KARABINER '92

THE JOURNAL OF THE KOOTENAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Volume 35, 1992



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The Journal of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club

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REFLECTIONS - A message from the President

We were fortunate this past year to enjoy excellent summer weather and club members took full advantage of it with a stream of weekend hikes, climbs and ski tours. Our summer camps in the Purcells (Climbing in the Irish Peaks) hiking camps in the adjacent Edouard Pass) were a big success due to the hard work the chairmen, Eric White and Laurie Charlton.

The environmental movement is becoming even more powerful and is successfully influencing government policy. Steering a course to preserve our wilderness values while not interfering with jobs is proving difficult. The Government is attempting to achieve this through consensus following extensive debate, and has established the "C.O.R.E." (committee on resources and the environment) process. This approach is extremely time consuming and we are fortunate that John Walton has agreed to spend so many of his weekends representing our viewpoints. It remains an open question whether consensus will ever be achieved - it may be necessary to make decisions without it. There appears little doubt that we will end up with more protected areas than currently exist - as a mountaineering club it is our objective to make sure that our mountain wilderness areas are not exploited - but as a club we should be careful to avoid other issues which may dilute our effectiveness in this, our prime concern.

On behalf of the club members, I would like to thank the executive whose efforts have produced another excellent year of recreation activities. Garth Thomson continued to ably look after the finances; another successful rock school, with many new instructors was organized by Brad Kryski, George Apel puts in many hours of work on cabins, outhouses and trails. George doesn't get a lot of help in this area and would welcome volunteers. Bob Dean and Roland Perrin gave us an excellent trip schedule, Vivien Bowers' newsletters are always entertaining and welcomed; Janice Isaac and Carol Potasnyk looked after organising our social events - we had good dinners and slide shows and Janet Cameron kept records of our activities. Susan Knoerr, besides helping in overall organization as vice president has picked up the reins for this Karabiner. She is our new president, and I wish her well - this is a super club.

Peter McIver

Mount Iconoclast (10 666) and Nordic Mountain (9 800)
August 25-28,1992
By Fred Thiessen

While ski-touring in the Esplanade Range in the spring of 1992 we spied Mt. Iconoclast and thought that it would be nice mountain to visit due to its size and remoteness. Other than a 2 day walk into the area from the logging roads in Alder Creek, the only other feasible way to visit the area is by helicopter. Fortunately for us, there was a price war in Revelstoke during late summer, which made the cost reasonable.

On the evening of the 25, we flew in and set up camp on the north west shore of Ventego Lake. The next morning in a completely grey sky, we set off for Mt Iconoclast. Since the rock and route didn't look to inviting on the SE ridge we settled for the NW ridge. This involved going north of Ventego Lake for 2 km. then west over a glacier to the NW ridge. By the time we were on the ridge the clouds had settled in to about 10 000 and it was cold. The climb was a scramble on loose shale with bands of quartzite. The last 500 feet was in the clouds and it was snowing and blowing making the summit experience a little cool. After rebuilding the cairn we descended. By now the clouds had settled onto the glacier and we were grateful for our tracks on our return.

After a stormy night, the next day was clear, to our surprise. We had no choice, we had to give Nordic Mountain a try. Despite the proximity of Nordic Mt. to Ventego Lake, it was a long way away. The worst part was the long sidehill east from Ventego Lake to get into the valley that Nordic Mt. was in. As we approached the snout of the glacier, we realized that a 10 meter, knee deep creek crossing was in order. After this shock, the route was up the glacier to gain the col east of Nordic Mt. The route up the glacier and over the bergshrund was a very zig-zaggy one due to the crevasses in low snowfall year. From the col to the summit, it was a scramble starting on loose rock then on firmer rock. This took about 1.5 hrs. As for Mt. Iconoclast the cairn was in a terrible state on repair and needed rebuilding. Having sighted a crevasse free route for out descent, the glacier crossing went much faster. We had hoped for warmer water for our crossing, but it didn't happen. We stopped for cookies at Scorcer Lodge and made Ventego Lake just at dusk. Good thing too, we didn't have headlamps, after all, it was supposed to be an easy trip. Not that climbing was difficult, but it was a longer day than we had thought it was going to be.

For the following day we had planned on climbing an attractive quartzite peak 2 km. north of the lake. But it snowed overnight which dashed any residual ambition that we had. The helicopter picked us up in the late afternoon and returned us to the land of warm.

We were; Larry Smith, Hamish Mutch and Fred Thiessen

A NEPAL ADVENTURE
by Thom Volpatti

Nepal was such an interesting place to visit that it is difficult to know what part of the trip to describe. Kathmandu is an exciting city in itself. The people, the buildings, the streets, the climbing shops-everything was more than I had imagined it would be.

My friends Dave, Cliff, Faith and I spent 5 days in Kathmandu adjusting to cultural change and gathering equipment. Critical equipment-ropes, harnesses, crampons, ice axes etc were brought from home. We bought supplies for ourselves, our guide and two porters.

We were preparing to climb a mountain peak called Naya Kanga (5860 m) in the Langtang Region. This region is north of Kathmandu on the Nepal-Tibet border. It was in an area where we could stage additional hikes and climbs

We were required to pay a fee for a trekking permit, based on the elevation of the peak, and to have a registered mountaineering guide with our party. In order to trek to the staging area in the Langtang, a place called Kangin Gompa (3940m), trekking permits also had to be obtained. Acquiring these permits proved to be quite an ordeal. We had to go through five hours of heat in a poorly ventilated room, along with 100 or so others at the immigration office.

As we headed out in a rented Land Rover, different views of the surrounding Himalayan peaks appeared around every corner. After eight hours on poor roads we arrived at Dhunche (1800 m), the trail head. During the four day trek to Kangin our trekking permits were continuously checked. We walked for about 6 hours each day up the Langtang Valley with its 7,000 m peaks, going from jungle to alpine meadows. We stayed in private homes or guest houses, and ate and mixed with fellow trekkers as well as the locals.

At Kangin we wanted to acclimatize before going any higher. It was an ideal place to do so as trips to higher elevations could be carried out somewhat easily. One of the first peaks we hiked was a day trip to Tsergo Ri (4990m). From here Naya Kanga could be viewed across the valley and preliminary plans were made for the climb along the proven route to its summit.

The next peak we decided to acclimatize on was Yala (5,640m). One of the group came down with symptoms of altitude sickness, descended to base camp, and we continued up. Five days later, three of us, with great weather, were able to reach the top and look across the valley into Tibet.

After a two day rest at Kangin, we set out for Naya Kanga. Our former guide and porters returned to Kathmandu, and we now had two local porters. We reached a lower camp (4,200 m) the first night and the high base camp (4,950 m) the following day. From this high camp we had planned to set out for the peak and then return all in the same day. The porters were not prepared for the cold, so they descended and would return to help us pack out in four days. Altitude problems reoccurred and we decided to wait until the next day to continue with our quest.

The next day things had improved but not enough, so two members of our party had to abandon the climb and go down. This high camp was difficult to establish because of steep slopes and huge rocks of a moraine limiting the location. It was a cold camp, the sun set at 3:30 p.m. and did not rise until 9:00 a.m. The two of us remaining did a complete survey of the approach and decided to climb up a steep chute, then up a snow slope to the base of the snow ridge we would eventually have to climb to the peak. Early the next morning, under clear blue skies, we set out for the top. The climb to the top of the chute was exhausting and we were completely drained when we did finally reach the base of the snow ridge (5,500 m) some six hours later. It was obvious that the summit was at least three hours of hard work ahead of us, and then the descent would be in darkness, so, although this could be our only attempt, it was decided to abandon the climb to the peak.

The decision felt good-I had accomplished more than I ever could have imagined. The expanse of the valley below me and the enormous size and ruggedness of the mountains was just overwhelming.

Later, after returning, in discussion of our attempt, we agreed that the base camp should have been higher, altitude should have been taken into consideration (everything required so much effort). We needed help with food preparation and water supply was an unwelcome problem. We probably needed, a small (two-person) support party and more time.

In all, this mountaineering trek, with all the preparation lasted 30 days. What I had seen and taken part in was truly special.

THE LAKE DISTRICT
by Pat Thomson

The slim, tall, figure poised beside the aquamarine, shimmering lake, ready for that breathtaking plunge into its crystal clear depths. She shifted her glance from the water to the far off spires of the Bugaboos, the spires rose towards the sky out of the Bugaboo Glacier, which nestled comfortably among them, then her gaze swept back into the Green valley of Edouard Pass and finally settled onto the rippling waters of Boomerang Lake and with a quick deft flick of her feet she lifted herself into the air and dove into the inviting waters. She had been exploring the lakes of this enchanting area which was to the west of the KMC camp. Up a heather covered ridge she had hiked observing the feathery needles of the many larch trees that would soon turn a golden yellow, crossing little rivulets of water with their banks dotted by clumps of Grass of Parnasus, and finally on to the top of the ridge where the Mountain Avens had gone to seed. From the ridge, she looked down into a shallow, inviting lake and then up to the grey brown rocks of Peak 11, and A and B and C. Her eyes swept beyond this to the beckoning grey shelves of rock from which she was sure a breathtaking view of the Purcell mountain range would be visible. Maybe tomorrow; now she was exploring the ridges, mossy wide always, warm water, rocky bathtubs and the grassy ramps of this area.

She pulled herself out of the lake, gazed around again at this little piece of paradise and lay down on a sun warmed rock to dry herself. She thought contentedly, I think I'll come back here tomorrow.

A HELLO FROM NEW ZEALAND
by Rod Beauprie

Unfortunately Liz and I have climbed very little since May 1990 when our first child arrived. That needn't stop me from telling you all I know about climbing and mountaineering in New Zealand.

New Zealand really is a "new country-geologically speaking. As such, the rock is mostly basalt with almost no solid granite for the Lycra types (Rhonda...). There are however, two high-profile areas for rock climbing and an indoor climbing wall. The first area is at the Mount Eden quarry (one of approx. a dozen volcanoes within the city limits) in Auckland. The rock is basalt, and the quarry features a "hard" side and a "not-so-hard side. The second is on the shores of Lake Taupo (central North island) at Whanganui Bay. Again the rock is basalt, with straight pillars going the full height of the cliff.

There are two areas of mountaineering interest on the North Island. Mt Taranaki (formerly Mt. Egmont) is a nearly perfect cone about 2500m high. It can be done as a day trip in summer but is the country's most fatal mountain because the weather can become cold, wet and icy very quickly.

In the centre of the North Island is a National Park which includes Mts. Ruapheu, Tongario and Ngauruhoe. These mountains appear quite abruptly out of a desolate plane. There are several huts, a network of trails, the famous volcanically heated lake (as seen on Warren Miller) and two ski areas. Liz and I walked the track (1987) which led to an area where the ground steamed and was hot to touch. I was impressed by a section where the track went through a large, perfectly flat crater. The trail was marked every few meters because sometimes the visibility is nearly nil. As usual the mountains are volcanic and an eruption-5 years ago sent torrents of hot muck over the ski area...the day after it shut for the season. Mt Ngauruhoe is another nearly perfect volcanic cone, rarely seen in its entirety because of the weather. We went skiing last October (near the end of the season) because we'd heard that they had so much snow that they were clearing it from under the chair lifts. As we were driving away, the cloud lifted and we could see the whole cone-spectacular with its new snow!!

The South Island features the "Southern Alps". Although not tall by Canadian standards (3800m) they start closer to sea level than the Rockies do, and are therefore more of an undertaking than a Canadian Peak of the same height. Depending where you start (or fly in to) they are multi day efforts.The weather can be abysmal; torrential rain, and huge snowfalls are de rigueur. The precipitation is high enough to make suicidal avalanche hazards fairly routine.

Since I've mentioned the weather, I should mention the local gear. Clothing, tents, sleeping bags are designed with an attention to waterproof-ness that Canadian gear is not! Tents with"bathtub " floors, sleeping bags rated for warmth while soaking wet-for a reason!

There are several famous tramps, mostly in the South Island. The Milford track, the Heaphy track and the Routeburn are the most famous and I've never seen any of them. The scenery is supposed to be breath-taking and access is controlled (like on the West Coast Trail). Mitre Peak a striking peak (the shape oddly enough, of a bishops mitre...) overlooks Milford Sound, a Fjord at the southern end of the South Island. It is a scramble and the views are awesome.

After all, Milford Sound was good enough for Queen Elizabeth (the English one, not my wife), and the Britannia to pay a visit. Liz has introduced me to several tracks on the North Island. Some were through rain forest, complete with shrieking birds and ferns the height of a house. Others took us along the sea, which can be

a spectacular turquoise. New Zealand, like BC, covers a long distance North-South from sub-tropical to sub-arctic.

Sir Edmund Hillary is still the most famous New Zealander. He learned his mountaineering on the South Island under conditions that required extreme physical effort and enduring bad weather, lots of snow, and ice (you know, the sort of thing which Brits seem to prefer.) For that matter, a sedentary life indoors in a New Zealand winter is good training for climbing-they don't use central heating here.

Although not strictly mountaineering, I should mention a very popular event here, the "Coast-to Coast". It is a one day, 230k triathalon made up of uphill running over a 1000m mountain pass, kayaking a mountain stream and cycling. Any takers?

One final note. The Maori word for hill is "Puke"-a clear indication to me that the Fred Thiessen bush-bash kind of hiking was popular here as well!

Rob Beauprie and Liz Stanich live in Waiuku, New Zealand



Luckily, Eddie had stumbled upon a rare variety of deadly nightshade, the amicable *Atropa belladonna congenialocus*. (Later that same day, however, he blundered into some poison oak — a flat-out intolerant species.)

IRISH PEAKS
by Steve Horvath

In 1975 our KMC climbing camp was below Mt Alpha Centauri in the Central Purcells. My strongest memory was the view of striking granite faces south of us-Mts. Sally Serena and Douard. We talked about returning for many years and in July 1992 were able to situate our climbing camp right below the long south ridge of Mt Douard in a beautiful hanging valley with barely enough space between the lake and the west talus slopes to put up the cooktent.

This was A. Larsen country so we were not quite sure about any F.A.'s but after one look at the acres and acres of granite we knew we were in for a great week. The start was rather leisurely, a late breakfast, and a relaxed stroll to Mt Galway. From the summit we could see the site of our 1975 camp and once again I was struck by the extent of glacial recession in the last 20 years. What was in 1975 a glorious thousand foot glissade from the summit ridge of Alpha Centauri would now be a suicidal tumble down broken up ice patches and rock ledges.

The day was still young so Paul took off down the long ridge connecting us to Mt. Killarney and Hamish and I followed in due course (had to finish my summit lunch first). This was going to be an early day, thus all we had in our packs was food, assorted goodies, and toilet paper. Only that, no courage. Ah well, such is the stuff epics are made of. Three hours later we were on top of Mt. Killarney (the ridge was too steep to get off of). If we had remembered to bring rope we could have called quite a few parts of the ridge 5.6.

Emboldened by our good luck we felt ready for bigger and maybe even better things, such as the unclimbed south ridge of Mt Douard. After all the start of the route was practically from the back door of our tent. This time we packed lots of courage, even rock shoes. The guidebook mentions a classic and easy traverse via a "causeway" on the ridge between Mt Douard and Sally Serena. Well, the reality was rather a long series of narrow, downsloping sand and rubble strewn ledges ending in a steep and dirty gully. Low difficulty, high objective hazard, too much food in our packs and clear skies. Brad and Ross put up a fine new route on the E face of Sally Serena and then carried our packs back to camp just in time for tea and cookies.

Time to show our true colours. Why not get up at the crack of dawn and "have a look: at that neat looking South ridge of Mt Koala. "Make it a real sport, make it a threesome," says Paul. Great Idea I thought, immediately seeing the potential of his proposition: light pack, no fives on my sore feet today-he can lead the whole thing. Its his turn anyway.

A lovely day, and it would have been perfect if I had not forgotten to pack my pipe. Sitting up on the summit we could see an almost kitschy picture-off to the East the Columbia River Valley looked like the promised land slanting rays of western sun reflected in oblique sheets of rain. Meanwhile it was pouring rain to the South of us, snowing to the East and pitch dark with occasional lightening to the North.

The rappels were wet and tricky and the rope got stuck three times to the delight of the person with rock shoes who was delegated to climb up and free it. We did get wet and cold and I ran out of rap. rings but we made it to the cook tent as it turned dark. By that time the stars were out in the cool black sky.

As for that good Irish name Koala Peak, my daughter and I spent several hours later on in the summer looking at it from various angles from the Columbia valley but even the lively imagination of an eight year old could not see anything even remotely resembling a Poo Bear in that hunk of rock.

After a rest day we packed our gear again and set out for another apparent first Ascent-the West face of Serrate Peak. Two and 1/2 hours later we were on the top thanks to another series of hidden gullies. The summit ridge was indeed serrated and the view perfect, so to compensate for hauling our gear up yet another scramble, we spent several hours sitting on the summit block dangling our bare feet over the edge.

Little did we know that the real test of our skills was still ahead-the walk out. Paul and I packed our day packs (our gear was flown out a few days later with the rest of the group) and set out for the Forestry trail connecting Tara Lake with the Forester Creek road. The hike up to the Douard-Leitrim col and the walk down the Shannon Glacier (what's left of it anyway) went pleasantly enough but as for the trail, well it set a new standard for the term indistinct. "F_____ nonexistent" was Paul's assessment, repeated several times, I believe.

I remember walking the last few hundred feet right down the middle of the historically proven Canadian Highway-cool waters of Irish Creek, only to see Paul standing next to my truck laughing his head off. Must have been those Kokanees stashed in the creekbed for a week.

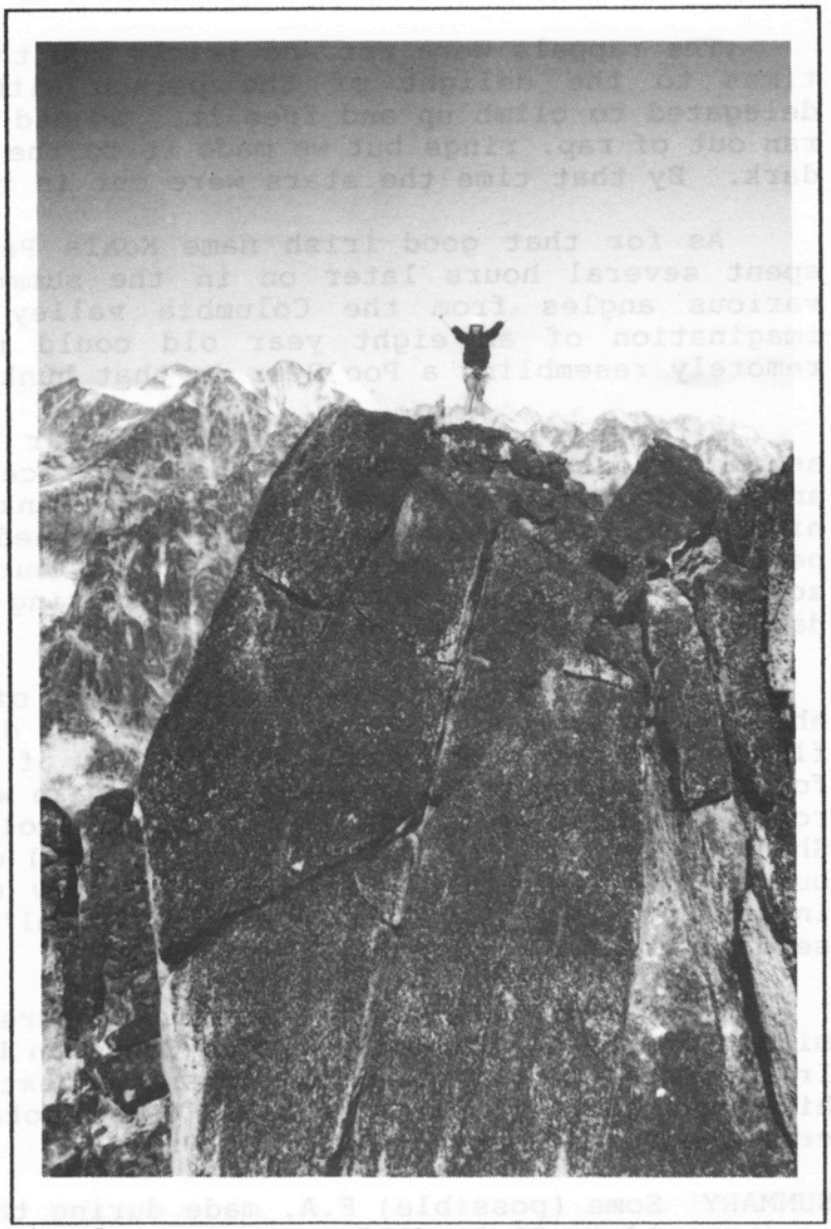
SUMMARY Some (possible) F.A. made during the KMC Climbing Camp (July 25-31, 92) in the Mt. Sally Serena Group

1. Traverse of ridge between Mts. Galway +Killarney
   July 26-Paul Allen, Steve Horvath, H. Mutch (Class 4)

2. Mt. Douard-South ridge-July 27-P. Allen; S. Horvath
   R. Netzel; H. Korn (Class 4)

3. Koala Peak-South ridge-July 28-Paul Allen; S.Horvath; E. White. (8 patches-up to 5.8)

4. Serrate Peak-West face-July 30-P.Allen; S.Horvath; R.Netzel; H.Korn (class 4)

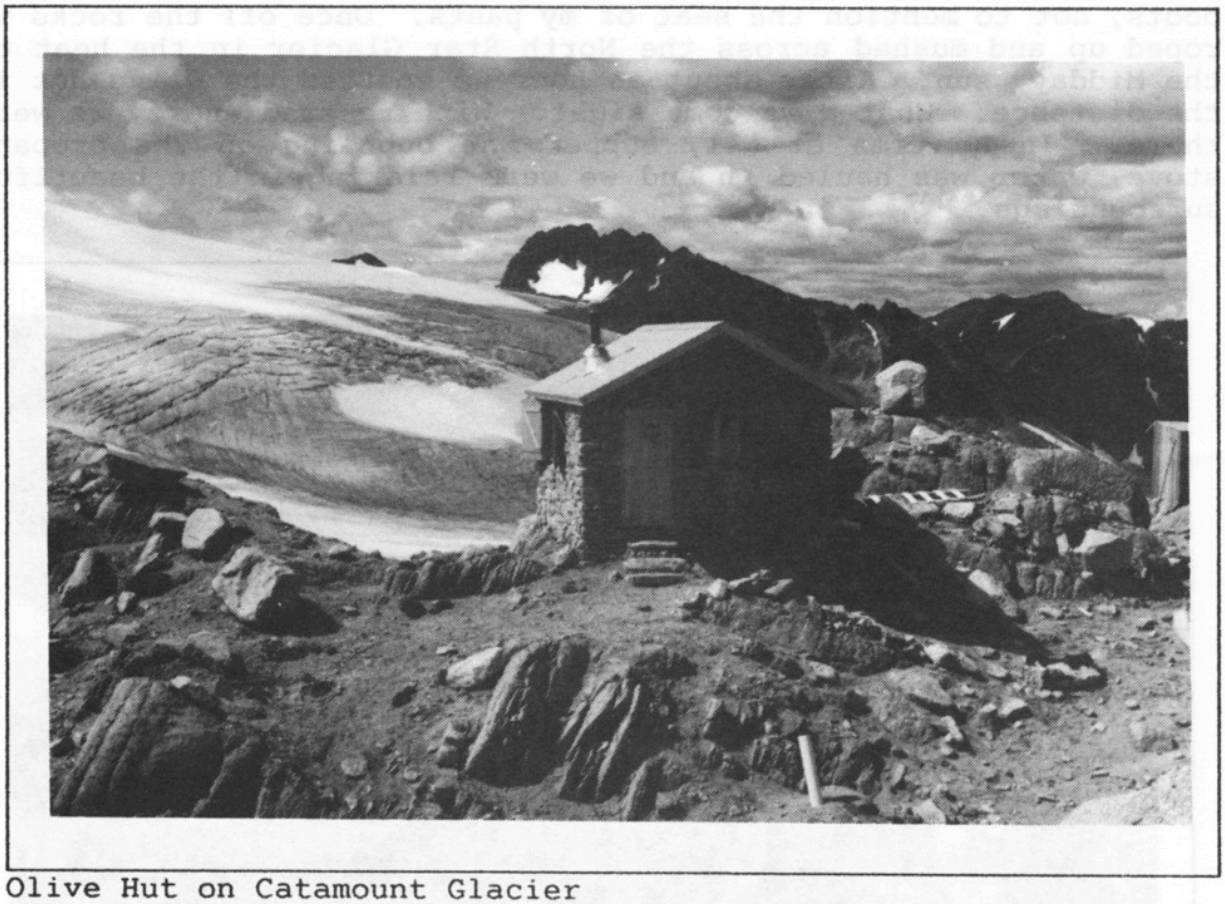


Rhonda on Serrate Peak

HIGH CAMP IN PARADISE

by Ross Breakwell

Before last summer at Sally Serena climbing camp, I had always thought of "high camp" as something to be endured in order to reach mountains more than a half day from base camp. Well, once there, the Olive Hut high camp required very little endurance. It was even more comfortable than base camp! Built in 1990, the Olive Hut is a beautiful stone and wood building at the edge of the Catamount Glacier.

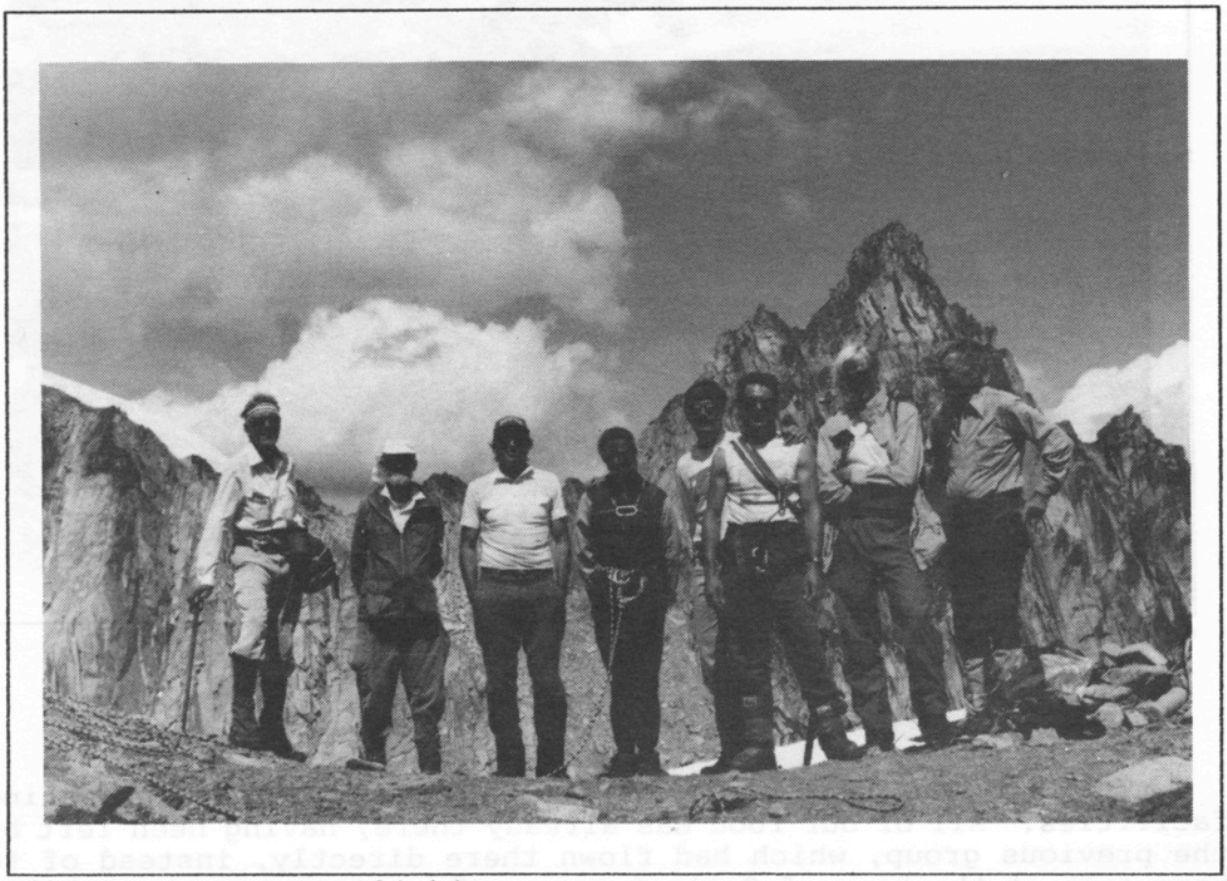


Olive Hut on Catamount Glacier

The hut was completely outfitted with cooking and eating facilities. All of our food was already there, having been left by the previous group, which had flown there directly, instead of to base camp at the base of Sally Serena. When that group arrived at base camp with the details of the trip, Peter Tchir, Brad Kryski and I eagerly packed up to set out the next morning.

After the usual huge breakfast and lots of coffee we were on our way. The going was good, up heathery slopes, through boulder fields and over frozen snow to the Killarny-Galway col, where we were slowed down by verglas covering every rock in our path (from

a rain shower the previous evening). Concentrating on every foot plant, we went up through the col and traversed the rubbly side of Killarney. It was then a straight shot down the ice covered rocks to a small lake at the base of Mt Alfa Centauri. After a short rest the three of us were up and over Mt. Alfa Centauri. For the down climb on the north side we talked of wearing crampons. But since the run-out was okay, we opted for the faster and more adventurous glissade into the col. From there it was a nice climb to the summit of North Star Peak. The other side of North Star consisted of very rough crystalline rocks that shredded hands and boots, not to mention the seat of my pants. Once off the rocks we roped up and mushed across the North Star Glacier in the heat of the Middayy sun. After about an hour we spotted the Olive Hut in the distance. What a welcome sight. With renewed energy we were there. In no time at all, supper was bubbling on the propane stove, water was hauled in and we were relaxing in the beautiful surroundings.

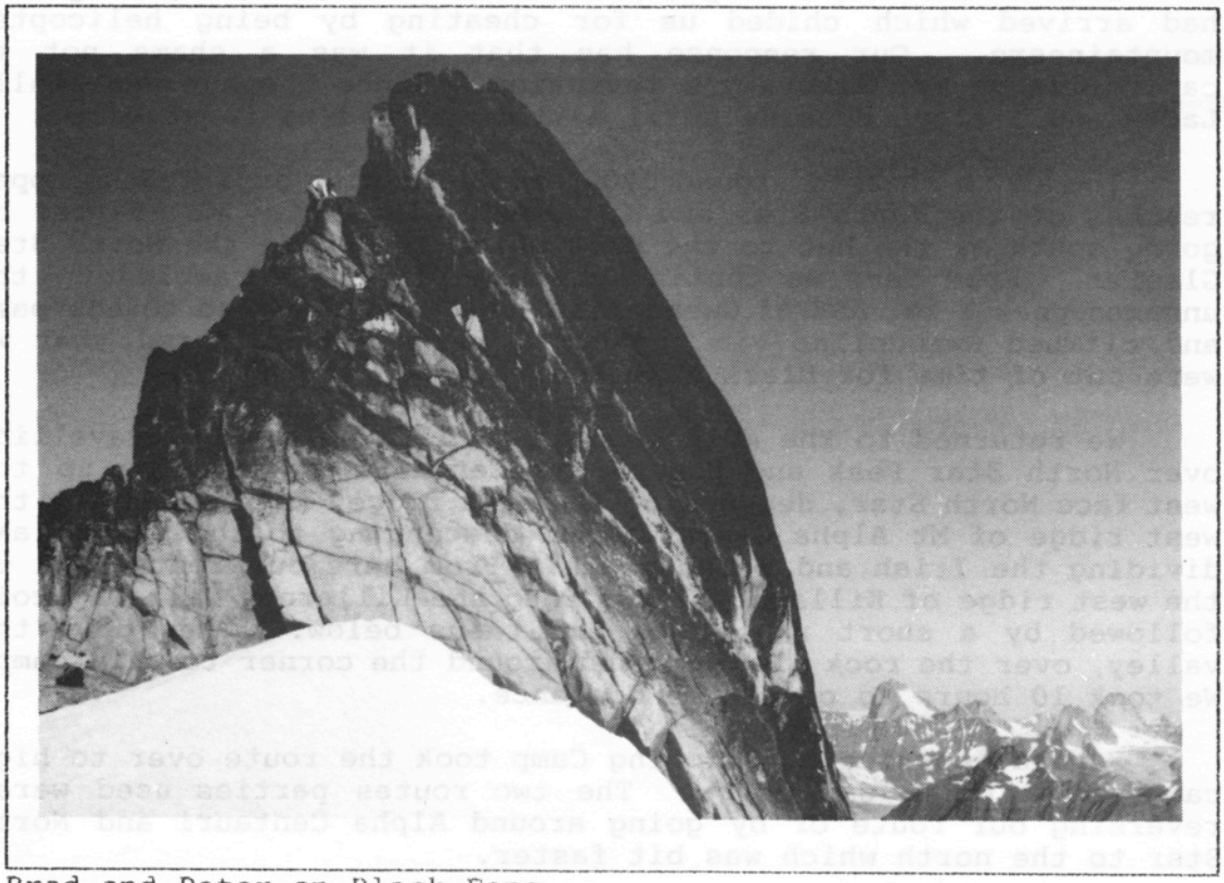


Hiking camp meets climbing camp

Next morning after crossing the Catamount Glacier to Mt Galloway, we sat a while and enjoyed incredible views in all directions including down into Edouard Pass where the hiking camp was located. Moving along the ridge we climbed Mt Nanette, and Mt Harmon. During our decent we spotted people in the col on the west side of Mt Galloway and decided to climb back up the glacier to investigate. Well those people turned out to be our friends from KMC hiking camp.

After chatting for a while and taking the essential photos, we went our separate ways. The hiking campers had invited us for tea, but after seeing the 3,000 foot drop into Edouard Pass, we thought it best to settle for our own tea at high camp. Crossing the Catamount glacier on our return to the Olive Hut that afternoon we had to leap over raging 4 ft wide meltwater conduits that disappeared into vertical channels in the ice farther down the glacier.

Early next morning Brad, Peter, and I departed for base camp. Of course we couldn't resist bagging Black Fang, and Gwendolin peaks along the way.



Brad and Peter on Black Fang

Climbing Camp High Camp (Olive Hut)

By: Fred Thiessen

On a rocky outcrop, at the east edge of the Catamount Glacier is a new hut called the Olive Hut. For those who wanted to have a high camp, this was the obvious choice as it was a days travel away and offered an attractive glaciated environment which was very different from the lakes and meadows of main camp.

After the main camp was flown in, J & D Roberts, L Smith and I (Fred) flew to the hut for a two day visit. On the day we arrived, we crossed the Catamount Glacier and scrambled to the top of Mount Galloway. From here we could see Hiking Camp arrive, but our shouts and rock rolling were either ignored or not heard. From here we travelled over Nanette (a pleasant scramble) on our way to Mount Harmon. Mt. Harmon was straightforward, although we did rope up for the final pitch. We descended the north side of Mt. Harmon to complete our circumnavigation of the peak.

Back at the hut, a couple (who had reservations) from Edgewood had arrived which chided us for cheating by being helicopter mountaineers. Our response has that it was a shame not to capitalize on Mr. Sikorsky's invention. Since the hut was small, Larry and I slept outside until a storm forced us in at 0400.

The storm cleared around 0900, so decided to explore the upper reaches of the North Star and Catamount Glaciers. We started by going south of the hut to the pass which lead onto the North Star Glacier. From here we continued south bit and scrambled up the unnamed peak 1 km. SSE of Gwendoline. We then returned to the pass and climbed Gwendoline via the north ridge. We figured that we were out of time for Black Fang and returned to the hut.

We returned to the main camp the following day by travelling over North Star Peak and Mount Alpa Centauri by starting up the west face North Star, descending the east ridge, then ascending the west ridge of Mt Alpha Centauri and descending to the large lake dividing the Irish and Welsh peaks. From here our route went up the west ridge of Killarney, down into the Killarney Galloway col, followed by a short rappel to the talus below. Then down the valley, over the rock glacier, and around the corner to main camp. We took 10 hours to cover the distance.

Several parties at Climbing Camp took the route over to high camp for a three day visit. The two routes parties used were; reversing our route or by going around Alpha Centauri and North Star to the north which was bit faster.

Black Fang was climbed by Brad Kryski, Peter Tchir and Ross Breakwell party which reported it to be a short pitch of mid 5th class climbing.

For those at hiking camp, the hut, was very close and was accessed by ascending the creek that lead to east ridge of Mt Galloway, then across the glacier to the hut.
If one is contemplating visiting the hut, it is furnished with foamies, pots, pans, and stoves. One need only bring personal gear and a sleeping bag.

1992 Climbing Camp
by Eric White

Everyone collected in the B.C. Forest Service campsite near Stockdale Creek on the Friday night (east of Invermere). Ross Breakwell and Brad Kryski put the appropriate spin on things when they showed up in the morning. Ross had worked until midnight Friday, they were almost out of gas and to top it all off, they were driving a car with no insurance. Ross had obtained two temporary transport permits - one for the day prior to camp and one for the day after. (They made it to a gas station on the way out).

Camp was located on one of the lakes at the head of Serena Creek in the Purcells. Camp location bordered on the idyllic, peaks and sheer walls to the east and Mount Stockdale on the other side of the lake to the west. Camp itself was on a series of meadows on the east shore of the lake. There was a certain tenor of rottenness to some of the available peaks, however the faces of Mount Sally Serena and Koala Peak provided some excellent rock climbing.

For a complete change of scenery, most people spent a couple of days in high camp. High camp was in the Olive Hut on the east bank of the Catamount Glacier - in the midst of glacial scenery. The hut is beautifully made and outfitted, and provided very pleasant accommodation to all who went. Hiking camp was located in Edouard Pass (about one day west of the hut). Pleasantries from both sides of the club were exchanged on Mount Galloway on several occasions as parties met on the climb.

Doris Corbeil was our cook and did an excellent job, keeping everyone well fed and content. We had a good mix of the old guard and new members and everybody appeared to have a good time. Everyone climbed most of what they wanted to climb (or came up with a reason why that which should be clumb could not be clumb by real people but was possible for idiots which they were not).

We had enough injuries to initiate a complete assessment of our first aid gear and to provide a certain amount of bandaging practice, but not enough to slow anyone down. The exception was Kim, who came down with the plague on day two and had sort of recovered when we flew out. We kept him entertained as best as we could. Better luck next year Kim!.

The happy campers:

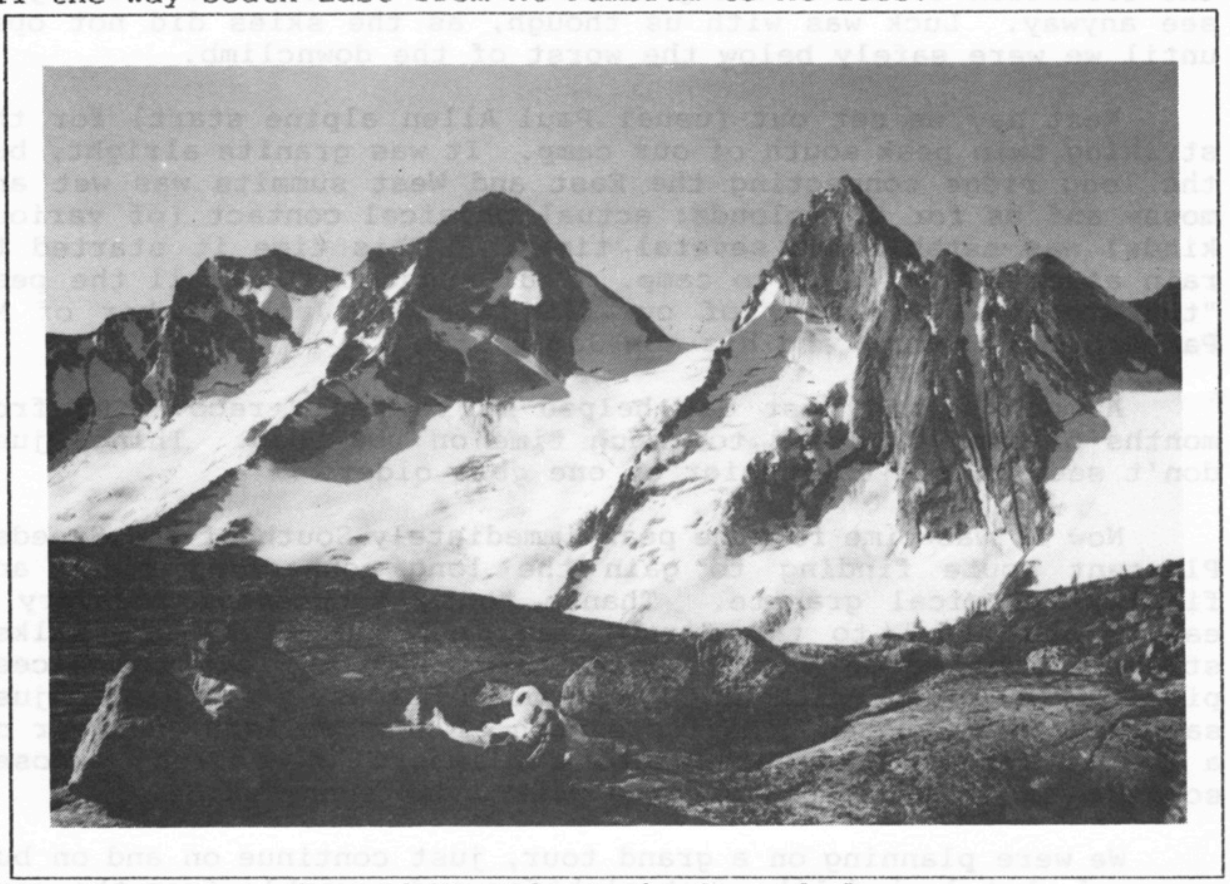
Jeff and Delia Roberts, Pam Olsen, Kim Kratky, Lea Stabile, Peter McIver, Larry Smith, Peter Tchir, Eric White, Rhonda Netzel, Mike Allegretti, Hamish Mutch, Brad Kryski, Ross Breakwell, Hans-Peter Korn, Carl Johnson, Howie Ridge, Dave Adams, Fred Thiessen, Dan Gray.

FINLAY GROUP

HAMISH, STEVE and PAUL

Part 2

In the summer of '91 Paul Allen and Hamish Mutch spent the "perfect week" at the Lone Cairn Lake (beneath Mt Lees and Clutterbuck). They resolved to return. I made sure that family and work commitments would not prevent me from joining them this time-so there we were, camped high up on the height of land running all the way South East from Mt Pambrum to Mt Lees.



Mt. Lees on right and Mt. Clutterbuck on left

Our first objective was Mt Pambrum. It was climbed only once by some of our friends from the KMC in 1964, from the Pork Creek Valley (North). The mountain looks rather impressive and quite out of place, a huge steep and isolated glacial chunk of the Rockies transplanted into the Purcell's granite country.

Lucky for us the most obvious line was right above our camp. A steep looking South ridge, red at the bottom with a vertical white section on top. The red stuff turned out to be alternate bands of broken and solid quartzite, and some two hours of

interesting scrambling. The steep white stuff felt like the crystalline marble on Mt. Sir Sanford. Once we got this far, the weather with customary perfect timing started to change. The sun disappeared just as Hamish-only one to carry fives started the first lead.

Seconding was fun as we had the advantage on him-a swift kick with a boot and voila-without foothold. After some three pitches of this good stuff we unroped and left our gear under a rock and scrambled up the long serrated summit ridge. This cunning plan coupled with the deteriorating weather made it impossible to keep the tradition of a leisurely summit lunch. There was nothing to see anyway. Luck was with us though, as the skies did not open until we were safely below the worst of the downclimb.

Next day we set out (usual Paul Allen alpine start) for the striking twin peak south of our camp. It was granite alright, but the long ridge connecting the East and West summits was wet and mossy and as for the clouds: actual physical contact (of various kinds) was established several times. This time it started to rain after we got back to camp. Paul suggested we call the peak "the Steeds", in memory of our KMC friends, Jack (member of Mt Pamburn F.A. party) and his son Jamie Steed.

A much needed rest day helped me to begin recovering from months of long days and too much time on the road. Things just don't seem to get any easier as one gets older.

Now it was time for the peak immediately South of the Steeds. Pleasant route finding to gain the long connecting ridge and finally technical granite. Thanks to my successful recovery I easily beat Paul to the first lead, but the fink just walked straight past me on the belay and proceeded to lead the nicest piece of the ridge, without as much as an "Excuse me". Hamish just sat there and laughed. Having enough of that we left our gear on a grassy ledge and stepped into a climbers' dream-long exposed scramble on an unclimbed granite peak under sunny skies.

We were planning on a grand tour, just continue on and on but as usual what looked like a straightforward scramble from the camp proved to be anything but that, especially without anything to rappel on. So next year....

On our last day we climbed the west peak of "the Steeds". Approach was somewhat cumbersome, up and around, back and forth, but the day was sunny, meadows with flowers and the granite clean and white. By then we'd discussed just about anything under the sun and agreed on solutions to most of the worlds' problems, except names of the peaks. So we are suggesting a name for the ridge itself-Memorial Ridge.

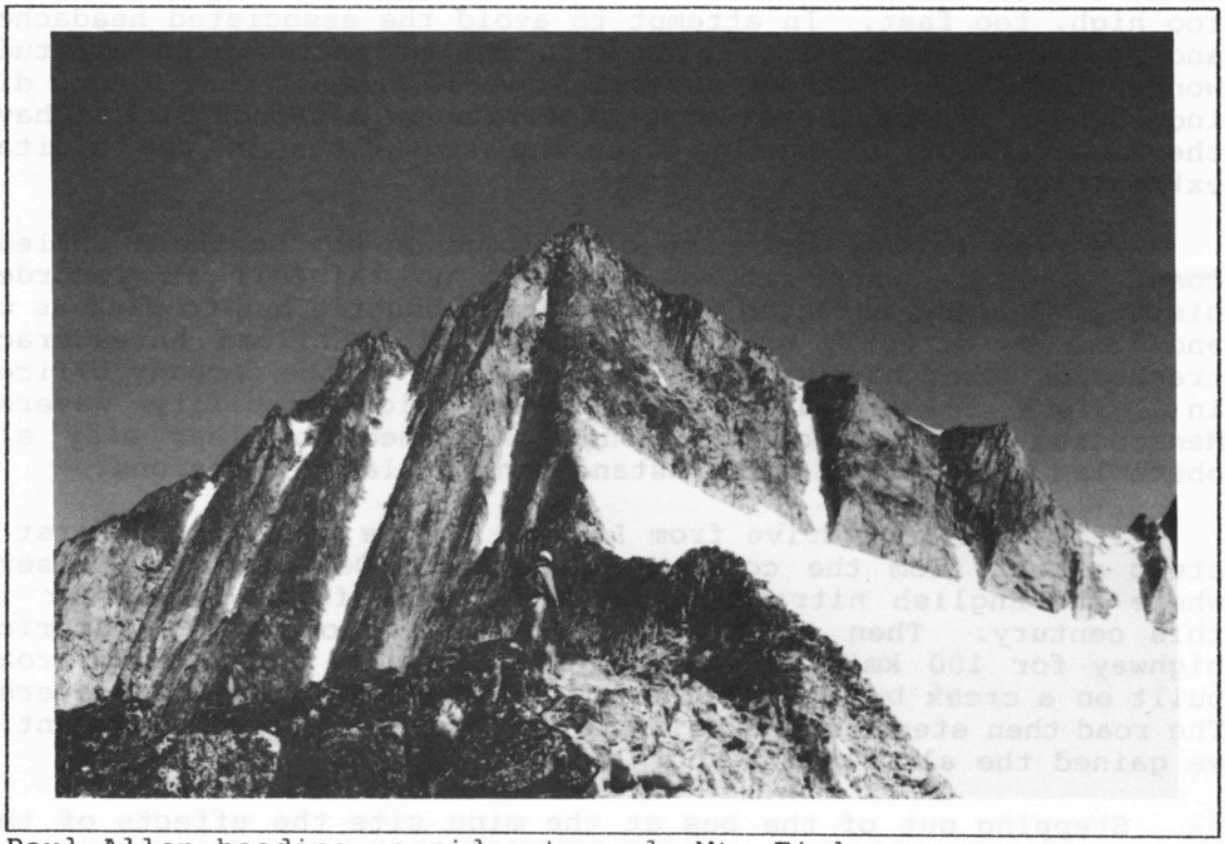
SUMMARY

Mt. Pambrum-south ridge FA
-free climb up to the steep white rock near summit-then leads of 5.4 (exposed crumbly rock); scramble to summit. Interesting rappels.

Unnamed (The Steeds)
-first peak South of Mt. Pambrum on the long ridge running between the former and Mt. Lees.
E. summit-FA freeclimb up N.E. ridge
W. summit-FA freeclimb up S. ridge

Unnamed -second peak S of Mt. Pambrum
FA N.W. ridge, 3 leads-up to 5.5

All ascents by Paul Allen, Steven Horvath, Hamish Mutch
Third week of July 1992



Paul Allen heading up ridge towards Mt. Finlay

DAY TRIPS IN THE ALTIPLANO

By Larry Smith

Don Mousseau could not manage to get away to go climbing with Fred Thiessen and I during his days off in Santiago, so he issued the invitation to visit him at the Quebrada Blanca mine site in northern Chile. He said he would take care of us and could get away to climb a volcano or two. He may have been a bit surprised when Fred accepted his offer. Mine construction sites are not usually on the approved tourist routes.

The Quebrada Blanca mine site is located on the altiplano steppe near the Bolivian boarder at an altitude of 4350 meters. Having spent only 3 previous nights at 4000 meters and then having participated in a low level sea-food eating journey through the rainy Chilean Lake District, we knew we would once again be going too high, too fast. In attempt to avoid the associated headaches and nausea we decided to play with the purported high altitude wonder drug Diamox. Later assessment would suggest that Diamox did indeed help reduce the effects of altitude, although it did have the side effect of causing tingling sensations in the digital extremities.

We flew to the port city of Iquique on the northern Chilean coast, a place where there has been no rainfall in recorded history. Don had arranged for the mine's shuttle bus to pick us up and take us directly up to the mine. The Chilean bureaucracy tracked us down, however, and we were taken to the company offices in Iquique to explain ourselves and sign liability wavers. Mentioning the name of Don Mousseau seemed to clear away all obstacles both during this instance and at later occasions.

It is a 5 hour drive from Iquique to the mine site. First a steep ascent from the coast to the Pampas Del Tamarugal desert where the English nitrate barons made their fortunes earlier in this century. Then south across the pampas on the Pan America highway for 100 km's. A steep but constantly rising rough road built on a creek bed led to the town of Huatacondo at 2100 meters. The road then steepened as we drove up through the cordillera until we gained the altiplano 1 hour later.

Stepping out of the bus at the mine site the effects of the high altitude were apparent. Light headedness, the first twitches of a headaches and a definite strangeness in our voices. Don used the excuse of checking on a broken pump and gave us a quick tour of the area. We slept well that night, unlike most visitors who go directly from sea-level to the 4300 meters. The next day we took it easy and walked in the nearby hills, reaching a elevation of 4800 meters.

On day three Don took a few hours off work and we went to climb the 6176 meter Co. Aucanquilcha. The approach to Aucanquilcha is a short drive across a couple of salars and then up

a mining road to the highest mine in the world, a sulphur mine at 5700 to 5900 meters. The mine had been closed due to the snowfall associated with the recently ended Bolivian winter. Snow and washouts on the road allowed us to drive to only 5300 meters. From there we walked up the road, did some route finding through the sulphur mine and completed the crux move of getting out of the open-pit. The final 300 meters was a moderately steep snow slope. Don showed the superior acclimatization which comes from living at 4300 meters for three quarters of the past 18 months and quickly punched steps up about three quarters of the slope before tiring near the summit. We spent about 20 minutes on top and headed back down. Climbing Aucanquilcha was the highest any of us had climbed before, Fred and Don's first 6000 meter peak and Don made the achievement of being the first KMC member to climb a 6000 meter peak in blue jeans and without gaiters

Don could not escape the pile of paper on his desk for two days in a row, so Fred and I drove out the next day to climb the active 5163 meter Vulcan Irruputuncu. The volcano seemed quite active that morning, belching large clouds of hydrogen sulphide gas which appeared to be blowing over the true summit on the east rim of the crater. Deciding it would be prudent to approach the crater from the up-wind side we drove to the northwest side of the mountain and set off from an elevation of 4000 meters. We climbed up over a lava flow, through a maze of boulders, up horrible scree slopes and then keeping close to a band of cliffs up some snow patches to the rim. On the way up be noticed pieces of wood lying well above shrub line. The source of this wood became apparent when we reached the top. Near a small gas vent there were walls constructed of stacked sulphur blocks. Obviously we had followed the route of some previous miners, perhaps the Spaniards, who where after the pure sulphur crystals which were found at the top.

The crater of Irruputuncu is actually two or perhaps three craters. The walls of the older outer crater have been breached in a couple of places. There is possibly a second set of breached crater walls within the outer rim. A much smaller crater is located in the centre. This crater actively belches sulphur fumes through numerous vents and has totally coated the west summit. There are also trails through the outer walls to the rim of this inner crater. Located adjacent to this crater are a number of stone walls and a large stone building with its roof still intact. It appears that sulphur had been mined here during past periods of low volcanic activity.

In the afternoon the volcanic activity had decreased significantly so we traversed around to the high east summit making a quick unapproved visit to Bolivia at the top. The descent consisted of a rapid scree run, a walk down a pumice flow and then a journey along a deep outwash gully.

HIGH SACRIFICES-by Larry Smith

While skiing on the local hills surrounding Santiago Senor Holmes kept eyeing the lofty summit of Corro El Plomo. It kept beckoning him to come and climb. To assist Ken in this goal, Fred Thiessen and I jetted south in early March. I had succumbed to a vicious flu 10 days prior to leaving and had not recovered when Fred dragged me into the car to drive to Calgary and then poured me onto the plane. I started to feel better after drinking a Brazilian beer 2 hours out of Santiago. Two days later we were carrying heavy packs at 3500 to 4000 meters.

Ken and Rita had acquired a Subaru Justy 4x4 in Chile. This little car would not cope with driving 4 people and 3 packs up the service road to the top of the La Parva ski hill at 3500 meters. Therefore, Rita drove up the packs and we walked. Good thing too. Having to carry the packs up would have caused undue pain and suffering. That day we slowly carried the packs up and down across 12 km's of the hot, dry landscape and camped at 3800 meters. Day two saw us move the camp up to the foot of the glacier at 4300 meters. The campsite was huge and full of garbage. The area appears to be very popular for weekend climbing trips from Santiago.

That afternoon we climbed the 5000 meter Corro Leonora. The ascent consisted of mostly scree with about 100 meters of scrambling at the top. Not a recommended route and a bit silly to go that high so fast. Ken was feeling a bit nauseous and the rice would not cook at that altitude, so dinner that night consisted of soup and cookies. The next morning we set off for El Plomo. This involved walking up steep trails through the scree until we reached the ancient Inca sacrificial platform. From there it was up the snow covered glacier, around several crevasses and onto the rocky but wide summit ridge. The summit at 5450 meters gave a fabulous view of the surrounding peaks, including Aconcagua, Tupungato and Marmolejo. It also should have given us a good view of Santiago, but this was obscured by 3000 meters of smog. Ken was again feeling nauseous, Freddie was feeling fine but was moving slower than I had ever seen him before and I was okay but starting to develop the high altitude dehydration headache. The wind was also blowing a hurricane force gale which pounded us with icy snow as we cross the glacier and almost blew us off the ridge. On the way down we stop for lunch in the middle of the sacrificial platform, vowed to visit the mummy which had been dug up at the site and then hurried down. Back at camp Fred kept feeding us fluids to alleviate the headaches.

"Drink until you pee clear," he kept saying. In the end, however, he didn't drink enough himself. The next morning he paid for it with a spitting headache and a case of acute mountain sickness.

SUMMER HIKING CAMP-EDOUARD PASS
by Pamela Jenkins

Driving from Christina Lake to Nelson, July 25th, to meet the group, Dennis and Pac saw an incredible ball of fire-sunrise. This seemed to be a good omen.

During our first supper we saw a moose and its baby wander down to the lake to drink. Rick, Earl, and Alastair reported there had been another moose in the meadows as they flew in.
That first evening, Earl labelled the peaks visible and accessible from camp: 1. Galloway, 2. Gwendolin, 3. Tri Again (formerly Tricorn) and 4. Pulpit (The oldest member Earl, and youngest participant both made first and solo climbs.)

On our first day a group went down the valley and up the boulder strewn valley to the False Forster Pass which they named Falster Pass. Phillipe and Mirielle saw 3 bucks with antlers.
Earl led Rick, Marg, Laurie and Carol up the over 9,000 foot Pulpit Peak (behind camp). On the way down Carol swam in her undies and the others skinny dipped in Sock Stretcher Lake (below the shale slopes of Pulpit).

On Monday a large group went to the Notch (Falster Pass). They scrambled up the rocky massive to the left and had wonderful views of Thunderwater Lake. Earl had gone off to the right and through binoculars we watched him cross the snow slope and climb Griffin. We returned via the less stark ridge past a high bleak lake. That evening Jim entertained with Gilbert and Sullivan songs.

Throughout the week we went on various hikes:
Norman, Anna, Alastair and Linda went on the Galloway ridge. All of them got lost coming down except Alastair who followed the cairns.

Graham, Alastair, Cynthia, Phillipe and Mirielle climbed Pulpit while Carol and Marg went on the Lakes tour. Somehow Cynthia ended up with her socks and shirt thrown in the lake.

On Tuesday Dennis and Pac roped up below the snow gulley between Tri-Again and Pulpit hoping to tackle the ridge from the col. The ridge was too broken up, so they had to go down into the boulder field below and up the rocks and scree further along. Dennis reached the summit of Tri Again.

Alastair climbed to the summit of Galloway from the rocky route visible from camp.

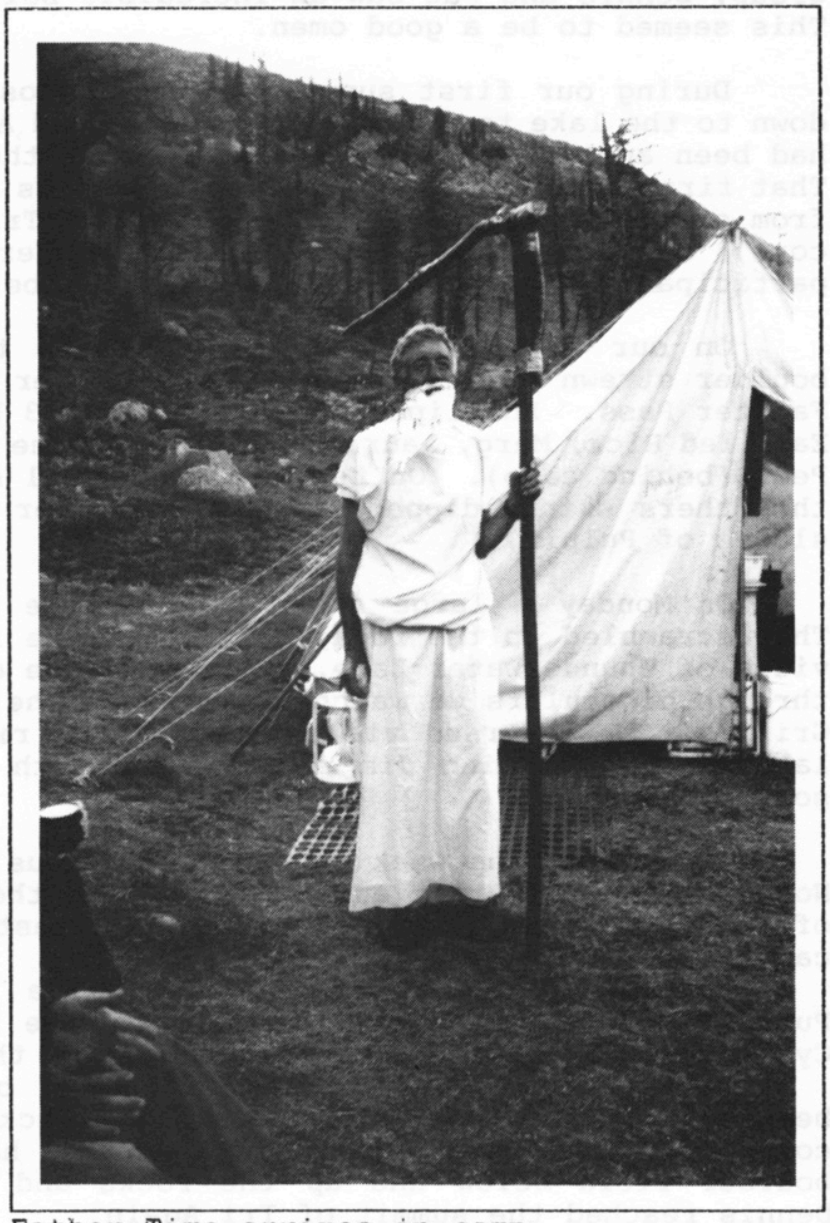
Jan and Ray climbed Pulpit following Earl's route.

On Thursday Earl and Phillipe followed Edouard Creek down to the lower lake where they found a gulley which led up to the ridge and Catamount Glacier. They met some of the KMC climbing camp and could see the Olive hut across the glacier. They reached the summit of Galloway. Phillipe thought this was the very best trip. That same route saw Alastair going on ahead, while Norman, Linda and Cynthia roped up together. Cynthia, had the misfortune of

falling into a crevasse up to her armpits.

Dennis, Carol, Anna and Ray followed the bushwack and snow route to the summit of Galloway. They met the others, from the climbing camp.

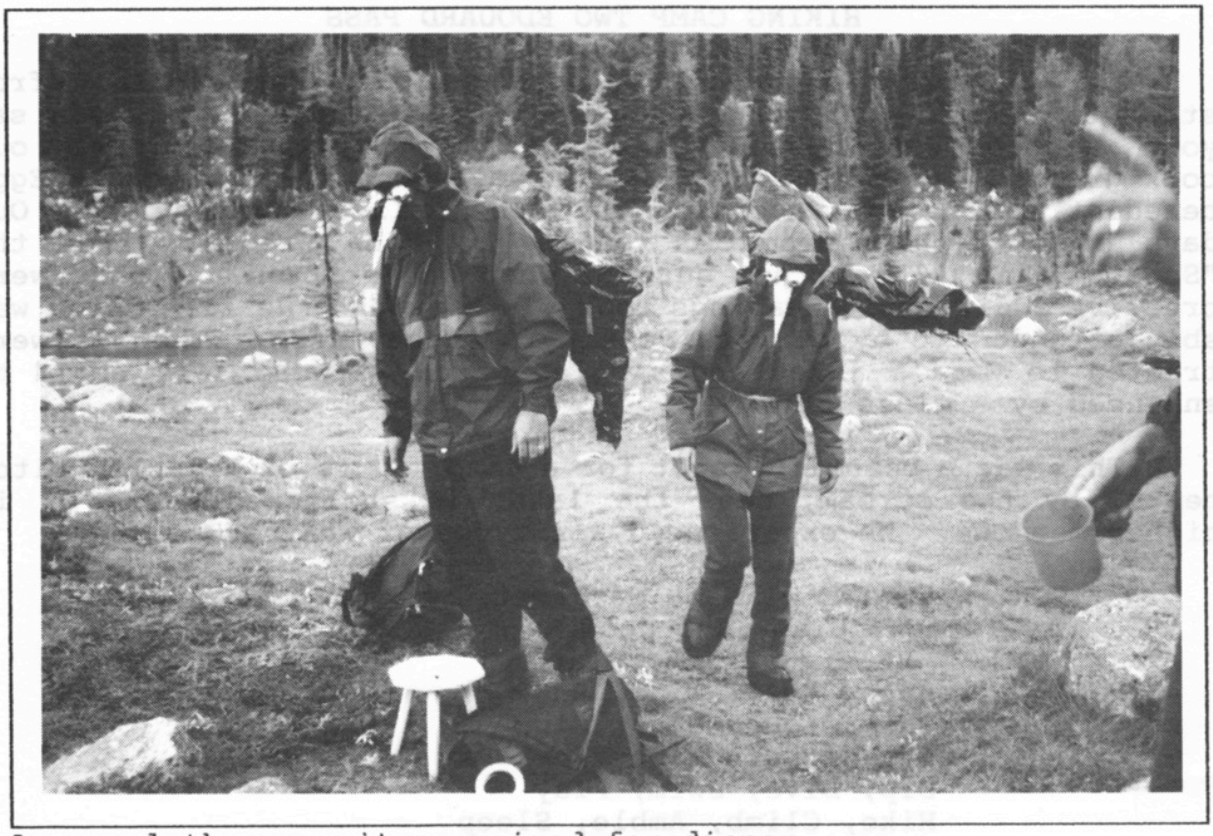
Alastair climbed Taurus alone.



Father Time arrives in camp

Friday night was dress up night. Father Time was the first to appear (Earl). Next came the mosquitoes (Marg + Rick). Their eyes and beaks were made from egg cartons and their wings were black plastic bags. Pac wrapped two rain capes around her African Style and Graham appeared in a Guatemalan cape. All the rest were spoil sports.

Norm, from previous computer analysis, knew where to look for



As usual the mosquitos arrived for dinner

certain planets. Alastair had a telescope. In the middle of the night they spotted Saturn complete with rings.

On our trip out a cooler touched the helicopter's fragile window and broke it. Several trips in and out were made with no window. Finally someone patched it with duct tape piecing the window fragments together like a jigsaw puzzle.

We appreciated the excellent food well put together by the cook Sonia with the help of Luba and the others who took turns. On our way home we stopped briefly at the Marina Inn in Kaslo before we went our separate ways. Great weather, great food and great people made for a great week.

CAMP PARTICIPANTS-Laurie Charlton (leader) Sonia Sedivy (cook), Norm and Anna Thyer, Linda Thyer, Brother and sister Alastair and Cynthia Fraser, Graham Kenyon, Ray Neumar, Carol Potasnyk, Carolyn Schram, Jim Mattice, Marg and Rick Dietrich, Mirielle and Phillipe Delesalle, Earl Jorgenson, Dennis Sims and Pamela Jenkins

HIKING CAMP TWO EDOUARD PASS

Our camp well organized by John Stewart, ran smoothly from start to finish. If you didn't want to get up at 7 am, you set your watch on East Kootenay time and got up at 8am. Terri, our cook greeted us each morning with a smile and treats such as Eggs benedict, or flowers adorning the lemon slices at teatime. Our days ended with a dramatic reading by John Stewart, from the "Saga." We still are not sure of what was written and what were creative additions. Readings took place around the fire which was ably attended to by our resident pyromaniac, Bess. Then we were treated to Mari's jokes and singing which we were told could be enhanced by a glass of wine.

This was a beautiful spot for a camp. Lots of areas to pitch tents, by the stream, near the lake, in sheltered spots or in higher meadows. We experienced all types of weather.

GONE WITH THE WIND-by Margaret Gmoser
Crack, Blam, Kaboooom
Flare, Flash, Glare
Rain, Hail, Wind, Snow
Sun, Cloud, Burn, Glow
Bug Jackets-a Deetless Day
Dip, Dive, Swim, Play
Hike, Climb, Amble, Sleep
Camp Two Memories
Ours to Keep.

The camp provided something for everyone, easy strolls and on occasional times, just relaxing in the camp area. We all enjoyed animal, bird, and flower watching (especially Muriel, Vivien and Bess. These ladies identified 77 varieties of plants; 13 types of birds and 11 different animals.

Muriel Walton: THREE BABY SANDPIPERS ON EDOUARD LAKESHORE
Sat Aug 1-looked like grey stones
Aug 2-grey fluff balls
Aug 3-silvery running fluff
Aug 4-an ounce of fluffy covered body, wire legs, sharp eyes and beak
Aug 5-running and catching insects 40-60 attempts per minute!
Aug 6-swimming fluff balls

The more adventurous spent time scrambling over the loose rock and traversing the odd snowfield on the way to a peak.

John Stewart: "AWFUL RIDGE"
Sentinels, Gendarmes, Gargoyles, Tusks,
Standing Rocks, Tilted Rocks, Windows!
Black Rock, White Rock, Grey Rock, Brown Rocks!

Loose rock that falls off the ridge in house sized chunks!
An endless wall that gives back your Indian war whoop in a six-fold echo!

Millions of tourist come to see a lesser version of Awful Ridge at Sentinel Pass and Merlin Valley in the Lake Louise Rockies. Ours has a flower filled meadow 500 feet below it along which stroll while looking up at the wild shapes of Awful Ridge. But Awful Ridge is too rough for us to walk along. Its gullies are too loose for us to climb in groups. So it is "Awful Ridge"

Kirsten Apel: GALLOWAY PEAK

I wondered again why I was doing this at all when it seemed that every step up I took, I would lose half to the earth moving back on me; or I would slip off a large rock that I couldn't see under the thick bush; or I had to jump to miss what I thought was a sturdy rock.
Garth, Alan and I were packed before breakfast to ensure an early leave. The trek was the usual, through open forest, marshes, steep grass and (around here) the inevitable loose, rotten, horrible dirt/rock mixture before even getting our toe onto the snow of the glacier.
But it was all worth it, as I got to the top and saw the spectacular view. To the west and down below was our camp. On the other side one could see the icefield, a mixture of snow, ice and dirt, giving it its own unique pattern, surrounded by several splintered ridges of mountains. Even further in the distance a vista of other familiar mountains and snow.
The day was capped, after a long steep side hill and bushwack, with a game trail back to camp which followed a grassy moss carpet along a creek.
We arrived two hours late for supper, to camp cheers, the most comfortable seat in the house, hot food and even dessert!
The last morning dawned fine and finished with another laugh as Fritz, eager to have the new "Hole", just right, hailed Joyce who was in the biffy,
"Whoever is in the biffy, how wide are your legs."

We all take away special memories of camp. Some of mine include:
-Clown Time-Pat and Co decorated themselves with coloured zinc ointment
-The Toilet Roll Bouquet-a sudden storm flooded the supply tent

-Sitting quietly in a field of flowers watching a marmot and being buzzed
-having a beautiful hummingbird show me the way.

Author-Anne Suthern and those listed.

KMC HIKING CAMP #3-by Vivien Bowers

(to the tune of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah"

Oh Joanie is our leader and she tells us what to do,
What to cook, and what to bring and how to mind our p's and q's.
She's so cheerful when she does it, but she leaves no room for doubt.
"Just do it if you want a flight out"!

CHORUS 1
She's the Catamount Cahoona
All that rhymes with is "tuna"
She makes us toe the line,
Carry water dump the lime.
Our leader is di-vine.

Mies is in the cook tent from morn''till nearly night.
She's making sure that none of us returns home feeling light.
She wields her hearty spatula and hefts a roast of meat,
"Eat! Eat more! Eat!"

CHORUS 2
She's the cook tent Cahoona
All that rhymes with is "tuna",
She makes us toe the line,
Carry water, keep on fryin'.
Our cook, she is di-vine.

FINAL CHORUS
Thanks to both our cahoonas,
Even though they rhyme with "tuna"
They did do mighty fine
And my toes are on the line
'Cause they are so di-vine.

(In praise of Joan Harvey and Mies Bryce).

KMC CLIMBING SCHOOL 1992

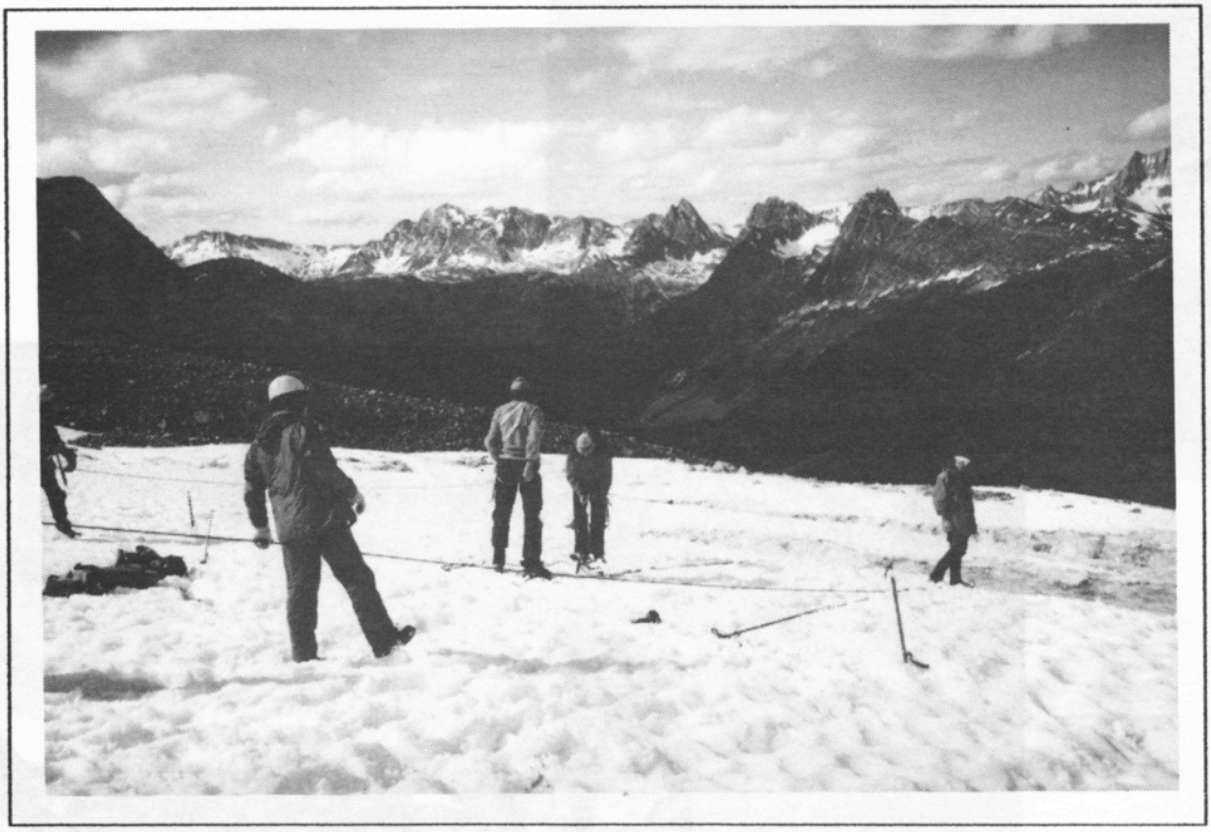
The KMC climbing school had 18 participants this year. All were enthusiastic and appreciative of the usual tremendous effort of the clubs volunteer instructors. Some of the students went on to the camps and certainly got to practice what they learned, and carry on the ties that form when people adventure together.

As times change and elements appear in mountaineering that were never there before (liability, rules and regulations), I hope that the human portion will not be overshadowed.

People sharing goals, time, knowledge and themselves should always be what springs to mind when people think climbing and KMC.

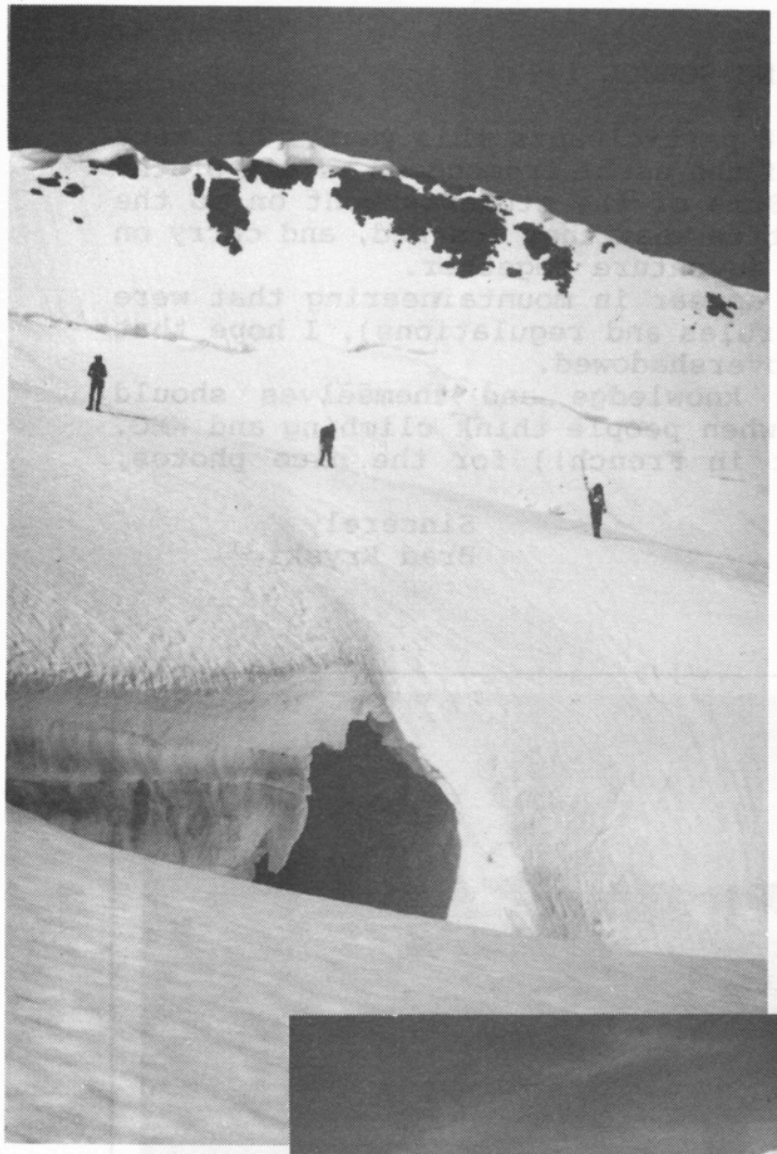
Thanks Martin (I'm saying it in French!) for the nice photos, they really do say it all.

Sincerely
Brad Kryski



INSTRUCTORS: Bert Port, Fred Thiessen, Eric White, Ross Breakwell, Paul Allen, Peter Tchir, Steve Horvath

Also: Geoff Miller, Howie Ridge, Dave Bristow





MUTCH ADO WITH HAMEE by Paul Allen

"Hamee" as Rhonda calls Hamish, sent me a letter in early 91.

Dear Paul,
I have all of August off, lets go climbing!
How about Lees and Clutterbuck?

And so the stage was set for further adventure. In early July with a trip planned for the Hatteras area with Steve, I phoned Hamish to set up the August trip.
"August-I mean July." "My kids arrive in August and I have no time off then," says Hamish.
So after some interesting laughs and discussion, Hamish came to the Hatteras group with us and a week later I went to the Findlay group with him.

Steve couldn't arrange time off, so Hamish and I set off for the seldom mentioned Lees and Clutterbuck. But at the appointed ferry rendezvous at Balfour-no Hamish! After a 45 minute wait, up careens the Mutch Mobile with the following story:
"I didn't trust the ferry line ups and so I went the Salmo/Creston way to be sure to arrive on time, but then I was held up by rock scaling on the highway."
Yes, definitely a typical climbing trip!

We set up camp at Lone Cairn Lake right under Mt Findlay and directly across from the ridge containing Mts. Midge, Lee, and Clutterbuck. Absolutely one of the most beautiful mountain scenes imaginable, clean, quiet, alone and very remote.
The first morning we decide to explore and have an easy day on Mt. Findlay. We head over to the pinnacle on the ridge, after which the lake is named. The "Lone Cairn" looks crumbly and with a cursory inspection only, on go the helmets and harnesses and up the wall to the ridgecrest we climb. A pitch and a half later of mid class 5 and we are on the ridge. Climbing gear goes into our packs, never to be seen again this day. Scrambling, off we go on the kilometre long ridgeline.

After good exposed climbing up large solid granite blocks the summit is easily attained. Here is found the new system of government summit registers, a ten foot rope tied to a wooden box that has obviously been heli dropped into place. A bit tricky down climbing and then 1500 ft of boot skiing leads to the tent door, a bit of heaven this place.

DAY 2

Mt Midge, to the west of us looks inviting and easy. The guidebook backs this up with the description of easy scrambling up chimneys to the top. All the rock gear is left in the tent and ice axe in hand we charge off. The hard part is up very steep snow and then over a very ugly bergschrund with only loose frozen scree to step onto. One at a time, kicking steps, we gingerly ease over the crevasse onto the frozen scree and then scratch our way up the hairy mess to the ridge. Immediately to our chagrin we need to rope up. We don't have ropes so we are forced onto the back side of the mountain where we "SCOTTISH GULLY CLIMB" up crumbly cracks to the summit, to be greeted by blowing snow and forced to beat a hasty retreat.

All the way back to camp Hamish keeps pointing out the striking north ridges on both Mt Lees and Clutterbuck and how Fred Beckey has put up a 5.8 mixed route on Lees, but that the east ridge on Clutterbuck is unclimbed. The route looks long and steep and hard and verrrry interesting.

"Hamish, do you know Fred?" I inquire.

"Yes, I used to climb with him back in the sixties when I was in Vancouver", he quietly replies.

"It took Fred three tries to climb Mt Lees", he lets slip out.

I know an intro when I hear it so foolishly keep prying.

"Do you still talk to Fred?" is the next stupid obvious question, and so I ask it.

The answer slowly seeps out and should have sent me scurrying, but doesn't.

"Fred and I used to climb together fairly often and one time he phoned and asked me what I was doing for the weekend. So I sort of mentioned that I was working on a new route at Squamish that was almost finished and I asked him to come and complete it with me. The response was that he was going to the Cascades that weekend."

"So Hamish, did you finish the route?", stubbornly I carried on.

"Well Paul, when I arrived at Squamish early Saturday morning I looked up and Fred was just about to summit my route", he replied.

Silence reigns supreme for a while as we walk along the snow.

And then it starts

"Well the bottom snow part looks real easy"

"the top is rounded off and will go easily"

"the middle looks steep but clean"

"the first rock seems an easy scramble"

"the middle lays back...". As we talk ourselves into it and eventually crazy idea results, "it looks just like a scramble over easy low angled rock, so lets just take a small rack and the 9 mil rope for the glacier." We have now committed ourselves to it. A piece of cake!

DAY THREE

Up early, down the headwall for a thousand feet, across, up and down several moraines and on to the glacier we wander. This is still frozen ice hard, and with no crampons (going light) we kick steps for two thousand vertical and then the worst dirt and loose rock no technical pitch imaginable to gain the true ridge. We have breakfast and look up, straight up, to see where to go.

Scrambling up and under a huge chockstone, leads to an overhanging challenge, a belay, and then Hamish leads horizontally out onto the face. As we look up all thoughts of laid back and easy disappear as a true technical climb begins. Five of the cleanest, friendliest pitches with deep handwidth cracks appear and we dance and laugh our way up them to the crest of the ridge. To real to be true we hit the crux. No more laughter now, as 10 feet high, vertical and smooth as glass, runs a band of rock around the face. I try and try, Hamish tries and tries, he even tries to "french" it, (aid), to no avail. So I try again. Looking up into the bright sun blinds the eyes. For the first time in the mountains even the warming sun is a handicap.

I ease my way to the left and out onto the overhang. Under my feet the crevasses way below, look small. I start to pull off a flake, then stop, and realize that it's my only foothold. Slowly I ease out onto it. Ten feet straight above me is a ledge, a mossy crack runs to it. There is no place to put in protection.

Standing on a wobbly flake a thousand feet in the air, on a 9 mil rope, I see no humour in the situation as Hamish hollers, "STOP!" "I'll get a photo." Ignoring this I claw my way up in a vertical layback. I frantically throw my hands over the edge praying for a handhold, and hang there, puffing and panting. Eventually I haul myself over, only to hear his laughter haunting me. I look directly over at Fred's route on Mt. Lees, suddenly knowing why I'm here and remind myself again, never to ask stupid questions.

The last laugh is mine. The fact that Hamish has to follow slowly, dawns on me and "ON BELAY" quickly follows. Hamish arrives and then leads off, continuing the overhanging crest for a full pitch, but will not stop as I plead with him for a camera pose. The crest is airy and delicate for a few leads until suddenly the summit is in view. We scramble along only to run into a crevasse like gully across the summit ridge. Careful downclimbing and then a half rope lead through three rounded overhangs tries to defeat us, but we are too close to the summit to stop. Suddenly we are there.

Time for lunch, except its 5 o'clock. The day is gone, and off we race to rappel the original ascent route down to the col and the glacier below. Two thousand feet of snow in under an hour and

then begins the long trudge in the twilight back to camp. We never had supper that day, we just sat in the darkness looking over at Mt. Clutterbuck, feeling proud of a great climb in true alpine conditions and in the solemn darkness a voice was heard to say "take that uncle Fred."

Mt CLUTTERBUCK East Ridge
13 pitches to 5.7, mixed alpine route

THE BONNINGTON TRAVERSE

by Trevor Holsworth

The first attempt failed before we left the house. I cancelled the night before in the face of two feet of heavy wet snow with accompanying extreme avalanche conditions. Two weeks later with a different crew; Kieran and Chris two Australian friends, Christian, my new Swedish flatmate and in Canada less than a week and Linda. The forecast was for clear cool weather (-10 to -20 C). I did not wish to do this spectacular ridge traverse in a white out!! There was about 5-10 cm ski penetration which was just enough to provide some incredible turns on Grassy and Copper Mts. and down Empire Pk.

We left one car at Barret Creek and drove to the Atco Lumber yard in Fruitvale where we found out that they had finished logging a couple of days earlier. We went to the end of Bombi Summit/Grassy Mtn. (7.5 km) and traversed from 5200 ft to the pass at 6300 ft. Following my directions from my guidebook I then proceeded to get lost! Find the low point at the pass before you venture into the Grassy bowl. From the low point it is a very good left traverse straight to the hut (or slightly too high) about 400m.

The next morning we started our slog. (It took some members of our party 12 hrs, a fast time would be 6 hrs) Make a low traverse around the ridge north of Grassy, and expect dense trees until the Siwash ridge is gained. From the ridge move into the bowl fairly quickly (before that option is closed by cliffs) gain a spur and climb steeply until a traverse can be made beneath avalanche slopes to the pass. From here I took off my skins and traversed the three bowls. The third bowl has more avalanche potential. This is a surprisingly long day for such short distances but all the views and terrain keep the mind refreshed and stimulated.

Gain the ridge from the hut and in most cases stay right on the ridge, sometimes taking skis off and booting up a narrow summit. The peak before (North) Territez can be traversed and then instead of ascending Colony Pk it is probably best to have some fun

and ski into the drainage and traverse up Empire. The col between Empire and Colony is a knife edge and has some exciting moments. Good skiing can be had from many points from Empire. The easiest slopes are from the southern spur. At Barret Lake there is a small A frame shelter but if the track is fast the highway is about 1/2 an hour away. Or a detour could be made up to Huckleberry hut possibly via the pass just south of Barret Lake.

This is a classic tour with some of the most comfortable rustic cabins to be found anywhere. Another hut in the Marble Lake/Siwash area would moderate the tour somewhat, and open up some incredible skiing and exploring in this area mere hours away from Nelson or Castlegar.

WINDWALKER YOUTH CAMP-by Monica Brewster

I first found out about Windwalker through the mail when we got a brochure with our Kootenay Mountaineering Club Newsletter.After talking it over with my parents for quite a while they decided that I could go.

On August ninth a group of eleven met in New Denver and soon after left for Shannon Creek. We stayed at a cabin near Shannon Creek with a great view of some of the Valhallas' spectacular mountains. When we arrived at the cabin after a half hour ride up a bumpy logging road, everyone made a dash for the bunks. There were seven kids ages ranging from ten to sixteen. There were three girls, four boys and two adults. The cabin was beautiful and spacious with enough bunks for eight, and up above there was a loft where our counsellors slept. The meals were vegetarian and really good and we had enough food to last three Windwalker camps!

The plan for the first day was to find a place up the road to work on climbing skills. We spent the morning attaching ropes and pulleys to trees. Then we added prusiks to hold the pulleys. We learned a few games involving climbing skills using the ropes we had set up. We used games that taught trust. We learned that if someone was above you and they start to fall you have to catch them or at least try. On the second day we did something even more fun- the Tyrolean Traverse. This involved finding a point where you could attach ropes from one tree almost straight across to another. We went about half a kilometre up the creek away from the cabin and found the perfect place to set up the traverse. It was over a creek which made it even more interesting and kind of scary. (It was 8' over the creek and about 16'long.)

We learned more about tying knots and putting on slings. We made chairs from logs, carved things from soapstone and made a long house out of dead logs and tarps. We all had dish and clean up duty and our favourite job was chasing ground squirrels out of the cabin. The girls and one of the boys usually helped with dinner and the rest chopped wood and hauled water.

Thursday was our overnight trip. We travelled for about two hours up a logging road until we came to a spot below the meadows where we were going to camp. We reached the meadows around 3:30 and set up the tents. After supper we played some neat card games. The next morning we headed for a peak to the left of where we had camped. Laura told us that it was called Rugged Peak and the next one to it was Sister Peak. It was really spectacular.

I think the highlights of the camp (although everything was great), were the overnight adventure and the Tyrolean Traverse. That week was one that I will never forget and if given the chance I'll go back again.
(daughter of KMC members-Joan Harvey and Michael Brewster)



Monica at Windwalker Camp

THE LAY OF THE LUCKLESS MOUNTAINEER
by Alphonse Camard

The tea tastes of aluminum;
Twelve sleeping bags for thirty men -
Everyone snug as a smothered bug.
Then off before the cracking dawn,
Breathing air like razor blades,
Between deathly black and deathly white.

My watch had the sense to stop;
Yours has gone on a spree.
We're smeared to the elbows with honey;
The sky's all curds and whey.
It's light before we get going,
The neve's already turned yellow,
It's already raining pebbles,
And the cold seeps into your hands.
Who put gasoline in the drinking water?
Our fingers swell like sponges,
And the rope feels like a telegraph pole.

The shelter's jumping with fleas;
Our snoring sounds like the Paris zoo.
My ear's cracking off from frostbite.
You look like a half-trussed duck.
I can never find enough pockets;
My compass went out with the prune pits.
Like a good boy scout I forgot my knife,
So pass me that folding sabre of yours.

We've been climbing for twenty-five thousand hours,
And we're not in sight of the lower slope.
All that chocolate has corked us tight.
You're slogging in cheese when you break through the glaze.
The cloud tastes like nitric acid,
And you stare two paces into solid white.

Hold up so we can ourselves straight.
My knapsack's beating instead of my heart;
It skipped out way back for sea level.
And holes, what holes! Green going to black,
With gurgling sounds and chemins de fer.
Ten thousand pockets in the moraine,
False pockets, real holes, who knows?
What's a broken leg on a mountaintop?
Here's my schaos; let's have your stew pan.
We'll see it through on prudence and prunes.

Just wait till the glacier splits its sides;
They'll find us by our bushy beards.
Space itself has turned to sleet;
We've taken the wrong couloir again.

I can hear your knees from here, old man.
This rock ledge won't give up.
You know what I have? A memory block,
A stomach cramp, a flaming thirst,
And two fingers turned pale green.

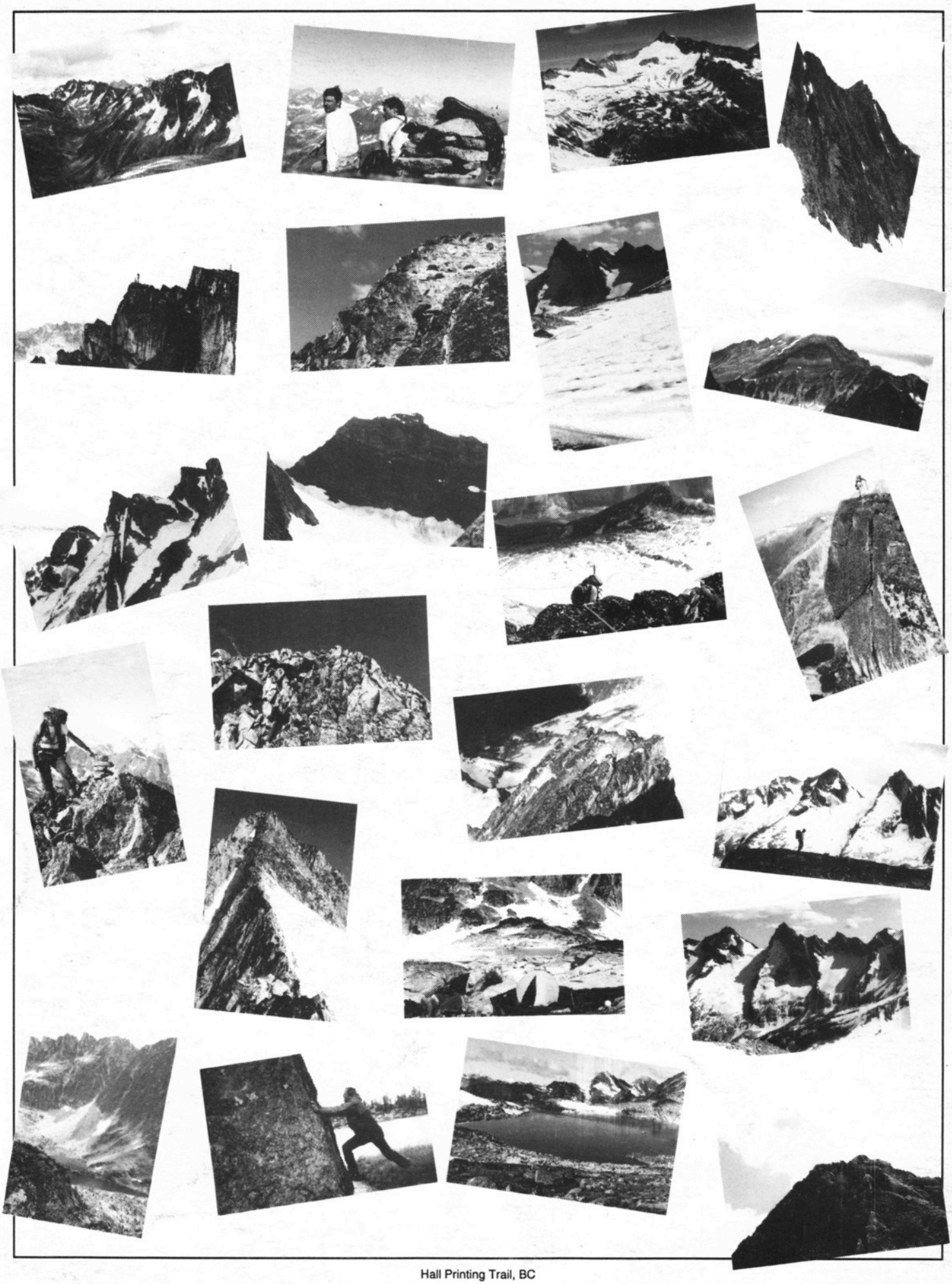
We never did see the summit -
Except on the sardine can.
The rope jammed on every pull through.
We passed a lifetime untangling the line
And came to our senses with the cows in the dell.

"Have a good climb?"
"First rate. But tough."

Editor's note:

Since I took over the Karabiner partly completed I may have missed someone's article or got some pictures or names mixed up. I apologize to anyone for the mistake and I hope you continue to submit the great articles we have. Enjoy this issue with all the memories it revives and dreams it creates.

Susan Knoerr



Hall Printing Trail, BC