



# The B. C. Mountaineer

## The British Columbia Mountaineering Club

Vancouver, B. C.

Founded 1907. :: Incorporated 1912.

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It has been suggested that if a nice match box is donated to the cabin kitchen the cabin committee might see the necessity of keeping a supply of matches on hand for lighting fires and lamps by non-smokers who sometimes do not always carry matches with them.

### SUMMER CAMP

It is customary, we believe, when endeavoring to write an account of a summer camp to endeavor to give the reader an idea of its location, the beauty of the surroundings, the peaks climbed, who said this and who did that, and—who attended. Is there anyone who reads this who has not heard of the wonderful Black Tusk meadows and the much-talked-about Gari-

baldi Park where summer camp was held from August 4th to the 18th? And do not those who have not seen this Nature's beauty spot intend to go there sometime? So why give a lengthy description when so much has been written and said of this last year's campsite, and innumerable pictures have been passed from hand to hand in verification of the splendours of this wonder place!

If we do not seem to follow the orthodox method in reporting such an event but seemingly wander at random from the beaten path as mountaineers even in the best of regulated clubs will oftentimes do, then please forgive us—we are just trying to find a "new way."

Something for which substitutes have not yet been found is the preliminary work of preparing a camp, the choosing and purchasing of adequate supplies, the inspection and shipment of equipment by your camp committee, and the trials and tribulations of the advance party to get the camp in readiness. And, of course, someone invariably wants to come in at the last minute which means considerable "poring" over the "grub-list" to see if an extra prune should be ordered and an extra rasher of bacon provided. And this camp has been no exception in these respects.

Garibaldi bowed its proud old head in three successful attacks upon it, each made under ideal weather conditions. Castle Towers succumbed in like manner, and the "Helmet" and "Red," and the "Sphinx," too, did not get by either. The "Tusk" seemed popular as ever and hardly a day went by but someone wanted to see what it was like to be on the top. The lesser trips to the "Barrier," "Empetrum," Panorama Ridge" and the "Tusk" circle were popular too.

We did not hear of any new botanical find although we noticed a species of bug which we think were related as one appeared to be the father of the other.

It was just too bad our camp was chosen during the 10-day mosquito convention.

At times it was hard to tell which was the most successful—the activities of the mosquitoes or the energetic doings of the horseflies. But we did miss the superb song leadership of our absent Camp Committee Chairman—Mr. Harvey. He was unable to be with us on account of ill-health but it was nice to know he was with us in spirit.

It came as quite a surprise to several of us to note the histrionic ability displayed by some of our members during the skit "East Lynn." To see one of our respected and staid "old time" members revert from the adult to the prancing infant with its toy dog in practically the same act was comical to say the least. The female impersonation was good too, and it was surprising the difference a short dress makes, and what a change to one's facial appearance a little goat's beard moss creates. A bunch of miners' lamps lined up like a row of wooden soldiers made excellent footlights. The only improvement we could suggest would be to time the dramatic part of the last act to occur at precisely nine o'clock so that the audience might hear the "gun go off." This last night will not be forgotten for sometime. Who of those who were there will forget the colourful setting of the camp fire beneath a starlit sky and a clear moon, listening to our packer all dressed up in his cowboy outfit giving us all to enjoy his rendition of those stirring poems which cannot but seem appropriate to just such occasions as these?

There was a community tent but one would never have known it had it not rained the last day, and it did rain too—

all the way out. And thus we came to the end of another camp—a camp that will long linger in our memories, a camp of pleasant relationships and new acquaintances made, where we had such good things to eat, and where the unselfishness of all concerned manifested itself at every hand.

So with the list that follows of the names of those who participated in this last camp, we bring the story to a waiting editor and to a close.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Golman, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Simmonds and Master Simmonds, Mr. and Mrs. Charley See, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Howard (A.C.C.), Dr. Irene B. Hudson (A.C.C.), Miss Willa Atkins, Mrs. G. I. Brown, Miss Charlotte Clayton, Miss Winnifred Chambers, Miss Phoebe Chambers, Miss Violet Jones, Miss E. E. Gerard (A.C.C.), Miss Marjorie B. Hatfield, Miss Pansy L. Morris, Miss Frankie M. Riddock, Miss Smillie, Miss Joyce Strachan, Miss M. E. Trenouth, Mr. C. Anderson, Mr. Ed. Auton, Mr. A. D. Baker, Mr. Fred Brownward, Mr. Ralph M. Cleveland (A.C.C.), Mr. E. H. Dann, Mr. Tom Fallowfield, Mr. L. C. Ford, Mr. R. L. Head, Mr. Harold Koffman, Mr. Alan B. Morkill (A.C.C.), Mr. Harold O'Connor, Mr. Harry Somerville, Mr. H. Selwood, Mr. J. Tyson, Mr. W. C. Westall, Mr. George Yardley, Mr. Wm. Smith (Cook) and Mr. John Watson (Cooke).

—G. T. W.

In reporting the names of those who recently climbed Mount Baker, the name of Mr. Harold Koffman was omitted.

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The treasurer has for sale a surplus of supplies untouched during the camp which he will dispose of at attractive prices. Now is your chance to get a few tins of sardines, salmon, "bully beef" and candles for your locker. We predict the supply will not last long so order early if you want anything.

\* \* \*

The Camp re-union will be held at "Killarney" during the evening of the 15th of November and is open to all. Keep this date before you and attend if possible. The committee in charge will endeavor to provide a good time for all, and there will be dancing too. A small fee of 35 cents will be charged to cover cost of refreshments.

Where is Killarney? 2890 Point Grey Road, foot of Bayswater Street. Take number 4 car.

**OUR ANNUAL BANQUET**

In Hotel Georgia, Saturday, November 2nd. Dinner at 7 p.m. Dancing 9 to 12. We are to have a real dance orchestra this year. Bring your friends—a good time is promised. Tickets \$1.75 each.

**EXPENSIVE?**

Swim in Kennedy Lake—two boys—blue tickets—\$25.00 each paid in Court. This price did not include bathing suits and towels.

**"SMILING IRISH EYES"**

Colleen Moore (Mrs. McCormack) who recently passed through Winnipeg was heard to remark, "My jaw is sore from gasping at the beauty of your country."

While travelling from Vancouver through the mountains my head would not move fast enough to see half the wonderful scenery. I ran out of exclamations long before I reached the Rockies, and when I saw Lake Louise, my heart ached with the splendour of it.

I'm coming up to make a picture of the wheat fields next fall, but their beauty will not show to advantage on the film."

It would be interesting to hear what Colleen would have to say if she were to stand on the summit of Dam Mountain at 4350 feet altitude at sunset looking towards the view overlooking Hollyburn Ridge, the Gulf, Vancouver Island and the Pacific beyond; or to stand on Goat Ridge in the early morning and see Sky Pilot and The Sawteeth Mountains in their rugged blackness standing out boldly against the glistening snowfields and glaciers of Garibaldi Park with its numerous mountains standing out so prominently over forty miles away. Would she be thrilled? B.C. Mountaineers would say "Yes"! to such a question.—Ed.

**O'YEZ! O'YEZ!**

Ye old fashioned Hallowe'en is with us again and spooks of the social committee have been busy. This time they assure you something real good and best ever.

It will be in the form of a Masquerade Mystery Party to be held at the home of Charlie Dawson, 2490 1st Avenue West, Bayview 2586, on Friday evening at 8 p.m. October 25th, 1929.

Everyone is requested to adorn themselves in a large white sheet wrapped

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around the body and a pillow case pulled over the head and shoulders in mask form. Come and join the fun, but bring fifty cents with you. There will be lots to eat and some of the spirits of the old cabin have promised to be there too.

Take No. 4 car, get off at Larch Street—walk three blocks north and the corner spookly house.

You are all welcome. Come and join the fun.

### THE CANADIAN TOMAHI

BY F. A. SPOUSE

The desire to scale a peak which had foiled two previous attempts to conquer it led Bill Dobson and the writer to spend three days of our holiday in another attempt.

Together with Jim Irving and Don McKee we left Vancouver at 4.30 Saturday afternoon, August 17 on our third, and what was to prove successful, attempt of the Canadian Tomahi. The pack in to our base camp took up most of Sunday, and after a good night's rest we felt like a million dollars as we started out at seven o'clock Monday morning.

Following our old trail up the ridge behind camp we soon reached an altitude of 4500 feet, at which point we came out on an open rock slide, just below a rocky knoll, to the top of which we climbed. Elevation 5600 feet. From here we traversed underneath the southern ridge of the mountain to a point directly between the main peak and the next peak to the south, which looked a far harder climb than the main peak. A steep rock gully between these two pinnacles looked like the most feasible means of approach, so we decided to try this route. Many steep rock pitches made the climbing very interesting. In places the rope was used and with its aid considerable time was saved on the more difficult faces. At 7100 feet we began to feel hungry so stopped for

lunch and a rest. From this point the going became much steeper and at an elevation of 7500 feet we were brought to a stop by a sheer rock face. We took off our packs to rest while one of the party did a little exploring, his efforts resulting in finding a chimney which offered a solution to the difficulty. In the excitement of finding a way around the rock face, our packs, containing the customary pencil and paper record box, were unfortunately left behind. As our time was limited we thought it advisable to go on without them. From the top of the chimney a sheer rock wall led to the final peak. This climb proved to be the thrill of the trip. The foot and hand holds were very good, but being plastered on the face of a mountain about 7900 feet in the air with the floor of the valley directly underneath was no place for a slip. Here our eighty foot rope came in very useful. The leader went up as far as the rope would allow and after he was securely anchored the rest of the party followed one at a time. We continued in this fashion for about three hundred feet until we reached the crest of the ridge. From here it was just fifteen feet to the top. Elevation roughly 8000 feet. Time 2.45 p.m.

We found the cairn built by the first party to scale this peak, and the record box containing the names of Stan Henderson, Mills Winram and Fred Parks, who climbed the mountain on August 10, 1928. This party left Casher's Cabin at 5.35 a.m. and got on top at 3.15 p.m. We left a large red handkerchief and a page of a catalogue in the tin as our contribution.

We started back immediately and on arriving at our packs we built a cairn, and left our record, with the request that the next party up please take it to the top. Climbing very carefully, we were off the rocks about 6.00 p.m. The tramp down the ridge was a bit wearisome, but we carried on till we reached the cabin at 9.30 p.m.

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