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KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

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*The*  
**KOOTENAY  
KARABINER**  
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*editor*  
**BERT PORT**





## KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

### OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1973-74

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Summer Camp	Peter Wood
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Climbing School	Iain Martin
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Conservation*	Gordon Stein
Publicity & Newsletter	Stan Baker

\* Election, for a two-year period, occurs at the  
November 1974 Annual General Meeting.

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### CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

It is usual for the Club Chairman to include a few words in the Karabiner, and sometimes the Editor tries his hand at editorializing. Perhaps because of a masochistic tendency, I find myself in the position of being able to kill two reports with one writing.

During the past year your Executive has tried to steer the operation of the Club toward a more business-like footing. The budgeting procedures have been tightened up - a necessary step as costs increase in all areas. Financial direction from the Annual General Meeting is of course only one piece of information your Executive needs. All Club members are encouraged to communicate with the Executive about what you want from the Club. Better still, stand for office. If you want an easier introduction to the Club machinery, work on one of the committees.

Many mountaineering clubs across the country are presently examining the direction they should take. They seem to be increasingly required to involve themselves in ecological issues, government recreational policies, logging and mining legislation and practices, and liaison with other organizations. The Kootenay Mountaineering Club is no exception. With the increased undertakings, those in the Club willing to work are working even harder.

Our membership has increased. Many trips this past summer were larger than ever. And who would suggest that the tremendous success of two summer camps is indicative of disinterest in the Club? And yet fewer individuals appear to be willing to step forward voluntarily, if the size of this issue of the Karabiner is any indication.

It seems paradoxical that more and more of the Club's work is done by proportionally fewer people. Is it because newcomers fear to intrude, or because it is easier to call on the old familiar faces? Regardless of the answer there is a real possibility of fragmentation within the Club as the "old guard" are eyed by the "newcomers" or as climbers look askance at hikers.,

I believe that many Club members could and would throw themselves wholeheartedly into the Club's business for a year or two and then step back. This is what I have tried to do and intend to do. The year ahead will be a busy one for your Executive. They need your help. See that they get it.

Bert Port



DURING this past year, we have been saddened by the deaths of two Club members:

TOM CHARLTON

Many K. M. C. members will have known Tom only as the Secretary who kept the Annual Meetings flowing smoothly, and expertly unwound the amended motions. Others will remember him on committees, keeping the minutes and writing letters that none of us had thought about. Still other Club members will remember the work parties at the Slocan Chief Cabin and trail cutting episodes, where Tom always took an active part and did more than his share.

Not only was he active in our Club for five years, but the better part of his life was spent serving the Boy Scout movement as Cub and Scout Leader, Group Committee Chairman, District Commissioner and B.C. Executive member. A few of us will remember him at Jamborees and Camporees and at official functions representing the Scout movement in the Kootenays.

Tom will always be remembered in our Club as someone who gave all he had and then some. He never was one to complain or find fault. Up until the last, he was always interested in the Club and its activities and maintained his interest through the Newsletter and correspondence with Club members. For many of us his absence is difficult to accept.

John Carter

AVE EWESON

Mountaineers and environmentalists were abruptly deprived of the comradeship of Anthony Eweson, known to his

friends as Ave, when the small plane in which he was a passenger flew into a mountain near Salmo on August 1st of this year, taking the lives of four men engaged in a wildlife study.

Ave's dwelling was Many Skies; above Slocan Lake, its windows look directly into the Valhallas, mountains which he knew well and regarded as his home.

A gift which Ave left to the people of the Kootenays is his last political act: "THE VALHALLA PROPOSAL: A BRIEF CONCERNING A PROPOSAL FOR A NATURE CONSERVANCY AREA IN THE WEST KOOTENAYS, BRITISH COLUMBIA". It was submitted to the B.C. Ministry of Recreation and Conservation in late July, 1974. It was particularly important to Ave that the size of the area to be protected within the Conservancy not be reduced due to pressure from conflicting interests.

Ave begins his brief with a definition of VALHALLA as rendered by Britannica 3, 1974. I take the liberty of reprinting it without permission:

Valhalla...in Norse mythology, the hall of slain warriors, who live there blissfully under the leadership of the God Odin. Valhalla is depicted as a splendid palace, roofed with shields, where the warriors feast on the flesh of a boar slaughtered daily and made whole again each evening...thus they will live until the Ragnarok (doomsday) when they will march out the 640 doors of the palace to fight at the side of Odin against the giants... .

The obvious tribute to Ave is continuing support for the Valhalla Proposal.

Following is one of Ave's poems, which recalls him more clearly than the words of others might.

Gladys McLeod Bockner

O my virile father, the Sun,  
warm this planet with life and burn away  
the hatred that plagues our continents

O my gentle sister, the rain,  
wash away the fears and misunderstanding  
which soil the minds of men

O my singing brother, the wind,  
spread over this world the song of freedom  
and understanding to all the tribes of men

O my silent sister, the snow,  
in this season of hope, be an example of  
purity and serenity to the souls of men

O my fertile mother, the Earth,  
enfold us in your love and nurture the seed  
of peace and brotherhood that lies buried  
in the souls of men

for the pattern and direction of the  
universe is in all things  
from the smallest to the largest

and the weapons of man shall be aged and  
rusted and broken down and returned to the  
bowels of the Earth whence they came

and the weeds and flowers shall grow on  
the airstrips  
and the deer shall graze on the missile  
bases

and unless man recognizes the harmony of the  
cosmos in himself he shall be undone with  
his machines

and it shall be left to others to mourn the  
wasted consciousness of man

and so harken  
brothers and sisters  
to the sounds of the wilderness  
to the song of the stars  
and to the mantra of God

O men of the oceans and lakes  
men of the rivers and streams  
men of the mountains and valleys  
men of the plains and forests  
men of the desert and  
men of the frozen wastes

let there be peace among you.

Ave Eweson  
Christmas 1968

# MT. MC HARDY

by ROB MILL

One of the important requirements of a good leader is to do a recce of the trail a few days before, so dutifully Bev and I took a day off farming and headed up the North Fork to the Dolly Varden trail. To our dismay we came to a mud and rock slide across the road about seven miles before the start of the trail. What to do - abandon the trip or find a way around. There was no way round so we decided to go over the top. After about three hours of shovelling and moving rocks, we managed to get our truck high centred on top of the slide. Another hour of jacking and we got the road open. The trip could go on.

The following Saturday morning, July 13, a motley crew of scruffy individuals met in New Denver, prepared to face the slide and tackle what was hoped to be a first ascent of Mt. McHardy. Off we set and found to our disappointment that only the day before, a "cat" had gone in and cleaned up the whole mess. Difficulties were still ahead of us however. Kane Creek was a raging torrent and only Fred Thiessen was brave enough to try fording. The rest of the party decided to build a bridge. It was a

flimsy and shaky affair but finally the whole group got over - oops, where is Pete McIver? He's lost already. A search party set off and after a half hour delay found Peter and brought him into the fold.

A five hour hike on a good trail got us up to a pass between Mt. Dolly Varden and Marten Mountain at about 7300' and there we camped. Mt. McHardy was clearly visible on the other side of the pass and the leader heard a few mumbles about it looking a helluva long way.

We decided on an early start the next day and with the usual amount of shuffling around we managed to be off and climbing shortly before 6 a.m. Reaching McHardy involved crossing the pass and dropping down about 800 ft. on a very steep snow gully which required step kicking most of the way. Once down we crossed a big bowl under the impressive north face of Marten and then started up a steep but fairly easy ridge leading us to the summit ridge of McHardy. The summit ridge was reached about 10 a.m. and here again we ran into difficulty. Although not steep, the rock structure changed dramatically and we were faced with a number of exposed moves over very loose blocks of shale. A fixed rope was run out and everybody successfully crossed. At 11 o'clock six of us were standing on the top. No evidence of a cairn made us feel this was a possible first ascent. The group consisted of leader, Rob Mill, Bev Mill and Pat Taddy of the Nakusp Rambling Club, and Peter McIver, Fred Thiessen and Miles White. After about an

hour of lying around on top, Gunther Offermann and Elana Underhill popped their heads up. This was a pleasant surprise as we had not seen them since the steep snow gully early in the morning.

We all left the top shortly before noon and after some glissading got back to camp around 3:30. Tea was brewed and we met Lynn Lennox who spent the day with two young friends climbing Dolly Varden.

At about 7:30 that evening, an even more scruffy and tired crew recrossed the raging Kane Creek feeling very happy for having had such an exhilarating weekend in a very exciting mountaineering area.

# *Slocan Chief at Easter*

by KNUT AND JILL LANGBALLE

Twenty lucky skiers were cutting the powder on the Kokanee Glacier last Easter. Lucky to be there in the white hills enjoying the peaceful scenery, disturbed only by the snow falling off the trees. Lucky the road was only ploughed to the heliport. We went in by helicopter which allowed us the luxury of bringing in gourmet foods, including hams, turkeys and wines.

The weather was good, with the sun shining most of the time. However, the glacier was in clouds on Friday morning so the helicopter was unable to take us to the top of the glacier as planned.

The first day saw most of us just skiing Smuggler's Ridge and venturing up around the Battleship without getting up on the cloud-covered glacier. That night was quite crowded as six skiers from the B.C. Mountaineering Club were still at the cabin in addition to our twenty, namely: Ken & Gail Sumanic, Al & Eva Walters plus two relatives, John & Donna Van Vliet, Peter, Ann, Christopher and Ian McIver, Guy Woods, Dave Whiting, Jill & Knut Langballe, Lynn Lennox, Fred Thiessen, John Carter & Jane Steed.

Ken Sumanic has to be congratulated on his fine breakfast pancakes, together with the organization that went with them. Breakfast over and everyone started to prepare themselves for a day of powder skiing under blue skies. The top of the glacier was the target. Zig-zag patterns started to appear on the ski slopes as one by one the skiers started on the run down. A few ambitious people did the trip twice. One person was heard to comment, "It's disgusting, watching those two McIver kids; they're so good." They certainly impressed everyone who saw them.

The next day was really warm. Under blue skies the majority of the party made their way out by ski to the heliport, while a few stayed on for one more day.

# Dominion Mountain

by BILL GENGE

Do you remember those incredible Indian Summer days we had last September? Well, September 22 was such a day - clear blue skies and very hot. I guess the weather and the easiness of the trip contributed to the large turnout. It was hard to take a count but I think 27 people made the climb. Our youngest climber, five-year-old Mark Anderson, did the entire trip with only a grumble or two while walking on the road. But then, who likes walking on a road anyway. Our most adventurous climber was a young fellow who did the entire trip with bare feet.

We left the Barrett Creek turn-off about 8:30 and proceeded up the road for about 6 miles before abandoning the cars. The walk to the lake was about a mile, where we rested briefly before pushing onto the summit for lunch.

Kim, Janice Peggy and Fred went off to scramble up Commonwealth Peak while the rest of us walked along the ridge for a short distance before dropping over and down to the lake. Some of the boys enjoyed falling off two rafts while others were content to soak up the sun. A few people even cooled off with a swim.

We arrived back in Nelson about 5 p.m. - an easy enjoyable family hike.

# Mt. Stubbs. 9300 ft.

by FRED THIESSEN

The sound of a low flying place (Knut's van) brought me to my senses and I went outside to greet Knut, observing that the van was parked into the curb due to its lack of brakes. Upon arriving in New Denver we met the rest of the party and continued up the road to Three Forks. From there we followed a road up Kane Creek for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles where Knut's van lost its muffler, changing the noise from a dull to a loud roar.

At the end of the road we crossed Kane Creek and started on a trail leading up Marten Creek. This old mining trail was recleared in 1970 or thereabouts on an O.P.Y. grant. After following the trail for about four miles we were in the alpine meadows at the base of Mt. Marten where we had a swim. We then had a brief thunder-storm as we toiled up the last 1500' to a pass between Mts. Marten and Dolly Varden. From the pass we dropped down to a lake at the base of Mt. McHardy via a steep snow-chute which led onto a moraine and to a grassy meadow where we camped.

The next morning, under sunny skies, with hopes of climbing Mt. Cooper we climbed over the south-facing ridge

of Mt. McHardy, passing over the ridge several hundred feet short of McHardy's summit and down a small glacier to a rock fin. Although anticipating the rock fin to be easier than going around, we soon discovered this was not the case and descended off the fin via a rotten gully, onto the west side.

Once on the north side of the fin we ate and discussed such things as: "Mt. Cooper sure is a long ways away." "Yeah, and since it's 11:00 now, we'll probably have to bivi if we climb it." "I think you guys are silly if you're thinking of spending the night out." "Besides Mt. Stubbs is closer." So with the exception of Rob and Pat who wanted to explore routes to Cooper and thought they could see a cairn on Stubbs, and Nancy who had stayed in camp to suntan, the rest of us set off to Stubbs.

After boulder hopping about halfway up the south side we crossed into a rather rotten gully system which led us to the top where we did indeed discover a cairn.

Being beaten to a possible first ascent is not so bad. But the Mazama's of Portland, Oregon had the audacity to write, "We climbed all the mountains to the west, north, east, and south; how come you guys from Nelson haven't climbed this one yet?" After lunch and after telling Mazama jokes, we left and returned to camp, bypassing the fin of rock and ... puff, grunt ... over the McHardy ridge to camp.

Monday, still in good weather, we packed out, gorging ourselves on huckleberries and picking about a quart each on the way. After a thirst-slaker at the New Denver pub we meandered our way back home.

The party on this Labour Day weekend included Rob Mill, Kim Kratky, Janice Isaac, Nancy Manderson, Knut Langballe, Mike Dolan, Fred Thiessen and Pat Taddy.

# MT. BRENNAN

by ELENA UNDERHILL

From the "Devil's Horn" and Buchanan Lookout we saw an interesting little peak with a long snow ridge to its top, Mt. Brennan, a peak in the Goat Range, easily accessible within a day.

Gunther and I drove to Retallack and found an old mining road that got us higher and deeper into the valley until the road became so overgrown that we left the car and headed off on foot. The valley leading to the headwall is incredibly short so it makes an ideal day trip. Once out of the bush we

thought we spied an orange marker, but decided we'd head straight across the gully, bypass the remains of an old cabin and pick our route up the headwall. It didn't take long to get through the dew soaked alder to the base of the headwall where we decided that we would try a more challenging route up it to get a little practice. So we headed up some 45 degree slabs and up a little chute, and up and around a couple of ledges 'till we broke into the bush again. Amazingly enough, we found what we thought was an animal trail, but it turned out to be some human's work. It wound up over the crest of the headwall and opened into a small cirque. A milky lake was in the centre and to our right the creek broke into a beautiful canyon. We lunched here and noticed the trail continuing across a little scree slope above the lake. So, we were indeed fortunate to have discovered a trail that went for who knew how long, perhaps even as far as the ridge. After a rest in the sun we set off once more along our new-found trail. A large bear hole was right on our path, so quickly and quietly we tiptoed by it, into a gully chiseled by a creek rushing down its centre. The gully was reminiscent of the stories of Himalayan passes.

It wasn't long and we found ourselves on top of a crest looking down on the lake below and the two lakes above it. We also saw a clear lake above the little knoll where the canyon goes down the headwall.

The path had now scattered itself, so we kept on up towards the snow ridge and what we thought would be the peak.

We didn't know at this point if the snow ridge led right to the peak or if the peak was in behind. Time was getting short and so was the day, so we headed up the ice slope until we hit a little pulpit on the south side of the ridge where some goat tracks preceded us. We knew he must be somewhere across on the side of the ridge, and sure enough, he was watching us, still as a rock. He headed straight up the slope onto a 90 degree hanging snow patch and scrambled up with incredibly effortless steps. Here we cursed ourselves for not taking binoculars. Once on the ridge it was hard to tell whether the peak was going to be rock or ice. Hurriedly we reached the cairn which was in line with two ice summits. We couldn't find the register in the cairn, but found instead an old pop can and inscribed our names below the others.

Here was an impressive view - Dolly Varden, McHardy and Mt. Cooper's long jagged ridge could be seen and below, Bear Lake, shining silver in the sunshine.

The return trip was done hurriedly, as the sun was bringing the shadows quickly. We glissaded down the snow slopes to the headwall, where we decided to follow the trail back. It wound down through alder and creek bed and in a few places was almost impossible to see. Soon we were down in the bottom of the valley and found ourselves on the path where we had earlier seen the orange marker. In no time at all we were back at the car.

Looking back, we decided that it would have been a lot faster to have headed down the headwall on one of the easier routes, and better to have left Nelson even earlier, at around 5.00 a.m.

# Sphinx Mountain : 8400ft

by ELENA UNDERHILL

After an attempt with our VW at Rose Pass, and finding the last section of switchbacks too much for its overworked engine, Gunther Offermann and I made a stab up Gray Creek and found a lovely flat meadow on the apex of the pass. From this view point we caught sight of a little peak somewhat like a sphinx. From the road it was only a short 1,000 ft. to tree level and a nice easy ridge walk to the summit. Since it was 12 noon we figured it would only be two hours to the top.

An hour later the forest opened into a beautiful alpine meadow where we headed to a dried up stream that had carved its way down the side of the mountain, and there we startled a magnificent eagle. We headed up the side of the meadowed mountain just below the main arete where about seven deer were traversing to escape our notice. A while later we hit the main ridge. A gentle slope reached down the other side. We followed the outside of the gentle ridge until we spied a six foot cairn on top where a diligent search found the record of Boy Scouts in 1959 and T. Rutherford in 1974.

The view revealed the numerous forest fires burning, and an interesting snowcrested peak to the southeast. All in all a nice relaxing way to spend a day in the mountains, as it was one of the prettiest valleys around.

# KMC *Ladies day*

by OLWYN RINGHEIM

The Enterprise Creek trail to Tanal Lake was the area chosen for the K.M.C.'s annual "Ladies Day" on July 28th. We were a small but happy group of six women and one man. It's always a pleasure to have a gentleman along! Club members on the hike were Connie Wah, Martha and Norm McKay, Janice Isaac and our friends Barbara Patterson and Lorna Morey with her dog Candy. We met at 8 a.m. on the Enterprise Creek road off Highway 6, then drove approximately nine miles on a gravel road. It was a little rough riding over the creek beds! It was 9 a.m. when we left the cars as another perfect Kokanee day was in the making. Skies were clear and the temperature was warm. The trail has a gentle grade and was in good condition. Windfalls had been recently cut and a log bridge built across a waterfall by a Parks Branch crew. We were thankful for the bridge as I think we would have had some rough scrambling or been thoroughly cooled off! This lovely old path was otherwise untouched and so beautiful, as the natural foliage grows to the very edge of the path. It's amazing how these old trails withstand so many seasonal changes and yet remain so stable underfoot. The shady trail and cool

streams were refreshing as there was little or no breeze blowing down the valley. We passed an old log cabin about half way to Tanal Lake which I'm sure was built not less than fifty years ago. The mountain scenery along the way was rugged. Great amounts of snow and lush greens on the mountain sides were cause for many stops for picture taking. Abundant wild flowers were colourful and varied. This area is well known for grizzly bear and after hearing "bear stories" from Helen Butling and Bob Dean we were almost disappointed that we saw none at all. About noon we chose a high spot on the trail overlooking Tanal Lake (5,777') for lunch break and "bug lotion" stop. Those mosquitoes and black flies knew we were coming and their appetites were ravenous. But the scenery and insect repellent took our minds off these "small matters". To quote from John Carter's book "A Guide to Kokanee Glacier Park" : Tanal Lake is "nestled between Mt. Robert Smith (8,013') to the west and Enterprise Ridge to the east". The lake was lovely that day, gem coloured and sparkling in the sun. The mountains to the west were well covered with snow and cornices. After lunch we split our group in two as some of us wished to climb a peak which joins Enterprise Ridge. Lorna and Barbara continued on through the snow covered pass to the bridge on Keen Creek near Kaslo Lake. Our climb was easy and after crossing snow patches and scrambling up and over rocks we reached the summit (about 7,453'). The view from

the top was grand so we stopped awhile to take it all in. We came down by way of Enterprise Ridge and met our friends at the bridge as planned. Once again our group divided. Some wanted to hike over to the Slocan Chief Cabin and others rest awhile at the creek. It was about 4 p.m. before we all left the bridge to head back and we had yet a few miles to cover before reaching the cars. Those who chose to go to the cabin walked about twelve miles that day. No wonder that Barbara had blisters and pet Candy was "dog tired". I think we were all a little weary and hungry toward the end of that lovely old trail. We reached the cars about 7:30.

It was a fairly long day but since it was a long early drive to get there in the first place, and the weather was perfect, the trail was in good condition and everyone was eager to explore -- well, these are the reasons why we took advantage of every last minute of our day!

# *Caribou Glacier*

by STAN BAKER

I was scheduled to lead a trip to Caribou Glacier, and in August I made a reconnaissance into the Silver Spray Creek area accompanied by my two nieces from Everett, and Molly Byrne, a botanist researching & collecting specimen alpine shrubs for UBC.

Silver Spray Creek is a tributary of Woodbury Creek. The new road up Woodbury had a slide obstruction, and the old road was passable only as far as the old third bridge creek crossing - the bridge long gone. On the morning of September 6 the hiking party of the Bakers, Leo Gansner, Nancy Manderson, and the Norm McKay family met on the highway at the Woodbury,<sup>road.</sup> I directed the McKay family, in their Datsun wagon, to travel further about 1½ miles to a better road access into Woodbury, because the marked one is very steep and rough for the first stretch. We planned to meet at the first bridge crossing.

No other hikers arrived to join us, so Leo, the two Nancys, and myself set off up the road which improved considerably after the junction with the road to which I had directed the McKays. We arrived at the first bridge and waited. We waited. And we waited, and finally had to conclude that somehow McKays were off on a junket of their

own, so we left a note and proceeded to the next division of the ways, where we intended to leave further directions in the hope that McKays would catch us up. The second bridge - deteriorating rather badly - recrosses Woodbury Creek to the right hand side, and finally we parked on the side of the road at the huckleberry patch found on my earlier recce. Still lots of magnificent berries, despite my family spending two days picking there.

Meanwhile, the McKays were on a grand tour of their own, up and down the wrong fork in the road, and forth and back to relocate themselves, firmly convinced that their leader had succeeded in losing them purposely. The weather was beautiful, and our route led up the old mining road, switch-backing up Silver Spray Creek to the meadows, where we left another note for McKays, and then crossed Silver Spray to join the Parks Branch trail.

The McKays, with their Indian sense of tracking only slightly frustrated, caught up with us, and the party carried on together. After about three hours of hiking we were in the alpine meadows at the head of the valley where Silver Spray originates. The view was terrific, with a cirque of peaks all around three sides - Mt. McQuarrie appearing to be the highest on the west. From here we could just discern on the skyline a green roofed little building - a Parks Branch "john" near the Silver Spray Cabin.

This was a snug place, built of poles, sawn lumber and shakes. We spent some time poking about, and

contemplating the possibilities of a weekend summer camp or winter/spring ski touring sojourn. Most of the party were then ready to complete the trip over the pass to Caribou Glacier, a short journey over a trail on the moraine. We soon arrived at a deserted mine. Tool sheds and workshops were built at the entrance, with many tools and appurtenances still lying about, and the name "Sunrise Silver" on the claim posts. It would seem that the neat cabin below must have been a bunkhouse for the diggings.

Clouds had begun to gather, and we made a hurried trip over what remains of Caribou Glacier, and looked down into Keen Creek, and across to the peaks in the Sandon area. Hail stones encouraged us to beat a hasty retreat to the cabin until the storm clouds stopped pelting hail and rain, when we decided that it was only a lull to a real downpour, and began to make our descent. We reached the parked vehicles just as a dandy storm broke with a real deluge.

The Silver Spray area is little used at present, and it would be an excellent spot for a weekend trip for ridge walking with the cabin as a base. A spring ski trip, with a helicopter lift-in, would also be worth considering, with the cabin containing space for about eight people.

A pleasant day and good companions, the party closed with a coffee break at Ainsworth, with Leo as host.

# *the return to Lake Bonny Gem*

by BILL GENGE

In 1915, three young men struggled up through the bush and reached Lake Bonny Gem and marvelled at its beauty. Nearly sixty years later, in August 1974, twenty-two people (some young, some not so young) also reached Lake Bonny Gem. They came by helicopter for the KMC hiking camp and were equally impressed by the beauty of the lake.

On August 3rd four of us lifted off from Nelson and flew to Carney Creek and then up and over the ridge to descend upon a knoll beside the lake. In the next three hours the rest of the group was flown in from Johnson's Landing. With some difficulty the cook tent was soon in place and the privy dug.

The view from camp was a poet's delight (at least one poem was inspired by the view) - the lake with its two picturesque islands dominated by Mt. Lake with its small glacier all reflected in the blue waters of the lake.

That first day was lazy with most people staying close to camp, wandering around the lake or swimming in the two small pools that were located about five minutes walk from camp. Supper that night set the tone for the rest of the

meals in camp. This being my first KMC camp I was at first surprised and then delighted at the quantity and quality of food. Nancy Baker turned out such delights as spaghetti with fresh salad, meat loaf and new potatoes, sliced ham with fresh peas and for dessert, pudding topped with real rum sauce. Love that helicopter!

The next day dawned bright and sunny and was to be one of the most enjoyable hikes on the trip. Jack Steed took eleven of us onto the glacier and up to the top of Mt. Lake (9,500'), the highest peak climbed. Iain Martin led a group of four up the west ridge and thus to the top. Knut and Jill met us at the top after following a steeper route up the glacier. They then went on to climb another peak while the rest of us descended the glacier, stopping to look into one large crevasse before glissading back to camp.

That night we enjoyed (well, most of us did) a spectacular lightning storm with a brief downpour of rain. The lightning and thunder moved all around us, dying away and then coming back louder and louder and finally ending with one incredibly loud peel of thunder.

The next morning everything was bright and fresh after the rain and most of us climbed the east ridge to Mt. Mammary (8,300'), so named by Dave Whiting because of its anatomical similarity to the obvious. A huge cairn was suggested to complete the likeness. From the summit we walked along the NE ridge to a small lake which we called Larch Lake. Mt. Hamill provided a very picturesque backdrop to this little alpine lake.

The same day Peter Wood led Janice Isaacs and Derek Willans up an unnamed peak and enjoyed some technical climbing. Helen Butling later suggested that the peak be called Mt. Rasmussin after an oldtimer in the Kaslo area.

The next day Jack and Peter led a group to the summit of Mt. McLeod (9,400') and Mt. McLanders. The remainder of the party strolled over to Grizzly Basin, so named because of the recent evidence of mother and cubs. The flowers were many and very colourful. This area turned out to be the best for variety and quality of wild flowers. Helen's sisters were kept busy identifying and photographing the many varieties. It was here that Helen fed a friendly marmot her fingers and some cheese - in that order.

That night Olwyn Ringheim made her exciting discovery. But first to go back to these three young men of 1915. While they were at the lake one member of the group decided to climb Mt. Lake. He made the climb and left a large cairn as testimony. Because the climb was difficult he was late in reaching camp and missed a note left in a split stake by the other two fellows. Along with the note was a small axe. It was the axe head that Olwyn spied as she was coming back from the daily trek to view the alpine glow on Mt. Pambrun. The axe head was rusty but still sharp. Only the end section of the handle remained intact. Beside the axe was the split stake with its sharpened end still obvious. Most of the camp formed a circle around the find and waited for Helen to come back from photographing the sunset. The

expression on her face when she saw the axe was beyond words. That night the talk was mostly about the historic find. Later in the week while the entire camp looked on the axe and its handle were carefully exhumed and wrapped between two splints for transport back to Nelson.

The next day Peter, Knut, Janice, Derek and Stan did a first ascent of Mt. Sawczuk (9,200') from the SE ridge and then traversed to Mt. Fitzsimmons. Another party did the SE ridge from Mt. Mammary and got caught in the hail and rain storm that lashed the area that afternoon and most of the evening. We were a colourful crew in our ponchos as we huddled about the fire that evening. Meanwhile the great debate on the naming of the two islands continued. The small one was dubbed "Piglet", much to the disgust of our cook. Iain proposed an unpronounceable Welsh name for the large island. Whether anything was finally decided I don't know.

Thursday was a lazy day for most people but Jack Steed led a small group on a very long hike to Rasmussin.

After seeing the Langballes and Martins off the next day, Peter, Stan, Lilah and Janice attempted Mt. McNicol via Sawczuk Ridge but were turned back due to lack of time and conditions too rugged for their equipment. Another group returned to Grizzly Basin for more photographs.

On Saturday eight of us set off in the rain for Carney Creek, Fry Creek and Johnson's Landing. After ten hours of struggling through wet bush we camped in a cathedral

of cedars, dried out, ate and enjoyed the comradeship of a campfire. We reached Johnson's Landing the next day.

The group that remained in camp was picked up the next day and got out before the weather deteriorated.

And so ended a most memorable summer camp into a very lovely area - one that I hope will remain untouched in the years to come.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE LARCHE OF LAKE BONNY GEM

Gentle, gentle, patient trees  
Soft green branches stretched out wide,  
Supple strong and ageless trees.  
Each summer one short day to you  
Each winter one long night.  
For seven days we shared your hills  
No more than a minute to you.  
What is Time? You give us no answers,  
Accepting all in lonely tranquility.

Ruth

# *NOTES from the cook*

by NANCY BAKER

I must be mad! I need a holiday - badly - but do I need one which involves cooking for 22 people in a tent? Well! My husband wants me to go - and there is just no way I can mentally accept the picture of spending TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for 9 days of "HOLIDAY" sleeping in a miniature tent you can barely sit up in. MY GOD! I could have room service for a week in a good hotel for that! WELL! Nothing for it - offer to be cook. That cuts the cost in half. Stipulate that if someone else wishes to be cook, you will be most happy to let them have the job (and maybe then you could let friend husband go alone to his precious hiking camp and your conscience is clear).

WELL! No other volunteers for cook, so you're in for it. Better get involved in the planning, purchasing etc. of the food to familiarize yourself with the immensity of camp cooking for 22. Consider - your experience cooking for four on our family camps - it was enjoyable - challenging too!

A personal commitment - go to the coast, organize and carry out moving of one's mother out of 3 floors of 3-bedroom house & 30 YEARS ACCUMULATION, into ONE BEDROOM SUITE. Took two weeks to do it, and prevented me from

assisting with the Bonny Gem Shopping Spree. Mentally and physically exhausted from "moving experience", prospect of this "cook effort" was not improved as I assisted Olwyn, Helen & Jill to clean, sort out & pack the huge pots & gear; pack the cartons of grub. ALL THAT TANG!!

Set off for the rendezvous in McNicol's field, intent on camping at Johnson's Landing somewhere for the night. Can't find the particular field - no other campers to be found - charging up and down country roads and steep mountainsides till dark - asking people directions - more charging about. Good thing the moon is bright - end up on the beach at' the wharf where I finally calm down, somewhat. VERY UPTIGHT! What a prospect for a holiday. BETTER COOL IT!

Beautiful morning! Off, back up the hill to the "field" we think is the right one - organized chaos commences - wait for the chopper. First chopper ride! lucky to have a window side but someone stuffed a great pack on your lap - can't move - can't see. Oh well. Here we go! Great steep rock mountains - looks great mountain goat country. Well! I'm not going up there - by foot.

BONNY GEM!!! No words can describe the beauty. Out of the chopper - commence selecting personal tent sites - and cook tent location, ice box for frozen meats. Concerned that the cook tent is not in any shade at all- reassured by the pro's. O.K. Helen, bless her heart, so helpful with suggestions and experience, yet so careful not to impose herself and take over.

BONNY GEM!! Gorgeous! the tent village is erected. Derek Willans appears to be a loner - only tent across the creek. The Martins staked out their own private view and front lawn - Knut took care to plant his tent right there. First meal - dinner - went ok. Maybe not so bad after all - in this gorgeous place - lots of help. A campfire! Sardine cans to be recycled - altitude of camp 7000 ft. - watch propane gas levels - don't have too many afternoon tea parties - camp fire a good place to conserve gas for heating water for tea parties & wash up - lots of dead wood - enough for all the tea party one could ask. Put one pot, and one kettle into fire. OH! but the pots do get black - REAL BLACK - Helen has kept them so shiny and YOU cook for ONE CAMP and soot everything up. That's life!

Tremendous eaters! Knut! Peter Wood!! The obvious ones - others more subtle. Mountains of bread - & Derek worrying about allotting his 5-slice bread daily quota - four for lunch leaves only one for breakfast. RIDICULOUS! enough bread for weeks! Margarine is the problem - the planners allowed "per person" but forgot the Cook's cooking. Lemon pies take margarine too. AND POTATOES! MY GOD! we have enough to thicken Bonny Gem to the hash brown stage. REMEMBER - next year - brand names make a difference to calculations of quantities to purchase.

RISSOTO FAUX PAS! Bless you, Iain, to make a cook's disaster turn from shame to a joke. PUFF BALLS - you find them, you clean 'em, you cook 'em - the cook has no experience or authority to deviate from the menu.

GORGEOUS DAYS - special treat for the cook only - sunrise over Lake Bonny Gem at 5 am. Everyone gone by 8 am. the first few days. Tramp the meadows alone - wild flowers magnificent and one's soul fills to bursting. The littlest island - a fantastic walk - just right between cook's chores - colours like jewels. Should climb "Helen's ridge" and see what is over the other side. Boots too slippery and slope extremely steep for cooks. Too chicken, and I never made it, even after tractionizing courtesy of Stan and his knife. A little sketching, a great quiet - solitude - good for the soul to expand in.

THE AXE! Sketch it. Everyone grouped about it waiting for Helen. Don't touch! Don't move it! Wait for Helen! First thing she did - picked it up! Marvelous to know the story and then to find the axe - 59 years!

ASTOUNDING! UNACCEPTABLE!! PIGLET!!! PIGLET ISLAND! My island? PIGLET! NEVER!!! Name it - Ori Nori; name it "cook's island"; name it - nothing; name it - LILIUS!! - the name originally given Mount Lake, and deemed unacceptable by some idiot naming board. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" - would those men have named Bonny Gem "Sow Lake"?

Dave Whiting looking for a cookbook to read! much more attractive with his hair shorn by camp barber, Jill, and the trusty first aid snips. MOONLIGHT NIGHTS! Can't sleep, neither can Martha - Peter Wood's hot toddy kept the two of us up half the night, around the camp fire, giggling and talking. BUT LOOK!! the moon is rising and

casting a shadow on the glacier and mountain - AND LOOK -  
the shadow retreats down the mountain and is reflected  
in the dark jewel surface of the lake.

INDIAN PAINT BRUSH! Jack picked twelve pieces -  
everyone a different shade and color. BEAUTIFUL. But  
don't ram them into a can like that.

The Martins and the Langballes - hiking out for  
fishing in Carney Creek. The women secretly packing pan-  
cake flour and goodies in case of no fish. Knut won't  
have it! They are to take nothing - going to eat fish!

SWIMMING POOLS! warmed by the sun. Evening prayers  
waiting for the alpenglow on Mount Pambrun. The cook's  
tour! a flower walk to Grizzly Basin with Helen, Elizabeth  
and Derek. If you had beauty before - it was more beauty  
now - but boots inadequate & nerves shaken at times. But  
never mind! look at the mimulus, the violets hiding, the  
paint brush and the lilies, St. John's Wort, and anemone.  
Helen, feeding the marmot who didn't know the difference  
between thumb and proffered cheese. Connie Wah - answer  
to a cook's prayer - a good rice cook! Not tired after  
my tour - uplifted and refreshed.

RAIN! Ten of the party hiking out! I think they  
are mad! Pouring rain - all day- rig a plastic fly over  
the camp fire - trays of charcoal briquets in the cook  
tent to dry wet things for Helen - read books - watch the  
mist over the lake. Cook becomes more a part of the party  
now that the group has shrunk and is confined to camp.

Meal preparations, especially in the afternoons, precludes the cook participating in the socializing before dinner.

PACK UP! Clean the camp fire pots in the creek sands. Replace the squares of cut sod into the fire pit. OH! Someone threw away the paint brush bouquet - colors still gorgeous! Tuck them into the sod refilling the campfire pit - near that rock - looks like a grave and tombstone.

"HERE LIETH CAMP BONNY GEM"  
1974

WET FEET OR NO! going to tramp those meadows once more, along the lake toward my little island. Fill your soul. Derek has a bouquet - if it's alright for him - I could have a few too. Tell Helen "God gave them to me!"

HERE COMES THE CHOPPER! A front seat with the pilot - fantastic ride - a ride on a gull's back - swoop and glide - drop and soar.

THANK YOU Jill - for your thought, planning and work. THANK YOU Peter, for the same. THANK YOU Helen.

STAN? when can we go again - being camp cook was great fun.

REFLECTIONS OF BONNY GEM

Far from the frequent haunts of man  
Along an untrod mountain way  
All tranquil in the early light  
Reflections greet the coming day.

Green meadows ring your crystal face  
With alpine glory interleaved  
Mirrored there was heaven's blue  
And mountain peaks of darker hue.

A little islet hanging there  
Suspended on your bosom fair  
Geometric patterns interlace  
Where rock and water vie for space.

Then with the rosy flush of dawn  
Painted by the warming sun  
The rock, the ice, the sky respond  
God's masterpiece is done.

Stan Baker

# BATTLE RANGE CAMP

by SUE PORT

Since the Editor didn't manage to convince anyone else to write a general account of the 1974 climbing camp, I thought I should do so "for the record". The following is sketchy and impressionistic - anyone wanting a more coherent account should have done it himself!

## Odds and ends

Meeting in the pub in Nakusp on Friday evening (July 20) - a few arrived an hour early and the leaders a couple of hours late. The subsequent overnight camp near Beaton was disorganized to say the least.

The early morning drive up the Incomappleux and the unexpected arrival at the take-off point of one "lost" member by helicopter from Revelstoke.

Then the excitement of seeing "our" basin for the first time as we skimmed over Houston Pass, the relief of finding dry gravel flats at the base of the Houston Glacier to land and camp on, and the surprise at seeing three small tents pitched on the snow a few hundred feet away. (These belonged to two men from Spokane leading nine

teenage boys, traversing from Rogers Pass through the Battle Range and out to Beaton; they made us feel rather decadent).

#### Climbing

The peaks surrounding camp were swarmed over from all directions. Proteus, the highest at 10,660', was ascended from the southeast on steep snow to its south ridge (a new route?) by Dave Kennedy and Steven Horvath, and by the south glacier by many. The summit of Ahab (10,240') was reached by the standard south face route and by both east and west ridges, and the three peaks in between, White-jacket, Redburn and Benito Cereno, were climbed by various parties and routes.

Billy Budd, directly above camp to the south, was also very popular. A few traversed away around to the SE ridge (their route looked ridiculously steep from across the valley), dropped over the back and climbed from the south. Others climbed it directly from camp - up a long snow couloir and cold wet rocks and steep easy snow. The rocky summit offered lots of entertainment; there were a couple of moves too long even for Howie, who had to part with a loudly lamented chock. After admonishing notes from Pete Wood about leaving garbage on the mountains, it was returned with great ceremony a few days later at the dinner gathering. Two parties traversed from Billy Budd to Houston Pass and swore at the steep rotten ridge defending the pass to the south.

Then there were Fafnir and Escalade, so well described

in Peter's article and visited by other parties. And Typee, offering superb views of the Melville, Westfall and Nemo Groups. One party thought to saunter up Forecastle on the way and were surprised at the difficulties encountered. The "Tadpole" - musn't forget that. This was the name bestowed on the tooth below the SE face of Proteus after it was climbed by Iain Martin and Johnny.

Having cleaned up the nearby peaks, some were forced to go further afield. The "Three Musketeers" (see P. McIver article) ran off to Mt. Butters one day and were again late for dinner - but quickly forgiven. Howie, Pete Wood and Gordon set off along the ridge northeast from Typee to a mountain with a gleaming silver summit (said Howie); after a long day they reached their objective and proposed naming it "Mt. Brewster" after an early (1947 - early for the Battle Range) explorer in the region. And Scylla was reached on the last day, with the China Wall offering some interesting moments.

Quite a few felt that they should go to Oasis Lake and perhaps climb some of the peaks in the Westfall Group, but the only ones to actually do so were Dave and Bruce on the last day. They traversed SE from camp. to lose not much elevation but to meet a lot of bush and bugs. The usual long route over Houston Pass is still the recommended one.

Throughout, glacier travel was relatively easy. The Houston Glacier had started to show only the odd "dry" patch by the end of the week. However, the easy snow routes

up steep icy portions of the Melville Glacier became uncomfortably narrow or nonexistent as the days went on. The weather offered no excuses to stay in camp; in fact, the cold, wind blowing down the glacier offered every inducement to leave, if only for the steep, small meadow above the headwall below camp.

More odds and ends

Sitting on the hard ground or perching on small uncomfortable rocks just after the sun had departed behind Proteus, eating Helen's superb soups and dinners and desserts. Dave wiggling his bare toes in the silt while most sat huddled in down jackets. Quickly-made lunches and watching for an alpenglow on the Nemo Group worthy of a photo and occasionally a small gathering in the cook tent for a hot drink and then fast into sleeping bags to keep warm.

Johnny and Iain waiting impatiently on the last day for Bruce to return with his last few cigarettes.

Watching from a quiet, high meadow below Typee as the A.C.C. camp sprouted up beside and intermingled with ours. And watching with dismay the following day as the helicopter arrived to take us out and raised huge clouds of dust from the much trampled glacial silt where our camp had been - and the wind carried all of it into their camp.

# escalade escapades

by PETER McIVER

The previous day (our first full one in the Battle Range camp), July 21st, Knut Langballe, Fred Thiessen and Peter McIver climbed imposing Proteus (10,660') by the straightforward south glacier and since the day was only half done, decided to follow the ridge northeast to Whitejacket (10,250') and Redburn (10,150'). Descent off the Proteus ridge was accomplished by dropping on the north side, jumping a schrund, a short rappel into the Proteus-Whitejacket col, and scrambling (with rope protection in one place) to the Whitejacket summit (about one and one quarter hours from Proteus). We descended to the next col, again found straightforward scrambling on good rock, with the rope used in one spot, to the summit of Redburn (about one hour from Whitejacket).

We crowned the summits with cairns, descended to the Whitejacket-Redburn col and down very steep, but soft snow to the Melville Glacier. We heard Helen's dinner gong as we were negotiating ice by cutting steps, a mile from camp, and consequently were late for supper.

As a result of this we decided the next day, July 22, to take a short trip and be back in lots of time. Sue said

Fafnir and Escalade should be suitable, as Fafnir (9,250') was a snow walk and Escalade (9,680') an easy scramble. (typist's note: I was misquoted!) We should have clicked when she went up Proteus instead, and so the three musketeers set off alone on their easy day.

The trip to Fafnir was very enjoyable as we passed the length of Escalade which rises attractively from a south facing glacier with steep east and west ridges. Fafnir was indeed a walk along a snow ridge, which started in a col below the west ridge of Escalade. We intended to climb this west ridge of Escalade and traverse the mountain but the rock was loose and uninviting, so, after lunch on the Fafnir summit, we skirted the base of the mountain looking for routes that would not require aid.

Eventually we reached the east ridge, which looked climbable though steep. I led the first thirty feet or so, then brought up Fred who climbed through on steep and excellent rock with a scarcity of holds up to a ledge which was attained with a difficult mantelshelf. This ledge, which once attained was broad and overhung above, overlooked the north face and east col, and we could see Knut was standing on a giant cornice, overhanging fifty to sixty feet. He abandoned this spot, and climbed up to us on the ledge. Then with Fred leading, we climbed down and traversed an outward sloping ledge with roof, then up a series of thin cracks to a stance thirty to forty feet above the belay ledge. This was the crux of the climb; there was one more easy lead

above this, then free climbing to the summit. We had used pegs and chocks for protection, but not aid.

The ridge higher up provided excellent scrambling on firm granite blocks - at one point Knut disappeared into a horizontal crack, only feet showing. The climb had consumed most of the afternoon, storm clouds were approaching and we unfortunately could not linger long on the summit, reached at 6:00 p.m. We built a stoneman, left a record and high-tailed out, rappelling down the last section, reaching the snow just as the rain (the only rain of the whole week) started.

This time we were two hours late for supper, and really incurred the wrath of Helen; next day was spent in camp!

# ROGER'S PASS Victoria Day

by PETER McIVER

For the past several years, I have been going to Rogers Pass on the May 24 weekend, ski-touring, continuing a tradition established by Mike Walker who had been going with groups of friends every year since about 1962. Mike decided to do other things the past two years, so I decided this year to make this a Club trip. Members of the party were: my two sons, Ian and Chris, Val Walker, Ron and Annelies Anderson, Libby Martin, Jim Brennan, Bill Hurst and myself.

The area offers several interesting ski tours - Balu Pass, the Asulkan Glacier, the Illecillewaet Glacier, Mt. Abbott and others. This year we planned to climb the Asulkan and Illecillewaet valleys and also try Lily Glacier.

The first day (Saturday, May 18, 1974) we were going at 6.30 a.m., a little late, as always on the first day. We parked at the Illecillewaet turn-off and climbed up into the Asulkan valley and into mist. The route is straightforward, following the route of the summer trail onto the east side of the valley and the moraine, but this is quite a long trip, especially for people with stiff downhill boots, and several of the group, including Ian and Chris, got sore feet

and were unable to join us on the next two days. The skiing wasn't too good on the way out as the snow was heavy and the light flat. It was a pity the party missed the magnificent views from the col.

The next day, minus our injured members but including Libby and Val who had a small car mishap on the way in on the Friday, we left camp and travelled through the open trees on the east end of Loop Creek, crossing the creek at a slide which filled the canyon about 1 mile up from the old railway crossing. (Last year this place was a maze of avalanche debris and was almost impassable.)

Above the canyon the valley opens up to the convergence of Green and Lily Glacier valleys with the Bonney Glacier - a beautiful place. We were favoured by the weather - alternate mist and sun with intriguing glimpses of entrancing glaciers. We climbed a large lateral moraine on the east side of the valley and attained Lily Glacier by traversing off the moraine; Lily, though steep, was quite straightforward to climb. Again light and snow conditions were not good for skiing down, but the overall trip was really splendid; we were very pleased to get into this little-visited area and see its unique beauty (this was my third try). In the afternoon, after returning to camp, we visited the Canyon Hot Springs at Albert Canyon - expensive but good after two hard days.

On Monday we were going by 5:30, under cloudless skies, to the Illecillewaet. Conditions were fantastic - hard snow and a step stairway on the way up until we reached the glacier proper, then skins to the Lookout. Views fantastic and the

downhill skiing on this, the classic spring-skiing trip, was excellent - thin corn on a hard base over the Illecillewaet bumps and valleys. We were down by midday and had to head homeward after a hard but really enjoyable weekend.

# McGillivray Pass

by SUE PORT

While living in Vancouver, I had often heard mention of ski-touring at McGillivray Pass but had never managed to go there. Last spring (mid-May) we had a week of holiday at the Coast so decided that it was time we finally saw the place.

Unfortunately, the Duffy Lake road north from Pemberton was still closed with snow, forcing us to drive the

long way around by the Fraser Canyon to Lillooett, and then west sixty endless miles of gravel road to Gold Bridge. Here we were to meet two friends at noon the next day, but the dust blowing through the streets (all two of them) drove us up to the cool, clean air of Bralorne, once home to hundreds of people. A few years/ago the gold mine which was its reason for existence closed down and now the town is almost deserted. The door of the imposing mine office was open but no one answered our call and the last notice on the board was dated 1967. We left rather hurriedly. There were rows of broken-windowed company houses, otherwise whole and painted rainbow colours. The schools and hospital and medical clinic were all boarded up. It was a strange feeling to wander about the town in the evening and see some of the former private homes with lace curtains tied back at the windows and a pot of artificial flowers hanging outside - and no one anywhere.

The next day we were able to drive only as far as the old Pioneer Mine (about 4,000') a couple of miles up the road. This meant a long but gentle trip in; the first seven or so miles was an infuriating roller coaster of discontinuous snow. The three of us with old skis stomped along the bare patches and through shallow streams - and the fourth member was soon doing likewise. And then finally uphill, still on a wide road, and into the pass (6,100') after about six hours of travel. Our destination was an old cabin used, we understood, as a way station decades ago when the only way to reach Bralorne was over the Pass from Anderson Lake. We dug our way in with little diffi-

culty to find the stove end of the'floor covered with a skating rink about two inches thick. The cabin is slowly sinking into a bog and the floor heaves and subsides like some Crazy Carpet at the midway. But it was soon comfortable and warm, thanks to a wood-chopping party from the Varsity Outdoor Club the previous fall.

We had been assured that it was well supplied with all the necessary utensils and had rather hesitantly brought nothing with us. We did finally find the pots - and two dozen individual creamers (very refined, those miners) and a like number of tiny saucers (sesame seed size in a Chinese restaurant) and piles of dinner plates - and all of three mugs and two bowls from which to eat and drink our gloppy one-pot meals and gallons of soup and tea.

The valley sides of the Pass are excellent ski slopes: above timberline, moderate avalanche danger and a good angle. The nearby summits are unexciting but the views of the surrounding sea of mountains and snow highly gratifying (for those of us who like that sort of thing). The weather was variable and with fresh snow we did not enjoy typical mid-May "spring skiing". However, the runs down were better than we expected - never easy but always exhilarating.

And then after three days it was time for a bone-rattling ski down the frozen road in the early morning, and the long walk out carrying increasingly heavy skis, and the shock of returning to heat and dust and traffic and the insanity of 70 mph on the 401.

# the DEVIL'S HORN

by GUNTHER OFFERMANN

"Maybe it's just over this next gendarme!" shouted Elena, but her voice just whistled away with the fierce wind. "What?" came the muffled reply from below ... no answer. Everyone (Elena Underhill, Gunther & Dieter Offermann) was too busy to talk much. Fresh snow made finding one's step difficult. Stinging snow flakes in the eyes glasses didn't help much. Verglas made the going slow... hands and feet froze dangerously. But we were so near the top, perhaps less than five hundred feet. Breathing heavily we rested briefly on top of the small gendarme. The wind was getting through our defences; we would have to come to a decision quickly. A few shouts later we climbed on, having decided that the top of the next "arete" would be as far as we'd go - top or not!

In good weather the Devil's Horn could be easy, enjoyable climbing - some exposure but generally plenty of good holds. That stormy day, however, was a different story. I was climbing up an icy 45° slab, almost reaching its top when suddenly I lost my grip - before I knew it, I had lost about ten feet in elevation and hanging on with one hand,

was looking at my legs - dangling some eight hundred feet above ground! Being idiots of course, we were unroped - due, of course, to a lack of rope. Anyway, ten minutes later we had reached the crest of the ridge, but alas! It was still not the top. Nevertheless, our previous decision stood firm; we would quickly gobble down some corned beef and then retreat. We left the empty can behind to mark how high we had been - with full intentions to return.

The following year, 1974, we made another attempt in July. This time we discovered a different approach, avoiding a lot of devil's club. The weather was fine but as before, by the time we reached the shoulder (at approx. 7,500') a storm had moved in and snow was already falling. We did not want a repeat performance of the previous year, so grudgingly we descended. This year had not been kind to us weather wise. Elena and I had a whole summer available for climbing but time after time storms drove us off mountains from the Valhallas to the Bugaboos. There were some exceptions however - the Devil's Horn finally being one of them.

Some time in the beginning of August we boarded the Kootenay Lake ferry, heading for Powder Creek about fourteen miles north of Riondel. Dieter was in Nanaimo, so it was just Elena and myself. Following a dirt road ten miles up Powder Creek we finally prepared to leave. A small deer came from nowhere and ended up eating practically all our lunch. In no time we were on our way, and soon came

out of the bush and over the tree line. The main shoulder with its small plateau was reached comfortably. A small rest with a snack and we started the fun rock climb. The weather was holding well, the view getting better all the time. It wasn't long before we found the corned beef can; we wondered how close we had been before. Twenty yards later we stood on the top! We laughed our heads off - Dieter was going to be very angry when we told him how close he had been.

We had the most perfect uninterrupted view of the entire Leaning Towers range; we had been waiting for that and took lots of snaps. The weather was still holding and for once we had plenty of time. In view of all that, I think we spent some of our best moments in the Southern Purcells, there on the "Devil's Horn".

(N.B. The "Devil's Horn" is an unnamed peak, located in the Southern Purcells, at the head of Powder Creek. Its elevation is 8,600 ft. Several easy routes lead to the top, with abundant alternate routes providing good climbing practice.)

# KOKANEE HISTORY

The following are excerpts from a September 5, 1932, Nelson Daily News article provided by Leo Gansner. Unknown to the group, their Rev. Kinney was the same G.B. Kinney who made many attempts on Mt. Robson in 1908 - 1909.

On the morning of Thursday, the 25th day of August ... some of the observant habitues of the corner of Baker and Ward noticed that among the busy shoppers of the day there seemed to be some who with a happy air of expectancy were rushing around between grocery and butcher shops, joking and laughing with the clerks, and coming out of these shops with what were scandalously large parcels for these supposed days of depression. The depression, however, was not bothering these smiling and happy shoppers very much that morning, for they were preparing themselves for one of the most important parts of what would likely be for them the greatest and most enjoyable event of the year. ... for on that afternoon they were leaving on a three-day holiday to be spent within that wild and wonderful scenic gem of the Kootenays, of which we of this district are so proud, namely Kokanee Glacier park. ...

The party in all consisted of three well loaded cars from Nelson and one from Procter, the Procter car carrying among others our worthy guide, Rev. George Kinney, and his

sturdy eight-year-old son Bliss. ... After some of the more agile members of the party had helped themselves to some of Kaslo's famous black cherries, which grow right along the streets of the town, the adventurous group, numbering 22 in all, and piled like the traditional sardine into four small cars, left Kaslo for the Joker mill-site at 4:30 in the afternoon, reaching this place soon after 6, in spite of the fact that the road was littered with remains of snakes which had broken their backs trying to get around the turns. ...

... As it looked as if it should be a beautiful clear night, the beds were all made in the open, being placed side by side in one long line on top of the balsam boughs, which some absent-minded member of the party had laid down with the butts out on top, instead of the tips. ...

Due to the bough butts and also the exciting anticipation of the coming hike, no one slept much that night, and it was not very difficult to get everyone out next morning by 6 o'clock. ... After a fine breakfast, which of course consisted of bacon and eggs, hot cakes and coffee, everyone prepared themselves for the hike to the glacier, which was about three miles horizontally and one mile vertically from the camp. Mr. Kinney, after giving final directions for the hike, divided the party into four groups, each with a leader and an assistant leader. Group No. 3 of the party, being composed of some rather highly ambitious members, decided that it should be the first company of people which ever ate fried pork sausages at the top of the glacier, so, providing itself with a copious supply

of dry wood, a large tin of sausages, and a frying pan, it set out along with the other groups. ...

The climb to the ice was made slowly, with frequent rests. As the higher altitudes were reached, breathing became somewhat difficult for many of the party, and frequent rests were necessary. During the rests the two nurses in the party, Miss Paula Gansner and Miss Moira McLeod, amused themselves by counting the pulses of different members of the party - particularly the male members. Those who did not have their pulses taken had to content themselves by knowing that their breath was coming in short pants and that their "pants were getting shorter and shorter the higher they climbed". However, a great reward was in store for these lusty climbers. Coming to a turn in the trail, the party came into view of the Bridal Veil cascade.

... Skirting this cascade ran the trail, switch-backing its way slowly to the top, where it led the party into a large amphitheatre carved out by the glacier many thousand years since. Forming one side and the end of the amphitheatre, stood the mighty ice field which the party was to ascend. A huge, greenish-white mass it stood, from which numerous rocky peaks protruded along its crest, throwing out a challenge to all and making their blood tingle at the thought that soon they would have conquered these heights.

[The party crossed Coffee Pass and hiked to the edge of the glacier] ... It was now growing late in the afternoon, and some of the older members of the party wisely turned back, as they were afraid that darkness might still

find them on the trail, and also, "Their pants had grown too short." The remainder, led by group 3, with its wood and sausages, pushed on for the peaks, finally reaching them about 4 o'clock. The sausages were cooked with considerable ceremony and picture-taking, the fire being built on a large flat rock which was located at the crest of the glacier half way between Esmeralda peak and Mount Cond. All those who had conquered the glacier were rewarded with a piece of deliciously cooked sausage. The 9000-foot elevation may interfere with the proper cooking of eggs, but it has no effect on the frying of sausages. . .

The party had been not more than a few minutes on the trail home when Mr. Kinney, who had carefully guided the whole party this far without a mishap, became sick himself with stomach trouble. He was able to go only a short distance at a time without resting, and considerable concern was felt as it was evident that camp would not be reached before dark at the present rate of progress. As Mr. Kinney himself said later, it was not necessary for a man to spend three weeks learning to play the saxophone or piano by the new easy method in order to be the center of attention of a party; instead, all one needed to do was become sufficiently sick. . .

The going down of the sun, however, made things look more serious. It was finally decided that most of the boys would accompany the girls in a "fast party" which would rush back to camp, and the boys would return with flash-

lights and "bugs" to bring back Mr. Kinney . . . . This was accomplished without any trouble, Mr. Kinney's condition improving considerably as he reached the lower altitudes, and due to the condition of the trail, the trip in the dark was not difficult. . . .

The next day the main party left for their homes, only the six members of No. 3 group staying behind. This group spent the day on a hike over the western trail to the Slocan Chief mine and the Kokanee Mountaineering Club cabin. There they took the old register off its nail where it was hung far out of the reach of the "porkies" and pack rats, and entered the names of all the party who had made the glacier trip. Then after reading the various interesting remarks of previous visitors and adding a few remarks of their own, they returned to camp to enjoy a very excellent and ample meal of sirloin steak with French fried potatoes, fruit salad, and super-saturated coffee. This group had decided that on the morrow they would arise at 5 o'clock, and faithful to their firm belief that they were the most energetic hikers in the district, would climb to the top of Kokanee Peak.

However, the restraining influence of this group could not have turned in sufficiently early that evening, for about 8:15 the next day two cars full of hikers from Trail and Kaslo arrived near the mill-site to find six grey sack-like looking objects lying across the road barring further progress, and from each there slowly emerged a

dishevelled and very sleepy looking head, which in each case was joined to the proud shoulders of one of the hikers of No. 3 group. It was then too late to try and make the glacier trip, so this group spent the day gathering plants, attempting a little fishing, or bemoaning the fate of a lovely leather hiking boot which some hungry porky had feasted upon during the night. The chief diversion that day, however, was eating. In the afternoon, the group left in its car for Nelson, thus bringing to a close one of the most enjoyable events of the summer.

Those making the hike were Rev. George Kinney and son Bliss, Rev. and Mrs. T.J.S. Ferguson, Rev. W.J. Byers, Argus and Hallam McKinnon, Dave Deneway, Neil Mcleod, May MacFarlane, Evelyn Wallace, Bill Bennett, Alma Smillie, Grace Hall, Hanna Rankin, Geodie Wallach, Dorothy Hillam, Paula Gansner, Moira McLeod, Leo Gansner, Art Morris, and Telfer Norman [the author of this article].

The last six mentioned were the members of the famous No. 3 party.



WINTER TRIP SCHEDULE

All trips, leaders and dates are open to change.  
Changes may be made to take maximum advantage of  
changing conditions and of available access.

Watch the monthly Newsletter for details.

KEY:    S - Snowshoes    N - Nordic skis    A - Alpine skis

Dec. 15	Salmo-Creston summit S,N,A,	Olwyn Ringheim
Jan. 19	Record Ridge    N,A	Ron Anderson
Jan. 26	Blueberry-Paulson Hwy. X-country              N	Guy Woods
Feb. 16	Silver King    S,N,A	Jack Steed
March 2	Hanna Creek    S,N,A	Ian Hamilton
March 15/16	Huckleberry Hut 4 person limit    A,N	Helen Butling
March 29/31 EASTER	Silver Spray Cabin - Kokanee Park    A,N	John Carter
April 13	Whitewater area (Kaslo- New Denver Hwy.)    A,N	Peter McIver
April 19/20	Glacier Creek area - ski touring with snow camp (if road open)    A,N	Fred Thiessen
April 27	Scranton Mine area (Woodberry Creek)    A,N	Knut Langballe
May 3/4	Snow camping - possible snow ascent	Howie Ridge
May 24/26	Rogers Pass    A	Peter McIver
	Slocan Chief Cabin    A,N	Helen Butling





