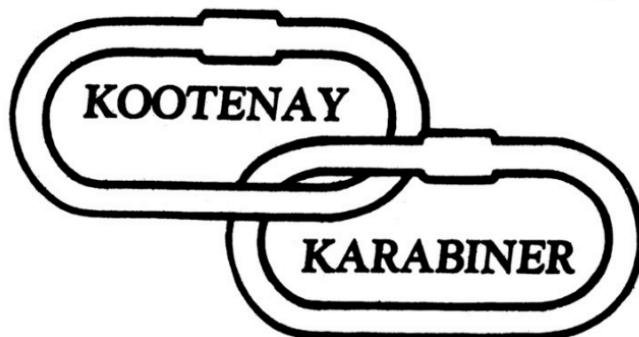


KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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KARABINER**
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1975

editor
NANCY BAKER



KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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* Election, for a two-year period, occurs at the
November 1975 Annual General Meeting.

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Once again we approach the end of another year, and I find it my job to review the varied activities of K.M.C. and to look ahead to the needs of the Club in the New Year. 1975 has been a rewarding and busy year for the K.M.C. and your executive. The club has maintained the strong program of activities which has become customary over the past years.

Our schedule of daylong and weekend outings for the spring ski season and the summer hiking and climbing activities was a full one. The trips were largely well attended. The climbing school, held on five Wednesday evenings through May and into June, was fully subscribed, found useful, and enjoyed by all. Each of the dozen or so instructors was responsible for the same small group of student climbers each week. For some, the Wednesday night sessions extended informally well into June. It is also noteworthy that a good number of our students participated regularly in the Club's other activities.

This year again we successfully held two summer camps. The climber's camp involved fourteen climbers and trusty cook, Helen Butling, and was made at the foot of the Welsh

Peaks in the Taurus Group of the Southern Purcells.

Despite unseasonably snowy weather, good climbing activity was maintained during the eight days of the camp.

The hiker's camp, at Gwillim Lakes (at last!) in the Valhallas, was attended by a capacity party of twenty including two junior members, plus cook, Linda Cole, of the B.C. Mountaineering Club. Good weather, plenty of walking, scrambling and climbing depending on personal preferences, were enjoyed by all and always complemented by good grub.

In addition to these central activities, the Club continues to be involved on a variety of other fronts. The members of the Mountain Rescue Group, though less active in practices this year than last, are all card holders in the Provincial Emergency Program. Available M.R.G. members responded to a call-out in mid-Spring. The Conservation Chairperson and our Secretary continue to express K.M.C.'s support for a wilderness conservancy in the Valhallas and for year-round use of facilities in the National Parks. Also, through our membership and participation in such groups as the Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C. and the West Kootenay Outdoorsmen, we

attempt to protect and further the interests of mountain recreation and safety both provincially and locally.

Club members continue to sample snow depth and water content on the local designated snow course each month through the winters. Thus we provide information for the provincial water resources department and add a few dollars to K.M.C.'s coffers.

The Club's library is regularly used by members who pass librarian Helen Butling's home on the Nelson North Shore at Willow Point. A group of members are cooperating with the editors of Putnam's "Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of B.C." in preparing the updated 6th. edition. Our monthly Newsletter and the winter season social evenings continue to keep you, the membership, in touch with Club activities and with each other.

All these Club activities and services have been possible only through the energy and sustained interest of those members involved and especially your executive. To all these people, on behalf of the membership at large and myself, I say, "Thank you, for enthusiastic support and encouragement, and your participation in the affairs of our Kootenay Mountaineering Club".

Notwithstanding all of the above involvement, there is still much more that the K.M.C. can do and should be doing to further our 'Aims', both to help keep the Club's internal machinery running smoothly, and to maintain an effective and meaningful presence among the rest of the B.C. community. But for the Club to do more means that more people must volunteer to help the various executive members do their jobs. For example, in conservation we need regular delegates to the West Kootenay Outdoorsmen and others to correspond with the conservation committee of the Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C., and to keep our delegate member in Vancouver informed of the Club viewpoint on mountaineering matters of provincial concern. Our Newsletter editor needs regular reporters, and maybe an assistant or two to help report to the local news media on Club events. The Karabiner editor annually has to plead with most of us for a contribution! What about cabins in the Club's care? trails? Who should do the work of caring? We need help to maintain our intermittent but continuing correspondence with the Canadian Standing Committee on Geographical Names. The list goes on. Maybe we're attempting to do too much? But with our steadily increasing membership over the past several years, surely we should be able to maintain projects started earlier in our history. Please approach

the members of the executive and take on some project with one or other of our committees.

In the spring of this year we had an open meeting to prepare guidelines to better ensure safety on Club trips. The outcome of the meeting, attended by about 15 members, was approval, and recommendation to the executive, of a slightly modified draft statement prepared by Trips co-ordinator Dave Adams. These safety guidelines have since been circulated to all Club members through the Newsletter.

A second similar meeting is scheduled to precede the Fall AGM. From that meeting, it is hoped that any directional changes or renewed thrusts, that those present feel the Club should make, can be formalized there, and presented to the AGM for further discussion. I hope that both this meeting and the AGM will be well attended and that they will provide clear direction for the Kootenay Mountaineering Club and its executive for the upcoming year.

Pete Wood
November 4th, 1975



Philipp Margolin

CONCERNED LEADERSHIP

Much has been written about the attributes and responsibilities of leadership in mountaineering journals, books and texts. Understandably one cannot find in capsule form descriptions which attempt to define the qualities of skill, experience, judgment and concern which make for leadership in the mountains.

For those of us who attended the summer camp at Lake Bonny Gem a year ago characteristics of leadership were daily displayed in a quite undemonstrative way by one of our members. He was followed every morning by groups ranging in number from three or four up to a dozen. Members of these parties varied greatly in their years as well as in their climbing experience. Invariably the leader had thought ahead and was prepared to make a decision whenever there was a choice of alternate routes to a summit. It was he who belayed the rest of the party over a tricky section of unstable rock. He was quick to reassure a hesitant climber by the offer of a rope on a steep descent and resourceful in setting up a hand-line so to establish a route which would avoid some of the bergschrunds likely to go unnoticed from above.

Our trip leaders occasionally might be reminded that when they assume responsibility for a trip, or even when such responsibility is unexpectedly thrust upon them, they are under some obligation to plan, to exercise foresight and to display a degree of continuous concern for every member of their party.

PONTIAC PEAK

by RON ANDERSON

Twenty-four people of various sizes, sexes and shapes, including a young girl with arm in sling, a large over friendly dog, and several Rosslanders suffering from too much indulgence the night before, gathered at Ainsworth parking lot at 8:30. But there was no hurry, as an easy hike had been promised. The leader had previously scouted the route from afar, missing the extra little peak hidden behind the ridge.

Ten miles of well maintained road up Woodbury Creek and up towards the old Scranton mine site, brought the group to the beginning of 'Sunset Lake Trail' where vehicles were parked. In the party were Jack Steed and family, Stan and Nancy Baker, Norm and Martha McKay all of the Langballes, John and Katherine Stewart, Elizabeth Wallach, Uwe Finger and wife, Peter and Ian McIvor, Tony Heim, Eric Norton, and Ron and Anniles Anderson. After one mile on an excellent trail through old, well-established stands of fir, cedar and spruce, we reached Sunset Lake, a very pretty spot with bright blue waters set among impressive cliffs and broken slopes. Unfortunately, there are ample signs of ignorant misuse by campers where the trail first hits

the lake.

Following the trail away from the lake, and leaving the Steed boys behind to fish, we soon came across several interesting old mine workings and decayed remnants of buildings here and there, giving us thoughts of how others had been first in the area. Under very warm and sunny skies we soon ascended boulder fields patched with snow, where elusive pikas played. Later, Peter McIvor was led by sightings of bird droppings, so someone said, to tackle a rather formidable rock face, with son Ian and Eric Norton.

Upon reaching the ridge, then skirting the two lesser peaks, one half of the party was soon on top of Pontiac Peak. Exclamations erupted, brought about by a spectacular view of several lakes, including Grey Eagle Lake, lying next to Humpback Ridge, and by Sawtooth Ridge, Kane Mountain and by an expansive and inspiring view of Kokanee Glacier itself. A joyous reward for a short but steep jaunt.

One member of the party, who stayed behind at the ridge, found his joyous reward in filling his pack with juniper for his smoke house, and his young son's shirt became a mushroom hamper.

As we drove down Woodbury Creek Road, fast gathering clouds suddenly erupted with rain and brilliant flashes of lightning, followed by ear-splitting and crackling thunder. But no matter. No appeasement was offered to the Alpine Gods - juniper and mushrooms were madly clung to. An excellent day.

HIKE TO SAPPHIRE LAKES

by MAUREEN MCKAY

On August 3rd, Mom, Daddy and I met with Jack and Madge Hollington, Dave Snider, Bob Dean, Albert and Johanna Joseph and son Vince, at Lemon Creek Bridge at 7:30 a.m.

About 10 miles up the Triangle Pacific Logging road, we parked the cars a quarter mile from the Park Boundary and began hiking at 8:45 a.m. The weather was now overcast, and rain the previous day left it wet underfoot.

Madge was busy indentifying flowers, while Dave photographed them. We seem to have hit a good time for flowers, and they were at their best. Jack took a picture of a big cluster of orange fungus growing on an old stub of fir tree, only to discover later that his camera was on the wrong setting. Luckily, he had a second chance to re-take the picture on our return.

It was much cooler when we reached the lakes and clouds were low and spitting rain. Here we met the other party who had hiked in from the Gibson Lake side composed of Ted and Agnes Baker, Jim and Cecilia Handly and son Martin, and Sidney and Elspeth Clark

from Scotland. Sidney photographed every flower, and leaf, etc., identifying all but one; they should have many nice slides to show friends on their return to Scotland.

After a quick lunch, Dave, Jack, Bob and Daddy hiked up Mount Geigrich. They had a beautiful view, and the sky cleared long enough for Dave to obtain more pictures. The rest of the party wandered about the lake area until their return.

We met seven people hiking up, as we descended the trail. Male, female, young and older, they were not very well equipped for the hike to Sapphire Lakes. Don't know if they made it.

We had no trouble at the sand bank, but a helping hand was needed at the upper creek crossing - those rocks are slippery when wet. The weather brightened as we came out, and was lovely by the time we reached the cars at 5 p.m. and was just beautiful down at the Highway.

GWILLIM LAKES RECONNAISSANCE

by STAN BAKER

The summer general camp had been scheduled for Gwillim Lakes. The camps chairman and I decided on a reconnaissance of the area as to helicopter landing spaces, camp location and hiking routes, hence the scheduled trip of July 5th.

After two hours of driving, we came to the end of the road below Drinnon Lake, and two hours of scrambling brought us to Drinnon Lake on a route that could be termed 'not good'. We sat on a patch of ground that was clear of snow, had our lunch and wondered whether the snow would be gone before the general camp in early August.

After our lunch break, we made a snow walk thru the pass to Gwillam Creek, where we had a good view of the Devil's Range and the head waters of Gwillim Creek. The amount of snow for this time of year was unbelievable, below us were two small pot-hole lakes, where there was barely enough clear ground to pitch our tents. As we were all rather tired from the snowslog we made camp there, deciding to commence our reconnaissance of the area in the morning, from the mountain on the left, later found to be Gregorio.

The following morning Dick Hamilton and I climbed the side of Gregorio to a point on the ridge from where we could view the whole Gwillim area. Larry Doell took the rest of the party up the ridge of Drinnon Mountain for a better look at the Devil's Range and the Mulvey group to the East. Our two parties met later in the day at some small lakes above Drinnon Lake, where we compared notes, gaining a good idea of the general area. We then headed off toward the outfall of Drinnon Lake, where we separated again, to explore alternate routes for future hike-ins. We met back at the head of the road, some two hours later, and after consultation decided the best route into the area, was an old slide path off Gregorio, which leads on to a bench about 1,000 feet above Drinnon Lake. This route gives good access to the upper Gwillim Creek Valley.

An enjoyable weekend, thanks to the good company of Larry Doell, Dick Hamilton, Peter Spearman, Sandra Doell, Rosemary Jensen and Linda Iwanik.

IMPRESSIONS OF HIKING CAMP 1975
at GWILLIM LAKES

by JACK AND MADGE HOLLINGTON

As new members of K.M.C., this was our first camp, and we learned many things. We were greatly impressed with the efficiency of the group in transporting the gear and food. Peter had everything well under control and timed perfectly.

The campsite was set in a beautiful valley, surrounded by breathtaking mountains and containing several lovely lakes, filled with quite cold water. At least four hardy members took dips. Phyllis said she did too, but as she generally performed her ablutions before the rest of us were out of the sack, her statement was never proven. A great deal of credit goes to our cook, Linda Cole, on her first solo attempt at cooking for a hungry horde. Although she declared she had never made coffee or pancakes before, she did a remarkably good job of both. There wasn't one word of complaint about any of the meals, and no wonder - they were all delicious. Linda especially thanks all the women who pre-cooked the meats, it was most helpful and made the preparation of meals easier.

Several people remarked on the excellent behavior of

the two teenage boys. They did their appointed chores willingly and were most proficient at fire making and building cairns.

On the hikes, everyone was most helpful to some of the slower ones, and made us feel just as welcome as the experts.

Having an artist among us was one of the highlights of camp, especially one with such personality. It was something to look forward to, at the end of a hike, when we viewed Phyllis's sketches or paintings, done while we were clambering over rocks or bushwacking with Leo.

We also learned from Stan, a new meaning for the word 'stroll', as well as a completely new word when the helicopter appeared at 7:45 p.m. Sunday, just as Stan hammered in his last tent peg.

All the trips we went on were interesting, in scenery or flowers, birds or rocks. Although at first glance there didn't seem many flowers around, we found a great many. At least forty species were identified, including some we seldom see. The rose crown was the most outstanding.

A fitting climax to the camp was the adherence by the

K.M.C. to the creed of the true outdoorsman. 'Leave no trace'. Peter and Leo made certain that others following in our footsteps would find the beauty of Gwillim Lakes just as twenty-one of us witnessed it on our arrival.

THE VALHALLA GRIZZLY

by ELENA UNDERHILL

We left in good weather, one of the few good days in July. After a 10 hour slog with 65 and 75 lb. packs through trail and bush we reached the formidable head wall hated by all who enter the environs of the Valhallas. At the cabin, we were greeted by a party from the Calgary Mountaineering Club, some of whose members were tackling the Wedge and the Molars. Since the cabin was full, we pitched our tent that greeted the storm that night and the nights to come. However when the CMC left, we moved into the pleasures of the Valhalla Hut.

Any climbing we did, was done in fog on both Asgaard and the Wolf's Ears. We were occasionally lucky to glimpse a view of the Devil's Couch and the Gwillim Valley, as the clouds lifted and then resettled. Gladshiem's first attempt was begun in similar conditions, with an hour's wait at the top of the col. This proved in our favour since a lightning storm moved in. At Midgard we found ourselves in the middle of a snowstorm. Our frozen fingers and feet, and the completely fogged-in ridge convinced us to return to the hut. Well, Gunther and I were fed up and determined

to leave the next day, the 8th.

Next morning greeted us with blue skies! Could we let such a beautiful day for climbing go by? NO! And we quickly packed for Gladshiem's second attempt.

Surprise! When we hit the snow in the col it was hard ice. Well we couldn't go up that! NUTS! We would have had to make ice steps all the way. So we went up the rock on the side of the col, slowing our progress considerably. Once on the rock ridge, it was beautiful. Really nice granite, good holds, all varieties of holds-friction, wedge holds, finger jams, some chimneys and lots of good belay points.

Gunther did a good job leading, and we moved along fairly quickly, myself cleaning up as we went. Gunther's irons got stuck in the squeeze chimney and it took awhile to get up that. On our return, we saw we could have gone round that point. Above the chimney we found a permanent piton, and a couple of slings. Soon we were on the Pinnacle, and from there it was an easy walk to the top. We didn't rest long, as the clouds were moving in again. We could see slings in the different rappel points and decided to down climb the first and rappel down the others. Back at camp, we were both satisfied we had finally accomplished something, and

could depart next day feeling good.

We left early after cleaning up the hut and fastening things from the dreaded mouse. We were both weary as we had begun to run out of food. We picked our way down to the head wall, and slowly wended our way down the trail. It was about a quarter mile from the head wall that Gunther first noticed the bear droppings on the trail and the huge bear tracks, as well as the marks in the grass beside the trail where he had been sleeping. Usually such signs wouldn't worry us too much, but in this case the tracks were just preceding us, then, all of a sudden they were going back towards us, then, they headed into the bush. About this time we approached a large grassy swamp. Gunther stepped on a log, and took an uneasy look around. All of a sudden he yelled "BEAR" and tore off into the bushes. I glanced left and saw the huge grizzly charging at us, and I tore off after Gunther, my heart in my mouth. The bushes were determined to snag me, but I forced my way through where Gunther was waiting under a big tree. I couldn't get my pack off fast enough, while Gunther shouted "HURRY" and shoved me up the tree and we both quickly scrambled up to the very top.

Now at this point we didn't know what to do. We didn't

know where the grizzly was! The last we saw of him, he was charging in a direction to cut us off and he was mad. From the top of the tree we could not see him anywhere. He was somewhere in the bushes surrounding us perhaps 10 feet away.

We waited half an hour, then decided that one of us would descend to the base of the tree, while the other kept a sharp lookout. Once at the bottom, we both donned our packs as rapidly as we could, certain that he was somewhere in the bushes watching us. We packed ourselves out of there as fast as we could - no drinks and no pit stops - just a steady frightened retreat. It wasn't soon enough that we reached the swamp, our eyes always making sure of trees to climb in a hurry. It was with great relief that we reached the car.

Yes! Anybody who decides to enter the Valhallas should be wary of the grizzly. He is getting fed up with hikers and climbers encroaching on his territory, and he's getting dangerous. We are convinced that, had we not reached the tree in time, he would have attacked us!

TOMBSTONE MOUNTAINS - YUKON TERRITORY

June 8th - 24th, 1975

PARTY:-	E. White	N. Humphries
	B. Cuthbert	R. Marlow
	A. Dennis	F. Thiessen

Asked during the winter if I wanted to go on a trip to the Yukon, I said, "sure", though I knew not where, till Bob showed me the maps. The Tombstone Mts. are 30 miles N.E. of Dawson, Y.T. in the Ogilive Mt. Range.

After a 2,000 mile, four day drive from Vancouver, we arrived in Dawson, to discover that the other carload was suffering mechanical problems and wouldn't arrive for another three days. On their arrival, we flew by Helicopter in two loads, - one from Dawson; second from the Dempster Hwy.

The area we chose to climb in was of 'Granitic' type rock, upthrust in rotten metamorphic rock. All the mountains had been heavily glaciated, leaving faces 2,000 - 2,500 feet high, which awed us on arrival, wondering 'can we even climb these things'. Our campsite was at 4,000 ft. and the highest summit around was 7,900 ft. (Mt. Tombstone) - already climbed.

The first day, four of us set off for an easy looking mountain to the S.E. of camp, which was not easy and

incredibly exposed at the top. There we sighted another camp three miles to the west of ours. We also discovered that our impressive mountains were extremely rotten and could not be trusted; the huge faces had continuous rockfalls and the talus slopes were full of 'ankle grabbers'. We resolved to find the easiest and safest routes.

After our first effort, we had some bad weather which allowed us to explore our campsite meadows 500 ft. above timberline, and to visit the Americans from Boston at the other camp.

When the weather cleared, we climbed two more mountains, enjoyable climbing. More bad weather kept four of us in camp, while Al and Robin tackled one of the nearby faces. After two and a half days, we wondered about Al and Robin - hadn't seen them on the face for about a day. The jingle of iron and two very wet people appeared. Remarks like 'never agin', 'A3 - A4 nailing', 'rotten rock', deterred the rest of us from trying anything as foolish.

Later we climbed three more mountains, then moved our camp to the departed Americans location.

The day following, we split into two groups; Bob, Al and Robin to reccy Monolith - the most impressive

unclimbed mountain in the area (See 1974 ACC Journal for picture), and Neil and Eric and I headed S.E. to climb two mountains. One had been climbed by the Americans who kindly left us two chocks and twenty feet of rope.

Next day, Bob, Al and Dennis left very early for Monolith while the rest slept in. While eating breakfast, they returned, informing us Monolith was so rotten, they didn't climb the final 1,000 feet. Around noon, which they watched, we left for the mountain nearest camp, a real mountain with seven leads of gully climbing. We arrived at the top at 10:00 p.m. to enjoy the sunset; returning to camp at 1:30 a.m. as it grew lighter. We could afford the decadence of sleeping and starting late, the 24 hours of light, to which we never did get accustomed.

Al and Robin departed the next day, disillusioned with the rotten rock. We stayed a few more days, climbing two more previously climbed mountains. However by evening of June 22nd, also disillusioned, we began the walk to the Dempster Hwy. about 12 - 14 miles away. An epic journey, complete with thunderstorms. We arrived at the Hwy. on the morning of June 24th. Hitch hiking to Dawson took awhile, as it took two hours for

the first vehicle to come by.

We climbed twelve mountains in total, of which nine may have been first ascents. Despite bad rock, the Yukon is a great place and in the summer, it never gets dark.

TAURUS GROUP - Climbing Camp '75.

History, accurate maps and descriptions of climbs in the Taurus group of the Purcells may be found in the 'Guide to the Interior Ranges' - page 230.

Saturday July 26th, Day 1

Wilmer is not an easy place to find at 1. a.m., but the municipal campsite, our meeting place, was even better hidden. A sign pointing the way to the Delphine Inn was the first suggestion that we might be near Wilmer, but we needed to bother a lady in the middle of a late movie for directions to the campsite. When the site was found, about half our camp members as well as food and equipment were missing, so it was with uneasy minds that we got into bed at nearly 2. a.m.

Morning came early, and so did Peter Wood, who came strolling along the beach to our camp, with the comforting news that the people, food and equipment was in a clearing in the brush that had been mistaken for the correct campsite at the south end of Wilmer Lake.

With that happily sorted out, we headed for the Delphine Inn for a breakfast of cakes, tea and peaches. Peter interrupted, reminding us that we had a helicopter to

meet. The helicopter site was at the end of Welsh Creek branch of the Forester Creek main road. Peter Wood, Helen Butling, Melinda Bird, Ian Hamilton, Knut Langballe, Howie Ridge, Kim Dean, Bert Port, Jim Brennan, John Carter, Fred Thiessen, Mike Finger, Rob Mill and Pat Taddy had all made it to the site. Only Steve Horvath, who had left his boots behind in South Slocan and who expected to walk in later in the day, was missing. While waiting for the helicopter to show, our attention was attracted by a column of dust, the frantic scratching of tires on loose gravel, and a snarling exhaust note. Seconds later, a white Datsun popped over the rise onto the landing site with all four wheels waving in the air, and widely grinning Steve rattling around inside. He told us of his record breaking run to South Slocan, as Peter's Datsun cooled with audible ticks, gurgles and wheezes behind him.

The airlift and camp setting up went smoothly, and after noon we were free to start exploring the area. Our camp was above 7,900 ft. by the only lake in the area not colored milky blue by the glacial silt. Steep snow and rockslides bordered 3/4 of the lake, while the patch of moss and scrubby gnarled conifers we were camped on made up the rest of the shore. It was hot, with no threat of bad weather. The inviting lake tempted about half the campers in for a chilly swim before we headed to the

mountains.

Jim, Kim, Bert and John did North Star and Alpha Centauri by the tourist route, which nearly everyone repeated at some time during the week. Access to the ridge joining the two peaks was by a glacier between them.

Howie, Ian and the Nakusp Ramblers (Rob and Pat) climbed Killarney, the first peak on Irish Ridge. During this climb, Howie snatched Rob off a slab of rock he was trying to ride down to the glacier, about 500 ft. below. We felt the occasion justified a rest stop and after everyone had stopped shaking, the climb was continued without any further mishaps.

Fred, Melinda, Mike, Knut and Steve spent most of the afternoon sunbathing on a rather striking peak west of camp, which they named Boob Mt., in honor of the late British climber A.F. Mammary.

The day ended well; a happy well fed group made plans for a week that promised to be sunny and warm.

Sunday, Day 2

Howie, Ian and Peter started away on their three day high camp. They hoped to climb several peaks to the

north, near Catamount Glacier. Included in their plans were Galloway, Harmon and Black Fang, but several of us suspected that the glint in Howie's eye betrayed his designs on the Virgin, a remote 9,470 footer, about halfway between us and the Bugaboos.

Fred, Mike and Melinda went off in the same direction a few hours ahead of the high camp group. They managed to reach the Scotch Ridge, furthest north of the three ridges, and on their way climbed North Star, found the remnants of a crashed plane, and lost all of Melinda except her head and shoulders in a crevasse. They returned with the distress beacon from the airplane, and told us of the plexiglass, wide plastic tape and other debris strewn over snow that smelled of turbo-fuel.

Team #1, (Jim, Kim, Bert and John) did Mt. Galloway by the Northeast Ridge. The climbing was fairly demanding on sound rock. To return, they followed the South Ridge until able to drop onto the steep snow and ice between Galloway and Irish Ridge. No one was willing to follow Kim's lead, a daring belly glissade over 150 ft. of blue ice, so a 150 ft. rappell was made by the remaining three to nearly the bottom of the band of ice, from a snow bollard 20 - 30 ft. above the ice.

Nakusp Ramblers did the West Ridge of Connamera. Helen

stayed home on Sunday to cook and watch the barometer drop. Clouds, that had been building all day, arrived with rain, in time to soak nearly everyone before they reached camp.

Monday, Day 3

The morning was clear and cold. Every trace of the haze, through which we had been barely able to see the Bugaboos, had gone.

Team #1, did Connemara by the North Ridge, and returned by the west. From its summit, they picked out a possible route up the impressive Northeast Buttress of Donard, and onto the ridge that connects it with Sally Surina. Fred who had scrounged every ice screw in camp the night before, planned to do an ice route on Gallway with Mike and Melinda. Fortunately, they reached the rock just after the rain began and were able to quickly retreat over ice and snow to camp. Not so lucky were the Nakusp Ramblers, who reached Gallway's summit just as the rain came to turn the lichen into grease. After a time consuming effort to get to the snow below the south ridge too early, they returned to Team 1's Sunday route and followed it to a better exit on to the snow. Unable to repeat Team 1's rappell with only one rope, however, they were forced to slog back to the ridge and

follow its flank until it joined with Irish Ridge, where they could exit onto the snow. It rained most of the night.

Tuesday, Day 4

Rain, or the constant threat of it forced a rest day that was spent drying clothes and lounging. By evening when the soggy high camp group returned, clear weather seemed possible for Wednesday. Fred, Mike, Melinda, Rob and Pat organized a high camp to Whirlpool Glacier. We ran out of nuts on Tuesday.

Wednesday, Day 5

All plans dashed! We awoke to snow, which turned to rain after breakfast and continued most of the day. Nobody moved much; the occasional grey flapping figure, half obscured by rain, glided by on its way to the privy. Rain, driven under some flys, turned fluttering tents into sodden, heavy flapping ones. By noon the occupants of several tents could choose one of two ways to avoid being flooded - move - or dig drainage channels.

Convenience won over environmental concerns, and ditching began. John drained his swamp into Howie and Ian's marsh; they drained theirs into some unoccupied turf below.

No accurate count was taken, but about 8 - 10 spent the afternoon in Peter's McKinley, talking about K.M.C. what it was and what it should be. A very wet day!

Thursday, Day 6

John, Kim, Bert left to do Donnerd today, through a gap in Irish Ridge between Letrium & Connemara. A successful climb, even if cold and wet!

Fred, Mike and Melinda went down to the lower lakes, miles from the nearest glacier to practice crevasse rescue.

Pat and Steve abandoned a route up a right-angle crack on Alpha Centauri, due to a combination of weather and severe damage to their rope by falling rock.

Rob, Howie, Peter, Knut and Kim spent part of the afternoon singing bawdy songs and telling jokes in a col between Welsh Ridge and Alpha Centauri to which they retreated when their axes began buzzing on Welsh Ridge. They spent the remainder of the day doing North Star and Alpha Centauri, groping their way down the glacier on Alpha's southeast side through fog and slush.

Friday, Day 7

Steve and Pat were successful in their second attempt on

Alpha today, reaching the summit in dense fog, drizzle and muffled thunder.

Several campers held a successful onion hunt at the lower lakes, returning with large juicy onions. They insisted that the seemingly fresh onions were found lying on a rock!

Fred, Mike, Melinda and Rob enjoyed their day on Donegal and Connemara. The pre-dinner 'happy hour' had become a camp tradition, but Fridays' was the best yet. Accompanied by Mike's guitar, we sang, drank and enjoyed one another. Clearing weather lured everyone outside to watch the 'National Glissading Finals' between Howie and Steve. The finish was a dead heat!

Saturday, Day 8

Solid grey skies! A cold, colorless day! Howie soloed Welsh Ridge; Pat, by himself, did North Star.

Sunday, Day 9

Peter directed a very brisk, efficient camp cleanup and packing for the trip out. The cook tent, occupying the only suitable Helicopter landing site, was dismantled and, in the cold, blustery wind we sought shelter by huddling behind likely looking rocks to listen for the thumping drone which we expected in a few minutes.

Two frozen hours later, Mike and Fred shouldered their packs, intending to hike out to the cars - and to phone about the delayed helicopter. They had gone less than 100 yards - a very short time at Fred's pace - when our ride drummed into view out of the clouds lying low over Welsh Creek.

We eased ourselves back into the real world with a last meal together at Wilmer's Delphine Inn.

BLACK FANG

by GUNTHER OFFERMAN

Many months before, arrangements were already made for a rock and ice course in the Taurus Group of the Purcell Mountains. Our guide, Arnðr Larson of Invermere, proved to be an excellent choice for our party of Dieter and Gunther Offerman, and Elena Underhill.

It had rained steadily for at least a full week before June 26th, raising doubts in our minds especially as the rain continued pouring as we departed Nelson all the way to Invermere. However, having been so keen, we were determined to laugh and joke our way through the seven days of the course.

In his quiet style, Arnðr stood up very well to the flood of humor directed at him. By the second day, the three of us were totally satisfied in what we had learned thus far. Dieter and Arnðr spent a full day attempting a new route on the unclimbed south wall of Harmon, although they didn't push through to the summit mainly due to time. The same day, Elena and I returned to the cars to get more slings and irons for the next days attempt on the unclimbed N.E. Ridge of Black Fang.

We left our base camp at Thunderwater Lake around 5:30 and started up the steep snow towards the Catamount Glacier. The four mile trek to Black Fang was very frustrating because Dieter and I broke through the crust of snow frequently, while Elena and Arnör were usually light enough to stay on top. Circumnavigating some deep crevasses, we finally reached the base of Black Fang. The snow slope steepened to about 50° and the sun softened it so that we sank to our knees. We belayed ourselves over some more big crevasses to the beginning of the rock ridge where we rested.

Having readied our ropes and other paraphernalia, we set out anxiously. The ridge, angling upwards about $30^{\circ} - 70^{\circ}$ started fairly broad. But soon its sides steepened considerably - resembling a knife edge. The exposure was very exciting. Dieter and I were on the first rope, Elena and Arnör on the second. Sometimes I had trouble finding solid cracks for placing protection. At the end of the fourth pitch, the knife edge gave way to a small shoulder from where we could study the final route.

A small scramble led to the foot of a near vertical wall with some very good cracks running upward in a rough 'Y' formation. Dieter took considerable time to set up a direct aid route to its top. To save time, while

Arnðr followed the direct aid route, I free climbed up beside it, repeatedly calling for tension from Dieter. It felt good to be over that Ledge! From there I took the lead again, free climbing. Several times we could have angled to the right - but that would not have been a true N.E. Ridge Route, so, with some difficulty and, I might add with a shortage of protection, we managed to stay on the ridge which sometimes turned to a sort of face.

My selection of irons and slings was dwindling, while Elena was gaining weight "cleaning up". After hauling our sacks over some difficult sections, I replenished my supply of irons much to Elena's relief. A small exposed traverse and then a thin long 'crack ledge' angled up steeply to just below the summit! I was getting really excited, realizing the ledge was the key to the top, and we were going to make it. A few more protective points placed, and calling for more slack, I climbed to the top - beaming somewhat!

We didn't stay too long and soon downclimbed the south ridge to the snow which led very steeply down to the crevassed glacier below. Then, the long trek back to camp, arriving just before sunset - tired but very happy.

The following day we set out early again and were pleased with another successful first ascent of the crevasse riddled North Face of Mt. Griffith.

By the time the seven days were over, we had not given Arnðr Larson any rest day. We felt we had received more than our money's worth in experience. The weather had been beautiful and it was with a rich feeling of contentment that we left the Taurus Group.

BLACK FANG - N.E. Ridge, 5.6, Al

ENVIRONMENTAL LEGISLATION

by LEO GANSNER

The year 1971 saw the passage of two important pieces of legislation by the British Columbia Legislature, each of which came into effect on the 2nd day of April.

The most significant of these is the Environment and Land Use Act. It provides for the establishment of a committee of provincial Cabinet to be known as the "Environment and Land Use Committee". The committee is empowered to establish programmes designed to foster increased public concern and awareness of the environment. It has the authority to ensure that all aspects of preservation of the natural environment are fully considered in the administration of land use. Its objectives as set out by the statute include the minimizing and prevention of waste of resources and despoilation of the environment caused thereby. The committee has broad powers of inquiry and study, it may hold public inquiries, appoint technical committees make reports as well as make recommendations to the Provincial Government.

On April 8, 1974 the Cabinet passed Order in Council

1199 pursuant to the above Act and thereby established the Purcell Wilderness Conservancy. It includes a large alpine and sub-alpine area along the spine of the Purcells as well as substantial portions of the Hammill and Fry Creek drainages.

The Order in Council includes the following recitals which will be of interest to K.M. Club Members, especially in view of our support of the Valhalla proposal for a Conservancy of similar characteristics:

"Whereas it is acknowledged that British Columbia is fortunate to be endowed with wilderness regions of great scenic beauty which are of notable inspirational value to the public and which offer splendid opportunities for primitive recreational use.

And Whereas it is recognized that wilderness is a fragile commodity, which is vanishing rapidly throughout British Columbia, and which therefore requires preservation to ensure that the values possessed within it are not lost forever.

And Whereas a recreational wilderness is defined as: an expanse of natural environment which contains outstanding or representative examples of scenery and natural history, uninfluenced by the activities of man, and which is particularly suitable for extensive primitive recreational use.

And Whereas it is recognized that a recreational wilderness must be managed carefully according to the following guidelines if its intrinsic values are to be retained: A recreational wilderness area will be maintained as a roadless tract in which both natural and ecological communities are preserved intact and the progressions of the natural systems may proceed without alteration. No exploitation or development except that necessary for preservation of natural processes, is permissible. use of recreational wilderness shall be limited to activities which do not detract from or disturb the wilderness experience sought by visitors to the area.

These uses include hiking, climbing, camping, trail riding, nature study, fishing and hunting. All forms of commercial activity as well as the use of combustion engines for recreational purposes shall be prohibited. Any improvement or development will be limited to that which is required to protect the environment and to insure the safety of the visitor.

The second environmental statute passed in 1971 is the Ecological Reserves Act. Under this Act many reserves of Crown Land have been set aside in British Columbia. One of these is a square mile of Yellow Cedar stand at the north end of Evans Lake. This is an area which was within the view of climbers at our recent summer hiking camp as they overlooked the lake from the summits of Mount Bar and peaks in the Devil's Range. Yellow Cedar is a species of conifer prevalent on Vancouver Island but rarely found in the Interior of this province.

WHERE HAS THE TRUE MOUNTAINEERING SPIRIT GONE?

by DIETER OFFERMAN

"How far is it to the top, Harry?"

"About two hundred vertical feet. It appears we'll encounter two direct aid pitches. I'm sure glad we brought those extra chocks and carabiners!"

"We'll have to move fast. Those clouds in the West look threatening."

"Right! Give me tension on the rope, and....."

WHIRR-R-R-R-R

"Jim, a chopper appears to be approaching our base camp. Wonder what's going on?"

"I've no idea! Hopefully no Americans will invade our peaceful solitude."

"I agree, Harry. Wait a minute! The chopper has dropped several people off, and, damn it all, they look like climbers!!! Gear and supplies are being unloaded."

"Jim, isn't the mountaineering club holding their annual climbing camp here?"

"I believe so. This is hard to swallow! Picture it! These people call themselves mountaineers, yet it's too difficult a task for them to hike to a base camp! I really wonder if they are capable of carrying

sixty pound packs for four miles and then scaling that headwall?"

"Agreed, Jim. Getting to base camp was more physically demanding than that last 5.8 pitch we just climbed. As far as I'm concerned, any climber that is flown into base camp doesn't deserve to be in the mountains."

"Right on, Harry! Bushwhacking through that jungle was just as difficult as this climb. I could understand it if big wall climbing was involved, where extensive direct aid is used, but obviously that's not the case."

"I wouldn't feel very proud climbing a 10,000 foot peak when the starting point was 9,000 feet. These base camps established by 'so called climbers' who fly rather than climb, brings up an interesting conflict of interest. For example, should a first ascent of a mountain climbed by these people be officially valid?"

"Of course not, Jim! Imagine! If a climber hiked ten miles to make a first ascent only to find that someone who had flown in, had just claimed the first ascent. Wouldn't that be aggravating!"

"I'd be furious! I wonder how many such cases have already occurred? Besides, soon the trend will be to

fly into an elevation of 9,500 feet to scale a 10,000 foot mountain. Is that a challenge? I think not!"

"I'm with you - all the way Harry. Where's the limit? Should the entire Selkirks, Purcells and Rocky Mountain Ranges become infiltrated by helicopters for that purpose?"

"Ironically, Canadians are criticizing their American counterparts for their wrong doing. Little do we realize that we might be the forerunners of this problem."

"I think all Canadian Mountaineering clubs and associated affiliates should formulate a standard opinion regarding this matter and adhere to the resulting policy. So, the question remains - whether we mountaineers continue to support helicopter usage. The intrusion of helicopters has already interfered with the livelihood of mountaineering guides in this region."

"Very true, Jim. We better climb on if we want to reach the top."

"Okay, Harry. On Belay?"

"Belay on!"

"Climbing!"

"Climb."

"Ah! Jim you lead the next pitch. I've lost all enthusiasm."

SKI MOUNTAINEERING IN MT. ASSINIBOINE PARK

by JOHN CARTER

In early 1922, 20 square miles of the Canadian Rockies were set aside as Mt. Assiniboine Provincial Park and in 1973 the size of the park was increased to its present area of 150 square miles. I had always wanted to visit the Park, and in March 1975, spent 12 wonderful days on a ski-mountaineering trip to the center of the Park.

Early on March 26th, Chris Sadleir and I left Sun-Shine Village Ski Area and skied across open meadows between Lookout Mtn. and Quartz Mtn., gradually ascending to Citadel Pass, a distance of 6 miles. Conditions were good for skiing; temperatures around 0 F., with bright sun. After a five hour wait for Jim Davis and his helicopter, we descended into Citadel Pass, dropping 1,300 ft. to the Simpson River, but soon after climbing back 1,000 ft. to the Valley of Rocks. We were following the usual winter route into Assiniboine. Jim picked us up at 6:30 p.m. and in six minutes we were at the Ranger Cabin on Sunburst Lake gazing up at Mt. Assiniboine - 11,870 ft.

During the following 11 days we spent a portion of

every day ski touring throughout the central region even on days of heavy snow and strong winds. On 2 or 3 days, movement on skis was kept to a minimum because of temperatures of -10F. to -20F., and winds gusting to over 60 m.p.h., as registered on a hand held anemometer. At times the falling snow travelled horizontally, as well as the surface snow. Throughout our stay in the region, we were plagued with drifting snow and high drifts in one spot, while in another, bare ground or rock would be exposed.

Our ski trips were numerous with all of us equipped with downhill skis. One or two had ski mountaineering boots, - the rest had downhill ankle killers. Some had vinessa skins, the others had strap on skins of one kind or another. We were well dressed for cold weather; some with heavy down jackets, others with warm up suits and others with 'Roberta cagoules'. Travel at times reached sonic speeds and equal distances, and on other trips, taking all day to cover a couple miles simply because it was a holiday and no one wished to wear him or herself out.

Our trips revolved around the central region, so, of course, we skied and skinned up Nub peak (9,000 feet), Nellies Dome, Chucks Ridge and numerous

other little hills, dales and valleys, Skiing was excellent with 6" of powder some days and on others well, skip it. The fantastic views from some of the higher mountains we climbed were hard to beat. Of course Mt. Assiniboine nearly always dominated the photographs because it is so big and impressive. Chris and I had hoped to climb the peak, but the high winds and intermittent snow gave us inexperienced winter climbers little chance.

We stayed in the Rangers Cabin at Sunburst Lake and kept warm with the wood fire and the many card games and hot toddys, not mentioning the good food cooked up by the 2 girls. Part of the time we spent shoveling all the snow off the cabin roofs - some 10 - 12 buildings! Hans Gmoser invited us over for dinner one night, and other evenings we joined Han's group and the A.C.C. in lively discussions on skiing, climbing, sailing, huts and park problems. We found Hans a very congenial host and an excellent skier.

I had to be back at work on Monday, April 7th, so I caught a ride with Jim Davies again as far as the National Park Boundary. From here, because he can only land in certain areas in Banff National Park, under permit, I skied down into Sunshine Ski Area

under my 65 lb. pack. I caught the bus out to the parking lot at the highway and so ended a really great ski holiday.

I offer a few suggestions for others contemplating the above trip. The main access route is from Sunshine Ski Area in Banff National Park via Citadel Pass and the Valley of the Rocks, a distance of 17 miles. Accommodation is available in the small Parks Branch cabins which have only a small heater cooker stove in them. One may stay at the privately operated resort, Mt. Assiniboine Lodge, near Lake Magog, when it is open. Prior arrangement must be made with Mrs. Siri Strom Davies, Mt. Assiniboine Lodge, Box 368, Banff, Alberta. Conditions can be very demanding, both in snow quality and temperature gradient. Be prepared for cold weather and winter blizzards. Downhill skis and skins are recommended over light weight cross-country skis, because of the cold and possibility of breakage. The area in general is easy to travel in, once you are there, and therefore many people are making the trip in late winter and early spring. Further information may be obtained from the Parks Branch at Wasa Lake, B.C.

DIARY - AFRICA

by Kim Kratky, and
Janice Isaacs

May 11th, 1975 - Solai Centre, Kenya

Just before we left Nelson, someone - I think it was Libby Martin said, "If you do anything remotely like climbing, write us about it". Not having considered the ascent of the Great Pyramid of Cheops to be a climb we've had nothing to report these many months. However, with our arrival in Kenya in early April, we started casting about for something to clamber up, even though it was the beginning of the April - May "long rains".

We finally settled on a trip to the Mt. Kenya area and on April 25th journeyed from Nairobi to the Naro Moru Lodge on the plain to the west of the massif, where, we spent the night in the climbers' bunkhouse. A five-hour deluge convinced me that an expedition was out of the question, but the next day dawned sunny, so we began to trudge up the dirt road paralleling the Naro Moru River and leading to the Mt. Kenya National Park entrance. About three hours later we got a lift with an English couple in a Land Cruiser, who took us to the Meteorological Station

10,000 ft., virtual end of the track. There, we camped by the ranger station along with some overlanders in a fleet of four Land Rovers although well-equipped cabins are for hire through the Naro Moru River Lodge.

Sunday we were again greeted by fine weather and so set off with full packs at 7:00 a.m. The path took us first through forest for about 40 minutes before leading into open country and the notorious "vertical bog". It was here that, in our normal manner we managed to stray from the path, becoming mired in a landscape of waist-high tussock grasslands, mudholes and giant senecio plants. After an agonizing struggle we reached the ridge crest we were heading for by noon, relocated the path, and carried on down the other side of the ridge, traversing the Teleki valley. Around 1:30 we arrived at our day's goal, Teleki Hut at 13,500 ft. in the moorland valley of the same name.

The next day was to be an eventful one as we ascended to Pt. Lenana, at 16,355 ft., the third highest point on the Mt. Kenya Massif, and trekked all the way back to the Met. Station by nightfall. We got off to a moderately early 7:00 start, following the obvious trail past a rangers' cabin to the end of the Teleki

Valley. From this point, we went up a long steep scree slope, breaking on to the spine of a ridge for good views of Lewis Tarn and Glacier. By 10:20 we reached Top and Austrian Huts at 15,700 ft. just below Point Lenana. A 35 minute walk up an easy snow slope with kicked-in steps took us to the summit where we remained for a short time as the usual late morning-early afternoon mists were rushing up the western slopes of Mt. Kenya and flooding all the valleys with opaque whiteness.

Our descent to our hut and Met. Station was uneventful, except to note that at no time did we suffer from mountain sickness, headaches or symptoms of anything worse. Perhaps our good health could be attributed to that slow slog of the previous day that enabled us to become acclimatized.

After a night's camping at the Met. Station, we walked off the mountain as no transport was available. Although deemed safe by the ranger, the track down did present us with the hazardous undertaking of two separate encounters with Cape Buffalo, which we skirted successfully en route to a peaceful evening in a "banda" or hut at Minto's Safaris, a pleasant farm.

In retrospect, Mt. Kenya offers plenty of mountain

walking and scrambling, as well as technical climbing on the twin summits of Nelion and Batian. A walk around the main peaks can easily be made as there is an extensive network of trails and huts. The flora and fauna can be most interesting; I was amazed by Helen's photos of desert and moorland at 12,000 - 13,000 ft, but now that I've seen it myself, it all seems appropriate. Aside from the Cape Buffalo, we came across Bushbuck Bongo and the friendly Mt. Kenya Hyrax. We would recommend the Mountain Club of Kenya's excellent Guide Book to Mount Kenya and Kilimanjaro.

July 30th, 1975 - Tramping in Rhodesia

Here we are again, with a report on what might be called mountaineering - this time from Rhodesia. The principle area of interest for climber or hiker is situated in the eastern part of the country, along the frontier with Mozambique, and it was to this area, particularly Chimanimani National Park, that we directed our attention.

From Melsetter, a mountain community situated amid pine forests and coffee and sugar cane plantations, we struck out for the Outward Bound Mountain School 16 Km. to the east and at the edge of the park. We were equipped with our usual kits, a three day supply

of food, and a 1:50,000 ordinance survey map given us by the local police. Our first day, we left the school in mid-afternoon and followed a footpath up the Hadange River, making a fairly steep ascent to the Hadange Pass. From there, we turned south across moorland to the government maintained hut, arriving about 6:20 p.m. As the hut was situated in a grove of trees and difficult to locate in the growing dusk, we began to "Halloo". The African caretakers told us later, they were afraid to answer because they thought us to be FRELIMO soldiers from across the frontier. The aforementioned "hut" is rather more elaborate than you would guess. It is equipped with gas cookers and lamps, paraffin fridges and dormitory sleeping accomodation with sleeping bags provided, all this costs \$1.35 a night.

The next morning we decided to trot up Binga, at 8,004 ft. one of the main points used in surveying the border. Starting at 9:00 a.m., we wended our way across the dry Bundi Valley, following an at times faint path leading us to a ridge south of Binga. By noon we were on top and ate our lunch watching the bush fires burning uncontrollably in Mozambique. Incidentally, Chimanimani Park is considered to be a "quiet" area for guerrilla activity despite its prox-

mity to the frontier. In the past, many visitors used to walk miles into Mozambique, although now everyone is required to complete a form promising not to cross the border.

Binga surmounted, we decided to have a go at its neighbour, Dombi, a nice symmetrical bump of some 7,200 ft. Again we found a footpath, and although we strayed from this at my insistence for some rock climbing, still made it to the top in a little over an hour. Dombi turned out to look better from a distance; on the mountain itself big fissures in the rock sprouted maquis shrubs and small trees, making the going unpleasant. We opted for a shortcut down the southwest side that turned into some of the most unbearable bushwhacking either of us had ever experienced.

The following day we took it easy, making only a mid-day outing to Peza to the north of our camp. We followed a trail across moorland, lost it, then struck out across country only to regain it on the long north-south ridge that leads up to the peak. This ridge and peak form part of the western spine of the range that divides the park from the fertile valley below. The summit of Peza (7,150') was a

grassy dome with a steep drop-off to the west providing excellent views. Four hours after starting on this excursion we were back at our hut in time for afternoon tea. The following day we left the park, returning to the Outward Bound School and carrying on to Melsetter by foot and thumb.

Three days later we were camping in Rhodes Inyangana National Park some 250 Km. to the north of Chimanimani. On Tuesday we decided to climb the highest peak in Rhodesia, 8,500 ft. Inyangani. About 8:20 we set off walking along a road through scrub and bush that reminded us of Kootenay logging slash, only much drier. Ten kilometers and two hours later we were at the roadhead ready to follow the well-marked path to the top. Again the ascent took just over an hour as our trail led us across a long plateau at the end of which was a point infinitesimally (no dictionary out here) higher than its brothers. Jenice and I were both quite disappointed in this expedition and the 14 Km. walk home did nothing to change our minds.

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB LIBRARY

by HELEN BUTLING

'Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body' -- Sir Richard Steele 1672 - 1729

In the eleven years since its beginning, the Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club of Canada; and since 1969, the Kootenay Mountaineering Club, has been able to acquire a complete collection of the Canadian Alpine Club Journals. These date back to 1907, and contain a wealth of information about our Canadian Mountains, and the men who climb them. Many of the earlier issues were long out of print and were located in second hand book stores. Many were donated by senior members of the A.C.C. and the balance purchased by K.M.C. The K.M.C. now subscribes to the Journal - thus keeping it up to date.

Guide books to the Rocky Mountains of Canada and the Interior Ranges are available with new ones purchased as they are printed. These are much in demand and members are asked not to keep them long so that others may read them. In Helen Butling's collection, and not so much in demand, are the Guide Books to Mt. Kenya and Kilimanjaro and the Haute

Route. But, who knows, - already two of our members have ventured forth to Africa, and no doubt there will be others.

On the learning side, The Freedom of the Hills, and Wastle Mariner's Mountain Rescue Techniques are still considered two of the most informative books on the market. Be Expert with Map and Compass, David Brower's Ski Mountaineering and Medicine for Mountaineering are well worth reading.

All 17 volumes of the Kootenay Karabiner are available from the library. As many of these are now out of print, they are a treasured possession. There are a variety of other books to choose from. The Kootenay Columbia Valley 1911, contains Earl Grey's eulogy on the Earl Grey Pass Trail from Argente to Invermere. Sixty four years after Earl Grey recommended that the area should be made a park, it became a reality with the formation of the Purcell Conservancy in 1974.

The K.M.C. Library is located in Helen Butling's house on the north shore of Kootenay Lake, six miles east of Nelson. First road on the left after Greenwood Road. It would be good to see the Library used more. Anybody always welcome.

FOOD PLANNING FOR TRIPS

by FRED THIESSEN

This article first appeared in the Varsity Outdoor Club (V.O.C.) Journal, Vol. 16, 1973, as an aid to planning food for the various V.O.C. trips.

Food is rather a controversial subject in mountaineering circles as to what is best, variety, etc.; this article does not attempt to solve anything. It is only a guide line, giving ideas for the three main meals of the day, then a list of quantities required on a 'man-day' (m-d) basis. Being a plagiarist (something I always warned about) this list is drawn from the experience of others, books, and the planning for the gargantuan trips organized by the V.O.C. Not all listed ingredients are to be selected for any one meal - the list only shows the variety available.

Nutrition, water and flavourful food should be considered. On a hard working day (mountaineering) up to 4 - 5 litres of water plus 4500 to 5000 calories of food may be required. Knowledgeable people feel that at least 25% of the caloric requirements should be fat, and recommend .7 g/kg/day of protein for an

adult, or 53 g. for a 75 kg. (165 lbs) adult; 35 g. for a 50 kg. (110) adult. Presumably for the balance of the diet should be carbohydrates. Since most of us can't be bothered with the above trivia, common sense planning is probably adequate.

BREAKFASTS - Hot or Cold

- a. Porridge or mush, the traditional hot breakfast, can be varied by adding sugar, milk, raisins, cinnamon, chocolate powder.
- b. Rice pudding - using instant rice. Add sugar, milk, etc.
- c. Where weight, fragility and perishability are not a problem; canned bacon, sausage, eggs, pancakes.
- d. Granola, museli, Gerbel food (whatever name one uses); nutritious and good at 600 - 800 cal. per cup, one can add fresh, dried or canned fruit, even left over pudding.
- e. Non-cereal breakfasts - consider puddings, cinnamon buns, bread, jam, etc.

LUNCH

The lunch staples are generally bread or crackers, eaten with sausage, cheese, sardines, kippers, oysters, jam, honey or peanut butter. Fruit (dried or fresh), chocolate, fruit cake, peanuts, candies, halvah or

honeyed dried fruit can follow as a nice treat.

If your crackers disintegrate in transit, one may consume them in several fashions:

- a. with a spoon
- b. coat a spoon in jam, roll sticky spoon in crumbs.
- c. NO SPOON?! Place a gob of jam onto a handful of crumbs, roll into a ball, pop into mouth.

SUPPER

Two directions may be followed in preparing dinners:

- a. Cook everything separately.
 - b. Cook everything together, (commonly known as 'glop')
- Dinner preparation may start from scratch, or use packaged things such as 'Stroganoff' or F.D.S. (freeze dried stuff.... very expensive).

When starting from scratch, the general idea is to combine a carbohydrate with a protein and perhaps some fat. Spices make it taste better, and vegetables make it look better.

Most common carbohydrates are rice, noodles, macaroni, and potatoe flakes. Canned meats (corned beef, fish, sausage) fresh or freeze dried meats, synthetic meat substitutes (soybean) or cheese are all adequate proteins. A spoonfull of rendered beef fat will enhance the flavour, no matter what it is.

FOOD QUANTITIES

The following list shows light and heavy rations, for light and heavy eaters, or easy and hard days. If the heavy ration is not listed, light is average. Items to be cooked are given as dry measure; all figures, unless stated otherwise are per man-day (m-d). Measurements are given in weight and cup equivalents.

BREAKFAST

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Oatmeal	1½ oz. ½ cup (40 g., 125 ml.)	2 oz., ¾ cup (55 g., 150 ml.)
Granola	4 oz., 1 cup (110 g., 250 ml.)	6 oz., 1½ cup (170 g., 370 ml.)
Powdered eggs	1 doz = 5 m-d	
Raisins	½ to ¾ oz. (14 - 18 g.)	
Canned Bacon	1 lb. = 5 m-d (450 g.)	
Brown Sugar	1 - 2 oz. (30 - 55 g.)	

LUNCH

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Jam, Honey	2 oz. (55 g.)	3 oz. (85 g.)
Sausage	1½ oz. (40 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Cheese	2 oz. (55 g.)	3 oz. (85 g.)
Rye Bread	3 oz. (85 g.)	
Crackers	1 pkg. = 3-4 m-d	
Hovis Bread	1 16 oz. Loaf = 5 m-d (450 g.)	
Mountain Mix	2 oz. (55 g.)	3 oz. (85 g.)
Dried Fruit	2 oz. (55 g.)	
Candies	5 candies	

LUNCH con't

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Fruit Cake	3 oz. (85 g.)	
Halvah	1 oz. (30 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Peanuts	1 oz. (30 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Chocolate	1 - 2 oz. (30 g.)	
Margarine	1 oz. (30 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Sardines	1 tin = 2 m-d	
Tang	1 pkg. = 1 m-d	

DINNERS - Starch/Carbohydrate

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Dried Potatoes	2 oz. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (55 g.)	
Rice (reg. or instant)	2 oz. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (55 g.)	
Japanese Noodles	1 pkg. = 2 m-d	
Noodles	2 oz. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (55 g.)	
Lentils	1 lb. = 10 m-d	
Surprise Veg.	1 pkg. (small) = 4 m-d	

<u>MEATS</u>	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Canned Fish	3 oz. (85 g.)	4 oz. (110 g.)
Canned Corned Beef	3 oz. (85 g.)	4 oz. (110 g.)
Canned Chicken (boneless)	3 oz. (85 g.)	4 oz. (110 g.)
Soybean Meat Substitute	1 oz. (30g.)	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (45 g.)
<u>TURKEY</u>		
-boneless	5 oz (140 g.)	
- partly boned	8 oz (210 g.)	
- whole	16 oz. (450 g.)	
Fresh Stew Meat	4 oz. (110 g.)	

MEATS con't

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Fresh Fish	6 oz. (170 g.)	
Fresh chops or steaks	8 oz. (140 g.)	
Fresh Roast or Ham	6 oz. (170 g.)	
Fresh Ground Beef	5 oz. (200 g.)	
Cheese	1 oz. (30 g.)	
Fat	¼ oz. (7 g.)	
Sausage	3 oz. (85 g.)	
Freeze Dried Meat	1½ oz. (40 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Frozen Veg.	3 oz. (85 g.)	
Canned Tomato Sauce	3.5 oz (100 g.)	
Canned Veg. (corn, peas..)	3 oz. (100 g.)	

TRIVIA

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Onion or Veg. Flakes	½ oz. (7 g.)	
1 fresh onion	4 m-d	
1 Tomato	4 m-d	
1 green pepper	3 m-d	
1 cheesecake	6 m-d	
1 pkg. Soup	4 m-d	
1 Lipton Stroganoff	1 m-d	
Jam or Honey	2 oz. (55 g.)	3 oz. (85 g.)
Margarine	1 oz. (30 g.)	2 oz. (55 g.)
Sugar	2 oz. (55 g.)	
Powdered Milk	1 oz. (30 g.)	
Jello (good hot drink)	1 oz. (30 g.)	

TRIVIA cont'

	<u>LIGHT RATION</u>	<u>HEAVY RATION</u>
Pudding	1 oz. (30 g.)	
Tang	1 pkg. = 1 m-d	
Beef/Chicken in Mug	1 small jar = 50 m-d	
Matches	<u>LOTS</u>	
White Gas	2 - 4 oz. (55 - 110 g.)	
If melting snow maybe	6 - 8 oz. (170- 230 g.)	
Plastic Bags	Probably <u>TWICE</u> as many as you think.	

The above list seems to work reasonably well, but take the figures with a grain of salt. Who knows....the group you are planning for may all be Gannets and you may have to increase the figures. Using the above suggested amounts one should arrive at about 2 - 2½ lbs. (app. 1 kg.) of food, including gas, per person, per day.

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