

Karabiner '00

The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club
Vol. 11, Autumn 2000



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Vol. 40, Autumn 2000

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KMC Executive 2000

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Paul Allen

Vice President

Reid Henderson

Secretary

Karen Holden

Treasurer

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Winter —*Peter Jordan*

Camps

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Climbing—*Ross Breakwell*

Social

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Mountaineering School
Tom Doul

Equipment,Cabins&Trails
Mark Hamilton

Conservation

Kim Kratky

Newsletter

Wendy Hurst

Karabiner

Holly Ridenour

Membership

Joan Grodzki

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The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club

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Editor's Note

By Holly Ridenour

I am delighted to finally get this Karabiner to you. As the last Karabiner was published in 1997, we are playing catch up by producing a three-volume issue for 1998, 1999 and 2000. You will see that some of the Camp Reports are missing. So long after the event, it is impossible to get a report that captures the moment. Instead we have listed the participants as given in the published camp list and provided photos when available.

While there were many reasons for the delays, I prefer to consider the future of the Karabiner. During my two years as editor, I have spoken with many members about the ailing Karabiner project. Some are keen and patiently waiting for the next issue, while others appear indifferent. A very few have openly stated their opposition to volunteer time being taken by an annual journal. Given the high value of sparse volunteer hours, is it reasonable to spend so much time on one project?

At the next General Meeting the KMC Executive will be bringing their recommendations to the Membership. As this may be your last opportunity to voice an opinion, please attend. I'm sure there are many options when it comes to publishing our stories from the mountains. I would encourage you to explore them before this meeting.

If the members wish to read an annual (or perhaps biannual?) publication, it might be prudent to consider a team effort to produce it. It takes much time, ability and determination to complete the tasks of gathering submissions; editing articles and finding appropriate photos; developing the flow within the journal; and arranging for desktop publishing, printing and distribution. A team approach would allow continuity from year to year, as some volunteers could stay for one year, others for two. In this way newcomers to the team could learn from the experienced team members.

Alternatively, the club might consider expanding the Newsletter to include more articles throughout the year. This would ensure that submissions are handled quickly. One or two members could help by editing submissions before they are forwarded to the Newsletter editor. As well, there is the KMC website. It offers many possibilities for publishing, including on-going publication of colour photos. Perhaps you have other ideas?

My thanks to those who responded to the call for submissions. There would be no journal without you. My special thanks to Eliane Miros for her efforts in updating the mailing list and to the members who pitched in to help with journal distribution.

I found the articles interesting, the stories and poems touching, and the photos amazing. I hope you enjoy them.

Holly Ridenour



Carlton Scott photo

Reflections by the President

by Paul Allen

The strength of an organization is based on its Executive, and I am proud to say that our Executive continually makes my job of President an easy one, to my pleasant surprise. And for that I am very grateful. We have had every position on the Executive occupied for the last two years and that has allowed us to offer both climbing camps and mountaineering school, which had fallen by the wayside for a few years.

Our largest and increasing role as a club has been advocacy for back-country access. Applications for private permit usage are increasing all the time, becoming a large concern for the club, and taking a large part of the Executives' time. How this will be affected by the new Liberal government remains to be seen. Over the last two years we were extensively involved in the Red Mountain Master

Plan decision as well as the Snowwater Creek Lodge permit. These are now complete and hopefully will not impact our wilderness usage and access in the future.

The Parks project for the Slocan Chief Cabin is now in its final stages, and while some members may not have wished to see a new cabin in the Kokanee Park area, this was not our decision. Parks asked us for input on location and design only. We could have chosen not to participate, however we felt it "better to provide input than to sit on the sidelines and then have something forced on us that we did not want and could not justifiably even complain about". Parks was extremely receptive to our

ideas and input, and I personally believe the membership will be well served by the new facility.

While our Executive and Hiking Camp receive excellent volunteer support, there is virtually no interest by our membership in maintaining our cabin and trail systems. Although the Executive accepts that there is zero turnout for work parties, personally I find this hard to understand.

government regulations and interference.

The Karabiner continues to be the hardest position to fill, and the continuance of the periodical is in doubt. The most onerous part of the position is getting submissions from the membership. This lack of response has led to its sporadic production. At the 2002 Annual General Meeting there was some dialogue around adding articles to the KMC



We, the KMC, are one of the largest user groups of the trails system. We need to find some way to help maintain and clear trails now and in the future. We are exploring partnerships with Selkirk College and possibly Columbia Basin Trust to help fund these activities.

This year saw the retirement of Laurie Charlton after eleven years as Hiking Camp Chair. He will be greatly missed by the members and Executive. Laurie undertook to make the Hiking Camps very environmentally conscious, and we owe him a great deal of thanks for this. The Ministry of Environment have inspected our camps recently and praised us greatly for our care of the wilderness. This makes it a good deal easier to continue to offer camps without undue

Newsletter and posting photos on the KMC website--this instead of producing an annual or biannual Karabiner. The KMC executive was left with the task of looking into the club constitution and bringing forward a resolution at the next meeting.

A special thanks goes to all those members who led trips, helped plan club activities, wrote articles and filled Executive positions (making my job easier). Without these people we would not have a club. Hopefully more members will step forward and volunteer to keep this a strong, active organization.

See you in the mountains.

ALPENGLOW ON THE MULVEY GROUP
AT GWILLIM LAKE
Vicki Hart photo

We Remember Earl Jorgensen

by John Stewart

Earl Jorgensen died February 27th, 2001 at age 78. His boyhood was in Saskatchewan, the rest of his life in Nelson except for RCAF war years and UBC. Earl taught High School in Nelson from 1951 to 1984 and was active in choirs, theatre, overture concerts, curling, heritage and other civic projects. His biggest enthusiasm was for the outdoors: hiking, camping, canoeing, fishing and skiing.

For 25 years (from 1976 to 2000) Earl was a very active and hardworking KMC member. Some will remember Earl from the Wilson Creek headwaters hiking camp (Mts. Marion and Cascade) in 1976 with his sons Paul and Eric to more recent camps with son Carl. Earl was the prime builder and planner of camp equipment. All of us have sat many hours on his stools and biffy seats, made lunches on his folding tables, and washed our dishes on his ironing board table.

Earl loved the challenge of long hikes: across Kokanee Park from Coffey Creek to Enterprise; from Giveout Creek across Toad, Red and Copper to Rover Creek; from Whitewater ski area back to Nelson via Hummingbird Pass and Burns Meadows; and from Clearwater Creek crossing over to Ymir Creek (which he often led). There were usually detours to a high viewpoint, an old mine, or a mountain cabin. There were often work parties at Huckleberry Hut or Copper Mt. Hut, or on one of the trails. The folding upper bunk and the door at Copper are Earl's. Most of us have been "late" on at least one hike with Earl; some called it "lost".

Earl loved welcoming newcomers to our mountains. They were often invited back home for a chat, a beer, dinner or overnight. Earl's wife Dorothy, never complained. The two of them were equally hospitable to new friends and old, and to strangers needing a ride or advice. Earl had fun at everything he did. He was always among the last around a campfire telling stories and singing, and usually had the most outrageous costume at a Camp dress-up. For Earl, porridge was always the breakfast staple, with bacon a rare treat. Wine was for one special dinner only.

Hiking and camping attitudes have changed in Earl's 25 years in the Club. At 1976 Camp, we walked 10 miles and then drove 30 to summon medical aid (ask Peter Wood!). Then we hiked out of Camp with most of our gear when the helicopter was several days late and no sign of improving weather. Ten years later, an unpredictable camp radio-telephone appeared after mounting (and angry) amazement that we would dare to have 20 people far in the wilderness without instant help. Now it's a (usually) reliable phone and GPS. Tomorrow, personal phones mandatory?

And Earl, as we reflect on your life and time with us in the mountains, we will remember you.

The beauty of the trees,
the softness of the air,
the fragrance of the grass,
speaks to me.

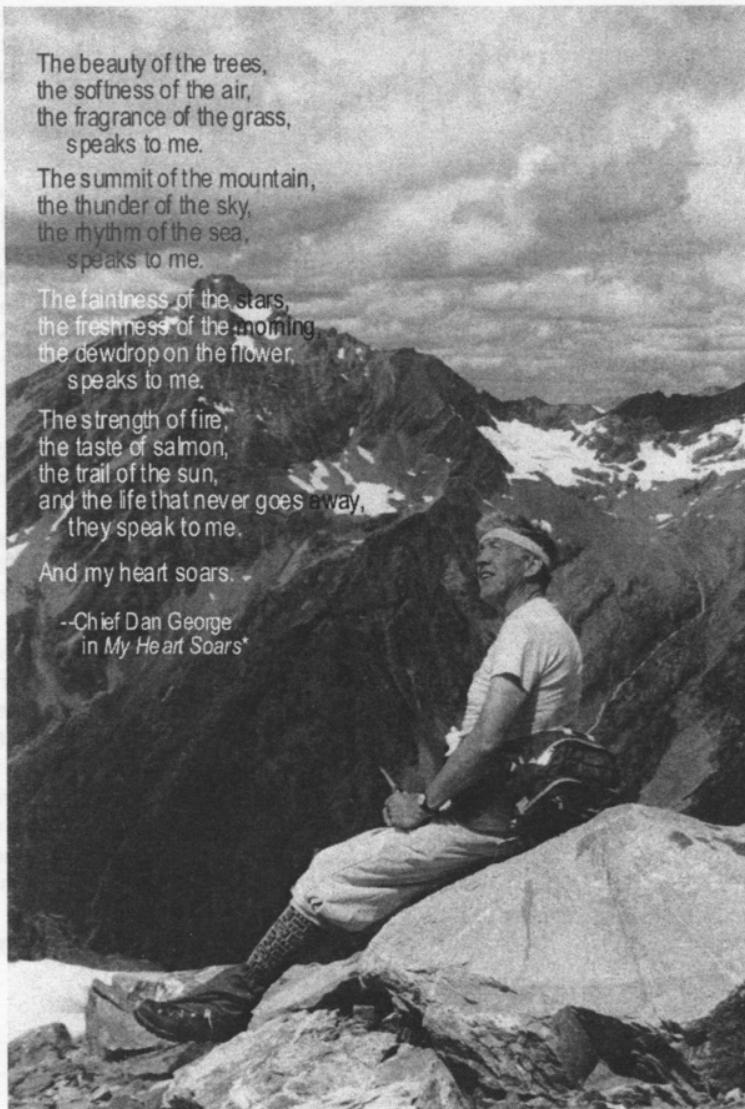
The summit of the mountain,
the thunder of the sky,
the rhythm of the sea,
speaks to me.

The faintness of the stars,
the freshness of the morning,
the dewdrop on the flower,
speaks to me.

The strength of fire,
the taste of salmon,
the trail of the sun,
and the life that never goes away,
they speak to me.

And my heart soars. -

-Chief Dan George
in *My Heart Soars**



*Hancock House Publishers Ltd.

Jorgensen Family photo

One of a Kind

by Anne Dean

Photo by Unknown

Bob Dean has been given a lifetime family membership in the Kootenay Mountaineering Club. Bob was one of the original KMC members who, over almost four decades, filled various positions on the executive, and until recently was in charge of summer trips coordination — this for ten years.



Photographer Unknown

I noticed on our January 2001 Newsletter address Label the year 2050...I believe that is when His free membership is going to run out.

He will be 75 next September...so, 50 years From now...try simple arithmetic! Those Of you with small children, just starting to Climb up the legs of your dining room Table, children, watch out...he is the Bearded guy with the pale blue cap, that Somewhat thread-bare Gore-Tex jacket and The very fast stride – mostly ahead of the Pack!

He is not your regular guy! Who but Bob Would wear shorts until the snow flies? Stiffen expensive boots with fiberglass to Make them more rigid? Groan about his Feet and the impossible task to find Suitable footwear! Some might remember That he used to hike in sandals. Really!!

Compare your feet with the shape of your Boots and you will have to agree – if not Sooner, perhaps later – that the Shoe-Industry is off the wall.

Everybody knows Bob, everybody loves his dry sense of humor – not everybody – surely, but most will agree, that he is a great guy, has been around almost forever and is in the process of becoming a legend.

Happy Hiking!

Book Reviews

by Hamish Mutch

Kootenay guidebook writers have been busy, very busy, with two new hiking guides to the East Kootenay and two more for the West Kootenay published recently. A new mountaineering guide to the Southern Selkirks is expected for the summer of 2001. There is also supposed to be a new hiking guide to the Crowsnest/Waterton area, but I have not been able to track it down (although I did hear the author interviewed on CBC). A surfeit of adventure, real and vicarious, awaits us.

1. **Hikes Around Invermere & The Columbia River Valley**
by Aaron Cameron & Matt Gunn (207 pages)
Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary, 1998
Mountain Footsteps (2nd Edition)
by Janice Strong (279 pages)
Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary, 1998

Being from the same publisher, these two excellent guidebooks share the same attractive format, from their dynamic "Let's Go!" covers to their easy-to-read trail descriptions. Each has lots of exciting, high quality photos, including about a dozen in colour, with the edge going to Cameron & Gunn. My single criticism is that the trail maps are small, and in some cases a little dark, but still useful. These books will open many eyes to the hiking possibilities in the East Kootenay. There is some overlap in the coverage, with Cameron & Gunn describing the north and central Columbia Valley, while Strong handles the central and south. No problem – buy them both, if only for the pictures. So many hikes, so little time. I'm pumped!

2. **Don't Waste Your Time in the West Kootenays**
by Kathy and Craig Copeland (330 pages)
Voice In The Wilderness Press, Riondel, 2000

Most guidebooks are written by local people with many years of personal experience in, and a deep respect for, the areas covered by their guides. Such books are written for love, not for

money. This book is different, being the fourth in a commercial series by these professional guidebook writers. The Copelands have also written "Camp Free in BC, Vol I and Vol II", which perhaps says it all. There are many ways to exploit the wilderness.

The supposed point of difference (superiority?) claimed by the authors is that they rate each hike as "premier" (4 hiking boots), "outstanding" (3 boots), "worthwhile" (2 boots) and "don't do", and then attempt to justify these ratings. Not surprisingly, this soon proves contradictory. Mill Lake is rated "don't do", as it is "stupidly steep, obstinately viewless and too damned long", while Lockhart Creek, described as "long, steep and treed the whole way" receives a "worthwhile". Go figure!!

The trip to Sherman Lake also receives a "don't do" as the unfortunate authors encountered too many mosquitoes. This is similar to downgrading a hike because it rained, your car broke down or you got a blister. The only real difference in this book lies in the choice of icons. For many years other authors have used a rating system based on a number of stars, rather than boots, to denote the best hikes or climbs. The switch in icons from stars to boots is surely something which only the authors will find significant.

An astounding 17 of the 68 hikes described (that's 25% of the book) are, in my opinion, mere padding. Nine of the hikes are rated as "don't do", so why include them? Six others are located in Idaho, and two more are in the East Kootenay, leaving only 51 "worthwhile" or better hikes actually located in the West Kootenay. Of these 51 hikes, 40 were described in John Carter's 1993 guidebook "Hiking in the West Kootenay". Surprisingly, no recognition or credit is given to this excellent book, which must have provided the basis for this more recent version. Of the 11 new hikes included, three are located in the Creston Valley, and should only be considered as "worthwhile" if you enjoy driving more than hiking and plan to do all three in a single day.

Photographs are few, small, boring and poorly reproduced. Do we really need three photos of Mt. Drinnon? (pages 21, 191 and 204). Why are there no coloured photos? Just a minor point, but the mountains shown on p.42 are Earl Grey and Red Top, not Karnak and Jumbo, as listed.

THERE ARE NO TRAIL MAPS!! – a surprising and serious omission. A map is worth at least a thousand words, but maps and high quality photographs cost money and would cut into the profit margin, which is really what this book is all about.

On the positive side the driving instructions are clear and detailed, as are the hiking instructions, and this is the essence of any hiking guide. No criticism here. The box summary at the beginning of each hike (length, height gained, time, difficulty, etc.) is useful and also well done.

My initial reaction was to give this book "the boot", but on reflection have decided that, to use its own idiom, it really deserves 2½ boots. While written and printed for all the wrong reasons, the descriptions are good, it's in print and available, it fits nicely into that under \$20 gift category, and it will probably get you off the couch. Ring! Ring! Boring!!

3. **Valleys & Vistas**
by Monty Horton (189 pages)
Mussio Ventures Ltd., New Westminster, 2000

A guide (?) to hiking, mountain biking, road cycling, backcountry skiing, cross-country skiing, rock climbing, paddling, fishing, snowmobiling and horseback riding in the Boundary and West Kootenay regions – all this in a mere 189 pages, including three pages of first-aid tips and six pages of equipment check-lists. So much for so little, or is that so little for so much? Valleys and Vistas. Vapid and Vague. Vetoed Vigorously.

PS: Those wishing to sample perfection in the craft of writing hiking guidebooks should buy, borrow or steal a copy of "Utah's Favorite Hiking Trails" by David Day. This is a 367 page book, with 75 hikes (each with a large, clear trail map), and 250 photographs including 72 in colour, for only \$14.95 US. It doesn't get any better.

What's This UTM All About?

by Norman Thyer

We use topographic maps a lot in our activities, and, I hope, carry one with us whenever we venture off well-marked trails. Many of those maps have a grid of squares marked on them. What do these squares represent, and how are their positions determined?

Most maps that we are familiar with depict on a flat surface a portion of the earth's curved surface. The process used to transfer points from one surface to another is called a mapping or projection, and in a transfer from a curved to a flat surface, some distortion is inevitable. The scale of such a mapping generally changes from one point to another, and at a given point, the scale may change with direction too. So a distance of 1km in a northerly direction and a distance of 1km in an easterly direction may not measure the same on a map. However, there are some projections in which scale at a given point is independent of direction, and these are called conformal projections. Conformal projections also have the property that the intersection angle between two lines on the map is equal to the corresponding angle on the ground.

The earth is not a perfect sphere. Because of flattening at the poles, any cross-section through the poles and along a meridian is approximately an ellipse. In the 19th century, Carl Gauss devised a conformal projection for a

strip of the earth's surface centred on a meridian, such that the scale would be the same everywhere on that meridian. It is known as the Gaussian projection. However, while the scale is the same everywhere on the central meridian, it changes gradually as one moves away from that meridian. So for instance, while the scale might be exactly 1:100000 on that meridian, it would be different elsewhere, and significantly different far from the central meridian.

To minimize this distortion of scale, the Gaussian projection has been modified. It is normally applied to a zone of width six degrees, extending three degrees to each side of the central meridian.

Also the scale on the central meridian is modified by a factor of 0.9996, to minimize deviations of scale from the nominal value across the 6-degree-wide strip. So if the scale of your map is given as 1:50000, it will have exactly this value only along a line about two or three degrees from the central meridian.

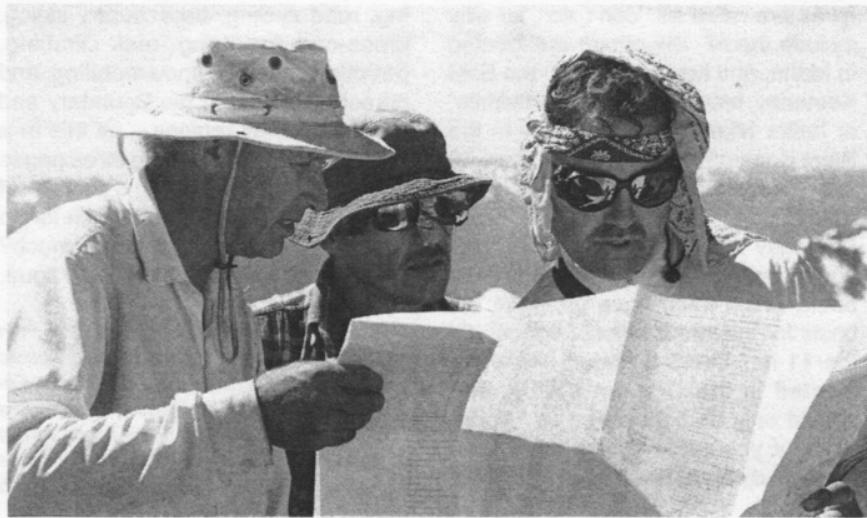
The resulting projection is called the Universal Transverse Mercator (UTM) projection, and it appears to be the most common projection used on Canadian topographic maps.

One can draw a grid of squares on a map. When this is done on a map with UTM projection, with one grid line along the central meridian, we have

the UTM grid. 1km squares on the grid generally represent 1km distances on the ground to within 0.04% accuracy. However, distortion in its various forms is always lurking, and although the grid line corresponds to true north on the central meridian, it deviates from it elsewhere. So a correction, known as the convergence of meridians, is needed to relate grid north to true north.

In our area, the UTM zone stretches between longitudes 114 and 120 degrees west, and is centred on the 117 degree meridian, which passes through Sunshine Bay. There, grid and true north coincide, but by the time one gets to Cranbrook, they differ by over one degree, and on the edge of the zone in Calgary, at 114 degrees, the discrepancy is over two degrees. Once we have the UTM grid marked on the map, we can use it to refer to locations of various points, as an alternative to latitude and longitude. In the usual way of analytic geometry, we can use X to refer to distance east and Y to distance north from a suitable origin. It is customary to give X the value 500km, or 500,000m, on the central meridian, to avoid negative values within a zone, while Y is the distance from the equator. The numbers marked on the grid lines and in the margins of Canadian 1:50000 and 1:100000 topographic maps give the tens and units digits in kilometres. For the hundreds of digits, you must look in the margins near the corners of the map. On 1:250000 maps, only the tens digit is given for each of the grid lines, which are at 10km spacing.

One advantage of UTM coordinates over latitude and longitude is that the computation of distance and direction between two points is greatly simplified. On a basic scientific calculator, it amounts to using the difference in X-values and the difference in Y-values as inputs to the rectangular-to-polar-conversion function. However, one must interchange the X and Y inputs from what the calculator instructions tell you, because mathematicians measure angles



Don Harasym photo

anticlockwise from the X-axis, while navigators measure them clockwise from the Y-axis. To the resulting direction, you must then add the correction for meridian convergence at the observing station. The "direct line" between two points is actually slightly curved on the map, but the correction for this is so small that it is needed only in work of very high accuracy.

UTM coordinates can be related to latitude and longitude. Unfortunately, the formulas for doing so are complicated, but for limited accuracy over a limited area, simpler formulas may be adequate. For our area, between latitudes 49deg and 51deg, and between longitudes 115deg and 119deg, the following formulas are accurate to about 100 metres.

$$LA = 45.15856 + .008992 * Y - (X - 500)^2 * (7.954 * 10^{-7} + 9 * 10^{-11} * Y)$$

$$LO = 117 - (X - 500) * (.01255 + 2.6 * 10^{-6} * Y)$$

$$X = 500 + (LO - 117) * (LA * 1.49 - 146.153)$$

$$Y = -5022.017 + 111.20857 * LA + (LO - 117)^2 * (1.195 - .0143 * LA)$$

For compass work, the "convergence of meridians" is given adequately by:

$$(X - 500) * (0.0107 + 0.0000034 * (Y - 538.65))$$

This amount should be added to the grid bearing to give the true bearing. More approximately, it changes by about 0.75 degrees for each longitude degree away from 117deg, being positive east of the 117 meridian and negative west of it.

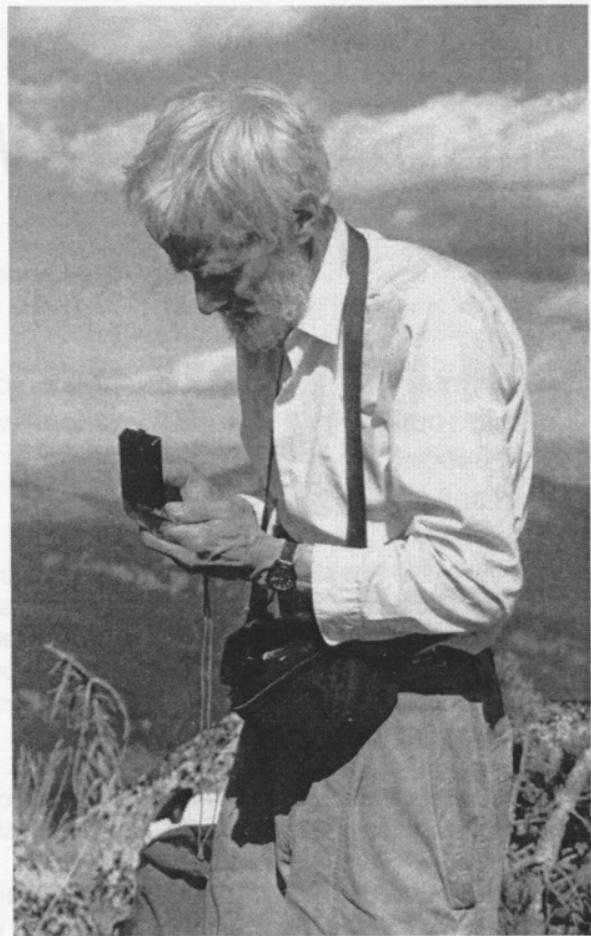
Also, the magnetic declination (east) for 1 January, 1999 can be given by the formula:

$$18.435 - 0.00392 * X + 0.004286 * Y$$

In all these formulas, LA and LO refer to latitude and longitude in degrees. X and Y refer to UTM coordinates in kilometres. Throughout our region, the value of Y lies between 5000 and 6000km, so for Y, the initial digit "5" representing 5000 can be omitted without ambiguity, and it should be omitted for use in these formulas. In other words, in values of X and Y, there should be 3 digits before the decimal point. As examples, for Old Glory X=433.6 and Y=444.3, while for Mt. Loki X=517.9 and Y=520.7. Hence Mt. Loki is in the direction 47.1deg from Old Glory, at a distance 114km.

In the formulas, 2 means "to the power of 2", and $*$ is the multiplication symbol. These formulas can be used in this form in a computer program using the BASIC language.

Finally, a word of warning is justified. It was mentioned that the earth's cross-section along a meridian is approximately an ellipse. For UTM purposes, a perfect ellipse is used, and it is chosen to coincide with the earth's real surface as closely as possible. However, different ellipses have come into use, depending on whether one wants the closeness of fit to be the best for the whole earth or for a certain region, such as North America. Most of the topographic maps that we use are based on an ellipse referred to as the North American 1927 datum, and the



Don Harasym photo

formulas given above apply to it. Some of the new 1:20000 maps use another ellipse known as NAD83. Consequently the grid on one map may differ in location from the grid on another map by as much as 200 metres in our area.

Also, especially with maps that are photocopied, one must beware of distortions, probably arising in the photocopying process, in which the scale in the W-E direction differs from that in the S-N direction.

For the Kootenays, a practical rule for converting UTM coordinates from the NAD27 to the NAD83 (WGS84) system is:

For the easting (x-coordinate), subtract 79 metres.

For the northing (y-coordinate), add 212 metres.

Where Are We?



Holly Ridenour photo

Elephant Stew*

submitted by Reid Henderson

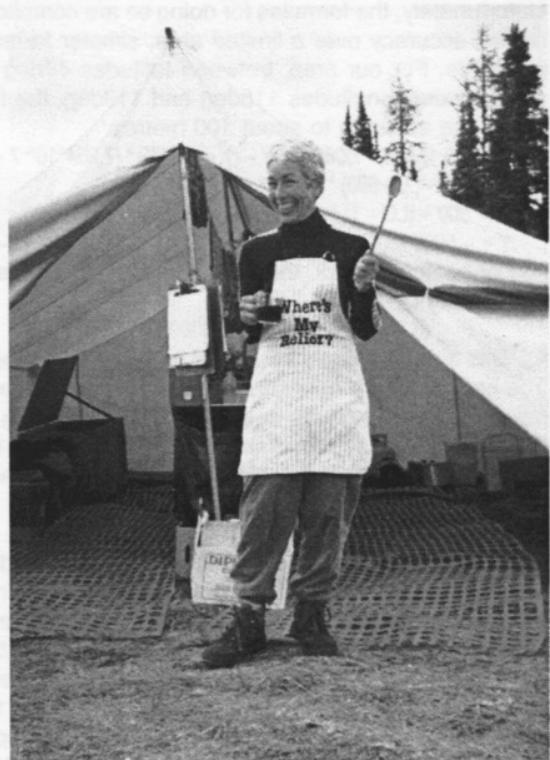
1 elephant
2 rabbits (optional)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pail pepper
2 pails salt

4 bushels onions
 $9\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water
6 pails flour

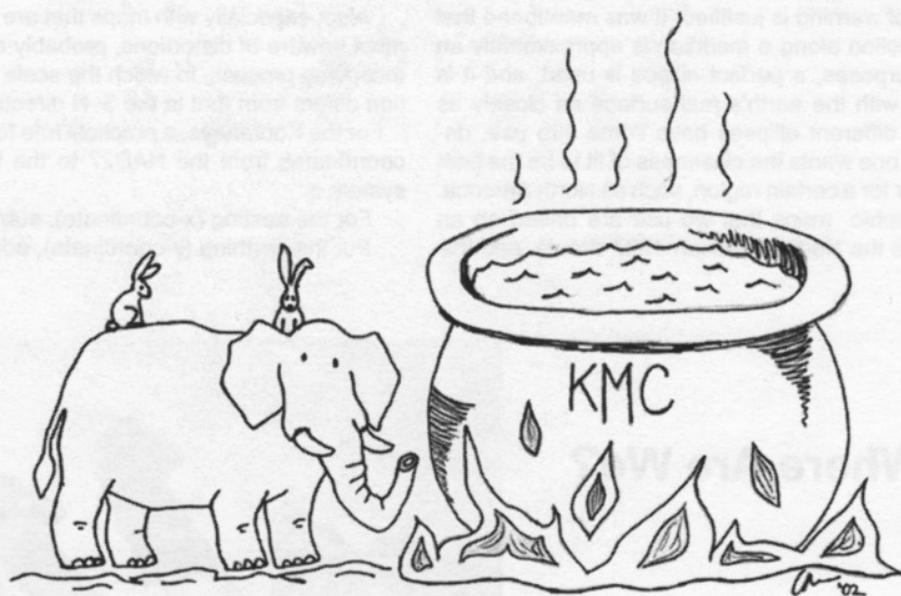
Cut elephant into bite-sized pieces. This should take about 4 months. Cook over kerosene fire for approximately 4 weeks, or until tender. Add onions, cook until tender. This will feed about 3,000 hungry hikers. If more are expected, add the 2 rabbits. But do this only if necessary, as most people don't like hare in their stew.

Permission from Wild Game Cookbook #2,
Gateway Publishing Co., Winnipeg, MB

* With apologies to the elephant and rabbits. Did you know that there is a 120-acre sanctuary in Tennessee where elephants are fed and cared for, and are free to roam — this after their years of work in the circus or confinement at the zoo? See www.elephants.com.



Photographer Unknown



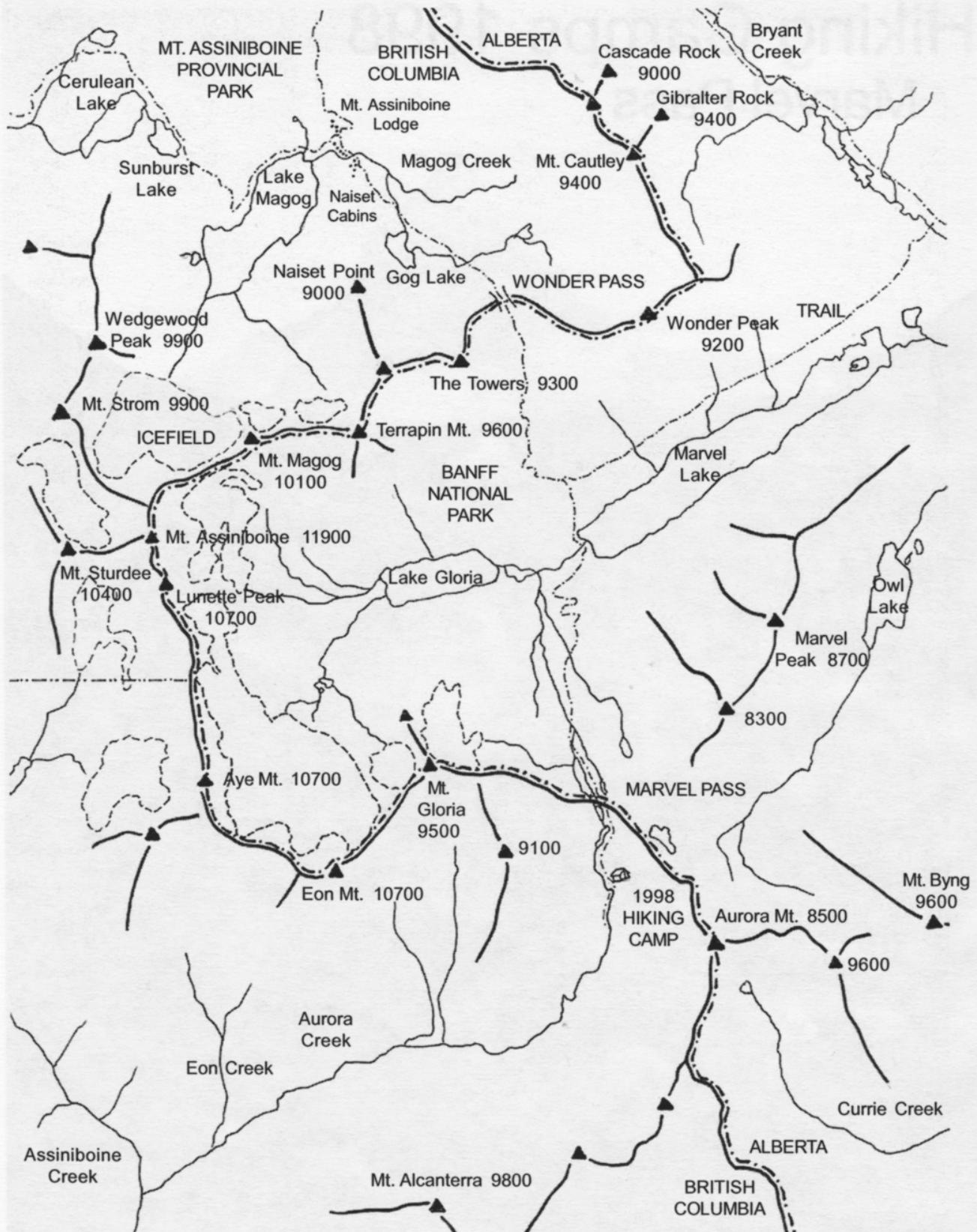
Hiking Camps 1998

Marvel Pass



MT. ASSINIBOINE

Mary Woodward photo



1998 HIKING CAMP
MARVEL PASS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS
MAP 82 J13 Mt. Assiniboine

Map by Ron Perrier

Marvel Pass

Location: (Map 82 J/13 1:50,000)

Base camp will be located beside a number of small lakes in Marvel Pass about 7km southeast of Mt. Assiniboine in the Rockies. Camp will be located at an elevation of about 7000ft just outside the boundary of Banff National Park. Marvel Pass is a long and wide valley running N-S with relatively little elevation change. The northern end of the pass leads to Marvel Lake and through Wonder Pass into Mt. Assiniboine Provincial Park. Another pass leads east to Owl Lake in Banff Park. Features that should be accessible from camp include Aurora Mt. (8500ft), Mt. Byng (9600ft), Mt. Gloria (9500ft) and Eon Mt. (10,700ft). The meadows in Mt. Assiniboine Park could be reached in a long day's hike.

Getting There: If you need gas, get it at Radium. It is about a 60km drive, of this, 20km is on pavement and the rest is on a good gravel road to the parking spot a couple of kilometers past the BayMag mine. Bring chicken wire to protect tires from porcupines!

IN MEMORY OF LOUISE LEGGE



Roger Legge photo

Louise (on the left) died on November 10, 1998 after a busy year fulfilling many of the things she'd wanted to do over the years. One of the special ones was to visit Mt. Assiniboine, and the Hiking Camp of 1998 was the perfect answer—her first and last hiking camp. She loved the hikes, the people, and the great flower naming circles at the end of the day. It was simply a marvelous week for her.

Camp 1

by Wendy Hurst

From start to finish, this camp was a delight. The constant views of rugged, soaring peaks from rolling meadows, and a wide choice of routes (in both direction and level of difficulty) were complemented by a comfortable social atmosphere with little friction and lots of laughter. As best I remember, here are the descriptions of routes that may be useful to other KMC'ers planning to camp in Marvel Pass.

Routes taken by KMC 1998 Camp 1 participants, from Campsite at grid ref 001323 on Top Map 82 J/13. Numbers refer to routes on accompanying map. Distance in km refers to length of trip to destination and back to Campsite. Vertical gain in m refers to elevation gained during round trip.

1. Aurora Creek Trail. 14km, 720m vertical gain. Access/exit route down Aurora Creek to vehicles. Mostly a well-marked trail, eventually joining a logging road.

2. Mt. Gloria, East Ridge. 10km, 1200m vertical gain. Starting SW from Campsite, dropping down only 150m and skirting the base of the south ridge of the Gloria massif before climbing steeply north up an unnamed small valley to the col between the south ridge and Gloria proper. From here it's a 200m scramble up a small ridge extending east from the peak, though the peak itself was not accessed by the party attempting it.

3. Lake Gloria Overlook. 6km, 280m vertical gain. Starting NNW from Campsite, easy route finding through sub-alpine forest glades and boulder fields to flat-topped shoulder NE of Mt. Gloria at 2000m. Spectacular views of Lakes Gloria, Terrapin and Marvel and surrounding mountains.

4. Assiniboine Lodge and Lake Magog. 21km, 1240m vertical gain. See Jill Watson's account page 15.

5. Marvel Lake Overlook. 7.2km, 280m vertical gain. Take off from the Owl Lake Trail just north of Cabin Lake.

Find best access upward through several small bluffs to a wide shoulder that dips northward to become a ridge at the north end of which are good views of the Assiniboine group to the West and Marvel Lake and the Sundance range beyond to the east.

6. Marvel Peak. 7km, 500m vertical gain. Begin as above and from the wide shoulder, skirt northwards round the 150m high outlier SW of Marvel Peak to the col between them, then ascend the ridge to the Marvel Peak summit. An alternate route to the col is up the outlier (an easy scramble and a nice addition to Route 5 above) though the down climb to the col is awkward and not recommended by those who attempted it.



Mt. Alcanterra

Laurie Charlton photo

7. Owl Lake. 9km, 300m vertical gain. This trail takes off from the Marvel Lake Trail at the height of land in the Pass. The first part is a little hard to follow but between Cabin Lake and the meadows in the valley floor it is a well-worn trail with some steep sections. Once the meadows are reached at 1960m, various routes meander through the low bush towards the lake. For the return journey, it is wise to mark the point where the trail enters the meadow. Owl Lake offers good swimming and pleasant views from its shores of the Sundance range across the Bryant Creek valley.

8. Aurora/Byng Col. 9km, 500m vertical gain. From Cabin Lake about 1km east of base camp, drop down about 100m into the Owl Creek

drainage then climb through open glades to the SE towards the headwaters of the creek between Aurora Mountain and Mount Byng. It's an easy scramble through meadows except for the last km which involves considerable boulder hopping along a moraine. The col offers a magnificent panorama back towards the mountains surrounding Mt. Assiniboine.

9. Alcanterra. 8–14km, 360–700m vertical gain. The length of this route depends on how many of the alpine basins at the headwaters of Alcanterra Creek are traversed. SW from the Campsite, ascend to the col between Aurora and the Blue Range, traversing steep sections, gullies and small ridges and basins in the 1.5km hike. From the col, head SSE on the rocky moraine just to the east of Moraine Lake and eventually drop down off the moraine and up a small headwall of less than 40m to the pass between the Currie Creek and Alcanterra Creek drainages. A small lake in the bedrock of the pass provides an ideal lunch spot and a bath for those inclined!

10. Aurora. 4km ridge walk, 380m vertical gain from the Aurora/Blue Ridge col, 660m from the Campsite. Scrambling and exposure. Panoramic views.

11. Byng. 10km, 900m vertical. Follow the same route as in 8 above except that after leaving the tree line in the Owl Creek drainage, scramble up the long grassy NW slope of Mt. Byng.

MEMBERS Laurie Charlton (Leader), Bev Gordon (Cook), Gayle McGee (Cook), JoAnne Baldassi, Kal Singh, Renate Belczyk, Felix Belczyk, Leon Arishenoff, Ron Perrier, Diane Paolini, Ted Steacy, Jim Mattice, Earl Jorgensen, Mary Woodward, Jill Watson, Alan Baker, Marilyn Baker, Wendy Hurst, Lesley Killough, Carl Jorgensen

Mt. Assiniboine Park Overnighter

by Jill Watson

Probably the most famous views of Mount Assiniboine are from the Lake Magog Basin. Although this can be done from Marvel Pass as a day return trip, it is a strenuous day of over 20km including at least 1240m of vertical gain (and loss). A more comfortable visit, allowing time for side trips and an appreciation of the splendid views in this area of the Rockies, involves an overnighter, taking advantage of the Mt. Assiniboine Lodge Cabins. A group of eight chose this option during Camp 1 and following is Jill Watson's record of the trip.

Tuesday dawned clear and bright, and at 7:30am we bade a rousing farewell to the remaining twelve, ignoring their muttered comments of "Peace and quiet at last!" and "More wine for us tonight!" We headed north through Marvel Pass, following the trail as it meandered past small lakes, through sub-alpine forests and slopes of brilliantly coloured wildflowers.

The walk down to the valley floor is fairly steep and rocky in places, though switchbacks help to reduce the gradient. A number of distributaries, boggy, bushy terrain and lack of adequate signage can make the crossing of Marvel Creek just west of its discharge into Marvel Lake a bit tricky. We regrouped after negotiating our preferred routes to enjoy the short section of the trail that follows the north shore of Marvel Lake. The calm, soul soothing, turquoise water looked very inviting as the day was turning into another of simmering heat.

Then the slog began and conversation ceased. We sweated our way up 600m of dry, dusty switchbacks to reach Wonder Pass at 11:15am. The Pass is above the tree line, but for us its barren magnificence was somewhat marred by the increasing signs of civilization. Prominent signs announce a "World Heritage Area" and the trail becomes the backcountry equivalent of a much traveled highway. By noon we were feasting our eyes on Mt. Assiniboine.

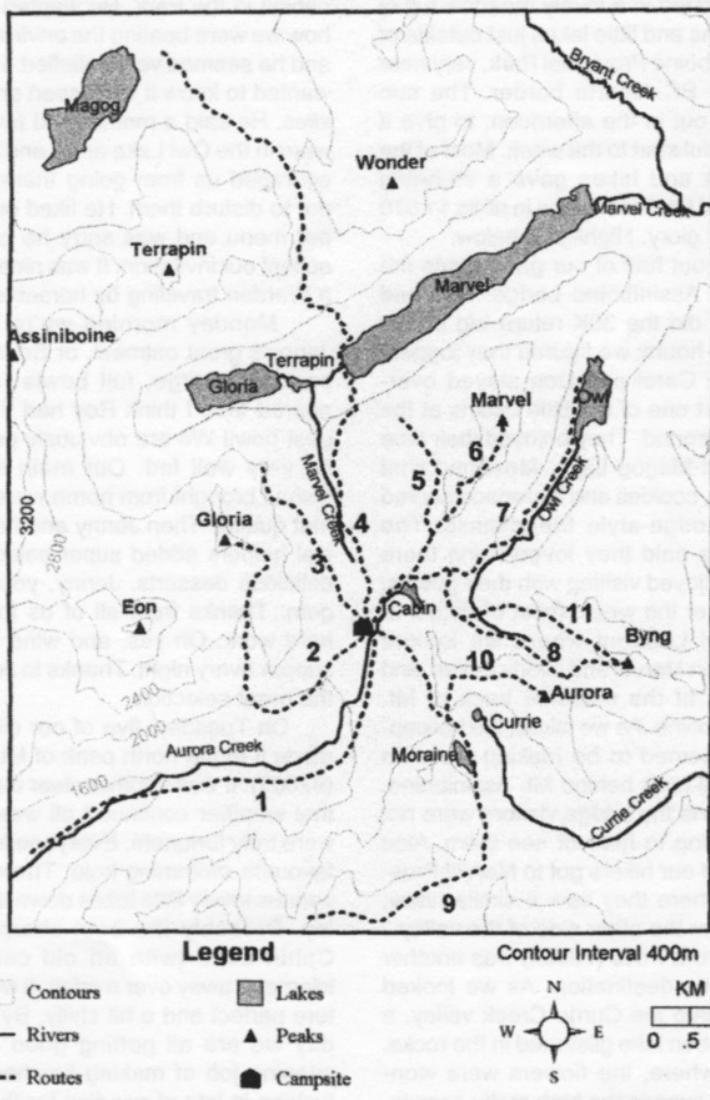
We registered into the "Forget-me-not" cabin, one of the Noisrit Group, under the name of "Arishenkoff siblings and 8". This cabin was built 72 years ago and is one of the original mountaineering huts in the area. It is a sturdy, wooden structure with a small woodstove, bunks, table, two windows and a door whose low lintel left several of our party with concave

foreheads! Our host Barb welcomed us, answered many questions, assisted with "cross-border" shopping and invited us to a 4 pm tea. Some of us took an afternoon stroll round Lake Magog, famed for its appearance in the foreground of many postcard shots of Mt. Assiniboine.

Supper was the delicious (?) sandwiches made at base camp 24 hours previously, washed down with pure glacial water, and followed by an evening of walking, talking, taking photos and for Bev, doing her laundry and decorating the surrounding foliage with it. Bedtime amusements consisted of watching Felix, a three time veteran of the Mt. Assiniboine summit, struggling to climb into the top bunk, and listening to Bev respond to the offer of a back massage by saying she was, "... too tired for pleasure."

The next morning after a good rest, we accepted the offer of fresh, hot coffee to wash down the remaining tag ends of our sandwiches. Sitting in comfortable armchairs, we watched a couple of climbers on Assiniboine and discussed plans for future hikes. We then bade farewell to our gracious hosts Barb and Sepp, hoisted our packs, and began our return journey. Slightly cooler weather encouraged a brief detour west of Wonder Pass toward The Towers which offered good views of Gloria Lake. We were back at Camp in Marvel Pass by early afternoon, having greatly enjoyed our Assiniboine Lodge interlude.

KMC Hiking Camp 1998, Camp 1 Routes



Map by Wendy Hurst

Camp 2

by Louise Legge

Friday July 31st evening saw our gang gather at the Old Salzburg in Radium for an excellent German dinner, good wine and lots of laughs. Saturday we were up early for breakfast and met at the Husky Station. We set off for the 20K drive to Settlers Road, and then a further 35K on a logging road. After a safety talk from the heli-pilot, we were ready to load. Our pilot made six trips with gear and passengers, in and out. There was drizzle in the air. One sling load at the campsite wasn't properly hooked, and Laurie C. did a nosedive into the crick while running to help. Oh well, he was going home that day! We landed in a lovely meadow full of streams and little lakes just outside of Assiniboine Provincial Park, very near to the BC-Alberta border. The sun came out in the afternoon, to give a beautiful start to the week. Most of the climbs and hikes gave a stunning view of Mt. Assiniboine in all its 11,870 feet of glory. Highlights below.

About half of our gang made the trip to Assiniboine Lodge. Roy and Jenny did the 30K return trip in just over 6 hours; we figured they jogged! Sonia, Carol and Don stayed overnight at one of the little cabins at the campground. They enjoyed their time around Magog Lake. Most had time for tea, cookies and lemonade served with Lodge-style friendliness. The owners said they loved living there and enjoyed visiting with their guests.

Over the week, most of us got to Marvel Lookout where we looked down on Marvel and Gloria Lakes, and stared at the massive back of Mt. Assiniboine. As we hiked, the helicopters seemed to be making tours on the half-hour behind Mt. Assiniboine. I imagine the Lodge visitors were not expecting to hear or see them. Also most of our hikers got to Marvel Prospect where they saw a similar view, but from the other side of the valley.

Aurora Pass (7850ft) was another favourite destination. As we looked down into the Currie Creek valley, a little green lake glistened in the rocks. Everywhere, the flowers were wonderful, even in the high rocky passes.

And speaking of flowers, we had our Flower Power Group. After each day's hike, most of the gals would gather in a huddle of excitement. Flowers came out of the pockets and texts out of the packs. Each flower was carefully checked. The variety was amazing. We were excited to find lovely new specimens. Muriel and Pat were our experts, and we learned a lot and enjoyed our search. Our special little meadow is a little bit less than 7000ft elevation.

One evening, a Park Warden and friend (a fisheries specialist) surprised us as they arrived on their horses. The Warden said he travels between five cabins in the Park. He wanted to see how we were treating the environment, and he seemed very satisfied. He also wanted to know if we'd seen any grizzlies. He said a mother and two cubs were in the Owl Lake area, and he discouraged us from going there so as not to disturb them. He liked our supper menu and was sorry he couldn't accept our invitation. It was nice to see a Warden traveling by horseback.

Monday morning we're up for Jenny's great oatmeal, or Sonny-Boy porridge. Large, full bowls disappeared fast. I think Roy had the biggest bowl! We are obviously going to be very well fed. Our main supper dishes brought from home were gourmet quality. Then Jenny and her special helpers added super salads and delicious desserts. Jenny, you are a gem. Thanks from all of us for your hard work. Oh yes, and wine before supper every night. Thanks to John for the great selection.

On Tuesday, five of our climbers made it to the north peak of Mt. Byng (9760ft). It was another clear day, and that weather continued all week. We were truly fortunate. Everyone found a favourite swimming hole. There were various lovely little lakes down the valley. Probably the best choice was Cabin Lake (with an old cabin) a kilometre away over a ridge. It was picture perfect and a bit chilly. By Tuesday we are all getting good at the evening job of making lunches, and tucking in lots of goodies for the next

day. The full moon came up over Aurora Pass, then disappeared. Everyone scurried for their cameras to be ready when it reappeared later. 'Twas so bright as the night progressed.

On Wednesday it was exciting to spot Roy and Jenny on the peak of Mt. Gloria, elevation 9600ft. It was windy Wednesday. Everyone ran to tighten the cookhouse ropes, while others stood holding the fore and aft poles so the whole tent didn't take off.

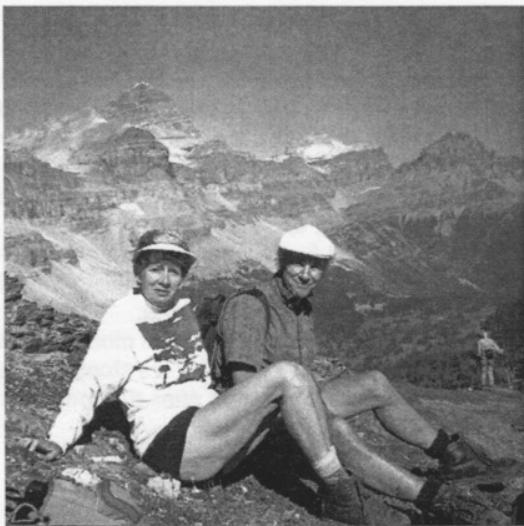
Flash from the Flower Power Group on Thursday. There is ONE orchid down the valley path along the lakes. Most of the group had seen it. The final flower count was 130. Ta-Da! Flash from the climbers who did a day-long trip – the Alcantara Loop. Also Don, Carol and Sonia bagged Mt. Byng.

Friday arrived, with beautiful weather. It looked like we would be rolling up dry tents on Saturday! Today Sonia, Hazel, Carol and Don did the Marvel-Owl Lake Loop. Three of our members climbed Aurora Peak (8694ft). Don, Louise and Roger were new to KMC Camps, and they enjoyed Camp immensely. Some discussions took place suggesting we bring smaller quantities of food and also make the meals simpler and more health-conscious.

On Saturday we were up and packed. The heli didn't arrive until almost noon. We flew near the Mag Mine, an eight or nine year old mine, producing magnesia and similar products. Some keeners hiked out and met us at the car park location. The Waltons took home boxes for the SALLY ANN, while Roger took the boxes of garbage. Thank goodness no gooey porridge leaked out.

OUR HAPPY GANG WERE Drew Desjardins (our well-organized leader), Jenny Baillie (our cook), Joan Grodzki, Carol Potasnyk, Roger Legge, Louise Legge, Luba Horvath, Pat Thomson, Garth Thomson, Muriel Walton, John Walton, Kay Stewart, John Stewart, Hazel Kirkwood, Don Harasym, Roy Hopland, Sonia Ward, Carlton Scott, Holly Ridenour.

Oh, Those KMCers



Photographer Unknown

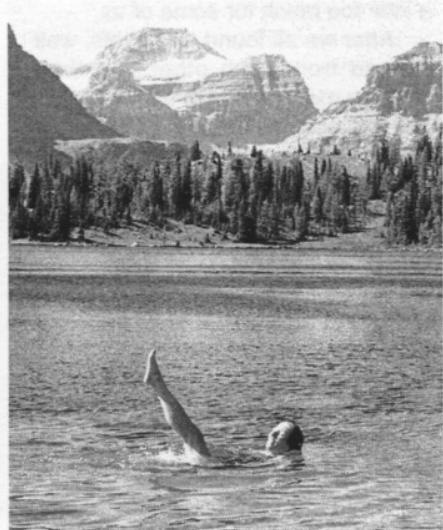


1998 Marvel Pass "Field of Hats"

Carlton Scott photo

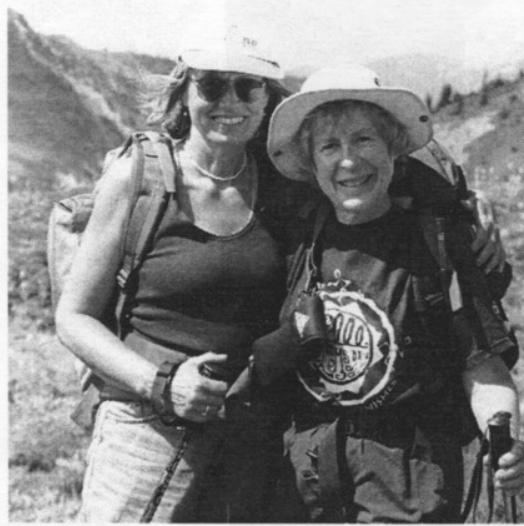


Camp 2 "The Group"



Roger Legge photo

Carlton Scott photo



Don Harasym photo



Camp 1 "The Group"

Laurie Charlton photo

Camp 3

by Elaine Martin

It seemed like a family reunion for most of us who've "third camped" together most every year, as we met at Radium motels the night before heading for the hills. The "super highway" up to the heli spot was an easy road for all, even low little sports cars like mine.

The weather had been so great, we were worried it wouldn't last. But third camp had beautiful weather every day, and bug free too.

Most noted Marvel Lakes Pass as number one of all time. But ... even if camp three hikers are used to following the footsteps of those from the first camps, trails marked with signs were a little too much for some of us.

After we all found tent spots, well spaced from each other, the time came to move the bif to its newly dug hole. All of a sudden, the bif was right smack in the middle, too close for a few disgruntled campers, as the trail passed right by a few tents. Reid was heard snoring close by, as Glen just played his guitar louder.

The obvious grizzly country we were in caused a lot more shouting and singing as we hiked, but we only spotted a black bear at Cabin Lake for the first few days. It was a camp with lots of warm lakes; one could swim from BC to Alberta each day. A few full Monty's were spotted, and almost everyone had Assiniboine-itis as pictures of the back of the peak were hard to resist taking.

In our camp, a party of eight hiked to stay overnight at Assiniboine Park and came back with stories of sleeping arrangements that kept us laughing around the fire. Hans, Anja and Elaine left for a short day to Marvel Pass and couldn't resist doing the round trip to the Park and back in time for Eric's birthday party at 6. Because of the later daylight time, we all agreed to eat at 7, which worked out well, as Suzanne is always gung ho to travel as far and wide as the rest of us.

On our final day, the grizzlies got tired of waiting for us to leave. One was seen up yonder, and a sow and two cubs were easily spotted across the creek from camp. A scout was sent

out to warn us all of her presence, but she ignored us as we watched her and the cubs until our dinner was ready. The cubs strayed over towards Eric's tent and there were a few nervous ones going to bed that night. As Gerry was quite far from camp, his tent got moved closer.

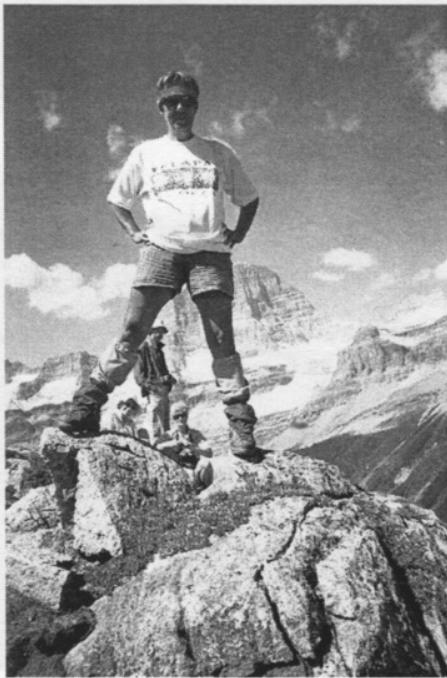
We had our traditionally fun last night. As usual, some were forced to stay up later for the Hey-La De-La song to be sung about them all.

Camp was dismantled after a light rain. It was just enough to dampen everything before folding up tents. We eventually solved the puzzle of folding the bif seats, cook tables, etc. and fitting all the gear back into two boxes.

It's nice to have a hot spring to soak in after camp to ease those muscles and get the heli-dust washed away. And true to third camp tradition, we stopped at a pub later for dinner at Wasa Lake. Good-byes were said after a good week together.

WE WERE:

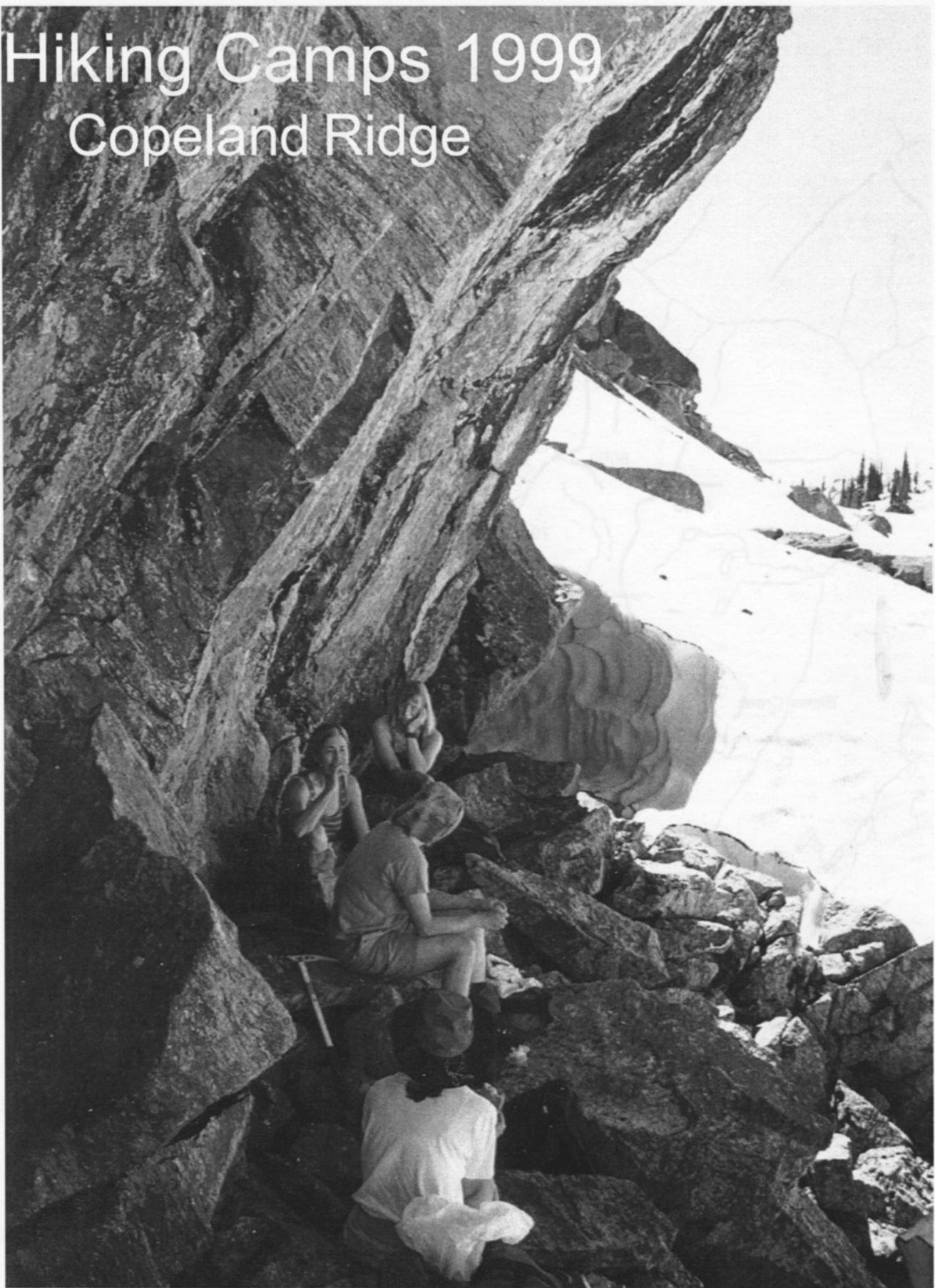
- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| <i>Reid Henderson</i> | -Who is more cheerful in the morning? |
| <i>Ron Cameron</i> | -Who is known as the Scree King? |
| <i>Glen Cameron</i> | -Whose legs were most photographed in camp? |
| <i>Janet Cameron</i> | -Who takes forever to take a picture? |
| <i>Dave Cunningham</i> | -Named "Not Your Snap Decision" man! |
| <i>Viv Baumgartner</i> | -Who knocked coffee cans into the bif? |
| <i>Eric Ackerman</i> | -Who loved all the attention on his birthday? |
| <i>Gerry Larouche</i> | -Who spilled sugar all over his shoes? |
| <i>Mary Baker</i> | -Who slept with her toque on her feet to confuse her bedfellows? |
| <i>Anja Logodi</i> | -Who grabs anything close by on scree or shale? |
| <i>Ted Ibrahim</i> | -Who spent one whole day bloody hell sick? |
| <i>Suzanne Blewett</i> | -Who's racing home to the cook tent every day? |
| <i>Hanspeter Korn</i> | -Who goes non-stop with his waterspout cheater? |
| <i>Don & Heather Lyon</i> | -Who love to hike with an eye always for a post-card photo? |
| <i>Don Hagen</i> | -Who chattered all the time? |
| <i>Sylvia Smith</i> | -Who's champion at talking while walking? |
| <i>Bess Schuurman</i> | -Who always gets a campsite with the best view? |
| <i>John Mills</i> | -Who tackles anything with his sandals on? |
| <i>Elaine Martin</i> | -Who's the one who writes this stuff? |



Elaine Martin photo

Hiking Camps 1999

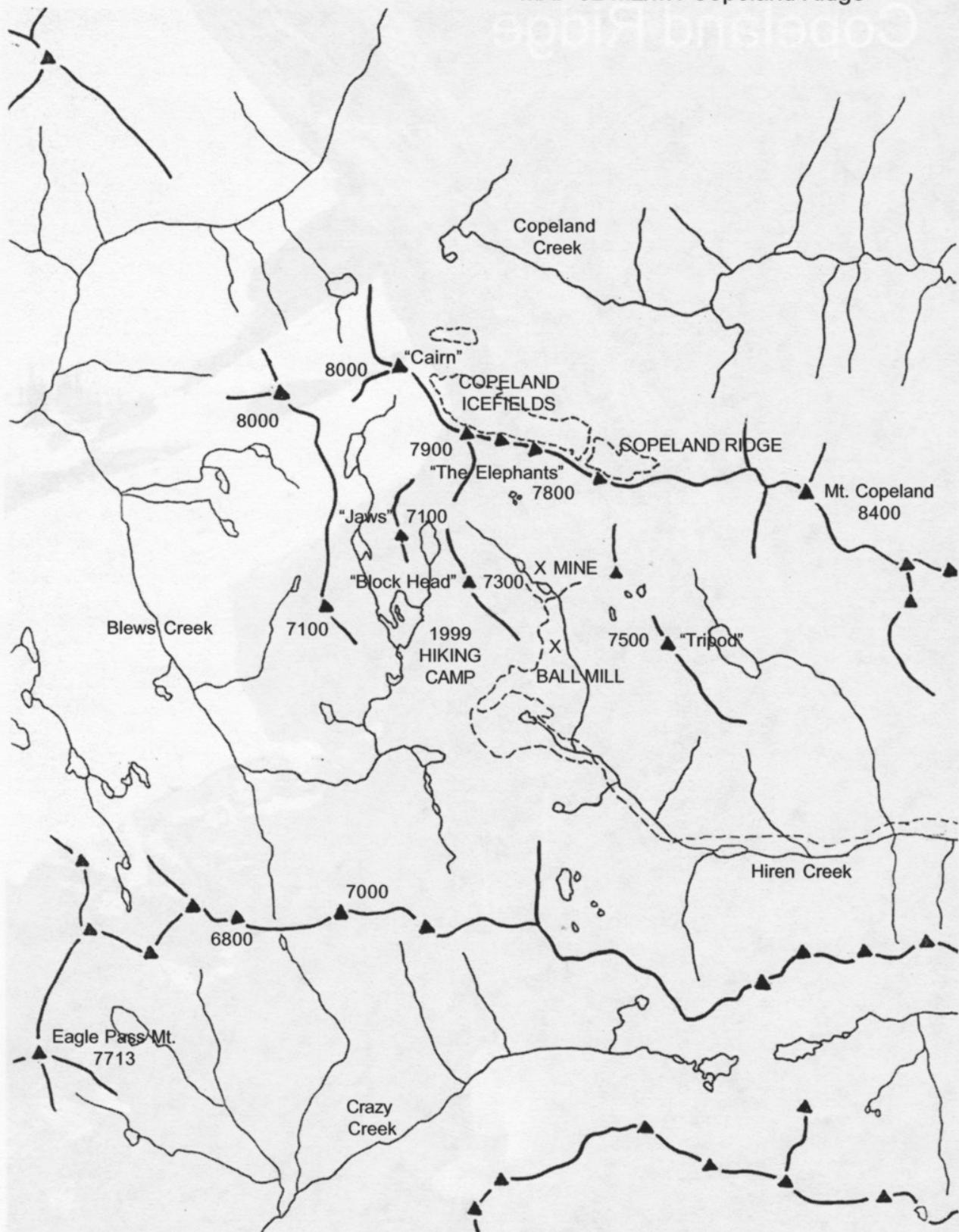
Copeland Ridge



IN THE SHADE OF AN OUTCROP

Carlton Scott photo

1999 HIKING CAMP
JORDAN RANGE, MONASHEE MOUNTAINS
MAP 82 M2/M1 Copeland Ridge



Map by Ron Perrier

Copeland Ridge

Location: (Map 82 M2/M1 1:50,000)

Base camp will be located at the south end of a large lake at the headwaters of Hiren Creek in the northern Monashees. The campsite is about 25km NW of Revelstoke at an elevation of about 6200ft. The site is in an extensive alpine area that includes Mt. Copeland (8300ft) at the east end of a long ridge that has several 7500ft plus peaks. There is a small glacier on the north side of the ridge. There are many small lakes in the area, which means there will probably be lots of mosquitoes. To the south, about 1km across a lightly treed shallow valley (500ft) is another extensive alpine area. There are several 7000ft plus peaks in this area. An old molybdenite mine is located about 2km from the campsite. There is a road to the mine but a bridge has been removed about 12km downstream on Hiren Creek so the only access to the site is on foot. The camp area is reported to be grizzly habitat.

Getting There: Travel to the Selkirk Mountain Helicopters' base, which is located about 4km from the Highway 23 junction (from the Galena Bay-Shelter Bay ferry) with the TransCanada Highway. Turn west at the junction onto the TransCanada and go about 1km and turn north onto the road that is marked as the Revelstoke landfill. Stay on the main road that is paved most of the way to the helicopter base. Note that the ferry leaves Galena Bay on the half hour. No chicken wire required to protect vehicle tires from porcupines!

Camp 1

Report missing. Participants were:

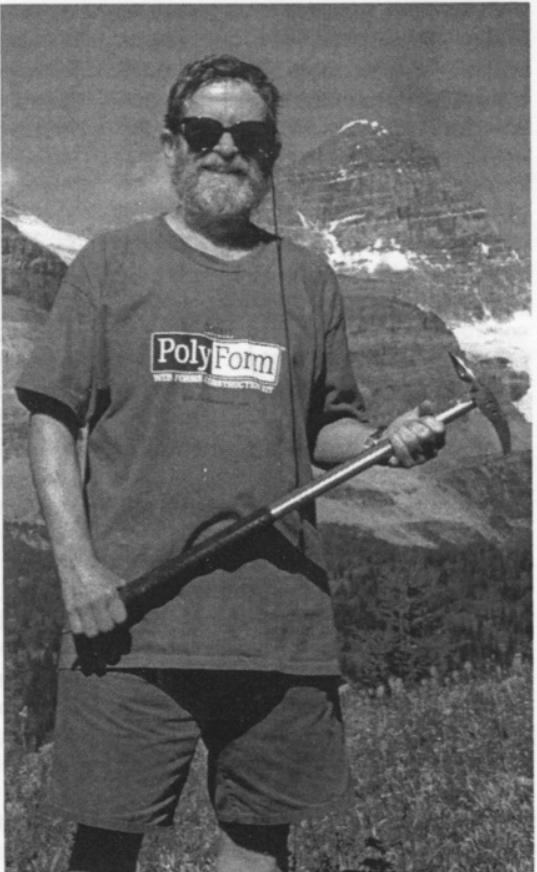
Laurie Charlton (Leader), Jenny Baillie (Cook), Karl McKusick, Ali McKusick, Marg Gmoser, Luba Horvath, Jill Watson, Philippe Delesalle, Mireille Delesalle, Diane Paolini, Bess Schuurman, Dawn Beynon, Ed Beynon, Jan Micklethwaite, Eric Ackerman, Kay Medland, Leon Arishenkoff, Sherri Walsh, Carol Potasnyk, Frits Swinkels



Camp 1 "The Group"

Laurie Charlton photo

IN MEMORY OF CARLTON SCOTT



Holly Ridenour photo

Carlton died accidentally on September 9, 1999. During the summers that Carlton and I shared, KMC Hiking Camp was a constant and also the highlight. Camp was a natural extension of Carlton's very active and social life. He loved the challenge and beauty of the mountains (both hiking and biking), and was drawn to the quiet place within that one finds at the top of a mountain. It's true. Carlton liked to dig and regularly volunteered for biffy digging. My thanks to Graham for the touching story that follows. - Holly

Digging the Biffy

Camp 2's Report by Graham Kenyon

Well, there goes the neighbourhood", I said to myself as I peered out from my tent door to where this bearded character was pounding energetically with pick and shovel just across the gully from my site. Of all the places for a biffy, why there?

I had chosen my site carefully. Other than the need for a belay on the uphill side of my tent, it was the perfect place. The tent platform was shoveled across the top of a precipitous slope that plunged down into the gully. The view across to the still-frozen lake and the snowy peaks beyond was magnificent. My nearest neighbours were just over the top of the ridge, though out of sight, and out of range of snores and any other nightly noises that might be inspired by the pleasures of this spectacular place. The cook tent was a level 50 metres away, an easy stroll no matter what the weather might choose to do. All in all it was an idyllic spot. But I had not anticipated the biffy.

To be fair, choosing a new biffy site in the alpine is a challenge at the best of times. Mountains are composed mainly of rock, and the higher up you go the rockier it gets. The thin sifting of soil that comes from God knows where, but has undoubtedly taken a million years to get there, provides limited sustenance for the heather and the other green things that are a constant source of fascination for the more herbaceously inclined members of our troupe. However, besides their often spectacular displays (the green things, not the members of our troupe), they also serve to hide the rocks; so deciding where to excavate the regulation sized biffy pit ($2 \times 2 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$) is a gamble at the best of times. This year was a real challenge, with a couple of feet of packed powder overlying the whole works. Somebody, with the aid of a divining stick or the entrails of a chicken or some other equally obscure means, had pointed at the hump on the other side of my gully and said: "There; we shall build it there. Build it and they shall come". Did they ask me, the neighbour? Do they ever?

So there was this guy mining away in a clump of trees that were about to get the surprise of their 200 year old lives: a veritable mother lode of nutrients that would keep them going far into the next millennium.

Indignation turned to curiosity, and I skidded down and across to where clumps of snow were flying out of the brush. The chances of finding a slab of pre-Cambrian rock seemed far greater than the pocket of soil that passes for a septic field at this elevation. However, there down below the snow was green heather and wiry turf. Strike one for the chicken entrails; but there was still $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet to go. This was getting interesting.

We took turns, one picking, one shoveling; and by some miracle there were no big rocks. The hole became soggiest as we progressed, which made for messy shoveling; and the wetness seemed to attract the bugs that to this point had been virtually nonexistent. They were not mosquitoes, but sandy-coloured little beasts that had clearly never seen red meat before, and were enjoying it immensely. Along the way my toothbrush fell out of my top pocket into the hole. It was a bit muddy but what the heck; better now than later.

All good things come to an end, and at length we declared ourselves satisfied with the breadth and depth of our excavation. It was not the Maginot Line, but it was deep enough to serve the purpose, including an adequate undercut to accommodate the angle of repose. With the pill-box in place, the camouflage erected, and the flag flying bravely in the breeze, the Camp 2 biffy was ready for battle.

My partner was really into this hole-digging thing. It wasn't even his assignment, but that wasn't the way he looked at things. It was a job that needed to be done. One doesn't get too deeply into a man's character while digging a biffy hole, but he came across as a rather serious, unassuming man with strong underlying convictions. A teacher and counsellor, he guided rather than imposed; he set

expectations and allowed the consequences to steer the behaviour.

Personal responsibility for one's own actions and for the direction of one's own life was at the heart of his credo. We chatted a bit about this as we pounded away at the reluctant earth. He seemed like a good man to be with up there in the mountains, even if we were just digging a hole. Funny isn't it, the things you remember?

The camp was a great success. We all had our moments in the sun away from our daily lives. We walked in precious places, climbed to awesome heights, and enjoyed good company. The weather was kind to us. The sun shone and the warmth thawed the frozen land, and the latent life within gushed forth in a riot of colour and noisy splendour. It would be a short summer indeed this year, but in the timeless seasons that are the life of mountains, such differences are unnoticed. We too were strangers who came, enjoyed a moment in this magical place, then were gone – a microcosm of our wider lives. The future is unpredictable; we never know what or when or how it will end; but meanwhile there is today, and the jobs that need to be done. Like digging the biffy. Like sharing lives however briefly. Thanks, Carlton.

MEMBERS Drew Desjardins (Leader), Gail Buchner & Helen Foulger (Cooks), Diane Cushing, Joan Grodzki, Don Harasym, Ted Ibrahim, Graham Kenyon, Carolyn LaFace, Roger Legge, Ray Neumar, Ron Perrier, Holly Ridenour, Carlton Scott, Ross Scott, Dana Smith, John Stewart, Kay Stewart, John Walton, Muriel Walton



Holly Ridenour photo

Adventures of Camp 3

by Katie McEwen

This was my first camp and I was told I'm lucky it was Camp 3. Camp 3 is the renegade bunch, the worker bees, the camp with every type of person. And it's true. We had our fair share of peak baggers, wild-flower connoisseurs, old "goats" and young "kids", campfire singers, and more than our fair share of make-work parties, each with distinct opinions on the best way to do anything. Camp 3 did not enjoy the best weather; however, we probably did beat the other camps in the amount of bugs, wild-flowers (73 documented, thanks to Pat) and the length of time we had on the last Saturday...

DAY ONE Before we even leave the parking lot, negotiations started between Camp 2 and Camp 3 as to chairs to leave behind and a jacket to borrow for Felix. The cook tent is moved to have a beautiful view of the lake. Unfortunately, as Suzanne and the pot of lentil soup discover, the new location was far from level. Hans manages to scramble up the nearby northeast peak without anyone noticing him gone. A bridge-building committee is organized to cross the creek, but after one failed attempt it is left for morning.

DAY TWO Rain. Fog. And more rain. It's a perfect day to read books, sleep, and test how waterproof your tent is. A large group circles the foggy lake in the afternoon and the bridge is completed. For all those concerned about the trees used, consider that they died for a noble cause. Gerry brings flowers for Suzanne to brighten up the cook tent and continues this tradition each day.

DAY THREE The weather has improved – slightly. The day begins with biffy hole digging. Wasn't this supposed to be done by Camp 2? Hans, Renate and Hazel head for the largest peak in view (Eagle's Nest?) and summit it. The rest of us aim for ridges and knobs we can see in spite of the fog.

DAY FOUR Our first day of decent weather. The most adventurous team reaches four cairns today. Earl hikes to the right of the gendarmes. Janet and Heather stay to protect the

camp and keep an eye on everyone with binoculars. Everyone else heads up the southwest ridge. Everyone is back early to air and dry out their tent, and Katie and Annie even go swimming. Elaine is our firebug and the campfire singing begins. We exhaust every old Girl Guide camp song or cowboy tune (although Ron knows more songs than you'd think!).

DAY FIVE Perfect weather at last. Some take a trip to the mines, some to the gendarmes, some attempt Mt. Copeland only to discover it was not Copeland at all. More campfire singing. Katie and Annie teach the Moose Song which practically becomes Camp 3's anthem.

DAY SIX Nearly everyone wanders in the southern meadows and/or hikes in that direction. They claim they found sunshine. Although those who stayed home at the camp find it hard to believe. Dave and Sara go swimming.

DAY SEVEN Tonight is dress-up night and finish-up-the-wine night. The costume part is a huge success, but the wine was almost gone. At our costume dinner we had: two Superheroes, a Bride and Groom, one devil, a baby and Old Father Time, one moose, one Mexican, two Aliens, Jan d'Arc and Sir Hikes-A-Lot (in mosquito-proof chainmaille), The Green Giant and a piece of Korn. If you include our ordinary dressed married couple, we had 100% participation. (I'll leave it up to you to guess who came as whom, or see the picture that Don our camp photographer took).

DAY EIGHT We awoke on dismantling day to steady rain and fog in the valley. By 11 o'clock we have taken everything down, including the cook tent. We wait. We stay warm by doing The Hokey-Pokey and singing The Moose Song. We phone hourly to our helicopter pilot, and we are informed that there is too much fog. He is going to try again at 1 o'clock, which leaves us with an hour and a half of waiting in the rain with no shelter. We pile under a tarp with the packed up gear and eat our lunches, sip tea out of Mary's

thermos and listen to Earl read us short stories. Eventually, we realize we cannot stay warm under a tarp for very long, and the cook tent is re-erected. We make tea and drink it out of plastic wine glasses. Renate reads us our horoscopes from an outdated newspaper and we pass around a Maeve Binchy short story book to read out loud. Just when Reid is telling us the good news (we may get to spend an extra night) we hear the helicopter! A helicopter noise has never sounded so good, and we quickly organize ourselves and fly out.

The Moose Song
An Action and Repeat Song
(For further information see a Camp 3 participant)

There was a great big Moose
who liked to drink a lot of juice

Chorus
say way-o way-o
way-o way-o way-o way-o
way-o way-o
way-o way-o way-o

Now the Moose's name was Fred
He liked to drink his juice in bed

Chorus
Now he drank his juice with care
But he spilled it on his hair
Chorus
Now he's a sticky Moose
He's a Moose full of juice

WE WERE Reid Henderson (Leader), Suzanne Blewett (Cook), Gerry Larouche, Don and Heather Lyon, Ron and Janet Cameron, Dave Adams, Garth and Pat Thomson, Felix and Renate Belczyk, Earl Jorgensen, Elaine Martin, Hazel Kirkwood, Mary Baker, Hans Korn, Sara McEwen and her daughters Katie and Annie.

Another KMC Hike

by Hazel Kirkwood, Third Camp

(Composed in Haste, on Friday,
13 August 1999)

The days plans are made
As by the tent we meet
Then just before we go
We sign the hiking sheet.

We don our packs
Then off we go
In single file
Across the snow.

It's up and down
Over rough terrain
We've checked the sky
Hoping it won't rain.

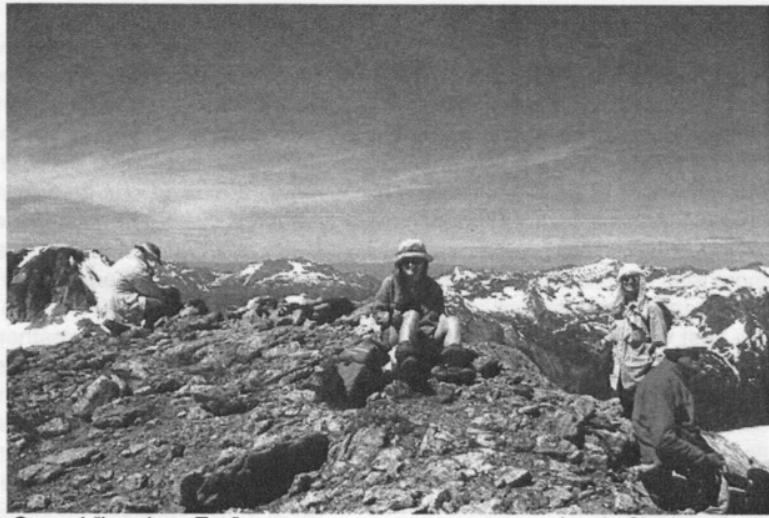
We climb steeply up
Through a bushy thicket
Hanging on to trees
For a safety ticket.

We leap across a raging stream
With a welcome helping hand
Then on we go, picking our way
Over rough or marshy land.

We tramp up the snow
Watching for rocks
Or down we may fall
Way past our socks.

A final scramble, we're at the top
We've bagged another peak
We eat our welcome lunch
Then a new way down we seek.

Back home to camp
We make our way
For a hot cup of tea
After a satisfying day.



Camp 1 "Lunch on Top"

Laurie Charlton photo



Camp 2 "The Group"

Holly Ridenour photo



1999 Copeland Ridge Campsite

Laurie Charlton photo

Hiking Camps 2000



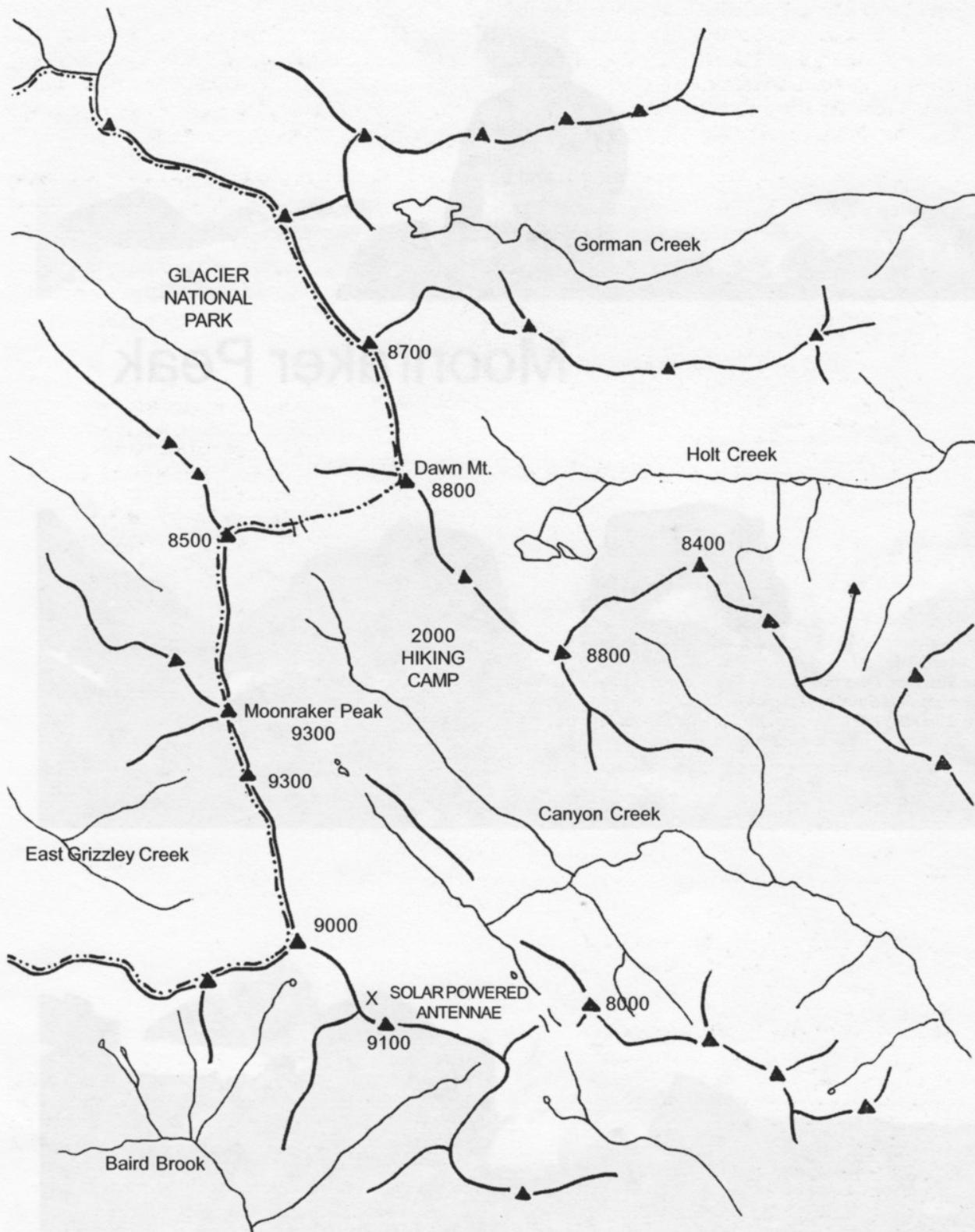
Moonraker Peak



MULTIPLE PERSPECTIVES

Holly Ridenour photos (top & bottom), Joanne Stinson photo (middle)

000S 200E HIKING CAMP
DOGTOOTH RANGE, N. PURCELLS
MAP 82 N/6 Moonraker Peak



Map by Ron Perrier

Moonraker Peak

Location: (Map 82 N/6 1:50,000)

Base camp will be located at the headwaters of Canyon Creek in the Northern Purcells. The campsite is about 18km due west of Golden at an elevation of about 6900ft. The site is in an extensive alpine area on the eastern edge of Glacier National Park. Prominent peaks in the area include Moonrake Peak (9300ft), Dawn Mt. (8800ft), some unnamed peaks over 9000ft and many 8500ft plus peaks. There are several small lakes in the area. From the ridge containing Moonraker Peak the mountains of Rogers Pass should be visible. The Rockies will be visible from the ridge containing Dawn Mt. There is no road or trail access to this area.

Getting There: No logging roads to drive on! Fly in from the Canadian Helicopters base, located at the Golden airport. Just follow the signs from downtown Golden. If planning to stay in a hotel before or after you fly in, make a reservation early. No chicken wire required to protect vehicle tires from porcupines!



Moonraker Peak

Laurie Charlton photo

Camp 1

Report missing. Participants were:

Laurie Charlton (Leader), Claudette Burton (Cook), Vivian Baumgartner, Wendy Hurst, JoAnne Baldassi, Dawn Beynon, Ed Beynon, Sue Port, Bess Schuurman, Sylvia Smith, Diane Paolini, Luba Horvath, Frits Swinkels, Karl McKusick, Ali McKusick, Maxine Werner, Jan Micklethwaite, Renate Belczyk, Felix Belczyk, Jill Watson



Camp 1 "The Group"

Laurie Charlton photo



Ross Scott photo

Camp 2

Report missing. Participants were:

Alan Baker (Leader), Gayle Buchner (Cook), Anja Logodi, Heather Lyon, Don Lyon, Cheryl deMedeiros, Marilyn Gauthier, Joan Cunningham, David Cunningham, Caroline LaFace, Pat Thomson, Garth Thomson, Dana Smith, Ron Perrier, Joyce MacDonald, Ross Bates, Ron Cameron, Janet Cameron, June Simard, Roger Legge

Camp 3

by Don Harasym

Camp 3 participants would be quick to agree that Camp Three had amazing group dynamics, which generated plenty of loyalty and teasing.

Referenced are Reid's great leadership abilities, Suzanne's wonderful cooking, Mary's enthusiasm, Kal's humor, Bob's kindness, Rudy's bravery for taking dips in glacier lakes, Ross' terrific pictures, Ray's speechmaking abilities, Hanspeter's courtesy, Irme's quietness, Elaine's golfing (and singing) skills, Holly's laughter, Joanne's successful passage into the elite hiking fraternity, Gerry's financial prowess, Hazel's knowledge of flowers, Ted's perseverance, Pamela's reborn confidence and Graham's independence.

Camp 3 participants gathered under clear skies at the Canadian Helicopters base in Golden on Saturday morning, August 5. All participants and their supplies, (including a huge mattress

brought by Hazel), were successfully transported to the campsite. It was an impressive flight up from Golden and over the Kicking Horse Ski Hill, under development at the time. With the exception of a major thunderstorm on Sunday August 6th, the weather cooperated very well for Camp Three. Each day brought rewarding hikes. Camp Three participants were very pleased with the camp location offering super views of Moonraker, easy access Glacier National Park, beautiful ridges and virtually no bushwhacking! Almost all in attendance at Camp Three completed ascents of Moonraker with a few taking the ridge to the top while the others went over the saddle and climbed the snow slope on the other side. A couple members of the group were even brave enough to descend down the steep snow slope seen from camp. Hanspeter, Gerry and Ray co-ordinated many of the trips, and did a great job. Dawn Mountain and the wide

gentle ridge beyond were very popular. Several people made repeated treks to this area. The hike to Snow Dome was also well appreciated with plenty of snow and wonderful views of the other side. We encountered crumbly, rotten rock on a number of the hikes, particularly north of Dawn Mountain making ascents a little more challenging. On one of these outings, Ted lost his watch. So, keep an eye open for the watch if you are out that way again.

It was a fine week. We enjoyed great company, weather, hiking and food. What more could we ask for?

MEMBERS Reid Henderson (*Leader*), Suzanne Blewett (*Cook*), Mary Woodward, Kal Singh, Bob McQueen, Rudy Goerzen, Ross Scott, Ray Neumar, Hanspeter Korn, Irme Mende, Elaine Martin, Holly Ridenour, Joanne Stinson, Gerry Larouche, Hazel Kirkwood, Don Harasym, Ted Ibrahim, Pamela Jenkins, Graham Kenyon, Eric Ackerman.



Ross Scott photo

Climbing Camps 1998 - 2000



JUMBO PASS, SEPTEMBER '98

Mary Woodward photo

1998 - Vowell Range

by Steve Horvath

This year Paul Allen decided to revive the KMC climbing camp in the Vowells and after the usual last minute cancellations, etc. we were flying next to the stupendous W faces of the Howsers towards our location in Bills Pass, a few feet W of the park boundary. There were eight of us, and it took some time to find and engineer spots for our tents. Hamish and I found a four star sandy platform with a great view of Mt. Conrad. We spent the first afternoon getting a better feel for the place, doing what else but humping our gear around the S face of Mt. Wallace conducting usual interesting first day experiments such as how steep is the angle of ice before we bail out or put on crampons. (The answer is quite steep in the heat of the afternoon, but rather shallow in early morning). It was a pleasant and productive day as we managed to spot a few good lines on the S face of Wallace. We filed them for future reference and returned to camp following our usual guides – ubiquitous goat trails.

Next day it seemed that everyone was keen on making a mass ascent of Mt. Conrad. To reach the summit, seemingly close enough to reach from our tent, required considerable route findings, detours up, down and around, but what a remarkable view point. It was one of the best places ever to play "Name That Peak". We spent the night close to the (unexpectedly) fully occupied Vowell Igloo, and returned to camp next day on another perfect summer morning.

Now that we had completed the required annual snow slog we could turn our attention to satisfying our addiction for clean rock and first ascents. The S face of Mt. Wallace turned out to be just the ticket. One hour approach from camp, seven pitches of clean granite, at times challenging route-finding, pleasant and variable climbing up to 5.7-5.8 and – to make matters more interesting – more route finding puzzles on descent. We ended up by rappelling down a small waterfall onto the snow and did a short technical traverse on steep snow in our rock shoes before reaching our boots and ice axes and spare food.

Lazing in the afternoon sun in front of our tent, we could not escape noticing the sharply profiled W ridge of the W peak of Mt. Wallace. Heck, it must be less than 30 minutes from tent. The ridge had a vaguely familiar look to it and then I got it! It looked like a side view of human body, a man's body to be exact, as a large gendarme was strategically balanced in just the right spot to give the ridge an appearance of a man with a rather large erection. Clearly a worthwhile objective, and as for the name, considering our age and appearance of the climb, Viagra Ridge was irresistible to me, even though Hamish felt that it was too vulgar and we should come up with a more literate alternative.

The approach turned out to be closer to an hour and disturbingly loose in spots. The ridge turned out to be, as is so often the case, a fairly wide buttress with excellent granite, grey at first and almost a blinding white near the top. The climbing was excellent, varied middle class five and as for the defining feature of the ridge, the gendarme was large, exposed and unprotectable. Hamish did not help matters much when he kept complaining that he was beginning to feel sick watching me try to stand up on top of the gendarme. The technical climbing lasted for some six pitches before exiting on the N side of the ridge, still some three pitches short of the W summit. They unfortunately turned out to be typical of the extreme variability of climbing in the Vowells, where the climbing can change abruptly from sublime to ridiculous. They were steep, loose, sandy and even mossy, basically a ridiculously exposed shitty class four. By now we are much more aware of the validity of the old saying about there being bold climbers and old climbers, but no such thing as old, bold climbers. We stayed roped up, and after some thrashing around were able to enjoy our summit snack. By then the skies to the W of us were full of darkening clouds, an unusual sight during the summer of 1998, so we hurried to camp. The storm did not hit us until later in the night, but then the lightening show was well worth the

price of admission.

Another great week in good company and in a beautiful place. Getting two first ascents so close to the climber infested Bugaboos was a real bonus. And as for avoiding epics and porter impersonations, we managed to get our fill of that later on in summer pursuing another first ascent in another popular place (Rogers Pass). Yes Virginia, there are still some first ascents left.

Summary

*Vowell Group, Wallace Peak, East Summit [i.e. Main], FA of S Face
July 28, 1998 – Hamish Mutch, Steven Horvath*

Approach from Bills Pass via Vowell Glacier – interesting route-finding due to Glacier meltdown/ recession. Try to follow the goat tracks until it is possible to ascend up a loose sand and scree slope to a small glacier under the S face. Start the climb in a recessed alcove directly under the summit. Seven pitches, up to 5.7. Fairly sustained on clean, solid rock. One additional class 4 pitch to reach the summit block. Descend by downclimbing the S face some 200 feet W of the ascent route keeping left (W) of the steep snow tongue, then two short raps to the snow/ice. Alternatively, one can downclimb the W ridge, class 4, to where it is possible to gain the snow.

*Vowell Group, Wallace Peak, West Summit, FA of W Ridge (Viagra Ridge)
July 30, 1998 – Hamish Mutch, Steven Horvath*

Approach from Bills Pass up steepening scree with some grass and flowers for some 45-60 minutes to foot of ridge. Then five pitches of 5.7 to 5.8 on good rock. The phallic gendarme has to be freed unless one has a bolt kit. Gets the adrenaline going and makes for neat pictures. Climb exits in a small saddle with great views to the N – Malloy Glacier and Peak. From there, three more pitches of low class 5, exposed and rather dirty lead to the W summit. Descend by walking down the S side.

1999 - Clemenceau Group

by Kim Kratky

This was the KMC's second climbing camp in the Clemenceau area, 22 years after the first camp (see *Kootenay Karabiner*, 1977, pp. 41-59). For this year's camp, we flew from a landing on the south bank of the mouth of the Sullivan River on the east side of the Big Bend of the Columbia River, near the km. 143 marker, departing around 0830hrs on Sunday, July 25th. Camp members were Fred Thiessen, Ross Breakwell, Al Fedoruk, Paul Allen, Larry Smith, and Kim Kratky. All map references are to "Clemenceau Icefield 83C/4 1:50,000, 1966. Elevations are taken from Al Fedoruk's 1:20,000 scale area sheet provided by the BCFS.

Our Alpine Helicopters pilot Dave Matthews zoomed us over the Kinbasket River and then up the Cummins River. After passing the stupefyingly grand Cummins Falls, we found the weather getting increasingly goopy. Dave was unable to make it right onto the Tusk Glacier, south of Mt. Clemenceau. Instead, we touched down on a rocky bench at 7,000' between the Cummins Glacier and the north ridge of Mt. Shipton (GR 333-837). When Fred and I, the first to arrive, hopped out, it was blowing snow and looked most inhospitable. In fact, our home turned out to be a very good campsite: an island of mostly flat, dry ground giving easy access to all the peaks around the Tusk Glacier. Many other parties stay at the Grassi Hut, an hour's walk west across the Cummins Glacier, but we found our site to be most suitable. During our stay until the evening of Saturday, July 31st, we exploited enough holes in the bad weather to climb most of what we wanted. The following is a day-by-day log of outings.

Mon., July 26th After a night of rain and a morning of iffy weather, all but Paul, who was battling a virus all week, head out at 10:00am, bound for Mt. Irvine. Through low, shifting clouds, we make for a snow couloir leading to the Tusk-Irvine col (9,750') which we reach via deep, sinky, occasionally sloughing snow. Then it's just another 300 vertical feet to the roomy summit of

Irvine (10,138'; GR 358-832), which we reach at 1:30pm. We return via the ascent route, reaching camp at 3:45pm. On top are Fred, Larry, Al, Ross, and Kim. A reasonable accomplishment in marginal weather, and we never did get rained or snowed on.

Tues., July 27th Today we are up at 5:00 in so-so weather. Still, we all get away at 6:25 for Tusk. We re-trace our steps to the cold and windy Tusk-Irvine col and then head north on snow. Soon, we approach a long, southeast-tending rock buttress. We scramble up a couloir and face on nasty snow-covered rock (well, I thought it was nasty—Paul didn't) to gain Tusk's south ridge. Reaching the 5.3 step described in the guide, we graciously allow Paul, who is feeling much friskier, to lead this in the blowing snow. Ross and I prusik up the fixed line he leaves in place. The three of us then rope up and boot it for the summit, leaving the line for Fred's party. As we approach the snow-plastered rock of the summit tower, which looks to be buffeted by high winds, the weather continues to deteriorate. Staying on the ridge, we enjoy more friable rock and dirt held together by ice and snow. Beyond this, conditions are more to my liking: a narrow neck of snow, a short ramp, and then an easy, moderately corniced ridge leading to the horizontal snow blade of the summit. It's 12:30 (6hrs up; 11,050') and the weather is calm, temperatures are mild, and visibility is 100'. Soon the others join us, but, as there's nothing to see and the wind is picking up, we soon head down. On descent, we do one full-rope rappel and avoid the 5.3 pitch by a detour on snow to the left. Of course, by about this stage, the weather is looking much better and continues to improve all the way back to camp, which we reach at 4:45pm. Still, we have all climbed a nice 11,000 footer under less than ideal conditions.

Wed., July 28th While the others have a rest day, Fred, Ross, and I depart at the mind-numbing hour of 8:00 am for a go at Mt. Chettan (10,070'; GR 350-829). Heading into the

Shipton-Tusk amphitheatre one more time, we follow a snow rib toward the minor eminence called Speke. We pass below this and gain the east ridge of Chettan. Some ups and downs on snow and rock, one nice steep 150' snow slope, and a few more zigs and zags bring us to the summit just after 12:00. During our 35-minute stay on top, we examine Shackleton's northwest ridge and conclude that the snow looks too unstable. Then, we once again re-trace our steps to camp by 4:30pm. This has been the best day yet for weather; however, the cloud streamer on the summit of Clemenceau re-assures us that it wouldn't be very much fun up there now.

Thurs., July 29th We are up at 4:00am for Clemenceau, but heavy rain squalls, low ceilings, and blasting winds continue till 9:00. We lounge in the comfort of Robin Lidstone's REI wall tent and bless him for having donated it. By early afternoon, things have improved enough for an outing. Fred, Ross, Paul, and Al decide on a trek over to the Grassi Hut, while Larry elects to stay in camp. Looking for something different, I decide to hike on Mt. Shipton and depart at 1:30 with my ice axe and leather boots for a change. I approach from the Tusk Glacier on the north, gain snow slopes, and continue on scree of the mountain's northwest flank above camp. As the slope steepens, I reflect that it is windy and partly cloudy and that I'm really not committed to summing. Angling right, I see a huge couloir ahead and decide it's best to gain the north ridge now. I scramble up to an obvious yellow band, move right, and continue up on moderately exposed gravelly slabs to the ridge. Here, I encounter a huge cairn; this must be the route. Ahead, the ridge steepens; I pass the crux—25' of exposed, narrow limestone—which I do au cheval. Now that I am committed, I decide to head for the summit and do so by staying mostly on the ridge with

...continued on Page 34

1999 - Clemenceau Group

...continued from Page 33

some detours on the right or west. I touch the summit cairn at 3:30 (9940'; GR 345-827) and hang around for a scant 10 minutes; it is late and I do have some anxiety about the descent. Nothing like soloing to focus the mind. However, all goes well, thanks in part to cairns I have placed on the way up to the ridge. Back at camp by 5:25, I enjoy a beer and prepare supper before the Grassi party arrives at 6:00pm.

Fri., July 30th Finally, Clemenceau. We are all away at 5:00am, making two rope teams of three. The "A Team" of Fred, Ross, and Larry forge far ahead. Since the virus has overtaken Paul once again, he, Al, and I amble along in a more leisurely fashion. As we cross the Tusk Glacier under a full moon, making for the southwest base of our massive objective, I reflect that it promises to be a fine day. Once on the mountain, we head up scree and snow to a long ramp leading left to gain the Tiger Glacier. Next, we pass some icy ledges in a crevasse zone, reach a big snow bowl, and don our crampons. Steep and then gentler slopes lead us to "The Bench." Here, we traverse left or north above steep

slopes and continue up through partially filled crevasses. By now the weather has deteriorated to whiteout conditions, and the others are far ahead; Fred was turned back by a yawning crevasse just above "The Bench" during an attempt on skis in May 1978 and is keen to reach the top. Peering for crampon scratches in the frozen snow, I make like a tracking dog and follow the faint trail. Soon enough, we reach the northwest ridge, turn right, and in 10 minutes are on the summit by 11:40am (6hrs 40min up, 12,001'). The others have been here 50min and are chilled to the bone; besides, the whiteout ruins any hopes of enjoying what would be a spectacular view. Paul, sweating profusely and wearing only a t-shirt, gazes at Larry's ice-rimed beard and remarks, "Uh-oh, I really am sick." After a brief 10 minute stay, we head down for an uneventful return via the ascent route. Paul somehow maintains his focus, although at times on the long flat of the Tusk Glacier he sinks to his knees to rest, clutching his ski poles. By 4:20pm, we are in camp; that is a 4 ½ hour return and an 11 ½ hour day. Ten to 10 ½ hours would be our normal time under these superb

conditions: very hard crampon-suitable snow and no wind. Turns out we chose the right day after all.

Sat., July 31st We phone for a weather report and learn yet another storm front is bearing down on us, so we decide to fly out in the early evening today rather than take our chances with tomorrow's weather. While the rest of us lounge and pack gear, Fred and Ross go off to do Shipton's north ridge in the afternoon, returning from their successful outing at 5:00, an hour before we fly out. Fred and I, on the last flight, pick out The Twins, Columbia, Tsar (all old friends or long-dreamed-of goals) and—across the Columbia River in the northern Selkirks—the looming Trident and Neptune, which we climbed at the 1989 camp.

Despite very mixed weather, every climber summited on every peak he attempted. And Fred and I, who had been here before with less success, joined our companions on the summit of the fourth-highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. In all, it was a satisfying camp, even if we didn't get to enjoy the view.



Ymir Peak, October 21, 1998

Mary Woodward photo

2000 - Melville Group, Battle Range

by Kim Kratky

This was the third KMC climbing camp to be held in this spot, the first two dating back to 1974 and 1988. All but two of the KMC climbers in attendance had been to at least one of the previous camps. This year our group of seven was made up of Ross Breakwell (camp chairman), Ken Holmes, Kim Kratky, Bert Port, Peter Tchir, and the brothers Peter and Brian Wood.

During our stay from Saturday, July 29th to Friday, August 4th, we camped on flats below the tongue of the Houston Glacier (GR 712-431; all map references are to 82K/14 Westfall River), a much-favoured site bearing the marks of the several ACC camps situated here in recent years. To reach camp, we first drove to the Houston Creek bridge on the Duncan River road, a 220km, three-and-a-half-hours' drive north from Nelson. Then followed a short 15km helicopter flight up Houston Creek. The old hands noted several changes to the geography of the camp: the glaciers had retreated remarkably, and a portion of Houston Creek had expanded into a lake several hundred metres long.

This year, we continued the successful application of the stripped-down camp format adopted in the late '90s: climbers responsible for their own meals, and the provision of a large wall-tent (kindly supplied by Robin Lidstone) for storage and shelter in case of extended bad weather. In effect, the big tent was never used for shelter, since we enjoyed a week of acceptable weather. The final pieces of base camp life were provided by two other parties that shared our site.

When pilot Dave Morgan of Alpine Helicopters set us down, we were greeted by three climbers: Jack Taylor (70) of Storbridge, Massachusetts; his daughter Deb Taylor, a professor at the University of Maryland; and Art Maki (69), of Seattle, who has climbed in the Purcells and Selkirks since the 1950s. I mention Jack and Art's ages only because they were reminders of how, with luck and good genes, one can extend his climbing career. Just a few hours later, a Canadian Helicopters machine arrived, disgorging

Roger and Jean, a couple from Columbus, GA, and their guide Dwayne Congdon, of Canmore. You may remember Dwayne as having summited with Sharon Wood in 1986 when she became the first North American woman to climb Everest.

Now, enough of background, you say. What about the climbing? What follows is a day-by-day log of our outings.

Sun., July 30th Mt. Proteus (10,492') via the standard south glacier route; 3hrs 40min up; all members of the KMC camp; we were joined on the summit by Jack and Art; after 90min on top, we all ambled over to the very pedestrian Harpoon Peak (10,144') in 30min; return to camp via Houston Pass by 4:10pm for a leisurely 9½ hour day.

Mon., July 31st Moby Dick Mtn. (10,479') via the steep snow of the south face, finishing on the east ridge; 3½ hours up; all members of the KMC camp; Jack, Deb, and Art, whom we passed on ascent, summited later; descent via east ridge to the Moby Dick-Pequod col; examined the west sides of Pequod and Forecastle, looking for easy access; having found none, we contoured round to the south side of Forecastle but were driven back to camp by a furious hailstorm notable for its dime-sized pellets; again, return to camp by 4:10 for another easy nine-hour-plus day.

Tues., August 31st Typee Mtn. (9,505') via Typee Glacier and southwest face/southwest ridge; 2¾ hours up; all members of the KMC camp; Bert, Peter T, Pete W., Brian, Ross, and Kim continued on to the summit of Forecastle Peak (9,564'; pronounced "fok' sul") via the east face and south ridge in 2½ hours from the summit of Typee; descent via snow slopes of south ridge followed by one 150' rappel over rock buttress (here, Pete W. did yeoman work by climbing back up most of the route to free the snagged rappel rope); return to camp by 4:50, a 9¾ hour day; this one a tough little mountain; well-defended.



"I thought you brought the flag"

Wed., August 2nd White Jacket Mtn. (10,213') via steep snow of the south couloir to the White Jacket-Redburn col, then via rock of east ridge; all members of the KMC camp but Kim joined forces with Jack, Art, and Deb; descent via White Jacket's west ridge (one rappel) to the White Jacket-Proteus col; then via glacier around the northwest side of Proteus and return by the Proteus ascent route; a 10-hour day; great fun was had by all.

Thurs., August 3rd Mt. Billy Budd (9,137') via class 5 rock climb on north ridge; Bert, Peter W., Brian, Ken, Vere Summit (9,170') and Billy Budd; via Houston Pass and Oasis Pass; Peter T. *For the adventures of Ross and Kim on Scylla, Vere, and Billy Budd, see the article on page 36.*

Friday, all the parties flew out, the two American groups to Golden. By 3:00pm, all of our party were back at Houston Creek to unwind the porcupine wire from our vehicles and start the long drive home. En route, we stopped to munch at Mountain Burger in Kaslo where we were serenaded by the strains of the Kaslo Jazz Festival. This was a fitting end to an excellent camp, enjoyed by all. After this, my first visit, I see you could spend weeks there.

Surviving Scylla

by Kim Kratky

Well, maybe that sounds a bit dramatic. Then again, this was the name of that dangerous rock in *The Odyssey* that was flanked by the whirlpool of Charybdis. And this Westfall Range peak does have a partner of that name six kilometers to the southwest.

I guess it was the name that lured me when Ross Breakwell and Peter Tchir suggested to me at this year's climbing camp that we go to Scylla. After all, I had fallen under the spell of Charybdis, pursuing it for years from the comfort and safety of my armchair. So, at the uncannily early hour of 6:50 on Thursday, August 3rd, 2000, I set out with Peter and Ross, bound for Scylla, on what would evolve, under Fred's system, into a "low-grade ordeal" (the Thiessen rating scale is demanding; you really have to work to achieve the "epic" level).

Just getting to the base of Scylla takes work and route-finding. And there wasn't all that much information. Those who had climbed it at the 1974 camp provided writer Sue Port with precious little detail: the entry reads, "And Scylla was reached on the last day, with the Chinese Wall offering some interesting moments" (*Kootenay Karabiner*, Vol. 17, p. 35). That's it—nothing more. So I asked Bert Port and Pete Wood, who had been on that outing, but they could recall nothing except that they had climbed it. I did remember Fred telling me his party had gone via Houston Pass, so that cemented our choice of approach.

We made good time heading west up snow slopes to Houston Pass (7950') in one hour. Then we contoured southeast along heather slopes above Kellie Creek and descended toward an obvious barrier ridge (693-414; all references are to 82K/14 Westfall River). This we negotiated by climbing steep, hard snow to pass through a prominent notch and immediately descending 50-75'. Continuing southeast until stopped by further difficulties, we went down a further 200' to an open basin and continued over alpine terrain. By now we could see the gloomy Stygian Lake and the exceedingly broken-up Scylla Glacier to its

southeast; there was no way we were going through there. We continued southeast, making a rising traverse to avoid deeply-indented gullies, and then crossed easy snow and heather leading 150' up to Oasis Pass (7,750'). This was so broad on its east-west axis that we couldn't see Stygian Lake and Oasis Lake to the east at the same time. By this time we had been out four hours, and Peter, who said he was beat, decided to return to camp over Vere Summit and Billy Budd, which he had climbed in '88. I would have felt the same if I hadn't taken a rest day on Wednesday while the others were on White Jacket. As for Ross, he was feeling as frisky as usual.

After a snack, Ross and I pressed on, tackling the rock pinnacle at the northwest end of the fabled (at least in Battle Range lore) Chinese Wall. Although formidable looking, this submitted to us easily via the snow-rock-snow approach of its north ridge. We then descended southeast, in a gap between snow and rock, to the Chinese Wall proper. Deciding that this offered a lot of up and down on rock en route to the daunting northwest face of Scylla, we decided to make an immediate exit via a moderately junky gully on the southwest. This led us to the Scylla Glacier some 200' below. Here, we roped up for the first time and, with Ross in the lead, plodded up the easy glacier toward Scylla's summit block. During this passage, I let my mind wander to what surprises Scylla might hold for us. Nearing the summit block, we avoided an obvious narrow snow gully that I thought would end in ice; instead, we moved right and gained the rock of the southwest ridge. This presented us with a series of badly fractured granite ramps with much loose rock.

Leading out on our 8.5mm rope, I climbed cautiously but still sent pieces hurtling past my belayer; the rope dragging along flat sections was dislodging rocks. I finished this short lead by bridging a chimney jammed with rocks, which fortunately were solid. Call it an ugly 5.4. I brought Ross up to a solid flat station and then, for the second short lead, led out onto a solid

hogback of rock from the left. I slithered along its top and then descended on the right to traverse to another good stance (route getting easier and more solid; 5.1). Now at the base of the final summit tower, I was thinking, "This better be it." For the last pitch, again a short one, I led into and up a little amphitheatre over blocks and ramps to the summit (class 4). I brought Ross up and checked my watch: 2:10pm, 7hrs 20min from camp. It was clearly going to be a long day.

There was a slightly lower summit to the east, but ours had the cairn and a summit record in a lightning-damaged metal film can. As we couldn't pry this open, we took it with us. Only at home was I able to cut it open and read the accounts of the first ascent by Sam Silverstein and party in 1959 and the third ascent by the Kruszny party in '74. Kruszny graciously mentioned that the KMC party of Fred, Bert and company had preceded his but had probably not found the record. During our 35 minutes on top of our 9580' prize, I added a new summit record in a film can; savoured views of the Badshots, Charybdis, and the headwaters of the Westfall River below us; and sneaked a glance at Ross, who was glowing with pleasure.

Finally, at 2:45, we headed down for the long walk home. After down climbing the top pitch roped, we decided to rappel northwest from an obvious notch into the snow couloir we had bypassed on the way up. Rappel stations were sparse and iffy-looking, so Ross draped a big sling over a boulder on the other side of the notch, and we made a cautious 80' rap over a blank wall, down the ice of the upper snow tongue, and onto the welcoming snow of the glacier. I suspect this is the ascent route of the Silverstein party but surmise that the glacier came up much higher 41 years ago. Fred says he remembers nothing like the difficulties I described on the southwest ridge, so they too must have had more snow.

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Surviving Scylla

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Thinking our difficulties to be mostly over (oh, the sanguine musings of humankind), we retraced our steps to Oasis Pass by 5:00pm. Ross, sensing it was getting a trifle late, set a furious pace as we raced up the south ridge of Vere, following Peter's tracks. Our plan was to continue straight north over Vere and Billy Budd and then drop down directly to Houston Camp. Vere offered some gendarmes and steep snow on a vestigial glacier on its east flanks, but we ripped it, unroped, to the 9170' summit by 5:50. After this 1400' gain from Oasis Pass in 50min near the end of a long day, I was wondering how much tiger I had left in the tank. As Ross was still looking unfazed, I thought it best to imitate his behaviour—at least, to the best of my abilities. Following the briefest stop (I was too beat to look for a record in the cairn), we descended Vere's easy northeast ridge and continued along the flat connecting section to the south

west ridge of Billy Budd (9,137'). This we scrambled on solid blocks, summing at 6:20, 30min from Vere.

Now things looked laughably easy: we would just follow the down tracks in snow left by the Tchir/Port parties and glide into camp in some 45min. What we didn't know was that they had descended too far, encountered cliffs, come back up the snow, and traversed far to the west underneath Billy Budd and Vere to make an all-snow descent. They had left arrows and marks in the snow for us, but we were too drunk with fatigue or over-confidence to notice them. Thus, we descended on the snow, exited left onto rock, and kept getting forced farther west in a rising traverse. After a good hour of moderately desperate travel, I found a spot from which I thought a 75' rappel would get us onto the glacier. Ross skillfully put in the best rap anchor possible and abseiled off first. I was still concerned that the rope would be too

short or we would have to rap into a deep gap between the rock and snow (a randkloof), necessitating a climb out of it without benefit of crampons. This time, the mountain relented, and Ross made it onto the snow slopes above "Houston Lake" with room to spare. Then we simply picked up the others' down tracks in the snow and ambled around the southwest and north sides of the lake to jingle into camp at 8:30 (2hrs 10min. from Billy Budd's summit), for a tidy 13hr 40min day.

Bert poured me a tot of whiskey, Peter T. handed us bowls of soup, and Dwayne asked if we had climbed it. After we briefly recounted our adventures, the others turned away for bed, and Brian pronounced, "That's it. You've had your 15 minutes of fame." Nothing like the KMC to put you in your place. Still, I love that feeling at the end of a hard, satisfying trip, one that might have been the best outing of the year.



Ross Scott photo

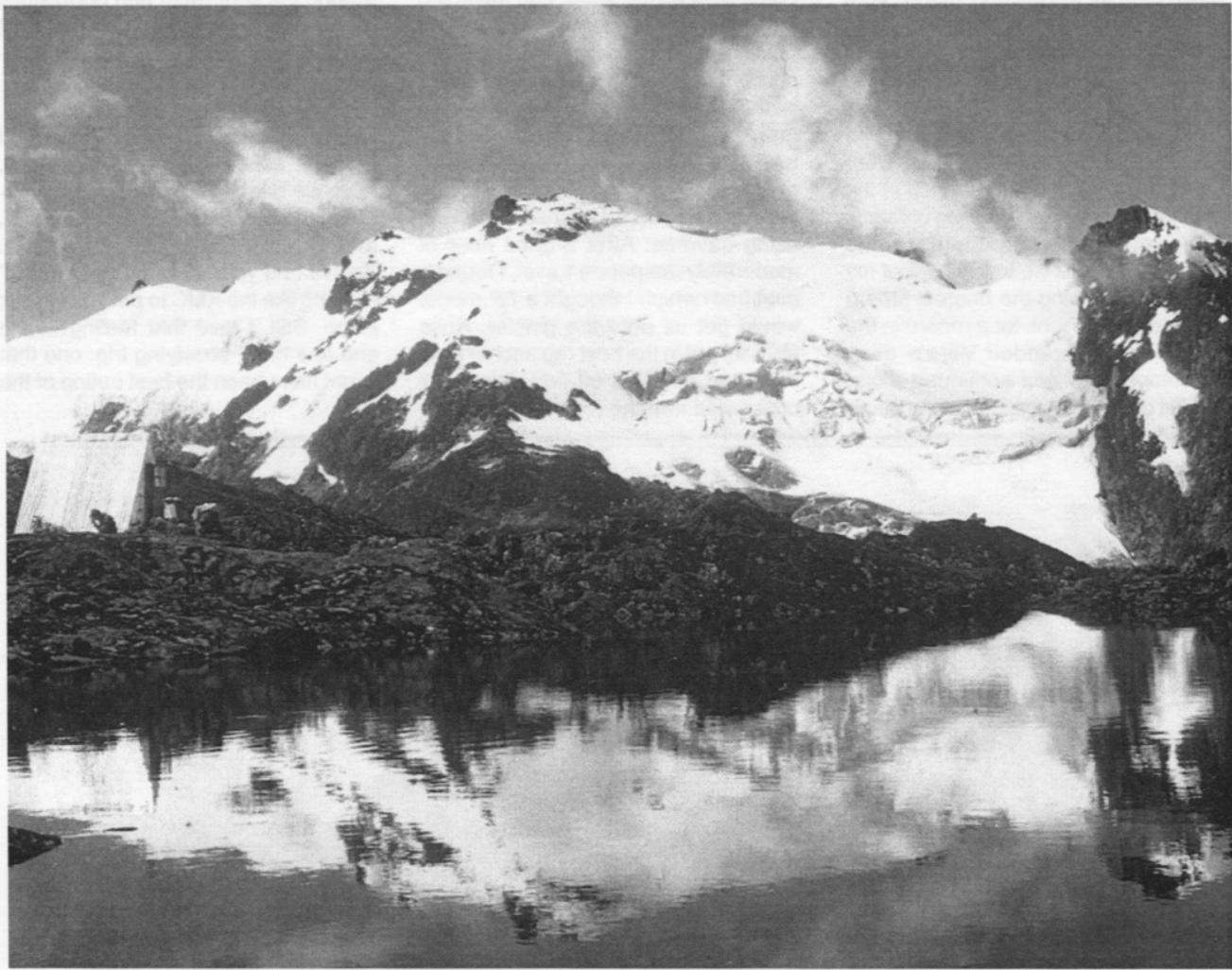
PHOTO QUIZ - Who can guess where this is?
(except Ross!)

Reflections From Afar

It's been over 30 years since we've seen him. Now all he wants to do is climb a mountain. And he can't understand the things such as computers, cameras or mobile phones. But when you're 80, there's a lot more to life than climbing mountains.

He's still the same old man I used to meet every year when he came to our shop. He'd sit in his chair, holding a newspaper and talking about his climbing trips. He'd always say "I'm still climbing".

Now he's 87 and still climbing. He's still the same old man I used to meet every year when he came to our shop. He'd sit in his chair, holding a newspaper and talking about his climbing trips. He'd always say "I'm still climbing".



MT. SPEKE

Norman Thyer photo

Tai chi: another reason to live on top - SHOGTOPA
(see fit fitness)

Hiking The Sierras

by Hamish Mutch

On the most direct trails it is only about 25 miles from Tuolumne Meadows to Yosemite Valley, a distance that a determined hiker could complete in a day, or at most a day and a half. Being less than determined, and of more leisurely and circuitous dispositions, Clae Styron and I were on the trail for 13 days.

After a quick but nostalgic visit to the squeaky-clean, oh so quiet and now fit for families version of the raunchy old Camp Four, we caught the bus from the Valley to Tuolumne. Here we set out at noon, and hiked for about half a mile on the famous John Muir trail before heading south down Rafferty Creek to spend our first night at Fletcher Lake. Next day we circled around Vogelsang Lake, and Clae dozed while I scrambled up Vogelsang Peak (11,493'). We continued down Lewis Creek, and camped at its intersection with Florence Creek. Two days later we had traversed the Merced High Trail, and were camped a short way up the Lyell Fork.

On the fifth day we started up Hutchings Creek, hoping to climb Mt. Lyell, at 13,114' the highest peak in Yosemite Park. The snow, lakes and flowers in this valley were outstanding. At one point I joked to Clae, "All we need now is a couple of deer, with signs saying 'Welcome to California'". Over the next rise two deer obligingly appeared – but without signs. Higher up, the gully descending from Mt. Lyell looked messy, so we gave the summit a miss. We decided instead to cross the 12,000' col south of Mt. Lyell, and head back to camp through the basin formed by the north fork of Lyell Creek. This was an inspired choice, which resulted in the best single day hike that I can remember. It was reminiscent of Gwillim and Dunbar Lakes, except that we passed by more than fifty lakes during the day. How do you describe such an experience?

After hiking up Triple Peak Creek we spent a night at Isberg Lake. We had been hiking for almost a week, and were now further from our destination than when we had set out. Next day we headed west and camped for

two nights at Red Devil Lake, another incredible place, where we took most of a day to traverse the very Red Peak (11,699').

Then, an even more lazy than usual day, wandering down the open granite slabs of Red Peak Creek, swimming in a trout-filled pool, dozing on sun-warmed rocks and camping at Washburn Lake. On Day 10, the trail led past the Merced Lake Chalet where we bought a few more freeze dried meals (thank you Visa), ate most of a tray of freshly baked muffins, and headed for the solitude of Echo Valley.

After another leisurely day we camped below and between Half Dome and Clouds Rest. Since Clae had already climbed the tourist route on Half Dome, we opted for an ascent of Clouds Rest, the next day. From the summit I looked 3000 feet or more down the steep slabs of the west face, and recalled a bleak December day many years before, when a young Jim Bridwell and I had set out to attempt a winter ascent of this face. Fortunately, I had fallen into the Tenaya River while throwing a pack across it, and our climb was over before it had begun. Gazing down, on this hot summer day, I shook my head in disbelief. What had we been thinking?

That evening, our twelfth and last on the trail, we descended to an established campground in Little Yosemite, to join the milling crowds once again. Next morning we dropped rapidly past Nevada Fall, Emerald Pool and Vernal Fall, struggling against a surging tide of upcoming hikers, until we reached Happy Isles. Here we took a last, lingering swim in the Merced, before riding the shuttle-bus to the smorg' in Yosemite Lodge. We had some catching up to do.

On a practical note, hiking in the Sierras was a series of pleasant surprises. Firstly, the rules for back-country use are simple and sensible (Glacier National Park, Montana please take note). A \$2 permit is valid for 14 days. You can camp anywhere you like, except within 100 feet of water, or off the trail. You may only have a fire in a pre-existing fire-pit, and that's it!

You are strongly encouraged to be Bear Aware, as Yosemite black bears are masterful food thieves. We rented two (anti) bear canisters to store most of our food, and used the tricky two-cord technique to suspend the rest from tree branches. The closest we came to a bear encounter was when an equally cunning raccoon tore a small hole in Clae's pack and stole a candy bar. Of course, I was the first suspect!

Secondly, the weather was superb which was just as well, as we had intentionally taken only a flysheet and poles, but no tent. In two weeks it only rained once, for about an hour. Unfortunately we had misjudged the overnight temperatures, and at over 10,000' a light bag was uncomfortable. Insects were never a problem, although we did apply "Off" a couple of times in the trees.

Thirdly, there were very few hikers. Once we were more than a day away from the road, we only saw other hikers every second or third day. We had expected to see dozens, possibly hundreds, every day. Partly because of this lack of hikers, the creek and pools were often full of trout. We regretted not having a small hand line to take advantage of this.

For all but three days, we followed established trails, which were always gradual and well maintained. Travelling cross-country is also easy as there is no bush, few trees, good visual references, and a solid granite footing. We didn't take or need a guidebook, although some are available. Instead we carried a copy of "Trail Map of the Yosemite High Country" by Tom Harrison, a one-inch to the mile, 80 foot contours map, with all the trails and mileages clearly marked. This was an excellent reference. We took two standard 650ml flasks of white gas, and still had a little left at the end. Finally we used iodine tablets to purify our drinking water, although most days this probably wasn't necessary.

The Sierras are fabulous hiking country. Go take a look!

Reflections on a Trip to Bolivia

by Bert Port

Want to climb in South America? Easy peaks for old guys." "Sure, why not?" After shots, travel agents, and airline dinners we (Larry, Kim, Ken, Fred, Bert) deplaned in the cold dawn of El Alto at 4100m in Bolivia. First sights included an emergency oxygen station and numerous National Police who carried obvious Uzzis. Negotiations with the scrum of taxi drivers resulted in our gear for a month being lashed to a monstrous roof rack and 5 gringos crushed into the 4 passenger seats. We plunged down a dark road from the Altiplano to 3600m and were delivered to our pre-booked hotel in La Paz. Although we had to rouse the night porter, native women in bright skirts and bowler hats were already setting out their bananas, chicken feet, multicoloured potatoes, and fish on the sidewalks. Too buzzed to sleep we walked the streets which were coming alive with shoe shine boys and mini vans each with a youngster hanging out the window shouting some intended destination. We avoided the street moneychangers and found a legitimate looking office but were alarmed after entering to find the armed National Police demanding our passports and travellers cheques. Well, who would argue? But, they were only helping out the clerks with the complicated paperwork. Shops were also labour intensive. Indicate the book you want to a clerk, pay your money at the front desk, take your slip to another person who will hand over your purchase, if you pass inspection. After wandering steep and narrow cobbled streets flanked by the crumbling walls of the Cathedral and tiny shuttered shops, we dropped into a local cafe for matte de coca. Surprise! At the rear were several computers where young tourists and students were logged onto the Internet.

We explored for several days on foot and developed a sense of the social geography of the city including the large, expensive, walled private homes at the lower elevations and the central commercial and administrative buildings along the Prado with its European architecture, expensive shops,

restaurants and SUV dealers. Cobbled streets, with shuttered shops, overflowing with pedestrians and street vendors struggled up both sides of the narrow valley, between smaller and smaller partially completed buildings inhabited by increasingly poor people. At the greatest heights near the edge of the Altiplano in El Alto a half million people survive in endless unpaved alleys and rubbish by who knows what means.

During a tour to the new museum at Tihuanaca, in pre-Inca times a populous religious and administrative centre between La Paz and Lake Titicaca supported by now defunct irrigation systems, Eduardo, our local guide gave us some insight into the polarised reality of the economy, politics, history and living conditions of many people in Bolivia, in part as a consequence of the 16th century Spanish frenzy for gold. Banners in the city urged that people "reclaim their culture" while connections are being made with indigenous peoples worldwide.

Acclimatization continued with a scramble to Huaranka, a 5100m peak near La Paz, on which, as the new boy to South America, I entertained the others by being unable to eat or drink, lying on the summit wishing to be somewhere else and losing what little lunch I had on the way down.

Thereafter we settled into a healthy and successful cycle which consisted of several days in La Paz in which we worked our way through many fine restaurants, visited museums and did some photography. Then our regular driver, Señor Iallya, took us to a village at the foot of some desirable peak from which we were retrieved, by pre-arrangement in a few days. During the recuperative stage in the city we chose another peak and repeated the process. This strategy was based on the past experience of the others and succeeded in keeping us pretty healthy and with only minimal altitude discomfort. Others parties, more careless about what they ate and drank and wanting to "go high" during the few days allotted to Bolivia on their South American tour, paid in illness and failure.

Our first mountaineering was in the Condoriri region. The dirt road to the small village below the mountains was neither well marked nor maintained but our driver knew the shortcuts, and soon arranged for our heavier gear to be carried on minute and well-mannered donkeys. We passed llama herds and irrigation reservoirs. These were formed by small dams between moraines in the foothills to the camping area at 4600m above a clear blue lake. The guardian, a gnarled local with a whip over his shoulder, visited us each day to chat and share a cup of tea and generally make sure we were okay, a service not provided to those who grudgingly paid the insignificant camping fee.

After a moderate trudge up hard ice and penitents to the summit of Cerro Tarija (5320m) we returned to our windy tent site and gave ourselves indigestion with the local potatoes. Early next morning we endured the cold purgatory of an endless scree slope on our way to Condoriri. Breaking into the sun we could see what we had already been told, that this year the route on the main peak was impassable because no snow had bonded the rotten rock on the summit ridge. An attractive alternative was the 5480m east peak. Larry and Ken rapidly reached the high bergshrunf but declined to go further when they discovered that we had turned back. Over the next two sunny days we were able to wander the dry llama pastures and reached several summits over 5200m on both sides of the valley.

Our next target was Huayna Potosi. We passed the worked out mines and their cemeteries on our way to Zongo Pass where a small cottage was occupied by the caretaker of a seismic station and his family. They made us very welcome overnight and said they would arrange porters for us. Next morning we were a bit embarrassed when the porters turned out to be their children but they easily carried our packs which drooped to their knees.

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In good time we arrived at high camp (5220m), collected and filtered water and turned in, ready for an early start tomorrow. High winds shredded a fly that night and continued into the morning. So we delayed our summit attempt for a day, built higher rock walls around the tent platforms and when the wind abated checked out the route for tomorrow. At an alternate high camp above us, Campo Argentina, we chatted with a descending Belgian climber who had summited earlier in the day. After ten days acclimatization he had left La Paz the evening before and would return there by taxi this evening. La Paz must be the only place in the world where one can do 6000m peaks on the weekend.

Summit morning was dark, cold and intentionally breakfast less. We left at 3:30am, threaded the crevasses, and reached the broad ridge leading to the upper glaciers before we stopped for breakfast in the sun. Pausing often to catch our breath, we gained the fragile snow on the narrow summit ridge. Before we knew it, we were sitting in the sun out of the wind at 6090m, an exciting first for me. Far below moist clouds billowed up from the direction of the Amazon, while behind us the brown hills below snowline slumped into the distant Altiplano. After a glorious hour we rapidly descended to high camp where we met our porters. We then continued down to the road end, and our driver soon whisked us back to our hotel.

Our next objective was Illimani at 6480m Bolivia's highest peak and easily seen from our hotel. Since we arrived, it slowly became wraithlike then vanished in enormous clouds. Not to worry, bad weather only lasts a few days, they said. So off we went through the deep gorge of the Palca River to a more lush countryside with some terraces being harvested while others were being planted. Passing through tiny villages we arrived at the road end where magically a couple of horses appeared to pack our gear. A pleasant path through old walled fields led to Campo Base in a broad valley. Its use by horses, pigs, llamas, sheep, dogs, and people led us to be extra

vigilant in water purification. As we set up the tents we kept an eye on the deteriorating weather on the ridges above which led to Nido des Condors, the high camp on the north ridge route. Next morning porters arrived and we then crossed the moraines, gained the ridge and ascended into thickening clouds. We began to think that this really must be unusual weather as we shared gear with our gloveless, hatless, and sockless porters. When Ken and then two of the porters in separate incidents slipped on the snow-covered shale at 5400m, we halted to review the situation. Out of the mist descended two Austrian climbers we had met earlier, roped and in crampons. They described an unpleasant night and their retreat from high camp. Reluctantly we agreed that it would be prudent to retreat to Campo Base where we spent a stormy night and awoke to snow cover. Ken and Fred descended mid-morning while Larry, Kim and I prepared to spend another night there. In the afternoon porters, through some highland telepathy, arrived from the valley to help us down with the remaining gear.

We arrived in Unna at dusk to find that Ken and Fred had arranged a ride down the valley and were on their way to La Paz. With Americans John and Mike we drank cantina beer from a window that opened onto the tiny unpaved space that was too dirty and small to be called a plaza. After sleeping on the concrete floor of a store-room, we sat in the morning light and amused the youngsters until some of the young men of the village asked if a little volleyball would help fill the time until transportation arrived. Why not? Perhaps señores would like to play for a beer, just for interest? A litre each? Perhaps the gasping, beaten gringos would like to play again?

Saved by Señor Lallya, we started for La Paz behind a Land Cruiser similar to ours. It blocked the road when a front wheel fell off. After the vehicle had been manhandled into the ditch we were able to pass. We redistributed the passengers and proceeded on a newly built dirt road until stopped by a recent rock fall. The tourists talked of

phoning for highway construction equipment to clear the mess. The locals thought this was pretty funny as they strained to roll rocks into the ravine below. Further on, a big stake-truck filled with people heading for market blocked the road. It was half in and half out of the mud filled ditch. With everyone shouting advice, it finally pulled clear and we reached our hotel that evening.

It was now clear that El Niño was creating unusually poor conditions at higher altitudes so we decided that a low level trek might be more successful. We chose the Takesi Trek. This is only part of a pre-Columbian road that crosses the mountains from the Amazon side to Tihuanaca. Starting out in mist, we soon ascended into snow and into the remnants of stone buildings below the pass at 4630m. Beyond the pass the road descends in gentle switchbacks and fan shaped steps between long sections of paving stones. Although damaged in some places by erosion and rock fall, the intact parts are of astonishing quality, with gutters, water bars and embedded centre lines. At our first campsite beside a small lake we were astonished to be joined at dusk by several dozen youngsters. They were on a school outing from La Paz and in high spirits despite their minimal tents and sleeping bags. Next day we strolled down the high valley with the view of golden grasses opening before us, deserted except for the occasional llama herder. Below us, Takesi at 3800m, appeared to be a few ancient and deserted huts. But as we walked between the stone walls smoke seeped through the thatches and voices from inside proved they were still occupied.

As we continued high above a deep river gorge we were surprised to find a tiny shelter where a woman had simple cooked food and beer for sale. The road drops more steeply at lower altitudes and we were suddenly aware of a strange mixture of desert and temperate plants: palm trees, yuccas,

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Ecuador Volcanoes

by Hamish Mutch

In June 2000, Robin Lidstone, Fred Thiessen and I visited Ecuador, hoping to climb Cotopaxi and Chimborazo. From reading a number of climbing articles, and from our own observations, we concluded that it is easy to underestimate the acclimatization period required for these peaks. Consequently, I have listed our schedule below to assist others who may be interested in climbing these.

Ungui	(11,740' or 3578 m)
El Chaupi	(12,940' or 3945 m)
El Corazon	(15,710' or 4788 m)
Iliniza N	(16,810' or 5126 m)
Iliniza S	(17,210' or 5248 m)
Cotopaxi	(19,350' or 5897 m)
Chimborazo	(20,700' or 6310 m)

If time permits it might be a good idea to include Cayambe as well. This should make Chimborazo a little easier. We carried a short rope (actually Fred carried it – thanks Freddie!) but rarely used it. On Cotopaxi and Chimborazo we wore crampons throughout, and found wands to be essential in the rapidly changing visibility.

Ungui was an easy day-hike above Quito. We took a taxi to the start! On El Chaupi we traversed two of the three

peaks before succumbing to the impenetrable ichu grass. For me, El Corazon was a tough day somewhat resembling Mt. Fisher near Cranbrook, but much longer and higher. We stayed two nights at a well situated but crowded hut for the Ilinizas, and enjoyed a pleasant mixed rock and snow scramble to the north peak. Despite an early start we had to abandon our attempt at the south peak as we were sinking over our knees in the soft snow.

On Cotopaxi, Robin and I struggled to reach the summit while Fred cruised up well ahead of us. It is a 3,600-foot ascent from the hut. Prior to attempting Chimborazo we spent two days in the vicinity to improve our acclimatization. The second day we went to bed at 5, rose at 11 and left the hut at midnight under clear skies and a full moon. Nine hours later Fred reached the normal summit, Peak Veintimilla, but now in total whiteout with freezing mist that glazed us like doughnuts. Robin and I turned around 200 feet below this. The main summit, Peak Whymper, which is rarely climbed, was another 150 feet higher and over half a mile further away. Most people would require a high camp to reach the highest point. As on Cotopaxi, there is a

large elevation gain (4,300') from the hut to the summit, which is a long way for one day at this altitude. Although we did not reach the very "tippy-top" of the mountain, any regrets were short-lived. The journey was as important as the arrival.

We were in Ecuador for three weeks and were based out of Quito. Since most of our trips left from the vicinity of Machachi, it was more convenient but less congenial to arrange accommodations there. We traveled mostly by bus, and rarely had to wait more than five minutes for one to appear. For reference purposes we used "*Climbing and Hiking in Ecuador*" by R. Rachowiecki (1997), and the Lonely Planet for Ecuador. Due to minor political unrest, volcanic activity and foreign press hysteria, tourism and prices were both low. Prices were approximately half of those given in Lonely Planet.

When not hiking or climbing, we enjoyed the usual touristy things – shopping in Quito, the hot pools at Banos, straddling the yellow line that marks the equator at La Mitad del Mundo, and finally the great markets at Otavalo.

Reflections on a Trip to Bolivia

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myrtle, hydrangeas, eucalyptus, and nettles. On our second to last day we passed a broken down modern mine where locals worked over by hand what had been left behind. About noon at Yanacachi (1900m) we were befriended by the caretaker of a large house and walled garden, who showed us with pride the oranges, lemons, limes, and bananas that he grew. After a walk around this early Spanish town with its street of old balconied homes and larger walled

gardens, now favoured as a country retreat from La Paz, we had dinner then slept in a simple but clean hotel. Up early the next morning we descended in shade past many narrow coca terraces, banana trees, orange trees, coffee bushes, and poinsettias to the dusty, narrow road that led back to La Paz. Before too long a small bus was flagged down. Impossible as it seemed, all our gear was lashed to the load on top and we were shoe-horned into the tiny seats. That evening

we were back at our hotel. The next day Kim and Fred headed for Chacaltia, the world's highest ski hill, now defunct because of the glacier's retreat while the others finished their sightseeing in town.

After a pre-dawn taxi ride, we once more settled into our seats as the plane struggled down the runway in the thin air, and then gave us a final view of the peaks which now seemed so familiar to us.

Mountains of the Moon

by Norman Thyer

Until a century ago, Africa was known to people of "western culture" as the "Dark Continent". It is true that much of its coastline had been part of the "known world" for centuries. The Greeks and Romans had their settlements in North Africa, and the Portuguese had built forts on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea as long ago as the 15th century.

However, the interior of the continent was still classified as "unexplored", and so was a potentially prolific source of legends, which could be based partly on second-hand or third-hand reports, and partly on speculation. One such legend concerned the River Nile. In Egypt, this river had supported one of the world's oldest civilizations. But where did it come from? Where was its source? The Romans had a legend about some "Mountains of the Moon", where the Nile supposedly originated, but they had never been there. It was about 1888 when Henry Stanley came across a mountain range that he called the Ruwenzori, which could possibly be identified with the "Mountains of the Moon" of the Romans.

My own stay in Africa began in 1962, when I started a one-year assignment working with the Ghana Meteorological Department under WMO. My year of service included a few weeks of leave at the end, and after I got myself established, I began to think that that period of leave might provide a good opportunity to see some other parts of Africa, perhaps East Africa.

At about that time, at the University of Ghana, I happened to meet an English archaeologist by the name of Pat, and his South African wife, also named Pat. (To avoid confusion henceforth, I shall refer to the husband as C., and the wife as V., the initial letters of their pre-marital surnames). They had been in East Africa before. C. had also been to the Ruwenzori Mountains, in western Uganda, and moreover, they were both planning to go there in June, 1963, just when my leave was due. So we had the nucleus of an expedition.

The Ruwenzori Mountains have a great reputation for being cloudy, foggy and wet. However, there are two periods of the year, starting in December and June, when they are said to be less so than at other times. The climate is probably responsible for the remarkable vegetation, in terrain which spans several different ecological zones, and for which we had to prepare. I had only the minimum of mountain equipment with me, but the rest could be bought or rented in Uganda. C. also gave me one other warning about the mountains: "Take plenty of film. I tell you, they're bloody photogenic".

I already had an air ticket to return direct from Ghana to Geneva and London. I traded it in for one via East Africa and paid the difference. C. and V. were going to travel the hard way by land to Uganda, taking about a month by whatever buses and lorries happened to be going the right way. Meanwhile, in June 1963, I spiraled in to Kampala in one day via Addis Ababa, Nairobi and Entebbe, and there made contact with C. and V. We bought whatever extra clothing we needed, rented ice axes, crampons etc. from the Mountain Club of Uganda, and then one morning boarded the bus to Fort Portal. It was a typical "Third World" bus ride – not only was the interior of the bus crowded, but the roof rack was full of baggage too. Nevertheless, we progressed westwards, into hillier country with tea plantations, and were in Fort Portal by late afternoon.

Our expedition had, in the meantime, grown by two more members, John from Ireland and George from Chicago. They had already been in East Africa for several weeks, and in Fort Portal George had made some useful preparations on behalf of the group. He had arranged accommodation for us on the edge of town, in the house of a friend in the US Peace Corps who was teaching there. He had also facilitated our access to the mountains. In those days, too, all was not peaceful in recently-independent Uganda. The area close to the mountains was inhabited by the Bakonjo tribe, but they had been subject to

domination by a larger tribe, the Batoto, and there was strong animosity between them. George had gone to the trailhead at Ibanda, 47 miles away, at the eastern edge of the mountains, accompanied by a somewhat reluctant member of the Batoro, to make preliminary arrangements for some Bakonjo porters to carry our equipment. There was a good reason for the Batoro's reluctance, for the Bakonjo would have executed him immediately if George had not been with him.

The day after arrival, final preparations were made. At Ahmed Bhimji's store, supplies for the porters were purchased, including the ingredients of their staple dish, a mush known as posho, blankets and shirts, and running shoes for those of them who might need to walk on snow.

John arrived just in time to join us, and before noon we were off. Somehow we crowded ourselves and everything into a taxi, a Morris Minor station wagon, and set off along the south-bound highway towards Kasese. There was a road-block to be passed, because of the unstable situation in that area, but with an appropriate document we were let through, and soon afterwards we left the highway and took a dirt road. At places, some of us had to get out and walk, to ease the load on the vehicle. Then early in the afternoon, we reached the end of the road, and found ourselves amidst a crowd of 20 or 30 young men with their employment books, eager for a few days' work as porters. C., with his experience from a previous occasion, handled the situation well. Not only did we need porters to carry our own equipment, but some more to carry supplies for them too, and so on, so that we ended up with a total of 19 men. One of these was the headman, who in principle anyway, did not have to carry any load, but was in charge of the rest of them. On this occasion, he appeared to have been chosen on the basis of his social position rather than his experience.

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Loads were apportioned, harnesses rigged up to hold the boxes, and off we set. After half an hour, the porters stopped. No problem—it wasn't a strike; the porters just wanted to adjust their loads, and soon afterwards we continued on. The initial part of the route was a narrow trail through elephant grass that towered high above our heads, with elephant tracks and droppings on the ground too. This then gave way to ferns and forest, through which we ascended a muddy trail.

On this trip we did not need to camp as there were huts available, provided by the Mountain Club of Uganda, and near each hut was another shelter, either artificial or a natural cave, which was large enough for the porters. By evening we reached the first hut, the Nyabitaba Hut, a wood and metal structure on one slope of the valley of the Mubuku River, in forest through which we could glimpse some 14000ft summits on the other side. The beds inside had springs but no mattresses. There was no running water there – only stagnant water, which had run off the roof into a large barrel. The barrel was inhabited by mosquito larvae that periodically swam to the surface. We ignored them (there was no other option) and made sure the water was boiled before we drank it.

Next morning, we had a muddy downhill stretch to a crossing of the river, and now we followed the Bujuku River fairly closely. Soon, past the upper reaches of the valley ahead, we caught our first glimpses of distant snow through the moss-draped trees. It was still around the middle of the day when we reached the next hut, the Nyamuleju Hut, so we kept going, emerging from the forest into a more open valley with vegetation typical of the higher East African mountains. Scattered around were groundsel trees, stocky trunks branching near the top, each capped with a tuft of green leaves, beneath which brown dead leaves sheathed the trunk. We crossed boggy areas by jumping from one tussock of grass to another when feasible. Before dark, we reached the Bigo Hut, a round structure with a conical roof, all of aluminum. Our night's rest there

was disturbed just once, by a blood-curdling screech. What creatures were lurking outside?

After a rainy night, low cloud filled the valley next morning as we pressed ahead through the damp atmosphere. Rounding a bend in the valley, we were soon skirting the boggy, boggy banks of Lake Bujuku. Beyond it stood Bujuku Hut, our first climbing base, amidst the three highest massifs of the Ruwenzori, Mt. Speke to our north, Mt. Stanley to the west, and Mt. Baker to the southeast. As we arrived, a party of English and Chilean climbers was just leaving—the only other tourists that we were to encounter. The day was only half over, the cloud had lifted, and in the afternoon we wandered over the slope above the hut, enjoying the everlasting flowers and the tall spikes of purple-flowered lobelia. At night, the constellation of Scorpio and the Southern Cross were framed in saddles in the skyline on each side of Mt. Baker.

Our porters settled into their own camp under a huge rock overhang. As our supplies were consumed, there was less left to carry, and from this point onwards our retinue gradually decreased as we paid off some of the porters whose services were no longer needed.

At 13000ft, we were feeling the effects of the altitude. John and George appeared to be adapting to it faster than the rest of us. The next day they set off to climb Mt. Speke. B., C. and I decided to have a day of acclimatization, and visit another country. The border of the Congo (later Zaire) was only about a mile away at the Stuhlmann Pass. According to our map, an excellent production at 1:25,000, there should have been a lake of distinctive shape right at the frontier. We walked on, and found no lake. We must have been well past the border by now. Turning back, we then discovered a flat depression of the shape that the lake should be—but it was dry.

George and John returned from a successful ascent of Mt. Speke. We all wanted to attempt some other peaks too, and there was a limit to the time we had. Next day, C., V. and I decided

that it was a case of Speke now, or forever hold your peace. Early in the morning, we ascended the slope above the hut and then traversed some bluffs along a ledge. Beyond Bujuku Lake, Mt. Baker, ringed with stratus cloud at its base, glowed in the light of the rising sun. Suddenly we found ourselves face-to-face with a hyrax, an animal that is related to the elephant.

... At least, that's what the zoologists say. However, this must be a case where environment rather than genetics determines a creature's form. For in size and general appearance it was very much like a marmot. We and the hyrax stared at each other for a few seconds, then C. barked out, "Go on! Bugger off!" which it obligingly did. Past the bluffs, fog delayed us for an hour or two at the Speke Glacier. The rest of the climb was a glacier walk, with a few yards on rock at the end. We stopped to look around us. Beyond Stuhlmann Pass, at the northern edge of the Stanley Glacier, rose the twin peaks of Margherita and Alexandra, the highest in the Ruwenzori and our next objectives.

Margherita, on the border between Uganda and Zaire, has two main routes on the Uganda side; one by its rocky east ridge, and one via the Icefield of the Stanley Plateau. To attempt the ridge route, the next day we left Bujuku Hut, ascended the slope above Bujuku Lake and established ourselves in the little A-frame huts at Irene Lakes, on a shelf below the ridge of Margherita on one side and the seracs of the Stanley icecap on another, and with a perfect reflection of Mt. Speke in the lakes after the morning's ice had thawed.

Our route the next day involved gaining the ridge of Margherita via a gully, then following its crest. V., C. and I were still feeling the effects of altitude, and when we reached one narrow section of the ridge, we three decided to call it off. John and George were still feeling fine, though. They went on, and after a couple of pitches of rock climbing just past the narrow section,

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they had it made. We others rested in the sun, watched them as they made their way to the summit, and decided to try an alternative route later.

The following day, we descended from Irene Lakes to Bujuku Hut, then John, George and I climbed out of the valley by a different route, through a wonderland-forest of groundsel trees and thick, brown and green moss. We traversed around and up to the Elena Huts, the small A-frames on the rock close to the Elena Glacier, a main outflow from the icefield of the Stanley Plateau. Across the glacier stood two rocky peaks, Elizabeth and Philip, with a hanging glacier, the Coronation Glacier, between them. These peaks had first been climbed in 1953, the year of the coronation of our present Queen—hence the names. The icefield itself blocked the view to the major summits that were our objectives.

Our first day there was a reconnaissance on to the Stanley Plateau, which was cut short by fog. C. and V. joined us later with the porters. As there wasn't any shelter for the porters there, we told them that we would like to have three clear days there while they descended to a shelter in the valley.

For our next climb, we decided that we would try Alexandra. C. had climbed it before, and said it was very straightforward, a snow walk up a ridge. However, we had to postpone the climb for a day as the next morning we were completely socked in. At this point, George and John, who had not planned on staying in the mountains very long, decided that having climbed the highest summit, they

would now leave us and hike to "civilization". While the storm spent its energy outside, C., V. and I amused ourselves concocting various sorts of burgers from rye crackers, Kenya Cheddar cheese, Marmite and sardines. Luckily, there was only one day

apart from the excitement of one or two knife-edge sections, we had no trouble in gaining the summit.

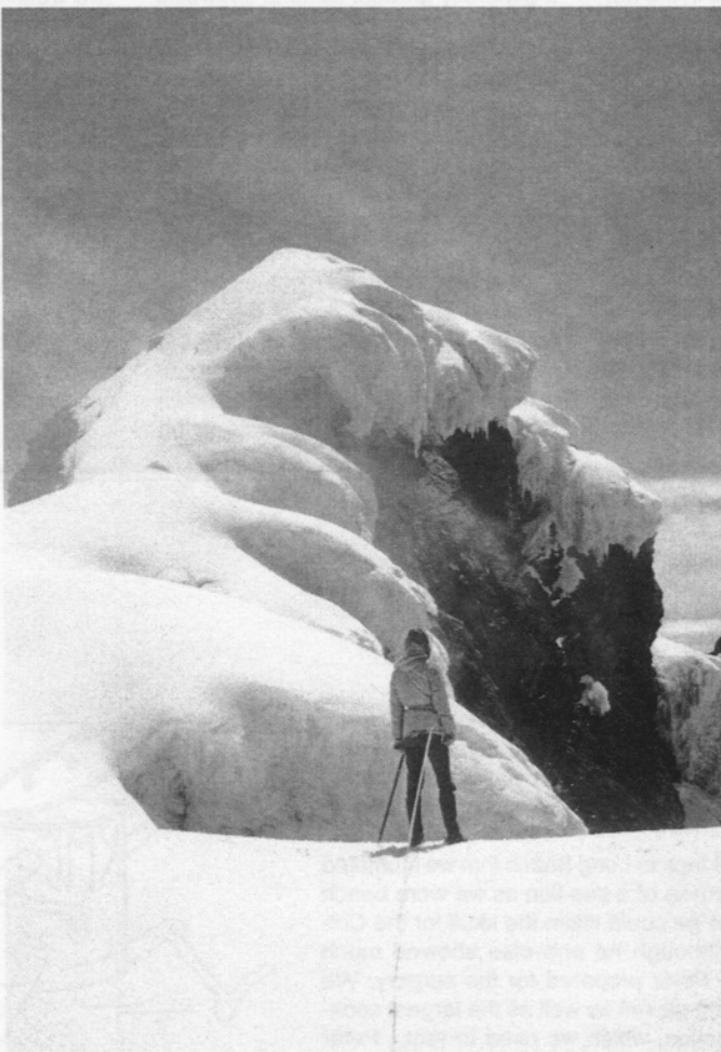
Margherita, slightly higher, was only a few hundred yards away, and we could now study the possible routes on it in detail. As we had done on

Alexandra, we would have to traverse from the southwest face on to the snow-covered southeast ridge, which was more rugged and also corniced.

Having set Margherita as our goal for the next day, we were again lucky with the weather. Crossing the plateau as before, plus a glacier-filled trough between the two peaks, we now had the task of gaining the ridge. The most feasible route involved traversing below a cornice. C. was leading the way, and found the route barred (literally) with festoons of icicles. Was this obstacle going to thwart us? It didn't look hopeful. After a few minutes, he invited me to have a go. It didn't look good to me either. Then I got really mad at the icicles, and laid into them with my ice axe. They disintegrated, and we were through. Round the corner was a slope of soft snow. It was knee-deep, and as I checked it, I found smooth ice underneath.

"Keep that belay on!" I

yelled. Just a few yards, and we were over it. Then it was up to the ridge to the summit. The final cushion of snow on the top was steep, but the steps made by our predecessors were still there—and then there we were, on the roof of Africa. By this time, I was



SUMMIT — MT. ALEXANDRA

Norman Thyer photo

of storm. On the following clear morning, we ascended the glacier and crossed the icecap to the base of Alexandra. It was not to be a mere walk-up, though. There were now cornices going right across the ridge itself, and we had to go around them, out on to the face below the ridge, with 60 or 70-degree snow pitches in one or two places. Still, this brought us to the ridge above the cornices, and,

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feeling well acclimatized to the altitude, but C. was still having problems, and had difficulty in sustaining a regular pace for long. Now, however, we had no reason to stay quite so high. The porters turned up as planned, and I gave them a good laugh when I tried using a pair of skis that were in the hut on the edge of the glacier. (Well, one doesn't often have the chance to ski in Africa!)

There was one more major peak to attempt, Mt. Baker. For that we descended to another hut at Kitandara Lakes. Our surroundings there furnished an experience in itself that would make a visit to the Ruwenzori worthwhile even for someone who didn't want to climb. It was like living in a whole botanical garden of exotic plants. Thick carpets of russet moss between giant heather bushes carpeted the slopes above the two lakes,

bluish-black sunbirds flitted between the lobelia spikes, and a pair of ducks patrolled the water.

Our ascent of Mt. Baker was straightforward (apart from a brush-fight when we lost the route temporarily), up from Kitandara Lakes, then a generally gradual climb of snowfield interspersed with rock. Murphy's Law of the Mountains proved itself this day, as it fogged in just before we reached the summit, and refused to clear while we remained there. On the descent, however, we had some compensation from an impressive final view of Alexandra and Margherita in the afternoon sun.

Our lush surroundings tempted us to spend one more day at the lakes, but after that it was time to leave the mountains. We took a different route at first, over Freshfield Pass and down the main Mubuku valley, said to be

frequented by leopards. The giant heather here attained the stature of trees, up to 60ft high. Lower down, we passed through bamboo forest – and suddenly found ourselves confronted by men with spears. Just hunters. We joined the trail by which we went up two weeks before, and soon reached the Nyabitaba Hut. How about fresh vegetables for supper? I had picked some bamboo shoots, so we cut them up and put them in the soup. I found them fine, but C. had an unfavourable reaction; as soon as he swallowed a piece, he vomited. Can one be allergic to them?

It is unfortunate that Uganda has been such a troubled country in recent years. We must hope that the normal situation there will soon be a stable, peaceful one, for it is an area well worth visiting.

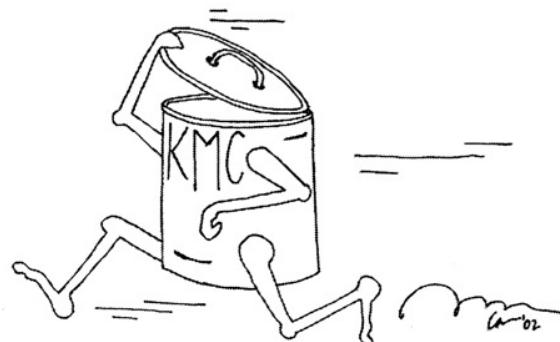
The Pot

by Walter Volovsek

Peter Wood was the driving force on the Selkirk College Biology Club (later Environment and Outdoors Club) field trips to the coast. Most of the trips were to the Gulf Islands; however, occasionally we ventured to Long Beach on Vancouver Island.

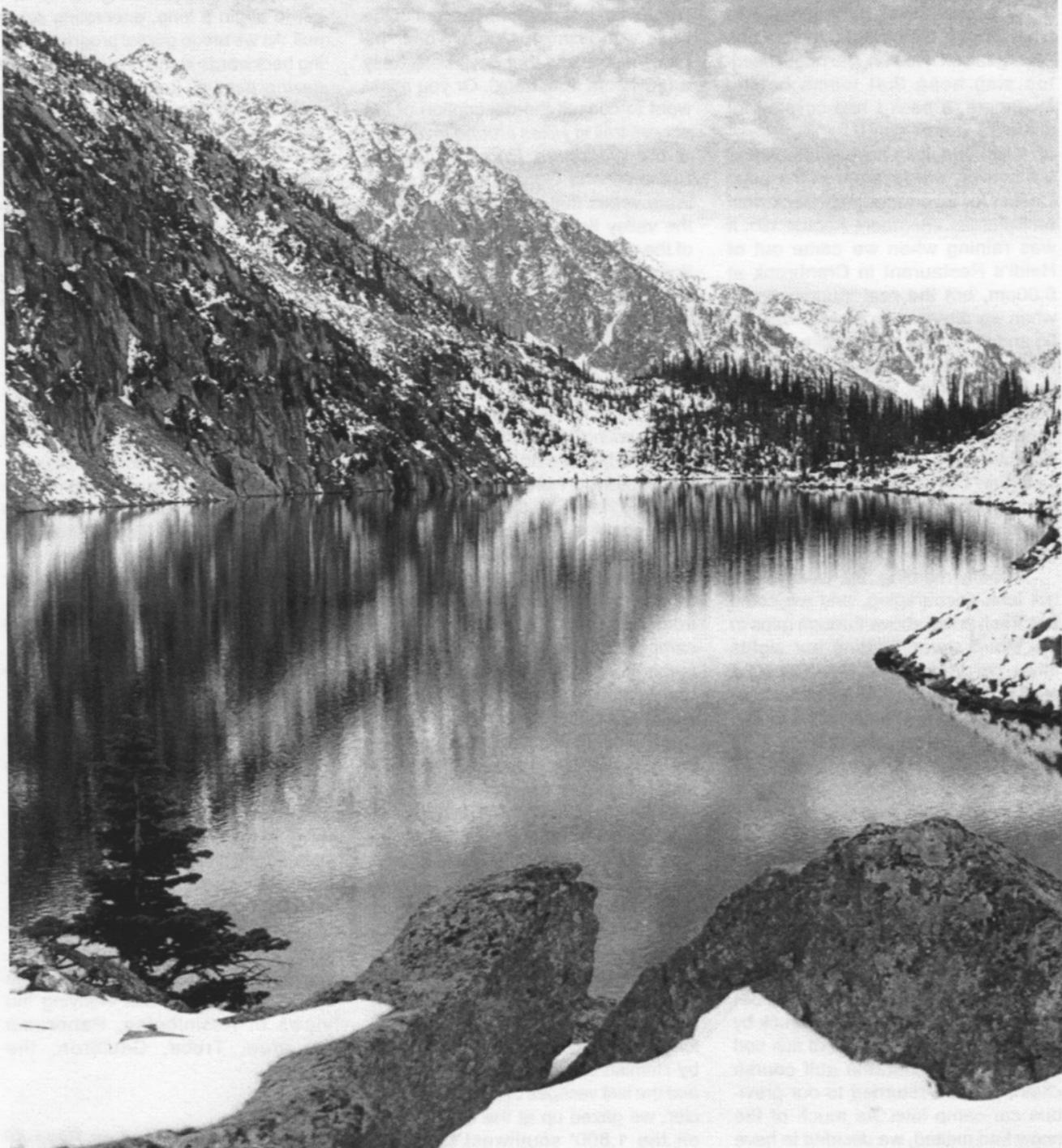
It was on one of these rare trips to Long Beach that we stumbled onto a thoroughly rotten carcass of a sea-lion as we were beach combing. Peter decided that we could claim the skull for the College museum collection. Although no one else showed much enthusiasm for the project, Peter prepared for the surgery. We used our rubber dish-washing gloves as well as the largest cooking pot from the KMC collection, which we used to rent. Peter used his ever-present pocket knife for the decapitation. The operation was bearable if one stayed upwind and ignored the maggots which were somewhat distracting.

The head was hauled back to our campsite in the pot, promptly filled with water, and set to cook. As it started to heat up, a vast population of maggots began to work their way out of all the hidden places in the sea-lion head. Soon the frothy mess started to bear an uncanny resemblance to a student's pasta that was on the menu for supper. Again, the smell could only be tolerated as long as one stayed upwind. I wonder how campers in less strategic locations coped. It took several washes to remove the soft tissues, but the smell never improved. Needles to say, no one had the hearty appetite that is usual around wilderness cooking.



The skull traveled back with us on the bus, in its cooking pot, hermetically sealed by several garbage bags. It took several ammonia baths and the judicious use of bleach to render the skull inoffensive. Several SOS pads were worn out and much elbow grease used in the process of sweetening the pot so it would again be usable at the KMC Summer Hiking Camps.

Local Adventure



KOKANEE LAKE, 25 OCTOBER 1998

Mary Woodward photo

Yet Another Endurance Contest - Mt. Nelson

by Kim Kratky

This summer my wife Janice and I started climbing together after a lapse of some 14 years. We shared outings to The Pinnacles, Rogers Pass, and Saddle Mtn.near Nakusp. So when the kids went off to visit their aunties in late August, we decided this would be another opportunity to steal away for a climb. This time, though, we picked a more ambitious goal, Mt. Nelson, the huge, tilted-top slag heap that looms behind Invermere, a peak I had coveted for some 25 years.

Karla and Julia having jetted off to Vancouver, we departed in the Land Cruiser for Invermere and points west on Saturday afternoon, August 19th. It was raining when we came out of Heidi's Restaurant in Cranbrook at 6:00pm, but the real stunner came when we drove north on Highway 93/95 and got a view of the entire Hughes Range in the Rockies plastered with freshies to below treeline. Somewhat discouraged, we drove on to Invermere, then up Toby Creek past the Panorama ski area, and onto the Delphine FSR. We car camped on the road near a repaired washout that was said to mark the trailhead for Mt. Nelson.

Sunday morning, the weather did not look encouraging, and we could see fresh snow above through gaps in the cloud cover. Setting our sights lower, we drove up the Paradise Mine road to a pass at 8,000' with the intention of hiking along Paradise Ridge. Deciding it was unsporting to drive on the road continuing up Paradise Ridge, we followed this road on foot in windy, white-out conditions until it gave way to a mountain bike track. As the weather improved, we continued along over five bumps of increasing height, reaching the last (485-910; 8,990') in one hour. We continued on to Watch Peak (8,829') and had a desultory go at the south slopes of Trafalgar Mtn., east of Mt. Nelson, before retracing our steps to the truck by 4:20pm. After a tasty meal of fish and chips at the Panorama golf course clubhouse, we returned to our previous car-camp site. As much of the snow had melted, we decided to have

a go at Mt. Nelson the next day.

The accounts of Mt. Nelson offer some interesting stories. It was first climbed in September 1910 by C.D. Ellis, who soloed it in 12½ hours return from the Paradise Mine. For more recent records of suffering, read the article by Doris Corbiel in the 1988 *Karabiner* describing her ascent of the peak with Hamish Mutch. Their "famous last words that day" were "only a few hours from here". Or you might want to consult the description of the access trail in *Hikes around Invermere & the Columbia River Valley*, by Cameron and Gunn. One of the authors writes that after the trail leaves the valley floor, "You then begin one of the most inhumane climbs I've ever done".

Cheered by this information (I wanted to see how bad the trail really was), we set out Monday morning, August 21st, at 7:00am with light packs and no ice axes. The climb itself was billed as a mere scramble, with the vein-bursting 6,560' elevation gain and frequent bad weather accounting for the recurring failures on this peak billed by Hamie as the twentieth highest summit in BC's Interior Ranges. The first part of the trail is, as the young like to say, sketchy, being marked at its start by a few ribbons just upstream from the repaired washout where we camped. With Janice in the lead, we leaned forward, hauled on tree roots, and worked our way up to the first convenient rest stop in 90min (go, girl, go!). Continuing north toward our objective, we followed the ridge crest, took a fainter right fork, and contoured down into Nelson Creek meadows in two hours. So far, so good, although the directions for exiting the ridge were a little vague. Here, we lost the faint trail, but continued over alps and boulder fields toward the upper basin of Nelson Creek as per the directions in Cameron and Gunn's book. On our left rose the ramparts of Mt. Sultana, and on the basin's right side was the long south ridge of Mt. Nelson climbed by Hamish and Doris. Passing a tarn and the last vestiges of the Nelson Glacier, we gazed up at the tourist route on the 1,800' southwest face and

asked ourselves "Where is it?" Noticing glissade tracks in the snow below the face, we made for them and, sure enough, an obvious gully just right of a prominent snow tongue offered easy scrambling. We continued on this for hundreds of feet before exiting right on a ramp and then angling up and left to begin a long, enervating scree pull. As we made glacial progress, sliding backwards in the nasty stuff, I kept gazing over at Sultana, which, at a mere 10,564', was still way above us. My despair was lightened by the obvious descent tracks in the scree; at least going down would be fun. We persevered, following the tracks on this open face until they led us to a solid limestone chimney, which in 15' gave onto the mighty south ridge. Thinking there was still a lot of climbing left, we continued a few hundred feet on easy, low-angle rock, climbed 60' of steeper, firmer rock to the right of a rotten gully, and suddenly I could see the impressive aluminum summit cross only a short walk ahead. We had just climbed the summit tower without realizing it.

Reaching the top at 1:50pm (6hrs 50min up), we basked in the warm sun under partly-cloudy skies. I opened the spring-loaded door in the cross, constructed and brought up by the Kloos family in 1986, and took out the chock-full summit register. Although the first climb this season wasn't until July 27th, we were the thirteenth party. We noted Doris' and Hamie's entry from July 10th, 1988. Unable to find the trail from the Delphine FSR, they had bushwhacked up Nelson Creek to camp below the south ridge. The next day, they followed the ridge in snow and poor visibility to the summit, finding a heavy, abandoned cross en route (sounds like South America). Perhaps the most interesting summit entry was from January 1st, 1999, when a party enjoyed 25 Celsius temperatures on top. Deciding we had nothing to complain about, we spent 40min enjoying the views of Assiniboine, Panorama ski area, Truce, Cauldron, the

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The Biker Babes Cycle the Kettle Valley Railway

by *The Biker Babes*

At 11am July 12th, the five biker babes set off from the Midway Railway Station (now the Kettle Valley Museum) to do a six-day, 385km circle tour along the abandoned Kettle Valley Railway (KVR). The KVR is one of the most impressive bike routes in the southern interior of BC. Much of it is a true wilderness trail winding through a great variety of terrain such as mountains, lakes, streams, forests, deserts, orchards, and vineyards, as well as crossing towering trestles and bridges. The KVR not only provides impressive scenery but also takes you on a trip through history.

Since all of us were inexperienced multi-day bikers, we planned this as a "soft" adventure. We prearranged accommodation and meals.

The first day we cycled from Midway to Beaverdell. This was one of our longest days in the saddle. The first 8km of the trip were on Highway 3. Then we followed back roads through scenic farmlands. After a much needed lunch and saddle readjustment break at the Kettle River Provincial Park, we rode along the Rock Creek Highway (#33) to Westbridge. It was here that we finally accessed the KVR rail bed. It was such a delight to be off-road, cycling along the Kettle River through the trees and gardens of wild flowers. We finally arrived in Beaverdell at 8pm. We were just in time because the proprietor of the Beaverdell Hotel was locking up for the day. We were the only guests, so were handed the hotel keys and a case of beer. The Beaverdell Hotel is the

oldest operating hotel in BC. Our stay was an experience and a chance to sample small town hospitality.

We continued from Beaverdell to Hydraulic Lake. This section of the railway was a travel through history. We explored several old stations and the abandoned town of Carmi. The bridge across Wilkinson Creek was out so this meant fording the creek or making a long detour. Being an adventurous lot, we decided to tackle the creek. Fortunately the knee deep, swift flowing waters claimed only one shoe. At McCulloch Lake Resort we were treated to a roast beef dinner, homemade wine, coffee in bed (for a chosen few) and a bag lunch for the road. The hospitality of the owners will long be remembered.

Day 3 took us through the spectacular Myra Canyon. Here the railway hangs on the sides of cliffs, crosses seventeen trestles and passes through two tunnels. Definitely an engineering feat. The Myra Station is at 1270m, the high point of our trip. The grade from Westbridge to Myra was an easy 0.9%. Our day ended at Chute Lake.

Chute Lake to Penticton was downhill all the way. The views of Okanagan Lake and the towns of Summerland, Winslow, Naramata and Penticton were spectacular. From Penticton to Osoyoos the rail bed is mostly nonexistent. The bike route takes you along bike paths, secondary highways and country roads. The route is incredibly scenic and really gives you a feel of the Okanagan. It also provides a challenge. The grade of the highway

is much greater than the railway and the Okanagan midsummer heat saps your energy.

In Osoyoos, the biker babes broke up. Renata drove back with Felix and the gear. Sue sped off to Vancouver for a conference. That left Jill, Jan and Carol the incredible challenge of summiting the Anarchist and getting back to Midway. The three babes left the hotel at 6:15am. It was a slow steady climb of approximately 19km. Leaving before the sun was on the road and before the traffic started was a real bonus. The howl of the coyotes and songs of the birds heralded us along. Once a rhythm was struck, it was not that difficult. We summited at 9:45am and reached Midway at 1:45pm. The welcoming party, Renata and Felix, cheered our arrival.

What would we have done differently? We would have stayed at Okanagan Falls rather than Penticton. The Penticton to Osoyoos day was much too long in too much heat. Camping, especially from Westbridge to Penticton would be easy because the rail grade is minimal. Another option is camping and having a support vehicle. Hydraulic and Chute Lakes offer great camping and are easily accessible by vehicle, but who would want to drive?

Essentials for the trip are Vitamin I (Ibuprophen), Vitamin V (that's for you to figure out) and duct tape to hold it all together. Also, after three days in the saddle you don't feel it any more.

The Biker Babes are Jill Watson, Jan Micklethwaite, Renata Belczyk, Susan Close, Carol Potasnyk.

Endurance Contest

Commander Group, Farnham, and many other old friends.

At 2:30, we headed down, retraced our steps, and reached the upper basin in 1hr 25min. Now off the mountain, we meandered along, keeping just to the right or west of Nelson Creek and finding cairns and an intermittent trail that led us easily back to the meadows. Here, some flagging I had left

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helped us locate the trail where it entered the trees. All continued in a pleasant manner until the very long descent of the steep section, part of which I shuffled through sideways because of aching toenails. At 6:40pm, with plenty of daylight left, we reached the truck after a 4hr 10min descent, rounding off an 11½ hour day. I unfolded a chair for Janice, into which

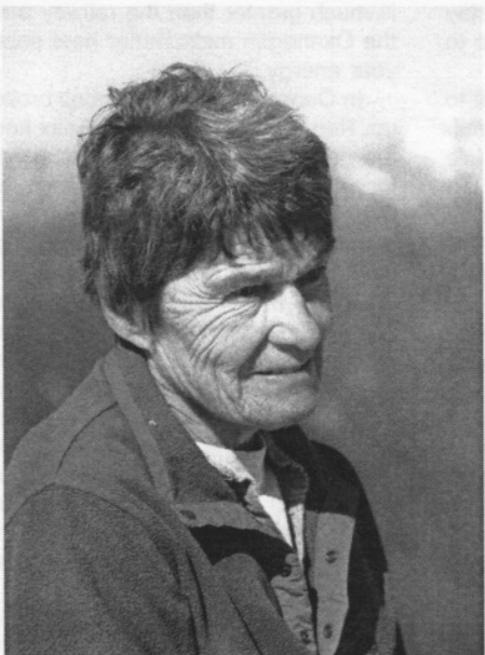
she slumped, and I handed her a Coke. She took a sip, looked up, and said, "You really challenged me this time."

GUIDE: *Hikes around Invermere & the Columbia River Valley*, by Aaron Cameron and Matt Gunn, published by Rocky Mountain Books

MAP: 82K/8 Toby Creek

How the Battle Range Got Its Name

by Earl R. Whipple



Don Harasym photo

While gathering facts for the mountaineering guide books, I traveled many miles in southeastern British Columbia to find people to interview. One of the interesting individuals was Avery Gunterman, who lived just south of Camborne. Avery's grandmother, Mattie Gunterman, is famous for her photos of pioneering life in BC, which are now a valuable collection in the Vancouver Public Library. (*See 'Beautiful British Columbia' magazine, spring 1985.*) A long-time resident of the area, Avery knew all the local people, including George Richie who successfully battled the grizzly bear. This is Richie's story, told to Gunterman.

In 1905, the prospector George Ritchie was making his way with difficulty, bushwhacking through the forest between Battle Brook and the Incomappleux River. Climbing over a fallen tree, he stepped directly onto a grizzly bear! Enraged, the bear attacked. The agile Richie, jumping back and forth across the log, kept the log between him and his attacker, and struck the bear repeatedly with a walking stick until it desisted.

Avery Gunterman was a friendly, gentle and unassuming man not prone to exaggeration. He was also a smoker, and died of emphysema after I interviewed him for the second time. Although I did not know him well, I deeply felt his loss. He had an excellent memory and left behind an autobiography in manuscript form. To my knowledge it has not yet been published, and is probably in the possession of his son, who lives in Nakusp.

Notes From a Powder Pig

by Mary Woodward

The plan for today is to catch up on chores neglected due to too many ski days in a row. My first error—calling the snow phone. What? another 15cm of powder snow overnight! and the temperature is -10! What is one to do? Not much choice here actually. Throw the cookie dough in fridge, leave the washing spread in piles on the laundry room floor and those cobwebs on the ceiling will certainly keep for another day.

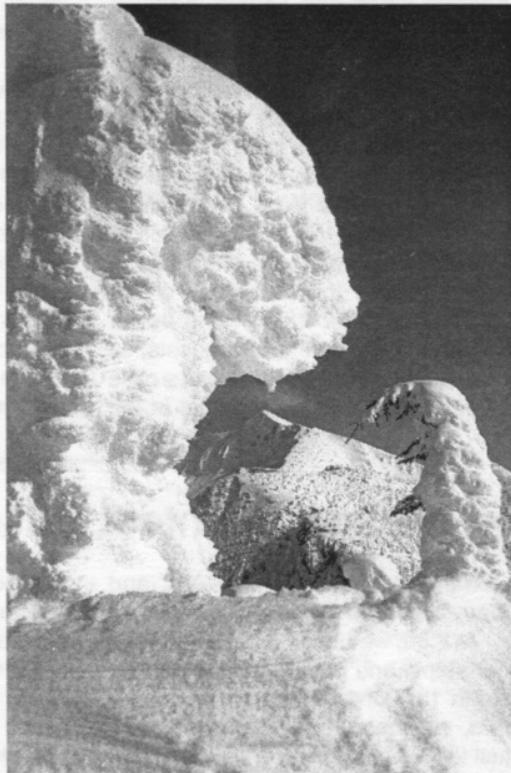
One must get there early on a powder day—the “pigs” come out of the woodwork and fill the Whitewater parking lot in no time

flat. Once the main hill is completely tracked the call of the untracked powder is very strong. My friends and I boot pack up the Elevator to the top of the ridge. Someone mentions that it seems silly to pay for a ski pass to use those lifts and then leave the hill and hike! We ignore such nonsense and climb even higher. With the sky so blue, the mountain peaks pristine white and alpine trees sculptured in amazing shapes and sizes; we know why we climb.

Then the ski down through Sherpa trees where nobody, but ourselves, has been. Snow and laughter choking our gleeful throats, we take the long way around and down the Backside to the road. Off with the skis, hitch-hike back to the lodge and do it again.

There is no such thing as a bad day of skiing.

Some are just better than others.



Ski Touring Winter 1999 - Ymir Peak from Elevator
Mary Woodward photo

Have You Seen The Phantom?

by Muriel Walton

In British Columbia we have about 40 varieties of orchids. We are immediately attracted to many because of their delicate beauty and their sweet fragrance. Our more spectacular orchids are in need of protection because their habitats are being altered by our human activities. Some species are so rare that hikers may never see them but there are many species that can be easily found, sometimes in large numbers.

Have you heard of the most mysterious and secretive of all BC's orchids, prone to sudden manifestations and disappearances? It is called the Phantom Orchid. Its delicately and exquisitely scented white flowers may be seen once and not again in the same place for perhaps 16 years! Since the entire plant is devoid of chlorophyll (the substance that makes plants green), the whole plant is a pure waxy white colour in every part, except for the golden yellow throat of each flower. In place of leaves it has white sheathing scales on its rather stout white stem. The underground rhizomes produce fibrous thick roots that rely on rotting vegetation for nutrients and send up the unique white stem with its spectral flowers, sometimes as tall as 50cm. So far, the Phantom has been found only in one small area of BC. It was first collected in Agassiz in 1926, and in the Chilliwack area in 1928 and again in 1943. In each case this saprophyte was growing alone in moist, dense, mountainous coniferous forest.

The Phantom Orchid has been found in the Olympics and Cascade mountains in Washington, south to California and as far east as Idaho. Strangely, a man named Leonard Wiley near Gresham, Oregon counted 865 Phantom Orchids in a five-acre area. Unfortunately, the area has since been logged and burned.

In Britain only a score of similar orchids with some pink markings have been seen since records began. The British call them Ghost Orchids. One English gentleman said he found the rare flower spike by going into the deep forest and shining a flashlight horizontally along the leaf mould on the

ground. "If something pale sticks up it may be a ghost orchid".

Have I seen the Phantom yet? No, but I thought I had found one when an albino form of the spotted coralroot appeared at KMC hiking camp. But since this albino is always found amongst normal reddish brown coralroots, I soon discovered my error.

1/4 ACTUAL SIZE & ENLARGED FLOWER
PHANTOM ORCHID (*Cephalanthera austinae*)



Submitted by Muriel Walton

Who knows if the Phantom grows here in the Kootenays? If you are fortunate enough to discover the Phantom, photograph it, but never, never collect it.

Much more common in BC than the Phantom Orchid are the delicate tway-blades, white and yellow ladyslippers, rose Fairyslipper, and the saprophytic coralroots. The rattlesnake plantains, common Hooded Ladies Tresses, Round-Leaved Orchis, and several species of rein-orchids or bog-orchids have such small, unremarkable flowers that you might not recognize them as orchids. With the help of a magnifying glass you may be pleasantly surprised.

All orchids are fascinating. Seeds are borne in capsules and are distinctive for their profusion. At the Reenwich

Observatory in England, a count was made of the seeds produced in a single orchid seed capsule. Amazingly, the number was 3,770,000 microscopic seeds. Don't be fooled by these high seed counts for unless the temperature, moisture, soil and shelter are ideal, the seedling will not grow. Orchids are insect-pollinated and have no provision for self-pollination. It is believed that many orchids can be pollinated only by a particular species of insect. Failing to attract the right insect by their nectar, colour, and fragrance, they will produce no seed. There is one chance in thousands that such ideal conditions will occur to allow a blossom. If only five percent of seeds from each plant grew to maturity, orchids would soon be as common as grass. Imagine our mountains if that were to occur!

KMC members should refuse to pick orchids. In the act of picking orchids you will contribute to the ultimate destruction of the species. Our orchids are all perennial herbs, and therefore dependent on food stored within their underground reservoirs. These reservoirs hold the food reserves to begin growth next spring. If you pick the leaves, the plant's chance of making and storing food is destroyed. Many orchid blossoms cannot be picked without disturbing these leaves. If you pick an orchid blossom, you ruin the chance of the seed formation.

Picking native orchids is forbidden by law in many states in the U.S.A. Our Kootenay orchids are worth the effort of self-control involved in refusing to pick them. The yellow Lady's Slipper protects itself from being picked. The glandular hairs cause skin irritation in many hikers, similar to that caused by poison ivy. The irritating action increases with the seasonal development of the plant and reaches its maximum with the formation of seeds. Never touch a yellow Lady's Slipper.

Your camera will capture the beauty for all time without destroying orchids for future generations. The fragrance you may take away as a memory.

Climb Every Mountain - Mount Simpson (8600', 2575m)

by Doug Sly

I believe that hiking, far more than getting there, is the total experience of being there.

John Carter

Now that Americans have named all their mountains, they should start naming their hills.

Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche

At 5:30am on July 13, 1998 I picked up Kim Kratky in the truck and we set out on the 2½ hour drive to the MacBeth Icefield trailhead about 10km up Glacier Creek north of Argenta. We were headed for an infrequently climbed pair of summits called Mt. Simpson. The peak is only mentioned without description in the 1971 edition of Putnam's *Climber's Guide South*, and subsequently in the 1977 edition it is omitted entirely. Kratky finds himself to be systematically ascending every significant bump over 8000' in the West Kootenay and so when you accompany him there are only a few relatively unknown shittipiles (Howie Ridge's term, not mine) left to do. (To date, Kratky has ascended now over 500 peaks including some repeats and peaks in other regions). Neither of us were sure what to expect – we even thought we might be home by 3:00pm – except that the north ridge approach Kim had chosen looked gradual under the magnifying glass on the 1:50,000 map. On any trip I always hope to limit the bushwhacking to under an hour to treeline.

Hiking by 8:25 from 4600', through bush saturated after six weeks of on-and-off rain, we crawled across the slanted nearly-out bridge a few inches over the swollen creek, and then crossed the open meadow of waist-high grasses and young not-yet-flowering cow parsnip. After about 45 minutes of quick easy trail-hiking, we entered the wooded bog and started to hop the corduroy trail as we ascended to the plateau below the MacBeth headwall. Before the first tributary crossing after the meadow, Kratky stopped. This was far enough; he felt we were well past Mt. Simpson, and in a good position to head up to the ridge. (We were at about $5^{\circ}13'6''\text{N}$ $113^{\circ}57'9''\text{W}$ with the

obscure prefixes for the east-north coordinate system on the government 2000 square metre maps). The bush looked unusually semi-tropical; lots of peat, clods of moss, broken wet cedar. It was steep. Angling left (we were perhaps 2km north of the base of the summit), we ascended. After a bit more than two arduous hours of steep bushwhacking, around several cliff bands, over innumerable deadfalls, making orange peat out of punky fallen snags, and skirting patches of devil's club, we finally hit upon a recognizable slide alder spine to follow to the treeline at about 5900' not far below the ridge. As insurance, we had flagged our route up using a roll and a half of tape. The light rain had stopped and the bugs started to come out. Here Kratky took our first lunch at 11:10; I couldn't eat much when I glimpsed a towering summit still maybe 1½km to the southwest and another 2700' higher. I was disappointed in myself because I was nearly exhausted already. Kratky had found the bushwhack tough but he was fine. This was his first trip after a month of climbing in Bolivia where even the airport in La Paz is at 14,000'. Before he had left for the South, I had said, "Let's go somewhere when you get back". He had replied, "OK, but are you sure you'll want to after I've spent a month at high elevation?"

We side-hilled across many rocky ribs, over melted drainage areas dotted with glacier lily, and across small scree slopes to the basin below the peaks. (My sense of flora and fauna cross-scheduling falls well short of Petersen's *Rocky Mountain Wildflowers Guide* where, for example, glacier lilies are said to be found "when white-tailed ptarmigan, grey-cheeked rosy finch and water pipit are nesting"). Here we gained the ridge at a low point where there was a break in an already weak small cornice. Then we scrambled another 500' up typical class 3 broken rock slabs and boulders to the 8600' summit by 1:10pm. My legs were now shaking I was so tired.

Kim left me there in the full sunshine to eat lunch. I looked at Banquo

and Fleance to the north with the MacBeth Icefield and the tiny unnamed lake just to the right. I panned over to the awesome black chunky tower of Lady MacBeth and then shuddered at the steep glacier climbs below Archduke Mountain that Trevor Holdsworth had attempted the year before. Finally, I looked at the planned ridge traverse between Cirque and over Fingerboard and Emperor to Archduke; there was a club trip led by Thiessen scheduled to try this in late September. It looked feasible with four hands. Meanwhile, in about 45 minutes Kratky came back after scrambling to the other summit; over and around several small towers, about 200' down and up and down and up. Perhaps a kilometer round trip. He was sweating profusely. He had found a cairn on the other peak whereas there was none at the first one.

Just after 2:00pm we headed down. I had recovered some energy but my legs still wobbled and so I couldn't make much time on the rocks. As we dropped back down into the bushwhack of what I started calling Birnam Wood (following the general rule to retrace one's steps if there is any doubt about the way back) we untied each flag as we recovered it; I felt reassurance and lift as we found each one. However, at the first major cliff band below the spine, we lost it. Somehow our original trail must have swung big time north below the cliff. This worried me. I was all but totally exhausted and my reasoning skills weren't firm. I now understand that we could head straight down to the creek bottom because from above we had seen no big cross-gullies to deflect us the wrong way. Besides, the way up was not worth finding. Kim as leader had to try to avoid patches of devil's club, the stream beds with deadfall, and hope we didn't hang up on a cliff (it wasn't ever open enough for this to be a big worry). We couldn't avoid a couple of bad deadfall patches, and by the last 500' to the path I was

...continued on Page 53

Climb Every Mountain

...continued from Page 52

running on empty; but you can go a long way on empty.

A body is very like a battery—it benefits from being used up at least once in a while. Once on the path, I just wanted to keep stabbing my way along until I came to a good board above the creek over-running the bog. I poured several bottles of milky silt-laden water on my head. Beautiful. My last thought was to focus when I had to crawl over that bridge near the end. Made it back to the truck at 5:40pm. Had a Mountain Burger in Kaslo (I just about never eat this kind of thing anymore but it tasted wunderbar just the same).

The experience of the summit is attainable below the highest point for some people. Of course for others, only Everest, the highest of all points, may provide that experience. And for still others, the summit becomes the sum of all the summits. I am attracted to ascending to places where without route finding and hard scramble I could not otherwise have gone. I brace myself against the wind. Expanse replaces my preoccupation with the steep slope and where to put my feet. All of a sudden, everything is clear! The geography now fits together.

This was my kind of outing; it was really about endurance peripatetics. The purpose was not to establish experiences of everyday survival. Mt. Simpson itself is perhaps forgettable, but there is an uncertain cavity of energy engendered which remains.

Map references:

Lardeau 82K/SE, 1:100,000, 1984

Coordinates 511455802

Time to summit:

About 4½ hours, 9 hour day

KIM KRATKY AT THE SUMMIT OF MT. SIMPSON WITH FLEANCE ABOVE HIS HEAD AND BANQUO AND MALCOLM MOVING RIGHT TO THE MacBETH ICEFIELD



Doug Sly photo



Don Harasym photo

An Early Ascent of Mt. Loki

by Earl R. Whipple

Many peaks in the Columbia Mountains were climbed in the late 1800s by prospectors well known for leaving no trace except when ore was involved. Documented ascents often had to wait, as it was for Mount Loki in the year England entered World War II.

On July 1, 1939 Ray Hunt, an experienced mountaineer, led a party of seven people from Nelson, BC, to Bernard Creek on Kootenay Lake. They camped on the beach without tents and started up Bernard Creek the next day. All but three people (Ray Hunt, Jeanie Paterson and Neil Russel) dropped out from this demanding approach.

Jeanie Paterson (Ryley), now 84 years of age and with an excellent memory, remembers gaining the shoulder of the ridge, certainly that of the southeast ridge visible from the west shore of Kootenay Lake. Topping the southeast ridge, her first impression was of the frozen lake on the other side of Mount Loki, and then the tremendous view. Forest fires near Creston blocked the view in that direction. Hunt, Paterson and Russel placed a red flag in the cairn that they had found (said to have been built by an ACC party in the early 1900s), and descended the southeast ridge to the beach that same day, July 2, 1939.

The information comes from a letter and an interview with Mrs. Ryley, and was initiated by her niece, Peggy LaPage of Nelson, BC.

DID YOU KNOW?

LOKI is the Norse God of Fire, Strife & Humour

The Bonnington Huts

by Mark Hamilton

In the Bonnington Range south of Nelson BC, there are four huts that make up one of a few hut-to-hut ski and hiking traverses in the interior of the province. They are the Grassy hut, Steed hut, Copper hut, and Huckleberry hut.

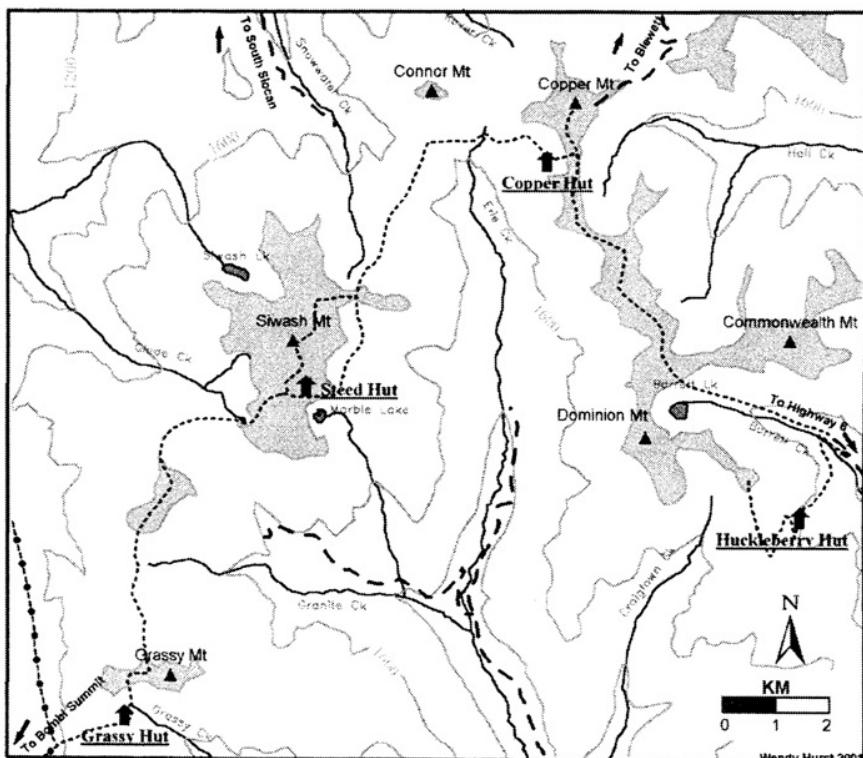
The history of these four huts goes back to the miners' days. The completion of the Huckleberry hut in the early 1900s allowed use by miners and trappers as a high camp when working in the summer. In the last twenty years the other three huts were built to complete the traverse of the Bonnington Range by skiers and hikers. The huts were built by a joint effort between the BC Forest Service and the Kootenay Mountaineering Club. Special thanks goes to Dave Fitchett of the Forest Service and George Apel from the KMC who did the majority of the

coordination for the three last huts. The Grassy hut was built in the early 1980s followed by the Copper hut about four years later. The Steed hut was completed in the early 1990s. The most recent upgrades to the huts have been the stove upgrade and firewood supply. Forest Renewal BC provided the funding for the club to buy two new stoves, and the Hamish Martin Memorial Fund provided the stove for the Grassy hut. All the stoves are CSA approved. The remainder of the money went towards cabin accessories such as maps, shovels, axes, and outhouse maintenance. As the standard Forest Service outhouse is not designed for the usual 3-meter snow pack in the Bonnington Range, a new roof design is in the works.

The traverse is roughly 30km from highway to highway, and most people

do it in four days starting at the Grassy hut. The huts can be a little hard to find especially in a snowstorm, so good route finding skills are a necessity. Hut grid references are provided on the associated map. All huts sleep four people comfortably, but are on a first come first serve basis so you may not always be on your own.

The huts have been maintained entirely by volunteer support with a contractual agreement between the Forest Service and the KMC. The basic agreement is that the Forest Service will supply materials and the KMC will provide the volunteer help to get the job done. Due to the location of the huts and the kind of use they get, providing a little bit of work all the time will maintain these cabins over the long term.

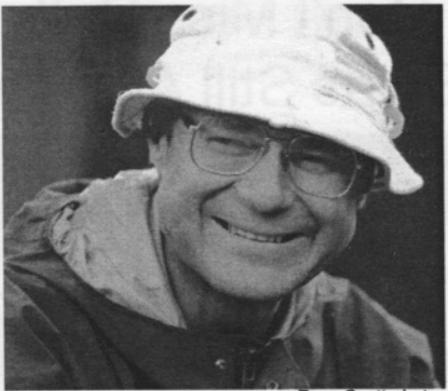


Legend		Hut Coordinates (GPS, UTM)	
—	4WD roads	Lakes	Grassy Hut 0464110E 5459880N
■	Above 2000m	▲ Peaks	Steed Hut 0467520E 5466035N
-----	Contours (C.I. 400m)	--- Power line	Copper Hut 0472093E 5470325N
—	Creeks	----- Routes	Huckleberry Hut 0476840E 5463595N
↑	Huts	NB. This is not a marked trail	

Map by Wendy Hurst



Holly Ridenour photo



Ross Scott photo



Ross Scott photo



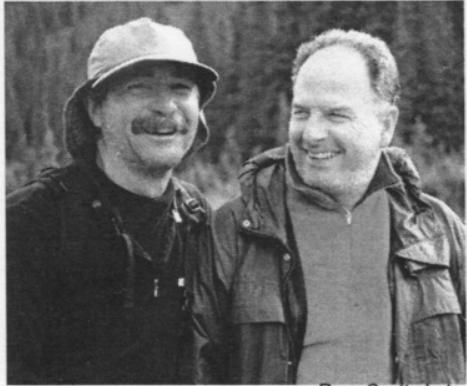
Holly Ridenour photo



Ross Scott photo



Ross Scott photo



Ross Scott photo



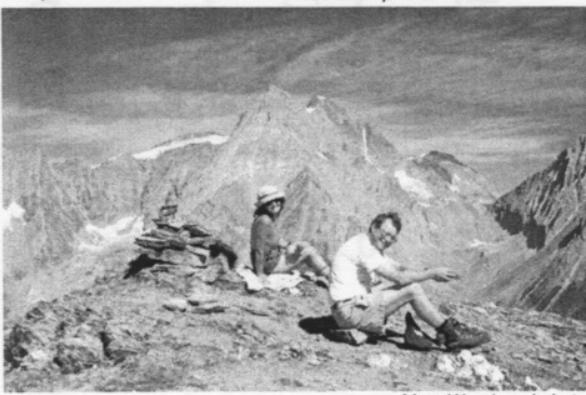
Ross Scott photo



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