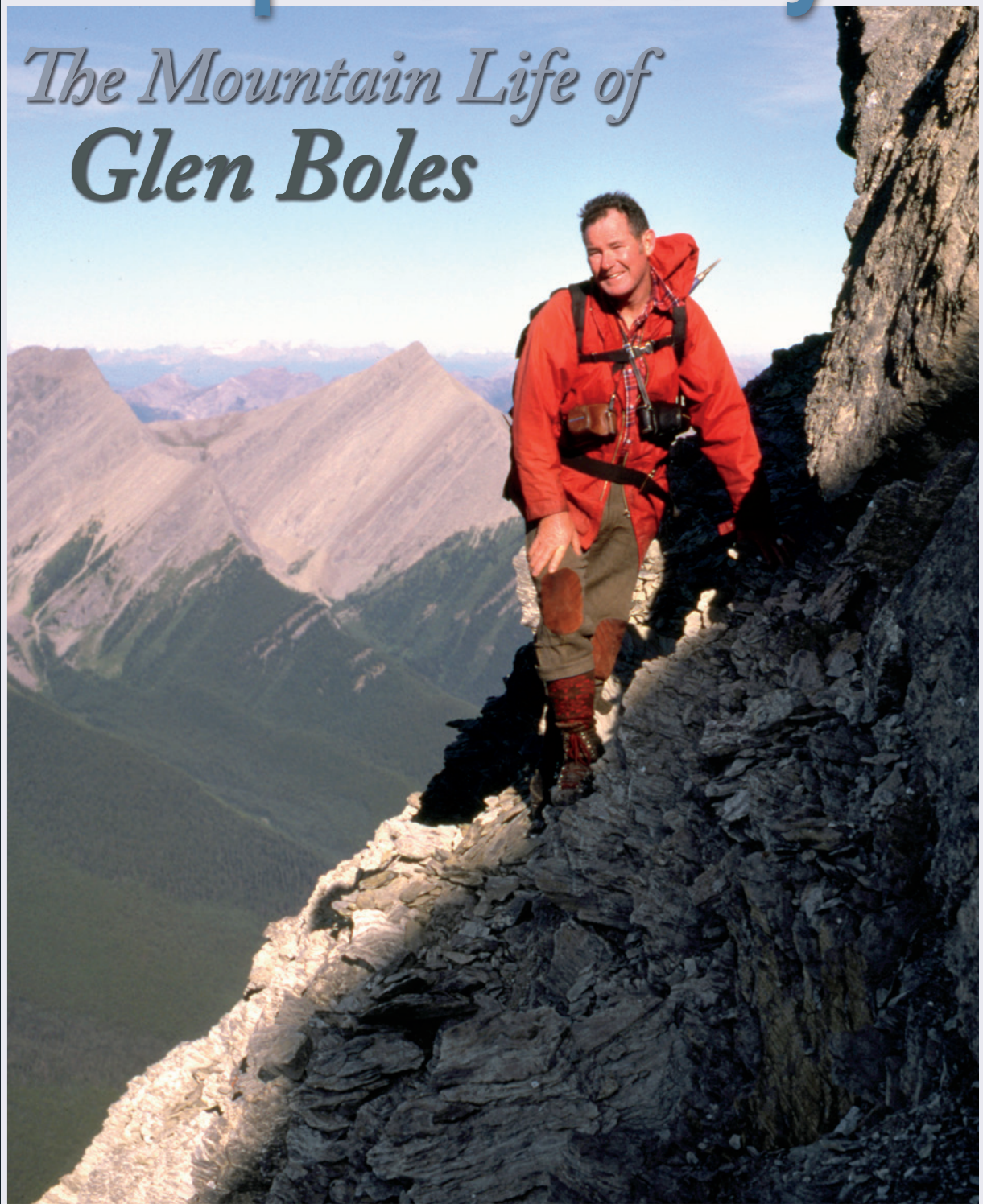


Alpine Artistry

The Mountain Life of Glen Boles



by Lynn Martel

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Cover photo: Glen is all smiles in his element on Mount Harrison, 1981.

Photo by Leon Kubbernus.

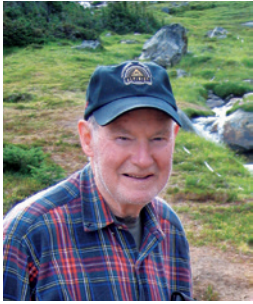
Title page photo: Glen ascends the final stretch to the summit on the first ascent of Good Neighbour Peak during the Alpine Club of Canada's Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition in 1967. Photo by Monty Alford.

Back cover photo: Glen and Liz share a happy moment in the gorgeous backcountry of Lake O'Hara, 1998.

Unless otherwise noted, photos in this book appear courtesy of the Glen Boles collection.

Originals of the artwork in this book are by Glen Boles.

Introduction



Few names are as widely recognized in the mountain community as Glen Boles.

To many, he's a climber who embraced exploring, not just putting up new routes with esteemed partners, but also by visiting remote areas familiar only to wildlife, such as the one that inspired the name "Grizzly Group"—the climbing companions with whom Glen shared many of his nearly 600 summits while nurturing deep, lasting friendships along the way.

For many others, he's admired as a tireless volunteer who assisted fellow mountaineers in their time of need as a member of the historic Calgary Mountain Rescue organization; and also as a respected member of the Lake Louise Ski Friends. To his neighbours, he is the volunteer who generously spent his time serving on the Cochrane and Community Foundation Board of Directors. To the City of Calgary he was a valued loyal employee.

To others he's a prolific and talented photographer, and co-author of several indispensable climbers' guidebooks. His contributions to those publications were made possible, in part, by his dedication to keeping a diary, as well as his wonderfully detailed climbing journal, excerpts from which appear on the pages of this book.

And, to his wife, Liz, Glen is a caring, devoted husband and partner in a lifetime of joyful adventures.

But most assuredly, it's through his artwork that Glen Boles is most widely known and appreciated. From the wondrously intricate curls of a bighorn sheep's horns to sculpted snow ridges, painstakingly stacked cliff bands and the spectacularly jumbled icefall tumbling into Mount Robson's Berg Lake, to climbers and non-climbers alike, Boles' artwork expresses the exquisite beauty and magic of the mountain world, lovingly shared from the depth of his heart.

To everyone who has had the pleasure of meeting and knowing Glen, the one attribute that's consistently mentioned is that he's a true gentleman—unfailingly honest, good-natured, gracious and humble. The true measure of a man is revealed not when he is on top of the world, but rather, when time and age make it no longer possible to get there. Glen Boles' summit is one very few reach.

—Lynn Martel
April 2014

Palliser Range, acrylic painting.



Small town boy



Glen enjoys the outdoors in his first snow suit, circa 1937.

The small, tranquil town of St. Stephen, New Brunswick curves along the north and west banks of the St. Croix River, directly across from the small US town of Calais, Maine on the south and east banks, the two towns linked by an international bridge. St. Stephen is well known for its Ganong Chocolates factory.

That's where Glendon Webber Boles was born July 5, 1934 in Chipman Memorial Hospital. With his brother, Robert, and his sister, Joyce, being five and seven years older than him, respectively, Glen was the baby of the family. Raised in a loving home, Glen was close to Joyce and Robert despite the gaps in their ages, until Robert left to join the RCMP when he was eighteen. Glen and his dad were very close.

As was common in that era, neither Glen's dad, Harry, nor his mom, Susan, had attended school past grade 8, as they began their working lives while still in their teens. Glen however, was fortunate to attend high school through to graduation. The family attended Kirk McColl United Church.

With a population of about 4,000, through the 1800s St. Stephen was a significant regional port for shipping lumber and timber overseas. While the local economy had begun to diversify by the early 1900s, nevertheless Harry worked as a foreman at a lumber mill located right at the end of the street from the Boles' family home. Susan was a dressmaker.

"She could do anything from wedding dresses to making-over fur coats," Glen recalled some seven decades later. "She used to whip up a shirt or a pair of pyjamas for my brother and myself in no time. Ladies would come with a catalogue and show her what they wanted and she'd make a pattern off of that."

Susan also enjoyed painting with oils, mostly seascapes, a passion that provided Glen an early exposure to art.

During the summertime, Glen worked at the mill with his dad. During

the Second World War (1939 to 1945) the mill manufactured wooden boxes for munitions called shooks. Like most people of his generation, Glen retained personal memories of those dark years. In his case though, the war years brought inspiration that would be part of him for life.

"Mainly, I remember the *Star Weekly* would come out every week and I wanted to see all the pictures in it, the photography part of the paper," Glen said. His interest in photography sparked through images of soldiers overseas, Glen used the family Kodak camera to capture photographs of family members, especially his cousins.

"I just wanted to keep the minute in time, especially people I liked," he explained.

Growing up in the 1930 and '40s, life in a border town remained simple and somewhat idyllic for Glen.

"If there was a fire, fire departments from both towns would respond. Water came from the Canadian side, natural gas from the US side. There was a lot of intermarriage across the border."



Glen was as proud of his bantam hens as they were fond of him, circa 1944.



Harry Boles is recognized as a champion baseball player in New Brunswick's Sports Hall of Fame. Circa 1930s.



Susan Boles was Girl Guide leader, skilled seamstress and an artist.

Even during the war years, border crossing was a simple affair. "A lot of Americans shopped at the Canadian grocery stores," Glen recalled.

The family lived on Wall Street, right at the edge of town, which granted Glen easy access to nearby woods.

"As a teenager, I roamed the woods," Glen said. "We were lucky, we'd go across the field behind the house, across the railway tracks and through a short patch of woods and there was a brook there called Dennis Stream. We played hockey on it in the wintertime, and we hunted ducks and partridge in the fall with a shotgun. We netted gaspereaux that gathered below the rapids, you could hardly see the bottom for the fish. They came in April, were very tasty but bony as heck, so we usually only ate one batch each year. They tasted pretty good. We'd give them to older people who came along, they'd put them in their garden for fertilizer. We were the big wheels, netting them out for people.

"We were a real outdoor family. Dad always kept bees. In those days our family pretty well lived on deer meat, other than beef. My dad always shot a couple of deer, you were allowed two. I went hunting with him when I was very young, but I didn't carry a gun until I was twelve or thirteen. I shot my first deer when I was thirteen. I'll always remember this; I'd seen my dad clean them, and I said are you going to clean him? And he said no, you shot him!"

Despite their age differences, Glen (centre) was close to his sister, Joyce, and his brother, Bob.



“When I came to Alberta, I did some hunting along the Panther River from the forestry road. One time I shot an antelope down near Manyberries. And poor thing, I wounded it, it was laying there looking at me and I had to finish it off, with those big eyes. And I said that’s it, and I haven’t hunted since. That was back in the ’50s.”

Sports played prominently in Glen’s growing up. Harry earned a spot in New Brunswick’s Sports Hall of Fame for his talents playing baseball for the St. Stephen team, which won the Maritime championship nine years in a row, and the provincial championship eleven years. The team broke up after the war began.

In addition to baseball, Glen played soccer, a very popular sport because it was affordable for the schools, since all players needed was a ball and some shin pads. When his grade 11 curling team won the provincial championship, the players were awarded a trip across the country to Nelson, BC to compete in the Dominion playoffs. Glen enjoyed his first trip to western Canada so much he vowed to return. After he graduated from St. Stephen High School in 1952 he worked for a year at the lumber mill and saved enough money to travel to Calgary.

“I always remember the date, May the eighth, 1953 was the day I stepped off the train after three days of travel.”

Naturally, he carried a camera with him, and remarkably sixty years later he remembered it well. “It was a Kodak, not a Brownie, not a 120, but an odd size.”

Once in western Canada, he would find plenty of moments to capture with his camera.

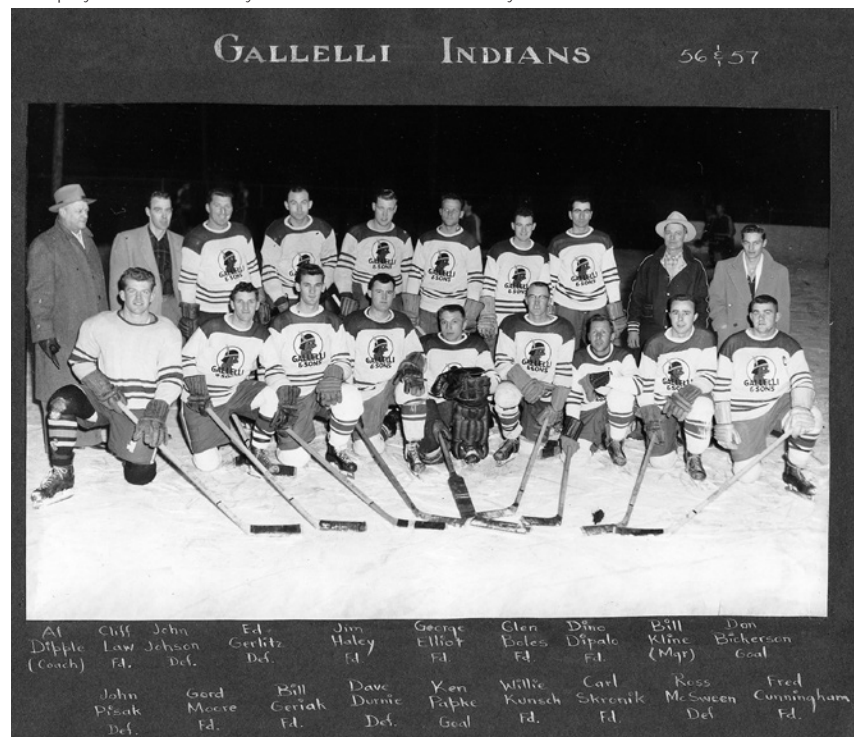
With his grade 11 school curling team Glen (third from left), won the provincial championship, earning a trip to Nelson, BC. 1950.



Glen (second from right) stands next to his dad, Harry. (far right) at an old timers’ baseball game in 1951.



Glen played enthusiastically for the Gallelli Indians hockey team in 1956 and '57.



A really, really long winter

Glen's first job in Calgary was with a company called Stubbie Blue Label, delivering Pepsi and the company's namesake brand of pop, Stubbie. While his co-worker recorded a business's order, Glen's job was to unload the truck. In addition to a regular paycheque, the work allowed him to see a lot of the province's small towns and back roads, from Red Deer south.

As a long-term career, however, the job was lacking, so deciding he needed more education Glen enrolled at SAIT (Southern Alberta Institute of Technology), studying surveying and drafting for two years. Living on 19th Avenue NW, he skimped by after paying \$55 a month for his room and board in a time before credit cards.

"I hardly did anything else because I couldn't afford it," he said. "I took in the odd Stampede hockey game, a class of hockey similar to the American Hockey League. Standing room was seventy-five cents in the old corral [completed in 1950, next to the Saddledome which was built in 1980]."

After graduating from SAIT, Glen took a job in Whitehorse, Yukon, surveying bridges as a civilian employee for the army. The Alaska Highway, which runs from Dawson Creek, BC to Delta Junction, Alaska right through Whitehorse, was hastily built mostly by the US Army as a



Glen photographed his fellow students while studying at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in 1954.

rough dirt track over just seven months in 1942 primarily as a supply route connecting the contiguous US to Alaska through Canada in support of the war effort. Much of its 2,700 kilometres were in dire need of straightening and improving, as excessive dust restricted drivers' vision, causing many accidents.

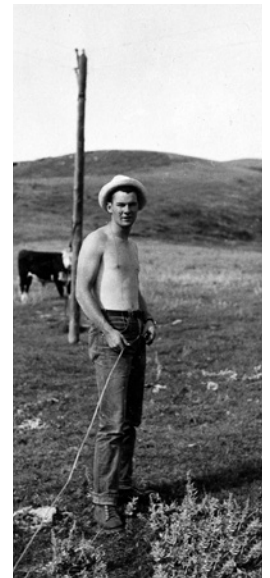
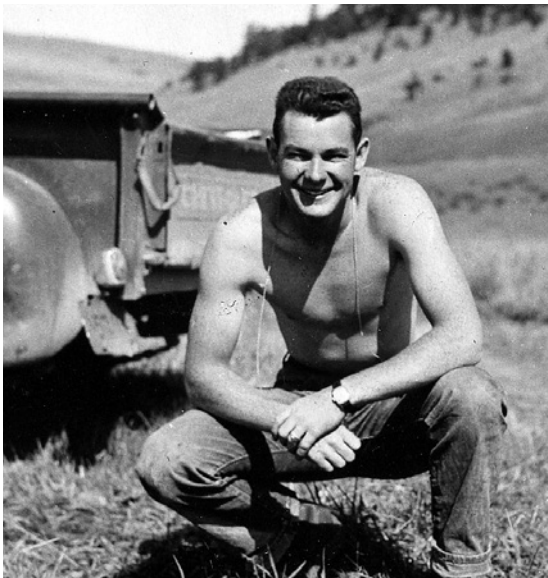
"I enjoyed Whitehorse. When I arrived there I had a job, but I had two quarters in my pocket. I owed a guy in Edmonton \$20; I had to pay my debts first."

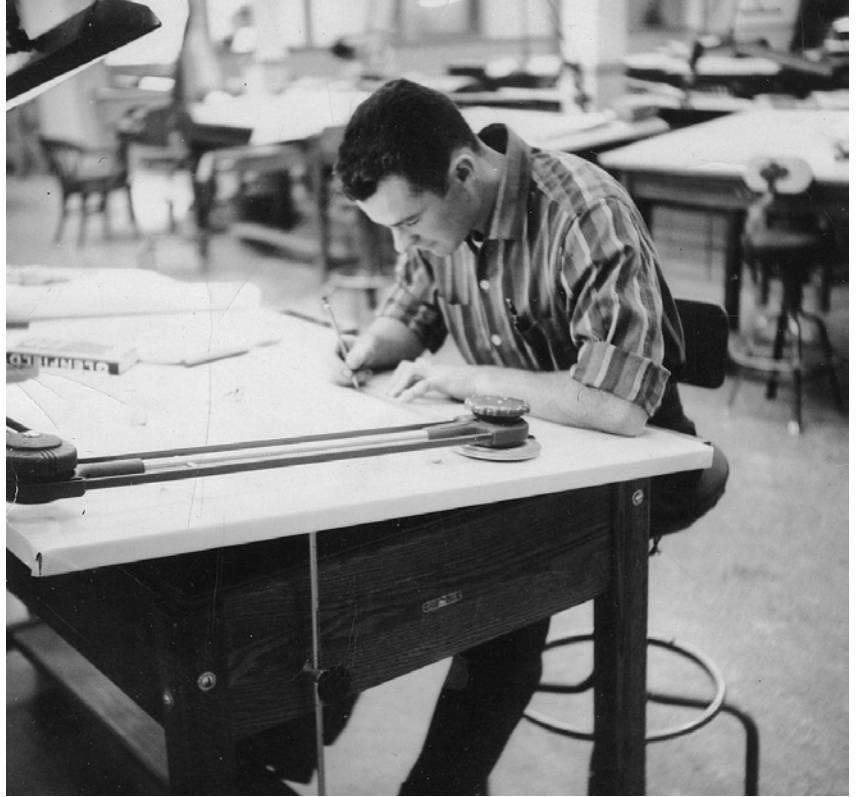
By the end of the summer he could have stayed in Whitehorse, but decided to return to Calgary where he took a job for the winter with the City's Waterworks Department.

"It was a long winter," Glen joked. "It lasted thirty-six years!"

His first job was drafting block plans; a vertical and a cross-section view of numerous blocks in the city that then, was home to about 168,000. It was Glen's job to mark every single lot, including all the utilities—gas, telephone, water, sewer, storm sewer, and, of course, water. His next job was as an estimator; when someone wanted to build a house, he'd calculate how much the city's portion of the cost would be. From there, he was promoted to head of Waterworks Drafting, then on to Engineering Assistant for the department that conducted all the water planning. Developers

Glen worked as a surveyor in Alberta's Porcupine Hills while attending SAIT in 1954 (below and right).





Glen shows his dedication to his craft working for the City of Calgary in the Drafting Department in 1957, two years into his 36-year career.

would present their plans for a subdivision, a commercial building or a shopping centre, and Glen would design the water for the development. This job he carried out from 1972 until he retired in 1991. When Glen first began working for the City in the mid-1950s, Calgary was home to about 168,000. When he retired, Calgary's population was 708,600, well on its way to 2014's 1.15 million.

"Everything new came across my desk. It was quite a busy job," he admitted. "We had some forty pressure zones in the city. It was kind of complicated to go from one pressure zone to the

other. But I looked forward to going to work every day, I really enjoyed my work. The employees I worked with were really good. That's what I missed when I retired in 1991, I missed all my fellow employees."

During his working years, sports remained a big part of Glen's life. He played intermediate hockey and soccer on the City teams; the soccer team was called the Optimists. In the summertime he played softball, which was favoured over hardball in Alberta, but he found the cooler evenings of the foothills to be less conducive to play than the balmy evening temperatures of New Brunswick.

Scared to death, yet back at it

It was in the summer of 1957 that a co-worker introduced Glen to the pursuit that would shape and define his entire life forward.

Heinz Kahl immigrated to Canada from Germany in 1955 with his friend, Peter Fuhrmann. In 1957, Kahl took a job as a draftsman with the City of Calgary. Already an experienced climber before arriving in Canada, Kahl soon asked Glen to join him on the rock. They made a few excursions to the practice cliffs at Okotoks Rock, to Rundle Rock at the Banff Springs golf course—visiting in the springtime before the hotel re-opened after being

closed through the winter months—and at the sandstone cliffs at the base of Mount Yamnuska.

Then everything changed on April 27, 1957, when Kahl invited Glen to climb Grillmair Chimneys on Yamnuska's steep cliffs.

"I was just scared to death the first time we went out, but two weeks later I was back out with him again," Glen recalled. "I liked seeing all that country and being in the mountains."

It was the first of three times they'd climb the relatively new (first climbed in 1952 by Hans Gmoser, Leo Grillmair and Isabel Spreat) and then "standard route" on Yam together. Prior to then, Glen had done only a little hiking, but in no time he began planning his weekends around climbing as he became hooked on exploring the alluring summits of the Canadian Rockies. Two months after climbing Grillmair Chimneys, his second real climb with Kahl was an ambitious attempted traverse of the Mount Rundle skyline from Banff to Canmore, but they turned back when lightning nearly struck them.

The following winter, in January 1958, Kahl and Glen climbed Yamnuska via the Calgary Route, accomplishing what was likely the first winter ascent of Yam's south facing cliffs. That summer he and Kahl retreated from an attempt on Mount Louis, but they succeeded in climbing Mount Victoria's classic southeast ridge from Abbot Pass to the summit with Pete Jenkinson and Pete Schotten, descending via the Huber Glacier. Glen discovered mountaineering suited him well, and it was the first of several times he'd stand on that summit.

"It was a bigger mountain with some ice and snow, and more mountaineering, which I really enjoyed," he said. "All the years I climbed, I really liked to explore, to go into new areas."

He enjoyed meeting new people too, including some of the Rockies' legendary characters. One of them was Lawrence (Lorenzo) Grassi, who immigrated to Canada from Italy in 1912. Living in Canmore where he worked as a coal miner, Grassi left his mark as an energetic hiker and climber, making the first ascents of Eisenhower Tower on Castle Mountain, the southeast face of Mount Geikie in Jasper's Tonquin Valley, and the first solo ascent of Mount Assiniboine. His enduring legacy as a master trail builder is evident in the trails that comprise the Alpine Circuit at



Glen shares a climb with Heinz Kahl (right), the co-worker who introduced him to climbing in 1957, and with whom he shared a deep friendship.

Lake O'Hara in Yoho National Park, where, after retiring from mining, he worked as a seasonal assistant warden.

One weekend, Glen and a friend visited Lake O'Hara and camped at the far (east) end of the lake. In the morning, they stopped at the Parks Canada cabin next to the access road where Grassi liked to share tea with visitors.

"He called us in and asked if we wanted a cup of tea," Glen recalled. "He said somebody had a fire at the end of the lake. He said did you see them? We said that was us. He gave us heck! And we became the best of friends after that."

On another occasion Glen and Brian Greenwood dropped by Grassi's little house in Canmore.

"He got his slides out. It was interesting, because he took several pictures from the same point, but at different times of the year. He'd put one in and the next one would be a winter one, then there'd be a summer one to show you the difference."

Photography was another passion Glen shared with Kahl; he helped Kahl build a darkroom in his basement. It was there Glen learned how to develop and print his own photos. His interest in photography grew along with his friendship with Kahl. Glen's first camera from that period was a Voigtlander, then a popular brand. His next one was a Leica M3 equipped with a rangefinder, which worked well for shooting landscapes.

And Glen was well on track to exploring plenty of landscapes.

The high life

By the summer of 1959, Glen climbed his first new route, the first complete ascent of the northwest face of the Tower of Babel with Brian Greenwood and another Brit, Al Washington. For Glen, the experience “felt pretty good. I hadn’t climbed that much, doing a new route was pretty exciting for me.”

They camped at Moraine Lake, a relatively quiet spot in those days. It took them about seven hours to do the climb, but just twenty minutes to descend via scree slopes. The following summer he joined Greenwood, Washington and Jim Steen to climb the Grand Sentinel, but not feeling up to it, Glen opted to photograph the others as they climbed the landmark. Hopeful they were making a first ascent, they found a sling at the summit. Glen never did climb the Grand Sentinel.

Having arrived in Canada in 1956, Greenwood would earn the respect and admiration of every climber of the time for his unwavering commitment to his craft, and for establishing some of the region’s most highly regarded rock climbs. Glen was honoured and excited to embark on adventures with such a master of the mountains.

Later that summer marked the beginning of what would be a mutually rewarding life-long association with the Alpine Club of Canada. Remarkably, however, the camp directors almost refused to grant Glen membership.

Glen (left) takes in the hard-earned view from the summit of Mount Robson with John Holt (Heinz Kahl’s client) in 1960.



Brian Greenwood introduced Glen to the practice of making challenging first ascents.

“Heinz talked me into going to the camp at Fryatt Creek [General Mountaineering Camp],” Glen recalled. “There were 200 people there in those days. It was a dry year with lots of forest fires. There was a forest fire in the Chaba Valley, and when we went into Fryatt Creek, the Alpine Club was lucky Parks [Canada] let them in, because on the trail there was dust, just like powder.

“I got pictures from one of the peaks in Fryatt Creek looking over toward the Chaba. You can see smoke in the valley and in the next picture I took it almost looks like an atomic bomb blast, the smoke was going straight up.”

Run by GMC master outfitters Bill and Harold Harrison, the camp was situated on the banks of Fryatt Creek at 1,645 metres’ elevation, sixteen kilometres from the Geraldine Lakes trailhead. A high camp was established five kilometres up-valley, at the base of the waterfall draining the head of the Fryatt Valley, from where the big peaks were readily accessible. The setting was idyllic, with tarns for swimming and sunbathing, plentiful songbirds, flower-cloaked meadows and even fossils.

Glen, quite naturally, had his sights set on the summits.

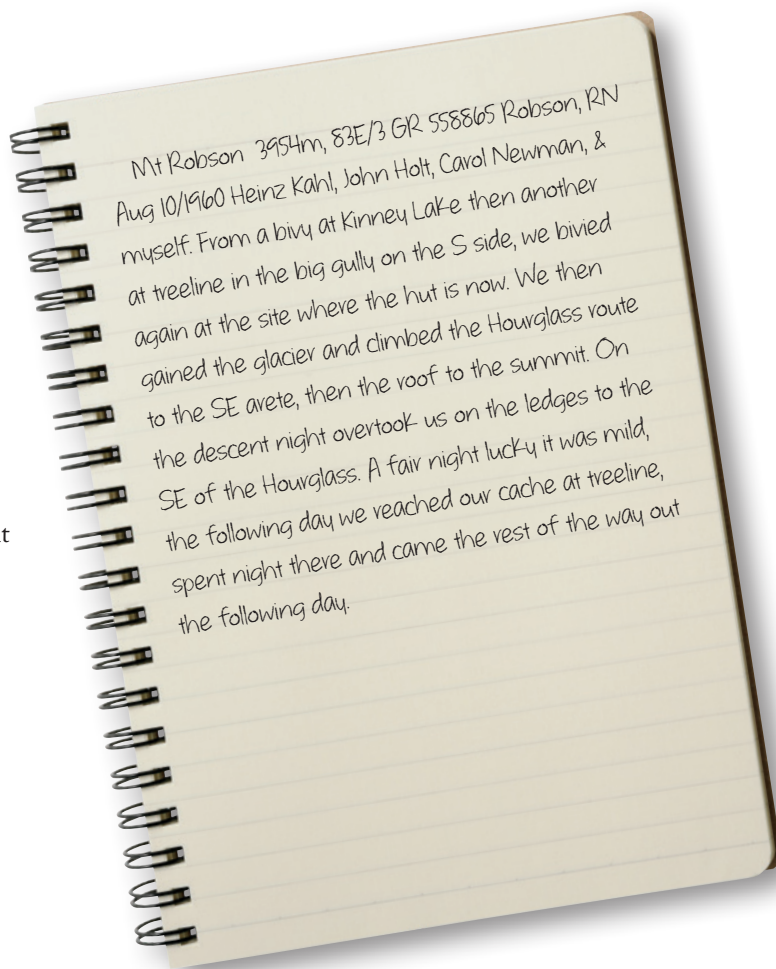
He shared a tent with Kahl and the camp's other guide, Hans Gmoser. To say Glen enjoyed himself would be a gross understatement. Having already climbed Yamnuska that season via Grillmair Chimneys, as well as Mounts Norquay, Edith and Temple, Glen was fit and keen. During his time at the Fryatt camp he climbed seven peaks in ten days, including Mount Lowell, making a traverse of Mount Olympus, and a probable first ascent up a tower of Mount Xerxes with Kahl, Marshall Taylor, Jack Cade and Bill McGougan, where they found no summit cairn. Glen carried on, climbing Mounts Christie, Belanger and Fryatt with Jack Cade, whom he recalled as "a fixture in the ACC," a woman named Freddie Chamberlin, and Wally Joyce, a distinguished Alpine Club of Canada Life Member. His last climb at the camp, the Northwest Tower of Mount Lowell, with Kahl and Jaro Mares, was probably the peak's third ascent.

In addition to making history on some of the mountains, Glen also made some valuable connections with other climbers, including Dave Fisher, with whom he climbed Lowell and Belanger, who would serve as coordinator of the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition in 1967, in which Glen would participate. Bob Hind, who would serve as ACC President from 1964 to 1966, and who was also a key figure at the Fryatt camp, would be instrumental in ensuring Glen's invitation to the Yukon centennial camp.

As the Fryatt camp wound up, Glen was keen to take out a membership with the Alpine Club of Canada. At the time, prerequisites for membership stated that the applicant must have climbed three glaciated peaks of at least 10,000 feet elevation, and must also have participated in the camp's snow and ice school. Glen, of course, had been far too busy climbing successive peaks of sufficient difficulty and elevation to attend any snow and ice school sessions.

"When I was there I didn't go to any schools, I just wanted to go climbing," Glen said. "So, when my membership came up on the last night of camp, they wouldn't pass me."

Gmoser, who had by then established himself in western Canada's mountains as a guide and climber of unmatched reputation, called a meeting with the camp directors, which included



Bob Hind. Glen was granted membership in the Club. The Fryatt camp would be the first of thirteen Alpine Club of Canada camps Glen would participate in, many of them GMCs where he volunteered as an amateur rope leader, for which he would be awarded the Club's Silver Rope for Leadership in 1971—with Bob Hind's enthusiastic support.

While some camp participants might have returned home ready for a bit of a rest, Glen's appetite had merely been whetted. When Kahl invited him to lead a second rope on an upcoming trip to Mount Robson with two clients, Glen didn't have to think long.

"Heinz wanted me to come along and lead the second rope," Glen recalled. "He had two clients, one gal from Chicago, and a guy from Toronto. So he asked me if I wanted to come along, and I said oh boy, I would!"

His boss at the City Waterworks, however, didn't share his enthusiasm. Glen had been in his job for five years and had three weeks' holiday coming, but he hadn't yet put in quite enough time to take the vacation days.

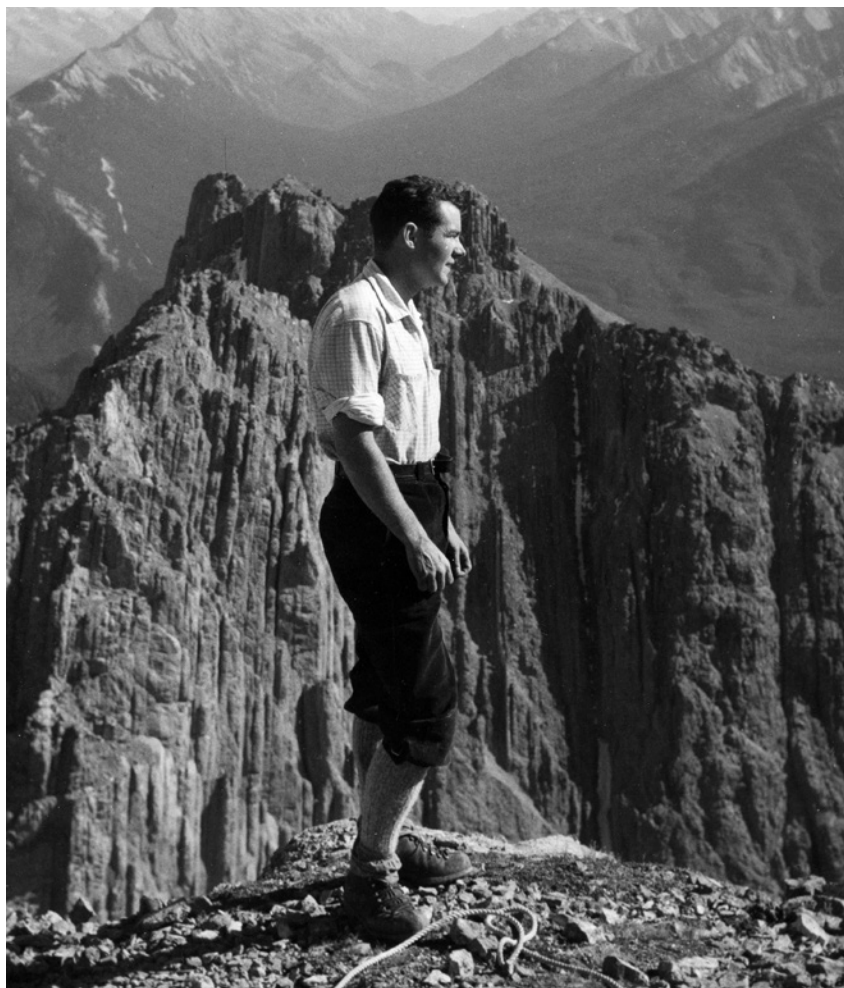
"The boss told me I couldn't go," Glen said. "So I said, well I guess I'll have to quit, 'cause that's how badly I wanted to go. And finally, they gave me the time off."

The City wisely recognized that Glen was too valuable an employee to let go.

After driving north up the Icefields Parkway to Jasper they continued on the Yellowhead Highway, which in those days was still gravel. Glen and Kahl, with clients John Holt and Carol Newman, bivied at Kinney Lake, then on the second night they bivied again at treeline in a big gully on Robson's south side.

Like so many of Glen's adventures, the sparsely-worded entry in his logbook shares only a fraction of the story. Unaware that there was a trail on the south side of the mountain, they bushwhacked up through timber for a long day to access their second bivy site. Then the following day, they gained the saddle between Robson and Little Robson where the Ralph Forster Hut is

Glen climbed the iconic Banff spire, Mount Louis, for the first of several times in 1960.



Glen shows his dapper side strolling Calgary's 8th Avenue in 1956.

now located. While climbing Robson's east arête, warm temperatures caused them to sink to their knees in snow.

"We had trouble on the roof because the ice towers were actually just frost, they just fell away," Glen said. "You had to really dig in with the ice axe to get to hard enough snow to get your crampons in."

Delayed by the conditions, on their descent they bivied on a ledge without any overnight gear. On top of that, forest fire smoke had robbed them of summit views, a situation that left Glen "kinda disappointed." The rigours of the climb took their toll on Glen, who ended up losing sixteen pounds.

"I could hardly keep my pants up," he said. "I just didn't feel like eating." Nevertheless, the climb was a highlight of his young career.

"Robson, that was really something for me, because I hadn't been climbing that long," he admitted. Glen would climb the King of the Rockies once more, via the Kain Face, in 1977.

And, having passed the test on the Rockies' highest peak, Glen was ready to tackle more of the region's most formidable mountains.

Twenty peaks a summer

By the following summer, Glen had established a robust pattern of climbing an average of twenty peaks a season. Having by then sharpened his skills on repeat ascents of Mounts Louis, Yamnuska, Victoria and other Rockies classics, Glen became increasingly motivated to explore new ground.

Winter presented another way to do just that. In January, 1961, he and Brian Greenwood embarked on the first winter traverse of Mount Rundle, from Whiteman's Pass at the south end of the massif above Canmore, traveling north toward Banff. Over the course of two days they crossed all the summits including the main summit closest to Banff, from where, running short of time, they descended to the Spray Valley.

"It was quite good going, not too much snow," Glen recalled, commenting in his trademark understated way.

That summer, the Alpine Club of Canada GMC was staged in the Ice River area, home of the notoriously friable Goodsirs. Despite rain and snow, Glen and four others, including the grandson of American Alpine Club Founding President Charles Fay, still managed to climb the North Tower of Goodsir via a new route on the south face's obvious V ledges, now the standard route on the peak. Another day, with Dave Fischer and others, he made a probable first ascent of an outlier of Chancellor Peak.

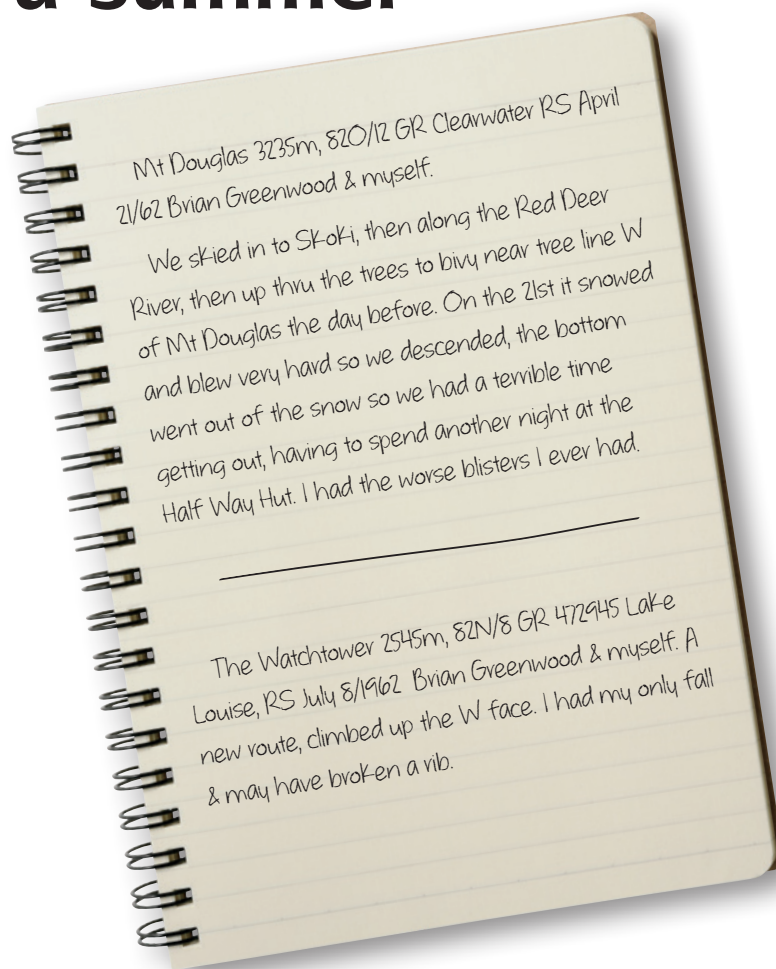
"Those peaks are sure spectacular," Glen said, quickly adding, "But the rock is terrible."

When asked if they were at least protected by helmets, he replied matter-of-factly. "No, we didn't wear them in those days."

For all the mountains he did climb though, Glen turned around on plenty too, as he and his regular partners, including Kahl and Greenwood showed sound judgement and wise decision making. An attempt on Bugaboo Spire in June 1962, with Greenwood, Kahl, Dick Lofthouse and Steve Rossleigh was aborted when a lightning storm began tingling them with electrical charges.

A couple of months earlier, he and Greenwood skied in to climb Mount Douglas, but the snowpack collapsed and it took them two days to get back out.

Through those years, Greenwood was a steadfast partner whose desire to explore new places matched Glen's. Both thrived on going where



Glen considers a new route he climbed on Deltaform Mountain with Brian Greenwood, Joe Farrand and Charlie Locke in 1968 to be his most exciting snow and ice ascent



they didn't know what was next.

"We hardly ever talked," Glen said. "We were both silent partners."

No matter, they communicated just fine, putting up new routes on Storm Mountain, the Tower of Babel, The Mitre, Deltaform Mountain, Mounts Edith and Little, and many others.

When it came to new routes, Glen admitted, "Brian had the idea, and I went along with it because I figured it was prestige.

"Some weekends were really productive," Glen said. "For instance, one Saturday we climbed Haddo and Aberdeen via the Fairview Saddle and descended to Paradise Valley where we bivied at the Giant Steps. Then on Sunday, we climbed a new route on The Mitre on the way back to Lake Louise."

While Glen enjoyed the satisfaction of earning co-credit for new routes, he was also happy to share in the history being made by his fellow climbers. In July 1960, he and Al Washington hiked up the backside of Mount Temple then descended to the top of the north face to check on Greenwood and Jim Steen who were attempting the first ascent of the mountain's landmark north wall.

"We had it all planned, and what time and all this," Glen recalled. "We looked down and couldn't see them. They'd already gone down, but



Deltaform Mountain is also known as peak #8 in Banff's Valley of the Ten Peaks. Pen and ink drawing.

they made it above the dolphin and then some rock was falling so they went back down. Then Charlie Locke and Brian Greenwood climbed it."

The Greenwood/Locke, the first route up Temple's formidable north face climbed in 1966, remains a coveted Rockies classic.

It was on one of his outings with Greenwood though, that Glen experienced his only fall, as they made their way up a new route on the west face of The Watchtower, behind Mount Collier on the way into Lake O'Hara.

As they neared the top of the route, they were forced to traverse. Finding it difficult to reach the next handhold, Glen attempted the move twice. His arms grew tired, prompting him to step back to the stance. Then he summoned his nerve to try again and made a go for it. He slipped off and pendulumed across the rock face.

"I'm sure I broke a rib or two, but never had them checked," he said. "The rope was just tied in around the waist and it was a little loose. Brian held me, he was on the summit. He was really good, his balance was good. That's one thing, I was lucky. I wasn't the best rock climber in the world, but I climbed with a lot of guys who were really good climbers."

Glen was fortunate to meet some of his idols, including the Swiss guiding legend, Ed Feuz, Jr. at his home in Golden, BC in 1984.



Ignoring the pain, a week later the two of them hoisted heavy packs and hiked twenty-one kilometres from Saskatchewan Crossing, enduring a frigid crossing of aptly named Glacier River, to make an attempt on Mount Forbes. Heading out in the morning, they ascended as far as the North Glacier, then retreated in stormy weather and hiked back out the following day.

The next weekend, Glen joined Greenwood and Dick Lofthouse to make what was likely the third or fourth ascent of Mount Temple's classic Northeast Ridge, reaching the summit in sixteen hours and descending to Moraine Lake in just two.

By Glen's standards however, that year was a poor summer for peaks.

"In most of those years, I was climbing around twenty peaks a summer," Glen recalled. "But in 1962, I only climbed six, the weather was terrible. I spent a week in the Lyells with Brian Greenwood, and we didn't get up anything."

Turning his attention to snow the following spring, Glen and several others—Greenwood, Dick Lofthouse, Ron Taylor, Al Cole, Steve Rossleigh and Jim Lisoway—headed up to the Columbia Icefield to climb the North Twin and Snow Dome on the May long weekend, what would mark the first of many annual May long weekend excursions to the area. It was actually Glen and Greenwood's second May long weekend attempt on North Twin; two years earlier their adventure ended as the two learned that travelling on the glacier without skis wasn't very productive.

"First time I went up [on the Icefield] was Brian Greenwood and myself with no skis," Glen recalled. "We didn't know any better! We were going to do North Twin. When we got back, we saw somebody in the middle of the glacier waiting for us. It was a warden. We hadn't signed out. Trouble was there was no warden at the Icefields, and we were under the understanding there was. So we left a note on the car window where we were going. Schintz was the warden. He gave us heck. We each got a letter from the superintendent. We wouldn't be able to climb in Jasper Park if we did that again."

Following the successful 1963 Columbia Icefield trip, Glen experienced a harrowing close call a few weeks later on Eisenhower Tower, which left him injured. Participating on a Calgary Mountain Club outing with Lofthouse, Mike



Glen snapped this shot of Bob Price, Garnet and Franz Dopf, and Allen Washington at the Golden, BC train station en route to spending Easter weekend at the ACC's Wheeler Hut in Glacier National Park, 1959.

Bob Price inspects the snowpack on the roof of the ACC's Wheeler Hut during an Easter long weekend trip in 1959.





Glen leaps over the bergshrend on Mount Robson, 1977. Photo by Leon Kubbernus

Doyle and Walter Schrauth, the team decided to try a new route between the tower and the main peak of Castle Mountain.

“Michael Doyle stepped on a ledge and the whole thing gave way,” Glen described. “I was belaying Walter, he was below me in the gully, and they hollered ‘rock!’ I broke all these bones [the back of his right hand, small scar still visible] and cut this tendon off. Walter never got a scratch.”

One rock as big as an armchair bounced right by them; the one that hit Glen was the size of a baseball. Glen had raised his hand to protect his head, and falling rock hammered bruises onto his shoulder. Surgery was required to repair his hand; fortunately he arrived at the hospital while he still had enough elasticity in it to ensure it healed well. Glen helped the process along by squeezing a rubber ball to regain strength, and was back out climbing by Labour Day (early September), ascending Mount des Poilus from Twin Falls Chalet in Yoho National Park.

Despite the potentially serious mishap, Glen’s enthusiasm didn’t waver.

“No, I was kind of eager to get going again,” he said.

That year Brian Greenwood earned his Association of Canadian Mountain Guides’ license. As he increasingly pursued that direction, Glen partnered often with Al Cole and Bob Geber, a German immigrant he’d met through Heinz Kahl. One climb the three of them shared was a new route on Mount Balfour with Bob’s brother, George, via the east face from a bivy at

Balfour Pass, then following the north ridge of the final cone.

With another frequent partner, Jim Lisoway, Glen accompanied a new arrival from New Zealand, Lloyd Gallagher, on his first climb in Canada, the North Peak of Victoria in August, 1965.

Glen had certainly hit his stride.

Glen rappels down a steep snow slope below Mount Sir Alexander, 1978. Photo by Leon Kubbernus



Good Neighbour Peak

In 1967, the Alpine Club of Canada organized a most impressive and fitting expedition to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday. For two months that summer, after several years of dreaming, planning and meticulous organization, some sixty men and women representing the country's most skilled and talented mountaineers established four camps in the Yukon's Centennial Range, from where they made no less than twenty-six first ascents.

In addition to celebrating Canada's centenary, the extravaganza also served to celebrate one hundred years of friendship between Canada and the US, as well as the centennial of the fortuitous transaction that granted the US possession of Alaska.

To honour that milestone, 4,785-metre Good Neighbour Peak, the south peak of Mount Vancouver and the highest unclimbed mountain straddling the Yukon/Alaska boundary in the Saint Elias Range, was selected as a worthy goal for an international team of four US climbers—Vin Hoeman, George Denton, Dan Davis and Jed Williamson, and four Canadians—Monty Alford, Alan Bruce-Robertson, Leslie McDonald and, of course, Glen Boles.

With poor flying conditions resulting in half the team being flown into camp on June 18 and the rest on June 20, the climbers quickly set up base camp in a valley no known human had ever visited.

Wasting no time, six of the men immediately ascended a thirty-three-metre ice wall at the head of the glacier where they stashed a cache at a col at 2,804 metres, then fixed rope to descend to the glacier. The following day, Glen and McDonald humped big packs to help set up camp one on an ice tongue at the base of the southeast buttress at 3,139 metres, where the views of Mounts Cook, Kennedy, Hubbard and Fairweather were spectacular. The next day they descended to retrieve the cached gear, then carried on to drop the load at 3,597 metres to set up camp two in a sheltered flat area guarded by towering seracs. Camp three, at 4,267 metres, was set on a smooth section of icefield near the top of the buttress, from where the summit was in clear view, yet still a long ways off.

On summit day the entire team stood on the pinnacle of Good Neighbour Peak, and five continued on to climb the middle peak on the



Glen makes his way up the final section on the summit ridge of Good Neighbour Peak in celebration of Canada's centennial. Photo by Monty Alford

summit ridge, while two of them accomplished the second ascent of Mount Vancouver via a new route.

"Summit day dawned clear and quite cold, however the day didn't unfold without distress, because Jed Williamson of the American team was in bad shape with pulmonary oedema on the summit," Glen said.

A New Hampshire resident, Williamson would later serve as American Alpine Club President.

Glen enjoys his moment on the 4,785-metre summit of Good Neighbour Peak.



Glen and Bruce-Robertson, who was a doctor, volunteered to take Williamson back down to camp 3. Seeking to figure out if they could descend a more direct way to return to camp, Glen walked ahead by himself.

“I was probing away and all of a sudden I went in to the armpits. I was all by myself. I guess when you get in a situation like that, it makes you have extra strength or something, because I got out of it somehow. I think that’s the closest I ever came—that and the rockfall on Eisenhower.

“We found a way that was a lot easier to come straight down to get him back to camp. Then we had a bad storm that night, it started to snow when we were partway off the peak and down to camp, it snowed really hard all night. We were there three days. It didn’t stop and the wind was blowing and drifting. We thought oh gee, we’d better get out of here. We took camp down twice, and put it back up, because the clouds kind of opened up and then down she’d come again and it would start snowing and blowing. Then we’d put our tents up and waited. We were there three days. And we finally got down to the next camp.”

Williamson was in pretty good shape by the time they got off the peak, having fortunately responded well to descending to a lower elevation.

The action however, didn’t stop when Glen arrived back in Calgary, as he was immediately called out in his capacity as a volunteer with Calgary Mountain Rescue.

“Day after I got home from Good Neighbour Peak, there was a young fella by the name of John Brunik, he fell on McGillivray. I got a call and helped bring him down.”

It was a recovery, not a rescue.



Glen (front) and Mike Simpson navigate the broken glacier on Mount Sir Wilfred Laurier, 1981. Photo by Leon Kubbernus

Shortly after returning from the Yukon, a friend who attended the same church as Glen and his wife, Liz, asked if he’d take his son climbing. Along with Bob Geber, Glen climbed Mount Huber with a keen young man of seventeen named Murray Toft. A couple of years later, Glen ran into the senior Mr. Toft in downtown Calgary and inquired about his son.

“I asked how’s Murray doing? Oh, he said, we never see him anymore, Murray’s in love. Oh he is? Who’s the lucky lady? He said the Canadian Rockies.”

Murray Toft would go on to earn his ACMG Mountain Guide certification in 1984, launching a thirty-year guiding career.

If you ask Glen, he’ll quickly say most of his climbs were easy ones, just a few were hard, particularly a new route on the north face of Mount Edith with Greenwood in 1961.

“That was probably my scariest climb,” Glen said. “It was pretty vertical. Near the top... we hadn’t used any aids at all, just belaying, and it was going pretty good until the very top of the steep part and he tried it three times. He didn’t want to put any protection in if we could get away with it but finally he did put a sling on it, which completed the difficult part.”

Climbing with Greenwood meant adhering to a committed traditional ethic of resorting to using aid only when absolutely necessary.

After some wildly primitive adventures on the steep face of Yam in my high school years, my parents thought it best if I furthered my ambitions under the able eye of a more experienced mountaineer. Enter Glen. They knew him from church. He warmed the pews during late fall and winter but in summer he was a pilgrim dedicated to cathedrals in higher places.

We hit it off right away. He could tell I was equally a mountain romantic, in love with the history and inspired by exploration. Shortly my apprenticeship began. Little did I know it at the time, but the mountain sense and character I unconsciously absorbed from Glen would give me the basis for becoming a mountain guide a little later in my life. During the late 1960s and early '70s we partnered up, occasionally in the company of Bob Geber, Mike Simpson, Gordon Scruggs and Don Forest, to work on Glen's hit list.

On Mount Huber, I learned about route finding and rope handling and how to cruise through differing types of terrain. While descending Hungabee, patience, focus, judgment and perseverance faced us inescapably as we weathered a violent mountain storm, the trade-off for ticking the summit that day. Mount Assiniboine, "our Matterhorn", was our Canadian centennial celebration in '67, and celebrate in awe we did on the summit in perfect weather. On the first traverse of Mount Bryce, speed and personal organization were the lessons; we had our crampons on and off fourteen times on that tour-de-force.

Later, while heading for Andromeda at the Columbia Icefield in the pre-dawn hours, Glen showed me how to admit defeat with graceful acceptance. A slip on verglas in the upper snowcoach parking lot trashed the ligaments in his ankle and ended the climbing season for him then and there. There was no thought of ruining the day for the rest of us because of his mishap. In spite of his pain he wished us a "good climb" and insisted we carry on as he stumped his way back down to the car.

Above all, Glen is a mountain gentleman, whose hallmark is humility. He went to the mountains with respect and great appreciation for wild places, and gave thanks for his safe return; traits that I have tried to emulate through my many years of subsequent adventures.

—Murray Toft

Glen's most exciting snow and ice climb was a new route on the hanging glacier of Deltaform Mountain in 1968 with Charlie Locke, Joe Farrand and Greenwood. Glen had been there with Greenwood in 1961, when they'd looked up and said, "to heck with it." They then proceeded to Wenkchemna Pass, traversed Neptuak Mountain and climbed a new route on the northwest ridge of Deltaform, then retraced their steps to Wenkchemna Pass.

"Then Brian Greenwood called me [in 1968] and said some guys are after Deltaform by the glacier, let's go do it," Glen said. "I told him I was interested."

They drove to Moraine Lake and slept in the woods behind the lodge until midnight, when they began hiking up to wait at the base of the route until first light around 5 a.m.

"Then we put crampons on and we climbed it," Glen recalled. "It was in perfect shape. It was a new route, we climbed the very steep hanging glacier. It was the most daring snow and ice climb I ever completed."

Afterward they traversed around Mounts Tuzo, Allen, Perren and Tonsa to reach the Graham Cooper Hut, which had four feet of snow in it due to the door having been left open a crack by the last guests.

"We couldn't get the door open, so we got a window out and crawled in and spent the night in the loft," Glen recalled. "The snow was hard as a rock, had been there all winter. We couldn't shovel it. After a night there we descended the 3-4 Couloir. That was one of the most dangerous and outstanding climbs I ever participated in."

Glen's image of Don Forest rappelling a cliff band in the Deville Glacier area made the cover of the 1981 *Canadian Alpine Journal*.





Bob Geber (left) and Glen climbed Piz Corvatsch on a trip to Switzerland in 1970.

While Glen is famously known for his climbs in the Rockies and BC's Selkirks and Purcells, in 1970 he travelled to the Alps for six weeks with Bob Geber, where he even met members of the Geber family.

And naturally, they went climbing.

Joined by Mike Wiegele, founder of the BC heli-skiing company of the same name, they kicked off from Brixen and crossed seven passes in the Dolomites, climbing Marmolada on the way and ending up in Canazei, a "nice little town" in northern Italy.

"Marmolada was quite easy, actually, and when we arrived at the top there was a hut selling postcards," Glen said.

From there they travelled to Cortina, then to the Locatelli Hut in hopes in climbing the fabled Cima Grande, but it rained, then snowed all night

and they awoke to a foot of fresh snow. With stormy weather covering the Alps, they travelled to Vienna to take in some sightseeing. From there they rode the train to Switzerland, hoping to climb in the Zermatt and Mont Blanc areas. On the train however, they met some climbers who were on their way home from that region, who reported there was too much snow to climb. They advised Glen and Bob to instead visit eastern Switzerland where the weather was better.

"So, we travelled to Pontresina in the Engadine," Glen said. "From the Tschierva Hut, Bob and I climbed the beautiful 3,820-metre Piz Roseg. Then we hiked to the Coaz Hut where we climbed three smaller peaks."

A farmer tending his cows told Glen and Bob that Piz Roseg, not the Matterhorn, was the most beautiful peak in Switzerland. Unfortunately beset with inclement weather, before leaving for home they were able to accomplish a few short rock climbs in Germany. They also visited Heinz Kahl's family in Nuremberg. Heinz had died from leukemia in 1967, at the age of thirty-three. Losing Heinz, Glen admitted, was quite an emotional experience.

"We were close."

When we climbed together for that year or so, we were a good partnership and we climbed well together; that's what I want to remember. I hope that some of the climbs we did together, like the North Face of Edith, have become minor classics.

—Brian Greenwood

Answering the call

Like most Rockies climbers of the day, particularly Alpine Club of Canada or Calgary Mountain Club members who lived in the Calgary area, Glen volunteered his time with Calgary Mountain Rescue. From its inception in the early 1960s until the mid-1970s, when Alberta Parks created Kananaskis Country, which in turn formed a professional mountain rescue unit under the leadership of Lloyd Gallagher, Calgary Mountain Rescue was the number to call in case of emergency in the Rockies' front ranges.

And Glen answered many of those calls.

"I'd go climbing all weekend, I'd get home and I'd be in the shower and the call would come, somebody's stuck on Yamnuska—most of the calls were for Yamnuska," he recalled. "So we'd get all our equipment ready and go and we'd arrive there and these guys would walk out of the woods.

"We received a late afternoon call that there was an accident on Yamnuska," Glen said. "A young fellow fell on the Red Shirt route and slipped through his chest harness. Since then the harnesses have definitely been improved."

Another heartbreaking call stayed with Glen. One year in the 1970s, he was called to help out at a scene involving two young boys in the town of Frank, Alberta, southwest of Calgary.

"It was between Christmas and New Year's, and it was quite warm, it had been raining down there. They were up on a cliff behind the service station. One of them fell and got killed, and the other little guy...

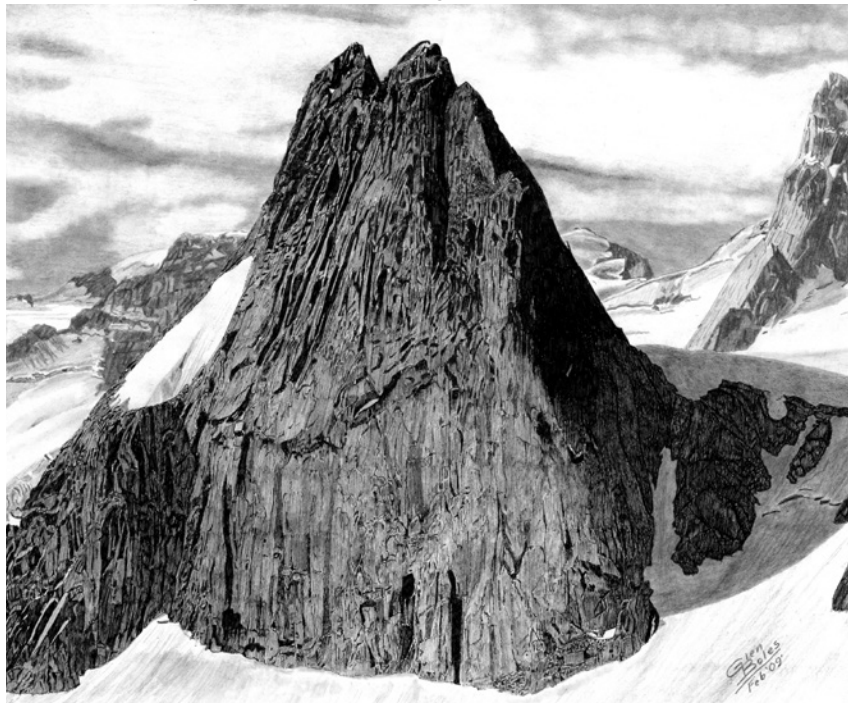
"We got called out and the RCMP too, we went with them. They must have been driving 110 miles an hour, boy they were in a hurry. We were putting our gear on to climb up to where this boy was, oh probably 100 feet above us. The other one had fallen at three o'clock in the afternoon. He was sitting on a little promontory, and when we were putting our gear on, he fell, and he got killed too. We gave him mouth-to-mouth. He would have been about ten, I think the other one was a little younger. He was in his sock feet. I think he found his shoes were too slippery, that's what we figured. This was about eleven o'clock at night, they had the big mine lights shining on the wall so we could see."

Despite the hardships, attending accidents helped Glen improve his awareness of being safe in the mountains.



Glen pauses to smile for the camera—and at the view—while climbing the upper slopes of Mount Robson above the Kain Face, 1977. Photo by Leon Kubbernus

Snowpatch Spire, Bugaboos, pen and ink drawing.



The bear went into the mountains

“All through the years I climbed, I really liked to explore, go into new areas,” Glen admitted. “It’s like the bear went into the mountains to see what he could see, what’s over the other side.”

Glen met Don Forest in 1967, while training for his Yukon centennial climb. Don was on the Mount Manitoba team. Already acquainted through the Alpine Club of Canada Calgary Section, afterward Don invited Glen to climb with him.

“Don Forest was always after me to climb all the 11,000ers with him, but there were some times I didn’t want to go to the one 11,000er he wanted to climb,” Glen said. “I wanted to go see something new.”

While Don became the first person to climb all (at that time officially numbering 51, now 54) of the Rockies’ 11,000ers, Glen never did get up six.

“I had climbed more 11,000ers than Don had, but he caught up to me when I broke my ankle in 1974, which put me out of commission for most of the summer,” Glen said. “It happened in the upper parking lot at the Columbia Icefield, we were going to climb the Skyladder. It was a good omen, ’cause it all slid later that day. Anyway, Don really wanted us to do them all together. He was a really special guy.”

Don Forest was one of Glen’s closest friends and steadfast climbing partners.



In the end, Leon Kubbernus, Gordon Scruggs and Glen accompanied Forest on his last 11,000er, 3,398-metre Lunette Peak on August 18, 1979, descending back to the Hind Hut to celebrate. In one of many contributions to the *Canadian Alpine Journal*, Glen wrote about Don Forest’s accomplishment in the 1980 volume. Don and Glen had climbed 180 peaks together.

“On 19 August at twelve o’clock wisps of cloud clung to Mount Assiniboine’s summit while far below the green waters of Gloria Lake shimmered in the midday sun. Don Forest stepped onto the summit of Lunette Peak followed by Leon Kubbernus, Gordon Scruggs and me. We all shook hands, then gave Don an affectionate hug, for we were as happy as he was. He had just mastered 51.”

Mt Bryce (NE Peak) 3300m, 83C/3 GR 787654
Icefields RN

Mt Bryce (Centre Peak) 3370m, 83C/3 GR 782660
Icefields RN

Mt Bryce (Main Peak) 3507m, GR 774665
Icefields RN August 9/1971 Don Forest, Murray Toft & myself. First complete traverse of all three peaks & second ascent of Centre Peak, by a new route. We approached the mountain from the Icefields Parkway, up the Saskatchewan Glacier, across the Castleguard meadows, waded the Castleguard River, then to Thomson Pass, bivouacked at Cinema Lake. Next day we climbed to the NE ridge, Bivied again. The next day we climbed all three peaks and returned to our bivy by bypassing the centre peak on the way back. We descended the peak and all the way out to the highway the following day.

While Glen wasn't motivated to master the 11,000ers, there were mountains that repeatedly lured him. Mount Forbes, at 3,612 metres the Canadian Rockies' eighth highest peak and the tallest inside the Banff National Park boundary, demanded five visits before Glen could stand on the summit. One attempt in 1964 with Al Cole, they bivied under a big boulder. Al hung his socks and boots in an overhanging spot to dry overnight and in the morning something had chewed through the toes and heels of his socks and had eaten the laces of his boots. The consequences were minimal though, stormy weather chased them back out via Glacier Lake. Glen finally succeeded on Forbes while participating in the Alpine Club's 1973 GMC.

Glen also made five trips to Mount Dawson in the Glacier Circle area of the Selkirks, but never did manage to gain that prize. Twins Tower eluded him too, despite nine trips to that neighbourhood of the Columbia Icefield, the last a three-day visit in poor weather in 1992.

Throughout the years, Glen's drive and curiosity led him to rack up more and more firsts.

One memorable one was accomplished in June 1970, with Al Cole, John Atkinson and Don Forest, when they made the first north-south traverse of Mount Lougheed's summits. Approaching from Spray Lake and climbing to the first peak via the southwest and west ridges, they carried on over all four summits, then bivied in the meadows south of the south peak.

"We figured two days, however we were off the fourth peak by four o'clock on the first day," Glen recalled with a smile

Attending the ACC Clemenceau Glacier camp in 1972 served up more firsts, and gave Glen, "one of the best two weeks I ever had in the mountains."

Kicking off with 3,658-metre Mount Clemenceau on July 31, Glen also climbed Tsar Mountain, Apex Peak and Mounts Ellis and Norton, and in a single day, Mounts Livingstone, Stanley and Rhodes, wrapping up with Tusk Peak on August 11. Making a first ascent with John Pomeroy, Ron Matthews and Roger Parsons, they christened Mount Ellis on Ron's urging in memory of helicopter pilot Derrick Ellis who'd been killed earlier that year. Mount Rhodes was also a first ascent, the description in Glen's climbing log concluding with the statement, "what a great day."

The week however, did have a bittersweet conclusion; when Glen and companions Pomeroy, Matthews, Parsons, Bruno Struck and Peter



"Mike Simpson was a joker, he was always playing tricks," Glen said. "Once when we were in the Premiers he pulled the tent pegs on Don Forest's tent."

Roxborough arrived back at camp after climbing Apex Peak, they learned that fellow camp participants Rollie Morrison and Bill Sharp had been killed in the Shackleton Icefall.

With so many first ascents, Glen and his partners named a number of mountains, including Gusty Peak in Kananaskis Country.

"We named that peak, that's what it was doing when we climbed it!" he exclaimed.

Of the numerous mountains they named, among the most historically meaningful choices were Mounts Denny and Potts. In July 1973, Glen, Don Forest and Mike Simpson made the

Glen's photo of Don Forest perched atop a spire in Alberta's Kananaskis Country appeared on the cover of the 1980 *Canadian Alpine Journal*.



first ascent in the South Rockies' Opal Range of a twin peaked 3,000-metre mountain. As it was the year of the RCMP centennial, they named the mountains after prominent RCMP members. Sir Cecil Edward Denny served as an inspector with the North West Mounted Police circa 1880, participating in building Fort Calgary and was a signatory to Treaty 7 at Blackfoot Crossing. He later served as an officer in the Indian Department, and as archivist of Alberta. The twin peaks of the massif are named Cecil and Edward.

Making the second ascent of neighbouring Mount Potts, they chose this name in honour of Jerry Potts, a half-Indian scout and interpreter with the NWMP. While they didn't fill out any official forms when naming mountains, once those peaks were recorded in a guidebook under

those names, the names stuck.

It was in 1973 that Glen recalls witnessing the most amazing thing he ever saw during all his adventures, when he and his partners witnessed a migration of thousands of moths at the head of the Stutfield Glacier on the Columbia Icefield. On another Columbia Icefield trip, during a whiteout they came upon a MacGillivray's warbler on the edge of a crevasse. Mike Simpson picked up the tiny bird and warmed it in his hand.

"It flew off down the glacier, down the Athabasca and out of there," Glen said.

In addition to Murray Toft, another younger climber who benefitted from Glen's experience and good nature was Sylvia Forest, Don's daughter, who would grow up to become one of a handful of female ACMG Mountain Guides, and who served a twenty-four-year career as a Parks Canada Warden/Visitor Safety Specialist.

Climbing Mount Andromeda in 1976 with her, Glen remembered a close call.

"We just about lost Sylvia Forest there," he said. "She was too close [to a cornice] and a big wedge from about here to that wall dropped out and left her hanging by her elbows. Mind you she was on the rope, but nobody was ready for it. We were standing there talking, hollering back and forth."

On some days, the consequences of momentary inattentiveness were more lighthearted. When Glen climbed the Cariboos' giant 3,520-metre Mount Sir Wilfred Laurier in August 1981 with Forest, Mike Simpson, Gordon Scruggs and Leon Kubbernus, they realized a few days later they hadn't actually been on the proper summit. Four days later they climbed it again to the proper summit.

Don Forest settles in for a summit nap in Kananaskis Country.



My dad and Glen were the best of friends. Their friendship was one of those rare ones, which last a lifetime. Mind you, all of the members of the Grizzly Group shared that special friendship. And I, as a tag-along, had no idea how lucky I was to know, climb with, and be mentored by Glen and the Grizzly Group fellas.

My dad would have been in his mid-forties when he started climbing with Glen. That means I would have been under the age of ten when I met Glen and Liz. We did many, many trips together in those early years, and although I was just a kid (and later a teenager), the Grizzly Group just adopted me as part of the crew. Glen, and Liz, always took special care of me—glad to have me along; helped me when I needed it; and always took time to talk, joke and befriend.

What stands out? Most certainly, the love and enduring friendship that I have been lucky to share with Glen and Liz. They, and the Grizzly Group, came to my wedding not so long ago... But here are a few special memories:

- Scrambling so many peaks in the Kananaskis, Dad and Glen on one side or the other to ensure my safety*
- Glen holding my arm securely as we forded the Siffleur River on the way to Recondite in the early 1970s, preventing me from floating away. And later the same rainy day on our retreat, showing me how to find game trails and read the land to find my way back*
- Huddling in the pouring rain for two days in the Castleguard Meadows, Glen and Liz in one tent, Dad and me in another, with a tarp in-between so we could visit*
- Climbing Farnham Tower with Glen and Dad in the early 1980s*

And so many more. Glen and Liz looked out for me in so many ways. They are dear friends.

—Sylvia Forest

Seeking unclimbed peaks and routes, sometimes Glen and his cohorts scored pay dirt in the most common of places, as was evident when he and Kubbernus teamed up for a first ascent of an obvious, yet remarkably overlooked route, Mount Andromeda via its extended south ridge.

"I was checking the guidebook, and the long south ridge never had an ascent on it," Glen said. "So Leon and I went in and bivied below the Saskatchewan Glacier. We climbed the first peak, which is 10,400 feet, and there was no cairn on it. We didn't follow it to the summit of Andromeda, we ran out of time. So we went back a couple of years later and did the whole ridge. All the people going up the Saskatchewan Glacier, and they never climbed that. Unbelievable."



Mike Simpson focuses on some flowers in the Lyells' meadow where the Grizzly Group earned its name, 1973.

What's in a name

It was on a trip to Lyell Meadows in 1973 that Glen and his steadfast group of climbing companions earned their "Grizzly Group" moniker. With the Alpine Club of Canada running its General Mountaineering Camp at Glacier Lake, Glen and his crew took advantage of the opportunity to have their gear carried in on horseback. After retrieving all their kit, they hiked up to their higher campsite at Lyell Meadows, arriving around 7 p.m.

"We were all dying to have something to drink," Glen recalled. "Mike Simpson said 'look at that big pile of scat. Is it ever fresh.'"

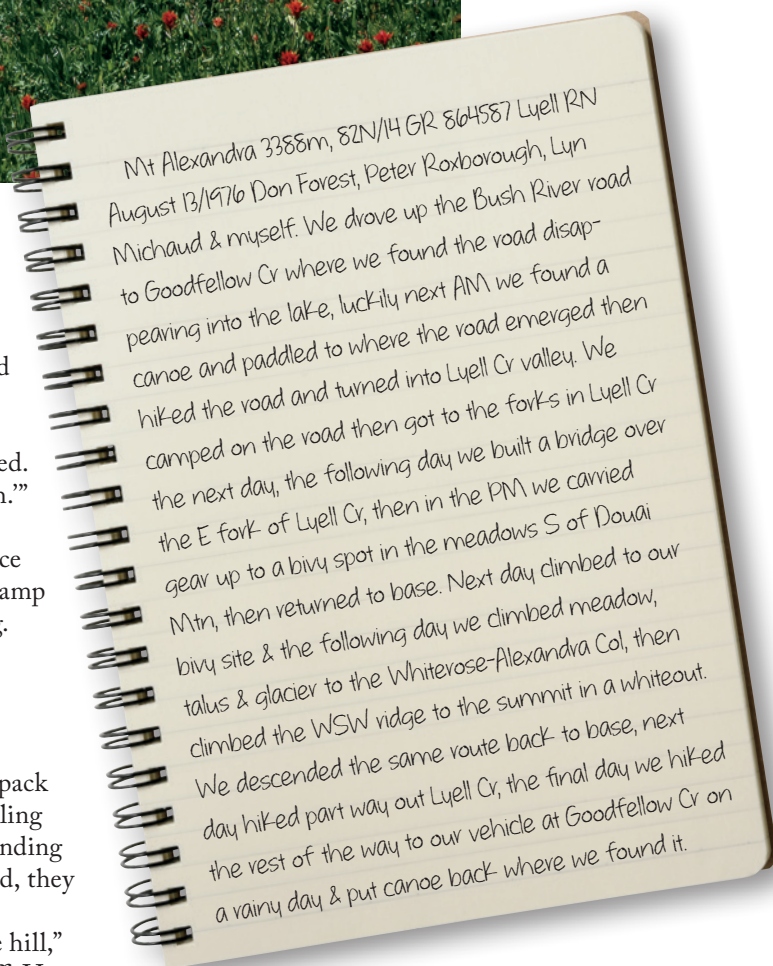
Absorbed in quenching their thirst to the extent of pouring water over their heads, Don Forest walked toward a small spruce tree a short distance up the meadow scouting for a good level camp site. Halfway to the tree he dropped his pack and kept walking. Suddenly his companions were surprised to hear him saying "woof, woof."

"There was a grizzly up ahead rooting around in the ground, behind a small spruce tree," Glen recalled.

Forest retreated to join the others, but realizing he'd left his pack on the ground, he hiked back toward the bear to retrieve it, calling "WOOF! WOOF!" the entire way. By then the grizzly was standing on its hind legs, swaying and checking out the men. Spellbound, they stood still as the bear looked them over.

"The grizzly didn't know what to do, he went partway up the hill," Glen said. "Then he stopped, had a good look at us and took off. He didn't like our smell, I guess."

The bear never did return, and in the end they camped across the creek; the spot by the spruce tree was too lumpy. Somehow the story made its rounds at climbers' gatherings in Calgary and the name stuck.



Making history where nobody goes

With the potential for first ascents in the easy-to-reach places diminishing, Glen and his companions studied the lesser known maps. In 1978, they began what would become a Grizzly Group *modus operandi* when Mike Simpson, Leon Kubbernus, Gordon Scruggs and Glen flew by helicopter from McBride, BC, (170 kilometres northwest of Jasper), to explore an area near Mount Sir Alexander. Flying in for two weeks, the only sign of humans they would see would be a single freeze-dried food wrapper. Inside the barrel they flew in containing their food, they had packed a special treat, a watermelon.

"We thought about how good it would be," Glen said. "We put it in the lake to keep it cool,

then went off to our high camp. When we came back down five days later, the lake had dropped. The watermelon was rotten."

The trip was a success though, as they made the first ascent of Nilah Peak, all three summits of Mount Kitchi, an unnamed peak and Pommel Mountain. Mount Ida, "a beautiful peak," was a third ascent.

"We had flown to many places before, but this was the first good one, a new area, and we got some first ascents," Glen said with a grin.

Now they were really having fun!

In 1982, Don Forest, Gordon Scruggs, his son, Bruce, and Glen made their first foray into an area that would become an all-time favourite Resthaven, forty kilometres north-northwest of Mount Robson, straddling the boundary between Mount Robson Provincial Park and the Wilmore Wilderness Area.

"We'd looked at the maps and we figured nobody goes in there climbing," Glen said. "We went in several areas there, people just don't bother with them. Lots of nice peaks, and they're good rock, some quartzite. There's all kinds of high country, ridges run along with little tarns on them, little groups of trees. And the reason we kept going to Resthaven was a peak named Mount Lucifer. There was no record of anyone climbing it."

On their first visit to the area, they approached their climbing objectives from the east, but had difficulty surmounting a big wall to enter the Resthaven Glacier. Eventually they found a gully that granted them access late in the week.

From their camp at treeline one creek west from Short Creek, they climbed two unnamed peaks, one of them a first ascent. They also made what was likely the second ascent of 3,124-metre Resthaven Mountain. Returning to the area the following summer, they landed on the west side of the group, from where access was easier. This time with Kubbernus, Simpson and Scruggs, they set up camp southwest of Resthaven Icefield by a tranquil pond surrounded by flower carpeted meadows where they relaxed and played Frisbee between climbs. They succeeded in making two first ascents, both on unnamed peaks, and also attempted a third unnamed mountain, but retreated to camp when the weather changed. They also made a likely second ascent of

Gordon Scruggs admires a job well done with one of the Grizzly Group's trademark cairns.



3,198-metre Resthaven Mountain SW.

In 1984 Glen and Scruggs returned for a third visit, again with Kubbernus and Simpson, with an aim to nab their coveted prize, 3,060-metre Mount Lucifer. Leaving from the same camp as the previous summer, they climbed to the head of the valley to gain Resthaven Icefield. Traversing Lucifer's lower snow slopes they crossed the bergschrund and climbed diagonally to the southwest ridge, which after a couple of detours, they followed to the summit in anticipation of a first ascent.

"We found a nice cairn on the top," Glen said. Theirs was the second ascent; he later found an article in the *Canadian Alpine Journal* describing how Rob Kelly and his party had climbed it eight years earlier.

Over the course of his climbing years, Glen admitted that plenty of climbs—and the stories later told around the campfire or over dinner with friends and family back home—began with, "well, we thought it hadn't been climbed..."

"It's a good motivator!" he declared.

Glen and the Grizzly Group crew delighted in searching in guidebooks and poring through write-ups in search of unclimbed mountains, and



Glen enjoys some quality time with his camera at camp in the Resthaven area.

planning adventures to unheard-of peaks, many without names or in little-known locations rarely visited by any two-legged explorers.

Small Creek was another of those places, north of Mount Longstaff, northwest of Mount Robson.

"There were big waterfalls around and the scenery was great," Glen said. "We were camped

One especially memorable trip with Glen was when we planned to climb the unclimbed northeast ridge of Clemenceau. We spent five days in a storm, playing hearts for five days in the tent. We ended up walking around to the other side of the mountain where the Alpine Club had a camp, and climbed the mountains by the standard route. Then when we got to the summit, an American party had just climbed the route we had originally planned to.

Glen always had a really neat pack, everything was in its place. The rest of us dropped everything in. We used to give him a hard time.

We were tent-mates many times, we had a very benign approach to tenting. We were very comfortable with each other. He's smaller than I am, so I had more of the tent. And no, he never complained.

Glen was our scribe, keeping his climbing journal. That's what he used to do in the tent when we were trying to sleep. Whenever we wanted to know anything, we'd call Glen.

When we look at them, his drawings and paintings are a record, testimony to our—the Grizzly Group's—climbs and our friendships. We never had a quarrel. The camaraderie we had was unparalleled. It's rare, it really is. We skied and climbed, thirty, forty years together, especially the original four members [Glen, Simpson, Gordon Scruggs, Don Forest]. Glen's sketch of Mount Louis was made from a photo he took when we climbed it in our sixties [1995, also with Lyn Michaud].

To get recognition as a bunch of old grizzled climbers [ACC Grizzly Group Summit Series booklet], that's a testament to our long friendship.

—Mike Simpson



On a hike to Consolation Lake, Glen was photographing Mount Babel while eating lunch when a large marmot came along and began licking the second camera Glen had set on a rock. Suddenly, the marmot grabbed the camera strap and dragged it down with him into a crevice in a large rock. Squinting into the dark hole, Glen spotted something shiny and rescued his camera with a long stick while the marmot watched him. "He just about got away with it," Glen said. "Don't know what the insurance guy would have said about it though."

in the open but there were trees where we could cook. It was a great spot, not a soul. Like so many places we bivouacked where the flowers were beautiful, it reminded me of Tornado Pass."

From their camp in meadows on the height of land between Holmes River and the east small

fork of Small Creek, they climbed five unnamed peaks, four of them first ascents—some geologists had climbed the fifth—ranging from 2,411 metres to a 3,032-metre summit.

At night near the campsite they were entertained by a family of marmots that would stand on their hind feet and box each other.

Enjoying another successful climbing week near Mount Longstaff in 1992 with Glen were Forest, Simpson, Scruggs, Kubbernus and Jim Fosti. From their camp in the meadows between the Holmes River and the Swift Current Glacier they gained the north snout of the Swiftcurrent Glacier where they climbed and named Mount Carcajou in reference to nearby Carcajou Pass—Carcajou Pass being the French word for wolverine. Just before leaving the summit, Glen kicked some rocks over and unearthed a collection of fossils.

Another mountain, which they climbed the same day, they christened Undulating Peak, for the undulating nature of the glacier they followed in a northwest direction from Mount Carcajou.

On that week they also made the second ascent of 3,180-metre Mount Longstaff, first climbed by US climbers Holway, Gilmour and Palmer in 1916. Finding a pile of rocks on the summit, they wondered if anybody had actually been there in the years between theirs and the first ascent.

Imagining they were the first in three-quarters of a century was, "quite interesting."

Bighorn sheep, pen and ink drawing.



Capturing the moment in time

“I forgot my camera twice. Once when we climbed Mount Carnarvon, and I can’t remember the other trip,” Glen said. “I was sure mad at myself.”

Considering that Glen climbed close to 600 mountains, forgetting his camera on just two occasions reveals the careful, pay-attention-to-the-little-details character traits that made him an appreciated climbing partner, as well as a respected City of Calgary employee.

Those traits are also revealed in his pen and ink sketches and his acrylic paintings, the subjects of which Glen drew from his massive photo collection.

In the spacious closet of his drawing room stand cabinets and bookshelves filled with drawers and boxes, each neatly storing row upon row upon row of precisely labelled slides—*Whaleback ‘95’*, *Pasque Mtn, Mount Baril (1998)*, *Mts. Loomis & McCrae 1989*.

In total, Glen’s collection includes 42,000 slides and more than 20,000 black and white negatives for print photos.

Decades after he shot any images with them, Glen can still reel off the names and models of his cameras like trustworthy partners he shared his backcountry adventures with.

“I always carried two cameras. Most of the time I used Olympus. I started off with a Voigtlander, then a Leica. Then I bought a Canon, which took the same lenses as a Leica—it was a copy—then a Pentax, but these I didn’t keep very long. Then



Glen’s file drawers are meticulously organized and filled with treasured memories.

Photo by Lynn Martel

Olympus came out with the OM series, and they were SLR and they were light. So I bought two of those. One OM2 and one OM1. I had six bodies at one time. I carried those for years. Being lighter, they were really good, and I had all the lenses. If I hiked I took lots of lenses. But when I went climbing, I took a wide angle lens on one, a macro standard on the other one to get flowers and all that sort of thing, and then a telephoto 150. That lens was in my rucksack, the other two were on the cameras.”

After learning how to develop his own photos in Heinz Kahl’s basement darkroom, Glen set up his own impermanent one in the washroom of a basement suite he and Liz shared. Then when he and Liz bought their first house in Calgary’s Thorncliffe neighbourhood in 1969, he built a darkroom of his own.

“We had the basement developed and I had them rough it in at the same time and I finished

The Grizzly Group, from left, Glen, Leon Kubbernus, Jim Fosti, Harold Kuesnig (a friend), Walt Davis, Lyn Michaud and Mike Simpson wait for the helicopter at Fortress Creek in 1998.



it,” Glen said with obvious pride. When they moved to Cochrane in 1989, the foothills town half an hour’s drive west of the city. Glen made sure to build a darkroom in that basement too. Unfortunately, when they downsized to a condo in 2007, the water pipes—not without a bit of

irony—were on the wrong side of the house to make it feasible.

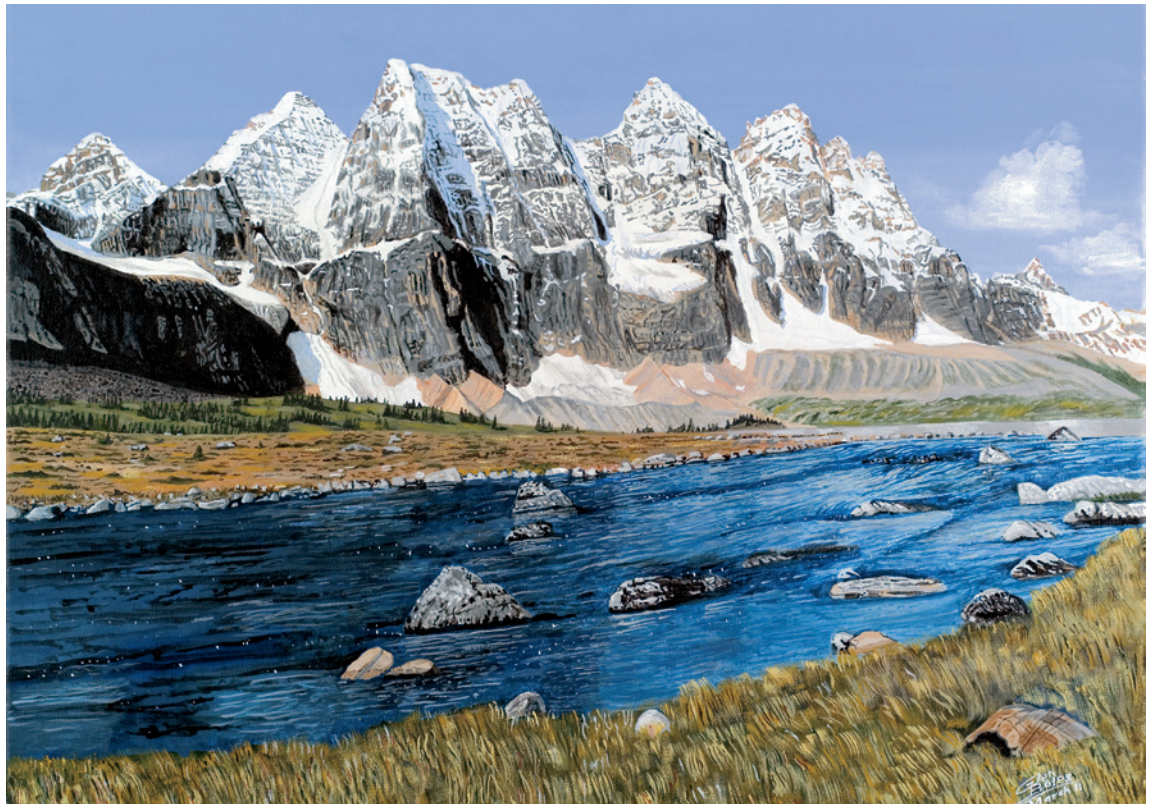
“That’s what I really missed when we moved here,” Glen admitted, sitting in his den. “I really liked seeing some of these mountain pictures form in the developing solution.”

Drawing from the peaks

As a child, Glen liked to draw baseball players and hockey players. Once he graduated and began working full-time, he didn’t do any drawing, except when he and Liz lived in the basement suite.

His first major mountain sketch is a masterful black and white representation of the Mont Blanc massif, created with a split nib mapping quill in 1968, which hangs prominently in Glen and Liz’s dining room. His second one, the Matterhorn, hangs in their den. He followed that one with a drawing of the Alps’ landmark, The Dru, which belongs to Charlie Locke.

“I was experimenting,” Glen said. “I didn’t do much for years after those, then when I retired in 1991 I really got after it. I never heard of anybody doing both ink and pencil, so I kind of developed that myself.”



The Ramparts,
Tonquin Valley,
Jasper National Park,
acrylic painting.

After using the mapping quill he tried a reloadable drafting pen that dispensed ink when shaken. Eventually he progressed to using a Japanese Micron pen that ranges from an extremely fine .005 to the largest diameter, .08.

At his drafting table, Glen composed his drawings and paintings by using one-inch grid paper to assist him in replicating the photos from which he drew his inspiration precisely to scale. It's a testimony to his keen eye and extraordinary talent that such a methodical process resulted in artwork that exudes such deep passion and awe-inspiring wonders of the mountain landscape and the creatures that inhabit it. Although a member of two art clubs in Cochrane, from whose members he picked up some pointers on how to work with acrylic paints, Glen never enrolled in any formal art classes. For a couple of years he painted some rodeo scenes using watercolours, then he progressed to using acrylics.

"The United Church wanted a mural on the wall when they were building a piece on and redoing the whole church," Glen said. "I did a mural in the hallway for them. That's the first time I used acrylic, because it had to be in colour. It worked out alright. From there on I started painting mountain pictures with the acrylics."

The Cochrane church, which Glen and Liz attend, used Glen's artwork to help raise money to pay for the renovation. He painted a replica of



Glen (left) and ACC member Margaret Imai-Compton climb up to Divide Peak in the Lyells, 2004. Photo by Roger Laurilla

the church on one wall, and Mount Aylmer and Devil's Head, a prominent Rockies' landmark visible from Cochrane, on the other.

"I put a rainbow in going from the scene over to the church, and as they collected money I kept adding to it until we finished off the rainbow," Glen said. "I was pretty reluctant to do it at first, but they talked me into it."

With his black and white sketches, the subject matter is mainly simple—mountains—mostly rock and glacier, with a few trees or meadows. Acrylic paints allow him the opportunity to expand his palette, and his subjects.

This rock greets visitors at Glen and Liz's front door. Photo by Lynn Martel

Giving a hand with a project

In addition to using his photos as inspiration for his sketches and paintings, over the years Glen shared plenty of his shots with other authors' projects, including J. F. Garden's *The Bugaboos: An Alpine History* and *The Selkirks Nelson's Mountains*, as well as two picture books. Three of Glen's paintings and twenty-one of his photos are featured in Jane Lytton Gootch's *Mount Robson: Spiral Road of Art*, along with some of his other paintings and photos in her books *Bow Lake: Wellspring of Art*, *Mount Assiniboine: Images in Art*, and *Artists of the Rockies: Inspiration of Lake O'Hara*.

Glen's photos also illustrate the two editions of the guidebook he co-authored with Bill Putnam, *A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada – South*.

"I went into Lake O'Hara one time with Al Washington, in the early '60s, and Brian Greenwood was working with Bill Putnam on the book," Glen recalled. "Brian got fed up and didn't want to do it anymore, so Bill recruited



me. I said if it had anything to do with mountains, it would be alright. I did it all longhand.”

While writing it all longhand was no doubt time-consuming, at that time, decades before cut-and-paste technology had been invented, using a typewriter would still have demanded laborious hours of erasing with white-out and retyping and retyping.

Nonetheless, Glen looks back on the work as enjoyable, despite the perennial guidebook authors’ challenges.

“I enjoyed working on the book, the only thing is, it was a devil of a time getting people to give you information,” Glen said. “They’d say they climbed the west ridge when it was the northwest ridge. You had to kind of pick their brain to get what you wanted. Other people would write everything out, and you wouldn’t have to.”

Glen also has fond memories of his friendship with Bill Putnam. A native of Massachusetts, Putnam oversaw the operation of three television stations before assuming the position as sole trustee of the Lowell Observatory, one of the world’s largest privately operated research observatories, which was founded by his great uncle. A former president of the American Alpine Club, a decorated Second World War veteran and author of more than thirty books, Putnam’s fondness for

western Canada’s Rocky and Selkirk mountains is legendary.

“Putnam treated me pretty well,” Glen said. “He used to come through, and when he’d get to the Calgary Airport he’d call Liz, find out if he could stay at our place. He would spend the night and then go on to Banff or wherever he was going next day.”

On some trips Putnam would bring his large dog with him. One night Liz heard the dog drinking from the toilet bowl; she wasn’t impressed. Putnam however, displayed an unwavering fondness for Liz, calling her by the same pet name Glen did. On his visits he’d extend an invitation for Glen and Liz to join him at Battle Abbey, the eclectic Selkirks backcountry ski lodge he built with Hans Gmoser in 1978. Unfortunately, their schedules never matched up until the last few years Glen was able to travel into the mountains, and finally he and Liz stayed at the lodge with Putnam four times. He and Glen never did climb together.

As co-authors, however, they collaborated well.

“Bill would send me a letter, he’d say can you get me the poop on this? He wanted information on something,” Glen said. “He was something else. He either likes you or he doesn’t like you.”

Glen (far right, second row), and Liz (second from right, front row) helped Alpine Club of Canada Executive members and friends celebrate the Club’s centennial at Stanley Mitchell Hut in Yoho, 2006. Photo by Roger Laurilla



Years later, they would team up again with Roger Laurilla to write two editions of *Canadian Mountain Place Names: The Rockies and Columbia Mountains*.

“That book was kind of the same thing,” Glen said. “He recruited Roger, and he asked me if I’d help him out, he had a project going. He asked me if I’d give him a hand.”

The team garnered information from an existing place names book that covered towns and cities, and Putnam was also able to gather information from a friend who worked in Ottawa, in Canada’s government map department. They also gathered information from friends and fellow climbers with first-hand experience on the peaks.

Glen’s own treasured book, *My Mountain Album: Art & Photography of the Canadian Rockies & Columbia Mountains*, was published by Rocky Mountain Books in 2006, showcasing a spectacular collection of his original artwork and black and white photography.

In guidebooks, art books or on mountain lovers’ walls, Glen’s paintings and sketches, which combined number more than 200, are one-of-a-kind signature creations; his contributions to his mountain community, created from the heart.

A lot of nice people

Calgary Mountain Rescue wasn't the only group Glen volunteered his time and skills with. From 1963 until 1976, he enjoyed being a member of Sunshine ski resort's volunteer ski patrol team. "I signed on there because the guys were really good," Glen said.

After taking a break for a couple of seasons, Glen spent more days backcountry touring and cross-country skiing with Liz. Then the two of them signed on to chaperone a bus for Premier Cycle and Sports' ski school, which transported skiers for the two-hour (one way) ride from Calgary to Lake Louise and back on Saturdays through the winter.

"That was quite an experience," Glen recalled. "The kids—we always had one or two who wouldn't listen to you. They were eleven years old to eighteen. That's quite an age difference, anyway. Liz and I did the bus tours for fourteen years."

He took another break after that routine, then when he retired in 1991 he joined the fabled Lake Louise Ski Friends program, guiding skiers who were unfamiliar with the resort's numerous slopes around the mountain. Continuing for twenty

years until 2011, Glen was the first person to be recognized as an Honorary Ski Friend.

Remarkably, he even continued with the program after he suffered a heart attack in March, 2005.

"I had just said 'see ya' to my guests, then a huge wave of sweat came over my body," he recalled. "I was soaked in seconds."

Glen managed to ski off the hill to the Ski Friends' changing room where another Ski Friend, Olive Dixon, found him lying on the floor. Fortunately, the experienced hill personnel made sure he reached hospital in Calgary quickly, and he recovered.

While his heart attack curtailed the scope of his mountain adventures, Glen continued to volunteer, serving on the Board of Directors for Cochrane and Community Foundation from 2005 to 2013. In thanks, the Town of Cochrane awarded him the honour of being Ambassador of the Year in 2013. And later that year, the Town of Cochrane named a 1.5-kilometre section of walking trail which hugs the banks of the Bow River the Glen Boles Trail.



Glen volunteered with the Lake Louise Ski Friends for 20 years, becoming the group's first Honorary Ski Friend.

Alpine Club of Canada awards

Silver Rope for Leadership	1971
Distinguished Service	1993
Mountain Guides Ball Patron	1993
Honorary Member	1996
Honorary President	2005-2009

Other awards

Bill March Summit of Excellence	2005
American Alpine Club Honorary Member	2006
Lake Louise Ski Friends Honorary Member	2011
Cochrane Ambassador of the Year	2013

These weren't, however, his first major awards; in 1993 Glen was chosen to be Patron of the Alpine Club of Canada/ACMG Mountain Guides Ball, and in 1996 he was made an ACC Honorary Member. In 2006, the American Alpine Club recognized his immense contribution to North American mountaineering with honorary membership. He's also an Honorary Member of the Calgary Mountain Club. In 2005, Glen was awarded the Canadian Rockies mountain community's signature Bill March Summit of Excellence Award. And, that same year he began a four-year term as Honorary President of the ACC.

After being diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2008, Glen's doctor advised him to hang up his skis in 2011. Skiing, he admitted, he really missed.

But, he added, pointing to one of his photos, he'd been very lucky.

Over the course of forty-seven years, Glen climbed nearly 600 mountains, establishing new routes and making first ascents as late as 1998, when he climbed the west summit of Mount Catacombs with Mike Simpson, Leon Kubbernus, Jim Fosti, Lyn Michaud, Walt Davis and Harold Kuesnig.

Two years earlier, with Simpson, Kubbernus, Fosti and Gordon Scruggs, he'd made another first ascent of 3,051-metre Mount Peleg, at the north head of Baker Creek, south of Valemount, BC. It was one of several first ascents of unnamed peaks the Grizzly Group members made that week. Of course, they christened Peleg with that name.

"There's a lot of good peaks in there that are not even touched," Glen said as he pointed to one of his photos. "Peleg was the biggest peak in the area. Nice looking peaks, huh?"

Glen and Liz attended the American Alpine Club's meetings in Seattle, Washington in 1983, where he was invited to show his artwork.



In the 2000 summer he climbed fourteen mountains, including three above 2,700 metres in the Remillards in a single day from a camp in Windy Creek with Leon Kubbernus, Jim Fosti and Harold Kuesnig. Two weeks later, with a helicopter ferrying them from CMH's Adamant Lodge into remote corners of the same range, he climbed five peaks in three days, including 2,882-metre Mount Remillard with ACMG guide Bernie Wiatzka.

"I had a good week, I climbed every day," Glen recalled with a wide grin.

The following summer, again from CMH Adamants Lodge, he climbed the landmark 3,015-metre Downie Peak with IFMGA Mountain Guide Eric Unterberger and assistant hiking guide Lyle Grisedale, one of a dozen peaks that summer. His last climb was an unnamed 2,820-metre peak in the Lyells in 2004, with ACMG Mountain Guide Roger Laurilla and several companions.

While his health curtailed his climbing, Glen remained grateful for a life filled with the blessings

Glen always enjoyed the climb, but being on the summit was very special. To take in the 360-degree views of all the peaks and valleys was well worth the effort it took to get to the top.

A special climb with Glen would be Mount Robson via the Kain Face. On our way down, Glen and I were the last to start down the Kain Face. Just as we started down the Face, a large chunk of "The Bulge" broke off and narrowly missed the climbers who were near the bottom of the Face. Glen and I were back on the col in record time. When the climbers below us were safely off the Face, Glen and I carefully belayed ourselves to the bottom where we rejoined the rest of our group.

I will always remember the great times with Glen climbing, skiing and camping and enjoying being in the backcountry of our wonderful mountains.

—Leon Kubbernus

of great adventures, steadfast friends and the deep and boundless love shared between him and Liz.

Nevertheless, there remained a handful of big ones that eluded him.

Of the Rockies' 11,000ers, despite multiple attempts, he never did succeed in standing on the summits of Lyell 4, Whitehorn Mountain, Twins Tower, West Twin, Mount Goodsir's Centre Peak or Mount Alberta. In the Selkirks, he missed out on the prized classic, Mount Sir Donald's knife-edge northwest ridge.

"The Rockies' 11,000ers—I'm six short. I wanted to climb in new areas, so I didn't get those," he said. "Alberta I really wanted to climb. I spent two weeks in the Alberta area once, but had bad weather. I had a chance to go once with Karl Nagy, and I already had planned to go climbing with somebody else. Then Rick Collier phoned me one time, wanted me to go, but the next day I had planned to go into Farnham Creek. We did Hammond, Karnack and Jumbo. But I sure kicked myself. And I climbed all the 11,000ers over in the Interior ranges but one—Hasler [the highest of Mount Dawson's three summits]. Tried it five times, weather was again the spoiler."

On all the walls of their immaculately tidy, tastefully decorated home hang a priceless gallery of Glen's photos, paintings, drawings, comprising a shrine to the high alpine—tiered rock buttresses, fractured glaciers and wildflower meadows. Downstairs in their den, an entire wall is covered with a collage of framed awards and certificates, not only in Glen's name from the City of Calgary and other groups and institutions, but also honouring Liz and her generous contributions as a volunteer and valued employee of Delta Air Lines.

Throughout their home, Glen's artwork instills an ambiance of peace, accomplishment and gratitude.

Glen proudly wears his heart on his walls, but clearly, Liz holds the greatest meaning of all.

As advancing years and the frailties of the human body tempered his outdoor activities, in 2014 Glen was gracious, content to be able to continue painting and drawing.

"I've had a great life, especially with great partners to climb with—Heinz Kahl, Brian Greenwood, Bob Geber, Al Cole, Don Forest, Gordon Scruggs, Mike Simpson, Leon Kubbernus, Lyn Michaud, Jim Fosti and Walt Davis—never a mean word and still the best of friends," Glen said.

"There are so many more mountain friends I skied, hiked and climbed with and that were great companions through the years. I sure met a lot of nice people along the way. I've had a great life."

Glen entertained parents and children at a Western Airlines children's Christmas party in 1982.



A smile like a million dollars

“I used to see her every day, downtown. She was always with this gal I knew, but they’d never stop and talk, they’d just say ‘hello,’” Glen said. “Finally this one day I was skiing at Lake Louise, and we were putting our boots on and getting ready to go from the old upper terminal of the gondola. I asked her if she was going to Temple, and I said ya, I’m going over there too, maybe we can make a few runs together. But I never saw her again. I was with a guy, Bob Palmer, and his wife, I had gone to Lake Louise with them. And I said I’m going to catch her in the parking lot, see if I can get a date.”

So Glen and Bob took off, leaving his wife behind. “She was mad as a hornet!” Glen recalled. They skied the ski-out as fast as they could to try and catch up with Liz.

“I caught her in the parking lot and got a date,” Glen said with a smile.



Glen and Liz enjoy the slopes at Dorfgastein, Austria, 1981.

Elizabeth Hansma was born in Boelenslaan, in the Friesland province of Holland. In September, 1954 she moved to Canada with her parents, Kay and John, and her little sister, Bonnie, who at just four year old was eight years Liz's junior. Another sister, Janine, was born in Calgary, where the family settled. With seventeen years between her and Janine, childcare duties often fell to Liz, as was the norm with European families.

In Holland, John ran a grocery store and fish shop. In Calgary he found his way into the construction industry. Arriving in Calgary as a teen not speaking any English presented a challenge for Liz. Fortunately, her school principal noticed her difficulties and devoted himself to teaching her English for an hour every day after school. Looking back, Liz admits the challenge helped to make her stronger.

After graduating high school, Liz attended business school for two years. Her first jobs were as a dentist's office administrator, and as office manager for Holland Life Insurance. She passed her shorthand test—a fundamental measure of an office worker's value in that era—at 130 words per minute. For a while in the evenings she taught a blind man how to type so he could get a job.

Liz was working at Great West Life in the steno pool—a standard fixture of most companies in the 1960s—when she met Glen. A petite woman, she remembers buying her work outfits at a shop called Career Girl. As her paycheques increased, she had her outfits tailor-made, complete with matching hats and gloves.

“And I loved it!” Liz exclaimed. She especially enjoyed dressing up for banquets she and Glen attended through his job with the City. In 2014, after forty-nine years of marriage, Liz had lost none of her stylish sparkle.

When they were first dating, Glen, too, showed his style vis-à-vis his white Ford convertible, complete with fender skirts and a built-in 45 record player.

“It was a lovely car,” Liz said, not that that mattered much to her, she was far too discerning.

For her part, Liz remembers walking on 8th Avenue with a friend the first time she was introduced to Glen, but doesn't remember seeing him again until that day at Lake Louise.

She was skiing with “another fellow,” who, she



Glen and Liz (left) enjoy the company of their friends Bill and Kitty Putnam at the ACC/ACMG 2008 Mountain Guides Ball. Photo by Roger Laurilla

quickly added, she “wasn't keen on.”

For their first date, they went to see a recent release, *Lawrence of Arabia*. The first time they went hiking together, they trekked up to Sentinel Pass from Banff's Moraine Lake on the July 1 long weekend. Once up there, they encountered a worker from the Chateau Lake Louise who had ridden a horse to the pass with the intention of descending the north side down to Paradise Valley. Glen advised the woman not to even consider it, since the massive boulder field on that side was still buried in snow, and the horse would certainly break his legs. Having grown up with her own horse in Holland, Liz knew exactly what to do. She grabbed the horse's tail while Glen seized the reins, and they coaxed the horse to sit on his haunches, then slid him back down the snow on the south side of the pass.



Glen's first car was a stylish 1953 Ford.

After being together for two years, they became engaged at Christmas time, and married seven months later on July 24, 1965 at Rosedale United Church in Calgary on a beautiful summer day. They honeymooned in BC's Okanagan region, in Vancouver and on Salt Spring Island.

Capable and industrious, Liz was devoted to Glen, as he to her. Early in their marriage, she worked two jobs, one at night, so Glen could travel to Europe in 1970. While Glen spent much of his summers running up and down mountains, in the autumn he'd hike with Liz, and in the winters they skied together. From 1980 to 1998 they made annual trips to the Alps, missing just a couple of years. Most years they visited Austria, but twice they skied in St. Moritz, twice they visited Grindewald, in Switzerland.

One year they arrived in the Austrian ski haven of Saalbach to find there was barely any snow. That night the snowflakes began to fall; by the time they left for home, the lamp standards in the parking lot were barely visible.

"We were there six days, the powder was unbelievable," Glen said.

On some trips, Glen couldn't resist climbing a local peak; one year he disembarked from the top of the ski lift at Sportgastein and made a solo ascent of Kreuzkogel, 2,686 metres.



Liz and Glen cut up the dance floor in style in Kitzbuhel, Austria, 1981.

In 1991, Liz and Glen travelled to Alaska. They flew to Fairbanks, then rode by train to Denali National Park and Preserve where they joined a wildlife tour and saw grizzlies and caribou and Dall sheep. They also had fun on a whitewater rafting trip. Next up was a showcase nine-hour cruise off the Kenai Peninsula.

"We saw sea otters right next to the boat, and we saw two whales," Glen recalled. "Then we went into a glacier, I think it was called the Columbia. The day before nothing had fallen off it, the guy told us. When we moved in it just started to come down. We had to actually pull out because of the swells. The boat took fifty people. We saw lots of eagles, mountain goats, seals, puffins—it was wonderful. You could stand out on the bow of the boat and get really close to things."

They rode the train back to Anchorage, where they spent a few days at a bed and breakfast.

"When we first went up there, we flew to Anchorage. We were going to fly to Fairbanks, and when we flew out of Anchorage I said to Liz, boy the weather's terrible, we'll never see McKinley. All of a sudden the clouds parted and there was that big face, the one that Hans Gmoser climbed, the Wickersham Wall, it was right there. And Foraker. Unbelievable. We just hit it right, because it just opened up. And on the flight to Anchorage we did see Fairweather."

Did Glen think he might like to climb those mountains?

"Oh ya..."

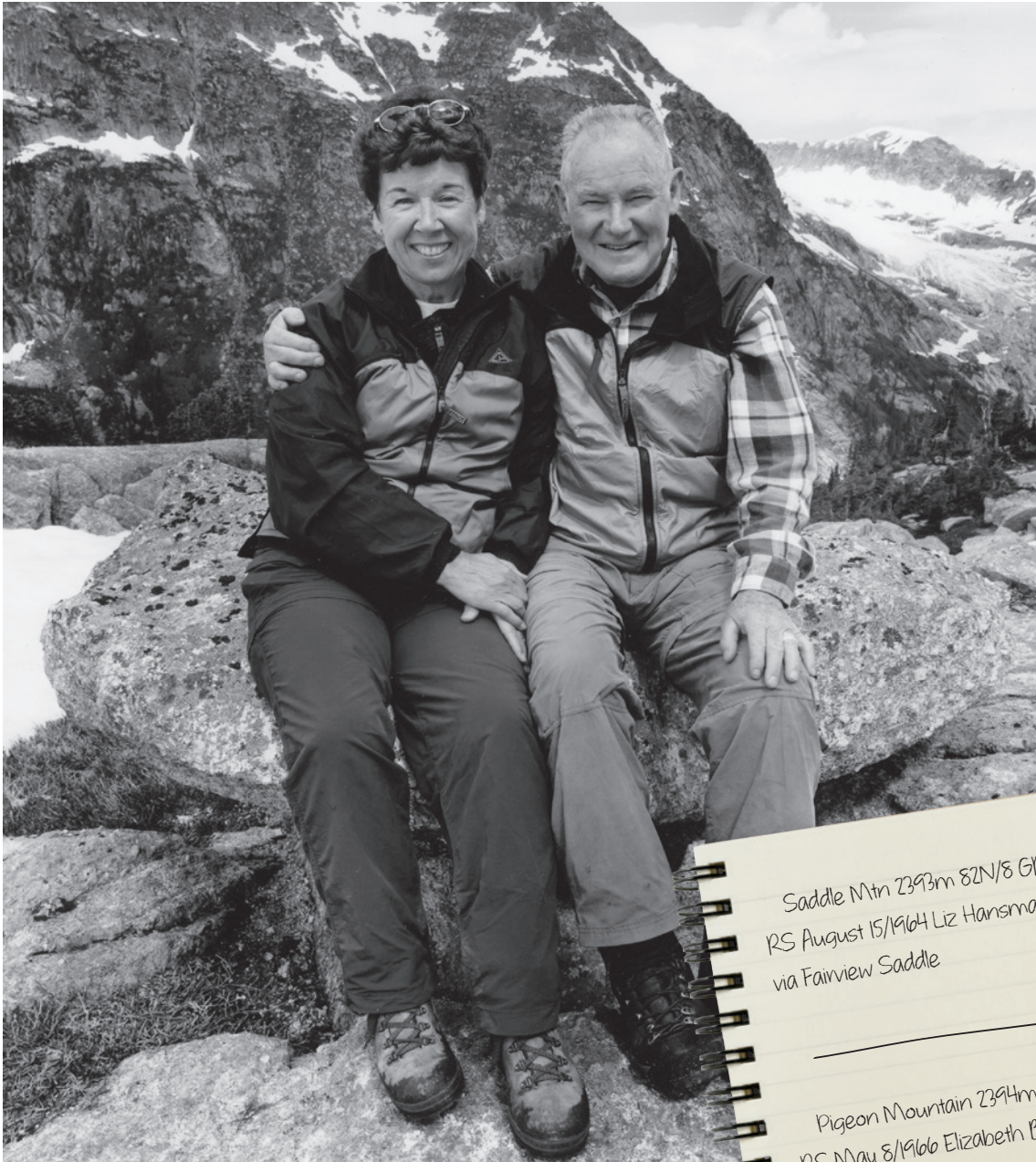
The trip was a highlight for both of them.

And what attracted Liz to Glen in the first place? The answer will come as no surprise to anyone who knows him.

"Glen was always well-mannered," Liz said. "That, to me, was very important. Polite. Glen had compassion for women in a way that a lot of men don't. He was always neatly dressed. And he enjoyed life; he enjoyed every day, and as we were dating I saw more and more of that. I learned a lot from him that way. Those were qualities I was really looking for."

What did Glen like about Liz?

"The first time I took her out for dinner, she cleaned her plate," he said. That pleased him. He told her that he never asked a woman for a second date if she left food on her plate. Such was a common sentiment of people who grew up



Liz and Glen share a day in the mountains at Battle Abbey. Photo by Roger Laurilla

during the deprivation of the Second World War, exhibiting respect and gratitude for the smallest of blessings. Another really important thing Glen liked was that Liz enjoyed being outdoors. She skied and hiked, and that mattered to him.

Also, it mattered that she was natural, comfortable being herself.

"She didn't put on [airs] like some women," Glen said. "She had a smile like a million dollars. And she was easy to get along with."

Half a century later their love, admiration and devotion to each other still lit up a room like Liz's million dollar smile.

Saddle Mtn 2393m 82N/8 GR 552936 Lake Louise
RS August 15/1964 Liz Hansma & myself. To the top
via Fairview Saddle

Pigeon Mountain 2394m, 82O/4 GR 258545 Bow,
RS May 8/1966 Elizabeth Boles & myself

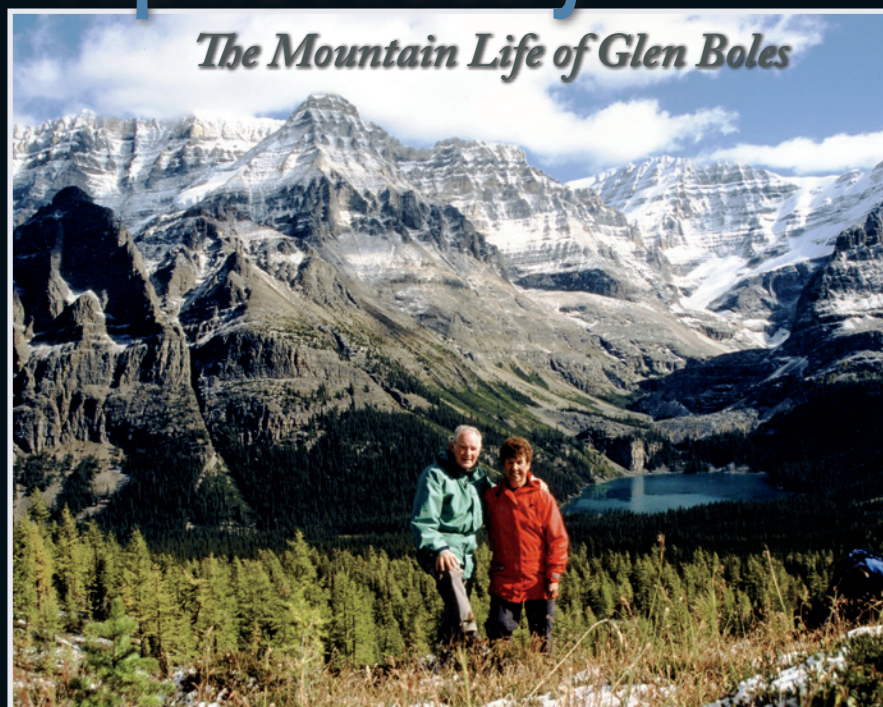
AT 25 Mt Noyes 3084m 82N/15 GR 313413
Murchison, RS June 26/1966 Elizabeth Boles &
myself

We hiked up thru the timber then open slopes,
then we climbed two rope lengths on the W face,
but there was so much snow we gave up



Mount Hungabee, pen and ink drawing

Alpine Artistry



In the course of pursuing his passion for wild, remote places in western Canada's mountains, Glen Boles stood on close to 600 summits, took tens of thousands of photographs, made numerous first ascents and even helped name a few peaks.

As a member of the fabled Grizzly Group, Glen shared a rich and special camaraderie with his climbing companions. As a valued City of Calgary Waterworks Department employee, enthusiastic volunteer with the Calgary Mountain Rescue group, the Lake Louise Ski Friends and as a generous board member with the Cochrane and Community Foundation, Glen unselfishly gave his time, his talents and his good-natured company.

An artist who expresses his love and passion for the mountain world through his exquisite pen and ink drawings and acrylic paintings, Glen Boles shares the magic of the alpine in a generous and heartfelt way.

Climber, volunteer, artist, steadfast companion and worthy recipient of numerous awards and honours, Glen Boles exemplifies a life lived in true alpine artistry.

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