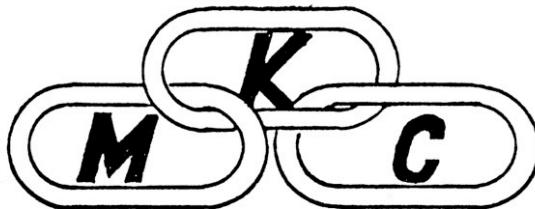


**KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**  
**AUTUMN 1983**                           **VOLUME 26**

**THIS ISSUE OF THE KOOTENAY KARABINER IS DEDICATED TO THE  
MEMORY OF IAN HAMILTON**



## **KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**

The Kootenay Karabiner is published by the Kootenay Mountaineering Club

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## IAN HAMILTON AND THE MOUNTAINS by Howie Ridge

On Saturday, October 8, 1983, Ian made his last trip into the mountains, his final resting place. Bert Port, Neal Hamilton (Ian's brother), son Colin and I scattered his ashes on a small point of land near the outflow from Gwillim Lakes beneath the peak upon which Ian had died. A small cairn of stones was erected to mark the site. My thoughts flashed back over slightly more than a dozen years of knowing and climbing with Ian. He was an active man who, among other things, had served as President of this K.M.C.

The Royal Group of the Rockies saw Ian, Rob Mill and I do a new route on Mt. Prince Albert before he slipped into a crevasse and had to be pulled free. Later we all had a different recollection of the sequence of events but it pulled us very close emotionally.

Also in the Rockies near Banff a night was spent with Ian, while tied onto the small summit of Mt. Louis. Bert, Kim, Peter and I shared our body heat with each other and Ian while huddled on the sharp rocks waiting for first light. Ian never complained.

Bert, Peter and I trudged beside Ian for 25 days on Baffin Island watching as his spirit and enthusiasm never dwindled. On the first day back in civilization, Ian said without hesitating that he was ready to go back and do it again.

In Idaho, Gordon Stein and I watched from a small ledge as Ian upclimbed to free a stuck rappel rope on Chimney Rock. In the Bugaboos, Gordon and I spent an hour or so with him under a large boulder on the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col as rain and sleet hammered down. Ian's smile made the stay more memorable.

On the Kain route of Mt. Robson, it was Ian who was responsible for preventing John Carter, Kim, Neal, Peter and I from changing our downward plans and rappeling off a questionable ice screw on a major ice face. As usual, Ian's judgement in the mountains was sound.

His sense of humour made for a more pleasant night for Peter Wood and I in a small water soaked tent on the Scotch Ridge in the Purcells. Ian did most of the water removal at three a.m.

Many members of the K.M.C. had Ian as their rock school instructor. When volunteers were needed his name appeared near the top of any list. Several trails are wider thanks to his energy.

Ian and I observed the beautiful view of Rogers Pass during a total whiteout from the summit of Mt. Rogers. We did new routes on Gray's Peak in Kokanee under brilliant sunshine and made several first ascents of peaks in the Devil's Range and Mulvey Basin area. Ian was the official judge of a "world's high altitude" long jumping championship at 10,500 feet in the Battle Range. As the true friend of all who knew him he never announced a winner. No one was a loser around Ian

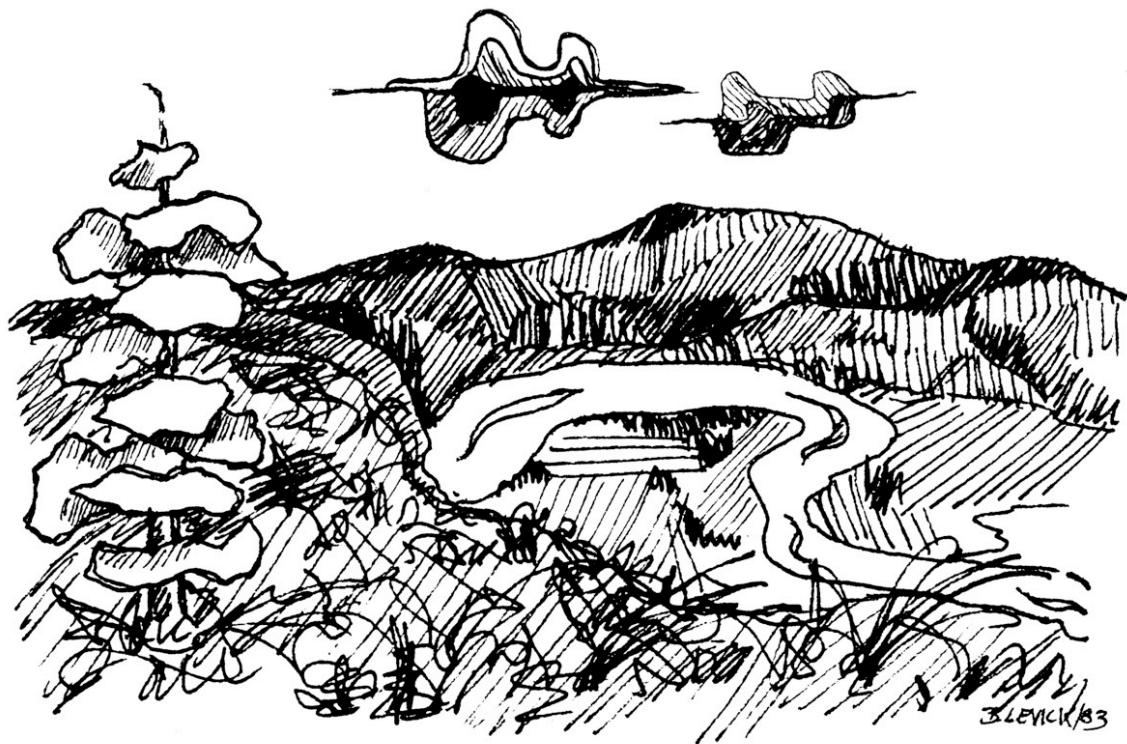
Ian still owes me \$0.10 for a plunge I took after his dare at a mostly ice covered tarn below Kelly Peak in the Gold Range. We had just claimed a first ascent on the mountain with Gordon and Peter. He was a prankster and loved a good joke.

I remember how he growled with delight as he went hand over hand across a narrow lip of horizontal ice against the rock face of Mount Adamant. He loved a challenge; it brought out his best qualities. Lynne Lennox, Gerry Brown and I watched as he led this difficult piece of downclimbing

There were not many places in the mountains of the Kootenays where Ian had not been. How many others have skied to the top of Mount Cooper? Ken Holmes, Bert and Peter McIver know of one other, Ian. Those of us who knew Ian loved him. We were all better people for having

walked paths with him. His broad grin, hearty laugh and genuine interest in your point of view were his trademarks.

Ian now rests at Gwillim Lakes, one of the beauty spots of our area he loved so much. When you are there, look for the small cairn, spend a few minutes reflecting upon Ian's memory. I hope your thoughts are happy ones. Ian would have liked it that way.



KOKANEE by W.R. Blanchard

submitted by Fred Thiessen

Did you ever spend a holiday sitting on a plank  
Laid across a three-ton truck with the atmosphere so damp  
It forms a little rivulet down the middle of your back  
While the truck just strikes another bump with a real old jolly smack?

Did you ever climb a mountain trail when the bushes were all wet,  
Looking forward to the nice long flat, which you haven't found e'en yet?  
Did you ever walk into a camp all hungry, wet and blue  
And rest your eyes on Henry and sniff his savory stew?

Did you ever crawl into a tent where everything was damp  
When you were not really feeling just like a fighting champ?  
Where you got up in the morning, looked out and saw the snow,  
And felt your spirits sinking way down into your toe?

Did you ever build a bonfire to drive away your gloom,  
And push into the merry throng, where low spirit finds its doom?  
Did you ever see the snow clouds flee and leave the weather fine,  
When the sun rose o'er the ragged peaks, above the timber line?

Did you ever feel your spirits rise  
with the glory of the scene,  
With the sparkle of the sunshine on  
the glacier's glittering sheen?  
Did you ever grab your kodak, your  
Alpenstock and lunch,  
And start up to the summit with the  
jolly climbing bunch?

Did you ever stand upon the peak,  
when the air was clear and  
bright,  
And gaze upon life wonders of the  
Almighty's power and might?  
And think how insignificant and  
small a thing is man,  
And where should lie his duties  
within God's wondrous plan?

If you'd like to feel those joys sub-  
lime, see the wonders God has  
made,  
See miles of ice in August, 'neath  
the rugged mountain's shade--  
If you'd like to see peak after peak,  
far as the eye can see.  
Join the Mountaineering club and  
go to Kokanee.

This poem appeared in the Nelson Daily News in 1926.



## CLUB TRIP TO GRAYS PEAK ( August 14, 1983 ) by Jack Steed

Grays Peak is a familiar sight to Nelsonites. It is their visual contact with Kokanee Glacier Park. In former days it was known as the Haystack. Following the war this peak was renamed to honour Hampton Gray, who was raised in Nelson and awarded posthumously the Victoria Cross for an act of heroism in the dying days of the war.

In all seasons, this rugged piece of irregular skyline sticking up beyond the more regular mountain ridges, beckons. It looks so invitingly high from town yet it is just 9038'. The south face is quite straight-up and would take some careful climbing. But as with most peaks there is an easy way to reach the top and is hidden from view being the north face. The Kokanee beer label points the way. The snow gulley (couloir) pictured reaching to the top is the key. It is a short 100 foot step-kicking job from the snow field at the peak's base. Rope or ice axe is not absolutely necessary but to be sure the axe is a help whenever on snow.

The high point of the peak is shaped like a haystack as seen from a distance but in reality consists of a mass of large and small rock blocks, fractured by the elements and lying about in a way that makes sitting on top a pleasant experience on a fine day. The view is superb. To the south west Nelson and vicinity. To the east one looks down on Coffee Creek and the raw rock and rubble left behind by retreating ice. The higher view to the east takes in the Purcells with Loki and the Leaning Towers dominating.

To reach the peak in the most direct way, climb almost directly up from the parking lot at Gibson Lake. Use the trail till it crosses the road at its top end. Turn right off the trail and follow the road till you come to the mine portal. Enter the woods above and behind the portal and travel through light brush and vegetation following on its left side a small water course. The brush gives way to open grassy slopes beneath some rocky bluffs. Climb up and over the bluffs and work your way straight up until you reach a well defined gulley with stream entering from the left of your line of travel. Stop here for a blow and a drink. At this point look up to your right and Grays Peak is visible with an edge of the glacier showing. A ridge separates you from the access pass. This can be penetrated in two spots. Quite low on the ridge there is an obvious grassy ramp used by the local goat population. When you reach the ridge the route to the low pass between Kokanee Peak and Grays Peak is obvious. Keep high, scambling over a rocky rib to gain the pass. From this point it is an easy half hour snow walk to the top.

On August 14 a party of 11 followed the route described leaving Gibson Lake at about 9:30 am. and arriving on top at 1 pm. for lunch. A smaller party could do the climb in much less time. One or two dark rain clouds threatened during the afternoon but little rain fell to mar a gorgeous day. The flowers in profusion were in their prime.

We digressed from the ascent route on the return trip by traversing over the rocky ribs of the slope to the Molly Gibson mine recognized by several ore dumps. From the main dump we dropped down directly to meet the trail visible from the mine.

This is a very pleasant hike climb in Kokanee away from the crowded trail.

Present: Leader: Jack Steed

Climbers: Mary Woodward, Yvonne Tremblay, Karen Szasz, Cheryl Langille, Pip Farrar, Andy Mill, Bob Dean, Colin Townsend, David Drake.

## MOUNT WADDINGTON

### -A JOURNEY TO THE TOP

by Linda James



Dave Ambry, a twenty-six year old resident of Nelson, started mountain climbing six years ago at the Outward Bound Mountain School. Dave does not enjoy technical climbing as much as mountaineering and skiing for the pure aesthetics and freedom the sports offer.

In August, 1982, Ambry teamed up with five Fernie climbers to climb Mount Waddington.

Mt. Waddington is 13,000 feet high and has the distinction of being the second highest mountain in British Columbia. It is located in the Coastal Range west of Williams Lake.

The climbers were taken by helicopter to Plummer Hut on the adjacent mountain where they spent three days acclimatizing. On the fourth day they climbed down to Rainy Knob on the base of Mt. Waddington. Rainy Knob is a flat jut suspended between the Tiedeman Glacier and the Bravo Glacier. They had to wait 24 hours for a snow storm to clear and an additional two days for the snow to settle before climbing. The time spent waiting was very pleasant because of the extraordinary scenery. On all sides were mountains and glaciers. Ambry recalled, "The thick seracs on the side of the mountain regularly released ice avalanches which would thunder down slopes pulverizing into fine powder. You could feel the amazing natural powers surrounding you."

After the snow had settled they climbed Bravo Glacier, which is deeply crevassed. Route finding was difficult and they occasionally followed a previous party.

Ambry's climbing party was faced with some major technical problems climbing this glacier. Starting with manoevering over a deep crevasse. Near the top of the glacier, they had to climb into a bergshrun and up the other side. The team climbed two pitches of steep snow to get up the Head Wall.

From there it was a long hard walk up to Spearman-Waddington Col. They walked in steep soft snow under a hot, oppressive sun. There was no relief or escape from the intense sunlight. They camped on the Col, at 10,000 feet, out of the wind under an ice wall that was 30 feet high.

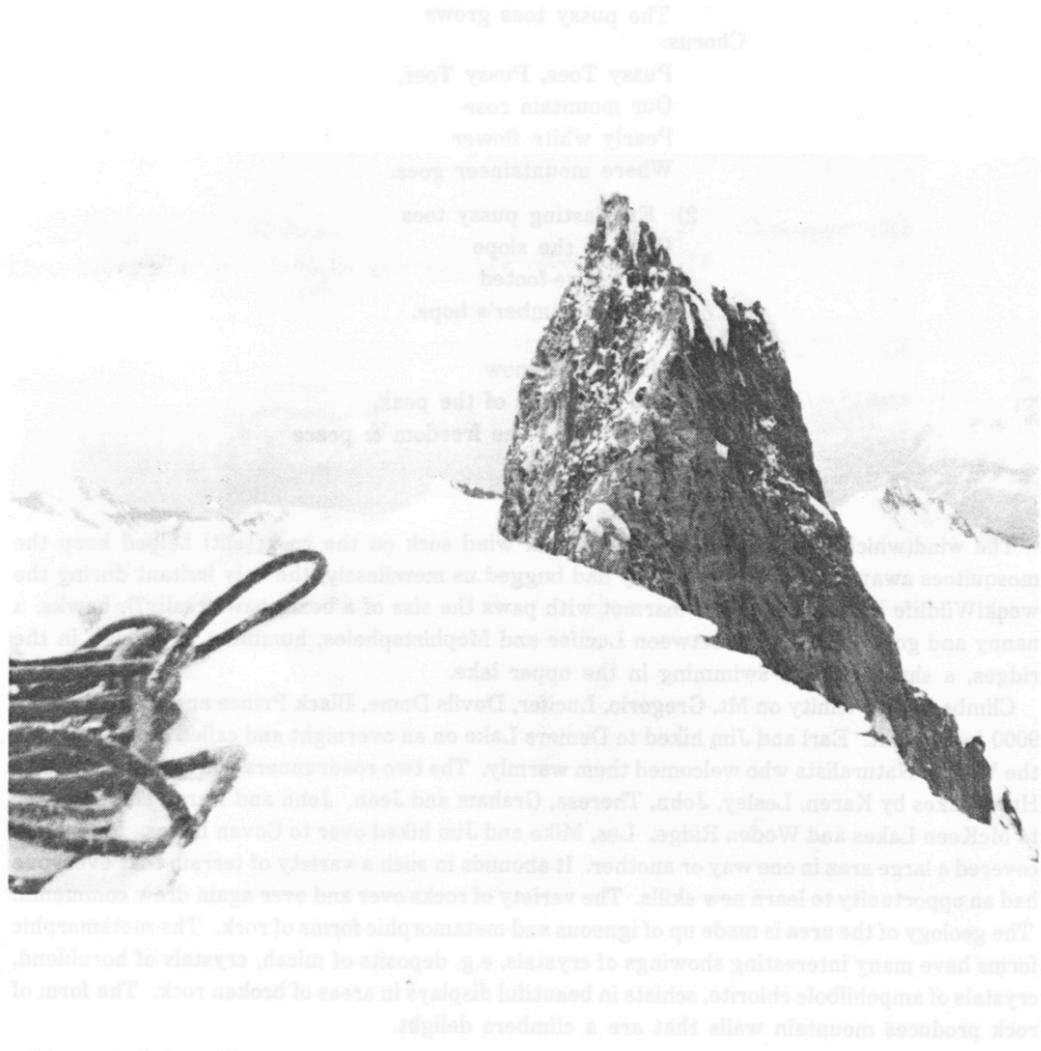
The party got up the next day at 4:00 a.m. A full moon reflected surreal images over the glaciers and seracs. Wearing crampons they walked on rock-hard snow. The sun rose over the Coastal Mountains in the east with the full moon still suspended in the west. They moved up

slowly to the base of the main summit. Standing at 12,000 feet they watched clouds form as the warm air from the ocean met the cool summits.

As they traversed below the southeast summit, several large rocks hurled over their path from the main summit above. They climbed two 60 degree ice pitches to the base of the northwest summit. "There were incredible winds on the traverse. We had to kick step up steep snow using snow flukes for protection. When we got to the northwest summit there was only room to straddle the top," said Ambry.

They made it! Here on one of the highest points in British Columbia, the view was spectacular. The excited team stood across from the southeast summit, a rock tower with huge ice feathers on top. They could see the mountains of Vancouver Island and the coastal waters in the distance.

Ambry's impressions of the trip were favourable. "The trip was a great success. The success was not in reaching the summit, but the entire journey up the mountain. The company was great and the remote untouched beauty was inspiring." said Ambry.



## 1983 HIKING CAMP AT GWILLIM LAKES IN VALHALLA PROVINCIAL PARK by Jack Steed

A party that fluctuated in size between 18 and 24 hikers and climbers enjoyed a week of unparalleled fine weather in Gwillim lakes area. The large meadow easily accommodated our colourful tent village as well as the tents of occasional visitors such as scouts, parks personnel and others. After a July of totally demoralising rainy days, spirits rose and we all absolutely revelled in day after day of cloudless skies in an incomparably beautiful setting at 7100 feet. Most of us hiked in and out from the Hoder Creek road and en route encountered the colorful carpet of alpine flowers that bloomed vividly and in great numbers. The profusion of Pussy Toes inspired Yvonne to compose the great Canadian mountain song.

### 1) Selkirks or Rockies

Each alpinist knows  
Up with the heather  
The pussy toes grows

#### Chorus:

Pussy Toes, Pussy Toes,  
Our mountain rose  
Pearly white flower  
Where mountaineer goes.

### 2) Everlasting pussy toes

Cling to the slope  
Being sure-footed  
To each climber's hope.

#### Chorus:

3) Up in the snow  
And the rocks of the peak,  
We will find the freedom & peace  
That we seek.

#### Chorus:

The wind(which was monitored by a colorful wind sock on the cook tent) helped keep the mosquitoes away most of the time-they had bugged us mercilessly, the only irritant during the week!Wildlife included eagles, a marmot with paws the size of a bears paws(really?), hawks, a nanny and goat on the ridge between Lucifer and Mephistopheles, humming birds high in the ridges, a shrew or vole swimming in the upper lake.

Climbs in the vicinity on Mt. Gregorio, Lucifer, Devils Dome, Black Prince and Bor, all in the 9000 foot height. Earl and Jim hiked to Demers Lake on an overnight and called at the camp of the Vernon Naturalists who welcomed them warmly. The two roadrunners were accompanied to Hurd Lakes by Karen, Lesley, John, Theresa, Graham and Jean. John and Karen slugged over to McKeen Lakes and Woden Ridge. Les, Mike and Jim hiked over to Coven Lakes. Most of us covered a large area in one way or another. It abounds in such a variety of terrain that everyone had an opportunity to learn new skills. The variety of rocks over and over again drew comments. The geology of the area is made up of igneous and metamorphic forms of rock. The metamorphic forms have many interesting showings of crystals, e.g. deposits of micah, crystals of hornblend, crystals of ampophilbole chlorite, schists in beautiful displays in areas of broken rock. The form of rock produces mountain walls that are a climbers delight.

In the golden evenings we sought refuge from the mosquitoes and black flies in the smoke from the campfires were we to sing and gossip, trades stories and lies! The meadow larks came into their own!

Les and Mike built a cairn in memory of Ian Hamilton on a huge boulder by the waterfall at the base of Lucifer.

Waterfalls sparkled down through the rocks and some hikers showered in their bracing waters! Screams of delighted refreshment carried over the meadow!

Identifiable flying object: an apple core thrown away by someone over a climber's head!  
Strange missile!

Earl found the wreckage of a candle-powered kite on the trail!

Sustaining us throughout were meals provided by our ever-tolerant cook, Helen, who whips up a mean meal. The soup was said to be an occasion in itself! However let us not forget the goodies next time!

It was another fine week for all. I thought, if heaven isn't like this, who wants to go there!

Names of participants in the 1983 Hiking Camp: Ritchie and Pony Deane, John Stewart, Mari Earthy, Allan and Mary Baker, Jean McCartney, Derek Morele, Jack and Jane Steed, Karen Szasz, Mike Brewster, Anne Irving, Mary Culley, Teresa Nordick, Jim Kienholz, Helen Peachey, Jeff Gfroerer, Robb McHattie, Leslie Killough, Yvonne Tremblay, Earl Jorgenson, Graham Kenyon, David Adams and Leo Jonsma.



## HELICOPTER RAPPELLING: FIGHTING THE SUB-ALPINE FIRE

by Gary Shaw

The forest is quiet. A palpable silence disturbed occassionally by the sound of a pop, a hiss, a snap. A large decaying cedar, six feet across at the base, stands wounded. A long gash has been ripped out of its trunk spiralling down from tree top to base. Pieces of wood, the size of 12 x 8 beams, lie on the forest floor. The tree is smouldering at the base, its roots smoking. Its top is gone, sheared away and lying in the brush crackling with fire. Moss and duff needles, tinder-dry, burn with small puffs of flame radiating outward toward deadfall, brush and spruce boughs. Another large tree, fifty feet away, is lying on the ground, ripped off its stump. It is fired inside like a coke furnace, white hot.

This is a spot fire. A lightning storm has moved through the area the day before. Bolts of lightning arc into the forest striking at the tallest trees and the older snags, slicing wood off their flanks or falling them to the ground in flames. High on the slope at 6500 feet, the fire is susceptible to the wind; in five minutes it can move from a spot to an acre. This spot fire is in a forest that is 80 miles from the nearest town. There are no highways, no logging roads, no clearings, just thousands of acres of trees.

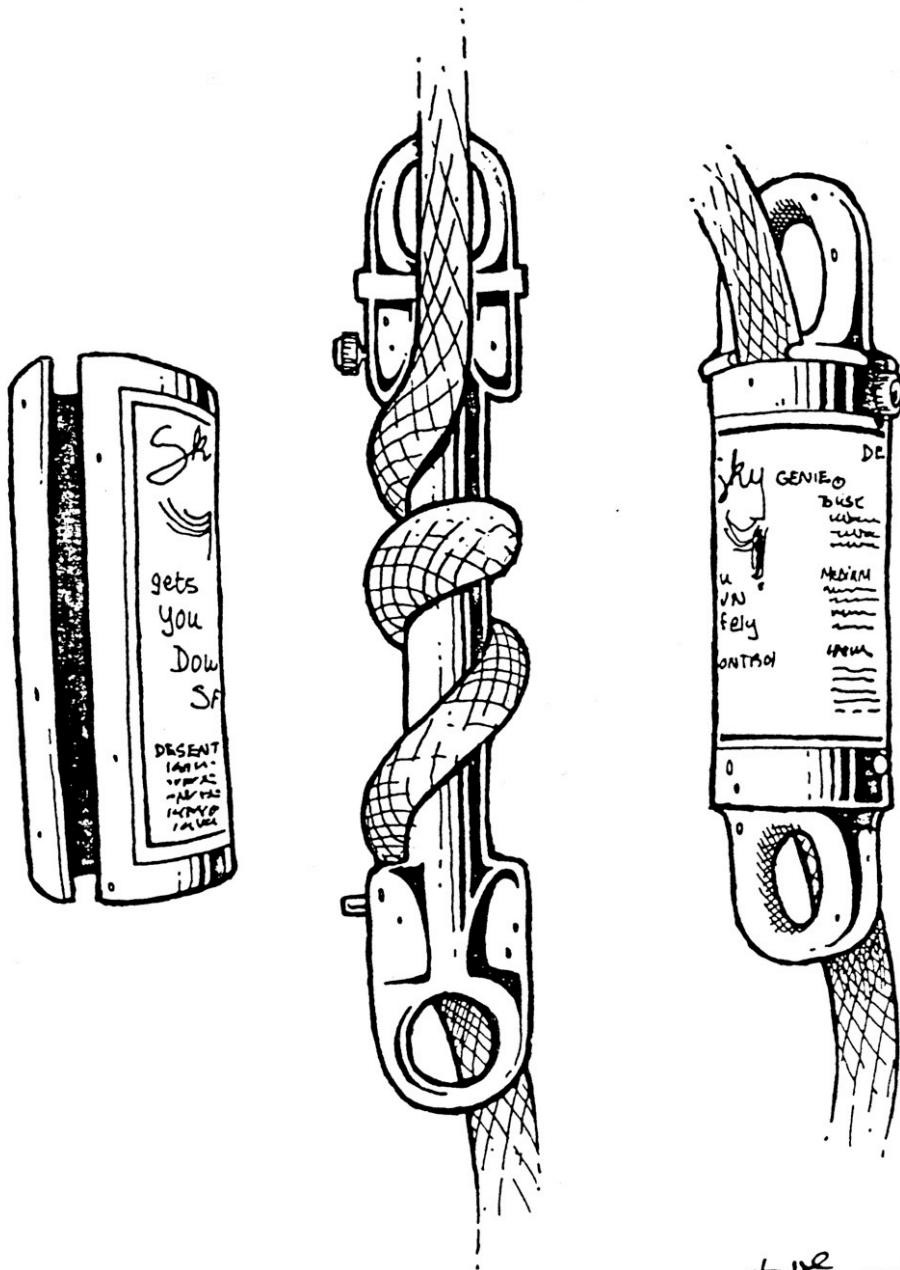
The quiet of this place is broken sharply by the thwack, thwack of a helicopter hovering near the fire. The trees sway back and forth, their branches thrashing. Brush bows over, sticks and leaves fly through the air in a tornado. A rope bobbles down to the ground from above; bird-nested, it falls in a coil unravelling on the way.

Less than a minute later, a man descends quickly on the rope, rappelling. He slows just before the ground, slows and lands. He decouples from the rope and steps back looking up. A few seconds, another comes down. One grabs the rope and braces himself. With a wave of the hand, the cargo bag is cut away from the helicopter and he controls the descent of a yellow, pear-shaped bag. The rope follows, hanging up in the bushes. There is a crackle of radio as they communicate with the helicopter, then, the machine is gone.

This is helicopter rappelling; it is used as a means of accessing inaccessible sub-alpine fires. Introduced to B.C. in the early 70's by a private company, now defunct, called International Forest Fire Systems, it is used because time is of paramount importance. Rappelling is done now in B.C. by a private company called Kusawa Contracting, for whom I work. They are based in Revelstoke and cover the Nelson forest district. A B.C. Forestry crew called Rappattack, based in Salmon Arm, covers the balance of the province at present.

Rappelling is modelled on an American system using a 250 foot, single-weave, 11 mm, climbing rope; a modified para-harness with capewell safety release; and a friction device called a Sky Genie. The Sky Genie is a very basic piece of equipment, very efficient, but at the same time quite sensitive to blows or rough handling. It is perfect for heli-rappelling but would not be practical in mountaineering. The Genie consists of a metal sleeve and inside, a polished aluminum shaft. The two are coupled by a lock pin and cinch nut. The two components are disassembled and the rope is wound around the shaft two and a half times, entering the Genie at the top on one side and exiting at the bottom on the opposite side. The diagram illustrates this.

At the time of a rappel, the rappeller is suited up in harness, helmet, gloves, sheathed knife, ditty bag for personal gear and a leg bag for hardhat and radio. A rappeller is trained in a smooth exit from the helicopter so balance can be maintained, a quick descent and a soft landing. He's



From Rappel Operations Manual;  
courtesy of Kusawa Contracting Co.

steve  
Belyanski

also trained in emergency tie-off in case there's trouble. On top of this he is able to drop in cargo by the same means and handle medivac pullout with a stretcher.

Most rappels are from a height of between 200 and 250 feet. A spotter is in charge of the whole process. Once the helicopter is in a safe hover and the rope has been dropped, the rappeller is instructed by the Spotter's hand signals alone. He removes his seat belt, rises, swivels, places one foot on the skid and then goes into suspension. At another signal, he moves the rope away from its cinched position on the Genie and to his side. Releasing pressure with his hand, he's gone. The descent can be a freefall (hard and hot on the hands) or a careful rappel by varying the pressure of the hands. A soft landing is essential either way so the helicopter doesn't move.

We have a saying, "The glory ends at the end of the rope." When the helicopter has taken off and we're left alone in the forest, we're faced with plain hard work. No more fun.

There is rarely any water to put on these fires so it's a matter of using a chainsaw and a shovel. We fall trees away from the fire site and then cut down burning timber. Once it's all down, it's a matter of bucking. We use dirt, like water, on smaller fires but we also have access by radio to helicopter bucketing, bombers and large containers of water if the fire is on the move. The first few hours are crucial and the work pace is frantic. It is hot and smokey and exciting.

Often, the biggest hazard is Devil's Club but there's also the danger of burning trees that might suddenly fall in any direction. There are fires on the sides of cliffs that you have to climb to get at.

At elevations of 5000 to 7000 feet, I think that we, as firefighters, are able to share the exhilaration that mountaineers feel every time they climb. We are able to share the feeling of serenity when the night settles in. Some of us have had the experience of sharing the physical hardship of climbing, like being stranded on a ledge and spending the night standing up. I have lost my footing on a 70 degree slope and slid down 20 feet on the moss stopping finally 10 feet from a vertical 300 foot drop.

I'm sure too, that we all have had our share of experiences with bears. Last summer, one of the crew was hiking back to camp in the dusk when he was startled to see a grizzly hulking over the food cache. He started up his saw to scare the animal but it didn't move. He waited in a panic for an hour imagining the worst, calling for help on the radio, before he remembered he had thrown his damp sleeping bag over a small tree that morning. Sheepishly he had to report his mistake over the radio; a report listened to by every other firefighter in the area. Embarrassing.

If you'd like more info. on heli-rappelling or firefighting, call me at 354-4604, 4-60 High St. Nelson.



## MT. COOPER (10,135 ft.): LABOUR DAY WEEKEND 1980

by P.J. McIver and Fred Thiessen

We did this climb several years ago, but a Karabiner article is in order due to the route taken.

Mt. Cooper is the highest peak in the Goat range, and not often climbed due to its remoteness and difficult access. Previous forays into the Goat range suggested it was possible to climb Mt. Cooper on a long weekend via the Marten Creek trail.

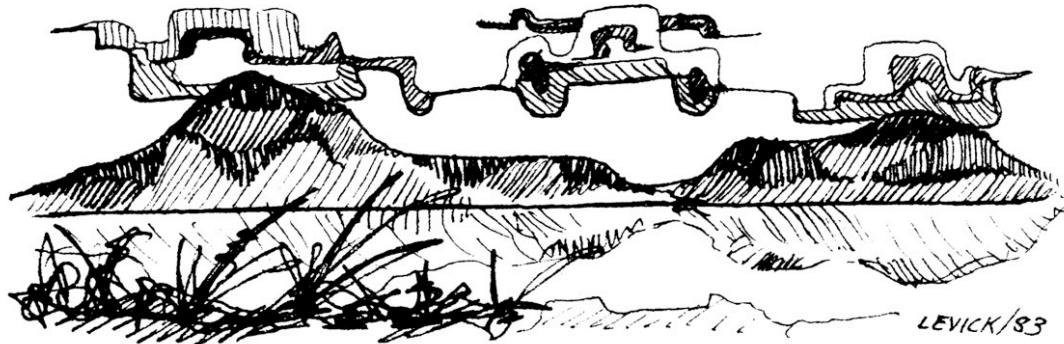
We settled on the Labor Day weekend and that Saturday saw us waking up to a gray sky with no obvious signs of improvement. Diehards that we were, we were soon bouncing up the logging trail that leaves Wilson Creek (about 3 km north of Roseberry) and crosses over into Marten Creek.

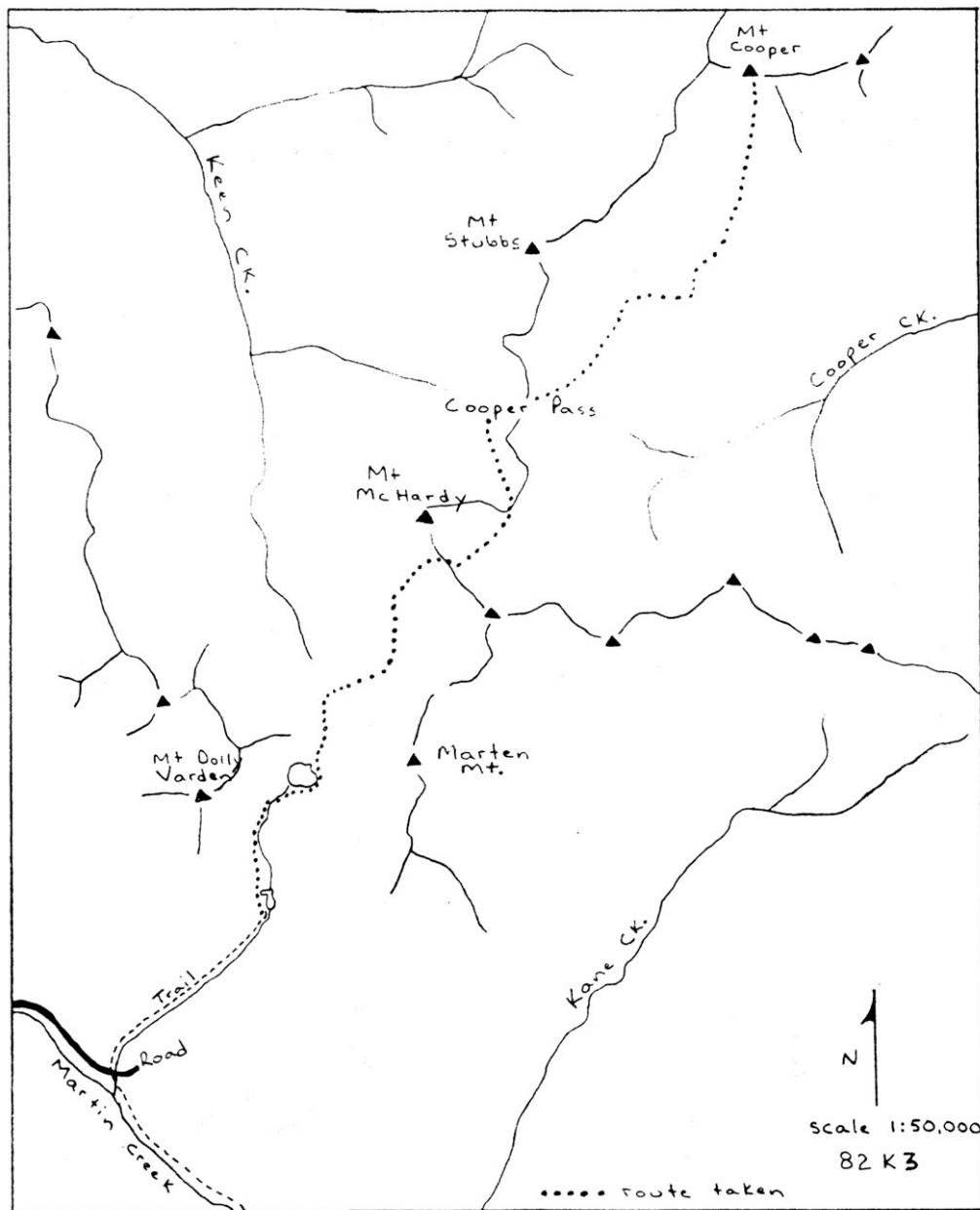
We followed the old trail up Marten Creek to the lake, then traversed and scrambled into the pass between Mts. Dolly Varden and Marten. From this pass we descended to a small lake immediately north of Mt. Marten where we had a short lunch break. From here we had a steep 2500 foot ascent over the south ridge of Mt. McHardy then a descent to Cooper Pass where we camped. At this col we were still a long way from Mt. Cooper. The following morning we traversed the east side of Mt. Stubbs to finally arrive at the glacier on the south slope of Mt. Cooper.

After the arduous approach to the mountain the ascent of Mt. Cooper was an anticlimax. We scrambled up the obvious snow and rock gully that led from the base to the top of the mountain. We were cheated out of our view though, because the top 300 feet or so of the mountain were in mist. At the summit we found a large piece of pipe which contained the summit record. Although we managed to get it open, future parties may wish to carry a 36 inch pipe wrench to assist.

Our descent went quickly and we were able to get back to camp around 6 p.m.

Our return to Peter's truck the following day was quite unpleasant. The weather had changed overnight from a high overcast to a storm. On our up and down return to the truck we were assailed by cold, snowy conditions and strong winds. The long descent from Mt. McHardy on a snow-covered heather and snow-covered rock up to the pass between Dolly Varden and Marten stand out in memory.





scale 1:50,000  
82 K3

..... route taken

## FAMILY OUTING by Craig Andrews

We broke from sun-warmed talus  
For a narrow  
North-facing gully,  
And the summit of Kokanee.  
No big stones here  
To take our weight but scree,  
Rubbish of fierce falls.  
And up this cold crack  
We slowly climbed,  
Searching safe stages with  
Fingers and blunt boots:  
On the living rock,  
On fragments frozen in the track,  
And, jaunty us,  
In the slide of sand.  
Alert, we passed impassable  
Places, while easy moves  
Lulled as first one of us then the other  
Led our learning way.  
But we were not to see the top that day,  
Meeting ice  
And a corner too tight  
For our science.  
We returned to light  
(Pursued down by freed granite Demons)  
And resting, reclimbed  
Our reluctant peak in the  
Warmth of shared remembrance.

1983-09-30

**MT. EYEBROW (11,001 ft.) AND BIRTHDAY PEAK (10,520 ft.) -**  
**A NEW ACCESS ROAD UP TEA CREEK TO ABOUT 5000 ft. by Fred Thiessen**

On July 1, 1983 our merry band assembled at the end of the Tea Creek road. After the usual grumbles of "why me?", "look at that bush", "is it ever steep", we set off. The bush wasn't bad, but was the slope ever steep. After several hours and 2600 feet we finally gained the north west ridge of Birthday Peak. In deteriorating weather we crossed the ridge to camp in a stand of subalpine larch near a tarn at about 7600 feet.

Saturday dawned in a drizzle but about an hour after we awoke we finally aroused ourselves and headed in the direction of Eyebrow, obscured in the mist. From our camp we traversed east to gain the main glacier flowing north from Birthday Peak and Eyebrow. As we ascended, the rain gradually turned to snow, it was cold, and the visibility deteriorated.

Our walk up the glacier finally culminated in the ascent of a peak over 10,000 feet. But it did not feel to us like the top of anything major and after some discussion we concluded we were on top of a bump between Eyebrow and Birthday. So we headed east to Eyebrow. Once there we ascended a snow slope, then the northwest ridge to the summit. Our stay was brief.

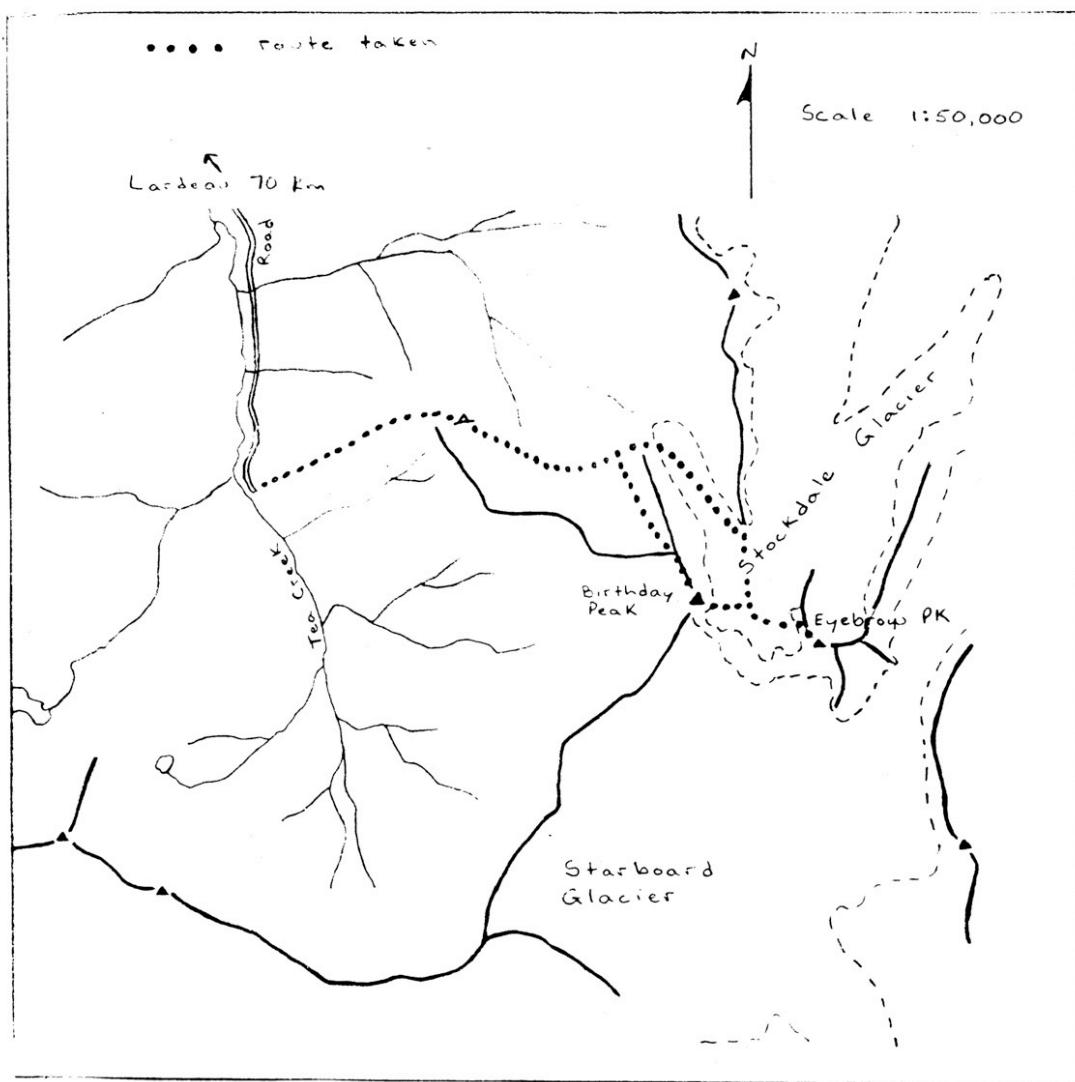
Back on the glacier the group discussion on the merits of climbing Birthday began. Using the philosophy that if I go someone will probably follow, Hamish set off. Ken and I followed. The others began to grope their way down the glacier to camp.

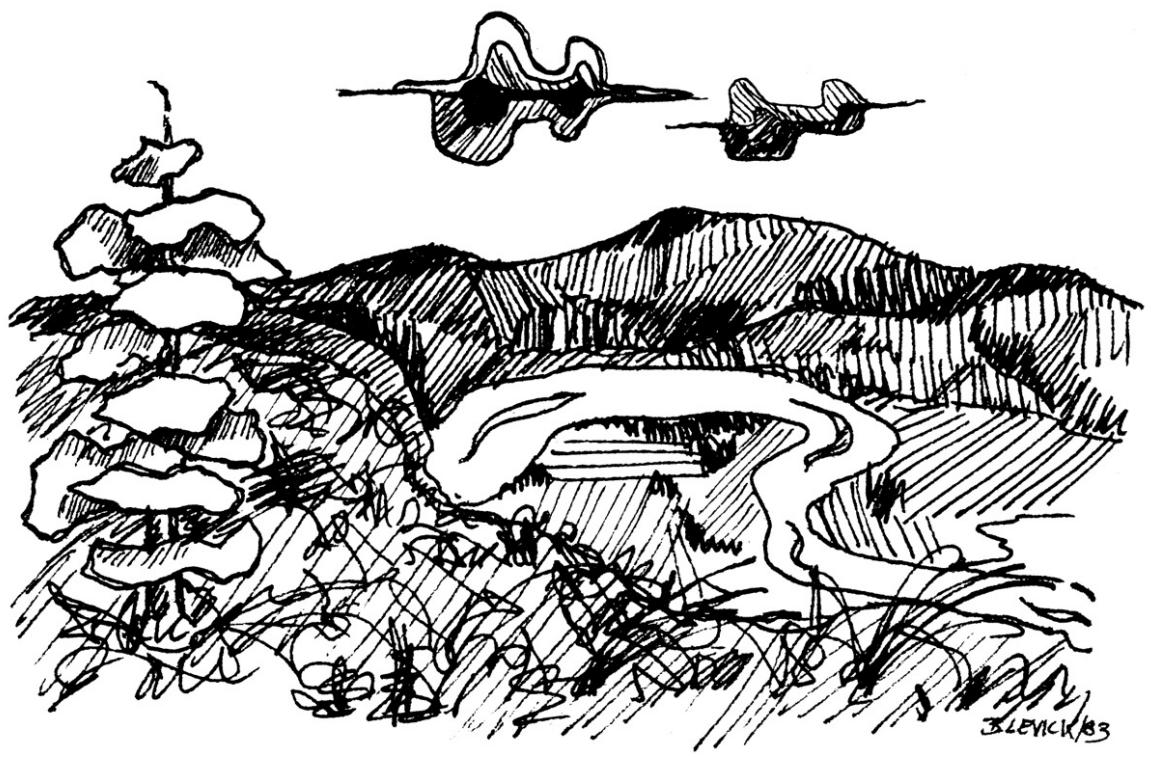
Our ascent of Birthday Peak was quite straightforward, climbing a steep snowslope on the east side of the peak, then scrambling to the summit. For our descent we had hoped to traverse the ridge leading to our camp. But we couldn't see anything, missed that ridge, and ended up descending the north ridge of the mountain, following our tracks of the morning.

Unfortunately, Sunday was cold and white with five cm. of snow. We packed our gear and mushed our way to the cars. The last episode of this journey is the nursing of the Port's Scout. We first had to hot wire it, then jump-start it, then dry it out after it drowned in a puddle, and finally feed it a full three quarts to run it from Tea Creek to Castlegar.

Our group: Hamish Mutch, Sue Port, Pip Farh, Hal Harrison, Nigel Brownlow, Andy Mill, Ken Holmes, Fred Thiessen.



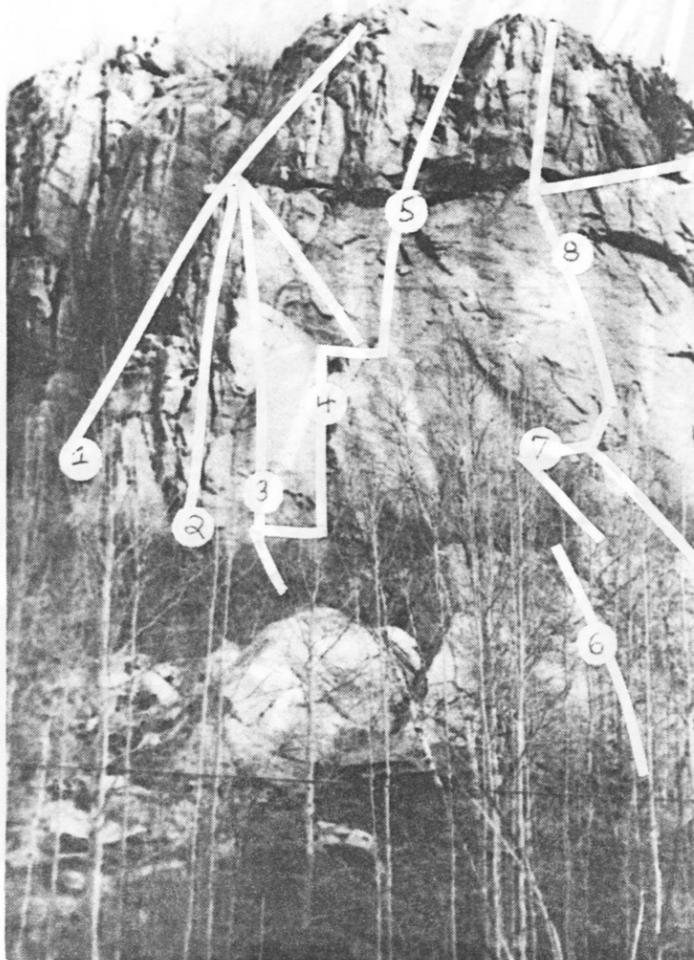




## SOME ROUTES AT THE KINNAIRD BLUFFS (Pullout Section) by Ian Bult

Jim Gillman and I took the liberty to name some of the routes and to rate all of the routes. I hope it isn't too far off from what the more seasoned climbers would agree with.

YELLOW SLING - DIRECT VIEW



1. Broken Corner - 5.4 - 2 pitches 2. The PWA Route - 5.6 3. The 5.10 Face - 5.10 4. Fineline - 5.6  
5. Fineline Direct - 5.10 6. The Slab - 5.1 7. Laybackcrack - 5.7 8. The Yellow Sling Route  
(awkward A2 to grassy ledge) - 5.9

1. Broken Corner - 5.4 - 2 pitches
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6. The Slab - 5.1
7. Laybackcrack - 5.7
8. The Yellow Sling Route  
(awkward A2 to grassy ledge) - 5.9

SOME ROUTES AT THE KINNARD HULLES (Palliser Section) by Jim Bell

HAIL MARY CLIFF FROM SOUTH



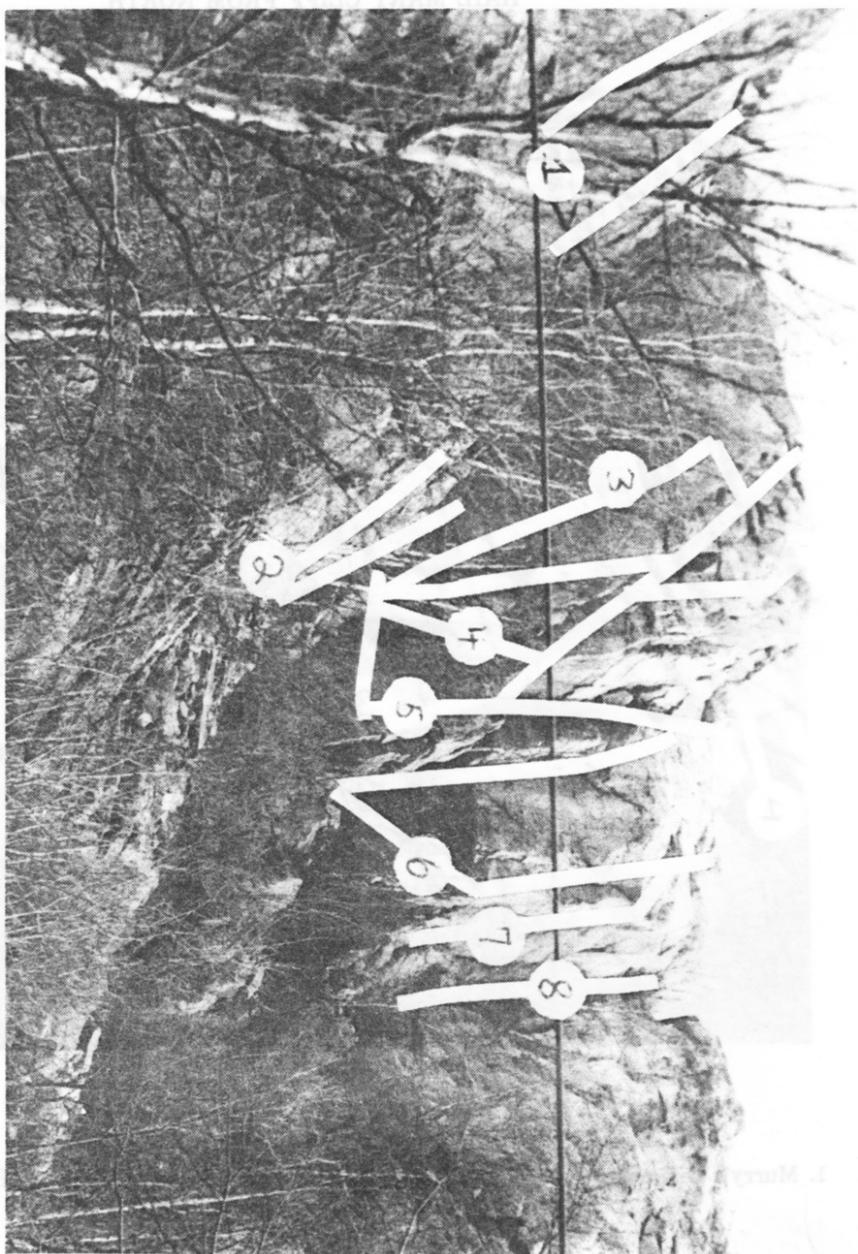
1. #9 ( variation at top) - 5.4 2. The Green Arrow Route - 5.6 3. Double Bubble - 5.8 4. The Shallow Chimney - 5.7 5. Hail Mary (and variations) - 5.8 5 1/2. Mary's Crack - 5.10 6. The Gully - 5.4

HAIL MARY CLIFF FROM NORTH



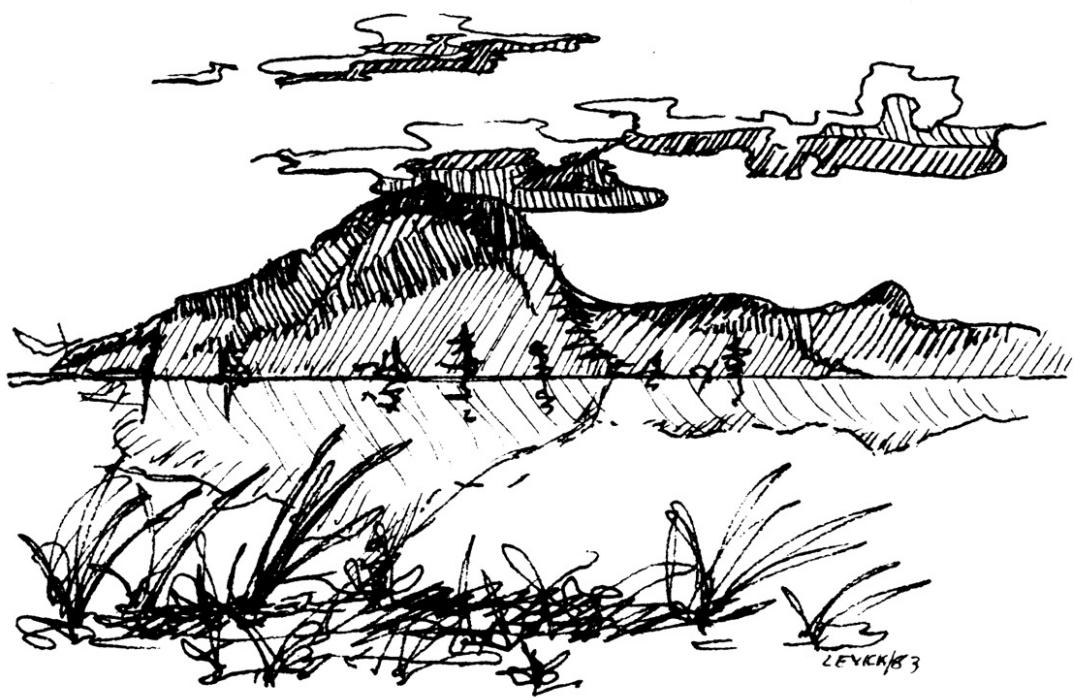
1. Murry's Dilemma - 5.8 2. The Gully - 5.4 3. Chain Reaction - 5.5 4. Bob's Delight - 5.7

SQUEEZE CHIMNEY AREA



- 1. Poor Poor Pitiful Me Area - 5.10
- 2. Practice Boulder - 5.8
- 3. Sunshine Wall (many variations) - 5.6
- 4. Squeeze Chimney - 5.4
- 5. Squeeze Chimney Slab - 5.8
- 6. The Bolt Corner - 5.9
- 7. Tightwad - 5.10
- 8. The Chimney - 5.3





LEVICK/83

## MOUNTAINS by Sid Marty

To live here is to know  
These jagged arcs of glory  
Are Altitude's denial  
Of the gravid, stooped plain

Where travelling means considering  
Gravity's revenge. How spent footfalls  
Of giant lives still echo  
Among earth's sprawling blue  
Pavillions, her heaped up  
Sharpened bones of history

How blood, though petrified  
Is singing in these stones

When we climb up to look  
The raised, frozen floors  
Of ancient seas  
Stretch their eternities  
Under our tenuous feet

But humble and striving, life  
Like a symbiotic algae  
Stains the rocks with its will

It never gave dominion  
To this tide of stone

That we swim, and crawl  
And stagger up and through  
To follow with a mind  
What eyes can cover

From white petals of anemone  
To immense, ice carved towers

The merely human takes a measure  
And is taken  
Everywhere

## SKAGASTOLTINDANE: A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS WITH THE TROLLS

by Peter McIver

The famous explorers and conquerors of that peak of peaks, Laag, in the Gold Range (what—you haven't heard of it?), met again to test their skills against Norway's finest.

Although i'd seen plenty of Knut since he moved to Norway five years ago (he visited Canada twice and I visited Norway once), we'd only climbed together once in that time, so I was pleased with his suggestion that I visit him and that we climb some Norwegian peaks. Most of Norway's highest mountains rise out of a high icefield (about 2000 m) for 300 to 400 m, but this peak of 2400 m rises from valleys and is quite impressive. Skagastoltindane is located in W Norway, about 300 km NW of Oslo and the journey from Oslo provides an enjoyable traverse on narrow, high roads across moors and down into deep fjord valleys.

It was late July, and typical B.C. July weather—fog, a bit of rain and occasional sun—when our party of six took off across the heather, creeks and snowfields to the mountain hut below the summit ridge. Here Knut and I left the others and traversed on wet rock and ice to some clean slabs, where we scrambled for 200 to 300 m vertically until we reached a wall with several impressive looking routes on it (two of which had climbers on them). Our route involved a traverse across this wall to a section where a steep and quite hard crack led to the final upper slabs.

Knut led this section very well although he hadn't climbed for three years and wasn't exactly in shape. Protection (pitons and a jammed chock) was already in place, as is the case with many European routes. We reached the summit in fog and were joined by two other parties with a guide.

During the descent it began to rain quite heavily, which slowed us considerably, but in spite of this, and the time (5:30 p.m.) we saw two other parties beginning rock climbs. Of course it didn't get dark until 11:30, and then for only a short period, but it did seem strange.

The weather in that part of Norway is usually atrocious and when, next day, the whole of our party walked to the top of Glitterfind, Norway's highest mountain (2475 m) in sunshine all day, it was apparently a most unusual event. But the weather returned to normal on the next day and we had to abandon plans to traverse the major icefield and climb other peaks, and we were forced to confine our trip to the valleys and fjords, which are, however, exceedingly impressive and beautiful with cascading waterfalls, tiny farms and green fields perched on cliffs and black water.

Norway is well worth a visit and Jill and Knut would be most pleased to meet any club member who has a chance to go there.



## MT. RINDA by Bob Dean

When I first came to live here in 1956 I wanted to climb a mountain in the four or five days left before school started. I studied the map and picked out Mt. Rinda - over 8000 feet. (3000 feet more than anything else I had been up before), and the contours looked a little farther apart than on most of the other mountains - so I went ahead and climbed it. And I climbed it again three days later to retrieve my glasses, drivers licence and a five dollar bill!

A few years ago some of us made a couple of unsuccessful attempts to reclimb it. Unsuccessful because we drove too far up Hoder Creek, hoping to minimize the bush problem and gain some initial elevation. The result being that we found ourselves on the wrong part of the ridge.

When asked this spring for a trip proposal, I suggested Mt. Rinda, and so on Sunday, July 31, five of us: Jeff Babcock, Pip Farra, Cheryl Langille, Mara and I had "a go at it". This time we started much lower down the road, at the first fork, where there is a branch leading back up onto Mt. Heindal.

The bush was delightful! Devil's Club, prickly currant, other spiky bushes and nettles - lots and lots of nettles. After two hours of slow going we had gained only 1500 feet - leaving 3600 feet still to go. At this point Mara realized she was not going to get much farther so she decided to turn back. Pip went with her.

Jeff, Cheryl and I then continued and after another four hours we reached the summit. (At some point near the top Jeff found his second wind and we couldn't keep up with him.)

When the time came to leave this heavenly spot the question arose as to which way. We finally settled for the somewhat less direct timber route down and kept as far away from creeks as possible. Near the bottom, as we were about to leave the timber and enter the Devil's 'club region, we had a wonderful break - we came upon an old skid road. On each side of us, bush, and here we were walking down an old, slightly overgrown skid trail - we saved ourselves at least half an hour - thus taking a total of three hours for the descent, ( six up and three down ).

It was a worthwhile trip, especially for Jeff who learned two important questions to ask a leader before embarking on a trip: 1. How long will it take? 2. Is there a trail?



## MOUNT WHITEWATER-SEPTEMBER 18, 1983 by Julie Lachman

It was a fine cold fall morning when seven of us met at Retallack. The first part of the route was by four by four up the short but rough road to the start of the trail. We left the vehicles shortly after eight and were quickly in the sparsely treed Whitewater Valley. The slopes are a series of avalanche tracks that in the summer become lush green meadows but had now been knocked back by early season frosts.

The trail traverses up the northeast side of the valley and was in good shape having been cleared out by a summer work party. Part way along the trail we came within a few hundred feet of a grizzly. We surprised him and he bolted down the slope ahead. We noticed more movement on the scree slope far below us and recognized another well camouflaged, against the rocks. We watched as it picked its way across the scree, through the creek, and up the meadow roughly in our direction. We closed ranks and continued slowly, making plenty of noise. Later we saw another bear, this time just a short distance ahead of us on the trail. He took a good look at us and disappeared into the bush.

When we caught our first glimpse of Whitewater(our mountain) it was shrouded in cloud and had a mantel of fresh snow. The trail took us past a derelict mine cabin, and a small lake. From here we were on permanent snow up to the col which gave us our first glimpse across Keene Creek.

The scramble along the ridge was straight forward but made interesting by a few inches of new snow covering the rocks and the old snow patches. Four of us had ice axes which was reassuring, but Earl, not expecting this technical stuff, made do with a wooden staff. About half way along the ridge we had to turn a step in the ridge picking our way over broken rocks and snow on the right hand side. This brought us into a short snow gully that lead quickly to the top. At one p.m. five of us were on the summit of Mount Whitewater eating our lunch. (We had left two along the way). The scene was dominated by the huge north face of Mount Brennan, which to quote Kruszyra and Putnam, "appears to offer interests." To the northwest the view was equally fine across Keene Creek and the sweeping uplift to the summits of Martin and McHardy. After a lunch we made a quick descent back down the ridge and small glacier. Near the lake Teresa found a beautiful piece of serpentine, and Fred "salvaged" some heavy wire that the mines abandoned long ago.

We set off back down the valley and by five p.m. we were at the vehicles.

The trip participants were: David Drake, Earl Jorgenson, Teresa Nordick, Bob Kippan, Fred Thiessen, Neville Jordison, and Julie Lachman.

## KM 40 by John Kerkhoven

I'd just finished my lunch, but I'd only completed a third of the day's ride. With my gear all packed up, and my poncho secured on top of my bedroll under bungie cords, I left Nakusp. It never did rain again that day, but I was ready all the same.

There were still about seventy-five kilometres to ride and there was the Shelter Bay Ferry to take across Upper Arrow Lake. According to my map it is forty-eight kilometres to the ferry from Nakusp. I'd heard the day before that the ferry leaves on the half hour from Galena Bay, where I had to board.

It was twenty past one when I left Nakusp. To give myself enough time to complete the day's ride, and to cook and set up camp in daylight, I decided I should be on the three-thirty ferry.

Twenty-three kilometres per hour is feasible for me on a fully loaded bicycle, but it would still be trying.

As I thought about that, I rode up to the first sign out of Nakusp, "Shelter Bay Ferry 55 km." Twenty-seven kilometres per hour. I felt myself take a deeper breath than I actually did; and I rode. After an hour, I would check by the kilometreage markers, how far I had come, and from there, whether or not to continue pushing hard.

Shortly before I saw the "km 5" sign, I'd been cycling for ten minutes. Twelve more times that. Fifty-five could not have been right! The map says forty-eight. I didn't know; I just kept on going.

Soon I passed another marker. My feet kept going in circles. I rode past the turn-off for the Nakusp Hot Springs. That would have been nice, but eight kilometres on dirt road wouldn't have appealed to me.

Between watching for wildlife and smelling the breeze against my face, I maintained self-encouragement. And I sang. I listened to my voice going into the trees making sounds only for me so that my wheels and drivetrain didn't hypnotize me.

By the time forty-five minutes had passed, I'd done a little more than fifteen kilometres. I was still skeptical about that fifty-five. The cycling was beginning to become work. I was still going to wait for an hour to pass.

Third gear for hills. Damn it! I had to keep the pace. I had to maintain my cadence. I pushed and surely crested what proved to be a less severe hill than I had imagined. And then down. As soon as I felt capable, I reached down for my front derailleur shifter, eased it down, listened and felt myself fall into ninth gear. And then tenth as I compensated for the time lost on the ascent. Breathing through my mouth, I slowed and resumed my pace.

There were more and more rises as I continued, and the pain that had started the day before behind my knees, was back. I sang some more.

War of the Worlds. The musical version. Terrific album. I wish I knew the songs better.

There is one part on the album when the journalist, in his flight from the Martians, happens upon a minister who is convinced that the Devil's hand is involved. And the minister is trying to exorcise the devil as his wife stands by pleading that he stop as he was becoming more and more neurotic. And she sang, "No, Nathaniel, no," and I sang, "Oh no, Nathaniel, no!" I reached back to make a routine check on my gear. "There has to be a way for us to get back the love we used to know, Nathaniel, no...." Uphill again; small chainwheel, third gear, legs pumping, feet digging into the pedals.

More than an hour had passed. I maintained the pace.

At thirty kilometres, I finally rewarded my efforts with a chocolate bar. My eyes focused on the road, then on my hands opening my handlebar bag, then on the road, then on my hands; all while I controlled the handlebars with my wrists and forearms. The handlebar bag was awkward to unzip, and occasionally I grabbed the handlebars with my right hand to readjust my position on the road. Legs still pushed, pistons up, down. Two-stroke machine. Fingers finally opened the handlebar bag, fidgeted for teh chocolate bar, then brought it out. Hap-hazardly, my hands zipped up the handlebar bag again. Pistons two. WSith my teeth, the chocolate bar was unwrapped.

I don't remember chewing. Well before the "km 35" sign, the wrapping was in a side pocket of the handlebar bag and I rode as before.

Almost three o'clock it was. Uphill. Third gear is slow: but it reserved energy. War of the Worlds came back. I picked up the same song where I had trailed off before, "There must be something woth living for," pulled on the bars and bent forward. Pulled twice. "There must be something worth trying for," breath through my mouth. Dug the pedals. "Even something worth dying for." Kept going. Downhill.

Deceived. Uphill again. Third; second gear. Grey arched road would have to eventually go down. The ferry has to be on the water. But up up. "Km 40." By the map, eight left; or as much as fifteen. "There must be something worth...." A car-how easy.

Another cyclist! Had to come off the ferry. The last one. Two-thirty. Had to come uphill. I holler over, "You've got a long way down!"

Can't make out what he says.

Knees tight in back. Breath short. God! I've got to make it now. To wait until four-thirty after this. Oh, come on; road; go down! Not another hill.

Breath. Breath. Loosen the toe clips.

"Its not fair!!"

Both feet on the still road. And I stopped and listened to my sound go into the trees no even making a sound for me.

Can't stop too long. My chest has gotten so small and thin. Okay. Up. Another car. How far? How much time?

Is that it? Can't see any more road up ahead. Only hillside and trees and cloud. Come on, just a bit more. One, two, three, four, five, six; counting my revolutions like a first grader counting apples. That's it! Up. And. Over; over.

Third gear. Another car. Push, more. Deep breaths.

Ninth gear. Come on.

My cadence picked up. A sign for a hill; terrific! Tenth gear to pick up the speed and then I was rolling, rolling downhill. I slowed down as the ground levelled out, but then I got further along and saw a sign for truckers to check their brakes. I still could not see the ferry, let alone any water, but the sign said, "Steep Hill-10%." My hands gripped the curve of the bars, my feet spun. Then I stopped pedalling and flew downhill.

## EVEREST FASHION (1924-1983) by Craig Andrews

Edward Felix Norton, leader of the 1924 British attempt on Everest, described his own appearances as follows:

Personally I wore thick woolen vest and drawers...

a thick flannel shirt and two sweaters...

(next) a lightish knickerbocker suit of wind-proof gaberdine, the knickers of which were lined with light flannel...

a pair of soft elastic Kashmir patties...

a pair of boots of felt bound and soled with leather and lightly nailed with the usual Alpine nails...

over all I wore a very light pyjama suit of Messrs Burberry's 'Shackleton' windproof gaberdine...

on my hands I wore a pair of long woolen mitts inside a similar pair made of gaberdine; though when step-cutting necessitated a sensitive hold on the axehaft, I sometimes substituted a pair of silk mitts for the inner woolen pair...

on my head I wore a furlined leather motor-cycling helmet...

my eyes and nose were protected by a pair of goggles of Crooke's glass, which were sewn into a leather mask that came well over the nose and covered any part of my face which was not naturally protected by my beard...

a huge woolen muffler completed my costume...

Quoted in W. Unsworth, *Everest*, Penguin, 1981, p.106.

Patrick Morrow, Summit climber and photographer of the 1982 Canadian Everest expedition described his clothing:

I wore ultra-light, polypropylene underwear, two piece...

Helly Hansen pile suits, two piece, were the next layer...

Sun Ice of Calgary made us a goretex shell and goretex 'bib' pants...

I wore two pair of insulated gaiters, one home-made by a friend and fleece lined...

we used plastic Kofflach boots with double liners, one felt and one alviolite...

over all we wore a one-piece thinsulite suit, made by Sun Ice, and in 'Air Canada' Red...

for gloves I wore a wristlength pile mit inside a goretex shell; I found it allowed me to operate my camera with no difficulty...

I wore a wool toque knitted for me by my cousin from Salmo...

we had silk face protectors if we wanted them and Bolle double paned goggles, but most of the time I used an old pair of light sun glasses with leather side protectors...

From an interview with Patrick Morrow done on April 11, 1983, at Kimberley.

## EVEREST by Sid Marty

The world didn't change for us  
We didn't feel it move  
When the Western Cwm  
Shuddered, and engulfed you

Next week we may forget  
You climbed Mount Everest  
You'll have to be a thingy  
On the vacuum tube  
And keep reminding us

Then we'll congratulate you  
Once, twice, three times

The fourth time...Well  
We may recall the bodies  
There are always bodies

Then we may ask you  
What you want. Then  
We'll have to ask  
What does Everest mean to us?

It may not be much

And depending on what you want  
You may have to climb it again  
Our Everest of indifference

The climbing, the falling, the stripping  
Bare, the killing goes on everywhere  
And the bodies, burned, won't go away  
Their images are in the air we breathe

We're sorry that the world, so changed  
Is not enough. Here courage finds  
An awkward welcome. Loneliness  
Like loss of altitude  
Follows heroes home

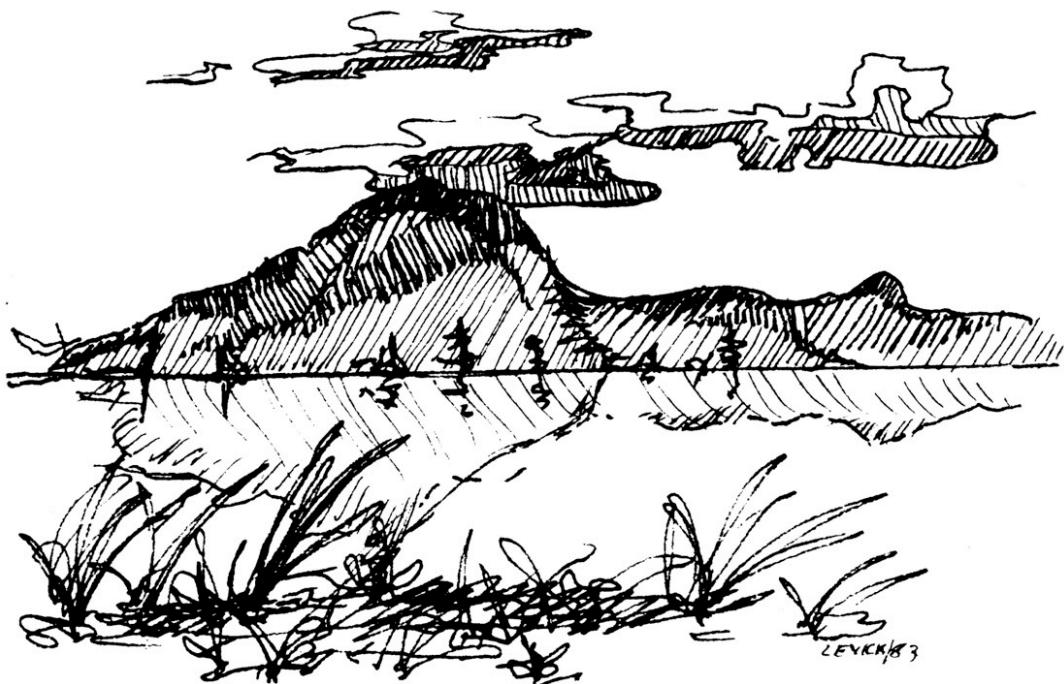
To taste the sour fruits of victory  
We have been drinking overlong  
Our copious wine of defeat  
The milky, rancid vintage  
To us looks clear, tastes sweet

We have rivers of it here  
Frozen mountains of it to consume

Drink up: Drink deep, and forget

As we, the ranges of illusion that remain  
Unclimbed. The spirit of endeavour  
Is restless, but subdued

It may take a hundred Everest's  
To set it free. Then, looking back  
Some future mountaineer  
May write a happier poem for you



## McGILLIVARY PASS -- APRIL 10-16, 1983 by Fred Thiessen

Wanting to go ski-touring this spring and trying to find a place equidistant for the Kootenay and Vancouver contingents , we settled on McGillivary Pass. Not well but one of the better areas for touring , this pass is west of Lillooet near Bralorne.

Our two parties met at the Reynolds Hotel bar in Lillooet. From here we bar-hopped our way through Goldbridge and Bralorne eventually to camp in an old shack in the ghost town of Pioneer mines.

Since the road was unplowed beyond Pioneer we had to put on our skis for our 16 km trip to McGillivary Pass. The well-packed snowmobile trail made for easy travel until we arrived at Piebiter Creek. From here we had to gain 1500 feet over 3 km which slowed us down. We were relieved when we arrived to find the cabin still standing, as all we could ever find out before the trip was that it was sinking into the mud, in poor shape and the stove didn't work. To our surprise the cabin was in the same condition as it had been during our last visit in 1971. The floor still had its unique sine wave shape, the stove still smoked and even the pots, dishes and cutlery were still there.

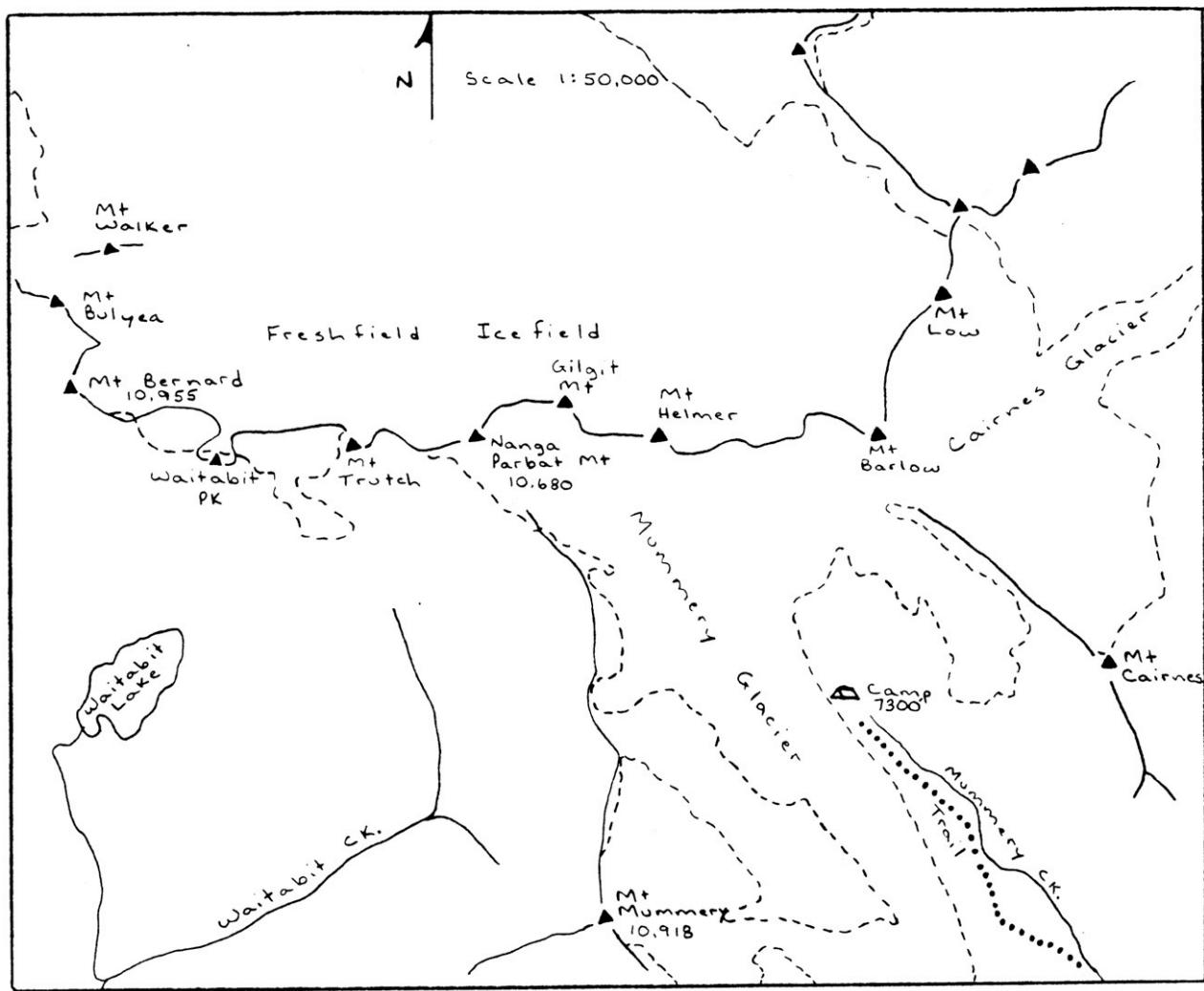
During our week of sunny weather we passed our time climbing the local peaks and trying to master the telemark turn on our descents. We managed to climb Royal Peak, McGillivary Peak, Piebiter Peak and Whitecap Peak. Whitecap Peak at 9600 feet was our major ascent, involving a 12 hour day and 6000 vertical feet as we had to go over the McGillivary Peak ridge.

Unfortunately for us the low snow winter and the clear sunny weather created boiler plate crust which made great early morning travel but less than ideal descent conditions. Our descents were fast and exhilarating.

This area in late March and April is recommended for ski-touring. I should imagine that the cabin is good for at least another ten years. Users ought to bring their own gas stove and lantern though.

Party: Gorden Frank, Pamela Olson, Carl Johnson, Jim McLaren, Viv Bowers, Eric White and Fred Thiessen.





## BOOKS IN THE KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB LIBRARY

A number of very outdated or peripheral books have been omitted from this list.  
Any donations, or suggestions for purchase, are always welcome.

The library is located at the home of Bert and Sue Port, 2713 10th Ave., Castlegar (above the highway, south end). Phone 365-6056.

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