

GARIBALDI PARK :

The New Canadian Playground in British Columbia

By Rev. A. H. Sovereign, M.A., B.D., Member of Alpine Club of Canada.

"By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o'er
me,
By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch before
me,
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in
motion,
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean.
(Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges
the eyes!)

Lead me out of the narrow life, to the peace of the hills
and the skies."

—Henry Van Dyke.

It is usually considered "good form" in democratic countries to malign the Government in power. May I, on this occasion, be permitted to break this rule and praise the Government in power. In the October number of the B.C. Monthly (1919) there was published an article on "Glorious Garibaldi," containing a plea that the legislative authorities set aside the three hundred square miles at the head of Howe Sound as a Provincial Mountain Park. The early months of 1921 have seen the realization of this dream of many years, and now Garibaldi Park stands as the new Provincial Playground for B.C., for Canada, and the world. By an Order-in-Council, authoritatively approved and gazetted, all of the land having a greater elevation than 3,000 feet above sea-level, bounded by the Mamquam and Pitt rivers, and by the main stream and east branch of the Cheakemous has been set aside as a Provincial Park.

As many nature-lovers in Western Canada and Washington are planning to visit the Park during the summer of 1922, a few directions and suggestions may be of assistance. Perhaps also, others may be led to spend a week or two in these ideal surroundings and know and love "the peace of the hills and the skies." Let us then follow an outing party as they journey.

In the first week in August, a party of ten, including the writer, Messrs. I. Miller, Don McKay, Stanley Wright, C. Hodgkiss, H. O. Frind, Orchard Bayliss, G. Bullen and Miss R. Parker and Miss P. Van Horne, prepared to spend a week or ten days in the new Park coveting the honor of being the first large party to enter the Park after its designation. Much care and time were given to the preparations, especially when it was found that no pack horses would be available. When the "packs" were made up, it was found that each man would have to carry from sixty to seventy pounds each and the ladies thirty pounds each. The outfit included four tents, provisions for ten persons for ten days, cooking utensils, two climbing ropes, ice axes, medical kit, extra clothing, blankets and sleeping bags, cameras and photographic supplies and all of the many extras so necessary for such a journey. The climbing boots, properly fitted with Swiss edge-nails weighed over six pounds per pair. On a bright morning in August, the members of the party gathered at the Union S.S. Co. wharf, ready for the journey, and soon the good steamer was on its way—out of the Harbor, through the Narrows, and along the rocky shore leading to Point Atkinson, entering Howe Sound. The morning mists were slowly lifting from the Britannia Range and soon the stately peaks of Hanover, Brunswick and the Lions stood out clearly against the cloudy skies. Four hours brought us to the head of the Sound

at Squamish, a delightful journey in itself, not suffering in comparison with the fiords of Norway. In the distance could be seen the majestic dome of Garibaldi, wreathed in fleecy clouds, and we naturally felt that we were quite near the object of our journey. The transfer from boat to train was made without undue haste and soon the mountaineers were piled with their cumbersome packs in the aisles of two coaches already filled to overflowing. But everyone was happy, and even the other passengers were not too critical, especially when they learned that we were only going a short distance by rail. The train had not proceeded very far before we came to an abrupt stop and the conductor and brakeman suddenly disappeared from the coaches, but we soon discovered that they were only trying to persuade some cows that the locomotive had the right of way. However, we were quickly under way, hoping that no cattle would again cause a halt, at least not the same ones. A Provincial fire warden made his way through the baggage and very courteously warned us concerning the danger from our camp fires. The Cheakemous Canyon was soon reached and the passengers were all greatly interested in watching the wild stream with its green waters leaping from cliffs to boiling basins on its way to the sea. To the west, the snow-clad peaks of the Tantalus Range gave the traveler his first impression of the grandeur of the region he was entering, while to the east, the brown and yellow strata of the Barrier told us we were nearing Daisy Lake station, the end of our train journey. The passengers did not show any signs of grief at our departure, but watched us with inquisitive wonder as we made our way over the swaying foot-bridge, inwardly asking themselves why any civilized human beings could be so foolish as to hope to gain pleasure by climbing mountains with such packs on their backs. At Garibaldi Lodge, we were royally welcomed by its genial host, Mr. T. Nye, who kindly told us of the condition of the trail. Here our pack straps were carefully adjusted and we made ready for the trail.

A trail has a strange fascination for a lover of hills. It speaks with a language all its own, and calls with a voice which only a few can hear. Away from the paved and noisy streets, away from the envy and greed and pride of the crowded ways, the climber finds rest in the lure of the winding trail. The birds sing by his pathway; the little squirrel greets him and welcomes him to its home. Each turn unfolds a new vista and each plateau a new scene.

But soon this trail brings us to a vast amphitheatre among the hills, with the wide channel of Stoney Creek lying before us. No one doubts the fitting character of the name. Almost as far as the climber can see, there is nothing but round boulders and we slowly and laboriously journey over them. But our watches and "inside information" tell us it is six o'clock, and "the chief" tells us we will camp here for the night. Quickly, the heavy packs are thrown down and the climber feels as if he were walking in mid-air. The big two-gallon "Billy-can" is filled with water from the stream, a fire is kindled, and the evening meal is speedily prepared. And now we have more time to look around us. At the head of Stoney Creek Valley we quickly single out the Barrier as the most interesting feature of our surroundings. As the search-light