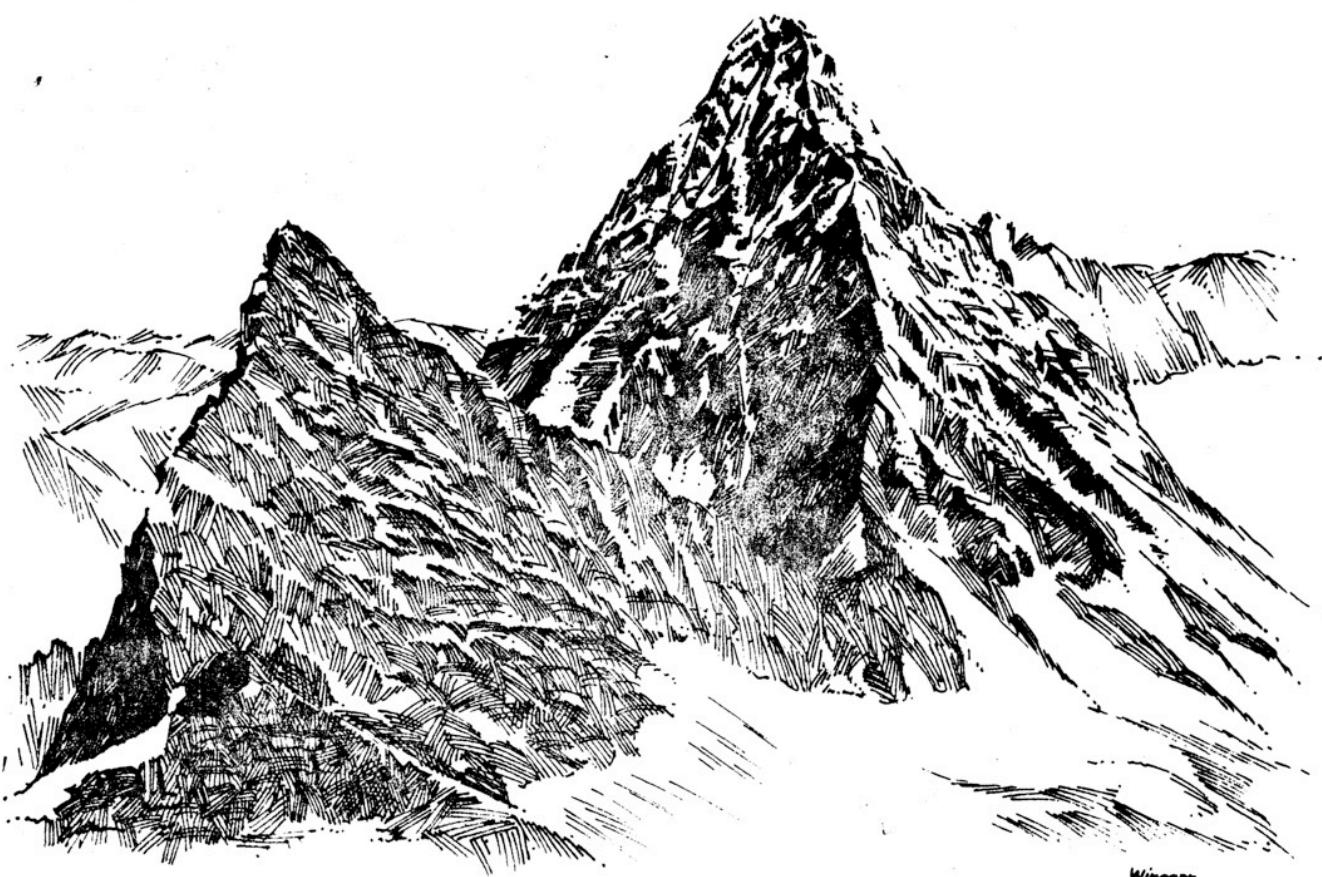


Kootenay Mountaineering Club

Set 1.

KOOTENAY

KARABINER



*Mount Sir Donald  
from Eagle Peak*

---

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

Fall 1972

Volume 15

---



The  
KOOTENAY  
KARABINER

Volume 15

Fall '72

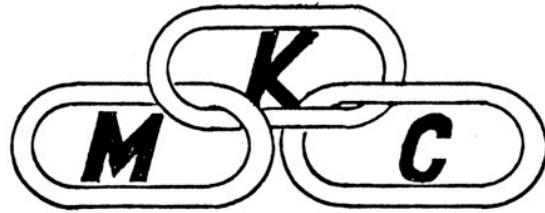
Edited by:

B. Port

The Kootenay Karabiner, printed annually,  
is distributed free to members of the  
Kootenay Mountaineering Club.

Additional copies and limited back issues  
may be obtained from the Club Secretary:

Mr. C.E. Charlton,  
307 - 3560 Highway Drive,  
Trail, B.C.



## KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

### OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1971-72

Chairman	Ian Hamilton
* Secretary	Tom Charlton
Treasurer	Bill Dyke
K.K. Editor	Bert Port
Trips	Ian Hamilton
* Summer Camp	Helen Butling
Social	Pete Wood
* Mountain Rescue & Rock School	John Carter Iain Martin
* Cabins	Howie Ridge
Conservation	Graham Kenyon
* Publicity	Susan Port
* According to the Constitution, elections for these positions do not occur until November 1973.	



## CONTENTS

Chairman's Report ..... Ian Hamilton ..... 1

### Local Climbs

Kokanee Park .....	Frederick Niven ...	3
Heather Lake .....	John Carter .....	8
Mt. Retallack .....	John Carter .....	11
Ymir? Ynöt? .....	Norm Thyer .....	14
Siwash Mountain .....	Mary Kershaw .....	17
Red Mountain .....	Gordon Stein .....	19
Ladies Day .....	Ann Wood .....	21
Mt. Sir Donald .....	Gerry Brown .....	23
The Badshots .....	Gerry Brown .....	25
Mt. Baldr .....	Sue Port .....	27
Four Squatters .....	Gerry Brown .....	29
Rose Pass to St. Mary Lake .....	John Gansner .....	30
Earl Grey Pass Access .....	Gordon Stein .....	37
KMC Annual Camp .....	Helen Butling .....	39
Sweet Judy Blue Eyes Buttress ....	John Raskelly .....	43
Asgard, Route Two .....	Howie Ridge .....	44

### Further Afield

Impressions of Norway .....	Ann Wood .....	46
West Coast Trail .....	Graham Kenyon .....	49
Clemenceau Icefields .....	Howie Ridge .....	53
Two Climbers .....	Howie Ridge .....	57
Mt. Sir Sandford .....	Bert Port .....	58

### Notes

Crevasse Rescue Practice .....	Norm Thyer .....	61
Snow School '72 .....	Jill Langballe ....	65
Two-man Crevasse Rescue .....	Norm Thyer .....	68
Mulvey Flowers .....	Bill Merilees ....	72
Legging Pattern .....	Sue Port .....	77
Trip Schedule .....		78
Equipment Checklist .....		80

Acknowledgements ..... 81



CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

At the end of another climbing year, the Club appears to be going from strength of strength. We are certainly bigger now in terms of enrolled membership. I do not know if everyone sees that as a good thing; mountain climbers normally only accept "when big is good" then "bigger is better" when expressed in feet of elevation. However, maybe a larger membership means that more people have come to know and enjoy what mountaineering really is.

On the subject of safety, I would like to remind everyone that mountains can be a very dangerous place, and to be in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong equipment may prove tragic. I am aware that although everybody agrees with "safety first", some people pay only lip service to safety and can be a liability to others as well as themselves. Please make an effort to reach your destination safely. This is surely part of the word "mountaineering".

Some of our club members have to their credit one or more "first ascents" or "new routes", which I find very commendable. However, in our area (by which I mean within a day's drive from anywhere KMC'ers live), there are numerous mountains that do not even have names, never mind a record of a first ascent. I know that we have many hills that are not especially difficult or distant, and very likely have been walked over by early passing miners, prospectors or explorers. Nevertheless, we do have mountains around that are unnamed, over 8000 ft. and still worthwhile in their own way.

I feel that KMC, as a long term project, should set about naming all of these peaks. This could be quite a job, but we have already made a start with the peaks in the Mulvey Basin area and with suggestions for those at the head of Bernard Creek which our members climbed this year.

The Canadian Standing Committee on Geographical Names is the federally appointed body which can confirm or reject suggested names. After an area, lake, or peak is investigated and found not to have a

name, a suggested name is usually accepted if it is in good taste, in keeping with the particular geographical features, related to existing named peaks, or widely used locally.

I feel that the Club could do a lot of good by promoting the naming of these peaks, and this would, I hope, stop them being named after politicians or businessmen, as has happened in the past with other mountains.

I have to again report that we are relying on just a few people to run the Club's business. It was once said that the best number of people to make up a committee is one. Nevertheless, we are always looking for people to help. Don't be shy, and don't wait for someone to bully you into helping.

The Club building fund, as you know, has been lying idle for a couple of years. I feel that the Club should continue on the advice of the Cabin Committee and not make any moves toward building a cabin while there is so much uncertainty as to the desirability of doing so.

Which brings us to the question of the Club financial surplus. The KMC is not, and was never intended to be, a money making organization; we need only enough money to cover yearly expenses. However, the balance seems to be growing.

Suggestions which have been made so far for using the surplus balance include another cabin, building trails, or helping to sponsor a Club expedition. Any member who would like to voice an opinion on this is to do so.

In closing, I would especially like to thank all those executive members who have given so freely of their time and have kept the Club running as an active organization. Without them the Club could not exist.

And finally I would like to thank all those people who have supported me as Chairman for the last two years. It has been really appreciated.

Ian Hamilton

# Kokanee Park \*

by FREDERICK NIVEN

Kokanee Glacier Park is in southern British Columbia, no larger, as the crow flies, or in an air-line, than ten miles by ten. Within its boundary is the glacier (Kokanee) that A.O. Wheeler wrote of as the most southerly of the Selkirk system. There are no professional guides to this park and too few visitors to support one. I once led within its borders a guide from the main Rockies, and he could not cease from exclaiming that there was hardly any feed for horses. Open park-lands such as he knew among the forests of the Rockies and on the Selkirk's eastern slopes are not to be found here. The greater rainfall is conducive, instead, to a growth of dense underbrush.

This park may be entered by motor car from the charming little city of Nelson on the west arm of Kootenay Lake or, again by car, from Kaslo on the main lake, a mining town where one may sometimes read the announcement, on the closed door of a store, "Shut for the day. Gone Fishing." A scenic road round the lake shore connects Nelson and Kaslo, and there has been talk for some time

\*A shortened version of a chapter in Colour in the Canadian Rockies by W.J. Phillips and Frederick Niven, Toronto, Thomas Nelson, 1937.

of continuing a road between the end of the one that climbs from Kaslo and the end of the one from the west arm of Kootenay Lake, so that visitors may drive their cars in the summer months into the high passes. The existent roads that I have mentioned are but old ones leading to mines, not to the glacier. Where they end one must be his own pack-horse, shoulder his load, and bear the burden and heat of the day for the sake of what Kokanee Glacier Park offers.

.....within reasonably close access I lived a while, and when fate took me far from it the names of the creeks and peaks had for me the quality of ballad-music: Kokanee Creek, Nilsik Creek, Lemon Creek, Sitzum Creek, Coffee Creek, the Glory Basin, the Crazy Jane Basin, Esmeralda Peak, the Lone Dutchman Trail.

The glacier of Kokanee is no doubt the chief attraction of the park to most. The usual way of approach is from Nelson by car along the west arm of Kootenay Lake, to where Kokanee Creek flows into it, and thence up a road that mounts about six thousand feet in twelve miles and ends, or ended when last I was there, beside some tumble-down houses, bunk-houses, and the usual decaying concentration building and compressor-house, that one comes upon where mining activities have ceased, or have been suspended for some time, long enough for the rank growths of summer and winter snows on the roofs to have

taken charge.

There are ore-bodies still in that range, of glittering silver-lead, and it is possible if market-prices are happy for mining men that the scene is changed now, that the wreckage has been cleared away and that new houses, with unbroken window-panes, are standing there.

Over slopes of scree behind the mine is the usual way of approach to the glacier, over those scree-slopes to a slit in the ultimate ridge, a crack, boulder-strewn and often, even in midsummer, with snow lingering in it. Those who have seen the Columbia Ice Fields, or the glaciers of the Wapatik Range in the Yoho Park, will find Kokanee small, no doubt, but it has its grandeur as you view it when emerging at the top of that crack or tilted chimney, curving from the crags called the Battleship and the Giant's Kneecap down toward the moraines at the head of Coffee Creek.

Kokanee Glacier, I should say, occupies only a small space in a relatively small park. There are the Woodberry (sic) Glaciers also, a little way northward and to east of the Sawtooth Range, within its borders. Caribou Glacier, Blue Grass Basin, White Heather Ridge: these are some appealing in this little -- relatively little -- park.

That glacier, for some, is not the main thing in Kokanee Park. Considering the region I think not only of it. I think of spring there, the draining of frost

ended and the scents of sap running anew. I think of the sound of grouse drumming in recesses of green quiet, a sound like the constant ineffectual cranking of a car where car there cannot be. I think of the trail up the long valley of Lemon Creek beyond a few fallen houses--one of these ghost camps of the woods, called once Ora City. That is the trail that at last swings up a roof-steep slope to the rocky sweep of Glory Basin where the marmots whistle, I think of the place where the trail for the Crazy Jane Basin debouches from the main trail to the Glory Basin. The trails here-away are so speedily overgrown that the best way to be sure of finding it is to look for the head of an axe sticking in a tree, high up, twenty feet up, I should think. In some long past winter, when deep snow-drifts were in the woods, some one perhaps camped there, so high, and astonishingly forgot the axe.

There it is, at any rate, on a tree near Nilsik Creek that drains the Crazy Jane Basin, an axe-head from which the haft has fallen out long ago. Somehow or other, I remember it often. As for Nilsik Creek, frequently I recall it, with huckleberry patches by its banks and how at one place it has so polished a stretch of rocky bed in the spring freshets that even when it flows shallow in the late summer as one draws near there is an illusion as of a full creek flowing through the twilit forests. Here and there on that graceful undulation of rocky bed are

indentations where water had eddied through the ages, and a little way down-creek you can find burnished holes with a round boulder in them where, in the spates, the torrent plays a wild roaring game of pestle and mortar.

Up in that Glory Basin out of which Lemon Creek flows, against one of the cliffs, one thousand feet above the close woods, there is an old mine. As we come out of the forest dusks and sun-pools and look up beyond the treeless slopes, beyond the screes, we see it at the base of the topmost cliff. I know a man who mined up there all through two summers and two winters, and he has told me of how in the spring, working in the tunnel, he would be aware of what he could best describe as a shudder in the mountain and would hear a faint zoom. A little strip of ice, known as Silvertip Glacier (it has, by the way, been dwindling markedly during these last years), he presumed was resettling into its lofty niche as the streams, running again, upset its balance. On the ridge between the Glory Basin and Kokanee Pass (through which some day, perhaps, there will be a motor-road) are three lakelets like dropped fragments of sky, the Sapphire Lakes, better known, probably, to the wandering silver-tip bears than to men.

# Heather Lake

by JOHN CARTER

To all intents and purposes the Kootenay Mountaineering Club's scheduled trip for June 17th and 18th was a success. However, we did not go to Nemo Creek, but to Heather Lake because of an earlier reconnaissance by the leader who found too much snow and a trail only two miles long, not the reported five!

We all met at the usual time at the beginning of the Enterprise Creek road, and in half or three-quarters of an hour were swinging our packs on our backs at the end of the road. After an easy crossing of Enterprise Creek on a log, we hiked up the old mining road and then slowly up the Heather Lake trail. The trail does not, at present go right to the lake, but stops at the bottom of a rock slide and here we found the snow line. In a short while we were all gathered at the lake, nestled below the north face of Boomerang Mt. which is in the west central part of Kokanee Glacier Park.

By noon we all had the tents up, lending colorful contrast to the surrounding snowy landscape, Knut and Jill Langballe in their new tent, Bert Port and Ian Hamilton in Bert's excellant tent, Peter McIvor and Ross Reynolds in Peter's salvaged World War II American airplane fabric tent, Ron Anderson, Gordon Stein and I each in our own small tents.

Showers of rain persisted but did not discourage us. We set off to climb Boomerang. Just a short distance from our campsites, who should appear but Howie Ridge who had been somewhat detained in Nelson and powered up the trail in record time.

With each person taking turns breaking trail around the lake and up the hillside we soon reached a steep gully up which we kicked steps. Of course some of us being a little taller or shorter, which ever the case may be, caused the footsteps to be either too short or too long. However, we all persevered and before long we were directly below the summit but in between us and the summit was an evil looking face. The party split into two groups, Bert, Peter, Knut and I to scale the direct face and the others just to the left of us.

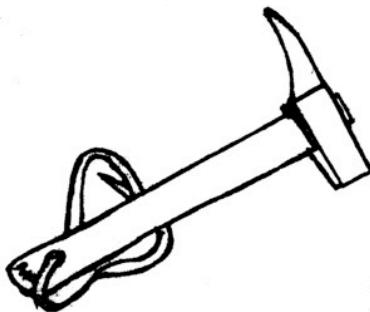
The rock was not very stable and to add to that, it began to snow quite hard. A few words of encouragement were heard over the roar of the wind: "pull the bloody rope, we're freezing; where did you put your other hand, its all ice there now; come on, its getting worse here, we'll be here till next spring if you don't get the lead out." Anyway we all made it to the top, at least I think it was the top. Visibility was nil and so after a quick snack we followed the larger group's tracks down the ridge and back down the face to the snow field. Other than a steep gully to climb down, which one member of the party attempted to fly down, it was quite straight forward and we were all back at the tents in mid-afternoon amid heavy showers and sleet.

Peter's tent resembled the kiddies wading pool at Radium, and with the continuing rain he and Ron and Ross packed up and left while

the rest of us made supper under the shade of a large whitebark-pine and then managed to start a camp-fire. Before long we were all pictures of content; hot mugs of tea and steaming backsides.

Sunday morning dawned clear and sunny and with breakfast over, photography completed and tents folded, we hiked back down the trail to the old mining road. While Howie and Gordon went off to explore the New Denver-Kaslo highway the rest of us hiked up the lovely trail to Tanal Lake, enjoying the sun and fresh spring smell and colors on the trail. Tanal Lake was still nearly frozen although one or two dippers were hopping around the edge of the lake.

On the way back down the trail, an interesting crossing of the creek took place but with everyone getting quite proficient now, no problems were encountered and before long we were at the cars. A quite successful weekend considering the weather and the low level of snow. A fine spot for future Club excursions.



# Mt. Retallack

by JOHN CARTER

Kokanee Glacier Park, comprising an area of 64,000 acres, lies in the Slocan Range of the Selkirk Mountains in the West Kootenays of British Columbia. Established in 1922, the Park is dotted with many fish-stocked lakes, alpine meadows, small glaciers and jagged peaks. The peaks range in size from near 8,000 ft. to 9,200 foot Mt. Cond which is the highest in the Parks.

As a Park Ranger, part of my job is to know the area a little better. On 23 August '72 Howie Ridge, and I traversed Enterprise Ridge from Enterprise Pass to Mt. Retallack. As nearly all excursions in the Park do not require an early morning start, we began our ramble at 9:30 a.m. Another reason for a late start was that a porcupine sharpened his incisors on the Parks Branch cabin door at 3:00 a.m.

During the first part of the morning we found ourselves following the trail to Kaslo Lake and on up to Enterprise Pass, where we turned right, and climbed a short but steep chute to the start of the southern part of

Enterprise Ridge. For most of the ridge, we found ourselves following the height of land, which, because of a 1930 forest fire was covered with many fallen trees lying between clumps of fireweed, paintbrush, asters and pussytoes. Nearing Granite Knob, a prominent peak of granite south of Mt. Retallack, the ridge gave way to rock and scree. Numerous goat tracks and dusting bowls were passed and many times we surprised hoary marmots, columbian ground squirrels or pikas.

During lunch on Granite Knob, we each had our turn with the binoculars, identifying numerous peaks and having great discussions over the ones we were not sure about! We scrambled down the north ridge of Granite Knob and up the south ridge of Mt. Retallack (8500 ft.) and arrived at the summit at 1:30 p.m. A large cairn was built and then we scurried over to the more north-western summit and had a good look down Enterprise Creek to the west, Virgil Creek to the east, and Mt. Hampshire to the northwest.

The view of the Slocan Chief Cabin, Battleship, Pyramids, Kneecap and Mt. Kane was outstanding.

We gathered up our belonging, and began what seemed to be a long hike back, at 2:45 p.m. but we reached the Parks Branch cabin quite quickly at 4:00 p.m. On the way back we were fortunate enough to see a young golden eagle, several hawks and many Clark's nutcrackers. Our ramble had taken us to a section of the Park that most

people do not get to, and I would recommend it to any members, young and old, of K.M.C., Mt. Retallack could possibly be climbed from Blue Grouse Basin, at the head of Paupo Creek, another lovely area of Kokanee Glacier Park.

\* \* \* \* \*

MASS BEDLAM  
(poem written in the Slocan Chief log book)

Winding through storm-blackened trees  
as the wind hauntingly whispers  
a name

A land of such lonely beauty

Ice ponds and warm lights  
winking in the night.  
Hands wrapped around hot cups  
and all of us  
living together  
for a weekend  
three years long.

And we will remember long nightgowns  
and laughter from the dark.

Remember...

# Ymir? Ynot?

by NORM THYER

One fine October day in 1971, the adults of the Clark and Thyer families headed for Ymir Mountain, hoping to reach the summit by one route and perhaps descend by another. We headed for the north ridge first, and reached it less than half a mile from the summit. Beyond this point, both sides of the ridge were precipitous. The ridge itself rose steeply too, and the rock was partly covered with new snow which persisted in the deep shadows thrown by the brilliant autumn sun. Moreover, further along the ridge there appeared to be a notch with a jagged overhang. Such a forbidding prospect was more than we were prepared for, and after "conquering" a minor summit nearby, we retreated into the main cirque of Ymir Mountain.

But the retreat was only temporary. The traverse of Ymir Mountain ridge still held promise of being an interesting route, and on July 2, 1972, the menfolk of the Clark and Thyer families, plus Bob Dean, set out, better prepared this time, on a second attempt. Much of the snow had already gone from the west slope of the north ridge;

the boulder-field which we crossed was well frequented by marmots, which showed much interest in the strange intruders in their territory. By the time we reached the ridge and had a munch of lunch, clouds were encroaching on more of the sky, and a few pellets of granular snow began to fall. However, there were no signs of really heavy showers developing, and so on we went.

Under the better conditions of this occasion, the first pitch of the ridge looked much less formidable, and turned out to be a mere scramble. The rest of the ridge was straightforward, and we found that the jagged overhang of the notch did not extend to the other side of it, leaving an easy way round. Past the summit, rock-scrambling gave way to smoother terrain, with small Alpine firs and snow patches.

Rather than leave the ridge at the first opportunity, we followed it for a mile and a half beyond the main summit. Much of it was still under snow, but the minor summits rewarded us with little patches of meadow, spangled with snow lilies and anemones. Then, from a dip in the ridge, we glissaded down into a snow-bowl and eventually to the bottom of the valley, where snow still lay in large patches on the south-west side of the creek.

Altogether, we were on the go for less than 5 1/2 hours, of which nearly half had been needed to reach the ridge.

As a variation on this route, it appears that we could have gained the ridge at a point still further north.

This would probably not have lengthened the trip significantly, and might have been more interesting.

Climb Description (including proposed variation)

- Ymir Mountain Traverse -

From Apex (on Highway 3, 7 miles south of Nelson, 11 miles north of Ymir), take the Apex Creek road to where it crosses the creek at the logging work-area, 1 1/2 miles before Ymir Mountain itself. (The road was not driveable beyond here.) Staying above the creek on its north east side, follow the valley until clear of timber. Approach north ridge over boulders and/or snow, bearing left to reach low point of ridge. Follow ridge over main summit, then 1 1/2 miles further, and descend via small cirque into main valley. Follow SW side of creek back to parking area.

Notes: Apex Creek road may be used by logging trucks on work days.

Ice axes recommended in spring and early summer.

Map: 82 F/6 East (Nelson)

# Siwash Mountain

by MARY KERSHAW

The Newsletter said, "This mountain is east of Thrums and is approached via the Glade ferry." Bob said, "Meet at Taghum Bridge, 7 a.m. June 24. We will have a few trees to cut down, probably 15 or 16." That last statement may well be the KMC understatement of the year. Off we started through Blewett and past the construction for the Kootenay Canal, eight people in two VW bugs and one van, as someone remarked, "the parade of the beetles". The first stop was to remove a mud slide, dig out a stubborn root and cut down fallen trees. From then on it was a series of corners and fallen trees, keeping Bob and Howie busy with the chain saws, the air sometimes blue with smoke. Sue, Pat and Jill drove the cars while the rest of us removed debris from the road. You may remember June as wet and rainy; Saturday was no exception. There was a promise of sun but the roads were wet and in spots muddy and slippery. Jill's task was made more difficult because the brakes wouldn't hold after going through deep puddles. We then became adept at quickly alighting and placing rocks under the wheels before rushing off to remove the sawn trees. At one point Bob's car had to be pushed up a muddy hill. Thor (Howie's car) with winter tires and Howie at the wheel had no difficulty but it was impossible for the van so Knut turned it around and we continued in the two cars. At the end of the road Bob's car had to be lifted around in the mud. We arrived

there at 10:15 a.m.

After a bite to eat we continued on up a tractor trail, then Howie and Knut spread out looking for the old trail, which we didn't find at first and consequently crossed Snowwater Creek several times. The bush was easy to travel in, not much debris or bush flying in faces. The snow was easy too except for a few holes in unexpected places; I went down such a hole in Alice-in-Wonderland fashion but there was no scurrying rabbit under the big rock, just later a big bruise which curtailed walking for a while.

The sun came and went, mostly went, with rain in varying degrees, trilliums were blooming, an occasional anemone out. We stopped to eat lunch, sitting on a fallen log and surveying Siwash 3. Then up the snow steps and over a rock slide where we used our knowledge gained at Rock School, no knees please. Atop Siwash 3 the group decided to leave their packs and go down and up to Siwash which looked not unlike Brigadoon in the mists. I elected to stay on top to snooze, bird, and people watch. The climbers sometimes looked like ghostly figures walking in the air. It was a pleasant walk to the top but the view had to be taken on faith. A four foot high aluminum tripod, remnant of a former fire lookout, was used to make KMC's first artificial cairn. Those making it to the top were: Bob Dean (leader), Howie Ridge, Jill and Knut Langballe, Sue Port, Effie Miller and Pat Gibson. Elevation 7700 feet. A bushwacking good time was had by all.

# Red Mountain

by GORDON STEIN

At 9 a.m. September 24, Howie Ridge and I met at the Taghum Bridge to start a leisurely ascent of Copper Mountain. On the way up the road in "Thor" we speculated as to the depth of snow on the summit due to the recent storms. We settled on 12 inches as a generous estimate.

We were a little concerned to notice snow in the brush about 3 miles up the road and after 5 miles and cutting about a dozen fallen trees from the road we abandoned our trusty vehicle due to failing traction in 3 to 4 inches of snow and an impossible number of fallen trees. We noticed that almost all the fallen trees were tamarack, fully covered with green needles, apparently unable to stand the weight of snow they accumulate while so covered.

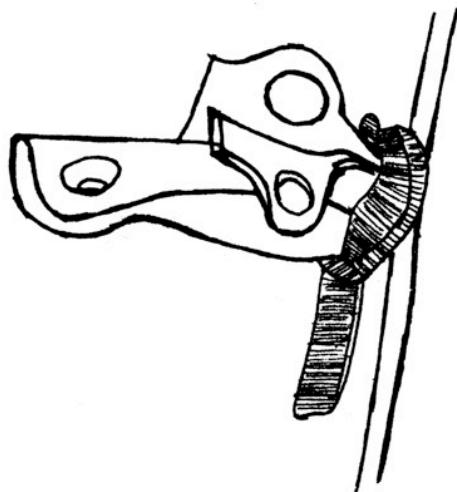
We stopped for an early lunch at the mine site in 5 to 6 inches of snow and from there were amazed at the increase in snow. By the time we got to the culvert at 49 Creek there was 18 inches of snow on the road. About this time we decided to abort the trip to Copper but in order to preserve our dignities we thought we'd try for Red Mountain. Fortunately Howie brought his rain pants so he could slide lightly through the snow

and clear a path, otherwise the entire trip would have been in jeopardy.

From the 49 Creek culvert to the summit of Red we streaked along in the amazing time of 3 hours, at no time encountering snow above the bottom of the rib cage. The view from the summit was limited due to fog and snow, however, the weather cleared enough to allow for a couple of classic summit photographs.

The return trip to the car was uneventful except for the bear tracks we noticed on top of our footprints. We never saw the bear but he obviously knew enough to take advantage of someone else's trail breaking.

After our return to Nelson and while restoring our precious bodily fluids, we decided we were definitely going to have to try a few more winter ascents.



# Ladies Day

by ANN WOOD

As I had been scheduled "leader" of this trip up Whitewater Creek, and not even knowing of its whereabouts, it was decided that the Woods and Hamiltons would have a "reccy" trip sometime ahead of the proposed trip in August. Accordingly, we spent a July night in New Denver and explored the lower parts of the trail, after an early start the following morning. Thus somewhat more prepared, I was then able to specify a rendezvous in Retallack 8 a.m. Sunday, 6 August for all interested ladies. Since Pete had not been into Whitewater Valley before and wanted to go along too, I issued open invitations to any other males who didn't mind joining the group. (My ulterior motive was to have a more experienced driver for the first part of the trail!)

The group numbered 26 when we all met in Retallack on that fine, sunny morning - including 6 men - and accompanied by our two dogs, one of each sex! Also included were a visiting family from California whom we had persuaded to stay a while longer and come with us on this trip. To facilitate an easier start and prompt arrival at the rendezvous, we slept out under the stars in New Denver's lakeside campsite on Saturday night -- a most enjoyable experience.

The trail leads up an old mining road from Retallack, and taking

the upper fork about a mile up the rather rough road (more suitable for VW's, Datsuns and 4-wheelers than American-styled sedans), one drives on about 2 1/2 miles total before leaving vehicles at a bend and taking to "Shank's Pony". The road then becomes an old "raw-hiding" track through forest, above and beside Whitewater Creek and about two miles later leads into the Valley. The original trail crossed the creek at this point, but the bridge is no longer there and the trail now continues on the same side of the creek up the west side of the valley. There were still snowbanks to cross at this time of the year.

The group became spaced out in the valley, the more energetic ones going on ahead to reach the glacier and a few taking it more slowly and botanizing on the way. At the point where the main trail more or less deteriorates and the creek makes a bend and tumbles down a very pretty waterfall, we came across a well-established prospector's camp. A stop was made here for lunch and a chat with the fellows in camp. Small groups then made their way over the rock boulders, scree and snow banks which constitute the next part of the trail, towards the head of the valley and Whitewater Glacier. A few made it all the way.

We were informed by the prospectors that a grizzly bear was in the vicinity, but none of the party clapped eyes on it. They also told us that they were finding some good mineral specimens, so how long this valley will remain untouched by modern mining technology (and devastation) is uncertain. We can only hope that it will long be as lovely as when we saw it.

# Mt. Sir Donald

by GERRY BROWN

As a result of a misunderstanding of departure times, on August 1 John Carter herded his Mazda, passengers Ian Hamilton and myself plus gear from Robson to the Galena Bay ferry in a record time of two hours and forty-five minutes, including a short stop in Nakusp for a box of refreshment. The irony of the near break-neck trip was the fact that the ferry, having mechanical problems, was at least one half hour late.

After checking out with the Warden's Office at the summit of Rogers Pass we learned that the only vacant campsite was the Provincial site eleven miles east. We checked into the campsite at 11 p.m. and did not waste any time putting up the tent and jumping into the sack.

Three a.m. came early but we were back on the road heading for the Illecillewaet River parking lot within the hour and were on the trail by 5 a.m. after sorting gear and donning boots. True to form and exhibiting the good condition that he was in, J.C. led Ian and I by 300 yards or so right from the first steep grades to the Uto/Sir Donald col.

We started up the impressive N.W. ridge, after having a bite to eat and donning all of our extra clothes except mitts because of the cool wind. We climbed free, finding the rock sound and the holds numerous. We strayed off the ridge about two-thirds to three-quarters the way along in the band of light brown rock onto the west face.

We traversed southward along the face and upward until we regained the ridge some fifty feet from the summit. We were on the summit at about 11 a.m.

Having had our lunch on the summit we started down the S.W. ridge following the small pieces of flagging and the stone men. We found the route difficult to follow in places as it is not obvious and leads off the ridge onto the S.W. face about half way down the ridge. We found the first rappel which dropped us down onto wide ledges covered with much loose rock which must be crossed to the next rappel. The second rappel leads over a wedge-shaped rock followed by a short free drop and then down onto wide ledges again. We were now getting close to the Vaux Glacier but the route leads in close to the slide and debris chute which drains the whole face. This was not a comfortable place to be as the hot afternoon sun was loosening the odd large rock from the face above. Consequently we did not waste any time setting up, dropping down and moving off the last 120 ft. rappel. We were now on the Vaux Glacier. After roping up we dropped down the glacier to the trail on the terminal moraine. We were back at the car at about 6 p.m. making it a 13 hour day.

We set up our tent on the last vacant campsite in the Illecillewaet Campground, made supper, checked out at the Warden's Office and enjoyed a couple of cool ones at the Northlander. A good day, a good climb and good company.

# The Badshots

by GERRY BROWN

After coming out of the Four Squatters, dining at Tony's Grill in Meadow Creek and taking leave of Howie Ridge, Bert Port and I drove to Ferguson via the Trout Lake highway on July 25.

We spent the night at Finkle Creek on the Lardeau Creek road which was just in the process of being up-graded by some mining company. We learned from the road builders that this was about the end of the road for Bert's Datsun wagon and time to pile our gear into my Hashimoto. We took the Landcruiser up Gainer Creek until the road crosses the creek to the south side.

Looking at the peaks on the way up Gainer Creek Bert and I decided we might have a go at Mohican Mt. We crossed Gainer Creek on a log and followed the road, which climbs into the basin in Corner Creek, taking the left spur (east side of creek) near the end of the road. The spur ended abruptly in a slide alder patch but with a short backtrack followed by a short climb we were on to the old miner's trail which switch-backs up the mountain.

High camp was at the 6500 ft. level with a beautiful view of Spine Mt. That evening, Wednesday July 26, we climbed to the ridge and peak above camp for a look at the route to Mohican Mt. From our vantage point we had an excellent view of the Badshots which rise up like the armour spines on some prehistoric animal and include Mohican (two

summits), Badshot (north and south peak), Piton Peaks, Templeman and several other unnamed peaks.

Thursday, July 27, turned out to be a little disappointing for us as our ridge route to Mohican had more ups and downs, twists and turns to it than what we could see or what had shown up on the maps. Upon reaching Mohican we decided to climb into the horseshoe basin on the north end of the mountain. We climbed to the rim of the basin which we hoped would run up to the summit, only to find that it led to the lower northern summit which is separated from the southern summit by a very wide and deep slot.

We were treated to a close-up view of two magnificent billy goats that were beating the heat by staying close to the snow patches near the ridge top. At this point we had had enough of the rotten rock and the heat and followed the basin rim northward until we could look into Grizzly Notch, then dropped down into the basin and trudged our way back to high camp.

With the fine weather and good scenery we spent the night at high camp. The next morning we dropped down to the Toyota in something under two hours.

In all this is a fine rockclimbing area with many potential high angle routes. The rock, however, lacks the quality of the Bugaboos and could probably be classed with the Rockies for soundness. Access to the peaks from the end of the road is a problem in that the old prospectors' trails are now pretty well over-grown, especially in the creek bottoms.

# Mt. Baldr

by SUSAN PORT

In 1971 a Club group on Mt. Loki looked north-east across Bernard Creek to a group of unnamed peaks, claimed them for KMC, and on July 15-16, 1972, sent in a party to plant the flag.

On the Friday evening, Pete Wood, Knut Langballe, Sandy McElroy and Sue Port met on the Balfour ferry and drove to a comfortable beach north of Riondel for the night. In the morning we headed up Bernard Creek, hoping to drive to a point east of Mt. Loki and below the south end of the almost mile-long, 7000 ft. lake below "our" peaks. However a mudslide blocked the road as it started to veer to the south; the road to this point had been passable for most "unpampered" vehicles. We were forced to leave the cars at about 4300 ft. and ascend the steeper slope by the outlet stream from the north end of the lake. This was unfortunate as a slash burn two years previously had gone wild and burned almost to the tree line in this area. We ascended a friendly snow-filled gully well to the left of the water-fall of the outlet stream and then continued traversing upward to the lake - endlessly - over dusty soil and through charred trees. It was wonderful to emerge from the depressing burn and see flowers and streams again.

We reached the lake at about 2 p.m., having left the cars about 9.30 a.m. - some of us being less fit than others. (All times are approximate as the "official" record was lost and memories are vague after a few months.)

Most of the level ground was snow covered by the remains of an avalanche but we found space to camp and after the inevitable brew of tea started up the northerly and slightly lower (about 9000 ft.) of the two peaks east of us. The easy ascent took less than 2 hours and we were rewarded by fine views of Loki and the Leaning Towers.

Back at camp, one intrepid fisherman tried for a closer look at the lake from a convenient iceflow by the shore; luckily someone heard him call as he started drifting out to sea and was able to haul him back in - it would have been a chilly swim!

The highest peak in the group (about 9100 ft.) we climbed in less than 3 hours the next morning - still in good weather although not as clear. We took the easiest looking route up the south side, taking to the snow where possible. A late lunch at our camp in the only rain of the weekend and a few hours later we emerged charcoal grey at the cars, having taken a "shorter" route closer to the waterfall which is NOT recommended.

The name Baldr is proposed for the highest peak of the group, since the mountain is directly across from Loki and in Norse legend Loki was responsible for the death of Baldr.

# Four Squatters

by GERRY BROWN

Due to rather poor weather on Saturday, July 22, two of the party, Knut Langballe and Gordon Stein, could only go as far as the old forestry lookout at the 5800 ft. level before having to return on the Sunday. We had come up the old prospector's and forestry trail which starts about fifty feet from the Cockle Creek bridge on the north side.

Bert Port, Howie Ridge and I continued on to a high camp at about the 6200 ft. level in the valley at the head of Cockle Creek. This valley is entered along a narrow game trail which starts at the top of the low ridge between Reno and Cockle Creeks.

On Monday we three climbed the head wall at the end of the valley and up through old moraines to the glacier at about 8200 ft. We climbed up the easy slopes of the northern rock ridge which comes off the most westerly of the Squatters. We crossed this ridge onto the glacier and slogged sometimes knee-deep in wet snow for at least another hour before topping the highest Squatter at a little over 10,000 ft.

After a little lunch and photography we continued the eastward slog through the wet slop to the next Squatter where we were treated to a short rock climb to gain the summit. Having had enough of the wet snow we retraced our steps making use of the already broken trail. Although the weather looked so promising in the morning, we crossed the old moraines and descended the head wall in heavy showers which petered out by the time we reached the high camp.

We hiked back to the cars on Tuesday, July 25, in something over four hours with only a brief lunch stop.

# Rose Pass to St. Mary Lake, Labour Day weekend, 1918

by JOHN GANSNER

Jess Saunders closed the doors of the "Little D" restaurant on Baker Street late in the last week of August and hung out his well known sign "Gone Fishing". This was not an unusual occurrence but on this occasion he joined with many other business men of Nelson to go on a long outing, this being a venture of the embryonic Kokanee Mountaineering Club. I am not certain if the trip to Rose Pass was the first or whether there had been a trip in 1917.

The party chartered the tug "Valhalla" to take us to Crawford Bay. The MacGregor brothers were engaged to pack our tents, blankets, food and cooking outfits to the Pass, which is on the divide between the West and East Kootenay watersheds. The MacGregors had prepared a camp ready for our arrival in the late afternoon.

As the members boarded the "Valhalla" at Nelson wharf, it was surprising to see so many of Nelson's community present. Mayor MacQuarrie was one of the group and later made the trip from Crawford Bay to the Pass on

horseback. Others in the party were J. Fred Hume, Hugh Robertson, Howard Bush, Jess Saunders, A.B. Gilker, Gerald McCleary, Bert Walley, Tom Choate, a C.P.R. telegrapher, and many more whose names I do not readily recall.

McCleary started us off with his pipes at Crawford Bay and, to my surprise, marching or stepping to the skirl of the bagpipes made it seem a very effortless hike through the settlement.

For several miles we walked on the old wagon road which ended at a lean-to camp and from there on there was a good trail along the right bank of the creek. Well up towards the head of the Crawford Creek basin the trail crossed to the other side. Before crossing it J. Fred Hume asked several of us if we would be interested in taking a side trip to the "Soda Spring". He guided us through tall ferns, undergrowth and devil's club into a marvellous stand of virgin cedars and through that into more open higher ground where he proudly walked up to a gurgling spring of soda water. Just how he remembered the location after many years I do not know.

Someone had drinking cups and someone else "by magic" produced a flask of Scotch. We found our way back to the trail and started the steep climb up to the Humbolt Mine and on to Rose Pass, where many of the others in our party had arrived ahead of us. The cook had prepared a big "Mulligan" for our dinner that night, and a campfire was lit at dusk as it became colder.

There was a general meeting held at the campfire with considerable speech-making. Many referred to the boys still overseas and regret was expressed for those who would not return. I believe, but am not quite positive, that at this meeting it was decided to form the Kokanee Mountaineering Club. I would urge members of the present Club to make enquiries in an effort to verify this.

When the campfire died down everyone turned in, hoping to explore the ridges and slopes of the Pass area the next day. I woke during the middle of the night and discovered Bert Walley reaching up on the inside of the canvas to "trail down" a drip of rain, which had landed on his neck. The nice weather had changed during the night and rain was pouring down onto tents which had no fly.

Chilly and somewhat dampened in our blankets, we woke up to find a couple of inches of snow all around and over us. The cook-tent produced a good breakfast. Presently the sun came through and during the morning it pretty well cleared off the snow. It did not prevent us from climbing and exploring the Pass area north and south.

Because the weather outlook was not too good, the main party decided to return home that afternoon. Jess Saunders, Howard Bush, Bert Walley, Tom Choate and I decided to go on to St. Mary Lake as originally planned. We started down a steep switchback trail towards the

St. Mary River, which we knew we had to cross at some point. We had been warned that we would be going through grizzly country. In fact, there was a report going around that Jack Mulholland had been "challenged" on the St. Mary trail by a grizzly in June when he patrolled and opened the trail for the Forestry Department. He had shot it through the head and left the carcass on the trail, so he said. Because Jack was noted for his "tall tales" especially relating to bears, we were advised to discount the story. We reached the west bank of the St. Mary and after searching up and down stream we found a tree felled across to the east side and this provided us with a safe crossing. No doubt this was Jack Mulholland's work and following the trail to higher ground we found ourselves in a series of slide areas. These were a quarter to a half mile wide at the bottom and had a very lush growth of six foot tall vegetation of all kinds. It was always a search to find the trail on the far side of the slide. When we approached the second slide through some light timber and brush we suddenly came across the skeleton, hair and claws of a grizzly, thus corroborating Jack's story.

To the best of our knowledge there were no detailed maps available of the East-West Kootenay area and we relied entirely on some Forestry Department information and reports of packers. This trail had served as a pack-train route between East and West Kootenay at a time when there was considerable mining activity in the

West Kootenay such as the Blue Bell Mine on the east and the Ainsworth-Kaslo area on the west sides of Kootenay Lake. On the St. Mary's slope there were numerous prospects and, of course, the Sullivan Mine at Kimberley.

Our information was that there was a lean-to halfway down the St. Mary, called the "Office Camp", where we could get shelter for the night. I see that on the current federal map there is a cabin shown near Office Creek which comes in from Armour Peak. It was probably our first camp site on the St. Mary. While three of us at this site prepared a camp, gathered wood and pine and cedar boughs for beds, Howard and Jess went down to the river to catch fish for supper. They were skilled, experienced outdoorsmen who could live off the land and we had a fine feast of trout, bacon and some potatoes that evening. The weather was good and we pushed on towards our next river crossing, which we thought at that time to be the East fork of the St. Mary. The map shows it to have been White Creek below its confluence with Dewar Creek. On our way we "netted" several fool hens with our fish nets and enjoyed the Mulligan cooked up by Jess that night at a dilapidated cabin below Pyramid Mountain.

But before we could enjoy that luxury we had to cross the fast flowing stream separating us from the east bank. Again fortune favoured us and somewhere I have a photo of four of the party crossing on a fallen tree.

We spent two days at the Pyramid Mountain view cabin, which had no door, no cook stove and only part of a roof. It was outdoor camping, but we were dry because the weather was good. It was then that we christened Pyramid Mountain because that seemed the proper name for it. Recent maps confirm this nomenclature, and I have a photo which is proof of its pyramidal shape. Howard Bush and Jess Saunders again proved themselves as the Providers of Food in the Wilderness. They brought in beautiful one to two pound trout for our meals and a fish line strung between two poles, full of fresh caught trout was ample testimony of their skill. I saw some beautiful big trout in log-jam pools near the shore and wondered why I could not get them to take a bite on my best looking fly. It required a few more years of education in fishlore before I realized that these were "resting pools" and that the fish had come in from the swift water where they had already had their fill.

When we started hiking from our Pyramid Mountain cabin towards St. Mary Lake we had no information as to distance but thought we could make it in a day. The trail was through the most beautiful woods and moss covered areas. On the way one of our party got very tired and we had to slow down and repack our loads. On our arrival at the lake we were glad to learn that there was a telephone to Cranbrook. Jess had some business connections there and was able to get a car to pick us up and take us to Cranbrook. We took

the train to Kuskanook the next day and arrived in Nelson on the evening boat. It is a pity that "progress" had to do away with the paddlewheel steamers on Kootenay Lake, and the most beautiful scenic boat trips in and out of that ideally situated city of Nelson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Advice to men found in British Mountaineering  
by C.E. Benson, published in 1909:

"they must ever keep a watchful eye on the ladies and see to it that they are never in danger of being hurried or overtired, for the woman who has once over-walked herself seems doomed to be more or less of an invalid for life. Doctors in this age of feminine athletics are constantly having girls on their hands who have once overdone it and will never be quite the same again!"

# Earl Grey Pass Access

by Gordon Stein

On Wednesday, 30 August, I gave up the rigorous task of Legal Surveying in Fairmont Hot Springs to follow a group of three wandering Boy Scouts led by K.M.C. Junior Member Jim Turner. The purpose of the Boy Scout Expedition was to fulfill a requirement of the Duke of Edinburgh Award in which Jim had to organize and lead a trip of some considerable duration; my part was to allay the fears of nervous parents and to conduct inspections while not interfering with the decision making process of the Scouts.

We rendezvoused at Toby Falls Camp on Wednesday evening, a camp left behind by the Opportunities for Youth group that had spent the summer studying the potential of the area for a park site. The camp was a bit luxurious, consisting of two tables, benches, elevated pack storage, several food caches and individual tent sites - the only thing lacking was a source of water within ten minutes walk.

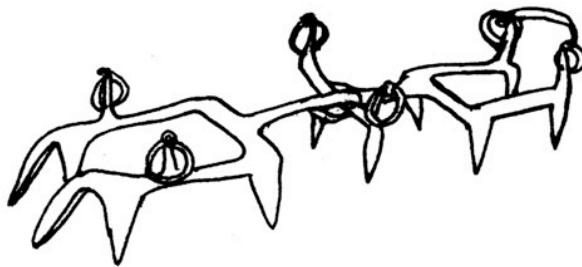
On Thursday we made the leisurely two hour hike to the pass and while the Scouts made camp I went North along the ridge until I reached the summit of a rubble heap with a tremendous view of the Toby and Hamill Massifs and glaciers, both creeks and all the other peaks in the area.

Friday the Scouts departed en route for Argenta while I went South on the ridge toward Mt. Toby, stopping on the high point of the ridge, before the Gendarmes on the north ridge of Toby itself. This

afforded a close-up view of both glaciers and peaks and particularly the spectacular ice and water falls on the Hamill Glacier.

Saturday I left the pass, looking forward to the new trail cut along Hamill Creek by another Opportunities for Youth crew. The trail was somewhat reminiscent in spots of the "Trail" out of the Fairy Meadows Hut which has been more appropriately described as a route. The O.F.Y. crew seemed to have an aversion to cutting any tree-living or dead but did their best to relieve trail monotony by providing interesting changes of elevation and alignment at every possible opportunity and comic relief at every creek crossing. Sunday afternoon saw us in Argenta only a little the worse for wear.

I would recommend to anyone contemplating the Earl Grey Pass area to gain access via Toby Creek as the only thing Hamill Creek has to offer is a great deal of exercise.



# K.M.C. Annual Camp

by HELEN BUTLING

Walk away quietly in any direction  
and taste the freedom of the Mountaineer;  
Camp out among the grass and gentians  
of glacier meadows and craggy nooks...

John Muir.

The Mulvey Lakes Basin, situated at the head of Mulvey Creek in the Valhalla Range at an elevation of 7,000 feet is one of the most astonishingly beautiful places one could hope to visit. The whole basin is encircled by a backdrop of 9,000 ft. crags providing every degree of climbing from easy scrambling to climbs requiring considerable technical skill and with exposure up to 2,000 ft. The basin itself consists of a series of terraces with no less than twelve lakes dotted here and there. Mulvey Lake, the largest and fairest of them all is a photographers delight with its ice floes constantly jostled at the whim of the breeze.

Three sets of sisters, three mother and daughter and one father and son combination - what else could the thirty-two people at the five-day camp in Mulvey Meadows become but one large family. Nine stalwarts walked in, arriving just in time for supper. The other twenty-three revelled in the eight minute helicopter flight from Slocan City.

We had four glorious days and one thoroughly wet one - a deafening midnight thunder storm - a torrential

downpour in the early hours of the morning to test the tents. Unfortunately some were found sadly lacking but no one seemed to be any the worse for a soaking.

During the five days all the surrounding mountains were climbed except Gladsheim, Gimli and the West Wolves Ear. Peter Wood, that strong and gentle man, took the first party up the East Wolves Ear, solving some route finding problems for subsequent parties. On the last day he took a great number of people on a traverse of Asgard and Midgard, after which some had enough sense to come home. Others continued on over to Jones Peak arriving on top just as an irate cook was sounding the gong for supper. However, as it was the last day and they were so "turned on" by it all, their food was hot and ready for them when they returned. While on top someone asked, "How did we get Jones Peak in the middle of all this Norse mythology?" The answer: "Exactly that, someone felt overwhelmed by it all and as there was one unnamed peak it was called Jones Peak."

Howie with some willing helpers assembled the new benches, bunks and table for the cabin and never was an outhouse put together as fast as the porcupine proof (we hope) one that flew in with us to the Mulvey Meadows.

The English sisters decided that they were going to file off that bolt that stuck up through the cabin floor. "You will never do it" said the men. Hour after hour the filing continued and someone was hear to remark, "No wonder the British won the war". Eventually the bolt succumbed.

Much to everyone's surprise, on the second day six climbers from Seattle dropped from the sky to spend two to three weeks climbing in the area. One day, or rather afternoon as they started late due to doubtful weather, they put up a new route on Gladsheim on the south east sky line ridge. KMC campers had a ringside view of some exciting climbing and were as elated as the climbers when they heard

the shout indicating that they were home free for the summit. They returned by the regular route and glissaded off the snow at the bottom of the gully just as the light was beginning to fade. They were prepared for a bivouac if necessary.

Norm took a rock school and Helen initiated her English sisters and nieces and anyone else who was interested into the mysteries of ice axe arrests, belaying, climbing up and down steep snow and, best of all, glissading. The next day they all climbed the East Wolves Ear in great style. Norm's group came back full of enthusiasm, especially Connie who said she had "propelled" down a cliff with the protection of a "B line".

Rob Mill climbed Dag with Peter and Howie and then, bless his heart, turned around and went back again forty-eight hours later with Beverley and Leo.

Helen and her ladies, after their climb of the East Wolves Ear, went down into Robertson Creek to locate the cache left there by Kim Deane's party in 1963 (see K.K. vol. 1). Everything was found intact, the cocoa syrup, powdered milk and Wylers Lemonade were all still edible. Apart from the cache, the only evidence that anyone had been there were the three flat stones with their wind breaks round them that were used for the primuses.

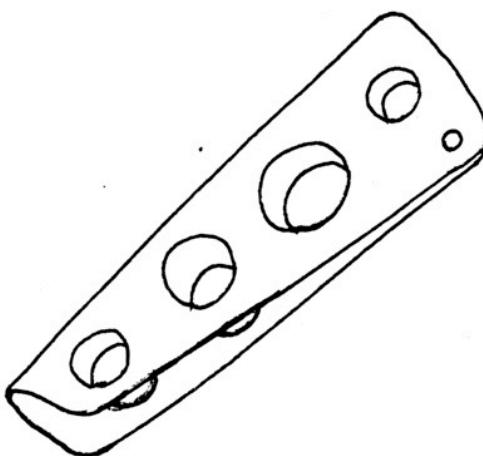
Bill Merilees, that man of great botanical and bird knowledge, conducted several walks, as he called them, round the basin. Fortunate were those who followed him and saw a new world through his eyes.

On the last morning everyone was obviously reluctant to face the moment of truth and shoulder their packs for the dreaded trip down the "head wall". However, everyone made it without any trouble with the protection of a fixed rope across the treacherous snow gully. From then on the descent to the valley floor was relatively easy, followed

by the seven-mile trudge out to the road.

Eight people had elected to spend the night at Camp Poncho (five miles up the trail - so called after a soaking wet weekend that saw twenty people in ponchos make a tremendous effort to cut a way through the alder) and hopefully pick huckleberries and catch fish. There was no doubt about the former as the terrain between Poncho and Kipper (a camp two and one half miles up the trail - so called after the kippers that Dave Parfitt inevitably produced for breakfast on the early trail cutting weekends) was loaded with them. The fish were not so cooperative but Leo by dint of great patience caught three which were greatly enjoyed for breakfast.

There was no spectacular climbing done at this camp, but for most of the participants it was an introduction to the high country and for some the first time on a summit of any kind. By the radiant look on their faces they will be back, sometime, somewhere, for more.



# Sweet Judy Blue Eyes Buttress

by JOHN RASKELLY

Roy Kligfield and I completed this strenuous climb in a little over three days, after two days of packing our gear through the dense undergrowth that barricades the Valhallas.

We chose a crack system that, to our advantage, continued from a third of the face to the top. The route is located on the right hand side of the face, beginning at the bergschrund of the glacier and continuing up and right to the large couloir separating Dag from a sub-peak. Where we cut back left onto Class 3 and 4 ramps for several 100'. Class 5 cracks brought us to a large ledge system we named Smorgasbord ledge.

Here the difficulties began. For the next 2 1/2 days, Roy and I cleaned and nailed the moss filled cracks. When the opportunity arose we free climbed, mainly up slanting jam cracks. One vicious chimney, short but sweet, had the best of me, almost. On the morning of the third day we reached the prominent ledge that cuts across the entire face near the top. This was named White Whale. Several difficult leads brought us to the top and a reunion with unexpected friends. We named the route Sweet Judy Blue Eyes Buttress.

Take a good selection of 50 pins, mostly angles up to 3 inches. No climbing bolts. Several belay bolts-hangers in place. VI, 5. 9, A3.

# Asgard, Route Two

by HOWIE RIDGE

Asgard is a beautiful 9200 foot cone of granite at the western extremity of Mulvey Meadows. Its faces are steep with the only easy access (and only known route) on the eastern ridge. I wanted to climb the south-west ridge which joins the cone to Midgard Peak.

Two days before the end of summer camp saw inches of fresh snow on the peaks but Lyla O'Brian of Kimberley set off with me for a try at a new route. We climbed to the lowest point on the Asgard-Midgard ridge, no easy trick in itself, only to find new snow and lichen so wet and slippery it was nearly unclimbable. We waited for thirty to forty minutes and then had a go the ridge. The rock was bitterly cold and super slippery. Lyla gave me a great belay as I ran out 150 feet of rope and placed four pins. The lichen forced me onto the south face where the quarter inch flake holds, with a couple of hundred empty feet below, did not meet my fancy. I carefully down-climbed the lead and we called off the attempt. The best route up the ridge appeared unclimbable under these adverse conditions.

On the final Saturday of camp, as others were preparing to leave for home, I was readying my hardware for another crack at the south-west ridge of Asgard with Bill Ward of Seattle and two of his buddies who were also residing in the Mulvey meadows. We retraced our steps to once again reach the ridge at the base of Asgard. I led

the first pitch and ran out a full 165 feet to a questionable belay stance on the north or left side of the first prominent bulge on the ridge. Only two pins were holding the belayer to the rock as no foot or seat holds were available.

About fifteen feet above this belay stance was a small overhang-type obstacle, or wall, about four feet high. The exposure was severe, several hundred feet to the glacier on the Gwillim Creek side, and Bill had difficulty advancing above this obstacle on the small friction holds. He backed down after several tries and I had a go at the pitch, placing two pins in the difficult section and finishing the 165 foot lead at a deep crack on the prominent ramp just to the north side of the ridge. Bill led pitch three, another full rope length, to a small ledge on the ramp system. I had some difficulty leading pitch four up steep friction holds and back onto the main crest of the ridge just below the second prominent bulge. From here I saw an electrical storm fast approaching from the south, over Gimli. This helped speed me up and over the tricky bulge to another ledge belay station at the end of another 160 feet. I also led pitch five but was so worried by the approaching storm that I did not place pins where I should have on the smooth slabs. The last pitch was 80 to 100 feet. We then unroped and sprinted over the summit and down the regular route as the rain and lightning closed in quickly. Bill's buddies had retreated down the new route, near its base, when we warned them of the storm.

The route was a really satisfying climb. It had taken us four hours up the ridge. We had placed twenty-five pitons, three chock stones, and two sling runners on the steep firm rock. For anyone else attempting this very nice climb I would recommend a long climbing rope, no less than 150 ft., a very good assortment of pins and chocks and many hero loops and carabiners. A bolt kit for rappels would be nice in case a fast retreat is necessary.

# Impressions of Norway

by ANN WOOD

In May and June of 1972, Peter and I took a trip to Norway from England, and the following notes are some of the impressions we have come away with of that delightful country.

We travelled there on the Bergen Line Ferry from Newcastle, and the less said about the crossing of the North Sea the better. Suffice it to say, IT WAS ROUGH! We journeyed round Norway in a camper van which slept three and took a tent for the other two - our party consisting of Pete's parents and my mother and ourselves. So we sampled a fair selection of the campsites during our ten-day visit. These are usually good, especially the newer ones being established. The poorest we encountered was the one close to Bergen where tourists usually gather before boarding the ferry the following day. The ones in the larger towns get very crowded. One good idea worth nothing is that of the "hytter" or camping hut, there being several of these at most of the sites. They basically consist of a plain wooden hut with bunk beds provided with foam mattresses; a table and chairs and a counter top for cooking and washing. The hytters vary in the "extras" - some provide bowls, utensils and crockery and may even have a basin and tap. Electric outlets are there for appliances. But usually the campsites have large washrooms for men and women - the better ones with

We marvelled at the mountain roads - how the engineers who built them had zig-zagged them up the mountain side, over the top and down the other side. We saw quite a lot of snow and drove between huge banks of it by the road sides, some 15 - 20 feet high. The high mountain lakes were still covered with ice. As the mountain sides are so steep there are waterfalls wherever one goes and they are really impressive. The ferry system is a very enjoyable way of travelling and quite necessary in places to cross the fjords, but it is not free as in B.C., although quite reasonable compared to other prices in Norway.

We had been warned to take lots of food with us, as the food prices are very high compared to those in England. We did enjoy a few meals 'out' and tried their special dishes. Food customs are always of interest in another country and Norway is no exception. Cheeses and other dairy products figure prominently in their diet - probably as meat is so expensive and a luxury item. Fish, of course, is their other major food.

Shopping is always fun in a new country and the storekeepers were always courteous and friendly and usually spoke English, so there was never any language problem. Enamelled silver, pewter and stainless steel articles and their furniture caught my eye, also their lovely wool sweaters and deerskin boots and slippers.

A good time has to end sometime and so with regret we turned the van towards Bergen and home. Much to our relief, the North Sea behaved itself for the return crossing and we were able to enjoy it to the full. The crossing takes about 22 hours, so a night is spent on board the ship. Complete sleeping facilities are available; First and Tourist class cabins, and Sleeperettes for those on slender budgets. We had booked these and found them situated down in the depths of the ship, so we made use of the lounges instead, preferring to lay out on the couches. Many of the other passengers did likewise!

hot water - as the park campsites do in Canada. As Norway gets such a lot of rain, even in summertime, these hytters can really 'save the day' for campers.

The mention of rain brings to mind our lasting impression of Norway - as a country of mountains, rivers and waterfalls, with lush green valleys and dense vegetation - due to the heavy rainfall. As the country is so mountainous, full use is made of every available piece of good land for agriculture in the valleys and cattle and sheep graze on the slopes. There are far more deciduous trees too, than in B.C., adding to the lush vegetation. Norway seems to have a sparse population except in the industrial area around Oslo.

The roads are good along the main routes - and are paved. As in B.C. they are gravel off the main routes. Then one has to beware of flying stones from other vehicles, and carry a temporary windscreen, as we found out! Our screen was shattered into a thousand pieces by a stone and fortunately for us, a passing Norwegian driver realized what had happened, stopped his car, leaped out, dived into his trunk and pulled out a packet containing a sheet of plastic (the temporary windscreen) and a roll of tape with which to attach it across the front window. We spent that evening at a campsite carefully removing all the little pieces of glass - quite a job! Obtaining a replacement screen proved impractical, so we drove for the second half of the holiday with the plastic one. (In fact, it lasted us until our second day back in England when we had a new one put in.) The wipers could not be used, so driving in the rain (and we had lots of it) was a little awkward, although the plastic shed the raindrops quite well. Towards the end it was getting scratched and more difficult to see through, especially at night with oncoming headlights glaring through it!

# West Coast Trail

by GRAHAM KENYON

A cloudless sky! Do the gods smile upon us; or are they secretly chuckling in their beards? No matter: that warm sun sparkling on the water does wonders for the spirits. The creamy wavelets smack upon the rocky shore, swaying the kelp reluctantly back and forth. Beyond, the dark forest climbs over the hills, the windswept Sitka spruce buttressing the ageing cedar and hemlock of the climax rainforest. Beneath the canopy, green ferns sprout through a soft carpet of moss, sucking nutrient from the crumbling sponge of decay that passes for soil in this strange, timeless world. Sunlight leaks through to encourage the spindly hemlock saplings struggling upwards towards the brighter green far above, dwarfed by the giants that begat them yet destined to take their place... in a century or two.

With only a passing appreciation for the magic of the day; more concerned with the discomfort of the moment, the two hikers trudged upwards. What was that fairy tale I vaguely remember from childhood days, about the chap who was forced to carry an old man around his shoulders wherever he went. I know how he felt! Damn it, this pack is heavy: and 44 miles to go. Why does the trail have to climb to its highest point on the first day: and if it must climb to 500 feet why the heck doesn't it just do it, instead of up 50 feet, down 45, up 50, down 45... This will never replace the mountains. At least there you know

you are getting somewhere: there has to be a top to a mountain. This trail just winds on and on for hours and hours, while the blasted map says we've gone two miles!

Of course the West Coast Trail was not all like that. Even the first 2½ days were not too bad, though we covered barely 12 miles over a rough apology for a trail. The Life-Saving Trail as it is sometimes called was first cut in 1890 between Port Renfrew and Bamfield to provide an escape route for shipwrecked sailors who it seems were frequent if unwilling visitors to the west coast of Vancouver Island before the days of radar and lighthouses. A telephone line was strung along the trail, but by 1954 when the shipwreck business had just about petered out, the trail was abandoned. The salal leaped joyfully into the breach and in short order the wet jungle had swallowed up long years of effort. A few years ago the B.C. Parks Branch, recognizing the recreational potential of the trail, herded a bunch of unsuspecting employees into the forest, gave them axes, pointed at the wire and told them to follow it. Rumour has it that it was several years before they emerged at the other end, with mossy beards, broad shoulders and wrinkled skin. They requested transfers to the Okanagan, Saskatchewan, Death Valley: anywhere where it was dry with no trees and a hell of a long way from the ocean!

Despite the somewhat rudimentary nature of the path over a good part of the route, it is now pounded by over a thousand pairs of feet each year. Times for the trip vary from an athletic 3½ days to a sane 6-7 days, with extra points for enjoyment beyond that. The first 11 miles (or the last depending whether you prefer the sea on your right or on your left) are demoralizing - the kindest word I can think of. Climb up and down so often you feel seasick; teeter over slippery logs 30 or more feet above certain death; slither down near vertical slopes, clinging

desperately to fixed ropes; trudge wearily up rotting ladders; wriggle through the mud under logs just too high to climb over, or struggle over logs just too low to crawl under; sweat in the sunshine and 99% humidity; soak in the more normal 100% humidity of the West Coast. There is the forest, the swamp, the blowdown area "where everyone gets lost", the creeks to cross, the sopping wet bush; and always THE PACK, that malignant growth hanging from the shoulders driving one slowly but surely into the ground.

But then there is the good news. Those miles and miles of beach with not a soul anywhere, not a footprint in the sand; the next headland fading to a grey shadow in the mist. Relaxation over the evening fire, the sea swishing rhythmically beyond the firelight, the sky a billion miles away lost in the myriad stars. The thrill of a thousand gulls lifting into noisy flight as the two lonely figures intrude upon their beach. Even the rain, a blanket enclosing the consciousness while the swishing rainclothes enclose the body trudging numbly through an emerald world. And the teeming life of the seashore; from barnacles and mussels to crabs and sculpins to gulls and cormorants to sea lions and killer whales. The barbarity of an oil spill could never be more clearly brought home than to spend a few minutes observing one rock pool... then multiply by a hundred miles or more.

The West Coast Trail is a unique experience. It is an incomparable blend of forest and ocean, of sweat and satisfaction, turmoil and tranquillity. Jesse James (believe it or not, an Indian storekeeper at Port Renfrew) pleaded with us to take our time and enjoy the trip. "Too many make it an ego-trip" he said, "and they'll never know what it is really like". There is a world of wisdom in that remark. (See following footnote for more information).

(Footnote: The B.C. Parks Branch will supply you with an excellent set of maps of the trail, along with a couple of pages of notes on what to expect. The Sierra Club has published a guide book (\$3.50) which I haven't seen, but which I've heard a fair amount of criticism about. Timing can be important. Our trip during the first week of September hit good weather (relatively speaking, after all this is the West coast!) and the slack "tourist" season. We met only a handful of other people doing the whole trail plus a number of weekenders at each end (including ex-Castlegar man and ex-KMC member Tom Carlson, now an accountant in Victoria). Contrast with July-August when business really picks up- the Indian who ferried us over the Nitinat River made \$40 one weekend in July, at \$1 a head. In the spring the creek crossings become something of a challenge and the forest sections of the trail get a little gummy. An O.F.Y. grant provided an information service this year at each end of the trail. There is no guarantee these people will be there next year; and the continuing negotiations for the inclusion of the trail in the Pacific Rim National Park adds to the vagueness of the picture. For sure the West Coast Trail is here to stay. If you are interested, let me know and I'll fill in a few gaps.)

# Clemenceau Icefield

by HOWIE RIDGE

The Clemenceau Icefields are an extensive system of glaciers, snowfields, and high rugged peaks to the north-east of the Big Bend on the Columbia River in B.C. The icefields themselves are drained by four major rivers, the Wood River to the north, the Sullivan River in the south, and the Kinbasket and Cummins Rivers near the central portion. The 1972 summer climbing camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was held in this area and I was fortunate enough to attend, and fortunate enough to return.

The main base camp was established on a small alp on the south-east buttress of Mt. Clemenceau (12,001 ft.) the fourth highest peak in Canada's majestic Rockies. The camp was dominated by the near vertical 4500 ft. face of Tusk Peak (10,960 ft.) towering up from the side of the Tusk Glacier to the south-west. I decided that these were two that must be climbed before I returned to the Kootenays.

The third day of the two week session found 16 of the camp's members up at 3:30 and away by 4:30 for an attempt on Clemenceau. Bill Hurst, also a K.M.C. member, was the other local in the group and he proved to be the pace-setter for the day's attempt.

We made our way up the Tusk Glacier passing the intermediate glaciers pouring down from the south flanks of Clemenceau and reached the West Glacier on Clemenceau about one and a half hours out of camp.

Here we roped in pairs and threes and fastened

our crampons. The snow proved superb! Bill led the lead rope and I led a rope of two other climbers near the end of the line. It was an absolute delight to move in this fashion through the crevasse fields and small seracs on snow that allowed the crampons to bite firmly and cleanly while the sun sparkled and danced like a billion tiny diamonds on the frozen surface.

The ropes reached the summit over a period of about 1½ hours and each remained for only a few minutes. The temperature was at least 20 lower on the small summit. The view was the finest I have ever witnessed! Encased in down jackets, wind pants, overmitts, wool hats, and other assorted "warmies", we gazed out across miles of mountain scenery. To the north I had my first view of Robson, with its own lone cloud. Other giants were clearly visible: Edith Cavell to the north-east, Columbia, Alberta, Snow Dome, and the Twins to the south-east, Tsar and Tusk to the south and Sir Sandford and Adamant to the south-west, far off in the distance.

We remained about 30 minutes on the summit and then began retracing our steps. Barely off the summit we realized the work ahead. The blazing sun had turned our easy cramponing snow into knee-deep slush. Snow bridges were melting very fast. Luckily all climbers made it safely off the mountain and the last members of the day's team were back in camp by 7:00 p.m.

A great many other events occurred in our camp between the Clemenceau climb and our attempt of Tusk. Included were several first ascents, new routes, and the unfortunate death of two fellow climbers in an ice-fall while trying to set up a high camp for Mt. Shakelton.

Two days before the end of camp five of us decided to have a go at Tusk by the standard route. The five were Bob Sandford of Winnipeg, Hamish Mutch of Armstrong,

Don Forrest of Calgary, Bill Hurst and myself.

We once again began very early and crammed up the highway-like surface of Tusk Glacier. Leaving the main glacier we proceeded up a heavily crevassed side glacier between Tusk and Shipton. Here a very nasty couloir led up onto the south-west ridge of Tusk. Melting ice and loose scree were the order of the day in the couloir. Once out of the chute only two major obstacles lay between us and the impressive summit. The first of these was at the top of the first snowfield, and we called it "the wall".

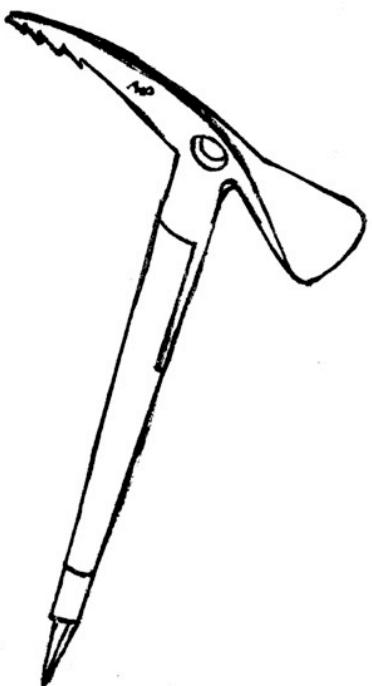
This "wall" was about 80 ft. high and had two obvious chimneys. Bill and Don climbed on the left while Bob, Hamish, and I chose what proved to be the better route up the incredibly rotten rock. The second obstacle was a short section of extremely rotten and loose rock from the top of the second snowfield to the summit. We found that being roped on this section was more dangerous than solo climbing so we chose the latter.

Very strong gusts met us at the summit and I did not spend much time peering over the 4500 ft. sheer drop in the direction of our base camp. What I do remember was Bill spending an unbelievable amount of time waiting for the cloud to lift off majestic Shakelton to the immediate south.

The only difficulty encountered on the return was in the couloir. Don and Bill waited for us to down-climb it. Unfortunately they did not wait long enough and we were subjected to a frightening few minutes as rocks sprayed the area around us. Hamish took several direct hits as he crouched behind the protection of his pack and hard hat. Luckily no damage was done.

Climbing in the Clemenceau area in the summer of '72 can be classified into three categories. These are: great cramponing, knee-deep slush and fuddle-duddle rock.

The rock was the worst I've ever attempted and many climbs were thwarted by poor snow conditions. With stable weather and sound snow conditions both Clemenceau and Tusk are peaks of a truly alpine stature.



## TWO CLIMBERS

Sun blazing down from blue cloudless sky.  
Three climbers struggle for glaciers high.  
Unknown to them, or I,  
Two friends today would die.

Mind and muscles aching from loaded packs.  
Three days living stuffed in nylon sacks.  
The mountains high, clear blue sky,  
Good and healthy friends nearby  
Create a space  
Where we can leave the smelly race  
Of dirt and toil and hate and fright.  
Climbers three away from this,  
Struggling below a wild peak  
To gain the crest of ice so steep.  
Unknown to them, or I,  
Two friends today would die.

The route which first appears so safe,  
Like lies that once seemed truth  
Shudders beneath the climbers' feet,  
A vaulted tomb with icy roof.  
Crashing, smashing, bursting hell!  
Perlon streaking to the plunge so free  
Where Fate lurks in darkness,  
Not showing himself  
For man to see.

Rope which did not break,  
Each breath so very hard to take  
From bands of slings  
Around my chest in shrinking rings.  
Who could know a simple knife  
Would save a life?  
Unknown to them, not I,  
Two friends today ... died.

Howie Ridge

# Mt. Sir Sandford

by BERT PORT

It seemed almost too good to be true. Here we were, Susan and I, near Bush River Camp on the Columbia, watching the sun set on Sir Sandford. We had planned to be here a year earlier with KMC but had to drop out at the last moment. Fortunately for us, the B.C.M.C. chose the area for its annual summer camp and we were able to join them.

Early the next day, July 30, we began assembling equipment, discovering which of our old friends had arrived during the night and keeping one ear cocked for the helicopter. It arrived right on time. I was on the first trip in which left a man at the Sir Sandford hut with a tent and food for a week. On the return trip a drop site was chosen beside a small lake at timberline below the snout of the Adamant Glacier. This was a compromise between the decadence of flying all the way, and the Palmer Creek jungle.

From the lake everyone had a pleasant walk up the glacier to Azimuth Notch where we had the first good look at Sir Sandford (11,580 ft.). This was followed by the knee jarring descent to the valley left by the retreating Silvertip and Haworth Glaciers. There had been recent snow that, combined with the lack of forest fires this summer, made the summits a searing white. In contrast the valley floor was covered with dark silt and gravel. No blade of grass, bird or flower hinted at life.

When we left nearly two weeks later, this had all changed. Cheerful ground squirrels raided every pack

and tent left unguarded. Paint brush and dwarf willow appeared in profusion. The recent snow had mostly gone, leaving the Haworth Glacier dry and ugly. All around, new rockfalls streaked the higher snowfields.

The main camp, adjacent to the Sir Sandford Hut, consisted of a large cook tent and an even larger dining tent plus numerous small tents for sleeping the thirty-plus climbers. Although a pleasant enough place, it lacked a certain something. Consequently four of us spent a night at the Sir Sandford-Ravelin col. We had a most enjoyable climb of Sir Sandford the following day, staying as close as we could to the "classic" route of snow and ice. On returning to our bivouac we found several others who had come up that day, planning to repeat our climb on the morrow. I stayed a second night to climb with Sue.

As we were putting on our crampons the next morning at 4:30, the ice bulge above the route let go, sending a cloud of ice particles sweeping over to Ravelin in the gloom. Taking this as some sort of omen, we snatched off our crampons and strolled up a remarkable series of interconnected ledges to the bottom of the Hourglass, where we rejoined the original route. This alternative route hardly does justice to the highest peak in the Selkirks.

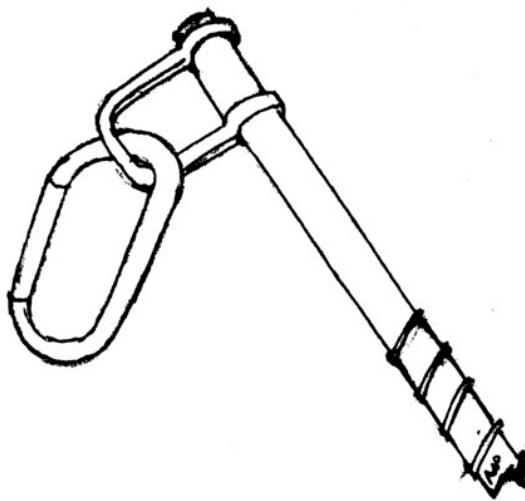
From the main camp Vidette, Citadel, Redan and Silvertip were also climbed, although the high night-time temperatures made snow conditions unpleasant.

Drawn to the quiet of high places once more, six of us loaded up with enough canned puddings and chicken for two nights and toiled over Azimuth Notch again to set up camp on top of a rock fall below Thor Pass. From here we were able to enjoy the evening light on Sir Sandford and have easy access to the icefield encircled by Pioneer (10,760), East Gothic (10,640) and Thor (9,850). Although these were all climbed, snow conditions had deteriorated

so much that we gave up a planned attempt on the ridge of East Blackfriar (10,680) and returned to base camp.

The only bad weather of the camp caught us halfway back. Thunder boomed and rain came down in sheets that raised the level of Silvertip Creek so much that we were unable to cross it. Since we had been seen from camp (a mere few hundred yards away) the thought of cook keeping dinner warm urged us on as we ascended the stream and finally crossed it at the snout of the Haworth Glacier.

A day or two later a huge orange helicopter appeared and whisked us down Palmer Creek in minutes and deposited us near the cars. Before long we were wallowing in the hot pool near Albert Canyon and reflecting on the hardships earlier climbers had experienced in reaching that once-remote region.



# Crevasse Rescue Practice

by NORMAN THYER

"You don't need to rope up here - you can see all the crevasses"

— Famous Last Words.

Two climbers on Mt. Baker, Washington, were crossing a glacier. They had a rope with them, but one of them was carrying it coiled up. The other fell into a crevasse. The man with the rope looked in and couldn't see him. But there was a snow bridge some way down. The man on top descended to the snow bridge for a better look, and from there he could hear his companion groaning somewhere below, but still couldn't see him. So the top man went back up and fetched help. When the rescuers arrived, they found that the "snow bridge" was the snow covered victim's body. By then, it was too late to save him.

(I don't know whether the top man was wearing crampons!)

Could this accident have had a happier outcome? Glacier travel need not be any more dangerous than mountaineering in other types of terrain, provided that one recognizes what the hazards are and takes appropriate precautions, which are mainly a matter of common sense.

Yet it is amazing how often reputedly good climbers ignore these precautions for no apparent reason other than bravado, laziness or irresponsibility.

But precautions in the form of equipment are insufficient if one does not know the techniques too. Climbers have died in situations where a party was properly roped, but its members did not know how to get the man in the crevasse back on to the surface.

Publicity for any climbing club would not be very favourable if such avoidable accidents were to occur on club activities. So the KMC scheduled a crevasse rescue practice. Two weeks previously, a discussion of principles and methods was held, and attended by two people.

The field practice was held on August 27th. Helen Butling, Bob Dean, Jim Kienholz, Peter Wood and Norman Thyer set out from Gibson Mine at 8:15 a.m., and 2 to 3 hours later reached the "Keyhole" in the ridge at the top of Kokanee Glacier. An attempted scouting trip a few days earlier, to find a good crevasse for practice, had been fruitless because of the weather. But luckily we did not have to search much for a suitable site, as there was a crevasse just right for our size of party, just below the first summit to the northwest from Esmerelda Peak. (There appeared to be similar crevasses to the other side of Esmerelda too.) With a depth of 12 ft. or

so, one side sloping steeply and one vertical with an overhang, it gave us both scope for our practice and easy access to its interior.

After lunch, during which we enjoyed the view and discussed what we were going to do, we got down to business. We concentrated mainly on the situation of a single 3-man rope team, walking uphill, in which the first man slid into the crevasse and the second man took the brunt of the arrest. The third then set up an anchor, and finally the standard Bilgeri method was used. We performed this several times, so that most of us had a turn at each of the 3 positions on the rope.

During the practice, we became aware of some of the problems encountered, such as the degree to which the rope bites into the lip of the crevasse, the effort needed to free it again, the inadequacy of webbing slings for prusik knots, and most of all, the need for constant alertness so that the team can apply self-arrest instantly when required. There were differences in personal preference as to whether a prusik sling should first pass round the inside or the outside of one's leg. Norman also tried out the "secret weapon" he had brought along, which turned out to be a piece of plywood shaped like a two-bladed paddle, to be used to stop the rope biting in at the edge of a crevasse when there is a shortage of

ice axes. Our test suggested an improvement in design.

Towards the end, Peter became quite ambitious, and decided to try prusiking out of a crevasse single-handed. A fixed rope of 3/8" stranded Goldline was set up, hanging over the overhang at the top of the vertical wall of the crevasse. Peter was let down the easy way, then he attached his slings to the fixed rope and started to make his way up. He found this process easier using nylon sling-rope than hemp, and managed to bring his prusik knots right up to the bar at the edge of the crevasse. Finally, he pulled himself over the top. So it can be done!

Finally, we did an experiment simulating the problem of anchoring the rope when one man of a two-man team has fallen into a crevasse, which was discussed in the June, 1972 Newsletter. While someone at the other end maintained a strong downhill pull on the rope, a man tied in at one end did a self-arrest, and then transferred the pull from his own body to his ice axe via a sling, thus allowing himself to get up and perform necessary rescue operations. This experiment, together with the standard operations for a 3-man team, demonstrated that a two-man rescue is possible, though we did not rehearse the complete operation all together. (A suggested complete procedure for a two-man rescue will be found elsewhere in the Karabiner.)

# Snow School '72

by JILL LANGBALLE

As a follow-up to the rock school in Kinnaird, we spent one weekend on Old Glory mastering the intricacies of climbing, belaying and ice axe arrests in snow.

We met at Hanna Creek, walked up the trail to Plewman Basin and from there we climbed onto Unnecessary Ridge. The wind was blowing quite strongly and it was quite cold as we started to dig the snow caves. This entailed dropping down about four feet from the top of the ridge and digging out the snow to make a hole big enough to crawl into and lay out a sleeping bag.

One by one the snow caves were completed with various name plates and art work carved over the entrances. Everybody then started organizing their food and cooking utensils in preparation for dinner. While we were sitting around the open fires eating, someone asked where Knut was. A chorus announced that he was "still digging his palace!" Another voice informed us that he was having trouble deciding where to hang the chandeliers! Curiosity drove us to investigate and Knut's cave became almost a tourist attraction. Knut, undaunted, continued to dig. By now he had the advantage of "standing up on the job."

That night we were all eager to test the efficiency of the various snow cave designs. From personal experience I know that a huge cave with a stand up entrance tends to attract the wind and cold air, thereby making the cave more efficient than a refrigerator. Small entrances certainly

are an advantage! But it was nice to stand up and dress and less condensation formed on the ceiling.

John and Nancy were the only ones with a tent. John was kept awake most of the night with the noise made by the flapping fly sheet. The strong winds kept Nancy awake as she wondered how much longer it would be before they "took off".

The next day (after a breakfast of fried fish pudding for some!) we started to climb Old Glory to be taught the various techniques designed for safer ascents and descents on snow. These included flinging oneself onto the snow, sliding down, then when quite a speed was attained, turning over onto one's stomach and digging in the ice axe at the same time. Only complete faith in Instructor and ice axe would make anybody purposely do the above. It was such a relief to find out that the ice axe arrest was so reliable. Even for a few ambitious guys, who flung themselves head over heels down the slope - it worked!

We then traversed across the slope, roped up, and practised belaying one another. The idea seemed to be to catch the belayer unawares and then jump off!

Everybody reached the top of Old Glory and lunch was eaten there. The weather was glorious with cloudless blue sky all around. A few of us had been on last year's Snow School so we knew exactly how we would be "going back down". For some, glissading was a whole new experience. It certainly was a nice feeling being able to get down so quickly.

Sandy McElroy took a small group down the hard way. They practised climbing down the steep snow, roped up. We were able to watch the slow descent in the comfort of camp, drinking hot tea, grateful for the fact that we weren't participating.

Camp became a windy, isolated ridge again as one by one the tent and packsacks left the scene.

Snow School over - Enthusiasm just begun.

Snow School '72



# Two-Man Crevasse Rescue

by NORMAN THYER

The following procedure for roping and rescue is basically a modification of the technique described in Wastl Mariner's book "Mountain Rescue Techniques". The individual steps have all been tested at some time, but not when integrated into a single operation.

(1) Make a loop in the climbing rope one third of the way from each end (e.g. using a figure-of-eight knot). If in doubt about accuracy, make it slightly more than one third.

(2) Each climber fastens his chest (or waist) harness to one of these loops with a carabiner. After tying a bowline, for a foot loop, in the free end of the climbing rope, he coils up the end third of the rope and stuffs it in his trouser pocket or other convenient place.

(3) Each man attaches two prusik slings to the part of the climbing rope between the two climbers. The one further from his body is passed through his harness carabiner and stuffed into a trouser pocket. The one

nearer to his body is attached by a prusik knot at its other end to the shaft of his ice axe, near the head of the axe. With the usual length of sling (4 1/2 ft. between ends of loops), this should allow enough freedom for normal use.

(4) In the event of a fall, the man in the crevasse passes the sling further from his body around his leg and stands, on one leg, in the loop at its end. (If convenient, he might remove his ice axe from the other sling, and pass that sling too through his carabiner and around his leg to form a second "step". But he must on no account risk losing his axe.)

(5) The man at the top is now presumably in the self-arrest position, with the tension of the rope transmitted via his body to his ice axe. He can now press the axe as hard as possible into the snow, with the shaft parallel to the snow surface and the spike in the direction of the rope. Alternatively, if the snow is soft enough, he can press the spike of the axe down into the snow, with the shaft making an angle of  $20^{\circ}$  -  $30^{\circ}$  with the snow surface (larger angles are difficult to attain), then slide the sling down the shaft as far as the snow surface. If all is well, he can now gently release his grip on the axe, and transfer the tension from rope to axe via the sling. So the rope is now temporarily anchored.

(6) He releases himself from the climbing rope by unclipping his carabiner from it. There is a certain amount of risk at this point; if the axe is not in firmly enough and starts to come loose, its head could whip over and cause a nasty head or face injury -- and the top man might end up being dragged into the crevasse too. Still, this is the sort of risk one must be prepared to take when travelling in a two-man party on a glacier.

Once on his feet, he pounds the ice axe in as firmly as possible with his foot, and takes the second prusik sling off the rope.

(7) The top man goes to the crevasse, lowers his free end of climbing rope and pulls up the bottom man's axe.

(8) If there is any doubt about the security of the existing anchor, the top man makes a good one with the spare axe, and attaches it to the rope with his prusik sling. He then returns to his own axe, gently transfers the tension to the new anchor, and removes the sling tying his axe to the rope. He lays his own axe (or some substitute) on the lip of the crevasse (belayed to the anchor-axe by a cord) and lowers his spare end of rope over it to the bottom man, who passes it through his carabiner and round his leg, and then stands in the end loop. Meanwhile, the top man connects the upper part of the spare end to the new anchor by a prusik sling, adjusting

the position of the knot so that it is the right length for the bottom man to stand in.

(9) The bottom man transfers his weight to the loop on the end of the rope, and the top man removes the centre section of rope from its groove in the snow and lays it over the axe on the lip.

(10) Everything is now ready for use of the standard Bilgeri method.



# Mulvey Flowers

by Bill Merilees

The sketches illustrating this article were made from specimens collected in the Mulvey Meadows during the K.M.C. summer camp. Though the meadows offer neither great variety nor mass carpets of bloom of other areas in the West Kootenay, nonetheless they are interesting. During the camp more than sixty species of flowering plants were recorded.

By far the most difficult job in "flower study" is the identification of the specimen at hand. With patience, persistence and practice most species will fall into one category or another that will permit them to be named. This is called keying. Once keyed what do you end up with? A name, an archaic derivation of greek or latin, or a latinized name honouring some long-gone botanist. Nevertheless these names tediously deduced and often promptly forgotten are a plant's best handle.

Common names, though easier to remember, have their pit falls. Take for instance Larkspur and Buttercup. There are eighteen species of Larkspur and more than forty species of buttercup in the Pacific Northwest and since no two plants, even of the same species, are identical much head scratching and uncertainty surrounds most identifications. There are no standard common names for plants. What may appear standard in one area is completely different in another. Also it should be noted that perhaps half of our approximately 1500 species do not have a common name at all, only a scientific one.

Despite these problems do not be put off; patience is a virtue and with a good book or two, many happy and profitable hours can be enjoyed.

Of the many species noted during the summer camp the following were fairly common and quite distinctive.

## SAXIFRAGES:

Spotted Saxifrage - this is a common species across southern B.C. The basal leaves are tightly bunched forming a mat while the petals are spotted, deep red at the base and fading into light orange towards the tip.

Orange-Spotted Saxifrage - the basal leaves are quite distinctive, a feature common to many species in this group. The petals are "shovel shaped" each with two orange dots near their base.

"Mertens Saxifrage" - not that common at Mulvey but found in seeping rock crevices. Again the basal leaves are distinctive.

COMPOSITES:

Golden Fleabane - found on the moraine near Mulvey Lake. Flowers bright orange-yellow with the back of the flowerhead densely covered with fine hairs.

Alpine Arnica - note the leaves are in pairs. There are a number of species of arnica all with this characteristic, but the shape of these leaves is distinctive separating many of the species.

Alpine Pussytoes - a plant with an appropriate name as each small cluster of flowers resembles a kitten's toe. The leaves of this species appear grey-green, due to the presence of many small silvery hairs.

Slender Hawkweed - a dwarf slender-stemmed plant common around the Valhalla Hut. When in full flower this species resembles a miniature dandy lion.

ODDS 'N' ENDS

Springbeauty - one of the earliest flowers to appear in spring or at the edge of melting snowfields. The bulbs of this species are delicious either raw or boiled. When peeled they taste like potato slightly sweetened.

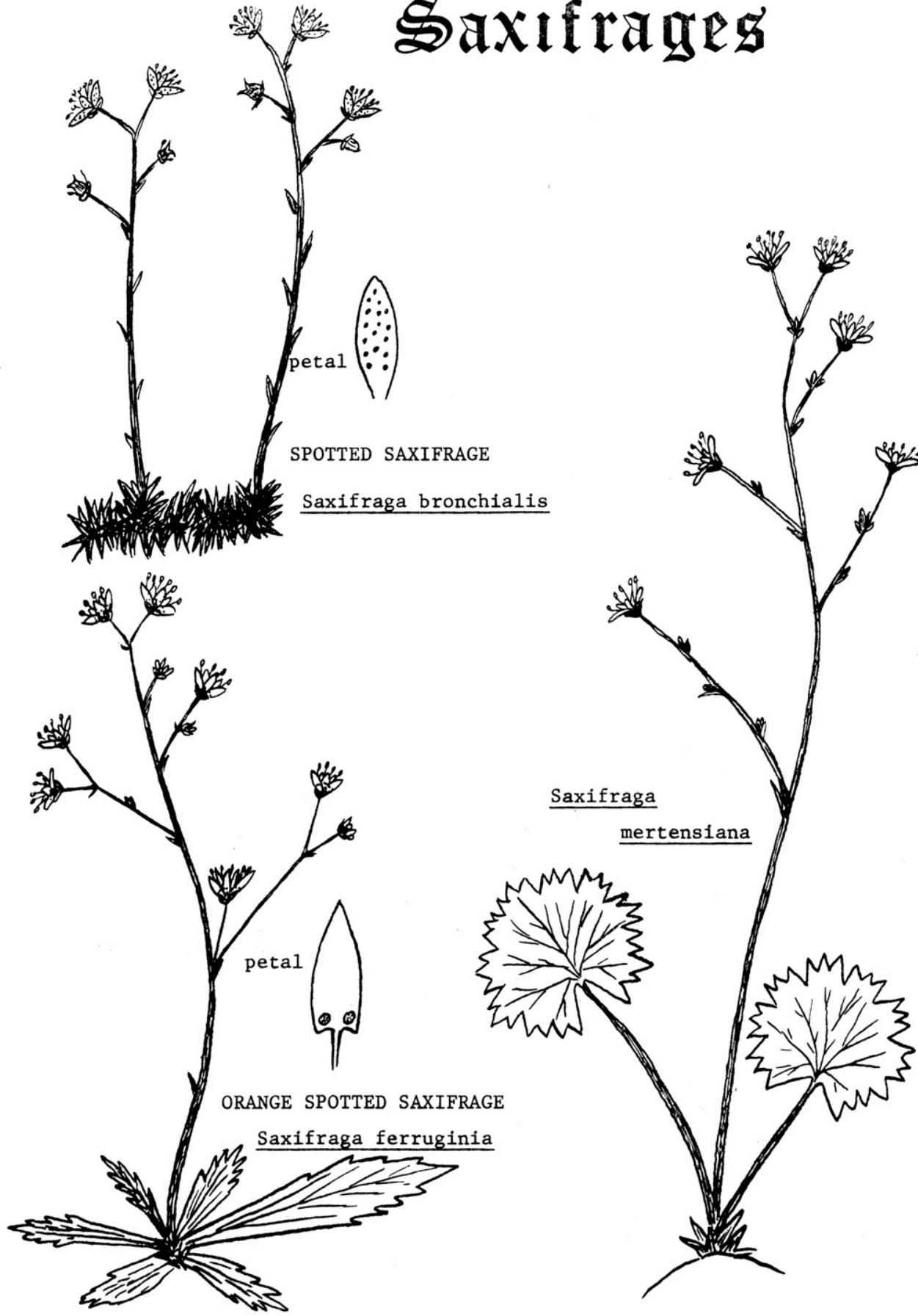
St. John's Wort - note the opposite leaves and many staymened bright orange-yellow flowers.

Larkspur - a number (?) of species are present in our area and are difficult to separate with certainty. By opening the spur you can find the two petals projecting almost to the base.

Sagebrush Buttercup - a misnomer for sure in our area though this species can also be found in near-desert conditions. It is also an early bloomer, often in company with Springbeauty.

Alpine Sandwort - a relative of our garden carnation. This species was found on the dry hillside under Mt. Gladsheim.

# Saxifrages



# Composites



GOLDEN FLEABANE  
Erigeron aureus

Flowers bright yellow

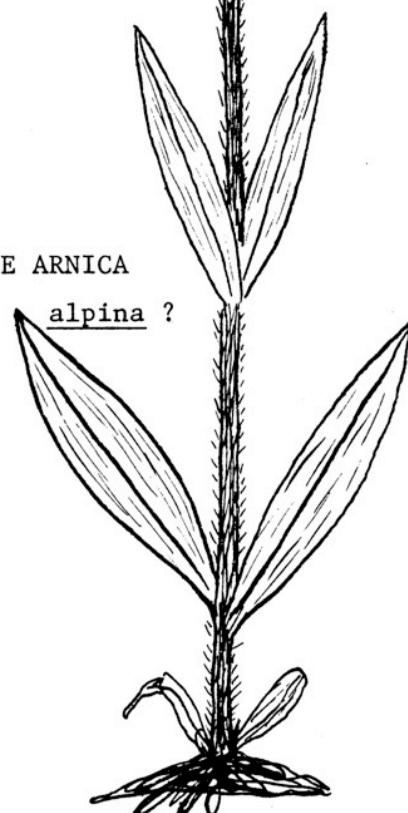


SLENDER HAWKWEED  
Hieracium gracile



ALPINE PUSSYTOES  
Antennaria lata

ALPINE ARNICA  
Arnica alpina ?



Flowers  
grey-white

# Odds 'n' Ends



SPRINGBEAUTY

Claytonia lanceolata

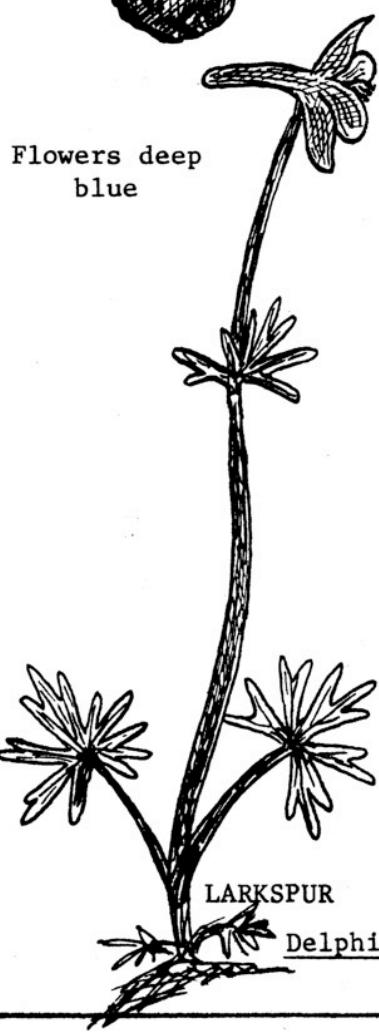
Flowers yellow

Flowers pink



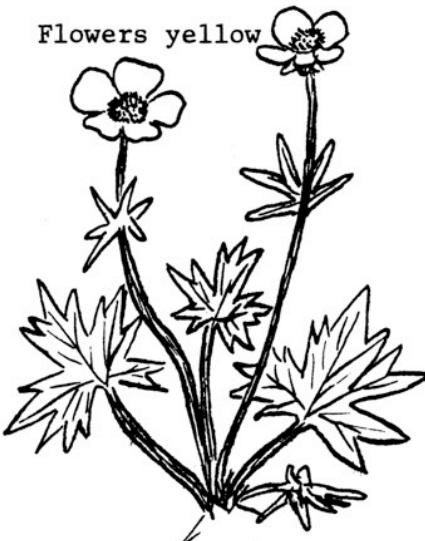
St. John's Wort

Hypericum formosum



LARKSPUR

Delphinium sp.



SAGEBRUSH BUTTERCUP

Ranunculus glaberrimus

Flowers white



ALPINE SANDWORT

Arenaria capillaris

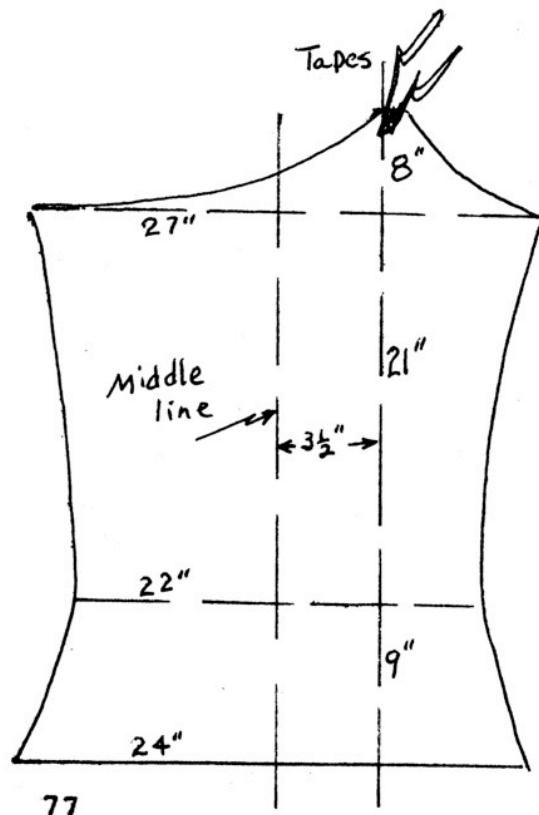
# Legging Pattern

by SUSAN PORT

If you made a cagoule from the pattern in the 1971 Karabiner and wore it in a steady rain and emerged with soaked lower legs and squelching boots, you may already have realized that you need some waterproof leggings to complete your ensemble. Separate leggings provide much more ventilation than complete waterproof trousers and of course require less material. A single layer of coated nylon is sufficient, using nylon thread and seam cement for the seams.

The leggings must be wide enough to be pulled on over climbing boots and long enough to cover your ankles. A simple tube will do, long enough to reach the crotch on the inside and a few inches higher on the outside of the leg. Tapes at the high point are tied to your belt. The following is a slightly better fitting model (but don't expect to look elegant!)

The two legs should be cut as opposites; the tapes are then tied to your belt at the front, with the seam down the inside of the leg.



# Trip Schedule

All trips, leaders and dates are open to change.  
Watch the monthly Newsletter for details.

<b>January</b>			
13-14	Ski with Spokane Mountain-eers in Washington State	Pete Wood	
<b>February</b>			
11	Ski-touring on the Blue-berry Paulson Highway	Sue Port	
17-18	Ski at Red Mountain with Spokane Mountaineers	Pete Wood	
24-25	Huckleberry Hut. Limited to four persons.	Rudi Fischer	
<b>March</b>			
11	Plewman Basin	Gerry Brown	
25	To be announced	T.B.A.	
<b>April</b>			
7-8	London Ridge (Zincton)	Gerry Brown	
21-23	Kokanee by helicopter	John Carter	
25	Rock School begins	T.B.A.	
<b>May</b>			
5-6	Gwillim Lakes (snowshoe and ski)	Dave Adams	
19-21	Slocan Chief skiing (please register early)	Helen Butling	
<b>June</b>			
2-3	Snow and Ice School	T.B.A.	
10	Snow walk	Peter McIver	
16-17	Rock climbing at Keremeos	John Carter	
23-24	Ymir Mountain traverse	Norm Thyer	
30 and July 1-2	Earl Grey Pass (Toby Creek)	Gordon Stein	

<b>July</b>			
7	Frog Mountain		Pat Gibson
8	Mt. Ludlow (Koch Creek)		John Kenchenten
14-15	Mt. Dolly Varden		Gerry Brown
22	Canoe trip		Gordon Stein
29	Heather Lake & Boomerang Mt.		Ross Reynolds
28-Aug. 5	Summer Camp		John Carter
<b>August</b>			
5	Mt. Vingolf (may be rescheduled as a 2-day trip)		Bob Dean
11-12	Mt. Begbie (Revelstoke)		Bert Port
18-19	Canoe trip		Pete Wood
19	Ladies Day - Mt. Freya		Jill Langballe
<b>September</b>			
1-3	Gwillim Lakes		Ian Hamilton
2	Paddy Peak		Dave Adams
9	Salmo-Creston ridge		Howie Ridge
15-16	Mulvey Trail work party		Ian Hamilton
23	Sapphire Lakes, Glory Basin		Sue Port
30	Hoder Creek		John Carter
<b>October</b>			
6-8	To be announced		Jim Brennan
13-14	Slocan Chief Cabin		Helen Butling

EQUIPMENT CHECKLIST

<u>EQUIPMENT CHECKLIST</u>			
<u>BASIC EQUIPMENT</u>	<u>OVERTNIGHT EQUIPMENT</u>	<u>SKI TOURING</u>	<u>LONG CAMP</u>
Clothing: boots/socks trousers shirt sweater(s) down jacket wool mitts/gloves wool hat/sun hat anorak rain gear gaiters handkerchief	backpack tent/plastic or snow shovel sleeping bag sleeping pad stove, fuel pots, dishes, cutlery, food collapsible water bucket extra socks, shirt down boots mosquito netting sewing kit toothbrush	skis, touring bindings skins extra cable, basket poles repair kit: wire, press rivets, etc. wax outer mitts ski goggles rescue sled kit ski tip	large plastic bags large first aid kit camp shoes boot wax soap, towel, etc. clothesline, pegs tent sponge alarm clock candles reading books paper, pencil glacier wands extra everything!
First Aid: moleskin, bandaids, tape, gauze pads, salve, toilet paper			
Daypack: lunch, emergency rations water bottle map, air photos guide book paper, pencil compass, altimeter knife matches, firestarter headlamp/flashlight suntan preventative/ lotion sunglasses &/or goggles camera, lenses, film binoculars insect repellent	porcupine wire axe, saw shovel dry clothes refreshments!	ice axe crampons rope(s) slings chest sling prussik slings rappel seat, brake carabiners pitons, bolts piton hammer ice screws hard hat	
		<u>CLIMBING EQUIPMENT</u>	
			<u>PERSONAL ADDITIONS</u>

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editor would like to thank all those who contributed to this issue of the Karabiner.

The cover picture was done by Steve Winegar from a photograph in Camping in the Canadian Rockies by W.B. Wilcox (1896).

"Sweet Judy Blue Eyes Buttress" is reprinted with permission from the Canadian Alpine Journal, 1972.

Tom Charlton has again looked after the printing of the journal and arranged for some of the typing. Typing was done by many people (on many typewriters, with varying interpretations of spacing instructions, as is all too obvious!). Special thanks to Lida Gambin and Sue Port, who also did the headings.



# SILVERTIP Sports Shop LTD.

KARLE AND IRIS HOOKER

488 BAKER ST. • NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA • PHONE 352-2332



\* LIGHTWEIGHT CAMPING AND BACKPACKING EQUIPMENT  
FROM BLACK BROS. GRESVIG-JONES

\* CLIMBING BOOTS - CONTINENTAL TYROLEANS  
BY DUNHAMS'

\* KAMP PAK DEHYDRATED FREEZE-DRIED CAMP FOODS

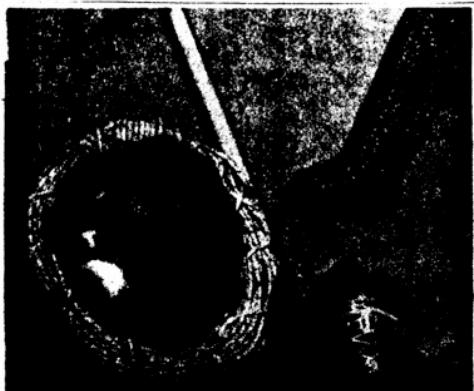
\* CLOTHING SKIS SKI BOOTS

# Monod Sports Ltd.

LIGHTWEIGHT MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT SPECIALISTS

Banff, Alberta. Phone 762-2343

Rentals



Write For Catalogue.

Edelrid Ropes  
Grivel Crampons  
Bonatti Pack Sacks  
Jamtent Tents  
Lowa & Galibier Boots  
Down Jackets  
Austrian Lederhosen  
Wool Knickers  
Sleeping Bags  
Nylon Shells, etc.

LIGHTWEIGHT EQUIPMENT  
FOR  
**MOUNTAIN CLIMBING**  
BACKPACKING, SKI-MOUNTAINEERING,  
SKI-TOURING, CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

"WE KNOW WHAT IS BEST BECAUSE WE USE IT OURSELVES"

**SELKIRK**  
**BERGSPORT**

BILL BOULTON  
WILL MURRAY

BUSINESS PHONE 509-328-5020 W.30 INTERNATIONAL WAY,  
SPOKANE WASHINGTON 99220