



Kootenay Mountaineer

The KMC Newsletter January-February 2004 Issue 1 Next deadline: March 10th

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national media like The National Post, the project seems once more very alive.

Your club's executive voted unanimously on Jan. 21st to support the West Kootenay Coalition for Jumbo Wild, our region's umbrella organization opposing the resort. Watch local papers for news of upcoming fundraisers and slide shows. You also might want to consult the government website for this now-scaled-down project: www.eao.gov.bc.ca/epic/output/html/deploy/epic_project_home The resort's website: www.jumboglacierresort.com For the opposition viewpoint, examine both the following: www.jumbowild.bc.ca and <http://kootan.org/jumbo> These last two websites have links to other interesting articles. For more information, contact Rowena Eloise, General Delivery, Argenta, BC V0G 1B0, phone 366-4422. This is one of the few commercial outdoor recreation proposals upon which you can have influence. So, if you don't want to see a multi-thousand-bed ski resort on the other side of the ridge from Monica Meadows . . .
Kim Kratky

CATSKIING APPLICATION WITHDRAWN

The application for catskiing in the Rossland Range by the Red Shutter Inn Ltd has now been withdrawn. Kieren and Paula Gaul, the Australian couple who made the application have recognized from the amount of opposition that the area is of great importance to the local community as a non-mechanized recreation area for hiking, horse riding, mountain biking, ski touring and snowshoeing. Whilst it is good that the immediate problem has been solved, the Friends of the Rossland Range will need continued support to try and get some kind of protected area status for the Old Glory area. The mistake that was made last time when Red Mountain Ski Area made a similar application and subsequently withdrew was in not pursuing the Government to make it a designated non-mechanized area for backcountry recreation. We do not want to go through this again in a couple of years time. In the words of Yogi Berra..."the game ain't over till it's over."

Thanks to all KMC members who expressed their opposition to this Cat Skiing application.

Ken Holmes

JUMBO GLACIER RESORT

As you probably know, Oberto Oberti's planned ski resort is back. The proponent submitted his responses to government requirements on Dec. 31st, 2003. The authorities say there will be public consultation in February and March, and that a final decision will be made on July 31st. For those of us who want to "keep Jumbo wild," the prognosis doesn't look too good. Perhaps you can remember a public meeting at the Savoy Bingo Hall back in the mid-'90s that was attended by hundreds of people. Something like 75 of 77 speakers were opposed to the project, and it seemed to go away. Now, with our provincial government's mandate to promote tourism (at least, tourism of a certain kind for people with plenty of discretionary income), and support from

Your KMC Membership

Your membership in the club is important. Please renew! Those of you who have the year 2003 circled on their newsletter envelope have not as of yet renewed their membership.

Are we near the point where other generations will not be able to experience the wilderness as we have? How do we protect our existing wilderness while at the same time provide opportunities so that others may participate...

As adventurers many of us are defined by many characteristics of the sport we enjoy most. We tend to resist organization in order to maintain our freedom and yet it may be that very organization and consolidation that allows us, and others like us, continued participation in the wilderness.

(From "The High West", by Les Blacklock and Andy Russell).

B.C. At Odds With Ottawa, Environmentalists over Park

By DON WHITELEY, in VANCOUVER SUN, Dec. 24. A private land conservation deal in the Crowsnest Pass between lumber producer Tembec and the Nature Conservancy of Canada has been rightly heralded as a classic win-win deal between two often intransigent special interest groups. The \$4.7-million partnership involves 40,000 hectares of private land in the Elk Valley near Fernie. Tembec gets to continue sustainable timber harvesting

while, the NCC will work with the company to protect some old growth cottonwood stand corridors considered essential for grizzly bears, wolves and Canada Lynx. But while the ink was still drying on this announcement, environmental groups were huddling together in Fernie to plot strategy for what promises to be a much more contentious development in the same neck of the woods. It has long been a dream of a number of environmental organizations, backed by a substantial cross-section of the population local communities such as Fernie, Kimberley and Cranbrook, to create a new national park in the southeast corner of the province. If implemented, the new (or expanded) "Peace Park" would effectively double the size of the existing Waterton Lakes National Park on the Alberta side of the border. It would incorporate the existing, but relatively small Akemina-Kishenina Provincial Park. It would also take out of the province's natural resource pot a 40500-hectare piece of land in the Flathead that would no longer be available to forestry, oil and gas exploration, mineral exploration, hunting, trapping and motorized recreation.

What promises to make this one a much more interesting struggle is that Parks Canada and the federal government are keen to make the new park happen. It was promoted by former federal heritage minister Sheila Copps and, according to proponents, is viewed favorably by Environment Minister David Anderson who now has responsibility for Parks Canada.

The provincial government, on the other hand, appears just as keen to stop it dead in its tracks. Local MLA Richard Bennett has argued, successfully, that national park status for this territory is far too restrictive, unnecessary for an acceptable level of wildlife conservation, and would deprive existing trappers, hunters and recreational operations of their livelihood. He also believes that most people in the region do want a new national park on this piece of real estate. More than two years in the making, a comprehensive land use plan, the Southern Rocky Mountain Management Plan, was approved by the provincial government in late August and is now going through an implementation process.

The new plan makes no mention of the national park proposal, allows for continued natural resource development in the region, and has angered

environmentalists who argue that the recommendations of the multi-stakeholder advisory panel were ditched at the last minute. In particular, they are upset that agreed-upon restrictions on motorized recreation were killed. Park proponents thought they had won the battle last spring when it appeared the province and Ottawa were ready to sign a Memorandum of Understanding covering national parks development in the province that would lead to a feasibility study for the new park. But when the MoU was announced, the "Peace Park" proposal was conspicuously absent, and was followed up with the final draft of the provincial land use plan.

What is likely holding the province back is the tantalizing prospect of significant oil and gas deposits in the region. The Flathead Valley has a geological formation called the Kishenehn Basin, and the Geological Survey of Canada has estimated a mean gas resource potential of 635 billion cubic feet and an oil potential of 382 million barrels. There has been no exploration in the region now for more than 10 years. In the words of one proponent, the resource estimates are "malarkey." He points out, correctly, that no oil company is currently banging on the door to drill in this region. But the fact that no one is interested right now likely has more to do with an explosion of oil and gas interest in the northern part of the province, where the prospects have significantly higher potential. Opponents of the park argue that once you've tied up the territory in a park, you'll never know what the potential might have been.

After two days of meetings last week in Fernie, park proponents are now embarked on a new campaign aimed at winning the hearts of the local residents. They have concluded that's the best way to sway the Liberal government in Victoria. To that end, they claim to have the support of the Mayors of Fernie, Cranbrook, and Kimberley - if not for an outright approval of the park, at least for a Parks Canada feasibility study.

And in the New Year, proponents intend to release a study that they expect to show that the economic benefits of global tourism in the region, drawn in by a new national park, far outweigh those of continued resource extraction.

Why should I care for posterity? What has posterity ever done for me? Groucho Marx

Paradise Lost

The towns of Canmore, Alberta and Golden, B.C provide the backdrop for the good, the bad and the ugly of growth and development. Avenue West editor D. Grant Black refers to Hal Clifford's "Downhill Slide" as "an expository tale of cunning entrepreneurs, local boosterism and mountain gentrification by wealthy urbanites, the "shadow population" that slip in and out of mountain "resort towns". Avenue West has its own Paradise Lost:

Darkness comes quickly to the mountain town of Canmore, Alberta, as the warm winter sun finishes tracing a low arc across the sky and disappears behind Mount Rundle. The setting sun composes an outline of the distinctive, desktop peak, and a shadow works its way across the Bow Valley. Stars become visible in the eastern sky. This is classic Rocky Mountain scenery, the kind that draws visitors from around the world. This is what people think of when they call images of Canadian mountains to their minds. Canmore is considered to be one of Canada's top spots for outdoor recreation, and serves as a base for ice climbing, ski mountaineering and cross-country skiing in winter and rock climbing, mountaineering and mountain biking in summer. Each year, more than 600,000 tourists visit the town, which acts as a gateway to Banff National Park and Kananaskis Country. But on Bow Valley Trail, a different picture is starting to emerge. Both sides of the busy road are crowded with strip malls, fast-food restaurants, gas stations and motels, and the intersection of Main Street and Railway Avenue is snarled with rush hour traffic. In other parts of this former coal-mining town, million-dollar homes, condominiums and resort developments crowd the broad benches that rise above the valley floor. Canmore-and other mountain towns like it, such as Whistler, B.C.-are becoming more and more like the cities and suburbs that people spurned in order to live in paradise among the peaks.

"The unavoidable reality is that mountain towns -once full of heart, soul and character- increasingly resemble the crowded, polluted, sprawling and undistinguished landscapes that characterize so much of North America," writes U.S. author and journalist Hal Clifford in his searing indictment of the ski

and resort-development industry, Downhill Slide *Why the Corporate Ski Industry is Bad for Skiing, Ski Towns and the Environment*, Sierra Club Books. "Where many mountain towns are headed today is towards a future in which they lose the very elements that made them attractive, a future in which they have less to do with mountains than ever before."

Canmore was established in 1883 when the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) pushed its way west into the mountains from Calgary. Veins of coal were discovered in the surrounding mountains and the small town -no more than 450 people at the time- experienced its first boom. After a century of coal production, the boom went bust in 1979 after the last mine shut down. But the town experienced another boom when Calgary was awarded the 1988 Winter Olympics and Canmore was chosen as site of the Nordic events. The boom extended into the '90s as a number of factors -such as the prosperous stock market, oil and dot-com industries, and the town's location between Calgary and Banff National Park- coalesced to increase the town's popularity. In 1987, Canmore's population hovered around 4,000. By 2001, it had increased by 150-per-cent to more than 10,000. The driving force behind the boom was an ever-increasing population of real-estate speculators, resort developers and "amenity migrants".

According to Allison Gill, a geography professor at Vancouver 's Simon Fraser University (SFU) who focuses on community development and planning issues "in tourist towns, "amenity migrants" are upper middle-class Baby Boomers who split time between living in the city and their second homes in resort towns. They're affluent, they can afford to buy houses and they want urban services," she says, adding that the trend is happening in mountain towns across North America, most notably in the Colorado Rockies where communities west of Denver are growing at an exponential rate. In Canada, the same is happening in the Canadian Rockies as urban dwellers flock to mountain communities such as Canmore, Fernie, Kimberley, Invermere and Golden. "Amenity migrants are the driving force behind growth, development and the rising cost of housing," says Gill. Downtown Canmore, like any other developed mountain town, is now crowded with trendy cafes, pubs, restaurants, outdoor-equipment retailers, bookstores and gift shops. These urban-type services -the ones

that Gill refers to- are staffed by employees, many of who can't afford to live in town due to high rents and even higher real estate prices. A study of labor conditions in the Bow Valley concluded that its attractiveness as a place to work and play is undermined by the high cost of living and lack of affordable housing.

But perhaps the best example of the gentrification and homogenization of mountain towns is Whistler, where the average price of a house is more than \$1 million. Canada's only resort municipality, located 115 kilometers north of Vancouver in B.C.'s Coast Mountains, is regularly ranked as North America's top resort by major magazines and newspapers, and annually records more than two million visitors in winter alone. Everything from gas to groceries is more expensive in Whistler, especially housing. Earlier this winter, bylaw officers found 70 people -all service-industry employees- living in one house in a swanky subdivision. Many of the resort's 10,000 long-time locals are leaving en masse for cheaper digs in Squamish and Pemberton, both of which are turning into bedroom communities where Whistler's service-industry workers live. The Sea-to-Sky Highway, once a pleasurable, scenic drive, now sees morning and afternoon rush hours.

In *Downhill Slide*, Clifford explains the negative effects of development on mountain communities. "The development of mountain resort towns is an attraction that leads to sprawl as real estate prices go up," he writes. "Property owners, many of whom may have lived through hard times and seen enormous increases in the value of their homes or businesses, often are all too happy to cash out and head for warmer or cheaper climes. The cumulative effect of these choices doesn't physically destroy a town, but it does deeply erode a community," notes Clifford, who has lived in Colorado mountain towns such as Aspen and Telluride. "Gentrification displaces many of the people who were making these towns interesting to begin with and haven't figured out how to cash in on the boom, or don't want to. The conceit behind the process that gentrifies mountain towns leaves them as the equivalent of high-end, open-air shopping malls. But Professor Gill says there is one way to mitigate the effects of growth and development. "People have to become involved in the community. There needs to be some sort of transparency and accountability so that the community has some type of power or control," she says. "Because when a

community is unhappy, it gets very difficult for that community to function."

One hundred and fifty kilometers from Canmore, on the western side of the Continental Divide, lies Golden, B.C., where the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers meet in the Rocky Mountain Trench. Like other similar mountain communities such as Fernie, Kimberley and Invermere, the town is currently undergoing the transformation from dependence on natural resources to tourism. Golden is surrounded by national parks and three mountain ranges. Every outdoor activity possible, from skiing to kayaking, mountain biking to mountaineering can be found within a reasonable radius. It is also home to Canada's highest concentration of backcountry lodges and heli-skiing operations. But, according to Hal Rothman, a history professor at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, tourism is not a panacea. "Endless numbers of North American mountain towns are dedicated to tourism," he writes in his book, Devil's Bargains. "The traditional economies, like mining and logging, are going or gone and these places struggle to find a replacement." Tourism offers great promise. "But tourism is a devil's bargain. It is transformative. Towns welcome tourism as salvation, only to find that it makes places into something new and different, something they weren't before. The embrace of tourism triggers an all-encompassing contest for the soul of a place" notes Rothman, who has studied tourist towns throughout the U. S., including Aspen, Lake Tahoe, California, Jackson, Wyoming, and Las Vegas, Nevada. "Tourism divides communities, which fragment under the weight of change and the influx of newcomers. Places soon look the same, but feel different."

At first glance, Golden seems to be going in the same direction as Canmore and Whistler, a strip of fast-food restaurants, gas stations and motels line the Trans-Canada Highway, while across the valley a new resort with the requisite real estate offerings has sprouted up at the base of the Purcell Mountains. But Golden is different than most one-industry mountain towns based on tourism, such as Canmore or Whistler. It has moved to a more diversified economy in which various industries -including forestry, transportation and tourism- play an important role. In 1996, the town's plywood and lumber mills shut down, throwing the town into economic despair,

similar to what happened when the coal mines closed in Canmore. The plywood mill re-opened but as part of Golden's diversified economic plan, the town lured an investor with deep pockets to develop the community-owned ski hill in 2000, now known as Kicking Horse Mountain Resort. (The town is also home to a CP railyard and maintenance shops, which provide steady employment.) Three years and millions of dollars later, the ski hill is gaining in popularity with international visitors and Golden's economy is no longer subject to the boom-and-bust cycles that plague one-industry towns.

"Tourism is neither bad nor good. It is a choice. Yet it is not a solution to a range of ills," writes Rothman. "Tourism brings unanticipated and often irreversible consequences: unexpected and unintended social, cultural, economic, environmental and political change that communities typically are unprepared to face."

There has been no real boom in Golden due to the resort, just steady, controlled growth. Its population has grown by just one-per-cent since 1996 and is holding steady around 4,000, even though boosters have said it will grow to 10,000 within ten years. The town is presently awaiting the release of a strategic plan that will guide its growth and development over the next five years and influence changes to the official community plan. Golden has monitored the effects of the resort development through an impact analysis study and regular community report cards. The monitoring is performed by a committee made up of a diverse mix of local residents, from oldtimers to newcomers, and, ironically, is based on a model borrowed from Canmore.

SFU's Gill says good leaders, strong watchdog groups and community facilities are key factors in creating a cohesive town. "People need to be made to feel a part of the community." In Golden, the town is not being overrun by developers keen on making a quick buck by building million-dollar homes or resort condos. There have been some minor growing pains but nothing compared to what has happened in Canmore, Whistler or Fernie, where development has run rampant. "Those type of resort towns are the social, architectural and economic equivalent of taking the most pleasant, least threatening aspects of the upscale mall, the revitalized downtown core and the suburban McMansion, reducing them to their essences and cobbling them together in the mountains," Clifford writes in *Downhill*

Slide. Golden's economic development manager Jon Wilsgard says the town has learned from these other places. "Our strength lies in our industrial past and our ability to diversify. We really don't want to lose the unique culture of our community." Golden's unique culture is made up of a strange mix of blue-and-white collar workers, including loggers, mountain guides, Vietnam War draft dodgers and telecommuting professionals. But one of the town's main problems is that, although affordable, it does not offer as many employment opportunities or urban-style services as Canmore or Whistler. This winter, more than 500 people applied for 50 positions at the resort. And despite an ever-increasing number of cafes and outdoor equipment retailers, the town basically rolls up its sidewalks after 5 p.m. From downtown Golden, the snow-covered ramparts of the Dogtooth Range strike an imposing presence. Avalanche paths run from peak to valley. This too is classic mountain scenery, the kind that lures people from the cities and suburbs, the kind that whispers of life in the mountains. Mountain towns like Golden and Canmore are appealing for a range of reasons -the outdoor opportunities, the scenery, the solitude- but the reality of living in these communities is nothing like expected. To some, these places are paradise. But to others, they are paradise lost.

Associate editor Greig Bethel is a former staff writer at Whistler's Pique Newsmagazine, a current CBC Radio 1 correspondent and is working on a book about ski-town culture. This article has been reprinted with permission of RedPoint Media Group and is from the "Avenue West" magazine's Winter 2003. avewest@avenuemediagroup.com

Coroner Calls For Avalanche Alerts and New Group For Ski-tour Guides

By Bob Keating in The Province, Thurs, Oct 30, 2003

Nelson- The lead guide recalled hearing a "whump" and felt the snow pack give way beneath his feet. A second later, someone screamed "avalanche!" as a wave of snow cascaded down the Durrand Glacier north of Revelstoke. Then came a second wave, the deadlier of the two. It buried 13 skiers and two snowboarders. Seven skiers above the avalanche frantically skied down to try to dig out their friends. Six were pulled out alive. The seven dead included world-

renowned snowboarder Craig Kelly of Nelson and Dave Finney of New Westminster. Coroner Charles Purse, in his inquiry report released yesterday, ruled the deaths last January accidental. He said the Guides from Selkirk Mountain Experience on the glacier that day followed accepted procedures but did not have INFOEX. He recommended that all ski guides have access to INFOEX, a backcountry bulletin put out by the Canadian Avalanche Association that gives the most up to date information on snow conditions. "The only information they had was that the avalanche rating was considerable", wrote Purse. "INFOEX is like our morning paper," said Clair Isrealson of the Avalanche Association. "It allows operators to see not only what their neighbors are seeing, but also the broad patterns of avalanche activity". Purse also recommended backcountry ski-touring guides form an association and ensure their training is updated.

Kelly's friend and business partner Jeff Pensiero, who runs a backcountry lodge near Nelson, agreed with the recommendations. "INFOEX is one of our best resources, and the touring operators would be wise to come together and form some kind of association," he said.

Since 1970, more than 227 people across Canada have been killed in avalanches-about 10 a year. And it was a particularly deadly winter in the Revelstoke area this year. Just weeks after the Jan 20 Durrand Glacier avalanche, another wave of snow tumbled down Mt Cheops in Mt Revelstoke National Park on Feb.1, just 65 km east of Revelstoke. The slide was 500 to 800 meters wide and claimed the lives of seven high school students from Alberta on a backcountry ski excursion/outdoor education. The backcountry avalanches report that day listed the hazard for the park as "considerable".

National Avalanche Centre

Canada will soon take its first tentative steps toward creation of a National Avalanche Centre - a key recommendation following the deaths of 25 people in avalanches last winter in B.C. -during a meeting among federal and provincial governments, private industry, mountaineering groups and non-profit agencies. Peter Howe, director of coordination for the National Search and Rescue Secretariat, confirmed in an interview that the meeting, likely to be held

in Calgary in February, would look for ways to create an organization that is at arms length from government and industry.

The center would have a permanent budget, and would coordinate all avalanche-related information from the federal government (including Parks Canada), the provinces (mainly avalanche prone B.C., Alberta and Quebec) and private operators and non-profit groups.

Howe expects the meeting will result in creation of an advisory group involving all the stakeholders to put together a business plan, funding arrangements, and a list of services that might be provided by a National Avalanche Centre. "It's very much a proposal in flux," Howe emphasized from his Ottawa office. "We need to determine how it will be funded, who will be in it, who will oversee it. We need something at arm's-length and independent from industry and the government.

Clair Israelson, executive director of the Canadian Avalanche Association in Revelstoke, said he is hopeful the meeting can begin the process of coordinating and improving avalanche safety programs in the country. *By Larry Pynn in The Vancouver Sun, Jan,3, 2004, Condensed by KMC editor.*

Resorts Seek Faster Approval

"Right now, investors who want to develop a \$100-million resort in B.C. can be forced to wait five or six or even, ten years before the province finally approves the proposal", B.C. deregulation minister Kevin Falcon said Thursday. If the province is truly serious about doubling annual tourism industry revenue to \$18 billion by 2010, "The entire approval process shouldn't take any more than 12 months."

Falcon is head of the B.C. resort task force that was struck last year to identify barriers to resort development. Falcon has traveled to 23 resorts and consulted with more than 100 industry stakeholders. He appointed a 15-member advisory group last week and the task force will issue preliminary recommendations in February.

Falcon said many resort-industry representatives told him the current approval process in B.C. is fraught with uncertainty and delays and government ministries sometimes offer different advice on the same proposal. The province has driven potential investors away in the past, because it has developed a reputation as a

"very, very difficult place" to get projects approved. He said his ministry has cut red tape in B.C. by about 20 per cent by eliminating nearly 80,000 regulations, putting it more than halfway to its goal of cutting red tape by a third.

By Bruce Constantine in the Vancouver Sun, Nov 14, 2003. Condensed.

Reinventing the car engine

By Andy Ogle, Canwest News Service. A team led by a Univ. of Alberta professor David Cheeckel, is embarking on an ambitious 4 year project to convert the standard mechanical camshaft system that opens and closes intake and exhaust valves on most internal combustion engines into an electronically controlled system. The engine re-optimizes itself under whatever conditions it's running at. The goal is smarter more capable engines. This is an extremely difficult idea to achieve because very high power is required to operate valves at speeds of hundreds of times a second. There is a lot of calculation and control involved. This would be the equivalent to the last big change in the mechanical operation of cars, which was the introduction of electronically controlled fuel injection. It will also mean stronger more efficient engines able to use a wide variety of fuels. This engine should be able to match the 20 to 30 % fuel efficiency gain shown by hybrid cars.

The Sun, Nov 13, 2003

Does Stretching Reduce The Risk of Injury?

Behm, Button and Butt (2001) found that prolonged static stretching inhibited maximum voluntary muscle contraction. Kokkonen, Nelson and Arnall (2001) recommend that static stretching lasting 10 minutes should be avoided prior to a maximum strength-endurance effort. Rosenbaum and Henning (1995) concluded that static stretching impairs force production, possibly due to tendon slack. Pope et al. (2000) found no reduction in injury between the stretching and non stretching groups they studied. They indicated that a low level of fitness, rather than flexibility posed a greater risk for injury.

The practical application of all these results means that static stretching followed by a general warm up (enveloping muscle contractions) can lead to improved force development in the activity one is

preparing to engage in. This compilation of research information was done by Micheal Bracko in his article "Stretching The Truth" in the 2003 Mar/Apr issue of Impact Magazine. Further research should be done or found out on what happens after resting our muscles during a strenuous activity such as mountaineering. In particular, upon the resumption of the intense activity after prolonged rest stops. Another interesting point in Bracko's article was that inflexibility is associated with a 12% increase in running and walking economy over those who are flexible (have an increased "range of motion").

Travel Tip-No matter what the destination, carry a passport and guard it, if not with your life, tenaciously as you can. Pack a photocopy of your passport as well as other important documents- and leave another copy at home with someone you can contact from abroad. BCAA tip

The Spokane Mountaineers Club is interested in coordinating with other region "like-activity" organizations. They are already conducting classes and backcountry ski trips into our area later this year. Their Level 1 Avalanche course was held in Nelson and at the Kooteney Pass last week. They are also doing Ice climbing classes in Canmore in several weeks. Several of their trip leaders might want to exchange ideas about future trips. More info on this later.

Discounts for KMC Members

The executive was recently asked to investigate which sporting goods stores in the area were willing to provide discounts to club members. The following list was compiled. Please note that while we will be providing membership lists to these stores, until then it is recommended to bring your personal copy along to prove that you are a bone fide member.

15% Discount on Regularly Priced Merchandise: Powderhound Rossland, High Country Sports Rossland

10% Discount on Regularly Priced Merchandise: Snowpack Nelson, Adventure Outlet Nelson, Mallard's Nelson

and Castlegar, Valhalla Pure Nelson (only Emporium - Nelson, Rossland & Castlegar. on Valhalla Pure Clothing), Boomtown

Check out the following website (Info from Laurie Charlton)

<http://www2.lwbc.bc.ca/ApplicationPosting/index.jsp>

It lists **all the applications for tenure in BC** (including the application for cat skiing in the Old Glory/Plewman Basin area north of Rossland). There is a link on the site which allows people to submit comments to Land and Water BC. As well there are other tenure applications throughout the Kootenays.

Satellite phone for rent Weekly rental \$75 per week. That's a great deal! For more information, please call Andrew at 362-9177

Buy and Sell on the KMC website

The KMC Website now has a "For Sale" section. Members and non-members may advertise used outdoor equipment free of charge. Check it out: <http://www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca/forsale.html> To advertise on the website, please Email submissions to webmaster@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca To advertise in the newsletter, please Email to newsletter@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca or mail to KMC Newsletter Box 365 Robson BC V0G 1X0



KMC Library News: Mount Robson in a Day!

Want to read about Will Gadd's audacious (and successful) climb of Mt Robson from the highway in a day? Check the new 2003 Canadian Alpine Journal out of the KMC library and settle back for a great read. The club also has a full set of CAJ's dating from the first issue in 1907; so if you're looking for route information on an obscure peak try the library (we also have a fully current index).

Also new in the library is "Hiking Trails Enjoyed by the Vernon Outdoors Club." The book describes 30 hikes ranging in difficulty from multi-day backpacking traverses (through the Pinnacles area) to short day trips.

Got a book you think the library should have? The KMC has an annual budget for new books so let me know if there is a title you particularly want (email or call xxx-xxxx). Some new books I'm considering are:

- Island Alpine - A Guide to the Mountains of Strathcona Park and Vancouver Island by Philip Stone
- The Waddington Guide by Don Serl
- Skaha Rockclimbs by Howie Richardson

If you want to see any of these books (or others in the library), please let me know.

The following books seem to have been misplaced from the library:

- Accidents in North American Mountaineering 1994
- Sacred Summits by Peter Boardman
- The Great Glacier and Its House by William Putnam
- Don Whillans: Portrait of a Mountaineer by Don Whillans
- Climbing Ice by Yvon Chouinard

If you happen to stumble across any of these books, their return would be greatly appreciated.

A full list of the KMC library holdings is on the web at <http://www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca/library.html>

Looking for one or two partners for the Bonnington Traverse:

We are looking for one or two other people to do the Bonnington Traverse with sometime in late February or March. Call Doug Brown and/or Sandra McGuinness at xxx-xxxx or email

KMC Trip Reports

All members are reminded that the KMC trip registration lists are still to be filled out and signed by all participants at

trailheads. The yearly "membership waiver form" is the backup. The waiver at the trailhead also allows the coordinator to accommodate non-members.

Mt. Dag, 9003' 2744m, Sept.28

Eight of us set out from South Slocan at 7 am. We drove past the Gimli turnoff to the start of the trail. We were soon out of the trees, making our way on the first ridge, which overlooks the Mulvey Basin.

We past a few lakes on our descent into the basin which was beautiful in all the orange-red tones. Most of us roped up to climb the chimney and encountered very few loose rocks.

All summited and enjoyed a spectacular view, marveling at the sheer rock faces below.

On the way back across the basin a few decided to take a swim. This hike took 11 hours to complete, 5 up, 1 at the top, and 5 down.

We were John Bargh, David Cunningham, Frank Fodor, DonHarasym, Andrew Martin, Jill Watson, Leah Zoobkoff (narrator), and Hans Peter Korn, coordinator.



Champion Lakes, Nov.9

Eight people went on this pleasant late season outing on a cold but sunny day. A late start had us meeting at the turnoff to the park at 10am. After driving to the main parking lot, we strolled along the shore of the third lake, which still had open water. We then followed the trails skirting the second lake to a sunny viewpoint. This lake was frozen over with a transparent sheet that emitted eerie sounds whenever the wind blew across its icy surface. The phenomenon was one of those rare moments and it made this short trip especially worthwhile. We continued on to the first and most remote lake, which was also frozen. On the way back we detoured along a trail through the woods, returning to our sunny viewpoint on the second lake for lunch. Mary, Marg and Nancy left the group at this point to take the more direct route back down the road to the cars. The remaining five completed our circumnavigation of the second lake, and then did a side trip up to a much higher fourth lake that serves as the water supply for the campgrounds. There was only a small amount of snow on the ground, and for some reason the higher lake still had open water. We then retraced our steps and were back in town well before dark. Participants were: Mary Baker, Chris Fairbanks, Frank Fodor, Brenda Johnson, Marg Poohachoff, Nancy Rennie, Miriam Williams, and coordinator Ross Bates.

Windy Ridge, Jan. 11

Ski quota attained this day. Burned some calories. Discussed some stuff with good people and only ran into one tree. The following six people placed some fine lines on the south and north faces of the ridge: Don & Jason, Dave Mitchell, Kevin Penny, Peter Tchir, and trip leader Dwain Boyer (well not really; the group wouldn't slow down to let me lead).

Glenmerry Loop, Jan.14

Seven enthusiastic skiers started out at 10:30am from the Glenmerry parking area on the Blueberry - Paulson. We followed the Norwegian Trail up to the Glenmerry hut where we had lunch and skied down the Glenmerry Road. Snow conditions were a little sticky but generally quite reasonable. We had good views of Old Glory even though it was a gray day. We were back at the cars by 2:30pm. We were Ed Beynon, Bobby Maras, Sylvia

Smith, Della Fenkner, Hazel Kirkwood, and coordinators Ron and Janet Cameron.

Grassy Mountain, Jan. 17

Sometimes when you expect the worst, you are pleasantly surprised. Being in the midst of the January thaw, we were expecting to be skiing in slush, especially considering the destination was not particularly high. We were treated to excellent snow at temperatures just below freezing and a stable snowpack.

ATCO has kept the Grassy Mountain road at Bombi summit open for several kilometers and two spur roads (Munsen East and West). This is easy access for good skiing. We traveled up the well-ploughed main road to about kilometer 7 and parked at a wide spot on the road. We skinned up on the west side of the mountain following an old road, and on to the summit. The east bowl of the Grassy Ridge is treed, but nicely spaced and fairly steep. All of us were on AT gear, but adept telemarkers could handle these slopes. We climbed and did another run more toward the actual Grassy summit, but the clouds were thick, and there was a substantial wind-packed crust. The crust held, and was readily skiable, but in the fog, the wind ridges weren't always visible.

The best snow was on the slope just to the south of the cabin so we went for another couple of runs there, following the creek draw. We didn't even look for the cabin because we were too busy skiing. Usually the area is inundated with snowmobiles and the blue haze and noise associated with them. Although there were a few of the large truck and trailer rigs at the parking area at the highway, we only heard one machine all day. The slopes in the trees of the east bowl of Grassy make for good, steep glade skiing, but fortunately, bad sledding. It is nice to be able to share the area without being in each others' way.

For the trip out to the cars, we skied the westernmost open slope; the one that can be seen from highway 22 between Castlegar and Trail. Again, the snow was surprisingly good. With more food, water and energy, we could have done more than the 1250 m we skied that day. Dwain rated the trip as "X" not so much for the skiing but for the puerile banter of Eric, Jeff and I.

We were Tucker & Dwain Boyer, Dawn Mehain, Jeff Roberts, Eric White, and David Mitchell, coordinator.

Other Trip Reports

Railay, Railay Hot! Thailand, May 2003

I lifted my hand from the rock and stared at the halfmoon of sweat left by my palm, evaporating as I watched. I wiped my eyes with the back of my hand, and stuffed damp fingers into my chalk bag. As I looked up and studied the next move, I could feel moisture running down my legs, and into the tops of my rock shoes, adding to the ugly mixture of sweat and sand already there. I glanced down at my feet, and at the international zoo in progress on the beach below. I hooked three fingers into a small pocket, and struggled up a couple of feet. Did I mention that it gets hot there?

When I finally reached the top of the pitch I was greeted by a burst of applause from the forty or more local tourists who were watching from the beach. I lowered off and received more clapping when I hit the sand. Being accustomed to abuse from my usual partners, rather than applause, I was uncertain how to respond. I put my hands together and bowed slightly in what I

hoped was acceptable Oriental style, before grabbing my water bottle and downing half a liter of very warm water.

It was late May, and I was rock climbing at Railay Beach in Thailand. Even though it was now the off-season, and all the smart people had gone home, there was still a fair number of climbers from around the world. I was lucky enough to hook up with Ari from Israel, and Pete from Australia, on my first afternoon there.

Most of the cliffs are on the beach, although some higher ones are reached by short hikes through the jungle. Many of the beach climbs have been undercut by wave action, so that the first fifteen feet are often the hardest. A good rule of thumb for me was “climb at low tide, and swim at high tide”. No sense in overdoing things. On the paths to Phra Nang and the One, Two, Three Wall the water can be almost waist deep at high tide.

The easier of the two ways to reach Railay is by long-tail boat from Krabi. These boats leave whenever they have enough passengers (six to eight), and take about an hour. The only other way is to catch the daily ferry from Phuket, a three or four hour trip which also stops at Phi Phi Island (where they filmed *The Beach*). I stayed at the Diamond Cave Bungalows on the east side, reasonable in the off-season, with a good restaurant and lots of free pirated videos in the evening.

The climbing here is quite similar to gym climbing – steep but with good holds. The rock is limestone with lots of pockets, edges and bizarre stalactite formations. The protection is all fixed, half bolts and half “threads”. Threads are usually old and dubious (manky) slings tied around small stalactites – I’m not kidding. There are two quite similar guidebooks available. The one published by King Climbers, now in its 4th edition, is probably the better. Climbs are rated using the French system, and a conversion chart to all international scales is included. One warning – watch out for the monkeys. They can be quite aggressive, and as they scamper past they always make you look bad, Railay, Railay bad! There is also rock climbing on nearby Phi Phi Island, and more recently at the northern city of Chang Mai. Those in the know predict that climbing in neighbouring Laos will soon be hot. I’ll drink to that.

Hamish Mutch

Airy Mountain, 8400', Oct.2

I enjoyed Hans Korn’s trip to Airy so much on Aug. 20 that I felt it necessary to show my babysitter of that day the area. Under clear blue skies we followed the Upper Passmore/Slocan Lakes Road in the direction of Little Slocan Lakes and turned left after 5 km onto the marked road that provides access to the Airy Creek drainage (and Mt Wilton/Frog). After a short distance (6.4km) another turnoff, up Airy Creek, is marked on the right. Soon the road crosses the creek and at 11.6 km we came to a switchback where we turned left. This road has numerous waterbars that get bigger the further one goes. We followed this as far as we could (14km). At a deactivated creek crossing (where machines, since Hans’s hike, had apparently worked their way over) we began our walk for a couple more km to where the road transforms into a skid trail. Airy is straight ahead. A few hundred more feet and in the middle of nowhere is an excavator dug trail going straight up the mountain to the north (right) *Unfortunately this ugly scar up the mountain has left considerable oil on the ground..* This scar trail obviously goes away from what appears to be a direct straight ahead route to Airy, but this deviation is worthwhile. It had also been relayed in earlier trip reports that “straight ahead” was a pain. This wide dirt path climbs relentlessly up the

mountainside to the meadow above. At the creek crossing we detoured a short distance up the creek (and away from the dirt trail) to the Shakers Lodge, a discrete, well-built and kempt cabin (probably for winter use). We returned to the dirt path, which at the creek now took us westerly towards Airy. It ends in the boulder fields to the NE of Airy. From here we aligned ourselves directly to a point below Airy’s easterly scrambleable face and then worked our way up the mountainside to the summit. The warm sun allowed us to spend considerable time at the top. We returned by the same route enjoying the descending sun highlighting Frog ahead. We also almost beat the kids back from school. E & S Miros.

Neptune Creek-Oasis, Oct.11

This outing provided a quick orientation to a relatively unvisited yet convenient area. It would probably be a worthwhile early spring/late fall one-way hike. Snow shoeing might also be a possibility before the snowboarders fly (but flagging would be required). The three of us began the 9km trip under rainy/snowy weather from the trailhead. The trailhead is approx 9 km north of Rossland on Hwy3B. It is well marked and is actually located a few hundred meters north of where the Neptune Cr FSR turns right off of the Hwy. It should be noted that one could follow the forest service road to the 6km mark where the bike trail crosses the road. It is marked by a gigantic cairn on the right. This would eliminate the technical section of the biking.

The concentration required during the descent takes away the scenic aspect of this route. Come to think of it I’m not even sure there was a scenic part. The upper part of the trail is in pine forests while the lower part is in deciduous trees. There were a few points where views of the valley could be had. It is a very good trail and someone obviously put a lot of work into it. The jumps and rails (which are easily bypassed) along the route suggest that snowboarders may use it in the winter. The first 3km of the path are fairly steep and technical mountain bike skills are required. We just walked these few very short sections with no difficulty. The rest of the route is a gradual downhill on an old well-trodden lane to Oasis. Near the end of the trail one enters a large field (it’s obvious that dirt bikers do their thing here) where there are several paths to choose. It is best to take trails going to the left as the ones to the right take you down an extremely steep bank putting you a km south of Oasis. This short bit doesn’t really matter as the next 1000m of elevation gain up the Rossland hill over 20 km back to the car, do. Comments overheard on the trip: “Dad, my hands really hurt... My shoulders hurt... My brain’s tired dad, I didn’t now I’d have to pay attention”. We were François, Jean and Steven Miros.

Mt. Shields (1789 m. 5869' map 82E/8 Deer Park)

Oct.23 & Oct.25

It took two tries to climb (well, to find and hike up) this minor and obscure Monashee peak located north of Nancy Greene junction. As the days grew shorter in late October, I became interested in Shields because it would be a brief outing and old BCFS brochures and the Backcountry Map Book both showed a trail to the summit. The first attempt, on Oct. 23rd, 2003, saw Dave Cunningham and me drive the Shields FSR to km. 9.1, where we turned left and drove 1.2 km. on an overgrown track on the south side of Shields Creek before parking. After walking this for 2 hrs. 40 min., we popped out onto a very good road which we followed north to the base of Mt. Shields. By now, it seemed too late to make an ascent, so we re-traced our steps to finish with an

energetic day of 5.5 hrs. and 20 km. of road walking. Returning to the highway, we drove west to Big Sheep Creek FSR and followed this long enough to realize it was the true access.

On Oct. 25th Howie Ridge and I returned to finish the outing. Road access follows: turn off to the north on Big Sheep Creek FSR (on Hwy. #3 west of Nancy Greene junction), go left at km. 6.4; go right at km. 7; go down and cross a creek at km. 10, noting the old Shields road we walked on the right; and continue driving to the base of Shields at about km. 14. During the anti-climactic 45 min. ascent through light timber, we stumbled across the old trail and followed it to the open top. There, we inspected two repeater cones and enjoyed spectacular views covering some 65 km. of Arrow Lake. On descent, we followed the trail as best we could, then continued flagging a route down to the logging road. Best bet for a jaunt up this bump is to park at about GR 261-654 (4960'), walk about 40 m. farther on the road, and look for two pieces of flagging on the upper bank. Follow these as best you can to the top. A Selkirk College student crew may re-create this trail in 2004.

Kim Kratky

Unnamed Peaks at Head of Greasybill Creek (map 82F/12 Passmore)

On Oct. 26th, 2003 the following scrambled two peaks at the head of the basin of Greasybill Creek in the Valkyries: Howie Ridge, Kyle Ridge, Sacha Kalabis, Kim Kratky. After driving Koch Creek FSR, we followed Grizzly Creek road 4.8 km. and branched right onto the signed "Greasy." At km. 9.3 from Koch, we went left onto the more-used and signed "East Greasybill." After reaching road's end at 5945' (GR 302-899, 2WD all the way), we started hiking at 10:20 in mild weather and under sunny skies. We plodded up a cut block and passed through a tiny screen of timber before ascending 800' of scree to a 7055' col at GR 302-890. After exploring the ridge to the west of the col, we crossed back and continued to the eastern uncaired summit at GR 306-892 (GPS 7452'). Having admired Mt. Stanley 1.3 km. to the southeast, we continued down our peak's NE ridge to a treed col at 6950' before hustling up 500' of the south slopes of the summit to the north located at GR 309-899 (GPS 7610'). As the lads fantasized about sled touring in upper Grizzly just to our east, Howie and I built a cairn on this moderately impressive bump. Our pointy entity gave good views as we admired the Mulvey Group, Airy, Ladybird, Faith, Gladstone, and even Mt. Shields. After Sacha and Kyle scrambled up a detached tower on the west, we descended the west face and gullies to the cutblock and truck to finish off a 5-hour day. This outing was supposed to explore a North Greasybill road (no such thing yet) and access to Sangrida Peak (see Burrell Creek 82E/9). That might work as a spring ski ascent. Has anyone been up Sangrida?

Kim Kratky

Hiking Camp Reports

Camp #3, August 11 - August 18, 2001

Location: Fitch Creek



Camp participants: Eric Ackerman, Suzanne Blewett-cook, Glenn Cameron, Carole Engstad, Carmen Harrison, Reid Henderson—leader, Pamela Jenkins, Graham Kenyon, Hanspeter Korn, Gerry Larouche, Elaine Martin, Cheryl de Medeiros, Kay Medland, Ron Perrier—photographer, Pat and Alan Sheppard, Terry Simpson, Kal Singh, Jane Steed, Joanne Stinson.

Saturday, day one:

Left with a mission to integrate (the past months), 'decompress' and reflect.

Quite a challenge when you're surrounded by twenty people.

Found a rock where I'll be back no doubt.

Found another rock near the creek. Cold and clean water running down next to me.

A natural shower.

At 7000' of altitude, we're above some mountains and closer to some peaks.

Sun will stay late – yummy.

If it was not for those damn flies, I would like it.

Ron is our photographer. He misses his best shot though when the melting marshmallow gets stuck to his net, as he tries to cool it with his breath. A picture for most of us to remember in our mind. He wears this outfit to protect his face from bug bites. Joanne is the only other hiker who came as prepared against the bugs; she too wears a net.

The camp is at 7100 feet. Measurement is relative. The helicopter pilot, when asked, said as we were flying at 5600 feet altitude, that the base camp is at just above 6000 feet. His beginning measurement might have been at the parking area, which is already at a certain level.

We find ourselves. Twenty people, campers/hikers at all levels of experience and fitness; and by the end of the week we were to find out at all levels of keenness.

The group was cohesive, with the help of our leader who knew how to change the rules in a democratic fashion. Declaring his interest and sustaining from voting, when needed; allowing time to speak; and enforcing the voice of the majority. That's how our breakfast schedule was changed from 7:30 to 7:15. A few keen hikers had proposed 7:00. Reid always could, in his gentle manner, remind us that he was the boss. Safety feeling for the newcomers to know – for sure – that there was a leader, and a reminder to everyone that there was a captain on our ship. Always a good thing.

Our setting on the mountain is like a ship. Vulnerable to the weather, to the wildlife. Although we have not seen it. squirrels and marmots is all. As for the weather, we had a few moments of rain, some wind, nothing major or lasting.

Will I remember what this looks like if I don't write it down? Photographs will trigger memories. Written words – these words – will no doubt bring back the feeling of astonishment I felt when I first stepped out of the helicopter.

I was high. Those peaks still covered with snow in August – those that I notice from the highway as I drive – are now at my fingertips, or so it seems. I am right there. At the top of the mountain... Much energy will be required to reach those peaks, though.

Walked north, went around banks, climbed, got to glaciers. Thickest / biggest I've seen. Walked over to get right above camp. Sitting in a "cool" breeze, grass, less bugs. Lunch break. Quiet time. For quite some time – with Pam and Gerry, my hiking pals. No need to rush back to camp. Thick smoke from a suspected forest fire around Trout Lake... They have much more experience that I do, but they, like me, are not in a hurry. Steady

pace. Perfect. Time to rest and enjoy the amazing scenery. Refreshing to speak French with “Gerald” who also comes from Quebec.

Another trio of hikers, Suzanne, Hans and Kal, are much more adventurous. They reach the top of “The Pyramid”, a mountain we baptized, for an obvious reason. The climb of the week invited two different opinions as to its level of difficulty. Was it mountain climbing, or was it hiking? The level of exposure would have to be the variable to establish the proper description. The question became a subject of conversation for a day or two, with no real outcome.

At the end of the day, our bodies are warmed up. And the sun is still up. So most of us can tolerate glacier water running down our back. That is before the dinner Suzanne, our chef, prepares with help from all of us, taking turn.

As we wind down before dark, a fire is being built to burn cardboard boxes, etc., and to keep us warm after sunset. We listen to Glenn’s music and to Carole’s jokes. In fact, many join in with the singing and with the story telling. Jane has a wonderful voice. Elaine’s jokes are a match to Carole’s most daring words. The rest of the crew simply enjoys the evening, each in his or her own way. The darkness, the coolness, the organized base camp, the damn flies gone, all of that invite each one of us into a place of peace, in our own individual way... quietly or loudly, sober or not, no pressure. The last thing anyone in this setting would want is rules of conduct, beyond those of safety and courtesy.

The trip ends on the 8th day with a short flight back to our vehicle. Most of us are just ready to go. Perfect.
Carmen Harrison.

Elaine’s Quotes - Fitch Creek - August 2001

Glenn	Strums his guitar long after ten
Graham	Most of us would follow him
Hans	On his heels you’ll find Suzanne
Ron	Snapping shots in the early dawn
Cheryl	Her baby toes she tried to kill
Carmen	Porno snapshots she saw no harm in
Gerry	Francophone gals make him very happy
JoAnne	Bikes and hikes as hard as she can
Pam	Says “You can bag it, if I can”
Reid	The most democratic leader you’ll ever need
Al	Has unbelievable sasquatch tales to tel
Jane	Under her umbrella in sun or rain
Suzanne	We’d never get soup from a can
Terry	Goes everywhere in a hurry
Kay	Calls them precious, does Mary Kay?
Kal	Slept right through the supper bell
Pat	You never see her without her hat
Carolle	Gave us laughs by the barrel
Eric	Except for a sunburn, he never whined sick
Elaine	She’s our writer, but hey! She forgot her line

Camp #1, July 26 - August 2, 2003

Location: South west of Mt. Soderholm

Camp participants:

Mary Baker, Ed & Dawn Beynon, Ron & Janet Cameron, David & Joan Cunningham, Philippe Delesalle, Cheryl DeMedeiros-Cook, Gary Gwillim, Margaret Gmoser, Roy & Gloria Hopland, Graham Kenyon, Nick & Bobbie Maras, Bob McQueen, Leader, Diane Paolini, Sue Port.

Letter from Camp 1

Dear Garth and Pat,

It was Janet’s idea. She proposed it to the rest of us at the first get-together after the hustle of tent pitching, biffy digging and kitchen organizing was more or less complete. The valley was at peace again after the shattering intrusion of the helicopter depositing 19 hikers and a ton of gear beside the lake. Despite the 7000 ft elevation the late afternoon sun was warm, too warm for the mosquitoes to get really serious just yet, though the biffy diggers reported initial skirmishes in the shade of the trees as they struggled to relocate huge rocks from their centuries-old resting places.

Janet proposed that we dedicate the experiences of this camp to the two of you; a kind of spiritual inclusion, acknowledging the tough time you are having right now, and your impending departure from this land where you have experienced so many outdoors adventures and so much happiness together. I was puzzled as to how one went about dedicating experiences. However, where there is a will, as the saying goes, and certainly there is a will amongst all of us here to express the depth of feeling and concern that we have for you in your present circumstances. But how to do this without getting maudlin about it ... sympathy always seems so inadequate, and empathy requires more imagination than most of us are capable of, despite the fact that many of those present are on the wrong side of their mid-life crisis and regard each new ache or pain with the keen interest of the owner of a 20 year old car pondering on the significance of the latest noise under the hood. Mind you, considering the vile concoctions that some at this camp were prepared to swallow under the pseudonym of ‘herbal tea’, and the prepossession of others to forsake their predatory ancestry for beans, lentils and broccoli, this concern for the fragility of the human metabolism is not limited to the older folks.

But I digress. As you know, hiking camps are an assemblage of the peculiar in pursuit of the extraordinary; to be there is an experience, which is what this letter is about. So let’s try to give you some flavour of our camp, incorporating the individual ‘most memorable experiences’ provided to me by those present, though they may not recognize their contributions as explicitly as they might wish – the ‘artistic licence’ I warned them about.

First, the place; someone will likely show you the pictures, but they never quite do it justice do they? You need to feel the warm sun, to feel the fresh breeze and see how it moves the trees and the flowers. You need to hear the stream rippling over the rocks, the up-close chuckling and splashing as it cascades down the hillside, clear and icy cold from the subterranean caverns under the limestone plateau; and the comforting murmur heard from the sleeping bag, blanketing those other mysterious noises of the night. The sounds of the mosquitoes, the calls of birds, the whisper of the wind through the trees, the rumble of distant thunder in the night, the chatter and bursts of laughter from people enjoying each other’s company, the drone of aircraft trailing their paths across the sky; rarely is there silence in the mountains. You need to smell the clean, spicy aroma of the sub-alpine forest, the damp undergrowth in the perpetual shade of north-facing cliffs, the silty mud disturbed along the edge of alpine lakes, the smell of fresh coffee in the morning, and the hint of smoke in the air from the fires burning to the west. You need to feel the abrasive roughness of eroded limestone rock, to touch the fossilized images of seabed detritus locked in the sedimentary slate, to feel the icy touch of water so cold it aches like scalding heat. You need to feel the effort of climbing the grassy slope, over the rocks and on up the ridge, the panting breath, the sweat, the aching

muscles, and the pounding heart. The view, the scenery, even the attainment of the summit, all would be empty experiences without all the senses being engaged. You know this of course from the wealth of your experience. Interesting, isn't it, that the exceptional outdoor experiences you carry with you through your life are those that are a composite of sensual experiences rather than just the view?

Nevertheless, I am sitting up here on the plateau enjoying the view, overlooking the campsite and beyond to the east over the Albert River to the grey, rocky ridges fringed with dark forest and the spire-like peaks bordering the Royal Group. It is spectacular, typical of the Rockies, rank upon rank of mountains, the detail fading into the hazy outlines of Japanese prints in the distant. I am several hundred feet above the camp, which is located beside a lake on a perched bench just below timberline, a scattering of tents tucked in the welcome shade of trees, the lakeshore silt pocked deeply with the tracks of elk, moose and deer.

Wildlife is part of the camp experience. Nick and Bobbie, first time KMC campers, parked themselves way down the lake; brave souls undeterred by the prospect of grizzlies following the well-trampled game trail along the lakeshore past their tent. The more experienced KMCers camped safely across the lake had their flash cameras set up in the event of screams in the night, but that didn't happen. Mary was camped next door, but she sleeps so soundly (judging by her response to breakfast duty) that she wouldn't have heard anything anyway.

Returning to their tent, Bobbie found one of her boots, stored under the fly, had been chewed. Not surprising, you say, but what was surprising was that one of Nick's boots had disappeared entirely. A full scale search eventually unearthed the boot, undamaged and wedged in a rock pile at least 50 yards from his tent, a heck of a haul for whatever creature lives in that rock pile. No more boots left outside; but, not to be outdone, next day the persistent creature chewed his (her?) way into the tent, ate a great hole in Nick's shirt, and dragged one of his camp shoes off into the bush. Welcome to the KMC! At least they weren't eaten by grizzly bears.

Another first timer, Gary, made the mistake of following partner Cheryl into the forest at the far end of the lake. Somehow gravity confused them and they were some considerable distance down into the Vietnam jungle (Gary's descriptive) before Cheryl could be convinced that 'up' was above their current location, not further down. They say that adversity strengthens relationships. It was Cheryl's first experience as cook; rumour has it she almost resigned on the first day – thank God for the Swiss army and the invention of their knives, though what else does one do in the Swiss army?

When asked later whether he had enjoyed his first (now there is a presumption) KMC camp, Gary observed that having scrambled up a steep cliff from the lake while being eaten alive by mosquitoes, side-hilled across a loose scree slope far too high to be comfortable, tramped across a steep snow field (snow on July 31st!), sweated up a rocky ridge in the hot sun, then dashed back down in time to pack buckets of water and help partner Cheryl get supper ready for 19 hungry hikers, this was an experience he

would surely recommend to his golfing buddies. Welcome to the KMC!

Back on the plateau, to the immediate south of the camp rises a rocky, scree ridge capped by three crumbling peaks. A few remnant snow patches on the north side of this ridge feed a small turquoise lake that overflows in an open stream, which quickly disappears into underground chasms beneath the plateau. Rocks tossed into one of the openings rattle down for seven or eight seconds, the sound faintly dissipating in the cold, dark depths below. Farther along the base of the ridge, the plateau dips down

over grassy benches to other turquoise lakes trapped behind old moraines. Here at a spectacular site, dominated by a peak reminiscent of the Matterhorn, a recreational lodge is under construction, the ambitious project of entrepreneurs from Canmore and Invermere.

The western boundary of the plateau is skirted by a series of steps of craggy, broken limestone terminating abruptly in a headwall plunging precipitously towards the Cross River valley where our vehicles are parked. Farther up this valley is the jumping off point for the Skyline Hikers camp, another intensive recreation site, albeit a temporary one, presently accommodating 50 hikers. We bumped into several parties of these folks during our expeditions to the north of our camp, beyond the

long, rocky ridge of Whiteman Mountain to the delightful, flower-strewn meadows on the way to 'Azul Lake'.

What a wonderful walk that was, identified by several as their 'outstanding experience' of the camp. Climb up through the forest from the far end of the lake, following the game trails out on to the open meadows, then enjoy the sheer pleasure of wandering across the grassy slopes with the magnificent panorama of peaks, the Albert River and the distant Lemna Lake off to the east. What an incredible display of alpine flowers strewn amongst the wiry grasses, punctuated by stately, lime green Lyall's larches. Birds fluttered here and there, challenging each other from the low shrubs and rocks with a repetitive che-choo, che-choo whistle, identified by our resident expert as the grey-crowned rosy finch – of course. Warm sunshine, a cooling breeze, the nodding purple, yellow, white, red and blue of myriad flowers, blue sky and cotton wool clouds, the muted cascade of a distant river; indeed a place, and an experience, to remember.

Beyond the meadows, the climb to a col between two barren, rounded peaks, to a place that eons ago was at the bottom of a sea, as evidenced by the imprints of ancient fossils in the shards of slaty shale littering the ground. Over the pass is another panorama of peaks, including the unmistakable outline of Mt. Assiniboine in the far distance. At one time a glacier was lodged here on the north side of Whiteman Mountain. Nothing remains now but the piles of rocky moraine, apparently barren until one sees a few pioneer plants that have found sufficient organic matter lodged here and there, beginning the process of centuries that will ultimately create more grassy, flower-strewn meadows. Who will walk those meadows then? What an interesting challenge to the imagination, and for speculation and introspection on 'the meaning of life'.

*Terra Alpina,
Azure blue
Tarns and lakes
Beckon to you*

*Ridges and summits
Surround the camp,
Meadows and flowers
Wherever you tramp*

*Wishing the best
Wherever you are,
From all of us
Near and Far*

Marg Gmoser

'Azul Lake' lies below the moraine – not an official name, but exotic enough to appropriately describe this jewel of a lake. Azul is Spanish for blue, and this lake is blue, but what an incredibly intense blue! It almost glows with an intensity that increases as one approaches closer. A breeze shimmers across its surface and splashes it with sparkling diamonds; then calm again, and the blue gleams up through the translucent depths. A lake made for solitude and contemplation, yet now visited regularly by the Skyline group, and, yes, by us too. Wilderness is shrinking.

Solitude and contemplation; notwithstanding the admonitions about hiking alone, this must be one of the most frequently broken 'rules' of KMC camps. Almost everyone will take some time during the week to be alone, to enjoy the solitude of the mountains. It doesn't necessarily involve great risk, though risk is a fact of life anywhere and in my view those engaged in travelling alone tend to be more cautious anyway. Even staying in camp when everyone else has left is an experience in solitude, though it requires Zen-like concentration to contemplate when one is the sole target of all the bugs in the valley. Hence the attraction of even a short walk to higher ground, and of course one thing leads to another...

The plateau is a great place for solitude, a great place to just wander about, or to sit and be still in mind and body, absorbing the experience of being here, now, detached from the concerns of present life in an environment of constancy that will still be here, very much like this, in a hundred years and a thousand years. Constant while changing: summer, winter, sunshine and storms, the constant change that creates the unchanging in the time perspective of the mountains.

Time to go, reluctantly, from this place. Already the others will be drifting in from their hikes with tales of their experiences, tales of peaks climbed, of crumbling ridges, of lakes, of meadows, of wild creatures, of new flowers discovered, of the tracks of a grizzly bear. Later on this last night, around the 'camp fire' of unlit logs (really!), there will be more tales of other camps, of other people, of other experiences, the pleasures of past experiences relived in the telling, the recollection of old friends from years gone by.

Garth, Pat, you are amongst those 'old friends' who will share those campfires in years to come. There is talk of returning to some of the earlier sites, to Hume Creek, and to others of fond memories that you will recall. Perhaps this reflects a desire to recapture experiences of another time, to look backwards over the wealth of past experiences rather than the uncertainty of the future, though considering the adventuresome spirit of the 'elder generation' of the KMC that is hardly likely. The uncertainties of the future serve as more of a challenge than an impediment to these folks! The tilting balance of the years is more a reason to seize opportunities for new experiences than to rest on the laurels of the past.

However, no matter where the KMC chooses to adventure with their future camps, you will be there in spirit and in the conversations around the fire, just as you were this time. Not forever of course, nothing is forever. What possible relevance shall we have to whomever passes this way in the centuries to come? It is sufficient that we were privileged to be here, to enjoy our experiences in the mountains, and to share these good times with good friends.

We wish you well; we wish you courage and perseverance, patience and forbearance as you journey on. Think of us; think of the experiences you have enjoyed in the mountains, a place that can be wild and desolate, arduous and downright scary at times, and also peaceful and serene and beautiful.

Sincerely,

Graham Kenyon, for and on behalf of all Camp 1 participants.

Graham Kenyon's week 1 report/letter is on the Web at

<http://www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca/reports/hiking2003/2003week1.html>

Camp # 2, August 2 - August 9, 2003

Location: South west of Mt. Soderholm

Participants: Eric Ackerman, Jenny Baillie, Alan Baker, Ross Bates, Selena Burton-cook, Glenn Cameron, Susan Flynn, Ted Ibrahim, Caroline LaFace, Roger Legge, Jim Mattice, Kay Medland, Pat & Alan Sheppard, Muriel & John Walton, Teresa & Ralph Waters, Kevin McKenzie.



After the stifling heat in the West Kootenay during July any camp experience at higher altitudes would have been a relief. Camp 2 came through – and more! With near perfect weather, an idyllic setting and congenial company, our week in the Rockies confirmed yet again that we have to keep coming back!

We were situated lakeside at 7000' SE of Marvel Pass, Mt. Soderholm in close proximity, and the "Royal Group" across the valley and stretching southeastward. Within hiking distance: White Man Mtn., Mt. Vavasour and Mt. Leval. Red Mtn. was visible to the north as was - may be - Mt. Assiniboine? Next to Soderholm, the Wizard's Hat, if not climbable, was a scenic draw offering lakes, bluffs, a glacier and more than enough vertical rock to pump adrenalin. Towering above camp were three unnamed peaks and between these and the impressive White Man Ridge was a wide, flat plateau that provided many hours of happy rambling and flower hunting. The exceptional Cerulean Lake on the north side of White Man Mtn. proved a good day's hike that expanded our sense of place.

Each day, in usual camp fashion, the group broke up into smaller parties and systematically covered as much territory as was possible. Whilst the number of "baggable" peaks was limited, we

nevertheless gained altitude via White Man Ridge at 9300', Mt. Leval at 8800', and the unnamed peak above camp at 8800'. Members of the "A-Team" conquered cliff-bands and rubble and reached the "upper" ramp. The knob of White Man Mtn. was topped. A great variety of rock and rock formations surely must have given everyone their Rock-Fix.

The flowering meadows were a garden paradise with dense colonies of snow-white blooms and glossy green rosettes of the Fringed Grass-of-Parnassus. Over one hundred species presented their flowers for our pleasure. We marvelled at the tenacity of the Purple Saxifrage, Moss Campion and Mountain Sorrel and at the rare, charming, Mist Maiden, clinging to the scree slopes on the summits.

On the wilder side: a grizzly sighting late afternoon on our day of arrival introduced a state of excitement that persisted throughout the week. The grizzly was only a short distance from camp – upstream from our convenient and ample water supply – and John and Muriel's tent! A second sighting occurred the following day in a different location. Although we wished for more Bear Stories this was the end of it. Possibly a good thing as that first bear was a little too close for comfort. Alan admits to practicing a lot of bad yodeling because of it!!

The allusive Mountain Goat gave us a mission when venturing into that particular valley. Marmots, picas, chipmunks and squirrels scurried all over. Ross reported a deer and/or elks snorting around his tent in early hours. A mule deer with velvet antlers was seen bounding in graceful mode on the edge of the woods leading to the plateau. Rumour has it that a lone duck frequented our pond and three hawks were spotted skyward. Amazingly, the dreaded black fly was absent! Where were they? And yes, the mosquito kept up a presence but not an unbearable one.

The combination of warm temperatures and many brilliant, swimmable lakes was an added bonus that made this camp especially pleasant.

A self-appointed committee put much effort into amusing those that needed evening diversions. Glenn's guitar and Kevin's harmonica gave us good music.

There were signs of another human invasion on this almost pristine landscape. A fourteen-bed lodge is under construction. It overlooks the second lake that lies beneath the Wizard's Hat. Fortunately we escaped the sounds of hammer and saw. No one was on site during our week.

In spite of raging forest fires and official "no-entry" decisions the week proceeded without incident – our sympathies go to Camp 3 for being unlucky and missing a glorious camping environment.



Thanks to Ross for his solid and unobtrusive leadership – and to Selena for her cooking panache that kept the wheels turning in the food factory.

“JOIE DE VIVRE” !
MOUNTAINS ROCK !

Submitted by Jenny Baillie, with input from Muriel Walton, Caroline LaFace, Alan Baker.

(Both drawings are by Jenny Baillie)

Climbing Camp Report

July 26 - August 2nd 2003

Striking it Rich in the Gold Range

Location Southern Gold Range

Camp participants

Maurice, *Let's Not Climb Higher Than We Need To*, de St. Jorre

David, *I Should Have Brought Bug Repellent*, Shadbolt

Diane, *I'm So Happy To Be Alive*, Colwell

Sandra, *Let's Get Going*, McGuinness

Doug, *Don't Call Me Leader*, Brown

Peaks climbed: Mt Odin (9745 ft), Unnamed on SE corner of Frigg Glacier (9120 ft), Mt Grady (9548 ft, we aborted 100 ft shy of summit), Mt Skade (7300 ft – not much of a peak, but it's got a name), Saturday Peak (8858 ft), Mt Fosthall (8793 ft)

Day 1, Fly in

Under mostly sunny skies, Highland Helicopters whisks us from the end of North Fosthall Creek FSR to a beautiful alpine meadow on the south side of Mt. Odin at 82 L/9 204990, 7130 ft. Soft bare-

Itinerary:

Day 1 From our parked vehicles at the head of North Fosthall Creek FSR (82 L/8 195894), we helicoptered into a camp on the south side of Mt Odin (82 L/9 204990, 7130 ft)

Day 2: Mounts Odin and Unnamed are climbed

Day 3: Mount Grady is attempted, Unnamed is ascended again

Day 4: We moved west to a camp under (south of) Mt. Gunnerson (82 L/9 163993, 6545 ft).

Day 5: We climbed Mounts Skade and Saturday

Day 6: We continued south and endured Gold Range bush and bugs until we surmounted Gates Ledge and entered the Valley of the Moon; then we turned west and descended to a camp on Peters Lake (82 L/8 130930, 5700 ft).

Day 7: We ascended Mount Fosthall

Day 8: We walked south to return to our vehicles

foot-friendly meadow, babbling brooks, large boulders for food hanging, and splendid views make for an idyllic setting for our first campsite. Idyllic, that is, until the clouds of mosquitoes descend upon us.

Mt. Grady to the east is on our hit list, so our objective for the rest of the day is to recce a route over the “shark’s tooth ridge” to the east. Maurice and Diane head off to check out the highest and most northerly notch, the route of choice for the KMC 1990 Climbing Camp (“Notch 1”). Sandy and I don’t like the sound of Kim Kratky’s description of this route in the 1990 Karabiner, so we opt to take a peek at the lowest and most southerly of three obvious notches in the north-south trending ridgeline (“Notch 3”). David, who isn’t feeling great, decides to rest up in camp. Idling about trying to read his book, he discovers that the Avon “Skin So Soft”, that he picked up at a recent Tupperware Party, repels mosquitoes like burley repels sharks.

Maurice and Diane return with tales of loose, dirty, down sloping slabs on the east side of Notch 1. Sandy and I find the gully up to Notch 3 to be loose, dirty, and generally unpleasant, but no worse than stiff class 3; the other side is an easy descent on talus and meadow. We decide on Notch 3 (82 L/9 213987, 7719 ft), but to break into things slowly, also decide to leave Grady for day 3.

Day 2, Mount Odin and Unnamed

The next day everyone heads off as a group to try the East Ridge of Odin, the highest peak in the range. Ascending to the col east of Odin (82 L/9 214997, 8540 ft) proves straightforward (meadow, boulders, and snow), and takes us an hour and a half. Just below the col we discover shattered pieces of a helicopter rotor blade and various unidentified bits of broken metal – as we’re in prime heliski terrain, we assume we’ve stumbled upon a crash site. Maybe walking out isn’t such a bad idea after all.

We ascend the easy Frigg Glacier, pausing to rubberneck at the fine views of Arrow Lake and the impressive Frigg Tower, until we intersect the East Ridge of Odin a short distance below the top. From here we easily scramble up pleasant class 3 rock to reach the summit, our first of the camp, at high noon.

It is a beautiful, sunny and hot day, and we are treated to amazing views of Mt. Thor, Mt. Niflheim, and Stegosaur Ridge that joins them, as well the northern Gold Range as far as Mt. Begbie (we think). To the west is the aesthetic silhouette of Mt Fosthall, a view that will become very familiar over the coming days.

After a prolonged summit lounge, Sandy begins earning her nickname, and gets us moving again. We retrace our steps back to the col and arrive at 2:30. As the day is yet young, we eventually all saunter off and make our way along the ridge to the summit of Unnamed, which provides very fine views of Odin and Grady.

Day 3, Mount Grady and Unnamed

Today Sandra and I elect to have a go at Mt. Grady, the western peak of the impressive double-summitted massif of Burnham and Grady. We leave camp at 5:00 am and grovel our way up the gully to Notch 3. By 5:15 am it is already warm, and we are in shorts and t-shirts and I am sweating heavily. We reach the notch at 6:15 and descend mostly easy ground to the lake below (site of the 1973 and 1990 “high camp”) by 6:50 am.

From here, we start following Kim Kratky’s excellent instructions printed in the 1990 Karabiner. We ascend the gully to prominent notch in the next N-S shark’s tooth ridge, descend down into the next drainage and contour around the basin and then climb boulders and steep, grassy goat tracks to gain the South Ridge of Grady a short distance south (climber’s right) of a prominent notch. We are finally on our route now, a hard four hours from camp.

The south ridge starts as an amble, but soon rears up. We soon reach the two gullies Kim refers to, and take the right (east), less obvious one. While Kim and Hamish scrambled this section in

flip-flops, Sandy and I soon have the rope out. Unfortunately, with our on-and-off again use of the rope, we’re rather slow, and don’t reach the junction with the West Ridge until 11:00. From here things get really exciting (for such a geriatric pair as ourselves). The climbing isn’t particularly difficult, but the exposure is thrilling – steep slabs for 1000 feet on the south; the north side of the knife-edged ridge is overhanging, providing 3000 feet of vertical entertainment. We feel cowardly as we carefully belay much of this section knowing that Kim and Hamish skittered along unroped and in bare feet.

The West Ridge is long and (for us) complicated. Alas, 2:45 finds us topping out on a high point on the ridge about 100 vertical and 500 horizontal feet shy of the summit. As the West Ridge is sharp and overhanging to the north, but often not particularly steep, we know that rappelling isn’t an option, and we will need to down climb almost the whole way. Discretion (cowardice?) wins out over ambition and we turn tail bitterly disappointed that after almost 10 hours of effort we are thwarted so close to the top.

We descend the West Ridge with two 30 m raps and much down climbing, but as we short-rope most of it we are much faster than anticipated. We grind our way home over the two intervening ridges to arrive back at camp just as the last of the daylight fades. The rest of the crew, bless their hearts, take pity on us and quickly ply us with hot food and drink.

David and Maurice spent a relaxing day wandering the ridges above camp, summiting Unnamed again, and investigating a route along the ridgeline to Grady. Diane wandered in the meadows near camp doing the stuff artists do.

Day 4, Move Camp to Under Mount Gunnerson

Having eaten as much of our heavy loads as possible, it’s time to move on. We traverse west on meadow and through light trees to “Silvertip” Lake (82 L/9 187982, 6800 ft) where we meet a geology graduate student from Queens University and her assistant who are camped here doing fieldwork.

We follow the outlet stream for a short distance, and then turn north (right) and follow a meadow ramp about 200 m. Here we descend a narrow ramp back south through the first cliff band. We descend through some light bush and then take a series of ramps, ledges, and game trails left across the top of another cliff band. We exit off this cliff face onto a talus slope about half way down the cliff. Once on the talus, we easily descend to the forest below. From here we make a descending traverse to the northwest through thick bush and avalanche-damaged forest to a lake at 82 L/9 175985 (5650 ft). David starts threatening the management of Avon.

It is another cloudless and very hot day, so we take shelter in the shade of some trees at the lakeshore for our lunch. After taking sustenance, we continue up the drainage a short distance and then turn left and bushwhack up steep ground, eventually making camp on the shore of a beautiful small lake at 82 L/9 163993 (6545 ft). The lake is remarkably warm, and most of us jump in for a refreshing swim. It would be a splendid camp but for the bugs: the mosquitoes are unbelievable. David starts threatening the workers at Avon.

Day 5, Saturday Peak

Today, David, Sandra, and I head off at the civilized hour of 7:00 am for an assault of Mt Gunnerson. Maurice and Diane elect to have a leisurely breakfast and then wander the ridges around Mt Skade and maybe follow us on Gunnerson.

Gunnerson is an attractive shark-fin shaped peak, but its lower slopes look suspiciously loose. The three of us wade through a

dense cloud of mosquitoes all the way to the Gunnerson-Skade col. David starts threatening the workers at Avon. From here it is obvious that the lower slopes of Gunnerson are crumbly and loose slag. It is a quick and unanimous decision to change our objective to the mighty, but more distant, Saturday Peak. (Later in the day Maurice and Diane poke around a bit looking for a route around the slag, but find none, although Diane is very happy to get 3 peaks this day: Skade, Skade, and Skade.)

David, Sandra, and I continue over Mt Skade, which is followed by a few more ups and downs before reaching the toe of the Saturday Glacier. Out comes the rope, and we tromp up the gentle west side to below the bergschrund. From here it gets interesting: I lead off crossing the gapping 'schrund' on a solid bridge, and ascend snow to 50+ degrees (big, big runout) to reach a rib of rock descending from the NW Ridge. After Dave and Sandy join me, Sandy leads off on fourth-class rock to reach the NW Ridge proper. From here is a very pleasant class 3 scramble on solid rock to the summit (²).

As it is yet another hot, cloudless day, we lollygag around the summit admiring the view for a while before Sandy gets us moving on our descent. On the way down the ridge, we elect to descend a wide, loose ramp dropping from right to left (east to west) that delivers us to the top of the glacier about 100 m NW of our ascent route. A full 30 m rappel takes us just to the lower lip of the bergschrund. We then scamper down the glacier and we descend avalanche debris in the drainage of the north fork of Ledge Creek; a wee end-of-day grunt up takes us back to camp in plenty of time for a dip in the lake.

Day 6, Move Camp to Peters Lake

The attractive form of the north side of Mt Fosthall has been calling to us all week, so we decide to move camp a day earlier than planned so we can make of ascent of Fosthall before we exit out to the vehicles on Saturday. On our way to camp at Peters Lake, we will tackle Gates Ledge, a significant obstacle in the form of a ridgeline protected by cliffs, rotten rock, and Gold Range bush. We have been checking it out along the way, and it doesn't look too bad, but Dave Smith has warned that finding the route through the cliffs is tricky and involves some nasty bush.

We head west from camp and climb an open ramp up a ridgeline and start contouring around the basin below Icebound Lake hoping to stay above the bush as long as possible. Relatively easy travel, with the exception of one unpleasant traverse across a greasy slope, brings us to the top of a ridgeline running parallel to, and just east of, Gates Ledge (around 82 L/9 163982). This ridge initially provides pleasant travel in open forest, but after a while, thickening bush pushes us into the boulders and thin trees of the drainage to the west. Traversing through increasing bush from here, we eventually spot a narrow boulder field that we think is the one Dave talked about and the one we had spied from our vantage points to the east. We traverse another steep slope of greasy vegetation and ascend the (climber's) right hand side of the boulders. When the boulders run out, we continue up steep and nasty bush (hand-over-hand alders and huckleberry), eventually ascending a faint animal trail up very steep dirt and soft vegetation to top out on Gates Ledge at 82 L/8 172965 (small cairn on top).

From here conditions improve dramatically. We continue on through open forest in the hot sun to a lunch spot in the shade by a stream. After lunch we continue through amazing fields of

wildflowers on our way to the unusually named Valley of the Moon (I figure it should be named Valley of the Flowers) and the very beautiful Fawn Lake. I'm itching to plunge my sweaty, smelly person into the lake, but after a short break, Sandy again gets the herd moving, and we begin our descent to Peters Lake. An easy walk through light to moderate bush brings us to an official Monashee Provincial Park campground on the south shore of Peters Lake. The campground is deserted, and I for one, will enjoy not hanging the food tonight. Everyone but Sandy enjoys a swim in the remarkably warm water. Mercifully (and remarkably), this campsite is nearly bug free, and we enjoy sitting around unmolested for the first time in nearly a week.

Day 7, Mount Fosthall

Today the five of us head off together to tackle the south ridge of Mt Fosthall. After enjoying fine views of the attractive north side of this peak from many vantage points over the past 6 days, the climb itself is a bit disappointing.

A sturdy BC Parks bridge gets us across the creek flowing out of South Caribou Pass, and then an intermittent trail takes us easily to South Caribou Pass, where we lounge in the sun conducting an animated environmental cost/benefit analysis of the heli-ski/heli-hike industry.

From the pass, we contour around, mostly on pleasant meadow and easy talus to the South Ridge of Fosthall. Treadmill scree leads to talus of the easy angled south ridge that leads directly to the summit. We are treated to splendid views (cloudless skies again) of all of our previous ascents and much of the terrain we have traversed in the past week, so it is a very appropriate ascent for our last climb of the trip.

An easy descent the same way gets us home in plenty of time for the now obligatory pre-dinner swim.

Day 8, Heading Home

Sadly our trip is nearly at its end. But the moaning and sniveling about damaged feet has risen to a crescendo, and everyone is pretty much ready to head home. We head off following a Park's trail, which soon becomes intermittent, through delightful meadow and mosquito infested swamp to Margie Lake.

There is rumoured to be a blazed trail from Margie Lake to the North Fosthall Creek FSR, but we can't find it. We follow a flagged route until it ends, and then do a little easy bushwhacking to the road. Once on the road, it is a quick jaunt downhill to the vehicles.

Notes:

1. Dave Smith, a Nelson-based ACMG guide, led an ACC group on a very similar trip in July 2002; he very generously shared with me his "Guides Report" which was a very helpful planning tool and gave us some much appreciated directions at a couple junctures along the way.
2. Dave Smith rated the final section of the NW Ridge as class 4, but we all felt that a rope was unnecessary.

Doug Brown's report is on the Web at <http://www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca/reports/goldrange/goldrange.html> (It has great pictures).

Notes from The 2003 AGM

(Held at Trapper John's restaurant in Salmo with 33 members present).



Chair report: the Liberal government approves projects in the backcountry without the KMC's or anyone else's input (including other government agencies). How does one get to be identified as a participant in the new approval process?

Finance: The financial report is to be put in the first newsletter after the AGM. The Hiking and Climbing Camp expenses should be noted in the yearly financial reports. The Camp reserve fund is traditionally to cover unforeseen helicopter costs.

Website: Considerable contacts from outsiders. Members have expressed that they would like to make it more in-club.

Hiking Camp: Costs were high for this year's camp bringing it close to a deficit. Forest fire fighting interfered with the helicopter schedule and its cost. There is too much "stuff" being flown in and we should try to reduce those "unnecessary" items. The departures should start earlier in the day. Fees should be increased. The situation changes yearly and the committee can only budget through past experiences. Notes were made in previous years minutes as to concern with pit vs pack out sewage.

Climbing Camp: Camp went well.

Social: This year's Guy Edwards show and the Camp slide show were successful. Members' Discounts at stores have been arranged.

Constitution: All Resolutions were passed but for the donation to Friends of Kootenay Parks, which has been tabled for further work by the executive. A copy of the revised Constitution will be forthcoming.

Slocan Chief Restoration: The donation to Friends of Kootenay Parks for the Slocan Chief restoration project was discussed. The precursor to the KMC originally rescued it in the 50's. It will require about \$90,000.00 to restore including removing the modern additions, redo footings and rotted out lower logs. They've raised \$70,000.00 so far. Do the purposes of the KMC constitution address funding the restoration? We have to check if the donation is allowed by our non-profit society organization. The issue was given to the executive for deliberation.

Kokanee Hut: The KMC will have to establish a fair method of apportioning its Kokanee Hut allotment. Due to the lack of time given to the KMC to make proper notification arrangements, the bookings were handled on a "best as could" basis. The Winter Trips Director will handle the bookings next year.

Red Shutter Inn application for Plewman-Old Glory Cat Skiing: KMC is to write a letter to the 3 area MLAs and the Ministry of Sustainable Resources, Land and Water opposing the application. Individual members are encouraged to write also. Where is the Land Mgt Plan for this area?

2004 executive: S.Miros President, P.Allen Vice, E.Martin Treasurer, R.Bates Secretary, K.Kratki Conservation, E.Miros Newsletter, D.Mitchell Winter trips, D.Harasy Summer trips, D.Brown Website/Climbing camp, R.Cameron Hiking camp, T.Ibrahim Huts&Trails, J.Watson/J.Micklethwaite Social, Mountaineering School: vacant

Don Forest, a well-known mountaineer passed away from a heart failure while skiing in the Rockies. He was 83 years young.

Notes from Jan. 21st 2004 Executive Meeting

Slocan Chief donation- the discussion focused on how do the purposes of our society fit in with donations to the restoration spread to other donations as well. Historical use of the cabin by KMC was recognized. To be continued. In the meantime, individual donations are appreciated. They are nearing their goal. If the required funds are not secured what will happen to the money?

Social- the AGM went well and attendance was good (33) considering the snowstorm that night.

Conservation- It was moved that we join the west Kootenay Coalition For Jumbo Wild. It is felt that as this project affects a premier mountaineering area and because of significant opposition to it, that being more involved is worth our efforts. We will also be supporting The Friends of Rossland Range in their further attempts to secure that area. There was discussion on the Valhalla powder cat application being relocated up the Greasybill/Cougar creek area.

Hiking Camp- this year's camp will be at the headwaters of Ben Abel Creek. See attached information and application form. A more "reliable" helicopter company has been suggested.

Website- A "New Report" section has been added to our website (it has camp reports).

Climbing Camp- undecided location but date is expected last week in July.

Huts- the original arrangement between forestry and the KMC for the Bonnington Huts (classed as forestry shelters) was relatively straightforward. Our legal agreement with them is still in effect for another 2 years. Our huts are in disrepair and the question was raised as to why do we as a club really want to maintain them for mostly non-club users? To be continued.

And Trails- a trail is being developed from Silver King mine to Toad Mtn. There is some clearing occurring on the Lemon Creek Trail. Silver Spray trail still has not been attended to. Trail improvement hikes are being considered and everyone would be asked to bring along a tool to help out. Grants for contracted trail work under the auspices of the KMC probably wouldn't go ahead because of rumored Workers Compensation Board regulations, including the requirement of a First Aid attendant.

The Land Use Plan is probably the only way of influencing the government backcountry land use because it formally identifies stakeholders. The process worked fairly well in the Golden area and it is hoped to help our club's "purposes" significantly in the face of the overwhelming commercial and motorized backcountry land use applications. Paul Allen will be spearheading this effort.

Relationships were noted with the Climbers Access Society, FMCBC, the Outdoor Report, Avalanche News as well as several other organizations and businesses with whom we have (or should have) communication.

Kokanee Hut available: The Toronto Section of The Alpine Club of Canada has the Kokanee Glacier Cabin booked for the week of April 17 -24/04. We are looking for an additional 1 - 3 people to join our trip and wonder if any KMC members would like to join us. The cost for the week is approx. \$1,000. with food and cook provided, self guided. If any of your members are interested in participating in this ski camp please have them contact me. Thanks, Paul Geddes

Changes to the timing for the Kokanee winter ski weeks lottery are as follows:

Beginning in 2004, the winter lottery at the Kokanee Glacier Cabin will take place in mid-May. In the past, the lottery took place in mid-October, and ski weeks started in mid December. This system did not give folks much time to plan their winter trip, and it was the cause of grief to other backcountry lodge operators. When a party would find out they won a ski week at Kokanee, they would cancel the booking they had made at Lodge XYZ on rather short notice. We believe holding the lottery on an earlier date will be better for everyone. The public lottery will take place on May 17, 2004 for the 2005 season. The \$25 fee per lottery entry will remain the same. As in the past, each lottery entry can list three different weeks.

As you know, four special interest groups (KMC, Selkirk College, Friends of West Kootenay, and the ACC) are allowed to make four, one week advance bookings at the cabin. These groups will now need to make their bookings prior to March 1, 2004 in order that the ACC can publish the dates on our website (so that general lottery entrants do not select those dates on their entry form). **To reiterate, if your group is planning a trip to the Kokanee Glacier Cabin in 2005, we need your request by March 1, 2004.**

Upon obtaining a booking at the cabin, all groups must provide the ACC with a non-refundable \$500 deposit within 45 days. The balance is due in full 60 days prior to the start of the booking. In the event of a cancellation, groups must provide 60 days notice to the National Office. If we receive less than 60 days notice, and do not re-sell the space, the ACC will keep the entire amount that you have paid.

If you do not get your request to the ACC before March 1, 2004, and you later decide that your group wants a week at the cabin, you can enter the general lottery, following the same rules as everyone else. See the following ACC website page for more details: <http://www.AlpineClubofCanada.ca/facility/kglacier.html>

If you have questions, or want to book a week in 2005, please contact Lawrence White, Facilities Administration Manager by email: lwhite@AlpineClubofCanada.ca or by phone: 403-678-3200, ext. 104.

Henry David Thoreau said "We need the tonic of wilderness - to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigour, vast and Titanic features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder clouds and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander."

2004 KMC HIKING CAMP – Ben Abel Creek

LOCATION:

This years KMC Hiking Camp will be located at the head waters of Ben Abel Creek; tributary, north of Dutch Creek in the East Purcells, northwest of Canal Flats. Camp will be located at 7200 feet, near one of the lakes in the area. There are alpine meadows, plus numerous 8000-9000ft peaks.

MAPS: 82 K/8 (Toby Creek) (1:50,000)

ACCESS:

From Canal Flats, on Highway 93/95, we will travel a Findlay/Dutch Creek Forest Service Access road, approximately 30 K to a rendezvous point with the helicopter.

DATES: Camp 1: July 24 -July 31; Camp 2: July 31 – Aug. 7; Camp 3: Aug. 7 - Aug. 14

FEES:

Total: \$300.00. This includes a cancellation fee of \$50.00. Full fees are payable upon registration. Applications accompanied by post-dated cheques will be considered as of the post-date. Make cheques payable to **KMC Hiking Camp**.

TO REGISTER:

Return the completed registration form and **SIGNED** waiver form along with a cheque for the full fee to:

Kay Medland,
Box 282, Fruitvale, B.C. V0G-1L0

Please note that the waiver form must be signed by all members of a family who plan to attend camp. An application will not be considered until the signed waiver form and full payment is received. Phoned registrations will not be accepted.

AGE RESTRICTION:

The minimum age for participants is 15 years as of the date of camp. Members 15 - 18 years of age must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. Waivers for juniors must be signed by a parent or legal guardian. Children 19 years of age or older are not included in a family membership so they must complete a separate application form.

PRIORITY:

Deadline for registration is March 15. Members who applied for camp last year prior to the lottery deadline but were on the waiting list will be assigned to camp if they apply this year. If a camp roster is full, additional applications will be placed on a waiting list in the order drawn in the lottery or of receipt after Mar. 15. The lottery will take place on March 18th. Only those who have joined or renewed their membership prior to Feb. 1 will be included in the lottery. Following this period, vacancies will be filled by members who have paid their fees after Feb. 1. If the camps are not filled by April 15, applications will be accepted from non-members.

CANCELLATIONS:

The cancellation fee of \$50 is not refundable. The remaining fee will be refunded if notice is received prior to June 15. The total fee will be forfeited for cancellations received after June 15 unless a suitable replacement is found. Cancellation vacancies will be filled from the waiting list. If there are no names on the waiting list, the member is responsible for finding a replacement before a refund will be issued. Contact Kay Medland, Registrar, before taking action.

ABOUT HIKING CAMP:

The Kootenay Mountaineering Club does not act as a guide service through its hiking program. Rather, it merely facilitates transportation of members into remote, rugged wilderness areas where one's activities must be governed by the level of experience each possesses in such an environment. Hiking Camp is not for the inexperienced person new to hiking. As the camps are held in a wilderness environment, participants should have some off-trail, backcountry hiking experience, or be a strong trail hiker, to get the most out of camp.

INFORMATION:

Ron Cameron, 2054-7th Avenue, Trail, V1R-3C5- Phone, 250-xxx-xxxx- email,

Other Committee members: Mary Baker
Janet Cameron
Kay Medland

Bob McQueen
Ray Neumar

Marilyn Pearson
Mary Woodward