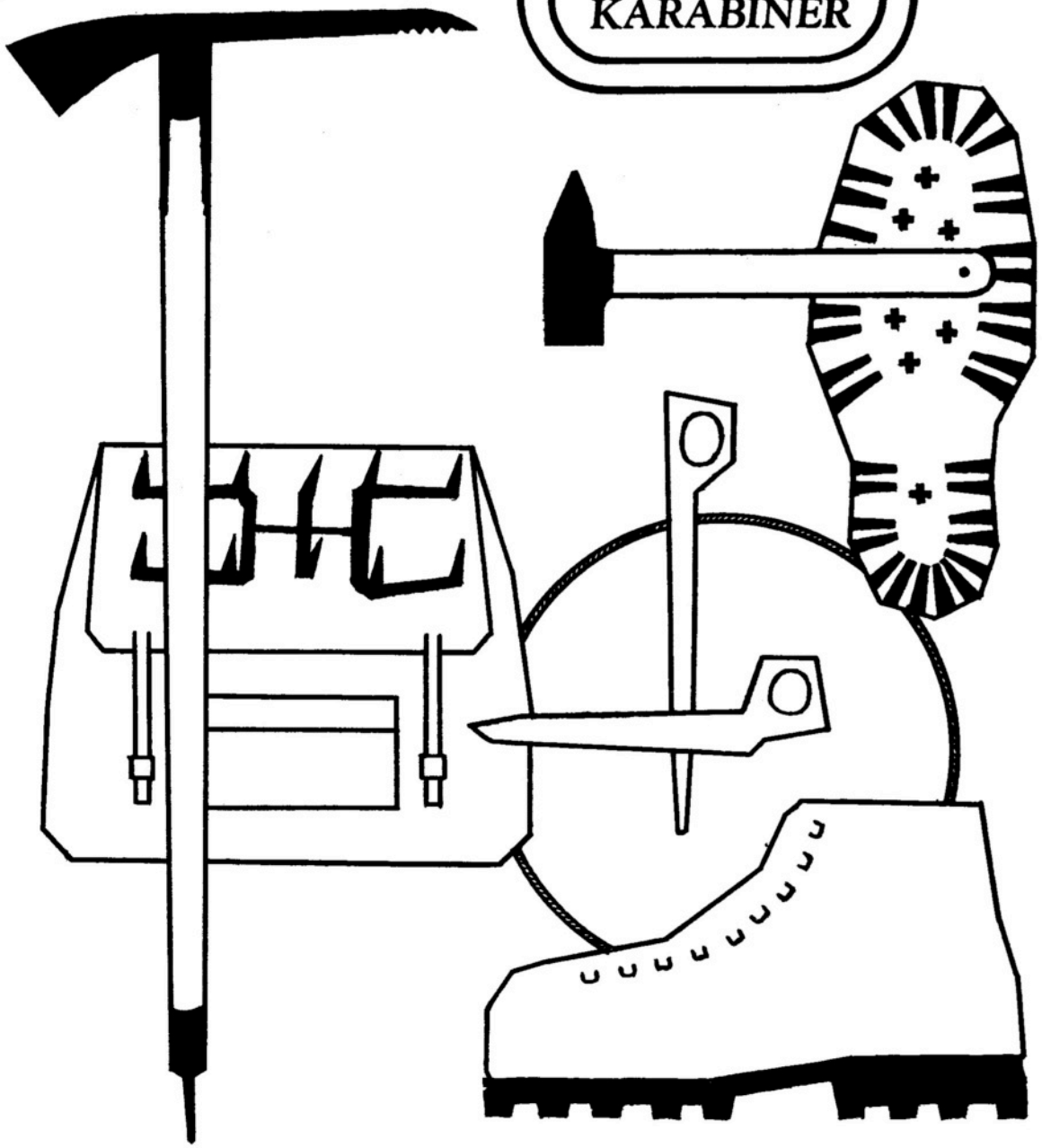
KOOTENAY KARABINER



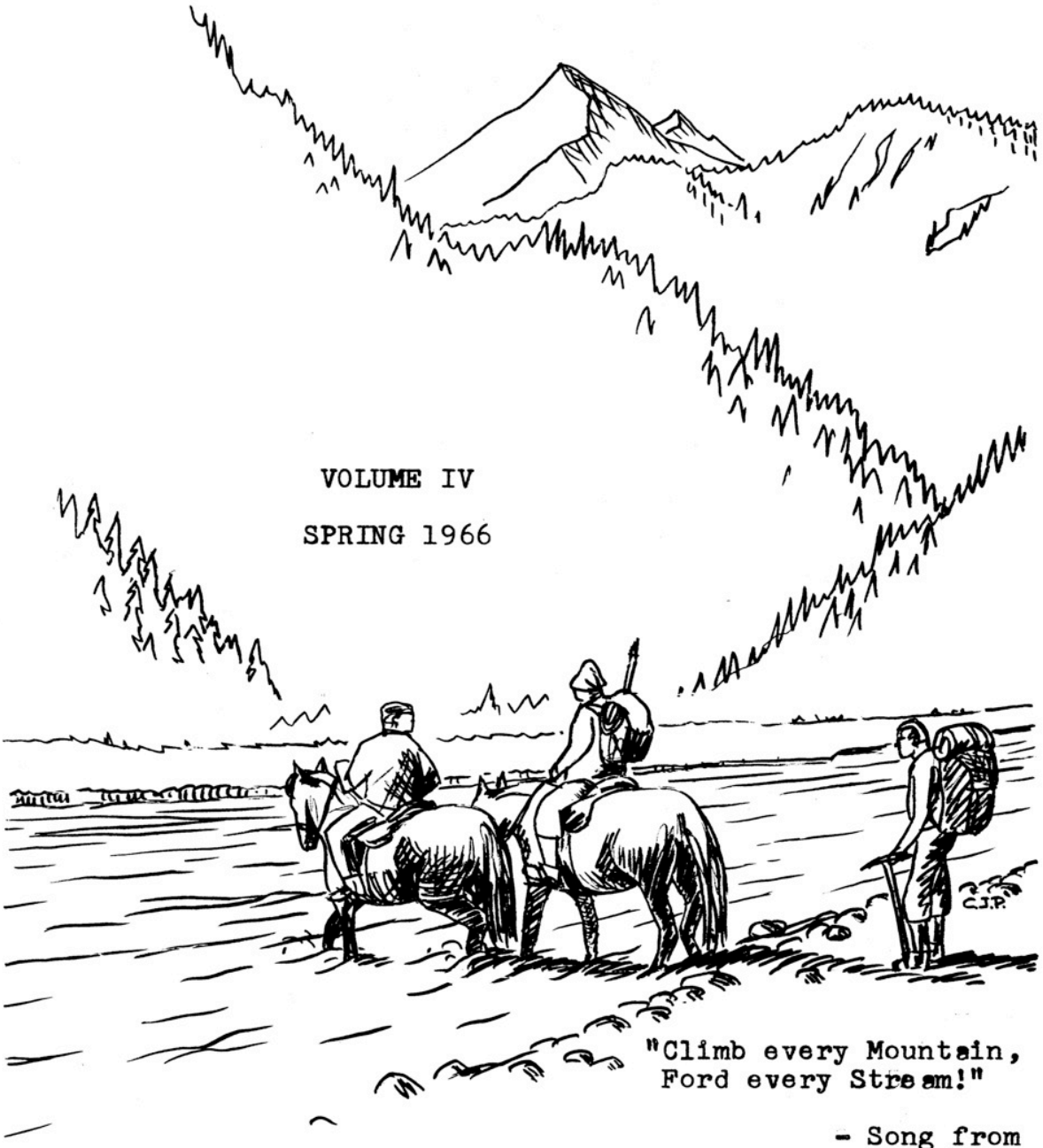
JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION
ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA
VOLUME IV SPRING 1966

JOURNAL

OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

KOOTENAY KARABINER



VOLUME IV

SPRING 1966

"Climb every Mountain,
Ford every Stream!"

- Song from
"The Sound of Music"

E D I T E D B Y

CHRIS PENN

JACK OSWALD



KOOTENAY SECTION

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

(Section founded March 1964)

Officers 1965-66

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SECRETARY-TREASURER:	David Parfitt Box 932 Rossland B.C.
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EDITORIAL

SPRING
1966

As we promised in the last issue, this spring "Karabiner" is in a new, larger format. This has allowed us to use fewer pages and also to arrange the pages more attractively. We have, we hope, improved your journal in a few other details; we are learning as we go along. We are grateful not only to all Section Readers for your appreciation, but also to the growing number of subscribing members outside the Section proper. That you read the Karabiner is encouraging but we also need your suggestions too. How do you like the Karabiner? What is missing that you would like to see included (if possible)? Do let us know.

It is with regret that This Half of the editorial staff, Chris and Claudine, announces that the Other Half, Jack and Donna, is taking off for Europe in August and may not be back for a year or more. Kootenay Section members are prone to this sort of wanderbug: Kim in the Himalayas, John Carter heading for N.Z., Gerry at the Coast, Bob and Anne Dean in Crescent Valley.....
The Better Half of the Other Half has not been to Europe before and she is appropriately excited, whereas the Other Half of the Other Half is an old hand, having visited the Alps a couple of years ago. On that occasion he was accosted by one of the natives who saw his ACC badge and was puzzled to know why our club should refer to itself as an "alpine" club. Rocky, yes. Even rocheux, or felsig, but what had it to do with The Alps? This started a train of thought on that impprtant word "alpine" and its meaning, and we hope to give our conclusions in a later Karabiner. Anyway, we wish them both lots of fun and of course we shall expect a report occasionally for the Karabiner if they get close to any Alps.

The attractive new COVER DESIGN was produced by Jack Oswald and his impending departure for Europe makes this a good moment to point out that besides helping to found the journal, it was Jack who proposed the name "Kootenay Karabiner" and who designed the linked karabiner motif which now adorns every cover. He has contributed articles ranging from such serious subjects as "The Porky Question" to lighthearted trifles like "Glacial Effects on Mountain Landscape". This latter was our first article of a scientific nature, living up to the aim given in the first edition not only to "report all new and interesting mountain expedi-

EDITORIAL Continued:

tions" but also "to publish any such new items of scientific and geographical knowledge as can be procured".

In addition to a good crop of climbing and ski-touring articles, this edition also contains some thought-provoking reminiscences by one of the Kootenay Section founding members, Win Churchill. Win is one of our most experienced mountaineers and a long time resident of the Kootenays. If we could just persuade him, we think many a good tale of mountain adventure would be forthcoming.

Other articles we hoped to include in this issue have been unobtainable or else are postponed to the Fall edition. We were unable to contact Byron Olson for a report on his Lillooet Icefield Ski Traverse. The Purcell Alpine Club and the Okanagan group are apparently still our most active neighbours and we look forward to some stories of their adventures. Our southern neighbours, the Spokane Mountaineers, are also very active, as their journal, the "Kinnickinnick" well shows, and it is nice to have some of them joining in our activities too. Bob Dean has offerred an intriguing article for the next issue on Norse mythology and local Norse mountain names. The First Battalion, the Sherwood Foresters were on excercises with the Canadian Army last summer and a group of them got leave for climbing holiday in the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers area and we are promised their impressions of Canada's mountains for the next issue.

Meanwhile its springtime, Mulvey time, Rock School time, rope and axe time. Good climbing all!

* * * * *

KOOTENAY SECTION
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

SPRING 1966

"Silver white winters that melt into spring"

- Rogers and Hammerstein.

Though the snow did not come to the Kootenays until Christmas, it then lost no time in covering the land and giving promise of a fine "Yoyo" and ski-touring season.

There was much interest in ski-touring this year with 13 to 15 members turning out on all trips where no limit was set. We enjoyed beautiful powder snow and some sunshine on the trip to the Salmo Creston Summit, but unfortunately the weather was not so cooperative for the Record Ridge and Old Glory trips. Record mountain was climbed in thick fog and on the old Glory trip, owing to the strong wind and poor visibility, the party reluctantly turned back short of their objective. This was particularly disappointing as two of our members from Spokane had got up in the middle of the night in order to make the trip.

Four members made the five mile trip to the Huckleberry House on a fine sunny Saturday, but alas and alack Sunday dawned mild and foggy and the skiing was not at its best. The Yodel Inn and Gold Creek trips had to be cancelled due to adverse weather and poor snow conditions.

On Good Friday, April 8th, a full complement of 20 members were lifted by helicopter from 7 miles up the Kokanee Creek road to the Slocan Chief Cabin (6' 600 ft.) in Kokanee Glacier Park, for what appears to be becoming a very popular annual four day trip at Easter. This year, instead of everyone coming out on Monday five stayed on till Wednesday and four till Thursday. After three weeks of fine weather storm clouds gathered on the evening of Good Friday and for the next four days we were treated to some of the most furious weather most of us had ever experienced, including three feet of new snow.

On Saturday Outlook Mountain (5' 500 ft.) was climbed in a white out and an attempt made on Mts. Nansen and Giegerich, but due to the poor visibility and the narrowness of the ridge the party were forced to turn back 200 feet short

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

of their objective.

On Sunday morning, three adventurous spirits armed with an ice chisel, shovel, saucepan for bailing and suitable fishing gear skied down to Kaslo Lake to try their hand at fishing through the ice. After digging their way through ten feet of slush and four feet of hard ice they were able to let down a line, but much to their disappointment there were no signs of any fish. However, they returned to the cabin confident that by the next day the fish would have seen the light and their efforts would be rewarded. Unfortunately by the following day the hole was completly drifted in with new snow and any further ideas of fishing were discarded.

For the rest of the time, in between blizzards, excellent skiing was enjoyed in the lovely powdersnow on the slopes behind the cabin. On Tuesday evening suddenly the cloud cover lifted and drifted away giving us the sun, and lo and behold all around us was a scene of incredible beauty and peace, truly a "Silver white winter" in all its glory. Athough Wednesday dawned clear and cold, by noon the clouds were down again and fresh snow was falling and so on "ad infinitum".

Many thanks to all who led the winter trips and especially to Vince Anderson who pinch hit so willingly on the Old Glory trip.

From a weather point of view it has certainly been a poor ski-touring season but nevertheless all have returned form the trips happy and refreshed and eager for the next one, forever hopeful that the sun will shine and that the objective will be reached.

On two consecutive Wednesday evenings in March Chris Penn conducted a very excellent map reading and compass class which was much appreciated by all those who attended it and will certainly add to their enjoyment of the mountains.

With regard to the downgrading of Kokanee Glacier Park from Class A to Class B and the plans to reduce the boundaries to form a key recreational area in the heart of the Park, our Conservation Committee under Chairman Jack Oswald has prepared a brief to send to the Minister of Recreation giving the history of the park and requesting that Wheeler Lake, Sunset Lake, the Silver Spray Creek and Paupo Creek areas be included in the new boundaries.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

As you will see from the summer schedule June will once again be Mulvey Trail month. Jack Oswald, Chris Penn and Bob Dean will be directing the work this year. It is hoped that with a concerted effort we can get the various deviations straightened out and the trail in fair shape all the way to the headwall.

The Alpine Club of Canada Annual Camp will be held from July 16th - 30th 1966 and located close to Lake Magog (7'200 ft.) in Mt. Assiniboine Provincial Park B.C. commanding a full view of Mt. Assiniboine (11'870 ft.). This is a particularly beautiful area and easy of access from the Kootenays. Further information can be obtained from any Alpine Club member of the Kootenay Section.

Rock School will again be held at the bluffs at Kinnaird, starting on Wednesday May 11th with Norm Wagner in charge and continuing through the summer. There will be instruction for beginners on the correct use and handling of the rope and a chance to practice on the many easy pitches which abound on these rocks. For the experienced there will be leaders to take them up the more difficult routes.

With spring very much in evidence and with high hopes for a fine summer ahead, as food for thought, I would like to leave with you these words of Geoffrey Winthrop Young:.

"We are not proud enough of being alive"

Helen Butling,
Chairman, Kootenay Section,
The Alpine Club of Canada.

* * * * *

REPORT OF THE CONSERVATION COMMITTEE

by Jack Oswald

Formation of a Conservation Committee was suggested and accomplished at the Autumn meeting of the Section. The widespread interest resulted in a large committee being formed consisting of the following people: Helen Butling, Judge Leo Gansner, Roy Hopland, Roy King, Reino Rasku, John Carter, Jay Webster and Jack Oswald - Chairman.

We have held two meetings in Trail, the first of which concerned sorting out our objectives both immediate and future. Letters were subsequently written to other similar groups to inform them of our interest in co-operating in conservation programmes. It was also decided that Kootenay Section should join the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada. We receive two copies of the Park News, one kept in the conservation file in Trail, the other in the Section library at Nelson. The second meeting was well attended considering the snowstorm and dangerous driving conditions. This meeting was called to decide our procedure regarding the downgrading of Kokanee Glacier Park to facilitate the opening of mines within the park. A small Key Area was to be protected but we felt that it was far too small (about 1/6 of the park area), consequently Judge Leo Gansner suggested that we prepare an attractive brief on Kokanee Park and this became the Conservation Committee's first project. Work on the various parts of the brief was undertaken by several members of the committee and results of their efforts were presented at the Spring meeting. For those who did not see the brief, the following is an outline of its contents:

1. Cover page shows photographs of Kokanee Park, by Bill Hurst and Jack Oswald

2. A map (1 in. = 2 ml.) was included at the front of the brief, and a large scale map on the last page such that they could be folded out and the text read while the maps are examined.

3. Introduction and general philosophy of the Kootenay Section regarding the park, by Judge Leo Gansner

REPORT OF THE CONSERVATION COMMITTEE Continued:

4. Detailed description of the boundary line of the areas that we recommend to be added to the Key Area. We recommend three distinct areas to be added to the Key Area as listed in 5 below,

by J. Oswald

5. Reports, accompanied by photographs, on each of these areas describing their beauty and pointing out the insignificance of their mineral production; (Map following)

a) Blue Grouse Basin and Paupo Creek,
by Helen Butling
photographs by Gordon Frew

b) Silver Spray Creek and Sunset Lake,
by Helen Butling
photographs by Jim Rees

c) Valley of the Lakes (Wheeler, Lendrum, Nalmet, Grey Eagle),
by J. Oswald
photographs by C.J. Penn
J. Oswald

6. Research on wildlife of this park area and need for a conservancy there,

by Roy Hopland

7. Page for signatures of those endorsing the report.

A report will be sent to the Park News on the Kokanee Glacier Park situation and our brief to the government.

It was agreed by members of the Conservation Committee that Kootenay Section should take an active part in doing exploratory work to determine where future park land reserves should be established. The Committee has as its future projects, the visiting of these areas, and writing of recommendations to the Minister of Recreation and Conservation. Any suggestions are always welcome.

* * * * *

REMINISCENCES

by W.E. Churchill

As I reclined in my easy chair after reading one of the very interesting articles in the latest Karabiner, I reflected on the pleasure provided by the writers in sharing with others their adventures on the mountains and in the great outdoors generally. Certainly one of the outstanding pleasures we have is to be able to read in various publications of the activities, not only of our own group, but of similar organizations. With this reflection occurred also the thought that this was not always the case. Although the Alpine Journal has been published for many years we have had few Alpine Club members in this area until recently. Perhaps the pioneers of this area were either too busy for or were indifferent to this sort of organization to contribute articles to known publications. At any rate we have precious few a accounts of mountaineering activities in the Kootenays.

It was my good fortune to know and hike with the late R.E. Plewman during the last twenty years of his lifetime. Here was a man who lived fifty adult years in our area. He was a clerk in a law office in Kaslo at the turn of the century. He later moved to Rossland where he became a police magistrate, from which position, no doubt, he acquired the familiar name "The Judge". That his activities in and around Rossland were well thought of is attested to by the fact that he has named in his honour a street, a park, and a mountain, and unofficially a portion of Rossland's watershed is referred to as Plewman Basin.

He did not consider himself a climber so much as a hiker, although on some of our trips together there was nothing lacking in his climbing ability. His manner in outdoor activities was exemplary, both in his attitude to his companions and to those he met on the trail. He climbed for pleasure and did not concern himself so much about whether someone else had been there before as whether the area had been left in its original state. On a trip from the Slocan Lake to the Arrow Lakes via Evans and Snow Creeks, we took time out to climb Demers Peak, at the west end of Beatrice Lake. When I suggested that we place our names in a can or bottle and build a cairn, he informed me that leaving names in cans or on trees or cabins was for touristes and certainly not the type of thing to be tolerated by those who were interested in the beauty of our country. This was an attitude typical of his era and no doubt con-

REMINISCENCES Continued:

tributes to our lack of information about climbs.

His knowledge of our area was remarkable, mostly because he hiked continually. Even at seventy years of age he undertook and completed a trip from the Kootenay Lake to Marysville by way of Fry Creek and the St. Mary's River. On this trip, as on many others, time was taken out to ascend a peak. This one was Tyrell, and as we sat on an outcrop having lunch we were able to view the panorama to the west from the Kokanee group to the Lardeau. When asked about the climbing in this area he replied that here indeed was an excellent area to pursue the sport, but that because everything between the Slocan River and the Kootenay-Duncan system had been climbed before 1925, one would be climbing for the aesthetic pleasure only. This area includes Mts. Brennan, Cooper and Marion! He pointed out that as this was a highly mineralized area the whole region had been heavily prospected and that many trails we were now using were forty or fifty years old.

These statements were confirmed shortly thereafter when I journeyed up Wilson Creek with John Jakel, whose father-in-law had prospected in this area many years before. We travelled intermittently on old trails and there were many signs of prospecting of previous years. We were less than a thousand feet from the summit of Mt. Cooper when we came on a prospect hole of such proportions that we concluded it must have taken two summers for its excavation.

"The Judge" was also a serious observer of glaciers and he noted the recession of some of them early in the century. He undertook to photograph the glaciers at regular intervals using such places as Mt. Brennan and Glacier View (Woodbury Ridge) as viewing points for Whitewater and Kokanee glaciers. Such activity took him to these peaks often and in the course of his travels he met many of the miners. In the Kokanee area quite a few men were employed in the Joker basin and at the site of the Slocan Chief cabin there were ten buildings to accomodate these men. In the early 1930's a camp was also established on the saddle between Mts. Whitewater and Brennan. The men at this camp were employed in building a pipeline from under the Whitewater Glacier to the head of Whitewater Creek in order to increase the flow in this creek during periods of low water. The water from this creek was used to generate power for the Whitewater Mine.

REMINISCENCES Continued:

Such activities, not only by miners in this area, but by loggers who built great flumes in the wooded valleys to float out the timbers, (even in Mulvey Cr. where we have been so active) not only opened up many places for easy access (easier than today, viz Gwillym Cr.) but kept many people in the mountains. Although these people did not enjoy the pleasure of the five day week, there can be no doubt that some found time to climb and indeed this was part of the prospector's day.

It is increasingly important then that some record be kept of our mountaineering activities so as not to lose our history, but we must be careful to record accurately.

There is a mountain south of Bonnington called Mt. Siwash. In by-gone years there was a fire lookout on this peak connected with civilization by telephone. The last time I visited this peak there were just a few weather-beaten boards left. Sometime in the future I can visualize a group ascending this peak and on arriving at its summit will speculate as to the probability of theirs being a first ascent. Regardless of their decision let us hope that the pleasures of their climb are recorded in the Karabiner for although this peak had been climbed many times before, this ascent would be none the less enjoyable, for history would not have changed the mountain but enriched it, even though it looks the same as it has since time immemorial.

* * * * *

THE REAL PIONEERS

I remember lighting fires -
I remember sitting by them,

I remember seeing faces -
hearing voices through the smoke,

I remember they were fancy -
for I threw a stone to try them,

"Something lost behind the ranges", -
was the only word they spoke.

Well I know who'll take the credit -
all the clever chaps that followed.

Came a dozen men together -
never knew my lonely fears,

Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted -
used the water holes I'd hollowed,

They'll go back and do the talking -
they'll be called the Pioneers.

From the Explorer,
by Rudyard Kipling

THANKSGIVING AT KOKANEE

by Margaret Pollard

Surely some section members have arrived at a certain destination for a hike to be greeted by gloomy night skies, pouring rain and a mist-enshrouded forest? The climber must indeed be enthusiastic to leave the comfortable warmth of his vehicle, and proceed to protect it with entangled yards of chicken wire. This being done as a barricade against marauding porcupines who thrive on a diet of tires and fan belts.

In such a situation Helen Butling, Judy Cole, Bill Hurst, John Carter and myself surveyed the dampened surroundings at the Joker Mill site on October 8th, 1965. The soggy group were very thankful to see the flickering lights within the Slocan Chief Cabin by about 11 p.m. But more was in store, before most of us could be induced to sleep.

Some extremely lively inhabitants of the cabin kept the girls in terrified screams (not Helen, of course, who slept outside) and several of the men engaged in battle with large implements until the early hours of the morning! We had suffered enough already but the pack rats decided there was much more to come. They chased up and down the floor-boards and around our heads, while the more energetic men tried in vain to club them. By dawn everyone was exhausted and at last there was ..... peace!

It seemed unbelievable that the weather conditions could have reversed so completely by the morning. The rain had changed to snow during the night, leaving a light powdering over the ground. The morning sun bathed everyone in brilliant light and the sky was cloudless. After strong coffee, porridge, hot cakes and bacon even the pallid inmates slowly returned to normal.

By now the party had increased to include Chris and Claudine Penn, followed later by Jack and Donna Oswald. During the day some of us acquainted ourselves with the magnificent view from the Giant's Kneecap and the ridges beyond - once again. Judy Cole from Newfoundland was introduced to the intricacies of ascending a glacier in gum boots. She managed very well considering all the hazards. By evening Chris had devised a wonderful trap for the pack rats. I am sorry to relate that it was completely disdained by them.

THANKSGIVING WEEK-END AT KOKANEE PARK Continued:

On the second night most "would-be sleepers" had adapted to the rat distractions or solved the problem by braving the freezing temperatures outside on the porch. The choice was limited indeed!

Sunday dawned as bright as the previous day so a trip was planned to the Sapphire Lakes. A group consisting of Jack, Donna, Helen, Bill, John, Judy and myself proceeded from the cabin following a westerly direction. After some rock scrambling we entered the valley of Lemon Pass. I noticed the clumps of heather amid shallow pools and rocks, then made a mental note to return when the flower was in bloom next year. After one more and yet one more ridge we came to an open plateau with a crystal clear lake in the distance. A chain of small lakes fed into the largest lake, and all were so aptly named by their discoverer - the "Sapphire Lakes". We explored the main lake shore until we came to a precipice. There the waters rushed downwards for over 1'000 feet and formed the main source of Lemon Creek.

In the near distance more peaks beckoned the mountaineering spirit. Bill scampered up Sunset Mountain in record space of time. Meanwhile Helen and I continued over a tumbled rock mass and up the final steep slope to Outlook Mountain. It seemed amazing that we could be sunbathing in short sleeves above elevation 8'000 feet in mid-October! The views were vivid with the final blaze of the golden larches amongst the dark conifers in the valleys far below.

It was an exhilarating day's outing to end our 1965 season, and a Thanksgiving week-end one was not likely to forget for better or worse.

* * * * *

(A postscript should be added to Margaret's amusing account of "The Night of the Rat", to record that Helen made a special, and successful, rat-hunting trip to the Cabin in November, and visitors may now sleep there in peace again!

- Editors.)

YAMNUSKA, CALGARY ROUTE

by David Deane

One Friday in July saw David Deane and Gerry Brown leaving Trail at 5.30 and heading for Banff. Arriving at the Tunnel Mountain Campground around 11.15 p.m. we set up our tent and spent a few hours trying to sleep in the glare of a streetlight and a great round moon. Rising at 4.00 a.m. we packed up and drove 35 miles east to the Exshaw junction, then drove north for four miles on paved roads and one mile more on a dirt road to arrive at the base of Yamnuska.

We parked the car in some afternoon shade; got out our gear and two quarts of water, then headed up the slope to the rock. One hour of slugging brought us to the rock where we met two Calgarians who were going to try the Gwillmin Chimneys. We traversed along the base of the rock for 10 minutes to a sign saying "Calgary Route". Not wanting to spend much time on the face in afternoon sunshine; we started up. The first 500 feet is done unroped over much loose rock. Eventually the crack of the chimney begins to form as it runs from east to west going up. We roped up and after one lead came to a slight bluff in the crack. After an unsuccessful jaunt out onto a very exposed face, I went back into the crack and crawled directly into a small cave. By much squirming and twisting, I managed to pop out a hole about 20 feet up the bluff where I could see the route pitoned in up a narrow crack. After another bout of squirming and cursing, Gerry managed to arrive. I now led up the pitoned crack using three safety pegs. After a 20 foot vertical ascent, I traversed a small finger crack and had the pitch beat. Gerry followed and we scrambled up over three more leads of loose rock and dirt as the crack narrowed slowly from 10 feet to 4 feet.

We now came to a mass of chockstones in the crack. Gerry led up 60 feet which involved a chimney position for 20 feet, then a scramble up the ridge of the crack with 20 feet of exposure on one side and 800 feet on the other. Another 100 foot scramble brought us up to the final chimneys. The route here is found by just looking for the most polished rock, and it is really polished! I led up the very narrow crack to a tiny ledge 30 feet inside the rock (nice and cool). Then Gerry followed and had the same problem I encountered, in that one would squeeze up four feet then rest - and find himself slowly sliding back down. Quite frustrating!

YANMUSKA-CALGARY ROUTE Continued:

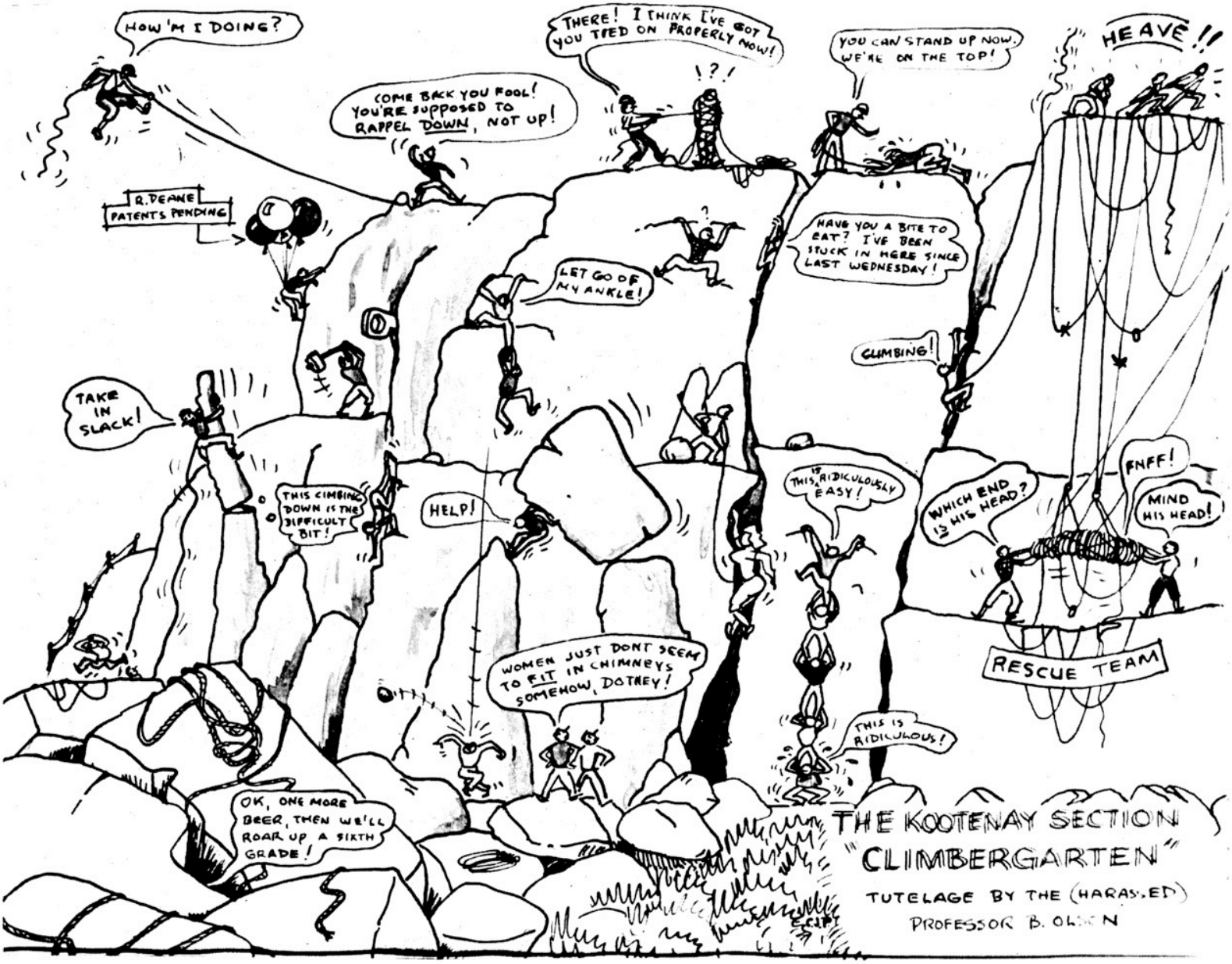
From our ledge I led into the crack, which was only 18 inches wide for 40 feet, then chimneyed up and at last came out to the open air and a chockstone at the edge of the crack. Gerry followed quickly and we had a chocolate bar, lemonade and signed the book. The climb had taken us 2½ hours which was par for others in the book. Gerry led the remaining chimney climb of 80 feet with an exposure of 80 feet of crack below, and we scrambled out the scree at the top and sat in the blazing hot sun. After a short pause we began traversing east around the back of the mountain. It must be remembered to stay high in crossing the first two ridges; then drop down a scree gully 200 feet and climb over a small, sharp ridge; then the trail down can be seen and followed. After a wild run down the grassy slope to the car we arrived - extremely hot and glad we were not on a rock face at the time.

Gerry drove back to Banff, which was almost as challenging as the climb and we hit the dairy bar at 1.30 p.m. The climb is a nice chimney climb, but is a little dirty and would be very hot if attacked on a sunny afternoon. It should be done in the morning and a great supply of water is vital.

GONDA TRAVERSE

Sunday morning we drove to the Bow Falls viewpoint, then hiked down the trail to the river flats. When the overhang was overhead we bushwhacked up to the east entrance of the traverse. Gerry led, using karabiners in the pitons there. Two leads and we were at the book which carried a wealth of climber's names. We led on out to finish the rock in an easy 40 minutes, returned to the car and drove to Brown's place at Wasa Lake for a swim and dinner, then home after a great week-end.

* * * * *


HOW'M I DOING?
COME BACK YOU FOOL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RAPPEL DOWN, NOT UP!
THERE! I THINK I'VE GOT YOU TIED ON PROPERLY NOW!
!?!
YOU CAN STAND UP NOW, WE'RE ON THE TOP!
HEAVE!!
R. DEANE PATENTS PENDING
LET GO OF MY ANKLE!
HAVE YOU A BITE TO EAT? I'VE BEEN STUCK IN HERE SINCE LAST WEDNESDAY!
CLIMBING!
TAKE IN SLACK!
THIS CLIMBING DOWN IS THE DIFFICULT BIT!
HELP!
IS THIS RIDICULOUSLY EASY!
WHICH END IS HIS HEAD?
FNFF!
MIND HIS HEAD!
RESCUE TEAM
WOMEN JUST DONT SEEM TO FIT IN CHIMNEYS SOMEHOW, DOTHEY!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
OK, ONE MORE BEER, THEN WE'LL ROAR UP A SIXTH GRADE!
THE KOOTENAY SECTION
"CLIMBERGARTEN"
TUTELAGE BY THE (HARASSED)
PROFESSOR B. OLSEN

ICICLES

by C.J. Penn

"A mountaineer is not only one who climbs mountains, but anyone who likes to walk, read or think about them".

- Geoffrey Winthrop Young in "Mountain Craft" 1920

* * *

To walk up and down hill is less wearying than to walk on the flat.

- Aristotle, 4th Cent. B.C.

* * *

If the going seems easy, you're probably going downhill.

- W.B. Prescott, 20th Cent. A.D.

* * *

A ship in harbour is safe - but that is not what ships are built for.

- John A. Shedd

* * *

From Vancouver to Montreal is but a step by air. Although flying is a convenience, yet one misses so much. Even when one sees some of the peaks of the Rockies, it seems an impertinence to look down upon them.

- Sir Ernest MacMillan on CBC Radio

Here is the weak point of the aeroplane; its occupant must be above all his immediate surroundings; he is nearly always looking down and it can make a real difference to the effect of mountains upon those who climb them whether they look up or down, whether new aspiration or domination is the satisfaction found.

- R.L.G. Irving in "The Mountain Way"

* * *

LIONS HEAD, ROBSON B.C.

by Gerry Brown

Spring, 1965

After spending a month climbing around the practice cliffs at Kinnaird, Dave Deane and myself felt that we were ready to try something a little different. We felt that Lions Head rock, which is also known as Castle Rock, in Robson, where the ferry docks would provide that something different. Kim Deane, Norm Wagner and myself, one evening after work, the previous year, had had a close look at the rock and managed to get up the first short pitch before darkness set in. We did not however, get a chance to return that year. From what I had seen of that first big crack on Lions Head I felt that it would certainly be challenging.

Dave arrived at my apartment in Castlegar at eight a.m. on June 12th. Twenty minutes later we were parking the VW in the trailer park situated at the base of Lions Head. A few minutes were spent separating and choosing gear, two 120 ft. ropes, 15 pitons, hammers, 10 karabiners, sling rope, pruning shears, two quarts of water and a couple of chocolate bars, and of course hard hats.

The base of the rock is reached by climbing over large boulders and then thrashing through a few yards of willows. We used the pruning shears to cut ourselves a bit of breathing room in the willows which grow right up to the base of the rock.

Since I had led the first pitch the year before, we decided that I should lead it again. The biggest problem with the first pitch, which is only 20 to 25 feet, is getting off the ground. The rock at the base slopes inward and affords no foot holds. The crack that we finally used had few hand holds in it but was too wide for pitons. By a bit of scrambling and scratching, however, I managed to get a few feet off the ground. The next few moves onto a small ledge was complicated by the tangle of bushes that were growing on it and loose dirt. One does not stay very clean on these types of moves, especially after a bit of gardening. Once I was standing on this dirt covered ledge, the rest of the pitch consisted of jamming my way over a large boulder. At the top of the first pitch the large crack that continues to the top of Lions Head, with a few variations, actually begins. At this point the crack is about ten feet wide at the front tapering back so that it

LIONS HEAD ROBSON B.C. Continued:

is fifteen to twenty feet deep. The right hand wall of the crack, looking up, overhangs somewhat, while the opposite wall slopes back in the same direction.

Dave tackled the next pitch, which turned out to be about sixty feet, by climbing the left wall of the large crack. He had two choices at this point; the first was to chimney up the back of the large crack, which was very narrow and petered out under an overhang towards the top of the pitch; the second to cross the left wall using a small crack which ran diagonally from left to right. Dave attacked the diagonal crack and found it not much to his liking as it was a bit too wide for pitons, the edges of the crack were rounded and many of the hand holds sloped outward and with few footholds this pitch proved to be quite tough. To make matters worse the diagonal crack led under the overhang. A small space between the overhang and the wall allowed Dave to worm his way, not without a struggle, past the overhang and onto a large bench.

From this bench the crack opens up even more, so that it is about 20 to 30 feet wide in places and slopes upward and inward 30 to 40 feet in two large steps. The sun was beginning to reach us and it was getting warmer. I started the next pitch by climbing a few feet up the right hand wall of the crack and then sliding back down after a foothold gave way. little worse for wear and minus a bit of skin on the ends of my fingers I walked along a ledge that gradually sloped upward toward the back of the large crack. I again used the pruning shears to cut my way past a few willow bushes, then climbed up a ten foot pitch with many good holds. The rock at this point looked almost volcanic with a texture like coarse pumice, quite strange for a rock that looks to be solid granite. After the ten-foot pitch I walked over a small rubble pile to a position under a very large(size of a small house) chockstone. From this position I belayed Dave who decided to give the right hand side of the crack another try. After reaching my position he remarked that his route was <u>not</u> the way to climb that pitch as the rock turned out to be very loose and rotten.

Our next move was to pass under the large chockstone to the back of the large crack which now became considerably steeper. We scrambled up the backside of the chockstone and set up a belay from its pointed ridge top. Dave crossed the top of the chockstone to the left wall of the large crack. The 10 to 15 ft. pitch between the top of the chockstone and a large willow-studded bench proved to be

LIONS HEAD ROBSON B.C. Continued:

the key to the whole climb. From my belay position on the far side of the chockstone, the wall looked flat and broken enough to afford several good hand-holds. Dave, however, assured me that after once leaving the chockstone to stand on a small ledge, the wall bulged considerably tending to push one over backwards and also once off the chockstone approximately 200 ft. of exposure down into the crack added spice to all moves. Dave managed to get a short, but hardly secure piton in, a bit to his right and just above his head. Finding two reasonably good hand holds Dave swung his feet off the ledge, hauled up on his arms scratched around with his feet and finally came to rest in crab-like stance on the outside of the bulge, a rather insecure position. A pull from one good hand-hold higher up brought him to the top of the bulge. From there the rest of the pitch was rather straight forward. I managed this pitch with the same scratching and scrambling but with the sense of security that a rope from above brings.

By now it was quite warm. We were out of the large crack and out on the face. From where we could look down on about 30 people watching our ascent from the trailer park. Dave being in fine form led the next pitch up and over two smooth benches traversing 10 or 15 feet to his right back to the edge of the large crack. Here the ground became quite fractured with much loose rock. I moved my belay position in behind a protruding shoulder of rock to give me some protection from flying rocks. The top of this pitch, about 60 feet over very rotten rock, brought us onto another fairly wide ledge which led off across the boiler-plate-like face. We were a bit apprehensive at this point for the rock in the ever steepening crack above us was very rotten and loose looking and we did not know whether the ledge that led onto the face would peter out or not.

It was extremely warm now and the Columbia River which seemed only a few feet away looked very inviting. We decided to try the ledge and I ran out an 80 foot lead to a point where I could see that this route had possibilities. I retreated about 20 feet looking for a place to drive in a peg. Even though the ledge was quite wide there was three orfour hundred feet of exposure. After bringing Dave up to the peg I led off again, climbing along and over two or three rounded ledges driving in one or two pegs along the way. I had run out close to 120 ft. before I found a good belay position. Dave continued past my belay position, on a ledge five feet below me, for another

LIONS HEAD ROBSON B.C. Continued:

50 feet which brought him to a position on the shoulder of the second large crack that breaks the face of Lions Head.

Dave belayed me around to his position whereupon I leap-frogged past him and climbed along the steep shoulder to a large bench some thirty or forty feet above him. When Dave arrived at my belay position, we took a bit of a rest and drank the remainder of our water. We unroped at this point for the rest of the climb consisted of just scrambling over a series of wide benches to the top. Half an hour later we were back at the VW after coming off the Rock near the ferry slip and walking back along the highway. I must say that even a warm beer tasted good at this stage of the game.

The climb from car to car had taken us five and a half hours with 5 hours on the rock. In the final analysis this climb turned out to be one of our best and most interesting climbs of the season. In fact, it was considerably more difficult than expected.

Even though several people from Robson told us that that had been the first time that particular crack had been climbed, we lay no claim to a first ascent. Lions Head has been very accessible to climbers for a good number of years and we see no reason why it should not have been climbed at some other time.

* * * * *

(Regarding Gerry's modest last paragraph, above, we would be interested to hear from anyone knowing of an earlier ascent of this face, or of early ascents of any other mountains in the Kootenays.

- Editors.)

IN THE VICINITY OF MT. AIRY

by Bob Dean

Driving North up the Slocan Valley, between Passmore and Vallican there can be seen, on the left, an interesting looking peak variously called Sugar Loaf, Frog Peak, Mt. Wilton, Airy Peak, Mt. Airy - the latter two not being correct for Mt. Airy lies almost 3 miles behind this peak and as to the name Mt. Wilton, one story tells that there is a metal plate on the summit with this inscription.

On September 22nd 1962 a local boy Ralph Varney and I set out to climb this peak. We drove up Koch Creek about 3 miles from Passmore and then about one mile up Airy Creek parking the car just before the old road crosses from the South side of Airy Creek to the North side. From there we hiked up what was left of this old road for a couple of miles and then crossed the creek onto the South side and headed up the side hill. It was the time when the fireweed was ripe and as we climbed up we caused clouds of fluffy seed to rise, making breathing difficult.

We headed to the left of the peak towards the ridge on that side and it was here, just before reaching the ridge, we saw a goat about 50 yards above us - the first I had ever seen alive. The "ridge" turned out to be a straight forward walk to the summit. We ate lunch up there and took a good look at Mt. Airy, 3 miles away and 1'300 feet higher - so much for Sugar Loaf. That day we climbed about 4'500 feet, but there is now an easier route. A logging road winds its way up to within 2'000 or 3'000 feet of the summit.

On September 14th and 15th 1963 a couple of us made two attempts to approach Mt. Airy itself along the old road that follows Airy Creek but on each occasion gave up fairly early because of wet brush. On the latter day we finished up by driving the car right up to the Russel Creek forestry lookout, (a road not to be recommended for a Cadillac....)

With a possible approach to Mt. Airy in mind, on July 1st my wife Anne and I drove up Russel Creek towards the lookout only to find our way blocked by a huge boulder, about 6 feet high, that had fallen onto the road, just below the junction with the road leading up Milton Creek. We therefore changed our plans and walked up the Milton Creek road for about a mile then through bush for perhaps another

IN THE VICINITY OF MT. AIRY Continued:

mile, coming out into a large rockslide area. We climbed on up into another basin and then up snow slopes until we came to the ridge at the 7'700 feet contour with Mt. Airy just under 2 miles to the S.W. This was the closest to Mt. Airy I had been.

On August 26th, with a young companion Michael Poznikoff I left Crescent Valley at 5.20 a.m. and drove up the Russel Creek road where, since the previous occasion the boulder had been removed. At 6.15 a.m. we left the car, about ¼ mile up the Milton Creek road, walked up the road and then through the bush until we came to the swamp clearing at the foot of the rock slide. From here we avoided bush and reached the Airy ridge at approx. 8.15 am. Continuing on this ridge there were several rises and falls and just before reaching the summit we had to make a small detour to the right and climb a questionable 8 feet or so. On the summit at 10.45 a.m. we found a large circular cairn there and we had a pleasant view of the surrounding country. We left the summit 1½ hours later and descended via the N.W. ridge for 200 yards or so then kept on the N.W. side of the Airy ridge until we reached Milton Creek and arrived at the car at 3 p.m.

During the trip we saw 3 goats, one deer and one marmot.

On the 1926 map the height of Mt. Airy is given as 8'540 ft, on the 1962 Slocan Sheet as 8'378 ft, and by my (very reliable?) altimeter 8'100 ft.

If at first you don't succeed try, try again.....

* * * * *


ICEFALL
AND
LAKE OF MARJHIE GLACIERS
G.J.P.

SILVER SPRAY — WOODBURY

by John Walters

This was expected to be a two night trip, but was shortened enroute to one night due to the good weather and better driving conditions than were anticipated.

Dave Parfitt and I left Trail after work on a Friday night in mid-September, and headed for the Woodbury Creek turn off three miles past Ainsworth, via Nelson and Helen's house.

When we reached Nelson it was already dark, so we sped on at Dave's usual rate of knots, and found the turnoff without trouble. By the use of the trail markers (many thanks to a well-known brewery) left by the advance party led by Jim Street, we carried on into the timber. The road got narrower and narrower until it got to the stage where we were plugging up a fairly steep track about waist high with grass and other vegetation. The dew had by now taken a good hold on the grass, etc. so it was a case of how hard I could push - anyway, on we went with the help of the signs, passing an abandoned Volkswagen on one particularly tight switchback. Soon after this we saw a light ahead and then we were met by Jim Street, who helped push Dave and the car up the last part of the road to the campsite. The rest of the party, Helen Butling, Bob Dean and Roy Pennikt, were already installed inside sleeping bags in a rather rustic "A" frame structure. It had been made the week-end before, by Jim Street, from parts of the old mine buildings. (The mine had made the road necessary in the first place.) Anyway, it was about 10.30 and we had driven to about 6'300 feet so the rest of us turned in.

Fairly early next morning, we two left the comfort of the VW's "let down for sleeping" seats and made breakfast, packed a lunch and started out along a good trail, with an easy gradient to begin with. We passed through the usual sort of trees etc. of this altitude and a couple of old cabins in various stages of disrepair. Soon the trail was more or less following Silver Spray Creek and eventually we came upon the Silver Spray Cabin. The cabin was built about 1928 from cedar shakes and appears to be quite large. It has remained in very good condition and stands complete with calendars and a few other things about 35 years old. The cabin is built near the edge of a rock-strewn slope on a partly artificial ledge. A couple of feet or so above lies a small lake, at about 7'800 feet.

SILVER SPRAY _ WOODBURY CREEKS Continued:

After crossing the rocky slope we gained height rapidly and scrambled to the top of Mount McQuarrie, 8'819 feet. From there we went along the ridge, which forms the top, in brilliant sunshine. After coming down off the ridge we descended across a snow patch to the small, near-derelict, shack hiding the entrance to the Silver Spray Mine - now blocked by a rock fall just at the entrance. Here we stopped for lunch, which consisted of liver sausage between slabs of sour rye bread without butter - I had a job to eat it, but Dave managed all right, maybe it was staff-house type food.

About this time we had the opportunity to see how a glacier will recede: the Caribou Glacier lies to the North of Mt. McQuarrie. It is small now but was once much larger - compare the areas shown on the 1925 map of Kokanee Park and the present sheet 82.

After the usual picture-taking interlude, the party moved off again to climb Sunrise Mountain, approx. 8'800 feet. This mountain appears to have two peaks so we felt compelled to traverse the ridge in order to climb both of them. This gave Bob Dean and Roy Pennikt an opportunity to try Roy's hobby of rock rolling. We took more pictures at the top, put our names in a poly bag in the cairn we built, and took a look at the map to try and identify the surrounding peaks - the locals and those nearest the map having a distinct advantage.

Having climbed the peaks, which were the objectives of the trip, we returned to the campsite after a very enjoyable glissade, by the same route past the Silver Spray Cabin. On the way we had an encounter with a large porky and also decided to go and have a look at Sunset Lake. Helen had packed her fishing rod so consequently several fish were later presented to Jim Street.

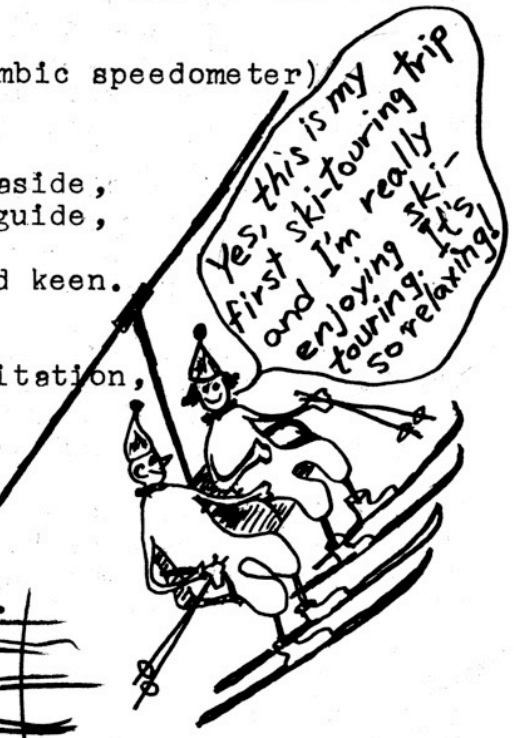
While at the lakeside, one of the party decided to go for a run up Pontiac Peak, about a mile away (he doesn't have one, a sensible VW instead). This being accomplished and the fish cleaned, we returned to the cars and later on to the black-top roads again.

It had been a very enjoyable trip which was easily accomplished in one day, with the help of the good weather which we all enjoyed.

* * * * *

SKI TOURING ENLIGHTENMENT

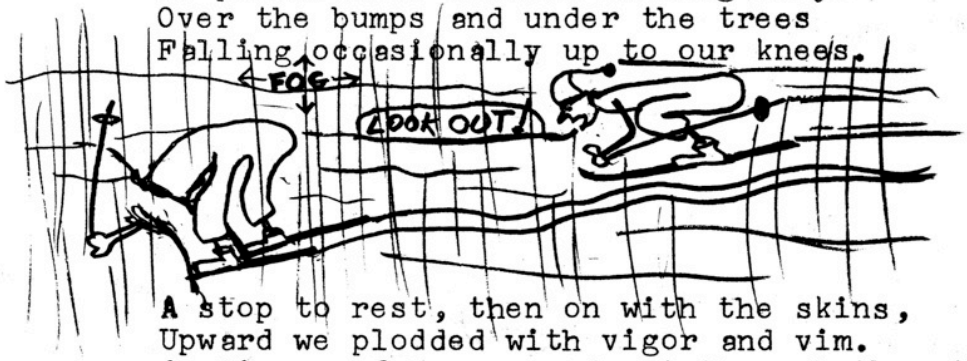
(Verse written by Donna Oswald in iambic speedometer)



The sixth of February, the date set aside,
With Vince Anderson as our cheerful guide,
Kootenay members numbering fifteen,
Started up Granite, feeling eager and keen.

Record Ridge was the destination,
But the fog-filled valley caused hesitation,
Would it clear before the summit,
Or would it blank our view from it?

Despite the weather being contrary,
We perservered without feeling wary.
Over the bumps and under the trees
Falling occasionally up to our knees.



A stop to rest, then on with the skins,
Upward we plodded with vigor and vim.
A glimmer of sun peeped out through the mist
But the murky soup refused to desist.

A biting wind on the open slope
Chilled us through as we ceased to grope.
We settled to lunch, now needing a rest,
Endeavoring to determine East and West.

One by one the group headed down,
Under and over with nary a frown;
Far in the distance, obscured by the fog,
Two lone figures plodded through the smog.



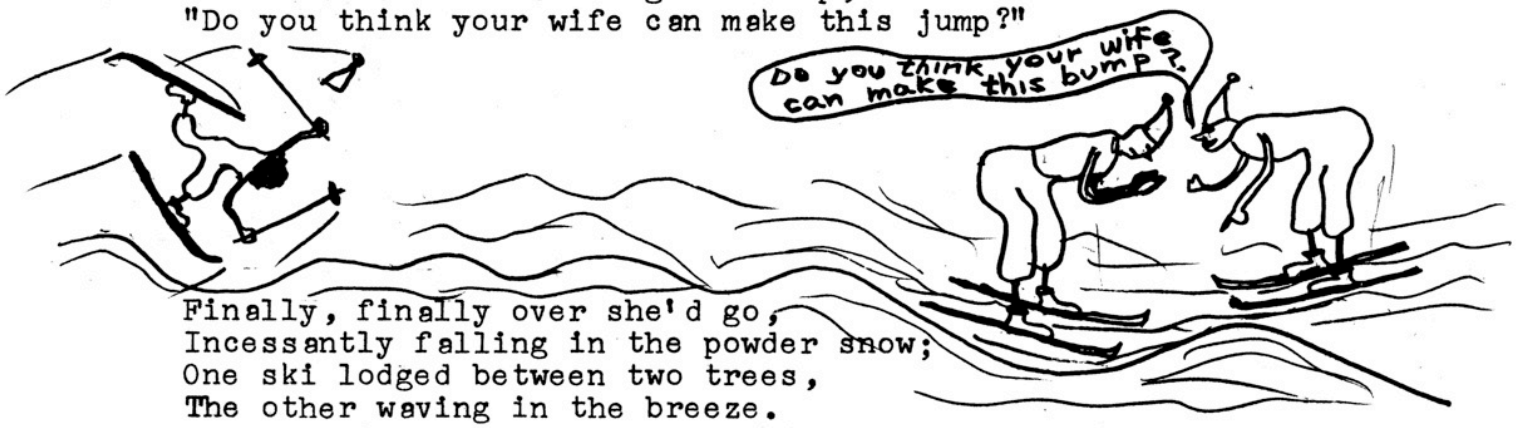
SKI TOURING ENLIGHTENMENT Continued:

Who could they be, so slow in progressing,
When time, like Mercury, was onward pressing?
A wary girl, stranger to touring,
A patient husband, calmly enduring.

Yodel Inn was finally in sight,
With two patient souls sensing Jack's plight,
Waiting to offer any assistance,
But what was required was plain persistence!

Squaw Basin trail was the end of this journey,
The rest had sped on in rather a hurry,
But Vince insisted on staying behind,
To encourage and coach them out of their bind.

Up she'd come and down she'd fall,
Trying one's patience beyond all call.
There was Vince examining the bump,
"Do you think your wife can make this jump?"



Finally, finally over she'd go,
Incessantly falling in the powder snow;
One ski lodged between two trees,
The other waving in the breeze.

Red Mountain Lodge was a welcome sight,
As the group assembled to reunite.
All agreed it had been fun,
Despite the fact there was no sun.

vive le ski-tour!

* * * * *

THE LITTLE LAKES AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

by Helen Butling

The first of a series of articles on the mountain lakes and how to get to them.

Wheeler Lake and the Cabin of the Ticking Clock

Wheeler Lake (elevation 5' 200 ft.) is situated at the head of Lendrum Creek a tributory of Woodbury Creek near Ainsworth.

Driving north from Ainsworth on the new road one sees above on the old road an underpass under an old concentrator building. Drive up to this and just beyond it, northwards, turn sharply left. Follow this road for 6 miles, keeping to main (left) fork at the first switchback. After that keep right when faced with a decision, passing a sign reading Upper Cedar Creek Road. This is a logging road, courtesy of Kootenay Forest Products but as the company is not logging there now the road will no doubt deteriorate but in summer of 1965 it was possible, with care, to travel the six miles in a late model car. The start of the trail can be seen going down to a bridge across the creek (a levelled-off cedar log). Cross the bridge and follow the trail into the lake. Time approx. 1½ hr. We are pressing for the inclusion of Wheeler Lake in Kokanee Glacier Park key protected area. The snow slopes of Kokanee Glacier can be seen beyond the head of the lake.

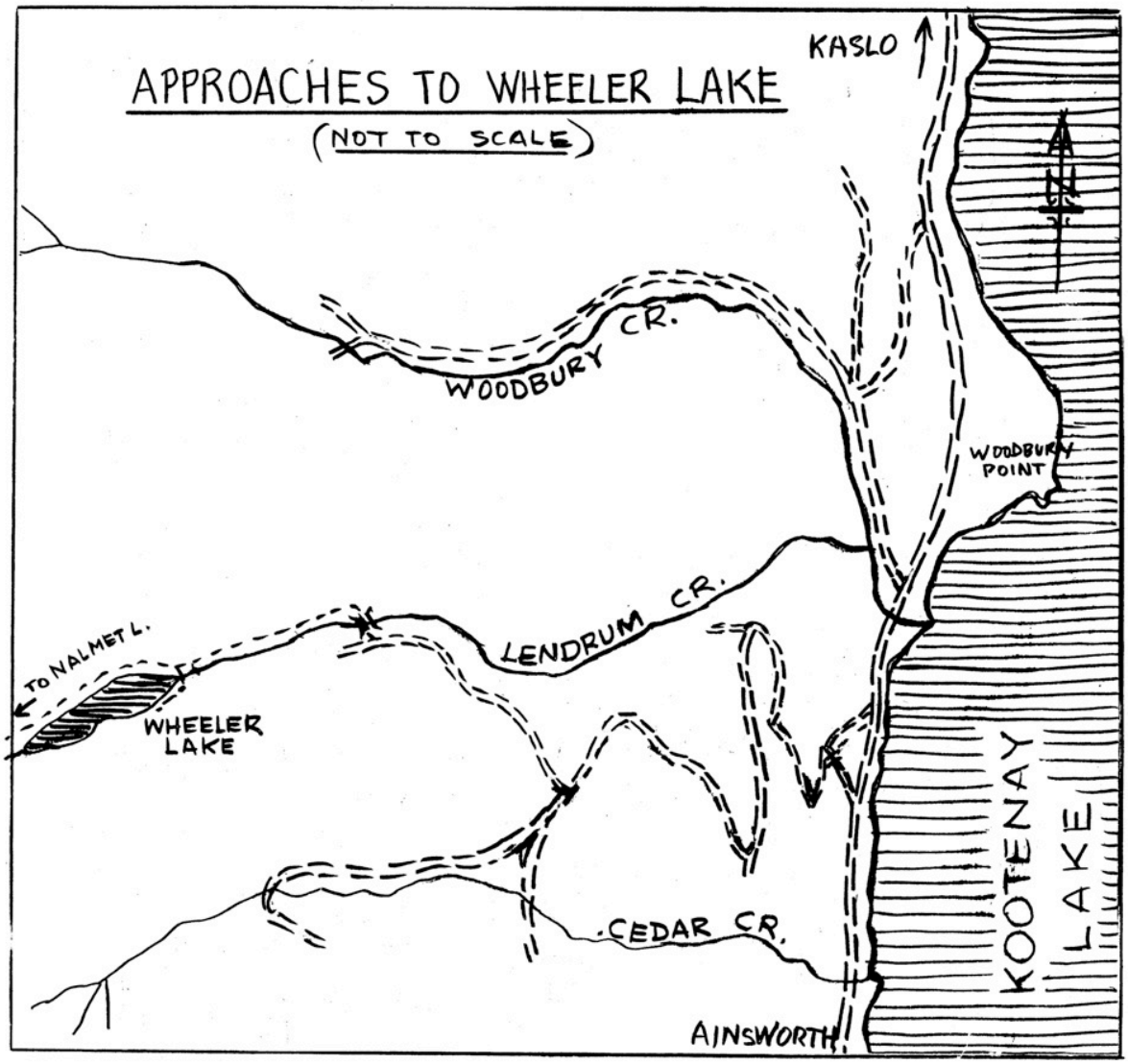
The Lake is over-stocked with fish (Eastern Brook Trout) so they are inclined to be long and thin. However, they are still fun to catch and good to eat.

The last time I was at the lake I noticed a trail leading up the hill from the south side of the lake. It was time to leave so I called to my companion and suggested we follow the trail and see where it went. We followed it straight up the hill where it came out in a small clearing on a bench. Here was a log cabin, a shed and a magnificent log privy. There was a distinct smell of wood smoke around but no sign of any recent fire. Being curious I unhooked the latch on the cabin door and looked into its dark interior. On the table by the window and facing me was a large alarum clock ticking away steadily as though it had been wound up every day for a year. Instinctively my eyes went

THE LITTLE LAKES AND WHERE TO FIND THEM Continued:

to my watch and back to the clock. They both gave me the same time, ten minutes to seven. The clock with its persistent ticking looked so out of place in that gloomy cabin. There were no other signs around to tell us that the clearing in the woods was inhabited, no bedding, no dishes, no cloths, only that faint smell of wood smoke and the clock. We presumed some ever-optimistic prospecter was off up the mountain somewhere and would be back sooner or later. That was three years ago and I have not been back to see if the clock is still there.

* * * * *



REMARKABLE MOUNTAIN COMRADESHIP

In the Alps I heard of a man whose companion had had a serious fall. The man explained to a rescue party where it had happened. Fearing the worst they considerately advised him to stay below while they went to find the victim. On their return with the victim many hours later, tired, tattered and wet they found the man had taken the opportunity to do a solo traverse of another mountain.

Last season on Kokanee Glacier I was reminded of this. Three young skiers, not Section members, who were at the Cabin with us set off up the glacier just before us. We were concerned presently to see them on the far (west) side of the glacier going up the steepest and worst slope they could have chosen, carrying their skis. They had neither ropes nor axes and wore flat soled ski boots. A few moments later the last man slipped and with a cry shot down head-first into a pile of rocks below. Several of us immediately left our party and hastened over and up to him. Meanwhile his companions stopped and looked back, the nearest one being nearer than we were. After we had rendered first aid - he was battered and shocked but not, apparently, seriously injured - we had to call to his nearest friend suggesting he break off his ascent and escort his shaky companion back to the Cabin. Without hiding his reluctance he agreed and came down. The other friend was far ahead by now and continued his trip alone without further heed. At the Cabin that night his injured knee was given further treatment by our first aid people but the following day he was barely able to walk, so members of our party took turns carrying him down the steep trail, his "friends" having left earlier.

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HELP!! IT'S MULVEY TRAIL TIME !

by Jack Oswald

About this time two years ago Mulvey trail was begun and a fair length of trail completed during that spring. Work parties have continued and by last summer were bearing down on the headwall. Since it is British Columbia's Centennial year this trail could well be completed as a project for this historic occasion. 1966 and 1967 should be centennial years for ACC, with Kootenay Section doing its share. The work hikes on Slocan Chief cabin have shown that Kootenay Section members are enthusiastic toward constructive projects so there should be projects set up especially for the centennial years. The beginning of the following projects would be my suggestion for 1966:

HELP! IT'S MULVEY TRAIL TIME! Continued:

1. Completion of Mulvey trail.

2. Building of a simple, light shelter at Kamp Kipper. This would be a stopping point for parties which had begun their trips to Mulvey Meadows on a Friday evening.

3. Consideration and possible planning of a simple, light shelter for Mulvey Meadows. Since this area is too dangerous for ski touring, it requires nothing more than a light shelter to give protection from rain during the short summer climbing season.

4. The finding and marking of more of the Dewdney Trail in the Kootenays. Part of this trail has been cleared near Rossland, but more could be marked by parties from Trail and Rossland in particular. It would make a good day hike from those cities for people interested in this.

5. The July climb in the Mt. Odin region could be a centennial climb with a first ascent being possible.

For 1967 the following could be worthwhile centennial projects of the Kootenay Section:

1. A project already suggested by Chris Penn and approved at the last executive meeting is a Kootenay Section summer camp.

2. Completion of "Valhalla Hut" if such is begun on Mulvey Meadows in 1966.

3. Consideration and possible planning of a major Kootenay Section Hut for Plewman Basin or other favourable ski touring area within reasonable distance of the highway. In connection with building, the club may find sources of used lumber which could be collected and stored for future use.

4. As suggested by Chris Penn, the possible extension of Mulvey trail over the hills to the Koch Creek area where there is a road leading back to Slocan highway. This would be a long trail such as the one along Milford Sound in New Zealand, after which the Youth Hostel group in Vancouver is patterning its "Centennial Trail".

HELP! IT'S MULVEY TRAIL TIME! Continued:

This list may seem to involve a great amount of work and expense, however, it is work that keeps a club vigorous. There are enough people in the Kootenay Section to carry out this work, and there is also enthusiasm as shown by the Slocan Chief cabin. Material expenses are not great if logs and stones are used in part, furthermore, the section has a fair amount of money in a building fund.

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GLACIER LILY
(Erythronium grandiflorum)

ICICLES AGAIN

by C.J. Penn

"Monsieur, I know every crevasse on the glacier, but we will wear the rope for the look of the thing".
- Old Swiss mountain guide

* * *

C O N S E R V A T I O N :

Many nations no longer have the option of preserving part of their land in its pristine condition. We must take ours up before it is too late.

- Stewart Udall in his book "The Quiet Crisis".*

Wilderness is an anchor to windward. Knowing it is there we can also know that we are still a rich Nation, tending to our resources as we should - not a people of despair searching every last nook and cranny of our land for a board of lumber, a barrel of oil, a blade of grass or a tank of water.

- Senator C.P. Anderson, quoted in "The Quiet Crisis".*

* * *

Climbers better than Computers

In climbing, the mind, receiving data through the senses, is, in effect, dealing, amazingly rapidly, with a series of mathematical equations the solutions of which enable the mind to direct the necessary co-ordination of eye, hand and foot to achieve the desired result.

Bodily attributes such as stature, bone, muscle and general health are important only as instruments of the mind. Of what use is the frame of Adonis to the mountaineer if the first panting breath, tiny discomfort or indeed any other protest by the body is not resisted by the mind? Nature's safety valve, triggered off by pain, is in general set far too low for even a stubborn mind to cause harm to body.

- G.I. Finch, President, the Alpine Club. AJ Vol. 67*

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AUFWIEDERSEHEN HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE !

by Claudine Penn

Since last Fall when we drove up to Huckleberry House with John Walters and Bill Hurst to install a better stove and stock up firewood, I had looked forward eagerly to the Spring when we could stay in this neat little cabin.

We chose to ascend by day in order to enjoy the views, so we drove to Nelson on Friday evening, 18th February, and stopped at the well-known inn which I shall call "Chez Hélène"! There, the following morning, we also received an excellent breakfast and all three of us soon drove off with pack and sack and in the best of spirits to Barrett Creek. It was a glorious day and it was a joy to make our tracks in the snow, which was so lit by the morning sun that every single flake glittered. Very soon we discovered the tracks of rabbits, deer and squirrels, and I watched hopefully in case some animal should be hidden behind a fir. It seems I enjoyed this radiant morning in the open air too much, because Helen was soon out of sight ahead. Just as I was removing my jacket because it was quite warm came an (english) jodel behind us, and soon the fast moving figure of Rick Askew appeared. He too was enchanted by this morning and praised the day. After we had taken a few pictures we climbed onward and found Helen at the first switchback basking in the sun. We made a stop, hung the climbing skins in the sun and ate our lunches. Here I first realized how deep the snow was as I was photographing and suddenly sank in up to the hips. Nevertheless it gladdened us all to be in this white, clean snow, after trying for weeks in the towns to get around those dirty masses which are also called snow.

Strengthened, we started on the second half of the ascent and I found the black burnt treestumps so beautiful in the bright snow, each wearing its thick white cap. Several even wore them tilted, as if they wanted to see better who came to visit them. One little fat stump, indeed, was so friendly that he "took off" his hat as I passed closeby, and even my husband looked round amazed, while I could hardly stop laughing. It was not only we who enjoyed the warmth of the sun, but the high firs and spruces seemed happy too to have their branches freed from their heavy load of snow. But after we crossed the creek to the shady side I began to wonder when we would see the cabin. In winter everything looks different and one must certainly know where the cabin is, to see it from the road. The winter had given it a thick mantel down to the ground all

AUFWIEDERSEHEN HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE Continued:

around. Rick had already lit the fire and as we arrived a wisp of smoke rose by the window as if the little hut puffed a pipe of peace just before dusk. Although the good house barely held us four, it was cheerful and warm inside. Soon after the men were out of the way (not outside but on the top bunk!) our appetites were whetted by the smell of Helen's supper.

It was Helen who first mentioned "Miss Huckleberry", for it was she who had carried this beauty all the way up! Miss Huckleberry received her place of honour on the door and the two men watched anxiously to see that Helen put the thumbtack in in a proper place! Nevertheless their eyes were soon drawn away when supper was served, and after the first mouthful we were unanimous that the dish should be named "Ragoût à la Huckleberry House". One never gets to bed so early as in the mountains, and by eight o'clock we were all half asleep.

Rick announced early that it was a cold, windy, foggy morning. An early start for the Pass seemed out of the question, so we passed the time with our breakfast. The fog drifted about, and every time that we could see the other side of the valley we sprang outside to check the weather. Usually it was just a tiny gap in the fogbank. Towards 10 o'clock, however, we thought the weather was clearing and set off. As we headed towards the Pass (between Cabin Peak and Midday Peak) we found that the mist above was thicker than down by the hut. On an open slope with powder snow Rick suggested that we simply stay there and practice skiing in the deep snow. I found it so wonderful to make my own track in the fresh snow, and I found turning pleasanter than on the hard skilift slopes. To be quite honest, falling is also more comfortable, and I even found it fun to fall in this white quilt!

We were all back at Huckleberry House for lunch, and we were all sorry to have to leave this dear little chalet. After we had waxed our skis we set off for the descent. A few yards from the hut we met Rudi Fischer coming up to look the possibilities here over. He followed us down about half an hour later. At first the snow was firm and we got good practice in traversing. Rick and Chris drew some nice turns down an old avalanche slope while Helen and I continued over the bridge. I was not used to skiing with a rucksack and had difficulty in keeping my balance. Morever the road was also too narrow in places, a blind bend appeared, or a tree branch, and I had to use the "emergency

AUFWIEDERSEHEN HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE Continued:

brake". When trying to get up the rucksack was again in my way. Thank goodness I was the last in the group and nobody could see the "bathtubs" I made. Down "Helen's Horror" I snowplowed all the way, from fear that my skis would suddenly decide to go faster than I wished. It was there that it occurred to me that I could well have done without waxing my skis above..... But one learns from experience and I arrived safely at the highway.

There, I looked back into the valley from which we had just come. It was still and apparently unimportant, while beside me the cars roared by. The occupants wore their best clothes, but none of them had that pleasant feeling of knowing that far back and high up there stands a little house, in the middle of a white landscape and surrounded by a benign mountain peace. - I was so happy after this trip, I enjoyed it very much; aufwiedersehen Huckleberry House, I shall come again!

* * * * *



BOOK REVIEWS

by C.J. Penn

"CLOUD WALKERS" by Paddy Sherman; MacMillan, Toronto.
161 pages, 4 Maps, 17 illustrations. $ 4.95.

- - - - -

A book about Canada's own mountains is something of an event, and one written and published in Canada is even more noteworthy.

This one is, moreover, written by an ACC member, Paddy Sherman, who is an active climber here and an associate editor of the Canadian Alpine Journal. He is thus well qualified to produce a book of stories about the B.C. and Yukon mountains.

Nevertheless I opened "Cloud Walkers" with some reservations. Paddy is by proffession a journalist on the staff of a Vancouver newspaper. Now, the world's popular press has never done much service to the noble sport of mountaineering and, indeed, many journalists continue deliberately to paint climbing as a sensational, bloody, suicidal occupation fit only for the mentally deranged. R.L.G. Irving once wrote *"Cheap sensationalism is a particularly dangerous snare for entrapping popular interest in mountains; the magazine and film have seized upon their tragedies as being incomparably easier to portray and to understand than the more contemplative pleasures they afford. It is ..... the prospect of a fall for the man walking the tightrope, not the delicate feat of balance, which collects and fastens their attention".

I need not have worried. A journalist who is also a climber is unusual if not unique and, although Paddy's style is sometimes a trifle over-dramatized, his long writing experience as well as his climbing knowledge has stood him in good stead. He has produced a good book about our mountains.

This is not an anthology of others people's writings, but a recounting in his own words, with some quotations, of a selection of mountain adventures gathered from the CAJ and other sources more or less inaccessible to the general reader. He has stuck closely to facts and it is obvious that considerable research has gone into preparing the book.

BOOK REVIEWS Continued:

In assembling these stories in one book he has made them available to everyone.

His first choice, of course, is Mount Logan, "mightiest hump of Nature in the Western Hemisphere" and highest mountain in Canada. His treatment is typical also of the chapters on Waddington and Robson, describing clearly its location, architecture and obstacles before giving a graphic description of the first ascent, followed by some details of its later history. It is sprinkled with thumbnail character sketches of the mountaineers involved and with all kinds of other interesting details and anecdotes.

In the second of the six chapters Mount Waddingtons's fascinating story is told, from its discovery by the Mundays, whose report quite upset those who could hardly believe that the "Unknown Mountain" in the coastal ranges could be higher than anything in the famous Rockies, through the many attempts to the final ascent, and on to more recent climbs. It is a pity that the magnificent ranges surrounding Waddington are not dealt with at all. Despite its pre-eminence Waddington is not a solitary peak but stands amid a vast array of striking spires and giant glaciers.

The third chapter, which is the second longest, is the only one I feel could have been left out or replaced with something more in keeping with the rest of the book. It is about the crash in 1956 of an airliner on the slopes of Mt.Slesse. Paddy helped examine the wreckage and it may have been this personal interest which tempted him to include it here. A long account of the plane's flight and radio reports is followed by a detailed description of the fruitless searches (it was finally found later by a climbing party) and the chapter closes with a rather depressing account of the pathetic remains found. Almost no detail of the tragedy is omitted: weather, guidance systems, biographies of the crew and many of the passengers and their full names and, least pleasant of aspects, the rumours of money aboard which obliged the police to cordon off the mountain against those ghoulish persons who will take risks to reach money if not to save lives. The whole story is carefully recounted and factual; a good job of reporting an aircrash that happened ten years ago.

Mount Robson had two first ascents. This may seem absurd, but in the fourth chapter the author gives not only the now more recognized first ascent, by MacCarthy, Foster and Kain, but also a very fair account of the earlier and truly amazing ascent to the summit ridge by the Rev. George

BOOK REVIEWS Continued:

Kinney and "Curlie" Phillips, which now often seems to be given less than its due credit. If one accepts the general theory that a first ascent of any mountain is infinitely harder than any succeeding one, then Kain's victory appears almost academic, though not to say Pyrrhic.

Three separate stories, all mountain accidents, are told in the fifth chapter. A sad chapter, but at least it can be said that there is something to be learned from each of these tragedies. The first describes the death on Mount Howson, probably from heart failure, of Rex Gibson, a well known and loved President of the ACC. The second tells how a large group of boys without proper leadership, experience or even adequate footwear attempted 11'636 ft. Mount Temple and seven were killed in an avalanche. And the third story warns that one must not underestimate even a "hill" like 4'758 ft. Mount Seymour. Three hikers, without food, matches or proper clothing got lost and benighted in bad weather. One died, one got out and the other was found six days later barely alive. All this in a park within sight of downtown Vancouver.

I think the last chapter, on Mount Fairweather, is quite the best in the book and this is probably because here Paddy is describing one of his own climbs. He gives it a vitality and reality which is not possible when writing mainly of other's adventures. His impressions of Fairweather's grand glacier scenery are well conveyed and his account is full of interesting, human and amusing sidelights. He gives his own hopes and fears frankly, and describes not only the excitement of the ascent but the anticlimax of the summit, and the fatigue — induced hallucinations he suffered during the descent. The last few pages hold a surprise for the reader who does not know of the dramatic sequel to this B.C. Centennial ascent of Fairweather, and I am not going to spoil it here.

"Cloud Walkers" has four excellent sketch maps and birds-eye views, and it is well illustrated with seventeen black and white photographs. These include that startling one by Phyl Munday of the summit tower of Waddington, and several of Bradford Washburn's grand aerial panoramas. A cursory glance at some of the older books will show, however, that with a few notable exceptions, the standards of photography and reproduction have deteriorated in the last seventy years. The pictures of Woolley, Ponting, Sella, Donkin, etc, are unsurpassed today even by those of Washburn. In most cases haste and the miniature negative must

BOOK REVIEWS Continued:

take the blame. I noticed very few mistakes worth mentioning in the text - but it must be quite difficult to see cornices from ten miles away in thick cloud (page 103) and it is Wilfrid Noyce not Noyes (page 150) - and it is nicely printed on good paper and well bound. It is a book well worth reading and worth the price of purchase.

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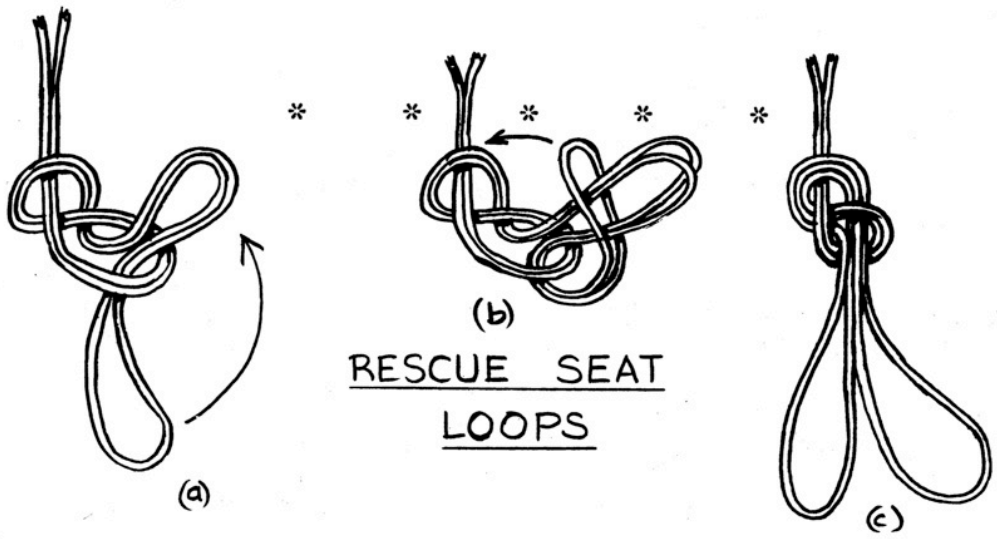
CHECK LIST OF CLIMBING EQUIPMENT

DAY TRIP

Map and Compass
Small packsack
Lunch
Water bottle filled with desired liquid
Boots, windjacket, gloves, sweater, cap (or hat with brim
Dark glasses or goggles, flashlight on glaciers)
Glacier cream, insect repellent, jacknife
First aid, waterproof matches, toilet paper
Rope, axe, crampons, slings, karabiners, pitons etc
according to trip

OVERNIGHT TRIP

All of day trip equipment, plus:
sleepingbag, rucksack or packboard
Extra socks and pants
Hut slippers or light shoes
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)



RESCUE SEAT LOOPS

NOTES ON SCHEDULED TRIPS

These brief descriptions of each trip may help you decide which of them to go on. Further details from Leaders or Directors.

MULVEY TRAIL MONTH We shall try to have groups working on the trail every weekend in June, and to get the best results we must plan the work systematically, so do contact a leader before going. Its lots of fun and many hands make light work. Be prepared to camp out and bring any tools you can find as well as your food.

KOKANEE JULY 1st We hope to arrange several parties for Mt. Kane (rock & snow), Battleship (rock), Kneecap (rock) etc. Also a Snow School. Bring rope and axe if you have them, proper climbing boots and usual overnight gear. Several volunteer leaders will be needed.

MT. THOR CAMP This is a trip into a new area (for us) and is limited to 4 to 5 strong members. Contact leaders for full details.

MT. WODEN A "day" trip but long drive in calls for camp previous night at car parking point. Woden is a moderate climb but those who prefer can stay at the pretty McKean Lakes. 4 - 5 hours hike from cars to peak.

TAM O'SHANTER LAKE (East of Kootenay Lake) Cross Lake Ferry to Kootenay Bay and drive up Crawford Creek and up slopes of Crawford Mtn. Cross saddle to Lake (4 hrs roughly) and overnight there. Crawford Mtn easy ascent and fishing in Lake.

MT. FISHER Clearly visible from around Cranbrook. Trip to be led by Purcell Alpine Club members. 3½ hrs to campsite. Two routes up peak, one easy (but rope needed) other rather more challenging.

MULVEY LAKES A long weekend hike up our finished (?) trail to the beautiful alpine basin with rock spires all around. Good climbs on Gladsheim etc, or just enjoy the lakes and meadows.

BLUE GROUSE BASIN Our third attempt to get you to this beauty spot up Paupo Creek (Kokanee Park). Let us hope for good weather this time. Camp at end of Enterprise Creek

NOTES ON SCHEDULED TRIPS Continued:

road the night before or meet there 7.30 am.

SLOCAN CHIEF WORK PARTY This always turns out to be as much fun as work. Chop wood, clean up, minor repairs, and enjoy a last look around before the snow comes (we hope!).

ICE SCHOOL This will only be held if weather and conditions permit. At this time of year there is often enough ice appearing from under the snow on the glacier to allow ice practice. All participants must have axe, boots and properly fitting crampons, warm clothing etc. Bring ropes, slings, karabiners etc if you have them.

* * * * *

THE TRIALS OF THE SECOND MAN



"Up another inch and I can reach!"

KOOTENAY SECTION
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

SUMMER SCHEDULE 1966 (See notes on previous page)

June, Every weekend	MULVEY TRAIL CUTTING MONTH 2-Day trips Leaders: Chris Penn, Jack Oswald, Bob Dean Meet at Slocan Friday evenings No limit
Fri, Sat & Sun, July 1, 2 & 3	SLOCAN CHIEF CABIN (Kokanee Park) MT. KANE, SNOW SCHOOL 3 nights out Tour Coordinator: Helen Butling Meeting: Call at Helen Butling's Thursday night to pick up food Limit: 20 members
Sat. on July 9, 10, 11 & 12	MT. THOR CAMP (Monashees) 4 - 5 days Strong group of 4 - 5 to climb Mt. Thor Contact Dave Parfitt or Jack Oswald for details
Sunday, July 17th	MT. WODEN AND McKEAN LAKES (Valhallas) Day trip, but drive in previous evening Leader: Bob Dean Meeting: Crescent Valley Store, Saturday 4 pm No limit
Sat & Sun, August 6 & 7	TAM O'SHANTER LAKE AND MT. CRAWFORD (Purcells) One night out Leader: Jack Steed Meeting: Balfour Ferry ramp, Saturday 7 am No limit
Sat & Sun, August 20 & 21	MT. FISHER (Rockies) One night out Leader: Andy Stirling & Purcell Alpine Club members Meeting: Fort Steele Saturday 10 am No limit
Sat, Sun & Mon, Sept. 3, 4 & 5	MULVEY LAKES (Valhallas) 7 mile hike 2 - 3 nights out Climbs possible: Gladsheim, Cone, Gimli etc Leader: to be announced Meeting: Slocan Friday 7 pm (overnight at Kamp Kipper) or leave road early Saturday am No limit

SUMMER SCHEDULE Continued:

Saturday, September 10	BLUE GROUSE BASIN (Kokanee Park) One day trip Leader: Rick Askew Meeting: Top of Enterprise Cr. Road Friday night or be there 7.30 am Saturday No limit
Sat & Sun, Sept. 17 & 18	SLOCAN CHIEF CABIN (Kokanee Park) ANNUAL WORK PARTY Friday & Saturday nights at Cabin Meeting: Call at Helen Butling's Friday night to pick up food Limit: 20 Workers
Sat, Sun & Mon Oct. 8, 9 & 10	ICE SCHOOL, KOKANEE GLACIER (Weather and conditions permitting) 3 nights at Slocan Chief Cabin Leader: Chris Penn Meeting: Kaslo Friday 8 pm Limit: 6 - 8 properly equipped members

IMPORTANT: All who wish to go on a Section Trip MUST:

- Notify leader (or director in your area) at least 2 days beforehand. Limited trips earlier.

- Have the proper equipment for the trip

Leaders are reserved the right to refuse to take a member if, in his judgement, the member is inadequately equipped or not experienced enough for the trip. If in doubt about experience or equipment check with leader or director in your area. He will gladly advise you.

INFORMATION from leaders or from the director for each area:

TRAIL	John Walters	368 - 6267
CASTLEGAR	Chris Penn	365 - 5618
NELSON	Jack Steed	352 - 2196

*** Don't forget the last ski trip:

Sat, Sun & Mon May 21, 22 & 23 1966	KOKANEE GLACIER Slocan Chief Cabin Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Butling Meeting: place to be arranged Limit: 10 - 12 Section Members

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to thank all our contributors and everyone who assisted in producing this issue.

Roy King has presented the Section Library with a copy of "The Quiet Crisis" by Stewart Udall and we thank him for this fine book and recommend members to read it.

We also wish to express our grateful aknowledgements to the following for the items in the text marked * from their respective publications:

The Editor of the Canadian Alpine Journal

The Editor of the Alpine Journal

J.M. Dent and Sons, London, for R.L.G. Irving's "The Mountain Way"

Holt Rinehart and Winston Inc. N.Y. for Udall's "The Quiet Crisis"

Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of Toronto Symphony Orchestra for his remarks on CBC 1st December 1964.

THANKS (By J.O.)

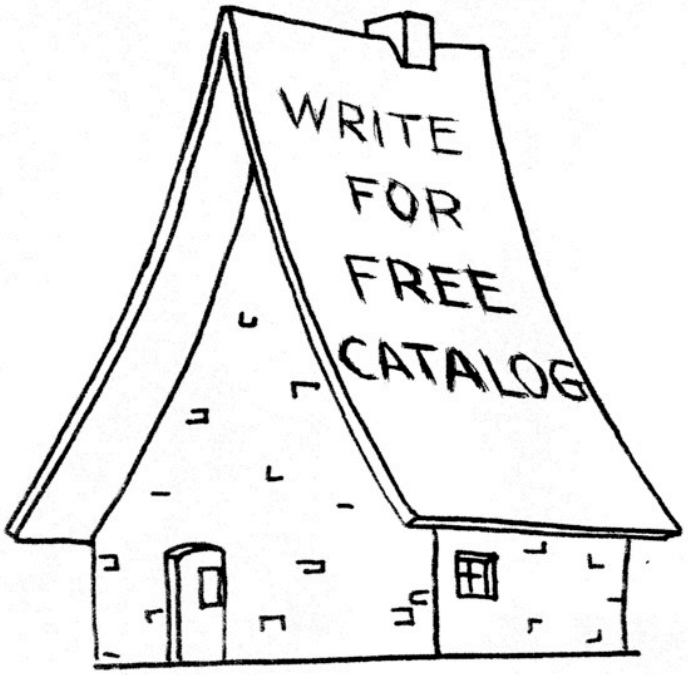
Just a note here to express on behalf of the Kootenay Section many thanks to Chris and Claudine Penn for the great amount of work that they have done once again to turn out this edition of Kootenay Karabiner.

Claudine has done all the typing of stencils for this and the previous issue.

Chris has been collecting articles, writing, drawing, printing, designing, advertising, - in other words, as from the start, he has done a tremendous amount of work for the success of Kootenay Karabiner.

* * * * *

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