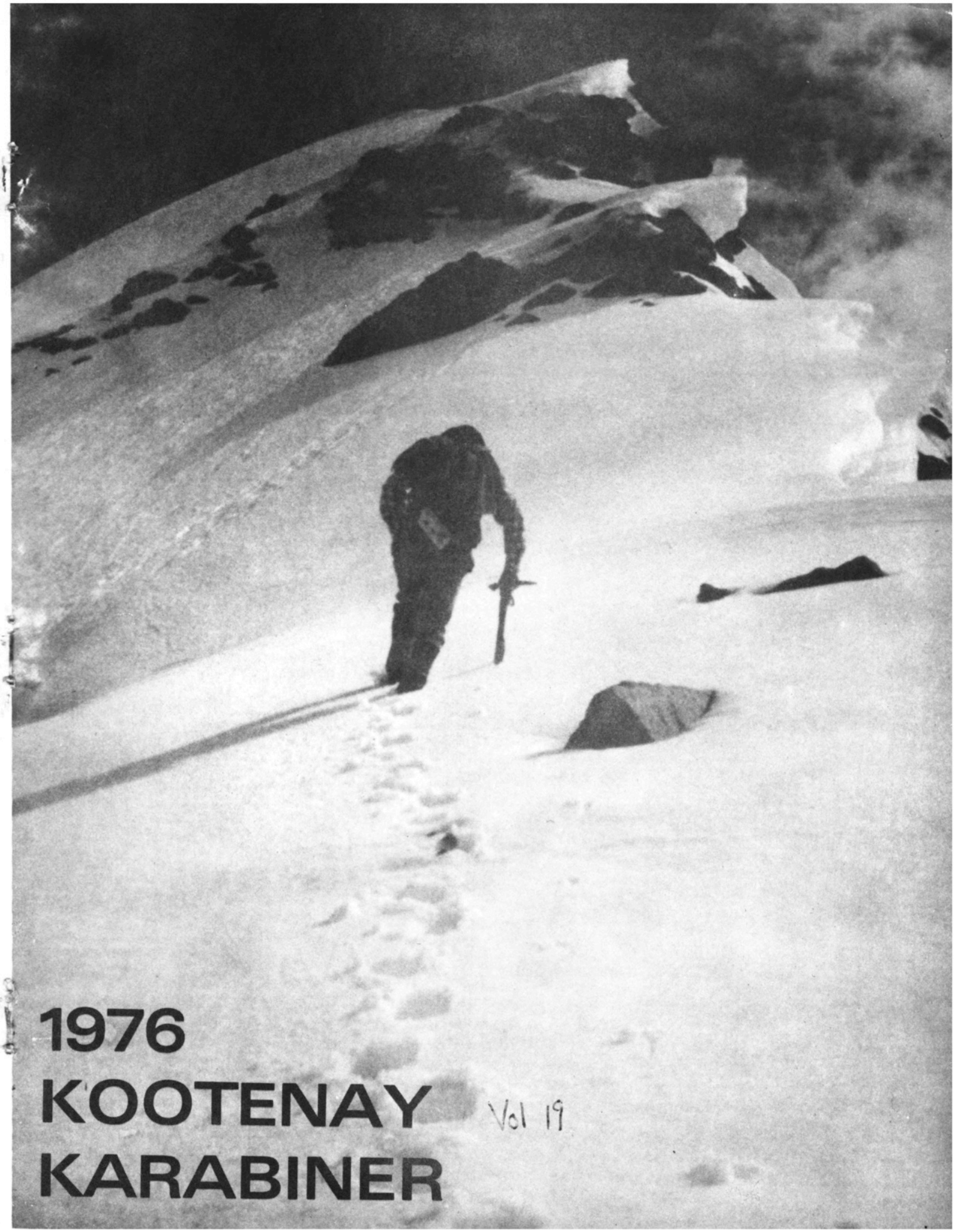
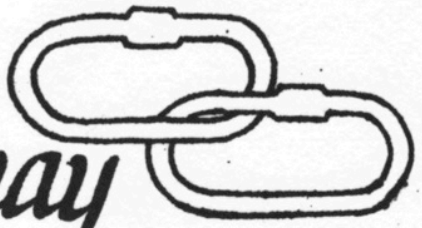


1976 KOOTENAY KARABINER

Vol 19

The Kootenay Karabiner



Volume 19 Fall 1976

Edited by Kim Kratky

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The Editor
Kootenay Karabiner
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The Battleship and the Pyramids,
Kokanee Glacier, August 1926.

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1976

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1976 K.M.C. CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Each passing year sees our club moving further into the 'Big Time', so we have to be continually deciding just what we want out of it, and also what we are trying to accomplish.

We have felt rising costs -- particularly in the cost of printing our Karabiner and our membership in the F.M.C. of B.C. -- but due to the hard work of several members we will be able to keep our membership dues at the present 'bargain price'.

Early this year we brought in Doug Scott of Everest Fame. Doug's slides and commentary were most entertaining--for those of us who could understand the lingo.

For the Spring Meeting, we tried separating the business meeting from the dinner. This was so that we might have an enjoyable dinner and guest speaker one night, and deal with the club's business another. Well, the pleasure evening was a great success, with a fine presentation of slides by Mrs. Phyl Munday, but the business meeting was a dismal failure. Only about 20 souls turned up.

Gladys Bockner resigned her position as conservation chairman so that she could spend some time in Ontario. We were fortunate in recruiting Derek Willans to continue

the job. At about the same time, we asked Guy Woods to take over the Cabins & Trails. Much more recently, Nancy Baker resigned as Karabiner Editor, because she felt that she could not produce the magazine at a lower cost than last year. With a little persuasion, Kim Kratky gallantly took on the job.

This year we had three summer camps: the climbing camp to the Glacier Circle Area; the helicopter hiking camp to the Mt. Marion-Cascade Area; and a trek along the Floe Lake--Lake O'Hara section of the Great Divide Trail.

Most of our weekend trips went off as scheduled and were well attended. We notice that people are getting much more interested in winter ski touring trips. Perhaps the enchantment of downhill skiing is fading.

As the club grows and our activities increase, we will need more involvement from club members. We need suggestions for trip destinations, as well as for people offering to lead trips, serve on committees, or to help at socials.

I extend my best wishes to the new Executive.

DAVE ADAMS Nov. 1976



1921—The Kokanee Mountaineering Club had its camp at the Molly Gibson Mill just below Gibson Lake. Among those shown here are Harold Hinnet, Magistrate R.E.Plewmair, H.R.Kitto and his son Bud Kitto, McLeary, John Ganser, Nina Ganser and Arthur Gilker. Can anyone identify others?



1926—Kokanee Mountaineering Club camp at the Slocan Chief cabin. Supplies were brought in by pack horse and a cook was hired by the club. Standing are: #4 Mr.Blaushard, #7Miss May Harris, #8 Wik Blaushard, #9 Mrs. Wik [Mary] Blaushard, #13 Ross Fleming, #14 Henry, the cook, #16 Arthur Perrier. Seated are: #2 Mr. Parlow, #5 Mrs Parlow, #6 Enid Etter.

VALHALLA COMMITTEE REPORT

Yes, the Valhalla Committee is still going strong. This past year has seen progress in many areas. The Parks Report on the potential of the Valhalla Proposal is now over one year old and has yet to be officially released. We assume that the Land Secretariat is still considering our proposal.

Dr. Bristol Foster, director of our Provincial Ecological Reserves Branch, inspected the Nemo Creek drainage both by air and by a most difficult ten mile hike early in July of this year. Although he did not feel the area warranted an Ecological Reserve, he was impressed by its wildness.

As an alternative to the B.C. Parks Branch establishing stewardship we have approached Parks Canada through Bob Brisco. He has taken our proposal to Ottawa.

The Department of Labor, in conjunction with the B.C. Forest Service, allocated $2,200 for students to slash and reconstruct the Sharp Creek Fire trail leading up to the New Denver Glacier. The complexity and isolation of this job left much of the upper trail quite rough. It has, however, been quite clearly flagged by Matthew Hudson and is about an eight hour hike to the base of the glacier.

The committee attempted to hike and flag all the major trails this summer and has produced a brief trail guide to the area. This guide is available from the Valhalla

Committee, Box 224, New Denver, B.C. We hope to make available a more detailed guide for 1977.

Much of our energy has gone toward advertising. Wide-spread interest has been initiated through the publication of "Canada's Valhalla" in the June 1976 issue of the Sierra Club Bulletin, through pamphlets, bumper stickers, our slide show, an article in the B.C. Naturalists' Federation Newsletter, an interview by C.B.C. Vancouver's"Good Morning Radio"and of course, the prolific and sometimes controversial Nelson Daily News coverage.

But the decision still lies with our provincial government. The land in question is public land and ultimately the public must decide its use. So once again your interest and letters of support are needed. You are therefore urged to write personal letters to the Hon. Grace McCarthy, Minister of Recreation and Tourism, with copies to Jim Nielsen, Minister of the Environment; Tom Waterland, Minister of Resources; and Bill King, M.L.A. for Revelstoke-Slocan. The address for all of these is:

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

To quote from the Sierra Club Bulletin, "In the text of his Valhalla Proposal, Mr. Eweson emphasized '....the pristine splendor of untouched West Kootenay wilderness and an increased determination that an area should be set aside to preserve this heritage and perpetuate it ..... As a

truly representative and diverse specimen of the West Kootenay ecosystem, landforms, hydrology, and wildlife habitat, with a history of only minimal human activity, the Valhalla area is unique.... Such an area, under proper protection, would serve as a sanctuary, a museum and monument of natural history and beauty.....' "

Gail Elder

Ski Season - 1976

by Peter McIver.

The club was quite active this winter with 16 trips between January 11th and May 24th. The trips attracted varying participation, featuring from two to 19 people. The types of excursions attracting the largest number of people were the easy ones that accented mixed snow shoeing and walking on easy terrain with cross-country skis— obviously we should be scheduling more of these kinds of treks. Areas not previously visited on club trips, or junkets encompassing something a little different, were also popular. Excursions to Whitewater Glacier basin, Glacier Creek and the Bugaboos were all well attended (and enjoyable) outings. Kokanee, as always, was popular (three times, with one a helicopter pilgrimage).

Many of the really attractive trips though, were by small parties. The Berry Mountain expedition during mid-January took place in glorious weather. Old Glory certainly lived up to its name as the ridges glistened in pristine light while sparkling phantoms and icy winds played about us.

Overnight tours seemed very popular. Cabins are always that much more welcome in winter, but the partici-

pants in the Whitewater trek camped or dug snow caves in mid-March, and are eager to repeat the experience. We certainly can, as a club, carry out more adventurous winter activities than have been our past practice. Double programming of these trips with the easier types of outings would probably cause little or no conflict.

It isn't noticeable too much on club touring but more and more mountaineers are using cross-country skis. In certain instances they are superior, as on the Glacier Creek gait. In debate, arguments about their performance in steep and rough terrain are countered by smiles on the faces of enthusiasts as they ask you how long it took to get into Kokanee last time you skied in, to which you ask what it felt like to be upside down as you watched snake tracks by the Battleship--to which they reply----.

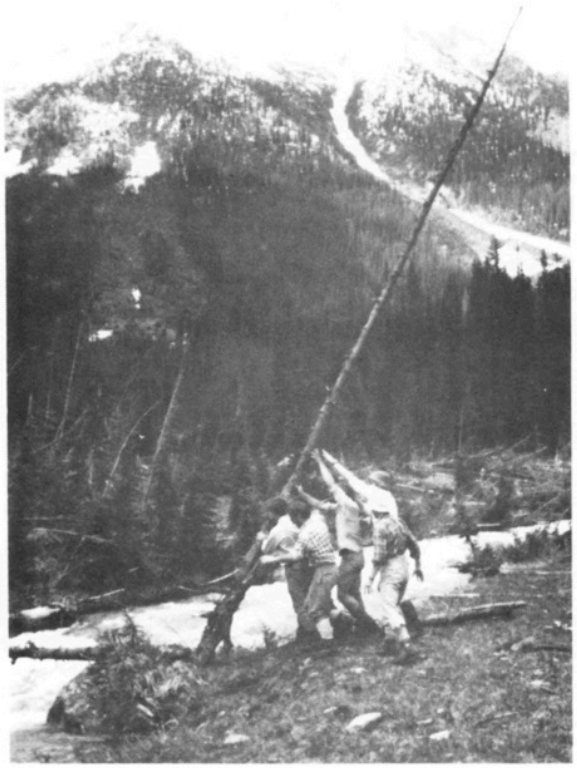
Another development is the acquisition by 30 club members of their personal avalanche radio beacons and the purchasing by the club of eight more. For you summer climbers, these devices enable a mountaineer to locate his friend's corpse under an avalanche much faster than if neither person had a beacon. And if you are really quick your friend may not be a corpse. Anyone who has practiced with the beacons is invariably impressed, and feels much more secure when carrying one. Here lies the danger, of course--there is no substitute for good

judgment and experience in the mountains, especially in winter. However if you are planning on attending any club trips this winter, rent a club unit.

Put on your skis, alpine touring or Nordic, and let's see you in the mountains this winter. This season is going to be even better than last; downhill skiers will never believe this, but a 4,000 foot vertical run in powder you have climbed through beats a day's skiing at any resort any time.

Right: Building a bridge over Dewar Creek. Left to right: Peter McIver, Bert Port, Pat Taddy, Arist Bruemmer and Jim Brennon.

Leaning towers trip, July 1st.





Above: Left to right—Jim Brennon, Bert Port and Peter McIver in front of Block and Wall Towers.



Right: 'The Leaning Towers'. The highest peak, Hall [9975], was climbed by the party on July 4th, 1976

Whitewater to Harrop

by Fred Thiessen

An Eric and Fred Adventure, March 1976.

Preparing for this trip involved going to the K.M.C. party and sleeping till about 9:00 the next morning. Since it was clear, we said, "right lets go."

We hustled up to the Whitewater Ski-hill, donned skiis and skins then toiled up the south facing slope to the ridge between Apex and Five Mile creeks. After declaring a lunchbreak we toured over to the north shoulder of Mt. Ymir, which is the height of land between the West Arm and the Main Lake. For the next three km it was an easy up and down tour on the east side of the ridge. The only technical problem of the whole trip arose at the three km point; this involved removing our skis and carrying them down from a 7500' peak to the 7300' level which was easy. We decided to camp on the N.E. side of this peak which is the headwaters of Lasca Creek.

Being exhausted at this time, we dug our snowcave, watched a full moon rise, then slept soundly.

Sunday was uneventful as we toured along the height of land or close to it to Mill Lake. The weather was unusually clear which gave us a unique view of the Kokanee

peaks from lake level to summit.

At Mill Lake our trouble began; from above Mill Lake at around noon we could see the West Arm and said, "Well gee, this'll only take a few hours, it's all downhill." So down we started; we followed a ridge between the West and East fork of Harrop Creek which was easy going, then we started descending into Harrop Creek. We started bushwacking through willows which seemed to clutch at our ski or pole at every bush we passed. Then we skied out of the willow into an immature, dense stand of cedar and hemlock. This was painfully slow and incredibly frustrating with our six foot planks attached to our feet. At around 6 P.M. we were absolutely exhausted, so we laid out our ensolites and sleeping bags and slept on the snow, doing our cooking from our bags.

Monday morning, refreshed we continued down the ridge and arrived at the creek forks around 8:00 A.M. Noticing that the creek was an absolute jungle we climbed about 300' out of the creek and kept this contour as we went down. The bush was similar to the previous day--not very nice with lots of little trees to frustrate us and cause many bad words.

At around 11:00 or so an orange helicopter flew up and down the creek a few times, waved at us, and flew away. "Are they looking for us?"; "I doubt it; after all, we told most people it might take three days." So we con-

tinued to descend, arriving at Harrop around 2 P.M.

We found out later that, yes indeed, people had been looking for us. In fact it was the Forest Service wondering where their Range Agrologist was and what he was doing.

In retrospect, since it took us three days to do the trip anyway, we decided that an easier three day trip without bush would be to continue past Mill Lake on the height of land to Mt. Irvine, then along the ridge between Proctor and Irvine Creek. This would lead one onto the logging roads above Proctor and involve no bushwacking and probably the same length of time. Maybe next time, memories about class 3 and 4 bush with skis on aren't very nice.

Mulvey Weekend

by Dave Snider

Brian Wright and I, being in need of a few days in the wilds, decided on Mulvey with high hopes of some good climbing.

Saturday's hike in did nothing to dampen our enthusiasm despite a very wet bush that left us soaked and a very steep headwall which, contrary to a lot of hopes, is not shrinking. So we arrived--cold, wet and very tired after ten hours on the trail--to find a snug shelter from which to launch our ambitious assaults.

Alas, the morning dawned misty and threatening after a terrific thunderstorm whose lightning flashes behind Dag increased the feeling of awesome dominance he gives to the basin. Makes a person remember his place in the scheme of things, seeing a show like that. The storm lasted only a short time, but its after effects made for a non-climbing day on Sunday and so we reluctantly turned our attention to hut maintenance.

We mannaged a few repairs, liberally interspersed with coffee breaks, various and sundry lunches and the odd tot of Teachers Highland Cream sprinkled with pleasant conversation. A good day, the kind that combines with days of

strenuous climbing and perhaps adrenalin pumping situations to make the total mountain experience such a pleasant thing.

Monday looked somewhat more promising and it wasn't until halfway up the gully to the start of Gladsheim's summit ridge that the heavy mists once again began to roll in. It did not, however, begin to rain and as the mists kept rolling out and in again we decided, in a frenzy of optimism, to continue. Having gained the ridge we found the going very pleasant on good rock with plenty of solid holds. We roped up at the first chimney and continued with Brian leading and Dave slogging along, huffing, puffing and feeling slightly nauseous under the effects of altitude. A bit of food and a few sweet candies on the misty summit did wonders for the constitution and we descended once again to the top of the gully. Only when we were about a hundred yards from the end of the ridge did the rain begin in earnest and we were treated to the sobering effect of wet lichen. Extremely greasy would be a good descriptive term. An uneventful descent with some fine glissading brought us to the hut and a very welcome brew.

Tuesday morning was also a wet one but we'd gotten at least one climb in and so were partially content to pack up for the hike out. The headwall proved much more pleasant on the descent even if the alder swamp didn't and we reached the car in good time at 4:30 P.M. Getting

set for a pleasant ride home, having let slip all the momentum we'd built up for reaching the car and having settled down on those cushioned seats we were quite unprepared for the bundle of four trees lying across the road, effectively blocking our path. My old, blunt axe which was in the car more by luck than design turned the trick after much cutting, more cursing plus some tugging with the car and a second best climbing rope (since retired!). "Great! Let's go home." A hundred yards down the road another volley of swearing went up to the Gods in Valhalla as another blowdown loomed into view -- nor was it the last! Altogether we cut twelve bloody trees off the road with the last one being so big Brian had to go for help. Thanks to the rancher who lives opposite the access road entrance we finally reached Slocan City at 9:30 P.M. for cold beers and gourmet hot dogs.

If anyone out there is still wondering what to get me for Christmas -- please make it a chain saw!



Mt. Gladshiem, Mulvey Basin. Left to right: Peter McIver, Ian McIver, Dave Kennedy, Don Mousseau. Sept.6th, 1976.



Mulvey Meadows with Wolves Ears on left and Mt Gimli on right. Sept.6th 1976.

Descent of Gladsheim

by Peter McIver

I believe I once met a man who had climbed Gladsheim in sunshine. But I'm not sure.

Our Labour Day trip was the normal variety. Up at 6 - back to bed. Debates at 9. Discussion at 10. Off at 11, just to have a look. Fog on the ridge, one side wet and windy. "Perhaps it'll clear." "This side is a bit slick-well this side isn't too bad." Dave Kennedy, Eric Norton and Don Mousseau on one rope, Julie Mortimer, Ian McIver and me on the other. "This chimney is a bit wet."

"We're at the summit."

"No you're not - you can't trip over a Carter cairn."

Off I go into the fog. Others follow, no packs etc. Fog changes to rain. Rope needed on last chimney, running with water. "Yes this really is the top." "Where?-Oh there."

Rappels on the way down in pouring rain on soaking lichen. Afternoon passes by, retrieving harnesses, etc. Dusk closing in. Eric would like his prize chock back, which Don thoughtfully used to anchor the last rappel. Dave and I clean the last bit, coil the rope. Almost dark now - others have gone ahead. Reach the descent gully, drop over the ridge and lo! we can see no more.

"It's this way."

"No, it's this way."

"I don't give a ---- let's go one way."

"I'll just have a look."

"What's keeping you? Oh I see." Crunch.

"Is that mud or gravel?"

"Slabs."

"----"

"Well we're obviously on the wrong side, better go back."

"Clouds are lifting. I can see 20 yards, 50 yards- look there's lights in the valley."

"Let's cross that snow."

"It's a bit hard. Well, I'm not going back. At least you can see."

"Wish this damn rain would stop. Let's keep to the right-don't want to end up above the headwall."

"Looks like boulders below the snow."

Boulders it was. Hopping was a bit tricky, but it sure beat feeling your way down cliffs, with water running in your sleeves. Trees - pitch dark again. Lights down there - people with flashlights. Plod - plod slurp slurp. Ground is flat, there's a light, there's the cabin. Welcome warm soup provided by Ethel, Dave's wife. Others hit the right route and have been down 2 hours. They could see off the ridge. Don't tear down that cabin!

Mt. Yamnuska

by Steven Horvath

When Brian Wright mentioned the possibility of a trip to the Banff area during the Dominion Day weekend he did not have to twist my arm to make sure that I would join him. We were unable to climb anything during our Victoria Day trip to the Bugaboos because of too much snow, (the skiing was superb, but that is another story), and after instructing in the rock school for five weeks our appetite for climbing was considerable. So the three of us (Brian, my wife and myself) loaded into our car and drove off in the direction of Yamnuska and the Tower of Babel. We almost did not make it, as we narrowly--by a fraction of an inch--missed being involved in a car accident near Moyie Lake. This delayed us considerably and we did not arrive at Lake Louise until 2 P.M., where we had a difficult time trying to find a free spot in one of the campsites.

Next morning dawned foggy, rainy and cold. It took us quite awhile to gather up enough courage and energy to venture out of our tent. We spent part of the day admiring tourists and tourist traps such as the "world famous chateau dog" around Lake Louise and then we departed for Moraine Lake and a recci of the Tower of Babel. It is a

good thing we did, because now we know that we are not going there again. The Tower of Babel is easily accessible but that - to us - was as far as its appeal went. The rock is quite loose quartzite and the climb hardly seems worth it, especially if it really is a 5.6.

Next day the weather was the same, so we left somewhat late. However, by the time we had arrived at the foot of the Yamnuska it was bright and sunny. The southern exposure and the fact that Yamnuska is located on the easternmost edge of the mountains seems to assure that it enjoys good weather even while it is snowing or raining in Banff.

We chose to climb the Calgary route. The guide book gave it a 5.4 rating and about 6 pitches. The nicest part of the climb was the approach hike with beautiful views of the Rocky Mountain foothills and even more beautiful flowers typical of limestone soils. The sun was shining and with the panorama of the big walls of the Yamnuska unfolding before us Brian felt like he was in the Dolomites.

We had no problems locating our route; the line of chimneys running diagonally across the face was quite prominent. We freeclimbed as far as it went and had a late lunch. It was about 2:00 P.M. but we figured that 6 pitches of 5.3 -5.4 climbing should not take us more than about four hours.

Little did we know. The first two pitches were

strenuous but easy enough once we got adjusted to the verticality typical oflimestone. The climbing became more interesting after the second pitch. I was forced to do some unorthodox gymnastics, traversing on my belly down a horizontal crack, a lovely place that I got to know better later when our rope got snagged right above it on our rappel. Brian led what the guide book described as the hardest pitch--an overhanging corner followed by an interesting traverse. We were making good time so we had a short break and feeling quite dehydrated I finished off my supply of liquid refreshments. Then I attempted the next pitch, a smooth, narrow chimney with two large chockstones blocking the way on the top. This seemed to be a typical characteristic of this route. The chimney walls were smooth and what few holds there were all sloping the wrong way. But what made the whole exercise really strenuous was the fine dust that was completely covering the chimney walls. Its friction coefficient was quite low or, in Brian's words, it was "bloody slippery." It was quite narrow and I was forced to climb down from halfway up to take off my pack and leave it with Brian. I had to use a size 0 Chouinard wired stopper for aid to get over the chockstones. I finally made it, huffing and puffing, and set up a belay. I hauled up our packs first, a hard task, and then belayed Brian. He had barely started to climb when I heard a noise like a gun shot; the ropes

had dislodged a fist-sized rock which had picked Brian's head as its target. Good thing he had his helmet on. I did not and I was certainly apprehensive during his next lead.

Time was flying faster than expected and it was 6:00 P.M. when we were below a most miserable-looking chimney, very deep and narrow, and still could not see the end of the climb. Unfortunately, I tried the wall on the left, but it proved to be little bit too airy. So having no choice I took off my pack and ventured into the chimney. It took me well over 30 minutes to climb the next 100 feet. The chimney was smooth and so narrow on the bottom that I could not even turn around. About ten feet above me was a large chock stone with a suspiciously-frayed old rope sling hanging from it. However, I did not feel like assessing the safety potential of it and somehow made my way towards it. Once there I clipped in a sling and finally could rest for a minute. When I was able to breathe and see more clearly I could see that I was stuck. Fortunately, Brian noticed an old pin on the outside of the chimney that I could not see from my position. It seemed to be beyond my reach, but it is amazing what one can do when there is no choice. Using two slings for aid I was finally able to reach the wall on the outside of the chimney, but after a few moves I was forced back into it again. This was hard

work, and for the first time in quite a few years I got cramps in my hands. They certainly came at the best time possible. I had finally reached a handhold, sort of, when I discovered that I could not use it as my right hand was cramped into a tight fist. My wife who was at that time hiking below the mountain told me that she could hear me loud and clear, all the way down. In any case, I finally made it to another chockstone, this time a small one, about one square foot, wedged loosely across the chimney. I had to chin up it but that almost did me in. There was no place for protection except possibly a sling around the quite wobbly chockstone that I was standing on and from my position it looked like the chimney had no end in sight. So, the hour being late, we decided to retreat. My wife was waiting for us at the bottom and she told us that the point from which we turned back was less than one pitch from the end of theclimb. Subsequent inspection of our slides proved her right, but by then it was too late to do anything constructive about it.

When we finished rappelling off, the sun had already set. We glissaded down the loose fine scree slopes and reached our car in total darkness. We arrived in Banff after midnight and the only place still open for business was an all night gas station -- not the best place for the luxurious repast that we felt we deserved.

Next day the weather was not the best and we did not feel very adventurous so we just scrambled up the Beehive, a small hill above Lake Agnes. We were quite amused to run across a superbly-equipped party trying to scale that great mountain. The best part of that day was my annual pilgrimage to the Banff liquor store, which alone is worth a separate visit by B.C. residents.

We feel that our trip fulfilled its purpose, even though we failed to achieve our climbing objectives. At that time of the year Banff is certainly a good place to do some rock climbing and we definitely would like to go there again next spring. Alas, not to the Calgary Route on Yamnuska.

Mt. Farnham

by Linda Allis
Eric Norton

In the first week of August we went into the Farnham Creek area of the Purcells feeling that this would be a good area for a week of general mountaineering. After introducing ourselves to a few of the 40 members of the BCMC who had felt the same way, and being told to go home ("the rock is rotten, the glaciers are full of crevasses, the weather is horrible—what are you doing here"), we moved our camp from the main valley up to treeline in the hanging valley between Mts. Hammond and Peter. From here we would have quick access to both of these and to Mr. Farnham.

Monday and Tuesday (August 1 and 2) were wet, but we climbed Hammond and Peter. The rock was mostly rotten shale in thin, sharp layers but the chimney we followed up Mt. Peter was quite clean quartz and enjoyable. Tuesday night was clear and starlit, promising good weather for the next day, so we decided to try Farnham. It was cold and clear as we started out at 6:00 A.M. Wednesday morning. By 9:00 we were starting up the snow couloir leading to the saddle between Hammond and Farnham and the temperature had risen just enough to kick in steps. This put us on the

west ridge of Farnham and after some scrambling only a 150 foot tower blocked us from the summit ridge. We traversed a steep ice patch on the west side hoping to find a route around the tower but, not finding one, were forced to go up it. It turned out to be fairly easy going on the broken blocks, but the looseness made it dangerous for the belayer. The summit was reached with little difficulty but the trouble started here.

Before starting up the tower we had noticed some dark clouds approaching from the east but our view of them had been blocked by the peak. As we were only about 300 feet below the summit we had decided to risk it and go ahead. By 4:00 we were on top and those clouds really appeared threatening. Not wishing to sit out the storm at the highest point in the Purcells we headed down immediately. The last tower had been too high for a single rappel and we hadn't noticed any good anchors for a second so we chose to go down via the south east ridge, hoping to drop below the last (third) large gendarme to the snowfields below. Half an hour from the top lightning forced us off the ridge and we started to work our way down the west face. The rain started, along with lightning and thunder, and our route was becoming more hazardous. We headed down gullies so as not to be exposed to the storm on the face, noticing that our daylight hours were few. At this point, still only a few hundred feet below the

summit, we decided it would be faster and safer to rappel. While we were setting up the first rappel the storm really broke loose, covering the rock with hail, and leaving us cold and shivering. The gully we were in was at first almost dry but now had a raging torrent running down it, pulling rocks and boulders loose, which came flying past us. And there we were -- stuck in the midst of it on a small ledge, setting up the first rappel, soaked to the skin, shouting to be heard above the noise of the storm. After double checking the anchor and knots, we started our descent to get out of the gulley. The next rappels went much faster--thankfully the rope never hung up. On the fourth rappel one strand of the three-stranded polypropylene anchor rope was cut shortly after heading off over the cliff--thank God for extra slings with the person above. We made 6 rappels, the last in total darkness.

After the rappelling we were still above 10,000 feet and several hours from camp at the best of times. There was a steep snow field, enclosed in a thick fog (visibility less than 15 feet), leading onto scree which funnelled back towards the tent. Fortunately we had seen enough of the area in the days before that we were able to feel our way back blind.

It was a relief to find the tent not washed away. It had been a long day, a total of 19 hours. Tea and a hot meal set our minds and stomachs at rest, and we felt

thankful that we had beaten the mountain safely.

We headed back to Rossland the next day, ending that trip in darkness, as well, as the car's alternator had burned out getting us to Farnham.



Mt. Cauldron [10,875], Glacier Creek. Sept. 26th 1976.



MT. Truce, [10,650] Glacier creek.



Mt. Tranquility [10,300],
one of the Truce group.
In the foreground,
an icefall of the
Horseshoe Glacier,
Glacier Creek.



Glacier Creek:
ascending the icefall.
Top to bottom:
Julie Mortimer,
Ian McIver,
Kim Kratky,
Janice Isaac.

Great Divide Trail
~Floe Lake to Lake O'Hara

by Libby Martin

"For the hiking camp let's go hiking". It was some such statement that led to several KMC members tramping along the Larch section of the Great Divide Trail, in the Canadian Rockies this past August.

Iain and I had wanted to do a backpacking trip of this nature for some time. February saw us having meetings with Stan Baker and several others of like mind. The Larch section of the GDT was chosen because of its reputedly good trails, and spectacular scenery. Because enough folk were interested, it was planned to split into two groups and thus solve the transportation problem by one group starting at the Lake O'Hara end and the other at the Floe Lake end, and swapping cars.

Thus, after much planning, packing, and praying for good weather, Saturday August 7th, saw all of us meeting at the Floe Lake Trail end, in Kootenay National Park. Here the "odd bods" (Stan Baker, Leo Gansner, Jack Steed, Stan's nephew Jim, Peter Spearman and Rosemary Jensen) left their cars and took our cars to the Lake O'Hara bus stop, leaving us to set out to that destination on foot, some 53 miles.

Late that afternoon, 6 of us, Ken and Rita Holmes,

Ron and Annalies Anderson, Iain and Libby Martin, set off up the trail to Floe Lake. We planned to spend the first night at mile 4.7. Our plan throughout the hike was to camp at the base of the next steep pass, thus getting the climb over with early in the day. Our particular route was easily split up into 5 days on the rough basis of a pass a day. The Parks Branch have also made this the logical way to do things by placing primitive camp sites en route at strategic points, so, barring bad weather or accident, one can easily find suitable places to camp.

We found, too, that this split saw us setting up camp around 3 P.M. each day, leaving time to explore the area from camp and plenty of time for brew-ups en route, without having to make a start any day before 9 A.M. Mind you, at times I thought Ken and Iain were under the illusion we were on a forced march, but at no time did we others get left behind!

So, on Saturday, after 2 hours of hiking we were at the base of the Floe Lake headwall, in camp. Real food here--steaks and fresh vegetables before starting on the pleasures of freeze-dried, -- and general enjoyment at actually being on the trail.

Sunday morning, --an hour of steep trail took us to Floe Lake, a beautiful spot, the Rockwall forming an impressive back drop. Another three-quarters of an hour took us to the top of Numa Pass, a very bare and windy

spot, and at 7,720 feet the highest point we were to reach. From here it was an hour's hike down to the Numa Creek valley down what I imagine would be a steep hike if going in the opposite direction up to Numa Pass. We took time out to watch a porcupine climb a tree, and to attempt to identify some of the wildflowers we were passing. A reconnoitre from a campsite where we crossed the branch of Numa Creek, decided us to head on for another hour to the far side of the valley and a good camp at the base of Tumbling Pass. Here, (fortunately not until after supper), we had our first rain of the trip. We were lucky, as the only rain we had on the whole trip was at night. The only ones to complain were those who had to pack wet tents.

Monday, we headed up Tumbling Pass, a 2000 ft. climb from camp, which took us just over an hour to do. The trail to start with was very wet, passing through very thick slide undergrowth. It became more pleasant hiking higher up when the trail passed through more alpine vegetation. At the top of the Pass we were in alpine meadows full of flowers, and two miles of gentle hiking, with the Rockwall and Tumbling Glacier to our left, brought us to the descent of Tumbling pass to Tumbling Creek. After a short descent we found a campsite on either side of the creek, with pit toilets. We camped on the Wolverine Pass side, the other side already being full. After setting up camp we took the trail down to Tumbling Falls, about

1 mile, well worth the side trip. Near camp, we examined the remains of the warden's cabin which had been wiped out by an avalanche. We speculated on why it had been located on an obvious slide path.

Tuesday, we were heading up again. This time to Wolverine Pass. It was a relatively short ascent this time as we had dropped only just below treeline the previous night. The trail passes for about 3 miles through high alpine meadows, still with the Rockwall on the left. A trail branches off west through Wolverine Pass itself. We elected not to make a sidetrip on this trail as much of the rockwall at this point was in cloud. Nonetheless, despite the cloud, we were able to enjoy the views back towards Tumbling Glacier and even Numa Pass, due to the occasional breaking through of the sun. The trail then heads downhill again to the South Fork of Helmet Creek where we had lunch and a brew. If there ever was a bridge it was gone and we spent some time crossing the creek. Then we had another climb of 1000 ft. up through alpine meadows to Helmet Pass and then down a series of switch-backs to the North Fork of Helmet Creek, with Helmet Mountain and the spectacular Helmet Falls to our left. We found a warden's cabin and a good campsite by the creek, plus the "odd bods" who had arrived 5 minutes before us. So we shared camp that night swapping information

about the trail to come.

Wednesday, having been advised by the other group to get an early start due to the long day ahead of us (10 miles), we were up and away by 9 A.M. and climbing up Goodsir Pass. An hour brought us to the summit and a lovely view towards the Goodsirs, though they never did reveal their summits; a cap of cloud always in place. The climb up from the Goodsir Creek side is a long haul and a longer hike down, made worse due to the fact that the trail doesn't switchback regularly but goes for a long way in one direction, and then another long stretch to the left, so that I ended up feeling my legs were of different lengths. A final stretch of slide brush, and we were at Goodsir Creek and the usual hairy log crossing (this section of the trail is currently being rerouted to a hopefully improved route). The trail then follows Goodsir Creek, down to where it joins the Ottertail River, along gravel beds, and then through very wet undergrowth (a second crossing of the creek was safely undertaken on a very bouncy bridge, one end of which went underwater when we stepped on it). We camped at Ottertail Junction in Yoho National Park, and feasted on wild strawberries while speculating on a grizzly warning sign by the MacArthur Pass trail sign. Much of the evening was spent drying out Miranda, one of a bunch of youngsters from Vermont, who bounced too hard on the bouncy bridge!

Thursday morning we headed up the 6 miles of the MacArthur Pass trail, the longest ascent, though not the highest, we had made. It took us 3 hours, and we enjoyed it very much due to the abundance of wildflowers and the absence of grizzlies--despite the sign! At the summit, after lunch, we left our packs and took the side trail to MacArthur Lake; a beautiful lake at the base of Mount Biddle. On returning to our packs, we headed on down the trail to Lake O'Hara and the campsite, stopping off at the alpine hut en route to collect our packs of food Stan had left in the custody of the warden there. The evening was well spent enjoying real food again!

Lake O'Hara was an enjoyable stopover--we spent Friday exploring the area, hiking around the well made trails and doing some unsuccessful fishing. Annalies enjoyed a respite from her blisters (though the Munday donut treatment worked well enroute). A pine marten in camp, which obviously enjoyed the garbage left in fire-places, was an unusual visitor.

Saturday, our first day of wet daytime hiking weather during our trip, the party divided, and Iain and I, Ron and Annalies elected to hike out on the newly constructed trail, (8 miles) to Wapta Lake. Not a spectacular trail but infinitely better than hiking on the fire road, though one passes some pleasant waterfalls. But we enjoyed the feeling of having walked all the way from the highway at

Vermilion Crossing to the highway at Wapta. Ken and Rita chose to take the afternoon bus out having spent one more day hiking around Lake O'Hara's environs.

After 50 odd miles, a drink or two, a sauna, a swim, a bath, and a good meal in Golden felt very good. We enjoyed the hike so much we look forward to the next section of the GDT next year!

NOTE. For those thinking of trying this trip, allow a minimum of 4 days for maximum enjoyment. The trails are excellent and very well marked--one needs a map really only to orient oneself generally, not to find the way.

K.M.C. Hiking Camp

by Earl Jorgensen.

A straight line, slightly north of due east, from Nakusp passes over the site of the 1976 K.M.C. Hiking Camp (so too did a great many rain clouds). The camp was located in the Goat Range, which is the divide between the Lardeau and Slocan valleys, and was in an Alpine meadow at the 6300 foot level. Specifically, it was situated at the headwaters of Wilson Creek with Cascade Mountain and Mt. Marion as the immediate neighbors to the east. Over the 7500 foot ridge to the north-west was a set of beautiful lakes (unnamed on my map).

The approach to the camp was via the Lardeau along an excellent logging road up Poplar Creek. Twenty-one souls arrived at the rendevouz at 10:00 A.M. Sunday under a leaden sky. The clouds were down in the valleys so we huddled in our cars and waited. About 3:00 P.M. the beat of helicopter blades overhead had us falling over ourselves and our porcupine fencing as we tumbled out to greet the big bird. The clouds lifted just enough and for just sufficient time to make six trips to get all and sundry over the lakes and into the Wilson Creek watershed.

Monday was a day of low level cloud mixed with fog.

It was spent in scouting the area and several people climbed up to the saddle over which we had flown. The visibility was nil but the exercise was good. The meadow was in the first throes of spring and wildflowers were in profusion, particularly the yellow snow lily. Patches of snow were everywhere, evidence of a late spring. (Did summer ever come in 1976?)

Tuesday was memorable for two reasons. One--it was bright and clear all day, and so all were eager to go hiking. Jim Kienholz and Rob Sommerville climbed Cascade and then traversed and climbed Marion too. The rest chose hikes of more modest proportions.

Jim Brennan, the camp leader, Peter Wood, Hugh Thompson, and myself set out to see what Mt. Marion had to offer from its western ridge. In this venture Hugh Thompson suffered a serious leg injury and thus the second reason for Tuesday being memorable--he was airlifted to the Nelson Hospital. We were negotiating a slab near 8000 feet when a large rock slid loose onto Hugh. He saw it coming andhis very quick reaction probably saved his life. As it was the rock gashed the back of his leg as he lunged sideways out of its path.

Peter's and Jim's excellent work at first aid and in transporting Hugh the remaining 150 feet to the top of the ridge was very rapidly and efficiently carried out.

Then Peter set out for a telephone, which was quite an overland journey in itself. First he stopped at camp to order sleeping bags, food, and clothing to be brought up to the ridge in case a helicopter was not available that day. Thus it was that Sue Port led Vince Joseph and Paul Jorgensen up to us with extra survival gear. Fortunately, Peter was successful, and just at last light Hugh was lifted off. He spent two weeks in hospital and four weeks convalescing before returning to his dental practice in Nakusp.

The work of Peter and Jim in this crisis was ample evidence of the value of being trained and prepared. Sue, Paul, and Vince also performed admirably in their transport of extra supplies to the top of the mountain.

The remaining days at camp were not quite as eventful nor were they as bright and sunny. Nonetheless several members, on different days, climbed Cascade and Mt. Marion as well as other unnamed peaks in the area. Sue Port and Bev Mill pioneered one such peak which they dubbed "No Goat Peak" because of their failure to meet any of the animals on their way. Goats were seen, though, from the camp as well as were caribou and/or deer.

The scheduled penultimate (look it up!) day in camp was bleak. It did not augur well for our departure on the morrow. Came the dawn and we awoke to snow, rain, and fog -- certainly not flying weather. We were all packed

to go and so we waited. By noon Jim, Rob, Vince, and Eric decided to hike out and not wait for the helicopter. The rest prepared for another night. Most slept in the cook tent rather than unpack their own, but by morning there was no change in the weather and so we all prepared to hike out. Jim, Peter, and Anne remained behind to load the helicopter when the weather did clear.

The hike out was a long walk over the pass in new snow and then down through a wet jungle of a forest. Our destination was a logging spur road which would eventually lead us to our own cars. This venture ended with a piece of luck for when we hit the spur we were surprised to meet a B.C. Government Forester (not half as surprised as he was when we straggled, soaking wet but cheerful, out of the bush onto his road). We were not too proud to accept a four-mile ride in his truck back to our own cars. The helicopter was able to get into the camp to pick up Peter, Anne, and Jim the next day at supper time. The days thereafter were beautiful, of course.

Anne Wood was the cook and deserves accolades not only for her splendid cuisine, but also for the marvellous patience she displayed in having to put up with the many of us who crowded around in her cook tent while we took shelter from the rain. I now know what is meant by a standing camp. In this one we stood a lot.

Members of the Camp:

Jim Brennan, leader, and Win Brennan
Anne Wood, cook, and Peter Wood
Agnes and Ted Baker
Trish and Reino Rasku
Marg Barwis
Connie Wah
Sue Port
Bev Mill
Hugh Thompson
Jim Kienholz
Rob Sommerville
Vince Joseph
Paul and Eric Jorgensen
Earl Jorgensen, Scribe

Climbing Camp

by Kim Kratky

It was on July 30th that I rendezvoused in Nelson with Eric White and Fred Thiessen for our drive to Revelstoke and the beginning of Climbing Camp 1976. "Ida" Eric's obsolete Anglia, puffed through the Slocan Valley as we gazed out on the gray dismal weather and hypothsized as to whether the helicopter would be able to fly us in the next day. That evening, Eric and I drove the 40 miles up to Rogers Pass to register our party and to stash a case of Guinness in the creek near the Wheeler Hut --something to slake our thirst after the long tramp out a week hence.

The site of the 1976 camp was to be in Glacier National Park east of Revelstoke, B.C. We were to fly in by helicopter to the southern boundary of the park, establish a camp on the Deville Névé, and climb in the surrounding ranges. Originally, we had planned to move our camp day by day north across the Deville, but difficulties with terrain and a landing site precluded this. Our return to civilization was to be made on foot by descending north from the Deville into the Glacier Circle cirque, climbing another headwall to the north onto the Illecillewaet Névé, and traversing the snowfield to the Perley Rock Trail that

would lead us back to the Illecillewaet Campground and the Trans-Canada Highway. All portions of the camp were carried out successfully, although we all would have preferred a bit better weather for climbing.

Thus, it was on Saturday morning August 1st that the advance party, Fred, Eric, Karen Lachance, and I went to the Revelstoke Airport for our flight. Gordon Frank was to arrange for refueling and landing at Albert Canyon, the point of departure for most of our party. It was not until 10:00 that our pilot Doug Williams decided that the weather was suitable for his Okanagan Helicopters' Bell 206 Jet Ranger. Our group of four flew up Battle Brook and had a look at a prospective route up the Thor Glacier--"not very nice," as Fred said. Hence, we touched down on the Wheeler-Kilpatrick col some 2,000' above. By the time the helicopter had concluded its shuttle, we had been joined by Jim Kienholz, Rob Sommerville, Peter Wood, Ian Hamilton, Peter McIver, Bert Port, Jill and Knut Langballe, Graham Kenyon, Mike Dolan, Don Mousseau, John Watson, camp leader Jim Brennan, and Gordon Frank. Our entire party moved to a rocky, level spot at the intersection of the Bishops Glacier and Deville Névé at about 8,000'. This was to be the location of our camp throughout our stay. Here we were provided with a good supply of running water, but not the best weather as our location sandwiched between the Bishops and Dawson Ranges seemed to be in the



Above:
Mt. Wheeler in clouds
from Deville Neve.
Climbing Camp 1976.



Grand Mtn. [10,842].
Bishops Glacier
in foreground.
Climbing Camp 1976.

midst of a "weather factory".

That first day we all set up our tents on the snow-field, and made cooking arrangements. There was no cook tent this year, numerous "food groups" of 2-5 persons collaborating on cooking instead. Peter Wood and Jim Brennan made a recce of Mt. Selwyn from the S.E., while Eric, Fred, and Karen scrambled up Beaver Overlook (9911'). At least we think it was Beaver Overlook, since the 1:50,000 "Mount Wheeler" map shows Beaver Overlook to be a smaller point to the S.W. That can't be right, can it?

Day 2, Sunday, Jimbo, P. Wood, and Graham did Selwyn (11,023') and Häsler (11,123') by the SE ridge of Selwyn, while Knut's party did Häsler. Our group trekked down to the south end of the Deville Névé for a shot at Grand Mtn. in the Purity Group. Three members made it to the 10,842' summit in what was a long day. While all this was going on, Don Mousseau and the intrepid New Zealander John Watson were doing Augustine Pk. (10,772') by the long east ridge. They descended onto the Bishops Glacier for the short slog home.

Day 3, Monday was a character-building day as rain, fog, andmist kept most of us close to camp. Some of us went for a look at the Deville Icefall and it put on a show; huge seracs toppled and rolled down onto the ice fan 2,000' below. Peter Wood and Jim Brennan went to Beaver Overlook and did some ridge walking to the east of the

neve with Don and John.

Day 4, Tuesday, the weather improved as Fred, Eric, Karen, Gordon, and I climbed Mounts Wheeler (11,110') and Kilpatrick (10,624'). Wheeler was a pile of rotten slate, quartzite and limestone, whereas Kilpatrick was a snow route. From the latter peak we had superb views of the lovely Purity Mtn. Knut, Jill, Graham and Mike also climbed Wheeler, while Brennan and Wood climbed Topham (9,488') to read the original 1910 summit record of Butters, Holway, and Palmer.

Day 5, Wednesday. Again good weather favoured us as our group did Selwyn and Häsler encountering more rotten slate and quartzite. Peter Wood, Jim Brennan, Peter McIver, Ian Hamilton, and Bert Port all ascended Grand. After these long days the warming effect of Gordon's over-proof rum was much appreciated as were the delightful tinned hams, nutloaves, and no-bake cheese cakes that Fred Thiessen conjured up.

Day 6, Thursday. The entire party save McIver, Port and Hamilton broke camp and descended the Deville Icefall. The weather was only moderately good as we descended the rock to the east of the icefall, setting up a 150' rappel. Seven of us located the Glacier Circle Cabin while the rest chose to camp on the other side of a stream. Glacier Circle is a superb shelter, yet we discovered that we were only the second party to use it this year.

Day 7, Friday. Fred, Eric, Gordon, Karen, and I stayed another day at the hut for some sunbathing in the glorious sunshine. The main party climbed out of the cirque and traversed the Illecillewaet Névé to camp near Perley Rock while Hamilton and company came down from the Deville after having been weathered off the previous day's climbing.

Day 8, Saturday. The weather disintegrated into a classic whiteout as we plodded across the Illecillewaet, bound for the Wheeler Hut. On route we passed Peter McIver's tent, but didn't see his party. At Perley Rock we joined the rest of our group and tramped to the very comfortable Wheeler Hut maintained by the ACC. After the most welcome cold Guinness we all roared off to the Northlander in Rogers Pass for the obligatory dinner.

On Sunday morning Peter McIver, Ian and Bert arrived at the hut quite dry despite a torrential rain. They had been unable to climb anything on Saturday because of the weather conditions. All that now remained of our adventure was to sign out at the ranger's office and to motor home. So ended our climbing camp--successful, but favoured by only moderately good weather.

The Bugaboos

by Peter McIver.

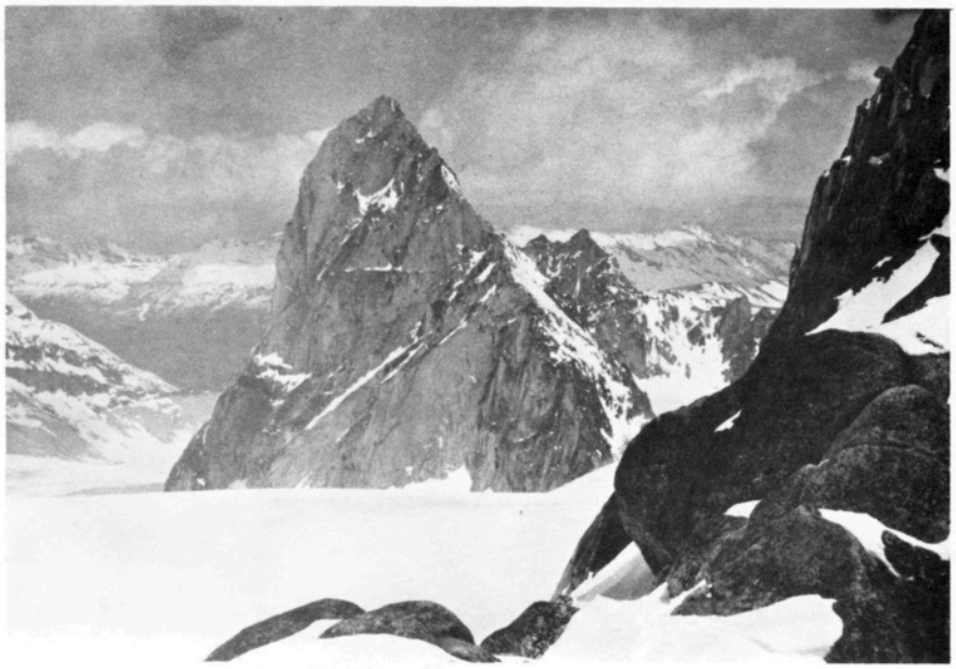
Have you been to the Bugaboos? No? Why Not? Oh, I see, other people go there.

Yes it's true, other people do go there, and the Conrad Kain hut does get crowded and even full (although it holds 50 people). And Gmoser's Gnomes do take up a lot of space. And there is a warden. And topnotch American climbers.

But have you been there? Have you seen Hound's Tooth leap out of the glacier, Pigeon, Snowpatch and Bugaboo fending each other off? Have you tried the rock--solid, steep, rough, glorious climbing?

After occasional visits in past years, this year the area was visited by many West Kootenay climbers, none of the visits being club trips. Steve Horvath's ski touring trip on Victoria Day opened the hut for the summer; on Thanksgiving weekend Eric Norton, my boys and I re-opened the shuttered hut. Between those two dates there were many visits by different groups. Iain Martin and company sojourned for a week at the end of July: Ian Hamilton and I had three days of glorious weather in mid-July: the Offermans were there; and Pat Taddy and Steve Horvath climbed the formidable Snowpatch in September.

Bugaboo Spire,
the Bugaboos, May 24th.





Snowpath Spire,
the Bugaboos, May 24th.

The stark grey and white landscape--blue at the Bugaboo icefall--contrasts with the browns, blacks and greens of gentler mountains. Vertical walls meeting ice fields, valleys flat and glaciated, unbelievable-looking routes painstakingly-fought on the walls by North America's top climbers. Across the Vowell Glacier rise the Howser Towers, remote and forbidding--and beckoning.

Yes, it's true. The hut rings with tales, loud voices, quiet people in the corners, nervous neophytes, and smiling young guides reassuring their clients in broken English.

Yes, you have to get up early to be the first on your mountain on a good day.

But have you been there?

Climbing in Wyoming

by Bob Gathercole

Wyoming is in many ways an inhospitable place. It is all mountain or desert, and the climate is one of extremes. The summers are blazing hot, and the winter winds that pass unhindered over the high plains are of a sort that the locals call "lazy winds" — too lazy to go around, they just cut right through you. But for a mountaineer, the place is a paradise. The climbing is diverse and accesible, with many clasic routes; and the weather has a reputation (only occasionally belied) of being consistently good.

When you think of climbing in Wyoming, the Tetons automatically come to mind. Up in the northwest corner of the state, this range is a compact fault block system of fairly recent rock, schists and gneisses being predominant. The valley of Jackson's Hole below the peaks is a place of rare beauty. The entire range is accesible from the east and the possibilities for climbing are varied. The rock climber can concentrate on the area around Symmetry Spire, close at hand with good rock. There's Yosemite Point for longer climbs, and the steep South Face of Mt. Moran. But the Tetons are also renowned for alpine mountaineering, with

the summer climbing season stretching from late June into early September in Wyoming alpine ranges. Although this area of the continent is dry and without the extensive glaciation of Canadian ranges, there is still a great deal of good mixed climbing, varying in difficulty from some of the easy snow and rock routes on Mt. Owen, to the truly formidable North Face of the Grand Teton across the way. There is much good ice climbing in the couloirs of the Grand Teton once the winter snows have passed.

There are other ranges in Wyoming among them the Absoroka, Big Horn, and Salt River Mountains; these hold little interest for the climber, being without dramatic relief or, in the case of the former, consisting of loose breccias and other friable volcanic rock. However, stretching south and east from the Yellowstone region is the Wind River Range, the major continuation of the Rockies in this area. The central core of the range is a large batholith of Precambrian granitic rock, rising steeply from an extensive fault system on the western side. When approached from the east the Wind Rivers are obscured by a long system of sedimentary ridges. From the high desert highway to the West, however, the high peaks in the heart of the range are clearly visible. From Union Pass in the north to South Pass at the other extremity of this mountain chain, over one hundred miles, the Continental Divide rarely dips below 10,000 feet. The Wind River

mountains, due to a dearth of mineral resources, have remained fairly remote and unexploited, and offer wide scope for the wilderness mountaineer. The northern part of the range has the highest peaks and the largest glaciers; Gannet Peak, the highest in Wyoming at 13,804', rises here amid a cluster of lesser peaks, its North Face frowning down on the Mammoth Glacier. It is possible to travel on the glaciers down the eastern side of the range to Knife-point Pass, which allows access from thenorth to the remote Alpine Lakes area. Many miles further south, and on the western side of the range, lies the basin of Middle Fork Lake, dominated by the multiple towers of Mt. Bonneville and the wonderful symmetry of Nylon Peak. Bonneville is the peak that is framed by the main street of Pinedale to the west. True glaciers are small and scarce this far south, but the high valleys are locked in snow until well into July, and steep snow slopes are often encountered. Near Mt. Bonneville is awesome Mt. Hooker, rising in splendid isolation above Baptiste Lake; a Grade VI route was completed in 1964 on its sheer northern face. Further south still is the Cirque of the Towers, a glacial bowl enclosed by a serrate ridge of high peaks which can be approached and climbed from either the east or west. The rock here is mostly solid granite.

A climbing trip in the Wind Rivers has a number of fringe benefits. There is the incredible beauty of the

wildflower season in the alpine zone (treeline in these mountains varies from 10,300 to 11,000 feet). The mountain lakes are well stocked with various species of trout. The area is rich in wildlife, including such big game as mountain sheep, elk and mule deer. For these and other reasons the region is becoming more popular, and certain conservation practices must be observed to protect the fragile alpine environment. It is essential to carry a stove to the high areas, as wood there is scarce, and garbage must of course be packed out.

A climbing trip in these mountains will normally involve a hike of a day or one and one half days to a high base camp. Access to most of the range is easiest from the west, because of geological factors but also due to the fact that much of the eastern slopes are part of the Wind River Indian Reservation, and access here has been severely limited by the tribal council in recent years. However, much of the southern range may be approached from the east via Lander, the county seat of Fremont County. The town has a large, well stocked mountaineering shop, where maps and guidebooks are available.

A discussion of the Tetons and Wind Rivers does not exhaust the possibilities of Wyoming climbing. In the southeastern part of the state are the Laramie and Snowy Ranges, and there is good rock climbing near Laramie. I have never climbed in these areas and know little about

them, but the University of Wyoming Outing Club has been active there. Further to the north, just west of Sundance, is Devil's Tower National Monument. The Tower is a plug of resistant volcanic rock rising some 800' above the surrounding hills, which are clothed in forests of oak and pine. It is pretty country, with narrow 2-lane roads and an abundance of whitetailed deer and turkeys. The routes on Devil's Tower are mostly crack climbs of sustained difficulty and exceptional steepness. These must be over 30 different climbs, all of them ending on the flat grassy summit. Some climber with a sense of humor swiped a Park Service sign from below and brought it up there. It now graces the summit cairn, stating simply: "No climbing beyond this point."

The National Park Service, as you may imagine, regulates climbing at Devil's Tower, and climbers must register at Park Headquarters. Hardhats must be worn and, because of the peculiar nature of the climbing here, every party must successfully complete the easiest climb, the Durrance Route (5.6), before moving on to other, more severe routes. Since the number of parties allowed on a route each day is limited, it is worthwhile to try and register for a climb the day before. Descent from the Tower is by four long rappels from fixed anchors, so two 150' ropes must be carried. The climbing season here is more flexible, spring and fall being most popular. Summer can be dreadfully hot here, and this is the season when the camp-

grounds are crowded, when fees are charged, and when the Rangers are at their most irate. The only other drawback is the pigeons. They live in the cracks and crannies of the Tower, and have the unnerving habit of erupting from some dark nook just above you with a sound similar to large falling rocks. They also occasionally land on the belay ledges and fix you with a cold, knowing stare. It is rumored that they have been trained to report violations of the Hardhat Rule to Headquarters.

Such is climbing in Wyoming, at least in my limited experience. There are climbing shops in Jackson and Lander, Wyoming, and in Driggs, Idaho, where equipment and guidebooks may be obtained. Below are some useful guides:

Field Book, Wind River Range
Orrin H. Bonney and Lorraine Bonney

Field Book, Teton Range
Orrin H. Bonney and Lorraine Bonney

Leigh Ortenburger's Guide to the Tetons

Report from South Africa

by Kim Kratky.

In the 1975 Karabiner, I recounted some of the adventures of Janice and Kim in Kenya and Rhodesia. Our gambols in South Africa at the end of 1975 completed our mountaineering experience on the continent. In the R.S.A. our excursions centred on the Drakensberg Range in Natal province and the Table Mountain Range overlooking Cape Town.

The Drakensberg (literally,"Dragon's Mountains") is a range that extends some 700 miles southwest to northeast through South Africa and the tiny country of Lesotho (pronounced (le soo too). The highest peak Thabantshonyana at 11,425', is in the latter country, although there are many other summits in the 10,000'-11,000' range. Because of the Drakensberg's location in the vicinity of 29°S latitude, there is no permanent snow or ice.

So it was on October 13th, Thanksgiving Day, that we arrived at the Cathkin Forest Reserve Camp Ground after having hitched some 120 km from Howick, Natal. As we set up our tent in a pleasant spot on the grounds at 5000', we kept glancing up at the ominous, cloud-shrouded Cathkin Peak (10,480') and it's nasty-looking accomplice Sterkhorn (9,420').

The next morning we got away about 7:30 amid thick, swirling mists with our destination the Keith Bush Hut. From the campground we followed a very well-marked foot-path to the southeast. After reaching a plateau and passing an African work party, we struck a broad contour route that doubled as a bridal path. Our trail took us past landmarks like Hlatikulu Nek and Gatberg (8080'), a spire with a huge hole near the summit resembling the eye of a needle. It took us a mere four hours to reach the aluminum-roofed, round shelter and we spent the rest of the day exploring Eland Grove, the head of our valley abutting on Lesotho.

On the 15th we departed the hut at 5:30 A.M., ascending to Greys Pass, a narrow notch in an impressive north-south ridge to the west of the hut. Upon reaching the pass we came upon vast moorland of the northward-flowing Nkosasana R. We were in Lesotho and even came across some partially-wild Lesotho ponies foraging on their own. As nothing looked too impressive, we trudged up one bump to the south (10,880') by 9:00 A.M. and got a view of our goal, Champagne Castle (11,250') a bit farther south. By 9:30 we had reached our destination, another turfed, flat-topped African mountain with no appreciable view. Making a rapid descent, we returned to the hut before noon for soup and a final look at the manacing, serrated, heavily-

eroded sandstone of the fangs like Monks Cowl and Cathkin towering above us. 5:00 P.M. found us back at our camp after an uneventful, but tiring trek down; a steaming pot of pea soup over the fire and a hot shower concluded our day.

* * * * * * * * * *

Our rambles in the Table Mountain area were composed of three separate outings over a period of some two months. Table Mountain, of course, is the long flat-topped mountain that forms such a spectacular backdrop to Cape Town. Often the mountain is covered by clouds (called "the tablecloth") that spill over into the gorges on the Atlantic Ocean side as well as the clefts above the city.

As one might guess, access to this area is no problem; all of our trips were made on foot from the youth hostel situated above Camps Bay. The hostel is just to the west of Kloof Nek, the hight of land separating the city centre from the Atlantic suburbs, and makes an excellent centre for excursions. One afternoon we tramped up the Lion's Head (2198'), which is a bump to the north of Table Mtn. We followed a well-marked footpath that spiraled up the peak. Near the top someone has affixed heavy chains to the rock to aid in the moderate scrambling that's required. Some kind of mountaineering!

The next morning, we took our beautiful, multi-coloured, free 1:25,000 scale map of the region and

trudged off for Table Mtn. itself. From the Kloof Nek, we followed a contour road southeast to the Platteklip Gorge and ascended the narrow gorge onto the "table". The top of Table Mtn. is flat moorland and is quite marshy, so we got wet as we strolled over to Maclear's Beacon (3549') the highest point. After a snack at the cable station, we descended via the cable car (it was a slack day!). On our way down we saw some duikers, small antelopes, perched on precipitous ledges and many dassies or hyraxes scrambling about on the rocks.

Our final outing in the Table Mtn. area took place on a hot, sunny late spring morning in November just a few days before we left South Africa. From the base of the previously mentioned Platteklip Gorge, we followed a contour path that eventually serpentined up to the Saddle. From this point we carried on to the northeast to reach Devil's Peak (3281'). This summit, as do all the others, afforded an excellent view of Cape Town. Additionally, we were treated to panoramas of Groote Schuur Hospital, the University of Cape Town, and the Cecil Rhodes Memorial. The vistas we had prompt us to think that Cape Town is one of the best-situated cities in the world.

Is This Where the True Spirit of Mountaineering Has Gone?

The letter regarding helicopter use from last year's Karabiner having appeared in the Canadian Alpine Journal, I felt compelled to comment if only to keep a lively, and healthy spirit of controversey alive.

Our correspondent holds the view that helicopters are a curse and an abomination upon the mountaineering scene.

I would like to put forward the view that helicopters have their place and indeed allow access to those who because of physical limitations or infirmities might otherwise be denied a mountain experience. By physical limitations or infirmities I refer to extreme youth or old age or an actual physical handicap. Who are we, the mountaineering community, to say you have no right to our mountains? I would suggest that the mountains belong to everyone and not merely to a small, elite group of fifteen to fifty-year olds of sound mind and body.

In addition to this aspect there also crops up the question of climbing camps where large amounts of gear are necessarily brought in by chopper. The incident of last year apparently took place in Mulvey Basin from whence all the immediate peaks have had first ascents. Further, members of most climbing camps collectively choose camp

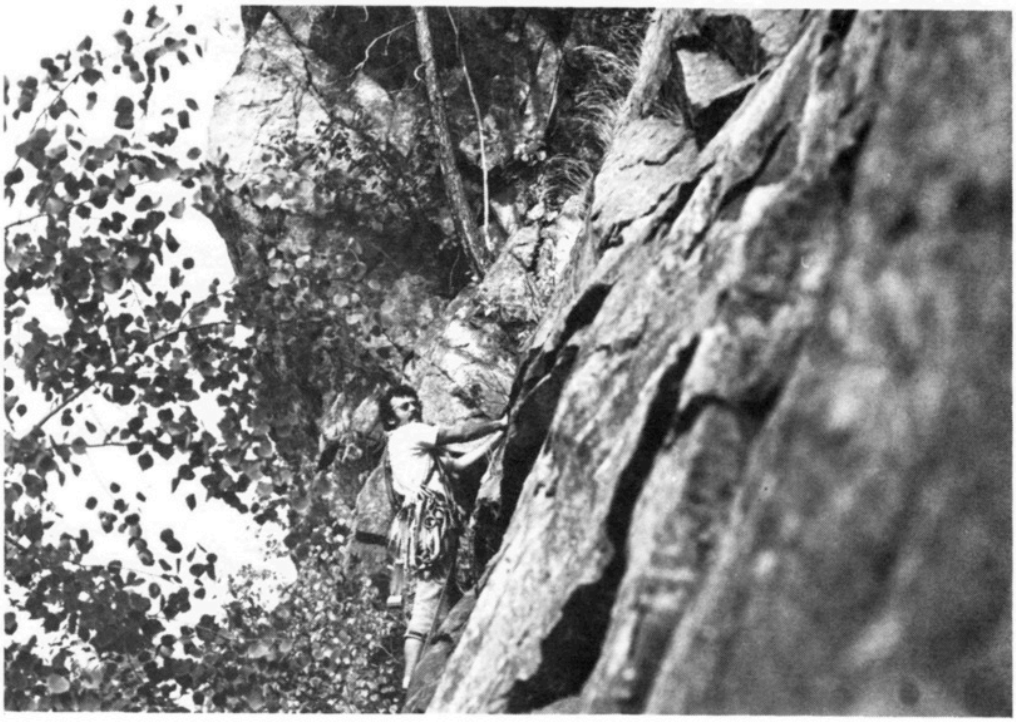
locations and would be aware of this fact. It would therefore be fair to assume that camp members attended out of a desire to do new or existing rock climbs only and that no purpose could be served by wasting two climbing days walking in and out of the area. In addition, the necessary gear for this group could conceivably require a load ferrying trip and thereby waste four days of an assumed nine day camp.

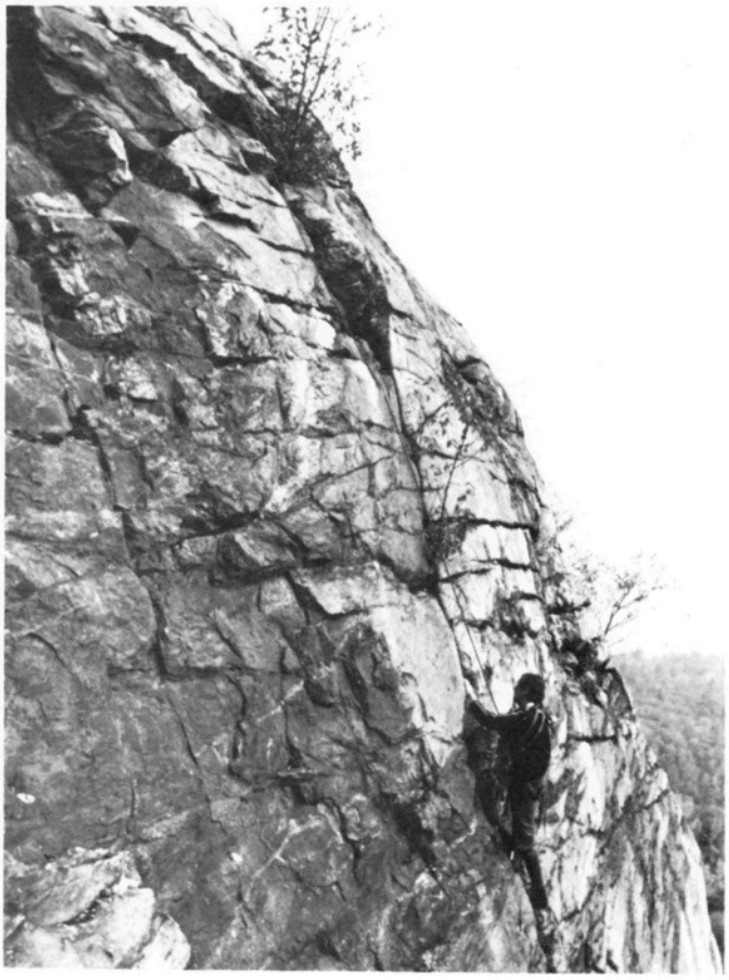
I would also like to point out that the very cost of helicopters limits their use to the very wealthy, of whom there are few mountaineers, or to larger groups pooling their resources. Of the two, I would suggest that the latter are by far the biggest users and that they represent, in very large part, environmentally conscious groups intent on protecting this precious resource. That brings up the question of which is more damaging--a trail or a very infrequent helicopter landing.

The reasoning that says you must hike to base camp carrying all the necessary gear in order to claim first ascents immediately negates the vast bulk of Himalayan "firsts" to date and therefore raises the possibility of a KMC member being first atop Everest. Strive fellow members -- strive! To carry the sublime to the silly and ever onward to the ridiculous; where does all this gunghoism end? Can we justify the use of logging roads, can we justify the use of cars to bring us to the ends of

logging roads or indeed even from home -- what are we doing living in houses anyway?

There is some justification, of course, in the view that a fellow could land from a helicopter at 9500 feet to claim first ascent of a 10,000 ft. peak, It is a problem that needs dealing with, but only in the area of first ascents of peaks and I personally feel that each case will only be adequately dealt with on its own merit. Furthermore, mountaineering ethics will be best transmitted in the form of education through club activities such as rock school, climbing and hiking camps, and perhaps public lectures. The policing of the mountaineering fraternity has, to date, been an honour system and I'm sure most of us feel that it still can and should be thus. Perhaps that is the essence of the true mountaineering spirit. I for one would hope so.





Steve Horvath, above on route #1 and Brian Wright, left, on route #1A at Kinnaird Bluffs, 'just practicing'

Avalanches
~ News from the Workshop

by Norman Thyer.

During the period November 1 - 4, 1976, an Avalanche Workshop was held in Banff, Alberta. It had an impressive list of sponsors -- the National Research Council, British Columbia Department of Highways, The University of Calgary Geography Department, Environment Canada and Parks Canada-- and over 100 participants, some from as far afield as Japan, Norway and Italy. It served as a "state of the art" seminar, covering recent developments in avalanche research and techniques, and one got the impression that there is still much to be learned.

Apart from the field trip to Rogers Pass, the three days of indoor proceedings were in three sections: Avalanche control; the scientific aspect; and safety and rescue. Of these, the last one's content was appropriate to the interest of most mountaineers and cross-country skiers.

Russ Bradley of Calgary and Peter Lev of Wyoming gave presentations which were, in the main, strictly from the climber's or skier's point of view. They tended to be philosophical in nature, giving consideration to the purpose of skiing and climbing. Is it competitive, or is it for one's own enjoyment? How much risk is worthwhile?

What is to be lost by going somewhere else when conditions are doubtful?

Peter Lev told of an experience when he was on an international climbing meet in the Pamirs, where the prestige of one's country tended to influence one's decisions. His party was on a route that involved the ascent of a steep glacier covered with snow whose stability was doubtful. They camped in the shelter of a crevasse about halfway up. Next morning, they were discussing whether to proceed or not. Only one member favoured turning back because of conditions. While they were debating the point, an earth quake struck and the whole slope broke loose. They saved themselves by jumping into the shelter of a crevasse. Evidently this was an occasion when the majority was not right.

Ruth Eigenmann represented the Vanni Eigenmann Foundation in Milan, which specializes in means of rescuing avalanche victims. She had a specimen of a ski pole with a removable basket which can be used as a probe. There was much discussion of the merits of the different means of locating buried victims, as well as mention of some unorthodox ideas such as balloons and inflatable jackets. Dogs are very efficient for search, but suffer the disadvantages of delay in bringing them to the scene and the need for extensive training, and so on the whole radio beacons are probably the best method currently available.

There followed general discussion on the radio beacons. Here, we can refer to a report on "Major Canadian Avalanches, 1970-1976", which was circulated to participants. There were two "destructive" avalanches involving skiers in the last two winters. In one, there was one death and one injury, and the fatality carried a radio beacon. In the other, there were one death and two injuries, and the victims were found by radio beacons. So one must remember that a beacon is by no means a protective "magic charm".

Nevertheless, it can be a very valuable location aid when time is precious. Here, it was pointed out that a fair amount of practice by the user can enormously improve the efficiency of the method. Also another report was quoted which stated that it takes 40 minutes to move 1 cubic metre of snow when digging with skis. As the chances of survival are small after more than 2 hours of burial, the outlook is very grim if one has to move more than 3 cubic metres of snow. Two things can be done to reduce the digging time. One is to carry the beacon near one's neck, as one's head and chest are the parts which need to be uncovered most urgently. Better still is to carry a shovel in the party. Indeed, <u>two</u> shovels are strongly recommended, to be carried by two persons who stay well apart in the danger areas, for if the person carrying the only shovel is buried, one would be in the same sort of situation as the glacier-climbing party where the man who

fell into a crevasse was the one who had the rope in his rucksack.

Another matter which arose was the cause of variability in the signal strength received by a Pieps receiver. The distance from the transmitter is by no means the only factor here; the direction of the receiver from the transmitter and the way it is held make a difference too. This variability could possibly be attributed to three factors:

(1) The directional properties of the transmitter

(2) The directional properties of the receiver

(3) The polarization of the carrier wave

To investigate this, I did a rough experiment on the variability of signal strength with orientation of transmitter and receiver.

There are 3 basic orthogonal directions in which the receiver can be located relative to the transmitter, as shown in Fig. 1. For each of these 3 directions, there are 6 basic orthogonal orientations of the receiver, shown in Fig. 2. The relative signal strengths received in each of the 18 possible transmitter-receiver configurations are given in the following table:

Location of Receiver / Orientation of Receiver	A	B	C
1	Moderate	Moderate	Strong
2	Moderate	Moderate	Strong
3	Very Weak	Very Weak	Very Weak
4	Very Weak	Very Weak	Very Weak
5	Weak	Very Weak	Weak
6	Weak	Very Weak	Weak

These results indicate that signal strength varies with configuration in a way which appears to be somewhat complicated at first sight. If one wants to allow for this variability, one must remember that the orientation of the buried transmitter is unknown. Turning the receiver around in a certain location will not indicate the direction in which the transmitter lies. As can be seen from the diagrams and the table, when the receiver is in location C, the signal is strongest when the short side of the receiver faces the transmitter, while in location B it is strongest when the long side of the receiver faces the transmitter.

However, the experiment suggests that when the receiver is in any given location, the signal strength is greatest when the long edges of the transmitter and receiver are parallel. In other words, if you stand in one place and turn the receiver around into different positions until you get the strongest signal, it will tell you more about the direction in which the transmitter is pointed than where it is located.

These findings indicate that a unit with different directional properties could have some advantages in ease of finding the transmitter. If the transmitter could send out a signal which was unpolarized and not direction-dependent, while the receiver had a directional antenna, then it could be arranged that the signal strength would

also be greatest when the receiver was pointing at the transmitter. Two people could then locate the transmitter by triangulation. Whether these properties could be incorporated without sacrificing some of the present advantages is a problem for the designers.

Meanwhile, skiers can make the best use of the beacons we have by paying attention to points such as those already mentioned, Viz.: (1) Practise using the beacons before the emergency may arise. (This does not require an expedition to the high mountains.)

(2) Ensuring that batteries are in good condition

(3) Ensuring that transmitters are switched on when needed

(4) Carrying enough shovels in the party

And, of course,

(5) Avoiding danger areas when possible

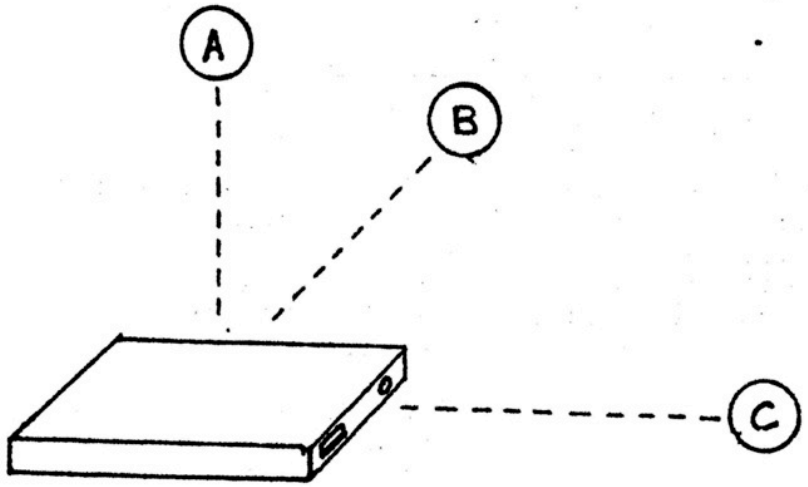


Fig. 1. The three basic directions of the Pieps receiv relative to the transmitter.

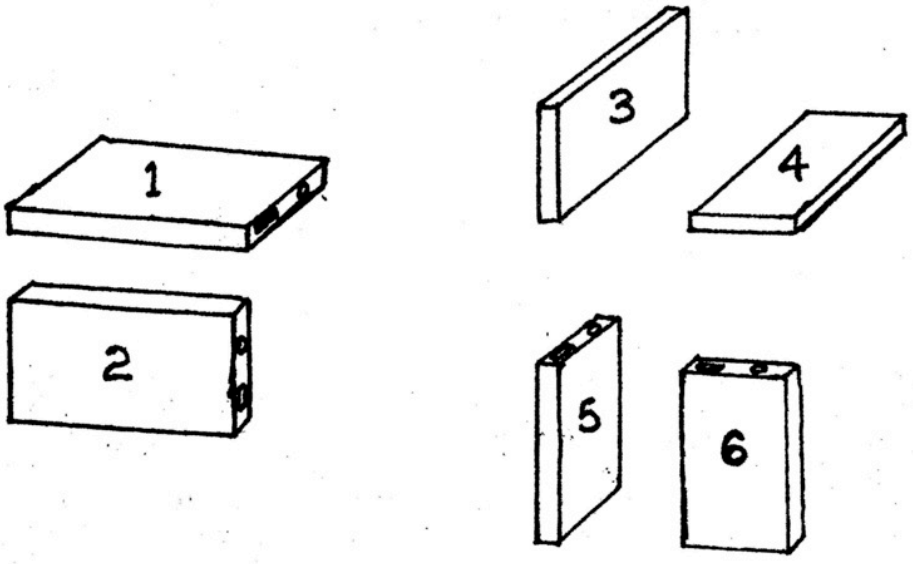


Fig. 2. The six basic orientations of the Pieps receive

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES
FALL 1976

by P. Ridge

1. During the past 12 months, the following submissions by KMC were accepted by the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names:
   a. At the head of Bernard Creek - Mt. Baldr
   b. In Fry-Carney Creeks area-Eagle Nest Lake
      Mammary Peak
      Mount Rasmussen
      Lillian Creek
      Marten Lake
      Weasel Lakes
      Noel Creek(12 mile)
      Greasy Rocks Creek(17 mi.)
      Pinnacle Creek
   c. In the Gold Range - Saturday Peak
      Laag Mountain
   d. In Huckleberry Hut area - Midday Peak
      Cabin Peak
   e. In Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park-Outlook Creek
      Commission Creek
   f. In the Valhalla Ranges -
      i. location of Thor Lake and Devils Couch on the Slocan second status edition map were corrected
      ii. Drinnon Peak
      iii. Devils Range - Lucifer Peak
      Trident Peak
      Mount Mephistopheles
      Devils Dome
      Chariot Peak
      Banshee Peak
      Mount Diablo
      Satan Peak
      Devils Spire
      Coven Lakes

2. In March 1976, in reply to a letter from the KMC, Alan Rayburn, Executive Secretary of the Secretariat of Geographical Names, Ottawa, notified the committee that.. "All authorities responsible for naming features in Banff National Park. . .agree that Castle Mountain should be restored and Eisenhower Peak should be assigned to the highest point of the mountain." He was very optimistic and no new maps were being published with the name Mount Eisenhower. However, in June 1976, the committee received another letter; that letter was from Alastair Gillespie, Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, who stated. . "I. . .have decided that the name Mount Eisenhower should not be changed. ." and gave his reasons.

This is, we hope, the first of a series of articles giving information about the pioneers in the Lardeau area whose names now grace many of the mountains in the Purcell Range, especially the area between Hamill and Carney Creeks.

Mt. Beguin (9300', one of the Pioneer Peaks, WSW of Lake Bonny Gem)

by Helen Peachey

Charles Beguin (1886-1967), was a young French-Swiss of 23 when he arrived in Nelson, B.C., from a clerk's desk at Cook's Travel Agency in London. A shy unassuming gentleman, he worked hard at the heavy clearing of land in the Lardeau, as he was carving out a new home. In a cold, snowy November 1909, he succeeded in locating a spring of water which never failed, and he built the first log cabin on a plateau high above the lake, "the pre-emption". Eventually, he acquired 120 acres, some of which was rocky hillside, some marshy flats including innumerable voracious mosquitos.

A return visit to his hometown of Neuchatel, Switzerland in 1913-1914 resulted in his bringing his bride, Ruth, in May 1914 to a new frame house where the Beguins lived until 1968. Four children attended the unpainted, one-room schoolhouse which opened in 1919 with Jack Folkard as the first teacher.

The Beguins had good hay fields, pastures, and a very productive orchard and garden. The favourite pastimes in the rare slack periods were hiking to Mount Willett,

huckleberry-picking on the rugged mountain sides, fishing at Hamill Creek, and swimming in Kootenay's glacial waters.

Helpful towards neighbours, sharing concerns of education in addition to wresting a living from the land, this first permanent settler now rests in the tiny graveyard just a few yards from his precious land, remembered still by all who knew him. His widow lives at "Nine-Mile", between Balfour and Nelson, near her younger daughter.

* * * * * * * * *

Bacchus Ridge — Noel Bacchus 1888 - 1960
Eric Bacchus 1899 - 1973

Bacchus Ridge is named after Noel and Eric Bacchus, brothers who homesteaded at Birchdale one mile south of Fry Creek on Kootenay Lake. Both brothers were born in England near Salisbury and attended school there. Eric, who had a keen interest in music, had sung as a boy with the famed Salisbury Cathedral boys' choir.

Noel came to Canada in 1910 and Eric in 1920. They both served in World Wars I and II, but apart from that time away they lived continuously at Birchdale. They made their living from selling fruit and vegetables in Kaslo and once a week one of them would take the row boat and cover the ten miles to Kaslo to deliver their produce.

Eric remained a bachelor but Noel married Kathleen

Roddis in 1931 and lived happily with her at Birchdale until her death in 1945. After World War II Noel was also engaged in running a trap line 18 miles up Fry Creek; the remains of his cabins, or "wicky ups" as he called them are still to be seen along the trail. During this time, with the aid of his horse he built the bridge across Fry Creek at the mouth of the canyon. He did this so that he would not have to row all the way round Fry Point to the north to get onto the trail.

In the 1950's Noel sold his Birchdale property and went to live in Kaslo where he devoted all his energies to getting the Moyie established as a museum. It was largely due to his efforts that the Moyie became the reality it is today. He was President of the Kootenay Lake Historical Society and in 1953 his book <u>You've Got To Show Me And Other Stories</u> was published.

Noel was always very popular with young people and could keep them spellbound with his stories of his exploits up Fry Creek during his trapping years. It seems fitting that a ridge in an area they both loved so well should be named after these two men.

BOOK REVIEW

GLACIER ICE, by Austin Post and Edward R. LaChappelle, University of Toronto Press, 1971, $20.00, 110 pp.

This large folio book should be of particular interest to British Columbia residents as many of the some 130 black and white plates are of B.C.'s Coast Range glaciers. Post and LaChappelle, geologists affiliated with the University of Washington, have used their many serial photos taken of the north Pacific coast of North America to illustrate the characteristics of glaciers. Additional pictures from South America, the Alps, and the Himalaya demonstrate some of the less common glacial features. A chapter on sub-polar and polar glaciation rounds out the presentation by giving the reader an insight into the quite different ice formations of these remote latitudes.

The text I found to be interesting, well-integrated with the photos, and quite comprehensible to the layman. A very helpful feature is a "Glossary of Glacier Terms" that provides a reference to photos illustrating the terms described.

All in all, I found Glacier Ice to be a worthwhile book, although its $20.00 price tag may deter some purchasers.

Kim Kratky

BOOK REVIEW

HIMALAYA; Herbert Tichy, New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons 1970
175 pp., 61 colour photographs, 84 monochrome photographs and drawings, $15.00

Tichy, an Austrian mountaineer, had seven trips to the Himalaya and Karakorum behind him when he wrote this book. The high point of the volume is the collection of evocative and startling photos that the author has assembled. Not only the geographical setting and spectacular peaks, but also the religion, architecture, and social customs of the inhabitants of this fascinating region are the camera's subjects.

The author's text is notably deficient in contrast to the photography. I found Tichy's organization of chapters to be vague and his writing diffuse. Perhaps some of the blame can be laid to the translators, but not all. I found the most interesting material to be in the chapter entitled "The Search for Shangri-La"; here the writer recounts some of the adventures of the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin and the 19th century wanderer Henry Savage Landor who was determined to travel in Tibet as an English gentleman. A rather incomplete glossary rounds out the features of this 9" x 12" book.

Kim Kratky

KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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		Author	Donated by
1.	The Rocky Mountains of Canada	J. Monroe Thorington	K.M.C.
2.	The Purcell Range of British Columbia 1946	J. Monroe Thorington	B. Port
3.	The Interior Ranges of B.C.	W. Lowell Putnam	K.M.C.
4.	Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of B.C.1971	W. Lowell Putnam	K.M.C.
5.	Peaks and Routes of the Selkirk Range 1954	W. Lowell Putnam	W.L.P.
6.	Hiking Near Vancouver	Dougal MacDonald	H.B.
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20.	Mountaineering Medicine	F.T. Darvill, M.D.	K.M.C.
21.	Medicine for Mountaineering	Dr. J.A. Wilkerson	K.M.C.
22.	The Kootenay Columbia Valley	B.C. Gov't. Booklet 1911	L. Gansner
23.	Your Journey Through the Canadian Rockies, West Bound 1937	C.P.R. Publication	C.Penn
24.	History of Lake O'Hara	Lillian Gest	H.B.
25.	A History of Mountaineering in the St. Elias Mountains	Walter A. Wood	H.B.
26.	The Yukon Centennial Expedition	Edited by Marnie Fisher	H.B.
27.	Yosemite National Park	Edited by Robert Scarff, (with the cooperation of the National Park Service)	S. Whitely
28.	Elementary Geology as Applied to Prospecting	J.F. Walker	J. Oswald
29.	Birds of Canadian Mountain Parks	Dept. of Northern Affairs	A. Jack
30.	Salute the Skier-100 Ski Runs in the Alps	W. Pause	J.M. Hartley
31.	Everest, the West Ridge (abridged)	Thomas F. Hornbein	A. Jack
32.	The Ascent of Mt. Lillian and the Christening of Lake Bonnie Gem	W.A. Seamen	H.B.
33.	The Trail to the Charmed Land	Ralph Edwards	D. Parfitt
34.	Give Me the Hills	Miriam Underhill	H.B.

35.	Annapurna	Maurice Herzog	F. Thiessen
36.	Complete Collection of Journals of the Alpine Club of Canada 1907-Current Issue		
37.	Subject-Author Index for C.A.J.		
38.	Current Copies of Kinnikinnick	Spokane Mountaineers Publication	
39.	Summit Magazine	Published at Big Bear Lake, California 1960-Current Issue	H.B.
40.	Kootenay Karabiner 1964-Current Issue	K.M.C.	K.M.C.

41. Guests Books from the Slocan Chief Cabin June 1960 - Current Guest Book

42. Park News (The Journal of the National & Provincial Parks Association of Canada)

43. Set of Colour Photographs and Description of all A.C.C. Huts

N.B. Some back copies of the Kootenay Karabiner are available for sale.

The following books are the personal property of Mrs. Helen Butling and are available to club members.

Annapurna, South Face	Chris Bonington
Annapurna	Maurice Herzog
Buffalo Head	R.M. Patterson
Climbs in the Canadian Rockies	Frank Smythe
Climbing Days	D. Pilley Richards
The Cloud Walkers	Patrick Sherman
Give Me the Hills	Miriam Underhill
KaraKoram, The Ascent of Gasherbrum IV	Fosco Maraini
Rum Doodle (not allowed out of house)	W. E. Bowman
This is My Voyage	Tom Longstaff
A Women's Reach	Nea Morin
One Man's Mountains	Tom Patey
Eiger Direct	Peter Gilman & Dougal Haston
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High Adventure	Edmund Hillary
Mountaineering Holiday	F.S. Smythe
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The Selkirk Range Vol. 1	O. A. Wheeler
Spitzbergen The Story of the 1962 Swiss Spitzbergen Expedition	Hugo Nunlis
The Canadian Rockies Trail Guide	Brian Patton, Bart Robinson

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Finally, the Editor is grateful for the assistance received from the members of the Karabiner Committee -- Helen Butling, John Carter, Janice Isaac, Peggy LePage, Pat Ridge, and Dave Whiting.



Mt. Loki [9090] & its tiny alpine lake,
August 29, 1976.



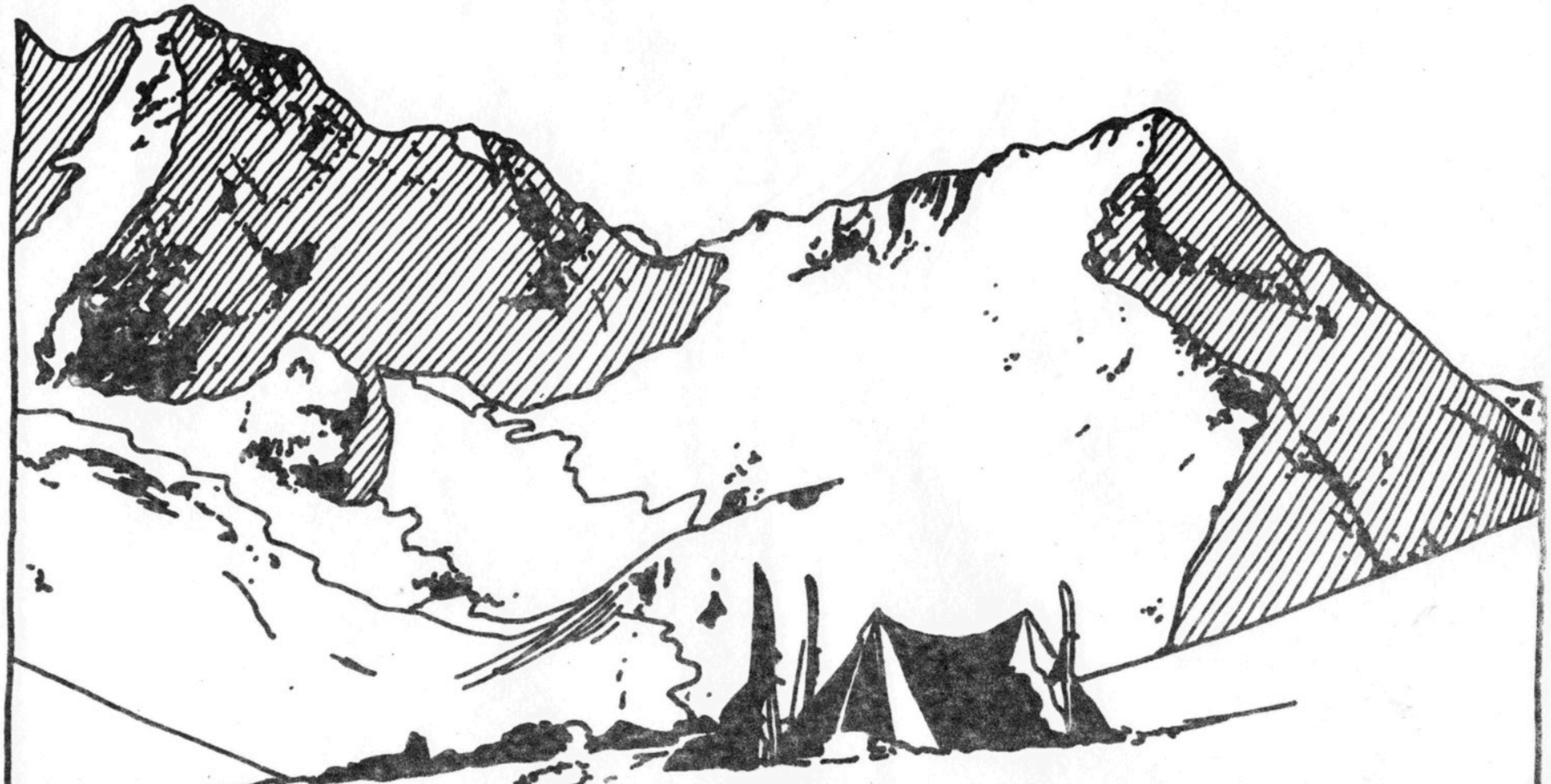
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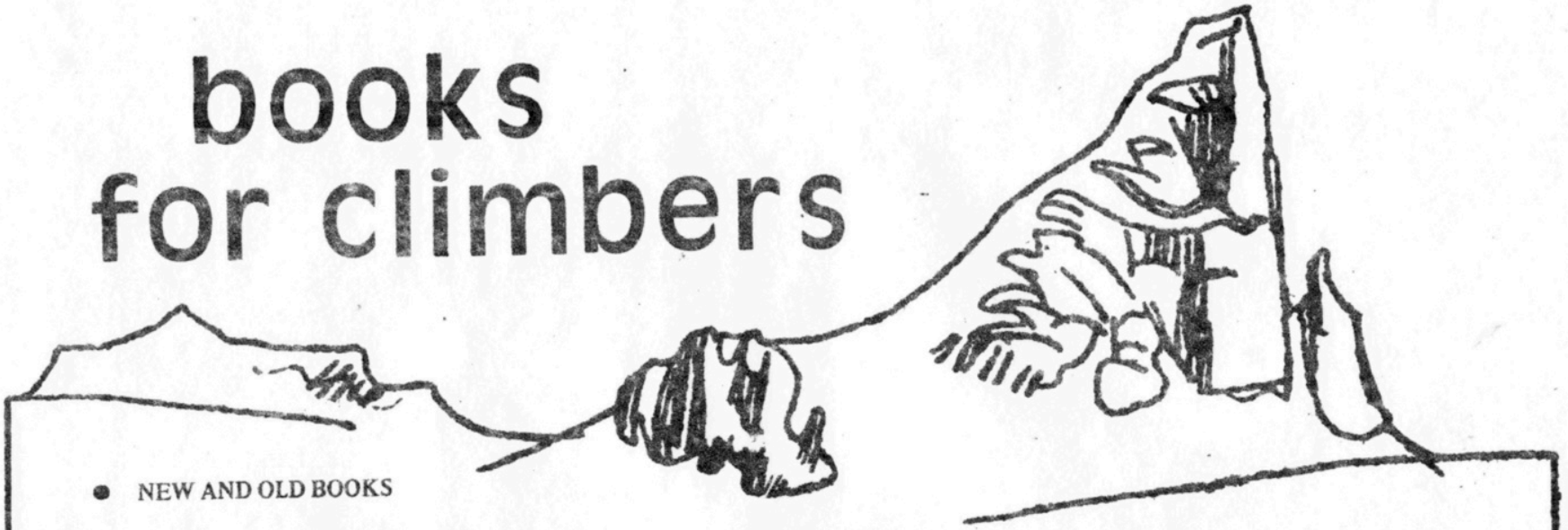
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