

# THE HIGH ROAD

## Alpine Club Of Canada

### SECTION EXECUTIVE

Chair	Dave Urness
Treasurer	Herwig Rajtshan
Trip Coordinator	Alison Urness
Secretary	Deanna Mould
National Rep	John Warren
Newsletter	Dave Rothwell
Membership	Brian Nickurak

### CONTACTS

#### ACC Mailing Address

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#### Newsletter Submissions

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#### Rentals

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#### Environment and Access

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### WEBSITES

#### Okanagan Section Web Site

<http://www.members.shaw.ca/accokanagan/ACCOK.html>

#### National Club Web Site

<http://www.alpineclubofcanada.ca>

#### Canadian Avalanche Center

<http://www.avalanche.ca>

### MEETINGS

#### Central Okanagan Group

First Tuesday of the month 7:30 pm  
Bunkhouse Restaurant  
2777 KLO Road Kelowna  
Call Dave Urness at 763-2936

#### South Okanagan Group

3rd Monday of the month 7:00pm  
The Barley Mill  
2640 Skaha Lake Penticton  
Call Karen Nickurak at 497-7156

#### North Okanagan Group

Call Kathy Wallraven at 766-3913  
kmkatie@hotmail.com

## Message From The Chairman



I guess it is safe to say that Spring has finally arrived. March certainly held up to the "out like a lion, in like a lamb" cliché, but wow was the snow awesome. I am sure I wasn't the only one to get their fair share of powder snow up to their eyeballs this spring! Well, the powder has now turned to cement, or mash potatoes at least, so there is only two things left to do. Big glacier ski traverses and rock climbing! OK, mountain biking, hiking, gardening and composting etc. are in there too, but who says the chairperson can't be biased. The spring/summer schedule looks great, so don't hesitate to get involved on any of the trips. As for social events, the club still meets the 1st Tuesday of each month. Have a quick look at the schedule for upcoming events there. Now that there is more daylight, we can do activities in conjunction with the meetings. Have a great spring and I look forward to seeing many of you out at the crags and in the hills. *David Urness Okanagan Section Chair*

## Alpine Hut for the Okanagan Section?

What are you're thoughts on a Alpine Hut for our club. We want to know!

A group of ACC Okanagan Section members have formed a Hut committee to explore the feasibility of building and maintaining a hut somewhere in the Southern Interior of BC. The establishment and maintenance of huts is part of the ACC constitution and tradition. Huts have been a source of revenue for the individual sections and the national body of the ACC. The final plan for such a project will ultimately have to be approved by the National Board of the ACC as per our Bylaws (Section VI,D,b.). But before that a tremendous amount of non-financial resources will be needed to put together a comprehensive plan. What we would like to do is conduct an informal poll of the members via our newsletter. So if you support or object to the Okanagan sections involvement in such a project could you please let the hut committee know.

Send feedback via email to:  
[gpage@telus.net](mailto:gpage@telus.net) or  
[mountainphoto@telus.net](mailto:mountainphoto@telus.net)

## Summer Camp 2002

This year our section is having its third annual Summer Mountaineering camp in the Tantalus Range of the Coast Mountains. Located on Lake Lovely Water in the heart of the south Coast Mountains, this area will offer general mountaineering, hiking, canoeing, scrambling as well as rock climbing and glacier and snow routes. Peaks in the area include Mt. Dionne, Mt. Tantalus, Mt. Serratus as well as many other peaks. This will be a helicopter assisted trip in and out for ourselves and our gear. 15-20 people and cost will be \$230.00 with a \$50.00 non-refundable deposit to reserve. Last years camp was a great time so don't miss out.



John Warren negotiates the crevasse field during last years GMC at Fairy Meadows

Camp date is August 5-11. Contact Dave Urness at 763-2936 or Dave Rothwell at 763-9302 for more info or to reserve a spot.

# From Ecstasy to Fear...Adventure at Rogers Pass

The weekend of March 30th was coming up like a storm. The excitement was building. I was in the doghouse from my family for taking the time off to go backcountry skiing at Rogers Pass during Easter rather than spending the time with my girlfriend Ana. It was for the most part good-natured badgering but it was on my mind none the less. And to make things even more interesting I seemed to be catching a head cold. No problem I thought a skin up the Asulkan would clear that up in a hurry.

As like most ACC trips the week up to the trip started to see the usual amount of cancellations and last minute changes. Al, the Trip coordinator had his hands full trying to get everything sorted out up to the last minute. Keeping track of the emails was a chore. Who was traveling with who, times of arrival, route choices, what food groups were being formed and what to bring? Were just a few of the questions floating around before the start of the trip. By Wednesday the main components of the trip had been worked out and everyone going was ready to hit the trail on Friday.

Gary, Antoine, Dick and myself were set to skin up to the Asulkan hut on Friday as were Neil, Brian and Steve. The difference was that we would go the direct route and Steve, Brian (on skis) and Neil (on snowshoes) would attempt the Illecillewaet route which would take them up Young's Peak and drop down the 'Steps of Paradise' and to the cabin. Our understanding was that this would only be attempted if it were a stellar day (no storm or possibility of a whiteout). We arrived at the trailhead at 13:30. The weather was snowing lightly. We wondered if the three were on the way and we realized we did not know which vehicle they would have arrived in.

It took us about 4 hours to reach the cabin. By the time we did the last steep pitch below the cabin (Hillary Step) the wind was blowing and snowing hard. The visibility was less than 200metres. I was in rough shape. As I entered the steeper pitches of the tree

triangle I had about 2" of snow caked on my skins. Both my quads were cramping up big time and I was crawling along at a snails pace. Gary had hung behind to see if I was ok. We both arrived at the hut at 16:30. My cold seemed to be fine so those endorphins of mine had kicked in on the trip up.



Asulkan Hut Approach

Steve, Brian and Neil had not arrived yet. It was expected that they might take longer but it was getting late in the day and we were getting nervous. The weather was getting worse. Visibility had now decreased, the wind had increased and it was snowing heavy. We rationalized that our Party would have decided to turn back and come in the next morning up the Asulkan valley. Given Neil's Habits in the backcountry we estimated that in bad conditions he would have been the first to decide to head back to safety.

The next morning (Saturday March 31 2002) broke with little improvement in the weather. It was still snowing and windy but there was better visibility. We still presumed the three would be arriving today with Ken and Kathy. We did 3 runs in the Triangle. The skiing was awesome with the deep powder. On the 3rd run we ran into Ken and Kathy at about 3pm. To our surprise no Neil, Brian or Steve. We finished our last run and met our mates at the hut. The conversation quickly swung into possible scenarios, which the three may be in.

Presumptions and rationalizations dictated to us to believe that due to the weather and possibly of increases in the avalanche danger may have forced Neil, Brian and Steve to head back home. On Friday afternoon Ken had said that he took a short ski into the Illecillewaet route and had seen no snowshoe tracks. We had seen snowshoe tracks on the railway grade but

since there were no evidence of tracks on the main trail to the Illecillewaet our main worries had been quieted.

Saturday night the storm howled. The hut rattled and snow was blowing in from cracks in the wall. The gusts must have hit 100 k easy. I was feeling stuffed up and had problems sleeping; it seemed my cold had returned with a vengeance. In the morning Steve, Brian and Neil were still on our minds but for the most part we had accepted that they had driven back home. We gathered our gear, had breakfast and got ready for the ski down. The weather was still a whiteout. Big wind gusts and snow had made the top part of the Tree Triangle dangerous. Wind slab had formed and one had the feeling that a hasty retreat off the slope would be a wise choice. Ken, Dick, Antoine, Gary and myself skied to the bottom of the Triangle with no problem. The snow was deep and heavy so we decided to ski directly out. Dick had decided to spend another day at the hut so he and Ken skinned back up to the hut while the rest of us turned our skis downward and headed towards the parking lot.

We arrived at the parking lot at 13:30. We were tired and wet. I cracked 3 cokes and passed one out to each of us. We changed clothes, packed up our gear and then Gary asked if that was Steve's Jeep beside mine. Again Gary,



Antoine knee deep

Antoine and I weren't sure on what type of vehicle they had arrived in. I honestly did not know and the disturbing thing was that I could not remember parking beside this Jeep. We were only in the parking lot about 15 minutes before we were on our way.

The drive home was uneventful. I still had a nagging feeling. Was that Steve's Jeep? Were they home? Was I over reacting? Would Gary call Steve's or Neil's home to see if they had made it back ok? I keep thinking back to our weekend and our rationalizations that they would have turned back plus there were no snowshoe tracks into the Illecillewaet, why worry?

My cold had gotten worse; I was tired yet still a bit anxious so I decided



Antoine and Gary

to call Neil, Steve and Al. There was no answer at Neil or Al and Steve's phone number was no longer in service. Why I did not leave a message on a machine escapes me. Was I over reacting? I was 99% sure that they were out with their families having an Easter Supper.

Fast forward to 11pm Monday night April 1, no joke. Gary calls just as I am fading to sleep. Ken has called Dee, Neil's wife. No, Neil isn't home he's with you guys.

The search engine springs into gear. I develop a big knot in my stomach. Fear hits me for the first time. Real fear. What happened to Steve, Brian and Neil, were did we fail as a group in protecting our friends? I toss and turn all night. Questions churn in my head. Why could I not have had the foresight to leave a message on an answering machine? Should we have skied out on Saturday to investigate further?

The lesson learned is to be more cautious. Sometimes the first instinct is right and should not be ignored. Try gathering as much solid information before the trip. Get a car license plate, get those contact numbers and have them on the road and if something doesn't seem right and appoint someone in your group to follow up. Some

basic things to consider because you never know when something like this can happen. This paper is not to shed blame on anyone. It's just a summation on what went wrong and what we learned as a group on how to avoid our mistakes in the future. For the most part we did a lot of things right but a few basic points established before, during and after the trip may have increased the search and rescue phase of this adventure.

The day after....April 3 2002. A helicopter rescue, three tired but healthy backcountry adventurers, joyous family members and a very happy group from the Okanagan ACC section. A big collective sigh of relief....Looking forward to our next adventure!

*Pat Reiter April 2 2002  
(My perspective...)*

## A Snow Burial...

What better skill to carry in one's mental backpack of resources than knowing how to build a snow cave? Armed with shovels, extra clothing, bivy bags and the famous Borsato soup, the five of us skied into Apex snow cave country. With a grand blueprint in mind and a flurry of shovel activity, our teamwork resulted in a great snow pile. The plan included a Quinzee big enough to accommodate at least four people. While we allowed time for the snow to consolidate, we set off on an exploratory ski for a couple of hours.

Once back again, the real shovel work began digging out a low entrance with a high sleeping platform. Our snow shelter began to feel warm as snow swirled outside our cocoon snow wall. Feeling rather confident, we dug farther pausing to listen to the whumpfs and then continue on. All of a sudden, part of the entrance and wall tumbled down burying our shovel poodle. When the feet remained still, worry set in and we each grabbed a boot and pulling out our shovel poodle whose loud yelps for help had gone unheard. The amount of snow was not enormous but the weight of the snow on a person was enough to incapacitate. A good lesson...is to be aware of whumpfung!

Here are some words of wisdom from the wise and experienced...

The whole quinzee building process was a great learning experience; I would definitely do it again. Bring bivy bags big enough for your foamy and sleeping bag. The highlight of the trip was the "night crawl reconnaissance" ski through the forest sans petzls, with the McSki on Sunday AM at Apex a close second.

Prepare yourself for lots of shoveling, enjoy legitimately throwing snow at people (the one packing down the pile), keep your feet exposed to the outside when digging out the inside and pay attention to whumpfung – it actually does indicate a potential problem. Having experienced being buried inside and bravely rescued by my quinzee making partners who quickly pulled me out by my feet. The three feet of snow completely pinned my efforts to dig myself out, movement was impossible. Even the airspace I used to yell for help, was not heard past the three feet of snow. That night the 3 of us slept with our heads (and shovels) next to the door.

*Janice McQuilkin*

## The Girls Weekend

Kootenay Pass is a fantastic backcountry area. It is leisurely 45 minute ski into the Creston Cross Country Ski Club cabin. The cabin slept seven ladies very comfortably. The snow was perfect, the terrain is gentle, treed and full of fun. The company was wonderful and the chocolate was plentiful.

Roses to Alison and Karen for leading this must do annual Ladies Only trip.

*Janice Page*



# The Dismantling of BC's Outdoor Recreational Infrastructure

By Pat Harrison, Executive Director Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC

I have sat through many frustrating meetings as a member of the Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC, but few as frustrating as the one at Richmond Inn on Thursday, 28 March 2002. The meeting was organized by the MOF (Ministry of Forests) and LWBC (Land and Water BC, formally BCAL [BC Assets and Land Corporation]). I am not frustrated at the messengers, but at the message they carried: The government is going to dismantle the Outdoor Recreation Infrastructure of BC and sell it off to the highest bidder. As Ed Mankelov, member of the BC Wildlife Federation Conservation Committee mentioned "It's all about money". The only mandate of MOF after the "Core Review Process" (which did not involve the public) is production of fibre.

I am outraged that this government believes that public crown land is a private reserve for the wealthy. Let's remember, this is our land, and we should be stating (dictating) what the core functions on our land are. No longer is Outdoor Recreation considered a core function of MOF. The entire Outdoor Recreation operation for the province costs the taxpayers between 5-7 million dollars per year including salaries; one of the lowest in Canada.

So, when is this going to take place? Now! Here are the timelines:

1. March 2002: analysis of potential for land transfer.
2. April 2002: LWBC to help implement transfer.
3. May 2002: Public notification (absolutely no public input).
4. June 2002: expression of interest in taking on road, trail, and recreational sites.
5. March 2004: All recreational roads, sites, and trails to be transferred.

All for the savings of 5-7 million dollars per year for recreational sites and trails! After forty years of hard work by many, many organizations to have access to our lands, all of hard work is to go down the toilet in the next few months. I believe this government must have looked at the New Zealand model of privatization: "Do it hard and do it fast before John and Joanna Q. Public has a clue what's going on." By the time Mr. and Ms. Public go to their favourite recreational site, trail, or road, it will be too late. Their favourite site will have either been privatized or closed (if not vendor is found).

When the senior citizens raised a fuss over losing their bus privileges, the government recanted. Please write today, not tomorrow. Tell Premier Campbell and Stan Hagen to lay off the Outdoor Recreational Infrastructure. We can make a difference. Tell non-FMCBC people to contact: naturalists, snowmobilers, mountain bikers, ATVers, horseriders, hunters, fishers, and others to write. We all have a stake in this.

For more information about this issue, contact the FMCBC, ph 604-878-7007, <http://www.mountainclubs.bc.ca>

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## Grizzly Mountain, Mt. Rogers July 2001

A group of eight Okanagan Section members met early in the afternoon of Friday, July 6 at the Second Cup coffee shop on Harvey. Gary and Chad had a quick getaway in Gary's pickup truck. It took rather longer to shoehorn the remaining six along with their bulging packs into my Plymouth minivan. Much of the gear was stowed in the rooftop ski pod, and it took considerable force to press the cover down so that the latches would catch.

Four hours later we arrived at Rogers Pass. Almost an hour was spent at the Visitor Centre purchasing the necessary park permits and completing the voluntary registration form. Finally, by 6:30 PM, we were humping up the steep trail to Hermit Meadows. It was pleasant to hike up in the cool of the evening. We arrived with adequate time before dark to set up tents and enjoy some brief relaxation. The next

morning, we set off fairly early toward Grizzly Mt. Our chosen route was the north ridge, first climbed by Neal Carter, Tom Fyles, and Don Munday in 1921. An approach over rocky meadows led to the small glacier between Mt. Sifton and Grizzly Mt. We climbed up the smooth slopes of the glacier then some steeper snow slopes leading up to the 2745 m point above Grizzly-Sifton col. From there, a very long snow and rock ridge dips down then leads to the true summit of Grizzly mountain, which, despite its great distance, is only 20 m higher. While climbing the preliminary peak, we observed a lone figure marching quickly up the glacier toward Mt. Sifton. Later in the summer, I learned that it had been fellow section member Dave Lloyd on an independent excursion. Several of us followed the crest of the ridge the entire way over to the summit pyramid of Grizzly. This involved some scrambling and exposure. Allan and Colin found their way down to a snowy shelf on the west slopes, which was easier and faster and was used by all for the return journey. When we arrived at the base of the summit pyramid, thick, low clouds were drifting rapidly in from the west, obscuring some of the neighbouring peaks. Despite the threatening weather, five of us scrambled up the quartzite blocks of the final ridge to the summit.

The next day we left our tents even earlier to climb Mt. Rogers. A trail leads up and down across a couple of drainage channels before petering out at the base of the main gully descending from the Swiss Glacier. We started up snow in the gully, then diverged onto pleasant ice-worn rocks on the left. These brought us quickly up to the level of the glacier. After roping up, we walked up the glacier to the snowy headwall leading to the so-called "Col Major" between Mt. Rogers and Swiss Peaks. This headwall had been first negotiated on the descent by Philip Abbot and party on July 31, 1896. Three days later, Abbot plunged down a similar, but icier, slope on Mt. Lefroy in the Rockies to become the first fatality in Canadian mountaineering.

*continued on page 8*

# The Wapta Traverse... A Photo Essay

by Dave Rothwell

We had the best intentions. The goal... the Wapta Traverse near Lake Louise. The reality... severe whiteout and winter conditions. We did make it to the Balfour Hut thanks to some great navigation with map, compass and partial gps by Neil and Jeremy. We spent one night there before deciding to retreat back to the Bow Hut due to whiteout and howling wind. A week earlier a guy walked off the top of the Balfour high col and fell 400 feet to his death and his body had yet to be recovered so we felt our decision to retreat was the right one.

All in all an excellent trip. The Bow was very busy the first night (29) but only 10 of us there when we came back. The Balfour Hut was very cozy with only ourselves and another party of 4 who also decided to retreat with us. Some new snow had fallen the night before so we did manage to get some great turns above the Bow Hut on our last day before skiing out to the highway. There will always be next year for another attempt as we all agreed the mountains were still going to be there.



# Gorge Creek Powder Feast..and Who Needs Headlamps Anyway!

**6:00 am:** Nine powder hungry skiers awake and do the usual morning routine; drive in the dark to the local coffee shop, which, is still closed. Meet the rest of the group and settle for the battery acid at the local 7-11. The convoy then proceeds (headlights still on) toward their destination. Still in a dream-like state as the 7-11 coffee hasn't yet elicited its' therapeutic effect, each of the group reflects on the warm bed they left and then on the perfect telemark turns and waist deep powder ahead. The sun finally pops up and the convoy bombardiers up the Gorge Creek road. The coffee is now in full effect and banter about great weather, great snow and more perfect telemark turns permeates the group.

**10:00 am:** At 7000 feet the 1st major uphill trudge is done. Two options face the group. Ski right back down the perfect 30 to 35 degree slopes we just came up and savour every waist deep powder perfect turn... or, ski to the south toward the untouched nirvana of terrain before us. To the west, a narrow ridge extends for about 2 km forming a distinct border to the steep, avalanche prone and corniced northwest face. A quick pit is dug revealing stable condi-



tions on superb south facing slopes, so without hesitation the group whoops and hollers it's way down to the valley floor below. A beautiful, 1500 vertical foot run in light, dry and DEEP, Monashee powder!!

**12:00 noon:** Lunch. Well deserved and more time to look and discuss the 2000 vertical foot line of untouched magic... again further to the south!

**2:30 pm:** Our energetic group arrives in deteriorating conditions just below the South peak. Without delay we head down an awesome 2000 vertical foot

run. The terrain starts at a nice 15 to 20 degrees but soon turns into lovely 30 to 40 degree pitches choked with waist deep powder that is inhaled on every turn. After another 30 minute snorkel skiing affair we arrive in a deep basin. A decision is made to make tracks back up the south facing slopes



to the ridge that leads east, back to our original up-track and then home. Unfortunately, in quest to lap up every last vertical foot of white smoke, we deposited ourselves into a deep basin. With some route finding we easily negotiated our way back into the main valley below the south facing slopes. This of course all came at a cost... time!

**4:30 pm:** In February the light begins to fade, but we were only a short tour up the south slopes to the long ridge that led back to our morning up-track. Trail breaking proved arduous and by 5:00 pm dusk was upon us and so was the next frontal system from the southwest! Snowflakes turned to flurries and then wind and snow. The light was gone by 6:00 pm and to my concern we still hadn't reached the ridge we were aiming for. My last compass bearing in the daylight revealed we were indeed heading North up a South facing slope. It became ominous and eerie when the trees began to thin and I strained with my eyes through the blowing snow at alpine convex rolls ahead. My headlamp forming a weak beam in the storm, our group trudged on. Still no ridge. The pit in my stomach grew, and the sphincter factor increased several notches. Time to take out the compass. The pit in my stomach bottomed as a nauseating feeling came upon me. In the midst of a storm, pitch black my compass read we were on a northwest facing slope. According to my knowledge of the area and where "I thought I was," this reading seemed impossible to me, especially knowing very well that the Northwest facing slopes were a danger-

ous place to be. Our group backtracked about 500 meters and miraculously we found ourselves on a Southeast aspect again. It amazed me to the point of questioning my compass outright since the darkness and storm obliterated all sense of direction including course of travel. It came as huge relief that Neil Fried took time to reference the original up-track at the end of the ridge with his GPS. Now, hours later we had a firm fix on direction and distance to our way point. This also affirmed our compasses and the next 2 hours were spent nervously following the corniced ridge due east toward the way-point. Skiing along, constantly glancing at the compass as to the direction of my skis, our group followed along frequently glancing over into the pitch black, steep corniced slopes to the north. After several hours we finally



reached our vehicles at 10:00 pm. Certainly, a happy ending to what could have been a cold and miserable night in the back-country.

The final consensus from the group on what to bring on a day ski tour: Down jacket and a headlamp, are a must just in case you happen to savour a few extra turns than expected!

*by Dave Urness*



# Kootenay Pass...a visit to Hostel Rothwell

Four wheel drive vehicles only. That's what the sign reads at the top of my parents driveway in the thriving metropolis of Fruitvale, but I digress so lets go to the beginning. Due to the severe avalanche conditions at the Asulkan, a last minute trip to Kootenay Pass at the top of the Salmo/Creston skyway seemed like a good alternative. Jeremy and myself left Kelowna Friday morning and stopped at the Nancy Green summit to carve a few turns off the side of the highway. We carried on from there to Trail for a great italian dinner at the Colander restaurant (Janice M. loves this place) and then to my buddy Lornes house for several bottles of red wine and the couch.

The following morning we hooked up with Allison and Dave and headed out to Kootenay Pass. We arrived at the parking lot and spoke with a park ranger who informed us they would be helicopter bombing on the slopes across the valley so we headed across the highway. A short uptrack brings you to the cross country ski cabin and some of the best tree skiing within an hour of the highway you will ever find. We ventured up to the top of the ridge in a howling wind and dug a couple of pits that



revealed nasty conditions so we stuck close to the trees. Powder was great and then as if on request, the sun came out and we had some fabulous runs along with a few classic face plants (mostly by myself). After calling it a day we headed for my parents house (aka Hostel Rothwell) and the awaiting pot o chile my mom had prepared.

Upon arriving to an empty house, my first task was to light the wood stove in the basement to dry our clothes. A few sticks of kindling and a piece or two of wood and voila... fire. I rummaged around for some clothes hangers in the basement, which is affectionately referred to as the Smithsonian Institute by my siblings as my father refuses to throw anything away. And then it happened.... The smoke detector started wailing as I had left the door on the stove ajar to get the fire roaring. A swish with the broom and the alarm stopped.... for about a minute.... started again.... another swish.... stopped.... alarm.... What is the problem? Then it hit me. While I was home at Xmas my dad mentioned not to make the stove too hot as he had a problem with the chimney. I ran out the basement door and before my eyes was enough smoke clogging the sky that I thought I was at the local sawmill. CHIMNEY FIRE!

Ok, put the fire in the stove out. No problem. But why is there still so much smoke coming out of the chimney. While this is happening, Allison is in the shower, Dave is sitting in the living room relaxing and Jeremy is now in the basement with me trying to decide our next course of action. We leapt into action and grabbed the ladder and headed for the roof. Jeremy is passing me pails of water up the ladder which I am now pouring down the chimney. Just then, as if on cue from a scene in a Steve Martin movie, my parents car comes ambling down the luge run they call a driveway. Picture it as they pull up to the house and see me on the roof with Jeremy halfway up the ladder and Dave holding another pail standing on the front porch while the smoke is still thick in the air.... Mom, Dad, I would like you to meet my friends.



While the fire is out and Allison is just getting out of the shower to hear about the antics. Quick introductions and my parents were off again to a dinner party and left us along to enjoy moms chile. Some lounging around and a few laughs and then shortly before bed, I was informed that the toilet was not functioning (you know what I mean) so I headed off to the Smithsonian to find the plunger. No luck! And I was beat so doing the son like thing, I left my dad a note and went to bed. I am sure it was not a dream when around 11 pm I awoke to hear my father cursing, trying to find the plunger in the basement that had hung in the same place for 40 years but had recently been relocated to somewhere he obviously thought would be a better spot. I rolled over and went back to dreamland.

The next morning we arose early as we decided to head up to Red Mountain for the day. Remember I mentioned the "four wheel drive only" thing. Well Dave didn't have very good tires on his car and we barely got the car turned around at the bottom of the driveway the previous day. Now it was time to get it back up the luge run. As we sat having breakfast, my mom, in her lovingly joking way said "Oh well, if you can't get out, you will just have to stay till spring". Remember Archie Bunker? Well that is just the way my father looked as he peered over the top of his glasses and stated abruptly "we'll get em out somehow!" We spread some sand around and I watched as the car containing Dave, Alison and Jeremy fishtailed its way up the driveway. They made it and headed off to Red, which by the way was another excellent day. As for me, I decided to meet them later at the ski hill as I had other plans. I headed back into the abyss known as the basement and started assembling the device my father had concocted for cleaning the chimney. *Dave Rothwell*



# Upcoming Trips/Events Spring/Summer 2002



If the trip involves glacier travel, crevasse rescue knowledge is essential. Consult with trip leaders for further details regarding destination, difficulty, or equipment. Remember we have equipment available for rent through the club.

**TRIP RATING** - A letter rating from A to C indicates how strenuous the trip is and how long a day to expect.

A---easy, moderate elevation gain, short days

B---moderately strenuous, substantial elevation gain, full days

C---strenuous, much elevation gain or travel with a heavy pack, long days

A numerical rating from 1 to 5 indicates technical difficulty.

**May 4 Saturday**  
Blue Grouse Mountains  
Kelowna's Westside  
Easy 4 hour hike on overgrown trail and logging road with great views of Okanagan Lake  
Deanne Mould (762-0731)

**May 11-12** A1/2  
Rockclimbing  
Devils Elbow Cliffs  
Neil MacGibbon(763-9702)  
deemac@silk.net

**May 18-20**  
Monashee Lake/Lakeview Boulder Peak Ski  
Mark Force (767-6132)

**June 1-2**  
Ellison Park Climbing Weekend  
Camp in Provincial Park and climb beside the lake. Prior climbing experience and own equipment required. Top roping available  
Deanne Mould (762-0731)

**June 4**  
Meeting Activity - Crevasse Rescue practice Meet across from the Bunk house and go to the Pub after. Everyone welcome  
Alison Campbell Urness

**June 15-16** A1/2  
Mt. English  
Climbing  
Neil MacGibbon(763-9702)  
deemac@silk.net

Throughout the summer the "stirfry gang" will have trips to Glacier National Park, Thor area, possibly Freshfields, Kananaskis, Campbell Icefield, Shangri-La, Waterton, others.

**July 6-8**  
Summer Mountaineering Leadership Skills Course  
Glacier Travel and Basic Snow School  
Guide: Russ Turner of Skaha Rock Adventures  
Location Blackcomb Mtn. (Coast)  
Lift access, 2 hours hiking to campsite  
Snow school, knots, snow anchors and crevasse rescue.  
Cost \$150.00 Deposit \$50.00 by June 1  
To register contact Alison Cambell Urness at 868-5263/763-2936

**July 19th(evening), 20-21** A/B 2  
Skyline Traverse in Manning Park  
Mostly alpine hike and scramble with a few diversions. Some map and compass skill development may be part of this trip. Those interested please call before July 14.  
Brian Nickurak (497-7156)

**July 20-21**  
Mark Berger Traverse-Monashees Backpacking  
Alison Campbell Urness (763-2936)

**July 26-28**  
Gorman Lake, Purcells  
Quartz lake Trail and some scrambling  
Intermediate  
Ken McClure (484-0130)

**August (Date TBA)** B3-4  
Hermit Meadows, Rogers Pass  
Hike up to Hermit Meadows and possible objectives include Mt. Tupper, Rogers, Swiss. Rock climbing and snow routes.  
Jeremy Vandekerkhove (549-0485)  
Dave Rothwell (763-9302)

**August 5-11**  
ACC Okanagan Section Summer Mountaineering Camp  
Tantalus Range(Coast Mountains)  
Located on lake Lovely Water in the heart of the South Coast Mtns. Hiking, Canoeing and of course general mountaineering objectives abound. Dionne, Tantalus, Serratus to name a few objectives. Trip includes hut fees and helicopter access both in and out. Cost per person: \$230.00. 15-20 people. \$50 non refundable deposit to reserve.  
Dave Urness (763-2936)  
Dave Rothwell (763-9302)

**August 17th**  
Tsuius Mountain (North of Cherryville)  
Karen Nickurak (497 -7156)

**Sept 29**  
Angel Springs  
Round trip easy hike approx 5 hours, see rare tufa rock and Kelowna's hot-spring.  
Deanne Mould (762-0731)

## Classified

### Wanted:

Now that the ski hills are closing, I am looking for a skiing partner to go out on day trips. Spring skiing is just starting and will last until June. Destinations such as Monashee Lake, Anstey/Perry road area, Rogers Pass are all within easy and offer great skiing potential. I have the ski touring essentials as well. Call Mark Force at (250) 767-6132 (Peachland) or email at mrforce@mac.com.

### FAR WEST

Alpine club members don't forget that Far West offers us a 10 % discount. Check out the new lineup from The North Face as well as specials on Far West clothing. The new line from Mountain Hardwear including clothing and equipment has arrived as well as some incredibly light gear from Go Light. Check this stuff out if your are into shaving some weight from your existing gear. Also a great selection of Sterling Ropes has just arrived and Scott tells me there is some good deals to be had here. Far West is located on the corner of Hwy. 97 and 33.

*continued from page 4*

The bergschrund was well filled with avalanche debris and presented our group with no problem. We kicked steps up long, fairly steep snow slopes to the ridge crest. We later learned that a crowd of tourists at the Visitor Centre watched through telescopes as the eight of us inched our way up this section. After catching our breath by some boulders at the crest, we followed the snow ridge to the summit, enjoying the views down the steep, broken glacier to the north.

A quick descent took us back to the tents, where we doffed our boots, snacked, and lounged in the sun. Well satisfied with a full and successful weekend, we descended the switchbacks to the highway and returned to the city that day. *Jim Tanner*  
Participants: Deborah Bray, Chad Luider, Allan Main, Colin Mathieson

## Monthly Socials

As the days are getting longer, during the next few months we will be offering some extra goodies at the monthly socials at the Bunkhouse. These will include short courses on orientering, crevasse rescue, anchors and other topics. If there is anything specific you would be interested in let us know. We will let members know if they need to come to meetings at an earlier time. Meetings are at 7:30