



Kootenay Mountaineer

The KMC Newsletter Sept-Oct 2008 Issue 5 Next deadline: Nov.21st

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Other (Non-Club) Trip Reports: Lyell Icefield Ski Mountaineering Camp, Red Mt. Ski Ascent, Redline Pk.

Hiking Camps 1, 2 and 3 reports



Hiking Camp Photo/Slide Show

KMC will be holding a Slide Show on Saturday

October 18 th, 2008

(For information on location and time, please contact Bryan Reid at 00 or by email)

Tables will be set up to display *your pictures* of hikes and/or camps that you've attended over the past year. So please bring in your pictures, favourite hiking paraphernalia and stories.

If you plan to show your pictures/slides, please contact Bryan to coordinate.



Refreshments will be served.

Banff Mountain Film Festival is coming to Nelson Nov.27, 28, 29 2008
Check info at Snowpack Sports Tel. 250-352-6411

Rosland Mountain Film Festival: Nov.20-21-22-23, 2008 Info www.rosslandfilmfest.com/node/4082

KMC Annual General Meeting And Election of Officers/Directors

Date: **Friday, November 21st**



For information on Location, Time, Cost of the meal

Please contact Bryan Reid at xxx xxx xxxx
Or by email at xxx as soon as possible. Please let Bryan know whether you will attend both the meal and meeting, or the meeting only.

Positions coming up for election are:

Treasurer, Secretary, Director Summer Trips, Director Winter Trips, Director Conservation, Director Website, Director Entertainment.

May your trail be dim, lonesome, stony, narrow, winding and only slightly uphill. —
EDWARD ABBEY, environmental advocate, 1927-89

Canadian Avalanche Centre: Backcountry Avalanche Workshop, Nelson, November 9, 2008

The Canadian Avalanche Centre Backcountry Avalanche Workshop is coming to Nelson on 9 November, 2008. Look for an exciting line-up of presentations including the latest on the new shoveling methods and terrain use. For more details, check the CAA webpage at <http://www.avalanche.ca/>

September/October Mountain School Tech Tips: Scrambling Safety

By Sandra McGuinness

Over the weekend of September 6, 2008, I found myself, along with 10 other people, on the scramble route up Gimli Peak. Now, it's at least 15 years since I've scrambled to the summit of Gimli Peak, and I'd either forgotten, or avoided, the steep, loose gullies we found ourselves going up. As chunks of rock loosed by scramblers above catapulted down, I started to think about "scrambling safety."

First off, what exactly is scrambling. The best definition I could find for scrambling is the one used by *The Mountaineers*, who describe scrambling as "off-trail trips, often on snow or rock, with a 'non-technical' summit as a destination. A non-technical summit is one that is reached without the need for certain types of climbing equipment (body harness, rope, protection hardware, etc)."

I couldn't find any comprehensive statistics on the number of accidents that occur while scrambling in Canada, but I suspect most of us can easily think of friends and companions who've had some kind of scrambling injury. Certainly, I'm aware of a number of accidents that occurred to KMC members in the last two years while scrambling on some of the local peaks.

So, what can we do to improve our safety while scrambling in the mountains? Well, here in some semblance of chronological order – from pre-trip planning to the return trip down the mountain, are some suggestions.

1. *Make a thorough pre-trip plan.* First, find out everything you can about the route(s). Check local guidebooks or www.bivouac.com for route information, study the map, check Google Earth, talk to people who've climbed the route. Once you've got a good idea what the route entails make some pre-trip decisions such as, how many people should be on this route at one time (more people = more hazard), what equipment might you need (stiff soled boots or ice axes for snow, helmets for loose rock), what time of day (or night) should you start out to ensure you get off the peak before dark, or before the inevitable summer afternoon thunderstorms hit? What is your absolute latest turn-around time? What safety equipment do you need and what can be shared among the group?
2. *Travel expeditiously:* Travel at a steady but consistent pace. Keep your stops short, and be efficient with them. If it's time for a snack try and stop in a location where you can study the route ahead while you snack. That's two stops for the time of one.
3. *Keep the group together.* This one floats to the top of every accident review I've ever seen. Make it a priority to stick together, unless your group has clearly discussed and settled on a strategy to break into smaller groups.
4. *Employ appropriate safety gear.* An ice axe strapped to the back of your back is little help when you start to slide down an icy snow slope, the same goes for a helmet stored safely in your pack. Get your gear out and use it when appropriate.
5. *Manage your group for rockfall.* Scrambling routes by nature tend to ascend weaknesses on mountains, and this often means going up loose, chossy gullies. Not only is there a lot of loose rock lying around to get knocked down the mountain, but it's all funneled down on top of whichever unfortunate scrambler happens to be below. There are two strategies to manage loose rock in gullies. One is to ascend (or descend) the gully one person at a time with all the other party members out of the way. The other is to keep people close together in the gully so that falling rocks don't have a chance to reach warp speed before hitting the unfortunate below. Obviously, option one will only work for short sections of the route. If you've got a 100-metre gully to ascend it's going to take way too long to go up one person at a time (slow parties are their own hazard). If your ascent (descent) route is an open loose rocky slope, you can employ a third strategy, which is to spread people horizontally across the slope so that no-one is scrambling below anyone else.
6. *Don't go up what you can't get down.* Scrambling up is almost inevitably easier than down-climbing. If you're not sure you can climb down, don't go up in the first place.
7. *Stick to your turn around time.* Turning around before making the summit sucks, but not half as much as an unplanned bivouac on a small ledge on a cold night when it's starting to snow.
8. *Use as much care on the descent as you did on the ascent.* Experienced mountaineers know that the climb ain't over when you get to the top. Fatigue, encroaching darkness, and "back to the barn syndrome" can all lead to more accidents on the way down as our attention wanders from the task at hand. Keep it together until you get back to the car.

KMC Winter 2009 Ski Trip, Kokanee Glacier Chalet, January 24 - 31

This trip has room for 12 participants who will be selected by lottery. The trip is intended as a ski week but other participants wishing to attend with snowshoes, light touring or cross-country skis are welcome. **Please note: all participants must be suitably equipped for, and have the skills and knowledge for safe travel and rescue in avalanche terrain.** When successful applicants are notified, proof of competency in avalanche terrain may be required. This would include having taken an avalanche awareness course and have recent beacon practice. A coordinator will be selected from the successful applicants. The role of the coordinator is to arrange food groups and logistics of travel to and from the helicopter terminal in Nelson. The coordinator is not expected to be a guide. Please indicate on your application if you are willing to be a coordinator. If 12 names are drawn and none are willing to be a coordinator, names will be drawn until a willing applicant is drawn. The last name in the original draw is dropped and will be replaced with a volunteer coordinator. Therefore, volunteering as a coordinator increases your chances. **The cost of the trip is \$850 with no price difference for ACC members.** Couples who wish to come together can apply to do so but must indicate if they are willing to attend on their own if their application is drawn last. To enter the lottery send an email to Dave Watson () before October 31, 2008. I will notify all successful applicants the following week. Successful applicants will be asked to pay their fees in full by Nov. 15. Unsuccessful applicants will be put on a prioritized (by draw) wait list. If a member does not have email and would like to enter the lottery they can phone me at 250-362-5660. If you know a member without email please pass this message on.

For those of you who have never enjoyed the Kokanee Chalet and surrounding area during winter, here is a little more information about the KMC booking for Jan 24 - 31. As a past participant I can tell you there is a wide variety of terrain to enjoy from mellow flats and slopes to aggressive alpine touring and "peak bagging". Truly an area for any ability and equipment. Rarely 12 will want to do the same. Typically 2 or 3 groups will set out each day. To enjoy your week, good physical fitness is highly recommended. Also as previously stated you must be suitably equipped and have the skills and knowledge for safe travel and rescue in avalanche terrain. The Chalet is beautiful and cozy (see the ACC web page). The cost includes the helicopter in and out from Nelson and the lodging. This is a self-guided, self-catered trip. The selected group of 12 including an assigned coordinator will determine how meals, cleanup etc. are to be arranged. Typically groups of 2 will be responsible for a breakfast and dinner per day. For lunch you're on your own. Again, the group going will decide.

Hope this helps, Dave Watson.

BEES is up and Flying

(Submitted by Don Lyon. - From the ACC Newstnet online newsletter)

Backcountry Energy Environmental Solutions (BEES) has launched its new website. The website enables BEES to collect and share information about energy, water and waste management at recreational facilities in off-grid, mountainous regions. It provides an opportunity for operators of backcountry facilities to communicate with each other and build upon their experiences.

The website also offers a repository of technological information and provides references to research links throughout the world, which will be continuously updated. Read more at <https://admin.alpineclubofcanada.ca/link/to/522-70169-26-02>. Also, look for an article on the BEES initiative in the upcoming ACC "Gazette".



KMC Library News: 2008 Canadian Alpine Journal Now In

The Canadian Alpine Journal has a new editor this year, well-known Rockies climber Sean Isaac. As usual there are some great articles to read, including Matt Maddaloni's incredible Bugaboo link-up – over 50 pitches all solo in 15.5 hours, Greg Hill's ski descent of Sir Sandford, and while considerably less epic, a report by Doug Brown on the 2007 KMC climbing camp in the area of the Van Horne Neve.

The library is out in Blewett, but if you can't get by to borrow the 2008 CAJ or any other book, I'll get it to you (somehow). Sandra McGuinness, KMC Librarian.

Club Trip Reports

Ambrosia, June 15th, am-bro-sia (m-brzh, -zh-), n. [Something with an especially delicious flavor or fragrance].

Ambrosia is an easy (5.6) 4-pitch rock climb found up Koch Creek in the Valhallas, and in my opinion, is aptly named.

It offers a mix of slab and crack climbing with bolted belay stations. A small rack is required for pitches 2 and 3 (chocks and cams to 3"); pitch 1 requires a few quick draws and a head for run-out slabs; pitch 4 is easy but unprotected. You can rap the route with two ropes, or walk off to the east, but I have found it non-trivial to get to the descent slope from the top of the route. It is south facing and in a very nice setting (if you ignore the ubiquitous clearcuts). For an easy multi-pitch rock climb, I don't think there anything else like it in the West Kootenays.

This was my on-again, off-again club trip that eventually went. On a sunny and warm day (June 15, 2008), Vicki Hart and I met Andrew Murray at the Passmore Junction, where we all piled into my truck and drove to the Ambrosia parking lot up the Koch Creek road.

With loppers and clippers, we did some light trail maintenance as we made our way up to the base of the route. I had previously climbed this route a number of times, but still managed to lose the trail. It is worth noting, that there is a well defined trail that goes straight uphill from the vicinity of where the trail crosses the ravine - in hindsight, I think this must be the walk-off trail that I had not found before. Anyway, we climbed too high, and then kept going to be absolutely sure we were too high, and then did a bit of whacking to get back down to the start of the route.

I pounded a lost arrow into the crack in the short wall at the left-hand side of the belay ledge for the belayer to clip into. I left it for posterity - look for it when you go.

While Andrew is new to the club and the area, he is smart. Without appearing to do so, he dodged the first lead I was trying to saddle him with, and thus I found myself on the sharp end for pitch 1. It is a good thing my memory is poor, as the run-outs really are a thing to behold. Two clips in the last ~35+ metres, me thinks.

Andrew took the second pitch and did a fine job. Upon seconding the pitch, it finally dawned on me, that the last bolt that always seems in an illogical spot, is actually directly in line with the finger crack on pitch 3, and is maybe where you would put a bolt if the current third belay station did not exist - perhaps they used to belay at bolt/pin spot at the base of flake/crack wall part way up pitch 2? Perhaps the third belay station was added later? Andrew also led the third pitch and found the beginning and end run-out. Due to insufficient traffic, the crack gets a bit dirtier each time I climb it.

Vicki, the peak bagger extraordinaire, wanted to go to the top, so I dragged the ropes up the last easy, but completely unprotected, pitch.

After lunch, we rapped with two ropes from the top to the bottom of pitch 3. When Andrew went to pull the ropes they quickly became stuck. Stuck? On a slab route? The rope end being pulled up wasn't far away, so Andrew belayed me up to get it; I then did a prussik self-belay and climbed back up to check things out. It turned out, that one rope had wrapped itself around the other one making a bit of an impromptu Klemheist. Never seen that before. I cleaned things up and carefully rapped back down - the ropes pulled fine, but the one strand was very twisted. We rapped the next two pitches without incident. We walked back doing more trail work and re-hanging some fallen flagging - hopefully the next party will find the trail easier than we did.

We were Vicki Hart, Andrew Murray, and me, Doug Brown.

John Carter Peak-Outlook Mt., July 20th

Although the initial destination for this hike was Outlook Mt, it was pointed out by several in attendance that the highest peak on the mountain was actually John Carter. So, there was quick agreement by all thirteen present to proceed to John Carter. After a somewhat bumpy road ride, the group was on the trail from Gibson Lake at 8:24 am. The weather was absolutely gorgeous with a light breeze and beautiful blue skies. After a rest at Kokanee Lake, the hikers moved together up to the snow fields about a third of the way towards John Carter. Then the group split according to speed and route selection with all summiting by around twelve noon. While having lunch, we were presented with terrific views in all directions under a warm sun. We departed from the top at 1:00 pm with two participants returning via the ascent route while those remaining worked their way down the snow slopes, through a draw and eventually arrived at the head of Kokanee Lake. We returned to the vehicles by about 5:00 pm.

Participants were: Bob Dean, Stephanie Dean, Trevor Dinn, Dave Grant, Joan Harvey, Ted Ibrahim, Robin Lidstone, Jan Micklethwaite, Alan Sheppard, Pat Sheppard, Gene Van Dyke, Jill Watson, and Don Harasym, trip leader.

Selkirk and Idaho Peaks, July 23rd

The forecast was rain. The first drops started near the top of Selkirk and we quickly descended to avoid the slipping hazard of wet grass as the rain had started falling steadily. The Idaho Lookout parking lot wasn't as full as usual but there were a number of others on Idaho Peak when we arrived. The variety and colours of the flowers were not at their peak due to the cold spring.

We were Suzanne Blewett, Alan Sheppard, Pat Sheppard, and trip leaders Ed and Hazel Beynon.

Four Squatters, August 2nd-4th

After many years of eying the Four Squatters from several directions, I thought I had figured out the approach well enough to try to climb them. Two years earlier, I had tried a couple of approaches with Brian Cooles and Nancy Selwood, and we found that the old mining road and trail above the Omo Creek logging road gave quite easy access to the meadows on the ridge between Duncan Lake and Suck Creek. However, it still looked like a long way to the peaks. It turned out that Fred Thiessen and Carl Johnson had climbed the Four Squatters from this approach about 25 years ago, and Fred gave me some useful comments on the route.

The weather for the long weekend did not look promising, but our small group decided to have a go anyway. Mid-day found us sloggng up the very steep trail above the mining road. It was a good thing that temperatures were fairly cool. Soon we broke out onto the big meadow plateau on the ridge top, and made our way through beautiful hiking country to the last lake in the furthest north part of the meadows, which was the last possible campsite with water. It was only 4.5 hours into this camp.

Next morning, we got a fairly early start (but not early enough), and began the difficult sidehill across steep ridges and bowls above Suck Creek. After several ups and downs, we made

a steep descent down a long gully to reach the moraines at the south end of the Four Squatters icefield. From here, it was good going up the moraines and the lower part of the glacier, which was still mostly snow covered. However, as we got up onto the flatter icefield, we had to thread our way around and over a series of crevasses, and because of the convex roll we were ascending, it was hard to see any further than the next crevasse. This slowed us down considerably. Finally, at a point we guessed was about an hour from the highest peak, we decided to turn back, otherwise we would be finding our way back to camp in the dark. By this time, black clouds were looming over the peak, and for a while we had watched stormy weather along the Purcell divide to the east. About an hour later, the heavens opened with hail, rain, thunder, and lightning. If we had kept going, we would have been on the summit ridge by then, so we didn't feel too bad about our decision. The weather improved by the time we reached camp. The next morning, it was a quick but knee-burning hike out.

For the benefit of others who might want to try this, here are some directions. (GPS coordinates are given, which differ slightly from the UTM grid on the 1:50,000 topo maps.) Note: There is no water from Duncan Lake until you get over the height of land at 2100 m. The Omo Creek logging road starts at 41 km on the Duncan River road. Follow this about 5.8 km to a switchback at 1240 m (E 504250, N 5596470), taking the left fork at about 4.8 km. About 100 m further up the road, you will see where ATVs have made a trail to reach the old mine road, which can be walked to its end at the old mine at 1650 m (E 504730, N 5597130). Take a right fork in the mine road at about 1530 m. From the mine, the beginning of the trail is concealed by bush and windfall; go a few metres NW of the mine and then bushwhack straight up the slope, looking for orange or purple flagging. Soon the trail becomes apparent; it is in quite good shape, and goes straight up the very steep ridge dividing Pat and Gravelslide (Omo) Creeks. At 2000 m the trail breaks out into the open meadows and disappears. Make note of this point (E 505510, N 5597560) in order to find your way back. It's easy going to the lake at the north end of the meadows (E 506190, N 5599680) which is a good campsite. From this camp the route to the icefield is hard to describe; I have a GPS track if anyone wants it. Generally, sidehill across east-facing ridges and bowls for 2 km, keeping between 2100 and 2300 m. Drop down a steep gully to 1960 m to reach the moraines. Once on the icefield, instead of going straight north towards the highest peak as we did, it may be better to take a more circuitous route further east to a point below the next peak east, to avoid the worst crevasses. It also might be better to go a little earlier in the season.

We were Mat Lowe, Brad Steele, and myself Peter Jordan.

Gimli Peak, August 6th

We all met at the South Slovan Park & Ride at 7am. Some drove to Slovan on the highway and then back down to the Bannockburn road while some drove on the gravel road from Passmore to the Bannockburn road. We elected to go to the lower parking lot – the upper Mulvey road has grown in a lot since we (KMC) cleared it 2 years ago. All the vehicles arrived at about the same time despite the different routes. We started hiking at about 8:50am in good weather. When we reached the end of the trail below Gimli, 2 of the group decided against

going to the summit. The remaining 12 set off for the summit. Unfortunately that meant losing some height crossing over to climb up to the ridge. Everyone made it to the summit where we were able to sit in comfortable conditions, and with good views, for lunch. We met Peter McIver on or near the summit, who was hiking by himself. The good weather continued for the return trip.

We were Ed Beynon, Mike Brewster, Bob Dean, Dave Grant, Barb Hanlon, Don Harasym, Vicki Hart, Joan Harvey, Ray Neumar, Tracy Neumar, Terry Simpson, Gene Van Dyke, Jill Watson, and trip leader Ted Ibrahim.

I think that Bob Dean, who will be 82 next month, is probably the oldest person to have climbed Gimli. He said he will not do it again.

Chariot Peak, August 9th and 10th

It was predicted to rain on the 9th and 10th of August. On Saturday morning it was fairly clear so we left town at 8am. We were at the trailhead at 10am and started hiking. We followed the Gwillam Lakes trail to Warlock Lake then turned to NNE for about 200m till encountering a talus slope to the creek. We crossed the creek and then it started to rain very hard. We put on our rain gear and sheltered under a group of trees. After about 30 minutes the downpour turned to a light rain so we headed up the avalanche slope and then contoured in the direction of Cauldron Lake. Upon arriving at the lake the rain stopped, the sun came out and it became warm. We set up camp and laid our wet clothes on rocks to dry. At 4pm we were comfortable so we decided to climb some mountains. We all climbed Mt. Mephistopheles and Jen climbed Rosemary's Baby and Trident as well.

We were in bed by 8:30. Around 11pm there was a very loud and very close lightning and thunder storm. It rained all night. At 6:30 am it was raining very hard so I just stayed in my bed and was thankful for having survived the storm and for being dry. At 8am the rain stopped so we got up. At 9:30 we started to hike toward Chariot Peak. The sky looked very ominous and there was thunder but no rain. By 10:30 we decided to turn around as we expected it to start raining. We broke camp and headed home all the time it looked like rain, sounded like rain but did not rain.

Everybody appeared to be happy and content with our accomplishments.

We were Vicki Hart, Jen Kyler, Curt Nixon and David Cunningham, trip leader.

Monica Meadows, August 10th

After much waffling amongst declared participants, 13 of us set off to Monica Meadows. The trip up the road was lengthy (about 1½ hours from Kaslo) and took us along some steep valleys up from Duncan Lake along Glacier Creek. On our way up, we saw a large black bear crossing the road. We passed Rainbow Ranch, which is a somewhat derelict establishment of dead cars and collapsed buildings. Then we ran into some white horses that presumably were once used for trail rides from Rainbow Ranch. The horses have been turned loose up the Glacier Creek valley and left to fend for themselves. Given the thickness of the bush, they are pretty much confined to the road and were reluctant to make way for our vehicles.

The road was in good condition, except for some large water bars near the end of the trail, which challenged the clearance of our vehicles.

Upon arrival at the parking lot, it was discovered that one of our intrepid hikers had forgotten her hiking boots, so shoes were improvised by wrapping duct tape around her toes and heels and strapping her Tevas back on. This seemed to work well, as she was always in the lead group and at the end of the hike seemed to have suffered no ill effects from her novel footwear.

Despite dire weather warnings, the day was sunny and we soon arrived in the meadows after climbing a number of fairly steep switchbacks. The meadows were spectacular and the wild flowers were in full force. The scenery was dreamlike with brilliant green meadows backed by dark vertical ridges of rock. Fortunately, the group included Dave Elliot, Nelson's former mayor and a former KMC'er. Dave knows the area of Monica Meadows intimately and was able to guide us to a number of small lakes connected by waterfalls which are not often seen by hikers to the area. I would describe these in greater detail in this report, but Dave has threatened to kill me if I do, so club members will have to wait till the next trip guided by Dave to discover these scenic areas or bribe other trip members for a fuller description.

By about mid afternoon, the weather suddenly changed and we heard the distant rumblings of a thunderstorm. By the time we returned to the point where we had stopped for lunch, the clouds had rolled in and the rain was falling hard. Dave Elliot took one part of the group towards a distant ridge with the hope of getting a better view and intersecting the trail, and I descended along the trail with some of the more prudent members of our expedition. Rain was immediately followed by hail, and a further loss of visibility.

Through some miracle, the other group appeared to regain their good sense and instead of courting electrocution on an exposed ridge in a thunderstorm, abandoned their detour, and returned to the trail.

We returned wet and bedraggled to the cars, then stopped in Kalso on the way back at the Blulette café for coffee, tea, carrot cake and blueberry pie. (We felt no guilt about any of this, having just created a major caloric deficit by hoofing it up the trail.)

Thanks to all participants: Greg Brewer and Kim Charlesworth, Dave Elliot and John Gordon, Alex and Kathleen Nichol, Terry Simpson, David and Sandy St. Denis, Jill Watson, and myself Bill McNally.

Mt. Airy, August 13th

Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Dave Grant, Ted Ibrahim, Jan Micklethwaite, Ray Neumar, Marlies Roeder, Nancy Selwood, Dave St. Denis, Gene Van Dyke, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward, and Hans Korn, trip leader and scribe, met at the South Slocan Park & Ride at 7am. At 7:20 we met Terry Simpson at the Upper Passmore road junction. Lucky for all of us to have enough 4WD cars to get us through the water bars on the Airy creek FSR. We parked before the first bridge crossing Airy creek and started walking up the road. The alders are taking the road over at a fast pace; that didn't stop Ted who drove all the way up to the driveable end of the road.

On the way up to Airy, we checked in at the cabin, had a good look around, took some pictures and headed towards the top of Airy where we arrived about noon. We had a sunny and warm day with no wind, and great views all around. We left Airy around 1pm, headed for the catskiing road, picking huckleberries here and there on the way to the cars. We arrived at the cars a bit tired, but it was a good day.

Alps Aturas, August 17th

Eleven keen hikers met, on a beautiful sunny day, at the park and ride at the junction at 6:30 am, and proceeded to the East Wilson Cr. FSR turnoff. Thankfully, we had some folks along who remembered the route to the trailhead, as the Local Hikes book wasn't that helpful.

Arriving at the trailhead, the trip leader discovered that she had grabbed her own right hiking boot, and her size 11 partner's left boot. With several pairs of socks on the left foot, the larger boot came in handy on the scrambles across rocky patches. The weather was perfect, with a cool breeze saving us from blistering heat. Alpine meadow flowers were in full bloom, and gave us many photo opportunities. A very large spider was fascinating to photograph and Murray probably has an album of snapshots of this eight-legged being. Visibility was slightly marred with a smokey haze. Participants came from as far away as England, as near as Nelson, and points in between. We reached our resting destination overlooking the lake basin just in time for lunch. Some folks rested and then headed slowly back to the vehicles. A small group decided to attempt the ridge up to Mt. Marten, below which was a long patch of snow. Although the summit wasn't achieved, the ridge was, and lots of laughter glissading down the snow patch back to the trail. The walk back to the cars was punctuated with occasional sprinkles from threatening rain clouds, but we never had a downpour. We all arrived back at the vehicles at about the same time, despite leaving at very different times, posed for a group photo, then went on our separate ways, having enjoyed a lovely day. We were: Jenny Baillie, Greg Brewer, Kim Charlesworth, Fram Dinshaw, Anita Gillmore, Murray Lashmar, Jeremy Marczak, Dawn Mehain, P'nina Shames, Jill Watson, and Sherry Watson.

Mt Prestley, August 17th

Mount Prestley has an unusual name for the Valhallas, as it is the only mountain in its vicinity to not bear a name from Norse legends. Not many mountaineers know its origin - it was named after a young Nelson man, Michael Thomas (Mickey) Prestley, who was killed in action in France in 1944. On this trip, we were honoured to have with us his nephew Martin Prestley, who brought with him a plaque in memory of Mickey Prestley, with the intention of placing it in a prominent location on the mountain. So beyond the usual goal of climbing a mountain, we had a second objective of helping Martin and his brother-in-law Dan Maluta to get as high on the mountain as possible, to place the plaque.

The trip began with a bushwhack up the overgrown old logging road in Bannock Burn, and a difficult thrash through the old cutblocks which are totally choked with alder. Eventually, we reached old-growth forests on the hillside below Mt Prestley, and without too much difficulty found our way to the steep meadows below the mountain. Ascending the gully between the west (highest) and centre peaks, we found the snow to be very hard, and it ended altogether a few hundred feet below the col. From the top of the snow, we passed down a rope to help Martin and Dan, who are not climbers, up the steepest section. From here, there was a small overhang in loose rock to get to the col, and Martin and Dan decided not to proceed further. At this point, there is a prominent smooth buttress on the climber's right of the gully, just before the difficult section, and they chose this location to mount the plaque.

By this time, it was getting late, only an hour from our last feasible turn-around time, and there were thunderclouds brewing on the horizon. So we decided not to proceed to the main summit, which would require some roped climbing. Vicki and Andrew quickly scrambled up the middle peak, while the rest of us went down to fix ropes to rappel down the steep parts. This took a little while, as we had to teach Marty and Dan how to put on climbing harnesses and to rappel. With a little instruction, they did well, and everyone got off the mountain without incident. The thunderclouds disappeared, so in hindsight maybe we should have gone for the summit. Later I heard there were severe thunderstorms further west in the Monashees.

So once again I didn't make it up Mt Prestley, so I guess I'll have to put it on the schedule for next year. It would be good to go back and make sure the plaque has successfully withstood the winter weather. Next time I think we'll camp at the end of the road, since with the bushwhack at the bottom, Mt Prestley is quite a long day.

We were: Brian Cooles, Vicki Hart, Dan Maluta, Andrew Murray, Ron Perrier, Martin Prestley, Nancy Selwood, and trip leader Peter Jordan.

Mount Chipman, August 24th

Three others met me at the Safeway in Nelson early Sunday morning, and we headed off in two trucks to Keen Creek FSR. I was thinking that my trip description – “must enjoy scrambling over/under enormous boulders”- may have scared people off. Our last attempt at Mt. Chipman was thwarted by new snow, a lost wallet, and a poor route choice. The highlight of that fine day was a dead battery back at the truck and a hike out at dusk to the highway. Although I had been back there to climb other peaks, I had not yet been up to the top of Chipman.

At the Ben Hur turn-off (at 7.5km on Keen Creek Rd) there was a work site with several excavators and trailers, but

fortunately the road was not blocked. We followed the rapidly re-vegetating road for 1.4km, then turned right, dropped over to Ben Hur Creek, and followed the road past two cutblocks to its end at 4.4km. The rough trail begins at the end of the road and sporadic flagging and cairns make it fairly easy to follow. The trail ends at a subalpine lake beneath Chipman. From there, we followed the west shore of the lake to the steep, boulder-choked gully where the fun began. We chose a gully to the right of the creek and began scrambling our way up. The angle eases, although there are still huge rocks to negotiate (you really can go under them in spots), and this continues along the creek to a level grassy area with a small tarn. From there we easily gained the south ridge of Chipman. Trying to short-cut up the west face before the tarn only leads to frustration, as I had discovered the last time. Although it's hard to discern the summit from below, it becomes apparent once on the ridge. We followed the ridge north, at one point dropping east onto loose scree to avoid gendarmes. At the last part of the ridge to the summit, Marlies and Chris stopped to enjoy the view and good chocolate, while Guy and I continued to the summit cairn (no register). While the final ridge looks sketchy from afar, it is straightforward and a better choice than skirting around to the west. We re-grouped, ate more chocolate, and headed back down (definitely as much effort required as going up!), arriving back at the trucks after almost 9 hours of hiking and scrambling.

The weather was sunny and mild, and I was really pleased to be with such positive and enthusiastic people on this trip. Thank you to Chris Lalonde, Guy Lupien, and Marlies Roeder for the great company!
Jen Kyler

Along the Road to Huckleberry: 2008 Huckleberry Hut Work Party

My new plan for stocking the Huckleberry Hut with wood involved buying a load of bucked split wood (a bargain at \$125) and transporting it via ATV (trailer) to the cabin, thus saving myself and Lenard the headache – not to mention, backache – of felling, bucking and hauling many trees about.

On Tuesday, **August 26th**, Lenard drove by my house with his MoF truck and trailer and we loaded the rest of the wood – I couldn't fit it all in my pick-up truck – into his trailer, and then carried on to the Porto Rico Road.

We were a good-sized work party, so unloading the wood from my truck, and reloading it into the ATV trailer went quickly. At various stages during the day we had people at different locations as we progressively moved the wood up to the cabin. Eventually, however, by about 1:30 pm, we were all up at the cabin. I was last up, as I had been helping Lenard with the last few trailer loads, and, by the time I got to the cabin, all the chores on my list had been done and the cabin was looking wonderful.

The cabin is now equipped with fire extinguisher, Coleman lantern (white gas), two burner Coleman stove, various pots, pans, and eating utensils, clean water bucket, and washing up supplies. We added a feminine touch to the rustic cabin by putting new Contact on the shelves.

With the work done, some people hiked up towards Midday Peak and came back with bags of huckleberries.

Many, many thanks to the following workers:

Renate Belczyk, Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, David Cunningham, Linda Johannson, Lenard Lovernow, Ray Neumar, Peter Oostlander. Leader: Sandra McGuinness.

Bannock Hill, September 1st

Nine of us met at the Playmor Park & Ride and then drove up the Little Slocan Road to Bannock Burn. Heading up that road we forked left and drove up the winding road to the comparatively level area, about 15km from the Little Slocan Road. Driving time was about 2 hours. The first part of the hike was through a wet region but after a while we were above that section and headed for the height of land, arriving at the "peak" after a couple of hours of hiking. We had lunch but didn't hang

Mt Sentinel, September 3rd

Nine of us collected at Lookout Road at the Castlegar end of the Thrums straight stretch of road and drove, in two vehicles, up the road that leads to the Mt Sentinel Lookout site, passing the house that has been built on the site of the original Kalesnikoff lumber mill. The road is rough and somewhat exposed and at least one of the drivers wasn't too happy. We drove too far on this road so returned to a lower branch road and started hiking up that. After an hour and a half we reached the old lookout site. This was not the real destination but since the 'top' was two, five or ten kilometers away (according to whose estimate you accepted) we ate an early lunch (11:30am) and headed back down a different, somewhat longer, route to the vehicles.

Participants: Renate Belczyk, Russell Cameron, Bob Dean (leader), Janis Gilbert, Edward Ibrahim, Hamish Mutch, Terry Simpson, Anna Thyer, Mary Woodward.

Haystack Mtn., 8800', September 10th

A beautiful September day brought six of us out to climb Haystack Mtn. We got the 6:30am ferry at Balfour and were on the trail at 8:30am. The drive up Sanca Creek FSR to the trailhead is 18km. of gravel road. The 360-degree views of the distant mountains were a feast for the eyes. Thanks for coming out gang.

We were Bob Dean, Ted Ibrahim, Gene Van Dyke, Eliane & Steven Miros, and myself Mary Woodward.

Old Glory, September 14th

It was a perfect hike. It was two perfect hikes? The skies were blue, the sun was shining, and the peak of Old Glory beckoned to 17 strong, enthusiastic KMCers and guests. There was some difference in understanding about where the trailhead was, resulting in two different groups heading up from different starting points, but we all met up on the ridge and at the top to visit and celebrate our efforts. (Much to my relief, it also allowed me to sign everyone up, fulfilling one of my roles as trip coordinator. As I wasn't going to be doing any route finding, I had to do something to earn my money!)

Other than some blisters from new boots and one case of overheating, the hike was uneventful. We were all especially impressed with the amazing accomplishments of Sasaki

around too long as the weather wasn't great. After lunch we headed down to the col where we had had lunch last year, even looking in vain for the bag that I had forgotten on that trip. From there we walked down the valley and back to the cars.

On the way down we found various pieces of recent garbage including a large plastic bag that had once contained 25 kg of Solar Extra Coarse Salt for water softeners. Some trees had also been sawn down for what purpose we didn't know.

The area is beautiful and presents fantastic views of the cliff side of Mt. Rinda.

Participants: Ed Beynon, Bob Dean (Leader), Don Harasym, Edward Ibrahim, Peter Oostlander, Al Sheppard, Pat Sheppard, Terry Simpson, Jill Watson.

Megumi from Japan who had never been up that high before, and Jenny Walsh (age 7) and Tita McKenzie (age 11), who were inspirational in their effort and enthusiasm (as were Sylvia Smith and Bob Dean, who are somewhat older but certainly no slower or less keen!). Thank you to everyone who made my first hike as a coordinator so perfect.

Other participants were: Leon Arishenkoff, Gayle Buchner, Helen Foulger, Elizabeth Huxter, Terry Huxter, Janice Isaac, Ingrid Lange, Bobbie Maras, Kathleen Nichol, Nadine Podmonof, Anna Thyer, and myself Marilyn Nelson.

Mt Rinda, September 17th

Twenty two of us, in five vehicles, drove up Hoder Creek and turned right up Gasca Creek, taking the comparatively new logging road that seemed to lead almost to the summit of Rinda, but it didn't and we were left with some hiking and a bit of scrambling to do. It took between two and three hours for the spread out-group to reach the summit where the leader was spoiled with a very tasty birthday cake made by Mary Woodward. The weather was beautiful and the views were great.

Participants: Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Mike Brewster, David Cunningham, Bob Dean (leader), Vicki Hart, Joan Harvey, Brandon Hughes, Elizabeth Huxter, Terry Huxter, Edward Ibrahim, Robin Lidstone, Bill McNally, Hamish Mutch, Marlies Roeder, Nancy Selwood, Terry Simpson, Dave St Denis, Linda Stevens, Maurice de St Jorre, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward.

Sometimes You Get Lucky: 2008 Grassy Hut Work Party, September 24th

My penultimate work party of the year, and some times you get lucky. With a quiet season, relatively speaking, for forest fires, the Arrow Lakes Fire Suppression crew beat us in to Grassy Hut and, in the course of building a heli-pad by the cabin, bucked up a pile of firewood for winter and replaced the ailing steps up to the cabin.

So, when a group of six of us walked in on a chilly fall day with fresh snow on the ground, we found precious little work to be done at the cabin. However, a slight modification was needed to the new stairs – this David and Ed accomplished with the somewhat inadequate tools on site. Meanwhile, the ladies – Mary and Terry – cleaned the cabin and outhouse, while

Bert fixed the door frame, rehung the new reservation system sign, mounted the fire extinguisher and was generally handy (as he always is).

After we'd finished working, we sat about having lunch, while David regaled us with stories of men who "fall in love later in life" and find themselves doing all kinds of new (for them) activities. David claims to have fallen in love early in life, thus he doesn't need to do any new activities.

Thank you to everyone for a great day and lots (well, not that much this time) of hard work.

Participants: Ed Beynon, David Cunningham, Bert Port, Mary Prothro, Terry Simpson, and slave driver, Sandra McGuinness.

Champion Creek to Sunningdale, September 28th

Once the sun burnt off the early morning fog the 13 hikers enjoyed a bright fall day for the duration of the hike from Champion Creek south to Sunningdale. The group met at 9:00 at the Brilliant Bridge Park & Ride and carpooled to the trailhead just south of the Kabatoff gravel pit. They hiked along the road above the river bank to 'Blahadatnia' Cemetery, (the old settlement of Champion Creek). From there they climbed to the bench above and south to overlook the mouth of Champion Creek itself. No sturgeon were visible at the creek mouth but 3 or 4 ducks were feeding there. The troop moved out upstream to the logging truck bridge and continued along the logging road. They were thankful for the Friends of Parks and Trails Club and Katimavik volunteers who had cut back the encroaching alders along this section of the trail. The group emerged from the alders back to the riverbank opposite Genelle. They stopped on a river-cobbled bank for lunch 11:45 to 12:15. An otter bobbed by in the Columbia River while the group munched their lunch. A jogger of the homo sapiens species was seen heading south on the trail. As the group continued their downstream hike they encountered more ducks, and a grouse but did not see any goats, bear, or deer despite extensive tracks along the trail. Opposite Tadanac the route turned inland. After hiking through a large coulee the group climbed up the bench above and along to the shuttle vehicles parked at the water treatment plant above Sunningdale. Some were tired, some were footsore but everyone was happy after a thoroughly enjoyable day of good weather, good trails and great company.

Hikers included Paula Barnes, Ester Brown, Janis Gilbert, Bill McNally, Andrea Morris, Otto Seufort, Cindy Shlakoff, Anna Thyer, Jill Watson, Keith & Sherry Watson, and coordinators Pat & Alan Sheppard.

Some Notes on Routes in the Silver Spray/Woodbury Area of Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park

By Sandra McGuinness

Over the last couple of years, Vicki Hart and I have been slowly checking Kokanee peaks off our mutual project list. We have had difficulty finding route information on most of these peaks, so here are some route notes on peaks in the Silver Spray and Woodbury areas of Kokanee Park.

- **Glacier View Peak:** Doug Brown and I did this route in September 2005 as a day trip. Perhaps the crux of climbing Glacier View is making sure you get up the highest point of this jagged mountain. The true summit is actually around the middle of the jagged ridge. Hike the Woodbury trail for about two hours or to just before the final switchbacks to the cabin. You are aiming to leave the trail when opposite a large swampy meadow at GR911157 (NAD27). Unfortunately, it's hard to see this meadow until you are above it, so you may have to do what we did which is descend slightly to the meadow from just below the final switchbacks on the Woodbury trail. From the south end of the meadow hike up to the toe of the glacier – it is perhaps easiest to get onto the glacier on its far west side. Hike up the glacier aiming for a small col between the false summit to the west and the true summit. Some steep snow leads to a loose looking ramp/slab system that leads to the col between the two summits. There may be a bergshroud to cross. This section may require crampons, an ice axe and a rope, depending on time of year and conditions. When we did it, the snow was hard, and crampons and ice axe were necessary. Once at the col, weave your way up scree-covered slabs to the summit. You may decide to rappel back to the glacier as we did. Class four with glacier travel. Take a rope and rope up on this ascent, as the Woodbury Glacier is full of crevasses.
- **Moonlight Peak:** Vicki Hart and I did this after hiking in to the Woodbury Cabin for an overnight stay. From the cabin, follow the Moonlight Peak trail up to the ridge south of Moonlight Peak. Scramble easily north to the false summit, then, descend ledges and gullies on the west side and work your way north just below the gendarmes that festoon the ridge, until you can scramble easily up to the summit. Class three with perhaps some class four moves. About 1.5 hours from the Woodbury Cabin.
- **Mount Kemball:** Eva Boehringer accompanied Vicki and I on this peak, which we did from the Silver Spray Cabin. Woodbury Cabin would be closer. We followed the southeast ridge to a notch between a gendarme and the summit (a little loose in here), and then scrambled easily to the top. Class two.
- **Evening Star Peak:** Another peak that is easy to tag from the Silver Spray Cabin, in fact, Vicki and I were on the summit by 8 am one fall morning in 2006. Follow the usual traverse route from Silver Spray towards Woodbury (if you're not familiar with it, there is a map in the Silver Spray Cabin with the route marked). We scrambled up the southeast face encountering nothing harder than class two boulders. About an hour from Silver Spray Cabin.
- **Mount McQuarrie:** Most KMC'ers are probably familiar with this one. It's an easy talus walk from the old Violet Mine at the Sunrise-McQuarrie col. Class two.
- **Sunrise Mountain:** Another easy peak from Silver Spray Cabin. From the Violet Mine scramble up the west ridge. Gendarmes and difficulties along the way are

avoided by scrambling down on the south side. Class two to three.

- **Kyawats Mountain:** This is probably the most fun peak of the bunch. A long connecting ridge runs north from below the much diminished Caribou Glacier and meets up with the south ridge of Kyawats. It is possible to follow this ridge north to gain the south ridge of Kyawats, but this route involves some up and down and much boulder hopping. Instead, Vicki and I followed a level bench west from just below the Sunrise-McQuarrie col to a good ramp/old moraine system that led down to the large lake at GR930200 (NAD27). We descended a hundred or so metres further on a good ramp with larch trees and then contoured across boulders and meadow to a point about 30 metres below the connecting ridge, but close to the south ridge of Kyawats. Easy scrambling up to and along the ridge led us to an open gully which we followed up to a large clean slab on the south ridge of Kyawats. We scrambled along this ridge, often just below the ridge on the east side, until we reached the final gendarme before the summit of Kyawats. From here, ledges on the west side took us along to the base of the summit pyramid, where some fourth class scrambling on solid rock took us to the summit. I'm pretty sure this is the same, or a very similar route, to the one Kim Kratky took in 2001 and wrote up in one of our club newsletters the same year. An old tin on top contains a record of Kim's ascent but no further climbers seem to have made it up the peak. On the way back, Vicki wanted to admire the lakes below Kyawats, so we scrambled directly down to them from the top of the open gully. After wandering by the lakes (which are very pretty), we got back onto our old route by following a steep gully up through rock bands, which ended with a crawl through a tunnel made by a huge chockstone. An interesting return route. Six hours return from the Silver Spray Cabin, scrambling to class four.

Update on Mount Loki Trail

By Sandra McGuinness

Further to Fred (Thiessen's) informative note on access to Mount Loki in the September 2004 edition of the Kootenay Mountaineer, the Portman Road has been pushed a further 300 vertical metres up the west side of Mount Loki and a new trail leads expeditiously to the final west ridge route. Depending on your own personal hiking speed, reaching the summit now takes between 3 and 5 hours – quite a reasonable day trip.

Here are the driving details:

- Drive north of Riondel
- Zero your odometer at the Powder Creek FSR sign
- At 6.1 km, turn right onto the Portman Creek FSR
- At 10.9 km, take the left fork
- At 11.9 km, take the right fork
- At 15.2km, look for the trail heading off to the right (uphill), it is signed "Mount Loki via Portman Notch". The elevation at this location is about 1600m. Portman Creek Road keeps going but ends in about 300 metres.

The trail is very well built and easy to follow. Initially, the trail gains elevation and heads southwest contouring around until you arrive in the sub-alpine below Portman Notch (GR155210). The climb to Portman Notch starts gently and ends steeply! From Portman Notch the trail traverses almost due east to arrive at the west ridge. Thence, as they said in the old days, to summit.

Although the road has been built, the area has not yet been logged, so it's difficult to know what changes to the trail will take place when the area is logged.

Other (Non-Club) Trip Reports

These reports of "common adventure trips" are submitted by club members; they are not on the club trips schedule.

Lyell Icefield Ski Mountaineering Camp,

(May 3-May 9, 2008)

Maps: Golden 82N and Rostrum Peak 82N/14

The Lyell Icefield is located in the Rockies, about 70 km. northwest of Golden. Its western portions are drained by Lyell Creek and Icefall Brook, which are eventually drained by the Bush River, which flows into the Columbia at Bush Arm. The icefield is bisected by the BC-Alberta border, and its eastern portion lies within Banff National Park. South of the Lyell group lie the Freshfields; to the northwest is the Alexandra Group, site of the KMC's 1993 summer climbing camp. On Saturday, May 3rd, our party of seven (Paul Allen, Scott Allen, Ken Holmes, Pete Holton, Steve Horvath, Bert Port, and I) fly at 9:30 from the Alpine Helicopters hangar in Golden. As our pilot Don McTighe has the Bell 212, we easily make it in one 25-minute trip, flying up the Blaeberry River and across upper Waitabit Creek to land on the Southwest Lyell Glacier at 7380' (956-502). After setting up our tents on snow and digging out a cooking platform, we head out for an easy afternoon tour in fine weather, reaching the provincial boundary to the northeast at 8750' and enjoying a descent in spring conditions.

Sunday, May 4th, after a hard freeze over night, we are away at 7:20 for some exploration. Following the guide-built switchback track of the previous week's ACC camp (their camp was considerably lower and well southeast of ours), we reach the Lyell Icefield at about 9000'. As the weather and snow conditions are excellent, our party of Ken, Steve, Bert and Kim decide to head for Edward Peak, the highest of the Mount Lyell massif at 3514 m. (11,529'). Paul, Scott, and Pete, who started a bit later, chose Christian Peak, the southernmost of the group. After some 4 km. of following the faint ACC track to the north on a very gentle rise, we negotiate a steeper, icier headwall to reach the Earnest-Edward col at 11,100' (933-562). Ditching the skis, we continue on foot (some with crampons on) via the easy southwest face/ridge to the summit of Edward, the twelfth highest peak in the Rockies, by 12:20 (5 hours up). During our 25 min. stay, Ken and Steve examine the route to Rudolph, next peak to the east, and pronounce it nasty. Bert and Ken reflect that they have actually scaled Edward before, on a multi-day ski

traverse about 30 years ago. After enjoying views of Columbia, Alexandra, Bryce and Forbes, among others, we re-trace our steps to the col. From this point, Steve decides to ski back, while we others have a go at Earnest. Traversing round to its north side, we are soon turned back by deep, new, unconsolidated snow. Returning to the col, we ski back to camp in spring conditions in 2 hrs. 10 min., by 2:55 pm. A very satisfying 7.5-hour day.

Meanwhile, Paul, Scott and Pete have reached the summit of Christian via the south ridge. The upper portion requires a boot pack of wading through deep snow over rock, followed by a belayed section of 25' on a knife-edge to the 3390 m. (11,122') summit. It is Scott's first 11,000 footer.

The following day, Pete and I follow Ken, Bert, and Steve's track to a promontory on Division Mountain's northwest ridge (9397' 981-492). They have enjoyed a very nice ski down to a headwall above Icefall Brook; our later descent is in a whiteout, followed by very flat light. Not fun for this cowboy. Back in camp by 4:15, I give the day's skiing a "D" grade. Paul and Scott have found some good turns above camp.

After snow and rain on Monday night, Tuesday dawns bright and sunny, but the snow is unskiable as it did not freeze over night. Steve goes on a short tour to confirm the wretched conditions, although he is able to turn with difficulty.

Wednesday morning dawns clear after a hard freeze. Our two parties are away at 7:00, having decided to exchange our goals of Sunday. After labouring up the steep boilerplate, we gain the upper icefield. I am optimistic: the striking pyramid of Christian looms north of us framed by a clear sky; the route ahead looks straightforward. However, the weather quickly deteriorates, and Steve decides to return to camp. Bert, Ken, and I continue to 10,390' (939-539) where we dig a trench and hunker down for an hour in a whiteout in a vain effort to outwait the bad weather. At noon we radio Paul's party and learn they, too, are turning back. Back in camp by early afternoon, we all concur our decision was prudent; it starts snowing at 1:30 and continues for 36 hours. And that is pretty much the end of camp. Thursday, our fly-out day, proves a whiteout, character-building tent day. Friday at 8:40, in cold, clear, blustery weather, Don comes to fly us out. As he dekes around in the Mummery and Freshfield groups on our flight to Golden, we enjoy some fine sightseeing but view with distaste the crusted, windblown new snow below us. Back at the hangar, we exchange stories with another party that has just flown out of the Freshfield Group. Then it's off to Smitty's for an indoor, snow-free breakfast.

Kim Kratky

Ski Ascent Of Red Mountain (2182 m, 7159')

Map: Nelson 82F/6

With ski season approaching, here is a May 2008 trip to whet your appetite. BTW (as the kids say), this is not the Red Mtn. near Rossland, but the one in the Bonnington Range. The key to a less painful spring ski ascent of Red is finding the optimum balance of road access and skiable terrain. So it was, that, after an earlier mountain bike recce, Howie Ridge and I set out for the summit on **May 30th**. We first drove Giveout Creek road to the Eagle Creek junction and followed the Eagle road to the edge of a cutblock at 745-757, 5457' and 17 km. from the Giveout junction with Highway #6.

Starting at 9:20 in the clouds on a gloomy morning, we are not optimistic: there is only a strip of snow into the 'block, so we expect to reach a major snow-free zone, give up, and go home. However, the coverage improves in the trees, and we reach Sandy Creek and follow it to its headwaters in a big basin, now quite sure we will enjoy success. After a steep ascent of the basin's headwall, we gain an easier bench at 6750' (749-744) and make a gently-descending traverse to the southeast of about 2 km. to the Red-Toad col at 6577'. From this point, we ski up Red's NE ridge, finishing with 5 min. of boot packing to the bare summit at 12:55.

After a 35 min. break on this mild, partly-cloudy day, we ski down the ascent route to the col, getting about two turns. Retracing our steps to the big headwall, we descend it on good spring snow (six more turns; you can see this was a "trip on skis," not a "ski trip") and schuss right to the truck for our final ski day of the season. Call it a six-hour day.

This access is recommended over an endless ski up May and Jenny road.

Kim Kratky

Redline Peak (3226 m., 10,584'), September 13th

Map: Toby Creek 82K/8

It's punky, but it's big. What's not to like about that? After Bruce Fairley, David P. Jones or somebody else told me this year that McDonald Creek was driveable to 7000', I had been scanning the map of this area east of Mt. Farnham in the Purcells. The most logical objective that I hadn't already climbed looked to be Redline Peak or, just maybe, Spearhead Peak. On Friday, Sept. 12th, Paul Allen and I drove over to the East Kootenay in the Xterra—our plan to explore the upper McDonald basin. As we drove up Horsethief Creek that evening, the weather looked less and less promising, black clouds boiling and the peaks disappearing in murk. Worse yet, we could see fresh snow quite far down the slopes. Just past km. 35, we turned on to the signed McDonald Creek road and followed this very good, re-conditioned route south. At km. 8, we turned left or east onto the unsigned Redline Creek road, an old mining track that we were able to drive to km. 11.8, 406-934, 6877'. Beyond this point, the road is passable only to ATVs for a ways before degenerating into a walking track. After turning the truck around, we set up our tent on the road and, as soon as we settled in, were treated to thunder, lightning, rain, and a brief but substantial snow storm. Not very promising.

Saturday, we were up to see clear skies, snow on the road, and the upper basin to the south completely blanketed in fresh snow. At the heathenish hour of 8:00 am, we set out with our climbing gear for a wander up the road. I was thinking, "Chance of success, 20%." However, we meandered along the snowy road for about two hours till it ended at a mine bored into a steep face at 8330' (420-923). After a quick exploration of the mine, we headed southwest up easy rock and snow of the two-ski-poles variety till we reached a bench at the edge of the glacier at 9115' (421-917) and put on the rope. The friendly-looking pyramid of Redline beckoned 1500' above us, the sky radiated a summery blue, and all looked well. However, the fresh snow that had fallen over the last two weeks meant a calf-

deep plunge with every upward step. We crawled along, the summit never seeming to get closer, until we finally reached the ridge crest northeast of Redline at 10,200'. Not there yet--the supposedly-easy east ridge looked to be plastered with freshies which might create ugly climbing conditions. After reaching a snow shoulder, we tackled this ridge and found it to yield 300' of decent going on snow and rock. Over a false summit and along another 40m, mostly horizontal, and we were at the massive summit cairn (the base would be as big as a kitchen table). It was 1:10, and the weather was perfect, cloudless and mild.

During our 50 min. sojourn on top, we savoured views of Farnham and its uncanny looking Tower, Peter, Delphine, McCoubrey, Jumbo, Karnak, and, farther to the southwest, Truce, Cauldron, Blockhead, Hamill, and Toby. The flat and lake-like Delphine Glacier spread just below us to the southwest, while across Bruce Creek to the east and south soared Mt. Nelson and Sultana Peak. We also speculated about

the origin of the gigantic cairn next to us; when Robert West and Art and Claudia Maki made the first recorded ascent of this peak in 1960, also from Redline Creek, they found this enormous monument, but no summit record.

Finally, at 2:00 pm, we headed down. The descent proved fast and easy: the new snow provided excellent straight-line plunge stepping, and lower down we continued directly south down the now snow-free rocky alps, cutting off a good deal of the upper road. At one point, we could see an ATV driver with dog on the road below us. Our direct route led us back to the truck in a mere 2 ½ hours by 4:30 for a very acceptable 8½-hour day. After quickly guzzling a Pepsi, we drove down to Radium Hot Springs in 90 min., consumed a burger and fries, and drove home by midnight. In all, Redline was an unexpected September bonus—another of the delights of alpinism.

Kim Kratky

Hiking Camp Reports

This year's hiking camps were located in the International Basin - Base Camp Elevation: 2310m
UTM Coordinates: 0488924/ 5648468 - (This info provided by Selena Davis, Camp 2)

Camp 1 **Dates:** July 19 to July 26

Participants: Leon Arishenkoff, Roy Ball, Jenny Baillie [cook], Paula Barnes, Darla Drader, Mark Hatlen, Rita & Ken Holmes, Luba Horvath, Liz Huxter, Terry Huxter, Bob McQueen [leader], Judith & Simon Mitchell, Ray Moore, Ray Neumar, Ron Perrier, Barb Stang, Andrea Vowell, Mary Woodward.

from International Basin, I'll fill you in anyways. After one hundred bouncy-jouncy, potholed, snail's paced, tire flattening, log obstructed, aspen narrowed, "ooh" and "ah" punctuated clicks, (that's Canadian for kilometers), we finally arrived at the helicopter landing site. The views of Duncan Lake, the creeks and falls flowing into it, and the glaciers pasted to the peaks all around us, kept us entertained. Bob, our accommodating driver and camp leader, cooperated fully, stopping on demand for photo opportunities and other required pit stops. At the end of it all? - A reunion with the rest of the camp folk, a view of Nemo Glacier and a blood source for two or three billion mosquitoes.

Jenny and Mary made a fire the next morning and with our fingers wrapped around steaming mugs, we toasted our toes until the sun found us. Speaking of finding, it's a wonder our helicopter pilot found us at all. It was an indignant group indeed who, having already once been tossed aside for a more lucrative business opportunity, flew into camp with the smallest helicopter ever invented and a pilot, who although he flew well, knew less about the procedure than we did. A long day of back and forth ensued until all twenty of us, our personal gear, food for the week and camp supplies were finally settled. It is the good humour and preparedness that made the wait below a pleasure.

As always the anticipation of seeing the camp location makes me wiggle in my seat. The thought of dropping out of the sky is replaced with giddiness, neck craning and photo snapping. The ride is always too short. Of course with the price of gas these days, it's a good thing. Last year's blizzard prepared me well for the snow clad peaks and valleys we were calling home for the week. Skis and snowshoes would have been appropriate for where we landed. Water shortage would not be an issue this year, nor would chilling our food and wine. Although there was a cool breeze, when we disembarked, the sun shone warm and welcoming. Once on firm ground and away from the slashing blades of the chopper, I pirouetted, my mouth

Camp 1 group picture – (B. Stang photo submission)

Dear Mom and Dad,
Even though you have no hope of receiving this letter

ajar, and observed the richness of the scene. I understood why this spot had been chosen again. Three hundred and sixty degrees of heather mounds, rugged peaks, melting glaciers, our very own crystal blue lake with miniature icebergs, a creek to cross, a snow wall for calving more glaciers, Mt. Sibbald proudly minding over us, plenty of mountains and meadows to explore and only the sound of water and wind in my ears. You can imagine my surprise when a group of international hikers and their guide clambered over the knoll and onto our site. I had to rub my eyes and look again to be sure I was seeing what I was seeing.

But I wasn't the only one confused by the helicopter and hiker infestation. Luba, hiking alone, heard the chopper cresting the cull behind camp. It landed a short distance from her on a snow patch. Trying to be helpful she waved it off and pointed to the opposite side of the lake where she had seen the heli-hikers gather. The pilot and helicopter stayed put. Luba, thinking he hadn't noticed, waved her arms in semaphore. Still the pilot stayed, his chopper blades spinning. Luba now worried that the pilot thought she was one of his passengers who had become separated from the group and needed rescuing. She signaled across the lake again. She envisioned him dragging her onto the helicopter. She saw herself separated from her own group who would worry and search for her. She wondered what would happen to his real passengers. What would become of them, huddled across the lake, as Luba had tried to point out, crouched low and still as rocks? Finally the pilot flew to the correct landing site. We'll never know if he eventually received word from headquarters as to the exact location of his charges or if he just gave up on this errant and rebellious solo hiker. Whatever the reason we are grateful that he left behind our lovely Luba.

While on our hikes, we had to leave behind a lot of treasure - so many rocks, precious minerals, miner's relics - perhaps even gold. The miners here before us, must have been disappointed - we were not. While attempting to scale the Pterodactyl, Simon found and gave Ray a huge "gold nugget". Our financial futures were secure thanks to our discovery and early retirement seemed imminent. Sadly the iron pyrite crystals were as worthless as they were beautiful.

On day three the lure of ambitious conquest called to Ron, Terry, Ken, Leon and Ray and they were off to bag Mt. David. Since Mary Woodward had climbed it almost two decades earlier, she was thoroughly quizzed in preparation for the ascent. Mary's recollection of the route however, was fuzzy, understandably. Undeterred they set out confident that they would find their way since Mary said it had been a fairly easy climb. The climb however, was difficult. The challenge became too much. Those who were unwilling to risk their lives turned back and waited for their fellow hikers. Only Ron, driven by the knowledge that Mary had summited, dared to continue. With her words, ringing in his head and his premonitions dogging him, he pressed on towards the top. As the climb became more and more difficult, he became certain she hadn't come this way. She had to have come by a different route. There had to be another way up and that would be his descent route. Once on top he would find it and descend by that route because to go back the way he had just come was impossible. On top, all alone, Ron could see no easy way down. Now what? Straight down the

snow was the only way. Luck, timing, skill, and nerve, the things that got him up, were the same things that would get him down.

Ron and the rest of the team did get back to us, all in one piece, but not via the route that Mary had climbed. Mary had never been on this peak. We're not sure that anyone - besides Ron - ever has been on this peak.

Before you accuse Mary of leading those poor boys astray, let me keep her reputation intact and draw a different conclusion. Mary has indeed summited David - twice in fact, but Ron has not. Lies? Riddles? Confusion? Confusion!

The mystery was solved a few days later when Mt. David's identity was confirmed from its apex by GPS coordinates, calculations, and consultation. Ron and his group had clamored around on Mt. Coney. David is a jaunt, while Coney is a vicious and unforgiving contest. David the lamb, Coney the slaughterer. David the sunny day at the beach, Coney the hurricane swells and thorough drenching. Through this case of mistaken identity, Ron has kept his reputation as gutsy, perhaps crazy, mountaineer intact and has earned himself a new handle -Wrong Peak Ron.

How's the weather at home? Mostly ours was good, but on day four it turned wet and cold forcing some of us to abandon our expected hike for the pleasure of a warm, dry tent and a good book. The smart group however, hiked to a nearby cabin for an afternoon of cards, tea and chit chat. Volumes increased in order to be heard above the snores of two un-named men who slept through the din of 13 people's conversations. Both snorers woke each other up and accused the other of snoring too loudly.

As a group we talked about a lottery for the 8 sleep berths if the inclement weather continued. Because Ray and Rita found the cabin, they received a "buy". That afternoon we played games in the supply tent, ate dinner and even washed the dishes in the cook tent. Our cook Jenny and her helper graciously accepted the crowded conditions the 18 extra bodies created.

Dad you would have loved being here. It was a hiking artist's retreat. We had several accomplished artists. Breakfast instruction sessions on composition, resisting the urge to overwork a piece, and bringing in light took place. Artists carried their paints over dell and glen to sit in the sun and capture the scene before them. With paper balanced on their knees, hiking boots and socks set aside and brushes poised they studied the mountains before them and chose their subject. Critique and instruction followed as did the show. One artist quotes, "it was a revelation to go sketching in the mountains- it feels like my art has been reinvigorated." Another appreciated the gift that Bob and Jenny gave her of tips and encouragement. She sat gazing at mountains with Liz, Andrea, Rita, Luba and Darla, and tried to recreate the images and laughed as they discussed how it might be done. I must say their results were admirable. Everyone created a personal rendition of what they had seen through the eyes of their own experience. What a talented group!

We had not only visual artists, but performing artists. As is tradition in camp one, the final evening is performance

night. A guest appearance by Sonia Snell, aka Ken, daring to appear in drag recited “The Tale of Sonia Snell” and “The Old maid in the Garrett”. A fashion show ensued. Jay was the colourful commentator and Liz our Zill MC. They did an excellent job introducing models, running enthusiastic commentary and controlling the crowd. The fashion trends for mountain wear are based on survival in the mountains and availability of clothing. Watch for these in the 2009 MEC catalogue.

Haute Couture Wear: Runway model Barb strutted, colour coordinate, in taupe high mountain fashion, navy rain jacket accented with lady like white gloves.
“Marmot, North Face, Mountain Hard Wear, MEC, Status symbols all to get
Haut Couture on rock or snow
The higher the cost the better you go
Thank you China for making it so.”

Whipping Wear: Without mask and latex, Ray donned the yellow plaid KMC kitchen helper apron and the hand mixer.
“Flesh that tingles to the thrill
Resolution with an iron will
Man of purpose – What a trip
The pleasure of the whipper that will not whip”

Colourful Glacial Wear: Terry was resplendent in fluorescent pink hat, dark safety goggles, multi-coloured wool socks, rope and printed boxers. He added his own commentary with flare and dramatic role-play.

The mountain Stripper: Paula wore all the clothes she had brought and some borrowed garments in order to be warmly dressed in our temperamental climate. She removed layer after layer to the enthusiastic encouragement of the cheering audience members. With that many layers Paula would be sure to win any game of strip poker.

Diaphanous Mosquito Wear: Roy looked stunning in his 2 piece net suit. Coral coloured boxers glowed through his bottoms and a suspiciously enlarged bust gave shape to the transparent top.
“Our little butterfly or moth may be
Bringing cuteness and beauty
Fluttering from flower to rock
Our diaphanous creature is very hot.”

The diaphanous butterfly was also the belly half of the belly and dancer. He led the group in an audience participation chant which beckoned the middle-eastern dancer out of the cold, her midriff barely bared. It was either all the preceding frivolity and innuendo or the dumping of hot coals into the biffy that labeled camp one “shit hot”. Sorry Mom for my potty mouth.

So many experiences made this a wonderful camp. As usual we counted wild flower types, ate a different four course meal daily, saw all manner of birds from Golden Eagle to Hummingbird, had marmot neighbours who called to breakfast with morning reveille and came across fresh grizzly digs. We watched our snow wall split and send a tsunami across our crystal lake. We watched fog gallop up the valley walls and envelop our camp. We marveled at brilliant rose sunsets and alpen glow on International Peak. Paula and Ray celebrated

their one-year anniversary of living in Canada. What a superb place for that! So many grace-filled moments, made Mark observe, “It is great to be alive. This week made me remember how wonderful life can be.” I second that.

Hugs and kisses to you both,
K.M.C. xoxoxo
(Submitted by Barbara Stang)

Camp 2 Dates: July 26 to August 2

Participants: Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Mike Brewster, Glen Cameron (leader), Janet Cameron, Ron Cameron, Julie Castonguay (photographer), Selena Davis, Don Harasym, Janet Harasym, Joan Harvey, Ted Ibrahim, Joyce MacDonald, Andrea Morris, Terry Simpson (cook), Terry Turner, Muriel Walton, John Walton, Sherry Watson, Keith Watson.

Below: Camp 2 group picture (*Selena Davis photo*)

As this was my first KMC Hiking Camp, I was excited to explore the mountains at International Basin with many new friends and was naïve enough to accept the job of camp journalist. That said, I can only hope that I can convey the week that was – “Marvelous scenery, new friends, gourmet food, exposure to our local mining history, mostly cold damp weather, and a lot of laughs”

International Basin is a fabulous choice for a KMC Hiking Camp - it offers a sweeping panorama of the peaks, ridges, and glaciers of the Purcell Range, spectacular scrambles, and beautiful meadow hikes up ramps leading to high cols in between the peaks and ridges. The nearby lakes and alpine tarns offer visible beauty and our drinking water. The spectacular views included the peaks and glaciers of the Carbonate range to the south, Mt. Temple in the Rockies to the east down the Bobbie Burns creek valley, the peaks and ridges of the Selkirk range to the west across the Duncan River valley, and to the north, Mt. Sir Donald and the Battle Range.

International Mountain from Base Camp (*Selena Davis photo*)

So here's how it went

A helicopter delay offered our group a late start to the day; arriving mid-afternoon. A storm just prior to arrival lifted the kitchen tent, making a mess of it, requiring our team of hikers to set it right again. Just after camp was set we got our first rainfall providing a lovely rainbow over camp.

The evening temperature was a few degrees above zero. Little did we know that this was to be the weather for our week! The nighttime thunder and lightning provided just enough entertainment to ensure that most of us got minimal sleep – would we be struck by lightning?, wake up very wet? or would our tent blow over into the large neighboring alpine lake? The wind gusts were enough to make this a reasonable thought.

Day 2 – It's Ed's birthday; songs were sung in English and French, and of course, Hazel added a special touch – a coveted chocolate cake! Scattered clouds, rain, and cold winds left many hikers adventuring not too far from camp. When the sun did arrive it stayed just long enough to dry the last hour's rain. Those that reached the toe of glacier below Mt. International saw goat and grizzly bear tracks. Mike noted a sizeable crevice in the glacier's volume and larger and more visible crevices since his last visit to this beautiful mountain region in 1991.

We awoke to some sunshine on **Day 3**. The warmth was a welcomed feeling as four degrees in our tents overnight was a little cool!! Ted and Don reached the pinnacle of Mt. Sibbald, just south-west of our camp.

Terry S, Glen, Joan, and Mike reached the top of Mt. David following ramps to the snowfield above the headwaters of Dennison Creek.

A sunshine filled morning on **Day 4** made it 24 hours without rain! Missing us, the rain graced us with an afternoon shower and the cold winds never really gave way. Another evening of eating and socializing inside the cook tent! The talk of the day was the dynamic hiking duo of Julie and Terry T – so playful and funny they were, and of course, interested in everything 'rock and forest'. Ohhhhh; how each of us wanted to be a fly on their backpacks during that trip.

Day 5 – It's true; it was another night of rain, snow and cold winds! We awoke to a blanket of that white stuff on the earth and a sky that looked like that was how the day was going to be. The winds had blown over the cook tent again requiring cleaning efforts before morning breakfast could commence. Most found their best position for a hot cup and tea and a good book today! A chilly minus two degrees overnight.

On **Day 6** we awoke to a wonderful looking blue-sky day. Yippee!!!! Glen, Julie, Ted, and Selena made their way along the base of the glacier over the lateral moraine to the flower-filled meadows to the east high above Bobby Burns' creek. June, Don, Janet, Ron, Andrea, and Joyce meandered around the

lakes and waterfalls below Mt. Sibbald Ridge. John and Muriel recorder their 108th wildflower today! Joan, Terry S, and Mike were delighted by their animal sightings – eagle, goat, marmots - on their journey to the summit of Alpha Mt. while being serenaded by the stunning voices of Keith and Sherry along the way! Terry T, going solo today in search of some fine treasures, made his way down the main creek draw. He found himself climbing over tree blow-down and walking through 'clouds of mosquitoes.' Treasures of quartz, iron pyrite, and galena were shared.

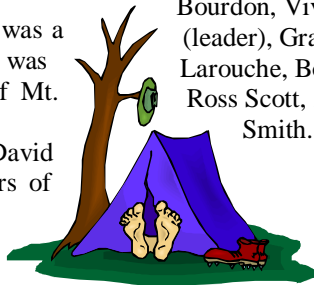
Day 7 – WOW! What a cold, wet and windy storm that blew through all night long. Did I really sign up for this??? I'm sure our cook, Terry S., feels the same way, as every other day her morning began with re-establishing the cook tent from the evening's storm. Rain and snow was our weather for the morning. The afternoon was kinder to us, allowing for some exploration of the many unseen areas around the basin.

Departure Day – awoke to beautiful sunny skies after a night without the usual howling winds; perhaps a good sign for the next hikers to come. As always, all things must come to an end! I can finally take my toque off.

Thanks to our camp leader, cook, and all those who make KMC hiking camp so accessible and enjoyable!
(Submitted by Selena Davis)

Camp 3 Dates: August 2 to August 9

Participants: Jenny Baillie (cook), Mary Baker, Vivian Baumgartner, Renate Belczyk, Suzanne Blewett, Bruce Bourdon, Vivien Bowers, Esther Brown, Don Hagen (leader), Graham Kenyon, HansPeter Korn, Gerry Larouche, Bobbie Maras, Pegasis McGauley, Sue Port, Ross Scott, Al & Pat Sheppard, Kal Singh, Sylvia Smith.



"Hey dude, where you been?"

"Hiking in the mountains. We do this camp thing every year where twenty of us fly up into the alpine and spend a week hiking around."

"Hey, that's real cool man!"

"Yea, it was cool on the first day but soon warmed up and was fine all week. Cold nights, but you expect that at 7500 feet. Sometimes it snows."

"Snow in summer! That's really far out. So who were you with; other old people like you?"

"I wouldn't call them old. OK, we figured the average age was over 60, and there were some in their seventies; but this is definitely not your average pensioners' outing. They'd walk your ass off I can tell you."

"Yea, right. So what do you old folks do all day when you get up there in your fancy helicopter: play cards?"

“Only when the weather’s too bad to hike, and it has to be pretty bad for that.”

“Like it rains?”

“You’d be surprised how fast things can change up there. We had great weather all week, but on the day we were coming out a storm blew in. Half of us had already been ferried down, and just about all the gear was out too. The helicopter carrying the last but one group down had to divert to another landing site farther up the valley because the pilot couldn’t see, and they were stuck there for half an hour. Meanwhile the last group of four was still up there with no shelter except for one flimsy tarp. And this was a real storm: thunder and lightning, a howling wind, rain lashing down sideways and frigid cold. Unless you’ve been there you wouldn’t believe how quickly hypothermia can set in under those conditions. Those people were really happy to see that helicopter I can tell you.”

“Sounds gnarly man! So what’s good about this? Why would a young guy like me want to freeze his ass off in a place like that? And who’d want to be cooped up with the same bunch of people for a week – people can be weird you know.”

“Cooped up? Think of it this way. There are 20 people; let’s be kind and say they average 50 years apiece. That’s a thousand years of life experiences, and that doesn’t count their future plans – and boy do these people have exotic plans. It’s people man; people are interesting, especially these kind of people. Who’s the weird one?”

“OK, but why do people do this? Why should I?”

“With 20 people you have many reasons why. There are the Type A’s, the Special Forces of hiking camp whose mission is to hit every peak and ridge in range. We had at least a couple of those. Imagine being forced off an impassable ridge, across an open exposed face with nothing but a quick prayer between you and the moraine far below, then down a steep, loose, rubble-filled gully with rocks flying overhead. And if that adrenaline rush wasn’t enough they were back at it again next day to see if they could finish the job.

“Then there are the regular hikers who tramp far and wide each day in ad hoc chattering groups, exploring this beautiful world and often surprising themselves when they look back at the summits they just climbed. Also the flowers, photos and painting people recording the species, scenes and spectacles beyond the ken of us mortals. And finally, the wanderers, sometimes loners, simply absorbing the beauty and timelessness of the mountains from whatever vantages suit their fancy and mood.

“We were camped by a lake surrounded by high ridges except to the northeast, which dropped away in a wide moraine basin to

Bobby Burns Creek. Across the basin were International and Battlement Mountains fronted by a great sweep of ice fields. To the northwest above our camp a tiny, still lake glittered in the sun, bordered in the shade by large snow banks that occasionally shed miniature icebergs. Beyond the lake to the west, across the Duncan valley, mountains and glaciers stretching as far as one could see. A perfect spot. This really is timeless country, humbling in its immensity and providing a perspective that far exceeds the day-to-day crises we invent for ourselves. For a fleeting moment of time we wander these meadows and ridges, a passing curiosity to its wild inhabitants, yet sensing the wonder of wilderness that so few have the opportunity to enjoy.”

“Awesome! Everything but sex and violence, eh?”

“Violence we try and avoid. The local grizzly didn’t bother anyone; the SFs dodged the rocks; and nobody fell off anything. With the other, cold nights and mummy bags inhibit any nighttime shenanigans, and in the day there are the bugs and sunburn to worry about. Anyway, when you pant and sweat your way up a ridge where the view blows your socks off, who needs sex?”

“Not to mention the age thing, eh?”

“Yea, right.”

“I didn’t mention the mosquitoes, and the deer flies, and crapping in a hole you dug yourself in solid glacial till. And sleeping on a piece of ground that grows rocks and hollows day by day, in a tent pitched so far away that even if those noises in the night really was a grizzly bear, no-one would hear your screams. And with nothing to remove the encrusted sweat, sun block and spent DEET but the frigid melt water from some ancient glacier bleeding its life away. And those chores: lugging water from the stream, scrubbing pans plated with gooey porridge, chopping up 200 carrots and celery sticks, getting up at dawn to help the cook, shovelling out the snow bank to keep the coolers cold ...”

“Hey man, enough already. So why do it?”

This contribution is a little unorthodox, but with three scribes all writing about 20 people doing similar things in the same place to a wider membership with only a passing interest in the event ... well, you get the message. The inspiration came from a discussion we had up there about average age and why younger people seem reluctant to join us. This is hardly a sales pitch to the youth, but in a tongue-in-cheek way it suggests an opportunity to encourage that generation to enjoy what we have done over the years.

Graham Kenyon

KMC Fall 2008 Hiking Schedule



There are no trips on the club schedule for fall hiking.

If you can lead/coordinate a hiking/climbing trip, please let our Hiking Trips Director, Vicki Hart, know the date, destination, particulars and rating, and the info will be posted on the club email update list. Vicki can be reached by email at vjoyhart@hotmail.com or by phone at 250-352-6145.

Vicki, our summer trips Chairperson, would like to thank all the volunteers that put time and effort into organizing a hiking trip so far this year.

Greeting to all members,

I (Dave Watson) have agreed to replace Dave Jack as Director Winter Trips until the AGM in late November, at which time I will let my name stand as a nominee for the position. So on with the new ski and snowshoe season. Yes I saw snow in them thar hills. At this time I would like to encourage anyone wishing to coordinate a winter trip to get back to me via email. I know it's early but important to get the scheduling started. I also know some of you past coordinators have favourite trips and dates so let's get them on the schedule.

See below the schedule format with preamble, please review this.

Thanks, and have a happy and safe winter,

Dave Watson,

KMC Winter Trips Schedule - 2008 / 9

Winter trip ratings:

Ski and snowshoe trip effort rating:

- A - Easy (a short day, little elevation gain)
- B - Fairly easy (a longer day or moderate elevation gain)
- C - Average (a full day, reasonable level of fitness required)
- D - Strenuous (a long day, lots of elevation gain)
- E - Strenuous (a multi-day trip)

Ski trip difficulty rating:

- 1 - Track skiing
- 2 - Off track touring (cross country touring skis)
- 3 - Moderate back country skiing (telemark, light touring or alpine touring skis with skins required, need some ability to turn.
- 4 - Advanced back country skiing (should be intermediate or advanced on telemark or alpine touring skis. Steep slopes and/or difficult route finding)

Schedule notes:

- 1) Tours rated challenging and complex will be limited to 8 participants.**
- 2) ATEs means avalanche terrain exposure scale.**
- 3) Coordinators and participants are encouraged to check the daily avalanche hazard danger ratings on www.avalanche.ca**
- 4) The type of trip, "ski" or "s-shoe" is indicated after the trip date.**

(example)

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Trip Rating:</u>	<u>Coordinator:</u>	<u>Phone:</u>
Jan. 24 - 31 (ski or s-shoe)	Kokanee Chalet	E3 - 4	TBA	

INTRODUCTION TO BACKCOUNTRY SKIING

Join a great group of men, women, and Certified Instructors/Guides, to build your backcountry skills and avalanche awareness.

- **January 3rd-10th**, a women's only course
- **March 22-29th** at Mt Carlyle Lodge (Intro to Ski Touring - non-female specific)
- **April 4-8th** at Whitecap Alpine (in the Chilcotins - women only)

\$1775 includes:

- Basic ski touring instruction
- Latest and greatest equipment review
- Route finding
- Avalanche search methods
- Gourmet food
- Accommodations in the beautiful Sentry Lodge (www.goldenalpineholidays.com/facilities/lodges.html#sentry)
- Heli access to and from the Lodge
- Professional instruction from CSIA and ACMG-Certified Guides/Instructors
- CAA Level 1 AST (avalanche skills training) course
- Goodies from our sponsors (Black Diamond, Arc Teryx & The ROAM shop)

For more information and to register, please contact (spaces limited): Emily Grady (Cold Smoke Guiding Services)

emilygrady1@gmail.com

Phone: 250-357-2119



Executive Notes

Winter Trips: Dave

Watson agreed to fill in as Director till the AGM. The

Kokanee Lottery will be held as usual. It will be in late January. We are in discussions with FWKP regarding a possible joint Kokanee ski week".

-An Avalanche course can be held but unless we have ten or more members the costs make it simpler to simply defer to one of the local vendors who offer this course. "Light Touring" will also be promoted/explored this season. The "E" on the ski trips schedule refers to extended trips.

-The Avalanche forecast and the Avaluator are on the Canadian Avalanche Association's site. The club does not mandate it but does encourage it.

VP Report: Dave Grant presented information on Risk Management Policy, Rescue and Response Procedures, and Trip Plan. The Executive will be reviewing the information for presentation to the membership. The Trip Plan would be a great tool as it outlines contact information in case of unforeseen circumstances. Remember, a "Club Trip" is "sanctioned" through the Trips Chair. If the notice of the outing does not specify "Club Trip" it is not.

Hiking Camp: presented by Leon Arishenkoff. The camps went well considering there was also a helicopter evacuation. The Hiking Camp Fund has adequate resources for this cost. Satellite Phone expenses were about \$600. The Camps Budget will be presented at the AGM and rolled into the overall KMC budget.

President's Report: 1) Federation Of Mountain Clubs Of B.C.(FMC): The FMC still needs an Executive Director. The search for this person will be put on hold until the finances of the FMC are better. There was no Cloudburst newsletter this spring as the Executive Director normally does this. There should be a Fall issue. 2) Whitewater Resort Backcountry Access: Safe passage through for backcountry skiers is guaranteed as a condition of the resort's tenure agreement. Two routes are currently being "negotiated".

Conservation: (Kim Kratky). The Jumbo Blockade is down. The illegal road building "outraged" the Ministry. The Resort still has to be approved by the Regional District of East Kootenay. That decision can however be overridden by the provincial government. Hopefully the downturns in the economy will have serious repercussions on the economic viability of the project.

Trails: Pulpit Rock Update- (Nancy Selwood) A tentative agreement is near on a strip access from Johnson Rd to the CBC Rd. This will put the trailhead about 150m west of the present one. A short section of trail will be built to connect. The old trailhead will be deactivated. The Ministry of Transport will improve the roadway but parking will still be limited. Additional arrangements for parking are being considered.

-There is a new trail extension in the vicinity of Pedro Creek from Rockslide Lake over to Johnianne lake. This should provide another opportunity for early/late season hiking.

-The Hammil Creek Trail in the Purcell Wilderness Conservancy has been closed due to damage to the cablecar crossings. No funding appears forthcoming. The KMC will be pursuing the Ministry on this important issue.

Climbing Camp: Stephen Langley. The camp of 16 participants went very well.

For next year we are looking at the Pantheon Range near Mt Waddington.

Finance: Norm Truant. Budget to be presented at AGM.

Cabins: Sandra McGuinness. We had good turnout for the hut maintenance trips. Free night-stays were offered however only a few are expected to use them. The rental system is working well so far. The Ministry has built heli-pads at the cabins for easier maintenance.

Library Report: It's still under-utilized. No new acquisitions are expected in the near future.

Mountaineering school: Sandra wants suggestions for courses.

Petition to Establish a South Okanagan-Similkameen National Park

Currently, Canadians are being presented with one of the most exceptional conservation opportunities in our history. The BC and federal governments have agreed to undertake a Feasibility Study for a potential National Park Reserve to protect the desert, grasslands, and Ponderosa pine ecosystems of the South Okanagan and Similkameen Valleys in southern British Columbia. The South Okanagan–Lower Similkameen is part of the "Interior Dry Plateau", a region of rolling plains dissected by deep valleys and long narrow lakes. Desert-like ecosystems with sagebrush and cactus are found on valley bottoms, changing at higher elevations to dry forests of ponderosa pine and Douglas-fir, or sub-alpine forest and alpine tundra. This area is one of the most interesting and ecologically diverse parts of Canada, with many native plants and animals, and natural communities found nowhere else in Canada. The remote Snowy Mountain Protected Area, characterized by extensive alpine meadows is also included in the proposal.

Whether the national park reserve becomes a reality - or a lost opportunity - depends on YOUR input and the input of all Canadians.

This region, around the towns of Osoyoos, Oliver, Keremeos and Cawston, has more species at risk than any other region of BC. Canyon wrens, white-headed woodpeckers, badgers, California bighorn sheep, tiger salamanders, spadefoot toads, pallid bats, spotted bats, scorpions, and rattlesnakes all inhabit the area. A national park here would encompass a greater diversity of ecosystems than any national park in Canada - 6 of BC's 14 major ecosystem types ("biogeoclimatic zones") are found in this little region.

Take Action Now!! This proposed park could very well be derailed by vocal opposition forces unless YOU speak up to the political decision-makers! The Online petition: www.okanaganpetition.org

For further information please contact:

Western Canada Wilderness Committee - Victoria Chapter
 651 Johnson Street, Victoria, BC
 V8W 1M7
 Phone:(250) 388-9292
 Fax: (250) 388-9223

Email: info@wcwcvictoria.org
 Website: www.wcwcvictoria.org
South Okanagan Naturalist Club
 Contact: Jim Ginns
 1970 Sutherland Road
 Penticton, BC V2A 8T8

Phone: 250-492-9610
 Email: ginnsj@telus.net

... unless we begin to protect existing hiking trails and provide new ones to cope with projected demands, the hiker faces a grim future—more and more hikers with fewer and fewer places to hike.
 —**ROBERT LUCAS & ROBERT RINEHART**, The Neglected Hiker, *Backpacker*, 1976

The KMC 2008 Executive:		Contacts:
Chair	Doug Brown	
Vice	Dave Grant	
Treasurer	Norman Truant	
Secretary	Leah Zoobkoff	
Conservation	Kim Kratky	
Winter Trips	Dave Watson	
Summer Trips	Vicki Hart	
Cabins	Sandra McGuinness	
Mtnrg. School	Sandra McGuinness	
Hiking Camp	Kay Medland	
Climbing Camp	Stephen Langley	
Website	Stephen Langley	
Entertainment	Bryan Reid	
Newsletter	Eliane & Steven Miros	

Notice of Special Resolutions – Proposed Alterations of Bylaws

To all KMC members.

At the AGM in November, the Executive of the KMC will propose some changes to the bylaws of the KMC. With the exception of the change to the required number of executive meetings, all the proposed changes are of a “housekeeping” nature – we are proposing changes to our bylaws to reflect the way we are presently operating. All motions are from the Executive.

The proposed bylaw changes are given below; I have provided a short explanation of why each change is proposed. The first two motions create two new director positions. The fact that we are proposing new directors should not be interpreted as requiring more volunteers; it is not uncommon for director positions to be vacant at times and the splits we are proposing reflect the current operations of the club.

Under the section B: OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

(1) A motion,

- **# 1 - To split the position and duties of the “Director, Equipment, Trails and Cabins” into two director positions: “Director, Equipment, Trails”, and “Director, Cabins”.**

Maintenance of the Bonnington Cabins, which the KMC manages in cooperation with the provincial Ministry of Tourism, Sports, and the Arts, is a significant time commitment. In the future, it is unlikely that a single volunteer would take on cabin maintenance as well as the trail maintenance director position. For at least the past six years, these positions have either been vacant or handled by different people.

2) A motion,

- **# 2 - To split the position and duties of the “Treasurer” into two positions: “Treasurer”, and a new director “Director, Membership”.**

The KMC bylaws state that the Treasurer will, in addition to keeping financial records and generating all required financial reports, maintain the register of members. In practice, it has been a long time since the KMC Treasurer has also been responsible for maintaining the register of members, which is a large job. This bylaw change will reflect the way the club currently operates, and give the membership volunteer proper recognition and the right to vote at executive meetings.

3) A motion to change clause 3 so it reads,

- **# 3 - There shall be twelve(12) Directors of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club.**

The first change to this clause increases the number of directors from 10 to 12 to reflect the changes of motions 1 and 2 above. The second change is the deletion of second half of the sentence that reads “each holding one of the portfolios listed in (6) below”. It is common for a single individual to hold multiple directorships, and this change is to reflect that.

Under the section C: MEETINGS

1) A motion to change the clause 9 to read as follows.

- **# 4 - The Executive shall meet not less than three (3) times per year.**

This will reduce the number of times the executive is required to meet each year by one from four to three. The members of the executive live across the region, and travel to meetings is expensive in terms of personal time and travel expenses for the club’s volunteers. Also, many members of the executive are no longer gainfully employed and are want to travel out of the region, which makes achieving quorum at meetings challenging during long periods during the year. Offsetting a reduction of in-person meetings, is the fact that the executive now regularly communicates via email and we believe three in-person executive meetings per year will be sufficient for efficient and effective operations of the club. Note that this is a minimum number, and the Executive is free to meet more frequently if unusual circumstances require it.

At the AGM, the Executive will have copies of the original constitution and also of the proposed changes to the constitution available to the membership. If there are any questions as to these proposals please feel free to email me before the AGM at toquehead@gmail.com.

Sincerely,
Doug Brown, chair

These proposals will be presented at the November 21st Annual General Meeting.