



# The Kootenay Mountaineer

*The newsletter for people with year-round pursuits.*

June, 2014

## Message from the President

Happy 50th Anniversary!



Doug Clark, Peter Wood, Mark Hatlen, P'nina Shames

## Message from the Editor

Very good input for the newsletter again this issue. Many thanks. Wearing my other hat for a moment, some news about the website. There are now 20 people registered to be able to participate in the discussion forums. Most of them seem to be a bit shy, so I created a new "Forum" in the Town Square area of the website. It's called "Chit Chat", where no focused discussion is intended or needed. I might nudge the executive to hang out on the "KMC Club Issues" forum.

*... continued on page 5 ...*

Message from the President.....	1
Message from the Editor .....	1
Mary .....	2
Times Have Changed.....	3
Presidents.....	3
FMCBC Recreation Study .....	3
FMCBC Insurance Update.....	3
Last Breath, a book .....	4
A Moving Experience .....	5
Trip Reports .....	6
Mt. Kirkup .....	6
Proctor Bakery!.....	6
Grizzly Cabin .....	6
Old Glory Ski Trip.....	6
Yellow Pine Trail .....	7
Elephant Mountain .....	7
Mt. Lepso to Plewman N.....	7
Post Season Whitewater.....	8
Mt. Connor.....	9
Flagpole-Sunningdale.....	9
Robson Ramble .....	9
Brilliant Overlook .....	9
Montrose Antenna Flagpole.....	10
Pass Creek Road .....	10
Riondel's Waterline Trail .....	11
Slocan Valley Bike Ride .....	12
Sardine Mt. .....	12
Ymir Mountain.....	13
Mt. Davies .....	13
50th Anniversary .....	14
Salvation.....	15

### Article submission guidelines:

Plain text is great. No need for PDF or Microsoft Word files.

Simply cut and paste your text into an email to [newsletter@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca](mailto:newsletter@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca). Attach your full resolution photos to the email. Lots of photos, please.

The Newsletter is now published on the solstice and equinox dates. Send your submission(s) in up to a week before those dates.



## Times have changed

I came upon some old Newsletters and saw this item from May 1982:

### ***MONASHEE PROVINCIAL PARK HIKING CAMP 1982***

*A bank account has been opened and to date 3 deposits have been received. We do need working capital (and also a commitment). Members are urged to mail in their deposits of \$50.00 now to: Earl Jorgensen.....*

*To date we appear to have a definite interest from 8 people. It would be very encouraging if we could get at least that many people again, to make this years Hiking Camp the best ever.*

(From the March Newsletter: the cost was \$200, with the \$50 deposit due by July 1.)

Sue Port

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### **Presidents**

*Compiled by Sue Port*

#### ***Chairman, Kootenay Section, ACC***

1964 Mar-Nov .....	Kim Deane
1964-66.....	Helen Butling
1966/7.....	Gerry Brown
1967/8.....	Jack Steed

#### ***President, Kootenay Mountaineering Club***

1968/9 .....	Iain Martin
1969/70 .....	Helen Butling
1970/1-1971/2 .....	Iain Martin
1972/3 .....	John Carter
1973/4 .....	Bert Port
1974/5 .....	Peter Wood
1975/6 .....	Dave Adams
1976/7-1978/9 .....	Kim Kratky
1980/1-1981/2 .....	Ken Holmes
1982/3-1983/4 .....	Don Mousseau
1984/5-1988/9 .....	Fred Thiessen
1989/90 .....	Rita Holmes
1990/1-1991/2 .....	Peter McIver
1992/3-1994/5 .....	Susan Knoerr
1995/6-1998/9 .....	Dave Mitchell
1999/00-2002/3 .....	Paul Allen
2003/4-2006/7 .....	Steve Miros
2007/8-2008/9 .....	Doug Brown
2009/10 .....	Dave Grant
2010/11-2012/3.....	Peter Oostlander
2013/14 .....	Doug Clark

### **FMCBC Recreation Study**

#### **FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**

May 13, 2014

**Non-motorized outdoor recreation has huge economic and health benefits, independent research confirms.**

In an era where parks and wild spaces are under pressure from a wide range of concerns including resource extraction, funding cuts and increasing population, British Columbia's largest advocate for non-motorized backcountry recreation has confirmed that these areas have never been more valuable.

The Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC (FMCBC) today released the results of two studies commissioned by the organization, evaluating both participation rates in non-motorized outdoor recreational activities and their economic and health impacts. This research, conducted by the School of Resource and Environmental Management at Simon Fraser University, clearly shows these activities have enormous benefits both for participants and the economy.

The research found that the direct economic contributions from non-motorized recreation participation topped \$3.5 billion in 2012, even before equipment purchases were considered. Nearly half of study participants engaged in a non-motorized recreational activity in the study year (2012). The most popular non-motorized outdoor recreation activities were hiking, fishing, snowshoeing, kayaking and trail running.

FMCBC President Scott Webster stated, "The outdoor recreation survey results show that non-motorized outdoor activities play a key role in the lives of British Columbians. These activities provide a substantial contribution to our economy and help maintain the health of our population. Non-motorized outdoor recreation should be encouraged and supported as an ideal way to experience British Columbia."

The first of the studies evaluated the participation rates and economic impacts for non-motorized outdoor recreation activities away from urban areas. The study found that 48% of respondents had participated in at least one of these activities in 2012. The second study reviewed

and summarized the health benefits of non-motorized outdoor recreation.

In response to the results of the health benefits study, FMCBC Secretary Mack Skinner stated, "These results show that being away from the urban scene and in the great outdoors has tremendous psychological, as well as physical, benefits. Canada could save, conservatively, \$7 billion on health care from its citizens being more active and this gives us all the more reason to encourage Canadians to get outdoors."

The FMCBC is proud to have led this research and acknowledges the financial assistance received from Mountain Equipment Co-op which helped to make it possible. The FMCBC's role is to advocate on behalf of non-motorized backcountry recreation users in BC and the results of this report will be used to help defend these interests.

The reports will be presented to members of the FMCBC at the Annual General Meeting in Castlegar in June. The full research and results are available on the FMCBC website at <http://mountainclubs.org/backcountry-recreation-study/>. Interested organizations can contact the FMCBC directly to request hardcopies of the reports.

The FMCBC promotes self-propelled activities, such as hiking, mountaineering and backcountry skiing through leadership, advocacy and education. The FMCBC is a federation of outdoor clubs with a membership of approximately 4900 people from 32 clubs across the province. The FMCBC works with outdoor recreation organizations, industry and government agencies, to protect and maintain access for non-motorized backcountry recreation in British Columbia's mountains and forests.

For more information contact: Jodi Appleton, Program and Administration Manager, Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC, 604-873-6096, [admin.manager@mountainclubs.org](mailto:admin.manager@mountainclubs.org) [@mountainclubs](http://www.mountainclubs.org)

### **FMCBC Insurance Update**

*Jodi Appleton, Program and Administration Manager*

As many of our members are aware, in December the FMCBC discovered a serious gap in the insurance coverage that we had purchased through Integro Insurance Brokers. This gap in coverage put the FMCBC, our member clubs and the volunteers who work on behalf of both at risk. Our Insurance Committee worked diligently over the past several months to try to rectify the situation with our broker, but when it was found that Integro would not be able to provide the level of coverage that we require, we decided to search for a new broker in hopes of finding better coverage.

I am pleased to say that we have been successful in finding a better policy through Aon Risk Solutions. Aon is providing both a Commercial General Liability policy and a Directors and Officers Liability policy for the FMCBC and those

member clubs who are participating in our insurance program. Both policies went into effect on May 1st, 2014.

Any clubs who do not already participate in our insurance program, but would like to learn more should contact me for information. Thank you to all those who assisted with securing the new policies for 2014-2015.

### **Last Breath**

*Peter Stark*

*submitted by Doug Clark*

Peter Stark is a contributing writer for Outside magazine. He has published a book entitled "Last Breath", which consists of 11 short stories of people pushing themselves to and past the limits of human endurance in different environments (Hypothermia, heat stroke, altitude sickness, dehydration, the bends, etc) and how the human body reacts to protect itself as these stresses are applied and it approaches death...a great read...really.

The final page might resonate with some of us, as it helps explain why we push our limits.

"...You will slowly come to understand other things from your experience in the desert. The desert is a place of nakedness that strips away the superfluous layers of the self as it peels away the fertile green layer of life that covers so much of the planet. Like the oxygenless summit of a Himalayan peak or the silent, motionless cold of a -40° Arctic night, the desert teaches you just how thin that layer of life is, and how fragile your own hold on it. Stepping beyond that fragile layer is no more difficult than shedding your clothes on a cold winter night or walking for few hours without water in the hot sun. And when you finally do step beyond it, the ego, the vanity, the insignificance, and – often - the pettiness of so much of what passes for human endeavor and striving become abundantly clear. This is what the great religions and the shamans are trying to tell you....Step beyond the self that blinds you; strip away material wealth and worldly ambitions in the pursuit of union; spin with ecstasy under the stars in the naked desert night.

This is why you climb mountains, paddle whitewater rivers, trek into the desert, and seek out remote places; to strip away the superfluous, to remove the protective boundaries between that thing you call a self and something larger...."

## A Moving Experience

By Chris

I have enjoyed hiking mountaineering and all kinds of skiing for many years. Since I found myself living alone some years back, joining outdoor clubs has been a great way to connect with like-minded people and make new friends. While living in Vancouver I was active in the North Shore Hikers, and after I retired and moved to Castlegar 2 years ago, I joined the KMC. Since then I've had many days filled with fun and adventure, hiking scrambling and skiing in the West Kootenay, with day trips such as Mt Loki, Brennan, Old Glory, skiing in the Rossland Range that stick in the memory like gems. Possibly the best thing about outings with the club is the opportunity to get to know other people... spending many hours together in variable, sometimes challenging, and even difficult, conditions of terrain and weather is a great way to get to know people quite well.

Recently I had the misfortune to break my ankle on a club ski outing. I fell while attempting a left parallel turn, and my right ski tip dived into some rotten snow and got stuck. I knew it was trouble when the right tip and left tail were in the snow, and my butt was rolling down the hill. My 2 companions Ross and Nadine, were ahead, and responded quickly to my yelling. My right leg was externally rotated in a nasty way, and Ross held my sorry butt up while Nadine dug the ski out, thereby preventing things from possibly being a lot worse. I was able to stand without much pain, and managed to get down with the skins on, on a relatively even trajectory, with Ross and Nadine ahead to check for any hazards. With a fair amount of swelling I decided a trip to emerg was in order, and it was determined I'd need a minor operation on the following day.

My KMC friends helped me from the get-go, with Doug giving me a ride home from the Castlegar hospital, and picking up my car on the following day. After the operation Peter O was there to bring me to his place in Trail instead of my spending the night in the hospital, and took me home and picked up groceries and supplies for me back in Castlegar. Doug and Linda Clark paid several visits with groceries, and dinners... and grass cutting...

The timing of this accident was somewhat of a double whammy, since I was due to move house (within Castlegar) in 2 weeks. I'd arranged for a u-haul and

Peter suggested I put the word out to get some help with the move. I asked around to some of the people I'd spent hiking time with, and was delighted to have several strong arms and backs on hand for moving day. Many thanks to Peter, Ross and Bill for spending the day moving me, as well as several others who were glad to help but were out of town or working, and to my long time friend Gemma for doing all the labelling and cleaning up, and driving the monster uhaul truck. It is definitely a great morale booster to have friends! As I write this, my old place is stripped clean, and my new one now habitable. Thanks to everyone involved.

Chris



*Whitewater Creek  
Kootenay Karabiner, Volume 2, May 1965  
Chris Penn*

*... continued from page 1 ...*

As well, I'd like to start filling in the blank area behind the "Routes, Maps & GPS" tab in the "Mountain Info" area.

If you have GPS tracks of interesting outings into the Kootenay backcountry hanging around, please send them to me, possibly with a description of the access, the rating according to the KMC grading and "cruxes" of the route and such things. My idea is to make the GPS track available beside a Google Earth view of the route along with the KML file so people can fly around the track as they would like on Google Earth.

The website needs your contributions to make it an enticing and useful attraction. GPS tracks to help new people explore the area will help.

## Trip Reports

### MT KIRKUP SKI TRIP.

Saturday February 15 2014

Five of us climbed Mt Kirkup via the usual route up the north face. From the summit we skied down the south side into the east facing basin in variable snow. The place where we had lunch could now probably be accessed in about 5 minutes from the top of the new Grey chairlift but people stick to the runs so we didn't see anyone else. We then skinned back up to the summit of Kirkup and avoiding the rocks exposed below the summit due to the lack of snow, skied down the north face back to the cars.

*We were: Adam Derosa, Peter Oostlander, Chris Cowan, Thom Volpatti and Ken Holmes (Coordinator).*

### Hhmmmm... Proctor Bakery!

Friday, March 7, 2014

March 7 was the perfect day for a bike trip. It was sunny with a little cooling in the air. The trip started at 10:45 from Kokanee Park and went to the Proctor Village Bakery. Once across the ferry, we travelled some backroads which offered some stunning views of the lake and snow covered peaks. We arrived promptly at noon at the bakery for an assortment of delicious lunch specialties. We returned to the cars by cycling the main Proctor Harrop road and highway. The trip was approximately 28 km and took 1 hour 40 minutes of riding time. It is an excellent first of the season cycling experience.

*The cyclists were Miriam Williams, Helen Foulger, Vivien Bowers, Joanne Emily, Dave Cunningham, Kathleen Nichol, Sandra England, Eric Ackerman and coordinator Carol Potasnyk*

### Grizzly Cabin

On Sunday, March 23, 2014 new snow and cold overnight temperatures provided excellent cross country skiing up Mitchener Creek logging road to the Grizzly Cabin and beyond up a logging road running to the west. We were able to cross the beaver swamps and meadow in bright warm sunshine.

Our skis glided easily with perfect snow conditions over the eleven kilometres of trails through beautiful scenery with snow laden trees. With a warm fire and lively conversation we enjoyed our lunches. Mark Hatlen and Leon Arishenkoff snowshoed in from the summit, had lunch in Porky Villa and returned by way

of the Grizzly cabin, sharing the news of summer camps lottery winners with...

*Hazel & Ed Beynon, Ross Bates, Ted Ibrahim, Mary Baker, non-member Rob Tanner and leaders Muriel & John Walton.*



*Muriel Walton, Ted Ibrahim, Mary Baker, Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Ross Bates and John Walton in Mitchener Creek meadow*

### OLD GLORY SKI TRIP

Sat March 29

It was cloudy and rainy in Rossland, but as we drove up the highway past Red Mountain we saw sunshine on the slopes of Mt Grey and Mt Plewman. We thought we might be lucky this time and actually summit Old Glory. However it turned out to be a "sucker-hole" that lured us up into Plewman Basin and up to Unnecessary Ridge.

There, in cloud and wind, we couldn't even see the slopes of Old Glory, never mind the summit. The previous day and night it had snowed so we decided skiing down the east slope off Unnecessary Ridge in the fresh powder was more attractive than trying to navigate a way to Old Glory in the cloud.

The ski down into the basin was a good powder run....very enjoyable... so we decided to make use of the up-track and do a second run. Rather than just ski down our up track, we decided to traverse and skin up to the knob on the east ridge of Mt Plewman (Cutblock Peak) and from there we had a long run down to the trail in decent snow ...but not powder... as the slope is south facing and had softened considerably. It turned out to be a good trip despite the changeable weather conditions. Maybe we'll summit next year!

*We were: Adam Derosa, Alex Shvetsov, Peter Jordan, Llewellyn Mathews, Bob McQueen, Diane Paolini, Thom Volpatti, Mathieu Vallee and Ken Holmes (Coordinator).*

## **Yellow Pine Trail**

**Saturday,**  
**April 5, 2014**

A forecast of 60% showers did not discourage the eleven KMC members and 3 guests who met at the Syringa Provincial Park boat launch at 10:00 am, Saturday. After registration and introductions the group walked across the Deer Park FSR and up the trail on the north side. The well defined trail gains elevation in a series of switchbacks.

By 10:30 the hikers arrived at the first viewpoint trail junction. After some further elevation gain and a bit of a scramble the hikers were rewarded with a good view of the Lower Arrow Lake and the KVR Railtrail on the opposite side of the valley. The group descended without incident back to the main trail, then proceeded northwest to the trail to the second viewpoint. This viewpoint was voted “Best Viewpoint” by a narrow margin because of the comfortable bench and the broader vista.

Once back on the main trail and heading northwest the hikers met 3 people out walking their dog. The group descended to the Syringa Park picnic ground and had lunch at 12:15 pm. The remainder of the hike was through the picnic ground (closed), playground, campground trail, road and finally lakeshore back to the vehicles parked at the boat launch launch (1:25 pm.)

Wildlife was disappointingly sparse—one ruffed grouse, one junco, and one 16 inch garter snake. Participants felt this fairly easy hike was a good Spring outing.

*Hikers included Martina Derstroff, Rob Lidstone, Ross Bates, Brad Howard, Bruce Milner, Jocelyn LaFace, Kathy Sorsdahl, Carol Howard, Miriam Williams, Carol Potasnyk, Diane Langille, Diana Forrester, Rod Wilson, and co-ordinator, Alan Sheppard.*

## **Elephant Mountain to CBC towers**

**April 6, 2014**

Eight people committed to a good ‘workout’ day. From the flagpole on snowshoes were necessary and although the trail is not ‘marked’ (future project for winter use) Leon had previously been establishing a route and had done a recce with Sheila Sinke and Mark Hatlen a couple of days prior. Unfortunately, on the descent Diane sunk through the snow and wedged her foot (with snowshoe) in between rocks and fell backwards. Although in pain (an understatement), she persevered to the bottom not realizing she had

‘cracked’ her ankle and suffered tendon damage. What a ‘trooper’! Apart from that, a great day with lots of slipping and sliding; with laughter and wet bums.

*Participants: Sheila Sinke, Anne Lavergne, Vicki Hart, Steve Ross, P’nina Shames, Diane White, Ann Jensen (guest) and Leon as organiser.*

## **Mt. Lepso to Plewman N.**

**April 6, 2014**

Nine of us met at the Nancy Greene Summit after doing a vehicle drop along the highway at our exit spot. We started up the Seven Summit Trail on Mt. Lepso, but left it shortly after entering the forest. We stopped briefly at the Barking Spider Cabin to admire the new cabin signage, then started a steeper climb up the east ridge. It’s not the usual route up Lepso, so nearing the top there were some different views of Elgood, Plewman and Old Glory. Nice to get decent weather for the trip. We had typical Spring snow, which kept changing as we went. Hardpack, then soft sticky (I think Ross’s skis weighed an extra 5 lbs each with sticky snow). The snow got drier as we got higher.



We stopped on top for lunch and views, and admired Jill’s sign that Cookie Lecluse had painted some years back, which says “Jill says Heaven is Above. This is it.” Posing in front of Jill’s sign:



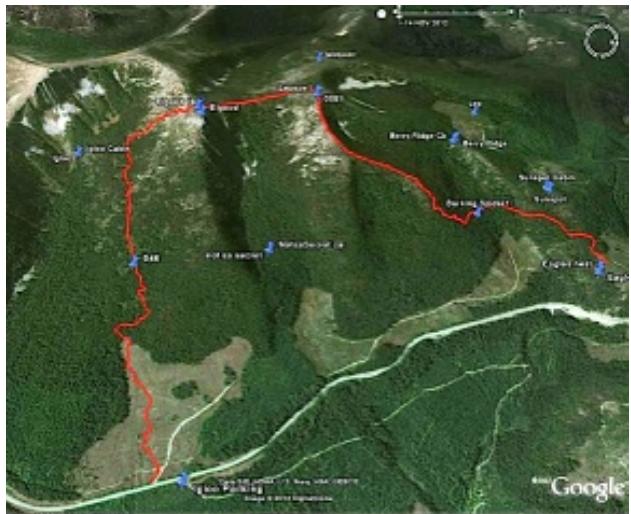
Skins off for a short ski south along a connecting ridge, and then skinned up to what some are calling Elgood Mt. This is just a “bump” on the end of a long ridge, and above the Elgood Creek drainage.



We got good views of the north side of Mt. Plewman:



The snow had softened a bit for our ski down heading east back to the highway. We ran into new cut blocks from logging this winter, and think they'll provide good skiing next year.



The Kootenay Mountaineer

*Our group was: Jill and Dave Watson, Thom Volpatti, Ken Holmes, Ross Bates, Roy Hopland, Peter Oostlander, Chris Cowan, and co-ordinator Bob McQueen. Thanks to Chris for providing the Google Earth view of our trip:*

### **Post Season Whitewater**

*April 10, 2014*

It was a gorgeous sunny day for a ski outing , since it was the first outing with skins for some of us , we chose to ski up the Summit side of Whitewater ski hill . We made our way up had lunch and a photo session and skied down Bonanza ski run , two of us did it twice. We had beautiful sun affected snow that was easy to carve. This was a good warm up to hopefully more challenging tours in the next weeks.



*We were Helen Foulger, Marilyn Millar, Phil Best and Dave St Denis*

### **Columbia River Trail**

*April 9, 2014*

Perfect hiking conditions with mild sunny springtime weather.

A nice relaxed lunch on a sandy beach across the river from the Silver City Trap Club.

Trip time was just under five hours.

*We were Dianna Forrester, Diane Paolini, Sue Port, Terry Simpson, Glenn & Deb Wallace, Jill Watson, Rod Wilson and trip coordinator Eric Ackerman.*

## **Mount Connor**

*April 12, 2014*

After a very short walk along a skid trail and a bit of logging slash we were into hard and rather steep snow to Connor's summit. The descent was more challenging with softening snow. A quick trip, just over 4 hrs. We then watched snowmobilers 'high marking' the bowl of Siwash (Snowwater lodge side) fully expecting an avalanche to be triggered. They were getting virtually to the top and once snow began sliding from rock faces they wisely departed.



*Participants: Nadine Ebner, Vicki Hart, Anne Lavergne, Brenda Haley, Yvonne Cartwright, P'nina Shames, Neil Bermel, Mark Hatlen and organizer Leon.  
(photo: Nadine Ebner)*

## **Flagpole Sunningdale Bluffs hike.**

*April 16, 2014*

Three us of started out from Gyro Park in Trail 09:00 on an early spring morning with a gentle breeze and partly cloudy skies.

Walking along the esplanade on our way to the trailhead at the hairpin corner of the water tower road we followed the Columbia river's rocky shoreline past Bingay Bay at the entrance into Sunningdale.

From the trailhead we climbed steadily until we reached the flagpole where we encountered a group hikers from Rossland enjoying a birds eye view of the river valley and the mountains of the Rossland Range. Leaving the flagpole we took the top loop trail which met up with the regular bluff trail and the Miral Heights trail. At this point a decision was made add some more hiking to the day so we headed out toward Miral Heights until we reached the sandy road and turned back to retrace our steps to the trail leading down along McQuarrie Creek that led us out to the hospital hill and finally back to Gyro Park, Trip time just under 3 hours.

*We were Diane Paolini, Leon Arishenkoff, and Eric Ackerman (leader).*

**The Kootenay Mountaineer**

## **Robson Ramble**

*April 19, 2014*

The cool sunny weather made for ideal hiking conditions. As usual we confused most people by wandering from trail to trail and sometimes bushwacking. With our large group of constantly talking people, wildlife is seldom seen, but Ross went ahead and spotted a turkey before it was spooked. We ate our lunch on top of the Lion's Head, which is a high rock bluff above the Lion's Head Pub in Robson.



*We were: Eric Ackerman, Ross Bates, Sherolyn Haaksted, Brenda Haley, Chris and Helen Hatch, Andrew and Sharisse Kyle, Diane Langille, Robin Lidstone, Bruce Milner, Kathleen Nichol, Mary Prothro, Kathy Robertson, Al and Pat Sheppard, Jill Watson, Rod Wilson, plus coordinators Ed and Hazel Beynon.*

## **Brilliant Overlook Hike**

*April 27, 2014.*

It was a dark and rainy morning when 17 intrepid KMC members met at the Brilliant Park and Ride. By 9:15 the group carpooled along the McPhee Creek Road to the parking area (575 m.), at the junction of the Dove Hill and Skatebo Reach Trails (near the switch yard). Hikers left the vehicles and walked north along the Skatebo Trail to the Brilliant Overlook Trail junction.

The trail rose steeply from that point up under the transmission lines and up a scree slope. Just beyond the scree a small landslide had taken out the trail in early Spring. Fortunately the 10 m. section had been re-established. The trail then contours north to a bench and viewpoint (772 m.) looking north over Tarrys and Glade.

After a short hydration break the group continued up the trail past the east facing viewpoint that showed a cloud shrouded Mt. Sentinel. The hikers pressed on to the junction with the Cellular Tower Trail and across the newly constructed (last Fall) pond bridge. After

some elevation losses and gains the KMC'ers reached the Brilliant Overlook itself (915 m.)

As the group paused for a quick snack the cloud ceiling lifted about 200 m. to give views of the Lower Arrow Lake and south down the Columbia River to about Genelle. Fortunately the meteorologist, Chris was able to access some radar weather scans that showed a brief respite from the showers that had persisted since 9:00 am. Some members took a brief side trip to the Vice, a large rock cleft. Others moved east to the Cellular Tower.

The united hikers descended past the Selkirk College Forestry anti-elk enclosures on to the Forest Service Road. Two shortcuts were used to reduce the distance and use of road beds. The group left the last shortcut and headed north 1.5 km. along the McPhee Creek Forest Road and back to the vehicles at 1:00 pm.

No animals were spotted on the hike but there were numerous elk tracks and some bear scat on the trail. Flowers spotted included glacier lilies, morning beauty, shooting stars, and trilliums.

*Hikers included Rod Wilson, Chris Cowan, Ken Kirkland, Betty Brousse, Sherry Watson, Keith Watson, Salar Haghnazari, Kirsten Apel, Roy Hopland, Chris Hatch, Helen Hatch, Eric Ackerman, Kathie Robertson, Jill Watson, Jocelyn Laface and co-coordinators Pat and Alan Sheppard*

## **Montrose Antenna Flagpole Trail**

*April 30, 2014*

Eight happy hikers joined forces at 09:00 on a bluebird day and by far the warmest day of this year with the temperature and the slope of the trail causing trekkers to shed clothes in short order. This walk offered a close up look at long black beetles, a Garter snake and new flowers coming into bloom.

We hiked the loop trail in reverse order allowing great views of the Columbia looking up river. At the top a sign board gave the heights of all the well known Rossland Range mountains which were in full view across river.

Upon descending 50 meters down to the flagpole we met two local resident hikers who were embarking on moving the flagpole from its present location to the upper plateau where the sign board was situated. With a hilti drill and tools they had hauled up on their backs they set about drilling a hole only to be thwarted by an uneven base to anchor the pole with, and not enough washers to even everything out.

Wanting to help out we had brought the old flagpole up to them only to be informed that they had a new one hiding in the bushes.

The vistas from there were spectacular as down river the Beaver valley and the Waneta vineyards all unfolded before us.

A new trail recently dug out of the hill side afforded us a new route down as it followed the hillside downward toward Fruitvale in an easterly direction. Upon reaching the road below we looked up and there was the old flagpole and flag back in its old location (at least temporarily).

Trip time 2 1/2 - 2 3/4 hours.

*Included were Diana Forrester, Diane Langille, Ross Scott, Terry Simpson, Jill Watson, Rod Wilson, Andrea Vowell and Eric Ackerman (leader).*

## **Pass Creek Road**

*May 14, 2014*

A trip that started out as a snowshoe up to White Queen was reconfigured into a cycling trip on Pass Creek Road, as the warming sun rendered the snow conditions less than safe. The day was perfect for cycling.

Four hearty women pedalled — three starting at the park and ride at the Hwy 6 and 3A junction and the fearless trip leader cycling from Nelson to join her comrades in riding at the junction after a brief viewing of Dig Garden Centre. We four pedalled happily on hill and dale, particularly enjoying the fast downhill known as "suicide hill". We enjoyed lunch in beautiful Pass Creek Park after a 1.5 hour cycle.

Once nourished, we headed back the way we came to arrive back at the cars by approximately 1:15. In all, we cycled 3 hours on the Pass Creek Road together.

*We were Carol Potasnyk, Miriam Williams, Kathleen Nichol and P'nina Shames.*

## **Riondel's Waterline Trail**

May 31, 2014

A Really Good Question: What is 95 kilometers long and made of metal?

Obvious Answer: The wire wrapped around the 5 km long wood stave pipeline between Tam O'Shanter Creek and Bluebell Bay at Riondel.



Seventeen KMCers and guests gathered at the local historical museum in Riondel to find out what made the "Far Side" tick more than 100 years ago. The Bluebell lead-silver mine had been resurrected by the Canadian Metal Company in 1905 and in order to develop the mine, a water pipeline was built to generate 475 HP to operate the mill and pumps. This pipeline operated intermittently for more than 20 years before the mine closed during the Depression. Most of the wood staves have long since decayed, leaving a roll of rusty wire.



The main objective of the KMC tour was to visit some of the more interesting aspects of the pipeline which included: the intake at the old dam on Tam O'Shanter Creek, wooden cribbing, rock walls, circular flanges which were rock bolted to the canyon walls and held the suspended pipeline, the remains of an old cedar log cabin called the "Tam O'Shanter Hotel" and a junction

box where the main pipeline met with a secondary line from Indian Creek. This junction box was the subject of some controversy when the KMC last visited the site in April, 2010. The pipeline was an prime example of an early engineering feat, infrastructure requirements and the industrious labour force of days gone by.

After hiking along the pipeline and nearby wagon road, the group reassembled at Bluebell Bay for more rantings. They stood on the spot where a photo was taken of the miners coming off shift in July, 1914 which was featured on the cover of a local history book, Bluebell Memories. A short walk up a narrow trail led to a concrete foundation where the former mining engineer's residence once stood. Here, clusters of bluebells were observed where a wedding was held in 1938. A few more historical sites were mentioned before the group raced off to catch the 3:40pm free cruise across Kootenay Lake. Only one couple stayed for the free wine tasting and bath tub garden tour. With so much to comprehend, everyone was assured of a good night's sleep.



*KMC participants included: Sheila Sinkie, Angie Germain, Suzanne Blewett, Alex and Kathleen Nichol, Bobbie Maras, P'nina Shames, Steve and Elaine Miros, Dennis Small, Phil Best, Sharon and Terry Turner. Guests were Sylvia Smith, Shabana Chaudry, Gabriela Gundlach and Gordon Jeffery*

*Group photo by Terry Turner*

*Others by Phil Best ©*

## Slocan Valley Bike Ride

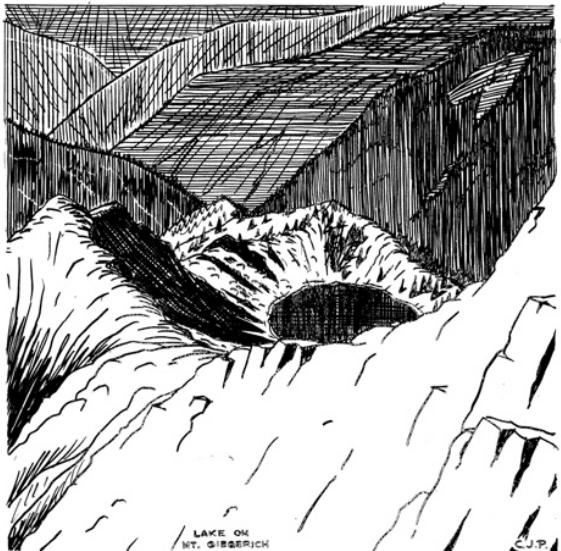
June 4, 2014. Kathleen Nichol

**Route:** on bikes, Slocan Park via Rail trail to Passmore, the backroad to Appledale, rail trail to Lemon Creek Bridge, return to Slocan Park on rail trail.

Seems like such a small group should have been easy to keep track of, but we lost more than the allowable 10% only an hour into the trip when one participant decided to duck off the road into the bullrushes to take a pee, not realising that another 200 metres would land one at the outhouses of the Winlaw Regional Park. Then they couldn't find the rest of the group at the park, so headed back out on the road to Appledale. All met up again at the Lemon Creek Lodge area, thanks to another cyclist who chatted to everyone on the trail (he being the "trail keeper") and figured out that we were all supposed to be part of one group. Others only went part way, due to commitments back in town. One carried on all the way to Slocan City, while 4 returned on the rail trail, 2 heading off enroute to have tea in Winlaw, 2 went straight back to the cars.

So it was very much a bike trip with a flexible agenda. The leader clocked the 59.5 km, but others had more or less kilometres. However all returned, unscathed except for sunburns - yes! summer had started by the 4th of June, 2014.

*Participants: Kathleen Nichol, Alex Nichol, P'nina Shames, Bert Port, Carol Potasnyk, Miriam Williams*



*Lake on Mt. Griegerich, Kootenay Karabiner  
Volume 5, Fall, 1966.*

## Sardine Mountain, NTS 82F15

June 9, 2014

We started at Tam O'Shanter Creek, which is Km 0 of the Powder Creek Forestry Road north of Riondel on the east shore of Kootenay Lake. At Km1, turn right on the Chatter Creek spur road for 3.5 kms. A rough skid trail leads to the edge of the cut block and from there it is a very steep bushwack due east around cliffs, through patches of devil's club, stinging nettles and a scramble up a major rock slide to the snow line at 6,000ft. From here the slope decreased, the tree cover became more sparse and the soft snow cover increased.



After four hours of climbing and 3,825 ft of elevation gain, we reached the summit of 7,050ft. (GPS 49d 48.282, 116d 48.108). The climb was worth the effort with stunning and seldom seen viewpoints of Mount Loki and Riondel. Looking to the south southeast up the Tam O'Shanter Creek valley and beyond Plaid Lake we could see Haystack Mountain (8,596 ft.), some 26 miles away. We built a small cairn at the summit, left our names to identify our personal achievement and commenced a three hour decent.

Although this mountain does not have an official designation and will never appear in the "Peakbaggers Almanac" or a "Don't Waste Your Time" hiking book, it is the most visible peak from Riondel and has been on my "FH Peak List" for more than 20 years. The name "sardine" was first observed in a 1930s photo album prepared by a resident hiker/photographer/mining engineer Peter Fowler. Some say the name many have originated from the fact that sardines were the most popular and perhaps only hikers' lunch time snack.

*KMC participants: Ron Stockerl and Terry Turner*

## **Mt. Ymir**

June 9, 2014

Photos Phil Best ©



We met at the Ymir hitching post on a partial cloudy day with warm temps. for the most part. We drove to the Whitewater ski hill parking lot and walked up the bowl and through the West Ymir Col.



After an extended lunch that included some arm waving , deep discussions and reminiscing, we returned down the east side of Ymir through a very steep chute which was safe enough due to the stable snow conditions. There were a few other trips to Ymir in the past week both for skiing and hiking so we pretty much knew what the conditions were.

This was the first club hike to Ymir of the season and considering the ease of access and beauty Ymir will entertain many more visitors in the coming season.



*Editor's question: Isn't this called "sitting on the job" ...?*

We were Dave St Denis , Phil Best, Mike Brewster , Ray Neumar and two non members.

## **Mount Davie, NTS 82F7**

June 11, 2014

My first and only other visit to Mount Davie was almost 10 years ago (June 16, 2004) with my dog Loki. I left Riondel about 10am and took the Akokli Creek Road just south Destiny Bay Store at Boswell. At Km2 I turned left on a spur road to Km 15.1, (GPS 49d 27.62, 116d 42.23, 6,256 ft.) There were several shallow waterbars on the lower section and two deep waterbars on the upper narrow section. Other hazards included sharp broken rock and a few dead trees across the road. No shortage of gophers. There was one full grown black bear and lots of visual evidence.

The first 400 feet vertical to the north is fairly steep with lots of deadfall, becoming grassy, more wide open with large snow patches higher up. The upper 500 feet vertical was 80% soft snow cover. There is a small western cairn at 7,791 ft. and the main cairn at 7,831 ft (GPS 49d 28.264, 116d 41.931).

Placed a canister and notebook at cairn.



Of geological interest is the exceptional exposures of Proterozoic (> 600my) argillites and pebble conglomerates. There are amazing views of Kootenay Lake, Pilot Peninsula, and many identifiable peaks in the Selkirks and Purcells. Visibility was extraordinary with Hall Peak (9,975ft.) observed 35 miles to the north. Hiking travel time was about 2.5 hours up and 1.5 hours down.

Back to Riondel by 6pm.

Note: High clearance, 4x4 vehicle required. Remember chainsaw or axe, shovel, pick and bear spray.

*Participant: Terry Turner*

### **KMC CELEBRATES 50TH ANNIVERSARY**

Over the year of 2014, we will be celebrating 50 years of everything "mountain" in a range of ways on various occasions and opportunities. On the weekend of June 7, 2014, we seized the opportunity by hosting the Federated Mountain Clubs of BC's AGM. This entailed a full weekend of events, and making sure that the 23 or so FMCBC delegates from around the province were nicely billeted, fed and transported to their weekend events and meetings.

Highlighting the weekend on Saturday evening, June 7, was a fantastic slide & talk presentation by Dave Quinn, CBC's Outdoor Guy. Dave has a relaxed and informative style, great photos, and oodles of information. He is unique and gutsy in his adventures, as he chooses to ski or hike into passes and places that are less travelled, and challenged with environmental concerns. Thus, he talked about Darkwoods, the Purcells and Selkirks, and topped it off with a very hopeful and optimistic discussion on Jumbo.

The audience was heartened to hear that there continues to be little known financial investment from the private sector in the JGR project, and that the deadline of October, 2014 is only a few months away. The evening was capped by a lively question and answer interchange. Amongst the audience of approximately 130 were 68 KMC members, 34 non members and about 23 FMCBC folks. Prior to the start of Dave's presentation, we took a few moments to remember long time KMC member Mary Woodward, with some slides and touching comments by Jenny Baillie. It was a great evening, and for armchair and actual hikers, skiers and lovers of the outdoors, the evening was a real treat.

*P'nina Shames, KMC's Friendly Social Convenor*



*Poncho Camp, Kootenay Karabiner  
Volume 6, Fall 1968  
Jack Oswald*

## **Salvation**

*by Graham Kenyon*

*Everyone has felt cold, but to feel the icy fingers of hypothermia squeezing around your heart is a very different matter. It saps not only your physical capabilities, but also your will. You can't think straight; you can't act straight; it's easier to just let go. Funny thing is it doesn't have to be especially cold. We are warm-blooded animals. Cool that warmth by five degrees and we are in trouble. It's not temperature so much as heat transfer that does it.*

*It wasn't a particularly cold day on June 2nd 1962. In the late afternoon it was raining – pouring rain. It had been raining for several hours. The rain was turning to sleet, sharp needles of ice mixed with the rain. Soon it would be snow. There was a wind, not strong but cold and penetrating. We were wet, soaked by the rain and walking through the slushy snow. We didn't feel too cold. Hiking generates heat in the core; just the extremities in our squelching socks and saturated gloves were feeling chilled. We were a long way back in the wilderness. We'd been hiking for ten hours. We knew where we were, but not where to go. We were in trouble, whether we knew it or not.*

It had been a long day. Yesterday, Friday, we had camped at the park beside Kootenay Lake. The three of us – Frank, Jill and I – squeezed into my aptly named ‘Good Companions’ tent. We didn’t get a lot of sleep and were up at 4:30am for an early start. The road into Kokanee Glacier Park was rough in those days, and my Studebaker sedan was not built for the back roads. We bounced and banged as far as we could. The switchbacks, a sinuously steep and rutted section, finally stopped us. Back then, the road finished at the old Molly Gibson Mine, but we were still well below there. It was 7:30 when we heaved on our packs and headed up the road, soon walking on snow patches that became more widespread as we climbed. It was a novelty for an Englishman to be tramping in the snow in June. There would be other surprises that day.

We stopped for a snack by the old mine site, and then followed a trail that appeared intermittently in the diminishing bare patches. At Gibson Lake the trail disappeared for good under the deepening snow. Climbing up fairly steeply through the forest we

followed the general direction of the valley. The snow for the most part was fairly solid underfoot, sinking only a few inches; the biggest hindrance was the absence of a clear route. We could look back to Gibson Lake far below, and to the distant Kootenay Lake with snow-capped mountains beyond. Ahead of us the trees obstructed the view, with only occasional glimpses of snowy slopes, but enough to give us a general idea of the lay of the land. According to Frank, we should soon see Kokanee Lake: “Not too far,” he said. So on we went, plodding up through the snow.

Along the way we brewed up some soup on my old kerosene stove, and admired the view behind us. Ahead was much less appealing. Ominous banks of dark clouds were building and thickening into a dull, grey-black pall; we were in for a wet day.

“Not too far” still took us over an hour before we crested the saddle at the head of the Kokanee Creek valley we had been hiking up all morning. We emerged from the forest into an open, alpine valley bounded by steep snow slopes and grey craggy ridges overhung with snow cornices. The lake was frozen and snow covered, merging into the slopes, distinguished only by its flatness in a landscape of ups and downs. On a fine day it would be beautiful: an alpine gem, given colour and form; now it was two dimensional, a flat landscape painted in shades of grey. Across that desolate scene plodded three tiny, insignificant figures, trusting the most direct and easiest route across the flat plain of the frozen lake.

At the far end the rain began, quickly becoming a downpour. I don’t remember what we had for rain gear, ponchos maybe? Whatever it was didn’t work very well. Beyond the saddle containing the northern extremity of the lake the ground sloped downhill towards Kaslo Lake. A few old animal tracks gave evidence of life, but the scene appeared alien in the pouring rain and grey nothingness around us. A breeze gusted up the valley into our faces, and I watched Jill pull her collar tighter round her neck. I felt the chill too. We were all soaked; our boots were leather but were not up to hours of wet snow and rain. My feet were squishing in sodden socks. Perhaps I should change them, but in this weather they would be soaked in no time.

It was here, on our way down the hill towards Kaslo Lake, when Frank dropped through the snow, up to his chest into a hidden pool. It was quite sudden: just

walking down the snow slope, with no sign of anything. Visions of our recent hike across Kokanee Lake went through my mind. It had seemed so solid and safe.

Frank let out a yell and something that sounded like an expletive, but being Dutch only he would know. We helped him up out of his hole, which was not easy as we tried to avoid the same fate. He was soaked of course and very cold. Under a clump of firs he rooted in his pack for something dry. An odd assortment of long johns, a pair of pyjama bottoms and a pair of shorts was the best he could do, all cotton and destined to be soaked in no time at all. That and temporarily dry socks would have to suffice.

We had a snack under the shelter of the trees, astonished when Frank insisted on searching again through the depths of his pack to find the salt for his two hard boiled eggs. Considering how tired all three of us were, the miserable weather, and the desolation of the scene around us, his desire for salt seemed an unlikely priority.

Should we have turned back? Earlier, perhaps, but now it was late afternoon, already the light was gloomy under the black, rain-filled sky. We had hiked all day from 7:30 this morning; the thought of turning back now was beyond imagination. Besides, Frank had been here before; he knew there was a cabin not very far away.

We on the other hand knew nothing. Jill and I were only a year out from England, new immigrants, newly married, new to the Kootenays, and this was our first experience of 'real wilderness'. We had done a couple of hikes in Banff Park during our six months living in Calgary, but that was last summer on good trails and in good weather. This was another world. Even through the primrose lens of ignorance, I was by now feeling very anxious.

Eggs duly salted and consumed, we packed up quickly as Frank was shivering cold. The snow was softer and heavier now, the rain relentless and the wind blowing stronger and colder. We reached Kaslo Lake surprisingly quickly; we were all anxious for this journey to end.

Frank led us on down the valley to where the creek drained from the far end of the lake. That was a mistake. We spent an hour searching around before

Frank finally admitted this was not the right place. The cabin was not here. Now I was really worried.

A map check revealed that indeed this was the wrong place. We should have climbed out of the valley when we first reached Kaslo Lake, over into the next easterly valley below the glacier. In summer, as Frank said, the trail is obvious, but not now, just snow, scattered trees and a slope that looked awfully steep above the far end of Kaslo Lake.

Wearily we turned back and climbed slowly out of the valley, angling across and up the slope, punching deep holes in the soft, wet snow as we climbed, desperately tired, driven by the desperation of our circumstances. I felt so badly for Jill. What had I got her into? She must be exhausted, yet she plods on relentlessly. We learn about each other through shared adversity so there was comfort in her tenacity, but I felt sorry nevertheless.

At last we topped the ridge and overlooked a broad bench with scattered clumps of trees and snags from long ago fires. Somewhere above was the Kokanee Glacier, but today all was white and grey. Beyond was an incredibly jagged ridge of mountain peaks, barely visible through the murky cloud. Whether due to elevation or dropping temperature, the interminable rain was turning to sleet and increasingly to snow. It was after 7 o'clock and dusk was already closing in, hastened by the heavy, black clouds and miasmic mist swirling in the bitter wind.

Frank was sure this must be the place. The cabin was here somewhere, but more fruitless wandering about revealed nothing. We had stayed warm climbing the ridge, a consolation for our efforts, but now the cold was biting through my wet clothes. We had to do something; we couldn't just wander about looking for a cabin that might not even be here. Soon it would be dark, and there was still the rain and the wind.

A conference in the shelter of a clump of trees resulted in my leaving my pack and setting off on my own to search for the cabin, leaving Frank to get a fire going under the trees. Of course I didn't know quite what I was looking for but neither apparently did Frank, and any old cabin would do. I had my compass to keep me on track, I didn't want to lose them too; but as I walked off on my own I became frightened at the predicament we were in.

*“Nothing around but this relentless grey over the white of the snow, skeletons of burned trees merging out of the mist, the pouring rain mixed with snow slashing my face, driven by this bitter wind. God, this place is desolate. And we are alone, lost maybe – I know where we are on the map, but so what? What good does that do us? We are stuck here; it’ll be dark soon, then what? If I’d brought the tent we’d have somewhere to shelter, but no, Frank said there is a cabin up here, here in this God-forsaken place. Look around; there’s nothing. You couldn’t hide a cabin around here, half the trees are dead and the rest are spread around; if it was here it would be obvious. I don’t even know what I’m looking for. To hell with it, I’m going back; we have to rig up some kind of shelter.”*

Back at the clump of trees I got a shock. There is no fire. Frank had used half a box of matches on the heap of wet twigs. Both he and Jill were shivering violently, so violently that neither of them could hold the box and strike another match. They could barely speak. It was frightening how this had happened so quickly.

*“My kerosene stove; maybe I can get that going and use it to light a proper fire, somehow. Frank’s gone off to look for his cabin again. I hope to Christ he knows where he’s going this time. Must get Jill moving; it’s really scary to see her like this. We hug for a bit. She is frightened, as I am. I get her chopping fir branches for a cover on top of the snow under the trees. Maybe we can rig up some kind of lean-to. I read about it somewhere, but this is different. This God-damn stove is as finicky as ever; it’s just too bloody cold. There, come on, you can do it, bit warmer, a bit more pressure. Damn this wind. Got it! She’s going! Boy, that roar is so good to hear. Now how the hell do I light a fire with this thing? Warm up my hands at least. Christ, it’s so cold. I can’t stop shivering. How can this happen so fast? I’ve got to keep moving, this is stupid, I can’t keep still. Bloody hands won’t work properly, keep shaking. Collect sticks, sticks for the fire – haven’t figured out how to do this yet – and long sticks to build a shelter – no idea how to make one. This is hopeless. How can we possibly spend the night out here? We are soaking bloody wet. We’ve got to get out of these clothes into something dry.*

*Out here? It’s so bloody cold. And now it’s snowing: soggy, wet, God-damn snow!”*

“I’ve found it! I’VE FOUND IT!” Frank appeared, shouting ecstatically. I can still hear that cry today after all these years. The feeling of immense relief, with thanks to whoever decides these things, is indescribable.

Half an hour later we were at the cabin. How had he found this place? Frank hadn’t even gone inside, he had just raced back to find us and take us to this wonderful place.

A couple of hours later with a fire blazing in the stove and hot soup in our bellies, wearing dry clothes and with sleeping bags clutched around us, we were crowded as close to the stove as we could safely sit, and still we shivered. We spoke of it: never had any of us felt so cold, a really deep down ‘chilled to the bone’ cold to which even the fire could not penetrate, not for a long while. Outside, in the night, the snow fell and the wind blew. My journal scribbled later says: “Thank God we were not stranded outside in the snow, soaking wet and freezing cold; what a night that would have been.” An epic understatement!

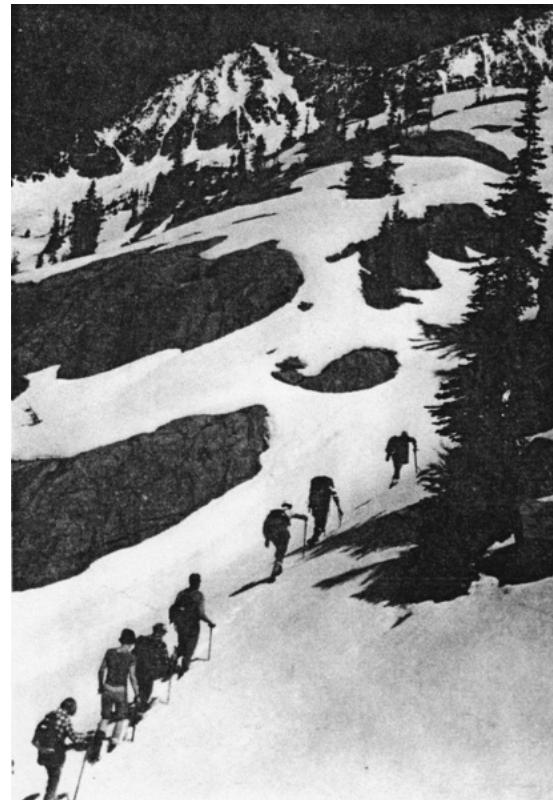
Later we curled up in our sleeping bags on the hard bunks, Jill and I as close as we could for the comfort of warmth and each other. Packrats pattered about, their presence undoubtedly contributing to the musty smell of this old cabin. It was in a decrepit state, the floor collapsing through in places and some of the old logs were rotten, the roof leaked and there were gaps in the shutters and around the door through which the wind whistled; but for us that night it was all that we desired; the old Slocan Chief saved our lives, of that I have no doubt.

Next day we awoke to another world. The sun was shining brilliantly. The scene from the cabin was a spectacular vista of a glorious winter wilderness, dazzling bright and sparkling diamonds on the fresh snow; magnificent mountains etched in startling clarity against the deep blue sky; and all around a perfect, absolute silence. It was an image of wilderness I have carried with me for fifty years. That and the old cabin, settled in the snow, surrounded by alpine firs, its patina blending with the wilderness, ultimately to become part of it as its logs crumble and fall. We were young and did not think of such things; but from the perspective

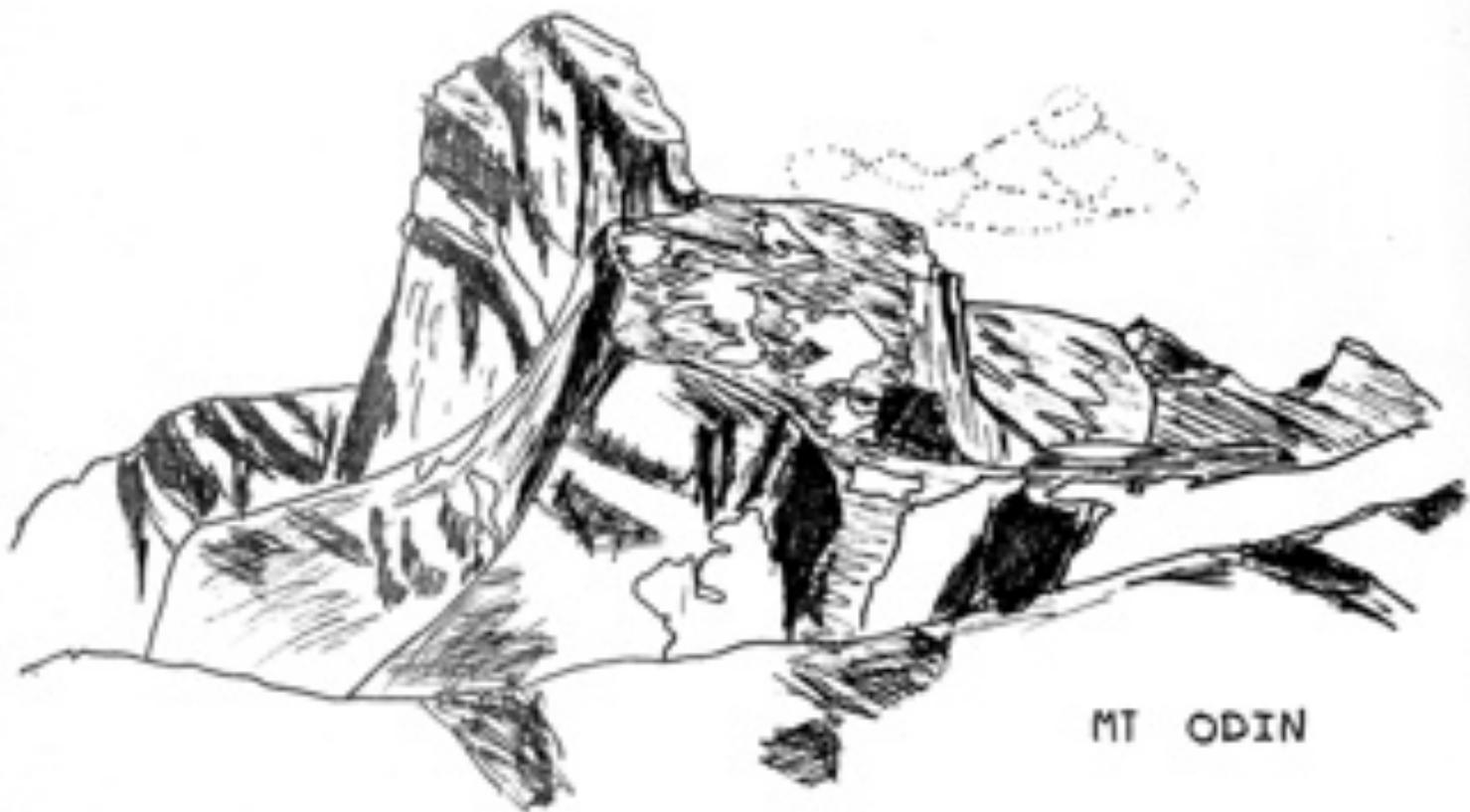
of half a century we were foolish and could have paid the price.

## Epilogue

As it happened, our refuge too was to be granted a reprieve. The Slocan Chief Cabin was renovated later that summer by members of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club and served as a recreational haven for forty more years. Refurbished again in 2004 by Friends of West Kootenay Parks, she now slumbers in retirement, overlooking that spectacular vista, and also the fancy new lodge in the valley below – not far from where Frank fell through the snow.



*"Annual pilgrimage to Haystack  
June 5, 1977. Photo by Julie Mortimer"*



MT ODIN

*From the cover of the Fall 1973, Volume 16 of the Kootenay Karabiner.  
The editor could find no artist credit.*