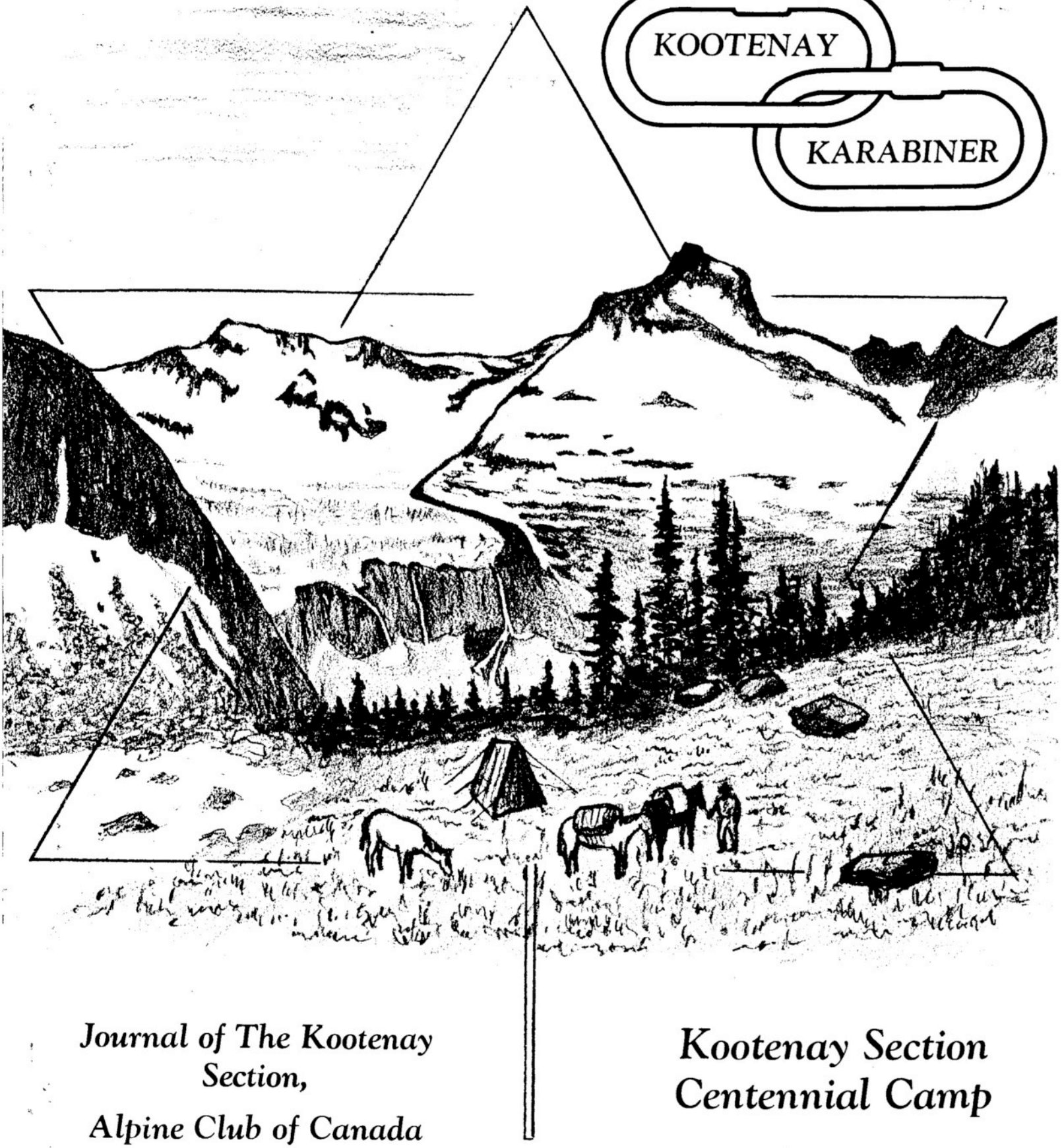
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KOOTENAY KARABINER



Journal of The Kootenay Section,

Alpine Club of Canada

Kootenay Section Centennial Camp

Earl Grey Pass

July-August, 1967

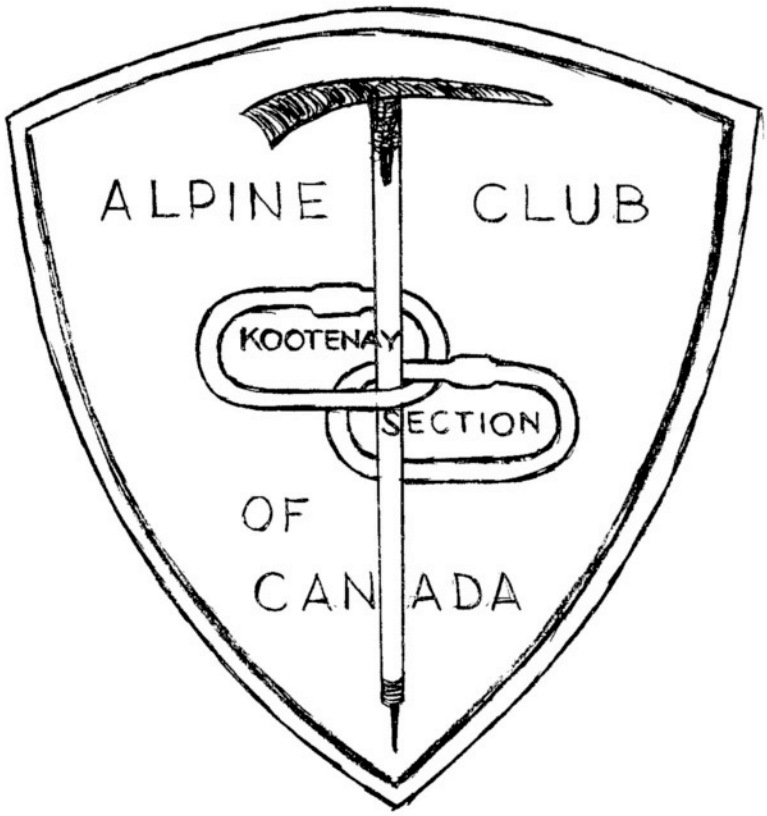
Volume 6 *Spring 1967*

KOOTENAY KARABINER

JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

VOLUME VI
SPRING 1967



KOOTENAY
SECTION
CREST

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

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EDITORIAL

SPRING

1967

Since the Fall meeting the Kootenay Section has progressed through its late fall, winter, and early spring activities. This represents the least active half of the year, Easter at Kokanee being the highlight of several ski-touring trips. However, activity increases through the remaining spring and all of summer. The executive has continued its fine work of organization and at its last meeting finalized the summer schedule of enjoyable trips and work parties. Karabiner's Co-Editor Chris Penn, while attending this executive meeting became a father. Congratulations to Claudine and Chris. We are very glad to have Roger Christopher as a new section member, particularly as a potential member of the Karabiner staff.

The Editors are very honoured and happy at this opportunity to extend our congratulations to Nancy Greene on her very great victory in world skiing competition. People of the Kootenays were especially happy that Nancy brought the World Championship home to Rossland, and at the same time represented Canada as a gracious and charming ambassador. As we know, Nancy came home before the European competitions had ended in order to carry out skiing duties in Canada. Despite the sacrificing of points she was able to win the World Championship.

Congratulations are also extended to Helen Butling on her becoming Western Vice-President of the Alpine Club of Canada. This is yet another honour that Helen has brought to the Kootenay Section. We have wished, since early days of this Section, to have Helen elected to this position which she now holds.

Wedding congratulations go out to Libby (Hargreaves) and Ian Martin on their January marriage, and also to Jackie (Bell) and John Drysdale on their Easter marriage.

Again we thank those who contributed to this, the Spring Centennial issue of Kootenay Karabiner. It is more difficult to include accounts of trips in the spring issue because only the few ski-touring trips have been done at this point, some having been more or less cancelled due to very bad weather. Consequently we depended on people who have written diverse but pertinent articles of philosophy, science, humour, etc.

In this issue we have a philosophical (and likely controversial) article by Norman Brewster who was one of the pioneer climbers in the West Kootenays and has a wealth of knowledge of early climbing here. Another interesting article by John Carter takes us into New Zealand's Mt. Cook National Park. Helen Butling tells us about muscles and fishing lakes in two reports. The book review of "Bataille Pour le Jannu" had been written for the Canadian Alpine Journal by Jean-Paul Rondeau,

EDITORIAL Continued:

a Kootenay Section member, and was printed with the kind permission of Mrs. Munday, Editor of Canadian Alpine Journal.

We hope the variety provides some interesting reading for each reader. Toward the end will be found both the summer and mountain rescue schedules, followed by a map which locates the scenes for summer action.

Last but not least is the first page which shows our distinctive new crest designed by Chris Penn. By now you will probably have seen the crest, having had the opportunity to buy one.

I would like to request at this time that readers please take note of a need for their help, in particular with the spring issues of the Karabiner. Writing about a climbing trip as such is not necessary; any writeup of interest to our readers will be welcome. For example the following fields may include ideas: science - geology, glaciology, geomorphology, botany, biology, etc. ; Philosophy - conservation, pollution, etc. ; humour - an important need - cartoons, stories, etc. ; Etc. Etc.

I feel that at present it might seem that the Karabiner is monopolized by the writing of a few people. There is no intent in this direction. We are delighted to receive articles and want to have a greater number of people contributing these. We cannot print promises, only actual articles suffice. Chris exercises very valuable diplomacy and effort in pursuing people for articles. I wait for articles and hope that they will come along. If we are short of articles then we must do the writing as well as editing, arranging, printing, drawing, typing, assembling, stapling, distributing. I would like to write not more than one article per issue. Please take pen in hand and help Karabiner .

With the summer schedule completed we are looking forward to exciting reports on spectacular trips. We wish Helen Butling enjoyment and success on the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition in which she will join an all-women first ascent attempt on 11,387 ft. Mt. Saskatchewan. Also there are Elizabeth Robertson, Dave Parfitt, and Bill Hurst whom we wish "good climbing" at the A.C.C. Centennial Camps in the St. Elias Mountains of the Yukon Territory. The adventures that they write up for our Fall issue will be of very great interest to all of our readers.

The editors on behalf of all members of Kootenay Section give sincere thanks to Celgar Ltd. for donating one of their retired electric typewriters to the Kootenay Karabiner. It saves us money in rental and makes our typing task much less rushed.

In conclusion we look forward to the highlight of Kootenay Section's summer plans, the Centennial Camp at Earl Grey Pass. Mts. Toby, Hamill, and others will provide climbs through beautiful scenery with magnificent views across the Purcells, east to the Rockies, and west to the Selkirks.

To all "good climbing" and "good writing for the Fall issue".

KOOTENAY SECTION
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA .

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

SPRING 1967

Since our November 18 th dinner meeting much snow has fallen and at this late date in April there still seems to be no end to the "white stuff". Consequently one's interests at this time of year are surely divided between ski-touring and the forthcoming climbing season.

The scheduled ski-touring trips to date, with three left on the schedule, have been attended by an average of 10 people. As per usual the weather has only been good on one occasion out of five. This occasion being the Record Mountain trip was enjoyed by 10 people on a cloudless day. The day of the Salmo-Creston Summit trip was also attended by 10 people with the weather being a bit on the cool, windy, and snowy side. The Copper Mountain outing was a dead loss from a ski-touring point of view as one to two feet of snow had fallen the night before. However, Bob Dean and a friend managed to complete part of the trip on a Ski-Doo. The members on the Old Glory trip managed to make the summit this year in spite of poor weather conditions.

The annual Easter at Kokanee trip saw 13 people arrive in a snow storm. This year it was hoped that the helicopter could land some of the party on top of the glacier but the weather was unco-operative. The weather was a repeat of last years blizzard and three feet of snow. This year there seems to be an over-abundance of snow with only the top of the roof gables of the cabin showing. No attempt was made to dig for water this year. Beautiful powdered snow skiing was enjoyed by all on the treed slopes behind the cabin. On Sunday after five members had left for lower altitudes, the remaining eight members climbed to the top of the ridge overlooking the Joker Lakes. These members were rewarded for their toil with a burst of sunlight for the fabulous ride down through fresh unbroken snow fields. Once the party reached the cabin, the weather returned to its normal wintery blast. The only complaints, other than the weather, heard on this trip revolved around the fact that members were not getting enough exercise to burn up the copious quantity of food arranged and prepared by Helen Butling. Considering the weather both parties made the trips out in good time, the Sunday party in six hours and the Monday party using a broken trail for part of the distance, in four and one half hours.

At this point many thanks go out to those who led the touring trips.

Many thanks also go out to Chris Penn who conducted another informative and enjoyable map reading and compass course. This years course was spread over three consecutive Wednesday evenings in February.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT Continued:

The course was attended by only six people, quite a few less than the number who said they would attend by signing a sheet passed around at the November dinner meeting.

A letter received by our Conservation Committee from the Minister of Recreation and Conservation regarding our brief on certain areas not included in Kokanee Park, but which are prime wilderness recreation areas, indicated that touchy legal grounds were involved in reverting mineral claims back to the Crown. The areas indicated in our brief he noted fell into this situation. The Minister, however, assured us that his department would continue in their efforts to resolve some of these situations.

At this time our Committee has not had a reply to a letter sent to the Minister regarding the situation that could arise at the Slocan Chief Cabin in Kokanee Park this summer, if a man appointed by the Parks Board is not available to supervise garbage disposal and guard against indiscriminate use of public cabin property.

Again the month of June is trail-cutting month but this year it is hoped that the old trail into the Joker Lakes in Kokanee Park can be re-opened. Parts of this trail are still in reasonably good condition and it is felt that some of the pressure on the Slocan Chief area of the park can be relieved by opening this trail. The Joker Lakes area is a very beautiful part of the park which at present gets little or no use. The glacier is probably more accessible from the Joker Lakes than from the Slocan Chief. Some excellent rock climbing is easily reached on the Sawtooth Ridge from the Joker Lakes. The Woodbury Glacier can also be reached from this location.

It is also hoped that the Mulvey Creek trail can be finished this year. One all out effort to complete the trail to the bottom of the head wall will be made on the second weekend in September. As many members as possible should plan to camp overnight, on the Saturday, at the present end of the trail in order to carry out this work.

At this time there are some 18 applications for the Section's Centennial Camp in the Earl Grey Pass area. This camp will take place during the last week in July, with both snow and rock climbs available.

This years rock-school will again be held at the bluffs just outside of Kinnaird, and will be co-ordinated by myself. The school will open on Wednesday, May 3rd, starting at 6:30 p.m. for the month of May and 7:00 p.m. for the month of June. It is hoped that the school can be run in a formal manner this year. John Wurflinger has outlined an eight-week course starting with basics and ending with instruction on the use of pitons. Attendance will be taken each week so that members should attend seven out of the eight weeks to gain any Section rock school recognition.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT: Continued.

The rescue team co-ordinated by Dave Parfitt will again be in action with practices on Thursday nights at the Kinnaird bluffs.

Even though the A.C.C.'s Centennial Climbs and Camp are still a long way off, congratulations go out to Helen Butling who will be representing the Section as a member of the all-woman team who will attempt to climb Mt. Saskatchewan in the St. Elias Mountains in the Yukon. Best of luck Helen!

Gerry Brown,
Chairman, Kootenay Section,
The Alpine Club of Canada.



CONSERVATION NEWS

The following is a copy of the text of a letter of December 21, 1966, which was sent to The Minister of Recreation & Conservation. It was written in connection with the brief that had been sent to the government last year as an attempt to bring about better protection of Kokanee Glacier Park.

Dear Mr. Kiernan:

Re: Your letter dated June 7, 1966, in reference to our Brief to support the enlargement of "Key Recreational Area" in Kokanee Glacier Park - Kootenay Section

We regret the delay in acknowledging the receipt of your letter dated June 7, 1966, as we required time to assimilate the following points from our membership.

In your letter you had suggested the possibility of negotiations with the Department of Lands to obtain the "green" portion (Valley of the Lakes) as a nature conservancy area. Has there been any progress in this direction?

We are quite aware of the problems encountered when claims are present in some of the areas we suggested as conservancy areas. However, it is due to the lack of mineral evidence and exploitation that these areas were recommended. A few crown granted claims in good standing in these areas have appeared very inactive for many years. Would it not be possible to investigate this matter in an attempt to revert these claims to the Crown. Perhaps the owners have passed on. Other existing mineral claims which are inactive or unworked for several years should, it seems, revert to the Crown. Then if "one negotiates to buy dreams" how can "the costs run rather high". In any event, future staking in these areas should be prohibited so that eventually when the existing claims lapse, there would be no alienations.

We would like to know how the brief was received by your Parks Branch as you said you would pass it on to them for their review.

Our brief was prepared with a view towards the preservation of the wilderness value of the park for the enjoyment of many. It is becoming increasingly evident that more and more people are becoming wilderness conscious, so that more of these areas should be protected. We wish to reaffirm our support to this endeavour and remain willing to help in any effort which would develop the recreational value of the park.

Yours sincerely,
R.C. Hopland, Chairman
Conservation Committee

CONSERVATION NEWS: Continued.

This is the text of the letter of Jan. 6, 1967, from the Minister of Recreation and Conservation received by our Conservation Committee in reply to the letter on the previous page.

Dear Mr. Hopland:

Thank you for your letter of December 21st. It was good to hear from you people again.

Since your submission of last summer we have directed considerable study to Kokanee Glacier Park especially related to the question of mineral claims within the park boundary and the green area on your map outside the present park boundary.

Your proposed extension in the green area beyond the present park boundary is not advisable, at least at this time. There are fourteen valid mineral claims in the area outside the park.

On the question of reverting mineral claims to the Crown with or without compensation, you are on very touchy legal ground. While the title to the minerals on a recorded claim is described as a chattel interest from year to year, the title in the case of a Crown grant is in my opinion as valid as the title to your house and lot when held in fee simple.

Unless you have personally attempted to buy mineral claims you would not likely understand the difficulties and costs involved, especially when it is a Government department that is the proposed purchaser. Expropriation, while possible, is equally expensive and unsatisfactory and should only be applied to meet an urgent public need.

I am in complete agreement with the desire to preserve the natural wilderness aspect of select areas in our Province and it is unfortunate that we have such a complex problem in this particular area.

Please do not conclude from this letter that we will not continue our efforts to resolve some of these situations. I am simply pointing out the reasons for so little progress in this specific case.

Yours sincerely,

Ken Kiernan,
Minister.

A VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND'S MT. COOK NATIONAL PARK

by John Carter

Mt. Cook, 12'349 ft., is both the highest and best known mountain in New Zealand. Rightly it gives its name to the National Park, created in 1953, which surrounds it. Seen on the usual approach to the Park from Lake Pukaki, Mt. Cook is the dominant peak in a region of startling ice, snow and rock summits. Across forty miles of pale blue lake and pale gray riverbed, the great tent-shaped, ice-sheathed roof of New Zealand juts into the skies. Within the Park, or located on the boundary ranges, are the majority of New Zealand's great mountains and all save two of those summits over 10,000 ft. in height.

In early September I found myself and another Kootenay resident, Jeff Banigan, landing in Auckland off the "Oriana". During September and October we found ourselves hitch-hiking along the roads of the North Island travelling both to Cape Reinga in the North and to Wellington in the South. During this time I spent a wonderful week sampling New Zealand's skiing on Mt. Ruapehu in Tongariro National Park. We also spent an unfruitful day fishing on New Zealand's largest fresh water lake. All that Lake Laupo managed to give up to us were sun burnt backs and blistered hands! The first three weeks of November were spent in the northern part of the South Island working for the New Zealand Forest Service. In the latter part of November we again hitched south passing over and through Arthur's Pass National Park to Christchurch and still further south to the Mackenzie Country bordering Mt. Cook National Park. From the village of Pukaki bordering beautiful Lake Pukaki we travelled thirty-seven hot, dusty miles up the lake until we reached the Mt. Cook Youth Hostel, a short distance from the famous Hermitage Hotel.

And so on the morning of December 2nd after two days of rain and snow Jeff, Peter Wagner, a medical student from Sydney Australia, and I arose for an early breakfast before commencing our climb of Mt. Wakefield and Mt. Kinsey. The day promised to be fine as we left the Youth Hostel at 7 a.m. and hiked along the Ball Hut road reaching and crossing the Hooker River bridge at the base of one of the ridges off Mt. Wakefield. The first two hours were spent climbing up the tussocked ridge until we reached a knife-edged ridge extending upward to the first or false summit of Mt. Wakefield. Here Peter left us to return to the Hermitage via the scree slope on the west side of Wakefield. Jeff and I in the meantime continued on up over looser rock, snow and ice reaching the summit at 11 am. A magnificent view was obtained on all sides; to the south Lake Pukaki and Lake Benmore, to the east the termination of the

VISIT TO MT. COOK: Continued.

Tasman and Murchison Glaciers and surrounding peaks, to the west Mt. Sefton, Mueller Glacier, Mt. Annette and the Hermitage and surrounding buildings, and finally to the north and northeast, the upper Tasman Glacier stretching for fourteen miles to Mt. Elie de Beaumont, Malle Brun, and De la Breche and the loftiest of them all, Mt. Cook. It must be remembered that Mt. Wakefield is only 6,600 ft. while Mt. Cook soars practically 6000 ft. higher still. The impression is deceiving from the Hermitage (2500 ft.) as Mt. Wakefield looks very high and prominent. Yet somehow we felt elated to be so high above the valley floor and some of the surrounding mountains. The weather was still good as I continued on across a small horseshoe-shaped cirque and climbed up a long knife-edge to Mt. Kinsey.

The wind was rising again so I climbed down, met Jeff and had some lunch at 12:30 p.m. and then started down from Wakefield. We slid and skied down some steep snow covered ridges until we reached the scree slope. We ran down the slope, about 3,500 ft. in length, which extended from the Hooker River to near the first peak of Wakefield, in half an hour. We then attempted to cross the wide thundering Hooker. After getting thoroughly wet and frozen we decided that it would be safer to walk around on the old Hermitage-Ball Hut trail to the Hooker Bridge and after so doing we walked back to the Youth Hostel arriving there at 3:30 p.m. We had had a wonderful day and that evening the remaining clouds disappeared and a beautiful "Alpengluehen" enveloped Mt. Cook and Mt. Sefton.

The next day I was asked to take part in several climbs up on the Tasman Glacier but I declined as I did not have the equipment nor the money to rent it. The day we left the Park the party I was to go with were climbing Elie de Beaumont and one of their party was killed and another seriously injured in a fall. Perhaps I was lucky I had not gone on the trip with the Canterbury Climbing Club.

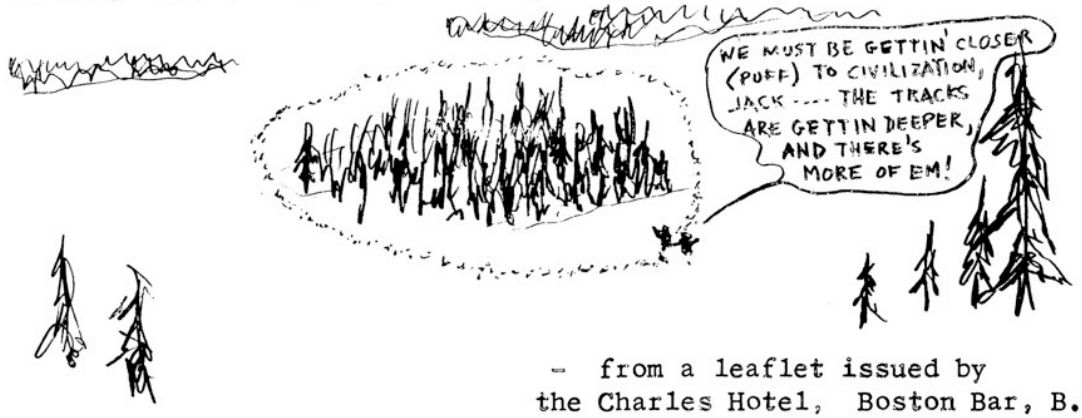
Three days later, after rain and snow, we made a climb on the opposite side of the valley above the Hermitage and a day later unhappily we had to leave for the South. But I knew someday soon I would return to the Southern Alps of New Zealand.



by C.J. Penn

HOW TO GET LOST.

1) Do not tell anyone where you intend to go. People love to guess.
2) Do not consult a map beforehand as this will give you a general idea of the lay of the land.
3) Do not take a bearing from your compass when you leave camp or car.
4) Do not get a reliable compass; a cheap, easily broken, easily lost type is recommended.
5) When you have decided you are completely lost, shout until hoarse You will then be unable to direct any searchers to you whom you might hear calling in the distance.
6) Run around like mad in the bush. This uses up all your strength and energy.
7) Do not build a fire. The smoke will be a dead give away to the search party.
8) Keep on the move. This will guarantee that you will never be found.



- from a leaflet issued by
the Charles Hotel, Boston Bar, B.C.

THE POLLUTION CONTROL BOARD

"The Board does not control pollution, it licences pollution"

- J. Priestman , P. Eng.
in the "B.C. Professional Engineer"
Feb. 1967.

"Todays engineer must more than ever before look at waste management and resource conservation from a social and economic point of view as well as from a technological one".

- W.R. Hibbard, Dir. of U.S. Bureau of Mines.
quoted in "Design Engineering",
July 1966.

THE LITTLE LAKES AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

by Helen Butling

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

ROSS LAKE AND WHITE LADY MOUNTAIN:

Ross Lake (elevation 6,500 ft.) is situated 5 miles up Red Fish Creek, a tributary of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake, approximately 14 miles East of Nelson.

To reach this delightful little Alpine Lake you drive about 14 mi. East of Nelson on Highway No. 3A. Shortly before reaching the turn off to the Harrop Ferry take the road to the left and follow it up the hill where it will pass a couple of houses and then merge into a logging road. Leave the car in a convenient place and follow the logging road to its end. Here the trail begins, which may take a bit of scouting to find. Follow the trail for about 4 miles, passing the remains of a burnt down trappers cabin on your right. After crossing a small creek the trail turns sharply West and follows the North side of this creek to the foot of a large rock slide. Cross the creek and make your way up the rock slide to the level land above; bear slightly to the left at the top and this will bring you directly to the lake.

The yellow Columbines and mauve Penstamons were in full bloom when I visited the lake on July 15, 1961. White and purple Heather was just coming out. There were still patches of snow around but they were fast disappearing.

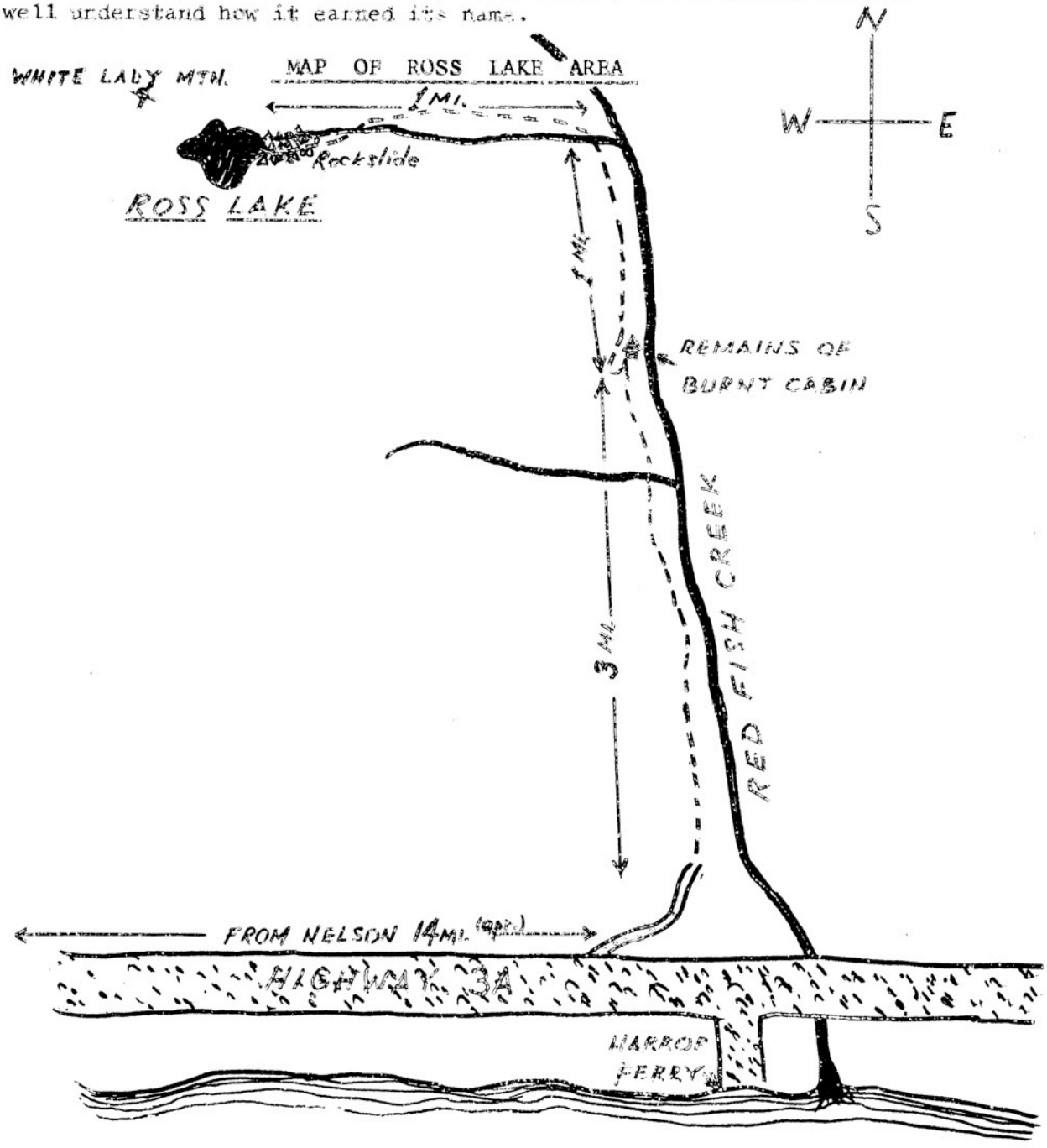
Ross Lake was stocked with fish in the 30's in the usual manner with "well eyed" eggs, packed in shallow trays interspersed with moss and carried on a pack board. On reaching the lake one finds a suitable gravel bed in which to plant the eggs. As there was usually still a good deal of snow about at this time it meant sounding with a shovel; by listening to the handle it was possible to find the right conditions. The snow was then cleared away and the eggs planted. As soon as the temperature of the water warmed up the eggs would become tiny fish and after a good summer of feeding in the lake they would be large enough to survive the winter.

William Dunbar Ross worked a trap line up Red Fish Creek from 1928 to 1949, giving the lake its name. After the stocking of the lake, Ross could see no signs of any fish and presumed that the planting had not been successful. He asked that it be repeated the following year.

LITTLE LAKES ..... ROSS LAKE Continued:

This was done and this time not only was the planting successful, but it was obvious from the size of the fish in the lake the summer following that the second planting and also the first planting had taken very well despite the fish not having been seen during the first season. So this little lake started off with more than its share of fish and has remained over-stocked ever since.

White Lady mountain (7,300 ft.) rises to the North West of the lake. When driving onto the Harrop Ferry from the South in the snow season, one gets a fine view of this shining white mountain and can well understand how it earned its name.



SOMETHING DREADFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN

by Norman Brewster

The preface to Mrs. Aubrey LeBlond's Victorian but lively collection of mountain tales[1] begins, "There is no manlier sport in the world than mountaineering. It is true that all the sports Englishmen take part in are manly....." In her time, this lady was with it. But, as an unmanly man, I suspect Mrs. B. of speaking with tongue in dimpled cheek. I am sure she was above all a woman, and conscious of the heady privileges her avant garde spirit had allowed her to assume in a special world of men. Her simple tales of Alpine adventure exhale the freshness of the true story-teller at large in a new dimension. And yet, one wonders in the name of humanity what was happening between all the mindless, manly, mythic characters in her ante-Freudian world. Alas, Mrs.B was not a Colette; and perhaps after all that kind of genius is antithetic to the spirit of mountaineering, for its literature does not seem to have changed much with the years.

Through the kindness of its editor, I was recently introduced to the pages of the "Kootenay Karabiner". I was interested to read of the ascent of Mount Thor, upon which I had from time to time lustfully glanced when it was on the periphery of my own feverish pursuit of virginal peaks twenty years ago. It was pleasant also to be reminded of Dorothy Pilley and Dr. Richards and to recall an all too brief acquaintanceship with them in the mountains. But chiefly I was impressed by the vigorous and, I am sure, irreversible growth of organized mountaineering in the Kootenays.

It occurred to me that my own doubtful views could hardly affect the robust onward and upwardness of the Kootenay Section, and that having been an ardent, unsuccessful lover of mountaineering I might be pardoned if I were to utter some pessimistic thoughts on the siren.

First of all (pace K-K) there is the apparent anomaly of an organized mountaineering society. It would seem that one of the basic desires of the mountaineer is to escape society, to flee from the crowds, the blighting proliferation of humanity en masse, and to seek in solitude a restoration of his unique individuality. It would seem to me from my own feelings and what little I have read that the emotional impact of the mountain scene is always associated with a diminution of human quantity.

1 True Tales of Mountain Adventure; Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. 1902.

Something Dreadful is About to Happen: Continued.

Mountaineering per se has had only a brief history. Like democracy, it was the creation of an elite group (and it is amusing to note there was in its past an analagous "slave" class, of porters, which has been celebrated even in the egalitarian annals of early Canadian climbing.) Subjective time being so immeasurable, the Golden Age of mountaineering may well seem to be as far removed from today's generation as the Athens of Pericles. But I wonder if we are really so different today? Just as Edward Whymper could not have borne to find another at the the top of his mountain, I confess to having harboured somevery similar sentiments. If we are honest I think we must admit to having some feelings of exclusiveness, and perhaps to that strong sense of private domain which often seems to have distinguished Christendom down the centuries from its own saints.

In this view mountaineers appear as a schizoid lot. Few, I think, look forward to seeing the alplands thronged with organized health addicts, or would have the blessed sounds of silence obscured by lusty wanderlieder. Yet one observes the lovers of unspoiled Nature encouraging the means of her despoliation as eagerly as mining promoters, and organizing the potentialities of their own undoing assiduously as the lemmings who scurry to final oblivion in a sea of gregariousness.

Still, it is possible after all that the apostles of Alpine sociability may be the bearers of a new truth and, having seen that the attitudes of their forbears were imbedded in a kind of selfishness and sterility, are not content. Do they wince at the hollowness of such tired phrases as "a way of life", too often used in the past to attribute to to the mountaineering compulsion a superior though indescribable virtue? Do they now envision the possibility of it, unlike other sports, encompassing all the teeming variety of life, the endless foibles and contradictions of the human scene- magnified withal to Olympian proportions through the grandeur of its setting? And are they then filled with humanitarian zeal to see all mankind become one huge Alpine Club?

Oh, what a consummation, so long and so ambivalently desired by so many, including me. How often have I secretly dallied in years past with pleasant fantasies of roping up with Moll Flanders or Fanny Hill rather than Miss Bloomer Girl of 1927. And even at this, for me, late date may I not hope that, as our world moves today, I might at least live to read the fabulous memoirs of some montagnard Henry Miller and know that at last mountaineering has embraced everything.

There are some like myself, aware how passionate the love of the mountains can be, who have found it difficult to understand why a hundred years of such pervasive emotions have failed to seek out a Conrad, a Melville or even a Walton. If indeed the cause of this curious impotence of expression lies in that exclusiveness which has, for whatever reasons, restricted both the numbers and the variety of its followers surely its release will be found in bringing to everyone instead of

SOMETHING DREADFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN: Continued.

only a few the joys of this hitherto somewhat esoteric pursuit.

And if this is so, one may hope that the repetitious celebration of a rigid and narrow set of attitudes toward the events of the mountaineering world which has been stuck like a phonograph needle since the beginning of memory will now go on to something different and perhaps more interesting. We may at last get behind the manly, wooden puppets and learn that they are not quite uniformly motivated.

We may even hope that some day a smoky brew of lapsang souchong will miraculously open the floodgates of memory and genius and, just as the riches of Proust's "Remembrance" were unlocked by the magical taste of the morsel of madeleine dipped in lime-flower tea, the recollection of a lifelike world of mountaineering may pour intricate and glittering with all the colours of reality from some inspired pen. How wonderful if mountaineering, the truly sensuous sport, should at last be interpreted in the full light of mans' art.

And yet - I am not sure that I should wholly approve, being as you have guessed, a sheepish but unreconstructed alpine fundamentalist. Having been introduced to the mountains by those who had already been formed in the traditions of the Badminton Series, no matter with what writhing and wriggling, I have found it a Sisyphean task to get off my similar and constricted ledge such as was occupied so long ago by the restive Mrs. LeBlonde. From that point of view, with the best will in in the world I find it impossible to envision the Baron Charlus in the alplands. My own far from Proustian memory allows me to recall only one deviate of the hills, one insatiably addicted to aspirins. Even such a mild specimen I found shockingly inappropriate.

What troubles me is the thought of losing in the end that fine exclusiveness I have already referred to; excluded were only those not willing to pay pretty liberally in the currency of sweat and discomfort for the high privilege of entering a separate, unchanged and unspoiled world of nature. For, as Hans Gmoser has demonstrated, it is now easy to land paying guests effortlessly on the summit of a 10,000 foot peak. One may chose, if one prefers, as obviously Hans himself prefers, to do it the old, hard way. But, substantially, mountaineering must become through these processes merely an avenue in the pursuit of hedonism to which in our time and place most of us dedicate our energies and desires. There is another avenue contributing, rather paradoxically, to la dolce vita, and that is the way of competitive sport, with its purposefully contrived rigours and its inevitable development of a nationalistic bias; but this is even more opposed to what I assume to be the true, authentic mountaineering attitude.

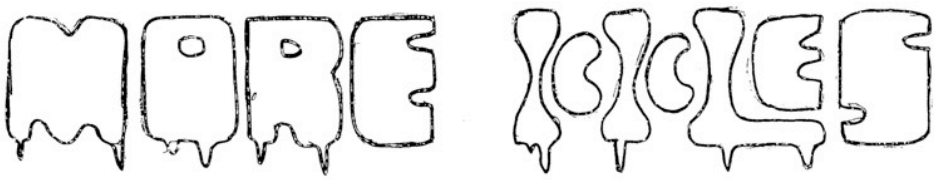
It is not that I am against easy enjoyment of pleasure, or would wish to deprive anyone of the right to pursue happiness in his own way.

SOMETHING DREADFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN: Continued.

But, with some sadness and nostalgia, I see a world waning whose only entrance requirement was will and spirit, a world free of the clinging aura of self-interest that so pervades our daily life, and void of the petty and envious measurements of person so effective in regulating our social order and so erosive to the individual soul, but a world which also gave encouragement and freedom for testing oneself in the clear light of nature, without the hope of favour or the fear of rancour and and recrimination.

This is in some ways a lament for the loss of the amateur spirit, which in spite of the efforts of such queer birds as Avery Brundage is very nearly as dead as that other victim of changing times, the Dodo. It still exists of course,as the pages of K-K testify, but I think it is also clear that the attitude is doomed and the world of mountaineering will be divided, as with lesser sports, into two groups, pleasure seekers and competitors. If this results incidentally in the creation of some sort of fin de siecle art, I hope to be around to enjoy it.

* * * *



By C. J. Penn

"When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on!"
-Proverb quoted by H. Webber.

"Cynic- a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."
-Oscar Wilde.

Exhausted Mountaineer to Fitter Companion, in Switzerland:
"What a lovely country- Holland is!"

akokli (goat) creek

More music
in its name
than "goat"

Akokli rise
as the June
snow melts.

The forest
is dark above
the road above

the creek
the mountain
moves down

the jeep
moves down
the trees

the dark is
down among

the bumpy swells
of Akokli Creek.

By Fred Wah*

THE DEWDNEY TRAIL

This historic trail, built about 100 years ago, wound from Hope to Fort Steele and in so doing passed through the West and East Kootenays. There is now a need for re-marking and accurate mapping of remnants of this trail before they have become completely overgrown. It is felt that members of the Kootenay Section could contribute to the collection of local history by sending in any information they have on any places that they know accurately to be parts of the Dewdney Trail. "Karabiner" now has a "Dewdney" file for any such information. It is intended that these leads will be followed up and parts of the trail blazed once again in the Kootenays. A large scale map will be used for accurate location of parts of the trail which may otherwise become totally lost.

The following is a summary of a story about the Dewdney Trail which appeared in the Cominco Magazine, January, 1956. It was written by Craig Weir, the Editor of Cominco Magazine, whose kind permission has made the summary of his interesting story as well as his map available to Karabiner readers.

Jack Oswald

THE DEWDNEY TRAIL ..... summary of a story by Craig Weir

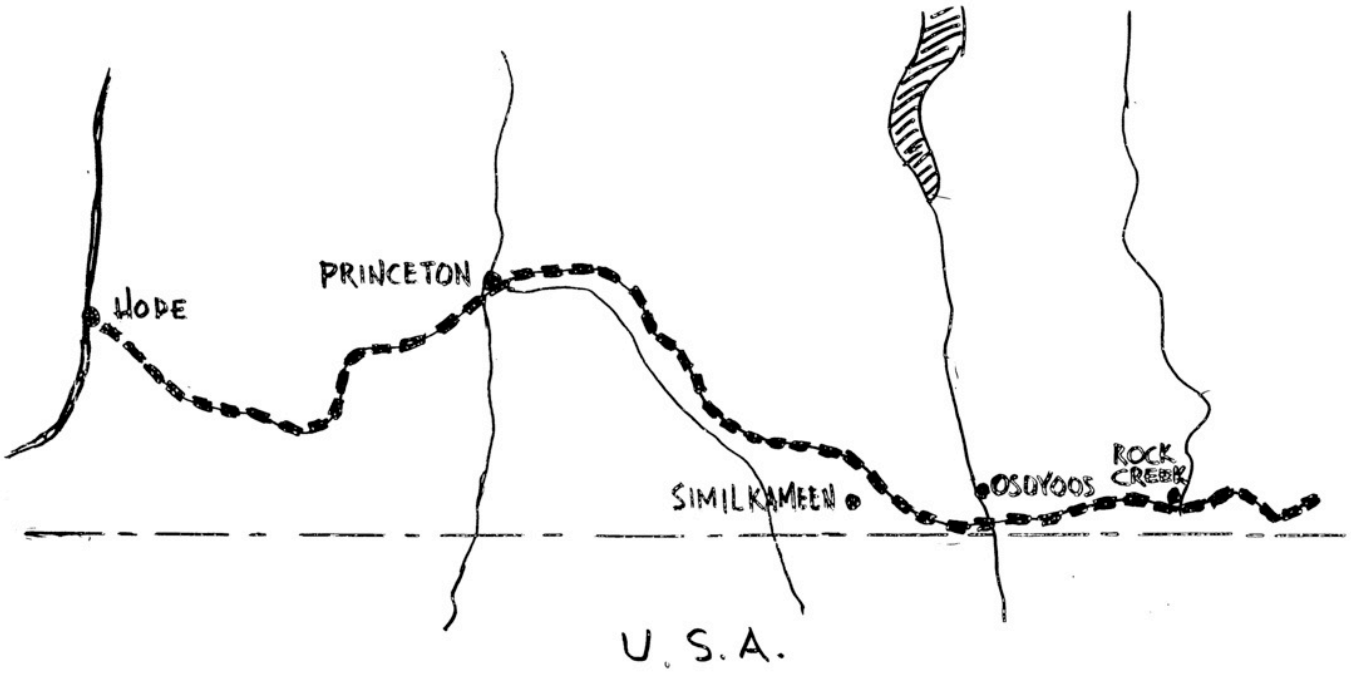
About a century ago Governor James Douglas of British Columbia set to work on the task of cementing B.C. to Canada and the Empire by promoting a better east-west communication. This was at a time when gold mining had been a success up the Fraser. Miners were gradually working into the interior valleys, but were using easier north-south routes into Washington for supplies, mail, etc. In 1860 James Douglas issued "the Similkameen Road Bond Act, 1860" which began the trail between Fort Hope and the Similkameen via present-day Princeton. Dewdney was the contractor, having the task of shaping a known route for pack train travel. A year later Governor Douglas inspected the trail and decided that it should be converted to a wagon road 18 feet wide from Hope to Princeton and beyond to Rock Creek.

In 1864 Frederick Seymour became governor of the mainland colony and was very much concerned with the road eastward. The discovery of gold in the East Kootenays and the subsequent stampede to this region gave Governor Seymour added incentive to see an east-west route rushed through. Again Dewdney was summoned.

DEWDNEY TRAIL: Continued

He was to construct a trail for pack trains going from Similkameen to Wildhorse Creek where the new diggings were located. The governor was very desirous that pack trains should be able to transport goods without having to pass through American territory where customs involved expense and inconvenience.

Dewdney then set out to establish a route through the new land from Similkameen to Rock Creek. At Rock Creek Dewdney split his forces to search out the best route. The main group was to continue down the Kettle Valley, making notes on the country, especially on those portions which compelled travel below the boundary line. They were to go to Fort Shepherd on the Columbia, about five miles downstream from the present location of Trail. In the meantime Dewdney headed up the Kettle River, then crossed north of Christina Lake coming out at a point about half way down the Lower Arrow Lake. After a canoe trip to Fort Shepherd and discussions with his southern contingent he concluded that the better route was the one to the south. From Fort Shepherd Dewdney travelled up the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers to Crawford Bay on the Kootenay Lake. He concluded that the better route for a trail would be from Fort Shepherd eastward to the foot of Kootenay Lake, the route now followed by the Salmo Creston Skyway.

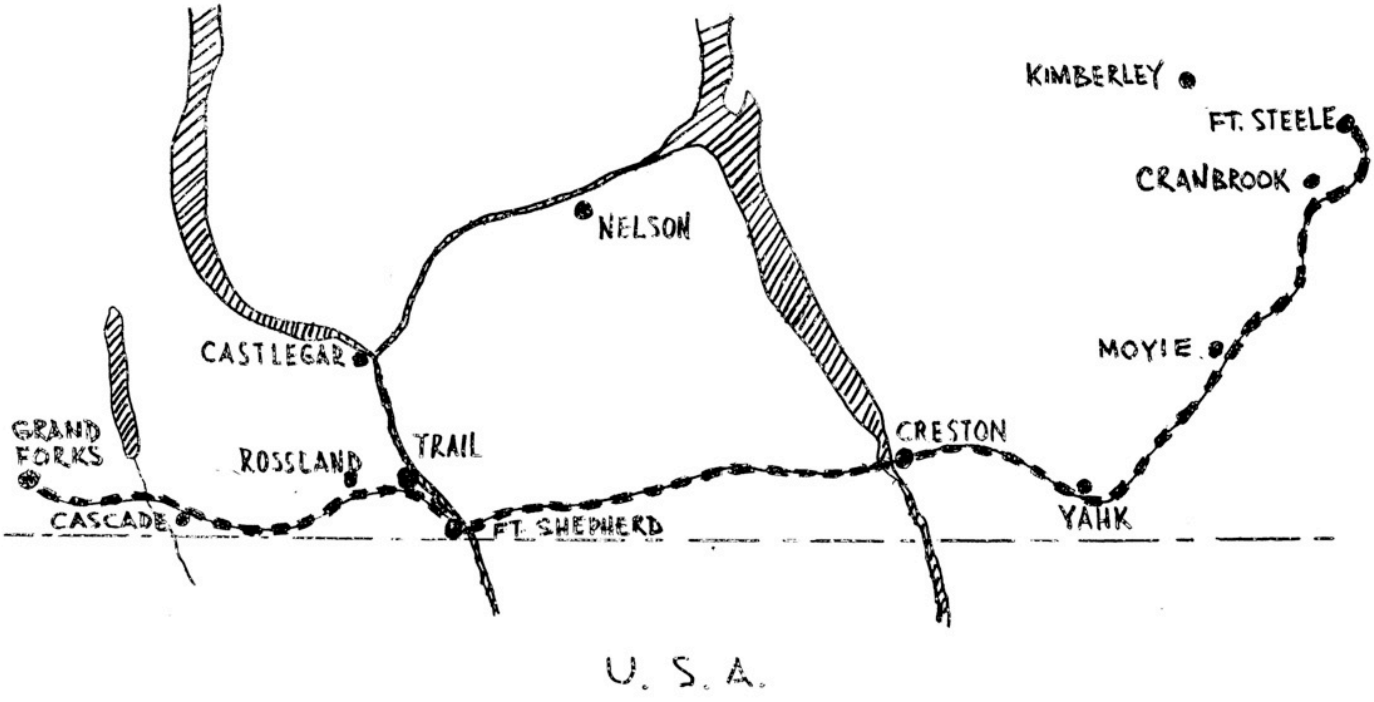


DEWDNEY TRAIL: Continued.

From the Kootenay bottomland Dewdney pressed eastward up the Goat River and over to the Moyie. From here he could follow the Moyie Trail to Wildhorse Creek. Thus his reconnaisance was finished and all that remained was to build a pack road! At Wild Horse, Dewdney engaged William Fernie as foreman on the trail-building job between there and Fort Shepherd. Crews of men worked on the trail from intermittent points and eventually met each other. The pack trail was completed on time at a cost of $ 74,000.

Unfortunately, after all this fine effort the trail was used very little because the Wildhorse gold diggings entered a slump and those gold-grubbers who were to use this new pack trail were off to greener pastures.

With remnants of this trail in our hiking region we should feel obligated to mark any portions of the trail found during our hiking. It is fairly close to the Salmo Creston road in places, so here is a worthy hiking project. Remember, the Karabiner is collecting information for its "Dewdney" file.



MOUNT KANE

by C.J. Penn

Large single raindrops began to spatter on my face and I peered ahead in the premature dusk and tried to estimate my chances of reaching the old cabins above Joker Lakes before getting thoroughly soaked. Our party was strung out across the rough hillside, each making his best pace as the thunderclouds gathered rapidly above us, and I was the last in line. We had left the rest of the group at the Slocan Chief Cabin so that we could overnight at the Joker Lakes and climb Mt. Kane the next morning. At around 9,200 feet, Mt. Kane is one of the highest peaks in Kokanee Park and had reputedly been climbed only twice before. It lies on the southern end of the Sawtooth Ridge and is a rock climb, rather than a snow walk.

Racing over rocks and heath, down patches of old snow, stumbling, laughing, cursing and jodelling to one another between claps of thunder, we headed for the bluff where we knew the cabins lay, although we had only seen them from afar. Lightning lit the scene sporadically, only to accentuate the succeeding gloom. Guiding shouts led me down the last broken slope in almost complete darkness to a clump of trees and I arrived at the first cabin just as the rain developed into a downpour. But though the others welcomed me, the ruined appearance of the cabin made me go on despite the rain to inspect the other accomodation. But the other cabin proved to be in worse condition, the roof completely gone, so we huddled together in the only dry corner of the first cabin which itself was devoid of doors and windows and had a floor artistically sculptured by the gnawing of generations of porcupines. Certain luxury-loving members of the party spread "foamies" under their sleeping bags, the rest wriggled around on the uneven boards until they found a spot with relatively few protruding nails, and presently all settled down to listen to to the truly Wagnerian performance going on outside. Sleep came despite it all.

The morning was by contrast curiously still and clear. Between the tattered boards of the cabin endwall I gazed down at the sunlight creeping across the peaceful surface of the little upper lake. Soon we had brewed some mush for breakfast and, having got outside of it, we began the always puzzling process of deciding what to take with us and what to leave cached at the cabin. A fairly large semi-permanent snowfield visible on the lower slopes of our mountain decided us to carry ice-axes and they did prove useful going up, when the steeper parts were still frozen. On the descent they were hardly needed.

MOUNT KANE: Continued.

After ascending some moraine covered slopes we plodded upwards eyeing the peak and trying to decide whether the saddle between it and the rest of the Sawtooth Ridge was the right approach or not. We continued to follow the snow-tongue leading towards this saddle until we were quite high, when, without any actual discussion we all veered to the right and got onto a rocky spur which came down from the ridge between the saddle and the summit. Here we roped up. The morning was no longer clear, the sky being gradually covered with a high, thin veil of grey cloud. The rock was easy and broken, but loose, requiring care. Kim Deane and Jim Rees were ahead of us on the first rope and I was glad that they continued to go diagonally up to the right, so that any stones that their rope might dislodge would clear us. We lost sight of them around a buttress and after several rope lengths we saw them again already on the ridge. Their cheerful calls seemed to indicate that they had no further obstacles. I was leading our rope at the time and it appeared to me that they must have gained the ridge at a conspicuous notch just above us, so I headed for this. On grasping the protruding edge of the notch and clambering up enough to peer over, I let out an exclamation of surprise. Gerry Brown and Wolf Penz below me both asked what was up. Nothing, I assured them was "up". On the contrary, the other side of the ridge dropped off unexpectedly sheer and the ridge itself where I had reached it was a knife-edge. I concluded that the others had hit the ridge farther towards the summit and so, dropping down a way, I moved along to another low point. The others joined me and, staring down the other side, agreed with my first estimation. We then all inspected the next problem, a tall gendarme standing squarely on the narrow ridge. The first rope must have got around it, we decided. We peered down an ugly-looking gully on the far side of our ridge and I even descended it a little way, my eye on a ledge which, if it could be reached, seemed to lead around the gendarme. But the ledge looked even harder to reach from there, and, as we knew that the other rope had traversed the ridge quickly and easily we returned and inspected the nearer side of the gendarme. A little semi-hand traverse revealed itself, tucked under the edge of our top-heavy gendarme, and this brought us to where we could scramble back onto the ridge. From here the ridge was wider and, apart from one more notch which was easily descended and climbed out of, the going was easy and we were soon on the summit with Kim and Jim. We had taken about three hours for the ascent. They, of course, chuckled and had great satisfaction on learning that we too had examined the ugly gully without success.

The summit afforded us some unusual views of Kokanee Glacier to the west, with the Giants Kneecap and so on, but what drew my attention most was the view down the east side of our peak into what was, to me at least, terra incognita. Steep cliffs dropped off to a wide, long, quarter-circular snowfield draining into Woodbury Creek. It seemed to be just aching to be cut by some venturesome mountaineer's skiis. It must be over a mile long and nearly two miles around the upper perimeter. Smooth,

MOUNT KANE: Continued.

glistening white and very inaccessible. It is too bad that the Woodbury Creek area is so hard to reach for the weekend mountaineer, for there are climbs and ski runs galore in this secluded corner of Kokanee Park. I made a couple of photos just for the record and we then all stared with respect at the jagged Sawtooth Ridge, which looked particularly formidable seen end-on.

Chilly gusts of wind reminded us that the weather was getting worse and we made haste to begin the descent. Returning along the ridge took very little time but the need for care slowed us for the first couple of pitches below it. Then we progressed rapidly down the buttress, but still carefully, avoiding knocking down loose rocks. We took a short cut across to the snow and I recall finding some difficulty as last man descending an awkward little rock gully just before we reached the snow. A couple of hundred feet down very steep but now rather soft snow and then we unroped on easier gradients, and each took his own course and speed back towards the cabin, urged on, just as on the previous night, by approaching thunder. The stragglers, including myself, were chased into the cabin by a burst of hail.

A hasty bite to eat, some quick packing of gear into rucksacks and we all set off down the trail from the lakes to the Joker Millsite, at the head of the road up Keen Creek. Here we had left the cars all carefully wrapped in chicken wire to discourage marauding porcupines, whose appetite for tires, radiator hoses and brake tubing is notorious. The old trail from the lakes soon dwindled and disappeared in a maze of fallen, burnt tree trunks and petty bush which covered the long hillsides. It began to rain. We blundered over logs and through dripping, waist-high foliage. Soon I reached that almost pleasant state of "soakedness" in which it is no longer worth striving to avoid getting wetter and one can relax and squelch happily onward. I had not been so completely wet since I came to the Kootenays from the coast two years previously. To the right of the lower falls we descended the steepest slopes directly by swinging down from one slide alder to another shaking down showers of water at every leap. Here and there we crossed remnants of the old pack trail, but it was pointless to try and follow it for it was lost at once in tangles of fallen trees and bush. Lower down we came out on a scree slope beside the creek and picked up the trail which brought us down to the forest and finally to the cars, where we gathered again, wet but happy. I remember that there was a sound of crashing in the bush and we thought of a bear. Suddenly Gerry emerged, soaked and even more tattered than the rest of us, but grinning cheerfully, still wearing that crazy black hat of his, and remarking that he had somehow lost the trail again and gone off through "the boondocks".

So ended a pleasant trip in which we had managed to make and ascent- albeit of a minor peak in a secondary range- in the brief interval between storms. It pays to be off early in the morning. This description of the

MOUNT KANE: Continued.

climb is from memory after four years and I cannot pretend to guarantee the accuracy of the details. It always mildly amazes me how so many climbers can give exact handhold by handhold descriptions of their ascents for those who would follow their route. I am quite sure of some of the details, such as the notch, but then so was Edward Whymper sure about that famous gap on the Ecrins and he started an argument which has not ceased yet, a hundred years later! Otherwise my account is only generally correct and those who follow should take it only as a recommendation to the excursion, not as a guide.



MUSCLES AND MOUNTAINS

by Helen Butling

The musculature of the human body consists in number of over 400 muscles. Upon the proper functioning of these muscles depends the pleasing curves of a healthy human being and the ability to perform with ease their chosen activity.

To achieve this our muscles make certain demands upon us. First and foremost that they be in constant use and following this, that they be adequately fed, supplied with oxygen, and if asked to work for long periods of time, that "the spirit be willing". A muscle is made up of thousands of fibres which contract strongly or weakly and in varying numbers according to the amount of work the muscle is asked to do. Adhering to the law of supply and demand, if only a low work load is required of a muscle a comparatively few fibres will contract in a half-hearted fashion leaving the others to lie dormant and useless. Our ancestors of over 100 years ago probably used a third more of their muscle fibres than the average person of today, due to the comparative ease of present day living conditions.

With this in mind, anyone concerned with keeping his muscles in reasonable condition should introduce as much activity as possible into his daily life. Walk as much as you can and especially uphill. Always take the stairs instead of the elevator, if there is a choice, and next time take them two at a time just for the fun of it. Tighten the abdominal muscles 20 times a day, breathing out at the same time until you find yourself doing this without thinking about it. Particularly in the winter months, take part in some active sport such as basketball, volley ball, badminton, judo, table tennis, etc. So much for the day-to-day conditioning, but for those who intend to demand the maximum of power and endurance from their muscles a vigorous routine of exercise will have to be carried out.

A muscle able to work at full power is one in which all its fibres are contracting to their maximum. Power in a muscle is increased by performing a number of exercises for a short period each day. It has been proved that a short period of exercising every day is as effective as longer periods and more effective than intermittant exercising of once or twice a week even if more time were given to the routine on those days. It is of great importance that the exercises be done slowly and with much effort, thus giving the fibres time to reach full contraction and, by exerting that extra effort at the peak of the contraction and

MUSCLES AND MOUNTAINS: Continued.

holding for six seconds or more, more fibres will be brought into use. Springs and weights can be used to give resistance to the muscles and will build up the muscles quicker, but for those who do not wish to surround themselves with this paraphernalia the same result can be obtained only it will take a little more time. From 12 to 20 weeks must be allowed for maximum conditioning, anything less than 12 weeks will result in a rapid loss of strength in the muscles if the exercising is discontinued. After 20 weeks a plateau of strength should be reached which can then be maintained by exercising once a week, in other words a pleasant jaunt to the mountains at the weekend will maintain this level of strength.

So much for developing power in a muscle, but those energetic individuals concerned with keeping their muscles in prime condition will also require them to be capable of endurance. Only a powerful muscle can be an enduring one. Presuming that all the fibres in a muscle are conditioned to contracting, owing to a marvelous mechanism of the nervous system, only a proportionally small number of them will have to contract at any one time to perform against a constant load. This gives them all a chance in turn to be replenished with food and oxygen thus avoiding fatigue and making it possible for the muscle to work smoothly for many hours.

As mentioned earlier, muscles require adequate food and oxygen, especially when they are asked to work for great lengths of time. As the power of a muscle can be built up, so can the endurance. In terms of exercise this means low resistance, high repetition exercises done to the point of fatigue and after a short rest period, repeated until fatigue is again present. In terms of a more pleasant occupation it means hiking along a trail at a speed which warms you up and makes you breathe deeply. Not stopping when you first feel tired but pushing on, perhaps a little slower, but keep going, preferably until you reach your objective or if you do have to stop make it a short stop. This will stimulate the breathing and circulation systems to greater capacity and enable them to keep your muscles supplied with the necessary oxygen and food that they require for long periods of activity, and to carry away the waste products which would otherwise accumulate and cause soreness and swelling of the muscles. Under endurance of muscles comes the intangible thing "that the spirit be willing". However strong the muscles may be and however well supported by the circulatory and breathing systems, they will not carry their owners to the mountain tops unless stimulated by this mental stamina or "will to get there" or whatever one chooses to call it. But with all three requirements in good working order, power, endurance, and a "blythe spirit", travel in the mountains, whatever the hardships, cannot be anything but enjoyable.

Ed. Note.

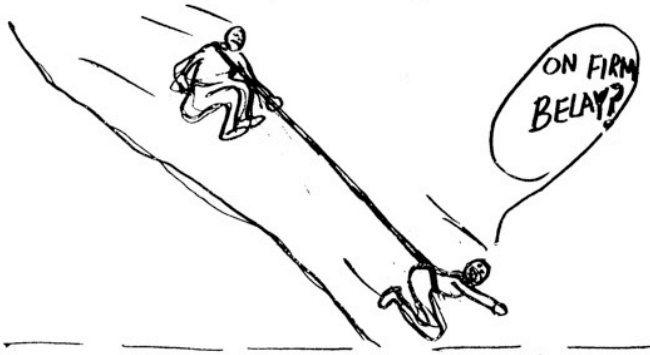
Here's to muscles ..... and mountains !



CAMP ANECDOTES

by Gill Deane

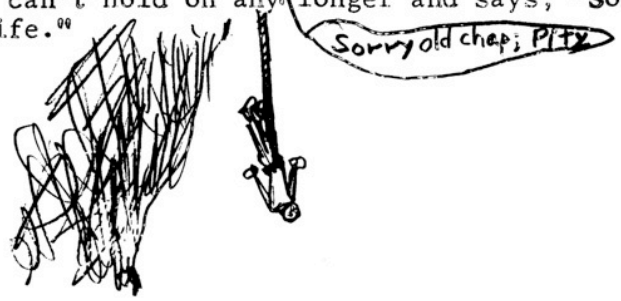
Koot 1 and Koot 2 arrive at rock school and announce to Peter, the guide, that they are climbing partners. Peter says to Koot 1, "All right, you go up to the top of that grassy slope and set yourself up in a firm belay." Koot 1 does this. Peter says to Koot 2, "Now we'll see what you think of your partner's belaying." Peter runs down slope and jerks against rope. Koot 1 comes sailing out of his "firm belay", floats through the air for a bit and lands halfway down the grassy slope. Much blue language from Koot 1 and quiet, stunned, amazement from Koot 2.



Peter says, "you see that most belays are useless if a person falls with any slack in the rope. We will now learn how to make an anchor." Peter makes an anchor to a tree. Koot 2 gets into the anchor and prepares to belay Peter. Koot 2 leaves about 3 inches of slack in anchor rope, There is a horrible noise of air rushing out of Koot 2 as he suddenly comes taut against the anchor rope, falls over, and hangs in a helpless position, his face getting bluer by the second.



Then we practice what to do if a person falls and is left hanging on the belay rope; can't go up or down or get back to holds. Person belaying is hanging on but can't be of any other assistance. So tie a Prusik knot with a Prusik sling around the belay rope and hook sling into anchor with a karabiner. Then you can let go, walk to the edge and have a look see. Koot 1 tries this with Koot 3 hanging on end. There is a twist in the sling and Koot 1 can't get the blessed Prusik knot tied. He finally can't hold on any longer and says, "Sorry old chap, I'll tell your wife."



32 FEET PER SECOND, PERHAPS

by C.J. Penn

In an interesting booklet entitled "The Theory of Belaying" Arnold Wexler of the American Alpine Club goes into many pages of complex mathematical formulae to explain the stresses and strains imposed on a climbing rope when a mountaineer is misguided enough to "come unstuck" and is arrested by the rope.

While I have great respect for Mr Wexler's knowledge of mechanics and mathematics, I feel sure that most climbers will never bother to master his calculations before tackling, say, Kinnaird Bluffs, or, for that matter, Kangchenjunga.

Nevertheless every climber, in order to avoid some simple but disastrous mistakes, should have a rough idea of what he and his equipment can and may have to withstand. At the risk of raising the wrath of the experts I shall try to give a few of these essential facts here without too much technical jargon.

Any school book of physics or mechanics will tell you (under the rather macabre heading: "Falling Bodies") that a free-falling object accelerates thirty-two feet per second, per second. This means that by the end of the first second of its fall it will already be doing about 22 mph and 44 mph by the end of the next. In the first three seconds, if unhindered, the "object" will fall a total of about 144 feet. This does not give the man who is belaying a falling climber much time to "gather in slack rope" or "take up the arresting position". By way of comparison, Roger Bannister running the 4 minute mile is crawling along at an average of only 15 mph.

A full weight nylon climbing rope, in good condition, will support a steady load of about 3'000 pounds. Between 3'000 and 4'000 pounds it will break. This is a gradually applied load, not one dropped from a height. Three thousand pounds, you might think is plenty strong enough, since a man and his boots only weigh about 180 pounds. In fact, it is only barely strong enough, for several reasons.

It is quite obvious that when a man falls the force of his landing or arrest is something much more than just his 180 pound weight. For example, if a 180 pound man were to stand on top of your toes he would cause you pain but probably not do you any permanent injury. If, however, he were to jump off a wall onto your toes you will agree that the damage would be much greater.

32 FEET PER SECOND, PERHAPS Continued:

Other examples to consider are: the way a store assistant wraps string around his knuckles and gives it a jerk which snaps it easily. an angler with a large fish on a thin line has to let the line run out to prevent too great a pull causing the line to break. a fast car meeting a concrete wall - the front of the car comes to a rather immediate stop, whereas the rear carries on a foot or two, crushing the forward part and its occupants. If the car were, instead, brought gradually to a stop, over a distance, nothing more serious would occur than some heating of the brakedrums. These examples illustrate the truism that it is not the fall which does the damage but the stop! If one could stop slowly neither body nor rope would be strained. In the absence of a rope a deep pile of soft cushions at the foot of the cliff would serve nicely to extend the faller's stopping distance. With a rope, if it were not tied to unyielding rock but could instead be run out like the fisherman's line and gradually braked to a stop, this would prevent the rope (or man) from being over-strained. This is the principle aimed at in most of the modern belaying methods and devices.

What the above examples do not tell is just how much force, shock or (correctly) energy has to be absorbed, how slowly the braking should be done and over how long a distance.

The greater the height of the fall, the greater is the energy which must be absorbed. In fact it equals the faller's weight times the height of the fall. Thus, a 180 lb man after falling 10 feet has aquired 180 x 10 lb/feet of energy. That is, 1'800 pounds-feet. All this energy has to be "absorbed" to bring him to a stop. If this is done instantly or in a very short distance, say by anchoring the rope above to some very solid rock, the force imposed on the rope will be very sudden and very great.

Actually, it will be the energy (1'800) divided by the stopping distance. So if the rope only "gave" or stretched one foot the average force imposed on it will be

$$\frac{1'800}{1}$$ which still equals 1'800 lbs!

This is about half the full strength of a new rope! Now suppose the rope is old and well used, and suppose that the edge of the rock around which it is anchored is sharp.....

If he had fallen 20 feet free before the rope came taut and the rope still only "gave" a foot, the average force on the rope would be

$$\frac{180 \times 20}{1} = 3'600 \text{ lbs!}$$

Enough to break a new rope without any "assistance" from sharp rocks.

If, however, his twenty-foot fall could somehow be slowed down over a longer distance, say over three feet, then the force is somewhat reduced, thus:

32 FEET PER SECOND, PERHAPS Continued:

$$\frac{180 \times 20}{3} = 1{,}200 \text{ lbs}$$

This is still a considerable force and unless the rope is new and conditions ideal (no sharp rocks etc), it will be in danger of breaking. There will in any case be a very great shock to the arrested man and to the belayman. Much safer would be a stopping distance of some ten feet or so. In the same example of a 180 pound man falling 20 feet and then being gradually arrested in 10 feet the average force imposed on the rope would only be

$$\frac{180 \times 20}{10} = 360 \text{ lbs}$$

The figures given above should be enough to show that a climbing rope with a breaking strength of 3,500 lbs when new is by no means "plenty strong enough" and that ropes that are old, worn, or have already withstood the shock of a fall, that are thinner than standard or of dubious or unspecified rating should never be used. Nor are my figures the whole story but only a simplification. All sorts of other factors actually come into such calculations and, besides this, in practice conditions are so varied and unpredictable that the margin of safety is often less than is shown above. In fairness it must be said that sometimes conditions do vary in favour of the falling man and it is this occurrence which explains cases reported in which the faller has been saved after a long fall which seemed certain to break the rope.

It would be extremely foolish to depend on or hope, for such circumstances to save one in a fall. Obviously, the very best thing is to avoid a fall! Ropes and belays, like car seat-belts and ski safety harness may save one in the event of an accident but prevention is always better than cure. Thus, climbing skill and prudence are the best of all safety measures.

Since a fall may still occur, despite all skill and care, one has the rope and belay and the next question is how to minimize the danger of rope breakage. Firstly one must try to limit the possible height of a fall. All good climbing manuals explain various ways of achieving this, such as short run-outs, keeping the rope fairly tight, running belays etc. Secondly, methods of belaying are given whereby some sort of "shock absorber" is put between the rope and the anchorage so that the rope is allowed to "give" or to run a little before being brought to a stop. These are called indirect or dynamic belays. There is even a special knot, the Tarbuck knot, designed to "give" and then tighten so as to absorb shock or energy. It is said to have been well tested and the only comment I can make is that it needs care in tying it.

Of course, instead of trying to limit the force on the rope one could also use a thicker rope. This has several disadvantages in practice. Not only is a thick rope heavy and unwieldy but increasing the

32 FEET PER SECOND, PERHAPS Continued:

rope size does not reduce the shock of a sudden arrest on the climber and belayer. Stronger ropes of the same thickness may be developed by manufacturers as time goes on.

A chain, as the saying goes, is only as strong as its weakest link. Therefore it is pointless to have a strong climbing rope if it is attached to you or to the rock, by a weak karabiner, weak sling, bad knot, poorly placed piton or wrongly rigged belay. Every item must be at least as strong as the climbing rope.

One final point concerning nylon rope. This and most other synthetic fibres used in ropes have great tensile strength but quite low melting points. A number of accidents when nylon rope first appeared soon illustrated the danger running one nylon rope over another so that the latter was quickly melted through by frictional heat. It is essential to run the rope through a steel karabiner, not directly over a sling or other rope. Also, when rappelling using a karabiner attached to a nylon seatsling, make sure that the rappel rope passing through the karabiner does not rub on the seat-sling and melt it through. I know of at least one accident where this happened. If the karabiner is not big enough to give clearance, use two karabiners.

To sum up, when a climber falls things happen very fast. The man belaying must be ready and watching, always. If the falling man is allowed to fall even ten feet the force he may impose on rope, belayman, anchorage and himself will be more serious than most people realize. If your life is worth less to you than the price of a new, full-weight approved-type climbing rope, use an old water-ski towrope. Otherwise, get a good rope and good accessories, take great care of them, learn to use them properly and throw them away before their strength becomes doubtful or after they have arrested an actual fall.

* * * * *

WHEN IT'S MACHETE TIME IN PASS CREEK

by Jack Oswald

As the words of the famous old song would suggest, it's machete time at Mulvey as well. The summer schedule has one weekend set aside for completion of this trail. It is truly time that this project was brought to a conclusion before steam runs out. The first slashing party back in 1964 completed the portion from beginning to Kipper Kamp in a one day session. Progress has slowed in recent time due to extra time taken in getting to the work area.

According to those who hiked up to Mulvey Meadows last summer there is some difficult bush yet to be dealt with. The beauty of this meadow will make further work on the trail worth while. If anyone is interested in a couple of weekend trips during the earlier summer these could be arranged and would give more assurance that the trail would be completed this year.. Kipper Kamp could be improved even before work is possible on the upper reaches of the trail. Later on a machete attack on slide Alder etc. could be launched.

Another venture for later summer is a trip over the Wolves' Ears col in order to retrieve a large piece of plastic. This was used as a shelter during our first ascent of Mt. Gladsheim and was left behind for future camps. It would be very useful for summer shelter at Kipper Kamp and up on Mulvey Meadow.

Speaking of shelters, it is noticeable that Kootenay Section has done a considerable amount of work in the upkeep and repair of Slocan Chief cabin in Kokanee Park. Though the saving of this fine old cabin from ruin was done before Kootenay Section was formed, it was mainly people who subsequently joined the Section who carried out this early repair work. There was great enthusiasm in these early construction groups, and also in later work parties that have cared for Slocan Chief. At present this cabin is in good repair, such good repair that it is being extensively used, and also somewhat abused by visitors untrained in the code of the mountains. It seems that a new cabin project would provide interest and opportunity for the many constructive members of Kootenay Section. At least this is something to think about.

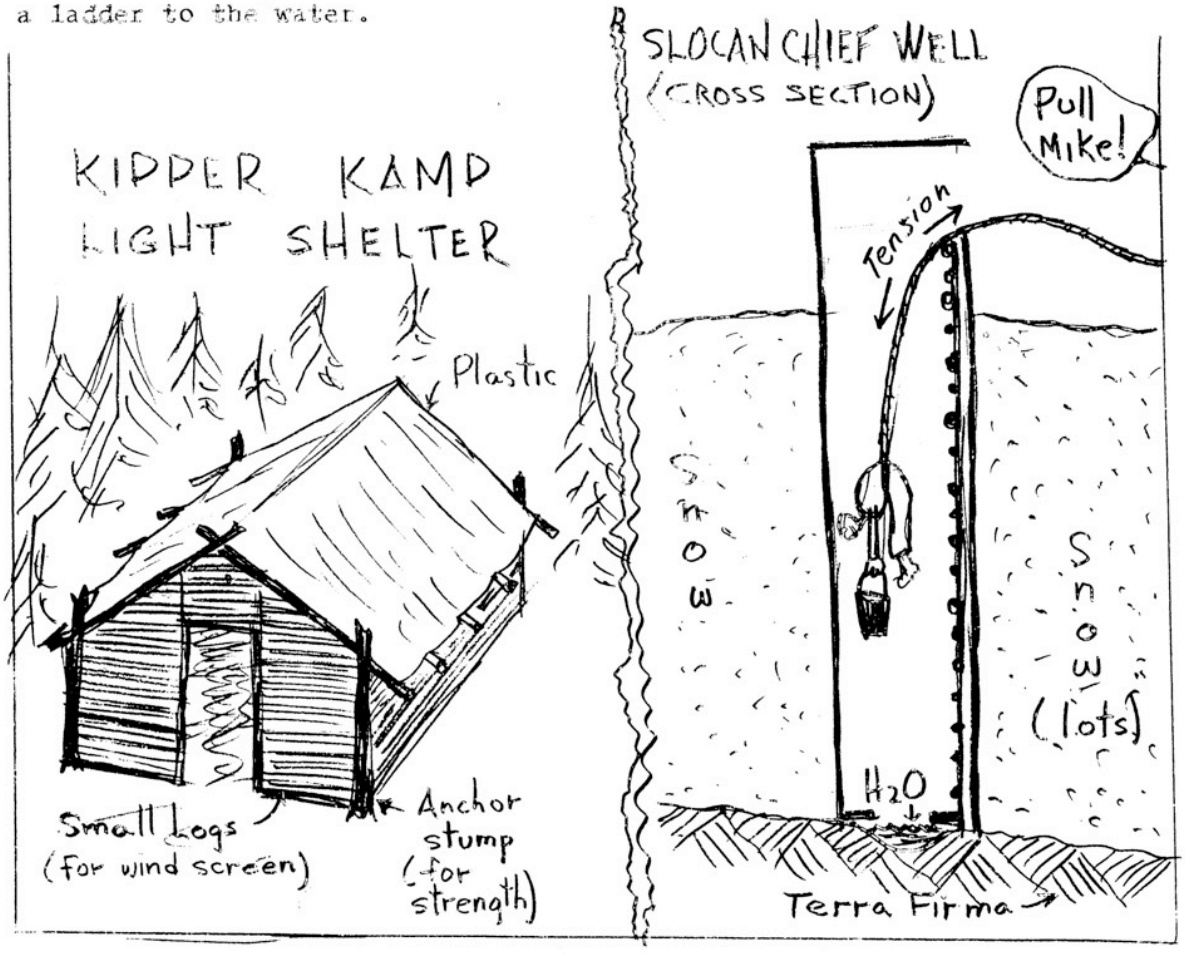
The people who formed a trust fund for upkeep of the Slocan Chief cabin would possibly be interested in re-directing a portion of this fund toward construction of a new cabin. Certainly Alpine Club of Canada would direct some of its funds toward a Kootenay Section Hut.

MACHETE TIME IN PASS CREEK Continued:

Where are good locations for a hut? One suggestion is the building of summer shelters at Kipper Kamp and Mulvey Meadow. These could be simplified frames over which plastic could be placed when the frame was to be occupied. The plastic, when not in use, could be stored in a large tin to prevent its being destroyed. This light type of shelter would be adequate at Mulvey since this is strictly a summer area.

A more ambitious structural project could be the building of a log cabin in a ski touring area not quite as remote as Kokanee. Plewman Basin near Old Glory is a good ski-touring area only a few miles from the highway. A cabin here would be useful during at least 8 months of the year for ski-touring outings. At the time of writing (April 20) a reconnaissance trip is planned for the coming weekend to examine this area for cabin possibility.

Another construction project could be a wooden well for Slocan Chief Cabin. Since the water hole becomes deeply covered with snow there is need for a well which could be set up in late autumn. It could have a high door which would enable one to enter and climb down a ladder to the water.



"BRING ME MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS"

Compiled by C.J. Penn

"Up to the completion of the C.P.R. in 1885, there was no thought of mountaineering in Canada." -A.O. Wheeler, C.A.J. 1907.

Rogers Pass 1883: "As we view the landscape we feel as if some memorial should be preserved of our visit here, and we organize a Canadian Alpine Club. The writer, as a grandfather, is appointed president, Dr. Graut secretary, and my son, S.H. Fleming, treasurer. A meeting is held and we turn to one of the springs rippling down to the Illecillewaet and drink success to the organization."

-Sir Sandford Fleming, CAJ. 1938

"Unfortunately, pressing business elsewhere hindered this ambitious project; and thus the ephemeral alpine club of a moment of ecstasy died a natural death."

-A.O. Wheeler CAJ. 1938

"Mr. Wheeler wrote.....that shortly one (mountaineering club) would be organized as a branch of the American Club.....would I help? I would, but only for an independent club."

-Elizabeth Parker CAJ. 1938

February 14, 1906: "Sir William Whyte, Vice-President of the C.P.R. asked abruptly, "What do you want?" I replied, "I want twenty passes to Winnipeg and return from any part of the Railway, to bring delegates there to found an Alpine Club for Canada." Turning to Mr. McPherson he said in a most sarcastic tone, "What do you think of that, Mr. McPherson?" Mr. McPherson replied, "I think it would be a first class idea, Mr. Whyte." "All right," Mr. Whyte replied with a broad smile, "Fix it with him."

-A.O. Wheeler, CAJ. 1938

"The Alpine Club of Canada.... began its existence here by the Red River of the North, with an enthusiastic membership. Its first dinner (in Manitoba Hall) sounded the strong echo, "Bring me men to match my mountains." "

-Elizabeth Parker, CAJ. 1938

"What does the Alpine Club of Canada propose to do?....There may be learned cosmopolitan alpinists whose many years experience.....incline them to look with patronage....upon an organized effort to popularize the exclusive sport. They might say that to popularize was to vulgarize.

"BRING ME MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS": Continued.

Not so. Mountaineering is too toilsome, too hard a sport.... By virtue of its constitution the Alpine Club is a national trust for the defence of our mountain solitudes against the intrusion of steam and electricity and all the vandalisms of this luxurious, utilitarian age.... It is the Club's business to support the picturesque and wholly enjoyable transit to the mountain places by pack-horse and saddle, and to promote the too much neglected exercise of walking..... It would be a great thing for young Canadians if all the automobiles vanished into space and walking for pleasure became the fashion."

- Elizabeth Parker, CAJ. 1907.

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LIBRARY NOTES:

Additions to the Library:

A Climbers Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada
by Thorrington.

A Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia
by W.L. Putnam.

1929 A.C.C. Journal. (This completes the set).

The Kootenay Section Library is located at the home of Mrs. H. Butling in Nelson. Any member is welcome to make use of the Library.

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BOOK REVIEW- Reprinted from the Canadian Alpine Journal through the kind permission of Mrs. D. Munday.

"BATAILLE POUR LE JANNU"

par Jean Franco et Lionel Terray
(Gallimard 1965)

This book, written in French, belongs to the class of books on Himalayan expeditions. It vividly describes the whole history of the French attempts to conquer the Jannu: from the birth of the idea, the reconnoitering (1957), the first expedition (1959) and the second expedition (1961).

One could ask himself why the Jannu specifically? The French decided to adopt the criterium of intensity of technical difficulties rather than altitude alone in selecting the Jannu. They were well rewarded because the Jannu presented difficulties of an almost unknown severity, intensity and continuity even for the elite of the French climbers who had previously conquered Annapurna and Makalu.

The book is divided into thirteen chapters. The first six chapters are devoted to the first expedition led by Jean Franco. In the first chapter, Jean Franco introduces the reader to the Himalaya, Nepal, Darjeeling and the birth of the idea to conquer the Jannu. In the second and third chapters, the author outlines the expedition journey through India and Nepal. The members of the expedition are presented to the readers in such a way as to make them very much alive. Indeed whether the expedition's members are trying to solve problems with customs or indulge in the pastime of discussion on every possible subject, there is never a dull moment. Chapter four describes the planning of the initial route and the reconnoitering of the different alternatives. An avalanche of gigantic proportion forces a change of plan. In the fifth and sixth chapters, we are introduced to the technical difficulties of the climb. After conquering many unusually severe sections, camps are established at higher and higher altitude. Unfortunately, lack of time, bad weather, extreme severity of the difficulties, faulty oxygen masks, team up to make a successful ending impossible.

The last seven chapters cover the second expedition (1961) led by Lionel Terray.

Chapter seven, eight and nine introduce the team and describe the difficulties of organizing the second expedition such as: the clearing of customs, the crossing of India with the expedition's material and the hiring of sherpas to cross Nepal with all this load. In chapter ten and eleven, the expedition drawing on its previous experience looses no time in establishing base camp, camp 2, 3, 4, and 5. The climbing difficulties are of such severity as to be almost unknown even in the

"BATAILLE POUR LE JANNU": Continued.

most difficult ice climbs of the Alps. Chapter twelve describes the establishment of camp six. Technical difficulty, heavy snow storms, avalanche danger, altitude attempt to block progress but man's will is stronger. Chapter thirteen outlines the team's assault on the summit. The difficulties do not relinquish for this last step but almost all team members reach the summit.

IN SUMMARY. The book is very well written and very much alive. The evolution of the action is well sequenced and sixty-one excellent pictures make for an attractive presentation. If you read French and enjoy reading climbing adventures, you owe it to yourself to read this book.

Jean-Paul Rondeau.

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A NOTE ON ARTICLES IN THE CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL CONCERNING CLIMBS IN THE REGION OF EARL GREY PASS:

This may give some useful information to people intending to go to Kootenay Section Centennial Camp. In particular there is an interesting geological article on Toby Glacier.

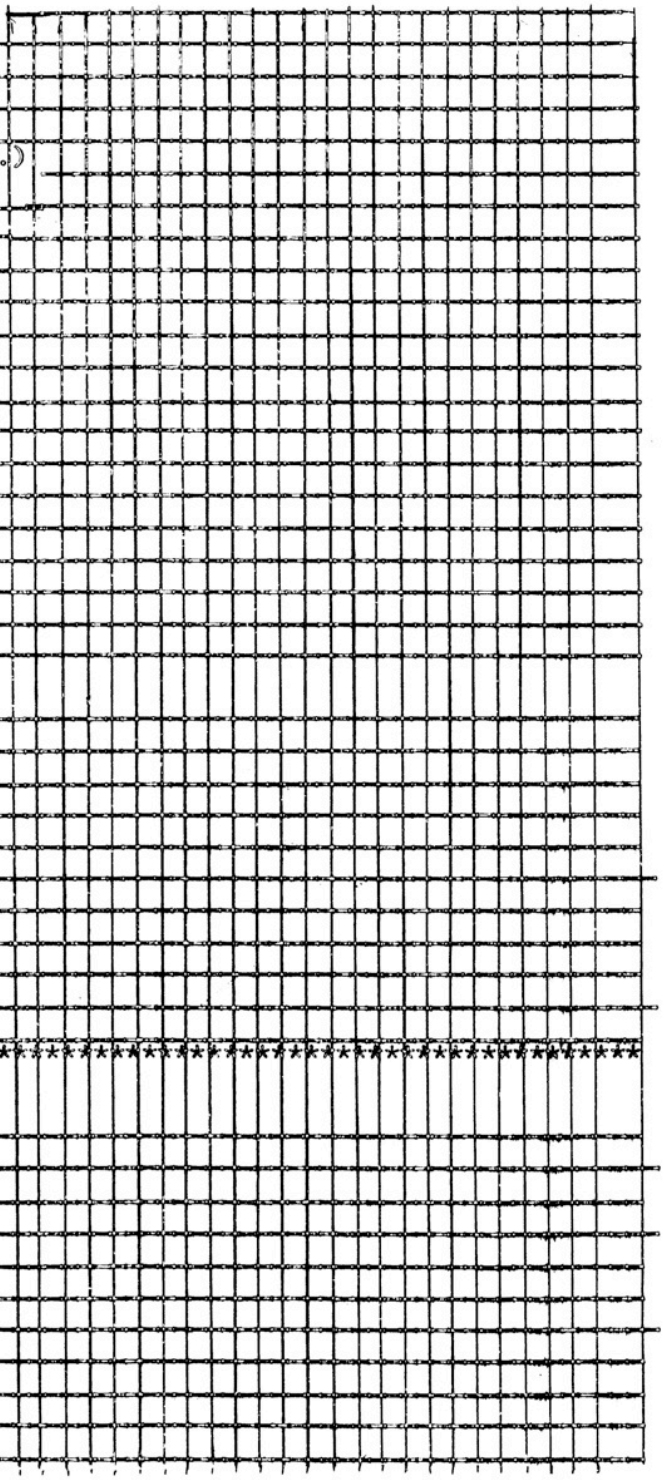
Vol. 3 , 1911. The Upper Columbia. by Elizabeth Parker

Vol. 17 ,1928. Trails of the Athabaska and Columbia, 1928. by J. Monroe Thorington

Vol. 21, 1932 At the Headwaters of the Hamill. by A. A. McCoubrey

" Observations on the Toby Glacier, Purcell Range. by A.A. McCoubrey

CHECK LIST - CLIMB, HIKE :



DAY TRIP

- Map and Compass
- Air Photos
- Small Pack Sack
- Lunch
- Snack (chocolate droppings, etc.)
- Water Bottle + fill
- Dark glasses, goggles
- Chapstick or Screen
- Tan Lotion
- Clothings: mitts, gloves
  - Rain jacket
  - Rain hat (brim)
  - Handkerchief
  - Extra sweater
  - Spare boot lace
- Flashlight
- Toilet paper
- Moleskin, bandaid, tape
- Jack Kinfe
- Matches (waterproofed)

Climbing Apparatii

- Ice axe
- Crampons
- Rope
- Slings
- Carabiners
- Pitons
- Piton Pounder
- Hard Hat
- Rock Drill
- Expansion Bolts
- Rope Ladder

****

OVER NIGHT TRIP

- Day trip equipment, plus:
- Sleeping bag
- Extra socks, pants
- Cabin shoes
- Food
- Primace & fuel
- Cutlery & dish
- Cook pots, pans
- Tent
- Foamy, or mat
- Rain gear (poncho)
- Snack- kuebabs, goats

KOOTENAY SECTION, THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

1967 SUMMER SCHEDULE. - SEE MAP - BACK OF NEXT PAGE

Month of June — JOKER LAKES TRAIL, KOKANEE PARK.
- road and snow conditions permitting.
Leader: Gerry Brown
Meet: End of Keen Creek road
bring axes, machetes, chain saws, etc.

Sat. & Sun. June 17 & 18 — ROCK CLIMB . area to be decided - snow conditions permitting - phone Directors for information.
Primarily for Rock School members with instructors in attendance.

Sat, Sun, Mon. July 1, 2 & 3 — (a) SLOCAN CHIEF CABIN (KOKANEE PARK) SNOW SCHOOL
Instructor: Jean-Paul Rondeau
Co-ordinator: Helen Butling
Limit: 20 members

(b) YAMNUSKA (ROCK CLIMB)
Leader: John Wurflinger
Limit: 9 members

Sat. July 22 to Sun July 30 — CENTENNIAL CAMP - EARL GREY PASS
Co-ordinator: Chris Penn
Meet: AM July 22 Mineral King Mine - Toby Creek
Gear must be at Mineral King Mine, July 22 am.

Sat. & Sun. August 12-13 — WHITEWATER VALLEY - MOUNT WHITEWATER & MOUNT BRENNAN
(1 night out)
Leader: Norm Wagner
Meet: Retallick (between Kaslo and New Denver) 7.00 am Aug. 12 - no limit.

Sat. & Sun. August 19-20 — KOOTENAY SECTION AND PURCELL CLIMBING CLUB COMBINED CAMP at Kokanee.
Leader: Jack Steed
Meet: 10 am Aug. 19 at Kokanee Creek turnoff, 12 mi. from Nelson.
No limit.

Sat, Sun, Mon Sept. 2, 3, 4. — NEW DENVER GLACIER (2 nights out)
Leader: Helen Butling
Meet: New Denver 8.00 am Sept. 2
Limit 10-15

Sat. & Sun. Sept. 9 & 10 — MULVEY CREEK TRAIL CUTTING
Last weekend for this. As many members as possible in an attempt to finish this trail.
Leaders: Bob Dean, Jack Oswald
Meet: Slocan City, 7.00 am

Sat. & Sun. Sept. 16-17 — CHIMNEY ROCK -- Priest Lake, Idaho
(one night out)
Leader: Dave Parfitt
Limit: 9 members

Sat. & Sun. Sept. 23-24 — WORK PARTY -- SLOCAN CHIEF CABIN (KOKANEE PARK)
Friday and Saturday nights at cabin
Leader: Helen Butling
Meet: Friday evening at Helen Butling's
Limit: 20 workers

Sat, Sun, Mon. Oct. 7, 8 &9. — ICE SCHOOL KOKANEE GLACIER (weather and conditions permitting)
3 nights at Slocan Chief Cabin.
Leader: Chris Penn
Meet: Kaslo, Friday 8.00 pm
Limit: 10 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 proper equip ment 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.

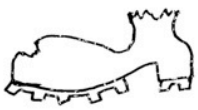
INFORMATION from leaders or from director for each area:

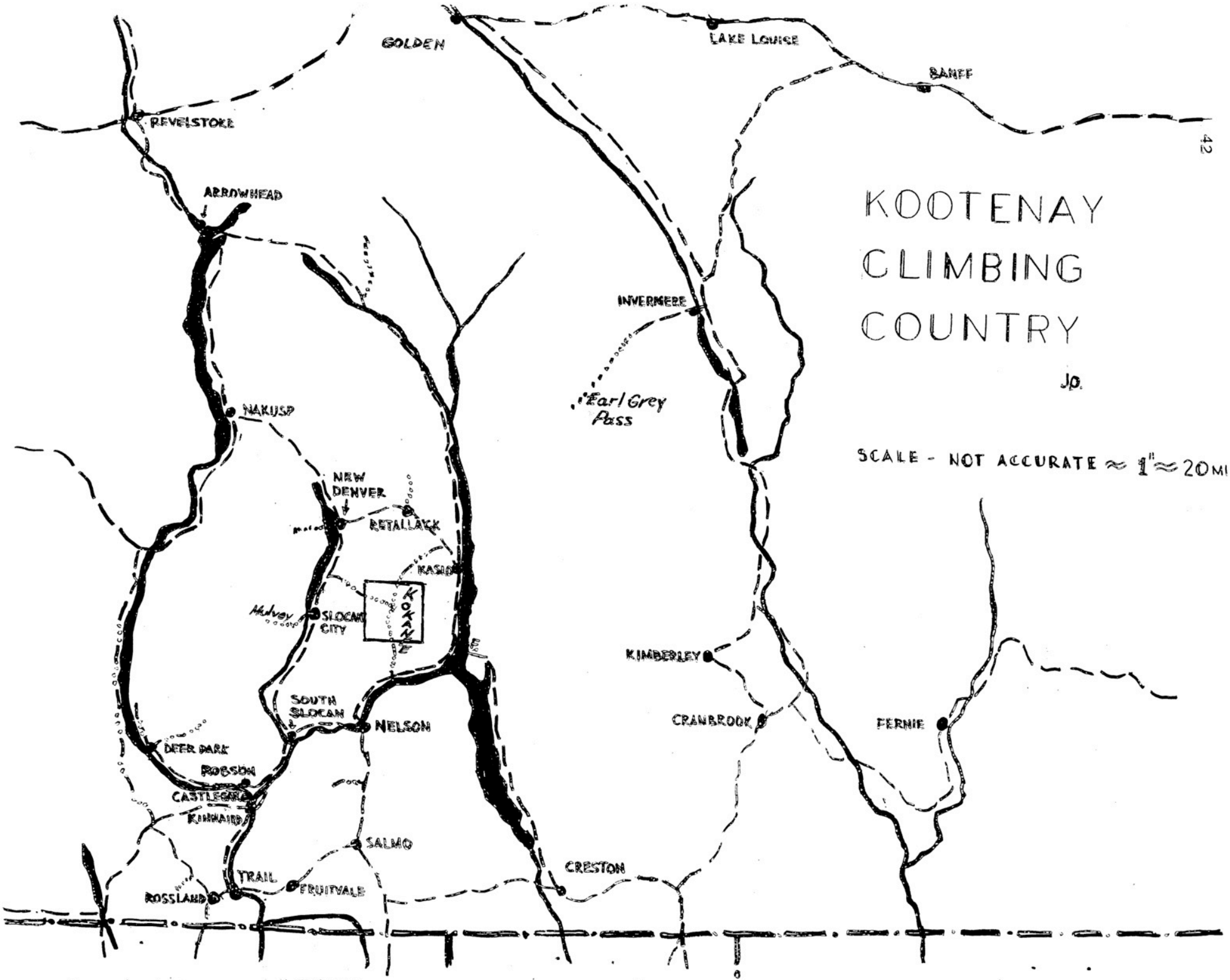
TRAIL	Howard Millbank	368-9039
CASTLEGAR	Chris Penn	365-5618
NELSON	Helen Butling	825-4384

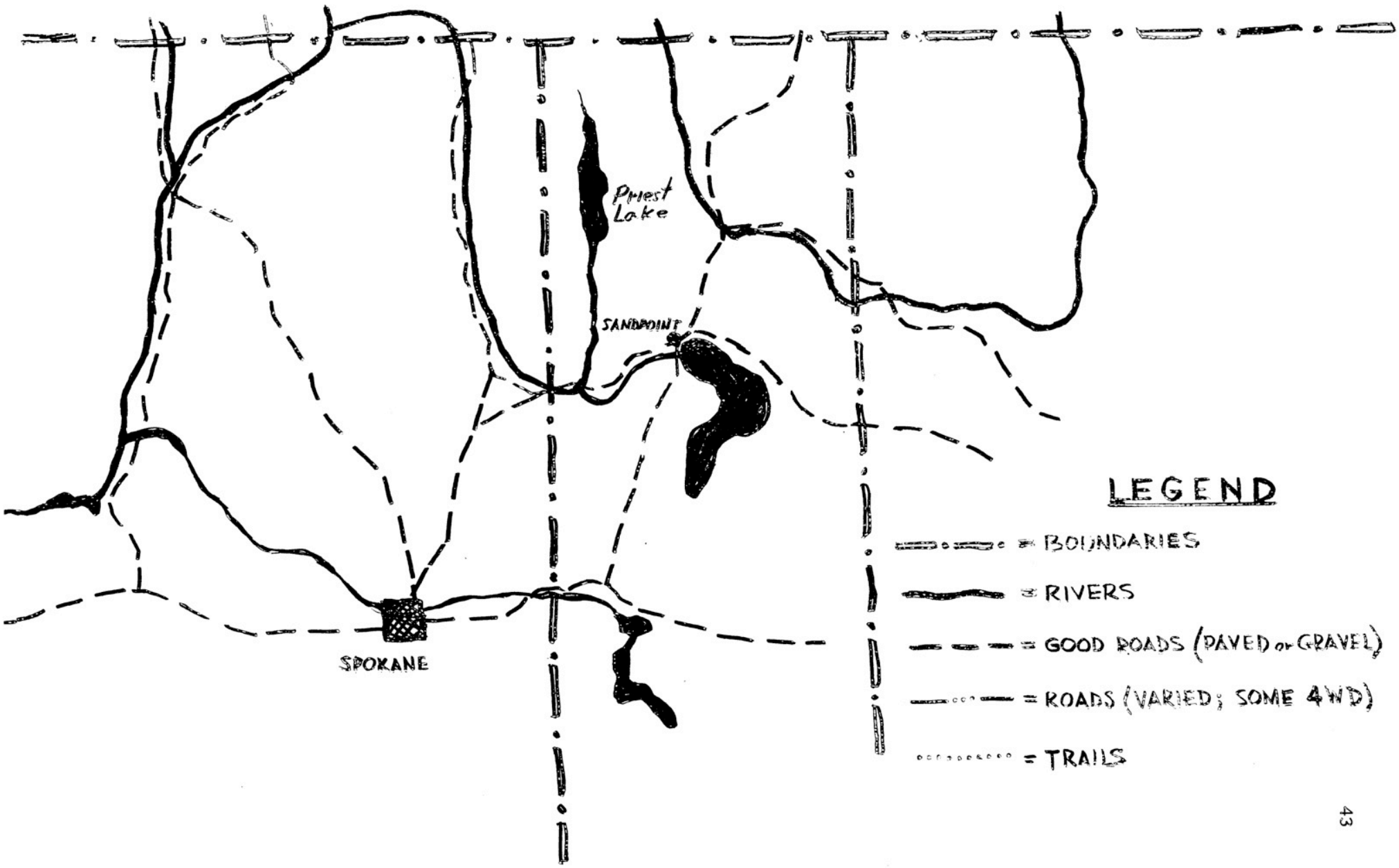
p.s. There will be a Huckleberry House Work Party either the first or second weekend after Thanksgiving.

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SLOCAN
CITY
KOOTENAY
KIMBERLEY
SOUTH
SLOCAN
NELSON
CRANBROOK
FERNIE
DEER PARK
ROBSON
CASTLEGAR
KINNAIRD
SALMO
TRAIL
CRESTON
ROSSLAND
FRUITVALE


Priest Lake
SANDPOINT
SPOKANE
LEGEND
= BOUNDARIES
= RIVERS
= GOOD ROADS (PAVED or GRAVEL)
= ROADS (VARIED; SOME 4WD)
= TRAILS

KOOTENAY SECTION MOUNTAIN RESCUE GROUP 1967 SCHEDULE

Weekend of April 15-16. Practice rescue with two-ski sled from Record Ridge or an obscure spot on Granite Mountain. Date, time, and place to be fixed.

Wednesday, April 19, 7:30 p.m., South Slocan Hall. First aid lectures by Jim Street. Hemorrhage and Shock. Respiration and Circulation.

Wednesday, April 26, 7:30 p.m., South Slocan Hall. First aid lectures by Jim Street. Fractures, splinting, and bandaging.

Thursday, May 4, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Practice lowering technique with single rescue seat and Karabiner brake (minor casualty). Practice special knots, prusik, Bachmann, rescue seat, rope seat, rope stretcher, rope basket.

Thursday, May 11, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Practice raising technique and lowering (if time).

Thursday, May 18, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Practice lowering using carrying sack- long descent- use two ropes.

Thursday, May 25, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Simulate crevasse rescue.

Thursday, June 1, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Simulated accident. Injured person will be evacuated from cliff using lowering (or raising) technique and transported to car.

Thursday, June 8, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Simulated accident.

Thursday, July 6, 7:00 p.m., Kinnaird Bluffs. Simulated accident.

The book "Mountain Rescue Techniques" by Wastl Mariner should be studied prior to the sessions at the Bluffs. The Section library contains a copy, available from Mrs. Helen Butling.

D. Parfitt
Rescue Section Co-ordinator
Box 932
Rossland, B.C.
362-5173

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

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

The Editor, Canadian Alpine Journal.

The Editor, Alpine Journal (London)

Fred Wah and Island Press, Toronto. for poem "akokli (goat) creek" from his book "Lardeau".

Editor, B.C. Professional Engineer.

Editor, Design Engineering.

Harold Webber, for help with the Dewdney Trail.

CORRECTIONS:

Mt. Prince Edward - Bill Hurst points out that in his Fall 66 article for the Karabiner the date of Miss Gardiner's ascent was incorrectly given as 1924. It should have been 1929.

Mt. Thor - A letter from Mr. H.W. herridge, M.P. for West Kootenay and long time resident of the Arrow Lakes area, printed in the Nelson News March 21 st, 1967, states that "Mt. Thor of the Halcyon Peaks was first climbed by Mr. Andy Symon and Mr. Peter Gibeau in 1908 or 1909." "I bring this to your attention in order to give credit to the pioneers of the Arrow Lakes some of whom climbed every peak in the area prior to the First World War."

We are always glad to receive items of mountaineering history in the Kootenays and will try to find out if the climbers concerned are still living. Even though Thor may have been climbed before, Dave Parfitt and his group had all the fun of discovering their own way up the peak as if it were virgin.

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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.

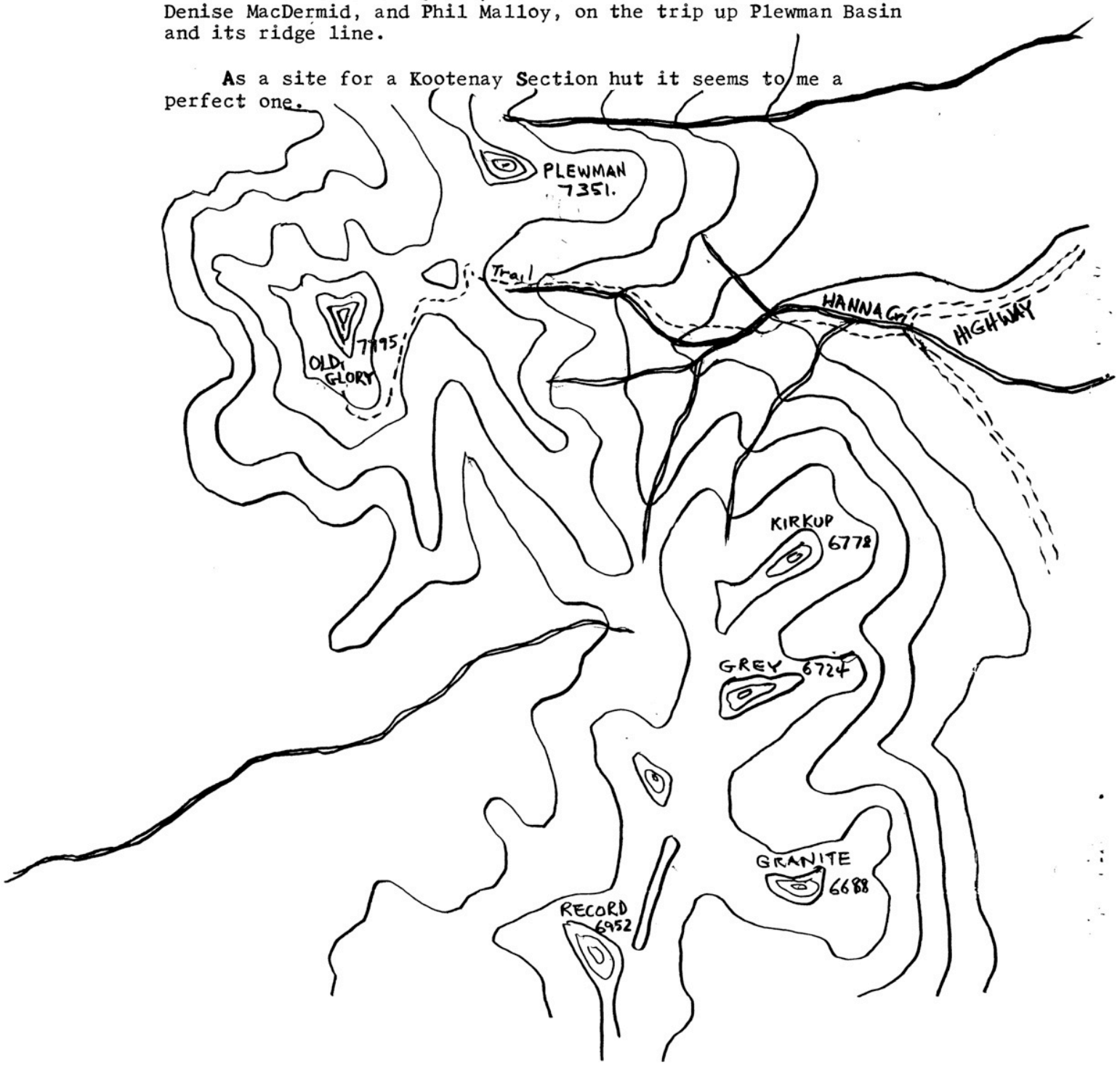
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A LAST MINUTE REPORT.

by Jack Oswald

The "recy" trip mentioned in my previous article was just completed in perfect weather, and, in my opinion, with good results in all respects. Alice and Jay Webster and Donna and I took 3 members of the J Lloyd Crowe Outdoor Club, Diane Barnes, Denise MacDermid, and Phil Malloy, on the trip up Plewman Basin and its ridge line.

As a site for a Kootenay Section hut it seems to me a perfect one.



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