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Sept 63



THE PACK RAT.

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Monthly of the
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

211 - 16th Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alberta

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Meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8:00 p.m. at Bob's Bookstore, 211 - 16th Ave. N.W., Tel. CR7-0907.

NEWS

---Our apology herewith to Paul who by our mistake slipped out of the membership list.

Paul Allen 77 Oak Crest Ave. Toronto 13, Ontario
and our newest member

Bryan Lucker Currie Barracs.

---Important Reminder:

Please Do Attend our Annual Meeting. - SAT. OCT. 26.

PALLISER PASS AUG 24.

Henk does it again! Nine Ramblers slogged through rain and mud on the longest 2-day backpacking trip this year. They were Henk, Herman, Ray, Ruth, Tommy, Daphne, Pam, Margaret and Annette (on holiday from New York). The Spray River road was as hair-raising as walking on the crest of a mountain, especially when the car was tilted on a 45 degree angle, and Henk trying to estimate the drop on the other side as well as the depth of the water. You would almost think the car had floats after some of those large puddles we came through.

The signs were misleading and according to our map and our

legs we travelled $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles each way. We encountered several fishermen on the way to Lemon Lake. Some were using bicycles instead of back-packing - something the Ramblers never thought of.

It was first decided to camp in the valley with the horses, but soon Wally found the path part way up the pass to the beautiful Belgium Lake. During supper the sky began to look very angry and we were hurried off to bed at 8:30 by a thunder-storm which continued through the night. After breakfast Henk, Daphne and Wally were the only ones eager to see the top of the pass in the fog.

On the way out one of the fishermen took a fancy to accompany Ruth and Daphne. Rather scared and leary of them each one tried to slip off and leave the other to the big bad wolf. Everyone decided to wade out the Spray River in their wet boots, after which we sat for a few cherished moments drying out feet in the sun. The two cars gathered in Canmore to have a late supper.

Marg Sharpe

PINTO - LAKE

AUG 31
& SEPT.
1+2

The two car loads of people left Calgary at 6:00 a.m. Saturday morning and met for coffee at the Post Hotel. In Tom's car were Ruth, Sheila, Wally, Ray and Tom, and in Daphne's were Pam, Daphne, Brian, and Don. Wally had along a set of stereo air photos so we all had a look at the hiking area in 3D before leaving. The actual hike up Sunset Pass on the east side of the Banff-Jasper highway was a long, steady grind. Near the top of the pass the group divided, one group hiking north in search of a fire lookout and the other group continuing east to the top of the pass. The trail to the lookout was soon lost in a maze of animal trails so the lookout was never found. We all had lunch beside a creek near the top of the pass. Beyond this point the trail went completely hay-wire in terms of our maps. Instead of heading east, down the pass it swung north then east leading well past Pinto Lake. When we reached a small meadow below the pass we stopped long enough to study the photos then continued on to the lake. We camped at a campsite beside the

outlet of the lake.

Sunday we just loafed around. The main activities involved a hike around the lake, a fishing trip, a raft trip, swimming, sun bathing, eating, cooking, washing dishes and scrubbing pots, catching and protecting frogs, defending oneself from fellow Ramblers, brushing teeth, washing face and hands, applying listick (for some unknown reason), and brushing and back-combing hair (girls only). This combined with the antics which went on between the three eligible young lasses and the four eligible young bachelors made for an entertaining day.

During our hike around the lake and on both evenings we spotted a great number of good-sized fish. Both Pam and Tom enjoyed some good fishing in spite of the time spent unsnarling the line from hair, bushes, spectators etc., but each came up with a real beauty. We had a part of Tom's fish for breakfast Monday morning and it was good, believe me.

We saw a good variety of animal life including four moose and a couple of frogs. Pinto Lake itself is nestled between snow topped mountains off the north and south shores and by high cliffs to the west. The area is heavily wooded except for a number of meadows in the immediate vicinity. In terms of color and beauty the area ranks very high.

Monday was bright and clear just as the other two days had been so we got up early and returned to the cars via the same route we used to come in on Saturday. We all returned to Calgary satisfied that the three days had been well spent. A word of thanks is due to Ruth for leading the trip and to those who worked so hard to make the trip an overwhelming success.

Don Hopkinson

Labour Day Weekend Aug 31 &
Sept. 1 & 2.

While the enthusiastic hikers were struggling into Pinto Lake under enormous packs, the "Lazy Man's Trip" was also in progress and was enjoyed by all who participated.

It began with a two car rendezvous at Lake Louise Post Hotel where the Vair's whole family were met by Bernard and Kay de Vries, Richard Prinde and "Sambo". The party then proceeded to the

Bow Lake camp ground where camp was set up and the whole party ate lunch. The hiking party consisting of yours truly and all the occupants of the other car then set off for Helen Lake.

It now became apparent why Kay and Bernard had brought Sambo. He looks, acts, eats and to all appearances is a black Labrador Retriever but on the trail whoever has hold of the leash gets pulled up (or down) the trail at a pace far exceeding that possible to the unaided human. You can say what you like to Sambo and he won't talk back - he can't! The party returned at 6:30 to supper and the evening in camp.

The Sunday morning start was late as Bernard was stowing away the plant samples he had collected the previous day (he is a Professor of Botany at U.A.C.) but the party, headed this time by Nancy Vaif, finally left camp at 10:45 and hit the trail to Sunset Pass at 11:45. Lunch was eaten at 1:00 p.m. still below the summit of the Pass which was not reached until 2:15. Bernard and Kay elected to stay at Norman Creek while Nancy and Richard set off to get a look at Pinto Lake. One hour's hard hiking brought them to the boundary of Banff Park where they stopped to rest. The only view of the lake achieved was from near here around a bluff and through the trees at the corner of the lake. They returned to the west end of the pass where they stopped to rest and eat a snack before returning with the de Vrieses to the car. Kay and Bernard reported seeing a wolverine trying to rish Richard's orange out of Norman Creek.

Yours truly, being official baby sitter and cook of the day had a relaxing day in camp visiting friends who stopped for a picnic.

The camp was rudely wakened the following morning by loud yells of "Sandy, Sandy Vair. Where is the fire? Why aren't you ready for the trail? What a lazy bunch!" This unseemly row was created by one, Hugh Peck, who had left Calgary in the wee small hours of the morning with his wife, to join the final day's hike. Hugh got the fire going and after his second breakfast he, Richard, Bernard and yours truly took off for the north end of the lake. Here we parked the car and proceeded around the lake to the inlet and then up the creek which flows down from the Bow Glacier. We all expressed suitable respect for the Engineer who so conveniently bridged the canyon for us

(continued on page 8)

Black Rock Mt. SEPT. 8.

Pam, Daphne, Don, Henk, Richard, Ray, Wally and Harold set out a little after 7 A.M. on Sunday, September 8 for a hike up Black Rock Mountain. After a dusty drive over a very interesting road we parked the cars on the edge of a hill leading down to the Ghost River. The weather was perfect and it looked as though it would remain favourable all day. After a few thousand feet along a dried up channel of the Ghost with the beautiful but relentless sun not satisfied to merely glower upon us from above but striking at us from the pale, parched rocks below, we began to realize that a rainy day has some advantages. The valley was criss-crossed with "roads" and channels apparently constructed for flood and run-off control in connection with the Ghost Dam project. At first water seemed non-existent, but after a mile or two it was discovered that the river was channelled to the southern side of the valley and a few thirsty Ramblers went over to fill their canteens. Some difficulty was experienced finding the fire road which marked the beginning of the trail and in fact we went about half a mile or more beyond it. A new "route" was tried with some light bush-wacking required until the trail was finally discovered half way up the mountain. Black Rock is very exposed and the scorching sun was quite severe. Some of us felt the heat more than others but these can at least take comfort from the fact that the temperature in Calgary on that day was 87 degrees, tied for the hottest day of the summer. Eventually the summit was reached by all eight of us, where, much to our surprise we were given a hearty but unwelcome reception by hordes of little flying ants who were especially concentrated around the abandoned fire look-out which we had anticipated using as a shade from the sun. We found a somewhat less densely populated corner of the summit and collapsed to eat our lunch. The air was cooler on top and a fresh breeze allowed us to enjoy the view of the Ghost River Valley and the foothills. Mt. Aylmer was the highest peak in sight.

The trip down was easier and very quick since everyone was anxious to reach the cool waters of the Ghost. We finally did arrive at those elusive waters and everyone managed to get ~~some~~ part of himself and a few others wet. Two of the more enterprising ramblers, Wally and Don, were able to go for a swim getting wet only from the waist up. A few well-placed ballistic missiles flew and depth charge like s pumes of water began bursting around various Rambler alliances. We soon discovered what Daphne keeps her "French Formula" bottle for: it is the ultimate weapon for a queous attack. Before too much energy was expended we headed refreshed back to the cars. The day was aptly

concluded at Daphne's house where all but Henk enjoyed a Chinese Dinner and restful music on the F. M. I imagine his wife had a delicious meal ready for him also.

This article may hold the record for the distance from it's source, as it is being written for the Pack Rat here in Otta wa, over 2,200 miles from Black Rock. The change of scenery has been temporarily at least a pleasant change. I went for an hour long swim in Otty Lake near Perth, Ontario, and then on an afternoon canoe trip on the shimmering blue-black waters of this eastern lake rimmed with giant wind-swept pines and luxuriant scarlet-tipped maples. It was a calm day and a few loons fished, occasionally uttering their lonely call while the warm humidity encouraged perfectly still contemplation of the quiet, razor-sharp scene. A few days later the brilliant colours of an early fall in the rolling Gatineau Hills with their glistening white birches, hearty deep red-oaks and golden-scarlet maples one again thrilled my eyes. But somehow these beautiful hills which had been my childhood home, filled with mystery and adventure seemed just a little flatter than usual!

Harold Briggs.

LAKE O'HARA. Sept 14 & 15.

On that cold, rainy Saturday morning six brave Ramblers squeezed (between rucksacks and packboards) into Wally's car. Daphne's offer to remain behind to make more room for us and the packs was kindly ignored, and before she knew what had happened she found herself nailed between the driver, a packboard and Sandy! The drizzle continued all the way to Wapta Lake. There, we had plenty of time for coffee and around 12.00 we reached Lake O'Hara. We back-packed the half mile over to the Alpine Hut. Still raining! After a quick lunch and a hot cup of tea, Daphne, Wally, Marg. and Richard hiked around the Lake and up to Lake Oesa, while Sandy and myself attempted to catch some fish in Lake O'Hara. Sandy was lucky. He caught one (we won't mention the size) and mine all got away. It was mostly the rain that drove us back to the hut early and right after us the hikers arrived. Everyone enjoyed the delicious stew which Nancy had prepared Friday night for us. Thankyou Nancy. A long evening was spent around the fireplace enjoying quiz games and cards.

Early bird Wally woke us up next morning at 6.30, but who wants to crawl out of a warm sleeping bag when it is 29 degrees outside? Bu he succeeded in smoking us out! During the night it had snowed down to

approximately 7,000 ft. The sky was still grey except for a few blue patches. It really looked promising for a while and then it started to snow again. But even so, Sandy, Wally and Daphne decided on a tour to Linda Lake, Morning Glory Lakes and McArthur Lake. The rest of us remained in the hut playing cards. As a matter of fact, we were still playing cards when they returned shortly after 1 p.m. Well, that was quite a shock! Just imagine spending \$10.00 on a trip into the mountains and just sit there and gamble! They thought we were a bit touched, but what they didn't know, and we didn't tell them, is the truth - we hiked up to Lake Oesa, enjoying the wonderful scenery, some in brilliant sunshine, and we were shooting pictures in all directions. The Larches just starting to turn colour and with all that fresh snow and little green lakes, it was a picture of delight!

After scrubbing and cleaning the house we took the 4 o'clock bus out and then drove home. Stopping for supper at the Grizzly Bar we were back in Calgary around 9 p.m.

Thanks to Sandy, who had obtained the key for the Alpine Hut. It made all the difference to have a solid roof over our heads and a warm place to come to, not to mention all the other comforts.

Martha Liechti.

The non-gamblers, Sandy and Daphne, toddled after Wally over and down to Morning Glory Lakes. As we descended through the woods, we beheld a breathtaking view of the sun glittering on the fresh snow-clad crags and turrets of the surrounding peaks. One of the most magnificent sights I have ever beheld. From here we climbed up, up, over and down to Linda Lake, a jewel nestling in the woods. After pausing here briefly to enjoy the splendor, we back-tracked over and down to Morning Glory Lakes and up, up and up to the Oderay Plateau where we gazed spell-bound. On the one side far below lay our Lakes, Linda and Morning Glory, surrounded by snow-clad peaks. On the other side, lovely Lake O'Hara and more towering, turreted mountains. An impressive sight never to be forgotten. We then proceeded on and down to Lake McArthur. Briefly we viewed this picturesque area, but the time was fast running out and we had to scuttle back to the card sharks who had lunch waiting? Well, at least they were waiting. Incidentally that infernal card game was resumed and continued in the back seat of the car until darkness closed in!!

Daphne Smith.

by spanning it with a limestone boulder the size of a small house.

We crossed and once on the other side we followed the creek to the fork and then ascended the south fork until we encountered the canyon from which it flows. We went some distance up the canyon at the top of the left bank and took some pictures of Mt. Olive and Mt. St. Nicholas. We returned to the creek for lunch.

After lunch Hugh threw his boots across the creek and said "Now I have to cross". So through the icy stream we waded boots in hand. Once across we again ascended the south fork in an effort to find a route to the foot of the Bow Glacier without traversing a rock face to the south of the glacier. This traverse, while not hazardous to the experienced climber is very exposed and gives the novice the shakes. Our effort was rewarded when we found that the wooded slope at the bottom of the canyon leads to two easily scaled rock walls requiring only minimum skill to climb. At the top of the upper wall another slope placed us back on the usual route above the "hair-raising traverse" and within easy reach of the Glacier.

Time having now run out we retired without reaching the glacier to the creek (where Hugh fell in) and the car and home. We finished a grand weekend with supper at the Gateway Inn.

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Sandy Vair

PAST WEDNESDAY EVENING PROGRAMMES

- Sept. 11 Bowling on four alleys at Lucky Strike Alleys was as popular as ever.
- Sept. 18 Sandy showed slides of his vacation to the coast complemented by Richard's of Pinto Lake trip.
- Sept. 25 Something different! We went for playing snooker etc. at the Corner Pocket, a past time occupancy enjoyed much by all.