



The Kootenay Mountaineer

The newsletter for people with year-round pursuits.

A late December 31st. 2012, more like January 4th. 2013

Message from the President

Message from the Editor

So, I have a bit of mud on my face. In response to my email regarding the sparse submissions for this issue I've had a couple of wonderful submissions from members who have travelled farther afield. We have a story about wandering the Olympic Mountains in Washington State and another about the experience of volunteering in Cambodia. As well, we have a member's artwork from one of the summer hiking weeks. For a bit of historical detail, we have a dialogue between Ron Perrier and Sandra McGuinness regarding the climbing school and the Kinnaird Bluffs. With all the extra articles, I won't have room for Ron Perrier's very long article about kayaking in the lakes of the Kootenay region. However, there was still room for a submission that Ron sent a while back about hiking in to the base of Mt. Robson. All the content is an embarrassment of riches, considering my earlier moaning.

If I seem a bit more verbose, it must be because to the time I've spent exploring the oldest issues of the venerable Kootenay Karabiner. The Editors of the early issues talked a bit more than is my tendency. Perhaps I should get Peter to read over a few of the Chairman's Reports to get a feel for it as well. However, he has stated to me that the club is going well, finances are good, and there's nothing special for him to talk about for this issue.

At any rate, there are some very interesting stories and artwork in the Karabiner. I traced down the author of a short story appearing in the Fall 1965, Volume 3 issue of the Karabiner. I have his permission to reprint it. What I don't have is his knowledge of using a picture that was submitted with a September trip report. If he doesn't like it, I'm pretty sure that I'm not up to wrestling with him. I'll blame Don for sending the picture.

The article count of this issue may be low, but the content is substantial.

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Jodi Appleton, Program and Administration Manager of the Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC asked us to send the FMCBC December E-News link below directly to our members this time, due to some server issues:

<http://www.mountainclubs.org/EBulletin/2012/ENewsDec2012.pdf>

Article submission guidelines:

Plain text is great. No need for PDF or Microsoft Word files. Simply cut and paste your text into an email to

newsletter@kootenarymountaineering.bc.ca.

Attach your full resolution photos to the email.

Lots of photos, please.

Submission deadline for the next issue is
February 1, 2013

SOMETIMES TWO IS A CROWD

By Bob Dean, reprinted from Karabiner #3

August 18th 1965. One day, for a change, I decided to go fishing, so, driving up Enterprise Creek, I parked the car at the usual spot and hiked into Tanal Lake. As you may know just before reaching the lake the trail crosses a section of higher ground and here I paused to look around. There ahead on the trail below me was a bear, moving rather restlessly away from me. I realized from the sheen on its coat and the slight hump on its back that it was a grizzly. As it was just disappearing from sight I whistled; it stood bolt upright, partially hidden behind a tree. This made me a little apprehensive so just to scare it off I shouted "Bang!", and it ran – but the wrong way – straight back towards me!!! Alone on a trail with a 50 yard start — it was alarming and I think I set a 100 yard record over windfalls and oddments that lay on the trail, but thinking it would be useless to keep running I stopped and looked around for a climbable tree. There was none, I waited for several minutes then putting on my padded jacket and taking my pocket knife in hand I cautiously began approaching the lake once more – my friend may have taken off up the mountainside and I still wanted to fish. No sign of the bear as I neared the campsite at the lake and then I saw them - a few yards away – one was nosing around at the camp and the other was walking back along the trail towards me – I didn't wait, just ran. Imagination perhaps, but for a hundred yards or so I fancied I heard a panting behind me.

Some day I shall go fishing to Tanal Lake.



The ATM might have been a better method for running from bears. See the Texas Peak story for an explanation of the picture.

Texas Peak September 23, 2012

Eleven of us met at Retallack with four driving via Kaslo and seven driving through the Slocan Valley. We were thankful for being blessed with a beautiful day considering that it was a relatively late season outing. After a 35 minute drive south on the forestry road, we left the

parking site at 10:30 am. Although the hike was somewhat disjointed with Al having to turn back early

because of the effects of a lingering cold, the Beynons also returning because of a prior evening dinner commitment and Helen holding back for a rest just before the last pitch while the remaining seven of us continued to the summit arriving at 1:30 pm. Bob Dean's extensive experience and knowledge of the area were much appreciated. He kept us on track although we did do some 'enjoyable' bushwhacking while taking a shortcut at his direction in the early going. The Texas Peak Area is certainly a beautiful part of the world, with many peaks in the distance to view. We left the summit at 2:00 pm and, although there was some



discussion within the group on which route to take on the return, we all stuck together and came down a nice clear draw passing by a number of old mining works and eventually arriving at an old run-down cabin where we encountered a group of ATVers from Kaslo. ***For some reason, Bob likes getting his picture taken on a quad.*** We were back at the vehicles by 4:30 pm and, for those of us from Nelson, by 6:30 pm. Terrific views made this a great destination for a hike which was made even better by the good weather and the good company too.



Attendance: Zuzana Zach, Peter Osstlander, Ken Kirkland, Pat Sheppard, Al Sheppard, Chris Hatch, Helen Hatch, Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Bob Dean and Trip Leader, Don Harasym.

Turkey Burner 2012 – Mt. Plewman Ski Touring

The ‘Turkey Burner’ ski tour was well attended on Boxing Day, December 25th, by a large group of 15 people including 7 members and 8 non-members. We were a diverse group with ages ranging from 14 to 80 years including 3 generations of the Holmes family.

Possibly the most exciting part of the trip was when we were at the parking lot getting ready. Three lynx crossed the highway just down the road from us.....a very unusual sight. Matty caught two of them on picture.



We climbed to the subsidiary knob on the East Ridge of Mt Plewman, breaking up into 3 smaller groups of different speeds, occasionally meeting at lunch breaks or on the trail. Avalanche conditions had reduced to ‘moderate’ after being at ‘high’ during the big dumps of snow in the Rossland Range in the week preceding Christmas and the skiing was hard to beat.

Most did two runs through the glades in great powder snow with hazy sun occasionally poking through and tantalising us with glimpses of the summit and adjacent ridges. It was a great way to burn off the excesses of Christmas cheer with good snow and good company.

We were: Andrew Holmes, Adam Derosa, Bert Port, Andrew Port, Mike Kent, Thom Volpatti, Eric Clemson, Roland Perrin, Fred Thiessen, Emilee Fanjoy, Paul Allen, Neil Elliot, Lesley Elliot, Matty Walton and trip coordinator Ken Holmes.

For the techno-nerds, Matty recorded the trip on something called a “tracklog”all beyond me...., but you can see the data from the trip, below. The total ascent/descent was about 1200 metres or about 4000 feet for the fast group who did two runs. The trip can also be viewed on Google earth in 3D.

Name:	Plewman - turkey burner 2012
Date:	2012-12-26 8:55 am
Map: (valid until Jun 25, 2013)	View on Map
Distance:	10.7 kilometers
Elapsed Time:	5:20:13
Avg Speed:	2.0 km/h
Max Speed:	21.6 km/h
Avg Pace:	29' 58" per km
Min Altitude:	1,436 m
Max Altitude:	2,149 m
Start Time:	2012-12-26T16:55:42Z
Start Location:	
Latitude:	49° 09' 11" N
Longitude:	117° 51' 12" W
End Location:	
Latitude:	49° 09' 11" N
Longitude:	117° 51' 12" W

The Washington Olympics

Sept/Oct 2012, submitted by Eliane & Steven Miro

We would like to share brief descriptions of a few of the outings that we did in and around Washington's Olympic Mountains this past autumn. We had been eyeing the long wilderness beaches with their rain forested and glaciated mountains from across the Juan De Fuca Strait in Victoria for several years. An abnormally dry and sunny autumn made for an easy decision to head into the sparsely populated NW corner of Washington State. The Olympics at less than 8000 ft, may not measure high as we think, but when you consider that they rise directly out of the Pacific Ocean, they are an impressive cluster of peaks, and as we experienced, a considerable elevation gain on the trails! Olympic National Park is divided into coastal and mountain areas.

The Dungeness Spit

Located off Hwy 101 in Sequim, a few miles east of Port Angeles on the Strait of Juan de Fuca is a long, slim sand spit jutting out



some 8 km from the mainland. This hike is quite an experience as after 4km, the spit's natural arc essentially puts you "out on the water". If you appreciate sea, sand, driftwood, kelp, plovers, gulls, loons, eagles, and seals, this jaunt could be for you. Weather permitting it has a great view of Mt. Baker, the Victoria B.C. coast and the opening of the Strait onto the Pacific. These 16 kms (return to the parking lot) can become a trudge if the tide is in. Soft sand is definitely not something to walk through for this distance. Tide-tables are available throughout the area. The Dungeness Spit is a National Wildlife Refuge (with a small entrance fee) and at the end of the Spit, is the volunteer manned Dungeness Lighthouse. The lighthouse has been in operation since 1857. The New Dungeness Light Station Association keeps the

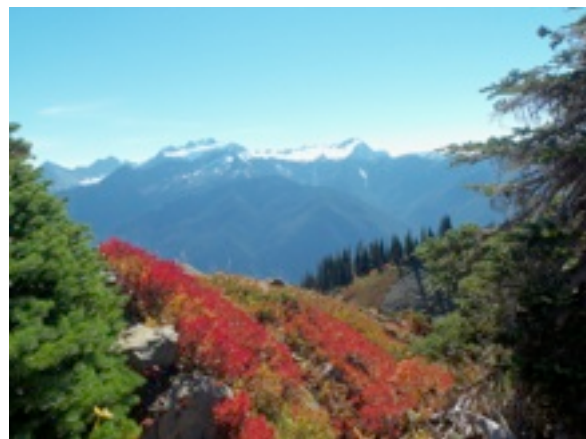
lighthouse open to the public with a guided visit. For \$350 you can be a lighthouse keeper – including mowing the lawn – for a week in the station's colonial style keeper's quarters. Funds go to continuing restoration and preservation of the site.



The High Divide – Seven Lakes Basin Trail – Bogachiel Peak

This was an unexpected big and beautiful treat that we would gladly repeat. Though this trail is usually crowded with backpackers, we met only a handful of other hikers on our descent; they were combining segments into a 3-day alpine loop. Due to the unusually dry and hot autumn they were all short of water! We relayed to them that we had seen snow patches near Bogachiel Peak.

Eliane and I started at the Sol Duc Hot Springs – sort of like our Nakusp Hot Springs – and hiked the 8 miles



to Bogachiel Peak (5474ft). The 4000ft elevation gain trail started with a forest of gigantic

ancient trees, past the Sol Duc Falls and then upwards to Deer Lake. Shortly after Deer Lake, the alpine zone began, showcasing a spectacular array of autumn reds and yellows surrounding several pretty tarns. The trail then emerged onto Bogachiel Ridge from where we could continually see the 8000-9000ft glaciated peaks of the Olympic Range to the southeast. After approximately a mile, the Seven Lakes Basin appeared on the north side of the ridge and a few hundred feet

below. These tarns nestled in a barren alpine setting reminded us of Kokanee Glacier Park's Sapphire Lakes area. The short detour from the loop trail brought us to the summit of Bogachiel



Peak, where we enjoyed a hearty lunch and lingered amongst spectacular views. The 1985 Ira Spring and Harvey Manning 100 Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics book that we were using as a guide mentioned to be on the lookout from the ridge for a large herd of elk. Sure enough there they were (we counted close to forty of them) resting in the shade, 25 years later and several hundred feet below us!!! Rather than continuing the trail as a loop meaning an early descent into the forest below, we opted for a return on the same sunny, descending ridge with its spectacular vistas and colourful autumn foliage. This was a long, tiring but awesome day. Eliane and I refreshed ourselves with a short swim in Lake Crescent- the hot springs were too hot!

Point of The Arches, Olympic National Park

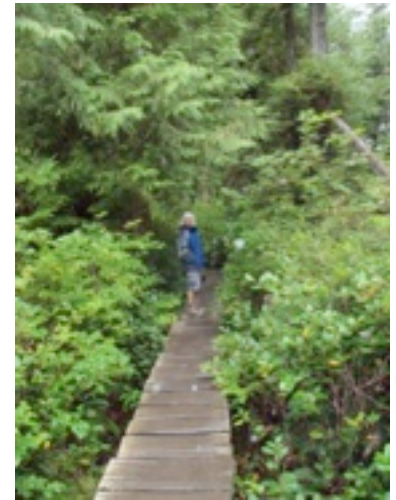


We found this section of the Washington State Coast as probably the prettiest. It's also hikeable all year. The 7mi. roundtrip hike begins at a well-marked trailhead located about 7mi. south of Neah Bay. Neah Bay is conterminous US's most northwestern village. It is a pretty little fishing village located in the Makah Indian Reservation. Make sure you take the 2mi. walk to view

the Cape Flattery lighthouse. The hike starts out in a pleasant forest shortcutting across Portage Head and then abruptly drops steeply to Shi-Shi Beach. From here it is a 2mi. walk south to the enchanting sea stacks, islands and tidal pools of Point of the Arches. At low tide this beach is long and wide. Great barefooting but too cold to swim! We had a morning fog that burned off the closer we got to the point. There were a few campsites along the way with small streams of running water. Overnighters traverse the point, wade the Ozette River, wait for low tide and cut over land in places to continue south to Ozette.

Cape Alva- Sand Point Loop, Olympic National Park.

This loop hike, a little over 9 mi. long, is very different from what we are used to. The easily found trailhead is slightly south – though by car it is several miles – of the Point of the Arches trailhead. The trek is essentially a 3mi. walk on an elevated wooden walkway, through a forest of shrubs and trees, heading southeasterly to the beach. Without the walkway one would be trudging up to their knees in mud. Part of this trail passes through the remains of an old pioneer homestead. North of where the trail hits the beach there is an archeological site of the ancient village that was buried by a mudslide. We continued 3 miles south to Sand Point and climbed up the small promontory knoll where we had a nice lunch. There were numerous people camping on the beach and in the nearby



campground. From here we took the well-marked 3 mile trail, once again on a boardwalk, back to Ozette Lake and the car.



Hurricane Ridge , Olympic National Park.

Though this several hundred foot elevation gain hike starts amidst the crowds at the Olympic National Park Hurricane Ridge Visitor Centre, at 5225 ft., it is only about a mile long, is paved to boot, it is very much worth the views over Juan De Fuca Strait and the Olympic Mountain glaciers. Visiting the park headquarters visitor center at the beginning of the park road in Port Angeles provided us with information on numerous opportunities for hiking in this splendid area. Mt Olympus is the main goal for most mountaineers and is reached by icefield travel. There are several other notable peaks to climb, including Mt. Storm King, Mount Ellinore, The Brothers, Mt Constance and Mt Anderson. There are also several traverses including Fisher's Notch, Quinault Traverse, Upper Queets Traverse and the Bailey Range Traverse. Enjoy!

Eliane & Steven Miros

Greetings from Cambodia!

From a fellow KMC member, Andrea Vowell

When I received the email about the KMC newsletter being a "bit slim" this month, I wrote to see if there would be interest in my volunteer work in Cambodia... just to thicken it up. Now that I have the okay, I hope you find this an enjoyable read.

My placement is as a Teaching and Learning Adviser with Cuso/VSO in a dirty, dusty transport and industrial "town" in the northwest of Cambodia. This is definitely off the tourist track and there are only two mountains to look at in this expansive flat landscape. Both mountains are quickly being excavated resulting in huge scars in the greenery, and ever diminishing height. As I write, there are monks chanting in the background competing with the blaring of wedding music next door.

I arrived in Cambodia in February allowing me to experience the hottest months of the year, March and April. The sun is intense with higher humidity than I have ever experienced. Needless to say, adjusting to life in a developing country was a challenge with temperature regulation being



up there. Arriving in the chaos of Phnom Penh traffic had me wondering if I would ever put my newly acquired motorcycle skills to use in this country where traffic comes at you from every direction and traffic can be defined as anything that moves. It is totally acceptable to see motorcycles with 5 or 6 large crates stacked on the back and an adult pig in each of them, or on a family outing of 3



children and two adults squeezed together. And, that was just the start. Once outside the city, there are horse carts, cows, and water buffalo added to the mix.

The thing that does strike one about Cambodia though is how amazingly lovely the people are. Considering the horrors that they have endured in recent history, it is hard for this Westerner to fathom their delightful, non-judgmental, and friendly manners. Their genuine smiles say it all. Absolutely everyone will smile back at you and considering the bedlam in the streets, I haven't once witnessed road rage or even aggression. Patience is truly the order of the day with a sense of humour thrown in for good measure. There is absolutely no sense of entitlement either which is rather refreshing.

Looking back, I remember thinking that I would never, ever ride a bike in Phnom Penh, and I was trying to think of how I could get out of riding my motorcycle when I arrive in placement.

Another hurdle which I must admit still exists, is the language. Luckily it isn't a tonal language but they have an alphabet derived from Sanskrit with 33 consonants and 35 vowels complicated by sounds that change depending on the consonant and vowels used. The Khmer (Cambodia people) have finely tuned hearing which I am afraid frustrates my language teacher because I



think I am pronouncing things exactly as he is...but oh no. Fast forward 11 months and I am happily using a bicycle to manoeuvre my way through the streets of Phnom Penh when I go there, and love my Honda Dream motorcycle to zip around. I have mastered how to say I don't understand when speak Khmer and have to explain that I am in fact speaking Khmer when I get a puzzled look from merchants or neighbours. I stumble along, usually with a lot of laughter. Funny how life is isn't it. I've even gotten used to the fried crickets and tarantulas at the bus stops.

Working out of the Provincial Office of Education, I travel to 6 different rural schools (by motorcycle I might add), helping directors come up with a development plan for their schools, advise teachers on ways to improve their teaching techniques, help them decorate their classrooms to make them child-friendly, and offer support wherever I can. Some of the teachers don't really understand the concepts they are teaching so they just follow the textbooks. They do need a lot of encouragement but are so accepting and appreciative of



feedback. No strong egos here! Luckily I have an amazing translator.

There are challenges working in poverty. Teachers here make \$50/month, and sometimes wait 3 or 4 months to get paid. They all have other jobs working in their rice fields when they aren't teaching. During the floods of September and October, staff and students wade through

knee deep water to get to the school buildings which are built on stilts with flooding beneath. In fact, last year a student fell



through the floor of the dilapidated classroom into the flood waters. Material and textbooks are continually being lost as they fall through the cracks in the floor. Many students in my schools are malnourished and some families receive food from the World Food Fund. One of my schools is having a new building constructed but before construction could begin they had to get demining experts in to see if there were landmines on the school grounds. They found 9 of them.

I'll include here a brief history lesson for those of you unfamiliar with the horrors. Eastern Cambodia was bombed during the Vietnam war to prevent North Vietnam from using Cambodia to access South Vietnam, leaving unexploded ordinance all along the eastern border. In the northwest, where I live, the horrors of the Pol Pot regime are everywhere. His genocide included any educated person, Buddhist monks, or anyone that was perceived as a threat. The murders and torture are notorious and gruesome. In any case, when Cambodia was liberated by the Vietnamese in 1979, Pol Pot retreated to the area where I live. As he and his troops were retreating, they left a copious number of landmines behind, giving Cambodia the dubious reputation of having the most landmines of any country in the world. Pol Pot and his troops continued until 1997 with constant strife and civil war. So, peace and stability are fairly new concepts. It is understandable that fear is so ingrained in the psyche for the Khmer people. It is so hard to comprehend how

such horrors could happen to these gentle, endearing people.

While I love the work that I do, it isn't easy living in development. Apart from bouts of loneliness and missing the beautiful quiet of our mountains, I have had to contend with a totally different way of life. The huge spiders that I find in the bathroom, the scorpions, the centipedes, the rats, the food with all its chemicals, flies crawling on everything in the market, the dust, the smells, the pollution, and getting used to the people who go through my garbage every day taking scraps of food and anything that can be recycled. There is filth and garbage everywhere and total disregard for the environment. They just don't know any better. Finding like-minded people is like finding a



needle in a haystack. Of course, there are rewards. Every day there is something to put a smile on my face. Like the geckos climbing my walls, or the 12 year old riding his motorcycle with an umbrella open, or a lady sitting in a cart being pulled by a motorcycle, but most of all the children with their hellos and smiles of delight. Where else do parents teach their children to say hello to strangers? Such a wonderful innocence.

So, I continue, living one day at a time. I am conflicted about how much longer I can do this all the while seeing how much needs to get done. So, next time you are out on a ski or a hike, breathe in the mountain air for me. I'll close with a link to my blog where there are pictures and more.

<http://andreascambodianjourney.blogspot.com>.

Happy skiing! Cheer and thoughts from Cambodia.





I think every painting should tell a story, or evoke a memory of some kind, so here's one I've attached with a KMC memory. We were at the first Hiking Camp in 2011 at Hume Creek, and had stopped for lunch and some quick painting.

Jenny Baille and Mary Woodward were with me, and we were looking back towards the snowy side of Tetragon Mt. from where we'd just come. We were watching Ken Holmes and Glen Cameron below the rock outcrop under the col. Ken worked his way first in one direction, then another, to get around the ice and rock. From the time it was taking him we know it was a tough section. He finally made it up the tricky part and disappeared to the left towards the summit. Coming down seemed to be even harder. So even though he couldn't hear us, we were applauding across the valley. This is a 9" x 12" watercolour on 300 lb paper.

Bob McQueen

MT ROBSON PROVINCIAL PARK – BERG LAKE TRAIL

Ron Perrier

Mount Robson, at 3954 m (12,972 ft), is the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies. It was first climbed by Conrad Kain and party in 1913. The park was designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1990. Possibly the premier backpacking trip in Canada, I have wanted to do it for many years. Campsites must be booked (1-800-689-9025) and are in demand in the summer. Most of the hikers were from northern Alberta and BC, along with a surprising number of Americans and Germans.

After hiking camp, I drove on one of the most spectacular roads in the world, the Icefields Parkway to the park. Visitor facilities are in the neighboring communities of Jasper, Tete Jaune Cache and Valemount. Register at the Visitors Center and get your permit. All campsites, with a total of 97 camp tent pads, have food storage boxes, pit toilets (no toilet paper), and wash basins. Camp stoves are mandatory. Sleeping is not allowed in the shelters except in emergencies.

Hiking alone, my 50 liter pack was at its maximum. The trailhead is a kilometer from the Visitors Center and sleeping overnight is not allowed (although I did in my camper and escaped detection for once). I planned walking the 21 km to Berg Lake over 2 days, day hiking for 2 days and returning in 1 day. The trail follows the gorgeous, glacial silt laden Robson River, in the headwaters of the Fraser River. With no lake along its entire length, that silt is carried all the way to Georgia Strait (I kayaked around Gabriola, Valdez and Galiano in June and it was easily noticeable in the currents). Along the flat 4.5km to Kinney Lake, one meets a stream of day hikers. The Kinney Lake Campsite is at 7 km and has a shelter. Mt Robson creates its own micro climate and an interior rainforest of cedar and hemlock. Beyond Kinney Lake the trail enters the spectacular Valley of a Thousand Waterfalls. I camped my first night at Whitehorn (21 sites) at 11 km.

The trail soon starts its 1800 foot climb up to Berg Lake. The many huge waterfalls are spectacular – the Falls of the Pool, White Falls and Emperor. At the top of the climb at 16 km is Emperor Falls campsite (16

tent pads) and at 19 km, at the start of the lake, is Marmot campsite (7 tent pads). I was lucky to get a permit for the Berg Lake campsite at 21 km, with 26 tent pads and a “chalet”. The closed in shelter has large storage lockers, big tables and allows cooking inside. It is the premier place to camp. It sits across the lake, under the towering north face of Mt Robson with its two huge glaciers, Berg and Misti, spilling down the mountain and terminating in the lake. Ice calves off frequently producing loud roars that reverberate across the valley. Icebergs litter the lake. Rearguard Campsite (5 pads) at 22 km and Robson Pass Campsite (15 pads), at 23 km are also available.

There are many day hikes available. The Hargreaves Lake Route continues to meet the Toboggan Falls Route. Above is a small non-limestone cave with 6 chambers. This trail can be continued to Mumm Basin with alpine lakes and great views. The premier day hike is to Snowbird Pass. The 11 km trail climbs moraines and cliffs above the massive Robson Glacier. One passes a sign placed in 1913, now 1.5 km from the present terminus of the glacier. The trail continues along a pretty boulder strewn creek through a meadow to eventually reach the saddle of the pass. On the other side of the Snowbird is a gigantic glacier that fills the entire valley. The hike requires a full day. I was surprised at all the people day hiking with no pack. They seem unaware of possible severe weather in the mountains.

The 7 day, 105 km Moose River Route crosses Robson Pass to Adolphus Lake continuing on to the Jasper National Park trail system. Moose Pass returns you to Mt Robson Park and down the Moose River to Highway 16 near its confluence with the Fraser River. This must be one of the most beautiful places in Canada and possibly the world. The trip has become the second favorite backpack of my life (after Havasu Canyon in Arizona). I walked out in a day and continued on my driving holiday through northern BC, the Yukon, and Alaska.

KMC History Discussion

Sandra McGuinness and Ron Perrier

In response to Ron's History of the KMC article in the last Newsletter, Sandra wrote:

Sorry to clog up your emails, but a couple of clarifications/corrections to Ron's interesting history of the KMC.

Firstly, the mountain school did not stop in 2001 but has run continuously right up until the present. In the years that I was Mountain School director, we ran literally dozens of course ranging from navigation to winter travel to avalanche to snow and rock climbing. Over 150 members attended courses during my tenure. Will Neustaedter (* see note) is currently Mountain School Director.

Secondly, Kinnaird Bluffs is very much open to climbers. In fact, the area has undergone a huge revitalization and is now one of the most popular climbing areas in the West Kootenay. In 2010 two new crags were developed - Polished Wall and Whirlwind Wall - and these have been immensely popular.

TAWKROC (The Association of West Kootenay Climbers) is currently working on upgrades. New routes continue to be added frequently. Climbers interested should check out Vince Hemsall's excellent update to the West Kootenay Climbing Guide at <http://climbing.inthekoots.com/files/2012/04/wrkg-updates-May-2012.pdf> which contains many, but not all the new routes in the area.

Happy skiing,

Sandra McGuinness

Ron replied:

hi all

In response to Sandra's email, I would like to add that prior to 2001, it was members of the club that ran the mountain school completely on a volunteer basis. It was a great way for the "hikers" to get to know the "climbers" and I think we lost something as a club when it was done by an outside professional. That was what I meant by the mountain school ending. The climbers who did all the great teaching were always disappointed that more members who did the mountaineering school did not then start going to climbing camps and climb. Possibly that is one of the reasons it changed.

I stand corrected about the Kinnaird Bluffs.

Sandra then composed this response:

In the previous issue, Ron Perrier wrote an article on the history of the KMC (see November 2012 issue). If history is indeed, as Napoleon Bonaparte wrote "a set of lies agreed upon", there are a couple of items in Ron's history which will spark disagreement. The first is that the Kinnaird Bluffs are "no longer accessible to members". In fact, Kinnaird Bluffs, despite rumours has never been closed to climbers, and, in the last two has undergone a huge resurgence in climbing activity. Two new climbing areas - Polished Wall and Whirlwind Wall were developed by club members (Sandra McGuinness and Doug Brown) between 2010 and 2011 and were announced to the climbing community in the April/May 2011 edition of the KMC Newsletter. Since that time further route development has resulted in more new routes at Kinnaird by other KMC members including Micha Forestell and Hamish Mutch (among others).

On the topic of route development, long time KMC'er Hamish Mutch surely deserves a special mention for his indefatigable route development around the local area. Routes such as Deep Throat, Golden Triangle, and Silk Road at Waterline Wall became instant classics and Hamish has at least one route at virtually every crag in the West Kootenays, and frequently much more than one. "Drill baby, drill," takes on a new meaning when applied to Hamish!

Secondly, Ron writes that the year 2000 was the last year for the Mountaineering School and that from 2001 on Mountain School was run by Laura Adams, Marc Deschenes and others (meaning professionals). In fact, the Mountaineering School has continued to be run by volunteers throughout the history of the KMC. True, the format changed and was no longer a multi-week affair as was offered in the early days, but the KMC has continued to run a wide range of courses offering members cheap (virtually free) instruction from other experienced KMC members. On occasion, professional mountain guides have taught some components of some courses, and most would argue that this is an improvement as ACMG guides are not only well trained instructors but know all the latest techniques and skills. There were many reasons for changing the format of the Mountaineering School.

Certainly, at least based on attendance, the shorter, more varied courses, with occasional instruction by more experienced and better qualified guides were a success.

Finally, and this is merely a personal quirk, Ron mentions the outstanding contribution made by Steve and Eliane Miros who edited the newsletter for seven years, and one can only agree that the two of them did

a great job. New editors have come and gone since then and the current newsletter now contains photos along with the articles, which, while it does not negate the “simple yet effective” formatting from the Miros' time, has proven popular with KMC'ers, or at least so I like to believe. More photo sharing opportunities are available for KMC members on the KMC Facebook page – which now has 195 members – and seems to be a popular site for photo sharing.

(Will Neustaedter is not longer Mountain School Director, replaced by Matty Walton.)*



Editor's Note: The early issues of the Kootenay Karabiner contain many beautiful pieces of pen and ink drawings (not to mention the cartoons). Signed mostly by "C.J.P.", I'm guessing that C.J.P is C.J. Penn, or Chris Penn, one of the two early editors. If anyone can correct me, please do so. I was only 13, living in Regina, back in 1964.