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THE NORTH PEAK OF THE GOLDEN EARS

Only seven members took advantage of the trip up this peak on the occasion of its third ascent.

The logging company were generous in giving us speeder accommodation in both directions, saving us a two hour pack-in to Lake Beautiful.

The night would have been quite peaceful but for the frogs' chorus, the mice gambolling among the tins, or the snores and titters of the occupants of the cabin.

However, we started from the cabin at 7.15 in the morning, feeling fine. There is a good trail to the beginning of the long gully between the ridges of the north and middle peaks. We travelled along this gully for about an hour, up the gully for about an hour and a half until we reached the pass between the two summits at 5050 feet. While we were resting here the clouds which were lying at about 4000 feet cleared for one instant, disclosing a glorious view of the south and middle peaks, and the long gully we had just ascended. From here the path led along a long corniced ridge to the summit at 6100 feet, which was bathed in sunshine, the roof of the clouds being at about 6099 feet. The cairn was buried in snow, presumably, so we built our own, it being a new peak for everyone, including the leader, and Frankie Riddock was the first woman to grace this peak with her presence.

We overstayed the prescribed half hour on the summit by an hour and a half. On the way down we had to back for about 200 feet, the rest to 4000 feet was glissad-

ing; 1500 feet in ten minutes, during which we only kept in touch with one another with cries of "let 'er rip," as we dropped into the foggy depths.

Then we wended our leisurely way back to the cabin by 3.45, and after supper to the speeder by 5.30, with everyone feeling ready to climb another mountain.

Alan Lambert, L., and Elliott Henderson, E. Unfortunately, Mr. Westall was unable to attend.

—A.L.

LYNN PEAKS

March 29th, 1931

This trip was carried out under similar conditions as those prevailing on the Seymour Trip, with the possible exception that every one who went might have quite easily postponed their Saturday night ablutions as the trip was surely a wet one every way you looked at it. The climb was made from Seymour Valley—a new route, and the peak was gained at 3 o'clock, some four hours after the intake was left. The party—who one and all wondered why they had come, was led by George Wallis supported by the strong crutch of Harold O'Connor accompanied by A. S. Sutcliffe, Elliott Henderson, the Misses Janet Burnes, Lillian Johnston and M. Sing who kept the men from talking too strongly, and last but not least, Tommy Fallowfield, who felt it his bounden duty as end man to come along.

THE CHEAM RANGE

April 3rd—5th

Four members, with more ambition than was good for them, packed into the site of Lucky Four mine over Easter week end. The weather on Friday was perfect and

from a scenic view point the trip was a success. An ascent of any of the peaks was out of the question though, as waist deep snow barred the way very effectively, but nevertheless they spent the three hours from 1 a.m. to 4 a.m. trying to disprove this.

The highlight of the trip was, that like homing pigeons they left timberline cabin at 2 p.m. on Saturday and could think of nothing but their cabin on Grouse Mountain until arriving there at 6 a.m. the following morning, when they drifted into the arms of Morpheus.

WEST PEAK OF CROWN

Sunday, May 17th

This trip was notable for the unusual number of visitors taking part, no less than six being present and all of them acquitting themselves nobly.

The weather was distinctly spotty, sun, fog, hail and snow and an exhilarating temperature. There had been a six inch fall of snow the previous night, but the going was good and after a short stop for lunch just west of the meadows, the peak was attained at one o'clock.

The trip was enlivened by the usual number of "incidents," friend Fripp supplying many of them. During one of these incidents he got into an altercation with his ice axe but made the mistake of grasping it by the beak instead of the throat, with the result that it bit him in the palm of the hand.

One of the chalet's white huskies, Chinook, made the entire trip with us,

being actually indiscreet enough to precede the leader on to the peak.

The total number of persons attending was twenty-six. C. Saunders, Leader; A. Reddington, Endman.

—C.S.

THE SAWTEETH

May 23-24-25

For the first time in five years a Club trip was held in this group, which is so aptly named, on the week-end of May 23-24-25. Eight of the party left on the Saturday morning Union boat for Britannia, while sixteen went by launch at 1.30 p.m. Camp was made at Utopia Lake, 4,100 feet elevation.

Sunday, the day of the climb, was cloudy and the weather looked very threatening. A start was made after 7 a.m. Higher up the mist was very thick and the wide expanse of snow below the peaks of Skypilot and Ledge Mountain made it difficult to locate familiar objects. The steep snow-slope above the Stadium Glacier required much care with the party as there had been a recent fall of snow. Avalanches were heard thundering down the steep north faces of the peaks. Higher up on Skypilot it was decided that owing to prevailing snow conditions the party to reach the summit would be limited to six. The summit was reached by a rock-wall connecting with a knife-edge of rock and snow. The usual easy ledges to the peak were covered with fresh, loose snow. On reaching the main party again, another careful passage was made on the steep slope above the col between Skypilot and Ledge Mountain. From there down was a glorious glissade for several hundred feet, then over a ridge

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and another long glissade practically down to Utopia Lake. Large appetites made short work of huge meals.

The weather on Monday was clear and three members made a climb of Mount Sheer, leaving the cabin at 5 a.m. The party packed out to the Tunnel Camp in the morning. Owing to the different celebrations at the Beach, the trains and skips were very crowded and some of our energetic ones walked down the incline to the Beach. A good lunch was partaken of at the Beach and at 4 p.m. sailed back to Vancouver on the S.S. "Lady Cynthia."

The Club is very fortunate in having a good friend in Mr. C. P. Browning, General Manager of the Britannia Mining & Smelting Co., through whose courtesy the members and their packs were transported by the company trains from the Beach to the Tunnel Camp. The trip was led by W. Hendry with F. Brownsward as Endman.

(Contributors having failed me at the last moment, I hope the following will prove interesting.—Ed.).

EXPLORATION IN THE WAHLEACH LAKE DISTRICT

Lake Wahleach? Cool Waters; just the official name for our old friend Jones Lake, but how pleasantly descriptive. While on the subject of names, the peaks in this district have no official names except possibly Mount Cheam. The ones applied, Mount Foley, Mount Welch, The Still, Mount General Stewart, Baby Munday, and Lady Peak, are local names applied by the miners of the "Lucky Four" claim under Mount Foley. I think it is clearly the duty of the B.C.M.C. to see about giving suitable descriptive names to these

mountains, before some individual not particularly interested in preserving the beauty of British Columbia in form or in name erects towering monuments of rock and ice to some ordinary person neither desirous nor deserving of such recognition. As a start I might suggest Mount Wahleach for Mount Welch as it is by some 800 feet the monarch of the range and undoubtedly the main source of the cool waters, and another unnamed, unclimbed peak, very prominent from the lake, Mount Massive. You will have to see these peaks from the lake when we have our picnic there on June 27th and 28th to appreciate fully the rugged grandeur of this spot. I have heard it said on good authority that it is more spectacular than the Valley of the Ten Peaks. I'm amazed that club members in the past haven't spent half their time there, because the peaks, although not much over 8000 feet, are truly Alpine in character.

It was up the aforementioned Mount Massive that Alec Reddington and I nearly climbed on the 24th of May. We were aiming at Baby Munday, but ascended too soon into the clouds and so got on to the wrong glacier.

These two peaks have remained unclimbed, not because of any technical difficulty, but because of supposed inaccessibility. It ran in my mind for about a year that they should be accessible from the southern end of Wahleach Lake. We found this to be so, in fact Mount Massive is accessible in an ordinary week end from Vancouver and the other peak in a long week end.

Mount Foley in an ordinary week end is a little beyond the average person,

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though we have it scheduled. It entails a six to seven hour pack in and a four hour climb. Mount Massive entails a two to three hour pack in, a pleasant row along the lake and a six hour climb. If those who intend making this trip, and the executive committee approve, I would like to suggest it as an alternative; in addition it would be quite a novelty to have a first ascent on a club trip. It will remain unclimbed unless someone goes in on this information.

The country at the end of the lake is park-like, trees well spaced, with comparatively no underbrush. When almost beneath the towering walls of Mount Massive (we thought them those of Mount General Stewart) we turned up a gully, obviously the most direct route to the snowfield above, and also quite obviously the direct and much used route for any snow or rock that wanted a quick trip from the 7500 foot to the 2000 foot level. After some deliberation we decided that as it was only 7.30 a.m. and cloudy it would be quite safe, and anyway Napoleon took a chance. Fifteen minutes later we were given a rather too realistic object lesson on the foolishness of emulating Napoleon when in the mountains. We were halted with one foot in the air by a terrifying crash, followed by a roar; without a word we made a wild rush for the rock wall on our right. A more undignified high speed ascent of the first twenty-five feet it would be hard to imagine. Five hundred feet up the snow poured over a cliff and roared down the gully, piling up at a bend about one hundred feet up and finally stopping about fifty feet above the end of our tracks. Had we stayed where we were we would have been alright, but had we been from five to sixty minutes ahead of time our mad scramble would not have been in vain. Well, well, we live and learn.

We spent an hour and considerable patience climbing to the crest of the ridge we should have started on in the first place; from there we fussed around the snow slopes trying to find the pass between Baby Munday and General Stewart, which of course was hopeless. We decided that wherever we were it was decidedly unhealthy, so we retraced our steps and found that the bush ridge we had scorned on the way up was quite passable.

This is the peak up which I was proposing the club should go, so I would like to make it quite clear that it is not necessary to be exposed to avalanche or stone fall for one instant, and had we realised which mountain we were on we would have had no difficulty in making the summit in spite of the fog. It was not until the afternoon, when the clouds lifted for an instant while we were on the lake, that we realised where we had been.

A PROSPECTIVE MEMBER

Starting from Mosquito Creek at 10 o'clock, on May 10, it was intended to pack up the "small item"—Wally Westall (age 23 months), part of the way to the cabin, but showing a desire to step out he was let go, and so with sundry swings over the various humps and bumps on the trail and a lift across the rocks at the "Lookout" and over the Rockslide, he "made" the cabin by 12 o'clock, where he met members of the club for the first time, shook hands, and said "How do."

On the return he hiked practically all the way back to the carline, with the aid of a supporting leather thong around the waist, to counteract the exuberance of extreme youth on the down-grade.

He feels that he didn't do this "all on his own," but is ready to make a second attempt before the fall, when he believes he will make it on his own steam.

Well, now, "we'll be two and a bit by then" and should be good for much more.

—W. Westall.

MOUNTAIN EARS

Our good friend, Harry Somerville, left for the "Windy City" on the 30th of May; here's wishing him every success in his venture. If he wants some climbing I guess there are lots of first ascents to be had among the sky-scrapers.

* * *

This job of writing births, marriages, and deaths column rests heavily on my poor shoulders.

* * *

We are pleased to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Kjeld Grimmsgaard on the arrival of a baby boy, and also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wallis, who announce the arrival of a baby boy. In each case it is reported that father and son are well.

* * *

The Lockers will be ready for rental by July 1st. The rent will be \$1.00 per year, payable in advance from that date.

The Club's annual Photographic Exhibition will be held the first week in October, so get all your good pictures together, and polish up the lens in your camera, and make this one the best yet. I warn you, though, the standard has been set very high. Mr. P. R. Lockie in charge.

* * *

Roddy Gaudet is progressing very well, so I hear. He is able to read his mail now. Congratulations on his speedy recovery.

* * *

Miss H. Jamieson has been elected to graduating membership.

Miss M. B. Sing has been raised from graduating to active membership.

Rev. Sovereign has been elected to active membership.