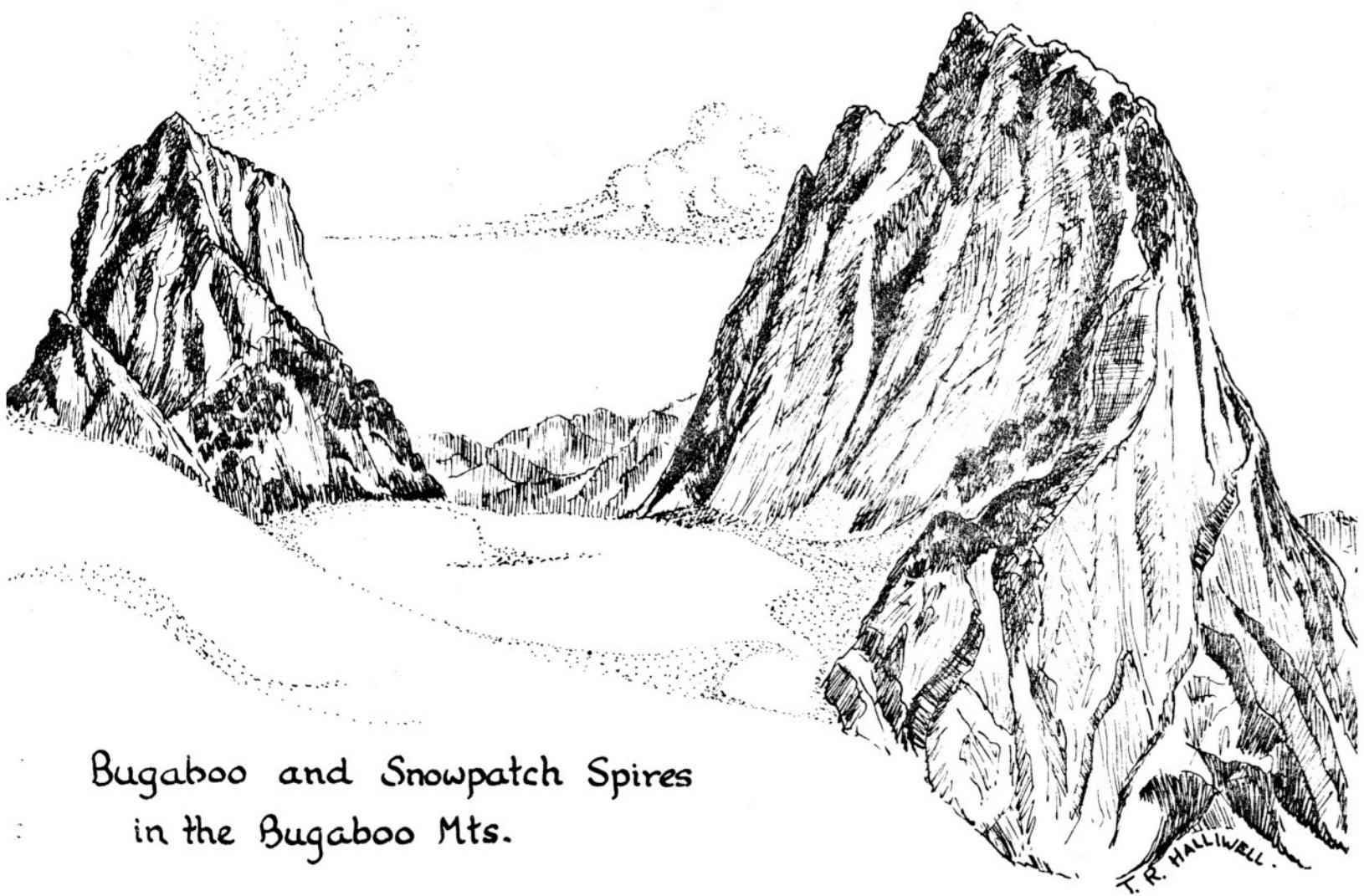


KOOTENAY

KARABINER



Bugaboo and Snowpatch Spires
in the Bugaboo Mts.

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

Fall 1970

Volume 13

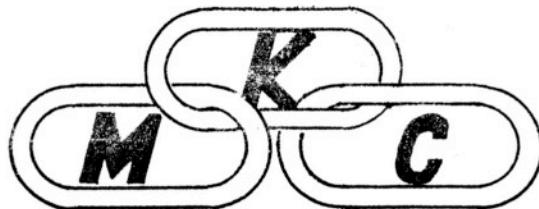
**The
KOOTENAY
KARABINER**

Volume 13

Fall 1970

Edited by:

Tom Charlton



KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1970

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The cover was draw by Terry Halliwell from a photograph taken
by Bert Port.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

"Many Hands Make Light Work"

This has certainly been the case with the Kootenay Mountaineering Club during the last year. Although it has been a very busy year, due to the number of members doing their share, no one person has had to carry too heavy a load.

The season started off in May with the usual Rock School sessions out at the Kinnaird Bluffs every Wednesday evening for eight weeks. Bert Port was in charge and he and his helpers did a fine job of introducing the unwary to this great sport. Also under Bert's able direction, were the Mountain Rescue training sessions every second Saturday at the Bluffs.

Of the twenty-seven trips scheduled for the summer, only two were cancelled due to bad weather, Mt. Connor and The Steeples. Mt. Dolly Varden etc. was not completed due to a rainy spell but three hardy souls did camp overnight in the rain. Snow Crest and Ladybird Mtn. were rubbed out due to poor road access and there were no takers on Mt. Ludlow, presumably because of the annual camp.

In spite of the small attendance at the Joker Lakes trail cutting (perhaps due to the fact that it was scheduled on July 1), a way was bashed through and the trail is now passable, which it certainly was not before. Next year we feel we should have a go at the Mulvey trail again and also open up another trail into Kokanee Glacier Park.

The annual camp was a tremendous success with eighteen members participating, also along for the ride and a lot of hard work was our blessed cook, Gloria Hopland who did such a fine job of looking after

our culinary needs. The success of the camp was due in part to the weather but mostly to the untiring efforts of those who organized it; to the Camp Site Committee of Gerry Brown, John Carter and Bill Hurst who picked the location. Most of the credit belongs to Bill Hurst who convinced the others that the camp should be held in the Royal Group; to John Carter who did the overall organizing; to Sue and Bert Port and Ian Hamilton who looked after all aspects of the food including the packaging; to Gerry Brown who looked after all the housekeeping material for the camp; and to the reconnaissance party of Gerry, John Carter, and Howie Ridge who did a round trip of approximately 40 miles hiking and 400 miles driving to pick the camp site two weeks before the camp started.

The work parties that descended on the Ridge, Huckleberry and Slocan Chief cabins did an excellent job of cleaning up and putting them in shape for the coming year.

You will probably be surprised to find the summer schedule included in this issue of the Karabiner. It is possible there will not be a spring 1971 issue and as the summer hike schedule is such an important part of our activities, it was felt it should be included in this issue.

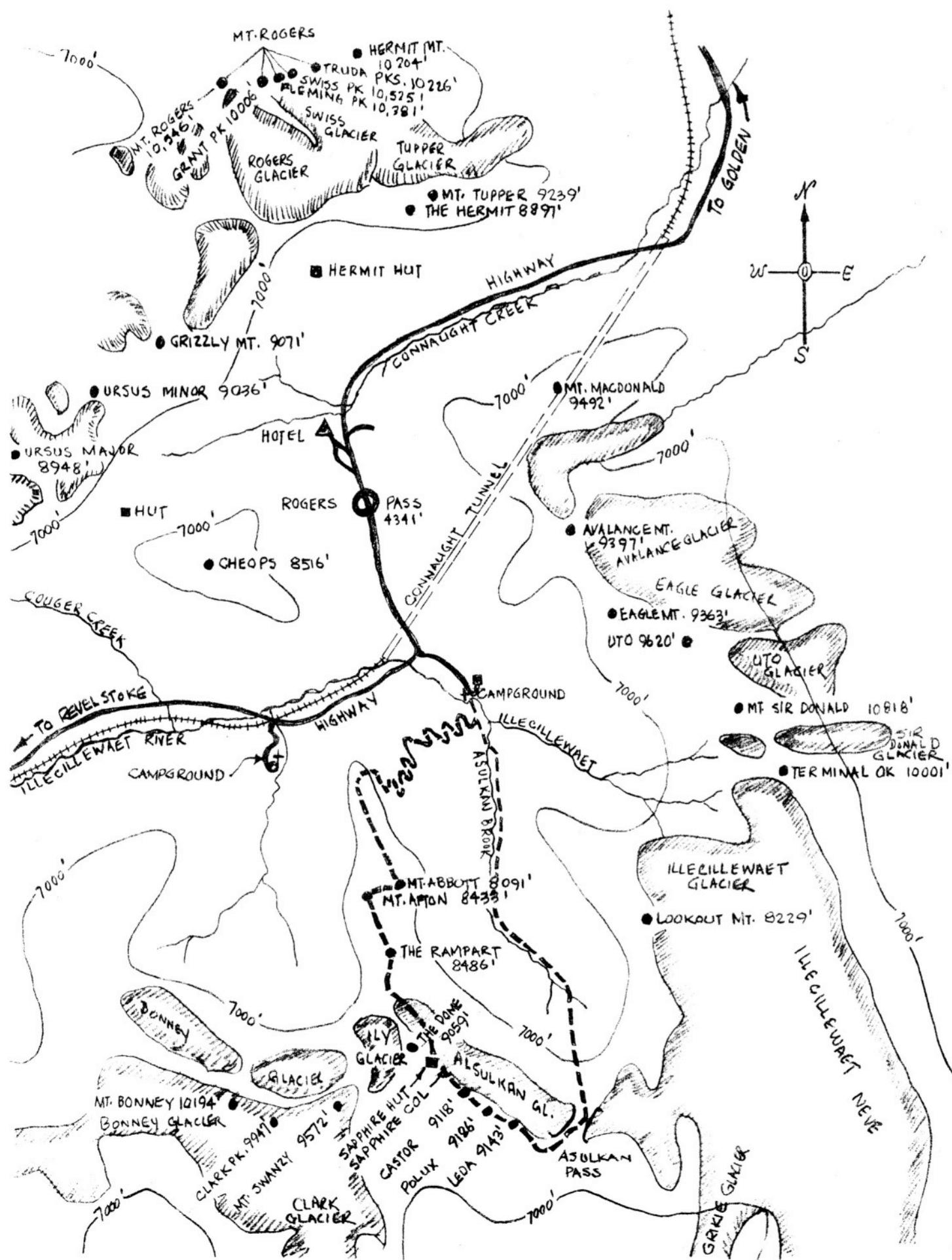
There will be several social get-togethers again this winter. The Social Committee will send out the information in a news letter as soon as they have completed the program.

As your retiring President, I would like to say a heartfelt thank you to you all for a good year and may it be the same for my successor.

Auf Wiedersehen

Helen Butling

ROUTE TAKEN ON TRAVERSE.



THE TRAVERSE OF ASULKAN RIDGE

- By John Carter

Asulkan Ridge is a prominent ridge in the Selkirk Mountains of Glacier National Park. It is composed of seven peaks all between 8,000 ft. and 9,186 ft. of which Pollux is the highest. When the ridge traverse is attempted most climbers ascend the Asulkan Valley to the Asulkan Pass and thence over the first three peaks, Leda, Pollux, and Castor, descending to the Sapphire Col. Then from the Col over the Dame, The Rampart, Mt. Afton and Mt. Abbott and down the Mt. Abbott trail to the site of the old Glacier House. The traverse may be done in the reverse.

On Sunday August 16, 1970 at 6:00 a.m. Doug Hurrell and I met our Seattle Mountaineer friend Phil Sharpe, at the Wheeler Hut just above the Illecillewaet campground. We travelled up the Asulken Valley trail passing through heavy timber, slide areas and after three miles reached alpine country. A very large lateral moraine was ascended from the creek until it dissapeared into the Asulkan Glacier, at which place we strapped on our crampons.

Cramponing was quite easy and it wasn't long before we were in the Asulkan Pass and cramponing our way up to the rock ridge leading up to what appeared to be Leda Peak. On reaching the ridge we were horrified to see that it consisted of rocks held together with clay which due to the warm sun was now slowly falling apart. As there was no alternative, we slowly scratched our way up for perhaps 200 ft. until we reached some firm large blocks. A well deserved rest was taken here and we all agreed that it was far worse than anything we had ever climbed on before. Doug compared it with crawling up a gravel pit wall as someone peppered you with small rocks from the top. In five minutes

continued...

we were on top of Leda, except that we weren't. Leda was off to the N.W. and 200 - 300 ft. higher. We had just come up a buttress leading down off Leda to the Asulkan Pass!

A short walk on the rock ridge and then on with the crampons again to walk across a small col to the real ridge leading to Leda which was very easy. From Leda a fantastic view in every direction was acclaimed, each of us trying to out guess the other on the names of the distant peaks; Dawson, Denkin, Selwyn, Thor, Odin, Swiss, Rogers, Hermit, Freshfield, Forbes, and Sir Donald where two days before we had climbed within 300 ft. of the summit. A short walk along the snow to the ridge up to Pollux and then it was down hill a bit to Castor. We had taken 5 1/4 hr. to reach Pollux. A bite to eat was welcomed and J.C. again feasted on tomatoes and cucumbers! No one wanted to admit it but it looked as though the weather was changing.

With lunch over we traversed to Castor and again signed our names in one of the numberable cannisters left on the summit. We descended about 300 ft. to the Sapphire Col and took shelter from the strong wind in the Sapphire Hut. We noticed that some of our friends had been skiing here in early June.

The weather appeared to be worsening with very strong gusts of wind and very black clouds looming up over Benney and Swanzy. Instead of climbing up over the Dome we traversed around it on the N.W. corner of the Asulkan Glacier. Needless to say we had to strap on the creepers again and I even managed to stick one leg through a snow bridge. We climbed back onto the ridge between the Dome and The Rampart and numerous other rocky summits, this all taking considerable time as several of the descending sessions were on rather slabby and tricky ground.

continued...

The weather seemed to improve as the afternoon progressed and very good views if not sensational views of certain routes (the N. ridge of Swanzy) caused much discussion in our group. By the time the summit of Afton was obtained Phil was feeling under the weather and was pretty tire, so Doug went on ahead and Phil and I took our time descending Afton, ascending Abbott and following the ridge off Abbott to the beginning of the Marion Lake and Abbott Ridge Trail.

The top end of the trail affords an outstanding view of the entire Rogers Pass area. While descending the trail we passed the Avalanche Control Observation Hut and about one mile lower, Marion Lake. From the lake the trail switch-backs quite steeply through heavy timber ending at the old Glacier House. Phil and I arrived back at 7:30 p.m. while Doug had arrived two hours earlier.

We had all had a very enjoyable day and we really felt we had accomplished something. The same day the Ports and the Rickers were up on the Mt. Rogers group behind the Northlander Hotel. For me it was my first hiking trip into Glacier Park and I found and saw more mountains there than I knew existed. I hope we can spend more time in this great area again next year.

P.S. Remember to take spikes to hold your tent guys up as tent pegs don't go into wooden platforms too well!

P.P.S. Don't leave any food or your boots out all night as the bears are very hungry.

SECOND DOWNING OF THE "BIG LIFT" - MT. COOPER, 10,135 FEET

AUGUST 1968

- by Alan Polster

For hours, days, we pored over topo maps, the guide book, and the "Big Lift" article by the Spokane Mountaineers in the Canadian Alpine Journal 1963. Then on August 1 we thought we were ready to challenge the highest peak in the southern Selkirks. We had enough food for eight days and enough technical equipment for Class 5 rock climbing, plus any kind of snow and Ice we might run into. We lined up a ride to the top of Meadow Mtn., so at 8:00 we piled into the Land Rover and were off. At 11:00 we shouldered packs, said goodbye, and started hiking. For two hours we hiked north along a broken ridge, then after a small lunch of salami, dried apricots and chocolate, we turned west. We stood for a while at the top of the ridge looking west, looking for a route. We saw, on the other side, a gully going up the broken granite ridge between "Spokane Creek" and the bend in McKian Creek. We decided on this route as far as we could see; after that we would have to find out. Down we went for five hours to the McKian Creek floor, where we set up our first camp.

In the morning, we headed downstream, looking for the end of the gully we had seen the day before. The bush was getting thicker as we moved down so we hiked higher looking for thicker timber and thinner brush. A short while later we came to "Disappointment Gully." There wasn't any brush there, but there weren't any climbers, either - the gully was smooth rock with water running down it. Regretfully we crossed the gully and moved into

Continued...

the trees on the other side. This time we didn't bother looking for another gully, but went straight up. At about 4:00 p.m. we reached the top of the ridge. Looking back we were able to see the end of the road on Meadow Mtn. We moved on until about six, when we found the most beautiful camp nook. It was a big flat rock with grass and moss on it - just like a pool table.

That night it hailed, sleeted and lightninged, and in the morning we were greeted by the buzzing of the Forestry helicopter. We watched it as it chopped off over Mt. Marion. We hiked until about noon on big broken boulders, and then at about noon we got onto the "Argenta Glacier". We reconnoitered with the map and found the summit to be somewhere to the southwest. We passed "Argenta Lake" (a small lake at the foot of Argenta Glacier), and started up the southwest summit of the glacier. We made Camp III on the top of the glacier, and slept a cold night. The next day was fog bound and we could only catch glimpses of the route. Two rappel lengths brought us to the western glacier. (R. West reached a place somewhere around here in 1958 and we later were able to trace our route on his picture in the guide book.) As the day went on the sun came out and made the snow very messy. As Bob Jahn, from Philadelphia, Pa., member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, kicked steps, little balls of snow bounced out and started to roll and slide. As they passed, David Polster, of Argenta (my brother), they had grown to about a 5 foot wide ripple. As they passed me it was a 20 foot wide wave. We watched as the snow slid into a crevasse far below. We passed on to the top of this snow field much expecting another leading high into the sky. Finally we reached the top of the glacier and realized that we were at the top of the "Spokane Glacier" about 500 feet below the actual summit. We were too tired to go any farther

Continued...

so we dug a little platform, set up our Gerry Camponaire tent, and slept. At 4:00 a.m. we awoke eager to get to the top. We were so full of energy that we literally ran up the final stretch. We climbed up a small rocky nob and there was the summit ridge. The first thing we saw was a fair sized cairn, with bamboo wands and nylon parachute cord around it. I dug through the rocks and came up with a 6 or 7 inch lead pipe with screw caps at each end. We opened the pipe and there was a registar. On inspection we found we were number 2. We read the Spokane Mountaineers note about William Fix (I think) without whom this climb would not have been possible... (later we thought that he must have been the one that chopped the trail half way up Spokane Creek).

Still before the snow got soft we headed down the north side of Spokane Glacier. We rappelled, jumped and slid for 5 hours to the bottom of the glacier, then bushwacked for nine hours down Spokane Creek. Occassionally we hit a game trail, then about half-way down we saw the first sign of civilization - an axe cut. A little farther down we came across a small piece of orange surveyors tape. Finally, at 9:00 we reached the junction of Spokane Creek and McKian Creek. We were totally exhausted and flopped right where we were. The next day we climbed up the back side of Meadow Mt. and luckily got a ride out that night. After 6 days we were glad to get back to Argenta to look at Mt. Cooper from a safe distance.

At the time of the above climb Alan Polster was 14 and his brother David was 16. Some boys!

The Editor

MT. KANE - WEST RIDGE

- by Bert Port

At the end of the Keen Creek road, on Saturday July 18, the usual Kootenay anti-porcupine ritual took place. As the ceremony drew to a close, the natives reluctantly picked up their burdens and with the usual groans disappeared one by one into the hot undergrowth. A few hours later, having travelled over the old mine trail renovated by a recent club work party, they arrived at a charming spot between the Joker Lakes. Here, depending on their inclination, they rested in the shade, ate lunch, or worked on the trail, while a couple even worried about finding the speed demons who had taken their gear on ahead. After a suitably long delay we continued up and beyond the old mine building into the Coffee Creek basin. Here we spent what must be the hottest, most sleepless, most bug infested night on record. Neither sunset, sunrise, the beautiful streams, nor the abundant flowers would allow us to forget those bugs.

Early the following morning half of the party started for the west ridge of Mt. Kane (9200 ft.) - the others stayed behind to amuse themselves closer to camp. Unfortunately, they were soon driven homeward by the bugs. The climbing party fared better, with a breeze to keep the temperature just right.

The well-defined west ridge, which is easily seen when ski touring on the Kokanee Glacier, provided a pleasant route to the summit. The rock is sound, while the exposure on the short centre section is stimulating. The ridge has the added attraction of being the longest and steepest on the west side of the mountain. The route begins between the couloir which falls from

Continued...

just below the summit and a much shorter one which creates an additional parallel ridge for the first few hundred feet. Two thirds of the way up a peg was placed for protection near the top of an exposed slab. This pitch can be avoided by descending leftward from the notch at its base and climbing a prominent chimney which leads to a series of ledges below the ridge. On an earlier "recce" Sue and I took this alternative to the summit and descended by the above mentioned couloir, then snow-filled. However, on the Club trip the snow was gone. The descent was made down gullies onto the snow between Kane and Sawtooth Ridge. It is quite likely that the climb of the whole ridge is a "first". The slower three-person rope was on the summit five hours after leaving camp.

Those who made it to the summit were: Ian Hamilton, Bill Hurst, Bob Dean, Olwyn Ringheim and Bert Port. Also at the camp in the meadow were: Helen Butling with young grandchildren Lynn Lennox, Pat Gibson, Lesley Anderton, Sue Port, Tom Charlton, and Elsie and Bob Hammond.

JOKER LAKES TRAIL CLEARING, IN KOKANEE PARK

- by Ian Hamilton

The purpose of the trip was to clear out the trail, (obviously) from the Joker Mill Site car park area to the Joker Lakes, and this is just what we have done.

Some work had been done on the trail the year before, but it was still badly covered by nice strong springy alder, and 3 foot diameter windfalls!

On 1st July nearly a dozen able and willing souls were waiting for the trip leader to arrive to show them the art of hacking at bush. He and good wife were delayed in Kaslo 20 minutes, (got lost there!)

Anyway we all worked along the trail clearing as we went, some places clearing the old original mining trail, some places cutting a new one, and on the head wall area rocks, leaving markers.

All concerned put up a very noble effort, chopping down noble trees. But the differences our effort made to the useability of the trail was, and still is, really amazing. Try it and see some time.

Joker Lakes and area are well worth a visit; maybe the Park Branch will visit them and do some more work on this trail. I believe we could have cleared more if the club owned a mower saw.

All the people on the trip went up and had a good look around the lakes, and old abandoned mine sites. Hunters and/or collectors of old bottles were rewarded around the mine site areas, as several old bottles were found and carried out, which I feel should happen to all old or new bottles, along with any other junk and litter, (I am not an old bottle collector!)

GOING, GOING, - GOT IT

- by Bob Dean

Twice in 1966 I was involved in unsuccessful attempts to climb Mt. Thor (see Kootenay Karabiner Fall 1966). When the first ascent was made later that season by Dave Parfitt and party I was elsewhere; so I persuaded Ian Hamilton to put it on the 1970 Summer Schedule.

It was the weekend after the Royal Group Camp and the majority of the club's climbers were resting on their considerable laurels. However, Howie Ridge and I decided to make the attempt and perhaps remain in the area to climb another peak so we departed Saturday morning, drove to Galena Bay, caught the 10:30 a.m. ferry over to Shelter Bay and from there the road to Coursier Lake. About 9 miles along this road we turned down left on the Thor Creek road which had been pushed in farther than in 1966.

Then we had to cross both Pingston and Thor Creeks but now the road took us across Pingston Creek and close to Thor Creek. At this point we had a little pow wow as neither of us felt inclined to climb 2,000 ft. that afternoon with packs so we decided to find a route across the creek for an early Sunday morning start. Experiencing some difficulty in locating a suitable crossing place we found the site of our 1966 crossing; of course the tree that we had used then had been carried away so we had to drop another. By Howie's good management and my good luck it bridged the creek when it fell and we crossed to the other side, followed the red flagged route for a couple of hundred yards then returned over the creek and back to the car. We drove back to Pingston Creek Bridge, had a meal, lay in the sun then drove to Coursier Lake and around the new dam at the North end. Returning we looked for a suitable

Continued...

route to approach Hughes Peak on Monday. What presumption!

Sunday up about 4:00 a.m. we got away in the car at 5:30 a.m. drove over to Thor Creek (5 minutes) and set off. As trip leader I appointed Howie to cross the tree bridge first thus ensuring it would remain there when I crossed. This successfully completed I allowed Howie to lead the way following the red ribbons which we had put there in 1966. We succeeded in this matter very well, only losing the route once (that was when I attempted to lead). We emerged from the bush right at the bottom of the long rock slide we had tried for, and then again headed upwards. In June and July 1966 there had been a long snowslide leading from the rocks to the ridge above. This year there was a lot less snow. When the rocks stopped we got onto a substance that resembled ice. At this point we had to rope up.

We did not have crampons - as trip leader I had considered them not essential. Now to make up for that unfortunate decision I allowed Howie to lead up the ice. The rope came in useful - not so much for the sake of safety - but so that Howie could give the leader a pull up and so avoid a leaderless party. After too much of this sort of travelling we had a further consultation and decided to get off the "snow" onto the rocks on the right had side of the "snow" slope. This involved crossing what I suppose we could call a bergschrund using a large chunk of snow as a bridge. Howie led the way over this and the leader managed to follow. Once on the rock we unroped and made our way up to the ridge just above the col where this particular "snow" slope terminated. From here on it was straight forward going to the main col joining our part of the mountain with the final ridge. It was at this point that the two previous attempts had been stopped by impossible weather conditions. Today the weather looked reasonably good and the ridge ahead not quite so good. We ate lunch on

Continued...

our side of this col around 11:00 a.m. then descended into the col (about 300 ft.) and began to cross it. Once again ahead of us there was a fairly steep and fairly hard snow slope - so we again roped up. I allowed Howie to lead this section to kick and chop the necessary steps. Finally we were off the snow and the party lead on up - the leader following to make sure no strays got left behind. I forgot many of the details of this ridge route but I do know we had little respite from climbing. We arrived on the summit at 2:40 p.m. and found there two cairns, a few yards apart. Dave Parfitt's note was in one cairn recording the first ascent but we found no evidence of the second ascent made in 1968. (P. Jones, A. Faranholtz)

It was now obvious that with the "snow" conditions as difficult as they were, we were going to have a hard time to get back to the car before dark; in spite of this we spent 50 minutes on the summit - regaining some of our spent energy, then we started our long way back. At first there was some temptation to descend by the first gully but decided against it because it would probably involve a long bush trip out down the creek so we returned the way we came. Descending the upper snow patch (roped) Howie's goggles fell off and slid neatly down into a crevasse. Once out of the col we paused on the ridge to munch a few pieces of dried fruit which the party provided for the leader's refreshment, and then down again. We followed our route up - roping up again on the lower "snow" field but avoiding the ice at the bottom of it by getting over onto rock. Down farther - we reached the bottom of the rock-slide and entered the bush at 7:00 p.m. - just 1 hour before dark. Before heading down the steep side hill we had to traverse around the hill. It was at the point where we had to change from traversing to descending (the leader

Continued...

was leading) that we again lost the ribbons - however after descending for half an hour and nearing the creek - the party found the lost route and reached the tree bridge. This time the leader crossed first (nearly falling in) and we got to the car around 8:15 p.m. Nearly a 15 hour round trip - not too much easy walking - loads of huckleberries on the far side of Thor Creek - we felt tired and that night slept well. (Hughes Peak had faded from the scene).

Next morning we arose around 5:30 a.m., left just before 6:00 a.m. to catch the 7:00 a.m. ferry from Shelter Bay - got the roads mixed up coming out, lost quite some time and arrived to see the ferry 10 yards out from the ramp. It continued out and then when we had resigned ourselves to waiting an hour, it came back in and picked us up. O Happy Day!

.....

"With all his gifts, man has been able to effect vast change, making his life different from that of those who have lived before. His capacity for invention and his sense of creative splendor have constructed great civilizations. But he has never been in command of his own works. He has never been in balance. The result to-day is that, for all his brilliance, he has thrown himself all the way back to his primitive condition, on which his dominant problem on Earth was coping with his environment."

-- Norman Cousins

BLUE GROUSE BASIN

- by Leo Gansner

On Labour Day Bill Hurst, Ted Baker and I set out for a reconnaissance of the basin. This was six days in advance of the date appointed by last spring's Karabiner for a trip up Enterprise Ridge. We encountered some delay in getting the Datsun over a makeshift bridge about five miles up Enterprise Creek from the highway. On leaving the end of the road, the first (improvised) portion of the trail still showed the benefit of some brushing out done by Ted and me four years earlier. Further along, the old miners' pack-trail was very much overgrown and as it had rained the previous night, we were soon well soaked.

Though the remainder of the week was unsettled, I was joined on Sunday morning by five optimists, Dave Adams, Lisl and Marion Petter, Olwyn and Lee Ringheim. The sun was shining as we reached the foot of the trail in Lee's four-wheel drive. Taking advantage of my position as "leader", I passed out a number of long-handled pruning shears and for nearly four hours we attacked the brush with machette and shears. Arriving in the basin after lunch, we found it clear of the damp snow which had lain there the previous week. The surrounding peaks, however, were still outlined by narrow ribs of snow. Paupo Creek as it ran through the meadows was covered with half an inch of ice. Continuing past Virgil and Paupo Mountains we started up the rocky slope directly ahead of us and came to the old miners' cabin. There were plenty of rusted enamel utensils and discarded tools but no old bottles.

We carried on up to the ridge from which there is a good view of the Fennell Lakes. Climbing gradually in an easterly direction, we reached a high bluff situated in the north-east corner of Kokanee Glacier Park. Just beyond was Mount Fennell surmounted by an enormous cairn. We promptly concluded -

Continued...

rightly, as it turned out - that this could have been constructed only by one of Howie Ridge's stature, strength and determination. To the south beyond Enterprise Ridge we could see four of the summits of Outlook. The weather was marvellous - ideal for picture taking. After a short rest, and having paid our respects to Howie's cairn, we took a more direct route over the bluff down a slope and back to the foot of the meadows. At an elevation of about 68,000 feet, these form an excellent base for numerous rock climbs.

We abandoned our plan to pick huckleberries on the return trip down the trail as they had frozen a few days earlier and had become mushy. In any case the delay resulting from our brush-cutting left us little time for other activities. We were unanimous in deciding that we ought to recommend to the club at least a day's trip to the Basin annually, preferably in late July.

REPORT OF THE CLIMBING HUT COMMITTEE

- by John Carter

During the past year Jerry Brown, Bob Dean and I have met several times to discuss the future of a club hut. We have come to the conclusion that it will be very difficult to find a site as good as Mulvey although we believe there are several good possibilities.

We have come to the conclusion that the site with the least number of problems is the Gwillim Lakes region in the Valhallas. Probable access would be by Hoder Creek with access also from Mulvey Hut which would make a nice mountain ridge traverse. Within a days hike from Gwillim Hut, Devils Dome, Mt. Gwillim, Mt. Bor, and Woden Pk. could be climbed. How long Pacific Logging keeps the Hoden Creek logging road open is the big question.

Whitewater Basin is under careful consideration but at the present time a diamond drill camp is set up just below the glacier and the whole Whitewater Valley has been claim staked. Access would be from Retallack through the Whitewater Valley with probable climbs of Whitewater Pk., Mt. Dryden, Mt. Brennan plus several unnamed peaks. A possible traverse of ridges to Mt. Cooper might be feasible while a round trip from Whitewater over Brennan and down Lyle Cr. could be made.

Our third possibility and I think one of the best is at the headwaters of Glacier Creek. There are two possible sites, one being the first creek flowing from Truce and Cauldron Mtns. into Glacier Creek. A hut at the 6000 ft. level would put us within climbing distance of this glacier area. Our other possible site would be at the 6000 - 7000 ft. level between Mt. MacDuff and Starbird Pass. Anyone examining the Lardeau Map can see the great possibilities! At the present time Kootenay Forest Products are building a good logging road up Glacier Creek so perhaps next spring more time can be spent examining this area.

Continued...

Two other areas, although these are well back in our minds, are Mt. Cooper and Caribou Ridge. It might be possible to erect a hut at the 6000 - 7000 ft. level at the headwaters of Rossland Creek which flows into Keene Creek which flows into Wilson Creek. A trail 6 - 10 miles long would have to be cut. Climbing from this hut would be unlimited! The Caribou Ridge area when seen from the Carlyle trail looks very interesting but an exact spot where the hut could be put is a question. Perhaps a brushing out of the Klawals Creek trail with climbs such as Satisfaction Pk., Mt. Chipman, Trafalgar Mt. and others would be a possibility.

As you can see we haven't recommended any particular area. We feel that a club trip or failing that at least a reconnaissance by members selected by the executive, should be made to each particular area before a final decision is reached. No real concrete decision was reached on the selection of the type of building for these sites.

DEVILS DOME

by - Bob Dean

In 1967 Frank Nixon and I climbed what we then knew as King Tut's Couch - now officially Devils Couch. This peak is the highest in the eastern part of the ridge between Gwillim Creek and Evans Creek. From its summit we looked westward and saw several other peaks on the same ridge - one about 2 1/2 miles distant definitely higher than Devils Couch. Gerry Brown and I, in 1968, saw the same dome-shaped peak from the west side when we climbed Mt. Bor. In keeping with the name Devils Couch this other highest point in the same ridge could be suitably labelled Devils Dome.

On Sunday August 23, 1970 Howie Ridge and I drove to the end of the Hoder Creek road (a highway by logging standards) and complete with camping gear we headed up the fork of Hoder Creek which leads to Drinnon Lake. This was a "bushy" route (we found a much better one on the way out) and we had one exiting little episode. While walking alongside the creek we suddenly noticed the water just in front of us very muddy - strange - and then before we had time to say one word out of the creek bed less than 10 yards ahead came two startled grunting bears - mother and cub, grizzlies I am fairly sure. Fortunately they disappeared very quickly and we proceeded with caution.

Reaching Drinnon Lake, Howie went in for a swim - I managed it up to my knees. After a light meal we continued up to the small lake situated at approximately the highest point between Drinnon Lake Valley and Gwillim Creek. At this lake were several bear prints - indeed from there on at each lake we came to bear prints were evident in the mud at the edges. The next lake in this chain lies about 300 ft. lower and it was here we camped on a

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nice soft grassy patch close to the water.

In the morning we crossed over to the other side of the Gwillim Creek valley without losing too much elevation and made our way close in under Devils Dome. There did not appear any obvious route so we climbed onto the ridge on the far side (east) and from there had a look at what lay ahead, and what we saw did not raise our hopes. It was not rugged in the sense of dangerous but it looked awfully steep, and after some food and discussion we decided to climb another peak instead. Descending from our view-point we skirted beneath the Dome and it was from here when we looked back to our steep route that it did not look so steep after all - so back we went - climbed across a lower part of the face and onto the east ridge (not where we had eaten our snack but on the actual ridge itself). The going now was quite steep (not quite my type of hiking) but we proceeded slowly and carefully. One spot proved troublesome but finally getting over it I exclaimed, "We've got it made". You know - "famous last words" etc. We were now in a spot where the going was steep and rather exposed - and the holds a little awkward. It was here we needed a rope and a few pins - just for the next 30 feet or so - also the weather had begun to look less friendly upon us and neither of us cherished the thought of descending those rocks if they became wet. We were only about 350 ft. below the summit, just about 50 feet below a spot where the ridge became less steep - but we felt we should not chance it so down we went, down the ridge, around the base to the west side to check for a possible route here, but this side is certainly not the route.

We left the Dome and headed towards the most westerly peak on the ridge, a consolation prize. En route we had to shelter from a short rain storm -

Continued...

eat and continue.

We were going to traverse from east to west a neighbouring peak but failed to get up to its east ridge (when we later saw the west ridge we were glad we did not have to descend it). In place of Devils Dome we climbed the unnamed peak at the west end of the ridge and christened it Lucifer Peak (in keeping with Devils Range).

Seated on the top of Lucifer Peak I was writing some notes for a record to put in the cairn which Howie was building when I was startled by Howie's exclamation of "let's get to Hell out of here". He was loaded with electric charge in his hair and again in his arm as he picked up our packs. I took off my cap and felt my "hair" lift. We made an extremely hurried descent off that peak and got down to one of the Gwillim Lakes. Again Howie "took the plunge" - I just put my big toe in the water.

That night back at camp we slept well and in the morning headed out. At a high point above the col we left our packs and climbed the mountain on our right - we called it Gwillim Mountain because it is at the head of Gwillim Creek. Coming down from there we kept well above the creek for most of the way out before we descended via a small rock slide, crossed the creek and headed back to the car. On the way out we luckily escaped being squashed by a loaded logging truck on the main Little Slocan road. After a few curses on the truck driver's part we proceeded home.

A SUNNY OUTLOOK

- by Helen Butling

The day trip to Outlook Mt. (8,500 ft.) in Kokanee Glacier Park on Sunday, May 30, 1970 was the first official trip on the summer schedule. However, due to the "bottomless condition" of the 1970 spring snow, up until the last moment it looked as though it would have to be a ski trip. However, when we arrived at the Molly Gibson Mine on Sunday morning the snow had firmed up from the week before, so the skis were left on the cars and boots were the order of the day.

It was a glorious sunny morning and a delightful walk through the trees to Kokanee Lake. The week before when I had come across Kokanee Lake on skis there were four inches of blue water on top of the ice, but fortunately for us today it had snowed during the week making a good base for walking.

Sometime during the spring a large mound of snow had come down onto the North end of Kokanee Lake. Bob, Howie, Peter, and Ian, making believe they were on the Eiger or something, scaled this from all angles, choosing the most vertical sides to each the top where they obligingly posed for the photographers.

It was incredibly hot on the flats at the end of the lake and we were glad to turn west and head up the slope to the ridge keeping to the right of a definite bulge. On the way up we crossed a grizzly highway embedded in the snow. Obviously this right of way was used frequently and also quite recently as there were fresh tracks in the trough. As we came to the steep snow that led to the summit, the leader who was lagging behind anyway, was only too glad to let the men break trail to the top, making such fine steps in the soft snow.

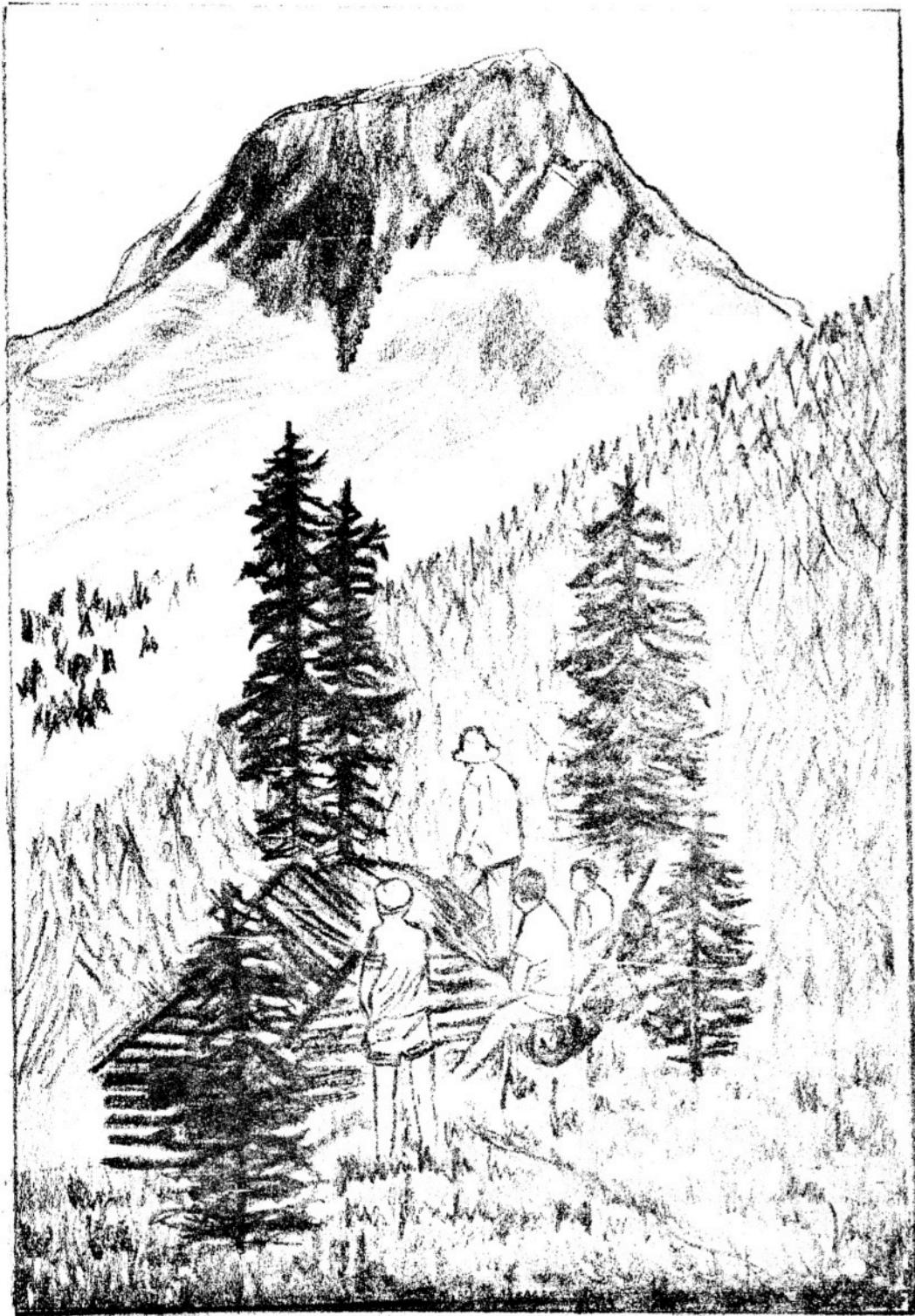
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Being rich in time, it had taken three hours to the summit, we spent a good hour up there eating our lunch and surveying the scene around us. We were surprised to see Mt. Cooper looking so close and some of the party were sure they could see the Valhalla Hut through the binoculars.

On the way down we avoided the now slushy Kokanee Lake by descending to the south end of the lake. Howie Ridge did a fine job leading down, taking us through only one steep chute. Many of the party decided that the chance of such a fine sitting glissade was worth a wet seat and sailed off down the slopes, legs in the air, gathering speed as they went. Again we crossed the grizzly highway, no doubt it goes for miles.

It was a contented and sunburnt group that gathered at the cars for the welcome bottle of beer that was keeping cool in the creek.

Those making the trip were, Ian Hamilton, Peter and Ann McIver, Ross Reynolds, Bob Dean, Howie Ridge, Olwyn and Lee Ringheim, and Helen Butling.



MT. McQUARRIE -- SUNRISE MT.

- by Olwyn Ringheim

Our scheduled club hike on the weekend of July 4th and 5th to Mt. McQuarrie and Sunrise Mountain was under the leadership of Helen Butling. She had done a reconnaissance trip a few days before and so the plans were ready. Our party consisted of nine people - Helen Butling, Tom Charlton, Bob Dean, Bill Hurst, Olga Sorenson, Yvonne and Bob Tremblay, Norm Thyer and myself.

Sunrise Mt., Mt. McQuarrie and Evening Star Peak are in a group in the north east corner of Kokanee Park, Mt. McQuarrie having the highest altitude of 8819 feet. We found it to be an easy climb. This mountain was named after Mr. M.R. McQuarrie who was the mayor of Nelson in the year 1918.

We had arranged to meet at Helens' house and from here we proceeded to the Woodbury Creek turnoff (about three miles on Highway 6 north of Ainsworth). Immediately upon leaving the highway the grade was very steep for a ways but none of the vehicles encountered any difficulty. We drove about eleven miles up this road and then turned off to the right and dropped sharply down to Woodbury Creek. The cars had to be parked at the bridge here as it was passable only by foot. We were fortunate that there was any bridge at all as Woodbury Creek was very fast due to the spring run-off. Beer was put in the creek to cool for our return. By 3:45 we were hiking our way up a mining road to Silver Spray Creek. And was that Saturday afternoon ever a hot, sultry one. Our packs felt as though they could have been made lighter too! What's more, as we got further up the road, a very black-purple cloud

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was threatening. Part of the group hiked quicker and so arrived at the chosen place for the camp at about 5:00 p.m. This spot was ideal as Silver Spray Creek ran along side a small clearing. Tom, Olga (this was Olga's "first") and myself were a little slower. It was about this time when there was a sharp bolt of lightning with a loud clap of thunder and that great cloud broke loose. The group at the camp scurried under a sheet of plastic while us three down the road a few yards, huddled together with our backs bent with our heads toward a bushy ridge beside the road. We had scarcely time to pull out rain gear before the monstrous hail stones came forcefully down. Needless to say, we took a beating as these stones were easily as big as walnuts, the smaller ones were about three quarters of an inch. Our light rain gear didn't offer us much protection as far as softening the blows from that ice goes. Bob Dean had stuffed his hankie under his hat for a little more cushioning! Thank goodness this storm didn't last very long, possibly about ten to fifteen minutes, but that was long enough for me to see the largest hail stones in my life and also to bring about a sharp contrast of climate. Helen has noted that 2 mil plastic will withstand such a storm.

After the storm it wasn't long before we were all together again and none the worse for it. Two good fires were lit for cooking and warmth. The men put up the shelters, one being constructed from lumber salvaged from a collapsed structure near by. Helen's large plastic sheet was used over the wooden frame for five of us to share. Tom had made his own shelter in true Boy Scout fashion. When all the shelters were secure, the cooking began and such varieties amongst us! There were the T-V dinner types - Helen's

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own brand was a whopper! Norm Thyer was cooking and stirring frequently his favourite -- haddock; Tom had a frying pan full of freeze-dry meat and vegetables, the Tremblays were sharing a pot of mulligan and strawberry wine, Bill Hurst was on a pork chop and rice kick, as he had that for breakfast too, (either that or he found a special on pork chops somewhere!) and our Bob Dean - he seemed to have something in a plastic bag and I don't know whether or not he cooked it or ate it raw! But whatever each one brought along we were right ready to eat it as it had been awhile since lunch. During the supper time the leader was questioned on that hail storm as it was not mentioned on the schedule! She assured us that she would arrange for much better weather the next day. We named our campsite Hailstone Camp.

A large porcupine came ambling our way. The men cornered it into a cave-like hole near the creek and put a large stone in front "so he couldn't get out "till we leave". This cruelty sure brought about protests from us sympathetic ones. The men hadn't told us that "porky" had a back door to the cave. We all went to bed early Saturday night and our sleeping bags felt good - except for Bob's. He seemed to have put his on a high tuft of grass and so took his ice pick and proceeded to chop it out and can you guess what happened? Yes, he stuck the pick through the plastic roof! But it wasn't long before we were all settled down. The stars were shining over us.

At about 11:10 that night we were all awakened with a start by a loud crack of thunder. From then on it was one fork of lightning after another and all so very near. The entire area was lit up in shades of blue-violet light. We could see the mountains in the Scranton Basin just opposite us, so clearly during the flashes, then seconds of blindness. It was a continuous show of lightning with great rumbles of thunder happening simultaneously. We saw three small fires start across the valley. During the

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storm Bob quickly crawled out of his bag and pushed over the ice axes as we had stood them up in front of the shelter before retiring. All that steel in front of us with that much electricity so close gave me the shudders! Then the rain came pouring down, which was a blessing after seeing those fires start. That was another dynamic blast of the elements and we had a panoramic view of it all from our dry and comfortable bed. (I'm not so sure about Bob's after putting his pick through the roof!). We all agreed that it was one of the most violent storms we had experienced in a long time. So again we dropped off to sleep, this time to the tune of rain drops.

Our porcupine had found his way out the "back door". Through the night it was around Helen's head but she just quietly "shood" it away.

Our leader was up at 5:20 a.m. and started the fire. We were a little slow to get started but after a good breakfast we were on our way by 7:20. We crossed Silver Spray Creek and got onto the old prospector's trail which was in fine condition. It's amazing how seldom these old trails become completely over grown. (Helen has since found out that this trail is good all the way down to Woodbury Creek). Then we came to an old log cabin and I'm sure that with just a few repairs it could be made usable again. We continued on the trail, after crossing the creek again, until we came to the meadows of Clover Basin. There was an old collapsed cabin in the midst of an array of wild flowers. Glacial lilies were in bloom. Here we had a good view of Evening Star Peak, Mt. McQuarrie, and Sunrise mountain. It was here that Bob and Bill decided to do a traverse of Sunrise, agreeing to meet us on McQuarrie for lunch. We weren't a fast group, by any means, as we stopped frequently for rests and to take in the scenery along the way. Our path led us up to the base of Mt. McQuarrie, under larch trees and through snow and mossy patches and around large grey slabs of stone that separated the switch-

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backs on the trail. The colour schemes were beyond description. We came upon miner's cabins beside a partly frozen lake. They were in good condition except that food had been left for the mice! The rock work which had been done around them had been built to last for many years. It was on one of these rest stops that we commended Helen for such a lovely day, just as she had promised. Tom said, "Helen, that was quite a conversation you had last night with the Powers that be. It sounded more like a battle but whatever it was, you won out!"

We made our way up Mt. McQuarrie, first over a snow ridge, then to the top. Bill and Bob were making good time over Sunrise Mt. We were watching for them when we noticed a large white goat making much faster time trying to keep out of their way. By 11:30 (about four hours from camp), after an easy climb, we were all on the summit taking pictures and marvelling at the scenery. Woodbury Glacier was just across in the next valley. Everyone enjoyed their lunch hour while Bill Hurst was near standing on his head trying to rescue his jar of peanut butter which had managed to drop out of sight between some boulders. No way was he going to pollute the mountain with peanut butter!

Our group split up and took different routes down to the base of Sunrise. We were joined by John Carter who had just climbed it. (Lynn Lennox was taking things easy, waiting for John down in the Basin.) We took awhile to look over an old forge, scales, and various other old style mining equipment at the mine entrance here. There has been many a hard days work put in at this old mine, but in such peaceful surroundings, I'm sure it must have had some compensations.

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In an hour we had made our way back down to the little lake, partly by way of a snow slide and then another hour back down the trail to Hailstone Camp. We stopped here for a snack and then hoisted those packs again. We were down at the cars in less than an hour, downhill all the way, to that refreshing bottle of cold beer at Woodbury Creek.

It was a memorable week-end, when all hiked and said. Our happy group shared hours of perfect Kokanee scenery, together with the awesome fury of Mother Nature. It was quite a combination of experiences and never to be forgotten.



SUMMER CAMP RECONNAISSANCE 1970

- by John Carter

During the spring and early summer the Summer Camp Committee held a number of meetings and as the time for the camp became closer it was decided that a reconnaissance would be in order. As I now look back on that weekend in July it would be more appropriate to call it a commando training weekend with a 50 mile forced march thrown in to toughen us further!

Friday, July 17 found Howie Ridge, Jerry Brown, and me motoring to Canal Flats where we took the Crestbrook Timber Road up the Kootenay River arriving at the junction of the Palliser and Albert Rivers at 11:30 p.m. For Howie and me, it was new country, but Jerry had been up this road before although in the dark he made some rather lucky decisions as to which road to take as we came to turn-offs, forks, detours, and signs. Because it was dark we camped on the edge of the logging road, and there were 3 somewhat nervous sleepers that night as one does not like the prospect of being flattened by the wheels of a Kenworth logging truck!

Four o'clock came rather quickly Saturday morning but it wasn't long before breakfast was over, food and equipment distributed and the three musketeers were lacing up their boots. At 6:00 a.m. we were off following the good trail although the bushes were not dry. On approaching where everyone now knows the canyon is, we were very surprised to see the great cleft in the rocks and we decided to keep it as a surprise until the camp. Just past the next cabin we surprised 4 elk feeding and at various times we saw grouse and a number of different game tracks. At 12:00 noon we crossed Fynn Creek not knowing that we would be coming down this valley the next morning! About 1 1/2 miles past Fynn we stopped for lunch and a snooze and took turns executing horse flies who we were to find bothered us the whole trip.

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With lunch over we set off along the trail, now hoping to see a way up the mountain towards the Royal Group. It was not until we had passed Joffre Creek that we saw a possible way up the very steep and dry hillside. It was now 2:00 p.m. so we decided to lie in the shade, brew a pot of tea, paddle in the creek and then when the sun had set behind the mountain, set off up the hillside. We felt that we must go up over the hill, get as near as we could to the Royal Group and try to find a better way up from the valley floor.

With the sun setting at 4:00 p.m. behind the mountain we set off up the hill. It was very steep. In fact it required all-fours and several times we had to back off and go around cliffs. We arrived at the top of the hill at 6:00 p.m. where we promptly lay down and rested and drank most of our water we had saved for supper. I think at about this time we had become to call these stops R.S.W. normally known as Recuperate, Salt and Water. From here on for the next 2 1/2 hr. we punished our bodies beyond the call of duty. We had little water left, and we wanted to find the lake where we wanted to set up base camp. We pushed on, and with each stop for map consultation the mosquitoes got worse, we became thirstier, and more tired and our tempers were fraying. And besides that Clot Ridge was eating all my raisins!

Finally we came over a ridge leading off No-Name Peak and dropped down to a small lake where we all raced for the nearest water. A council of war was held to decide: 1) where to put the tent as it was very bumpy (I think we all could have slept leaning against a tree) 2) whether to have tea, soup, spaghetti, beans, porridge, or everything together and 3) what time we were getting up in the morning? We stretched our weary bodies out at 9:00 p.m.

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Sunday morning dawned clear and cool at 5:00 a.m. with a crimson glow on all the peaks. Howie's favourite breakfast food "slop" was devoured and water bottles filled. During breakfast, a lone wood duck had a monopoly on the small lake practicing landings and take-offs and then he disappeared into some trees above us.

By 6:00 a.m. we were on our way and were soon on the N.E. shoulder of No-Name Peak. What a fantastic view! King George stood out over all the others with a snow capped summit and a hanging glacier on the N.E. wall. Princess Mary, Prince Albert, The Duke (better known as Diarrhoea Pk.) were all very exciting. For several long minutes we all looked in silence; we were actually here, looking at what we had so long talked about. No campsite was going to be found sitting on our haunches, so we dropped down into a flat meadow and crossed to the S.W. shoulder of Prince George where just around the corner 7 elk were feeding.

They were in a beautiful meadow, just perfect for a campsite but no water! We crossed the meadow and climbed up onto the E. lateral moraine of the King George Glacier. Again what a view and to add to our good fortune there appeared to be a possible campsite at the bottom end of the moraine. When we arrived there it was agreed that this was the ideal spot. Water and wood were close at hand. Several good spots were available for the helicopter to land. We hung white ribbon on a number of the trees surrounding the area so the helicopter pilot could pick out the camp area. We had a bite to eat - really just an excuse to admire the fantastic view. Mt. Joffre stood out above all the other peaks on the B.C. - Alberta border.

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We left the campsite knowing that in less than two weeks we would be back to tackle King George and his relatives. We dropped down again into the flat valley bottom between the S. ridge of Prince Albert and the twin peaks of No-Name. We found that by traversing around No-Name we came out on the S.E. ridge leading off No-Name and in a good position to start bushwacking towards the Palliser. The grizzlies had been open pit mining quite recently and a number of goat and deer tracks were evident.

How fortunate we were to find a fairly good game trail soon after we moved into the bush and timber! We followed it for mile after mile and at each turn we expected it to disappear. In 2 1/2 hr. we found ourselves overlooking the Palliser River and within another 1/2 hr. we were at the Fynn Creek crossing. Needless to say we experienced jungle manoeuvres the last 1/4 mile through which we fell and dragged ourselves over hundres of windfalls. We did find a better way up along the creek though! We walked along the trail to where it met the Palliser and here we dropped our packs administered R.S.W. and had some lunch. It was midday, with tropical heat, and persistant bugs. I might add that the mosquitoes were pretty bad at our campsite the previous night and they were bad at our proposed campsite too. We hoped they would diminish by the time of the camp.

After a 3/4 hr. rest we paddled off down the trail. It was very hot and so about every hour we stopped for R.S.W. while Jerry doctored his knee up with 292's. In several hours we were at Queen Mary Creek and by then everyone was feeling their sore blisters, sore knees, and sore shoulders. Soon the canyon appeared; R.S.W., and 292's and on again. At 6:00 p.m. we arrived at the car in various stages of pain and exhaustion and pulled our boots off and tipped

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back a couple cool ones. We enjoyed a swim at Jerry's parents home at Wasa Lake and I arrived home at 2:30 a.m.

It was very exciting to see the Royal Group as we believe we were only the second group of climbers in the region since 1919. We accomplished everything we had set out to do, we travelled an unbelievable 50 miles and were glad to have been able to make the camp more successful by our reconnaissance.

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There is a legend, that at the time of the Crucifixion the dogwood had been the size of the oak and other forest trees. So firm and strong was the tree that it was chosen as the timber for the cross. To be used thus for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this, and in His gently pity for all sorrow and suffering said to it:

"Because of your regret and pity for My suffering, never again shall the dogwood tree grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross - two long and two short petals. And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there will be nail prints, brown with rust, and in the center of the flower will be a crown of thorns, and all who see it will remember."

- contributed by Carroll Bradford Merritt

EARLIER CROSSINGS OF EARL GREY PASS

G.A. (Sandy) Bladworth has written a detailed account of the journey he made over the pass in 1929. He left Argenta on September 6 and crossed Hamill Creek by the cable car which is still there. He spent three nights in the timber, two of them near trappers' cabins which were unfit for use but were situated at good camping spots. He found the trail in fair condition and on the fourth day, crossed the pass reaching Toby Creek after dark. The fifth day was one of the most difficult he had ever experienced. He crawled beneath the under-brush along a dry water course, then over windfalls and finally crossed a burned-over section to reach a cabin where he spent the night. On the next day, having reached the road, he was picked up by a mining man who drove him to Invermere.

On August 9, 1946, Eric Denny, Bill Heddle and Jim Hamilton of Willow Point left Argenta and travelled a couple of miles up the old road through the Hamill Creek Canyon. Surprisingly, it was then still passable. The next day, they continued through the canyon, crossed the suspension bridge, followed the creek and returned to its north side by the cable car. Before making camp that night, they crossed the creek five times over trees which they felled. It rained as they continued upstream and though they passed what they described as two trappers' lean-tos, they could find only traces of the trail here and there. They managed only a short distance on the fourth day seeing glimpses of glaciers through the fog and clouds. On the fifth day, they struck the trail leading over the pass, reached Toby



Mt. PRINCE ALBERT.

Creek and crossed the worst alder slide any of them had ever encountered. They camped after passing through a burned area, and next morning looked back to see the pass covered with snow. After a long hike, they reached Athalmere on the following day.

The Nelson Daily News of August 18, 1955, tells of a day trip made to the pass from the east by Hal Bevin of Windermere and Roy Moe. Instead of fighting their way through the slide alder, they chose to climb over a mountain top to reach the pass. It was presumably the same year that the late Boyd C. Affleck went up Hamill Creek on behalf of a number of district Boards of Trade in an effort to locate an alternate route for the Trans-Canada Highway. His party included Alex Jacobs, Jim MacNicol and Alvin Lake. Making good time, they missed the trail leading from the creek bottom to the pass and found themselves in a box canyon, probably at the base of Blackhead and Redtop Mountains. On turning back next day, they found the trail running at right angles to their previous route but by this time, they had run out of food and were forced to return to Argenta. It was subsequently concluded that the only possible route for a highway across the Purcells would be over Jumbo Pass, some eight miles to the north of Earl Grey.

Leo Gansner

A ROYAL CAMP

It was midnight on Friday, July 31, 1970 by the time the last car had parked by the side of the road at the junction of the Palliser and the Albert Rivers in the south east Rockies and all fourteen people had laid themselves down to sleep. This was the rendezvous for the Kootenay Mountaineering Club's annual camp in the Royal Group, an impressive group of mountains approximately 40 miles south of Mt. Assiniboine.

Those making the trip were, Dave Adams, John Breckenridge, Gerry Brown, Helen Butling, John Carter, Leo Gansner, Faye Godfrey, Ian Hamilton, Doug Hurrell, Bill Hurst, Graham Kenyon, Lynn Lennox, Rob Mill, Bert and Sue Port, Howie Ridge, Peter and Anne Wood.

Saturday morning saw everyone up early and eager to be on the trail. The helicopter was to come at 9:00 a.m. to take in the food, climbing equipment and twenty pounds of personal gear for each member and most important of all our cook, Gloria Hopland, who was to hop aboard at Cranbrook. John C., Dave, Howie, and Ian had gone in the day before in order to be there when the helicopter arrived. They told us afterwards that they had to sprint the last mile to make it there on time.

By 8:30 a.m. all but the four stalwarts who stayed behind to load the helicopter, where on the trail all phsyced up for the 13 mile hike up the Palliser to Fynn Creek where we were to spend the night. Jim Tegert, a well known packer, has the concession in this valley and keeps the trail in excellent condition. He also has good cabins at intervals along the way. The trail goes for a distance of about thirty miles, terminating at Palliser Pass on the Alberta border. For the first few miles the trail follows the

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south bank of the river but shortly before Queen Mary Creek where the river is contained in a deep narrow canyon the trail crosses the river to the north bank on a sturdy bridge bearing the unexpected name of Gonsalez. This setting was a photographers delight - green moss on the rocks with the sunlight shining through the spray - what more could one want. Queen Mary Creek was the lunch stop with much soaking of feet in the cold water. Continuing from Queen Mary Creek we passed acres of bearded dryas pods on the banks and gravel bars of the Palliser, alternately the trail would wind through the trees and then emerge again onto the gravel flats. It was a lovely walk which we understand is soon to fall victim to a logging road. We were all glad that we had been privileged to pass that way before the axe fell.

By 3:30 p.m. everyone was assembled at the junction of Fynn Creek and the Palliser. The tents and plastic shelters went up, supper was on the go and all was well with the world. After supper some of us tried fishing but with no success. By 9:00 p.m. everyone was in their sleeping bags ready for an early start in the morning.

Sundays march got off to a good start at 7:00 a.m. After crossing Fynn Creek we said good-bye to our beautiful trail and took to the bush, heading up the ridge to the right of Fynn Creek. A five mile hike with some bushwacking, but mostly on a good game trail, located by the reconnaissance party led us into camp at the 7,000 ft. elevation. About 11:00 a.m. camp was set up in a beautiful little alp at the foot of the moraine below the King George Glacier. It was a wonderful feeling to have arrived and to be greeted by Gloria and Dave presiding over the tea billies. Dave was confined to camp with a badly behaving knee, while John C., Ian, and Howie were off climbing Price George (9,450 ft.)

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By evening an amazing variety of colourful mountain tents had blossomed out on the undulating meadow and with the last of the chores of setting up camp out of the way everything was set for what turned out, with super co-operation from old Sol, to be five very busy and spirited days of climbing. Small balsams surrounded our camp site and above us was a delightful little larch valley with some of the largest and bushiest larches I have ever seen.

Directly to the north was Prince Albert (10,530 ft.) a miniature Assiniboine, to the north west Mt. King George (11,226 ft.) the "Piece de Resistance" towering above the others. We were closed in on the west by Mt. Princess Mary (10,120 ft.) and on the north east by Mt. Prince George.

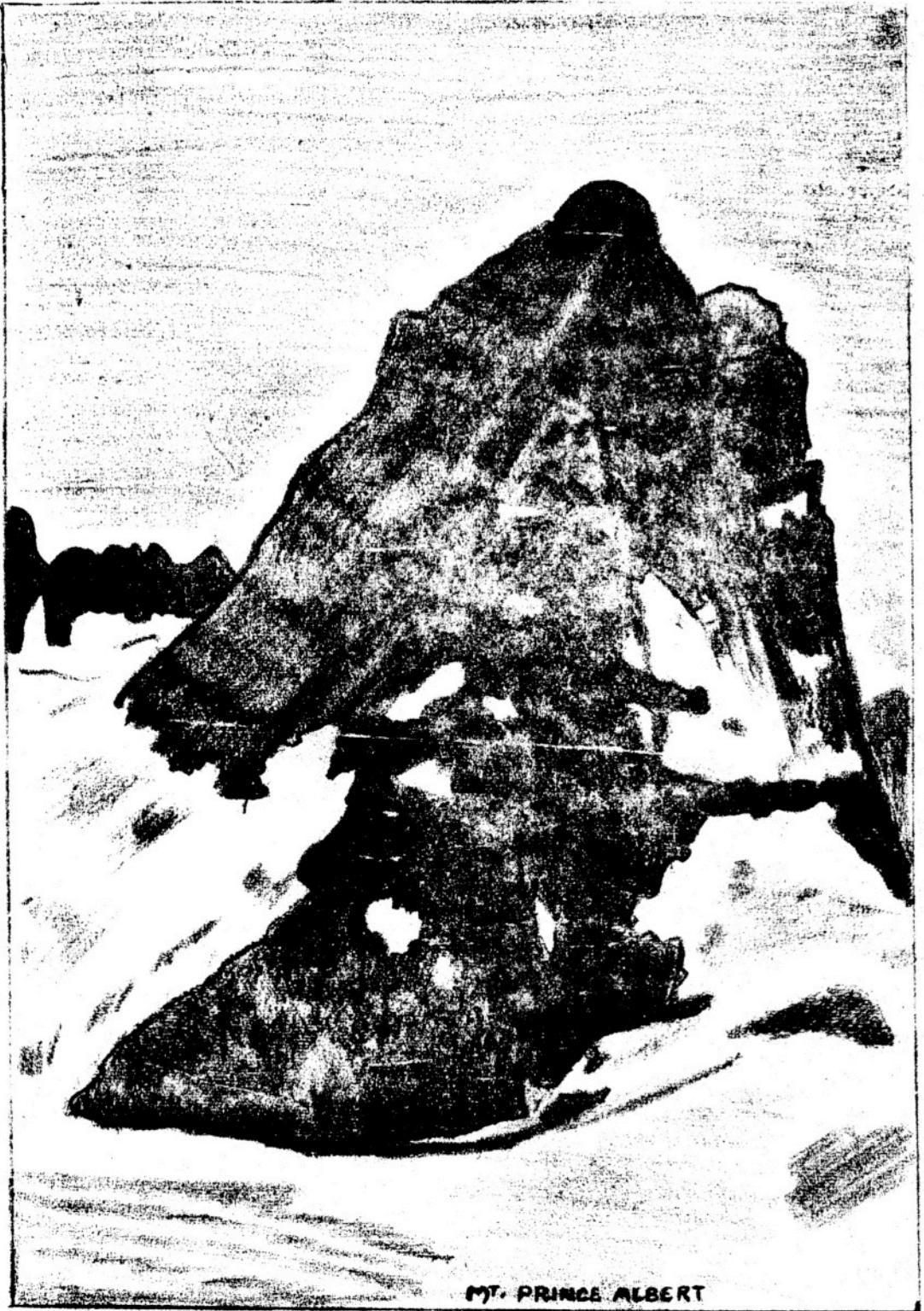
Monday August 2 - The First Day

Monday morning found us shrouded in mist but nothing daunted, two separate parties set off in the dim light of the early dawn for their chosen mountains. The third party consisting of Leo, Dave, Anne, and Faye who had chosen Prince George left at the respectable hour of 8:00. Gerry, Bill, Ian, Howie, and Rob had settled for Princess Mary for a warm up and for a vantage point to scout a route on the "King" John B. and Graham took their thoughts with them and went their separate ways.

Bert, Sue, Lynn, John C., Peter, Doug, and myself headed north to Prince Albert.

Much to our delight, we soon found ourselves above the fog and marvelling at the beauty of the mountains rising out of this sea of mist. Bert led us up the glacier route to the west of the twin peaks of Albert, the north peak being the higher. It was good to make use of the crampons, so often have I carried them and never worn them. "It is steep, fifty steps and then I can stop while Peter goes on. Thank goodness for the belay stops."

Continued...



MT. PRINCE ALBERT

"Now its my turn again, fifty more steps, that was a steep one, but I made it. There is a lot of Eternity in that crevasse! Bert is away up there skirting the bergschrund. How insignificant we are on this great snow slope."

"How good it is to have to make an effort and be at peace."

We spent a good hour on the summit, hardly able to tear our eyes away from the magnificent hanging glacier on King George just across the way. It seemed unbelievable how it could stay there and any minute we expected to see the lower third part company with the rest. It was a strange day of swirling mists and clear blue sky but with no threat of bad weather. According to the record in the cairn Albert was first climbed in 1928 by Rudolph Aemmer and party and there was no record to say that it had been climbed since. This also applied to Princess Mary and Prince George.

Bert who always likes to make the best of a mountain day suggested that we climb the south peak which we did and built a cairn that could be seen from camp. Returning to camp we found everyone home from the hills and very ready for Gloria's good supper. The Princess Mary people had romped up by three different routes in some ridiculous time like two hours or something but their remarks about the rock were anything but complimentary. The Prince George party had spent much of the day shrouded in mist and found out afterwards that they had climbed some unnecessary gendarmes on the ridge.

Tuesday August 4 - King George Day

No mist this morning, just a good looking day. Well prepared and strong of heart, Gerry, John C., and Bill left at 6:00 a.m. for the attempt on Mt. King George by the south east ridge. Our thoughts were with them throughout the day.

Continued...

The North-East ridge of Princess Mary - Sue Port

On the second day of climbing, Bert and Sue Port, not inspired by accounts of the "normal" route up Princess Mary, decided to try the North-East ridge. This would also give a grandstand view of the first party on King George.

Following the King George party up a couloir onto the snow between the two mountains, we made an ascending traverse to the foot of the ridge. Our delight with the relatively sound rock of the first few hundred feet soon changed to disgust as the ridge became increasingly narrow and the rock increasingly rotten - so much so that although we could see above us a vertical section of obviously sound rock, we were unable to reach it. We were forced to traverse onto the East face which consisted of the same rotten material as the ridge. Ascending slightly, we reached sounder rock and were able to traverse back onto the ridge above the vertical section. The final few hundred feet to the summit were delightful climbing.

Descent was by the "normal" route with Peter and Company; and the Ports were glad to have had to travel it only once!

For myself this was a day of rest and after being served breakfast in bed by Bill, bless his heart, I, together with Anne and Gloria inveigled Dave and Graham into helping us make a table for the cook and organize a few other things around camp. After this Dave and Graham took off for the valley to the west of Princess Mary which subsequently became known as "Desolation Valley" due to its lack of vegetation and debris strewn glacier. However, on a later trip someone did see the sunny little Alpine Hawkes Beard with its dark green leaves growing amoungst the rocks far up the valley.

Continued...

Gloria and I took our lunch and went up on the moraine to avoid the bugs and see if we could observe the climbers on the "King". Anne took her sketch book and filled yet another page with one of her delightful drawings.

Peter, Lynn, Leo, Doug, and Faye were coming to grips with the unmentionable rock on the "Princess" and John B. our explorer, had taken off to the valley east of Prince George.

Ian, Howie, and Rob were traversing Albert from the south and the following is Howie's and Ian's accounts of their day.

BUT ONE,

"... AND WE WERE THREE

"Summits look remarkably like other parts of their mountains. The air is the same, if a little thinner, as that at the bottom; the snow there would melt in one's hand to the same dreary water which flows from its foot. Men, among them mountaineers, have claimed that the only discovery one can make by climbing is that of oneself. But there must be easier ways; and anyway, is that discovery as important as others we might attempt with the same effort: Will it cure loneliness? Will it make death sweet? Yet I have come down from the mountains no better comprehending who I am or why I climbed them than when I set out, and still been happy. Climbers take risks, and to climb is so exclusively involving that it temporarily approximates life. If the old question, the one Mallory tried to answer is a valid one, I have given up trying to meet it rationally. Perhaps, if one were immortal, he would feel compelled to ask an ordinary person, "Why do you live?" How well could that embarrassed mortal answer? Beyond the neatness of any rationale for life lies the untranslatable glory, the elemental courage of wanting to live. Climbing is serious, because it is like life for us who do it, not like a game; perhaps we can only betray it by trying to explain our reasons."(1)

Breakfast in the still dark of night, but soon there shall be light. Mush! Oh, God, perhaps raisins will hide it. Damn mosquitoes! Stewed fruit again! Much more of it and the little red flags will never be removed from the latrine trail. Damn noisy bunch up this morning! There's Albert! "Far out!" the south face has grown over night. It didn't look that steep last night.

Continued...

Let's walk the ice. Swoop! Let's not walk the ice! "Does the buckle go on the inside or out?" "Out!" "Man, what a set of blades!" The crunch of ice was very nice to hear beneath the feet; small fragments of the solid rose and shone amid the new born sun. Three men set out, destined to be one.

At ten thousand feet, death suddenly seems very real. "What the hell am I doing here?" The steepness had increased sharply leaving only a precariously narrow ledge. Some forty feet remained which had to be beaten; straight down. Slightly right, the head became dizzy by the absence of solid substance. It looked like an excellent place to throw any slings one didn't need. The wind felt biting cold, although the sky was blue. It clawed at the fingers as they sought solid cracks and fumbled with knots. Crang! Crang! Crang! "Isn't there anything that doesn't move on this mountain?" Only silence, then the wind again. "Damn piton hammer."

"Sure would be great if this rappel rope didn't hold, wouldn't it?" Silence. "Keep well to this side, it looks a little airy over there." "Wonder if the rope will come down when its pulled". "Swish...thud!"

"Smitty, bring us a couple of cool ones!" "Here's the cairn!" "Wow, look at Assiniboine!" "Just one more photo!" "Gad, it is straight down here!" "Man this is tiring!" "Wonder if the fellas made the King today." A refrain smashes into the mind; "Climbing is defined by a purposed completion, the summit. Yet the best of it is not that final victory for after that there is only the descent." (2) "That was some ice fall on George!"

"Here's where yesterday's party used the snow and ice route." The glacier slipped away from the col at a very impressive angle into the lengthening shadows of late afternoon. There would be no time for a picnic.

Continued...

Huge crevasses cut sharply into the ice field. "Hope the sun hasn't melted the snow bridges." Water was running freely on the ice.

Roped securely the descent was begun. The first crevasse proved no problem as it was jumped with relative ease. The second would mean a sharp descent to the right, then a left turn at its lip and across a narrow snow bridge. The lead had no problem. Number two made it. Then..."Put your ice axe in your left..." "God!" The rope snapped tight with a violent jerk! It disappeared into the gaping cavern. "Hold on!" The third dangled as from an umbilical cord. One foot then the other were swung up on the lip. "Give me slack!" "For _____ sakes give me slack!!" The rope had cut solidly into the snow, but it was finally freed.

They had gone as three but returned as one. It had been real! It had been a trip! Danger, it had molded a unit. Each had sacrificed some individuality, each had gained a new respect, a new comradeship, a new dependence. Each was an equal. Each had shared a truly beautiful happening.

"Pass the soup, please!" "Only one slice of bread if you used four for lunch sandwiches!" Quietly, under one's breath, "Catch me."

Signed,
1/3 of the three

- 1) The Saturday Evening Post - Author unknown - member of second successful ascent of Mt. Huntington.
- 2) Ibid #1

JUST ONE PART OF THE KMC SUMMER CAMP

It was decided to rope up before travelling down across the King George Glacier after our ascent of Mt. Prince Albert by the south ridge. If we went to the trouble of roping up, we reasoned, we might as well rope up properly, not really thinking we would have any use for it.

So rope up we did, Rob Mill in front, Howie Ridge in the middle, and myself in the rear. We moved smoothly and correctly down from the col between King George and Prince Albert, had to jump across the bergschrund, about 5 feet, - no problem - and continue on down. Very steep now!

The next crevasse is horizontal to the fall line but has a small snow bridge leading across it at about 45° . Our party starts across, Rob first belayed by Howie, then Howie belayed by Rob and myself, then me, belayed by Howie.

We all, of course, had ice axes, using them as belay points, snow probes, supports for lazy limbs while resting, walking sticks, photo props, and pointers to point out peaks, etc. to each other - all the usual things.

Just prior to starting across the snow bridge, it was necessary to change the ice axe from one hand to the other. I had just changed the axe over, while standing still of course, when I

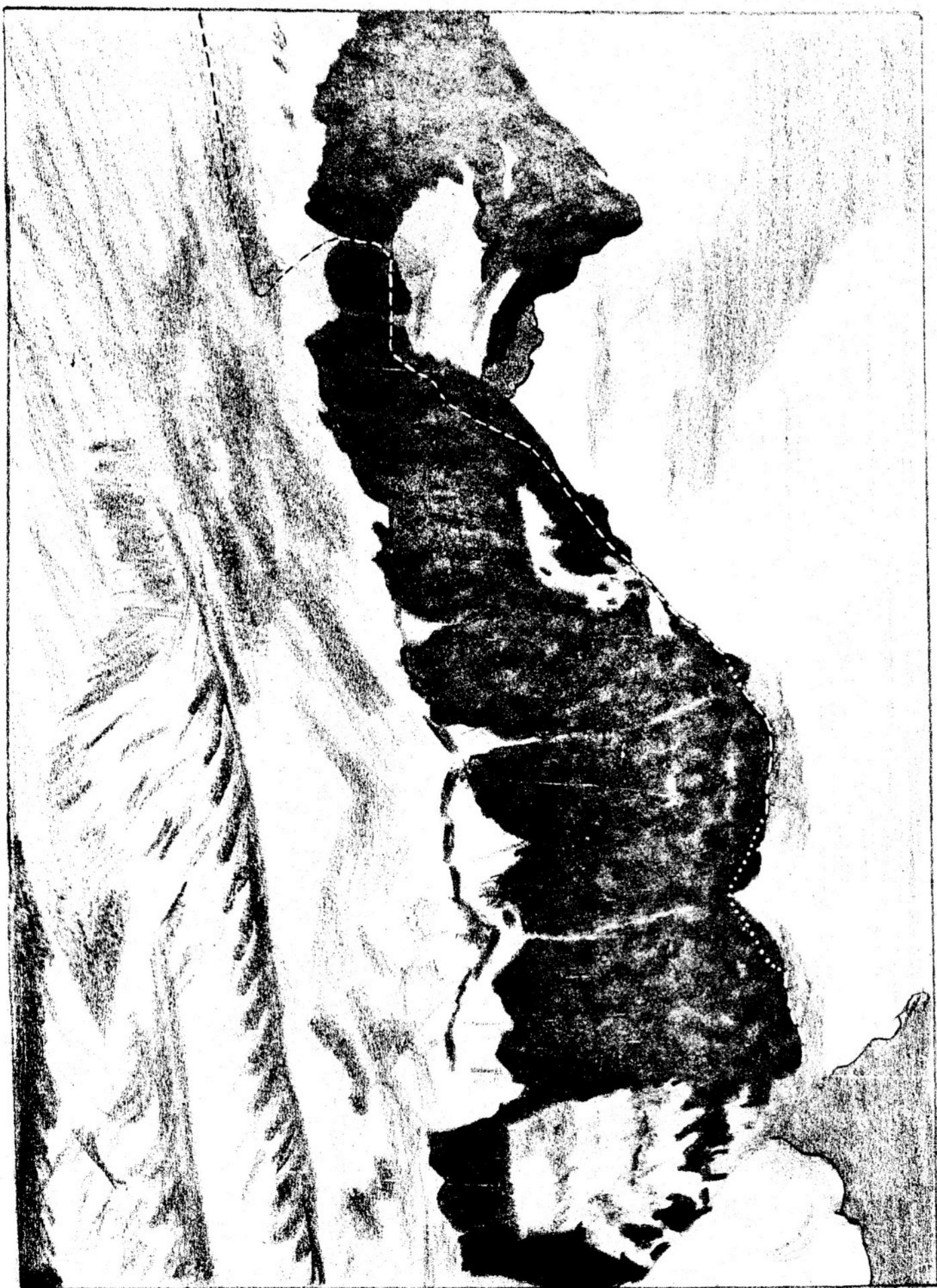
realized that my boots, complete with snow balled-up crampons were moving sideways downhill (read down mountain) and as I still had my boots on my feet, and my feet on my legs, etc., I concluded I was sliding downhill (read down mountain) out of control towards the crevasse, with the possibility of falling into it, which I was, and which I did!

The situation now, was 11 mm diam. Perlon rope between me and a big black hole that disappeared into forever. My first thought was, "something has to go - i.e. Me out of Here!"

All this time Howie had had me on belay (thank God for Mrs. Ridge's little boy Howie). He assured me later I had given him verbal encouragement from the first sign of slipping. He also assured me I was responsible for putting a bend in his axe handle which I denied of course (must be made of bamboo or something).

I am now dangling from the rope with my head a few feet below the edge of the crevasse, Rob's unshaven face appears over the edge, makes remarks about hanging around all day and being late for supper, the thought of which gave me the necessary energy to put into action a rescue operation, without aid from slings, etc.

My crampons were clear of snow now, so I started to swing myself until I could reach the crevasse walls, drive the points in, and walked up the side and over the edge of the crevasse into the sunshine somehow dragging the rest of me out and sat down puffing on the snow.



My companions remarked that all the best people do not come out of a crevasse feet first. I told them not to be so fussy who they mix with!

RETURN TO THE ROYAL GROUP AND THE SECOND ASCENT OF MT. KING GEORGE *

BILL HURST

Mt. King George, 11,226 ft., popped up nicely to the northwest and while anxious to get a crack at it as soon as possible, decided best to first take in promised grandstand view of it from the summit of Mt. Princess Mary, 10,120 ft. This was accomplished in 2 hours and 20 minutes by Ian Hamilton and myself the morning of August 3 (were joined 1 hr. later by the "three balladeers" Jerry Brown, Rob Mill and Howie Ridge) over almost a direct line between camp and the summit, with the lower half of the peak providing some quite enjoyable cliff and gully scrambling. Of the two routes visible up Mr. King George, from this angle, it didn't take too long in deciding the one via the southeast ridge over the troublesome looking snow slopes, broken by a black cliff band and a small hanging glacier, in the southwest facing cirque. Some spice was added in descending Princess Mary when the fog which had filled the valleys since morning came up to meet us, but, luckily, by evening were again looking up at a cloudless sky which prompted Jerry, John and me to make preparations for the "big one" come the morrow.

We were away from camp at 6:00 a.m., August 4, and after one hour of easy travelling, over ice-scoured bedrock and then over

the lower part of the King George Glacier, found ourselves looking up the southerly of two rock chutes leading to Princess Mary - King George col. In a photo taken by Fynn in 1919 these chutes appear to be completely filled with snow. On starting up the fan of snow below the chute, I soon came upon an unexpected condition which was to be encountered several times again during the summer i.e. ice on slopes normally covered with several feet of good step-kicking snow and due, no doubt, to the very warm weather of July following on a winter of very light snowfall. The chute proved to be the most difficult and messy part of the climb with small mud covered ledges to our left and a vertical rock wall to our right forcing us directly under a large chockstone from under which a small stream of water issued. Long John Carter here took over to navigate a couple holds to the left of the stone, which I could barely reach, and once past this, was able to cross top of chute and pull the packs up wall following which Jerry and I were able to follow with relative ease. From our experience with the "snow" below the chute, we decided to give short shrift to that above and instead turned right crossing top of second chute to reach foot of southeast ridge. The first half of the ridge would appear to be made up of continually thinning strata with the "steps" large enough at the beginning to keep ones hands out of his pockets, but steadily deteriorated until we were travelling over more typical Rocky Mountain rubble and scree just before calling for a "coffee break" in the only saddle on the ridge.

The remaining half of the ridge turned out to be the opposite to the first half with the climbing becoming more exciting the higher we went although at no time requiring the use of the rope. On reaching the top of the ridge we were somewhat surprised to find that the worst was over, what with the south ridge, in the photos we had seen, suggesting the chance of some hairy ridge walking and the possibility of having to drop into a fairly deep notch at one point. Instead, we were able to walk quite easily along the crest for a short distance and then traversed down on the west side to a level near the bottom of the notch. Here we decided to go out on southwest facing snow slopes until reaching rock again near the summit, and, mainly, I think becauseing we had packed them all the way up the mountain, decided to put on the crampons and rope.

The summit was reached at 11:30 a.m. and for myself, the fulfillment of a wish I had held since first seeing excellent oblique air photo of the Royal Group in a National Geographic magazine (October, 1926, P. 412) over 20 years ago. The record of the first ascent made by Val Fynn and Rudolph Aemmer in 1919, along with Aemmer's professional guides calling card, was found in the summit cairn in remarkably good condition considering the well ventilated can they had resided in for 51 years. The most attractive area visible from the summit was that around the North Kananaskis Pass, including Mt. Sir Douglas, which I would hope to visit in the not too distant future, possibly as part of a cross-country trip between the Kananaskis Lakes and the Palliser River. The view down the

precipitous east face from lip of summit cornice, belayed to Carter, was also quite spectacular.

As so often happens on rock, you can scramble over with relative ease when ascending, we had to gear down a little on starting back down the southeast ridge (left summit at 1:10 p.m.), and even a chance for Jerry to try out the polypropylene while rigging rappells down two of the trickier spots. The ridge was followed as far as the saddle with the only casualty along the way being the back of my ears which had been getting a real roasting from the sun which at this time of day was shining directly down the ridge, where we made a detour down a long scree slope to King George - Princess Mary Col. From here we angled back to the foot of the ridge in order to again sidestep snow slope above the chutes. On reaching chute, it was decided much time could be saved by rappelling over chockstone, and while Carter didn't think too much of large boulder, embedded in glacial till, used for an anchor (used up a good chunk of the polyprop getting a sling around this one) sent him down first to test it. Luckily, the 120 and 150 foot ropes doubled just reached to the top of the snow fan and from here we were home free reaching camp at 5:40 pm and just in time to hear "soup's on."

*See Kootenay Karabiner, Volume 5 (Fall 1966) for account of first trip to the Royal Group by author and G. Brown.

Billie after Billie of tea was emptied that evening as the stories of the day were told. Everyone was glad at heart for the King George men and delighted at the excitement of the Albert trio.

Wednesday, August 5

Rest Day

This was voted as a day of rest for all but Dave and I, who had decided we would go up Princess Mary. To give the cook a break, we got our own breakfast and took ourselves off.

The route we chose turned into a steep pitch that entailed a nice layback and a couple of tricky moves that even Dave had trouble with but which I was unable to manage. Communication was difficult as Dave was out of sight and we got into somewhat of a Rum Doodle situation.

"Will you take up the pack?"

"Do you want some slack?"and so on.

Finally, I gave up, untied, and took the alternate route up the water course. Here there were ledges filled with a profusion of flowers as lush as I have ever seen. The so blue forget-me-nots in particular were something unforgettable.

By the time we got to the ridge, Dave was so disgusted with the rock and the mountain in general that as a matter of principle, he refused to go to the summit but waited for me where he emerged on the ridge. We descended via the scree slopes on the west side of the mountain. On returning to camp, we heard of the mass assault on Prince George, of the swimming in the mens and ladies lakes at the

foot of the glacier, and of Doug's solo of a peak to the south of Princess Mary which became known as "Duke Peak."

Sitting around after supper that evening, someone looked across at Leo and said, "Leo, are your wheels balanced?" All eyes focused on Leo's feet and it was seen that he was wearing odd boots. Ian was also having boot trouble and was lamenting the fact that they would obviously not allow him to join the party planning to climb the "King" on the morrow.

Thursday, August 6 Women on King George

Bert, Sue, Peter and Howie left for King George at the usual early hour. They were going to follow the 'Gerry' route up the south-east ridge and Doug and Rob left for "Desolation Valley" to try the King from the "back." Here follows Sue's comment on this trip.

A Woman on King George - Sue Port

I had not noticed any opposition to my joining the second party on King George - in fact, had even been encouraged - and experienced no animosity or impatience with my slowness on the ascent. All was conviviality on the summit - and then came the descent; down the summit snow and band of rock to the top of the glacier on the south face - very steep in its top portion and with a thin layer of wet snow on hard ice. The five men, being true gentlemen, of course sent me down first - "no need for crampons" - "you have a good belay." And just as well, for I took five steps and out went my feet. Struggling to regain my footing, I turned face inward, took five more and

was once more horizontal. Then followed a very undignified and very wet lowering in a crouching ice-axe arrest position, while the men nonchalantly donned crampons and walked down - full of pretended sympathy.

Which only goes to prove that "ladies first" was devised by men for their own benefit. Up Women's Lib!

WINTER COMES

A warm sunny day in August is a distant memory. The day I think of is the fifth day of the KMC summer camp in the Royal Group. All week long we had spectacular views of the one great peak, Mt. King George. To leave camp without trying it would have been a disappointment, and yet I felt I was not ready. This was my first season of serious mountaineering. I had done two good climbs already and had enjoyed myself so what was the point of pushing it. The night before, Doug Hurrell quietly asked me if I would attempt a new route up the backside - he said it would be "no sweat" - whoever heard of going up King George's back side!! I said I would go if the weather was good, half hoping it might rain.

At 4:00 A.M. he awakened me, although I don't recall sleeping much, saying it was a good day. We quickly stuffed some bread and jam in our mouths, had a splash of tea and set off in semi-darkness. For two hours we silently trudged up "Desolation Valley" onto the back side glacier. We jumped the bergschrund at the head of the glacier and started up a series of steep loose ledges. We climbed steadily up a rock rib slightly to the left but below a huge hanging glacier. Climbing the rib was not difficult but the rock was loose so there was a continuous stream of rocks falling. My mouth was dry and my tongue felt like a piece of wood. My whole being was tense from an

awful concentration. As I neared the top of the rib, my mind had a breakthrough - I suddenly realized we were going to climb King George. I started to enjoy myself and my body took on a new feeling of strength.

We traversed a very sharp ridge for about 200 yards before reaching the top of the hanging glacier. Here we stopped for lunch and now saw two other parties - Sue and Bert Port and Peter Wood and Howie Ridge approaching from the south-east ridge. They were well ahead of us. The top of the glacier was steep and we required crampons and continuous belaying but after seven hours of hard concentrated climbing, we were able to meet our friends on the summit.

I had a rare feeling of satisfaction - that unexplainable sensation that perhaps only mountaineers get. After this day, I may now think of myself as one of them.

Rob Mill

Gerry and Bill left for a leisurely day on Albert by the glacier route while Graham, John B. and I wandered up Prince George. Dave took off for what we called "No Name Peak" a hogs back walk to the east.

The afternoon found all three parties, Albert, Prince George, and 'No name' sunning themselves on the smooth slabs of rock to the west of Prince George. We stretched out there for an hour or more alternately watching the goats on Prince George to the east and the climbers coming off the 'King' to the west. Without a doubt, the goats made better



time. On the way back to camp, the men detoured to swim in their lake and I found Faye swimming in ours.

John C. Lynn, Leo and Ian had had a fine day on Duke Peak but the men disgraced themselves on the return trip by by-passing Lynn who was waiting for them at the bottom, leaving her to come home on her own. Lynn was having trouble with an inflamed achilles tendon which would have been alleviated if she had worn her "high heels"!

Rob got the laugh of the evening when he appeared at supper that night with his cup, bowl and plate all stuck together as he held them upside down. "This is what happens" said he "when you are so het up about climbing King George that you forget to wash your dishes in the morning." For the first time that week, everyone did not disappear into bed by 8:30 p.m. but sat round on the logs talking of many things.

"Of shoes - and ships and sealing wax -
of cabbages - and kings -
And why the sea is boiling hot
And whether pigs have wings"

Lewis Carroll

Friday, August 7

The Last Day

Peter, Anne, Sue, Lynn, John C., Leo, Dave and myself gathered up Gloria and intrigued by John B's description of the fossilized fish in Fossil Valley, decided to go and see for ourselves. We had a delightful day in this strange place. In some places, the fish were very clearly outlined in the rocks as well as snails and what looked like

some form of shell fish. Many samples went into the packs, but half of them were left on the rocks in camp; when it came to the actual point of weighing them up every ounce was critical.

Gerry, Bill and Bert still in a climbing mood, climbed the attractive looking peak to the west of King George. They said they found unexpectedly pleasant climbing, mostly on large slabs. In the cairn they found a scribbler with the following notation:
"Were attempting the summit of King George from here, have chickened out and bet you will too. We name this mountain 'The Royal Bastard'." This was signed by three names they couldn't read and dated August, 1967. Howie and Rob still flying high from their King George adventure but weak in the flesh, stayed in camp with Lynn who was still on the limping list.

That night we sat long over our hot jello or was it cocoa, no matter, they were both good.

"Eighteen people from different backgrounds here to climb mountains. Thousands of feet climbed, glaciers crossed, steps cut, pitons hammered, slings slung, belays secured, peaks won but for eighteen people much more. The small things - Those who washed and those who didn't - that instrument of torture, Berts chain saw, marvelling at the flowers, swatting horse flies, patching blisters, the coming together in the evening, walking back to camp after a climb, or the joy of five grown men finding the glacier creek forming a huge natural flume, the bottom a rushing torrent, the sides V shaped and polished. First hurling stones in and watching them being shot away with incredible force. Next comes a bigger rock, then a boulder - what's

Gerry trying to move? - give him a hand - all together heave - there she goes - Wow! Ian just rolled in a huge one and now Bill and Howie - goodness the water is full of hurtling rocks - far out - Get one more - We are all working frantically - now straining and rolling. A big one has stuck - get one behind it - make a dam. Water force is beautiful - now there is a spurt 8 feet high, its a giant fire hydrant. Rob got soaked. - We're all seven years old now and full of joy."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9 - "GOOD BYE TO THE MOUNTAINS DAY"

We woke up to a grey sky and obviously it was going to rain so the tents were taken down in a hurry and by the time the first contingent left, it was raining. However, as this was our first rain of the week we really could not complain. By the time the last people left, it was sleetting. The twenty extra pounds weighed heavily on our shoulders and many knees were complaining as we slogged down the hill. It was a wet and bedraggled group that spilled out on the beach at Fynn Creek for lunch. Here we were met by a rare species. We wish there were more of them - "A pack carrier!" Gloria's husband was there to meet her and carry her pack to Queen Mary Creek, where we were to camp the night with Jim Brennan who took it in turns carrying Anne's, Lynn's and my pack. I don't think he ever caught up to Sue and Faye.

Old Sol had not deserted us and came out bright and strong to dry us out for the tramp down to a half a mile above Queen Mary Creek where we camped in a cleared area in front of two of Tegerts cabins. That is all except Rob and Howie who, drawn on by the thought of those "couple of cold ones" kept going. We heard afterwards that they both fell asleep that night with an unfinished beer in their hands.

Sunday, August 10

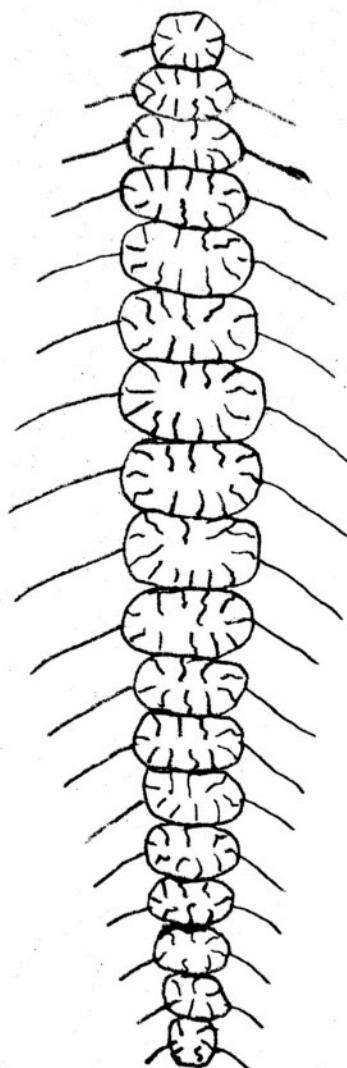
The Last Lap

After breakfast next morning, we were ready to leave when Gerry shouted "Head em out" "wagons ho" answered someone else and sixteen packs were shouldered as we fell into single file and began the last lap of the summer's adventure.

The story of the 1970 summer camp is the combined contribution of Helen, Sue, Bill, Ian, Rob, Howie and Leo. Our members are people of many varied talents.

Your Editor

Fossil Valley
Pioneer



PRINCE GEORGE AND A MISTY MORNING

G.F. KENYON

There is nothing quite like a mist in the mountains. I don't mean a light mist, but the dense clinging wet stuff that shuts one in, that encloses one in a private world. You are imprisoned within translucent walls that shut out sight not in the sudden, satisfying manner of material barriers, but gradually and tantalizingly. The eye cannot rest at the limit of vision but must always be probing into the grey ghosts beyond.

But there is magic in the mist of the mountains. The myopia induced by the intolerance of the eye to accept vague shadows opens another world to the mountaineer. A meadow which in the sunshine is merely a route to the distant peaks, becomes an experience in itself. In fact, as one travels over such a meadow, one is conscious of moving within an envelope of environment which is constantly changing. Is it not true that when the distant goal is visible, one tends to project oneself towards it, skipping over the immediate surroundings in a rather senseless urgency of purpose? When the ultimate goal is obscured, the journey to the limit of the environmental envelope is a goal in itself, a goal which is never attained since the envelope of course moves with the traveller. One's world is condensed and all the senses converge upon this world. A heightened awareness is the natural consequence.

The turf, saturated in a grey down of moisture, is springy under foot and spangled with the bright stars of Grass of Parnassus. The coarse-textured rock is mottled with the varying greys of lichen occasionally splashed with greener patches of the living plants. Trees

appear as shadowy spectres, elegant or graceless according to their wont, but each looming out of the mist as a living form: the alpine firs, symmetrical, tough and hard; the mountain larch, elm-limbed at this altitude, appearing strangely out of place among the more conformist conifers.

Along the ridge's crest a wet breeze blows, moving the mist in swirling drifts. The near landscape dissolves and reforms in the eddying currents; but still no sign of sky or sun.

To the east the ridge falls away, merging into a uniform grey emptiness. To the west there is nothing. Behind is past and gone; ahead the ghosts of things to come, indistinct at first but hardening into a gentle rise or a rocky crag. Move on through this strange, unreal world. Scramble over rocks coarse and granular under sensitized fingers; so real to touch, yet quickly melting into illusionary shadows. The summit is close, it must surely be; but still no assurance, still this great grey nothingness all around.

Then, quite suddenly, the mist lifts.

Beneath a brightening canopy of cloud, black, spidery tentacles twine across the shaded ice of the glacier far below. Consciousness leaps ahead, or downwards, towards the distant view. The world expands suddenly and dramatically. The fragile beauty of moss campion, pink pearls on an emerald cushion, is neglected now. An expanse of rather dirty ice becomes the focus of attention simply because it is there where nothing existed before.

An invisible sun soaks through the mist, warming the rocks and people and plants on the earth below. The veil thins and brightens, tinged with the faintest hint of blue above. And through the veil appears the sublime vision of a mountain.

An apparition hanging in the sky, unreal as a Japanese print; in one rare moment, lovely and magnificent. Through seconds and minutes, the mountain solidifies; the gullies and black faces gain strength, melding into sculptured crags split and overlain by hanging cliffs of ice and crowned with a shining cap of corniced snow. The mist clings persistently, ebbing and flowing but always losing ground to the relentless energy of the sun. Soon it will be gone, relinquishing the day to the harsh clarity of blue skies and sunshine. One scene remains. Two figures, black silhouettes against the milky void, humbled and overwhelmed they gaze across to this great vision of a mountain: half-formed, half-clothed in clinging veils; ethereal, yet possessing a quality of strength and substance, an aura of omnipotence. To the Nepalese, Everest was such a vision. To the Japanese, it was Fujiyama. Yet a mountain has no power; a mountain has no spirit; a mountain is no being. But as a reflection of the power and inspiration of the human imagination, there is no equal. Reverence is a state of mind: and there is magic in the mist of the mountains.

BALDY MOUNTAIN

- by Howie Ridge

Baldy Mountain can be seen from the highway one-half mile from Ymir if one looks East into the Nelson Range. It rises to a height of 7,800 feet near the headwaters of Ymir Creek and Cultus Creek.

On Sunday, June 21, 1970, Bob Dean, Bill Michaux, Dennis Holden, Bert and Sue Port, and I met at Ymir, then using three vehicles travelled up the very poor mining road on Ymir Creek.

A bush pushing session brought us onto rock slides below the summit about two hours after leaving the vehicles. From this point to the summit it was a steep but very easy scramble.

Baldy Mountain has received its name from the brilliant white colour of the rock on the top 50 feet of the mountain. This rock has fractured into large rectangular slabs with very sharp edges, as Bill Michaux's finger discovered, but it is about the only real interesting feature of the area. The mountains are all small with very brushy lower slopes.

The only difficulty any of us had in climbing the mountain by the West face and descending by the South ridge was while crossing the creek at the base of the peak. Here, Sue had some trouble with the slippery rocks, but Bert lent an able hand and no one suffered more than wet feet.

The trip had required four hours to the summit and three back to the cars. Everyone had enjoyed themselves as the climb had not been terribly demanding from a physical standpoint. This had been my second attempt on Baldy. A previous ascent was thwarted by waist deep snow.

THE LIONS HEAD AGAIN

Sprang, Zang, Zing Route

- Gerry Brown

After being beaten only a rope length from the top of the second major crack on Lions Head the previous summer, John Carter and I had discussed the possibility of having another go at it this past summer. The opportunity arrived the week following the Royal Group Camp when an Australian friend, Don Vallmerhouse, who with his family were visiting us, indicated that he would like to get a climb in while at Castlegar.

I teed-up the details with John Carter only to have him phone me a day later to say that he would not be able to make the climb as an opportunity to get in four or five days climbing in the Rogers Pass had turned up. As Don had not done any climbing since leaving Australia, two or three months previously, we had been depending upon John to add considerable strength to the party. Don and I decided to give it a go at any rate, feeling the worst we could do was to rappel off, which John and I had done the year before.

We arrived at the bottom of the crack at 8:30 a.m. with the same assortment of gear that John and I had used the year before - two 120 ft. ropes, 10 - 12 pitons, 8 - 10 crabs, 5 - 6 slings, hammers and water.

Since I had been up the route before Don reasoned that it would be best that I lead the first pitch. Like John had said in the Fall 1969 Kootenay Karabiner the first 100 feet were exciting. I must have been a little luckier than John as I managed to find room for 3 sound pegs even though one was a bit awkward to remove. This time I eliminated the bearhug move by doing a bit of lay-back. Don found that he was a bit out of climbing condition after this pitch and felt that he did not want to lead.

Continued...

We climbed up to the chockstone in the chimney using the identical route, holds and piton positions that John and I had used the year before. The only thing different was my deliberate avoidance of poison-ivy patches, as a result of contracting the stuff earlier in the spring.

We are now at the crux of the climb and I had decided that the only way out was on the West wall, on the right looking toward the river, and over the same rock that we had trouble with before. The first part of the pitch is only 10 or 12 feet but the rock is quite frost fractured and leans over slightly. It took me 25 - 30 minutes to put in 6 pitons, two anchor pins one of which was an angle, three aid pegs and one piton for a foot hold. With a good tight belay from Don, I tested the piton foot hold, finding it sound. I asked Don for some slack and made my move over the wall lip onto a wide ledge on the face of the cliff.

After a good rest I started on the next leg of the pitch, which looked to be about 20 feet. The first moves are over small but easy platforms which come to an end at the bottom of a 10 foot wall. I put a 2 inch angle into a fold that runs up the wall at a slight angle and petering out 3 feet from the lip. Standing on small holds I then placed, with difficulty, another pin well up the fold. I quickly clipped into this pin as my arms and fingers were becoming tired and I took a bit of a rest. My next moves using small holds took me up past my last pin by 1 to 2 feet. I then made a long reach up and to my right to a good hold on the lip of the next ledge. With a great pull on my arms I attempted to haul myself up onto the ledge as any foot holds were purely frictional. My arms, however, had run out of gas and I made a very hasty retreat down to a platform below my 2 inch angle. Fifteen minutes later I gave the pitch another go and had just enough arm left to gain the ledge.

Continued...

From this point I worked my way over easier ledges to a belay point. After placing a couple of anchor pegs I brought Don up. He arrived, however, only after doing his fair share of cursing, sweating, and resting. Don found that retrieving the pitons was as tiring and probably more difficult than it was to put them in. There are, consequently, 2 or 3 pitons remaining to clutter up that last pitch. The remainder of the route is very easy and pretty much a walk. We arrived back at the car 6 1/2 hours after starting in a very very dry state, which we soon alleviated at the local pub.

This route is probably the most sustained route for its length that I have climbed. The climb requires a fair bit of equipment and I would say that several angles come in very handly. I do not think I would have made that last pitch had I not been in fair climbing condition as a result of attending the Royal Group Camp. This climb is, however, very enjoyable and highly rewarding.

.....

The sun still rises in the east, and for nearly two centuries now mountaineers have been setting out to meet him each summers' day, after consulting the stars and the cold...

Grey limestone or ruddy granite, ice of the gully or the serac, blown snow or snowy cornice, smell of rock; scent of flowers, delicate sanifrage or sub-Himalayan forest, starlight or storm, sun-scorched terrace, unreal frontiers, friendship between two beings for better or for worse - to these do we belong.

-- Gaston Rebaffat

MT. PATRICIA

- by Howie Ridge

Several years ago, as a teenager, I viewed with wondering eyes a trio of peaks rising magestically to 9,400 feet in the Purcell Range East of Argenta. The following year, while with a party of hunters, I had the good fortune to approach within a mile the lowest and most Westerly of these peaks which collectively have come to be called Mt. Patricia. It was then that I realized a climb of the main peak would lead through much beautiful alpine country, and the summit would afford a great view to the East and South.

On July 11 and 12 of this summer, Bob Dean, Rob Mill, Pat Gibson, Joanne Rasmussen, and I packed ourselves into Rob's four wheel drive Datsun and left Johnson's Landing for the summit of a steep and winding access road that leads up Kootenay Joe Mountain on its way to Carney Creek. The back pack from the road at 6,500 feet was about two miles to our campsite and lead over the 7,700 foot summit of Kootenay Joe Mountain. The weather was very unsettled but the lack of all brush and the acres of wild flowers easily removed our minds from the clouds.

After establishing camp in a lovely meadow, and defending nearly everything from the Columbia Ground Squirrels of the area, all except Miss Gibson departed in a light drizzle to climb 8,200 foot "Lightning Peak" very near the campsite. A mere hundred feet below the summit the lightning began to close in. As the four of us ran across the summit and started down the Northeast face a tremendous crash of lightning struck and hail stones as large as one's finger nails pelted down. Reaching camp we cooked supper between the rain squalls and spent a cold night of frequent showers.

Continued...

Up at 5:00 a.m. and away by six Rob, Bob, Joanne, and I set a very "brisk" pace as we headed East for Mt. Patricia. The weather looked awful. Pat remained in camp to rest. Skirting the South face of the peak we crossed a small snow field and scrambled up the loose rock of the easy Southeast ridge. At 8:29 a.m. Bob and I reached the summit followed shortly by Joanne and Rob. Our stay lasted nearly three minutes before we descended the West ridge as light snow began falling.

From the ascent and descent clear views could sometimes be obtained of Mt. Willet to the West, Mt. Tyrell to the South, and to the East, Mts. Pambrun and Findlay. The entire North and East faces of Mt. Patricia were covered with glacier or heavy snow fields. From the summit it was also apparent that Mt. Patricia has two more lower summits to the Northeast as well as the two to the West.

We retraced our steps by a similar route and packed up camp before lunch. The weather was clearing as the party headed homeward. Everyone was still overjoyed by the lack of bush and the multitude of wild flowers in bloom. Disregarding the weather, Mt. Patricia had proven to be an easy yet very beautiful area in which to enjoy a little mountaineering. We highly recommend the area for hiking and the study of flowers.

In retrospect, Mt. Patricia was a very successful trip. Three peaks had been climbed and several people had been exposed to a new and beautiful area. Ours was not a first ascent, however, as cairns were found on the summits of all peaks of Mt. Patricia.

MOUNT BRENNAN

The plan was to meet at the start of the trail at 8:00 A.M. Saturday morning, so I arranged to be at Helen's at 6:00 A.M. along with Norm Thyer. We loaded into Norm's jeep and experienced a bit of high speed motoring, arriving at Retallack at 8:30. Here we picked up Tom Charlton who had camped overnight to avoid the early start. We pressed on up the Whitewater Road then onto the Lyle Creed road and finally reached the rendezvous about 9:00 to find Rob Mill patiently waiting. A few minutes later, Doug Hurrell and Fay arrived.

We shouldered our packs and hit the trail about 9:30. Almost immediately, we were thrashing through heavy brush - very frustrating, as we could see that this had once been a good jeep road. A couple of times, we almost lost the Trail at Switchbacks, but Helen expertly guided us onto the trail. Following the trail paid dividends as we arrived at the top of the aerial tramway a good five minutes ahead of Doug and Rob who had thrashed their way up through the brush.

The day was getting extremely hot, so we were working up quite an enthusiasm for a swim in the lakes on the meadow as we followed a surprisingly good trail up from the top of the tramway. We reached the meadows just before noon and were more than just a little disappointed (to put it mildly) to find all three lakes bounded by fine white glacial silt. All ideas of swimming were quickly forgotten.

Over lunch we got to wondering how the Robson Ridge Runner had managed to thrash all through that brush and reach the lakes in one and a half hours. We concluded he must have mushed over the top of it.

Most of us settled down for a lazy afternoon in the sun, but Rob, Doug, and Fay took off and climbed onto a sharp ridge to the north-east of the lakes. Just as we were finishing supper, Peter McIver arrived. He had not been able to leave Trail till mid morning, then had a parking problem that required much blood, sweat and a few tears to solve.

We were away about 7:30 Sunday morning minus Rob, Fay, and Doug who were still in their sleeping bags. The trail was still remarkably good and took us well onto the mountain. As the climbing was not difficult, we made our own way upward. Possibly because of this, I was fortunate to see two separate pairs of goats - one pair not 25 feet on a ridge below me. The first climber reached the summit at 9:30 with the others only minutes later.

We wandered round the three summits, two rock and one snow, taking in the view. It was magnificent, just as clear as possible in all directions. We snapped pictures, looked at maps and generally enjoyed ourselves until just before eleven, when we moved off down.

We made good time, following the long band of snow as far as it went, then down the rocks and grass to again reach the trail. We reached our camp at noon, and after a short rest, packed car gear and started home. The section of trail between the lakes and the top of the tramway was thick with huckleberries so Norm and Helen had quite a busy berry picking session.

The rest of us enjoyed a leisurely walk down, sampling berries from time to time, and resting a couple of times in shady spots so the berry pickers could catch up. In fact, we didn't reach the cars until after 4:00 P.M.

In conclusion, an overnight car camp or an early start day trip would be plenty of time to climb this mountain.

OUR FABULOUS FRIEND

THE TREE

You can climb it

Get cool under it

Make a bow and arrow out of it ...

Build a tree house in it ...

BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN ...

Drive on it ...

Take a picture with it ...

Blow your nose in it ...

Drink from it ...

Go into orbit because of it?

It has better plumbing than a house!

It starts smaller than a button.

It getts bigger than a building.

It runs like a machine on sun fuel.

It cooks its own food - - - free!

It's tougher than rock.

It's tall, terrific and BEAUTIFUL!

And

It comes in a thousand models ...

And so let us respect OUR FABULOUS

FRIEND

The Tree.....

CONSERVATION COMMENT

- by G.F. Kenyon

Valhalla Provincial Park

The Valhalla Provincial Park proposal was submitted to the Hon. K. Kiernan during the early summer. This proposal for a 43,000 acre wilderness park encompassing the Mulvey meadows, the surrounding peaks, Evans Lake, Cahill and Beatrice Lakes was very well received in Victoria. Considerable support was received from many other organizations ranging from other outdoors-oriented groups to city councils and regional districts. The National and Provincial Parks Association added their support on behalf of its membership. An article describing the proposal will be appearing in the next issue of Park News.

Of all the organizations that wrote, only one expressed any reservation, the Nelson City Council. Their alarm at the possibility of any curtailment of unrestricted access by motorized vehicles into the lakes area appeared to be motivated by self interests rather than by a concern for the interests of the general public.

The latest status of the proposal is that the Parks planners from Victoria flew into the area by helicopter during the summer. They left with photographs and, according to Milt Goodard, much enthusiasm. The next phase is the nitty-gritty of investigating the entire area for alienations and looking into any objections they might have received from other Government Departments.

Continued...

Woodbury Creek Road

The bridge at Mile 5 on the Woodbury Creek road leading into the east side of Kokanee Park is no longer there. It was demolished in August at the request of the Inspector of Mines, who judged the bridge unsafe for public use. Very commendable to see such concern for the well-being of the public. Unfortunately a request for information to the Dept. of Highways elicited the following response: "The Woodbury Creek Mining Road dead-ends at the bridge site and there are no immediate plans at this time to replace the structure unless special funds are made available by the Department of Mines".

So there goes another access road into Kokanee Glacier Park. I believe all the roads to the Park were built for mining or logging purposes. The Hon. D.L. Brothers pointed out a year or two ago how valuable the mining industry is in opening up access into areas like this. Since then, of course, Homestake Silver closed its operation and the mine access road from Gibson Lake to the start of the trail into the Park quickly fell into disrepair. Industry is lauded by Government for providing access into parks, yet the same Government will not maintain the access road when industry departs. Where is the logic of that? Must we have industrial development in our parks in order to have access?

The Woodbury Creek "mining road" is an excellent road; an excellent route into a little used area of one of the more beautiful of our Provincial Parks. For goodness sake, surely some department of government can scrape together a few dollars to build one little bridge so the general public can see some of this country which, by implication, appears reserved for miners! It is a Park after all!

Continued...

Why not have a go at the Minister of Highways the Hon. Wesley Black, in whose riding the Park is located, with a copy of your letter to the Hon. K. Kiernan, Minister of Recreation and Conservation and the Hon. F. Richter, Minister of Mines, and to your own MLA in Victoria. Stress the need for reinstatement of the road as a park access road which would imply that maintenance responsibility would rest with the Highways Dept. a somewhat more reliable authority than any fly-by-night mining operation that happens to come along. If you don't do it, it won't get done.

The Skagit Again

The Skagit controversy has had its ups and downs over the past few months. The latest status is not too encouraging. The privately owned areas bought out by Seattle City Light are already being logged in preparation for flooding. The company is obviously working, or at least is creating the impression of working on the basis that flooding is inevitable. The Provincial Government have washed their hands of the affair. But a lot of determined people are working desperately to see that this beautiful and immensely valuable recreational resource is not spoiled. Only the Federal Government appears to have a chance of stopping the flood. Even at this level there does not appear to be too much enthusiasm about getting involved in what could develop into an international hassle.

However 6,350 acres of prime recreational land is important - far more important to British Columbians and Canadians than a stump strewn mud flat for the sake of short term peak power for Seattle, who could get it elsewhere although at a higher cost. The Hon. J.J. Greene is deliberating on whether action should be taken; particularly since Seattle City Light have not considered it necessary to apply to the Federal Government for a permit to, in effect, take over part of Canada for their own purposes.

Continued...

While you still have your pen in hand from the earlier reaction of this comment, perhaps you might like to drop a line to Mr. Greene. It could make a difference.

WINTER SKI TOURS

7 Feb.	Plewman Basin - Leader Gerry Brown	Phone 365-5730
	Meet 8:00 A.M. at Hanna Creek on Hwy. 3B	
14 Feb.	Nevada Mountain - Leader Jack Steed	Phone 352-5265
20-21 Feb.	Huckleberry House - Leader John Carter.	Phone 365-7472
	Meet at Nelson Rifle Range on Hwy. 6 north of Ymir.	
28 Feb.	Microwave station on Skyway - Leader	Phone 825-4311
	Olwyn Ringheim. Meet at Skyway Summit.	
13-14 March	Huckleberry House - Leader Dave Parfitt. Room for 4 inside cabin.	
Easter	Trip to Rogers Pass - Details later	
11 April	Crawford Peak - Leader John Carter.	Phone 365-7472
	Meet on Balfour Ferry.	
25 April	The Silver King - Leader Rudy Fischer	Phone 229-4692
22-23-24 May	Slocan Chief Spring Ski Trip - Leader	Phone 825-4384
	Helen Butling.	

1971 SUMMER TRIP SCHEDULE

Sunday, May 30

Kokanee Peak, Snow Walk, Leader Rich Askew, Phone 359-7310
Meet 08.00 hours Kokanee Creek turn-off, Trip dependant
on condition of road.

Saturday & Sunday

5th & 6th June

Snow and Ice School in Kokanee Park. This week-end is
a direct follow-on to the Rock School in Kinnaird,
attend Rock School for details.

Sunday, June 13

North Face Old Glory, Snow Climb, climbing gear needed
on this trip, 08.00 Hanna Creek Car Park.

Leader: Peter McIver 362-7674

Saturday & Sunday

19th & 20th June

Chimmey Rock (Idaho) Men's day, Mainly rock climbing,
leave City of Trail 11.00 hours Saturday.

Leader: D. Parfitt

Sunday, June 20

Palisades, 1 day easy snow walk, 08.30 hours outside
Crescent Valley Store

Leader: Bob Dean 359-7759

Sunday June 27

Esmeralda Pk., Joker Lakes, two groups, change car keys
halfway, Dave Adams 365-6430 and Olyin Ringheim 825-4311
to lead respective groups. Leaders to arrange times and
place of car meet and car key exchange so contact them.
Most important they know who's doing what!!

Thursday, Friday,

Saturday & Sunday

1st to 4th July

4 day trip to Rockies, maybe Vermillion Crossing Area,
details of this trip not finalized yet.

Leader: Bert Port 365-5716

Continued...

Sunday, July 11

Insect Pk. and other peaks along Ridge as time permits.

Meet 08.00 hours Enterprise Ck. turn off Hwy. 6 about 8 miles north of Slocan.

Leader: Peter Wood 359-7107

Saturday & Sunday

17th & 18th July

Gwilliam Lakes, (Potential Cabin Site) and Devils Dome 2 day trip. (This trip may start on Friday evening, contact leader) Leader: Howie Ridge 359-7566

Sunday, July 25

Trail Cutting - to Lemon Pass and Cabin

Meet 09.00 hours top of Lemon Creek Road from Hwy. 6

Leader: Leo Gansner 352-3742

Summer Camp -

Details Later

31st July to 8th Aug.

Sunday, August 15

Mt. Vingolf, 1 day trip, meet 08.300 hours, north end of Slocan Lake on Road. Climb to be followed by Swim in Slocan Lake! (come prepared with water wings)

Leader: Lynn Lennox 365-5561

August 21st & 22nd

Mt. Abbot, leave Friday night, contact leader to co-ordinate transport.

Leader: Gerry Brown 365-3730

Sunday, August 29

Crawford Mt., Ladies Day, men by invitation only!!

Meet on second ferry from Balfour

Leader: Sue Port 365-5716

September 4, 5, & 6

The Pinacles, in the Monashee Area, combined trip with Kamloops Outdoor Club

Needles Ferry 09.00 hours 4th September

Leader: Bob Dean 359-7759

Continued....

Sunday, September 12

Trail cutting again, Mulvey Trail, concentrating on marking a safe route up the head wall. Saturday night at Camp Poncho

Leader: Ian Hamilton 365-6749

Sunday, September 19

Mt. Aylwin, 1 day trip, 08.30 hours, Ranger Station at Slocan City.

Leader: Howie Ridge 359-7566

Saturday & Sunday

25th & 26th Sept.

Mt. Lequereux and Hilda Pk., 2 day trip, meet 08.00 Passmore Sub-Station turn-off.

Leader: John Carter 365-7472

Sunday, October 3

Dominion Mt. Meet Barrett Creek Road (Nelson Rifle Range) 08.30 hours

Leader: Jack Steed

Saturday & Sunday

16th & 17th October

Slocan Chief Work Party. Meet at Helen Butling's Friday night or Saturday morning to pick up food.

Helen Butling: 825-4384

Suggestions for future trips are always welcome.

EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

DAY TRIP

Clothing: mitts or gloves
rain jacket
rain hat
extra sweater
spare shoe lace
handerchief

First Aid Kit: moleskin, bandaids
tape, gauze pads
salve, toilet paper

Pack Sack

Map & Compass: air photos optional

Lunch: plus emergency rations

Chapstick or screen

Suntan lotion

Knife

Flashlight

Waterproofed matches

CLIMBING GEAR

Ice Axe

Crampons

Rope

Slings

Carabiners

Pitons

Piton Hammer

Hard Hat

Rock Drill

Expansion Bolts

Rope Ladder

OVERNIGHT TRIP

Day trip equipment plus:

Sleeping Bag

Food

Primus Stove and fuel - optional

Cooking utensils, dishes, cutlery

Shelter

Spare socks, pants, shirt

Camp shoes

Foamy or air mattress

Its a good idea to take along 24" or 30" wide chicken wire
to protect your tires and brake lines from hungry porcupines.

CHECK LIST OF SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT

DAY TRIP

Skis

Climbing skins in good condition in plastic bag

Proper touring bindings

Spare cable and piece of wire

Wax

Small pack sack

Food including emergency ration

Water bottle filled with desired beverage

Dark glasses and/or goggles

Chapstick and suntan lotion

Clothing: 2 pr. mitts - leather outside mitts

Handkerchief

Windbreaker, extra sweater

Toque or warm woolen hat

Flash light

Toilet Paper

First Aid Kit

Waterproofed matches

Fire lighter - strips of milk carton

Hat with brim (for glacier wear)

Rescue Sled *

OVERNIGHT TRIP

All above day trip equipment plus:

Sleeping bag, rucksack

Extra socks and pants

Light shoes or slippers (for cabin wear)

Food

Light rain gear recommended

Cutlery, dish or bowl, cup (except at Slocan Chief)

Tent or shelter including poles (if camping out)

* Contact the Mountain Rescue Group for Club Rescue Sled Kit.

Its light, take it with you.

TRIP PROCEDURE AND POLICY

All who wish to go on a Club trip must:

1. Have proper and adequate equipment for the trip.
2. Notify the trip leader or one of the directors named below
at least 2 days before the trip. For limited trips at least
5 days notice necessary.
3. Accept the right of a leader to refuse to take any member on a
trip if, in the leader's opinion, the member is too inexperienced
or inadequately equipped for the trip.
4. If in doubt about equipment, ability, or experience, consult the
trip leader in advance.

TRIP INFORMATION DIRECTORS

Nelson	- Helen Butling	825-4384
Castlegar	- John Carter	365-7472
Trail	- Tom Charlton	364-1586

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Your editor wishes to record his appreciation to all the Club members who have contributed stories for this issue of the Karabiner. Without their fine effort, this record of our activities would not be possible.

Our special thanks are extended to Jill Langballe, Ann Wood, and Dave Adams for the sketches illustrating the stores; to Terry Halliwell for the cover; to Ed Berno for special lettering; to Eileen Holm, Jean Eddy, Lida Gambin and Joan Brown for typing and proof reading.

The production of the past three issues of the Karabiner has been a most interesting experience. I have enjoyed this opportunity to serve the club. May my successors have an equally enjoyable and rewarding editorship.

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