



## Issue No. 18 – December 2014

Since 1998 Hollyburn Heritage Society has been producing an annual newsletter to inform you of the history & heritage of “Cypress Mountain” that actually involves three massifs, Hollyburn, Black & Strachan Mts. C/M is the title given to the area by the ski operator for both downhill & cross-country facilities. HHS volunteers have accumulated over 11,000 vintage photographs, news articles; had published, 2008, the book, *“Hollyburn, The Mountain & the City”* by Francis Mansbridge; developed an extensive website and outreach programs using videos produced from our photographic collection. First ascent of Hollyburn Mt. was in 1908 by members of Vancouver Mountaineering Club, forerunner to BC Mountaineering Club. Since 1923 it is an all-season fun place to be, a wilderness experience close to Vancouver & its 1M souls.

Incorporated April 2000 and has Registered Charitable Donation status with Canadian Revenue Agency, we welcome donations for which you receive a receipt for an income tax deduction for donation >\$25. Small donation is recognized as a membership and funds used to produce this newsletter and other operations expenses. Donations >\$50 are particularly special now as HHS is sharing in the fund raising toward the rebuild Hollyburn Lodge, originally called “Hollyburn Ski Camp”. These monies are set-aside in our bank account as **“HHS Funds Allotted to Rebuild Hollyburn Lodge.”** Such donations will be gratefully acknowledged. Group donations will be similarly thanked.

The lodge was constructed at its present site, elevation 3000’, beside First Lake in 1926 with recycled lumber hauled from abandoned Nasmyth Lumber Mill located at 2,500’, on stone-boat drawn by team of horses.

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## Accomplishments

An enjoyable part of being associated with this group is each year, often in summer, an exciting moment occurs. This year was no exception. We came in contact with a Hollyburner from many decades ago, now 99 years and living in Denver CO, Frank Flynn. Another member, Tony Flower in Lethbridge, interviewed Frank a period of eight hours by telephone. From his interviews, Tony wrote an interesting story on Frank’s life building a cabin on Hollyburn in 1933 that has been maintained and in much loved continued use. Tony’s story is available on HHS website. HHS also found location of well-known 1930’s Hollyburn Pacific Ski Club Championship Cup presented by J.B. Leyland, West Van. Reeve, and won for 3 years 1936/37 – 38/39 by Einer Ellingrud, now with his grandson

Another exciting moment concerned restore/rebuild the venerable Hollyburn Lodge. For sure, it must be rebuilt. Natural decomposition of structure has advanced too far for a restoration. The lodge will be deconstructed spring 2015, after ski season and rebuilt “in its image” in summer and ready for ski season 2015/16. How is this taking place? The writer looks on it as “a PPP.” Former BC premier Gordon Campbell used this term in connection with some provincial capital projects. “PPP” tends to describe the rebuild of the lodge. Financially, it involves the owner of assets of ski facility, CNL; the ski operator of “Cypress Mountain” Boyne Canada Ltd.; Cypress Bowl

Recreations Ltd.; provincial government, Olympic Legacy funds; District of West Vancouver financial assistance and public donors.

Public donors are all of us who have enjoyed Hollyburn Lodge’s warmth and hospitality since opening, 1927. As aforementioned, donations are accepted and a Charitable Donation receipt issued by Hollyburn Heritage Society for amounts >\$50. To August 31<sup>st</sup>, HHS has accumulated over \$27,000, in **“HHS Funds Allotted to Rebuild Hollyburn Lodge.”** District of West Vancouver is looking after the public fund raising aspect. It is intended to mount a plaque to our donors, if amount is >\$100. A suggestion – if a group wishes to assemble several small donations, name of that donor group will be similarly acknowledged. With new materials Hollyburn Lodge will be at its site beside First Lake for another 100 years – since, as we know with recycled ones, it lasted almost 90! Further information, visit website; Email Don Grant; telephone Iola Knight.

In 2014, HHS held, and “Cypress Mountain” hosted the 22<sup>nd</sup> Annual Pioneer Skiers’ Reunion in the Heritage Room, Cypress Creek Lodge on Wednesday September 17<sup>th</sup>. Forty-five attended to swap truths n’ tales of days spent ‘on the mountain’, be it Seymour, Grouse or Hollyburn from the 1930’s. Back then, it was a figment of imagination to think ever be in a lodge where there then existed forest and animal trails, with few human intrusions. I thought after this party, knowing that Hollyburn Lodge might be ready in 2016, wouldn’t it be great for PSR to be there. Next year, 2015, the PSR will be held on Mt. Seymour, hosted by Mt. Seymour and Alex Douglas, Mt. Seymour Heritage Group.

## HHS Annual Meeting

Our annual meeting held Wednesday May 28<sup>th</sup>, 2014 in West Van. Seniors’ Centre Audio Visual Room was small, but enthusiastic group. Main discussion centered on Hollyburn Lodge. At that time, we were uncertain how negotiations were proceeding, but some rumours existed. We had a

dynamic change for Board of Directors. New board is: Don Grant, Archivist & Chairman, Michael Barnes, Jamie Bennett, Cheryl Leskiw and Tony Knight. Tony wanted “to finish what his father started.”

2015 Annual Meeting will be held Wednesday May 27<sup>th</sup>, 2015 in West Vancouver Seniors’ Centre, NW corner 21<sup>st</sup> & Marine Drive at 730 pm. If you’re interested, please attend this meeting and get to know some of us.

*Since 2000 HHS has gratefully received an annual grant from West Vancouver Arts & Culture Community Grants Program.*

## Losses for 2014

HHS ranks were thinned this year with demise by some pioneer skiers, hikers and cabin owners.

**Naomi McInnes** – as Naomi Wilson met & married Bud McInnes also attracted to Hollyburn circa 1932. Together, they thrived on enjoying skiing, cabin life and activities at the lodge. Naomi was the instigator of the Pioneer Skiers’ Reunion in 1992, as a way to gather together former skiers, hikers & cabin owners after all these decades. Now in its 22<sup>nd</sup> year, this event continues to be successful.

**Alex Swanson** – Cross country skiers may be familiar with Alex’s neat little cabin on Grand National ski trail named “Dog House.” He was well known on Hollyburn for his camera prowess – having donated over 1,000 images to HHS, some special images of fires that consumed Westlake Lodge & Hi-View Lodge.

**Gordon Knight** – first skied Hollyburn 1930’s & cabin dweller at “Hellzapoppin.” After retirement, Gordon enjoyed hiking Hollyburn trails and found the deteriorated condition of Hollyburn Ski Lodge; he determined that something should be done to “Save 1<sup>st</sup> Lake Lodge.” He found a similar concern from Bob Tapp. Together they started “Hollyburn Ski Camp Heritage Project” that developed into Hollyburn

Heritage Society. On his last visit to H/L, 2013 Gordon commented re its replacement, “Probably not in my lifetime.”

**Bob Tapp** – together with his life partner, Greta, they were prominent Hollyburners. Bob liked to celebrate his first trip up Hollyburn, on Good Friday, 1942, that became a lifelong love affair with the mountain and their cabin, “Hollmenkollen.” Greta said her first date with Bob was to repair the roof on his cabin, the one that he later sold to Alex Swanson. Bob also noticed the condition of Hollyburn Ski Lodge, but despaired at finding anybody so interested to do anything about it, until Gordon Knight sought out Bob. Together the rest is now its own history. The lodge will be rebuilt in its image.

Cabin Life in the Gatineaus

Ski cabin life is not the sole domain of western Canada, also early in eastern Canada. Following is article by Alf Hanson, published 1941, in “Lux Glebana.” Copied here, courtesy his daughter Margaret, active mountaineer with BCMC & ACC; married to Tony Knight.



As winter dusk slides over the Gatineau Hills, and the last perspiring neophyte has set off on the long trip to Wrightsville, there remains on the slopes near Camp Fortune a small group of tired skiers. Who are these fellows, who dare brave the rigours of the semi-arctic?

They are the cabin dwellers. They spend their nights in the tiny woodcutters’ cabins, which, since the area has been made a national park, are

no longer used as such. These cabins are of simple design. Built usually of logs, and consisting of one wooden-floored room, with two or more dilapidated windows. From two to four double bunks, a rusty stove, a rough table and one or two rude benches make up the sum total of the furniture. Mattresses and blankets, however, tend to make the cabin a liveable, if not actually a comfortable dwelling.

A typical cabin dweller, complete with skis and an enormous rucksack, begins his weekend on Friday afternoon. To the intense disgust of the legitimate travelers, he, and his voluble, strangely-attired companions board the five o’clock bus for Old Chelsea. Although the trip from Old Chelsea to the cabin is admittedly tedious, it is not long before the party staggers to the door. Since the rusty stove, once lit, smokes badly for a time, the unhappy lighter labours amid a shower of caustic comments on his notable ability as a smudge expert. Supper, composed of an unsophisticated mixture of whatever is on hand, seems to be calculated to frighten any strange wendigos or werewolves away from a window. Imagine four disheveled beings, sitting in a row on a bench, their feet all in the oven, drinking soup from thoroughly blackened saucepans! Add to this a smoky lantern, which casts diabolic shadows over the faces of the diners, and a truly fearful scene results. The dishwashing is primitive. If a little hot water, swished about in the saucepan, and thrown out the door is not sufficient, the dishwasher picks up the dishrag, which has been lying on the floor, gives the pan a perfunctory wipe, and returns the rag to the floor. As everyone is now sleepy, our cabin dweller pulls his pyjamas on over his clothes, turns out the lantern, and crawls between the blankets. If he goes to sleep while the cabin is warm, he sleeps well: otherwise, he generally freezes miserably all night, listening to the furtive pattering of the mice. In the morning the fire must be lit, and, I believe if the cabin were any colder, all the inhabitants would starve in their bunks rather than brave the cold for a moment.

The cabin dweller, of course, spends Saturday in skiing, and, at this time he is almost indistinguishable from the common, or washed, skier. Eventually, however, the sun sinks dangerously close to the hilly horizon, making long purple shadows on the faintly orange snow. At this time, the cabin dweller takes a final weary run on the long deserted slope, and sets out for the cabin. As he nears his destination, the last rays of the setting sun strike the cabin, gilding even the rusty, ugly stovepipe. Seeing the faint blue smoke issuing from the stovepipe, and the three pairs of skis in front of the cabin, he knows that inside, it will be warm and comfortable. Blithely he enters, bringing with him a rush of cold air, which inspires a heated discussion of the culprit’s probable ancestry. Although the air is thick with smoke, supper goes smoothly, even pleasantly. Afterwards, amid the waxing of skis, and the splitting of kindling, those present hold an impromptu sing-song. I will not mention any of their boisterous songs, as few are fit for genteel ears. Soon, however, as all good things must come to an end, our cabin dweller is ensconced in his bunk, relaxed and weary.

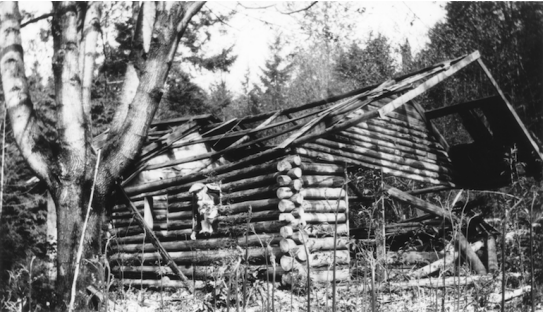


Sunday is almost a repetition of Saturday. However, as our skier feels that to ski to Wrightsville is a high disgrace, he usually manages to “arrange” a ride to Ottawa. Leaving about five o’clock, he is often deposited on his own doorstep by some compassionate motorist. After a hot bath, and a hotter supper, he turns to

homework. (Of all things!!) His mind, however, reflects the absolute exhaustion of his body, and all that it can grasp is one of the more tuneful of the cabin ditties. Teachers! If, on Monday mornings, certain pupils appear tired, let them sleep; if they have neglected their homework, forgive them! Perhaps they are merely exhausted cabin dwellers.

Who built the first cabin on Hollyburn?

Rummaging through some 1980s/90s West Vancouver Historical Society “Historionics” the following story popped out.



George Marr’s cabin on the lower slopes of Hollyburn Ridge

It is considered that George Marr built his cabin circa 1889, on slopes of Hollyburn at approx. 500’ elevation adjacent to 25<sup>th</sup> Street on bank of creek that he chose to call Marr Creek – the creek that empties First Lake at Nasmyth Bridge. He backpacked lumber & materials, remnants of wrecked tug on Dundarave Beach, from waterfront Marine Drive up 25<sup>th</sup> St. He planted gardens and some fruit trees. When population around him increased, he left his cabin for the Klondike & Kootenay goldfields. Marr returned later, having made & lost much money. He died of heart attack many years later. His cabin burned to the ground in 1927.