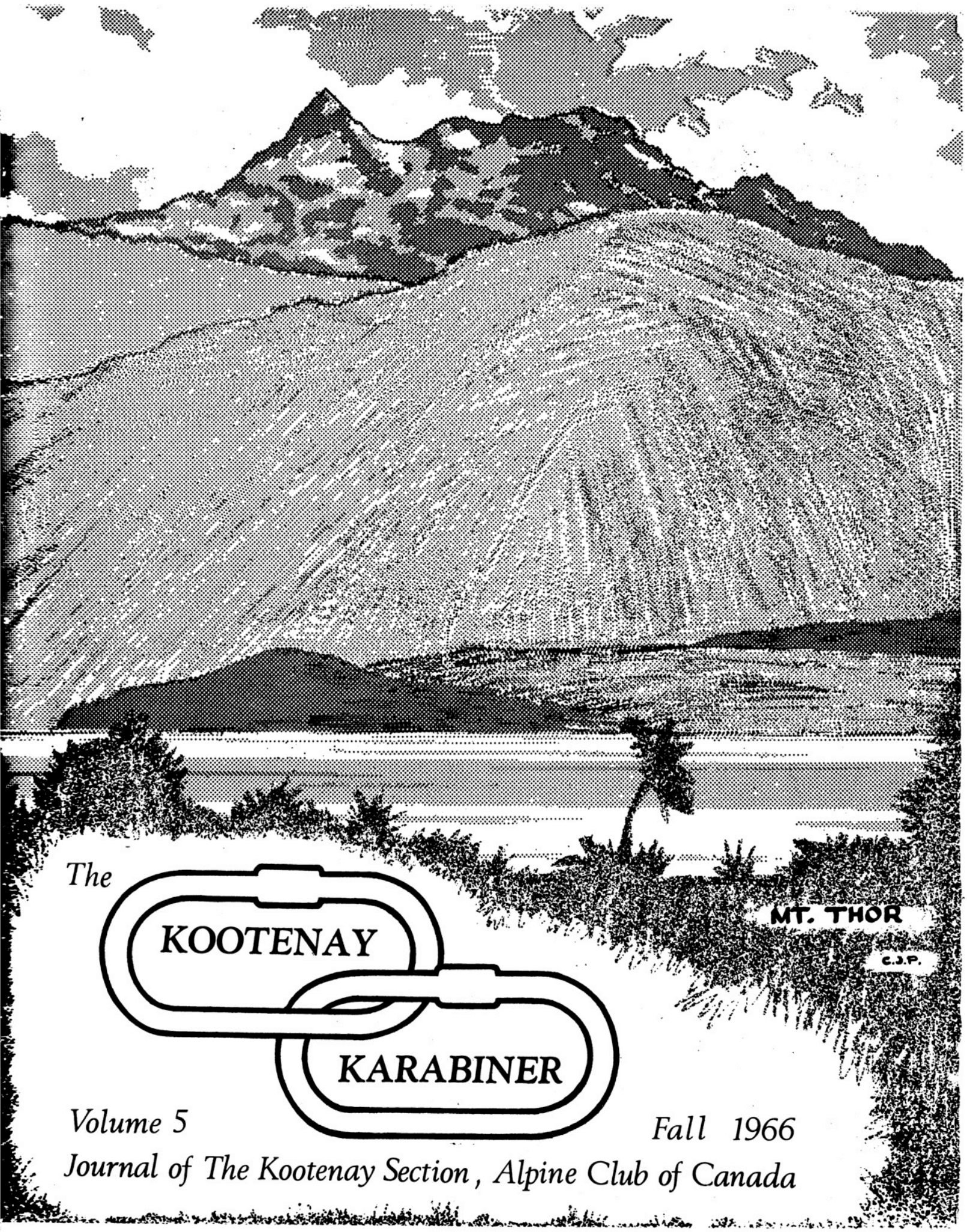


The KOOTENAY KARABINER

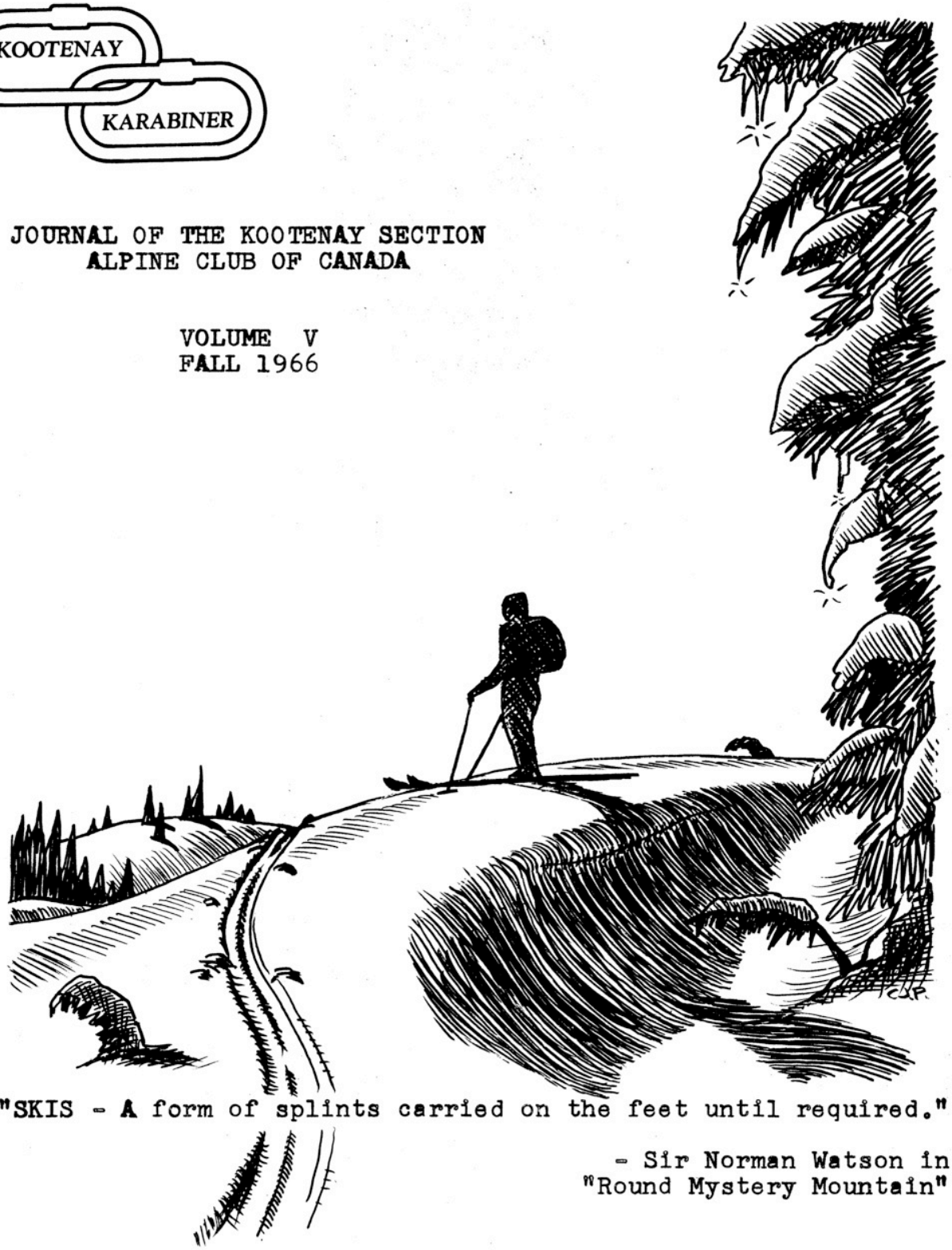
Volume 5 *Fall 1966*

Journal of The Kootenay Section, Alpine Club of Canada

KOOTENAY KARABINER

JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION
ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

VOLUME V
FALL 1966



"SKIS - A form of splints carried on the feet until required."

- Sir Norman Watson in
"Round Mystery Mountain"

E D I T E D B Y

CHRIS PENN

JACK OSWALD



KOOTENAY SECTION

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

(Section founded March 1964)

Officers 1966-67

RETIRING CHAIRMAN:	Helen Butling
SECRETARY-TREASURER:	David Parfitt Box 932 Rossland B.C.
AREA DIRECTORS:	Howard Millbank (Trail) Chris Penn (Castlegar) Helen Butling (Nelson)
MOUNTAIN RESCUE CO-ORDINATOR:	Dave Parfitt Rossland 362 - 5173

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EDITORIAL

FALL
1966

The Kootenay Section has climbed a steep pitch. The Section got off the ground early in 1964, a short but enthusiastic rope, under the vigorous leadership of Kim Keane. The following year he left us for his world tour. After the fine start the Section could easily have flopped, and the ACC and the Kootenays would have been the poorer for its loss. At that critical point we elected Helen Butling to the leadership. Now we are at the top of that second pitch, and, quite apart from the remarkable enthusiasm of the ever-lengthening rope, I think everyone will agree that Helen has made a good lead. She is handing over the lead for the next pitch to a new Chairman. No matter what sort of pitch his may turn out to be, he will, I am sure, agree that it has been made possible by her foregoing success. That is the way it goes in mountain climbing, as in many other things.

This issue of the Karabiner contains, once again, an account of a first ascent - Mt. Thor - by Section members, this time in nice combination with two of the Spokane Mountaineers. It also contains an innovation in that we have as our guest writer the well-known humorist Eric Nicol. There are climbs in the Rockies and Valhallas, ski tours and a mountaineer's "pilgrimage" to Nepal. Do not miss the notes on the ACC and Section Centennial Camps, planned for next year.

Jack and Donna Oswald (our roving Co-Editors) have sent an interesting report on camping in Europe which I have held over for the Spring issue, as being more appropriate for that season. As we go to press we understand that they are heading back towards the Kootenays, so we may soon hear firsthand of their adventures.

The Ski Touring Schedule gives full details of the planned trips for winter and spring. Do not forget to be properly equipped for any ski outings, both physically and mentally too. An essential part of your mental equipment is a full understanding of that curious and fickle stuff snow. Avalanches can take place on ANY slope of more that 23° angle, if conditions happen to be right. There is no such thing as a safe slope. One must learn to judge every place and judge it again everytime you recross it, for it can change from hour to hour. It is relatively easy to decide

EDITORIAL Continued:

that a slope is unsafe if it is fearfully loose and unstable or soggy so that one sinks in deeply, but do not forget that much more deceptive condition called "windslab". It seems firm but will often break off like a brittle cookie. It usually forms on the lee slope, but all the signs cannot be listed here. You must read up on this in authoritative manuals and books. The Section Library has a good ski Mountaineering manual and the more experienced Section members will glad to advise you and lend you articles.

This year being the Diamond Jubilee of the ACC I think it appropriate to repeat here from the Canadian Alpine Jorurnal the words of the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, Bob Hind:

"As we move into our 60th Year new and exciting prospects open before us but let us not forget the chief objectives of our Club, which still remain climbing, training and exploration. All our activities should keep these basic goals in mind and any changes we make should help in the attainment of these objectives."

* * * * *

KOOTENAY SECTION
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

FALL 1966

"Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."

- W.H. Murray

As this report goes to press Dark November is upon us, but when we can look back on a Summer and Fall such as we have just had, a season of fine weather, good climbing and companionship, this interim period of inactivity is no hardship.

The Spring dinner meeting was held in May with 55 members present. After the business meeting Bill Hurst gave a showing of his excellent slides ranging from the Yukon, Mt. Robson and through the Rockies to our own familiar Kootenay country.

The ski touring ended with a trip for 12 members to the Slocan Chief Cabin in Kokanee Glacier Park on the long weekend of May 24th. The weather was dreadful, as it has been on all Kokanee trips this year, but the snow conditions were excellent. Meanwhile Rock School, with Norm Wagner in charge was again going strong out at the Kinnaird Rocks every Wednesday with an average attendance of 25 enthusiasts. This year the "Tigers" numbered and marked 16 routes which proved a great help to everyone. Our thanks go to Norm and his crew for a job well done.

Our Rescue Team held practices out at the Rocks on alternate Mondays through May and June. It is proving hard to bring into being what they feel is a good team without being called upon. However first aid sessions are planned for the winter and we feel confident that if they are ever called out on a rescue this fine group of climbers will find they are a team in spite of their misgivings. Jim Street has resigned as liason man but agreed to take charge of the first aid sessions. Jim has done a fine job of collecting equipment and laying the framework for the team to go into operation. He deserves a hearty vote of thanks for his time and effort.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

Operation "Mulvey Trail" is now in its third year and it would appear that we must pull up our socks and put a little more effort into this project to get it finished. It is obvious that we must not put any more work into the first five miles which are now in fair condition but concentrate all our effort on the last two which are Devils Club, Slide Alder and windfalls at their worst. Those of us who battled their way through to the Head Wall and to the meadows above will testify to the breathtaking beauty of the area and fine climbing it offers. In other words the trail is well worth the effort, so lets all get behind it for our Centennial Project next year and break a way through. We are indebted to Bob Dean and Bruce Mawer this year for their great work with the chain saws.

The annual snow school was once again held in Kokanee on the July 1st weekend, with 12 members taking part. We had also planned to climb Mt. Kane 9'150 ft, but anyone who was out in the hills that weekend will know that the weather put an end to any plans to climb a mountain.

Very pleasant were the trips to Mt. Woden and McKean Lakes, Mt. Crawford and Tamoshanter Lake and, after two previous unsuccessful attempts, a delightful hike into Blue Grouse Basin and climb of Virgil Mountain.

A combined effort with the Purcell Alpine Club in the East Kootenays resulted in a very enjoyable camp Saturday night and climb of Mt. Fisher 9'236 ft on Sunday with 17 people taking part. The whole trip was a great success and it is hoped this will become an annual event alternating between the East and West Kootenays.

Labor Day weekend saw 9 members endure a gruelling 12 hours hike to reach the Mulvey Meadows in the Valhallas. They were rewarded by a weekend of glorious weather, a fine climb of Mt. Gladsheim 9'275 ft for four of the party and an Alpine area of great beauty.

Highlight of the climbing season was the first ascent of Mt. Thor 9'673 ft, in the Gold Range of the Monashees. Those taking part in the climb were Dave Parfitt, Rossland, Graham Hollins, Nelson and Chris Kopezynski and John Roskelley from the Spokane Mountaineers. Dave is to be congratulated for a fine lead and for most of the reconnaissance done on two previous trips.

Eleven members from the Section attended the Alpine

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

Club of Canada Annual Camp at Lake Magog in Mt. Assiniboine Provincial Park. Due to the late summer and fresh snow Mt. Assiniboine was in "no condition" for climbing and was only climbed once during the two weeks by a party of six, consisting of the two professional guides and four experienced climbers. However, climbing was enjoyed on the other fine mountains in the area. It is hard to do justice to the beauty of this Park, one can only say that it was a privilege to have camped beside Lake Magog (and feasted on its delicious fish) and in full view of what has so often been called "The Matterhorn of the Rockies".

The annual work party weekend at the Slocan Chief saw 17 members gather to cut wood, replace broken windows and give the cabin a good cleaning. In this report last year memtion was made of the deplorable condition of the cabin and surrounds due to "Poor Housekeeping". This summer saw even more people using the area. Grizzlies were attracted by the garbage which resulted in the cold-blooded shooting of two of these animals for safety reasons. However, maybe these beautiful and rapidly diminishing species of our mountain regions did not die in vain, as since their death visitors to the area have been much more careful about the burning and disposing of their garbage. One can only hope that this is a lesson that will not be easily forgotten.

We had hoped to hold an ice school in Kokanee at the Thanksgiving weekend but due to lack of equipment for those wishing to attend the trip was cancelled, but we shall try again next year, ice permitting.

We are now happily waiting for that "beautiful nuisance" to cover the land and give it that "white look" which all skiers love so well.

Those considering ski touring for the first time, and it is hoped there will be many new faces on the trips, are urged to get good advice as to the right equipment, this can make all the difference between enjoying the upward trek and hating every minute of it. Also to adhere carefully to the necessary items list at the back of the Karabiner.

In the spring we shall approach the mountains with the long slide that skis provide and perhaps be fortunate to realize the meaning of the words that,

"Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."

Helen Butling, Chairman, Kootenay Section, ACC.

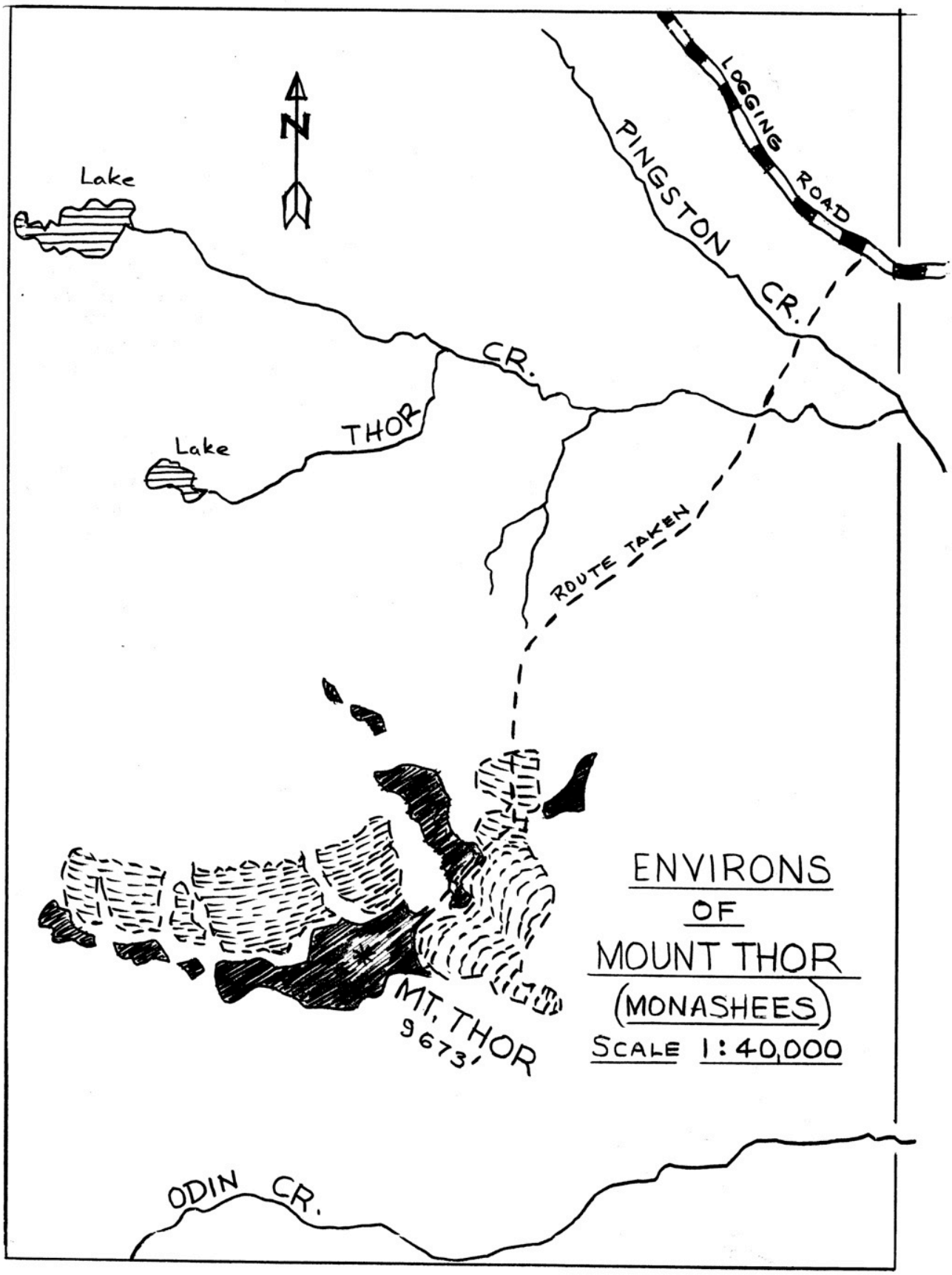
CONSERVATION NOTE

by Helen Butling

With regard to the Brief on Kokanee Park sent to the Hon. W.K. Kiernan in June, we received a very unsatisfactory reply from Mr Kiernan. He gave us very little encouragement that the areas we had asked be included in the Key Recreational Area would receive any consideration, exept the Wheeler Lake Chain which has been under consideration for inclusion in the Park for some time.

The Brief is being given backing by our friends the Spokane Mountaineers who have sent in over 100 signatures supporting it, also by the Vancouver Clubs and by the National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada. A reply from the Kootenay Section has been sent to Mr Kiernan restating our case and pressing more strongly for action.

* * * * *


N
LOGGING ROAD
PINGSTON CR.
Lake
CR.
THOR
Lake
ROUTE TAKEN
MT. THOR
9673'
ENVIRONS
OF
MOUNT THOR
(MONASHEES)
SCALE 1:40,000
ODIN CR.

MOUNT THOR

by Dave Parfitt

Last fall, when Helen Butling suggested climbing Mt. Thor as a Kootenay Section trip this summer, and appointed Jack Oswald and myself to investigate the area to find a route, the mountain meant no more to me than a name and an approximate location. Studying maps during the spring to find a suitable approach, that by way of Arrow Park and Pingston Creek seemed most favourable. However, a Celgar official, approached for information on roads in the area, recommended the road system from Sidmouth and produced a map substantiating this.

Mt. Thor is in the Gold Range of the Monashee's, west of the head of the Upper Arrow Lake. The massif consists of a ridge of peaks running east-west, separated by deep chasms, with the easternmost, 9'673 ft, being the highest. "Cheerful as sharks teeth" is the way the peaks to the west were described to me in a letter from the Rev. Joseph L. Smith, who had seen Thor from the air and it is a very apt description. The summit ridge drops less steeply down on the east to a snow covered col from which a secondary ridge of peaks sweeps first north-east, then, after another small col beyond the peak, north-west, lower but equally ferocious in aspect. The north-west ridge can be easily gained from the east side where it extends above a snowfield contained in a basin betwen the ridge and an outcropping peak to the north-east.

Thor Creek has its source in a small lake to the north of the mountain and flows east into Pingston Creek which flows south-east, veering south from its confluence with Thor Creek and flowing parallel to the Upper Arrow Lake. The first task of a reconnaissance party would be to bridge these two creeks.

With the climb scheduled for the weekend of the 10th July, we decided to do the reconnaissance on June 18th - 19th. On Friday evening Bob Dean, Roy Hopland, Jack Oswald and myself drove to Galena Bay and settled down to wait for the ferry. We were scarcely in our sleeping bags when a brus clearing gang returned to their nearby camp, presumably from an evening at the pub in Nakusp. A running fight

MT. THOR Continued:

broke out between two of them, the blows struck being liberally interspersed with four letter words. A third man, acting as peacemaker was punched and kicked by one of them and decided to join the fray, but in doing so he fell and claimed to have sprained an ankle. With much groaning from him and agreement from all of them that a sprain was worse than a break, they finally subsided into silence.

In the morning we awoke just in time to strike camp and catch the first ferry. We drove as close to the mountain as we could get on Celgar logging roads, then spent the rest of the day bridging Pingston and Thor Creeks and slashing a trail through the bush. Pingston Creek was bridged at a narrow place by Roy and Jack using only a hatchet but Thor Creek gave us more trouble. It was uniformly wide and fast flowing and Bob had left his chainsaw in the car. Taking turns, we attac ed a large tree on the bank with Jack's rather blunt double bitted axe and the hatchet. We were about half way through the task when the axehead parted company with the handle and disappeared into the creek. Rather than hike three miles to get the chainsaw to the spot, we kept on pecking away with the hatchet until the tree fell. It didn't make a very good bridg as it broke at the far bank and sagged into the creek, swollen with the spring run-off.

We returned to the road where we camped at about 4'000 ft. At 4.30 next morning we set out. Bob carried the chainsaw as far as the Thor Creek bridge and took it across, intending to build a new bridge on the way back. We made good progress up through the bush into the basin. after the frustrating delays involved in belaying each other across the bridge. By 9.30, we were at the col and decided to attempt the climb, but the weather deteriorated and we had to turn back at the small col where the ridge swings north-west at 10.30 a.m., with wet snow falling and a thunderstorm approaching from the north-west.

Before we arrived back at the creek it was raining hard. Once there, Bob selected a tree and cut the brush from its base with the chain saw, then decided another one was better located. He undercut it carefully and sawed it nearly through, but there was no movement from the tree so we cut some wooden wedges and drove them in, also without effect. Bob cut even further with the chainsaw so that the tree was all but separated from and balancing on its stump. We looked at each other with consternation. Just then, a light puff of wind fanned the forest and our tree fell with a resounding crash - the wrong way! At this point we were all ex-

MT. THOR Continued:

tremely chilled with the exception of our intrepid logger and Jack was feeling the effects of 'flu which had been bothering him all weekend. I belayed him across the bridge and he set out for the car while Bob selected another tree. One on the far side of the creek seemed obvious although it wouldn't help us across this time, but Bob finally selected a giant on our side of the creek and cut half way through it before the chainsaw coughed and died. Out of gas! We crawled across the bridge, Roy and I muttering imprecations against chainsaws and their owners. Hastening to catch up to Jack, we were soon en route for home.

To warm up, we waited for the Arrowhead ferry inside the waste burner at the sawmill, which was shut down for the weekend. Despite the fact that Thor, shrouded in cloud, looked as remote as ever, we felt pleased with our reconnaisance, certain that we had located a route to the summit.

On the 9th of July, a party consisting of Bob Dean, Graham Hollins, Roy King and myself arrived and did some more work on the trail. Again we camped at the road but this time started at 2.45 a.m. on the 10th. It was a warm and very dark night and we had some difficulty finding our route through the bush by the aid of headlights. We were able to dispense with the lights about three quarters of an hour after crossing Thor Creek and then made good progress, but to no avail, for we were turned back by a snowstorm and very limited visibility during the morning. However, we did find that we could easily climb down to the snowfield which we had to cross to gain the summit ridge.

On August 6th, Graham Hollins and myself, accompanied by Chris Kopczynski and John Roskelley of the Spokane Mountaineers arrived in the area. This time the plan was to bivouac above timberline. We chose a spot at the edge of the snowfield in the north basin at 7'400 ft at 5 p.m. The weather was cool and clear, with a strong wind blowing and we built a stone wall for shelter from it before turning in.

We set out up the snowfield to the col at 4.30 a.m. and then turned right onto the rock ridge. A few hundred feet up the ridge we traversed along its side and then descended to the snowfield below the summit. After crossing the snowfield we had 1'000 ft of rock ahead of us, which was mostly steep scrambling, although some belaying was necessary.

MT. THOR Continued:

We arrived at the summit at 10.00 a.m. John and Chris built a huge cairn in which we placed a record of our climb. The weather was perfect and we stayed an hour at the summit. To the South, beyond the rugged outline formed by the chain of Mts. Burnham, Grady and Thor, we could see the Pinnacle Peaks. Further east the Valhallas were visible, while to the north-west the snowy peaks of Cranberry and Blanket Mountains shone in the sunlight. The north-eastern and eastern horizons were rimmed with peaks whose names we did not know.

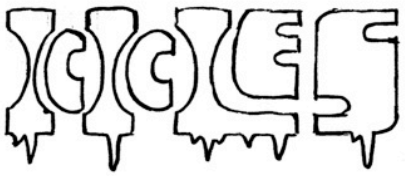
We arrived back at our bivouac site at 2.00 p.m. after harrowing few minutes higher up the basin, where Chris, John and Graham decided to glissade from the col down the snowfield. The first two made it safely but Graham fell and, losing his ice axe, slid down the snowfield at a terrific rate, fortunately a ay from a large rock down below where Chris and John were waiting. As soon as they saw what had happened they moved out to intercept Graham, who came to a halt abreast of the rock, unhurt, but shaken by the rapidity of his descent. This was a lesson to all of us, namely, don't glissade unless there is a perfectly safe run out, don't glissade without gloves on and, if you fall, roll towards the head of the ice axe and hang onto it. The wrist strap was missing from Graham's axe at the time but even had it not been he would have lost his grasp of it. I retrieved the axe on the way down.

At the bivouac site we hastily packed our gear and cleaned up the area, then made a fast descent of the rest of the bowl and the bush below it, arriving back at our cars at 4.30 p.m.

After regaling curselves with beer taken from a nearby creek (!?), we parted company, Chris and John to drive home via Revelstoke and the Okanagan and Graham and myself to catch the six o'clock ferry at Arrowhead.

Much credit is due to those who took part in the two unsuccessful attempts but who didn't take part in the third, for the useful groundwork which they put in, making it much easier for us on the third try. We believe Mt. Thor was unclimbed prior to our ascent.

* * * * *



by C.J. Penn

"If a place cannot be descended, it should never be climbed"

- A.F. Mummery
"My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus". 1895

"He that never climbed never fell" - Old Proverb

"The most dangerous place in the world is bed: more people die in bed than anywhere else"

- W. Marti ca. 1955

* * *

"Like happy people, ascents that go off well leave no history"

- Jean Franco, "Makalu"
MW 1956/57

"Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well"

- Antoine Arnauld

* * *

It has been reliably reported that on the weekend of 15/16 October 1966 Helen Butling was NOT up at the Slocan Chief Cabin.

- Anon.

* * *

Overheard on a Mountain:

C, earnestly: "For this rock you need a good-gripping sole."
D, anxiously: "I have a timid soul."
H, fervently: "What I need is a Vibram shirt on some of these places!"

* * *

TO THE ROYAL GROUP AND THE SECOND ASCENT OF MOUNT PRINCE EDWARD

by Bill Hurst

With hopes of reaching a small lake shown on the map at the head of Queen Mary Creek, and possibly finding an interesting site there for the Kootenay Section centennial camp, Gerry Brown and myself reluctantly left the Brown's summer home at sun-drenched Wasa Lake at 5.00 p.m., August 23rd 66. Very speedy time was made in Gerry's new Volks stationwagon over much improved highway 93 to Canal Flats where a not quite so smooth road was taken up Kootenay, Palliser and Albert Rivers, arriving at Crestbrook lumber camp, 37 miles from Canal Flats, at 8.00 p.m. We had originally planned to walk 1 mile up Albert River from Crestbrook camp and then ascend a tributary, coming in from the southeast, to a height of land whence Queen Mary Creek is accessible. But happily, on arriving at the lumber camp we learned that a logging road climbing high on the west side of the ridge, between Albert River and the above mentioned tributary, was still passable and, in turn, found ourselves camped that night on a landing approx. 1'500 ft above the valley floor.

The next morning we were able to gain another 500 ft in elevation in the admirably performing Volks, before shouldering very pleasant 40 lbs packs made up under Gerry's watchful eye for excess baggage, and after following road and skid trails as long as possible ascended a burn on a quite steep slope reaching the top of the ridge in 2 hours. A short walk along the top of the ridge, through a flower carpeted grove of larches, brought us to the end of the mountain which we skirted to the left on a rock slide before coming around on the east slope and our first view of the Royal Group. From here a slowly descending traverse over grass and slide rock brought us back into the timber at the head of the Albert River tributary, where, except for the numerous deer flies, a pleasant lunch spot was found at the spring-fed source of the creek (4 hours from car). One of what turned out to be many well-worn game trails in the area

ROYAL GROUP Continued:

was found soon after lunch which took us quickly to the summit of the pass (elev. 7'000 ft). Here a contour line was followed through timber for a short distance before picking up blazed but apparently little used trail which we were able to follow to the lake at the head of Queen Mary Creek (1 hour from lunch).

Camp was set up at the west end of the lake in a very beautiful setting and after a slightly reduced supper resulting from the stew pot tumbling into the fire after nearly two hours of preparation (wouldn't recommend dehydrated stews to anyone in a hurry), we decided there was still time enough left to hike up a conspicuous knoll to the south which promised an excellent view of Mt. King George. From earlier views in the day we had held out hope that we would be able to make an attempt on this massive and highest peak of the Royal Group, (elev. 11'226 ft) from our camp at the lake. On reaching the top of knoll, just as the sun was setting, we could soon see that this was not going to be so, what with the depth of the next tributary of Queen Mary Creek which separated us from the mountain, coupled with the length of the few visible routes we could see. On returning to camp we decided that the best bet for a climb tomorrow would be Mt. Prince Edward, 10'590, immediately to the east.

Getting away from the camp at 7.20 a.m. a short walk brought us to the far end of the lake and foot of the first of two headwalls which break up the basin between Mt. Prince Edward and Mt. Prince Henry. This was quite easily surmounted by scrambling up a rock slide to the right of the wall then following goat trails on ledges sloping upward to the centre of the crest. Crossing over huge piles of moraine and climbing up scree slopes to the foot of a multiwaterfall cascading over the second wall, a scree covered ramp, rising to the right, took us up to a point where a large crack goes up about 20 ft. After making our way up through the crack a number of scree covered ledges were crossed which brought us out into the upper basin. Crossing over the foot of a very long snow slope, which we hoped we would be able to make use of on our return, another scree slope was tackled which took us to the top of the ridge (4 hours from camp) and a wonderful view of the upper Palliser River valley stretched out below us and quite spectacular north and west faces of Mt. Prince Albert to our right. A sheltered and very warm ledge was found on the east side of the ridge where we decided to have lunch before coming to grips with the final peak of Prince Edward which from this point looked quite interesting with a large overhanging block at

ROYAL GROUP Continued:

the very top threatening to keep us from our goal. Leaving the very comfortable lunch spot at 12.30 p.m. we made our way along the ridge to the peak where we traversed under the east face on scree until coming to a promising rock couloir. This we followed for 2 rope lengths on somewhat unstable rock (Gerry, being spoiled on West Kootenay granite, thought it was terrible) before traversing out to the northeast ridge which we ascended easily for another rope length. We then worked our way back to about the centre of the face where a rock and snow-filled gully was followed until coming out on south-east ridge. Dropping over onto the south face, with considerable daylight showing below, the most interesting pitch of just over one rope length was encountered which brought us out onto the summit at 2.50 p.m. An even more spectacular view awaited us than during lunch, being able to see Mt. Assiniboine clearly to the north, the North and South Kananaskis Passes to the northeast, Mt. Joffre to the southeast and the formidable Mt. King George, with its unusual necklace-like snow bands running across the northwest face, immediately to the south. While on the summit two T 33 jets passed very low overhead, which gave one a funny feeling to think they would be landing in Calgary in a few minutes, while we would be several hours yet just getting back to the bottom of the mountain. With this in mind we knocked off the picture taking and started heading down at 3.20 p.m., reaching the lunch spot at 5.30p.m. and, after a very long glissade in the upper basin, made our way happily back to camp, arriving at 7.20 p.m.

With the thought of possibly wanting to return to the area in the future for a try at Mt. King George, a trip was made over to a high grassy knoll at the end of the west ridge on August 25th. We found what appears to be very good approach at the head of the 3rd from last tributary of Queen Mary Creek, which should lead quite easily up over the south-west ridge and into a cirque on south side of the mountain at the head of Fynn Creek. On nearing the top of the grassy knoll (elev. 8'000 ft) a cow elk was sighted very beautifully silhouetted against the sky and on getting within approx. 200 ft three more stood up and looked down at us for a minute or two before deciding it was time to take off. They had no doubt climbed to this height hoping to get away from the flies.

On August 26th feeling that we had exhausted what could be done from our camp (with their long scree slopes and rotten-looking rock Mt. Prince Henry and Mt. Queen Mary did not look the least bit interesting), we retraced our inco-

ROYAL GROUP Continued:

ming route to the car in a leisurely 6 hours. We stopped off to check a rockslide for reported fossils without much success, and arrived back at Wasa, with storm clouds rolling in from the west, just in time for a delicious feed of chili, new corn and huckleberry pie à la mode at the Brown's.

Although we had failed to find a site for the centennial camp, with Mt. Prince Edward the only decent climb available at the lake campsite, we enjoyed the trip very much for the climb and for the lush unspoiled beauty of the area. The latter has become hard to find in this corner of the province, with roads having been pushed up almost every creek over the past 15 years.

Mt. Prince Edward was first climbed by Miss Gardiner and W. Feuz in 1924.

* * * * *

Editor's Note: Bill made a pretty careful check, and, as far as we know, nobody had repeated Miss Gardiner's ascent of 1924. This is quite remarkable when one considers the relatively easy access.

THE SPACE PITON

NEW!

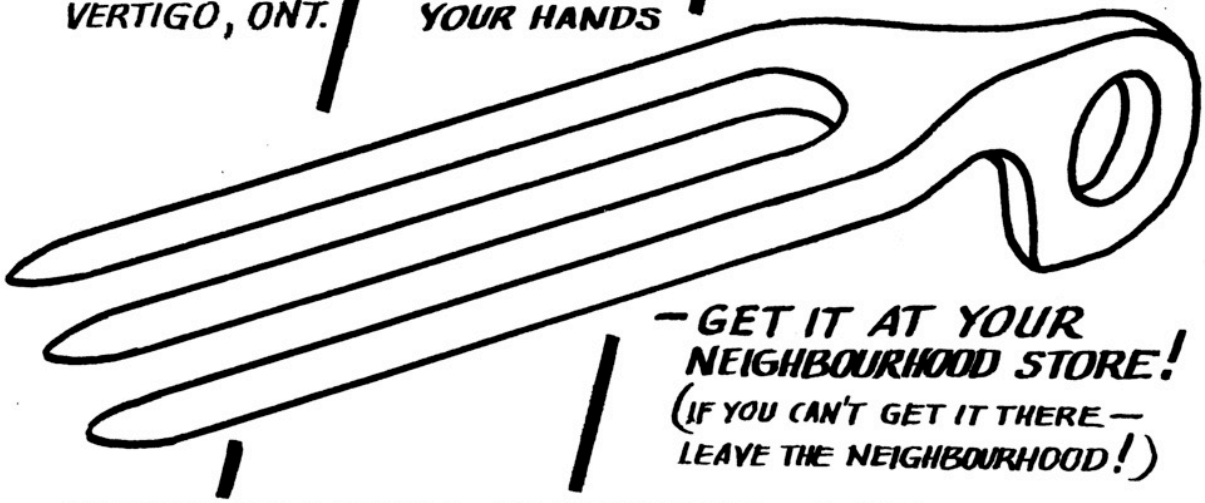
NO OTHER PITON CAN — BE USED AS A TUNING FORK FOR THREE YODELLERS!

TESTED BY SNODTESTMATE* AND GUARANTEED — LEAKPROOF — LINTFREE — MILD AND GENTLE ON YOUR HANDS

— OPEN THREE CANS OF BEANS AT ONCE!

— HOLD THREE CRACKS TOGETHER!

MADE BY DIZZY-STUNT NOVELTY CORP., VERTIGO, ONT.



— GET IT AT YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD STORE!
(IF YOU CAN'T GET IT THERE — LEAVE THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!)

WHAT FAMOUS CLIMBERS SAY:

SIR EDWARD PILLORY, "I USED ONE ON MT. MANGITABBI BUT WAS STUNG BY BEES WHEN I GOT HOME."

TENSING BHINGO, "[illegible]"

SEN. R. KENN*DY, "I SHALL TAKE IT ON ALL FUTURE EXPEDITIONS."

HERR HEINRICH HELDENTAT, "SCHUST VOT I HAF BIN VAITING FOR!"

* SOCIETY FOR NON-DESTRUCTIVE TESTING OF MOUNTAINEERS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT

CAUTION: DO NOT HAMMER SPACE PITON INTO ROCKS OR YOU MAY GET A FALLING SENSATION, AND A BUMP MAY COME UP ON YOUR HEAD.

C.J.P.

MOUNT FISHER, 9236 FT.

by A.G. Stirling

A combined assault by members of the Kootenay Section, A.C.C. and the Purcell Alpine Club was undertaken on the weekend of August 20th and 21th, 1966 as a result of a request by Mrs Helen Butling during a visit to Kimberley about New Years.

In all 17 people participated in the climb, 10 from the Kootenay Section and 7 from the P.A.C.

Most of the party met at Fort Steele about 10.00 a.m. on the Saturday and drove up Mouse Creek valley to the foot of the trail. From this point it took about 3 hours to pack up to the camp site in the cirque at 7'000 ft elevation. This time included a pleasant lunch break where a small stream trickled through an open slide.

Camp was pitched in the early afternoon and various side trips were undertaken during the remaining hours of daylight. One rope of three made an ascent of one of the gulleys in the needles south of Fisher, returning to camp by moonlight.

The night was magnificent and the scenery only lacked a glacier to complete the picture. A stealthy and half tame marmot was a minor camp nuisance.

Six o'clock saw the camp roused by a sadist beating on a tin plate and the serious business began about 8 o'clock after a very leisurely breakfast. We were joined by three more members who had elected to do the trip in one day.

A party of five started first to follow the ridge route by walking to the top of the cirque and then ascending a scree slope until the top of the ridge was reached at about 8'000 ft. From here the party made their way up the rocks with one or two interesting pitches, reaching the summit shortly before noon. After shouting encouragement (or otherwise) to some of the rock climbing parties, the ridge party returned to camp by the same route.

MT. FISHER Continued:

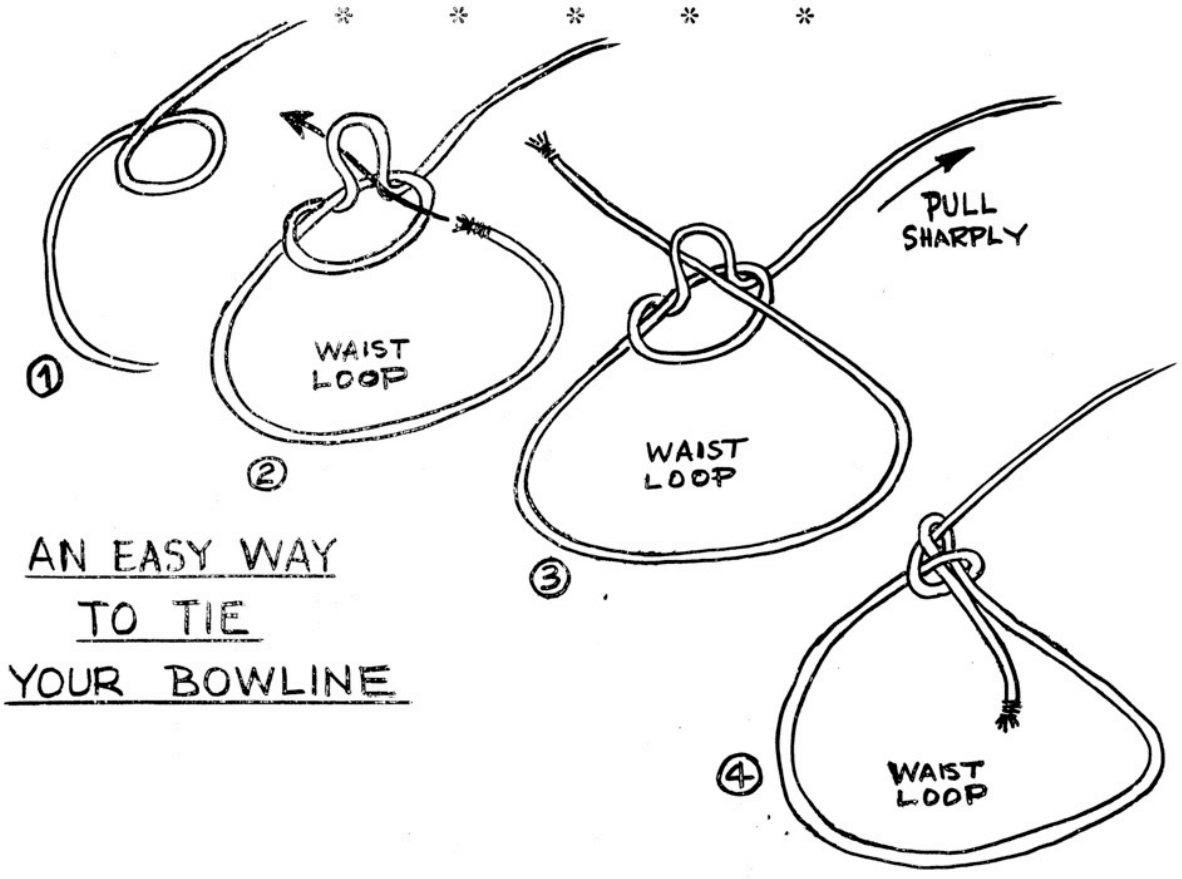
Meanwhile the other twelve climbers had paired off into six ropes, each of which selected a route up the rocks on the west and south west faces. There are a number of routes, varying from easy to fairly difficult and each rope climbed according to taste. Rock in general was fairly good but rotten near the top on most routes. All ropes but one reached the summit shortly after noon and had lunch on top. The remaining rope decided to turn back.

The weather was excellent but it was rather hazy in the valleys so that visibility was limited.

The rock parties descended by the ridge route, broke camp, and packed down to the cars.

This was a very good combined effort and its success suggests that a similar expedition should be planned for next year.

* * * * *



AN EASY WAY TO TIE YOUR BOWLINE

PLEASE DON'T SAY HI

by Eric Nicol

(Reprinted by kind permission from "The Province") *

Rumblings are directed against amateur mountain climbers who get in a pickle on a peak and have to be rescued at public expense. About time, too.

As a public service, I intend to abstain from climbing mountains. They can disband the rescue teams, beat their helicopters into ceiling fans, as far as my falling down a crevasse is concerned. I'm off mountain-climbing for life, if not longer.

I admit that this doesn't represent too much of a sacrifice. An unscaled mountain has never been an irresistible challenge to me, like for instance Kim Novak or a plate of spaghetti. I know that it must be a rare thrill to stand at the very top of a mountain, your eyebrows a mass of white crystals and your toes tinkling off with frostbite as you gaze over the panorama of sheer drops, but I'll fight it.

My lungs don't have automatic defrosting, and I'm apt to puddle my crisper. If I am ever overcome by the urge to stand where no man has ever stood before, I'll sneak into the YW.

To be quite frank, I'm allergic to heights. When I say "heights" I don't just mean Everest and Mont Blanc, or even Montmartre. I mean <u>any</u> height.

I am one of the few people who get giddy stepping into an Alpine sports car. Once, walking in the New Zealand city of Wellington, I passed Sir Edmund Hillary on the street and went all weak at the knees. My wife had to assist me back to Camp One, at our hotel.

This incident was especially unfortunate because Hillary is one of my wife's heroes. It wasn't till after we were married that I learned that she had a complete library of books like Annapurna, The Conquest of Everest, and Beyond the High Himalayas. I found that her respect for a man was

PLEASE DON'T SAY HI Continued:

relative to his height above sea level. Her ideal mate was not a six-footer. He was a 29'000-footer.

This has not made it any easier for me to live with the fact that I have at times been overcome by acrophobia while standing on a rather high curb. I don't believe my wife has fully accepted my explanation for our not ascending the Eiffel Tower, during our visit to Paris, namely that the structure had been closed on account of termites.

When Ed Sullivan has one of his circus aerialists on the program, I can see without looking the slight curl of my wife's lips as I leave the room to "check the furnace".

You see, my fear of heights is empathic. I worry about <u>everybody's</u> footing. When the window-washer suddenly appears outside my office window, four floors above the street, I do not answer his cheery wave. I am too busy hanging onto my desk. In spirit we are roped together. One mis-step on his part, and I am whipped out the window to a joint mess on the pavement below.

These traits make it unlikely that I shall ever burden the taxpayer with the cost of retrieving me from a mountain ledge. The only conceivable situation requiring my rescue in a dazed condition from a summit would be a roof-garden cocktail-lounge where the St. Bernards had been too liberal in their mission of mercy.

To those who wonder at my resistance to climbing a mountain, and ask why I don't do it, my reply is simple:

"Because it is there".

* * * * *

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Seriously, although I printed Eric's article because I thought you would enjoy his good-humoured teasing of mountaineers, he <u>does</u> perpetuate an old falsehood: that the public has to foot the bill whenever climbers get into trouble. This is seldom true, for most climbing clubs have their own rescue teams and there is a co-ordinating body for the whole of North America, as in Europe too.

If we get into a mess, we must get <u>ourselves</u> out again, or we lose our self-respect. That is why it is vital that we support our rescue organizations and learn how to handle emergencies if they arise.

IN THE ROCKIES, 1965

By Lt. R.J. Stockton, 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters

(Roger Stockton's battalion were on exercises with the Canadian Army and a group of them, all keen mountaineers, got leave to go climbing afterwards. I was glad to be of help to them and to learn that they enjoyed their first visit to Canada's mountains. Here are their impressions, as promised in the last issue, reprinted by permission from "The Forester". * C.J.P.)

When we got a provisional go-ahead to plan a climb in the Rockies, Christopher Penn, a keen mountaineer in British Columbia, sent us three suggestions:

a) to climb in the area of the Banff National Park,
b) or in the area of the Yoho National Park,
c) to do a ten-day trek to the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers, a remote area in the southern Purcell Mountains

We chose to climb at (c). Before we left for Canada we built up our physical fitness by road work in Essex, by a training meet in the Llanberis Pass and by a climb in the Scafell Pike area, where we raised the standard of rock work. Unfortunately, we got no training on snow or ice, but a series of dry run-throughs on crevasse rescue proved useful.

The Expedition

Once in Canada we had hoped that all our problems would be over. Far from it! A last-minute cancellation made it look as if the expedition would never get off the ground. Nevertheless, these problems were finally ironed out and after some frantic planning, we were ready. And on the afternoon of Friday, 2nd July, the expedition team, consisting of Lt Stockton, 2/Lt Townsend, Sgt Smith, Cpls Preston, Coxon, Taylor, L/Cpl Ledgard, Cfn Grose, Ptes McClean and Glover, assembled, loaded stores onto a "dooze-an'-a-ha'f"* and left Camp Wainwright. The journey to the mountains was taken in two stages with an overnight stop at Calgary before driving on to Radium Hot Springs, a small health and holiday resort at the southern end of the Kootenay National

* 2½-ton truck

IN THE ROCKIES, 1965 Continued:

Park. The following night was spent in a small camp-site just outside Radium before proceeding on the final and most arduous part of the trip. That evening we gave the equipment a final check; we were visited by our guide, Dennis Taggart, farmer and packer "par excellence", who was to take us up into the mountains using his pack horses to take the bulk of the heavy kit. He proved to be a proficient guide and taught us much about the mountains.

At six o'clock the next morning we left Radium Junction, crossed the Columbia River and followed the logging trail into the heart of the mountains. For the first few miles the track was reasonably sound, however, the further we progressed the worse it became with huge pine trees perched precariously over us. By 0745 hrs we had progressed as far as possible along the track and from there onwards was to be all walking. Along the drive of some 35 miles the scenery had changed rapidly from the rock pinnacles around Radium to the snow-capped mountains that now surrounded us. Once we had taken in the beauty of the scenery we started unloading the stores, breaking them down into horse loads and putting them into curious wooden boxes that were covered with cow hide. The boxes, two to a horse, were strapped on either side of a cross saddle by a highly complex system of ropes that we could never quite fathom out but which proved to be exceptionally efficient. Once they were loaded up the horses were tied up halter to tail and we set off. The trees along the first few miles of the trail were very tall and straight, shutting out all light from the mossy floor below; the trail in places was difficult to follow amongst the pine needles and moss while the only sound was the jingle of the horse' bridles, our panting and the occasional rasp of the buzz-saw cutting through trees that had fallen across the infrequently used track. The last time it had been used was eighteen months previously!

Two obstacles confronted us on the trail up to the Lake. The first was a torrent in a narrow granite gorge called, "Hell-roaring Creek", the second, the main river known as Horsethief Creek beside which we had walked. On crossing both rivers it was impossible, except for the very tall, not to get a soaking up to the waist in freezing water that came straight from the glaciers some five or six thousand feet above! Five hours after leaving the trail we reached the base camp feeling a little strange after the final two miles up a very steep slope at the top of which our base camp was to be situated, the height being 7'300 ft. After the quick cup of tea we set about establishing the

IN THE ROCKIES, 1965 Continued:

camp while the packers started back not to be seen for the next ten days.

The area requires a brief description. The lake is situated in a hanging valley and is covered in small icebergs that had broken off the glacier at its head; it is surrounded by steep cliffs, peaks, hanging glaciers with an immense ice wall at its far end. Below the lake, on the very fringe of the tree line, were small alpine meadows covered with a great variety of brightly coloured flowers.

The following day was spent on final organisation, recces and acclimatisation to the slightly rarified atmosphere which made itself felt even at that height. The poor condition of the snow was a matter of great concern; it was fresh and had not had time to acquire a really firm crust, thus, each day, as soon as the sun touched the slopes, there began an everlasting succession of avalanches and stone falls. This was a great blow to our plans as such conditions greatly restricted the scope of our climbing. With long snow climbs and alpine conditions it is imperative to start the day's climbing around 0300 hrs before the sun has risen, thus giving one a greater length of time during which the snow is safe. The moment the sun rises the snows begin to melt and by 1100 hrs it was usually so soft as to make climbing difficult and dangerous; we put great stress on safety as we were over forty miles from civilisation.

Despite the poor snow conditions we had two good climbs, the first being the ascent of Starbird Mountain and the second, Granite Peak, 10'201 feet, which included the ascent of a rock gendarme at 9'000 feet that provided some very airy climbing. In climbing Starbird Mountain we were faced with long and very steep snow slopes that gave us good practice in step kicking and crampon work. However, when we started down at 1030 hrs the snow had lost all vestige of a hard surface and with every step we sank up to our thighs in soft snow which, because of the strange creacking noises it was making, was obviously near to avalanching. The ascent of Granite Peak consisted mainly of rock work on a semi-slate surface that had to be treated with the greatest of respect though, once at the top, we had a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains that stretched as far as the eye could see. We came down the other side to the one we had ascended as the snow slopes on that side offered a much easier descent.

IN THE ROCKIES, 1965 Continued:

On the descent we saw a wild mountain goat and stopped to watch its progress. It came closer and closer until it was no more than ten feet away; we stared and the goat stared until it realised what we were and rushed off giving us a fantastic display of how rocks should be climbed at speed. Apart from the two ascents, our other climbing that the weather permitted, was the ascent of a rock ridge on the lake side of Starbird Mountain and some work on the western face of Granite Peak, the lower slopes of which proved to hold some very fine routes on sound rock. Time drew to a close all too soon and on 11th July, we started packing our gear again and clearing up the camp site. That evening we sat around the fire speculating about what we could have done had the weather not been so unkind. At 0600 hrs the next morning, we arose, breakfasted and arranged the kit into horse loads again and by 0900 hrs everyone, except Lt Stockton, 2/Lt Townsend, Sgt Smith and Cpl Preston, started down the trail for the last time. Finally, Dennis Taggart arrived; the horses were loaded up and we set off feeling rather depressed at having to leave that beautiful place. As the trail back to the end of the road was nearly all down-hill it took under three hours to walk down as compared with five on the way up. We eventually arrived back in Radium at 1700 hrs feeling very hungry, so, after sending a telegram to the Battalion, we descended on the hotel and filled ourselves with hamburgers before going to have a shower at the local camp-site. Looking much tidier and cleaner we returned to Radium that evening where all the locals had by now heard about us and finished off the trip with a well-earned drink. The following day we set off back to Calgary where we were to stay for two days before rejoining the Battalion. As Stampede Week was over Calgary proved to be very dull and quiet. However, as we had spent ten wonderful days in the mountains we felt we had no right to complain.

* * * * *

MORE ICICLES

by C.J. Penn

CONSERVATION:

"Today's twofold problem: wilderness in the country and jungle in the cities."

- Readers Digest

"The history of Canada for about three hundred years was a struggle to escape from the wilderness and for the last half centry has been a desperate attempt to escape into it"

- Bruce Hutchison, 1953
quoted in "B.C. Anthology" 1958

*

* * *

Says Riley:

"Mining enterprise actually has an infinitesimal effect on the face of B.C., with its 356'000 sq. miles, mostly mountains and valleys with more wilderness area than we we will ever be able to use."

- Dr C. Riley, defending Western Mines Ltd, (Strathcona Park mess)
quoted in Financial Post 8 Oct. 1966

*

But FP says:

"Stick a pin in a map of B.C. anywhere and you'll be mighty close to a big new development underway or planned."

- Financial Post, "Feature Report on B.C." March 13, 1965

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* * *

"Unless foresters accept the challenge of management for new forest uses, often not associated with wood extraction, their place of leadership will be taken by a new breed of land managers who recognize values in landscape that transcend the stumpage values of the trees growing on it."

- quoted by Hon. Arthur Laing, Fed. Minister of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources

* * *

SHOOTING ON SKIS

by Elizabeth Robertson

The film crew and actors for the epic "Skis and Skins" departed from the Molly Gibson mine Saturday morning, May 21st, at various intervals from 5.50 a.m. to 8.40 a.m. Despite the cloudy weather filming proceeded. Frequent directions of "Hold it, hold it - go back and do that again!" from Cecil B. (Bill Dyke), plus a brief but pleasant wine and dine stop slowed the progress of th last group. They finally slid into the cabin, snow covered, to be greeted deliciously by steaming mugs of soup and tea prepared by the early arriving Penns (Chris and Claudine).

After a lazy afternoon and supper a sudden burst of sun sent everyone up Smugglers' ridge to view the sunset and enjoy a swift run down through the deep, fresh snow. Most spectacular wedeln tracks were made by Gerry Brown.

Sunday dawned snowy but this didn't stop the hardier members who started for the Pyramids shortly after a hearty breakfast of porridge, flapjacks and bacon cooked by Helen. The second group finally headed up toward the Battleship at 10.40 with several stops for camera action. "Cecile B." had a hard slog with fifteen pounds extra weight in camera equipment. Lunch break was held in thick fog at the top of the glacier. A yodel signalled the arrival of the early skiers (Roy Hopland, Bill Hurst, Dave Parfitt, Roy King and Jack Oswald), who had traversed from the Pyramids.

The whiteout conditions provided an exciting "seasick skiing" descent with frequent falls and imaginary avalanches. At the bottom the chapter president demonstrated a grade 6 tree climb to retrieve a bad egg (although frozen) for dinner. The egg was duly photographed and the members retired for afternoon tea and a nap.

After a spaghetti and wine dinner the sun shone again briefly and everyone took off up the hill. A rousing singsong and a hot rum sent us all to bed early only to be awakened at 2.00 a.m. by Jean Ross shouting "Why, why, why?" (We never found out the answer).

Sunshine woke everyone early Monday morning, but unfortunately the clouds rolled in again. Nevertheless we had a

SHOOTING ON SKIS Continued:

terrific run down from the ridge through six inches of heavyish powder. The crew packed up after lunch for the trip out, arriving at Mrs. Butling's just in time for a delightful dinner prepared by Donna Oswald.

* * * * *

A BEAR STORY

The night of July 6th we slept as usual with doors and windows open. In the morning we found the footprints of a bear that had entered the house by the front door and left via the kitchen window!

- Anne, Bob and Stefany Dean

* * * * *

WODEN'S DAY WAS A SUNDAY IN JULY

by Colin Young

If you look on that very useful piece of paper we call sheet 82 you will find "Woden Pk" in a rather uncivilised looking position some 16 miles west of Slocan City and 12 miles south of Burton. And so a day trip through a few miles of our British Columbian jungle (and back again) was my commitment - but Bob Dean knew that the road up Koch Creek from Passmore went a lot further than is shown on that same map. Our leader therefore had a certain psychological advantage over at least one member of his party that met at Crescent Valley at 4 p.m. on 16th July - but maybe that is the leader's prerogative?

Bob also knew that there were some deserted bunkhouses handily sited about 20 miles up the road, and we headed for these, to find a roof over our heads and even bed frames provided.

Some by now were hungry and intent on cooking, others went fishing, but for this evening at least the "Fly eats man-fish eats fly-man eats fish" cycle of events was not too far out of balance judging by the very many bites on a certain fellow's legs and the very few fish brought back to camp.

Jack and Donna Oswald joined us later in the evening, making up the party to ten, with Bob Dean, Elizabeth Robertson, Bertie and Smiley Hallam, Gloria and Roy Hopland, Leo Gansner and myself.

A Porky tried to join us soon after we'd bedded down, which reminded us to corrale the cars with netting. When we settled down again, somebody shut the door.....

Twenty minutes drive early next morning and we were at the 4'500 foot level opposite Mt. Lequereux. Here at last we had to use our own horsepower and climbed steeply upwards, but without too much hindrance from the undergrowth. About two hours later we came out on flatter open country

WODEN'S DAY Continued:

with Mt. McKean to our right. Soon we were walking across grass, heather and flowers, following the stream linking the three McKean lakes. These beautiful little lakes were silently void of fish; we wondered why.

The upper, largest lake is right underneath Woden, and here we left all but a sandwich and camera for the final hike to the top. I recall Woden as a pile of rather large rocks, and it presented no difficulties, at least from our southern approach. We saw no blue sky all day, yet from the top it was clear enough to see east to the Gladsheim and Gimli peaks and further across to Kokanee and the Glacier. To the northwest a small part of the Arrow Lake was visible while directly below to the north was a quick drop to Woden Creek. We'd seen a goat guarding a lower pinnacle of rock on the way up, but unfortunately he didn't allow us to look down on him.

The map shows no exact height for Woden; the highest contour ring is 8'700 feet. The altimeter read 8'650 feet, but we suspected the meter was reading up to 300 feet low. At least one ascent had been made before - a bottle under the cairn recorded an ascent by Bob Dean in 1963.

The journey down afforded the pleasure of a small glissade and the later displeasure of too many flies, and we eventually reached the cars at 4.30 p.m., ten hours since leaving them in the morning.

* * * * *

A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN KINGDOM NEPAL 1966

by Kim Deane

Nepal is a nation dominated by high peaks, deep valleys, and roaring streams. It is only beginning to feel the blade of Western strength and material power. For the most part a calm prevails as yet unruffled by darkening lines on the horizon, with the people following time-tested patterns in all aspects of life. Westerners have rarely been allowed to enter, and one of the first to roam the country freely was a Swiss geologist, Toni Hagen in the mid-1950's. He did a study for the U.N. and wrote a book, beautifully illustrated, of his feelings toward the country. It is a publication well worth reading. I challenge anyone acquainted with the mountains to easily resist the spell of Nepal which rises from the pages. I fell to its charms, and in late January, 1966 found myself in Calcutta with two university friends poised to travel north to the shining land.

Nepal lies along the northern edge of India, rising up from the Ganges Plain. Generally, it is composed of the Mahabarata range along the southern border, a central valley network, and the towering Himalayan range along the northern border. The latter massif supports the Tibetan plateau, the "roof of the world" tableland 16'000 feet high. Rains beating against the front wall of the Himalayas feed rivers to rush between the highest peaks, across the central valley, and down through gorges to the Indian plain. Kathmandu nestles in the central valley, the heart of Nepal. A road connects the city with a rail-head near the Indian border.

We found it most convenient to fly by Royal Nepalese Airlines Dakota from Calcutta. On the flight we spent hours droning over flat India. Then suddenly the earth rose almost to the wingtips as we skimmed over the southern range and dropped abruptly into Kathmandu, "the city of wood".

We spent five days in Kathmandu, the administrative heart of Nepal and at present the only area with any roads or vehicles. Beyond the immediate environs of this city, the only roads in the 300 mile by 100 mile Kingdom are in

A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN KINGDOM Continued:

the second city of Pokhara, and on the Terai, a strip of Nepal encroaching onto the flat Ganges Plain. From Kathmandu, it is possible to hike in almost any direction, with or without a porter or sherpa. On the outskirts Everest expeditions begin the 100 mile trek to Namche Bazaar and their objective. Most visitors spend at least one night at a mountain resort north of the city to view the sunrise on the massive Himalayan Range, and to catch a slight glimpse of Mt. Everest to the east. Trekking Permits must be obtained from the government offices if one plans to travel outside Kathmandu. We were not able to take advantage of trails in the Kathmandu region, and spent our time organizing our permits (official business takes time in the East), visiting the many temples and shrines in the area, and touring the Tibetan Refugee Camp on the outskirts. Here the Swiss have organized the weaving of rugs, jackets, and other items. Kathmandu is one of the world's most varied religious centres, probably because the previous geographical isolation made it an alluring goal in the mountains for many a pilgrim. Sherpas are numerous in the city and on several evenings we wove our way down narrow, dark streets lined with tightly closeted windows, up tiny staircases and into low rooms filled with climbing gear from various expeditions. While sales were transacted, the wife prepared meals in one corner on the floor. In another corner, an old man leafed through a large book on a stand filled with large Nepalese script. Our meals were taken in small cafes with crude wooden tables, Coleman lamps, and an open hearth at the rear. Water was obtained from a single tap, with washing of cutlery and dishes, without soap, under this same tap. A group of "World Travellers - Hitch-Hikers" made the cafe their centre and spent a large portion of their time "turning-on" with "hash", a hemp-originating opiate. Some of these with long hair and pale complexions had been in Kathmandu for months. The natives were as curious towards this group's behaviour as ourselves. Eventually our stay in Kathmandu came to an end, and early on a Monday morning we flew 100 miles west to Pokhara. Various westerners, American Peace Corps Types, and local Nepalese crowded the unpressurized Dakota aircraft as it skimmed low over the corrugated, terraced country side. Trails angled across the land, contouring smoothly to a mountaineer's eye.

At Pokhara, we left non-essential gear at the Annapurna Hotel, standing on a rise beside the grass airstrip and "Operated By A Tibetan". Shouldering our soon-to-become familiar packs we walked two miles to the city of Pokhara. Only one or two vehicles, carried in pieces from India and

A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN KINGDOM Continued:

reassembled, use the rutted streets. Passing on we walked to a Tibetan Refugee Camp two miles west of the city on a plateau above a small river. Flags festooning the stone huts fluttered above the yellow straw roofing. We located the Peruvian-American in charge of the 400 inhabitants and were invited to spend the night in a tent beside his house. This offer we gladly accepted. We also inspected rugs manufactured by the Tibetans and a tapestry brought from the fabled city of Lhasa. Stories of families in the camp were related. Some had marched for over a year from remote parts of Tibet to this refuge deep in Nepal, to be close to their Dalai Lama (now in India). Their greatest discomfort in Nepal is the heat at 3'000 ft elevation relative to their home climate at 16'000 ft. Many children do not survive the hot season in Nepal. High peaks rise up immediately behind Pokhara, unlike Kathmandu where the range is lower and many miles to the north. Mts. Annapurna and Machhapuchare rise majestically from the river in front of the camp 24'000 ft into the sky.

Early next morning we set off, and for the next two weeks, we walked about 10 map miles each day. We circled Mt. Annapurna to the Kali Ghandaki River and followed it into the great gorge between Mt. Annapurna and Mt. Dhaulagiri. This gorge rises from the river at 5'000 ft to the two summits towering over 26'000 ft. Along the route we slept in huts in the villages, and ate the local food. This was mainly sugared tea, eggs, and great quantities of rice, flavoured with dall, a mixture of green vegetables ground into a sauce. The huts were all similar; rock walls smoothed with mud inside and out, wooden roof structure and a straw thatch covering. Straw mats were provided for sleeping. Cooking was performed on a low stone and mud fireplace in the floor. The huts had only tiny windows which were closed tightly at night. So we slept at very close quarters with coughing Nepalese. One morning we awoke to find the floor around us washed with fresh manure. Apparently this is done to keep the mud pliable. Our travels on the trail were in a steady stream of two way traffic comprised of Nepalese, Tibetans, donkeys, yaks, and the odd horse. A man's normal headstrap-supported load would average 80 to 100 pounds, but men in their prime carry up to 170 pounds. Bare feet are most common with a stick used very skilfully for balance. Young Tibetans with their jet-black hair were quite apparent, carrying their share. Standard wear was swaddling clothing with valuables, knives, and other articles tucked in the folds. Most porters camped along the trail and not in the villages, though the Tibetans had temporary rest stops built

A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN KINGDOM Continued:

along the trails, usually thatched huts. The ethnic groups stayed apart in general. The trails were wide and often lined with rock walls. In some cases, on well-travelled steep portions, stone staircases wound upward several thousand feet. The scenery was of brown hillside, terraced to an incredible scale to gain level, arable land. Terraces often ran up very steep slopes for acre after acre. Villages dotting the valleys, hillsides and ridges were joined by twisting trails. We were careful about drinking water to avoid the dysentery endemic across the land. To quench thirst we drank tea, boiled water, or added a drop of iodine per glass; the latter a Peace Corps trick that seems to be effective. We were fortunate with our health, which can be a problem, though our overall physical condition did not gain in spite of the exercise. The unusual diet probably would account for this.

Many meandering days later we returned to the Tibetan Refugee Camp in the midst of their New Year's festivities. Chang, biscuits, and more tales of the Tibetan emigration, of the Khampa warriors' plundering, of the accord between Tibetans and Nepalese and of the giant peaks and their effect on humble man. Then to the Annapurna Hotel for two days of eating, resting and watching. The King of Mustang flew in one day from Kathmandu. We observed the entourage beginning the 12 day trek through the Himalayas to the high desert beyond on the Tibetan border. There in a fabled, windowless fort among cliffs pocked with caves and carvings, he will reign. He turned north from Pokhara. We turned south, to the teeming plans of India and crowded trains and carts groaning across the dusty plain. But our thoughts hung in the hills with buffalo pulling in the fields and women hauling water from sparkling streams flowing between verdant banks. From the village a drum beat, and tinkling trill. Above, a ridge, and in the distance another, tinged with red rhododendron. And above, towering above the trees and the valley mists, and even higher cloud, the white of great peaks against blue sky. Always the mountains were there - in the steeply rushing streams, in the pervading mists and in the calm soul of the nation. We were sad to leave.

* * * * *

MULVEY MANOEUVRES

by Howard Millbank

The beautiful Mulvey Basin, with its dozen or more September lakes, has an area of nearly a square mile and is presided over by such awesome peaks as Gladsheim, the two Gimlis and the Cone. At the eastern end of the meadows the headwall plunges down some 1'500 ft into rank bush and a network of creeks. High up in the Valhallas, west of Slocan, the Basin is a spectacular natural fortress indeed.

Our party travelled in three separate groups, the main body arriving in the meadows around 8 p.m. on Saturday. Everyone carried a good pack, and all had a bad time in the bush at the end of the established trail - "More like army manoeuvres" was the consensus. And if that wasn't enough, we then had to stagger and scramble up the headwall, with Bob Dean echoing his unique cry of encouragement from the top! Blessedly, he soon began dashing up and down the slope like a chamois to help us with our loads. My usual, healthy appetite was quenched with exhaustion that night - I nibbled a little, got the boots off somehow and entered the sack. I felt my legs, down there, detached almost, hot with the life gushing in and flooding out the weariness.

Going to sleep at Mulvey was like lying in a crater on the moon: looking up at the jagged rim silhouetted against a deep blue backdrop full of tiny, silvery holes. Far away the long, slow fingers of the "Northern Lights" groped upwards, and then, suddenly, a satellite spurted across. It was easy to forgive a light moon for keeping us awake. It was such a perfect night!

Next morning Dave Parfitt led Edwin Bussy, Bill Hurst, and "unstoppable" Helen up Gladsheim and Bob Dean was off early to climb the Hemisphere with Gisela. This left Jean Ross, Elizabeth Robertson and myself, and we set off at a leisurely pace for the lowest point at the back of the basin. At noon we were sitting and eating lunch on the rim and basking in the hot sunshine that graced all three days. The panorama was magnificent.

On the way down we stopped for a breathtaking swim in one of the lakes that appeared to be ice-free. Perhaps it

MULVEY MANOEUVRES Continued:

was. I also encountered some carnivorous flies in the short distance between my clothes and the water. There had been no sign of the Gladsheim party for almost nine hours until finally, back in camp, we spotted their tiny figures moving down along the ridge. They had been taking it easy too we learned later.

We were startled and pleased to receive three visitors early that evening - they were Peter and Dorothy Reid, and Eckhart Buss, all from Kelowna. My chief memory of that evening is of three billies brewing tea continuously for some three hours.

"Anyone care for a spot of tea?" became a watchword for hilarity; someone had even brought a lemon. It was unquestionably a great night for The Leaves.

Next morning at nine we left our three friends and started on our way out. But not before Bob Dean had dashed up at the Wolves Ears and been forced to turn back on the hard snow.

On the way down we were able to use a dry creek bed for a considerable distance away form the headwall, and we made it back to the cars in a comfortable eight hours. It was a fine day's hike with all kinds of laughter in the united party. We drank and clowned and grovelled in almost every creek, but Helen escaped with the biscuit when she took a bath at "Kamp Kipper".

We were all impressed by Mulvey Basin and thought it a fine place for a few days climbing with provisions flown in. With a trail through to the headwall, the trips in and out would be far more acceptable.

Incidentally, the lowest point of the meadows is at 6' 600 ft so July visitors should be prepared for snow!

* * * * *

ODE TO A CLIFF-HANGING GLACIER SKIER

from the Pointed Pen of
a Feather-Bed Featherer

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold,
But stranger still are the feats of skill
Of those who love the cold.

They sally forth into winds from the north
To ski at 40 below,
Or risk their necks while at ice each pecks,
Oblivious to the driving snow.

In a blizzard, on a cliff, in a world that's stiff,
They glory in their sport,
It isn't enough that the climb is tough,
It mustn't be warm or short.

To those of us who make this fuss
And shake our wise warm heads,
Who take no part 'cause of quaking heart
And prefer our feather beds,

Pay no heed, for to your deeds
We cast our envious eyes,
For you see this land by the Master Hand,
Viewed from the Master's skies.

* * * * *

ANOTHER CORNER OF KOKANEE PARK

by Claudine Penn

At the Molly Gibson Mine, for the first time in a long while, Chris and I had that pleasant satisfaction of leaving the car in mountain boots and with full rucksacks. Full of expectation we climbed towards Kokanee Lake along the well-used trail. It was a glorious September day, and it was soon hot as the sun rose over the Haystack.

With the deep blue Kokanee Lake before us we made a halt, and I was surprised at the echo which repeated my yodel for a long time. After we had descended to the outlet of the lake we crossed a log bridge made by the Boy Scouts. I was quite impressed by this bridge despite a sign which read "Cross at your own risk. No speeding. Checked by Radar"! The Boy Scouts have also repaired the trail beyond, on the scree slope on the west shore of the lake. Such good work is praiseworthy from young, volunteer boys.

Before we reached Kokanee Pass we crossed a flower strewn alp through which Kokanee Creek winds. How contented a cow would be to graze here! It was nearly midday and we welcomed the cool mountain breeze. The trail led on to Garland, Keen and Kaslo Lakes, but we branched to the left and climbed a steep slope. Halfway up we ate lunch and had a fine view of the three lakes surrounded by tall firs in the valley below. Chris showed me on the map that we had simply to follow the creek to bring us to the level of the Sapphire Lakes, which were our objective. The actual facts were that the slope became ever steeper, the creek ever rockier, the air hotter and my breath shorter. Every time I looked up I saw the sky and it seemed we had only another 30 feet to go. But each time another step appeared with the sky beyond! After we had crossed a few small snow patches we finally covered the last 30 feet and saw ..... about 150 feet below us the Sapphire Lakes in their beautiful colors! We had gone left instead of right at a fork in the creek and could now see the creek we should have followed.

ANOTHER CORNER OF KOKANEE PARK Continued:

Such a view makes one quickly forget the strenuous ascent. To the left, from the foot of Sunset Mountain a valley of rocks spreads out through which the stream flows into the first lake. Here it makes a huge, deep green "S" in the blue water. At the lower end of the "S" is a small waterfall which takes the water into the second, smaller lake. The outlet of the lowest and largest lake forms Lemon Creek. We descended to the lakes and could not resist dipping our feet in the fresh water.

Chris put up our tent and the ground was so flat and soft that he called it "wall to wall carpet". A cozy fire cooked our supper and the smoke was carried away on the evening wind. As a close to this fine day we saw a display of the Northern Lights before falling asleep.

Another warm, sunny day awaited us, and we decided to go up Mt. Giegerich. First we passed round the lowest lake which lay still and deep. Chris could not resist taking out his camera, and I could no better resist tossing stones in and watching the rings widening! Just after Lemon Creek leaves the lake it drops about a thousand feet steeply down the slope and runs away in the valley. During the ascent we watched a pair of eagles who probably had their nest somewhere among the rocks on the steep face. Proudly and skilfully they circled above us, to see who was venturing into their domain. Quite unexpectedly Chris above me exclaimed "Come and see what I can see!" I hurried forward so as not to miss a goat or a marmot, but when I reached him he pointed instead to a lake below. It lay in a hollow high on the ridge and had a deep, fresh blue colour. It was certainly not more than 150 feet in diameter. Ah, how I longed to toss a stone into it, but we were, alas, too far away. But the camera got its chance! To my delight I shortly afterwards discovered another lake, tucked in a side valley of Lemon Creek at the foot of Sunset Mountain. This one is higher and has a matt green colour.

On top of Mt. Giegerich we sat down and spotted our tent far below among the stones and lakes. The Slocan Chief Cabin among its green firs and naturally Kokanee Glacier too were visible. I received a private compass lesson and had to locate Mt. Gladsheim, which was this same day the goal of a Section trip. We were glad for this group that they had such glorious weather, and wondered whether they too were enjoying the fine view at that moment. We could see seventeen lakes from up there and I was amazed to note from the map that only three of them have names. Not even

ANOTHER CORNER OF KOKANEE PARK Continued:

the deep blue one which we first saw has a name and this seemed sad to me. But just this detail indicates to me the difference between Canada and my homeland - there, every tiniest puddle has its name and in the geography lesson one must learn them by heart!

After a good hour we began the descent and had our lunch "at home" beside the tent. The afternoon we spent in exploring the neighbourhood and found another, tiny lake, fifty feet above the first lake, where the shore was full of the tracks of deer. No doubt it is their drinking place.

As I wished to clean my teeth after supper I scrambled over the rocks beside the waterfall to the first lake. I was surprised there to see the most beautiful sunset, and called Chris to come at once with the camera. The mountain chain before us stood orange-red against a pale blue sky. The shadows of the peaks behind us were cast on the lower slopes of the chain and the whole was reflected in the still clear lake in the foreground. After only a few minutes the glowing red began to fade and suddenly the whole show was over. Is it not good that one can see the most beautiful things, the wonders of nature, for nothing?

We were both sorry the next day to have to leave our lovely camping place and neither was in any hurry to pack the rucksacks. We picked several flowers on the return way to look up in the book at home. There were quite a number of people at Kokanee Lake, fishing. Further down we met several day hikers who asked, breathlessly, how far it was to the lake, since it stated on the new signboard below "15 minutes hiking time". The Parks department have put up excellent signposts everywhere, but not even a well-conditioned mountaineer could keep to their estimated hiking times.

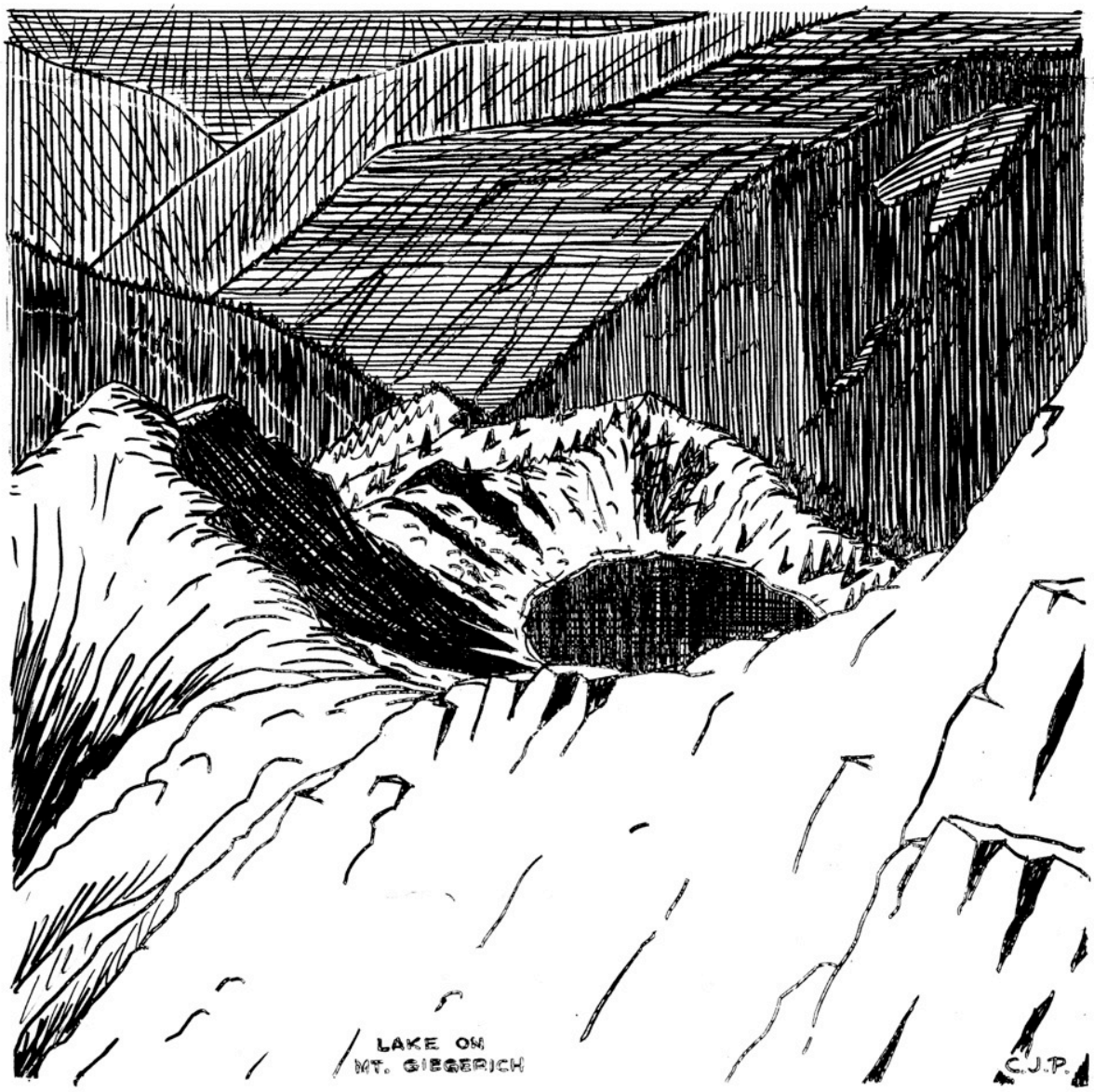
I could hardly trust my eyes when I saw a couple approaching up the trail whose 12 year old daughter was barefoot. The poor child had to bathe her feet in every stream she came to, and I asked myself how she would make the descent again. A blessing too that these three chose, at the forks, the trail to the lake rather than "stroll up" to the glacier - the sign at the forks reads "1½ hours hiking time" to Kokanee Glacier and points to a 75% grade rock slope.

Arriving at the car we had for the first time in a long while the pleasant satisfaction of removing our dusty mountain boots and heavy rucksacks. Incidentally, it was

ANOTHER CORNER OF KOKANEE PARK Continued:

pleasing to see how much Kokanee Park is now being visited every day now. We counted twelve cars at the mine and eight more at Gibson Lake. We passed four more cars on the way down the road and also a truck full of children with bicycles.....

* * * * *



BOOK REVIEWS

"CLIMBING DAYS" by Dorothy Pilley (Mrs I.A. Richards)
2nd Revised Edition, Secker & Warburg,
London 1965. 352 pages, Illustrated, 42s.

Reviewed by Helen Butling

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For Dorothy Pilley, ever since a young soldier gave her, as a school girl, a novel with a vivid description of the Brenva Route of Mont Blanc, her imagination was captured. When a family holiday took them to Beddlegert (Wales) and to quote the author "culminated in a stupendous ascent of Snowdon" the mountains had laid hold of her for good and from then on climbing became for her a way of life which through the years was to take her and her husband I.A. Richards to all corners of the earth.

All through this book there is a fine balance between the technical aspects of climbing which have a place in every climbers story and the physical and mental experiences that are also an integral part of a sensitive and observant mountaineer.

Prior to 1920, the Welsh Hills, the Lake District, and the Misty Isle of Skye, were the stamping grounds for the shaping of Miss Pilley's climbing career. The flight to the mountains was made at every possible opportunity, taking the night train back to London after a full day's climbing. "Experiencing that feeling of almost divided personality. One moment perched on a rocky ledge munching a dry sandwich and listening to a distant waterfall, the next back to gloves, high heel shoes, pavements and taxicab."

In 1920 Miss Pilley went to Europe, the chapter "An Alpine Noviciate" is delightful. "The sense of illimitable adventure before one" and "the mixture of ecstasy, weariness and discomfort that from beginning to the end is the

BOOK REVIEWS Continued:

basic quality of the Alpine experience" is described with refreshing honesty and humour. The author's feeling of excitement at getting up in the middle of the night and starting off on a proper expedition is well described, also her introduction to the art of glacier travel, the High Alpine Huts and her first view of the Mont Blanc Chain from the Moine, not to mention the dark terror of a descent into a crevasse.

Their meeting with the guide Joseph Georges, Le Skieur, and the subsequent friendship which developed between them over many years of fine climbing, including several first ascents, is a book in itself. With Joseph Georges they made a first ascent of the Dent Blanche by the North Ridge. The White Witch, as they called her, had eluded them for many years. Then when they least expected it she surrounded herself with fine weather and for those willing to tackle that fearsome ridge the way was clear.

"Into Spain and Back Again" in the spring time takes the reader from France over the Col de Boucharou into Spain in glorious weather with excellent snow conditions. The trip back is in complete contrast. Snow drifts chest high, wind, poor visibility and their guide an old man who turned out to be a legendary figure of strength and will power.

Other chapters take the reader to Corsica, to the Italian Alps, to the Rockies and Selkirks in Canada, all of which make very enjoyable reading.

Miss Pilley began to write "Climbing Days" while in China, being homesick for European Hills and it covers the years from 1920 to 1928.

One can only hope that during the evening of her life she will experience a nostalgic feeling for the past which will produce a book covering the years which took her to high unclimbed peaks in the Chinese Himalayas of Upper Yunnan, to Ceylon, Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, to the Bugaboos and back to the Canadian Rockies.

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BOOK REVIEWS Continued:

"CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL", Volume 49, 1966
Published annually by The Alpine Club of Canada, 223 pages, illustrated, $ 3.50 from Secretary-Treasurer 2974 W. 28 Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C.

Reviewed by C.J. Penn

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It may seem odd to be reviewing our own parent club journal here, but I think there are probably Section Associates who are not familiar with the CAJ. It is an excellent production and is not restricted to ACC members; anyone can buy it, and I will try to have some copies on hand at the Dinner. It is on glossy paper, well bound in green and is liberally illustrated.

The current issue contains over forty articles and there are more than seventy photographs, seventeen maps and several sketches to illustrate the contents. This issue marks the Diamond Jubilee (1906-1966) of the ACC and opens with a special message from the President, Bob Hind. There is a full and fascinating description of the first Canadian Himalayan Expedition, in 1964, an adventure on Baffin Island, descriptions of climbs in the Coast Mountains, Selkirks and Rockies, the first ascent of Mount Kennedy in the Yukon, ascents in Europe and Mexico and new rock routes near Calgary. There are reports on the activities of all the Sections, seven book reviews, articles on glaciology, geology and birds, a list of new first ascents in Canada, description of the treatment of exposure victims and accounts of the ACC Annual Camps. There are also notes on a new cabin in the Adamant group, on the celebration in Europe of "The Year of the Alps" Centenary of the Matterhorn first ascent, on new Canadian maps and on submitting names for mountains. The Annual General Meeting, held at Glacier Lake Camp, is reported, including discussions of plans for the 1967 Centennial Camp in the Yukon, of the Ski Camp, photographic competition, Liberary, Banff Clubhouse and various ACC Huts. Award of the "Silver Rope" was made at the meeting to Bob Kruszyna.

The Canadian Alpine Journal is the senior mountain journal of this continent. It has been published annually since 1907, the year following the foundation of the ACC, and it is to the credit of the Club that they have continued to maintain or raise the high standard set then. If you really want to know about Canada's mountains and what is going on in them, I recommend you to read the Journal.

* * * * *

SKI TERMS

FOR THOSE SEEING "RED" FOR THE FIRST TIME

by C.J. Penn

GEBLUNDERSPLAT

- term used (but not practiced) by such died-in-the-wool Skandahoovian skiers as Gerry Brown. The manoever starts off exactly like a Geländesprung, but about halfway through (the air) the ski tips are lowered and the chin is thrust forward, the eyes widened, arms flail, the posterior rises and....

CONTRA-ROTATION

- a crick in the neck got by "slow bunnies" from looking fearfully over their shoulders for "bombers" descending upon them.

SITZMARKS

- these come in 3 sizes: small, medium and "halloo-down-there!"

TERMINAL VELOCITY

- the speed at which he hit the bottom station of the chairlift.

HELP!

- remark made by skier
  a) when wrapped around an alpine fir (Abies lasiocarpa), or
  b) when suspended over Papoose Basin with the lift stopped.

FNFF!

- remark made by skier with head embedded firmly in a bank of wet snow.

"I SCHUSSED THE FACE THIS TIME"

- means "I got out of control and couldn't stop".

"I DISCOVERED A TRICKY LITTLE BACK TRAIL"

- means "I spun off the run and went blundering through the woods for half a mile".

* * * * *

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
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 slippers, (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

*Section Rescue Sled Kit is available from Helen Butling.
Its light - take it with you!

KOOTENAY SECTION
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

1966/67 SKI-TOURING SCHEDULE

Saturday, January 22	SALMO-CRESTON SUMMIT (Day trip) Leader: Rick Askew Meet: Pass Turn-off 9 m from Salmo 8.30 am No limit
Sunday, February 19	RECORD MOUNTAIN (Day trip) Leader: Roy Hopland Meet: Foot of Granite Mtn. Lift 9.00 am No limit
Sunday, March 12	COPPER MOUNTAIN (Day trip) Leader Bob Dean Meet: Blewett 5.00 am No limit
Fri,Sat,Sun,Mon, March 24,25,26, & 27 (EASTER)	KOKANEE GLACIER (Helicopter to Slocan Chief-Cabin, cost approx. $ 25 for transportation) Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Butling Meet: Nelson, place to be arranged Limit: 6 - 20 Section Members (apply early)
Sunday, April 9	OLD GLORY (Day trip) Leader: Dave Parfitt Meet: Hanna Creek 8.00 am No limit
Sat & Sun, April 22 & 23	STANLEY MOUNTAIN (Camp in Stanley Meadows) Leader: Chris Penn Meet: Cayuse Cr. Turn-off 4.00 pm (just before Deer Park) No limit (you need tent etc!)
Sat & Sun, May 6 & 7	SILVER KING (Toad Mountain)(overnight at old cabin) Leader: Bruce Mawer Meet: To be arranged Limit: 8 Section Members
Sat, Sun, Mon, May 20,21 & 22	KOKANEE GLACIER Slocan Chief Cabin (hike in) Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Butling Meet: To be arranged Limit: 10 - 12 Section Members
Anytime in Spring	HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE, no special trip, just go when you want, but as space limited to max. 4 people, please advise Chris Penn beforehand to avoid disappointment. He will also advise you what supplies remain up there.

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 proper ski-touring equipment.

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	Howard Millbank	368 - 5725
CASTLEGAR	Chris Penn	365 - 5618
NELSON	Helen Butling	352 - 2384

MAP READING & COMPASS CLASSES

These will be arranged by Chris Penn if enough people apply.

CENTENNIAL CAMP NOTES

by C.J. Penn

Canada is celebrating its 1967 Centennial, B.C. is celebrating two, Canada's and its own 1966 and the ACC, to cap everybody, is celebrating THREE anniversaries - Canada's, B.C.'s and its own 60th birthday 1966.

The great Centennial Mountaineering Camp to be held in the St. Elias Range, Yukon Territory, next year and the connected ascents of the peaks being named after the provinces, have already received considerable publicity in the papers and on the radio and TV. The Camp is open to any mountaineer, member or not, and applications must be in the hands of the Chairman of the Selection Committee not later than Dec 31, 66. Forms and information may be obtained from the Section Secretary/Treasurer Dave Parfitt. To go would be a wonderful experience. The dates are July 15 to 31 and July 31 to August 15. (Centennial Climbs June 20 to July 15) Some of Canada's most splendid scenery may be seen and there are many first ascents to be made.

As you know, the Kootenay Section also proposes to hold a Centennial Climbing Camp, somewhere in the Kootenays, in 1967. A lot of study and scouting has already been done to choose an attractive place. It is hoped to keep the cost modest and to make it as informal and friendly as possible. If you think you would be interested in taking part please let us know, either at the November Dinner or as soon as possible afterwards, because we must have some assurance that there will be enough participants for plans to go ahead.

* * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

Hugh Coleopy of Kinnaird B.C., has kindly donated a copy of the Canadian Geographical Journal (Nov. 1948) to the Section Library. This issue is of particular interest because of an article on Canada's glaciers which includes photos of Kokanee Glacier.

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

Lt. Col G.P. Gofton-Salmond, Regimental Secretary, The Sherwood Foresters and Lt. R.J. Stockton for the article from "The Forester".

Eric Nicol and "The Province" Newspaper for "Please don't say hi".

The Financial Post.

McClelland and Stewart Limited.

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The Editors and the Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club of Canada do not necessarily agree with, nor can they accept responsibility for the statements and opinions of the contributors to the Kootenay Karabiner.

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