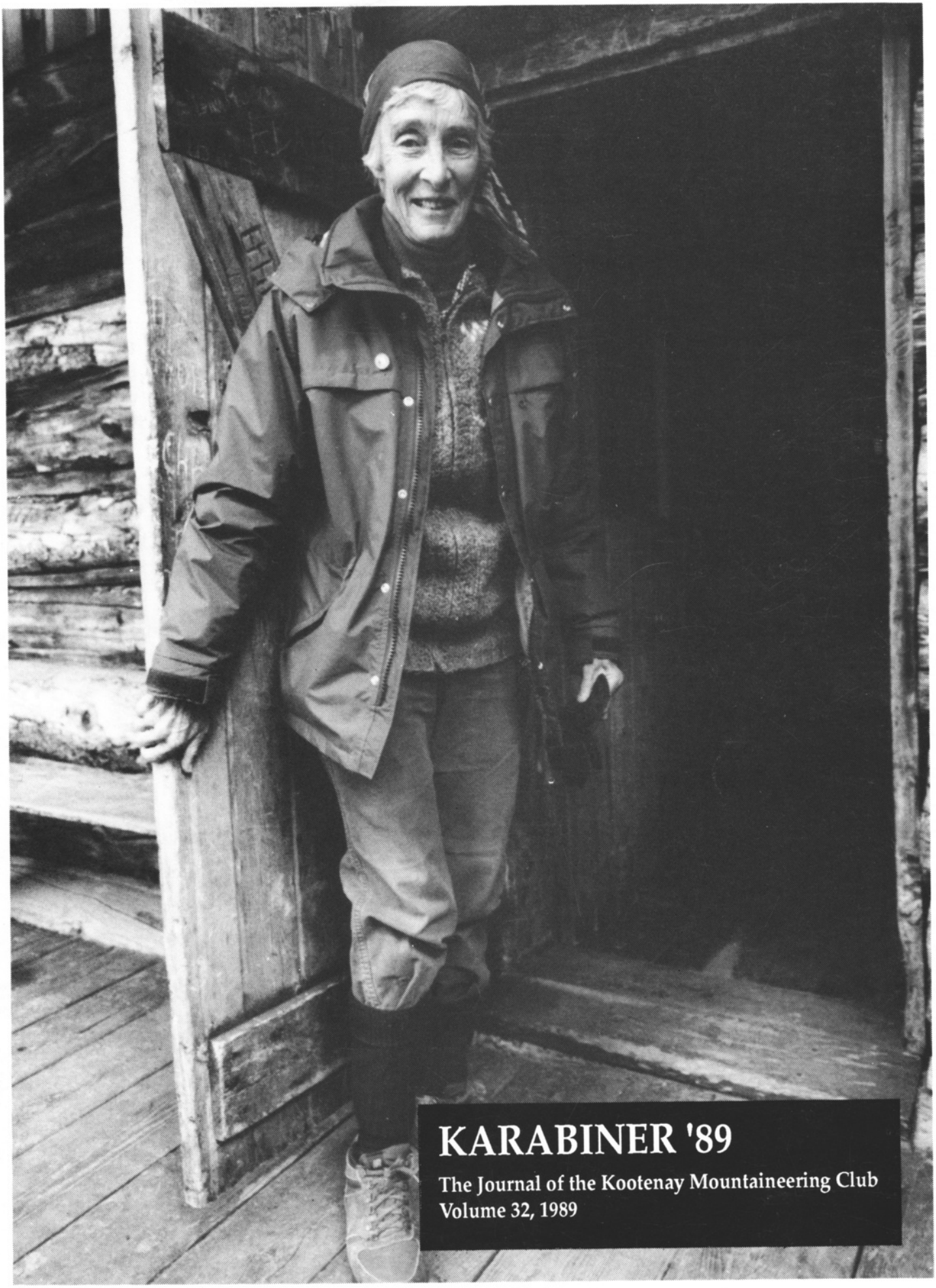


KARABINER '89

The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club
Volume 32, 1989

Cover photo Helen Butling at Slocan Chief Hut

Dedicated to the memory
of Helen Butling

May her dreams be full of mountains.

KARABINER 89

The Journal Of The Kootenay Mountaineering Club

K.M.C. EXECUTIVE

President.....Fred Theissen
Secretary.....Mari Earthy
Treasurer.....Garth Thompson
Climbing School.....Esther Neufeld
Camps.....Ron Cameron
Newsletter.....Sue Port
Trips.....Peter Tchir
Social.....Janice Kratky, Carol Potasnyk
Cabins & Trails.....George Apel
Karabiner.....Paul Allen



This Journal Is Published By The KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

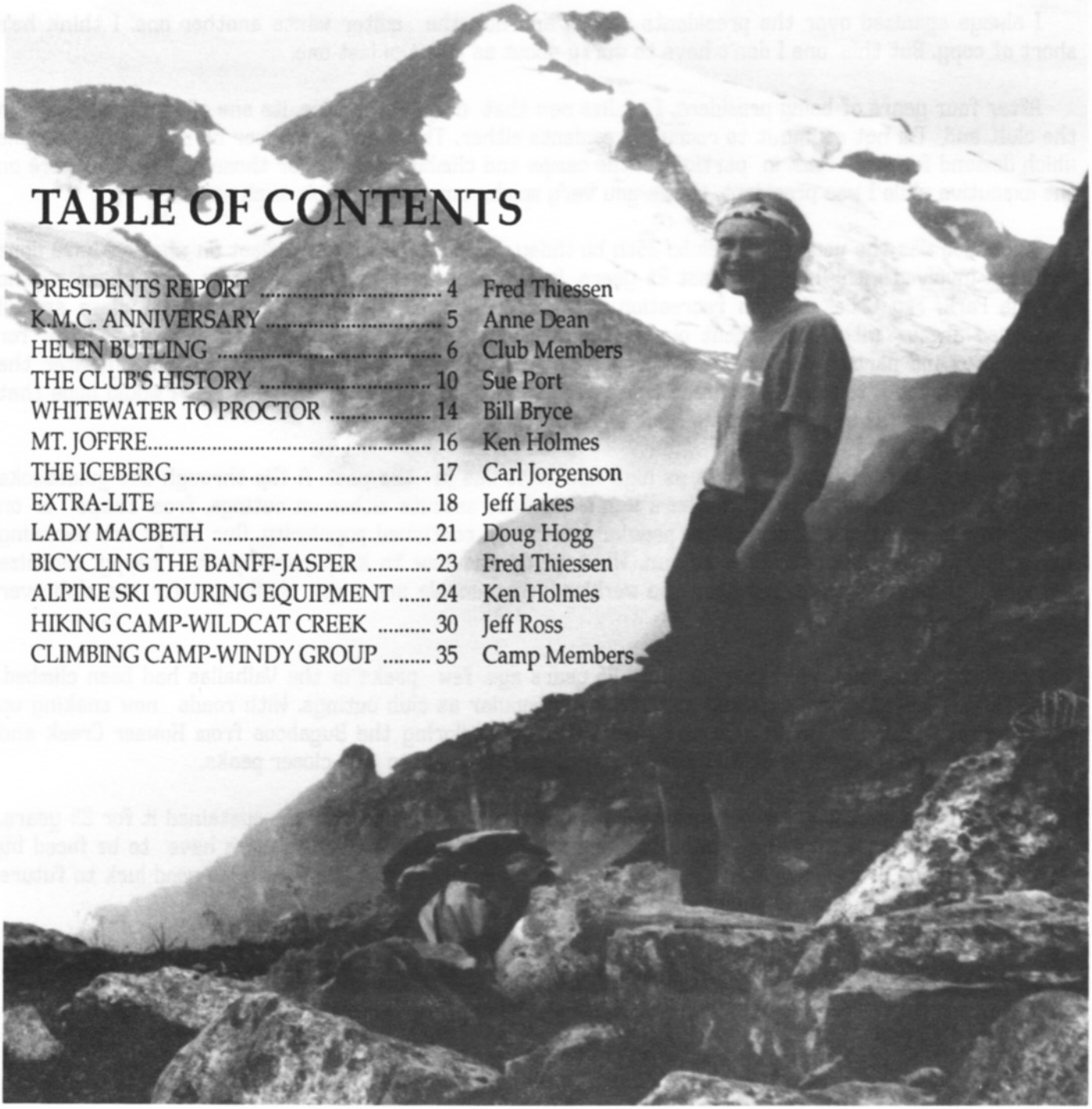


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PRESIDENTS REPORT

I always agonized over the presidents report and now the editor wants another one. I think he's short of copy. But this one I don't have to worry about as it is the last one.

After four years of being president, I realize now that despite the title, its one of the easier jobs in the club, and I'm not saying it to recruit presidents either. There are a number of executive positions which demand far more time, in particular, the camps and climbing school. For those of you who were on the executive while I was president, thank you very much, you made my job much easier.

Since 1989 was the year of the clubs 25th birthday, it would be fair to reflect on what we have done and been involved with over the past 25 years. In the conservation field, 25 years ago there was no Valhalla Park, Fry Creek canyon recreation area or a Purcell Wilderness. At present, these are all preserved areas with management plans. Club members and the conservation chairman lobbied for these parks and participated in the management plans. As the resource squeeze becomes greater the club will likely have to fight to protect these areas and very likely lobby for others. I would hope that the club participates in the future as much as it did in the past.

Interest in the mountains now, is as high now as it was in the past. A flip through the guidebooks reveals a large number of club members who made first ascents either on outings, from camps or on their own. Since organized outings are popular I see only continued popularity. Our camps are becoming increasingly larger and difficult to run. What to do and how to keep participants happy, minimize damage to the environment and keep the workload reasonable are major challenges for the club over the next few years.

Mountain exploration will likely continue, 25 years ago, few peaks in the Valhallas had been climbed. These ranges are now well explored and still very popular as club outings. With roads now snaking up more distant drainages I see the more adventuresome exploring the Bugaboos from Howser Creek and the Battle Range from the Westfall River, plus continued outings to our closer peaks.

A community interest in the mountains prompted the clubs origin and has sustained it for 25 years. Given present interest and our popularity I am sure it will last. Issue and dilemma have to be faced by the executive and president. All will be resolved by discussion, question, and vote, so good luck to future executives in chairing meetings and good debates.

Fred Thiessen

K.M.C. ANNIVERSARY

Anniversaries are like milestones. It was the enthusiasm of a group of people to scramble to the tops of mountains, not the passing of time alone, that led the K.M.C. to celebrate its Anniversary on Saturday, April 22nd, 1989.

The doors of the Elks Hall in Nelson stood open and guests arrived from far and near. The sounds of voices exchanging greetings, memories, renewing old acquaintances and friendships filled the hall to its capacity, 85 all told.

"Of course I remember, how lovely to see you, you haven't changed a bit" Glance over to your left old boy, might she have dyed her hair? I used to share her tent, holy terror on those rocks, she was.

Am I still climbing? Well... am into golf you know, most fascinating game, the slopes are not as steep and the beer is every bit as good. The children? let me think, of course... the children... they have grown.

Yes, most of us were there, a little older, some even wiser, a trifle out of shape perhaps but we were there to talk, eat and enjoy.

We had excellent speakers, hilarious entertainment by the "Kootenay Puppet Theatre Group" a sensational slide show featuring the tigers on the slope in every possible and impossible situation, and, in the midst of all this celebration, we remembered: Not all had come.

There were the ones who lived too far away, lost touch, or simply didn't make it.

We remembered you, Helen Butling, Ian Hamilton, Patricia Lifely, Rob Mills, Jim Brennan, Lola Mousseau, and Tom Charleton, you shared this love for mountains, rivers, valleys. Your inspiration, humour and determination has touched us all. You will not be forgotten.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY K.M.C.

Anne Dean

TRIBUTE TO HELEN BUTLING

(1913 -1989)

WILD SPRING VIOLETS

A bouquet of fresh spring violets at your farewell
Wild violets, ambrosial, midnight-blue, from Jane's garden
Daughters, sisters, brothers, friends came from afar
Not you, you were on the mountain, on your lake, in the forest
There were beautiful grandchildren at your farewell
Singing, reciting, playing music, crying
You, in the wind outside, in a ray of sun,in the snow up high
Mike, Sue, John, Neil, Sally said goodbye
They came to tell true stories, to praise, to mourn
We all must leave, said Anne, one of your lovely sisters
You and Ruth led the way, follow we must
Will there be sweet spring violets in Nelson's gardens?
Oh yes, for they are forever wild and free and now you.

With Love

Mari



OBITUARY

HELEN BUTLING

(1913 - 1989)

A life long Kootenay resident, she was born at Deanshaven on Kootenay Lake, where her parents Dorothy and Richard had settled in 1908. Mrs. Butling's love for lakes and mountains began in her childhood, which she spent at Deanshaven. She and her brothers and sisters would go off on their own for overnight fishing trips, or explore Kootenay Lake in one of the family boats or on rafts that they made themselves.

She was sent to England at the age of 14 to complete her schooling, she graduated from St. Thomas Hospital in London as a physiotherapist in 1934. She married George Butling in 1937 and returned to Canada in 1939 to live at Deanshaven. Disaster however, struck a year later, when the family home was destroyed by fire.

The family, now with three young children, moved to Nelson in 1942, settling in the stone house on Eighth Street where they lived for 20 years. The house became a home not only to the Butling family but also to many friends from the area who needed a place to stay "in town" for a day or two. The front door was always left unlocked at night, as unexpected guests often arrived late and could simply came in and sleep on the living room couch.

Mrs. Butling went to work at the Nelson hospital in 1942, and a year later started the physiotherapy department there. She worked at Kootenay Lake District Hospital for 28 years, expanding the department from a one person department operating out of a converted broom closet to a full fledged rehabilitation centre with an activation program, covering six hospitals and eight communities in the Kootenay region. The physiotherapy department of KLDH is named for her, in recognition of her pioneering work in the physiotherapy field in the Kootenay region.

As well, she pioneered natural childbirth methods in the Kootenay region by offering evening prenatal classes for many years. In addition to leading a very active professional life, she raised four daughters and became a "foster mother" to many others, giving emotional support, common sense advice, or homemade bread to people of all ages.

For the past 10 years, she had lived at her retirement home at Deanshaven on Kootenay Lake. She was active in the Riondel Golf Club and North Shore bridge group. She was always an outdoors person. For many years, the family took camping and fishing holidays, travelling by boat to various points on Kootenay Lake.

After her children were grown, Mrs. Butling took up hiking, skiing. and climbing. She was a founding member of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club, . serving as president for many years and organized many club trips and projects. She also provided support and encouragement to many inexperienced hikers and skiers.

Always willing to take the time to help someone regain their breath, or overcome obstacles. or try something new, she will be remembered by many as the person who showed them how to enjoy the outdoors. She has left behind her "cookbook" for hiking and skiing camps, which included everything from camp soups, (throw in all the leftovers-even the porridge) to "yellow" snow.

In 1967, she was chosen as a member of the only women's climbing team to take part in the Centennial expedition to the Yukon, organized by the Alpine Club of Canada. Twelve teams were selected to attempt first ascents of some unclimbed peaks in the Centennial section of the St. Elias Range of the Yukon.

As a conservationist, she worked hard to preserve both the natural beauties of the Kootenays, and the heritage trails and cabins throughout the area. She was part of a dedicated group of volunteers who saved and restored the Slocan Chief cabin in Kokanee Park. Helen's famous roast beef dinners with lemon meringue pie, cooked on the old woodstove in the cabin, were known to entice many a volunteer to join a weekend work-party and make the three-hour trek to the cabin.

She joined in the fight to prevent logging up Fry Creek in the Purcell mountains at the northeast end of Kootenay Lake, in order to preserve the spectacular scenery and excellent fishing in the only remaining major creek on Kootenay Lake that had not yet been logged. She was part of a group of volunteers who conducted weekly hikes up the historic Fry Creek Canyon trail, to raise public awareness of the natural beauty of the area.

She became well-known for her slide shows, which she willingly presented to school and community groups. Her slide shows always reflected her conservationist concerns. She would emphasize the delicacy and fragility of wild flowers. or the ecological value of grizzly bears, or the natural balance between humans and nature, while also telling entertaining stories about all her adventures. She was guest of honor at the 90th birthday party for the Slocan Chief cabin in Kokanee Glacier Park. She was also awarded the Alpine Club of Canada's prestigious Service Award for outstanding contributions to Canadian Mountaineering.

THE CLUB'S HISTORY

A Brief History of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club and of its Antecedent, the Kootenay Section of the Alpine Club of Canada.

In the 1950's and early 60's there were many active hikers and climbers in the Kootenays. A few of them belonged to the national Alpine Club of Canada, and wondered if more might join if a Section of the ACC was formed. Rick Askew and Jack Steed gathered information, Kim Deane drew up a a constitution, and in April 1964 the Kootenay Section of The Alpine Club of Canada, with 12 charter members was formed. With it began the Club journal, the KOOTENAY KARABINER, created and edited for the first years by Chris Penn and Jack Oswald. Kim Deane was the first chairman, followed in November by Helen Butling.

In the spring of 1968 KARABINER, Chris Penn outlined the accomplishments of the early years;

The Kootenay Section of The Alpine Club now has some seventy members, and a more cheerful, lively, likeable bunch would be hard to find. In the short time since the Section was founded members have made climbs, explorations and first accents almost all over the Kootenay Region, they have cut and cleared trails, developed an excellent weekly rock schools, (at which it is nothing to see thirty people climbing) put on a year round programme of climbs and ski tours, held their own Centennial Climbing camp, produced their own journal, fought hard for the preservation of Kokanee Provincial Park, and completely renovated the old Slocan Chief Cabin there.

There was indeed very active involvement in the Club at that time, with a very high attendance on many weekend trips,(18 on Mt. Loki without a recci was judged excessive) a great expenditure of energy on the Mulvey trail, and large work parties at the Slocan Chief (32 people over four weekends in 1965). There were also notable first accents of Mts. Pambrun and Thor, and of peaks and routes in the Mulvey area.

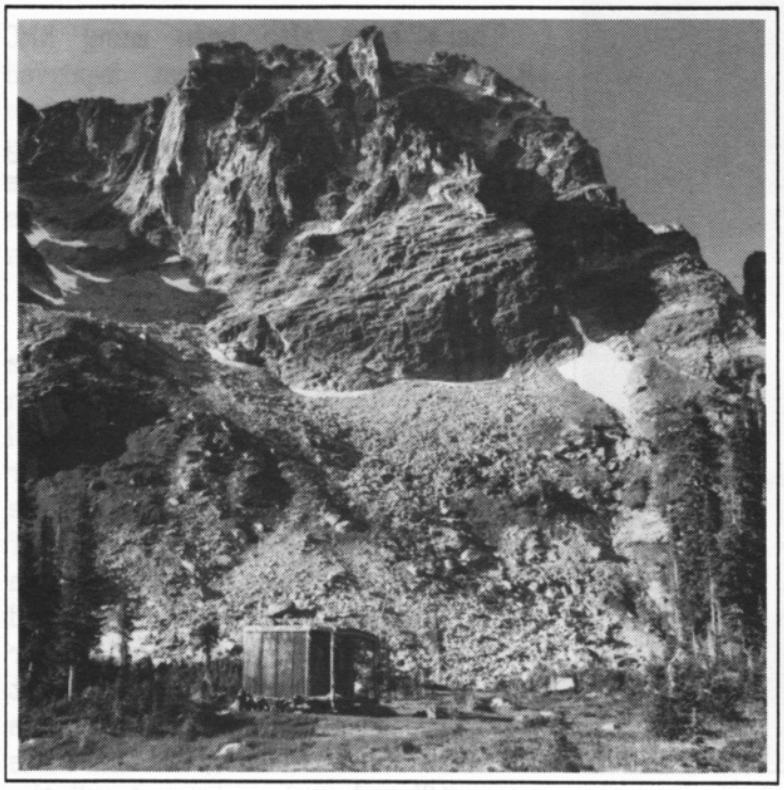
However, the overwhelming majority of those seventy lively members were merely Section Associates. An ACC by-law required that certain of the Executive positions be filled by full ACC members and these became too few to continue rotating as Club officers. Although the Kootenay Section tried to introduce changes to its Constitution that would allow it to continue, when an executive was elected that violated the by-law the ACC dissolved the Section in early 1969.

The executive carried on, and as Chairman Iain Martin stated in the Spring 1969 issue of the KARABINER, "Under the new name of Kootenay Mountaineering Club it is business as usual for us."

What did the next 20 years bring? They brought many new members, with a 1988 total of 225. However, the core of those very actively involved has not increased proportionately and the problem of finding leaders and executive members seems to be constant. The weekend trip schedule has expanded since the early years,

when there were trips approximately every other weekend. The Club now tries to offer a choice between an easy and strenuous trip each summer weekend, with weekly ski, hiking or climbing trips much of the year. Fewer trips are into Kokanee Glacier Park now that logging roads and four wheel drive vehicles have opened up so many other areas, but many of the familiar trips are still as popular.

The popular annual ski trips into the Slocan Chief Cabin at Easter and May 24th, are no more.



Mulvey Hut

Instead of KMC.er's being almost the only users of the cabin, it is now known far and wide and its winter use determined by an elaborate "lottery." Rogers Pass has become the new Easter weekend destination. With the advent of telemark gear there are many more skiers in the backcountry, with some Club members enthusiastically using any open logging roads as access to the slopes.

Week long camps have always been an important part of KMC activities, from the first Centennial Camp at Earl Grey Pass in 1967 to the four weeks of climbing and hiking camps, attended by 80 members in 1988. The first six camps were "general" ones, with the first separate hiking camp being held at beautiful Bonnie Gem Lake in 1974. The comfort level increased considerably with purchase of a large cook tent and propane stoves before the 1973 Gold Range camp, and the acquisition of a second set of gear in 1979 greatly improved relations between competing hikers and climbers. All could now hope to enjoy that sometimes elusive fine summer weather as camps could now operate simultaneously.

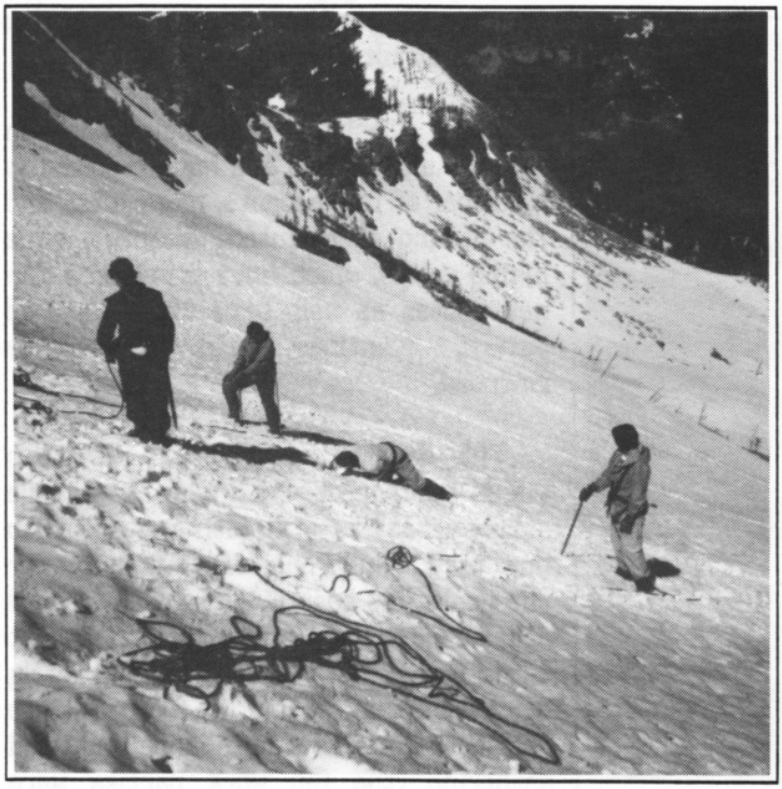
Some climbing camps have been in rarely visited areas and have resulted in a number of firs ascents, new routes and the naming of mountain features, while hiking camps, which have provided a few new routes as well, have often inspired poetry, paintings, and masquerade madness.

The debate over huts - do they lessen or increase the wear on fragile alpine areas? is still with us. The Club has itself built only one hut, but over the years has been involved with several others. Much time and effort went into the Slocan Chief Cabin in the early years, both in saving it from collapse and in the annual maintenance and wood gathering (the fall work parties were social events as well, and there was the lure of Helen's lemon pies!). This maintenance has been taken over by the Parks branch in 1977.

From the start, the Club was interested in building its own Section hut and in 1969 the Mulvey hut was prefabricated in Rossland by members and other volunteers and erected during a camp in Mulvey Meadows. What a welcome sight it was after the struggle up the Mulvey headwall. By the mid 70's there was easier access up the Bannockburn Creek and the hut received heavy use, but with the closure of

the road in 1980 the hut's use declined drastically. Once again it is accessible, but its future in the new Valhalla Park is uncertain. In the late spring of 1989, the Parks Branch had to burn down the Mulvey Hut, a victim of twenty years of weather and wear, and of a bizarre and tragic accident.

Huckleberry Hut, an old mining cabin, has been maintained since 1963, with major reconstruction at that time and again in 1986. The ridge Cabin on the way to Old Glory was maintained in the 70's but in July of 1989 the Ridge Cabin burned to the ground. The cause of the fire is unknown however lightning is suspected.



Ymir Mt.

New responsibilities were undertaken in 1986 with the KMC sponsorship of a federal work grant project to build ski-touring cabins in the Bonnington Range. This resulted in the Copper and Grassy Mt. huts, with plans for a third near Siwash Mt. in the future. The Kootenay Haute route.

With the completion of the Mulvey Creek Trail in 1968 the Club has never again been so involved in trail building. This trail fell into disuse with the opening of the Bannockburn Road access, and has now been abandoned to the grizzlies, who made memorable the trips of a couple of climbing parties. Most subsequent years saw at least one trail clearing trip on the schedule- Joker Lakes, Paupo Basin, Enterprise Creek, Drinnon Lake, but the turnout has decreased over the years.

There have also been many KMC letters written to request improved access into the mountains, with some eventual successes being the Woodbury Creek bridge (both in the 60's and the 80's), the Keen Creek bridges and the removal of the gates on the little Slocan Road.

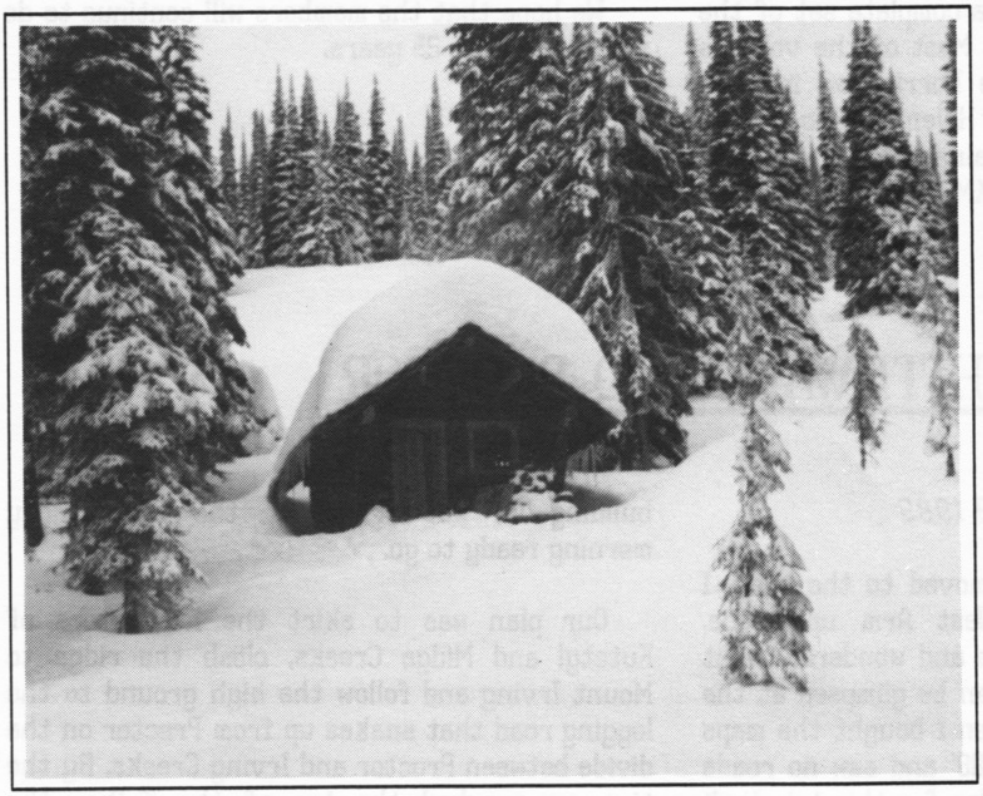
When the Club began there were many enthusiasts but few climbers. An informal Wednesday evening Rock School at the Kinnaird Bluffs proved popular and has evolved over the years into the present mountaineering course of lectures, rock climbing evenings and a day and weekend course of snow and glacier travel at Ymir Mt. and Glacier Creek, access permitting. Tape waist slings have given way to standard issue harnesses and hard hats, but the same query still is heard - where do all the students go after they complete the course?

It was expected that some of these enthusiasts might occasionally get lost or hurt and, soon after the formation of the Kootenay Section, an active Mountain Rescue group started training and continued for about ten years. although it was called out on a few occasions, enthusiasm flagged and it was disbanded in 1977.

In 1969, Club members took on the

responsibility of recording data from the snow survey course near the top of Old Glory in order to continue the long record kept by the former Weather Station there. This involved monthly trips from January to May - the early and late trips being made more interesting by lack of daylight, or of snow. In 1975 this course was moved to the more accessible Record Ridge, although Old Glory was also surveyed until 1983.

Since members spend, or dream of spending so much time in the backcountry it was natural that the Club has become involved in many conservation issues, local and provincial, over the years. The protection of Kokanee Park has been an ongoing struggle. The early protests against the downgrading of the Park to Class B to allow mineral exploration / exploitation were repeated against certain provisions of the Park Master Plan in 1987. At present, the Park core is Class A and secure, but undoubtedly the struggle will continue in the adjacent Recreation Areas.



Grassy Mt. Hut

The KMC was the first organization to work for the creation of a park in the Valhallas, with its brief to the Provincial Government in 1970. It continued to lobby for this over the years, to support the Valhalla Wilderness Society and to be involved in the Valhalla Park Master Plan process in1987.

Fifteen years ago, when the Fry Creek drainage was threatened by logging, the KMC prepared a brief on Fry Creek and the Purcell Wilderness Conservancy, which is now in the midst of a Master Plan process. Once again, the KMC is involved with other groups in trying to preserve these areas.

Numerous other letters have been written to voice members protests against the short-term gain philosophy of some government bodies and businesses, and submissions on both Kokanee and the Purcells were sent to the Wilderness Advisory Committee during its hearings in 1985/1986.

There is also involvement in other provincial conservation and land use issues through KMC's membership since 1975 in the Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C. Although we at times feel far removed from this Coast-dominated body, it is becoming an important and respected voice in the province and stronger ties are looked for.

Of course we KMC'ers get together not only in the mountains but at semi-annual dinners (how else to get a quorum for an A.G.M.?), for evenings of slides and various other excuses for a party. Club members have shared their travels

and exploits in many mountainous parts of the world - Nepal, Peru, the Haute Route, the Coast Range and other exotic places - and guests such as Hans Gmoser, Doug Scott, Gaston Rebuffat (such a flurry of bilingual correspondence in 1966), Pat Morrow, Jon Jones, John Roskelley and others have entertained members and many others in the community.

Through the years the KOOTENAY KARABINER has recorded most of these activities. The semi-annual journal become annual in 1970, and a monthly Newsletter was added. The Club is also very fortunate to possess a complete set of the CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL. Most of the volumes were the gift of Dr. Anne Norrington in 1964, with others contributed by Helen Butling. These, with a few dozen mountaineering books and related items, make up the KMC library.

What is missing from this account is the most important item, the names of the many, many individuals who have worked hard over the years to make everything happen. They have led trips, organized camps, kept the finances in order, ruled over unruly meetings, edited the Karabiner and Newsletter, written briefs and letters, built huts, cleared trails, shown slides, tied students up in knots at the bluffs and thrown them down crevasses in the Truce Glacier, some for a season or two and others for more years than they care to remember.

We hope that the members will continue to do so for the next 25 years.

Sue Port

WHITEWATER TO PROCTOR

April 10 - 13 1989

In the years since we moved to the area, I had looked across the West Arm up Lasca, Harrop, and Narrows Creeks and wondered, What is behind the peaks that can be glimpsed at the heads of those creeks? When I bought the maps for the area in the fall of 88' and saw no roads and only a few trails, the idea for this trip took hold. The knowledge that logging was coming to those far drainages solidified my resolve.

Parts of the route have been done from Whitewater, notably Fred Thiessen's trip from the ski area down Harrop Creek in the mid - 70's. Would the whole route go? "Something usually turns up when you get there " advised Fred.

Two of Whitewater's lift operators, Harold Pendergast and Tom Shaman were anxious for an "adventure". As we neared the last day of the hill's operation, the Castlegar weather office confirmed that a period of good weather was building in; we arrived at the hill Monday morning ready to go.

Our plan was to skirt the headwaters of Kutetyl and Midge Creeks, climb the ridge to Mount Irving and follow the high ground to the logging road that snakes up from Proctor on the divide between Proctor and Irving Creeks. By the time we reached the top of the T-Bar, the blustery winds at the lodge had picked up considerably. As we crossed 5-mile basin behind Whitewater, the windblasted crust and the 60 KPH headwinds heightened the magnitude of the task ahead. Was this what we could expect?

Top of the ridge, skins off, and we slither down into Kutetyl; 100m below the ridge and you could hear a pin drop. Strong early heating on the south face had created updrafts and it was actually hot now.

This was to be our shortest day, 5 hours from the Whitewater Lodge to the cabin (a fine

log structure built by local ski tourers/hikers in the early eighties). Tom and Harold elected to explore while I spread out my sleeping bag for a nap. Later, we voiced heartfelt appreciation to the builders of the cabin as we prepared dinner and dried out our gear by the woodstove.

Despite our good intentions and an early rise, we didn't leave the cabin until 7 a.m.. Adjusting our packs (why does the least you carry still feel like too much?), we set off on a series of ridge to ridge traverses. By 12.30 we were looking



Bonington Range

across the day's last valley to Mount Lasca. After lunch, rather than drop down the steep slope below us, we decided to try a ridge walk to the col at the base of Mount Lasca's S.W. ridge.

This would involve climbing two minor peaks, the windrows and snow conditions (snow freezing to our skins) on the first peak made a traverse below the second peak look a more likely alternative. But only just, we spaced out and moved quickly across the 35 degree slope, hiding behind trees as we spotted for each other. Twenty minutes later, a big sigh of relief, only 30 more minutes to camp on the long S.E. ridge of Mt. Lasca. Tom and I cut a bivy slot in the snow which we covered with a tent fly at bedtime. Harold trenched a spot for his one man tent and then joined us for dinner.

Next morning, it was a quick breakfast and off again. We crossed a pass to the slopes above Mill Lake by 9 AM.. The terrain above the lake mellowed out into a series of "trails" through the bush that took us over two small lakes tucked into the hillside, we were back into the Midge Creek headwaters 30 minutes later. We could see our next "problem" through the trees, 3 kilometers to the east, so heads down and go "tip to tua, tip to tua" was Harold's mantra. By 1:30, we were looking at a nasty headwall. We opted for the scanty protection of the trees at the north end of the ridgeline and sweated up in the full afternoon sun. We topped off our day with a traverse under the peak with some "unsettling" wet snow settlement to spice things up.

It was obvious as we skied into our campsite that our mapped route was not going to go at all. It's a technical snow route on the visible side with who-knows-what on the other side. We skied over to the pass into Narrows Creek and looked...down! About 100m down and, well, only 30 degrees by the inclinometer. We turned and looked across the valley at the headwall we would have to climb (on rock-hard sun slab) next morning and settled on the couloir.

Next morning, (in noticeably warmer weather),

I plunge stepped to the base of the couloir and watched from a safe vantage while Harold made a valiant effort at skiing the crusty, variable snow. Tom followed down on foot. By 9 AM we had traversed around the crux and were ready to start the long climb to the peak of Mt. Irving. Shortly thereafter, the south and east faces in Narrows Creek started rumbling with avalanches. We were happy to be going up.

As we sat in the sun on Mt. Irving, we could see across to Ymir Mt., we still had 10k to go but it was downhill from here. Two hours later, Tom and I stopped to melt snow for water and ice Tom's knee; Harold bombed the ridge without stopping, reaching Proctor about an hour ahead of us. The long ridge above Proctor is narrow and very steep on both sides. By this time, it was a grunt, slogging through wet snow, side-stepping down 5m drops in the ridge; it was a relief to reach the end. The rest of the trip was a series of kick-turn traverses through open forest to 5700' where we hooked up with the road.

Thanks to consolidation of the track by snowmobiles, we skied to within a 1/2 hour of the lake. Harold met us in Proctor with a big bottle of Tonic Water just after 6PM. Along day, and a great trip!

Bill Bryce

Mt. JOFFRE

Finally

July 14th - 17th

Mt Joffre first appeared on the KMC Trip Schedule as a ski touring trip in 1985. Peter and I were sick and didn't leave Rossland but Gary Staples and a friend from Calgary did the peak in perfect weather, on the Easter weekend.

Not to be outdone, the Mt. Joffre trip appeared on the Trip Schedule again in 1986. Peter, Armin and I successfully drove to the parking lot at Kananaskis Lakes and sat in the car in the pouring rain for a few hours before abandoning the trip. Another Easter weekend shot!

So, once again Mt. Joffre was planned for 1987, Easter saw a strong party of Fred, Bert, Peter, the apprentice Tom and myself head for the Kananaskis. Initially the trip was successful in that we left the parking lot on skis. We skied across the lake, through the bush to Hidden Lake, and then followed the line of the summer route up the side of Mt. Sarrail heading for Aster Lake. We camped below Aster Lake, then made it to Aster Lake in bad weather. This was as far as we got before abandoning the trip, in deep fresh snow.

For some reason I can't really recall, Mt. Joffre didn't appear on the 1988 schedule, but it was not forgotten!

On the July 14th weekend Peter and I drove to Elk Lakes Provincial Park for another attempt on Mt. Joffre from the south Elk Lakes Park is an incredibly beautiful little park with everything, mountains, waterfalls, lakes, icefalls, flowers, and fossils, well worthy of a club trip.

On the Saturday we hiked past lower and upper Elk Lake, past the Potain Waterfalls and Castlenau icefall, up a real grunt of a headwall to a camp in some meadows below the Petain Glacier.

The next day we managed to lose each other for about 1 1/2 hours in clouds and eventually found each other (Dr Livingstone I presume!)

below Mt. Petain at the toe of the Petain glacier. We headed up the glacier in mixed but improving weather to the col between Mt. Petain and the N.E. ridge of Mt. Joffre. The guidebook described the N.E. ridge as having loose rock and it didn't look too appetizing. Looking over the col we saw a possible route starting up another small glacier only about 10 minutes from the col so we went and had a look.

The route looked good so we followed a steep snowslope and snowridge back to the N. E. ridge where there was a few hundred feet of easy rock, a short stretch of narrow rock ridge and then the N. summit of Joffre. The last few hundred feet to the main summit was straightforward and surprisingly a nice rock summit. By that time the clouds were building up but we could look down on the Limestone Lakes area where a KMC hiking camp was held a couple of years ago. Then it started thundering and the clouds were black but fortunately no lightning so we headed back down the same route to our camp, and out the next day.

It took us four years to reach the summit of Mt. Joffre but it was worth the wait.

Ken Holmes

THE ICEBERG

Pond Inlet, Baffin Island November 11 1989.

Out on the frozen expanse in front of Pond Inlet is an iceberg which has drifted down Lancaster Sound from the Arctic pack ice and was arrested here for the winter. This berg is significant because not only is it the sole relief on the otherwise flat 30 km stretch between Pond Inlet and Bylot Island, but also, and more importantly, it is composed of ice that is, according to local wisdom, thousands of years old and that provides the purest drinking water imaginable.

Wishing to celebrate the long Remembrance Day weekend and to get some ice for drinking water, eight of us decided to profit from the exceptionally mild weather (only -20 C.) to mount a small expedition to the Iceberg. since the enthusiasts in the party insisted on an early start to take advantage of all available daylight, we assembled before sunrise, which occurred ten minutes later at 11.45 am (this is 8 degrees above the Arctic circle).

Our half-dozen snowmobiles alternately growled or wailed as we ground through sections of jumbled blocks and large flat expanses; after only one stop to replace faulty spark plugs and warm frozen faces, we arrived, twenty minutes later, at the base of the mountain.

The practical members of the party immediately began mining large chunks of ice with prybars and ice picks from the vertical face of the berg. We mountaineers how ever had more ethereal ambitions and began a coordinated assault on the peak. A reconnaissance party explored a long traverse up to a saddle to the east, while several adventuresome climbers tackled the more exposed south ridge. In a few exciting moments it was discovered that Army Surplus Arctic felt-lined boots, although warm, have less traction than kamiks, the traditional hand-sewn caribou boots. All of the party, fortunately, eventually attained the summit, a full 20 m above the sea level.

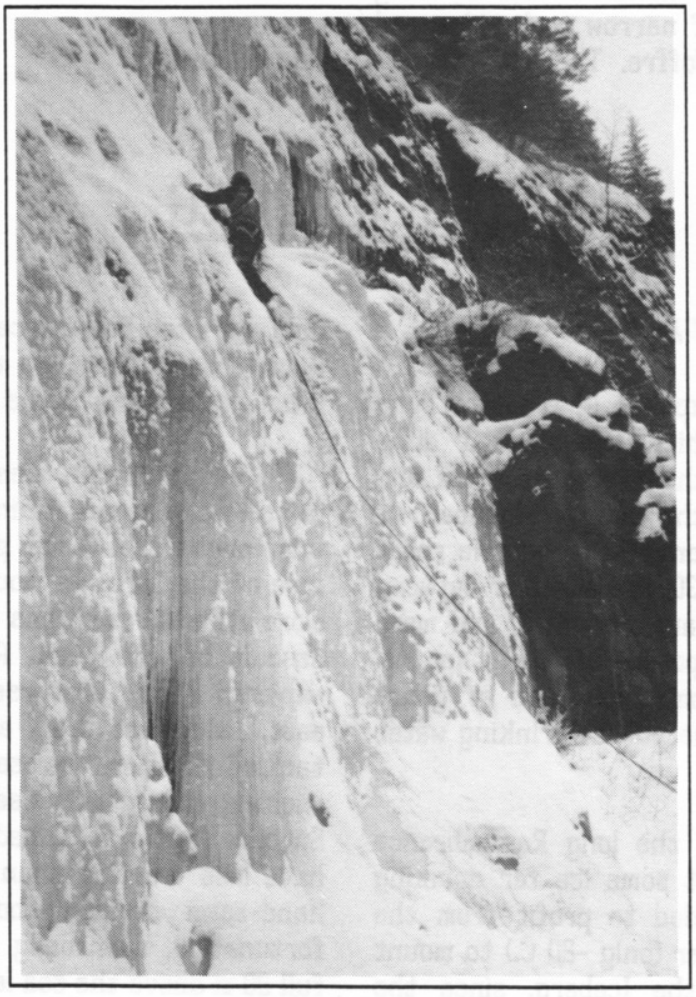
After a half-hour of viewing and picture taking and admiring the sun, a dull red blur barely above the horizon. We downclimbed back to base camp, scoffed our cocoa at sunset, and rocketed home in the beginning twilight. A full moon glowed as we reached town, just before 2 pm. Another great day of Arctic adventure.

Carl Jorgenson

EXTRA LITE

After an ascent of Curtain Call (grade 5), and a solo of Weeping Wall left (grade 4), a casual day of route scoping would be called for. Early in the afternoon of my rest day, I found myself soloing a grade 3 waterfall in Field B.C.

Twenty feet up the first pitch I notice that the Grivel hyperblade pick my best friend Eric so generously traded me, was missing about an inch off the end. Doesn't work so great now, with that piece a few axeholes below me. Oh well, "life's a bitch and then you die", but now I climb! I always climb with a third ice tool, ready in case I break one. I dug for my trusty Stubia and holstered the broken axe.



Finishing the first pitch, I stepped up snow for a hundred feet, climbed 70 meters of 45 degree ice and then followed 600 feet of snow to the base of what I had decided was the final tier of ice. The fall flowed down the vertical wall above me on the left, and it was obvious that I could descend down the other side to regain the main gulley.

Soloing up a section of 80 degree ice felt quite steep considering my position. Almost finished the first steep section, I noticed my other Grivel Hyperblade was not penetrating the ice as it usually does. Sure enough, upon closer inspection, I found that the pick was shorter now, and missing some critical teeth. The really good thing about it was that I had a pair of broken Grivels - they matched and looked great together. The really bad thing was that I had another 100 feet of steep ice to go with one unbroken tool. It was interesting to find that a broken axe will dig a very secure hole that you can hook on - as long as you pull straight down.

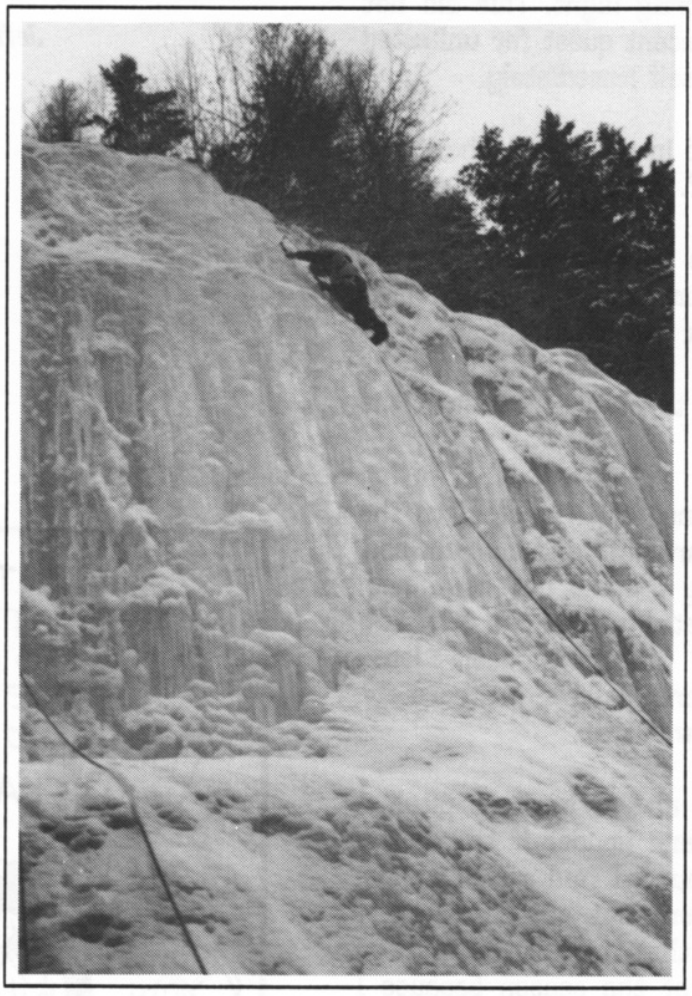
I want to be down from here in a big way. It has gone far beyond a "rest day fun solo". I choose the steeper ice on the left so that I can climb next to the rock and hopefully do some stemming. Not while soloing, the rock is very rotten, so I adrenalize my way up the final 85 degree pillar of brittle ice.

Pausing on a snow slope above the pitch, I wonder about life for a moment. I can see there is only 75 feet to go to reach the top of this wall. The headwall is steep snow, then turns to snow and verglas covered rock at the top.

I find myself in a straining highstep on a frozen rock and the other foot in bottomless snow in a steep moat. Pulling up on a quarter inch thick twig and my Stubia in a half inch of

frozen dirt, I tell myself it will work. It does. I am now on narrow sloping holds, incredibly exposed, and very committed.

Traversing, I get myself into a really awkward move that I knew wouldn't work, so I reversed it. Steep over here but bigger holds, so long as they stay frozen in place. How strong are these frozen but otherwise loose rocks, is one of the many questions that race through my mind. Don't shake that foot or you will be talus food/ Pull off the overmitts with the teeth. My hands go numb and I have to blow on them to be able to feel the rock during the next move.



During the last twenty minutes, clouds have rolled in and it's begun to snow. It is amazing how fast it can get dark when it clouds over as the sun sets. This is it I thought! My headlamp is in my pack, there is no place to stand to dig it out, and no way to get any kind of axe placements or protection in.

I stopped moving, as frozen in place as the rocks I was grasping on to, and it seemed as though this was as far as I was going to get. I was on a half inch edge with my left hand, pinching a downsloping frozen knob, and my right frontpoints balanced on a small incut ledge. I can't do this I thought, I will loose it.

Below me was a long steep face that was trying to pull me into it's dark depths. Laybacking a narrow edge, I highstep into some snow, only to find smooth rock underneath it. What does everyone else do here, I thought? A belay would help I suppose. Fifteen very scary moves later, I reached a flat ledge with some trees.

I have been vividly reminded that everything can go surprisingly wrong on an easy climb, and if you happen to be soloing, your situation can run out of control very fast. Without the experience of many similar situations while climbing roped with a partner, one could easily suffer undesirable consequences.

It felt like an eternity since I had been on level ground, safe from gravity. Finally, I was able to get my headlamp out of my pack. Peering down the other side of the wall was not encouraging. It was completely vertical, and I could not see the main gulley through the inky darkness.

Traversing over some snow covered loose rock to a tree, I set up a rappel. Two 7mm ropes dangle vertically in knots as I start down. Before going over the lip, I tie myself off and straighten them all out.

After 100 feet of vertical rappelling I reach an overhang. When I set my foot against it, the entire overhang and all the rocks below it blast off into the darkness. There is one loose rock sticking out that I try to knock off, in fear that when I descend past it, it might ruin the wonderful

evening that I'm having.

On a steep snowy ledge, it was impossible to tell how high I was above the gulley since my headlamp was dead. I blindly searched my pack for a spare battery,, only to find that it would not stay on because of an internally loose connector. I felt grateful that I eventually got it working, as this would be a terrible place to biviouac.

Now, the evening's destination depended on the pull of the rope. I pulled about twenty meters in and then it stopped. I yelled a few obscenities into the stormy night. This did not help. I returned to my recent quest for unlimited patience, and calmed myself immediately.

The rope was wedged in the notch where the overhang had fallen off. I began to wonder why this was all happening to me. Twenty minutes later, with some gentle perseverance, I finally freed it. I traversed some steep half inch thick ice with a foot of snow behind it, formed from dripping icicles above. I hooked along these plates until I was able to step across into the main gulley.

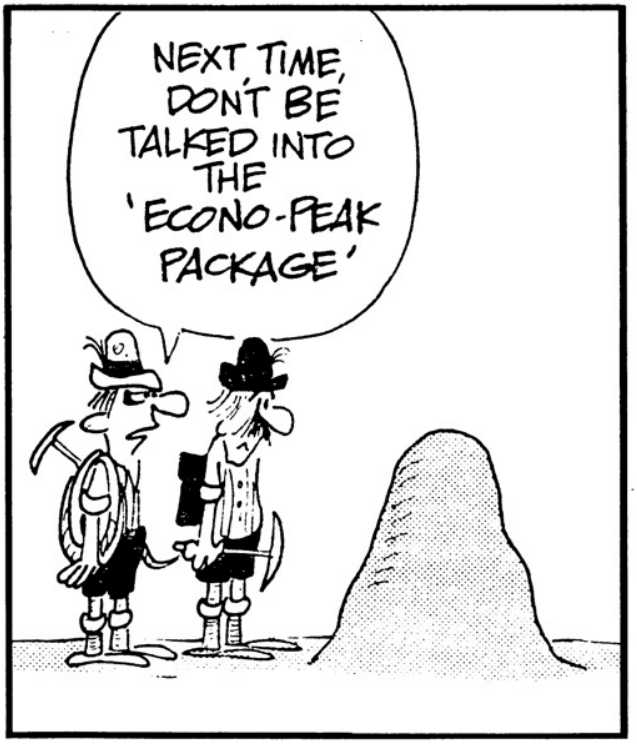
Exhausted, I cramponed my way down to the 45 degree ice where I turned in and downclimbed. I knew that technically I would get down now, but I also realized that I was like a pin in a bowling alley, and if anything came loose anywhere above me, there would be nowhere for it to go, but straight down at me.

Clipping into a tree above the first pitch, I set up another rappel and wonder if the double ropes will reach the ground. I find myself at the end of the rope, fifteen feet off the deck. I can't help to think that my climbs will go smoothly for the rest of the season because I must have exhausted all my bad luck on this one. Stemming on overhanging rock wall and using one tool, I downclimb to the ground and pull the rope.

It is midnight, so I pack up all my gear, including the ice tool I found at the bottom of the climb earlier. Little did I know, I could have really used it up there. I make my way down the long snow slope to the valley bottom and through the trees. Just as I arrive at the railway tracks, a 300 car train rolls by, so I wait.

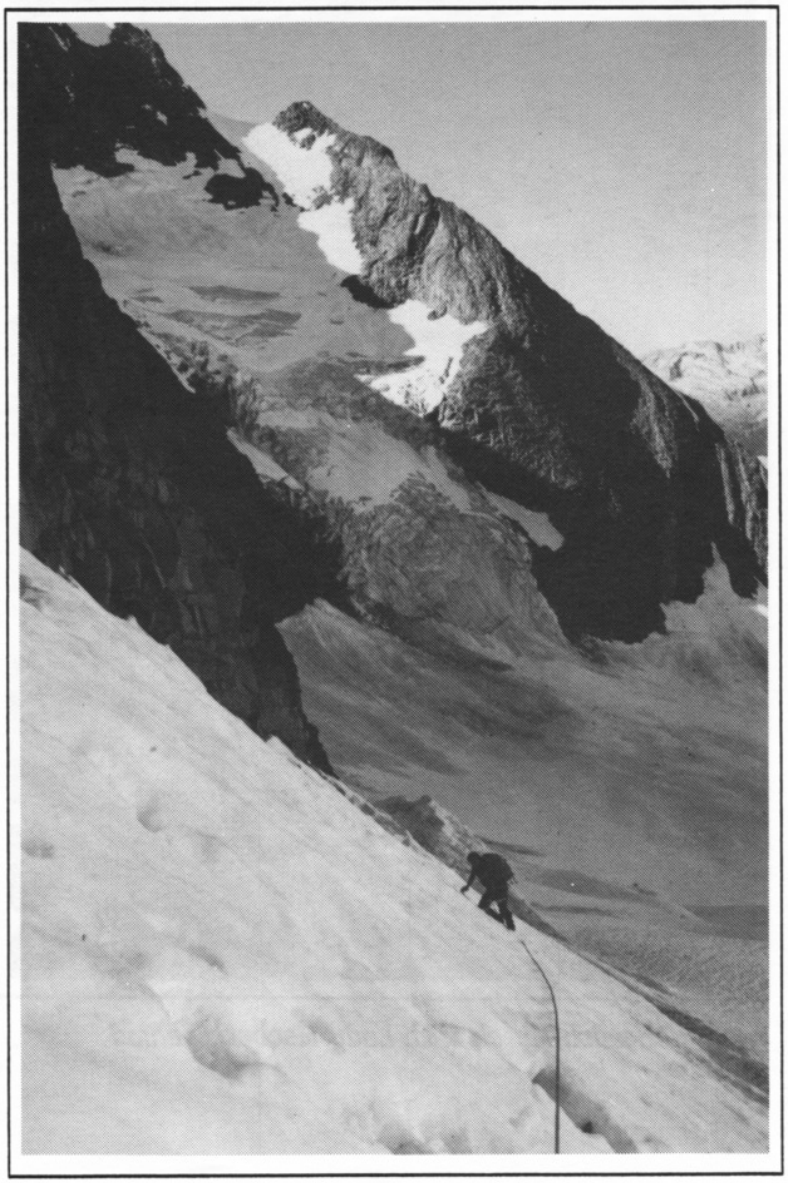
Later, I feel very relieved to be back at the car, very glad this whole ordeal is over. As I drive towards Banff, I notice that it's not likely I will make it on the fuel I have, and so I stop at a 24 hour gas station. It is closed.

Jeff Lakes



LADY MACBETH. East Ridge

The promise of a new route, on sun warmed granite, in an area that I hadn't visited before was enough for me to drop everything I was doing and join Hamish in the Macbeth area of the purcells.



North Ridge Mt. Macbeth

We bushwhacked into the drainage that separates Mt. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth on the north in less than two hours, thanks to some forestry types who had dropped a good sized tree across the river. Camp was set up on the gravel flats just below the glacier with excellent views to the east of the Jumbo-Karnak massif. So far so good.

First light next morning, found us picking our way through the glacier beneath the north ridge of Lady Macbeth. This proved to be more fun than we had planned for. In an effort to save weight we had made a decision to leave our crampons in the car, after all it was summer and all the snow would be soft, at least that's what it looked like from the road. Besides, this was a rock climb. Remembering what Yvon had said in one of his books about substituting skill with an axe for a kilo of crampons, we proceeded to cut several hundred steps in the bare glacier ice. Next trip I believe it would be easier to carry the kilo! An easy traverse under the east ridge brought us to a suitable spot to gain the ridge.

One problem. Where was the granite? Hamish assured me it was here somewhere, at least he thought it should be. Apparently he had climbed Mt. Macbeth several years earlier and was certain it was granite. I pointed out to him most politely that A) this was Lady Macbeth and B) the rock was decidedly not granitic. It did look climbable though.

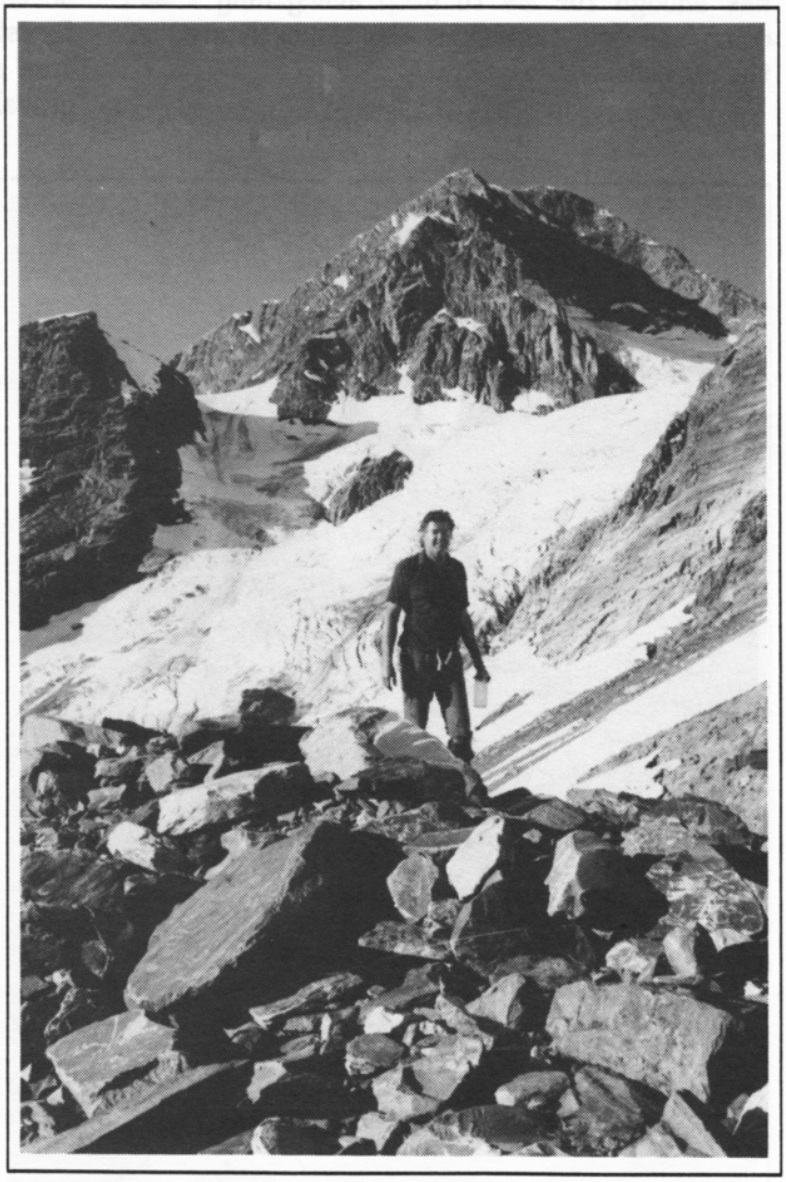
The day was beautiful even if the rock wasn't granite and we progressed up the ridge at a leisurely pace. The

climb followed the crest of the east ridge directly to the summit. The route consisted of third and fourth class scrambling interspersed with four roped pitches, the difficulty not exceeding 5.6. On reaching the summit we paused for refreshments and to take in the panorama to the north, with the massive west face of the Howsers dominating the horizon. The summit register appeared to be from the original ascent in 1969 and our entry was to become the second.

Guess where the granite was? The descent route followed the west ridge to the col separating the Macbeth's and consisted of huge blocks of granite. It proved that Hamish was not as senile as I was begining to believe. Easy downclimbing to the col and then a combination of downclimbing and rappelling brought us back to our beloved glacier. Apart from putting one foot into a bottomless crevasse and doing our first rappel from an ice bollard, the rest was uneventful.

The first ascent of the East Ridge of Mt. Lady Macbeth on July 22, 1989, by Doug Hogg and Hamish Mutch. Return 10.5 hours from camp on gravel flats.

Doug Hogg



Hamish Mutch with Lady Macbeth behind

BICYCLING THE BANFF - JASPER HIGHWAY

Bicycling one of Canada's most popular bicycle routes isn't mountaineering but it is in the mountains., and spectacular ones at that. I also think the editor needed copy.

My July 1st trip to Rogers Pass was looking more and more like another rainy long weekend in Rogers Pass so I cancelled and joined Pat and Linda for a bike tour from Jasper to Banff, since it was dryer east of the Rockies. Well it rained in Rogers Pass and barely rained on us, as it turned out.

To make the logistics work we bused to Jasper from Banff on friday, arriving in a cloudburst. We put ourselves together, took refuge in the A&W, then cycled to the first campground south of Jasper where we had a late dinner in the picnic shelter.

Saturday dawned OK, we didn't need the shelter for breakfast but it looked ominous. It didn't rain, but remained cool for the ride to Sunwapta Pass. Ascending Sunwapta Pass was anything but cool, the 3 km before the hill were into a strong headwind then came the hill. What a grind, all I could think of while cranking away in low range was a cold beer. The Hotel cafeteria at the pass didn't sell any so I had to make do with yogurt, oh sigh. If the truth be known, when we stopped, it was cold and windy. The stories of snow the previous night killed any enthusiasm we had for camping on top so we carried on to the Cirrus Camp-ground. This was a long day and my lack of fitness had left me rather tired. Dinner and brandy revived us but we still went to bed around 2100 hrs. Then at 2300 hrs, from a sound sleep, the fee collector wanted his money, how rude. This was a bit fortuitous as we were able to remind him that our U of C neighbours were a bit noisy, which he spoke to them about.

As we left the next morning Pat had his revenge by cycling through their camp at 06:00 for several passes of continual bell ringing. From Cirrus to Saskatchewan Crossing it was more or less flat. We stopped here to fortify for the next up, Bow P ass, which I thought was worse than Sunwapta. From the north it was steep, and appeared to go on forever, I thought my legs were going to fall off. Pat of course was fully rested by the time I showed up at the Pass, so he wanted to go to the Peyto viewpoint for lunch.

So we did, by now I thought my kneecaps were going to pop out. Well my legs didn't fall off, my kneecaps stayed in and we had a nice lunch. Still hungry we cycled a few more km for a second snack at Num-te-jah lodge. After this snack we carried on to Lake Louise were we found a campsite ok, but no beer, it was Sunday. We overcame this obstacle by pretending to be hotel guests in a hotel lounge (it had a guests only sign). After another blissful sleep we awoke to the possibility of sunshine.

The final 50 km to Banff was most enjoyable, the Bow Parkway starts right at Lake Louise and provides a pleasant low traffic alternative to Highway one. With stops at every interpretive sign and a hike up Johnstone Canyon we had a pleasant tour to Banff.

This is a fabulous bike tour and its easy to understand its popularity. Interestingly enough its not popular with tourists until about July 6th or so, the traffic was light, with few bikers. The scenery doesn't stop and the roads are good. Groceries are fairly limited but there are 4 cafeterias, only Saskatchewan Crossing has a store. Although we went Jasper - Banff , I believe you gain less vertical if you go Banff to Jasper. Parks Canada has a brochure on this route where they show all the hills with the vertical elevations, just what we want to know at the base of any hill.

Pat Taddy, Linda Alice, and Fred Thiessen

ALPINE SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT

Why use alpine touring equipment?

Telemark gear feels great on the uphill; it's comfortable and light, and therefore saves energy. But, unless you are an expert telemarker in any snow conditions, that energy you saved is quickly lost fighting your way downhill. Falls drain you of energy, especially when carrying a heavy pack. Alpine touring equipment allows you to ski with more control in difficult snow conditions and, lets face it, 99% of ski touring is in difficult snow which can vary from extreme to extreme. (Try Mt. Brennan's 6000 ft vertical in spring to see what I mean).



Having said all this, both types of equipment have their use and their place, depending on what type of skier you are.

My skiing is such that I need all the help I can get, and as a result, I have become an equipment "nut" trying to find the ultimate gear.

What I have found is that there is no ideal solution. It is possible to make many expensive mistakes, or even one expensive mistake, which can cause frustration and loss of enjoyment while you fight your equipment. To the point where enough is enough.

So, back to the question posed at the beginning. Why use alpine touring equipment?

1) It gives more downhill control to the average skier.
2) More control means less risk of an accident and this can be crucial when miles or days from help.
3) Alpine touring equipment can now weigh less than some telemark gear.
4) Alpine touring bindings RELEASE in a fall.

Have you noticed how some of the heavier telemark gear is now resembling downhill equipment of about 15 years ago? The sturdiest Merrell telemark boot has a plastic cuff and weighs in at 3.2 kg/pr. The Dynafit alpine ski touring boot weighs 2.8 kg/pr (size 9's). This latest Merrell telemark boot looks almost the same as a Galibier ski mountaineering boot sold in the early 70's.

The Tua Tele Savage is 80 mm wide at the tip and weighs 2.8 kg/pr (190 cm). The Fisher Ultra Air alpine touring ski is 88mm wide at the tip and weighs 2:7 kg/pr.

One criticism which could be expressed here, is that the heaviest telemark gear is being compared with the lightest alpine touring gear. This is true, but it is also the trend. Telemarkers are moving to heavier equipment in order to gain more stability and control and alpine touring aficionados are seeking the lightest possible equipment.

To be fair to both, the range of weights should be given. Lightweight telemark skis, boots and bindings can weigh as little as 4.1 kg and vary up to about 6.8 kg. (or 9lbs to 15 lbs). Alpine touring equipment can vary from 7.4 kg to 10 kg. (or 161/4 lb to 22 lb).

Alpine touring bindings will never weigh as little as telemark bindings. A cable type telemark binding weighs 0.6 kg. Alpine touring bindings weigh 1.9 to 2.5 kg. Therefore, this additional weight is the penalty paid for safety and control.

Next question. What is the best alpine touring equipment to buy?

Answer; there is no "best" Believe me, I've been searching for it.

What features constitute "the best ski"?

1) Lightness
2) Durability
3) Must ski any type of snow well

Almost all European ski manufacturers make an alpine touring ski and generally they are designed for the type of touring conditions mostly found in Europe in the Spring i.e. ice, corn snow, and slush. Generally they are made to be skied at a length equivalent to body height or slightly shorter.

Unfortunately, this does not make most European touring ski's ideal for Western Canada ski touring conditions.

Often they are short and stiff and fantastic on ice and hard snow but not so good in cement, heavy powder and crud.

Since any ski is going to be a compromise, it pays to choose a ski which gives you the most help where you need it. For example if you hate ice, choose something like the Fisher Ultra Air Tour which is excellent on ice and hard pack. If you have trouble in cement and crud but can't mind ice, choose a soft ski like the Tua Sulphur. Tua are probably the only touring ski designed to suit Western Canada soft snow conditions, . This is because Chounaird advised Tua on the requirements for the Rockies and Western States. Sometimes a European ski designed for powder performs excellently in cement and cruddy conditions e.g. The Blizzard Powder.

What about Buyers Guides?

There was an article published by "Powder" Magazine in 1984 and one by "Climber" in 1988, which compares some, but not all, Alpine Touring skis, boots and bindings.

Can you believe these comparative tests?

I think the answer is to treat them with caution. They should be conducted by a number of skiers as the "Powder" tests. Unfortunately they are usually all expert skiers and have their own biases, . Neither report covers all skis in the market.

IF POSSIBLE TRY BEFORE YOU BUY!

For example, I love my Tua Sulphurs in crud and think they are by far the best skis I've tried in these conditions. My son Andrew who is a far better and aggressive skier than me, hates them. There is only 2 inches difference in our heights and 15lb in our weight so it has to do with skiing style and ability.

How can you try before you buy?

This is a real problem, since few ski shops carry touring skis, never mind having demos. However, the price of equipment is now so exorbitant that we should find a way.

What I would suggest is that perhaps we should use the club newsletter to let people know who has what equipment and is willing to lend it out for trial. I know that the following exist in the club:

Approx weight per 180cm in kg

Fisher Ultra Air	2.7
Tua Sulphur	3.4
Tua Excalibur	3.0
Blizzard Powder	2.9
Dynastar Yeti	2.9
Salewa Tour	2.9
Kastle Tour Randonnee	2.95

Others on the market, but not necessarily available in North America.

Blizzard Alpine Extreme	2.5
Blizzard Alpine Tour	2.9
Fisher Alpine Tour	3.0
Dynamic Mountaineering	2.8
Atomic Alpine Tour	3.05
Volkl	?
Rossignol Nepal	2.9

The selection of touring skis locally available is sparse and not many stores stock them. The availability of touring bindings is much greater. Almost all bindings sold in Europe are also sold in Western Canada.

As with skis, there are a variety of styles, release mechanisms, hold-down methods, heel lifts, and weights. Also there is no ideal!

What are we looking for in a good touring binding?

Lightweight
Durable
Predictable release with setting indicator
Built in heel lift
Pole actuated hold down
Spring return plate
Accept lug soled boots

Unfortunately, there is no single binding with all the best characteristics, so once again choice has to be a compromise. Few are available with brakes and not all meet DIN safety standards.

What is available?

Approx Weight/Pair (kg)

Tyrolia TRB	2.0
Emery	2.0
Silvretta 300, 400, 404	?
Fritchi	2.5
Ramer	?
Secura	2.5
Salewa, Petzl, Vinersa	?



Available used but no longer made.

Marker M Tour	?
Marker Rotomat Tour	?
Iser	2.0

Don't believe catalogue weights. e.g, the secura is listed at 1.96 kg. and actually weighs about 2.5 kg.

Release mechanisms vary considerably. For example the Secura and Fritchi all have release from the heel, and are plate type bindings. The Silvretta 404 has side release at the heel and a separate forward release. All 3 have wire bales holding the toe of the boot.

The Tyrolia TRB is most like a downhill binding with step in features and good release settings. Those owned by club members that I know of are:

Tyrolias
Emery
Silvretta 400
Fritchi
Ramer
Iser

The technical details of each vary considerably and would take too long to describe in detail. Most people are not interested in details but in function, weight and durability. When considering weight,

think also of durability. If a binding is not durable you have to carry a repair kit with spares and the combined weight of a less durable lightweight binding with spare parts, can be heavier than a heavy binding and no spare parts.

The Secura is one of the heaviest bindings but has excellent release and is "bomb-proof". The Iser and Emery are lighter but I would not venture too far without carrying some spare parts, preferably a complete spare binding.

The Tyrolia could be difficult to fix if anything major broke, but no spares are available. However, it is probably the most convenient binding to use.

Some bindings allow more snow to build up than others, for example, some have a gap between a plate and the ski. The weight of heavy wet snow which can accumulate adds considerably to the overall weight. With others the plate is flush with the ski and this problem does not happen.

Ease of resetting after a release fall is important, especially if it has to be done with frozen fingers. e.g, the Iser, the Marker heel "blows apart" in a forward release and the springs have to be replaced.

With the Secura, Fritchi, Ramer or Salewa the plate comes off with the boot in a fall. This then has to be removed from the boot and replaced on the ski.

The Tyrolia and Emery reset themselves which is a major plus. Other miscellaneous points to consider are:

Bindings where the boot has to be taken out of the binding to change from uphill to downhill mode are a pain. The Iser and the Petzl fall into this category.

A spring loaded plate is a definite advantage when doing kick turns.

SKI MOUNTAINEERING BOOTS

Most downhill boot manufacturers make a ski mountaineering boot. Few are available in North America and there is a range of characteristics.

What are we looking for in a good boot:

Lightweight
Warm
Lugsole
Comfortable for uphill
Good control and support for downhill
Few buckles, abrasion resistant
Inner suitable for a hut boot
Easy to change from flexible cuff for uphill to firm forward lean position for downhill.

What is available in Western Canada or U.S.

Dynafit Tourliste
Raichle Nanga Parbat
Dachstein
Koflach Albona
Kastinger Messner
Hanwag



Others made but not available here:

Koflach Valluga
San Marco
Dolomite

Those owned by club members that I know of are:

Raichle Nanga Parbat
Dynafit Tourlite
Kastinger Messner
Koflach Valluga
Hanwag

Lightweight ski boots generally do not ski as well as the heavier boots.

The Raichle Nanga Parbat is one of the heaviest and skis like a regular downhill boot. It has four forward lean positions.

The Dynafit Tourlite skis very well and is the lightest boot. It has a detachable forward lean piece which can get lost. If you like yellow and white then the Koflach Albona and Dachstein should be your choice.

Some of the older ski mountaineering boots are very mushy for downhill skiing and are not recommended unless they're a gift.

Prices are high, with the most expensive costing more than some of the best downhill boots. e.g, $500. If you are happy using regular downhill boots you should generally be prepared to carry about 1.5kg more than the lightest ski mountaineering boot. There are some exceptions, such as the Salomon SX71 which is only about 0.5kg heavier than the Dynafit. Unfortunately a regular ski boot is a real disadvantage if you have any climbing or walking to do.

Where does all this lead us?

There is a wide choice of equipment
It is all expensive
It all has it's good and bad points
Try before you buy.

Ken Holmes

HIKING CAMP '89

WILDCAT CREEK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

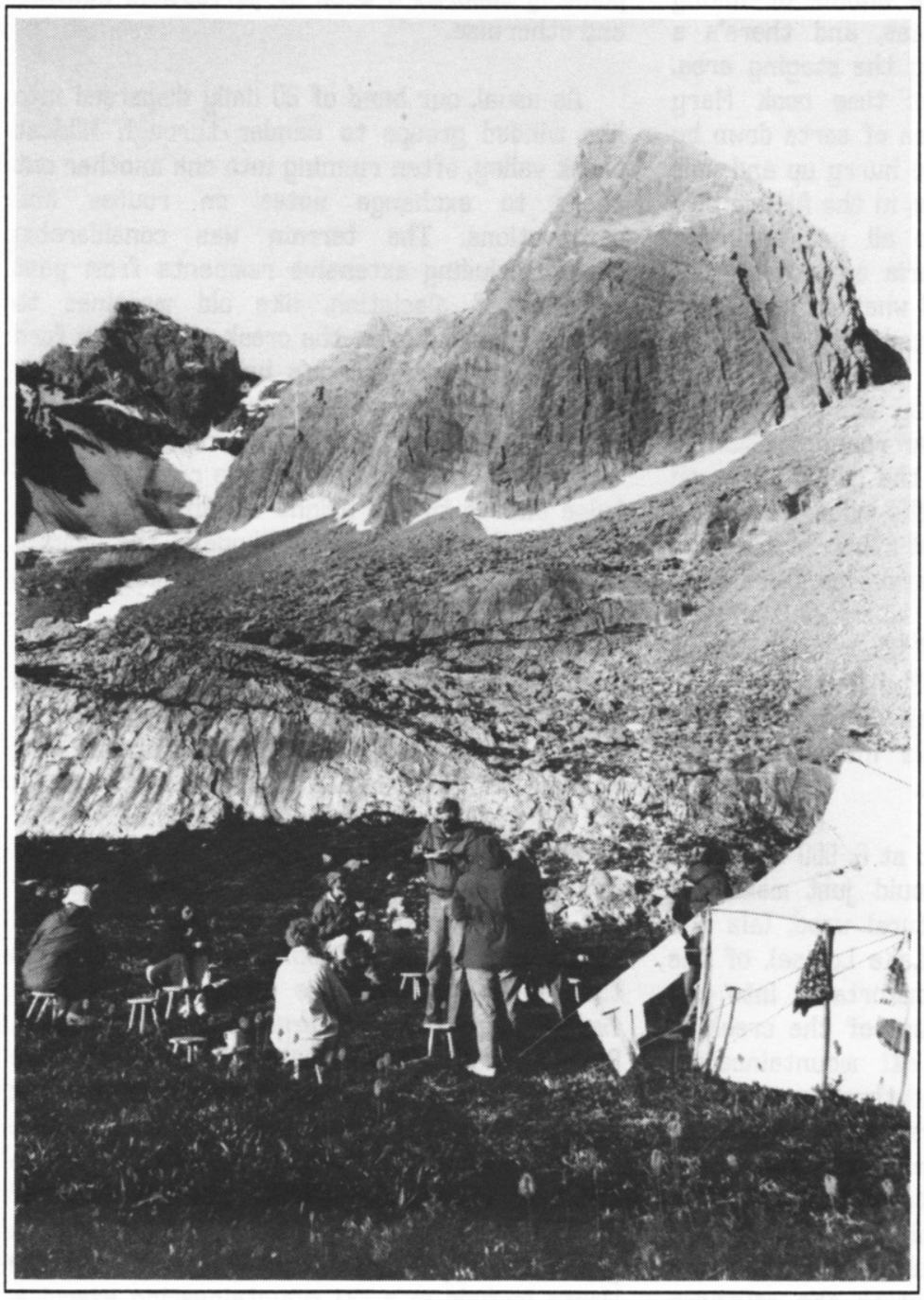


Camp Center Right below Mt. Baker

The Kootenay Mountaineering Club Hiking Camp was set in the Rocky Mountains north of Golden and west of the Continental Divide from Peyto Lake. Camp was located in the headwaters of Wildcat Creek, a tributary of the Blaeberry River. Surrounded by Barbette, Baker, Mistaya, Trapper and other magnificent peaks with Mummery, Wapta, Baker and other glaciers completing the mountain scenery. There were 3 camps in total with approx 60 members attending.

Week One Account.

"Welcome aboard ladies and gentlemen. We're 45 kilometers N/NE from Golden, just west over the Continental Divide from Peyto Lake and the Banff/Jasper Icefields Parkway, flying business class to site the '89 KMC Hiking Camp", (I imagine stewardess might say). As the requisite mix of meadow, water and esthetic orientation materializes below, I tell the green pilot, (on one of his first professional hops we learned, complete with chaperone from base who remained below to help with loading), to set 'er down there. He proceeds to set 'er down, but not quite there, expressing a preference for a spot a few metres away close by some heathery humps. As the 206 slowly settles down, nose slightly upslope, CRAWHUMMP!, the right rear skid extension fractures, evidently having been humped so to speak, as, (it would soon become clear), were our plans for accomplishing the move that day.



Monk's Hood Peak

So without one KMC'er having set foot on terra-firma of choice, it was liftoff back down to the staging area for a quick conference where yes, pilot Greene and chaperone decided the compromise to the safety margin was too great to make the move. Further, a replacement flight would be impossible to schedule that afternoon. Double sigh! Before their departure, we implore the crew to leave no stone unturned to get us a replacement flight in the AM. We agree on radio contact with golden C.H. base that evening, and later word crackles through on KMC Portable that our favorite air truck, that wizard of ahhhhs, the 12 passenger job from Bobbie Burns Lodge, will do the deed in

the morning. A day late but at least it's the Cadilac eh?

The layover day, though most unwelcome in such ignoble circumstances, at least affords us plenty of time to swap lies with old friends, and to begin to make new ones, (lies, friends?). It;s a good group and despite the setback, we;re all high in spirit if not altitude. Besides, at least for this latest stranding in the annals of hiking camp, the weather is flawless, and there's a water supply creek bordering the staging area. We help good natured first time cook Mary Goulding set up a soup kitchen of sorts down by the creek, and all settle in to hurry up and wait till morning. Late but welcome, in the AM big bird arrived to endear itself to all yet again by levitating the whole menagerie on site in just three hops. Ahhhhh!, ... and what do you know, this pilot lands where suggested.

"We are sharing "our" valley with a co-tenant, the Mistaya Lodge, a new year round commercial operation named for one of the peaks above on the divide. The existence of the lodge, (which was still in the finishing stages of construction upon our visit), was unknown to camp organizers early on in the planning process. When news of the potential conflict surfaced, KMC'er Marg Gmoser contacted owner/ operator Phil Hein, (a former guide with Canadian Mountain Holidays), to let him know of our honorable intentions, thus putting things back on track.

From the vicinity of camp at 6, 900 feet west above Wildcat Creek, you could just make out the red metal roof and natural wood, (ala the Post Hotel color scheme in Lake Louise), of the lodge, which was tucked comfortably into the forest near a small tarn east of the creek. A careful appraisal of the ski mountaineering possibilities in the valley, had those in the know beginning to plan a winter return to sample the hospitality of the operation. Watch for a full length commercial on Mistaya Lodge in the newsletter. Camp member Phillippe DelaSalle had already set skis on the shoulder of 10, 407 foot Mt. Baker, the peak dominating the southern apex of the valley, in April 1960 while on a winter mountaineering expedition led by Hans Gmoser.

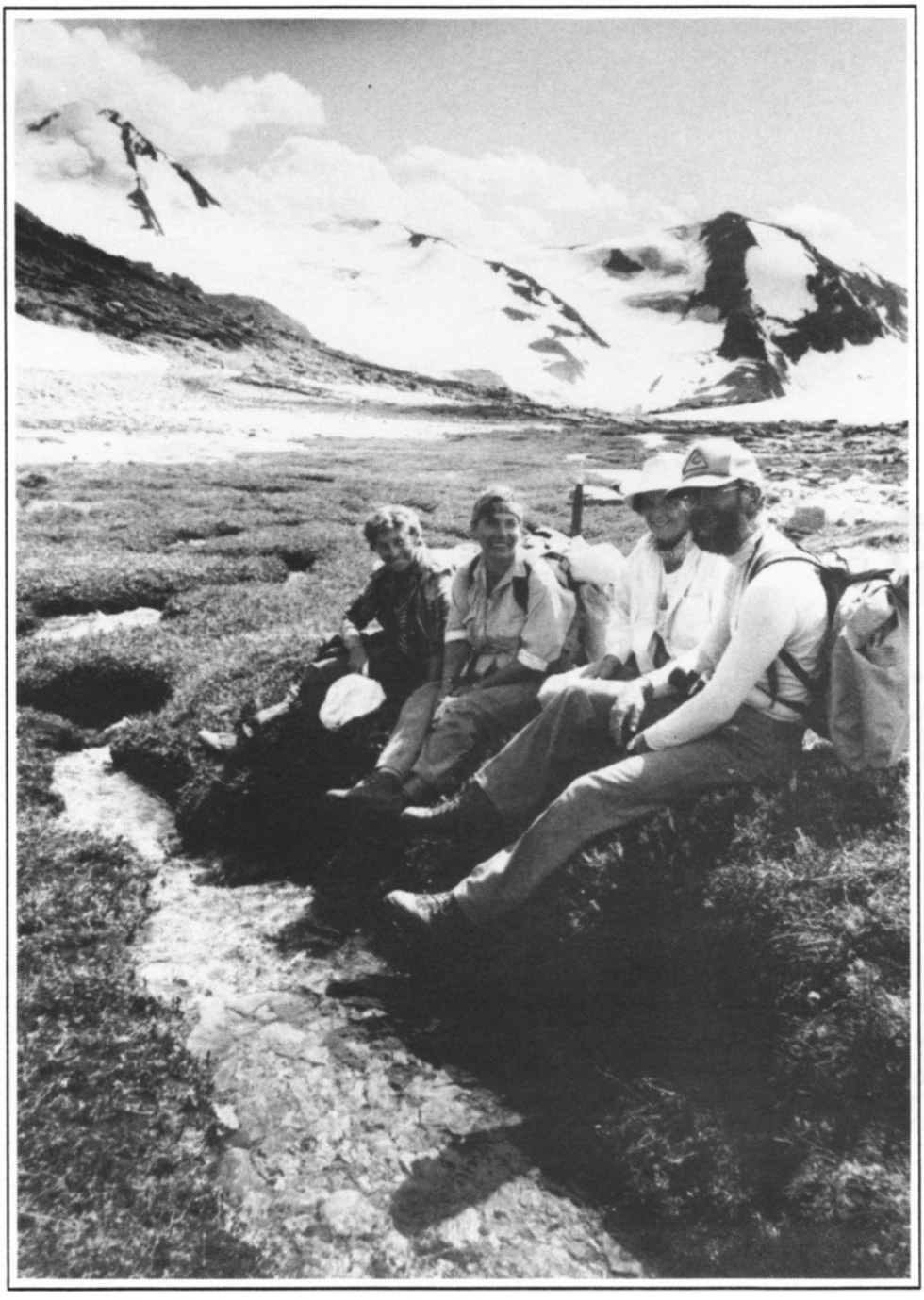
Besides the imposing view of Mt. Baker to the South, camp was situated beneath the towering eastern wall of a remarkable Monks Hood shaped peak. Just at dusk one evening, we glanced up to notice the moon perfectly aligned in space, off the tip of the hood. Ansel Adams would have loved it. It was clearly an auspicious omen pointing towards a week of perfection, weather and otherwise.

As usual, our band of 20 daily dispersed into like minded groups to wander through Wildcat Creek valley, often running into one another out there to exchange notes on routes and observations. The terrain was considerably varied including extensive remnants from past episodes of glaciation, like old moraines to scramble up and over, the creek to jump or ford upstream from the lodge's bridge, lots of snow and ice especially to the south and west, and expansive fields of sedimentary rubble to tip toe through. A long slog east of the creek past the lodge and up to the height of land, put one on the top of the Continental Divide in the vicinity of Trapper, Peyto and Mistaya peaks, all just below 10, 000 feet in elevation.

Peyto and Trapper were a couple of favored destinations of the more ambitious like Barend, Hal and Chris, while Mistaya was just one long walkup. The more distant Barbette, to the north of Mistaya was visited by Kal, Phillippe and Mireille on a long days effort, while Felix and Renate all but made it up the summit of Baker but for want of crampons to traverse a section of ice just below the top. Lending credence to the saying that truth is often stranger than fiction, high on the forgotten snows of Mt. Baker, what should materialize before the unsuspecting Belczyks but evidence of our tax dollars at work, (or was it play), as the Canadian Military appeared in full uniform. Had they eaten too much lime green pudding the night before? No, the apparitions were real! Seems the boys in green had approached from the south via the Wapta Icefield in a ski mountaineering exercise. Small, small world.

Fossils were the reward for those who walked up the rubble slopes towards Peyto Peak, along with a view of the Winnebagos queueing up far below near Peyto Lake on the Icefields Parkway. This seemingly out of context sight underscored the vastly different perspective that the camp experience affords we fortunate few each year. Thanks KMC camp organizers.

With the week on the wane we had learned how to forgo fresh eggs in the morning thanks to an oversight by Overwaitea in filling our pickup food order in Golden. Sigh. Although Mari conducted a diligent search for Ptarmigan eggs, or what the hey, eggs of any sort in the environs around camp, the results were not eggs-actly satisfactory. But through it all fearless leader Jim the K was ever ready to offer an encouraging word, or a kind gesture. Meis Bryce easily took the best kept secret award for the week, with her concealment of one of her incomparable Pecan pies right in our midst for most of the week. In retrospect there could have been an unconfirmed Griz attack on the coolers had the secret got out. But all present had a contribution to make, a tale or two or more to tell, and a ready smile to give.



Happy Hikers

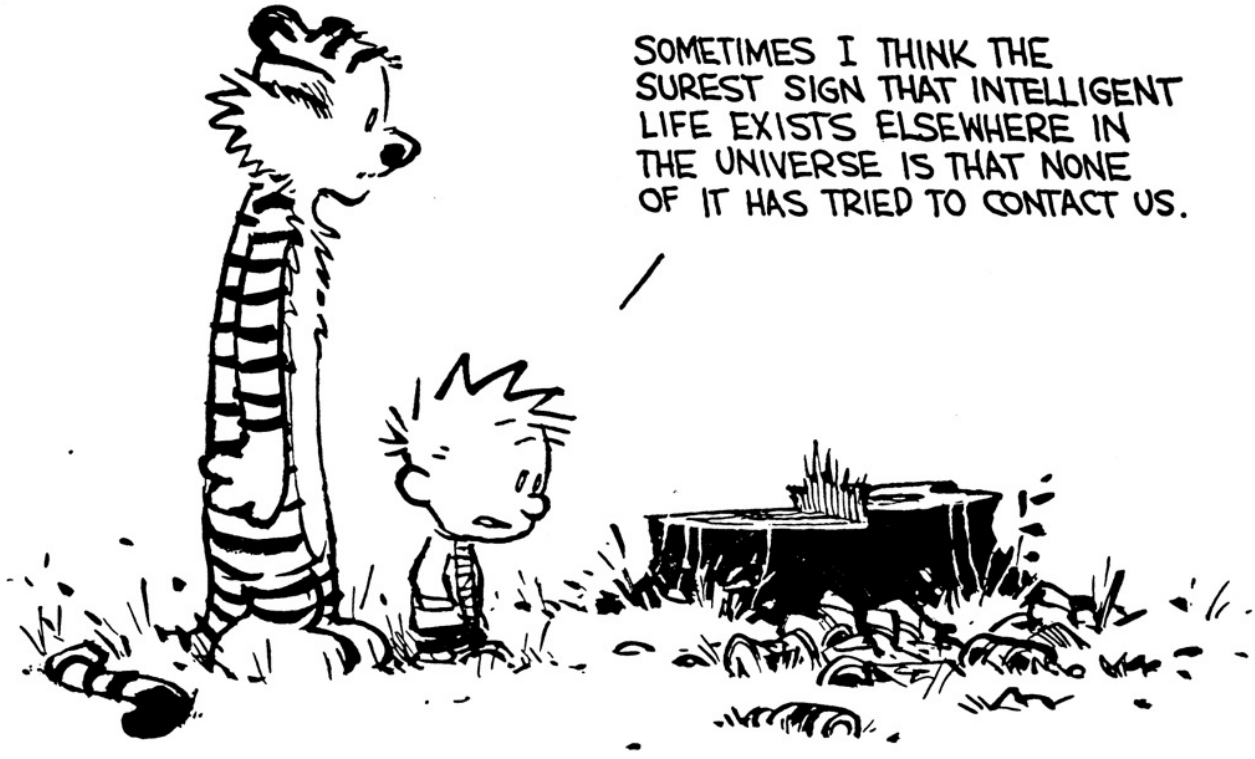
We had a gala celebration on our last evening, hosted by Mari and catered by Mary. As sparklers were lit and incantations made, my thoughts drifted from the moment to consider the pyramid we were standing upon. A pyramid that began construction some 25 years ago when the Kootenay Section of The Alpine Club of Canada was founded. A pyramid that so many folks had helped carefully craft through the years while sharing in joyful experiences together in the mountains, just as we were now. A toast was

offered to the Club's 25th anniversary, and the wine, the memories, and the anticipation of future journeys together, were well savored.

Happy 25th KMC, and many happy returns!

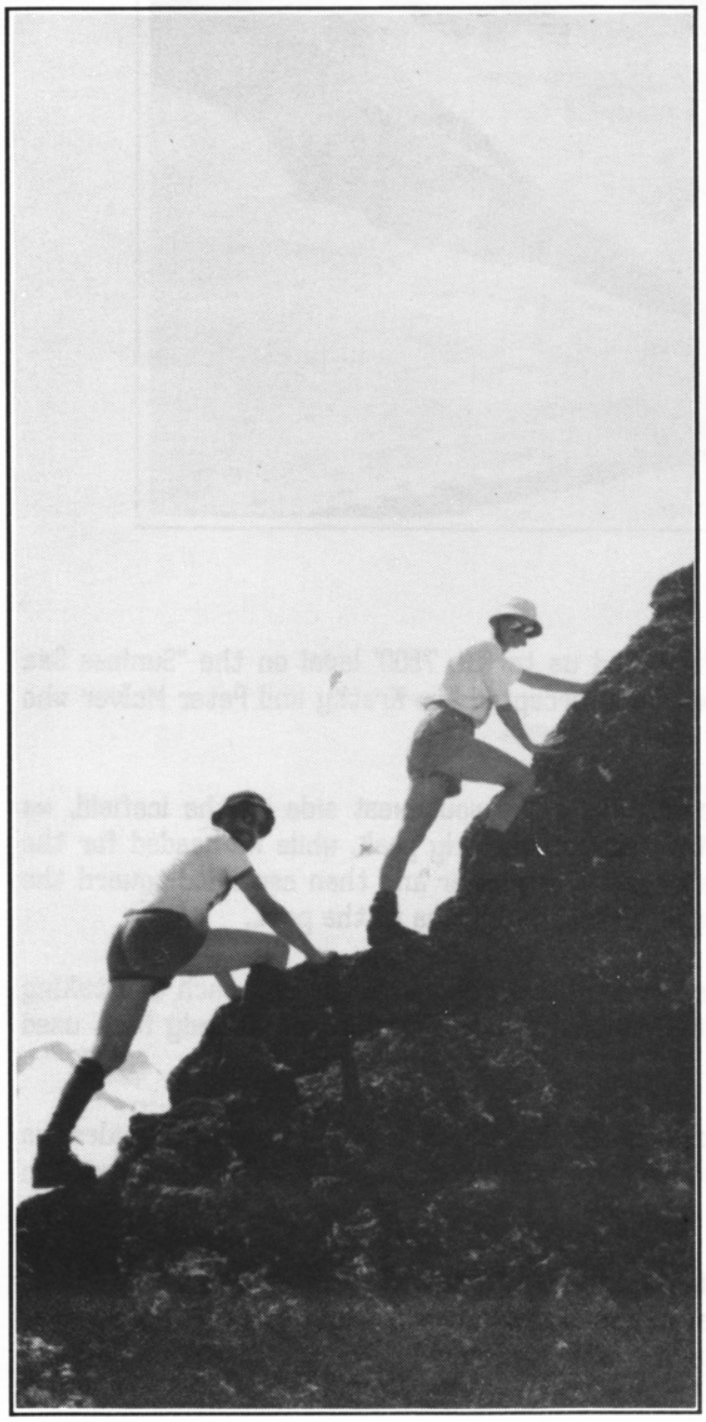
Week one participants; Jim Keinholz, Joe and John Arcovio, Meis and Bill Bryce, Phillippe and Mireille DelaSalle, Felix and Renate Belczyk, Mari Earthy, Sally Mclean, Kal Singh, Laurie Charlton, Janet Jones, Hal Harrison, Barend Bredenkamp, Chris Overton, Luba Horvath, Mary Goulding, Jeff Ross.

Jeff Ross



CLIMBING CAMP '89

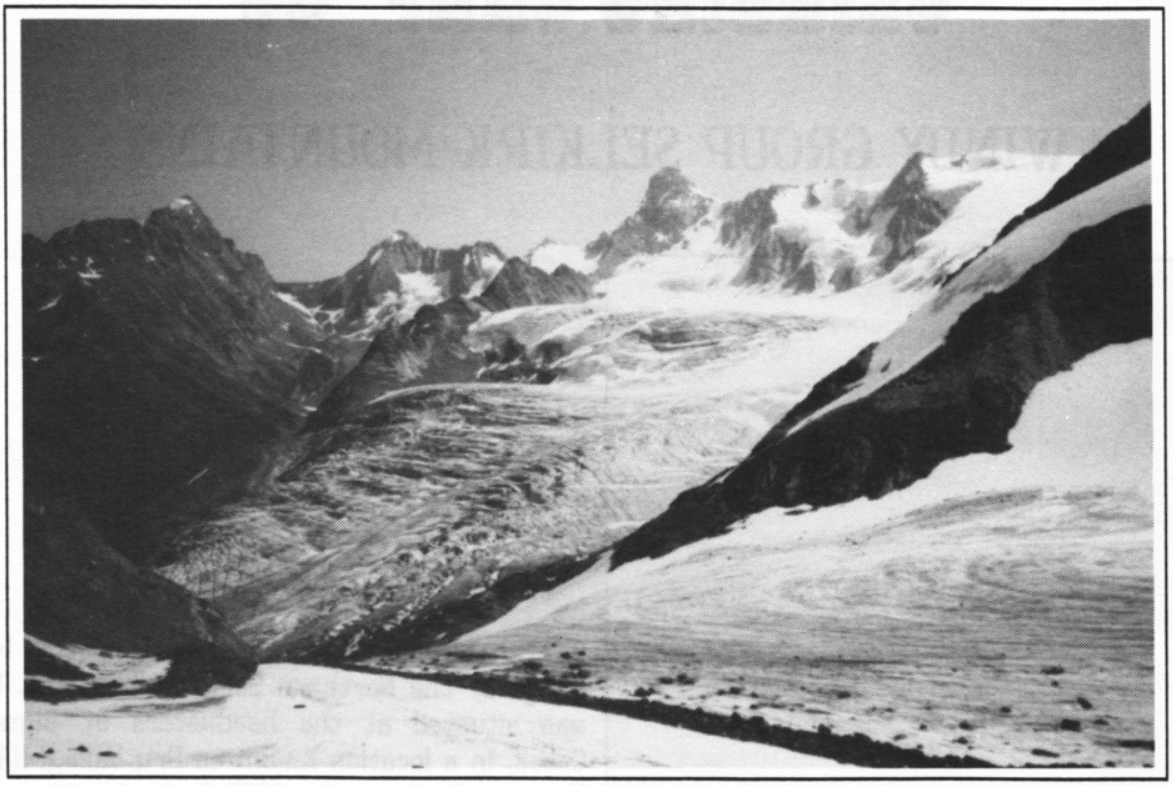
WINDY GROUP SELKIRK MOUNTAINS



July 24 - August 2

The climbing Camp was held in the Windy Range of the Northern Selkirk MOuntains. Camp was situated at the headwaters of Bigmouth Creek, in a location known as Dry Valley, N.W. of Neptune Peak at the 6500 foot elevation. From this location, forays were made to most of the nearby peaks. Our group consisted of: Kim Walker(cook), Ian and Kim Deane, Judy Findlay, Brad Kryski, David Lemon, Peter McIver, Rhonda Netzel, Pamela Olson, Bert and Andrew Port, Peter Tchir, Fred Thiessen, Steve Horvath, Rod Beauprie, Liz Stanich, Mark Hamilton, Kim Kratky, Ken Holmes, Tim Vangelder and Earl Whipple.

MT. PRIAPUS 9,600 ft. MT. JANUS 9,600 ft.



We headed west from camp to gain a low ridge which lead us to the 7500' level on the "Sunless Sea Icefield" as we had named the Escarpment Glacier. Here we intercepted Kim Kratky and Peter McIver who had been evasive about their destination.

Since there were more than enough unclimbed peaks along the southwest side of the icefield, we agreed to divide them up, Peter and Kim going right to the most westerly peak, while we headed for the central peak. We threaded the creveasse field to reach the upper glacier and then ascended toward the summit ridge. After crossing the bergschrund, an easy scramble brought us to the peak.

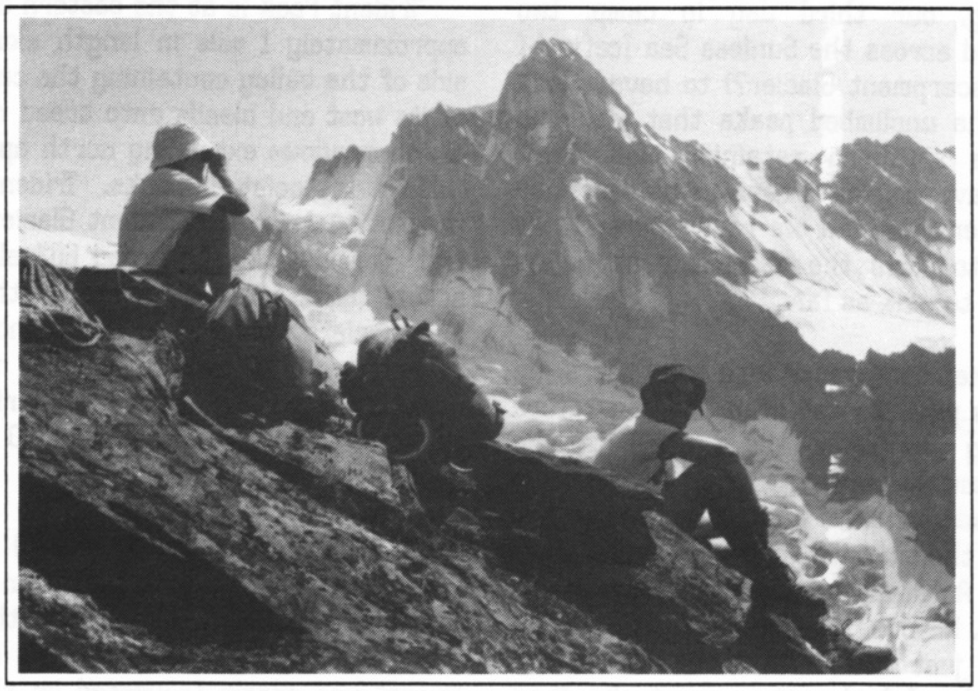
Cairn-building followed, after considering the appearance of the peak from the approach and taking into account the lack of fertility gods among the classical deities whose names had already been used here, we decided to name the peak Mt. Priapus.

The next peak to the east along the ridge beckoned, so we decided to take it in as well. Besides, we hoped to be able to get a better look at the access to Neptune, the highest and most formidable peak in the area.

A short snow walk put us on top of the peak which we decided to call Mt. Janus. For a peak, sitting astride a two directional ridge, the name of a two faced god seemed appropriately descriptive. We then made the round trip back to camp by our ascent route in a total time of 8 1/2 hours.

We were Dave, Pam and Fred.

NEPTUNE PEAK 10, 478 ft.
CRONUS PEAK 10, 000 ft.



We gained the western end of the icefield via the now established route, then cramponed 3 km east to the foot of the slope leading to the Neptune-Cronus col.

We then kicked 665 steps to the rock island at midslope, at this point the slope turned to ice and we continued on front points to the col placing several ice-screws along the way. After a brief snack we plodded to the summit rock on easy snow, abandoned crampons and ice-axes and scrambled over easy rock to the actual summit. The cairn was in poor repair, which we quickly remedied by rebuilding to 1.75m.

Returning to the col we made an unfortunate decision. Since it was 1:30 pm we figured we had ample time to traverse Cronus and descend the glacier on it's west face. 6 1/2 hours later we decided that rappelling our descent route and sacrificing several ice screws might have been a wiser decision. From the ridge of loose rock, innumerable pinnacles and frequent cornices, we had an unobstructed view of the glacier several hundred meters below. Eventually, by downclimbing a spur of Cronus we reached the glacier and headed for camp reaching there at about 10:30 PM.

Fortune had smiled on us, as had we arrived 3 hours earlier we may have been crushed in full view of camp from the enormous rockfall from one of the gullies on Pontus Ridge.

Parties were

(1) Brad and Peter
(2) Pam, David and Fred

MT. NEREUS 9, 500 ft.

On Monday, our third day in camp, two parties plodded across the Sunless Sea Icefield (or is it the Escarpment Glacier?) to have a look at some of the unclimbed peaks that make up that glacier's southern retaining wall. Fred, Pamela, and Dave may have seen us as secretive about our intentions, but we really weren't. We just wanted to climb the nearest peak so we wouldn't have to walk as far.

After a brief conference with the others, we choose a snow peak we had seen the day before while scouting the ridge above camp to the south. This time we worked our way up the snow of the east face and onto a bit of rock near the top, reaching the summit about four hours after leaving camp. A totally uneventful, unmemorable climb, this Mt. Nereus. Usually I would think, "Ah yeah, but it's just nice to be in the mountains", but on this day I had gotten sunstroke from foolishly not wearing a hat and wanted only to drink Tang and be sick.

I did manage to summon enough energy to look to the east for a view of an unclimbed rock peak south of and attached to Dave, Pam, and Fred's mountain (Priapus Pk.). As one would have to drop some 1, 000 feet from Priapus to reach a col or descend 1, 500' from Nereus to a valley to ascend the rotten-looking horn there were no takers. It;s still there, I;m sure, awaiting some intrepid person intent on a first ascent, just like Cairn Pk. in the Badshots, and every bit as solid.

Dazzled by the sun,

Kim Kratky

TRIDENT MT. 10, 200ft.

Trident Peak is at the eastern end of a ridge approximately 1 mile in length along the north side of the valley containing the camp. The ridge at its west end blends onto broad ridges of high alpine meadows extending north approximately 3 miles to glaciated peaks. Trident Peak falls precipitiously to the Trident Glacier at the east end. The ridge has a broad 60% slope of grass, scrub, talus, and rock ramps on the south side, and glaciers falling away on the north side. The ridge rises 1000 feet from east to west in a series of 7 main peaks and ridge sections separated by gaps and notches 100 to 200 feet in depth.

The primary route up was 20 paces on the flat from the cook tent, and then 2500 vertical feet of unremitting 60% slope to the ridge-crest 3 or 4 "bumps" from the west end. The 5th "bump" was partly traversed on the south side on dirty ledges to avoid a small but daunting notch in the ridge crest. Otherwise the ridge crest was followed closely. This gave good exposed scrambling on good rock for the most part and excellent views.

Return was by the same route, although the first party descended from the last gap angling westward (in part on steepish slabs) across the slope. A rope is advisable for security at one or two points although the first and second parties did not use a rope. Ice-axes not required for snow or ice but were handy for balance on the grind up and down the slope.

9 hours return

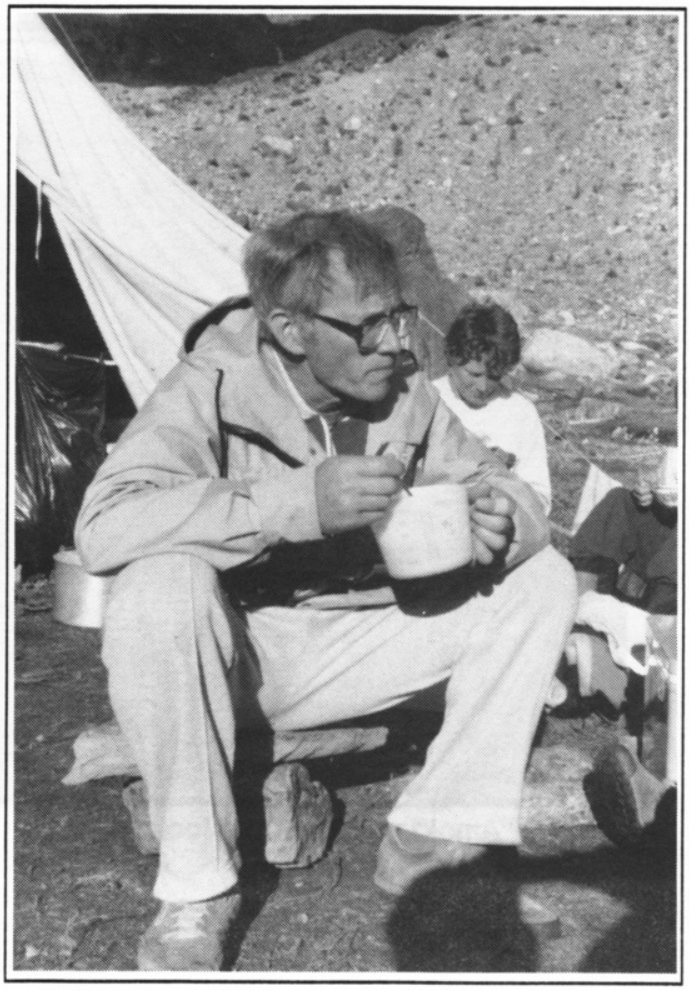
July 30th

(1) Steve, Brad, Tim, and Peter
(2) Rhonda and Judy
(3) Bert, Andrew, Ken, Mark, Ian, and Kim

DOLPHIN PEAK 9950 ft.
First Accent North Ridge

We attained the Trident-Dolphin col at 8:30 am, after a pleasant 2 hour stroll in the shade from camp. From the col, the morning sun showed us a route on the west side of the buttress, which would be an escape from the loose ledges of the face and a way around the step seen from camp.

Exiting to the west we found the usual down sloping slabs with loose rock, which we then ascended back to the ridge crest. One pitch of ice was ascended followed by a short scramble to the summit with a glance at the watch showing 2 pm.



After a leisurely lunch we descended our route up, down climbing the ice and making one rappel from the exit notch which put us on easier ground. We returned to camp just in time to join the others who had delayed dinner for us and the Neptune party.

Hungry were:

Andrew, Ian, Kim Deane and Bert Port

UNNAMED PEAK
9500 feet
SW. of Escarpment,
E. of Janus Pk.

Four of us set out at 6:00 AM to do Escarpment, but Fred diverted us by describing a peak that was too insignificant for previous peak-baggers to bag. A wink was as good as a nod to we four proto peak-baggers.

We gained the Escarpment Glacier and picked our way through the crevasses with all the enthusiasm and speed of conscripts in a mine field. We then gained height uneventfully, if not indeterminable to the col between our objective and an even more insignificant lump next to Escarpment. The view from the col was breathtaking despite not having a clue what we were looking at.

The NE ridge was wide with a rocky spine on the low side. At 10:30, we reached the summit in time for an early lunch. We particularly enjoyed being in the middle of a cloud forming on "our" peak.

Descent was rapid, slowed mostly only by Rhonda's desire to explore crevasses!

Lost were Rod, Judy, Rhonda, and Liz.

MT. THETIS 8900 ft.

A very attractive peak dominated the view down the narrow cirque that contained camp with a good sized glacier on the north side. A sheer sided ridge coming east and then cutting north beneath the glacier, and a south ridge that looked like a real climb. This unnamed and apparently unclimbed peak seemed an interesting objective. We left camp and descended past the moose meadow, through the grottos and meadows above it on the south and rounded the ridge to reach the Escarpment Glacier. A small branch of the glacier forced us down to more recently exposed slabs, before reaching the main glacier. At this point the glacier is less than a kilometer wide, but quite broken with transverse crevasses. Since it was clear of snow, it was easy to follow a path between these crevasses to the other side.

This glacier has a large catchment basin which has to be crossed from camp to reach other peaks, the whole neve' channels all its ice out this narrow outlet and as a result the glacier is active with much cracking noise. It also has such a large source that it extends to about 5000ft. elevation, making it one of the lowest reaching glaciers in the region.

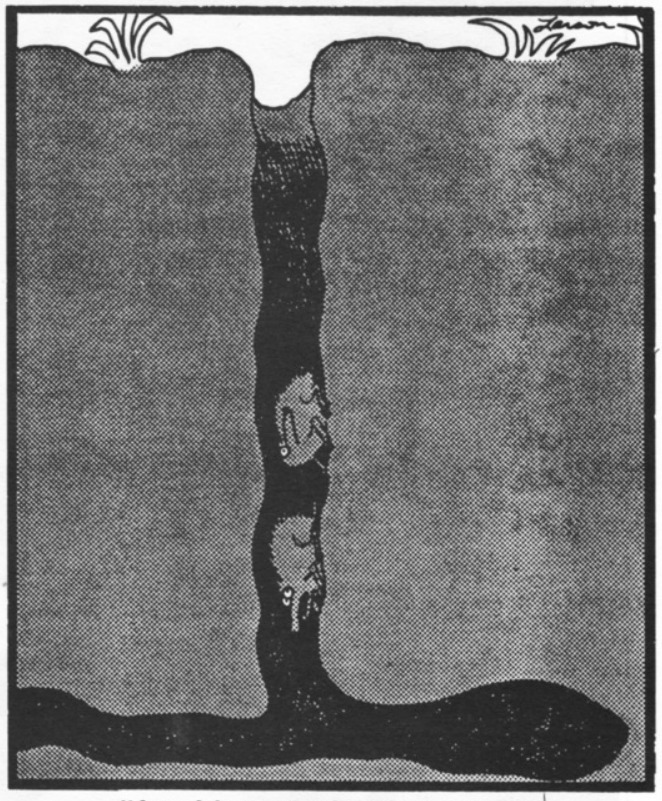
After crossing the glacier we traversed south of our peak on snow and glacier finally reaching an obvious saddle at the foot of the south ridge. This last section is on steep snow that later in the year might involve a bergshrund, but at this time was unbroken.

The south ridge was a disappointment because the unseen south west face was a gentle rubble pile and the ridge not really a ridge of consequence. We scrambled to the lower south east end of the mountain top and followed a long summit ridge to the higher north west summit. Below the glacier on the north east side of the peak are three beautiful lakes and green meadows all very inaccessible except by going over the summit and returning the same way. We didn't bother.

On the return to the south saddle we investigated the ridge leading south to Peter's and Ken's Peak but found the terrain rotten and involving too much elevation loss. We then returned to the col and back to camp the way we had come.

Peter, Brad, Steve, and Tim,

followed soon by Rod, Liz, Judy, and Rhonda.



"Arnold, you fool! Don't look up!"

STEVE'S LAMENT

What can I do about a climbing season that was not?

Try turning it into literature, that's what. Silk purse out of a sow's ear, fool's gold, which, come to think of it, describes quite well our climbing camp, figuratively (starring me as the fool) and literally - the creeks were full of it!

When the location - Windy Group - was agreed upon, I had more than my share of reservations. but one cannot always have one's way (and I did have it my way two years in a row) and afterall. it was a spectacular, hard to get to, and thus seldom visited place. We were to be only the third group to visit (now I know why).

Friday; My brother-in-law Tim and I bounce our way from Donald Station to above the Sullivan Arm. A tedious drive made worse by the desolation of the Kinbasket Lake. It is a warm night so, to the great delight of the local mosquito population, we decide to sleep in the back of the truck.

Saturday; The helicopter arrives on time. The pilot is young, good-looking and surly. He does not like our landing place, our packs and just being where he is. Still we are able to pick a great campsite in the valley between Trident and Neptune. The chopper leaves and we look around, deafened by the silence of the early morning. "Look there", Bert points to the hillside some hundred yards from us and there he is - a large gray wolf looking us over before he lopes off straight up hill. A good omen, let's hope. And it was, at least as far as wildlife was concerned- we see another wolf, moose and numerous mountain goats. As for the pilot, he refused to fly us to our high camp near Mt. Chapman.

Sunday; It is foggy and drizzly and I happily sleep in. By 9:00 a.m. it is clearing up so we set off to climb Trident via it's west ridge "easy scramble" says Tim, who scrambled up to ridge proper yesterday. It may be easy for mountain goats, who put on a spectacular climbing exhibition for us, but it turns out to be a long day of intricate route finding as, thanks to Tim's assurance, we have no gear and no rope. However, it is never harder than easy class five and by the time we stand on the summit we have acquired a better appreciation for the scale of the place (the camp was at 6500 feet and most summits over 10, 000). The view is not the best, the smoke from numerous forest fires limits our visibility to some twenty miles at the best. Our descent straight down the south face increases our respect for the climbing ability of the mountain goats, whose trails we follow. Our self esteem is somewhat more restored when we find a carcass of a kid goat on the bottom of our route. The evening provides another form of entertainment, our nightly lightning storm.

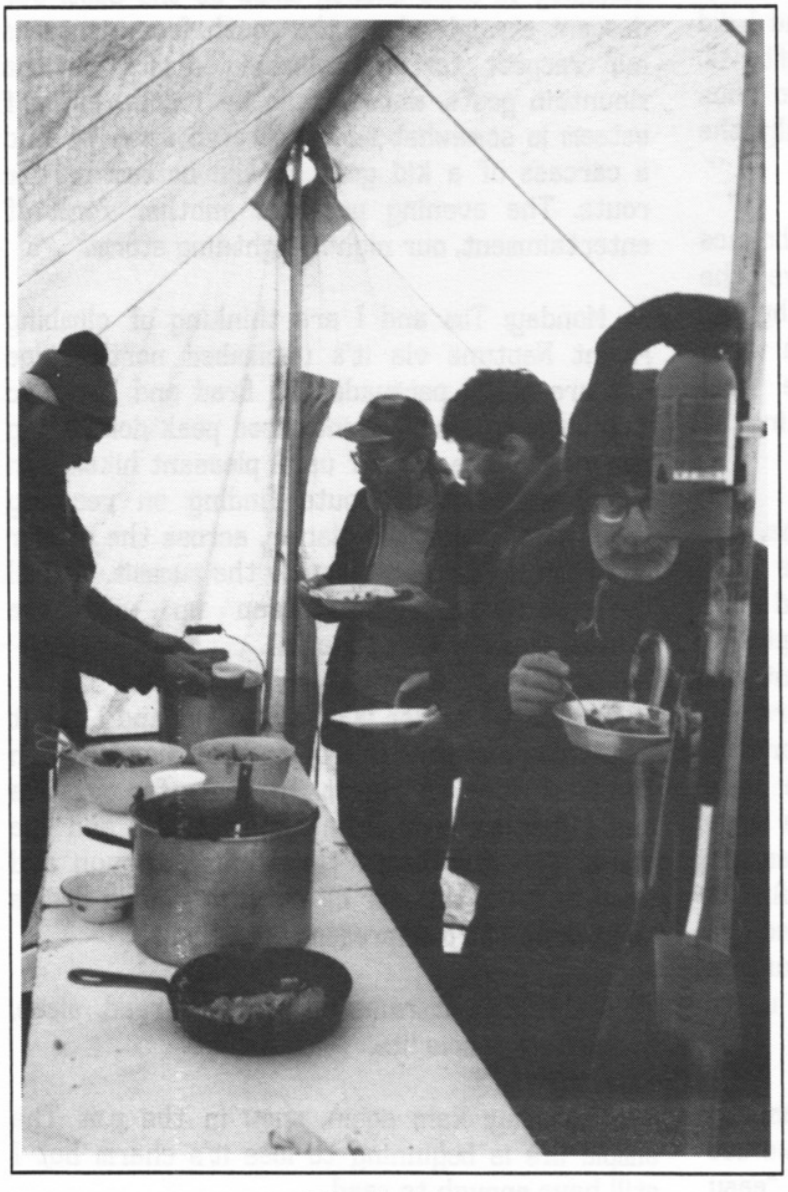
Monday; Tim and I are thinking of climbing Mount Neptune via it's unclimbed north ridge but are easily persuaded by Brad and Peter to join them to climb an unclimbed peak dominating the view to the west of us. A pleasant hike, then a not so pleasant route finding on recently bared slabs below the glacier, across the glacier and then up an easy ridge to the summit. We call the peak Thetis, to keep up with the mythological/nautical names.

Tuesday; Weather is so-so, so Tim and I call it a rest day and scramble up to the "Mica Mine" on the west ridge of Trident. Tim looks for crystals and I just sit around enjoying my pipe and the views. The rain keeps threatening though and when we hear thunder close by we finally decide to go down the omnipresent goat trails.

Wednesday; It rains all day so I read, sleep, and eat - a simple life.

Thursday; Rain again, snow in the p.m. The simple life is beginning to lose it's charm but I still have enough to read.

Friday; No more rain, cloud cover seems to be lifting, so we decide to go and have a look at our proposed route on Neptune. conditions on the glacier are lousy, some six inches to one foot of rain saturated snow on top of ice, water running on the interface. The cloud lifts, then settles lower-that much for a look. Out of the gloom appear two friends that climbed Mt. Rhea earlier in the morning. We eventually reach a miserable pile of rotten rubble, apparently the summit of Mt. Rhea. The view is just great, some ten feet of visibility, wind just blasting us off the summit. Once down to camp the weather finally starts clearing up and we enjoy our one and only stormless night.



The Cook Tent

Saturday; The skies are finally clear and everyone is raring to go. Tim and I decide to try the west ridge of Neptune, after all it seems the most direct route and is right above camp. It takes us eight pitches of vertical moss, sand, loose rock, pica dung, and other assorted delights just to get on the ridge proper, but at last we are finally climbing - sort of, I think. By then it is almost noon, so we have a long lunch and try to find the rest of the route. Before us is a long undulating knife-edge ridge of what appears to be slate, this ends in a small snow field on a wide band of steep reddish rotten micaeous schist. Above this is what is supposed to be the solid pegmatite plug of the summit. Well, the ridge is long, much of it is wet, looser than anything I've seen this side of Mount Robson and we really don't feel that all of this warrants a bivy, especially considering the nightly fireworks displays. So we downclimb the backside of the ridge to the large unnamed glacier on the west side of Neptune and slowly work our way back to camp.

Sunday; Tim wants to give Neptune another try. Not so much out of stubbornness, but it seems to be the only piece of real estate around here even remotely resembling climbing as we know it. So up to Rhea we go. It appears that merely to reach our proposed route we would have to climb for quite some time on a knife-edged corniced ridge between Rhea and Neptune summit block. The snow conditions on the glacier are worse than ever, down to some six inches of saturated snow on ice with loads of water running in between. The ridge we are aiming for has been in the sun since 5:00 a.m. and even here on the shady west side we are sweating profusely at 6:00 a.m. in the morning. We walk by many slides and sluffs and begin to realize that it's time for a think tank. It does

not take us much time to reach a decision. The climbing today would be even more of what we had enough of already all week, low technical difficulty, with high objective hazard. So we go down to the valley where we spend a lovely day hiking through the meadows.

Monday; the chopper is on time, we have a new more pleasant pilot, his turn around time is noticeably shorter and we soon arrive at our cars. It looks like the porcupines had a picnic in our absence. Brad's brakelines are chewed through and Mark's VW Van has much less insulation than the week before. The beast tried to chew on our emergency brake cable but found that it was not chewy in the middle.

As for the rest of the season, Tim and I salvage one day of clean granite in the Valhallas and we soon have to cope with the wettest August on record. Who knows, maybe we are in for a great ski season.

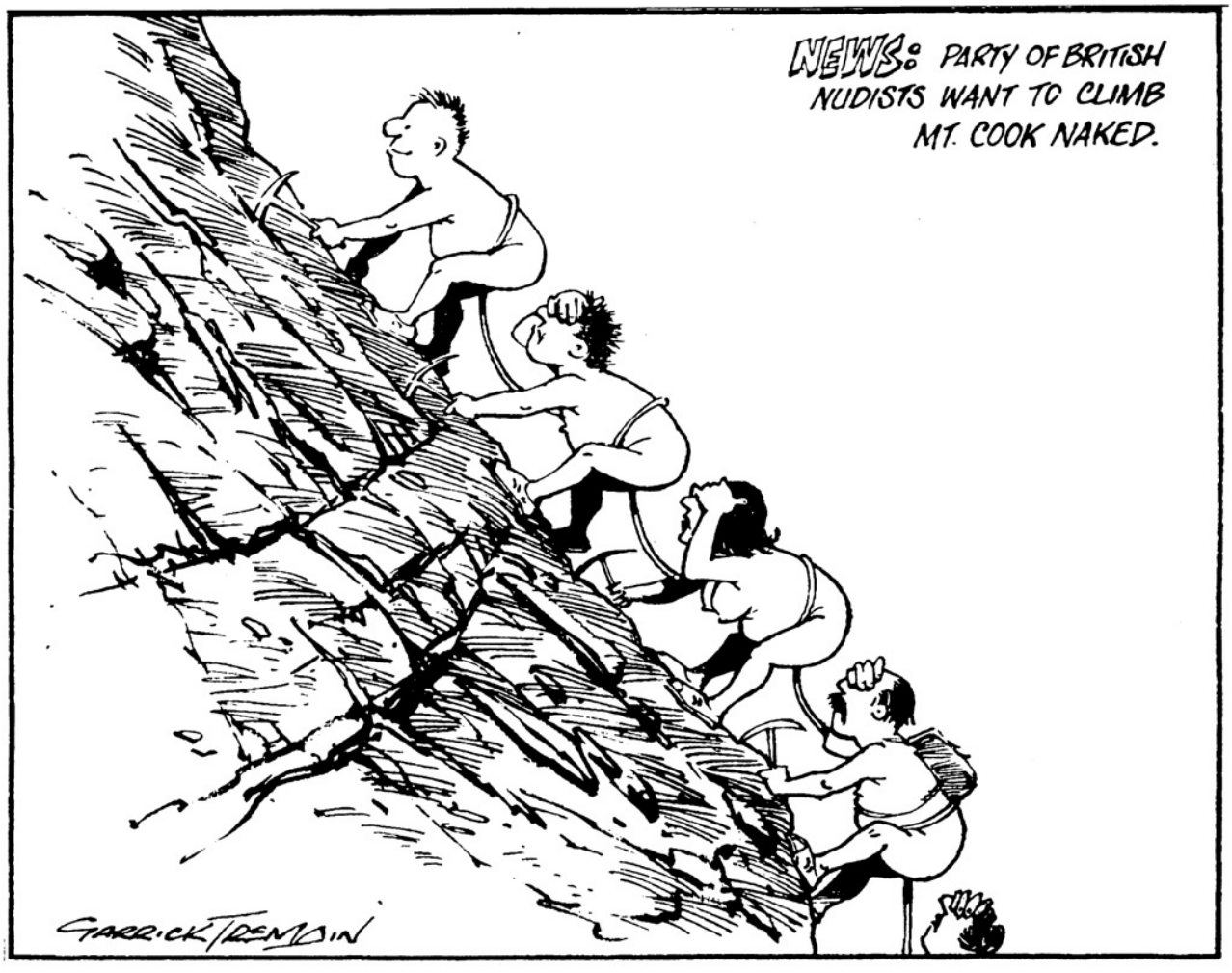
Steve Horvath

Other peaks reached from climbing camp were:

Pontus Ridge, 8700 ft., a rock ridge running west of Mt. Neptune, notable for it's heavy rockfall.

Mt. Escarpment, a long and unremarkable ascent with a rock scramble to the summit.

Rhea Peak, 10, 200 ft., 4 1/2 leisurely hours to a small summit between Trident and Neptune Pks.



Editors Notes

It was my wish when I took over the Karabiner to try and record some of the clubs history before it becomes lost to the new members completely. So for some this journal will be old history, boring, but hopefully for some it will be informative and give an insight into the club and its members.

I didn't use Selkirk College to pruduce this journal as it was cost prohibitive and submissions were not ready in time to meet their schedule. As such I must thank Dave Charters at Hall Printing for his personal help and club member Alan Baker at Selkirk Computers for the use of a computer and the guidance to go with it, of course I must not forget Selkirk Computer's Don Hill, who spent a couple of sleepless nights inputing all of my typing into the Desktop Publisher.

To all the people who submittted articles "Thank You" and to the Hiking Camp people who out of 60 people gave 2 articles NO COMPLAINTS THANK YOU.

This edition was printed on recycled paper, while "more" expensive hopefully a tree still stands somewhere because of us.

Paul Allen


Printed on recycled paper.

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