



VOL 21

**KOOTENAY KARABINER 1978**



OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVES 1978

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Treasurer:	Bob Dean
Secretary:	Peter McIver
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Rock School:	Ken Holmes
Cabins and Trails:	Stan Baker
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Mountain Rescue:	Elena Offermann



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## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

It is customary for the club chairman to include a few words in the Karabiner each year. For this year's journal, I will try to provide some overview of activities in 1978 as well as discuss some of the problems the KMC faces.

Our organization once more had a successful round of outdoor activities, which is (after all) the purpose of the KMC. Trips Chairman Eric Norton co-ordinated a series of winter and spring ski outings, including the annual "Easter at Kokanee" event. During the summer numerous day and weekend trips were made, with reasonably good weather favouring trekkers through the first week in August. The annual hiking camp, under the auspices of John Stewart, was held July 15-23 in the Demers Lakes area of the Valhallas. Excellent weather and superb climbing conditions contributed to an enjoyable climbing camp, July 29 - August 7, in the Adamant group of the Northern Selkirks. Many thanks to Camps Chairman Fred Thiessen for the work he has done, and to Eric Norton who has completed his term of office.

The KMC provided ever more slide shows, banquets, and socials in 1978. In March the club hosted a public slide show and lecture at which some 300 people listened spell-bound to Doug Scott's account of a harrowing climb on the Ogre with Chris Bonnington and company. A month later, the annual spring banquet provided KMCers with the chance

to enjoy a Middle Eastern feast. Autumn brought us another fine slide show, this one by Jon Jones, a University of Calgary instructor who regaled us with a droll account of climbs in Canada, the U.S.A., Mexico and South America. These events were organized by Social Chairwoman Peggy LePage, who retired in November after two years of excellent work.

The Basic Mountaineering Course, directed by Ken Holmes, was again successful. Lectures, rock climbing at Kinnaird, and snow schools at Whitewater and Glacier Creek kept students and instructors alike busy.

Derek Wilans laboured indefatigably as Conservation chairman, writing numerous briefs, letters and petitions, as well as attending conferences. Members of the club debated the possibilities of parks in the Valhallas and in the Big Bend of the Columbia, as Derek kept us informed and stirred our interest and concern.

No less important were the rest of the people on your executive committee who kept the club functioning: Stan Baker, Bob Dean, Earl Jorgensen, and Peter McIver. As usual, the Chairman complains that a tiny proportion of the people do most of the work. I would like to second Bert Port's suggestion, from a previous "Chairman's Report", that club members become wholeheartedly involved in club activities for a year or so, then be free to step aside for others to shoulder some of the burden. The KMC, like any other club, needs more participation from its people.

There are other problems with which our club is wrestling. Elena Offermann has graciously agreed to become co-ordinator of a newly formed Mountain Rescue Group, but we still have a long way to go to create a solid team. The question of the Park Branch granting a concession for the winter use of the Slocan Chief Cabin occasioned much debate within the KMC in 1978. Currently, club members are discussing the wisdom of buying another set of camping gear for summer camps. Last, but certainly not least, the executive committee has investigated whether or not the club should become incorporated under the Societies Act.

Thus, 1979 promises to be a busy year for your executive. Please give them any help you can.

Kim Kratky

## THE VALHALLA LAKES ROUTE

by Julie Norton

In late September 1978, Eric and I traversed a portion of the Valhalla Mountains via Beatrice Lake and the Demers, Hird, Gwillim and Drinon Lakes. In a distance of approximately 30 miles we passed 16 lakes, thus we christened the hike the Valhalla Lakes Route. We started at the shore of Slocan Lake at 1900 feet, crossed two passes of 8400 feet and finished at the head of Hoder Creek. It took us seven days to complete the trip travelling not more than 6 hours a day with a rest day at the Gwillim Lakes. We spent each night camping at one of the groups of lakes. This interesting route has much to offer in the ruggedly beautiful terrain it covers.

We started our trip by leaving a car at the head of Hoder Creek and hiring a boat to ferry us up Slocan Lake to the mouth of Evans Creek. From the shore of the lake a well defined trail leads six miles to the east shore of Beatrice Lake passing Little Cahill and Cahill Lakes along the way. Between Cahill and Beatrice Lakes the trail meanders on a mossy bed through a stand of virgin cedar, never logged. Good campsites have been cleared at the east end of Beatrice Lake where the trail ends. The lake is about 3 miles long with steep banks of slide alder, slabs and bush on either side. After spending a

night at the east end we continued along the lake following the right (north) shoreline. Despite some driftwood on the beach it was an enjoyable hike, much better than fighting the bush up on the banks. Beatrice Creek cascades into the lake as a picturesque waterfall close to the west end. A short detour into the bush was necessary to cross the creek. Tents can be pitched on the lakeshore just past the creek mouth and a new log cabin is hidden in the trees just off the beach. The fishing here was excellent and a rod was well worth packing along.

The climb from Beatrice Lake to the lowest Demers lake is the most frustrating section of the hike as the bush is dense and the slope is steep. This could be a horrendous bushwack earlier in the year but fortunately before we arrived heavy frosts had taken down the tall ferns and small undergrowth. There is quite a bit of Devil's Club here. The lowest of the Demers Lakes is nestled at the top of this headwall and is easily skirted. The route to the second lake is a pleasant stroll through open forest. The west end of this lake presents another obstacle in the form of steep slabs. The creek from the upper Demers Lakes cascades down the wall and a thin line of trees clings to it just beside the waterfalls. We ascended through the trees on the left of the stream and at 6600 feet emerged in the lovely, though snow covered,

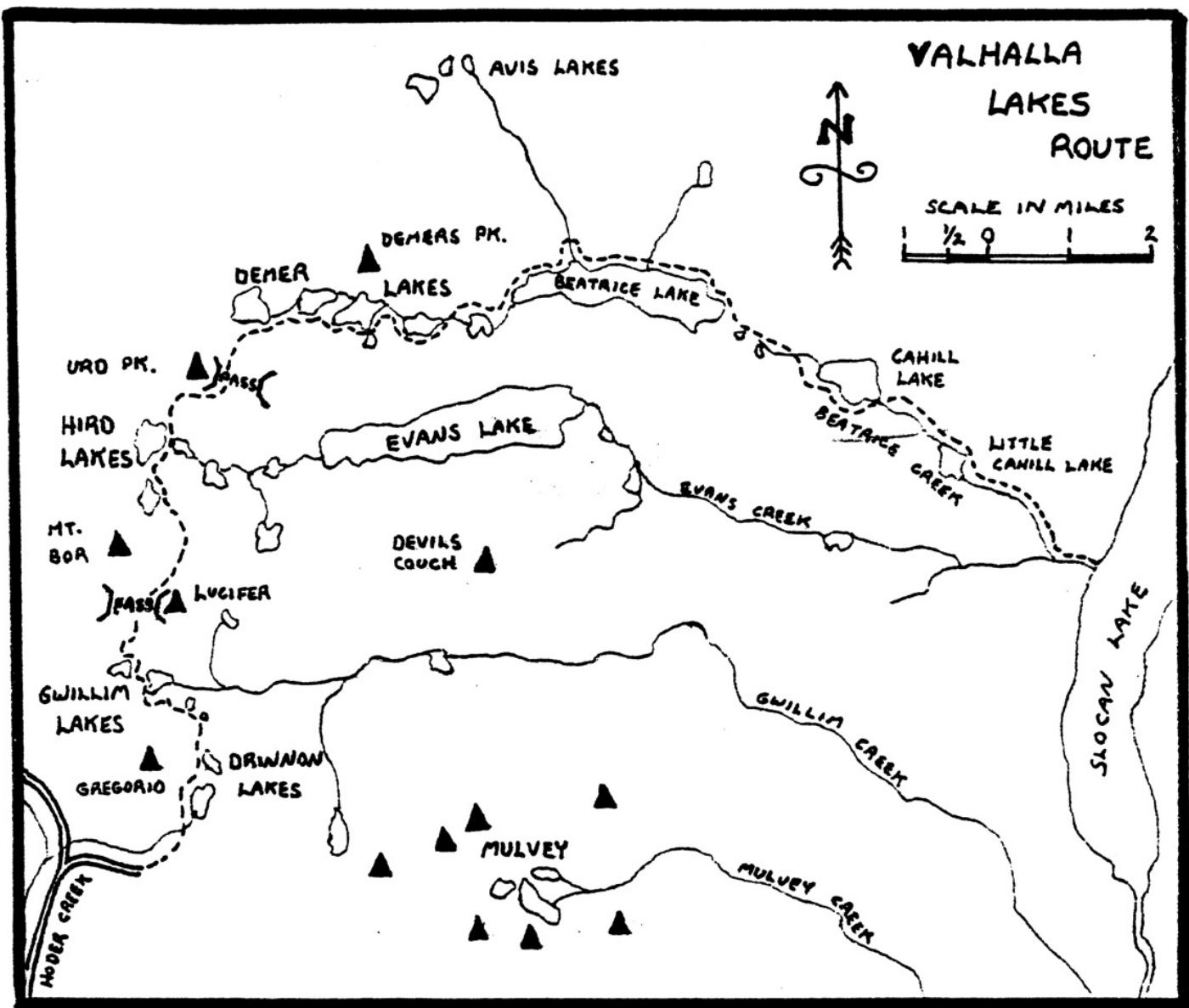
alpine meadows of the three upper Demers Lakes. We spent a very comfortable night at the west end of the middle lake.

To reach the Hird Lakes from the Demers Lakes we chose to go over the pass on the left (east) side of Urd peak although it is higher than the pass on the west (7700'). From this pass a 500 foot scramble took us to the summit where we were treated to a fantastic view of the Devil's group and Hird Lakes, our next stop. We got off this east ridge of Urd peak via a steep, narrow gully that had filled with snow which slowed our descent as we slid down it. Crossing the open slopes along the back of Urd to the long ridge running south from the peak we found a cairn, presumably left by the summer hiking camp, marking a step in the ridge at 7900 feet. From here it was an easy walk down to the Hird Lakes at 6900 feet where we enjoyed another night camping beside a lake.

Our route from the Hird Lakes to Gwillim Lakes consisted of hiking past Mt. Bor and over Gwillim pass. We were able to avoid the ice-covered slabs of Gwillim pass by staying to the left near the walls of Rosemary's Baby, Trident and Lucifer but we could not avoid the ice at the top of the pass and had to chop steps for the top couple hundred feet. The Gwillim Lakes were clearly

visible from the top of the pass, approximately 3400 feet. Arriving at the meadows surrounding the Gwillim Lakes was pure delight as they were warm and bare of snow. Unfortunately the snow arrived shortly after and when we left two days later there was close to a foot of it on the ground.

We arrived at our car at the head of Hoder Creek with a cold rain falling, seven days after leaving the shores of Slocan Lake. Although the weather had not been perfect, we had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and considered it a worthwhile trip. We feel we can recommend the route to anyone looking for an enjoyable but challenging trip. Some previous mountaineering experience would be helpful as the conditions in the passes and route finding could present a problem in foul weather.



## CLIMBING CAMP 1978

by Kim Kratky

Back in 1971, the KAC conducted a very successful summer camp in the Ademant Range of the Northern Selkirks. Thus it was that prospective participants in Camp '78 knew they were to visit an area of unsurpassed beauty that offered a variety of routes on ice, snow and rock.

The locale of our camp, which was held from July 29th to Aug. 7th, was about 40 miles (65 km) due north of the Albert Canyon Hot Springs which are located on the Trans-Canada Highway east of Revelstoke. The Ademant (n. "an extremely hard substance"), Gothics, and Sir Sanford ranges, where we did all our climbing, are bordered on the north and east by the Columbia River, on the south by the Gold River, and on the west by tributaries of the Goldstream River. Useful maps to consult are "Golden" (sheet 82N, scale 1:250,000); and "Sullivan River" (82N/13W) and Mt. Sir Sanford (82N/12W), both at 1:50,000 scale.

On Friday, July 29th, Janice Isaac, Jack Steed, Fred Thiessen and I left Nelson in our antique Ford "Farley". After a ghastly meal at a Revelstoke pancake house, we pushed on eastward. Five miles beyond the east entry gate to Glacier National Park, we discovered our forest access road which led us 40 miles north along the Columbia Reach to Swan Creek. Nothing like camping at 2:00 am.

Next morning the four of us met the rest of our crew: Jim Brennan, Peter and Chris McIver, Derek Willans, Gordon Frank, Don Mousseau, Eric Norton, Julie Mortimer, Dave Snider, Steve Horvath, Pat Post, Peter Wood, Iain Martin, Derek Moulé, and our cook Deyanne Barrow. This time the Okanagan Helicopter, piloted by an affable New Zealander, was on time. For the flight in, we divided into two parties: camp coordinator Fred, the McIvers, Jim, Janice and I flew to the Great Cairn Hut on the moraine of the Silver-tip Glacier for a go at Sir Sanford; the bulk of the group, along with cook tent, whirred to Fairy Meadows, near the ACC hut on the edge of the Granite Glacier. Some six miles, a day's walk, separated the camps.

Minutes after landing at Great Cairn, we were joined by a half-dozen ACC-Toronto climbers who took the opportunity to helicopter over from Fairy Meadows. In the afternoon, Chris and I scrambled up nearby Azimuth Mtn. in order to survey the region.

#### Sunday, July 30th

Everyone at Great Cairn set out very early for Sir Sanford, Fred, Jim and three of the ACC-types making their way to the summit without undue difficulty.

Steve, Pat and Derek Moulé made an attempt on Mt. Adamant (11, 040'), encountering numerous crevasses on the Granite Glacier. Everyone agreed that the glacier had made major retreads in the last few years. Neighboring

Mt. Austerity (10,980) was climbed by Don, Dave, Julie, Eric and Derek Willans. Don decided that frontpointing up to the Austerity-Ironman Col while wearing cut-offs was not wise.

Monday, July 31st

The entire assemblage from Great Cairn Hut (a cosy stone affair built in the early '50s) trekked over Azimuth Notch and across the slushy wastes of the Adamant Glacier to Thor Pass, the Gothics Glacier, and our main camp at Fairy Meadows.

In the meantime, Steve, Pat and Derek Moulé were prowling around on Quadrant Mtn. (9650') and Spire, a rubbishy finger north of Quadrant.

Dave, Don, Julie and Eric were also content to take things easy after a hard day, being satisfied to scramble up Damon and Pythias, the appropriately named guardians of Friendship Col.

More ambitious were Peter Wood and Iain, who made their way to the top of East Pk. (10,640') on the edge of the Gothics Glacier.

Tuesday, August 1st

Fred and Jim enjoyed the luxuries of camp (leisurely meals, glacial showers in Swan Creek Falls, and buzzing horseflies), while Peter, son Chris, Janice and I clambered up Damon and Pythias. Later, Janice belayed Derek M.

as he scaled the pinnacle Gog (9040').

The Unicorn (9760'), a curiously shaped peak NW of Austerity, attracted Dave, Eric, Julie and Don, while Derek Willans and Iain tackled the nearby Colossal.

While all this was going on, Steve and Pat amused themselves on East Pk.

Wednesday, August 2nd

Today, Austerity came in for a great deal of attention as at least three separate parties climbed it. Peter Wood, Gordon and Iain were first up, followed by an ACC party of three. The McIvers, Janice, and I were on top by noon, traversed to Ironman for our descent, and finally slogged home at 7:30 pm.

Others took things easy: Dave, Don, Pat and Steve ice climbing on the Echo Glacier; Fred, Jim, Jack and Derek W. ascending Quadrant; and Derek Moulé soloing Sentinel Pk (9950'), SW of Damon.

Thursday, August 3rd

Fred and Jim left very early for an exhausting traverse of Austerity Turret (10,750'), and Adamant. Dave, Don, Derek W., and Peter W. climbed Adamant by finding a way through the extremely fractured Turret Glacier. On their return together, the parties found a new snowbridge had collapsed, necessitating a Tyrolean Traverse via an ice stickle. Perhaps some of you remember a slide of

Dave Snider clinging for life to the ice pillar.

Steve and Pat continued the ambitious theme, doing the NE arête of Pioneer Pk. and including a comfy bivouac in their outing.

While Eric and Julie were en route to Blackfriars Peaks, south of Adamant, the McIvers, Iain, and I spent a pleasant afternoon on Quadrant.

Friday, August 4th

Eric and Julie climbed Big Blackfriar (10,630'), then proceeded to Great Cairn Hut where they met Peter Wood, Derek Willans, Iain, Gordon and Don, who had retraced our route of the 31st.

Steve and Pat tried a new route on East Pk., found it wouldn't go, and settled for Gog.

Jack made his way up Cycle Pk. (8850') north of the Granite Glacier.

Peter, Chris, Janice and I ascended Pioneer and Sentinel Peaks in a day of long snow slogs. We also had a look at Pioneer Pass, and as the '71 camp people said, "Some pass!"

Saturday, August 5th

Stiff winds, cool temperatures, and high, thin clouds presaged a change in weather as Peter and Chris McIver, Fred and I set off for East Peak. After negotiating the famed Mummery Crack and an airy traverse, we arrived at

the flat summit to lunch, read Bob Krusyna's summit record, and imagined that we could see KMC parties on Sir Sanford.

At this time, Sir Sanford actually was being negotiated by Peter Wood, Don, Derek Willans, Eric, Julie and Gordon Frank.

Steve and Pat, meanwhile, had completed another bivouac, this one after scaling Pioneer Pk. by a 1300 ft. ice slope on the north side.

Dave and Janice rounded out the day by doing some rock climbing on Quadrant.

#### Sunday, August 6th

This was our last day in camp and most of us were flogged. Peter McIver tried unsuccessfully to interest people in a trip to Unicorn, but most of us were content to amble down to the Fairy Meadow ACC hut. The ACC party had flown out and two Americans sharing the meadow with us had moved along, so an air of solitude prevailed. We read old Appalachia journals, nursed our be-ribboned hands, and ate.

The next day all of our party were ferried back to Swan Creek by mid-morning. In retrospect, we all agreed that the camp was an excellent one, enhanced once more by Deyanne's superb cooking. Most concluded that they would welcome yet another trip to the Adamants.



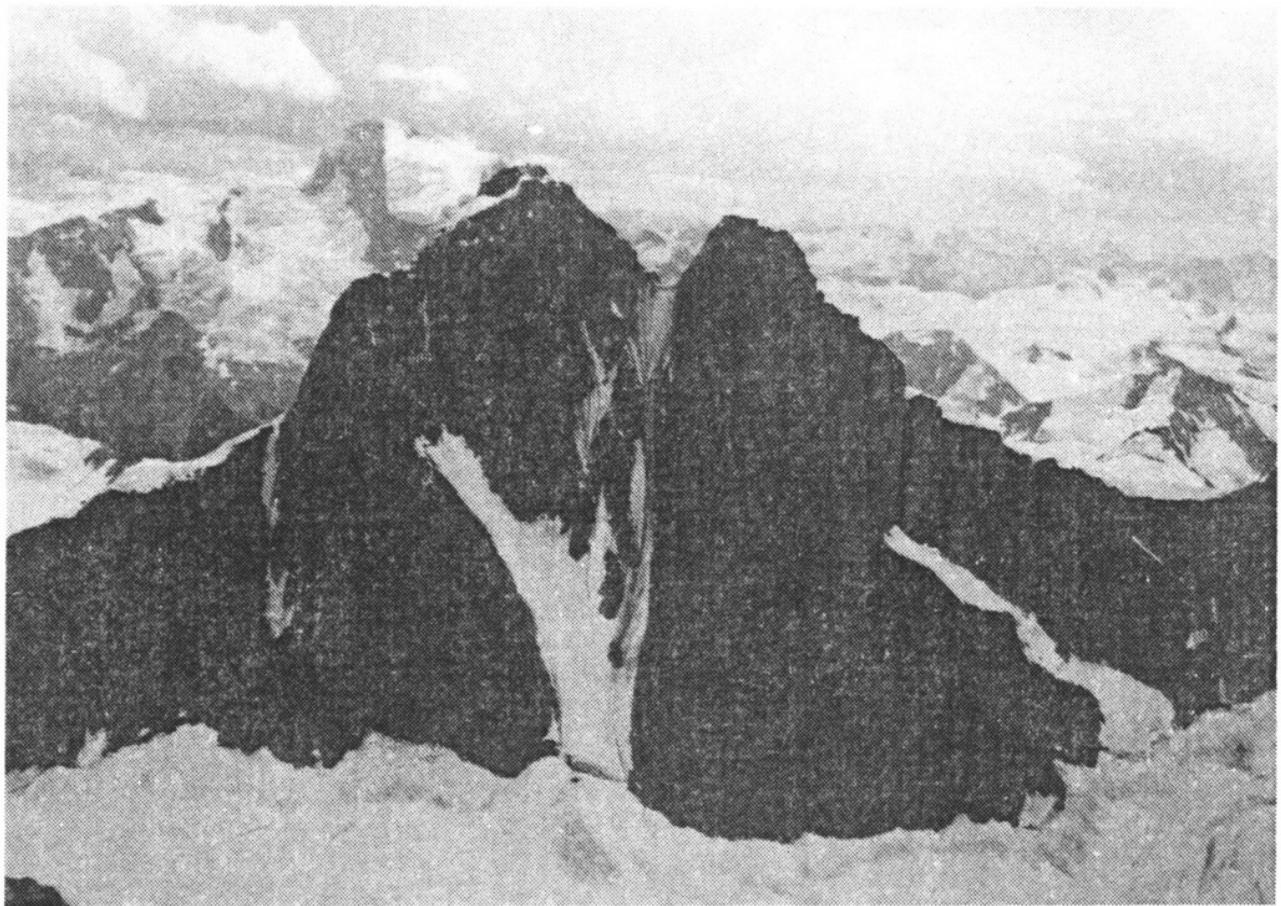
K.M.C. CLIMBING CAMP 1978

AUG. 3, 1978

Dave Snider displaying elegant crevasse crossing  
form on the descent of Mount Adamant.

Photo by Jim Brennan





K.M.C. CLIMBING CAMP 1978  
JULY 30, 1978

THE BLACKFRIARS

Taken from the Austerity-Ironman Col. The highest peak  
(East, 10,680 ft.) was climbed by K.M.C. members during  
this year's camp in the Adamants.

Photo by Julie Norton





K.M.C. CLIMBING CAMP 1978

AUGUST 3, 1978

Fred Thiessen on the summit of Adamnt (11, 040 ft.)  
with Austerity (10,980 ft.) in the background.

Photo by Jim Brennan



NAIKOON PARK BEACH WALK (Graham Island)

The Queen Charlotte Islands

Fred Thiessen and Barbara Patterson, August 1978.

Naikoon Park is one of B.C.'s newer provincial parks -- formed in 1972. Its drawing card is a sixty mile beach walk along the east coast of Graham Island (see map). Hikers can start the walk from either the north (Tow Hill) or the south end (Tlell). We chose to start from Tlell because we could leave our car under the watchful eye of a Park Supervisor.

We left Tlell about noon, crossed the River at low tide and walked up toward the Cape Ball River; needless to say the tides govern when and where you walk. We stopped along the way and took a few pictures of the bow section of an old sailing ship (supposedly sunk around the turn of the century). This first day was one of the few where we enjoyed truly fine weather.

We reached the Cape Ball River by 1600 hours and camped on what we considered to be high ground. As it turned out the high ground almost wasn't high enough..... there was seaweed clinging to the tent pegs the next morning. No wonder the lapping of the waves kept us awake that night.

The next day we hiked from the Cape Ball River to the S. E. cabin (marked on the map). This 12 mile section 'must' be hiked during low tide as there are steep clay

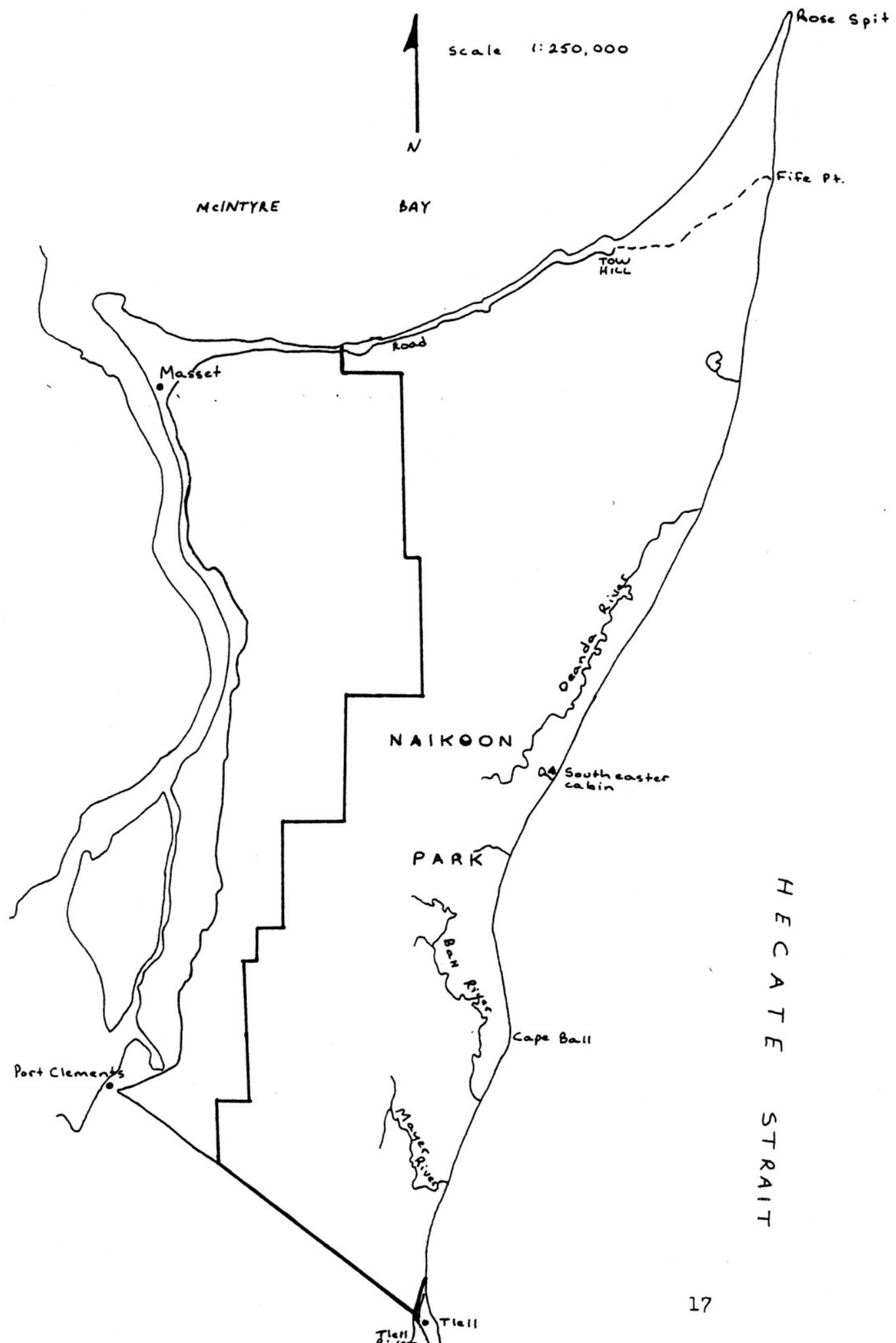
cliffs which can trap hikers at high tide. We did get trapped by the tide and spent two hours marooned on the bank. It was a long dismal day and we were glad to be able to spend the night in a comfortable shelter.

The following two days were slack with lots of time to collect agates, dig for clams (we never got any), empty the sand out of clothing, tent, boots... The landscape was continually changing; west coast forest, peat bogs and finally the sand dunes. Deer, bald eagles and ravens were ever-present.

When we arrived at Cape Fife, we decided to take the trail across the island to Tow Hill rather than go all the way to Rose Spit. We camped at Cape Fife that night and started across the trail early next morning. This trail was decidedly the best part of the whole trip, all lush decadent rain forest with lots of little fresh water creeks running through it.

Once at Tow Hill, we hitchhiked to Massett, then back to Tlell. As long as you arrive fairly early in the morning, it's no problem getting a ride out of the park. There are usually a few campers around plus a few locals digging for clams.

Notes: The beach walk took us five days; about average according to the Parks people. Parks Branch makes quite an issue out of the lack of water. We carried water bottles and found water on the average of once every six miles - no problem. The tides are highest during the full moon and are up to 18 to 20 ft. above low tide (highest in western North America).



1978 HIKING CAMP, JULY 15-23

This year's Hiking Camp was in the Valhallas at the headwaters of the south fork of Beatrice Creek. We camped at 7,300 feet in a dry south-facing meadow several hundred feet above the highest of the Demers Lakes, and only several hundred yards from the Slocan-Arrow Lakes watershed. The weather was mostly sunny. The last snow patches were disappearing from our slope and the last of the ice from the lake, but Urd Peak, across the lake from us, shone with a north face of 1,700 feet of snow from peak to lakeshore.

We were nineteen campers: Mike Brewster, Joan Harvey, Ian Bult, Richie and Fiona Deane, Leo Gansner, Earl Jorgensen, Jim Kienholz, Joan Martin (cook), Reino and Tricia Rasku, Pat Ridge, Carolyn Schramm, Rob Summerville, Jane Steed, John and Kay Stewart, Karin and Jennifer Szasz.

The following named peaks were climbed: Mt. Bor, 9,100 ft; Urd Peak, 8,800; Demers Peak, 8,700; and Mt. Dorval, 8,300. None were difficult, but Bor and Demers provided adequate doses of exposure and skimpy footholds for hikers' tastes. The ridges running north to the Avis Lakes and east between Beatrice and Evans Creeks had some quite difficult sections.

A successful experiment this year was the dropping of a "satellite" camp of two small tents, food, stove and

four hikers on the helicoptering in. It was two miles from main camp (1,400 ft. up and down) near the top Hird Lake in the Evans Creek valley. It extended the hiking range of the twelve members of our party who spent one or two nights there.

As at last year's St. Mary's camp, the lakes were as much of an attraction as the mountains. We explored four groups of them. Smallest and loveliest was the intricate little chain of tarns extending a mile south of Hird Lake, called the Rocky Lakes, with Mt. Bor towering to the west, the Devil's Range to the east, and a long series of rock terraces with thousands of little waterfalls dropping from the snowbound col to the Gwillim Lakes on the south. In our main camp's valley, the six Demers Lakes are larger -- averaging half a mile in diameter -- and were full of sunshine, reflections of mountains, snow and clouds, and bordered by many patches of yellow columbine, red paintbrush, and purple asters. The three Avis lakes had wider areas of gentle meadows and flowers. The two ponds at the headwaters of Ice Creek (on the Arrow Lakes side) were wilder and boulder strewn.

This is a great area of unspoilt wilderness, although only ten miles northwest of Slocan Village. How nice it would be to keep it this way! But the Valhallas are threatened by logging next year, and the practical alternative to logging is a park, with boat access across the lake

and trail access at north and south ends of the lake. See Derek Willan's good article on this subject in the August letter. Perhaps we should even have a National Park in the Valhallas (spring election plank!). The Valhalla Wilderness Society, Box 224, New Denver, B. C. V0G 1S0 (\$5 for membership and trail guide) should be supported by our members. Their idea of a hiking trail along the length of the Valhallas is an exciting prospect, and would still leave many isolated wilderness areas, like the Devil's Range.

--John Stewart



JULY 23, 1978

A tyrolian traverse over the notch between the  
Batswing and Dag. (Mulvey Group).

Photo by Julie Norton





K.M.C. HIKING CAMP 1978

SEPTEMBER 19, 1978

Looking south towards the Devil's Group from the summit of Urd Peak (8,800). Urd Peak separates the Hird and Demers Lakes in the Valhallas.

Photo by Julie Norton



### SOUNDS OF SUMMER CAMP

The radiant warmth of a snapping fireplace brings to mind  
Memories of a group of friends in the mountains and  
sounds that magically unwind

the sloppy gurgle of trickling water,  
the swish and clang of ice axes on a hot day,  
the crunch of snow under heavy vibram,  
the silent smoothness of Richie on crackling lichen,  
the flap, flap, flap, flap, flap of tents!  
the outrageous laughter of Carolyn and Karin,  
Jenny's constant "me and Ian"!  
the trills of Jane's chorus,  
the echo of the rings of the mealtime cowbell,  
the comfortable rhythm of Jean's "good morning",  
John's "war hoops"!  
the friendly growls of the camp mechanic,  
the hum-m-m of conversation at teatime,  
the shrieks of delight during peanut poker!  
Leo's even-toned words of wisdom and wit,  
the stinging buzzes of the satellite soarers!  
the roar of a waterfall wild and pure,  
the howls of the moon worshippers!  
and not to be forgotten though not totally understood,  
the mysterious quiet of the Hotel California!

## LADIES' DAY 1978

by Elena Offermann

Our goal was Gladsheim, a rocky crag in the Mulvey Group of the Valhallas. Since I wanted to lead a trip up Gladsheim, it was decided that Ladies' trip this year would try something a little more difficult in rock climbing.

Janice Isaacs, Pam Olsen and myself set out early to set up camp at the Valhalla hut and get an early start the following day. We trekked up the pass between Midgard and Gimli, which took most of the day, and caught a late afternoon view of Gladsheim. Trudging down into the meadows we got into camp after sunset. With the daylight left, we wandered out, studying the many routes on Gladsheim and the rock walls stretching down the headwall. Back at the hut, supper was never so good as we devoured everything in our packs.

We were up early the next day to tackle Gladsheim but to our dismay the peak was coated in white. With much chagrin, we decided that it would be too unsafe to tackle it and opted for one of the lesser peaks that none of us had climbed. So, the Gladsheim trip turned into an assault on Jones Peak.

Well, we all complained as we dragged our stuff

back up to the ridge where we could have spent the night and had an early start the next day. However, it seemed like the best recourse as I did not want to lead a rock climb on snow. So, we geared up for Jones peak. We tiptoed over the icy patches with fog curling around and shrouding the ridge. By the time we reached the summit, we were rewarded with the occasional view of the meadows and the impressive north wall of Gimli.

The route back was the usual slog through alder. It was uneventful except for the bushes of huckleberries and my accident that caused me to be laid up for a month.

## MT. ROBSON TRIP

by Martha MacKay

On August 19th a group of KMCers and friends (10 in all), left Robson Ranch at 7 a.m. The day was sunny and Mt. Robson an imposing spectacle. Pack horses were transporting our gear and we just carried day packs. The hiking was very easy going for about 8 km to the north end of Kinney Lake and across the flats where Robson River enters the lake. Here the pack train overtook us. The real ascent started here and we were to climb 488 metres to camp in 10 km. The ascent was steep to White Falls and on for a bit. We detoured to get a good view of Falls of the Pools and finally we saw Emperor Falls, a most impressive sight as it plummets 60 metres in a sheer drop. Later we walked to the foot of the falls and that really gave one a better idea of the drop. The spray showered us and pictures had to be taken from quite a distance back.

Camp was finally reached at 1 p.m. and tents were soon erected. We then hiked on to Bug Lake and Glacier. We stayed around for awhile hoping to see chunks of the glacier fall into the lake but no luck. Next day we did see some action and there were many shapes and sizes of glacial ice floating on the lake, one piece bore a remarkable resemblance to a swan.

Day two dawned clear and sunny and once again we headed toward the lake and the Chalet there, which is



NEMO CREEK CLUB TRIP  
Leader: Derek Willans

OCTOBER 22, 1978

These are the falls which can be viewed only a short walk from the Slocan lakeshore.

Photo by Julie Norton



closed now. The trail is mostly level but one part was over big boulders making it poor walking. We met the Park Warden and his crew of young girls, some of whom had never held a hammer before I'm sure. They were building a coral. We stopped for lunch at Adolphus Lake which is in Alberta, then continued on to Beatrice Lake.

It poured rain overnight but day 3 was again sunny. Three gals were suffering with blisters and stayed around camp. The others once again hiked past Berg Lake and across the moraine, which was a gorgeous carpet of alpine fireweed and vetch, to Robson glacier. The men went on to the glacier then all returned to camp.

The bohemian waxwing was nesting near the lake and some smaller birds were in the alpine willows beside the Robson River but they would not stay still long enough to be identified. The only other wildlife seen were Columbia Ground Squirrels at the Chalet and they were quite tame.

Day 4 we left carrying all our gear and were at the parking lot by 12:30 p.m.

All agreed it had been a most worthwhile trip although there were many hikes we would like to have taken and should have spent longer at camp. But to have a clear view of Mr. Robson for five days running must have set some kind of record. We read of one old timer who passed by 29 times and only saw the peak once. The pack horses and wrangler were hired from Mt. Robson Ranch and the owners were most obliging and pleasant. They suggested we

cmap there the first night and also suggested we leave the cars while at camp.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those on the hike were Norm and Martha McKay, Jim and Hazel Street, Jack and Madge Hollington, Connie Wah, Megan Moorcroft, Elizabeth Wallach and Ruth Beradell-Smith.

## A TRIP TO KOKANEE GLACIER PARK

This article was written by Miss Freeda Hume for publication in the Royal Bank Quarterly Journal which must have ceased publication at about the same time and hence this material has never been published. Miss Hume is the sister of the late J. Fred Hume, the well-known Kootenay pioneer, and of John Hume who died only recently. The Humes developed the property called "Killarney-on-the-Lake" where the Steeds now live.

Kokanee Glacier Park! What is it? Where is it?

Well might these questions be asked for I venture to say scarcely one person out of every hundred who may read this article has ever heard of, let alone seen, the wonders of this priceless gem of scenic beauty.

Kokanee Glacier Park, reserved as such by the British Columbian Government in February of this year through the untiring efforts of the Kokanee Mountaineering Club, is situated in the Cascade Mountains, West Kootenay District, Province of British Columbia, between the Kootenay and Slocan Lakes, and about fourteen miles from Nelson, the Queen City of the Kootenays.

The outstanding features of the Park are the Kokanee Glaciers, rising to an elevation of nine thousand four hundred feet at the highest point, and comprising one hundred square miles of ice and snow, rugged mountain peaks and beautiful glacier lakes - a masterpiece of nature's handicraft, deservedly nicknamed "The Swiss Alps in North America".

For several years past a few of the hardy Old Timers of Kootenay District -- many of them men who risked their

lives in the country in the good old days before the C.P.R. arrived, and who have seen virgin timber standing in the places where the cities of Nelson, Ainsworth, Kaslo, New Denver and Slocan are now located - banding themselves together under the name of the "Kokanee Mountaineering Club", have made annual hikes to what was previously known only as the Kokanee Glaciers. These hikes were made purely for the pleasure of getting together and talking over old times, and for the love of the great out-of-doors. Only one qualification for membership was stipulated, and that, that each prospective member should gain the top of the peak named as the objective for that particular year's climb.

The members of this so-called club, however, recognising the vast scenic wealth of the country, became properly organized a year or so ago, and bent their energies towards interesting the Government to such an extent that the place would be officially reserved as a park, and properly advertised for the benefit of the public and the surrounding district. Their efforts in this direction were successful, not, however, before they had encountered several disappointing setbacks which would take too long to explain, and have no bearing on this article.

It may seem strange to you, my readers, that such a place as I am about to describe, or try to describe to you, should for so many years have remained in oblivion, but this is quite easily explained by the fact that the Western

part of Canada is comparatively new country, British Columbia being exceptionally young, and we, in the Kootenay District, are only on a small branch line of the C.P.R. However, the Kokanee Mountaineering Club is determined that it shall no longer be kept from the public, and already visitors have arrived from the United States and other parts of Canada who assure us that Banff, the National Park, and other well known tourist drawing points, cannot compare with the nest egg we have at our own doorsteps - Kokanee Glacier Park.

On the annual hike of the club in 1921, while the matter of the reservation of the Park was still in abeyance, the Government sent along their official moving picture man, Mr. A. D. Kean, for the purpose of making a report and obtaining pictures for future advertising matter.

The club by this time was gradually becoming famous, and new and younger blood was added to its ranks. For the first time, also, the doubtful experiment was tried of taking "women folk" along, the writer being one out of a fortunate number of five to make this maiden trip.

The trip, however, aside from its social aspect, was a keen disappointment to all. The weather was wet and foggy and no pictures could be taken. After an arduous climb to the top of one of the highest peaks, experienced members of the party deemed it too dangerous to descend to the ice, even securely roped together, and we were forced to return to camp with only very cursory glimpses

of the magnificent beauty of the place. Enough, it is true, to whet the appetite for more, but scarcely enough to compensate one after an ascent made treacherous by the slipperiness of the wet rocks, and the lowring clouds hanging over lower and lower so that wide separation of the members of the party was a dangerous experiment. I might say, however, that the five women, after reaching the top, were unanimously passed as full fledged members of the club, and that experiment was pronounced a decided success.

The 1922 trip was made on August 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, two weeks earlier than the trip of the previous year, to ensure good weather conditions.

I would ask those of you who have not already become bored with the reading of this article, to come along with me in your imaginations while we visit the Swiss Alps in North America.

Twenty-three strong, including again five women, a Fox Film movie man, and the honorable member for Nelson, Mr. K. Campbell, we leave Nelson by boat and by jitney, an enthusiastic party of climbers.

The weather is ideal - beautifully clear and sunny - and the party is in the best of spirits.

Those of us who leave by jitney cross on the six thirty ferry to the North Shore and travel along the Balfour Road, following the bank of the beautiful Kootenay Lake, or rather, strictly speaking, the West Arm of the Kootenay

Lake. It is still early in the morning, there is a snap in the air - early autumn frost turning the maples to a flaunting mess of red and gold and yellow - chipmunks, squirrels and gophers scamper along the road; blue jays flash among the trees; a king fisher screeches his disapproval of such early morning disturbers; campers along the lake are beginning to stir; smoke is seen lazily ascending in the clear air from various stove pipes; the sun is changing the lake to molten silver with deep reflections where the trees cast their shadows. It is good to be alive, and it is good to be going to Kokanee!

Three cheers, we are on our way!

The jitney conveys us, not only thirteen miles up the North Shore to Kokanee Landing, where we await the arrival of the morning boat from town with the rest of our crowd, but also five miles up the trail to Kokanee Glacier Park.

The first ten miles of our climb to camp at the foot of the glaciers is comparatively easy going. A wagon road for this distance leads to what is known as the Molly Gibson Mine. The road is rough and ready (sand and dirt) and very narrow and steep in places, but our jitney travels the first five miles without mishap. Here the road becomes even steeper and narrower, and we prefer to commence our climb in earnest, regardless of the fact that Fords have been known to do the whole ten miles to the mine.

Arrived at the mine we pause for an exploration of the buildings, and to await the arrival of the more energetic members of the party who have walked the whole distance from the Landing. Here, too, we eat our pocket lunches and speculate on what the cook will have prepared for our evening meal.

Our whole party once more complete, we proceed to the outskirts of the mine limits where a sign is erected between and arch of evergreen trees, marking the entrance to the Park, and the Park is officially declared opened in a short speech delivered by our honorable member, Mr. Campbell.

Six and a half more miles to camp! With three cheers and a tiger we are off to conquer the hardest part of the climb.

Up and down the trail goes. Up, until our limbs almost refuse to move, and then down until we are almost glad to go up. It is thickly edged with huckleberry bushes, the berries in their prime, and we grab a branch here and there as we pass. "Water ahead!" our leader cries, and we eagerly press forward to group ourselves around a bubbling brook of ice cold mountain water. "Now just a swallow, just enough to wet your lips." Cruel fate! but we are mountaineers and we obey, though softly chanting with backward longing looks, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!"

We arrive at last at the hardest bit of the whole

climb, the circumvention of Kokanee Lake, two and a half miles from camp. This beautiful little lake nestles innocently between frowning crags of rock and insurmountable bulwarks of solid granite. Shining up at us coquettishly from its wonderful shimmering emerald green surface it reminds us of a precious stone in some quaint old fashioned Eastern setting, but well we know the treachery underlying its alluring smile, for the depth of the lake has never been fathomed.

Although less than half a mile in length, it takes almost an hour to circumvent it. A huge rock slide at one time came tearing down to its shore, and over these rocks we cautiously pick our way. Sliding along a narrow ledge at one place, balancing on one rock while the person ahead reaches safety on another, slipping, crawling, sliding, jumping, at length we breathe a sigh of relief when once more we put our feet upon solid ground.

The path now becomes more beautiful than ever, winding through a park-like valley studded here and there with tiny lakelets shining like bright jewels upon mother nature's breast. Wild flowers grow in abundance, and the ground is thickly carpeted with Canadian heather and moss.

Another of the larger lakes - Kaslo Lake - is passed, and the path makes a steep ascension through the tall timber towards the foot of the ever beckoning glaciers, until at length the welcome cry of "Camp, camp!" is heard from the front, and we come into view of the substantial log cabin

which is to become our headquarters for the next three days.

Our supplies, blankets, and the cook have been sent in by pack train by a different route the day before, and now the cheering smell of coffee greets our nostrils, and we sink down upon the ground in happy abandonment - still game to go farther but breathing a silent little prayer of thankfullness that we don't have to!

The men bustle around and arrange their bunks, erect the tent for the women, cut boughs for beds, chop wood and carry water, while the women give the cook a helping hand at preparing supper. Presently the supper gong is heard, and right merrily we set to, demolishing huge stacks of potatoes and platters of beefsteak in almost less time than it takes to tell it.

After supper and the inevitable dishes, a short campfire sing song is held outdoors with the stars shining down upon us, reflecting themselves in the little lakelets around the camp, and the mountains standing guard in austere aloofness.

Tired after a day of unaccustomed climbing, we are only too glad to turn in early and scarcely do we "hit" our fragrant evergreen beds than we are fast asleep.

The big hike to the main glacier is made the second day in camp, after a day of rest and preparation, and we pass over the intervening time (which is far from lacking in anecdote) and commence our tale at five thirty on the morning of this day.

It is imperative that we be off the ice not later

than one thirty, as the sun, with its warming rays, melts the ice and causes a dangerous shifting and cracking of the glacier. This therefore, necessitates an early start, and we are awoken on the morning of the big day by the sound of reveille on the bag pipes! Did we neglect to say that we have along with us a very famous brand of Scotch music?

After a hastily eaten breakfast, lunches are put up, and at six thirty we are on our way in groups of five, each group in charge of a guide and equipped with the necessary equipment for mountain and ice climbing - ropes, ice picks, etc.

Leaving camp, we ascend steadily until we pass the timber line, and emerge at the foot of a moraine (rocks thrown up by the glacier in centuries gone by). Arrived at the edge of the ice, we are roped together and commence an arduous climb to the summit, a horizontally straight edge or run of ice, half a mile to a mile wide. Although the climb is hard, and we become breathless with exertion, we find that the altitude is such that after a pause of even a minute or less, one feels as fresh and ready to go on as at the beginning.

The surface of the ice is very hard, and hobnails, corks and ice picks are very necessary in ascending.

I wish I had words and ability to adequately describe this wonderful frozen land - the huge crevasses among which we cautiously thread our way; the indescribable beauty of

the natural ice caves, cut in fantastic shapes from sheer green ice, so clear and flawless, and descending to depths unknown; the rush and roar of underground rivers cutting their way through the ice, and the hundreds and hundreds of mountain peaks rising in all directions around us.

We are repeatedly warned of the treacherousness of the ice, of what a fall or misstep would mean, and even the most daring and lawless among us are sobered by the thoughts of what the consequences would be. However, we make no misstep, and at last, after some three hours steady climbing, we reach our objective, a peak of ragged, piled-up rocks - nine thousand four hundred feet above sea level.

The peaks emerging from the glacier beds were at one time entirely covered by ice, but during the centuries the ice has gradually receded more and more until huge monuments of bare rock are uncovered to mark the highest peaks in the range. On some of these older peaks, a high water mark is plainly visible where the glacier has receded faster in later years.

Climbing to the top of this peak we gaze around us in almost holy silence. Beauty in the ruggedest, wildest and most wonderful form is spread before us. A beauty that grips the heart and brings tears to the eyes. At our feet - the world. Over our heads - the sky. In our hearts - wonder, worship, reverence.

On one side a rugged and precipitous saw tooth range lifts jagged jaws perpendicularly to the sky, with

beautiful little twin lakes nestling confidently in a hollow some thousand feet from the top. This saw tooth range, we are informed, is surmountable in only certain places, and its jagged crest, about a mile in length, is so sharp that a man could not walk in an erect position from end to end.

Looking in the opposite direction down a drop of two thousand feet or more we recognize Kokanee Lake like a tiny imitation of its own self.

The atmosphere is very clear, and binoculars are brought into play for a closer scrutiny of the far-reaching mountain peaks and valleys, and the vast expanse of glaciated region around us. Nelson is depicted in the distance, and Kaslo, New Denver, Silverton and Slocan mountains.

At the base of our rocky peak is a tiny glacier lake of clear green water, and at length we clamber down to refresh ourselves with a draught of real ice water. What is our astonishment, however, upon endeavoring to dip into the water, to find it covered with ice so clear and green as to utterly deceive the eye as to its existence.

Another strange phenomenon on the top of this frozen peak is the countless number of small brown butterflies flying around and around in the air over our heads. How they manage to exist under such conditions it is hard to say, and we are told that at times when the sun goes unexpectedly under a cloud for any length of time they drop helplessly to the ice in hundreds stunned with the cold, or

frozen to death.

All too soon we are lined up again for the return trip, which must be made with even greater care than before. The sun has been at work with its warming influence, and instead of the hard unyielding surface of the ice, we now find ourselves splashing through slush several inches thick in places.

New crevasses are observed on our return trip, or rather new cracks heralding what will sooner or later be huge crevasses. These crevasses are caused by the ever-moving ice passing over some step or break at the bottom and forcing it to gap or break open from its face to the surface. Sometimes a report like a discharged canon will be heard, and a crevasse several feet in length and width and unknown depth will burst open instantaneously. Crevasses open and others close in the course of a day or night, or even in a few hours, but for the most part they are believed to be the more gradual widening of small cracks which appear all over the ice.

While Kokanee Glacier Park has been little heard of in the past, its future is undoubtedly assured.

Our moving picture man was fortunate enough to secure one thousand feet of splendid material, not all that it might be, nor the best of what is there, but enough to give some idea of the beauty and splendor of the Park. This film will soon be started on a tour of Canada, and it may be that many of you who have been good enough to peruse

this long article may be looking at pictures of Kokanee Glacier Park before long.

The Park is easily accessible from at least three different directions, and plans are already being made for roads, trails and cabins to be built for the benefit of tourists. It is an ideal spot for a summer vacation, affording not only nippy mountain work for those who desire the thrills of climbing, but also rest and quiet amid beautiful surroundings for those who only desire to hide themselves from the world for a time. There are ten main glaciers and countless small ones, and thousands of peaks, so that a person could visit the same spot hundreds of times and yet climb a different peak or explore a different glacier. The timber is very dense and beautiful in places, composed of cedar, hemlock, pine, fir, tamarack, spruce and balsam. Game consists of bear, deer, goat, caribou, cougar, etc. The geology of the place consists of a massive gray granite full of large crystals of feldspar which gives the spotted "prophyritic" appearance. This appears to be the rock traversed by quartz veins in which the ores of the mine, silver, lead and zinc, are found.

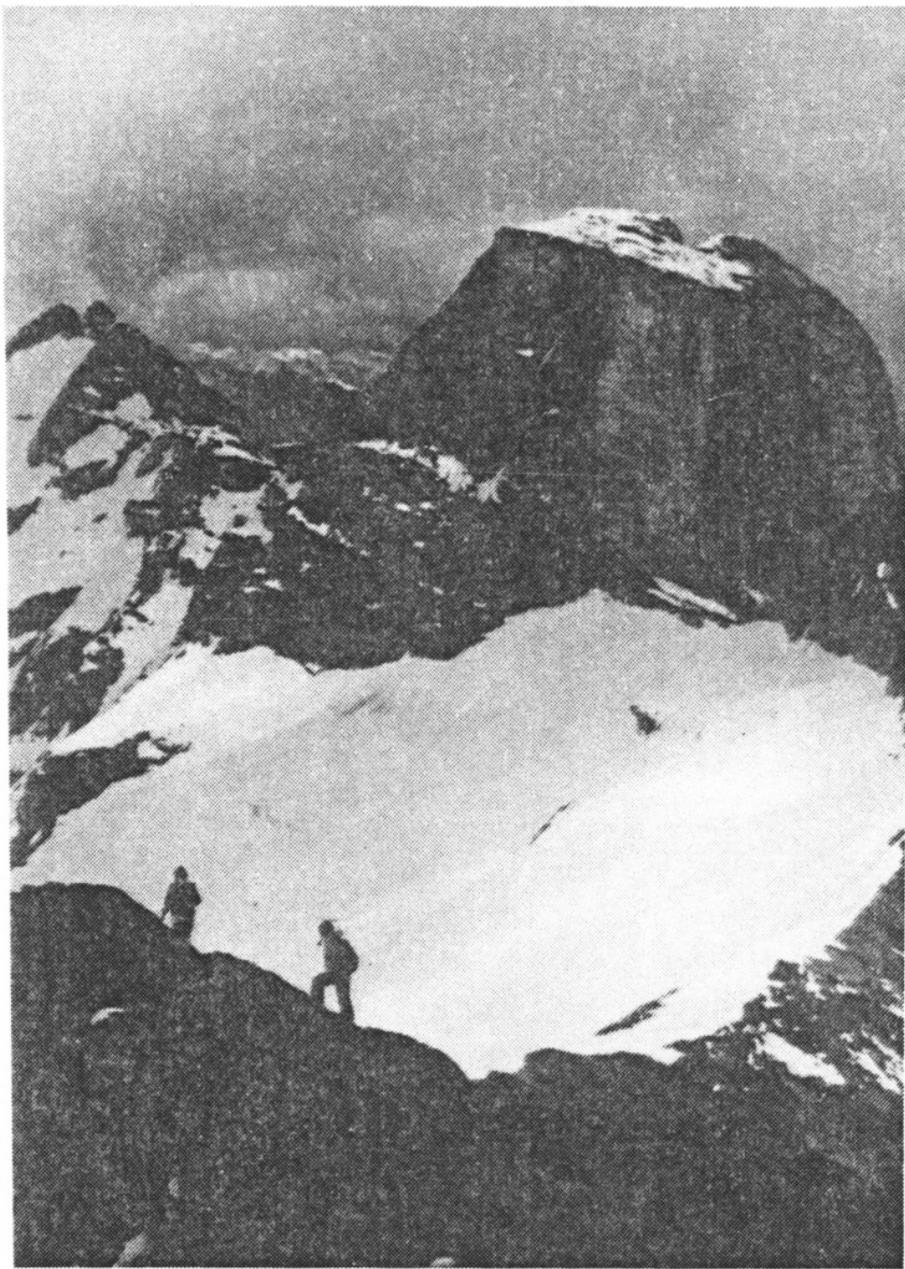
Taking it all in all, Kokanee Glacier Park is one of the wonder spots of the continent, and my best wish for you, my readers, is that you may all one day have the pleasure of visiting this spot, and if the reading of this article should, perchance, be the means of one of you making such a visit, I should indeed feel that my poor efforts had been doubly repaid.

(Miss) Freeda B. Hume  
Nelson, B. C. Branch  
October 29th, 1922

SLOCAN CHIEF CABIN IN WINTER

Garbage in the water pails  
Wood chips on the floor.  
Sink plugged with coffee grounds.  
On the window sills  
Tins of bacon fat  
Mouse turds on them all.  
Dirty dishes  
Dirty pots and pans  
Not a clean spoon anywhere.  
Upstairs  
One blow kleenex dots the floor  
Also gum and candle grease  
Balls of dust float about.  
Outside,  
Near the door  
Yellow snow  
And faeces.  
Take your dirty habits home  
You sluts  
You are not welcome here.

H. Butling.



CLUB TRIP UP MIDGARD  
Leader: Rita Holmes

JUNE 25, 1978

This is Rita Holmes and Sheila Vockeroth on the ridge of Midgard. Gimli in the background.

Midgard elevation 9,150 ft. Gimli 9,050 ft.  
(Mulvey Group)

Photo by Julie Norton





JULY 9, 1978

On the summit of McBeth (9, 950 ft.) looking south  
towards Archduke Mountain.

Photo by Julie Norton



## AVALANCHE TRANSCEIVERS

by Frank N. Baumann  
March, 1979

The units are combination transmitter-receivers. When one is travelling in avalanche terrain, the device is kept in the transmit mode. If someone is buried, rescuers switch their sets to receive. Since the signal strength increases as one approaches the transmitter, a rescuer can quickly home in on the buried unit.

Most people buried in an avalanche do not survive. A transceiver will make it easier to locate a buried victim but should not be used as a license to travel in terrain that would otherwise be considered too dangerous.

### Pre-trip tests:

1. The leader takes his transmitting unit and moves 15 meters away from the rest of the group. Everyone else switches to receive and checks whether their unit is picking up the signal.
2. The leader now switches to receive and turns his volume down. Individuals switch back to transmit and walk, one by one, past the leader who checks to make sure each unit is transmitting.
3. The leader switches back to transmit and ensures that the group has at least one avalanche probe and snow shovel for use in case of a slide.

Rescue:

1. Check for further slide danger. Pick an escape route in case of another avalanche.
2. Rescuers switch their units to receive (maximum volume) but should be ready to go back to transmit if another slide occurs. Double check to make sure that each unit is in the receive mode.
3. Spread out across the most likely burial area and grid search using a spacing of 25 meters.  
Note: the spacing may vary depending on the type of transceiver used. Check the range of your instrument and adjust accordingly.

OR

4. Constantly change the receiver orientation as you move since the signal strength also depends on the receiver-transmitter alignment. You may pick up a signal at one orientation but not another.
5. When a tone is heard, the rescuer calls out "Signal" and continues, without deviation, along the grid line until the signal fades (see Figure 1). Only two people at most should track the signal down; the rest should assemble the rescue gear or close ranks and continue the search if there is more than one person buried.

6. Return to the signal strong point, turn 90°, turn the volume down until the signal can just be heard and continue searching in the new direction. If the signal immediately fades, turn around and walk in the opposite direction (see Figure 1).
7. As you get close, turn the receiver through all three planes until the maximum signal strength is obtained. Keep the unit in this orientation while continuing the search.
8. Keep narrowing the search area down (walk until signal fades, return to strong point, turn 90°, turn volume down and re-orient for maximum signal strength), eventually sweeping the receiver right over the snow to find the point where the signal is strongest.
9. Use a probe to locate the victim and dig, leaving the probe in place. When the head is uncovered, clear the mouth and begin artificial respiration if needed. Turn the victim's transceiver off if there is more than one person buried.

Practicing:

Place the unit in a protective wrapper (glove, ensolite, etc.) and make sure it is transmitting. Never throw the unit around. Practice until each party member is able

to locate a buried unit in less than five minutes. Stress the importance of a systematic search.

Other points:

1. Replace the batteries every season or after about 40 days of use. Replacement is also necessary if the unit can no longer receive or transmit 15 meters or about half the rescue spacing used. Use only the best alkaline batteries.
2. The unit should be turned on before venturing into avalanche terrain and kept in an inside pocket (not your pack) to keep the batteries warm and ensure that the device is not ripped off in a slide.



Fig. 1

"SIGNAL!"



PAT FRIE'S  
CHAMPION  
SPORTS

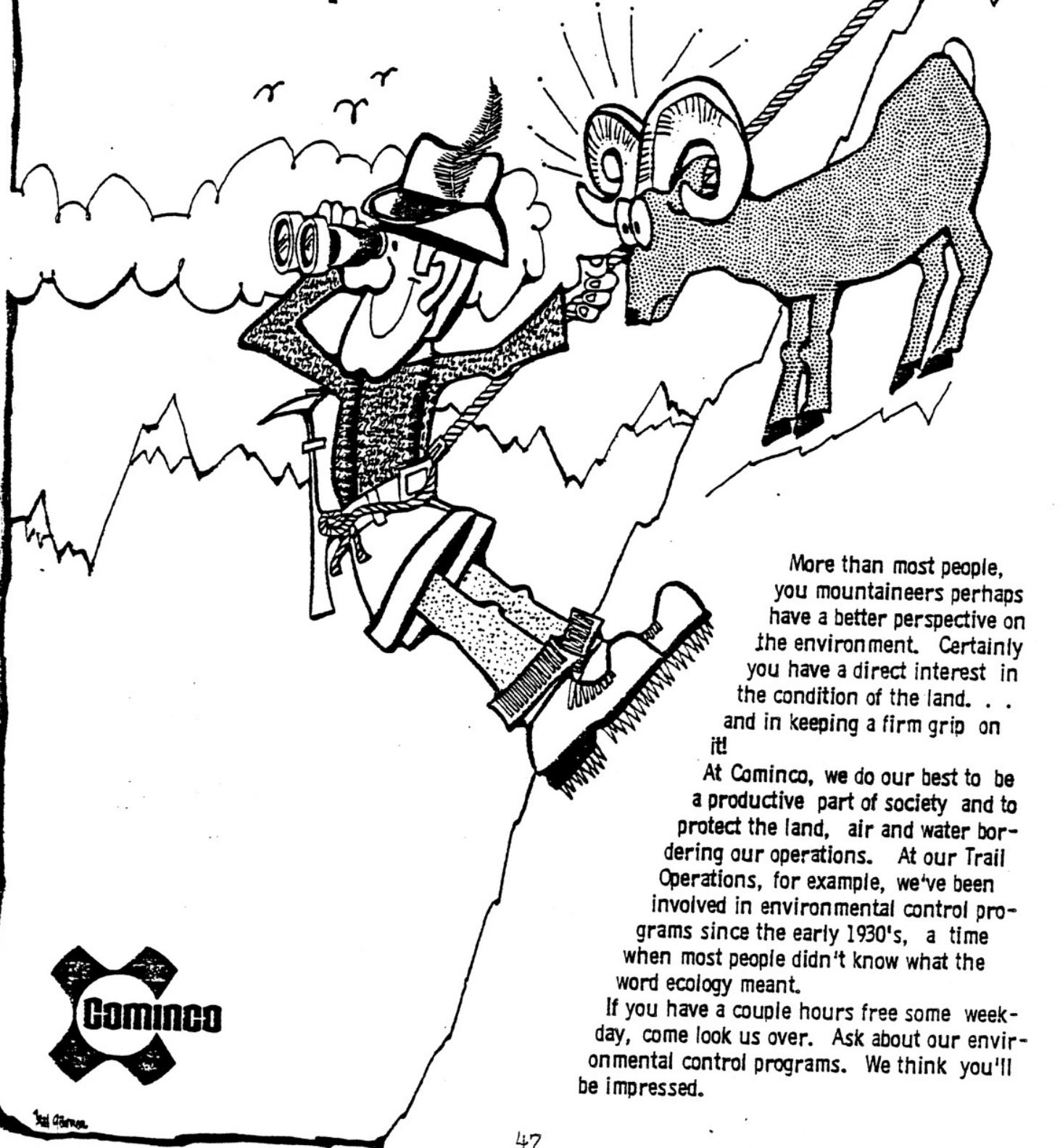
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#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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May I encourage your continued support (i.e.  
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Front cover courtesy Julie Norton. Mt. Sir San-  
ford and the great Cairn Hut KMC Climbing Camp  
1978.





