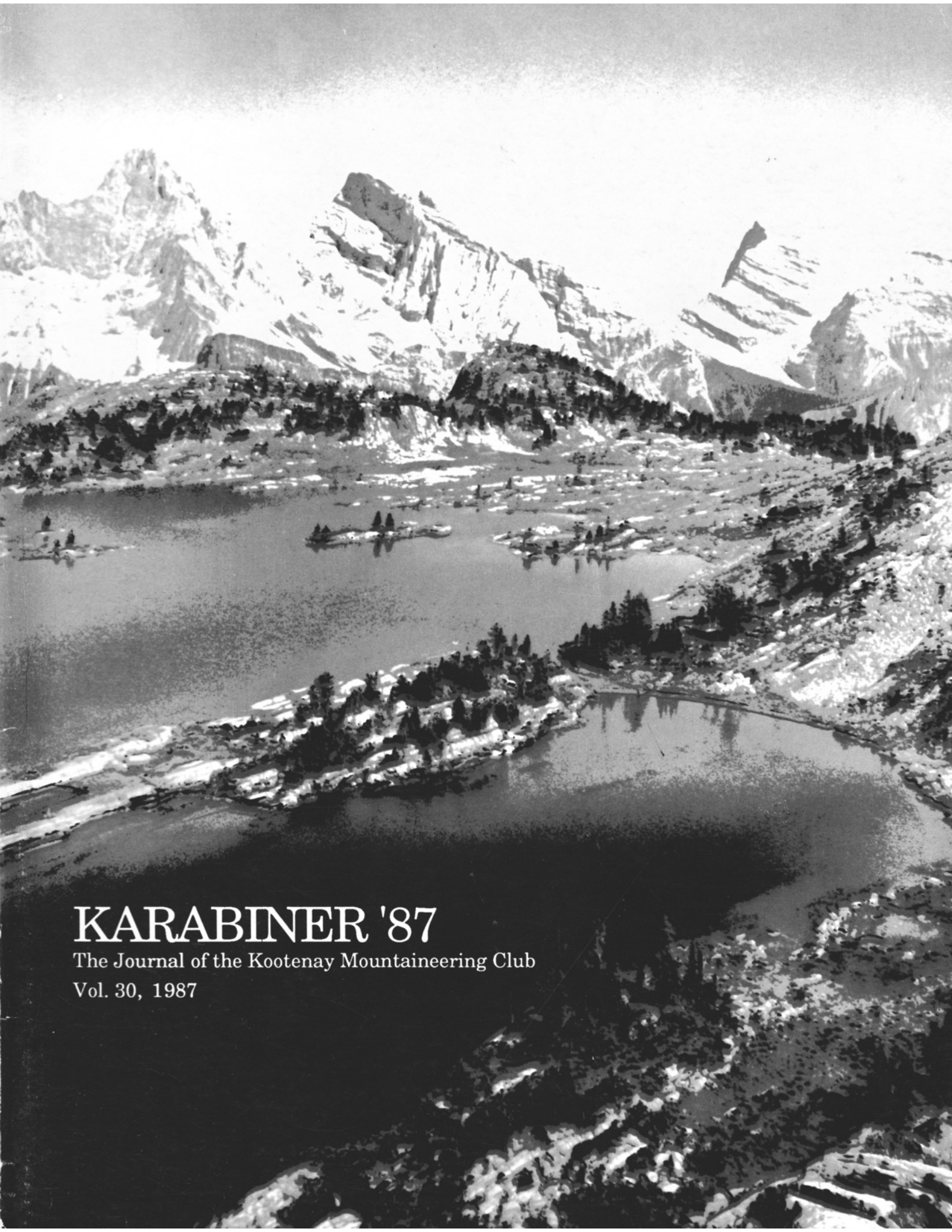


KARABINER '87

The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club

Vol. 30, 1987



Hiking Camp in the year 2087

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PHOTO/LARRY DOELL

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KARABINER '87

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Limestone Lakes
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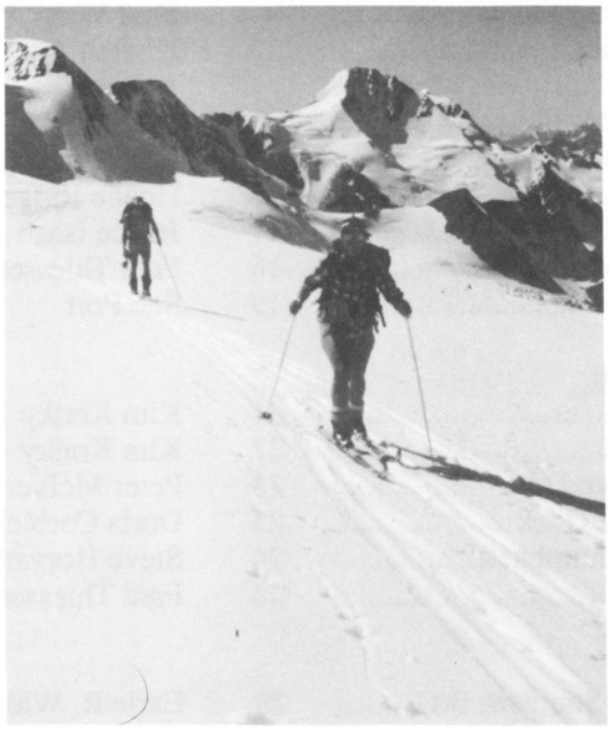
SKI TRIPS

Freshfield Glacier

by Sue Port

Once again the annual Port/Holmes and-assorted-others May ski trip assembled on Saturday night in Golden with plans to spend a week at the new Lloyd McKay Hut in the Freshfield area of Banff National Park. Last year two wet, cloudy days had prevented the helicopter from flying us to the Mummery Glacier and had forced a retreat to the Wheeler Hut at Rogers Pass.

This year, knowing that we could drive up the Blaeberry River as far as Mummery Creek, we were determined to go on foot if the chopper could not fly. Fortunately we were not put to the test (some of us doubted we would have passed), and on May 3, eight skiers flew from the junction of Blaeberry and Mummery creeks to above 7,000 ft on the Mummery Glacier, close by the site of the 1983 Climbing Camp. The ideal would have been to fly to the Helmer-Gilgit col at 9,300 ft (on the Park boundary), but with high winds and threatening snow squalls we were very content to be saved from the more than 3,000 ft of rough, steep trail and soft snow below.



PHOTO/FRED THIESSEN

Towing the regulation garbage bags, we were at the col in two and a half hours and soon were on our way down the long (9 km) and gentle Freshfield Glacier. A short climb up to the hut (6,900 ft) saw us installed a mere five hours after landing.

The usual chopper access in poor weather is to Howse Pass, which at 5,000 ft is usually clear. This route involves dropping down a few hundred feet to a long, gentle valley, crossing the lake at the foot of the Freshfield Glacier and ascending to the cabin. In May this route is snow free and this low-snow year, seems to have been most of April as well.

The hut is very comfortable and well-equipped (stoves, foamies, pots, dishes), although non-chopper access from Saskatchewan Crossing or the Blaeberry requires two days, which means that you have to carry all those things with you anyway. The best feature is the set of three picture windows facing the Freshfield Glacier - a calendar photo panorama.

After one day of groping around on the Niverville Glacier in a warm, snowing whiteout, the weather cleared and we enjoyed five cloudless days. Mts Walker (10,835 ft) and Freshfield (10,945 ft) were ascended along with several lesser summits above the Pangman and Niverville Glaciers. Snow conditions were variable, but by the end of the week we enjoyed perfect spring skiing on the Niverville Glacier.

The snow around the cabin disappeared dramatically during the week. When we departed on Saturday we had to carry skis partway down to the Freshfield Glacier for the long trek back up to the Helmer-Gilgit col. We were fortunate to have excellent conditions on the Mummery Glacier for our descent - perfect spring snow for about 2,500 ft, to down below our drop-off point. Below this, mushy snow and avalanche debris were at least skiable, until we finally ran out of snow on the moraine (which has a sketchy trail down its crest). The three with telemark skis and light boots almost enjoyed their hike down the moraine, the old stream bed and up the Forest Service trail. Once at the end of the logging road on the east side of Blaeberry Creek, Fred and Dave ran down two and a half km of road to fetch a vehicle from the valley bottom and transport the sufferers with ten-pound skis and plastic boots back to the other cars. We had set out before 6 am and were all down by 3 pm. A last dinner in Revelstoke and another successful May ski week had ended.

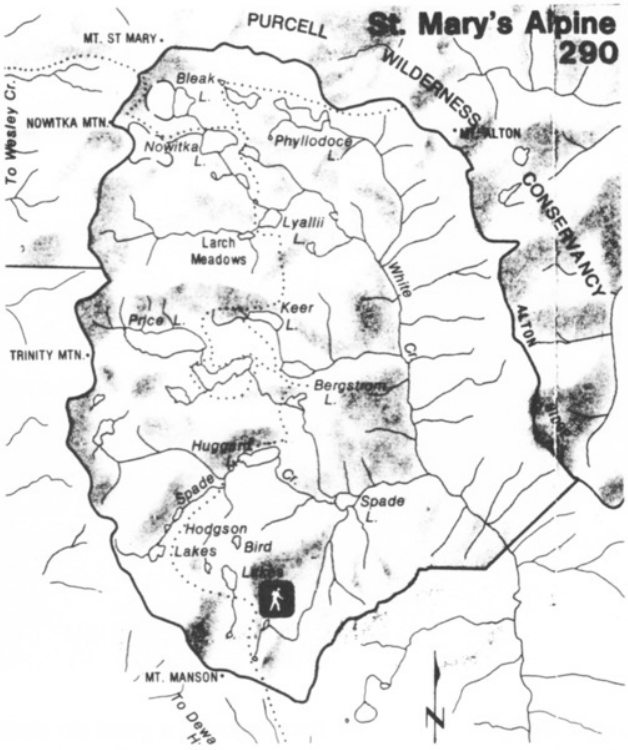
On the trip: Ken and Rita Holmes, Dennis Holden, Fred Thiessen, Dave Gluns, Charlie Boyd, Bert and Sue Port.

St. Mary's Alpine Park

by John Carter

A hearty breakfast of bangers, mash and cackleberries in Kimberley began our day. Discussion of equipment, quantities of food packed by Dave and John (always too much) and intended route and rendezvous with the helicopter kept the conversation humming. A long drive over a good logging road up the St. Mary's River brought us to the helicopter pick-up point at km 50.

In twenty minutes we had left the confluence of White and Dewar creeks and had flown the length of St. Mary's Alpine Park to arrive in a cloud of snow at Lyalli Lake. Camp was established and in short order our skins were on and we were ascending the hillside to the east of camp, initially gaining the ridge above Canning Lake. We then followed the ridge north to overlook Phyllodoce Lakes on the east and Nowitka Lakes on the west. After getting our bearings we descended to Bleak and Nowitka lakes and on down through beautiful big larches to our camp. A reasonable ski and a pleasant location for a few days of touring. After dinner we skied to the end of the lake and visited Bruce Ferguson's and Art Twomey's camps.



The next morning dawned cold with some blowing snow. After a pleasant tour on Art Twomey's trail we ascended the southwest basin of Nowitka Peak. Although originally we had planned to climb the peak, the cold wind and blowing snow changed our minds. Instead we traversed around the north basin overlooking Bleak Lake and ascended Mt St. Mary (9,600 ft). A quick bite to eat and then an interesting ski down to Bleak Lake and back to camp.

Day three began cloudy and cool at -13º C. A good breakfast and then the task of rolling up frosty tents and shouldering our 40 to 45 lb packs. We toured over the lake and ascended a gentle ridge to look into Keer Lake. We skied down through the trees in pleasant conditions to the lake, and were soon at a good viewpoint on a ridge to the west of Keer Lake overlooking Totem Lake. Sizeable larch trees dotted the ridge providing convenient leaning posts and pack hooks.

After a leisurely lunch we travelled west along the ridge to Price Lake (see cover photo of 1986 *Karabiner*). Soon after we arrived the clouds lifted and the panorama of cornice-crowned Trinity Mt and Totem Peak unfolded before us. Certainly some excellent skiing terrain exists in this basin but not as much as around Lyalli Lake and Larch Valley. The ghost-like clouds descended as we made our way back to our lunch location and again we were more or less navigating with map and compass.

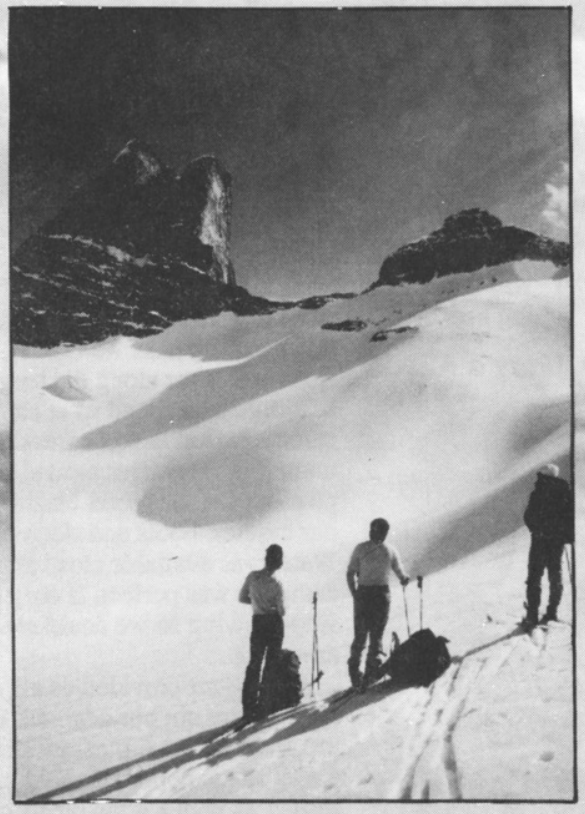
Our afternoon route followed the boulder-strewn small valley of Stair Lakes down to near the fourth lake, where we turned southwest and descended a steep hillside to Huggard Lake. Travelling down past and over Stair Lakes was interesting. Immense boulders covered in huge drooping hats of snow provided mini-avalanches and unforeseen holes to drop into.

An easy tour along the length of the half mile lake found us at an excellent camp location in some trees. There were numerous dead trees around so a warm pleasant fire was soon blazing, drying our clothes, boots and sleeping bags. Water was available close at hand; our campsite was perfect. If only it would stop snowing so we could see what was around us.

A late start provided us all with time to repack, sort out our gear and study our proposed route. A pleasant ski up Spade Creek to the upper Huggard Lake furnished us with a good prospect for a possible future cabin-site on the edge of the lake. Excellent views east and southeast as we climbed the headwall to the Hodgson Plateau increased our fascination with the area. Again lovely ancient larches dotted the surrounding countryside. We decided to climb up the north side of the valley and before long we were looking down on Hodgson Lakes and at Mt Manson, our intended destination tomorrow. Snow conditions were better up here and climbing was easier. An increasingly bitter wind during lunch at 7,500 ft foretold the oncoming afternoon storm.

Though it was very windy we continued on to the col where we could scan Dewar Creek and even across the ridge to Mt Loki. Our journey continued northwest along the ridges to above Motar Lake and south basin of Trinity Mt. From Motar Lake we enjoyed a nice ski down the gently sloping valley to our camp. A light snowfall persisted the remainder of the day as we prepared for tomorrow's summit bid on Mt Manson and our return to civilization.

A -15º C temperature at 6 am provided an interesting episode: trying to warm nearly frozen toes after placing them in stiff boots. But we were tough, and after nearly



PHOTO/GIMLI AND JONES PKS BY JOHN CARTER

blowing up breakfast and Phil we packed up our frosty tents and headed up. (It is always wise to bring along an extra stove, or at least parts to make sudden and crucial repairs). We followed yesterday's route to the Hodgson Plateau, then turned east to slowly ascend into the Bird Lake region. Pleasant skiing up the basin brought us to the last ridge before a major decision had to be made: traverse over the top of Manson or attempt the col to the east of it.

Snow began falling, the clouds descended and the decision was made: we opted for the col. Very steep climbing with a final break through the cornice brought us to the col. An incredibly steep final 40 m almost proved our undoing but we all made it either on skis or clawing up on boots and hands. Skins off and an excellent ski down on six to eight cm of powder to a few lone trees for a well-deserved lunch.

We then enjoyed a great ski down to a snowed-in mining access road at 6,600 ft. From here we shot down the mining road, barely managing to complete sharp switchbacks without rocketing over the bank. But we all survived and were able to ski within 50 m of the Dewar Creek logging road. Spring was in the valleys: muddy roads, water seeping down the banks and birds flitting everywhere. Phil, being his usual self, volunteered to jog down the road for eight km and pick up the truck. In another two or three hours we were back in Wasa Lake showering off the sweat and dirt and preparing for a three-day trip to Top-of-the-World-Park. But more on that another time. An excellent tour with reasonable conditions and good companions.

Map: Kaslo 82F/NE
Best time: March or early April

PHOTO/BERT PORT



A Walk Through Time

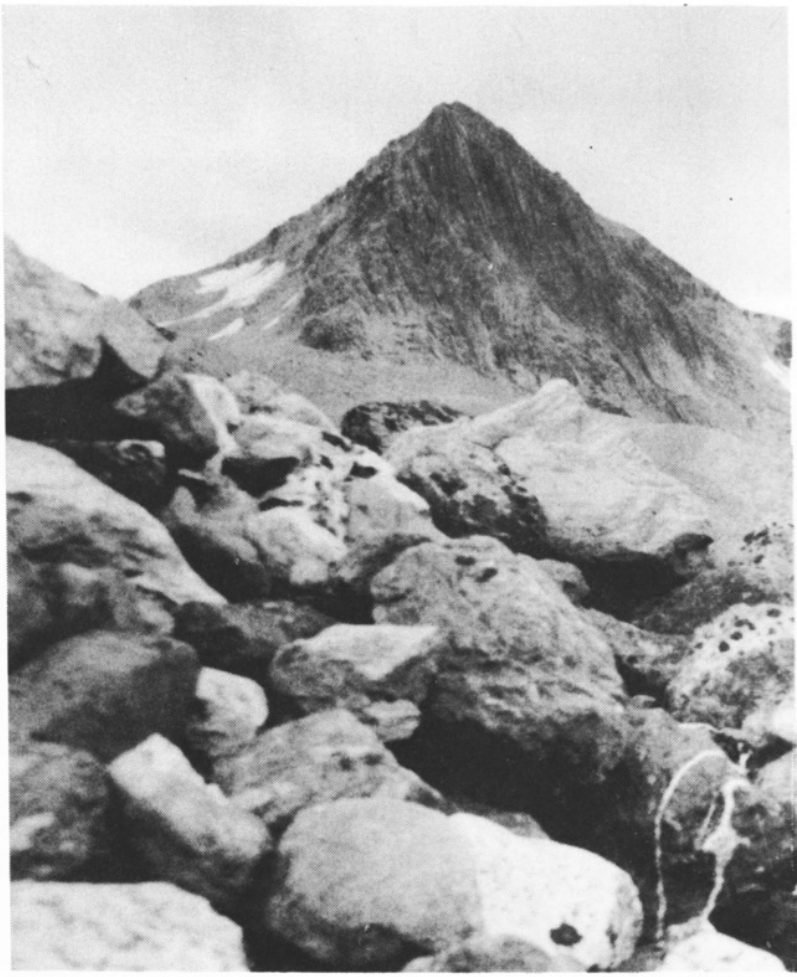
by Jeff Ross

I'd taken this flight many times before, but the landscape had always been black and white and my conveyance an aerial photo viewscope. But this particular morning, August 26, my mode of transport was a Bell Jet Ranger, and the view below a real time full colour masterpiece. Located in the Rockies just west of Elk Lakes Provincial Park, and the Continental Divide, the isolated Limestone Lakes Plateau with its sparkling multi-hued lakes set in sculptured Devonian limestone would be home for 60 club members during the following three weeks of camp. This was the "business flight on company time" to site camp, but regardless, during the aerial survey I found myself wandering for stolen moments while drawn irrestistibly into the magnificent country below. But back to reality and the business at hand, (I thought). A site down low in the treeline on the southeast periphery of the plateau seemed the best alternative, and indeed, later with pilot problems and severe weather higher up, the broad sedge meadows with their springfed watersupply made for an ideal group campsite. After camp setup, almost everyone made the tour up Spectacle Valley to Island Lake. This initial bit of field work confirmed that mere superlatives cannot describe the area. No matter how juxtaposed, they could not adequately reflect what we saw. Instead, one could only deal with portions of the scene at a time, for its totality exceeded one's ability to mentally catalog so many images of perfection.

But hey, what was it like? Island Lake, perhaps the finest landmark, was a large ultra-marine blue lake flanked by 10,000 ft peaks to its north and south. The shorelines were alternately ringed by outcrops of buff- to rust-coloured limestone, and emerald meadow. In the not-so-far distance, to the east across the headwaters of the White River Valley, rose the nearly vertical chalk-grey walls of a chain of 11,000 ft peaks south of Elk Lakes Park. The combined visual effect when viewed from high above the western shore of Island Lake was most impressive.

Given the assignment, a Rennaissance painter would have been hard pressed to conjure up a more pleasing palate of colours than those Ma Nature chose to grace the vicinity of Island Lake. But beyond the mere limitations of spectral colouration, there were also exceptional variations in form and texture. For instance we found broad, spiraling, buff-coloured ramps at the northwest corner of Island Lake, some 150 ft in length, the surfaces delicately embossed with wave-like ripples. These amazing promenades were further crisscrossed by faultline cracks filled with dark green, waxy leaves of dwarf alpine willow, lending a vegetated symmetry to these unusual landforms.

Remarkably stratified cliff-faces tower above the plateau, including one which was perfectly folded into an omega shape just above a fine bathing pond. "Tuff-ta-tub" was a stop just made for some serious R&R after a hard day of sightseeing. Other highlights included aptly named Limestone Acres, an area where the predominately undulating terrain "turned the tables," creating one giant, flat, grey limestone table, several square football fields in size. But the most profound experience of the week had to be the trek to the western edge of the plateau past Strata Lakes to Fossil Ridge. This was truly a journey through time on a route traversing a millenium of strata set in bias relief. Near the end of this foray in time, the great antiquity of the sea bed-turned-rock took on new perspective, for displayed on a wall of beige limestone were the prominent mineralized imprints of 450-million-year-old soft-bodied corals which resembled sea anemonies in appearance. A closer survey of the immediate landscape revealed even greater treasures including magnificent heads of another type of coral, branching out roughly two and a half feet in



PHOTOS/LARRY DOELL

HIKING



CAMP 1987

diameter. These fossilized facts of life on earth, which we are seldom confronted with in our daily existences, had quite an impact. I wandered for over an hour, totally engrossed with what lay at my feet on that sunbaked, windblown 8,400 ft ridge, yet I never moved more than 100 ft in any direction. Such was the extent of this tapestry of early life, frozen in time under foot. This pilgrimage through time, space and consciousness was humbling for most of us, yet at the end of the day when we returned to camp, only so much could be recounted, for time and reflection would be required to put in order one's many feelings about a place inspiring such reverence.

Afternoon thunderstorms, a consequence of the intense heat the first week, and a factor the other two weeks as well, caught many participants out above camp with fierce gale winds and torrential rain. But everyone was well-prepared to bivouac while these usually transitory storms passed. And there was the new cook tent. There was ample room for everyone to squeeze in during foul weather to share warmth, shelter and the usual camaradarie of camp. One afternoon during the first week a storm lingered through dinnertime, forcing us into the cook tent. During a lull in the storm we opened the tent flap and saw a sunlit hole in the otherwise all-encompassing gloom. This "glory-hole" illuminated the vertical flank of an 11,000 ft peak off to the east, while simultaneously creating in the mist a rainbow, which cascaded like a waterfall from near the summit all the way down the cliffs into the lush, green valley. Just more frosting on the cake, (I thought), and only a hint at the many rich and varied experiences each of us had in this special place.

Limestone Lakes Utaniki*



Saturday August 1/87

You talk to yourself leaving from Cranbrook this morning, you notice that, that you talk to yourself more than to others. You meet the others at the Skookumchuk Cafe and then drive the long drive up the gravel valleys, people eyes ahead faces set on the next step which is supposed to be a chopper ride up to 8,000 ft. in the Rockies east of Invermere. Today you wrap the car in chickenwire and then mesmerize, alone, lean on a log long hours but no chopper, unwrap the car and spend the night there, strewn w/ cloud (you hope stars).

When you opened this journal you found the pages from last summer's hiking camp (Anemone Pass in the northern Selkirks) and this poem in response to Pat Lifely's tragic fall.

A Garnet for Pat Lifely

Here's a small encrusted stone for your cairn,
home for you.

this wine-red nipple of the January mind
your death fell from
every day we face them
those rock bluffs across the valley, a pine.

the sky who passes over this dish each night
oh wonder of rock and water and earth

what alchemical lake we and this are

Here it is then
a periodic counting
not-forgotten alpine meadow winter sod
under all this weight of place:

there's the wind too
the flowers we've named, snow
patches, ledges, creeks, lakes, marmots, eagles, clouds

and on to the face we glass each day
that bluff between our eyes
lake and the waterfall
the striations
of a life
could reveal themselves just as simple unique
gouge in rock

Pat Lifely
have you become our pet cow-bird
hop for mosquitoes at meal time?

is that you, then, already disappeared further south
w/ the cariboo?

This garnet, what a little thing to move here for you,
simply because your death moves me.

But birds have that quick and darting look - they know
winter's coming,
that
they don't decide.



Sunday

Today you still wait for the first sign of the chopper. It's stormy and raining a bit. All day you sit in the car and work the words. As you walk along the gravel road alone you can taste the old work, summer cruising.

Years ago nothing in the sky
gray whales of cumulus floated slow all day
at the head of the valley

just another gravel road
w/ clear-cut rubble down to the river

Late afternoon over the washboard
pickup a trail of dust

or a wet October Sunday
-all the gravel roads so quiet
and alone

Finally, in the late afternoon, the cloud ceiling lifts a bit and the chopper comes in with a coy and fickle pilot from Switzerland and the flat arctic. But he gets us in by supper time. Tents set up and start to feel it.



Monday

You walked across an incredible grey and red limestone highway today. She can't understand why you don't get into the names of the flowers, like "something poisonous something" (Elegant Poisonous Camus) or Fringe Grass of Parnassus. But you figure out that naming is more than only counting, that it works for you as a very particular image, like that "sorrel" up Kokanee, or yr always looking for saxifrage in your eye that one lonely flower she called you back to photograph up Anemone Pass last summer. Yet there is that surface of experience, say, walking, eg. that table of limestone today with the little islands of schist sticking up just so. But you can't look at, let alone count, everything.

Like right now someone says "got the maps" and you think of the maps in your pack and how you really never use them for specific locations, just an overview (imaginary mostly).

How easily lost
I could get

At the end of today, back in camp you play around with a watercolour card for Liz. It's titled:
The goat
She thought
She saw



Tuesday

You've spent the day chasing after but never finding the people you started hiking with. Everywhere you look - no trace. Now you've sort of given up, had a bath in the lakes, and write about it, eg. this poem:

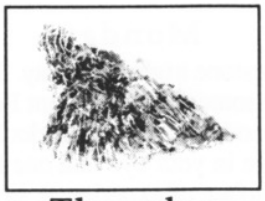
Not lost
Heart beats
Alone
All day
Long
Day all
Alone
Beats heart
Lost not.



Wednesday

As you write this your hands are cold because a wet front moved through last night. So this morning the clouds are hanging around. You stay in camp for a few hours and do some pin-hole camera work before you head up the mountain. An easy day to Waterfall Lake - some more pinhole- and then to Limestone Lakes where you photo and paint for an hour. This is what you get:

A picture of shooting-star that saxifrage
Easy day connections in my body when it touches those magic hills and mountains colours those grays those pigments glinted off the front of the eyes cerulean blue sky (no black or white) but Winsor green dark burnt umber raw sienna cadmium yellow watered yellow ochre for the lakes the limestone hills and paper for the sky left over.

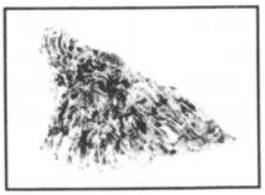


Thursday

Today Pauline and you off alone to Sylvan Pass roundabout but you get too high on the ridge above the pass so the day is really a trial until you realize on the way home you are a discoverer those ramps of rock and grass down to and up from the wee lakes and that sidehilling across to the ridge above the Pass then meet Phillipe who had waded up the White River to the ridge before Longview Peak. Sheer description of the day then from such a height you see five foreign backpackers cutting across the gray and red amphitheatre so you make plans for home and the return route along the arcades is what, nice, pleasant, finally down to the lake to swim and bathe and mistakenly find your way out of it again but don't forget the sinkhole you sat by on the way through the maze.

A natural limestone amphitheatre
hosts rock events
but the elk find human trails around everything.

Trust those trails
and we won't get anymore lost
than all of us already are.



Friday

Alone today trying to get some height above the West Lakes. Yr up on a ridge above the milky glacial lake, perfect blue sky today.

Then you climb higher to the next ridge and think you see an easy way up, and then even the next one looks ok. Near the top you have some difficulty in a chimney and you remember that time long ago in the Lardeau when you couldn't go down and you couldn't go back up. So the summit is mostly a worry about getting down - too much adrenalin to eat lunch. But, thankfully, a different chute opens up to you on the way down and delivers.

So fear alone pummels itself inward to itself
and becomes a fossil of another life

a piece of elk shit that lives siliconed rock hard under geomorphic seabeds

a limestone sinkhole in the dark caverns of our falling stomachs

an unnameable saxifrage that cracks and breaks the rock face

the little avalanche of boulders that crackle out onto sheets of muddy ice and snow

the rotten Rockies rock that crumbles in the middle of a footstep or handhold

a red-algaed snow-patch too steep and icy to use

or razor edge of ice and the hidden gap under the feet

or this black schist or flint in the gray limestone

that's where that fear is

held there for you

alone

alive.

-Fred Wah

---

*A Utaniki is a "poetic diary." It is a Japanese term and probably the best-known Utaniki to western readers is Basho's *Journey to the North Provinces.*

Campfire Impact

by Kirsten Apel

This summer at the first Hiking Camp the concern of having campfires was brought up. After a group discussion and a democratic show of hands I fell into the minority and it was voted to proceed with a campfire. Lots of arguments were used in favour of a campfire such as minimal impact on the ecosystem but I was unsure about the facts in the subalpine area so I said no more and continued to enjoy the Hiking Camp.

It wasn't until I hiked with some friends up to Drinnon Lake region that I had another discussion about campfires. The discussion started because of all the firepits in evidence.

After getting home I decided that I wanted to do some research on the issue and phoned Fred Thiessen for some material. He sent over a number of studies that had been done, including the subalpine environments.

I think it appropriate that as a club we should be particularly concerned that our camps reflect good management and minimal impact on the environment. Campfires are esthetically pleasing but certainly not necessary. The studies do show that campfires are not appropriate for the subalpine environment.



Some of the points one study made were:

• There is minimal change to nutrients from collection sites as very little of an ecosystem's nutrient capital is contained in the small boles and branches that are frequently collected for firewood. But elimination of woody debris, through collection of firewood, reduces site productivity, particularly on droughty or infertile soil. (Decayed wood has a greater water holding capacity than either mineral soil or humus).

• The effects of campfires, although perhaps not evident to most visitors, are pronounced and longlasting. The authors had observed that firesites used only once could take more than a year for visual recovery.

• Moderate use to a fire site is 10 to 20 nights per year and recovery rates of well-used sites will usually require at least 10 to 15 years.

• The authors recommended that campfire impacts are unacceptable, even in lightly-used areas, where wood production is low, such as in timberline forests or arid regions, or where the esthetic impacts of fires are particularly severe, such as in subalpine meadows close to lakes.

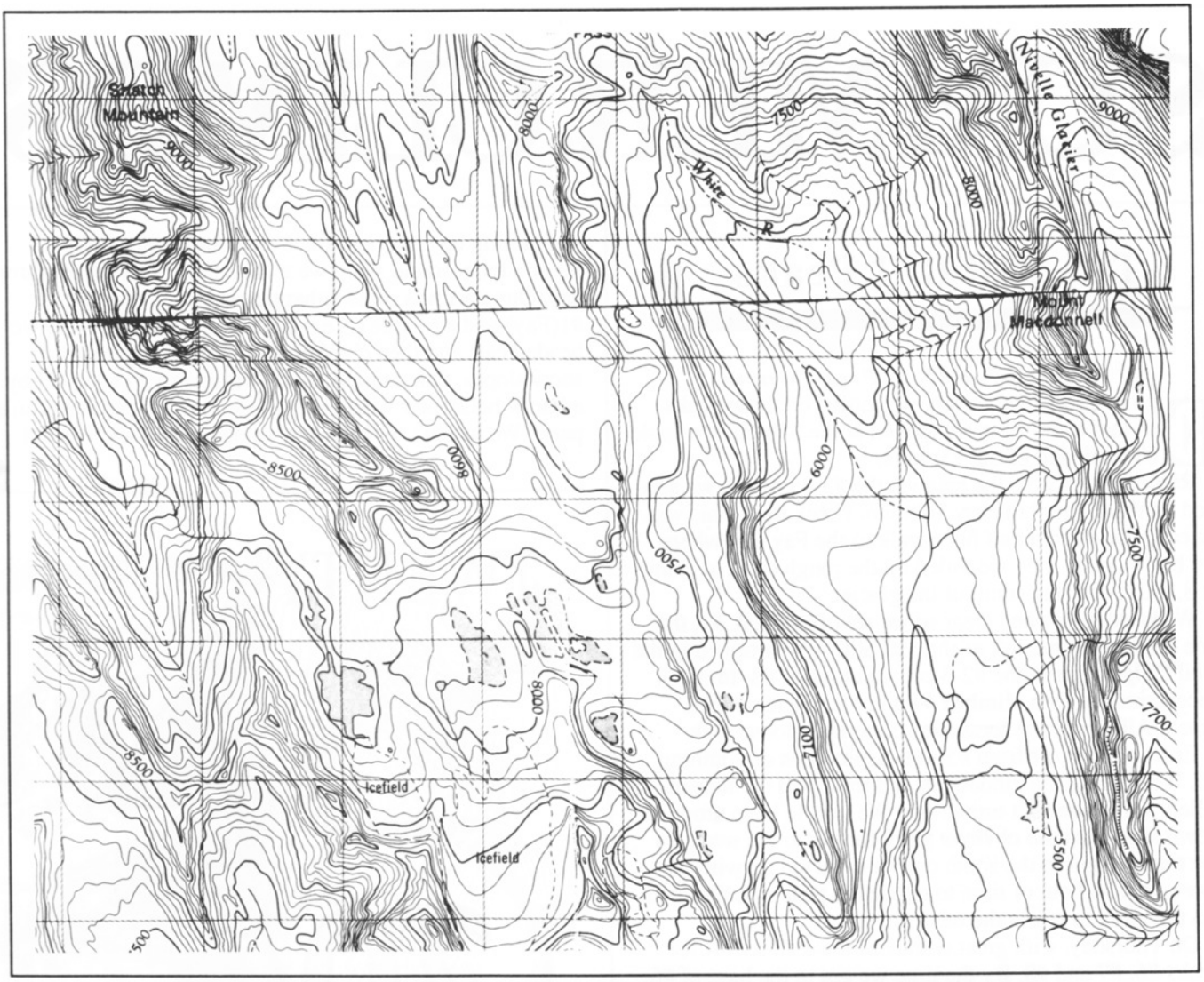
There are a number of other subjective points that were made to me through discussion of campfires.

•Once one has removed a lot of the wood in a subalpine area that presupposes that there would not be a need for the wood in an emergency situation in the future.

•There is no guarantee that an area which receives few visitors now will remain that way. It was not too long ago that the KMC had a Hiking Camp in the Drinnon Lake region which is now seeing a lot of use.

•With modern gas stoves there is no need for fires to cook on. (Besides, most axes weigh more than a small camping stove. "Who is talking about axes?" you say. They were being used in Drinnon Lake region this summer. "I know that's not the KMC," you say. But if we have campfires then the "others" can too and some of the "others" use axes).

All of us in this club are often in the outdoors and much of that time in the delicate subalpine and alpine environment. I believe most of us feel the importance of leaving as little mark on the system as possible. Now with more hiking camps in the same area and with all the camps making already some impact just due to the facts of people, campsites, and latrines, must we feel compelled to include campfires on this list? I think that the Kootenay Mountaineering Club should take more interest in the impact we're making and decide that campfires are unnecessary and unacceptable.



KMC Hiking Camps, 1974-1987

1974	Bonnie Gem	Purcells
1975	Gwillim Lakes	Valhallas
1976	Wilson Creek	Goat Range
1977	St. Mary's Park	Purcells
1978	Demers Lake	Valhallas
1979	Upper Wee Sandy Lake	Valhallas
1980	Bonnie Gem	Purcells
1981	Clint Creek	Pioneer Group Purcells
1982	Monashee Park	Monashees
1983	Gwillim Lakes	Valhallas
1984	Hume Creek	Upper Duncan R.
1985	Valley of the Lakes	Bobbie Burns Lodge, Northern Purcells
1986	Anemone Pass	Mica Creek area
1987	Limestone Lakes	Height of the Rockies

SUMMER CLIMBS

The $20 Bill Peaks

August 4-7, 1987 by Fred Thiessen

Ego maniacs that we are, we settled on these peaks so that every time we looked at the $20 bill we could be reminded of our exploits.

Rather than access the area via the #3-4 couloir, we settled on the longer but easy Tokumm Creek trail. This was an easy three and a half hour walk to the Fay Hut where we had a break, then we toiled up the rough track to camp at 8,200 ft near the snout of the glacier.

Wednesday dawned clear so we set off to Peak #3, the one on the extreme left of the $20 bill. After inspecting the Neil Colgan Hut in the #2-3 col we climbed #3. In quick succession we then climbed #4 and #5, where we had lunch. All were easy scrambles on terribly loose rock.

Eric and I set off from #5 with aspirations of climbing #6. We misread the guidebook and traversed the face of Allen, a mistake as it turned out. We should have dropped down and taken the obvious gully further to the west. By the time we got to the south col we were fed up with the loose rock and out of time to tackle the peak. We returned via the gully to rejoin the others at camp.

On Thursday, with great enthusiasm we all set off for peaks #6, #7 and #8. By the time we got to the base of #6, the bone-spurred feet of Eric and blistered feet of Gord were protesting so they headed back to camp. With hard hats on we raced up the gully and then traversed over to the south col. From here scree and snow took us to the southwest ridge and the west face, which we followed to the summit.

After a snack we set off for #7(Tuzo). This involved backtracking a bit, then descending a southwest scree gully to 9,000 ft, then a scree traverse across to the #6-7 col. By now we were sick of scree so when it came to climbing #7 we took the snow-filled south gully which took us to the summit. Tuzo had few summit entries and 70 of the 1905-1980 Alberta 75th birthday pins. After adorning our hard hats with pins, we descended the west-facing scree slopes and traversed around Tuzo to regain our tracks on the south side. More scree, we climbed to 10,000 ft on #6, traversed over to the south col and headed for camp. Eric and Gord had our arrival figured out for 7 pm assuming we climbed #8. Well we got back on time, not having climbed #8, but the soup was hot and we were thirsty. Dave Lemon went to bed dreaming of scree slopes and putting on crampons once-an-hour for eight hours. After a long, sound sleep we awoke to another clear, warm day. Our start was quite lethargic and we headed off for #1(Fay) and #2(Little). Leaving Eric and Gord behind we headed east and then climbed Fay via the easy southern snow slopes. Our summit snack was rudely interrupted by a Parks' helicopter wondering if we were Gerald Franklin's party. We weren't. After it left we descended and headed



for camp. On the way back Dave G. and I climbed and descended Mt Little via the southern slopes while Carl and Dave L. spared their feet. This peak to our surprise had some pleasant, firm scrambling which made for an enjoyable climb. We arrived back in camp with plenty of time to dry our boots for the walk out.

On Saturday we walked out and concluded that although a nice place to visit and scramble about in, the rock and scree were tiresome. Perhaps this is the price of being egotistical? Rather than camp out as we did, one should go straight for the Colgan Hut as it was only an hour from our camp, or go up via the #3-4 gully; it's apparently not that bad. It would sure save on time and blisters. Fortunately all the peaks are scrambles and no iron is required, perhaps a big sling or two if one decides to rope up.



Snowcrest Mountain

Southern Purcells by Howie Ridge

For many years Bob Dean had been trying to encourage me (or anyone else) to go with him to Snowcrest Mt, at 9,400 ft the highest in the Purcells south of the Leaning Tower group.

On a beautiful August 31, 1987, Janice Isaac and I caught the ferry and drove to Grey Creek Store. Driving over Grey Creek Pass on the powerline access road brought us to the Redding Creek Road at the red emergency building of Crestbrook Forest Company. Snowcrest Mt can be clearly seen from this point. At 32.5 km on the Redding Creek logging road a branch road led up a side creek for five km into a beautiful creek basin.

After using my one wood to drive a golf ball out into the forest to later confuse an unsuspecting logger, Janice and I set off for the head of the basin above us. Very little brush and 45 minutes and we were above the timber line. We ascended the crest of the long southwest ridge to the summit. There were one or two interesting scramble pitches. The time from truck to summit was five hours. Sorry Bob Dean, but there were two large cairns and several records of previous parties.

Instead of following the crest of the approach route back, we skirted along the obvious benches on the northwest side of the ridge. In two hours and fifteen minutes we were at the truck. Driving time back to Grey Creek was two hours.

This proved to be a very pleasant and scenic trip and would be suitable for a club day-trip in the easy to moderate category. Be sure to bring your nine iron because I'm positive there is a large log between the ball and the approach shot to the green (note, this is not a free drop area).



SERGIO D'ARGENCE & KEITH PARKHOUSE

Birthday & Eyebrow

by Janice Isaac

In 1978, perched on Mt Monica, Kim and I marked out Eyebrow and Birthday peaks - two of the most prominent mountains in the Purcells - as an attractive future trip for us. However it was not until this August that I had an opportunity to accompany Peter Wood and Howie Ridge on what turned out to be a rewarding and delightful climb. We followed the same access as the 1983 club trip to Eyebrow: Duncan River Road, Howser Creek and then to the end of Tea Creek Road (70 km from Lardeau) parking at 4,800 ft. Although we travelled by 4WD at that time, I believe a 2WD vehicle would probably be sufficient - with slow going for the last five to ten km up Tea Creek.

As the drive from Nelson took about four hours we didn't leave the truck until 3 pm. The temperature was warm, with rain showers in the mountains around us. The overcast made our grunt up the steep terrain more bearable, as there was almost no water on the ascent. We angled to the east very slightly, with full packs, up extremely steep forested slopes. Throughout the two km/five hour slog, the bush was occasionally terrible, with lengthy stretches where we meandered up dry creek gullies. By 8 pm we crossed the ridge to a perfect camp spot by a small lake at 8,200 ft, below the west ridge of Birthday Peak. I would have welcomed camping much earlier - but the extremely steep terrain had forced us on, offering no possible campsites.

For an August evening the air was certainly chilly, and in the morning we awoke to a beautiful clear sky with a heavy morning dew. As we proceeded up the west ridge of Birthday Peak we encountered a slippery coat of frozen dew on the rock slabs and frozen gravel. These slabs provided excellent examples of metamorphic rock. Embedded in the shale slabs were large cubes of iron pyrite. However, because of the slippery condition of these slabs I found getting onto the ridge tricky. Once on the ridge it was an easy scramble and we followed it until it joined the main north ridge of Birthday Peak to a straightforward ascent.

We reached the summit of Birthday in good time and after a leisurely brunch proceeded on to Eyebrow. Picking our way down the sharp plates of shale on the south ridge of Birthday we reached the upper edge of the Stockdale Glacier. For an August trip the snow on the glacier was in excellent, firm condition. We crossed the glacier quickly and walked on broken rock up the west face of Eyebrow in one and a half hours.

The sky was clear and the views were spectacular in all directions. In the east we could see Farnham Tower, a corner of the Lake of the Hanging Glacier, and beyond that the Rockies. Looking north, we were rewarded with views into the Battle Range. To the west Thor and Oden stood out in the Gold Range. We picked out Mt Cooper and the Earl Grey Pass in the southwest, and all sorts of unnamed peaks over 9,000 ft that looked interesting.



PHOTO/HOWIE RIDGE

To return to camp we skirted Birthday Peak on the south side and went down to cross the dry glacier in the west basin of Birthday. For this crossing we used our crampons. Our total return-trip time to camp was ten hours. Originally we had intended to pack up and hike out after the climb, but carrying full packs down steep slopes for three hours on tired knees did not appeal to any of us. So we brewed up the tea and our meager dinner of Ichiban noodles and biscuits, and sat back to enjoy the sunset over Abbott and Cairn peaks.

Next morning the weather proved just as spectacular. We packed up for the gruelling knee-strainer down to the car, all the while dreaming of a hearty lunch of meat and mashed potatoes in Kaslo (and the beer in the truck).

Birthday Peak (10,520 ft)
Eyebrow Peak (11,000 ft)

Templeman & Similarity

August 22, 1987 by Fred Thiessen

In the new tradition of a pleasant car-camp before tackling a large peak, we camped at Gerrard on Trout Lake, Friday evening.

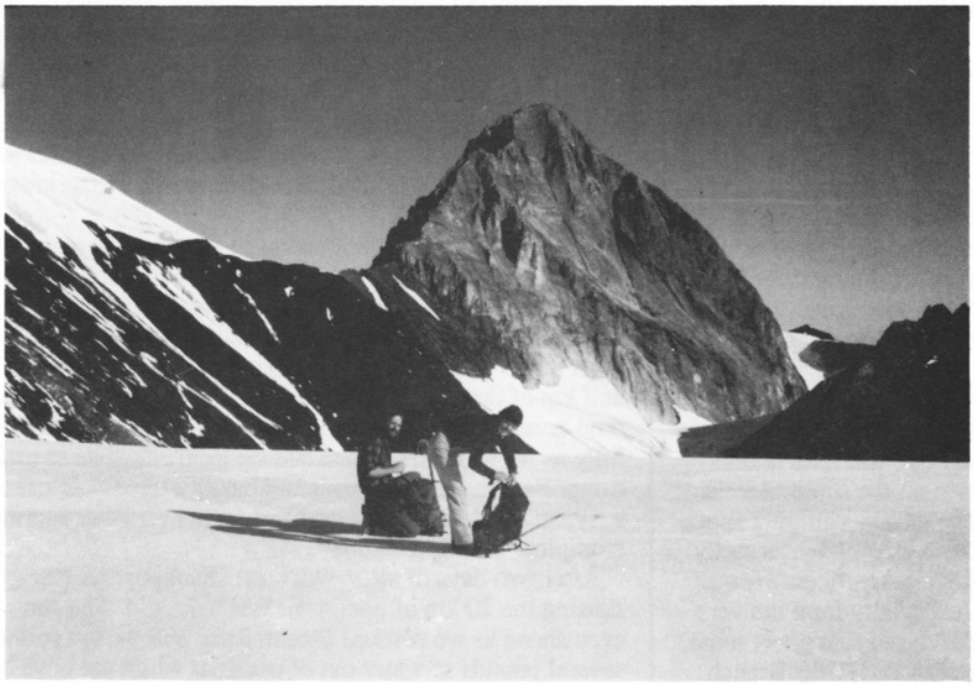
Early Saturday morning we capitalized on the improved Healy Creek Road and drove to the base of Mt Similarity and parked at 7,200 ft. We could have driven to 7,700 ft but it was steep and we had a full load.

From here we headed to the Razors Edge - Similarity col which we reached at 8 am. We split into two groups here - Paul and I to Mt Templeman; Robyn, Janice, Jason, Karim and an unnamed friend to Similarity.

Paul and I traversed out of the col and headed for the base of Templeman's south ridge where we cached our ice axes, crampons and raingear. From here we scrambled up the ridge, climbed past the gendarmes, then roped up for two and a half pitches, reaching the top at 11 am (two hours from the base of the ridge). The descent was a bit slower as we roped up to below the gendarmes. We reached our gear by 2 pm, then headed for Similarity which we climbed via the north ridge.

At the col we met with the others, who were cooling their heels awaiting our return after their climb of Similarity. Not totally in vain as it turned out, Robyn and Janice had given a snow school to the boys who were grateful for someone to teach them how to use their equipment. We reached the "cruiser" at 4 pm, then left for home. A most enjoyable, highly recommended outing. Similarity is a pleasant and easy scramble, Templeman is more demanding. Templeman is a thousand feet of exposed scrambling (class 4); we roped up for two and a half pitches. Contrary to what the guidebook and 1952 CAJ say, the rock is quite solid, and much better than most Rocky Mountain peaks. It's like the east ridge of Mt Edith Cavell (same exposure too).

In some respects it was cheating, driving to 7,300 ft, then back to Nelson by 10 pm. Really now, is this mountaineering? No bushwhacking, just driving to the base of the peak; it's so unlike mountaineering in the Selkirks, but I love it.



PHOTO/FRED THIESSEN

We were: Paul Allen, Robyn Laytham, Janice Isaac, Jason Wenschlag, Fred Thiessen, Karim Krey, and an unnamed friend.

Mt Templeman (10,010 ft)
Mt Similarity (9,370 ft)

Family Hiking

Family Hikes in the Bugaboos and Valhallas
by Sue Port

On July 26, 1986, the Port family drove through several downpours to the Forest Service site on Bugaboo Creek just below the CMH Bugaboo Lodge. The next day, as the showers tapered off, we and the heli-hikers started up. We took the good trail to Cobalt Lake from the road just above the lodge and met the "hikers" descending from the ridge about 2,800 ft above, looking a bit chagrined as two youngsters (then age 11 and 14) trudged by with big packs. On the ridge we left the trail and descended in a long northwesterly traverse towards Cobalt Lake. We quickly dumped our gear at the first likely camping spot below the lake outlet and sent Bert back out again. He had cut his hand on knife-edge shale on the descent, but after being stitched-up in Golden that night he rejoined us the next day. We later found that the usual camping spots by the lake were still snow-covered or soggy. From this area there are wonderful long ridge walks to the north, and we also found Northpost Spire (9,500 ft) a pleasant scramble, even with a skim of new snow on the ground and cloud all around.

On the fourth day the weather cleared completely and we backpacked south past Cobalt Lake Spire over a couple of cols with snow on the north side (we had axes and roped for some sections) and rubble on the south. An easy traverse but slow for us. However, our new camping spot was worth every step. We were on "Mt Appleby," a rocky spur just below Eastpost Lake with a magnificent view of Bugaboo and Snowpatch Spires (especially from the very exposed toilet - no building but the raised seat gives some privacy). We were amused by the standard Parks Branch sign: "camp on tent pads only" - these are merely hollows on rocky slabs which have filled with sand, with the slab itself as alternative. The aim is to protect the few small patches of grass.

The following day we climbed on snow up to the Bugaboo/Snowpatch col and scrambled a few hundred feet up Bugaboo to watch a party climbing on the gendarme. On the sixth day we reluctantly headed down past the Conrad Kain Hut to the impressive new trail with its handrails, cement steps and ladder. From hut to road takes less than two hours, with a further short hike back to the car at the start of Cobalt Lake Trail. This circuit is highly recommended.

In 1987 we stayed closer to home, and on August 8, flew from Slocan to Upper Demers Lake at the top end of the Beatrice Lake drainage. We camped for five nights on lovely soft grass right by the outlet of the lake and made trips to Demers and Urd Mts, north along the ridge towards the Avis Lakes (where we found a bear den dug into the hillside at 8,000 ft) and up onto the ridge separating us from Evans Lake. The weather was variable: thunder hurried us off the ridge of Demers and we climbed Urd in fog and cloud (with gaps for good views of the Devil's Range and lovely Thor Lake), but it wasn't until we were ready to leave that the weather turned against us. The plan was to backpack down to Beatrice Lake, then down the trail to Slocan Lake and along the lake to Slocan.

It was raining lightly on the morning of our departure and we delayed, hoping for improvement. We packed up wet tents and started down, finding the going slow on wet rocks and steep sidehills around the lower lakes. The boys had a quick lesson on vertical bushwhacking on the upper headwall. We had planned to reach at least the west end of Beatrice Lake that night, but our late start saw us hacking two tent spaces out of the forest at the outlet of the lowest Demers Lake.

The rain spared us while we were stopped but returned as we slithered down another steep headwall to Beatrice Lake (fortunately both headwalls have narrow vertical bands of trees between the large areas of slab). We spent most of the afternoon picking our way along four and a half km of the lake - the canyon of Beatrice Creek was a time-consuming obstacle - and when the sun appeared fitfully as we reached the east end we didn't hesitate to make camp. Bert caught four trout and baked a chocolate cake in a frypan and I had a memorable day-late birthday supper (complete with sparklers).

After two days of slow, wet bushwhacking and lake-skirting the 20 km of good trail was a delight. The sun even shone as we reached Slocan Lake and we evaporated several pounds of water out of our gear while the boys had a swim. We did not appreciate the ups and downs at the south end of the Slocan Lake Trail, but such details will be soon forgotten and we'll remember only the beauty and fun and sense of accomplishment - and off we'll go again.



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'87 Camp Overview

July 25 - August 2: by Kim Kratky

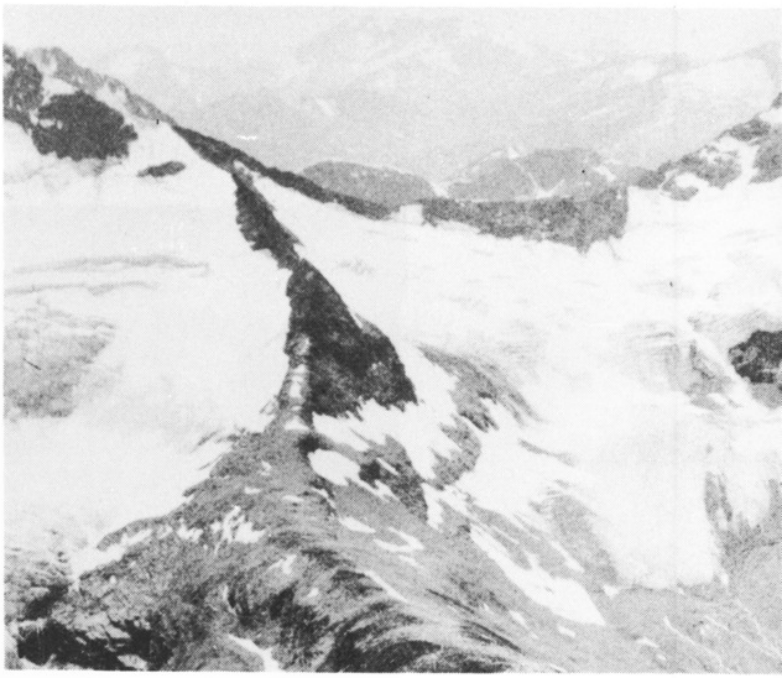
This year's camp was located in the Southern Selkirks at the head of Laidlaw Creek, a tributary of the Duncan River. Our actual campsite was at 6,500 ft, one km east of Gobi Pass and one km south of Thumb Spire on the Iron Ridge of the Nemo Group.

Our nine-day camp started with four days of excellent weather, followed by another four of rain and snow. On Saturday, July 25, we helicoptered from a spot on the Duncan River Road at the mouth of Hume Creek to our campsite. That morning Robyn, Paul, and Steve left in the rain to set up a satelite camp to the south. When they returned on July 27, eight others trekked over for three days in the same region. There was vague talk of setting up another high camp near the Wrong Glacier to the west, but this area proved to be accessible on day trips. On Thursday, July 30, the skies clouded over and brought rain to us and snow to higher levels. This weather, part of the system that inflicted a tornado on Edmonton, kept us in our tents till Sunday morning when things improved enough for Doug Williams of Okanagan Helicopters to fly in and take us out a day early.

Twenty-three people were at our camp, at least on the first and last days. The Trail/Rossland area provided the largest single group: Rod Beauprie, Liz Stanich, Eric Norton, Peter McIver, Steve Horvath, Paul Allen, and Robyn Laytham. Castlegar was represented by Bert and Sue Port; South Slocan by Peter Tchir and Pete Wood; and Nelson by Mike Brewster, Fred Thiessen, Carl Johnson, and Kim Kratky. Riondel supplied our youngest camper Tom Hulland. Hamish Mutch and cook Doris Corbiel joined us from Creston. Ian Pond and Steve Brewster, Mike's brother, drove from Vancouver, and Terry and Heather Chow came from Kamloops. This year's award for farthest distance travelled to camp goes to Earle Whipple, who drove his VW Beetle from Arlington, Massachusetts.

Camp life as usual provided many highlights. Alpine flowers bloomed profusely at the tent door, the ripple of Laidlaw Creek lulled us to sleep at night, and the peaks of the Hatteras Group gleamed at us from across the Duncan River trench in the early morning. Doris prepared a superb variety of meals for hungry climbers and found willing assistants to peel, chop, slice, and wash. On rainy days the knotty problems of free trade, education, and world disarmament were solved; the less ambitious were content to read novels and play flutes. In sum we had an enjoyable time and even got some first ascents.

The following is a brief description of climbs done from base camp. High camp outings are mentioned in separate articles. Coordinates shown are from survey map 82K/14, Westfall River. Peak names given within quotation marks are unofficial.



PHOTO/KIM KRATKY

CLIMBIN

Saturday, July 25

-hikes to Gobi Pass, the Iron Ridge, and lakes south of camp.

-Steve, Robyn, and Paul depart for high camp.

Sunday, July 26

-"Mt Thomas," 9,200 ft (77,35) via NW ridge
Fred, Liz, Rod, Kim, Bert, Sue

-"Mt Thomas" via NE ridge (first ascent by this route)
Earle, Mike, Steve B., the three Peters, Tom, and Carl

-"Boy George," 9,300 ft (75,36) via E snowslopes and N ridge
Fred, Kim, Mike, Bert, Sue, Pete W., Peter M.

-Peak "H," Iron Ridge, 9,800 ft (82,39)

-unnamed 9,200 ft (82,37) S of Iron Glacier
Hamish

Monday, July 27

-Wrong Peak 9,460 ft (74,38) via NE ridge
Bert, Fred, Kim, Carl, Eric, (descent via S ridge, first traverse)

-unnamed one km S of Wrong Peak, 9,200 ft (74,37) via NE rock gully, descent via NE snow couloir (first ascent)
Fred, Kim, Carl, Eric, Bert

-"Cariboo Peak" 8,500 ft (78,32)
Rod, Liz

-Paul, Steve and Robyn return

-"Pipp and Squeak" party departs for high camp



G CAMP

Tuesday, July 28

-Thumb Spire 9,260 ft (79,38)
Fred, Kim
-"Thumbnail" (79,38)
Steve H., Paul, Robyn
-"Mt Thomas"
Terry, Heather
-reconnaissance to Mt Nautilus
Bert, Sue

Wednesday, July 29

-"Boy George"
Rod, Carl, Liz
"Pipp and Squeak" party return

Thursday, July 30

-"Mt Hamilton" West Summit 9,100 ft, (76,34) via S ridge
Fred, Bert (first ascent)
-Wrong Peak
Liz, Rod, Pete W.
-"Donald George" 9,200 ft (75,37), three peaks shown as "C," "D," and "E" traversed from S to N
Steve H., Paul, Robyn, Eric

Thumb Spire

(9,260 ft) - SOUTH RIDGE by Kim Kratky

"Kim, I've got a slight problem down here." I peered down to the ledge 80 ft below, where my partner Fred Thiessen had begun the second part of our third rappel. A moment later came a totally unexpected comment. "Kim, this is serious." Freddy's figure-of-eight descender had jammed, leaving him hanging free, 35 ft in the air at the 9,000 ft level on Thumb Spire.

Thumb Spire is a beautiful granitic tower, or spire, thrusting up some 3,000 ft on the north side of the valley of Laidlaw Creek. An outrider of the Nemo Group, and bordered by tributaries of Houston Creek on the north and west, it differs from most of the neighbouring peaks in being of very firm rock. Thumb was first climbed in 1971 by Bernie Schiesser and John Howard, who ascended the south ridge, descended the east ridge and returned to their camp at Gobi Pass "after 13 hours of strenuous climbing." In 1979, the peak was again climbed from our Nemo Climbing Camp by Don Mousseau, Steve Horvath, and Julie and Eric Norton. Climbing Thumb with full packs after an exhausting trek from base camp and a bivy near the summit was an impressive achievement.

As Climbing Camp '87 was situated on Laidlaw Creek just below Thumb Spire we had plenty of opportunity to scan the route on the south face, and plan. On Tuesday July 28, Fred and I ambled away from camp at 7:30 am to be the first from our group to have a go at Thumb.

We raced up a prominent grassy gully and veered right as high as we could on the ever-steepening grass. At 9 am we put on our rock shoes and started onto the mountain proper. Right away we roped up. I got the first lead, which was on a frighteningly steep slab with no protection. After 25 ft of challenge I was able to traverse right to a belay spot and bring up Fred. We then scrambled to the ridge and Fred took a class 5 lead on firm slabs and cracks.

My turn again, and for me an even more challenging pitch. From our belay on a gentle ramp, I explored right and directly above before moving to the left to find two parallel cracks. I first tried the left crack, just on the edge of the ridge, but it steepened and bottomed out. It was at this point that I began to doubt if I would be able to lead this pitch. With difficulty I downclimbed to a safer spot and traversed to the other crack. Since I'd left a sling above, I was able to climb this partway with a top rope. Higher up, the slope eased and I moved right to a good station, and brought Fred up. Later we both agreed this pitch was the crux of the climb.

As luck would have it Fred scored another straightforward lead. I could surmise what was next. Sure enough, another daunting problem - this one a 10 ft high flake, or boulder, leading to a steep wall. Above, I found a steep diagonal slab with knobby protrusions, or "chickenheads." Thank God for "Fieras," although by this time my feet

were in agony. As I silently damned the salesman who persuaded me to buy two sizes too small, Fred buoyed my spirits with stories of Chinese foot binding.

Three much easier leads, the middle one detouring right to a cavernous rotten gully and back onto the ridge, took us to the summit plateau and cairn. One more rope-length - our ninth lead - got us to the summit pyramid by 1:40 pm after an easy traverse of the frightfully exposed north face. On this side was 1,400 ft of unrelenting steep rock, the lower part finishing in an overhang. We also noticed an enormous detached flake, almost as high as and just to the east of our summit.

After a quick look around for Steve, Paul, and Robyn, who were climbing the east ridge, we started our descent. And now back to Fred whom we've left dangling. It seems that as he eased over a ledge, the descender and ropes rubbed against a nubbin, causing both ropes to slip forward and lock in a cinch knot. Remaining calm, Fred was able to ingeniously fashion a prussik out of the rappell rope below, stand in this make-shift aid, and loosen the knot enough to slide to a safe stance. We concluded that a descender with two small horns would prevent the rope from riding up, and that rappelling on a 7mm and an 11mm rope together contributed to the difficulties.

From this point, we continued without incident, finishing our seventh and last rappell at 5:10 pm. By 6 pm we were in camp to savour what we both regard as one of our most satisfying climbs.

Summary: Nine leads, six of class 5, on a 50mm rope; carry eight or nine cams or hexes of sizes 3-6, and seven or eight slings; best to descend ascent route; some down-climbing and seven rappells of 150 ft; abundant good spots for rappell anchors. Grade - Bernie Schiesser says 5.6 but I feel that two of the pitches could be rated 5.7.

AN OLD CHINESE PROVERB



Translation: *If the boot doesn't fit - wear it!*

SERGIO D'ARGENCE



PHOTO/KIM KRATKY

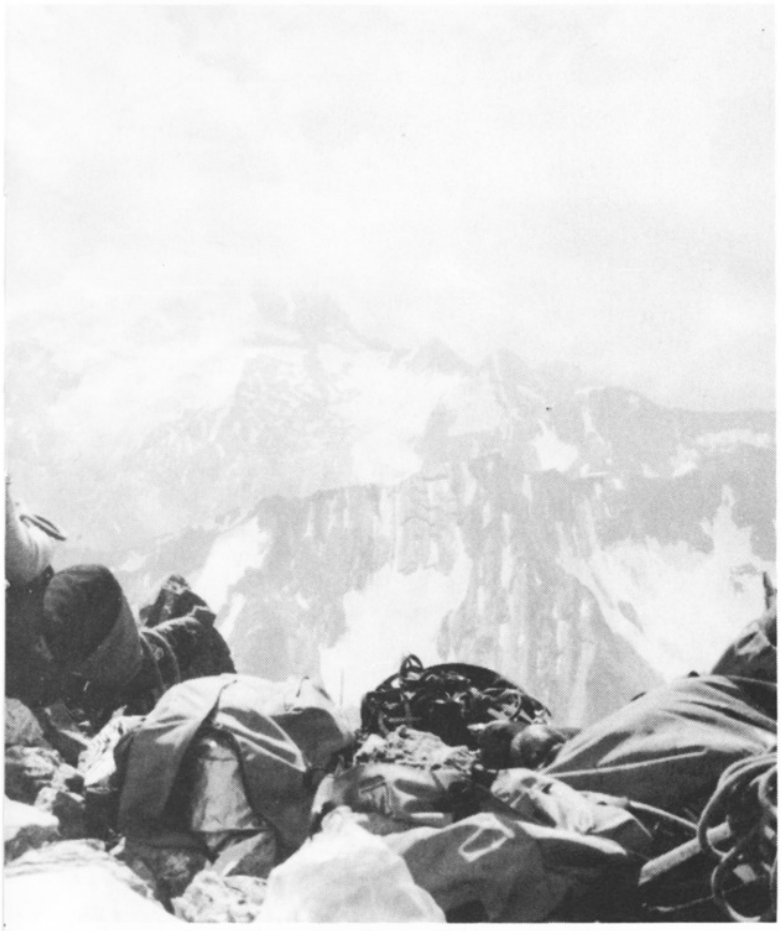
"Pipp, Squeak & Gyr"

by Peter McIver

South of the main camp Laidlaw Creek rises from two pretty tarns and small glaciers to form a flat-bottomed valley bounded to the south by a ridge of striking, fluted slabs and to the north by the ridge of "Thomas." An enchanting place, filled with flowers, boulders, rocky benches, and for three days - us.

Eight of the camp members decided to explore the area. The principal objective was three rock peaks protruding from a glacier six km southeast of the upper reaches of Laidlaw Creek. The weather was excellent, and we decided to leave on the third day of camp (July 27). On the steep, grassy south ridge of "Thomas" we met Robyn, Paul, and Steve returning from their trip to the head of the valley, hungrily heading homeward. We set up camp near a clear little lake above the lateral moraine east of the creek and just south of a small glacier at the head of the valley (two and a half hours from main camp).

After resting, the three Peters; McIver, Wood and Tchir, and Ian Pond decided to head for our main objective while the others relaxed in the sunshine and battled horseflies.



From the ridge above camp there appeared to be a direct passage to our objective of the morrow. But the afternoon was relatively young so we walked the ridge southeast towards the sharp-crested scalloped rocks above smooth walls down to the valley a thousand feet below. Although it looked formidable, the ridge provided some fine scrambling on firm rock with lots of exposure. At the sharp summit (8,100 ft) we built a cairn and searching for a name, hit upon an acronym of the initials of our forenames - "Pipp." The next summit, 500 m further on and slightly higher, we therefore named "Squeak" - and built another cairn. The descent from "Squeak" was on a steepish, unstable ridge which deteriorated into a dangerous gully; a rock avalanche nearly got Peter Wood as large boulders swept by, missing him by only inches. The glacier below gave a quick route back to camp.

The next morning Steve and Mike Brewster left half an hour ahead of the rest of us ("Pipp," the willing apprentice Tom Hulland and Hamish Mutch), following the planned route over the ridge and past another little lake in the valley to the south before heading east towards the glaciated peaks which were our objective. This route turned out to be excellent, with ledges, benches, and little snow chutes popping up exactly when they were needed. The glacier, flat at first, increased in angle and we moved onto rock, which was firm and cracked for 100 ft or so above a schrund, then broken. More snow led to a wind cirque below the summit. Mike's thoughtfully provided steps had allowed the group to more or less coalesce and we arrived on the summit around 10 am, about four hours from camp. To keep with the Battle Range theme, we named the peak "Skirmish." After sitting in the sun for an hour or so, our apprentice earned his stripes by punching steps for us up to the slightly higher (9,400 ft) peak, 800 m to the south. On the summit we were again sitting around debating names when someone exclaimed "There's a snowy owl." I looked up to the extremely rare and glorious sight of a white phase Gyrfalcon streaking overhead - what a privilege. Of course we called the peak "Gyr." The third summit, above a spectacular wind cirque (with a helicopter stake above it), is really rotten: loose, brown grotty boulders and shale. Although we built cairns on each of the three summits, they may well have been climbed the previous week by a party of two Americans brought in by our helicopter pilot.

The next day Hamish and the Brewsters returned early to main camp, while the rest of us climbed a couple of peaks at the head of the valley (south of the small glacier); these had been climbed by Robyn "et al" two days earlier. During the return we descended to the super attractive valley (cascades, flowers, flat meadows) to avoid the sidehill and then ascended a steep dry gorge at the east end of the "Thomas" ridge, where climbing with packs was delicate and most unpleasant. Not recommended. Also not recommended is the route taken by the others, also low but with a horrible bushwack up to camp. Apart from the last one and a half hours, a most enjoyable three days.

"Pipp" and "Squeak": Peter McIver, Peter Wood, Peter Tchir, Ian Pond.

"Gyr," "Skirmish," and unnamed: the above, Mike and Steve Brewster, Tom Hulland and Hamish Mutch.



SERGIO D'ARGENCE

How to catch a cook.

(A Cook For Climbing Camp)
by Doris Corbiel

Early last spring the KMC Newsletter arrived with notice of the Rock School. "This sounds exciting," thought I. "A chance to learn how to be a real mountaineer - helmets, harnesses, ropes and all that." One of the instructors, Fred Thiessen, was the "strong like bull" mountain man who was written up in a recent *Beautiful B.C. Magazine*. This was serious business.

Learning all there is to know about ice and snow and rock formations in two lectures and twenty-four slides, we proceeded to the Kinnaird Bluffs. Here we were, at the rock itself, helmets and harnesses on, with new words floating in the air: "biners," "fires," "slings," where to put "friends" and a whole vocabulary of terms used when falling off.

Liz and I were paired off with Fred as our instructor and set off for a climb. Casually chatting about anything but being scared, I mentioned the notice that a cook was needed for Climbing Camp and how I had thought about doing it, but had quickly come to my senses and dismissed the thought. Unknown to me, Fred was listening intently. He was the organizer of the Climbing Camp and ready to shanghai any willing or unwilling person who could boil water. Oh, what evil thoughts lurk in the minds of men when they need food prepared for them.

"Here we are," says Fred. "Just up this bit of rock, and through that chimney and over the top. Easy and fun. I'll lead the way."

I watched from below. He was right: it was easy, until he said "Your turn."

Staring at that cold, unforgiving rock I felt my stomach threaten evacuation, but being of unsound mind I started climbing. This was great. What a thrill. Encouragement came from Fred above and Liz below. Then into the chimney I went and promptly my head jammed between two rocks.

"Now how do I get out of here?"

A voice from above was heard to say, "Sooo, you like to cook do you?"

What cooking had to do with my head being stuck was beyond me, but I shouted back, "Oh, yes."

The voice chuckled and said, "turn your head to the left," and sure enough I was again mobile.

Proceeding ever upwards, I was beginning to wonder about this instructor but kept my thoughts to myself for fear of never seeing the outside world again. One more step upward and I found myself stuck tighter than a cork in a bottle. My sense of humour had long since gone and I was starting to quietly use some of the vocabulary learned for falling only.

Again the voice from above: "Do you like camping?"



PHOTO/KIM KRATKY

Camping! My god was this guy crazy?

"Yes, I love it," says I. "I do it all the time."

An evil chuckle was heard from above. "I guess you know we are looking for a cook for Climbing Camp, eh?"

If I ever wanted out of this rock chimney I knew I had to have the right answer.

"Yes, I did hear that somewhere. Have you found someone?"

"Well, that depends. I think I might have a "lead" on someone. Why? Would you consider it?"

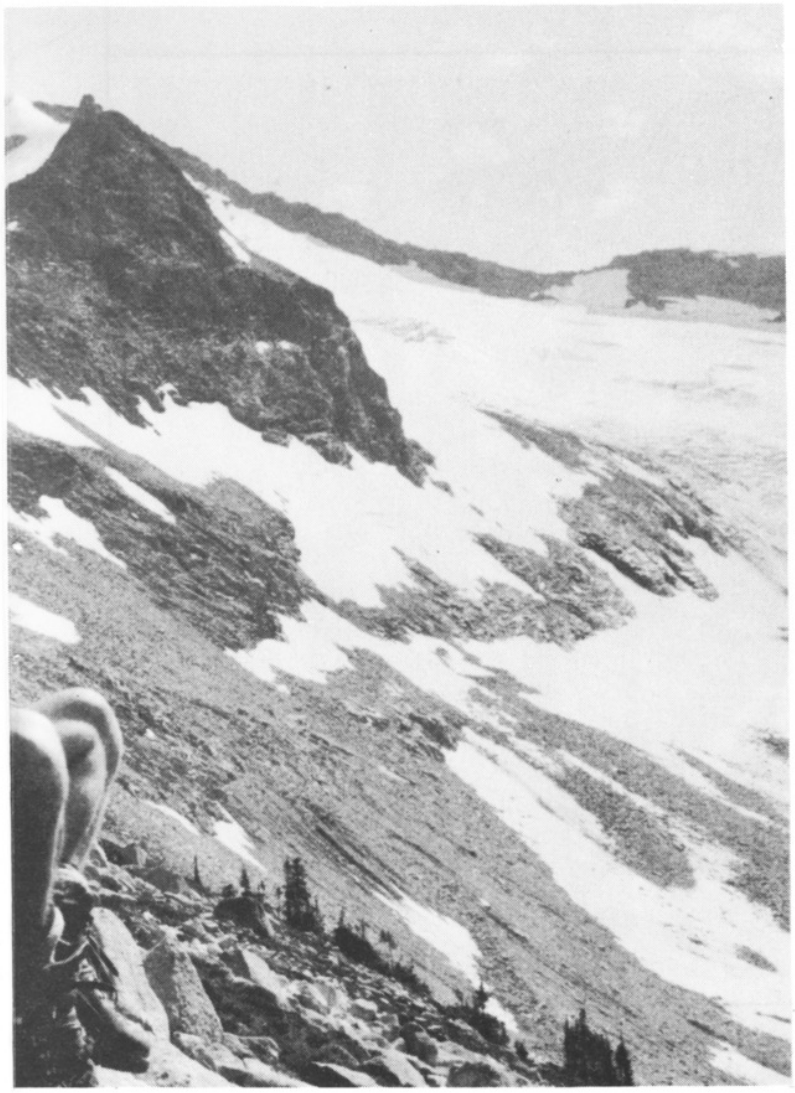
Here it was. I could spend eternity in a rock chimney or cook for 22 climbers - some choice. I shouted back that I had thought about it for awhile.

"Well, move your left leg to the right and turn your right foot to the left," shouted the instructor, and fool that I was I did it and was stuck forever.

I used all the new and some of my old vocabulary but to no avail, so seeking help from above I said, "I think I'm really stuck and yes, I'll cook for camp."

"Oh, sorry," says Fred. "Just move your feet the other way, your arm over there and head that way."

Of course it worked and I quickly finished the climb. Coming out on top I thought I heard a voice mumble something about "Gee, I wonder if she can cook."





SERGIO D'ARGENCE

"Whiteout to Thumbnail"

by Steve Horvath

When we picked the location of our '87 Climbing Camp we had two things in mind: first ascents, and (for me a return to) the clean granite of Thumb Spire. So we were a bit annoyed when as soon as the helicopter left, the skies opened and it looked like anything but a good day for a long hike across unknown terrain.

Nevertheless, the first clearing in the skies saw us packed, and soon we were following goat trails across the steep, grassy, east side of Mt Thomas. The grass was wet and more than a bit slippery - time to get out the ice-axes (Paul actually got to practice self-arrest). Soon it started to rain and we gradually separated, each picking their own way. I was feeling a bit sluggish, wary of steep grass and silent but persistent cries of protest from my right ankle against all that side-hilling, when - CRASH - and I found myself sprinting for a small clump of dwarf pines (some 500 ft away). As Paul can confirm, I can tolerate most things but electrical storms directly overhead, and to make matters worse I somehow neglected to sign the "sudden lightning" clause in the waiver form - thus I was a bit worried.

So, some three hours later we were happy to arrive in a small green valley at the foot of our objective. We made camp, i.e. a bivouac platform, next to a mineral lick full of Mountain Caribou tracks, so we named this "Caribou Basin." The weather seemed to be clearing and after being able to get a (single) glimpse of our objective we set off to climb it - it was only 4 pm and the thought of sitting out the evening while fighting off mosquitoes did not appeal to us (and we were wet anyway).

The weather soon closed in and goaded - or guided - us, along with Paul's customary "only another ten minutes... it's just over the next rise." We eventually topped out at about 7 pm. The summit was a small place on top of a thousand foot ridge of reasonably firm quartzite and a fairly enjoyable scramble. Due to the circumstances of our ascent we decided to call the peak "Whiteout Peak." The ascent was via the south ridge.

Next morning (after a surprisingly acceptable bivi) we set off towards what Paul claimed was the highest summit in the area - he said he had actually seen it from the summit of "Whiteout Peak" - the man must have radar eyes. We soon reached two small frozen lakes between our objective and "Mt Thomas." From there we went up glacier-polished slabs to a small glacier and saddle between "Whiteout Peak" and our goal - this saddle we named "Rotten Col." Fortunately the south ridge above was much more pleasant: steep, long and made of firm, broken-up quartzite. Once on top we could see that the peak had another more northerly summit, about 180 ft higher and across half a mile of broken-up, difficult ridge - with at least one gap of 300 ft. We had a look at possible lines, so that those who would like to climb it could have

an easier time of it than we did, (Bert Port and Fred Thiessen flashed up this summit later in the week) and downclimbed to the "Rotten Col." After some consideration we decided to name the peak in memory of our late friend Ian - "Mt Hamilton."

It was only noon, so after a most refreshing break (snooze for Paul and Robyn, pipe time for me), we set off for our last goal, the peak at the head of "Caribou Basin."

In interest of saving time we cut across the north ridge of "Whiteout Peak" - this saved us time but not peace of mind as it involved downclimbing vertical grass. We soon were in the col below "Whiteout Peak" which we named "Cornice Col" due to the enormous cornice barring direct access to it. From here it was another enjoyable scramble up the north ridge to the broad flat summit plateau. Here we found an empty ten-gallon fuel drum and an old geological survey marker, but as helicopter ascents do not usually count, I think that ours was a first ascent. As the mountain dominates "Caribou Basin" we named it "Caribou Mountain."

Next day we returned to camp in less than half the time it took us to get there, and in beautiful weather, the grassy slopes with flowers in full bloom were actually a pleasant place to be. The day after, we set off (in another first) to the southeast ridge of Thumb Spire, ending in the east, or subsidiary summit. Paul irreverantly but fittingly called this the "Thumbnail." We went up another steep grassy slope to a saddle east of the spire - then a long, occasionally exposed scramble took us to a flatter section of the ridge. Here, in interest of speed, we detoured to the south face, following some fresh goat tracks - then a steep scramble up the lower south face and it was time to rope up. One pitch up an enjoyable open book (5.4) ended in another sloping shelf - then a 150 ft pitch up another open book, this one with lots of moss and grass, and up to 5.7. This one ended on another sloping ledge, with over 1,500 ft of exposure on three sides. Directly above this is the sheer overhang of the "Thumbnail."

While Paul and Robyn found a reasonably safe perch under the "Thumbnail," I explored the north face - no go. So, to the left, step out over the 2,000 ft south face and - luck was with us - it looked feasible. So, a brief downclimb and then a sensationally exposed 5.8 traverse put us on a sidewalk-type shelf on the other side of the "Thumbnail." As the rope would not reach the top I unroped and after a brief, rather exciting scramble I was able to look down on my friends and share some of my excitement with them. Reversing the traverse was quite another matter but charged up as I was, it did not take very long.

After a rest day (clambering around "Mt Thomas") we set off towards what we thought was "Donald George," or in the 1972 *ACC Journal* - Peak "C." We were accompanied by our old friend Eric Norton and were able to move quickly - despite a brief storm. We went across the glacier, up a steep snow slope to Peak "C," behind Peak "D" on an exposed traverse to its summit, then to Peak "E" - a pleasant 5.3 pitch of good granite on its southwest ridge - and

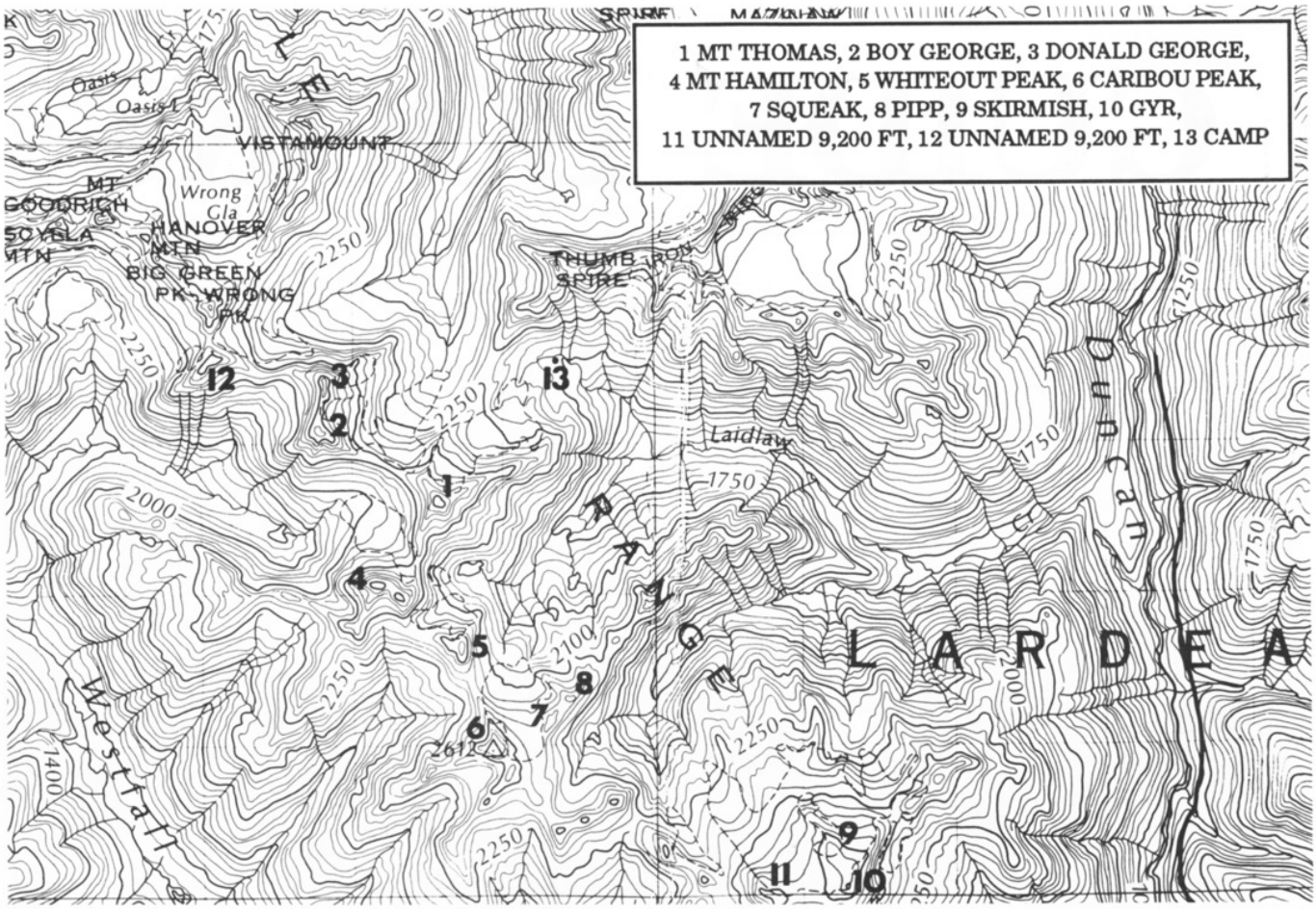


PHOTO/KIM KRATKY

found a pleasant surprise. There was no cairn on the summit. Now there were sizeable cairns on all - even minor protuberances between "Mt Thomas" and "our summit" - so after discussing the situation we've agreed that the *ACC Journal* is in error and that the first party ascended three peaks to the southeast from "our summit" (they are more easily accessible and do not require technical climbing). So we claimed another first ascent and then set our minds to finding a descent route. We finally agreed on downclimbing the steepest northeast ridge: this was on a surprisingly good, albeit narrow and exposed, ledge system between snow and glacier below. Then we had two rappells (and a minor scare - buzzing rocks and crackling hair) and we were down.

The mountain seems to be a continuation of the main batholith of Iron Ridge and Thumb Spire. It is formed by huge slabs of granite tilted at about 45-50 degrees - thus our choice of name - "Ledge Peak."

All ascents:	S. Horvath Paul Allen Robyn Laytham
Ledge Peak:	same and Eric Norton



"Mt Hamilton"

("Mt Hamilton" - west summit)
by Fred Thiessen

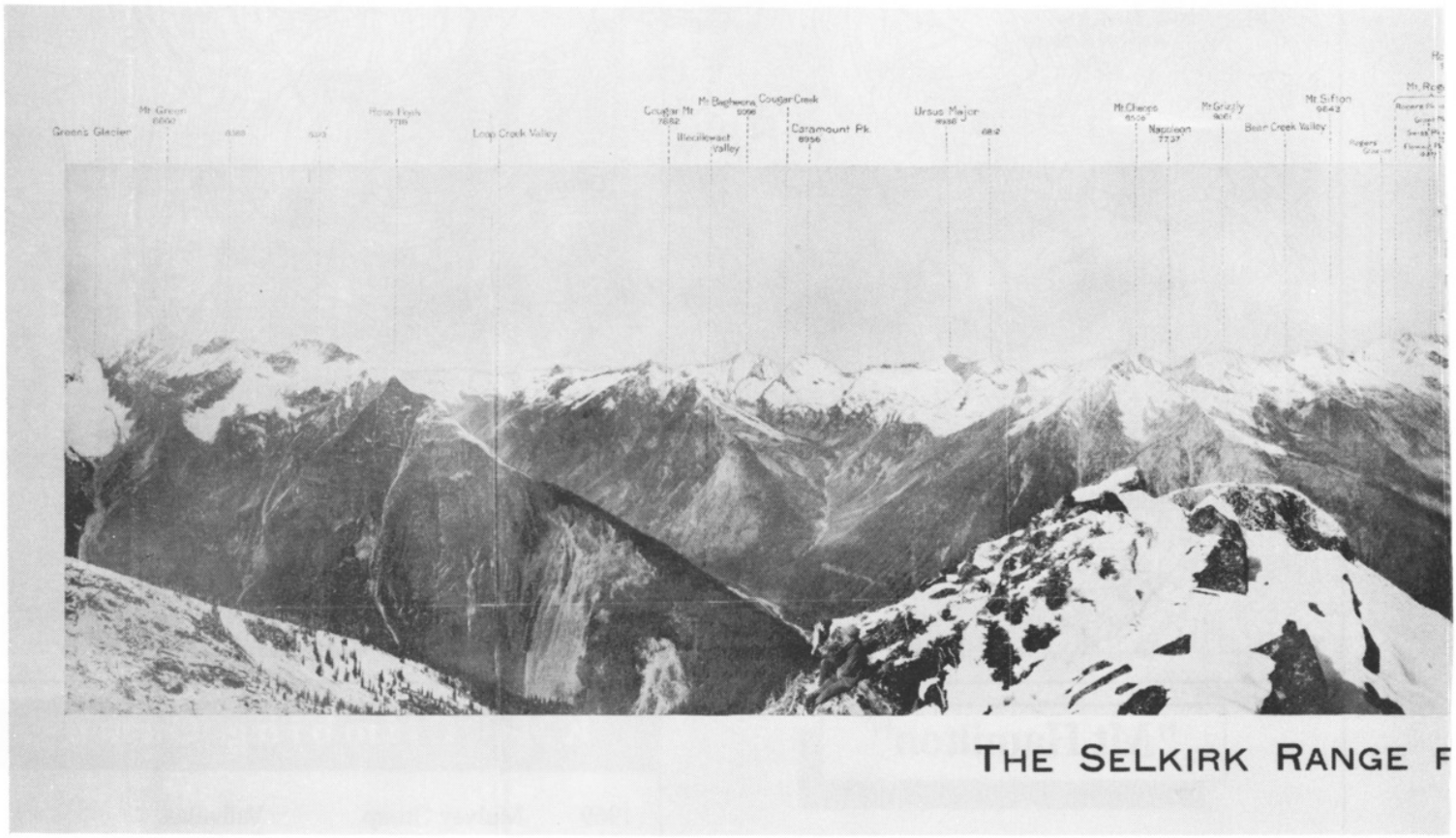
Knowing that Paul "et al" had climbed the east peak and not the west, Bert and I were motivated to go for the west one as a day trip.

Capitalizing on the advice of the others, we traversed high along the Laidlaw Creek drainage to reach the lake and south col of the east peak by 8 am. We sighted a massive front approaching from the southwest, which prompted us to hurry even faster than our already brisk pace. From this col we crossed a small cirque to gain the south ridge of the west peak, which was an easy scramble to the top. By now the storm was on us, so our summit stay was confined to building a cairn and eating two chocolate bars. The rain started on our descent and stopped once we hit the east peak col. The return to camp was a relaxing ramble in the sun.

KMC Climbing Camps

1969	Mulvey Group	Valhallas
1970	Royal Group	Rockies
1971	Adamants	N. Selkirks
1972	Mulvey Group	Valhallas
1973	Gold Range	Monashees
1974	Battle Range	Selkirks
1975	Taurus Group	Purcells
1976	Deville Neve	Glacier Nat. Park
1977	Clemenceau	Rockies
1978	Fairy Meadows	Adamants
1979	Nemo Group	Selkirks, Upper Duncan
1980	Farnham Group	Purcells
1981	Remillard Group	N. Selkirks
1982	Leaning Towers	Purcells
1983	Freshfield, Mummery Glaciers	Rockies
1984	Vowell Group	Purcells
1985	Ape Lake	Coast Range
1986	Adamants	N. Selkirks
1987	Laidlaw Creek	Battle Range

GUIDE BOOKS



THE SELKIRK RANGE F

FROM THE SELKIRKS/BY A. O. WHEELER

by Earle R. Whipple

Soon after the inception of the project to rewrite and revise the "Climber's Guide to the Columbia Mountains (Interior Ranges) of B.C.," in 1984, I realized that the part of the Southern Selkirks lying to the south and west had been largely neglected by former guidebook authors, who apparently believed that the sparse amount of data truly reflected the extent of climbing and exploration carried out in these mountain groups, or believed that these areas lacked appeal to climbers. I therefore resolved to gather all the data possible in the region (while not neglecting other regions), particularly data on the early ascents.

Soon after arriving in Banff in my trusty VW Beetle, from the east coast of the United States, I found myself travelling the charming narrow roads in the West Kootenays, which I had first seen in 1966 during geological field work near New Denver. I had initially very few recommendations about people to contact and interview, but the list of people grew rapidly as my VW accumulated mileage in southeastern B.C.. These trips lasted during portions of four summers. The KMC ultimately proved to be a gold mine of unpublished information.

Information about early climbs was meager. I had arrived on the scene about forty years too late, and many of the "old timers," such as Seldon Daney of Ferguson, near Trout Lake, and Richard E. Plewman of Rossland, were dead. One of my best breaks in 1985 was to find Avery Gunterman, who lives near the old town of Beaton. Avery Gunterman's grandmother, Mattie Gunterman became famous in 1961 when a collection of her photos of pioneering days in B.C. was discovered in a shed in Beaton. (See *Beautiful British Columbia Magazine*, Spring 1985). Avery knew many of the prospectors who worked the vicinity of the Incomappleux River. It was he who told me the details of the battle between the prospector George Richie and the grizzly bear, which gave the Battle Range its name. He had this story directly from Richie himself. Gunterman should be interviewed by an interested historian before his knowledge, like that of so many before him, is lost to B.C. history. The account of

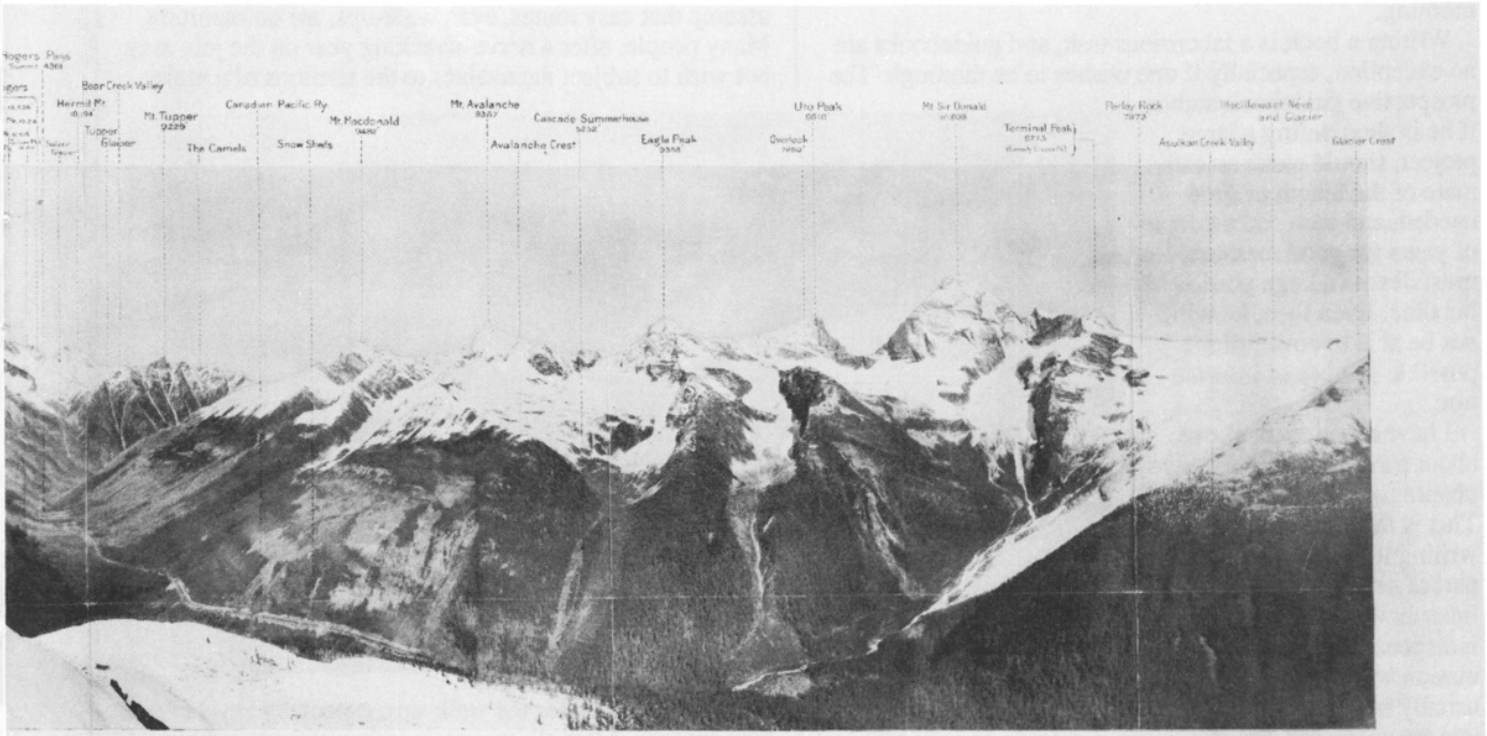
the battle is included in the new issue of the guidebook.

The name Richard E. Plewman is well recorded in the West Kootenays, but details of his climbing are surprisingly scanty. What little is known of his ascents is in the guidebook, and in an article written by his friend Winston Churchill, also of Rossland. (see the *Karabiner*, Volume 4). The article explains one of the reasons why data about early ascents are so rare, namely because many people believed that altering the mountains in any way was improper, even to the extent of building cairns and leaving records. Churchill's widow still lives in Rossland, but Churchill left no diary of his own climbs, nor other records of his friend Plewman. Plewman's photos are now in the care of the museum in New Denver. The author saw these photos, but could not find one single shot that might identify a summit which Plewman climbed.

Nancy Harris Anderson, of New Denver, was the first to tell the author of a couple, Ada and Arthur Levy (pronounced "Leevee"), who had done many ascents in the New Denver area, the Goat Range and the Kokanee. A favourite companion of the Levys was Dr. Frankfort, a mathematician from London and the University of Chicago. To date I have found only one person who climbed with the Levys, Heather Bohle, who now resides in Slocan. When a little girl only seven years old, Heather Bohle did at least two ascents with the Levys in the Whitewater Basin area of the Goat Range in 1930-31. The Levys are said to have left a map with markings of their climbs, but this map has not been seen since the death of Ada Levy in 1969.

Probably the most notable of the early ascents was that of the east ridge of Mt Burnham in the Gold Range in 1932. It is now rated at class 5.4, which is not really trivial even by today's advanced standards. The expedition to the mountain consisted of Axel and Nels Wetterstrom, and Jean Waterfield (now Mrs. Spicer), who started from Nakusp. They paddled a boat up Upper Arrow Lake to approach, bushwhacked up the slopes, crossed Pingston Creek and spent a rainy night under a boulder in the woods. Nels Wetterstom led the climb, using a rope, accompanied by Miss Waterfield, while Axel enjoyed the meadow below. Unfortunately, this was an isolated experience for Nels, who probably could have left his mark in Canadian mountaineering. Jean Spicer and Axel still live in Nakusp, and Nels resides at Squamish, on the coast.

The oldest well-recorded ascent in the area around New Denver appears to be Mt Denver by Joseph Colebrook Harris and William Thomlinson in 1907. The climb was published in *Westward Ho*, August 1908, Volume 3. At the time, it was a fantastic bushwhack and climb over deadfall, for nearly a vertical mile above Slocan Lake to reach the open ground near the glacier. However, prospectors had probably made the first ascent. Today, a trail takes one through this tangle and passes through several ecological zones in the vertical rise of 7,290 ft. Harris and Thomlinson are still remembered in New Denver.



FROM MOUNT ABBOTT

Certainly our collection of anecdotes about these mountains would be far more extensive if the prospectors and miners had written more about their experiences. Fortunately some stories still survive, such as the unwitting ascent of Mt Inverness (near Mt Dolly Varden) by a drunken miner. This miner was unable to find the mineshaft at night and was ultimately missed by his companions, who found him on the summit of the peak in the morning.

Writing a book is a labourious task, and guidebooks are no exception, especially if one wishes to be thorough. The prospective guidebook author, if he is shouldering a large project, should make an estimate of the length of time needed, and then add a couple of years for good measure. He must devote a large portion of his time. Even then, he will not be able to cover all the possible sources of information.



I have mentioned, above, about travelling to interveiw people for their information. This is far more effective than writing letters, although only part of one's sources can be interviewed, and letters are indispensable. All the information which is needed is usually not obtained by a single visit or letter, so follow-ups are necessary. For this purpose, telephone calls are useful, and like the interviews add a far more personal touch than a mere letter. Expect hundreds of dollars of long distance telephone bills, and hundreds of dollars for maps, which are very useful for interviews as well as for greatly aiding the project in general. Many misunderstandings about routes and peaks climbed can be resolved by detailed maps, much as detective mysteries are solved.

Guidebooks pose special problems in the details of the technical aspects of book production, in their "format." Format problems are concerned with questions such as - Does one indent three spaces when describing a pitch in a climb, pitch by pitch? Does the word "pitch" appear in italics or boldface? What is the spacing between numbers in a table? Does the official name for a peak appear in boldface, and an unofficial name not appear so? Is the word "meters" printed as "meters" or "m?" In what form is a route described? How are chapter headings printed (which kind of type?), and how does one vary the kind of type with the various hierarchies of importance of headings? An author is advised to keep a close relationship with a publisher to resolve these problems, and to produce a manuscript which is as consistent as possible. More than one attempt will be necessary, in a test portion of the manuscript, to accomplish this.

When one starts to use mountaineering journals with the intent of extracting the route descriptions one finds, surprisingly, that much of the material is fragmentary or almost non-existent, and sometimes even missing. This is true even in the best well-known journals. The true function of the journals is therefore called into question. Is the true function to be considered narrative, or the provision of information? In my opinion it should be both, possibly to be presented as two different sections of an article. Do not assume that easy routes, even walk-ups, are unimportant. Many people, after a nerve-wracking year on the job, may not wish to subject themselves to the tensions of a major climb and may prefer the walk-ups, especially amid beautiful scenery. After all, mountaineering without esthetics becomes merely rank ambition, and while rank ambition has its place, enjoyment is the most important.

Finally, I wish to discuss a caveat learned by hard experience. In modern publishing there is a practice known as "copy editing." It was originally intended to smooth out poor sentence structure and make a manuscript more readable. A responsible copy editor will not change an author's style, but simply recommend that portions be rewritten by the author if they are unacceptable (unless given permission by the author to rewrite extensively). Irresponsible copy editors may change words at their own whims (instead of using an eyewitness' descriptive words), distort meanings of paragraphs, omit portions, and even produce blatant errors. For these reasons, it is essential that the copy editor be familiar with his subject and be conscientious. The two Columbia Mountains manuscripts (West and Central) suffered from irresponsible copy editors, and now are in galley proof form (preliminary printing) without these errors having been corrected. Because of these potential travesties, an author should have a prior written agreement that states that he has the final say concerning all wording and construction etc.. The publisher may then refuse to publish if it is of poor quality. Let the author beware.

PHOTO/KIM KRATKY

FOOD PLANNING

by Fred Thiessen

In 1975, the *Karabiner* carried an article on food planning. Since then dietary preferences have changed as has the availability of new products which allow for more variety.

This article is an expansion of the 1975 article. Some lightweight recipes are given as well as man/day amounts per meal. The intent of this article is to convey recipes and amounts per man/day for backpacking as well as for organizing camps where weight is not a problem.

Some thoughts on water, nutrition, and calories. Mountaineering can be hard work. On a hard day, one can use up to 5000 calories and four to five litres of water.

Water, Nutrition and Calories

The energy that you need can be roughly calculated by multiplying your weight in kg x 5.0 for women or 6.0 for men x the number of hours of activity. If you are carrying a heavy pack, travelling quickly, or have a lot of uphill travel, use 6.0 for women and 7.0 for men. This value gives you the calories expended over and above your normal daily requirement. If you are on an extended trip (over two weeks), you will need to replace this extra energy used; on short outings, most of us carry a spare pound or two we can afford to use up. A weight loss of one pound is 3500 calories.

Water is the most important nutrient. If you have to sacrifice the weight you are carrying, cut down on food but never shortchange water. Aside from being essential to every process in the body, adequate hydration will delay the onset of fatigue and problems from frostbite to heat exhaustion. By the time you are thirsty, you are already down by one litre. The best way to absorb water is in dilute solution or plain water (water down your tang, don't bother with Gatorade), at about 4° C (cold), in small amounts (150 ml), every 15 minutes. Do drink at every opportunity (climbers already know this) and don't worry about mineral loss in sweat; it's not significant.

Fats are the most compact source of energy but keep them to 20% of your daily caloric intake. Even if you are very fit, high fat intakes increase the risk of cardiovascular disease. This is easy to achieve, especially if you consider complementary protein groups (milk and cereal, peanut butter and bread, macaroni and cheese, pea soup with milk powder added). Carbohydrates (CHO) are your most important energy source. If they don't make up greater than 55% of the daily caloric intake, the CHO stored in the muscle (glycogen) will be depleted over successive days of heavy exercise. This is what gives you "heavy legs." You will be tired and experience a loss of coordination. In addition, the only fuel that the nervous system can utilize is glucose. Normally, stored glycogen is broken down to provide this essential fuel. When glycogen is low, protein is the only other fuel source, leading to muscle tissue wasting. Not a desired event, especially on long expeditions. Fat can provide most of the calories for our working body, especially when the pace is slow to moderate. But when there is lots of fat left, if you don't have any glycogen left, you don't go anywhere (athletes call this "hitting the wall"). One word of caution regarding carbohydrates. They come in complex forms (breads, cereals, pasta, grains) and simple forms (sugar). Simple sugars are absorbed very quickly and lead to an abrupt increase in blood glucose. This in turn causes the release of insulin in larger quantities than with complex carbohydrates. (Insulin is the hormone that causes glucose to move from the blood into muscle and fat cells). An insulin peak can cause a sharp drop in blood glucose and you end up worse off than when you started. If you are going to be exercising within one hour, don't go heavy on the brown sugar at breakfast or you will end up with the low blood sugar blues, or morning drag. However, once you have started exercising, the body's demand for fuel blocks the insulin peak, so a hard candy along the trail is ok and will make you friends if you share.

Breakfasts

Breakfasts for backpacking usually have a cereal base. The standby is rolled oats, which can be varied with sugar, milk, raisins, cinnamon, coconut, etc. Other cereals for breakfast are the multigrain cereals and rice pudding. They can be varied as for rolled oats above. Granola and its equivalents are nutritious and flavourful at 600+ calories per cup. Consumed with fruit and yogurt gives variety, and adding hot milk provides a warm breakfast.

Where weight, fragility and perishability are not a problem, think of eggs, sausage, bacon, french toast, pancakes, toast, jam and peanut butter. For some ethnic communities marmite is also popular.

Lunches

Lunches are the same for backpacking or camp situations. For lunch one usually combines a carbohydrate with protein followed by fruit or sweets. Lunch staples are bread or crackers eaten with cheese, sausage, sardines, kippers, oysters, jam, honey or peanut butter. Fruit (fresh or dried), chocolate, fruitcake, peanuts, halvah, mountain mix or sesame snacks can follow as a treat. Since lunch food is expensive and individuals have their preferences, we have found it easier on trips or camps to have members do their own lunches rather than buy the food cooperatively.

Dinners

Dinners can follow two directions.

1. Regular meals, where food is cooked separately. These meals are more suited to camps, car camping, or canoe camping where weight is not a problem.

2. One- or two-pot dinners, primarily used by backpackers where weight, fuel, and the number of stoves is important.

I will deal with regular meals first, and to help one plan I will give some thoughts on perishability, then menus for a camp situation.

We have found on camps that meat kept in a cooler will stay frozen for three to four days after coming out of the freezer, then keep for another three to four days before spoilage is a problem. Large pieces of meat (ham, roasts) keep best while hamburger, once thawed is good for only one to two days. Cheese kept cool will keep for weeks.

In terms of produce, vegetables such as onions, garlic, potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips and cabbage keep the longest, followed by peppers, celery, cauliflower and broccoli. The poorest keepers are tomatoes, lettuce, eggplant and cucumbers. Fruits such as apples, oranges, papayas, mangos and bananas keep the best; poor keepers are the melons and berries.

For camps, dinner is usually soup, salad, dinner, (three course), dessert and tea/coffee.

Salads can be varied, with the most perishable ingredients used early in the camp. Some salad thoughts are: regular tossed, spinach, tabbouleh, yogurt cucumber, yogurt tomato, Greek, feta cheese tomato, beet, caesar, coleslaw, bean, potato, shrimp and the list goes on.

Soups are normally a packaged base with ingredients added from leftovers of the night before. Use better quality Maggi or Knorr soups. Plan on 300 to 500 ml per serving. One package will serve three to four people.

Dinners we have found successful on camps have varied from extravagant to plain. Past recipes we have used are: steaks, ham, roast beef, chili, spaghetti, stews, curries of all kinds, pasta with sauces, pork chops in sauce, shrimp creole, dahl, stir-frys, meatballs, fried chicken, baked salmon, fish in sauces and so on. You are only limited by your imagination.

Desserts work the same as salads, perishable to least perishable. Ideas are: fruit salad, fruit salads with yogurt, dried fruit compotes, cakes, cookies, custard, no-bake cheese cakes, instant fudge, fried bananas, puddings, tapioca, canned fruit, and muffins to name a few.

One- or two-pot dinners require a bit more imagination but with a little bit of recipe searching, one can put together some tasty lightweight dinners. The formula for one-pot dinners is to combine a protein with a carbohydrate and perhaps some fat. Spices add variety, vegetables add bulk and colour.

Proteins one can use are: meat (fresh, canned, freeze-dried), legumes, grains, nuts, dairy products and eggs. The most common carbohydrates are rice, pasta, potatoes (flakes, powdered, sliced), bulgar and couscous. For vegetables use dried vegetable flakes or freeze-dried vegetables. For fat use margarine, butter or rendered fat.

In the recipes given below you will notice the similarity between all of them. There is a heavy reliance on sauces with garnishes, combined with a carbohydrate. The recipes are arranged in a table form; where quantities are given it is for two people. Where no quantities are given see the list. You're only limited by your imagination. In many of these recipes, for example, canned or freeze-dried chicken would work as well as shrimp.



Name	Ingredients	Comments
dahl and rice	pea soup mix instant rice 1/4 cup raisins 1/2 tsp curry	Prepare soup in 1/2 the amount of water, pour in the rice and spices.
dahl, rice and shrimp	as above, delete raisins, use shrimp instead	As above, boil shrimp with soup.
pasta with white sauce	pasta white sauce mix powdered milk parmesan cheese	Boil pasta with the right amount of water remaining to make white sauce with pasta.
pasta with white sauce and walnuts	as above, add 1/2 cup walnuts	As above, add walnuts at the end
pasta with white sauce and shrimp	as for pasta with white sauce, add shrimp	As for pasta with white sauce, add shrimp while making sauce.
pasta with mushroom sauce	pasta mushroom soup/sauce mix dried mushrooms	Cook pasta in mushroom soup/sauce mix and mushrooms
pasta with red sauce	pasta,tomato sauce mix, parmesan cheese	Cook pasta, use drained water to make sauce, add parmesan cheese to thicken.
pasta with red sauce with shrimp/clams	as above, add shrimp or clams	As above, cook with shrimp or clams.
shrimp creole	shrimp tomato sauce mix dried vegetables thyme, basil, oregano, garlic, cayenne instant rice	Make tomato sauce, add all ingredients, cook, pour over instant rice.
Potato, tomato curry	sliced or cubed potatoes tomato sauce mix dried onions garlic, turmeric, cayenne ginger, coriander	Make tomato sauce, add everything else, cook until done.
bulgar	bulgar	Pour boiling water over bulgar and wait 20 minutes
bulgar with tomato sauce and shrimp/ nuts	as above tomato sauce mix shrimp or 1/4 cup almonds and pine nuts	Cook bulgar in tomato sauce and add shrimp or nuts.
Japanese noodles	noodles	Cook noodles as directed.
noodles with curry sauce	noodles curry sauce mix dried onions, ginger, miso dried vegetables shrimp or cuttlefish arrowroot starch	Cook noodles in curry sauce with other ingredients. Thicken with starch.

FOOD QUANTITIES

The following list shows light and heavy rations, designed for average and above average eaters or easy or hard days. If heavy is not given, use light. Items to be cooked are given as dry measure; all figures, unless stated otherwise are per man day (m-d). Measurements are given in weight and volume equivalents. For organizing camps, use light rations, the law of averages tends to favour the lighter eaters.

Breakfasts

	Average	Above Average
oatmeal	50 g, 125 ml uncooked	75 g, 175 ml
granola	125 g, 250 ml	165 g, 375 ml
raisins	10 g	
brown sugar	7 g	
powdered eggs	12=5 m-d	
eggs	12=12 m-d	1 1/2=1 m-d
bacon	1/2 kg=6 m-d	
powdered milk (porridge and coffee)	15g	
bread	40 g	50 g
jam, honey, peanut butter	25 g	50 g
margarine, butter	15 g	20 g

Lunches

rye bread	80 g	100 g
crackers	80 g	
hovis bread	90 g	
pumpernickel	80 g	60 g
sausage	40 g	60 g
cheese	40 g	50 g
jam, honey, peanut butter	25 g	60 g
mountain mix	50 g	60 g
dried fruit	50 g	
candies	30 g	
fruitcake	85 g	50 g
halvah, chocolate	30 g	50 g
peanuts	30 g	
sardines	1 tin=2 m-d	
tang	1 pkg=1 m-d	
margarine,butter	15 g	20 g

Dinners

Carbohydrates

dried mash potatoes	40 g, 125 ml	
sliced, diced, cubed, dried potatoes	60 g	
fresh potatoes	1=1 m-d	
rice, precooked	75 g, 187 ml	1 pkg=1 m-d
rice, regular	120 g, 125 ml	
Japanese noodles	1 pkg=1.75 m-d	
pasta	80g, 125 ml	
lentils	1/2 kg=10 m-d	
dried vegetables	50 g=4 m-d	
bulgar, couscous	80 g, 125 ml	

Meats	Average	Above Average
canned meat	150 g	180 g
fresh meat	140 g	
turkey-boned	210 g	
-partly boned	450 g	
-whole	30 g	
cheese	7 g	
fat	85 g	120 g
sausage	40 g	50 g
freeze dried meat	30 g	40 g
shrimp	20 g	
ham	40 g, 65 ml	
chopped nuts 100 g	120 g	

Vegetables & Fruits

frozen vegetables	80 g
canned vegetables	100 g
canned tomato sauce	85 g
onion and vegetable flakes	7 g
1 fresh onion	4 m-d
1 tomato	4 m-d
1 green pepper	3 m-d
1 cucumber regular	3 m-d
-English	4 m-d
1 carrot	1 m-d
1 apple, orange, banana	1 m-d
1 cabbage	8-12 m-d

Other Stuff

coffee	25 g	
1 pkg soup (for sauces)	2 m-d	
1 pkg soup (for soup)	4 m-d	
sugar - for tea, coffee	5 g	
powdered milk - for desserts	30 g	
pudding	30 g	
jello	30 g	
packaged drink mix	1 pkg=1/2 m-d	1 pkg=1 m-d
matches	lots	
white gas -normal		50 - 70 ml
-melting snow (MSR)		150 ml
(Other stoves)		170 ml
if air dropping		300 ml

This list works quite well; these figures have been used by club members for expeditions, hiking and climbing camps. For backpacking, you should arrive at about 1 kg (including white gas) per person.

If you are doing an air drop, the following advice may be useful. Double box everything and make it colourful, figure on some breakage (10-20%), for white gas figure on losing up to 50 %, package white gas in one litre cans, package light stuff with light stuff, heavy with heavy, if you do not, the heavy will sail through the light, wrap all heavy stuff well, newspaper is fine for this. After double boxing use fiber tape to wrap it all up. If you want to test your packaging throw a box out of your car window into the ditch at 140 kph, it will give you an idea of how your packaging will stand up.

Chairman's Comments

by Fred Thiessen

When I write the chairman's statement I find it difficult to convey a message which hasn't been said before. A review of previous issues of the *Karabiner* displays a similarity in all of them. Does every chairman agonize over his annual message?

What have we accomplished over the past year? I feel that we have met our constitution's goals. The club has participated in conservation matters, particularly in the Kokanee and Valhalla Park Master Plans, which are of local interest to us. The mountaineering course was successful in conveying the basic skills to the 12 individuals who attended. The real reason that most of us belong to the KMC is for the outings, and 1987 had a full schedule. A wide variety of trips was offered; from easy day walks to difficult climbs to the summer camps. Most members attended some outing and approximately 50% of the membership attended camp. An unusually warm and dry summer no doubt contributed to the successful outings.

What do we have to look forward to? As an established club our routine is fixed; there will be a mountaineering course, outings, camps and conservation concerns. Although no conservation issues are on the horizon, Forest Service access planning will involve the club in determining which roads are important to us, like the Woodbury Creek Road. A continual issue is the Bannock Burn Road; this road stands a good chance of becoming a public road by the summer of 1988. Our success in conservation issues is dependent on a core of letter-writing individuals who convey the club's and their own concerns to government management agencies. My thanks to them and the others who fill many roles to make this organization function.

As I have concluded in the past two messages, please participate in the club's affairs - we need you to make us function.

KMC Executive

President	Fred Thiessen
Secretary	Mari Earthy
Treasurer	Garth Thomson
Climbing School	Esther Neufeld
Camps	Ron Cameron, Joan Harvey Jim Kienholz
Newsletter	Sue Port
Karabiner	Kim Kratky
Cabins and Trails	Paul Allen
Social	Dave Adams

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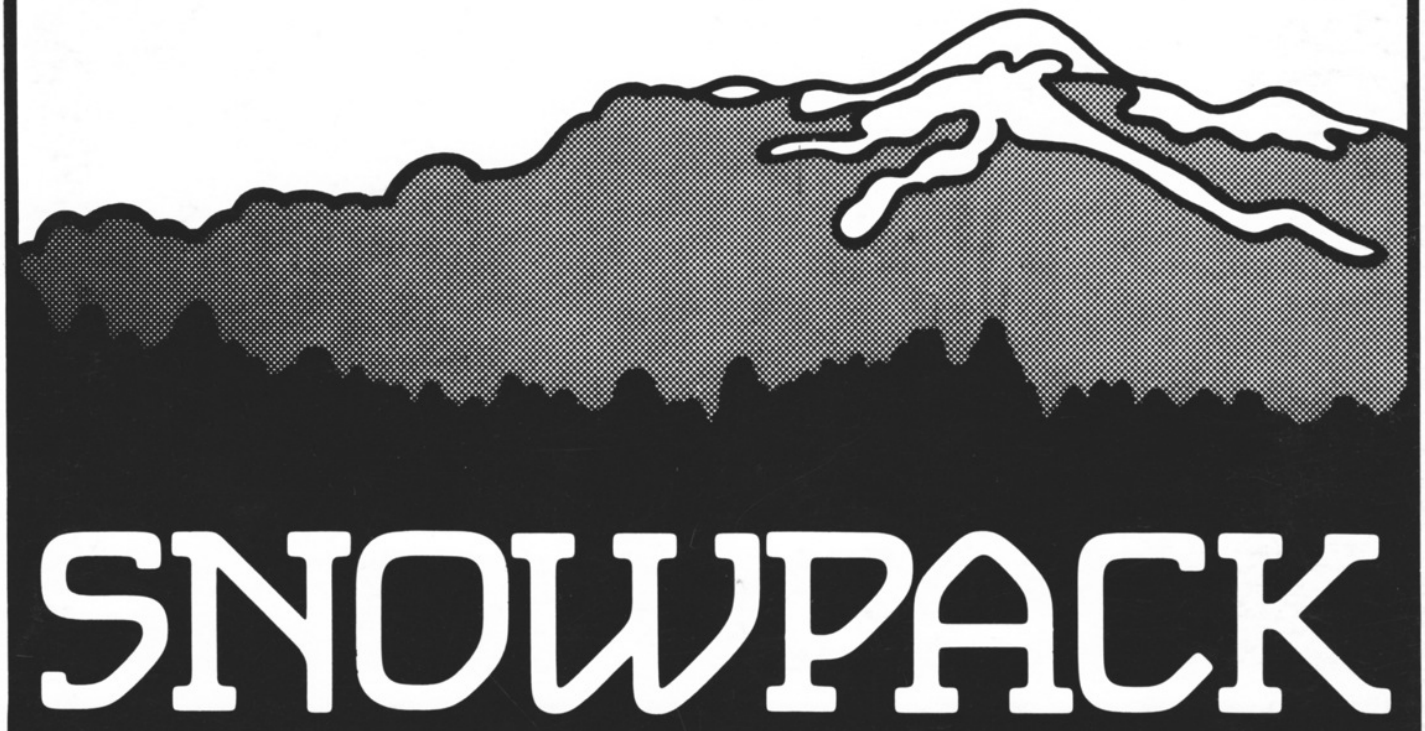
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