



# The Kootenay Mountaineer

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

Fall Equinox 2017

## Trails Director's Report.

### Lost Mountain Trail Upgrade

Happy to report that the trail, on which we collaborated with the Salmo Valley Trails Society, has now been completed, along the line we laid out in the spring, and over the past couple of years. Thanks to Randy Boardman and his hardworking trail crew working in the heat of summer. Elevation gain to summit is 1100 metres, over 6 km. The signage and kiosk remains to be done, Lisa Tedesco of Salmo Valley Trails Society is working on this with the GPS track and markers provided by KMC.

### Web Info

A lot of posts on the (KMC?) Facebook page were concerned with access .... So why not have a group dedicated just to access, to get everything connected with access in a single place and not meshed up with trip reports etc. The "West Kootenay Hiking Access" F/B page, created on June 30, now has over 200 members, and seems well used... A report yesterday for instance detailed improvements made to the Gimli access so that it's now accessible by car... very useful info.

Maintenance of Google Shared spreadsheet on KMC web page has been discontinued due to difficulty in maintaining it.

### Equipment

One pair of loppers was broken during work on the Lost Mountain route. Will be purchasing another pair, along with some kind of Pulaski for trail maintenance. We need to buy some more red diamond trail markers too; supply was used up on the Lost Mt. trail.

*Chris Cowan.*

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### 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@kootenaymountaineeringclub.ca](mailto:newsletter@kootenaymountaineeringclub.ca). Attach your full resolution photos to the email. Lots of photos, please.

The newsletter is published four times a year at the times of the solar calendar.

### Pass Creek/Syringa Bike Ride

June 17, 2017

The day was absolutely perfect for cycling – not too hot. It was a great chance to give your hiking knees a break and do something different. Chris cycled from Castlegar and P'nina, Dave and Jim cycled from Nelson to meet five others at the park-n-ride at the Hwy 3/6 junction.



We first cycled up Pass Creek road. The creeks were bursting with run off. Chris let us know, even before we started pressing our pedals, that stopping at the Pass Creek Store for ice cream is mandatory. Some of us didn't want to stop, so carried on and Chris had no trouble catching up, as he sped down suicide hill about 500 metres after the store.

The rest of the ride on Pass Creek Road was leisurely, although there was more traffic than we wanted. The waterfall just before Robson was spectacular. We then picked up two others in front of the Lions Head pub to join us for the Syringa portion.

For some folks, this part of the ride was new. Sadly, we did not see any mountain goats this time. However, on our way back, during a brief stop at an overlook near the Keenleyside electrical plant, we were able to hear the chortling and howling of coyotes, which was quite a thrill. We wish we could have seen them as well.

The Robson road is pretty flat, and very beautiful, and it's recommended that you cycle it sooner rather than later because much of the waterfront undeveloped land is now for sale and this gem will not be with us long. At the Robson and Pass Creek junction, Chris headed

back to Castlegar while the rest of us enjoyed our ride back along Pass Creek road to our cars.

Four of us braved the slog up suicide hill while the rest took the Winter road alternate route which terminates right by the Pass Creek store, so another stop. After that it's almost all downhill, and rumour has it that Ted Ibrahim was in his glory as he flew down the last bit, helmet hanging off the handlebars and hair blowing in the wind. Indeed, it was a glorious day for which we were all thrilled to have shared.



*We were: Chris Cowan, P'nina Shames (trip leader), Ted Ibrahim, David Cunningham, Ingrid Russell Janis Gilbert, Rich Epton, and guest Jim Falvo. We added Kathleen and Alex Nichol for the Syringa portion.*

### Evans Creek/Beatrice Lake

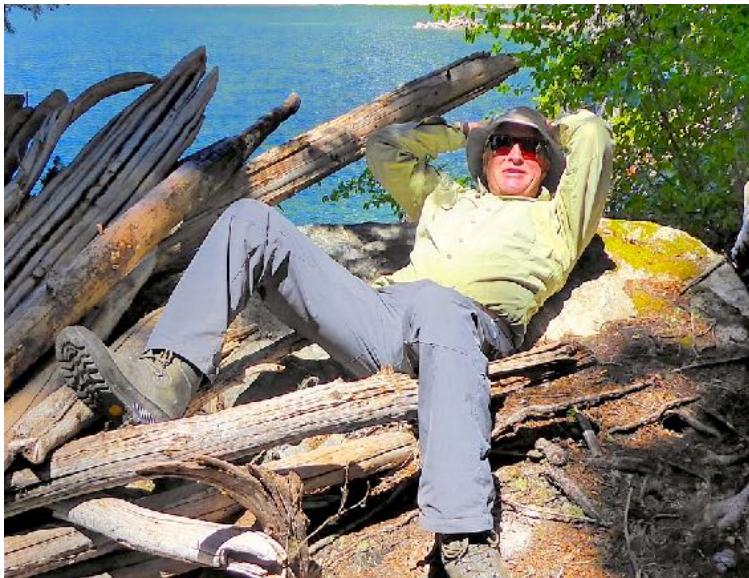
By Goody Niosi

We live south of Silverton. Every time we drive to Slocan, we look across the waters right up the valley that leads to Beatrice Lake. So – is it any wonder we'd been thinking about hiking up that way ever since we moved here in late September?

Thanks to Elena, who led our multi-day trip June 23 – 25, we finally got the chance to see what lay up there. And let me just say that not only did Elena organize a superb trip, she also has an in with the weather deities: not a cloud in the sky for three days and absolutely perfect temperatures!

Seven of us met at the trailhead Friday at about 5 p.m. Six of us heaved on our heavy packs and set off for the three brisk hours to the campsite at Evans Creek. Bill slipped his kayak into Slocan Lake and blissfully paddled away, which led to serious plotting (on my part) to steal the kayak for the return journey. Sadly, that strategy never did work out.

When we got to Evans Creek, Bill was relaxing (I think with a beer) with his tent neatly installed. We flung our tents up and ate a hasty supper. Early bed – early morning. Elena informed us of the 6 a.m. wake-up call with a 7 a.m. start on the trail.



We dutifully crashed, got up and were crossing the bridge over the creek by 7.03. You can't say we weren't following orders. We made good time up, arriving at Emerald Lake at 8.30 and on to Cahill Lake, skirting around it and heading upwards – always upwards. The trail thoughtfully meanders for the most part by the creek, crossing it three times on beautifully built bridges.



The trail is in really good shape. We had a few pretty views but, to my mind, the finest part of the trek involved two unnamed lakes along the way, crystal clear, with pretty water plants and tiny treed islands gracing its waters.

Okay – up we went, past some majestic old growth trees and finally arriving at Beatrice Lake just before noon. We chilled, had lunch, admired the scenery and headed back. One group beat it back down in pretty darn good time. Simon and I opted to take tons of photos and dally along.



Brad had his fly-fishing rod with him, determined to cast it into every lake along the way. Later he said he was on the catch and release program. Hmmmm – I suppose we have to take his word for it.



Back at Evans Creek there was a certain amount of swimming going on – also a goodly amount of soaking hot and tired feet – also, I believe a bit of imbibing and chocolate eating.

The next morning, most of us trudged back out. Bill was waiting in the parking lot when we got back at about 11 a.m. He seemed pretty relaxed, soaking up the sun in the grass, lying back and waiting for the pack to arrive.

Note to self – great hike – consider a kayak next time!



*Allison Sutherland, Emmy Vuik, Goody Niosi, Simon Lindley, Brad Howard, Bill McNally, Elena Cigala-Fulgosi*

## Mt. Roberts

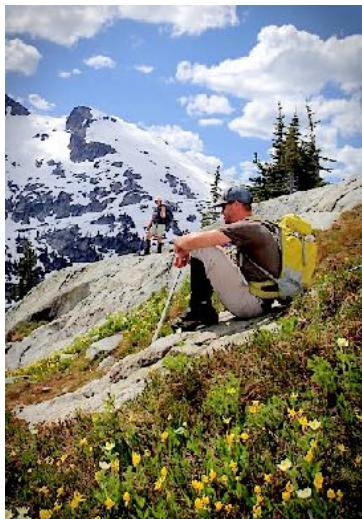
Fourteen eager hikers turned out for the hike up Mt. Roberts in the Rossland Range. The weather was sunny with clouds appearing later, which was a relief from the heat. The trail was dry and in good condition and 12 out of 14 made the summit in about 2 hours. Two of the girls found a nice spot on the way up and decided to stay there and admire the view. Flowers were beautiful and the company good. After lunch, return was via the same trail and slightly faster.

Elevation gain - 2830'

Distance travelled - 8.7 km.

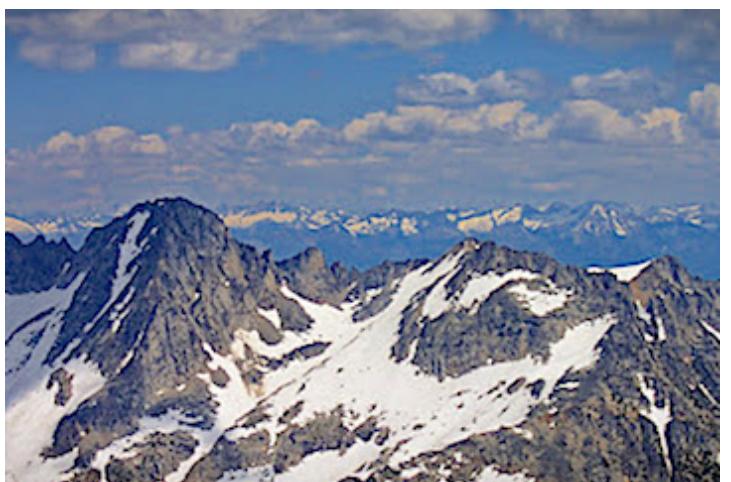
Summit elevation - 6258' ( 1907 m. )

Thanks to all participants. Thanks to Chris Cowan for the GPS stats and to Wayne Hohn for the photos.



## Keyhole

photos Peter Berkey



## Old Glory

We met at the Old Glory trailhead at 8:30 on a warm, sunny day, and hiked up the Plewman trail through the forest to Unnecessary Ridge, 5 km. and 2350' above our starting point. We had a snack and admired the view of Old Glory above, the highest peak in the Rossland Range at 7795'.



There was very little snow left on the avalanche path as we crossed the east-facing slope and passed the spring, where we cooled off and some replenished their water bottles. We reached the summit in 3 hours, 20 minutes and enjoyed the 360 degree views as we ate our lunch and checked out the old fire/weather station building.



Return was via the same route to Unnecessary Ridge, then down the ridge to the "Coral" and down the Old Glory trail and back to our cars. Flowers were spectacular and there was a breeze to cool us on that very warm day.

Hiking time including lunch - 7 hours

Elevation gain - 1070 m. (3510')

Distance - 8 km. up, 10 km. down

Thanks to all participants and to Dave Grant for the photos.

*Andrea Vowell, Max Karpinski, Ken Holmes, Jenny Baillie, Helen Foulger, Richard Epton, Abby Wilson and guest, her father, Scott Wilson from Regina, Terry Simpson, Dave Grant, Val Utgaren*

*Coordinator - Diane Paolini*

## Hike to Mt Plewman

*July 12-2017*

Since another hot day was forecast, we met at 7:30 am at the Castlegar Visitors Centre. We wanted to start the hike from the Sunspot Cabin area but, due to shortage of another suitable 4 wheel drive vehicle, we were considering starting from Strawberry Pass parking lot. Then, thanks to Rick deciding to come with us and volunteering his truck, we were able to start hiking from the end of the rough road beyond Sunspot cabin.



The hike up was pleasant and cool. We saw a severed rabbit's head on the trail (possible the remains of a lynx's breakfast). Many flowers were blooming at higher elevations. We had just finished an early lunch when 4 KMC members from Rossland showed up. They had hiked the full distance from Strawberry Pass and arrived in time to take our group photo.



*We were Richard Epton, Max Karpinsky, Kathryn Kimmerly, Rick Mazzocchi, Marilyn Miller, Robin Sheppard, and the leaders Hazel and Ed Beynon*

## **Whitewater**

By Goody Niosi

Those who have lived in the Kootenays may take places like Whitewater Canyon in stride – places with glaciers, soaring peaks and views that have you on your knees in awe – but those of us who are “newbies” are left shaking our heads in amazement days after the hike.

Count me a lifetime newbie.

Peter Jordan posted the hike with the option of climbing Whitewater. Our group was split half and half – the A Team surged ahead, ice axes optimistically strapped to their backpacks; the rest-of-the-alphabet (ROT) team plodded on behind wielding hiking poles and stopping (in my case) for photos, a total of 116 by the end of the hike. Yes – that’s how amazing the scenery is.



The trail lofted us into the alpine quickly and never failed to astound. We climbed the side of the canyon past the old campsite and across pretty gurgling creeks. The A Team deftly took the trail up the right-hand side of what I like to call the Wile E. Coyote Rock (it may have had an ACME logo on the side) Peter calls it the Obelisk Rock, which is much more dignified. Team ROT missed the trail turnoff and walked straight ahead into an ugly bolder field with rocks the size of Volkswagens.



Once we got that sorted, we went steadily uphill, donned our gaiters and warmer clothing and headed up on slippery snow to the thawing lake. After admiring

the serpentine-veined rock where Peter played King of the Mountain, we headed up to the col. By now, with a fierce wind blowing, Peter was pretty sure that this might not be an auspicious day for a summit attempt. That guess was confirmed at the top where the wind howled up from the next valley and dark clouds threatened. But never mind those clouds. The view! It was enough to either make you weep or shout Cowabunga several times over.



By now A and Team ROT were thoroughly intermingled as we huddled in the lee of some rocks for lunch. Then, a quick and slippery slide back to the lake where rumour has it (I wasn’t there as an eye witness) that Elena jumped in. Mine not to reason why.

The glory of this trail is that it’s just as beautiful and amazing heading back as it is going up.

What a day! Peter did an amazing job of leading, meaning he was patient with team ROT. Yay!

Total hiking time was eight hours (give or take five minutes) for the A Team and about 15 or 20 minutes longer for Team ROT. Elevation gain – about 1,000 metres. Elation quotient – 100 percent.



*List of participants: Rick Mazzocchi, Elena Cigala-Fulgosi, Brian Webster, Caroline LaFace, Gail Curry, Zuzana Zach, Goody Niosi, Simon Lindley and Peter Jordan*

## Old Plane crash site, Igloo Cabin, Mt. Lepsoe

August 12

Photos: Bob McQueen

This hike was originally slated for an easy up and down, visit the old plane crash site of a B25 bomber that happened in 1947, with a side trip to Igloo Cabin, just north of Mt. Plewman in the Rossland Range. However on a recci a few days earlier, we discovered that the lower part of the trail was all but impassible near the edge of the clearcut. So we bypassed this section, coming up a logging road, and cutting into the forest on the upper portion of the trail. To make this less of a "logging road hike", we extended it up the Elgood Ridge to the Seven Summits trail and north to Mt. Lepsoe and Strawberry Pass.

We had left some vehicles at the Strawberry Summit, our exit point, and drove everyone to our starting point on the logging road, just north of Mt. Plewman. There were 13 of us starting up the road, but part way up, one dropped out due to heat exhaustion. It was hot and dry, so we had to keep hydrated. Heading up the upper trail we started to run into big huckleberries, still firm due to the altitude and found in the shaded areas.

We soon found ourselves in the old crash site with mainly aluminum and rubber tire parts. This was where 7 RCAF crew members, and two "smuggled" civilians, lost their lives 70 years ago, when they clipped the nearby ridge in poor weather. The plane was found five years after the accident by Wilf Gibbard, after he left his horse supply team to come down the trail from the Old Glory weather station, while he went hunting north of Mt. Plewman. It's an eerie site, marked by a cross and lots of old plane parts.



Backtracking down the trail a bit, we picked up the very sketchy overgrown trail up to Igloo Cabin. The Igloo part of the cabin is the fibreglass sleeping dome at the back of the cabin. This cabin was supposed to be updated as part of the Rossland Range Rec Site plan, but we couldn't see any changes as yet, other than a remote outhouse.



*The sketchy trail to Igloo*



*Many huckleberries along the way!*



Igloo Cabin, mainly used in the winter:



Olivia checking out the Igloo:



The Kootenay Mountaineer

From the cabin, we bushwhacked through the forest, and climbed the ridge between Elgood and Plewman. The heat, and a bit of smoke made this climb a tough one. We stopped for a welcome lunch break at the top along the Seven Summit Trail.

The Seven Summit Trail was so dry that the dirt on it was a fine dust powder. Our group broke up a couple of times. Heading down Mt. Lepsoe, a small group of us made a detour into the KMC funded Lepsoe Basin Cabin. We also travelled on a new section of the Seven Summits Trail, not quite finished, that ended just past the new Sunspot Cabin. Nearing the gravel pit at Strawberry Pass, we checked out the building site for the new Surprise Cabin, with footings dug and the outhouse started. This cabin site is just off the Seven Summits Trail, and close to the Bootie Creek bridge. This will be easy to get to in the winter with small kids. Once we reached the parking lot at the Strawberry Pass, everyone was accounted for, and Neil Bermel supplied us with some very welcome cold beverages. I have to say that the final cold beverage surprise should become a requirement for all hot KMC hikes! Thanks Neil.



Our group was: Ross Bates, Andrea Vowell, Bobbie Maras, Roy Hopland, Phil Best, Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Terry Simpson, Neil Bermel, Eric Akerman, Frank Fodor, Olivia Stille, and Bob McQueen coordinator.

## **Lightning Strike and Monk Peaks**

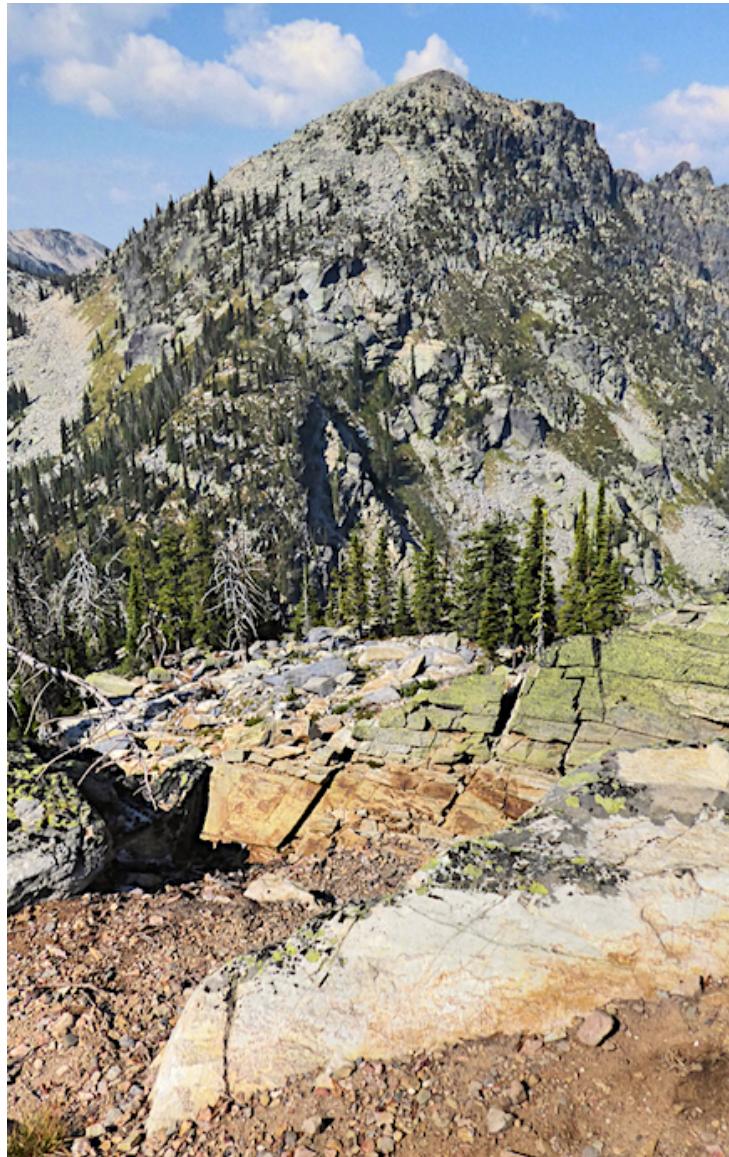
By Goody Niosi

Two explanatory notes before we get into the meat of this report:

- I hate boulder fields.
- When Peter Oostlander posts a hike and the post contains the word “scramble” he means boulder fields.

On Aug 19, these two facts came together with, shall we say, mixed results.

Our group of 14 arrived at the trailhead at Kootenay Pass at 9 a.m. and hit the trail under sunny and not-too-smoky skies. The walk up the road was uneventful and the hike to Ripple Ridge pleasant. We arrived at Lightning Strike in good time. I know it was good time because the three photographers in the group had to shoot and run with a good deal of alacrity. Ross Bates was sweeping and I suspect there were times he wished he had an actual broom in hand.



From the top, we had a nice view of Monk Peak – the taller one. I can't say if it was the south or north peak because, apparently, Google Earth decided to call them both “south.” Peter pointed out our route: down (steep!) and then a tad across before beginning a stiff upward surge to the top. From the top, down the far side to the saddle and then up to the smaller of the Monks. Then back down to the saddle, down farther and back up Lightning Strike. Whew!



One wise person chose to stay at Lightning Strike and meet up with us on our return journey.

We made our way down and then up and all was going very well indeed and suddenly, there was a boulder. And another one. I'm not talking pebbles or rocks here: I'm saying we were in a field of boulders the size of mini-vans.

“Akkk!” I said, and then began hyperventilating the rest of the way up. Because, you see, the boulders were all the way to the top!

Phil was kind enough early on to telescope my poles and stuff them into my pack so that I could make the most efficient use of my hands. Thanks, Phil. Everyone else seemed amazed that I made it. And so they should be. I was amazed that I made it.





Unfortunately, what is true in hiking is that what goes up must come down – through a boulder field of course.

Thanks to Chris Cowan, who lagged behind and distracted me with chattering, I made it to the saddle shortly before Peter and a small gang came back down from summing the second Monk (show-offs!). I was, however, rather mollified to see that at least five others had chosen to hang out in the saddle.

After lunch, we had to head back down some more and skirt (not really) another boulder field. Sadly, I chose to follow Chris who took a slightly different turn – and so I ended up in the biggest meanest boulders yet!

The fact that I made it back up Lightning Strike and to the trailhead alive is testimony to something – I’m not sure what. The word “idiocy” comes to mind.

Peter had estimated a 5.5 hour day. It was 6.5 hours thanks, in large part, to me.

And yet, strangely, we all seemed quite pleased with the day, Peter most of all. I do believe I provided more entertainment for him on a hike that he’s had in ages. Note to self – carefully read Peter’s posts in the future. Watch for the word “scramble.”

*Participants: Ross Bates, Chris Cowan, Leah Jackcon, Gina Oostlander, Peter Oostlander (organizer), Phil Best, Gail Curry, Laurie Helyer, Wayne Hohn, Brad Howard, Andrea Vowell, Abigail Wilson, Andrew Woodward, Goody Niosi (reporter)*



## Haystack Mountain

Aug 24

Submitted by Lorna Robin

Hikers this fine day included Brenda Haley and Tina from Trail, Phil Best and Peter Berkey from Nelson, and Terry Turner and Lorna Robin from the east shore.



The forecast was for cloudy with showers, but the cooler day was a treat after many hot days and we were not rained on, though the wet vegetation on the lower part of the trail got us soaked anyway. We arrived at the lake area with enough sunshine to dry us out and time for a snack and photos.



Between the lakes below Haystack and the trail up to the low point on the ridge, there was a bit of wandering and winding through the trees where there is no distinct trail, although the leader (me) was confident of the general direction so we got there in the end.

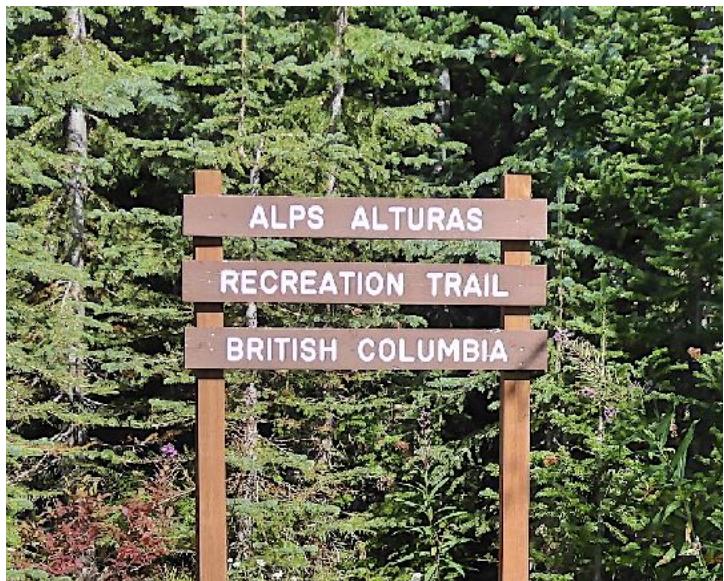
Up on the saddle we had dried out, and the wind required some warmer clothing. Five ascended the peak where the wind was less and the views astounding.



Total hiking time about 8 hours with 864 m. elevation gain. A grand day!

## Alps Alturas

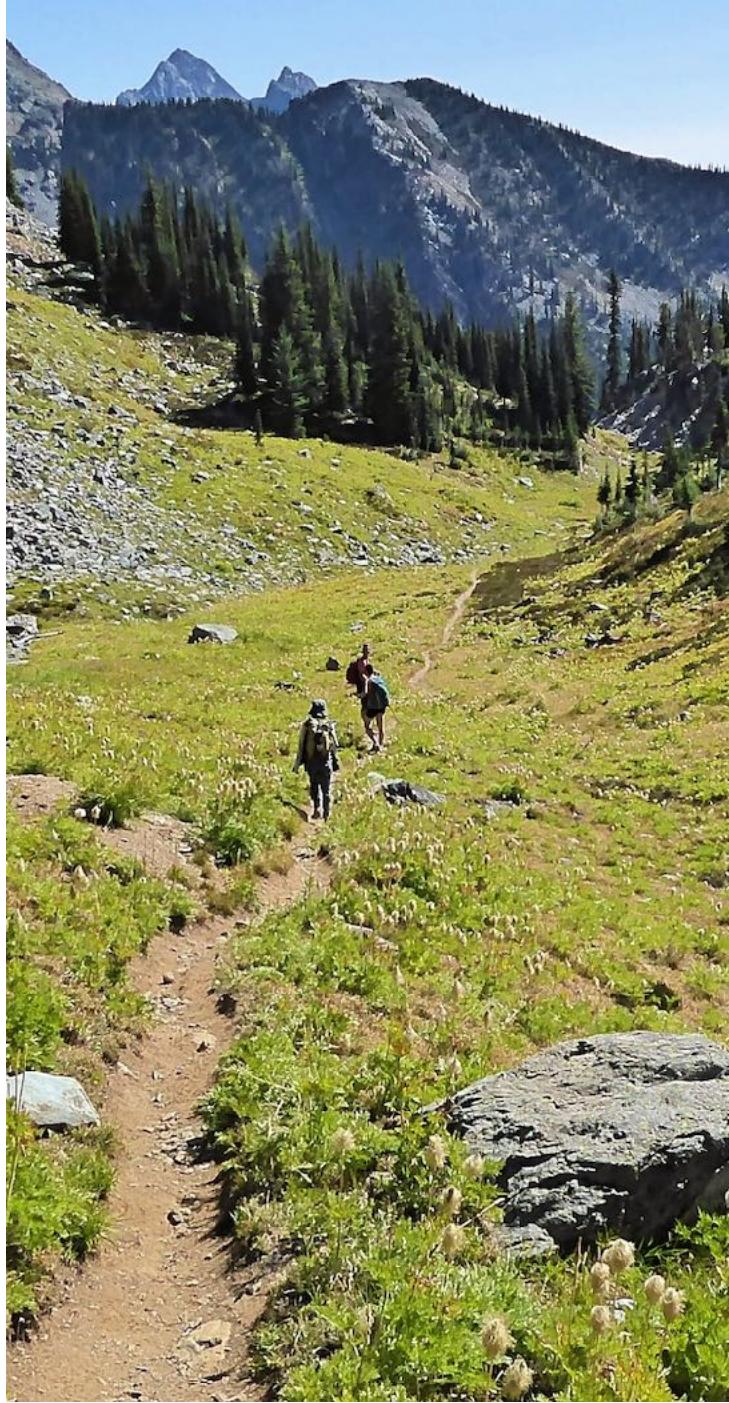
By Goody Niosi



I hereby contend that P'nina has a direct line to the weather elves. As per usual, the day she picked for our hiking trip to Alps Alturas was, in a word, perfect: bluebird sky, not a trace of smoke in the air, hot temperatures and a cool breeze to dispel any hint of humidity (or mosquitoes for that matter).

However, her good mojo only extends to weather – it does nothing for smoothing out ruts, bumps or partial washouts on a road that winds up the mountain for over an hour to the trailhead. Yes, the road is the toughest and scariest part of this blissful hike. And believe me, blissful is the mildest adjective that applies. If I call the hike exquisite and brilliant there isn't a hint of hyperbole in those words.

No other hike packs so much into so little. Our group of 13 set out on Sept. 3, hiking up a small stretch of road until the single-track trail began. Within 20 minutes we were lofted into the alpine with views that stretched almost into infinity. Close-in was the tantalizing panorama of Dennis Ridge while on the horizon we could see as far as the New Denver Snowfield and all the myriad mountains stretching on from there.



The trail wound up through alpine meadows just beginning to flaunt their beautiful fall colours and then up through a notch – more “ah-inspiring” views, a brief

stop for a snack and then on to the airy counter-clocking walk on the shoulder of Mount Dolly Vardon.



Here the views truly opened up as we trekked closer and closer into the arms on Marten Mountain, which happens to cradle a series of stunning alpine lakes. How far could we see? Right into Kokanee Glacier Park with its stunning white icefield.

Two hours after setting out we reached the end of the trail high above the largest lake. While most of us hung out and relaxed, drinking in the monumental beauty, Andre decided to cool off with a swim in one of the lakes. We knew he’d made it down when we heard high-pitched shrieks echoing off the mountain walls. Maybe the water was just a tiny bit cold?



We were back at the trailhead 4.5 hours after setting out. Total elevation gain: about 600 metres. Blissed-out factor: 100 percent.



*Cameron Carter, Olivia Stille, Andre Schwartz, Gail Curry, Kathie Robertson, Hazel Beynon, Ed Beynon, Kathryn Kimmerly, Peter Martyn, P'nina Shames, Sheila Sinkie, Goody Niosi, and Simon Lindley.*

## **Emerald Lake**

*By Goody Niosi*

Emerald Lake is a local well-kept secret. Only a handful of people know about this crazily pretty alpine hike near Mount Jardine.

So don't tell anyone. If people find out about this turquoise gem in a bowl of alpine ridges and the gentle trail leading to it, they may flock there in droves.

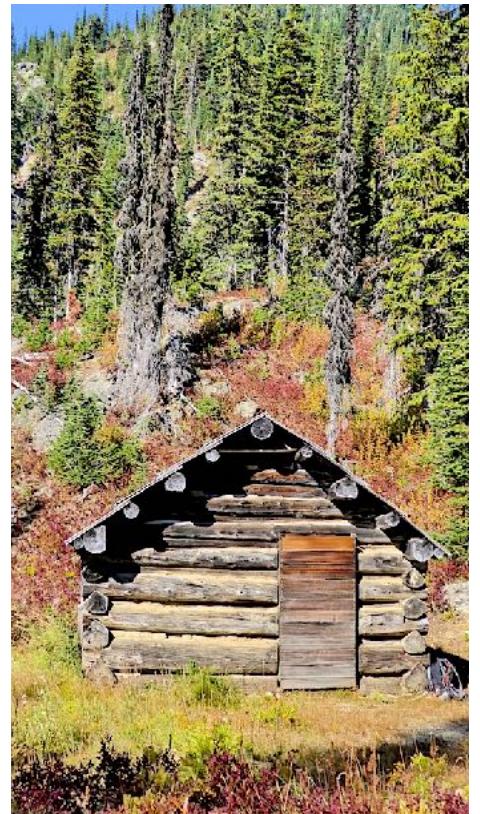


Between you and me, this trail is so worth doing. Jennifer Cook led a group of seven on a fine, sunny morning, September 16. The drive to the

trailhead is about half an hour, but the road is pretty darn good by Kootenay standards.

We arrived and hit the trail at about 9.40 a.m. This is an old pack mule/horse trail used by miners back in the day. The grade is forgiving and lifts you up so gently you hardly notice you're traveling uphill. After about half an hour we arrived at a pretty little miner's cabin with an expansive view. And (get this) there was even an outhouse!

We paused, took photographs and kept heading uphill. The grade got a bit steeper but still – not really by Kootenay standards (we have some interesting "standards" in these parts).



About an hour from the trailhead we arrived on a high ridge. Looking straight down, we could see the trail heading toward the lake. We assessed the day: head down or go up to the right to the top of the ridge circling the lake? This would give us a chance to enjoy truly expansive views and do a ridge walk before

heading back to Emerald Lake. As a group, we opted for the high road.

And the views were amazing – as advertised. From the first ridge we could see Reco and Texas peaks across the valley.



Ahead of us: Jardine, Brennan and Whitewater. In the far distance: the New Denver snowfield. Wow!



We crossed a narrow ridge, following the line up and down, crossed some rocks (akkk! It's always boulders!)



and continued to the bottom of a rocky peaklet. It was about there that Jennifer re-assessed. It seemed the B2 hike was turning into C3. While a couple of people opted to cross the peaklet and come down, the larger group headed straight down at the side of a boulder field and then across the boulders to pick up the lake trail again.



We had a leisurely lunch by the gorgeous lake and then headed back up the trail to our original ridge: a perfect circle tour – 5.5 hours and 530 metres elevation gain. Just remember: if you decide to check it out, keep it a secret.



*Intrepid hikers included: Jennifer Cook- Leader, Sherolyn Haakstad, Chris Chart, Cameron, Ralph Troan, Ingrid Russell and Goody Niosi.*

## A Greenhorn's Guide to Hiking Camp 1

Edouard Pass, July 15 - 22 2017



*Back row: Ted Ibrahim, Sara Judith, Emily Theissen, Nanci Suuban, Chris Cowan, Carl Jorgensen, Terry and Liz Huxter, Andrea Vowell, Terry Simpson, Helen Foulger, Sess Sakamoto, Bobby Maras*

*Front row: Bob McQueen, Sue Port, Vivien Bowers, Dave Toews, Ken Holmes, Val Utgaren, Diane Paolini*

First, a thank you and salute to our two fearless leaders, Bob McQueen and Andrea Vowell. You led by example and helped us become a coordinated team when that was needed. The best planning is invisible except for a sense of purpose and cohesion – you provided that and made it look effortless. Plus you both fostered a fun casual atmosphere that helped this greenhorn.

And a big thank you to our wonderful cook Sess Sakamoto!!! This was her first time both at hiking camp and working as a cook. She managed to get in a number of hikes while still making sure we had delicious meals. Sess was absolutely great, trying to make sure we were all taken care of – not an easy task. She worked very hard and was cheerful throughout!

Emily provided these stats: we had three greenhorns in Camp 1 and the average camp age was 67.5. Never mind what the average weight was! Our most senior member was Ted at 81 years young. This was Ted's 23rd consecutive hiking camp! Most everyone there had been to many camps through the years and we greenhorns greatly benefited from their experience and patience in teaching.

### Day 0 - Friday

We all camped at the pickup site Friday night to be ready for the chopper at 08:00 Saturday. Getting to the pick up site was an adventure in and of itself. There was a province-wide campfire ban, 16,000 people had been evacuated due to wildfires and it was hot, hot, hot! Someone spotted smoke on the way to the pickup point, which wasn't a good sign – but it was a minor fire and didn't affect us at all. We were lucky throughout with weather and smoke - just one day of smoke and an evening of rain.

Some of us travelled there in a loose convoy and it was a good thing - before reaching the pickup point our fearless leader's truck tire went flat. Replacing the tire required the coordination and skill of a team of heart surgeons.

Bob: "We had a great group of campers. I knew it was going to be good when I got a flat tire on my truck on the way to the heli site Friday afternoon. Several campers in following cars, jumped into action to help change the tire (which I'd never done on that truck before). Ken, Carl and Chris all jumping in and likely more; I lost track. We finally got the parts, special jack fitting to release the spare thanks to Bobbie's headlamps, and Chris and others pumped up the half filled spare with his big bike pump. That got us going again"

### Day 1 – Saturday

With an early start, we were all ready before the chopper showed up. Bob and Andrea went over the procedures and Load Master Ken explained the loading. We all felt clear about every aspect of the flight and the part we would play.

Of course, nothing goes exactly as planned. The pilot chose to drop the sling loads a distance from the site Bob had identified. Singing a mournful dirge, a merry group of pallbearers grabbed handles and hauled the heavy boxes to the right location.



We raised the cook and supply tents, positioning them according to Google Map coordinates (ok, just kidding, we weren't quite that precise). At the same time, some heroes dug the biffy and slop pits. There was a good amount of snow to pack around the coolers and the silver foil cover may have been noted from the International Space Station. Check their Twitter feed; we might just be famous.

Everyone (except me) found their tent site quickly. I wandered disconsolately among bumps, dips and slopes looking for the 'perfect' spot. I learned that we couldn't smooth out the ground with a shovel, though that made less sense with the multitude of holes dug by grizzlies throughout the area. I had taken Chris's advice to lie on the ground to test the spot out for comfort. I looked weird, no doubt, but it worked. Finally I found my spot – a nice channel between bumps that fit me perfectly!

There was a windstorm Saturday night. I was awakened by the noise but thought it was a large animal rustling around my tent. I shouted at it, fumbled around for my flashlight and spent a while peering into the dark. I desperately hoped that Emily, who was camped nearby, was hard of hearing. I lurked into breakfast, hoping my midnight ravings had gone unnoticed but no such luck! And Andrea, who was further away, heard me too! So a note to all you greenhorns - use your inside voice when exhorting bears in the middle of the night!



*View of the cook and supply tent from the south.*

## Days 2 – 6

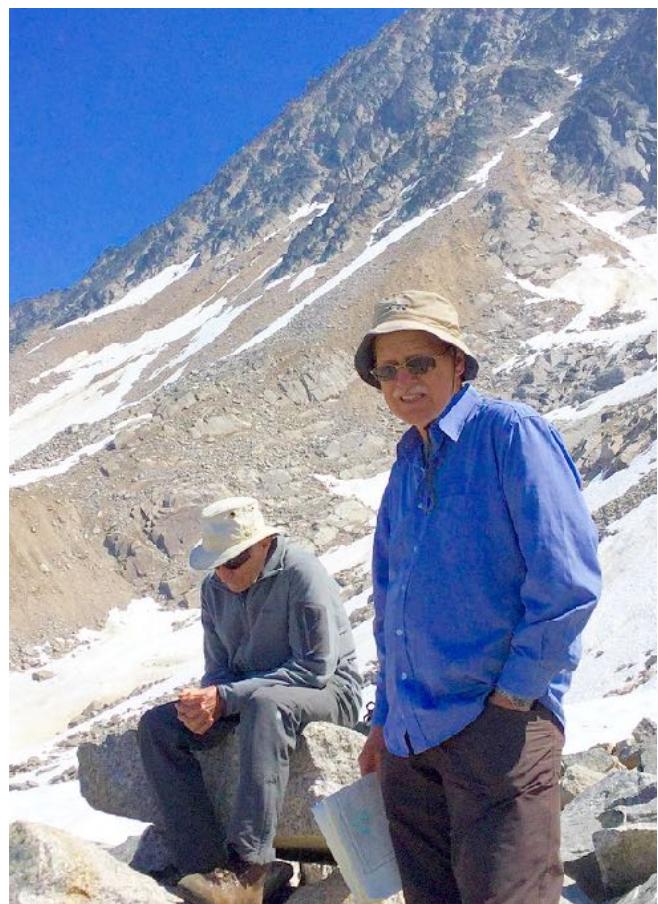
These days passed by in a blur of hiking spectacular landscapes, eating gourmet meals and enjoying a glass of well-earned wine at the end of the day. And cookies! Oh my goodness, the cookies! There was a rumour that they were running out but thankfully that turned out to be fake news leaked by a couple of ground squirrels.

From one of the campers: "I was astonished to hike with over 70-year-young strong hikers who are so skilled and gentle with lots of humour." I agree 100%!

Some noteworthy events:

Ken identified many of the surrounding peaks: Taurus, The Virgin, Galloway, Howser Tower to the north in the Bugaboos and the Stockdale group seen from the col at the top of the snow slope to the south of camp.

Ken kept looking longingly at Galloway, much like Sylvester would look at Tweety. Dang, he wanted to go up it! He'd try to lure others into trying it with him, but it was a nasty and unattainable ascent. Galloway was the one that got away. He and Dave did break from the group to find a more interesting way down on another hike and they had a couple of people watching with trepidation but they prevailed.



*Ken and Dave*

Chris had seen a route he wanted to try up The Big Scary Hill, as he named it, so Wednesday, he, Terry and Carl set off. A group of us nervously watched their progress and were glad to see them safety heading down. It was indeed a Big Scary Hill.



*The Big Scary Hill*

On different hikes, we had some stretches of steep snow to cross requiring the use of an ice axe. I had never used one so Helen kindly demonstrated and we practiced stopping a fall with the axe. Sue and Vivian showed me how to traverse steep snow, creating steps when we went up to the col and jamming heels in on the way down. It was thrilling!

We had rain Thursday evening, catching Sue, Vivian, Helen and myself just before we got back to camp. ‘So that’s why they said bring rain pants’ I thought as I watched them gear up and I got wetter, colder and grumpier. Greenhorns, take note!

Sue was our guide to plant and flower lore and patiently would repeat plant names and a bit of info about them to the wondering wanderers. Diane kept the Wildflower Registry.

*Diane: “From the moment the chopper touched down at our beautiful lakeside campsite, I thought we should call it "Camp Anemone" as the meadows surrounding the lake were abloom in the creamy white spring flowers, western anemone. As the week progressed, the many small snow patches melted leaving a new bloom of flowers to greet us. Considering the late spring this year, we counted many flowers during our week, including fringed grass-of-parnassus, my all-time favourite, growing (and blooming) high on a rocky moraine - unusual for a plant normally found near water! The drainage to the north-east*

*had a showing of red monkey flowers along the streams by weeks-end. The heathers in all three colours were abundant, as well as bog laurel, saxifrages, red and yellow paintbrush, tiny sibbaldia and rose root, moss campion, penstemon and many others. With terrain that featured everything from bogs to meadows to rock, the variety was colourful and constantly evolving. Mother Nature put on an amazing garden show for us all to enjoy.”*



*Sue leading the way, with Bob, Helen and Terry Simpson*

This was an artistic group! Bob, Liz, Andrea, Sara, Helen and Nancy painted or sketched, Chris played the tin flute, Vivien led us in a game of singing songs from musicals and Terry Huxter was the poet in our midst. Terry read us his poem as we huddled in the Supply tent out of the Thursday rain. It warmed us all up!

### **Terry's hiking poem**

There is a peak not far away  
Goes by the name of Galloway  
Just over its rugged southwest ridge  
The contours widen out a smidge  
But that's down the valley a kilometer or three  
And through a maze of tangled trees  
So Dave and I will challenge the slopes  
It's quite a shortcut, or so we hope  
But soaring buttresses that curve around  
Don't always have easy routes to be found  
Soon the larch forest was so steep  
Winter avalanches had made their sweep  
They left a giant tangle of debris  
On a steep boulder field of nasty scree.

Further on where snow rushes down.  
 A forest of low growth spruce is found  
 Next are gullies falling away  
 With heather footholds - just don't sway!  
 Surely the next one will give us a view  
 Of the easier contours that we pursue  
 But no, we get fine slippery grit  
 Isn't this the time to quit?  
 We decide to angle down  
 But keep our curve going on around

By twelve we are much lower down  
 And get our glimpse of gentler ground  
 We lunch beside an old larch snag  
 The journey back can't be a drag  
 Angle across the last of the slope and up the valley,  
 so we hope  
 But all that thundering snow from above  
 Hit the trees in the bottom with quite a shove  
 Broken branches and trunks tangle and twist  
 Not the easy hike we wish  
 Then dense rhododendron with a sideways bend  
 Cause unwary hikers to upend  
 Finally the lower lake is in view  
 A perfect setting, a delicate blue  
 The breeze is welcome to clear the bugs  
 But a storm is brewing, so we judge  
 Lucky for us we are back at camp  
 Before the thunder drops the damp.



*One of Bob's paintings*



*One of Liz's paintings*

**Nanci:** “On top of the outstanding beauty and hiking at Edouard’s Pass, there were moments of wonderment and whimsical pleasure.



One morning Chris, Helen and I meandered up the Eastern edges of the forest below the moraine. After wandering along for a time, we had a (another) surprise meeting with Ted. We all took a seat amongst the boulders and wildflowers. Ted and Chris were engrossed in their philosophical conversation, Helen quietly painting a grouping of flowers, and myself sketching a warped and weathered chunk of wood. After a while, along with the pure beauty of this setting came the sound of Chris’ tin flute, floating through the mountain air. It was magical!

This experience and many others in our sub-alpine paradise are the legacy of camp 1. It’s the memory of all the lovely people and our interactions that make hiking camp as memorable as it is!”

I’ll give Bob, our Camp Leader the last words:

**Bob:** “A reminder of our camp’s enthusiasm was when at Wednesday breakfast I expressed my desire to haul more snow for our coolers. Terry Huxter was first off with a big garbage bag for hauling and soon most of the camp was carrying snow. We had enough for us, and also piled snow for Camp 2 nearby. My final outstanding memory of this camp was of two outstanding participants. My co-leader Andrea Vowell and camp cook Sess Sakamoto. Andrea would jump in on so many of the organizing and leader duties which made life so much easier. Thank you Andrea. And Sess was amazing. She hadn’t been to camp before, but was a quick and cheerful learner. Up at the crack of dawn, with tasty meals ready, then off for a hike to take hundreds of photos. Thank you Sess.

Favourite drink instead of tea was Terry Simpson’s Special that served four: 6 oz. tequila, 24 oz. water chilled with a bucket of snow, all mixed with two sleeves of Lemon-Lime Crystal Light, shaken not stirred (as James B would say), topped with a wedge of lime. Yum.”



*Bobby hauling snow for the coolers*

If you’d like to see more of the photos from Camp 1, Chris set up a Google site with our shared photos of this camp at:

<https://photos.google.com/share/AF1QipM8GhxLDyEHja6Bg8pgLufA5FRFfjIhKTwH z837m3wqVzFmmAauivgvWdqm872y7w?key=WkVpUXA1UmZ5bUlptmtrMFVfVjJIWG81YU 1yUG5R>

## KMC Hiking Camp #2 Trip Report

Edouard Pass, July 22 - 29

### Participants

Rob Richardson- Camp Leader, Gayle Buchner-Camp cook, Helen and Chris Hatch, Hazel and Ed Beynon, Eric Marks, Birgit and Chris Chart, Leon Arishenoff, Laurie Charlton, Theshini and Sharman Naicker, Tom Johnston, Marilyn Miller, Richard Epton, Laurie Helyer, Ron Stockerl, Sharon and Terry Turner (the narrator)



### Camp Location and Access

The camp was located at the northeast end of small lake, GPS coordinates N50d 37.594, W116d 36.667, elevation 6,883ft. Access was by Elbow River Helicopters from the staging area at Tenise Creek, approximately 8 kms west southwest of the camp. During the summer months there is access from Invermere or Radium via the Forster Creek or Horsethief Creek Forest Service Roads where a 6 km rough trail up Forster Creek ends at Thunderwater Lake. It is also a popular snowmobiling and heliskiing area during the winter months. Two Rocky Mountain Forest District signs restricting snowmobile access were found just west of Thunderwater Lake and re-erected.

### Spelling Discrepancy and Map Changes

It is noteworthy that on the Howser Creek, 1:50,000 topographic map, NTS K/10, dated 1977, both Edouard Pass and Creek are spelled Edourd. On the 1:50,000 Howser Creek topographic map (1953), Edouard Pass and Creek, The Virgin, Mount Galloway and Mount Griffith do not appear.

### Origin of Local Geographic Features

(Courtesy BC Geographical Names):

Some of the local geographical features that appear on the topographic maps are currently being updated by the Ministry.

**Edouard Pass and Creek** - named after Swiss guide Edouard Feuz who guided mountaineering parties in the area in the early 1900s.

**Forster Creek/Pass** - named after Englishman H.E. Forster who came to climb in the Selkirk mountains in the 1890s and was murdered at his ranch in Radium in 1939.

**Mount Gwendoline** - this steamer sailed the upper Columbia and Kootenay Rivers between 1893 and 1898;

**Mount Harmon** - pioneer American landscape photographer and mountaineer who climbed many peaks in the Selkirks, Purcells and Rocky Mountains;

**Mount Galloway** - BC Government mineralogist who wrote the first mining report in the area in 1915;

**Starbird Ridge** - named after Thomas Starbird, a rancher on Horsethief Creek;

**Howser Creek** - Fred Hauser was a local prospector who reportedly discovered placer gold in the creek;

**Catamount Glacier** - a synonym for cougar and shortened from the historical "cat-of-the-mountain" named by climber Peter Robinson after his climbing party observed at mountain lion near the edge of the glacier;

**Black Fang** - named and described by Peter Robinson as "a black, lichen covered tooth projecting from a frothing jaw of snow".

### Local Geology, Previous Mineral Exploration

Cretaceous granite - granodiorite intrudes Proterozoic, folded meta-sedimentary rocks consisting of quartzite, argillite, schist, limestone and conglomerate. The northern contact lies near the base of Mount Taurus. Mineral exploration by Canadian Johns-Manville Co. Ltd. between 1969 and 1973 identified molybdenite occurrences in quartz veins and fractures in the granite near Whirlpool Lake. The only other significant mineral exploration and mining was concentrated on Lead Queen Mountain (Frances Creek) for lead, silver deposits between 1900 and 1973 and an evaluation of placer uranium occurrences within the granite.

### Hiking Highlights

Forster Pass, No-name Pass, Thunderwater and Whirlpool Lakes, many small lakes west, southwest and south of the camp, distant views of the Bugaboo Spires, The Four Squatters, MacCarthy Glacier, Taurus Mountain, Scotch Peaks, Catamount Glacier, Starbird

Ridge (Mount Griffith, Galloway, Black Fang, Gwendoline), folded meta-sedimentary rocks below and east of Mount Taurus.

## **Edouard Pass Paradise Campground: A Bargain at \$550 per week!**



To say we got off to a flying start is an understatement: the helicopter arrived at 7am, one hour earlier than expected. Most of the packs were red-flagged, the vehicles chicken wired and hikers were able to complete their last minute splash and dash before mobilizing instructions from the pilot. By 10am, everyone had traded places with the grungy looking participants of Camp #1. All the coolers were placed in cold storage and tents were set up before noon when we were greeted with an intermittent shower. One of the first orders of business for Camp 2 is to dig a new biffy hole and move the tepee/poo structure from point A to point B as quickly as possible. As usual, two people dug while 10 supporters stood around with their legs crossed. Fortunately, several ground squirrel holes provided clues for the easiest excavation. Once in operation, it wasn't long before someone failed to move the red flag to the unoccupied position. No one wants to forget a second time since a ration of one square of toilet paper can result in isolation down wind from the group circle. At 4 pm, our fearless leader presented "Robert's Rules of Order" related to the camp duty lottery. This was delayed because three campers decided to have an afternoon zzz. Then came the horse trading for different reasons. For example, if you have your 3 duties on one day, the rest of the week is without. For many seniors this is important for obvious reasons. The next five days were relatively structured: sleepless nights, 6:30 am coffee, 7-7:30 breakfast, 7:45

the sun arrives and bug jackets replace fleece, 8:30 duties are finished, Tai Chi lessons commenced ...



... or hikers adventured to unknown territory, 4 pm tea time, 5pm wine time, 6 pm dinner, 6:45 pm sun disappeared behind the mountain and fleece replaced bug jackets, 7 pm the "Joke of the Day" (Hazel won the Joke of the Week), 8:30 pm all the daily duties are completed and most people are tucked in their beds. For most senior campers, sleep was interrupted at least once a night when tent vestibules were unzipped for star gazing ...



... and a quick whiz.

We experienced frost on the tents two mornings and Birgit's tip of the day was "One way to stay warm at night is to get a sun burn during the day". Other extra-curricular activities included Bridge and watercolour painting. Unfortunately, freestyle lawn darts saw little interest so the championship game had to be cancelled and the sponsor was forced to "eat" the two free flights to Hawaii.

Two major events occurred during the week: Ed Beynon celebrated his 78th birthday on Thursday. Everyone backed off when Ed blew out the candles and nearly removed the icing from the carrot cake. We sang the birthday song several times during the day just so both Ed and the rest of us wouldn't forget the occasion. After "wine and dine" on Friday we had the presentation of the prestigious "Don't Give a Shit" trophy to our wonderful cook Gayle.

67.4 years which was slightly less than Camp #1. Leon and the Hiking Camp Committee were recognized for their excellent camp choice and their dedicated preparation work to make the camps such a success. Newbie Tom toasted Terry for his Jokes of the Day with his own rhyme: "Here's to you and here's to me. I hope we never disagree. But if we do, to hell with you, And here's to me!". Our resident psychiatrist Sharman could have written a book on the "Nut Bars of Edouard



She was especially diplomatic when it came to making sure we remembered to wash our hands before meal time and ended the day with the phrase "I'm outta here". Thanks to her wonder meals, we all regained the weight lost during the day by 6:37 pm that night. Our fearless leader Rob was applauded for keeping everyone in line and running such a fun camp for happy seniors. The average age was calculated to be

Pass Campground" but was reminded "What happens at Edourd Pass stays at Edourd Pass".

On Saturday morning, all the tents, gear and food were packed up before the helicopter arrived. By noon everyone had returned to their vehicles and after several sweaty hugs, the convoy, led by Ron, headed south and left the hungry porcupines to eat dust and feed on the Camp 3 vehicles.

## Birds

A nest with four sandpiper chicks was observed just south of the camp. There were also several sightings of ptarmigan with chicks. Temporary resident Ed Beynon identified the following 35 bird species during the week: fox sparrow, white crowned sparrow, chipping sparrow, clay coloured sparrow, Oregon Junco, Townsend's solitaire, robin, varied thrush, hermit thrush, mountain chickadee, red breasted nuthatch, American pipit, grey crowned rosy finch, pine siskin, mountain bluebird, greater yellow legs, spotted sandpiper, solitary sandpiper, spotted redshank, common goldeneye, clark's nutcracker, northern flicker, three toed woodpecker, white tailed ptarmigan, Audubon warbler, pine grosbeak, blue grouse, olive sided flycatcher, pacific wren, rock wren, red crossbill, rufus hummingbird, golden crowned kinglet, short billed dowitcher and calliope hummingbird.

## Flowers

Hazel was our resident flower expert who compiled an add-on list to those flowers identified in Camp 1.

Unfortunately, someone cut a section out of the Camp 1 list so those flowers listed below are not the entire list:

veronica, white and slender hawkweed, leatherleaf, spotted red-stemmed and Alaska saxifrage, broad-leaved and purple-leaved willow herbs, yellow draba, mountain ash, senecio triangularis, mountain dandelion, white violet, fireweed, meadow rue, orange agoseris, foam flower, twisted stalk, tway blade, gooseberry, black twinberry, creeping raspberry, Alaska rein orchid, and slender rein orchid,

cotton grass, woolly and low pussytoes, alpine and mountain arnica, St. John's wort

## Animals

One black bear and one mountain goat along with many ground squirrels and marmots

## Backcountry Trash Items

Included a golf ball, Red Bull pop can and the broken windshield from snowmobile.

*All camp 2 photos by Rob Richardson*



## Ode to Camp 3

By: Louise Hammerich (camp 3 reporter)

Hiking Camp 3 came and went.  
I must say, "It was heaven sent".



Our camping spot was quite a site. Mountains on all sides made it just right.

The leader of our camp was Ross.  
In the cook tent was Jennie-she's the boss.

First dinner was Betty's minestrone.



Excited hikers in a circle, the talking's not phoney.

Thunderwater Lake was really great.  
Felicia and Larry, on their epic hike, were really late.

But the second day ended well,  
All tucked in our tents as the sun fell.

There are lots of small lakes around.  
At night, the waterfall is the only sound.

On the third day, nine of us were on a hike.  
Garry led us and what we did, we did like.

On the way home, from afar Hamish shouted out.  
Everyone knew what that was all about.

Taking photos of the beauty made Greg very happy.  
After the day, some went for a nappy.

Yum-yum for dinner tonight,  
Sheila's chicken curry was a delight!

We played rock bocce, it was fun.

We all did well but I won.

Geez, Louise!

Gail and Steve use lovely,  
crafted hiking sticks.

The whipped cream beater ...  
Peter Wood had many licks.



The trio on Tuesday of Audrey, P'Nina and Louise,  
Made it down the mountain with female ease.

Peter T., Peter W., Felicia and Peter J.  
Climbed Mount Gwendoline all the way!

Audrey and Larry celebrate their anniversary,  
A carrot cake with erotic Garry artistry!

Lots of wind and smoke overnight,  
Made the next day an awful sight.



What to do, what to do for the day?  
The mountains are shrouded, what can we play?

Wayne photographs lots of flowers,  
Ron sketches for many hours.

We all find ways to relax,  
Some campers discussing mountain facts.

I finally find my mysterious, disappearing lake.  
It was always there, for goodness sake!

Cribbage is what Peter Martyn plays,  
Others converse, as we ponder the haze.

There is less smoke today!  
Let's go hiking...hooray!

The sun is so bright,  
what a beautiful sight.

All the campers are out and about.  
Six way up on the peak gave a shout.

Six by Tarn Lake below say,  
"Yahoo"!

It is great to be at the hiking zoo.



Now, the  
mosquitoes are  
driving us crazy,  
There are so many,  
the air is hazy.

Our last day here  
at Eduard Lake,  
The flowers are  
blooming, we  
weren't too late.

But, the smoke is back once more,  
staying in camp can be a bore.

So, some of us go out for a hike,  
This is what we really like.

With all this exercise, we should be thinner.  
More wine is forecasted before our last dinner!

Part of the camp will be taken down.  
Then nothing will be left of our little town.  
Tomorrow, the helicopter is arriving.  
We all had lots of fun surviving.

I hope that my bit of poetry,  
Will be considered a pleasantry.



Ross Bates (Leader), Jenny Baillie (Cook), Louise Hammerich, Peter Martyn, Pnina Shames, Felicia Schwabe, Larry Doell, Audrey Gerein, Gail Williams, Steve Miller, Peter Wood, Peter Jordan, Greg Osadchuk, Hamish Mutch, Sheila Sinkie, Garry Beaudry, Wayne & Betty Hohn, Ron Perrier, Peter Tchir

All camp 3 photos by Greg Osadchuk

## **THIRD HIKING CAMP 2017 – EDOUARD PASS**

By Ron Perrier

A return to the 1992 hiking camp location, Edouard Pass is possibly the most beautiful site we have ever been to, but also the one with the least variety of hiking options. The 1992 camp was on the north end of the lake while we were on the east side on a flat creek delta near a great creek.

Most of the rock here is sedimentary, rotten and of poor climbing quality. The exceptions are the gorgeous granite in the ridge between False Forster and Forster Pass and Pulpit, the ridge west of the lake and camp. We had wonderful weather with no rain. We saw relatively little wildlife all week and surprisingly almost no sign or scat. We saw no helihikers for the whole week. The flowers were mediocre except down by Howser Creek. This is the first time I have been in camp where there were no flower fanatics. This area is on a flyway and we had many jets, Dash 8s and helicopters transiting the area.

### **Saturday, July 29:**

Starting at 8, it wasn't till 11:30 before everything was up at camp. We used one helicopter sling.

- Most climbed Pulpit, the granite ridge and small peak across the lake from camp. When climbing up the ridge, a small steep dip is followed by a short wall near the top that stopped some (maybe this is the derivation of the name "Pulpit"). It could scrambled up or bypassed on the right by descending. Some saw a female elk. Almost the only view of the Bugaboos was from here.

### **Sunday, July 30**

- Most went up False Forster Pass for views down to Thunderwater Lake. There was a great game trail that made getting down to Howser Creek relatively painless. From the pass, some went down to Thunderwater or to Whirlpool Lake and then up to the "Ice Tarn", the small ice-filled tarn at the top of the granite ridge between False Forster and Forster Pass.
- Larry and Felicia had a true epic. They walked around Thunderwater Lake and then circled to the east and under Griffiths, Hammond, Nanette and Galloway to descend via the long creek to the east of Galloway. This creek was particularly unpleasant with avalanche debris, avalanche

slopes and bush and took them only 2½ hrs. They had a 12-hour day.

- Ross and Peter W climbed to the col between unnamed 055-262 and 052-270. The snow was soft and not steep. They thought the ridges on either side were very rotten and didn't climb them. They had good views to the south – Eyebrow, Stockdale, Dorothy, and Tricorn.

### **Monday, July 31.**

- Most walked up to the lake in the valley south of Pulpit and some climbed Pulpit.
- Jenny, Peter W and Ross went to False Forster.

### **Tuesday, August 1.**

- Most went to the "Ice Tarn". This hike must rate as one of the best in any hiking camp. Howser Creek had spectacular flowers and the hike up the ridge and its granite filled with crystal was easy and fun. The views from Ice Tarn were spectacular – Catamount Glacier and Griffiths to the south, Whirlpool Lake to the east, Taurus to the north and the area around camp to the southwest. Some hiked down to Whirlpool Lake and returned via False Forster Pass. Then there was the climb back up to Edouard Pass and camp at the end of the day.
- Peter W, Peter J, Peter T, and Felicia climbed Gwendolyn via the gully leading up towards Galloway. Crampons were not needed. When coming down they found a good elk trail for the last kilometer to camp bypassing the wet area low in the valley around Sock Stretcher Lake and a lot of bush. To find it walk to the end of the lake and simply so uphill until you cross the trail.

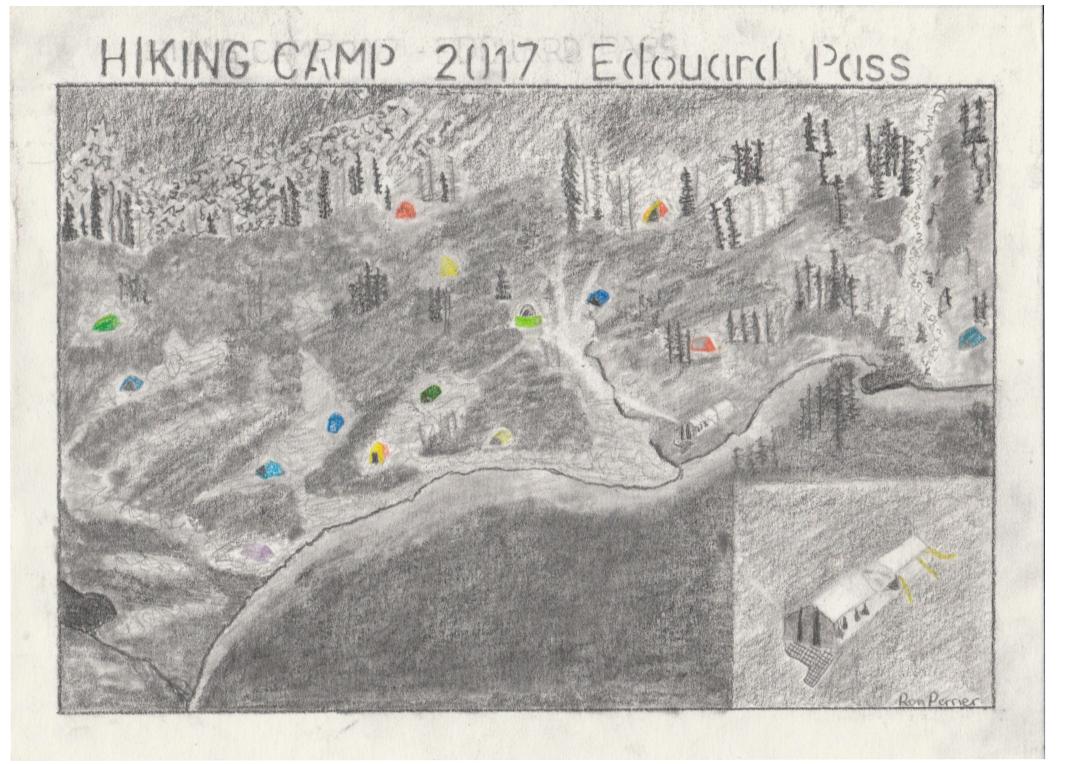
### **Wednesday, August 2.**

We woke up to dense smoke completely obscuring Taurus. Some people were bothered by the smoke. Most hung around camp, played cards, read or took short walks.

## Thursday, August 3.

We woke up to billions of small white flies that covered the tents and us, buzzed around, didn't bite and were virtually gone by dinner.

- Thirteen went to Ice Tarn. Some climbed the granite rocks around the lake and had a great time. Several finally made it here when previous attempts had failed. It is possible to work your way south from the lake directly down to False Forster Pass on some grassy ramps.
- Larry, Peter J, Peter T and Garry went to the col climbed by Ross and Peter W on Sunday. They continued down past the col for an hour or so to some lakes and great views of Eyebrow, Birthday and Stockdale.



## Friday, August 4.

Moderate smoke that cleared completely by supper for the group photo - the clearest skies all week.

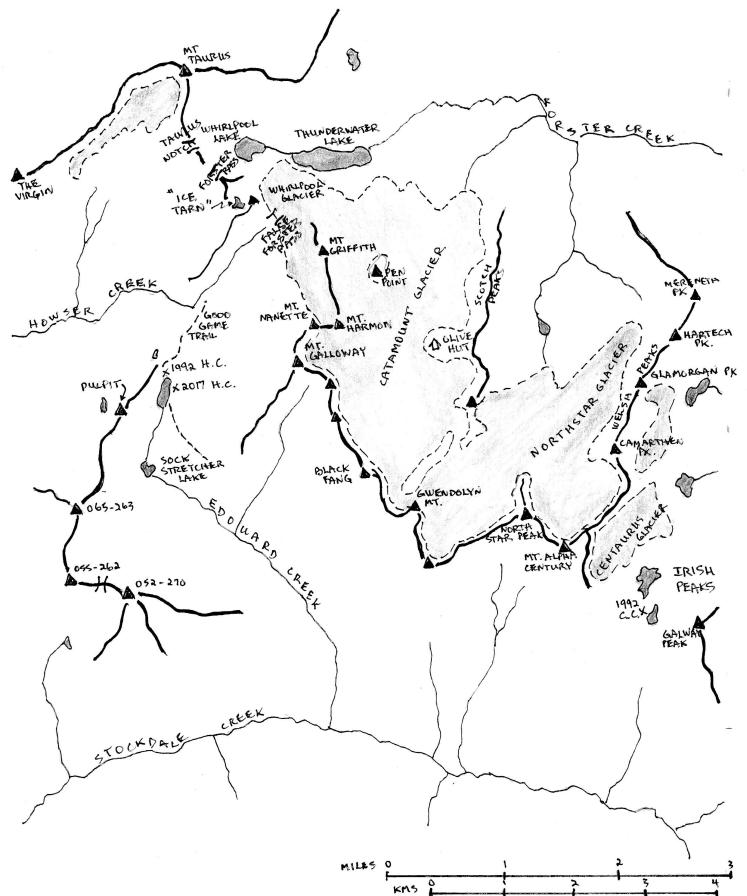
- Peter W, Peter T, Garry, and Larry climbed unnamed 065-263 SW of camp up the NE ridge, initially on talus and then snow on the ridge. This was apparently climbed in Camp 2. I am curious if there was a cairn?
- Most climbed up to the moraine edge above camp.

## Saturday, August 5.

Moderate smoke. We had been notified via Andrea that the helicopter company wanted to start at 7am, so we did a lot of packing the night before, were up at 5, finished 2 pots of coffee and were all ready. He arrived with a helper at 8. Hurry up and wait. His first load was one person and about 8 duffels. The two slings were the last loads, quite light and hooked up by the helper. This made for 6 passenger and 2 light sling flights. The basket and back compartment were used to only about 50% of their capacity. I believe I could have gotten camp out with 6 trips (allowing for 4 passenger and 2 sling loads).

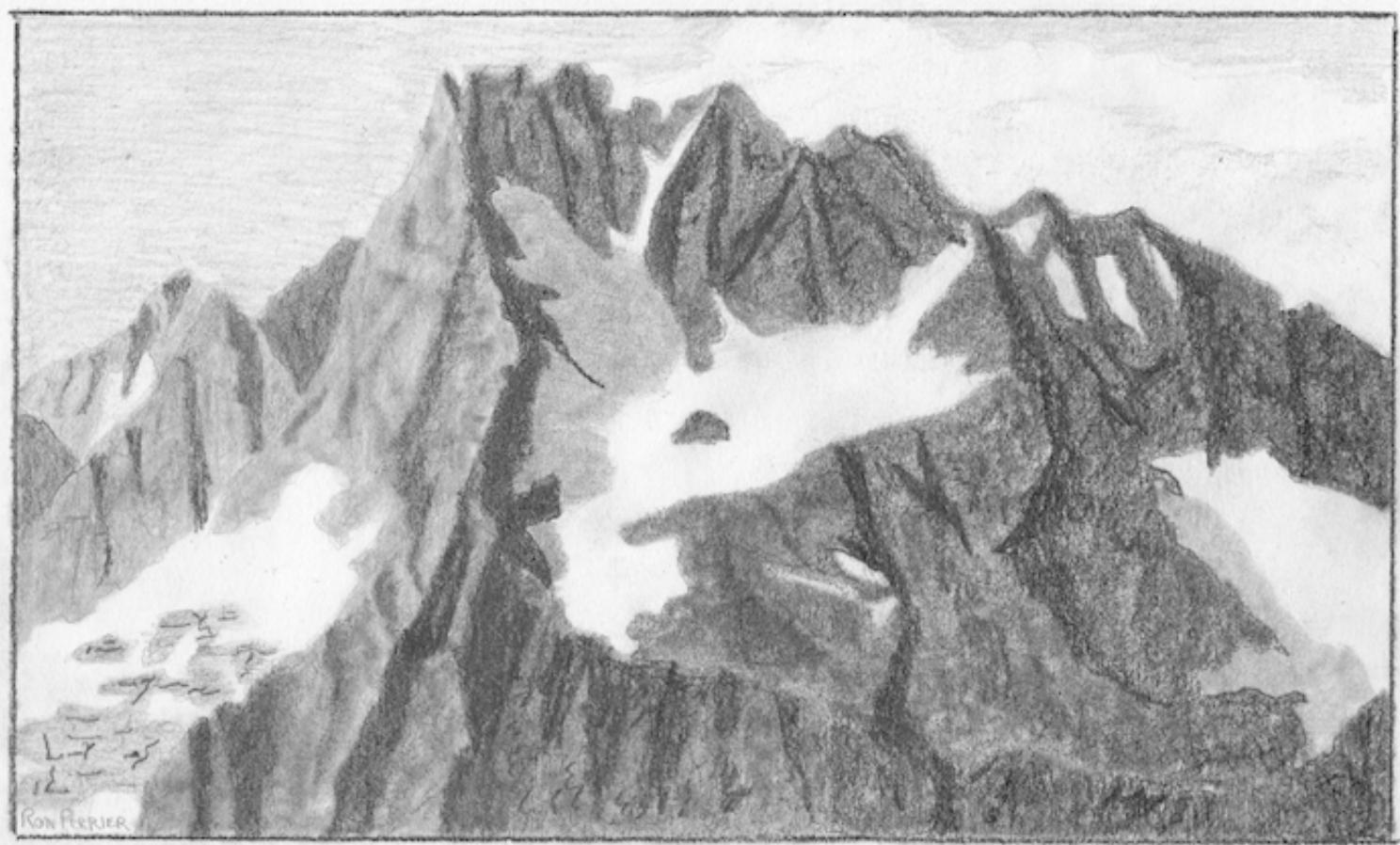
We all had left the parking area by 10:10.

Thanks to Ross and Jenny for the great job as always, great food, exercise, scenery, hiking

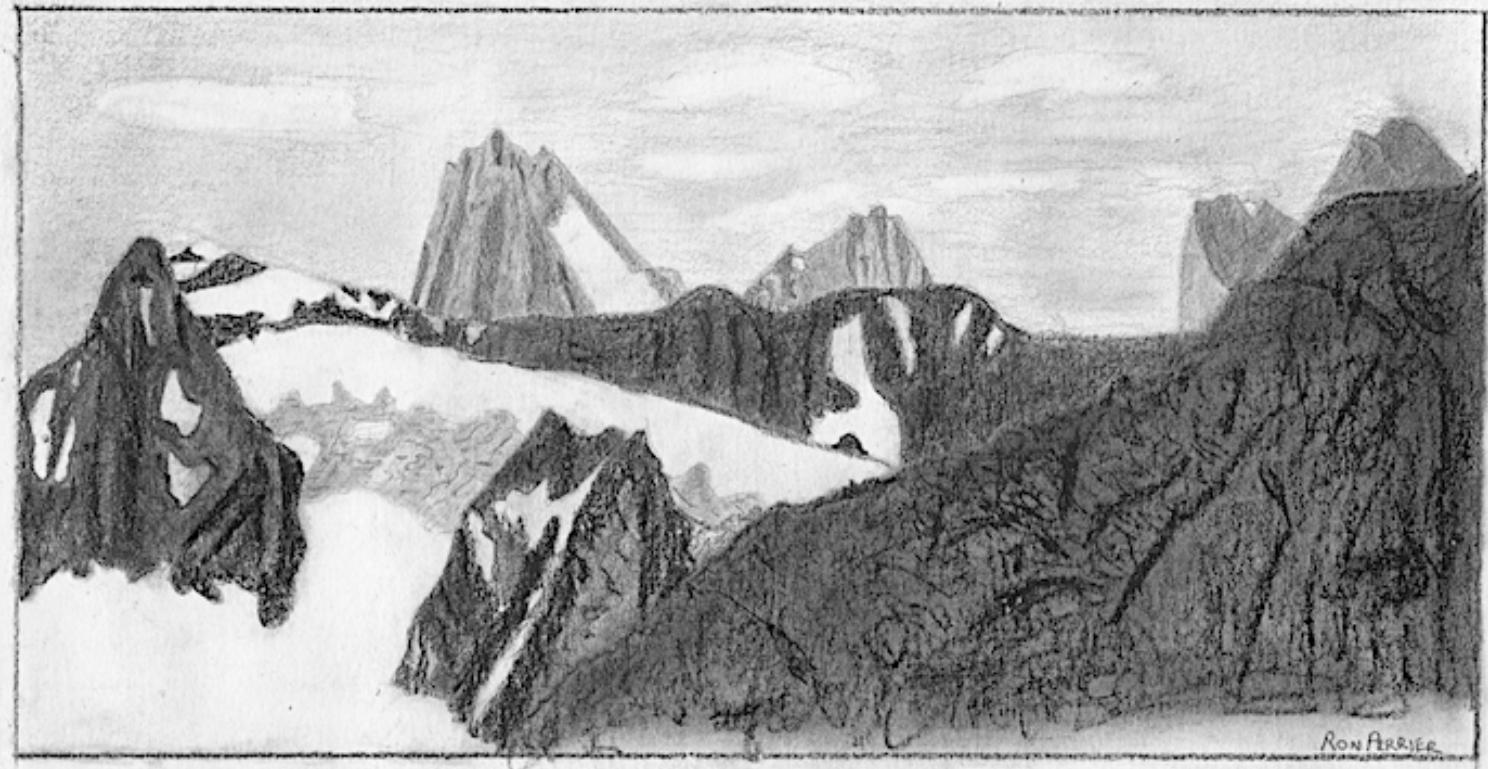


Thanks to Ross and Jenny for the great job. As always, great food, exercise, scenery, hiking and like-minded folks to hang out with for a week.

*Drawings by Ron Perrier*



Mt TAURUS



BUGABOOS

HOWSER  
TOWER

PIGEON  
SPIRE

SNOWPATCH  
BUGABOO  
SPIRE

## The Monashees

By Goody Niosi

Although technically not the Kootenays, I'm with the Copelands (Where Locals Hike in the West Kootenays) – the Monashees are close by and not to be missed.

Being a newcomer to the area, their book was, obviously, my first-year bible. I did my best to bag every hike they wrote about, including the first three, which they claimed were their favourites. How could I not do them?

And so, on September 12, my hiking bestie, Nicky and I set out to do the first three hikes in their book. As per their “instructions” we had also booked ourselves into the Sol Mountain Lodge for two nights.



After an early start and a reasonably sane drive on a dirt road, we arrived at the lodge at about 10.30 a.m. As advertised, it's a terrific place complete with sauna and a chef's kitchen for our use. Best of all, the front yard was an alpine meadow that stretched out to the tantalizing line of Mission Ridge – destination number one.

By 11 a.m. we were on the trail. The lodge caters mainly to mountain bikers – but not the kamikaze down-the-cliff type. No one transports riders to a trailhead. Here, you get on your bike at the front door and ride undulating hills and valleys.

The main trail is beautifully engineered for multi-use and



takes you to the ridge and the beginning of the route to Mount Fosthall, the tallest peak in the Monashees.

We got on the trail and strode across the meadow. Now Nicky and I aren't slowpokes – not the fastest hikers on earth either. But when the “wows” start five minutes after you hit the trail, you know you're not about to set any speed records.



We meandered through alpine heaven, eventually arriving at Sol Lake, one of the prettiest little alpine lakes I've ever seen. Rising above it, we saw that stretching away from Sol Lake was a set of even cuter tarns. Can you say 50 photos in the first hour of hiking?

We climbed the ridge to the crest where the trail stopped. From here, we could see all the way to the mountains around Revelstoke and far off to the Rockies. Another 10 or 1,000 wows. We spent the rest of the afternoon, wandering up and down the ridges, simply freelancing and drinking in the wonder of this place. We were in heaven.

On our way back we had a few sprinkles of rain but nothing that hot showers and a cozy wood stove couldn't set right.



On day two we opted for Sol Mountain. The weather was promising thunderstorms in the afternoon and we wanted an escape route. Sol offered that. Fosthall, with its long, open summit ridge, most clearly did not.

Sadly, the way to reach Sol is by going down into the depths of the valley to Bill Fraser Lake. And yes, it's a very long way down – and (sigh) you just know as you're heading steeply down, that the last thing you're going to have to do that day is climb back up.

So – we got to the bottom and then, of course, you have to go up the other side – really far up the other side. But once up – and once the trail ends and route finding begins – more wows! We crossed an alpine meadow you could land 747s on. And always, right in front of us, the tantalizing sight of Sol Mountain with its very pointy peak.

Our views were, if possible, even more stunning than the day before. Up we went – and, at times, around until we came to our first sight of Twin Lakes nestled at the base of Twin Peaks across from Sol Mountain. The sight of the lakes left me (a wordsmith) a babbling, gibbering idiot (although I have friends who would say I am a babbling, gibbering idiot pretty much all the time). You would think that such beauty couldn't possibly even exist.

The higher we climbed/hiked/scrambled, the better the views – until we reached the summit cairn. Yay! And there was another surprise: although we had climbed steeply, the other side of the peak was nothing less than a huge, plateau that led to a gently undulating, broad ridge leading to Pride Rock.



And that would have been our next destination if not for the black clouds rolling in. Sensibly, we decided to head back and not to chance such open exposure to a possible lightning storm.

Happily, the cloud passed without unleashing any fury and we had a delightful, soul-satisfying stroll back to the lodge.

Day three – the big one! We were on the trail by 7 a.m. under a clear blue sky and a hint of frost on the ground. Within 20 minutes we had Mount Fosthall in our sights. It looked a very long way off and very, very imposing. We're going to get to the top of that?

At about the 6K mark, we left the trail and began freelancing across meadows. The odd cairn helped but generally, we could see the mountain – just head toward it and stay high. We crossed gully after gully. We lost track of their number. Staying high made for shallower crossings.

Finally we arrived at the side slope (cliff!) that would lead up to the ramp. It was at that point that I questioned my sanity. This was hard work – something between climbing, scrambling and slipping back down the rock and scree every second step. Up – and up and up. Whew!

We made it to the ramp: a sea of rock leading to the horizon. This was all about simply putting your head down and trudging up. Nicky was in front. And then, after what seemed like pretty much forever, I heard her shout: "I see the cairn!"



Those were the sweetest four words I'd ever heard. And yes, there it was – 2,687 metres. And what a view! Although a few clouds had rolled in, it was a perfect day with crystal-clear air. I swear we could see the curvature of the earth – and mountains ringing us! Elated! Yes, we were!



However, as is inevitably the case, the top was only the halfway point and we had to find our way back down. Can you say bum-sliding?

It took us 4.5 hours to the top from the lodge. Elevation gain: about 1200 metres. At 3.45 we were back at the lodge, hopped into the truck and drove home.

## Airy Mountain - Norns Range

On September 17, a KMC trip, postponed a month earlier due to heavy smoke and above normal temperatures, headed to Airy Mountain. This peak, at elevation 2,550 m, dominates the terrain between the Norns range to the south and the Vallhalas to the north.



*West face of Airy (July 2016)*

Access to the mountain is challenging. Forestry roads to the north, east and south are either overgrown or deactivated, leaving only Grizzly FSR on the west in passable condition. Accessing Airy from the west requires crossing the Ladybird Creek headwaters bowl at the furthest point of the compass from Airy. Two cols on the west ridge were investigated in 2016. One col (365/881 (NAD 83)) is closest of the two to Airy but entails considerable bush whacking between the trail head to the ridge. The second southerly col (360/874) has a more user friendly approach but entails a steeper and deeper drop into the Ladybird cirque. It was decided to explore a route to the 'bush whacking' col in more detail, which Dave Grant ably scoped out utilizing Google Earth. Dave, Caroline LaFace and I did the entire route in 2016 and deemed it 'damn tough' and likely not a good candidate for a club trip. Even so, I decided to put it on the KMC trip schedule for those who might want to have a more challenging day in the outdoors.

After a 1.5 hour drive to the trail head, four KMC members set out at 9:00 am on the 2.5 km approach to the west ridge, which took about 2 hours and turned out to be the toughest part of the day.



*Lovin' the Rhodo*

The rhododendron is fierce on steep slopes and, while the extensive boulder hopping was better than the bush whacking, it wasn't easy either.

There is a steep, bouldery slope off the col on the west ridge but travel around the cirque soon becomes

relatively easy. After assessing several potential routes to ascend the steep west face of Airy's summit, we scrambled up one route to the top and then decided to descend on another. The summit register showed only one ascent in 2016 and today's trip was the only ascent made in 2017.

About a dozen snow flakes dropped while we were enjoying a snack and the view on the summit, that plus the fact that the days are shorter in September and the club's 'weather man' was forecasting afternoon rain, made us opt for a quick departure. The return trip was uneventful, until a bear spray was triggered by a snagging branch, soaking that person's pants and giving the following, surprised team member a good whiff. However, when the dust settled, no harm was done and all had a good laugh. We arrived at the car just as darkness and rain set in. The bear sprayed garments were bagged, allowing the trip participants to tolerate the car ride home.

All agreed that Airy summit had been hard earned, but that the difficulties and the good cheer of the participants had contributed to making it a memorable day.



*Participants: Max Karpinski, Reneta Zaal, Chris Cowan, Doug Clark (coordinator)*

## Last Minute Club News Submissions

### KMC 150 Summit Challenge Reminder

Add Your Summits!

The objective of the KMC 150 Summit Challenge is to celebrate Canada's 150th birthday by KMC members combining efforts to climb 150 different Canadian mountains from May 1, 2017 until the end of 2017.

We still have a few more months to go with our KMC 150 Summit Challenge. We are getting close to breaking the 100 mark. Check out the list to see if any of the peaks you were on this summer are missing and get them added. There is still time to reach the goal so keep adding your summits. Add a peak and you are eligible to enter the draw for the \$150 dollar prize. See the details and the list on the "members only documents" section on the web page. Keep those summit additions coming, there are still lots of hiking days and soon enough skiing days for options.



photo by Greg Osadchuk

## Mark Your Calendar For Our Fall Social

Friday October 13, 2017

Kinaird Hall  
2320 Columbia Ave  
Castlegar

### Program

6:00-7:30

### **Socialize!**

Please Bring Potluck Appies Or Deserts To Share  
Coffee and tea will be provided

7:30 - 9:00

**Mediterranean Climbing Then And Now** – A presentation by Ken Holmes  
– and –

**Photo Slide Show** – of year to date activities

Everyone wanting to share photos should bring them loaded on a flash drive.  
Please contact me directly so that I can schedule adequate time for each person's photo presentation.

Questions? Please contact:  
Laurie Helyer, KMC Social Director  
At: 4laurieb@gmail.com or at 250 359-2958 (CALL OR TEXT)

*Looking Forward To Seeing You There!!!*