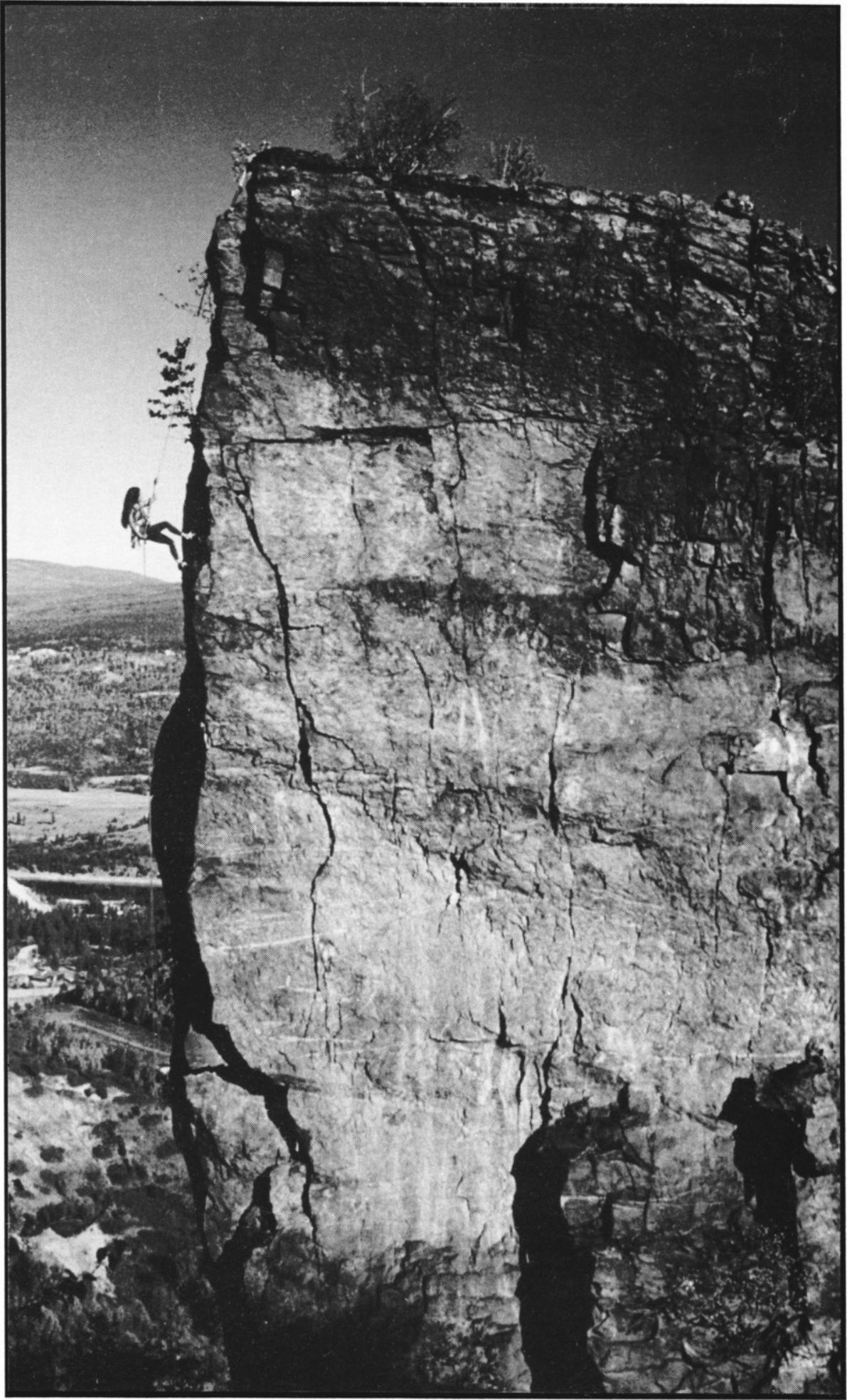


KRABBIER '93

THE JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
Volume 36, 1993



KARABINER '93

The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club
Vol. 36, 1993

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Mountaineering School : Ross Breakwell

Cabins and Trails : George Apel

Conservation : John Walton

Newsletter : Peter Macek

Karabiner : Eddy Szczerbinski



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Cover by Larry Doell

Back cover: "Coat Hanger", the sequel (*at your favorite video store or at the Kinnaird Bluffs*) by Eddy Szczerbinski

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Susan Knoerr

1993 was another busy year for the Kootenay Mountaineering Club with all the normal activities. The fall elections brought some new directors to the executive with Eddy Szczerbinski - Karabiner, Larry Smith - Climbing Camps, Ross Breakwell - Mountaineering School and Peter Macek - Newsletter. Dave Mitchell has added Vice President to winter trips as well as being our representative on the Board of Directors of FMCBC. George Apel - Cabins and Trails and Laurie Charlton - Hiking Camps were elected to continue in their posts. Sue Port - Secretary, John Walton - Conservation, Elaine Martin - Entertainment, Garth Thomson - Treasurer and Bob Dean - Summer Trips continue in their valued roles. I wish to thank Vivien Bowers for the work she did making our newsletter so interesting in the past and Brad Kryski for his work managing the mountaineering school.

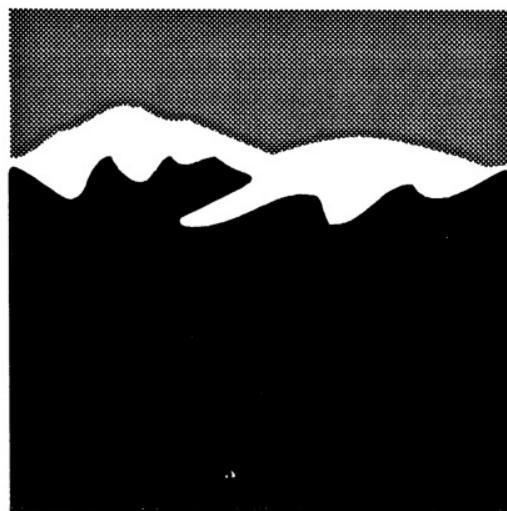
In 1993 John Walton spent quite a few weekends participating in the CORE process in the Kootenays and then John Beerbower continued as the representative for the non-motorized recreation sector. I appreciate that they spent so much of their time trying to work through a new process for land management. The CORE process was not finalized by the end of the year, but maybe 1994 will bring a new cooperation.

At the start of 1994 our executive decided to evaluate the direction the club is taking, as there seems to be a perception that we only have older members who like hiking. Young climbers do not see any benefits in joining our club. To determine what could be done a crosssection of our membership came to the February meeting to discuss what our club should be. There

were some very good suggestions that came out of that meeting and some will be implemented later this year. The ideas included giving ourselves a higher profile; through a brochure, slide shows, and trip reports to local papers. Another idea was to have trip weekends at a location where there might be hiking as well as climbing during the day and some socializing at night. This would allow new members to meet older members and encourage sharing of experience.

George Apel is building another cabin this year in the Bonnington Range and so far the project is going well. We have had donations from Pope and Talbot and Trevor Holsworth for the construction of the hut and the first work party was well attended. George will be holding many more work parties this summer so please help out if you can.

See you on the hiking trails !



Editor's Foreword

by Eddy Szczerbinski

Here is the 1994 Karabiner. The weather outside was often too nice to say no to outdoor activities ! I must also add that the job proved to be harder because a few unexpected problems showed up. But, I had a lot of fun doing it and I hope that you will find this edition of the Karabiner most useful and enjoyable.

I want to thank everyone that participated in the making of this journal. Thanks to all of those that sent me pictures or texts. I would also like to thank Ron Perrier and Kirsten Apel for their help with proofreading. The Karabiner is what the members do about it. Thanks to the School District #9 for the use of their computers, software and laser printer.

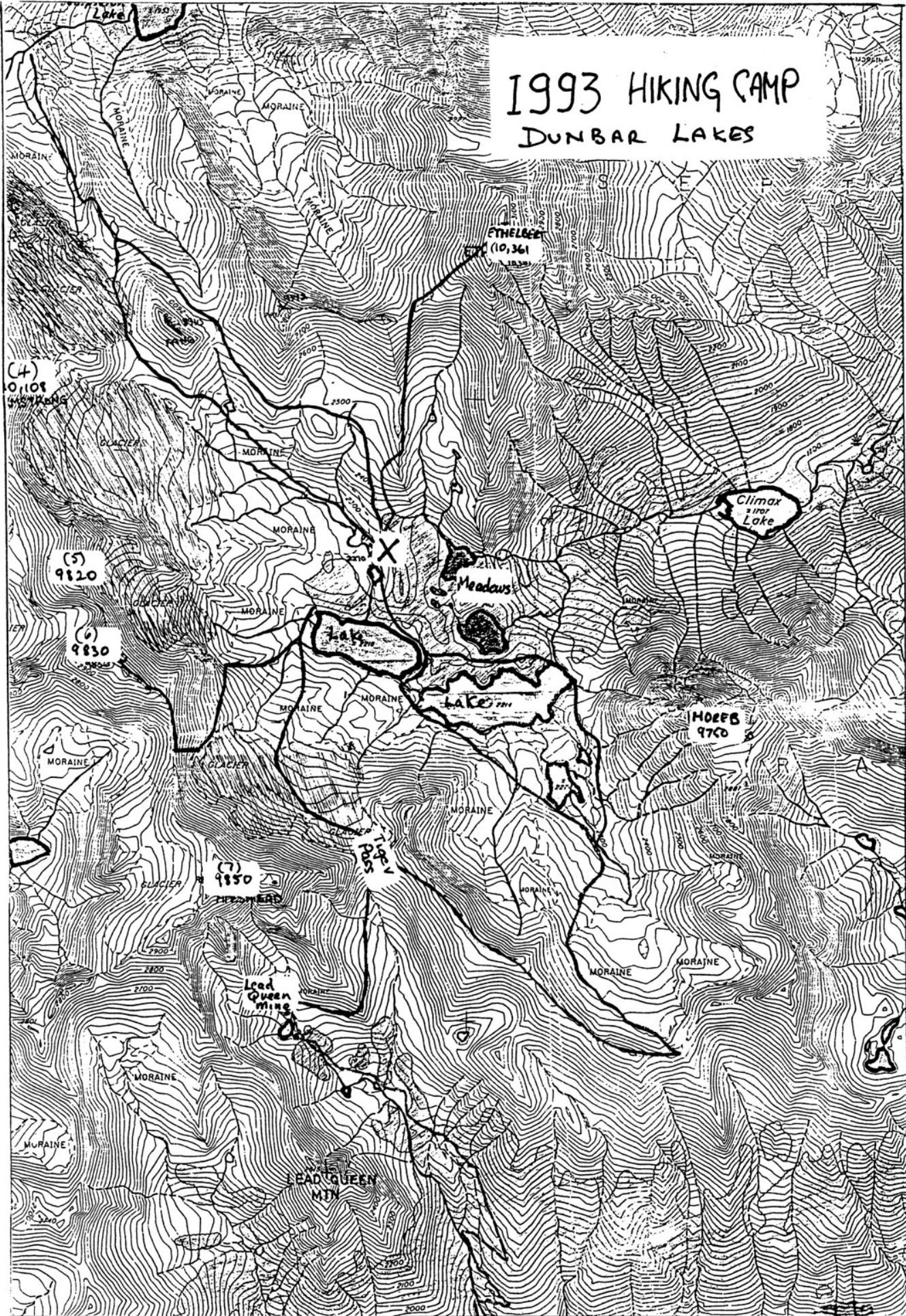
My only suggestion is that I think that more should be made for teenage students, with what's around them they

shouldn't be wasting time in the streets. Mountains and the outdoors is the best school of all. It's where one kid can find their true self. It's also where he can learn to appreciate what's around.

Right after Climbing Camp 94, I will be riding my bike back to my home region, the Eastern Townships in southern Quebec. But the Kootenays will be hard to leave. Unfortunately, we live in a four dimension world where one has to make choices and cannot be at two places at the same time. So, I am surely going to visit it again. I will also keep the KMC and its friends with my best memories, mostly because of the way I was welcomed - it was great. Thank you folks !

A bientôt !





History and Description of Shangri La

by John Stewart

History and description of 1993 Hiking Camps location (Dunbar Lakes or Shangri La) written by the leader of the second camp.

DESCRIPTION

Shangri La is a high valley at tree line, four miles long and one mile wide ranging between 7,250 and 7,510 ft. Its most beautiful feature is its lakes: two large glacial lakes, four medium sized clear lakes and about twenty smaller ponds, ranging in colour from the most opaque pale glacial blue to the clearest greens. The lakes drain in three separate outlets from the valley falling over a 1,800 ft headwall. Its most spectacular features are its mountains and glaciers: six mountains around 10,000 ft high - Ethelbert, Horeb and in the septet ranges #4 Armstrong, #5, #6 and #7 Apeshead; three large glaciers and numerous remnants.

Larches are the prominent tree of the valley with heather, grasses, pussytoes and avens the dominant vegetation.

The flowers seem small and sparse at first, being lowgrowing, but a week's count reached 83 at second camp. The climbing and

scrambling in the valley is hampered by rotten rock and enormous quantities of loose glacial moraine, but is rewarded by great views of the Rockies (Assiniboine to Temple) in the east, and the central core of the Bugaboos less than ten miles to the west.

HISTORY

The high peaks of Shangri La were noted by early travellers on the Columbia, including Captain Armstrong at the end of the 19th century. There was considerable mining activity on Lead Queen Mountain immediately to the south of the valley. Arthur O.Wheeler brought his mountaineering survey crew through the valley, protecting the early photography-survey techniques, hauling heavy equipment to mountain peaks, leaving a survey marker on top of Armstrong Peak. Local operators ran a helicopter tent camp for many summers in recent years. The valley is frequently visited by local people (sic) from a mining road by a short hike over Tiger Pass at the southwest corner of the valley.

First Hiking Camp Report

by Wendy Hurst

The first-camp, first-flight chopper sweeps up and over the headwall, flies across two milky glacial lakes and dips into a treed amphitheatre. We hover above a small, black jewel of silt-free lakewater but there is insufficient level ground for setting up camp. Laurie shakes his head at the pilot and we lift up and over a ridge. Below us, along the banks of a melt-water stream which feeds Dunbar Lakes, is a small area of alpine meadow hemmed in by the treed ridge to the east and barren moraineland to the north. There are plenty of potential tent sites and a trickle of spring water near the base of the ridge ensures a silt-free water supply. The chopper settles gently on the meadow and we scramble out to inaugurate KMC Hiking Camp 1993 ! (See X on map).

One of the joys of First Camp is unloading and setting up the cook and supply tents, and of course scientifically and methodically choosing and enclosing the biffy site.

*

The tale of the Biffy - Part I

*To Jim a terrible fate befell,
He was charged with building the outhouse
from Hell.
He and Felix took shovel and headed for the
hill,*

*A hole for to dig for the campers to fill.
Now holes can be dug with much dispatch,
But little pink boards with numbers to match
Proved a challenge that required several
tries,*

*A few swear words and some mumbled
cries.*

But finally we had a seat fit for a king,

*When Jim announced that the whole bloody
thing*

*Had to be circled with canvas before being
used,
So no one's sensibilities would be tried or
abused.*

*Well the canvas defeated Jim. He hadn't a
clue !*

*But we worked for an hour and when we
were through*

*A big hole looked skyward, door and wall
never met,*

*As you sat on the throne both your knees got
quite wet.*

I was there, I saw it, a pitiful sight !

*The first camper to arrive took immediate
fright.*

*She said an independent consultant was
needed.*

*To complete the project his advice must be
heeded.*

Earl and Laurie arrived on the scene.

The biffy was completed, neat and clean.

The lesson to be learned is very clear.

*Perhaps Jim should cook if camping next
year.*

Part II

*And on the sixth day, while Jim was at rest,
A mighty wind blew in from the west,
Snatched canvas, and left exposed to the
eye*

*The little pink boards that had caused Jim to
cry.*

*A valiant crew climbed the hill that day,
To restore the canvas that had blown away.
And to our camp leader Jim made his plea,
Volunteer for Biffy ? Please, do not ask me
!!*

Joanne

*

The environs of Camp '93 are rugged. Arêtes and spires of shattered sedimentary rocks rise above decaying glaciers and boulder-strewn moraines. The peaks of the Septet range loom over us from the west. To the south east, Mount Horeb defies unroped climbers and behind us the jagged summit of Mt Ethelbert is generally shrouded in rapidly moving clouds. Many of us spend time early in the week with map and binoculars assessing routes up Ethelbert and preparing ourselves mentally for the climb to the summit. However in bleak and cloudy conditions, the day before the main assault, two camp members gain the camp and return to comment on their climb.

*

How to make the ascent of a dramatic, 10,000 foot peak towering above a campsite sound like a pleasant afternoon stroll.

"The most enjoyable day in Camp I (Wednesday, July 28th) was the day Felix and I climbed Mount Ethelbert. The weather was cloudy with sunny intervals and pleasant to hike in. We had a leisurely walk through the meadows above our camp, a steep but easy climb up a rock strewn ramp and a long ascent up a snow-covered shale slope to the summit. The view from the 3100 meters peak was splendid. We saw the Bugaboos and other mountain ranges of the Purcells, many beautiful emerald-coloured lakes and glacier ponds and the mountains surrounding our campsite at Shangri-la. Our descent was down an extremely steep gravel slope. We were back at the camp in time for tea." (Only in Canada, eh?)

Renate

*

Because of the steepness and instability of the terrain there are a limited number of peaks which are suitable for hikers and unroped climbers. Some of the successful routes are marked on the map. In addition, the valley route necessitates some scrambling through piles of boulders and other glacial debris. However this apparently barren moraineland has its own rewards as in small pockets of unusual flowering plants (yellow saxifrage and mountain campion) and geologically interesting rocks (stromatolites). The undulating area of ridges and lakes to the NNW of the main Dunbar Lakes and west of the campsite is a mix of alpine meadow and sub-alpine fir and larch, a perfect environment for a day of casual "meadowlarking" and swimming. Camp I did not enjoy the best weather. Cool weather occupations included building a snowman in front of the cooktent. Wet, socked-in days saw huddles in the supply and cooktents reading, playing cards, commenting on the conditions and reinventing the English language !

*

After the snowstorm - "The good news is that Camp 1 has now experienced all possible weather conditions. The bad news is that Camp 1 may be Camp 2 !" (Laurie)

Tomorrow's weather ? - "An eighty percent chance that it will be the same as today's !" (Earl)

Weightlessness - "When your tent is undermined by wind and becomes airborne while you're lying in it." (Mary)

Exposure - "What happens when the Biffy falls over while occupied." (Mary)

Second Hiking Camp Report

by Pamela Jenkins

First camp had endured the weather. Winds were blowing that system away as we arrived. Garth's hat ended up in the creek and my tent blew away before it was properly secured. Dennis and I moved to a different location.

Blue skies and great weather welcomed us on Sunday morning enabling David and Rudi to make the summit of #6 via the saddle between #6 and #7 and steep snow gullies. Dennis, Olga and Pam reached the top of Ethelbert. Stupendous views all around made the long slog worthwhile. Even the Rockies were clear with Assiniboine due East. Gloria and Kay, social butterflies that day, wandered around the lakes visiting a few other parties who had hiked in over Tiger Pass for the long weekend. One party seemed to be asleep in their tent at mid-day.

The largest group explored the route towards Kane Peak, #2. Hours of shale scuffling and boulder scrambling led a few to the N.W. col aptly named the Bugaboo window. A large porcupine was spotted waddling across a grassy slope near camp at summer time.

David, Rudi and Dennis made the summit of Kane Peak on Monday. They had a long hard day. Olga and Pam hiked across the glacier to Tiger Pass and unintentionally became the official welcoming party for Larry, the photographer whose work had prevented him from flying in with the group.

Others toured the lakes and headwall.

Next day the weather was still great. Olga and Pam explored the lakes

to the S.W. kept looking for higher lakes and ended on top of the S.W. ridge with views of Forster Pass and the area of last years summer camps.

Because it was Joan's birthday, we decorated the carrot cake with alpine flowers, kinnickinnick, veronica and saxifrage. Olga wrote H' Birthday in raisins and we sang Happy Birthday.

Dennis volunteered, or perhaps was volunteered, to lead Rudi, David, Olga and Pam across the steep glacier on Armstrong Peak in an attempt at that peak. It was a great day on the snow and an introduction to some of rope use, but we were unable to find a suitable route to the top. Lunch was on top of one sub-peak with great views of Kane and the route which had been followed. Another rest stop on a sub peak visible from camp gave excellent views of the terrain to the south.

That same day (Wed) another large group set out for Ethelbert. John, Jan and Diane reached the summit, where they reported that the Rockies were now mist enshrouded. Others reported seeing two grouse on the first peak, Garth saw some deer and Drew watched those on the snow on Armstrong.

David and Rudy almost got to the summit of #7 which they approached from Tiger Pass on Thursday. Dennis, Olga and Pam went rock scrambling to the ridge between #6 and #7. Dennis went further along the ridge, while the girls watched from the col. Pat, Roy and Garth had been to look through the Bugaboo window.

That evening around the campfire

we enjoyed Helen Butling type stories about camp members. First we each supplied an adjective, which was then inserted into a prepared story about camp members. Much laughter ensued. Gloria wrote a tribute to Olga, our cook, and John the leader of Camp #2. Jill referred to the "rather exposed hills", referring to the naked bathers, washers and skinny dippers. Olga referred to her "princess pools" of previous camps.

Incredibly the weather was still holding on Friday enabling Dennis, Diane, Drew, Jan and Caroline to hike up to Tiger Pass. Others had a lazy day wandering around the lakes.

Back at camp we were all very impressed to learn that Rudi had climbed Ethelbert alone and was back in camp after four and a half hours. (He couldn't have looked at much). Larry had to pack out that day, so he missed the evening dress-up show in gale force winds.

Dennis wore Pam's swimsuit, with oranges tucked in necessary places. He stood on his head waving his legs, which made everyone laugh. Pam was a demure Wee Willie Winkie of nursery rhyme genre in her nightie. Olga appeared across the creek as a colourful mountain troll and Gloria used her red net mosquito jacket to complete her lady-in-red outfit. Roy wore his umbrella hat.

Lightning, rain and winds saw everyone safely in their tents by 8 PM. The storm had abated by 2 AM, but it was still gusty and unpleasant in the morning. Camp 2 did get out, and camp 3 got in that Saturday. Overall according to John Stewart, the best hike of the week had been a circuit of the valley via twenty lakes, three headwall waterfalls and a prominent viewpoint over 8000 feet at the end of Ethelbert's South ridge.

1993 KMC Hiking Camps Participants

CAMP 1 - JULY 24 - 31

Laurie CHARLTON (leader), Suzanne BLEWETT (cook), Earl Jorgensen, Carl JORGENSEN, Ron PERRIER, Hazel ARNOLD, Joanne BALDASSI, Mary BAKER, Luba HORVATH, Ray NEUMAR, Phillip DELESALLE, Mireille DELESALLE, Jim MATTICE, Monica SWINKELS, Frits SWINKELS, Felix BELCZYK, Renate BELCZYK, Wendy GAGNON, Wendy HURST, Lesley KILLOUGH.

CAMP 2 - JULY 31 - AUG. 7

John STEWART (leader), Olga COLTMAN (cook), Kay STEWART, Larry DOELL, Pat THOMPSON, Garth THOMPSON, Rudi GOERZEN, Drew DESJARDINS, David CUNNINGHAM, Joan CUNNINGHAM, Mari EARTHY, Pamela JENKINS-SIMS, Dennis SIMS, Jill WATSON, Diane PAOLINI, Roy HOPLAND, Gloria HOPLAND, Marlene BOJECHKO, Caroline LAFACE, Jan MICKLETHWAITE.

CAMP 3 - AUG. 7 - 14

Ron CAMERON (leader), Jennie BAILEY (cook), Janet CAMERON, Janice ISAAC, Sylvia SMITH, Bess SCHUURMAN, Vivian BAUMHARTNER, Elaine MARTIN, Ineke BULT, Norm THYER, Anna THYER, Bob KORFMAN, Alice KORFMAN, Mike HEXIMER, Mary MARTIN, Hans KORN, Erika KORN, Poly SAMOYLOFF, Alan BAKER, Kal SINGH.

A very important asset of the club

by Eddy Szczerbinski

It's with great anticipation that I filled the registration form that was attached to the information page that was published in our Newsletter. It read like this :

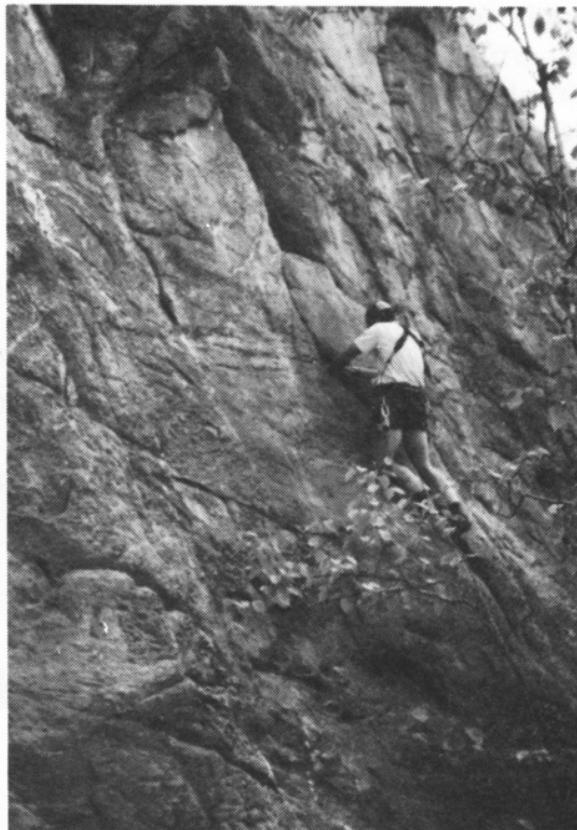
"This basic course is a general course intended for beginners. The course will include several aspects of wilderness travel, mountain hazards and safety, rock climbing, glacier travel, and crevasse rescue."

I had read before the five little course booklets published by the F.M.C.B.C., but as I was putting a stamp on the envelope that was containing the "precious" form - I wasn't really expecting something in particular, except the hope that by completing the course I would have more confidence about mountaineering. The future would grant my wish.

The first lecture, held on the 14th of April at Selkirk College, was a point where we realised what we've done. Oh no! Work is coming up, pain may be on the way and these instructors are mountain goats ! Seriously, the two first lectures got us thirsty - we wanted to begin to practice ! They introduced us with the course, the contents, the equipment that was going to be used and to some theory needed for safe and enjoyable practice courses. Lively instructors, slides and equipment show transformed the theory into easy to digest and well cooked memory food. We surely forgot a few things - but the most important wasn't to remember every bit - but to understand more about the logic behind it.

Before the "real" fun, we had to go through the "preliminary fun" - we had to be fitted with equipment... A helmet, are you serious ? These biners are so strong and solid, and gosh they make such a great key chain... what ? MY life will depend on THEM ? Oh god, why do they suddenly look fragile and weak ? And who left a piece of webbing on the floor ? Oh, it's for me ? And I have to put it on !? A harness you say ? (I'm not a horse!) Is this for my arms or my legs, for my left side ? Pass over, tighten a bit there, loosen a bit there, retighten, oh I made a mistake, begin again, here we go...

It wasn't long before we were ready and the "long wait" for the 4th of May began. When "Rock School" finally arrived, we were introduced a bit more with the equipment, but we quickly got our



hands on the Kinnaird rocks. I was personally impressed by the number of voluntary instructors that showed up, it is one of the things that proves how active the club membership is.

Several "stations" were set up, and the class was split in little groups; we would learn and practice something different at each of them. One of the key factors for the success of the course is not only the fact that there are many instructors available, but that every instructor was different. Two instructors might speak about the same thing but present it in a different fashion, thus making things a lot clearer and permitting a better reinforcement of the theory and the logic behind the practice.

We had very satisfactory weather for the rock climbing part of the course and I got worried about the snow and ice part because I knew that a balance between good and bad weather always exists. My pessimistic theory would prove to be true...

The snow practice at Ymir Bowl taught us a lot - not only about ice axe self-arrest, snow climbing and snow belaying techniques - but also about the necessity to have weatherproof and warm equipment.

At the snow & ice weekend at Glacier Creek we didn't have any more luck with the weather. But I must say, at that point, that I was happy with the bad weather, not because of a hidden masochist tendency, but because of my belief that clothing is one prime safety issue in the outdoors. (I must also add that it made it easier to throw ourselves in the crevasse because it wasn't

worse in there, maybe even better). This proved that there's nothing better than experience (...and cold feet) when something has to be learned.

The graduation "ceremony" happened the next day when the sun made a small effort to bless our courage. We stood "close" to 10,000 ft as we rested for a bit before the last effort - sludging down the glacier.

Based on a quick "try to catch everybody" survey, all were very positive about the course.

The instructors knew what they were talking about and they liked to talk and teach it. They passed on their enthusiasm very well to the graduates (even in the worst conditions, they kept a smile)! Even though we were probably the best class ever (!), they also showed an astonishing patience. They were very encouraging but never pushy. They paid close attention to safety while maintaining the enjoyment, and proved to us how safe mountaineering can be.

Some students would really appreciate a more indepth course, but I



think it is up to us to pursue other courses, to read and to go out. The intent of the course is to give an introduction, and all the students agree that this statement was more than fulfilled. Actually, a comment that came up often is that the course covered a lot of ground. Most of the



graduates are ready for an intermediate course. Is there an instructor that has some free time ?

A few complaints were addressed to mother nature concerning the weather and the bugs, but no other complaining was ever heard.

The instructors also learned stuff: take Lee Shaeffer for example, he learned about porcupines and brake lines when Larry Smith proudly showed a stick spiked with porcupine "fur" on it. Larry, quick to get down to retrieve the beer left in the cold creek, found the porcupine under Lee's truck getting ready for a salty (... and damaging) snack. Fred has probably never been prouder of his chicken wire. But on a more serious note, one instructor found that helping with the course is a great opportunity to relearn stuff that isn't used every day. Like the crevasse rescue

techniques, for example. There is no better way to see if you understand it than by showing it !

To conclude this article, lets cheer for the the people that made the course possible. The course and its people are one of the assets of the club and we owe

a lot to their devotion. The director of the school, Ross Breakwell, and his team of instructors did a great job. It was all voluntary work but it was worthwhile, it showed great results ! Keep up the good work !

Thanks to the instructors:

Tom Volpatti	Fred Thiessen
Brad Krysky	Mike Hryniuk
Jules Bélanger	Lee Schaeffer
Peter Tchir	Armand Hasenkox
Steve Horvath	Larry Smith
Jeff Krueger	and Ross Breakwell.

And the 1994 KMC School of Basic Mountaineering graduates are :

Reid Henderson	John Mansbridge
Chris Mansbridge	Brian Port
John Anderson	David Anderson
Suzanne Bursaw	Michael Wood
Mark Mozel	Cameron Ray
Bryan Beaudry	Denise Gamble
Andrew O'Kane	Diane Paolini
Caroline Laface	Jocelyn Laface
Suzanne Blewett	Don Olson
and Eddy Szczerbinski.	

Mt Monica - Approaches and routes

(10,037')

by Kim Kratky

As the Monica Meadows area becomes increasingly popular, more people are looking for ways to reach its surrounding peaks. With this goal in mind, I've prepared a friendly how-to guide for you to get to the top of the easiest-to-climb 10,000' peak in the West Kootenay. The information provided is based on a climb of Monica done by Mike Hryniuk and me on Sept. 26, 1993 and on a considerably less pleasant KMC trip of July 17, 1977 led by Ken Holmes.

Implements needed: a reasonably strong constitution; an ice axe; a 9mm rope (maybe, depends on the route); "real" boots, not Hi-Tecs; the usual gear needed to enjoy alpine weather in the Kootenays.

FROM THE SOUTH

Follow the Monica Meadows trail to a point where it becomes a "route" traversing to the right. From here, don't take the Meadows "trail", but travel straight up, following a faint trail and flagging tape. You will top out on a long N-S ridge with a few larches. Continue N and NE over open country, making for the prominent SSE ridge of Aten (the twin snow domes at co-ordinates 231-859 on map 82K/7). Head E and N around the base of this ridge, entering a large gulley that leads NW to the snow col between the two domes of Aten. It's best to ascend this gulley by grassy ramps diagonally right; at the top of these grassy ramps, diagonal back L into the big gulley and head up to the 9700' col. Alternately, ascend solid, clean dihedrals to the R of the gulley; eventually, you will be forced into it.

Once at the col, ascend 100' of snow to the summit of Aten W (last 60' is steep); as a variation, you may, according to M. Brewster, traverse around the SW and W side of Aten meadows below. Next, descend N on the glacier from the summit of Aten to the Aten-Monica col. From this pass, you

have three choices for Mt. Monica: (1) glacier and E snow slopes (big 'schrund and steep snow; not recommended for the inexperienced) leading to the north just S of the summit; (2) an easy scree ramp below and to the L of the SE ridge, then ascending gulley to R and rejoining SE ridge (the easiest route); (3) SE ridge, easy scrambling over solid broken rock and slabs with cracks, one fault in ridge being turned on right (exposed move, maybe class 4 - this can be avoided by route 2), next, following ridge to obvious notch, descending 60'-70', then finishing with an easy scrambling for the last 100' to the summit (5.5 hrs. up from car park; 4 hrs return). I want to emphasize that if route #2 is followed, this is a totally non-technical, although reasonably strenuous, outing. One last note: do not try to descend directly to the meadows from the notch below the final summit; it won't go. Have a good time.

FROM STARBIRD PASS

The least painless approach to the pass is N through open country from the top of Monica Meadows trail, leaving the trail at the point mentioned above and keeping just on the edge of treeline (3.5 hrs. to the pass from the car park). From the pass, ascend NE snow slopes to a glacier E of Monica; then follow route #1 above. It's about 2.5 hrs. from Starbird Pass to the summit and is a mountaineering, not a hiking, route. This is the first ascent route of 1911 by Harnden and party and the route used by our 1977 party. The 1977 party approached via a bushwack up a creek draining SW from Starbird Pass, a route that's not remembered fondly by those who were there.

NB: Aten (9,800') was first climbed in 1928 by a party led by E. Feuz and including one of Fred's favorite people, Miss Katie Gardiner.

Skiing together with Baby

by Delia Roberts

Don't get me wrong, I think that having a child is an enormous responsibility, it's just that I also take my skiing seriously. For me there was a window of only three weeks where conception would be possible. Any earlier and with 40 weeks of pregnancy I would have too large a belly to finish the ski season. Well this baby was a gift from the Gods, she magically came along, just at the right time.

"Jeez sweetheart", I said to my husband, "I've got one bad case of PMS, my boobs are swollen way up and I feel sick to my stomach." But it wasn't PMS and my boobs and belly kept on growing. Oh no!, this was the year we had planned to go heli-skiing ! Not many people know it, but if you save up all your spare change, take back all your empty beer bottles, get a second job, and book your trip with Mike Weigle Heli-Skiing during the first few weeks of the season you get (Yes! it's true!) UNLIMITED VERTICAL! A powder hog's dream come true. With all that vertical as the carrot, and years of studying exercise physiology behind me, I figured that I could put together a training program that would give me the legs I'd need to show justice to the concept of unlimited vertical.

Unfortunately, the docs think that once you are pregnant you shouldn't get your heart rate up over the yawn zone. "Easy aerobic work only" my doctor sternly admonished me. My heart rate exceeds that as soon as I just think about those two sweet little words: UNLIMITED VERTICAL. So I looked it up in the handy medical library, and it turns out that the

problems are "Raised body temperature" and "Restriction of blood flow to the foetus". Getting around that was a minor problem for an exercise physiologist, but I have to admit that I didn't have quite as much enthusiasm for training that I'd had before. Growing a baby takes a lot of energy. All the same, I was able to hold up my end of the bargain, dutifully tracking up the most runs I could possibly squeeze into the shortened days of December. I didn't even cheat and use those Fat skis.

The rest of the season progressed as usual. My loving husband took over the responsibility of lacing up my tele-boots around April, when my burgeoning belly obstructed my view of my toes. I was a little slower on the way up, mostly due to the frequent bathroom stops. At the ski hill, the downhill boards were a little snappier when carving a turn with the extra pounds I had put on. The day I got pulled over by the ski patrol for skiing with excessive speed I just looked innocent and said "Me?", as I casually undid my husband's jacket and displayed the huge tummy that prevented me from wearing my own ski suit. He let me go but I don't think he was impressed at the air I got off the jump below him.

In due course the season ended and our gorgeous little girl was born in early July. We named her Arielle Pauline for my grandmother who was a woman of tremendous courage.

We have just come back from the first day's touring of the new season. We bundled up the baby, loaded her in the Pulk and set off. The instability of the

sleigh on the way up did not bode well for the ride down, so we kept the baby at the top and took turns yo-yoing the slope. AHHHHHH first turns of the season, swooping along in the fresh snow, mountains all dressed up in their white gowns. So good.

At the end of the day we strapped the baby into the Pulk and prepared to stumble our way down, with the toboggan in tow. The handling characteristics of the Pulk suggested that we were in for a deadly run of linked faceplants. But that wonderful gorgeous man I'm married to

said "What the hell, we've got snow, we've got gravity, if I have speed ... this sled will surf." I've had some good skiing in my lifetime, even some great skiing; that magic combination of deep powder, steeps, trees, and good friends; but not even the bottomless turns were as sweet as those first turns I skied together with my daughter. Watching my husband carve tele-turns at warp speed, the Pulk bouncing along behind him, my five month old daughter giggling with glee. It's a day that will make my heart rate go up for a long time to come.



Far away, on a hillside, a very specialized breed of dog heard the cry of distress.

Climbing Camp 93

by Kim Kratky, Pam Olson and Larry Smith

WHITEROSE MTN. (10,060')

by Kim Kratky

On our third day of camp, Monday, July 26th, a group of us decided to have a look at whiterose Mtn., by far the biggest peak on the south side of South Rice Brook. Getting underway about 6:00 were two ropes : Lee Boyer, Ross Breakwell, Gary Staples and I; and Gord Frank, Bert Port and Peter Wood. We headed south from camp, trudging up moraines till we reached the snout of the glacier between Whiterose and the unnamed 9,100' peak to the west. At this point it was crampons on for hundreds of feet of bare ice before we roped up to negotiate an easy route across the glacier and up to a buttress at 9,400' on the west ridge of Whiterose. Here, we unroped, kicked off our crampons, had a snack, and surveyed the rock ahead of us.

Some easy scrambling led to a steeper band of rock a couple of hundred

feet below the snowy summit plateau. Bert's party chose a chimney on the west ridge, which provided them with a quick route to the snow dome above. Our group traversed around to the southeast side of the mountain and found a snow and ice gully and some crumbly rock that led us unroped to the same dome.

After having another munch, eyeing what seemed to be a higher snow hummock 500 yds away, and testing the decidedly mushy snow, we did the only sensible thing. That was to put Lee on the front of the rope and let him lead the wade through the thigh-deep slush.

We finally reached the true snow summit at 11:45, 5 hours and 45 minutes after leaving camp. The weather was partly sunny and reasonably warm, so we got in some serious photography as we enjoyed views of Alexandra, Spring Rice, and our camp.

The return was uneventful : Bert's party did a rappel near their chimney and

we down-climbed our increasingly grotty gully. On the glacier, we retraced our steps, Gary picking up speed as the day went on and dragging the rest of





us along as he raced down the bare ice before we unroped, each to continue at his own speed. Back to camp by 16:00, 3 hours 15 minutes from the summit. In all, it was a most pleasant day on a noble-looking mountain.

Whiterose was named and first climbed by the Alberta-BC Boundary Commission in 1918.

Two views of Mt. Alexandra *by Pam Olson*

Saturday, 31 July, 05:00 MDT. Weather : cloudy, cold, threat of rain or worse. The peak is not even visible.

The tension in the cook tent is thicker than the porridge Eric is dishing out. There are only two climbing days left and horrible weather, featuring snow flurries, forced a rest day yesterday. The highest peak is still unbagged. Eric has made porridge for a fast start breakfast instead of leisurely day crêpes, so we all think we are expected to go for the peak

in this awful weather.

Fred isn't saying much; he's wearing a grim, it's-a-bad-job-but-someone-has-to-do-it expression. The sensible older guys, Bert and Peter W. aren't saying much either, but they are wearing their boots. Ross is concentrating on his coffee and Gord seems preoccupied with eating a banana; he doesn't like porridge. Thom and Lee, the least experienced, look apprehensive. Larry and Dave each seems to be ready for whatever transpires, back to bed or out into the storm. Kim is the most lively of the group; he already has his contact lenses in. His enthusiasm could be infectious. Peter T. hasn't appeared yet and when roused from his sleeping bag seems incredulous that everyone is considering going for the peak. Gary shows up, cheerful as ever - is this guy ever down ? He's ready for anything. One by one, they talk themselves into it - bad weather or not, views or not. This could be a low grade ordeal. Pack all your



clothes.

"I don't need this macho shit," I say to Eric, "I'm going back to bed." We already did the march over the glacier in the fog to climb the peaks in a whiteout trip this week when we went to Spring Rice and Queant.

Suddenly there is a flurry of activity. Everyone is outside the cook tent looking at the clouds towards the disappeared peak. The creek level is down and the stepping stones are fully exposed, inviting a dry-foot crossing. Everyone charges off. Dave takes the wrong moment to go the outhouse and

ends up chasing after the Bert-Gord-Peter W. party to see if he can join up with their rope.

About four hours later, Eric and I haul out the glasses to watch dots crawling up the snow slope from the col. It must be Fred, Larry, Kim and Peter T. We aren't sure where Dave is, but when we see four more dots following the first lot, we assume he joined the B-G-PW team and that they are the next party. All the dots disappear into the mist that continuously swirls around the summit. The weather at camp has not improved; it is still cold, cloudy and threatening to rain. The conditions look much worse on the summit. Much later, we see the last four dots in two groups of two. They are still going up as the lead three dots, followed by a fourth, descend into the col.

We finish making the cheesecake, and judging the first party's return time to be about 16:30, ramble off in search of good fossils. We find a chambered nautilus and a lot of ammonites.

By 17:30 all twelve climbers have returned to camp with reports of a cold, windy day with no views. Kim has an upset stomach and says it might well have been Cho Oyo since all he saw were heavily clothed, balaclava capped, crampon shod figures looming out of the fog. Lee has almost been swept of his feet in the final creek crossing. Bert, Dave and Peter W. have brought back beautiful trilobites. As we tuck into our burrito dinner, Bert comments, "It's just a long slog." Everyone looks relieved, and perhaps a bit tired: a low grade ordeal

has been accomplished, the 11,114' peak taken care of, and everyone is looking forward to a relaxing last day of camp.

Sunday, 1 August, 06:10 MDT. Weather: clear, blue sky with a few clouds. Promise of a beautiful day.

Gary and Ross announce between mouthfuls of pancakes that they're going back to Alexandra. "We want to take pictures. We didn't see anything yesterday. Anyone want to come?" "Pam, here's your chance," exclaims Peter T. I'm not really awake; I haven't even finished my first coffee. What's with these two guys? Last night, they were talking about going to Cockscomb for a real ordeal. Eric and I were arranging a trilobite mining expedition. "If they had said something about this last night, I might have been ready," I mutter to Kim. Standing up and downing my coffee, "Well, I guess I better go see about this."

"Hey Ross, can I come with you?" "Sure!" And we tramp off into the warm morning. On the glacier, 24 sets of feet yesterday have packed the snow into a super highway. We charge along; Gary in the lead defies his reputation for being pokey and sets a fast pace. Our crampons stay in our packs as we stomp up to the top in half an hour less than it took Fred and Larry yesterday. Instead of balaclavas, we are wearing layers of sunscreen.

The summit is

coated with sparkling snow feathers and the sky is absolutely blue. Ross and Gary are photographing everything in sight as I march up to the top to change my wet socks. Gary has such a good time taking pictures, getting Ross and me to take pictures of him, and identifying peaks that he doesn't want to leave the summit - he even runs back up so he can get a shot of Ross and me as we start down. Both Gary and Ross agree that it is a totally different mountain from the one they climbed but didn't see yesterday. I am pleased that they decided to come back again and we all wonder why no one else wanted to come too.

On our descent, we are able to zip back over the glacier in no time at all because the tracks are still quite firm. Ross and I find a few trilobite fragments, enough to satisfy our fossil collecting urges. We're back in camp in time to bathe in the creek before joining the others for a fettucini dinner with white wine. A wonderful last day of camp.



Luck and Mystery in the Footsteps of Katie Gardiner

by Larry Smith

There a mystery land a little ways up north, up along the Bush Arm and past the Mica pondage. Its called the Alexandra Group and it has brooding summits and trilobites and pyrite musket balls. There are corals there, and tube worms, too, and porcupine jaws on the ridges.

Only a few people go up there. The Boundary Commission wase the first and later, Katie Gardiner, Gest, Feuz and Hasler came along, in the days of Swiss Guides and "an easy day for a lady". The few days they spent up there in no way could be described as easy. Still later, there was Krusyna and a few foreigners who snuck in from the east.

Don McTighe flew us there in his new French toy. Straight up we went and then circled east under the south face of Mt. Bryce. Katie Gardiner went up that face with Feuz and Gest and Hasler. Its a climb I'm not sure I wish to follow.

The weather in June was bad and July was even wetter. Therefore, we knew what to expect. Many books were brought and the camp was set to avoid the low lying areas. The cook couldn't come but since Eric's knee was torn, it was destined that Eric would be cook. And cook he did, with good humor too, although the stress level rose when it came to currying the chicken.

Day two was gray when we set out to find a way up to the glaciers. The face looked shear but it laid back and up the ledges and scree we went. There were fossils there and Bert built the cairns which would guide our way for the week. Mt. Fresnoy was the objective of three of us, four had booked out for a wander, and

the rest were boldly going for Alexandra. Freddie and Mr. Smith kicked the steps and the wanderers followed and those going to Alexandra went up when they should have gone down. As a result they were all there when Freddie got lucky and pushed the way out of the fog onto the summit ridge near the top of Mt Fresnoy.

Two days later it was across the creek, up the scree and through the ledges we went. Freddie and Pete Tchir and Mr. Smith were moving rather quickly. Onto the glacier and into the fog, through breakable crust until the top of Mt. Spring Rice was reached and a chilly lunch was taken. Then down we went to wander through the fog once more. With luck to avoid a tour of the ice-fall, we found ourselves at the base of Mt. Queant. The snow was steep, the rock was rotten and the 'srund a great gaping hole. Still, a few minutes later we were on top. Two cairns were present. The first was searched and then the second. A rock was moved and we found the original ascent record. Katie Gardiner had left it there, in a metal case, way back in 1937.

It was luck we had, to climb all the mountains we did, in the cold and overcast weather. And if you didn't like your lot, which prevented a view from the top, you could always climb Mt. Alexandra twice.

After our time was done, out we flew to bear torn trailers belonging to a absent work crew. We saw no bears nor porcupine either and after an inspection for chews and knaws and munched up brake lines, it was apparent that our vehicles had escaped. When you think back, in this mystery land, the porcupines must live on the ridges.

**SOUTH RICE BROOK CLIMBING CAMP
OUTINGS (1993) - An Overview**
by Kim Kratky

Day 1, Sat. July 24th -- hail and mist

-Unnamed 8,800' (822-568) (Lyle Creek #1) : Gary Staples, Kim Kratky, Ross Breakwell, Lee Boyer.

Day 2, Sun. -- whiteout all day on glacier

-Mt. Fresnoy : Gary Staples, Ross Breakwell, Lee Boyer, Peter Tchir, Thom Volpatti, Fred Thiessen, Larry Smith, Dave Lemon, Bert Port, Pam Olson, Peter Wood, Gordon Frank

Day 3, Mon. -- partly cloudy; some mist

-Whiterose Mtn. : Lee Boyer, Ross Breakwell, Kim Kratky, Peter Wood, Bert Port, Gord Frank

-Unnamed 10,300' (824,625) : Peter Tchir, Thom Volpatti, Dave Lemon

-Unnamed 8,900' (796,576) : Fred Thiessen, Larry Smith, Pam Olson

Day 4, Tues. -- whited out on glacier again

-Mt. Spring Rice & Queant Mtn. : Larry Smith, Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, Peter Wood, Bert Port, Gord Frank

-Mt. Spring Rice : Lee Boyer, Thom Volpatti, Ross Breakwell, Gary Staples

Day 5, Wed. -- whiteout & wind, then clear

-Mt Spring Rice & Queant Mtn. : Pam Olson, Kim Kratky, Dave Lemon

Day 6, Thurs. -- cold & windy; rain & snow

-Thompson Pass S. (809623) (9,257') : Bert Port, Pete Wood, Gord Frank

-Whiterose Mtn. : Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, Larry Smith, Thom Volpatti, Pam Olson, Dave Lemon

-Attempt on Unnamed 9,800' (833604) : Lee Boyer, Gary Staples, Ross Breakwell

Day 7, Fri. -- snow overnight; murky all day; worst day

-Unnamed 8,400' (813576) : Gary Staples

-Unnamed 8,400' (813576) & U/N 8,500' (811572) : Peter Tchir, Kim Kratky

Day 8, Sat. -- marginal again; whiteout on top 1,000'

-Mt. Alexandra : Peter Wood, Bert Port, Gord Frank, Gary Staples, Ross Breakwell, Lee Boyer, Kim Kratky, Larry Smith, Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, Dave Lemon, Thom Volpatti

Day 9, Sun. Aug 1st -- sunny & relatively warm; camp's best day

-Mt Alexandra : Gary Staples, Ross Breakwell, Pam Olson

-Unnamed 8,800' (822568) : Gord Frank

-Unnamed 8,800' (822568) and U/N 9,100' (832567) : Pete Wood, Bert Port

-Unnamed 9,100' (832567) : Fred Thiessen, Peter Tchir, Thom Volpatti, Kim Kratky, Larry Smith, Dave Lemon



Mt Amen-Ra

9,550 ft, Egyptian Peaks, Glacier Creek

by Kim Kratky

Back in the 1970's, when Glacier Creek first opened up to easy access, I spent some time on the Truce Glacier studying the peaks south of Mt. Monica on the height of land between Glacier and Jumbo Creeks. Prominent among these was a dark, pointed one, the highest and most formidable-looking of the group.

In 1991, after visiting Monica Meadows for the first time, I had a look at some old ACC Journals and discovered that my peak was Amen-Ra, one of the Egyptian Peaks first climbed and named by Curt Wagner and John Jeglum in 1971. They approached this 9,550 ft peak from the Jumbo Creek side and climbed it via the north ridge.

Over the following winter Hamish Mutch mentioned that Bob Krusznya and party had climbed Amen-Ra via what he said was the south ridge and had likened the route to a mini version of Sir Donald's NW arête. Our appetites whetted, we decided to go have a look at this peak when the next climbing season arrived.

On Saturday June 20th, 1992 we drove up to the end of the Monica Meadows road and car camped. The next morning we were up just after 4:00. My first more-or-less waking act was to squash my glasses while I knelt down to wash in a creek. More of the same was to follow. We got away just before 5:00, headed up the trail, and then diagonalized east to a prominent notch in Amen-Ra's south-southwest ridge (co-ordinates 244-

830). At the time we were thinking about this ridge of Amen-Ra, a series of jagged ups and downs which hadn't and probably still hasn't been climbed. Hamish was more enthusiastic about this new route than I was; fortunately for my peace of mind I was able to persuade him that it was too rotten—it was. The decision made, we dropped a few hundred feet into a boulder-filled valley east of the notch and traversed north. Here, I slipped while boulder hopping and opened a nice gash in my knee. Fun event number two.

After climbing north on some snow slopes in this valley, we finally decided to start on the rock of the south face, since the "south" ridge seemed awfully far away to the east. Right away we put our rock shoes for some high-angle scrambling on solid limestone-like rock much different from the junk on the west side. Cliff bands and overhangs above kept forcing us right or east as we crossed two couloirs on our way up. One of the memorable sections was traversing steep snow on the lower edge of a 'schrund' while wearing rock shoes. More movement up and right eventually put us onto Amen-Ra's east ridge/face (the ridge makes an "s" between our peak and Storus next to the south, so there really isn't any south ridge). For the last hour I'd been muttering to myself, "Doesn't this guy ever use a rope?" Just as I reached a good station below where the climbing would definitely get harder, Hamish called out, "Could you give me a belay up to that spot?"

From this point we did five leads of class 4 and low class 5, mostly on smooth slabs with flaring cracks that were hard to protect. The friction was good, but this early in the season streams of meltwater on the slabs made the footing more tricky. Hamish got all the good leads, the third pitch being the most interesting. We kept the rope on for the last, sixth, lead as we scrambled to the pointed summit just past 12:30, 7 hrs 50 mns after leaving the truck.

A hot sun burned down from a cloudless sky as we lounged on top for nearly an hour. Hamish had climbed most of the rock route in shorts and without a shirt on this longest day of the year, so he was in need for sun protection. In a fitting tribute to the sun god our peak was named after, he wrapped a shirt round his head in something approaching Egyptian style to fend off the blazing rays.

Now what about getting down ? Down-climbing our route was unappetizing, and there certainly weren't many anchors spots for what would have to be multiple rappels. It didn't take long for us to choose to descend the north ridge, a class 3-4 route that we did unroped. Near the bottom of the ridge we descended steep snow on the east until we reached the col between Amen-Ra and Atmu to the north.

The gully leading west down to Monica Meadows didn't look too good so we continued north over Mt. Atmu. In for a penny, in for a pound. In fifteen minutes we had passed over the top of 9,200 ft Atmu. We downclimbed to the next col along the ridge; from here the going to the north didn't look too good, so we decided to take a big gully down to the meadows 1,500 ft below. It wasn't a pleasant

experience: slithering down some gravelly rib, hoping the crappy handholds would hold until my boots touched some tiny ledge; hunting for parallel gulleys after the one we were in ended in a 300 ft drop; smashing the crystal of my watch while doing a hand jam. Hey, we don't recommend this route.

Eventually, we reached the upper meadows and followed the creek downstream to pick up some gear Hamish had cached in the morning. By now we were pretty beat, and Hamish looked truly sunburned. Now to follow the "flagged" route back to the trailhead (one of my major complaints about this route is that it has been hard to find on the way back from the Meadows). On the way out, I never did see a piece of flagging until we were five minutes from the top of the trail, although we had been about 50 to 100 ft above the route the whole way. This did provide some extra excitement to our day. Wonderful way to finish--get lost. When I delivered a jolly, "Good, now I won't have to kill you." Finally, at 7:00 pm we reached the truck, just over 14 hours after starting.

Summary: one pair of broken glasses, one bloody knee, one watch destined for retirement, one thoroughly sunburned partner, two peaks climbed.

I think Fred would classify it as a "low-grade ordeal." And it took just about as long as climbing Sir Donald would.

Map reference : Duncan Lake, 82K/7, 1:50,000

Fred's Equipment List for Outings

by Fred Thiessen

Day Trips, Summer

- Parka, with whistle attached
- Sweater/pile
- Shirt/T-shirt & possibly long johns
- Pants
- Socks & spare socks
- Boots & gaiters
- Toque, mitts
- Raingear
- Handkerchief
- Sunglasses, sunhat, sunscreen & chapstick
- Water bottle
- Food (lots)
- First aid kit
- Toilet paper
- Bug dope
- Flashlight
- Map, compass & altimeter
- Knife
- Space blanket
- Camera & film
- Pack

For Overnights, add

- Stove & fuel
- Pots & washing up stuff
- Eating utensils
- Bowl & cup
- Tent
- Sleeping bag
- Insulation pad
- Overnight pack
- Spare cloths, long johns, undies, etc.
- Toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, etc.

for Winter, add

- Skis with touring binding
- Skins
- Ski poles
- Repair kit
- Another sweater & long johns
- Avalanche transceiver
- Shovel

for Mountaineering, add

- Rope
- Harness
- Hard-hat
- Ice ax, crampons, prussiks
- Slings
- Chocks, pitons, hammer, etc.

for Canoeing, add

- Canoe
- Paddles & spare
- PFD's with whistle attached
- Dry bags with spare cloths
- Bailer, sponge
- Extra flotation, if required
- Bow & stern lines, throw ropes
- Tie in ropes
- Canoe cover

If Hunting

- Gun and ammunition
- Knife & saw
- Plastic bags
- Binoculars
- Hunting license, tags, regulations
- Orange vest
- Flagging tape

Feel free to copy and distribute...

Pathway in the sky

by Earle R. Whipple

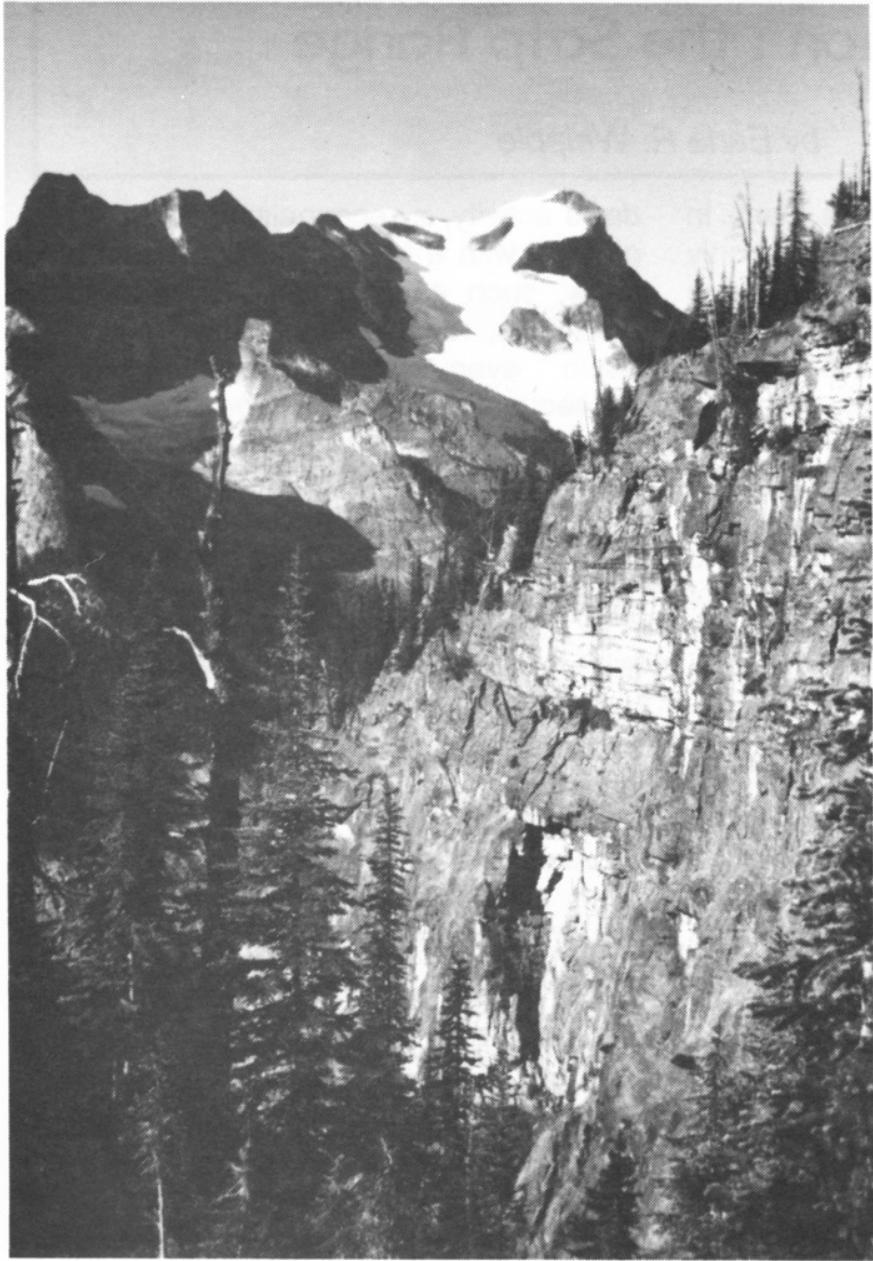
Mount Thor, in the Gold Range, is probably the most attractive summit visible from the Galena Bay ferry and rises an impressive 2500 meters above upper Arrow Lake. In 1985, Leon Blumer and I climbed its northeast ridge, but approached it in an unusual way by bushwacking directly up the east slopes a bit north of Odin Creek. We made camp just below timberline under the southeast ridge and reconnoitered the area a little in late afternoon. We were not the first here. A large, beautifully constructed, dome-shaped cairn was present a little higher under the southeast ridge, probably built by the survey crew under H.D. Dawson*(Peter W. Chapman, "Interview with H.D. Dawson, Lardeau Valley, 1920-1931", Victoria Archives Aural History Programme, Interview No. 3649, Tape No. 2 - p.20 of account). about 60 years before. Leon and Gordon Stanley had also been here, by the same route and found the path described below in 1984, but nothing had been said about it.

The next morning we climbed up the southeast ridge and crossed the lower part of the glacier to the northeast ridge. In such wilderness one would expect to have the mountain to oneself, and so both of us were surprised when four figures appeared on the horizon above the col. The party included David Kennedy and passed us near the beginning of the ridge. Later, all of us sat on the summit together under a hazy sky and then returned, we to our camp.

The descent the next day was perhaps the most unusual experience that I have had in the Columbia Mountains.

Neither of us had taste for the undergrowth we had struggled through two days before, and instead we opted for the ridge. I was amazed to find the lower southeast ridge to be a veritable sidewalk. The slope of the rock on the edge of the escarpment has allowed the elements to wash away most or all the soil which has resulted in a wide strip of cleared pathway with the cliff on one side and the tangle of the forest on the other. Six or seven hundred meters below, Odin Creek flowed through the green hell of its valley and to the southwest Mount Odin rose above all, showing its handsome northeast glacier. South across Odin Creek stood the flat-topped tower northwest of Mooncastle Lake (on the other side) first climbed in 1984 by its northeast buttress. Farther south stood the ramparts of the north walls of Mounts Burnham and Grady. It was magnificent ! The only impediments were two or three places where joints or small faults intersected the escarpment. Here we descended a few meters into the vales of the faults, bushwacking a short distance out of them to regain the edge. The pathway continued for about a kilometer until the ridge nosedived and we were forced to resume bushwacking to descend.

Ascent by this route is about 150 meters greater in altitude than by the approach via the road up Thor Creek, but no descent is required to reach the northeast ridge and col as is necessary from the northeast approach from Thor Creek. The route is dry and one should bring water.



Mt Odin from the escarpment (Earle R. Whipple)

If a leisurely backpacking trip is desired, camp near timberline below the east glacier. It is probably best to cross the meadows well below the glacier to avoid a short overhanging step in the southeast ridge. While climbable, the section would be very trying with a pack. Pass over the col in the northeast ridge (a little glacier travel) and descend into the cirque north of Stegosaurus Ridge

(Niflheim cirque) going down next to a waterfall, or one half kilometer north of the fall, to the flat meadows at 1740 meters. Take the newly-cut trail out of the cirque, on the east side of the stream, and descend to the trail on the north side of South Thor Creek, and thence to the road on the south side of Thor Creek (Killeen Road). There is a log bridge at the top edge of the clearcut.

On the east side of Mount Thor, the trail begins at the top of a big clearcut 1.6 - 2.0 kilometers north of Odin Creek and 2.1 - 2.5 kilometers south of the Pingston Creek bridge. With a high clearance vehicle, one can drive partway up the clearcut. Orange tape markers start a bit left of center, and the trail shortly goes horizontally left at the top of an open rock area, up through trees, and then willows. Higher, a traverse left on a rock band has fine views and

reaches the edge of the escarpment at about 1830 meters. The unmarked pathway on the escarpment begins a little above this point.

The trail location and cutting were done by Leon Blumer and friends during 1993.

Isolation : the Script Range

by Earle R. Whipple

West-northwest of Mica Dam, in the Monashee Range, is a valley that only nine people have explored. Only one picture was ever published and even the glacier that occupies the valley has no proper name and is simply referred to as the "Valley Glacier".

Leon Blumer and I had reconnoitered the logging road up Soards Creek but instead we flew, with our third member Ingrid Mertens, from the town of Mica Creek on July 31. The weather was cloudy and the one landmark that I knew, Thunderbolt Mountain, was obscured, but with the aid of a map we steered in the correct direction where I hoped to find a cozy campsite on heather behind a moraine.

We descended into the valley and I received a shock. There were no moraines ! Instead, we were confronted with an Andean starkness. The glacier, covered with debris, sloped from the valley walls directly to the bare ice. Were we to camp on the ice ? Not desirable. An old movie title advised, "Think fast, Mr. Moto!" As the helicopter moved forward and the ice rose to meet us I saw a flat spot on the true left bank. The pilot left us off on the ice and in a hour we had set up camp on a flat sand bar at about 7000 feet (2130 m) a bit upstream from Triple Peak. Subsequent acquaintance with the valley convinced us that we had found the only hospitable place in the valley above the snout of the glacier. Never before had I seen such barren terrain in B.C.

The reason for the condition of the glacier became apparent during the first

day's activity, a reconnaissance. Large glaciers with a large collection basin for snow, such as Granite Glacier in the Adamants, receive much flow from the basin even while retreating and consequently build large lateral moraines. In contrast, the collection basin for this one was little wider than the lower glacier. Thus, when melting occurred there was not enough ice flow to build moraines and the glacier surface simply wasted away.

Notable things about camp were the sliding of big rocks down from the base of glacier ice nearby, and cracking sounds under the sand. No big rocks were seated on the sand bar, and so we figured that we were safe. The cracking sounds were normal for a glacier, but Leon and I did not know what Ingrid thought, who had not been on a glacier before.

Our second climb was the south summit of Triple Peak, which was reached from the broad Footstool Col to its south, and then the unascended central summit by a short class 4 rock climb from the south summit. The highest point, the north summit, eluded us because we had not brought technical equipment.

Across the glacier from camp was Peak 2820 m, part of the northwestern wall of the valley. We went up the middle of the south glacier, largely on bare ice, through the crevasse problems above, and then the southern snow slopes led to the top where we found no cairn. At the time we thought that it was Peak #4, but study of the published map and account in CAJ when I had returned home showed that it was a first ascent higher than Peak

#4 and the next summit northeast of it. I have proposed the name "Icefall Peak" for this mountain. On descent, it was easier to rappel twice off the southwestern side of the rock bluffs at the bottom of the glacier, the second time from a bar ice piton used in rock.

Our last climb was the Silver Horn, near the camp, by the original route in marginal weather. In all, we had climbed five summits including a small one east of Unnamed (3000m)

during the reconnaissance, and attempted two others, and had five straight days of perfect weather during a bad summer.

While flying out on August 9, we were more relaxed and could observe the difficulties at the head of Soards Creek. At its southern head, a set of ribs looked like a rock climbing area, and a hanging lake with a narrow brim had enormous, steep talus slopes below. Any backpacking route was not to be seen here.



Peak #4 from Icefall Peak (Earle R. Whipple)

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by subject, vol 1 to 36 - June 1964 to June 1994
compiled by Ron Perrier and Sue Port

Notes concerning this Index

- Volumes 1-9 were published by the Kootenay Section of ACC and Volumes 10-36 were published by the KMC
- Volume numbering has been inconsistent. For ease in indexing, numbers have been assigned as follows:
Vol 20 - 1977; Vol 21 - 1978; Vol 22 - Spring 1980; Vol 23 - Spring 1981; Vol 26 - Autumn 1983 (The pages are not numbered. Number 1-40 with page 1 about Ian Hamilton.)
- References are given as volume:pages, for example 14:12-19 means volume 14 pages 12 to 19.
- Don't forget that our club library contains all the volumes, feel free to come and consult !

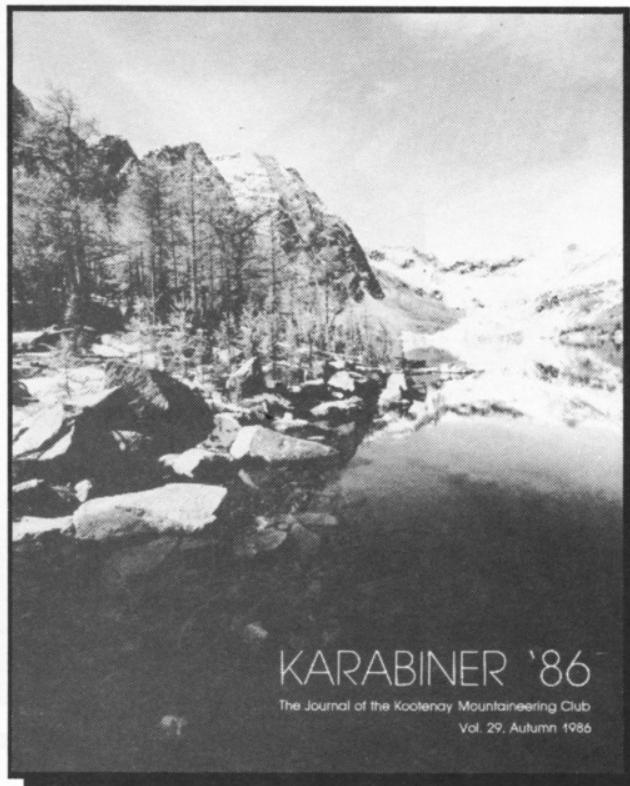
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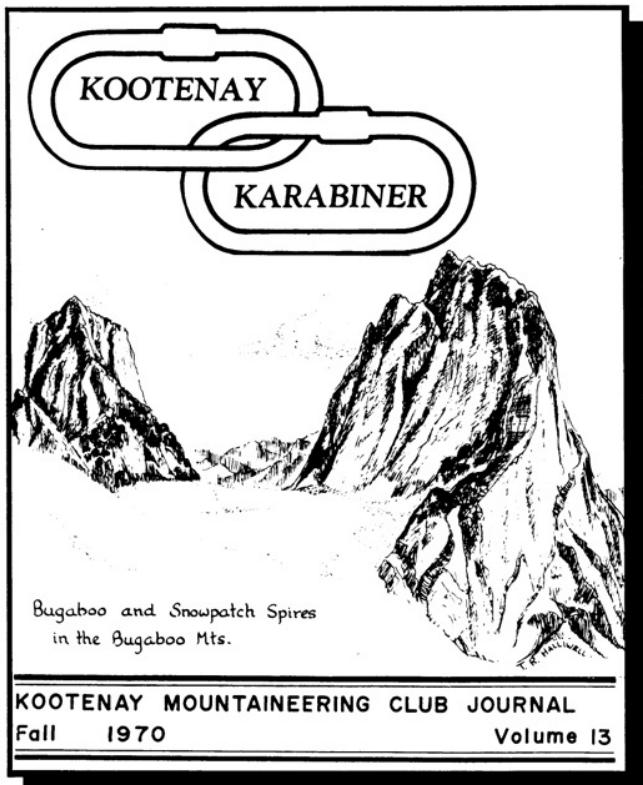
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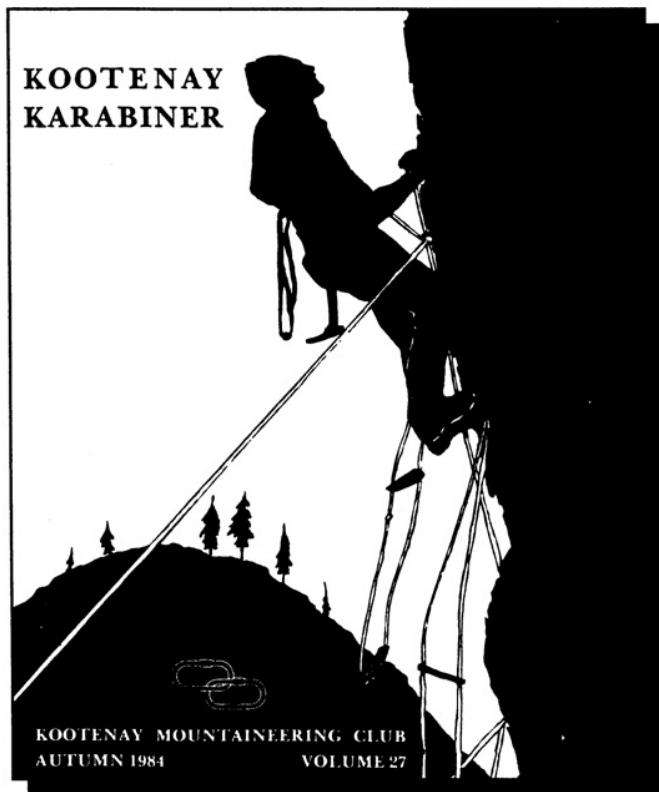
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Singing and poetry time !

by Wendy Hurst

The first, and probably last public performance of the song that we present you here was at KMC dinner in the late 1980's by Anne and Bob Dean, Jane Steed, Dave Adams, Peter Wood and Wendy Hurst. Here's ...

THE K.M.C. OLD GOATS

We love the mountains, the forests, the rushing streams
The granite grey and bare,
The alpine meadows fair;
We love the Selkirks, the Purcells, the Monashees,
And so we joined the K.M.C.

We're in the club now,
We go on trips now,
We go to hiking camps in places fresh,
We go to rock school,
We go to slide shows,
We work to save the wilderness.

Trips rated B2 or Vingolf A1 we like,
The Sunday dawn we greet,
At South Slocan we meet,
We drive up logging roads rutted for miles and miles,
Then full of hope we start to hike.

We use our ice axe,
We swing our ski-poles,
For greater speed we wear our high tech boots.
But though we struggle
We never catch up
The nimble K.M.C. old goats.

They look for trips designated X24,
They may have been before
But there're new routes to score,
More heights to scale, bush to whack,
glacial streams to cross,
And so they're always game for more.

They straddle bergschrunds,
Cross mighty snowfields,
Rappel down Dag's north face without their ropes,
They skip through rock slides,
Glissade down ice falls,
Those nimble K.M.C. old goats.

the end

Author's notes :

- *about K.M.C. old goats:* slightly built, muscular members of the species *Capra antica KMCiensis*. May or may not be hirsute. Addicted to rapid altitude gain.

- *this is a libretto written on behalf of middle aged mountaineering neophytes.*

- *the tune is "Calliope", a 20th century popular song, in march time.*

- *"Vingolf" is a KMC technical term derived from a possibly misrated 1987 trip to Mount Vingolf in the northern Valhallas involving a scramble straight up a truncated spur and downclimbing sloping granite slabs.*

