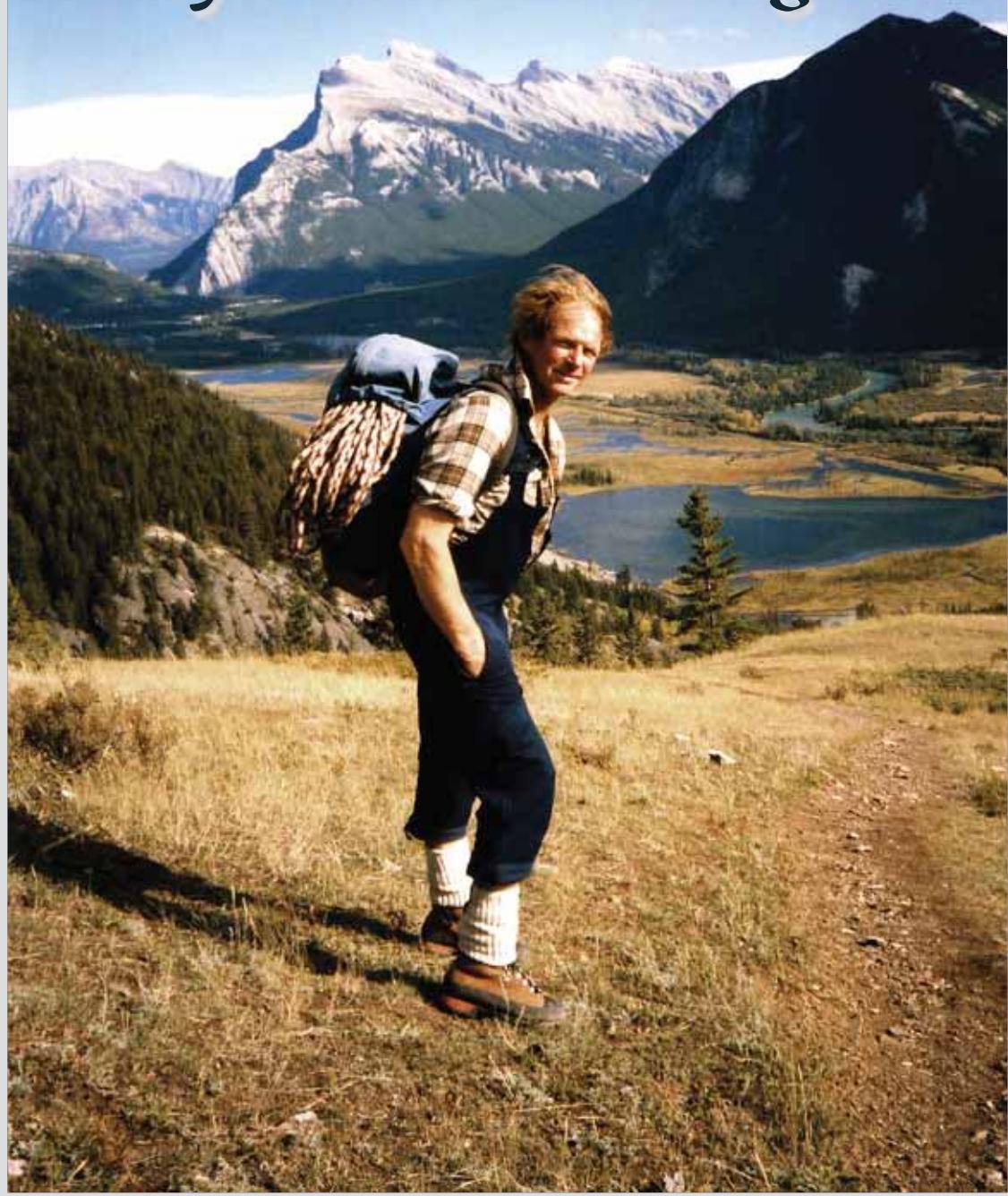


Alpine Odyssey

*The Mountaineering Life of
Lloyd “Kiwi” Gallagher*



by R.W. Sandford

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Cover photo of Lloyd descending to Banff after climbing Mount Louis 1982, courtesy of photographer Alex Baradoy.
Back cover photo: Lloyd on Chinaman's/Ha Ling Peak
Title page photo: Lloyd at Rogers Pass 1969
Photographic reproductions are courtesy of the Gallagher family, Bruno Engler,
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The Mountaineering Life of Lloyd “Kiwi” Gallagher

A long life of mountain adventure can have a profound effect on a man, especially one of the disposition of Lloyd Gallagher. Born in New Zealand, he grew up in intimate contact with the hills and mountain landscapes of his homeland. Inspired by his father to see deep meaning in the interactions between people and place, he immigrated to a place that possessed similar qualities to what he learned to love at home. As a young man newly arrived in the mountains of Canada he immediately found kindred spirits in a mountaineering community that was maturing under the influence of a new generation of climbers with a new vision of what the Canadian West might be like in the future. Though always utterly his own man, Lloyd developed life-long friendships with other legends like Bruno Engler, Jim Davies, Leo Grillmair and Hans Gmoser. Ever independent but completely reliable, Lloyd was one of the founding inspirations in the creation of the Association Canadian Mountain Guides. He was present at the very beginning to help spark and build the Canadian Mountain Holidays reputation and legacy. He was and continues to be one of the most positive and sustaining influences in the development of Canadian outbound mountaineering ambitions abroad especially in South America and the Himalayas. His competence and discipline were the foundation of the evolution of an elite mountain rescue capacity in Alberta’s provincial park system. A lifelong supporter and member of The Alpine Club of Canada, knows and is respected by everyone of standing in the mountain community.

Throughout a long life of mountain adventure, he also maintained a lively and loving 40 year relationship with his wife, Fran Kelly, and developed a deep and mutually respectful relationship with their two sons, Rob and Ryan. In the midst of a full and hectic life he also found enough time and energy to help found the Mountain Haven Program which brings families from urban domestic violence shelters to the mountains as a way of offering respite, retreat and time for healing.

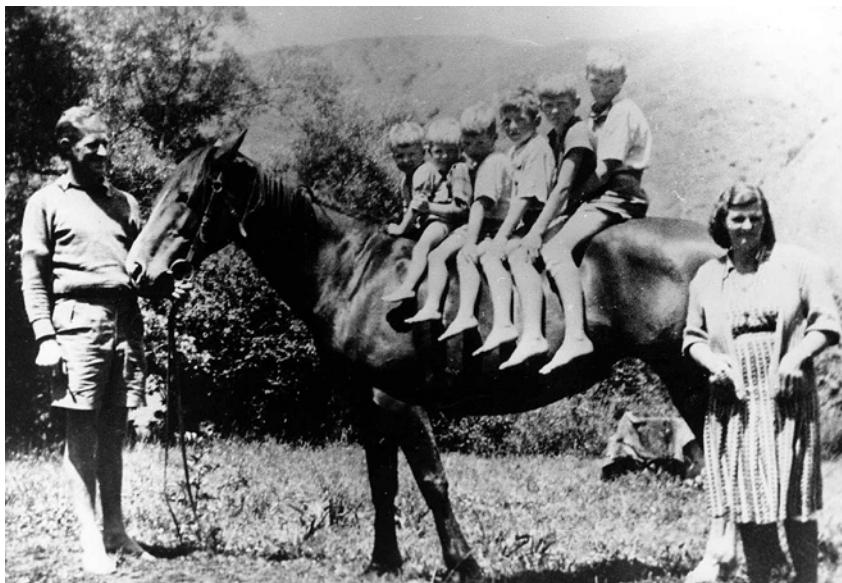
Lloyd Gallagher didn’t just do what he liked or what was easiest in his life. He did what difficult and dangerous situations required of him. Climb a difficult mountain, ski a deep powder slope, teach a course, make guiding a respectable profession, affect a rescue, mentor a fellow guide, build a road, build a lodge, raise children, help others less fortunate than himself – he did it all willingly. All his life he believed in himself and in the good in others. Here is a man that even in heart-breaking situations never lost his kindness, compassion, his sense of humour or his grace. He has never once stopped sharing a profound appreciation for mountains acquired through a lifetime of alpine experience. It is hardly surprising that his unflagging example has encouraged two generations of others to achieve the same qualities of sincerity, authenticity and generosity to which he so successfully aspired. Lloyd Gallagher is a person you like and want to be like.

One of Canadian mountaineering’s most respected legends and ambassadors, there is no one in this country more deserving to be the Patron of the 18th Annual Mountain Guides’ Ball.

Bob Sandford
Honorary Member
Association of Canadian Mountain Guides

Beginnings Down Under

Robert Hugh Gallagher loved his homeland. Born in Koputaraao on the North Island of New Zealand in November of 1913, he soon discovered he had an interest in two things: riding, repairing and racing motorcycles and hunting in the mountains. It would be this latter appreciation that would most affect one of his children. Lloyd William Gallagher, the second son of Robert Gallagher and his young wife Edna Seddon, was born into a mountain life. Lloyd came into this world on October 22nd, 1939 just as the austral spring was breaking in the southern hemisphere. Like his father, he was born just a year before the outbreak of a great war.



The "Galloping Gallaghers" en route to a family gathering.
New Zealand 1949

When he spotted quarry, he would leave Lloyd in the cover and begin the stalk. Little Lloyd was usually easy to find. He was the one crying for dad to come back. There were also weekly visits to the nearby beach where Lloyd's dad regularly caught fish for dinner. Always Lloyd watched, anxious to learn travel and hunting skills. Soon he was more than accompanying his father. He was actively hunting and fishing for dinner as well.



Young Lloyd in his element.
New Zealand 1963

Lloyd grew up in a madhouse of growing boys in the village of Levin on the North Island. His older brother Ronald had been born a year earlier. After Lloyd came along, he was followed by another brother, Neal, in 1941, Jacky Peter in 1943 and Ross in 1945. Two other brothers, Timothy and Bruce, came along after the war. This heart-warming picture in the family collection of a long row of Gallagher boys on a horse implies a family closeness. It also suggests that dinner must have been an interesting time in the Gallagher house.

Feeding such a large family was not an easy or inexpensive task. Robert Gallagher made a virtue out of a difficulty by taking to the hills to hunt for meat for the dinner table. He often carried young Lloyd in his pack as he quietly pursued deer through the New Zealand bush.

While Lloyd was still a young child, Robert Gallagher's motorcycle interests took an unfortunate turn. During a regular Monday night race, there was an accident in which Robert was run over by another racer and very nearly killed. While that was the end of Robert's racing life, it did not end his career as a skilled automotive mechanic. Soon Lloyd was watching and learning mechanical skills from his father, skills that would serve him for the rest of his life. But, still, it was the outdoors that attracted Lloyd most. By the time he was twelve his uncle Allan Seddon and friend Phil Gardener had encouraged the young boy to begin tramping.

He was soon active with the Levin-Waiopehu Tramping Club, an organization not

dissimilar in disposition to the Alpine Club of Canada. Each year Lloyd and his uncle would travel to New Zealand's mountainous South Island for two weeks of real mountaineering. It was in this environment that Lloyd found his calling amidst the peaks. By the time he was sixteen, he was already organizing and leading his own expeditions to the South Island. By the time he was eighteen he was developing the skills of a true mountaineer.

Mountaineering at the Bottom of the World

Robert and Edna Gallagher subscribed to the view, later adopted by Lloyd, that parents should always encourage their children to pursue their passions. Enthusiasms were to be cultivated and broad interests pursued if only because they contributed to character. It was so much the better if such pursuits led to the development of life skills or career interests. When Lloyd finished grade school he attended Horewhenua College and then followed the trail his father had blazed into motor mechanics. Lloyd spent five years apprenticesing with his father and climbing on the weekends. It was the beginning of a balance that suited Lloyd perfectly. He pursued one interest during the week, and pursued his passion on the weekends and holidays. This



Above: Looking out onto the Milford Sound area. New Zealand 1964

balance began to shift toward mountaineering when Lloyd completed his apprenticeship in the austral spring of 1960. At the age of 21 Lloyd and two friends Ro Pope and Ian Moultrie invested together in an old Morris van which they converted into a camper.

They then moved to the South Island to live amidst New Zealand's big mountains and to be closer to a community of passionate mountaineers under whom he would apprentice in order to advance his skills to the next level. The group of climbers most influential in Lloyd's South Island mountaineering years included his uncle's friend Phil Gardner who was recognized at the time as one of the country's best climbers. It also included Les Edwards who in his life

did much to encourage young people to take up tramping and exploring. Another important South Island influence was Rupert Robbie, who spent many hours helping Lloyd and many others develop solid outdoor skills.

This extended visit to the South Island was a true mountaineering sojourn. The object of this trip was to work only when more money was needed to permit the trio to climb, hunt, ski and travel at their leisure. Picking fruit and odd-jobs at ski areas served the first purpose and the spectacular South Island landscape did the rest. Lloyd spent a full five years wandering the South Island. Because they were young, enthusiastic and energetic, opportunities came their way. They spent months on end in Fiordland



Below: Packing horses on the Milford Track.



Looking towards Mount Danger, Milford area in the south island of New Zealand.

National Park and surrounding areas mapping new areas with Park Ranger Phil Dorjac.

Because of Lloyd's hunting experience, they were hired by the Deerstalkers Association to cull Red Deer from local wapiti herds with the aim of creating a better stock for breeding that would favour larger trophy heads. Lloyd also worked for two summers on New Zealand's famous Milford track building trails and helping guests over the high pass. Such was the time and local circumstances that Lloyd and his friends would often be pressed to supply meat from hunting and fish from the rivers for hungry trekkers.

But always the trio talked of climbers and climbing. Mountaineering was a national passion. Lloyd was only 13 when New Zealand became climbing crazy. In May of 1953, New Zealand hero Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay made the first ascent of Everest. Though ostensibly a British triumph, all of New Zealand went wild with pride and enthusiasm

following the ascent. Suddenly the history of mountaineering in New Zealand mattered. Lloyd remembers that there were a lot of well-known climbers in New Zealand during the time that he and his friends were living the climbers' life on the South Island. It wasn't just the Kiwis that influenced Lloyd most. The list of influences on Lloyd's developing mountaineering focus included Norman Hardie, Peter Farrel, George Lowe, Eric Shipton, Lyn Crawford, Hamish McInnes, Walter Bonatti, Gaston Rébuffat, Chris Bonington and Reinhold Messner. But there was also an historical figure on this list: an Austrian guide named Conrad Kain who began as a climbing legend in Canada before coming to New Zealand to guide on some of the most difficult peaks in the Southern Alps. "Who was this great climber?" Lloyd asked, "And what are the mountains like in Canada?"

But Lloyd and his friends didn't just talk about climbing. They were out there. Though there were many accomplishments during this early period of his life, Lloyd remembers best a first ascent of Mount Danger in Fiordland that he made with a Swiss climber named Marcel Von Omann in 1964.

Other important moments in his life included an ascent of Mount Cook, which had been traversed by Conrad Kain in 1916, and climbs of Mounts Sefton, Aspiring and Eli de Beaumont. These ascents, in Lloyd's estimation, marked the most carefree and enjoyable period in his life.

A "Brief" Visit to the Canadian West

There often comes a point in a young man's life when he realizes that he has to quit searching for himself and buckle down to the real circumstances of making a living, raising a family and becoming a responsible citizen. Fortunately, that didn't happen to Lloyd Gallagher. If he heard this siren call at all when he was in New Zealand, he ignored it. Instead, he answered a different call altogether, that of beckoning peaks on a distant continent.

The idea of visiting Canada first occurred to Lloyd when he was working on the Milford Track. It happened that one of his fellow workers

during the two halcyon years he spent on that glorious trail was a man from Calgary named Jim Lisaway.

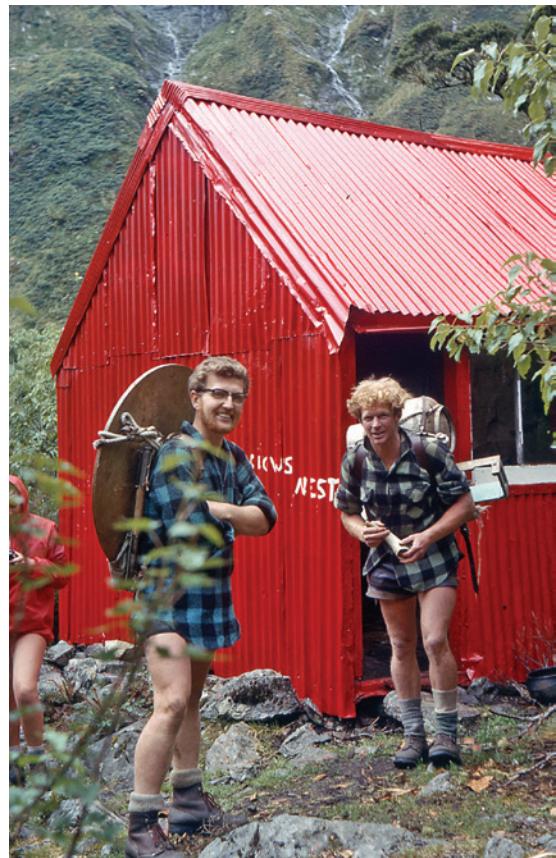
Lisaway told Gallagher about the five ranges of spectacular mountains that separated the Great Plains from the Pacific Coast of Canada. Gallagher was enthralled. Throughout his childhood Lloyd had a picture above his bed of a big bull moose on the shore of a lake in morning mist. Lloyd remembers also someone sleeping under a birch bark canoe and a coffee pot on a fire with a rifle nearby. The image had embedded itself in Lloyd's imagination. Canada was mythical. It was where young boys went in their dreams to hunt. The notion of visiting Canada was also reinforced by the historical presence there of guiding legend Conrad Kain. The name "Bugaboo" was just as odd as many New Zealand names. But they spoke English in Canada, at least in the West. The Canadian Rockies had a ring that promised adventure. Like many attracted to Canadian mountains, Lloyd only intended to spend a few months or at most a couple of years. But the ranges of the Canadian West slowly capture those who come to know them. A few months somehow became 40 years and in the time in between Lloyd Gallagher became his own legend.

Lloyd was 25 when he left New Zealand. Such was his financial circumstances that he could only afford a one-way ticket to Canada. It was not an airline ticket either. It was on a freighter that carried passengers. The

Arcadia took a whole month to sail to Vancouver. As was not uncommon among young travellers in the 1960s, Lloyd was already broke when Arcadia arrived in Vancouver on June 22nd, 1965. Nonetheless, Lloyd and the ten friends he had made on the voyage pooled the little money they had and went out for Chinese food before they went their separate ways. Though impressed by the snow on the Coast Mountains, Lloyd immediately hitchhiked east making a bee-line for the Rockies where, because he had no money, he was forced to quickly master the art of illegal camping. Slipping into a day-use area after nightfall he would throw his sleeping bag down among the trees. One morning soon after he arrived Lloyd was scared out of his wits when he woke up to find a black bear stepping over his sleeping bag. Lloyd still laughs about the scene: him running one way with his sleeping bag over his shoulder and the equally terrified bear running the other. Lloyd then climbed onto the roof of the day-use shelter and sat shivering until at last his courage returned and he was able to collect his pack and his belongings. But the experience rattled him. If this was Canada,



Above: Climbing on Bugaboo Spire with Reed Campbell.



Below: Jim Lisaway & Lloyd on the Milford Track.

he thought, I'm out of here! Fortunately for Canadian mountaineering, however, Lloyd's apprehension passed. If the visit of the bear was the landscape testing him – a common theme in the personal journey that is coming to terms with mountain place anywhere – he passed the test.

Fit and full of adventure, Lloyd Gallagher was an opportunity looking for a place to happen. In 1965, Lake Louise was just such a place. It did not take long for Lloyd to begin to run into people who were already well on their way to becoming legends in the Rockies. The first of these was outfitter Ray Lagace, one of the most respected horsemen in the history of the mountain national parks. Lagace, as it turned out, was looking for some strong hikers who would volunteer to break the snowy trail into Skoki so he could get his pack horses in to Skoki Lodge so it could open for the summer season. Gallagher agreed to do the bull work on the trail in exchange for something to eat. One of the wranglers on the trip to Skoki happened to be Don Mickle who later distinguished himself through a life committed to cultural heritage in the Rockies with the Banff Warden Service. The trip added further to Gallagher's appreciation of wildlife in the Rockies. Having already had a good bear scare, Lloyd and Mickle looked with wonder at a cabin in Skoki that had been almost destroyed by a wolverine. "Interesting landscape,"

Below: Victor Mahler & Dieter Von Henning at Rogers Pass.

Right: Victor & Lloyd playing Chess at Fairy Meadow Hut. 1968



Lloyd surmised.

When Gallagher got out from Skoki, he hitchhiked to Banff where he lived for a time under the Bow River bridge before choosing instead to sleep under a picnic table near the RCMP office, a location he chose because of the decreased likelihood of being bothered by black bears while he slept. Lloyd admits that at this time he was not above going through garbage cans looking for food which sometimes put him in direct competition with the same bears that bothered him at night. This privation, however, did not in any way interfere with his mountaineering. He got to know Johnny Monod by hanging around his Banff Avenue shop trying to connect with potential climbing partners.

It was while he was climbing that summer that he got a break. The foreman responsible for maintaining and repairing the equipment used to groom the Banff Springs golf course suddenly quit and Lloyd got the job. As a full-time employee Gallagher was expected to take up some form of formal residence in town. Lloyd obliged by moving into an old garage in Banff.



The golf course manager of the day, Casper McCullough, lent him pots to cook with but he still slept in his sleeping bag on the floor. When winter came he stayed on at the Banff Springs in a maintenance function. The garage, however, was unheated. He had to use his camp stove to keep warm and an ice axe to chip the door open so he could get out and ski to the building on the golf course in which he worked. Lloyd remembers there were often a dozen coyotes following him through the trees as he skied to work. "Very exciting", recalls.

After meeting a girl from New Zealand who worked at Sunshine, Gallagher began making regular ski trips on skins up the road. Until he could afford his own, he rented old skis from Johnny Monod. Most days he would start early enough to make it up to Divide before the lifts opened. He would hang around Sunshine all day and then ski back down to Banff at night.

Later Lloyd moved into a cabin on the Cave & Basin side of the Bow River next to the old canoe rental which he later discovered had once been rented by Lizzie Rummel.



Lloyd & Fran with mountain legend, Lizzie Rummel. Canmore circa 1978

He shared the rent on this cabin with none other than John Gow who later became the president of Sunshine Village. At that time, however, Gow was an avid mountaineer as well as a fine skier. As Gow was at Sunshine all week and Gallagher was away climbing most weekends, the rental situation worked very well. Gallagher does remember, however, that if he happened to come home early he would often have difficulty finding a place to lay down his sleeping pad. John Gow often had a "few" friends over. Sometimes there was drinking. Sometimes his friends stayed late. Sometimes they never went home.

An Introduction to Gmoser's Mountains

The longer Lloyd stayed in Banff the more often he heard the name of a man called Hans Gmoser who was offering ski mountaineering trips into remote areas of British Columbia. In March of 1966, Lloyd finally connected with Gmoser who invited Gallagher for a job interview in Calgary.

The interview was short and to the point. Gmoser need someone competent to maintain and repair snowmobiles he was using to tow skiers the 30 kilometres from the Columbia Valley into Old Bugaboo Camp where the real skiing would begin.

The person who took the job should also be prepared, Gmoser explained, to chop wood and to undertake whatever other duties necessary to keep the camp functioning and the visitors comfortable. Gmoser did not offer Gallagher a guaranteed income if he took the job. He offered to feed Lloyd and provide a roof over his head—at least some of the time. If Gmoser made any money, he proposed, he would pay Gallagher at the end of the season. Gmoser clearly understood that only a real mountaineer would ever accept such terms. Real mountain people, though, were all that Gmoser could afford or desired to employ. Naturally, Lloyd accepted. And naturally the experience changed Lloyd's life.



During the next fourteen years, Lloyd Gallagher's lifestyle and career direction were largely defined by his developing relationship with Hans Gmoser and his Canadian Mountain Holidays partner Leo Grillmair. At the end of the winter ski season in 1966, Gmoser explained to Gallagher that he was short of accredited mountain guides and proposed that Lloyd apply for a guide's license through the newly formed Association of Canadian Mountain Guides. Until Gmoser proposed that he consider it, Lloyd had no intentions of ever becoming a mountain guide.

He realized, however, that he had already gained a great deal of experience in New Zealand and was quickly coming to terms with the mountains of the Canadian West. Gallagher remembers that the course was demanding and the examinations very difficult. Two Canadian mountaineering legends, Hans Schwarz and Brian Greenwood formed the ACMG teaching and examination team. Lloyd remembers there was a lot of bad weather during the two-week course. He remembers, too, being grateful that it didn't include skiing, a skill he had yet to master to the level that would allow him to become a guide. The exam for the course took place between June 8th and June 15th, 1966. Jim Tarrant represented the Alpine Club of Canada as an observer of the examination process. Over the week, Schwarz and Greenwood put the applicants to the test in every imaginable climbing situation. Lloyd completed his exam by taking Tarrant to the summit of Mount Ishbel in the Sawback Range near Banff. When Lloyd passed the exam and got his guiding pin he joined an elite group of climbers who would guide Canada toward the highest standards of mountaineering safety and achievement.

Together they would, in a single generation, confirm Canada as one of the world's premier mountaineering nations.

The difficulty of the guides' course and examination further whetted Lloyd's already substantial appetite for climbing. After the course was concluded in June, he spent the summer of 1966, guiding principally in the Bugaboos where he traced routes established by Conrad Kain fifty years before. He also

Lloyd & Hans Gmoser. 2006



Bugaboo Logging Camp. 1966

Below: ACMG Guides' Course Instructors: Syd Feuz, Mark Kingsbury, Hans Schwarz, Rudi Gertsch & Peter Fuhrmann. 1970



guided in Banff and later on Mount Robson which gave him a taste of really high Canadian mountains. While Robson is the highest peak in the Rockies, Gallagher knew that the giants of the North American continent were nearly twice as high. To see them, though, you had to go to the St. Elias Range which straddled the Yukon and Alaska. With the little bit of money he had earned from guiding, Gallagher decided to experience the St. Elias for himself. Lloyd bought an old Dodge and headed north, an act which, inadvertently, opened up another chapter in Lloyd's life.

Mountaineering at the Top of the World

There are people in this world who manage wherever they go to meet just who they need to know to enrich their own lives and to contribute to history in meaningful ways. Lloyd Gallagher is one of those people. On his way to see the great peaks of the St. Elias, Gallagher stopped, as many do, at Kluane Lake where he happened to connect with researchers working with the Arctic Institute of North America.

The Arctic Institute offered Lloyd the same kind of proposition that Hans Gmoser had offered him the previous March. They proposed that Lloyd work free for them in exchange for food and lodgings. Lloyd, of course, accepted.

Lloyd spent the remainder of the summer of 1966 supporting research and mapping projects in the St. Elias. He spent an entire month at Mount Logan High Camp guiding and being responsible for the safety of parties involved in both topographical and glacial studies. It was at Logan Camp he met another Yukon legend who would establish for him the importance of tying aviation to the future of mountaineering. He flew with Phil Upton in his Pilatus Porter over much of the St. Elias, landing on glaciers and riverbanks wherever supplies had to be delivered or researchers picked up or transported.

Lloyd's appreciation for the utility of aircraft in the mountains prefigured a lifelong working



The Bell B1 helicopter flown by Jim Davies. 1966

friendship he would soon have with pioneer helicopter pilots in the Rockies like Jim Davies.

While in the St. Elias, Lloyd also met Barry Bishop of Everest fame. Bishop was part of a team sent to the greatest range on the continent to identify sites of potential usefulness for high altitude military training.

Because Lloyd was available, opportunity gravitated to him. That same summer Dr. Walter Wood – Director of the Icefield Ranges Research Project and one of the central figures in the development of Canadian understanding and appreciation for the significance of the St. Elias as a major continental mountain range – invited Lloyd to guide a team of National Geographic writers and photographers who were covering the extraordinary 100 metre a day advance of the immense Steele Glacier.

Aviation pioneer, Phil Upton landing on gravel bed in the Yukon. 1966



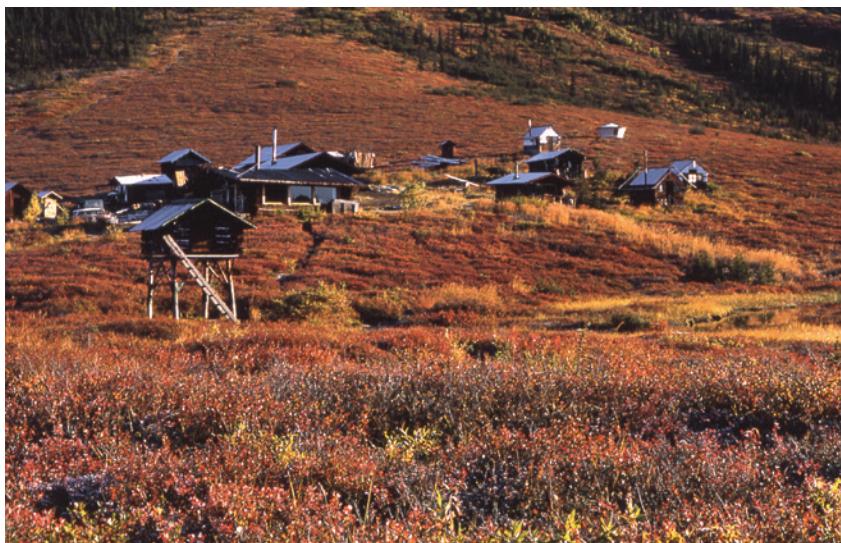
The glacier advanced eight kilometres in one summer and Lloyd Gallagher was there to witness it.

As the summer wound down in the Yukon and the tundra turned a thousand shades of yellow and orange, Lloyd decided to visit Denali National Park where he was astounded by the wildlife. He saw caribou in their massive migration and saw huge bears wandering among the autumn willows.



Caribou country, Alaska. 1966

Camp Denali, near McKinley National Park, Alaska.



Glaciologist Dr. Walter Wood on the Steel Glacier. 1966

Though Lloyd could not have recognized it at the time, he was gaining an understanding of the full magnitude of continent as expressed in the monumental landscapes and ecosystem vitality of the North. His letters home to New Zealand tell an interesting story about his Alaskan experiences. Published by the local paper in Levin, Lloyd's accounts of skiing, Eskimo life and icebergs were sure to stimulate adventurous ideas in the minds of many local climbers. The most amusing part of the account, however, were comments made in conclusion by Lloyd's mother which pertain to the fact that Lloyd was already a little late coming home:

"We will be lucky if we see him before the next five years is up," Mrs. Gallagher told "The Chronicle," reflecting that her son's intention was only to spend two years overseas.

While under the shadow of what was once known as Mount McKinley, Lloyd met two women, Ginny Wood and Cecilia Hunter, who operated Camp Denali.

Lloyd once again worked for food and shelter to keep the grizzly bears out while they prepared their operation for winter. He then joined them in Fairbanks for a couple of days before flying to Kotzebue where he lived largely on berries on the tundra while exploring some of the wildest country in Alaska.

Lloyd's wilderness sojourn was interrupted, however, when Walter Wood put out an all points call bulletin on the radio looking for a New Zealander wandering somewhere in Alaska

whom he wanted to contact him in Washington, D.C. As luck would have it Ginny Wood and Cecilia Hunter heard the radio call and found a way to reach Gallagher. Lloyd immediately drove his aging Dodge to Fairbanks to contact Walter Wood. On Wood's instructions he flew to Anchorage and then on to Washington, D.C. Wood explained that there were plans to operate a winter research camp for four people on the Greenland Ice Cap, 400 kilometres north of Thule for the winter of 1966-67.

The camp would be established by the military which would fly a ski-equipped C130 transport plane on to the glacier 200 kilometres from the sea on the main Greenland ice cap. The project was in search of a camp manager who would ensure that the camp remained functional during the bitter Greenland winter.

Gallagher didn't hesitate for a moment. He called Hans Gmoser to say that he would still be available to help with Canadian Mountain

Holidays operations in March and then departed for the greatest single mass of ice in the Northern Hemisphere.

The moment Lloyd saw the equipment they were taking to Greenland he understood this was no ordinary research project. Matters of state, and not just science, were being investigated by the researchers chosen to undertake this rather dangerous project. The Greenland research project was composed of two Americans, one Dane and Lloyd. The Americans included two scientists, Frank Layman and Leanne Churchman, whose interests resided in monitoring seismic activity in order to help forecast earthquakes. The Americans were also interested in monitoring other subsurface disturbances such as underground nuclear tests. The Dane, Verner Knudsen, was to spend the winter in Greenland studying subtle variations in the Earth's magnetic fields. It was Lloyd's job to set up a snow cave just for this research.

Ginny Wood with 67 sled dogs.



Temperatures during the dark winter dropped to as low as -70°C. The wind howled and threatened to tear apart the canvas shelters in which the team stayed. It was Lloyd's job to keep the camp from blowing away and to fix anything that went wrong. All four survived the winter, but it was not an easy one. Even when the project was over, the Greenland Ice Cap refused



On the Greenland Ice Cap -70°C. 1967

The old Dodge station wagon in which Lloyd travelled from Fairbanks, Alaska to Brisco B.C. March 1967



to relent. Departure from the camp was delayed two weeks because of bad weather. Gallagher frantically tried to reach Hans Gmoser in Banff to explain why he was delayed. Finally, he reached Gmoser by HAM radio to explain his circumstances. Gmoser told him not to worry. The CMH guiding job was his whenever he arrived.

Gallagher flew as quickly as he could back to Fairbanks where he dug the old Dodge out of the deep snow and headed south.

He drove non-stop from central Alaska to Brisco, British Columbia and then skied the 30 kilometres in darkness through a heavy snow fall into Bugaboo Camp. He remembers his arrival as being surreal. He was utterly exhausted. The lights were on in the camp and everyone seemed to be having a good time. When he opened the door of the lodge there was an attractive young woman dancing on the table in bright green tights. Nothing seemed real. Everyone present thought Lloyd was a ghost. It was later determined that the scene was right out of a Robert Service poem:

*When out of the night, which was fifty below, and into the dirt and glare,
There stumbled a miner, fresh from the creeks, dog-dirty and loaded for bear.
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave and scarcely the strength of a
louse,
Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar, and he called for drinks for the house.
There was none could place the stranger's face, though we searched ourselves
for a clue;
But we drank his health, and the last to drink was Dangerous Dan McGrew.*

*There's men that somehow just grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell;
And such was he, and he looked to me like a man who had lived in hell;
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a dog whose day is done,
And he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the drops fell one by one.
Then I got to figuring who he was, and wondering what he'd do,
And I turned my head – and there watching him was the lady that's known as
Lou.*

Adventures in South America

Lloyd spent the winter months of 1967 in the Bugaboos and also at the Alpine Club of Canada's Stanley Mitchell hut in the Yoho Valley in Yoho National Park. At this time he also gained valuable guiding experience at Mount Assiniboine, Rogers Pass and in the Adamant Range. He then spent the summer of Canada's centennial year guiding in the Bugaboos and throughout the Rockies.



Climbing Marmolata with Leo Grillmair in the Bugaboos. 1967



Lloyd learning to ski in the Bugaboos.

In the fall of 1968, Lloyd's reputation had become such that he was contacted by the New Zealand Alpine Club and offered a place on a national expedition to Peru. Once again, Lloyd did not hesitate. The reward would be solely experiential – an opportunity to explore yet another of the great mountain ranges of the world. Naturally, Lloyd accepted.

Lloyd remembers that the expedition to the High Andes was very well organized under leader David Adcock. Besides himself, the members of the expedition to the Cordillera Wuayhuash included Graeme Dingle, Allan Shepard, Roger Bates, Peter Barry, Judy & Robin Brooks and a camp guard named Hidalgo Arbaiza. It took two months to put everyone on the 21,765 foot summit of Mount Yerupaja by a new route. Memorable moments on the expedition included collapsing cornices and huge avalanches.



After the expedition concluded in Lima, Lloyd joined Graeme Dingle to raft down the Huallaga River to where it joined the Amazon in Iquitos.

The eleven day float covered some 1200 kilometres. Besides the usual anacondas, piranhas, biting insects and other typical problems encountered along the way, Gallagher and Dingle had their homemade raft torn apart in a whirlpool.

They had to hock their cameras and watches to get back to Lima. Gallagher reported his Amazonian adventurer by letter to his mother who again had them published in the "The Chronicle" in hometown Levin:

Mr. Gallagher is currently exploring South America until the onset of the Canadian winter. In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Gallagher, York Street, Levin, he gave a detailed account of the trip he and a companion, Mr. Graham Dingle [sic], of Wellington, made from Lima, Peru. The two men motored and hitch-hiked from Lima to Aucayacu, where they managed to get a balsa raft which was ready to sail.

The raft, measuring about 20 ft square, was constructed of about 30 balsa logs lashed together with bark of young saplings. It was powered by two 15 ft oars weighing 40 lb each.

For five days the two spent from daylight to dark – about 12 hours a day – on the raft. Cooking was done over a fire placed on mulch covering banana leaves, fuel being wood from the river.

The main diet was green bananas and salted fish which was boiled, sometimes three times a day. "It was edible, but you did not look forward to it," Gallagher wrote. On one of the days during the journey the men managed to buy an armadillo from a passing boat. This tasted similar to pork, but was much tastier. ...

All was not "plain sailing," and the journey did have its moments of excitement, such as when going over rapids the raft would sometimes hit the bank or rocks in the river. "Had we fallen off, that would have been it".



Balsa rafting Amazon style. 1968

Haute cuisine and five star accommodation on the Amazon.



While the local paper in Levin talked about the trip down the Amazon, one of New Zealand's national papers, the NZ Listener, did a full page story of the ascent of Yerupaja. Though he always seemed to be flat broke, Lloyd Gallagher was gradually becoming a climbing hero in his homeland.

After the adventure, Dingle headed back to England to teach climbing. The next year he successfully undertook to climb all the major North Face ascents in Europe. While Dingle returned to a vigorous life in England, Lloyd Gallagher continued to head south. Lloyd spent three more months in South America exploring Peru, Chile and Argentina. He visited Patagonia and then made his way back north through Brazil. He arrived back in Calgary completely broke. Leo Grillmair picked him up at the airport and drove him to the Bugaboos where he had agreed once again to work for food and shelter. Things, Lloyd noticed, were definitely on the upswing at CMH. He arrived back at the Bugaboos just in time to help open the new lodge. It looked like heli-skiing was about to take off.

There were also some new people working with Canadian Mountain Holidays. One of them would have more influence over Lloyd than

even Hans Gmoser. A young, attractive and very lively woman named Fran Kelly worked out of the CMH office in Banff. He began finding

reasons to drop into the office. When Fran could, she visited Lloyd at the Bugaboos.

Lloyd spent the winter of 1968 skiing in the Bugaboos and in the Cariboo, an area CMH wanted to open up in the wake of the growing success of heli-skiing. The following summer Lloyd guided again in the Bugaboos but also spent as much time as he could guiding near Banff.

In 1969 Lloyd started work in the Bugaboos but moved mid-season to the Cariboo where CMH operated out of the Sarak Motel offering heli-skiing. For Lloyd it was a very exciting time during which he was regularly skiing new runs and exploring spectacular new mountains.

In 1971, Lloyd was part of an Alpine Club of Canada expedition that climbed this country's highest peak, Mount Logan, which was accomplished by way of the Shoening Ridge. The leader of this very well organized expedition was the legendary Canadian mountaineer and

alpine historian Phil Dowling. Members of the expedition included Bob Cuthbert, Dave Jones, David Payne, and Peter Robinson.

In the account of the expedition which was a feature story in the 1972 Canadian Alpine Journal, Phil Dowling attributed the success of the expedition to party unity and good planning. "This, and every man contributing his best," Dowling wrote, "was what gave us success."

Group unity and individual effort were fast becoming the hallmark of the expeditions in which Lloyd Gallagher participated. As these expeditions attempted greater and greater challenges Lloyd's skills as a leader and a mentor would ultimately be severely tested.

Climbing the Shoening Ridge, Mount Logan. 1971



On the Seward Glacier, Mount Logan - the ACC team, 1971



There was Lots of Fun in '71

Two very significant events in Lloyd Gallagher's life took place in 1971. The first of these events had to do with nationality and the second with family. On the 28th of May Lloyd acknowledged his great appreciation for Canada and what it had offered him by becoming a Canadian citizen. While this was not noted in "The Chronicle" in hometown Levin, the news of his choice to remain in Canada must have been clear evidence to Lloyd's mother that getting him home again after his projected two year overseas visit was now going to be difficult if not downright impossible.

Lloyd's allegiance to his adopted Canada was further deepened on December 4th, 1971, when he married Fran Kelly in a formal ceremony in Banff. With Hans Gmoser as his Best Man and all their mutual CMH friends present, the wedding marked yet another turning point in Lloyd's life. Lloyd was not going to be something else or someone else in his life. He was going to be a mountaineering guide and all the rest of the good things that come from married life would flow from these commitments.

Fran and Lloyd's wedding, Banff, December 4, 1971
with Hans Gmoser and Pat Lever.



Lloyd is the first to admit that he was very lucky to find somebody like Fran. Not only did she know and love the mountains in her own life, she knew and understood the total lifestyle commitment it took to be a professional guide. She knew that marrying Lloyd meant that she would not see her husband often for weeks at a time. She knew that if they had children it would seem sometimes as if she was raising them on her own. She also recognized that given Lloyd's growing reputation that, at times, it would seem as though she was living in her husband's shadow. Such was her self-reliance and generosity of character, however, that she knew it would all turn out right. And with work on both their parts it did.

Lloyd and Fran's first child, Rob was born in Banff at the end of June in 1973. By this time Hans Gmoser decided to build Cariboo Lodge. In order to begin construction, a D6 Cat was loaded on a flatbed truck in Vancouver and delivered to Valemount where Lloyd was instructed to make a road into the new lodge site. Someone had to show Lloyd how to start and drive the big machine, but soon he had its operation down. He spent the rest of the summer making roads, building bridges and completing the basement for CMH's new Cariboo Lodge.

The Gallagher construction crew
building Cariboo Lodge.



Baby Rob's brother Ryan followed in August of 1975. Lloyd spent that summer completing construction of Cariboo Lodge. He barely finished laying the carpet as the new guests arrived for the winter season. Lloyd became the manager of Cariboo lodge and between 1974 and 1978 did most of the guiding in the area. With his help, CMH developed its first heli-hiking program in the Cariboo.

Rob and Ryan grew up on the trail with their mother and father and spent their summers at CMH lodges. The boys became the joy and pride of the Gallagher family and remain so to this day.

While the boys grew up Lloyd continued guiding and climbing. While most of the climbing was in the Rockies, the Bugaboos or at Rogers Pass, Lloyd's experience and reputation would soon draw him further and further

Members of the first Canadian Himalayan Expedition – Mount Pumori. 1977



The Gallagher Clan.
Canmore 1976

abroad. A metronome ticking out the accelerating rhythm of Canadian mountaineering, Lloyd's focus turned to the Himalayas.

Countdown to Everest

Canadian interest in the Himalayas goes back to 1947 when Canadian climber Earl Denman made an ill-equipped and ill-advised attempt on Everest with Tenzing Norgay. That attempt, in combination with later attempts that led to Hillary and Tenzing's first ascent in 1953, made it clear that Himalayan climbing required considerable experience, high-altitude training and large, committed teams that could work closely and effectively together for long periods of time under often trying and extremely dangerous circumstances. Lloyd Gallagher had already proven his competence in all of these areas when he joined a Canadian expedition to 23,446 foot Pumori in the Nepal Himalaya.

This comparatively small but famous 1977 expedition was orchestrated by John Amatt but largely organized by Evelyn Moorhouse – now Evelyn Matthews – out of the Alpine Club of Canada office on Banff Avenue. The team was composed of only six climbers. Besides Lloyd these included Ian Rowe, Tim Auger, George Homer, Chris Shank and Steve Sutton.

What made this expedition different was that it included no Sherpa support apart from one person who was hired to manage equipment at the expedition's base camp. Fran Gallagher trekked into base camp with three other women during the monsoon to be there when they completed the ascent. The climbers did not disappoint. Everest's "little" sister proved to be a demanding but deeply satisfying climb, especially for Lloyd. When the expedition reached the summit of Pumori on October 7th, 1977, the achievement made big news at home. Chris Shank later summarized the experience in the following way:



Flying the Alpine Club of Canada and Canadian flags on the summit of Mount Pumori with the peaks of Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse in the background. 1977

At 09:45 we were all standing on the summit, drinking tea, marvelling at the brown Tibetan plains, the massiveness of Everest, the vast galaxy of peaks over 20,000 ft and the fact that we, inadequate as each of us secretly thought ourselves to be, were actually standing atop a Himalayan peak. Our burnt and battered faces cracked behind our grins.

The media coverage, the confidence the climbers instilled in others and a desire for even bigger challenges whetted a local appetite for making an even grander entrance on to the world mountaineering stage. Talk quickly turned to a first Canadian ascent of Everest.



While the Canadian mountaineering community wrestled with the challenge of sending an expedition to Everest, Lloyd Gallagher was entering yet another remarkable period in his life. With his children growing up Lloyd had to make some decisions about where he would set up permanent camp. While he and Fran would have been happy to spend the rest of their lives living at Cariboo Lodge, Rob was ready to go to school. In 1978, Lloyd recognized that yet another period in his life had come to an end. But once again luck came knocking in the form of an invitation from the Alberta government to set up a public safety program in newly formed Kananaskis Country. Though Lloyd was reluctant about working for the government, his supervisor, Bob Reynolds, gave him considerable latitude to create the kind of

Sling Rescue in
Kananaskis Country.
circa 1980

rescue operation Lloyd thought necessary.

Lloyd also knew where to go for help. With support from Peter Fuhrmann and Parks Canada and helicopter rescue legend Jim Davies, Gallagher was able to introduce the latest sling rescue techniques and technology into Kananaskis.

Lloyd's job was to create a professional search and rescue response team of the calibre that existed in the adjacent mountain national parks. He did one better and married the two. In addition to mountain rescue, Lloyd was responsible for organizing and managing a fire department and ambulance services in preparation for the Winter Olympic Games which were to be held in part in Kananaskis Country in 1988.

Many climbers and hikers owed their lives to Lloyd Gallagher's skill over the nineteen years he was responsible for mountain safety in Alberta's protected mountain areas. The level of responsibility attached to this role, however, made it ever more difficult for Lloyd to leave on long climbing expeditions.

When Roger Marshall approached

Lloyd's mock descent of the Great Wall of China using Johnny Monod's donated skis.



him to become part of a small expedition to climb Everest by the standard route, his new responsibilities made him reluctant to accept. Lloyd did a great deal of research on the mountain and on the people who would be involved in the climb. After spending two months staring down at the icefall on Everest, he knew that the ascent would be very dangerous. Lloyd and Fran also had a young family and he knew that a three month trip to the Himalayas would be very taxing on everyone. Fran, however, was 100% behind him so Lloyd agreed to

Camel train en route to Maz Tagh Ata, China.
1981



become Deputy Leader and committed himself to the five years of planning it would take to mount the first Canadian expedition to Everest. There were thousands of details to work out and many hard choices to make and difficult circumstances to address before the expedition came together.

In order to gain further high altitude acclimatization experience, Lloyd went on an expedition to 24,757 ft Mount Muz Tagh Ata in the Pamir Mountains of China in 1981. The expedition was organized and led by John Amatt. John's wife, Peggy, and Fran Gallagher, took a bus known as the Jack Hammer Express 14 hours each way to be with the expedition before it began the ascent. Besides Lloyd and John the party also included Pat Morrow and Dr. Stephen Bezruchka.

The object of this ascent was to climb the mountain then be the first to ski back down onto the high plains of China from its snowy summit. An account of the expedition, with photographs by Pat Morrow, was the cover story in the charter issue of Equinox Magazine in January of 1982. Steve Bezruchka described the summit day at the conclusion of the lavishly illustrated account. His description says a great deal about Lloyd Gallagher:

We climbed for seven hours, and near the end the wind was so strong we feared it would blow us right across the top and on into the Wakhan Corridor where China, Russia, Afghanistan and Pakistan join, far beyond and below. Bowed by the blast at my back, I felt that we had somehow walked right into the jet stream. Both Lloyd and I found our skis unnecessary in the wind crust snow below the summit and jettisoned them on the final approach. Lloyd hit the marathoner's wall – overwhelming exhaustion – about 1000 feet below the top, but despite a survival urge to turn back, slowed his pace and continued upward. Pat and I found a useful cadence together and squeaked our way side-by-side up the frozen Styrofoam-like slab beneath our feet.

The summit wasn't an anticlimax, but the wind and the effects of altitude certainly put the celebration into slow-motion. In a weary elation Pat and I crouched together, atop the world at the junction of four countries, and thumped each other in long somnambulistic motions. Lloyd joined us just as I was deciding to retreat, and his bleary smile and entreaty to "hang on for a second while I look over the edge" kept us all on the summit for a final few moments.

Even 25 years later, the 1982 Canadian ascent of Everest remains one of the most complicated chapters in the history of Canadian mountaineering. There is no question, however, that it was a big year for Lloyd Gallagher and for Canadian mountaineering.

Lloyd's blessing at the Tengboche Monastery. 1982



This is a hard period in Lloyd's life to summarize but we can put what happened into relief. We see from what transpired on the expedition the challenges that confronted the leaders, Bill March and Lloyd Gallagher, and each of the individual team members. Once again we turn to Steve Bezruchka for a concise account of the key events recorded in his journal.

A great deal of organization went into the expedition which included a large team and major sponsors. There was a great deal of media hype high expectations of success. There were problems within the team even before the climbers departed Katmandu. The expedition arrived at Everest Base Camp after trekking through heavy monsoon rains on August 15th, 1982. Two days later Bill March, Lloyd Gallagher and Alan Burgess reconnoitred the route up the ice fall by hiking up toward Lo La, a pass north of the base camp from which they could view the condition of the ice. On August 18th, Bill March, Gordon Smith, Laurie Skreslet and Dave McNabb began the difficult work of establishing a route through the dangerous mass of tilting ice blocks that composed the ice fall.

By August 20th a fixed rope safety line had been established through the ice fall and Bill March and Laurie Skreslet reached the Western Cwm, gateway to the upper part of the mountain. The following days are spent improving the route to Camp I. At 1:00 AM on the morning of August 25th, Lloyd Gallagher woke up to find the temperatures very warm. His intuition is that the rising temperature will increase the risk of avalanche. Everyone stays in camp. The following day 39 porter loads are added to the 40 that were already at Camp I. The next day it snowed and once again Lloyd worried about the avalanche risk. Some of the climbers questioned whether it was necessary to be so cautious.

Early on the morning of August 31st, 1982, the Reincarnate Lama at the Tengboche Monastery observed a strange light on Everest. Just as it was getting light 5:30 AM, Steve Bezruchka heard the avalanche bearing down on Camp I. He ducked behind an ice block to avoid the blast of wind and snow that accompanied it. After the avalanche passed there was a strange silence. Six inches of snow covered everything. Pat Morrow then radioed to report that an enormous avalanche had just roared through what was called the Valley of Death. Three other climbers and six Sherpas were in the vicinity of the avalanche.

Peter Spear had been buried in the avalanche with only a boot visible above the concrete-hard snow. Rusty Baillie and a Sherpa found him and dug him out. Three Sherpas approached Bezruchka talking anxiously all at once. They had been behind Pat Morrow and Blair Griffiths and saw three Sherpas buried by the avalanche. Bezruchka later found Morrow and Griffiths on the avalanche debris. They had been unsuccessful in their search for the missing Sherpas. Griffiths commented that "This would be an awful way to die". Both had been barely missed by the slide. Sherpa Pasang Sona's body was finally dug from the hard snow but Bezruchka could not revive him. The bodies of the other two were not recovered.

Though no one decision could be identified



Fixing ladders in the treacherous Khumbu Ice fall. 1982

that could have prevented the tragedy, some of the climbers began to talk of abandoning the expedition. Pasang Sona was cremated on September 2nd, but it was not the end of the tragedy. At 2:30 PM that afternoon a message came to Base Camp from Peter Spear with the news that Blair Griffiths had been killed earlier in the day. Dave Reid described the accident.

"The whole glacier began to shudder, shake, shimmy and move, like the streets of San Francisco prior to the earthquake. All I could remember as I was sliding down were large blocks around my head. I was passing them and they were going over top of me. I thought, 'this is it'. But it wasn't."

A Sherpa was buried near him and together they managed to free themselves from the debris at the bottom of a crevasse in which they found themselves trapped. Moments later, however, Rusty Baillie's head appeared in a small opening above them. "My god, you're alive!" he shouted. After Reid was rescued, he asked after Blair Griffiths. "I am sorry mate," Baillie answered sadly, "he's dead". When the ice fall began to move, two huge blocks of ice came suddenly together. Blair was between them. He died instantly.

The following day four climbers recovered Blair's body. Griffiths was cremated at the same place as Pasang Sona. The following day Tim Auger announced that he would be leaving the expedition. Six other climbers later made the same decision. Bill March did not try to convince them to stay.

Bill March, Everest Expedition Leader



On September 16th the eleven remaining expedition regrouped. Though some – as Bezruchka put it – “dreamed of urgent letters calling them home”, they began the arduous task of establishing and stocking the higher camps that needed to be occupied in order to put them into position for a summit bid. On the 19th of September Sherpas Sundare and Pema Dorje picked up the momentum of the expedition by carrying one and one-half loads to Camp II. The rest of the Sherpas noticed and soon everyone was trying hard to speed up the establishment of the higher camps. Camp III at 23,250 feet was established by Alan Burgess, Sundare and Pema

Dorje on September 25th and occupied three days later. Supplemental oxygen was used for the first time at this camp. On October 3rd, Alan Burgess and two Sherpas finished securing the route to the South Col and Gordon Smith arrived at Camp III with a load of bottled oxygen.

On October 4th, Dave Read and Lloyd Gallagher start slowly toward the South Col. Laurie Skreslet arrives before them and sets up two tents at Camp IV. Dave Read arrived exhausted at 6:30 PM. Read and Skreslet fear for Lloyd Gallagher who remains missing as darkness falls. As was noted in the official report of the expedition:

Lloyd could have been excused a few tears as he sat in the gathering darkness high on the Lhotse Face, staring back down the incredibly beautiful Western Cwm. After five years of planning and six weeks of inhuman effort, he knew this was the highest he could go.

At Camp III he had switched on his oxygen, only to find the regulator kept freezing up. At the Yellow Band, he had dumped it and struggled on without oxygen, knowing that at Camp IV there should be a spare mask and two full bottles. As he sat gasping for breath just below 26,000 feet, only 300 more feet of hard climbing separated him from an easy traverse to Camp IV. Beside him in the snow, abandoned by an exhausted Sherpa, lay the two full bottles that made it a waste of effort.

“Those two bottles meant a total of 60 pounds on my back and I knew I couldn’t make it,” says Gallagher. “I sat there and thought of all the options. I could have tried to make the summit the next day without oxygen but that would have seriously endangered my climbing partner. The only thing to do was go back.”

Camp III lay 3,000 feet back down the face and by now, darkness had fallen.

“Imagine yourself coming home very drunk in the dark and trying to walk on sheer ice,” comments Morrow. “That’s what it would have been like due to the weariness and the lack of oxygen. You’d have to take every step really carefully to avoid a slip. I tell you, 3,000 feet is a hell of a long way under those conditions.”

For Gallagher, it is even worse. On his radio, he hears concern mounting over his absence and realizes neither Camp IV nor Camp II can hear him. Pushing himself to the limit, he struggles downward, seeking a place where he can make radio contact. He knows that if Sundare and Lhakpa Dorje leave Camp IV to look for him, they will not have the strength left for the summit bid the next day.

Finally, he gets clear and makes contact. The two Sherpas are just outside the tent on the point of leaving.



Sundare and Lhakpa Dorje on the summit of Everest. October 5, 1982

Moon over Nuptse during Lloyd's descent of the Lhotse face. 1982



The following day, October 5th, 1982, Laurie Skreslet, Sundare and Lhakpa Dorje achieved the summit, marking the first Canadian ascent of Everest. On October 6th, Alan Burgess and two Sherpas get a chance for the summit. They are to be supported by Gordon Smith, Dwayne Congdon and Pat Morrow. Dwayne, however, realizes that there may not be enough food and oxygen at Camp IV and selflessly turns back. Pat and Alan are forced to scavenge oxygen bottles dumped at the South Col by previous expeditions. Morrow, however, found a half-full bottle allowing one more chance. On the morning of October 7th, Morrow and Burgess and the Sherpas began the summit ascent. Alan's oxygen set failed, however, and in order not to jeopardize Morrow's summit chances he selflessly unroped and turned back. Morrow made the summit at 11:30 AM with Pema Dorje & Lhakpa Tshering to become the 127th person to have climbed Everest.

Congratulations poured in from Canada. There were satellite calls from the Prime Minister and the Governor General. The



Lloyd surveying the Khumbu Icefall from Everest base camp.

climbing community in the Rockies went wild. The ascent was rightly marked as a historic moment for the country. Given the conditions and the tragedies that had to be overcome, it was a remarkable ascent.

Lloyd Gallagher's reaction to the climb was jubilation. But it was not the triumph that affected him most. It was the humanity of the team members and the support of his family that he remembers best. There is a photograph that tells more about Lloyd in the context of Everest '82 than words can ever describe.



Pat Morrow and Sherpas descending from Everest summit success.
October 7, 1982

Laurie and Lloyd arriving in Katmandu are wreathed in scarves and garlands. Being reunited with his sons Rob & Ryan evokes strong emotions in Lloyd.

Although missing from the frame, Fran is strangely present. She organized two treks to the Everest base camp for supporters of the climb – thus allowing the entire family to participate in a



Ryan, Lloyd, Rob and Laurie Skreslet on arrival in Katmandu.

historical moment in Canadian mountaineering while enriching their personal lives.

When the expedition returned to Canada, Lloyd had only praise for the members of his team. While all the media attention shifted to the summiteers, Lloyd was steadfast in his appreciation of the team effort, which included the sacrifices made by the Sherpas:

If they hadn't done so much hard work establishing Camp I, hauling the gear and equipment through the icefall, the second stage of the expedition would not have materialized. It was very much a team effort. It was a fairly stressful experience but we learned a lot about ourselves and our team. I am very pleased we got somebody to the summit. Both Laurie Skreslet and Pat Morrow are young Canadian climbers with long futures.

When the Everest expedition was over, Lloyd went to New Zealand for three weeks to visit's Lloyd's parents and brothers. On Wednesday, December 1st, 1982, Lloyd made a presentation on the climb at the Salvation Army Community Centre in Levin. We know this because it was advertised in "The Chronicle" along with a picture of Lloyd and his proud mom and dad.



Celebrating Alberta's centennial on the summit of Mount Lougheed, Kananaskis Country with Premier Peter Lougheed and his family. 1975

Yet Another Life After Everest

Lloyd and Fran had a lot of catching up to do after they returned from Everest. While they were catching up, Lloyd's life changed again. It was almost as if this next period was committed almost completely to dealing with what he had created through all of the earlier periods in his life. The fame of the expedition also made great demands on many of the members for public presentations, including the Deputy Leader. But the demands didn't end with invitations to speak, request for interviews and help in producing documentaries on the climb. The growing interest in mountaineering the expedition created in Canada meant more people climbing in the Rockies and especially in Kananaskis Country where Lloyd was responsible for public safety. Lloyd was involved in literally hundreds of search and rescue operations in the nearly twenty years he managed the program. Because of his work in Kananaskis, Lloyd was also heavily involved with preparations leading up to the XV Winter Olympics which were held in Calgary, Kananaskis and Canmore in February of 1988.

This was also an important period in Lloyd and Fran's family life and Lloyd gave it meaning and value by spending as much time as he could with his sons. There was also growing recognition of his accomplishments. In 1994, he won the One Step Beyond Bill March-Memorial 'Summit of Excellence Award' at the Banff Mountain Film Festival. In 1999, Lloyd was honoured for his outstanding twenty-year contribution to mountain rescue in the Rockies with a 'National Search & Rescue Achievement Award'. Not bad for a man once described by the Canadian press as "an impish 55-year old with a self-effacing chuckle". It makes Lloyd chuckle even more

Climbing Mount Michener with former Governor General Roland Michener



The legendary Bruno Engler

to remember that he received his national award in Ottawa at nearly the same moment his son Rob was receiving a national youth achievement award presented by HRH Prince Edward in Calgary.

The recognition in no way slowed Lloyd down. To this day Lloyd Gallagher has not stopped guiding. Nor has he stopped doing everything within his powers to support the development of both the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides and the Alpine Club of Canada. In 1994 he was back on Mount Logan again, but had to turn around because of bad weather.

The moment Lloyd retired from Kananaskis Country in 1997, he went right back to winter guiding for CMH in his beloved Bugaboos. In summers he worked with Yamnuska Mountain School teaching 15 to 18 year-old Armed Forces Cadets how to travel safely in the mountains. In 2000, he returned to Everest Base Camp with his youngest son, Ryan, and two of Ryan's friends where he proudly introduced them to his many Sherpa friends. Lloyd and Fran also travelled back to Nepal. They also trekked to Sikkim, Chile and Argentina living mostly in tents exposed to the rain, the wind and blowing snow.

Fran & Lloyd exploring Patagonia. 2004



Two "Kiwis".

In the meantime, the Gallagher boys followed in their father's footsteps in the same way Lloyd did. Rob Gallagher became a Seismic & Heli-ski Pilot and Ryan Gallagher – another chip off the "Kiwi" block – became an Avalanche Forecasting Technician.

But amidst the on-going adventure in their rich lives, Lloyd and Fran also knew sadness. There were also losses of close and important friends. When Bill March died suddenly at only 48, Lloyd was utterly stunned. When bon-vivant climber and photographer Bruno Engler died, Lloyd made sure that all of Canada knew about what a great man he was. When Hans Gmoser died in 2006, Lloyd experienced a loss that was almost too deep to mourn.

Lloyd Gallagher has always felt a compelling need to give back to the society that has given him so much. To that end, one of the most important commitments he made in his life was the twenty years he has dedicated to the Mountain Haven Program which he helped conceive. This program aims to help families living in domestic violence shelters overcome their trauma. By bringing these families to the mountains, the program offers a retreat and an opportunity to heal in the hands of a man who knows how to use landscape to bring out the best in everyone around him. Such a man is Lloyd Gallagher.

One of Canadian mountaineering's most respected legends and ambassadors, there is no one in this country more deserving to be the Patron of the 18th Annual Mountain Guides' Ball.

Alpine Odyssey

*The Mountaineering Life of
Lloyd “Kiwi” Gallagher*



Lloyd Gallagher has been climbing mountains for more than sixty years. During that time he has never ceased to encourage others to see and enjoy what he experienced in his remarkable life. Ever independent but completely reliable, Lloyd was one of the founding inspirations in the creation of the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides. He was present at the very beginning to help spark and build the Canadian Mountain Holidays reputation and legacy. He was and continues to be one of the most positive and sustaining influences in the development of Canadian outbound mountaineering ambitions abroad especially in South America and the Himalayas. His competence and discipline were the foundation of the evolution of an elite mountain rescue capacity in Alberta's provincial park system. A lifelong supporter and member of The Alpine Club of Canada, Lloyd knows and is respected by everyone in Canada's mountain community.

For further information regarding The Summit Series of mountaineering biographies,
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