



## NEWS OF THE WASHINGTON ROCK CLIMBERS

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A STUDY IN WHITE  
By Betty Kauffman

The general circumstances of our trip to the Cariboo Range in British Columbia have been pretty well outlined by Arnold Wexler in the September 7 UP ROPE. Our division--Kauffmans, Karchers, and Jane Showacre--attained objectives only slightly different from the Wexler party. Our activities were confined to three weeks.

Through the mist and raindrops we sensed rather than viewed this country. Its greatness lies in the total impact of impressions received rather than in individual beauty spots. A long, winding creek valley lead us away from the last little settlement, through typical thick British Columbia forest, fortunately made easier by an intermittent horse trail, to the tongue of the Tete Glacier. On the second day we left forests behind.

There is, in the Cariboo Range, an immeasurable quantity of snow and ice. One cannot comprehend it with a look. It must be experienced in miles of steady trudging and new views of still more white and grey. Our first campsite looked across the Tete Glacier to huge walls of ice, forming an amphitheater as you look to the head of the valley. As with the snow, one became used to looking at it, but still couldn't realize its extent. To mention a few of the névés, the one above the ice-falls was selected for the plane drop. We had plenty of time to become acquainted with that one while anxiously awaiting the plane. Sterling Hendrick's group made several climbs around its rim. The Karchers later covered most of the others. To the east another huge snow basin was surrounded by some interesting little climbs. All of us made expeditions over there from time to time.

So far I have given second place to actual peaks because the phenomenon of so much snow and ice seemed to me much greater. The Karchers camped in the eastern snow basin, added several peaks to their credit, and faced rugged conditions. Their primus stove didn't work; they came down to thaw out, then went back up to the chilliness.

Andy, Jane and I joined the men at a high meadow camp in the next valley. There, through fog, we glimpsed the greatest of the Cariboo Peaks rising steeply from close by. Our ascent of the high-