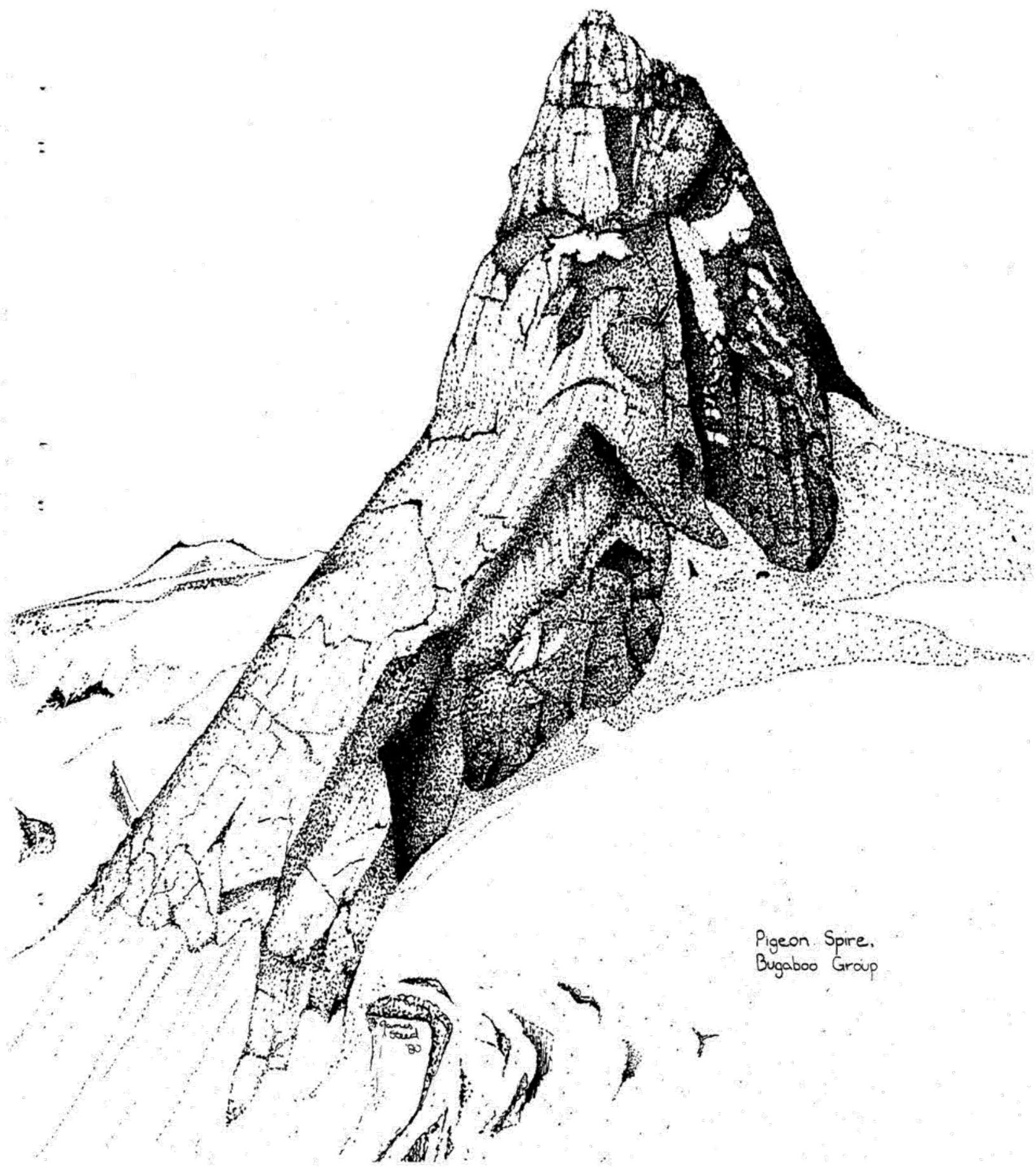


KOOTENAY KARABINER

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

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Bugaboo Group

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chairman's Report	1
Prayer for a Climber	3
The Columbia Icefields	4
Niflheim...Again	9
South Face of Asgard	11
The Trekkers, 1979	14
Hiking Camp, 1979	21
A Valhalla Experience	23
Long Mountain	26
Untitled - "Psalm 121"	28
Porto Rico to Blewett	30
Wood Stove Economy	31
Book Review	32
Kootenay Mountaineering Club Library List 1979	33

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Once again, the time has arrived for your Chairman to labour through his annual report and give a glimpse of the past and a prospect for the future.

Truly, the KMC did have a successful year in 1979. The club maintained a membership list with over 100 entries and continued to be financially solvent. Acting on Earl Jorgensen's suggestion in the January Newsletter, our group bought a second camp set, including cooktent, cutlery, and stoves. Now, hiking camps and climbing camps can operate simultaneously and independently of one another. In other developments, the Parks Branch Liaison Committee, set up by Ian Hamilton and Phil Whitfield, served to provide the club with a means of making its voice heard by government planners.

Turning to the schedule of regular KMC events, I can say that we once again offered successful schools in rock and snow and ice climbing; that hiking camp in the Valhallas and climbing camp in the Nemo Group enjoyed superior weather; and that a number of amusing, diverting, and fascinating social events (in particular, John Roskelly's slide show on his ascent of K2) were presented by the Social Committee.

A report of this kind should not fail to mention people holding "elected" posts who have worked hard for the organization. Many thanks go to Peter McIver, Bob Dean, Jane Steed, Don Mousseau, Fred Thiessen, Libby Martin, Stan Baker, Earl Jorgensen, Ken Holmes, and Derek Willans, all of whom served on the Executive Committee for 1979.

Now for a peek (so to speak) at 1980. The Valhalla Society, which the KMC has assisted, has presented a detailed proposal for a Valhalla Park; we look for further progress on this plan. The KMC is also re-joining the Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C., a move that brings us in closer contact with other people's viewpoints, concerns, and solutions. Finally, I would like to wish everyone satisfying and safe climbing, skiing, and hiking in 1980.

Kim Kratky

Prayer for a Climber

You go to meet the silence of a mountain
I must meet the silence of fear,
Knowing the cost of a mountain's challenge.

I have climbed with you
And felt my soul cry out
Open to the vastness and the beauty

But now I sit alone in the valley
—Waiting
Knowing the cost of a mountain's challenge.

Godspeed.

Jenny Szasz

THE COLUMBIA ICEFIELDS

By Julie Norton

The Columbia Icefields are the largest glacial fields in North America south of the Arctic Circle. Along with its subsidiary glaciers, it covers more than one hundred and ten square miles and includes some of the highest mountains in the Canadian Rockies.

We were finally on our way! Arist Bruemmer, Steve Horvath, Eric Norton and I set out from the Athabaska glacier parking lot, on the Banff-Jasper highway, at 10:00 a.m. Sunday, May 20, 1979. The weather was hot, but an unusually strong wind was blowing. As we neared the top of the Athabaska glacier, the wind increased and a thick cloud rolled over the icefield towards us. Soon we were ascending into the clouds. Eric and I were on heavy touring gear and Steve and Arist were on cross-country equipment and were quite a distance ahead of us. Rapidly conditions deteriorated into a white-out. We lost sight of the others and began to follow the trail of wands that dotted the vast white landscape. A short time later, it began to snow and visibility worsened. We followed the wands closely but it still felt like we were going around in circles. We eventually saw a dark shape approaching; it materialized into two people heading down! We were happy to hear that this trail lead to an encampment of A.C.C. people tenting on the glacier near Mt. Columbia. They also said that they had not seen anyone else on this trail. Where were Arist and Steve? We hoped to find them at the encampment ahead. Incredibly the storm became worse and we blindly felt our way from one wand to the next. The wind drove the snow so hard that it would pack in behind our sunglasses

and we were constantly wiping them out. There was a great deal of glare, and the worst sunburn I have ever had resulted. Just when we thought we had lost the way, we caught a glimpse of some dark shapes off to our left. We drew near and discovered it to be the A.C.C. encampment. It was around 5:30 p.m. We enquired at several tents but no one had seen Arist and Steve. We didn't worry about them as we knew they were well equipped and had a tent. We dug a deep tent platform with a 3 foot wall on the windward side. The storm raged on all that night. We hoped all was well with Arist and Steve where ever they were.

When we woke Monday morning, the wind had stopped and the clouds had lifted. We poked our heads out of our half-buried tent and saw the Columbia Icefields for the first time. Huge, cloud-capped peaks towered above the expanse of snow. Dominating the scene was Mt. Columbia, glistening white in the morning sun. The big A.C.C. party had climbed Mt. Columbia early yesterday morning and were packing up and leaving today. Eric and I set out around 8:00 a.m. with day packs to try to locate Arist and Steve. We felt incredibly small as we travelled across miles of rolling white snow. We toured North for about 2 hours then started following a wanded route heading up onto the west shoulder of Snow Dome. A short time later we found the tent of Arist and Steve, located about 3 miles from our own camp. Our separation had occurred when Steve and Arist had taken a right fork on the trail of wands and when Eric and I got to that point, we were in a white-out and did not even see a fork. Re-united now, we toured up Snow Dome. It was long slog up a gentle slope and when we reached the top, the upper slopes were in the clouds. Although this peak is only a big snow bump, it is an interesting mountain from a geographic point of view. At 11,322 feet on the Columbia Icefields, Snow Dome is the hydrographic

apex of North America. Its northern slopes drain into the Arctic Ocean, its east slopes to the Atlantic ocean, and its west slopes into the Pacific Ocean. We had a quick ski descent, and Steve and Arist moved their camp across the glacier over to ours. The A.C.C. party was gone now and we had the place to ourselves. By 8:00 p.m. that evening there was not a cloud to be seen. The snow tones were velvety and warm as the sun sank between Columbia and the Twins. We planned on climbing Mt. Columbia the next day.

Tuesday dawned totally clear. We set out shortly after 5:30 a.m. following a wanded route across the flat snowfield toward Mt. Columbia. Crevasses were few and far between and our course was straight forward. After a couple of hours, we arrived at the base of the peak. Here the East slope of Columbia rises in a sustained sweep of about 1500 feet. Arist and Eric alternated kicking steps in the rapidly softening snow. The heat from the sun reflecting off snow two feet in front of our faces was stifling. Approximately 500 feet up, we encountered ice under the snow at a depth of about 5 inches. Extra care was taken not to slide out on the steps and expose the ice. Gradually, the slope eased and soon we stood on the broad summit (12,294 feet). The view was outstanding in every direction. The Twins, Mt. Alberta, and Bryce rose in sharp contrast above the rolling expanse of the Columbia Icefields. Further afield Clemenceau, Tusk, Tzar, Sir Sandford and the Adamants stood out in the sea of mountains. We took a lot of pictures then plunge-stepped and bum-shooshed back down to our skis. Once on the flats, we slogged along under the hot sun. We got back to camp around 3:30 p.m. and dove into the tents to get away from the dazzling brilliance of the sun and the overwhelming heat. It was only mid-May and yet I have never experienced a more scorching sun. We were badly sunburned and suffered from an insatiable thirst. We had supper

and turned in early that night.

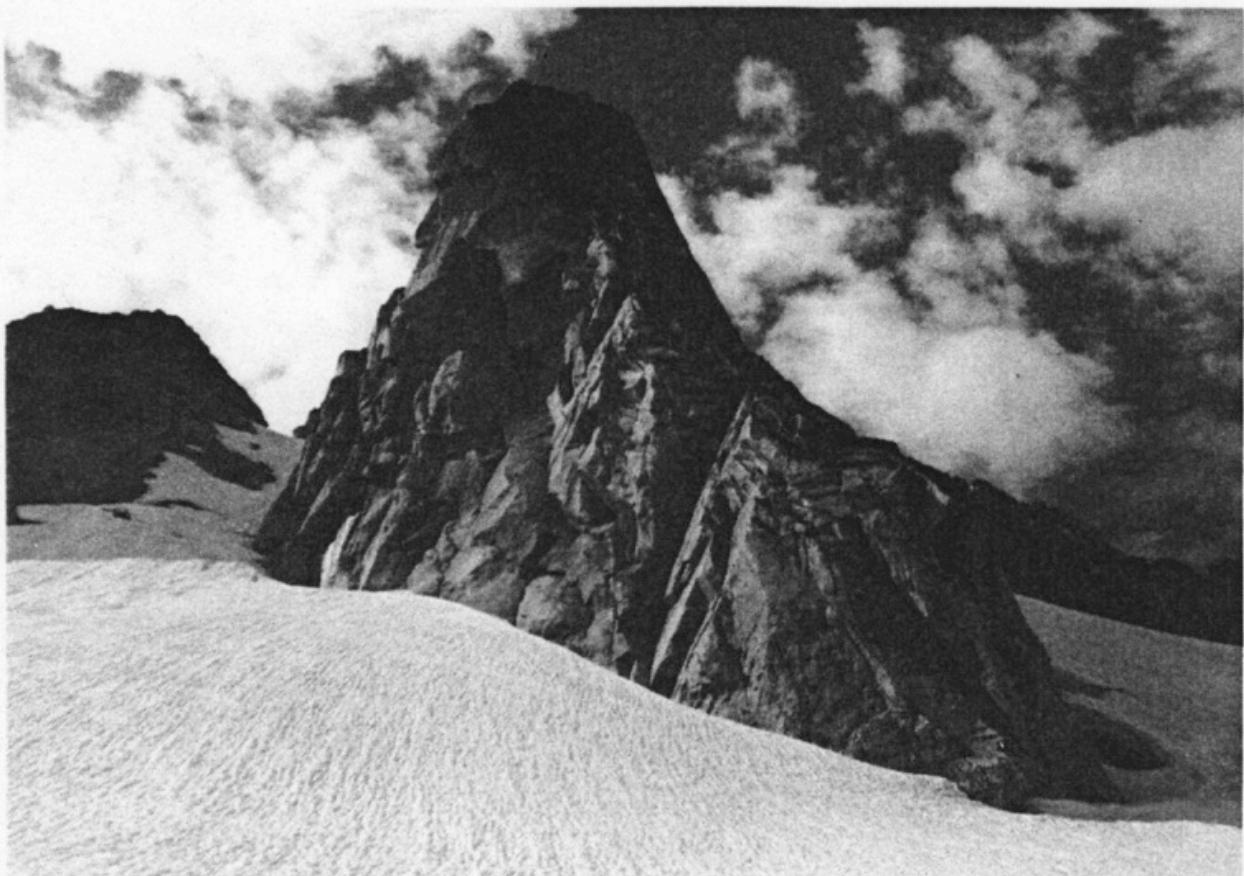
The next morning our plans included going over to Mt. Kitchener and then skiing back out to the cars, if we had time. We set out in darkness and an hour later the sun began to rise. The first peak to catch the light was Columbia, followed by North Twin, then Clemenceau far off on the horizon. It was a memorable sight, the second, third, and fourth highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies tipped with rose-pink light against the cold blue morning sky. It was approximately 5½ miles from our camp to the summit of Mt. Kitchener (11,400 feet), a straight forward ski tour the whole way. From the summit, we could see the highway far below us to the northeast. In contrast to the gentle snow of Kitchener's southern slopes, its north side plunges sharply into the valley, a 4000 foot rock face. We paused only a short time on top then started down. For the first time, the heavy touring gear that Eric and I had proved to have an advantage over the cross-country skis. We enjoyed a fantastic ski run down etching turn after turn on the firm wind-pack. Back at camp, we pulled up stakes, packed, and headed out. I towed my pack behind me on a roll-up sled which proved far better than carrying it. It was a six mile journey back to the parking lot. The last three miles starting at the top of the Athabaska glacier were all down hill. The snow on this glacier had melted right off and we skied across gritty blue ice and through puddles of slush. As we approached the parking lot, we skied past a snowmobile tour bus packed with tourists who seemed quite taken with us and pointed and took pictures!

Arist went back to Kimberly and Eric, Steve, and I spent Thursday in Banff eating icecream and relaxing. Friday morning we drove East to Yammuska. The weather was hot and sunny and we had an enjoyable day doing a short route on the impressive limestone bluff.

It was 3:00 p.m. when we left Yammuska for home. We stopped for a very relaxing dip in the Fairmont Hot Springs and finally got to Rossland around 2:00 a.m. on Saturday morning.



The Columbia Icefields - The Twins in background, May '79



Climbing Camp '79 - Peak G on the Iron Ridge.

NIFLHEIM--AGAIN

by Kim Kratky

"Bushwhacking reached its zenith--we can only hope--as Howie Ridge led an expedition into the Gold Range on the weekend of August 6th and 7th."
KMC NEWSLETTER, AUG.77

You would think that a person would learn, but here we were, Howie, Peter Wood, and I, motoring up the Slocan Valley at 6:00 on the morning of Saturday, July 14th. The "Disco Van" purred along. Destination? Mt. Niflheim in the Gold Range.

Our previous trip to Niflheim (a 9,400' rock peak some 1 mi. west of Mt. Thor) had been thwarted because we hadn't budgeted enough time to thrash through the dense masses of alder, willow, rhododendron, and devil's club that choke the Thor Creek valley. This time would be different: we had allotted three full days for the climb.

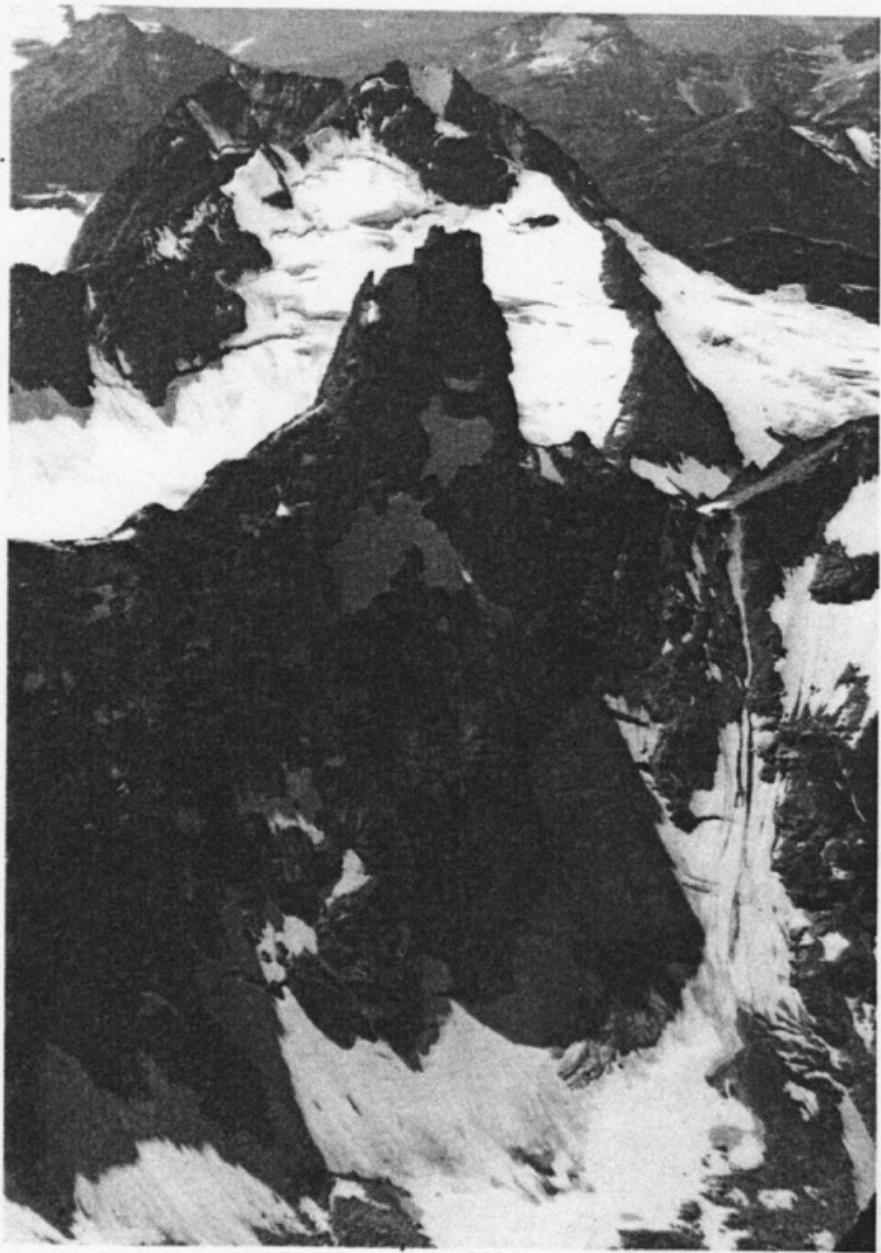
By 11:00 a.m. we were at the end of the logging road (extended a full 100 yds. since 1977) on Thor Creek. Ugh! Fifty pound packs, fern swamp, devil's club, south side of Thor Creek. Above the forks we crossed to the north bank of S. Thor Creek on the same slippery fallen log as two years before and traversed along a ridge, dropping to re-cross the creek by fording it below the infamous "Rhododendron Falls," site of our 1977 camp. From a lake at 5,000' we headed south, ascending the valley of the creek that drains the glaciers on the north side of the Niflheim-Thor ridge. By 5:30 we had reached a campsite at 5,800' in the picturesque meadow below the ridge. This basin resembles a miniature Mulvey and is a delight to behold. Alas, the mosquitoes were not a delight to behold. "You can kill ten with one blow," said Howie, fishing several of the critters out of his soup.

Nevertheless, bright and early (8:45) on Sunday morning we headed off

for Niflheim. Ascending a headwall (accompanied by clouds of mosquitoes, of course) and a long snow slope, we finally reached a ridge north of our objective. A pleasant scramble led to the west and lower summit of Niflheim, which had no cairn.

After descending some unpleasantly loose rubble to a col, we began to climb the main peak. I got the first lead, which was 30' up a large detached flake to a platform big enough for a KMC camp. After that strenuous pitch we had two more rope lengths, one each by Howie and Peter, on very good rock. By 5:00 we were on the summit where we found a cairn. Three rappells and three and a half hours later we were back in camp for freeze-dried lasagna and mosquitoes.

The next day, aided by Howie's uncanny route-finding ability, we hiked back to the van in four and a half hours. A quantity of a well-known beverage, a soak in the Halcyon hot springs, the sounds of Bony M, and a Hut Burger all contributed to easing the pain and the memory of loathsome insects and Monashee brush.



THUMB SPIRE - CLIMBING CAMP
July 31, 1979



Climbing Camp '79 - left to right: Peak F, Nautilus, Mazinaw.



Climbing Camp '79 - The Nemo Group: Nemo and Evening in foreground
Mazinaw, Nautilus, Feather Spire in background.

SOUTH FACE OF ASGARD, ROUTE 2

by Steven Horvath

When Eric Norton and I tried to climb this route, we did run into some difficulties in finding the route and proper protection. We decided that caution was the better part of valour and we rappelled off from the top of the third pitch at about 4:00 in the afternoon. Knowing what to expect on the first three pitches, Pat Taddy and I were able to complete the climb later in a fairly reasonable time. So, after consulting with Peter Koedt, here is a more detailed description of the route for those who would be interested in climbing it.

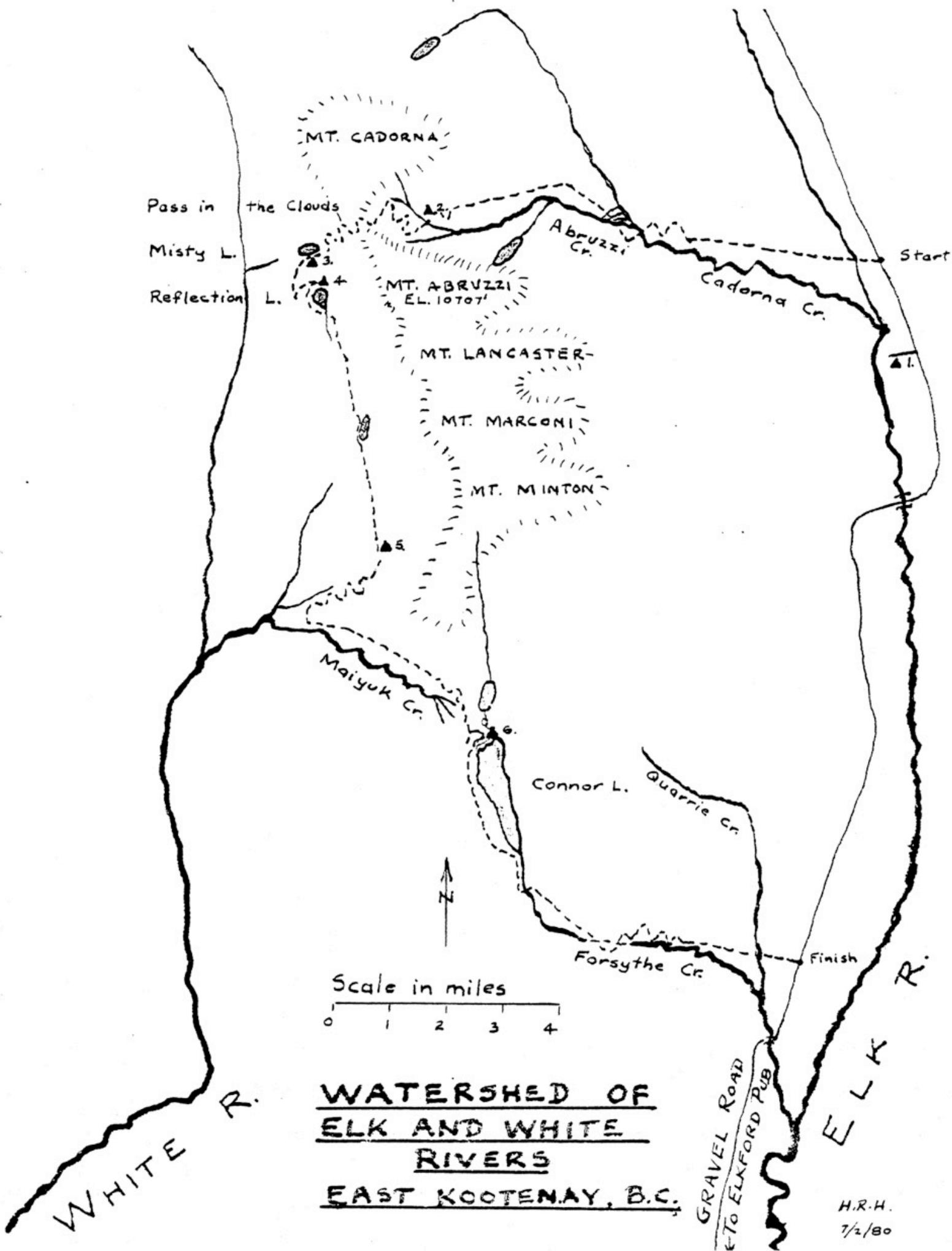
The general outline of the route is fairly obvious. The only weakness is in the left (southwest) part of the face, an obvious arching overhang. The route goes below this for the first two and $\frac{1}{4}$ pitches and then goes straight towards the summit. By alpine standards, it could be described as a direttissima.

The beginning of the first pitch is a good introduction to the climb which features excellent, rough rock and for the first 50 or so feet, (depending on how high the snow is at the time of the climb) no protection. The first 50 or so feet can be described as either outrageous class IV or an excellent warmup for the climb. One can either climb straight up, aiming for the vertical start of the overhang or, if one feels better with some protection, it is possible to start off some 40 or 50 feet to the left where there is opportunity for placing some protection and then traverse into the overhang which, at that point, has a form of a small right facing dihedral with good layback holds. Follow this to an obvious stance. This part I would rate at about 5.4. The second pitch is quite obvious. It leads up and to the right, underneath the overhang, on good holds, albeit with scarcity of protection. It can be either climbed as class IV or, if one has enough time to fiddle around trying to

look for protection, as 5.2. The pitch ends on a not very obvious stance. However, for those with ropes here, one can either traverse horizontally across "a fairly blank section, step around a small corner into a vertical crack - the only one on the whole traversing section, climb straight up fifteen feet and then right fifteen feet to a good stance", which was the route that Peter Koedt followed on his climb. As we did not like crossing a blank section with protection straight under the overhang where, with some fiddling, it was possible to put in reasonably good protection. Then we crossed the blank section right below the overhang until we were able to place a good pin which is still left there. This about 10 foot section, is the first crux of the climb and I would rate it as being about 5.8 in difficulty. From the fixed pin, one can either lower oneself on a rope to the vertical crack and follow this to the stance or take a diagonal finger traverse to the same crack. The crack has another fixed pin in it. The major problem with route finding is the beginning of the fourth pitch, as there are three possibilities; to the left, straight up and to the right from the stance. The correct route starts about 10 feet to the left from the stance and is the least obvious one. One climbs up until a fixed pin and then to the right across the second crux of the climb: a 6-8 foot traverse across a fairly smooth block section either "using layback under holds" (Peter Koedt) or, silly me, balance friction hand holds, and at the end step on a quite comfortable small ledge. I feel that the traverse deserves a 5.7 - 5.8 rating. From this point the rest of the route is fairly obvious, in that one is, in Peter's words "pretty much committed to one crack system - a jagged, right-facing flake-crack-dihedral - which you follow for the rest of a very long lead to a broken ledge". Most of this can be climbed as layback, strenuous but fairly safe with good protection. I would rate this part as 5.6. The ledge at the end of this is quite comfortable, a good place for lunch.

The fifth pitch is in Peter's words, "unavoidable". Two longish, about 50 feet each, laybacks, with reasonable albeit widely spaced protection. The second layback section, starting about six feet to the right from the top of the first, is the harder one of the two, as it does push one out of balance considerably. It exits into a short, overhanging corner with good holds and protection. I would rate this pitch again as 5.6, the second layback, depending on how tall the climber is, could possibly be rated as 5.7. This pitch exits in the "summit gully", and what a welcome sight this is. There are about 30 more feet of 5.6 climbing at the back of the gully and then one can traverse slightly left onto the more broken ground on the face. From there, it is only one very long but easy, about 5.2 lead, to the southwest ridge and then just a short scramble to the top. Another alternative is to follow the gully for about two pitches as Peter Koedt did and then "the eighth and last pitch traverses a bit left from the bouldery stance at the top of the gully and then straight up the left facing dihedral until right under a roof. A few moves right and then back left avoids the direct assault on the roof (which can also be done) and a continuation of the left facing dihedral leads to the summit boulders".

Peter Koedt feels that by Yosemite Standards "there would be some 5.8's here and there on the route", he feels that by the Squamish Standard "this climb would probably be rated 5.6". The protection is difficult to place, but with some amount of fiddling, it is not bad and now with the three fixed pins left in what I consider to be the crucial places, I feel the climb could be climbed adequately with only nuts. It is a beautiful, enjoyable climb on firm solid rock. A climb that forces one to think a little. I feel that it is well within the abilities of a climber who feels comfortable on about 5.6 ground and is not opposed to tackling shorter, more difficult sections that are adequately protected. In short, a real "classic", very much recommended.



THE TREKKERS, 1979

by Leo Gansner

The Pass in the Clouds was our immediate destination on a Sunday morning in mid-August, 1979. Stan Baker, Bob Hammond and I had left home the previous day and driven up the Elk River valley somewhat over 30 miles beyond Elkford. The starting point of our back-packing trek was a "two-rut" seismic road which began a little east of the river. From this point we could see the towering summits of Mts. Abruzzi and Cadorna. The pass between them was obscured by the Warship, a low-lying mountain in the foreground. While porcupine-proofing Bob's station-wagon, we met Reg Gris, who with two companions, was on his way 15 to 20 miles further along the gravel highway to the Elk Lakes. They were to climb over two high passes, come over Mt. Cadorna and return to the main highway by means of the same seismic road.

The road took us across the Elk River, then over Cadorna Creek and two crossings of Abruzzi Creek. After a ten mile hike on a hot day, we camped in a small clearing at the end of the road having achieved a net gain of 1,000' to an elevation of 6,400'. Here we were pleased to find ourselves in a stand of green timber which had escaped the terrible forest fire of 1936.

On Day Two we followed a hidden pack trail which led from the clearing along Abruzzi Creek. It soon turned to the right toward Cadorna Lake. Instead, we followed the creek, crossed a log below high falls and discovered a well travelled trail. It led up the slope between Abruzzi and Cadorna,

then flattened, turned northward and recrossed the Creek. Since the pass was directly to the west, we abandoned the trail and started up the slope following game tracks which converged into a steep trail. By late morning we had struggled to the top of an almost treeless bluff 1,000' above our camp-site of the evening before. Except for numerous specimens of the northern gentian, there was little vegetation but the bluff provided a commanding view all the way to the valley of the Elk. On observing the lower slopes of Cadorna and examining our maps, we concluded that if we had followed the trail across Abruzzi Creek instead of leaving it, it might have recrossed higher up and brought us to the bluff over much better grade.

No sooner had we finished lunch than a cold wind arose and forced us on our way. Another thousand feet above us was the Pass in the Clouds vividly described by R.M. Patterson in his book "The Buffalo Head". We viewed the trail up to the pass which traverses a rock slide on the steep slope of Mt. Cadorna. It is a scar which can be seen from some miles away. The trail must have been made by migrating elk and goats over the centuries. Until modern times it was used by the Stoney Indians of Alberta who brought their cayuses over the pass on their way to and from the hunt in the broad valley of the White River.

We descended quickly into the Misty Basin as it is called by local hunters. The steep meadow below the pass was decorated here and there with brightly coloured Indian paintbrushes as well as the grass of Parnassus. We reached a lake in the valley 1,700' or more below at an altitude of 6,700'. We were tired and camped on a rocky ridge between the lake and two nearby potholes, one of an azure blue colour, the other an evil dark hue. W.D. Wilcox, a mountaineer who led an exploration party into the Rockies,

passed by the lake in 1901 as is reported in an old issue of the National Geographic magazine. There is much to be said for naming the lake after him.

Due to rain the previous night, the trail down the east side of the lake was wet on the morning of our third day. A short distance beyond, the trail forked, one branch leading westerly directly down to the headwaters of the White River. The other branch, followed by Reggie Gris the year before, travels southerly to reach Maiyuk Creek, a tributary of the White, at a slightly higher elevation. Our object was to avoid the White River drainage and to return to the Elk River by way of the Connor Lakes. Graham Kenyon who had made the trip in the summer of 1978 warned us to remain on the left at every branch of the trail. We took the first left branch which led us to high ground above a small lake. Despite Graham's admonitions we missed the turn to the lake, went well past it and spent some time scrambling through the underbrush before we encountered a track which brought us to the lake. We stopped for lunch and decided to make camp. The icefield below the summit of Mt. Abruzzi towered above us and was reflected upside down in the lake which we called Reflection Lake. We enjoyed the leisure of a peaceful afternoon there at the 6,900' contour.

Continuing past the lake the next morning with Mt. Lancaster on our left, we followed an open meadow which brought us 700' above Reflection Lake. We had started up a compacted game trail paralleling a small stream. As the meadow flattened and widened, the trail became more indistinct due to the animals spreading out to graze. As the meadow became steeper or narrowed, indistinct paths would converge into a single well defined trail. After reaching the meadow summit we saw a long mountain tarn in an attractive draw ahead. We were now in what Graham Kenyon the year before had described

as "the barnyard". Not only could we see no animals but fortunately the insects which had plagued Graham's party likewise were missing. We continued for about another four miles travelling southerly along the same meadow above the 7,500' contour. Here were more alpine flowers, silky phacelia, white camas and occasional willow herb. Bob, invariably in the lead, observed that he had never seen so many game trails so close together nor so many animal droppings. We still saw no game but frequently during the afternoon the breeze from the valley below brought us the acrid stench of manure, apparently from elk which had been driven to the shelter of the timber by the hot weather of previous weeks.

On our left was the massive limestone upthrust of the twin peaks of Mts. Marconi and Minton. We camped near a grove of spruce trees below Mt. Minton. The ground was so covered by recent goat droppings that we had difficulty in finding a clean spot on which to pitch our tents. As the evening meal was being prepared, we discovered small groups of goats grazing on the steep slopes above us.

We had seen no elk but as we were breaking camp on Day Five we heard one bugling in the valley below. Despite our efforts to answer, we heard no more of him. We then continued southerly searching for a route which would take us down through the timber to a packers' trail along Maiyuk Creek. We were anxious to avoid a nob of over 7,000' just below us to our right, as well as to stay away from the escarpments on our left. We crossed a small rock-slide and noticed a streamlet flowing from it. Soon after we started down through the woods, there we came upon occasional wax-like blooms of single delight, a delicate flower of the forest floor. Following a game trail which led to a long ravine we could see it leading to a rocky canyon. We retreated across many windfalls and continued down. We had

chosen well and shortly before noon reached the trail at an elevation of 5,000'.

Our map showed it to be a distance of three miles to the height of land between the White and Elk River drainages. For a mile the trail ascended gradually and we enjoyed the pungent smells of the forest shrubbery. Then we came upon steep inclines and as we approached the divide we kept dropping intermittently, only to rise again, time after time. Finally our route flattened and on reaching a double fork, we were lucky enough to remain on the left and some while later to look down into the valley of the Connor Lakes. After descending to a point between the two lakes, the trail led to a camp-site near the north end of the lower lake, at an elevation of 6,000'. Here the ground had been levelled and cleared and there were tables and other facilities. The area was tidy, though garbage could be found on the outer fringes. Stan and I set up our tent on one of the many pieces of 4' x 8' plywood we found there. Bob chose a spot directly looking over the lake. The night was interrupted by a porcupine with a taste for outhouse plywood. Stan must have spoken to him convincingly since we never saw or heard from him again.

The next day was one of rest. We explored the upper lake after looking over a well equipped Forest Service cabin at the north end of the lower, larger lake. Photographs were taken, particularly of the snow-covered glacier below Mt. Abruzzi. All had a short swim, and as a result of Bob's and Stan's efforts, there was fish for supper. Most of our week's food was freeze dried, together with soup packages, ryekrisp, granola and dried fruit. Breakfast and lunch were no problems as each fended for himself. For the evening meal, we took turns in cooking. Whenever the chef of the evening called for something not readily available to him, there was a

race by the other two to supply it, as each was determined to lighten his pack as quickly as possible.

Our seventh and last day was marked by an early start. We stopped to talk to fishermen camped at the outlet of the lake where the fishing had obviously been better than at our end. From there the trail climbed and then dropped to Forsyth Creek where some resourceful persons had set up a hand-line over a log which crossed high above the creek. About two miles from the lake, the creek swung to the east where we came on a large flat meadow. Near its lower end was a packer's log cabin. When I had seen it nine years before it stood well away from the creek. In the meantime a spring freshet had undermined the sturdy well-constructed building which now was tilted over a washout with its roof fallen in. It took us a while to find the trail which crossed a dry and rocky water-course a short distance upstream from the cabin. After some time we followed a new foot-path constructed in recent years to avoid following a packers' trail which called for wading across and, in places, down the stream itself. The new trail which went over windfalls and rock outcroppings seemed a questionable improvement. It ended at the beginning of a very rough road where two four-wheel drive vehicles were parked.

Later, as we climbed the hill after crossing Quarrie Creek, we felt we were close to our destination. However, this was not to be, as the road stretched out interminably. At last we came to the gravel highway having marched, probably, fourteen miles in seven hours. It was a hot day, we were far from water, and as we waited to hitch a ride back to Bob's station-wagon, we realized there was little traffic moving. Fortunately, a south-bound driver noticed us and stopped. It was Reg Gris whose party had just

concluded their trip. He was eager to learn about our trek and of the route we had taken from Reflection Lake. He was generous enough to drive us 20 miles back up the road and we were immeasurably grateful to him for bringing our adventure to such a happy conclusion.



Hiking Camp '79 - Wee Sandy Lake area (camp at approximate Left Centre of photo).



Hiking Camp '79 - Wee Sandy Lake from the summit of Mt. Meers.

"ANOTHER CLOUDLESS DAY"
KMC Hiking Camp - 1979

by Jane Steed

After a two hour delay, 18 people were airlifted into upper Wee Sandy Lake and quickly the new gear was broken in. The ingenious, integrated tables constructed by Earl went together in no time! A new shovel handle broke and was replaced and inventive ways to repair a leak in the gas valve were tried, including gum and pitch. Variable weather.

We were visited by a Noranda geologist, deposited by helicopter, and by hikers who walked in via Shannon Creek and were headed for Denver Peak. Bugs were very bad. The fire ban meant there was little socializing in the evenings and we sought relief from the mosquitoes, in our tents. We watched Jim and Fritz make a dramatic descent on the east side of the lake on their arrival from the satellite camp, which they set up, 5 miles south and a little higher.

A group of 5 climbed Mt. Niord after a cooler night. Others hiked various peaks in the area or relaxed. Jim and Yvonne provided a hearty catch of fish for breakfast. Hardy types braved the icy waters for a refreshing dip. Headaches seemed to follow getting the head wet!

Floral enthusiasts had a fine time in the mountain meadows. One evening, we had a superb fish dinner. The mosquitoes were really bad! One couldn't sunbathe after a dip. We really weren't able to enjoy the beautiful evenings because of them. Mary found it pretty irksome trying to do watercolour sketches in a cloud of mosquitoes. However, she did some good work to take home with her. John and Jim hiked to Nemo Lakes. The climb to Mt. Meers was popular and many of us did it twice. There was a short hail storm one day and occasional rain toward the end of the week.

The saddle at the S.E. corner of the lake was a popular destination. The hike affords a fine variety of rock and meadow and a splendid view of the changing colours of the lake - aqua, periwinkle, peacock, navy, turquoise and greens of all hues. The fishermen continued to have good luck in Wee Sandy Lake. Ritchie was a keen rock hound and engineer and provided the Campsite with heavy seats! The effects of the fire ban were really felt as the nights grew colder.

Jane and John hiked to Satellite camp the day before camp ended and were picked up there. Rather an inhospitable lunar landscape there, I thought, not making one want to linger.

Helicopter lifted everyone out to New Denver and Jim and Mary enjoyed the flight to Nelson. Everyone agreed it had been a super camp.

Hikes available from base camp:

- 1) to Satellite camp and Nemo Crags - 5 miles, 2500'
 - 2) New Denver Glacier and return from Sat. Camp - 9 miles, 3000'
 - 3) three top lakes of Nemo Creek - 10 miles, 6000'
 - 4) Wee Sandy Lake - 1 hour
 - 5) Mt. Meers and west ridge - 2 miles, 2000'
 - 6) East ridge - 5 miles, 1500'
 - 7) Mt. Niord - 8 miles, 3000'
- plus many short walks

Participants:

John and Kay Stewart	J. Szasz	M. Culley	E. Hammond
E. Jorgenson	Y. Tremblay	R. Deane	B. Hammond
J. Martin	F. Swinkells	F. Dean	J. Steed
E. Wallach	M. Moorecroft	J. Kienholtz	A. Kenyon



Hiking Camp '79 - Mt. Meers.



Hiking Camp '79 - one of the upper alpine lakes in Wee Sandy Lake District.

A VALHALLA EXPERIENCE

by Helen Butling

My skis are sliding along in the two freshly broken tracks. I marvel at the great blumps of snow on some of the branches. Many of them are bent right over, their tops caught in the snow. I am tempted to release them but think better of it. They might have to bend again!

We are in the Valhallas, in S.E. B.C., having followed a logging truck nine miles up Shannon Creek. The tracks will lead to a cabin, a mile away at the 5,600 ft level, where eight of us, including our guide and cook, will spend the night.

It is uphill to begin with. The heart speeds up and I slow down and find the pace that suits it. At this moment, there is nowhere I would rather be than in these quiet white surroundings.

The others will already be at the cabin. Craig, our guide, and I had to drive the other four wheeler five miles down the road to below the slide area to avoid the danger of being cut off tomorrow when we go out.

Craig is behind me. I started off, knowing that he will catch me up. The road levels out and winds round the mountain. Now I can see the cabin, a long, one-story building with a thick icing of snow on the roof. The large, wide-eyed windows gaze contentedly down the valley. Craig has caught up to me now. I step aside to let him pass, each to his own pace, and follow him down a slight incline to the cabin.

Inside, there is a feeling of spaciousness. Trish, the cook has both the heater and the cook stove fired up. Everyone is sitting around munching on their lunches and waiting for the kettle to boil. Soon the

cabin is so hot we have to open the door.

Lunch over, we are quickly into our skis again and take off up the valley on a continuation of the road we came in on. How much easier it is without a heavy pack, just a day pack now. However, there is eight inches to a foot of new snow, so trail breaking is hard work. Craig starts off but we insist that we all have a go at it. The first one goes as long as he can without slowing down and then, without a word, steps aside, leaning on the poles to get his breath back before stepping thankfully into the well worn track at the back.

Silently we climb, eventually leaving the road and wending our way up through the trees. There is something very satisfying about the single track as the human worm makes its way upward. Coming down it will be different! For the moment, we are not making much impact. Two Clarkes Nutcrackers fly out of a tree, clicking away in surprise at our presence. The occasional large evergreen is host to an orchestra of small birds that we hear but cannot see.

Now we get a beautiful run down through the powder, back to yet another road. Here Craig asks us if we want to head back to the cabin or climb again and come down another way. We opted for the latter. An hour and a half later, some of us were wondering if we were going to make it. Kick turns on a steep slope were new to some of the group! Craig was now doing all the trail breaking.

"Not much further now," he said. "We are nearly at the top". And then, mercifully there was no more up. Now we were rewarded with a super run down and all too soon were back on the road in our "up tracks". With six miles and four hours behind us, we were glad of an easy run back to the cabin.

The hot rum revived us, followed by a gourmet supper of Chinese food. It was not long before eight skiers were sleeping and the silent night had taken over.

Craig was up early to light the fires and before we knew it, we were eating pancakes and bacon with huckleberry sauce.

Into our skis again and off for yet another loop round yet another hill, not so long this time as we had to leave after lunch. It snowed again during the night and was still coming down. We were more abandoned; Olwyn and Craig came swooping and whooping straight down through the trees! The rest of us choose more gentle routes to float down through that incredibly light snow. Falling into it is something else and not one of us escaped that frustrating experience!

Back to the warm cabin for lunch and then it was time to bid farewell to this beautiful place. Shouldering our packs, we glide effortlessly out to the logging road. Due to the fresh snow, we skied down the road. It was Saturday so there would be no logging trucks coming up. All the packs went into the car and Trish, bless her heart, offered to drive it down. What a delightful way to travel those five miles. They slid by much too fast and far too soon.

Good-bye Shannon Creek, we shall be back!

LONG MOUNTAIN

by Kim Kratky

On Sunday, June 17th, Dave Adams, Janice Isaac, Fred Thiessen, Kevin Taylor, Doug Ingram, and I made what is thought to be the first ascent of Long Mountain (8,658') in the Kokanee Range, some 3 mi. northeast of Blue Grouse Basin. After the obligatory rendezvous at the Maple Leaf Store in Crescent Valley, our party took two cars up the Silverton Creek forest access road. Since Fred's Fiat could go no farther than an abandoned mine about 10 mi. from Silverton, we used Doug's four-wheel drive Jeep to proceed another 2 mi.

At 9:30 we headed on foot to the east through logging slash on the north side of a creek flowing east from a lake below Wilfred Ridge. After we had passed through some open timber, Kevin located an excellent snow-filled avalanche gulley that appeared to offer a direct route to the rock peak that was now visible to the north of us. After plodding up the snow we found ourselves on rather unpleasant mossy, muddy, loose rock.

Once on the south ridge of the mountain, we had very enjoyable scrambling, some of it on an impressive granitic slab, to the summit. By 1:30 the first of our group were sunning themselves (guess who that was) on the mountain top and looking for a cairn. Finding none, we piled up a few stones and enjoyed views of Mulvey, the Leaning Towers, and the ranger's hut at Helen Deane Lake. Our descent was by one of the

rock ribs on the west of the peak, a much better route than that of the ascent. By 5:30 we had all returned to the Jeep to conclude a satisfying day.



MACBETH ICEFIELDS

"I lift up my eyes to the hills" (Psalm 121)

Why? "Because it's there" is the famous, often quoted reply of G.L. Mallory to the questions most commonly asked of those of us that prefer to follow the advice of the Psalm. However, knowing as much as we do about Mallory, I have a strong suspicion that the above quotation is taken out of context, and I wonder if it perhaps wasn't a part of a longer, more thoughtful reply to the question. As it stands, it sounds a bit like an ego thing, a proof of manhood thing. And, as Robert M. Pirsig says (in his book "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance") "any effort that has self-glorification as its final end point is bound to end in disaster. When you try to climb a mountain to prove how big you are, you almost never make it. And even if you do, it's a hollow victory. In order to sustain the victory you have to prove yourself again and again in some other way and again and again and again, driven forever to fill a false image, haunted by the fear that the image is not true and someone will find out. That's never the way." There is ego-climbing and selfless climbing. To an untrained eye, they may appear identical "both kinds of climbers place one foot in front of the other. Both breathe in and out at the same rate. Both stop when tired. Both go forward when rested. But what a difference! The ego-climber is like an instrument that is out of adjustment. He puts his foot down an instant too soon or too late. He is likely to miss a beautiful passage of sunlight through the trees. He goes on when the sloppiness of his step shows he is tired. He rests at odd times. He looks up the trail trying to see what's ahead, even when he knows what's ahead because he just looked a second before. He goes too fast or too slow for the conditions and when he talks, his talk is forever about somewhere else, something else. He is here but he is not here. He rejects the here, is

unhappy with it, wants to be farther up the trail but when he gets there he will be just as unhappy because it will be "here". What he is looking for, what he wants is ALL AROUND HIM, but he doesn't want that because it is ALL AROUND HIM. Every step is an effort, both physically and spiritually, because he imagines his goals to be external and distant." (R.M. Pirsig)

Or, to quote an eleventh century Chinese painter and theorist Kuo Hsi "there are different ways of looking at mountains. If we approach them with a heart of forests and streams, their value is high; but if we approach them with the eyes of pride and extravagance, their value is low..."

PORTE RICO TO BLEWETT

January 3 & 4
Eric White & Fred Thiessen

It's true, Porto Rico, B.C. is at the junction of Barrett Creek and the Salmo River 5 km north of Ymir. We decided to do this traverse to rid ourselves of Christmas overindulgences and to try our cross-country skis on an overnight trip.

We started up Barrett Creek at about 0900 hours and followed the road to Barrett Lake. About one km east of the lake we put skins on our skis and moved on a diagonal in the direction of Empire Peak. At about 1500 hours we reached the top and pitched our tent. After a cool night, we awoke to a clear sky and cloud-filled valleys. We packed our frozen tent and left our campsite at 0900 hours. Because the ridge is narrow, we descended to the Empire-Colony col on foot. At the col, we put our skis on and climbed to the top of Colony Peak. At the top of Colony we removed our skins for the last time and skied down to the Territory - Colony col. Here we waxed up, climbed Territory and continued along the ridge to Copper Mtn. From Copper Mtn. we dropped down the east ridge to the Copper - Red Mtn. col where we found the Forty-nine Creek road. Now that we were out of the wind, we enjoyed a well deserved lunch.

The Forty-nine Creek road proved to be very fast. In spite of many falls, we managed to reach Blewett 1.5 hours later (1530 hours).

We were surprised at how fast the trip went. The total distance is about 30 km which we covered in about 11 hours travelling time. This trip is ideal for cross-country skis as the terrain is fairly gentle and little downhill skiing is involved.

WOOD STOVE ECONOMY -- THE BOTTOM LINE BLUES

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>COST</u>
Stove, Pipe installation etc.	458.00
Chain Saw	149.95
Gas and Maintenance for Chain Saw	44.60
4-Wheel Drive Pickup, Stripped	8379.04
4-Wheel Drive Pickup, Maintenance	438.00
Replace Rear Window of Pickup (Twice)	310.00
Fine for Cutting unmarked tree in Provincial Forest	500.00
14 Cases Molsons	176.00
Littering Fine	50.00
Tow Charge from Creek	50.00
Doctors Fee for Removing Splinter From Eye	45.00
Safety Glasses	29.00
Emergency Room Treatment (Broken Toes - Dropped Log)	125.00
Safety Shoes	49.95
New Living Room Carpet	800.00
Paint Walls, Ceiling	110.00
Log Splitter	150.00
15 Acre Woodlot	7000.00
Taxes on Woodlot	310.00
Replace Coffee Table (Chopped up while drunk, burned)	75.00
Divorce Settlement	33,678.22
Total First Year's Costs	<u>52,927.76</u>
Savings in "Conventional" Fuel - First Year	<u>- 472.37</u>
Net Cost of First Years Wood Burning	<u>52,455.39</u>
(WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR!)	

BOOK REVIEW

The Mountaineers: Famous Climbers in Canada, by Phil Dowling
(Edmonton: Hurtig Publishers), 1979, 252 pp., 16 illustrations,
hardbound, \$13.95.

This would seem to be exactly the kind of book for which many of us have been waiting. In his first book Mr. Dowling has sketched the lives and climbing careers of ten of the most noteworthy mountaineers to practice their craft in Canada; Charles Fay, Val Fynn, Albert MacCarthy, Conrad Kain, Ed Feuz, Phyl Munday, Fred Beckey, Hans Gmoser, Brian Greenwood, and Dick Culbert are each described in chapters of some 20 pages.

Although the material is fascinating, I find myself somewhat disappointed with the way in which it is treated. The author begins each chapter by showing us the famous climber in some significant or dangerous portion of a climb or expedition. This technique is intended to create an air of excitement, but (for me, at least) it became repetitious and tiresome. Furthermore, Mr. Dowling's style is sometimes stiff and wooden. However, he does present his stories in an organized, chronological fashion.

The Mountaineers does serve a very useful purpose by familiarizing the reader with people who are a part of British Columbia mountaineering history. Reading of the pioneering efforts of Charles Fay (first to climb Mt. Victoria) and of Val Fynn (a Russian-born Irishman who specialized in climbing big walls and faces) taught me much about early climbs in the Rockies. Dowling also provides such tidbits as a passing reference to an ascent of Mt. Temple (11,626') by Edward Feuz, Jr. in 1964 when he was 80 years old.

In summary, this is a book with definite shortcomings, but one worth buying because of its regional interest.

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB LIBRARY LIST
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