



Kootenay Mountaineer

The KMC Newsletter

Sept-Oct 2006

Issue 5

Next deadline: Nov.29

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Non-Club Trip Reports: South Albert Group, Naumulten Mt., Hiking the East Coast Trail.

Hiking Camps 1 & 2 reports [+ Poetry offerings, and Musings In A Snowstorm] & hiking camp 3 Report.



Hiking Camp Photo/Slide Show

KMC will be holding a Slide Show and *Smoozling* night. Please come and reminisce on your hikes and camps with others in the club. Re-engage acquaintances and friendships. Talk with some of the legends of hiking in the Kootenays... get some ideas for the rest of the year and next. Link up with others or invite others to future hikes. Most of all get a good look at some of the beautiful places to hike and hear some of the stories about them and the annual camps.

Sunday October 29th, starting at 6:30 PM at the Resker Hall on Waldie Avenue in Robson

Tables will be set up to display *your pictures* of hikes and camps that you've attended over the past year. So please bring in your pictures, favourite hiking paraphernalia and stories.

There will be a laptop and laptop projector available to show pictures on a big screen. So far there are approximately 115 slides of various hikes and camp. Others plan to come and show their pictures as well.

A slide projector will be available but you might want to bring your own to ensure compatibility with your carousel.

If you plan to show your pictures on either the PC/Projector or a Slide/Projector contact Bryan Reid to coordinate.



There will be coffee, tea and snacks.

KMC Annual General Meeting And Election of Officers/Directors

Date: **Friday, November 24th**



Location Carlito's Grill, in the Banquet room at **Travel Lodge**, in Castlegar (Formerly the Fireside Motel, next to the Shell Station), 1810 8th Ave.

There is ample parking around the back of the building.

Time: Happy half hour begins at **6:30**, buffet will be set out at **7:00** and the meeting will follow.

Cost of the meal is **\$18.50** per person and includes coffee or tea, tax & tip.

Buffet will include salads, roast beef, vegetarian lasagna, chicken, mashed potatoes, vegetables, pastries, fresh fruit platter.

Please email/call before Wednesday, November 12th so we can confirm attendance numbers to the Chef. Contact Steven/Eliane Miro.

KMC T-shirts will be available for purchase as well as KMC logo sew-on crests/badges.

Positions coming up for election are:

Treasurer, Secretary, Director Summer Trips, Director Winter Trips, Director Conservation, Director Website, Director Entertainment.

Mountain Caribou in B.C.

This year the BC government will make decisions about the recovery of mountain caribou in BC. In this article I hope to increase your interest in this issue and motivate you to take action to conserve this unique animal. Source papers are available from info@mountaincaribou.ca ; we'd love to hear from you.

The inland rainforest region of western North America reaches from about central Idaho north to Chetwynd. In BC it is often referred to as the 'interior wet belt'. Within this unique ecosystem once roamed up to 8,000 mountain caribou, a globally unique caribou type. Today fewer about 1,900 remain in BC, and there are only a few individuals in the US. Mountain caribou seek out deep snow sub-alpine environments as late winter range and using their huge hooves as snowshoes walk on the snow and feed on arboreal lichen growing on old trees. In early winter and spring caribou migrate to increasingly rare old forests for food and security. In total they make 4 migrations each year moving up and down our mountains seasonally in search of food and safety from predators.

Large wilderness-requiring animals have been driven out of much of North America as people moved in and habitat was lost. Cougars, grizzly and black bears, wolverines, caribou and wolves have all been driven north and west by human development. In BC, the north and west corner of North America, we still have all these wilderness animals. Our rugged geography and sparse population has provided these species space adjacent to human settlement but separated from it by unroaded forest land and rarely traversed mountainous areas. In the past 2 to 3 decades this historic *de facto* wilderness has been lost to forest development and expanded commercial and resident backcountry recreation demands. (Even within BC parks wildlife is not protected from motorized backcountry recreation impacts.)

For over 30 years government biologists have known that habitat change through logging was having a lethal impact on mountain caribou. Logging continues to be the primary threat to caribou survival but the recent rapid growth of backcountry recreation has made it a prime concern too. Twenty years ago the negative impacts of motorized recreation were documented. We often hear that backcountry recreation is non-consumptive, leaving only tracks in the snow, but research shows caribou may be permanently displaced from good habitat by backcountry recreation. Backcountry recreation effectively consumes habitat by preventing its use. To date insufficient actions have been taken to address the issues raised by the public and provincial biologists with the result that the mountain caribou population has become fragmented and many herds are threatened with extirpation (2 were extirpated between 2002 and 2006).

The most recent census (released spring 2006) provides reason for optimism. The Hart Ranges herd, the largest single herd, increased from about 575 to 718 animals between 2002 and 2006. In the South Selkirks it is thought that the elimination of one or two cougars (that hunted caribou) has allowed that herd to increase by 21% to 41 animals over a three year period. The MoE also reports excellent compliance with snowmobile closures in the South Selkirks area. The factors that allowed these two herds to grow - intact habitat, low levels of human disturbance, reduction in predation pressure - are all within the purview of resource managers and point the direction for recovery and growth of other herds. Techniques that have been successfully applied elsewhere, such as maternity pens (captive breeding for caribou), also offer hope that we may once again have robust populations of mountain caribou in the Kootenays. The first step in this direction is encouraging politicians to make healthy wildlife populations a priority.

This fall the Species at Risk Coordination Office (SaRCO) will release its second options document detailing possible mountain caribou recovery choices for government. After release of this document they have committed to meeting with "parties affected by any decision" to receive input on the options proposed. There is no plan to hold public meetings even though managing a major wildlife species for extinction or local extirpations will be among the options. I encourage you to write to Premier Campbell to voice your opinions on mountain caribou recovery and on the need for full public consultations (not just government's choice of special interest groups). In addition to increasing our quality of life, healthy wildlife is of great economic importance to our forest industry in a marketplace that is more environmentally demanding every year, and to our tourist industry and its "SuperNatural BC" branding. Caribou recovery is a win-win choice for BC today and into the future.

For more information please try: www.mountaincaribou.ca or, <http://ilmbwww.gov.bc.ca/sarco/>.

Lawrence Redfern is Outreach Director for the Mountain Caribou Project. He is a professional forester and a professional agrologist. He arrived in the Kootenays in 1967 and has lived in Golden, Nelson and Kimberley. He now lives in Raspberry with his wife and two children. He is very interested in meeting with any groups who wish to discuss or receive information on this issue.

KMC discounts at some local stores *(Thank you Ted Ibrahim for your help in gathering some of this information)*

These are available at the following merchants upon presentation of your KMC membership card. Your membership card is your mailing address label on the envelope that your newsletter is mailed in. [It shows the membership year as well]. Snowpack, Boomtown Emporium, Valhalla Pure, in Nelson offer 10% discount on regularly priced merchandise. ROAM, Nelson - 10% discount on regularly priced merchandise (does not apply to big ticket items such as skis, boats, transceivers). Powderhound in Rossland - 10% discount. High Country Sports store at Red has apparently changed hands & therefore there is no discount until further notice.

KMC Winter 2007 Ski Trip Kokanee Glacier Chalet March 10 to 17, 2007

The 2007 Ski Trip has room for twelve participants who will be selected by lottery. The trip is intended as a ski week, but other participants wishing to attend with snow shoes, light touring or cross-country skis may attend. In all instances, it is **imperative that all participants are suitably equipped and have the skills and knowledge for safe travel and rescue in avalanche terrain.** When successful applicants are notified, proof of competency regarding avalanche knowledge may be required.

A coordinator will be selected from the successful applicants. The role of the coordinator is to arrange food groups and the logistics of traveling to and from the chalet. The coordinator is not expected to be a guide. Please indicate on the application if you are willing to be a coordinator. If twelve names are drawn, and none are willing to be the coordinator, names will be drawn until a willing applicant's name is drawn. The last name drawn is dropped until a volunteer coordinator is drawn. Volunteering as a coordinator increases your chance of a successful application.

The cost of the trip is \$775 with no price differential between Alpine Cub of Canada members and non-ACC members.

Couples who wish to come together can apply, together, but must indicate if they are willing to attend on their own if their application is drawn last.

To enter the lottery, send an e-mail reply to David Mitchell by October 15, 2006. I will notify successful applicants and arrange to collect payment the following week. A second draw will take place to find a substitute for anyone who has not paid up by October 22. If you know a member who does not have e-mail who may want to enter the lottery, you can pass this message on and have them leave me a telephone message.

From the Access News, Oct 1, 2006-10-02

Camp 4 (Yosemite) : One of the most famous climbers' campgrounds in the world, was placed on the U.S. National Register of Historic Places in 2003. A ceremony was held on October 1st, 2006, to place a plaque commemorating this status. The ceremony was at the conclusion of the 2006 Yosemite Facelift, organized by the Yosemite Climbing Association. The facelift took place over five days, and involved large number of volunteers, including many climbers. They picked up garbage all around Yosemite National Park, did other public service, and participated in evening socials and fun. In 2005 there were over 600 volunteers, about 4,500 volunteer hours, and nearly 2,000 kg of garbage collected. In 2006, with one day left, volunteers had already collected nearly 8,000 kg of garbage.

Bugaboo Provincial Park: The Friends of Bugaboo Park held a trail workday on September 21st. They worked on replacing cables on the trail to the Conrad Kain Hut at Boulder Camp with stainless steel chain, removed loose rocks, corrected drainage problems, and repaired and built stone steps. The group plans a yearly event - contact Marc Piche at marcp3(at)telus.net if you're interested.

From CBC News October 12, 2006

The Canada Map Office has found its way out of the scrap heap. The previous Liberal government decided to close the map office, which provides regional dealers with large-scale topographical maps that show details about terrain and elevation. The plan had been to move to digital maps only.

But Natural Resources Minister Gary Lunn announced that the Conservative Government has yanked that plan off its course, and the map office will remain open.

Kathleen Olson, a spokeswoman for Lunn, said Natural Resources Canada received a flood of letters protesting the planned closure.

"We did start seeing a lot of commotion around the idea of this office closing," Olson said. "The minister wanted to find out more about it and once he did, he quickly realized that this is not something he wanted to see happen."

Maps are vital.

Map librarian Heather McAdam was among the many who cried out against the plan to provide the maps only over the internet for Canadians to download and print themselves. McAdam, who works at Carleton University, said that won't help the third of Canadian households that don't have internet access. And she said many Canadians prefer paper maps to digital ones because they can be spread out to show a much wider area at once. "When you want to plan something or you want to look at something you have to see the beginning and the end," she said. "How do you look at that on a screen?" She said paper maps are vital to many people, including researchers, emergency personnel and outdoor enthusiasts. "What about if you're a hiker and you're out in the bush?" she asked. "A compass and a GPS are not what you need. You need a map". (*Information Submitted by Dave Jack*).

October Mountain School Tech Tips: Avoiding Heuristic Traps

On a sunny weekend in the spring of 2006, a group of six skiers and snowshoers set off from a local ski resort on a three day traverse north through Garibaldi Provincial Park. On the second day of the tour, they climbed to the top of an 2650 metre peak via gullies on the south side. On descent, one member of the party triggered a slab avalanche that propagated across several gullies, caught three people, and carried one 200 metres over a series of cliff-bands. Like most accidents involving recreationalists, there were clear signs of instability and the group had the necessary training to recognize the instability and to take mitigating measures, so how did half the group manage to get caught?

The answer, according to Ian McCammon, lies in heuristics. Those ubiquitous rules of thumb that we use to make 99% of our daily decisions. And, while heuristics seem to work well enough for making decisions about which route to take on our daily commute to work or how to avoid a major guff at the staff Christmas party, there is increasing evidence that using heuristics to make decisions in avalanche terrain will sooner or later result in someone taking what may be their last ride down a snow slope.

Check out the links below to learn more about heuristic traps and how to avoid them:

<http://www.snowpit.com/articles/training.pdf> This article is a good starting point and compares the amount of avalanche hazard that people with and without avalanche education expose their party to.

<http://www.snowpit.com/articles/traps%20reprint.pdf> Evidence that even the most experienced skiers get caught by heuristic traps.

<http://www.sunrockice.com/docs/Heuristic%20traps%20IM%202004.pdf> An extension to the previous article, more on heuristic traps.

<http://www.sunrockice.com/docs/Sex%20&%20drugs%20IM%202004.pdf> An excellent article that explains how even experienced parties get caught in the end.

<http://www.sunrockice.com/docs/Decision%20making%20IM%202001.pdf> One of McCammon's best articles with lots of ideas for recreationalists to avoid getting caught using heuristic traps.

<http://www.sunrockice.com/docs/Heuristics%20Alp%20Truth%20card.pdf> A simple decision making tool to avoid getting caught by heuristic traps.

Banff Mountain Film Festival,
Banff Centre Oct. 27- Nov. 6. 2006

Banff Mountain Film Festival World Tour,
Nelson, B.C. Nov. 24-26. 2006

Getting Banffed? The Banff Film Festival: Has It Become A Reflection Of Our Own Excess?

By Contributing Writer, 2-16-06, By Matt Colón

Not too long ago the Banff Mountain Film Festival came through Bozeman. It happens every year. Our local Nordic ski foundation hosts the festival as a major fundraiser, and the proceeds provide significant support for community athletes. It's a feel-good event.

Each year when the intro reel begins to roll the auditorium erupts into enthusiastic applause and you feel like you're part of something heady. A look around the audience in our part of the country reveals a collection of the kind of weathered faces that come from spending a lot of time outside playing in the surrounding mountains. And indeed, the film festival bills itself as a robust celebration of "mountain culture." Mountain culture, it turns out, is a pretty loose notion.

This year, mountain culture included everything from facing the challenges of providing basic healthcare and education (and in another film, high altitude hockey) to the people of Ladakh, to paragliding over the Grand Canyon, and riding mountain bikes, skis and snowboards off of cliffs.

The film festival is usually a pretty entertaining romp, with enough in the way of meditative content to leave you feeling that the use of the word "culture" to describe what you've just witnessed isn't entirely off the mark. Even so, over the past few years I've come to see the Banff Festival and our collective response to it as somehow emblematic of a larger trend that may not reflect so well on our own mountain culture.

The Banff Festival is a visual feast. It is thought provoking. But to judge from the catcalls and yeehaws that erupt throughout the evening, it's hard not to conclude that, at least for a significant portion of the audience, it's the "extreme" adrenaline clips that tend to attract the sellout crowds.

Folks come to the festival to be titillated, to witness people hanging it out there and dancing at the edge of human potential; they come to be inspired. All of which seems harmless enough – hell, better than harmless. Inspiration is good. But each year as the adrenaline shots get more and more titillating, and the hairball stunts get nuttier and nuttier, one gets the sense that those of us who applaud what we witness in the Banff Festival are participating in a kind of feeding frenzy that will ultimately consume the best of what we love about the mountain culture we've come to celebrate.

At some point it makes sense to wonder if there might be some connection between our infinite appetite for increasingly thrilling footage of helicopter-supported plunges into otherwise pristine backcountry areas, and our appetite for, say, twenty acres just outside of town. The common denominator, I suppose, is a basic lack of self-restraint. On the one hand there is popular support for banning snowmobiles in Yellowstone and limiting motorized use in the backcountry; on the other hand, heli-skiing is pretty cool.

Sprawl is the bane of small western towns trying to deal productively with growth, but golly, that sweet little ranchette does have killer mountain views, end-of-the-road privacy, and exclusive access to really good fishing. Somehow, we just can't seem to help ourselves.

I think it's reasonable to suggest that our ideals and our actions are often at cross-purposes. We want unspoiled, beautiful places to function as backdrops for our lives, but our relationship to those places pose a constant and growing threat to the very qualities that we most cherish about them. And if we can't stem our appetite for increasingly extreme images of backcountry high jinks, then we probably shouldn't be surprised when those images begin to dominate, and finally come to define what we think of as "mountain culture." Nor should we be surprised when the popular vocabulary for describing these extraordinary places devolves into the adrenaline junkie's version of realtor-speak. In many ways the problem isn't all that different today than it has been all along. If gold, silver and copper contributed to the first waves of westward migration, we now seem to be mining the west for something less tangible – and perhaps less attainable.

We come to these places convinced that they hold the promise of a lifestyle less defined by the grind of the workaday world, less bound by convention, and abundantly punctuated with surges of adrenaline that remind us of what it feels like to be unmistakably alive. And in many ways these places do offer us these things, but only as snapshots. The raw, edgy feel that attracts so many of us to these small mountain towns is a surprisingly fragile quality that tends to buckle in the face of growth.

We're often eager for other people to practice a little self-restraint (for God's sake!), but reluctant to really think about how we participate in shaping the trends we bemoan. If we're so eager to be radical, to hang it out there and bump up against the limits of human potential, then maybe we should think about exploring the limits of self-restraint? How about entertaining the radical notion that "backcountry" skiers ought to earn their turns without the aid of snowmobiles or helicopters? How about considering the revolutionary idea that ripping across a fragile desert ecosystem on a mountain bike might not be so great for the desert? Or how about embracing the seditious possibility that filming, packaging and selling haunting images of dwindling cultures struggling to hang on in exotic, far off places, might actually do more harm than good?

It's been almost a decade since I first attended the Banff Mountain Film Festival. Over the years there have been some spectacular films. There have been extraordinary chronicles of human endurance and suffering, beautiful natural history films, and hilarious human-interest pieces as well. But that's only part of the picture. There has also been some truly baffling chunder. When I think about it, the best of the Banff Mountain Film Festival has been characterized by an absence of the kind of full frontal cupidity that so often characterizes the festival at its worst.

Those films that are most responsive to our desires for something more extreme, more radical and more outrageous are thrilling to behold. They do provide compelling examples of

people exploring the limits of human potential. But of course those films are only snapshots. Next year, or the year after that, the thirty-foot drop will turn into the fifty-foot drop, and the fifty-foot drop will become the hundred-and-fifty-foot drop, and the things that used to move us and make us feel alive will cease to hold our interest.

Each year it seems like the Banff Mountain Film Festival ups the ante in terms of what constitutes the outer edges of "extreme." And each year this little town becomes a little more congested, a little less congenial, and a little less little. Meanwhile, those of us who move here continue to lament how rapidly things are changing from something we thought we had found into something we thought we had left behind. We may point to the absurd presence of shiny new Hummers (and the knuckleheads who drive them) as more emblematic of this depressing transformation than the Banff Mountain Film Festival, but I've come to the uncomfortable conclusion that they are not unrelated. Somehow it all has to do with a fundamental refusal to examine our desires within the context of our ideals.

What used to be considered "radical" footage of mountain culture has become so predictably extreme that it has become conventional. It turns out that a truly radical vision for mountain culture requires more than epic drops and gnarly stunts. A truly radical vision for mountain culture will require developing a more durable set of aspirations and ideals around which to build the notion of what it means to be unmistakably alive. Given the present climate that seems like a distant hope. So, in the meantime, the old imagery of a lone cowboy astride his pony is being replaced by the image of a lone snowboarder dropping into a "sick chute." Welcome to the New West, dude.

Matt Colón lives with his wife and kids in Bozeman, Montana. Printed with permission of New West.Net. Try the website at <http://newwestnet.com/>. New West.Net is a premier online magazine and interactive community focusing on covering the culture, economy and growth of the Rocky Mountain West. Launched in February, 2005, New West.Net offers commentary, original in-depth reportage and blogging from writers across the West."



KMC Fall 2006 Hiking Schedule

There are a lot of open spaces to be filled out ! If you can coordinate a hiking/climbing trip, please let our Hiking Trips Director, Vicki Hart, know the date, destination, particulars and rating, and it will be posted on the club email update list.

Two hiking dates are set for November, and they are:

- Sunday Nov.5 Rating: A1 Destination: Pilot Point
Contact person is Don Harasym.
- Sunday Nov.12 Rating:A1 Destination: Sproule Creek Trail. Contact Don Harasym.

Club Trip Reports

Pilot Point Trail, June 11

Our group assembled at the Balfour Ferry Landing and caught the 9:50 am sailing. Under a mix of cloud and sun and with a fairly easy pace, we departed from the trailhead at 10:45 am. Arriving at Boomers' Beach at noon, we stopped for a snack and after a leisurely break headed back on the trail, reaching Tipi Camp at 2:00 pm. Several participants commented on how well the trip was planned because, the rain held off until we had settled down for lunch. We were able to quickly take shelter under a large canopy. And, by the time we were ready to begin the return journey around 2:30 pm, the rain had stopped. We arrived back at the Kootenay Bay Ferry Landing shortly after 5:00 pm just as the ferry was approaching. Although it was a 16 km round trip, all were in agreement that it was a wonderful trip. Participants were: Bruce Bourdon, Pam Bublitz, June Harasym, Maureen Kowalchuk, Anja Logodi, Anna Thyer, and Don Harasym, Coordinator.

Mount Thor, June 18-19, July 9-10, Aug 6-7, 1966

Last fall, when Helen Butling suggested climbing Mt. Thor as a Kootenay Section trip this summer (*Ed.note: The KMC was then a member of the Alpine Club of Canada and formed its Kootenay Section. Also, see History of the KMC on our website www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca*), and appointed Jack Oswald and myself to investigate the area to find a route, the mountain meant no more to me than a name and an approximate location. Studying maps during the spring to find a suitable approach that by way of Arrow Park and Pingston Creek seemed most favorable. However, a Celgar official, approached for information on roads in the areas recommended the road system from Sidmouth and produced a map substantiating this. Mt. Thor is in the Gold Range of the Monashees, west of the head of the Upper Arrow Lake. The massif consists of a ridge of peaks running east-west, separated by deep chasms, with the easternmost, 9673 ft, being the highest. "Cheerful as sharks teeth" is the way the peaks to the west were described to me in a letter from the Rev. Joseph L. Smith, who had seen Thor from the air and it is a very apt description. The summit ridge drops less steeply down on the east to a snow covered col from which a secondary ridge of peaks sweeps first north-east, then, after another small col beyond the peaks north-west, lower but equally ferocious in aspect. The north-west ridge can be easily gained from the east side where it extends above a snowfield contained in a basin between the ridge and an outcropping peak to the north-east. Thor Creek has its source in a small lake to the north of the mountain and flows east into Pingston Creek which flows southeast, veering south from its confluence with Thor Creek and flowing parallel to the Upper Arrow Lake. The first task of a reconnaissance party would be to bridge these two creeks.

With the climb scheduled for the weekend of the 10th July, we decided to do the reconnaissance on June 18th 19th. On Friday evening Bob Dean, Roy Hopland, Jack Oswald and

myself drove to Galena Bay and settled down to wait for the ferry. We were scarcely in our sleeping bags when a brush clearing gang returned to their nearby camps presumably from an evening at the pub in Nakusp. A running fight broke out between two of them, the blows struck being liberally interspersed with four letter words. A third man acting as peacemaker was punched and kicked by one of them and decided to join the fray, but in doing so he fell and claimed to have sprained an ankle. With much groaning from him and agreements from all of them that a sprain was worse than a break, they finally subsided into silence.

In the morning we awoke just in time to strike camp and catch the first ferry. We drove as close to the mountain as we could get on Celgar logging roads, then spent the rest of the day bridging Pingston and Thor Creeks and slashing a trail through the bush. Roy and Jack using only a hatchet bridged Pingston Creek at a narrow place but Thor Creek gave us more trouble. It was uniformly wide and fast flowing and Bob had left his chainsaw in the car. Taking turns, we attacked a large tree on the bank with Jack's rather blunt double bitted axe and the hatchet. We were about half way through the task when the axe head parted company with the handle and disappeared into the creek. Rather than hike three miles to get the chainsaw to the spot we kept on pecking away with the hatchet until the tree fell. It didn't make a very good bridge as it broke at the far bank and sagged into the creek, swollen with the spring run-off.

We returned to the road where we camped at about 4000 ft. At 4:30 next morning we set out. Bob carried the chainsaw as far as the Thor Creek Bridge and took it across, intending to build a new bridge on the way back. We made good progress up through the bush into the basin, after the frustrating delays involved in belaying each other across the bridge. By 9:30 we were at the col and decided to attempt the climb, but the weather deteriorated and we had to turn back at the small col where the ridge swings northwest at 10:30 a.m., with wet snow falling and a thunderstorm approaching from the north-west.

Before we arrived back at the creek it was raining hard. Once there, Bob selected a tree and cut the brush from its base with the chain saw, then decided another one was better located. He undercut it carefully and sawed it nearly through, but there was no movement from the tree so we cut some wooden wedges and drove them in, also without effect. Bob out even further with the chainsaw so that the tree was all but separated from and balancing on its stump. We looked at each other with consternation. Just then a light puff of wind fanned the forest and our tree fell with a resounding crash - the wrong way! At this point we were all extremely chilled with the exception of our intrepid logger and Jack was feeling the effects of flu which had been bothering him all weekend, I belayed him across the bridge and he set out for the car while Bob selected another tree. One on the far side of the creek seemed obvious although it wouldn't help us across this time, but Bob finally selected a giant on our side of the creek and cut half way through it before the chainsaw coughed and died. Out of gas! We crawled across the bridge, Roy and I muttering imprecations against chainsaws and their owners. Hastening to catch up to Jack, we were soon en route for home.

To warm up, we waited for the Arrowhead ferry inside the waste burner at the sawmill, which was shut down for the weekend. Despite the fact that Thor, shrouded-in cloud, looked as remote as ever, we felt pleased with our reconnaissance, certain that we had located a route to the summit.

On the 9th of July, a party consisting of Bob Dean, Graham Hollins, Roy King and myself arrived and did some more work on the trail. Again we camped at the road but this time started at 2.45 a.m. on the 10th. It was a warm and very dark night and we had some difficulty finding our route through the bush by the aid of headlights. We were able to dispense with the lights about three quarters of an hour after crossing Thor Creek and then made good progress, but to no avail for we were turned back by a snowstorm and very limited visibility during the morning. However, we did find that we could easily climb down to the snowfield, which we had to cross to gain the summit ridge.

On August 6th, Graham Hollins and myself accompanied by Chris Kopczynski and John Roskelley of the Spokane Mountaineers arrived in the area. This time the plan was to bivouac above timberline and we chose a spot at the edge of the snowfield in the north basin at 7400 ft at 5 pm. The weather was cool and clear, with a strong wind blowing and we built a stonewall for shelter from it before turning in. We set out up the snowfield to the col at 4.30 a.m. and then turned right onto the rock ridge. A few hundred feet up the ridge we traversed along its side and then descended to the snowfield below the summit. After crossing the snowfield we had 1000 ft of rock ahead of us, which was mostly steep scrambling, although some belaying was necessary. We arrived at the summit at 10.00 a.m. John and Chris built a huge cairn in which we placed a record of our climb. The weather was perfect and we stayed an hour at the summit. To the South, beyond the rugged-outline formed by the chain of Mts Burnham, Grady and Thor, we could see the Pinnacle Peaks. Further east the Valhallas were visible, while to the north-west the snowy peaks of Cranberry and Blanket Mountains shone in the sunlight. The northeastern and eastern horizons were rimmed with peaks whose names we did not know.

We arrived back at our bivouac site at 2.00 p.m. after harrowing few minutes higher up the basin, where Chris, John and Graham decided to glissade from the col down the snowfield. The first two made it safely but Graham fell and, losing his ice axe slid down the snowfield at a terrific rate, fortunately away from a large rock down below where Chris and John were waiting. As soon as they saw what had happened they moved out to intercept Graham, who came to a halt abreast of the rock, unhurt, but shaken by the rapidity of his descent. This was a lesson to all of us, namely don't glissade unless there is a perfectly safe run out, don't glissade without gloves on and, if you fall, roll towards the head of the ice axe and hang onto it. The wrist strap was missing from Graham's axe at the time but even had it not been he would have lost his grasp of it. I retrieved the axe on the way down.

At the bivouac site we hastily packed our gear and cleaned up the area, then made a fast descent of the rest of the bowl and the bush below it, arriving back at our cars at 4.30 p.m. After regaling ourselves with beer taken from a nearby creek (!?), we parted company, Chris and John-to drive home via Revelstoke and the Okanagan and Graham and myself to catch the six o'clock ferry at Arrowhead.

Much credit is due to those who took part in the two unsuccessful attempts but who didn't take part in the third, for the useful groundwork, which they put in, making it much easier for us on the third try. We believe Mt. Thor was unclimbed prior to our ascent.

By Dave Parfitt. From The Kootenay Karabiner, Vol#5, Fall 1966

Ed. Note: The Kootenay Karabiner Journals were a yearly publication produced by the KMC until 2000 and can be found in the KMC library.

Mt. Baldr (2799 m., 8183') Map: KASLO 82F/15 July 16

Did I really want to go on this KMC club trip? I had already collected two attempts, and two failures (1998, 2004), on Baldr from this Powder Creek access, enduring long days and unpleasant bush whacking. Finally, on the morning of Saturday, July 15th, I decided to go, if only for the social aspect. Co-ordinator Sacha Kalabis was joined by Peter Tchir, Peter Jordan, Lou Chioccarello, and me as we caught the 5:20 from Balfour on Saturday afternoon. Once on the vile Powder Creek road (I calculate 70 min. to drive 12.2 km), our two vehicles crawled along for about 5 km. until Lou's Toyota Tacoma lurched to a halt partway up a gentle rise. We discovered that the roadbed had given way under his right rear wheel, leaving that side buried with 2" inches of tire showing and the left front tire 6" off the ground. Peter Jordan confirmed that he had been in such a pickle before, and so we followed his advice, cutting down two trees to create a lever and fulcrum to raise the rear of the truck while we filled in rocks under the stricken wheel. Within an hour, we were again mobile and crept along to the sketchy campsite and turnaround at road's end by 10:00 pm (5,400', GR 210-280).

Sunday morning, we were up early and away by 5:45 am to negotiate the trail to Mosquito Lake at 6,000'. Our plan was to travel light without bringing a rope. Leaving the trail at the lake, we commenced bush whacking along its NE side, crossed an in-flow creek, reached a sub-alpine pond in avalanche debris (226-260), and ground our way eastward up a headwall to a ridge at 2315 m. (GR 227-250). This, the height of land between Powder Creek and an unnamed tributary of the St. Mary River draining Little Joe Lakes, gave us a view of Peter Jordan's favoured route approaching from the north. Before us, we could see a band of snow that we could traverse south round a barrier ridge; beyond this, a glacier would likely lead us to the Baldr-Mt. Hoder col. And so it came to be, as we easily slipped past the barrier ridge and ascended the gentle glacier to the col at 8,550' (GR 226-236). After a snack, we scrambled 600' of solid granite on Baldr's north ridge in 35 min. (the "crux" a class four 20' jam crack) to reach the summit at 11:55 (6 hrs. 10 min. up). During our hour on top, we inspected the large cairn, finding no sign of record except a rusted yeast tin. We knew the first ascent had been made exactly 34 years before by a KMC party of Knut Langballe, Sue Port, Peter Wood, and Sandy McElroy on July 16th, 1972. In the summit record tube we had brought, we entered this data (see *Kootenay Karabiner*, 1972), along with a reference to the ascent by John Stewart and party on Aug. 17, 1986 (see *KMC Newsletter*, Sept. 1986). I later learned that Terry Turner of Riondel and Ron Stockerl climbed Baldr from Bernard Creek in July 1996. We think ours was the first ascent from Powder Creek and the first via the north ridge, although we surmise ski ascents may have been made from the Tamarack Lodge in Powder Creek. As for peak spotting, we acknowledged that Loki, viewed from the northeast, loomed impressively. To the southeast, Mt. Evans, which Sacha and I had scaled five days

before, towered over its neighbours. We again had trouble separating peaks to the north, but were definitely able to discern Mt. Nelson, Mt. Willett, and Templeman. At 12:55, we began our descent, re-tracing our steps to the truck without incident by 5:35 (4 hr. 40 min. descent, 11 hr. 50 min. day). We easily caught the 8:40 ferry (somewhat disgruntled to learn that Fairy Treats had just closed, and not at all surprised to see that Mojo's was shut). In sum, Peter Jordan's plan of approaching Baldr from the north was an excellent one, yielding what may have been a first ascent via the north ridge. All members of the party summited and pronounced themselves wholly satisfied. Even Lou's truck seemed not to have suffered any damage from its tangle with the Powder Creek road.

Kim Kratky

Upper Mulvey Trail Clearing, August 26

Unfortunately we had a work party of only 2 for clearing the Upper Mulvey Trail to Wolf's Ears and Mt. Dag. Last year the work party largely worked on the road to the trailhead, with only a short part of the trail cleared. Since last year, someone else has clearly done some work improving the trail, so Bert Port and I spent some time doing further brushing improvements and some additional flagging. We also managed to hike to the high point just west of the West Wolf's Ear. While on the ridge going up to the Wolf's Ear, we could see a new road, with parked vehicles, going into Robertson Creek that may provide a trailhead for a new trail to Mt. Dag. We tried to find this road but took a wrong turn and were unsuccessful. I have since looked at a Forestry road map and think I know where we made an error. Next time I am in that area, I will investigate again.

Ted Ibrahim

Tilting Outhouses: Huckleberry Hut 2006 Work Party

Chainsaw operator extraordinaire, Lenard Loverenow, met Marilyn Nelson and I at Porto Rico Road just before 9 am on Wednesday, August 26 for the 2006 Huckleberry Hut workparty. Marilyn and I drove my truck 6 km up the road to the Huckleberry spur, and hiked the 2 to 3 km into the cabin – actually Marilyn, with her long legs hiked, I ran along behind with my short stubbies trying to keep up, while Lenard carried the gear in on his ATV.

We quickly discovered that the outhouse had developed a pronounced lean and a scary wobble over the winter – something to do with the three metres of snow that was at the cabin this year? But, we are now old hands at fixing leaning outhouses, and with some lumber from under the cabin, we got it straight and sturdy again. While Lenard went about felling and bucking trees, Marilyn and I cleaned out the cabin and outhouse – you can now actually see out of the window at the front of the cabin and even in through the glass in the door of the wood-stove.

Lenard felled and bucked the third and last tree soon after lunch and by 2 pm we had all the firewood stashed away and were hiking out. Thanks to Marilyn and Lenard for their hard work. Sandra McGuinness

Tea and Cookies: The Chicks go Peak Bagging From Silver Spray Cabin

Just after 8 am on Sunday **August 27**, 2006, Vicki Hart and I found ourselves on top of Evening Star Peak near the north end of Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park. It was day 2 of the Chick's trip, and we had left the cabin just before 7 am that morning, not sure how fast the travel would be over to the south ridge of Evening Star Peak. Unfortunately, due to a fickle trip coordinator (me), the original date of the trip got changed and only two of us made it out for the weekend. Nevertheless, we had a great trip and I ticked three more peaks of that infernal West Kootenays list that plagues me.

On **Saturday**, Vicki and I walked into the cabin in a bit under three hours, arriving in lots of time for lunch and a tea break. It was my first time into the cabin in summer, my only other visit being in winter, when the snow stability was so poor that avalanches were running right by the cabin, and I really enjoyed the walk up through the burnt forest. The contrast between bright purple fireweed, blackened tree trunks and a blue, blue sky was amazing. Somehow, we managed to dally away almost an hour and a half at the cabin having lunch and tea, so it was almost 1.30 pm when we set off for Mount McQuarrie and Sunrise Mountain. We quickly hiked up to the old Violet mine in the col between McQuarrie and Sunrise, and spent a little time looking at the remains, before scrambling to the top of Sunrise Mountain via the west ridge. Sunrise is one of those mountains where the true summit is at the far end of the mountain, so we hiked over a few little subpeaks first. The summit register had surprisingly few entries for such an accessible peak, and we knew just about everyone who had signed in. Vicki had a new digital camera so she set up it on self-timer and took a summit portrait of the two of us, before we hiked back down. Next stop was McQuarrie, which takes only a half hour from the col. We replaced a leaking summit register, signed in, Vicki took another self-portrait and then we were back off to the cabin – I was thinking about the nice thick Kootenay Co-op soup that was waiting for me.

We had the cabin to ourselves, and spent a quiet evening, I reading a novel and Vicki reading the old cabin logs, which were full of interesting and sometimes tragic stories. Next morning we were up at 6 am, and off just before 7 am on what promised to be a very hot day. We followed the normal traverse route towards the Woodbury Cabin past delightful little tarns, and across meadows and boulders. Within an hour, we were in the basin on the southeastern side of Evening Star Peak and a scant 120 metres or so from the top. Initially, we had intended to scramble up the south ridge, but it was apparent that just about any route up Evening Star is easy, so we hiked instead up grassy slopes on the southeast face and soon found ourselves on top. Of course, we had to place a summit register and take the now obligatory summit portrait, and we spent a good hour lounging about in the sun and studying the nearby peaks with my binoculars.

The rest, of course, is the denouement, back to the cabin, more tea and lounging about, this time on the helipad enjoying the view down the valley, and then the easy walk out down the trail. Coordinator: Sandra McGuinness

Mt. Aylwin, August 29

Nine of us met in Silvertown at 8:00am and then proceeded 8 km up Silvertown Creek followed by 9 km up Maurier Creek to the end of the road which is at about 6000'. The Maurier Creek road is waterbarred for the first 4 km and then quite rough and grown in for the remainder.

There is a rough trail from the parking lot, through an old cutblock (with impressive huckleberries) to Whitebark Hut, which is a rustic ski/trappers cabin. The trail then took us up an open bowl W of the cabin where the ridge is gained. At this point the trail ends.

You can follow this ridge leading WNW all the way to Aylwin (about 3 km). However there is a lot of up and down so we opted for the easier sidehill route on the S side of the ridge.

Once you get to the last col on this ridge, you must recognize it as such or you will take the route up we did which was a steepish gully on the S side of Aylwin. The easier route at this point would have been to take the E ridge to the summit.

I had forgotten (from 10 years ago) that the summit involves a bit of scrambling with minor exposure. There is a perfect flat rock on top for eating lunch which seven of the nine of us reached about 12:15.

The trip back was uneventful but seemed long and hot. On the way back we joined up with a participant who had opted earlier for a more relaxed day. There is no water at all on this hike in the late summer so as time went on the price of drinking water climbed precipitously. We all agreed at the end of the hike that it is officially C3.

Thank-you to Jenny Baillie, Lou Chioccarello, Kevin Forsyth, Jen Kyler, Caroline Laface, Ray Neumar, Gene Van Dyck, and Warren Watson for a very pleasant day.

Bill Sones

Raising the Roof at Grassy

On Wednesday, **September 6** Doug and I met up with John Golik, Laura Ranallo and Larry Wunder at Bombi Summit and drove to km 6.4 where a short steep section of road leads in a 100 metres to a pull-out and the start of the rough (very rough) ATV track up to Grassy Cabin. With overnight packs and various tools in our packs, it took Doug and I about 1.5 hours to walk into Grassy Cabin. John was just behind us, and Larry along with Laura was discovering just what kind of fun you can have riding an ATV into Grassy Cabin. By 10.30 am, we were all in at the cabin having met up with Al and Pat Shepherd, who had hiked in over South Grassy, on the way down from the ridge to the cabin.

I climbed onto the roof to take off the roof cap, and was somewhat startled when, all of a sudden, in a frenzy of activity, a bunch of shovels came popping up through the shingles below me – a little reminiscent of that scene in Jaws where the mechanical shark pops out of the water to bite the unsuspecting swimmer in half – and started busting off shingles. By lunch time, we had all the shingles off, and by 3 pm, when everyone but Doug and I headed down, the old shingles were stacked under the cabin for kindling, the nails were all pulled out of the strapping, and we even had our first sheet of metal roofing up. Doug and I kept working until about 6.30 pm, by which time we had almost roofed the entire north side of the cabin.

Next morning, Doug and I were sitting on the deck of the

cabin having some coffee when Bert arrived, and kicked our butts back to work. With some truly creative scaffolding, made of stacked up logs or stacked up cement blocks, we got the final pieces of roofing on the north side and were just about to start the south side when Lenard arrived on the ATV after a somewhat harrowing ride in. Unfortunately, not a square centimetre of Grassy Cabin is actually square, so we had to build to a fascia on the north side of the roof before we could start putting up the metal roofing. With the fascia complete, we got a few sheets of roofing up before the fiddling with the chimney began. While Doug and Lenard worked on the chimney, Lenard doing some creative break-dancing on the metal roof as his feet slid slowly towards the edge, Bert bucked up a couple of fallen trees and I stacked firewood under the deck. The final sheets of metal went on about 4 pm, and the roof cap soon after. We used up the last couple of scraps of lumber putting another fascia on the west side of the cabin and by 5.00 pm were hauling the gear up to the ATV.

Unfortunately, for Lenard, the trip out on the ATV was worse than on the way in as he ended rolling the ATV three times: the first when the nose dived into a hole flipping him off the front like a pancake from a hot griddle, the second down a steep bank where only quick movement on Lenard's part prevented him from being squashed like a bug beneath the beast, and the third, and most unpleasant, when the ATV rolled sideways and dumped him into a giant mudhole, from which he emerged caked with black slimy muck. It was 6.30 pm by the time we were all back at the trucks, Doug and Bert having stayed at the back with Lenard to help with the extrication of the beastly ATV from its numerous and varied resting places. Final tally on the new roof for Grassy:

Mangling of brand new ladder from Canadian Tire: \$225

Broken chassis on ATV: \$450

Cell phone caked in mud: \$80

Cost of massage after rolling ATV three times: \$75

One ruined pair of trousers: \$40

New roof on Grassy cabin that doesn't leak: Priceless.

Thank you to the following people for their hard work and good company despite trying (and tiring) work conditions: Doug Brown, John Golik, Lenard Loverenow, Bert Port, Laura Ranallo, Al and Pat Sheppard, Larry Wunder.

Coordinator of this grievous event: Sandra McGuinness.

Lemon Creek Trail Clearing, September 9

The initial plan to clear the West Kootenay Face trail to Outlook Mountain was cancelled because Robin Lidstone could not make it, and he is the initiator for the creation of this trail. The trail clearing was therefore changed to clearing the Lemon Creek Trail. However, since there were only two of us, we could not do as thorough a job as we would have liked. We did some additional clearing on some parts of the road to the old trailhead, before parking at the old parking lot. The trail was in better condition than I expected. We concentrated on clearing most of the higher bush and did not bother with most of the stuff that grows over the trail every year and did some work at the few remaining deadfalls that were across the trail. We ended our work about 50 m past the bridge over Lemon Creek (about 4 to 5 km from the old trailhead) at about 2:30pm. Although there were a few light showers, the cooler temperature was good for this sort of work. If we can get a larger work

party next year, I think we should be able to get this trail into reasonable shape again.

We were Vicki Hart and coordinator, Ted Ibrahim.

Old Glory Mtn., September 17

Since fresh snow had fallen on the higher mountains the trip to Mt Brennan was changed to Old Glory.

Thirteen of us met at the usual parking spot on the highway and headed up the trail. The weather could not have been better: the sky was cloudless (I think) and although it was cool at the top we sat around for an hour or so - eating birthday cake with EIGHT candles on it, the cake being made by Anne Dean and carried up by Stephany. After the feast cameras appeared and many photos were taken. Back down at the cars we were treated to another tasty birthday cake, again complete with EIGHT candles, brought by Jill.

The participants were (in alphabetical order - not in order of age!): Jenny Baillie, Ed Beynon, Hazel Beynon, Bob Dean [coordinator and narrator], Stephany Dean, Ruby Dinn (7½ months old), Trevor Dinn, Don Harasym, Ted Ibrahim, John Liddington, Robin Lidstone, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward.

Blue Grouse Basin - Mt.Fennel, September 20

Six of us met at Playmor Junction and, after an hour and a half drive up the Slovan Valley; we were on the trail by 9:45 am under threatening skies. We were on the summit of Mt. Fennel at 1:00 pm just as the weather closed in with blowing snow and a temperature of 3 C. To minimize the cold, we had a fast lunch and were on the return trip by 1:30 pm.

After descending through the snow, the rain took over and remained steady for the entire return. Arrival time back at the trail head was around 3:45 pm. Although the wet and snowy weather and slippery foot conditions were challenges at times, we all enjoyed the outing. We had been advised by previous hikers that considerable deadfall was obstructing the trail. However, by the time we went through, BC Parks had cleared the trail for us. Some of us checked for a register on Fennel but one was not to be found.

Participants were Ed and Hazel Beynon, Hanspeter Korn, Shannon Naylor, Jill Watson, and Don Harasym, coordinator.

Other Trip Reports

These reports are from club members, the dates and destinations are not on the club schedule.

South Albert Group

Paul Allen, Lou Chioccarello, Bert Port and Steven Horvath [writer] spent **June 24 to June 27** closing down the 2005-2006 ski season.

On June 24 we flew from Revelstoke to South Albert Group and set up camp on a glacial bench below western outflow of the Albert Icefield.

After getting organized we put on our skis and went for a "short ski" above our camp. Somehow we eventually ended up on top

of Justice Peak.

Next day we skied up to Fulgurite Peak, partly to climb it and mostly to check out a possible route up Albert Peak. On June 26 Bert, Lou and Paul made a successful ski ascent of Mt. Albert. I did not join them as I was not feeling very well and had a most pleasant day of skiing around Justice Peak. In the morning of June 27 Bert, Lou and Paul skied up Greydike Peak. I was feeling better but still not up to par, so I went exploring the glacier between Justice and Prudence. I felt that I would find good snow conditions at that altitude and orientation and was rewarded by perfect spring corn snow in late June.

We flew out later on that afternoon and enjoyed a skinny dip while waiting for the Galena Bay ferry.

So, to summarize, 4 days of perfect weather, perfect skiing and even better company.

Naumulten Mtn. (2475 m., 8120') Map: Burton, 82F/13 July 27

Having a desire to see the ski terrain and hut of Valkyr Lodge, I was able to inveigle two companions, Peter Tchir and Myler Wilkinson, to accompany me on a day-trip to this northernmost peak of the Valkyr Range. Leaving Nelson at 6:00 am on what promised to be another of the many hot days of this July, we motored to Nakusp and then south on Highway 23 to Burton. We left the highway some 4.3 km. south of the Burton Store and turned on to the signed Burton Creek FSR. From this point, we followed the accurate directions of Mike of Pope and Talbot in Nakusp, keeping right at km. 2.9 and bearing right at km. 7.2 on the signed Stoney Road. On this, we ascended thousands of feet, ignoring left spurs at km. 11.1 and 11.5. At km. 13.4 we kept left (Branch 13 going right and down) and bore left again at km. 13.7. At km. 21.1 from the highway, we parked at a switchback, as the road veered back north and down. From this point on the west side of the long-Hilda-Naumulten ridge (about 6,500' and some 5 km. N. of our goal), we headed out for Naumulten at 10:05, carrying very little gear. We traversed south through easy, open timber and the occasional meadow for about an hour, making for the often visible NE-SW ridge north of our goal. We skirted a broad col at 311-259 giving access to alpine lakes on the Burton Creek side, ascended easy rock and heather to the west, and gained the north-south ridge north of our goal. As we continued south over a subsidiary bump (311-255), we could see the ski lodge below us near an alpine lake on the west side. An easy walk-up of Naumulten's north ridge got us to the summit at 1:45 (3 hrs. 35 min. up). We lounged for 55 min. on the broad, flat summit of this nondescript peak, speculating whether a plane could be landed here. Truly, this was a hike to an NMI (no mountaineering interest) peak. The weather was pleasantly cool and breezy as we unsuccessfully inspected the massive cairn for a record and enjoyed an unaccustomed view of the Valhallas from the northwest. At the headwaters of the various fingers of Burton Creek lay Hilda, Lequereux, and Woden, while farther to the east, amid the smoke, Gladsheim, Asgard, Midgard, the Prestleys, and other favorites could be seen. We retraced our steps to the truck in 2 hrs. 10 min. to give us about a 6.5-hour day. By 7:30, we were back in Nelson. Not an exciting trip, but we did get a chance to see some new alpine terrain gained via a nearly bushwhack-free access.

Kim Kratyk

Hiking the East Coast Trail

Having hiked the West Coast Trail, we decided to tackle the East Coast Trail in **late August 2006**. We gathered information from the internet, from the Newfoundland Government and two small guide books ordered from the East Coast Trail Association.

For eight grand days we hiked from Cape St. Francis to Ferryland along about 220 km of beautifully positioned and maintained trails. With our guidebooks including maps, we read about the flora, fauna, landmarks, and rich marine history. We found poems and diary bits, photos and sketches. We soon discovered that these unique small books enhanced our hiking experience from St. Johns to Bay Bulls.

From little side trails leading to viewpoints and headlands, stunning views of the sea awaited us. Sea birds swirled above and seals swam. Whales spouted, but sadly the once common icebergs were nowhere to be seen for the ocean currents have changed. Blueberries hung in bright blue clusters. Sturdy double-plank board walks kept our feet dry above the fens and bogs, log stairs provided sure footing on steep hills, slick steep rock has two-by-fours firmly screwed to the rock to prevent slipping in the ocean mists. This trail, built to last, is actually a series of coastal walking paths abandoned over the past century, but used for hundreds of years before then by schoolchildren, fishermen and women whose small outpost villages dotted the coastline. Settlers built fishing communities in bays and coves, which sheltered their homes and fishing 'stages' from the sea, but they walked regularly between these communities along the rocky headlands jutting into the Atlantic. Walking through abandoned village sites we were surprised by flowering shrubs from old gardens and the stone foundations and cement steps, skeletons of homes of the past. Since the smaller settlements are largely abandoned, the walks are longer now between communities, but no path is more than a few hours hike from a modern community. A good busy highway connects these towns. In each we found a welcoming bed and breakfast that catered to hikers. Our hosts collected us at the end of our day, took us home to a clean, comfortable house where we usually joined other hikers over a delicious home cooked evening meal.

In the morning after a hearty breakfast, with lunch in our packs, we were driven to whichever trailhead we had chosen for the day. Our luggage magically awaited us at the next B&B! We wished we could have stayed longer at these homes away from home with their Newfoundland warmth and humour. On sunny days we chose longer challenging treks on steep cliffs following rugged shoreline for several hours. We met local folk out for short day trips along the trails. They, like us, enjoyed our 'trail chats'.

One of our favorite days was when we were welcomed by the local East Coast Trail hikers who were trekking with their founding president, Peter Gard, as their guide. Stopping along the way, he told us stories of exciting history, and entertained us with knowledge and good humour. He told how their ECT Association began in 1994 and more than 1200 hikers have joined the Association. Amazingly this world-class trail is volunteer built and volunteer maintained. There is one thing we BC hikers wish for to improve this hiking experience. It is this. We wish the ECT Association would create similar guide booklets for the other segments of this marvelous trail.

Muriel Walton

Hiking Camp Reports

This year's hiking camps were located at the headwaters of Twilight Creek, approximately 50 km northwest of Golden in the Selkirk Mountains.

Camp 1

Dates: July 22 to July 29

Participants: Leon Arishenkoff, Roy Ball, Jenny Baillie [cook], Ross Bates, Darla Drader, Gloria Hopland, Roy Hopland, Luba Horvath, Liz Huxter, Terry Huxter, Bob McQueen [camp coordinator], Jan Micklethwaite, Judith (Jay) Mitchell, Ron Perrier, Andre Piver, Mary Prothro, Ross Scott, Barb Stang, Jill Watson, Mary Woodward.

Flying to camp in the helicopter, the sound of the chopper makes me feel like an extra for the Canadian version of "Apocalypse Now". I admire the scenery from a rare vantage point. As the elevation changes so does the vegetation and terrain. The dusty landing site disappears quickly and I see instead old clear-cuts, creek valleys, steep mountain slopes with spruce, fir and larch. Suddenly on my left appears an azure blue lake. It is surrounded by low, lush greenery, flowers and trees. Another lake appears coloured by centuries old glacial silt and cold water; then another lake. There are gullies, streams, waterfalls and all are surrounded by greenery. We're flying into "Heaven on Earth in the Mountains" once again. And then? What's this? Grey on grey on grey. A line beyond which no crayon has coloured. Gravel pits. Gravel berms. Treelessness. Even grasslessness. My head swivels searching for the return of lushness. This could not possibly be our destination. Could it? The helicopter begins its descent. No, don't stop! Keep going! Take us back to one of those lakes. We can't be landing here! Not here on this monochrome moraine. There are no trees taller than 20 cm! Where are the wild flowers? In this place, even Muriel won't find more than ten for the list. Such was the shock of having flown over paradise and landed on a glacial moonscape.

But as KMC'ers are a resilient bunch, we made the best of the situation and found sites for the cook tent, supply tent and biffy. Pitching a tent here became a group challenge. Since driving a peg into the rocky ground was near impossible, we used rocks as anchors instead. When camp was built, we congratulated ourselves on our ingenuity and on our new and functional home. The place may be a pile of rocks but it was clean and it was ours for a week.

Once camp was set, we went about establishing our individual tent sites into alpine neighbourhoods. There were the "Creek Dwellers" who chose to pitch along side the flowing waters of the glacial stream. Although one was lulled to sleep at night by the babbling brook, there was a question of whether or not the tent would still be there at the end of a hot day when the brook became a torrent released from the glacier above. The "Lake-shore Acreages" were established in a remote locale on the shores of the lower powder blue lake. This lake was too cold to step into as it gave even your feet brain freeze. The picturesque location however, offered serenity and exercise to its residents.

The "Downtown Core" sacrificed privacy for a convenient location. They were close to the action and all amenities. A down side to this location was that moats were required, not to ward off enemies, but to keep water moving around the outside of the tent rather than through the inside.

For the most extreme, "Rural Living" at its finest, was across the creek on top of a moraine. With views up and down the valley, living here tested balance and vibram as one crossed the "creek bridge" for each socialization. A fine camp had been built. One that met everyone's needs and would surely see us through to the end of the week - or would it?

Day two was pleasantly uneventful as everyone hiked and explored. Leon, Ron, Terry and Ross Scott embarked on the most ambitious hike of the day when they attempted to reach Cherub from Seraph. After the many ups and downs of the ridge, they abandoned the exercise and returned tired and hungry but not defeated. That night after dinner, a nasty surprise was to blow our way and Jan made a great song about it. (Tune: The Happy Wanderer)

We all flew into hiking camp
And nestled 'mongst the rocks
Unpacked our tents and thermarests

Ice axes, boots and socks

Chorus: Val der ee etc.

The second night to our surprise
sheet lightning flashed on high
We all awoke, unzipped our tents
And gazed up at the sky

Chorus

Our leader Bob leaped out of bed
And ran to check his camp
The tents glowed bright amid the rain
Thank God for my head lamp

Chorus

The pretty parabolic tarps set up
by Barb and Ron

Were flattened by a nasty gust
It's lucky they're not gone

Chorus

Our Mary One sat in her tent
And wondered why she'd come
To sit there in a storm so fierce
Seemed absolutely dumb

Chorus

But Mary two was deep asleep
And warmly snuggled in
Her dreams were full of sound effects
She dozed right through the din

Chorus

When Jilly's poles poked through her roof
She grabbed her stuff and ran
When there was no where dry or safe
She moved in with "the man"

chorus

The Huxter tent upon the hill
Seemed quite a flimsy thing
So Terry opened up both ends
That's air conditioning

chorus

Cold water flowed around the tent

Of Gloria and Roy

But Gloria was unperturbed

Just left it to her boy

Chorus

The rest of us sat in our tents

And held onto our gear

When morning came we were amazed

The day dawned bright and clear

-written by Jan and performed by Jan, Jennie and Jill.

Excitement was high the next morning as we exchanged stories of how we survived the night. Camp was restrung and tightened under Bob's indefatigable leadership, Ron and Barb relocated and several other tenants shored up their drainage systems because the rain had flooded the confines of the moats. Then, it was hiking as usual.

"Mary one" was ready to explore and chase mountain goats with her band of super hikers. She quickly forgot last night's storm when she found a beautiful quartz crystal on "Black Angel". The size of Mary's crystal was rivaled by Darla's, which was so big we suspected she brought it from home and planted it on the mountain.

Seraph was continually visited by new groups of enthusiasts; its glacier more exposed with each sunny day. The lakeshores were intensely scrutinized by Gloria and Luba. Ross and Ross ventured boldly onto the ridges, gullies and mountaintops where no human footprints lay. Ron and Terry finally conquered Cherub by traversing the north ridge then walking across the glacier. To mark their presence, they erected a massive cairn and placed a register for future adventurers.

The more casual hikers strolled to lower elevations. They explored the grassy ridges, waterfalls, and lakes and dubbed the warmest of these "the swimming lake".

At the end of the day, hikers returned, usually unscathed. Between mouthfuls of wonderfully prepared food, they shared their stories with fun loving fellow hikers. Leon's question of "What more could one ask?" was answered simply – "nothing".

Well, almost nothing. We can always ask for fewer bugs. Horseflies, as we know, can be quite bothersome, especially when we provide them with large tracts of exposed skin. One faction of this camp's group were yoga enthusiasts and nature lovers in the truest sense of the word. For one unfortunate hiker, baring became painful. Because hikers rarely carry bathing suits or towels, air-drying is necessary. And what better way than to serenely try some nude yoga. First a refreshing skinny-dip, then a flat rock for practice and then relaxation by surrendering into a solitary balancing pose. While standing serenely in the one-legged tree pose connecting with only the sensations of his body, Andre had a visitation. A lone and loud horsefly buzzed onto its human landing strip. We don't know which strip of flesh it chose, but it was enough for Andre to lose his balance, his pose and his dignity. Although he also lost some skin, he, and we, gained a lasting image: a caricature of Andre springing from the tranquility and peacefulness of yoga to waging war on a horsefly.

When hot and dusty nature lovers discover a beautiful swimming lake, there is no hesitation. It is off with the clothes and into the water for a dip, even in mixed company. It became ritual to meet for an afternoon cool off. The rocks across the lake provided basking platforms and relief from the bugs that lived on shore. It was here, while we were accompanied by our illustrious photographer, that the first shots for the nude hiking

camp calendar were taken. A publishing date is yet to be decided and volunteers for submissions from camp 2 and 3 will be gratefully accepted. Please pose discreetly. Some hiking attire is permitted. Needless to say laughter abounded and all over tanning was the rage.

Sing this version of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" written by Roy Ball.

In the big rock candy mountains
There ain't a tree in sight
We'll tell camp 2 that we burnt them all
'Cause those darned fire logs wouldn't light

We come here from the Kootenays
Where the best "marijuana" grows
And we'll shoot the jerk who suggests we walk
On the first day that it snows
In the big rock candy mountains
We like to hike all day
The food is good but the biffy's full
and the horseflies have their way

Some like to slog to Cherub
Some others like to swim
And it never snows as we dip our toes
And the camera shows that we wear no clothes
In the big rock candy mountain.

Our next visitor was significantly larger than a horsefly, much hairier and equally nimble. At teatime, a perplexed mountain goat loped across the landscape behind the Huxters' tent. As he ran, or glided really, he never once turned his face away from what to him must have been a bizarre scene - our camp. Where just a few days before there had been nothing, something had erupted. Out of the earth large canvas and nylon lumps had arisen. There were two-legged creatures with cylindrical lenses staring back at him. They gestured excitedly. He posed in front of a boulder and observed the foreign scene, and then still staring at us, he flowed across the rough landscape, and effortlessly negotiated the hill. Judging that he was now a safe distance from these strange creatures, he picked his favored route to the lake below, and disappeared from sight. For us mere humans to witness such finesse is exhilarating. His sure-footedness is the envy of every hiker. The trails, the scat and the tufts of hair attached to bushes tell us that he is in the area, but to actually see him is lucky. I, and all the other two-legged creatures, felt a sense of gratitude and awe for his opportune visit.

From goats, to death defying climbs, to appreciation of ample meals, to which wild flowers were spotted that day, to mineral finds, all these were expounded and embellished upon, around the "Java Log" fire.

Nightly fires heard us laughing at Luba's jokes and bad story starters or singing old favorites from Jan's song sheets.

For our final evening we held an event called "Natural or Unnatural Acts". This request had us scrambling for creativity or shaking with an anxiety different from, but no less than, the nervousness some of us feel facing mountain exposure. Courage somehow found us and the evenings entertainment was better than television with popcorn.

Artists displayed their paintings in the cook tent, inspiration

having moved them to pick up brushes and colors. Their scenes depicted our surroundings. Their fine water colours showed their ability to accurately present the landscape, and expressed their love of nature. J recited from memory as a youngster in Britain, the poem "Albert and the Lion" by Stanley Holloway. We were enthralled by the story and impressed with her memory.

We were also visited by a dirty old man who made lascivious advances towards a very unattractive old woman. The three J's sang Jan's "Storm Song" and Roy sang his "Big Rocky Mountain" song. Luba shared more jokes.

The highlight of the evening, however, had to be a visit from Queen Elizabeth II and her messenger. They were on their way to Syringa Creek to a ribbon cutting ceremony opening a new batch of biffies. The Queen, however, felt compelled to check on her mountain loving subjects in hiking camp 1. There were so many worthy subjects to honor, that Twilight Creek became her priority. Awards were as follows:

Dame Jennifer Baillie; in recognition of the endless supply of buckwheat pancakes and 4 course dinners - The Order of the Buckwheat Pancake. Sir Ronald Perrier and Sir Terrance Huxter; in honor of their intrepid feat of conquering Mount Cherub - Knights of the Mountain Goat. Sir Leon Arishenkoff; in honor of his selflessness chopping vegetables and caring for her subjects while on the mountain - Knight of the Supply Tent. Sir Robert MacQueen; in recognition of his attentiveness to her people, building a new biffy and caring for her subjects, particularly during the storm - Knight of the Biffy Stick. Queen Elizabeth exalted us with her esteemed visitation.

We shared good times in Camp 1, 2006. Returning to civilization was, as always, a mixture of relief and regret. Every year we marvel at how the world has gone on without us and how neither it nor we have been affected by our absence from it. We return to our lives in a relaxed, but somewhat scruffy and grimy demeanor. We look forward to next year's possibilities. But mostly, we are grateful for this opportunity to be in a place that has seen so few people; a place that is fresh and new and wild.

Camp 2

Dates: July 29 to August 5

Participants: Alan Baker, Renate and Felix Belczyk, Philippe and Mireille Delesalle, Don and June Harasym, Chris and Helen Hatch, Graham Kenyon, Hanspeter Korn, Don and Heather Lyon, Holly Ridenour, Pat and Al Sheppard, Terry Simpson, Jennie Smith, John and Muriel Walton.

Rhapsody on the Rocks

The grey, sloppy soup of pulverized till and grey-black rocks oozes under the dirty ice, frigid cold and lifeless in its first exposure to the light of day. All around a moonscape of broken rocks, rolling rills of barren desolation and geological chaos filling the wide cirque between the dark, crumbling ridges and the ice above. Gushing streams of grey-white coldness emerge from blue-ice chasms; no life, but at least the energy of motion and sound in this drab, dead world.

Follow the stream, bouncing and tumbling, water and rocks together carving their path in space and time from the primeval darkness of the ice towards the green light of biological life below. Trace the evolution from the first lichen plastered rocks, the first mosses and sedges rooted in scraps of mineral sand wedged between the rocks, building the nutrient base for the generations that will follow. A few wind-blown seeds from the plants below cling, root and briefly flower, tiny splashes of colour trembling in this grey, gaunt world.

In a short distance and few hundred feet of elevation the stream becomes a lake, bright turquoise in the circling rocks that shelter a proliferation of plants, even tiny trees struggling to survive as they emerge into the arctic blasts. Below the edge of the cirque are other lakes and the bright greenery that engulfs the rocks and becomes the meadows merging with the encroaching forest probing upwards from the warmth of the distant valley.

Evolution in the making, a thousand years of change in a few kilometres. Who are we to complain that it has not yet reached our definition of beauty as we stumble over the exposed rocks that stretch endlessly, it seems, in all directions from where we are camped, strung out along the stream, our tents grubbed into banks of soggy till and weighted with rocks against the violent gusts of cold wind blowing off the glacier ice above.

This was to be a different camp. Muriel and the other flower folk recorded a new low in species, though still an impressive 71 varieties. Chris and his rocky rambler found almost as many varieties of rock. One had to wonder where they all came from, and how they were all piled up like a vast open-pit quarry from one end of the valley to the other. If a mining company had done this they would be locked up in jail; but God, she gets away with anything. It is just “fragile nature”: a work in process; all things shall come to pass in the fullness of time.

This was a camp where you hiked downhill to find the scenery: the meadows, the lakes, the flowery ridges and the comfortable, sheltered spots to laze away an afternoon listening to the rustling stream, the buzz of the bees and the soft cheeping of a ptarmigan hen rounding up her chicks.

There were few specific peaks: Seraph at the head of the glacier, beyond which another glacier stretched off to Mt Cherub, which was a little too ambitious for our crowd. To the south was Mt Ventego, which looked just as unappetizing but was climbed by Hans and Terry, the latter wondering from time to time whether this was the wisest decision she ever made. Across the creek and beyond the inevitable rock pile was a bump on the ridge inexplicably tagged as ‘Black Angel’ by some imaginative person in Camp 1. And that was about it. Most trooped up Mt Seraph, fortuitously on the one day the sun shone, so that became the highlight for many, particularly June. This was her maiden voyage at Hiking Camp, and considering everything else it was good that she had the adventure of Seraph to take home with her. Hans had a bruised face to show for his camp, following a close encounter with the shoulder of Seraph while trying to keep up with Renate.

Alan and Jennie circumnavigated the northern ridge and discovered more rocks. Apparently they had company somewhere in that wasteland because they came across a grizzly track on a snow patch. Despite this motivation they were still late home for dinner, salmon loaf I believe.

The weather? Felix had a mid-summer night’s dream that it snowed, and it did. It was cold, wet and windy, with occasional snowy breaks, spectacular thunder and lightning uncomfortably

close, and the relentless, bitter wind blowing down from wherever global warming comes from. Which doesn’t do justice to the physical experience of the tent thrashing and banging in the gale as the thunder crashes overhead and the horizontal sleet-ice pelts against my back as I sit hard against the door to prevent the spinnaker effect that threatens to rip the guys from the rocks. Sounds like Doug Scott on K2, but this is Hiking Camp: flowers, and sunshine, and warm breezes, and blue lakes, and green meadows, and chuckling streams, and all that. Hah!

However, when all else fails people always get the honourable mention, this year in French: “*retrouvaille* of old companions of so many marvellous and unforgettable days spent in our beloved mountains” was Philippe’s eloquent highlight; and it was good to have Mireille with us again.

“Nothing beats the camaraderie of the cook tent on a bad day”, mused someone else. Just as well we had a cook tent to be in with comrades because no one had any appetite for the traditional evening campfire. However, one has to eat and that’s where the companionship of camp is best expressed, that’s where the stories were told and lives explored. WW II is a long way from Twilight Creek, yet the tales of the two who grew up in those times and places were fascinating. The stories of how each of us came to be here through the journey of our lives are so intriguing. We rarely hear them, but how often are we surprised and impressed by the depth and endurance of the human spirit, then to realize that we all have our stories to tell.

There are twenty stories of this camp, some happy, some disappointed, some thrilled, some content – one just thankful that it was over. I have tried to capture a sense of it from the short notes I was given – the exit permits. But we shall all remember it because it was different, and for each of us it was a different experience. June, I hope you come again; next time will be different, next time there will be flowers, sunshine, warm breezes, blue lakes and chuckling streams. Promise!
Graham Kenyon

Poetic Offerings

I came and saw some lofty peaks
The snow and graupel came in streaks.
The clothes came off, the clothes went on,
It shone, it rained, it hailed, it shone.
The food was good, the talk was great,
All that hiking and I’ll put on weight.
Grizzly bear tracks on a patch of snow,
And all the new people I got to know.

Jennie Smith

I lie in forceful rain, in freezing tent
Seraph thoughts to warm my toes.

Holly Ridenour

Helicopter dust

Chicken wire

Rock

Tent	Water
Good food	Sky
Sleep bag	Bare glacier
Cold hands	Wind
Jump stream	Warm toque
Up rock	Kick snow
Goat path highway	Down dirt
Glacier smooth rock ridge	Rock cliff barrier
Stream roar	Fluorescent green moss patch
Heart peace	Silent hills
	Eye calm.

Alan Baker

Musings in a snow storm

Over many years of KMC heli-hiking camps, I have grown to love the beauty and colour, as well as the tenacity, of our local alpine wildflowers.

Landing above tree line in a barren rocky moonscape I searched in vain for colour of any kind. The only relief from rocks were perhaps as many as twenty lakes of brilliant blues and emerald greens. The only vegetation within sight of our tent were small tufts of rushes and sedges and tiny arctic willow. With winter temperatures here I had no expectation for flowers. However, in spite of frigid temperatures and even occasional snow, most mornings dawned fairly clear, hikes were planned and summits were reached.

To our delight patches of Partridge Foot set in lush, lime-green moss appeared at lakesides, along tumbling creeks and even high on mountainsides. River Beauty, with its large and brilliant rose-purple flowers on dense blue-green leaves, the prettiest of the four local fireweeds, burst out across the gravel flood plains. As the snow blows, the thought occurs that caught out in this alpine zone without enough food, both the flowers and leaves of this *epilobium latifolium* could make a tasty salad. Its young leaves may also be steamed and eaten like spinach.

Tucked under rocks sparkling with brown-purple garnets, the Dwarf Mountain Groundsel poked their bright yellow heads with widely spaced ray petals, anchored against the storms by shiny, toothed leaves and deep roots.

From little evergreen mats sprang large White Mountain Avens, each with eight petals and sporting numerous yellow styles that will lengthen into long feathery tails to parachute their seeds to new locations. The deeply anchored roots and scalloped, leathery leaves withstand the violent winds of the mountaintops.

Over the week we recorded 71 varieties of blooming plants; fewer than the 100 – 150 in earlier camps, or the 1,500 plants that can be found in the southern Canadian Rockies, but enough to admire for their courage to grow above 7,500 feet elevation.

The one flower new to me in this alpine zone is a Short-Beaked Agoseris, variation *dasycephala* or *A. heterophylla*,

with its long, curly, lance-shaped basal leaves spreading from the soft yellow blossom. Hiding in a ditch just a few inches wide and an inch deep created by a melting snow patch, six hand-sized plants hugged the ground keeping their single dandelion-like heads well down out of the wind that swept down from the Black Angel peak.

Like the flowers, our campers adapted to the austere landscape and severe cold weather conditions to show their beauty and tenacity. That to me was the highlight of Camp 2. Muriel Walton.

Camp 3

Dates: August 5 to August 12

Participants: Eric Ackermann, Mary Baker, Suzanne Blewett [cook], Glenn Cameron [camp coordinator], Janet and Ron Cameron, Kim Charlesworth, Laurie Charlton, Don Hagen, Ted Ibrahim, Sara Judith, Gerry Larouche, Bobbie Maras, Elaine Martin, Mary McEwen, Bess Schuurman, Kal Singh, Sylvia Smith, Maxine Werner.

Arrival in Bedrock City in sunshine, winds and bad reports from all second camp hikers, shivering and waiting for descent. The first impressions of this camp left a lot to be desired. Previous camps had nice rock walls built surrounding their tents because of the high winds; the moraine terrain looked like Barney Rubble had lived there.

However we were lucky with the sunshine weather for the first five days. Third camp always has to chance running out of essentials with no store close-by. The previous camps had used up almost all of the dish soap, so we shampooed our dishes most of the week. At least, they left us some salt this time. There was the good, bad and the ugly to remember. Good views after climbing on a beautiful glacier to look out over more great peaks and glaciers. Good times with old friends, some of us have been in camp 3 together for ten years. Our good cook Suzanne included. Bad luck for Ted, who hurt his ribs on a loose rock fall the first day. Unfortunately, his great campsite was a few rock hops over the creek. Pretty hard in the dark with cracked [we thought] ribs. Then came the (ugly) flooding rain. After a gigantic full moon Wednesday night, it started raining and it didn't stop hardly at all for 15 hours. After dinner in the cook tent that night, we looked out to see the creek had tripled in size. The Camerons' tent on their island in danger, Glenn, donning garbage bags duct-taped as hip waders, rescued the tents and gear for Ted, who was still injured, and the Camerons got evacuated to a safer spot. Ice axes never came in so handy as for digging ditches that night.

Four goats including two kids were seen below Kal, Gerry, Laurie and Elaine one day on the way up to the ridge. But there was nary a gopher to be seen. Same for trees, although at lower elevations there were very nice lakes and forested areas to hike to.

The last campfire ended with Mary leading us in "the moose" song and I traditionally did a recap of the week with a Hey Laudi, Laudi for our entire third camp group. The sky cleared for our very early morning departure from Flintstone City. Elaine Martin



**Executive notes
from Sept 11, 2006
meeting**

New Business:

Positions up for election should be noted in newsletter. Our present Winter Trips Director cannot continue and we need a volunteer to fill in. We also need a Social/Entertainment Director. And Hiking Camp needs a new Director. FMCBC is interested in holding their AGM in the Kootenays, probably Nelson if the KMC is interested in hosting it.

-Unfinished Business:

-Land use plan. We are working towards future non-motorized and non-commercial land use designations. In the meantime we can pinpoint areas of club interest (summer and winter) on a map and these areas will be flagged as a registered interest. When there is a tenure application in the area we will be contacted. We need a committee doing collection and recording of such areas. A

committee will be established. Other groups or interested persons can submit areas that are special as well and we will note them for them.

Committee reports:

Hiking camp: - 2 injuries. Camps went well. Helicopter cost was way under budget and refund is probable.

-Sue Cairns would like to follow up on Colpitti Cr. episode. An apology will be given to us. In the future we will continue to notify the tenures in the area. The incident that happened will not be tolerated by Sue Cairns and the tenure granting authority. We don't anticipate future such issues.

Resident member clarification - When there is an out of area resident bank account the membership person will phone to confirm if they are a kootenay resident. Hiking Camp Comm. will work it out as it relates to the eligibility for camps.

Website: -several changes and lots of traffic.

Climbing Camp: -full 9 person camp, which went well except for 1 injury [was flown out by helicopter]

Trails -2 work parties (very poorly attended) We did 1) the Upper Mulvey road access for Dag and Wolfs Ears and 2) Lemon Creek trail. There are still some big deadfalls and lots more of the trail to clear.

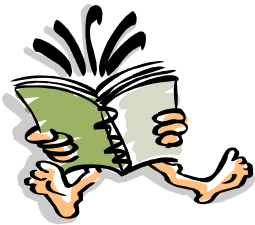
Huts- very few volunteers. The cabins are a bit of work but the results are excellent.

Summer Trips: -we had a good schedule so far this year. Nice to see new trip coordinators.

-Family Hiking Days will be scheduled next year (provided people come forward to initiate)

-Members express continual interest in slower paced C rated trips. People should initiate them as such.

Mountain School Report: We held a Snow School and Rock School, as well as two, guide lead courses: "Intro to Rock" and "Learn to Lead". Possibility of a December Winter Snow School course.



Library News: The 2006 Canadian Alpine Journal: 100 Years of History

With the publication of this year's Canadian Alpine Journal, the Alpine Club of Canada marks the 100th issue of what is arguably the best mountaineering magazine produced in Canada. In addition to the usual great mountaineering stories, this year's centennial issue features a round-up from across the country on

the state of mountaineering by such local experts as Don Serl representing the Coast Mountains, and Bruce Fairley from the Interior. As well, John Baldwin, famous for long ski traverses and author of the classic "Exploring the Coast Mountains on Skis" has an excellent article covering a whole series of mountaineering and ski traverse routes through the Coast Mountains. The KMC library has the entire collection of CAJ's from 1907 through to 2006. Not only are the journals great reading, they are an indispensable resource for planning climbs of the remoter peaks of the Interior that are not covered well in any guidebook. Every issue of the CAJ is available for loan from the library.

The KMC 2006 Executive:

Chair	Steven Miros
Vice	Doug Brown
Treasurer	Norm Truant
Secretary	Vera Truant
Conservation	Kim Kratky
Winter Trips	David Mitchell
Summer Trips	Vicki Hart
Cabins & Trails	Ted Ibrahim
Mtnrg. School	Sandra McGuinness
Hiking Camp	Ron Cameron
Climbing Camp	Doug Brown
Website	Doug Brown
Entertainment	Vacant
Newsletter	Eliane & Steven Miros

Contacts:

▶▶ Membership Annual Dues ◀◀ Individual (19 yrs & up) \$41 Couple/Family \$40+\$6/person Send complete membership/waiver form to KMC Membership 2711 Granite Rd Nelson BC V1L6V3 To receive information by e-mail or to give us your address/e-mail/phone changes please contact membership@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

▶▶ Library ◀◀ Sandra McGuinness

▶▶ E-mail update ◀◀ Contact members-owner@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

▶▶ KMC President ◀◀ president@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

▶▶ KMC (Correspondence) ◀◀ Box 3195 Castlegar BC V1N 3H5

▶▶ KMC website ◀◀ www.kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

▶▶ Newsletter submissions ◀◀ Eliane Miros newsletter@kootenaymountaineering.bc.ca

▶▶ Newsletter Editorial Policy ◀◀ We encourage all submissions of writings, cartoons, drawings, book & website reviews and trip reports. Suitability for publication is at editor's discretion. Articles and advertisements may be edited for clarity and length. Advertising must be thought to be of interest to members in regard to the outdoors, especially locally. Will use discretion for commercial endeavors.

Window Shopping: Part-Time Paradise

Mountain towns echo with construction activity, but the resulting homes lie silent much of the year. By Grace Lichtenstein

ASPEN, Colorado: *Nest in the West End. Adorable cottage in central Aspen's West End. Walk to music tent or trail. Expansion plans done to add 5th bedroom. Huge old pine trees. Built 1953. Remodeled 1996. \$2,375,000.*

It's a sunny August day in Aspen, and the West End, a neighborhood of multimillion-dollar Victorian-style homes, hums with activity. Residents and visitors stroll the streets toward the music festival tent a few blocks away, while families on bikes pedal toward the Rio Grande Trail. Gardeners tend lovely flowerbeds. A caterer delivers gourmet provisions for a cocktail party while helpers set up "valet parking" signs. "We came for two weeks in 1968, stayed for five, and never stopped coming back," Joan Harris, a Chicago philanthropist who is chair of Aspen's Music Festival board, says. Her feelings about her family's second hometown echo that of nearly every part-timer: "Aspen is a refuge. It's the most healing, comforting place I know, aside from the fact that it's one of the most gorgeous places in the world. Everybody is just open and unguarded and available and, well, loving." Fast forward to autumn. Aside from a television flickering in a window here, and a construction crew hammering a new wing onto a house there, the West End is shuttered and lonely. Almost everyone, it seems, has left, returned to other homes in distant cities. "There are more bears than people," laughs full-time resident Steve Goldenberg, surveying the deserted streets. Another resident calls the West End, with its rows of empty houses, "the home museum." It's the same story, as growing chunks of the West's mountain towns seem to go into deep hibernation for long stretches of the year. They are filled with second (and sometimes third or fourth) residences that are only used a few weeks or months out of the year by wealthy owners who really live elsewhere. Led by the baby-boom generation, affluent "equity exiles" have plunked down millions for their condos, town homes and starter castles in paradise. Demographers, elected officials and planners now recognize a new phenomenon: "hollowed-out" communities, to use the phrase coined by Myles Rademan, Park City's director of public affairs and communication. A study published in June by the Northwest Colorado Council of Governments validates what many locals already realize: The second-home business, rather than winter or summer tourism, has burgeoned into the economic engine of these communities. Skiing, shopping and mountain biking are now secondary. While "seasonal" or vacation homes make up just 5 percent of the homes in the Rocky Mountain West, in some of the most attractive resort towns they now amount to a stunning 60 percent or more of the houses, according to the study. And while the boom in second homes provides jobs, it also brings soaring costs of living, the displacement of local workers, disquieting income disparities and a changing social fabric. Moreover, Western resort towns are way ahead of the curve. The second-home buying spree is still in its earliest stages; most boomers are 10 years away from making that leisure-life purchase. Tectonic shifts in population lie in the future.

Who are these people? As a group, second-home owners are mostly older adults, empty nesters who are vastly more affluent than full-time residents.

What are their effects? In the four Colorado counties covered by the Council of Governments study, the building and servicing of second homes generated almost \$1.8 billion of the \$5.3 billion outside dollars that flooded in last year. The building phase of each second home creates almost 19 new jobs, though by definition they are short-term ones. Once built, the same home creates almost two new jobs, as the part-time residents go out to dinner; buy ski clothes, lift passes and concert tickets; and hire everyone from an interior designer to a landscaper to an aroma therapist.

Even locals who worry about the tide of wealth washing over their towns acknowledge that the generosity of part-time residents is responsible for health, recreation and arts facilities they might not otherwise have.

Many longtime residents have capitalized on the second-home boom as real estate agents, contractors and home-security providers.

The frenzy of second-home building and sales in mountain towns has triggered a variety of aftershocks. Discovering that their own houses and condominiums are appreciating wildly, many locals have opted to cash out, pocket their profits and move "down valley," or to another mountain town that hasn't yet been hit by the boom.

At the same time, these towns have seen the disappearance of the old "social contract," in which newcomers "bought an old miner's house and then rented it out to dishwashers" in order to cover their mortgage. The new part-timers are so rich, they pay cash. They don't need the income from rent; they prefer to let their homes sit empty when they aren't there.

As a result, the care and tending of second homes has created more jobs, but there are fewer locals to fill them. The need for affordable workforce housing and mass transit has become intense. Ironically, Aspen long ago made farsighted decisions to install new sales and real estate transfer taxes to tap the flow of wealth into the community and to mitigate the impacts. The revenue has been used to preserve open space as well as to fund public transit system that ferries down-valley employees to their jobs in Aspen.

Aspen was also the first resort community to build or buy thousands of apartments, townhomes and single-family houses for working people. For decades, the town has been "very aggressive" in adding to its supply of affordable housing. In addition, since the 1970s, the city of Aspen has regulated the buying and selling of certain private housing with "deed restricted" and "resident-only" housing rules. City council also adopted stronger measures such as forcing builders who tore down old housing to make room for new mansions to replace 40 percent of the destroyed dwellings with units designed for employee use only.

But despite all these measures, Aspen is still a long way from where they want to be. There is such a demand for some of the affordable houses in Aspen that families must enter a lottery to buy them.

And "affordable housing," in Aspen, is an awfully elastic term. "Affordable" normally means around \$1 million. The upshot is

that, despite Aspen's valiant efforts, the town has not stemmed the tide of the "hollowed-out" community.

You would think that, with all its rich folk, Aspen would at least be awash in sales tax revenue. Not so: Like other mature Western resorts, it has watched sales tax revenue decline every year since 2000, even though second-home owners spend five times as much on such things as lawn care, home security, and housekeeping, compared with the average American homeowner, and far more money than locals on clothing and recreational equipment. A 2003 study by BBC Research and Consulting in Denver, commissioned by the Aspen City Council, put its finger on the reasons behind the decline in sales taxes. It described the town's commercial core as "embalmed." The aging population may be good for home furnishings and Brioni suit sales, but it is "difficult for bars and entertainment," BBC reported. More and more hotel rooms, which are subject to a lodging tax, have been condominiumized or torn down. Higher commercial rents have led to the closing of mom-and-pop stores, which are then taken over by Gucci/Prada/Ralph Lauren-style high-end chains. Zoning restrictions, meanwhile, limit revenue-producers like sidewalk cafes and live music. In the eyes of many merchants, however, the major culprits are real estate-related offices, which have forced out traditional retail stores on the street level of Aspen's commercial hub. At least six timeshare, hotel and real estate offices now occupy space in and next to Aspen's two-block pedestrian mall.

The Aspen Drug Store had served the town for 112 years, but it simply couldn't compete when the landlords upped the rates from about \$60 a square foot about five years ago to over \$100 now, said one former retailer, who asked to remain anonymous. The space, still sporting its familiar blue beams, is now a display area for Snowmass properties being marketed by Intrawest, the nation's largest winter resort builder. With \$1.55 billion in annual revenue, Intrawest owns or operates 10 mountain resorts in the Western United States and Canada, including Whistler Blackcomb, Copper and Squaw. Real estate offices can "pay top dollar," the former retailer explained, "because (when) you sell one \$5 million home, you've paid the rent for the next five years." It has been enough of a change to make some locals such as columnist Jon Busch, an Aspenite for 35 years nostalgic for what he might once have regarded as the bad old days. "I used to complain about the proliferation of T-shirt shops in Aspen," he says. "Now, I'd welcome them."

An angry group of merchants marched into the Aspen City Council one day in 2002 to demand a moratorium on such takeovers. Last fall, the council finally agreed to ban future ground-floor professional offices for the likes of lawyers, developers and timeshare salesmen.

Predicting the future of the West's evolving mountain communities is tricky. "Things are changing quickly," says Linda Venturoni, the author of the Council of Governments study. Venturoni did her original survey of second-home owners in 2003. This year, she followed up with a survey just of Pitkin County. In one year, the percentage of Pitkin part-timers who said they intend to retire to their Aspen and Snowmass residences doubled, from 7 percent to 14 percent. Perhaps the hollowing-out will be a short-lived phenomenon. Another renaissance could be on the horizon, as part-time residents become full-time retirees.

But such a renaissance would bring its own conundrums. Questions about declining school enrollment and a growing need for health care, not to mention the need for more feng shui experts, wine sommeliers, chauffeurs and estate planners, rather than carpenters and plumbers could be upon the town before anyone knows it.

But that phase, too, may be relatively short-lived. Today, the oldest boomers, who are fueling the second-home market, demand mountain bike trails and Pilates classes. But a few decades down the road, they may be looking for nursing homes, as Aspen becomes the sleeping quarters for retirees in what could be viewed as a geriatric theme park.

Beyond a 15-unit hospital-related assisted living facility, neither Aspen nor Pitkin County has attempted to build housing for the elderly. (The county does have a busy senior center and an active "meals on wheels" program for shut-ins.) "No one is working in this vineyard. It is a huge untapped market and will come with time," predicts Jim Lamont of the Vail Valley Homeowners Association.

BBC's Ford Frick, who conducted the Aspen tax survey, offers another possible future. He suggests that the "active retiree" phrase may only be an interim one in the lives of the boomer generation. As they approach 75 and 80, the now-vigorous older boomers and early retirees may move again this time to warmer climates and areas with better elder care.

However the trends emerge, thoughtful students of these communities, whether they are full- or part-time residents, public officials or merchants, real estate brokers or demographers, do seem to agree on one thing: The boomer tsunami will only swell in the coming years. Now, not in 2010, is the time to start examining how to harness the energy of the coming hordes of wealthy retirees who might prefer to play a productive role in their communities rather than play endless rounds of golf. Now is also the time to consider where the workers who are needed to support these retirees will live.

At 54, dressed in denim overalls, Venturoni is a classic member of the old guard one finds in many Colorado resorts: She is a New Jerseyan who wandered west first to Boulder, then Aspen, before getting married and settling in Dillon. Her husband is a painting contractor, and she says they're members of a vanishing breed of working people who bought into mountain towns before the prices shot sky-high. She and Mick Ireland wryly call the challenge of staying put, "Mountain Survivor," as if it were a TV reality show.

"Right now, there are two workers in (my house) my husband and I," she says. "When we sell this house, its not a painting contractor and a (Council of Governments) worker who will be able to afford to buy it." The new owners are quite likely to be retirees, who may participate in charities and do volunteer work, "but one way or the other, the residents won't be participating in the workforce, and that's what these communities really need to be concerned about. Where is the workforce going to be housed?"

Grace Lichtenstein writes from New York, N.Y., and New Mexico. She spent more than 12 years with The New York Times, including three as Rocky Mountain bureau chief based in Denver. Printed with permission of Grace Lichtenstein and High Country News. This article originally appeared in High Country News www.hcn.org that covers the West's communities and natural resource issues from Paonia, Colorado.