



Kootenay Mountaineer

The KMC Newsletter

July-August 2004

Issue 4

Next deadline: Sep.10^h

Inside

Information

- ~Trees and Wildfires in B.C.
- ~ A Grizzly Experience, by *Jessica Gergely*
- ~ The Culture of Safety: An Essay
- ~ The Grand Traverse, by *Mark Mallet*

Conservation

- ~ Slocan Chief Restoration
- ~ Inaction today...ecological disaster tomorrow

Hiking through History

- ~ Plaid Lake, by *A. Terry Turner*

Activities

- ~ Trip Reports: Slocan Lake, Skattebo, Fry Crk Canyon, Cottonwood Lake loop, Sangrida Pk, Ymir Mtn (x2), Mt. Davie, Old Glory, Northport mine loop, CrawfordPk, GraysPk (x2), Keyhole/Esmeralda/Cond, Kootenay Joe Ridge-Fry Crk circle, Mt. Grohman, Mt. Freya, Carnes Pk attempt, Marten Mtn, Sphinx Mtn, Crawford Crk Pk, Idaho Pk, Mt. Davis
- ~ Other: Campbell Crk Pks, Mt. Manson

Trees and Wildfires in B.C.

FOREST FIRES have been prevalent in British Columbia since trees first colonized the land. Amazingly, trees have evolved to tolerate fire and some species cannot live without it.

There are three kinds of forest fires: A crown fire occurs in the treetops and is lethal to all trees, while a surface fire occurs from the ground level to about two meters above the surface, and several trees have adapted to tolerate these fires.

Finally, when the forest floor alights, that's a ground fire. It's the worst type of fire because it bums and destroys all the slow releasing insects, fungus and bacteria that assist in decaying wood and regenerating soil. A ground fire can burn all winter under a snow pack and re-ignite in spring. That's what happened two weeks ago north of Kamloops when the McClure fire of last summer-flared up.

Wildfires in B.C. are lightning-induced. On the coast, huge stand-replacing fires, like the ones we saw in the interior last year, appear about every 500 to 700 years, or longer. Coastal forests tend to have uneven ages of trees with patterns scientists call

patches. Wind and root rot create different ages of trees in this forest.

In the interior, ponderosa pine forests have learned to tolerate surface fires, which naturally occur about every 15 to 20 years. This is an open forest with about three dozen big, old, fat pines per hectare surrounded by a sea of grass. They too have thick (35 cm bark) and hold branches higher than four m. above the ground. In this drier ecosystem, surface fire is Nature's broom, cleansing the forest floor.

Fire suppression over the past 80 years has dramatically changed the ponderosa forest. Now there are thousands of trees per hectare. When fire re-enters, the smaller trees provide a ladder for fire to get up into the crowns of the old pines and all trees perish. Restoration becomes difficult because there are no old ponderosa pines left to provide a new seed source to regenerate the forest.

To avoid forests being wiped out, ponderosa pine forests must be manually thinned. In their current overgrown condition they are now fire hazards potentially threatening southern interior communities. The big old trees should be left standing in this thinning process. Scientists have proven this approach works.

Lodgepole pine, the most important economic tree of the interior, is a fire specialist. When lightning-induced fire occurs in this even-aged forest vast tracks of land are consumed. To contend with fire this tree has adapted a cone that remains viable and shut tight on the tree for up to 20 years. When fire occurs it melts the resin around the cone scales and thousands of seeds rain on the exposed forest floor, allowing lodgepole to very quickly recolonize the land.

When fire is deliberately prevented, as forest policies over the past 80 years have done, it creates opportunities for other agents of change to enter the forest. That's exactly why the mountain pine beetles are now such an enormous destructive force in the Interior.

Right now, as a result of factors such as beetle infestation, there are millions of standing dead pines in B.C. They must be

removed so they don't provide kindling to fuel monster fires in the coming summer. The key is to make this massive harvest economically rewarding by finding new markets for structurally sound but slightly discolored wood. *Printed with permission of Dr Reese Halter, president of Global Forest Science. Dr Halter is a research scientist author and environmental speaker.*

A Grizzly Experience

By Jessica Gergely

Cindy Webster an employee at [Waterton's] Tamarack Village Square saved the lives of two hikers June 19 when she sold and taught them how to use bear spray.

"I was shocked when they came back and told me that I saved their lives," says Webster. "I've never known anyone who has actually been charged by a bear."

The couple was hiking on the Lakeshore trail from Goat Haunt back to Waterton when they surprised a sow grizzly bear with two cubs.

The couple were bluff charged by the grizzly and on the third charge the male was able to release the bear spray and stop the grizzly from an attack.

The Trail Patrol set out on the trail and came across an elk carcass. Since then they have closed the trail for a couple of weeks to allow the bears to feed on the carcass.

If you come across a bear while out hiking this summer there are guidelines that suggest what to do:

-Stay calm and quietly leave the area by stepping off trail on the downhill side.

-If the bear has seen you make yourself known to the bear by talking softly while backing away slowly, diagonally and not making eye contact.

-If the bear follows, stop and hold your ground. It is recommended that this is a good time to take the safety off the pepper spray canister.

-If the bear stands it is curious and may not be threatening. Wild bears rarely attack people unless they feel threatened or provoked.

If the bear charges hold your ground and use a small burst of pepper spray one-half to two seconds aiming it towards the bear's feet at a distance of 20 to 30 feet. Make sure not to spray into the wind to avoid cross-exposure. The spray will create a fog like cloud between you and the bear. After releasing the spray do not run. Never try to out run a bear, they have been clocked doing up to 35 miles per hour.

Climbing a tree is not recommended unless you can reach the tree and climb 10 feet before the bear reaches you. Black bears are agile climbers and may follow you up the tree.

Derek Tilson, a Waterton Park Warden who gives talks on bears says, "they are only guidelines but (they) are good ones and everyone should understand each situation is different."

Webster says, "after hearing their story I will definitely carry bear spray even on my shorter hikes."

From *THE BOUNDARY*, Tues, June 29, 2004

Slocan Chief Restoration

Fourteen years after the Slocan Chief Cabin was earmarked for restoration in the Kokanee Glacier Park Master Plan, preparations are underway to undertake the necessary work on the historic structure. The Friends of West Kootenay Parks Society ("Friends") has been contracted by BC Parks to restore the building and install interpretive materials that explain the history of the cabin.

The Friends have hired The Traditional Timber Framing Company of Harrop/Proctor to do the work. "We were very happy with the job that Joern Wingender's company did on the Pilot Bay Lighthouse," explained Friends' president Bill Bryce. Bryce, Wingender and BC Parks ranger Dave Heagy have been meeting to plan the transport of tons of material and tools to the site in late June and early July of 2004. "We've been very lucky to have Dave's input on the helicopter logistics and site constraints" said Bryce.

Fundraising for the restoration and interpretation are still ongoing. Bryce commented that the Friends were concerned that the Kokanee Glacier Alpine Campaign might not come up with sufficient funding to cover both projects. "As it turned out, with the exception of a donation from Parks Canada that covers about three-quarters of the cost of installing interpretation materials, there was no money left over for the Slocan Chief" said Bryce. Over the years, the Friends have

been accumulating funds from donations and the sale of T-shirts (currently on sale at Valhalla Pure and Cottons in Nelson) but there is still a shortfall of up to \$15,000.

Les Weisbrich, an internationally recognized artist who lives in New Denver, donated the rights to his painting "Slocan Chief Cabin" to the Friends of West Kootenay Parks. Over the past three years, limited edition prints of the painting have been sold through the Glass House Gallery in Nelson. In November of 2003, Weisbrich spent the day at the Chahko Mika Mall with the Friends and painted a watercolour that was raffled off. "Les has been completely supportive of our efforts to restore the cabin," said Bryce. "It's been a real honour to have him working with us." The Slocan Chief Cabin print can be seen at the Glass House Gallery in the mall.

The cost of restoring the building and installing displays is currently estimated at \$110,000 to \$125,000. "Last year, we were very lucky and extremely grateful to receive a bequest from the estate of Lindsay and Jules Holt" said Bryce. "Without their generous gift, it would have been next to impossible to raise the funds in time". The Holts were long time supporters of BC Parks in the West Kootenays and have made significant donations in the past.

To support the restoration of the Slocan Chief Cabin, purchase a limited edition print at the Glass House Gallery in the Chahko Mika Mall or make a tax-deductible donation to the Friends of West Kootenay Parks Society at Box 212, Nelson BC V1L 5P9 or online at www.slocanchief.ca. From *The Outlook, the Friends of West Kootenay Parks Society newsletter Vol 8, #1, Feb 2004*

Breathing

In order to protect the sensitivity of some readers, I'll use myself for an example of how machismo can reduce both your performance and enjoyment while hiking. Myself and several friends have just started hiking uphill and within a few minutes I'm huffing and puffing like a locomotive. Well, I don't want everyone to hear me! I sound like I'm going to die! So I restrict my breathing. I make it shallow and quiet. My lungs are burning, I'm getting dizzy, I need air, but NO, I just can't let everyone hear me sucking air! It's so, so... embarrassing! The truth be known; everyone with me is craving air just like I am. Only like me, they're often just too macho to breathe. Breathe ladies and gentlemen, breathe!

Believe me breathing is a good thing and if your body didn't need the air, it wouldn't be begging you for it. So don't worry about sounding like the little train who thinks it can. In the words of my favourite corporate slogan "JUST DO IT"! Want to know a little secret? I start breathing deeply before I get to the steep part of a trail. When I see an incline coming, I start sucking in a good quantity of air before I even get there - to kind of supercharge myself. Then when I start up the hill I continue to breath deeply . . . and loudly if need be. Don't be embarrassed by breathing loudly, heck I doubt that anyone can hear you anyway. Because if they're up there with you, they're likely to be breathing as hard as you are, and if they're not breathing hard . . . they're likely too far behind you to hear you anyway.

Note: If you really listen to your body you'll hear it say all kinds of things like, I need food, I need water, I need oxygen, I need rest, I need work, I need to stretch, I need... the list goes on and on. The real trick, if you can call it that, is learning to listen to your body, then giving it what it's asking for. From *adventurehiking.com*

THE CULTURE OF SAFETY: AN ESSAY

An individual's true well being is not the product of rules but being the part of a culture of safety. After all, looking at problems in more than one way is a rule in accident prevention. No list of rules makes a program any safer. One must learn the rules, but a person must go beyond the rules and build a storehouse of knowledge and experience in the sphere of activity that the rules cover. And then that person must gain even more experience and go so far beyond rules that they disappear and it's only their meaning that you are left with and breaking or keeping them no longer matters.

A culture of safety is one in which everyone plays a part: coordinators and participants. It is not based on rules, but rather on the concept of participatory safety. It's a simple concept but powerful: members of the group watch out for one another. It's the entire group which helps keep the trip safe, not just one person. That's very much different than the typical situation where there's one leader and he or she makes all the decisions, and is largely in charge of safety. Rather, an open environment should

prevail on trips and activities. No matter what the ability level, no matter what the activity, all can help. If someone sees something they are uncomfortable with, they should be free to express themselves, even members of the group with little or no experience. Everyone's opinions are valuable. Everyone helps make the trip safe.

Even well seasoned climbers can make mistakes and those of much lesser ability can point out possible problems. Nine times out of ten, there's no problem, but the one time there is a problem, it can save a life. Participatory safety can become more contagious than the flu. When individuals with more experience ask for the opinions of others, they invite other members of the group to become owners of the trip or activity. Most often, it starts with your program's leaders, trip initiators and experienced participants, and it quickly leads to others, and then they spread it to more. A culture of safety is something that becomes ingrained in you and your club. It truly makes programs safer like no set of rules on piece of paper can do. *Copied with permission of Ron Watters, Idaho*

"The Greatest Risk Of all Is To Risk Nothing"

StateUniversity, 2001. Adapted to the KMC

Sherpa Scales Everest in Record Time.

KATHMANDU, Nepal
Ace Sherpa guide Pemba Dorjee, 26, scaled Mount Everest in a record eight hours and 10 minutes Friday, beating the previous mark by more than 2.5 hours, Nepal's Mountaineering Department said. The climb from the 5,298-m. base camp to the 8,850-m. summit usually takes about four days. Sherpas were mostly yak herders and traders living high in the Himalayas until Nepal opened its borders to tourism in 1950. Their stamina and knowledge of the mountains make them expert guides and porters for foreign mountaineers. Since New Zealander Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay first conquered Everest on May 29, 1953, more than 1,400 climbers have scaled the mountain. About 180

people have died on its unpredictable slopes.

Associated Press in The Province, May 23, 2004

On Car Pooling

Car pooling is one of those topics that may not seem to belong on a hiking page, but I beg to differ. I believe one of the main reasons we all go hiking is to have a good time. Now, wouldn't you say "anything" that can take away from having a good time while either hiking, or traveling to and from the hike, is part of hiking. So, how does car pooling affect hiking? Well let me start with saying: A car pool "is a bad time" to find out . . .

- -how fast your buddie's old truck can go.
- -The person sitting next to you has a cold.
- -The driver only listens to acid rock.
- - That your buddie's car doesn't have air conditioning.
- - The driver has narcolepsy.
- - The guy next to you thinks Ban Roll On, is a deodorant boycott.
- - That someone in the car has more gas than the car does.
- - The driver thinks anything over 45 mph is exhibition of speed.
- - The driver thinks anything under 95 mph is boring.

Car pooling can be a great way to save money and have fun. Unless of course you've just hiked your favourite mountain in record time, and figure if you leave now you can be home by midnight sleeping in your own bed. Only the guy you drove up with is still about 5 hours behind you. You could toss all his stuff out on the ground and go home anyway, unless you drove up in his car of course. Let's face it you're stuck here until your partner gets down the mountain. Now don't you wish you would've at least thought about driving up with one of the faster hikers, several of whom are just as ready to go home as you are? Okay, this example isn't a problem for most people . . . or hardly anyone, for that matter. But my guess is you'll have your own reasons to think twice about whom you're sharing a ride with.

If you are going to car pool, at least make sure everyone knows at what time the car pool will be leaving and where to meet. Make it clear to everyone if you have a "be here or we leave without you time". And establish a time the car pool will be returning. It's a real bummer to find out someone in your car has to be back earlier than everyone else.

If you're expecting your passengers to chip in for gas, it's best to mention it, and collect it on the way up. If you wait for them to offer, you could be in for a long wait. If you're a passenger, don't make the driver ask you to chip in for gas. Do a little figuring on your own and give him the money up front. Something else to consider is that it would be nice to show your appreciation for the driver's effort by everyone chipping in and pick up a breakfast, lunch or dinner tab. Remember, the driver is just as tired as the rest of us, but unlike you and I, the driver can't fall asleep on the drive home. Not to mention the hidden cost of all the wear & tear the driver is putting on his car driving up a mountain road filled with people and gear. A little reward here can go a long way toward letting the driver know you appreciate his or her extra effort.

If you're going to caravan as well as car pool, plan on having gas in your car before you show up at the meeting place. A sure-fire way to ruffle the feathers of everyone else is to say, "Oh! By the way, I need to stop for gas." This goes along with another courtesy in caravanning: Don't meet at the appointed departure time and then say you need someone to follow you somewhere to drop off your car, pick something up, go shopping, etc. Make those arrangements ahead of time. Remember: Everyone has things to do and most everyone else got up early, stayed up late, or took time off work in order to get these things done. Don't make everyone else wait for you to do what he or she did hours or days ago.

You see a car pool can be, but isn't always a compatible, close knit, group of friends who get along great. Don't get me wrong! I'm totally into car pooling. We car pool on hikes as close as 10 minutes away and as far away as 10 hours. Only I put a little more consideration into car pooling now than I used to.

Car pooling and caravanning are certainly give and take, try not to take too much. *Another one from adventurehiking.com*

Executive Notes



Membership:

To date we have 242 memberships (367 members). There is some concern re the new B.C. privacy legislation with which we must follow. Next year's membership application form will have a box which can be ticked ✓ addressing a member's release of personal info – such as name, address, phone, email - to other members via the newsletter. Otherwise info is kept for administrative-executive purposes only.

Website:

-No major changes to the site.
-5000-visits/month (A lot of them surfing for Monica Meadows/Jumbo area, linked to us)
-“email update” is operating smoothly. There has been no spam at all on it.
- People are still learning how to use it, but once they do, it's very efficient.

ClimbingCamp:

- there are 10 people so far and the cutoff is 12. Some BCMC people are coming. Spokane Mountaineering Club was contacted but no response.

Social:

-Volunteer Appreciation's night went very well with 25 attending.

Winter trips:

This week at the Kokanee lodge is essentially a new “club” offering- the lodge can accommodate 12. A very long discussion took place regarding concerns that everyone in the club should be allowed to attend. The general consensus was that the Kokanee hut is a winter backcountry location characterized by possibly extreme conditions- thereby requiring experienced winter mountaineering experience and skills as well as rescue ability. Ski trips are the most hazardous that the club does and filling the positions without regard for these concerns would not be diligent on the part of the club. How does one assess these skills as well as who does it become the other main concern. Discussion on the waiver will be followed up at another executive meeting. The following evolved:

The week is to be advertised as a ski touring week by lottery. The Winter Trips Director will instigate and administer the process. All applicants will be asked on the application form if they wish to act as coordinator. The coordinator will be chosen [amongst those that said they would coordinate] by the Winter Trips Director, in consultation with the participants. All applicants should be capable (skills and equipment) for ski touring in avalanche terrain and be able to effectively manage a winter rescue. The Winter Trips Director will be responsible for determining suitability of applicants as per all KMC outings. The 2005 ski touring lottery will be held in the last week of September. An application form is in the

newsletter. Payment in full must accompany the form.

Hiking Camp:

The recce and pre-camp meetings have been done. The camp will be held at Doctor Creek, northeast of Rusty Ridge. The helicopter costs were high that the fee was raised to \$400. These increases may be due to fire fighting and increased insurance costs. Is there enough in the reserve to cover higher than expected costs, especially if there is another camp cancellation due to forest closures? The executive noted (confirmed by Hiking Camp Committee) that the camp will cover all its own costs and cannot use general funds. The financial statements of this year's camp as required by the Societies Act will also be prepared.

Huts and trails:

Parks has funds for repairing Silver Spray trail. There will be Lemon Creek and Toad Mtn. trail work parties. Blue Grouse trail also needs work.

Huts: Sandra has gotten things moving with this concern. The Okanagan Section of the ACC will help with most of the The agreement with forestry will be redone to reflect this. There will also be liability coverage. Bonnington Huts maintenance. Work parties are scheduled. There is a bit more usage than we had originally thought.

Conservation:

A Liberal decision on Jumbo should be had by Labor Day. An interesting note was that the parks personnel are apparently divided on the position of what parks are for: for the people's use vs for environmental conservancy.

West Kootenay Land Use Plan: The East Kootenay is going through it now because of numerous issues there. We here are still under the guise of the 1998 plan. But, and a big but, is that essentially these Land Use Plans are not working. There is “no teeth to them” and the government is actually preferring the easier “tenure licensing” route where the proponent foots the costs and jumps through the hoops. And, if no real opposition materializes, they get it. Maybe the next provincial election will change things.

New Business: Privacy act- Essentially we will use members info for administration. If people don't want their address or email listed in the newsletter, then next year's membership application will have a place where the member can note such request.

Old Business:- FMCBC and our relationship with them. We do not see any benefits of strengthening our ties but we will keep in contact

-Director Mountaineering School & future?

Summer Reading: Library News

Climbing mountains takes lots of effort – you have to get up early, drive abysmal logging roads, hike through dense BC bush for hours, climb snow slopes, and scramble up rock bluffs – why do all this when you can sit back and relax in your deck chair and read about someone else climbing mountains. The KMC library has a great selection of climbing stories, including some of the all time classics, such as Edward Whymper's “Scrambles Among the Alps,” Conrad Kain's “Where the Clouds Can Go,” and Heinrich Harrier's “White Spider.”



New in the library this month:

Technical Handbook for Professional Mountain Guides published by the

Association of Canadian Mountain Guides. This book has it all, navigation, ski touring skills, crevasse rescue techniques, rock climbing protection and anchor building.

The Avalanche Handbook by McClung and Shaerer. Extensive and complete coverage of avalanche phenomena.

2004 Canadian Alpine Journal, thanks to Doug Brown for donating his copy to the KMC library.

Bonnington Traverse map 1:25,000 produced by Selkirk College

The following books came to the KMC library courtesy of Helen Butling's daughter:

Men for the Mountains by Sid Marty.

The Ascent of Rum Doodle by W.E. Bowman

Trail to the Interior by R. M. Patterson

The Spirit of the Hills by F.S. Smythe

Mountaineering Holiday by F.S. Smythe

Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of

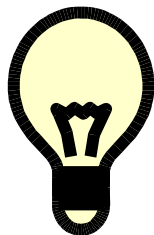
British Columbia by R. Kruszyna and W. Putnam.

A full listing of the KMC library holdings is available at:

<http://www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca/library.html>. Contact Sandra if you would like to take any books out (352-****)

“The Cornerstone of Sustainability is Delivering Programs That Are Effective in Changing People’s Behavior”.

Douglas McKenzie-Mohr.



Our Inaction Today Guarantees an Ecological Disaster Tomorrow

This is from an interview of Paul Watson (co-founder of Greenpeace) by John F. Shumaker in “The Canadian Center for Policy Alternatives Monitor”, Dec 2003-Jan 2004 edition.

J.S.: We hear a lot today about *the collapse of compassion in consumer society. Is that hampering the environmental movement?*

Watson: Yes, compassion is declining. Add to this the Internet-the latest media narcotic-and you find a wholesale retreat, especially among young people, into the matrix-like world of cyberspace. This is creating the perception of the natural world as an alien place and removing humanity even further from Nature than before.

J.S.: You once commented that the “average Joe” lives in a world of *illusion and fantasy, and prefers it that way.*

Watson: The great majority of people live in a reality defined by the mass media. Modern media define morality, political and spiritual views, as well as our heroes and our ideals. The industry of illusion is one of the most lucrative on Earth and it is certainly the industry that has the most profound impact on our daily lives. Media entertain us and in return we sign our soul over to the media moguls and worship at their altar of commerce.

J.S.: You said recently that we are losing the battle. *Why?*

Watson: We are losing the battle because we live in a culture that nurtures us on materialism and promotes greed as a virtue. We are also taught to deny the consequence of greed. I do see a solution, but my solutions are unacceptable.

J.S.: Isn't it a colossal irony that our *species is, as you put it, so ecologically stupid?*

Watson: It is very much a cultural problem. Our story is self-centered. We equate intelligence with technology.

J.S.: Since the “average Joe” votes out of self-interest, isn't *democracy a curse from an environmental standpoint?*

Watson: Democracy may or may not be a good idea. It really has never been tried. The real problem is that people can be controlled. The citizenry is a crop to be cultivated and harvested for the money required to support the politicians and the bureaucracy. All the citizen sheep require is a shepherd to provide bread and circuses and to whisper electronic promises of security into their ears at night. And that is so easy to do in a media culture with television and sophisticated technologies to supply a diverse smorgasbord of entertainment.

“It’s not that we like T.V more than our parents. It’s just that it’s spent so much more time raising us”.

Bart Simpson.

[The Simpsons](#)

“THE OIL AGE?”

[Environmental Trends](#), a recent report from the BC government, notes that our culture is founded on water, and yet the modern world is run on oil. To a great extent our language is about water and people in relation to water. Oil has eroded our ability to think intelligently about community and the possibility of cooperation”. **Sustainability** is an opportunity to clear the oil. *From [The Outdoor Edge](#), Vol. 14, May/June 2004*

“Salud, Amor, Dinero, Y Tiempo Para Gosarles”

Modern life has created a culture of racing on a never-ending treadmill in an effort to get ahead. The expression reminding us that “time is money” differs notably from the common Latin American toast, “*salud, amor, dinero, y tiempo para*

gosarles’ (health, love, money, and time to enjoy them). We have much to learn from Latin Americans, who enjoy a leisurely siesta every afternoon, frequent evening strolls, and restaurants that encourage lingering -it is actually considered rude for waiter-staff to bring the bill before the customer asks for it.

So maybe we’re the ones who don’t get it. Caught up in the rat race, we forget what is really important in life: time spent with family and friends; a strong community; and health, love and happiness. If you travel to Latin America, keep an open mind about time. Embrace this cultural difference -you

“Stress is not a diagnosis,
it’s a symptom.”
Maritime Life Insurance

may be happier for it! *Elizabeth Curran in [The Student Traveller](#), spring 2004, Vol 27, No 1*

KMC e-mail update system

Its potential is as yet undeveloped but many of us--- newcomers to the computer age--- are still trying to get the hang of it. All KMC members who have registered their e-mail address with the KMC will receive the e-mail updates automatically. So remember, if you are registered, send the message you want KMC members to see at the email update address:

members@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

Members who have not registered their e-mail address with the KMC and who wish to receive the immediate updates please apply online at **members-owner@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca**

Items that can be addressed in the e-mails include:

-Upcoming trips and changes to the trip schedule.

-Requests for information/contacts.

-Schedules for club meetings and slide shows.

-Upcoming events, topics as well as other notifications relevant to the KMC.

-Access notifications

- Environmental concerns.

We hope that our efforts to keep you informed help you enjoy the benefits of being a KMC Member!! See you in the mountains!

THE GRAND TRAVERSE

The challenge is still as significant as ever since the first rugged adventurers mapped the Bugaboos to Rogers Pass route”.

By Mark Mallet

T

“It’s like sticking your head inside a ping-pong ball,” says Graeme, staring at the blank walls of snow and cloud surrounding us. Phantom shapes appear and disappear as the four of us strain to make something out of the white nothingness.

At 2,600 metres on the Conrad Icefield, we’re deep in the heart of the Purcell Mountains of B.C., on the first day of a 130-km alpine ski traverse from the Bugaboos to Rogers Pass. And we’ve already been reduced to feeling our way Braille-like across the snow. Chris teeters with vertigo. “I feel like I’m drunk.”

This classic ski traverse has been in the back of my mind for six years, ever since I coerced three friends from Jasper into giving it a try in 1996. The plan was to finish our season of ski patrolling at Marmot Basin, then pack our skis into a truck and head for the Interior in early May. But just before the trip, I got offered a job on Vancouver Island and had to bail, so they went ahead without me. I didn’t hear a thing about how it had gone until a postcard showed up in the mail at the beginning of June. The picture was of three soldiers standing beside one of the cannons used for avalanche control at Rogers Pass. On the other side, in meticulously cut-and-pasted letters from a newspaper, someone had spelled out, “DaMn yOU to hEll marK MALlet.” Apparently, the trip hadn’t gone exactly according to plan. I taped the postcard to my fridge and laughed out loud every time I read it. I don’t think I was cultivating good Karma.

The Bugaboos to Rogers Pass Traverse is the most popular of Western Canada’s “Grand Traverses.” It

was first skied in 1958 by a group of four Americans (Bill Briggs, Barry Corbet, Sterling Neale and Robert French), but wasn’t attempted a second time until 1973. As of 1994, Chic Scott, author of the guidebook *Summits and Icefields*, estimated that it had been completed about 20 times. Nowadays, as many as half-a-dozen groups can complete the trip on a good year, a testament to the fact that it has become a major proving ground for aspiring ski guides.

“The Grand Traverses are something very distinctly Canadian,” says Scott. “In Europe you have big traverses, but they’re nowhere near as big. You’re always in huts and every valley has a hotel and a road in it. And the U.S. has some big traverses, but they’re much tamer.” He chuckles, knowing his American friends will take offence. “Our mountains are cold and rugged, with glaciers and crevasses and all sorts of avalanche danger. They’re full on.”

On our first night we stay in the Malloy Igloo, a rudimentary fibreglass shelter perched on the moraine at the base of Osprey Peak. We sit on cold wooden benches and huddle in our down jackets to keep out the chill. Outside, the wind howls off the glacier and swirls around the door. Condensation drips from the ceiling and forms an ice mound on the plywood floor. Graeme rubs his hands together. “I feel like there should be a hole in the ground and we should be ice fishing.” We play rock-paper-scissors to see who gets to sleep on one of the three benches and who has to take the floor. Graeme loses and spends the night fending off spindrift that floats down from a small hole in the roof.

So what’s the attraction of these cold, inhospitable mountains and their Grand Traverses? Why not just fly into a nice warm cabin and spend a week there, skiing all day and relaxing around the wood stove at night? Or why not just go to the local ski hill and let the chairlift do all the work?

In 1960, Hans Gmoser, founder of Canadian Mountain Holidays (CMH) and the godfather of heli-skiing, wrote this oft-quoted passage after attempting to traverse the Great Divide between Lake Louise and Jasper: *“To be bound to one slope, even to one mountain, by a lift may be convenient but it robs us of the greatest pleasure that skiing can give, that is, to travel through the wide, wintry country; to follow the lure of the peaks which tempt on the horizon and to be alone... in clear, mysterious surroundings.”**

More than 40 years later, in the age of mega-cities and cell phones, the need for space and mystery is perhaps even more urgent. I sometimes buy topographical maps and spread them out on the kitchen table, tracing my finger across vast expanses of blue glacier and along steep ridges. I imagine what it would be like to stand out there on a clear day, staring back at the huge terrain I’d just come through and at the wide open icefields ahead of me. To know that it took all my resources just to get there.

Strangely, those sunny days are the only ones I remember.

The next day is the same as the one before: poor visibility and driving wind. That night we set up our tent at the head of Crystalline Creek.

The tent is a single wall Bibler Bombshelter, and Chris is the only one who’s actually seen it. The four of us stare at it. Finally, Graeme speaks. “This would make a great two-person tent.” But it weighs a mere four kilos, substantially less than our alternative of two two-person tents. And none of us was really expecting the Taj Mahal; it’s just difficult to get used to the cramped quarters after the luxury of the Malloy Igloo. That night we sleep head-to-toe, toe-to-head, and try not to kick each other in the face.

The tent decision was one of those standard weight/comfort trade-offs: less weight in the pack, less comfort in camp. I’ve always assumed that technology is making this ratio better all the time. But Chic Scott is actually quite positive about the gear he used in the ’60s and ’70s. “Our equipment wasn’t that bad. It was a lot lighter, and our packs were lighter. My pack seems to get heavier and heavier every year, because we get all this stuff: satellite phones, GPS, avalanche beacons, extra this and extra that.” But he’s happy to do without all the wool he used to wear. “I was so itchy all the time.”

Our group had a few differences of opinion over what was really necessary. Nelson, Chris and Graeme all decided to bring insulated camp booties. I left those at home (and made a few disparaging remarks about their manhood) in favour of a cosy fleece. By night two, although I’m toasty-warm in my fleece, I secretly envy their dry, pampered feet.

In the end, the weight of my pack is bearable. But there are always nagging questions: Do I have enough to keep me dry in a downpour? Warm in -20? Cool on a sun-baked glacier? Maybe.

Hans Gmoser’s attempt to traverse the Great Divide, although ultimately unsuccessful, inspired a generation of ski traverse pioneers.

One of those young skiers was Chic Scott. Between 1967 and 1976, he and his friends completed the first Great Divide Traverse, made the second traverse from the Bugaboos to Rogers Pass, and explored another new route running 200 km through the Northern Selkirks.

Once they got going, they were hooked. “It was partly that [the mountains] were so accessible,” says Scott. “The nice thing about these trips is that they cost nothing. You can have a major adventure right here in your own country without spending a lot of money.”

By 1982, four more Grand Traverses had been established by various parties in the Purcells, the Valhallas and the Columbia Mountains. Some of them have rarely been repeated, while others see attempts every year.

But the seven Grand Traverses described in Chic Scott's guidebook are by no means an exhaustive list. The Coast Range is littered with massive icefields that easily merit the title of Grand, from the Pemberton and Lillooet Icefields in the south, to the Juneau Icefield in the north. Overall, there are enough glaciers in Western Canada to spend a lifetime exploring them. And at least one person has done just that.

John Baldwin, author of the guidebook *Exploring the Coast Range on Skis*, first tried backcountry skiing when he was in high school, back in 1972. Within two years, he and his friends had done a ski ascent of Mt. Baker, at 3,385 metres the highest peak within striking distance of Vancouver. But it wasn't until 1980 that he really put himself on the map. That year he did the first traverse of the Lillooet Icefield, a three-week epic that covers seemingly endless expanses of snow and ice. "At that time," he says, "no one had been anywhere [skiing] on these big glaciers—we hardly knew what to bring. It was kinda whacked."

Each year after that, he ventured out onto a new icefield—the Monarch, Misty, Homathko and Waddington—all of them untraversed, all of them dying to be explored. Until in 1992, almost by accident, he had patched together a continuous route from Vancouver to Bella Coola, nearly halfway to the Yukon. And there's still so much to do in the Coast Range, he hardly ever has time to go anywhere else.

Near the end of the third day of our traverse, we stand beside Snowman Lake, once again in a whiteout.

We squint into the falling snow, hoping to catch a glimpse of the pass leading to the Valley of the Lakes and our planned campsite. Three days without decent visibility is starting to wear on us. We've already had to bypass a tricky, avalanche-prone section through Climax Col, taking the valley route around it instead. Conditions just weren't good enough.

We pull out the map, compass, altimeter and GPS, and follow a bearing towards the invisible pass. I push ahead of the others, trying to pick out a route up the blank white slope. It's late in the day, I'm hungry and tired, and not at all comfortable with the conditions. At the top of the pass, the wind is howling and a massive cornice hangs over the slope we need to ski down. I take off my skis and trudge up and down the ridge, searching for a way through. Finally, I settle on the lesser of the many evils: a narrow section with only a one-metre drop onto the slope below. I whack away at the cornice with my ski pole, then push off.

"Slide! Slide!" It takes me a moment to realize they're yelling about me; that I've been caught in an avalanche. Then I feel the snow around me moving, and I swing my arms wildly, trying to grasp at anything above me on the slope that might keep me from getting swept away. I have a brief moment of lucidity, realizing that this is what they mean by "swimming" in an avalanche. And then it all comes to a stop.

I am less than 10 metres down the avalanche path. I was lucky; I triggered the slide from the top, the slope is relatively mellow, and I managed to stay above the main bulk of the debris. Even my ski poles faired well and are only partially buried. I look back up to where I came from, to the cornice I jumped off. Nelson stands on top of it, staring down at me. "He's okay!" he yells back to the others. I grin stupidly and shake my head in disgust. No matter how I try to rationalize the decision I made, in the end I was just lucky.

The simple fact is, the mountains of the Grand Traverses are as hazardous as they are beautiful. On the Valhalla Traverse, for instance, the terrain is a series of avalanche paths and dangerous terrain traps—hollows where a slide will push you in and quickly cover you. And sometimes these traverses just aren't meant to be crossed. Sometimes the hardest part is knowing what **not** to do; knowing when to hunker down in your tent and hope for better weather to come.

We do just that on day four. We play cards and read books and ration food. Chris teaches us a horrible game called "fart tennis," and every hour or so one of us peers out of the tent and says something like, "It looks like it's clearing." But it isn't.

In the evening, we use our satellite phone to call the Canadian Avalanche Association for a weather forecast. Evan Manners tells us to expect a "significant moisture event," lasting at least three more days. Our spirits take a nosedive. That distant blue sky we saw during the day was not the

weather breaking up; it was the storm toying with us, raising our hopes before slamming us back to the ground.

On day five we wake up to 25 cm of fresh, dense snow, with more falling fast. We can hear avalanches tearing down the steep valley walls all around us. We inventory our food and take a look at the maps. At least two more days of travel through avalanche country lie between us and our food cache at International Basin. And we have four more days of food with us. With a three-day storm, plus at least one day for the snow to settle, we have no hope of reaching our cache before we run out of food.

But none of us wants to admit it. None of us wants to say it out loud. We go outside and make breakfast wordlessly in our snow kitchen, our hoods up against the wind. Despite the silence, I know our thoughts are the same: we can't go forward today; we either stay where we are and hope that the forecast is wrong, or we pack up the tent and quit.

Finally, words start to emerge. Words like "It's not looking good" and "Sure is a lot of snow." And somehow a decision gets made. We stuff our sleeping bags, load up our packs and head towards Vowell Creek, one of our pre-planned escape routes.

At 1,800 metres, the snow in the air turns to rain and the snow under our skis turns to cement. The forest thickens and we are all covered with wet bark smearings and pine needles that cling like burrs. After eight hours of hellish slogging, we reach the CMH Bobbie Burns lodge. Beyond it lies 55 km of unplowed logging road back to the highway—at least two more nights of being wet and miserable and depressed about the fate of our trip.

We approach the lodge, hoping they might take pity on us and give us a cup of coffee before we have to face the gruelling trip out. About a minute after we arrive, two European guides come out. One of them asks us if we want a helicopter ride to the highway. Not wanting to appear desperate, I say that really we're just looking for a weather forecast. He looks at me like I'm crazy. "The forecast is shit."

"Oh," I say. I can already hear the helicopter approaching. "Is that the helicopter now?" Five minutes later we're flying over the logging road, giddy with laughter the way only people who've narrowly avoided extreme misery can be. It turns out we're on the last flight out for an entire week.

I have to admit I feel a little like we cheated. Like our helicopter escape affronted all those rugged men that I so admired in the old black-and-white photographs.

In the old days, there wouldn't have been a helicopter. There wouldn't have been a satellite phone or a CMH lodge just around the corner. In many cases, groups didn't even have maps. In 1958, the pioneers of the Bugaboos to Rogers Pass Traverse had to spend days studying aerial photos of the terrain, memorizing much of it and jotting down sketch maps of the rest. At the end of the trip, when they finally reached Rogers Pass, there wasn't even a road for them to drive away on. That wouldn't arrive until 1962. Instead, they had to hitch a ride to Golden in a boxcar with the doors wide open all the way. I think about all that as I stand in the parking lot beside Nelson's truck, wearing clean, dry clothes and eating ju-jubes. And I know that even those hard men were subject to the whims of the weather.

Over time, I'll forget about the wind and the snow and the rain. I always do. All I'll remember are the beautiful views that we didn't see, and how they're still there. On a sunny day. Just waiting.

Reprinted with permission of Mark Mallet and [Ski Canada Magazine](#). This article appeared (with some great pictures) in the Dec. 2002. Vol 31. No 3 issue of [Ski Canada Magazine](#). Thank you Iain MacMillan, Editor of [Ski Canada](#) and [Outdoor Guide](#) magazines. Visit their website at www.skicanadamag.com

Hiking Through History:

Plaid Lake By A. Terry Turner

The trail to Plaid Lake and Mount Crawford is one of the most popular day hikes on the east shore of Kootenay Lake. The lake is located 8.5 kilometers due east of Riondel at an elevation of 1830 meters. Access is via the Crawford Creek forestry road and Spring Creek four-wheel drive road to the trailhead, a driving distance of approximately 15 kilometers from Crawford Bay. The trail is well defined to the south end of the lake.

The 1893 Perry's Mining Map of the West Kootenay shows that it was originally called Alexander Lake and was drained by Alexander Creek (now Tam O'Shanter Creek). The name Alexander may have been derived from George Alexander, who was manager of the Alberta and B.C. Exploration Co., which was involved in land reclamation in the Creston Valley. A well known Kootenay historian, the late Ted Affleck, suggested to me that the lake may have been named after George Alexander's brother Lorenzo, who was active in the Ainsworth area about 1891.

The name Tam O'Shanter replaced Alexander on maps a few years later, probably as a result of an incorrectly plotted Crown Granted lead-silver claim that was acquired by the Montreal and Kootenay Mining Company in 1893. This claim was actually located at the mouth of Indian Creek, a few kilometers south of Tam O'Shanter Creek.

According to the Geographical Names Unit at the Ministry of Environment, Lands and Parks in Victoria, Plaid Lake was so named in 1927 by S.S. Fowler, Manager of the Bluebell mine at Riondel. The name was probably selected as a play-on-words in association with Tam O'Shanter Creek.

Unknown to many hikers is the historical significance of Plaid Lake and its connection with the Bluebell mine. During the early mine

development by the Canadian Metal Company (1905-1924), water was removed from Tam O'Shanter Creek through a 4-km. wood stave pipeline to provide about 475 horsepower to operate the company's lead-silver concentrator at Bluebell Bay on Kootenay Lake. During the dry autumn and winter months, the mine was forced to close down due to a lack of hydropower. S.S. Fowler and B.L. Eastman purchased the mine in 1926 and recognized the importance of Plaid Lake as a water storage area. A trail was built up Preacher Creek, a tributary of Crawford Creek, to transport men and supplies to construct a dam and cabin at the north end of Plaid Lake. Two men spent the winter at the cabin regulating the water flow down Tam O'Shanter Creek to the pipeline intake, approximately 6 kms. downstream, in order to keep the mine operating. The method of communication to the men at the dam to open the 'floodgate' was by the detonation of dynamite in the canyon near the pipeline intake. According to a former company employee, the late Ted Swendson, the dam was partially dismantled and the cabin door was removed in 1929 when the mine closed down.

In 1972, a project sponsored by "Opportunities for Youth" cut a trail from the north end of Plaid Lake, west over Bluebell Mountain to connect with the 4km. wood stave waterline trail between Riondel and Tam O'Shanter Creek. Fifteen students completed this trail in six weeks under the direction of former Crawford Bay School principal Bill McLay.

Today, the cabin has almost completely disappeared, but the rock dam and hand-built rock channel way is a reminder of the historical significance of Plaid Lake. To my knowledge, there was only one photograph taken of the workers standing on the dam after it was completed which was published in *Bluebell Memories* in 1997. Now large trees grow on top of the dam! Still unexplained are the remains of a small structure and linear mound, possibly a gravesite, which is located in a meadow near the south end of Plaid Lake.

West Nile Virus in B.C?

In the past mosquito bites were nothing more than a nuisance, an itchy, annoying nuisance. In other parts of the world, however, mosquito bites can carry all kinds of nasty diseases - malaria, yellow fever, dengue fever, encephalitis, and elephantiasis. Now, however, mosquito bites in North America also carry the possibility of infection by West Nile Virus. It first appeared in 1999 in New York City and has since spread with amazing speed throughout the continent.

It has not been found yet in B.C. (it is in Alberta), but many scientists and health officials believe WNV is likely to show up here this summer. Scientists monitor the rate of infection of dead birds to determine the spread of the disease. When the numbers of infected birds are high in a region, the risk of getting bitten by a mosquito infected with WNV are greater. Animals can become infected with virus but cannot directly infect humans. Human-to-human transmission can occur by blood-to-blood contact such as transfusions and organ donations and during pregnancy from mother to child.

So, how worried should you be? If you look at the situation from a statistical point of view, your chances of getting really sick or dying from West Nile virus are very, very low. In places where WNV has been found, evidence suggests that only one in 100 mosquitoes actually carry the virus. If you happen to be unlucky enough to be bitten by that mosquito and infected with West Nile virus, the odds are still in your favor. About 80 percent of people who have been infected show no symptoms at all. About 19 percent might develop some flu-like symptoms (headache, fever, body

aches, weakness) that can last for a week or two as your body develops antibodies to fight the virus. Signs of the illness will appear 3 to 15 days after being bitten by an infected mosquito. Mild illness is marked by fever; headache, body aches, and, occasionally, skin rash and swollen glands. There are no known long-term effects due to mild illness. Only a very few people -less than one percent of those infected- might develop severe symptoms as severe headache, high fever, muscle weakness and convulsions that indicate meningitis (inflammation of the brain lining) or encephalitis (inflammation of the brain).

For example, last year, 1,388 cases of WNV were recorded in seven Canadian provinces. Fourteen people died. Now, put statistics aside. Do you want to be that unfortunate one person in 100 who gets really sick or dies? Isn't it worth the effort to take some precautions to avoid even this tiny chance? I think so. Here are three simple ways to keep the mozzies at bay when you're out at play.

- Wear baggy, long-sleeved shirts and pants.
- Wear light-colored clothing.
- Use mosquito repellents with DEET: 30 percent for adults, 10 percent for children. (Don't use on infants.)

For more information on West Nile Virus, go to the B.C. Center for Disease Control website at www.bccdc.org as it has a comprehensive page on West Nile virus.

Adapted from an article by Dawn Hanna in The Province, July 8, 2004. pA34. Ms. Hanna is the author of Best Hikes and Walks of Southwestern B. C and Easy Hikes and Walks of Southwestern B. C. We should note that DEET is not a choice of many people but the natural repellants apparently do not work.

BUGS, DEET AND SAFETY

by Alex Wallace, FMCBC Trails Committee.

Reprinted from the FMCBC website

DEET is an effective insect repelling chemical that will destroy many useful plastic items: including tents, packs, ropes, sunglasses, cameras, jackets, car interiors, seat belts, watches - you get the picture. This can be demonstrated by rubbing some DEET on your hands and grasping a piece of flagging tape; which will rapidly turn into colourful sticky goo. When DEET was first developed the property that interested scientists was its unequalled ability to be quickly absorbed through human skin. It was tested for use as an alternative method of delivering medication by bonding pharmaceuticals to the DEET molecule. At some point in the testing it was discovered that it repelled mosquitoes and this is how it has come to be mass marketed. The fact that it is so rapidly absorbed through the skin explains why you can taste it in your mouth 15 minutes after rubbing it on your arms and why it has to be re-applied regularly. Consumers Reports noted in 1996 that it has been linked to the deaths of 6 children in the U.S. but found no conclusive evidence to that date that there have been any adult deaths or serious illnesses attributed to DEET, despite its common use. It is also known that it is most effective at concentrations of 30%, a fact ignored by some manufacturers.

I stopped using DEET when I experienced temporary tendinitis in the backs of my hands while using it. I now use a commercially available citronella product (Natrappel), which is reasonably effective, and my 10 year old has been quite happy using it. It does not appear to have any destructive characteristics. Because it is derived from a plant it is possible that some people could develop an allergy to citronella, however this has not been reported to be a problem at this point. Two other methods for bug defence are mesh outfits that keep bugs out, and mesh jackets impregnated with DEET that don't touch the skin. Most hikers can't see hiking dressed like beekeepers, but this is an alternative, particularly for kids and in some buggy locations. Puffing DEET on a mesh jacket, or

even a cotton bandana is a compromise that some people prefer. This is also a method of keeping ticks away, by treating the area of your clothes at your ankles, (providing that your socks, boots and pants are not of a DEET-soluble material, such as nylon.

In summary, DEET is highly effective as an insect repellent but can destroy hundreds of dollars worth of gear quite rapidly as well as representing a potential health hazard if used directly on the skin. It can be carried for emergency use, for example, as part of a first-aid package. Citronella products are effective enough for most purposes. DEET is quite effective as part of a defence against ticks, which, although less obvious than mosquitoes or blackfly, can carry Lyme Disease, a bacterial infection that can have devastating health effects if not treated. (*Deet also is highly effective in repelling mosquitoes, which may carry the West Nile Virus*)

UTM Coordinates.

The Mountain Database is a handy reference on our website and appears in the newsletter yearly. However if anyone prefers to have locations in UTM coordinates, there is such a list on Norman Thyer's website. You are welcome to use it. The advantage of it is that the locations are accurate to the nearest 100 metres rather than 1800 metres, and distances and directions between summits are easier to calculate. It is located at:

<http://mypage.uniserve.com/~nthyer/od/kootmts.htm>

The explanation of the UTM system that was published in the "Karabiner" is at

<http://mypage.uniserve.com/~nthyer/od/utm.htm>

There are also several tables of the directions and distances of prominent summits from popular viewpoints at <http://mypage.uniserve.com/~nthyer/dir/dist.htm>

(*Thank you Norman. These will appear in upcoming newsletters*)

The KMC 2004 Executive:

Chair	Steven Miros	365-****
Vice	Paul Allen	362-****
Treasurer	Elaine Martin	367-****
Secretary	Ross Bates	304-****
Conservation	Kim Kratky	352-****
Summer Trips	Don Harasym	354-****
Cabins & Trails	Ted Ibrahim	505-****
Winter Trips	Dave Mitchell	354-****
Hiking Camps	Ron Cameron	364-****
Climbing Camp	Doug Brown	352-****
Newsletter	Eliane Miros	365-****
Social	Jan Micklethwaite	362-****
	& Jill Watson	362-****
Website	Doug Brown	352-****
Mtn. School	vacant	

endeavors.

Contacts:

|| **Membership Annual Dues** ||

membership@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

||

|| **Email trips/ messages update** || Contact members-owner@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

|| **KMC President** || president@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

|| **KMC address (For business correspondence)** || Box 3195 Castlegar BC V1N 3H5

|| **KMC website** || www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

|| **Newsletter submissions** || newsletter@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

|| **Newsletter Editorial Policy** || We encourage all submissions of writings, cartoons, drawings, book & website reviews and trip reports. Suitability for publication is at editors' discretion. Articles

and advertisements may be edited for clarity and length. Advertising must be thought to be of interest to members in regard to the outdoors, especially locally. Discretion will be used for commercial

KMC Trip Reports

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.

Ed.note: Trying to incorporate pictures into our newsletter has a disheartening result! The photocopying process (much cheaper than printing) removes so much of the photographic details. If anyone out there has ideas on how a better result could be had without going to an expensive printer's shop, please let me know...

Slocan Lake Trail to Evans Creek, April 25

It was a beautiful spring day for a walk to Evans Creek. Twenty-two people participated. Besides admiring the stunning views, the delicate spring wildflowers, and the torrent of water cascading along Evans Creek, the group had time to bask in the sunshine. We started hiking about 10am and returned to the vehicles by 4pm. Coordinator Carol Potasnyk.

Skattebo Reach, May 2

After rendezvousing at the Glade store and then parking three vehicles across the Kootenay River near the trail in Glade, the group of thirteen drove to the trailhead located near the Castlegar golf course departing about 10am. We started by climbing Dove Hill and then proceeded down slope past the new Columbia Power Corp. substation and Brilliant Dam to connect with the Skattebo Reach trail. We stopped at McPhee Creek for lunch, which was quite pleasant until someone noticed that we were sitting in a tick's neighbourhood. After hastily finishing lunch we continued on arriving at the end of the trail at 2pm. Participants: Peter Bartl, David Beringer, Tim Dueck, David Grant, Terry Hall, Brenda Johnson, Bonnie and Ray Neumar, Marlies Roeder, Pat and Al Sheppard, Mary Woodward, and Don Harasym, coordinator.

Fry Creek Canyon, May 12

An early start for this spring hike. We were eight but half the group had to return early. Four of us trudged on hoping to see goats on the big rockslide. No goats today! Lunch on the gravel bar past the slide. Someone (who? me!!) suggested we explore further to the junction of Carney Creek, at least 2 hours more. We made it to the picnic table, yes there really is a picnic table up there in the middle of nowhere. There we could see the grassy road heading up to Kootenay Joe Ridge. Four and a half hours in and three and a half hours out. A long rewarding day. We saw lots of wild game on the drive home. Mary Woodward.

Cottonwood Lake Loop, May 14

One brave soul met me at 9am at Svoboda Road. We took a little detour to Cottonwood Lake and then back to railway bed and on to Busk cross-country trails. The beavers have been very busy and have built a very fine dam across the trail. We were able to find a higher trail around the flood and kept on to the highway. Lunch was had with a view above the high school. Thanks for coming over from Castlegar Pat (West). Mary Woodward.

Sangrida Peak, 2472 m. 8110'

Maps Passmore 82F/12 & Burrell Creek 82E/9

On Saturday, **May 15th**, our party of four made a ski attempt on this remote Valkyr Range summit on the height of land between Arrow Lakes and the Slocan Valley. Road access was as follows: travel Koch Creek road for 9.2km; turn left onto Grizzly road and re-set odometer; at km. 4.8, go right onto Greasybill road; at km. 9.3, bear right onto west side Greasybill; cross Greasybill Creek; and immediately follow signed GB 200 up and right. This last spur is 4WD high-clearance; the rest is 2WD. We were able to drive the spur 1.5 km. to 4,940' before reaching snow (GR 305-955), but the road goes northwest another km. or so up an unnamed drainage. Starting at 9:20, we skinned up the road to its end and continued northwest through gladed timber beside the unnamed creek. We continued north to a col at 283-970 (GPSed at 7200') and then traversed part of the basin at the headwaters of North Greasybill Creek with the goal of reaching the south base of Sangrida. However, snow conditions in this basin were hazardous with lots of sloughing on maybe 20 cm. of heavy, new snow; as well, we reached a point where we would have to descend further to avoid cliff bands. So, after 3 hrs. 40 min., we beat a discrete retreat. Retracing our tracks, we endured a glue-like, but safe, descent from the 7200' col. Farther down in the trees, the skiing was actually quite acceptable. We reached the truck at 3:05 to complete a 5 hr. 45 min. day, which my colleagues graded a "D" for ski conditions. Our estimate was 1 ¾ to 2 hours to the summit from our turn-back point; that means at least a 9-hour day. We look forward to a second attempt this spring. On the trip: Pete Holton, Shannon Naylor, Howie Ridge, Kim Kratky, coordinator

Ymir Mountain, 2398m., May 16

On a sunny morning, a group of ten departed from the lodge at 9:18am proceeding on snow up the Bonanza/Motherload ski runs to reach the ridge above. The snow was quite firm most of the way with only a few surprise soft spots located over buried trees. We reached the summit at noon and after a leisurely hour for lunch, headed down. Five of the group, led by John Bargh, slid down one of the Ymir Mtn. chutes into the bowl. The remainder proceeded a little further west to the saddle and then into the bowl. Some had great fun sliding while others wasted little time with big steps down the slope. The descent to the lodge was a quick, one hour, arrival time being 2pm for all but Ted who arrived about 20 minutes later.

Participants: John Bargh, Ted Ibrahim, Murray Lashman (a visitor from the Coast*), Andrew Martin, Carol Potasnyk, Nancy Selwood, Andrew Wight (a visitor from Scotland), Mary Woodward, Leah Zoobkoff, and Don Harasym, coordinator.

(* *Murray has since become one of our Associate members.*)

Mt. Davie, 2392 m. 7848' May 19

This was supposed to be a club trip on skis to Mt. Skelly. However, the coordinator learned there was precious little snow and that there was active hauling on the access road. So, he changed the destination to nearby Mt. Davie (as there was no one else on the trip, the decision was easy). Davie, clearly visible from many Nelson Range peaks and the Kootenay Lake ferry, is 5 km. east of Kootenay Lake's main arm and south of Gray Creek. Road access is dead easy: turn east onto the signed Akokli Creek Road 35.2 km. south of the Kootenay Bay ferry stage (just south of Destiny Bay) and re-set your odometer. At km. 2, turn left onto an unnamed spur; at km. 3, keep right; now follow this road right to its end at km. 15.1 at ca. 5500' high above Akokli Creek and due south of Mt. Davie. It's 4WD HC only because of water bars in the lower section. For the ascent, I was able to step out of the truck onto snow and (on foot, not skis) follow a creek bed north to semi-open slopes that led to an alpine ridge SE of the summit. Then it was an easy plod to the cairned high point on the east end of the summit ridge. I lingered only 15 min. as very black thunderclouds approached from the south. This is a very easy hike, most suitable for spring and fall; the summit offers good views of Kootenay Lake, and the peaks of Akokli, Haystack, Sherman, and Snowcrest. Times: 1 hr. 30 min. to summit; 45 min. return; 1 hr. 30 min. drive from ferry to car park. Many thanks to Sean, the Wynndal Box forester, for field data.

Kim Kratky

Old Glory, 2376m., May 23

We made it at last. Previous attempts on Old Glory at the May long weekend from 2000 on were unsuccessful, usually because the snow became too soft so that we only made it to Unnecessary Ridge. This year we started earlier, meeting at the trailhead at 8 am and went the shorter trail that was almost clear of snow until after we crossed the two bridges. After getting over Unnecessary Ridge, 12 of us went up the direct route top the summit, keeping left at the start to get a snow route all the way; this last part was about 10 cm of new snow covering a small amount of old snow. The other 7 went on the trail (approximately). The leading group arrived at the summit at 11:35 am. Initially, the sun was shining at the top, but it then clouded over, and there was some light snow and wind. The hut was appreciated. We started back down at 12:45 pm, all going down the trail and then followed our route up, getting back to the vehicles at 3:30 pm.

We were Eric and Tulani Ackerman, Ed Beynon, Maurice De St. Jorre, Frank Fodor, Dave Grant, Cerrano and Ramuis Grigg-Sinclair (both only 8 years old), Don Harasym, Vicki Hart, Maureen Kowalchuk, Chris Lalonde, Andrew Martin, Jan Micklethwaite, Alex Walker, Jill Watson, Andy Wight, Leah Zoobkoff, and coordinator, Ted Ibrahim.

Northport Mine Loop, May 28

Under threatening skies that even discouraged the intrepid Miros clan, we crossed the border, drove towards Northport and turned off on the Sheep Creek Road, parking by the race track. The first half hour was a grunt as we climbed some steep hills to turn left on the mine road (unmarked, but covered with crushed gray rock). From there we rode steadily uphill on a more manageable grade, finally getting to the ridge about an hour later, where we enjoyed views up and down the Columbia. Then we continued up

along the ridge for about another hour, finally arriving at an abandoned mine site. An old road, now mostly singletrack, descends following a set of long switchbacks with some loose rock and the usual hazards left by the herd of cattle that graze up here. The views through this long meadow are spectacular and we stopped for lunch on a little knoll where we could relax and listen to the meadow larks. The skies were clouding up again, so we didn't relax for long and finished the descent to the paved road that follows the north side of the Columbia. The ride back to the cars was quick and easy thanks to a downhill grade and we arrived just before a huge downpour. From there we drove in two directions to see if we could find Pat who had experienced a chain problem early in the ride and was somewhere behind the main group. She was located, wet but still in a good mood, just before the downhill – so she got to do all the work and got none of the rewards! Total distance 38 km.

We were: Dave Grant, Carol Potasnyk, Laura Ranallo, Bess Shuurman, Pat West, and Jan Micklethwaite, coordinator.

Crawford Peak, 2339m., May 30

I knew that I signed up to lead a trip some time in May, but it wasn't until Don H called that I realised that it was to be May 30. I wanted to plan something original, but with lack of time to do a recce, I settled for Crawford Peak.

The snow has receded much further than I expected. The access road is all south facing, but I expected at least a little on the road. However, we were on snow from the trailhead on. It was too crusty to make for a good ski trip, and mushy enough not to need snowshoes.

It took about two hours to the summit, as the trail breaking wasn't too difficult.

After a lovely

view from the summit, something like the inside of a ping-pong ball, we headed back down. The sun was threatening to come out but never did.

On the trip were John Bargh, Don Harasym, Ted Ibrahim, Leah Zoobkoff, and myself, David Mitchell *(Ted Ibrahim photo)*

Ymir Mountain, 2398m., June 2

Seven of us trudged up through spring snow to gain the peak of Ymir Mnt. Three hours up and one and a half to come down. The butt sliding was much fun making for a quick descent and wet butts.

We were Ed Beynon, Maurice De St. Jorre, David Grant, Ted Ibrahim, Jan Micklethwaite, Jill Watson, and Mary Woodward.

Baldface Area, June 9

This was a discovery hike. We wanted to find Baldface Lodge. We all met at Marsden road by Taghum and travelled along the road past the bridge turnoff for Baldface Creek (I think for about 3 km. before turning north again) The road split once more and we took a left and drove until we got to snow. After about 1 km. along the road we found the lodge. A snowcat trail took us up to a ridge. From here we headed north along a series of ridges in the direction of Grohman Peak. Six of our party went all the way to Grohman Peak and four stopped short to watch them. The snow was good and the weather was great for hiking and viewing the mountains around. With all the new roads in this area there are some easily accessible ridges and mountains to hike.

On the hike were: Ross Bates, Maurice De St. Jorre, Dave Grant, Ted Ibrahim, Brad Steele, Gene Van Dyck, Alex Walker, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward, and the coordinator, Ray Neumar.

Grays Peak, 2753 m., June 12

We met in Nelson with a forecast of sun and cloud. The blockage on the road from an avalanche about 30 minutes walk from Gibson's Lake, had been cleared since June 6th, so we were able to drive to the car park which was clear of snow. Sixteen of us set off with very light rain using the old trail and then the old road (that is now becoming overgrown) to the creek. There was less snow at this point than we would have liked to take the direct route to Gray's Peak and there was some discussion about whether we should take the direct route or go further up the trail to clear the bush, and take the less direct route. We opted for the direct route trying to use the patches of snow as well as we could. This proved to be satisfactory and we were able to get on to fairly continuous snow after a fairly short time. When we first arrived above most of the trees, we had reasonable views of the mountain tops, but this did not last for long as the clouds came down again and it started to rain. Further up it turned to snow/hail and by the time we reached the col, there was also a reasonable wind. The snow conditions were quite good, if a little sift in places. Visibility at the col was very limited and it was necessary to use the GPS to find our way; some of the party instinctively felt we were going the wrong way with the GPS, but now have a bit more faith in it. Without it, we would never have found the peak since we never had any clearing to see it. The snow conditions on the final steep snow slope to the peak were excellent, with deep, secure footholds and we all made it to the top in about 4 hours. Fortunately the wind and snow had stopped by then, but since we were in the middle of a cloud we could not see anything although we could feel the sun through the cloud. We followed the same route down but the snow was too soft to do much boot skiing, but OK for Brad who brought his snowboard. Despite the limited boot skiing, the return trip was much quicker, about 2 hours, and we were back at the car park by 3:20 pm. Despite the less than ideal conditions, there were no complaints and everyone thought the trip well worth while.

We were Lou Chioccarello, Dave Grant, Don Harasym, Vicki Hart, Dave Hough, Gerda Lang, Andrew Martin, Eliane, Steven & Francois Miro, Nancy Selwood, Brad Steele, Gene Van Dyck, Mary Woodward, Leah Zoobkoff, and coordinator Ted Ibrahim.

Keyhole/Esmeralda 2789m./Cond Pk.2801m, June 16

I discovered too late that my e-mail for this hike did not get out, however, word of mouth brought out 9 KMCers. It was the perfect hiking day with a blue sunny sky, snow covered mountains and cordial hiking friends. Lunch was had on Esmeralda. Five headed off to Cond and topped it in 25 minutes while three finished lunch and leisurely headed down. Not quite. The snow had been fairly firm going up, but softened up a lot by 1:30 and progress was slower with hikers breaking through to their knees. Spotted: 7 people skiing down Grays peak, a number of hikers hiking to and from Kokanee Lake and two KMCers who thought they could see Neumar Lake from Cond. It's possible. We were back at Gibson Lake by 5:00. On this hike were David Cunningham, Dave Grant, Colin Mellwaine, Jan Micklethwaite, Laura Ranallo, Gene Van Dyck, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward, and the hike recorder, Ray Neumar.

Grays Peak, 2753 m., June 16

"Word of mouth" never quite made it to us, but that was "us" up there, which the above group saw. "We", came in two groups: Brad Steele, Chris Charlwood, (both with snowboards), and 2 friends, and Eliane & Steven. And yes, it was a grand experience to be on Kokanee that day.

Kootenay Joe Ridge & Fry Creek Circle, June 19/20

Vicki Hart organized it and 10 of us met at Balfour at 8:00 am. We parked two vehicles at the Fry Creek trailhead and used two to get us up 3 ½ km on the Kootenay Joe road (definitely a 4WD road). It took us about 2 ½ hours to go from about 4,000 feet in elevation to the pass at about 6,200 feet with the 30 to 45 pound packs we were carrying. The afternoon was spent exploring the whole ridge and viewing the snow covered mountains around us. Day 2 saw us breaking camp and leaving by 7:30 am. A long, but pleasant hike took us down to Carney Creek. From here the trail is overgrown with a lot of fallen trees to bushwhack around or to crawl over or under. Reaching the sandy beach on Fry Creek just before the rock avalanche area was the morning goal and our great joy when we made it. Alternatives to this morning adventure, such as watching golf on T.V. or having a second cup of coffee on our deck did cross a few minds. A few almost refused to get up when it was time to proceed, but realized a helicopter couldn't land in this area. We were all back at the Fry Creek trailhead by about 4:30. Refreshments and supper at the Woodbury Restaurant perked us up and with the grunting, sweating, and muttering, long forgotten, we congratulated ourselves for having accomplished such a grand adventure into the mountains.

We were Dave Grant, our organizer Vicki Hart, Liz and Emily Huxter (who said they would still hike with us), surprising, Alex Walker, Gene and Josefina Van Dyck, Gerda Lang (who wanted me to include her phone number - it's against club policy Gerda), Mary Woodward, and Ray Neumar, hike recorder.

Skattebo Reach, June 19

Weather was great - not too hot in the forest. From the Brilliant trailhead to McPhee Creek was easy. But from McPhee to Glade seemed longer and more steep - or are we getting older?! Side trip to Glade Waterfalls was a bonus! Participants: Rina Chase, John Golik, Marg Lavorato and coordinator Nell Plotnikoff.

Baldface Lodge - Mt. Grohman, 2295m. June 20

Ray Neumar needs to be credited with coming up with the idea of hiking to Baldface Lodge and Mt. Grohman on Wednesday June 9, and Dave Grant for suggesting that the trip be done again on Sunday, June 20. Although very close to Nelson, the Grohman Basin has not been on the KMC hiking schedule in recent memory so it was a treat for everyone to explore an area not previously visited. We drove 20 km up Marsden Road plus a couple of tributary side roads with the use of a map kindly provided by Dave Grant.

Stopped by snow, a 30 minute walk on the road brought us to Baldface Lodge, which received a close inspection. The development is comprised of a cedar lodge and ATCO trailers. Proceeding up the cat trail to the ridge, we made our way along a mostly snow covered ridge arriving at Mt. Grohman about 2 hours later. Grohman is an interesting viewpoint with good views of the Kokanee Park massif to the east, the Valhallas to the north-west and the Bonnington Range to the south. The wide open slopes in the area caused skiers in the group to visualize a great ski experience. Several suggested that another hiking trip be done later in the year after the snow is gone check out what the ridges are like and, perhaps to follow the ridges further to Mt. Kubin and Mt. Hoover.

It was a great day with many expressing their appreciation to be able to go to a new destination. Participants: John Bargh, Martin Carver, David Cunningham, Terry Hall, Ted Ibrahim, K. Linda Kivi, Andrew Martin, Eliane, Francois, Jean & Steven Miros, Chris Overton, Carol Potasnyk, Anna & Norman Thyer, Jill Watson, Maxine Werner, Leah Zoobkoff, and Don Harasym, coordinator.

Mount Freya, 2522 m., June 26

In 1973, the KMC had Mount Freya on the schedule, and, it was climbed again from the Ludlow side in 1995 (thanks to Norman Thyer for this information). On June 26, 16 KMC'ers left Playmore Junction at 6.30 am for the dusty drive up Koch Creek FSR. An unnamed logging road travels up the eastern tributary of Watson Creek to an elevation of 6,500 feet in a basin below the SW face of Mt Freya. We had a minor struggle with a huge boulder on the road near km 2, but in the end managed to reach 5,500 feet where the road became too bushy to continue.

In short time we had hiked the remaining 2 kms to the road end where we turned north and hiked 500 feet up to a col on the western ridge of Mt Freya. Most KMC'ers hiked straight up the SW face to the summit, while Doug and I rambled along the west ridge to the top. It was only 11 am so we decided to continue our trip by descending the south ridge of Mt Freya with a view to ambling along the long west ridge to the south of Watson Creek. A pleasant descent on snow brought us to a flat section of the ridge and a short uphill on snow put us above the first major drop on the ridge. By the time we had scrambled 500 feet down to the next col the forecast afternoon showers were looking imminent so we glissaded north facing snow slopes to the valley below and the road. The rain started just as we got back to the trucks, and the rain gauge in our yard recorded 26 mm in 12 hours.

Participants: John Bargh, Eddy Boxerman, Kjell Bronson, Doug Brown, David Cunningham, David Grant, Don Harasym, Vicki Hart, Ted Ibrahim, Eliane and Steven Miros, Kathie Robertson, Gene Van Dyck, Mary Woodward, Leah Zoobkoff, Kumo the dog, and Sandra Mc Guinness, coordinator.

Road Directions for Mt Freya:

Turn right at 16.3 km from the Koch Creek FSR
0 km = unnamed (Watson) and Koch Creek FSR
3.5 km = turn (R) sharply
4.1 km = spur to (L), stay straight
4.5 km = go (L)
5.5 km = road brushy, park here

There was some interest in Mt Flynn, so the road directions for a road, unmarked on the 82 F/12, but ending in a basin below the southwest face of Mt Flynn (around 6,000 feet) are included (thanks to Kim Kratky for leading us up this road):

Road Directions for Mt Flynn:

Take Koch Creek FSR for 11.0 km and turn right onto an unmarked logging road, reset odometer
0 km = junction Koch Creek FSR and unmarked
1.4 km = fork, go right
8.1 km = fork, go left

Attempt on Carnes Pk., 3035 m. A Joint Flying Circus-KMC Venture (Map 82M/12 Downie Creek 1:50 000)

Last year we boldly climbed Carnes neighbour Bridgeland Pk. (2984 m.) as a day trip from Revelstoke in 14 hours, so Carnes seemed the next logical step. These peaks, part of the Carnes Group, are in the northern Selkirks some 65 km. north of Revelstoke and bounded on the north and east by Downie Creek. First, the obligatory time and place to meet: 5:00 am, the Frontier Restaurant in Revelstoke on Saturday, June 26th. On the trip were David Jones, Richmond; Graham Rowbotham, Vancouver; and Kim Kratky, Nelson. Under gathering clouds, we drove two vehicles up Hwy. 23N, turned onto the Downie FSR and drove 35 km. to a spot where a trail built by David begins (4WD because of two fords; car-negotiable if you're brave).

Starting at 7:50 at 3300' (about 233-897), we decided maybe Carnes was already out of the question, lightened our loads, and focused on a goal of Phogg Pk. (2693 m. and Carnes' neighbour). For two hours we made good progress on David's excellent trail; beyond that point, we were into annoying bushwhacking for 3 hours as we followed a long and narrowing ridge (278-895 to 260-888) to the glacier's edge at 6500' east of the base of Carnes Tower's N. summit. During our lunch break, we noted how badly the glaciers had already melted out this year and how little snow was left.

Across the Phogg Glacier we could see two snow summits of what was probably Phogg, so we dumped all the rock gear and set off at 1:00. We skirted the already-bare glacier tongue on the right, easily reached the upper glacier, decided it was nicely filled-in, and continued unroped. Nearing our twin goals, with Carnes in the background, we concluded only the nearer summit was doable, as the day was advancing and the weather continued to look unpromising. By now, the tops of some neighbours like Holway and Baal were in cloud. We also decided to dump the packs and rope and make a summit dash with only warm clothing and ice axes. Reaching the base of our peak (241-892), we ascended a NW ridge/face on very good snow of about 40 degrees, which steepened to at least 45 near the top. One pull over a last snowy curlicule got us to the bare, limestone summit at 4:00 pm (8 hrs. 10 min. up, 239-890). The GPS read 2609 m. Concluding that Phogg Pk. was the next snow bump a good hour away, we

lingered a scant five minutes, then re-traced our steps down the face, back to our packs, and on to our forested ridge.

Starting the bushwhack descent at 6:20, we could see the bivvy we had prepared for wouldn't be necessary. By 8:20 we were back at the vehicles, only some 4 ¼ hours from our summit, for a 12 ½ hour day. In sum, we got the most possible out of the day, considering weather and long distances to be traveled. Much of our route can be seen in the top photo on p. 228 in David's new book, *Selkirks North* (Elaho Press, 2004).

Kim Kratky

Marten Mountain, 2747 m., June 27

Five dedicated KMC members met at Roseberry on an overcast Sunday morning to join me on my annual Alps Alturas hike. The weather did improve and we enjoyed the usual spectacular views until we reached the summit which was about 100 ft above the cloud ceiling. There was lots of snow but it was easy to walk on. Without rushing, we set the very respectable time of 3½ hours from parking lot to summit. The route was the same as usual, in fact the main difference this year is that thanks to Ted Ibrahim I am now spelling Marten Mtn. properly. We got back to the vehicles just as the rain started.

Although our group was small we spanned the generations from Mary (70) to Leah (18). We were Lou Chioccarello, Hans Korn, Gene Van Dyck, Mary Woodward, Leah Zoobkoff and coordinator Bill Sones.

Sphinx Mtn., 2600 m., 8500', June 30

We met at the Balfour ferry at 8:00 am. We drove the Gray Creek Rd approximately 15km to where the road has the first gate on it and took the left hydro maintenance road for 5km to a clearing and trailhead parking area. What a surprise!! Over the last few years a trail has been established. Cross the log bridge over the creek at the start of the hike and angle left and you will find it. This made the hike easier and shorter than when I last did it about 10 years ago. It took us 2 hours to reach the top and about 1 ½ hours to get down. Note: the hydro maintenance road needs a 4WD vehicle for the last 2 km to the trailhead. Pleasant company, overcast skies, (and we avoided the rain except for some drizzle near the end)...made it a good hike. The views from the top and the ferry ride were a bonus. Along for the hike were: Eddy Boxerman, Ted Ibrahim, Delia Roberts, Gene and Jo Van Dyck, and coordinator, Ray Neumar.

Peaks at Crawford Creek Headwaters (map Kaslo 82F/15)

Back in 1991 and 1992 I made three daytrips with the KMC to this drainage northeast of the Kootenay Bay ferry terminal and climbed three peaks between 2510 and 2550 m.

On Friday, July 2nd, I returned to this basin with Sandra McGuinness and Doug Brown on a KMC climbing schedule trip that originally was destined for Glacier Creek. After catching the 6:30 am ferry, we drove up Crawford Creek road as follows. Turn off highway at Crawford Bay School, re-set odometer, and proceed as for Plaid Lakes trail. Go left at km. 10.2 (don't go onto Crawford-Hooker FSR); continue straight at km. 11.5 (do not take Plaid Lake turnoff); pass the Crawford-Spring FSR at km. 11.6; cross a bridge in open terrain at km. 15.6; continue up and right to a switchback; switchback to the left and continue along the east bank of Crawford Creek. At km. 18.4 pass the turnoff for Rose

Pass (unsigned), and at 18.5 park in a small meadow with hunter's trailer (1 hour from the ferry). We could have driven past this point for a few more kilometers but were deterred by alder.

Starting at 8:20, we walked up the road and in 40 min. reached a big meadow that would be a good point to drive to; the roadbed is solid and there is ample parking at this spot. Another 25 min. of walking got us to road's end at 5150' (GR 229-145), where there is a very odd-looking hunter's warming hut. By far the best option beyond is to cross to the west bank of Crawford Creek. From road's end, go straight down the bank toward the creek and ford it. On my earlier forays we had always found a convenient log crossing but not this time. Once across the creek, head straight uphill (west) a short distance through open timber to reach a rockslide. Continue north and parallel to the creek on boulder fields, bending west on steeper terrain to what I call "boulder col" (225-155). As our goal was on the east side of the upper valley, we again forded the now east-flowing Crawford and ascended north in an open watercourse with mild bush (228-160). Once in the upper valley, we ascended heather and snow to the ridge north of our objective (232-168) and just south of a prominent hump on the ridge. Our goal was u/n 2540 m (233-164), which I had inspected from the summit of u/n 2533 m (227-176) just east of the Crawford-Bernard pass in 1992. The north ridge yielded an enjoyable scramble of 500' on firm class 3 quartzite, reminiscent in places of Uto's south ridge, only much easier.

Reaching the summit at 1:50 (5 ½ hours up), we were mildly disappointed to find a huge cairn, since Doug is still looking for his initial first ascent. During our 30 min. on top, we GPSed our peak at 8290' (that's quite out of line with what the 1:20 000 scale map says), and savoured views of Loki and of our valley below. Although the surrounding peaks are not high, several are shapely and the relief seems impressive. Re-tracing our steps, we reached the truck by 6:20 (4 hours down) for a 10-hour day and roared off to just miss the 7:00 pm ferry. The ensuing delay led to a dining experience at Bocalino, but that's another story.

In sum, the area offers a choice of five or six peaks, ample opportunities for scrambly but strenuous day trips, and moderate or little bush whacking. Driving farther up the road would cut 1 ¼ hours off any trip. This year, the low snow pack made for tiresome boulder hopping; we concluded the best time for ascents would be in June in a normal snow year.

Kim Kratky

Idaho Peak (2273 m.) via Wakefield Trail, July 4

We arrived at the trail head at around 9:30 am after negotiating an increasingly overgrown access road. For those that had traveled the road before, we had forgotten about the four sharp backup/switchback corners.

Although we found the trail surface to be in excellent shape, we did encounter 18-20 windfalls and overgrowth along portions of the lower reaches. The great trail building job that the miners did those many years ago has stood the test of time very well. The trip up took 2 hours 40 minutes and the return somewhat shorter. Although rain threatened at times, the weather cooperated well for the group with bright sun provided at the summit for the hour-long lunch. Storms passed around us but nicely avoided the summit. Participants: Renate Belczyk, Ted Ibrahim, Hans Peter Korn, Eliane Miros, Tara Smedbol, Emanuel Smedbol, Alex Walker, Leah Zoobkoff and Coordinator, Don Harasym.

Mt. Davis, 2636 m., July 17

We headed for the Mt Davis hike, expecting rain and mosquitoes but fortunately had neither. Instead we had panoramic views of Mt Cooper, Meadow Mountain, McBeth Icefield, Mts Whillet, Brennan, Davis, Kootenay and Duncan Lakes, Argenta ("I can see my house"), Johnson's Landing, a few cutblocks, lots of blooming wildflowers and great hiking weather except that it changed every half hour-sun, wind, snow, clouds - how many times did David take off his pants?

Seven of us left Highway 31 just south of Cooper Creek at 8:30am to drive 17km up Cooper Face logging road, to approximately +6000 ft. Leaving the trailhead at 9:30, we followed the goat trail (flagged) up through the mountain azalea and shrubbery for about 30-45 minutes until we reached the ridge, which we then followed up and up. After the steepest part of the climb was behind us, we had a lunch stop on the flats. Further along the flatter part of the 'trail', we descended and traversed the south side of the ridge (flagged) through an old burn area and then across the grassy slope towards the snow saddle, which is just before the false peak (elev 8455). Joe and Mary sprinted ahead leading the way across the sidehill and up to the cairn. Jennie and Ellen hung back at the last treed saddle and then discovered (with binocs) a great waterfall coming from a small tarn below the ridge of the north fork of Davis Creek. David eyed snow covered Mt Davis and began making plans to return to climb the summit. There was only one larger snow patch to cross before the false peak and on the way back, Bess demonstrated the quickest way to the bottom.

The estimated elevation gain was maybe 2200 -2400 ft but by the time we returned to the vehicles, one member suggested it was more likely 4000 feet as it was uphill both ways!

We were Ellen Burk, David Cunningham, Bess Schuurman, Jennie Welch, Mary Woodward, Joe, and Marlene Johnston (coordinator).

Note: Many people are not familiar with this hike since it has only become a day hike after the logging road was built around 1997/98. Although the licensee has withdrawn from the area, there is still some silviculture, etc activity and there is an opportunity while the road is still passable to explore this hike. Allow 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 hours one way to the false peak and at least 2 hours more to summit and return to the cairn. The logging road has a couple steep sections so a 4x4 is preferable in order to save the brakes on the way down.

Other Trip Reports

Campbell Creek Peaks (map Kaslo 82F/15 1:50000)

Continuing our early season exploratory mountaineering in the southwestern Purcells, we this year chose to climb on the north side of Campbell Creek, a drainage flowing west into Kootenay Lake in BC's West Kootenay, just south of the Purcell Wilderness Conservancy, and roughly across from the village of Kaslo. Our party was made up of Paul Allen and Steve Horvath from Rosland, Bert Port from Castlegar, and Kim Kratky of Nelson. The week before our trip, I made a recce to explore roads and trails up Campbell Creek, the access route for the first ascents in the Leaning Towers Group in 1933. Our original plan of a June

10-13 fly in-walk out camp was scuppered by bad weather. A week later, the weather improved to sunny and warm, and so at 7:00 am on Thursday, June 17th, we flew from the Campbell Creek bridge on the Loki FSR north of the community of Riondel. Once in the alpine, we chose a campsite on snow at 2288 m. (7506') at GR 169-367 on a height of land above an unnamed creek flowing south into Campbell. By 9:00, we were ready for an outing and decided upon the unnamed peak to the north serving as a backdrop to camp (176-374). After ascending easy snow to a notch in the southwest ridge (171-370), we tackled the ridge head-on, enjoying good scrambling on granite. Higher up, the angle steeped, yielding fourth class climbing, and eventually we put the rope on to negotiate a short, rotten gully (5.3) to regain the ridge. We immediately exited left into an easy snow couloir which in 150' led to the final snow slopes. On top by 11:45, we built a cairn, put in a summit record tube, and GPSed our peak at 2720 m. (8924').

I had been thinking about these peaks, clearly visible from Kaslo, for at least 25 years. As there is precious little information about this east-west ridge which, on the map looked to hold some eight peaks, I was not surprised to find our first one unclimbed. McCoubrey writes in CAJ 23 that his party climbed something they called Baldy Pk. (8000') on the north side of Campbell Creek on their Leaning Towers approach, but it is difficult to determine its location. Equally puzzling is the entry in the Climber's Guide to the Interior Ranges (1971 edition, page 277) that describes a peak named Neave (9250') but doesn't actually say that it had been climbed. The subsequent, and current, Climber's Guide (1977) omits mention of these peaks entirely.

After about 50 min. lounging in warm, sunny weather, we headed down the easy rock and snow of the long southeast ridge (class 3) to snowfields at its base. Then we plunged through increasingly mushy snow to make the 1000' descent to the lake at 173-365 and on a short distance to our camp. Call it a six-hour day.

One of our concerns about these early season camps has been snow conditions. The previous week had seen maybe 30 cm. of freshies fall at higher elevations, slowing the consolidation process usually well underway by this time in our region. At our camp, cold, clear nights made for very hard snow in the morning deteriorating to mush after lunch.

Friday dawned fine and sunny, a good day to try what we thought would be Mt. Neave. As we were to walk out and wanted to save weight, we were without crampons. Still, a 7:15 am start found the snow soft enough to be safe on the steeps. Guessing that Neave would be the peak at 215-348 located 1.2 km. southwest of the lake at the headwaters of Gillis Creek, we made good time in a long, up-and-down approach on snow. We passed through an easy col at 181-365, headed southeast through a snowy basin, and easily turned a barrier ridge at treeline (192-355). We then made a rising traverse of about 1.7 km. toward a rock and snow pyramid we guessed was our goal. In about 3.5 hours we reached what we thought was the summit at 211-352 (2838 m.), only to see a higher point some 400 m. southeast along a rock and snow ridge. More disconcerting was the sight of fresh zipper tracks diagonaling from the east and then straight up the north snow face to the summit of this point. As we stopped for a drink and snack, there was considerable muttering about some dastardly critter, maybe even someone we knew (names best not mentioned), beating us to a

first ascent by a day. And yet, I reflected, no one gives a damn about these peaks. Who would come here? We continued along the ridge toward our goal, scrambling carefully on good granite interspersed with corniced snow on the steep north faces, and reached the top in a further 30 min. (4 hr. 20 min. up from camp) by 11:50 am. Paul, who was first up, laughingly solved the mystery ascent by pointing out the tracks of a young grizzly that had neatly avoided cornices on the north face to summit and then head down southern slopes and into Campbell Creek drainage. Finding no sign of a cairn, we built one, put in a record, and GPSed the peak at 2842 m. This is certainly the major massif on the ridge as most of what I had guessed by map work were peaks turned out to be mere bumps. Unnamed 2802 m. to the southeast (225-344) was distinctly less imposing. Only unnamed 2837 m. (190-368 and some 3 km. to the NW) seemed a pretender to the name of Neave, but it was too far west. As A. A. McCoubrey is no longer around to provide guidance (he does have a big peak named after him in the Jumbo Group), we decided our summit would have to be Neave. After 40 min. of pleasant torpor employed in eating and examining the starkly-etched blocks of the Leaning Towers only 7-8 km. to the east, we re-traced our steps to the northwest sub-peak and braced ourselves for the enervating swim, lurch, and stagger back to camp, some 8 km away. At first, one only plunged to the knee on every fourth step, but soon the snow gained consistency and we managed to establish a rhythm of going in to calf-top on every step. Still, we were able to pull into camp by 4:30 for a tidy 9 1/4 hour outing. This time, we only took the rope and hardware for a walk, as this was an easy class 3 climb.

Saturday, the party felt a bit drained. Unnamed 2837 m. looked steep, rotten, and well-protected. It would go via the snow of the north ridge, but west-side couloirs giving access looked unsafe. Paul's back was giving him problems, and Steve's surgically-rebuilt leg needed a rest. Bert went off to explore unnamed 8050', but stopped at the center of three peaks (highest on the west) because of poor snow. I had an easy day, too, soloing u/n 2720 via the SE ridge in 1 hr. 45 min.

Sunday morning the weather looked to be deteriorating as we prepared to walk out to the truck we had left at the end of the Campbell Creek road at 153-331. I had walked old trails and roads up to 4600' on the north side of the creek and was quite confident we would have an easy descent to reach these. Still, ya never know. Starting at 8:00, we followed the creek draining the lake at 173-365, descending first on the west bank and then moving to the east side. After 2 1/2 hours of very modest bush whacking, we picked up the disused road at 173-333, tramped road and trail for an hour, made an easy crossing of Campbell on a smashed bridge, and reached our truck at the end of the driveable road. The Pilsner Urquells under the truck were still cold, no porky had tested the defensive wire cordon around my truck, and we even made the 2:50 sailing of the Kootenay Lake ferry from Kootenay Bay.

In all, it was a very pleasant mini-camp in a remote, but nearby, area. Finally, after a quarter century, I will be able to stand in line at Mountain Burger in Kaslo, look across Kootenay Lake and up Campbell Creek, and say, "We climbed those."

Kim Kratky

Mt. Manson, 2748 m., 9016', (map Dewar Creek 82F/16) St. Mary's Alpine Park

Not having ever been to St. Mary's Alpine Park, I was intrigued to see if the comments of my few friends to have visited it were accurate. Most said, "Don't bother."

So, on Thursday, **July 8th**, Janice Isaac, Sacha Kalabis, and I set out for a day trip to the park from Nelson. This seemed like something of a mad endeavour as we waited for the 6:30 Kootenay Lake ferry, calculated the distances, and watched the increasing cloud cover. Once on the East Shore, we drove the Gray Creek Pass road to the St. Mary FSR junction (54 km. from Gray Creek) and turned left. My original goal was to stay overnight and climb Mt. St. Mary (9505') in the northern part of the park, but shakey weather persuaded us to settle for the more-accessible and lower Mt. Manson on the southern border of the park. Following the directions in Janice Strong's excellent Mountain Footsteps, we turned right at a major junction at the km. 49 sign (left is signed West Fork St. Mary River Road) and drove to the 8 km. sign on what is the Dewar Creek road. Here, we turned right onto an unsigned, rough road, changed to 4WD LR 1st gear, and ground our way up nearly 2500' in 5.3 km. to a fork where the roads become impassable (GR 470-165). This drive is not for the faint of heart as much of it is steep and is overgrown with alder for several hundred meters. However, the roadbed is solid.

Ready to travel on foot at 10:50, we chose Mt. Manson to the north over the lower, closer Mt. Patrick to the south, donned rain gear, and set off in a light drizzle. As per book instructions, we followed the lower road a few hundred meters to its end and a trail registration box. Then we continued on a rough trail to the south-flowing creek at 469-165. The trail then ascends through light timber on the east bank and crosses to the left bank below a meadow of alpine larch. Beyond this point (the trail having disappeared), we ascended a short headwall to reach the alpine SE of our objective. By now, the weather had whited-out to give visibility of 50 m., and it was snowing heavily. Fortunately, there was no enthusiasm for turning back. Earlier glimpses had indicated our objective would go as a walk-up all on snow, so we kept to the SE face below the east ridge and topped out easily in 2 hrs. 25 min. On the flattish summit, we found two moderate-sized cairns with no records, and Sacha got a GPS reading of 2753 m. During our 30 min. stay, the weather broke long enough for us to view an alpine landscape to the north littered with lakes, some frozen. We identified the large Bird Lake to the north and got clear views of Mt. Patrick (8930') 3 km. to the SE. Soon the weather closed in, and we re-traced our steps (8-10 cm. of freshies over a firm base) on snow to pick up the trail and return to the truck by 3:20 pm (1 1/2 hr. descent; 4 1/2 hour day). As it started to rain again, there was no enthusiasm for car camping, so we set out to catch the 7:00 ferry, leaving at 3:30. As usual, the access road was much easier on descent but it still took 30 min. to reach the St. Mary road. We then made good time on the haul roads, arrived at Kootenay Bay at 6:05 to easily board the 6:10, and got home just after 7:00.

In sum, this was just about the best possible outcome on such a gnarly day. This end of the park is worth maybe a couple of short days as you could also hike to Jurak Lake and go up Mt. Patrick. Attractive landscape, especially with some snow cover. And no bush whacking.

Kim Kratky