

YUKON
A WINTER JOURNEY
MARCH - APRIL 1985



BY

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SKI TRAVERSE OF MACKENZIE MOUNTAINS

The team departed TUNGSTEN on 13 March 1985 and reached their first depot in the upper Tschu River Basin (North West Territories), near the Macmillan Pass covering 270 km in 9 days. It was at this depot that trouble with one pair of well known Norwegian ski boots worn by Mr Eggen, was identified. This revealed a major design fault in manufacture when a closer inspection of the other two pairs revealed symptoms of the same problem. The toe of one boot had split off behind the "three pin" holes (Nordic Norm 75mm) which necessitated the design and improvisation of a jury rig to boot and binding by an imaginative Norwegian architect. Faced with this equipment problem fundamental to the movement and survival of the team, it was decided to use the food from the first depot and ski 260 km to the nearest habitation at Ross River. This decision was made after much discussion and was largely influenced by the wish of the team to avoid the consequences of further boot troubles on the second leg of the traverse the route for which led for a further 100 km into the mountains and away from habitation. From Ross River the team were able to arrange for the charter of a light aeroplane to fly them to WHITEHORSE, where three new pairs of boots were bought, with difficulty, and a second charter flight was arranged which flew to the location of the second depot at Orbell Lake. From here the journey, as originally planned, was continued. Extremely heavy going was experienced between Orbell Lake and the third depot at Braine Creek (170 km) which delayed progress and dictated shortening of the fourth leg to North Fork Pass. The complete journey was a fraction under 900 km and the team returned to Whitehorse on 26 April.

ASNES no wax skin manufactured in Norway proved excellent for the variety of snow conditions experienced. The lowest temperature recorded was -40°C and a period of 7 days of temperatures below -30°C in late March was experienced. The other two pairs of boots developed the

same damage during the withdrawal to Ross River and
subsequently.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- | | |
|-------|--|
| Cover | Approaching the Stern Wheeler Sskeno at Dawson City |
| 1 | The split across the toe of the boot behind the 3 pin holes for the binding is clearly visible |
| 2 | The critical nature of the split is very evident |
| 3 | Deep snow on the Stewart River at Ortell |
| 4 | Approaching the Tombstone Mountains |
| 5 | Map of Yukon Territory |

THE MACKENZIE-SELWYN RANGE IN YUKON

A WINTER JOURNEY MARCH/APRIL 1985

The Selwyn Mountains were named in 1901 by Joseph Keele, a noted northern explorer and geologist, after Dr Alfred Richard Cecil Selwyn who died in 1902 and who was one of the most distinguished geologists of his time. The mountains parallel the Yukon - North West Territories border from 62° to 65°N and run North West from the Nahanni Range for about 800 km to the Dempster Highway where they merge into the Ogilvies. Within the Selwyns are 3 major ranges, namely, the Logan, Hess and Wernecke mountains. Straddling the territorial border for much of the same latitudes are the Mackenzies, a Range from whose snows flow the Nahanni, Keele and Red Rivers. A closer look at The Times Atlas reveals an area the size of Norway and Sweden together, mountains that rise to just under 3000 metres, and rivers that have played important roles throughout the history of exploration of the remote Canadian North and whose names ring with the tales of legendary gold prospectors, adventurers, trappers and the Mounties. The Atlas does not indicate that there are only 23,000 inhabitants of this vast territory, over half of whom live in the capital, Whitehorse. A cursory glance at the scale at the foot of the page clearly illustrates the remote and extensive character of these Mountain Ranges.

This Atlas was spread out on a table one evening in Asker near Oslo in March 1984. Those present were Doctor Peter Steele, Erik Boehlke, Odd Eliassen and myself. Peter had been in the Yukon for 10 years and was no stranger to Nordic ski touring. He was describing the possibilities of a ski journey in the Yukon; who better, therefore, to reply to the myriad questions that were raised. Having returned that same week from completing the Finlandia 75 km ski race, Peter was departing the following day to try his hand in the 86 km Vasaloppet in Sweden. He and Odd were old chums and had met on the International Everest Expedition in 1971, and Peter's visit no doubt rekindled memories of that expedition, especially since Odd announced he had been invited to return to Everest in March 1985 with a Norwegian expedition. The next day Erik, Odd and I met at Solli, near Asker, for one of those ski tours referred to by my 2 inexhaustible Norwegian friends as "it's only a short tour". Eight hours and 90 kms later, I tried to relax in the sauna in Odd's cellar nursing every muscle that reminded me that such a ski tour for a Brit in Nordmarka is no joke. In the 90°C heat, as my mind and body began to normalise, I remembered something that Erik had said, "How about a long winter journey in the Yukon?". I telephoned Erik and my complacency was shattered when he confirmed that we must meet the same evening to work out a serious plan. Peter was leaving Norway the following week, and we had to have something reasonably well structured to propose before he left. And thus the seed was sown and the planning began. While Peter packed his bags to leave for the airport, we wondered whether he was joking when he had casually announced that the number of grizzly bears in the Yukon is about half the human population!

The priority now lay in finding a third person. Odd had previously been the pillar of our team which had shared the experiences of similar journeys in Zagros (Iran), the Western Himalayas and Iceland. Due to Odd's declared Everest option, Erik now wrote to Torbjorn Eggen, who was a friend of long standing, particularly of Odd and Erik. Apart from extended ski tours in the Atlas Mountains with them, we had all been together in Iceland during March 1983. Tobben, who enjoyed the distinction of 7 year's training as an architect in Oxford, did not hesitate to say "Yes he was on". His superiors' reaction to their newly appointed Director of the National Roros Mining Museum asking for leave of absence so early in the project's development was never revealed, but what was certainly clear was that Tobben's charisma won the day.

The next priority was to secure the substantial number of maps needed. In a scale of 1:250,000 we needed 12 sheets and 1:50,000 we required 61 to cover our original plan of a route from Tungsten to Dawson City, a distance of about 1000 kms. A friend in Ottawa was contacted, and he undertook to procure them by August in time for us to get them and our food and other important bits and pieces out to Canada and up to the Yukon.

Our concept of movement would remain the same as on previous journeys. We would travel light carrying, whenever possible, no more than 20 kg, relying on food and fuel dumps. The planned distances dictated 4 depots but the problem of how to position these was not solved until I was able to travel out to Whitehorse during my Summer leave. At the end of August I left London by air with a packing case that weighed 120 kg and contained 42 days food. Peter Steele had arranged for numbers of important people for me to talk to while I was in Whitehorse. Regrettably the 36 hour period available between connections for a return flight was too brief for many logistic questions to be answered.

Gavin Johnstone, Director of an environmental services company based in Whitehorse, was leaving the next day for the North Western Territories and agreed to take one box to a hut on the Tsichu River near the MacMillan Pass. This wonderful news spurred me into concerted activity late into the night to order the food into 4 sets of 8 days and rush down to the Drug Store in Whitehorse to buy 12 litres of methylated spirits. My requirement for the spirit met with alarm but Peter was able to convince the storekeeper that I was not hooked on the stuff.

On the return flight to London I had ample time to write at length to Erik in Oslo to inform him what I had achieved and what I had learned from all the people with whom Peter had put me in touch. The maps had not arrived in time for them to be sorted and placed in the relevant depot box, and 3 boxes still had to be lodged out in the mountains. Peter had calmly and confidently explained that he had many contacts and in the ensuing 6-7 months he would arrange for 2 of the boxes to go out. The third box he reckoned he could bring up to the Dempster Highway himself. Could he join us for the last leg from North Fork Pass to Dawson City through the Tombstone Range? Were we happy for this? Certainly, we were happy and delighted! The correspondence flowed between Whitehorse, Devon and Oslo during the Autumn months and into the Winter, and in the final letter to arrive before we departed Europe for the journey itself in March, Peter announced that the second depot was placed in a hut at Ortell by a passing helicopter in early February. The third would go in by snow scooter with a trapper who was building a new hut at the end of his trap line. This good news confirmed our route as follows:

- Leg 1 Tungsten to Tsichu River/MacMillan Pass. Distance 250 km, Estimate 10 days. Depot 1.

- Leg 2 MacMillan Pass to Ortell Mountain via the Selwyn Valley and North Stewart River. Distance 260 km, Estimate 10 days. Depot 2.

- Leg 3 Ortell to Braine Creek via North Rackla River and Beaver River. Distance 170 km, Estimate 7 days. Depot 3.

- Leg 4 Braine Creek, Rae and Hart River Basin to North Fork Pass. Distance 240 km, Estimate 8-9 days. RV with Peter Steele.

- Leg 5 North Fork Pass to Dawson City via the Tombstone Range. Distance 130 km. Estimate 5 days.

Erik and Tobben arrived in London on 5 March 1985, and the 3 of us flew out to Edmonton with Air Canada the next day. The 1800 km Greyhound bus journey passed uncomfortably as 2 of us tried to shake off European colds, and we arrived in Whitehorse early in the morning of 8 March. We had had lengthy discussions amongst ourselves on the merits of taking firearms on the journey but as those 10,000 grizzlies Peter had spoken about earlier were likely to be hibernating in their dens, we abandoned any further thought on the subject. There were some whom we met in the Yukon who would not have travelled anywhere without a gun and the advice we gained on the subject was generally conflicting. In the same idiom it was clear to all those we met that our concept of movement was something new. Old, traditional methods of movement in winter in the Yukon prevailed; principally, dogs and sled and if no dogs, snowshoes were to be used; if on skis, then snowshoes ought still to be back packed! Had we thought of pulling pulks? While we listened to these various suggestions with interest, and were conscious that the experiences of the local experts should not be totally discounted, we had complete faith in our own concept of movement and were not going to change it at this late stage. It was explained that we could expect deep snow but had we not encountered this elsewhere in the world?

We left Whitehorse on 12 March in a Canadian Forces pick-up truck which kindly gave us a lift for 700 km to our drop off point near Tungsten.

Our plans remained unchanged and although our rucksacks weighed in at 23 kg a piece, this was a fraction of what they would have weighed if we had taken aboard all the recommendations which were made to us. From the 12 day's food with which we started, 2 days were allocated for Leg 2. We had calculated a rate of progress of some 25 km a day and if we were delayed at all, we believed we could stretch our food for an extra 2 or 3 days.

The scenery up the Flat River from our drop off point about 10 km from Tungsten, was dramatic. South and to the East we could see the summits of the Ragged Range. We followed the line of an abandoned trail up to Howards Pass (1700m) where there had been a mining camp. We had been told the mountains here possessed the largest known deposits of silver and lead in the world, but since the slump in the price of silver, the camp had lain disused and empty for nearly 5 years. The going in those first 100 km was very heavy and was compounded by 4 days of non-stop snowfall which made trail breaking exhausting. Our particular routine was simple. The lead man discarded his rucksack so as to lighten the effort of ploughing through thigh deep snow. The other 2 followed and on the stroke of the 10th minute, the leader stood down and the next man moved to the front. What was irksome was returning to don the rucksack, particularly if the going was downhill, and a weary trek back.

Once beyond Howard's Pass and into the South Nahanni Valley the weather was clear and correspondingly cold. The scenery was stunning as we passed to the East of Mt Wilson and up towards the Christie Pass and Mt Christie. It was here in October 1907 that James Christie was attacked by a huge grizzly bear. Despite his jaw and skull being fractured, his right arm broken and his right thigh badly bitten, Christie unaided staggered 7 miles to a camp where his partner tended his wounds with the only medicine they possessed, Scotch whisky. But now the grizzlies were long into their hibernation, we could safely admire the courage of those tough early explorers of the Yukon. Moreover, we had no whisky!

We arrived at our first Depot on the Tsichu River on 24 March. We had skied about 250 km in 10 days and were feeling in good heart. It had been extremely cold for the previous 4 days with the temperatures ranging between -40°C and -30°C which had sharpened our routines considerably. Tobben had noticed on 23 March that his ski boots were not quite right, and it wasn't until we reached the hut that he was able to examine them in detail to identify the trouble. After a cursory examination the expression on his face revealed something alarming. The toe of one boot had split behind the 3 pin holes of the Nordic 75 mm norm binding and had extended across the welt into the leather. The other had already started splitting but was not so impaired and an inspection of my own set revealed a similar, emergent problem. Erik's pair seemed to be sound. Our first reasoning for this extraordinary but critical problem was that Tobben had one of those 'Monday' boots. But then why should my set also be breaking up despite their well known Norwegian make, very popular in use and designed to meet the demands of extended ski tours in the mountains of Scandinavia. We surmised that there must be a major fault in the design or manufacture of the boot. The issue now facing us was whether we should go on into Leg 2 of the journey, which would take us deeper into the Wilderness, or should we escape to Ross River which was the nearest settlement.



The split across the toe of the boot behind the three pin holes for the binding is clearly visible.

We were able to ponder the situation in the warmth of the small hut, seated around a small wood stove in one corner, while Tobben invented a jury rig for his boots to fit the ski bindings. Could we risk going on with the boots falling apart after a few kilometres, which in the temperatures we were experiencing would be extremely serious? They may hold out, we argued, but then if they did not what were the options other than to activate our Emergency Locator Transmitter and await rescue from our position of immobility? Would it be possible to purchase 3 pairs of new boots once we got out? What would we do then? We discussed all these questions and decided to leave the next morning for Ross River. We were not sure how far it was down the line of the Canol trail from the MacMillan Pass but with 8 days food from Depot 1, plus the 2 extra days we had carried with us from Tungsten for Leg 2, we could probably ski 350 km.

Our escape maps were scale 1:250 000 and we only had 2 which would take us as far as Jeff's Corner, about 80 km from our present position. Here, we had been told, there was a trapper called Bill Carson. Once there we could possibly enlist his help to get to Ross River. Early on 25 March we left Depot 1, in worsening weather and somewhat depressed, for the MacMillan Pass and the head of the Canol trail. When we reached the Pass at midday we were surprised and perplexed to see a marker post on the side of the trail with 464 marked clearly on the top side. Two kilometres further on there was another sign, 462. Was this the distance to Ross River? If so, we were going to have to beg for a lot of food from Bill Carson. Our fears were dismissed when at 422 there was a sign half obscured by snow which eventually revealed what we wanted to see - Ross River 200. A kilometre further on was Bill Carson's cabin with no evidence of recent occupation. There was no alternative but to push on. We arrived in Ross River on 1 April after skiing 260 km and we were able to charter a light plane that afternoon to take us 450 km to Whitehorse.

I telephoned Peter Steele to explain our predicament; he thought I was joking and I then realised the significance of the date! On arrival in Whitehorse we were just in time to reach one of the 3 sports shops before closing and purchase 3 pairs of Czechoslovakian boots. My boots had virtually disintegrated to the same state as Tobben's during the ski to Ross River and, although Erik's set were still holding out, we were glad to have made the beneficial decision to ski out, despite the disruption to our scheduled plans it caused.



The critical nature of the split is very evident.

We had planned to fly out to Depot 2 as soon as possible, but Joe Muff, of Alcan Air in Whitehorse, suggested that if we wait until 5 April we could ride another charter flight which was going up to the Wind River and we could divert slightly to Ortell. The aircraft had already been chartered so the cost to us would be discounted by half. This was obviously attractive and, given the Steeles' hospitality for another 4 nights in their home, we agreed with Joe that we would wait. The trapper, Joe Muff was to collect from up the Wind River was named Austin and he had been there since early January. At that time he had confirmed to be picked up during a 10 day window between 5-15 April. Joe had an aircraft sited up in the Northern Ogilvies at the time and he said that he wanted verification of the trapper's readiness for picking up by overflying the area before going up there. So, there was a chance that the plan would not work if the trapper was not ready. Joe then explained that he was very keen to collect this trapper due to his cheque being dishonoured in January. The police were also persuading him for numerous other reasons and were eager for Joe to pick him up on schedule but not to take any chances. (The RCMP have over the years, had some nasty experiences with trappers and as recently as mid March 1985, had one of their officers killed near Teslin). Unfortunately, weather delayed the overflight and since time was against us, we decided to charter a ski plane on 5 April which took us to Ortell. The 120 minute flight was uneventful. However, the landing on the frozen Stewart River on what seemed to us as a very short flat stretch of the frozen river, made us all apprehensive. As we shuddered to a halt in a cloud of snow, we peered out to see that the tail plane was buried up to the fin. The pilot sighed and muttered something about "was there room for him for the night in the hut" which was 50 metres away on the bank of the river. "No problem" we said as we prepared ourselves for stamping out a runway with our skis. Before we could sort ourselves out, the engine was revved and by pitching the aircraft back forth, the pilot managed to extricate the craft and move it ahead. By taxiing up and down he was able to consolidate his 150 metres take off strip, and finally took off clearing the lodgepole pines as he flew off to the West. We were on our own again, back on course and content.



Deep snow on the Stewart River at Ortell.

The hut at Ortell was most comfortable and was the 'chocolate box' picture of one of those log cabins in the wilderness with a wisp of smoke curling out of the chimney. We left early the next morning and went North to a Pass overlooking the Nadaleen Range. It had been a glorious day, and we had skied about 26 km and the going had not been too heavy. The next morning, however, we seemed to cross a watershed where weather and snow suddenly became worse. These conditions continued up into the Rackla River system, all the way down past Kathleen Lakes and to the Proctor trail where with great relief, we picked up a snow scooter track. What should have taken us 3 days had taken us double the time as we laboured exhaustingly through deep snow. Once on the scooter track, which had been made by Peter's friends, Claire and Robert Wagner, as they took our box of food to their hut at Braine Creek some 3 to 4 weeks before, we made up for time. We had hoped, of course, to do this shortest leg in quick time and thereby have extra food for the long fourth leg to the North Fork Pass. Depot 3 had 8 days food and we were now up against a combined time, distance, food, snow condition problem. We discussed this while having a snack in the Wagner's hut on 12 April and agreed to shorten the fourth leg and ski to Elsa, some 3/4 days away and make arrangements to get to North Fork Pass for our rendezvous with Peter. On 15 April, as we neared Elsa, we met Keith and Sonja Hepner. They were on their snow scooters and came round the corner of the Proctor Trail just as tea was on the boil on an open fire. They were off to retrieve some items from a hut they were completing on their trap line and they had to do this before the snow melted and the rivers opened. They invited us to stay in their cabin that evening which was some 30 km away and near Elsa. We resumed our separate ways and had almost reached the Southern end of Lake McQuesten when they caught up with us on their return. They gave us a lift on their scooters for the last few kms to the cabin.

The Hepners had built their own log house. It was hexagonal and was a shining example of the extraordinary self sufficiency, imagination and will for hard work so prevalent among the people who run the trap lines in this remote country. Adorning one wall was a grizzly bear skin and over a glass of beer, out first for some time, they explained how it was shot outside their front door. Outside was the paraphernalia of life in the wilderness; dog sleds, 8 extremely healthy looking dogs, fish nets, animal skins, cats and numerous domestic rabbits running in between the piles of fire wood and parked up snow scooters. Across the way could be heard the 'donk donk' of a diesel generator which was housed in a workshop at one end of which could be detected a cacophony of pigs, goats, quacking ducks and a lot of chickens. The latter produced the most succulent mouth-watering brown shelled eggs which were fried for breakfast the next morning before our departure.

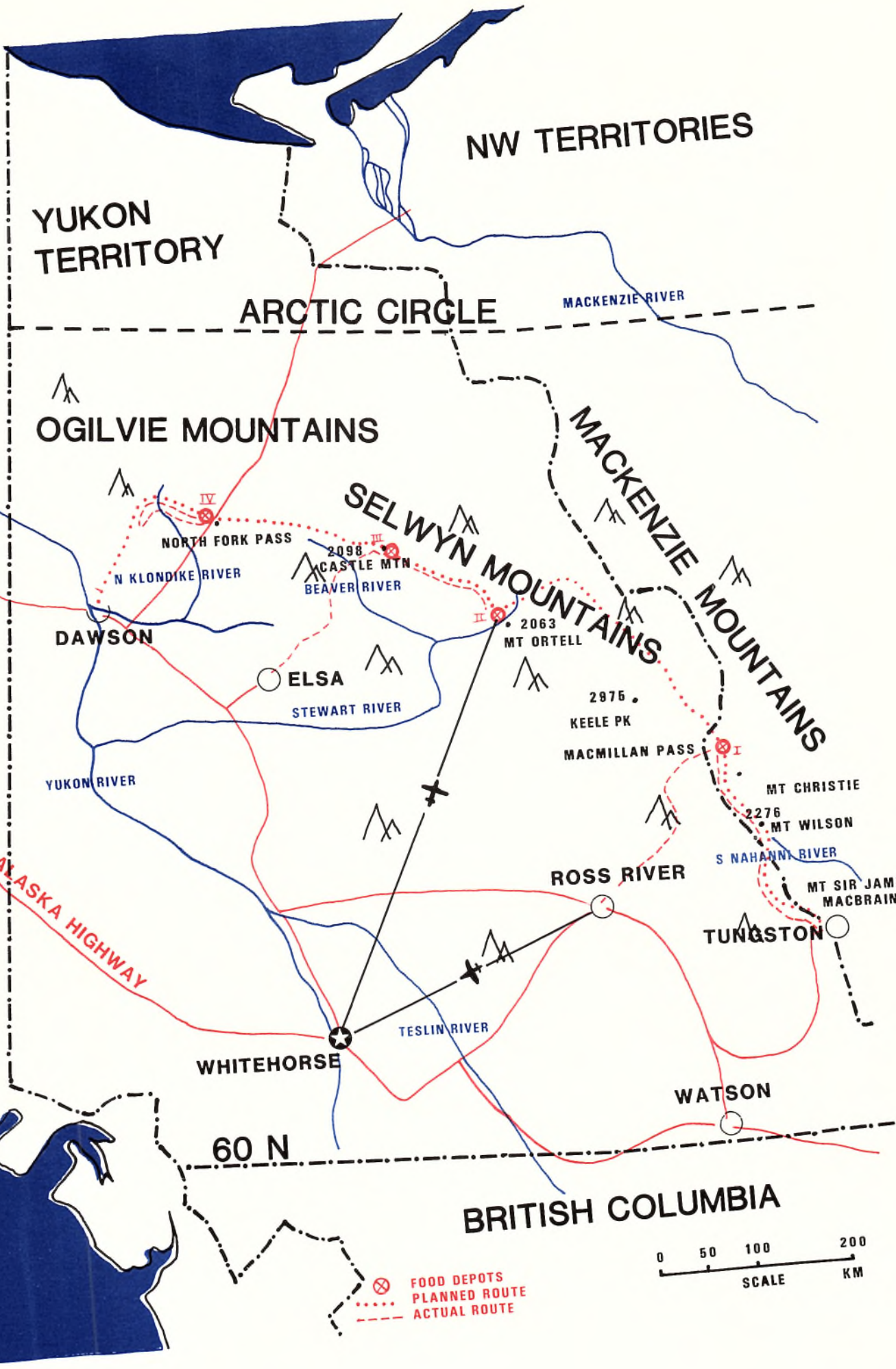
We were due to rendezvous with Peter on 19 April so we had 3 days in which to make our way up to the Dempster Highway. It was just as well we had this leeway because the roads were empty, and it was some time before we encountered a vehicle that could take us there. We passed the time waiting for Peter in a camp site near Dawson City and made excursions into the town to see the relics of the 1898 gold rush. It was originally our intention to visit the City at the end of our journey but with a change of plans discussed with Peter, who wished to return to Whitehorse a little earlier, we had agreed to ski the 40 km from the North Fork Pass into the heart of the Tombstone Range and return the same way. This was a more attractive alternative to descending through thick forest and relatively uninteresting country to Dawson City. It was cold for late April and the weather was a little unsettled as our approach over the Pass leading to the range was accompanied by scattered snow flurries. When the skies cleared that evening a most dramatic scene was unveiled.



Approaching the Tombstone Mountains.

The Range is dominated by Tombstone Mountain, (2173m,) at the Western end and the Monolith at the other. The latter was only scaled for the first time 4 summers ago, and Peter had been a member of the successful team. Between the 2 peaks was a line of cliffs that dominated the Southern Sky line for about 15 km. We had a marvellous day's skiing throughout the line, without the burden of rucksacks, in warm sunshine, and the snow conditions were, for once, superb. It was a fitting way to end our winter journey through the Yukon and, as we returned the 40 km to North Fork Pass late that afternoon, we saw a group of 8 skiers ascending slowly and towing pulks up from whence we had come. A little further down we reached what looked like a battlefield. It was a small slope which had become a major obstacle for those skiers and their pulks. We looked at Peter and the unanimous confirmation was that there are more efficient methods of moving across this country in winter and perhaps our concept was one of them.

We left Whitehorse on 29 April saddened by not being able to complete our original route but content with what we had done. Just before our departure we made another visit to Joe Muff of Alcan Air. The trapper called Austin was never located and his disappearance is now the object of a major police exercise. Whether he perished in the cold, was devoured by wild animals, or attempted to walk out of the rugged wilderness will probably never be known.



NW TERRITORIES

YUKON TERRITORY

ARCTIC CIRCLE

MACKENZIE RIVER

OGILVIE MOUNTAINS

SELWYN MOUNTAINS

MACKENZIE MOUNTAINS

ALASKA

DAWSON

2098
CASTLE MTN
BEAVER RIVER

2063
MT ORTELL

ELSA

STEWART RIVER

2976

KEELE PK

MACMILLAN PASS

YUKON RIVER

MT CHRISTIE

2276
MT WILSON

S NAHANNI RIVER

MT SIR JAMES
MACBRAIN

ALASKA HIGHWAY

ROSS RIVER

TUNGSTON

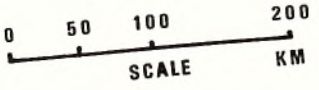
WHITEHORSE

TESLIN RIVER

WATSON

60 N

BRITISH COLUMBIA



⊗ FOOD DEPOTS
 PLANNED ROUTE
 - - - - - ACTUAL ROUTE

DISTANCE AND TEMPERATURE CHART

Date (a)	Distance (b)	Temperature (c)	Camp (d)	Weather (e)
13 Mar	13 Kilometres	-17° Centigrade	Small Hut	Overcast
14 Mar	29	-6°	Beside Old Cabin	Light Snow
15 Mar	19	-18°	On Trailside	Heavy Snow
16 Mar	17	-9°	Beside Old Mining Bridge	Heavy Snow
17 Mar	19	-6°	Howard's Pass	Heavy Snow
18 Mar	1	-9°	Howard's Pass	Heavy Snow/White Out
19 Mar	22	-18°	1500m - Valley Junction	Clear
20 Mar	18	-10°	Lower South Nahanni River Basin	Clear
21 Mar	23	-38°	Upper South Nahanni River Basin Mt Wilson	Clear
22 Mar	24	-40°	5 km South of Mt Christie	Clear
23 Mar	32	-35°	North of Christie Pass	Clear
24 Mar	20	-30°	Tsichu River Depot I	Clear
25 Mar	31	-25°	Km 452 on Canol Trail	Overcast and Wind
26 Mar	30	-15°	Km 422 on Canol Trail	Clear
27 Mar	27	-25°	Km 395 on Canol Trail	Clear
28 Mar	29	-25°	Km 364 on Canol Trail	Clear

(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	(e)
29 Mar	28 Kilometres	-26° Centigrade	Km 336 on Canol Trail	Clear becoming overcast
30 Mar	40	-8°	Km 296 on Canol Trail	Clear - Snow later
31 Mar	45	-4°	Km 251 on Canol Trail	Snow
1 Apr	30	-2°	Ross River	Scattered Clouds
2-5 Apr			Whitehorse and Flight to Depot 2 at Ortell Lake	
6 Apr	26	-25°	Pass overlooking Nadaleen River	Clear
7 Apr	20	-6°	1 Km from derelict Outfitters Camp East Rackla River	Overcast and Snow
8 Apr	15	-4°	East Rackla River	Intermittent Snow
9 Apr	15	-2°	Rackla River Valley	Becoming Clear
10 Apr	17	-26°	Rackla River Valley	Clear
11 Apr	19	-32°	Kathleen Lakes	Clear
12 Apr	23	-14°	Near Proctor Trail	Overcast and Snow
13 Apr	35	-6°	Proctor Trail Braine Creek Depot 3	Snow
14 Apr	38	-14°	Proctor Trail	Clear and Windy
15 Apr	43	-30°	Hepner's Cabin	Clear
16-18	Apr		Rest in Camp Site	-

(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)	(e)
19 Apr		-12° Centigrade	RV with Dr Peter Steele	Clear
20 Apr	12 Kilometres	-12°	North Klondike Rivers	Overcast
21 Apr	14	-18°	Tombstone Pass	Clear
22 Apr	38	-8°	Tombstone Pass	Clear
23 Apr	-	-	Begin Return to Whitehorse	-
	<u>TOTAL 812 Km</u>			

INCOME

Mt Everest Foundation	£200.00
RN & RM Mountaineering Club	£200.00
RM Funds	<u>£200.00</u>
	<u>TOTAL</u> £600.00

EXPENDITURETravel

Scheduled Air	Oslo London Oslo	£500.00	
	London Edmonton London	£1062.00	
	Whitehorse Edmonton	£354.00)	
)	
Air Charter	Ross River - Whitehorse	£240.00)	
)	
	Whitehorse - Ortell	£480.00)	
)	
Bus	Edmonton - Whitehorse	£185.00)	For 3 Persons
)	
Food/Other Stores		£750.00)	
)	
Deposit of Depot 2		£69.00)	
)	
Contingency (incl transit accommodation)		<u>£500.00</u>	
	<u>TOTAL:</u>	<u>£4140.00</u>	

MAJOR ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT

ASNES	No wax skis MT 54 with metal edges
SWIX	Mountain Ski Sticks - Donated by Trygve Liljedahl Skistavfabrikk
BERGANS	IGNELL Three Man Tent
BERGANS	FINNMARK rucksack
BERGHAUS	CHAMRION Goretex Thinsulate jacket
HELSPORT	Himalaya sleeping bag
TRANGIA	Methylated spirit cooker
HALLING PRODUKTER	Snow gaiters
BRYNJE TRIKOTASJE FABRIKK	Sports thermal underwear
WTTCO	Rottefella Telemark Nordic Norm 75 mm bindings Snow Shovel
EMERGENCY LOCATOR TRANSMITTER	Provided by TRANS NORTH AIR Whitehorse

CLOTHING

A ruthless policy to discard 'nice to have' items was adopted by the team. In consequence spare personal clothing carried in rucksacks was limited to the following:

- 1 Pr Socks)
- 1 Pr Long Johns)
- 1 Vest) Wool
- 1 Pr Gloves)
- Balaclava)
- Down overboots
- 2 Prs Bryne (Norwegian) Long Johns (Cotton Polyester)
- 1 Vest Bryne (Norwegian)

During the period 20-29 Mar, when the temperature only rose once above -25°C, we were always adequately warm although assisted by hot water bottles early at night.

SPARES AND MISCELLANEOUS STORES

Spares were carried, in general, by each person as follows:

- 1 Pr Ski Stick Baskets
- 1 Pr Deep Snow Ski Stick Baskets
- 2 Prs Thin rubber overboots
- 1 Pr Insoles
- 1 Pr Snow goggles

Other miscellaneous stores common to each man were:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Litre Thermos flask and mug
- 1 Litre Water Bottle (Plastic)
- 2 Tubes Glider Wax
- 3-4 Toe Straps
- Toothpaste and brush
- Lavatory paper

COMMUNAL STORES

Tool Kit - Including: pliers, araldite, fibreglass tape, spare pr bindings, screwdriver, sticky tape.

Snow Shovel

Medical Kit - Normal first aid items