The KOOTENAY KARABINER

Volume 7 – Journal of The Kootenay Section, The Alpine Club of Canada.

Fall 1967

YUKON CLIMBS

Ladies on Mount Saskatchewan

CENTENNIAL EXPEDITIONS

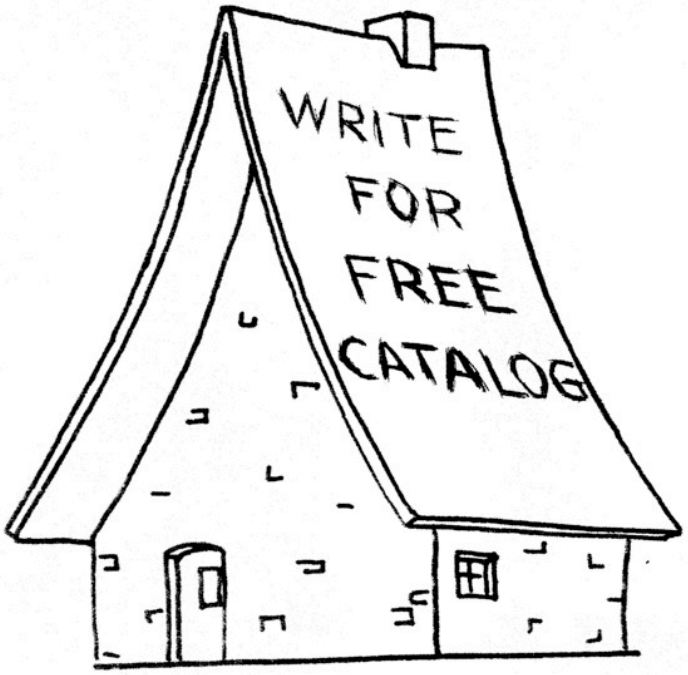
Mts Hamill & Lady Grey

EARL GREY PASS

Mount Robson

Across the Purcell Mountains

ARLBERG SPORT HAUS



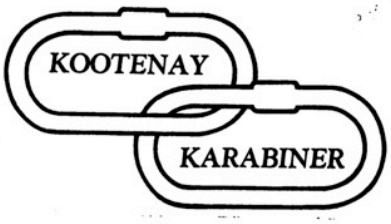
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ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

VOLUME VII
FALL 1967

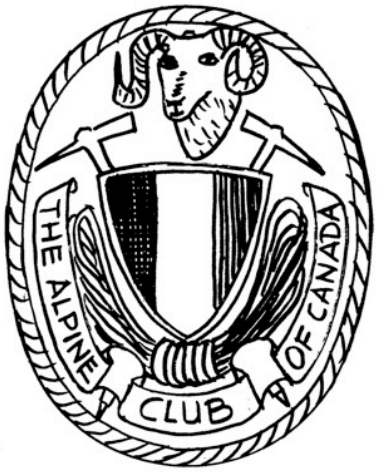
"It is true that I did what I could to reach the summit, but now as I look back and see all those wonderful preparations, the great array of boxes... the thirteen selected Europeans ..... the sixty strong porters ..... the gay little tents with crimson flies or yellow ..... the ferocious crampons and other devices ..... when I call to mind the whole begoggled crowd moving with slow determination over the snow.....how can I help rejoicing in the yet undimmed splendour, the undiminished glory, the unconquered supremacy of Mount Everest?"

- George Leigh-Mallory
Everest 1922

* * * *

E D I T E D B Y

CHRIS PENN JACK OSWALD



KOOTENAY SECTION

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

(Section founded March 1964

Officers 1967-68

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Cover Picture - Mount Saskatchewan
by Helen Butling

EDITORIAL

by Chris Penn

This Fall Centennial issue of the "Karabiner" contains nearly eighty pages, a king-size issue and this is why it has been so long in the press. We hope it has been worth waiting for. The credit - or blame! - for the unusual number of contributors goes to Jack Oswald, whose appeals in the Spring issue Editorial and canvassing at Earl Grey Pass certainly did the trick. For the first time we have actually, and regretfully, had to hold over several excellent articles for the next issue. If this issue had got any thicker we could not have stapled it together.

It was found best to divide it into four sections and, as an Introduction is provided at the beginning of each, it is unnecessary to deal with the contents in detail here. Suffice to say that, through Section members who were there, we have stories covering both the main phases of the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition, our own more modest but nonetheless enjoyable Centennial Camp, and several other climbs and excursions.

The Section has an entirely new Executive, elected at the Fall Dinner. New Chairman Jack Steed has been climbing and skiing (and teaching) in the Kootenays for years and he was one of the twelve founding members of the Section. He and Jane and their three children live in Nelson. New Secretary Jean-Paul Rondeau and his wife Suzanne and son Alain live in Trail, and Jean-Paul is a very keen climber who was one the Canadian mountaineers invited to attend a Climbing Week in Chamonix, in the French Alps a few years ago. Bill Dyke, also a Trail resident with his wife Margaret and children takes over as new Treasurer. A good skier and skater Bill took up mountaineering since he came to B.C. and I think that one of the first - and certainly one of the oddest climbs he did was Mt. Caro Marion, with me, at Ocean Falls. Trail also has a new Area Director, Norm Dougan, who both climbs and skis enthusiastically and is an engineer with Cominco.

Every Chairman and Executive contributes something of their own to the Section and I think that Gerry Brown's special contribution was the re-organization of the Rock School. The days when it could be run informally, without any real plan were over and it had grown to a size where a proper system was a crying need. Routes were numbered and classified, a training course of eight weeks was laid down and all attending had to register and were certified as having completed the course satisfactorily only if they attended all eight evenings. Now, this rock school can be accepted by the A.C.C. as qualifying in rock work for full membership. Gerry and Dave Parfitt - who also looks after Rescue-Norm Wagner, John Wurflinger and all who helped are to be thanked for their conscientious work on this.

Bob Dean made a good suggestion at the Dinner which I would like to mention here. He proposes that the Section look into the matter of the many un-named mountains in the Kootenays and of naming them. I think this is a real need. Bill Hurst underlined what happens when its nobody's business to name peaks, when he made some dry comments on the un-imaginative appellations given at the Yukon Camp to a row of five peaks they climbed. They were called Peaks 1, 2, 3, 3A, 4, 5, 6 and 7!!!

Bulletins have been received from several other Sections of the A.C.C. including "The Avalanche Echoes" (Vancouver), "The Chinook" (Calgary), and "The Mountain Breeze" (Edmonton). Also "The Mountain Ear" from the Rocky Mountaineers of Montana. These will be deposited in the Library as they make interesting reading and describe climbs and routes in their areas.

Those of you who are not full A.C.C. members and do not, therefore, receive the Canadian Alpine Journal are recommended to subscribe to that excellent magazine. The next issue will certainly be outstanding with full stories of all the Centennial climbs and striking photography.

Many thanks to all who responded to Jack's appeal with articles, poems and even a drawing (by Tess Fenger) for this Karabiner. Our thanks are again due to Celgar Ltd. for allowing us to print this issue on their machine and to Roger Kreutzer for his expert work on the printing. Also special thanks to Marg. Reith who did most of the typing for us.

I will close by repeating Jack's request for more contributors for the next "Karabiner" and by wishing you all a Merry Christmas and good skiing in the New Year.

****

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT
Fall 1967

This past spring and summer could be termed the "season of frustrations arising primarily from too much good weather which resulted in a five to six week forest closure in the southern half of the province. As a result of the closure five of our scheduled trips were automatically cancelled. Ironically, the Joker Lakes trail cutting sessions in June along with a climb for rock school members, were cancelled because of too much snow.

The Section, however, has met with several successes that help to counter the frustrations. The first of the successes being the May 24th weekend ski-touring trip to Kokanee. Eight members enjoyed three days of sun filled weather and reasonably good snow conditions.

This years Rock School was attended each Wednesday by an average of twenty people and an average of six instructors. Fifteen members attended for at least six of the nine weeks to gain club recognition. Even though the Rock School can be termed a success, future successes lie in overcoming the difficulty of having a student-instructor ratio of three or four to one. Another problem that arises is the fact that our practice cliffs have too few beginners climbs. As Rock School Co-ordinator I would like to thank all those who attended, for being patient and co-operative and a special thanks goes out to the instructors for their time and suggestions.

The July 1st snow school at Kokanee under the direction of Jean-Paul Rondeau was highly successful with eleven members in attendance. The weather being clear and warm helped facilitate the ascent of Mr. Kane by seven members of the party.

Four of our members attended the ACC Yukon Expedition in July. Helen Butling was on the Mt. Saskatchewan team which was unsuccessful in reaching the top because of poor weather and rotten snow and rock conditions. Dave Parfitt, who attended the main camp was also frustrated with poor weather conditions. Bill Hurst and Elizabeth Robertson who attended the second main camp had much better weather conditions enabling Bill to take some outstanding photographs of the area.

KOOTENAY SECTION ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA
CHAIRMAN'S REPORT FALL 1967 Continued

The highlight of the season for the Section was the success of our own Centennial Camp at Earl Grey Pass in the Purcells. The camp was attended by eighteen members and guests from as far away as New York City.

With this being our first major camp there were a few minor details that were overlooked, primarily from the lack of experience but these did not hinder the overall operation of the camp in any way. Many thanks go out to Chris Penn, the Camp Co-ordinator and his wife Claudine for their effort, time and holidays which they so readily gave up in organizing this camp. Thanks are also in order for Helen Butling who arranged the menu and many others who contributed to the camp.

The good weather enabled us to completely exhaust the available climbing in the area. Parties were successful on Mts. Toby, Griswold, Christine, Katherine, Hamill and Lady Grey as well as several other minor peaks in the area. The only possiblities left unattempted were Mts. Red Top and Earl Grey and only because they were out of range from the camp.

Three members from the camp completed the traverse of the Purcells by following Hamill Creek from Earl Grey Pass to Argenta on the Kootenay Lake.

From the end of the camp on July 28th, not a single scheduled Section trip could be attempted until late in September when a work party of eight members supplied the effort for the annual clean-up of the Slocan Chief Cabin in Kokanee Park.

Four members travelling to the Slocan Chief Cabin in Kokanee Park on the Thanksgiving weekend for the scheduled ice school were very much hampered by two to three feet of fresh snow.

With the 1967 climbing season all but over for most of us, we can now look forward to skiing and our ski-touring schedule.

Gerry Brown, Chairman
KOOTENAY SECTION ACC

SECTION 1

Y . A . C . E .

Mount Saskatchewan

(Centennial Range)
St. Elias Mountains
Yukon Territory

INTRODUCTION TO SECTION 1

THE YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION (Y.A.C.E.)

by Chris. Penn

This Section of the 'Karabiner' is about the expedition to the Centennial Range in the Yukon this year, which was one of the two big projects undertaken by the A.C.C. to celebrate Canada's Centennial. The second project was the Yukon General Camp, which is dealt with in Section 2 of this issue.

The multiple object of the expedition was the first ascents of the fourteen unclimbed peaks of the freshly-named Centennial Range. Ten peaks were named in sequence from East to West after the ten Provinces, two after the two territories and the biggest was named Centennial Peak. The fourteenth one, on the Alaska border, not actually in the Centennial Range, was named Good Neighbour Peak to mark Alaska's own Centenary, being celebrated this same year. Fourteen teams of four Canadian climbers were selected from many applicants across Canada to attempt each of the peaks, and on Good Neighbour Peak an American team of four joined the Canadians. All the teams were men with the exception of one of four ladies.

We are fortunate that a Kootenay Section member, Helen Butling, was one of the four Canadian women chosen to go on this venture, so that we have a first-hand account of what it was like. In her personal story of their attempt on Mt. Saskatchewan Helen gives most of the details but I think that anyone who saw her grimly beautiful slides will agree that she modestly understates the ladies team's achievement. Mt. Saskatchewan, it turned out, would be a formidable foe for any climbing party, male or female, even with better weather and snow conditions. In getting so high up as they did, the ladies made a fine effort, and in getting down again safely they executed an orderly retreat under circumstances which must, indeed, have tested their skill, endurance and team spirit.

Helen has appended to her article some comments on expedition equipment. I asked her to do this because people often need good advice on equipment based on actual experience and many climbing articles either omit this or have it hidden among their pages. Climbing books are often even less useful because their authors are obliged to advertise the goods of manufacturers who have supported their expeditions.

In terms of the number of climbers (60), the Centennial Range expedition was, I believe, the largest in mountaineering history. Not even those grandiose ones of the Duke of Abruzzi - who, incidentally,

INTRODUCTION TO SECTION I
THE YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION Continued

visited the same region and climbed Mount St. Elias in 1897 - of seventy years ago came near to it. Nor did the great Himalayan expeditions of the thirties, which used vast numbers of porters to support relatively few climbers. In the Centennial Range porters were replaced by helicopters.

Twelve of the fourteen peaks were successfully climbed. Mounts Manitoba and Saskatchewan repulsed all attacks and must now surely represent two of the most attractive prizes for climbers in the coming years. It should be noted that the 'Karabiner' can give only a record of our own Section members's participation in the expedition. For full accounts of all fourteen teams' adventures we recommend the reader to buy and read the coming issue of the Canadian Alpine Journal, which will appear in May 1968. The special Centennial Range Map (No. M.C.R.7), Scale 1:125,000, produced for the expedition may be obtained from the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources (Map Distribution Office), Ottawa for, I believe, one dollar. Also obtainable from that department are the Mount St. Elias (No. 115B & 115C(E½) and Kluane Lake No. 115G & 115F(E½) sheets, scale 1:250,000, which cover a wider area.

It may at first seem sad that the expedition did not reach all its objectives, but, I venture to suggest, theirs was in fact a truly remarkable achievement. Consider the facts. The A.C.C. had virtually no experience in organizing such an expedition, the area is remote and semi-arctic, the peaks were not only unclimbed but unattempted and even unapproached previously. Knowledge of what they were attempting was limited to a few aerial photos, which turned out to be deceiving, and a specially produced map which, excellent though it is, cannot of course give any clues as to the difficulties or best routes on the peaks themselves.

I think that the Alpine Club of Canada is to be congratulated upon successfully undertaking the immense and difficult task of choosing the climbers, bringing them and all their supplies to the peaks, climbing twelve of the fourteen peaks and bringing them all back again without a single serious accident. Of all the different projects carried out to celebrate Canada's hundredth birthday this was surely the most venturesome.

* * *

MT SASKATCHEWAN

by Helen Butling

For five months, from February to July 1967, four Canadian women exercised their muscles, went over their equipment and gave much thought to a certain Mt. Saskatchewan in the newly named Centennial Range of the St. Elias Mountains in the Yukon, which they had been selected to climb as part of the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition.

Gertrude Smith our leader from Vancouver, Wenty Teichmann and Andrea Rankin from Montreal and myself from Nelson, B.C. had applied and been selected as an all women team to take part with the twelve men's teams in the second phase of this very imaginatively conceived expedition. Wendy and Andrea knew each other very well, Gertrude and myself slightly and the four of us not at all.

It was rather a subdued group of about ten climbers, including Gertrude and myself that discovered each other early on the morning of Friday July 7th, at the Vancouver International Airport, complete with packs, ice axes, snowshoes and some skis. Our friends took pictures, wished us Good Luck and we were off. At Fort St. John the group was increased by a large contingent from the Edmonton plane and excitement began to mount as the number of Blue Sweaters increased. Here we were joined by Andrea and Wendy. We introduced ourselves and at once felt entirely at ease with each other.

At Whitehorse we met the hardy types who had come by bus or hitchhiked. When we finally reached the staging camp at Kluane Lake, a dusty bus ride of 150 miles from Whitehorse and found those who had come by car, the group of twenty-four was complete. The remaining twenty-eight were to arrive the next day, to be flown in on Sunday.

The staging camp which was to be the gathering point for the flight into the mountains was well set up with tents in a public campsite, complete with all amenities including a fine new cookhouse. Four wheel drive vehicles with or without campers were very much in evidence. This was the North where people and equipment must be tough. Would we measure up to our particular field of endeavour?

Dave Fisher, Eastern Vice President of the Alpine Club of Canada, who without a doubt was the brains and brawn of the Expedition, was on hand to greet us and give us a few last minute instructions. He also gave us our Y.A.C.E. badges and the space and rescue blankets. We were also introduced to our helicopter pilots, Jim Davies and Derek Ellis who gave us a few words of warning concerning conduct near a helicopter. Always approach the machine from the front, duck when near the rotors and leave the loading to the pilot.

In comparison to other Expeditions any of us had been on, we were all very much in the dark about a great many things concerning this one. We were going into a very remote area in the mountains where no one had ever set foot before, even the map was somewhat inadequate. We could only ask ourselves the questions: Would we have to be landed on the Walsh Glacier and have to pack our gear a distance to set up base camp? Would we be camped on snow, ice or rock? Would we have to melt snow for water? Should we take in snowshoes, skis or both? The only answer seemed to be to take everything. We did know that we were to be divided into three base camps. The B.C., Yukon and North West Territories Teams would have their base camp on the T.Bone Glacier to the West, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Centennial on the Prairie Glacier in the middle and Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland on the Fundy Glacier to the East.

The flight plans for the next day, Saturday, was for the T. Bone teams to go first, followed by the Prairie people which, of course, included the girls as they so kindly called us. Two leaders would go in on the first flight to each camp and if possible pick a campsite on the designated glacier rather than be landed on the Walsh. The flight would consist of a thirty-five mile climb in the Beaver to the Hubbard-Kaskawulsh to Divide at 8,500 feet, a large plateau where the Arctic Institute of North America conducts the Icefield Ranges Research Project, and from there forty miles in a helicopter to the designated landing place. Divide seemed to be the key to all flight operations; due to its height and position it was subjected to all the bad weather possible. Both on the trip in and out some of the climbers had the added experience of being benighted at Divide. We were informed that all our gear was there; food, tents, etc. Each team was to be responsible for taking their equipment with them in the two helicopter loads.

Saturday brought a fine day. Bright and early we waved goodbye to the B.C. team, who were the first to leave in the expedition bus, chauffeured by Cam Ledingham, for the ten mile drive to the I.R.R.P. air strip at the south end of the lake where the Beaver would be waiting to take them to Divide. Four more loads, then it was our turn but, alas and alack, things had come to a stand still. As we drove up to the air strip we were surprised to see members of the teams who had left an hour ago still sitting around in the grass. One of the helicopters was grounded with super-charger trouble and the other had been diverted to take an accident case off Mt. Logan. Back we went to the staging camp to make the best of spending another night there. On the bright side, word had come back via the helicopter pilots that the leaders had been able to establish both the T. Bone and Prairie Camps on moraines up the side valleys with running water close by.

The remaining twenty-eight climbers who arrived by bus that evening were somewhat surprised to find us still in residence and more so when, for want of something better to do, we staged a reception for them consisting of: a choir, in the garbage can stand and orchestra complete with drums (Peter Hutchins and garbage can), cymbals (Andrea with small rocks in lid of same), two recorders, one melodica, two conductors (Andre Herbert and Stephen Bezruchka) using small and large water buckets respectively.


CHARTER
Y.A.C.E.
YIKE! IS THIS YACE?
"....we staged a reception for them consisting of a choir, in the garbage can stand, and orchestra complete with drums....."
C.J.P.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

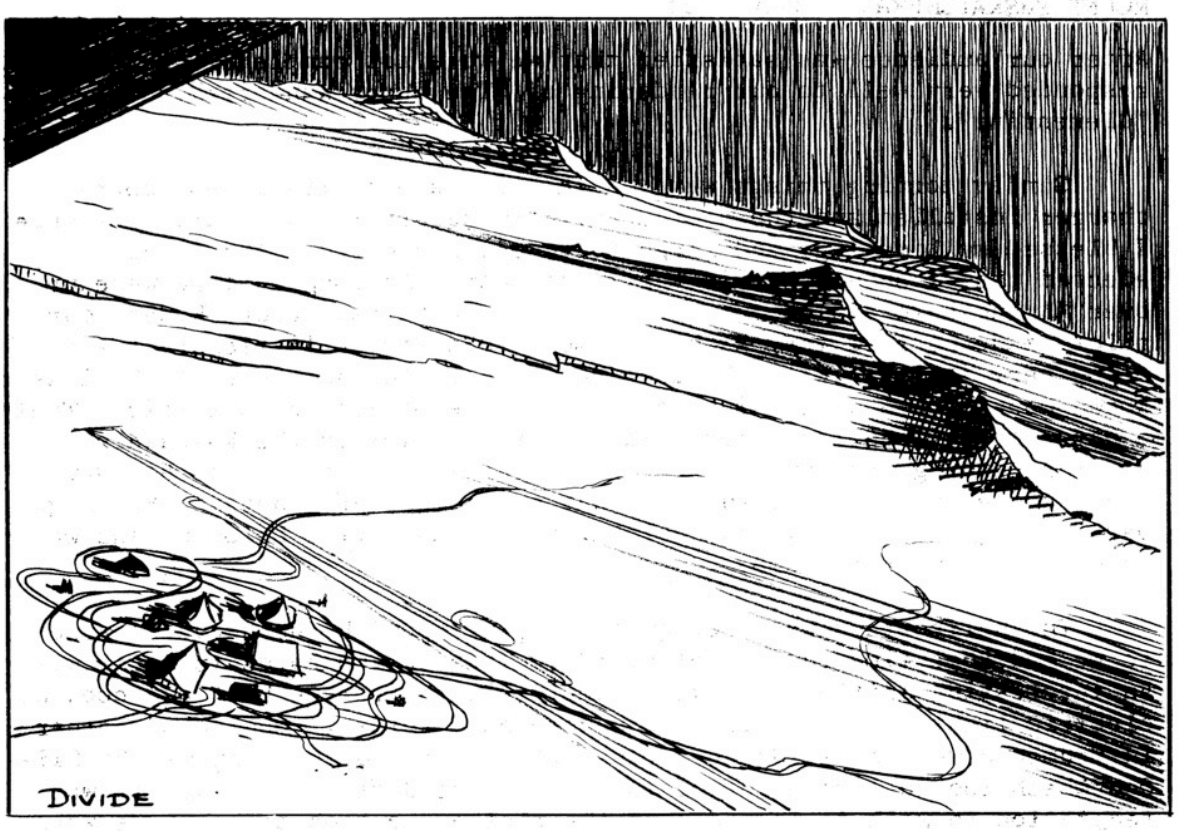
After our audience was satisfied that we were not completely bushed they responded very well to our rendering of "The Happy Wanderer" and "Clementine".

Sunday morning things were on the move again with a new super-charger installed and the accident victim safely in hospital. For once I blessed my long legs and large feet, because of this the pilot elected that I should sit in the front seat. At long last we were up over Kluane Lake and on our way into the mountains. Lloyd Ryder, our pilot, made us feel very much at home in his sturdy little craft and being very familiar with the area he was able to name some of the lesser known mountains and certainly added to the enjoyment of the trip. Truly, a never to be forgotten sight, was the first view of the Kaskawalsh Glacier wending its way out of the mountains like an immense highway. Then, suddenly to the south, was that great mass of mountain, Mt. Logan basking in the sun. All too quickly there was Divide below us and we were skiing into the camp.

The helicopters were not quite keeping up with the Beavers cargo so we had some time to wait at Divide. This was no hardship as it was an interesting little encampment complete with Propane heat and cooking, electric light and a magnificent underground toilet. Numerous weather instruments were in evidence, transportation round the camp was by Ski-Doo which looked like a lot of fun on that dead flat terrain. It was a temptation to walk to the edge of the plateau to look over but we were asked not to because of the danger of crevasses; we were warned to stay within the confines of the Ski-Doo tracks. The snow was dry and squeaky with the temperature around sixteen above. We were glad to put on our down jackets and I noticed that all the inhabitants were wearing over-boots.

Gertrude and Andrea were the first to go and then at last Wendy and I were in the helicopter being seen off by Dave Fisher who, as usual, always seemed to be on hand to see that things were running smoothly. As he shut the door he said, "Good Luck and watch those cornices on Saskatchewan." Here we were on the last lap, up in the air again, over to the edge of the plateau and then gliding down to follow the glacier lanes with the mountains becoming increasingly impressive every minute. Now we were over the Walsh Glacier with Mt. Quebec and company to the north and soon we would be turning up a side valley to the Prairie Camp. Round the wall of the mountain we went and there below us was the little group of orange tents that was to be our home for the next fourteen days. It was so good to be there at last. Very soon all twenty people had arrived, plus Hans Gmoser who was to be with us for a few days to do some filming of the Centennial climb. The Prairie Camp, at an elevation of 6300 ft., had come into being.

All five teams were busy settling in and having a brew up but there was really only one thought in our minds and that was to get moving and locate our mountains.


DIVIDE


GJP

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

Ontario was in plain view from camp and they had already made up their minds to move their camp a couple of miles up the glacier. That Sunday afternoon saw everyone taking off in different directions to get a view of their objectives. About a mile up the moraine, Ontario took a route to the North East, Alberta Manitoba and the ladies' turned up a side glacier to the West. Centennials route took them directly West from base camp. The route was over a mixture of moraine and old ice broken up with crevasses. After about an hours travelling Mts. Alberta and Saskatchewan came into view. At least according to the map it had to be Mt. Saskatchewan, but it hardly resembled the Areal photos as I remembered them though Andrea felt quite sure that it fitted the pictures she had seen, Gertrude and Wendy remained neutral.

We stopped by a large rock and continued to sit there for some time rather awed by what we saw. We were not sorry that these peaks did not resemble the Micky Mouse Mountains that we had heard them called before we came in, but it was obvious that the climbing was going to be of a much higher order than we had expected. However, this is a challenge dear to the heart of every climber and all we asked was that the weather would be good to us for long enough to climb this rather formidable looking mountain. Our view of the Saskatchewan-Manitoba ridge was blocked, except for the Col, by a large spur of mountain. However, the gully leading to the Col looked like a feasible route so we decided to pursue this line of approach rather than the Alberta-Saskatchewan Col which appeared much steeper and was, of course, much further away. Meanwhile Alberta and Manitoba had also decided on their routes and we all returned to camp with plans for an early start in the morning.

Monday we were up early but were anything but impressed by the weather which was overcast and raining by the time we were ready to leave. Centennial took one look at the situation and said it was no day for climbing but Manitoba and Alberta left anyway. For ourselves, after an hours ice practice on a steep slope opposite camp we were back in our sleeping bags by 7:30 a.m. for a "sleep-in" till noon. Gertrude and I even managed the luxury of sleeping half the afternoon away also. Anticipating an early start in the morning, weather permitting, Centennial and ourselves turned in early but found sleep eluded us as we listened anxiously for the Alberta and Manitoba boots to return. Finally Manitoba came in at 11:00 p.m. and Alberta at 4:00 a.m. Both parties had run into very poor snow conditions and were forced to return short of their summits. About our mountain, of which they had a very good view, Manitoba said that going up the gully we had planned would do us no good at all and that what they had been able to see of the Saskatchewan-Manitoba ridge was not very hopeful. "When you get on that", Paddy Sherman said, "it will be like nothing you have ever been on before." Alberta's comment by Wayne Smith was that the Alberta-Saskatchewan ridge was unclimbable. All very discouraging to say the least. In the light of this new information we made plans to go up to the Alberta-Saskatchewan col to see if the ridge running out to the West promised anything better.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

The weather did not look too hopeful on Tuesday, but remembering that while we had been socked in all day yesterday Alberta and Manitoba said it had not been too bad up above; we set off, as did Centennial. The route to the Alberta-Saskatchewan Col, 10,200 ft. proved to be a fine warm-up climb which we all enjoyed immensely, consisting of crossing an un-named glacier, up a ten foot ice wall then a snow slope which brought us to a long rib of fairly steep loose rock, but not as loose as we were to experience later, and then up the final fifty degree snow gully to the ridge. Fortunately for us that day the snow had firmed up somewhat and did not give us as much trouble in the gully as it had our Alberta friends the day before. For four women who had never climbed together before it was astonishing how quickly we became a team. When the time came, without a word said, we roped up in the order we were standing and kept that sequence throughout our climbing. Gertrude, petite and competent in the lead, Wendy and Andrea, our sturdy belayers, 2nd and 3rd, and myself "Tail End Charlie".

Unfortunately when we reached the Col the weather had socked in completely and we could see nothing of our ridge. It was snowing a fine dry snow which we fervently hoped would not turn to rain lower down, knowing only too well that we had no means of drying anything out. We were able to descend the steep gully without too much belaying and avoided the rocks, which were now wet and snow covered, by following Alberta's example and taking to the snow slope to the East. It was about 7:00 p.m. when we unroped and found ourselves remarking how pleasant it was not to have to worry about being overtaken by darkness or have any deadline for arriving back in camp. About fifteen minutes from camp we were very surprised to see figures coming towards us. As it was 10:00 p.m. and raining we could not imagine where they could be going unless it was the Ontario people returning to their camp after a visit. Imagine our further surprise and consternation when we found it was a group from the Manitoba and Alberta teams coming to look for us. It had rained in camp all day and they could not think why we had not returned long ago. Centennial had come back after fourteen hours and here we were still out, after seventeen. They thought we must have been caught in an avalanche. Although we felt very damp they were amazed to see how dry we were and realised it must have been much colder up above. Although the last thing we wanted was for the other teams to feel any extra responsibility towards us because we were women, I think we all felt rather touched by their actions.

All five teams were in residence that night, Ontario having moved back that day. They had made an attempt on the summit on Monday and run into the same difficulties as the Alberta-Manitoba people and as it was wet and miserable in their camp on the ice they decided they might as well be not quite so miserable, on the rock with the rest of us.

Wednesday we awoke to three inches of snow and a brilliantly clear day. As the new snow made climbing out of the question everyone spent the day in camp, drying out, greasing boots, visiting and planning the next attempt. For ourselves we were feeling very much at a loss as to what to do. There seemed to be two alternatives: (1) Attempt the mountain by the Saskatchewan-Manitoba ridge but get onto it by one of the gullies

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

nearer the summit than the one leading to the Saskatchewan-Manitoba Col. (However, judging by the time it had taken us to get to the Alberta-Saskatchewan Col on Monday, it was dawning on us that, much as we hated the thought of it, this would mean putting in a high camp.) (2) Should we do as we had heard on the radio the B.C. team were doing, ask for a helicopter lift on to the other side and attempt the mountain from the West? However, we felt we could not justify this as we had not seen this ridge.

By Wednesday evening we had come to grips with the plan to put in a high camp so, as the weather forecast was still poor, we made plans for the next day to do a recce for a good route on to the ridge and at the same time to locate a suitable site for a camp. That evening for supper Gertrude produced some delicious potatoe cakes, their aroma bringing some of our neighbours over to see what was cooking. Certainly this was a more appetizing way of using them than in our tea as many of us had tried to do in mistake for the powdered milk.

Thursday showed promise of being a fair day so we were off early being preceded by Alberta and Manitoba who had high hopes of making their summits this time. Centennial were sitting it out for more settled weather and the Ontario team who were waiting for one of their team members to recover from an upset stomach came along with us for the walk. By the time we reached the snow cirque at the base of our ridge the temperature had risen making the snow so heavy we were sinking up to our knees. We had a good look at the ridge, decided on a place for a high camp and returned to base early to sort out our gear and put together enough food for a weeks stay up above. On the way back we were able to observe both the Alberta and Manitoba teams worming their way up their respective gullies. We were happy to see Manitoba come out on their ridge and felt very hopeful for them.

Planning to get up at 1:00 a.m. and travel in the cool we had supper at 4:00 p.m. and turned in early. Centennial did the same. However, the weather decreed otherwise as it poured with rain all night and treated us to twelve hours sleep. Meanwhile Alberta had returned successful after twenty-three hours spending one-half hour on the summit in a blizzard. Manitoba had found their ridge to be absolutely impossible and had to execute a very difficult retreat, in fact, we got the impression that they felt they were lucky to be back at all.

Lying warm and comfortable in our sleeping bags that Friday morning, listening to the rain on the tent, there was also borne upon our ears the "sound of music" from the next tent. Fips Broda and Hans Gmoser were singing and yodelling in perfect harmony. Much to our delight and everyone else in the camp they seemed to have an endless repertoire. However, when they finally showed signs of stopping we bribed them to continue by offering them breakfast in bed which was duly served to them by Wendy and Andrea. Hans who was supposed to have been picked up on Thursday said he felt abandoned. I think he felt, with the rest of us, that this lousy weather was here to stay and so were we.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

During the afternoon it cleared, so, laden with everything except the tent, sleeping bags, etc. and stove which we would take up on the next trip after returning for a sleep and a meal, we set off at 6:30 p.m. Centennial who were also putting in a high camp left just before us, also Ontario with plans to build a snow cave for the bivouac which they knew they would need. As much of the weather forecast that could be heard on the radio sounded good; could it be that we were in for a spell of good weather?

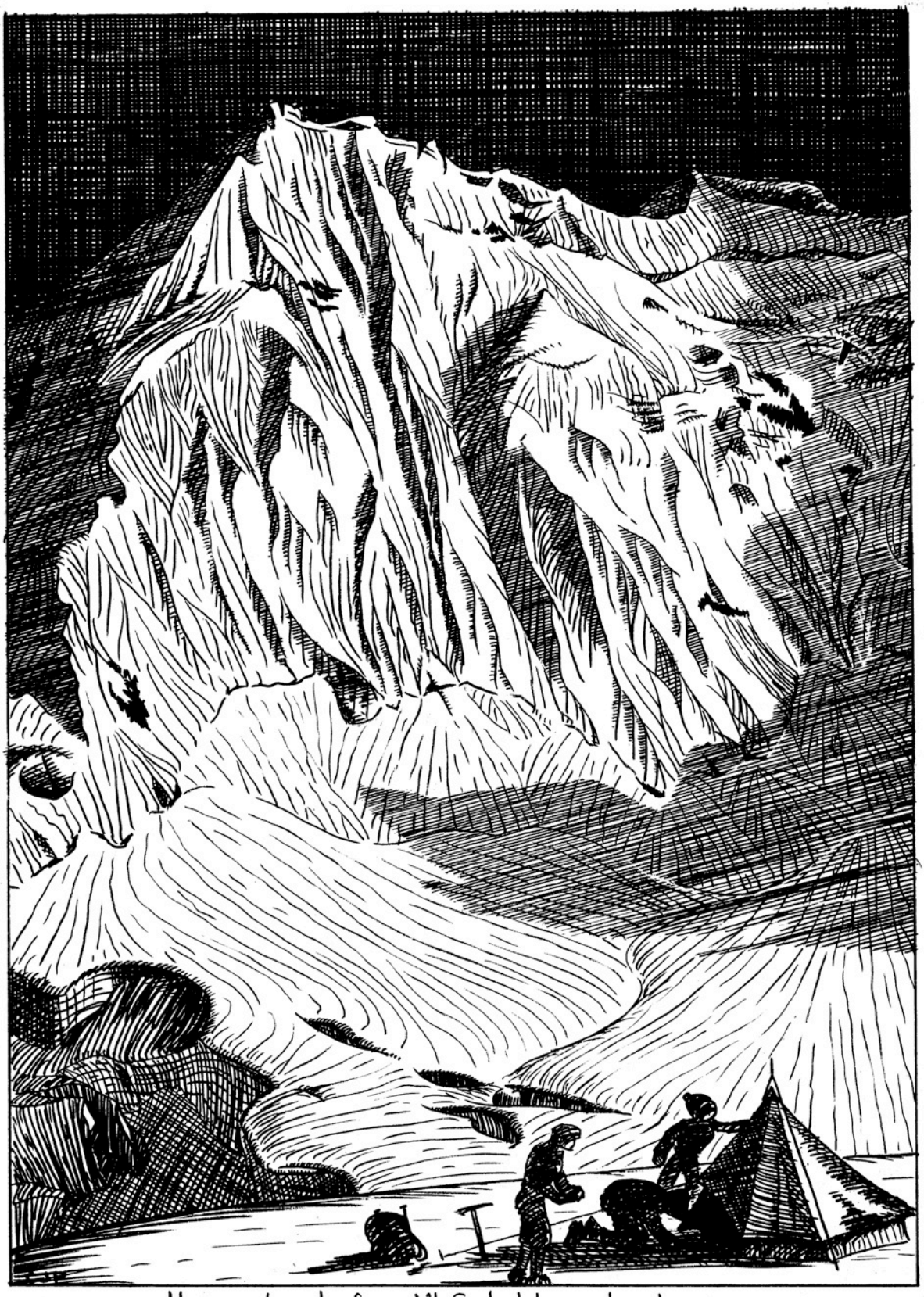
It was a delightful trek in the cool of the evening over what was now becoming quite a familiar route. Between Alberta, Manitoba and ourselves we were carving out a well-defined trail across the scree and snow, well marked with cairns which we found needed constantly re-building due to the continuous movement of the moraine.

By the time we had climbed about 1,000 feet the Alpine Glow on the mountains all around us was truly beautiful to see. This combined with the fact that we were feeling the rise in spirits that comes from making a decision was making us feel more at peace in this strange world of ice and snow where we were the intruders.

We reached the cirque about 10:00 p.m. but there was such a flat light it was impossible to catch the shadows of the undulations where the crevasses might be. Gertrude felt it was unsafe to continue to our high campsite so we deposited our gear and returned to camp. Arriving back at 2:00 a.m. by the light of a Northern night we found ourselves almost skating down the glacier as it had turned much colder, which was a good omen for the morrow.

We woke on Saturday to a glorious day; Centennial had returned, slept and left again with their second load, Hans going with them. Alberta having recovered from their marathon offered to help us up with our last load for which we were very grateful, as the tent complete with poles, etc. weighed about twenty pounds. During the morning Jim Davies on his way back from lifting the B.C. team into their new camp, came in to pick up Hans. It did not seem to bother him at all that he would have to pick Hans up off the mountain somewhere. We watched Jim fly off up the valley thinking how lucky we were to have such competent pilots looking after us.

Accompanied by our porters we left base camp about 2:00 p.m. arriving at 6:00 p.m., picking up yesterdays stuff on the way. The boys set up the tent for us, elevation 8500 ft., having made sure we were not camped on any crevasses or within the danger of avalanches. We felt very much on our own after they left but our morale was high and we were prepared to stay till fly-out day, next Saturday, if we did not succeed in our objective before then.



Un-named peak from Mt. Saskatchewan team's camp.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

Sunday dawned, another fine day, two in a row, things were improving. We set off for the ridge for a reconnaisance for a summit route. Gertrude as usual did a fine job of route finding and in four hours after cutting through an overhang we were on the ridge. The climbing was over a mixture of friction slabs, rotten rock and rotten snow over ice or rock, conditions that were becoming increasingly familiar to us. On the way up we were intrigued by a small plane that flew over us and came back for another circle. We felt sure that whoever it was could not fail to see the orange dot on the glacier below that was our tent and hoped they were impressed by our isolation. Afterwards we found out that it was the Whitehorse Star who had chartered a plane to fly over the Centennial Range for material for a story on the Expedition. Up on the ridge we had a fine view of Manitoba and could see why they were having so much trouble with their mountain; the ridges were knife edge and steep. Looking at what we could see of our ridge, we could also see what Paddy meant when he said it would be like nothing we had ever been on before. To the West there was a 1500 ft. drop-off, above and below us great crevasses crossed the ridge at intervals and when Gertrude stepped over the top of a ten foot ice wall that she climbed by cutting steps on a diagonal traverse she was confronted by a twenty foot smooth rock pinnacle that dropped off on both sides and what looked like two more ahead of that. It was obvious that we would have to come up on the ridge ahead of these obstacles. Much to our disappointment the weather was deteriorating so we returned to camp hoping for better things on Monday. It was snowing by the time we got down with the familiar roar of the avalanches sounding in our ears. We were very grateful for the comfort of our down jackets and sleeping bags and after a one pot supper of our freeze-dry meat, soup and vegetables we were off to sleep. For some reason or other we all found we slept very lightly at high camp but hardly felt we could blame it on the altitude.

Monday and Tuesday we were doomed to spend in bed, a fine way to keep in condition to climb a mountain. In anticipation of this we had one book with us, Wendy's D.M. Bourdais Stefansson, "Ambassador of the North" which we took in turns to read aloud. Compared with his hardship ours were minimal, which was very good for us. Down at base camp I had the second edition of "The Weekend Book" by Francis Meynell. This we had enjoyed very much, especially the poetry selections.

Sometime Monday afternoon we were startled to hear Andrea, who had crawled out of the tent for a breather, shout "a man" and there sure enough was a solitary figure coming over the horizon. Our visitor turned out to be Helmut Microys, leader of the Ontario team. With one accord we questioned him. "Helmut did you do it"? For an answer he reached in his pocket and threw a champagne cork into the tent. Later he told us that most of the champagne had anointed the summit. Leaving base camp at 6:00 p.m. on Friday they had reached the Col in ten hours where they had built their snow cave intending to rest for awhile. However, the weather was too good to be true so they pushed on and in another twelve hours were on the summit where they spent an hour in glorious sunshine. The return to camp took thirty-eight hours with time out to rest in the snow cave. Nothing had been heard from Centennial. Manitoba had had another try and again been turned back by poor conditions. Helmut had not come empty handed but had brought

three packets of Tang from his own supply and a can of gas which we were very glad to see. Though not really short of food we gave him a grocery list to take back in case anyone felt like coming up tomorrow if the weather was still bad.

By Tuesday afternoon we were getting somewhat fed up with the "Ever-Rest position" and to pass the time we debated as to who would visit us that day, if any, and took a bet on what time they would come. Gertrude proved to be the winner, her reward being to wear Andrea's luxurious down booties for one hour. This time it was Alex Norman and Rowley Reader from the Ontario team who had braved the miserable weather to bring us our groceries and cheer us up. Revelling in the extra can of gas we brewed up a large pot of tea and enjoyed the chocolate biscuits they had brought.

Tuesday evening the cloud layer thinned out, the temperature dropped and Wendy's altimeter gave promise of better weather so planning for an early start we got everything ready including the summit flags, etc. and went hopefully to sleep. A clear cold morning greeted us on Wednesday; we were up at three and away at four. There was now a breakable crust on the glacier which made the going very exhausting. In anticipation of the usual bad weather on our return, we planted the willow wands with their bright orange flags, at 100 ft. intervals across the glacier.

This time it took us eight hours to get on to the ridge, both the rock and snow being considerably steeper making the climbing much more difficult. Gertrude did some magnificent leads, several times taking the whole length of the rope before she could find a belay spot. The loose rock was terrifying as it came pouring down or flying through the air. I can still hear Andrea's expressive "Good Grief" as a particularly bad waterfall of rock came down upon us. On the way up to the ridge we had a lovely view of Mts. Logan, McArthur and Lucania, in the early morning sunshine--not to mention Manitoba looking more unapproachable than ever. At our level it was clear but down below the 8,000 ft. level we could see that it was completely socked in.

At noon we were all on the ridge with the rock pinnacles behind us which was encouraging but that mentor the weather was obviously moving in again. Immediately we found ourselves negotiating a very narrow crumbly rock section of the ridge. After two rope lengths the ridge rose sharply and try as she could, nowhere on that mess of rotten rock could Gertrude find a foot or hand-hold that did not move and threaten to bring the whole thing down. On the East side stretched the smooth surface of the cliff and on the West there was nothing but a sheer drop. There seemed to be no alternative but to retrace our steps to find a route lower down to by-pass this nasty place. We found the descending very time-consuming, this seemed to be the pattern for all the climbing from the Prairie camp; even the men found it longer to descend than ascend. By the time we reached the point where it was feasible to look for another route the weather was deteriorating fast and though we were all bitterly disappointed we knew we had no alternative but to return to camp.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

At 2:00 p.m., as we were making our slow way down, we saw two figures visit our tent; Later we found out that they were Wayne Smith and Gerry Wright of the Alberta team. We rightly surmised that being socked in down below they had not anticipated that we would be climbing that day.

At 9:00 p.m. when we were still a long way up, imagine our surprise when we saw three figures approach the tent. After a while, as they showed no signs of leaving, we shouted to them to let them know we were O.K. and continued our slow way down. By now it was snowing and making the going on the rocks really difficult.

At 1:30 a.m. Gertrude very wisely suggested that we bivouac for a while as due to the socked in conditions visibility was very poor. Strangely enough none of us seemed to be unduly fatigued. At the time and place we decided to stop there was a small ledge for Gertrude and Wendy to sit on and an even smaller one for Andrea and myself both with no means of tying in. Snowing as it was and warming up we were also in an avalanche danger area, so, much as we hated to mess around any longer in the poor light, we did manage to cross an icy snow slope, which entailed some step cutting, to a scree ledge in a more protected spot. It amazed us all how comfortable we managed to make ourselves, the down jackets were put on, one rescue blanket to sit on, one over our knees, one over our heads and sitting close together for warmth we all felt that we slept for a while. About 3:30 a.m. it was definitely lighter so we shook off the wet snow from the rescue blankets, gathered up our packs and ice axes, roped up and continued on down. It was at this time that I felt there was another person who should be on the rope and found myself looking round for her. Later Wendy told us that she had had the same experience.

We continued on down but found the going increasingly difficult due to the steepness of the rock slabs which in places were now covered with ice. After about 100 ft. of this we came back up to where we had bivouacked to take stock of the situation. In the light of the early morning dawn we realised we were off route and should have traversed over to the North higher up. To get back up entailed climbing up a steep snow slope sinking in up to the thighs which Gertrude very gamely tried to do but gave it up as too exhausting. The other alternatives were to go down an icy gully beside the rock slabs or to try and cross an ominus looking black ridge running parallel with the gully, how steep this was on the other side we did not know. We chose to strap on our crampons and using ice screws for protection go down the gully and cross the ridge lower down where we could see an opening. Meanwhile it was light by now and our friends down below were shouting up to us to find out if we were alright. We answered their calls and though we were not in any serious trouble, after about two hours, we were delighted to see the boys, who turned out to be Helmut, Rowley and Sev. appear on the aforementioned black ridge beside us. We were more than pleased when they told us that if we came back out of the gully and over the ridge which presented no problem on the other side it would be plain sailing from there back to camp. To speed things up Helmut threw down a rope and in no time we were over the ridge and back on route. The boys got back to camp first and by the time we arrived at 10:00 a.m. thirty hours



Approaching the ridge.



Rest stop on descent

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

after we had left, the tea was on with soup coming up. They ordered us into our sleeping bags and with all seven of us curled up in a four man tent they plied us with food and listened to our story. For themselves they said they had come up hoping to climb Alberta but the weather had put an end to that so they decided to make use of the tent until we returned. At 2:00 p.m. they left us by which time we could hardly keep our eyes open and except for waking briefly at 7:30 that evening we slept right through till 5:30 a.m. Friday morning. I woke up first feeling that I couldn't breathe and soon realised that it had snowed all night and the depth and weight of it had cut off all our ventilation. I had to force a way through the door as the space blanket we were using for an awning for cooking and storage space had collapsed with the weight of snow and was completely blocking the doorway. To stop the snow sticking to the shovel and making digging ourselves out a real chore I had to ask Andrea for some of the baby oil we had reprimanded her for carrying up to high camp. With her usual gay smile she gave me some and I finished the job in short order.

About a foot and a half of wet snow had fallen in the night making all thought of going anywhere that day out of the question. The next day, Saturday, July 22nd, we were due back in base camp for the helicopter pick-up but we knew nothing would take to the air in these conditions. So it was back into our sleeping bags again for some more Stefansson, we were glad we had rationed ourselves and still had a couple of chapters left. The avalanches were thundering down all around us; Gertrude counting fifty-four in three hours.

About 2:30 in the afternoon we felt a change in the weather and sure enough the cloud ceiling was thinning out and the tent began to show signs of drying. We were constantly amazed how quickly things would dry out, given the merest glimmer of sun and wind. By 5:00 p.m. we could see our ridge again, the temperature was definitely dropping, the avalanching had ceased and we felt it was best to move rather than wait for the next day when Heaven only knew what the weather might have in store for us.

At 7:30 that evening we left our lonely camping spot with mixed feelings. We would have dearly loved to stay and have another try at our mountain but time had run out, we had had our chance and with the weather being so unkind to us we were not sorry to return to less confined conditions.

The trip back to base gave us some bad moments. The avalanche slopes that we had crossed five times before were now covered with fresh slides and the new snow had obliterated the routes over the open crevasses on the lower glacier. However, I do remember how happy we were to spot the two cairns we had put up to mark the gully; that was the key to getting off the scree slope on to the glacier below.

MOUNT SASKATCHEWAN Continued

Down at base camp it was damp and miserable but the warmth of the welcome we received on our arrival more than counterbalanced the weather. At the beginning of the two weeks there had been talk of a celebration on the last evening but with Manitoba and ourselves in the dog house and Centennial an unknown quantity no one felt like celebrating.

Saturday did not look hopeful for helicopter flying but the picture can change so quickly in that country that we got ready except for taking down the tents. Sure enough it cleared somewhat and there were our friends Jim and Derek flying to and fro above us taking out the T-Bone people. Then it was our turn, Alberta going first, Andrea and Wendy were not coming out with us but were going on a two week ski mountaineering trip with Helmut, Rowley and two of the Centennial Team. We found it hard to say goodbye, we had been a most satisfying team and been through a lot together in the two weeks and such is the fellowship of climbing that as Gertrude and I winged our way back to the world of green trees, cars, cold beer and salads the hope was in both our minds that somewhere sometime we would once again be together on a rope.

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EQUIPMENT NOTES

by Helen Butling

1. Personal Equipment

All members of the Expedition were issued with a list of personal equipment considered vital to the success and safety of the team. The basic items essential on any mountaineering trip included the following:

a) Ice axe, standard pattern suitable.

b) Good boots, standard types found adequate.

c) Sleeping bag, "Trailwise" 2½ lbs. down, total weight 3 lbs. 11 oz. This excellent bag, a gift to me from the members of the Kootenay Section, was a marvel of warmth and lightness.

d) Sleeping Pad, I had a Blacks "Kampamat" (2½" foam) and found it very comfortable although it did absorb moisture at high camp. (I was told afterwards that two plastic bags from the cleaners, end to end, would have solved this problem.) Many of the climbers had Ensolite pads (¼ to ½ inch thick) which are excellent insulation and moisture-proof but not quite so comfortable to sleep on.

2. Equipment Provided by the Expedition

a) Centennial tent, orange, basicaly the Blacks Good Companion Super 7½ ft. square, with extensive modifications i.e.: Vertical and horizontal zipper closing at door, with netting. Circular net covered zipper closing vent at rear, waterproof floor extending part way up walls. On the whole this tent proved very satisfactory, although we grumbled about the lack of storage space and the fact that it was a heavy tent to carry.

b) Stoves. Optimus, one large, one small, white gas burning. Good, gave very little trouble. Three nesting pots, good.

c) Tent kits. Small whisk and sponge for cleaning tents. These were excellent and were in constant use to keep the tent free of snow and grit.

d) Ropes. Mammut "Dynamic' 11 mm. diameter x 40 m. long, red, very good.

EQUIPMENT NOTES Continued

3. Food

All Expedition members were issued with a list of the packaged food rations prepared especially for Y.A.C.E. These were packed in four man day quantities and provided a whopping 4,996 calories per day.

Proteins - Freeze dry meats (chicken, pork, diced and minced beef) assorted cheeses, nuts and powdered whole milk.

Carbohydrates - Freeze dry vegetables (green peas and beans) Instant potatoes, rice, noodles, Cornish Wafers, assorted biscuits, fruit and nut puddings (canned), oatmeal and a special cocoa mix.

Miscellaneous - Packaged soup, dried fruit, chocolate bars, assorted candy, sugar, canned butter, tea bags, some Tang, salt, matches, small can opener and ten to twelve sheets of inter-folded toilet paper per box. Chore girl and sponge.

I found the food adequate and varied enough that eating was always a pleasure. At times we would have liked a cup of coffee and some jam or honey with the wafers but we could have taken this in with our personal gear if we had given any thought to it.

4. Bonus Items

a) Sweaters - All expedition members were presented with made-to-measure royal blue sweaters with the Alpine Club of Canada colours (green, grey and white) in a circular stripe at chest level with the Provincial crest on the front.

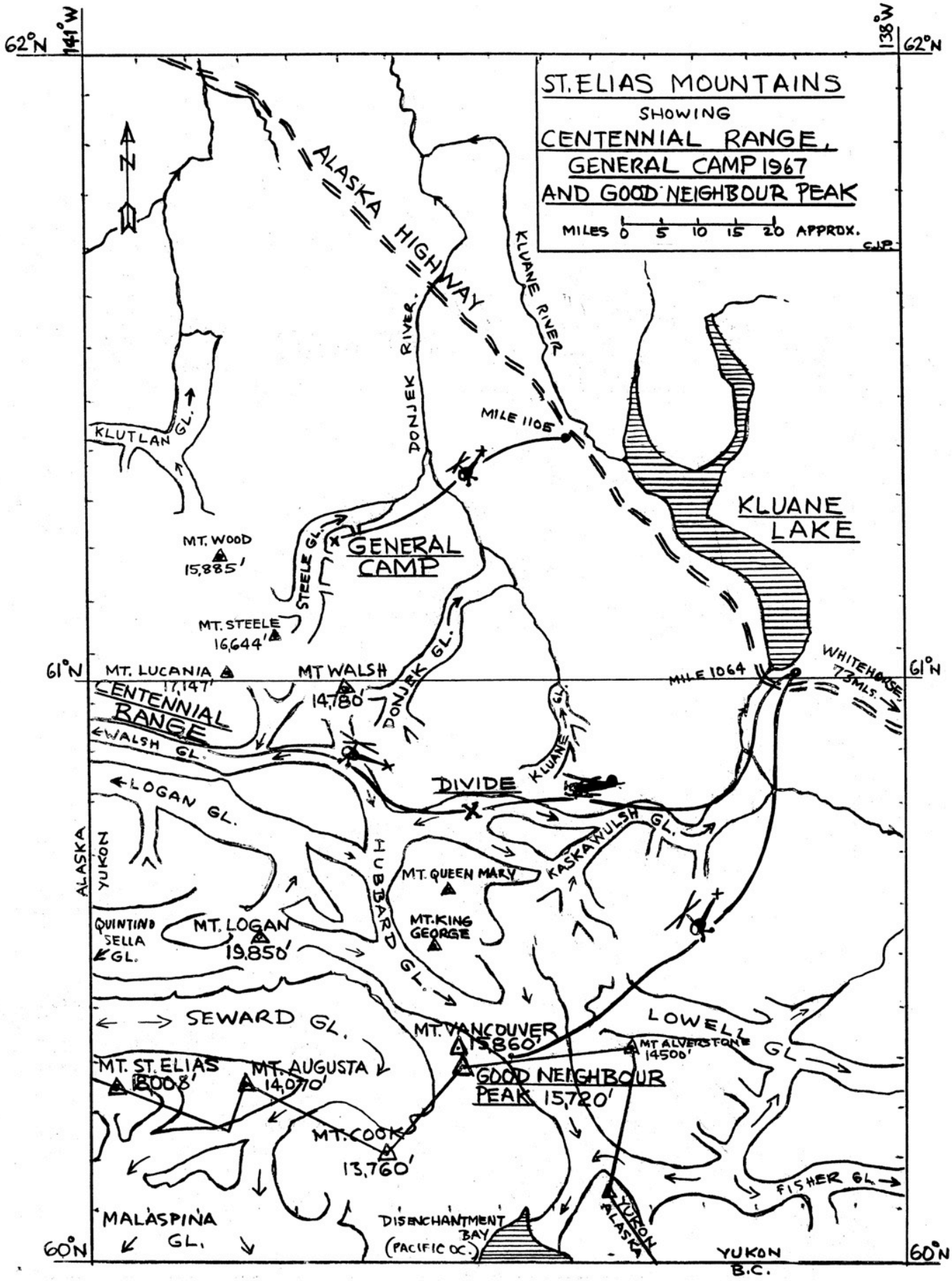
b) Space and rescue blankets - These were issued to us all and proved very useful.

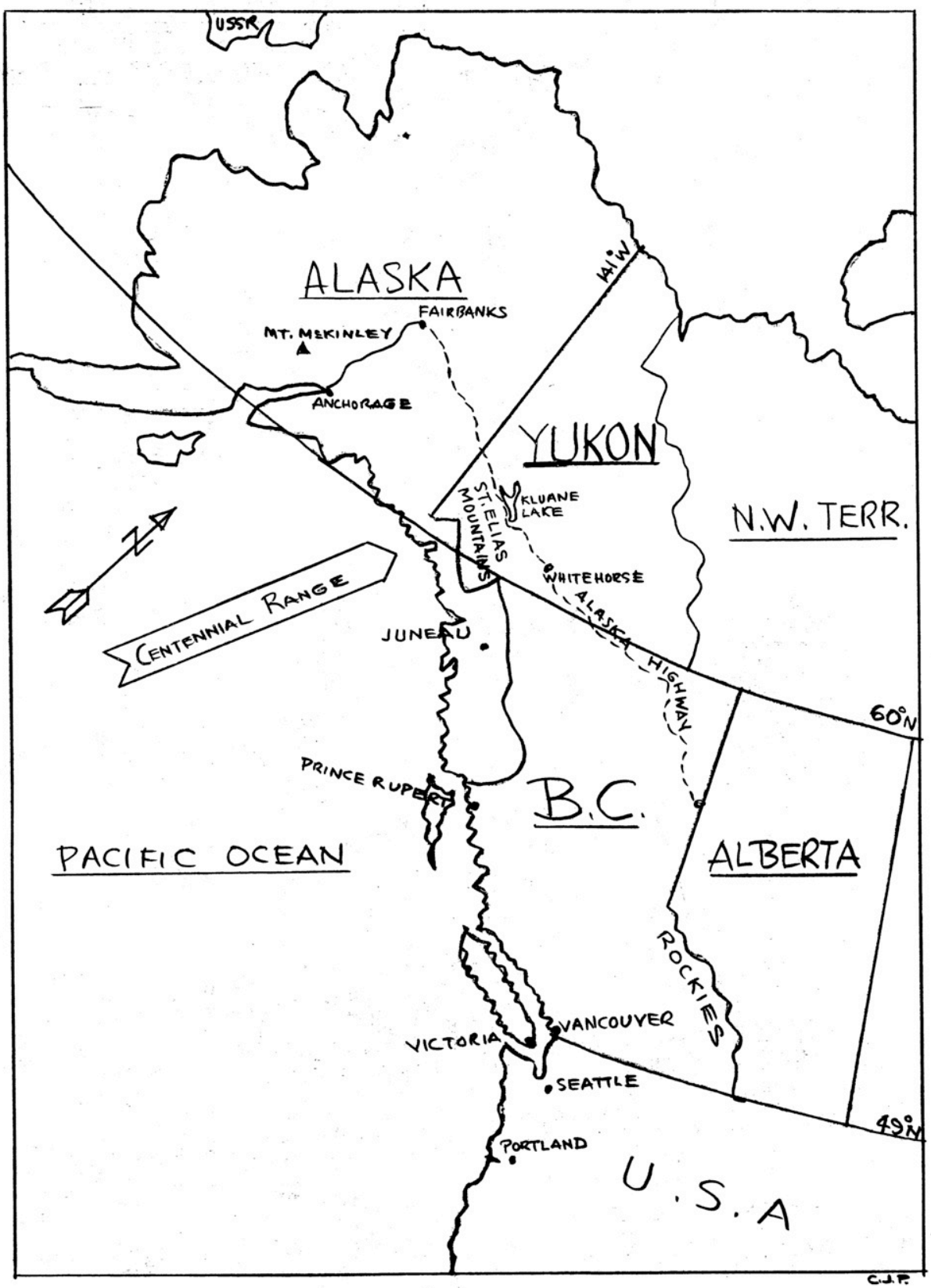
c) Cameras - One camera was presented to each leader together with coloured film.

d) A History of Mountaineering in the Saint Elias Mountains by Walter A. Wood - This very interesting and informative little booklet was printed by Yace for the Expedition and we are certainly grateful to Walter Wood for giving of his time and knowledge to write this history.

e) Medallions - Special medallions have been struck to commemorate the Expedition and will be presented to each participant, in due course.

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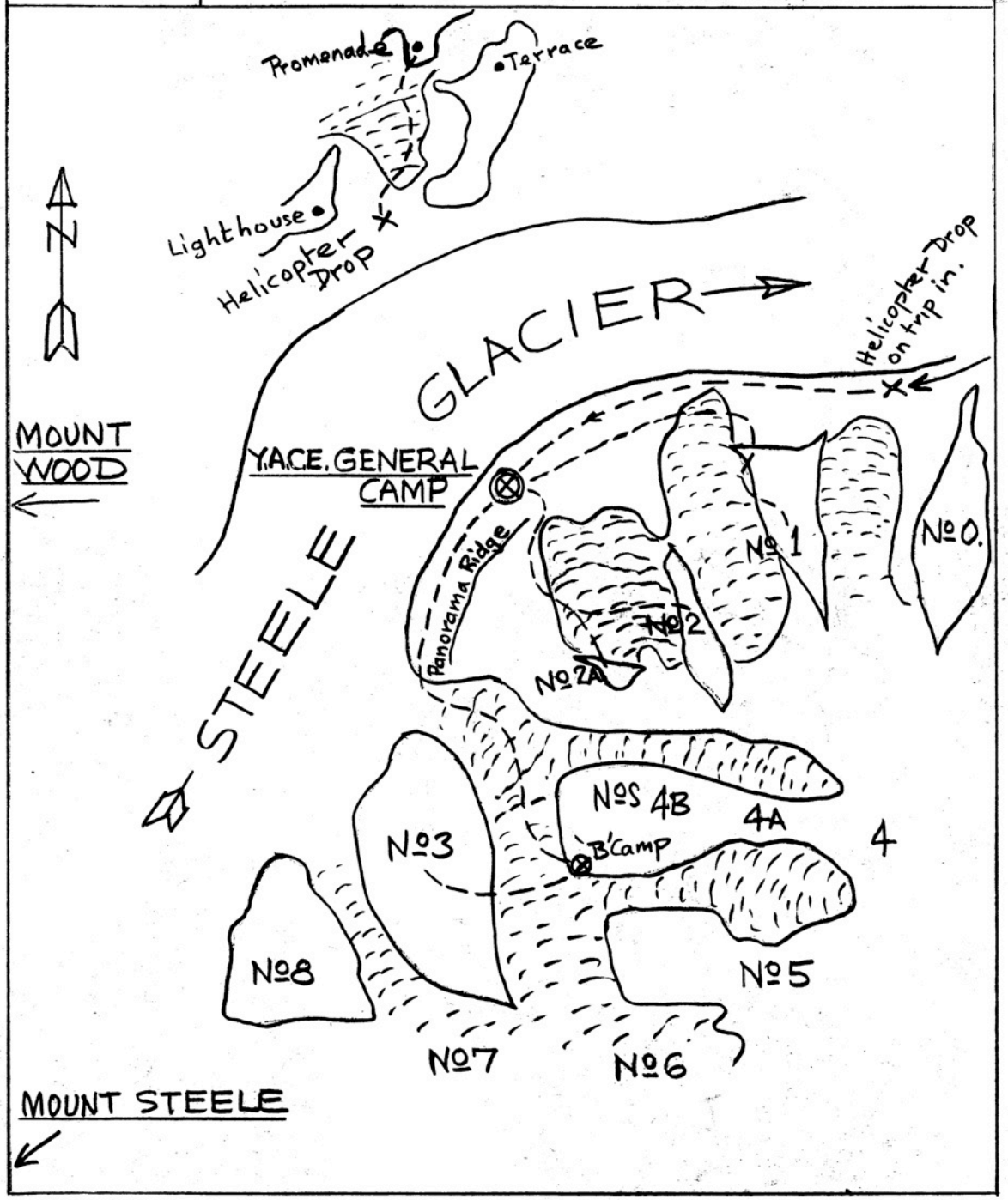

ST. ELIAS MOUNTAINS
SHOWING
CENTENNIAL RANGE,
GENERAL CAMP 1967
AND GOOD NEIGHBOUR PEAK
MILES 0 5 10 15 20 APPROX.
C.J.P.
62°N
141°W
138°W
62°N
N
ALASKA HIGHWAY
KLUANE RIVER
DONJEK RIVER
MILE 1105
KLUTLAN GL.
KLUANE LAKE
MT. WOOD
15,885'
STEELE GL.
GENERAL CAMP
MT. STEELE
16,644'
61°N
MT. LUCANIA
17,147'
MT WALSH
14,180'
DONJEK GL.
MILE 1064
WHITEHORSE
73 MLS.
61°N
CENTENNIAL RANGE
WALSH GL.
KLUANE GL.
DIVIDE
LOGAN GL.
KASKAWULSH GL.
ALASKA
YUKON
HUBBARD GL.
MT. QUEEN MARY
MT. KING GEORGE
QUINTINO SELLA GL.
MT. LOGAN
19,850'
SEWARD GL.
LOWELL GL.
MT. VANCOUVER
15,860'
MT ALVERSTONE
14500'
MT. ST. ELIAS
18008'
MT. AUGUSTA
14,070'
GOOD NEIGHBOUR PEAK 15,720'
MT. COOK
13,760'
FISHER GL.
MALASPINA GL.
DISENCHANTMENT BAY
(PACIFIC OC.)
YUKON
ALASKA
60°N
YUKON
B.C.
60°N


USSR
ALASKA
FAIRBANKS
MT. MCKINLEY
ANCHORAGE
AIW
YUKON
KLUANE LAKE
ST. ELIAS MOUNTAINS
N.W. TERR.
WHITEHORSE
ALASKA HIGHWAY
CENTENNIAL RANGE
JUNEAU
60°N
PRINCE RUPERT
B.C.
ALBERTA
PACIFIC OCEAN
ROCKIES
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
49°N
PORTLAND
U.S.A
C.J.P.

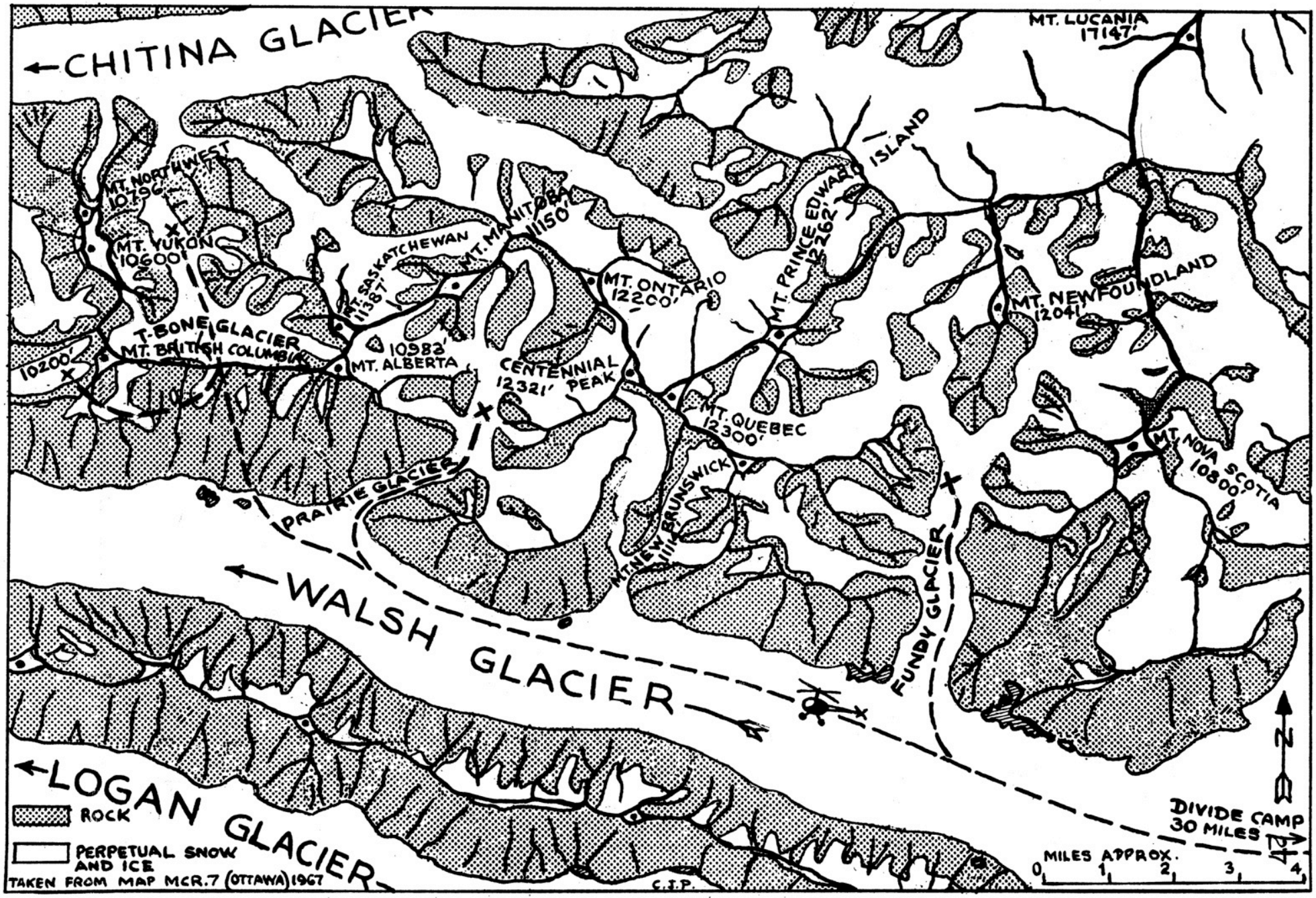
SKETCH MAP BY ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

PEAK Nº 3 - 9840' — 1ST ASCENT - J. Hunt, F. Weissner - July 18
PEAK Nº 4 - 11500' - " " - P. Fuhrmann, F. Weissner - July 24
PEAK Nº 5 - 11240' - " " - R. Neave & party - July 22
TERRACE - 9767 - " " - G. Schlee " " - July 26

ST. ELIAS MOUNTAINS



CENTENNIAL RANGE



SECTION 2

Y. A. C. E.

General Camps

Steele Glacier
St. Elias Mountains

Yukon Territory

INTRODUCTION TO SECTION 2

THE GENERAL CAMPS (Y.A.C.E.)

By Chris.Penn

In this Section the second project which the A.C.C. undertook for Canada's Centenary, is covered by articles by two Section members who took part. A third member, Bill Hurst, who was also there, made an ascent of Mt. Wood 15,885 ft. and gave us in November a showing of his excellent colour slides of the climb.

An Annual Camp for mountaineers has been held by the A.C.C. every year since the club was founded in 1906. It provides an ideal opportunity for its members - and prospective members - from all over North America to get together once a year at some spot in the mountains where a good variety of climbs is available. It has become part of the tradition of the A.C.C. and one of its main features. It is possibly unique, for I can think of no other major club which holds such a large, regular annual camp, and it serves a unique purpose, since Canada's climbers are spread so far from the mountains.

Centennial Year called for an extraordinary edition of the Annual Camp and, breaking away from the traditional sites in the Rockies, Selkirks or Purcells, a suitably extraordinary spot was found beside the remarkable Steele Glacier in the Yukon's St. Elias Mountains. This glacier hit the headlines about a year ago when it suddenly and mysteriously began to advance at the furious rate of over forty feet a day. The camp site was admirably chosen to give access to a ring of the giants of the St. Elias - Mounts Wood, Walsh, Steele, etc., all exceeding 15,000 ft. - and to a number of unclimbed, unnamed peaks.

Again here we remind 'Karabiner' readers that we can retail only the personal stories of the Section members who were there. To get the full account of the Y.A.C.E. in all its aspects one should read the coming issue of the Canadian Alpine Journal (May 1968) which will have it all, fully, officially, and well illustrated.

Readers are also referred to the fascinating booklet by Dr. Walter A. Wood "A History of Mountaineering in the St. Elias Mountains" which he wrote especially for the Y.A.C.E. (Helen Butling has a copy and we hope also to obtain one for the Section Library) and also to the booklet produced by the Expedition organizational committee. Descriptions of the ascents of many of the major peaks of the region, including Mt. Logan, may be found in our Section Library's set of the C.A.J. Some of the earliest explorations in the St. Elias are given in "The Alpine Journal" published in London. Maps of the area are referred to in the Introduction to Section I of this 'Karabiner'.

Through the General Camps the St. Elias Mountains have been revealed to a much wider circle of mountaineers than formerly and it may be that many of them will return, having had a taste of what this magnificent range has to offer, and having seen that, remote as it is, the access difficulties are not insuperable - nor is the climate quite as unfriendly as most of us imagined. Certainly the long daylight hours in summer are an advantage to the mountaineer. Perhaps we are at the start of a new era of popular climbing in the Yukon and maybe this will become Canada's Northern Playground. Perhaps it is not too early to start pressing to have Mt. Logan and its superb surroundings protected by a National Park, as Mt. McKinley in Alaska is already.

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YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION: FIRST GENERAL CAMP

by Dave Parfitt

The camp had a spectacular and interesting setting by the side of the churned-up, distorted Steele Glacier and within sight of Mts. Steele and Wood.

During the first camp bad weather defeated two attempts on Mt. Steele, nevertheless, some good ascents were made, notably Mt. Walsh. One of the best 'firsts' would have to be Fritz Weissner and Peter Fuhrmann's ascent of No. 4 peak, a difficult climb which was repeated the next day under worse conditions by Hans Schwarz's party.

Two other good first ascents come to mind. Firstly the climb of Peak 3A by Fritz Weissner, Sir John Hunt and party. This was accomplished in a long day from main camp and served to discover the much easier route by which many people subsequently climbed 3A. The other is the ascent of Terrace Peak towards the end of the first main camp by a large party led by Gerry Schlee, whose party had to rendezvous with the helicopters after their climb to be flown back across the Steele Glacier. The climbers were right on time.

Of the two attempts on Mt. Steele the first was forced to stay at base camp by bad weather and then lack of radio communication. The second fared better from a relocated base camp and made it to high camp, where Mike Piggott developed a hernia. He was evacuated by helicopter and his place on the team taken by Jo Kato, but bad weather again prevented climbing.

Peak 4A was one of the most challenging, defeating several attempts during the duration of the camp.

Some rock climbing on rather friable rock about one and a half miles up the valley from main camp provided a pleasant diversion from snow climbing. As may be expected with such rock conditions there was plenty of scree, including some long slopes of evenly graded scree that were exhilarating to run.

The green, lower slopes of the mountains supported large flocks of sheep which showed very little fear of man. On one occasion I passed close by a flock and although they moved aside as I approached they didn't panic.

YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION - 1st GENERAL CAMP Continued

The two climbs which I enjoyed most were at Chiselpoint Peak and Peak 2A. The first is a rock spur on the flank of peak 4B, climbed when two ladies and I set out (I am embarrassed to admit) with Peak 4A our objective. We were a long way from our target, but it was fun and that's what climbing should be. Under the circumstances, Chiselpoint Peak seemed an appropriate name for the spur.

On Peak 2A I was with a good party and that day had the best conditions during the entire camps, so it had to be a good climb.

The helicopter flights, especially the ones to and from the Steele base camp, were magnificent.

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YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION: SECOND GENERAL CAMP

by Elizabeth Robertson

It seemed to me that the Yukon Territory couldn't be far from B.C. but I have since changed my mind after having spent two and a half days travelling to the Y.A.C.E. camp in the St. Elias mountains. Our several methods of transportation were; plane to Whitehorse, bus to the overnight campsite by Kluane Lake, open truck to an abandoned mine cabin, helicopter to a moraine by the Steele glacier and finally by foot to the campsite. Most of these stages were separated by five to six hour waiting periods during which we played bridge, swatted flies and drew lots as to who would be first on truck or helicopter. Our group decided that in the interests of safety and companionship it would be best to pair off the men and women for the final ride and hike in. This worked very well as my partner and I were not dropped on the moraine until 11:30 p.m. After climbing and descending a scree slope we hit muskeg bog which we kept sinking into and as it was getting dark we flagged down a passing helicopter with our flashlights arriving in camp by 1:00 a.m., July 16th.

Sunday morning was beautiful and clear and I saw the campsite for the first time. It was situated on the lateral moraine only feet from the Steele glacier which towered in one hundred foot peaks above the tents. The women's tents were by a small melt lake and were dubbed "Serac Circle". The spectacular peak of Mt. Steele rose behind the dining tent and if you climbed Panorama Ridge you saw Mounts Wood and Walsh flanking Steele.

Although there were no trees in the area, only scrub willow, wild flowers were abundant. Many of them were unfamiliar even to the botanical specialists. The brilliant lemon Arctic poppies proved the favourite. The animals were also unusual. On the high slopes white Dall sheep were abundant, one morning we counted a hundred. The camp was dominated by lemmings and ground squirrels who boldly invaded the tents for socks or a snack.

Most of us had never been in an area with so many glaciers. There was not only the massive river of the Steele glacier with it's many tributaries but also the surrounding peaks often seemed completely glacier covered. Peak #1 had a crevasse running through the summit and there were many hanging glaciers and massive ice falls. What little rock was exposed was very loose.

YUKON ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION - SECOND GENERAL CAMP Continued:

It was an ideal situation for the ice-schools which were held during the first week. Hans Gmoser introduced us to the usual crampon work and step-chopping plus the Bilgeri (we teasingly called it Bulgarian) crevasse rescue and a rapelle down an ice wall. An additional subject was yodelling at which Hans is an expert but his pupils not so apt.

On July 30th her honour Judy LaMarsh arrived in one of the several helicopters that seemed to circle the place constantly. She was nattily outfitted in blue pleated skirt, royal blue stockings and army boots. Everyone seemed to be in camp due perhaps to the rumour that there was to be turkey and pie for lunch. We were also privileged to have with us John Hunt, leader of the British Everest expedition and his wife Joy, also an active climber.

As many of the climbs involved a 2:30 a.m. rising, group evening entertainment was sparse although one sing-song, after a lazy rainy day, went on to 11:00 p.m.

Several high camps were established and used constantly. The chief ones were of course for Walsh, Wood and Steele and were supplied by helicopter. The more accessible one was at 7,500 feet by glacier "B". It involved a three hour back-pack along the Steele moraine then up the "B" glacier where it was necessary to jump a number of open crevasses or thread back and forth around them. The camp was situated on a tableland at the top of a steep grassy slope. We were lucky enough to spend two days in this spectacular site for snow the first morning cancelled our climb. "B" camp became quite crowded by the second day. But in spite of the disadvantages of two parties wanting to try for the same first ascent of peak #4 and the inevitable 2:00 a.m. rising, it provided cosy sleeping arrangements - three in a two-man tent.

Two peaks across the Steele glacier were climbed with the aid of an 8:00 a.m. helicopter ferry service. Terrace peak was another first ascent and Promenade was exactly as it's name describes.

It rained heavily the last three days causing our departure to be delayed a day due to washouts on the Alaska highway. The telephone lines were down and the additional rumour that there was to be an airlines strike started a mild panic. The usual stop-overs on the trip out were shorter but were supplemented by a long one at the Whitehorse Airport while thirty of us waited for seats on the plane. Five minutes before departure we were told we were on and so clutching ice axes we dashed for the door.

* * *

ICICLES

by C.J. Penn

"There is no more majestic sight than a great avalanche, provided one is watching from the dress circle and not the orchestra".

- Wilfrid Noyce *

* * *

Wood for the Trees?

"If anyone wants to see a redwood they can see one (sic) in the San Francisco Golden Gate Park. If you've seen one, you've seen them all".

- Gov. Reagan of California

How Now, Governor?

"A 64,000 acre redwood national park on the northern California coast was approved last week by the Senate Parks and Recreation Sub-Committee. This represents a combination of proposals made by the US Dept of the Interior and The Sierra Club. Land acquisition cost was estimated at $ 99.8 million.

- Washington D.C. *

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"They Can't Handle It!"

The Canadian government once asked the Canadian Alpine Club to furnish guides to train Prince of Wales Rangers in mountain climbing. The guides ranged from 42 to 59 years of age; the trainees were all young men who had just finished six weeks of commando training. Yet after 15 hours of climbing, the young men were so exhausted they fell asleep without eating, while the guides-two and three times as old-remained awake, not only to eat, but to talk for hours.

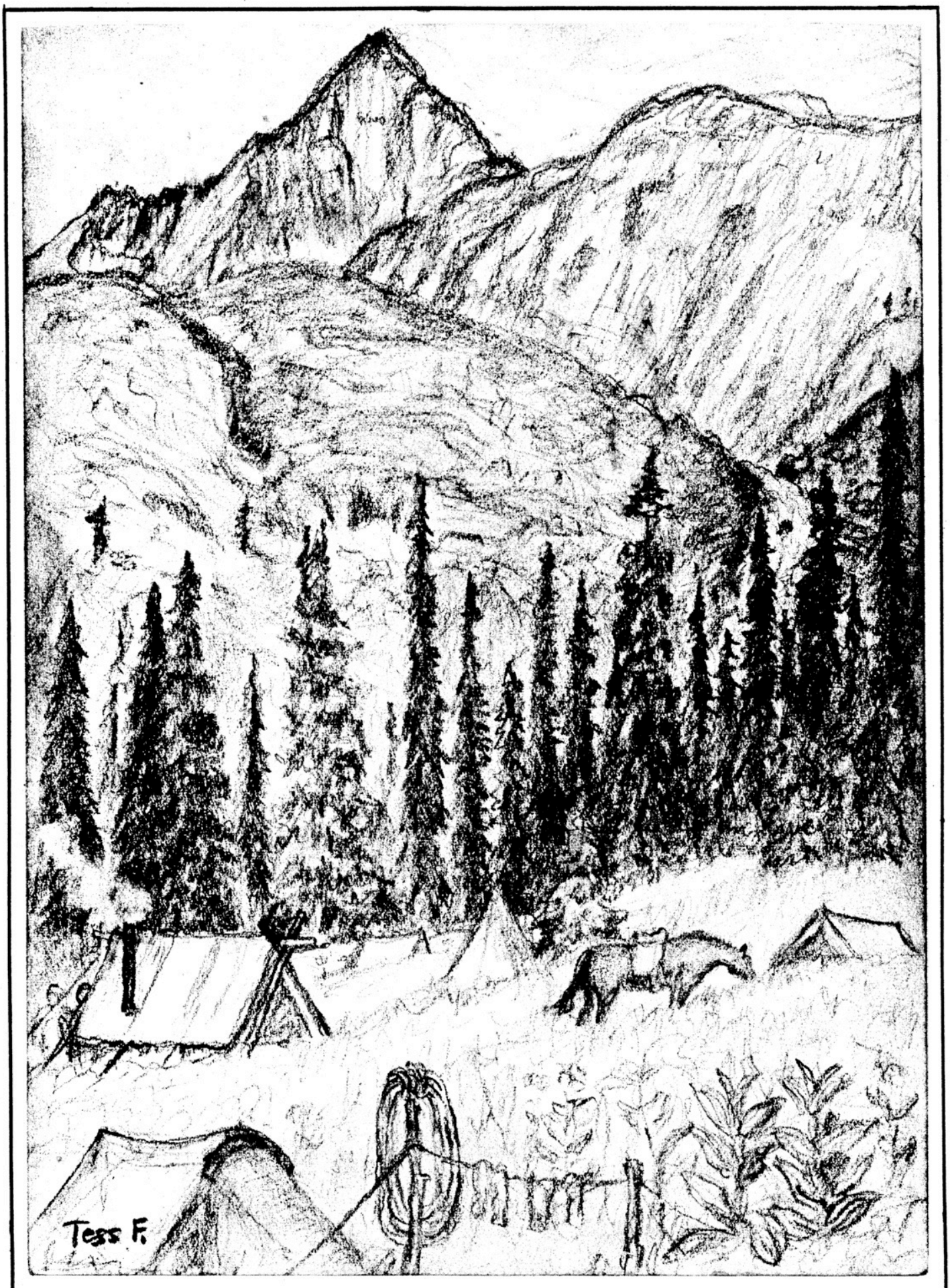
- E.F. Wells *

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"--It is not the number of years a man lives that counts, but the way he uses every day or hour of his life. To live a full life one has to take chances-- He who never risks his life, does not really earn the right to live".

SCHILLER *

* * *


Tess F.

SECTION 3

P . A . C . E .
(Pocket Alpine Centennial Expedition)

Earl Grey Pass
Purcell Mountains
(B.C.)

INTRODUCTION TO SECTION 3

THE POCKET ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION

by Chris Penn

How did we get started on this camp idea? Well, obviously, if all the hundred odd Kootenay Section Members (I use the word 'odd' advisedly, for I hear from all sides that the Kootenay Section is regarded as the different Section!) had gone to the Yukon Camps, which were limited to 115 participants, it would hardly have been fair on the rest of Canada's climbers!

Three of our members did attend those Yukon Camps and another attacked Mt. Saskatchewan rather savagely, but the rest stood nobly aside to give a chance to others who, for reasons of geography, or pure ignorance, are not fortunate enough to belong to this superior Section!!

After everyone had gone off to the Yukon, after the Captains and the Kings had departed and the tumult and the shouting had died away into the fastnesses of the St. Elias we decided to run our own pocket Centennial Camp. Actually the decision was made while all the shouting was still going on, but it reads better like this. Anyway, after much poring over maps and some scratching about in the darker corners of the Southern Rockies, looking for a spot which, if not unvisited, was at least unfrequented and yet offered varied climbing, we settled on Earl Grey Pass in the Purcell Mountains. It has not, as far as we know, been visited by climbers recently, it has ten thousanders to tempt the climber and alpine meadows and glaciers for the mountain wanderer to explore, and it is easily accessible by horses from Toby Creek whence a good road leads from Invermere, B.C.

The camp was certainly a success, thanks mainly to the weatherman, who was kind, and to the participants (isn't there a better word?) themselves who were enthusiastic, active and willing to lend the hands so necessary to a "do-it-yourself" camp. Eighteen members and guests from all over B.C. and from as far away as New York enjoyed themselves climbing every peak within range of the camp. Toby itself, Griswold, Katherine, Christine, Hamill, Lady Grey, and several nameless peaks all succumbed to their axes and boots.

Outstanding was Gerry Brown and Norm. Dougan's traverse of Mts. Hamill and Lady Grey - a truly high-alpine traverse of continuous mixed climbing, the sort of tour that climbers in the European Alps specialize and revel in. For this sort of tour speed with surefootedness, rythm attuned to ones partner, plus great staying-power are essential.

Graham Kenyon in his delightful article gives us a glimpse of something quite different, another way to enjoy the mountains and equally valid. "Why do you climb mountains?" has no single answer and many people find several different pleasures in them; a man can be an ice-climber yet also take an interest in the fauna or geology.

Leo. Gansner and Miller Mason decided to complete the crossing of the Purcells from the Pass as soon as they heard about the camp. And with Mike Stewart - our member exiled in Terrace, B.C. - they succeeded in doing this, but not without a struggle. Tough as the trip was, it did not, fortunately, live up to the alarming forecasts made by Paul Fenger in his amusing Ode, composed impromptu at the campfire. As the years go by the trails across B.C.s mountains become increasingly difficult to trace, thanks to the helicopter which has allowed the Forest Service to abandon many of the old trails. This is a sad, backwards sort of progress.

THE POCKET ALPINE CENTENNIAL EXPEDITION Continued

Fortunately for us Phyl. Munday was unable to go to the Yukon Camp and she too decided to join us at our pocket camp. Quite apart from the honour of having so famous a mountaineer along with us, Phyl. hides under her charming personality all the experience of many years of climbing and camping. There is little she does not know about the mountains, including their flora, about which she has written for us. She is President of the B.C. Alpine Flower Society, Honorary member of the A.C.C., Editor of the Canadian Alpine Journal, a persistent winner of alpine photography prizes, and also an active leader in the Girl Guides. She and her late husband Don did important pioneer climbing and exploration in nearly every corner of British Columbia.

After many minor panics behind the scenes the Pocket Organization worked surprisingly well. It was even a financial success, coming within five dollars of covering all its costs. More experienced camp organizers may smile but here are a few hints for the next Kootenay Section Pocket Camp: It is vital to reconnoitre the site and access trails beforehand, we took a calculated risk as we had been in the general area before, yet we found we could not place the camp as high as we wanted for lack of a quarter of a mile of trail. Nor did the packer realize that climbers must have a higher camp than hunters. Nevertheless Jim McKay of Invermere, B.C. did a good job at reasonable cost and we can recommend him. The site must also be chosen with accidents in mind. Helicopters can get you to out-of-the-way places, but you are then isolated and neither "egg-beater" nor radio can be depended upon in an emergency. Take boards and nails for a cook tent table, don't forget a saw for firewood and shovel for digging a "John". Trail marking tape is useful; the most vital thing, is, however, to take with you the proper enthusiasm then the camp will surely be the success that the 1967 one was.

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THE SOUTH TO NORTH TRAVERSE OF MOUNTS HAMILL AND LADY GREY

by Gerry Brown

From the instant that Kim Deane, Norm Dougan and myself first saw Mts. Hamill and Lady Grey, from the height of Earl Grey Pass we knew that an attempt on these peaks was a must. With their crevassed glaciers, massive icefalls and rock ribs, these peaks appeared to be a very worthy challenge.

From the vantage point of Earl Grey Pass even the approach to the peaks looked challenging. The Pass and approach glaciers to the peaks are separated by a deep valley with a steep rocky and wooded slope on the Pass side and a near vertical head wall down which three or four waterfalls plummet on the other side. The only possibility of approach from this position point appeared to be a high traverse of the Pass side to meet the Hamill Glacier above the head wall. However, we could not survey the complete route as a high ridge blocked our view and this left us with some doubts.

The next day, Sunday July 23rd, the three of us along with Bob Dean, climbed Mt. Toby via the left side of the east ice fall, up a rock rib that leads to the main south-east ridge. Upon descending the north ridge of Mt. Toby for almost 200 ft., hoping to gain a view of the approach route to Mt. Hamill from Earl Grey Pass, we saw a possible alternate approach route.

Taking a late leave from camp the next day Norm. Dougan and myself with supplies for two days led off for Mts. Hamill and Lady Grey via the alternative approach route. We climbed up to the terminal edge of the Toby Glacier and at this point climbed up the lateral moraine, then over several ice smoothed rock benches to gain the north-east glacier on Mt. Toby. The route from this point as I had viewed it from the summit ridge of Mt. Toby lay across the north-east glacier over the bergschrund on a snow bridge, up a short rock pitch to gain the north ridge of Mt. Toby. Having lost considerable time the day before crossing snow bridges we decided to climb one of the subsidiary peaks of the north ridge hoping to get down the other side. Much to our chagrin the west side of the ridge at this point falls away very steeply and we would gain nothing by descending.

THE SOUTH TO NORTH TRAVERSE OF MTS. HAMILL AND LADY GREY Continued
Kootenay Section Centennial Camp 1967

From our vantage point on the ridge we could now see that the only reasonable route lay as originally planned. We then descended the ridge which involved two steep rappels and gained the glacier filled basin. Traversing south and upwards we gained the snow bridge across the bergschrund. After easily crossing the snow bridge and one and a half rope lengths over loose rock we again reached the north ridge. The time being 6:30 p.m. we quickly descended the long snowfield on the west of the ridge to a flat, wide rock ridge. We continued down the ridge for a quarter of a mile, then a further descent down a steep vegetated slope to a stand of larch where we set up camp.

The following morning Norm. and I were up at four and away from camp at five. We traversed a steep rock and dust slope heading south to gain a very steep snow slope which we descended to the Hamill Glacier. Roping up at this point we ascended the glacier, threading our way through the obvious but scattered crevasses, stopping only to put on crampons when the glacier steepened.

We left the glacier at the point where the rock of the south ridge of Mt. Hamill and the glacier meet. We then climbed together along the ridge for two rope lengths to a point where the ridge narrows. The next three rope lengths were belayed with good climbing on granite with solid holds. On the next rope the slope eased considerably but we encountered a soft crumbly rock that showed up as a light brown band from a distance. This put us on the snow covered summit ridge which we climbed to the summit. We belayed each other to the highest point, which was a snow peak and badly corniced. Time from camp was four hours and fifteen minutes.

After spending half an hour on the summit of Mr. Hamill we started the long, gradual descent over the connecting ridge between Mts. Hamill and Lady Grey. We descended for about 300 yards over well broken rock which became very narrow at times. At this point the ridge was now snow covered and we were presented with a spectacular view along with sound effects of the icefall on the north-east face of Mt. Hamill. Descending along the ridge for about 100 yards brought us to a major obstruction. The way was now blocked by three towers each from 40 to 60 feet high, with very rotten-looking rock. A traverse or ascent on the west of the first tower was out of the question with 1000 feet of exposure and badly shattered rock. The only alternative available was a traverse of two rope lengths on the east of a very steep snow slope until we could reach a short steep rock gully between the first and second towers. Our big concern here was whether the snow would avalanche as our second belay point gave little protection if this should happen.

From the top of the twenty foot rock gully an easy lead of a rope length gained us the second tower. Descending the north side of this tower was not difficult but rather time consuming. The third tower was no problem at all with a short descent on the north side to the ridge which was now wider and snow covered. Our descent to the low point between the two mountains was now unobstructed except for two steep snow

slopes where we exercised some caution. Time from the summit of Mt. Hamill to lowest point on the ridge to Lady Grey was exactly three hours.

Having had our lunch we started the climb of the south ridge of Lady Grey. The hour being 1:00 p.m. and the ridge being well broken we decided to climb unroped to try and make up some time. This decision turned out to be the right one as the rock was white quartzite with a square cleavage which made for good solid holds. We gained the first peak in one and one-quarter hours. We were on the second and higher summit fifteen minutes later.

We now descended Mt. Lady Grey via the south-east ridge over large quartzite blocks and slabs that were very time-consuming, especially since we were now getting a little tired. We climbed down the ridge until it ran into a snow filled couloir (about one-third the distance to the Hamill Glacier). A quick descent of the couloir put us on a small snow field. To get off this snow field a very steep head-wall with crevasses at the bottom had to be descended and much care and attention was used in doing so. The route from this point to the Hamill Glacier lay over open snow slopes, green alps and down a steep lateral moraine. We arrived back at our camp at 7:00 p.m. after a long walk up the Hamill Glacier and a tortuous climb up the steep snow slope which we had so easily descended fourteen hours earlier.

Upon analyzing our traverse of the two peaks the key to our success lay in the fact that most of the crevasses on the Hamill Glacier were either covered in completely or well-bridged with snow. In a year of low snowfall the ascent of the Hamill Glacier might take two to three hours longer. The second key point lies in the fact that, had there been a large bergschrund at the first tower on the ridge (and in a poor snow year there may well be one), we could have spent considerably more time getting over the towers. On the descent of Mt. Lady Grey had the crevasses at the bottom of the steep head wall not been bridged because of the heavy snow load a different route would have needed to be found.

* * * *

THE PURCELLS IN FLOWER

by Phyl Munday

It is always a thrill to visit a new mountain area, and Earl Grey Pass was no exception. This was my first opportunity to visit the area, and I loved every minute of it.

After driving, with Chris Penn, for twenty five miles on a gravel road from Invermere to Silver King Mine, we exchanged cars for horses... or foot. I was lucky enough to ride to camp on an excellent horse in Jim McKay's pack train who was assisted by his young son Bill. The trail was some eleven miles from where we left the cars. The last four miles, or so, were very steep and rough, though for the most part the trail was quite good by Coast Range Standards. The trail varied from pleasant timber, to large slides with lovely views of the mountains. Some of the big avalanche tracks were well overgrown with thick willow, and alder etc.

The valley was rich in many of our familiar flowers, too many to mention here, except for a few. Out of the mossy forest floor came lovely little lady slippers (calypso bulbosa). The beautiful white Queen cup (Clintonia uniflora) standing upright on very slender, hairy stems which will later carry an oblong blue berry. There were several members of the Wintergreen family, the dainty waxy cream-white one flowered wintergreen (pyrola unifolra) with its face hanging down. There were tall pink pyrola, I think it is (asarijolia), and Princess Pine Chimaphila umbellata) with clusters of pink flowers at the top of the stem. It is almost like a small shrub with leathery evergreen leaves.

The lily family was well represented, the most noticeable probably was False Solomon Seal (Smilacina amplexicaulis) tall with handsome terminal clusters of small white flowers. Twisty stalk (streptopus amplexifolius) has branching stems with clasping leaves and under each, on a frail little stem with a twist, hangs a dainty white bell-shape flower. Another flower which intrigues me is the Fairy Bell or Mandarin (Disporum trachycarpum). It has a terminal pair of small white bell-like flowers which later produce round red berries like minute oranges. Space will not allow description of any more flowers along the way. Riding was such fun as the horse "watched" his feet in rough places while I looked for flowers.



THE PURCELLS IN FLOWER Continued

Finally we came out of the timber on the rough trail, on a steep hillside into the big open avalanche track which was to be our home site for the next week. This slide was a real "bear garden" literally FULL of large Cowparsnip (Heracleum lanatum) and yellow giant senecio, grass, false hellebore (veratrum viride) and other plants all as thick as they could be. Most of us had to level out a tent spot before we could pitch them.

The pack horses returned and some of our men went back part way down the trail to bring up more food from the cache left the day before because the horses could not get through the windfalls on the steep hillside.

The food for the whole party was extremely well-planned and with daily menus prepared by Helen Butling before she went to the Yukon. With camp established, and duties arranged for every one (we were a "self service" group) the climbers were away to their peaks each day, and others on various expeditions. They certainly made the most of a week's holiday.

My chief joy, now, when in the mountains, apart from getting as high as possible, and thoroughly enjoying the mountain scenery, is to hunt flowers with my camera. For this I had two very good trips. The first to the moraine and gravel flats of the fast receding Toby glacier. When I first reached the spot on the moraine to get a view I was sad to see the snout of the glacier was away back beyond the line of cliffs cutting across the valley. The flats are too new to have a big display of flowers, though the rough, steep moraine approach at the top of the falls had masses of Butterwort (Pinguicula vulgarus) the little blue violet-like flower with a rosette of pale green, slimy leaves, curled at the edges is partly carniverous. Further along the flats among the small streams, rocks, or sand were flowers choosing their own environment..... so I found the little red mimulus, small plants of false asphodel (Tofieldia glulinosa) which has grass-like leaves. The Water Willow herb (Epilobium latifolium), same family as the Fireweed is trying to establish itself in a few places. There were two small Erigeron, like small daisies, but I do not know which ones they were. The best find was a tiny species of alpine grass-o-parnassus (Parnassia Kotzebuei) a delightful little plant, none too common, which I found also in the Elk Lake area in the Southern Rockies. It was named after a Russian botanist who visited America away back in the eighteen hundreds.

My intention after this enjoyable flower hunt was to follow the switchback trail up to Earl Grey Pass, 1800 feet above camp.

After breakfast the next morning a horse arrived in camp. Bob came to me to say they had got a saddle horse up, would I like to ride to the Pass. I could hardly believe my ears. I love riding in the mountains, so of course I thoroughly enjoyed my ride to the Pass. It was the highlight of my trip. (What I didn't know then was that Bob had got up early and had sped down to the packer to ask for a saddle horse.) I still cannot express my feelings adequately.

THE PURCELLS IN FLOWER Continued

The ride to the pass was superb, on a steep narrow trail with more and more of the high country revealing itself. I will never forget the last switchback of the trail as it reached the pass. Being up on a horse I could see far more than on foot. As we came up over the edge of the pass with its big snow patch, there ahead of us framed by beautiful larches was Mt. Hamill, a most lovely glacier peak with shining icefalls, beside was the full view of Mt. Lady Grey a fine peak of snow and rock. The drainage from the small glacier between the two peaks and all the ice and snow fell off in a large waterfall to Hamill creek far below.

I went up the heather slope for a short distance, then pushed my way through the low, tough branches of alpine fir to a big rockslide, which I climbed for some distance for a higher, better view. It was lovely. I was later joined by several others and there we sat in the peace and quiet of the hills, watching the cloud shadows playing across the face of Hamill, and below us a busy little pika. Away above us an eagle gracefully swayed about on the air currents, and right beside us a humming-bird hovered for some time.

There was quite a good collection of flowers along the trail to the pass. In a few places snow had not long since gone. The ground looked like eary spring with small, dainty yellow Avalanche lilies, blue Violets, Spring Beauty (Claytonia lanceolata), Swamp-laurel (Kalmia Polifolia) and many others all revelling in the moisture. Above, chiefly among the rocks was white and red heather, lovely cushions of pink moss campion (Silene acaulis), several saxifrage, the best and least common was the beautiful cushion of deep pink (saxifraga appositifolia). This plant, no matter how small, should never be taken from its native home. It does not transplant well except on very rare occasions.

The last day in camp I spent roaming to see flowers closer in, especially in a little glade near camp. There were tall mauve fleabane (Erigeron ?), tall white valerian (Valerina stichensis), blue lupin, brilliant paintbrush, deep mauve phacelia (sericea), bush honeysuckle and many others. There certainly were flowers but not in sweeping alpine meadows.

All too soon the wonderful week came to an end. No wonder we were reluctant to leave, but it left lasting and pleasant memories of a well-planned happy camp....good trips, jolly campfires, and sunny skies.

The Kootenay Section people are good organizers, most energetic and best of all GOOD companions.

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THE LURE OF LONELINESS

by Graham Kenyon

A climbing camp is generally thought of as an occasion for good companionship and for the assault of high mountain peaks; and generally this is true. But also for those who wish there is the opportunity to be alone, to fully absorb the beauty and peace of the high country.

Mountains and wilderness are different things to different people. Only very occasionally can an exceptional writer or artist express his feelings for the mountains in such a way that others can experience the same emotions. The emotions: awe, wonder, admiration, surprise...maybe even fear, are personal feelings, varying between individuals and able to be suppressed or amplified according to circumstances. When a person is alone his emotions are at a higher pitch, and I believe it is under these circumstances that his senses are fully attuned to all that the mountains have to offer.

Of the many trips I have made, those taken alone are the ones which stand out in my memory. None were spectacular in the accepted sense of the word, but each consisted of a series of experiences so completely absorbed that scenes can be recalled to mind as clearly as a photographic print.

My hike along the east ridge above Toby Glacier was one such trip.

There were frequent distractions from the exertions of boulder hopping across the glacial moraine. Flowers were everywhere - splashes of colour amongst the gray rock. The rocks themselves occasionally glinted when a patch of pyrite caught the sunlight. Clear water streams tumbled down the valley slopes to mingle with the milky-gray waters of Toby Creek which only minutes before had emerged from the cold darkness deep beneath the glacial ice.

High on the western ridge patches of white caught my eye - not white enough for snow yet too white for rock. Through glasses I saw the goats, four adults and three young, all intently watching the tiny figure who was now peering back up at them. When the figure didn't move they turned away, continuing their cautious trek across the slope, pausing frequently to inspect the man now reclining on his back in order to more comfortably observe their progress.

Later in the week I would wade across Toby Creek, experiencing the physical torture inflicted by the ice water. This time I had more sense, taking the less expedient but infinitely more comfortable route across the snout of the glacier. Melted water streamed down over the surface of the ice laced with a myriad of channels cut by the gurgling, bustling water. It was stimulating to see and hear so much activity as I crunched over the ice - and strangely quiet when I stepped on to the soft sand bordering the glacier.

The bluff facing me had obviously at one time been submerged under the ice. Although strewn with rounded stones, fine gravel and other glacial debris, the basic rock structure was massive and solid. The brown surface had the texture of sandpaper and it was a real pleasure to scramble up the innumerable firm holds from one pebble strewn bench to the next.

About half way up I met my mountain goat. Obviously just as surprised and as curious as I, he stared down at me while I stared back, neither of us knowing quite what to do next. The click of my camera left him completely unmoved, so I very slowly advanced towards him. He watched me in a rather disinterested fashion for several minutes, then to my amazement he ambled down the slope towards me. He paused to inspect me a couple of times, then climbed out on a ledge overlooking the glacier. The pose was perfect: the goat, less than thirty feet away, gazing down into the valley, backed by the snow-capped skyline of the Purcells. I had time for another photograph before he became bored with the whole business and trotted over the crest of the ridge. When I reached there moments later he had disappeared.

The meadows above the bluff were truly beautiful. Patches of snow still remained in the hollows, reservoirs of moisture for the carpet of springy turf freckled with brightly coloured flowers. A well travelled goat trail meandered between occasional clumps of gnarled old conifers dwarfed to three or four feet high by the harsh climate on this high exposed ridge. A single cold ptarmigan's egg nestled in a hollow between clumps of heather, surrounded by broken shells discarded by the survivors of the brood. A mountain tarn caught the sunlight, the clear cold water a mirror to the distant peaks. How exhilarating to tramp across this delightful landscape, to wonder at the magnificence of the surrounding mountains, to revel in what Robert Service called: "The Freshness, the Freedom and the Farness."

I had lunch on the saddle between the rising shoulders of the ridge. Spread out literally below my feet was the awe inspiring panorama of the South Toby Valley. The eastern slopes of the ridge are extremely precipitous, falling steeply away to the winding path of the creek over 3000 feet below. Directly under my lookout were two lakes of translucent turquoise, startling in their loveliness. Beyond the creek the eye swept up the opposite slope, tracing out the paths of long gone avalanches,..

up to timberline and beyond to the bare wind-swept ridge: a distant foreground to an endless procession of blurring peaks disappearing in the afternoon haze.

Lunch over and now almost reluctantly to the business of climbing up the southerly heights of the ridge. A steepish snow slope led up from the saddle, requiring occasional chopping with the axe where channels of ice encrusted the snow. Above the snow, a steady plod up a surprisingly well-compacted boulder slope: surprising because every other rock pile in the area fitted Kim Deane's description as a "Viet Cong Minefield".

I by-passed a couple of unhealthy looking crevices and scrambled along the spine of the ridge to the top - rather cautiously because of the proximity of nothing a few feet to the left! My 'summit' was, I discovered, superceded by another about a half mile further along. Taking a most un-mountaineer-like view of the situation I enjoyed a half hour of delightful relaxation, completely ignoring the additional thirty feet of elevation towering above me! 9200 feet, I reasoned, was quite respectable enough for one day.

To be alone on a mountain top is an inspiring experience. Somehow the atmosphere is quite different. The silence is a tangible thing, intruding into one's conscience as surely as the rumble of thunder. The silence and the emptiness: no sound, no people. Just oneself sitting on top of the world. A microscopic being on a tiny mountain on a small world in an infinite universe.

The worldly factor of time intruded as always, and I left the ridge via a long snow slope dipping down towards the glacier. The run-cum-glissade was exhilarating and quickly brought me down to the meadows again. For a change, and for the sheer pleasure of walking across the springy turf, I took a slightly longer route veering to the left around the lake and heading towards the second rock bluff from the end of the glacier. The rock here was completely different from the other bluff I had climbed in the morning. It was a dirty white colour, seamed with what appeared to be quartz. The surface was incredibly rough. It was possible to walk down any slab to the point of overbalancing with no fear of boots slipping. The slag-like seams projected up to three inches from the base rock and provided innumerable holds; tremendous for rubber soled boots, but painful to fingers!

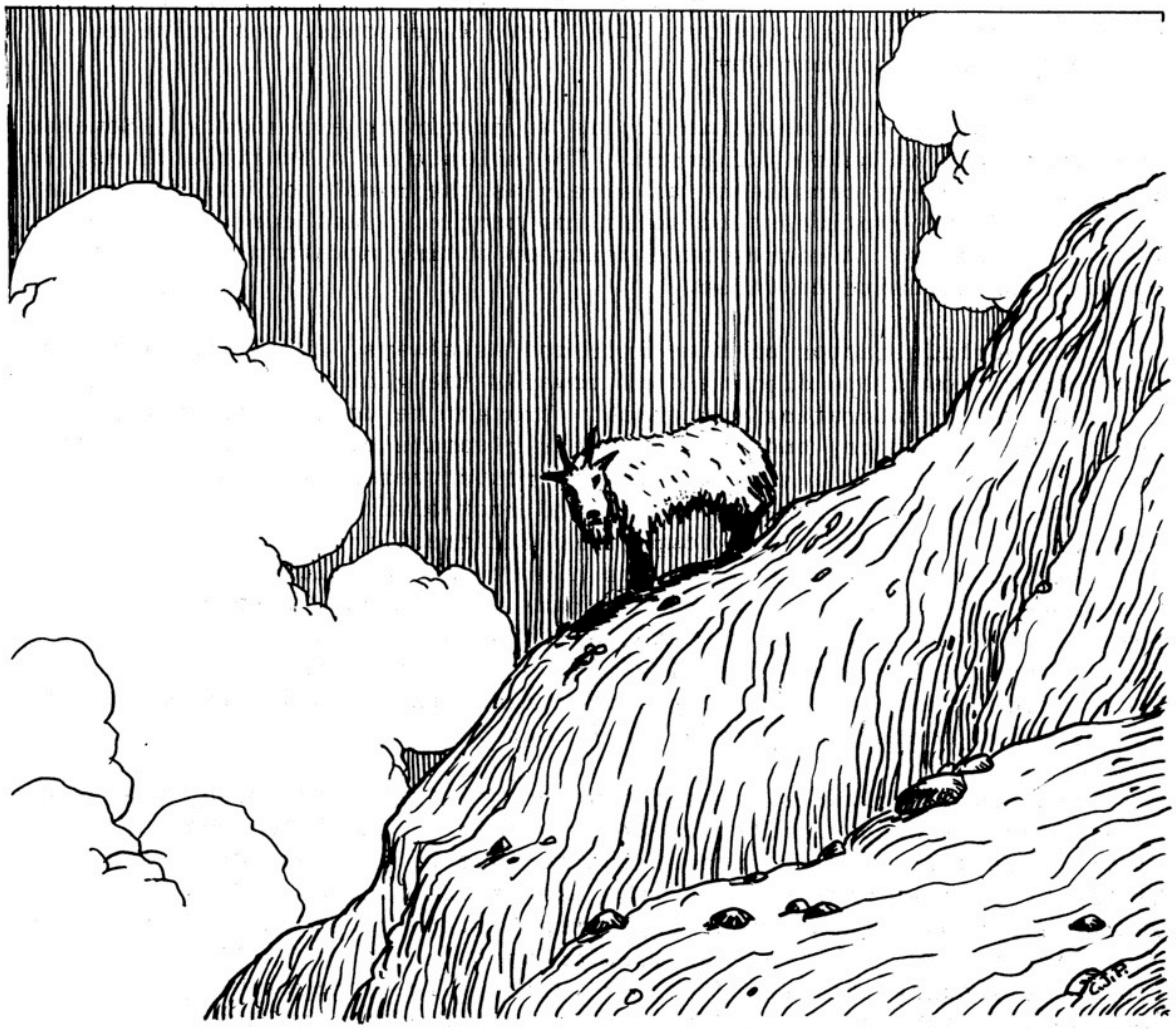
Back on the glacier again the water still streamed down, the volume considerably increased after a day's sunshine. The life-blood of the glacier was draining away across the surface of its own dying body. Little by little, year by year, the ice is diminishing. On a hot summer's day maybe centuries hence, the last patch of ice will dissolve and trickle away. The lone climber of that future age will stand on the ridge overlooking the deep U-shaped valley. The topography and piles of moraine will tell him that a glacier once filled the valley between the steep slopes of Katherine and Griswold, and the towering magnificence of

THE LURE OF LONELINESS Continued

Mt. Toby. He will wonder how it was in those long ago days, straining his imagination to picture this dry silent valley filled with a solid river of ice crushing and grinding in the frigid darkness, shaping the contours now exposed beneath him. Perhaps he will shrug his shoulders and smile to himself: "How they must have wondered what was under all that ice!"

Changes in the mountains are so slow that all succeeding generations can do is wonder how it was or how it will be. But when one is alone; when shadows are darkening the valleys below the still bright peaks; the air is still and the hush of evening rolls up the mountain slopes: then to wonder is usually enough.

* * * * *



IN HAMILL CREEK THERE IS A SWAMP

Perpetrated by Paul Fenger

(Tune: In Plymouth Town There Lived a Maid)

In Hamill Creek there is a Swamp, bless you, Oh Climbers,
In Hamill Creek there is a Swamp, now mark what I do say,
In Hamill Creek there is a Swamp, and she is Mistress of that Dump.
I'll go no more a-hiking thru' you, Vile Swamp,
A-hiking, a-hiking, since hiking's been my ruining,
I'll go no more a-hiking thru' you, Vile Swamp.

Then three brave lads got an idea, bless you, etc, etc.
To conquer her, the Poor, Old Dear,
I'll go no more a-hiking thru' you Vile Swamp,
Chorus: A-hiking, a-hiking etc, etc.

- They studied this in great detail,
  and made quite sure they could not fail.
- Their packs they weighed but three pounds net,
  complete with Rum and Mosquito Net.
- The three brave lads set out at last,
  but did not progress very fast.
- The first day it went really fine,
  the Swampy Mistress she was kind.
- The second day was not so good,
  'twas something no one understood.
- The third day was a wicked one,
  in fact it was not a bit of fun.
- On the fourth the trip was at its peak,
  'twas the day that Miller fell in the creek.
- On the fifth the food was getting sparse,
  and Mike Stewart he lost his cigars.
- On the sixth day gloom was just ahead,
  all they had left was a crust of bread.
- The seventh day was the usual type,
  'twas the day that Leo broke his pipe.
- On the eighth of days good fortune smiles,
  They had nearly covered twenty miles.
- At last Argenta was exposed,
  But all the Beer Parlours were closed.

* * *

CROSSING THE PURCELLS

by Leo Gansner

Leaving the Kootenay Section's centennial campsite on Toby Creek on Friday morning, July 28th, we soon reached the Earl Grey Pass at an elevation of 7400 feet. Miller Mason and I had often contemplated travelling the length of Hamill Creek; fortunately, Mike Stewart was persuaded to join us on the expedition to Kootenay Lake; not only was he more knowledgeable in the woods than either of us but he was in much better condition than were we "office types."

We stopped in the pass for a brief glance at the awesome Hamill glacier directly opposite us. At its foot we could see several streams as they began their drop of over 2000 feet to the beginning of Hamill Creek on the valley floor below us. Our route from the pass descended gradually toward the creek and as the timber became heavier we encountered more and more windfalls. After travelling for four or five miles we reached the stream at an elevation of about 5000 feet. Up to this point the trail was in fair condition, as it had been kept cleared by our packer Jim McKay who, with his horses, we had left at the Section Camp. We crossed the creek by picking our way over a log jam. It was covered high with tree trunks, probably recently deposited there, since none of their branches had broken or become worn off. Upon reaching the true left side we shortly came to one of the campsites used by McKay and his hunting parties.

Ahead of us were several miles of meadows following the creek bottom. It was in this vicinity that the stream altered its course, swinging in a long arc from a northerly to a westerly direction. In an effort to avoid what Paul Fenger in his ballad had described as "the vile swamp" and in the hope of finding a trail on higher ground we picked a route leading in a south-westerly direction and soon found ourselves in a succession of small, flat, dry meadows. They were covered with sparse grass and the flowers of wild strawberries, creeping raspberries and bunchberries. These meadows were picketed by stems of hundreds of the White Rein orchids, each carrying perhaps a dozen or more pure white blooms. After retracing our steps through these fields we managed to find the trail we were looking for. It was almost obliterated but there were old blazes on nearby trees which helped to keep us on our course. Soon we began to notice occasional elk tracks.

CROSSING THE PURCELLS Continued

These became more numerous and by parting the devil's club and other undergrowth ahead, we could find a well-worn trail. Had it not been for the elk we might have had difficulty in finding our way around the swamp. Some distance beyond we came to a body of water known to Jim McKay as Char Lake. It was fringed with large reeds and among them stood an elk.

I am told while small numbers of elk are known to have subsisted on the western slopes of the Purcells since the 'eighties, that about forty head were introduced into the Lardeau valley by the Game Branch some twenty years ago. The animal we saw was probably one of their descendants.

Maps currently issued by the Provincial Government do not show any trail along the stream. We, however, had Map No. 4F of the Lardeau area published in 1947 by the Provincial Government which showed the old trail as it crossed from one side of Hamill Creek to another. We made good time from Char Lake on and began to look for a south-north crossing shown on our map. We found a small log-jam over a wide, shallow part of the stream at about the place indicated. We carried on through some alder-covered water-courses, patches of false helebore, nettles and other weeds and then continued down a fairly comfortable trail on the north side, well above the creek.

After travelling through numerous patches of devil's club, we discovered a small, dry meadow where we had a cold evening meal. We continued somewhat longer and stopped just before dark in a well-timbered grove. Here we noticed that the valley, unlike that of Toby Creek, was almost free of mosquitoes. We estimated that we had travelled at least ten miles from the pass.

On Saturday morning we hiked until reaching a very small stream where we enjoyed a breakfast consisting in part of Danish bacom with slices of bread soaked in delicious, hot grease. From here the trail became rougher and more difficult to follow and after some time we reached a place above the rushing creek where there were a number of tree stumps indicating that there had previously been a crossing there. Understandably, the old-timers had selected the trunks which were largest and closest to the water. The top of the first tree we dropped reached barely beyond the far shore and in the twinkling of an eye it was carried downstream and out of sight. While other trees were being cut, one of our party scrambled over the rough ground on the north side and discovered two logs side by side about a hundred yards downstream. These afforded us a comfortable crossing and brought us back on to the old trail. Continuing downstream we could see high above us to our left the snowfields surrounding Truce and Cauldron peaks, both of which are somewhat higher than either Mount Toby or Hamill.

CROSSING THE PURCELLS Continued

From time to time we travelled through beautiful groves of timber several hundred years old, the ground being covered with moss and occasional devil's club. The sun streaming through here and there highlighted the remnants of the pack trail over which Earl Grey had travelled nearly sixty years before. Originally, it had been about four feet wide and grubbed out where necessary. Lying on each side of the trail were mossy, decaying windfalls which had been hand-sawn by the trail-builders of an earlier generation. Sections about six feet long had been cut out of each windfall and were lying nearby. The exhilaration of striding along this ancient trail was often short-lived as suddenly all traces of it would disappear. Sometimes old tree blazes would lead us over windfalls and through underbrush and the trail would be found again. More often than not we would scramble, stumble and fight out way through alders, devil's club, scrub maple and weeds unable to find any trace of a trail but gradually working our way downstream. In one more open spot, we found on the blaze of a large cedar tree the signature of Malcolm Brandon of Gerrard, B.C., dated 1926. By evening, in spite of our best efforts, we had not travelled more than four miles. However, our lack of progress was compensated for by the beauty of our camp situated on the edge of an unnamed mountain torrent hurrying to join the main creek. We spread our sleeping bags on deep moss surrounded by large trees, most of them from three to four feet in diameter.

We had been fortunate in obtaining the loan of aerial photographs of the Hamill Creek watershed from Kootenay Forest Products, prepared about ten years before by Photographic Surveys (Western) Ltd. They were of assistance in relating our progress on the ground vis-a-vis creeks and mountains shown on our maps.

On Sunday morning we crossed first to the north side of Hamill over a very solid log, and returned somewhat later over a large outspread log jam. These crossings were situated in the approximate locations indicated by our 1947 map. We made rather better progress in the afternoon as we continued down the south side of the stream to McLoughlin Creek which we reached at the end of a long day. Some time before we had crossed a creek, the bed of which had been washed out in recent years leaving a long gash down the mountainside at least fifty feet wide and twenty feet deep. McLoughlin Creek was at the edge of an old burn extending westerly as far as Clint Creek. Thimbleberries, nettles, false helebore, fireweed and other growth including a light gold-coloured spirea grew more than head high on each side of the stream. Since we were unable to find an open spot for our sleeping bags on the far side of the creek, we retraced our steps in the dark to find a sheltered place under the trees upstream. We had travelled perhaps seven or eight miles that day.

CROSSING THE PURCELLS Continued

On Monday morning we spent some frustrating hours struggling through weeds, scrub and hemlock thickets; underfoot the ground was rocky, uneven and littered with windfalls. It was obvious that the fire which had laid the area waste years before had destroyed the trail shown on our map and that no effort had been made to rebuild it on our side of the main stream. Hamill Creek here was in reality a strong-running river with few natural crossings. At about eleven o'clock we found a wet cottonwood log lying rather close to the water on our side. Mike ventured over this and reported finding a fair trail on the north side. Miller and I managed to cross the log but had it not been for Mike, we, as well as our packs might have remained on the south side of the stream. We celebrated the successful crossing by brewing a billy of tea. Continuing down the north side we found the trail in good condition with evidence of clearing and brushing having been done by the Forest Branch in recent years. About a couple of miles further on we missed the cable-car crossing of Hamill creek, which is near the junction of Clint creek and found ourselves negotiating a series of clay cliffs or slides. The trail in these places had sloughed away and on one of these slopes, appropriately enough, we met a mountain goat and her small kid. I am told that it is not unusual to find goats at this time of year in this particular area, well over a thousand feet above Kootenay Lake.

As the trail we were following climbed to perhaps fifteen hundred feet above the creek, it became apparent that it had not been travelled over for many years. Even more disconcerting was the number of descents which were made only to climb higher and higher. Knowing we were expected in Argenta that evening, we kept pressing on. From time to time we lost the trail but eventually it widened and started dropping on a uniform grade toward the canyon leading to the creek mouth. The trail here was littered with small windfalls. A welcome switchback led us back in an upstream direction and by about 6:00 o'clock we found ourselves on a tree-lined "carriage road" at least ten feet wide, almost perfectly level and covered from side to side with a carpet of undisturbed green moss. We followed this upstream for a mile or two at the most, rounded a bend and there before us was a suspension bridge about eight feet in width. We came over it safely though the far end was less secure than first appearance had indicated.

We soon encountered a steep path on our right which, as Mike correctly surmised was a short-cut which enabled us to join the trail to Argenta. This is the trail we would have followed had we found the cable-car crossing further upstream. A climb of about a thousand feet brought us to a height of land where we made our first stop after crossing the cottonwood log nearly eight hours before. As we rested there we concluded that we had climbed more on that day than on our climb up Mount Toby five days earlier. A mile and a half of excellent logging road led us down to the edge of the settlement above Argenta. Forgetting our tiredness and sore feet we lengthened our strides and soon found Gerry Lee's car.

CROSSING THE PURCELLS Continued

Here, we learned that he and Helen Butling had come up earlier in the day to meet us. It was well after eight o'clock and a few minutes later we were delighted to see Helen and Gerry who by this time had assumed we would not be out until the following day.

Since we had gone considerably out of our way downstream I should think we covered about twelve miles on our last day. We had travelled altogether almost thirty-five miles from the Earl Grey Pass. After a quick look at the Duncan Dam we stopped in Kaslo for a hamburger and coffee on our way back to Nelson.

The pleasure of our trip was heightened by a reading of Earl Grey's "eulogium" contained in a letter to Sir Richard McBride, the premier of British Columbia, following the former's journey in October 1908 over the Argenta-Windermere Trail. It is planned to have this letter published in this issue of the Karabiner, hopefully with a resumé of known crossings made in recent years from the East to the West Kootenays and vice versa.

* * * * *



RETURN

Of a communication addressed by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to the Hon. Richard McBride, with reference to His Excellency's visit to the Province of British Columbia in the year 1908.

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Premier.

Premier's Office,
February 8th, 1909.

Ottawa, October 18th, 1908.

Dear Mr. McBride, -

I have just returned to Ottawa from my trip to the West, and my first letter must be one of thanks to you for the gift from your beautiful Province of one of the most delightful holidays I have ever enjoyed, since I first began to enjoy holidays, nearly fifty years ago.

After a week's contemplation of the happy future awaiting your orchard country, I decided to follow the advice of Mr. Oliver, of Proctor, a genuine lover of the mountains, and to try the trail from Kootenay Lake to the Columbia River.

We left Argenta on the morning of October 4th, the trail passing along the edge of a deep and precipitous canyon of great beauty, through a fine cedar forest. We remained for the night in a camp which had been prepared for us, four miles short of the summit. The views from this well timbered and sheltered camp, on a flat in the lap of the mountains, surrounded by snow-covered peaks, were so beautiful that I much regretted I had not time to remain there and explore.

The trail from Argenta to this camp, about 20 miles, was good; some of the bridges, however, required attention, and one long stretch of corduroy contains many rotten planks. I was fortunate in passing my horses over it without either breaking their legs or getting bogged. A trifling expenditure would remedy these defects.

From the summit easterly, down Toby Creek,.....the number of trees requiring the axe were more than we could chop, so we unpacked the horses and sent them back, and shouldering our blankets and much food as.....(illegible here)

If the trail had been opened by the Government this spring, as I had been informed, it was my intention to ride along the trail to the end of the waggon road up Toby Creek, and to have driven thence to Windermere. We were however, obliged to walk, and this necessitated our camping at Davis Cabin, about half-way between the summit and the head of the waggon road. Again, I found the surroundings of this camp so beautiful that I regretted I could not remain there for days, instead of hours.

RETURN (Continued)

Next morning we proceeded on our tramp down the trail till the head of the waggon road was reached at 12:45. Here we found a comfortable but tenantless camp, in which we made ourselves at home, helping ourselves freely to a good meal out of inviting and unprotected stores..... the owner of the Camp, Mr. Barbour.....arrived,.....when I apologised to him for having made ourselves at home in his absence, he replied with a broad smile that we were most welcome; that such was the way of the country; and that he would do the same by us when he struck our camp in our absence.

I have dictated the above in full detail to you as I understand the newspapers have had sensational reports in big headlines of perils encountered by me in your snowy mountains. There is no truth whatsoever in these statements. I and the other members of my party enjoyed every minute of our walk. We often stopped to admire the beauty of the snowy summits. That was the only hindrance offered by the snow to our progress. The road the whole way from Argenta to Windermere was a continuous and delightful surprise to me. I am convinced that if this route were made accessible to tourists, and the steps taken to advertise its attractions, you would bring to this part of your Province a steadily increasing stream of visitors and settlers. I am already considering whether it may not be possible for me to bring Lady Grey and my daughters to a camp at Toby Creek next year. There is nothing that I should enjoy more than to remain there three weeks or a month.

If I am able to realise this plan I shall hope to receive you as a guest in my camp during my stay. I believe you would agree with me that the scenery between the summit and Windermere is as attractive as can be found in any part of the Rockies. The two magnificent glaciers, seen at close distance, from the summit of the Argenta-Windermere trail, present, with the beautiful valley of Toby Creek, stretching away into the purple distance of the Rockies, one of the most beautiful views that I have ever seen.

The cedar forests through which the trail passes, from Argenta to the summit, are in themselves well worth seeing, and I sincerely hope it may be possible for your Government to save them from destruction.

I have been to the Yellowstone Park and do not hesitate to say that the area to which I have referred is more grand, more varied and attractive.

I understand my party is the first pleasure party which has made use of the Argenta-Windermere trail. I am confident that if this trail is made known and accessible to tourists, it will be made use of each year by an increasing member of people in search of rest, health, beauty and recreation, viz.: artist, sportsmen, botanists, geologists, forest lovers and mountaineers. To secure this, the first necessity would appear to be the taking of the necessary steps to prevent the trees from being cut or burned. It would also be desirable to prohibit the killing of all birds and any but dangerous, destructive animals, such as mountain lions and silver-tips; so that this area might combine the purposes of a Game Preserve as well as of a National Park.

RETURN (Continued)

I sincerely hope you may be able to make this area into a National Park. A log chalet, four miles on each side of the summit, for cooking and dining, surrounded by a number of single and two-bed huts and tepees, where parties could keep their privacy while getting their meals at the central chalet, could be built at trifling cost, and these arrangements repeated at intervals along the Toby Creek slope. Mr. Oliver believes they could be made even profitable from the start.

Now I know how difficult it is for Prime Ministers, however powerful, to obtain appropriations for a new purpose, ... I think that perhaps the best way in which I can help you is if I settle now to make a camp there next year, and I am accordingly instructing Mr. Oliver to make ready for me, by September 1st next, a camp on a spot I have selected at a cost not to exceed $500.....

I will ask you to regard this action as my contribution towards the establishment of a National Park.

I am sorry to say that at the lower end of the Toby Creek waggon road the timber of a whole mountain side has been destroyed with the result that there is a huge blot upon an otherwise lovely landscape. This was the work, 20 years ago, of a prospector named Morrison, who fired the hill, from top to bottom, in his anger and disappointment at not finding any paying minerals. The fire overtook him and he was only saved from the fate he deserved by lying two days in the creek. I am told that he afterwards boasted in public that he had "burned the whole damned country to hell".

Fortunately, the change of sentiment on matters relating to forests is such that no one would make such a boast now with impunity.

It is estimated that the tide of tourist travel in Switzerland leaves behind in its wake annually the huge sum of $200,000,000. It is in the power of your people to divert a large portion of this enriching tide from Switzerland to British Columbia.

(signed) GREY.

NOTES ON CROSSINGS OF THE PURCELLS

by C.J. Penn

The foregoing letter describes the celebrated crossing of the Purcells in 1908 by Earl Grey, then Governor General of Canada. Even then the trail was deteriorating. It would interest me greatly to know when this Pass and Jumbo Pass just to the north were built, by whom and why, and for how long they were used.

Leo Gansner, who gave us the copy of Earl Grey's Letter, told me of several other crossings of the Purcells in the early thirties. He also remarked that the surest way of finding out about other crossings would be to publish a "complete" list and await the response.

Sandy Bladworth then of Nelson, now in Victoria traversed the Purcells around 1928, up Hamill Cr. and down Toby, alone. He looked in vain for Earl Grey's cabin on the Pass (it was far below, eastwards) and had to spend the night out. He drank glacier water and got a stomach-ache from it.

Earlier (I think Leo said) a man from Alberta tried to bring 20 horses over Earl Grey Pass to Argenta but lost his nerve in Hamill Cr. which was already overgrown, abandoned the horses and retreated. A man from the Lardeau (Red Mc Cleod?) went up and managed to get the horses, sold some and then had to give the rest back to the owner who came and reclaimed them.

Leo himself with Sandy Bladworth and others tried to cross from Howser Cr. to Horsethief in about 1932. Slim Hadfield, a trapper there, said to take the fork up Rory Cr. but they missed it and were turned back by cliffs at the head of Howser. They then had too little food to try Rory.

Another man, Leo recalled, also tried to bring horses over, either via Horsethief to Howser or by Jumbo Pass to Glacier Cr. I cannot remember which Leo said. On thinking afterwards, I wonder if this could have been Dr. Longstaff in 1910, who came over from Bugaboo Cr. to Howser Cr. and had to send the horses back and complete the crossing without them?

From Leo's fund of good yarns came one of a Lardeau trapper who shot holes in his neighbours's cabin roof, because he was not invited to a party going on inside! Only the fact that the holes were in a neat row, showing they were not "wild", enabled his counsel to get him off a quite serious charge. Leo also described how meticulously clean

NOTES ON CROSSINGS OF THE PURCELLS Continued:

the trapper kept the small cabins along his trap line; so smooth were the earth floors that he must have gone out backwards brushing the floor as he went!

The more recent crossings of the Purcell Mountains are as follows. Win Churchill, a Kootenay Section founding member, and "Judge" Plewman of Rossland went up Fry Creek, climbing Mt Tyrell on the way and descended St. Marys River to Kimberley sometime in the forties. (See "Karabiner" Vol 4) Vitus Germann who lived in Nelson is reported by Rick Askew as having crossed via Howser and Rory Creeks to the ACC Camp in Bugaboo Cr. in 1959. The Mount Pambrun expedition crossed from Toby Cr. South Fork, via a pass which they named "Grandmother Pass" to a branch of Carney Cr. which they named "Monday Creek" in 1964 (See "Karabiner" Vol 2) Finally Leo Gansner and party crossed Earl Grey Pass to Argenta in 1967 (See "Crossing the Purcells", this issue of the "Karabiner"). A lady and gentleman at our slide show in Trail last month - I regret I have lost their name - mentioned a report in the Calgary Herald a few years ago of another recent crossing. Two girls joined a married couple and took horses over from the east side, by what route my reporters were not sure. That they succeeded with horses makes the route worth knowing, but I wonder if they just rode over the power line jeep road from Kimberley to Gray Creek at the Southern end of the range. Possibly Rose Pass, a little to the north is also usable by horses. This anyway is the complete list of recent crossings of the Purcell Mountains.

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SECTION 4

Other Expeditions

INTRODUCTION

In addition to the Centennial projects described in the foregoing pages, the Kootenay Section's members were active in all sorts of other climbs and excursions, despite the hindrances of the heavy snow in the earlier and forest closure due to fire hazard in the later part of the season.

Moreover, more members than usual were kind enough to send us stories of their adventures. As I mentioned in the Editorial, sheer lack of space has forced us, for the first time, to hold over several of the last articles to arrive for the Spring 1968 issue of the "Karabiner". These include the winter ascent of the north face of Old Glory, some climbing in the Bugaboos, a truly hair-raising ascent of a Scottish gully in drenching conditions, and a climber's wife's feelings about being the "Eternal Second".

The stories in this Section are therefore representative of our members other activities but by no means comprehensive.

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Notes & Winter Schedule

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KING TUT'S COUCH

by Bob Dean

King Tut's Couch, the local name for the peak in the Valhalla Range, 3½ miles at a true bearing of 338° from Gladsheim is clearly distinguishable from Cape Horn. I had hoped that during the summer holiday it would be possible to make a trip there but the forestry closure prevented this, hence on Saturday September 16th, 1967 Frank Nixon and I, together with his dog, drove up the Gwillim Creek road as far as the first crossing, parked the car at 10:00 a.m., used the fallen tree just upstream to get over the creek and headed along the trail. We had no need for haste - our target for the day was a camp on the ridge at 6,300 ft. just north-east of the road end (as shown on the map). After a leisurely hike past old cabins we filled our extra large water containers and at 1:00 p.m. left the now very questionable trail and started to climb. Half way up to the ridge there is quite a brush-filled basin and we arrived here at 3:00 p.m. in the blazing sun. I felt very fatigued and was in favour of camping right there: Frank went a little higher up in search of shade and a campsite. Shortly before 4:00 p.m., feeling somewhat revived, I set off upward. Fortunately we were able to stay most of the time in the shade and finally made the ridge at 4:45 p.m. both of us feeling very "pooped". Frank lit a fire and made his supper: I relaxed on my bed and enjoyed some cold mush (imitation Birchermuesli). At 6:45 p.m. we saw a plane come out of Evan's lake which was just out of sight and nearly an hour later we saw it again make a trip in and back out. We retired for the night. I slept well but Frank did not do much better than doze.

In the morning we were a little late getting away, leaving at 6:40 a.m. The ridge we were on turned out to be much rougher going than we had anticipated. We took over an hour to get to the first col and then after that just lost count. We did not finally begin to gain elevation until between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock when, after skirting a large rocky peak on our left we headed straight for target. Our ridge campsite had been a dry one but now we began to find pleasant little creeks and then several lakes set in most beautiful surroundings. It was a wonderful area but we were short of time and had to keep on going. At 11:15 a.m. we stopped for lunch at a lake just under the peak and then, after 15 minutes, leaving all non-essentials behind we started up again. Our route led up through the gulley between the peak and the lower eastern portion, and we reached the summit at 12:10 p.m.

KING TUT'S COUCH Continued

From the summit we had a good view across the high land westward where $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant we could see a higher peak than ours - perhaps it could be called "King Tut". Beyond and slightly to the right of "King Tut" Woden Peak was clearly visible. (From the map it would seem that Woden offers an interesting route into this area.)

We took a few photographs and left our names in a can which we had brought and after 20 minutes started back, at first making very good time. Rather than reclimb all the ups and downs of the ridge we kept on the north side about 500 ft. below and used some rockslides to make the going easier. Finally we climbed back on to the ridge where I suddenly burst a heel blister. After climbing two more ridge peaks of 300 ft. or more we arrived at camp 5:00 p.m. By now Frank's boots were deteriorating rapidly so he tied a pair of socks over his boots. By 8:00 p.m. it was dark and it came to Ted's (the dog's) turn to lead. We arrived at the creek crossing at 8:30 p.m. and Frank went ahead to the car without his pack and returned with the flashlight. After reaching the car we prepared to partake of the apple juice that had been left in the creek - what a disappointment to find someone had put a bullet through the can - no doubt thinking it to be empty.

It was an interesting trip but we were short of time, many hours had to be spent getting into this area but it was a very beautiful one and someday I hope to get back there.

* * * *

ATHABASKA PASS (ALMOST)

by John Mansbridge*

Athabaska Pass is nowhere near Lake Athabaska and is only remotely in the area served by the Athabaska River. It is on the Alberta-B.C. border between Mounts Brown and Hooker, forty miles south west of Jasper. It has an interesting history and was for 300 years the main pass through the Canadian Rockies. Marshall Sprague in his book "The Great Gates"; the story of the Rocky Mountain Passes, has recorded the history of this and other passes much better than I could so you can read the history for yourself in this book, which may be borrowed by anyone from the Selkirk College Library.

It is hard to describe the enthusiasm with which John Brechenridge and I made up our packs in Jasper. It was raining hard and had been for the last month. It was Monday morning as we headed south from Jasper, turning off on the old No. 93 highway and continuing about six miles south of the Mt. Edith Cavell turn-off, where we hit a forestry access road. The gate was open and five or six miles up this road we hit Moab Lake and a second gate which was closed. We parked the car and with our hiking permit (obtained from Mt. Kerkeslin Warden's Hut) grasped in our sweaty hands, our packs on our backs we headed up the road toward Athabaska Pass.

Like all trails which go anywhere this trail gets progressively less distinct as the miles go by. I was going to say progressively worse but really I suppose if a person wanted to hike on a really "good" trail the best would probably be the Trans-Canada Highway!

Once off the forestry road the feeling of being enveloped by nature really hit us. The bush lasted several miles with a brief respite at Simon Creek where the area warden has been building a wonderful bridge over the raging creek. This place must be the mosquito capital of Canada so we pushed on by an old lumber camp to the Warden's cabin at the Forks, three miles from Simon Creek and seven from the forestry road. Here at the Forks the Middle Whirlpool River branches off from the main stream of the Whirlpool River. The Whirlpool Pass 5936' is twelve miles west of here with not a bad trail for the first few miles. The Athabaska trail follows the main branch of the bubbling (but as far as we could see Whirlpool-less) river to the pass twenty-two miles distant.

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*John is Librarian to the Selkirk College

ATHABASKA PASS (almost) Continued

We camped that night on a spit of land extending into the river. I would like to say that we rose early but that was not really the case; after all this was a holiday and with the mountains in the east the sun did not hit our camp until after 7:00 a.m.

On the trail once again we were delighted to find the trees had thinned out revealing pleasant meadows and flats beside Scott Glacier. We arrived here just before noon. Here the river breaks into several smaller streams, one in which John spied two fish at least three feet long.

Now these fish three feet long and possibly six inches deep were in a stream less than three feet wide. Simple mathematics indicate that all one has to do to catch one is to jump into the stream and block their progress; they then have the choice of jumping up on the shore or trying (foolhardy things) to swim by you! These fish were no mathematicians and they are still swimming around by the Scott Glacier.

While drying out our boots and socks and pants we had ample time to admire the beautiful Scott Glacier which feeds the Whirlpool River and which is a tongue of the Columbia Icefields lying just beyond the mountains (Scott, Evans and Kane) which we were looking at.

It was too early to camp so we pushed on, the trail becoming rapidly worse - not only indistinct but full of deadfalls. When in doubt, our maxim was follow the river. Game trails of almost highway proportions would leere us away only to end in a myriad smaller trails as each animal found its way back into the bush.

That night we were glad we had refused the tranquility of the Scott Glacier flats and pushed our camp on to the end of this rough piece of trail to the foot of Mt. Evans.

Next morning we decided to leave our packs where we had made camp and head up to the Athabaska Pass some ten miles away.

The trail now lost all semblance of having been travelled since David Thompson came through in 1811. We followed the river when we could and otherwise crashed through bush, tripping over deadfalls and roots. While doing this we came across a sight which makes the effort worthwhile - on the flat below was a bull moose, a beautiful creature, feeding and drinking. It soon heard us but stayed a while before ambling effortlessly across the boiling Whirlpool River and into the bush.

Back to work. Our respect for David Thompson and the trappers who came through the wilderness grew by the mile. It was rough country and we were glad we had left our packs behind.

ATHABASKA PASS (almost) Continued

We were now at some large flats beyond which indications of the Pass could be seen, but our way was barred by the river and assorted lesser streams. The river is not too wide, twenty or thirty feet, but deep and swift and, because of this, dangerous. I found a deadfall to cross on but to this day I don't know how John got across but he did so, safely, although wet to the waist. Stream hopping and occasional wading brought us to the far side of the flats close to noon, but the trail to the Pass was nowhere in sight.

We then did, of course, what every Indian guide on TV does; we fanned out to look for a sign of the trail. I took the left and John the right. I don't know how this worked with the Indians but to me there is a tremendous weakness in this system. Due to our competitive nature there is a certain prestige which goes with finding the trail. Needless to say we both found signs on opposite sides of the gravel flat.

After much consultation, discussion and even argument I finally gave in and agreed that John's looked more promising. We followed it up through beautiful Kane Meadows with Mt. Kane on the left and Mt. Brown in the right distance. Mt. Kane was soon obscured by McGillivary Ridge. We now started going uphill for the first time since we started out. The trees thickened, the ground became wet from recently melted snow and the River was now reduced to several streams. It was getting late and soon we would have to decide whether to turn back or spend the night out on the mountain.

We had no sooner started discussing the possibility when we came out in a beautiful little alpine meadow with a tarn on the right ringed with myriads of wild flowers. One meadow gave way to another separated only by stunted fir trees. We were in the vicinity of the Pass. The trail became non-existent, merging with game trails leading to a stream on the right. I scarcely heard John when, pointing to a small tree bared of bark, he casually remarked "we better watch out for bears."

We came into another meadow and there, drinking and bathing in the stream on our right, was a bear and two cubs. Perfectly at one with nature we took out our cameras. How nice if we could get closer for a better picture. At this moment the mother bear caught wind of us and reared up on her hind legs. What a magnificent creature, ten or twelve feet high if she was an inch! She got down on all fours and took a few steps towards us; reared up again and this time beat her chest. A bear is such a cuddly thing; the child's first toy is usually a teddy bear and from this time on we consider bears our friends - Winnie-the-Pooh, Smokey the Bear, etc. This one was a grizzly no doubt; a grizzly with two cubs. We had surprised it in its own backyard. By the time this had all registered she and her cubs had loped off into the bush.

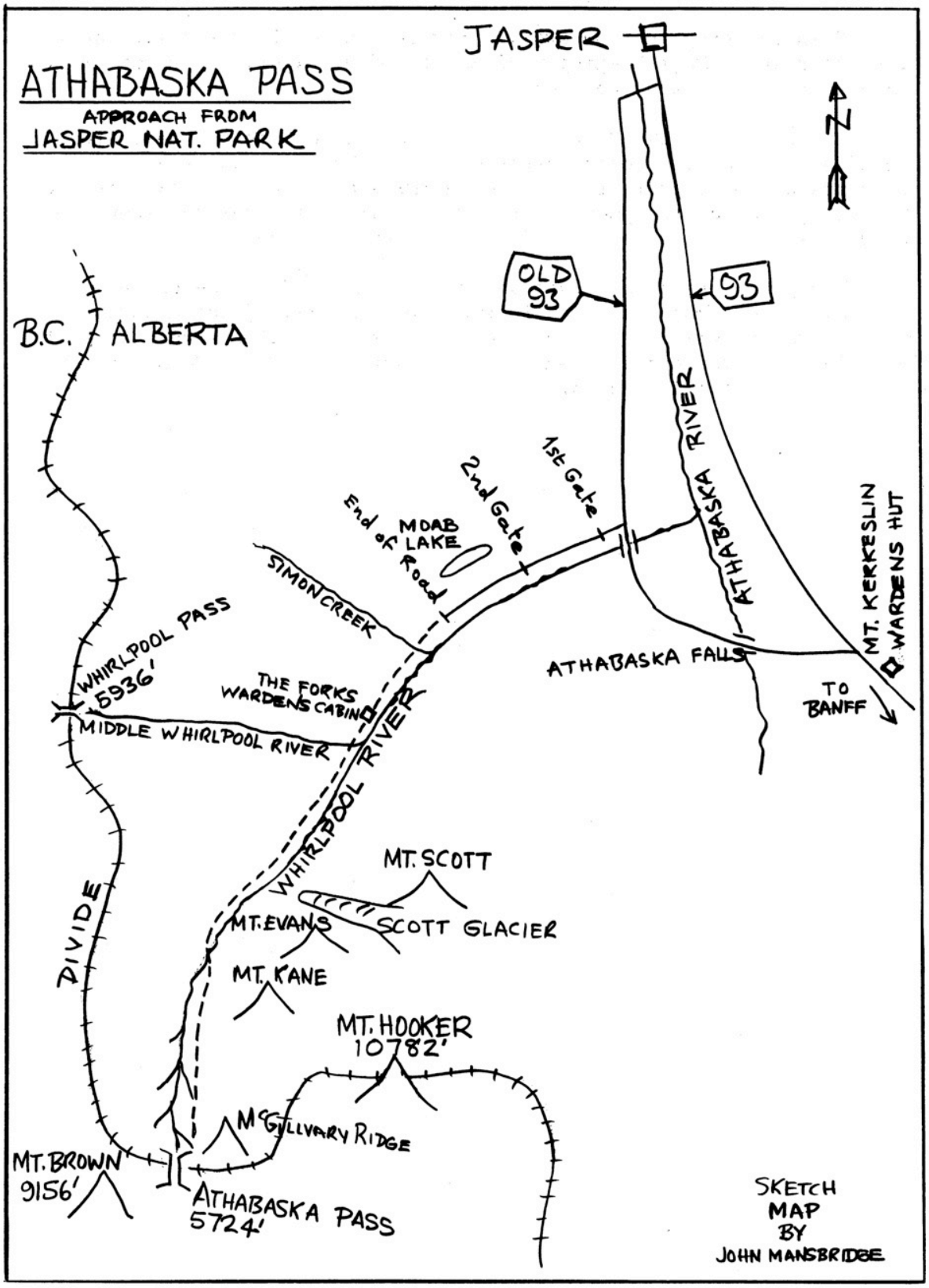
We didn't make it up into Athabaska Pass. The actual Pass was a little way on the other side of the grizzly and her cubs. We had stretched our luck far enough; we turned around and headed back down the trail.

ATHABASKA PASS (almost) Continued

Even crossing the now swollen river seemed a little dull. We were very conscious about keeping a clean camp that night. We burnt and re-burnt our garbage and then buried the ashes.

The warden at the Forks was quite impressed with our bear story. He said that the only other party which had been in that year was that of a professional photographer from Washington. He had packed in one hundred pounds of equipment to photograph grizzlies but had seen one. We were soon deep in bear stories and hated to leave.

While we were at the Pass the fire hazard had become extreme and the access road gate had been locked. The six mile jaunt down the highway to the Warden's house seemed just a refreshing stroll after the experience of the previous week. John went on to climb Mount Robson, I returned to the Kootenays.


ATHABASKA PASS
APPROACH FROM
JASPER NAT. PARK
JASPER
N
OLD 93
93
B.C.
ALBERTA
ATHABASKA RIVER
2nd Gate
1st Gate
End of Road
MOAB LAKE
SIMON CREEK
WHIRLPOOL PASS
5936'
THE FORKS
WARDENS CABIN
MIDDLE WHIRLPOOL RIVER
WHIRLPOOL RIVER
ATHABASKA FALLS
MT. KERKESLIN
WARDENS HUT
TO BANFF
MT. SCOTT
SCOTT GLACIER
MT. EVANS
MT. KANE
MT. HOOKER
10782'
DIVIDE
McGILLVARY RIDGE
MT. BROWN
9156'
ATHABASKA PASS
5724'
SKETCH
MAP
BY
JOHN MANSBRIDGE

MOUNT ROBSON

by John Breckenridge

"How fit are you anyway?" queried guide Hans Schwarz, as we sat in the living room of his Jasper home.

"Well----- I have been cycling ten miles a day all summer, and I have been both cycling and hiking with a heavy pack for the last few weeks," I ventured.

Hans, who had just returned from the A.C.C. Summer Camp in the Yukon, thought for a moment, then announced "the weather looks good. We will start for Robson tomorrow morning. We will see how fit you are on the way up to the hut."

The Edmonton section of the A.C.C. erected a shelter on Mount Robson last year. This shelter is a bright orange fiberglass igloo about ten feet in diameter and has three small windows, a low "head hitting" door and a wooden floor. The hut sits on a ridge at the 8000 foot level almost exactly half way between the valley floor and the summit. It is stocked with a Coleman stove and utensils, and an emergency food supply.

There is a trail up to this shelter. It begins at a small avalanche fan about half way around Kinney Lake. This trail was built singlehandedly by Hans "in his spare time" and completely eliminates bushwacking from the ascent of Robson. If Hans' route up to high camp is followed faithfully the hut can be reached without roping up.

We left our beds in Jasper at 3:00 A.M. At five-thirty we enjoyed a second breakfast on the avalanche fan. Then we filled our water bottles and started up, up, up. The way up was incredibly steep but it was a trail. A few rest stops and five hours later we were at the hut. The rest of the day was spent basking in the sun, watching the ice fall one hundred feet east of the hut, and admiring a panorama of mountain ranges. To the west lay the Cariboos, to the south the Rockies,, the icefall thundered away on the east and Robson towered to the north.

We started up the next morning as soon as it was light enough to see a few large holds. The route led over Little Robson, a steep minor peak behind the hut.

Viewed from the west, Robson has a striking series of bands running horizontally around it. In a good summer, such as the one past, these ledges are free of snow and provide a highway under the ice fall that sits above Little Robson.

MOUNT ROBSON Continued

Hans summarily shortened my tether and we began to run along a ledge. This sudden increase in pace puzzled me until I looked up. The realization that tons of ice were poised above us put wings on my feet to such an extent that I almost ran down my guide.

This dash was followed by a brief rest. My comment about the running water making the ledges slippery brought the quiet reply that we were fortunate that they were not covered with verglas.

A long struggle ensued over broken ledges on to a steep scree covered ridge. We were eventually forced off the rock and we began to sidehill crampon up some steep ice. The process tested my ankle strength and flexibility to the limit. These qualities were found to be lacking and some anxious moments ensued.

This steep ice slope soon gave way to a gentler slope covered with soft snow. Lack of both oxygen and muscle tone began to make themselves felt as my legs became heavier, the snow deeper and the pace slower. Our route seemed to be constantly threatened by towering ice cliffs and on a few occasions we were obliged to cross some suspicious (to me) snow bridges.

The summit when attained offered a magnificent view and an icy wind. It had taken us eight hours from the hut.

The descent was uneventful. The snow was deep and soft. We crossed below the ice fall much further down. As Hans noted, "the sun has been shining on it all day----"

The door of the hut faced south. On that clear night after climbing Mount Robson I could see innumerable snow fields and glaciers, from my sleeping bag, glistening and beckoning to me in the moonlight.

* * * * * * * *

LIBRARY REPORT

by Helen Butling

With the addition this year of the missing numbers 1929 and 1947, we now have a complete collection of the Canadian Alpine Journals covering the years 1907 to 1968 and the new issues will be added as they appear. A collection such as this is valued at approximately $300.00. We are very grateful to the late Dr. Norrington and to Miss Jean Parker of Winnipeg for their donations of the bulk of the journals, which helped us get started on this collection.

Other Additions this Year:

1. Subject-Author Index to Canadian Alpine Journals 1907-1966. (Journals after this date will have an index included in the back to keep the Index up to date).

2. The Kootenay-Columbia Valley - A.B.C. Government booklet, dated 1911, (donated by Leo Gansner).

3. Lightning Hazards to Mountaineers - Alvin E. Peterson (Electrical Engineer, High Voltage Section, Nat. Bureau of Standards, Washington, D.C.)

4. The Freedom of the Hills (Mountaineering manual) - Seattle Mountaineers (donated by Dave Parfitt)

For use by Section members: "Summit" magazine (published at Big Bear Lake, Calif.) December 1964 to November 1968 inclusive.

The Section Library is available at the home of Helen Butling, near Willow Point, Nelson, B.C.

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CAMP NOTES

by Helen Butling

Summer Camp

The 1968 Alpine Club of Canada Annual Camp will be held during the last two weeks of July in the Italian Group (Southern Rockies). Access is from Canal Flats, B.C.

This area is comparatively near to home for the Kootenay Section and it would be a wonderful opportunity to get into a new area and enjoy some fine climbing. Two licensed guides are in attendance for the two weeks and snow and rock schools are held each week for those wishing to graduate to membership in the Alpine Club of Canada. Costs are approximately: One week (any seven days) - $75.00, Two weeks - $120.00. Non-members of the A.C.C. who do not join the Club during camp $15.00 extra. Section Associates wishing to attend must be sponsored by an A.C.C. member, who will also be able to provide further information when the Camp circular is received in the spring.

Ski Camp

The 1968 A.C.C. Ski Camp will be held at the Wheeler Hut in Rogers Pass during Easter week. This is a very comfortable hut accommodating thirty people, with the Asulkan and Illecillewaet Glaciers providing some fine skiing. Licensed guide Leo Grillmair, who is very familiar with the area, will be in attendance for the week. Cost is approximately $55.00.

Like the Summer Camp this area is not too far away and it would be a fine chance for any of our ski mountaineers to take part in a week of skiing and meet some of the members from the other Sections. First choice is given to A.C.C. members with others being considered if the Camp is not filled. For information contact any Section A.C.C. member.

(As those at the Fall Dinner will know, no Section Camp is planned for this summer. Gerry Brown suggested that a camp every second year might be the best to aim at. Therefore, any suggestions for a suitable site for 1969 should be passed to your Executive members soon as reconnaissance this summer will be essential.)

* * * *

CHECK LIST OF SKI-TOURING EQUIPMENT

DAY TRIP

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

OVERNIGHT TRIP

All of Day trip equipment, plus:
Sleeping bag, rucksack
Extra pair of socks and pants
Light shoes or 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

1967/68 SKI-TOURING SCHEDULE

Sunday, December 10th	MICROWAVE STATION (on Salmo Creston Highway)(Day trip) Leader: Helen Butling Meet: Pass Turnoff 9 m from Salmo, 8.00 am Limit: 8 members
Sunday, February 4th	SALMO CRESTON SUMMIT (Day trip) Leader: to be announced Meet: Summit 8.30 am No limit
Sunday, February 18th	PLEWMAN BASIN (Day trip) Leader: Gerry Brown Meet: Hanna Creek 8.00 am No limit
Sunday, March 3rd	COPPER MOUNTAIN (Day trip) Leader: Bob Dean Meet: Taghum Bridge 5.00 am No limit
Sunday, March 17th	OLD GLORY (Day trip) Leader: Roy Hopland Meet: Red Mtn Ski Lodge 8.00 am No limit
Sunday, March 31st	NEVADA MOUNTAIN (Near Jersey Mine, Salmo) (Day trip) Leader: Chris Penn Meet: Sheep Creek Bridge South of Salmo 8.00 am No limit
Sat. & Sun., April 27th/28th,	STANLEY MOUNTAIN (Camp in Stanley Meadows) (Overnight trip) Leader: Chris Penn Meet: Cayuse Cr. Turnoff (just bevore Deer Park) 4.00 pm Saturday No limit (you need tent etc)
Sat. & Sun., May 11th & 12th,	SILVER KING (Toad Mtn.)(overnight at old cabin) Leader: Jack Steed Meet: Nelson Voc. School 1.00 pm Saturday Limit: 8
Sat, Sun & Mon, May 18, 19 & 20	KOKANEE GLACIER Slocan Chief Cabin (hike in)(Overnight trip) Tour Co-ordinator: Helen Butling Meet: Route in to be arranged Limit: 10 - 12

Anytime in Spring	HUCKLEBERRY HOUSE, no special trip, just go when you want, but as space limited to max. 4 people, please advise Gerry Brown 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	Jean-Paul Rondeau	368 - 5020
CASTLEGAR	Gerry Brown	365 - 5730
NELSON	Helen Butling	825 - 4384

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

In producing the sketch maps on pages 27/28 we gratefully made use of the map sheets listed in the Introduction to Section 1, published by the Federal Government in Ottawa.

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

E.F. Wells - booklet "The Older Worker" - Darnell Corp., Chicago.

W. Noyce - from his book "To the Unknown Mountain" P. 66.

Gov. Reagan - CBC News broadcast.

"Redwood Park" item - Pulp and Paper, Oct. 1967, a Miller-Freeman Publication.

Schiller - quotation offered by subscribing member George Hearn, Weyburn, Sask.

* * *

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".

* * *

The "KOOTENAY KARABINER" is published twice a year, in Spring and Fall. It is intended to be a link for Kootenay Section Members with each other and with their friends in other Sections and Clubs.

All paid-up Kootenay Section Members receive copies.

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