

KOOTENAY KARABINER

Journal of The Kootenay Section

The Alpine Club of Canada

Volume 8 Spring 1968



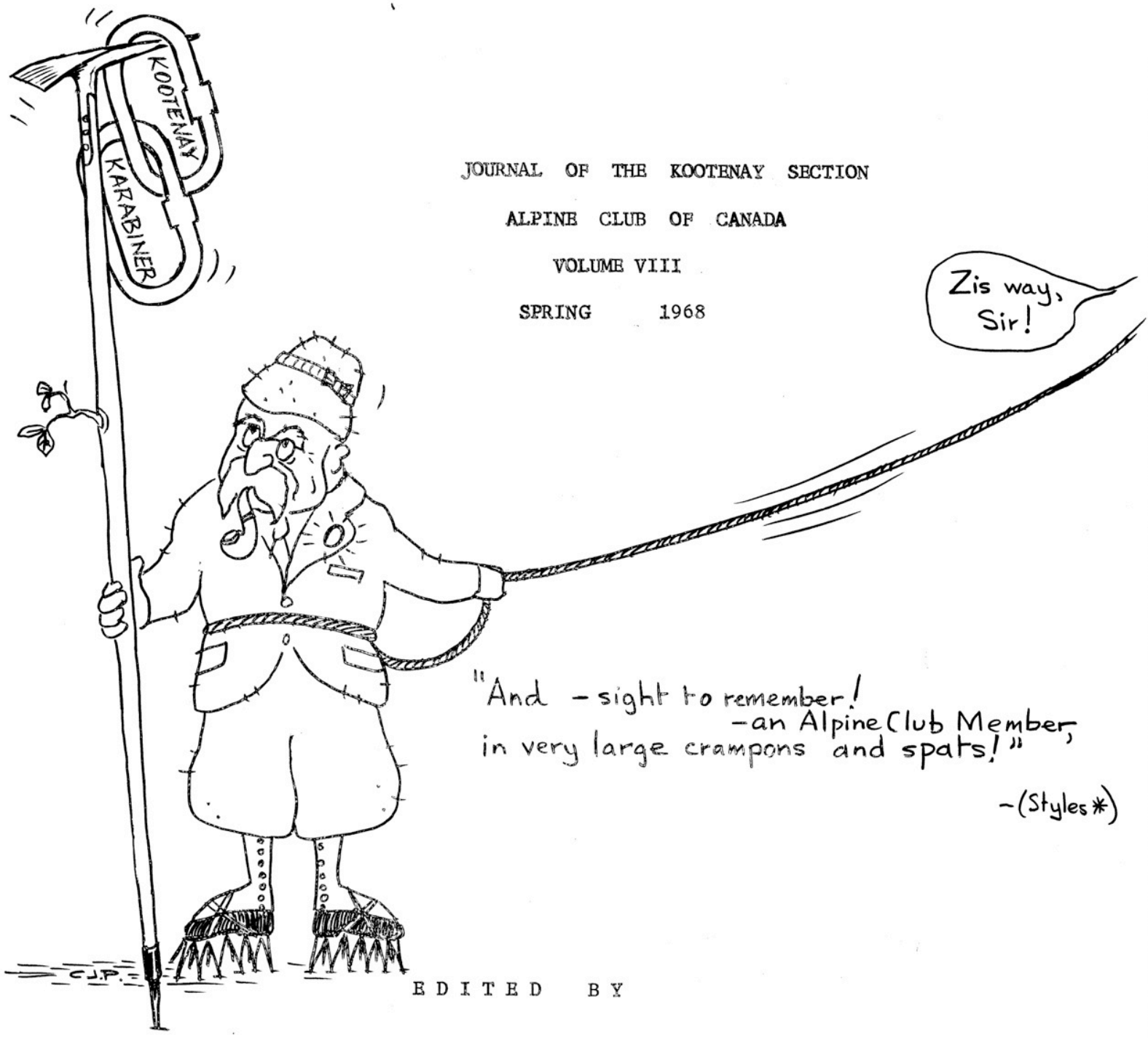
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JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY SECTION

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

VOLUME VIII

SPRING 1968

EDITED BY

CHRIS PENN JACK OSWALD



KOOTENAY SECTION

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA
(Section founded March 1964)

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EDITORIAL

SPRING

1968

The autumn and winter activities of Kootenay Section seem to have had less participation than in previous years. Winter touring had in years past proved to be uncertain as trips were frequently cancelled due to bad weather and for this reason the last winter schedule was shortened. This,combined with forest fire damage to the summer and autumn schedule has, it appears, diminished enthusiasm somewhat. However, with another successful Easter at Kokanee expedition and a new summer schedule lined up we can hope for increased action and subsequently more written contributions for the autumn Karabiner. I feel that the Kootenay Section really needs a major building project to generate greater interest and enthusiasm. A useful ski cabin would be such a project and I have written along this line in previous Karabiners. Writing is not sufficient though and I regret having been too busy to try to organize such a project.

I am very sorry to report that Jean-Paul Rondeau has moved to Montreal. The section can ill afford to lose a man of so many skills. However, we wish him "all the best" in his new position and endeavors down East.

The Editors once again on behalf of all in the Kootenay Section congratulate Nancy Greene on her triumphs. People in the Kootenays are proud that Nancy has been an ideal both as an athlete and as a representative of Canada.

Again we thank those who contributed to this issue. Some articles were saved from the fall since the numerous Centennial climbing expeditions provided many interesting articles. Realizing that the spring issue is usually short of material, Chris wisely saved some articles for this issue. We owe Chris a big vote of thanks for his gigantic effort on the fall issue which contained so many interesting accounts. Also many thanks to Claudine for her work in assisting Chris with the big autumn Karabiner.

EDITORIAL - Continued

I must express appreciation of my wife, Donna, doing most of the typing. At the time of typing this editorial I have lost the typing help of Donna - she took time off yesterday to give birth to John Douglas. Perhaps they will both be back soon to carry on further work with this issue.

Our cover this time has two prints from colored slides taken at the Kootenay Section Alpine Camp, otherwise known as P.A.C.E., Pocket Alpine Centennial Expedition. Unfortunately the photographer reversed the slides when making the black and white prints and in my hurry to get these to the printer I did not notice the mistake. It seems that even when you hire professionals you must check over the work done. The moral is " take nothing for granted" - perhaps this moral is even more applicable to mountain climbing. Anyhow the photos are mirror images, the top is climbers in front of the cook tent, the lower is a planning of the route up Mt. Toby- the route being the snow path between the climbers, Phill Hubbard and Graham Kenyon. Since recy trips are planned for this summer for a future camp, I thought these photos would show what is to be kept in mind. The work that Chris and Claudine did for this camp was mountainous in quantity. Their reward was a most successful camp - the best I've ever been on.

In closing, good mountain life in '68 and good hunting for a second Koot Sec summer camp site.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

by Jack Steed

As spring unfolds and the snows recede to the alpine levels, we pause and look back on the first half of our club's year of activities. The winter schedule of ski trips had its ups and downs (no pun intended). The first two events were weathered out but up to the time of writing the others were completed successfully. I personally was unable to participate in these events so at this time extend a thanks to the leaders for their good work. It is hoped that the trips remaining will work out with as much success.

We are grateful to Helen Butling and a group of V.O.C. members who at Christmas laboured to stock the Slocan Chief wood pile making it possible for 22 of us to spend the Easter weekend in Kokanee. It was a near miss, for the weather was anything but helicopter weather. We cooled our heels all day Good Friday hoping for a break which didn't come till Saturday morning. In spite of the very wintery weather we all had a fine time due to Helen's excellent arrangements and cooking. I extend a vote of thanks to Helen for this event.

In January the Club was extended an invitation by the Spokane Mountaineers to join them for a pot luck supper at their Mt. Spokane Chalet. A dozen of our membership descended upon them on a very cold Saturday night. The hospitality was very warm and we enjoyed a wonderful supper and an evening of slides and fellowship with the Spokane group. We came away very envious of their Chalet which was so comfortable. Arrangements are afoot to reciprocate their hospitality.

We look forward to the summer schedule of events. I hope you will find it of interest and that you can participate in many of the events. We would like to reopen the Joker Lakes trail this spring and the Mulvey Trail must be completed this fall. We look forward to the weekly Rock School under the very able direction of Gerry Brown. Dave Parfitt is planning joint sessions of Mountain Rescue with the Spokane Mountaineers.

The Alpine Club Board of Managers will be circulating a questionnaire to all members and associates of the Kootenay Section as with all other sections. The purpose of the questionnaire is to gather opinion regarding the relation between Section and Parent Club, membership, organization, etc. I urge you to consider it and make reply to the questionnaire for it is important.

May I, in closing, wish you all a summer season of good mountaineering.

IN THE SELKIRKS

by Duncan Campbell Scott

The old gray shade of the mountain
Stands in the open sky,
Counting, as if at his leisure,
The days of Eternity.

The stream comes down from its sources,
Afar in the glacial height,
Rushing along through the valley
In loops of silver light.

"What is my duty, O Mountain ?
Is it to stand like thee ?
Is it, O flashing Torrent,
Like thee - to be free ? "

The man utters the questions,
He breathes - he is gone!
The mountain stands in the heavens,
The stream rushes on.

Box 59,
Montrose, B.C.

Mr. Kiernan,
Minister of Conservation and Recreation,
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, B.C.

Dear Mr. Kiernan,

During 1966 the Conservation Committee of the Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club of Canada prepared a brief giving recommendations for the designation of a key area in Kokanee Glacier Park. This area was to be given highest priority in Park protection. We received a reply from you stating that our recommendations would be considered though some of them would encounter difficulties. Conservation concerning Kokanee Park has been quiet for many months. I understand that recently Mrs. Helen Butling phoned you about this matter of Kokanee Park protection and was told that little had been accomplished.

I am taking this opportunity to ask you for a report on Kokanee Park protection. This letter along with your reply will be published in our Kootenay Section semi-annual journal, the Kootenay Karabiner, May 1968. In this way the Section members will each receive a report on Kokanee Park from the highest authority concerned with its protection.

Thank you very much for your attention.

Yours very truly,

John K. Oswald,
Co-editor,
Kootenay Karabiner.

Minister of Recreation and
Conservation,
Government of British Columbia,
Victoria, B.C.
April 23, 1968.

Mr. John K. Oswald,
Kootenay Section,
Alpine Club of Canada,
Box 59,
Montrose, B.C.

Dear Mr. Oswald:

In your recent letter you ask for a report on Kokanee Glacier Park protection.

Since we designated a key recreational area in 1965 we have turned down all applications for the clearance of mineral claims within it. The mining industry has continued to be active in other parts of this Class B Park.

There has been prospecting in the three areas which you proposed in your Brief as additions to the key area. Although some claims have been forfeited, most of them have been taken up again. Funds are not available to my Department for large scale acquisition of mineral claims.

In general then, the picture remains much as before- mineral claims still block our efforts to give a greater measure of protection to most of the park. However, we are holding the line in a primary zone which receives the major part of recreational use. We are continuing to check on the status of mineral claims in the three proposed additions. Should these areas become free or nearly free, we could extend the protected area. In the meantime we can take some comfort in the fact that, in spite of the many years of prospecting in the park very few mines have ever come into production. Moreover, we feel that our case will be strengthened in the years ahead be the growing appreciation of wilderness.

We greatly value the continued interest of your Club in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Ken Kiernan,
Minister.

A CONSTITUTION - WHO NEEDS ONE?

by C.J. Penn

The Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club of Canada now has some seventy members, and a more cheerful, lively, likeable bunch would be hard to find. In the short time since the Section was founded members have made climbs, explorations and first ascents almost all over the Kootenay region, they have cut and cleared trails, developed an excellent weekly rock school - at which it is nothing to see thirty people climbing - put on a year-round programme of climbs and ski-tours, held their own Centennial climbing camp, produced their own journal, fought hard for the preservation of Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park, and completely renovated the old Slocan Chief Cabin there.

But here is a fine paradox: the Section may be in danger of collapse! We are in the embarrassing position of having almost no full A.C.C. members left. The overwhelming majority of our members are Section Associates. In 1964 we began with twelve A.C.C. members, but some have left the area and some have given up their membership of the main club, retaining only Section association. Our constitution, laid down by the A.C.C., states that three of our executive (Chairman, Secretary-Treasurer and one other) must be full A.C.C. members.

So what do we do? Obediently disappear because we cannot fulfil a trifling stipulation of the constitution? Everyone will surely agree that whatever happens we should keep our group going.

Should we try to persuade Associates to shell out 25 bucks each and become full A.C.C. members? That is not easy, as we already know. A local climber can hardly justify the fees to a remote club.

We could ignore the constitution at least for the time being. That would work, unless the A.C.C. gets shirty about it, but it would not solve the problem.

Or should we break away from the A.C.C. and become an independent club? This is not such a new idea really, for in 1963 we debated seriously whether to form a Section or an independent club.

Then, and earlier too, some A.C.C. members felt that the main club was stuffy, old fashioned and "stiff in the joints." The club had been accused of sitting on a substantial bank balance and refusing to help the Sections or to do anything itself. I recall our first chairman, Kim Deane, suggesting with tongue in cheek that we all descend upon the A.C.C. Annual Meeting and move that the dear old club be dissolved and its assets distributed among the members! That was one motion, he declared gleefully, which would get passed despite the "Establishment!"

A CONSTITUTION - WHO NEEDS ONE? (continued)

As an independent club we would be free to write or change our own constitution and set our own standards. Control would be here in the Kootenays and we would more easily adapt to the particular conditions here. We could call ourselves the "Kootenay Mountaineering Club" or the "Karabiner Club" or something.

What would we stand to lose as a separate club? Pride of affiliation with the A.C.C. perhaps. The main club, it is true, has a very respectable history and much in its past to be proud of. But for years now it seems to have been losing touch with modern mountaineers and with the changes that have been taking place, hanging on doggedly to old ways, deaf to advice and seemingly impervious to criticism. Unquestioning loyalty will not do either Canadian mountaineering or the A.C.C. a service.

Would we suffer any practical disadvantages through separation? Hardly any. The A.C.C. is not the large, influential organization that I, for one, feel it ought to be. With only about 1200 members (and some of them not resident in Canada) it has trouble maintaining the services it does offer. The few cabins it possesses, the Banff Clubhouse and even the Canadian Alpine Journal are all becoming financial burdens. It has to depend on other clubs, mainly foreign, to produce guide books to our mountains, it has no overall rescue set-up, no firm conservation policy nor a voice loud enough to force action if it did, it cannot offer Canadian climbers a Canadian book on climbing technique, nor has it the staff to read, edit, summarize and report on foreign mountaineering news and developments. It is not even strictly nationwide for in the East there is the "Club de Montagne Canadien" and B.C. has its B.C.M.C. and other clubs are growing too. In fact it might well be described, in the words of the immortal Sellars and Yeatman, as "weeny, weedy and weaky"!

It could be argued that our separation would only weaken the A.C.C. further, but since only a few of the Section are members of the main club I don't think it would make much difference. In any case it is my honest opinion that the A.C.C. in its present form is not what is needed. We need a leopard with quite different spots. In the letter quoted below I have tried to show briefly what I, personally, feel is needed. The letter was written at Helen Butling's request while she was gathering opinions before going, as Western Vice-President, to the A.C.C. Board meeting in Vancouver, at which this subject among others was to be discussed. As you already know, the A.C.C. is putting out a questionaire to find out members' opinions. Let us hope that the response will be great and will result in some positive action being taken. It does not matter to me whether people agree or disagree with my ideas, if only they do have an opinion and don't just decide to do nothing.

The A.C.C. must itself soon decide whether it wants to become a truly national organization, covering all of Canada's mountaineers' interests and strong enough lead rather than follow, like the large European clubs or the American's Sierra Club for example, or whether it wants to become an exclusive club of a climbing élite, after the style of the A.C. in Britain. At the moment it is neither one nor the other.

A CONSTITUTION - WHO NEEDS ONE? (Continued)

As editors of the "Karabiner" Jack and I will welcome and gladly publish any letters, articles, suggestions, retorts or please-cancel-my-subscriptions, from within or without the Section.

In conclusion I would like to remark that an elaborate constitution does not necessarily make a good club, climbers are more important than constitutions, actions more than words.

COPY OF LETTER

Box 299,
Castlegar, B.C.
April 3, 1968.

Dear Helen:

You asked me not long ago for my ideas on any desirable changes to the A.C.C. and I gave you my opinions verbally at your place the other evening. Nevertheless I thought a few written notes might be of use to you so I am trying here to give you, briefly, and as I see them the background, problems, indications and cure.

First, as you know, I wrote several long letters to the President and various other people back in 1962 regarding the need for change in the A.C.C. I know that many other people felt the same. One group tried to make some amendments to the A.C.C. constitution but their proposals were rejected with, I feel, too little consideration. True, a little later a committee was actually formed to study the question of membership, and some minor changes were made to the classes of membership, but the main problem was hardly touched. Indeed, the replies I had to my correspondence show that its existence was not even admitted.

Also as you know, I am now only a Section Associate, having resigned from the A.C.C. in 1964. My viewpoint is, therefore, somewhat different from that of a full A.C.C. member. I resigned partly on personal grounds, partly because I was appalled by the apathy of the club on the vital question of conservation, and partly because I felt the club lacked initiative, direction and purpose, and was refusing to change, and it therefore offered me little in exchange for my membership and fees.

The main problems, as I see them, are (a) the lagging recruiting and drop-outs and (b) the difficulties of operating the Sections under the present constitution and setup.

The symptoms or indications are that the A.C.C. is not growing, either actually or proportionally to the growing population. Other clubs are growing rapidly, and in some important cases drawing on potential A.C.C. recruits. They have very attractive programmes and are enterprizing in the extreme. Both good climbers and youth are joining these other organizations.

LETTER (Continued)

Among the Sections I believe that the Kootenay Section's symptoms are not unique. We have a membership of nearly a hundred, of which at least fifty are keen and active, but the executive has to be circulated among the full A.C.C. members and it is becoming very hard to make up a "new" executive. It is not right to discuss the Associates as mere outsiders, for they constitute the backbone of our local club. There are keen and capable fellows among them who are beginning to feel, with some right, that the local club is being run by a small clique and they have no encouragement to participate. (Here I wish to point out that I, personally, am satisfied with my own participation.) We have failed to induce any Associates to become full members. I do not believe that a time-limit on associate membership is the answer. It has been tried elsewhere. It is worth noting that this problem does not arise or hamper independent clubs.

My conclusion, arrived at after years of thought about all this, as well as much discussion, is that the A.C.C. needs something more than mere re-organization. It needs total reconstruction along the lines of a free federation of independent clubs, with a central council acting for them as a mouthpiece, store and sorting-house of information and experience, but having almost no control or power over the clubs or "sections". Each Section should have its own character, set up its own constitution, fees and standards and run its affairs as it wishes. The only stipulation being that it be a mountaineering club. Each Section or Club would send a portion (not necessarily the larger) of its members fees to support the council, which consists of a delegate from each Club. In other words, control would be from the Sections inwards, instead of control from the Board outwards as at present.

I strongly suggest that the A.C.C. study carefully the setup of the B.M.C. (British Mountaineering Council) and of several other European Federations of Alpine Clubs or Sections such as the French, Swiss and Austrian.

In 1962 the A.C.C. management refused to consider these highly successful national organizations, dismissing them as "mass-membership" rabble and not suitable here. This was unfortunate, particularly as the A.C.C. was originally modelled on the one European club that was singularly inappropriate for Canada's conditions and way of life, namely the Alpine Club. The A.C. never pretended to be a national club or to represent mountaineers generally in Britain and, recognizing this, eventually encouraged the founding of the B.M.C.

It is my opinion that unless the A.C.C. reconstitutes itself as such a council of clubs, keeping in mind that it bears the title "of Canada" and should represent all shades of mountaineers in this country, then the job will eventually be done by the other clubs and organizations, and the A.C.C. may find itself not even consulted.

I realize that in these brief notes I have not gone into the detailed advantages of a large, liberal organization such as I am proposing, but

LETTER (Continued)

I am willing to discuss these things at greater length with you or anyone who shows any interest. I have already stressed to you that these problems should be discussed with the Associates and even with potential members and other clubs rather than be kept among the A.C.C. members only.

Yours sincerely,

Chris. Penn

NOTE: On re-reading the above letter I feel it was very badly worded where I said that the Section is run by a "clique". This seems to suggest that this small group - the A.C.C. members - runs the Section from self-interest. Actually, they and the Section as a whole are victims of our present constitution. Our Executives are, as I have pointed out before in the "Karabiner", hard working and selfless in their efforts. My point is that they need a break and others need a chance.

****

A DAY TO REMEMBER

by Helen Butling

"Mt. Joffre is an excellent climb of mixed snow and rock but should not be attempted by those without some experience".

Thus spoke Jack Cade to the group assembled round the campfire at the Alpine Club of Canada's 59th annual camp at Elk Lake on July 23, 1964. As we sat and listened to Jack's account of his lead on Mt. Joffre that day we could almost feel the glow that emanated from him and his companions after such a fine climb. I for one, amongst the others sitting there in the firelight, was hoping that before the week was out I would be fit enough and considered experienced enough to climb this fine, 11,274 ft. mountain. Now I began to have my doubts, however this was my first evening in camp so I still had a few days yet to get into shape.

The camp at an elevation of 5,700 feet was situated on the gravel flats beside Petain Creek half a mile south of the Upper Elk Lake. Mt. Aosta, 9,700 feet, towered above us to the southeast; Mt. Fox, 9,792 feet to the north; and to the west were the 1000 foot cliff bands over which Petain Creek cascaded in a fine display of waterfalls. Above these cliff bands were the meadows and the routes to the main group of mountains including Joffre, Petain and Foch.

On Sunday, my fourth day in camp, having slept all afternoon and having Mt. McCuaig, 9,300 ft. and Mt. Foch, 10,430 ft. under my belt I felt brave enough to enscribe my name on the Joffre climbing sheet for Monday. To my delight it remained there with a glorious tick beside it, and I spent the rest of the evening putting everything in readiness for the 3 a.m. call in the morning.

Shadowy figures were moving around the camp as I made my way to the dining tent for the 3:30 a.m. breakfast. Three early parties were going out that morning so altogether there were about 30 people sitting round the table soberly eating their porridge, not looking as though they were particularly enjoying it but knowing they would need it before the day was out.

"Joffre party here". Outside the tent the eight of us gathered round our leader, Bob Hind, and like ghosts that steal away in the night we fell into line behind him on the trail and disappeared into the woods.

I must confess that I never remember too much about the first two to three hours on the trail, you plod along slowly, digest your breakfast and conserve your energy for later. Meanwhile you find you have climbed the first 1500 feet and have arrived at the meadows above the waterfalls, and our leader has called a halt for a second breakfast. Here we enjoy the sunrise, continue the process of waking up, apply protection makeup for the sun and attend to the calls of nature. The Foch and Petain parties are here also, but already each group is becoming

A DAY TO REMEMBER Continued

a separate identity and is little communication between them and from this point each party will go its separate way.

On we go over the meadows and gravel flats to the headwall of the Petain Glacier. Here we stop by one of the many brilliantly coloured pools to strap on our crampons and rope up. I was assigned to a rope with Pat Baird leading and Gertrude Smith second. Bob Hind took his wife Marge and Harriet Gilman (now Mrs. B. Kruszna) on his rope and Roger Whitney (who has since given his life to a mountain in Peru) took the other two, whose names elude me.

Bob led us up a hard snow tongue which brought us onto the Petain Glacier at its nearest point. The glacier, which was badly broken up with crevasses necessitating a very circuitous route, was followed to the Petain-Joffre col, 9,500 feet. Here it was crampons off for the climb by the west ridge to the north peak 10,800. The first part of the ridge consisted of small ledges covered with loose rock. However, by keeping very close together and moving as one unit the danger of rock fall was reduced to a minimum. We were also fortunate that all members of the party were able to negotiate the rocks without a belay. After the rocks came 500 feet of steep snow which held the steps well and presented no problem and then the final rock ridge to the summit. From this north summit we descended slightly before donning our crampons again and climbing the final 500 foot icy snow slope to the summit, which we reached about 11 a.m.

For one glorious hour we basked in the sun, ate and marvelled at the absence of wind. Except for a few harmless-looking clouds roaming around in the sky the weather was clear giving us a glorious view all round. Old friends could be recognized on all sides--Mt. Assinniboine to the northwest, the Royal Group to the southwest with the Bugaboos showing up further west and to the south. There was no sign of the flocks of birds feeding on insects strewn over the snow as reported by parties in the mountain in 1919 and 1951.

I found descending the icy slope in crampons quite alarming until I gained enough confidence to point my feet straight down and lean forward to keep the centre of gravity over the balls of the feet. The snow was still good when we came to the 500 foot snow slope but we wasted no time getting down it as it was considerably softer than when we came up a few hours ago. Though you felt you were stepping out into space we faced out all the way down, without belays, luxuriating in the big bucket steps we had preserved so carefully in the morning. Once again on the rocks we made good time by keeping close together blessing previous parties for the orange marker they had placed to mark the route down. Finally we were descending the cliff bands, marvelling at the succession of rock gardens all the way down, indulged in a drink and a face splashing session in the creek before we entered the woods for the last two miles to camp, which we had left thirteen hours before. There was no need for anyone to ask; the radiant look on the faces of the Joffre party was enough. "We had been there".

THE ETERNAL SECOND

by Libby Martin

It all started after the Alpine Club dinner a year ago last November. Capitulation inevitably followed in January.

All was fine. I liked outdoor life didn't I? I was crazy about skiing, wasn't I? I could be persuaded to enjoy ski-touring from the comforts of the Slocan Chief Cabin. I had been brought up in the English Lake District, roaming the hills as soon as I could walk. I had spent several holidays in the Scottish Highlands. And of course, I had attended one or two sessions of Rock School at Kinnaird, and had come out unscathed.

So why not marry a mountaineer? I had, it seemed, good qualifications, which should stand me in good stead--so why not?

It was, I learned after January, a decision between becoming a "grass-widow" at weekends come rain or snow, or alternatively becoming what I believe is termed an "eternal second". I chose the latter course. Now you may ask, "What exactly is an "eternal second'?" I shall try to explain.

The first point to bear in mind is that whatever kind of humiliation, hardship or heartbreak you may suffer, you are not left behind. It was easy at first. After all, I am a better skier, am I not? There were the times up on Red Mountain when I could schuss gaily past, feeling very superior. Albeit I would suffer for my superiority by taking a "header" around that next bend. But that part wasn't seen so I still held my own.

Unfortunately, there are other ways of skiing. No chairlifts there. Just plod, plod, plod. An interminable plod, thinking after a while, one, two, three, four.....only ten more and then a rest. Oh, no- not this time. He's only waiting for me to catch up. Nice fella, this. Don't worry, I'll get there, just you wait and see if I don't. Surprisingly enough, each time one does make it to the final destination. Heaven! Now I can rest. Uh-huh----cries of "Food", "get the sleeping bags out", "where's the flashlight?, "where's the Scotch?". No, your troubles are not over, yet. However, don't be put off. Ski-touring has its compensations. The scenery, viewed while standing on blistered feet, aching legs, sore backs, and above all while numb from cold, is really incomparable. And you have the added compensation; you managed to keep following so far. You have made various outings with grim determination, accepted no help (none was given) and generally proved a good second.

Spring arrives. Snow begins to thaw. You have a niggardly feeling that perhaps the first part was easy, past experience helped you win through. But what about the next part? Perhaps sheer guts and determination will help. The time had come to try the next feat put before us as a camp-follower. Rock climbing.

THE ETERNAL SECOND by Libby Martin Continued

There was the time we climbed that corner route. "Tie the rope." (How do you tie a bowline? I knew I should have practised at home). "Start climbing." Steady does it. Just stop those knees shaking. You did quite well last year so why worry now? Don't cry out. No, you don't need to be told where to put that third foot. Oops! nearly went. Whew! Made it up the first pitch. "Tie in and belay me," and away he goes. Belay? What's that? Steady girl, think. Ah, yes, I remember. But please God, don't let him fall, because you see I just know I'd not be able to stop him. Careful, see where he goes so you won't get stuck. But can I bear to watch? Suppose I'll have to. And so it goes on, thoughts, thoughts, and more thoughts. Is that all, you may ask. Well, no, if I'm honest, there was the time when I did just happen to get stuck (or so I thought), and after cursings, shoutings, mumbled directions from up above, and naturally, no looking down from me, I once more made the top. Was that the only time? Well, no, but------!

And so the season passes by. Is that all, I ask? I must have passed with "almost" flying colours. But no, there is, I fear, more to come.

There is the time you have that little fall, and you spend a few days in hospital lying on your back, trying still to be a good "whatever it is you are supposed to be" (it helps, if you are British you know, stiff upper lip and all that), discussing the technicalities of why it happened, and reading accounts of the Mundays' attempts on Mt. Waddington (she did it, so can you!)

And there is the time when you go down into the States, perhaps for a weekend of climbing. You arrive at that point beyond which cars cannot pass, and you hear the decision of the men, "No camp-followers allowed beyond this point. We'll meet you on Sunday in this camp-site. Goodbye." That's it; head down the road forty miles to the nearest bar, collect some beer, drive back well armed for the next two days of solitude, set up tent, and become "attuned to your environment" (a key phrase in mountaineering). Every small rustle is not a bear coming to eat you up when you are miles away from civilization on your own. Eat, sleep, read, wander around, study flowers and rock formations, and finally stars--on your own. Above all, do not worry. Never. Camp-followers never worry. You have a fire going, billy boiling, Sunday evening, ready for the return of the intrepid mountaineers. Of course you had a delightful time in camp. Didn't miss them at all. Just wish you could stay a little longer, naturally.

Could there be more times, and worse, I asked myself? But naturally. There was the time we hiked into the Bugaboos for two weeks of climbing(we were "snowed out"-- in July-- but that's another tale). Picture scene. Cars parked at end of logging road. Packs all round; gear all round; two weeks provisions all round.

THE ETERNAL SECOND by Libby Martin Continued

I should mention at this point, that there were several weeks before this event when I literally dreamed of food. "How many man meals was that?" "Can we really stand beef every day for two weeks?" "Got to get the weight down, calories up. Got to...." And then, on D-day, "You can squeeze in this pack of porridge oats, Phil." "Of course you can take one more orange, Iain." But, finally, we shoulder our packs. Does your husband help you with your 45 lb. pack? No. Probably because he is trying to manage one twice as heavy! So you grin and bear it.

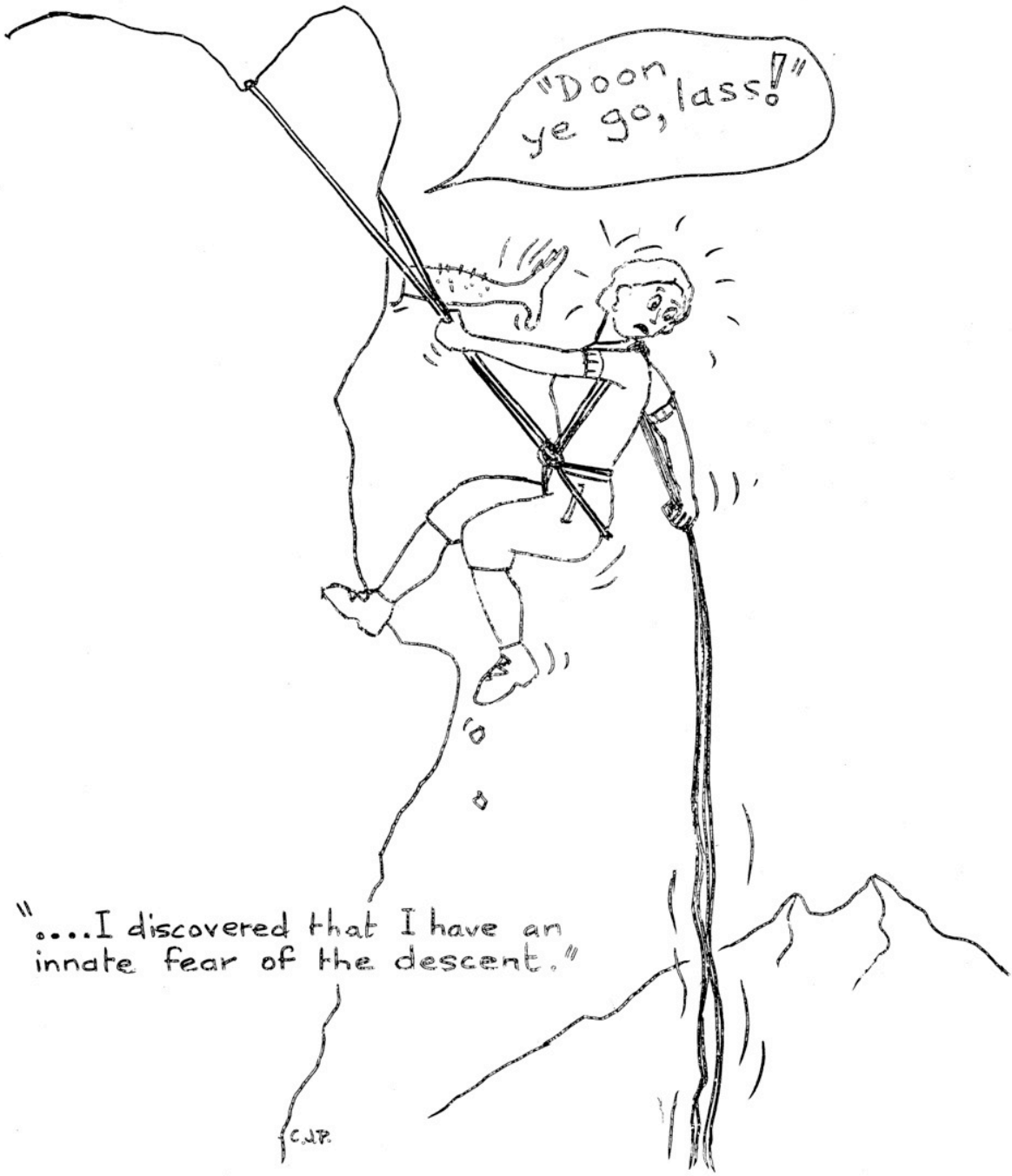
On we go. "Find the trail, Frank, please find the trail," you think as you blunder haphazardly through dense undergrowth, being eaten by mosquitoes, the whole not made any easier by the fact you don't seem to be able to balance too well, particularly on windfalls crossing a stream. Could it be the pack? "He's found the trail," comes the cry. What a relief! Now life will be simple. Oh, you poor deluded Camp-follower! Simple indeed? Onward, onward, just like ski-touring, plod, plod, one, two. "Can't we have a rest, yet?" Plod, plod, one, two. "Surely it's time for lunch?" Steeper, steeper, becomes the terrain; up and up, up the moraine. Round the corner, more moraine, steep as ever. And then, a blessed sight: Per and Frank, sitting amongst some boulders, packs off, very happy. Obviously Boulder Camp. Good. Now I can sleep for ever, and promptly start to do so. Later comes a dig in the ribs. "Come on, time to go, only two hundred more feet." (Have I heard that cry before?) I refuse to go any further. Jean and I will camp here. Alternatively, someone carry my pack and I'll come up. You know the answer, of course. On we go, I shouldering my own pack, one step every ten minutes, up to the most wonderful hut man has ever erected. When was it I discovered the floor was hard? And there we stayed, doing some climbing, although I did discover one thing, and that is that you can still be an excellent second and stay behind to guard camp.

Is that all? Well, it was while up in the Bugaboos that I discovered that I have an innate fear of the descent. Strange, this; should be the most welcome part. For some reason, going down rock or steep snow puts me into a state of "almost" hysteria. After all, I should be alright on snow, I reasoned, I've skied down many a steep slope with a feeling of exhilaration. It is there though, this feeling when I have no skis. A sinking feeling accompanies it; my career as a second is to be short-lived. So okay, sit down, be sensible, and reason it all out, up there, two hundred feet from the summit of Bugaboo Spire (we didn't make it--unattuned to our environment!) It's really quite simple; I enjoy going up (strange person, aren't you?) because I enjoy the feeling of accomplishment, and I want to be able to view the otherwise inaccessible mountain scenery; I don't want to be left at home. Therefore there is no alternative. I keep going onward, whether it be up or down, and so what, if this particular second has to be led (and sometimes held) on a rope like a lamb being led to slaughter?

THE ETERNAL SECOND by Libby Martin

As I watch the leaves turn and fall, the thermometer drop, and snow fall on our mountains, I look forward to the start of another two seasons of mountaineering, again as second. If I look back, I see a year in which I learned several useful tips for the future. Firstly, no matter what you have to suffer, determination will pull you through. Secondly, there is always some quarter-inch projection that will hold that third foot; just keep calm and look for it. And thirdly, no matter how you seem to suffer 'en route', it's amazing how much fun it was when viewed over a beer!

So, all ye eternal seconds, rise up, gather together your guts, and let's start another year of "following".



AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOTTISH GULLY CLIMBING

by Iain Martin

We spent one day sweating. Sweating under a load of climbing equipment and two weeks provisions. Sweating and cursing at the mosquitoes, the deadfall, and the seemingly never-ending upward grind.

Base camp established, weather set fine, Bugaboo spire was tackled the first day by a party too large to be strong in solidarity.

The sun was too hot, acclimatisation was inadequate, and morale was on the wane. We turned back two hundred feet from the summit and held an ice-climbing school on the glacier.

The weather was settled. It had been that way for weeks. Why rush?

Next day, the four males in the party successfully assaulted Pigeon Spire, a graceful ten thousand footer, soaring sheer from the glacier. Libby and Jean, still unattuned to their environment, spent the day in camp. It didn't matter: the weather was fine; There was still plenty of time for climbing.

It snowed that night and all the next day. It snowed the next night too. We drank rum and played poker for indigestion tablets. We held stupid quizzes, and cursed the weather.

During a momentary clear spell the next morning, so much new snow was evident that it was obviously going to be several days after the weather broke before any more climbing would be comfortably feasible. The weather showed no signs of breaking. The aneroid said, "Leave this place," We left.

Libby was disconsolate at not having bagged a ten thousand footer; not having had a proper rock climb even. Reminding her that we were off to Britain the following week brightened her a little. Pointing out that even if it was wet there, one could always go gully climbing. At least there is shelter from the wind in the deep slashes of the Scottish hillsides. Gradually enthusiasm for new projects replaced the disappointment of the lack of success in the Bugaboos.

Sure enough, it rained in Britain. It practically always does. Gully weather!

On the sides of Sgor nam Fiannadh, directly above the Clachaig Inn, in Glencoe, a deep cleft rends the hill from top to bottom. This is Clachaig Gully. Amongst the longest gullies in Scotland, Clachaig is one of the major classic routes, involving a total of around seventeen hundred feet of climbing.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOTTISH GULLY CLIMBING Continued

The first pitch wasn't too wet. Delicate climbing on the left-hand wall avoided the waterfall. On the second, some hard clinging on one wall, or long legs to straddle the converging walls, avoided the easier but wetter direct route. I chose the wall; Bob, our climbing partner, the straddle. Libby got wet.

A greasy slab, a short awkward wall, then a pitch up a steep corner into some trees and the little pitches were over. Now the serious part of the climb was beginning. A quick dash along the rocky bottom of the gully, under teetering loose sides, brought us to the Great Cave Pitch.

It was this section which for several years held up the pioneers of the route.

Up the right wall, traverse left, down a bit, then across an awkward corner on thin holds. Bob led neatly and quickly, stopping only long enough to curse me for having sawn off a convenient tree route a few years earlier.

A ramp with holds on it that necessitated hanging out of balance almost the whole way was soon dispatched and then another walk along the gully floor brought us to the foot of Jericho Wall.

It was running water. We stopped, smoked, and contemplated the aqua pura cascading down the wall from smooth slabs a hundred feet above. Nobody really fancied getting too wet, but determination prevailed and 'forward' was the cry.

The courtesy was overwhelming. Each standing back to allow the other the privilege of leading. The issue was finally resolved when more talk of turning back commenced. I stuck another cigarette in my mouth and stepped on to the wall. Within a minute the cigarette was a streak of shag on my jacket front, but it soon washed off.

Reaching up for hand-holds funnelled icy water down the sleeves and out the trouser legs, to the discomfort of points between. The cold cramps one's style; and everything else. Fifty feet up, balanced on small toe holds, my legs were behaving as though I were standing on a runaway sewing machine treadle. The angle eased and I was above the waves, fixing a protective runner, then traversing to a safer stance and signalling the others to follow.

The others arrived shivering and each kindled another tobacco fire for psychological warmth, then proceeded to examine the next pitch, a deep, narrow, black chimney down which water was cascading. It was possible to ascend out of the main stream but not out of the spray. Everybody got a bit wetter.

The sky was darkening and rain seemed imminent. A chimney similar to the last confronted the intrepid band, but again it looked feasible to avoid the cataract by keeping well out on the wall. Bob led off, made rapid progress for thirty feet, then slowed up somewhat. Above the rushing hiss of

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOTTISH GULLY CLIMBING Continued

the water we could hear that he had reached an obscene something or other. We deduced from the length of time he spent in the spray that impasse was the word which probably followed his obscenity.

Climbing up parallel to him and well clear of the waterfall, he indicated that there appeared to be a good ledge above him, and that if I gained it I could simply walk round to the level at the top of the wall. The ledge turned out to be a line of small divots growing from a crack, as likely to fall off as stay on. The moves up to here had been mostly on loose vegetatious rubble and retreat was as unsafe as advance. If they gave, I would most likely land on Bob's head, so I encouraged him to hang on well in case I came on top of him. If I had landed on his head I could easily have reached the top of the pitch. Right now I was above it and traversing downward. The turf held and I was home. With the psychological advantage of the rope from above, Bob was up in three steps, grinning to beat hell and saying it was easy really. Libby came up by my vegetatious route, and the look in her face as she traversed the two inch wide grass ledge said she would walk on grass never again.

Drawing demulcent drags of cigarette smoke into our lungs we again talked of escape. To escape the chasm by its two hundred foot vertical, vegetatious walls was impossible. Down was too far and anyway we would have to rope down all the waterfalls we had worked so hard to avoid on our ascent. I figured we had only two big pitches to go. Libby seemed relieved.

The sky darkened further, and the Great White Father, who must have decided we were getting off too easily, stuck his finger through a cloud directly above our heads.

Foolishly, we sheltered from this new deluge under a huge chockstone. The stream at this point flowed under the rubble on the gully bed and was invisible. When it burst through the back of our little cave, it suddenly dawned on me that if we waited much longer, the water on steep pitches would probably be sufficient to wash us off.

Post-haste over the roof of the cave; up a little chimney; quickly through a little, wet one. Hurry on, hurry on before the flood comes down from the basin at the top of the mountain.

Everybody wet, wet and cold, stood and looked at the Red Chimney. Too wet to tackle direct. Try the left wall. I tried and failed. Bob did likewise. Try the right wall, the ramp looks fairly easy. The ramp was fairly easy but soon petered out, the wall was smooth. Nothing for it but to go into the water where a chockstone was evident in the crack.

Catch the chockstone, pull up on it, jam body into chimney above.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOTTISH GULLY CLIMBING Continued

I moved into the water, caught the chockstone and made to pull up. A loose block weighing about two hundred pounds was balanced precariously on top of my chockstone. Progress was impossible until it was moved. Leaning to one side and holding on with one hand, I yanked the boulder off with the other and watched it sail down to smash on the rocks at the base, hardly caring whether it chopped the rope or not. It didn't. Jamming and thrusting up the chimney, eyes closed to keep out the water which was pouring all over me, I made it to a stance. The stance was awash, so, as I had just enough rope to do the next pitch, which carried straight on from the last, I went straight on to another waterfall.

At the top, water was flowing into a little dam at about five times the speed it was percolating out through the rocks. Ye gods, thank heaven I got up before that lot came over the top. Libby came next. As she got to the chockstone, the dam came over the top. The water level instantly rose about nine inches in the chimney and she was washed clean off the rock. She finished by almost swimming up and arrived in a state of slight hysteria, cursing Scottish gullies, Scottish rain, and every other damned thing in sight, all the time with her teeth chattering like a zealot's rosary.

A hundred and fifty feet of rope snaked down and Bob floundered up to join us.

"Cheer up, lass. There's only about two pitches to go", I said, for the fifth time. Bob reached into his pocket to pass his cigarettes around and his hand emerged holding a blob of yellow mush.

The rain had stopped, we smoked my remaining two cigarettes and headed for the next waterfall. There was no attempt to avoid the water now. Body and soul were chilled, muscles were numb and movements mechanical.

Morale was at a low ebb when the last big pitch was climbed. Muscles, too weakened by cold to respond normally, made a pitch which should otherwise have been quite straightforward, into a minor epic of combined tactics and last gasp technique.

Only two more pitches and we were through, emerging from the chasm walls on to open hillside.

The sun was setting as it only sets in Scotland. From a break in the clouds above the hills of Ardgour, great golden shafts struck the sea waters of Loch Linnhe. The world was gold and black; and we were cold and blue.

A rapid descent to the Clachaig Inn set the circulation going again. The first whisky boosted it, the second spread a warm glow; when the third was down, the misery was almost forgotten. Several whiskies later, in goodly company, it seemed like the gully might even have been fun.

* * * * * * *

THIRD in the SERIES: THE LITTLE LAKES AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

UPPER AND LOWER FLETCHER LAKES

(10 pounds and over) by Helen Butling

Upper and Lower Fletcher Lakes at an elevation of 6500 feet and 5300 feet respectively are situated on the west side of Kootenay Lake about six miles south of Kaslo and 35 miles north of Nelson. (Map 82FN/NE)

The approach to the trail to these lakes is by an old logging road branching to the right about two miles up the Woodberry Creek road. The first part of the Woodberry Creek road, which follows the north bank of the creek, is strictly a four-wheel drive proposition. However, about 2½ miles north along the highway another more decent road doubles sharply back to the southwest and joins the Woodberry Creek road at its junction with the logging road. Follow the logging road for approximately 3 miles to the Fletcher Lake Trail sign. From here make your way over the slash and debris left by the logging operations, bearing to the left and keeping your eye out for a large stump, well blazed, marking where the trail takes off up the hill. Hiking time from here to the Lower Lake is about one hour and twenty minutes.

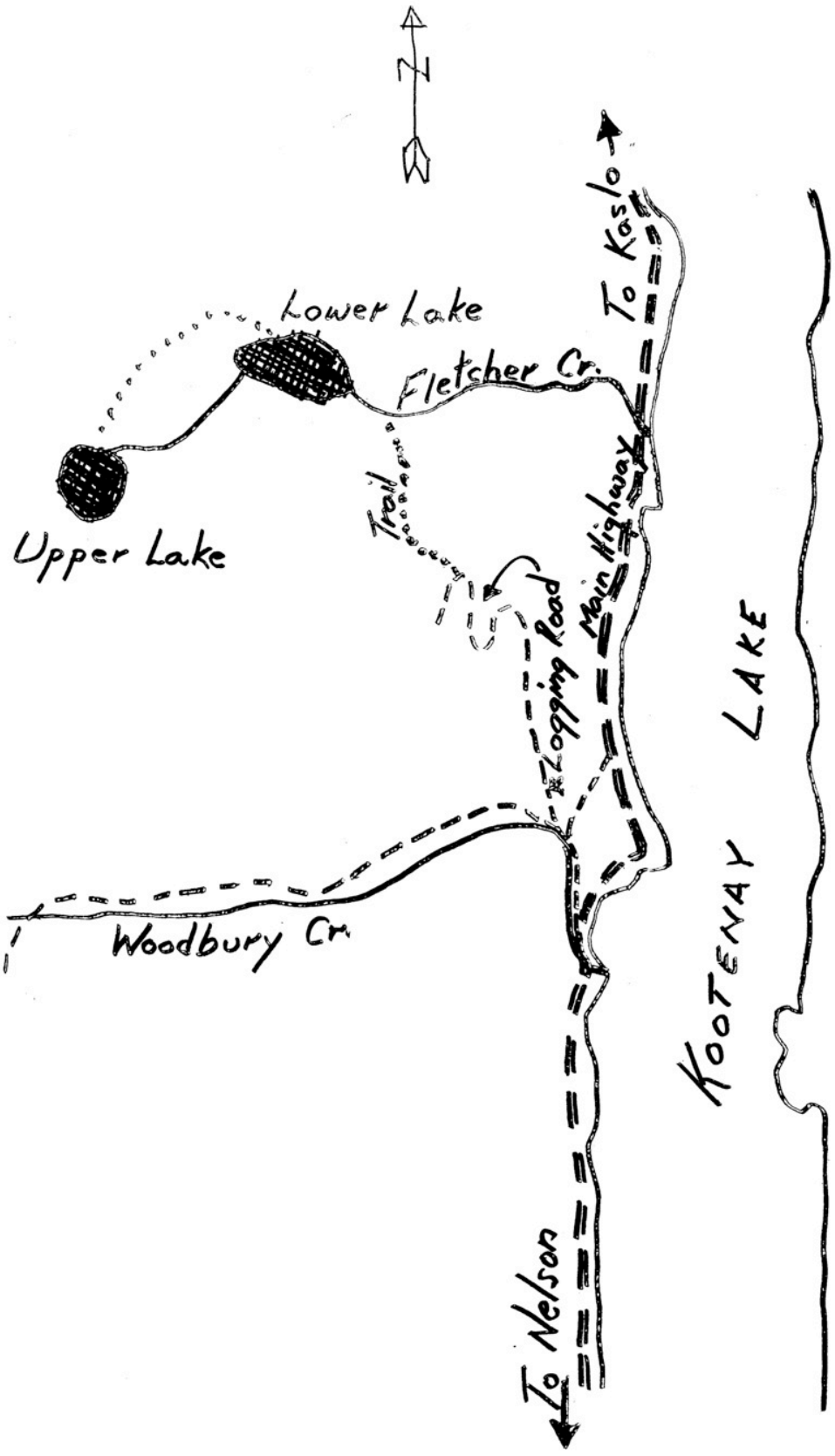
The interesting looking mountain that arrests your attention directly east across Kootenay Lake is 9090'Mt. Loki. Fine views of this mountain are obtained from a raft on the Lower Lake as well as from open spots along the trail.

The best overnight camping spot is at the west end of the lake, if you can stand the mess of tin cans and rubbish left there for your delight. A word of warning, porcupines are in abundance in this area, so be sure to protect your car with chicken wire and hang your gear clear or you will be sorry.

Due to the plentiful supply of fresh water shrimp, this beautiful mountain lake abound in well fed rainbow trout up to ten pounds in weight. To catch them is another matter and a challenge to every fisherman. However, I have seen fine catches taken out of this lake by fishermen who were lucky enough to be there when the fish were greedy enough to snap at a Deadly Dick or a fly. Fishing from a raft nets the best results; there are several in the lake and 'tis well worth the effort of locating them.

Upper Fletcher Lake, a couple of miles to the west and slightly to the south of the Lower Lake, is well stocked with a smaller edition of the Rainbow that inhabit the Lower Lake. To reach this lake, angle up to the easy going on the north bank of the Lower Lake then follow the game trails into the Upper Lake. Time approximately one hour.

Before the present trail was put in many were the lurid tales of the gruelling treks made by eager fishermen trying to force a way to these lakes. Fourteen hours was quite common and many never got there at all. The first time I went in it took us eight hours coming in at the head of the Lower Lake, a very different story from the present one hour and 20 minute hike.



FLETCHER LAKES

OLD GLORY

by Dave Parfitt

From the map the average slope of the couloir on the North face of Old Glory appeared to be 40-45 degrees with a vertical rise of 300 feet. In shade for most of the day and with temperatures dropping below freezing almost every night, I thought the snow should be in excellent condition in late June or early July and its proximity to Rossland should make it a climb that could be done before breakfast during the week from a bivouac camp at the bottom of the face.

With this in mind I scanned the face with binoculars from the look-out point on the Rossland-Sheep Lake highway. It looked straightforward but there was enought daylight left for a closer look so I hiked up the trail from Hannah Creek, leaving it to scramble on to the North-East ridge, from where I could see that climbing down on the far side of the ridge to the bottom of the face would be easy.

On Thursday July 7th, Jean-Paul Rondeau and I set out up the trail rather later in the evening than we had intended. The windfalls were numerous and patches of snow remained. However, we reached our intended bivouac site with the last vestiges of daylight. Here was soft grass with a small stream flowing by. The night was clear and cold and we didn't waste much time eating some of our ample supply of food and getting into our sleeping bags. When the alarm went off next morning we were coated with a thick rime and ate breakfast in bed to defeat the cold.

Shortly after 4:30 we started up through stunted trees and were soon climbing a shallow slope of hard-packed snow. This led upward for 200 yards and then petered out and we had to traverse to the right across a rock ridge to get onto the snow slope leading to the top. Here we put on our crampons for the snow soon became steeper and was so hard that only the crampon points would go in.

We climbed steadily upward on 45 degree snow, stopping a couple of times to take pictures. The slope steepened to about 55 degrees at the top. We reached the summit just after 6 a.m. to be greeted vociferously by the meteorological station crew's dog and hospitality by Al Laatch. Conversation and coffee in the met. station quickly disposed of most of the hour and it was nearly 7:00 am. when we started down the east side of the mountain toward the pack horse trail.

We arrived back at the road at eight o'clock and after a quick shower and a cold beer in Rossland, headed for the day's more mundane activities.

Old Glory is only 7,792 feet high but provides some good crampon practice. This is a climb that we would recommend to anyone in the Rossland-Trail area.

KOOTENAY SECTION, THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

1968 SUMMER SCHEDULE

June 1st Saturday	JOKER LAKES TRAIL/ or HAYSTACK and OUTLOOK Leaders: Helen Butling and Jack Steed
June 8th	JOKER LAKES TRAIL
June 15th	JOKER LAKES TRAIL / an East KOOTENAY ROCK CLIMB Leader: Gerry Brown
June 22nd	JOKER LAKES TRAIL
June 29/30/July 1	SNOWSCHOOL at Mt. Cond Leaders: Dave Parfitt Rick Askew
July 6th	-
July 13th	PONTIAC PEAK and SUNSET LAKE Meet at Woodbury Creek Bridge at 8 a.m. Leader: Bob Dean
July 27th	BOOMERANG MOUNTAIN- TANAL LAKE (camp Sat. night) Leader : John Carter
August 10 th	WHITEWATER/BRENNAN Leader: Norm Wagner ?
August 24th	KOOTENAY SECTION AND PURCELL CLIMBING CLUB COMBINED CAMP at KOKANEE Leader: Jack Steed Meet: 10 am Aug 24 at Kokanee Creek turnoff, 12 mi. from Nelson. No limit.
Aug. 31 - Sept. 2	Joker Lakes Ice School / Kane Mt. / Sawtooth R. Leaders : Iain Martin, (and Dave Parfitt ?)
Sept. 14th 15th	Mulvey Trail cutting. Needs lots of people to finally get it finished. Leaders: Jack Oswald, John Carter, Gerry Brown.
Sept. 21.	Slocan Chief Work Party Co-ordinator - Helen Butling
Oct. 12 Thanksgiving	----- Any suggestions?

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 equipment for the trip

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

INFORMATION: - from leaders or director in each area:

TRAIL -	to be appointed	(formerly Jean-Paul Rondeau)
CASTLEGAR -	Gerry Brown	365 - 5730
NELSON -	Helen Butling	825 - 4384

P.S. Bob Dean suggests Mt. Cranherry as an alternative for July 1st. Anyone interested please contact Bob.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS;

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

Ad.

Ladies' TYROL CLIMBING BOOTS, size 5, for sale. Phone 362 - 7227

NOTE: Alan Polster of Argenta, B.C., a new member, is looking for companions for some rock climbing in that area. Anyone going that way should contact him.

CHECK LIST FOR CLIMB OR HIKE:

DAY TRIP

- Map and Compass
- Air photos
- Small Pack Sack
- Lunch
- Snack (chocolate, etc.)
- Water Bottle (fill)
- Dark glasses, goggles
- Chapstick or Screen
- Tan Lotion
- Clothing: mitts, gloves
  - rain jacket
  - rain hat (brim)
  - handkerchief
  - extra sweater
  - spare boot lace
- Flashlight
- Toilet paper
- Moleskin, bandaid, tape
- Jack knife
- Matches (waterproofed)

CLIMBING APPARATII

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

****

OVER NIGHT TRIP

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



by C. Penn

Mountain Guide: "Be careful not to fall here, but if you do fall, remember to look to your left. You get a wonderful view".

"I see no fun in making a target of myself for a chunk of ice. I know exactly what the result will be if I am struck and will waive demonstration."

- V.A. Fynn A.J. Vol. 36, 1924*

"How strangely all plans of travel finally gravitate to the commissariat! If only someone would kindly guarantee the commissariat, the summit of Mount Everest and the South Pole might easily be reached."

- W.S. Green, 1890*

Litter in the Swiss National Park:

"I would like to give a tip to some specially litter-conscious visitors. Marmots are in the habit of frequently cleaning out their burrows. Litter hidden there will quickly be brought to daylight again."

- "Die Alpen" Vol. 2, 1967*

And Bears too:

"The Swiss National Park indicates clearly that it was drawn too small as far as deer and big game are concerned, and indeed too one-sided with too little valley area included. This is an indication for the creation of new big game reserves, especially when consideration is being given to reintroducing bears, which were at home here in the last century."

- Max Oeschlin "Die Alpen", Vol. 4, 1968*

Ed. Note: The last bear in the Swiss Alps was shot in 1904 in the area which is now the National Park. (A.J. Vol. 72, 1967)*.

"On the over-worked soil
Of this planet, enjoyment is sharpened by toil;
And one seems by the pain of ascending a height
To have conquered a claim to a wonderful sight."

- Meredith*

****

DR COOK UP THE POLE AGAIN

by C. Penn

The late Dr. Frederick A. Cook, contraversial figure of early American Arctic exploration is in the news again, this time in "North", a magazine published by the Northern Administration Branch in Ottawa.

An article in the March/April 1968 issue describes how his claim to have forestalled Peary in reaching the North Pole in 1908 began a bitter dispute as to the validity of his claim. When Cook died a broken man in 1940, twenty years after Peary's death, the riddle was still unsolved and even today people continue to bring out new arguments or circumstantial evidence to support either Cook or Peary. The present writer in "North", R.W. Gibbons, tends to support Cook.

What has all this to do with mountaineers or with the "Kootenay Karabiner"? There has always been an affinity between mountain and Polar explorers, both having tough, self-imposed tasks. Quite apart from this, if you follow mountain history in Canada and Alaska you will know or have guessed that it was the same Dr. Cook who claimed to have made the first ascent of Mt. McKinley in 1906. This claim was more or less accepted until the dispute over priority of polar discovery cast doubt upon Cook's veracity.

Who really made the first ascent of Mr. McKinley? Cook and his companion Bareille (or Barrill) in 1906, the four "sourdoughs" from Fairbanks in 1910, or Parker and Browne in 1912? Take your choice, or better still, read up the various accounts and books, and then decide. Personally, I have a soft spot for those four Alaskans.

****

ANSWERS TO MOUNTAIN QUIZ

1. You would be at Kootenay Lake, for these are the old names for the Lake, Kootenay River and the Purcell Mountains.

2. Mt. Waddington, 13260 ft, in the Coast Mountains is the highest mountain entirely in B.C. It was formerly called Mt. George Dawson and, earlier still, Mystery Mountain.

3. The words were guide Conrad Kain's to his clients upon reaching the summit of Mt. Robson on the first complete ascent, 31st July 1913.

4. Conrad Kain is buried in Cranbrook, where he died of sleepy sickness in 1934 aged 51. He made over 60 first ascents in the Can. Rockies and Purcells, including Robson, Bugaboo Spire and Louis, as well as many first ascents in New Zealand and climbs all over the Alps. His remarkable career as a guide is given in his fascinating book "Where the Clouds can go" edited by J.M. Thorington.

5. Mt. Grohman at the head of Grohman Creek was named after W.A. Baillie-Grohman, pioneer, climber and sportsman who is famous here for his canal joining the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers at Canal Flats.

6. Major (later Sir) Edward Oliver Wheeler was with the Survey of India when invited to join the 1921 Mt. Everest Expedition. His remarkable achievement was the complete survey, by new Canadian Photo-methods, of the whole 600 square mile Everest massif, then completely unknown territory of the ruggedest kind. It was done in barely 5 months. From it was produced the first map of Mt. Everest which is, even by today's standards, excellently done and remarkably accurate. Wheeler died in 1962 at Vernon B.C.

* * * * *

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Showel Styles - The Mountaineers Weekend Book.
The Editor - The Alpine Journal.
MacMillan - W.S. Green's "Among the Selkirk Glaciers" 1890.
Dr.H.Voegeli - Editor of "Die Alpen", Journal of the Swiss Alpine Club
Dept. of Northern Affairs, Ottawa - "North" magazine.

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Mail to:
"KOOTENAY KARABINER", Box 299, Castlegar, B. C., Canada.

Cheques should be made payable to the "Kootenay Karabiner".

Here's a new idea which should help both members and leaders. Just glance through the Summer Schedule (P.25) and note down on the TRIP-CHIT which trips you plan or hope to go on. Then mail it to the Secretary who will gather all names for each trip and pass them to the leaders.

Thus, the leader of a trip will get, in advance, a fair estimate of how many wish to go. You will know that your name is down, provisionally, for the trips you want.

But note: You must still confirm or cancel with the leader two days before the trip.

cut here

TRIP-CHIT

Please put me down provisionally for the following Summer Trips:

☐	June 15/16	Rock Climb, E.Kootenay or Joker Lakes Trail Cutting
☐	June 22/23	Joker Lakes Trail Cutting
☐	July 1 weekend	Snow School
☐	July 13/14	Pontiac Peak/Sunset Lake
☐	July 27/28	Boomerang Mountain
☐	Aug. 10/11	Whitewater Mtn./Brennan
☐	Aug. 24/25	Kokanee with P.A.C.
☐	Aug. 31/Labour Day	Ice School
☐	Sept 14/15	Mulvey Trail Cutting
☐	Sept 21/22	Slocan Chief Work Party
☐	Oct. 12(Thanksgiving)	Suggestions:

I will confirm/cancel with the leader 2 days before the trip.
I am a member/associate in good standing.

NAME: ADDRESS:

PHONE: SIGNED:

Mail to the Secretary: Mrs Libby Martin, Box 151, Rossland B.C.

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