

KOOTENAY SECTION  
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA  
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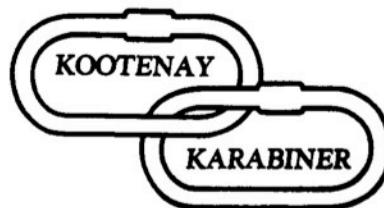
KOOTENAY

KARABINER

JOURNAL - OF THE  
KOOTENAY SECTION  
ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA  
VOLUME III FALL 1965

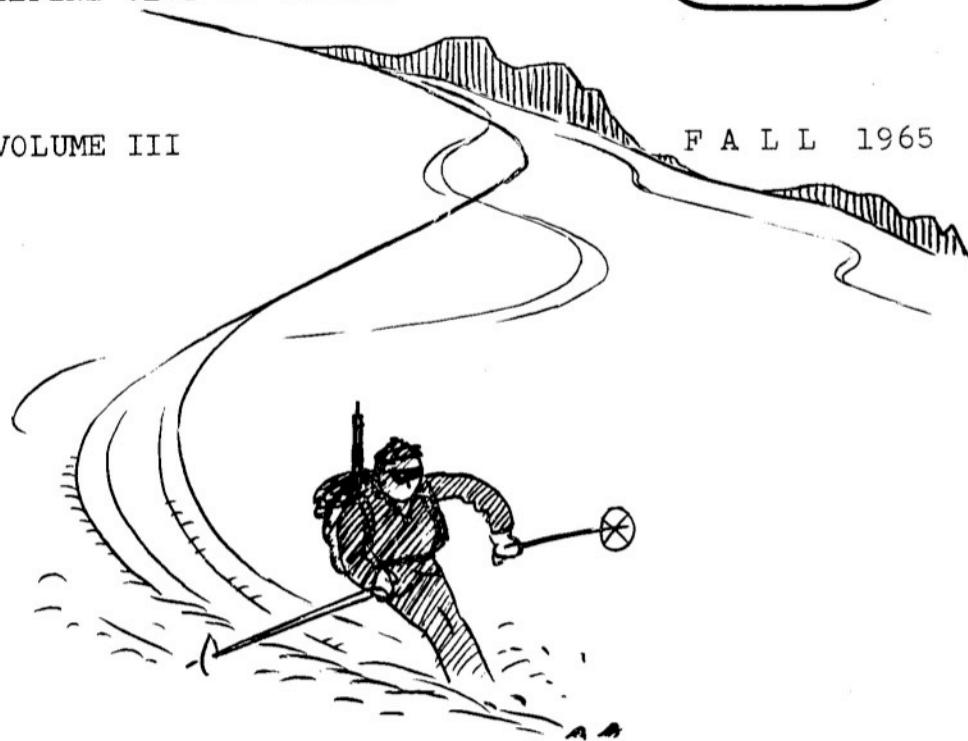


JOURNAL  
OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION  
ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA



VOLUME III

F A L L 1965



"I use only two turns—one to the left  
and one to the right."

— Dr Henry Hoek,  
ski pioneer.

E D I T E D B Y

CHRIS PENN

JACK OSWALD

C O N T E N T S

	<u>Page</u>
1. EDITORIAL	2
2. CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 1965	3
3. EASTER AT KOKANEE	9
4. MA PREMIÈRE VISITE AU KOKANEEPARK	15
5. SUMMER CAMP 1965	17
6. MOUNT FORBES	23
7. ICICLES	27
8. ALONE OR WITH WHOM?	29
9. GLACIAL EFFECTS ON MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE	30
10. ARE OUR MOUNTAINS UNIMAGINATIVELY NAMED?	34
11. A SPRING SKITOUR	37
12. DOWNHILL ONLY?	39
13. MOUNTAIN JOURNALS REVIEWED	42
14. CHECK LIST OF TOURING EQUIPMENT	44
15. CONSERVATION	45
16. FOR THE RECORD	47
17. WINTER SCHEDULE 1966	48
18. LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	50

# EDITORIAL

F A L L

1 9 6 5

The ski season will soon be here and this third edition of the Karabiner contains several articles on skiing.

Gerry Brown and Ann Wick were married in August and left for the Coast. Congratulations to them both! They will be greatly missed by the Section, Gerry as a keen climber, both as active skiers and Ann for all her work, secretarial and for the Karabiner. The Karabiner work has been done this time by Claudine Penn, and her hard work is gratefully acknowledged.

While on the subject of weddings, both your editors confess to getting "hitched" during the year, Jack in June and Chris in September. Donna and Claudine both seem to be happy in the Kootenays.

The next issue of the Karabiner may be larger in format. This will not only be more attractive but probably a little cheaper to produce, due to technical reasons.

As we go to press we are saddened by the news that the Kootenay Section's first Honorary Member, Dr Anne Norrington died in Victoria on 31st October, aged ninety. She was elected to honorary membership for her generous gift to the Section of her almost complete set of the Canadian Alpine Journals, and was surprised and delighted to be so honoured. Some notes on her very full life are given in the Karabiner Volume One. Her name appears still on a weatherbeaten board above the door of the Slocan Chief Cabin among names of the Kokanee Mountaineering Club, which was active here in the twenties. She showed a genuine interest in our activities on her old stamping grounds. We extend our sympathy to her relatives.

\* \* \*

KOOTENAY SECTION  
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT FOR 1965

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

- Shakespeare

When the last report went to press Easter was just round the corner and the darling buds of May were just about to burst into full leaf. Now with that lovely spring and summer behind us we can report on a very active season for the Section.

Although the Easter trip to Kokanee was the last scheduled ski touring trip, members were out in the mountains on their skis till the end of May, making more trips to the Huckleberry hut, Squaw Basin and a trip to Kokanee via Enterprise Creek on the May 24th weekend.

But finally there was not enough snow to keep the skis out of the mud or off the rocks and out came the climbing boots in readiness for the Rock School.

Once again from May to August weekly rock school were held each Wednesday evening on the excellent practice cliffs near Castlegar. With an average attendance of 30 members.

We were very fortunate in having Byron Olson as a member of the Section this year. Byron besides being very much at home in the mountains both on snow and ice and on rock is also qualified to teach mountain rescue technique. This he very generously offered to do and also to take charge of the rock school for the first eight weeks. Byron set up an eight week schedule of practice and rescue training sessions starting on May 13th and ending on May 23rd. The weekly sessions continued under Gerry Brown and Dave Deane who did a fine job of

## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

letting the beginners put into practice what they had learnt during the first eight weeks and by the end of the summer those who had attended regularly were now climbing the harder pitches and enjoying it.

As a result of Byron's rescue training we now have 12 men in the district with a basic knowledge of rescue technique from high angle rock who could be called upon if needed. At the last two sessions we were treated to an exhibition of the technique of raising and lowering a man laced in a rope basket on a 120 foot face.

Jim Street of South Slocan is co-ordinator of the team and liaison has been established with the R.C.M.P.

As last year June turned out to be "Mulvey Trail Cutting Month". Every weekend an assortment of people and tools would be found at different locations along the trail. We are very grateful to Bob Dean and his chain saw and to his group of high school boys who did such a fine day's job on the trail.

In order to get a good day's work done higher up it was found best to camp about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles up the trail. Christened "Camp Kipper" after the kippers that some members insisted on bringing and cooking for breakfast. Several very pleasant Saturday evenings were spent round the fire at this spot after a hard day's work with a machete or what have you. The trail is now roughed through to the head wall but there still remains a good deal to be done and next year we feel we will need to organise things a little more and put people to work on specific stretches of the trail.

We were truly delighted when Byron Olson, Rick Askey and Bob Dean made good use of the trail to make the third ascent of Mt. Gladheim 9' 275 ft. (first and second ascents from a helicopter camp in next valley). It was a tough trip for two day weekend and they all agreed that without the trail they never would have attempted it.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

Besides being a mountain hard of access it is also a mountain in its own right giving the climber a taste of everything his heart desires and being by no means "an easy day for a lady".

During the months of July, August and September there was a Section trip scheduled every two weeks. Due to the very co-operative weather this summer only one trip was cancelled, the Paupo Creek trip which was snowed out. This trip seems to be jinxed as the same thing happened last year but we will keep trying for a luckier date. On the Wolf Lake trip the party failed to reach their objective owing to being on the wrong ridge in the dense fog, but nevertheless had a most enjoyable day's hike.

Especially successful were the trips to Whitewater Creek when Mt. Brennan 9' 514 ft. and Whitewater Mountain 9' 095 ft. were climbed in glorious weather and the trip to Silver Spray Creek in Kokanee Glacier Park where the entire ridge of Mt. McQuarrie 8' 819 ft. and Sunrise Mountain was traversed and the fast disappearing Caribou Glacier was observed.

And of course there was the old standby, the annual trip to the Slocan Chief Cabin 6' 600 ft. Here we were able to hold a snow school which has been immortalized in the cabin record book by Chris Penn with his delightful caricatures.

Much of the success of these trips was due to the leaders who took time off before-hand to clean out a trail, build a lean-to shelter and leave a car when it was planned to do a traverse of the route.

Four Section members attended the Alpine Club of Canada's Annual Camp at Glacier Lake. They returned with glowing reports of a wonderful week spent in climbing the fine mountains and enjoying the congenial company of their fellow mountaineers.

## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

On the weekend of September 17th, 17 members turned out for what seems to be becoming the annual work party and wood cutting bee at the Slocan Chief Cabin. Art Waters again directed the work which consisted of tying the walls together with cables strung the width of the cabin under the ceiling and tightened with turn buckles. When the ceiling was put in and the rafters raised, it was felt that the basic construction of the cabin had been weakened, but now this has been rectified and we will all sleep better this winter after a heavy snow fall, knowing that this work has been done.

From the record book it is estimated that a good 400 people have used the cabin this year no doubt partly because of the improved conditions and partly because of the increasing popularity of the area. While we are delighted that more and more people are enjoying this lovely Alpine Country we could wish that they could take a few lessons in Good Housekeeping. At the end of the summer the condition of the cabin and the surrounding area left much to be desired.

The Kootenay Section could not help but be distressed when it was announced that Kokanee Glacier Park was to be down-graded from a Class A Park to Class B, thus making it possible for mining and logging to be carried on in the Park. Strong protest was made to the Government on behalf of the Section and it is hoped that all members wrote to their member of Parliament giving their views.

The Section was very happy to sponsor Hans Gmoser and his excellent film "Roving Skis", with a showing both in Trail and Nelson. Members are to be congratulated on a fine job of selling advance tickets which contributed to making this venture a success.

Ski talk is the order of the day and with the Ski touring schedule made up we are looking forward to a fine season on the untracked slopes. Last year saw a

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

number of people trying this out who had never done it before and wishing they had not left it so long. I would urge everyone planning to ski tour to get good advice with regard to equipment and to adhere faithfully to the neccessary items list at the back of the Karabiner. May I wish you the pleasure of climbing mountains in the warm spring sunshine, with eight feet of snow beneath you covering up the boulders and underbrush and making the travelling very pleasant even if it is up hill, and at the end of that glorious run down there once again will be those "Darling buds of May" to greet you.

Helen Butling,  
Chairman, Kootenay Section,  
The Alpine Club of Canada.



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

## EASTER AT KOKANEE

By Harry A. Connolly

Nineteen skiers, members of the Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club and their friends, spent four wonderful days of the Easter Holidays at the Slocan Chief Cabin by Kokanee Glacier in the winter wonderland of Kokanee Provincial Park. Amongst the group (which included four energetic ladies) were enthusiasts from Trail, Castlegar, Nelson, Kamloops and Calgary.

I am, myself, from Calgary along with my two companions, Neville (Shute) Bothwell, and Larry Adamache. I was fortunate to have received an invitational, some two weeks previous, from Dave Parfitt, to make the trip and also fortunate that we had all been able to get time off from our work. Accordingly, we had all piled into my "wagon" Thursday noon and arrived at Nelson at Midnight. Dave had had the foresight to give me Helen Butling's telephone number and we spent a comfortable night due to Helen's hospitality (as far as I could make out, three strangers arriving at such an inopportune time was no problem), Thank you, Helen.

Bright and early Friday morning, we ate breakfast and piled out on the lawn to admire the view, the day was bright and sunny with a fairly strong breeze blowing. The rest of the party arrived in due time and the helicopter flew over on the first trip into the cabin.

Eagerly, after loading an old tin stove into the back of one of the cars, everyone drove down to Kokanee Beach and the loading area. It was an incongruous feeling to be standing in the warm sunshine, on a sand beach, watching fishermen launch their boats, yet be wearing ski boots and carrying skis. Soon the 'copter came back and swooped in for a landing. (It took me three days to get the last of the sand out of my hair, and my hair is pretty thin up top, at that). The helicopter was a three place Hiller piloted by Don McKenzie of Okanagan Helicopters. Two by two, the group were ferried up to the glacier. The round trip seemed to take about thirty-five minutes. I flew in alone with the pilot as he also

## EASTER AT KOKANEE Continued:

carried the cargo sling beneath the 'copter on this trip.

I guess helicopter pilots are not really ~~tachiturn~~, its just that they can't hear anything above the noise of the engine. The flight in was very interesting, the 'copter wove back and forth across Kokanee Creek gaining altitude and then hugged the South side of the Valley just above the trees, using the rising air currents as an aid in climbing. As Neville confided to me later, at first one wondered where all the snow was but a couple of miles up the valley, the snow started to show and soon we were chop-chopping along above an alpine wonderland. I found myself guessing whether this rock, or that one, was the cabin. Soon we were climbing over the "hump" and I recognized parts of the park that I had seen last summer when driving and climbing in from Kaslo. The cabin, when I finally spotted it, was picturesquely tucked in the trees and entirely to my liking. The pilot flew down, released his sling of boxes and slid down to a neat landing on the little flat (possibly a small pond) below the cabin. Immediately, we had released our skis and gear from the landing skids the pilot flew off. The half dozen or so skiers already at the cabin plunged down through the snow and after a bit of heavy breathing, we had the provisions up at the cabin. The weather was nothing short of perfect. The snow was firm, a ski supporting crust with a couple of inches of powder.

Everyone, except the writer, seemed to have a purpose in helping set up the cabin but we stumbled around getting in the way, anyhow. For anyone who hasn't seen this cabin, it is a two-storey affair with large eating, cooking, etc. room on the main floor and a sleeping room upstairs.

It took the helicopter more than five hours to transport everyone in but by the middle of the afternoon, everyone had arrived. Not long after arriving, a few of us strapped in our skis, and took off for a few ski runs. Speaking for myself, I found the snow condi-

## EASTER AT KOKANEE Continued:

tions so good and the weather and scenery so exhilarating, that on returning down to the cabin I shouted for Nev and Larry to hurry up and come up with me for another run. My noisiness in that still space quite shocked me and I quietened down. I think this should indicate how perfect everything seemed for I am not a stranger to skiing or to climbing in the Rockies.

The rest of the afternoon was spent by all of us making short climbing and skiing trips about the cabin. The three of us from Calgary became fatally enamoured with the beautiful bowl like slope immediately behind the cabin and up to Smuggler's Ridge.

Sometime, I am not sure when, while the rest of us were skiing (I am certain she was skiing quite a bit also) Helen Butling waved a wand over the little wood stove in the cabin and out popped a darned good complete ham dinner. The meal was served with wine in candlelight. After the dishes were washed Neville and I could not resist climbing up the hill for a last run and then just one more. Over a hot rum night cap, a pleasant sing song was held and we all retired for the night.

The next morning, Saturday, dawned to an overcast sky and dry snow falling. After a hearty breakfast, we again sallied forth. Groups climbed up to the Glacier on the Battleship, others took off for Outlook Mountain. We three from Calgary, being decidedly down-hill enthusiasts, energetically set about earning the title of Yo-Yo's. We skied the ridge behind the cabin all day. The snow was a very good powder about six inches in depth. Neville was quite sold on the product and as he skies very stylishly, it was a picture to see him swinging down. The weather, particularly the visibility, forced most of the others to turn back short of their objectives but soon a chorus of yodels heralded their approach and they could be seen barrelling home like a happy bunch of coyotes. The rest of the day was spent closer to home. Just about the last run of the day,

## EASTER AT KOKANEE Continued:

made by Don Vogel of Kamloops, was a spectacular schuss down from the cornice above the cabin. Again, Helen produced a meal fit for such endeavours, this time roast beef. After supper, I, for one, was in bed and sound asleep very early.

On Sunday morning the weather was atrocious to anyone except a skier. Blowing snow, poor visibility and fairly cold. Two separate parties started on their way out at 7.00 a.m. reducing the bunch to 13. Again the true touring members of the group took off. Most of them, headed by Dave Parfitt, took off to see what the V-notch between the Pyramid and the Battleship looked like while Rick Askew and his companion tackled Outlook Mountain again. We three from Calgary were now totally in love with our ridge and stayed put.

Everyone achieved their respective goals. Rick Askew and his friend (I must apologize for not being able to recall all the names of those present, however, all were good company) set off again for a pass to the West of the cabin and returned successfully. Helen's crowning glory at the end of the day was nothing less than a roast turkey. Served with wine, in the light of many candles, the meal was indeed festive. Incidentally, as any of you who have been fortunate enough to accompany her know, Helen does not spend all her time cooking. Somewhere she finds enough time to go along with the rest to the top of the peaks, not once, but twice in a day.

To mention our group, we spent the evening packing and receiving directions as to the way out down Kokanee Creek. We all remember being told "stay to the right of the creek after it leaves the lakes". Due to the length of drive home awaiting us, it had been decided that we three should leave alone at 7.00 the next morning. Once more, after a hot toddy, we retired to a sound sleep.

## EASTER AT KOKANEE Continued:

Friday morning was, if anything, worse than Sunday as far as the weather was concerned. After breakfast, we three said goodbye to those remaining (we certainly hope to be lucky enough to see all of them again under the same conditions) and skied off up the gentle slope to the saddle at the top of the lakes. Skiing new unknown country in fog, and snow, in conditions occasionally reaching full "white outs" was quite intriguing. Crossing the lakes the occasional thin patch in the fog allowed a glimpse of the immense cliffs overhanging us. We were impressed! We were alright while Neville led us across the lakes. At the top of the Creek, I was in the lead and just like a bucket of water, I headed down the creek instead of keeping to the right bank. Darned if it didn't become a regular canyon full of water falls, snow cones, huge snow mushrooms and the lot. We gave it a good try but soon we had to give it up and inched our way out up the left wall of the gully.

We then found ourselves on a large avalanche slope leading down to the open valley below us. It was a much happier threesome who reached the easier going at the bottom. Once by the lower lakes and onto the road, the snow began to soften and the weather to ease up. However, the going was quite good. The snow petered out a couple of miles from the main road and the last part of the trip was accomplished packing the skis on our shoulders. The trip from the cabin to the road took us five and three quarter hours.

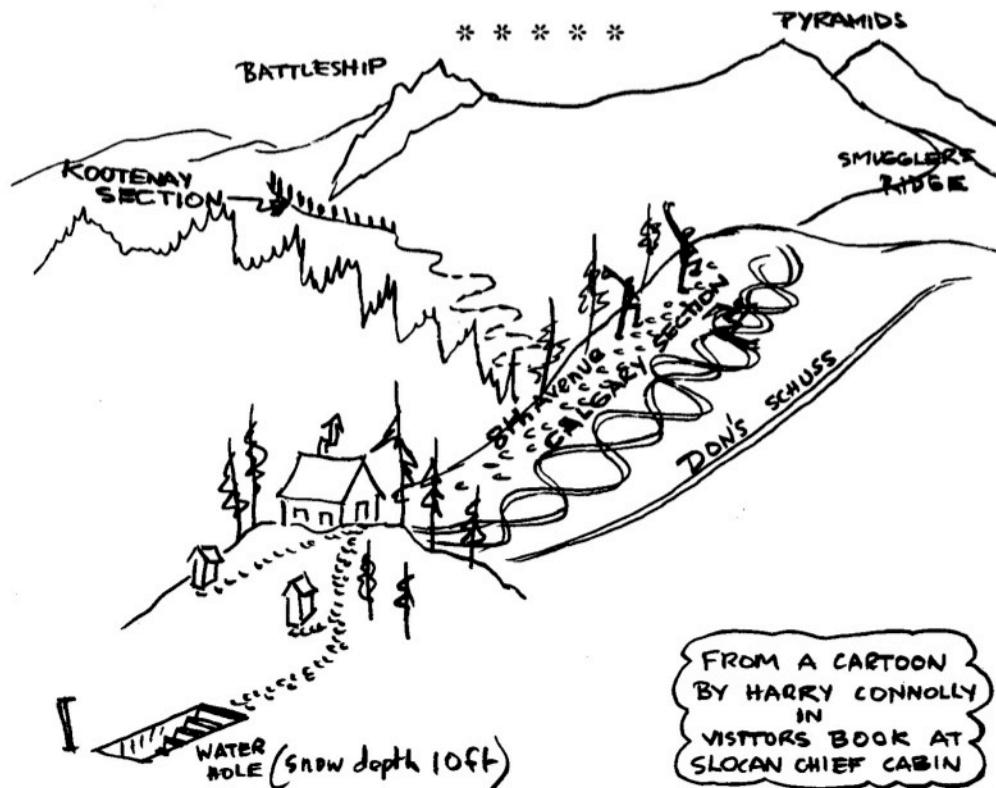
As an interesting aside, we met four or five young (12 or 13 years old) lads hiking in on snow shoes with packs and skis on their backs headed for the Slocan Chief Cabin. They said that they did not expect to make it in one day. I certainly felt admiration for this display of initiative and sincerely hoped that they would not have any trouble with the numerous snow slides which we had ourselves crossed on the way out.

## EASTER AT KOKANEE Continued:

Needless to say it was a tired, scruffy looking threesome that reached Calgary at 1.00 a.m. on Tuesday morning. But what an Easter was had by all at Kokanee 1965!

I received a welcome note from Helen Butling the other day, asking that I write this article for the Karabiner. Helen stated that everyone made it out fine in six hours.

Congratulations to the Kootenay Section for such a well handled outing.



## MA PREMIÈRE VISITE AU KOKANEEPARK Par Claudine Dubois

C'est avec plaisir que je vous raconte de cette magnifique région. La montée depuis Joker Mill Sites s'est passée le soir à 10.<sup>00</sup> h et la nuit était claire. Derrière nous on voyait la vallée pleine de sapins et à droite, tout près, les rochers "Sawtooth", sauvages et illuminés par la lune. Un aspect, accompagné par une tranquillité magnifique, qui me semblais étranges. Aussitôt que nous sommes arrivés sur les prés, la lune nous brillait dans les yeux et nous avons fait une petite pause pour considérer ce beau paysage. Soudain j'ai vu le lac "Spirit Lake" qui était tranquille comme une glace, qui me semblait vraiment d'après son nom. Au chalet, qui s'appelle "Slocan Chief", nous attendait un bon café chaud, car il y avait déjà beaucoup de monde.

Le lendemain j'ai constaté que cette belle maisonnette est posée au milieu de grands sapins, tandis que tout au tour la forêt est brûlée aussi loin qu'on peut voir. On m'a raconté que pendant cette grande incendie on n'a pu sauver que le "Slocan Chief". Tous les animaux sont venus sur ce coin pour se réfugier du feu et la peur faisait, qu'ils ne se touchaient pas.

Ce qui me manque dans les montagnes canadiennes sont les vaches et les chalets comme on les voit en Suisse. Je le trouve plus dur à estimer les distances et il me semble vraiment d'être au milieu des montagnes et loin des villages et routes. Et c'est bien la raison pour laquelle les canadiens doivent monter leurs Alpes autrement que les suisses. En Suisse on a toujours un bon chemin, une possibilité de rencontrer d'autres gens, trouver un chalet où on peut avoir du lait ou du fromage. Finallement on a la sûreté que dans les vallées de chaque côtés il y a un train ou alors un autobus qui nous rentre à la maison. Un Suisse qui voit une illustration d'une vallée canadienne, pense immédiatement que c'est presque comme en Suisse. Mais soudain il demande : "Est-ce qu'il n'y a personne par là ? Je ne vois pas une seule maison." Il ne peut pas comprendre que les gens habitent que dans les villes.

## MA PREMIÈRE VISITE AU KOKANEEPARK Suite:

Nous sommes montés au glacier, il faisait un temps magnifique et j'admirais la vue là-haut! Après avoir mangé quelque chose sous le "Giant Kneecap", la descente commençait, ce que je regrettai plus tard.

Tout de même il faisait beau de retourner au chalet et se mettre autour du feu. C'est toujours un beau moment d'être au chaud, fatigué mais bien nourri en discutant du jour passé. J'aime bien cette atmosphère joyeuse et je crois tout le monde l'admirer.

Alors les amis français, si vous voulez passer une belle fin de semaine: Visitez le "Slocan Chief", peut-être nous pouvons faire connaissance!

\* \* \* \* \*



## SUMMER CAMP 1965 - A Very Personal Record

by Michael Stewart

There were the usual facetious farewells from friends and workmates: "If you get stuck, don't expect me to come and get you"; "Why can't you be like other people and go to Vancouver for a big drunk?"; "Have you given any thought as to who should take over if you don't come back?"; and from the Boss "If you have a few minutes before your train goes, I'd like to discuss a couple of things with you". That last one was nearly fatal and I was still "discussing" as I backed out of his office. However, a loyal friend was waiting in a car with a warm engine and my bags already loaded and we made our bizarre entrance at the Terrace railway station just as the eastbound train arrived. Packsack, externally-slung boots and ice-axe provide challenging diversions when one is trying to negotiate the corridor of a swaying coach and some of my fellow-passengers received wounds which will leave them disfigured for life.

Jasper was only twenty hours away and there was Helen to meet me as arranged. It was great to see a Kootenay face and especially this one. Friends who had travelled separately by car arrived at the start of the trail at the exact moment that we did - things were really going well. A delightful hike in to camp with the inevitable stop to brew-up and wet a line at Glacier Lake while the billy boiled. Could that really be thirteen miles, it felt more like nine? The peaks of Mons and Division greeted us; Mons withdrawn and elegant, Division saving its best side for our climb the following week.

The Camp looked cheerful and well laid out and, what's more, it was proudly sporting a Canadian Flag. A flurry of greetings, a panicky search for forgotten names, the quick business with Cam - which tent, who are the tent-mates, what time is supper, how's the climbing - and we were right back where we were one,

## SUMMER CAMP 1965 Continued:

two or twenty years ago. One lurking doubt: we didn't seem to climb much on that trail - and in fact we hadn't - so these were going to be pretty long days with base-camp at only 4' 700 feet. Better make tomorrow an easy day, and Helen agreed, so we put in for Arctomys, affectionately known as The Arctic Mouse which, at 9' 175 feet, was "a pleasant climb for ladies" (and soft types from offices). The climb gave us our first look at the High Camp in its flower-strewn meadow and with its stupendous views of the Forbes group. We decided there and then that we would like to spend the whole week at High Camp but this would hardly have suited the organizers and, besides, it was no use as a base for the peaks on the other side of the Glacier River. The top (one hesitates to use the word "summit" for this one, even though there was a most extravagant cairn on top) of Arctomys gave a splendid view of the Valley of the Lakes and the Lyell Peaks which we decided to climb later in the week. The trip down from High Camp was a good trial for the knees, being a steep drop from 7' 300 to 4' 700 feet. Creaking, rattling and stiffening were first felt in silence, then complained about, but it was good to discover all these new muscles.

Back at base-camp and how did the Forbes party make out, and the Mons group and are the Lyell bunch back yet? Someone said it was a six-mile hike across the Lyell Glacier before you start up the peaks and that, when you come to do the six miles on the way back, the snow is so soft that you sink in above your knees. Who suggested we should climb the Lyells? The Camp-fires, as usual, provided diverting accounts of the day's happenings, the most priceless of all being Dick Thompson's story of his party's return along the ridge from the summit of Cambrai. They were, it seems, traversing the glacier when the leader of the first rope, Dave Fisher, suddenly disappeared to his waist in a crevasse. Dick, at number two, dredged his memory for the appropriate rescue procedures and came up with the golden rule (credited to Sylvia Evans) "Always take a picture".

## SUMMER CAMP 1965 Continued:

While Dick fumbled for his camera, Dave disappeared completely, thus thwarting Dick's efforts at heroics. "Fortunately, the leader of the second rope knew exactly what to do, he rushed up to the edge of the big hole and started saying soothing things to Dave". The victim, meanwhile, struggled bravely to the surface despite his rescuers and thus concluded a classic mountain rescue. Below the glacier a knife-edge ridge with fairly loose rocks had to be negotiated. The parties found that they were unable to avoid sending small showers of rocks down one side or the other. Since the ridge formed the Alberta-B.C. border and, knowing the bitterness of provincial rivalries, the climbers were careful to match every falling rock sent down on Mr. Bennett's side with one for Mr. Manning.

It really was a six-mile hike across the Lyell Glacier to the Lyell Peaks and it really was pretty soft by the time we returned from the top but the conditions were perfect and we made the best time of any party at the camp. The day had started inauspiciously enough at 3 a.m. with a ferocious concoction made by Bruce Fraser as a substitute for fruit juice. Fried canned bacon and scrambled eggs and coffee, together with the delightful atmosphere of High Camp, restored our outraged senses and, from then on, nothing went wrong. Eleven hours later, a little tired and very thirsty, we were back at High Camp, having climbed Lyell One and Two at 11'200 and 11'300 feet respectively.

The weekend saw the arrival of two more Kootenay faces, belonging to Jim Street and Dave Parfitt. Dave's face turned out to be attached to a formidable pair of legs and he distinguished himself by joining the last party to climb Forbes, the big challenge of that group. Forbes is a long climb from Base Camp, involving an ascent (and descent) of over 7'000 feet. The peak is a long, steep slope of snow over ice and the snow had been decaying progressively throughout the period of

## SUMMER CAMP 1965 Continued:

the camp. This is a most worthy climb and Dave is to be congratulated on making it during his first Alpine Club Camp.

The last climb for Helen and myself was Division Peak, unexpectedly beautiful from behind and offering superb views of the elegant Mons. Our day was again perfect and we were able, despite the distance, to watch the parties on nearly all the other peaks. (The only party we could not see turned out to have climbed the wrong mountain, perhaps by mistake but, more likely, because it looked more interesting).

Snow, ice and rocks schools were again held, but one feels that there is some reluctance to stage these vital courses. Perhaps they are less interesting for the guides but for the newer members they are essential and even the oldtimers can learn something from them. Few Sections have the local availability of rock that is found throughout the Kootenays, nor, I suspect, is the enthusiasm and dedication to training of the Koote..nay members entirely general throughout the Club. For these reasons the Annual Camps may offer to some mem- bers their best, if not their only, chance to take in- struction in the techniques for rock or snow or ice. I very much hope and would strongly recommend that these schools be given a planned and prominent place in the programmes of future Annual Camps.

We left Glacier Lake, with regret, on July 28. We had spent seven days in impressive company and I, for one, was glad that I had not climbed Mons which now loomed, just as mysteriously, over our departing steps. Our friends, whom we had introduced to the Club, pro- nounced it the finest holiday they had spent in many years and resolved to come again, next year. One ice- axe was nearly, but not quite, virgin, as it had been used to fell a monster thistle in some vague and prick- ly botanical endeavour (inspired and smiled upon, of course, by Phyl Munday). A hot, parched hike to the cars.

## SUMMER CAMP 1965 Continued:

We all avoided any reference to the beer which was awaiting us in the trunk, but we thought of little else. A wonderful week; now for a leisurely camping trip home and, next year, with luck....

\* \* \* \*



## SOMETIMES TWO IS A CROWD

By Bob Dean

August 18th 1965. One day, for a change, I decided to go fishing, so, driving up Enterprise Creek, I parked the car at the usual spot and hiked into Tanal Lake. As you may know just before reaching the lake the trail crosses a section of higher ground and here I paused to look around. There ahead on the trail below me was a bear, moving rather restlessly away from me. I realized from the sheen on its coat and the slight hump on its back that it was a grizzly. As it was just disappearing from sight I whistled: it stood bolt upright, partially hidden behind a tree. This made me a little apprehensive so just to scare it off I shouted "Bang!", and it ran - but the wrong way - straight back towards me!!! Alone on a trail with a 50 yard start - it was alarming and I think I set a 100 yard record over windfalls and oddments that lay on the trail, but thinking it would be useless to keep running I stopped and looked around for a climbable tree. There was none. I waited for several minutes then putting on my padded jacket and taking my pocket knife in hand I cautiously began approaching the lake once more - my friend may have taken off up the mountainside and I still wanted to fish. No sign of the bear as I neared the campsite at the lake and then I saw them - a few yards away - one was nosing around at the camp and the other was walking back along the trail towards me - I didn't wait, just ran. Imagination perhaps but for a hundred yards or so I fancied I heard a panting behind me.

Some day I shall go fishing to Tanal Lake.

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## MOUNT FORBES - A CLIMB FROM GLACIER LAKE CAMP

By David Parfitt

Mount Forbes is located five miles southeast of Glacier Lake in the Mistaya area of the Canadian Rockies, its height, according to the latest maps, is 11'852 feet.

We left Glacier Lake A.C.C. Camp at 3.45 a.m. as dawn broke under a sky filled with high cloud. There were five in the party, Jack Cade, leading the climb, Scipio Merler, Sam Zahl, John Schoon and myself. A previously scheduled climb had been cancelled due to heavy rain during the night followed by a reasonably fine day and it had since been decided to commence climbs despite threatening weather.

The pleasant warmth of slight exertion seeped through our bodies as we walked along the trail to the bridge over the Glacier River, a mile upstream from camp. An interesting bridge of spans of logs supported on boulders intermixed with steppingstones, it crossed the river at its widest and shallowest point, with some respite from the careful balancing involved provided by a low island of alluvial mud between two of the spans. The water was low at this time of day and we crossed without incident.

From the river we started to gain altitude, first on open hillside, but soon along a dried-up creek bed in a small ravine. The trail gained several hundred feet of elevation along the creek-bed, then switchbacked to the left and climbed steeply through the bush to the end of a lateral moraine which, extending from the tongue of the Mons Glacier, provided an excellent trail along its ridge. We were in high spirits, for the weather showed no signs of deteriorating.

The tongue of the Mons Glacier is contained in a narrow valley and the moraine which we were following terminated on the hillside as the valley closed in. Our peak was visible from this point, standing aloofly in

## MOUNT FORBES Continued:

the background at the head of the North Glacier, between the rocky summit ridge of F3 and a ridge surmounted by some awe-inspiring gendarmes running North from its own shoulder.

We were now on the flank of Division Mountain and had to climb a short way up its side, grassy at this point, before we could traverse the side of the valley, to bring us back onto the Mons Glacier where its slope was slight enough for an easy crossing. The glacier was completely free of snow at this level, the ice laced with small channels of water and the footing tricky enough to decide John and myself to use crampons, in my case after a fall which gave me a small cut on the palm of the hand.

Five hundred yards of this and we were on the sloping, glaciated rock below the North Glacier. The distance between the two glaciers is about half a mile at present, though they obviously united in the past. Half way up the rock Jack called a halt for a sandwich and so fill water bottles, then we proceeded to the foot of the glacier and roped up, using two 120 foot ropes joined together.

Heavily smeared with glacier cream and wearing jackets, hats, gloves and goggles we plodded slowly up the glacier, which we found seamed in every direction by crevasses. The snow was fairly soft and after a while we stopped to remove our crampons. By the time we spread out and sat down in the snow to replace crampons and take some more refreshment.

Forbes now towered above us, a smooth steep snow face broken by a few areas of rock. Evidence of a small snow slide at its foot indicated its steepness. We crossed the bergschrund without difficulty and commenced to zig-zag up the face. The whine of rocks hurtling down the face at tremendous velocity alerted us to this dan-

## MOUNT FORBES Continued:

ger. The slope became steeper and Jack asked Scipio to take the lead at the first place suitable for changing positions. Such a level spot, however, did not appear and the change of position was accomplished on the steep face.

At the 10' 500 foot level the slope became extremely steep and Scipio, who had been climbing with ice axe in one hand and ice screw in the other, started placing ice screws which were removed by John Schoon, who was bringing up the rear. A short traverse to the right brought us to the steep chute between outcrops of rock which resembled an inverted arrow head when seen from the summit of F3. We were now only 500 feet from the top, the sun had been shining almost continuously since we left the col and the snow on the more level summit ridge was quite soft.

The summit was gained at 1.00 p.m. and left almost immediately. Jubilantly we shook hands and took photographs then left with only a hasty look around as the rapidly softening snow was cause for concern. Already it was tending to "ball" on our crampons. We had a short rest stop on the rocks forming the snow chute which gave us a chance to observe the party on F2 traversing its summit ridge and resumed our downward path. Jack Cade, leading the way, carrying the 300 foot rappel rope, which we planned to use as a handline for additional security on the steepest part of the route. Several times on the way down Jack called "Is this it?", to which Scipio, at the other end of the rope, replied "Not yet, keep going", and so we completed the descent without using the rope, Jack declaring himself the victim of a ruse to make him carry it.

Most of the way down we faced out but some of us tried the "facing in" technique demonstrated by Scipio on the steepest section. The last few hundred feet was extremely soft and we moved very carefully over it. Back down at the col we stopped for a late lunch, basking in the afternoon sun.

## MOUNT FORBES Continued:

We sank knee deep at every step on the North Glacier but the tedium was relieved by an amusing incident. Jack had just finished telling Sam Zahl, in second place on the rope, his preferred method of arresting a leader's fall into a crevasse, when he disappeared. Sam's arrest was excellent, stopping Jack's fall just below the rim of the crevasse. He yelled for an ice axe to be placed under the rope and when this was done was quickly hauled out.

The remainder of the trip back to camp was uneventful except for the river crossing where the water level had risen sufficiently to cover the stepping-stones and wading was necessary. The intensely cold water made arrival at the far bank a real pleasure and seated comfortably on a rock replacing boots it was easy to laugh with indifference to the misfortunes of those following. One member of a different party returning at the same time made a spirited attempt to cross at high speed guessing at the position of the stepping stones and was more than half way across before he slipped and fell sideways into the icy water.

We arrived back in camp at 6.30 p.M., our minds full of impressions which will be recalled as memories of a most enjoyable climb.

\* \* \* \*



By C.J. Penn

"Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery."

- John Ruskin

"Scenery is fine - but human nature is finer."

- Keats

"Mountains are more beautiful than those who climb them."

- H.W. Tilman, AJ V61\*

- - - -

"Never measure the height of a mountain until you have reached the top. Then you will see how low it was."

- Dag Hammerskjold

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THEN: "As the strokes of midnight were clanging from the Campanile at Sondrio, a carriage rolled heavily into the courtyard of the Hotel della Madde-lena....."

- E.S. Kennedy

"The Ascent of Monte della Disgrazia"  
1862, Volume One, The Alpine Journal\*

NOW: "As the engine rose to an ear-splitting scream and the great jet began its run down the tarmac, I chewed on the piece of gum issued on take-off and thought how it all began."

- D. Whillans

"The Ascent of Aiguille Poincenot"  
1962, Volume Sixty-seven, The Alpine Journal\*

- - - -

ARTICLESContinued:

First Skier: "Say, have you any silver?"  
 Second Skier, absently: "Sorry, I've only a dollar bill!"

- - - - -

"The mountains of British Columbia, a compact archipelago of lofty islands in a turbulent ocean of conifers."

- V. Coverley-Price

"An Artist Among Mountains" quoted in AJ V38\*

- - - - -

"The snow on a half-buried chalet suggests a kind hand laid softly on a sick man's brows."

- Leslie Stephen

"The Playground of Europe"

- - - - -

LUNN THE SKI RACER:

"It is plain silly to criticise skiers for being interested in competitive skiing."

"Modern ski-racing is an exacting test of courage, skill and endurance."

LUNN THE SKI-MOUNTAINEER:

"The ski-tourer soon learns to recognise a wide range of snows, but this glorious variety of snow surfaces does not exist for the racer....."

"The hard-beaten snow of a race course is the easiest, dullest and deadest of all snow surfaces."

- Arnold Lunn

"Switzerland and the English" 1944\*

- - - - -

"How do porcupines make love?"

"Carefully"

\* \* \*

ALONE OR WITH WHOM?

"To climb with a friend is a pleasure;  
to climb alone is an education"

- Count Henry Russell

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"There is nothing which has been so severely dealt with, condemned in such unqualified terms, as solitary climbing."

"I consider that no one should wander alone who has not had a long and careful apprenticeship."

"I would advise no one to ski alone."

"But there is one thing that I think should be condemned, which as a rule escapes any adverse comment. That is, lack of care in the making up of parties and in the assignment of leadership. Good-nature towards an uncertain climber, shown in including him in a party, may mean entire disregard of the safety of all. No organiser of a serious climb should allow personal considerations to induce him to invite an incompetent friend to join; nor should a (false) sense of etiquette cause him to cede the post of leader to another when he knows that the safety of the party may be thereby endangered. I think that it is in this direction, in the formation and discipline of guideless parties, that criticism can do most good; death dogs the steps of many a party of three or four, when the wary old wanderer pursues his solitary way in comparative safety."

- Walter Larden in  
"Recollections of an old Mountaineer"

\* \* \* \*

## GLACIAL EFFECTS ON MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE

By J. Oswald

Glaciers have formed by the compaction of snow till it is near the density of ice. Its density increases but the air content prevents it from being a compact as ice. Glacial ice flows either by compressing to a highly viscose liquid, or by breaking in crevasse lines which later re-join by regelation.

Most glaciers are receding, that is the front part is melting back and the thickness is decreasing. With some glaciers recession seems to have been very rapid during the recent part of this interglacial period. This is evident at Freshfield Glacier for example, where a distinct border exists between gravel without vegetation and a line above which there is a forest of fairly large trees.

The rugged beauty of the mountains is largely a result of glacial action, and geomorphologists have given exotic names to various ice carved features of the landscape. A "cirque" is an amphitheatre-like basin found most frequently at the head of a valley. These basins had been filled with ice which plucked the rock out, enlarging the cirque. Cirques which do not have ice in them at present and have steep headwalls with no talus suggest that ice had transported rock as it broke pieces away from the mountain. One theory states that the steep headwall, such as those at the head of Mulvey Creek, is formed by the plucking of rock at the base of a crevasse, called a bergschrund, which is commonly found at the head of a cirque glacier. Just below the cirque headwall is usually a "basin" extending to a riser of bedrock called its threshold.

In this basin are found many small cirque lakes or tarns. An example of such basin and threshold is the basin containing Mulvey Lakes with the threshold consisting of the formidable headwall near the end of Mulvey trail.

A very distinctive glacially modified feature is

## GLACIAL EFFECTS ON MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE Continued:

the "glacial trough". This is a long valley which extends from the cirque threshold. It was originally carved by a river and had a V shaped cross-section. Glacial action has changed this to a U shaped cross-section. A perfect example of the glacial trough is the valley of Keen Creek as one views it from the hill on Joker Mill-site trail into Kokanee.

Glacial troughs usually have side valleys joining them discordantly, that is with their floors higher than the floor of the trough. Streams in these side valleys, called "hanging valleys", will spray over the cliff portion as a waterfall. The main valley trough has been carved down more rapidly by its larger glacier.

Besides the glacially carved features of the landscape there are the depositional features formed by the transporting of rock fragments by the glacier. "Moraines" are depositional features which result from such glacial transporting. "End moraines" are gravel and boulder deposits formed at the end of a glacier when the ice front remains static and debris is transported downward and dropped off its end. "Lateral moraines" are gravel and boulder deposits along the sides of the glacier built up by rock falling from the valley sides above the glacier. "Medial moraines" are long roadways of gravel leading down the middle part of the glacier.

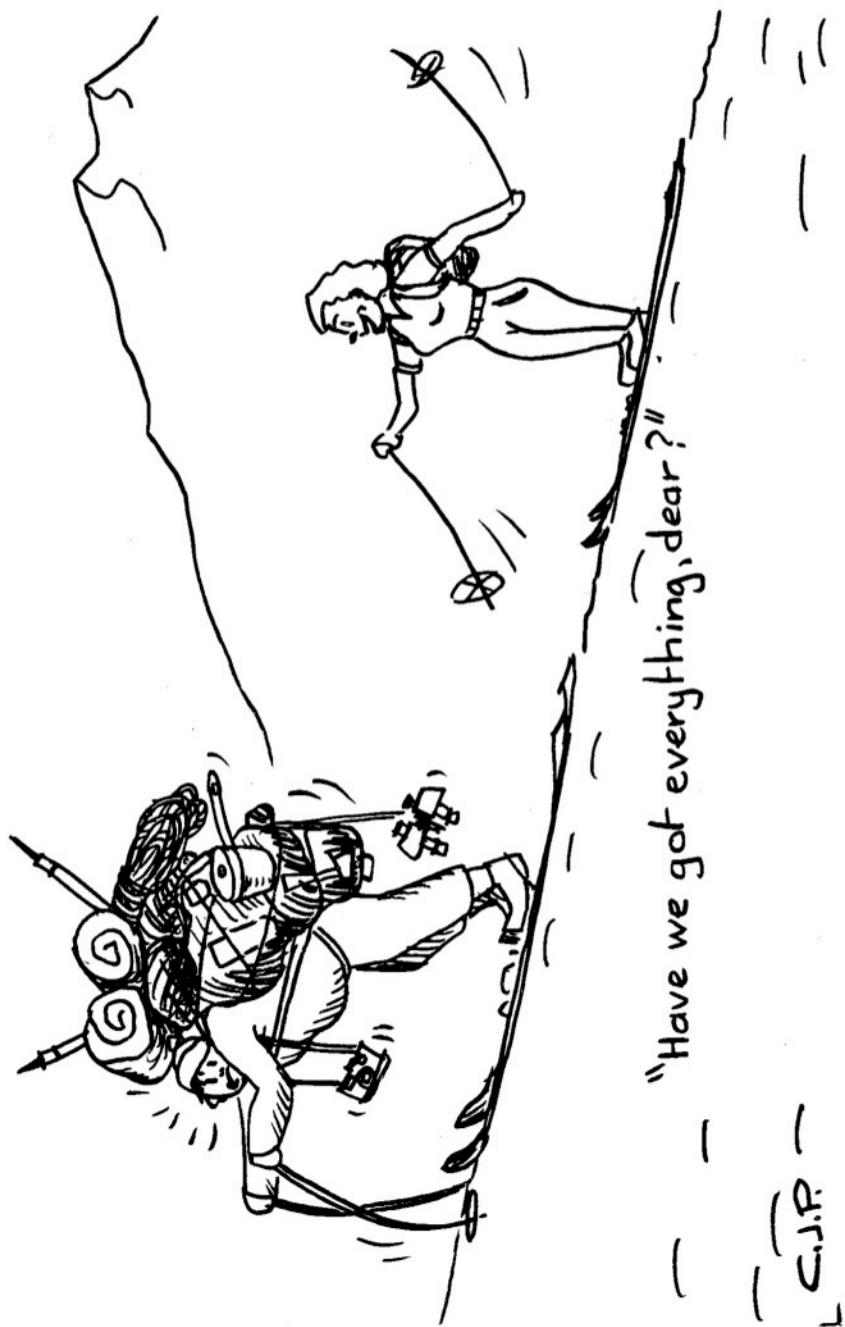
Many features of the present landscape are the result of glacial activity thousands of years ago. At present these features are covered with vegetation and are not obvious as glacial features. One such feature is the "esker", a sinuous ridge of gravel which resulted from the filling in of a stream channel under the glacier. "Kame terraces" are gravel banks that formed when gravel was filling in depressions along the side of a glacier. After the glacier melted, the gravel banks left. Such terraces are obvious along the Okanagan Lake. The terraces near Castlegar might be due to this same cause.

## GLACIAL EFFECTS ON MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE Continued:

Hikes in the mountain terrain can provide a great deal of interest if one observes and tries to explain the origin of landscape features.

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## ARE OUR MOUNTAINS UNIMAGINATIVELY NAMED? By C.J. Penn

Robson, Waddington, Logan, Farnham, Tiedemann, Cooper, Abbott, Pambrun, Sir Sandford, Templeman, Dawson, Sir Donald, Findlay, Stockdale, Chapman, Gordon Horne, Fisher, Callaghan, Inniswood, Tupper, Lefroy, Slesse.....

Who remembers who these people were? How many care? Perhaps only the experts. Nobody is sure who Robson was, yet the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies is named after him. Waddington was a not-very-successful roadbuilder who may never have seen the mountain named after him. Every year the map of our mountains looks more and more like a telephone directory.

Garibaldi, Clemenceau, Eisenhower, Kennedy, even Stalin is commemorated upon our mountain tops. Not to mention the ever-lengthening list of prime ministers. Who will be next? Diefenbaker? Pearson? Bennett? How long before they too are forgotten? Does any politician deserve such a magnificent monument, asked a famous climber recently. Does any mountain deserve to be so badly named? Is this only a rather cheap way for politicians to commemorate each other, merely crossing out a name on the map and inserting their pal's instead? If we had had to pay for monuments for these people, how many would have been judged worthy?

Referring to a book of mountain adventure in the Alpine Journal, Vol. 57\* C.G. Crawford writes: "Canada is again different. Though it has its own fascination for the author, and the Assiniboine adventure is great in the telling, the mere fact of the more pedestrian place names and mountain names deprives the chapter of the poetic magic of the Himalaya and Caucasus."

Do our mountain names really lack romance especially to the stranger to our country? Or is it just that Mr Crawford is too familiar with the language and, perhaps, attributes to the foreign names romance which they would not actually have if he understood their translation?

## UNIMAGINATIVE NAMES? Continued:

Only relatively few of our mountains have Indian names on the map. Is this not regrettable? Do not many of the native names have a music in them not possessed by the white man's choices? Assiniboine, Klina-Klini, Tatlayoko, Monashee, Kokanee and Yoho are all attractive and of the country. Why not more such? Partly perhaps because, like many native peoples in other lands, our Indians were not interested in the peaks and had no names for them. In the Himalayas Europeans have made some ludicrous mistakes in trying to give mountains "native" names. Karakoram was originally a minor pass, but Europeans dubbed a whole magnificent range with this pretty sounding name, which means "black bubble". The natives had no name for Mount Everest, but Europeans have falsely attributed to it the name Chomolungma, meaning "Goddess Mother of the Snows" which merely referred to the whole group of peaks.

Would it be better just to give all our mountains a reference number? How dull! But we already have an Alpha and several other numbered peaks. And there is the famous example of "K2" in the in the Himalayas. Could we not do better than name our mountains after other mountains? We already have a Matterhorn, a Marmolata and a Nanga Parbat in Canada. Do we need any more Old Baldys or Baldy Mountains? We already have seven to my knowledge.

Is a list of kings and princes, prime ministers and French generals better than a list of Skandinavian gods (Thor, Odin etc) and German royal houses (Hanover, Brunswick etc)? Is there more magic in any of these than in Hamill or Toby? That great Canadian mountaineer of the twenties A.A. McCoubrey did not think so. Here is what he wrote in the 1934 Canadian Alpine Journal: "Slowly, in the mind's eye, the panorama unrolls, valley after valley passing before one - Beaver, Duncan, Horse-thief, Hamill Farnham, Toby, Jumbo, Campbell - magic names all, names that have the power of awakening memories of sunshine and rain and snow, of struggles

## UNIMAGINATIVE NAMES? Continued:

through tangled alders and windfall." They were magic to him through his special knowledge of the areas, but how inspiring are they to the stranger or to the foreigner?

In Europe their mountains seem to have fared better than ours. They have relatively few personal names. Schreckhorn (Terror Peak) and Eiger (Ogre), Dom (Cathedral), Dent Blanche (White Tooth) and Mont Blanc (White Mtn) are all aptly named. But we too have a Storm Mountain, Big White Mtn, Cathedral Crags and so on. We also have such interesting names, among the mass of uninspiring surnames, as Cloudburst, Tantalus, The Four Squatters, Outlook and Icetoblast. Europe has many Pizzo Biancos, Weissorns, Mont Blancs etc which all just mean White Mtn. They have several Breithorns (Wide Peak) and we have a Blunt Mountain. They have the lilting Blümlisalp, Monte Leone and the mysterious Finsteraarhorn as well as less-than-beautifully named Tschingelloc-tighorn. We match them with our Silverthrone, Hostility, Adamant, Serenity, The Lions, Red Tusk and, for a touch of humour if not of delicacy, Costigan's Boil!

We have a Geographical Names Board in Ottawa. Is it doing a good job for us? Have we given it the proper instructions and the power to carry them out? Is it led by men of resolution and integrity? Or is it a political football, unable to resist selfish interests and divert foolish ideas?

The Alpine Club of Canada has more than once expressed its disapproval of new names or re-namings. We should all take an interest in what our beautiful alpine peaks are called and exert our influence where and when necessary to protect them from humiliating names.

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## A SPRING SKI TOUR

By Rick Askew

At 6.00 p.m. on March 26th, two Volkswagens with Vince Anderson, Bob Dean and I, left South Slocan for the first leg of our traverse of Toad, Red and Copper Mountains.

Bob Dean drove off with Vince and I following. We had only gone a few miles, when a huge mule deer jumped in front of the car hitting the hood and knocking us on to the wrong side of the road. The deer made a beautiful somersault landing on his neck in the ditch. Even at that he fared better than the Volks. which sustained a badly dented hood. We didn't catch up to Bob until we reached our prearranged parking spot about two miles up the Blewett road. We left Bob's car as we needed it to drive back to Giveout Creek when we had completed our trip. Bob climbed in with Vince and me and we drove to Poje's Road at Giveout Creek. It was now 10.00 p.m. and snowing. Within a few minutes we had on our skis, hoisted our packs and were off.

After a couple of hours Bob was ahead and I noticed his ski tracks had deviated from the trail and was heading directly for the peak. I finally got him stopped and we arrived at the cabin about 1.00 a.m. Elevation 5<sup>0</sup>000 ft.

We were up early Saturday morning but didn't get away before 8 o'clock. Cooking breakfast and melting snow for dishes etc. all on the one primus was time consuming. As we set off for Toad Mountain the weather was fair and going good. Three hours later we were through the trees and were on the ridge leading to the summit of Toad Mountain, 7<sup>0</sup>334 ft. The weather had deteriorated and it looked like our next objective, the summit of Red Mountain might expose us to the full force of the wind and driving snow. We had a nice run down to the saddle between Toad and Red. The route up to the ridge of Red Mountain was easy, and with Vince setting a good pace we made good time, until we started up to the summit of Red Mountain, 7<sup>0</sup>250. The arete to the summit was quite sharp

## A SPRING SKI TOUR Continued:

and corniced. The north slope was very precipitous and the south slope had about a foot of loose snow that when one stepped onto it it would slough off from the ice underneath. So you had a choice of picking a delicate route between a cornice overhanging a precipice slope, or a steep traverse on loose snow over the ice. I chose to take my skis off but after a couple of steps and sinking to my waist, decided I should have kept them on but to do so now was out of the question. I eventually made the summit where Vince and Bob were waiting for me, nearly frozen by the biting wind and snow. We congratulated each other and didn't lose any time getting off the top. Coming from the summit it was rather hard to locate the exact spot of Rosan's cabin. The snow on the roof blended in with the terrain. After a few traverses we found it and dug our way in, got a fire going, the time was 5.00 p.m. Saturday.

Sunday morning we had a leisurely breakfast. The sun was shining and snow conditions were perfect, so we decided to stay where we were and enjoy the skiing the area had to offer instead of continuing over to Copper Mountain. About 2.00p.m. we shouldered our packs and headed for Forty-nine Creek and a delightful run of about 6 miles to Bob's car. We drove to Giveout Creek, picked up Vince's deer-battered Volks, and so ended a very interesting and pleasant trip among beautiful scenery and good companions.

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DOWNHILL ONLY? CROSS-COUNTRY? LANGLAUF?

TOURING? SKI-MOUNTAINEERING?

By C.J. Penn

Some confusion about the above terms is causing people to be misled as to the right equipment for ski-touring and ski-mountaineering. Ski shops and popular ski magazines are not helping the matter since they seem to suffer from ignorance of these terms themselves.

A while back we were watching three good skiers try out so-called "cross-country" skis on Kokanee Glacier. The slope was frozen hard, long and steep and they had a struggle to control them. Someone remarked that the "cross-country" skis were obviously not much good for cross-country work. Indeed, they are unsuitable and could be dangerous for excursions in the mountains.

Skiing may be roughly divided into COMPETITIVE and NON-COMPETITIVE. More and more people here are now enjoying both. Competitive skiing is a good sport which has its own clubs and journals. Non-competitive skiing is however more akin to mountaineering. The two sorts of skiing do overlap of course and the following is inevitably a simplification.

### 1. DOWNHILL ONLY SKIING

This is self-explanatory. It requires a lift or tow, and the pleasure is in the rapid descent down a steep, prepared slope. It tends towards Competitive, as the enthusiast's conversation shows; his heroes are the Bud Werners and Toni Sailers rather than the Cliff Whites and Hans Gmosers. This is a distinction not a criticism.

Recently D.H.O. skiing has grown very rapidly in North America, and many people have never known any other form of skiing. With the boom has come demand for speed, for prepared slopes and for rigid boots, stiff skis and safety harness. Downhill equipment has become highly specialized.

### 2. CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

It is the wrong use of this term which, more than

## DOWNHILL ONLY? Continued:

anything, has led to misconceptions of the proper equipment for touring. The original name was LANGLAUF (Long Run) and it should be translated as CROSS-COUNTRY RACE. It is a long-distance race on a marked and beaten track and has its origins in Skandinavia where they still excel at it.

The equipment is quite different to that for D.H.O., and again is highly specialized. Boots are thin, low and light, skis are long, narrow, light, and without steel edges, and the harness is rudimentary, being only a rather frail clip which hooks into a hole in the toe of the boot, without a cable, allowing the boot to swing freely. This equipment is not suitable for high speed D.H.O. skiing, nor is it adequate for the conditions and stresses of anything but the easier touring, along good trails. It is not good enough for literal cross-country tours in B.C., where deep, heavy snow or ice, storms, rugged country and even bivouacs may be met with. For ski-mountaineering it is out of the question.

### 3. SKI-TOURING and SKI-MOUNTAINEERING

These terms blend into one another to some extent. What you call your own particular trips depends upon their grade of difficulty and on personal taste in terminology. The main feature of both is that the party does not restrict itself to well-trodden routes but learns to negotiate safely almost all types of terrain to reach its objective. It is essential to understand snow and avalanche craft. The ski-mountaineer must carry axe and rope and know the dangers of glaciers.

If you just wish to wander through the woods on easily followed trails, then "Langlauf" equipment - and a lunch in your pocket will be fine. The skis and boots are so light that they give a wonderful sense of freedom.

If you wish to go further afield, across country, above timberline, perhaps overnighting at a solitary cabin and ascending high hills or minor mountains, then you will need stronger equipment and some trusty companions. A list of equipment needed is given separately at the end of this issue of the "Karabiner". It means

## DOWNHILL ONLY? Continued:

you will be skiing with a fairly heavy rucksack. You will need to be in good shape. BOOTS must be pliable, warm, waterresistant, strong but not too heavy, and comfortable for hiking in. HARNESS must not fail miles away from home, it must be strong enough for hours of slogging through deep, heavy snow, or battering across icy slopes, it must not release just as one is doing a kick turn high on a steep, icy slope, it must not work against or cut the boot during hiking and it must allow the heel to be easily either freed or firmly held. SKIS must be flexible enough to ride deep snow, yet be able to bit on ice; they should be strong but not too heavy, they must have good steel edges and well turned up tips. They should be capable of accepting Trima-type fittings for climbing skins. Their dimensions should be much the same as for D.H.O., but not narrower. Usually a pair can be selected form among the ordinary skis available, although most European makers offer skis specially designed for touring. Ski poles should preferably have large baskets, and should be fairly long.

Ski-mountaineering is to many the ultimate sport. It requires lots of effort but the rewards are great. The mountains are never more beautiful than in the spring when their snows are sparkling and unspoilt. I hope that these notes will help those members who want to try ski-touring to start off with a fair idea of the right equipment for safe excursions. I have not gone into the pros and cons of skins and waxes, sealskin or plush, safety or beartraps etc. Remember that the Section Library has a good manual of ski-mountaineering for you to borrow. Good skiing!

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## MOUNTAIN JOURNALS REVIEWED

By C.J. Penn

If you want to keep up to date on mountaineering there are several good journals available (besides the Karabiner!) and the following notes may be useful.

1. CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL

This is the foremost journal on climbing in Canada. It was first published in 1907; it is well written and illustrated and appears annually. It costs \$ 3.50 a copy and can be ordered by anyone from W.C. Ledingham, 2974 W. 28th Avenue, Vancouver 8, B.C.

2. AMERICAN ALPINE JOURNAL

This journal first appeared in 1929. It is similar in size and arrangement to the CAJ, it is issued annually, and it is profusely illustrated. Some of the articles are the same as those in the CAJ, but it covers U.S. climbing primarily. It costs \$ 3.-- a copy and anyone can order it from The American Alpine Club, 113 East 90th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

3. THE ALPINE JOURNAL

First published in 1863, this journal appears as two bound volumes per year. It is well written and covers a wider field than any other journal, but the illustrations are not so lavish as in some others. It costs about \$ 6.-- per year and anyone can order it from The Assistant Secretary, The Alpine Club, 74 South Audley Street, London W. 1, England.

4. THE MOUNTAIN WORLD

This is more a book than a journal. It is excellently illustrated and contains longer though fewer articles than most journals do, selected from many parts of the world. First published in 1953 it costs about \$ 7.-- in Canada and anyone may order it from any bookseller if it is not in stock. It appears every two years, produced by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, Zuerich.

## MOUNTAIN JOURNALS REVIEWED Continued:

5. SUMMIT

An independent mountain magazine published in California. A relative newcomer, it has improved considerably, particularly in the illustrations and is now well worth reading, although many of the articles do relate to California rather than Canada. It appears 8 times a year, costs \$ 5. -- per year and may be ordered by anyone from "Summit", Box 888, Big Bear Lake, California, USA.

In addition to the above list, many other clubs publish English language journals and there are also excellent ones in French, German, Italian and so on.

Ski journals are not reviewed here except to note that SKIING occasionally produces an article on touring or ski mountaineering. The CANADIAN SKIER gets my wholehearted condemnation for describing Nelson as "a sawmill town" and Kokanee Glacier Park as "a sort of Dogpatch" and in the same issue publishing a full page advertisement for an Eastern U.S. ski resort! Why, one wonders, did the Canadian National Ski Team choose Nelson and Kokanee Park?

\* \* \* \*

CHECK LIST OF TOURING EQUIPMENTDay Trip

Map and Compass  
Skins - in proper repair  
Proper touring bindings  
Spare cable and a bit of haywire  
Wax  
Plastic bag for skins  
Small pack-sack  
Lunch  
Water bottle filled with desired liquid  
Dark glasses  
Goggles  
Chapstick and suntan lotion (Sea & Ski)  
Clothing: 2 prs. mitts - leather outside mitts  
handkerchief  
Extra Sweater  
Toque (or warm woolen hat)  
Flashlight  
Toilet paper  
Moleskin and bandaids  
Jack knife  
Matches in water-proof container  
Strips of milk carton  
Hat with brim if on glacier  
Rescue Sled(one per party)

Overnight Trip

All of Day trip equipment, plus:  
Sleeping bag, rucksack  
Extra pair of socks and pants  
Light shoes or slippers, (for use in cabin)  
Food  
Light rain gear recommended  
Cutlery, dish or bowl and cup  
Mixture for snack eg. nuts, raisins, chocolate

## CONSERVATION

By the Editors

Inter-Club Committee needed

By J. Oswald

During a meeting of Vancouver Section of ACC Dr Mathews spoke extensively about the formation of conservation committees in outdoor clubs. The purpose of such groups is to study existing parks and the government legislation pertaining to them, to study the sites where new parks could be established, and to study the possibility of slashing good trails into scenic areas. Kootenay section has had these points under discussion, but ought to have a committee of four or five people to consolidate the work and make our ideas known to the government and to other clubs.

In conservation VOC has again demonstrated what other clubs should be doing. A committee led by Dan Phelps has done an intensive study of new park legislation, and has sent its report to the government. ACC must be prompt in taking similar steps before it is too late and some beautiful areas are ruined.

Minister's Letters

By C.J. Penn

Two letters from the Minister of Recreation and Conservation have been received by the Chairman, Helen Butling.

In one, dated August 9th, he compliments the Section on its "very creditable work carried out on the Slocan Chief Cabin" and states that "the members of your club have shown initiative and perseverance in doing this work."

In the other, dated July 6th, he replies to the Section Brief, in which we urged, among other things, that the roads into Kokanee Glacier Park should be improved and maintained, but not extended. Replying to this he states: "The Parks Branch has recently completed a gross development plan which stresses that roads for recreational purposes are not required in the key alpine area of Kokanee Glacier Park. The plan recommends also that the Keen Creek and Kokanee Creek roads should terminate in their present locations. However, the road up Enterprise Creek might be continued as far

## CONSERVATION - Minister's Letters Continued:

as Tanal Lake when the park becomes more heavily used. Other than this, we have no plans to extend the existing roads."

This is a most misleading statement. As we all know the Kokanee Creek road is being extended, by a mining company, right into the alpine region towards Kokanee Lake. The Minister must have been well aware of this at the time he wrote. The use of the term "for recreational purposes" is deceptive and it is to be questioned whether the Minister is dealing fairly with those who are striving to preserve this beautiful park.

The Provincial Parks represent less than one percent of the area of British Columbia. Ninety-nine percent of B.C. is wide open to every conceivable form of industrial development. If we cannot afford even to set aside this one percent we must be a very poor and desperate people.

In the last few years we have quietly lost nearly fifty percent of B.C. park area. Now they are nibbling at Kokanee Park, the only Provincial Park of any size in Southeastern B.C.

We receive smooth assurances and meanwhile the Park is opened to miners and loggers. Surely it is time that people insisted that the Minister put suitable actions to his words. Is he helping out, or is he part of the problem?

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOR THE RECORD

The first, second and third ascents of Mt. Gladheim 9' 275 ft. in the Valhallas were made by members of the Kootenay Section, as follows:

1. K. Deane, P. Williams, J. Oswald, M. Stewart and B. Stovel, 31st August 1963.
2. G. Brown and J. Rees, next day.
3. R. Askew, B. Olson and B. Dean, 20th June 1965.

The first ascent of Mt. Pambrun 10' 400 ft. in the Purcells was made by Kootenay Section members H. Butling, J. Steed, G. Brown and C. Penn on 12th August 1964. Due to an unfortunately worded note appended to Steeds article in the 1965 CAJ it was implied that the peak had been climbed before. However, the Editor Phyl Munday has now assured us that this was a mistake and that it will be corrected in the next Journal.

Although the first ascent of Mt. Brennan in 1964, is claimed in the 1965 Journal this is not correct, since Kootenay Section members G. Brown and C. Penn were on the top a year earlier and left their names in a rusty can which they found there containing names of previous parties. This and other cans were probably snow-covered when the 1964 party reached the top in May.

It was still there when Dave Parfitt and Gerry Warner were on the top on August 14th 1965.

\* \* \* \*

KOOTENAY SECTION  
ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

1965/66 WINTER (SKI) SCHEDULE

- Sunday,  
 January 23th 1966      Salmo-Creston Summit (Day trip)  
 Leader: Rick Askew  
 Meet at Bridal Lake 9.00 a.m.  
 Number in party: No limit
- Sunday,  
 February 6th 1966      Record Ridge (Day trip)  
 Leader: Vince Anderson  
 Meet at Granite Ski Lift 9.00 a.m.  
 No limit
- Fri, Sat & Sun,  
 February 18, 19 & 20      Huckleberry House (Barrett Creek)  
 Leader: To be announced  
 1966 Meet Rifle Range at 7.30 p.m.  
 Fri 18th  
 Limit: 4 Section Members
- Sunday,  
 March 6th 1966      Old Glory (Day trip)  
 Leader: John Walters  
 Meet at Red Mountain Lodge 9.00a.m.  
 No limit
- Saturday & Sunday,  
 March 19, 20th 1966      Yodel Inn (Day trip)  
 Leader: Herman Schnidrig  
 Meet at Red Mountain Lodge 9.00a.m.  
 Limit: 8 Section Members
- Sunday,  
 April 3rd 1966      Cold Creek (Day trip)  
 Leader: Jack Steed  
 Meet at Cottonwood Lake 8.00 a.m.  
 No limit
- Easter, Good Friday,  
 April 8, 9, 10 & 11th 1966      Kokane Glacier (Helicopter trip to Slocan Chief Cabin - Cost ap-  
 prox. \$ 25.00 for transportation)  
 Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Eutling  
 Meet at Nelson (Place to be arranged)  
 Limited group: 6 - 20 Section Members

## WINTER SCHEDULE Continued:

Sunday,  
April 24th 1966                                  Plewman Basin (Day trip)  
Leader: Dave Parfitt  
Meet at Hanna Creek  
(Sheep Lake Hwy.) 8.00 a.m.  
No limit

Sat, Sun & Mon,  
May 21, 22 & 23 1966                                  Kokanee Glacier, Slocan Chief Cabin  
Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Butling  
Meeting place to be arranged  
Limit: 10 - 12 Section Members

Leaders should be advised if you wish to go on a trip  
at least two days beforehand.

Information from leaders or from:

TRAIL	John Walters	368 - 6267
CASTLEGAR	Chris Penn	365 - 5618
NELSON	Jack Steed	352 - 2196

Section Rescue Sled Kit may be borrowed from  
Chris Penn. It's light - take it with you!

## FURTHER ABBREVIATIONS (see original list in Vol. II)

NPPAC - National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada is a chartered nonprofit organization recently founded for the protection of our parks. It deserves and needs everyone's support. The \$ 5.-- annual membership carries with it subscription to the "Park News" which is illustrated and keeps one informed of what is going on in regard to the parks.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to express our thanks to the following for permission to quote the items in this issue which are marked \* from their respective publications.

The Editor of the Canadian Alpine Journal

The Editor of the Alpine Journal

Messrs Eyre and Spottiswoode Ltd for  
Sir Arnold Lunn's "Switzerland and the English"

We have been unable to trace the present addresses of copyright holders if any, for the two rather old books below, but wish to record our grateful acknowledgements for excerpts quoted.

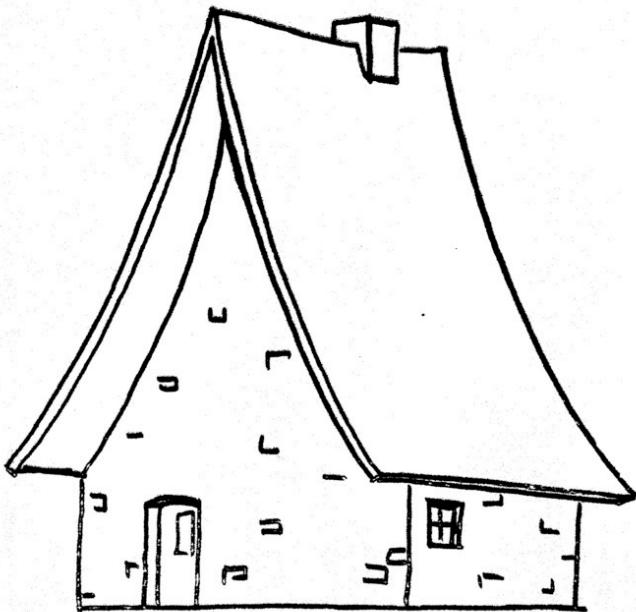
"The Playground of Europe" (1871)  
by Leslie Stephen

"Recollections of an old Mountaineer" (1910)  
by Walter Larden

\* \* \* \*

Z.G.

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