



The Chinook

The Newsletter of the Calgary Section of the Alpine Club of Canada

Volume 41, Number 9

October 2006

**The next Calgary Section Meeting is at 7:30 pm on Tuesday, 17 October
2006 at the Bow Waters Canoe Club, 1975—26th Street SE**

This month:

Mountain Medicine

Speaker: Dr Buddha Basnyat,
President of the UIAA Medical Commission, and Medical Director of
the Himalaya Rescue Association and the Nepal International Clinic.



**Orvel on the false summit of Wallace
By Bill Corbett**

Inside this issue:

Notices		2-3
Mt. Temple	Paul Masiar	4-5
Mt. Assiniboine	Ian Hunt	6-8
Mt. Assiniboine—A Peak Experience	Toby Brodkorb	8-10
Calgary Section Camp	Joe Turnham	10-11

.NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The annual general meeting and election of Executive for the 2006-2007 year will take place at the Section meeting on **October 17, 2006 at the Bow Waters Canoe Club commencing at 7:30 pm.** If you know of anyone who would like to stand for election it is easiest if you let Ray Norman know before the meeting. However, this is not a requirement, as nominations from the floor are also permitted. You can reach Ray at raynorm@telus.net or (403) 609-0337.

A significant number of this year's executive are standing for re-election, but as yet we do not have candidates for the following jobs:

- **Access/Environment committee chair**
- **Vice President**

If you are interested in knowing more about these or any other Executive positions, contact Ray Norman or go to the Section website (<http://www.alpineclubofcanada.ca/calgary/index.html>) and click on: **About Us/ Organization of the Section** for job descriptions.

For people who haven't attended a Calgary Section AGM before – don't be put off! The AGM portion of the meeting usually takes about 15 minutes, and takes place during the regular business portion of the meeting. After the business is done, we will have lots of time to enjoy the program portion of the meeting.

NOTICES

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR RICHARD GUY,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU**

Long term club member Richard Guy celebrated his **90th** birthday in September. As they have done for the last ten years, Richard and Louise planned to spend the birthday at Assiniboine Lodge — we all hope it was a wonderful celebration.

*The Rocky Mountain Ball
Saturday, December 2nd at the
Radisson Hotel in Canmore
Cocktails start at 5:30 pm (cash bar)
Dinner at 6:30 pm.*

An evening to enjoy a great meal, mingle with friends, get into the Christmas spirit and dance until you drop.

The evening includes a four course dinner with wine and dancing to the wee hours. The dress is "Mountain Formal" (Black Tie or Black Fleece). Tickets are \$40.00 for RMS Members. \$45.00 for other ACC members and \$50.00 for non members.

Marg Rees will be at the section meetings with tickets for sale. If you can't make the section meeting and still want tickets, contact Marg at: mtneergal@nucleus.com.

KNIFE LEFT AT EDWORTHY PARK AFTER BBQ

A nice sharp knife (bread, etc.) was left at the picnic shelter after the potluck BBQ in August; no doubt the owner would like it back. So if it's yours, or you know whose it might be, just let me (or them) know. I have it.
Orvel: orvel2@yahoo.com or 932-2800

**Mt. Temple SW Ridge – Mountaineering style
17 September 2006 By Paul Masiar**

A week of rain and bad weather ended, and we pondered the usual question, go or not to go. I signed up for this quite a while ago; I like doing the scramble, and have done it quite a few times before the "rule of six". These days I am less enthusiastic about the \$2000 fine that can be mailed to you if travel in a smaller group. I had a sense this could be nice, larches yellow, weather steady, and the sights awesome.

So it happened that in three weeks, I was in the Sentinel Pass area three times; first we did the Grand Sentinel trad route, then the East Ridge of Mt. Temple, and then finally what was supposed to be a scramble turned into a pleasant mountaineering snow ascent. Mind you the two other times the weather was such that I wore a T-Shirt. But what a difference a week makes! Snow and white Mt. Temple.

I took a bunch of gear, but left most of it the car including crampons, as I guessed (correctly, as it turned out) that the snow would be ideal for step kicking. I took the ice axe from the car and discovered that most of my water leaked out of my Platypus - Not a good start, but with good people good things happen; Peter L., agreed to give a sip of water as needed.

It was the usual fast pace to Sentinel Pass. I prefer to take it slow on a good trail, and arrive at the Pass dry, so I was lagging behind. The trail seemed to be broken in front, and sure enough there were two other parties on route, two red haired men from Ontario, who I swore were brothers and were not, and three snowboard kids in snowboard outfits, boots, helmets, ski goggles. We had a small snack at the pass, and set out. We soon caught up with the snowboard kids, and shouted instructions to the red haired men, as they were off route climbing through the first band. The usual way was covered with snow and exposed, so we chose the gully to the left of the normal way, with a chock stone at the top. Everybody put on their crampons, as the gully was icy; I changed into a dry pair of gloves, and overcame the chock stone sans crampons with an elegant butt mantle.

After the gully, you head for the yellow rocks, bit of scrambling there, and a lot of heat. The conditions on the mountain are snowy, but the temperature is like on the beach. The layers come off, sun glasses come out and we move on. The two red headed brothers are ahead making trail; behind them are the snowboard kids. I follow TJ, and below me is the rest of the pack. I find the going easy, the steps are deep, it is good to have mountaineering boots, gai-

ters, etc., but I am glad I left the crampons behind. Snow has always been my friend on alpine ascents. It is just very hot.

When we reach the final snow face, it gets cold as we are no longer sheltered behind the ridge. I pull out a toque, red fleece layer, gloves, Goretex jacket, close all the zippers and go on. The snowboard kids are turning back; one of them has cold feet, and complains of possible frostbite. I remark: "good decision". I slowly make it to the top, where the tracks of the "brothers" & TJ have quickly filled in with snow. On top, the "brothers", TJ and I put on all the layers we have, get out food and a thermos with hot tea. I add snow to the tea to make more liquid. The rest of the team arrives one by one, but TJ is getting cold and wants to head down. I said wait for me, we'll go down as a team. And soon we are on the snowy face, where TJ follows the trail, and I go straight down the new snow making a track like a wild boar. The snow is wet, compact and provides a soft resistance, and my knees are saying: " I like". We down-climb one rock band, get to another rock band and I see TJ slide under the chock stone. I hand him my pack, and I go under too. Sliding on one's behind is better than downclimbing.

We continue, and round a corner awaits a big surprise. Two young people following our trail! "How far to the top?" they ask. She is dressed in wet jeans, wearing runners which are also wet. He is dressed in baggy pants wet up to his mid thighs, runners, shoelaces untied. They carry a small pack, half a litre of water remaining in the bottle, and the time is after 4:00 p.m. TJ tells the couple to turn around and go back, I tell them to turn around ASAP. They look at us strangely, we move on in the direction of the Sentinel Pass, and shake our heads in disbelief. What a foolish crowd: if anything small goes wrong like a twisted ankle, their situation changes from marginal to life threatening. We arrive at the Sentinel Pass, and to our relief we see the couple turning around, slipping and sliding, but making their way down. The two "brothers" are there; we talk and decide to go to the meeting place, as we see it is in the sun, and wait there.

We move quickly, and as soon as we get there, we put layers on. We intercept the young couple, thank them for wisely turning around, and tell them to wait, reminding them of the possibility of a fine. Thereafter our team arrives, and a group of eleven heads down to the parking lot. In the lot we drop our things, the cars are started up, some of them make clouds of smoke (none of ours), and we head down to the Post Hotel for a bite to eat, and a beer. The service is slow but we do not mind, sitting in comfortable leather chairs. The awesome day of mountaineering ends at midnight in Calgary.

Participants: Ian Hunt, Kathy Bates, Andrew Flynn, TJ Neault, Peter Lloyd, Peter Mulholland and Paul Masiar.

**Mt Assiniboine Aug 18-20th 2006
By Ian Hunt**

Paul's trip to Assiniboine was much anticipated; once the schedule came out, it filled up and overflowed quickly. As the summer passed, the warm weather stripped the mountain of snow earlier than normal, but then an early August storm changed all that. The days leading up to the trip were uncertain, what was the weather going to do, what was the mountain going to look like and in what sort of shape was the hut? Despite some last minute injuries and substitutions, the team looked strong, but one should never take the summits for granted. We met on Friday morning for the drive out to Mt Shark and the helipad... (for the record, I had walked in and out wearing plastic boots 14 years ago (a Homeresque decision) and skied in twice, but I'd never having been in a helicopter...). En route, the glimpse of Assiniboine from near Mt Buller revealed a drier than expected peak, good news. The 10 minute flight put us at the Lodge and from there we set off into the stunning scenery around Lake Magog. We were all in good spirits and optimistic about the forecast as we picked and weaved away onto and then along the exposed Gmoser highway towards the Hind Hut. After only one missed turn and a minor retreat, three hours after we left the Lodge we arrived at the empty hut and moved in. There were only six of us and we all agreed that it felt comfortable but we were happy there were no more bodies. Once settled in, we dined in fine style, including a generous sample of Paul's marinated pork tenderloin (make sure he offers you some, it's great), scoped out the route for the morning and then enjoyed an evening's entertainment playing some game.

The alarms started going off at 3:30am; we crawled out of bed into breakfast and got ourselves going by 4:45am after a couple of minor set backs including a hydration system leak inside a pack. The boulder hopping across the moraine began by headlamp. Within an hour we were off the moraine and on to the mountain proper, scrambling unroped up towards the first grey band. The sun poked above the eastern horizon into a hazy, smoke filled sky and Assiniboine cast an inspiring, straight edged shadow across the haze into the west. This lower part of the route was littered with loose rock that was very easily displaced and on a couple of occasions we sent big blocks back down the way we had come. No one below us. Thank God. At the first grey band, it got a little steeper, so we started to short rope. For whatever reason, I wasn't having a good morning so Peter agreed to take the rack and the sharp end of the rope. Paul, John and Toby on one rope, Peter, Ian and Martin on the other.

As we neared the red band it looked steep, but we quickly found a

breach in the fortifications and easily scrambled a gully of blocks and snow to the right, then immediately traversed back left to the ridge which provided easy, hyper-enjoyable short roped scrambling with a growing view to the right down the north face towards the hut and to the left the plunging, awe inspiring east face and Wonder Lake. As we gained height, the climbing steepened a little more and we found ourselves more and more working our way along essentially on the ridge crest placing a few pieces here and there and using the in situ gear too. The upper grey band was conquered in one pitch to the right of the ridge crest that weaved its way past an overhanging crack by arching back to the left.

Above and to our left, meringues of snow revealed themselves on the upper reaches of the stunning east face, just the summit teasing us. While we encountered some snow on our line too, the crampons and axes remained on our backs unused. We crossed the top of a steep snow gully, the exit to the north face route; an overhanging wall of yellow rock blocked the ridge, but a short traverse to the right on easy ground negated the problem and we were soon strolling along the dry black rock of the summit ridge, keeping well clear of the cornices ready to collapse down the easterly chasm. At 10am we were on top extracting the poor excuse of a register from the BC parks ammo box and declaring our presence to all those who care to follow. An hour later we were still there but ready to depart.

15 minutes into the descent, Peter leaned forward and reached down.... "AHH SHIT!" his SLR leapt from the chest pouch and plunged towards the void of the north face, hundreds of meters of steep, camera-crunching rocks. This was sure to be a shattering, camera destroying ride thanks to Newton. But no, just 10m down the camera miraculously came to rest on a snow covered ledge less than 25cm wide. After descending a little further, we rigged a belay so Peter could traverse to rescue the camera and gather the pieces. One battery, one lens cap and the element from the polarizer were missing.

The rest of the descent was fortunately less eventful; we down climbed most of it, only making 4 rappels from in situ stations. Slow, careful progress and by 5pm we were back at the hut, all (except for Peter's camera) in the same number of pieces we had left in. We feasted and drank then slept the night away. Sunday dawned a blue sky morning, less smokey. We packed, cleaned the hut up, signed the register and headed down by 8am, contemplating the Gmoser ledges, a beer at the Lodge then 8hrs hike to Mt Shark. By 11 we were at the Lodge and before Martin and I could get into the Lodge, Olympic medalist Sarah Renner had the others convinced and there were four credit cards already lined up on the table for "last minute specials" and a helicopter ride out. Martin wasn't easily convinced (he was happy to go ahead with the original plan to walk out), until he saw Sarah's smile and he quickly sat down beside her with

his credit card in his hand. Well, let's face it, the choice was an hour drinking beer and eating, followed by a 10 minute helicopter ride, against an 8 hour hike with 20kg packs under the hot afternoon sun. And then there were medical reasons -- John had a blister the size of Pennsylvania on his big toe and it looked like half his foot came off when he took the plaster off.

As we sat on the steps to the Lodge, sipping a refreshing beer with lunch, an elderly gentleman in Arcteryx pants and new La Sportiva Trango Evos passed by fresh off the helicopter...who's that?

It was 84 year old Fred Becky on his third attempt of the season at Mt. Assiniboine...

Notes: The Hind hut has a well-equipped kitchen & water from springs in the small black cliff behind the hut. The beds could benefit from new foams. It's hard to avoid rock fall on the first third of the mountain - *not* recommended if there are parties above you. Expect to take as long on descent as you did on the way up.

Team: Paul Masiar (leader), Peter Lloyd, Tody Brodkorb, John Greco, Martin Siddles and Ian Hunt.

Mt. Assiniboine: A Peak Experience By Toby Brodkorb

This alternate trip report is intended to provide a second sobering perspective on the importance of teamwork in the mountains

On August 18, 2006 a strong team of six experienced mountaineers met for the long journey in to climb Mt. Assiniboine. Though for many years before, traditional climbers had chosen to hike in with heavy packs from Mount Shark via Bryant Creek on the easy, relatively flat 25 km approach, full day slog in to Mt. Assiniboine lodge, this brave group of men opted for the more challenging, arduous, nail-biting 10 minute helicopter ride a thousand feet above the forest canopy instead. After carefully chatting up the chopper crew and getting fresh water, our hearty team immediately departed for the next dangerous leg of the journey.

During the treacherous approach route to the R.C. Hind Hut, on the steep narrow cliff band known as Gmoser's highway, a growing sense of competition for route finding and leading within the group ensued, and a few lagged behind while debating a Robert Frost poem. Upon reaching the Hind Hut base camp, having dinner, assessing the mountain conditions and scouting potential routes, we settled down for the night; it was clear that individuals in the group had their sights set on summiting no matter what the consequences

Martin could see the group dynamic was getting tense and made a sensible decision to bail on the climb and stay at the hut. Instead of the original plan to climb as two parties of three, the desire to reach the summit and set up new routes appeared to take precedence over sticking together. Sadly and dangerously, the group fragmented, and divided onto three entirely different routes up the mountain: 1) Ian opted to solo the normal north ridge route 2) Peter & John decided on the more hazardous north face route 3) Paul & Toby ventured courageously onto a new direct unclimbed route on the east face.

Morning came with a predawn alpine start and few words exchanged as we headed out from base camp into the darkness of the looming mountain above. Paul had an early head start and quickly dominated the race up the mountain with repeated lucky encounters on the more hazardous unclimbed route, and several very favourable cruises through the upper camp rest stops. He was later dismayed, however, yo-yoing up and down the route from hazardous conditions back to the high camp, only to start climbing and be turned back again and again from any significant advance on the final pitches of the new route.

Ian's pace was slow and steady on the normal route, and even though it was longer, there were fewer hazards that caused him to retreat. Other climbers on the mountain could see Ian's steady progress, and the closer he got to the summit ridge, the more tense the sense of competition was, and the faster the others tried to climb so that they might be the first to summit.

After several bouts of AMS, frostbite, rockfall, icefall, hypothermia and other ill defined but relentless hazards, Toby and John had been forced to retreat from their routes to the lower aspects of the mountain. While recovering in base camp, Toby strategized that although the unclimbed east face route was more hazardous and had forced him all the way back to base camp, it also presented more opportunities to advance or retreat quickly to the upper camps where Paul had made big gains. Having seen Paul, the more seasoned mountaineer, climb to the upper reaches of the summit approach on the new route, only to be stuck in bad weather, the only hope Toby had now of beating the others to the summit was to set out once again on the dangerous, direct route up the east face.

Regrettably, Peter was killed suddenly by an unidentified hazard, without any explanation or apparent reason for his untimely and senseless death. Although he himself acknowledged that he had accumulated several strokes of luck during his many retreats to lower camps, including once avoiding getting killed in an avalanche, nothing was able to save his sorry butt on this ascent. Had he been killed on the descent instead, perhaps while playing catch with his camera for instance, he might have been able to use his stroke of luck to stay alive.

Although we were all saddened by Peter's unfortunate loss, nothing could dissuade us from the summit fever that had taken control of our fate, and we continued the climb regardless

With every step we took up the mountain, we could all hear Peter's voice, as if watching over us from the darkness beyond, continue to provide route selection advice for the remainder of the climb. While some route finding was straight forward, there were

debates among us about the many aspects of mountaineering route selection. At times, in a spontaneous sense of comraderie that resembled teamwork, all the remaining climbers pooled their collective wisdom and challenged the results, knowing full well that Mt Robson is not in Alberta, and that it is not always safe to camp in crevasses or seracs, or pee in your partner's cup – even if he is a dirt bag climber.

During a few of the route selection debates, some climbers appeared to vote most energetically for the answer that enabled them to advance or avoid hazards. In one summit attempt, a nebulous point about the definition of contour lines on the map was even argued, perhaps so as not to have to face the treacherous random hazards again. In the end, the safest line of approach tactic won, and Ian was the first and only one to summit, just after darkness. Everyone decided to bivvy for the night and try to get a good night's sleep before continuing in the predawn twilight

In the end, "A Peak Experience" was a game well played, and an interesting team building exercise to go through. For those venturing to the Hind Hut, the old 1980s board game should still be located above the entrance, and may require some patience while spinning the dangerous hazards wheel. We all had the opportunity to learn a little about the breadth of knowledge and experience in the group, review and confirm our own decision making skills, and could safely say that we would not let our drinking cups out of sight for the remainder of the trip!

The following day's climb up to the real Mt Assiniboine summit was great, and we all worked very well together, especially on selecting the treacherous, long descent route. Many thanks to Paul Masiar, Peter Lloyd, Ian Hunt, John Greco, Martin Siddles and Toby Brodkorb for a fantastic climb, good teamwork and fun company as well —an important part of any peak experience.

Calgary Section Camp, Week Two By Joe Turnham

Like just about everyone else, when I read that the location of this year's section camp was in the Vowells/Bugs., I was excited. Then when the week two participants started to take shape, I thought: "Bonus. Being there with Terry, Trevor, and Ray and Mike, plus Shannon - whom I knew from previous camps - it should be fun." It was. In fact I never stopped laughing all week! Also I recognized - from the names listed for week 2 - that it wasn't going to be the most high-powered group taking temporary residence there; I knew they would enjoy getting out climbing of course, but also, that when I took a (rest) day off I wouldn't be made to feel too guilt-ridden and I might even have some company.

So, after a fantastic chopper ride we alighted at the camp, and were immediately impressed at the amount of set-up work the week one gang had

put in....the location of the cook tent...the toilet (which I understand was the creation of Orvel). All wonderfully set up...thanks you guys! There were, however, some minor toilet problems due to the size of the buckets. They did tend to fill up rather quickly, and when nearly full, the male 'droop factor' sometimes made for perilous sitting! (Maybe an upwardly-adjusting seat (folding wedges?) would work here, Orvel.) Also, nobody on our week really seemed to grasp the flag system, sometimes resulting in a nervous pre-climb participant needlessly pinching and hopping around ----while the toilet remained empty. Maybe instructions should be included next time.

Shortly - actually, minutes - after arriving, two figures came into view from the Bugaboo Col direction, and exchanged cheery "hellos". They turned out to be none other than Sandy Walker and Keith Sandford who had left the Kain hut that morning....what a nice surprise! I suspect that 'worry wart' Sandy just had to come in and check for herself that everything was O.K. (So at this point, we would like to give you a big "thank you" Sandy. Because of your efforts everything DID go off according to plan)..... As for Keith, it seemed that he did come in to climb something but - when he got together with his Aconcagua buddy Ray - this plan was forgotten after the third or fourth shot of Jack Daniels. The next morning, after Keith had spent the night on the cook tent floor and Sandy in my gear-tent - complete with huge rocks as a mattress - they both emerged looking none the worst for wear and went on their way.

Well we did get out climbing and managed to do "Robert the Bruce" (8 people); "Pigeon Spire" (10); "Viagra Point" (2); almost made "Brenta Spire" (4); "Snaffelhound" and "Spear" (3 people), oh and we all did the minor summit south of camp on the last day before leaving. Shannon named this "Edward the Longshanks"...after the English king who kicked the living daylight out of yet another futile attempt by those Scots (This time by William Wallace), to become independent from the hated 'old enemy'. Now, the English are content to beat them in soccer matches.

So, all in all a wonderful week, especially the weather. It was so hot that the stored cans of your-know-what began to bulge under pressure. "What if" jokes began to circulate.....like: what if the vehicle carrying them out was involved in an accident causing breakage?? Or, what if the said vehicle was involved in a drive-by shooting....and other such jokes which are unmentionable! So, once again thanks for the work organizing Sandy, and Ray and Mike thanks for your bit too....I don't really know what it was though!

Cheers, from: Paul Healy; Terry Manning; Mike McDonough; Jessie Invik; Manfred Czechak; Shannon Healy; Stacey Karalash; Susan Scott; Matt Biledeau; Ray Hogan and scribe Joe Turnham. (Plus our mate Trevor Penford, who was forced to cancel at the last minute).

SECTION ENQUIRIES:

P.O. Box 1995
 Calgary, AB
 T2P 2M2

ADDRESS CHANGES:

The Alpine Club of Canada
 P.O. Box 8040
 Canmore, AB T1W 2T8
 (403) 678-3200 678-3224(f)



NO CALLS AFTER 10 PM IS THE POLICY OF THE SECTION, THANK YOU

Calgary Section Contact Information

Chair: Ray Norman 403 609-0337
Past Chair: Vacant
Vice-Chair: Keith Sanford 932-9626
Treasurer: Trevor Penford 238-3486
 Tpenford@buffalo-oil.com
Library: Cam Roe 253-5463
Secretary: Renee Lavergne 697-8482
 climbingren@hotmail.com

Member Services:
 Chair: Angela Pocsik apocsik@telus.net

Social Committee:
 Chair: Jacqueline Louie 289-5787
 Derek Kemp 253-5339

Climbing Committee:
 Chair: Peter Lloyd 247-0204
 Orvel Miskiw 932-2800
 Andy Strangemann 220-0212
 Rebecca Haspel 275-5656
 Dave Hanson 827-5441
 David Roe 282-8025
 Tom Fransham 880-4455

Club Ropes
 Peter Lloyd 247-0204
 Cell 471-2493
 Peter.lloyd@shaw.ca

Access Committee:
 Chair: Bill Marriott wdmltd@shaw.ca

Training and Leadership Committee:
 Chair: Frédéric Labarre
 frederic_labarre@yahoo.ca
 Stacey Karalash 283-1206
 Scott Montgomery 831-3580
 Roberto Salguero 262-3913
 Andy Strangemann 220-0212

Ski Committee:
 Chair: Jason McCrank 229-9451
 jasonmc_acc@hotmail.com
 AlanFortune fortune2@telus.net
 Ben Stephenson
 Stephensonben@hotmail.com
 Heather Eadie Heathereadie@hotmail.com
 Mark Lane acc_markl@yahoo.com

Chinook:
 Carmie Callanan (Editor) 813-8959
 callanan@telusplanet.net

Collating:
 Chuck & Lesley Young 239-4611
 c.young@shaw.ca

Calgary Section Web Site:
<http://www.alpineclubofcanada.ca/calgary>

Email List Service (post and subscribe)
 acccalgary@hotmail.com

Chinook Submissions: Any article relating to the Club or the mountains is welcome. Please send submissions as an email attachment to **callanan@telusplanet.net** before the 26th for the next month's issue. Microsoft Word documents (Arial font) work the best. Submissions become the property of the Alpine Club of Canada and are subject to editing.