

KARABINER '94

The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club
Vol. 37, Autumn 1994

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KMC EXECUTIVE 1994 - 1995

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Cover: Sugarplum Spire, Site of Climbing Camp '94
Photo: *Gordon Frank*

KARABINER '94

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President's Report

by Susan Knoerr

As another hiking season comes to an end and the skiing season begins the Karabiner editor is pressing me for some words from the president. The club had another successful year in 1994 with lots of trips and camps. One of the new activities this year was the production of a membership brochure which Eddy Szczerbinski put together for us. It has been given to local recreation and tourist offices to encourage new members.

Early in April the club was approached by the owners of the Kinnaird Bluffs to see whether we were still interested in purchasing the land. They had a proposal for a large subdivision in which the bluffs and creek area could be made into a park which they wanted us to be responsible for. Shortly after a young man, Eazy Engleman, died while climbing at the bluffs and a group of his friends have got together to see whether the bluffs could be purchased to ensure access for climbers. The group, Kinnaird Bluffs Access Society, has been very active raising money and evaluating options. In September the land changed ownership and the Access Society is now working with the owners to obtain access. As a club we are supporting their efforts but are not interested in owning and maintaining a park.

In September the club received a letter from B.C. Geographical Names Office stating that "The Steeds" has been adopted as an official name for two peaks in the Purcells just south of Mt. Pambrun. The club had suggested the name as Jack was part of the first ascent team on Mt. Pambrun.

The fall elections brought some new faces to the executive

with Ron Perrier and Gordon Frank-Karabiner, Muriel Walton and Renate Belczyk-Secretary, Joanne Baldassi and Hazel Arnold-Social, and Ted Ibrahim-Conservation. Garth Thomson-Treasurer and Bob Dean-Summer Trips kindly agreed to remain on the executive for another term. We would like to thank Sue Port for her work keeping us organized as secretary, John Walton for spending so many hours in the CORE process as our conservation director, Elaine Martin for organizing the successful social events and Eddy for editing last year's Karabiner.

The CORE process was completed in 1994 with a Land Use Plan released in the fall. At this time we have not fully evaluated the results but I am sure Ted will be an expert on the findings soon. Another issue that may require some effort in 1995 is the potential for dividing up the backcountry and giving exclusive rights to the commercial users.

The Siwash cabin did not get completed this year despite George's best efforts so plan for the first week of July to help construct the cabin. There are also various items that need to be built prior to July so if you have some talent in that area please give George Apel a call. The club also supported the construction of the Silver Spray Cabin with a donation of \$500 and the volunteer help of some members. I understand the cabin is worth a visit.

I would like to thank all the members of our club for leading trips, planning activities, writing articles for the newsletter and Karabiner and making the club worth belonging to. Every year I think I will get out hiking and skiing more so I will see you there.

Editors' Forward

We would like to thank all those who contributed articles to this, the 37th volume of the Karabiner. Especially appreciated are those nonmembers who submitted articles for the Conservation section.

Our goal was to try to produce this issue for the Spring General Meeting and hopefully that will continue in the future. Next year, we request that any articles prepared on computer be submitted on diskette. That would save a huge amount of retying!

We hope that you enjoy Karabiner '94. It was fun to do and we look forward to the 38th volume. We are accepting articles now and we encourage you to submit them as early as possible. Writing is easier when the trip is fresh in your mind. Happy Mountaineering!

Enjoy.

Ron Perrier & Gordon Frank



"I told your boss you were
going camping for 12 years"



"I'm NOT going camping. If you wanna get
back to nature, take the bug screen out of the
window for half an hour."



Hiking Camps 1994

The Valley of the Moon

First Hiking Camp

by Renate Belczyk

The group consisted of: our leader Laurie Charlton, our cook Suzanne Blewett, Janet and Ron Cameron, Phillippe and Mireille Delesalle, Jerry and Lil Schmidt, Ted and Elaine Ibrahim, Wendy Hurst, Bob Hawes, Reid Henderson, Anne Dean, Lesley Killough, Alan Baker, Leon Arishenkoff, JoAnne Baldassi and Felix and Renate Belczyk.

We were picked up by helicopter approximately 20 km south of Shelter Bay and flown into the VALLEY OF THE MOON, a U-shaped valley at an elevation of about 6800 feet. To the northeast towered Mounts Thor and Odin (both over 9500 ft) and the sheer cliffs of Gates' ledge. In the southwest, Mt Fosthall and the South Caribou pass were visible and to the north, unnamed mountains and ridges invited exploration. All around us were patches of snow between moss covered areas and small meadows abloom with glacier lilies and anemones. Here, spring was just happening. The glorious weather we enjoyed all week through hastened the approach of summer and melted the snow rapidly. Small rivulets and waterfalls came down everywhere.

The cook tents were set up next to the main stream in the valley and the others were scattered about. Quite a few of them were above scenic Fawn Lake, reflecting Mt Fosthall in its water. Laurie set up a rented radio and was absolutely delighted when he made contact with the helicopter base in Nakusp.

On the first full day in camp, most of us explored the ridges to the north and Gates' Ledge. We watched two caribou frolicking with their young, and saw big fat hoary marmots and a mother ptarmigan with six chicks. Plenty of horse flies and mosquitoes were delighted to see us.

In regards to serious hiking, Alan, Ted and Leon marched for ten hours to get to Mt Gunnarson and back. They also were on a long and difficult hike to Slate Mountain. Phillippe, Mireille and Suzanne went down to Peter's Lake, up to Caribou Pass and on to the Peak of Foster Mountain. They returned in record time and Suzanne wasn't even too tired to cook one of her excellent meals. Ted, Leon, Alan and Ron repeated this feat but took a lot more time, mostly because they got separated and spent hours looking for each other. Laurie, JoAnne, Wendy and Suzanne did a lot of bushwhacking to reach the top of Caribou Mountain where they found a porcupine. Bob spent most of his days hiking down to Peter's Lake and exploring the area around it. He came back with tales of bear caves on the southwest ridges, new found trails between Big and Little Peter's Lakes, and sightings of deer and mountain sheep.

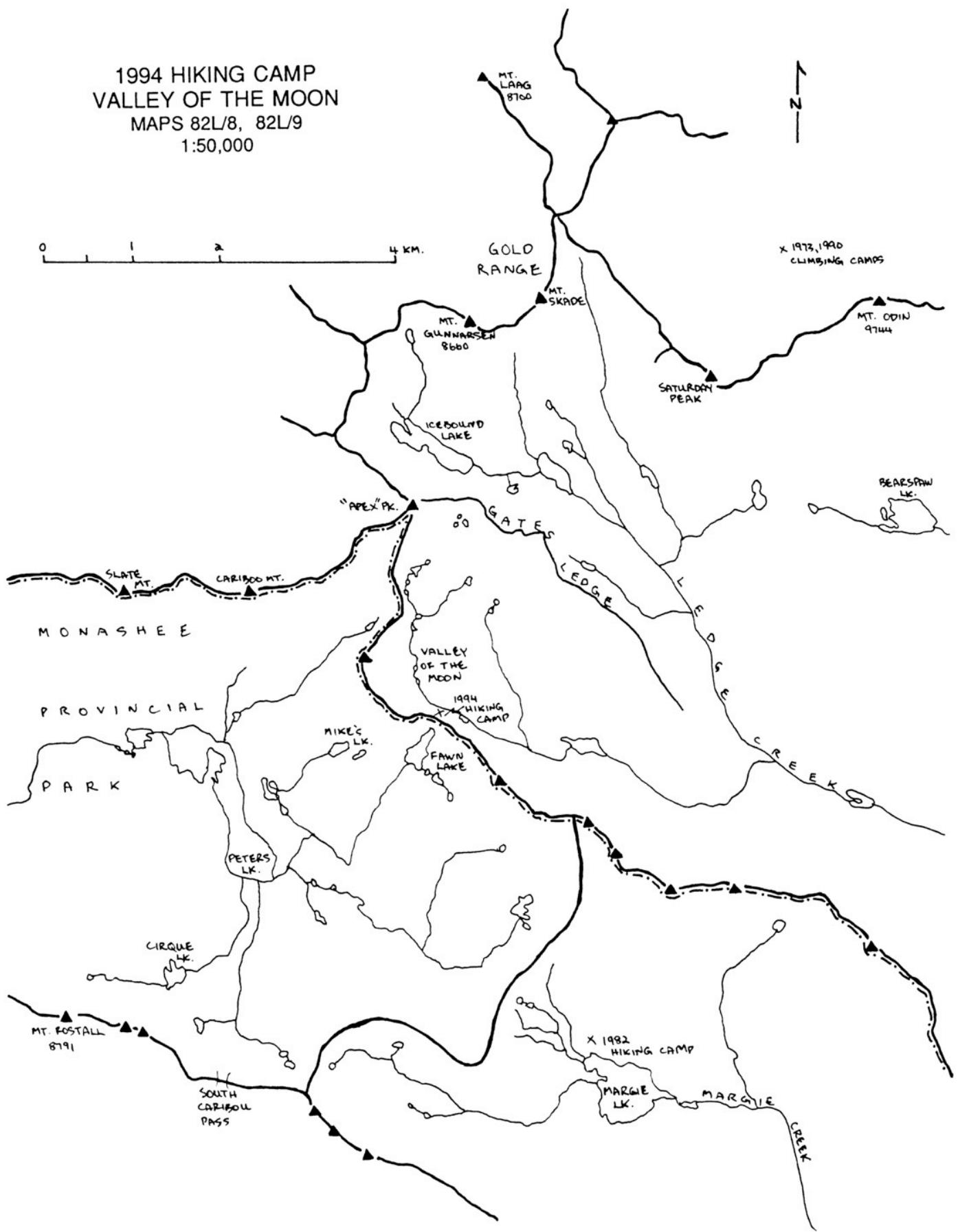
On the last day of camp, Felix scrambled down the headwall to Icebound Lake and back again. He said the trip was rather easy and it was beautiful there.

But of course, as everyone knows, there is more to hiking camp than hiking. We did a lot of swimming in the small lakes that got warmer every day. We looked at flowers that grew in profusion in sheltered spots and I heard Lesley say that she had identified fifty different species. (I could only come up with twenty-one.) JoAnne found a piece of blue quartz and Anne, a fair-sized perfectly heart-shaped rock which she had to carry down and back home. Jerry spent most of his time in the mountains taking pictures . . . an average of two rolls a day. (Just wait for the slide show!) Bob demonstrated to a captive audience how cayenne pepper bear repellent works. Well, it exploded into his face and made his eyes sting. Now that he has had this experience, will he still use it on an attacking bear?

One of the more memorable events during our week in camp was the construction of a bridge over Ledge Creek. Ron cut the logs, transported them to the site and put them across. Alan finished this masterpiece by adding a handrail. The official opening took place after dinner with a fine speech by Laurie and photographs by Jerry.

To sum up camp I: wonderful weather, excellent hiking, interesting and varied terrain, good food and great company.

1994 HIKING CAMP
VALLEY OF THE MOON
MAPS 82L/8, 82L/9
1:50,000



Hiking Camp II

by Garth Thomson

Sometimes the seemingly not-so-spectacular sites for the hiking camp turn out to be the best. Such was the case with the Valley of the Moon. It was possibly the best camp ever for hiking terrain, with long ridge walks and flower-covered meadows and glades interconnected by ledges and ramps. It certainly belied the impression of a moon-space.

The Valley of the Moon drains into Ledge Creek in the Monashee Range about 70 km south of Revelstoke and 40 km northwest of Nakusp. Access to the camp was from Shelter Bay. We drove south on the Shelter Bay logging road, then up Lime Kiln Road and Empress Road to a logging landing near Ledge Creek. Then it was a short helicopter flight to the camp site, which was just outside the northeast boundary of Monashee Provincial Park. A low pass led to the park. Many of us camped on the divide looking westward over Fawn Lake and park terrain. So we had access to the park without any camping or helicopter transport restrictions.

The camp had convenient housekeeping features. Fresh water flowed down the valley from extensive snow fields above. There was snow for cold storage, though it retreated fast as the week went on and storage boxes had to be relocated and re-covered with snow. We also had plenty of tempting swimming holes close to camp - small lakes and tarns, where the water moved slowly and warmed in the sun. Fawn Lake was the most convenient, and the most popular.

The site was a great one for views, but they were rarely visible in the forest fire smoke that prevailed early in the week. The views improved after a thunderstorm cleared the air Wednesday evening.

The wildlife, though not plentiful, was interesting. A large grizzly wandered by one evening, grazing on meadows quite close to camp without displaying any interest in us. There were also frequent sightings of a caribou family - a male and a female with a young calf.

For many of us, this was the best camp ever for wild flowers. Bright red Indian Paint Brush, yellow Arnica and purple Fleabane covered every meadow with a gorgeous display. The experts identified 65 varieties - less than usual,

but the abundance and colour made up for it.

The hiking terrain was tops. Close to the camp site, the Valley of the Moon extends to an upper bowl with several delightful waterfalls to add charm to the surroundings. To the east, vast meadows, covered with gorgeous displays of flowers rose gently for about a mile to come to an abrupt end at Gates Ledge. This is a most impressive geological feature - an almost sheer escarpment with a relief of up to 1300 feet. It formed for most, a very effective barrier to the east. To the west, steep slopes formed a long ridge extending north to meet the ledge at Apex Peak. Everyone hiked around this ridge circuit with its panoramic view to the west into Monashee Park and to the east from the ledge down to Icebound Lake, Ledge Creek, and the rugged slopes of Mt. Odin.

The circuit ridge sloped up from a low pass just above our camp site. It provided easy access to the meadows around Fawn Lake and the extended system of ledges and ramps which sloped down to the major valley containing Peter and Margie Lake. The meadows around Fawn Lake and above the valley provided endless scope for gentle strolling, enjoying the flowers, and taking a cool plunge after a hot day.

The ridge to the south-east from the pass at Fawn Lake was another popular route. Several humps along the ridge became destinations accommodating all energy levels and challenging our ability to count humps. There's a suspicion we all got to the same place on the ridge - with considerable innovation in hump counting. The return trip could be done by descending off the ridge to the south and rambling back on a delightful ridge system through the Valley of 100 Lakes (a bit of poetic licence here) to the south east arm of Fawn Lake and back to camp.

Further afield, more distant destinations beckoned. Everyone crossed the west ridge to climb Cariboo (sic) or Slate Mountain. Susan, Muriel, Lee and John W. initiated the route down the ledges and meadows into the valley to Margie Lake. Norm and Anna later repeated this route. Then, John S., Drew and Garth crossed the valley to gain the high ridge beyond, just east of Caribou Pass, walked the ridge a short distance and then descended into the Margie Creek valley to Margie Lake. (The interest in Margie Lake was partly because it was the site of the 1982 KMC hiking camp.) Diane and Caroline also explored the Peters Lake area, doing a recce for another day's adventure. Susan, Mary B., Pat, Garth, Drew and John S. explored another interesting route down the Valley of the Moon to see our creek plunge over a waterfall to a very picturesque lower lake. They then crossed the lower meadows to the ledge and climbed back up to the more familiar meadows above.

Then there were the epics! On opening day Max and Jeff warmed up with an assault on Mt. Fosthall that included a snow climb on the north-east face. Later in the week, suitably warmed up, they set out towards Mt. Odin. They down-climbed the Gates Ledge, crossed Ledge Creek and bivouacked at the foot of Odin. The next day they rejected the route up Odin in favour of an ascent of Mt. Gunnarsen and back via the ridge to Apex and home. Then, on Thursday not content to hang around for the helicopter, they hiked out via Paint Lake. Their account of this latter incident follows. Apparently, they were overwhelmed with irresistible curiosity and the urge to explore. There was another assault on Mt. Fosthall (North Face, Direct) by Diane, Caroline and Lee. Their own account follows.

The camp was run flawlessly as usual. Special mention is in order of Laurie Charleton's detailed planning, the leadership of Lee, the efforts of the various cooks who prepare the great dishes before camp and, especially the dedication of Jenny who handled all aspects of our meals so well and also managed to be a very active hiker.

We were: Lee Schaeffer (leader), Jenny Baillie (cook), Susan Knoerr, Muriel and John Walton, Diane Paolini, Mari Earthy, Pat and Garth Thomson, Mary Baker, Drew Desjardins, Earl Jorgensen, Caroline Laface, Jeff Krueger, Ann and Norm Thyer, Kay and John Stewart, Max Bankes.

Mount Fosthall

by Diane Paolini & Carole LaFace

Friday, August 5, Lee Schaeffer, Diane Paolini and Caroline LaFace started early (5:10 a.m.) on a clear day to climb the north face of Mt. Fostall. As everyone from camp was "rooting" for us and tracking our progress throughout the day, the climb was very much a group effort. We followed the Fawn Lake drainage down to the valley bottom, and then up to South Caribou Pass and over to Cirque Lake. The route was steep, with some bushwacking required. The bugs were extremely bad until we got to Cirque Lake. We went around the scree slope behind the lake to a snow ramp above, and then onto rock below the glacier, where we roped up. The top snow slope was very steep (fifty-five degrees) and the rock was quite loose and wet with melt water. Practicing our newly-learned skills, we placed running protection (pickets) in the snow, set up belays in the bergschrund (ten-foot-deep deep-freeze) and placed chocks in the rock. Lee assisted, brought us coffee and encouraged us all the way. We were on the top

soon after noon. HURRAH! At the top we were so excited we couldn't stay still and were trying to look in all directions at once. We did manage to snap a couple of pictures, and check out the cairn and a cement plaque dated 1929! Tired and with a storm threatening, we decided to descend by the easier, although longer, south route. We were caught in the thunder, lighting, hail and rain of the storm. Exhausted but elated, we made it back to our tents at 5:30 p.m. Our thanks to Lee for the awesome experience in spite of a little whining.

Mount Fosthall, 8791', August 5, 1994
Carole LaFace, Diane Paolini, Lee Schaeffer

The Long Way Home

by Jeff Krueger

Max Bankes and I had climbed everything we could from base camp: Fosthall, Gates Ledge (up and down), Gunnarson, and a botched attempt on Odin from its snarly, alder covered south side. We learned to plan our routes in the white areas of the map and avoid green areas and areas where 100 metre contour lines were stacked ten deep in a half-centimetre space of map (that means it's both overgrown and vertical). We had lost count of how many pitches we had rappelled and then climbed back up.

These lessons provided good camp humour and we were keen to walk out of camp via Paint Lake with two days of camp left. We figured this route might be used in future 'non club' trips.

We left camp with all our gear, food for a day, and Earl Jorgensen's altimeter and vintage 1977 map. We felt we would be at Paint Lake by 4 p.m. if we stayed above 7500 feet and out of the dense bush experienced on Odin.

When we picked up the faint horse trail used by outfitters that originates at Paint Lake, our packs seemed heavier than four days earlier. By 2 p.m. we were close and our motivation was only the thought of home that night. We were frustrated that each drainage was the wrong one and we had to climb yet another hill.

We found the drainage at 4 p.m. There was no water in it and the trail had again disappeared. We walked over a knell and down through heavy overgrowth to the creek below. In our haste, we had actually gone past Paint Lake by maybe 300 metres, and were heading into its outflow creek, still

thinking we were above Paint Lake. The gully turned into a canyon and our only option to get down was to rappel through the falls. Our minds were definitely fogged with fatigue, hunger, and the thoughts of warm beds when we committed ourselves and rappelled. Too late, we realized our mistake; now our only option was down the creek. It was impossible to go back up. The rock was too slick.

The map showed the nearest road some ten kilometres away and we faced another 3000 vertical feet in this creek just to get to Fosthall creek where we could begin to walk out those 10 kilometres to the road. We were fatigued and had no hope of any rescue or food for at least four days since we wouldn't be reported missing until then.

At 7:30 p.m., we emerged from Paint Cr. at km 22 of a right of way for a new logging road. The altimeter and map confirmed our descent of 3300 vertical feet in a 1.5 km distance. At 8:30 p.m. with severe muscle cramps, we camped on the road at km 18, amid diesel fumes. The next morning, we walked that 18 km and another 3 km before thumbing a ride back to our vehicle.

Jeff Krueger, Max Bankes

Parables of the Third Campites

according to *Mary the Mirthful*

§ And it came to pass that the Third Campites did assemble at a sheltered bay, and lo, did their leader, Dauntless Dave, Son of Adams proclaim: "Be of good heart, for I shall lead ye to where a bird with no wings shall alight and take ye to a wilderness of great beauty." And they did follow their leader.

§ Then did Dauntless Dave warn: "When the bird disgorges the Second Campites, speak not to them for they are unwashed. Bow low and show respect when approaching the bird, lest ye become hamburger."

§ In the Valley of the Moon did Dauntless Dave instruct: "Take up your bed and tent and set these with great care, for ye shall abide in this place for seven days and seven nights."

§ Now some men took upon themselves many tasks relating to the common chattel and did labour energetically. Thus they became known as Hans the Handy, Rudy the Reliable, Kal the Capable, and Diligent Dave, Son of Cunningham.

§ Then did Dauntless Dave assign duties, for there was much travail. Henceforth, the Third Campites became drawers of water, fixers of food, seekers of supplies, and the most courageous, privy counsellors who held secrets to the small house which was set far, far away.

§ And the directrice of food was Awesome Olga, for awesomely did she dispense delicious dishes and sternly state: "Pilfer not the stores, for know ye well how fond I am of uttering, 'Who's for seconds?'"

§ Verily, did one woman shine in a skill and was known as Sylvia the Swift, for swiftly did she scrub the soiled stewpots and saucepans.

§ On each morn did the Third Campites arise, attire themselves in strange rainment and go forth into the wilderness. And their blisters were many.

§ Lo, did Dennis find a gigantic rock, which he scaled, and he earned the name of Dennis the Daring and was great in the land.

§ Yea, did Fritz the Fabulous provide a flavorsome soup. "Eat heartily," spake he, "for there are two cauldrons." And they ate heartily of the soup, even unto the third day.

§ Now the Campites were sore beset by a plague of mosquitoes and annotated themselves with repellent, but Botanical Bess (so knowledgeable was she in this subject) and Vivian the Virtuous (for she did no wrong) covered their countenance with netted hats. Some mourned the beauty that was hidden whilst others feared the aliens had landed.

§ One day did Dauntless Dave proclaim: "Hear ye, for the time has come for the Procession of the Small House." So did the men lift the treasure and solemnly march it to a new location. And they were followed by Helena, bearing a shovel with which she helped in the rites of hole digging. Therefore she was known as Helen the Helpful, for she also ministered unto the sick and the suffering.

§ On the second morn did the Third Campites look upward to the darkened sky, sigh deeply and prophesy rain. But the stout of heart did venture forth. A great storm stalked them, lightning pierced the ground and they were sore afraid and did tremble greatly. Knowingly, the meek retired to their tents and read good words.

§ And at the time of rain did the Third Campites gather together, pour forth their hearts in song and sip much wine. And lo, their spirits were raised.

§ On the third morn, the rain fell, yea, even hail. Met the Third Campites under canvas and musically prophesy an impending flood with the melody, "Row, row, row your boats..." and did partake of food frequently. But when the sun was past its zenith, the skies cleared and some Third Campites disappeared into the scenery whilst others lamented: "I possess neither dry socks nor shoes and my bed doth float."

§ Lo, did Ethel the Energetic (for she seemed tireless) teach Joan the Gentle (for such was her nature) the art of stone stepping across treacherous waters. Proficient became Joan in this skill yet did she declare: "I don't do creeks and waterfalls without Ethel."

§ Great was the woe that befell Erica the Elegant (so neatly did she keep herself) for whilst brushing her teeth into dazzling brilliance, did the toothbrush fly from her hand and was seen never more.

§ Verily did Ann become beloved for her great acts of comedy. With great talent did she fall into a lake and later off her supping stool. And they called her Ann the Amuser.

§ Unusual was the fault of Pam the Paragon, for she wandered too far and was tardy for her evening meal. This the Third Campites attributed to the thinness of oxygen affecting her brain, for she reached a high altitude.

§ So late into the night did Kal tell wondrous tales and did Elaine listen with much attention and gained such knowledge that she became known as Elaine the Enlightened.

§ Such a disaster came to Carol the Kind (for such were her actions) when her eye lense fell to the ground and disappeared forever. Lo, did her magnificently clear sight lessen and she did frequently enquire: "What's that there?"

§ Then did some assemble at the Rock of Dennis, took up rope and scale it to its topness, with great agility, crying "ascending, descending" and other such phrases which climbers mouth. And these were Rudy, Kal, Pam and Dennis. Amazed were they who witnessed this spectacle.

§ Verily, did arise a great debate regarding the names of two mounts called Caribou and Slade as to which was which. Thus did the climbers peer at their maps and compasses, shake their heads and declare they had conquered one when it was really the other. And great was the confusion.

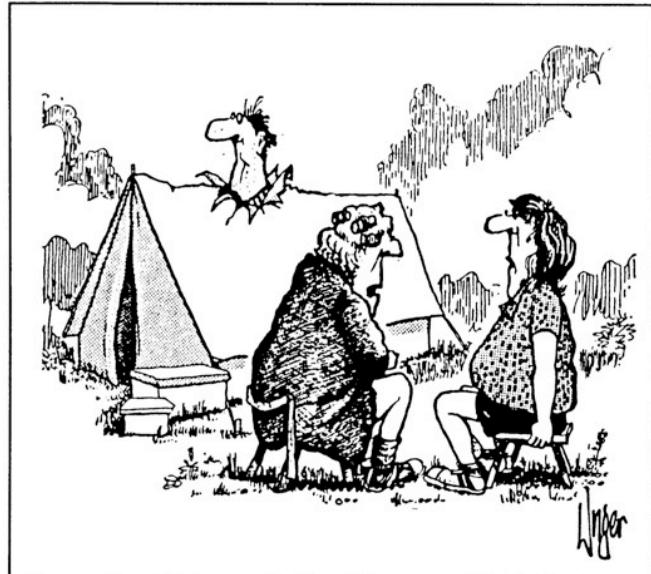
§ During the last evening when the sun had set, did Elaine cause great joy with her musical poem and the Campites joined in singing, "Hey, Li-Di, Li-Di Li..." And they did recall the time when they gazed on the local birds, wild beasts and flora; the lakes they had visited which were Peter's, Mike's, Fawn, Margie and Icebound; the mounts they had tread which were Gunnerson, Fosthall, Slade, Caribou, Unnamed, and Gates Ledge and when bal-dah-ree echoed in the valley.

§ Yea on the seventh morn did Dauntless Dave decree that the Third Campites must quit the Valley of the Moon, for their time had passed. Then they did attire themselves in their cleanest rainment, pack beds, tents, common chattel and await the bird with no wings. At the appointed hour, the bird appeared.

§ When the Third Campites returned to the place from which the began, they refreshed themselves in the sheltered bay, bid each other well and dispersed unto the land.

§ And those who have read these parables, speak not harshly of these words, for such were the day of the Third Campites in the Valley of the Moon.

("Parables of the Third Campites" was contributed by *Mary Martin*)



"He's always the same when we go camping . . . wakes up and can't remember where he is."

Musical Profile of Hiking Camp III

by *Elaine Martin*

(sung to Hey, li-di, li-di, li...)

The leader's name was David Adam
He washed the floor in the kitchen cabin.

There was a cook, her name was Olga
Kept me away from eating granola.

Carol was the leader's wife
Hiked with the guys for all her life.

There was a guy, his name was Rudy
Climbing is his lifelong duty.

There was a gal, her name was Ethel
She always has a tale to tell.

Dave whose jackets are too high
He will eat up all the pie.

There was a gal, her name was Joan
She doesn't stray too far from home.

A gal named Mary snuggled in her chair
Why do we never see her hair.

There was a guy, his name was Hans
He travels over lots of lands.

There was a gal, her name was Erica
After Cariboo she was a wreck-a.

There was a gal, her name was Vivian
She lets Sylvia boss the dishpan.

There was a gal, her name was Sylvia
What you don't wash betcha she will.

There was a gal, her name was Bess
Says that's do-able, I guess.

There was a guy, his name was Dennis
Rocks to him are not a menace.

There was a gal, her name was Pam
She'll be there, by damn.

There was a guy, his name was Kal
He's my only campfire pal.

There was a guy, his name was Fritz
Lives in Whistler, he must be rich.

Helena, a doc with the name of Swinkels
Youngest one so has no wrinkles.



Climbing Camp 1994

Hatteras Group

Summary

by Kim Kratky

Location: headwaters of Hatteras Creek, co-ordinates on 82K/14 Westfall River are 922-373.

Participants: *Benoit Aubin, Ross Breakwell, Gord Frank, Kim Kratky, Knut Langballe, Pam Olson, Sue Port (cook), Larry Smith, Eddie Szczerbinski, Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, Peter Wood.*

Day 1, Saturday, July 23

Squab Pk. (8,950') via NE face (snow); descend NW ridge & glacier to N.; 2 1/2 hrs. up; 5 hrs for whole trip: *Kim, Eddie, Benoit, Peter T, Pam.*

Day 2, Sunday, July 24

Mt. Hatteras (9,750') traverse; ascend N. ridge as for Kruszyna 1975 route (5 1/2 hrs. up); descend E ridge via very steep snow alternating with rubblely rock to Hatteras-Krinkletop col (1 hr.); thence via easy glacier to rejoin ascent route & to camp (2 hrs.); total day, 10 hrs.: *Kim, Eddie, Peter T, Benoit, Ross, Pam.*

Squab Pk.-Mt. Hatteras traverse; via NE snow face as above, then E. on rock to summit (25 m. of low class 5 climbing); 4 hrs. up; descend easy class 3 rock to Squab-Hatteras col, then via W. ridge of Hatteras (continuous class 3-4, rope required); 2 1/2 hrs. from Squab; descent as above: *Fred, Larry.*

Snowman Mtn. (8,950'); ascend ledges to ridge S. of peak, then via S. ridge; descend on N. to Snowman Pass & Snowman Lake, returning over alps and glacier to camp: *Peter W., Gordon, Knut.*

Day 3, Monday, July 25

Snowman Mtn. via W. ridge following Krusznya route of

1975; descent via S. ridge and W. face to glacier; *Fred, Larry.*

Squab-Hatteras traverse; same as preceding day except Squab ascended via W. ridge: *Peter W, Knut, Gord.*

Krinkletop Pk. (9,150')-Snowman Mtn. traverse; from Krinkletop-Hatteras col (2 1/2 hrs. from camp); then scramble SW ridge of Krinkletop (1 1/4 hrs to summit); descend to N. & follow 2 km-long ridge; ascend S. ridge of Snowman via scramble (3 hrs. from summit of Krinkletop); descend as preceding party; return to camp via lower Hatteras Glacier; 11 hr. day: *Benoit, Eddie, Ross, Kim, Pam, Peter T.*

Day 4, Tuesday, July 26

To glacier below Arabesque Pinnacles (910-380): *Sue, Pam.*

As above and ridge to N. of Arabesque Pinnacles: *Peter W., Knut, Gord.*

Pirouette Pinnacles: *Fred, Larry, Ross, Peter T., Kim*

#1 (8,600'); (909-367)--from Pirouette-Sugarplum col via E. face and diagonalizing right; thence two short leads of 5.1 to summit; one short rappel; 1 1/2 hrs. up from col w/four on a rope.

#2 (8,700'); (909-368)--via rock of N. ridge gained from snow slopes; class 3-4 scramble on very good granite.

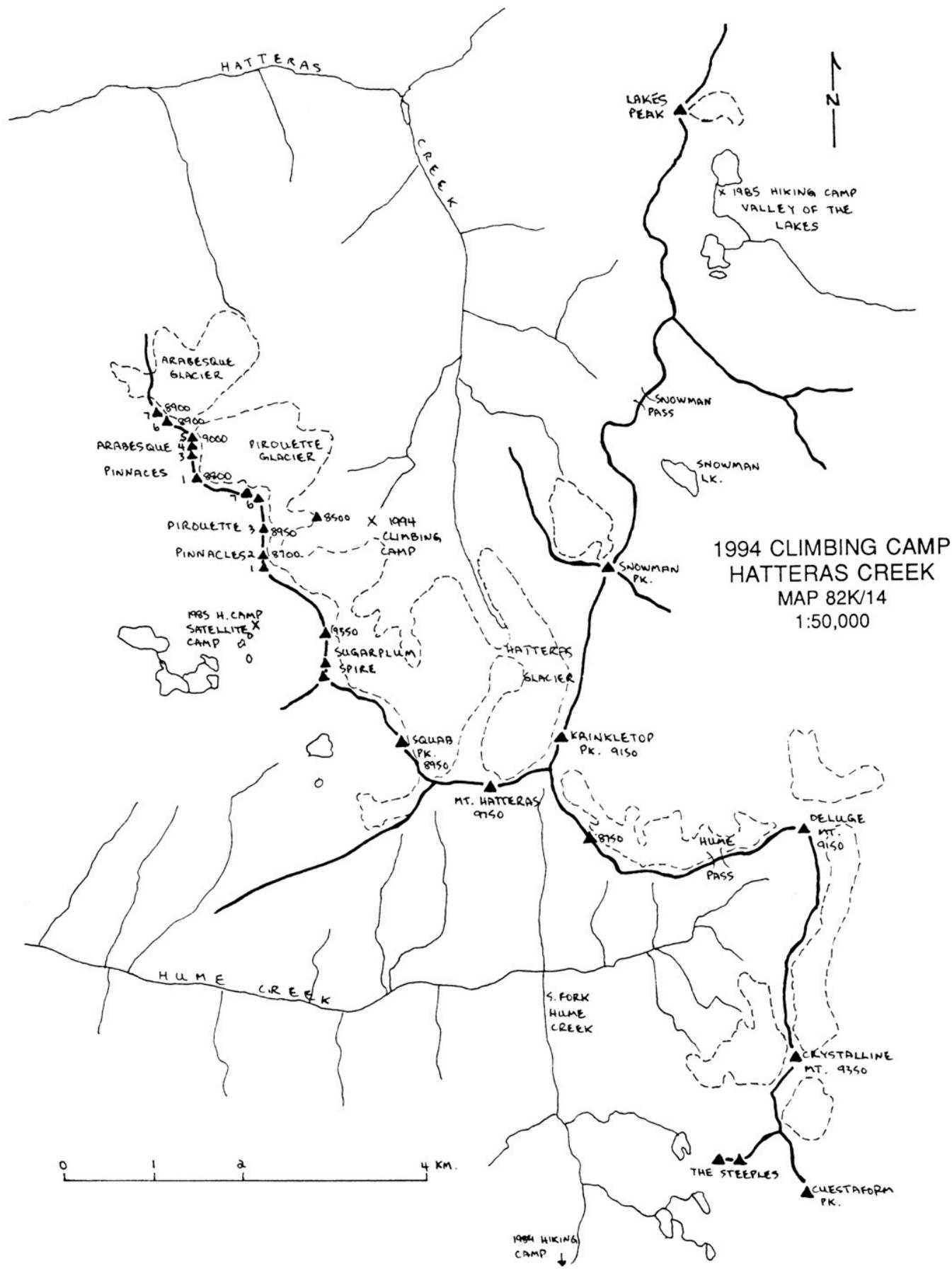
#3 (8,950'); (909-371)--via easy S. ridge from #2 and over intermediate bump.

Total day was 7 1/2 hours

Day 5, Wednesday, July 27

Pirouette & Arabesque Pinnacles: *Fred, Larry, Pam*

Arabesque Pinnacle #1 (8,800'); (901-376); from S. & E. via gulleys and ridge; rope used, probably 3



- leads of class 4; no cairn on top, assumed to be first ascent; all of the peaks below had cairns.
- Arabesque Pinnacle #3; (901-380) scramble.
- Arabesque Pinnacle #4; (901-381) scramble
- Pirouette Pinnacle #6; (908-375) scramble
- Pirouette Pinnacle #7; (907-375) scramble on granite.
- Arabesque Pinnacles: *Gord, Peter W., Knut.*
- Arabesque Pinnacle #5 (9,000'); 901-383; the highest point.
- Arabesque Pinnacle #6 (8,900'); 898-383; NW on ridge from #5.
- Arabesque Pinnacle #7 (8,900'); 897-384; NW on ridge from #5; no cairn on summit; all were scrambles.
- Sugarplum Spire (9,350'); S. to N. traverse; *Eddie, Kim, Peter T., Ross.*
- Day 6, Thursday, July 28**
- Krinkletop Pk.; via SW ridge from Krinkletop-Hatteras col; returning the same way: *Sue, Fred, Larry, Gord, Knut, Peter W.*
- Pirouette Pinnacle #2: *Benoit, Pam*
- Day 7, Friday, July 29**
- Sugarplum Spire; E. face variation; ascend R. under minaret, just S. of rotten gulley; 12 hrs. return: *Fred, Gord, Pete W.*
- Deluge Mtn. (9,150'); via glacier to Hatteras-Krinkletop col; gain ridge to S., then descend N. to glacier to bypass unnamed 8,750' (943-338), reaching Hume Pass in 4 3/4 hrs; scramble to summit; 5 1/2 hrs. up: *Ross, Benoit, Eddie, Kim, Peter T.*
- Unnamed 8,750' (943-338); traverse; via snow from E.; 1 hr. 50 min. to top from Deluge summit; descent on rock to ridge NW; retrace steps to Hatteras-Krinkletop col & home; total day was 11 1/2 hrs: *Benoit, Ross, Kim, Eddie, Peter T.*
- To lakes W. of Sugarplum Spire (902-357): *Sue, Knut.*
- Day 8, Saturday, July 30**
- Deluge & unnamed 8,750'; via previous route except party traversed 8,750' on both ascent & return: *Fred, Larry, Pam, Peter W., Knut.*
- To Arabesque Glacier: *Peter T.*
- Cramponing on Pirouette Glacier: *Ross, Eddie.*
- Pirouette Pinnacle #1; via SW ridge after visiting lakes at 895-360: *Benoit.*
- Pirouette Pinnacle #3 and rock buttress above camp (915-372): *Benoit.*
- Day 9, Sunday, July 31**
- To Arabesque Glacier: *Knut.*
- To lakes W. of Sugarplum Spire: *Pam, Fred, Larry, Pete W.*
- Bouldering & rock climbing: *Ross, Benoit, Eddie.*
- Arabesque Pinnacle #1: *Gord, Kim*, as per Thiessen route.
- Lakes Peak (9,350'); via S. ridge; 10 hrs. return; scramble: *Peter T.*
- NB: Arabesque Pinnacles (901-376 to 897-384) is not an official name.
- ## Squab Pk & Mt Hattaras
- by Fred Thiessen
- H**earing of the snow route on the south face of Squab Peak, climbed by most of the camp on the first day of camp, Larry and I felt compelled to follow: this way we wouldn't have to make new steps. While most everyone else went to Hattaras, we went to Squab, with thoughts of traversing to Hattaras after Squab.
- We went up the south face of Squab to about 40 m. below the summit where our companions tracks traversed over to

the west ridge. At this point, the snow had melted enough that there was sufficient blue ice so we would have had to put on crampons. Thinking that going straight up would be easier, and would not involve crampons, up we went. Well, as is often the case in the mountains, it wasn't. Fortunately the rock was good, and after a fair bit of route finding by trending to the east and one demanding pitch of rock climbing in plastic boots we gained the summit at about 1000 hrs.

By now we could hear our companions on the south ridge of Hatteras, so we decided to see if we could beat them to the top by going up the west ridge, even though they were a kilometer closer to the summit. The west ridge was a scramble, mostly on solid rock with a little exposure near the top. When we reached the top, to our surprise (not really), our companions were already on top. After a pleasant lunch, we went down the east ridge which turned out to be a very exposed snow descent for the first few hundred meters. Our combined parties reassembled at the Krinkletop - Hatteras col where we roped for our descent down the glacier.

Squab (Baby Pigeon) Pk, 8950' & Hatteras Mtn, 9750'
July 24, 1994

Fred Thiessen & Larry Smith

Sugarplum Spire

by Kim Kratky

I've had it in my mind to write a completely honest account of a climbing outing, but I keep remembering that such things are either unwise or impossible. Most of the time more goes on during the ascent of a non-trivial mountain than ever gets recorded. Perhaps it's not surprising that what we read in guidebooks isn't always congruent with our own experiences. So with these thoughts in mind, I've tried to write a true narrative, at least from my perspective, of our climb of Sugarplum Spire at this year's climbing camp.

I'd been keen to climb this peak since seeing it from our Nemo Group camp in 1979. Reading of the adventures of Hamish, Steve, and Paul on it as recounted in the '92 Karabiner increased my interest. Finally, the name was intriguing. According to Place Names of the Canadian Alps, Professor Robinson of the first ascent party gave the peak its name because the summit crest was "frosted white like a cake." Now to choose a route. Most of the time, I'm content to climb a mountain by the easiest way, but something about a south-to-north traverse of Sugarplum, beginning with the SE ridge, impressed me as more sporty. A look in the Climber's Guide showed me that the SE ridge was first done by a Harvard Mountaineering Club party in 1959 and repeated in 1975. The objective and route selected, it wasn't too difficult to interest a few others, so at 6:00 am on Wednesday, July 27th, Ross Breakwell, Peter Tchir, Eddie Szczerbinski, and I headed off for the SE ridge of Sugarplum.

In two hours we plod up the Hatteras Glacier to the Squab-Sugarplum col at 8,300'. After a snack we start on the SE ridge which will offer 900' of route finding and high quality scrambling to the first tower. From the beginning the climbing is strenuous over huge granitic blocks, and thought is required for route-finding. We're all climbing in leather or plastic boots, and Eddie is having difficulties keeping up, not through lack of strength, but through lack of experience. Peter and I discuss that we are unable to establish a rhythm. That's interesting, because I'm usually never conscious of having a rhythm on rock; it's just there. As the ridge steepens we traverse left or west across a couple of grotty gullies and then up and back right to the ridge. By 10:00 we are at the top of the first tower; the ridge has never relented, but still we're only talking about class 3 climbing. Stop here and you'd call it a pretty high quality KMC day trip.

Snowman Peak

by Fred Thiessen

Looking for an easy peak on a quasi rest day, Larry and I tagged along with the Krinkletoppers, who were far to ambitious for us, until we were below Snowman Peak. At this point we headed north to gain the west ridge. The west ridge was a pleasant scramble on OK rock and we gained the summit around 1000 hrs. This being a quasi rest day, we forayed no further, admired the scenery and ate all our lunch. It was most pleasant being in the area in good weather. Our last visit to the area was on our Rogers Pass to Bugaboo ski trip in poor weather and this was a fine opportunity to see where we had gone. Since we were now out of food, we descended our up route and were back in camp in plenty of time to swat horseflies and have a leisurely bath.

Snowman Peak, 8950', July 25, 1994
Larry Smith & Fred Thiessen

Next we make an easy descent N. along the ridge and scramble the second tower. I'm beginning to think, "Hey, maybe we can do this in guidebook time." That's four hours from the col, according to the HMC account. In fact, I've carried a copy of the account, along with an update. It is to be my companion for a long day.

Descending to the notch before the third tower requires tricky moves on ledges down into a nasty gulley on the left or west side of the ridge where we search for a route out. This turns out to be a chimney that starts not far down the gulley and leads back to the S. ridge.

Now we're on the third tower and still haven't roped up; Ross and I, the two with rock shoes, still haven't put them on. I observe that all along our route we have seen lots of rappel slings, and the climbing hasn't even gotten serious yet. From now on, though, we are in gendarme country. How many are there to traverse, downclimb, avoid, or bypass on the way to the summit? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty? Don't count, just do it.

Time to rope up and put on the dancing shoes. I get the first lead, descending an unpromising chimney on the R. and then clambering up and over large blocks to make a long, descending traverse across a gulley on the left side of the ridge. Talk about rope drag. I finish off by stepping off a little platform and down and around to the right to a secure station. Wuff! What did the guidebook say? "Pass the gendarmes, class 5.0." The hardest 5.0 lead I've ever made. The next, much easier lead takes us up a broken face and onto a flat, blocky part of the ridge.

Peter is looking for rappel stations to get down into the last notch before the summit tower, but it looks awfully far down there on the left side. Besides, we haven't even seen this minaret the guidebook goes on about. Searching for another exit, I take a lead from the far N. end of the ridge where a block is wedged against a wall. It's impossible to climb over this, so I descend to the R. about 60' and then traverse to the L. on a ledge and a wobbly block to another secure station. Once again, I continue our procedure of bringing the next two over on a fixed line, followed by the last climber who gets belayed while cleaning the route. We seem to have fallen into this four-on-a-rope routine, which seems a good idea, especially since Eddie is inexperienced on a mountain like this one.

We scramble up a nasty little chimney to a ramp (unroped) and are treated to a view of the truly "spectacular minaret." No time for gaping, though. The afternoon is wearing on, and we've got a rappel to set up to get into the last notch. One 80' very clean rap gets us into the left-side gulley.

Staying on the left side of the ridge, we cross the gulley, ascend an obvious ramp to the left and then traverse left, all unroped. Heading up again, we reach a huge, lichen-covered block that denies all access to the summit tower. I scramble up to the top of the block, which turns out to be the S. ridge again--only here it's a knife-edge. Gulp. Hope I can get off this thing. I don't think I can retrace my steps. Luckily, I'm able to shinny down the other side.

Here, I discover two things: the others can traverse a horizontal crack halfway up the block to reach me; and just beyond and to the R. of the block are easy dirt ramps that lead to the summit. The first ascent party didn't find this easier route and ascended a chimney on the L. side of the ridge.

For our third and last lead, Peter belays me down a thoroughly unappetizing shit gulley with an eye-popping run-out on the east or right side of the ridge (Fred's party ascended this gulley from the rocks and glacier below). Then I gingerly put in a piece of "pro," ease around a corner, and ascend some easy blocks and snow to just below the summit. Once again, we use the fixed line-last climber belayed routine. As the others come up, I stagger to the summit--it's 6:17 pm; that's 12 1/2 hours from camp. Groan. What did the Guide say? Four hours from the col? What were those guys doing, flying? Well, let's just make sure it's only a low-grade ordeal and not an epic (n.b. -- Thiessen's taxonomy says an epic begins only after the twentieth hour; a low-grade ordeal is in the 14-16 hour range).

On top we enjoy a quick handshake, and Peter and I muster our strength to deliver the KMC war cry, a booming "a-s-s-s-h-o-l-e" that we later learn is heard in camp.

Now to get off this damn thing. We're certainly not going to retrace our steps. We're heading down the NW ridge and back to the Sugarplum-Pirouette col NW of our peak. I smooth out my crumpled two pages of Xeroxed guidebook and read, "This route is the easiest on the mountain, but crossing the west-face couloir becomes harder as the snow cover disappears. Glacier (III, 5.0, s)." Pete and I downclimb the ridge and set up a 75' rap. He stays to man the station, and I continue down to scout out a route and find the "west-side couloir." I reflect on Jackson Browne's "Runnin' on Empty." Not quite at that stage yet, but I do have apprehensions about crossing the couloir and getting off this thing while it's still light. Too, the mental fatigue is really beginning to tell. So many route-finding decisions are starting to take their toll.

I descend to something like a playing field and then veer left into a wide, dusty ramp or gulley with tricky downclimbing. Farther down, I find the west-side couloir, but it doesn't look easy to get into or out of. It's cliffy on both sides. I wait for

the others to join me. Where's the snow that's supposed to be in this gulley, making it easy to cross? We follow our ramp downward (grit on slabs, nasty third class stuff, especially when you're tired) till it ends in cliffs overlooking a series of lakes. Directly across the Duncan from us in the fading light are Laidlaw Creek and Gobi Pass, home of our 1987 camp. Sure would like to be off this thing. Just concentrate and let it unfold. After all, it has all day.

Forced off our ramp, we do an 80' rappel into the couloir onto steep snow. Below, we move right and into a dry watercourse. Finally, we reach easy grassy ledges on the R. and descend to snow and boulder fields. Yes, off the mountain. All we need to do now is put mind in neutral, traverse N., ascend to the Sugarplum-Pirouette col, and plod, slither, stumble down the Pirouette Glacier and moraine to camp.

We do this in more-or-less good order (as it was nearly dark and I was behind, my colleagues couldn't see how many times I fell down in the snow) and arrive at the cooktent at 9:30.

Larry and Sue have gallantly stayed up to nourish us with some hot food. End of day.

Summary of the trip

Time to summit: 12 1/2 hrs.

Return time: 3 hrs.

Total time: 15 1/2 hrs.

Roped climbing: three leads of up to 5.3 difficulty

Rappels: three--one on ascent, two on descent

Earle Whipple gives this route one star. It deserves it.

Sugarplum Spire, 9350', July 27, 1994

Ross Breakwell, Kim Kratky, Eddie Szczerbinski, Peter Tchir

Sugarplum Spire, East Face

by Fred Thiessen

Having heard of the time commitment and the trials and tribulations of the Kratky party on the south ridge, and not being too fussy about the south ridge, some of us were looking for an alternative route on Sugarplum. Being one of the more spectacular peaks in the area as well as the dominant peak visible from camp, there

was a certain appeal to it, if only there was a shorter route.

In the after dinner discussion on the 28th, Peter Wood, Gord Frank and I decided a look at the east face was in order. This approach appeared to have the least amount of rock climbing and with any luck, we could be back in camp before dinner. Larry Smith declined our invitation on the basis that a "look" on an official rest day could lead to exertion, dehydration and missing the afternoon bath.

From camp, the approach to the east side of Sugarplum was straightforward, the moraine was tolerable, the crevasses were navigable and by 0900 hrs we were at the base of the mountain, below the minaret, just south of the summit. The route looked OK, although a bit loose at the beginning. As it turned out the route was OK, it took a reasonable amount of route finding on fourth and easy fifth class to gain the ridge in three full leads. The climbing could best be described as mixed. Some pitches were very enjoyable on good rock and some other pitches had quite loose rock. Since we only had one rope for the three of us, it took us until 1300 hrs to gain the ridge, where we immediately found the tracks of the Kratky party in the dirt on the west side of the ridge. We snacked here, and followed the ridge to the summit for a more substantial lunch and a rather smoky view of the Purcell and Selkirk Mountains. The descent was as per the guidebook description: down the ridge for a bit, holler at camp, do a rappel and angle down the steep slabs on the west face, while trending in a NW direction. We ended up doing 3 rappels, however I believe the Kratky party only did one.

From the base of the slabs we traversed around to the north col, traversed the glacier and glissaded to camp. We missed appetizers and soup but did arrive in time for the entree. Larry was right: our "look" did turn into an ascent, we were very dehydrated and missed our baths. Reflecting on the choice of routes on the mountain, I believe that the descent route would likely be one of the more pleasant ways of ascending the mountain. It would be a high grade scramble with some roped pitches on solid rock.

Sugarplum Spire, 9350', East face, July 29, 1994
Fred Thiessen, Peter Wood & Gord Frank

Lakes Peak

by Peter Tchir

Each year it gets harder to leave the comforts of base camp and go to a high camp or bivouac. As we climbed in the Hatteras area this year, we continually debated a high camp at the lakes beneath the high, rubbly pyramid of Syncline Mountain far to the north. But it just never seemed worth the effort.

So there I was with the camp nearly complete, the local peaks (except for hard rock climbs) all done, and Syncline and the Valley of the Lakes still out there beckoning. Since no one wanted to come, I decided to go alone with the reduced objective of Lakes Peak, the smaller and (hopefully) easier peak that, from our angle had always been difficult to pick out, as it stood on the ridge in front of Syncline. It would probably be less technically difficult and, being a bit closer, would make for an easier day.

So I left camp about six o'clock ... or was it five o'clock? (I can't remember, and that's why it's nice to climb with Kim ... he'd know.) I followed the well-trodden route past the swimming hole, crossed below the Squab Glacier, descended to and cramponed across the snout of the Hatteras Glacier, scaring up a dirty goat on the moraines along the way. The first part of the traverse around the west side of Snowman Peak was easy travel on meadows, but the last part on the northwest side leading into the Snowman Pass area was a nasty bushwhack. (Every camp should have one.) From there it was meadows that led on to a broad ridge running southwest, which took me to the sharper, higher ridge that is the divide of land leading south from Lakes Peak. This next portion of the trip was a pleasant ridge scramble, reminiscent of the Krinkletop-Snowman traverse that we did a week earlier at the start of the camp. Staying on the ridge, with occasional route-finding on the northwest side, eventually led to the col beneath Lakes Peak. Here the ridge ended and I was confronted with the west face of Lakes Peak, which at first looked so daunting that I had thoughts of not being able to climb it. Despite the smokey haze of last summer, there was compensation in the view below me of the two large lakes in the Valley of the Lakes and the spectacular view back to the glaciated range of peaks running from Mount Hatteras to the unnamed peaks (Arabesque Pinnacles.) From the col, the steepening shale slopes led up to the face, across which a ledge seemed to angle up from right to left. I decided to check it out and found it wide and gently sloping. It was a good route until it reached a spot with a large cantilevered block, where it

seemed to switch back to the right (south.) I followed this switchback up to the south side of Lakes Peak and very nearly to the top of the ridge. But the last bit had no route that was easy enough to try on my own, so I continued around the south side until I came to the glacier that leads high up the east side of Lakes Peak.

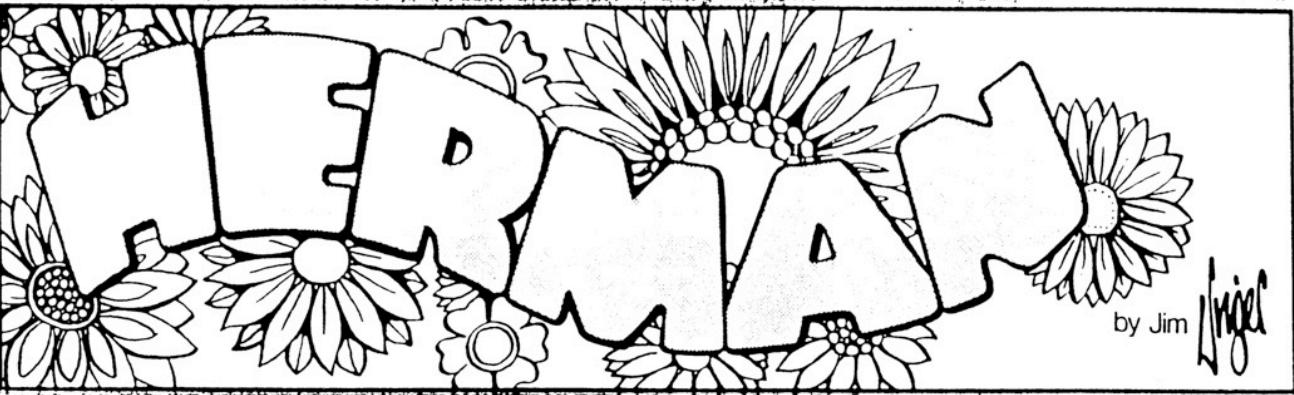
This glacier is probably the route that is normally used when the peak is climbed from the Valley of the Lakes. However, the slabs leading down to the glacier were dirty and the steep snow unattractive, as I had left my ice axe back at the Hatteras Glacier. So I turned back and followed the ramp back down to the cantilevered block on the west face. There I found a smaller gully and ramp system leading upwards along the right-to-left line of the original ledge. I had missed it before because the switchback was more obvious and promising. This system lead me quickly to the low point on the ridge just southwest of the summit, which I then reached in an easy scramble a few minutes later. The whole trip along the ridge and the final section on the face had been fine scrambling and enjoyable route finding. I think I reached the summit about eleven o'clock (wish Kim had been along.)

The other side of Lakes Peak leads easily to a col at the base of Syncline, a short distance away. The route up the southwest ridge of Syncline looked awful ... ledges with lots of broken rock on them ... but mostly not difficult. I am sure that, had we planned for it, we could have easily done it from camp in a day. But I was not inclined to try it by myself, being so far from camp.

On the trip home, I retraced my route, with some nice rest stops beside streams and small ponds in the meadows leading down from the pass between the Hatteras Creek drainage and the Valley of the Lakes. By staying a bit higher I had easier bush while rounding Snowman Peak. I again used crampons to cross the Hatteras Glacier. After a short stop at the swimming hole, I was back in camp at the surprisingly early time of four o'clock (I think.)

It was a worthwhile trip: a chance to travel meadows instead of the glaciers found on all other approaches at this camp, and a chance to be alone again in large and distant mountains and to experience again the intense feelings that happen to me there is no one to talk to, no one to help make decisions and no one to depend on.

Lakes Peak, 9350', July 31, 1994
Peter Tchir



Trips and Trails

Where are These Mountains, Anyway?

by Kim Kratky

Over the past few years it has been my impression that KMC club outings just seem to keep repeating the same destinations. Although the summer trips chairman stoutly denies this assertion (and he is not responsible for the locations that the co-ordinators choose), I can't shed the idea that all KMC summer trips go only to Mt. Brennan, Record Ridge, Old Glory, Gwillim Lakes, and Outlook Mtn. With this thought in mind, I've decided to provide short write-ups of several trips I've made in the last few years to places where club members don't seem to go. If you just follow these instructions, you will get to new places, see new sights, and have a good time.

OLD TOM MTN. (8,690')

This peak is located near the head of Canyon Creek, a north-flowing tributary of Crawford Creek. It's an easy scramble and makes a suitable day trip from Nelson, complete with free ferry ride. I believe that Jack Steed and Yvonne Tremblay climbed Old Tom back in the early '80s, but no information seems to be available. Howie Ridge and I made this trip in late August of 1993.

One of the few moderately difficult things about this outing is the access. Pay attention, please. From the Kootenay Bay ferry terminal follow Highway 3A for 5 km. and turn L. at the Kootenay Bay School. Drive 2.6 km. to a T junction and turn L. You are now on the main Crawford Creek haul road; continue on this for almost 15 km. from Route 3A, making sure not to take the "Crawford-Hooker Crks. Forest Road." At 15 km. take an obvious road to the R. that immediately crosses Crawford Crk. Follow this up some switchbacks and into the Canyon Crk. drainage; do not take two obvious turnings to the L. Follow this 2WD road for about 8 km. to a spot where there's a parking space and logs blocking the road (co-ordinates 276-058; 5,100'). Although the roadbed is solid, this route is badly overgrown with alder; do not take your new Ford Explorer up here.

Now for the approach to the mountain. Continue walking on the road and ascend a series of switchbacks; then, follow the road S. after it levels out to where it ends near the top of a cutblock. Do not take any spur roads. Continue south and slightly up through open timber for about 25 min. to reach an open basin on the NE side of Old Tom. From this point, it's simply a matter of plodding up grass and scree to join the easy N. ridge (260-035). Higher up, ascend R. into a gully to reach a notch between the summit and an 8,600' outrider to the E. From the notch, our party traversed W. on the S. side of the mountain, above Baribeau Creek, to a prominent gully which led easily to the W. ridge and a short scramble to the summit. The N. face of this peak offers some 500' of almost vertical climbing on solid rock; the E. ridge provides a series of challenging block-like towers.

Descent can be via the ascent route or by descending part of the E. ridge before moving to ledges on the S. to avoid the towers. The cutblock and road that lead back to the carpark can be clearly seen from above, making it easy to judge where to enter the timber.

Times: car to summit 4.5 hrs., return to car 2.75 hrs.

MAP: 82F/10 Crawford Bay, 1:50,000

Ratings: Climber's Guide, II, class 3; KMC, B2., No rope is needed.

This peak is prominent from Nine Mile on Nelson's North Shore and from Highway 31 near Coffee Creek.

CASCADE MTN. (9,650')

This glaciated peak, located at the northern end of the Goat Range, is the highest mountain in that group with the exception of Mt. Cooper. The road access is almost entirely 2WD and the climb itself is easy, about like climbing Mt. Brennan except you have to drive farther. This outing could be done as a day trip from Nelson, but most parties would want to car camp. Cascade was first climbed by Jim Petroske and sons in 1974 and was ascended by many parties from the KMC hiking camp at the head of Wilson Creek in 1976 (see Kootenay Karabiner, vol. 19). Lately, it seems to have fallen out of favour, at least with the KMC. It is prominent from peaks in the Glacier Creek area. Hamish Mutch and I paid a visit to Cascade in early October

of 1994.

The approach to this one is, as they say, "dead easy." From Meadow Creek, drive N. on Highway 31 to the Poplar Creek road. There's a BCFS sign and a big house at the turnoff; we could even find it in the dark. Drive up the road for about 17 km. until you reach the easterly of the two south forks of Poplar Crk (809-765). Turn L. before crossing this tributary and follow the road SW for as far as you can (5-6 km.). Logging machinery seems to be often left on the road. Anyway, walk or drive the road, always choosing the more-traveled track. At the first junction, keep L. and up; farther along, do not take a switchback going up and to the L. Near the very end, the road switchbacks up to a landing. If you've been lucky, this is where you start walking.

From the landing, take a skidder track up and R. Continue as the track levels out and turns into a path. At the end of the cutblock, continue traversing into timber and in about 20 meters you'll pick up a well-flagged route. Follow the flagging in an upward diagonal, and after about 20 min. you come out of the timber and into a sub-alpine basin and avalanche fan on the NW side of Cascade Mtn. (co-ordinates 803-720). There's a very prominent leaning tree near the exit point, so the flagged route is easy to pick up on return. Make your way across the basin (not particularly easy since there is a scrub forest broken by fairly deep gullies), all the while aiming for a scree slope on the N. side of Cascade's W. ridge. In traversing this basin, gaining elevation soon is probably the best bet.

Once on the ridge, you'll find it a piece of cake. After ascending some grassy slopes, pass through a stand of dwarf trees to reach the beginning of the rock. The first bit may look daunting, but by a short traverse R. you will reach a prominent, easy gully that can be followed up to regain the ridge itself. Then you simply follow the long W. ridge (about 2,400' from where we gained it) over several false summits to the top. Any difficulties can be avoided by traversing L. and then regaining the ridge. The route is cairned. Return to the car by retracing your steps.

TIMES: 5.5 hrs. to summit (includes 80 min. walk on road), 4.5 hrs. return (includes 70 min. walk on road). From the end of the road, a speedy party could do the trip in 8 hours.

MAP: 82K/6 Poplar Creek, 1:50,000

RATINGS: Climber's Guide, III, 3; KMC B2

Don't even bother to take a rope. Many thanks to Mike Brewster for providing very reliable information about access. This route also gives good access to Mt. Marion, which would make a slightly longer day.

MT. STORUS (9,100') AND MT. ISIS (9,200')

Site of another of the excellent adventures of Hamish and Kim (this one in late August of 1994), these peaks are part of a long ridge making up the height of land between Jumbo Creek and both forks of Glacier Creek. Access is via the Monica Meadows trail. Storus and Isis are easily seen from the Glacier Creek road near the bridge crossing the creek draining the W. side of Ochre Pk. They show as part of a long, flat-topped ridge with a turret on the L. or north end. Both peaks were first climbed in 1973 by Curt Wagner and John Jeglum from the Jumbo Creek side. Theirs were the only names we found in the summit records, although I think Jim Kienholz and Rob Sommerville may have climbed these.

As most people know how to get to Monica Meadows, I'll begin my approach description from there. From the meadows or the campsites below them, pick out a prominent notch at 7,900' in the jagged SW ridge of Amen-Ra and make for that (co-ordinates 244-830). From the notch, descend S. a few hundred feet into a scenic valley with three lakes (256-817). Our party bivvied here, 2 hrs. 40 min. from the car park.

The easiest route to the peaks is to ascend the valley to the Amen-Ra - Storus col (8,100'; 256-841). From here the N. ridge of Storus offers fine scrambling on solid rock, including a face latticed with horizontal and vertical cracks (2.75 hrs. from camp to summit; 255-832).

To continue to Isis, descend the S. ridge of Storus via an 80' rappel, continue along the ridge (some tricky moves, class 4, rope recommended), and scramble the final few hundred feet to the summit of Isis (90 min. from summit of Storus; 256-827).

From this point, the best suggestion is to retrace your steps to camp. The section we rappelled on Storus can be avoided by moving R. or E. and ascending fourth class couloirs and slabs, according to Wagner's account (CAJ, 1972).

Storus alone would be a very pleasant day trip from Monica Meadows. Ratings would be II-III, 3 under the Climber's Guide system or B2 according to the KMC. Some parties might want a rope for the descent of Storus' N. ridge.

Storus and Isis together, returning via the ascent route, I would rate at III, 4 or B3. One 9mm rope and a small rack would suffice.

MAP: 82K/7 Duncan Lake, 1:50,000

POSTSCRIPT

Desiring something more sporty, Hamish and I did not return via the ascent route of Storus and Isis, continued S. along the ridge, and wound up enjoying a 14 1/2 hour day. For what it's worth, I can tell you that we ambled over three false summits, doing an 80' rap off the last one. At this point we were a bit N. of the famous "hole in the wall" (no, it's not an optical illusion; there really is a giant hole in the ridge, prominent from the SW ridge of Amen-Ra). We then decided to go down a muddy gully filled with loose rocks that gave access to another valley and lake (256-817) E. of our ridge. Two more rappels for the gully. This lake is perhaps 1,000' above a big cutblock overlooking the road on Glacier Creek's S. fork. To return to our camp, we traversed all the way around the S. and W. sides of the Storus-Isis massif (decidedly unpleasant), reaching our bivvy site by 6:00. Then we headed out for the truck, couldn't pick up the Monica Meadows trail in the dark, finally located it about 200' above where we were stumbling around, and glided into the carpark at 9:20 pm.

Repeating our traverse is not recommended. Who wants a low-grade ordeal on a couple of mountains that no one else has even heard of? Besides, the article was written to promote good times and exercise, not hardship and suffering.

week of holidays. The weather was not very cooperative so we kept postponing the start from day to day, until we found ourselves driving up Glacier Creek in fog and rain with only a day and a half left to the start of school. Hamish's plan was simplicity itself; leave one car at the end of the North Fork road then drive the second car to the start of the Macbeth trail. The trail was a pleasant albeit rather wet surprise, considerably improved from its previous state. It took us two and a half hours to reach the small lake below the headwall and as it was getting dark and we were a bit on the damp side we decided to put up a tent, dry out and hope that the weather will follow suit. It did; the skies cleared, stars were bright and I was pleased with my decision to lug my big winter sleeping bag.

Next morning, we made a sensible start. We reached the top of the headwall in 30 minutes. This was our original destination and a much more pleasant place to camp than in the narrow damp valley next to the lake. We could now see our first goal, Mt. Banquo. After a look at our watches and a quick calculation of the time available we quickly agreed to give it a pass and settle for Mts. Fleance and Macduff.

The weather was glorious. It was one of those early fall days when one can see forever. There was new snow on the ground and we put our crampons on for a last steepish slope below Mt. Fleance and then a short horizontal scramble and there we were. The view was tremendous and Hamish entertained me with his impressive knowledge of the surrounding peaks. After the summit lunch we started across Macbeth Icefield. The snow was firm and going was easy and fast, not quite the leisurely glacier slog that Hamish kept dreaming about while sweating it out on the warm granite of the Stegosaurus Ridge. It took us less than 90 minutes to get to the far end where we were planning to drop down to the valley below the NE escarpment of Macbeth Icefield [site of the 1988 hiking camp]. One look at Mt. Macduff and another at our watches and we were off. The summit was just as we predicted, a pleasant 30 minute scramble. By then it was past 5 p.m. and we had a short discussion about the shortening days and the unknown bushwhack to the car. We kept moving at almost Freddie Thiessen pace with only occasional glances at the truly spectacular surroundings, but alas, a mini epic was unavoidable. The bushwhack turned out to be longer and more bushy than expected [the enormous huckleberries were a temptation that we had to resist, well most of the time anyway] and it got darker and darker and we were nowhere near our destination. As a matter of fact we could not see it, or where we were, or very much of anything. It was prime bear country but by then we were thrashing through the bush so noisily that even the most dense of ursidae would be aware of the presence of dumb tourists in their neighbourhood. Anyway, we did make it, notwithstanding wading a flooded creek, falling into

Peakbagging Guide for Intermediates

by Steven Horvath

Time to move on to bigger and (one would hope) better things. There are many good places for an aspiring peakbagger and we are fortunate to have some of them right in our backyard. A great place to start is on one of the groups of peaks accessible from the Glacier Creek Road. Probably the best one of them, especially for an intermediate peakbagger, is the Macbeth Group. So in the interest of research and service to fellow K.M.C.ers Hamish Mutch and I had decided to end the summer with a "long glacier slog". The idea had occurred to Hamish while sweating it out on, under and [all] over Stegosaurus Ridge in the dry smoky heat of July 1994.

With our calendars full of a variety of family and work commitments, there was only one possible date left; two days [exact date to be agreed upon later] during the last

treeholes, hanging from a bush by one arm while trying to cross a wet log spanning a vertical gully in pitch darkness etc. Such are the consequences of peakbagging addiction.

So, to summarize: this is a lovely trip with a possibility of bagging three separate peaks in one day, especially during the longer daylight in mid summer with an early start. Two cars are advisable as the traverse does add an extra dimension. There are plenty of nice campsites above the Macbeth headwall, at the level of the icefield. We could definitely recommend spending an extra night camping somewhere on the large plateau below the NE escarpment. This would give extra time to explore the plateau and downgrade the bushwhack to the car.

Equipment

4 wd car/truck is nice to have for the last section of the road to Macbeth trailhead.

Usual snow/ice travel gear.

Mt. Fleance, 9520', Mt. Macduff, 9810'

Steven Horvath, Hamish Mutch

Interlude in the Rockies

by Earle R. Whipple

After ten years in the Columbia Mountains gathering data for guidebooks, I had become so one-sided as to forget that any other ranges existed (a slight exaggeration). So, I decided to accept an invitation by Leon Blumer to join a trip to Bluewater Creek on the Rockies' western slope.

The east side of the Mt. Freshfield area is remote and little visited, and the Lloyd MacKay hut there has been disassembled, moved by helicopter, and reassembled above the head of Bluewater Creek just west of the Campbell Icefield to serve for skiing and mountaineering. Our job was to reach it from the ground. Rockies or no, this was Columbia Mountain jungle, not the open forest of the east side.

The trail began below the road at its end, below a clearcut. On return, it is important to stay high in order to encounter the trail through formidable alder slides near the lower end. It continues largely above the creek. At the head of the lower valley on steeper terrain after extending the trail, we encountered a pleasant surprise. Animal trails, apparently

mostly elk and bear, were like roads and even went where we humans wished to go!

The cabin lies at timberline far to the left, left of a recent slide which has destroyed forest. On July 19, 1994 five of us climbed a 9050 foot peak just above the cabin at the edge of the icefield (easiest by snow on the east, done by Paul Stephenson). Peter Carter and Bill Hamilton continued along the ridge to another 9050 foot peak and finally did Mt. Alan Campbell, descending by the glacier and the stream from it which plunges over a waterfall toward Bluewater Creek below.

Peter and Bill made a valiant attempt, using pitons in rotten rock, to reach the east side of the Freshfield area east of the icefield but to no avail. Without cables or ladders, backpacking does not appear practical because of steep walls.

Mt. Alan Campbell, by our friends' decent route, was an enjoyable climb for Leon and me. From the cabin, descend the left side of the hump of the spur northwest of the cabin and go down a very steep and well-defined animal trail for 250 meters to the drainage from Mt. Alan Campbell. Ascend the valley bottom within 300 meters of the ice, and a snow ledge leads up and left to the top of the bluffs. Ascend snow (on the glacier's edge) to the top. At the snow traverse under the summit pyramid, be careful of avalanche conditions, since there are cliffs below. Round trip, 10-11 hours.

Our second trip, to the northern part of the Wells Gray Group, was bedeviled by forest fire smoke and bad weather, and was useful only for seeing the region. We climbed one summit.

Mt. Alan Campbell, 9970'

Earle Whipple, Leon Blumer, Paul Stephenson, Peter Carter, Bill Hamilton

Mt. Kinabalu, In the Rainy Season

by Graham Kenyon

Mt. Kinabalu is in the Malaysian State of Sabah in North Borneo, and at 13,455 feet it is the highest mountain in South East Asia. It is also one of the most popular destinations for any one in that part of the world who has the urge to climb something significant,

accessible and technically easy. Malaysia has established a National Park of about 750 sq km around the mountain, including some of the lowland forest around the eastern side.

The mountain itself is an immense hunk of granite rearing up out of the forest to the bare rock slabs of its summit plateau. Craggy, tooth-like peaks provide a spectacular rim around the plateau, with Low's Peak being the most popular goal. This peak is named after the botanist who did the first recorded ascent in 1855. Getting there must have been 90% of the fun in those days, with no roads, maps and fancy huts. Botany is still a major attraction. The park protects thousands of species, many of which are unique. Some are beautiful, like the showy rhododendron, and the 1500 species of orchids. Some are bizarre, like the carnivorous pitcher plant that eats flies, and the parasitic rafflesia with its 45cm flowers. The forest changes from the lowland jungle, through the intermediate montane and the cloud forest to the high alpine, so the diversity of flora really is exceptional.

The park headquarters is at 5000 feet and it is definitely cooler than the clammy heat of Kota Kinabalu down the coast where most visitors arrive at Sabah. There are accommodations at the headquarters area ranging from hostels to fancy cabins that must be booked in advance at Kota Kinabalu to be sure of a place to stay. There is also a cafe where if you are tired of the local fare you can get fish and chips; though why would anyone tire of crispy stir-fried veggies with prawns on a mound of rice, all for the equivalent of \$3.00? The food is cheap, but to climb the mountain you need a permit, insurance (!), and a guide for two days; and you need accommodation at the high hut. All of which adds up to over \$45, which is quite pricey for that country. The guide is compulsory. They don't do much: when 15000 people hike the same route every year its not easy to lose the track. Most speak little or no English, so they can't do much in the way of interpretation either. There are sneaky ways of beating the system by getting through the gate before dawn, but what the heck, they have to live too.

I drew Gilbert as my guide. He was obviously happy to get a loner instead of four people to look after. It cost me another five bucks to get us up to the trailhead by minibus, and finally we were on our way.

The trail proper starts at 6000 feet, but that us a tropical 6000 feet, ie there are houseplants growing all around in what is essentially an oak forest. There are rhododendrons too, gorgeous orange blossoms overhead.

At about 6500 feet, after a steeply stepped climb reminiscent of Nepal, the cloud forest zone begins. This is similar to the Pacific rainforest in a way - lots of moss, and with ferns

growing in any favourable crook in the branches of trees. Everything seemed to have something growing in it or on it, lush and green. Meanwhile the trail continues to climb steeply, relieved by the occasional shelter with water tanks and taps to quench ones thirst. Did I say this was K2? Being a school holiday added to the busyness. O.K. J L Crowe Grads, as a special treat we are going to climb a 13500 ft mountain....

Then there is the bamboo forest, including a delicate, fern-like climbing variety named Miss Gibb's bamboo (sounds like a raunchy Victorian novel) after the lady, presumably unmarried, who climbed the mountain in 1910 looking for new species for the British Museum. Sir Hugh Low had already discovered the specie of pitcher plant peculiar to Kinabalu. This plant's 20 cm bucket catches flies and leaches the nutrients out of them as an alternative to struggling to survive in the infertile soil. There are not a whole lot of birds, you hear many more than you see. Animals too are scarce with all the traffic. No wild boar or tigers, just the occasional ground squirrel.

At about 10 000 feet, rocky outcroppings begin pressing the vegetation aside. There is a big overhang where the early climbers used to camp prior to the onslaught in the peak next morning. Nowadays most people stay at the Panar Laban Hut, perhaps because of the hot showers and restaurant. The name means "place of sacrifice" because the early explorers used to sacrifice a chicken here to appease the mountain gods. Now you get your chicken already sacrificed, sweet and sour with rice.

We had hiked up at a steady pace, pausing only briefly at the rest stations along the way. This seemed to be rather unorthodox, for Gilbert who expected something more leisurely. I certainly wasn't walking quickly, but without stops it didn't take too long. Being a rugged KMC type I stayed at a higher hut, with no heat, and with a ten minute walk to the restaurant. Besides the first hut was full. It is cold at 11 000 feet anywhere, and this was no exception. It also poured with rain, this being the rainy season, but fortunately not until after Gilbert and I had arrived. Gilbert seemed to be showing me off to his guide buddies for getting up to the hut in 2 3/4 hours. If so, I must have disappointed them the next day.

The next day began at 1:30 am with people chattering and stomping around. Above the din I could hear the rain pouring down, so I stuffed in my ear plugs and turned over. There was no way I was going to hike up a mountain by flashlight in the pouring rain and cold. A politely insistent Gilbert broke into whatever pleasant things I was dreaming about to tell me it was time to go. It was 3:00 am; time to go where? It was still cold, but the rain had stopped. I had

a pounding headache, I felt horrible, and never felt less like going for a walk in my life. But fortitude in the face of adversity is what made the British Empire great, right? So, onward and upward; stumble up rocky gullies, up rickety ladders, up slabs, hanging on to fixed ropes, puffing and panting, gulping back my breakfast whenever it threatened to reappear, which was often. Heck I thought this is almost as much fun as a Thiessen B-3.

Somewhere along the way, way up on a bare, rocky plateau with teeth silhouetted against the lightening sky, dawn broke. This was supposed to be the moment of inspiration; the reason why we had all got up at that ridiculous hour, but frankly I wasn't paying a whole lot of attention, I was having a hard time managing essential breathing. Inspiration was the least of my priorities.

To end this tedious account of the effects of altitude, dehydration and the previous day's egotism, let's just say I did get up the thing. The final peak looked ironically like Asgaard, except it had a sign at the top telling me that I could stop doing this. I had reached 13,455 feet. Beyond the sign the crags dropped impressively 5000 ft down to the distant ocean of green jungle now rapidly disappearing in the clouds boiling up for the inevitable rains. In the distant was the sea: the South China Sea. Despite the fatigue, I was impressed with such an exotic scene.

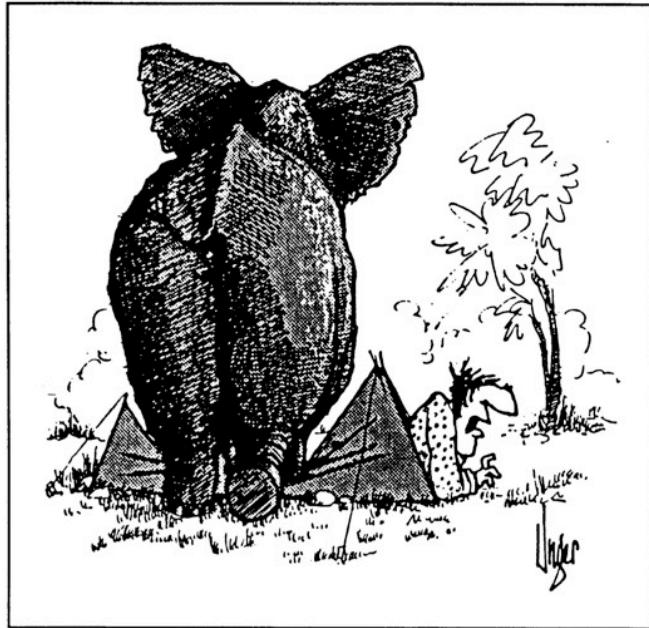
The more pragmatic Gilbert was more interested in getting down before the rains began. He probably also didn't want to be the last off the mountain, which was a serious possibility that might reflect on his guiding abilities. So off we went, and in a couple of hours we were back at the hut. Ah, the bliss of that mattress as I lay back and listened to the rain now hammering on the roof. This time I was here to stay.

If there is one thing worse than disappointment it is bitter disappointment; like discovering there is no room at the inn after you have irrevocably decided that there is absolutely no way you are going to hike 6000 more feet down a steep muddy trail in the pouring rain, to hell with the British Empire. Lack of choice gives a certain degree of motivation, and that, together with a bowl of noodles transformed the unthinkable into the inevitable.

It didn't rain all the way down, quite, but it didn't matter after the first ten minutes. Dry was a word to be savoured later, along with other words like rest and bed. Actually it did get easier lower down, but the kilometres got longer. How else would it take 3 1/2 hours to come down when it took 2 3/4 hours to go up? Proximity to the equator perhaps. It was a bit humbling though to read the sign at the trailhead giving the times of the great Kinabalu Mountain Race a couple of years back: 2hrs 58mins for the winner.

As Gilbert said: that was up and down, and all the way to the top without the hut stop. Second was a Brit. in 2hrs 59 mins, which says something about the Empire after all.

Mt. Kinabalu, 13,455'
Graham Kenyon



"So much for camping!"

A Pilgrimage to Mt. Kailas in Tibet

by Renate Belczyk

In September 1994, I undertook the rather long and arduous journey to Mt. Kailas in Tibet. For a long time I had wanted to see and experience the holiest of all holy mountains.

Mt. Kailas is Asia's most sacred mountain and situated in a remote corner of the country surrounded by rugged terrain on all sides. To Buddhism and Hindus alike, this 6675 meter (21,900 foot) peak is the THRONE OF THE GODS AND THE NAVEL OF THE EARTH, and for over 1000 years, pilgrims from all over Asia have travelled there. They still arrive by the thousands annually to circumambulate this mountain in order to gain spiritual enlightenment and a less toilsome path into Nirvana. But even without religious prominence, Kailas would be an

important mountain because four major rivers have their origin within a few miles of the summit: the Tsang Po (Bramaputra), the Indus, Sutley and Karnali (a tributary of the Ganges).

Except for a handful of explorers, only lately have Westerners been allowed into the more remote areas of Tibet and roads have been built to give access to these places. I travelled with a small group of six, (organized by an adventure tour group called HIMALAYAN HIGH TREKS, based in California). We flew from Kathmandu to Lhasa and drove from there along the Northern Route to Mt. Kailas and back via the Southern Route to Kathmandu. We rode in two Land-Cruisers. Our packs, the kitchen equipment plus the gas for the 3200 km road trip followed in a big truck.

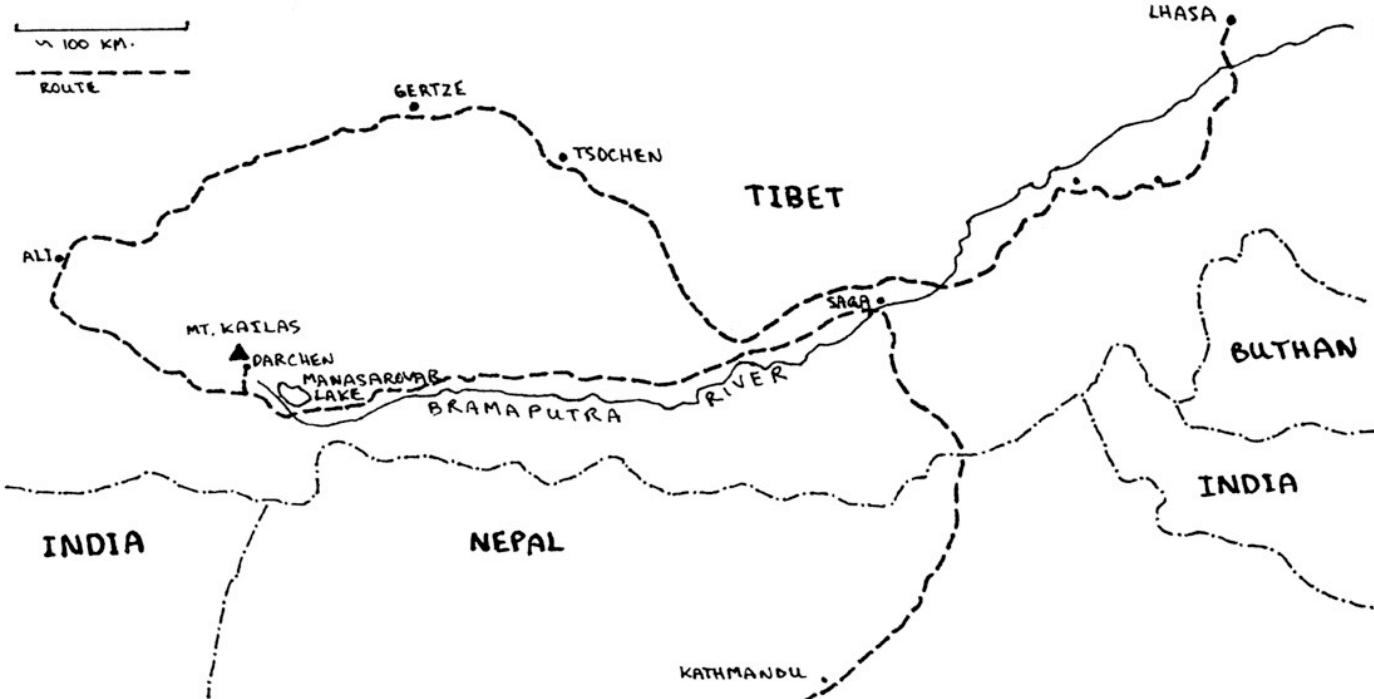
Once we left the more populated areas around the world around Lhasa and Shigatse and crossed the Bramaputra River for the high altitude emptiness of the Chang Tang province, the roads became incredibly bad and most of the time we could only crawl along. There was one washout after another, some small and deep from 4,000 to over 5,000 meters, all gaily decorated with prayer flags, and were always at an average altitude of 4,500 meters. Both the cars and the trucks broke down or got stuck frequently but always seemed to have one more incarnation left in them.

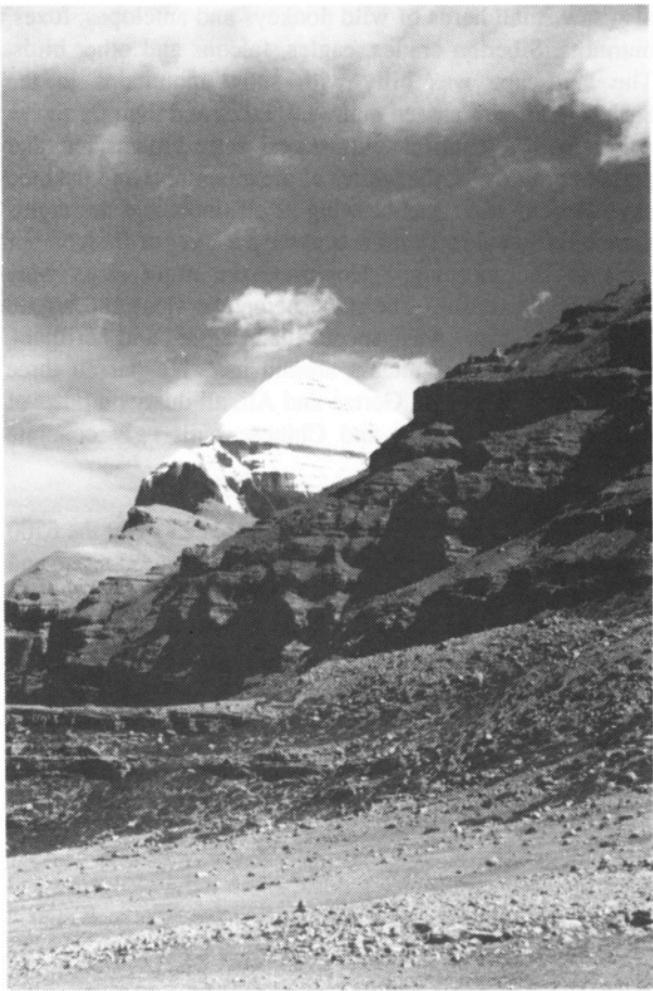
We travelled for eight days only occasionally passing a black nomad tent, a herd of yaks, goats or sheep. Sometimes, we

also saw small herds of wild donkeys and antelopes, foxes, marmots, Siberian cranes, eagles, falcons and other birds. The landscape was hilly with snow mountains in the background. We passed many salt lakes and their turquoise colour made a beautiful contrast against the browns, reds and purples of the hills, the whites of the mountains and the blue sky. A cold wind was blowing at all times and the nights were bitterly cold. There was always a layer of frost on our tents in the morning. However, the night skies were incredibly beautiful. The stars seemed so close and bright. The moon also was spectacular, clear and brilliant, illuminating the mountains around us. We passed three small towns: Tsochen, Gertze and Ali, all dusty outposts of mud walls, mud roads and Chinese built ugly concrete structures.

Finally we saw what we had come all this way for: the 6700 meter unclimbed mass of Mt. Kailas which stood alone and white, a nearly perfect pyramid of ice, snow and black rock towering above the lesser summits around it. Towards the opposite direction stretching into the distance was the green Barkha Plain, the silver streak of Manasarovar Lake and the Gurla Mandhata, a gleaming white, 7740 meter high massif sloping upward from the plain so gently that the summit appeared just a day-hike away.

We had arrived at Darchen, a busy place full of Tibetan Pilgrims, yaks and snarling dogs, some Indian Pilgrims and very few foreigners. (Among the few foreigners though, I





met Phillippe Delasalle, a KMC friend who several of you probably know from hiking camps). From Darchen, we started out 55 km, three day circumambulation of Kailas by following a wide Pilgrim's path marked by stone cairns. Yaks with our luggage followed behind. We passed Tarboche, a giant flagpole decorated with hundreds of prayer flags and made a side trip to the Chuca Gompa, a monastery high up in a cliff. There was a festive atmosphere with people praying and prostrating themselves, wearing their best clothes and jewelry and flashing us the brightest and friendliest smiles. The view across the valley to Mt. Kailas was spectacular.

Coming down, we watched our yaks throwing off their burdensome loads and the herders trying to catch the animals, pick up the packs and tie them on in such a way that they could not help but fall off again a few miles up the trail. It was a spectacle worth watching. We stopped for the night in a flat spot not far from the second gompa, Dira Phuk. An icy wind was blowing and it was bitterly cold at this elevation of almost 5000 meters. Yet, we watched with awe the white peak of Kailas turn almost completely red

with the setting sun on it. Then we saw a huge full moon come up between two mountain ridges which made the night sky utterly and indescribably beautiful. Had it not been so bitterly cold, I think, all of us would have spent the night outside.

The next morning, a pale full moon hung at the other end of the valley and the sun was just turning the peak of Mt. Kailas into gold. We got going as soon as we could, hoping to get warm. With us was a stream of pilgrims, some Hindus from India but mostly Tibetan Buddhists in their best homespun wool robes and hats. Around the neck the women had chains of various coloured beads and all wore gaos: small silver cases studded with coral and turquoise and containing their amulets. They were chanting their mantras but always took time out to smile and greet us with a cheerful "tashi delai". The trail climbed steeply, lined by hundreds of small cairns and with a bountiful signs that this was no ordinary mountain path. There is a rock bearing the footprint of the saint Milarepa, a sinner's test stone, called Dipka Karnak, where only those of clear conscience are supposed to be able to crawl through and finally, the Shivachal Tutrup, a huge patch of used clothing, each piece left as an offering by a pilgrim.

We reached the 5636 meter pass, the Dolma La in the early afternoon. It was marked by an enormous boulder decked with hundreds of bright prayer flags snapping in the cold wind. Pilgrims, reaching the pass walked three times around the boulder, said their prayers, removed a prayer flag as a souvenir and replaced it with fresh ones. Just observing the Tibetans performing their devotions with such joy and trust made me too fall under the spell of the mountain and feel part of something bigger.

From Dolma La, it was downhill all the way, past a small green lake, the Yokma Tso, between rocks and huge boulders to a narrow river valley where we spent the night close to Zutru Phuk, the third monastery on the circuit. It was very cold and as I slipped into my sleeping bag I wondered if I would ever be warm again.

We visited the gompa the next morning. Like the other two it had been destroyed during the Cultural Revolution but rebuilt in the past few years. Zutru Phuk is especially important for the Tibetans because the cave around which the gompa was constructed, was built by Milarepa and his footprint can still be seen.

From the monastery, the trail followed a wonderful canyon of red rock. When it opened onto views of the Gurla Mandhata mountains and Manasarovar and Rakshas Tal lakes, we knew we were near the end of our trek.

We spent a day at the beautiful as well as holy Manasarovar

lake at an altitude of 4530 meters. From our camp we could see the white pyramid of Mt. Kailas and across the lake the massive Gurla Mandhata Range. Then we spent the next five days driving parallel to the Nepalese border along the Himalayan Mountain Chain. It was an absolutely beautiful trip, the area was greener (more rain), there were more people and extensive herds of yaks, goats, sheep. We passed many Tibetan salt caravans on their way to Nepal to trade salt for barley or other grains. Finally, we almost had a chance to enter Nirvana when a head-on collision with a truck seemed inevitable, but in the last second both drivers moved the vehicles a bit to the side (there was not much room) and only the left front and side of our car got hit.

We crossed the Bramaputra River at Saga, reached the main Lhasa-Kathmandu Road, crossed one more high prayer-flagged pass, the Gyatso La, and dropped from the bare Tibetan plateau across the border into a lush Nepalese countryside. We were back in Kathmandu a month after we had left. In this busy town I soon missed the quiet brown hills of Tibet with its clear blue skies, clean air, and spectacular starry nights.

Cycling from Kuranda to Tinaroo Dam

by Pam Olson

Atherton Tablelands, Queensland, Australia, July 1993. We took the train from Cairns to Kuranda, passing through the cane fields and then climbing through the rainforest of Barron River gorge to the pretty village of Kuranda. The railway line was completed in 1891 and at one time, the trains hauled ore; now their main cargo is tourists. We did not need to justify taking the train; we had already pedalled over the Great Dividing Range earlier in the three and a half week trip and had no intention of doing it again so soon. For the train trip, our bikes had to ride in a different compartment from us and when we went to retrieve them upon arrival at Kuranda, we discovered that not only was the outside door to the compartment locked, but we seemed to be the only people left on the train. Even the crew had vanished. We had just finished unpacking my bike and hauling it out through the end door into the adjoining compartment when a railway worker came along and opened the outside door, allowing Dave's bike to escape easily. The guide book informed us that it was a heart-starting experience to get your loaded bike up the stairs and

out of the station. It was.

About two hours out of Kuranda, I was pedalling along serenely, a short distance behind Dave when I noticed he had stopped at the foot of a hill; he was holding up something long and thin. Ah, he's found a snake, I thought. Well no, it was not a snake; it was his chain. There was much yelling and screaming about why we didn't have a chain tool; we had every other tool under the sun with us. In twenty-five years of bicycling, this was the first time I had experienced a broken chain. After we had calmed down we found that the pins had not been lost and we were able to squeeze the link back together with our two pairs of pliers. From then on, whenever Dave heard two sharp clicks, he stopped and we squeezed the link back together.

There was a reason why the chain broke. No matter how well you pack your bike for travelling by air, the airline will find some way to damage it. This time, they had managed to make a small, but deep dent in the outer front chain ring, right on top of the Biopace sticker. We have taken our bikes for many airplane rides and after a number of packing experiments we finally bought bike carrying bags. These are softsided bags that can be padded with cardboard and look like a piece of luggage. They are compact and have carrying straps. Inside, the bikes are partly dismantled and all sensitive parts can be well padded with cardboard and foam or bubble pack. All the rest of our equipment and stuff is packed in two giant MEC duffle bags. We usually fly into one city and out of another, a strategy that allows us bundle all our extra luggage into one of the duffel bags and air freight the lot to our departure airport where the bag patiently waits until we collect it to go home. We had flown into Brisbane about two weeks earlier and after assembling the bikes, we had discovered the dent. However, it was Sunday and everything was closed. We removed the bent ring and, with a borrowed hammer, pounded it back into shape. It was not quite straight and this added stress to the chain which finally gave up and snapped open at one link.

The chain temporarily repaired, we continued on our way, stopping every ten kilometres or so to squeeze the link back together. We turned off the main road and followed a gravel side road to Davis Creek National Park where we had planned to camp for the night. This was a beautiful, but tiny park, featuring a stream flowing over granite slabs. The next day, after exploring the creek, we rode into Mareeba in search of a bicycle shop. If you are ever in Mareeba and in need of a bike shop, Eddleston Cycles is on Constance Street; you can't miss it. The guys in the shop were very helpful, fixed the chain and chain ring and showed us their fancy racing mountain bikes - those fat tube jobs with shocks and skinny seats; these guys were serious. They asked us where we were going; we said we were heading

toward Tinaroo Dam. There is a short-cut, Tinaroo Creek Road, the shop owner said, we raced it last Saturday and the first guys to finish took just over an hour and a half. It's only 28 km., that's 10 km. shorter than the main road and more interesting. He added that we would have no problem with our mountain bikes and that there was a campground at the Dam.

In the mood for a challenge, we set off down the back road at 2:30 p.m. Although daytime temperatures in the high teens Celsius might suggest summer, July is the middle of winter in Australia and we were aware that it would start to get dark around 5:30 p.m. Maybe we could get there in three hours; maybe not. The first part of the road was loose granite gravel, the kind of stuff that sucks your tires under. It was slow going but we slogged along. A farmer in a livestock truck asked us if we knew where we were going. Tinaroo Dam, we said. Well, I reckon you're taking the hard way, he replied.

The bike store guys had told us that a couple of old semi-hermit guys lived along the way and that since the road ran through the property of one of them, we should stop and talk to him. He had added that the old fellow liked mountain bikers but did not like motor cyclists. The first old guy lived in a shelter made from sheets of corrugated roofing tin leaning up against some sort of wooden frame. He might have been sixty or seventy years old, thin and strong looking with skin the colour walnut stained wood. He said he had been a miner in his younger days, hauling 150 pound loads of equipment and supplies into the hills and similar sized loads of ore out - on his back. He was practically blind from cataracts and was waiting for an operation. Since he had no telephone, I wondered how the National Health was going to contact him, but didn't ask. He told us about his friend down the road who had killed himself last winter with a shotgun; he couldn't understand suicide.

The next old guy, and it was through his property that we had to pass, had a vehicle and a regular looking house. A few chickens were scratching around in a pen near the house. The old fellow lived with two dachshunds who seemed to have free run of the house. He had piercing blue eyes and no legs; he used his arms to wheel himself on a small cart up to the screen door. As the door opened, we were assaulted by a strong aroma of dog excrement. He pointed out the route, saying that we had a ways to go yet and wished us well. We didn't want to know what he had done with his legs.

The road deteriorated into a dry streambed and we had to squeeze through a couple of narrow passages where bridges had been washed out; the packs scraped the sides of these chutes. We got past the bad section and could still see bike tracks so we assumed we were still on the right road. We

were beginning to wonder about the hour and a half race times. As the sun dropping lower in the sky, we began to realize that we were going to have to look for a place to camp. Water seemed to be a problem; since we were on our way to a big irrigation dam, we knew we would eventually come to the outflow stream, Tinaroo Creek. But were we were, the pools of water looked murky and we suspected the water was polluted from the earlier mining activity that was evident.

The sun went down, but there was a full moon low in the sky and we could still vaguely see the road. Finally we saw moonlight glinting on water and got off the bikes to investigate. It was the stream all right, but cows were camped there and someone was fishing on the other side. By this time the road had improved again and we pedalled on for another ten or so minutes until we found a place where we could get to the stream and where there was a relatively flat bit of ground to put up the tent.

We were in the mood for a potful of soup and fired up the MSR stove. This was the moment that the faithful Whisperlite decided that its gas line was going to give out and sprayed burning fuel all over the ground. Rather than set fire to Queensland, we decided that we were really in the mood for cheese and crackers. The bottle of Wynns Coonawarra Estate Hermitage (1990) was excellent, but deserved better fare than cheese and crackers. What little water had managed to warm itself before the stove gave up, we used for a sponge bath. We would have rather jumped into the stream for a swim but by this time we could not see the stream and did not want to risk getting caught in the weeds and muck. Fed and clean, we flopped into the tent and slept.

Next morning, we mixed instant coffee with UHT milk to wash down our bread and cheese breakfast. Wheatbix would have gone down better, but we had a milk shortage. We went for a short walk up the stream and discovered a dead cow. The unfortunate animal had probably gone down for a drink, gotten mired in the mud, panicked, mired herself deeper, dropped from exhaustion and drowned. There was a ring of foam in the water around her mouth and nose and a huge pile of dung near her rear end; her exposed flank was covered with mud and dried sweat; she must had died in agony. After this rather depressing discovery, we decided it was time we got going.

We dragged the bikes and packs up to the road, loaded the bikes and continued on. About fifteen minutes later we came to the perfect camping spot. Had we been able to see the night before, we could have walked down to the stream to some flat rocks for a moonlight bath. There were no cows, living or dead, to be seen. Another half hour later we came to a locked gate; we were at the Dam.

Cabins

The Bonnington Range Huts

by George Apel

Where are they and how can I get there? As Club Director of Cabins and Trails, I often hear this question. The Bonnington Range Huts, which the KMC built and jointly manages with the Forest Service, frequently seem to be lost in what some have likened to Brigadoon (visible every hundred years), or the lost city of Shangri-la (open only to the select). The 1:50 000 map 82 F/6 covers the location of all the huts, including the location of the site proposed for the Siwash or John Steed hut. While there are difficulties even for those who have been there countless times, here are the map coordinates:

Grassy Mtn Hut - Grid Reference 646593
Future Steed Hut - Grid Reference 675657
Copper Mtn hut - Grid Reference 722703
Huckleberry Hut - Grid Reference 769635

It should be remembered that these are multiple-use, public recreation sites; NO RESERVATIONS. The huts have wood stoves, hard bunks, outhouses, and limited water sources nearby during summer seasons. Don't count on anything.

People attempting to travel to the huts, particularly in the winter should be self-sufficient, having avalanche awareness and self rescue skills. Remember there is limited space in the cabins. In summer and especially in the fall, you will be travelling through bear country and should show the obvious respect. Detailed route information and signage has been resisted because of the probable change of conditions within seasons, and the various implications such route information may have to the inexperienced and unskilled. It is hoped that if travellers have the skills of map reading, they will also have the additional skills necessary for enjoyment of the Bonnington Range. It's also more fun to put these skills to use, choosing for yourself, accepting the responsibility and challenge, "to seek out new worlds where no one yet has gone....".

The Silver Spray Cabin

by John Carter

During the winter of 1993-1994 the Friends of West Kootenay Parks Society became increasingly aware of the deteriorating condition of the Silver Spray Cabin. This cabin is situated in the Woodbury Creek drainage of Kokanee Glacier Park. Several timber frame companies had shown interest in providing plans and being involved in the construction of a cabin.

B.C. Parks was consulted and with their blessing we began to formulate a plan for replacing Silver Spray. Both timber frame companies were contacted about possible plans and product. Hamill Creek Timber Wrights of Hamill Creek were chosen to complete drawings and formulate a construction plan. At this point we realized that this was a major project for a small volunteer group of friends!

Several committees within the Society were formed to start planning, fund raising and scheduling. By late June working blueprints were being studied, major fund raising had started and work party weekends were being penciled in on the calendar. Now all that was needed was for the snow to melt at the site!

On July 12 we flew to Silver Spray to assess snow depth, cabin tear-down logistics and the possibilities of using the stable for a kitchen. On the weekend of July 22/23 we flew into the site with 8 strong young people and began the task of tearing down the existing structure. By mid-day Sunday the original structure was completely levelled and useful wood piled separately. As the building was being demolished the stable was being turned into a first rate, rustic kitchen.

The following weekend saw 26 persons excavate trenches for the stone and mortar footings, and then build the walls which were 90% completed in about 15 hours. An incredible work party organized by Dan Harlow had moved some 15-18 tons of rock and mixed 150 bags of premixed concrete!

We had decided that we must provide all volunteers with food and transport to the site in exchange for their hard dedicated work. Virtually all work parties were flown in Friday evenings by Canadian Helicopters and then all people walked out Sunday afternoon. We were fortunate in getting reductions in food costs at local stores, but even so, the food costs were substantial! We also obtained discounts, reductions and donations of material and equipment from companies and private citizens throughout the West Kootenays.

On August 26 we assembled in the Woodbury parking lot to fly in the timber framers and their building. It was not to be, as rain and fog cancelled any chance of flying! But the next day was clear and hot, and 30 people and 10 tons of timber frame were flown in during the day. The two helicopters made 46 trips from the parking lot! In fact we had 36 people at the site; construction began at 11:00 a.m. and by 3:30 p.m. the next day, the timber frame was up and officially blessed.

During the month of September, weekend work crews of from 12 to 20 persons completed sheathing-in the roof, complete with steel roofing. Walls were constructed using the layering method, starting from the outside edge of the vertical timbers. First, 1" x 4" T & G sheathing, then vapour barrier, 2 1/4" rigid foam insulation, heavy roofing felt, strapping and finally 1" x 10" channel siding. Because

of the layering of materials, the project took longer than expected but the insulation value is extremely good.

The month of October saw completion of the walls with windows and doors framed in and placed. Work continued in the interior with 2" x 6" T & G flooring on both floors. The back porch was walled in and storage areas built. Cabinets built and donated by Mark Hamilton were put in the kitchen area. Tables, benches and chairs were constructed. A propane heater stove donated by Kootenay Wood Stoves and Vermont Castings was installed and a wood heater stove, propane lights and counter elements were installed. By late November several more shelter work parties had completed work and the new Silver Spray "Chalet" was ready for the ski season. A clean up work party in late spring of 1995 will complete clean up projects, staining and sealing of inside wood and any other items needing attention.

The successful completion of this large project was only possible because of many many volunteers from all over the Kootenays. In particular, the donation of over 90% of the wood for the building including all timber frame material by Meadow Creek Cedar made this project possible. We hope a grand opening of the cabin that will take place in late spring. Suitable plaques will be placed on the interior walls, recognizing donations and volunteers.



Conservation

The Valhallas

by Kirk Shave

Step inside, friend. Welcome. My name is Dag, Odin's charioteer. Odin, the king of Norse gods, has asked me to accompany you on an epic journey through Valhalla, his hall for slain heroes and heroine. Though Odin's vast Hall boasts five hundred and forty doors, we need only visit a dozen to get a glimpse of the grandeur of Valhalla's corridors and gardens. It is, after all, the daily testing of courage and stamina on the rugged walls and routes, as well as, the healing beauty of the alpine gardens and water courses which attracts the Norse souls to this, Odin's Palace. It is not all as it should be here in Valhalla though. The Scandinavian gods are served by a class of priest-chieftains called godar who are having a difficult time maintaining Valhalla. With more and more souls entering the Palace and its park-like gardens, the godar, or Park Rangers as they are commonly referred, have had to limit and contain some of the recreational celebrations. It rests on the shoulders of three of these Rangers to ensure the "Hall of the slain" doesn't end up looking like a battle field. Here in Valhalla the heroes fight during the day, but their wounds heal miraculously before night, when they banquet with Odin. Unfortunately, alpine heather, perennial broadleaves and cryptogamic soils in the Palace do not recover overnight. Some of Odin's gardens contain heather plants that are well over three hundred years old. One short month of boot steps on their woody stocks has left the plants lifeless for over twenty-five years. As we fly through this 49,600 hectare Class A Palace (Park), I'll point out some of the efforts the Rangers have had to make to ensure Valhalla stays as intact as possible. Hang on to the chariot. Watch out for Thor's hammer, he's the god of Thunder. We're on our way to the south wings of the Palace.

Because Odin created Valhalla with five hundred and forty doors, through each of which eight hundred heroes could walk abreast, a possible four hundred and thirty-two thousand slain hero/heroin could enter his great Hall. He later realized a horde that size could destroy the majesty and splendour of the fragile gardens herein. Therefore, in 1989 he wrote a Master Plan which targeted only fifteen thousand visitor soul days by 1996. Unfortunately, the Master Plan

projections have already been surpassed and the boot steps are taking their toll. Up the Drinon/Gwillim corridor, an average of twenty alpine heroes camped each day through August 1994. To minimize the impacts that tents have on the delicate vegetation, tent pads were installed at Drinon, Wicca (Drinon Pass) and Gwillim Lakes. In addition, you can see metal wands have been placed to focus footsteps through Wicca Lake campground and up to Lucifer and Gwillim cols. Look down there, you can see fresh gravel on the Gwillim Lakes trail network. The Rangers capped the compacted soil paths in the campground last year. To curb the spreading vegetation loss around the tent pads in both alpine campgrounds, common cooking, food storage and cleaning centres were installed. The hope is to move random banqueting to specific "sacrifice areas" on order to minimize vegetation loss in Odin's gardens. In 1995, a volunteer tent pad occupancy system will be initiated to disperse overcrowding from Gwillim to Wicca. Odin says that if more and more souls continue to be attracted to this part of Valhalla an overnight permit system may be initiated for the Drinon/Gwillim corridor.

Let's fly up to Drinon Peak. If you look down to Valhalla Lake, you can see a cairned route which takes the more adventurous and courageous behind Mount Presley, along Presley Lakes and up to Asgaard (realm of all the Norse gods). The rock cairns have been attracting some ill equipped warriors, and heroes lacking the mountaineering experience necessary to handle the three pass traverse to Mulvey Basin. The Valkyries (Odin's attendant warrior maidens) have intervened and requested the removal of all cairned traverse routes in Valhalla. Mountaineering routes are for those experienced and equipped to choose them. The rock piles will be pulled down in 1995 by Odin's Rangers.

Onward. I want you to see a very powerful yet fragile spot. There is even a peak named after me - Mount Dag! It's an outstanding hall ringed with such polished gneiss nose peaks as Gladheim (the glittering home), Gimli (the abode of New Iceland), Midgaard (planet earth) and of course, Asgaard. This spot, named Mulvey Basin, is drawing more than the veterans. An average of fifteen to twenty visited here daily through July and August last season. Many hero/heroin tested their skill and stamina on the walls while the majority were satisfied with the scenery outside the Basin. This year, the godar constructed access half way up the dry, grizzly habitat free, south ridge below Gimli - Odin's preferred route. Entrance into the pristine lake and

meadowed Basin is through the Gimil/Niselheim (norse fog home) col. Again, the Valkries are tired of rescuing fallen heroes, and only those with experience and equipment to ensure personal safety should enter the Basin. In 1995, Odin's servants will be surveying a variety of alpine warriors (including K.M.C. members) to determine how many go where, and do what in this area of Valhalla. Information will also be gathered and analyzed regarding preferences to the development in or out of the Basin and what social, recreational and environmental limits should be initiated to ensure its natural integrity.

It pains me to leave the majesty of Mulvey so quickly, but we have a lot of Odin's palatial Hall to see. Salute Helgi Three-Born over there clinging to the Wolves Ears, and we're off to Beatrice. This verdant corridor, being the third most popular, attracts between twelve to fifteen souls a day. As we soar up the valley, notice the tent pads, food cache and toilets at Emerald, Cahill and Beatrice Lakes. The developed campgrounds were placed over old vegetative battle scars and seem to be containing current recreational damage in these forested sites. Though the majority of visiting warrior souls come to wrestle fish - there is a growing number who test their route finding skills by traversing from Beatrice Lake to Evans Lake. Let's go look at the cabin where some say Sigurd the Dragon-slayer dwells below the Devil's Couch.

Behold! What's the flash of silver flying in from the west end of Evans Lake? This is the only area that Odin allows flights into his Palace from the outside. Throughout the rest of Valhalla only the Valkyrie warrioresses delivering a recently fallen norse hero's soul, me in my chariot or the godar in one of those giant dragonflies have air travel rights. There have been reports recently though of Loki (Norse trickster god) sending illegal flights into Beatrice and Wee Sandy Lakes. Did you know he was banished from Valhalla centuries ago by Odin? Some say he still seeks revenge from his abode in the West Purcells. Odin has requested that if any of you warriors spot a silver winged craft, outside of Evans Lake, to pass its number on to the godar (Park Rangers). Lokis's efforts must be arrested. Unfortunately, we don't have time to share some mead with Sigurd the Dragon-slayer and his brother, Balder the Fish-bonker down at Evans Cabin. Let me tell you, as we fly north, that the cabin is in need of repair. The roof needs replacing and Odin's coffers are low, and there are many costly priorities within his realm. He is requesting donations of time and materials from supportive souls like yourself in order to thwart collapse. If you can help, let one of Odin's Rangers know.

There they are, the towering Nemo Battlements. In just the last year or two, they have been attracting an increasing number of wall climbers. In 1995, the godar will be

investigating preferred ascent and descent routes, bivy sites and possible impacts to the moss covered valley bottom. The influx of warriors who would rather climb than fight (the number of day hikers) will have an effect on this delicate corridor. Currently the beach, waterfalls and rock castles are attracting an average of three tents a night and as many as four to ten day hikers. Odin would like all adventurous warrior spirits to know that upper Nemo (above the cabin) is reserved for grizzly, and route finding up to Nemo Lakes is not recommended. As I steer the chariot towards Iron Peak, look back over your shoulder to catch Hela Peak (goddess of the underworld). It's into her cheerless underground world (Hel) that cowardly warriors are received.

Listen! It must be Thor's hammer ringing off of Iron Peak. Yonder, there is a flash of what you mortals call lightning. I have to be honest with you though, it's not just Thor and his foundry man, Harald Wartooth, that have kept the godar from maintaining access to Iron Peak and New Denver Glacier. With so few of Odin's godar to look after the increasing use in Valhalla, the Sharp Creek corridor has been forsaken for the last few years. This coming season, however, Odin has asked them to clear fallen debris and explore a route from Iron Peak to the Iron Creek (Holt) Cabin on to the Wee Sandy access. Let's go have a look at Valhalla's northern most chamber.

This beautiful thirteen kilometre hallway has and will continue to receive improvements by the Rangers. The access to Wee Sandy Lake is complete, though still recommended for the more adventurous hero/heroine. The first crossing over Wee Sandy will be replaced, the rerouted slide path sections below the cabin will be improved, bisected wet areas through grizzly habitat will be rerouted and a toilet will be installed at the cabin/campground at Iron Creek in 1995. Odin has decreed that the two rough camping areas on Wee Sandy Lake will not be improved or linked until increased recreational use warrants it. He has, however, received a growing number of requests for information on the challenging north/south traverse through Valhalla linking Wee Sandy to Drinon/Gwillim. The godar have been finding an increasing amount of environmental degradation to this outstanding four to five day route. Fire scars and litter are accumulating at Nemo, Avis, Demers, Hird and Rocky Lakes. The lesser gods Urs and Bor who reside along this wing of the Palace have vowed to report any unethical backcountry activities to Hela, where upon she has Odin's permission to banish their souls to the underworld.

It's time to return, my friend. Let us venture back via the pristine thirty kilometres of lake front -Valhalla's moat. Keep your eyes open for ghost viking ships. Last August over seven hundred and sixty-two boats were seen playing

off the beaches. Odin has nine campgrounds here for his water warriors, each with toilet, food cache and some tent pads. Odin's Rangers have been complaining about two issues. First, there are more campfires than they are able to supply with firewood. Some of the godar feel that those souls who overindulge in campfires or who hack Odin's sacred tree spirits for fuel should be condemned to exile in Muspellsheim (the realm of heat). Odin may have to intervene with an order that fires only be permitted fed with driftwood alone. The other problem on the moat is the introduction of jet-powered personal watercraft (no oars - nor sails). Warriors commandeering those boats will be asked to keep them outside of Valhalla's one hundred meter boundary with the exception of beach landing. The godar will be enforcing this decree. Our final stop is Pebble Beach. Odin's godar will be improving the alternate trail around the new owners' Tipi Camp and improving the part of the beach within Odin's realm. Let's have a swim while my winged steeds rest.

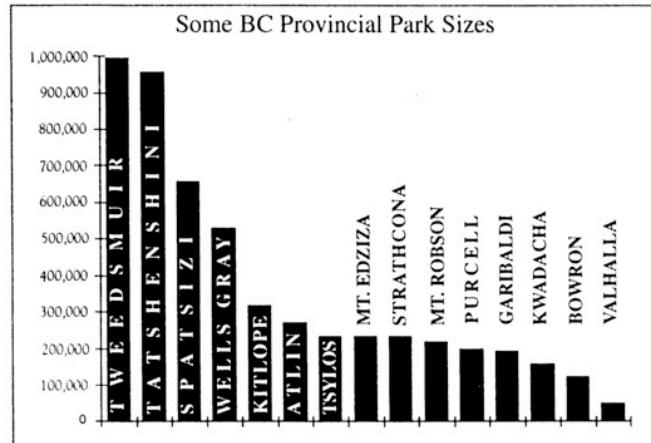
Tell me, have you ever swam in anything so sublime? There are a variety of opinions regarding which aspect of Valhalla provides conquest weary bodies with their necessary healing. I believe it's the Lake water; some of the goddesses say Odin's secret is in the blend of subtle scents emitted from the flower meadows. The Valkries swear it comes from the blended shades in an alpine sunset, while the godar hear it in the waterfalls. Odin trusts you have found your own specific connection to Valhalla and, as an ambassador, will share it with other mortals. He trusts that in doing so, you will encourage them to see that it is more than a place "to die for" -it's a Palace to care for.

If you have any suggestions or questions for Odin, please send them care of Kirkland, B.C Parks, 4750 Hwy. 3A, R.R.#3, C-5, Nelson, B.C. V5L 5P6. May Ular (god of winter) smile upon you.

Major Threats to Wilderness in Valhalla Park

by Anne Sherrod

Those who have hiked in Valhalla Park know that people in this area have a little piece of heaven on earth in their own backyards. Just how little it is turns out to be a key factor in how long the "heaven" part of it will survive. The graph on park sizes shows that,



compared to other wilderness parks in BC, Valhalla is tiny. Soaring use figures indicate that a horde of recreationists, far beyond anything we've had yet, is scheduled to descend upon this tiny park in the years ahead. Huge numbers of visitors is one of the largest threats to wilderness values in Valhalla Park.

In spite of the clear proof that Valhalla Park serves a genuine need of thousands of people, and despite the new tourism businesses it has spawned, anti-park factions have never stopped resenting its preservation. The forest industry believes it should be able to log wherever there's forest. The mining industry thinks its prospectors have the inalienable right to prospect and mine anywhere they choose. Motorized recreationists feel the same way - they should be able to use their vehicles anywhere they want. To these groups, our park system is a veritable police state depriving them of their God-given rights. Never mind the rights of the thousands of people who come to Valhalla to enjoy the wholeness of nature.

But are park users free of this human malady that wants to pursue one's pleasure, comfort and profit without regard to the consequences on others or on the land itself? The coming years in Valhalla Park will test whether that is so. The small size of the park and the large number of people who want to use it asks us to accept restraints. It is sad but true that some people going to the wilderness have the same frontier attitude as many of their adversaries: a view that a wilderness park gives them the right to walk and camp wherever they want, and to do whatever they want to do, regardless of the impact on the land; a view that *their* thing should be upheld as a right regardless of how it deducts from the experience of others.

This is one thing in a wilderness area where few people travel, but it is quite another in a small park like Valhalla,

where the damage done by one traveller is multiplied by the thousands every year. Sooner or later, the situation requires BC Parks to take protective action. At Drinon Pass and Gwillim Lakes there are now tent pads, gravelled paths, outhouses, central cooking areas and, at Wicka Lake, a structure to house volunteers to patrol the campgrounds - all a significant deterioration of wilderness values.

But who is to blame for this? Can we blame the Parks Branch for wanting to clean up a situation in which there was human waste under every rock, 500-year-old heather getting destroyed, soil compacted and paths braided? If we want to minimize the protective measures needed, then park users have to act to limit the damage themselves. Imagine a future in which local park users work together with the Parks Branch to maintain wilderness values in the Park. The author believes such a thing can happen.

In the summer of 1994, the Valhalla Society invited a group of people who were knowledgeable about the backcountry in Valhalla Park to offer their personal views about management directions. In addition to Valhalla Society directors, there were two people present from the Kootenay Mountaineering Club, two from the Wilderness Sector of the Slocan Valley CORE Table, and a teacher of wilderness management courses at Selkirk College. Kirk Shave, the Parks Branch manager for the park, was there to inform us of management problems the Parks Branch is encountering, and the solutions they are undertaking, and to listen to our opinions.

The feeling was unanimous that a very conservative approach to management must be taken in the future, since more development brings more people. We discussed the fine line that must be drawn between too much trail development - which will quickly erase the wilderness-beyond-the-trail in Valhalla Park - and too little trail development, which can lead to damage to fragile ecosystems where a significant number of people are hiking anyway, with or without a trail. Developments such as huts and lodges were seen to be out of the question.

One of the largest encroaching threats to the backcountry wilderness experience in the park is motorized recreation. Yes - motorized recreation currently allowed by the Park Branch and slated to undergo a rapid acceleration in the near future! I am referring to air access. The funny thing about air access is that neither the people using it, nor the parks Branch that allows it, think of it as a motorized recreation. But to people toiling up the trail with sweat running down their brow, when their nerves and sense of wilderness are shattered by the sound of a helicopter or float plane, that is very definitely motorized recreation.

We hear reports from people who are outraged against the

Parks Branch, because they had such an experience when they were in the backcountry. Over the years, we've heard of a float plane party bringing in a generator and running off backpackers with the incessant loud noise. More recently, we've heard of two helicopters and one float plane landing in one location. There are stories of huge heaps of garbage being left behind in some cases. Aircraft users can, on a whim, put backcountry travellers to considerable risk and inconvenience, as there are many of us who would spare no effort to avoid them when caught in backcountry situations.

We're faced with a Parks Branch that, while troubling itself over every piece of heather the hikers step on, doesn't care that hikers who have sensitive lines of contact with the wilderness can have their experience shattered by aircraft. We're faced with a permit system to limit people coming into the backcountry, while air access makes even the most remote areas easily accessible to large parties of people. We concede the necessity to do without trails into wonderful wilderness places, which for many of us means not going there for the rest of our lives, only to see that other people, with less feeling for the wilderness, are allowed to fly there in comfort.

The Parks Branch gets good marks for managing the tangible values in Valhalla Park - a good trail bed, healthy vegetation, sanitary facilities - but the bureaucrats who allow air access remain insensitive and virtually ignorant of the intangible values that compose the wilderness experience of the vast majority of their clientele. Silence, filled only by the sounds of nature, is a critical part of that experience. So is the sense of being in remote places that are accessible only by physical effort.

Some mountain climbers use air access to get to backcountry climbing destinations, just as fishermen use float plane access to get to Evans Lake, and this was going on before the Park was created. But soon climbers who traditionally used aircraft simply as a means of access will have to reckon with people who go heli-sightseeing. Across BC, a growing number of mountaineers are finding themselves among the outraged - because helicopters with their sightseeing passengers buzz them when they're on rock faces where their lives are at stake.

Some harried climbers are trying to figure out ways that they can continue to use aircraft to access climbing sites within parks, but keep other people from using them. In the end, there is no way to escape the fact that if some people must give up air access for recreation in parks, all must do so.

The plain fact is that air access is not sustainable in tiny Valhalla Park without seriously compromising wilderness values - the very thing the Park was created to protect. Air

access should be maintained for emergency rescue purposes and, where absolutely necessary, for park maintenance. Meanwhile, there are hundreds of mountain peaks, mountain lakes and meadows in BC outside of parks that are accessible by air access and only in that way.

There is more evidence to ring the alarm bells for Valhalla Park than could properly be presented in one article. First, let's look at what has happened in Europe, because it provides a model by which we can measure where we are with the Park. According to the International Commission for Protection of the Alps (CIPRA), the growth in air tourism followed the same course all over Europe.

Huge profits raked in by one helicopter company drew competitors, and helicopters multiplied. Soon there was an overcapacity in the business and prices came down to where they were affordable to middle income people, and the number of users increased significantly. With lowered prices, companies were unable to meet high overhead expenses. One way to make additional money was to train new pilots for a high fee. The consequences were not only additional helicopter use, but dozens of unemployed pilots, who then sought to form their own companies and to teach others.

Although noise impacts on communities and hikers became intolerable, the wilderness character of the land was destroyed, and wildlife was terrorized, by now the industry had political clout, and used pressures and arguments similar to those used by logging companies in BC to resist restraints. Nothing could be done because "jobs would be lost". Profits were used for marketing campaigns which created ever greater demand.

Efforts made to restrict where the machines could land were useless because pilots simply broke the laws and enforcement was difficult. The fines for breaking the law were too trivial to have an effect. When the impacts became truly unbearable, public and legislative efforts and vast amounts of taxpayer dollars were consumed to solve the conflicts. Switzerland, Austria, France, Italy, Germany, and Liechtenstein have all taken measures to ban these flights to one degree or another.

So where are we in all this? There is explosive growth in air tourism in BC. People from Germany who come to the Slocan Valley tell us Germans are coming here in considerable numbers for air recreation because they are not allowed to do it in their own country.

Some years ago, BC Parks had a list of parks it wanted to close to air access, but the BC Aviation Council objected, on the grounds that there had been no public input. A high-

levelled park manager interviewed by the author acknowledged that some parks were subsequently removed from the list, though I was not able to obtain it.

Hugely inflated claims for the joys of air access are being made in advertisements. People who fly from mountain peak to mountain peak are being flattered to believe they are *mountain climbers*. And last, but not least, last summer a local air tourism company began advertising sightseeing tours over the Valhallas for only \$29.95 per person per half hour. Training sessions for new pilots are being advertised. Climbers, tighten your helmets. Backpackers may want to carry tranquilizers.

The flight corridors designated in Valhalla Park by the 1987 Master Plan, and the permit system, are a joke. There are a growing number of observations of aircraft flying outside these corridors and landing in places where they are not allowed, or in designated places without permits. Aircraft noise does not stay on the lines of the air corridors shown on the map; it travels for miles, resounding up and down the steep-walled valleys of the Park. It also disturbs the local communities. This summer, four float planes flew abreast down Slocan Lake with an ear-splitting noise; it was only a harbinger of things to come. Valhalla Park will quickly become a liability to local communities if air tourism continues to grow.

The designated aircraft landing sites in the Park are all in the places that should be the inner sanctum of climbers, backpackers and wildlife. This includes Avis and Demers Lakes, though these areas are becoming a very popular linear trek with hikers. More and more people are hiking from Beatrice Lake to Evans Lake, or using the Devil's Range traverse to get to Evans. This should be a pristine wilderness experience - the best of what the Park has to offer.

Parks managers may tell themselves that a real wilderness experience can be squeezed in between areas on the perimeter like Drinnon and Gwillim Lakes, where large crowds are degrading wilderness values, and areas in the core - where aircraft are degrading wilderness values. But the real truth is that in tiny Valhalla Park, *there is no in-between*. And that's why some wilderness lovers I know are starting to say their goodbyes to the Park now.

It would be tragic to let events take a course that will continue to turn people away. Some of it, we can't help; but some of it we *can* help. When it comes to air access, we can make our own wilderness by walking to it, or we can unmake it by flying, and opening the door for every sightseer any helicopter company can snag. It's time to see that a park is a bill of rights and responsibilities. Our rights

include a high degree of naturalness, our responsibilities include the personal forebearances needed to keep it that way.

Local people must be the leaders in this shift. Our meeting in New Denver last summer indicated that there may be a large degree of consensus among local park users on some of these issues. Among our small group, there was unanimous agreement that air access was a large future threat to the Park and should be banned. Many other issues need our consideration. The Valhalla Society is hoping to work towards building a definitive common ground among local park users in the coming year, and we hope the reader of the *Karabiner* will join us. We also hope that climbers will think deeply about these issues and decide not to use air access inside parks in the future.

(Anne Sherrod is a Co-director of the Valhalla Society)

The Friends Of West Kootenay Parks Society

by John Carter

The F.W.K.P.S. was incorporated in 1988 and received status as a charitable organization in 1993. Our society has a core executive of ten persons with membership of around forty. At various times when required we have working committees.

The F.W.K.P.S. were created as a support group for B.C. Parks as well as a "watch dog" on Parks within the West Kootenays. We believe that by actively being involved in park proposals, planning and maintenance, we can help B.C. Parks operate with a better understanding of what interested park users want.

We have maintained a sales outlet at the Visitor Centre at Kokanee Creek Park since our formation. The sales desk retails educational and souvenir material and serves as a focus for our student hiring program. Depending on funding, one or two students are hired each summer to run the sales desk and assist in park interpretation activities.

In 1993 we lobbied to save the historic Pilot Bay Lighthouse and have the land and the structure added to Pilot Bay Provincial Park. During the process, we developed a ten year agreement with B.C. Parks to assume responsibility for the maintenance of the structure, site and access trail at no cost to the Park. We are still waiting for the Federal Government to decide how they will transfer the lighthouse and small amount of property to the Provincial Government.

Although our mandate demands that we remain apolitical, we actively opposed the elimination of the West Kootenay Park District Office in the fall of 1993. We are proud of the support we received from many local levels of government and the tourism industry, and we are pleased to have played a part in keeping the office here near Nelson.

Our most recent and largest project was the replacement of the Silver Spray Cabin in Kokanee Glacier Park in 1994. The historic mining cabin was suffering from a severe case of rot along the sill area. Because of this, the structure was beginning to lean, floor boards were rotting and water was making its way under the walls. There were problems with the roof as well. In the 1990 Master Plan for the Park it was listed as requiring immediate replacement. The 1993 and 1994 annual management plan made it quite obvious that there would be no funds for cabin replacement.

An interest by two timber frame companies to possibly construct timber frame cabins in Kokanee Glacier Park was considered. With the blessing of B.C. Parks, the F.W.K.P.S. began the process of replacing the Silver Spray Cabin in early 1994. The timber frame work by Hamill Creek Timber Wrights has resulted in the construction of a new state-of-the-art timber frame building at the original Silver Spray Cabin site. We are most appreciative of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club for their generous support of this project. We urge any and all members to visit this beautiful cabin.

The F.W.K.P.S. is continuing the process of suggesting and consulting with B.C. Parks over many other parks here in the West Kootenays. We are open to new members at any time and are very interested in your comments and suggestions about West Kootenay Parks.

This and That

Gold Dust on the Snow?

by Norman Thyer

Early summer opens up the alpine meadows for hiking. The gaps in the snow cover expand to reveal an exuberance of avalanche lilies and anemones. While ambling along and admiring this ebullience of spring flowers, we may casually notice a small spangle of yellow on the edge of a snowpatch. Is it a sprinkling of pollen, or a few fragments of lichen? Some spray-paint gone astray, or gold dust leaked from a prospector's pouch?

We take a look through a magnifier. "Holy Smoke!" "Maggots!" "Ugh! How gross!" Well, not exactly maggots, but they are crawling around in a mass, and these little creatures, completely yellow, have six legs and two antennae, which are characteristic features of insects.

Then come the questions. "What are they?" "Why are they on the snow?" "What do they eat?" "Where do they fit into the scheme of things?"

Answers to these questions do not come to mind immediately, but a bit of research in the books give us some clues. There is some dispute about whether they are really insects, but they are usually classified in the primitive insect order Collembola, known as springtails. I have never seen a spring in the tail of one of these yellow creatures, but they are related to another type of springtail known as the snow flea. These are commonly seen when skiing in fairly mild weather in brush of woodland, or on the old snow and ice of glaciers at summer camps. If you look closely at the snow, you may see tiny dark dots on it. These specks tend to collect in hollows in the snow, such as footprints. One Easter in Gatineau Park these "microbunnies" were out in the billions on the snow. If you watch them for a minute or so, you will see some of them jump. However, they do not jump with their legs, as fleas (or real "bunnies") do, but with a "spring in the tail", an organ that is "wound up" and suddenly released.

The Audubon Society Field Guide to North

American Insects & Spiders has photographs of springtails in plates 81, 80 and 77, though the yellow mass in plate 81 appears to be much larger than the thumb-sized patches that are most common.

What are these springtails doing anyway, when they congregate on the snow? Are they celebrating a rite of spring with an orgy of "group sex"? Perhaps they congregated under the snow during the winter, and have just awoken from a hibernation as the snow receded. Or pheromones may have induced them to seek the company of others. But why they choose the snow when there is warm, dry soil and vegetation so close by could be a subject for research. Perhaps it is a matter of necessity rather than choice, as dampness is essential to their lives and habitat. Indeed, some species live on the water surface film of ponds, puddles and streams.

Usually my observations of these yellow creatures last only a few minutes when I happen to be walking past them. But at the 1994 Hiking Camp, I was able to watch them over a period of several hours. One congregation was found one evening, and the next morning there was another swarm on the edge of another snowpatch. By that afternoon, however, they had mainly dispersed, leaving a few shrivelled corpses, or cast-off skins from moulting, on the snow while a few others were wandering around in the heather.

Springtails don't always copulate in the same way as large animals generally do. In some species, the male deposits a stalked droplet of semen, then takes the female by the antennae, and leads her into a "dance" so that she passes over the droplet and takes it into her body.

Their food appears to be things like pollen, fungal spores and tissues, and decaying plant and animal matter with its contained bacteria and fungi. In turn, some tropical species are the prey of trapjaw ants, which are capable of faster movement (in their jaws) than any other living creature. Indeed, the ant's trapjaw mechanism apparently works on the same principle as the springtail's escape mechanism.

For further information on springtails, I recommend Chapter 2 of "Life on a Little Known Planet", by Howard E. Evans, available in Selkirk College Library in Castlegar.

So, if you want to see some "exotic" wildlife, you don't need to go to the Galapagos Islands or Jurassic Park. Just get a

magnifier, and look in your own backyard.

Thanks to Peter Wood for this helpful information.

Climbing Camp 1992 Outings

by Kim Kratky

The 1992 climbing camp was situated near two lakes at the headwaters of Serena Creek in the Purcells (ref 368-038 on sheet 82K/9 Radium Hot Springs). Our beautiful alpine meadows (at 7,400' or 2,250m.) with a southwestern exposure were about 4km. north of the confluences of Horsethief and Stockdale Creeks. As well, parties shuttled over to a high camp at the Olive Hut, located on the east side of the Catamount Glacier at about 8,600' (089-312 on the sheet 82K/10 Howser Creek). Thus, climbers had access to the Taurus, Welsh, and Irish groups of peaks, and were even able to share summit lunches with people from the hiking camp at Edouard Pass. At climbing camp were Dave Adams, Mike Allegretti, Paul Allen, Ross Breakwell, cook Doris Corbiel, Dan Gray, Steve Horvath, Carl Johnson, Kim Kratky, Hans Peter Korn, Brad Kryski, Peter McIver, Hamish Mutch, Rhonda Netzel, Pam Olson, Howie Ridge, Jeff and Delia Roberts, Larry Smith, Lea Stabile, Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, and Eric White. What follows is a day-by-day list of our outings.

SUNDAY, JULY 26

Leitrim Pk. (9,550'): *Pam, Peter T., Mike, Eric*

Galway Pk. - Killarney Pk. traverse (S. ridge to Galway):
Hamish, Paul, Steve

Galway Pk. - (9,850'): *Carl, Howie, Peter M.* (via S. ridge)

Killarney Pk. (9,600'): *Brad, Hans, Dan, Ross, Lea, Rhonda*
(via slabs)

Mt. Harmon (9,650'), Mt. Galloway (9,750'), Mt. Nanette (9,500'): *Fred, Larry, Jeff, Delia*

MONDAY, JULY 27

Killarney Pk.: Pam, Carl, Kim (via route to R. of slabs)
Howie, Dave, Peter M. (via Galway valley)

Parker Pk. (9,450'): *Howie, Peter M.* (via N. ridge)

Mt. Sally Serena (9,940'): *Brad, Ross*

Mt. Donard (9,880'): *Peter T., Mike, Rhonda, Steve, Paul*
(via S. ridge)

Leitrim Pk.: *Dan, Hans* (also attempted Donard)

Mt. Alpha Centauri (10,000') North Star Pk. (10,250'), and traverse from High Camp: *Fred, Larry, Jeff, Delia*

TUESDAY, JULY 28

Mt. Donard: *Larry, Fred, Pam, Kim, Carl, Lea, Howie, Brad, Dan, Hans, Peter M., Ross* (via S. ridge)

Attempt on Serrate Mtn.: *Rhonda, Hamish*

Koala Pk. (9,600'): *Steve, Eric, Paul* (via S. ridge)

Killarney Pk.: *Mike, Peter T.*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29

Galway Pk.: *Hans, Dave, Dan*

Leitrim Pk., Antrim Pk. (9,500'): *Hamish, Rhonda, Jeff, Delia*

Mt. Alpha Centauri, North Star Pk., and to High Camp:
Brad, Peter T., Ross

THURSDAY, JULY 30

Mt. Donard: *Hamish, Jeff, Delia* (via S. ridge)

To High Camp: *Eric, Pam Carl*

Mt. Galloway, Mt. Harmon, Mt. Nanette: *Brad, Peter T., Ross*

Serrate Mtn. (9,550'): *Paul, Steve, Hans, Rhonda* (via W. face)

Galway Pk.: *Fred, Larry, Kim, Mike, Lea* (via S. ridge)

Dublin Spire (9,000'): *Howie, Peter M.*

FRIDAY, JULY 31

Serrate Mtn.: *Fred, Larry, Lea, Peter M., Dave, Kim, Dan*
(via W. face)

Hiking: *Mike*

Leitrim Pk., Antrim Pk., hiked out via Irish Creek: *Paul, Steve*

Black Fang (10,250'), Gwendoline Mtn. (9,950'), return from High Camp: *Ross, Brad, Peter T.*

Mt. Galloway: *Eric, Pam, Carl*

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1

Return from High Camp: *Eric, Pam, Carl*

Galway Pk.: *Ross, Brad*

Mt. Killarney: *Fred, Larry, Jeff, Delia*

Parker Pk.: *Fred, Larry*

"Blarney Stone": *Howie, Peter M., Mike*

Mt. Alpha Centauri, North Star Pk., and to High Camp:
Hamish, Hans, Dan, Rhonda

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2

Serrate Mtn.: *Ross, Pam, Peter T.* (via W. face)

Leitrim Pk., Antrim Pk.: *Peter M.* (solo)

Gwendoline Mtn.: *Hamish, Hans, Rhonda, Dan*

MONDAY, AUGUST 3

Fly out: Hamish, Hans, Rhonda, and Dan from Olive Hut -
- the rest from Serena Lakes

KMC Hiking Camps 1974-1994

1974	Bonnie Gem	Purcells
1975	Gwillim Lakes	Valhallas
1976	Wilson Creek	Selkirks
1977	St. Mary's Park	Purcells
1978	Demers Lake	Valhallas
1979	Upper Wee Sandy Lake	Valhallas
1980	Bonnie Gem	Purcells
1981	Clint Creek	Purcells
1982	Monashee Park	Monashees
1983	Gwillim Lakes	Valhallas
1984	Hume Creek	Purcells
1985	Valley of the Lakes	Purcells
1986	Anemone Pass	Selkirks
1987	Limestone Lakes	Rockies
1988	North Glacier Creek	Purcells
1989	Wildcat Creek	Rockies
1990	Ghost Peak	Selkirks
1991	International Basin	Purcells
1992	Edouard Pass	Purcells
1993	Dunbar Lakes	Purcells
1994	Valley of the Moon	Monashees

KMC Climbing Camps 1969-1994

1969	Mulvey Group	Valhallas
1970	Royal Group	Rockies
1971	Adamants	Selkirks
1972	Mulvey Group	Valhallas
1973	Gold Range	Monashees
1974	Battle Range	Selkirks
1975	Taurus Group	Purcells
1976	Deville Névé	Selkirks
1977	Clemenceau	Rockies
1978	Fairy Meadows	Adamants
1979	Nemo Group	Selkirks
1980	Farnham Group	Purcells
1981	Remillard Group	Selkirks
1982	Leaning Towers	Purcells
1983	Mummery Glacier	Rockies
1984	Vowell Group	Purcells
1985	Ape Lake	Coast Mtns
1986	Adamants	Selkirks
1987	Laidlaw Creek	Selkirks
1988	Melville Group	Selkirks
1989	Windy Group	Selkirks
1990	Mt Odin	Monashees
1991	Premier Range	Cariboo Mtns
1992	Irish Peaks	Purcells
1993	South Rice Brook	Rockies
1994	Hatteras Group	Purcells



