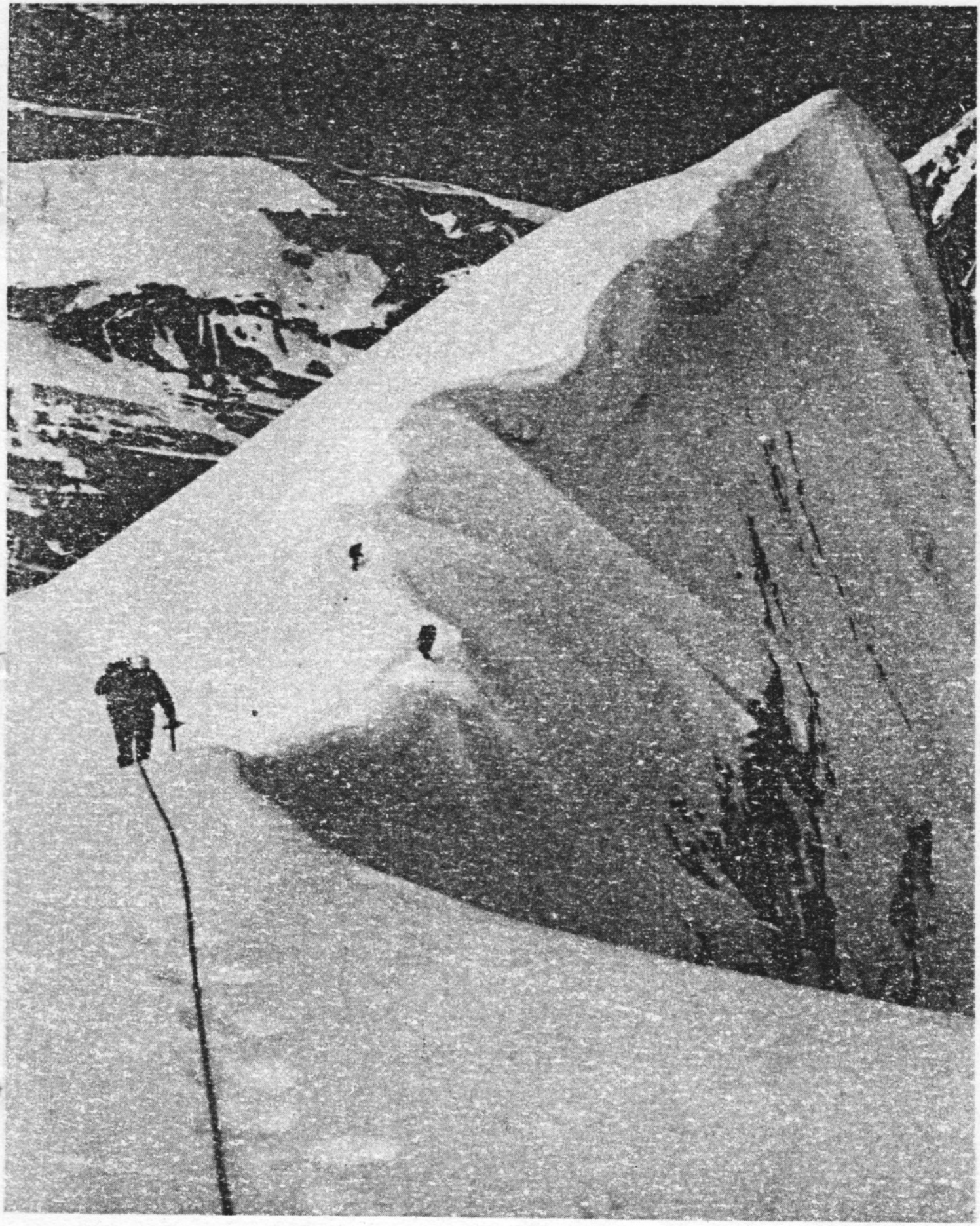


VOL 20

# KOOTENAY KARABINER 1977

## OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE 1977

| | |
|---|---|
| Chairman | John Carter and Kim Kratky |
| Secretary | Peter McIver |
| Treasurer | Bob Dean |
| K.K. Editor | Kim Kratky |
| Trips | Eric Norton |
| Summer Camps | Jim Brennan |
| Newsletter | Dave Whiting |
| Social | Peggy LePage |
| Rock School | Peter Wood |
| Cabins & Trails | Stan Baker |
| Conservation | Derek Willans |
| Mountain Rescue | John Carter |

Please Note: The 1976 Karabiner neglected to acknowledge that Gunther Offerman was Newsletter Editor prior to Dave Whiting's takeover in November. Our apologies Gunther.

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## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

One of the tasks that falls to the K.M.C. Chairman is the penning of some kind of annual report for the Karabiner. After reading Chairmen's and Chairwomen's reports dating back to 1970, I have decided that these essays all have certain features in common. First, there is the review of the past season's activities at rock school, in camps, in the field of conservation, and at social functions. Next, comes the predictable warning about apathy and lack of participation on the part of people who belong to the club. Fellow KMCers, I am afraid the pattern remains the same.

Perhaps the keynote for the K.M.C. in 1977 was diversification. More new people where begged, bullied, or cajoled into serving on the Executive Committee, while others experienced their first responsibilities as leaders of trips. The K.M.C. expanded its Rock School to a three-part Basic Mountaineering Course (rock, snow and ice, and winter travel) under the able guidance of Peter Wood. This seems to have been a successful format, but required even more work, time, and effort on the part of the instructors. The Executive and general membership

are very grateful to those people who made the schools a success.

Our two camps-climbing and hiking-under the able generalships of Jim Brennan, and Earl Jorgensen with John Stewart, respectively, were again successfully undertaken. In the realm of shorter excursions, many spring, summer, and autumn day and weekend trips were completed. A highlight of the summer schedule was a women's day climb of the west peak of Mt. Prestley, the kind of trip that, in the opinion of the Chairman, should become a regular club feature.

The club's financial situation remains strong, especially since there is no longer any talk of building new cabins. In fact, "the cabin affair" now centres on the question of removing cabins and huts.

Our Social Chairwoman, Peggy Le Page, organized a round of banquets and slide shows that gave the membership a chance to socialize the year round. Thanks are again due to Peggy and her many assistants.

Other committee chairman also worked long and hard in 1976. Derek Willans (Conservation), Peter McIver (Secretary), Bob Dean (Treasurer), Eric Norton (Trips), Stan Baker and Guy Woods (Cabins and Trails), David Whiting (Newsletter), as well as my predecessors, Dave Adams and John Carter, are some of the people who deserve



Haystack (9,038')
Kokanee Park, June 5, 1977
Photo by Julie Mortimer

credit for keeping the K.M.C. in operation.

The second part of my report deals with some of the problems the K.M.C. faces. The Mountain Rescue Group has been discontinued because of lack of interest on the part of all but a small core of people. Our relationship with the Federation of Mountaineering Clubs of B.C. has foundered because of lack of time or inclination on the part of KMCers to perform the necessary liaison work. Easy access to Mulvey Meadows has put increased strain on the fragile environment of that basin. Should the club do anything about this situation? Can the club do anything about it?

The aforementioned difficulties are typical of the dilemmas that any club faces. Keeping in mind the stated aims of a club, the members should ask themselves what the limits of the club's responsibilities should be. It is the Chairman's opinion that the organization of a club should adapt to its membership instead of the people's fitting into a rigid framework of what a club should be. Thus, if certain committees or endeavors are not continued, it is--I feel--because the general membership wants it that way.

Best wishes to all for 1978.

Kim Kratky

# Trudging with the Trekkers:

## A Walk with the K. M. C.

by Don Bunyan

Having accepted with only mild misgivings Leo's invitation to join the K. M. C. Annual Trek, I almost misgave totally when I received his letter and map setting out the itinerary. I had taken on an ordeal like that? Well, after a day or two my courage returned and I started jogging like fury to get myself fit enough to accompany this pride of mountain lions. Thus, a month or so later, I found myself at night-fall at Mud Lake, Alberta, lat 50° 47' 20" N., long 115° 18' 20"W., alt. 6230.54 feet a. s. l. (pop., a handful of loggers), a delightful spa easily reached by car. Bedding down with me in a rain-swept, unwalled horse-barn were Stan Baker (trek leader), Vivien Bowers, Diane Boyce, Leo Gansner, Janice Isaac, Libby Martin, Peter Spearman (who had joined Stan in an earlier trip to reconnoitre our route), and Linda Williamson.

Sunday, August 7th: Mud Lake to French Creek Meadow (four map miles, plus one and one-half miles of zig-zag, ascent 1,100')

The storm subsided, morning came, we breakfasted, and Stan and Peter set off in two cars to leave one

spotted on a logging road near Watridge Lake (or Warridge Lake, according to the map used) about seven miles to the northwest, in order to cut out some dull walking at trek's end. They returned and we started off around half-past ten, myself staggering weakly in the rear. Soon we plunged into the brush jungle of French Creek and bush-whacked roughly South-South-West, up and up and up. Leo lagging because he had been weakened by 'Montezuma's Revenge' (which here might be more aptly called the Canmore Canter) and I lagging because I need no excuse, we sometimes in the dense brush lost all sight of the main party and had to "coo-ee" for direction-pointing replies. We paused for lunch at about 6,700 feet and eventually made camp in a pleasant meadow at 7,300 feet near the foot of French Glacier, around three o'clock.

After recovering from the ascent, we tested our skills with crampons and ice-axes on a tongue of ice conveniently close by. Fortunately, the ice was dirty, and Stan therefore did not insist on our practising the backwards-upside-down ice-axe arrest. After supper, we hung our food in bags from trees to discourage varmints, then philosophized by firelight for a time before going to our beds.

Monday, August 8th: French Creek Meadow via Haig Glacier To Lawson Lake. (six and one-half miles, plus some indeterminate divagation; 1,800 feet ascent, 1,800 feet descent)

This was the day of the great ascent. We broke camp around eight, and began plodding and sliding up moraine and talus until we reached the ice of French Glacier at approximately 8,400 feet. Then out came the ice axes and on went the crampons: more comfortable, but for me not always more secure--my right crampon would keep slipping off, usually when I was leaping nimbly over a crevasse. We reached the crest of the ice the junction of the French and Haig Glaciers, 9,100 feet a. s. l., at noon. There we stopped in glorious sunlight, feasting our eyes and our guts simultaneously, before descending the Haig Glacier. We first came off the ice on its east flank, then crossed to the west for an easier egress. Our beautiful weather disintegrated, and our pleasure was enhanced by bursts of rain, occasional hail and gusts of wind.

Later, we entered a haunted forest. Although the weather improved, our spirits fluctuated as we kept losing one another mysteriously. We were briefly reunited at the impressive 'Turbine Canyon' of the Upper Kananaskis River, only yards wide and over a hundred feet deep, where we were amazed to find a party of

YMCA girls (sic) rappelling down the wall of the canyon. Leaving this unexpected sight, we resumed our enactment of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', halloing through the haunted woods looking for one another. Eventually we united again on the shores of Lawson Lake, and made camp. Naturally we attributed our confusion to faulty maps--but perhaps the forest was enchanted.

As we finished supper the wind rose, a tent blew down and the rains came. We treed the provisions, gossiped in the rain, and so went to bed.

Tuesday, August 9th: at Lawson Lake
(Elevation 7,300 feet)

The rain drizzled slowly to a halt around nine in the morning and figures began to emerge from tents. The rest of what became a beautiful day was spent in individual pursuits: scouting, clambering, photographing, drying boots, recovering from the 'Canmore Canter'. In the evening, five young men from Edmonton made camp nearby and eventually wandered over to visit us. On a three-week back-packing trip scheduled to end at Field, they had hiked from the road-end at the Kananaskis Lakes. They said the trail was good. They also told us the Perseid meteors would be showering during the next few nights: of our own group, only your 'umble narrator

subsequently crawled out of his sack to gaze.

Wednesday, August 10th: Lawson Lake via Maude Lake to 'Horsefly Junction'. (five and one-half miles, 400 feet up, 2,400 feet down)

We made our 'nine-o'clock start' by nine-thirty and in glorious weather quickly hiked the less than two miles to Maude Lake (7,700 feet). There, four rods caught a dozen good sized trout in twenty minutes, and before the fish biologists and wardens could catch up with us, we packed our packs and continued through the North Kananaskis Pass. Descending to Riley Creek, we enjoyed magnificent views of the Royal Group: then a hot dusty plod brought us to the junction of Riley Creek and the Pellisser River in early afternoon. There among the horseflies we read a helpful note left by some kind person to advise passers-by how to reach the Palliser trail. The gist was to cross the River, 'scurt' a beaver pond, and push on up as best one could. As the horseflies settled ever thicker, we debated whether or not to go on, until it was time to make camp anyway, which we did.

We cooked and ate a monstrous surfeit of trout. The Edmontonians meanwhile came sweating down the trail and camped close by. Satiety descended on us with the dusk and in due course we descended on our beds. I later watched the Perseids.

Thursday, August 11th: 'Horsefly Junction' to Spray River Crossing East of Leman Lake ($50^{\circ}$ 45' 20" N. $115^{\circ}$ 24' 20" W.) (seven and one-half miles, ascent of 2,000 feet, descent of 1,100 feet)

Again packing up before our neighbors, we crossed the Palliser, 'scurted' the beaver pond, and bush-whacked up-hill until we found the well-defined trail. Then, with Libby (who had run out of cigarettes and obviously hoped to get to a tobacconist before night-fall) setting a merciless pace, we boiled and puffed up the Palliser River, over the Palliser Pass (7,300') and down the Spray River, hurtling heedlessly past the beauties of the wayside, until our protesting joints creaked to a stand-still near a river-crossing at about 6,200 feet elevation. And there we camped.

The Edmontonians came along about sunset. A pot-licking deer disturbed both camps this night, but even Bigfoot couldn't have pulled my aching bones out of the sack.

Friday August 12th: $50^{\circ}$ 45' 20" N., $115^{\circ}$ 24' 20" W. to Spray River footbridge. (eight miles, descending 600 feet, not counting side-trip)

Diane and Peter pushed off early, to get out of the wilderness that day. The rest of us got away before nine o'clock. At the junction with the trail to Leman Lake, we dumped our packs, forded the Spray barefoot and

lightly trod the mile to Leman Lake, where we gazed and clicked shutters but did not fish. Back to our loads and the right bank of the Spray, we continued downstream to Birdwood Creek, where we lunched, the Edmonton Lads joining us briefly.

In the afternoon the rain attacked, first lightly, then thunderously and then heavier still. We slushed and splodged our cheery way onwards, enjoyed yet another barefoot crossing of the Spray and continued on down the River until we re-crossed yet again. This crossing, the last, was by means of a well-made, new and unmapped footbridge at approximately 50° 51' 15" N., 115° 26' 30" W., about a half-mile from the south tip of Spray Lakes Reservoir. It provides an alternative route for hikers headed into either the Mount Assiniboine area or the Spray River trails.

We crossed, and camped. The rain paused long enough for us to put up our tents, then resumed and pelted down all night long. Sorely tried by the unrelenting downpour, I first burned Leo's and my supper and then spilled it on the ground and had to start again. My language was shocking!

Saturday, August 13th: Spray River to Watridge Lake
(one and one-half miles, negligible ascent)

After we had breakfasted wet, the rain stopped and

we decamped and strolled out to Stan's car at Watridge Lake. One car rolled away and before long three cars rolled back. Soon we were on our way to showers, sherry and beer in Canmore, a late lunch in Banff and the partings. End of a most enjoyable experience: per ardua ad astra. I'm very grateful to the K. M. C. for letting me join their annual trek. I found the whole trip great fun, even if I did grumble at times about lack of 'togetherness' on the trails.

Maps: Dept. of Energy Mines and Resources, Topographic Maps 1:50,000: 82J/14 and 82J/11 (Edition 2).

# St. Mary's Alpine Park

## 1977 Hiking Camp

by John Stewart

This year's Hiking Camp was held from Saturday, August 6th to Sunday, August 15th in St. Mary's Alpine Provincial Park. The park, although not remote, is still wilderness with no trails and is visited by only a handful of hikers in any one summer. Its main attractions are its myriad lakes and waterfalls: there are more than fifty lakes large enough to be named in an area eight miles north-south by four east-west.

We were twenty KMC hikers: Agnes and Ted Baker, Madge and Jack Hollington, Jonnie Wah, Earl Jorgenson, Kay and John Stewart, Elizabeth Wallach, Jim Keinholz, Jim McLaren, Tricia and Reino Rasku, Hans and Steven Rensing, Ian Bult, Megan Moorcroft, Carolyn, Stephen, and Peter Sehramm, plus Helen Peachey as cook.

We camped in the central part of the park at 7,500 feet at the east end of Price Lake. Open groves of larch alternated with grassy meadows and bare rock. Our fifteen tents were widely scattered along the slope which rises gently a hundred yards from Price Lake to a line of cliffs which drop to the meadows of Keer Lake. At the south east corner of Price Lake the shores are low with a dozen pleasant tarns offering warmer bathing than the lake, and

the outlet stream falls in a series of small waterfalls amid wildflower meadows, much photographed, and promptly named the Japanese Gardens. Equally photographed were the crags of Trinity Mountain and Trinity Spire, with their scree and snow slopes dropping directly into the far end of the lake, and brilliantly reflected in the early morning and evening calm waters.

The weather was beautiful for nearly all seven days of hiking. The hot summer had dried most of the meadow pools, leaving us almost free of the mosquitoes and flies which often make camplife miserable in this part of the Purcells. We started our hikes early enough to be back for 4:30 tea most afternoon days, with swims, rests, reading, and dinner time basking in the late afternoon sun. The open woodlands were in many places still surprisingly full of flowers in spite of the dry summer: yellow Arnica, purple Asters, and red Paint Brush formed attractive masses of varied colour.

Highlights of our hikes were Totem Peak, whose steep pyramid above the south west corner of Totem Lake, although only 8,100 feet in elevation, dominates the central part of the park, and from which we counted seventeen larger lakes; Bleak Lake at the north end of the park and still half covered by glacier and icebergs; the plateau a mile north west of Keer Lake with the densest flowers and 2,500 feet abrupt drop at its east end giving views of waterfalls

dropping down to White Creek, and Alton Ridge across the creek; the Bird Lakes on the way to Mt. Manson at the south end of the park; and the 9,000 to 9,500 foot peaks along the west watershed boundary of the park--St. Mary; Nowitka, Trinity, and Manson, plus a fifth above the north west end of Price Lake's valley which we named Price Lake Lookout--all of them steep peaks requiring careful scrambling, but only one, Trinity, offering some real difficulties. Every hiker climbed at least one of these peaks, with good views in the clear air to Kokanee Glacier to the west and Rockies to the east. Hiking in the park was more strenuous than we had expected because of the steep ridges separating each chain of lakes; the escarpment barrier cliffs following the 7,200-7,400 feet contours in the central part of the park; and the dense forest in most areas below the 7,300 foot level.

We enjoyed delicious meals thanks to the careful food buying of Madge and her helpers, home baking by many members and the excellent cooking of Helen, who remained cheerful in spite of our ravenous appetites, no snow for refrigeration, and a bruised and blackened elbow from a lightning charge in her tent pole one night. We had the most luxurious biffy ever seen in a KMC camp, thanks to the toilet seat which Jack brought and which Reino and Jim Mc. mounted in a scenic natural rock cleft. The radio -telephone was another asset which seemed a little too

civilized for camp life, although we did enjoy surprising home-staying members of our families with the operator's query, "Will you accept a collect call from St. Mary's River?"

Jim K. alternated between sleeping through breakfast and routing us out of our sleeping bags at 5:00 a.m. for the longer hikes. Tricia was too tired to go all the way on one hike, turned back by herself, got lost, bushwhacked twice as far as anyone else that day, and (later) was able to joke about it. So was Jack, who wrestled a large boulder about fifty feet down a steep slope, lost, and got some bruises and sprains which slowed him down a bit for the rest of camp. Hans was the bravest bather with a 200 foot swim to a rock out in Price Lake. Ian, a knowledgeable graduate of this year's KMC Rock School, demonstrated a good arrest after going over a cornice, and was always keen to bag another peak. Earl was the unflappable leader of the braver mountaineers, inciting Megan and Tricia to even steeper faces and sharper knife edges. Ted led the flower watching excursions, and umpired the flower naming arguments (discussions?) of Elizabeth, Madge, Connie, and Agnes. The four teen-aged boys were welcome and helpful members of camp. Carolyn remained (almost) always calm when her sons, Stephen and Peter, disappeared over the next steep ridge or failed to appear on time at meals. Steven bagged the most constellations and shooting stars

when John persuaded most of the campers to stay up until after midnight on one of the clearest nights to stargaze and watch the comet shower.

Access to St. Mary's Park is by the following route: St. Mary's River logging road from St. Mary's Lake (or Grey Creek four-wheel-drive road from Kootenay Lake which joins it at Kilometer-post 39). Turn right at Kilometer -post 48 from logging road onto narrow road (rough, wash -outs, and small creek fordings) for 21 kilometers up White Creek. Leave car at bridge which crosses to west side of White Creek. One more kilometer along road to old log dump clearing at end of road. A faint trail with some clearing, blazes, and red plastic markers starts from the log dump up an old logging skid trail, enters the trees at a stump with a rock on top, soon bears right to reach an open scree slope, and more or less follows on or beside the scree 2,000 feet up to the plateau. Walk north west on the plateau until you reach a high bluff above Bergstrom Lake, from which you can find your bearings to Totem Peak and the central lakes (Totem, Price, Keer) to the west.

Access to the south end of the park may be possible by a new road which goes from Dewar Creek to a point above treeline in the valley between Mt. Manson and Mt. Patrick. Stay on the Dewar Creek logging road for about ten kilometers more, instead of turning up White Creek at kilometer 48.

Total cost of the camp was $94.00 per person, two thirds of which was the helicopter cost. Helicopter costs could have been substantially reduced by more precise advance planning of helicopter loads and by part of the group walking in and out. However, the heavy low fog--which now seems to be a well established KMC camp tradition for helicopter fly-outs, and which makes the timing of helicopter arrivals uncertain--complicates the arrangements for splitting up the party.

# Devil's Dome

by Peter Koedt

At 4:30 Friday afternoon I picked up Jara at the airport and after some hectic scrambling with last minute organization we were heading for Hoder Creek. By the time we started up toward Drinnon Lake it was after eight o'clock and raining lightly. We had anticipated hiking at least part way in the dark, but as usual we were behind schedule. In addition, the full moon we had so naively counted on gave us only a barely discernible pale glow through the overcast. Fortunately, the rain stopped, but the bush was wet and it wasn't long before our socks were soaked.

Our plan was to try to get above timberland before it got totally dark, as we figured that we would probably have enough light to navigate in the alpine. When we reached the pass above Drinnon Lake, we were in for more bad news: the clouds were down to about 7,500 feet on the far side of the valley--just <u>below</u> a high shelf I had hoped to follow from Gwillim Lakes to Devil's Dome. The choice was either to head straight over from the pass and thrash our way across a wet, bushy and very dark sidehill and then hope to find the right gully to ascend to the Dome, or to make a break for Gwillim Lakes and the high country and then hope for the best on the cloud-

shrouded shelf. A lot of hoping. I couldn't stomach the thought of that sidehill so we took a chance on the Lakes and the cloud level. The last faint remnants of daylight saw us into the meadowy draw southwest of Gwillim Lakes; from here we would be home free if the clouds stayed high enough, but I had my doubts about navigating two miles of slippery alpine talus and slab in pea soup. At last, above the highest lakes, we climbed up into the fog and we were forced to admit that we were in for a real character builder. But then, as if by design, the clouds lifted about one hundred feet and left our shelf clearly visible if we ducked our heads.

For the next two hours we stumbled along in the unreality of our thick, silent world of quarter-light, fighting off engulfing sleep and absurd head trips. Around 1:30 we arrived at our destination at the base of the south face of the Dome and the immediate task of making camp helped a bit to bring us back in touch.

The next morning the overcast was thin and broken but it was cold and windy and our enthusiasm was limited. We eventually decided to have a go at a route I had scouted out the weekend before, starting up a snow gully that borders the lower left hand edge of the south face. From the notch at the top of the gully, it had looked feasible to traverse around to the north and

climb a couple of moderate pitches to the broken summit ridge. But when we attained the notch and felt the cold northwest wind and looked down the 50° ice couloir in the shadow of the other side, we decided that there must be a friendlier route around to our right in the sun. After traversing right a ways on a broken ledge system, we climbed two pitches up a horribly loose gully-chimney--not hard, but unnerving. At one point Jara touched off a loose rock and the gully below her literally disappeared for a few seconds in a chaos of dust and crashing boulders. I was thankful I was above her. At the top of the second pitch the line of least resistance led off to the left, but the climbing had been so lousy up to here that I was determined to get at least a few nice moves in. So I opted for the logical continuation of our gully-chimney up a crack, under, and around an overhang. It was a pleasant 5.6 for ten to fifteen feet but I couldn't say that it justified the rest of the route.

Our descent was via two rappels just to the west of our climb. As we made our way down the snow gully we caught sight of Gunther and Elena approaching our camp from below. They were both feeling sick and it was questionable whether they would want to climb the next day. The evening was magnificent with a full moon rising

over the Mulvey group in the red hues of the sunset, bearing fruit to some spectacular photos and a few indistinguishable black ones with white dots in the middle.

Sunday morning Gunther and Elena still felt peaked, but decided to climb anyway. We were going to try our main objective for the expedition--an aesthetic crack system that snaked its way directly up the middle of the south face. The main problem was to get into it since it got very steep and unhospitable at the bottom. The route we chose started from a large rectangular block and led over a slight overhang into a dihedral and up its right hand wall, from which point an easy broken ascending traverse would take us back right to the main crack system. The overhang was quite hard--soft, rounded, yellow granite with a long reach to an awkward layback and some thin breakable blade-like flakes at the top. Hanging a sling on the end of my hammer handle, I managed by reaching as high as I could to slip it over a flake for protection. With some misgivings I made the moves--5.7 right off the ground on a cold alpine morning left me feeling a little shakey. The dihedral was sustained but excellent climbing. After Jara came up, Gunther began leading on the second rope. Jara had left the sling on the flake for him and he supplemented it with a couple

of nuts in a crack just below--each with a sling runner. But when he was almost over the overhang, his belay rope pulled tight and refused to let him advance any further. Apparently he had clipped into his protection in such a way that the carabiners bunched together and formed a carabiner break. With desperate cries for slack and a lot of cursing and thrashing he finally made it the last few inches to a resting place. Here he untied, letting Elena pull his rope down and we dropped her one of our ropes and hoisted Gunther's back up to him. Feeling sick to start with, Gunther was further weakened by this episode and after the next easy pitch we all tied in together.

The third pitch was an inset section of face with a chimney on each side. Starting in the right hand crack, we found that a delicate and pretty traverse led over to the left hand crack to easier climbing and grassy ledges above. From a good belay twenty feet above the ledges a very long (165 foot) pitch of super climbing brought us to a narrow stance on a sloping slab below a prominent overhang near the top. The overhang was surely the most pleasing finish to the route, but if it wouldn't go we had the option of backtracking most of a pitch and heading diagonally off to the right--likely only 5.5 or 5.6. But I felt that at least I had to give the overhang

a try. It was intersected by a crack which formed a large hole under it. Into this hole I squeezed in search of protection (and a sense of security) until with my hardhat and pack on I wasn't sure I could get back out. Someone was unkind enough to take a picture of me (or what was still visible of me) in this unflattering position. However, with a great deal of scratching and thrutching I managed to extract myself enough to reach out to an obliging chockstone which was strategically lodged at the lip of the overhang, and I horsed myself over the top. After rejoicing at my accomplishment, I suddenly realized that the next ten feet, although fairly innocuous looking from below, would be even harder than the overhang--in fact the crux of the climb. I thought it best not to relay this insight to my friends and set up a belay just above the hard section, making a short forty foot pitch to aid communication and moral support, and minimize rope tension. Actually, I think mostly I just wanted to enjoy the expressions on their faces.

One easy pitch brought us to the summit ridge and we sat on top having our lunch at 7:30 watching the sun approach the horizon, wondering how the hell we'd get down by dark. But luck was with us and we only had to make one long and two short rappels, and we rolled into

camp to another awe-inspiring sunset-moonrise. All in all, a very satisfying day.

Devil's Dome:

Route 2 -- "Shitpile" Two pitches to 5.6 (easier if desire. Well protected with nuts and runners. Not recommended, loose rock.
July 30, 1977, Peter Koedt and Jara Popelkova.

Route 3 -- South Face. Six pitches to 5.8 (5.7 if top section is avoided). Well protected with nuts and runners. Excellent climb.
July 31, 1977, Peter Koedt, Jara Popelkova, Gunther and Elena Offerman.

# Mt. Prestley - Ladies' Climb

by Sue Port

There have been "Ladies' Days" since the Club began, but these have never involved more than an easy hike with perhaps a scramble to a low summit. In 1976, the trip to Mt. Loki was to have been a Ladies' Climb, but through a series of misunderstandings and misfortunes it "degenerated" into a regular trip. And so the First Annual Ladies' Climb finally came to pass on July 10, 1977.

Why a Ladies' Climb? Many men, as they stride along at the head of the line, deciding which route to take, when to rope up, when to retreat etc., find the need for one difficult to understand. Most women are so conditioned to accepting male leadership that if there is even one man on a trip they will defer to his judgment, or even leave all decisions to him. Some women in the Club want to gain experience in route finding, rope leading and general decision-making in the mountains, and while the men with whom they climb are often quite understanding, the women find it difficult to break out of the role of the "Eternal Second". And so the Leader made a "no men allowed" ruling, for which the Trips Chairman received some undeserved flak.

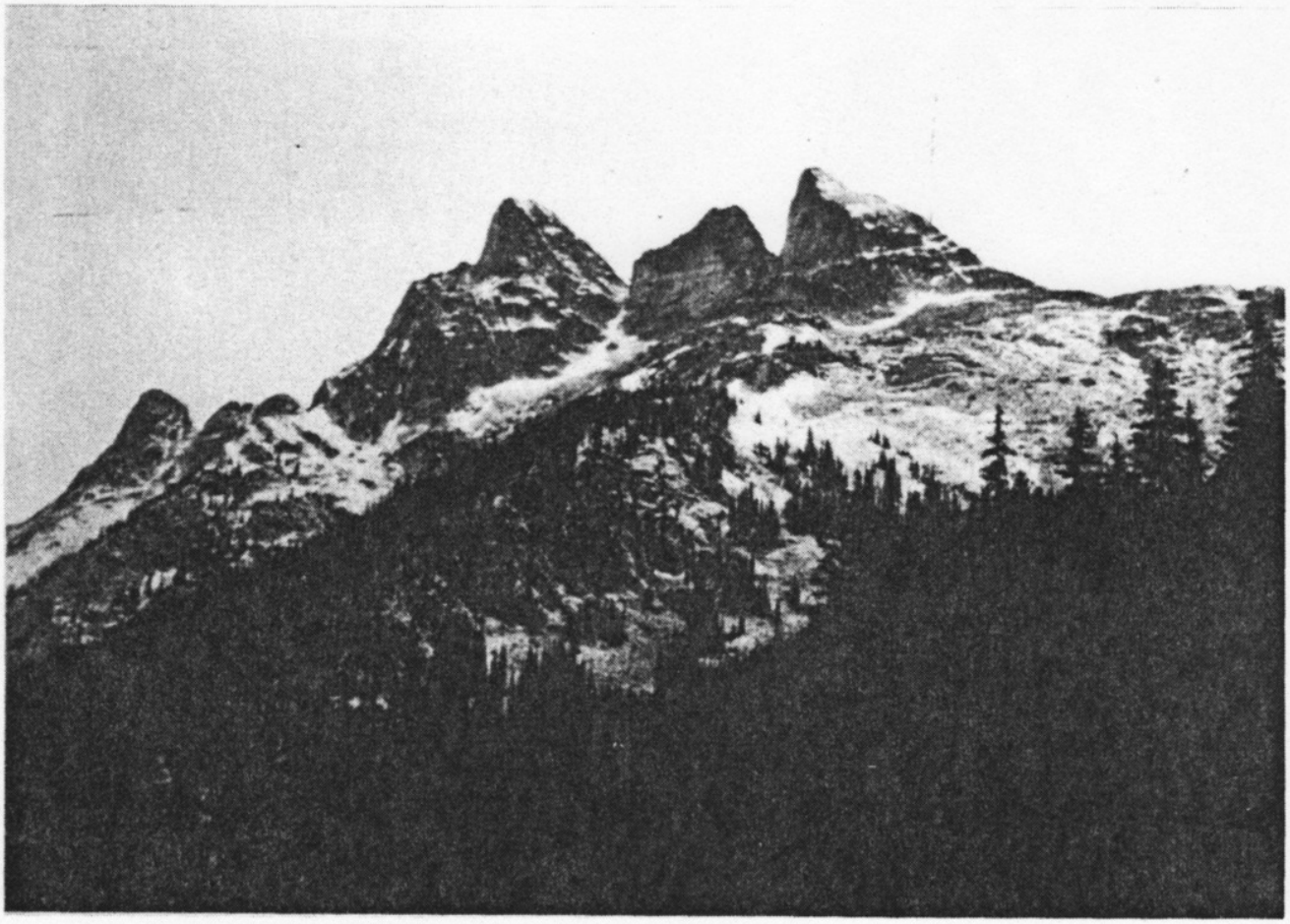
Mt. Prestley in the southern Valhallas was a perfect choice for our first attempt: very attractive, close at hand, requiring a rope, but not too difficult. I was able to do a recce of the east ridge in June when Ian Hamilton led a Club trip to this same peak (there were three other routes done on the mountain that day--all more difficult).

Six of us (the others being Elena Offermann, Jill Langballe, Janice Isaac, Rita Holmes and Peggy LePage) gathered early Sunday morning at the end of the navigable road up Bannock Burn Creek and set off carrying unaccustomed ropes and hardware up the steep bush, steep meadow and steep hard snow (this last enlivened by a short hailstorm) to the cold and windy east col. A fifty foot traverse to the north and several pitches (necessarily short as we were climbing three on a rope) on the east ridge took us about 150 feet above the col. Fortunately some threatening clouds had cleared away, as rain on one pitch of lichen covered rock with few handholds would have been very unpleasant. There, we left our ropes and enjoyed a pleasant scramble to the summit.

On the descent in June we had made a long rappel, which had required two 150 foot ropes, to the col. This time, our "150 foot" Club rope turned out to be considerably shorter, so we downclimbed most of the distance and



Dog, Wolfs Ears, Gimli (Mulvey Group)
August 7, 1977 Photo by Eric Norton



Three Peaks of Prestley (Mulvey Group)
July, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer

found another peg which allowed a 50 foot rappel into the col.

We reached the cars at six p.m., about ten hours after setting out. It had not been a fast trip; for, while we had often observed the setting up of belays and rappels, we had rarely done so ourselves (also, we were in no hurry to be home in time to cook the dinner!).

The trip was judged by all to be a great success. One member was very excited about being first on the rope; all of us had a chance to practise little-used skills. I hope that the Ladies' Climb will become an annual event in the KMC schedule, and that women will start to take a more active role in Club climbing activities.

# South Ridge of Gimli

## Second Time Around

by Steve Horvath

The first time I saw the South Ridge of Gimli was in July 1971. My brother (then 14) and I had just scrambled up Jones and there it was; beautiful, impressive and--from that angle--seemingly impossible.

So early one wet morning in July, Dave Snider and I took off from Trail. Instead of following the usual route leading to below Prestley, we took the right fork of the new logging road and so managed to very easily gain 1,000 vertical feet before parking my car at a logging landing, our objective rising through morning mist dead ahead of us. The approach seemed to be easy, but, alas, for wet bushes and steep hillsides. After a few hours of high Class Five bushwhack (some aid on hard sections) we had finally surfaced on alpine meadows below the back (south) side of Wolf's Ears. After one more hour of traversing, we were finally at the foot of the climb. During our approach we saw the ridge from several angles and every time it somehow managed to look more forbiding; my respect to the two Peters for their first ascent. After a quick lunch and some arguing about just where was

the start of the route, I led the first pitch. Bloody--quite literally, just ask my knuckles--bloody hard work it was. After a few minutes I was so armed out that against my better intentions I had to take occasional rests in my etriers. However, after little over one hour--how time flies when you are having fun--it was over and Dave had the opportunity to savour the delights of 5.7. But, it was not one of his better days. He started out by losing his hardhat, which does look quite ragged now, after its free fall and long bouncy descent down the scree slope below. Like me, he too got quite tired and after consulting our watches and having one long look at the changing weather, we decided to have a go at it some other time. From our elevation we could see a really good route to our car and were able to reach it in less than two hours.

Two weeks later I was back. Dave could not make it, but my trusted friend and climbing partner Patrick Taddy could. We made good time on our approach; each of us tried a different variant and we met at the foot of the climb in one hour and forty-five minutes. In view of my "experience" I again had the pleasure of leading the first pitch. Again, bloody hard work, but it did not last as long as the first time. I set up the belay below the overhang capping the first pitch just as

the weather was changing. Cold wind blew noisily around the edge of the ridge and short hail showers came down as Pat started to lead the second pitch. He quickly disappeared behind the overhang and then only the slow movement of the ropes through my figure eight indicated the difficulties he had to overcome. Suddenly the rope went taut and I was looking in Pat's face. He was hanging freely about eight to ten feet from me at my level, having fallen about twenty feet. He pendulumed to our stance after a short discussion and a few deleted expletives--I too had a look behind the overhang. However, by then the weather was definitely changing for the worse and neither one of us was feeling like continuing the climb so we decided to rappel off. By then it was well past lunchtime--too late to do anything serious and too early to go back--so we had a look around, hoping to find an alternate route. About one hundred feet up from the edge of the ridge (to the left, looking up) we found a long diagonal chimney-like crack. It appeared to be closed off by a big overhang, but nothing ventured, nothing gained, so up the chimney I went. The first few moves were somewhat awkward, but once in the chimney itself, the going was easy and delightful and, what's more, it looked like the overhang could be turned on the left. I ran out of rope right below the overhang,

so I set up a comfortable belay and brought Pat up. His confidence restored, he quickly found a way around the overhang, a few delicate balance moves, and in a few minutes was in the first notch on the ridge--the end of the first pitch of the original route and the end of the real difficulties. Here we spent some time examining the rock above us. It was looking good, solid, interesting and well within our abilities--no more than 5.6.

We were back in two weeks. To make sure that we would make a clean ascent I successfully managed to forget my hammer and pins. I started the first pitch through the chimney and it was quite different from the first time around. Was it due to the early hour or to the awkward pack? In any event, the pitch took me almost an hour. When I arrived below the overhang, Pat climbed up a bit higher; I had finished the pitch unbelayed to save time that would have been lost setting up a belay (on the first pitch we used one #3 hex as safety for the first moves--getting into the chimney itself--the pitch itself is about one hundred eighty feet). I was sitting on a comfortable ledge, taking in the sun while he labored up and around the corner making satisfied noises as he progressed. I soon could see why; the climbing was simply glorious, steep, exposed, great

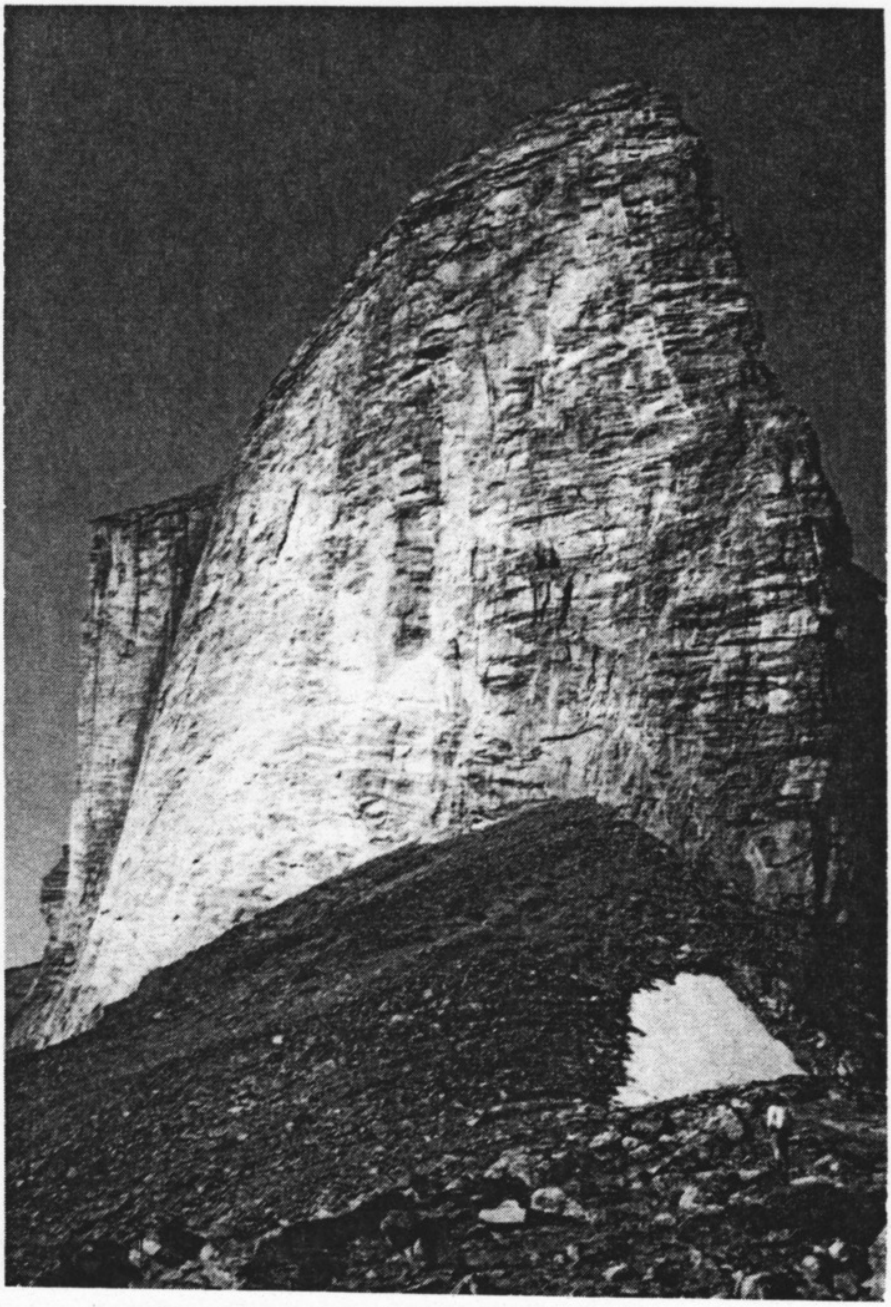
holds, in one word--pure pleasure. I led the next shortish pitch to the second step in the ridge, where we had a leisurely lunch. Then it was Pat's turn again. He quickly climbed up about sixty to eighty feet but then he seemed to run into some problems. He traversed right, onto the East face, but after trying hard for quite awhile, he had to downclimb, a tricky and somewhat dangerous business. It was taking him some time, and I was getting a little bit restless when I heard some loud swearing; the rope got caught above Pat as he was down-traversing and as he flipped it trying to free it, it caught him on his face and took his glasses off. An expensive mishap. He had to stop, so he set up a belay and brought me up. As we were so far up on the route, he decided to climb on without his glasses, but only as a second. The beginning of the next pitch was perhaps the hardest part of the climb. However, that too was soon behind us and we took a short break below a great overhang that was supposed to be turned on the left, but where--on it or below it? I climbed to the right below the roof, put in a good #10 hex and tried a tension traverse to my left. However, even for a tension traverse one does need some holds, or at least some rugosities and there weren't any. So down to try it to the left, only to find myself on a perfectly smooth vertical

face. Back and up again and a more careful inspection of the roof revealed a small crack, just right for a #2 hex. I clipped in it--a quick short pendulum, a small mantle shelf and I was on a comfortable ledge on the face--just in time, as my last move dislodged the hex that got me across. From there it was a piece of cake: big, easy angle slabs, custom made for pleasant, exposed friction scrambling, scree and then finally the summit cairn and the view of the Mulvey Basin, green and without a trace of snow. By then it was 8:00 p.m. and getting dark quickly. I had to change my boots and when I was finished Pat was already gone a long way down the ridge towards Wolf's Ears. It was a fast, sometimes too fast descent. By the time we were down in the basin by the first water stop, it was dark and a thin moon was low over the south horizon. We stopped and drank and drank and drank and then had one more sip. As long as we were in the meadows in the basin the going was not too bad, but soon it got more interesting as we entered the first band of trees. We stopped for awhile on an intervening scree slope and that is where Pat discovered that he had lost his rope. He had it under the top flap of his Millet and it must have got snagged on one of the trees. He was so disappointed that his first reaction was to go back and look for it. First, his glasses, then

his rope. It was turning out to be an expensive trip for him. I was planning to go to Mulvey in two weeks with my brother, so I promised to look for it then.

In the meantime, Pat and I had to continue our midnight bushwhack. The moon disappeared behind the horizon just as we started on a steep sidehill section. It was so dark that we could not see our own hands in front of our faces. The less said about that part of the trip, the better. Suffice it to say that seldom did I feel a greater sense of relief than when we finally arrived at our car. To our surprise, we found two other cars parked there. We were so eager to get on our way, that we did not think to write a note about Pat's lost rope for the people belonging to the cars. In any event despite the setbacks, it was a satisfying trip and a good preparation for our annual fall trip to the Bugaboos. But that is another tale.

Afternote:- The rope was found by Scott Rowett. Dean Houghton read my entry in the Mulvey Hut journal and via rather mysterious channels (chance meeting in a pub) informed Scott and Pat now has his rope back.



South Ridge of Ginli (9,050')
Mulvey Group, June 26, 1977
Photo by Julie Mortimer

# The Valhalla Wilderness Society Report

November 1977

The Valhalla Committee recently expanded into a full fledged society and will soon be launching a membership drive. Such membership will help support our efforts. Members will receive newsletters and a copy of the Trail Guide to the Valhallas. In the meantime, we are sending you this newsletter to bring you up to date.

Last March we made a full scale presentation in Victoria, to Tom Waterland, Minister of Lands and Forests, and Sam Bawlf, Minister of Recreation and Conservation. They were given a well documented brief and shown the Valhalla Shown which has previously appeared on CBC-TV. The government's response was to establish a moratorium against logging for two years. However, logging was not scheduled until the early 1980's; thus, the Valhalls Society did not feel that the Valhalls Proposal was sufficiently advanced by this action. This intervening period has given the proponents of the Valhalla Park an opportunity to redouble their efforts, and they hope to introduce the astonishing beauty of the Valley of the Valhallas to Canadians from coast to coast.

In this connection a TV program entitled "The Valhallas" was produced by DeWitt Jones and Richard Caniell last year, and was shown on CBC "Klahanie" in the winter and early summer. The photography was by DeWitt Jones with additional photography supplied by Valhalla Society members Craig Pettitt, Larry Starke, John Russell, Colleen Peak, and Wayne McCrory. The show was written and narrated by Richard Caniell. The soundtrack included deeply expressive music by Pachebel and Gustav Mahler. A travelling version of the show was seen in New Denver, Nelson, Slocan, Nakusp, Burton, Kaslo, Castlegar, Kokanee Park, Field, and Edmonton, with considerable success and with a very deep effect on many viewers.

The discovery of the Valley of the Valhallas could not be delayed very much longer, what with the pressures on many other Provincial and National Parks. A far wider media coverage of the valley has ensued this year with the announcement that the National Geographic is bringing out an article on the lake communities and Valhalla Range sometime next autumn. The Geographic coverage has spurred us to begin work on a series of articles for Canadian periodicals. Members are urged to participate by submitting articles and photography for possible submission to various magazines.

A Trail Guide to the Valhallas, written by Richard

Allin, is expected to be published by Christmas and will be available from the Society. It will be similar to publications issued by the National Parks and will deliver to visitors an opportunity to explore the Valhalla Range, from the lake shore to the alpine peaks.

We thank you for your support which has been very encouraging. However, we still urgently need letters written to Victoria to:

Hon. Sam Bawlf,
Minister of Recreation
and Conservation

Hon. Tom Waterland,
Minister of Lands
and Forests

Mr. Bill King
MLA,
Revelstoke-Slocan

ADDRESS: Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, B.C.

For further information and pamphlets contact:

Valhalla Wilderness Society
Box 224,
New Denver, B.C.
V0G 1S0

# Notes on Gimli, Asgard

by Peter Koedt

In mid-July Scott Rowed and I did a variation on the South Ridge of Gimli, seeking an alternative to some of the hard climbing on the lower part of the ridge proper. If one follows the bottom of the south-west face toward the south ridge, one will be forced to descend abruptly about one hundred yards short of the start of the ridge. Right at this breakover point climb a double crack (a very wide stem, 5.7 - 5.9 depending on your height) for twenty feet and then diagonal up and right into the obvious gully-chimney which intersects the ridge at the large step halfway up. This avoids the first three or four pitches on the original route but the first twenty feet of the variation may be as hard as the climbing we were trying to bypass, although it's not so sustained. The rest of the variation is not hard, but full of loose flakes and not very enjoyable.

It's worth mentioning that we climbed the whole route with nut and runner protection, and from what I remember it whould be possible to protect the bottom half of the original route without pitons as well.

Toward the end of August Leo Jamsma (I think, ed!), Sue O'Donnell, Jara Popelkova and I climbed the left hand

route on the South Face of Asgard. I wanted to try to do it entirely clean (no pitons), and though it took some time and fiddling some places I succeeded. I used almost every piece of a well graduated selection of about eighteen to twenty nuts from a #2 stopper to a #9 hexcentric. For one placement it would be useful to have a medium size cam-nut of some kind (ca. 1¼") although we managed without it.

In my opinion, and apparently in that of others, both the South Ridge route on Gimli and the South Face left route on Asgard are harder than their present ratings of 5.7 and 5.6 - 5.7 and should be regraded 5.8 and 5.7 respectively. Similarly I feel the South Face route on Asgard is 5.8 rather than 5.7.

Route Descriptions

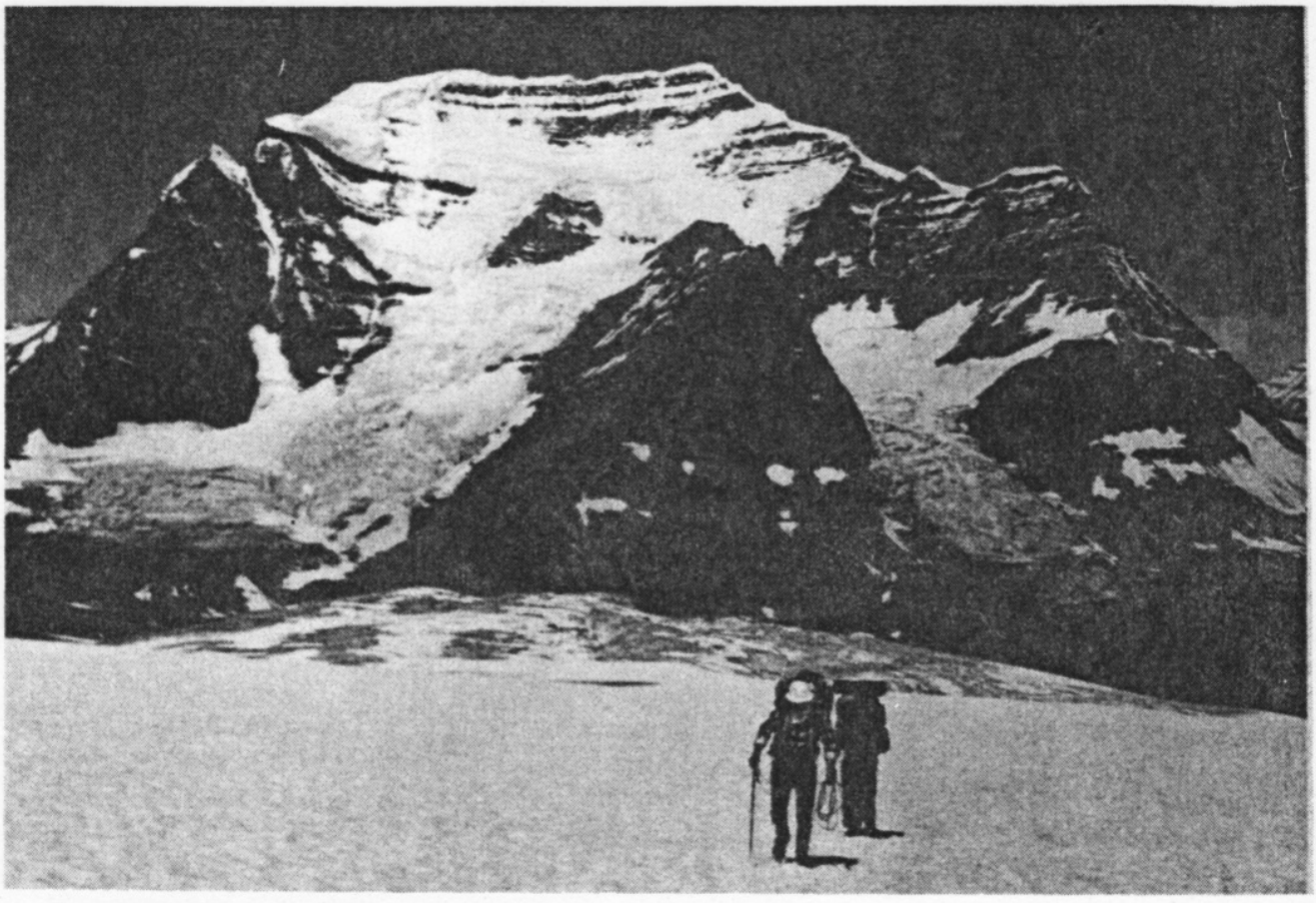
I would like to urge future donors of route descriptions whether the climbs be first ascents or not, to draw clear distinction between free climbing and direct aid. As I understand the terms, if a person pulls up on a sling or does a tension traverse or pendulum this is direct aid. If others understand them differently, I think it would be best if they specify, "5.6 with pendulum" or "5.8 with a rest hanging on a sling," and so on. I'm not trying to encourage people not to do a tension traverse or a pendulum if they feel it's necessary, but

merely to make note of it when they write it up--both so subsequent parties know what they're in for and to preserve a keen sense of aesthetics.

I would also like to suggest that route descriptions include an indication of the sort of gear that will likely be needed on a climb, particularly whether or not pitons might be necessary. It's a real advantage to know that three or four pounds of useless steel can be left at home.



Asgard (9,150'), Mulvey Group
August 7, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer



Mt. Clemenceau (12,001')
July 26, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer

# Clemenceau High Camp

by Bert Port

As we raced toward the notch, I stole a glace at the helicopter pilot; his nonchalance did nothing to reduce my uneasiness. But, a moment later we blasted between the skeletal rock fingers in the notch and found ourselves high above ice, between Cummings Alp and Tusk Glacier. Rounding the south end of the facing ridge, we ascended Tusk Glacier a couple of miles and settled to the snow at about 8,000 feet. Although the humour of it was not fully appreciated at the time, those who were already there climbed into the helicopter and were whisked away to the site of base camp. We were to follow the same route in a few days but with considerably more effort.

A second helicopter trip brought the rest of the supplies and completed the party, which consisted of Dave Adams, Eric White, Julie Mortimer, Eric Norton, Sue Port, and myself. A kitchen site was quickly chosen on a small moraine and whipped into shape while the tents were put up on the snow. With the essentials looked after, we had time to examine our surroundings. Straight out the tent door, about three miles away, we could see the ice, snow, and rock of Tusk Peak, its glacier and the encircling ridge. To the west, rose a range of fine but apparently unnamed

peaks, marred only by the evidence of recent slab avalanches from near their summits. To the north, beyond the summit of the névé, were several fine peaks, among them Mts. Morrison and Sharp. The bulk of Clemenceau rose above us to the east, so close and foreshortened that the peak itself was not disernable, although the southeast ridge gave a hint of what we might expect to find.

The domestic chores taken care of, Sue, Julie, Dave, and Eric N. strolled toward the middle of the glacier, hoping to learn something of tomorrow's route on Clemenceau. Eric W. and I opted to explore route possibilities on the mountain itself. The increasing softness of the snow forced us to turn back at about 9,500 feet by which time we had ascertained that the route beyond appeared quite straightforward.

Rising at 3:30 the next morning we rapidly followed yesterday's tracks and pressed on. Snow conditions were excellent for crampons and the view spectacular. While we moved upward on the shadowed west face the sun followed, not passing us until we were well up the mountain. With the summit in the bag we were halted rather abruptly by a monstrous crevasse. The upper wall was over a hundred feet high, slightly overhanging and as smooth as if the glacier had been opened by a gigantic scalpel. Dave and Eric W. began to explore an interesting aid route where

the lower lip approached the upper. While waiting for them to succeed, the more conservative element in the party backtracked a few hundred yards and found a passable alternative. By eleven o'clock we were on the summit, too excited to sit still and eat lunch, so we walked around, peering over the edges, very aware of the cornices. All around were reminders of other camps and climbs--Robson to the north, Sir Sandford and the Adamants to the south; and to the east we saw more of the Columbia summit than I had when standing on it in May. Nearer, we could see the peaks that our base camp friends must be climbing; we looked forward to the exchange with them in a few days. Except for the heat which made for terrible snow quality and questionalbe snow bridges, the descent was uneventful.

The following morning we started out for Tusk. The slowly descending glacier was easy to travel,but we were not quite prepared for the scale of the area and our walk seemed endless. But eventually we began to ascend and it became clear that the previous night's freezing level was much higher. In fact, we were to have no cold nights for the remainder of the camp. When we reached the ridge we decided that a possible direct route to base camp via the Shackleton-Cowl col had some decidedly unattractive aspects to it, not the least of which was the snow in which we were wallowing. Fortunately a short pitch of

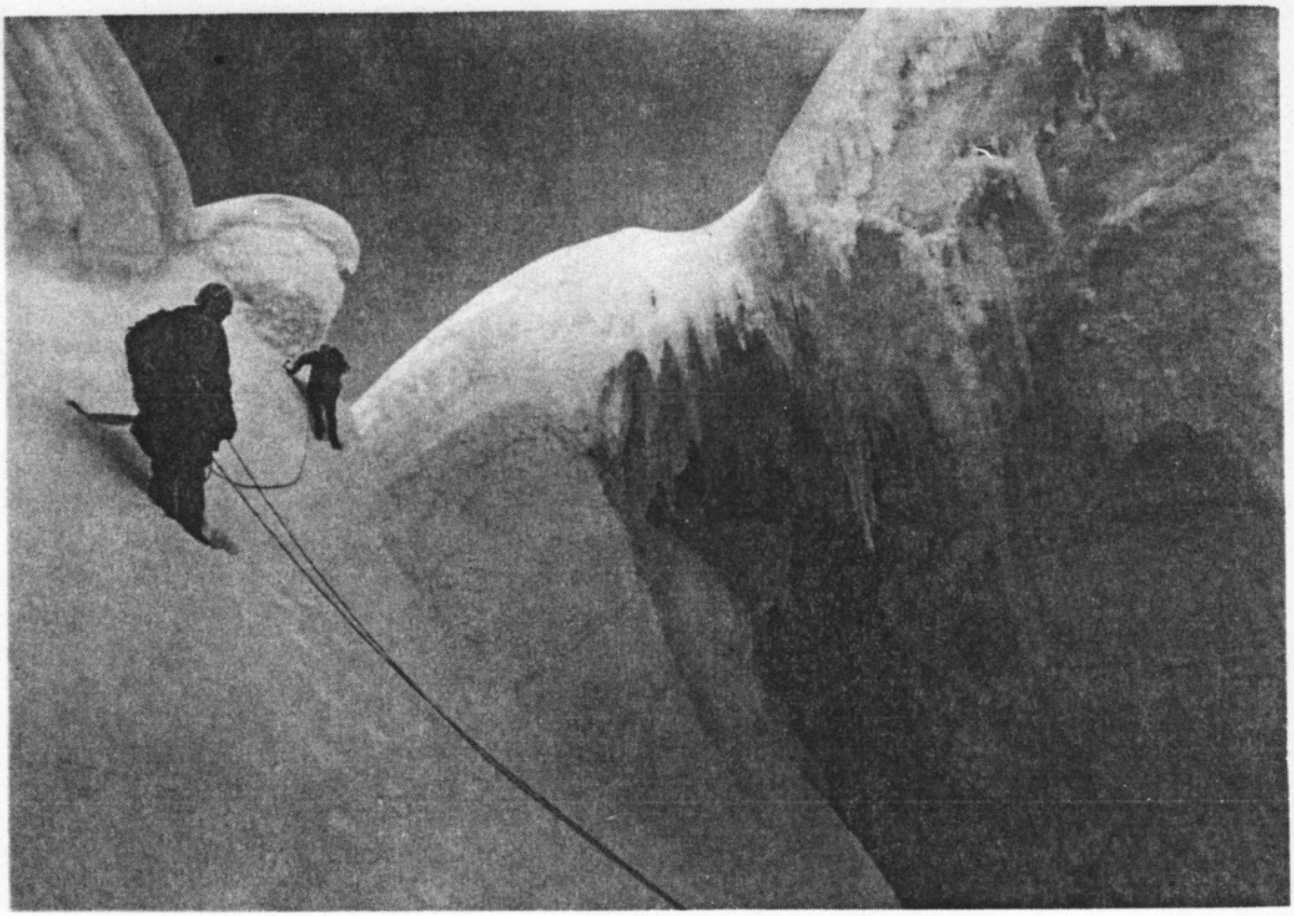
bearable rock put us on the south ridge where the snow was passable until near the summit. At this point the choice was between unstable soft snow or unstable soft rock; having been submerged for some time we chose the rock.

Our efforts were again rewarded with an early lunch on the summit and close-up views of some very fine mountain features, including the east face of Shackleton, the ridge stretching away to Duplicate, and below our feet the tangle of its icefall.

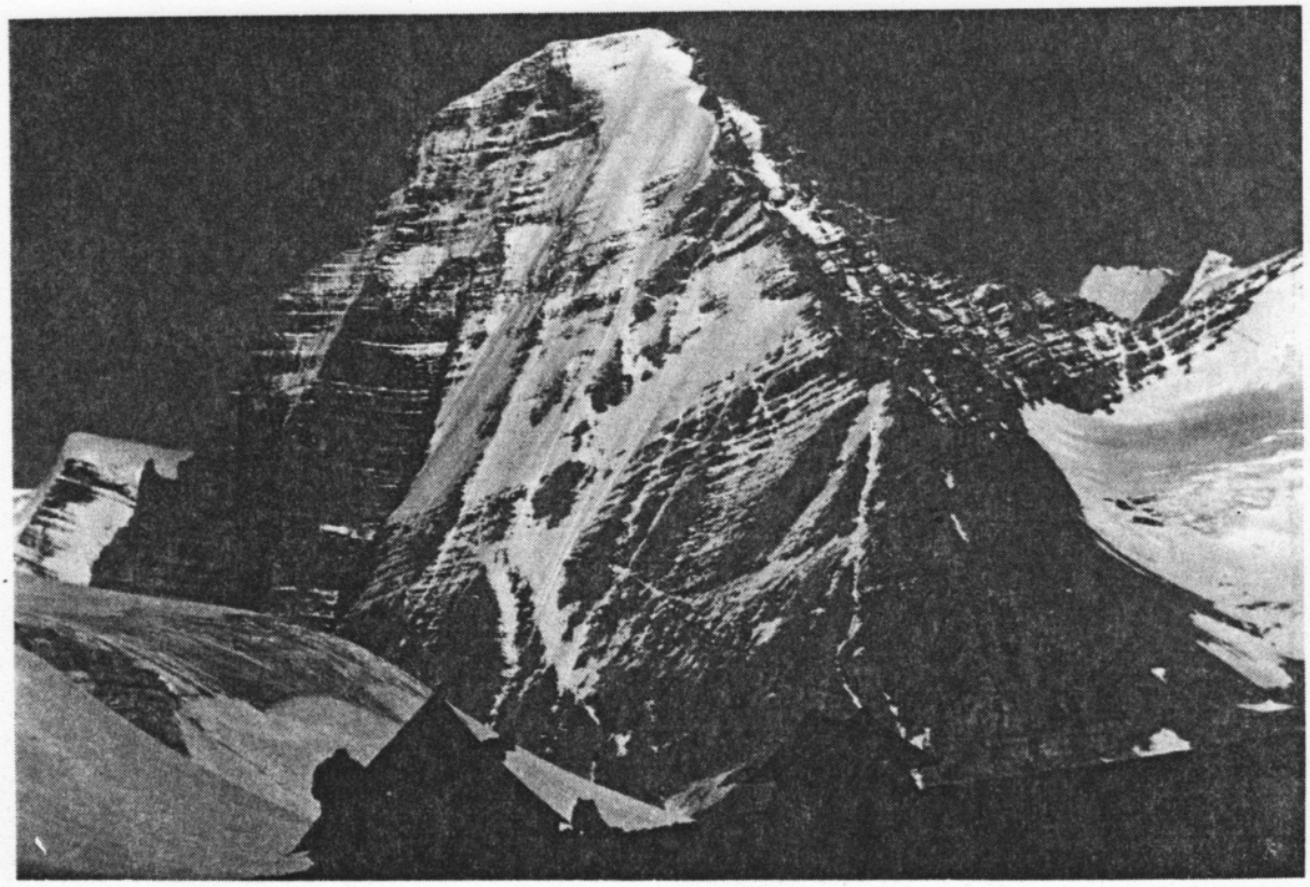
Our journey back to camp was enlivened by an encounter with a squirrel on the glacier. Apparently mistaking some of the party for trees, it attempted to reach their upper limbs. Misinterpreting this ordinary squirrel behaviour as an attack, the climbers retaliated with some fine impromptu dancing and acrobatics. Luckily, a family of goats crossing the glacier shortly after made the proper identification and kept a respectable distance.

Our final evening at this delightful spot was spent on the dry, warm rocks of the moraine basking in the sun and fantasying about the wonders that would surely await us at base camp.

Rising at our regular time of 3:30 we quickly struck camp, bundled everything up and made it fast to the moraine. A line of wands leading onto the glacier ensured that the



Mt. Clemenceau Bergschrund
July 24, 1977 Photo by Eric Norton



Clemenceau High Camp and Mt. Tusk (10,960')
July 25, 1977 Photo by Eric Norton

next group would have no trouble finding high camp. We rapidly descended some 1,500 feet down the dry Tusk Glacier, traversed to the Clemenceau Glacier and began the ascent. In good spirits at first, we soon began to tire of rambing around in the rotten crevasses and seracs blocking our way to the upper glacier. Once again good luck, like the good weather, was on our side and we soon broke through. The dazzling whiteness that confronted us seemed to go onward and upward endlessly. The sun, which had provided us with such glorious days, now collected repayment as we slogged to the 9,000 foot level. But the size and activity of the hanging glaciers we passed near all day helped to relieve the drudgery. The appearance of two figures on the ridge above encouraged us to think that we would be able to follow a good track home. Alas, it was not to be. Eventually we did round the end of the ridge and we could see camp, but it was three miles away and we would clearly need to gain and lose more altitude before our labours were done for that day. Pulled on by visions of the cook-tent, we lurched along and slowly crossed the last crevasse into camp. The evening meal was a cheerful affair with plenty to eat, since some had elected to forgo dinner in order to experience that old mountaineering tradition, the bivouac.

# *Pic Tordu*

by Peter McIver

The morning of the second full day at camp began with a glorious sunrise as we crossed the grey snow towards our already white objective, the beautiful steep cone of Pic Tordu which dominated the view to the west of our camp. We already knew that the ridge to the north of the peak from Cowl was too thin for comfort--razor sharp and with unstable snow--since we had tried that route the previous day. This day we decided we would travel by a small steep glacier on the southeast.

Although recent snow with a crusty surface covered most of the holes in the glacier, we broke through in several places. Plodding on the soft surface, the four of us--Kim Kratky, Janice Isaac, Peter Wood and I--eventually reached the eastface. This part of the route was steep and involved crossing a bergschrund, but being shaded its condition was quite stable. However, as we crossed into sunshine on the south ridge the snow got progressively more rotten. The ridge itself was much better, though, with very beautiful fluted dips and whorls, which rose upwards to the summit. From the summit the view to the north presented Clemenceau--Lord of the Ring of its courtiers with the lesser peaks surrounding it--

our objective in three days. Also in this direction stood Tusk--were these the tracks of our companions at the other camp?; To the west beckoned rocky and formidable Shackleton, the site of our adventure tomorrow.

So now for lunch. We chose a sunny rock outcrop above the east face. Then we idly threw a snowball onto the slope and a small triangle grew and grew and grew. A hundred feet wide now it funnelled into a gully above out ascent route. The snow fell, then flew fifty feet in the air in a cascade 1,500 feet below us. Again, a pebble this time, and the same results. Great entertainment for lunchtime. There seemed no end to the loose snow. Slowly the light appeared.

"Going to be fun going down there."

"Yes."

"Wonder what the north ridge is like."

"Steep as Hell."

"Well, maybe we should look anyway."

So we descended by this steep, but at first stable, ridge. Now the ridge flattened, with a large cornice to the east and a really steep slope to the west.

Peter behind me, "I think that's a line of weaknesss in front". So I dropped down half a pace--the slope below was really steep and unstable. Boom! The sixty foot long and twenty foot wide cornice in front of us disappeared over the edge. Our friends in camp were watching with binoculars at this time.

This was a little disturbing, so I moved down the slope three or four feet. Here, the sugar snow peeled off to the east as I walked and I stamped a path through. A rope is a good thing.

The rocks at the end of this pitch were the point reached by the group yesterday on their abortive ascent. They could see the cornice better from below than we could from above.

The remaining descent was straight-forward, loose rocks, the northeast glacier and the plod over the soft snow of the west Shackleton glacier which sparkled in the light of the late afternoon.



Pic Fordu (from Fusk), 10,660'
July 25, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer



Base Camp and Mt.Somervell (10,050')
July 26, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer

# Mt. Shackleton

by Kim Kratky

After a satisfying ascent of Pic Tordu on the previous day, our party of two ropes set out at 5:00 a.m. Tuesday for a go at the west peak of Mt. Shackleton. Our company of four--Peter Wood and Peter McIver on one rope and Janice Isaac and I on the other--has reinforced by Knut Langballe on our rope. As we trudged across the seemingly endless wastes of the Clemenceau Icefield, the two Peters spied what I thought was a rather nasty looking gully that they hoped would lead to the long, serrated, vaguely horizontal summit ridge of Shackleton. The two Brits chose to attempt this gully.

The three of us who remained decided to stick to the "tourist route" or Southwest ridge and continued blithely onward. By means of a fairly steep snow chute, we reached the ridge that connects Cowl Mtn. to Shackleton's West summit (10,750'). Thus began my first epic.

The lower portion of the ridge was composed of extremely unsound friable rock; it didn't look particularly exposed so we scrambled up without using the rope. Reaching a chimney, we roped and during our

preparations noticed that the two Peters had abandoned their route and were heading across the snow to our ridge. I remember shouting down to them that the route was direct and enjoyable.

After several pitches of rock we found that the ridge changed to very steep, corniced snow--not really snow but hoarfrost over ice, in some places. The climbers below signalled that they were turning back, but we pressed on, using our snow fluke and belaying very carefully. The hours passed with numbing regularity: belay, come up, change leads, belay again. On our last lead, I reached the base of the badly-decayed overhanging tower that we surmised was the west summit. Considering the late hour (3:00 p.m.) and nasty snow and rock conditions we decided that the discrete option was to back off. Little did we know that it was to be twenty hours until we returned to base camp.

The downclimbing turned out to be more hazardous as any false step set off a sizzling slide of snow that would take a disconcertingly long time to thunder some 2,200' onto the icefield below. Certainly, each person's thought was, "No mistakes here." For the entire descent, on both snow and rock, we remained roped and belayed carefully. Too soon, the sun set in spectacular fashion, bringing to a close a stunning day of

luminous blue skies. To the northwest, electrical flickers indicated the presence of storms scores of miles away. A nearly-full moon rose and served as a climbing aid as we toiled away mechanically until 2:30 a.m. when our guide slipped behind Pic Tordu and did not reappear. What next? Our only choice was to remain stationary.

The southwest ridge of Shackleton is not the Holiday Inn of bivouacs, but we made do, clipping into a sling over a big boulder, donning all our clothing, and covering ourselves with a "space blanket". A rather fierce wind whistled round us and when the light in the cooktent two miles to the southeast and 1,500' below blinked on at 3:15 (a melancholy and yet hopeful sight), we knew there were only some forty-five minutes to wait until it was light enough to climb. Venus, the morning star, appeared as another harbinger of the new day, and soon it was light enough to resume our descent. Three hours later, still roped, we staggered off the ridge, to greet the search party of Jim Brennan, Guy Woods, and Rein Randsepp who had ventured out at dawn to look for us. The task of descending the steep snow couloir leading onto the icefield below still remained. By now, we were numb with fatigue as we stumbled along. Once onto the flats, we were forced to make rapid progress to pass around the avalanche fans coming off the

south side of Shackleton before the sun got too high. Despite our haste and care Knut was hit on the back of his hand by a small arrow-like shard that rocketed off of Shackleton's ugly bulk. Fortunately, no harm was done.

At 11:00 a.m. Wednesday, we stumbled into camp in a stupor to be greeted by smiling faces and bowls of steaming soup. The epic was over.

# Rhodes

by Bert Port

Determined to try something at which we might succeed and after having heard the horror stories about most of the climbs undertaken so far, Guy Woods, Jim Brennan and myself decided that Rhodes--although not a significant peak--would be a snap.

Reaching the col south of the objective involved a long descending traverse from camp but the snow on the steep slope below the col was remarkabley good and quite enjoyable. Our position provided excellent views of Tsar and Shackleton. We reached the ridge without incident but after ascending it a few hundred feet we calculated that there was not sufficient time to reach the summit and return to camp. The loose and rotten rock certainly offered no pleasure.

Seeking a better route for another day, Guy and I descended a series of rotten ramps on the west to within reach of the glacier. A subsiduary snow ridge which might be gained by this route, would perhaps reach the main ridge at or near the summit. Unfortunately, we were not able to return to evaluate our route finding.

# Duplicate, East Ridge

by Peter McIver

From camp the three peaks of Duplicate to the north rose in gentle waves as they melded into Sir Earnest and the northeast ridge of Shackleton. To Peter Wood and I this looked like a good ridge snow walk so we set off over the frozen surface of the north glacier. Great change from plodding over the west glacier in the soft snow. Then the eggshell surface, tip toe or you break through: obscene language as we stamp through the crust. We looked down onto the route we planned to take tomorrow--down the Clemenceau glacier and around Tusk. Tracks from our companions when they made the reverse journey two days ago were clearly visible.

The ridge ahead of us was rocky--and at least relatively firm--though there was certainly enough loose material for a dozen mountains at home. The rock was better than Shackleton though and we scrambled up unroped. We came to a loose section where we roped up and passed onto the steep north face. The climbing then became more straight-forward until we reached a wall laced with quartz intrusions. Peter Wood did a nice job there finding a ledge under a roof, traversing to the right and continuing round a corner. The packs had to be hauled up separately. Three or four more rope lengths and we reached

the summit. In cloud, with bad weather approaching, the descent would require a lot of rappelling and we would certainly get wet. We decided to descent the south face, so we dropped down to a col on the southwest. The south face was not steep, but as we travelled down it we found that the down sloping ledges had hardly any stable projections and none faced upwards. We had not brought pitons, having carried but not used them the previous four days; however, today they would have been perfect for rappels.

Rain came and made the ledges slippery, so eventually we sacrificed two chocks in order to rappel off the face. The hurried journey across the snow was not quick enough. As we reached the hole below Shackleton ridge the skies opened up and dripping wet we climbed the last 500 feet to camp. This venture turned out to be the last day of climbing for the camp and Peter and I were pleased to have climbed Duplicate by an interesting and perhaps a new route.

# Climbing Camp Overview

by Kim Kratky

As there are several accounts of climbing camp mountaineering adventures in this Karabiner, I will try in this article only to present a summary of our sojourn at base camp on the Clemenceau Icefield.

Saturday, July 23rd. Fifteen people shuffle about on the meadows of the Potlach Recreation Site on the Mica Dam reservoir's banks, a few miles north of the dam. The helicopter is late and the weather hot; it's going to be difficult lifting heavy payloads today. Finally, the Bell Jet Ranger arrives to begin the first of six trips (two of them to high camp, below Mt. Clemenceau). It is not until 6:00 pm that the last of us arrive at base camp on a rocky spur which is a continuation of the southeast ridge of Mt. Shackleton. The weather is excellent, the panoramas superb; they are rivaled only by the fine meal prepared by our cook, Deyanne Barrow.

Sunday, July 24th. We learn something about the vast distances and misleading perspectives of this region. Janice Isaac, Peter McIver, Peter Wood, Jim Brennan, and I trudge up Cowl Mtn., a 10,100' snowdome. From camp, the peak appears an hours' stroll away, but soft rotten snow and misjudged distances conspire to make the trip longer.

Knut Langballe, Rein Randsepp, and Guy Woods try the north ridge of Pic Tordu, but are turned back by steep snow.

Monday, July 25th. Four of us climb Pic Tordu in a 13½ hour day. After supper we are surprised to see a helicopter approach our camp and land on the rock. Our pilot has brought his family for a visit and a cup of tea.

Tuesday, July 26th. Knut, Janice, and I have our adventure on Shackleton. Peter McIver and Peter Wood also attempt this pile of rubble and don't return to camp until midnight. Jim, Guy, and Rein make a reconnaissance to Duplicate Peak. In the late afternoon, the group of six from high camp--Bert and Sue Port, Eric Norton, Julie Mortimer, Dave Adams, and Eric White--reaches our luxurious base.

Wednesday, July 27th. Our trio returns from Shackleton for a snooze. The group from high camp spend their time relaxing during a camp day. Deyanne outdoes herself at dinner, preparing roast beef and mashed potatoes. A considerable quantity of rum and other spirits is consumed at "cocktail hour" before dinner; thus, Peter Wood appoints himself a guardian to prevent Eric White's straying into any of the nearby crevasses.

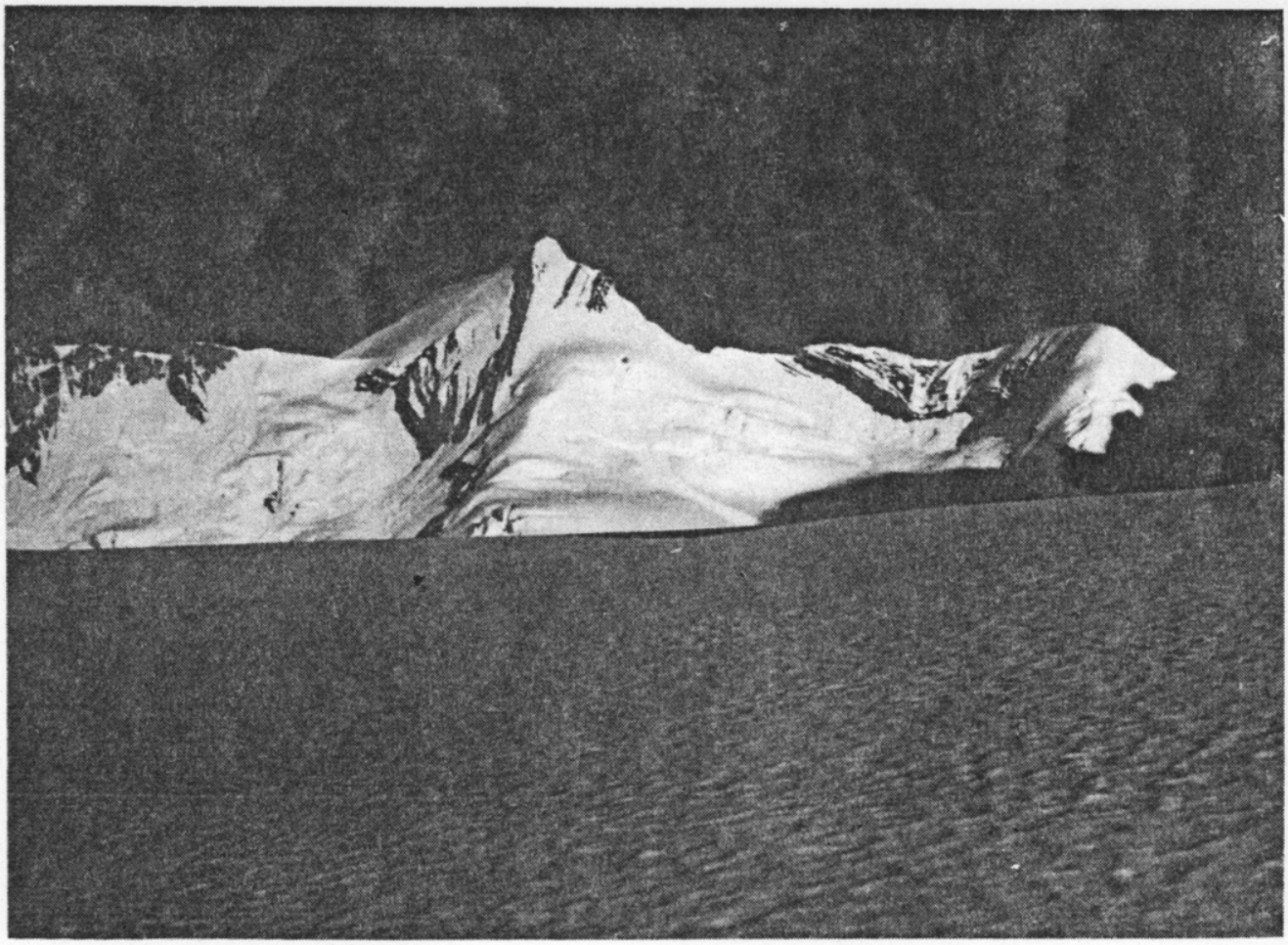
Thursday, July 28th. Janice, Eric W., and I remain in camp to sunbathe and rest. We watch through binoculars as Peter W. and Peter M. climb Duplicate. Bert and company

explore Rhodes, while another party is turned back on Pic Tordu. In the mid-afternoon, bad weather moves in from the Adamants and rain begins to fall. Dinner is another extravaganza as we add Rein's fresh pineapple to a ham.

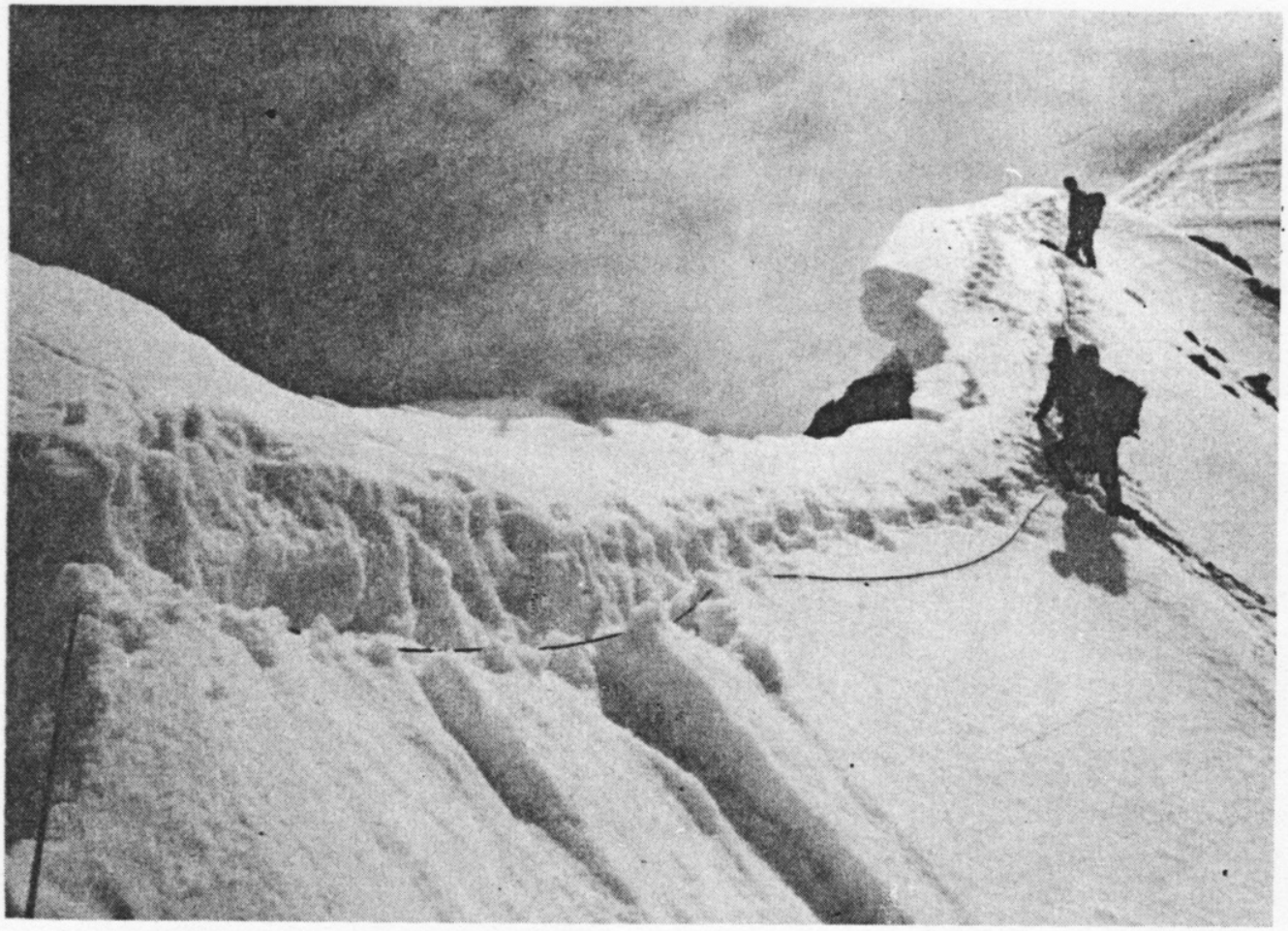
Friday, July 29th. Our plans to visit Clemenceau high camp are postponed as a proper snowstorm, high winds, and near-whiteout conditions prevail. The cooktent is extremely popular, while visiting the biffy becomes an adventure.

Saturday, July 30th. The snow turns to rain and visibility remains poor. Hope of another party's climbing Clemenceau is abandoned. Eric White and Peter McIver while away the hours by ice climbing in a crevasse about 150' from camp.

Sunday, July 31st. As the weather is unsatisfactory, we helicopter out of camp, skimming through the clouds. By the middle of the afternoon, we are all back at our original point of departure, Mica reservoir. We all conclude that it has been a successful camp, despite some inclement weather.



Pic Tordu (10,660')
July 25, 1977 Photo by Peter McIver



Broken Cornice on Pic Tordu
July 25, 1977 Photo by Peter McIver

# The S.S.E. Ridge of Mt. Logan

by Fred Thiessen

May 24 to June 28, 1977

Frank Baumann
René Bücker
Dave Jones
Jay Page
Fred Thiessen

In February I received a letter from Dave Jones: "Hi, how would you like to come on a trip to climb Mt. Logan?" I called Dave and was assured that the intent of the trip was to have a fun, safe time. "Sure," I said, "when are we going?"

On May 17th we assembled at Whitehorse, hoping to fly in the following day. Jay and I stayed at Whitehorse to catch the first flight while the others drove to Kluane Lake for the second flight. However, none of this came to pass; the weather was great at Whitehorse but shitty in the mountains.

On the 21st, the others arrived in Whitehorse and we moved to Kluane Lake to wait for an imporovement in the weather. At Kluane Lake we met two other groups, a Mt. Vancouver group of four and a women's Mt. Logan group of six. Time was spent telling stories, drinking at Haines Junction, and constructing a sauna.

Finally, on the afternoon of the 24th, the plane arrived at Kluane Lake. Our pilot said he would try to fly in two of us and a radio as far as was possible; then,

he could get the weather reports from us in the mountains. As it turned out, the weather was good all the way in and we, plus most of our gear, were on the Seward Glacier by 21:00 hours. On arrival, we set up base camp about two km. from our proposed ridge route.

The next day we explored the area and concluded that the best route to the south south-east ridge was via a 700 m. snow gully some seven km. away. Doing this, we bypassed about five km. of very rotten, low angle ridge climbing.

We set up our advance base camp (ABC) at the foot of the snow gully (2,000 m.), then moved all our climbing gear to this camp. We soon discovered that since all our food was in large yellow garbage bags, it was easier to drag the bags than to carry them; we looked quite ridiculous dragging our large yellow sausages over the glacier.

By the 27th we had steps punched up to the top of the gully to our first camp (Contact Col) at about 2,700 m. On this day Jay, Frank, and René were exploring ways of getting further. Fortunately for us, the women's Logan group and the Vancouver party managed to get in that day. Our remaining 80 kg. of supplies came in on one of their flights and was dropped off at base camp.

Dave and I retrieved our food needed for the climb and cached the rest for the trip out. Returning to ABC, we learned from the others that the rock out of Contact

Col was rotten and unsuitable for carrying loads. They were considering a steep snow gully paralleling the ridge. The following day René, Dave, and I climbed and fixed rope through this series of snow gullies to about the 3,100 m. level. The route beyond this point looked good; about another 200 vertical meters of gully climbing put us onto the ridge.

Cheered by the fact that the route looked climbable, we moved up to Contact Col camp on the morning of the 30th and spent the afternoon moving surplus gear to the top of the fixed line. On the 31st Frank and Jay explored beyond our ropes, but were caught in a snow storm and couldn't see.

Even though we hadn't found a site for Camp II, we broke Camp I the next morning and started up. René and I moved to the top of the fixed rope, dumped our packs, and continued to fix line up a snow gully to the ridge. On the ridge a large flat area on top of a hanging glacier provided an appropriate site for Camp II (3,300 m.).

From there the route was an exposed, snow and rock ridge to a large gendarme at 3,500 m. Although the gendarme appeared difficult, we found that once around it, the route looked like an easy snow climb to the top of a dome at about 3,940 m. Since we couldn't see beyond this point, we were unaware of the route ahead.

The situation gave rise to a lot of speculation con-

cerning the obstacle ahead. "Is the gendarme going to be hard? Easy? Maybe we'll have to set up a Tyrolean." Fortunately for us, the route was easier than anticipated.

By June 2nd we had moved our gear to Camp II and on the 3rd, in a wind-snow storm, Dave and Frank fixed rope to the gendarme. The following day, in good weather, Dave, Frank, and René found a route around the gendarme via a very exposed ledge. Part of the ledge was too difficult for carrying loads, so they set up a 70 m. Tyrolean traverse to ferry over our gear. During these escapades, Jay and I occupied ourselves by carrying loads halfway around the gendarme to the beginning of the Tyrolean.

On the 5th we set up Camp III on the uphill side of the gendarme on a broad snow slope (3,500 m). At this camp we dug a snow cave through very hard, cold snow which quickly killed any thoughts of using snow caves further up. The glaciers at this elevation turn from temperate to polar glaciers and the snow temperature is the same as the mean annual temperature.

René, Jay, and I set off the following day fixing line and punching steps to our next camp on the top of the snow dome at 3,940 m. From here, we finally got a close up look of what the remaining 1,800 m. of climbing was to be. It was an exposed corniced ridge to about 5,000 m. On the ridge there were two snow and rock pitches between 4,550 m. and 5,000 m. The degree of difficulty was

totally unknown, but the ridge looked feasible which made us feel optimistic about the route ahead.

On the 7th we moved our 3rd camp up to Camp IV and prepared for climbing on the ridge the following day. As it turned out the ridge was easy, exposed, but very enjoyable to climb. Frank and I fixed about 750 m. of rope and called it a day. René and Jay carried on the following day over some difficult snow and ice pitches. On an immense cornice at 4,100 m. we chopped out a small campsite for our tents and established Camp V.

On the 10th Dave and I set off to fix the route further, while the others moved cached gear up to Camp V. Dave and I ended up with steep snow and ice-climbing which was occasionally hard and strenuous. We called it a day at the base of the first rock step at 4,550 m., a good campsite (Camp VI).

We now had to make a route finding decision--either continue up the ridge to a col between the two rock-and-snow pitches and diagonal across the second step to another secondary ridge, or completely bypass the two pitches by making a diagonal to the secondary ridge. After the group discussion and decision Frank and René led up the ridge which fortunately presented nice, safe climbing. They managed to get to the col between the two rock-and snow-pitches. Dave and I continued on the next day, moving diagonally across the second rock pitch via a steep snow

slope to the other ridge. We continued up the rubbly ridge to the top of the south south-east ridge which proved a good campsite. We bypassed the second rock and snow pitch because it was too hard and the secondary ridge was easier and closer.

That evening we brought up all our gear and set up Camp VII at 5,000 m. At this point all our technical climbing was over! Hurrah! All we had to do now was move up to the summit plateau at 5,300 m., the base of the East Peak. We did this on the 15th via the steep, but easy, snow slope.

Camp VIII was set up on the base of the East peak, in a very windy, exposed location. There, we experienced the only storm which prevented us from moving. On the evening of the 16th 50 km. per hour winds developed bringing lots of snow and cold temperatures (-22° C to -7° C).

By the morning of the 19th it was quite nice, so we decided to go for the summit. After a horrible breakfast of lumpy cream of wheat and runny scrambled eggs, we set off. Traversing from camp, we crossed the south side of the East Peak to the ridge leading to the main summit. Since this was a snow walk, we didn't rope. Dave and Frank with their cast-iron stomachs forged ahead; the rest of us--especially me--felt the ill effects of breakfast. We all met at about 5,850 m. Dave and Frank

had already climbed the summit and were on their way down. The rest of us, having digested breakfast, felt great and continued on. We were on top at 13:00 hours! The weather was clear enough for us to see everything. Even with a sheltered area from the wind we discovered that -11° C. was cold. After photographs, lunch, etc. we started down. Where we had met the others earlier at 5,850 m. the weather closed in and we followed footprints the rest of the way back to camp (five km.).

Having previously established that our route up would take days to descend, we concluded that the previously climbed East ridge would be an easier descent. The storm that had caught us on our descent from the peak lasted until noon the following day. Frank and René then set off to find the East ridge; having discovered a wand trail, they returned at 16:00 hours. Within two hours, we had broken camp and set off. The descent to 4,550 m. was gentle. Then the increasing steepness forced us to rappel and belay to the 3,330 m. level where we camped at sun-up.

We awoke at 11:00 hours and continued down--during a day of tangled ropes, screw-ups and route finding problems. Totally fatigued, we set up camp at the 2,700 m. level at 04:00 hours the next morning. That night we left camp in a total white-out at 19:00 hours with thoughts of finally getting off the ridge. We continued to the end of the ridge and set off down a snow gully which ended in a cliff.

Crossing over to another gully, we rappelled down through the mist, over the bergschrund, and on to the Hubbard Glacier by 03:00 hours. We continued down the Hubbard Glacier and completely exhausted, camped at noon.

On waking that evening, we complained of mushy snow conditions and the absence of skis. Putting pieces of bamboo wands between our boots and crampons, we constructed makeshifts snowshoes which worked surprisingly well. At 22:00 hours we set off down the Hubbard Glacier to a low pass through a ridge system between Mt. Logan and Mt. Vancouver; this led to the Seward Glacier. Having covered 25+ km. overnight we camped at 13:00 hours the next day--only five km. from base camp.

On the 25th we retrieved our gear and made a cache for the Geological Survey of Canada (G.S.C.) helicopter to fly out. (Frank had examined the geology of the south south-east ridge, mapped the Mt. Logan contact, and caried rocks up and down the mountain in exchange for their flying out our surplus gear and the rocks. A good deal for us--although the G.S.C. did think Frank was crazy to take a collection of rocks for a walk.)

That night we feasted on canned food and slept well before skiing out the following day.

On the 26th, we started out, our yellow garbage bags in tow. After a long, hard, 30 km. day, we camped on the Hubbard Glacier. The next day we set off through the

mist and navigated by compass for about 10 km. When the mist partially lifted, skiing became dreary, hot, hard work. The nearby mountains were so big and we were so small that it was hard to measure our progress. Finally, we got off the west fork of the Hubbard Glacier onto the east fork which lead to the Kaskawalsh Glacier. At 19:00 hours that night, we camped a good way up the east fork--a 25 km. day.

On the 27th, things were much nicer, the mountains were smaller so we could measure our progress as we went. went. That night we camped very close to the divide between the Hubbard and Kaskawalsh Glaciers. By this time we were all foot sore, blistered, and generally fatigued from the long, hard days and short rests.

The trip ended the next day at 16:00 hours, when we camped on the Kaskawalsh Glacier close to the firm line (the point where the snow turns to ice). We called the Arctic Institute of North America (A.I.N.A.) who in turn called a helicopted to pick us up. Turning our feet into hamburger was not fun.

The only crevasse incident occurred as we were walking to the helicopter in snow flurries. I fell about five m. into a crevasse and took a while to get out using the Bulgari method. At about 21:00 hours Frank, Réné and I (soaking wet) arrived at Kluane Lake; by 23:00 hours we all were out and enjoying the greenery and gener-

ous amounts of real coffee supplied by the A.I.N.A. people.

## TRIVIA

The amount of food we ate per day was as per the food list in the 1976 K.M.C. Karabiner. These amounts worked quite well except until we started to descend, when our appetites increased two-fold. Our food was a standard mountaineering diet: hot cereal for breakfast; crackers, cheese, sausage, beef jerky, dried fruit, chocolate and nuts for lunch; a glop made out of freeze dried meat, mashed potatoes or rice, and surprise vegetables for dinner. None of us lost weight and we returned healthy, so the food must have been nutritious. We estimated our caloric intake to have been about 5,000-6,000 calories per day.

The route we did was not a hard route; it was sustained "fun" climbing, but hard work. The only technical rock climbing was the rock gendarme traverse between Camps II and III. We concluded that our route was ideal for any group of good mountaineers.

On our way out we had dreams of covering over 30 air km. per day. It just isn't possible; with scattered crevasses, heavy packs, and in our case "glacier fatigue", it was hard work to do just 25-30 km. per day. Our skis worked really well for travel; we used old downhill skis with skins or wax. Since the glaciers were gentle, cross-country was was by far the best means to avoid slipping.

Heavy duty cross-country skis would have been ideal.

Although we all felt the altitude starting at 3,600 -3,900 m., none of us had any problems. I had a severe headache the first day at our eighth camp but after hydrating myself, eating, and sleeping, it was gone. This was our only bad headache and it was certainly partially due to altitude. We felt that our slow ascent, which averaged 150 m. per day, and our practice of climbing high and sleeping low (usually) acclimatized us quite well. Above 4,000 m. a slow steady rest step was necessary to avoid tiring; any type of fast strenuous movement tended to wind us very quickly and left us gasping.

We flew with Yukon Air, based at Whitehorse. Until mid-May, they have a Cessna 206 on skis which packs a lump of gear. They gave us good, friendly service.

Keeping with the variety of names for the ridges on Mt. Logan, we named our route "Warbler Ridge". A Canada Warbler that visited our advanced base camp prompted this name.

# Columbia Ice Fields

by Bert Port

For some years I had been attracted by the idea of a ski-mountaineering trip close to home that would involve relatively long distances and high altitudes with the possibility of low temperatures and bad weather. The Columbia Ice Fields and a week in May seemed to meet the specifications.

Finding people who would willingly submit to such conditions was not so easy but finally John Carter agreed, as did Dave Kennedy who produced an unsuspecting fourth from the Okanagan.

Sunday, in good weather, we set out up the Athabaska Glacier, easily finding our way onto the Columbia Névé, then continuing along the normal route toward North Twin (third highest peak in the Rockies). In late afternoon we set up camp on the flank of Snow Dome near the 10,000 foot level. Our McKinley tent was dug into a platform and protected by a snow block wall. Later we watched Mount Columbia in the evening light while ice occasionally crashed from its north face. Southward, across the névé, Castlegaurd Mountain and Mount Bryce were equally beautiful in the alpen glow.

Not really needing a rest day we managed, however, to remain in the tent for most of the following day as it

stormed around us. The next morning dawned bright, clear, and cold. As we quickly skied down to the névé, we began to realize the scale of the area; the wands we were planting, as a concession to good mountaineering practice, ran out by the time we reached the bottom of Mount Columbia's broad east ridge. Although conditions were excellent for travelling on skis, it took us three hours to reach the bergshrund where we stopped for lunch. By this time a cloud was hooked on the summit with a barrier of them on the horizon. Without much discussion, we agreed that with any deterioration of the weather we would abandon the climb. Fortunately the weather remained stable and we soon stood on the summit of Mount Columbia (second highest peak in the Rockies) directly above where we had left our skis. The return was uneventful, culminating in a demoralizing ascent to camp. Over dinner we concluded that in part our fatigue was due to travelling twelve miles, ascending 5,000 feet and descending the same amount that day.

With North Twin the target for the morrow we turned in, but were required to spend another rest day because of snow-bearing winds that John estimated gusted to seventy miles per hour. The second day, if anything, conditions were worse. We were now clearing off the tent every four hours, round the clock. By the morning of the third day we concluded that the tent, with its torn fly and load of frost crsytals was becoming more of a liability than an

asset. We therefore abandoned it in favour of a snow cave started the day before. We were very comfortable in it and particularly appreciated the lack of noise.

By this time, the reading material that circulated among us was being torn into smaller and smaller bits. We were becoming increasing aware that we could not stay indefinitely; watching the weather pattern, we concluded that heading down rather than up toward North Twin would be the wisest choice. Thus, by mid-morning when straining eyes could see a faint shadow on the snow, we defined this as an improvement and resolved to leave immediately. The tent was retrieved, and gear packed. Roped together, we skied off on a compass bearing that took us downward. Although we picked up the wands we had left on the way up (just barely showing now) we still managed to miss the ramp to the lower glacier. Luckily a slight improvement in the white-out permitted us to make the right decision, and soon we were below the clouds, the highway in sight.

With something of a jolt we returned to the ordinary world which, at that point, consisted of a large bulldozer building and a road up to the Athabaska Glacier so that the tourists might "go to the mountains".



Moloch Range from Sorcerer Pass
April 1977 Photo by Dave Snider



View from Pyrite Ridge
April 1977 Photo by Dave Snider

# Ode to Sir Sanford

by Dave Snider

T'was in Mid-April of the year we four set out
And four from places far and near were we
T'were mine own self-Dave Snider of Trail
And two stout lads from Rossland called
Jim Brennan and Ken Holmes
Also had we by us Bob Jarvie
From bonnie Scotland's fabled shore.

We had set upon our journey by wondrous machine
Lifting us high above the realm of mortal men
And transporting us in barely a wink (though in
truth t'was fully half one hour)
To the bastions of mighty Mt.Sir Sanford
And the fair shelter of Great Cairn Hut
Lovely and placid a place is this hut
Being set from native stone and encompassing
A roaring fire and sturdy wood-hewn furnishing.

O to tarry longer in this place for
It is exceeding lovely
But we had come with purpose for to
Travel in this land and take unto us
A portion of its grandeur and of its peace
"To conquer" is a silly phrase and enters not
Into the speech of those who love the mountains.

And so it was that we set out
With morning weather set fair to tour
To the place called Fairy Meadows
Where is found another mountain shelter
Amidst great thrusting peaks
Called by group the Adamants.

Alas, it was not to be
For we approached the passage called Azimuth Notch
In fierce winds and blowing snow
Through parting mist our intended route
Was seen to be long and steep and so
Being much subdued at Mother Earth's fierce power
We turned our track for shelter.

A heavy crust had formed upon the snow
Rendering even our return no easy matter
For skis were wont to break through and
Many times sprawled we helpless under our loads
In the chilling snow.

At length we came again to Great Cairn
And there decided to make a restful tour
Upon the glacier called Sir Sanford for the morrow.

This we did and again morning weather
That was set fair turned fierce and cold
And ringed Sir Sanford's mighty crown
With the spawn of approaching storm
So we made decision to set out next day
On our long passage for we were
Five days from the sight of other men.

The weather on the morn of our leavetaking
Was again true to its course
And some way along Sir Sanford Glacier
Were we beset by foul winds and evil mist
But now we travelled on
And Bob led us by deft compass work
Straight and true to the pass onto Boat Glacier.

There we sat unable to move in driving wind and mist
For we dared not move on
Unable to see our way to Moberley Pass
Through the maze of treacherous crevasses below
Also was it nigh onto night
And so as time passed it became of necessity
To quit our exposed position and so we made move
To ski roped together down to the pass.

A desperate maneuver was it
And one I care not to repeat
But we were soon saved
By that very element which had caused our discomfort
For the mist lifted
And we were able readily to find safe passage
To a snow-cave site lower down.

Morning dawned fair again and in truth
Remained so for the balance of our journey
(save one morning)
And we travelled on in comfort through the pass
And up Bear Glacier
To broad and gentle Pyrite Ridge
To finish our day.

Ah, a place in which the heart could sing
Ringed by magnificient thrusting giants
Peaks beset by the fire of a sunset
Worthy of being Earth's last
Though in truth our human greed
Bade us hope for ever more of these
For a splendid piece of work it was.

Again morning appeared to beckon us on
And up steep slope we laboured
To gain the passage down by slope
Equally as steep and treacherous
Covered as it was by crusted snow
For Jim and I took here many a fall
Though it troubled our companions not at all.

At slope's end in gentle hollow we were quite exhausted
And readily agreed to rest for the balance of this day
Though it was yet quite early
It was here discovered by Jim
That he had lost his camera on that evil descent
Nor could he be convinced to return for it
So ugly a prospect was that journey
And the Gods of that place were propitiated by the gift.

For morning promised to be fair
Though in truth a morning mist played havoc
And once again Bob led us true
To Batchelor Pass and there the mist lifted
And we travelled on over steep slope
In an intensity of radiating heat
To gain a gentle pass known as Sorcerer.

Here we rested though it was barely ten o'clock
For avalanche's roar was heard often
And so we sat in pleasant sun and travelled on
Late that day to gain the heights
Our height was further than we supposed
And night was well upon us ere we camped
Though magnificent alpenglow was adequate recompense
For small discomfort.

Morning found us in precarious position
For we were perched far above tree line
On slope exceeding steep and coated smooth with ice
We needs descend this insidious trap
To gain our access to Sorcerer Creek
And I for one was apprehensive in the extreme
Knowing one fall would mean serious injury or worse.

Yet in retropect I know that descent
To have been a dangerous passage
Though we four made it without incident
Scrapingly sideslipping our way down ever down
To a valley seeming ever farther away.

Sorcerer Creek to Albert Canyon proved itself
An exercise in self abasement
Ah we all agreed t'would have been
Far better to miss it altogether.

A physical impossibility of course
But still a warming thought even now

In truth our journey was at its end
And we were in haste to join our families
Still were we two full days upon its passage
And it proved rather wearing
Still we lumbered into civilization
Late upon Sunday's evening
With Jim in great pain from
Feet lacerated by ill fitted boots

There was Rita beautifully in place
Ah never was face so fair
Great feasts and revelry there followed
To make fine end to a
Companionable journey
In less than ideal conditions

# Alpine Huts

## Because They Work

by Dave Snider

I'm reading my notes from Great Cairn Cabin and, at the same time thinking about all the abuse that has been heaped on the hut system lately. "Tear them down!" is the cry of the masses, "not for us the comforts of civilization" "They're people magnet." Ah! rhetoric worthy of the CLC and the new left.

But then there are these notes of mine, written in a moment of storm-bound contemplation in the confines of cozy Great Cairn Cabin with a sweet-smelling crackling wood fire and fine company in close proximity.

The notes read: "Hut life is very pleasant; there is no pressure; easy chatter goes on; and the wood stove smells lovely. It's very comfortable as well and meals and washing up are done at a leisurely pace. Even though there's not much in the way of entertainment, the day passes exceedingly pleasantly. The hut's basic construction materials are usually logs or stone and the use of these materials seems somehow very comforting--as if they were timeless and therefore solid and reassuring. Even the old cast iron wood stove exudes warmth in more ways than one. Mostly though, I think it's the laid-back,

relaxed frame of mind one gets into. The silences in a group of four are natural, acceptable; there's no pressure to socialize.

I suggest that in a tent I wouldn't have had the time or inclination to write those contemplative lines, that there would have been some little job to do; or too much time would have been spent attempting to ease the discomforts of cramped space and working out the logistics of simple acts. Out of sleeping bag, put on boots, out of tent, pee, back into tent, take off boots, back into sleeping bag. While a tent is a fine thing in cooperative weather, it's another proposition in bad. Surely, anyone could better spend all that logistics time contemplating the wonders of his special universe than fumbling with assorted paraphernalia. Surely, for everyone, a big part of a mountain trip is the opportunity to use that time more productively, time that is generally not available to them in this furious world.

Have you noticed how poetic people become in hut guest books? "O mountain haven set among golden peaks," and all that gooey stuff.

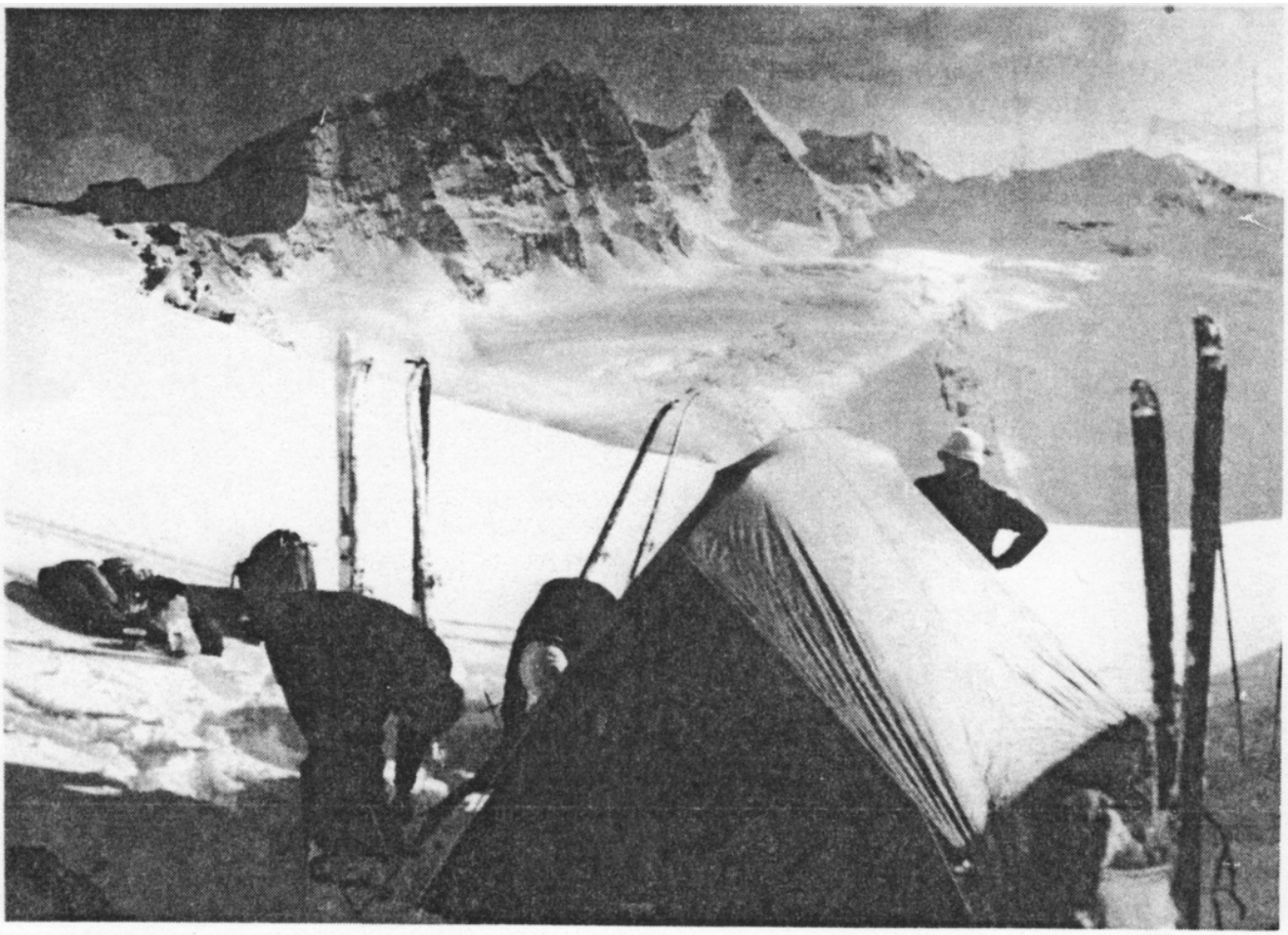
A magnet you say, and of course that's true. And while I don't pretend to be any expert I do think that a hut goes through three stages in its life. In the first state (Silver Spray Hut), not too many people use

it and those who do seem to respect the privilege. In the second stage (Slocan Chief Cabin), the graffiti starts in earnest, pots and pans disappear, and garbage appears. In the third stage, a custodian is on the premises (to a limited degree, Boulder Camp), the rowdies disappear, and a large degree of order and respect returns. The middle stage is of course the controversial one and the one which the Valhallas Hut is now entering, and therefore the "tear it down" tirade has begun. The people magnet theory holds but then the increase in population density is coming anyway (witness the number of housing starts just in the Trail, Rossland, Fruitvale area in the last two years) and frankly the idea of meeting more people in the hills isn't an unpleasant one. There will always be places where those who wish to can find solitude--I suggest applying the old "tougher the hike fewer the people" axiom and offer Silver Spray versus Slocan Chief as evidence of its truth.

If no groundwork is laid in areas where the crowds do appear, then there surely will be one hell of a mess. Mulvey meadows will attract large numbers of people whether there's a hut or not because it is so attractive to people of so many different enthusiasms.

I counted five tents spotted in different parts of the basin one Sunday this summer, and while I only found one campfire site there will most certainly be more. It seems to me that tents continually being used in different areas of the meadows will cause considerably more damage than one hut area which is already an ecological write-off anyway. What we really need is a bigger fieldstone hut of perhaps fifteen-to-twenty person capacity and equipped with catalytic heaters and Coleman stoves. Perhaps the present hut could be transferred to the Devil's Range.

The writing is most definitely on the wall as evidenced by the fact that the Swiss have recently banned tenting in their alpine meadows for the very reasons we're talking about here. The situation needs some rational, positive input to replace the present hysterical, pseudo-Maoist verbiage, so lets get on with the job.



Setting up camp on Pyrite Ridge
April 1977 Photo by Dave Snider



Great Cairn Cabin
April 1977 Photo by Dave Snider

# Lightning

(Since one party was struck by lightning last summer and others experienced the buzzing sounds and rising, the following article may be of interest--Fred Thiessen)

## Physics of Lightning

Lightning arises from a separation of electrical charges, either between clouds, or between cloud and earth. This separation of charge occurs when there are strong vertical updrafts of air acting on rain drops, resulting in tremendous electrical potential differences. The strong upward air currents may occur due to unequal solar heating of neigbouring areas, such as over freshly plowed fields and lakes. This thermal mechanism causes updrafts and resulting thunderheads and electrical activity over plains and other nonmountainous areas, but may also act in the mountains, in differential heating of air over valley floors and mountain ridges due to different ground cover. Lightning storms of this thermal origin will normally occur during the afternoon. Another mechanism creating vertical updrafts of particular interest to mountaineers is the very presence of the mountain slopes forcing otherwise horizontally moving air to flow upwards. A major change of weather such as a front moving through can cause a thunderstorm at any time of day. With appropriate moisture content in the air, electrical charge

separation and consequent potential differences will result. Strong and obvious vertical development of clouds indicates a high probability of lightning.

Normally air is a good insulator, but in the presence of sufficiently large potential gradients, it will ionize, or break down, and conduct electrical currents quite well. The lightning flash is, crudely speaking, the flow of the separated electrical charges back together, again along ionized air. Since potential gradients are largest near high and relatively sharp points, breakdown of the air and lightning will most likely occur in such locations.

The two most important dangers from lightning are the direct hit and the ground currents. The first of these, as mentioned above, is most likely to occur at a sharply pointed feature such as a mountain summit, a sharp ridge or minor summit pinnacle at the end of a ridge. A tree or a standing person is another likely target. Furthermore, a relatively small object such as a person is less likely to be hit when in a large concave terrain feature such as a bowl than on a convex surface such as a knoll or large bench. The current which flows in the lightning bolt does not dissipate itself at the point of direct hit, but tends to flow along the easiest paths of electrical conduction on the surface of the ground. These

ground currents will be strongest near the point of direct hit, rapidly diminishing in intensity with distance; but even well away from the direct hit, the ground currents can be deadly.

## Protection

### Direct Hit

We now consider protection from the direct hit. Obviously the best solution is to be completely off the mountain. Assuming that this is impossible, advantage can be taken of the presence of a nearby prominent pinnacle or other likely spot of direct stroke. Lightning will tend to hit the pinnacle rather than a person near the pinnacle if the pinnacle is five to ten times or more the person's height and if the horizontal distance from the person to the peak is about half the pinnacle height, as sketched in Fig.1. If the "potential" victim gets too close under the peak, his body may be an alternate path to that of the ground for the very strong ground currents. If he gets into a cave, as in Fig.2, he may be sitting in a spark gap and thus be exposed for a minor direct hit if the currents prefer to take the direct path through the air across the mouth of the cave rather than the longer path along the ground. Also, if the person moves far from under the pinnacle, (more than its height), the direct hit might just as likely strike the victim as the pinnacle. A

climber might find relative safety just down below a sharp ridge as well as near a peak or pinnacle or gendarme. The theory behind a lightning rod on a roof is related to the above, that is, it is hoped that the lightning may strike the rod rather than the roof, and the currents would then be conducted safely to ground. Furthermore, a sharp projection may serve to discharge gradually the charge-holding cloud over it without a lightning bolt actually striking, but the mountaineer should never count on this.

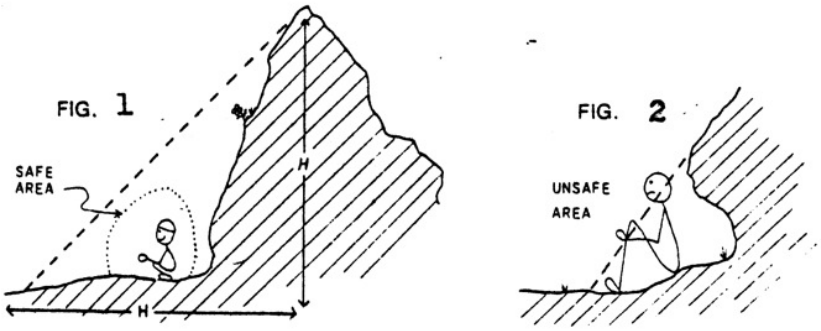



Fig.1 - Showing location relatively safe from lightning. If the pinnacle height H is too small, then the ground currents at the person may be fatal. Note that the person is avoiding contact with the ground to prevent the current passing through him.

Fig.2 - Showing location with high lightning danger.

If a group of persons is in a region of high lightning danger, individuals should not wait out the storm huddled together. The survival of one person whose heart or breathing has been stopped by a stroke of lightning will depend critically on prompt action by companions, and it is quite unlikely that all of a group of separated persons will be knocked unconscious simultaneously.

Ground Currents

To avoid injury from ground currents, the climber should first of all stay out of the "easy" paths of current. Such easy paths include anything wet, and particularly wet lichen-covered rock, cracks and crevices filled with water, and wet earth. Other "easy" paths include wet ropes, cables, etc., along the ground. Also, short straight paths through the air may be "easy" compared to longer paths along the ground itself. The body is an "easy" path, and thus a climber should not get in the situation shown in Fig.2, or in a similar one, sitting in a depression in the ground across which currents might jump through the person. Avoid contact with the ground, squat on your pack, rope or insulite.

Electrical currents are forced through the body by potential differences that are developed along the path of the ground currents. Thus, to minimize current through the body, one's feet should be kept close together, and the climber should be facing along, rather than across the most likely direction of ground current flow. His hands should be kept off the ground to prevent current from flowing directly through the vital organs as discussed below. The person sitting as in Fig.2 is more susceptible to injury than if he were squatting on his feet alone, Fig.1.

Ground currents will be quite small along a dry path, and thus it appears that a safe place might be under an

overhang or in a cave. The danger of being at the mouth of a cave was mentioned above--a direct spark may occur across the cave opening and pass through the body. There is also danger in being near an interior cave wall, because it is quite possible that an easy path for current exists through the ground to the cave interior, for example along a drainage crevice. It is then possible for a discharge to occur from the entrance of this crevice into the cave through a person to the floor of the cave. A small cave may give a false sense of security.

The best measure to take against being injured by lightning in the mountains is to be off the mountain; thus a speedy descent during an impending lightning storm is appropriate. Such descent is likely to involve rappelling, which may be exceedingly dangerous in electrical activity and rain because a wet rope is a very easy path for curent. The potential difference between the rappeller and the rock at his feet may be essentially the potential developed along the ground over the distance from the rappel anchor to the rappeller, and a large current may be easily passed along the ropes through the body. Even a minor shock may be indirectly fatal, if it causes the rappeller to fall out of his rappel. Thus rappelling involves a calculated risk. It speeds descent and escape from a danger area, but greatly increases hazards in the process.

A climber in a location exposed in the climber's sense

of the word but moderately safe from severe lightning hazards could experience a minor shock which would cause him to fall. Thus he should be tied into a secure anchor. Since his tie-in rope to the anchor point will be a conductor to some extent, the rope should lie <u>across</u> rather than <u>along</u> possible paths of ground currents to prevent a large potential from developing between the anchor point and the position of the climber. The rope should certainly not go to a chest sling, which would cause any currents to flow through the heart and spinal cord (see next section).

Any measure taken to prevent injury from lightning will involve minimization of potential differences from one part of the body to another. Thus the best body position is a crouch, in a location as in Fig.1. The feet should be kept close together, and preferably on a small dry rock or other insulator such as a pack or rope, and the <u>hands kept off the ground</u> (IMPORTANT). A metal packframe may be used to great advantage by laying it on the ground and squatting on it--any currents would tend to pass through the metal rather than the body. An ice ax certainly should not be worn on a pack on the back pointing up, but there is <u>no reason</u> to throw away the axe or other small metal objects including climbing hardware, since these items may be needed later and they do not "attract" lightning when in a pack or on the body. A lightning discharge is much more likely to occur from the body itself than

from a small object worn on the person.

Physiology

Electrical currents through the body may cause not only burns but also involuntary muscle contraction, stoppage of the heart, improper functioning of the brain and other consequent malfunctioning of the body such as cessation of breathing. The extent of the damage depends on the amplitude and duration of the current and on the path of the flow through the body. When a person is struck directly, the currents are likely to be so large that no matter what the path through the body may be, the results are fatal, but ground currents are much weaker, and the particular current path through the body makes a significant difference. For example, current from hand to hand will pass through the heart, spinal cord and vital organs and may be fatal; but the same current from foot to knee of the same leg is not so bad. First aid may include heart massage, artificial respiration, treatment for traumatic shock, hypothermia and burns. Mountaineers should be familar with such treatments and be prepared to administer them.

Reprinted from: Mountain Search and Rescue Techniques. W. G. May. Rocky Mountain Rescue Group. pp. 16-22, 1972.

# Purcell Place Names

by Helen Butling

Mt Lake, 9,950 feet, one of the Pioneer Peaks, North West of Lake Bonnie Gem.

Stanley Lake, 1890-1969

Stanley Lake was born in Québec. At the age of 19 he travelled to Alberta where he worked for fourteen years, first driving a team of horses for the Johnson Brothers on a logging operation and later working on the McKay Ranch.

In 1923 Stanley Lake moved to Johnsons Landing. Two years later he married Ethel Rowe and took over the Walter Gardner farm at the Landing where he lived until his death in 1969.

There he ran a mixed farm, growing fruit and vegetables, raising cattle, and harvesting a good crop of hay each year. Stanley Lake and his partners, Walter Gardner and William Holmgren, prospected and trapped extensively up Fry Creek. They also spent many hours working on the trail and repairing the bridges. The Lakes reared four children, two girls and two boys. Alvin, the eldest boy, still retains some of the original property and Roy also lives in the area.

Ethel Lake remembers that during the winter of 1933 when Stanley went to Nelson to pick up their first outboard

launch, he failed to return the day that was planned. Although it was very cold and there was ice on the lake, Ethel did not realize that the ice was making it impossible for him to get home; she sent a telegram via Lardeau to find out what had happened. On another occasion when they were travelling in the boat, Ethel had one of the children with her, wrapped in a shawl. Somehow, the end of the shawl got caught in the engine and was rapidly being wound up. Ethel had the presence of mind to quickly unwrap the baby and all was well.

Stanley Lake died where he loved to be--out in the fields. He will be remembered always as a hard working, gracious man who contributed much to the community in which he lived. It seems very fitting that a mountain in the area should bear his name.

## BOOK REVIEW

CLIMB TO THE LOST WORLD, Hamish MacInnes, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd., 1976, $2.95, 230 pp., 16 pp. of photographs, paperbound.

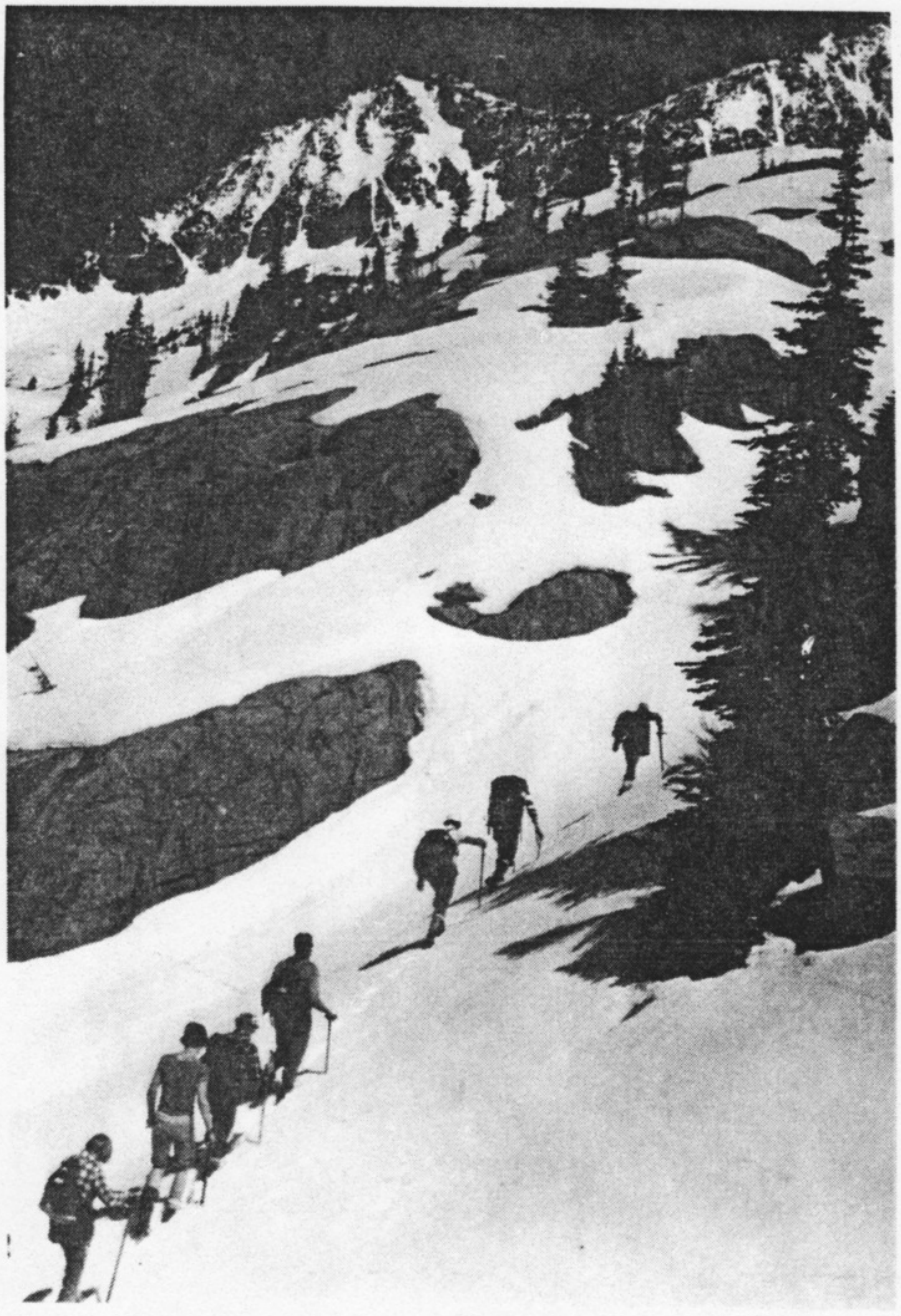
After seeing the BBC film "Roraima--the Lost World" at a KMC film show last March, I decided to have a look at Hamish MacInnes' written account of the expedition. For those of you who haven't seen the film, I can say that Roraima is a 9,100 ft. plateau at the intersection of Guyana, Brazil, and Venezuela and is only 5° north of the Equator. In 1973 MacInnes was part of an expedition including Joe Brown, Don Whillans, Mike Thompson, Mo Anthoine and others that made the first ascent of the prow of Roraima from the Guyana side. In climbing the near-vertical face, they endured incessant rain, jungle slime, scorpions and spiders and disheartening logistical problems.

I found MacInnes' effort to be a typical climbing book with predictable situations and rather boring accounts of the climbing itself. Perhaps the best portions concern the legends surrounding the peak (It was the setting for Conan Doyle's Lost World) and the historical and geological aspects of the region. Hamish MacInnes also gives the reader some insights into the personalities of people like the irascible Don Whillans and Mo Anthoine, who seems to have done most of the leading. The author

himself emerges as a sort of wild wizard of the North with a fine sense of irony and an appropriate quotation for any occasion.

My gravest reservation about this book is that the entire expedition, complete with film crew, seems to have been mounted as a money-making endeavor. The commercialization of big-time mountaineering ventures seems to be an established part of the current scene.

Kim Kratky



Annual pilgrimage to Haystack
June 5, 1977 Photo by Julie Mortimer

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The Editor wishes to thank all those who contributed material to the 1977 Karabiner.

Many thanks go to Dave Snider who printed and produced the photographs used in this year's journal. Photos were provided by Peter McIver, Dave Snider, and Julie Mortimer.

Last but not least, the Editor is grateful for the assistance received from the following members of the Karabiner Committee: Helen Butling, Janice Isaac (who did much of the typing and most of the organizational work), Peggy Le Page, Pat Ridge, Dave Snider, and Eileen Stein.

Cover photo--Ascent of Pic Tordu
July 25, 1977 Photo by Peter McIver



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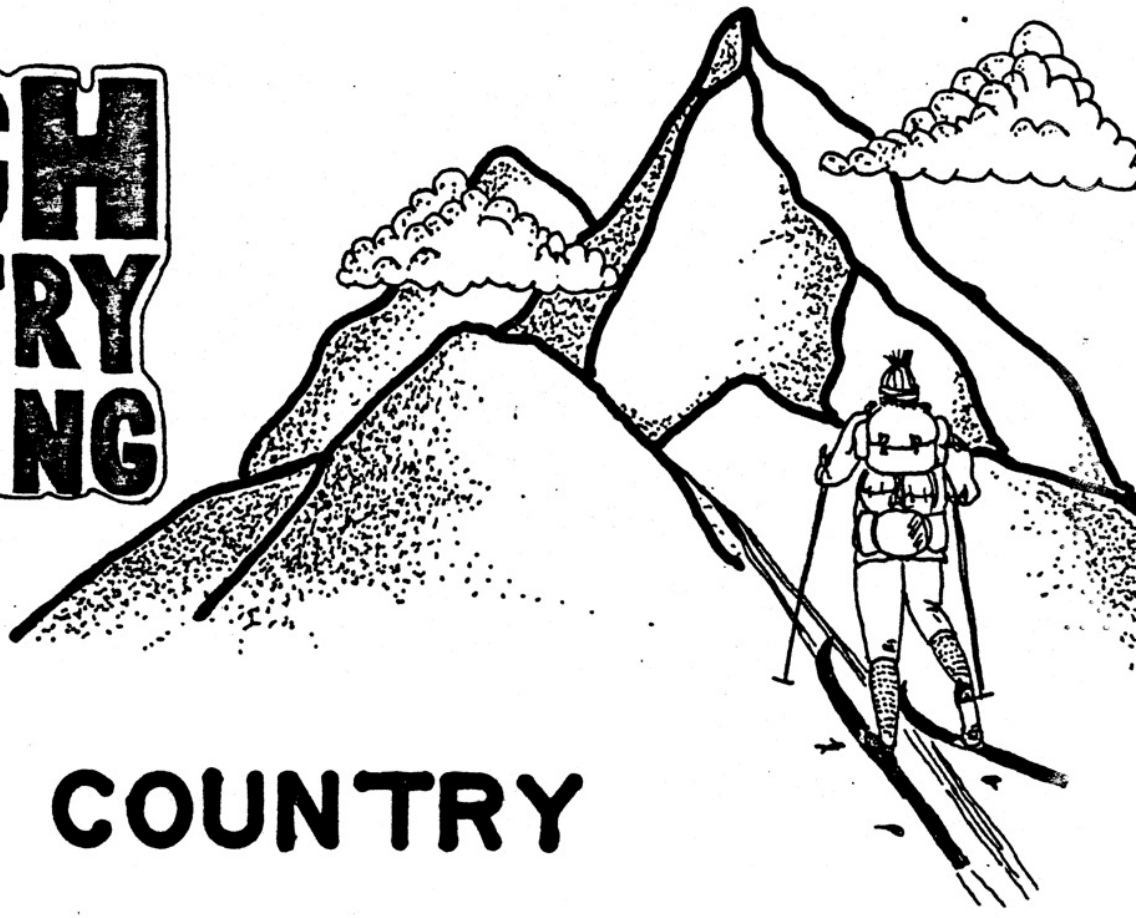
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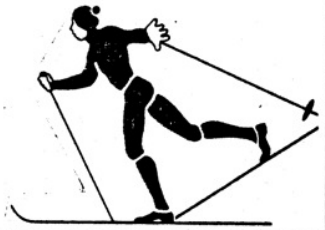
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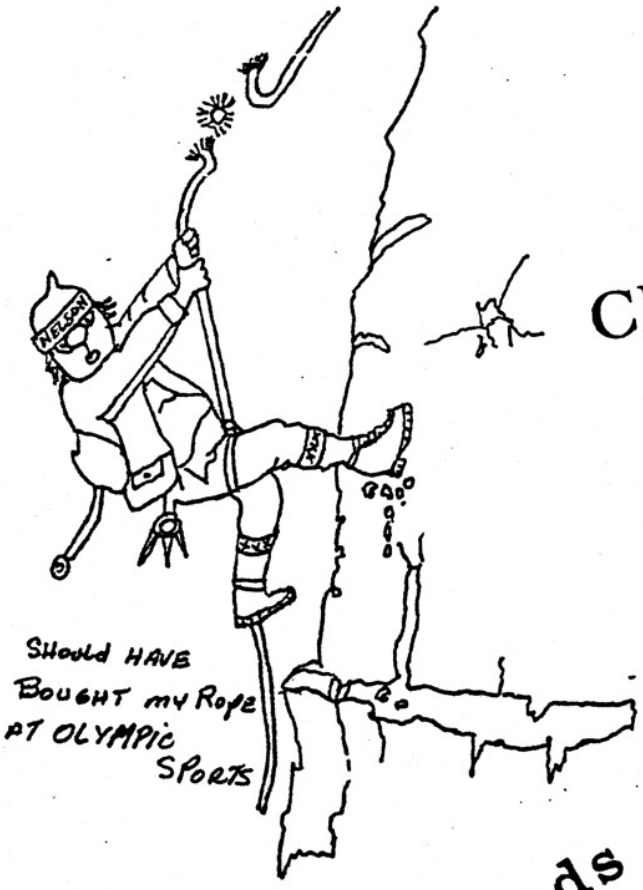
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