



# The B. C. Mountaineer

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Founded 1907. :: Incorporated 1912.

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### GOAT MOUNTAIN TRIP

The first trip of the winter schedule, Goat Mountain and Goat Ridge, November 3-4, under the leadership of Mr. H. O'Connor, was favored with perfect weather for the climb, although the Saturday afternoon was wet. Fourteen persons made the trip, which included a return by Goat Lake. So excellent was the visibility that Mt. Rainier, 170 miles away, was discernible all afternoon.

### U. B. C. OUTDOOR CLUB

The University Outdoor Club recently made a start on a cabin to replace the one destroyed last winter by fire, but it seems unlikely that an effort will be made to push the new structure to completion this winter.

### LECTURE ON FIRST ASCENTS IN ROCKIES

Under the auspices of the Vancouver Institute a free illustrated lecture will be given by Sir James Outram, on November

22nd, in the physics building of the University. Sir James Outram made the first ascent of Mt. Assiniboine, and explored a considerable area of the Rockies. It is through the efforts of the Vancouver Section of the Alpine Club that he is giving the lecture.

It might not be out of place to express the wish that next winter the B. C. M. C. will find a place on the programme of the Vancouver Institute.

### ANNUAL DINNER

For the benefit of members unable to be present at the dinner commemorating the Sixteenth Anniversary of the founding of the Club, the following brief account is given.

Ninety-eight members and guests sat down to dinner in Spencer's dining-room; the meal proving of a more substantial character than is often the case at such affairs. The guests present were Acting-Mayor Owen, representing the city; Mr. W. C. Shelly, of the Parks' Board; President Klink, of the University; Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Spencer; and Mr. H. J. Graves, Chairman of the local section of the Alpine Club. Lieut.-Col. W. W. Foster, President of the Alpine Club was unable to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hazard, of the Seattle Mountaineers, expressed their regret at being forced to decline the invitation.

Mr. L. C. Ford, President of the Club, was chairman and read a letter from Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Long, Mr. L. Holdsworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Heaney, and Mr. F. M. Robinson, expressing their interest in the Club, and particularly stressing the interest with which they read *The Mountaineer*.

A three-piece orchestra entertained the Company during the dinner and played the national anthem when the Chairman proposed the health of the King; the whole Company joining in.

The toast to "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. W. E. Martin, and responded to by Alderman Owen. The toast to "Our Sister Clubs" was proposed by Mr. Neal M. Carter, and responded to by Mr. H. J. Graves. This was followed by new lantern slides depicting scenes around Lake O'Hara in the Rockies; in the vicinity of Fitzsimmons Creek; up Rainy River; the "Lucky Four"

Mountains; and a few local scenes, the pictures being explained by Director Tom Fyles, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Munday. Mrs. A. R. McCallum sang two solos in the interval between the toasts and the lantern lecture.

The committee handling arrangements for the dinner consisted of Mr. L. C. Ford, Mr. R. E. Knight, Mr. N. M. Carter, Mr. H. O'Connor, and Miss D. C. R. Elliott. The reception committee also included Mrs. W. E. Martin and Mrs. Don Munday.

### THE NEXT TRIP

Dec. 1-2.—Dome Mountain, from the Club Cabin. Director Tom Fyles will be in charge.

This is a justly popular winter trip, but has not proven highly successful as a one-day trip from the city, therefore, it has been made a week-end trip this time. As it is not necessary to make a very early start from the Cabin, members unable to get away Saturday night might be able to leave early enough to overtake the party by going up the main Grouse Mountain trail.

\* \* \*

Abbot Pass should be spelled with one "t," being named after Phillip Abbot, who was killed on Mt. Lefroy. Mt. Abbott at Glacier, B. C., is named after a C. P. R. man.

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How many Club members have noticed the inspiring sign erected by the B. C. Electric Railway at their Granville Street station? "*Vancouver's Call: Give Me Men to Match My Mountains.*"

### BELATED DISCOVERIES UP LYNN CREEK

Climbers read recently with tolerant amusement the claims of Mr. W. M. L. Draycott, of North Vancouver, to being the discoverer of many things which he imagined to be mysteries in connection with the sources of North Vancouver's water supply. Chief among his discoveries was a "glacier" in the gully on the east end of Goat Ridge. However, he seems to have derived immense pleasure out of his trips, and so far as he and his companions were concerned their efforts partook of original exploration, and

it might be unkind to remind him that all the ground he covered has been traversed repeatedly by Club members and other climbers for many years. It is interesting to learn that among his discoveries was the fact that no lake exists at the head of the East Fork of Lynn Creek!

Perhaps the B. C. M. C. might profitably engage in a little more publicity with regard to the topographical features of the local mountains, if Mr. Draycott's previous impressions are a fair sample of what the public believes.

### FITZSIMMONS CREEK MOUNTAINS

By CHAS. T. TOWNSEND

We left Rainbow Lodge at 11 a.m. and found the trail up Fitzsimmons Creek was excellent to travel on, and, but for some exciting moments with wasps' nests, we had an enjoyable day's journey to the cabin on the meadows below Avalanche Pass. The two miners we found to be not at home, so we made ourselves comfortable in their absence.

The next day we spent in climbing Mt. Overlord, which had been climbed for the first time by Mr. and Mrs. Munday a few months earlier. They had much more snow for their climb, and were able to go up the Fitzsimmons Glacier from the base of Red Mountain. Owing to the opened up condition of the ice, however, we thought it better to keep to the rocks as much as possible. To avoid the glacier we climbed the east peak of Red Mountain, which connects with Mt. Overlord by a narrow ridge, composed of a series of sharp pinnacles. The rocks were so rotten on this ridge that we called the largest pinnacle "Refuse Pinnacle," on account of the trouble it gave us in circumnavigating it. Once round this, we got on to the neve of a small glacier, and a short walk took us to the summit of Mt. Overlord.

Once again we were blessed with a very clear day, and we secured an excellent panorama of the Garibaldi district and the Pitt River mountains. The large Cheakamus Glacier with its huge ice-fall showed up particularly well, and in the distance we could see Mt. Cathedral, of the local mountains, and Mt. Baker in the far distance.

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Some of the peaks to the east of Mt. Overlord looked as though they might give us some good climbs, one in particular, not far from where we were, looking very inviting. We had no more time that day though, so we went back to the cabin. On our way back we found it easier to go over the top of Refuse Pinnacle, and to drop down to the glacier at the foot of it. We crossed the neve of this to Red Mountain, where we picked up our tracks of the morning.

Our sleep that night, and every night we spent at the cabin, was seriously disturbed by a couple of large pack rats and a number of mice, which kept up an incessant clatter among the pots and pans, and knocked over everything moveable. The last night we were there it turned much colder, and the pack rats carried a large portion of our firewood from behind the stove to the floor under our bunk, where they were evidently trying to make a nest.

On Monday, September 17th, we made a half-day trip to Mt. Whistler. The top is a series of mounds, and it takes some time to find out which is the highest. From the highest point we had a fine view of Rainbow Valley, and the Garibaldi district tempted us to photograph it again. Mt. Whistler is said to be 7,200 feet in height, but it did not seem to us to be any higher than Helmet Peak, 6,800 feet.

The next day we set out to climb the peak we had seen from the top of Mt. Overlord. We followed our old tracks over Fitzsimmons Glacier and Refuse Pinnacle until we came to the glacier just below the peak of Mt. Overlord. We crossed this in an easterly direction until we came to some pinnacles on a ridge running east from the peak we had just left. The weather up to now had been growing more and more threatening and cold, and at this point the clouds descended on us like a thick fog, accompanied by a high, cold wind, which, however, did not disperse them.

We followed the rocks downward towards our objective, of which we occasionally

caught a glimpse, and we soon discovered that the only way we could climb it was to cross a knife-edge ridge of ice about 150 feet long, and then find a way up the rocks. Crossing the ice took us some time, as we had to cut steps, Neal breaking his ice-axe in the process. The rocks were loose, as usual, and we had an exciting climb to what we thought was the top. We were mistaken, however, for the top was about fifty feet away and about ten feet higher. The only way to it was along a very sharp knife-edge, which we had some trouble in negotiating. Once on top we hurriedly built a cairn, and retraced our steps as soon as possible, for it was bitterly cold. The peak we named Mt. Diavolo, owing to its character and the weather conditions under which we climbed it. Its height we estimated to be about 7,700 feet.

The next day it began to snow, keeping up until we left the day after, by which time there was about two inches of snow on the ground.

#### CLUB TRIP TO THE SAWTEETH

By ERIC FULLER

Seven ambitious members left Vancouver Saturday afternoon, at 1.30 p.m., upon our old friend the "Leader," en-route to Britannia. As we progressed up Howe Sound we sat at the back of the launch admiring the mountains as they came into view. The Lions looked very wild and rugged with a slight sprinkle of snow on the summits. Mt. Brunswick, although higher did not have so much snow on it; the Pinnacle's "Pup," on Brunswick Pinnacle, brought back memories of an interesting climb last spring. On the west coast of the Sound the Rainy River peaks stood out to advantage. Setting closer to Britannia, Tantalus Head, the Black Tusk, and finally Mt. Garibaldi came into view.

Britannia was reached at 6 o'clock, and we were met by Mr. Smith, who always takes a great interest in our trips. He gave us the welcome news that our packs had

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been taken up to the Tunnel Camp, altitude, 2,000 feet. Leaving the beach immediately, we reached our packs at 7.30 p.m., finally reaching Utopia Lake, 4,100 feet, by 10 o'clock. On the way up we called on the man who looks after the Britannia Mining Company's dams. After talking with him at the door, he asked if we were going to wait for the rest of our party. We discovered afterwards that someone had heard us go through the town and 'phoned to him, saying that there were fifteen in the party, including two ladies.

We turned in immediately on arriving at Utopia Lake, praying for fine weather on the morrow.

Sunday dawned bright and cold, but while eating breakfast clouds could be seen blowing across the peaks at a terrific rate. Taking warning from this we packed up all the clothing we had with us, including wool helmets, mitts and sweaters. With these, and optimistically carrying cameras and snow glasses we started out.

A stiff climb took us to the top of a steep rocky gully 1,500 feet above the lake. Here we had hopes of examining the rocks on Skypilot, and attempting a climb from a different side than the usual route, but the driving clouds obscured everything, making it necessary to follow the usual route, namely, crossing the extensive scree

slope; after surmounting this a short ing a steep gully to a narrow pass overlooking the Stadium Glacier. From the head of the glacier the way led over snow-covered ledges to the foot of a steep snow slope; after surmounting this a short scramble over the final rocks of the peak brought us to the top. Altitude about 7,000 feet.

After a hurried lunch we retraced our steps, the steep slope which we had just left seemed to have grown several degrees steeper and some care was necessary in negotiating it. The snow and ice on the ledges above the glacier were also traversed carefully. From the pass, however, good speed was made down the steep, snow-covered scree. At the top of the rock gully, three of the party left us and travelled along the ridge directly above Utopia Lake. Snow began to fall and the mist showed no signs of blowing off, therefore, the rest of us returned to the cabin and soon had a roaring fire going.

Members of the Club are to be congratulated in having a friend such as Mr. F. Smith, at Britannia, and we wish to thank him for looking after us last week-end. N. B.—The seven were: Harold O'Connor, Dudley Foster, "Bev." Cayley, Seymour Gruchy, "Haze" Nunn, F. Smith, and the writer.

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