

KOOTENAY

KARABINER



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EDITED BY :

DAVE ADAMS

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KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1971

Chairman	- Ian Hamilton
Secretary	- Tom Charlton
Treasurer	- Bill Dyke
K. K. Editor	- Dave Adams
Summer Camp	- John Carter
Social	- Peter Wood
Rock School	- Bert Port
Cabins	- Howie Ridge
Conservation	- Graham Kenyon
Publicity	- Helen Butling

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Summer Camp	- John Carter Gerry Brown Ian Hamilton Sue Port
Conservation	- Graham Kenyon Jim Brennan Peter Wood Sue Port Tom Charlton Leslie Anderton Helen Butling Leo Gansner Ian Hamilton
Social	- Peter & Ann Wood
Rock School & Mountain Rescue	- Bert Port Dave Parfitt
Cabins	- Howie Ridge Bob Dean Jim Brennan Ian Hamilton John Carter
Publicity	- Helen Butling

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

At the last A.G.M., nobody was prepared to stand for the office of President, and so at the first executive meeting, a chairman had to be elected from it's members.

An unusual way of running a club but that's what the membership had approved of, and I was elected the President of a club of 70 people, by a group of 10 of those 70.

But nevertheless, the club seem's to me to have had a year that's as busy as any other year. With all the different "departments" being active and effective under the different committee chairmen.

The summer season seems to start with rock school which we run as a "regular feature" every year at Kinnaird Bluffs. The rock school always seems very successful, probably due to Bert Port's very capable handling. Though I often feel that we would like to see more of the long term club members come out and have a look at the newcomers to the sport, and help make the evening a social event and meeting place. Also, I am sure that you will agree with me that experience has no substitute when talking about mountaineering, and I feel it would be agreeable to spread some of that experience around. A question, -- what happens to all the keen, enthusiastic newcomers who attend rock school? They seem to drop off somewhere and we don't see them again.

We again have the '72' summer schedule in this issue of the Karabiner, and as happened last year, as we go through the season there will have to be changes made. But as happened this year, not too many, and it is hoped that members can be kept informed on a monthly basis by the newsletter.

The summer schedule has more of the general club members and fewer of the executives as trip leaders. Another attempt to spread the work load.

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The club had a couple of new types of trips this summer which proved very popular. A Mountain Flower trip and a Ladies day trip. I don't know if these trips had any support from the Flower Power Set, or Women's Lib movement. As they seemed so popular we will have a repeat next year.

The first attempt to get together a record of the trails in our areas has proved to be a dismal failure. However, we are planning to try again and see if we can have better luck next time.

The summer camp this year was very successful from the point of view of the number of mountains climbed by the number of people. Though using tents and cabins as our base seemed to split people up too much, and we didn't reach the happy social atmosphere that we enjoyed at past camps. We will have to try something different next year.

The newsletters have appeared on a frequent but irregular basis. The newsheet, apart from the annual K.K., is the only communication that all members have in common. It is for that reason that with a spread out club like ours the newsletter has some importance. It can also be used for free advertising by the members.

The club has not built another mountain cabin, despite lots of discussion. So now maybe we will improve the Valhalla Hut and/or put up a shelter in the Gwilliam Lakes area.

Nothing else seems quite so good after the Mulvey Lakes area.

The club social season has again proved popular and interesting, but we are also open for suggestions to expand the programs.

I wish to thank all the members of the executive for their support and encouragement throughout the year, and also thank them for the work they have done for the club. Until I was elected to my present office I did not realize how

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much work people do for the club.

I hope the club can continue along its present lines. It may not be perfect, but then not many things are. But at least we all try.

Ian Hamilton

CONVERSATIONS ON MOUNTAIN PEAKS

by Luther G. Jerstad

American Climber of Everest

"Robert Service came closer to the reality of adventure when he said, 'It isn't the gold I'm wanting so much as just finding the gold'. Wilfrid Noyce expressed the best apology for adventure with the comment... 'when man ceases to do adventurous things he is no longer a man'."

"In the decade since Sputnik, our society has confused the non-pragmatic elements of life with the worthless. The two words have, unfortunately, become synonymous. As a result, man is in danger of losing contact with man. It takes human beings to communicate; automatons will not suffice."

Submitted by Howie Ridge

CONSERVATION COMMITTEE REPORT

Graham Kenyon

The club's conservation activities have been centred on Kokanee Glacier Park this year. A study is in progress by several club members which will eventually lead to a submission to the Dept. of Recreation and Conservation outlining our opinions on the future development of the Park. Several aspects are being considered ranging from boundaries and trails to use assessment and zoning. This is a relatively long term project in order to allow sufficient time for gathering and evaluating relevant data.

In September the Kootenay Mountaineering Club submitted an objection to a Central Kootenay Regional District, Technical Planning Committee hearing concerning a proposed exchange of logging rights. The proposal by the Forest Service was to preserve the Wheeler Lake Recreational Reserve, adjacent to Kokanee Glacier Park, in exchange for two areas within the Park boundary. The two areas were the headwaters of the Coffee Creek and Woodbury Creek valleys. As many of you know, the club opened up the trail into Woodbury Glacier last year (only to be frustrated by the demolition of the mining road bridge!), and it is a beautiful area. Road access up Coffee Creek is good and the view of Kokanee Glacier at the upper end is superb. Unfortunately, for the Forest Service, the upper end also illustrates quite graphically the contrast of before and after; the unspoiled beauty of the Park and the devastation of stumps and slash sharply terminated at the Park Boundary.

The B.C. Wildlife Federation, of which the KMC is an associate, continues to struggle with provincial conservation issues which seem to multiply each year. This year we have proposals for extensive hydro-developments and accelerating

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interest in the north accentuated recently by the opening of the P.G.E. extension. On the surface these developments may appear as exciting signs of progress: the rolling back of the frontier and the expansion of the Good Life in Beautiful British Columbia. But there is more to it than that; and the frustrating thing is that no one knows the full implications -- and no real effort is being made to find out.

Dr. Milton McLaren of Simon Fraser University gave the Keynote address at the Federation's convention in Penticton this year. The theme of his talk was that we are in fact hurtling into the future at an ever-accelerating rate, and really we are not prepared, or even preparing, for the world of tomorrow. Dr. McLaren referred to Alvin Toffler's book "Future Shock" as illustrating the possibilities ahead. (Now there's a book that will really blow your mind!) Anyway, what McLaren said was that decisions being made right now predestine a whole chain of other decisions over which we will have little or no control. A commitment to hydro-electricity as the source for the province's power requirements has already had far-reaching effects on large areas of B.C. and even extending far outside the province. The developments now under consideration promise to have an even greater influence, and there is no evidence leading us to believe that the total impact of major resource developments of this nature are receiving proper consideration. And the P.G.E.? Well the C.P.R. certainly predestined a whole raft of decisions affecting the development of Canada -- some good, some bad, most unforeseen. Shouldn't we be considering the total possibilities and implications of a railway into northern B.C., and inevitably the Yukon, before it is pushed through in the general direction of a bunch of potential holes in the ground?

What has all this got to do with mountaineering in the Kootenays? Well

continued.....

the Kootenays of course will not always remain as you know it today. Nor will British Columbia. Nor will you. The land will change and the life-style, desires and needs of the people will change. Conservationists have the reputation of visiting change, but this is not generally true. The B.C. Wildlife Federation recognizes the inevitability of change, yet seeks control and order of development to ensure that it is in the best long term interest. Decisions are being made that will directly or indirectly affect your mountains, your way of life, your future and beyond. Dr. McLaren concluded his plea for involvement with this terse quotation:

"All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win this world, is for enough good men to do nothing."

"The mountains can be reached in all seasons. They offer a fighting challenge to heart, soul and mind, both in summer and winter. If throughout time the youth of the nation accept the challenge the mountains offer, they will help keep alive in our people the spirit of adventure. That spirit is a measure of the vitality of both nations and men. A people who climb the ridges and sleep under the stars in high mountain meadows, who enter the forest and scale peaks, who explore glaciers and walk ridges buried deep in snow --- these people will give their country some of the indomitable spirit of the mountains."

WM. O. DOUGLAS

Climbing School - Summer 1971

- by Bert Port

When the first sap starts to rise in the spring, climbers' thoughts turn to getting fit and introducing others to the sport. This year was no exception, and so on a Wednesday evening in April some twenty-odd neophytes and their instructors assembled at the Kinnaird Bluffs. Over the next six weeks the mysteries of bowline and prussik knot were unravelled (or ravelled, depending on how competent one became.) Most mastered a new technical language and used it with varying degrees of competence, although one young thing was heard to murmur, "I never can remember whether 'tension' means pull up the rope or let it down", while her second tried to leave finger prints in the rock.

This year we were extremely fortunate with the weather. Although to the uninitiated, rain every Wednesday would seem to be awful, it served to heighten our enjoyment. The rock, normally so hot and rough, has quite a different texture when running with water. The reduction of the coefficient of friction to .001 (tested by an independent laboratory, obviously), served admirably to stimulate the flow of adrenalin in the climber, while the sudden and frequent slips provided the belayer with much more practice than is usual.

The camaraderie engendered when huddled at the foot of the cliff, face squinting upward into the rain, can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. Some mysterious change must have occurred on those foul nights. How else can we explain the enormous turnout for the "Great Kokanee Snow Slide"? How else to explain those who spent the night out, perhaps fearful of missing the opening ceremonies? Who could forget Knut hurling himself down the slope again and again, to be stopped by the twang of nylon. And of course the weather again cooperated magnificently, maintaining a constant 112% humidity and near white-out conditions.

It must have been a great disappointment for those who went on to mount their own expeditions and test their new skills to be met by deep blue skies and blazing sun.



ITALY

Cattoni 6 24

"Maybe a bit slow but he's the safest guide in the Italian Alps."

REPORT ON RESCUE FROM CAPE HORN BLUFFS, SLOCAN LAKE

Mark Maddox, Gregory Peak, Charles Reed and Vicki Eggertsen, 22, had been on a four day climbing trip. They had climbed Devil's Couch on the west side of Slocan Lake, crossing by canoe. At approximately 7:00 p.m. on July 10th, they arrived back at the lake and loaded their seventeen foot canoe with themselves and their four large packs to make the return crossing. The canoe was not equipped with life jackets. The lake is about one mile wide at this point (between the mouth of Evans Creek and Cape Horn Bluffs).

About three-quarters of the way across a sudden storm swamped the canoe. All four of them stayed with the canoe attempting to get it to shore. Between one hundred yards and one hundred feet from the east shore, Reed, who had been suffering the most from the cold water, let go of the canoe and disappeared below the surface. About this time Vicki Eggertsen let go of the canoe and hanging on to her floating pack swam to shore. The shore line is very steep at the point where she landed and she had difficulty getting out of the water. She watched as Maddox and Peak got the canoe approximately ten feet from shore. When nearly within reach of her, Peak let go of the canoe and disappeared below the surface. She was able to help Maddox out of the water. He was completely incoherent and she left him on the ledge and started up the broken rock face towards Highway No. 6. They had landed approximately one-quarter mile south of Cape Horn Bluffs and the only route to the highway, seven hundred feet above, was over steep rockslides interspersed with small cliffs and steep slopes covered with wet vegetation. Miss Eggertsen climbed nearly half way to the highway then fell a short distance breaking her left leg just above the ankle. Maddox, who had recovered from the cold water, heard her scream and climbed up to her. It was dusk by this time and he left her to climb to the highway for help, reaching it shortly after 10:00 p.m.

Members of the R. C. M. P. were on the highway above the bluffs by 11:00 p.m. and a Forest Service boat which was alerted was at the base of the bluffs by 11:00 p.m. and spotted Miss Eggertsen on the face.

Corporal Aird and Constable Bloomfield attempted to reach her but found their route blocked by a cliff. They returned to the highway and Corporal Aird advised Constables Jordan and Gordon to start up from the lake. They reached the injured girl at approximately 2:00 a.m. and informed Corporal Aird that it would be almost impossible to take her back down the cliff by stretcher. Meanwhile Corporal Aird and Constable Bloomfield located a route to Miss Eggertsen below the cliff that had foiled their first attempt. After examining both routes in the dark Corporal Aird decided to call out the Kootenay Mountaineering Club Mountain Rescue Group. Assembling at Castlegar R. C. M. P. station at 3:00 a.m., they were driven to Slocan by the R. C. M. P. The five people involved were Ian Hamilton, John Carter, Howie Ridge, Lynn Lennox and Dave Parfitt. At Slocan they were briefed by Corporal Aird then Ian Hamilton and Howie Ridge left for the foot of Cape Horn Bluffs in the Forest Service launch, to re-assess the possibility of evacuating the casualty that way, while the rest of the group were taken to the point on the highway from which they could climb down to her.

By this time dawn was breaking. The Civil Defence Light Rescue Van was in position on Highway 6 above the bluffs and a basket stretcher from it was being carried down the first part of the route by Forest Service personnel as the other three members of the rescue group arrived. They climbed down to Miss Eggertsen, reaching her slightly in advance of Hamilton and Ridge. It had rained during the night and she was extremely cold and in shock. She was given hot soup and additional clothing. Meanwhile, Hamilton and Ridge arrived and confirmed that it would not be practical to take the stretcher down to the lake. Accordingly, together with Carter, they rigged a hand line over the first hundred feet of the uphill evacuation route, the most difficult part. This was firstly a traverse along steep terrain overgrown with bush, followed by crossing a

rubble chute, then up thirty feet of steep hillside to a comparatively flat area. Meanwhile Lynn Lennox, Dave Parfitt and Corporal Aird splinted the injured girl's leg. With six men as bearers, she was soon placed in the stretcher and transported along the fixed rope to easier terrain.

The route from here angled up over a large rockslide for two hundred yards, where a rope's length below the road the rock was smaller and less stable. A rope was attached to the stretcher at this point and R. C. M. P. constables on the road supplied tension to assist the group carrying the stretcher.

Miss Eggertsen was loaded into the Civil Defence Van for transportation to Nakusp Hospital at approximately 6:00 a.m.

The body of one of the drowned men was recovered several days later. The search for the other was abandoned.

Comments: The climbers' mistakes are obvious. As far as the rescue is concerned, we feel that had we been called out at 11:00 p.m., working with headlights, we could have removed Miss Eggertsen from the face two to three hours earlier.

Dave Parfitt,
Co-ordinator, Mountain Rescue Group,
Kootenay Mountaineering Club.

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

SUMMER CAMP 1971

ADAMENT RANGE IN THE NORTHERN SELKIRKS

Lynn Lennox

Ian Hamilton

Club members attending camp:

Mark Basso

Gerry Brown

Lynn Lennox

Renata Belczyk

Ian Hamilton

Howie Ridge

Felix Belezyk

Doug Hurrell

Gordon Stein

Jim Brennan

Gladys McLeod

Norm Thyer

On Friday evening, July 31, we packed into the cars most of the food, people, climbing gear, personal gear, and a variety of odds and ends, and set off for our first stopping place, which turned out to be for an ice cream at Creston!

But despite that, or maybe because of, we all arrived before the appointed time at Bush Lakes Ranger Station, which is on the Old Big Bend Highway.

The helicopter, which was supposed to fly us in at 12:00 o'clock, for a variety of reasons including forest fires didn't arrive until 6:30 p.m. which meant that we had been waiting around at the Ranger station most of the day wondering if we ever would have a summer camp, we all just layed around, swatted mosquitoes, swam in the lake, swatted mosquitoes, told stories, swatted mosquitoes, nibbled on food, swatted mosquitoes, watched forest fires, swatted mosquitoes, etc. etc., until finally, the machine arrived, made 3 trips of 4 people and baggage and 400 lb. of food! So there we all were, at the A.C.C. Fairy Meadows Hut.

The Fairy Meadows Hut is an excellent building, sleeps 12, 3 rooms, sink

continued....

with water from a tap (at 7000 ft. that's quite a luxury) of course the water was the same temperature as a near by creek, but who's to complain. There is also a wood stove, coleman stove and light, windows with good bug screens, etc., as I said, an excellent cabin.

What we had not allowed for was that the last week-end in July, for Alberta, is a long week, and the cabin had numerous visitors before we arrived, and when we arrived, things took on a decidedly crowded look, in fact, somebody calculated that with that number of people in that size cabin, it worked out to just over one million people to the square mile!!!

Fortunately we had some tents between us and could disperse around. However, several of our group were without any worthwhile shelter for the first two days, but fortunately we were blessed with good weather nearly all the time we were at the camp.

Anyway, after two days all the other people left, and we were left alone, just the planned number, so we settled down and set about doing the job on hand, which was to climb mountains.

So our camp calendar went like this:-

SUNDAY 1st AUGUST:

Doug and Mark climbed Mount Austerity (10,980 ft.) from Ironman Mountain.

Howie, Gordon, Felix, and Renata climbed Mount Unicorn (9750 ft.) via Granite Glacier. Howie Gordon and Felix also climbed the Horn (9850 ft.) via the East Ridge.

Gerry, Jim, Norm, Lynn, and Ian went up Pioneer Pass (which included front pointing with crampon's; some Pass! wonder what the difficult way is like! to the view of Sir Sanford below the East Peak of the Gothics. Climbed Sentinel

continued....

Peak (9950 ft.) via Route #1, Jim especially remembers that climb, as that is where he lost his sunglasses. Then we went back to the Hut and tents via Friendship Col (8920 ft.)

MONDAY 2nd AUGUST:

Doug, Mark, Gordon, and Lynn attempted Mount Adamant (11,040 ft.) via Tunnel Glacier, ran short of time when close to the summit.

Howie, Gerry, Renata, Felix, and Ian, went over to the A.C.C. Great Cairn Hut.

This is a Hut, built of stones, picked up where the receding glacier left them, and built into a cabin, which may sound crude, but the end result is a very effective little hut.

The distance between the Fairy Meadows and the Great Cairn Hut is 9 hours steady hiking, 3 x9000 ft. passes and two glaciers, and last of all, wading across a glacier fed creek, when one is really hot and sticky, interesting changes occur to the body temperature!

TUESDAY 3rd AUGUST

Doug and Mark went over Friendship Col and climbed Pioneer Peak (10,760 ft.) via Route 2.

Jim and Norm attempted Pioneer Pass but the glacier had changed drastically, the snow was melting very quickly, so they climbed Friendship Col instead.

Gordon and Gladys went to Thor Pass (9460 ft.) via Friendship Col and climbed Sentinel Peak on their way home.

Gerry, Felix, Howie, and Ian climbed Mount Sir Sanford (11,580 ft.) via the Michael Route #3, with a Gerry Brown variation on the rotten rocks that by pass,

continued....

to the West, the Hour glass.

It was interesting to notice the amount the glaciers had receded, especially from the descriptions in the guide books of early climbers.

The Mount Sir Sanford Route #1, in my opinion, will very soon cease to exist. Route #1 is straight up the Hour glass, which is the crux of the climb on that Route.

It is a big mountain; we arrived on the summit at 5:00 p.m. and with storm clouds gathering didn't stay too long. Round trip from the cabin was 16 hours.

WEDNESDAY 4th AUGUST

Doug and Mark climbed Mount Adamant via the Stickle Glacier, Route #3.

Gordon and Lynn climbed Pionner Peak via Route #2.

Jim painted linseed oil on the Fairy Meadows cabin walls, and he kept up the good work until he ran out of oil. The cabin is of Pan-a-bode type construction, and the wood tends to dry out.

Renata and Felix climbed Palisade Mtn. (9180 ft.) from the Great Cairn Hut.

THURSDAY 5th AUGUST

Jim and Norm climbed Mount Sir William (9850 ft.) via Forbes Glacier.

Gerry, Felix, Renata, Howie, and Ian started back from the Great Cairn Hut to the Fairy Meadows. (Don't forget wading the creek again at 6:30 in the morning!)

Renata and Felix climbed Pioneer Peak and Sentinel Peak on the way back.

Howie, Gerry and Ian climbed the East Peak of the Gothics (10,640 ft.) via Route #1, which according to the guide book, had to include the accent of a "Mummery Crack", which we thought was going to be interesting, but we didn't find out til later just what a "Mummery Crack" is. So we climbed over/through this Crack without knowing what we were missing. The route itself had a few interest-

continued....

ing moves, nothing especially difficult so long as one didn't worry too much about a 2 1/2 thousand foot view!

FRIDAY 6th AUGUST

Renata, Felix, and Gladys climbed Mount Wotan (9720 ft.) via the South East Ridge, Route #1, and saw a porcupine crossing the Gothics Glacier, carefully picking a route around the crevasses, apparently unaware that single individual glacier crossings are not recommended by all the best manuals!

Gerry, Norm, Gordon, Howie, Lynn, and Ian climbed Mount Adamant, via Tunnel Glacier and North East Ridge, Route #2.

This climb was a good demonstration of using all the different mountaineering techniques, including a personal first of abseiling with camera on down over the Burgsh rund.

Lynn and I, while watching Howie lead the route up past the Burgsh rund, following by a steep ice pitch, onto the rock face that lead up to the North East Ridge, remarked that this was probably a first ascent of this Mountain where the colour of the leaders sacks, matched the colour of his ice screws and pitons, Bright Green!! Ugh.

Mark and Doug climbed the East Peak, via Route #1.

SATURDAY 7th AUGUST

Mark and Jim went to Thor Pass via Friendship Col.

Doug climbed Gog and Magog, (both 9050 ft.) which are two rock pillars, with some A.C.C. members who were also using the Fairy Meadows cabin.

Renata and Felix toured around the Gothics glacier for pictures, while the rest of us stayed around the cabin, getting it cleaned up, chopped wood, burned garbage, sorted surplus food etc.

continued....

SUNDAY 8th AUGUST

We all hiked out the Swan Creek Trail, which as suspected, turned out to be a trail in name only. I don't believe anybody was not lost at some time or other. We all just had too flounder around as best we could.

Finally we were all out, and that was 1971 summer camp.

General comments on the camp, weather was excellent, and lots of big fat healthy mosquitoes.

Sometimes the scenery was hidden by the smoke of extensive forest fires.

Many thanks to Gladys, our cook, for preparing our meals. Her good food was really appreciated when one has sore feet, aching back and an appetite that could swallow a house.

The general arrangements of the camp were organized by John Carter, who was unable to attend. I feel, and all others will I am sure agree, that he deserves a special vote of thanks for all the hard work put into making this years camp such a success.

SIR WILLIAM

Norman Thyer

"A climbing party of three is the minimum...on crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended."¹ But on this occasion, we didn't go strictly "according to the book". Although we were only two, we considered climbing far preferable to the company of the two-winged, six-legged, bloodthirsty "fairies" after which the hut site is named. And after all, that's why we were at the camp. Mt. Sir William looked inviting, a snowy ridge culminating in two rocky outcrops and with a large schrund across its east face.

Jim Brennan and Norman Thyer started out at 5:30 a.m. and took a variation on the normal route to Cycle Pass. Having reached the trail leading up the moraine near the hut, after 100 ft. we descended the other side of the moraine, and then continued down between moraine and stream to the Granite Glacier, where a straightforward crossing was possible. We got off the glacier close to the stream issuing from the Forbes Glacier, started up the side valley and then went up the slope on our left, whence some large ledges took us to the moraine leading up to the Forbes Glacier. This glacier was a bit soggy in places, and a huge granite boulder perched on a snow pedestal appeared to be the cause of one torrent of melt water.

9:30 saw us at Cycle Pass - at our leisurely pace we had taken twice the time the guide book stated. But from here, the rest of the climb proved to be a two hour snow slog across the Nobility Glacier and alongside the south east ridge, where little trickles of melt water allowed us to "top up" our water bottles. The rotten rock at the summit was fortunately at a low angle, and we spent half an hour or so there before returning by the same route, taking

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one hour to Cycle Pass and three more to Fairy Meadows, arriving just in time for afternoon tea.

It had not been a difficult or heroic climb, but rather a pleasant excursion. There were interesting features: on the Lower Granite Glacier, pools of varied form, a little spring of water gushing up from the ice in one place: a pleasant little area of heather and clear streams on the Forbes Glacier moraine: near Mt. Sir William, some crevasses of the potentially treacherous type, with small mouths and big, black bellies, but fortunately thick lips. We had a fine view from the top, and on the upper snowfield of Mt. Sir Sandford, peeping over the Adamant massif, we thought we could discern a climbers' track.

The summits of Mts. Sir Andrew and Sir Henry, flanked by heavily crevassed snowfields, looked as if they might offer a pleasant traverse, which we might have tried if we had been a stronger party. Given sufficient time, this could possibly be extended over further summits southwards.

¹ Seattle Mountaineers: Climbing Code

BOOK REVIEW

Reviewed by John Carter

Medicine for Mountaineering, edited by James A. Wilkerson, M.D.

Published by The Mountaineers, P.O. Box 122, Seattle, Washington 98111

310 pages, 100 drawings, hardbound, \$7.50

This book, for seven years in preparation, becomes the 11th essential for all serious climbers. Contributors include: Earl E. Cammock, M.D., and Fred T. Darvill, M.D., Mt. Vernon; Ben Eiseman, M.D., Lexington, Ky.; Thomas F. Hornbein, M.D., Seattle, climber of Everest's West Ridge; Charles S. Houston, M.D., Burlington, Vt., leader of K-2 expedition; and Herbert N. Hultgren, M.D., Palo Alto; and Thomas O. Nevision, M.D., Albuquerque, both experienced in expedition climbing.

"Anyone who climbs very often for very long must expect sooner or later to be involved in misfortune, if not his own then someone else's," reads the preface of this book, the first medical manual published in America written by mountaineers for mountaineers. First-aid manuals have been in use for years, but instructions of "what to do until the doctor arrives" are insufficient when the victim of a disease or climbing accident must be evacuated from remote areas, with the nearest doctor sometimes several days away. Seldom to small parties or semi-expeditions have a doctor along.

"Medicine for Mountaineering" has been compiled by physicians who are also mountaineers, to provide the information necessary to go beyond first-aid measures. Designed as a textbook for mountaineering medicine courses, it also serves as a reference during actual treatment of medical disorders on a climb, so is small

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enough to fit into a standard climbing pack.

Seven years in preparation, this book profits from medical experiences with illnesses, accidents and high altitude effects on expeditions to the Himalayas and other remote areas, and emphasizes improvements made in medical treatment of traumatic wounds as a result of experience in World War II and the Korean Conflict.

Included in the text are general principles of diagnosis, symptoms, and a section on preventive medicine. Treatment of traumatic injuries is thoroughly covered, including soft tissue injuries, fractures and related injuries, burns, and injuries to the head, neck, chest and abdomen. Also covered are environmental injuries, including high-altitude effects, frostbite, exhaustion, exposure, solar radiation burns, heat injuries and animal bites. Non-traumatic disease discussed include those of the respiratory system, heart, blood vessels, nervous system, eyes, ears, nose and throat, as well as acute abdominal pain, infections and allergies. Appendices include dosages of drugs described in the text as well as precautions required with their use.

This book is vital to everyone who goes on semi-expeditions or expeditions, mountain rescue trips, or extended wilderness-area outings.

*This review has been taken from the November 1967 issue of Summit Magazine. It seems to me to be a very good investment for any of our club members who spend quite a bit of time in the mountains. The club library at Helen Butling's home has a copy of this excellant book.

BOOK REVIEW

MOUNTAINEERING MEDICINE - By Fred Darvill Jr. M.D.

reviewed by Dave Parfitt

Books on Mountaineering Medicine or First Aid are far from common which makes it difficult to establish a standard of comparison. Without one, it seems to me that this booklet should be read several times, by all climbers and hikers. It is small enough and light enough that a copy could easily be carried in ones rucksack and not be noticed. Despite this, it is fairly comprehensive as far as First Aid is concerned and some aspects of First Aid which are particularly relevant to the climber, such as blisters, snow blindness and mountain sickness are well covered. There, praise has to stop and criticism start.

(1) There is too much stress on medication - this is completely inappropriate to the climbing First Aiders needs.

(2) A sprained ankle is probably the most common mountain injury and merits more attention than Dr. Darvill gives it. He could have mentioned application of cold to limit swelling immediately after the injury and could have illustrated the method of taping or bandaging.

(3) Although he covers treatment of frostbite very thoroughly he fails to mention the related condition of hypothermia.

(4) A few pages devoted to methods of transporting disabled climbers, illustrated, would be most useful. One can say that this purports to be a book on Mountaineering Medicine and not a book on Mountain Rescue, which is true. One could point out that good illustrated books on Mountain Rescue are available. This also is true. However, the fact remains that mobility in the

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mountains can be a problem to even a fit party and becomes an impossibility to a small party with an injured person to move if they don't know how to improvise a stretcher or use a rope seat. It should be possible to take sufficient medical, First Aid, and rescue knowledge into the mountains in one small booklet. In giving us only the medical knowledge, and perhaps more of it than we need Dr. Darvill's booklet does not fill our needs.

A copy is available from the K.M.C. Library.

BOOK REVIEW

Reviewed by John Carter

The Sierra Club Wilderness Handbook, Edited by David Brower

Ballantine Books, Inc., 101 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10003

Price \$.95

The above paperback book is one of the better ones I have found except for the \$3.00 to \$7.00 hard cover books on wilderness travel. As the author writes in the first few pages of his book, you will find sensible information about clothing and equipment, food and cooking, hiking and pack animals.

Some of the chapters dealt with in the book are: Wilderness Travelling, Food and Cooking, Mountain Medicine, Women, Especially for Men and numerous others.

The three chapters on women, men and children are especially good, and I would suggest anyone just starting hiking or anyone taking their wife or girl-friend out for the first time in the wilderness read this section.

Also included in this edition is the Story of the Sierra Club and the different trips available in the summer on Sierra Club Wilderness Outings. Our Kootenay Mountaineering Club is no where as large as the Sierra Club but perhaps we can make use of some of the ideas and suggestions that are laid out in this book.

HOW TO KEEP WARM

Gerry A Cunningham
Vice President Colorado Sports Corp.

If your feet are cold, put your hat on. That may sound facetious, but to those who understand how the human body works in a cold environment it is a simple statement of fact.

Man is essentially a tropical animal. He is able to survive in cold climates only because his ingenuity allows him to maintain his body temperature within the very narrow limits dictated by his physiology, about 75 degrees F to 100 degrees F. for deep body temperature. Since there is a very wide difference in how individuals react to cold, these suggestions will tell you how to be warmer, not how warm you will be.

HEAT PRODUCTION

The human body is continually producing heat through the burning of food and must continually lose this heat if it is to maintain the necessary constant temperature within itself. Hour after hour it must maintain a steady state---heat loss must equal heat production.

Generally speaking, heat production can be of only two kinds: the body's metabolism (burning of food) and absorption of radiant energy from the sun or other heat source. The metabolic rate can range for an average man from 70 calories per hour for sleeping to 524 calories per hour for strenuous work. One of the most important by-products of metabolism is water.

The naked body, on a clear day, can absorb as much as 230 calories per hour of the sun's heat. However, since we are dealing with keeping warm in a cold environment, the body will be well clothed and insulated, and the importance of radiation as a heat source is greatly reduced.

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HEAT LOSS

To balance the heat intake, there are five main channels of heat loss. The first three are: radiation, conduction and convection. Together, they account for about 80 per cent of the total heat loss.

Radiation loss during a winter day amounts to only about 5 per cent of the total loss. At night under a clear sky the heat loss from the surface of a sleeping bag can be greater. However, the only heat that can be lost by radiation is that which reaches the outer layer of the sleeping bag. If you have proper convective insulation, the outer layer will remain cool and you will have little heat loss. There is one other important consequence---a dark-colored sleeping bag under a clear night sky will often cool below the dew point and will be soaking wet in the morning. Either a light-color bag, or a tarp or tent to give "shade" from the sky, should be used to avoid this.

CONDUCTION

Conduction plays a very small part in total heat loss under most conditions. However, there are several common situations where conduction can be the crux of the discomfort. The soles of the feet are an ever-present problem in conduction of heat. Some others are: touching ski bindings or metal camera parts with bare hands; lying on the cold snow or ground in a down-filled sleeping bag which compresses to almost nothing and leaves your body pressure points in intimate contact with a cold surface; sitting on a metal chairlift seat. The only way to prevent conduction is to separate your body from the cold object by a low-conductive layer of material--one which, when heated on one side, will stay cool on the other. The best material we know of today, as far as clothing is concerned, is air. To utilize the low conductivity of air we must prevent it from circulating.

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CONVECTION

How small do we have to chop up the air in order to prevent circulation by convection? Fortunately, the air right next to any surface tends to stick to that surface. This effect extends about 1/8" (inch) out from the surface, so that any material that interrupts the path of the air at 1/8 inch intervals or less will deaden it so it can be used for insulation.

For clothing and sleeping bag purposes, there is no miracle insulation. They will depend on dead air for the quality of insulation and on thickness for the quantity of insulation.

EVAPORATION

The final two forms of heat loss are both evaporative. Each gram of water at skin temperature that leaves the body carries not only the heat required to raise it to body temperature but also the latent heat of vaporization, which is about 17 kilocalories per ounce.

The two kinds of evaporative heat loss are sweating, which we can indirectly control, and insensible perspiration (the continuous drying out of the skin) plus the vapor lost through the respiratory system in breathing, which are beyond our control. Even with no sweating the evaporative loss is 20 per cent of the total heat loss. In a cold environment, of course, there should be no need for sweating.

Sweating should be avoided because water vapor in the clothing can destroy the convective insulation efficiency. No one needs to be reminded that wet clothes aren't as warm as dry ones.

THE HEAT EQUATION

You can think of the steady state of heat production and heat loss as an equation. When the heat loss side is larger than the heat production for any

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length of time you are uncomfortably cold. You need to balance the equation. You have an option of doing this in either or both of two ways: increase heat production to balance current heat loss, or cut down the heat loss to match current heat production.

Since your metabolic rate and absorption of radiant heat are the only two factors on the heat-production side of the equation, this is the easier to consider first. Obviously, if you are cold in the shade and there is sunshine within reach you move into the sun. If there is a bonfire handy you can absorb a little heat there, but that about limits the available increase in radiant heat absorption.

METABOLISM

Your metabolic rate can be increased considerably more than your radiant absorption. This of course requires you to pay the price of increased food consumption for the fuel you burn. Man in an arctic environment does indeed consume more calories than he does in warm climates.

Muscular activity can increase your metabolic rate by as much as 750 per cent for short periods and we are all familiar with running around or stamping our feet to keep warm. In fact, if you don't do it yourself, your body will take care of it for you by shivering. Shivering and muscular tension exercises have two advantages over running around or performing some sort of work. With outside work, only part of the energy ends up as body heat and the heat of the work performed is lost to the environment. With shivering or muscular tension exercises, where you simply strain one muscle against another, almost all of the heat is immediately available to your body.

One way to increase metabolism when you go to bed is to undress inside your sleeping bag. By the time you get your pants and socks off inside a close-fit-

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ting mummy bag you will have performed enough work to be off to a good warm night's sleep.

One other hint to a warm sleep is to keep yourself warm before you go to bed. Put on your spare clothing when you stop for the day. Don't get thoroughly chilled by standing around and then expect your sleeping bag to warm you up after blood vessel constriction has started and the blood supply to your extremities and skin surface is reduced to conserve heat for your vital organs deep inside your body.

INVOLUNTARY ADJUSTMENTS

On the heat-loss side of the equation there are several things your body does automatically. First there is sweating, which you can control by seeing that heat is lost through some of the numerous other channels. The other involuntary reactions are goose pimples, which erect the body hairs and increase the thickness of still air next to the skin, and vaso-constriction, which reduces the blood supply to all areas except the head.

Vaso-constriction is beyond your control but its counterpart, vaso-dilation, is one of the best means of keeping your extremities warm and is indirectly within your control. When your metabolism and torso insulation are more than enough to keep your vital organs at the proper temperature, the first place the extra heat goes is to your surface tissues via your circulating blood. Any excess after that will go to your extremities. If there is still an excess of heat the surface blood vessels will dilate, more blood will come into circulation and your body will try to get rid of its excess heat by using your fingers and toes as radiators. From here it is only a short step to sweating; the two may in fact overlap.

Anything that helps conserve the heat in your torso will force all the

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all the excess out of your fingers and toes. This explains why you can sometimes chop wood in bare hands at 10 degrees F above zero. It also means that warm boots and mittens will not keep you warm if your general torso heat balance is marginal. Insufficient body heat, along with cool skin temperature at fingers or toes, will trigger the vaso-constriction reaction and shut down the blood supply to your extremities. Nicotine also has this effect, so if your hands are cold, don't smoke. Once the circulation is shut down, frostbite can follow quickly.

Because the head has such a rich blood supply and no vaso-constriction mechanism, it is the primary radiator for excess body heat. Therefore if you want to force that heat to your fingers or toes, you must make sure it isn't lost through your head. A parka hood, incidentally, is much better than a hat because it keeps the breezes from blowing down your neck.

Now you know why you put your hat on if your feet are cold.

WIND CHILL INDEX

WIND SPEED MPH	WHAT THE THERMOMETER READS (degrees F.)											
	50	40	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30	-40	-50	-60
CALM	50	40	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30	-40	-50	-60
5	48	37	27	16	6	-5	-15	-26	-36	-47	-57	-68
10	40	28	16	4	-9	-21	-33	-46	-58	-70		
15	36	22	9	-5	-18	-36	-45	-58	-72			
20	32	18	4	-10	-25	-39	-53	-67				
25	30	16	0	-15	-29	-44	-59					
30	28	13	-2	-18	-33	-48	-63					
35	27	11	-4	-20	-35	-49	-67					
40	26	10	-6	-21	-37	-53	-69					
Little danger if properly clothed				Danger of freezing exposed flesh				Great danger of freezing exposed flesh				

CAGOULE PATTERN

Susan Port

Designed merely to withstand West Coast precipitation, this garment has nonetheless proved its worth in Mulvey Creek downpours, Old Glory sleet, and Granit Mt. "powder" (at 31° F)

The pattern given is for a 5'10" man and is large enough to be worn over a light down jacket (including a down-filled hood). It should be wide enough that one can crouch with knees inside it for bivouacs or lunches in the rain (i.e. increase the width if you have long thigh bones).

Material: Coated nylon. That which is available from Recreational Equipment in Seattle is 55" wide and 4 oz. per yard and of this one needs 5 1/2 yards. Blacks lists some material 45" wide and 6 oz. (and a higher price) per yard; this would probably make the cagoule too heavy. As with any coated nylon, the coating may eventually wear off. Therefore, this is best made with two layers of nylon, with the coatings back to back and thus protected. This of course increases the weight but the added "stiffness" of the garment prevents it clinging to damp clothing as single nylon ponchos etc. are wont to do - and allows air circulation in warm wet weather.

Construction: Nylon thread must be used. Single seams seem to be sufficient although we reinforced some of the outer ones. All outer seams should be coated with seam cement. There is no shoulder seam as the cagoule is cut on the fold of the material like a poncho.

The two layers can be sewn independently and then joined around the hood, and at the wrists, bottom edge, and zippers.

Fastenings: Metal or heavy nylon zippers have proved quite satisfactory,

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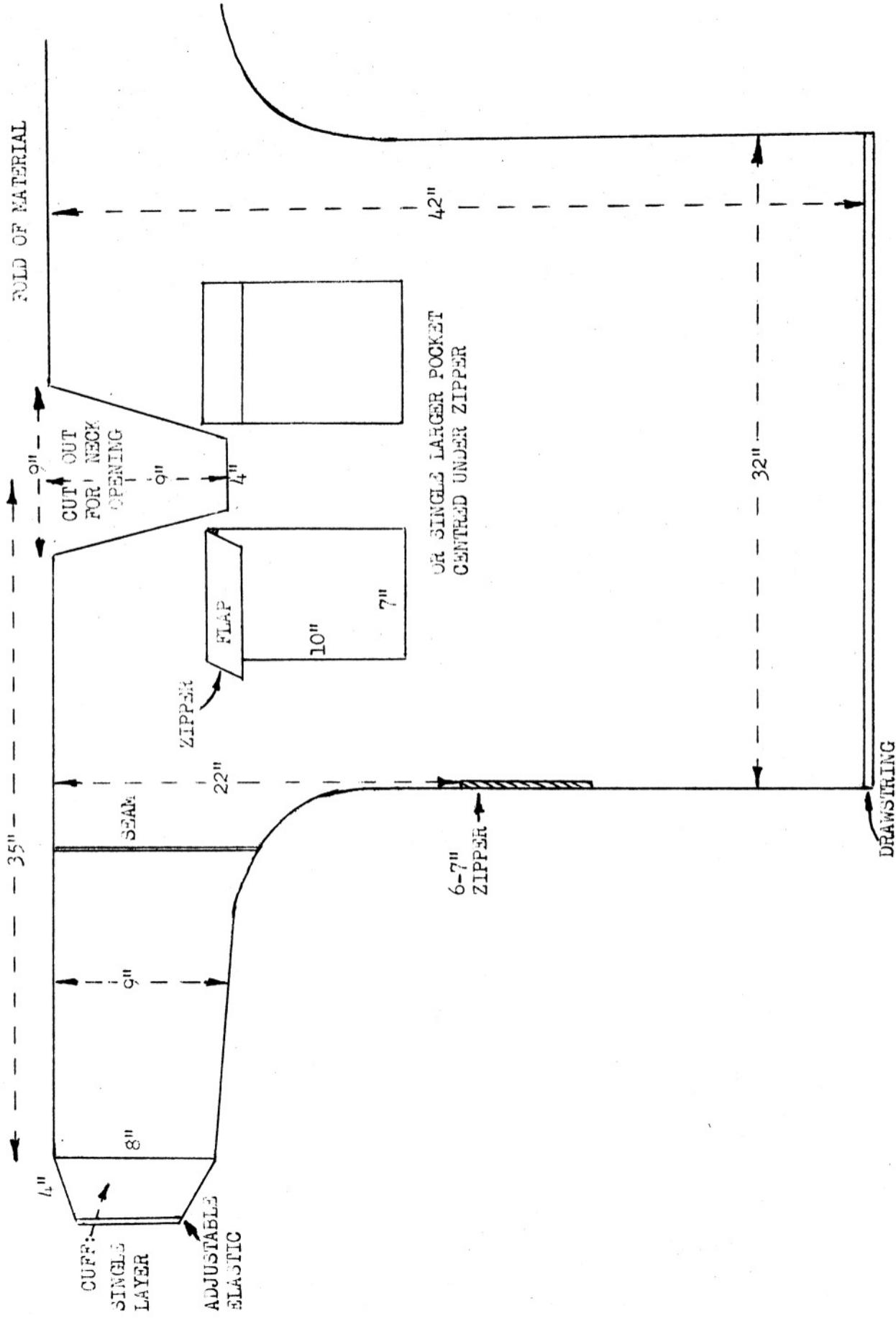
although Velcro might be preferred, especially on the pockets. The side openings are very nice for warming hands and for reaching items in pants pockets.

Hood: Sew a folded 2" strip of material around the face opening to make a drawstring channel.

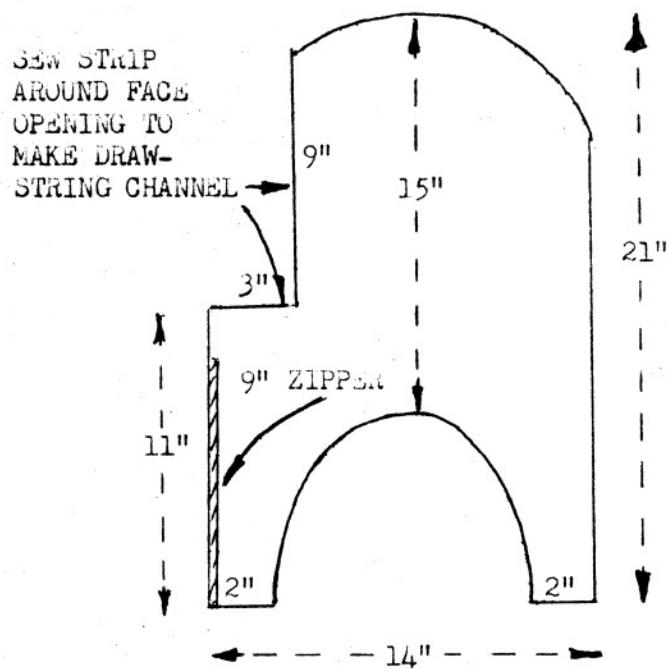
Cuff: A single layer of nylon is sufficient and more flexible. In order that the sleeve can hang open to allow air circulation in warmer weather, insert in the drawstring tunnel of the cuff a piece of elastic the full width of the sleeve, with a button on one end and a loop at the other, plus a loop at a point which will give a tight fit around your wrist. Then, to close the sleeve in cold weather, merely pull the elastic through to the second loop.

Pockets: Should have a zipper or Velcro closing protected by a flap.

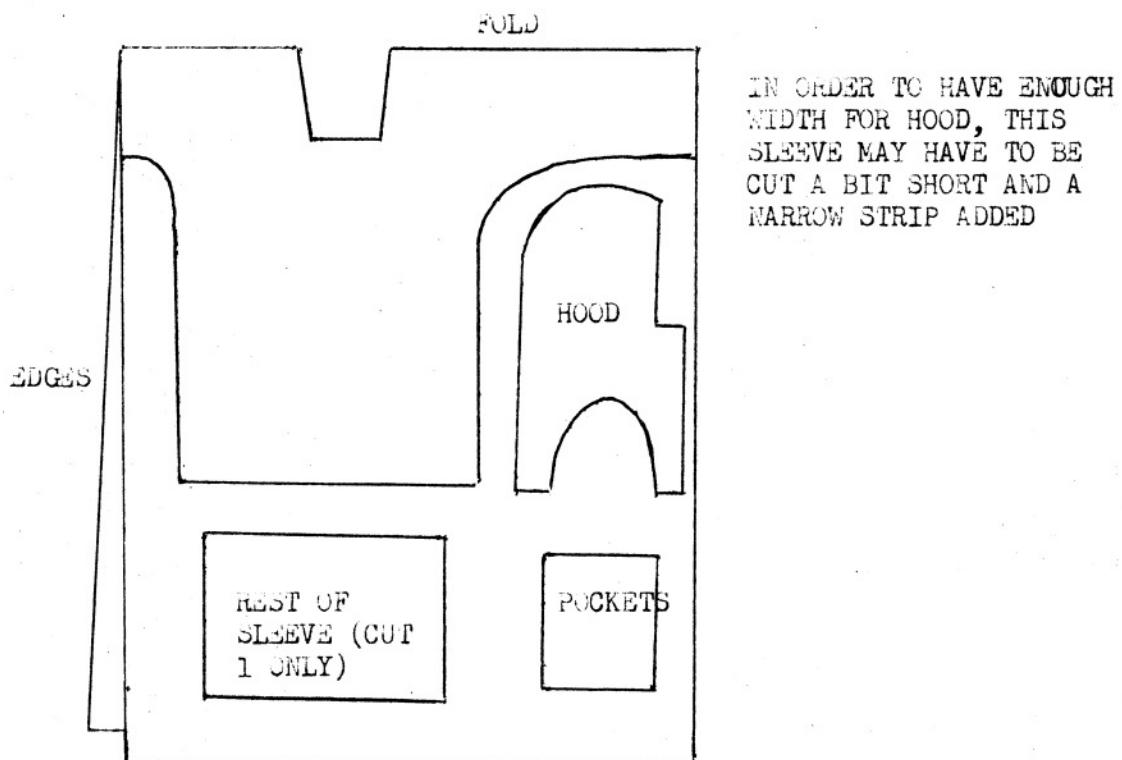
NO SEAM ALLOWANCES GIVEN



HOOD (NO SEAM ALLOWANCES)



CUTTING LAYOUT FOR 55" MATERIAL (1 LAYER ONLY)



MT. SPHINX



Ladies Day

- by Jill Langballe

Sphinx Mountain - 8,300 ft.

It was originally arranged that on 'Ladies Day' Mt. Crawford would be climbed, but due to the road being washed out, (so we thought) Helen decided that we would try climbing Mt. Sphinx.

Those participating met at the main lake ferry at 8:00 A.M. and arrived at Grey Creek about 9:00 A.M. At Grey Creek we picked up Helen's three sisters, Anne, Katherine and Ruth, Richie and Pony Deane and Barbara and Mark Basso. The party up to now consisting of the above and Roberta Hamilton, Anna Dean, Janet Parfitt, Anna Thyer, Clare Marlott, Leslie Thompson, Sue Port and myself.

Three vehicles were used to drive us up the relatively good road to the base, although one bridge made of very round logs caused a slight hesitation on Anna Thyer's part as to whether we'd make it or not, but with the thought of women not to be outdone by men, Anna charged the jeep forward, closing her eyes as she did so and made a fantastic landing on the other side. A round of applause followed.

We reached as far as we could go by jeep and then continued by foot being led by Richie. First up through bush and trees and then into beautiful meadow country which was enhanced by blue skies and very attractive marble rock. At this point, we could see the two peaks we were to climb. We were making our way up to the base of the two peaks; an unnamed peak on our left and Mt. Sphinx on our right. At the base we rested and took photos of the maze of mountain peaks which the base suddenly looked down on. The majority of us climbed the peak on our left which we could find no name for and had a good look at the view. We descended and joined the others at the bottom and we all climbed up the Sphinx, a further 1,000 feet up to the top.

On the top we were rewarded with a fantastic view of the Purcells. Here we took another rest and ate the rest of our food and took more photos. The descent was slow for a while as we had to contend with loose slate and rock, but as soon as we accomplished this we had more meadow country to hike down and then through bush to the jeeps.

We were all invited back for tea and a swim at the Deane's which was most welcome. We arrived at the Deane's summer house at about 4:30 P.M. and were issued with bathing costumes as many as would go around and the rest of us swam in our under-clothes. The warm water was so relaxing and the tea and cookies after the swim just added the final touch to a very enjoyable day.

OLD GLORY? NORTH? FACE

Peter McIver

On 13th June a small group (Leo Gansner, Brian Johnson, Peter McIver, Bert Port, Don Poole and Gordon Stein) assembled in very unpromising weather at Hanna Creek on the Nancy Greene Highway. Early Summer weather had been atrocious and the planned recce. trip was not made, so, clutching Dave Parfitt's account of a previous visit, Peter led the bedraggled band through mist, snow, fog, hail and rain. We reached the waterhole without too much difficulty and traversed around to the North Face. Torrential rain, fog and then snow reduced visibility to a hundred yards. So as not to miss our gully by being too low, we proceeded up a ridge with a sharp drop on the right, intending to traverse off it. After climbing some way we saw a way off over steep and slippery rock. On the way over Leo had a close call when a tree he was holding decided to transplant itself. Shortly after, the leader decided to throw his pack to the ledge below, but to his amazement it just bounced when it hit the ledge below and disappeared over some cliffs into the fog. When we climbed down the cliffs we found an amphitheatre below us containing a steep snow slope. The pack was nowhere to be seen, and so we descended to the bottom of the snow slope, finding only a bottle of orange on the way. Half the group climbed back up the snow, and eventually located the pack between snow and cliff, at the top of the slope. We realised then that we had also found the route, further up and around in the amphitheatre. Since everyone was soaking wet, by democratic vote (6-0) we decided to return to Rossland and hot wine.

CHIMNEY ROCK

Howie Ridge

On Saturday June 19, Ian Hamilton arrived at my home about noon and we drove to Nelway by Toyota Land Cruiser to join forces with Gordon Stein. Our objective for the weekend was to do Chimney Rock in Idaho, a men's day outing for the K.M.C. We knew it would be a rock climb in the class 5 range but none of us had been to the area previously. From correspondence with Will Murray of Spokane and the Forest Ranger at Priest River, it was decided our route should take us to Priest Lake via Newport and Priest River and then to Coolin, a small community on the East Shore of Priest Lake. From here we drove up Hunt Creek then crossed over to Horton Creek road which brought our party to the 6000 foot level at the Horton Ridge forestry lookout. These roads were in excellent condition and most family cars would be capable of using them.

We erected our tents, Gordon sleeping in his new Japanese special and Ian and I residing in my super-deluxe Eatons of Canada canvas wonder, near the base of the lookout tower. Small patches of snow dotted the landscape, while to the North-East Mount Roothaan was completely covered in its winter mantle. To reach the rock we would have to pass over Mount Roothaan, a journey of approximately one hour, we were told.

During the night our campsite was shared with an American party of two couples but as they were late sleepers we three were alone on our journey to the rock. Due to the deep snow, the trail was impossible to follow and this created a situation where we got far off the route onto a rock spur and then had to retrace many steps and swing to the North through a basin. Chimney Rock was reached in 3 hours, but not before the leader had lost his hard hat down a

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bluff onto an expansive snow field. Wow, some rock! Chimney Rock is a tower about 250 feet high, 100 feet wide, and nearly vertical. (This is the easy side!)

The standard route begins about the mid-point of the West face and runs up sharply and slightly to the left. I led the first pitch up into a corner, about 20 feet, and then a very thin move left around a bulge to a fixed pin which I greatfully clipped into. The route now led up a very steep thin flake to the left, past another pin, and to the bottom of an eight foot high block. A mantle shelf and I was on top of the block which afforded enough room for one man to sit. As I had run out 130 feet I placed a pin and prepared to bring Ian up. After some cursing and swearing while navigating the bulge, Ian arrived at the belay point, found himself a small shelf and pinned into the rock allowing me to bring up Gordon.

Ian led the next pitch up a nearly vertical, shoulder width fold or crack in the rock face. About 15 feet above the belay point he placed a pin and worked up a foot jam over a slight overhang and continued up the route placing two more runner slings to reach a second overhang. Here the crack ended with a large chock-stone and another fixed pin was used for protection as a thin move was involved with about 180 feet of near vertical exposure. By placing one foot on each side of the chimney and reaching up over the chockstone Ian led past this obstacle up another 10 feet to a sloping slab and clipped into a rusty pin for a belay point as he had now run out about 130 feet of rope. Ian brought me up and I had much difficulty with the chockstone move and became rather "uneasy" at the exposure and lack of holds in that area.

With both Ian and I on this sloping slab there was almost enough room to

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breathe! After much careful and uncomfortable jockeying for position I clipped in and belayed Ian across the top of a vertical chute onto a shelf on the corner about 40 feet below the summit where he left a fixed belay for me and scrambled up to the top.

I now brought Gordon up and past me to the fixed belay where he then gave me a belay past the top of vertical chute. My next lead was to the summit with Gordon belayed closely behind. No difficulty was encountered on this last pitch which Ian had climbed free.

The summit was about 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, nearly level, and boat-shaped. There were four rather large cairns in attendance as well as a summit register, compliments of the U.S. Forest Service, that showed 136 total recorded ascents, mostly members of the Spokane and Seattle Mountaineers. We were the first ascent of the 1971 season. Lunches were eaten and photos taken while the leader referred to the climb in all sorts of nasty ways. (That chockstone move nearly blew my mind!)

No problem was encountered in down climbing to the top of the vertical chute. Here we set up a rappel using the two bolts already present, one more pin, and a large sling around a block for added insurance. Starting the rappel from this point involved dropping over the overhanging block with 180 feet of exposure reaching up. Gordon, who had only rappelled the slab at Kinnaird bluffs was to learn quickly on this day! I gave Ian and Gordy a top rope belay and they went down about 100 feet to a small ledge where another rappel point was located. I came down to them but as the area was rather devoid of picnic sites, went down another 30 feet onto a small ledge about 50 feet from the bottom. As Ian pulled to bring down the rope it wedged far up above and would not move an inch. Our

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fearless president then spent 30 minutes, half climbing the rope and half on the rock back up the vertical chute to free the rope.

Our American friends had now reached the bottom of the rock, drove in about ten pegs to get up forty feet and then backed off content to watch us. They had arrived too late.

Ian freed the rope and established a new rappel point, then he and Gordon went past me to the base, and I followed. No difficulty was encountered in freeing the rope after our second rappel. The up climb had taken 1 hour 45 minutes, and coming down required 1 hour 30 minutes.

Returning we stopped in Priest River for suds and chicken and it proved a welcome treat. Ian and I arrived home after midnight while Gordon had driven on to Kimberley.

Later in the climbing season the standard route of Chimney Rock would have been interesting but straight forward. At that early date we all found it very challenging.

MULVEY CREEK TRAIL

Ian Hamilton

We have again this year seen more work on the trail, and, although we are a long way from a super highway, the trail is getting a little better each year. Only one official work party was held this year, and, added to all the previous efforts by members put in over the past few years, there is much improvement.

From the car park to Camp Kipper, the trail is in good condition, apart from a small amount of side hilling. - (one really needs one leg longer than the other on this bit.)

From Camp Kipper to Poncho Camp, the trail is O.K. in some areas, but needs attention in others. The rock slide areas on this section are better marked, but do not get any easier to travel over. It would really be a major job to start making things easy through the rock slides. The bush, trees, devils clubs, and creek crossings have been cleared in most places, but again, more attention is needed in others. It's better, though, definitely better.

From Poncho Camp to the foot of the Headwall, the trail is quite passable. You may walk over the snow or follow the creek bed, when possible.

The last section to the meadows is 'The Headwall', which is just as steep, as long, as hot, as tiring and just as unpleasant as you remember it.

But the Mulvey Trail is here to stay, thanks only to the volunteer efforts of past and present members.



WOLF'S EARS
from
MULVEY MEADOWS

J. H. E.

MULVEY

Roberta Hamilton

After hearing the many stories, exaggerated and otherwise, of the Mulvey Trail and Headwall, I was most curious and anxious to 'check it out'! (to quote J.C.) And so, the weekend of July 25th and 26th, Lynn Lennox, Pat Gibson, John Carter, Don Poole, Howie Ridge, Ian and myself, 'went in', on the Friday evening; planning to get a fair way along the trail. At Camp Kipper, with darkness approaching, we decided to push on to Poncho. (Howie and Pat were somewhere behind.) This stretch of the trail proved most interesting for, as expected, it quickly became dark. Picture 5 people hurrying on as fast as possible, on a trail that isn't exactly a highway, and was quite overgrown with ferns, bush, and devils clubs. John is in the lead directing the way. Often he isn't sure if there is a way. Presently out came 2 head lamps and a small flashlight. Someone asks Ian how far to Poncho. Just 15 minutes was the reply. Onward into the darkness. Stumbling fivesome. Curses heard. Ian takes over leading the way. Nobody can see very well, and heavens, I had never been there before and wonder where in the world I'm going. Half an hour later someone wonders that 15 minutes sure seems long. Ian pipes up that it is only a little way more. Onward again. Pitch dark-lights darting here and there to find that blasted trail. Another 45 minutes passes. Finally someone says, 'well here we are'. A large welcoming throng of mossies greated us and barely let us have a cup of tea. They had a party all night and none of us slept much - if at all.

Early next morning who should appear but Howie and Pat, with their 'story'. Encountering the same difficulties as we, Howie produced none other than a tiny

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flashlight to guide them. As the minutes ticked by, and they fumbled along, the light dimmed, and finally went out. Luckily they found a sloping slab of rock to camp for the night. (The tale was told with Mr. Ridge's actions, expressions and very descriptive terms.)

Anyhow we reached the Headwall, climbing on snow for some time. Many thanks to Don Poole who cut steps for the ladies. It was like a never ending steep staircase, and I kept thinking of the boiled eggs, cheese and buckets of tea at the cabin.

(I might add that John and Don, close cousins of the mountain goat, roared up with great speed.)

The weekend was most enjoyable, with good weather and a compatible group. The snow was still about 3 feet deep around the cabin. Ian and Howie climbed Gladsheim on Saturday, and Lynn and Don climbed it on Sunday. Lynn, Don and John went for a jaunt to Midguard on Saturday, while Pat and I walked up to the lake and along the ridge.

Sunday was devoted to cabin repairs and clean-up. A sagging porch roof and a corner foundation were propped with logs. Many of the squirrels and marmets of the area looked on with interest. Howie managed to creep up on an unsuspecting porky by the creek and douse him with a bucket of cold water.

Going out, Howie guided Pat and I across the snow of the Headwall. It was important to me to get down safely, - as who would then feed the cat at home should I drop out of sight in a 'hole'?

Back at the cars at 8 p.m., we all agreed - Mulvey Trail... DUN!!



VALHALLA HUT
MULVEY MEADOWS

Aug. 11
Sun 1968

ESMERALDA TRAIL ***** GLACIER CROSSING

Olwyn Ringheim

Sunday, June 27th was the date on our K.M.C. schedule for the two groups to meet and cross the Kokanee Glacier - one group beginning from the Molly Gibson Lake Road and on through the Key Hole by way of the Esmeralda Trail and eventually reaching the Joker Lakes and the other party coming up the Keen Creek Road, the Joker Lakes and then over the Glacier. The details such as the times, people in each group and the exchange of car keys etc. were all arranged ahead of time. Helen Butling and I had done a check of the Keen Creek Road to the Joker Mill site the previous week-end and found it to be quite passable. (That week-end has a story all its' own!)

I chose the Esmeralda Trail route. Our group was ten in number: Bob Dean, Pete McIver, Jim and Win Brennan, Knut and Jill Langbelle, Anna Thyer, Ken Morton, my brother, Dave James, and myself. Once again I was faced with the leadership, and as usual, quite unsure of all the route. But after asking around a little, the answer was given to me - "when you go through the Key Hole and reach the Glacier, just walk in the same straight line and you will soon see the Joker Lakes." The directions proved to be simple and true.

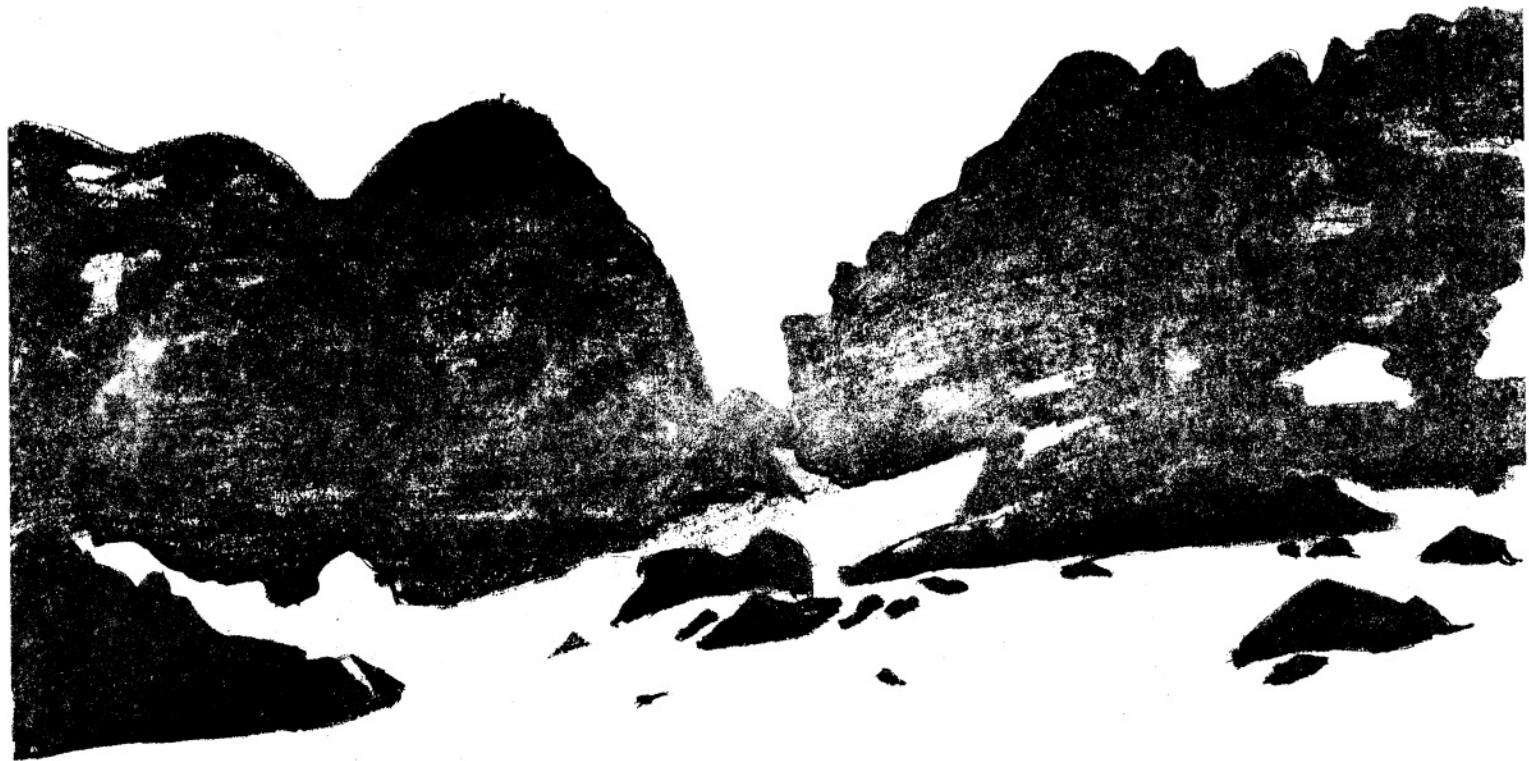
The Key Hole is a pass in the ridge which opens onto the Kokanee Glacier from the valley of Kokanee Creek. The trail up (Esmeralda Trail) is steep, especially near the top. The altitude here is approximately 8500 ft. Unfortunately the Park sign which points the way up the Esmeralda Trail reads, "to the Knot Hole"! I think the sign maker must have been faced with a knot hole in the material he was to use to have come with a name like that!

continued....

At 6 a.m. on Sunday we all met at my place on the North Shore, Nelson. The early morning sun was great. We drove our vehicles - Bob's "mountain road" V.W., Knuts' V.W. van and our jeep up the road to about the second heliport (about 2 miles from Molly Gibson Lake). We had to walk from here as the road was blocked by a snow slide and large boulder. Pete cached the "refreshments" in the snow for the other group and we sincerely hoped they had done the same! By this time I had asked Bob Dean if he would be the leader for me and as always, ever obliging, he agreed to. We began to hike up the road at approximately 7:30 over frozen snow. An hour later we noticed storm clouds approaching from the south west. We were about a third of the way up the Esmeralda Trail when suddenly the storm came surprisingly over and down from Esmeralda. Pete quickly took a "reading" on the Key Hole, knowing that if the fog didn't lift our visibility would be nil. Bob called a stop and we gathered around a rock out crop for shelter against the chilling breeze. Instantly warm clothing (including toque and mitts) and rain gear were dug out from the packs. They proved to be a necessity and well worth the little extra weight carried. While we talked and ate our snacks, the topic of conversation came around to our bearded Bob raising his goats. He told us of the surprised look on their faces when milking time came so early that morning - 4 a.m.! We had quite a laugh over his account of the "charge made by the Billy" and "the set-to out beside the shed" thereafter! Meanwhile Knut was chewing heartily on a sandwich when he said in his Norwegian accent, "You can't guess what kind of sandwich I'm eating, can you? - and it starts with "G", I think". Well the only thing we could think of at the moment was "goat" - one of Bob's goats! But after getting all the facts straight, Knut

continued....

KEYHOLE



assured us that it was only a goose sandwich! It was quite a humorous waiting time.

In a short while the fog began to lighten enough for us to continue upwards. Our leader requested us to stay fairly close together. As we gained altitude large snowflakes fell - really a beautiful effect. The day had turned to that of winter rather than the warm sunny one we started out on which is so often the case in higher altitudes, regardless of the season. Somehow a lovely bright cushion of Moss Campion was blooming in those frozen rock ledges of Esmeralda Peak. That's hard to believe, isn't it? The farther we climbed, the steeper and more narrow the pass became until at last we reached the alter on the edge of the Glacier and we were through the Key Hole. (The alter is a stack of rocks built by some climbers to mark the position of the pass as at times it is not readily recognized.) By this time it was at least noon and the weather still socked in. Bob took some of the group to the summit of Esmeralda. Our thoughts turned to wondering how the oncoming group were making out. Suddenly the sun broke through the clouds and what a brilliant sight - a very blue sky and the whitest snow. It was just pure Kokanee magic, I'm sure! This was the first time for a real look at the Kokanee Peaks from this altitude for Win, Ken and Dave.

About 1 p.m. the first of the other group came into sight. We were quite a number when all together and all so pleased about the good weather change. After a brief visit Bob lead the way through the noticeable dip or groove in the Glacier and over toward the Joker Lakes. The views of the surrounding mountains were vivid, especially with the storm clouds rolling off - Mt. Cond, the highest peak on the Glacier(9200 ft.), the Haystack, Sawtooth Range and Kane Peak (9200 ft.).

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The white wilderness of Coffee Pass sure did look inviting. Perhaps sometime a club trip could be arranged much on the same basis as this one. Our way now had become considerably steeper and footsteps much deeper (I think our group had the easiest of the deal by starting from the Molly Gibson side). Bob chose to lead down into a steep basin and then follow Joker Creek rather than the route taken by the other party which was closer to the Joker Lakes. The snow in this basin was a bright pink apparently caused by algae. Knut and Ken were well ahead putting on a "skiing demonstration" down the steep side slopes. Following the course of the creek was a delightful change. The water was fast and noisy. There were areas along the way that required careful steps as the snow was melting from under and caused great unexpected hollow spaces which seemed to swallow up a leg or two instantly! There were places also, that if you slipped you had a choice of dropping in the frigid water or grabbing a handful of very prickly wild black currant branches. Either choice would tingle the senses! Fortunately no one chose the ice cold water and no ill effects were suffered. We had a rest stop where the creek levelled off and then we cut across close to the Bridal Veil Cascade (a long and beautiful water fall over the head wall below the Joker Lakes) to the Joker Lakes Trail. From then on to the awaiting vehicles at the Joker Mill site it was down hill and easy going all the way. There was no snow on the trail. Some of the early spring flowers were in bloom. Especially lovely and precious were the pink Lady Slippers. We arrived at the Mill site about 4:30 in the afternoon. Pete had learned the secret of the "refreshments" from Rick Askew as they met on the Glacier. One again we had a snack time.

Our hiking day had come to an end but seemed perfectly complete as again the beauty of Kokanee and good friendship was shared and enjoyed by all.

LEMON CREEK TRAIL

Leo Gansner

Resting in front of the portal at the Hudson Bay Mine, we looked across the narrow valley of Lemon Creek and could see the well defined track of the pack-trail which led originally from the townsite of Oro to various mine workings scattered about the headwaters of this creek. It was the day of the wild flower walk led by Agnes Baker (the most popular outing of the year) and I had come with Helen Butling, Bill Hurst and Brian Johnson over the ridge from Keen Lake down to the Sapphire Lakes and from there to the mine portal. I was anxious to explore the trail from the lower end but didn't manage it until late September.

My first venture was by Honda up Duhamel Creek past the Six-Mile Lakes to join the excellent logging road up Lemon Creek. The road past these lakes is rough and during mid-summer impassable due to flooding along the third lake. A week later I went by car up the Lemon Creek logging road. There is a bridge over Crusader Creek and one must double back a short distance to take a rather steep but good road which ends near the intersection of the Park boundary with Lemon Creek. From there one must scramble two or three hundred feet towards the creek to encounter the old pack trail. It was cleared this summer by a Parks Branch youth crew. Regrettably it begins in the middle of nowhere and access to the trail has not been marked in any way. It is to be hoped that this soon will be rectified by the Parks Branch.

The trail, which has been brushed out to a width of about ten feet, is in excellent condition. It follows an easy grade for some miles through mature timber and is one of the most beautiful paths one can hope to find. Moss-

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covered it passes by banks of maiden hair ferns and picturesque waterfalls. About a mile from the park boundary is an overgrown trail going along Nilsik (better known as Crazy Jane) Creek; it leads up to the Orofino Mine. About another mile and a half along is another uncleared trail leading north to the Barnett group of claims near McGuire Creek.

As one reaches an elevation of about 6000 feet the grade increases and it is evident that standard of clearing has deteriorated. The last crossing of the creek brings one to a cabin dating to the turn of the century; most of its roof has fallen in. Somewhat less than half a mile beyond are the remains of another cabin perhaps in slightly better condition. From there it is a short distance over a good trail to the mine portal at an elevation of 7100 feet.

The trail between the two cabins is obstructed by windfalls. I suggest it would be better to have the upper end of the trail properly cleared before doing anything on the route to the Orofino Mine. There is a cross-cut saw in the upper cabin which might be adequate for dealing with the wind-falls. It would be helpful if the route from near the portal to the Sapphire Lakes could be marked. Much of this is over rock-slide at a reasonable grade and paint could be used to mark the way.

In view of the easy access up Lemon Creek I think the Club should promote this route into the Park. It would, for instance, be quite feasible to have parties leave from the end of the logging road and from Gibson Lake with a view to meeting at the Sapphire Lakes and exchanging vehicles on the way out.

There is a small lake south-west of Mt. Giegerich which drains into McGuire Creek. I suggest we look into the opening of a route from Lemon Pass to McGuire Creek and from there to the Barnett Group and thence back to the main trail.

THE NORTH EAST RIDGE OF MOUNT LOKI

Knut Langballe

The trip for the August 21st and 22nd weekend was scheduled for Mount Abbot in the Lardeau area, however at the last moment it was learned from the Forestry Department that one of the bridges on the access road was washed out.

Howie Ridge, the leader, therefore decided to attempt an ascent of Mount Liki via the North East Ridge.

Gordon Stein, Dave Parfitt, and Howie met at South Slocan on Friday and proceeded to pick me up at Long Beach and we caught the 10:00 p.m. ferry after a short visit to the Dolly Varden lounge room. We camped on the beach near the mouth of Bernard Creek and did not bother to use tents as the weather was clear.

Next morning after a quick breakfast we drove up Bernard Creek until we came to an area recommended for the ascent to the ridge by a reconnaissance party led by John Carter earlier in the season. We chose a snow-slide chute that looked brushless and started the ascent, 2500 vertical feet of slugging, straight up the slide area.

As we reached the ridge we had a short rest viewing the small beautiful basin below us, surrounded by weather beaten larch trees.

We crossed a snow patch at the head of the basin and headed up a talus slope consisting of small and large white limestone slabs.

Once on the ridge again we had a full view of our target and to the left below us was a small lake with large ice floes still floating on it.

After a while the ridge was no longer wide enough to walk on and we roped up and set up belays for 3 or 4 rope lengths until the going got better.

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At the base of the peak we ran into very rotten rock and roped up again for a few hundred feet. The rest of the ascent of the peak itself was easy and only involved scrambling up fairly wide ledges.

Howie and I, on the first rope reached the summit around 2:00 p.m. and we were joined by Dave and Gordon about 15 minutes later.

After the necessary summit photography we had lunch and read a 1952 copy of the Nelson Daily News left in the cairn, and we discovered that the cans left with records of previous ascents, we perforated by lightening and the papers disintegrated.

The weather was sunny with only the occasional cloud drifting in front of the sun. The peak offered a magnificent view of the surrounding peaks of the Purcell and Selkirk Ranges and of Kaslo and Kootenay Lake, however the more distant peaks were obscured by the smoke from forest fires. After about one hour stay at the summit we started descending. We rappelled for one rope length where the ridge runs into the peak and roped up for a few lengths again across the tricky portions of the ridge.

As we were going down the lower portion of the slide chute, it started getting dark and we got a bit too far to the right and ended up in the slide alders for awhile. The car was reached just before it got too dark to see ones footing and it was generally agreed that we would not stay for another day to climb some of the lesser peaks in the area. We drove out and caught the 11:00 p.m. ferry from Kootenay Bay.

On Sunday it was pouring with rain all day so I don't think anybody regretted not staying.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF DEVIL's DOME

Howie Ridge

During the summer of 1970, Bob Dean and I had been beaten by steep rock and no hardware during an attempt to be the first to reach the summit of 9100 foot Devil's Dome between Gwilliam Lakes and Evans Lake in the Devil's Range. A K.M.C. trip was scheduled to this area for 1971 and it was to serve two purposes. The first was another try at the Dome and second a recon of the Gwilliam Lakes area as a possible cabin site was in order.

On Saturday July 17, Bob Dean, Norm Thyer, Brian Johnson, and I loaded into Norm's four by four and drove up Hoder Creek road then turned onto the new road which now goes one mile up Drinnon Creek farther than it did in 1970.

A fairly easy pack-in from the road up a small headwall past Drinnon Lake brought us to our camp at the pass between Drinnon and Gwilliam Creeks. Devil's Dome could be seen clearly in the blue sky to the North. Brian shared my new light-weight two man tent while Bob and Norm slept in the open fighting off a few bugs.

We left camp at 6:00 a.m. and dropped down across the headwaters of Gwilliam Creek traversing North-East and reached the base of the Dome at 9:00 a.m. where we roped in pairs.

I took Brian on my rope while Bob led the other with Norm. The route moved up the South face and over onto the South-East corner across steep but very firm rock. (This most certainly appears the best route on the Dome).

About half way up this corner Brian and Norm decided they had had enough so Bob and I roped and brought the second rope along for safety. I led the first pitch placing one sling and one pin for protection reaching the highest point of

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our 1970 climb where I brought Bob up. How we had reached this point before seemed amazing since we had lacked a rope.

Here the route steepened and appeared to offer no feasable route. I had a go at the blank wall and got up only six feet. Bob had a go...nothing. I tried again but the wall was too smooth. Finally, Bob tried around the corner on our left and it went. He belayed me up and then I led one more steep pitch before we unroped. From here the summit was just a scramble. The sun was hot and the view superb! We ate lunch and built a small cairn then turned back.

We roped again and climbed down one length. Here I set up a rappel using one sling around a vertical flake and anchored this sling with some nylon rope to a piton just as an added precaution. This 70 foot rappel brought us down to the level of the 1970 summer climb. One more difficult pitch of down climbing below the smooth wall brought us back to Norm and Brian. We had reached the snow at the base of the Dome by 3:00 p.m. after six very interesting hours on the solid rock.

Following the same route back towards Drinnon Lake, we packed up camp and hiked out to the road. Just before reaching the jeep we startled a large bear, probably a grizzly, which rumbled up the hill on our left. Crossing the creek at the truck also proved difficult so we constructed a small but serviceable bridge before scampering across. It was four very tired climbers who reached the jeep at 8:30 after 14 1/2 hours of nearly continuous hiking and climbing in rugged country completely lacking in trails.

After two visits into this area I feel it would be very suitable for a club cabin. There are six major peaks within a day of the cabin and routes which vary from easy to extremely hard. For the nature lover there are many lakes, an

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abundance of flowers, and several easy lesser peaks. All told, the area around Devil's Dome is perhaps only surpassed by Mulvey Basin as the beauty spot of the Kootenays.

.....the mountains speak in wholly different
accents to those who have paid in the service
of toil for the right of entry to their inner
shrines.

ROGERS PASS EASTER 1971

John Carter

At the indecent hour of 5:15 a.m. I picked up Lynn Lennox and headed up the Slocan Valley, enroute to the Rogers Pass. Lynn and I decided that we would not make the 8:30 a.m. ferry, then we thought that we would, so my driving was something compared to the Indy 500! The plan was to meet Bert and Sue Port and Dave and Janet Parfitt at the ferry but my watch and the B.C. Governments did not match. Lynn and I arrived at the ferry one minute late and of course the ferry was 40 feet out and going strong. With a certain amount of gnashing of teeth, etc., we settled down to a one hour wait and before long the ferry was back and we were united with our friend's at Revelbush.

The initial plan was to meet the Ricker's at Fidelity Mt. road. Upon arriving there and feeling the rain and seeing the wet snow conditions we drove on to the car park at the entrance to the trail leading up to the Wheeler Hut. A number of other skiers (match stick types) were just leaving the road for the hut and it wasn't long before the K.M.C. powder hounds had the toboggan loaded and packs shouldered. The trip up the old railroad bed was uneventful except for the odd crash of our toboggan or a change in husky power pulling the toboggan. I think Bert is the strongest musher, although Dave and I gave him a run for his money. We settled in, and before long had lunch, and had surveyed the scene.

Wet snow was falling but Bert and I decided to head up the Illicilliwaet Valley and check the snow conditions and weather. Breaking trail was fairly tiring but we reached the bottom of the moraine at the glacier and decided to return to the cabin and hope for better weather. A scrumptious supper had

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been prepared by the girls and came complete with wine and etc. The other group that shared the cabin with us were from Calgary. Rickers appeared at supper time and stayed for some fantastic Spaget and Meat Balls and then headed out for the Okanagan.

Saturday dawned overcast with a few wet snow showers. It had snowed several inches overnight and most of our tracks were covered. Sue, Bert, Lynn and I strapped on our skins and headed up the Illicilliwaet Valley. We followed what was left of our previous days tracks in among the trees and ridges, until we came to the start of the glacier. Breaking trail became increasingly difficult with the heavy wet snow and a number of drifts and ridges. After several hours we decided that the wind and weather was making the trip too miserable so we stopped and had lunch in a snow bank in the lee of the wind. We could just see the Northlander Hotel between cloud banks while behind and above us it was very foggy. The run down the ridge was, well, very very interesting. We each took turns going first as the humps, hollows and drifts were impossible to see until one ran into them, or under them!

We arrived back at the cabin in mid-afternoon and enjoyed the warm, friendly atmosphere inside. Dave and I skied out to the highway and drove up to the park headquarters where we signed out for the following day and then enjoyed a quick Uncle Ben's at the Northlander.

Sunday the weather had not improved at all, in fact it had snowed more and was almost raining at the cabin. We all set out for the Asulkan Valley with rain coats on and gaiters done up tight. The going was fairly tough, each ski sinking in over a foot and with the heavy wet stuff on top it was pretty tiring. Dave and Janet said goodbye just below the large lateral moraine coming off Asulkan Glacier. Dave had to be back for work on Monday morning. Sue, Bert, Lynn

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and I continued on up but soon it became windy, foggy, and very heavy snow everywhere. A spot underneath the trees was hollowed out and lunch was consumed. During lunch the fog increased and now there was no question -- we would turn back. Skiing down Asulkan Creek was most exciting. Again like yesterday the differentiation between the humps and hollows was nil. Frequent crashes and collisions with snow banks was the order of the afternoon until we reached the trees. Here again, the travelling was heavy and wet but the trip through the trees was enjoyable as the weather did look like it was improving.

Another great supper was prepared by Lynn and Sue, in fact all the meals were just fantastic. During supper the skies cleared and a lovely rosy glow swept across the peaks up the Asulkan and Illicilliwaet Valleys. Finally we were to have a good day! All the bindings and skins were checked and lunches prepared for tomorrow when we were going to climb to the top of the world!!!

The air was crisp and cold as we poked our noses out the door at 6:00 a.m. and the beautiful sunrise was something to see. Today we were really going to see what the Rogers Pass had to offer. Before long we were following the previous days tracks through the trees and out on the terminal moraine to the base of the Illicilliwaet Glacier. As we gained altitude the snow became lighter though we knew the sun would play havoc with us at higher elevation. It was not long before we gained the relatively easy slope of the glacier and then continued the long slog up to Outlook Mt. Frequent stops were made to enjoy the fantastic view and adjust the suntan lotion that was streaming off our faces with sweat. After one of our frequent changes of leadship, I managed to fall over, much to Bert's enjoyment, no doubt caused by the surrounding flat surface and the forever, one foot in front of the other.

About 11:00 a.m. Bert and I arrived at the top of the mountain and very

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soon after Lynn and Sue appeared and lunch was devoured. A very good view in every direction and a nice warm sun was enjoyed. Soon we were off down the glacier and enjoying the 'fantabulous' powder. Some of the High Horizons group had come part way up the glacier and they were drooling as they watched us come down!!! We threaded our way down among the ridges and hollows in the glacier and the lower we went the wetter and heavier it got. Bert and I managed to ski it fairly well but the girls had their problems.

Upon reaching the trees and creek we threaded our way along the trail with the afternoon sun shining through the trees and around the humps of snow. It was really too nice to go home!! At the cabin we quickly packed and loaded the toboggan with our garbage and remaining food and headed down the old rail bed. Bert and Sue drove up to the Administration Center to book us out of the Illicilliwaet area and then we all headed for Revelbush. The drive down the highway was very beautiful and numerous new peaks showed up where before heavy clouds and fog hung. A stop for milkshakes at Revelbush and then on to the 6:00 p.m. Galena Bay Ferry. Even the trip across the lake was beautiful with lovely views up the Incomapleaux River. A stop for a bite to eat at New Denver fortified us for the completion of the drive and by 10:00 p.m. we were home. Although the weather had been rather miserable the last day made up for it and we enjoyed the beautiful country.

Walk quietly in any direction

and taste the freedom of the mountaineer.

JOHN MUIR

MT. AYLWIN

Peter McIver

Late in the morning (8:30 am), 19th September, about 15 or so club members assembled at the Ranger station, Slocan City, attracted to Howie Ridge's "easy hike". Just past Aylwin creek on the Silverton road, a mining road climbs up from the lake. This road had suffered somewhat from the effects of the previous winter, and it was fortunate that we had a D8 cat in the trunk of Bob Dean's vehicle. We built a road for approximately two miles, then as we had unfortunately left the Bailey bridge at the Ranger station, we had to take to our feet. The trail here takes off on the north side of Aylwin creek (from about the 4000 feet contour), not crossing the creek until 4500 feet. John Carter, looking for the trail on the S. side of the creek was not seen again until about 1:30 PM.

The old mining trail we were following was very poorly defined, being littered with windfalls and going through a Devils Club stand in one spot. Some prospectors had recently travelled it, and their Flags plus the fact it switch-backed in long loops up the hillside helped us keep on it. Progress was slow however, and at 12:30 we were only at 6000 feet, just past a small tarn, with Aylwin visible some distance away. It was obvious we had to speed up to make the climb, since this late in the year, visibility is poor after 7:00 PM. Seven of the party proceeded up the valley towards Aylwin, another 7 stayed to explore the mining trail. Aylwin creek runs up the valley between Aylwin and the trig point marked 8010 Ft. on the map. We looked up and saw John on the trig point side of the valley. He was about 1500 feet above us, and declined our generous invitation to come down and

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MOUNT DAG
from
Mulvey Meadows.

climb the right bloody mountain.

Aylwin is a rather pleasant ridge, quite distinct from surrounding peaks. The North ridge providing what looks like pleasant scrambling, the South side being steeper, but grass and rocks. Most of the party traversed the West side diagonally, then proceeded up the South ridge. 1/7 of the group however saw a much better route and scrambled up boulders on the West side until it reached this easy gully which lead directly to the top. The gully was covered with shale and small rocks which were perfectly stable until stepped on, when the whole surface started to slide down; however using magnificent mountaineering techniques the party overcame the obstacle and joined the rest of the group on the summit (8300 ft). It was a pity the weather wasn't clearer (there was high clouds all day with an attempt at rain, and feeble Snow near the top). The mountain affords excellent views of the Valhallas to the West and the Kokanee Range to the East.

Howie apparently hadn't had his jollies thus far, and remedied this by performing (unroped) what was undoubtedly a first ascent of a hairy looking gendarme on the steep East side of the ridge. The weather was cool, and we descended in a hurry to a pretty meadow at the bottom of the head valley. This meadow had recently been the site of a prospectors camp and was a horrible mess with piles of one gallon Coleman gas cans, paper and cigarette litter all around. The two people concerned (S.D. Romany and D.H. Hawkins) had the gall to sign their names on trees. We cleaned up the mess, burnt what we could and piled rocks on the Fireplace. On reaching the tarn, we found the other party had descended and built a cairn as arranged so we continued and reached the cars just as the light began to fade.

THANKSGIVING AT VALHALLA HUT

Howie Ridge

It was decided at an executive meeting of the K.M.C. that the Valhalla Hut in Mulvey Basin required some repairs before winter closed in. I volunteered to arrange a trip into the cabin if the weather held up.

On Saturday October 9, 1971 seven members began tramping up the Mulvey Trail at 8:15 a.m. These people were Mr. and Mrs. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Parfitt, Peter Wood, John Carter, and I. We carried light packs and some aluminum sheets and nails for repairs. By 4:00 p.m., everyone had arrived at the hut. (You know, that damn headwall just does not get any smaller!)

John and I swept out the entire cabin, Mrs. Parfitt took stock, Dave repaired chicken wire and the stove pipe, Peter helped put aluminum on the door to stop porkies from eating it away, and in short order, with everyone pitching in, the cabin was completely repaired. The only damage noted from the summer was a broken glass shade on the Coleman lamp.

The evening was a picture of tranquil beauty. Hardly a breath of sweet mountain air moved across the four inches of new snowfall. The stars twinkled from a perfect sky. The meaning of life was somewhere close by.

On Sunday the 10th, Don Poole and Peter Wood were off to climb Asgard. John and I climbed Gimli by going around the Wolves Ears. I scrambled up the East Ear while J.C. waited in the col on our way over. Dave and Janet waited for Peter to return from Asgard then the three left together to hike out the trail.

Sunday was fabulous! We took our shirts off and bagged many favourable rays! Even with new snow it was plenty warm for sun tans.

The remaining four stayed over Sunday night and departed on Monday, or

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Thanksgiving Day. To our knowledge, this was by far the latest visit to the Valhalla Hut. Don wanted to climb Jone's Peak before leaving but John and I talked him out of it. John wanted to go down the trail fresh and I certainly disliked the look of the weather.

While on the headwall the fog closed in and it rained a few drops but not enough to make life miserable. We made very good time and reached the car park by 2:00 p.m. A beautiful weekend in Mulvey Basin had come to a pleasant end.

LABOUR DAY WEEKEND 1971

John Carter

Saturday morning at 7:00 a.m. I met Ian Hamilton at the Playmor Junction and after a royal send-off from the Hamilton family, headed up the Slocan Valley. In two hours time we were at Retallack, 17 miles northeast of New Denver, a small ghost town which enjoyed a boom during the Slocans prosperous 1900's. It did not take long to drive up the Whitewater Creek road passing the remains of the Whitewater Mill and a number of old mines. We parked the truck close to the end of the road right beside an old mine adit which was posted "DANGER EXPLOSIVES" (we hoped the porcupines understood English).

Although the weather indications were pointing towards rain, we shouldered our packs, both of us insisting we were carrying more than the other, and headed up the trail. The trail is in good shape except for the usual luxurious summer growth. The trail at the beginning of the meadows is a bit undistinguishable but it is easily picked up on the hillside leading up to Brennan.

At various intervals along the trail, open-pit mining had been carried out by the local bear population and although there had been very few huckleberries the bears had stripped what was left. Apparently, it is a very good fall for mountain ash berries (those bright orange berries the size of a large huckleberry). The wildflowers in the valley were still much in evidence especially the paintbrush, wild celery, buttercups and some bluebells.

Although the trip up the valley was a little wet on the legs, the presence of the flowers made up for it, and before long we set up our tent just below the last uphill section on the trail. Just as we were setting up camp the valley shook and rebounded with a series of six explosions!! Battle stations, hit the

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deck, we have been attacked. After our initial excitement, we climbed a small hill and in the blowing, swirling, facing mist a tent camp and equipment were seen just below the glacier. Miners diamond drilling no doubt.

During the afternoon we hiked up to the glacier and even attempted climbing up the glacier to the col to the right of Whitewater, but it was too foggy. If Ian got more than 100 feet ahead of me I could not see him. We toured the mining camp, watched them set off a small charge and enjoyed a cup of coffee with them. They were working for Versatile Explorations from Kamloops, who are prospecting for nickel. It was interesting to note that one foot of snow had fallen the previous Tuesday and three weeks earlier there was three to four feet of snow at the camp which is at 7400 feet.

After going back to our camp and having supper, the weather began improving and before long we spotted Sue and Bert Port coming up the trail. A large black bear ambled through the bush and lush growth of the meadow but Sue and Bert did not see him. They arrived a 7:30 p.m. and after setting up their tent we had some hot jello and watched the satellites flashing around and the bright moon cast its soft light on the surrounding peaks.

Bert, Ian and I arose at 6:15 a.m. and had breakfast in the cool of the morning as the sun slowly worked its warm rays down the peaks. For the first time we could see all the peaks in the Whitewater Glacier area. We left the camp at 7:00 a.m. Before long we were at the sight of the diversion of the South Fork of Cooper Creek into Whitewater which took place thirty or forty years ago. We decided to climb Dryden and so we ascended the east ridge of an unnamed peak to the south of Dryden. Upon reaching the summit we found we were somewhat lower than the summit of Dryden, so we started along the ridge towards Dryden. In some spots we found the travelling quite interesting, very narrow and lots of

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loose rock. Soon we were on the ridge leading up to Dryden but the very strong gusts of wind made travelling very cold. A small cairn was built on top and then we started back along the ridge.

We stopped for lunch before climbing back up the ridge to the unnamed peak. The sky to the west was becoming increasingly black and showers could be seen on some peaks in the Monashees. Upon reaching the peak we decided to traverse the ridges running towards Whitewater until we reached the col to the north of Whitewater Peak. We crossed a bowl high up, near the ridge and then traversed along the ridge. About three-quarters of the way along, Ian found that he had dropped his jacket somewhere along the way so he headed back to see if he could find it. While Ian searched, Bert and I glassed the surrounding country for goats and bears but saw none. On Saturday, Ian and I had seen a goat. Eventually, Ian returned with his jacket and after a short discussion we decided to leave Whitewater Peak for another time. We climbed down to the col and headed down the snow slope and along the moraine to camp. Very nice flowers were evident in parts of the moraines and a lot of serpentine rock mixed in the till. We met Sue just below the diversion of the creek and travelled back to the campsite with her. Most of the sky was panther black but luckily no rain touched our valley.

Our tents quickly came down and after a brief bite to eat we headed down the trail enjoying a few huckleberries and the pretty wildflowers. We arrived at the cars at 5:30 p.m. Soon after we started down the road the heavens opened up, and the rain came down in torrents. How lucky we had been the last two days.

FLOE LAKE

July 1-4, 1971

Bert Port

With the usual heaving and groaning, nine of us got under our packs and left the parking lot for the Floe Lake just north of Vermilion Crossing in Kootenay National Park. The first half mile of the trail was wide and straight passing through cool trees, giving our legs and lungs a chance to get ready for what was to come. Crossing on a new log bridge we started up the west bank of the creek and soon left behind the sight and smell of the highway. Ahead, between the tall straight trees, we caught glimpses of the high basins and of waterfalls plunging into the valley below. The trail steepened and we ground to a halt, thankful to stop for lunch and spring water.

Travelling on snow now, we topped a rise and found to our delight that the lake, which was still frozen, was just below us. A few minutes later (and five and one half hours from the road) we were on the porch of the Ranger's cabin, awestruck by the sheer face and ridges that jutted into the grey sky. No less impressive was the ridge of Mt. Foster which we had come to climb. Wrapped in ice and cloud at the top and vertical at the bottom it did not immediately attract us. The other end of the ridge consisted of several smaller but well-formed peaks sweeping around the head of the glacier. The meadows we had hoped to find were snow covered and we had to content ourselves with camping on that, although the cabin porch made a good communal dining room despite the wind.

The next day, Friday, we headed south-east up the remnants of the glacier as the weather was blustery and new snow showed on the mountain tops. Choosing

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one of several snow-filled gullies, we roped up and started work. For the most part the snow was firm, although a rotten spot and loose rock added interest. After gaining the main ridge only a pleasant scramble was required for two of the party to reach the summit of the very attractive pinnacle we had seen from the camp. More would have made it had they taken advantage of 'leading through' on a two-man rope. Although the sky was overcast, Mt. As-siniboine could be clearly seen rearing its bulk in the distance. The descent to camp was uneventful and after a good supper, we retired to our tents, resolved to 'have a look at' Foster the next day.

As often happens, the next day arrived complete with cloud and high wind, effectively discouraging us from attempting anything serious. Numa Pk. was settled on as an alternative. It turned out to be an enormous upended boulder field. The walk to its summit was made interesting only by the discovery of a nest of empty and abandoned ptarmigan eggs and by seeing at what angle we could lean into the wind. Those with cagoules seemed to have a slight advantage but were in danger of being blown over the edge by the updrafts.

Sunday, our day of departure dawned clear and cold, and we cursed curses only a mountaineer would understand. The frozen snow and the plunging switchbacks brought us to the cars in record time. While savouring the beer cached by our tallest hero we admired our cairn recently built on the summit of Numa Peak. We no sooner had the gear stowed in the cars then the heavens opened, ceasing only long enough for us to enjoy a dip at Fairmont Hot Springs, and keep intact our record of not being rained upon.

In a year when the snow pack is lighter or the spring is earlier, the area is sure to meet the expectations of those seeking a classic combination of cliff,

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meadow, and alpine lake. On this trip were:

Don and Nita Poole

Howie Ridge

Pat Gibson

John Carter

Lynn Lennox

Gordon Stein

Ian Hamilton

Bert Port.

"To those who have struggled with them the mountains reveal beauties they will not disclose to those who make no effort. That is the reward the mountains give to effort. And it is because they have so much to give and give it so lavishly to those who will wrestle with them that men love the mountains and go back to them again and again ... the mountains reserve their choice gifts for those who stand upon their summits."

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

"And this, our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones, and good in everything."

SHAKESPEARE

PILLAR ROCK

Howie Ridge

At the base of Lower Bonnington Falls on the Kootenay River is found a freak of natural erosion processes. A pillar or column of rock rises up out of the water to a height of sixty feet. During low water, a person can reach this rock by walking out from the South shore of the river on a small platform of rock about ten feet above water level. I had done many reccies of the rock hoping some day to climb it. Pillar rock is overhung or bulges on all four sides of its rectangular shape. Climbing it, since 1963, would be a real chore as that year the entire upstream portion fell into the river during high water leaving the rock with all its overhangs.

On the second Saturday of September this year, Ian Hamilton and I journeyed once more to the base of Pillar Rock, loaded down with climbing hardware. We tackled the South side of the rock and made it. The climb was very interesting.

Each of us enjoyed three leads in the 50 feet of climbing. Eleven pitons, four stirrup steps, and three ropes were used. The most difficult section was half way up where a three foot jutting overhand had to be climbed. This was accomplished by placing a long Bugaboo Thin Blade piton in a crack above the ceiling and hanging two nylon webbing steps from it. On the entire rock this was the only pin which could not be removed when the route was cleaned.

We rappelled down the river side of the column in one smooth drop to the water level. We had anchored our rappel ropes at the South side of the rock and ran them directly over the top.

Pillar Rock is a moderate class 6 rock climb that requires constant belay tension to hold the climber on the face and stirrups where footholds are non-

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existant. The climb required three hours up and down.

P.S. This climb is only possible when no water is passing the Lower Bonnington Falls.

CONVERSATIONS ON MOUNTAIN PEAKS

By Luther G.Jerstad

American Climber of Everest

"Men embark on adventure partly for the whole-hearted pleasure they receive from the one-to-one communication that occurs. Adventure such as mountaineering is a form of escape from mundane existence, true, but it is more. It brings man back into contact with the simple things of life. Simplicity is a desire to be alone, to live one's life on one's own terms, to communicate with one's self or with another person in like circumstances."

"Anyone who has returned from an extended adventure that involves hardship or privation will admit that the most enriching moments were those in which the interpersonal relationships become closest. They are the rich moments because one man has communicated with another."

Submitted by Howie Ridge

MT. TRUCE FROM THE WEST

J. Steed

The last week in July is usually a good weather week to seek out and conquer new heights. Rick Askew, Don Cameron, Jim Street, Leo Gansner and I did just that. Loaded down with 5 days grub and climbing gear, we set out on Saturday the 24th of July to conquer Mt. Truce from a west approach. K.F.P. eased our approach route somewhat by extending the road up Glacier Creek to 8 miles. Our first obstacle upon leaving the Land Rover was a 1000 yards of devastation left by a spring avalanche. By the time we had crossed and picked up M. Harrison's old trapline trail, our packs were well seated. With a mile of good trail we soon reached the tree bridge that Rick, Don and Jim had felled across the roaring Glacier Creek two weeks earlier. The prospects of getting wet or being swept to destruction in Glacier Creek caused us much concern as we contemplated the 30 feet log span. With due preparations for safety and much caution we all negotiated the tree successfully and set forth after a brief lunch stop to force our way to the head of the valley leading to Truce.

The first pitch was a steep climb through heavy timber to a contour level that appeared to lead toward the creek. The original idea was to climb directly to a high elevation and then traverse the mountain slope into the valley head. A huddle around the map brought the decision to follow the lower contour and it proved the right one. The going was quite easy over the bottom edges of rock slides. As we approached the creek and began climbing south into the valley, I stumbled upon boot impressions in the very dry moss that covered the rocks and floor of the forest. This was a great shock for we thought ourselves to be the first for this route. So before we had hardly started, we had to continued....

accept the knowledge that some party had beaten us to our goal. Our suspicions focused on a party of Americans from Seattle, who had inquired of Leo about the possibilities of climbing Truce from the west, and our suspicions subsequently proved to be correct.

Travel through the valley was quite easy for the forest was open until we reached the head of the valley. Between the edge of timber and the head wall, the valley was choked with slide alder. As it was now late in the afternoon, and we were tired enough not to want a fight with that evil, we located a spot in the timber beside a stream which was soon made into a cozy camp. Don and Leo proved to be expert excavators in their efforts to level out a tent platform.

Before retiring, a parley was held to decide on the next days action. As opinions differed, the decision was left to democratic action. So on Sunday morning we began our struggle against the alder accompanied by gallons of sweat and loud profanity to move camp to a higher level. We worked our way along the west side of the creek. The alder fortunately opened on to rock slides which lead eventually to the creek bed. We crossed the creek, and attacked the headwall on the eastern slope by working our way up a gully that split the cliffs. This took us to the 6500 foot level.

Our contour toward the ice fall was intersected by a washout gully filled with snow. It appeared from below that this gully held promise of a lead to a possible campsite above. The time and energy climbing this gully proved wasted and only put us in the position of being on top of precipitous cliffs and below steep and waterless slopes. A recki located a level, grassy area at the edge of the ice about 200 feet below. We chanced a traverse of a rather dangerously loose washout slide slope. One now shrinks at the prospect of a slip on this slope or the fall of loose rock from above. With care and good fortune we soon reached

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the oasis spotted from above. It was a delightful spot for our high camp at about the 7500 foot level and gave us a direct view of Mts. Banquo and McBeth to the West. It was the view of our present location from Banquo 2 years ago that inspired this trip.

Monday dawned bright and clear and from camp it was a very short climb on snow to the top of the ice fall where Truce suddenly appeared seemingly close enough to touch. The surrounding peaks, hung with ice and snow were magnificent in the rising sun. A two mile trek across a gently rising neve brought us to the base of Truce where we once again crossed the tracks of our American competition. Their route led up a steep coulair on the west face which took them half way to the top. The remainder of their climb on rock appeared to be a scramble only. Truce is a highly fractured mass of quartzite.

Having been beaten to the west face route, we followed their descent tracks on snow, which skirted the south ridge and on to the south east face.

The top was gained with little difficulty, unroped, and we added our names to the cairn record which now records 4 ascents, 2 from the east approach and 2 from the west. We enjoyed the 360° view of mountains such as Assiniboine, Jumbo, Eyebrow, Bugaboos, Pambrun, the Toby Group, Finlay, Cooper, Whitewater, Kokanee, Templeman and many others. Truce's companion, Mt. Caldron, to the east was a pile of rubble. So we passed up the dubious pleasure and headed back down our ascent route. The glacier crossing was a scorcher.

The remainder of the day was devoted to lounging and kibitzing in camp, a just reward for 2 1/2 days of back breaking toil lifting ourselves and 50 lb. packs to such heights. It did not really matter that we missed a first ascent by the west route.

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Tuesday, our evacuation day, we broke camp early and began our descent and a series of mishaps culminating in Rick's spectacularly disastrous fall.

Our route from high camp lead down a hard steep snow slope. Because of the condition of the snow we elected to belay each man across to the scree on the opposite side. Leo stopped a flying rock from above on his trip across. Rick nearly lost his ice axe when he threw the rope and the axe followed. In spite of this, descent was rapid. The going was good and as is often the case, this is when the unexpected happens. We had reached a point where diverse routes were possible. Upon negotiating a short pitch, I glanced over my shoulder to see Rick sliding at break neck speed down a smooth rock face about 20 feet high and came to a crunching stop at the bottom feet first, then to be snapped forward with the momentum of his pack.

Expecting the worst, we hastened to his aid. An examination by our first aid expert Jim Street indicated no broken bones but certainly a very bad back injury along with bruises and abrasions.

It was with great relief that we watched Rick rise and take those few initial, painful steps.

The remainder of the day was a grim ordeal of pain for Rick as he slowly but surely, step by step, worked his way, with the aid of Leo and Jim, off the headwall, across the creek and through the alder to base camp. Don and I went ahead with the extra load.

The trip out to Glacier Creek the next morning was remarkably fast under the circumstances. The trail out was good and led us directly to a log bridge that had obviously been there for years and still had a rather frail handrail. The thought of Rick crossing our log caused me some concern for it was a difficult enough crossing under the best of conditions.

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The worst was over with the exception of the avalanche crossing. The cold beer waiting on the far side spurred us on and its refreshment did much to lift our spirits and dull the pain of fatigue and concern over Rick.

We treated Kaslo with our dirty, smelly, presence long enough for a bite to eat and arrived home near suppertime.

Each climbing expedition has its special memories of good companions, fine country and mountains. This trip certainly had all of these but in addition we remember with admiration Rick's indomitable spirit that got him out of a tough place on his own power with what turned out to be two cracked vertebrae.

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

JOHN RUSKIN

AN EARLY ATTEMPT ON LOKI

John Carter

On Saturday June 26, 1971 at 5:15 a.m. Ian Hamilton and Lynn Lennox rendezvoused at my place on the North Shore at Nelson. The weather at that time did not look good, with low clouds on the lake and a light drizzle falling. The previous day it had rained very heavily and no doubt there would be fresh snow on the high peaks.

Ian took his car as Lynn and I thought we might stay up Bernard Creek and do some climbing the next day. We caught the 6:00 a.m. ferry and in one hour were in Riondel where Ian left his car and joined us in the Junior Husha Mota. Following the new logging road along the lake north of Riondel we soon came to Bernard Creek. We turned up the creek following it for approximately nine miles until we turned up to the right (south east) and parked the Husha Mota at 8:15 a.m.

Leaving the truck at 8:30 a.m. we walked up the road for about one quarter of a mile to where a decision was made on whether to make some first ascents or attack Loki. I was out-voted two to one to go ahead with the Loki attempt, so up the very steep hillside we went! We followed a fairly dry watercourse which was quite slippery but provided easier access than struggling up through the slide alder. Beautiful avalanche lilies abounded on the lower slopes between the patches of snow.

Upon reaching the ridge at 10:30 a.m. the uppermost slopes of Loki could be seen. Lots of fresh snow!!! Directly across a small basin from us we spotted a goat, and other tracks throughout the day indicated that quite a few goats frequented this area. We traversed around part of the basin and

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ascended the rock cliffs above the snow. What a fantastic view!!! Fresh snow on the slopes of Loki, peaks of all descriptions and sizes to the west and a beautiful basin between us an Loki.

A short steep snowy traverse around the top end of the basin, brought us onto the northeast ridge of Loki. We could look directly down into the lake below the N.E. ridge and across Bernard Creek to a number of what we think are unclimbed peaks. We slowly worked our way up the ridge, frequently crossing over and under cornices, along slabs and traversing snow slopes. We stopped for lunch at 12:30 and then continued on belaying each other as the snow and rock slopes were very steep. Turns were taken breaking trail as with rotten snow underneath and fresh snow on top we were sinking to our knees. Once the final steep snow covered rock ridge was reached, the climbing became more difficult and after three or four rope lengths we turned back 400 feet from the summit. We turned back because of lack of time (it was now 4:30 p.m. and we expected it to take another two hours to the top) fresh snow, and very slippery, wet rock.

A short rest was taken before we painfully pulled our eyes away from the summit ridge and began the slow process of descending. Two of our rappels stuck, and climbing down the fresh snow covered rocks required upmost caution. The view from the ridge was terrific with the weather behaving itself most of the day, giving us some sun. How different from the previous weeks weather!!! Instead of traversing the whole length of the ridge we climbed down a narrow sloping shelf, which joined a long steep snow slope. Passing by the lake at 7:45 p.m. we slowly worked our way down the side of the ridge, using the snow when we could until we reached the slide alder and devils club. We reached the creek bottom at 9:10 P.M. after many slips and

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falls in the slide alder. In another 20 minutes the truck came into sight and we happily doffed our packs and equipment.

Lesson learned: do not attempt Loki too early in the season or when there is fresh snow on the final 800 feet. I believe the north east ridge has not been climbed yet so good luck to the next party. We arrived at my place at 12:30 a.m. after a fairly long day.

I love the upward ways
To the sun-tipped crest of the mountains
High over the billowy world;
Where the wind sings hymns of praise,
And the snows break into fountains,
And life is a flag unfurled.

HARRIET MONROE

FLOWER EXPEDITION TO SAPPHIRE LAKES

Agnes Baker

On August 8th 1971, at eight o'clock, 24 members of the K.M.C. met at the Molly Gibson Mine. It was a beautiful morning to hike to the Sapphire Lakes.

We divided into two groups. The first group consisted of nine of the more intrepid hikers. They wanted to reach the Sapphire Lakes by following a ridge above Kokanee Pass. This group also were interested in locating the trail leading from Lemon Pass to the Lemon Creek Valley. This they did without too much difficulty. Part of the trail was very good. It had been built on a rock slide and was nearly four feet wide. It led past an old abandoned mine with an ore car still standing on the tracks in the tunnel. Here they had their lunch, after which they came back up to the Sapphire Lakes to explore there. One of the party, Bob Dean, climbed Sunset Mountain overlooking Glory Basin and the lakes.

In the meantime the second group were slowly making their way towards the lakes while looking at the wild flowers along the trail. This group consisted of sixteen hikers, four of whom were the McKay children from Castlegar. As this was a family outing it certainly was refreshing to have four such enthusiastic young hikers. Their energy was boundless! Interest in the flowers was very good for the first two hours but as the heat became more intense the enthusiasm waned. Nevertheless, forty different kinds were identified.

We followed the trail to Garland and Keen Lakes, and from there clambered up beside an unnamed creek flowing into the north end of Garland Lake. This finally led us to an alpine upland and so to the Sapphire Lakes where we had lunch. It was beautiful there with the three blue lakes, the heather and wild flowers

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blooming, the few banks of snow and the peaks around. There was a lovely cooling alpine breeze blowing.

We explored around the lakes for a while after lunch. Then for the first time since leaving the parking lot we met the other group. They wanted to do a bit more climbing so we went on ahead after the children had a slide down one of the snow banks. We got back to the cars about 3:30 PM. The heat seemed to be suffocating after the lovely, alpine air at the Sapphire Lakes. The other group arrived soon after us.

We certainly couldn't have picked a better day for a bit of exploring and botanizing.

"It seems as if the modern, civilized man, sated with artificialities and luxury, were wont, when he returns to the primeval mountains, to find among their caves his prehistoric brother, alive and unchanged, a simple child of Nature, whose foot is sure and whose eye is accustomed to wide spaces; he seems to recognize with joy a survivor of his family's early unrecorded struggles with untamed Nature, to unite with him, and to let himself be led through the terrible visions of a prehistoric landscape, to renew for a day the ancient war which tempered the human race in its infancy."

GUIDO REY

THE ORIGINAL KMC FROM THE NELSON DAILY NEWS

SEPTEMBER 8, 1921

- Submitted by Leo Gansner

MOUNTAINEERS STORM HEIGHTS OF KOKANEE GLACIER DISTRICT

Returning to the city and civilization on the incoming Crow boat Tuesday night, 39 ardent climbers of the Kokanee Mountaineering Club voiced in chorus an enthusiastic tribute to the scenic wonders and beauties encountered on their four-day climbing invasion of the primal solitudes and majestic heights of the Kokanee glacier district. Although weather conditions prevented the wonderful scenery of the district being viewed at its best, the memory of the enchanting glimpses of the enormous ice field, the magnificent rock buttresses, terraces and pinnacles, no less than the genial gaiety of their fellows throughout the trip, will live long with the novices as well as the veteran climbers of the party.

The party consisted of Arthur Gilker, H. R. Kitto, A. Kitto, J. E. Pierce, Harry Eperson, Howard Thaw, Fred Waldie, John Brown, Arthur Smillie, W. Cunliffe, J. Ground, Dr. Cora J. Best of Minneapolis, Audrey F. Shipman of Ann Arbor, Mich., George Palethrope, Capt. W. T. Tait, Capt. C. W. Busk, J. A. Gilker, D. Rish, Gordon Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Andrews, Miss Freda Hume, Glenn Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Gansner, Gerald McLeary, Charles Stack, J. E. Annable, W. J. Gerbracht, Howard Bush, Reggie Bush, Hugh Robertson, Jack Hume, F. J. Astley, Jr., R. E. Plewman, Jess Saunders, Pipe Major William McLeary, Official Photographer Ross Fleming, Provincial Photographer A. D. Kean.

At Molly Gibson Camp

Leaving the city by boat and by auto early Saturday morning, the main party in several contingents, made its way to Molly Gibson landing, and from there on foot to the camp at the Molly Gibson concentrator. There, a little tired and a deal more hungry, they were cheered and refreshed by the delicious albeit substantial

dishes prepared for them by John Ground, the camp cook, and his assistants, the packers, who had gone on ahead to pitch camp. There were some trifling details such as foraging for extra grub from Harold Thaw's stores at the concentrator, to be contended with, owing to the skittishness of one of the pack horses. Such incidents, however, though frequent, only gave an added zest to the trip, and provided an outlet for witticism on Packers Richard Astley and J. Gagnon. Darkness found the party engaged in a rollicking sing-song until it was time to turn in.

Belated Arrivals

Sunday morning dawned, chilly, windy and wet, and brought a feeling of injured helpfulness until someone spied an acre of blue in the skies. Hot coffee, pancakes and runners were allowed to exercise their stimulating influence, and behold, the wits of the party soon had brain mists cleared away in a barrage of repartee, humorous stories and the like. By the time three belated arrivals hove in sight all was merry and bright, except the weather. The then president, Howard Bush, with fullsome rhetoric, occasionally drowned by the music from Pipe Major William McLeary's pipes, welcomed Dr. Cora J. Best of Minneapolis, and Miss Audrey F. Shipman of Ann Arbor, Mich., and J. E. Annable to the mystic circle of Kokanee highlanders.

Hike to Kokanee Lake

By noon the situation demanded action, and the hardy determined to hike to Kokanee Lake come rain or shine. Accordingly at 1:30 o'clock, the party put their best legs forward in the direction of the lake, some five or six miles distant. The sombre beauty of the district, however, still remained hidden for the most part by the veil of heavy clouds and rain. But spirits rose with exercise and when the party landed back at the camp and fed and warm in the shelter of the bunkhouse, the business of the annual meeting of the club was conducted with more genialty born only by such conditions.

May Send Films on Tour

Officers were appointed, and the whole question of the club's activities, both in the way of wholesome outdoor recreation, with a spice of adventure, and its possibilities as a booster of the natural scenic and other attractions of this district, were gone into. Practical suggestions on such matters as a circulating photographic library between Kokanee and other mountaineering clubs, aids to publicity that can be given through photographs sent to boards of trade, tourist associations and hotels, and similar matters, were made the subject of resolutions, and will be put through, for it is the intention of the club to sustain interest in mountain-eering during 365 days in the year. Mr. Kean, the provincial photographer, stated he would return to film Kokanee next summer, and that a film could be secured by the club through the motion picture department. This announcement was cordially received and schemes for sending the film on tour were eagerly discussed. Dr. Best asked to have the film sent to her, that she might lecture on it in Minneapolis. Miss Shipman also requested the loan of it to show in Ann Arbor, Mich.

A constitution and bylaws are to be drawn up for the club, for which the only qualification necessary for membership is attendance at an annual climb.

The new officers appointed were: Honorary president, Capt. C. W. Busk; president, Ross Fleming; secretary, Jess Saunders.

The following is the personnel of the three committees formed, on which officers of the club are ex-official members:

Route committee--A. J. Green, chairman; A. M. Black and Howard Bush.

Park committee--J. E. Annable, Capt. C. W. Busk and A. H. Green

Publicity committee--J. E. Annable, A. M. Black and J. T. Andrews.

Ascent of Mount Gansner

In accordance with an overnight decision, the whole party was aroused at 6 o'clock on Monday morning for an ascent. The day broke beautified by a promise of glorious sunshine glinting beneath fleecy little clouds floating in a

torquoise sky. Elated, 20 members of the party set out from the camp, which is at an altitude of 4885 feet, for the highest peak within the range. For the most part the climb was not difficult, and the labor of carrying the heavy cameras was shared by the men. As the higher altitudes were reached, however, the early expectations of ideal conditions gradually faded away and as they climbed the precipitous slopes the party saw mists gathering in coils below from the Kaslo and Kokanee lakes, which, gradually rising, obscured the view. At times enveloped in these mists, they toiled ever upward, still hoping for clear views and good light effects. It was not to be, however. Fifteen topped the highest peak and in rifts in the clouds the awe inspiring sight of range after range of serried rock or snow capped crests flung with munificent profusion over the landscape in every direction. Spasmodically, the filmy veil of mist was torn aside, revealing the immensity of the Kokanee ice field as it lay set in a horseshoe of mountain peaks and disappearing in a frozen white slope to the east.

"Scots Wha Hae"

In the forefront of the fifteen who topped the peak were Mrs. C. H. Gansner, in whose honor the club named the peak Mount Gansner, and Pipe Major William McLeary, whose burly figure was no sooner exposed to the biting wind that enveloped this crest than the strains of "Scots Wha Hae" floated out in musical opposition to the forceful driving wind. Some photographs of the group, and of different scenes were taken, although light conditions precluded extensive filming. Before the descent a paper bearing the names of the party and the date was consigned to a bottle, over which a cairn was built. After singing "God Save the King", accompanied by the pipes, the party bade adieu to the crest and descended.

Obsequies of Johnny Walker

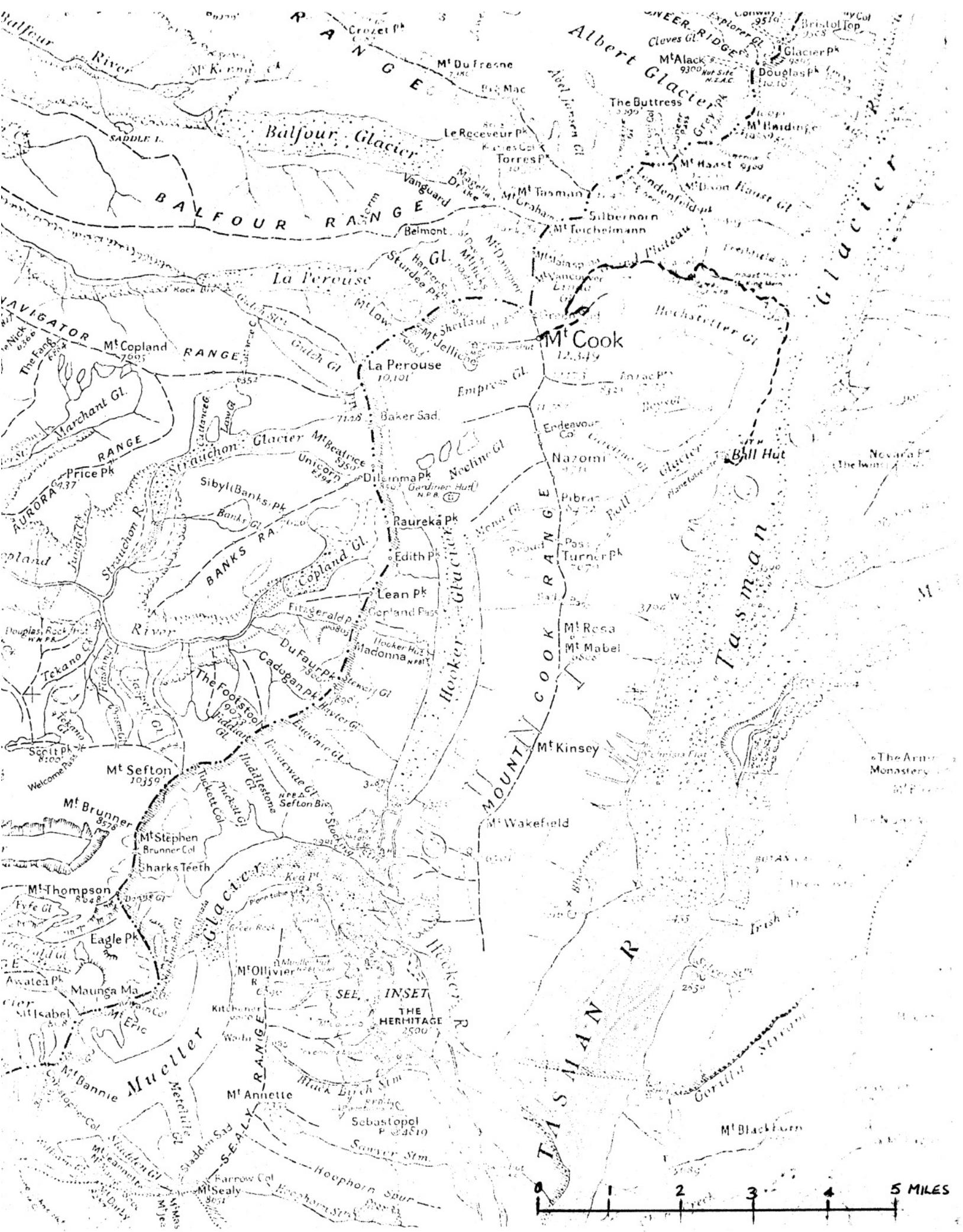
In the dead of night, with the wind wailing a symphony over the departed spirit, a ghostly procession passed hard by the camp. It halted for a moment, and the eerie glow of torches lit up the features of those in the procession. Undertaker

Saunders led the way, followed by Torch Bearer Eperson and Chieftain McLeary playing a funeral dirge. At a little distance stood Rev. J. T. Andrews, immersed in a volume on mineralogy. The Pallbearers, H. Bush, W. J. Gerbracht, C. H. Gansner and A. Hinitt, supported a casket enveloped in evergreens. As the procession moved on, with Chief Mourners Annable and Fleming weeping copious tears and forming a morass that sadly impeded the progress of Grave Digger Waters, the sympathetic mountaineers took up a position in the rear.

By a devious route the funeral procession arrived at the cemetery. There Rev. Andrews read an impressive address, the casket was lowered into the grave and sprigs of evergreen were thrown on. The casket cover was removed for a last view of the remains, and there, his form as unbending as ever, lay all that was left of poor Johnny Walker, label up.

A cross was erected with asuitable inscription, a fragment of "There is a Happy Land" was sung, and the procession left the spot to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Sad to relate, one distressing rite had yet to be performed before the tired climbers could retire for the night after reaching camp. One member of the party, no less a person than Johnny Walker of international fame, who by a process of attrition had been laid low the night previous, had, unknown to the majority, succumbed, killed with kindness.





MT. COOK FROM MOUNT MALTE BRUN

AORANGI

Dave Parfitt

Aorangi - or Cloud Piercer, is the name given to New Zealand's Mt. Cook by the Maori's.

Our first glimpse of Mt. Cook - highest point in Australasia at 12,349 feet, was through an intense heat haze - over dry grass and across the very milky green Lake Pukaki. Janet and I were visiting the area in late summer, 95° - 105° temperatures, Mt. Cook shimmering in the distance, ice sheathed.

We arrived at the Hermitage Hotel, the hub of the 173,000 acres of Mt. Cook National Park on 6th February 1971. As history reads, the The Hermitage was in the past a rendezvous for climbers, with a few tourists. Now it's mainly tourists, with the mountaineers found in a bar situated on an outside corner of the building.

The first person we met on arrival was Herman Schnidrig, from Trail!

Herman introduced us to Lynn Crawford, who I had been told to contact in Christchurch. Lynn is head of New Zealand Mountain Guides Association (which is run by the Tourist Hotel Corporation, as is the Hermitage). He had just returned from a traverse of Mt. Cook's three summits, known as the Grand Traverse, with Sir Edmund Hillary and others, their climb being filmed for a television series.

Lynn was very helpful and immediately made attempts to find a climbing partner for me. The Park Ranger also helped, by broadcasting my need for a partner on the daily 5:00 p.m. radio communication with the climbing huts. The end result of everybody's efforts was that the same evening I met and arranged to climb with Brian Stephenson, a disc jockey from Auckland. While we were gone, Janet would stay at the New Zealand Alpine Club's Unwin Hut, and do some hiking from there.

Continued....

Hectic preparations filled the remainder of the evening. The weather was uppermost in both our minds. It was perfect, but can change suddenly, with strong westerlies from the Tasman Sea enveloping the Alps in fog and snow. Precipitation in parts of the Park is equivalent to 300" of rain a year!

We hoped to be able to fly to the Grand Plateau the following day, but it wasn't until quite late next day that we received word that there were too many open crevasses on the Plateau for a plane to land. This meant that we should have to reach the mountain through our own efforts, which would take more time, and we'd lost one day of fine weather, as the afternoon bus to Ball Hut, the starting point, had already left.

The next day we did the seven mile bus trip. Ball Hut stands at 3900 ft. on the lateral moraine of the eighteen mile long Tasman Glacier. It is known locally as "Sunny Ball Hut", the name bestowed by its custodian, a young Mancurian with a well developed sense of humour, despite two years of escorting parties of tourists on short walks onto the glacier.

Ball Hut is one of about twenty huts in the Southern Alps. We left about 4:00 p.m. - our destination Plateau Hut (7600 ft.) on the Grand Plateau, from where Mt. Cook could be climbed in one day via the Linda Glacier. We were impatient to reach the Plateau Hut, from where we would be able to "eyeball" our proposed route up the mountain, Brian, of course had a long time interest in the area and was well informed on it from reading and talking with other climbers, and had seen it from the air. We had the best available map with us, but it showed no contour lines!

To return from this digression - from the hut we climbed down about 400 ft. over moraine to the broken, water-ice and rubble surface of the Tasman Glacier.

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We hiked along it for about three miles, then climbed out of it on the left hand side over a horribly steep and loose moraine to get onto the Haast Ridge. About two thirds of the way up the ridge is the Haast Hut and we made good time thus far, arriving about 11:00 p.m. After a brew of tea and a meal quickly prepared from our supply of freeze-dry food we decided to go on - it was a perfect night for travelling and we hoped to reach Plateau Hut about 2:00 a.m. However, it was not to be, route finding became more difficult, slowing us up. We had to rope up to cross a snowfield and when we got back on the rock, steeper now, the moon disappeared. I felt sure we were on the route, but it was impossible to go on in the dark, so we bivouached in the moat for several hours, regretting the decision to leave Haast Hut.

A quick "recce" over the face with the first light confirmed that we were on the route. In fact, we were only half an hour from our destination. We were too late, and too tired, to consider an attempt on Mt. Cook that day, so had a freeze-dry breakfast - N.Z. ones are excellent - and hit the sack. A luxurious hut this, with innumerable Coleman stoves and down sleeping bags among its equipment.

In the afternoon, refreshed, we did our "eyeballing" and some skiing on a pair of boards fitted with a New Zealand rental binding, satisfactory even with climbing boots, before Brian cranked up the transmitter and reported our plans at the prescribed time, 5:00 p.m., in a very professional way. Early to bed, hoping that tomorrow would be as fine as today.

At 2:30 a.m. we started to wend our way through the crevasses of the Grand Plateau. The long spell of hot weather had really opened up the "slots" and we almost had to wait for the darkness to become less intense before we could climb

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through one to get onto the lower Linda Glacier. The Linda is fairly steep and we gained altitude rapidly, despite the detours and stops to take pictures of Mts. Tasman and Silberhorn, pristine white comes piercing the blue sky. Round the corner into the Upper Linda - avalanche paths to be avoided and then we were climbing across a 'schrund' and up a steep iceshelf to Zurbriggen's Ridge - only 1500 ft. to go now, but Brian wasn't feeling too well, and our pace became much slower. Snow ridge, rocks, more ridge, more rocks, "recce" to find the route, at last we were ensconced on a comfortable spot at the top of the summit rocks, with only 1000 ft. of the summit icecap to surmount, not terribly steep and the snow still in good condition despite the late hour.

We plodded on up the Ridge to reach the summit around 4:00 p.m. On our left, the east face dropped away steeply to the Grand Plateau 5000 ft. below, to our right the Linda face and North Ridge fell away almost as steeply, while to the South the Summit ridge descended in a mile-long silver-edged crescent to the two lower peaks. Brian was too exhausted to feel exhilarated. Picture taking was hurried - a mouthful of orange juice and back down to the summit rocks for a short rest and some refreshment.

We were already resigning ourselves to a bivouac, and picked a soft rock at 10,800 ft. where Bowie's Ridge joins Zurbriggen's. As the sun sank over the Tasman Sea the shadow of Mt. Cook was projected on a rosy haze in the western sky, out of which the moon was rising. It was a beautiful night, albeit a bit crisp at that altitude, and Brian was feeling better. It was very bright when the moon had risen and we could have travelled, but had we gone on we would have been descending the ice shelf when the light was poorest, so it was a case of on with the long johns and spare socks - "careful, don't drop anything!" - and into the rucksack.

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Early next morning we made good time down to the lower Linda glacier where we were surprised at the extent of the change in only twenty four hours. Crevasses that we had had to detour around the day before had opened up twenty feet and we had to climb down into several of them and out the other side. Just as well we decided to bivouac!

Mid-morning, when we arrived back at the Pleateau Hut we found a party of park workers there and the slope above it carved up with beautiful ski tracks, courtesy of Murray McPhail, of Kimberley, B.C., one of the park board's work party - nice work! The leader of the party reported our return over the radio to Park Headquarters and we carried on down hoping to reach "Sunny Ball Hut" and get a lift out the same day.

When we arrived there at 7:00 p.m. we found the place deserted, except for a group of bold Kea's, New Zealand's native parrots, which pecked at our long-suffering boots. Apparently the climbing school which was based there had gone down en masse to the Hermitage for a "binge". We would have to wait for the tourist bus next day. There was a choice of beds, but we weren't too happy about the water supply. There was a large dead Kea floating in the tank. Then we realized that the tank couldn't possibly feed the taps in the hut, it was below them! If water was pumped from here to a gravity feed cistern, the cistern had probably been filled before the parrot came to an untimely end. With this happy thought we fished the dead bird out and drank the water.

The day of our return to The Hermitage was a complete contrast to the days preceding it - complete relaxation at "Sunny Ball" as we basked in the sun drinking tea, waiting for the bus.

HIKING TASMANIAN STYLE

- by Janet Parfitt

This trip, or the thought, was germinated on a trip up Whitewater Brennan, which Dave and I did with a past Club member, Max Wilkinson. Max and his family have since settled back in Australia.

We met Max and Rosalie in Melbourne on December 30, 1970 (the middle of the Australian summer), from there we flew to Devonport, Tasmania. In Devonport, we were greeted with stories of "snow up high", "3,000 feet!" "10 inches of rain already this week", and it was actually pouring rain and 45 degrees. Immediately doubts came to light, do we have an alternative? Let's go and lie on a northern beach in the sun, etc.

However, the next day we were whisked off to the north end of Cradle Mt. National Park. Our taxi driver was a "fair dinkum Aussie" full of stories and not worrying about the road he drove twice a day. We four were sure hanging on. If you've never travelled an Australian secondary road, you can't possibly understand.

New Year's Eve was spent at Waldheim Lodge, mainly listening to tales of woe and wet, told by hikers, some returning after one day, some having hiked through the park from South to North.

The next morning dawned still damp and miserable but we decided to set off regardless, feeling very confident in our snow sealed boots and rain gear. Maybe it was the rum from the night before.

The trip was to be a mere hike from the North to South end of Cradle Mt. National Park. This park is 520 square miles in area and situated slightly west of Central Tasmania. Some of Australia's most mountainous terrain is found in the west of Tasmania.

So, from Waldheim we crossed the Cradle Mt. area, mainly open moorland and heath, broken by deep gorges, valleys, and numerous lakes. The whole scene being

dominated by Cradle Mt., 5068 feet, and Barn Bluff, 5114 feet. We encountered our first bog one hundred yards from Waldheim, it was to be the first of many. The average rainfall in the North of the park is 112 inches compared to 60 inches in the South.

During the day we met some Walking Club members who once again saturated us with wet stories of five days of rain and bogs.

This being our first day out we encountered many things that were to stay with us for the remainder of the hike. Nuisance value only, bogs, button grass plains, both seemingly a result of moraines interfering with drainage.

The method of travel on button grass is to step from tussock to tussock, but if you miss as my short legs often did, you end up, up to your knees in the mud in between.

Then there is the leech, an invertebrate worm-like creature, 2 to 3 inches long with two suckers. Their method of attack is to climb your boots, find your skin, fasten themselves on and suck blood and at the same time inject an anticoagulant. The only way to remove them is with a lighted match or by sprinkling salt on them.

Next, the snake. Fortunately, we only met the whip snake, green, 20 inches long, and too small to be harmful. A high percentage of Australian snakes are poisonous.

Our encounters with wildlife were mainly with the Wombat, a stout, clumsy animal, with powerful digging claws with which he burrows extensively. The Wallaby (small kangaroo) is a dusky grey colour and has short ears and tail. We did see one Shiny Ant Eater or Echidna, about 17 inches in length and has a thick coat of fur which is interspersed with spines.

Right through the park there are cabins situated within an easy day's hiking distance of each other. We stayed in these cabins each day and soon discovered that their principal inhabitants were really possums, not hikers.

Our second day was to be memorable for rain and bogs. We travelled ten miles, mainly up to our knees in mud, compensated only by a short stroll through a virgin Pine forest and a dry hut at the end of the day.

We found ourselves in the center of the Park the next day at Pelion Gap, approximately 3650 feet. From here, Dave and Max climbed Mt. Ossa, 5300 feet (Tasmania's highest peak) and Pelion East 4700 feet. That night was spent at Kia-Ora hut at the foot of Mt. Ossa, complete with camp fire and Australians.

There were tens of people in the park at the same time we were there, consequently, every night we found ourselves in the company of different ones. Basically, the people we met were not mountaineers; some had never been in the bush before. So, we met running shoe to climbing boot clad, loggers, navel men, farmers, medical men, authors, children and curious locals. The people were a never ending source of interest to us.

Our trip was dry from here on, even with flashes of sunshine. We made a few side trips to 100 feet waterfalls, all three on the Mersey River. We were so enthused by now we decided to spend a day side tracking to Pine Valley, a side valley with some interesting peaks, viz. 1., The Acropolis, 4825 feet, Mt. Geryon, 4950 feet, etc. Max, Dave and myself climbed the Acropolis, which features a ridge of interesting needles and spines. From the summit we had a magnificent view down Lake St. Clair to the south end of the Park.

The Pine Valley hut is probably the oldest in the park, and the chief inhabitant is Old Black Pete the possum. I think there were 14 people in residence this particular night. Everyone was entertained for at least half the night by Dave and his ignorance of the habits of the Australian possum and Black Pete.

The next day we steamed out of Pine Valley and along the lakeshore to Echo Point hut, mid way along Lake St. Clair in sunshine and dryness. We had a

very welcome dip cum bath. Finally civilisation at Lake St. Clair hit us, cars, motor boats, etc., the end of six pleasant days and 50 to 60 miles. From here we hitchhiked some 120 miles into Hobart, Tasmania's capital.

It is interesting to note it poured rain the two days we were up Whitewater with Max in '69.

SKIING IN NEW ZEALAND

Mark Basso

Queenstown, the ski capital of New Zealand, with its beautiful setting between the Remarkable Mountains and the shores of Lake Wakatipu, was to be the last stop of our ski tour in New Zealand. Here during our endless winter we watched Kiwi champion Chris Womsley make the winning downhill run at the New Zealand Championships and the Yamaha sponsored ski team train under Guy Christie, a fellow Rosslander.

Our ski tour began on 9100 ft. Mount Ruapehu, the active volcano ski field of the North Island. Its access and upper chairlifts transport skiers from the "Top of the Bruce" at 5330 ft. to within 1500 ft. of the crater lake while its T-Bar, two nutcracker tows, unique to New Zealand, and three Pomas service a variety of beginner to expert runs.

New Zealanders have the most sophisticated and longest rope tows in the world and in order to hang on over the long distances they use a nutcracker clamp attached to a waist belt. Thus the origin of the name "nutcracker tow".

At Ruapehu the runs tend to be rocky and narrow which is especially noticeable during peak periods when the area is inundated with 6000 skiers per day. This ski field is notorious for its undependable weather and this season was no exception. The day we arrived the area was blanketed by thick fog and a torrential rain was falling on even the highest elevations. After due consideration we drained the water from our Lange boots and decided to head south where there was a rumour of snow. While at Ruapehu we were fortunate enough to meet the man of the mountain "Scruffy" Turner. Here he operates a popular ski shop plus the most incredible ski hire in the world. The hire consists of approximately 700

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pairs of wood skis, lace boots and sticks (Ski poles) in random states of repair yet all rentable under Scruffy's diamond in the rough character.

One of the most noticeable features of New Zealand is its changeable weather, and it was not hard to believe that Killy spent almost a month at the Tasman Glacier before he had a complete day suitable for filming.

With the mild winter this year, Mt. Cook's Tasman Glacier ski run was not worth the minimum \$14 since only the upper seven miles of a possible 12 miles from 7500 ft. to 3500 ft. were skiable. While at Mt. Cook, our disappointment in the Tasman was compensated by the entertainment of watching an Antarctic expedition taking a one day crash course in skiing and crevise rescue on a short slope.

At all major centers throughout New Zealand and at the ski areas a complete set of wood skis, lace boots and sticks is hireable for \$2.50 (\$3 Cdn.) per day. For the status seeker, a limited supply of metal skis, buckle boots and sticks are available for \$4 (4.80 Can.) Ski equipment in New Zealand is generally of 1950 vintage but with the easing of government import restrictions this year skiing hardware is experiencing a revolution.

For skiing alone, the cost of day tickets varies from a high of \$4.50 (\$5.40 Can.) at Mount Ruapehu to \$2 (\$2.40 Can.) at the small nutcracker rope tow areas around Christchurch. At Queenstown's Coronet Peak the \$3 (\$3.60 Cdn) day ticket was good value considering the facilities available.

At the large ski areas in New Zealand a variety of accommodation is available and it is common to get bed and breakfast for \$3.50 (\$4.20 Can.) per person. Of course, there are plenty of expensive hotel, motel arrangements including a prohibitive \$10 (\$12 Can.) for the cheapest single room at the Mt. Cook Hermitage. We thought that for the North American tourist the most economical ac-

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commodation in New Zealand was a motel unit with cooking facilities since basic foods are very inexpensive. For example: bread 19¢/loaf (Can.); milk 7¢ pint (Can); butter 37¢/lb. (Can) and sirloin steak \$1.08/lb (Can) Liquor is also cheaper by our standards. Beer is slightly heavier and stronger than Canadian beer, good tasting and only 37¢ (Can) per quart or 55¢ (Can.) per jug. Spirits are usually 30¢ (Can) per drink.

There is plenty of 'apres ski' life at the large areas and each has a favourite spot where the skiers really swing. It is almost a ritual that after a days skiing at Coronet you stop at Arthurs Point Hotel for one of their fantastic 25¢ rum toddys then a few jugs of draught beer.

In the South Island Queenstown's Coronet Peak is the major development. The mountain boasts two beginner pomas and a 5000 ft.double chairlift. The chair to the top at 5400 ft. gives access to 1500 vertical feet of wide open intermediate slopes which offer plenty of variety in the form of hills and gulleys. Although the winter was mild, the skiing was enjoyable as the native tussock gave the slopes a groomed condition. At Coronet we had plenty of skiing 'sans' lift lines during the week, therefore on weekends we spent our time fraternizing in the mountain's ski repair shop. In this shop, run by the unflappable Doug Brough, occurred some of the most humorous incidents of my ski life. I will never forget the man who bought his wife a pair of second hand skis with step-in bindings and rather than move the bindings to fit her boots he nailed rubber extensions to the toe and heel of her boot soles.

New Zealand has a short winter season and at present its skiers form only a small percentage of the population. Yet the enthusiasm of these people has prompted the development of a large resort "Triple Cone", north of Queenstown

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and in the foreseeable future the southern alps will become a ski region on a par with any other in the world.

"I say that the qualities which strike every sensitive observer are impressed upon the mountaineer with tenfold force and intensity.... He has learnt a language which is but partially revealed to ordinary men. An artist is superior to an unlearned picture-seer, not merely because he has greater natural sensibility, but because he has improved it by methodical experience; because his senses have been sharpened by constant practice, till he can catch finer shades of colouring, and more delicate inflexions of line; because, also, the lines and colours have acquired new significance, and been associated with a thousand thoughts with which the mass of mankind has never cared to connect them. The mountaineer is improved by a similar process."

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

NOVEMBER IN NEPAL

Mark Basso

My newly acquired wife Barbara and I, both hailing from beautiful British Columbia and fond of its mountainous outdoors, felt that a world tour would not be complete for us without a trek into the Himalayas and a look at the world's highest peaks. From the moment we boarded the plane in Bangkok bound for Kathmandu the atmosphere was charged with excitement. Instead of the usual flight bags and jet setters there were ice axes, packs, and hiking boots along with assorted people in assorted clothing. On board were business types, hippies huddled in Afghan coats, serious looking climbers checking lists and some like us, just out to see the world.

As the plane neared Kathmandu we pressed against the right side windows to catch our first glimpse of the fabled Himalayas. The view, breath-takingly beautiful, was a horizon stark and jagged against the clear blue sky. As we landed, the mountains seemed austere and faraway, but the airport was the exact opposite. Here we were engulfed in a shouting mass of milling Nepalese carrying packs, pushing carts, yelling "Taxi, Taxi" in raucous voices and causing havoc. We plunged on through the mass into the terminal, but inside conditions were similar as we joined the hassle struggling for luggage checks and entrance visas. After all this we were entitled to stay in Nepal for three days!

In flight we had met a U.S. Army dentist, Cliff Revell, stationed in Bangkok. He had arranged an impromptu trek from Pokhara to Jomson and told us we would be welcome as the more the merrier. This was a stroke of luck as initiating a trek involves a lot of time, money and red tape. After our airport experiences we were thankful to be introduced to our guide who knew just where

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JOHN AFTORN



to go and whose palms to grease. Everywhere in the East bribes are in order and Kathmandu was no exception. Determined not to stray from such a valuable person we careened along behind him as he navigated through the seething masses and sacred cows. We rushed from place to place until we had visa extensions, trekking permits, Nepalese currency and plane tickets to Pokhara. With a feeling of relief at the end of this long day we slept soundly in a tiny 70¢ room. The next morning, November 3, we were up in the crisp fresh air, beating our way back to the airport where, as always, chaos reigned supreme. With a death grip on our packs and passports we crowded aboard a pre war DC-3 Royal Nepalese Air Corporation.

Forty-five minutes later and 90 miles northwest of Kathmandu, after the runway had been cleared of sacred cows, we landed at Pokhara and were once again amid crowds. We couldn't believe it. Canadians never cease to wonder at the mass of people in the East. Then we saw the mountains. Strong and still stood the Annapurna panorama, from left to right were the giants, Annapura 1 and 3 and the South Peak, then Machhapuchhre. We looked at each other with wild surmise, the milling millions and the contrasting strong silent mountains. Somehow it seemed a bit unreal that we were actually there. We were though, and reality came with things to do such as locating porters. In Nepal, everything is transported either by mules or porters, the latter are brown, thin and wiry, and capable of carrying loads of up to 100 pounds on their backs. Carrying large baskets, supported by headbands they strode along the trails in single file like pack trains. In Pokhara we hired two ancient porters "Baht and Dahl" and they agreed, for premium wages of one dollar a day plus food, to be our constant companions for the duration of the trek. That being settled, we had our last good meal and gorged ourselves on buffalo steaks, toast and peanut butter duly real-

ising that enroute we would be relying on the Nepalese for food and shelter.

The food would be rice and more rice.

Perhaps it was the altitude, but it suddenly struck us as hilarious that we should be hiking along unencumbered and in boots, while our porters looking even frazier beneath our packs, set off barefoot. From Pokhara the trail led on beside the Stia River through shimmering golden rice fields, the colours made even richer against the dark mountains. Gradually we left the valley behind and climbed the ridge to Nau Danda where we spent our first night in a Nepalese hut. These huts, all much the same, are orange and white with floors and walls made from mud and held cohesive with impregnated dung. The roofs are thatched and low. We removed our boots and stepped into the smokey interior as the women were squatting among the pots and pans cooking supper over an open fire. When the meal was ready we foreigners sat on the floor and ate with spoons, while our hosts assumed the Eastern squat position and scooped huge handfuls of rice into their mouths. Every so often, between handfuls of rice, the women would reach for more buffalo dung to put on the fire. We spooned peacefully on. The natives staple diet is rice and dahl, a kind of split pea sauce, sometimes a dab of potato curry is included. This is all washed down with a strong black tea called "Cha", in which floats a dollup of yak butter. This diet must make for endurance, but after a week the Westerner craves meat, and in the days to come we gloated over our one tin of corned beef that we had brought along, knowing we could devour it any time, but not yet!

We were careful about what we drank, and usually had water treated with our own iodine and halezone. For though Nepal is a country of streams and rivers flowing straight from the pure high snow, the eleven million inhabitants pollute the water to 16,000 feet. We did however often drink the national Nepalese

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liquor and medica "Raksi", a honey and rice wine concoction, definitely a spirit raiser. We had been told that we could buy extras in the villages en route, but the Japanese expedition just ahead of us, complete with 250 porters, had snapped up all available eggs and such before we had a chance. One day we did have a very sinewy mountain chicken that took a lot of chewing, but we were glad to have something to get our teeth into. Our craving for meat was supplemented by an abundance of fresh fruit, for with the tropical climate came a good crop of bananas, oranges and lemons.

Sunset was bedtime in the mountains, so each evening with an audience watching every move, we climbed into our sleeping bags which had been laid on straw mats over the mud floor. The nights were always interesting. As soon as everyone was settled and silence had descended, we would hear the stealthy rustle of rats, and Barb would pull her sleeping bag tight around her neck, murmuring "encased in case". Once at twilight, the tantalizing sound of bells was heard. A mule train laden with Tibetan salt stopped at our hut so we shared the floor with five mule-skinners. Other nights we would be wakened by wild yellings from our porter who suffered from nightmares. Before it was light we were gently awakened by the Nepalese who were once more squatting around the fire, reciting their prayers in singsong voices while stopping every so often to speak in conversational tones. A good way to awaken.

The early mornings were always the best. At Nau Danda we were on the ridge by 5:30 a.m. It was very quiet, fresh and still, then quite suddenly the sun touched the top of Annapurna and as the sun crept down it the mountain seemed to come alive. Another morning it was 27,000 foot Dhaulagiri. The glory of just being there amongst these mighty mountains were the things we remember.

Endlessly went the trail, up hill and down dale, following the rivers,

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winding along cliffs which had been cut and tunnelled and made safe for the pack trains, porters and buffaloes, as this was a commerce route. On level ground the track was often paved with huge flat rocks, centuries old. Everywhere were farms and terraces, built on the steepest hillsides, all carefully cultivated. Never did you have the awesome feeling of solitude that can come over you in the mountains of British Columbia. Here you were always within shouting distance of villages and of people working in the rice fields or carrying great stacks of hay on their backs. Always voices and people. Unexpectantly around the bend in the track would appear pack trains, dangerous looking buffaloes or climbers returning exuberant or depressed. Everyone greeted us with the words "Nhe Mestae", as they bowed over their hands held prayer fashion, we returned the greeting in the same dignified way.

Spaced along the route were chautaras, built by the Nepalese in hopes of immortality. These are made of stone, rather like large planters, 20 by 30 feet, and 5 feet high, with trees planted in the middle and a ledge around the perimeter where the traveller sits gratefully in the cool shade. Barb and I will remember forever the chautara halfway between Beni and Kushma. We had climbed for hours under a hot sun, and plunged into its welcome shade. Almost at once a cool wind touched our faces and blew gently all around us. They say such a wind blows only at this one place, it was almost as if a friendly Nepalese spirit lingered there.

As we neared Jomson we trekked through country that could have been anywhere in British Columbia. We passed through pine forest valleys bound by snow capped mountains, but there the mountains were the 23,000 foot Tukches and Nilgiris. We walked along many great streams traversed by high swinging cable bridges where we had to build up courage before crossing. Only the apparent

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age and frequency of use of the bridges gave us confidence in their dependability.

After reaching Jomson we were quick to leave, for there the wind blew dusty while the surroundings were bleak and desolate. Even the mountains lost their appeal without lush greenery. Along with the change of environment, architecture switched from mud to stone and the beating hot sun of day was followed by the biting cold winds of night.

The following day as we returned we stopped at Marpha. This was the Northern headquarters of the mule teams and in the village the jingle of mule bells was as constant as the honking of car horns in Kathmandu. It was also the manufacturing center of the valley's Tibetan rug trade so we were kept amused by the village weavers at work. Most of the rugs sold in the \$10 range were heavy, simply decorated and not colourfast. As soon as we indicated that we might be interested in something better the merchants uncovered their treasures. These were intricately designed, smoothly finished and colourfast since they were woven with natural colours. Of course, the quality was reflected in the price, \$25 and up even after bargaining.

From Marpha the desire of a return to civilization and repetition of scenery turned the trek into a monotonous left right, rice and dahl, left right, rice and dahl. Homeward we followed the Kali Gandaki River all the way to Pokhara rather than retrace our steps over the pass at Gorapani. Enroute back our porter became increasingly slower and complained of a sore leg. Rubbing raksi on his leg did not seem to improve his condition or his speed. Since he had been unnecessarily slow from the beginning even with the incentive of a premium pay, I sacked him and carried our pack. The river route extended the trek a day but we were amply rewarded at Baglund, a village on a plateau above

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the river. Here we gazed back to look our last on mighty Dhaulagiri framed beautifully between the valley walls. Another sight worth trekking for.

The morning of November 16, found us again at Pokhara airport, hasseling to board the plane to Kathmandu and its relative civilization. As the DC-3 became airborne we fully realized the satisfaction of having seen and stood in the shadows of some of the mightiest peaks on this Earth.

The mountains and the sea are great avenues of adventure precisely because the mountaineer and the seaman have to study something of greater value than the habits of the internal combustion engine.

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

K. M. C. SKI MOUNTAINEERING SCHEDULE 1972

Sunday, Jan. 30	Sproule Creek area - Norm Thyer.	Phone 352-5265
	An easy first trip of the season, especially for beginners. Come and try out your equipment.	
Sunday, Feb. 6	Yuil Mt. via Busk Creek - Bill Hurst. A medium hard trip, re- warded with a fine view of the Gray Peaks.	
Sunday, Feb. 20	Micro Wave Station on the Salmo Creston Summit - Olwyn Ringheim. Wide open slopes. About 3 hours to the top.	Phone 825-4311
Friday night, Saturday & Sunday, Mar. 3, 4, 5	Huckleberry House - Dave Parfitt.	Phone 365-3205
	Limit four. There should be a full moon about this time, so let's get going Friday evening and make a good weekend of it.	
Sunday, Mar. 19	Whitwater area, Ymir Mountain - Jack Steed. Proposed new Nelson Ski Hill.	Phone 352-2196
Easter Weekend, Mar. 30, Apr. 1, 2, 3	To be decided later.	
Sunday, Apr. 16	Old Glory - Bill Dyke.	Phone 368-9794

Saturday & Sunday,
Apr. 29 & 30

Camp out at Meadow Mountain
(Lardeau) or Kokanee Lake, de-
pendent on the conditions of the
roads.

Long Weekend,
May 20, 21, 22

Slocan Chief Spring Ski Trip -
Helen Butling.

Phone 825-4384

1972 SUMMER TRIP SCHEDULE

- Sunday, May 28 Snow Walk, Kokanee Park.
 Leader: Rudy Fischer 229-4692
- Saturday, June 3 Snow & Ice School in Kokanee Park (Follow on to Rock
 School).
 Leader: Bert Port 365-5716
- Sunday, June 11 Mt. Conner.
 Leader: Pat Gibson
- Sunday, June 18 Mt. Ludlow.
 Leader: Colin Young 362-5803
- Saturday, June 24 Siwash Mt.
 Leader: Pete Wood 359-7101
- Sunday, June 25 Coffee Ck./Gibson Lake, car key exchange.
 Leader: Jack Steed 352-2196 &
 Knut Langballe 229-4791
- July 1, 2, 3 Trip to Rockies, details later.
 Leader: D. Poole 362-7688
- Sunday, July 9 Woden Peak.
 Leader: Leo Gansner 352-3742
- Saturday & Sunday,
July 15 & 16 Explore unnamed mountain, head of Bernard Creek,
 possible first ascent, good hiking area, 2 day trip.
 Leader: Bob Dean 359-7759
- Saturday & Sunday,
July 22 & 23 Glacier Creek & MacBeth Ice Fields, 2 day trip.
 Leader: Gerry Brown 365-5730
- July 29 - August 5 Summer Camp, details later.

- August 12 & 13 Rock Climb on the N.W. face of Mt. Hampshire and Mountain Flower trip combined, base camp in Blue Grouse Basin (something for all on this weekend).
Leader: Rock, Gordon Stein
Leader: Flowers, Mrs. Baker
- August 20 Glacier travel & crevasse rescue practise.
Leader: N. Thyer 352-5265
- Sunday, August 27 Ladies Day, Whitewater Glacier Valley.
Leader: Ann Wood 359-7107
- September 2, 3, 4 Mt. Cooper, highest peak in this area, new access route.
Leader: Dave Adams 365-6430
- September 10 Trail cutting, Mulvey.
Leader: Ian Hamilton 365-6749
- September 16 & 17 Banshee Pk., 2 day trip.
Leader: Rick Askew 359-7310
- September 24 Round trip, up Lemon Ck. Trail along by Sapphire Lakes, pass Sunset & Outlook Mt., down Nilsiks Ck. Trail to Lemon again.
Leader: Peter McIver 362-7674
- October 1 Work party, Ridge Cabin.
Leader: Bill Michaux 367-7284
- October 7, 8, 9 Final trip into Mulvey to close Cabin for the winter.
Leader: Jim Brennan 368-3737
- October 14 & 15 Slocan Chief Work Party.
Leader: Helen Butling

Members are again advised that they must contact the leader well before the day of the trip, to find out where and when to meet.

Leaders who are unavailable for their respective trips are asked to try to find a replacement before contacting the trip Chairman.

EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

DAY TRIP

Clothing: mitts or gloves
rain jacket
rain hat
extra sweater
spare shoe lace
handkerchief

First Aid Kit: moleskin, bandaids
tape, gauze pads
salve, toilet paper

Pack Sack

Map & Compass: air photos optional

Lunch: plus emergency rations

Chapstick or screen

Suntan lotion

Knife

Flashlight

Waterproofed matches

CLIMBING GEAR

Ice Axe

Crampons

Rope

Slings

Carabiners

Pitons

Piton Hammer

Hard Hat

Rock Drill

Expansion Bolts

Rope Ladder

OVERNIGHT TRIP

Day trip equipment plus:

Sleeping Bag

Food

Primus Stove and fuel - optional

Cooking utensils, dishes, cutlery

Shelter

Spare socks, pants, shirt

Camp shoes

Foamy or air mattress

Its a good idea to take along 24" or 30" wide chicken wire
to protect your tires and brake lines from hungry porcupines.

CHECK LIST OF SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT

DAY TRIP

Skis

Climbing skins in good condition in plastic bag

Proper touring bindings

Spare cable and piece of wire

Wax

Small pack sack

Food including emergency ration

Water bottle filled with desired beverage

Dark glasses and/or goggles

Chapstick and suntan lotion

Clothing: 2 pr. mitts - leather outside mitts

Handkerchief

Windbreaker, extra sweater

Toque or warm woolen hat

Flash light

Toilet Paper

First Aid Kit

Waterproofed matches

Fire lighter - strips of milk carton

Hat with brim (for glacier wear)

Rescue Sled *

OVERNIGHT TRIP

All above day trip equipment plus:

Sleeping bag, rucksack

Extra socks and pants

Light shoes or slippers (for cabin wear)

Food

Light rain gear recommended

Cutlery, dish or bowl, cup (except at Slocan Chief)

Tent or shelter including poles (if camping out)

* Contact the Mountain Rescue Group for Club Rescue Sled Kit.

Its light, take it with you.

TRIP PROCEDURE AND POLICY

All who wish to go on a Club trip must:

1. Have proper and adequate equipment for the trip.
2. Notify the trip leader or one of the directors named below
at least 2 days before the trip. For limited trips at least
5 days notice necessary.
3. Accept the right of a leader to refuse to take any member on a
trip if, in the leader's opinion, the member is too inexperienced
or inadequately equipped for the trip.
4. If in doubt about equipment, ability, or experience, consult the
trip leader in advance.

TRIP INFORMATION DIRECTORS

Nelson	- Helen Butling	825-4384
Castlegar	- John Carter	365-7472
Trail	- Tom Charlton	364-1586

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editor wishes to thank all members who contributed stories for this issue of the Karabiner.

Special thanks are extended to Ann Wood, Jill Langballe and Dave Parfitt for the sketches illustrating the stories.

Once again we are indebted to Tom Charlton for organizing the typing and printing, which was done by Carol Osmond, Eileen Holm, Jean Eddy and Lida Gambin.

The cover picture is of Mt. Sir Sandford, drawn by Dave Adams, from a slide taken by Ian Hamilton.

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

SPRING SKI TRIP RESERVATION

Those wishing to go on the Spring Ski Trip to Slocan Chief on the Long Weekend, May 20, 21 and 22, should remove this page and send it, with a \$2.00 deposit to trip leader, Helen Butling. 825-4384.

Name _____

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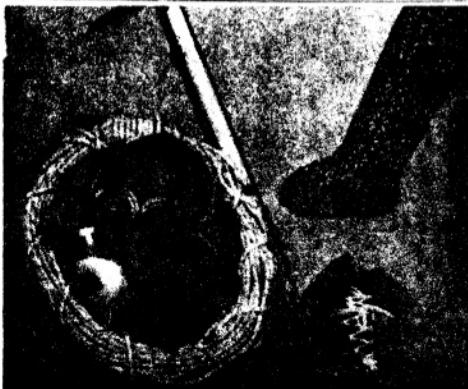
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