

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

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The
**KOOTENAY
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Volume II

Fall 1969

Edited by

Graham Kenyon

Tom Charlton



KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
President's Message -----	1
Blue Grouse Basin Trip -----	4
The Last Gold Peak -----	6
Robson Ridge Runners Report -----	8
Mts. Inverness, Marten, and Dolly Varden -----	10
Mulvey Trail -- A Beginning -----	12
The Valhalla Hut -----	14
Camp Time in Mulvey Meadows -----	17
Everest Aid Devised -----	19
Conservation Comment -----	20
Snow Survey -----	22
The Lions Head -----	23
Mountain Craft -----	26
November Scene -----	26
Mount Airy Trip -----	27
Copper Mountain Traverse -----	30
Mt. Templeman -----	31
Mount Carlyle and Flint Lakes -----	33
Slocan Chief -----	37
B.C. Wildlife Federation -----	39
A Mountain Climber's Summit Thoughts -----	42
A Trip in the Purcells -----	43
Survival in Snow -----	48
Windfalls -----	52
Winter Ski Tours -----	53
Ski-Touring Equipment List -----	54
Acknowledgements -----	55

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

IAIN MARTIN

At the end of my year of office, I look back with a certain satisfaction on a most successful year of activity by the Club. As the Kootenay Mountaineering Club we experienced no problems at all in emerging from the ashes of the old Kootenay Section A.C.C. The events of the winter programme were well attended as were most of the weekend trips. First class weather for most of the summer contributed greatly to the success of the weekend expeditions and having only one day of inclement weather during our summer camp enabled us to festoon the Valhallas with new routes. Probably the most satisfying of our accomplishments for the year was the erection of the new hut in the magnificent mountains at the head of Mulvey Creek. To erect the hut and still have our books in the black at the end of the year, is due in no small measure to handsome donations from Richie Deane and from the Trustees of the Slocan Chief's Fund. To them and to the other members and friends who gave of their time and of their pockets, I herewith render my grateful thanks. My thanks also to those who took over my duties during my absences. These being Dave Parfitt who organized and coordinated the prefabrication of the hut and the leg work this entailed, Helen Butling for summer camp food arrangements, and Tom Charlton for doing practically everything else, splendid work-horse that he is. I include also in my expressions of gratitude, the trip coordinators, the social organizers and everyone else who has helped to make this year the success it has been. Last, but not least in my cards of thanks, I include Tom Charlton and Graham Kenyon who are editing this edition of the Karabiner, and Jan Parfitt who greatly expedited the hut construction by hiding the spirit level from us mere males.

As is evident by the foregoing, I've done practically nothing and

hereby disclaim any of the credit.

Membership continues to grow and is now in three figures. At the present rate, we may eventually be able to assimilate the A.C.C. (Providing they first sign over all their monies and chattels).

In closing, I would just like to mention that John Wurflinger, formerly of our Club is now proprietor of Varsity Sports Centre at Vancouver. After February 1970 he will be stocking a full range of climbing and hiking equipment with discounts available to K.M.C. members. It has been a privilege to serve my year as President, but as I have indicated earlier, it takes practically the whole club to get things done and keep us moving forward so may I suggest as a target for next year that every member brings in a new member.

We must be willing to ask such questions as "What is the meaning of life? What is our relationship with everything around us? What shall we do in the short stretch between birth and death to preserve and improve our inheritance?" We need the courage to ask such questions with respect and seriousness, and the gumption to do what the answers tell us to do.

ROYAL BANK NEWSLETTER
Feb. 1969

PAUPO CREEK BLUE GROUSE BASIN TRIP

JACK STEED

The prospects for a fine weather weekend for this trip were not good. However, 4 of us, Graham Kenyon, Max Wilkinson, Brian Denton, and myself, Jack Steed decided to take a chance and we weren't disappointed.

We rendezvoused at South Slocan at 7 a.m. and proceeded north to Enterprise Creek in Graham's car planning a quick breakfast stop at Slocan Inn. Slocan wakes up late and we joined a small group waiting for the restaurant to open. Finally at 8:30 breakfast was served and by 9 a.m. we were on our way.

The Enterprise Creek Road is a good road but unfortunately we were forced to abandon the car about 5 miles up the creek due to a washout. So began our long foot slog along the road till we reached the point where I thought the trail could be located on the slopes above the road. Not having actually been on the trail before and going on hear-say position I judged it wrong and we spent considerable time bushwhacking before we finally stumbled on to the trail only to find it overgrown and extremely wet from earlier rain storms. However, it was good to know that we were on the track and travel became easier as we progressed upward into Paupo Creek Valley.

Lunch stop was rather a damp and uncomfortable one until I got a small fire going. The weather threatened continuously but we seemed to miss the showers which stuck to the ridges.

It was toward late afternoon that we finally reached the fine alpine meadows of the basin. Many patches of snow remained and the ground everywhere was soggy wet with the melt and the previous weeks rain. The anemones were just in bloom indicating spring at that level.

We located a good dry spot and set up a very comfortable camp. With



"BLUE GROUSE
BASIN"

KOKANEE GLACIER PARK

TRH Nov 69

full stomachs, followed by good talk about the cheery fire with a cup of wine we turned in under clearing skies.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cold with the promise of a superb day ahead of us. We got an early start on our exploration of the basin with its delightful tarns and alps. Brian took a sudden sick spell on our way to an old trail along the side of the basin. After getting him comfortable in camp again, Max and I once again set out for the head of the valley leaving Graham with Brian. We explored the prospectors cabin and then climbed to the ridge to look down on Fennel Lake.

All too soon it was time to return to camp for lunch and to pack up and hit the trail for home.

Blue Grouse Basin, in the north-west corner of Kokanee Park, once visited leaves a lasting memory of beautiful flower strewn meadows, crystal clear streams, tarns and falls, with the added flavour of old mines and hand hewn log cabins. Mts. Paupo, Virgil, Insect and Hampshire which ring the basin offer what look like good rock climbs.



"Wonder if there's life like us on any other stumps?"

THE LAST GOLD PEAK

BOB DEAN

During June 1966 Ricky Askew, Jim Street and I turned our eyes to the Gold Range. There remained as far as anyone seemed to know only two major unclimbed peaks in this range, Thor and Cranberry. Since Thor was a scheduled club trip for that July we decided to try for Cranberry. Accordingly on Friday night June 30th the three of us drove to the old Galena Bay ferry and set up camp. We caught the first ferry next morning and drove in on the Coursier Lake road until we were stopped by a mud slide. This appeared to be the end of our trip until we realized from looking at the map we were only about a mile from the lake. So from there we proceeded to back-pack along the road to the lake, through the bush at the south end of the lake and up the south side of South Cranberry Creek. At the top of the waterfalls we found it very desireable to cross the creek to avoid climbing some wet bluffs and as luck would have it we managed this on a poor excuse for a log jam. From there we climbed alongside the creek, partly through brush, sometimes on snow, until we reached a large snow-covered lake where we camped.

Next morning we were up at 3:00 a.m. and away by 4:00 a.m. skirting the lake on the south side where there were extremely large sun cups in the snow. We crossed the snow covered swamp at the west end of the lake and climbed up a side creek to the north. Here we rapidly gained elevation and came in sight of the peak but at 7:00 a.m. with our objective less than 2 miles away and no more than 1500 ft. above up we got "weathered out" and had to call it a day.

On July 7th 1969 Dick Haycroft and I drove up to Galena Bay and caught the new ferry across to Shelter Bay. From there we continued to Coursier Lake, 18 miles off the highway and arrived there with two flat tires

but luckily for us a construction camp was in operation there and we were able to arrange for a ride to Revelstoke for tires - meanwhile we were given sleeping quarters and even breakfast the next morning.

In spite of mediocre weather on the morning of July 8th, 1969 we left the camp and after crossing the bush at the end of the lake also crossed South Cranberry Creek where it entered the lake (there were many cut trees) and headed up the side hill to the north-west, continued over into the next valley, up this valley to the second lake and there made camp. This part of the trip took us a leisurely 5 hours.

Next morning we got away by 5 and climbed over the ridge to a lake where the snow-covered ice was beginning to break up, around this lake on the north side and up to the snow field which we had reached on our previous trip. At the point where we had previously turned back we found a miner's claim post -- evidently this had been completely covered before (it was dated August 1963). From here we had to cross a few ups and downs, mostly on rock but occasionally on snow until we reached the foot of the peak, the latter being about 800 feet above us. Here we had lunch and taking only cameras and rope climbed this last part almost entirely on rock because the glacier was steep and heavily crevassed. We reached the summit at 10:45 a.m.

There was no cairn there so we built one, took a number of pictures and left one hour later. Our return to the campsite was again very leisurely - we took a slightly different route from the way up and at one point kicked steps down a very steep snow slope. Back at camp just after 4:00 p.m. we were so bugged with flies we changed our plan and decided not to remain the night. One hour later we started down and arrived back at the construction camp, somewhat weary, around 8:00 p.m.

THE ROBSON RIDGE RUNNER'S REPORT

JOHN CARTER

As usual, Friday night the phones were ringing in the Mark Basso and Ian Hamilton residences and it was agreed we would leave my place at the very early hour of 9:00 a.m! Mark arrived at 9:00 on September 27, and after picking up Ian we drove up the Slocan. Passing through New Denver we spent some time looking at the New Denver Glacier and hoped for a climb there next year. Soon we were at Retallack, where we turned left and drove up the Lyle Creek and Whitewater roads reaching the start of the trail at 11:00 a.m.

The first section of trail to the bottom of the aerial tramway was fairly bushy but really was nothing, for the next section to the top of the aerial tram was what you would call "Mulvey Manoeuvres". I would recommend anyone travelling this section at the time of monsoon rains should either strip to the buff or don a wet suit. Finally we broke out of the bushy road onto a very well built old trail. The trail from here to the first lake is very good, well graded, and has few if any windfalls.

At 12:30 a.m. we reached the meadows and the first of the three beautiful glacial blue lakes. We hiked up the trail that disappeared up over the first ridge and even this trail, where slides and rock falls had fallen, was in good shape. After climbing for half an hour we passed 2 or 3 mine adits where the trail petered out and after another climb of 200 ft. we had lunch.

A short lunch it was as it was very cool with snow flurries in the air and Mark was eyeing my lunch like an eagle! He had decided before we left that he didn't need a lunch today -- Ian and I knew differently! From here on we were in snow constantly, anywhere from 5 inches to 2 ft. We gradually gained elevation for 900 ft. taking turns breaking trail and all the

time trying to keep out of the direct wind. What a wind it was! It was whistling up from the Whitewater Valley and blowing fresh powder snow over the ridge leading to the summit. It reminded me very much of Easter at Kokanee several years ago.

At this point we left Ian as he was not feeling too well and headed towards the summit expecting to take an hour to get there. Because the wind was blowing so hard and packing the snow quite hard, we were able to make better time and climbed the last few feet to the summit arriving at 2:30 p.m. To add to our good fortune in time, the wind abated, the sun shone, and the clouds drifted away and we had a magnificent view in all directions but Kootenay Lake, where a snow storm was brewing. We quickly snapped pictures and stumbled through the summit drifts to each of the 3 summits, which at this time looked to be all the same height. We cursed ourselves for not packing our skies as we could have skied perhaps 1500 ft. off the summit in beautiful powder snow.

We sadly left the top, as it had been so nice, and slid and boot skied down the ridge again finding the fierce wind on the ridge. We met Ian at the lakes at 3:30 p.m. and didn't stop for long as the weather was deteriorating and we knew we could not hope to stay dry much longer.

Mark roared off in high gear leaving Ian and me trotting down the trail but he soon came to grief on one of the few windfalls and we caught him up. By the time we reached the aerial tram it was spitting rain and so the pace was increased to the point of a 100 yd. dash!! We came into sight of the car at 4:30 p.m. as the downpour started and we were glad to be undercover and also glad to have completed the climb successfully.

MTS. INVERNESS, MARTEN AND DOLLY VARDEN

GERRY BROWN

Bob Dean and I decided to make use of the two nice days we had in July, the 23rd, and 24th, and drove up Kane Creek hoping to have a go at the three peaks which lie to the west of Whitewater Peak. We camped at the end of the road near the junction of Kane and Marten Creeks, and spent the evening deciding which approach to Inverness would involve the least amount of work. Little sleep was had by either of us, as the night was very warm and the no-seums came right through the mosquito netting on the tent. The procedure for the night was to zip up the sleeping bag to the top, cook for as long as one could stand it, then unzip and hang out of sleeping bag for as long as one could tolerate the bugs, then back into the bag for another roasting.

We were up at four a.m. and away from the car at five. We crossed Kane Creek and followed an old logging road for less than a quarter of a mile, then crossed Marten Creek which put us on the old pack trail leading up Marten Creek. The trail climbs away from the creek for three or four hundred yards then drops back toward the creek. At this point we climbed toward a prominent ridge which runs east and west. We gained the ridge at the 6600 foot level just above a small lake. We then crossed a shallow basin followed by a deep gulley and an open hillside finally gaining the south-west ridge of Inverness. Half an hour later after following the easy ridge we were on top of Inverness.

As we rested on the summit Bob and I felt that the map has mis-located Inverness. The map names a much lower subsidiary peak rather than the one we were standing on as Inverness. We also found that the peak that we were standing on was about 200 feet lower than that indicated on the map according to Bob's altimeter.

The ridge joining Inverness and Marten looked a bit on the airy side so we dropped down the west ridge of Inverness until we found a spot where we could get down into the snow and ice filled basin between the two peaks. We easily crossed the basin to the south-west ridge of Marten. Leaving our ice axes and packs at this point, we climbed along this ridge, which provided some good scrambling, with a bit of exposure, followed by a steep scree slope which put us on top.

Again we found a large difference in elevations between map and altimeter. From Marten Mt. a good view of McHardy, Stubbs, Copper and the back side of Whitewater can be had.

A bite of lunch was much enjoyed when we returned to our packs. We descended to the col between Marten and Dolly Varden, skirting to the south around a fair sized alpine lake. A long snow gulley then led us to the north west ridge overlooking the snow and ice field on the northwest side of Dolly Varden. We followed the ridge toward the summit but were forced to the south east face when the rock on the ridge became very rotten and broken. Working our way across the face and upward on wide ledges we reached the ridge again just below the summit.

When we left the summit, Bob and I decided to traverse Dolly Varden by following the southwest ridge down into the grassy alps. A prominent rocky tree studded ridge heading south was our route out of the alpine country into the creek bottom. For a change we had a couple of pleasant surprises. First we crossed the old pack trail before we reached the creek bottom and long before it is indicated on the map. Second we found the trail in fairly good shape although very little maintenance has been done on it in recent years. We followed the trail back to the old logging road and along the road to our car. The complete circle including the three peaks had taken us thirteen hours.

MULVEY TRAIL - A BEGINNING

MARK BASSO

This summer, Jack Oswald's question of 1968, "Mulvey Trail - End or Beginning?" was answered.

During the weekend of Aug. 2-3, several enthusiastic club members and climbers from outside areas traversed the trail on their way to Mulvey Meadows. This weekend was the beginning of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club climbing week for 1969.

During the previous months the alders, stinging nettles, huckleberries, and other local flora had restablished themselves on the trail after having been so well cleared away the fall before. The brush, though, did not stop the dauntless forerunners on the trail or Bob Dean who had ventured to the headwall the weekend before to cut a few remaining windfalls.

The first people on the trail were well rewarded with huckleberries so that the trail became not a long slosh to the headwall but a path from one huckleberry bush to another. By Sunday, the trail had become very distinguishable and the huckleberry bushes along side it well picked over.

I was amoung the second group on the trail and I recall the events of the weekend as follows:

In order to get an early start on Saturday we had driven to the base of the trail on Friday evening and slept in our cars. At 5:00 a.m. we were on the trail. Scads of huckleberries later or 9:00 we reached Camp Poncho; the headwall was attained by 10:30.

Now the headwall; that was something else! Fifteen hundred feet of straight up! After three-quarters of an hour of climbing it appeared as though we had not yet left the base. Anyway persistence won out and the meadows were attained at 12:30.

The experience of being at the meadows was reward enough for the effort expended. The high alpine atmosphere of clean crisp air, close mountains, small glacial lakes and alpine meadows rich with verdant grass and Indian paint brushes was something most people only visualize in dreams.

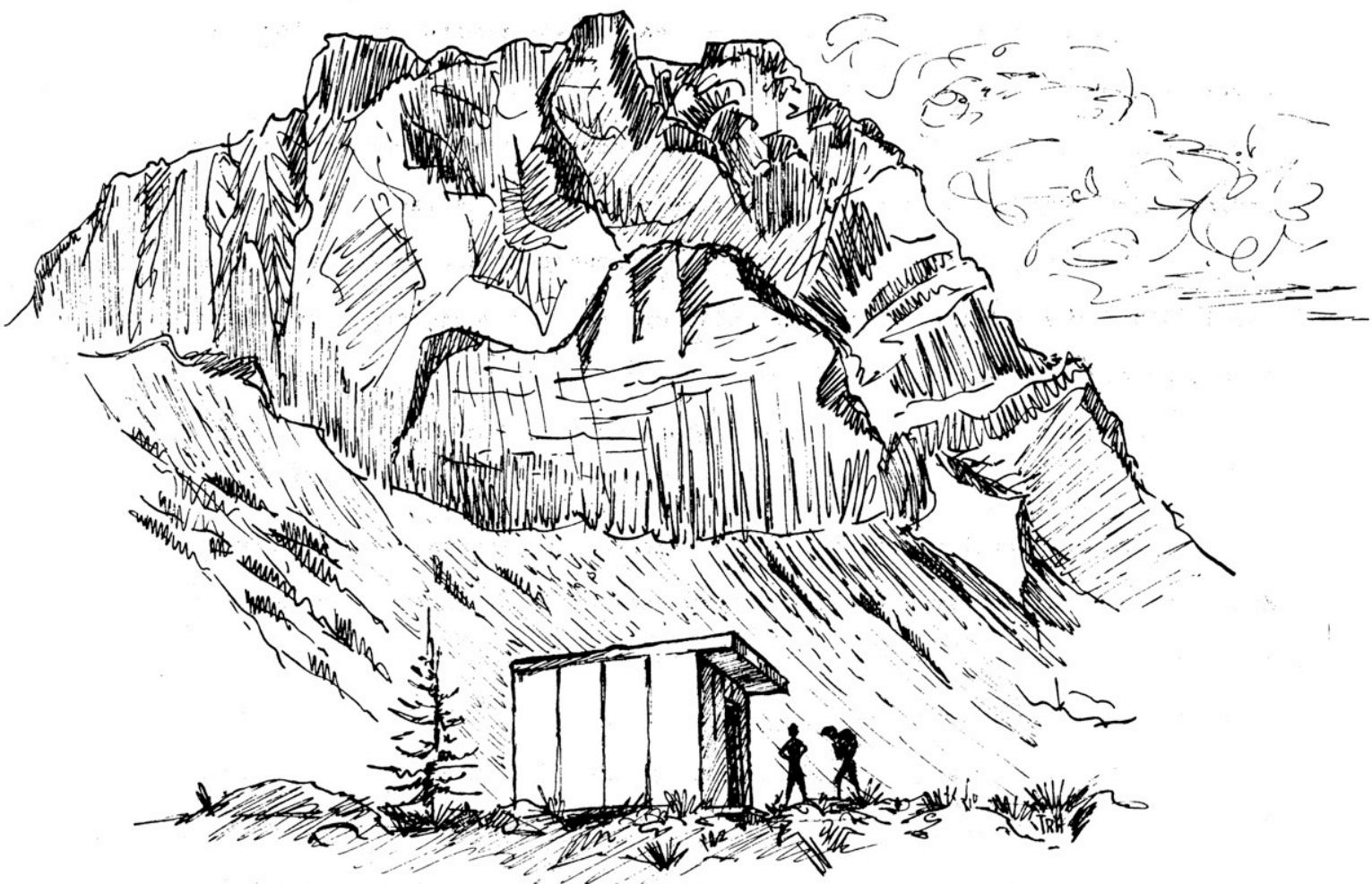
During the afternoon a helicopter brought up eleven loads of camp supplies and the pre-fab cabin while climbers for the week-long camp started to assemble. The rest of the day was spent preparing the cabin site, building an A-1 John, cursing the headwall, and planning the climbs for the following day.

Sunday morning everyone was up early. Two separate groups hiked up Mulvey Cone and the Wolves Ears then were back at camp for lunch, after which the cabin erection was commenced while Lynn Lennox, John Carter, and myself regretfully returned home.

The weekend was unforgettable and when I left Lynn and John they were planning a second trip to the meadows for the Labour-Day weekend. Undoubtedly, any area as spectacular as the meadows must be revisited; thus, this summer heralded a beginning for the Mulvey Trail.

There may have been a time when we could claim ignorance as our excuse for misusing land, but this is no longer the case. We are now capable of planning, on an ecological foundation, to use land so that its natural attributes enhance the quality and productivity of our surroundings.

TED GLENDENNING
President
Canadian Wildlife Federation



THE VALHALLA HUT

JANET PARFITT
DAVE PARFITT

Right from 1963 when some of our Club members first did some climbs in the Valhalla Range, one thing foremost in a lot of their minds was a cabin in Mulvey Meadows. The trail up Mulvey Creek was started in 1964 and not finished until 1968 (it is still not a highway).

It was decided to stage a Kootenay Mountaineering Club camp in Mulvey Meadows in the summer of 1969, this started the cogs turning -- design, snow load, finance, helicopter, etc.

After much investigation by our President, it was decided the Club could design and build a cabin which would be more economical than purchasing one.

Brian O'Hara of Cominco designed the hut and advised on materials (we hope we can still be friends of Brian after the Hut bears its first snow load!)

The prefabrication was carried out in Rossland with much practical help from Eric Strukely. This was all done even to the last coat of paint in just four good work parties.

Transport from Rossland to Slocan was provided by the 44th Field Squadron, Royal Canadian Engineers. On August 2nd the material was lifted in to Mulvey Meadows by helicopter -- eight small lifts in all. Tom Charlton had made sure that everything we would possibly need was included.

Sunday, 3rd August, saw great construction, a rock carting session for the foundations -- eventually after much spirit levelling and differing opinions the floor was completed by supper time. Enthusiasm was running high and by darkness the Valhalla Hut was standing -- walls and roof.

The next few days, following morning climbs, Mulvey Meadows rang with the sound of steady hammering and "Pass the spirit level".

Maybe good luck, or good management saw the roof completed minutes before a spectacular thunderstorm.

As a result of the bad weather, Bob Dean decided to run down the headwall and spend the day at home. He returned with elbows and a damper to improve our makeshift stovepipe.

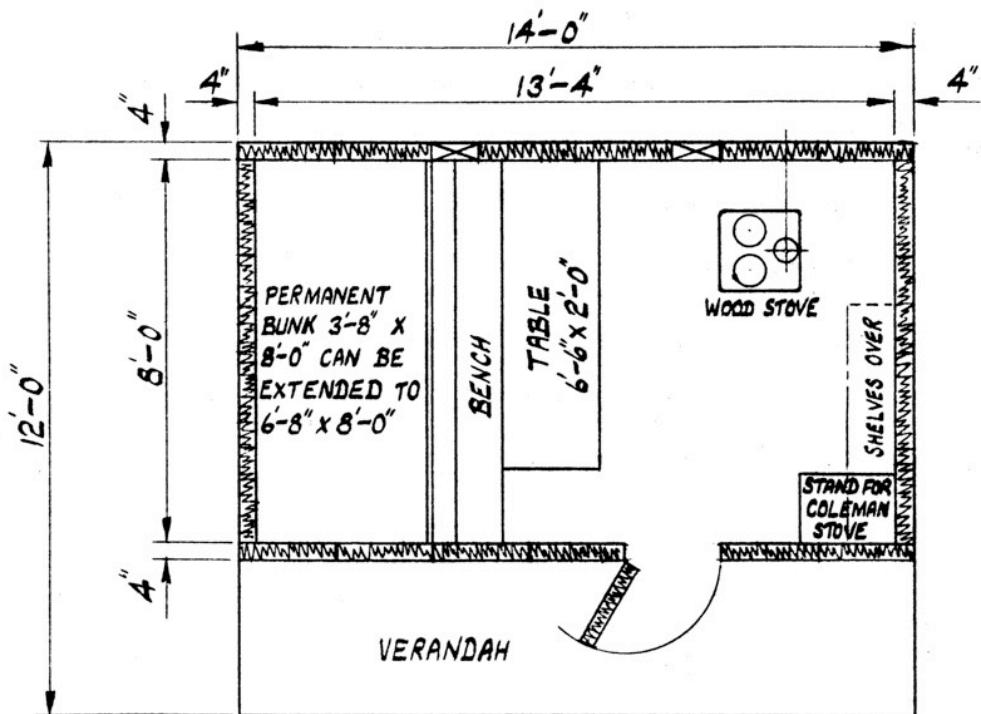
Visitors may remark on the front steps -- the lower step took five men one afternoon to manoeuvre into place, the top step, one evening and a bag of cement, plus Mr. President.

At camp windup, the interior of the cabin left a lot to be desired, on subsequent weekend trips the layout was improved and now approaches the comforts of home -- shelves, permanent bunk, table and benches.

We were forced to "Porcupine Proof" the Hut after finding that these animals reside in the Meadow.

Guttering was added along the veranda roof to prevent the heavy flow of water onto the veranda which was experienced during camp -- this may need another coat of roofing cement at the joints next summer.

It will be interesting to see how a prefabricated hut of this type stands the vigors of time, snow loads and, we hope, fairly heavy usage during the summer months.



VALHALLA HUT FLOOR PLAN

CAMP TIME IN MULVEY MEADOWS

JANET PARFITT

Year after year we've read in the Kootenay Karabiner -- "Mulvey Manoeuvres" or "Trail Cutting Time in Mulvey Creek" -- this year things are different.

This summer the Mulvey Creek Trail was well used when local mountaineers and friends from Portland, Seattle and Vancouver set up a climbing (and construction) camp in Mulvey Meadows.

Camp with it's 14 participants was set up around the proposed site of the Valhalla Hut. This is ideally situated 200 yds. from the top of the headwall and close to a creek which gives an ample supply of fresh water even in late summer.

This area must surely be unique -- such a well defined cirque with so many peaks rising from it - all within a "hands reach" of the Hut.

With the peaks so close to camp - few climbs were started before 8:00 a.m. - and mostly completed by early afternoon - this all added up to a fairly relaxing week.

Thanks to Helen for organizing the food; unfortunately she was unable to join us.

It is difficult to say how many actual climbs were done -- Gladheim Peak was climbed many times by the standard West Ridge Route, Asgaard Peak (Mulvey Cone) also saw many parties to the top along with Mt. Dag, The Wolf's Ears and Gimli Peak.

In addition to the above there were many first ascents and new routes. Iain Martin, Peter Rensz, and Frank Tarver did a first ascent of the West Peak of Mt. Prestley - the following day - Gerry Brown, Bob Dean, and Dave Parfitt did a first ascent of the Centre Peak of Mt. Prestley, and also climbed the West and East Peaks. Mt. Prestley is approximately a mile west of the cirque

and makes an interesting day trip from the Hut.

John Wurflinger and Eric Lance put a new route up the S.E. rib of Mt. Gladheim. Not to be outdone, Tom Chamberlain and Peter Rensz put yet another new route up Gladheim by leaving the standard route part way up the gully, to follow a smaller gully leading onto the South face.

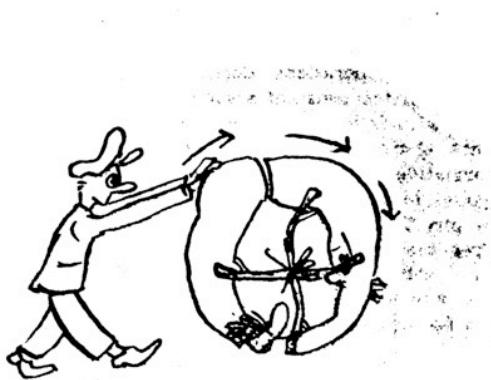
Gimli Peak also has a new route - up the N.E. Ridge from Mulvey Lake - this was climbed by Gerry Brown and Frank Tarver.

The efforts of our teenage participant, Marianne Tremblay, must not be forgotten. Marianne is the second woman to climb Gladheim Peak - she also climbed Asgaard, The Wolf's Ears and The Batwing (camp name).

For the less ambitious, Mulvey Meadows has much to offer in its' 15 spectacular lakes. Even in late August Mulvey Lake had ice floating on it.

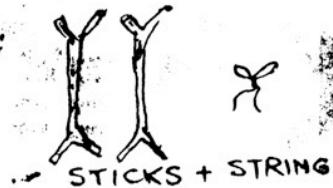
All in all a very successful camp both climbing and construction wise. The only advice camp participants have to offer is - don't leave Mulvey Meadows with more than 25 lbs. on your back and expect a comfortable trip down the headwall.

* It is interesting to note that the Valhalla Hut was used every weekend except one from the camp until mid September.



THE "2-FORKED STICK" METHOD OF GETTING PATIENT OUT OF BUSH.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT :



EVEREST AID DEVISED

A British Columbia doctor-mountaineer is developing a new type of oxygen system for an international expedition planning a 1971 assault on Mount Everest.

Dr. Barry Hagen, 31, of Kimberley, said Monday he is devising a system which will use solid chemicals rather than the heavy compressed-air tanks previously used by climbers.

Dr. Hagen is working on the project at the University of California in Berkeley, where he is working toward a PhD degree in environmental physiology with emphasis on high-altitude physiology.

He said development of the new oxygen system involves considerable engineering problems but he hopes to have it ready in time for tests in the Himalayas next spring, a year ahead of the projected climb.

The expedition, headed by Norman Dyhrenfurth of the United States and Lt.-Col. Jimmy Roberts of Britain, plans an unprecedented direct assault on the 7,000-foot south-west face of Everest.

Dr. Hagen, a graduate in science and medicine from the University of B.C., will be the expedition's doctor.

He practiced medicine in Prince George for a year before heading to Berkeley two years ago to do post-graduate work.

Dr. Hagen said in an interview from Berkeley he became involved in the Everest expedition through Dr. Leif-Norman Patterson, a former Berkeley and UBC professor.

The two were together on expeditions which made the successful second and third ascents of the 21,700-foot Cerro Yerupaja in Peru in 1966.

Dr. Hagen said that last year he and Vancouver mountaineers Martin and Esther Kafer pioneered a new route to the peak of Bolivia's 23,000-foot Ancohuma.

CONSERVATION COMMENT

G.F. KENYON

Since my spring report, conservation problems have continued to wax and wane with their customary regularity. The surface mining controversy has faded with the enactment of control legislation. Faded is perhaps not the right word: in abeyance would be a better way of expressing the present situation. As surface mining operations continue to expand we await the reaction of the government departments and companies to the spirit of the legislation. As I commented last time, the legislation delegates very wide discretionary powers to the Minister of Mines and, because of this, much of the effectiveness of control will depend on the attitude taken by government and industry in their interpretation of the spirit of the legislation. Will their efforts towards reclamation be P.R. jobs, or genuine attempts aimed at the protection of our land values and the rehabilitation of the land for its best subsequent use? Many thousands of people are awaiting the answer. Experts from the Kentucky Reclamation Commission have said our legislation will not be effective. It would be so nice to prove them wrong!

What's wrong with doing a bit of horse-trading with our Provincial Parks? A nice coastal park site for a few million dollars worth of timber in Strathcona Park. A donation from a large corporation specifically for parks development, in exchange for an undeveloped park reserve in the Highland Valley (and goodness knows the Parks Branch can use the money). What's wrong with that?

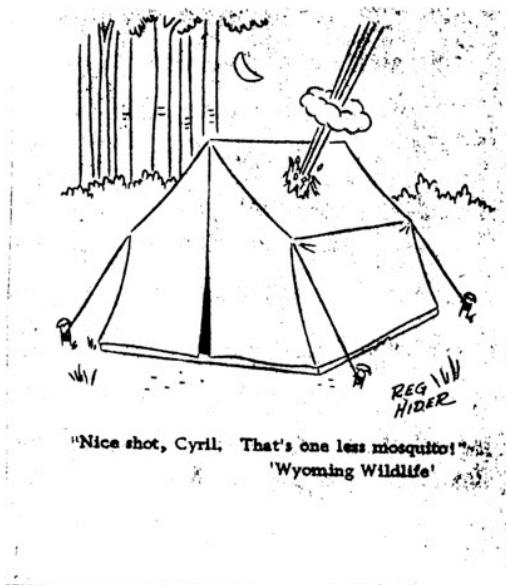
Nothing. Nothing at all. Assuming of course that you feel, as others apparently do, that parks are a convenient way of reserving trees and minerals and power potential for future exploitations when the price or opportunity is right. If, on the other hand, we assume that considerable foresight and

planning went into the decision to designate a particular area as a park, because of its merit as an area worth preserving in its natural state, then we do have grounds for apprehension. This is particularly true when the wheeling and dealing and the final decisions are made behind the scenes. By the time the public hears about the deal, it is an accomplished fact and there is nothing he can say or do to influence the decision. Any single one of our provincial parks can be exploited, changed, re-designated or even wiped out by a simple Order-in-Council. No public commotion necessary: just three or four cabinet ministers and a signature, and that's that. Saves a lot of fuss, time and money: and after all its for your own good.

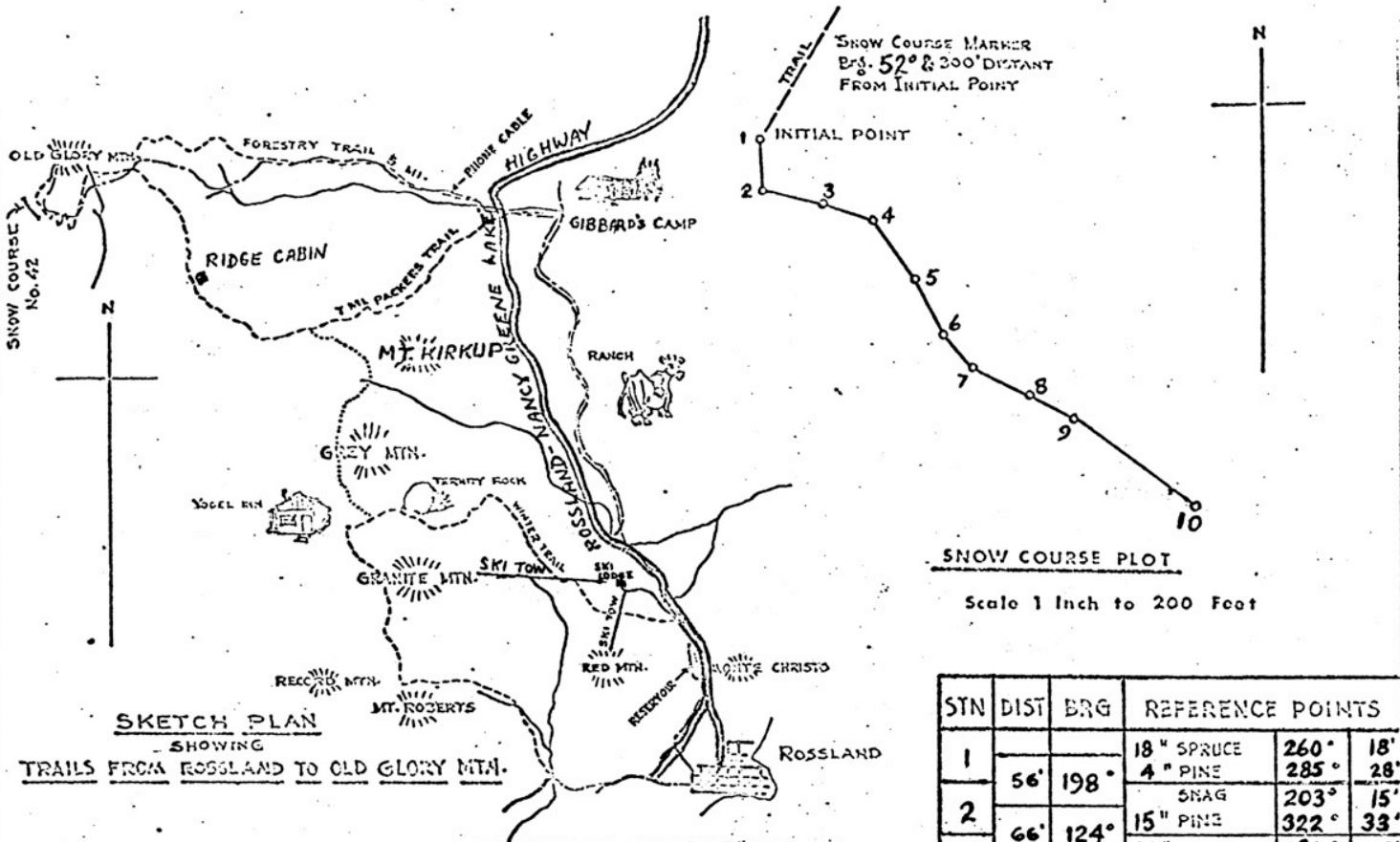
A final note regarding the Nancy Greene Recreation Area. What is it? Recreation has equal priority with other types of use. Alienations require prior approval of a committee of resource ministers interested in all aspects of resource use. If that is a recreation area then I have a suggestion for another one: British Columbia.

"Let's not make the mistake of getting emotional about air pollution. For instance, that fog you see over the city (New Westminster) this morning: 45 percent of it is pure water!"

Dr. Gordon Shrum
Chairman, B.C. Hydro
B.C. Wildlife
Federation Convention



A subdivision is a place where they bulldoze down all the trees. Then they name the streets after them.



DAVE PARFITT

On May 31st, Tom Smith, Roy Hopland, and I did the final snow survey of the 1969 season and brought down the sampling kit in pristine condition except for chewed straps on the carrying case.

I wrote to the water resources service suggesting some changes to the snow course and these were approved.

The work was done on three separate trips during the summer and involved painting the marker poles, replacing the reference plates with new one, measuring and painting the distance to the marker poles on the reference plates and revising the sketch map of the snow course to conform to the changes (see maps).

Involved with different stages of the work were Lynn Lennox, Janet Parfitt, and Bill Michaux while Mike Meredith did Yeoman work with a chainsaw to stock the Ridge Cabin with fuel for the winter.

STN	DIST	BRG	REFERENCE POINTS		
1			18" SPRUCE	260°	18'
	56'	198°	4" PINE	285°	28'
2	66'	124°	SNAG	203°	15'
			15" PINE	322°	33'
3	56'	130°	20" PINE	181°	15'
			16" PINE	234°	16'
4	79'	166°	20" PINE	301°	48'
			18" PINE	196°	16'
5	66'	175°	10" PINE	187°	18'
			8" PINE	252°	23'
6	48'	161°	6" PINE	186°	11'
7	68'	138°	12" PINE	285°	25'
			16" PINE	318°	22'
8	54'	139°	12" PINE	272°	15'
			14" PINE	118°	19'
9	165'	148°	6" PINE	51°	7'
			18" PINE	283°	17'
10			20" PINE	100°	18'
			4" SNAG	217°	10'



-23-

THE

LIONS

HEAD

JOHN CARTER

After spending nearly a month and a half at the Kinniard Bluffs, Jerry Brown and I decided it was time to give the Lions Head a try. Although we hadn't been doing too many difficult climbs at the practice cliffs, we did think we were in pretty good shape! Several weekends before Dave Parfitt, Iain Martin and I had scratched our way up the main crack in the cliff in four hours.

And so at 1:30 p.m. on June 21, Jerry and I met at Hieberts trailer court immediately below the "Lion". We assembled our equipment including two 120 ft. ropes, 12-15 pitons, 10 crabs, 6 slings, hammers, a bottle of water and a few cookies, and of course hard hats.

We bashed and crashed our way through the luxurious growth between the trailer court and cliff and after some consultation decided on "having a go" at the crack to the left of the main crack.

Since I was nearest the rock and feeling the most energetic I began what was to be the "new route". You might say that the first 80-100 ft. was very exciting! In fact I doubted several times whether I would ever see Jerry

again. The first 80 ft., consists of smooth rock, handholds either too high, too low or nonexisting, and small sloping cracks running the wrong way. Twice I attempted to get pegs in but could not find the necessary hole or the necessary balance to hammer them home. Near the top of the first pitch one has to bearhug a rocky nose sticking out and here I wished for a small can of contact cement. Finally I reached a small, narrow ledge pegged in, and brought-up a sweating, panting, swearing, struggling Jerry Brown.

Jerry took the next pitch, lay-backing over and under and between several overhanging slabs until he reached a larger ledge where he belayed me up. From here he led in fine fashion for 100 ft. to the bottom of a long, narrow chimney.

This appeared to be the only way up so I was elected to see if the chimney was usable. Usable wasn't the word for it as for some 90 ft. I chimneyed scratched hung and pulled my way, until I reached a beautiful chock-stone. Again I brought Jerry up and here we sat down and had a drink, a bite to eat and examined our next position.

Looking out to the river from our vantage point there appeared to be three alternatives: I to the immediate left II out 25 ft. and to the left III out 25 ft. to the right. Jerry gave the II a try and found that the holds just sloped too much toward him and without dozens of pitons it was useless. Next I tried I directly above and to the left of the chockstone and found that the holds again sloped out and down and the chimney was impossible to use. I might add that we belayed each other as one drop would be down the chimney 90 ft. or 150 ft. to the first ledge on the front. Jerry gave III a go and nearly made it had he been able to get a good peg in. It looked like 12 ft. and we would have had it made. I tried Jerry's II and came up with a big "zilch" and sore fingers. Again Jerry tried III and by this time our fingers

and legs were becoming tired. In went 2 pegs, crabs, and belay rope through them, and I had Jerry tight against the rock. Another peg to the left for a foot hold, one more above his head and then he gave it the big try.

Sprang, zang, zing went his foot hold peg, and low and behold Jerry was hanging from his pegs, having dropped not more than 6 in. After some heated words he regained his footing, retrieved the pegs and crabs, and joined me on the chockstone.

After that final effort by Jerry we decided that it was time to head her down. The only acceptable way down was the way we had come up so we said goodbye too the little wall until the next time.

Can anyone tell me what is more fun than going down a chimney for 90 ft. that 1 1/2 hours earlier you just scratched your way up? What a way to go?!? From the bottom of the chimney we climbed about 60 ft. down and then repelled in 2 rope lengths to the thick jungle below. Where we set up our first repel we found a peg and nylon sling and Jerry suggested it had been left John Warflinger several years before. We reached the cars 6 hours after starting and believe me we were tired.

The climb had turned out tougher than expected but we had really enjoyed it and we would recommend it to anyone who thinks the practice cliffs are easy. Just remember to take a few extra pegs and lots of contact cement!

MOUNTAIN CRAFT

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

Mountain climbing is an adventure: an adventure open before our eyes and more or less accessible. There can be no adventure without uncertainty of its result, and in good adventure there is also an element of risk, even of danger to life. In climbing mountains, danger is a constant element, not remote as in other parts: it is always with us behind the veil of pleasant circumstances, and it can be upon us before we are aware. The mountaineer, therefore, has not only to know and observe the rules which govern the good playing of all games, he has to keep another set of values constantly in mind, values which involve the larger issues of life and death. To lose a game may be beneficial and is always educative; to be beaten on a mountain may incur the loss of a life or of our peace of mind.

NOVEMBER SCENE

ELIZABETH COTTAM WALKER

Yesterday when cold twilight dimmed to night
With a splash of gold and carmine shot with grey
Over western hills, this land seemed lost--
Pillaged and broken, left to swift decay.

Then in the night, on padding feet, the snow
Covered the land, reshaping every bush
And broken fence rail, and each leafless weed
Into a still and white and wondrous hush.

And I, who loved this new, clean world
Wondered at discontent when the newness fled,
And searched for the ugly, broken, familiar things
Over which this camouflage of peace was spread.

MOUNT AIRY TRIP

HOWIE RIDGE

Mount Airy is an 8378 footer in Norn's Range of the Valkyr Mountain Range. It is located at the head waters of Airy Creek, Russel Creek, and Ladybird Creek. The mountain can be plainly seen from Highway 6 between Passmore and Vallican in the Slocan Valley. The peak is not particularly impressive and certainly not technically difficult, but its greatest challenge is the long distance which must be travelled for a day trip attempt from any route chosen.

Early in the spring of this year I was asked by Iain Martin, our club president, if I would give my consent to leading the Mount Airy trip. This would be my first test as a trip leader for the club. The challenge seemed inviting.

With the hope of leading a well prepared climb I took a local boy, David McClenegham, of Bonnington with me on a reconnaissance of the area the weekend before July 26, 27 which was to be the target date for Mount Airy. We went as far as the junction of the Milton Creek, Russel Lookout roads on our Honda 90's before setting out on foot. We climbed the headwall at the end of Milton Creek, admiring the beautiful basin below us, and looked across the headwaters of Airy Creek to the mountain. It was still about two miles away, a rather depressing fact for David as his legs were quite sore.

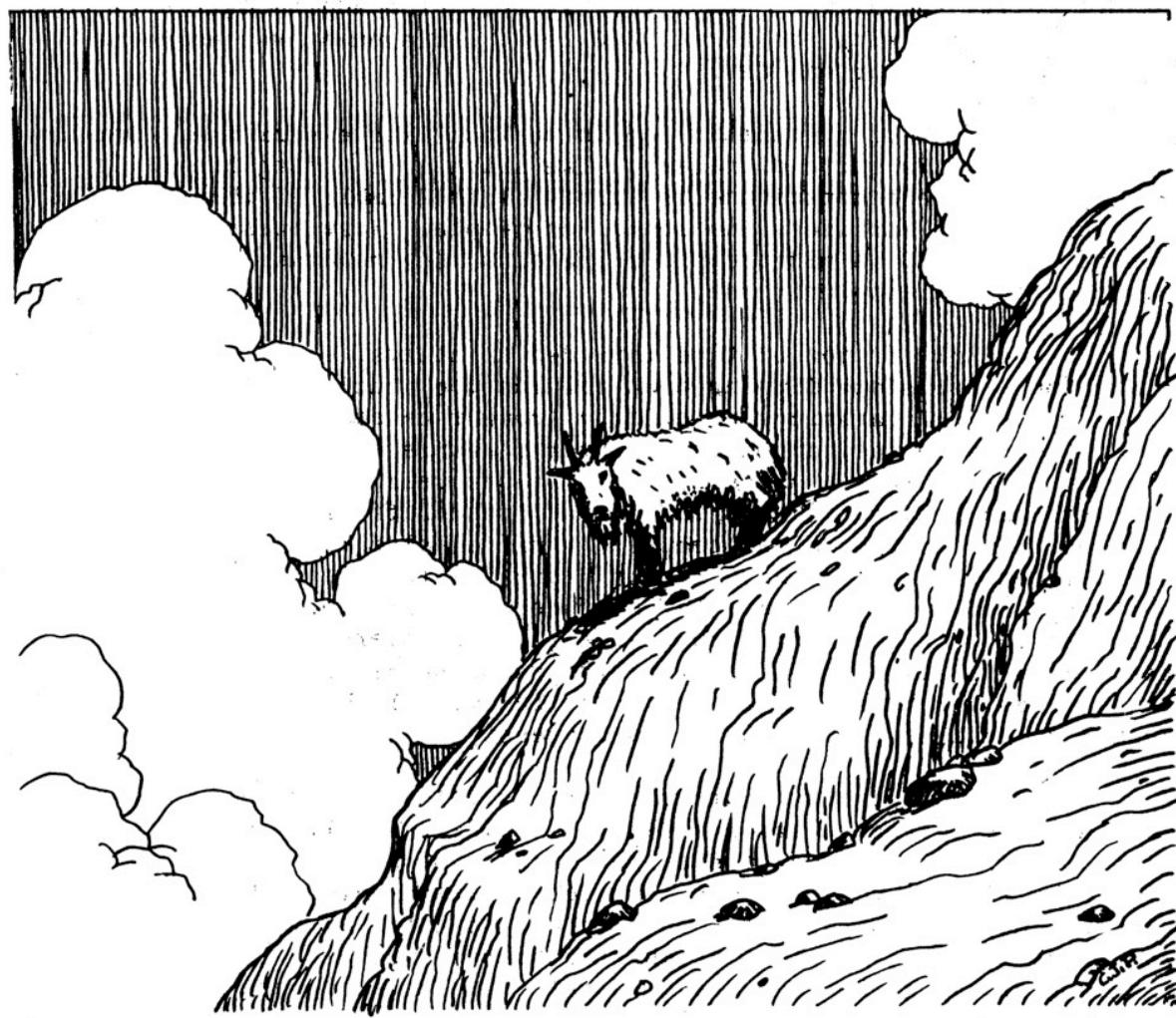
Traversing the east side of the ridge we soon came face to face with a beautiful, and very large mountain goat. Several pictures of a fleeting goat later we were about the half-way point along the ridge towards Mt. Airy. Here I had a great view of the route around the bluffs and to the main part of the mountain, so considering David's condition I decided to retrace our steps leaving the ascent of the summit for the main trip the following weekend.

At 6:15 a.m. on Sunday, 27 July, Sue Port, Peter McIver, Gerry Brown, Tom Smith, Graham Lloyd, and I departed from Passmore. The group followed exactly the same route as David and I had followed the previous weekend, until we reached the foot of the main peak on the north side. I led Graham across the rock face into a snow chute where we inched our way along the steep rock and snow, then scrambled up onto the summit ridge to await the others who had chosen different routes. Gerry was leading Peter on a rope directly up the north ridge, while Sue and Tom had chosen to skirt the mountain to the north-west and come up the west side. Graham and I waited 25 minutes with no sign of the others, so with a final glance at the snow chute (how did we make it without ice axes?) we scrambled up the last few feet to the summit arriving at 1:00 p.m. I was very impressed by the very large cairn but mostly by the day. The sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky. Visibility was as fine as I had ever seen, in every direction. The air had an almost unbelievable cleanliness to it. At 1:30 we were joined by Gerry and Peter, and at 2:00 by Sue and Tom. We all watched a single engine plane flying low up Ladybird Creek, disappearing over the divide into Grizzley Creek. Lunch completed, we departed the summit at 2:30 P.M. by the east face then crossed onto the north ridge and headed back to the cars.

On the return, Gerry, Peter, and I took time to climb over a 7700 foot bump on the ridge. On top we found a non-climbers message, an empty

soda pop can. I would have packed it out but my pack was full. (Sorry Helen B.)

We arrived at the cars at 6:30 just as a small cloud appeared and dumped a few drops upon us. Tom said that he had really enjoyed the trip but that in the future he would appreciate it if I would lead trips that were a greater challenge to his cardio-respiratory conditioning. (Bob Dean and I were thinking of racing into Valhalla Hut next summer, Tom, and ...)



COPPER-DOMINION MTN. TRAVERSE

RICK ASKEW

On Sunday, July 20th, nine members of the Kootenay Mountaineers decided to go on a hike, double traverse of Copper and Dominion mountains.

The party was divided into two groups. Howie Ridge was to meet his party comprised of Tom Charlton, Norm Thyer, Peter McIver, and Bob Dean at the Barrett Creek bridge. They piled into Norman's Jeep and Bob's Volks for the trip up the Barrett Creek road.

While they were climbing Dominion mountain, the other party of Leo Gansner, Jack Steed, Don Cameron met at Taghum bridge where I picked them up in the Landrover. We waited half an hour or so for any stragglers, then headed up Forty-Nine Creek to climb Copper.

It was a lovely day for a hike and on the height of land between Copper and Dominion the parties met, ate lunch, exchanged car keys and enjoyed themselves identifying the various peaks of the Valhallas. We agreed to meet at the Super Valu parking lot in Nelson to collect our own vehicles. I'm afraid Howie's group had to wait for us as we found the road out from Barrett Lake was awful, mud holes, boulders, ruts, etc. How the devil Bob got the Volks up there amazed us all. Leo was given the honour of driving the Volks down solo. Jack and Don elected to accompany me down in Norman's Jeep.

In all, a very enjoyable day.

P.S. Rick might have reported that, planned or not, the two parties met for lunch within minutes of high noon. A good deal of friendly banter helped our digestion and our enjoyment of the scenery before we slung our packs and started in opposite directions for the second half of the hike. The only unhappy note other than the rough road was a severe leg cramp suffered by one Trailite which was partially relieved by a donation of salted peanuts by Howie Ridge.

Creamy cold delicious milk shakes at Super-Valu helped speed the minutes as we awaited the stragglers.

Ye. Ed.

MT. TEMPLEMAN (10,000 FT.)

AUG. 15-17, 1969

GERRY BROWN

Meeting Place: Gerrard

Personnel: Five KMC members: Bob Dean, Howie Ridge, Graham
Kenyon, Peter McIvor, Gerry Brown.

Two Visitors: Peter Young, Buster Brown

Weather: Friday - night - thunder showers

Saturday - morning - rain

afternoon - unsettled

evening - clearing

Sunday - clear but cool

Road Approach: Cross Lardeau River over old bridge - 2-3 miles south of Gerrard - watch for wasp's nest on bridge. Seventeen miles of access road along Healey Creek is suitable for four-wheel drives - VW's can make it with some help and Dean-like determination.

Road terminates at 6600 foot level on height of land between Healey and Hall creeks.

Camping Area: Small alp just off road 300 yards from top of ridge;
water 75 yards down in gully next to alp.

Approach to Templeman: From end of road in Hall Creek basin climb gradual slopes over scree and snow into col between two prominent mountains - height of col 8600 ft. Good view of Mt. Templeman.

From col climb peak on the west - height 9300.

Follow broken north ridge to south-east glacier of

Mt. Templeman - height 8800 feet.

Cross glacier and ascend to south ridge of Templeman.

Black coal like slate formations.

Mt. Templeman: Via south ridge. The south ridge has both quite wide and very narrow sections. However, detours to either side are feasible.

The ridge is not technically difficult, but it has some exposure. There are plenty of holds but few are secure. Ropes are required as a safety feature.

View: A good view of the Bad Shots, the Bottle Range, and the Bugaboo and Howser Spires can be had from the top of Templeman.

Rock: The rock is generally very poor in this area, being well-weathered slate formations. Large parties are not advisable as rock fall is inevitable.

Time: We were a party of four from the 8600 foot col, and used 8-9 hours from vehicle to vehicle.

General Comment: This was a very successful trip with all members of the party reaching the 8600 foot col, three members made the 9600 foot mark on Templeman and one member made the summit of Templeman.

The whole success to any trip into Mt. Templeman depends upon the condition of seventeen miles of fire and mine access road. The road is primarily designed for four wheel drive vehicles, however, a VW will make it with a little help and determination. The beauty of this road is that it takes one to the 6600 foot height of land leaving a climb of only 3400 feet to the top of Mt. Templeman.



MOUNT CARELYLE AND FLINT LAKES

Olwyn Ringheim

The shock came at the Spring Kootenay Mountaineering Club dinner last April -- my name was listed as the leader of a club trip to Mt. Carlyle. Upon going over the summer schedule after the dinner, our president Iain Martin, in his broad Scotch and usual humorous fashion, announced that "Olwyn Ringheim will find Mt. Carlyle when the snow is gone and then will lead us to it!" The spirit of adventure was nearly knocked out of me. After all, I had never been there myself and I could picture hikers floundering around in dense underbush

and never seeing the top at all.

On the map it shows Mt. Carlyle as being approximately 8687 ft. in altitude in a range north of Kokanee Park at the head of Carlyle Creek which flows into Keen Creek. This mountain, with its' twin peaks, is a beautiful sight and can be seen from the highway upon entering Kaslo.

And when the snow was gone, I had to find this trail that led to the mountain. Helen Butling and I hiked one rainy day in the area of Carlyle Creek but without any luck. We visited Bob Dean and he told us that the beginning of the trail had been cut off by a logging road which made it harder to find. Bob Dean had made an ascent of these peaks a year before and his written account of his climb was most useful. Can you imagine the thrill it was for me when Bob agreed to come along and lead the way? I was most grateful.

On July 12th at 9:00 a.m. we all gathered at my place on the North Shore at Nelson for our two day outing. There were twelve of us - Bob Dean, Lynne Lennox, John Carter, Howie Ridge, Graham Lloyd, Tom Smith and son Bill, Roy Hopland, and three fishermen from Trail, Ken, Karl, Sergio Mussio and his obedient dog Nugget. We then drove past Kaslo on the New Denver road about five miles to the turn off for Keen Creek, then up this road about another four miles. After being very sure that all the cars were securely enclosed in chicken wire, we set off with our packs for the trail. Bob found the trail without any difficulty and just as he said, "the trail never crosses Carlyle Creek until you reach the lake". The trail was good and rose gently all the way. The flowers in the area were gorgeous -- thousands of perfumed orange tiger lilies and purple fleabane with a mixture of other alpine blossoms. After about three and a half hours of hiking we came to the first of the three lakes and made our camp here. The fishermen were in their glory and it wasn't long before there were fish frying in the pan. Young Bill Smith could

scarcely stay away from fishing long enough to eat or sleep!

After preparing our shelters and having a lunch, the rest of the afternoon was spent hiking to the other lakes. They were small and each lake was higher in altitude than the first and were beautifully coloured in shades of blue and green. There was a cabin at the second lake and several mine workings on the steep hill sides. One can't help but think of the hardships endured by prospectors and miners in areas such as these. We also climbed the ridge opposite the mountain we were to climb the next day. By evening we were back at camp and it wasn't long until there were suppers cooking over an open fire. It was soon to bed as a threatening thunder storm cut short our chat around the camp fire.

7 a.m. Sunday morning the days' action had started for me. I woke to hear Bob Dean shouting, "Olwyn, Olwyn, here you are, the leader of the climb and you are still sleeping. Everyone else has eaten breakfast and is dressed ready to go and you are not out of bed yet!" I was going to forgo breakfast in an effort to make up for some of the time loss but after really coming to my senses, I found that everyone else was still in their sleeping bag. Thank goodness! Bob had had his breakfast (I don't know what it consisted of but it didn't require a fire) and even gone back to bed "to keep warm". Well it wasn't long after that and everyone was up and preparing for the day's events.

We were on the trail at 9:00 a.m. eight of us set out, the others wishing to fish for the day. After leaving the second lake we went up a miners' path and then found our own way upward. It was easy climbing up to the ridge which adjoined the mountain. There were a few patches of snow up to this part of the route. It was here that some of the group decided to climb and explore other parts of the area for the day. Five of us went on

to the top.

Then we came to the actual climb and the first few feet presented a steep rock face with not many foot and hand holds. (at least not enough close enough together for me!) But under Bobs' guidance we made out well. You know, I think he could have talked a ball into rolling upward on that first few feet. After reaching the first peak we rested and marvelled at the view. There were storms on some of the peaks as the weather was unsettled at the time. Then onward to the second peak by way of first decending then climbing over large rocks around the "back" to where we were below the second peak. A ridge walk from one summit to the other was impossible. These peaks have approximately the same altitude. It took us about an hour from one peak to the other. By 1:00 p.m. we had reached our goal and being lunch time, we had it with a sprinkling of snowflakes in the sun. Fortunately we escaped the storms that moved across the other ranges and valleys. We recognized many of the peaks that were visible in the distance. We also had a glimpse of Kootenay Lake and Kaslo. After pictures were taken and the rest time enjoyed we had to start back down, following approximately the same route as the ascent until we came to the snow patches. We took advantage of a little sliding for a change of pace! We reached our camp at about 4:00 p.m. and made ready our packs for the trail out to Keen Creek. We had yet a ways to walk before the day was over but there was one consolation -- it was downhill all the way. On the lower slopes Lynne and I picked a few huckleberries. We just couldn't resist them.

Our two days had gone by so fast. There had been some type of outdoor recreation for each to enjoy and so an unforgettable weekend was spent by us twelve in the wilds of Mt. Carlyle and the Flint Lakes.

SLOCAN CHIEF

Spring 1969

In the beginning their was darkness on the face of the earth. Black clouds rolled up the valley, layering snow on the scattered band of pilgrims plodding towards the promised land. They reached their goal an hour before midnight under clearing skies. The revellers of the band were already apparent: very apparent indeed. The magic of the mountain silence cringed in the alcoholic haze.

The fanatics to whom skiing is a religion in itself were up early to worship at the dazzling shrine. Parfitt returned, flushed with an natural favour, adding wings to the other eager pilgrims. The glorious day under blue, blue skies continued for some as a continuing procession of ascents and descents, and for others as a time for relaxation.

Evening time and the pilgrims ascended Smuggler's Ridge for the ancient ritual of observation as the sun sank away in the western sky. There were many regrets when the descent proved to be more difficult than anticipated -- in the extreme.

The Happy How passed relatively quietly, and even the usual delinquents were hushed very soon after 10:00 p.m.

The hardest devotees were off to the furthest Mt. Cond (Hursk & Wood) while most of the rest were content to sweat up to Esmeralda, there to soak in mountain sunshine until noon. The descent was --- well it was fantastic.

The afternoon was spent in earnest discussion revolving around the qualifications of one member as a director of a local ski club; even as the particular member became happier and happier. By Happy Hour he was not only happy, he was over-joyed. Meanwhile others went fishing (!), but the fish were uncooperative.

A Wood-type ski-jump provided evening entertainment with the elder Wood displaying a remarkable ability and the elder Parfitt displaying a remarkable disability.

The evening sky was beyond description.

A last pilgrimage to the glacial summit, again under glorious skies; and a last fantastic descent. The intensity of passion evident in the exuberance of some showed that there is after all something else in this world which may one day take over from sex.

By 10:00 p.m. the last tidying was complete. The pilgrims bowed one last time towards the east and it was time to return to their mundane living. But memories were made this weekend. Their lives were revitalized for another year - another summer and another winter.

And peace once more descended upon the mountains.

B.C. WILDLIFE FEDERATION

by G.F. Kenyon

Hopefully, by the time most members read this the Kootenay Mountaineering Club will be a member club of the B.C. Wildlife Federation. This then will be the first report of the activities of this organization to appear in the Karabiner.

When I proposed last spring that we join the Federation, it was because of my firm belief that this organization represented the most effective means of furthering conservation in this province. My view has not changed but since my election as a director of the Federation in May, it can no longer be considered unbiased!

The Federation is presently in the midst of a state of change. Executive Director, Howard Paish has resigned to start his own consulting company on resource management; biologist Lorne Russell has joined him. Geoff Warden is the new executive director and applications for an assistant are being considered. It is anticipated that "Howard Paish and Associates" will be hired as necessary by the Federation for specific study projects, which should lead to a more efficient operation. Money is a problem at the moment, but it is hoped that a current fund raising drive will provide the necessary financial backing.

It is quite likely that we will see some re-organization of the Federation in the next year or so. Our objectives and policies in many cases are so much broader than those of the majority of member clubs. Yet, because the present organizational structure is based on the club as distinct from the individual, we inadvertently restrict the Federation's effectiveness. Our biggest challenge is to convince the average British Columbian that wildlife, outdoor recreation and environmental quality generally are worth supporting. We obviously are handicapped considerably if we must first ask him to join a local club, which frequently bears very little resemblance to the Federation.

Meanwhile the work goes on. Consultations and discussions with government officials becomes more and more common place. A synopsis of a meeting with the resource ministers is appended below. A major

priority for the future will be an intensive study of recreational use of crown lands [as distinct from fencing areas off and calling them parks where recreation is "allowed"]. The Federation advisory board [Dr. Ian McTaggart-Cowan; Roderick Haig Brown, Peter Young and Bill Yeomans] should be of considerable help here. You may have seen the Federation's statement on DDT.

It is obviously not practical to mention all the activities of the Federation here. I will be pleased to give further details and information to anyone; and of course if you have any suggestions or ideas of province-wide implication which would interest the Federation, please let me know.

Incidentally, the annual convention of the B.C. Wildlife Federation will be held in Trail next year - an excellent opportunity to experience personally just what the Federation is all about.

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Report on June 16th Luncheon Meeting with provincial government Resource Ministers:
At the meeting were the Hon. Ken Kiernan, the Hon. Ray Williston, the Hon. Dan Campbell, and the Hon. Frank Richter.

We had had no indication of what the Ministers might wish to discuss prior to the luncheon, or what the purpose of the meeting might be, but it was intended apparently to be simply an informal "get acquainted" meeting. In part the Ministers seemed to regard it as an opportunity to give us their side of the story on some issues. Following the meal each of the Ministers was asked to speak in turn on his particular interests. The Hon. Ray Williston pre-empted the greater part of the time available. He spoke at length on pollution, on wildlife ranges in the Libby Impoundment area, and on pulpmills.

He suggested that the problem of cleaning up pollution could not be handled overnight, and implied that if a complete clean-up were attempted it would be at the cost of jobs and other elements of our accepted standard of living.

Regarding lands surrounding the Libby Impoundment, he indicated that wildlife interests would be protected in the relocation of persons presently using grazing lands that are to be flooded.

He spoke at considerable length on the problems of pulpmills, and laid much of the blame for Northwood Pulp's failure to control effluent at the door of the Canadian engineers who had designed the mill's control systems.

He defended the government's failure to shut down plants which were causing pollution, on the grounds that to do so would cause too great an economic disruption and put too many people out of jobs. He felt it was better to keep the mills going and work out the problems while they operated.

The Hon. Dan Campbell expanded on the system of regional districts which has been set up. He also pointed out that municipal councils are now directly responsible for the installation of sewage systems and sewage treatment plants. They no longer have to refer to the voter for approval of a money bill for these purposes.

The Hon. Frank Richter, Minister of Mines, defended the Kaiser operation against the recent charge that they were polluting a stream in the area. He had taken samples of the water from the lower Fraser, and the latter contained much more silt. The main siltation of the stream, he said, was coming from a point below the Kaiser discharge.

Federation representatives who had attended the informal luncheon felt that it had been very worthwhile, and that through the personal contacts that had been established we would likely find the way open to Ministers other than the Minister of Recreation & Conservation a little easier in future. This apparently had been Mr. Kiernan's main purpose in calling the meeting, and he suggested at the end of the luncheon that we should repeat in future months.

People may paint and photograph camp and camp fires until doomsday; but after all they are mostly tame and spiritless. One might as well try to paint the perfume of orange blossoms, or the charm of a lovely woman's manner, for all are equally futile. But those who have camped in the lap of Nature, far from the haunts of man, far beyond the last trail and the ultimate tin can, can realize that any pictures the composite sensations of awe, of triumph, and of rare satisfaction which filled our souls as we lit our campfire and settled down for the night.

Camp fires in the Canadian Rockies
W.T. Hornaday 1905

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS SUMMIT THOUGHTS

HOWIE RIDGE

We photographed each other and the views,
trying even as we took the pictures to impress the
sight on our memories more indelibly than the cameras
could on film. If only this moment could last, I
thought, if no longer than
we do. But I knew even then
that we would forget, that
some day all I should
remember would be the memories
themselves, rehearsed like an
archaic dance; that I should
stare at the pictures and try
to get back inside them,
reaching out for something
that had slipped out of my
hands and spilled in the
darkness of the past.





The High Ridge of the Purcells and the
Headwaters of Glacier Creek

A TRIP IN THE PURCELLS

LEO GANSNER

The Macbeth Icefield was our hoped-for destination. It was a Saturday morning in late August when we left Rick Askew's summer cottage on the West Arm. He had organized the trip and we left in his new Land Rover along with Rose Anderson's Volkswagen. Other members of the party were Jack Steed, Jim Street and Don Cameron.

Reaching Lardeau and driving north toward the Duncan Dam we could see the icefield in the far distance including its chief peak, Mount Macbeth. Travelling up the east side of Duncan Lake we reached Glacier-Creek where we transferred the baggage and occupants of the V.W. to the Land Rover. We started, somewhat overloaded, up a steep grade and around a sharp bend to join the old mining road going up the creek. This clings to clay banks high above the roaring creek and ascends gently to a group of abandoned buildings about two and a half

miles from our turn-off.

There we started with our packs and after two or three miles on a good grade, crossed the stream and reached Maitland Harrison's base cabin. This is a most substantial structure, in very good condition, bearing in mind that it is years since he gave up trapping; further up the main branch of the creek are two more cabins. After lunch we started up the trail behind the cabin but instead of turning right to follow the main stream, we continued northerly on what appeared to be a well established trail. After an hour or two this petered out and in order to avoid steep slopes rising from the stream, we climbed high above it through brush and light timber. Then we worked our way down again passing through heavier timber. Beyond we could catch glimpses of a large meadow-like area shown on the map as being at an elevation of just below 5,000 feet. Unable to find a suitable crossing we decided to remove our boots and wade the glacial stream. With rather slippery stones underfoot and swift water up to our knees, it was a numbing experience. It should be noted that Rick gallantly piggy-backed Rose to the far side. Enough said! We encountered a few wet spots in crossing the meadow and made a late camp in the trees beside a small stream on the far side. With Jim's Polyetheylene ground sheet and my ten by ten canvas we had a very comfortable tent which accommodated five. Jack's small two-man tent was set up nearby for Rose.



Mt. Macbeth

-Peni-Lynn-

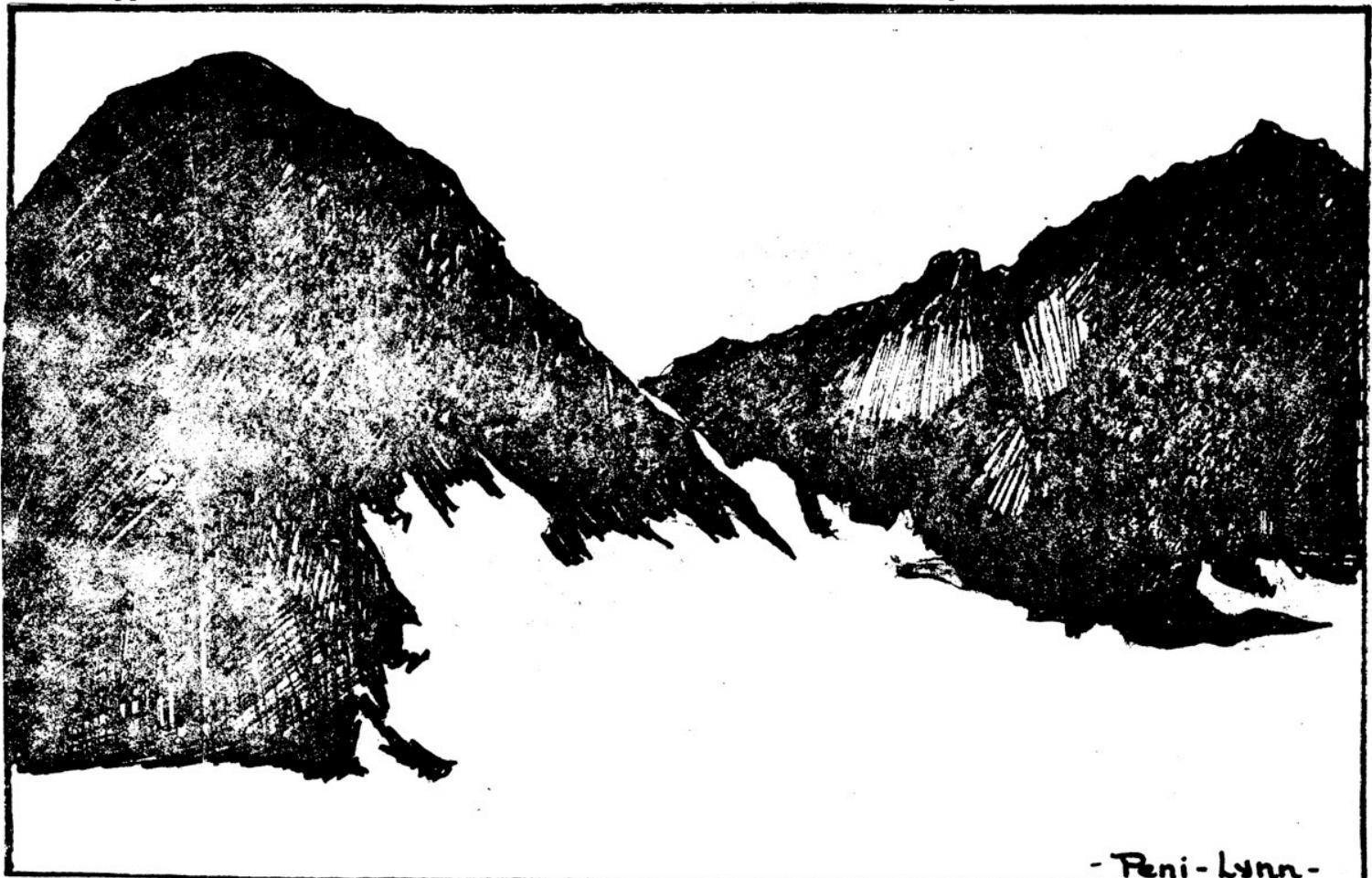
Next morning we went up the meadow through a timbered area on the flat ground and turned almost due north up the slope on our left. We travelled through brush, over rockslides and through timber, climbing steadily until about noon when we caught our first view of Truce and Cauldron, two of the peaks which form the headwaters of the main fork of Glacier Creek. These two, though somewhat higher than Toby and Hammil, are lower than Jumbo which is considerably to the north. We continued up a rocky slope until mid-afternoon when we reached an ideal camping spot at an elevation of somewhat over 7,000 feet. There was plenty of level ground, wood and water. Luxuriant meadows nearby were broken by ridges of rock, small pools and streams, and covered by a variety of wild flowers: bright paint brushes, willow herb, fleabanes and many others. We loafed the rest of the afternoon, and enjoyed a leisurely meal by the campfire. We had a good view to the east of Mount Macbeth and the moraine below it.

Because of the ridges and canyons between us, we concluded that if we were to reach the icefield, we would have to do so by circling and approaching it from the north. To the south we had a panoramic view of Truce and Cauldron and other peaks and snowfields on the high ridge of the Purcells.

Early the next morning, we followed the most logical route to bring us above the steep scree covered ridge between us and the icefield. After climbing over the rocks for some distance, we reached the foot of a long couloir which narrowed as it led to a small col on the skyline. The snow was frozen so that it was not long before we were obliged to put on crampons. "Lead on, Macduff," we said to Rick and he led us up the slope where we were stopped by a bergschwund and moved onto the rocks. Coming onto the col, we peered over the cornice to look into the drowned valley of the Duncan River. It was quickly apparent that we could not reach the icefield from this point as our route was blocked by loose rock which covered the peak that formed the northerly extremity of the ridge between us and Macbeth. We turned toward the west climbing over the snow and rocks to reach the summit of Mount Banquo, at a reputed elevation of 9,850 feet. Interestingly, there was a ridge of snow near the top which continued to decrease in size until, when almost at the summit, we were able to reach out and use it as a handrail. Our view was magnificent. The Howser Spires stood out above the skyline and about 180 degrees to the right was Mount Cooper. Directly below and ahead was the Duncan Dam. Instead of retracing our steps we came down the far side of Banquo. Much of the rock was rather loose, necessitating some care due to the steepness of the slope. In places we would start half a yard of scree in motion at each step. Returning to our scenic campsite of the previous afternoon, we gathered up our packs and hurried down the slope. Jack picked an excellent route down some rock ridges and long slides which brought us to a point on the meadow just above the site of our first camp. Here we spent the night.

Next morning, hoping to avoid wading the creek again, we stayed on its north bank following a game trail. Travelling high above the stream for several miles, we descended to look for a suitable crossing. We found the creek still flowing through a steep canyon. Some distance below, we crossed over a small logjam, then climbing up the far bank, came upon the trail we had ascended three days before. Mid-afternoon brought us back to the Land Rover. Then back to the world of black topped highways and automatic gearshifts.

Our observation of the terrain and an earlier reconnoitre by Rick convinced us that an approach to the icefield from the west was impractical. This conclusion is fortified by the fact that previous ascents of Macbeth and Macduff have been from the East Kootenay. These peaks were first named and climbed in 1960, as reported in the Canadian Alpine Journal, 1961. We had the satisfaction of exploring a little travelled area, and of making what appears to have been the first recorded ascent of Mt. Banquo.



- Peni-Lynn -

Mt. Banquo

SURVIVAL IN SNOW

Introduction

The following information and advice on "Survival in Snow" was prepared by the Soil Conservation Branch of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The editors hope it will enable readers of the Kootenay Karabiner to better cope with the rigors of a winter night in the outdoors.

When you vacation or work in the mountains, there is always the danger that you will become lost or be delayed overnight. In winter, cold temperatures and snow add to your survival problems. To survive overnight or for a week or more in the mountains in the winter you must understand the problems you will have to face and know what to do about them. Most injuries and deaths in the snow are caused by fear of sleeping in the snow. This article will tell you how to use tree boughs and snow to protect and shelter yourself from the most severe winter snow storms and cold temperatures.

Anytime you travel in the mountains or remote country you should be prepared for emergencies. By admitting that it is possible to become lost or delayed you will be mentally prepared. The next step is to always be properly equipped. Minimum equipment is a sleeping bag and matches. If you do not have a sleeping bag or other equipment, you can and will survive. Additional recommended items for a planned trip are:

Sunglasses	Knife	Hatchet	Maps
Signal Equipment --- Flares and panels, if possible			
Small First Aid Packet	Tarp or plastic sheet		
High protein, high calorie dehydrated rations			
Light cooking gear			
Pan	Hanging container to melt or hold water		

If you are lost or delayed, don't panic. Have a survival plan and use it. Always travel and work at a speed fast enough to keep warm; but not so fast that you will sweat. Stop early - at least an hour and a half before sunset - so that you will have plenty of time to select and build a good shelter.

If you are below tree line, look for a camp site in the heaviest timber. Determine the wind direction by observing snow drifts. The side of a drift with a sharp drop is the wind protected side. Construct your shelter with the entrance facing in this same direction. Be sure that there is no avalanche danger. You can detect avalanche paths by looking out for steep slopes and draws above you with abrupt changes in vegetation with small and bent trees. Open water helps to make a better camp but is not essential. The shelter should be as small as possible. The smaller it is the warmer it will be.

In timber country you can build a lean-to which will give good protection. Select a level wind-protected spot. Then tramp the snow with your skis or snowshoes. Use two "Y" shaft poles about one inch thick and four feet long for the front corners. Lay a long slender pole across the two "Y" shafts. Then lean poles from back to front on this pole. Cover the pole frame roof and sides with boughs. You should use small springy boughs for the bed mattress. Push the big end of the boughs into the snow at about 30° angle; all pointing the same way. The thicker you make the mattress the warmer you will be.



Snow caves are the warmest shelters during cold weather and in snow at least four feet deep. Dig your cave in the side of a deep snow drift which faces away from the wind. Be sure that your cave is not located under an over-hanging drift (cornice) or in an avalanche path.

Cover the floor of the cave with sticks, grass boughs or a tarp. You should close the mouth of the cave with a pack-sack or door made of branches laced with boughs. If you wish, poke an air hole up through the snow with a ski pole or stick. Usually there is enough leakage and air in the snow to provide ample oxygen. Remember that the temperature of snow (25-32 degrees) is a lot warmer than night time air temperatures, which can fall as low as -40 degrees.

In open country when the snow is shallow and the temperature is not too cold, a snow trench makes a good shelter. First, you dig a trench down to the ground if possible. Then cover the bottom with boughs, sticks or grass. Use a tarp or plastic sheet, if possible, or lay boughs supported by small pole branches over the trench for a roof.

In the spring or on warm winter days you can build a good shelter camp under trees. The trees catch snow and have hollows at their base. First, tramp the snow in the hollow with your skis or snowshoes. Next, line it with boughs. Build your fire on a bed of green poles away from, not against, the tree trunk. The tree trunk will reflect heat from the fire on you and add warmth to the shelter.

When you finish building your shelter, camp, and fire you should prepare for sleeping. The most important step is to dry out wet clothing and equipment. Place your parka or coat under the sleeping bag. Sweaters, shirts, and other clothing you remove can be used inside the sleeping bag as pillows and padding. Carefully clean and dry your boots. Then put them inside the

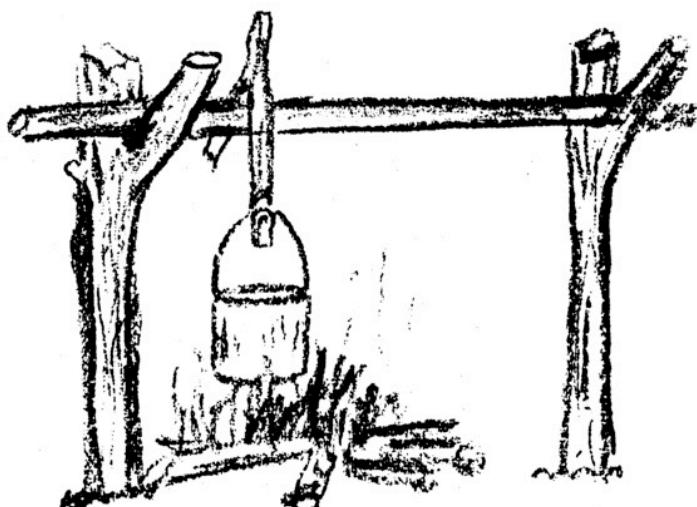
sleeping bag. In this way your boots won't be frozen in the morning. Otherwise they will freeze your feet while dressing the next day. Once inside the bag, you should move your arms and legs rapidly until every part of your body is warm. There is no chance of freezing while sleeping. If you get cold during the night, you will awaken. Repeat the exercising to get warm again. Make plans for the next day before getting out of bed.

Break small dry branches from close to the trunk of a live tree for starting a fire. You will find pitch on broken limbs or along the edges of breaks in tree trunk bark. With pitch you can start a fire even during a heavy snow or rain storm. Green poles or boughs must be placed on the snow under the fire to prevent it from melting a hole in the snow and going out. The poles should be at least three feet long and two to three inches thick for a small fire. Use "Y" poles for holding cooking gear and build a reflector behind the fire.

Conclusion

To summarize survival procedure, the first step is to select your equipment wisely then get some training before you have to face an emergency. When you realize you must spend the night in the outdoors select your campsite early, then build the best possible shelter.

Keep busy but try not to over exert so as to conserve your strength. Most important of all -- keep your head and stay put.



W I N D F A L L S

(Or where did I hear that before)

We understand that cowboys in the Cariboo have red blinker lights on their saddles for night round-ups. They call them "Communication Saddle-Lites".

What, you ask, have Canada's new divorce laws done to the country? A Nelson judge remarked; "Don't wander around the courthouse too freely. You could end up divorced".



An elderly member of KMC complained to his doctor that he wasn't feeling well.

"I'm doing all I can to help you", said the doctor. "You know I can't make you young again!"

I don't want to be young again", our venerable member replied, "I just want to keep on getting older".

Overheard at Slocan Chief: "Sure I got a raise. I told my boss that if I didn't get more money I'd start wearing long skirts."

WHOSE CAR???



Down the two ruts we plunge,
Off in the wilds afar,
Shouting our battle cry—
"Let's take Johnny's car!"

Fenders start to bend.
Finish starts to scar,
As we shout our battle cry—
"Let's take Johnny's car!"

The muffler flies into space,
And hub caps come ajar,
But we shout our battle cry—
"Let's take Johnny's car!"

Some day we all will die,
And leave for Hades afar,
Shouting our battle cry—
"Let's take Johnny's car!"

WINTER TRIP SCHEDULE

Feb. 15	Salmo-Creston Summit	Olwyn Ringheim
	A good trip for first time on ski touring.	
Mar. 1	Old Glory from Granite Mountain	Bill Dyke
	Another good trip for the touring tyro.	
Mar. 15	Nevada Mountain (South of Salmo)	Jack Steed
	A more challenging trip.	
Mar. 29	Red Mountain (Bonnington Range)	Bob Dean
	A long strenuous trip at higher levels. An early start is necessary.	
Apr. 12	Record Ridge	Bill Dyke
	A moderate trip for all skiers.	
May 23-24-25	Slocan Chief	Helen Butling
	A whirlybird lift on Friday, 22 May of food, gear, and skiers. Limit 20 people with proper ski- touring gear. A one week trip will be arranged if enough people are interested.	

People interested in any of the
above trips must check with the
trip leader at least 3 days in
advance to confirm time and
rendevous point.

(42)

CHECK LIST OF SKI-TOURING EQUIPMENT

DAY TRIP

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

OVERNIGHT TRIP

- All of Day trip equipment, plus:
- Sleeping bag, rucksack
- Extra pair of socks and pants
- Light shoes or slipper, (for use in cabin)
- Food
- Light rain gear recommended
- Cutlery, dish or bowl and cup (except at Slocan Chief Cabin)
- Snack mixture (e.g. nuts, raisins, chocolate, dried fruit)
- Tent, if camping out (including poles)

*Club Rescue Sled Kit is available from Gerry Brown or Dave Parfitt in Trail.
Its light - take it with you!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to express our grateful appreciation to all the members who contributed material. We also record our thanks to Mr. Frank Tarver of Seattle for producing and supplying the cover for this issue.

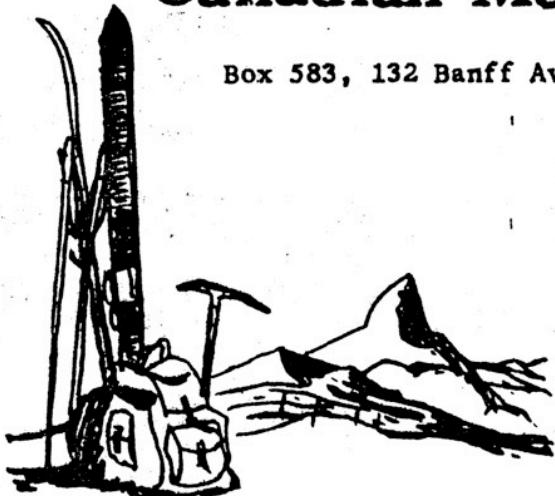
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