

## THE SUMMER CAMP, 1927

Oh, boy, what a success it was! The flowers on the Black Tusk meadows never before smiled upon so happy a throng. What climbs we had on the peaks, what joy on Garibaldi Lake and the glaciers, what rambles on the meadows and down the Barrier! And how jolly we were around the camp fires! And there was no curfew either. And then the food. It was grand. Everyone put on weight in spite of the hard climbs they made. So pleasant was the outing that those who had arranged to come in for one week only, mostly stayed on for the full two weeks.

L. C. Ford, Geo. Wallis, and Harold O'Connor, the Committee who organized the camp, were in charge, and their fellow campers and climbers were: Mrs. Westall and Dr. Hudson (Mrs.), Misses Franky Rid-dock, Winifred and Phoebe Chambers, Evelyn Baynes, Edna Bird, W. Corry, Clayton, Ellis, McEwan and Crane; and Messrs. A.G. Harvey, W. Westall, J. Norman, H. Somerville, P. L. Tait, Ira Swartz, Cy Cuthbert, Gordon Pollard (fresh from New Zealand), and Robert Gibson. And we must by no means forget Mr. Hardcastle, the cook.

But we had others round our camp fire. Fred Perry, who was collecting seeds for the Royal Horticultural Society, and his fellow workers joined us, and so did our other members, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, and Miss Pansy Morris and Miss Matheson, who had camps of their own for a few days at Mimulus Lake. And Herbert Selwood, one of our real old time members, and his friend Mr. Bone, who were in for a day or two, also beamed in the glow of our camp fire.

Then with startling suddenness, at 9 o'clock one night, Les and Ruth Golman unexpectedly rode into the glowing light of the camp fire and with them was Mr. Winson of the "Province" staff, sent in specially to report the camp, and Dr. Mandy of the Fox Co., to take moving pictures of the Club in action. They were both with us for two days, and we showed them stunts on the snows and glaciers and on the Tusk. Mr. Winson presided as judge at the Camp Fire Mock Trial, where Les Ford was tried for misplacing the Camp salt. Dr. Mandy defended and the witnesses were true to their oaths, and lied manfully. Mr. Harvey for the Crown proved a brilliant prosecutor, until he suddenly fell asleep, and was dramatically aroused by Mr. Westall, the Judge's clerk. Judge Winson sentenced the accused to hand round the refreshments, and the evening ended with hot cocoa and biscuits.

We used every bit of our fine weather for hard climbing, and all the old peaks were visited. We only had three wet days, and then there was some comic riding around on ponies. A big party led by Harold O'Connor, crossed the lake, and climbed the north face of Garibaldi to the bergschrund, but found that the snow bridge, the regular means of approach, had gone out. They were forced to work up the loose rocks to the right, which were very treacherous, Harold having his ice axe broken by a falling rock. However, he succeeded in surmounting the last obstacle between him and the peak, and another man had also ascended on the rope, when it became evident the progress was too slow for the whole party to make the top and return in the time left at their disposal, so the ascent was left for another day. A "hard boiled" party subsequently left the Camp at the Black Tusk meadows early one drizzling morning, to make the climb, but met with heavy rain and fog on the lake, and so did not proceed after reaching the Sentinel glacier.

A spectacle of rare and dazzling beauty was witnessed by a party who reached the summit of the Black Tusk on August 27th, when they were fortunate in seeing the "Spectre of the Brochen" as it was flashed on the swiftly moving clouds around the Tusk. It was vastly different from similar phenomena we have seen, in that the shadows were lined with silver, the whole being encircled by a rainbow of wonderful colouring. The spectre "came" no less than eight times and twice it did not seem more than ten yards away. It occurred about 4.30 p.m., and those who saw it include Misses Clayton, Crane, McEwan, and Messrs. Wallis, Westall and Harvey.

It is proposed to have a camp reunion shortly, and all those who attended camp, and also every other member of the Club will be welcome.

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It is very gratifying indeed to note the donations which have recently been coming in to help equip the Clubhouse, particularly from some of our new members. Keep the good work up, and it will not be long before we are comfortably settled in our new home.

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Another young lady member has changed her name, Miss May K. Wotherspoon, and in future will be known as Mrs. Geo. Sutherland. We wish her an easy ascent to the peak of matrimonial bliss.

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We are glad to hear that George Stephenson has halted in his somewhat wandering career, and has started up in business in Paris,

Ont. One time we heard he was up near the North Pole spearing sea the next he was down in Detroit telling them how to make adding machines; how he is probably wishing he was back in the Cabin fixing the clock that tells us when to come home. We wish him every succ

### A TRIP TO MOUNT ARROWSMITH

Facts extracted from an article by Ruth D. Golman.

Up until this summer Arrowsmith had been a mere mountain on Vancouver Island to friend Husband and myself, but some happy chance aroused in us more curiosity than formerly and led us to plan a vacation trip there, with such worth-while results to ourselves that we have been requested to write a brief review of the facts regarding the trip, in the hope of giving other Club members who have not made the climb some idea of the desirability of placing this trip on a future climbing programme.

At 9 a.m. on the 23rd of July, we boarded the S.S. "Charmer," arriving at Nanaimo about 12.30, where after a quick lunch we took the Gray Line motor coach, at 1 p.m., and were conveyed to the point where the Mount Arrowsmith trail strikes off from the Island Highway a distance of about 37 miles from Nanaimo. We arrived at this point at 3 p.m. and started our climb. The trail is a gently rising path winding between tall trees with stately trunks and spreading branches and is thickly carpeted with pine needles, and "hairpinning" backwards and forwards leads to the peak of Mount Cokely, where it ends at a light-beacon used by Dominion Geodetic Surveyors.

When leaving the Highway we had intended to reach the summit of Cokely that night, but meeting on the trail two of the surveyors they described to us a good camping place, so at 5.30 p.m. we stopped and pitched our tent. The following morning, breakfast over, we broke camp and proceeded on our way until we arrived at the plateau of Mount Cokely, where there is a cabin, built by the C. P. R. for the use of climbers. However, although this cabin is in fairly good shape as regards exterior, the interior is far from inviting, owing to careless usage. It was nearing mid-day when we arrived, and as a storm hovered over Arrowsmith, we set up our tent once more.

The next morning we resumed our journey up to the bare and windswept peak of Cokely, which is about 5200 feet.

At the summit of Cokely the trail ends, and one has to pick a way down a fairly steep rock bluff for approximately five to six hundred feet, where a saddle connects the sister mountains. We crossed this saddle, which is quite wide, but was covered pretty well with snow, and began the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith proper. The whole trip is one of ease, but the final peak will interest the

most ardent peak climber. At this final peak are two ropes, left there for the use of climbers by the Dominion Geodetic Survey, and although it is possible to make the peak without the ropes, they are extremely comforting, for below lies a clear sweep of rock and snow into the valley nearly 6,000 feet below. We spent about an hour on the peaks, and returned to the saddle, where we stopped for lunch.

Returning we proceeded back down the trail and spent the night in the same ideal spot that we had our first night, and the fourth day of our trip found us back on the Island Highway. As we had the day to spare, we camped beside the shore of Cameron Lake, which lies close to the Highway. There is excellent bathing in this lake, and a fine beach. It would be possible for some of our enthusiastic climbers to get down to this lake in time for a swim before catching the stage for Nanaimo.

This trip could be made from Vancouver in a long week-end, the plateau being reached the first day, and the following day spent in climbing Mount Arrowsmith, then, if desired, camp could be pitched at the plateau on the return journey, and an early start made in the morning to catch the first stage; or else the party could proceed straight down to Cameron Lake and spend the night on the beach, and so be on hand for the stage next day, and arrive back in Vancouver that evening. The cost of the trip being only about eight or ten dollars for fares and food for each person.

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Of the beauty of the Arrowsmith trip I could say much. The laughing streams, at places deepening as if in thought; the stately cathedral-like forests through which the trail winds; the silent beauty of Arrowsmith herself, raising brooding peaks skyward, snow-fields falling away from her sides like royal robes, merging in a fringe of emerald lakes in the valleys below--of all these things and more have I written, but our Editor warns me that space will not permit of their publication, and so this is merely as stated--a review of bare facts. I can only tell you to "go and see for yourself

R. D. C

#### HINTS ON THE USE OF THE ROPE IN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING (Continued from August number)

REMEMBER THAT SNOW BRIDGES ARE LIKELY TO BE MUCH WEAKER IN THE AFTERNOON THAN IN THE MORNING. The cold during the night will have tightened them up by morning, but the morning sun will have weakened them by noon. Therefore, it is not safe to assume that because

a bridge carried you in the morning it will carry you in the afternoon.

APPROACH AND CROSS CREVASSES AS NEARLY AT A RIGHT ANGLE AS POSSIBLE. This will keep all of the party except the one actually crossing as far from them as possible.

EAT AND DRINK AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE WHEN CLIMBING. This is necessary to prevent your vitality from becoming low and should be done even if you have to force yourself to do it. The drink should NOT be ice water.

RETAIN A RESERVE OF STRENGTH AND DO NOT OVERTAX YOURSELF. A night spent on a mountain because one of the party has given out is not a pleasant experience.

HAVE SUFFICIENT CLOTHING WITH YOU TO PROTECT YOU IN EMERGENCIES. You are liable to meet with cold and stormy weather at any time on mountain.

TAKE AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF FOOD WITH YOU. You may be detained beyond the expected time, and hunger does not add to the delights of night spent on a mountain.

MAKE SURE OF YOUR HAND AND FOOT HOLDS BEFORE PUTTING YOUR WEIGHT ON THEM. A slip may mean disaster to a whole party, and, as it is not excusable, is always a thing to be ashamed of, even if without serious results.

AVOID PLACES THAT ARE LIABLE TO BE SWEEPED BY AVALANCHES OF ROCK, ICE OR SNOW, ESPECIALLY IN THE AFTERNOON. An avalanche of any of the above travels with incredible speed and seldom gives you any warning.

DO NOT GLISSADE DOWN AN UNKNOWN SLOPE. You do not know snow slope in the sense meant in this rule unless you have travelled over it within a few hours previously.

DO NOT DRINK THE MELTED WATER FOUND FLOWING OVER THE SURFACE OF A GLACIER. It contains a large amount of fine, sharp rock in suspension, which is liable to cause trouble later on.

AVOID THE USE OF STIMULANTS WHILE CLIMBING? EXCEPT IN CASES OF EMERGENCY. The stimulation is bound to be followed by corresponding relaxation.

KEEP YOUR ICE AXE WITH YOU. You may need it before you get home. In conclusion, remember that, in the words of a famous climber

"He who climbs and comes away,  
Will live to climb another day;  
While he who is in climbing slain,  
Will never live to climb again."

It is not probable that St. Paul was familiar with the sport of mountain climbing, but his words should be remembered by all climbers when he says: "Look, therefore, carefully how you walk. Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good."

J.P. Forde.