix and then proceeded to the Trelatete Hotel at the foot of the Trelatete glacier on the western side of Mt. Blanc. From there they climbed the Aiguille de Beranger and the Dome de Miage en route to the Durier hut. After spending the night there, they ascended the Aiguille de Bionassay and reached the Vallot hut. The next day they crossed the summit of Mt. Blanc and descended by the Brenva route traversing across to the Torino hut. After climbing the Aiguille de Rochefort on the following day they descended to Courmayer. The next morning they set out for the great south face of Mt. Blanc and reached the Gamba hut. From there they followed the Innominata route up the south face and again over the summit to the Vallot hut, finally descending to Chamonix by the route which comes down from the southwest to the Grand Plateau, thus completing seven days of continuous effort during which they traversed the Mt. Blanc massif from west to east and from south to north. Those familiar with Mt. Blanc from actual experience, or, like the reviewer, from photographs, maps and records, will realize that this was not an altogether easy performance for a party of two and must have provided many thrilling moments, but Mr. Smythe somehow does not rise to the occasion. After all, one does not look for extensive moralizing in a book dealing with climbs of the nature alluded to above. Whether it was due to the period of tension during which the expedition took place or the fact that Mr. Smythe is growing old and has lost the fresh enthusiasm of youth, he appears to be rather bored and too often forsakes the climb to air his rather morbid views. Even the descent of the famous Brenva route appears to be too easy while the historic ice ridge no longer holds any terrors. Contact with humanity in the mass, particularly in huts, irritates him intensely and gives rise to observations such as "This would be a beautiful world were it not for the inclusion of man. What singular chance, what inter-positioning of Providence led to his inclusion? "One is tempted to answer by asking in the parlance of modern youth "So what?"

However, despite Mr. Smythe's sermonizing, poor condition and short temper, which must have been a sore trial to his companion, a vigorous young man twelve years his junior, no book by him can be devoid of interest when the scene is laid on such a giant as Mt. Blanc. With the aid of the wonderful illustrations, in the best "Smythe" style, we can tread the heights made famous long ago by those who, perhaps like our friend in the Otago mountains of New Zealand, simply went to the hills because they liked going to them and having gone there climbed because they wanted to.

—F.H.S.

Peaks, Packs and Mountain Tracks

by W. Scott Gilkinson, 120 pp. with 10 illustrations,
Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd., Auckland, N. Z. Price 4/6.

"For we are the Osonzacs
From the broad Otago tracks,
Far away from home we long to roam,
With swags upon our backs."

This excerpt from the song of the Otago section of the New Zealand Alpine Club, gives the keynote of this little book by one of its youthful members, that will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of Canadian climbers especially those who climb in the Coast mountains of British Columbia where conditions parallel those found in the Otago region of the New Zealand Alps. There the peaks range from seven to nine thousand feet in height, with the timber line at about five thousand, necessitating hard bushwacking and back-packing, called swagging by the New Zealanders, which is not improved by a fairly heavy rainfall with its consequent discomforts, all of which are borne without complaint by the young, active and, like their Canadian brethren, generally impoverished climbers. (One of them bewailed the fact that the party making the second ascent of a peak failed to discover and bring back a threepenny bit he had left there on the former climb). A land where one can still experience the thrill of a first ascent after perhaps many failures and all those joys and sorrows which go to make pioneer mountaineering what it is, and are not to be found in the better known and well explored ranges of the world.

The New Zealand Alpine Club was founded in 1891 and is thus fifteen years older than the Alpine Club of Canada. Apart from its work in the great peaks of the Cook and Moorhouse ranges, various sections carry on in the lesser known regions. The writer of this book and his companions have explored the peaks and valleys of their chosen district, returning year after year in their brief holidays and carrying out their climbs in all kinds of weather with varying success.

The book is written with the enthusiasm of youth. Mr. Gilkinson makes no bones about his reasons for climbing, simply saying, "I go to the hills because I like going to them and having gone there I climb because I want to." Reason enough without so much talk of spiritual uplift and soul cleansing, of which one at times gets a bit tired in some modern books on mountaineering, written, we suspect, far from the pure air of the mountains.

The book does not claim to be a guide or to tell you what or what not to do, but with its vigorous songs, its humor and carefree style it will appeal to all who love the simple life of the mountains, and the Alpine Club of New Zealand need have no fear for its continued success so long as it attracts young men of the type of the author, who will carry on the work in the years to come.

"Our country is at war .... It may be that some of us have climbed our last peak in the Southern Alps and that the peace to come will find our numbers sadly depleted. It is largely due to this that the preparation of the present volume has been pushed ahead to the stage of publication; that some of the thoughts and personal memories of at least one Otago climber might be set on record"—thus Mr. Gilkinson in his brief foreword. We can but wish him and his companions the good fortune to again sing the song of the Osonzacs amid the peaks of their beloved Otago range.

—F.H.S.

Climbing Guides to the Snowdon District, Vol. I, Cwm Idwal (Second Revised Edition)

by J. M. Edwards. Pp vii, 145, map and 12 illustrations.
The Cloister Press, Manchester, 1940. 4/-

Two cliffs in a Welsh cwm may seem an odd subject for a detailed and carefully produced guide book, but the Idwal climbs are only half an hour's walk from the main Holyhead-London road, and are actually the most accessible first-class rock-climbing within easy week-end distance of most of England. Furthermore there is every kind of rock-climbing in Cwm Idwal: the smooth lower slabs where beginners can begin and where experts can improve balance-technique, the Holly Tree Wall with its short difficult climbs for modern aces, and the Devil's Kitchen with its more traditional kind of wet enclosed long chimney-climb.

So a fine day in summer produces a fine miscellany of climbers at Idwal. There are usually some Alpine Club veterans and their families and friends draped over the slabs, some University climbers getting into training for greater things by going up and down the various Holly Tree Wall climbs, and perhaps some more ambitious Climbers' Club members hammering pitons in the slimy half-light of the Devil's Kitchen.

Most of the more difficult climbs here have been done since 1930, and most of them by J. M. Edwards, who is therefore more than qualified to write this guide book. He has the good fortune to be an expert on rock and also to live within .easy reach of the North Wales mountains. Rather unfairly he has been usually associated with rubber-shoe technique, and when seen on or off rocks he is usually padding round in brown tweed plus-fours and black rubber shoes. Actually the majority of his first ascents have been done in boots.

Like other Climbers' Club Welsh guide books, the rounded corners and pocket size make it easy enough to carry about, but it seems a pity that the half-tone plates come unstuck in the trans-atlantic postbag. They will surely come far more unstuck after a day in a rucksack when one has climbed on the slabs and finishes with a fast trot down to Ogwen in the evening.

As with most guide books, the most interesting part is the list of first-ascent personnel and dates. The slab climbs, were done in the last war by I. A. Richards. Of the Devil's Kitchen classics, typical of dramatic Abraham climbs, two routes were first done by the Abrahams themselves. I. A. Richards made the first route on the famous Holly Tree Wall, climbing up to the Holly tree to use it as a belay, his wife, Dorothy Pilley being on the rope. The other climbs on the wall were mostly developed by Ted Hicks in the heyday of the Cambridge club in the late 1920's. Finally everything was polished off by J. M. Edwards, and when he had finished he settled down to produce this guide book.

—NIGEL BICKNELL.

The Selkirks from Hector Pass to Beaver Glacier, 1890

Portfolio with 40 plates, map and two portraits.

Through the generosity of Edward Feuz, the club is now in possession of this splendid portfolio of photographs taken fifty years ago by E. Huber, during his climbs and explorations in the Selkirks. Appropriately, the collection contains two fine portraits of Dr. Huber, one taken in 1888 and one in 1935.

One of his climbing companions, H. E. Forster, is pictured in a number of the plates and it is a depressing thought to recall that only last year Forster was murdered in the Columbia valley, not far from the scene of the exploits depicted in this portfolio, and where he had made his home for so many years.

The photographs illustrate clearly the great shrinkage of the glaciers during the past fifty years. The writer of this note was particularly interested in noting the change in the Beaver glacier which he visited and photographed in 1912, twenty-two years after these photographs were taken.

The club is very grateful to “Ed” Feuz for the gift of this fine collection.

CLUB PROCEEDINGS AND CLUB NEWS

Glacier Lake Camp

Banff National Park

July 14 to 29

The thirty-fifth annual camp, held at the head of Glacier lake valley, near the foot of the Mons and the southeast Lyell glaciers, proved a happy and enjoyable camp for the many members and friends attending; with considerable excitement for some in reaching the site. In contrast to last year the camp this time was pitched in a wide, open, sunny valley sheltered by a good stand of timber, with convenient bathing pool.

Owing to the disastrous fire on the Howse which took out the newly completed trail, so kindly put in for us by the Parks authorities, and the old foot-bridge over the north fork of Saskatchewan river it was necessary to alter the route for the members coming and going and to provide a half-way camp. The original plan called for members to debus at Mile 52 on the Jasper highway and, by using the foot-bridge and the new trail, to reach camp in about four hours. The bridge gone, those walking in had to cross the Mistaya canyon by the old trail at Mile 47, while those riding and all baggage had to ford at the mouth of the Mistaya, near Mile 50 where a base camp had been set up; both parties then followed the south bank of the Howse to a camp about half way from the mouth of Glacier creek.

The following day all available horses were used by members for fording the Howse, a novel and memorable experience for some, the horses afterward returning to pick up the baggage and supplies while the walkers resumed their journey afoot along the gravel bars, skirting the fire, and so to the old trail up Glacier creek.

That a very great deal of praise is due Ralph Rink and his efficient crew will be realized when it is known that the base camp at Mile 52 had to be abandoned, due to the fire, on July 3 and that later, owing to the same fire spreading west, all the camp equipment was packed out from the site of the main camp to the gravel bars and that NONE of it was on the site on the morning of Monday, July 8th—the Monday before the camp was due to open.

In addition the establishment of a half-way camp and the necessity of ferrying members over the Howse by horse called for some 50 head as against the original pack-train of 15 to 20, while added length of the route meant long hours and hard riding, to say nothing of the frequent fordings of the Howse and the Mistaya— hard on both men and horses.

High camp, early established over the tongue of the southeast Lyell glacier thanks to the back-packing parties, situated in a wonderful alpine meadow with fine views of all the Lyell Peaks proved popular both for the climbing parties from there and, also for picnics from main camp.

Once again we are greatly indebted to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the loan of two of their Swiss Guides—our old friends Edouard Feuz and Chris Haesler—as well as for other material assistance. Members were especially glad to see Chris again, cheery as ever after his very trying experience last fall, and we were only too sorry that he was unable to remain to the end of camp.

Sincere thanks is also due to Eric Brooks, who again shouldered full responsibility for the camp and who handled it in his very efficient manner, to the satisfaction of all, in the unfortunate

absence of our President, Mr. C. G. Wates, who was prevented by doctor's orders from attending. Our sympathy to Mr. Wates at not being able to be present at a camp to which he had long looked forward and which he had planned and worked for with intense interest.

Climbs were made from Camp as follows:

From Main Camp: Division (traverse), Forbes, F.I, F.2, Mons and "Little Messines."

From High Camp: All five peaks of the Lyells and "Gilbert."

Camp-fires again proved full of interest as members and guests contributed varied programmes of entertainment and enjoyment. Mr. H. E. Sampson gave a talk on Glaciers, while on other evenings Mr. G. A. Gambs told of his travels in the Caucasus and Mr. Brad Oilman of his trips in the Swiss Alps in 1939. A most welcome and interesting visitor was Dr. Allan, of the Geological Survey party from Alberta University, who gave a splendid talk on the geological structure of the valley and the time and manner of its formation; we were very fortunate that Dr. Allan was in the neighborhood and was able to spend an evening with us. Mention should be made of Mrs. Bloch-Hiller's singing and Walter Read's varied entertainment, with a new repertoire and an enlarged company, including a new leading lady, also of other talks and readings given by various friends including Mrs. Lecher, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. De Lacy, N. B. Sanson, Dr. R. Williams, H. E. Sampson and Hilly York.

The following passed the test for Active membership:

Lyell No. 1: July 17—Miss N. Buckley, Miss G. Irwin, Miss K. Kovar, Miss A. Wiebrecht, J. Taylor and P. Vallance.
Lyell No. 3: July 19—Miss E. Dennison and R. Wolcott.
Lyell No. 4: July 25—Miss S. Lecher, Miss F. Handford, Miss L. Murray and A. Oxholm.
Lyell No. 5: July 18—G. Riley and H. Silsbee.
July 19—Miss H. Bosworth, R. Bosworth and C. Ross.

ANNUAL CAMP VISITORS

Visitors were drawn from:

CANADA

British Columbia—Vancouver, Victoria.
Alberta—Banff, Bellevue, Calgary, Edmonton, Ponoka, Winterburn.
Saskatchewan—Regina, Saskatoon, Shaunavon.
Ontario—Ottawa.

GREAT BRITAIN—London.

UNITED STATES

California—Ojai, Palo Alto, San Jose. **Colorado**—Denver.
District of Columbia—Washington. **Illinois**—Highland Park.
Massachusetts—Boston, Cambridge, Springfield, Worcester.
Minnesota—Minneapolis. **New York**—Brooklyn. **Ohio**—Cleveland.
Oregon—Eugene, Portland. **Pennsylvania**—Bryn Mawr, Merion, Philadelphia.
Washington—Tacoma. **Wisconsin**—Milwaukee.

Altogether one hundred and twenty (with crew) were placed under canvas, representatives attending from the Alpine Clubs of England, America, France, Switzerland, Mexico and Greece; the Royal Geographical Society, The Royal Meteorological Society, The Appalachian Mountain Club, The Harvard Mountaineers, The B.C. Mountaineers, The Colorado Mountaineering Club, The Sierra Club, The Green Mountain Club, The Mazamas, The Pinnacle Club and The Obsidians.

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