



The B. C. Mountaineer

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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THE SUMMER CAMP

Camp is over for another year. The last hectic days of preparation, the strenuous climbs, the swims in Mimulus Lake and the pleasant afternoons spent under a dripping tent are now but memories save for the photographic reminders. And it was a most successful camp—from a standpoint of both climbing and purpose.

It will be remembered by those of us who were unable to go, that the camp this year had a definite object in advertising the beauties of Garibaldi Park to the appreciative public, which was invited to attend on the same standing as Club members. We wanted boosters to return from the Black Tusk Meadows and talk about the scenery and the glaciers, the lakes and the flowers, until every lover of outdoors in Vancouver would want to go and see the place for themselves; thereby awakening sufficient interest on the part of the Government to cause the development of transportation and accommodation according to modern standards.

At first, the committee was swamped with names of applicants, many of which were handed over to the Bell-Irving camp with the idea of limiting our own to more or less representative personages. Then followed days of despair when unavoidable dropping-out was followed by a paucity of registration of our own members, and Camp looked like a flop. However, the usual "last-minuters" turned up from all over, and finally almost a hundred paid-up names were on the list. The Editor, although on the Camp committee himself, probably did less work than anyone else, and therefore does not feel his modesty too keenly to withhold a few words of credit for that body responsible for the great mass of detailed work behind the scenes.

Tom Fyles, originator of the idea, did a lion's share as usual, by practically organizing the camp and acting on committees too numerous to mention. The planning of schedules alone was a tremendous task. "Reg" Knight must have sat up nights at his typewriter to handle the immense amount of correspondence re packers, freight, food, applications, trail mending, etc., etc. The holiday obtained from his meagre two or three days at Camp was all out of proportion to the amount of work done by Mr. Knight for the Camp, and if anyone deserves the gold-plated edge-nail, it is he. "Bev" Cayley, the Camp treasurer, undertook the task of classifying and collecting the dues from one hundred people going in for all periods of time. The expenses of supplies, equipment, freight, packing, etc., had to be carefully checked, and the responsibility of handling several thousand dollars to stand auditing was no sinecure. In fact, everyone agrees Bev worked too hard for his health. W. E. Martin was the official "go-seer." Any time the P. G. E. or anything else proved intractable, it was Bill's job to go and see what could be done. As business manager, his stand-in with everyone in town proved invaluable. Rev. A. H. Sovereign, a most busy person always, found time to organize the excellent camp-fire programmes, had a hand in the song book, and discovered the popular young lads who helped around Camp. John Speer earned his title of Quartermaster by securing the supplies

after much figuring and obtaining of quotations. The cooks were also under his charge; and although very quiet about it, John did a lot.

The details of the happenings at Camp are too numerous to relate in full, but a few of the outstanding features should be chronicled here for the interest of those who could not attend, as well as to serve as a record of the Camp.

The site and fixtures of the preceding Bell-Irving camp were taken over as they stood; Tom Fyles going in a few days in advance to superintend the enlargements to the dining fly and other matters made imperative by our larger numbers. In this work, he was assisted by Mr. Percy Lockie. A small group of Club members and a few friends came in on the evening of Saturday, August 7th, to assist in erecting the extra Club tents and some of the private tents the next day in readiness for the weary travellers expected any time after 7 p.m. Sunday evening. Mr. Sovereign and several of the members went down to the first meadows to succor the faint with hot tea; as a result, everyone got in camp that evening despite arrangements having been made for accommodating some half-way up the trail. Of course, some stayed very wisely at Daisy Lake for the night, to make the grade in easy stages by daylight Monday, swelling the number in Camp to seventy-seven.

Climbs started almost immediately with a trip to Castle Towers, Helmet and Panorama Ridge. The weather was glorious except for the pall of smoke which blotted out everything but the nearer peaks after Monday afternoon. Camp was pitched beside Parnassus Creek on a site chosen by the former camp to give a lovely view of the Tantalus Range across the Squamish and Cheakamus valleys, as well as a majority of the peaks at the far end of the Lake. In fact, Black Tusk and Castle Towers alone of the major peaks were invisible, since even the tip of Garibaldi could be discerned peeping over the shoulder of Red Mt.

The "Evinrude" engine proved a great boon by demonstrating its ability to push the "Hap Hazard" and tow the "Bill Wheatley" with fourteen souls and their

packs. Going down to Lakeside subsidiary camp became a pleasure rather than an ordeal as at former camps. That is, to all except Roy Howard. Roy more or less adopted the engine, whereupon the engine adopted Roy's goat. (Not to be confused with "goatee," a word originating in the early "Georgian" era.) During the trials of the wet second week, the engine, after a night's submergence in the waters of Drift Bay, developed ignition trouble and was just able to sputter home through a driving hailstorm with a load of damp people who had been at Lakeside Camp cooking in the rain for the best part of a week while waiting to climb Garibaldi. The "Evinrude" was had enough, but Roy was even ruder; he swore (!) off it for life, and nearly had a lawsuit with Bill Martin over alleged incendiarism.

While the good weather lasted, there were ever so many trips daily. Hikers in great numbers visited the Barrier, Panorama Ridge, Desolation Valley, where an especially fine ice-cave on the Helmet glacier was a great attraction, and the East and West Bluffs above Camp. Great credit is due to the trip leaders who gave up good climbs to pilot visitors on easier trips, Mr. Sovereign being particularly splendid in this work. Black Tusk was visited almost daily, and everyone that could possibly make it was urged to do so; Miss Alice Stark, school nurse of Westminster, probably being the proudest person in Camp at having reached its summit, while in the case of Garibaldi peak, we believe Mr. E. H. ("Daddy") Grubbe, of the Bank of Montreal, got more kick out of the attainment than anyone else. Miss Dorothy Bell-Irving liked Helmet, her first mountain peak, so well that she returned later to climb it the hard way, and we are sure that Phyllis Tweedale will always have a soft spot in her heart for the Sphinx.

The tongue of the Sphinx Glacier was visited by quite a few who made their first acquaintance with the moulins and what-not on its gentle snout. The hoodoos on Red Mt. proved attractive to many, while the complete circuit of the lower slopes of the Black Tusk was scheduled as a nice interesting "short" trip. The cinder cone between the two mouths of the Helmet

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glacier was studied by visitors interested in volcanic phenomena, as was the Barrier by those fortunate enough to have been on the trip with Dr. Burwash, who explained all about it on the field.

The visitors entered into all arrangements with the utmost enthusiasm, easily overlooking the trivial inconveniences bound to occur during two weeks under canvas. Witness the effort put into the "Avalanche Roar," the Camp chronicle edited by Mrs. E. M. Cuppage. Contributions poured in, and the reading of Vol. III. by the camp fire was a great success. A mock trial in which one George Wallis was justly arraigned on a charge of harboring two hire-sute appendages to wit: one moustache and one goatee, called forth the ablest legal defense in the country and provided the company with much amusement. A golf course at first instituted as a joke, was taken seriously and enlarged to nine holes with hazards and everything. The niblick, mashie and mid-iron were all incorporated in one serviceable curved tree stem, while "Spalding's Best" was a tennis ball sadly waterlogged. A deck tennis court led to very exciting championship eliminations.

On Sunday, Rev. A. H. Sovereign held a very appropriate service in the dining fly, during which he drew several analogies between the ascent of a mountain and the trend of one's lifetime. This was attended by practically everyone, as no official trips were scheduled for the day. Around the camp fire, entertainments were given by various talent, and short popular lectures on the geology of the region, glaciers, use of the alpine rope, and alpine photography proved very instructive. A most entertaining and informal talk was given in the form

of a series of reminiscences by Major H. T. Curtis on Allenby's entry of Jerusalem. As a fitting close to the pleasant gatherings, humorous souvenirs prepared and carried in by Mr. R. E. Knight were sold by auction on the last night, followed by much bouquet-throwing between visitors and Club members.

The Camp was fortunate in securing the services of a cook who has been to two preceding camps, and knows what we like by this time. As an exemplification of the avidity with which Mr. Harcastle's victuals were ingurgitated, Jo Spence, on arriving twenty-five seconds late at breakfast one morning, found the mush all gone and the last flapjack just being cut up on Roy Howard's plate.

Of the more serious climbing, we are pleased to record the first ascent by ladies of the notorious Table. Misses Edith Henley and Emmie Milledge made the top, led by Tom Fyles, its first conqueror. Mills Winram and others were prepared for the ascent, but owing to lateness of the hour, unselfishly gave up their opportunity and assisted the two ladies. As it was, Miss Henley and Tom Fyles had to descend in the darkness by the aid of a bonfire kindled on the ridge below. Miss Milledge was also the first lady to ascend the north pinnacle of the Black Tusk. The only first ascent of the Camp was made on August 12th, when Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Martin, Mrs. N. M. Carter, Mr. Neil Hossie and Prof. H. F. Angus, led by Neal M. Carter, left Lakeside Camp at 6:30 a.m., crossed the headwaters of the Pitt river beyond the Sentinel Glacier, and climbed the farthest peak of the Pitt range. The 7,800-foot summit, surrounded by glaciers, provided a thrill

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at the last moment by presenting a perpendicular chimney on the final rock climb. The summit is composed of three small slabs of granite, and accommodates about as many people as does that of Helmet. The peak was named "Luxor" by Mr. Hossie, because of two splendid Egyptian profiles seen during the approach. Leaving the summit at 4:15 p.m., the party raced against darkness around the battlements of the Sphinx neve, to be overtaken just before reaching the Sentinel Glacier. This was traversed to its mouth by the light of three candles and the remainder of the night spent without shelter or bedding on the terminal moraine, reaching Lakeside Camp next morning just 24 hours after leaving.

Scientific work accomplished during Camp consisted of the gathering of plants and seeds for Lady Byng by Messrs. Bennett and Barnes; the collection of several unique, if not new species of insects by Mr. G. A. Hardy of the Provincial Museum, Victoria; the identification of new animalcula from Garibaldi Lake and the glaciers by Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley of the Biological Station, Nanaimo; and a photo-topographic detail survey of the Park and surrounding ranges, together with standardized measurements for ice-retreat on the Helmet, Sentinel and Warren glaciers by Mr. Neal Carter. The weather during the first week was too smoky for survey work and the rain during the second week held until Friday. Saturday and Sunday however, dawned cloudless, these two days more than making up for all the smoke and rain, since the atmosphere was so clear that boats could be seen on Howe Sound with the naked eye from the Black Tusk. It was also believed that Mr. Munday's "Mystery Peak" was seen.

A brief summary of the activity of Camp is contained in the following:

Club Members at Camp.....	44		
Visitors at Camp	58		
Total number of persons ascending:			
Garibaldi	31	Sentinel	28
Castle Towers 14		Red	20
Black Tusk	60	Helmet	30
Sphinx	7	The Table	5

Three intended trips to Garibaldi during the second week had to be cancelled because of bad weather.

Mr. Roddy Gaudet, on a private trip during Camp, made noteworthy ascents of all the main peaks, including Garibaldi, on his own initiative.

Fred Parkes, Harold O'Connor and Stan Henderson stayed in an extra week, making an ascent of Garibaldi by the western arete. They also investigated the catacombs of the Sphinx, and found Castle Towers to be the highest mountain in the Park! The aneroid registered 8700 feet upon their arrival and rose 600 feet while they sat still and enjoyed the ascent. The peak happened to be the centre of a local snow storm at the time. Parkes and O'Connor climbed the Table, and while showing a party of four visitors from the Seattle Mountaineers around, they gave an exhibition climb of the pinnacle of the Tusk.

MOUNTAIN EARS

There was no meeting of the Executive held last month.

* * *

Due to sickness of one of the contractors, work on the new cabin is not as far along as might have been expected, but anyone visiting the site now will see that we are certainly going to have a fine-looking structure when it is completed.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Heaney have again taken up residence in this city.

* * *

Bill Dobson, Brick Spouse and Ted Taylor had another try at the Tomahi peaks lately, and although they got pretty close again, lack of time intervened since they were trying to see what could be done in a week-end. However, they state that the peak is well worth further notice, as no definite route can be discerned.

CAMP PHOTOGRAPHS

Mr. and Mrs. John Speer, 4555 6th Ave. West, have invited the *Club members* who attended Camp to a reunion on Thursday evening, September 16th, for the purpose of seeing each others' photos.

Through arrangements by Mr. Sovereign, the use of "Killarney," 2890 Point Grey Road, has been secured for a reunion of *everybody* who attended Camp, on Thursday, September 23rd at 8 p.m. Bring your photos.

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