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Sept 67



THE PACK RAT.

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PACK RAT

Volume 11

No. 3

September 1967

Newsletter of the
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. at the club's headquarters in Bob's Bookstore, 1026A - 16 Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alberta.
Phone 282-1330

Editor: Wally Drew

Publisher: Sandy Vair

DRIEST SUMMER

The driest summer since 1894, did give us our best season of trip weather ever, but followed by the highest temperatures ever recorded in September, produced such a high fire hazard that our forest preserves were closed during late August and September. This wiped out our Centennial Trail work parties during what would have been the peak of the work season. As a result, we shall have to have another year to finish the Mt. Allan segment.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Guests, as well as members, are welcome to attend our Annual General Meeting with banquet and dance, in the Sheraton Summit Hotel at 6 p.m. on Saturday, October 21, 1967, though only 1966-67 members may nominate and vote. Any member is eligible for any office and all are urged to think seriously about nominating and electing the best new executive to head the club. The future is in your hands. Please let Jannis Allan, phone 289-4732, know before October 14 of your intention to come.

MEETINGS

The following were the programs presented for our Wednesday evening meetings in September:

- Sept. 6 - Slides of western U.S.A. and Canadian Rockies by Quita Doornik and of the Canadian Rockies by Fred de Vries.
- Sept. 13 - "Nanook of the North", an old movie about Eskimo life obtained from the Glenbow Foundation by Daphne Smith and projected, with troubles, by Sandy Vair.
- Sept. 20 - Slides of the Austrian and Swiss Alps by Don Hopkinson with background of Alpine music.
- Sept. 27 - Slides and talk on Inuvik and the Yukon by Dr. Dowler, Eskimo Dentist, projected by Sandy Vair.

MEMBERSHIP

We are pleased to welcome the following new members into our Association:

20. Anderson, Howard #404 - 906 - 19 Ave. S.W.
31. Deadman, Robert 3817 - 1 St. S.W. 243-1571

Paul Leskevich has moved to 301-15 St. N.W. 283-5996

Brenda De Lacy has moved to: 304 Pembina Hall,
University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

Suzy Jannicky has moved to: 4820 Northaven Dr. N.W.

Phone 232-5460

Vikki Bernhardt now lives at: 306-4004-19 St. N.W.

Phone 232-3291.

ASSINIBOINE HOLIDAY TRIP - AUGUST 12-20

Everybody hopes for good weather when they go on holiday, but when a group plans to isolate themselves in the mountains for a week, with only a tent between them and the elements, the prayers are particularly fervent. However, when the weather is perfect, the organization first class, the group compatible, and the area as beautiful as Assiniboine and Sunshine, then the holiday is one of the most delightful ever, and so we found it. Brian Cummy, our leader, had planned and worked on the trip for months, assisted by Art Borron, whose planning kept us well fed for the week. The other members of the party were Vikki Bernhardt, Josie Lewiec, Marg Sharpe and Brenda De Lacy.

Of course, there were a few minor holdups. For instance, after Josie had parked her car at the Sunshine parking lot, she and Art were to drive to Canmore to meet Brian's carload. So, we all drove to Canmore and waited, Brian on one side of the Chung King Inn and Art a few yards down the road on the other. It was only an hour later that we thought to converge on the middle and so meet each other.

Everyone was rather unhappy about the state of the Spray Lakes road from Canmore, Brian kept stopping to investigate an increasing rattle in his car. Art went along fine until he met his Waterloo in a mud puddle. We rounded a bend to see the car sitting in a dip, water up to the floorboard, and Art standing at the door looking marooned. All the starter could produce was a few dismal gurgles from the exhaust pipe, so we had to take off our boots, roll up our pants and wade into the ooze to the rescue.

At the end of the road we had a quick lunch, loaded up our packs with food for nine days, and staggered off up the trail. Because of the late start and the weight of our packs, we couldn't make it to Assiniboine in one day and so camped about a mile past the Bryant Creek Warden's Station. It was here that Josie realized she had left her car keys in Art's car. Brian offered to go back for them and set off early the next morning. It was one of the penalties of being a leader or just plain obliging that he had to walk sixteen miles more than anyone else that day with no lunch (we forgot to leave him any) and no "Off".

Going over Assiniboine Pass was the toughest part of the trip. We hadn't yet realized the advantages of an early start, and so laboured over the pass in the terrific midday heat. We were in a pretty sorry state by the time we got there, taking rest stops every few minutes. Josie had got blisters and finished the trip in bare feet. We were so slow that Brian arrived at exactly the same time. Yet after setting up camp and having a good supper, we had revived enough to take an evening stroll something that became quite a habit in the four days we were there.

Our camp was at the site of the Alpine Camp of last year, up the hill from Lake Magog, near the Warden's Cabin. A clear little stream provided water and it was a fairly sheltered, peaceful spot with trees on either side. The ground squirrels became increasingly bold during the week and tried to eat everything from foamies to Josie. We hung the food up high, which frustrated them no end, and on our return to camp we would find them making furious leaps at the tree. The only other animals to enter camp were a strange pair who made a peculiar mournful whopping sound in the middle of the night. We never did discover what they were.

On the second day a friendly party of fishermen set up camp below us near the stream, with accompanying cowboys and pack horses. The first night they were there, it seemed as if the Stampede had come as 30 horses thundered through the middle of our camp. Josie had spread her foamie out to air and over the pounding of hooves you could hear her wail: "Mind my foamie! Don't let them go on my foamie!" It says something for the surefootedness of the horses that, although most of them passed over it, not one actually did step on the foamie.

The cowboys used to come and survey our little camp curiously, and obviously thought we were a pretty strange bunch. As one remarked, on learning Brian and Art had left around 5:00 a.m. to go climbing, "Only two things could get me up in the middle of the night, and neither of them is climbing mountains!" One of them must be herding horses, because that night we were awakened by three more horses galloping up to the tent, snorting, while the cowboys cursed and tried to drive them out. Marg thought we were all about to be trampled to death, or rather that she was, since she was at that end of the tent, and she was in the starting position of a track runner, ready for a quick escape from her sleeping bag! That was the last time we were invaded though, and it was a beautiful sight at dusk to see a cowboy and his horse silhouetted motionless against the sky.

We made some wonderful trips during our four days in Assiniboine. Each morning we would look out to see Assiniboine towering majestic into a clear blue sky, its snow giving it a sparkling look in the clean air. There's no doubt our best views were from the Nub and from the Towers. The Nub is a fairly gentle climb, rising about 1500 feet and giving a 360° view. A magnificent stretch of mountains towards the Lake Louise area shows you Mts. Temple, Hector, Bell and Pharaoh. From the other side Lake Magog gleams below Assiniboine. Cerulean Lake is down there, and, farther off, Wedgewood Lake in the Mitchell River Valley. Then there were the lovely green meadows leading to Wonder and Assiniboine Passes.

Thursday was Ladies' Day. This was the day the men were to light the fire, cook the meals, and even provide breakfast in bed for anyone who wanted it. Appropriately it was to be an easy hike to Wonder Pass to see Marvel Lake and Lake Gloria. However, once on the pass, Brian thought the best view might be from a vantage point on the Towers, and so we started up. For anyone with the slightest mountaineering instinct in them, I'm sure this climb would be a cinch. However, I don't have the slightest mountaineering instinct in me, and for me the end appeared near, even though the others kept assuring me I could live to eat supper again. While they sat and admired the view, I sat and wondered how the devil we were going to get down. If that was Ladies' Day, the normal man's world was good enough for me. Actually the view from the Towers was the most magnificent of the whole trip. All the mountains seen from the Nub were visible, plus another panorama on the far side of the pass - Mountains Eon and Aye, the two lakes, Marvel and Gloria, and another cluster of small lakes high in the mountains behind them.

Much to my relief, we found an easier descent - down a small gully, and then along scree slope. In the gully at one point we had a chance to practise the rappelling which Brian and Art had shown us in rock school. We came across a new variation though when the wall dropped away into a cave, and this fazed Vikki and I somewhat. "Where do I put my foot now?", I yelled to Art, who was waiting below with Josie.

"In the best spot you can find.", was the typical reply.

"But there's just air!"

"That'll do!"

We didn't arrive back at camp that night until 6:00 p.m. Marg was waiting for us with the fire lit, and we had another excellent supper. For the suppers Art had bought lightweight, freeze-dried foods, and these are excellent - tasty, and generous quantities.

Quite a bit of climbing was done during the holiday, apart from the unintentional Towers expedition. It began with Art and Brian's rock school one afternoon. Vikki and I went; Josie was confined to camp with blisters, and Marg kept her company. It was fun scrambling up a rock and rappelling down, knowing you were securely anchored to a stout fellow and a rock up above.

On Monday, while Art, Vikki, Marg and I scrambled up a ridge on the side of Sunburst Peak, Brian and Josie made an attempt on Wedgewood. We watched them make their way up a snow chute and finally disappear from view, but they were forced to turn back before reaching the top due to lack of time.

The big climb was when Brian and Art made a first Rambler ascent, and the first ascent this year, to the summit of Mt. Magog. They left camp at 5:40 a.m., after Josie had heroically got up and made them breakfast and went up the snow couloir to the moraine at the base of Assiniboine. They then crossed the glacier to the bergshlund below Mt. Magog, and finally climbed the East face of Magog to the summit. After an hour they descended by the same route, being down the snow couloir, and arrived back in camp at 5:00 p.m.

The women's day hadn't been without excitement either. Vikki and I made an assault on Sunburst and got nearly to the top. We ate lunch on a ridge high up, looking over to Assiniboine and Magog, and were able to see the boys coming down. Then we joined Josie and Marg and went on a swimming party to Carulean Lake. The fastest time of the trip was set when we were surprised by some people coming along the trail, and some of us still bear scars of that hasty retreat to the woods.

On Friday we regretfully packed up and left our campsite. Wiser by this time, we were on the trail by 7:00 a.m., and it certainly made things easier to get a good start before the sun got too hot. The first stop was at Og Lake, so calm and clear with the mountain reflections. Then on again northwards. The scenery was varied, from Alpine meadows to woodland, until we reached Porcupine Creek at the foot of Citadel Pass, and here we set up camp again in time to have a lazy afternoon. It was a lovely gentle spot, set in the midst of trees and bushes. A beautiful soft green slope rose steeply ahead, with rich dark green trees dotted singly over it and making a sharp contrast, and suddenly at the top a light brown tower of rock presided in the sun. While the ice cold stream gurgled and splashed along, the vegetation steamed in the heat and our valley teemed with life. Wild bees buzzed and butterflies fluttered in the heat. A little mole was found, terrified at being caught, in Art's Trapper Nelson, and a toad scrambled up against a stone and tried desperately to appear unobtrusive while I washed my hair. A few porcupine quills showed that the area was well named. Vikki, Josie, Brian and Art were practising dynamic belay, and Marg and I could see them on the hill - a little group of figures standing, with one suddenly breaking free and dashing down to be brought to a halt by the rope. A hawk, or eagle, circled lazily high in the sky above them, looking for prey.

That night we slept out, looking up at the stars. All was quiet, except for a little creature sometimes scuttering over your groundsheet. The air turned sharply cold and in the morning there were reminders of approaching Fall by the layer of frost over our sleeping bags, and the cold bite of the air as we shivered over our steaming bowls of porridge.

Again we were on the trail soon after seven, and immediately began the 1700 ft. climb to Citadel Pass. It wasn't half so bad at that hour of day and we were on the pass before 9:00 a.m..

From then on it was the lovely high, treeless country of the Sunshine area. Clear, still lakes, rolling hills of dry, short vegetation and the bare mauve-grey rocks, hazy because of the smoke from the B.C. forest fires. We now began to feel we were approaching civilization. Two fellows, one of whom turned out to be a friend of Brian's strode towards us on their way to Assiniboine - for the weekend yet!

And Rock Isle Lake, where we made our last camp was a bustle of activity. Several parties of fishermen were there, but most of them left before dusk when the lake was covered by little wave pools made by fish coming up to feed. An American couple, from Berkeley, California, were camped farther along, and we heard the man's excited voice calling to his wife to "come and see the most beautiful trout you've ever seen!". That night we had a really sumptuous gala supper - wine and nuts, the main course of beef, followed by strawberries and tea.

On Friday we alked the last couple of miles to Sunshine Lodge, and then down the ski-out to the parking lot. We made a trip to Banff for milk shakes and there were a few grins among the bystanders who watched the scruffy crew all pile into Josie's car with their gear.

At Canmore, Marg, Vikki and I waited while Josie drove the two fellows to the end of the road to pick up their cars. They came back three hours later, covered with dust and Josie petrified from the hair-raising journey, but all in one piece. From there it was a farewell last meal together at the Grizzly Bar Texaco Restaurant, where we sadly said goodbye to Art who was leaving for Toronto the next day, and then made our way back to Calgary.

A lovely week which really couldn't have been improved on, thanks to the planning of Brian and Art, and a holiday which we will always remember as "one of the best" no matter where we may go.

Brenda De Lacy

MT. ALLAN CENTENNIAL TRAIL WORK PARTY - August 20, 1967

The work party led by Wally Dew, rendezvoused at Dead Man Flats about 8:30 a.m. on what promised to be another fine, warm summer day. A half an hour and a few cups of coffee later the 13 member work party headed off up the trail. We were able to drive in about 3 miles as the road was in dry condition, although the last hill proved to be just too much for a couple of the cars. By now most members of the Ramblers will be familiar with the trail as far as the meadow. It was at this point that those members of the weaker sex, plus a couple of the fellows, left the party to begin their chore of hacking out a path along the hillside up to the first ridge, whilst the remainder of the party carried on up the mountain to work on a route, and build cairns at the higher levels.

After a lunch break under a warm sun, and a few minutes spent admiring the views, the upper party finally get down to a little serious work - however, at one point a little difficulty was encountered in deciding what was the most suitable route. Once a decision was made, work progressed rapidly on improving the route over a rock band, whilst other members busied themselves building cairns along the upper ridges. Broad ridges and animal trails on the upper slopes of Mt. Allan leave the work to be done in this area fairly minimal. Due to the long hike back, to the cars, only about 3 to 4 hours work was put in on the upper slopes, and the upper party rejoined the lower party around 4 in the afternoon. The lower party had made good progress with their trail along the slopes above the meadow during the day.

The tools were cached, and the trip back to the cars was made - by this time the water supplies had dwindled somewhat, so everyone was quite glad to get back to a stream for a little liquid refreshment, water that is

Members who were on the work party are as follows: Betty,irsteen, Marj M., Wolf, Albert, Peter, Roger, Ruth & Tommy, Howard, Henk, Neil and Wally.

Peter Billingham

LABOUR DAY WEEKEND - Northern Banff Park

Sept. 2

Under overcast skies 11 sleepy-eyed Ramblers sorted themselves into the appropriate cars and an early start was made from Calgary. After a coffee stop at the Post Hotel in Lake Louise the party continued on to the Waterfowl Lake campground. Here camp was set up, lunch eaten and plans made for an afternoon hike. One group consisting of Jim, Jannis, Shirley, Vicenta, Hilda and Marg, journeyed to Cirque and Chephren Lakes. The other group consisting of Daphne, Marj, Roger, Alastair and Howard went up to the Mount Sarbach forestry lookout. A hospitable hour including coffee, was provided by the lookout man. After securing a view of Glacier Lake we began our descent and arrived back at camp at 6:30 p.m.

Sept. 3

The addition of Ruth Olfemans, Vikki and Fred brought our numbers to 14 for the hike to Sunset Pass. A three hour hike brought all but 3 of the party through some picturesque alpine meadows to the Sunset Pass where a superb view of emerald Lake was obtained. Within the shelter of the trees on the rock bluffs a relaxing lunch hour was spent admiring the lake and swatting flies. The return journey brought us back through the meadows where the other three Ramblers were met. While the remainder of the party returned directly back to the cars, Daphne, Shirley, Alastair and Howard took a roundabout route back via the base of Mt. Coleman in the hope of getting to the forestry lookout. However, luck was against us, but the effort was well worth it since the scenery was magnificent.

Sept. 4

A bright sunny morning greeted our hiking party of ten. Henk Olfemans and the Thurston's joined the group as some of the others spent a relaxing day at Bow Lake. After a gradual climb up the trail through semi-open woods we traversed a considerable distance through Alpine terrain. After two hours hiking we came to

Lake Helen where we endeavoured to shelter ourselves from the wind while eating lunch. During this time Roger soaked his feet in the lake which it is hoped did not detract from the luck of the fisherman who also happened to be there. After a foreshortened lunch stop we ascended a steep ridge and upon arriving at the summit had a commanding view of the landscape. From here we viewed the landscape, the intricate folding and coloration of the rock strata of Cirque Peak to the north, the bleakness of the alpine terrain sloping away to the east into which was tucked Lake Katherine, the magnificent ruggedness of Dolomite Peak to the southeast and further in the distance the conspicuous mass of Mt. Hector. The southern horizon was dominated by Mt. Daly and the Daly Glacier while to the west the large glaciers comprising the Wapta Icefield were in evidence.

After basking in the sun for some time we slowly made our descent along Helen Creek trail and unfortunately an end to another excellent weekend came about.

Howard Anderson

A FALL DAY'S REFLECTION - Saturday, September 16, 1967

A baker's dozen including Marg, Jan, Mary, Shirley, Quita, Ruth, Marjorie, Howard, Rene, Alastair, Tom, Strahil and Wally as leader had a rendezvous at 7:15 a.m. in Calgary. By 9:30 a.m. the Eisenhower Warden Station was greeted. Here the hikers boldly entered upon a new trail. The new wide path to Boom Lake was tread. Anxious moments were spent looking for the trail from Ve milion Pass elevation 5,700 feet.

A warm, clear day took its toll as a rest stop was made overlooking the valley to the south - seeing the highway and golden larches. The sights delighted all shutter-bugs. At 12:15 p.m. Wally announced that we had a twenty minute hike to O'Brien Lake or

a ten minute hike to an unnamed lake around the next ridge. Guess which one we decided upon for a lunch stop?

O'Brien Lake, elevation 6950 feet, was found a round 2 p.m.. Above this lake is another one, unnamed, but we called it "Pooped Out Lake". The shadows were fast appearing, thus the fall reflections in the water faded. Meeting us on the well-marked trail were grouse, marmot and porcupine.

Meanwhile we ambled down to Taylor Lake which was warmer to the feet than the other lakes. Taylor Lake elevation 6750 feet was large in comparison to the other ones. Steadily down we trode along Taylor Creek to be met by Howard and Wally who kindly went back to get the cars. After our "special" thirteen mile hike we separated. Some sped back to Calgary and the rest to Marble Canyon for their car camping trip.

Marj Soice

SENTINEL PASS - PARADISE VALLEY - Sunday, September 17, 1967

Shortly after 7 a.m. Laszlo, Don, John, Roger, Rolf, Mary, Jannis, Daphne, Kirsteen, Lesley, Marj, John McDowell, Jack, Betty, Jim, Brenda, John, Phil, Rosemary and I, left Calgary for Moraine Lake, Sentinel Pass and Paradise Valley.

We met at the Post Hotel, had coffee etc. and arrived at Moraine Lake parking lot right after 10. We started up the trail at 10:15. M s. Pallat, Sandy and Nancy transported three of the cars back to Paradise Creek after enjoying a day in the area.

The weather was perfect during the entire trip and no one appeared to be in a hurry. We had lunch at the top of the pass exactly 2 hours later, and relaxed in the sun without additional clothing. The view was magnificent and exciting.

The first part of the descent had to be very slow for some of us. Roger and Betty kept up a running conversation as Roger teased and made love to Betty. We found the advance party relaxing in view of the upper end of Paradise Valley, some looking and talking and some sleeping. We got to the Giant Steps about 4 and the last to arrive spent very little time there. Mary enjoyed the Giant Steps area so much that she wanted to stay all night.

The rock spires known as sentinels are very majestic. The towering north face of Mt. Temple with the sun shining on the top is something to behold at this angle.

We passed a ranger and some sad looking boys as we went down the trail. They were waiting for a wheeled stretcher to transport the body of a boy who had climbed a cliff and fallen. He was not equipped for climbing and the party was not supposed to climb any cliffs.

Roger met a man on the trail whom he had been trying to contact for business reasons so they talked a little business on the Paradise Trail.

We reached the end of our trail at 6:25 an hour and one half late.

This is indeed a trip to remember and I am happy with the cheerfulness of our entire party and wish to thank all who helped.

Some of us had dinner at the Rimrock in Banff.

Art Graham

ROCKBOUND LAKE - MT. EISENHOWER - STEEL KNOB
September 23-24

Brian Cummy led this fall backpack and the five of us rode in Tommy's wagon. With the others being A t G., Norman and Wally. There were no girls along, much to the leader's dismay. It was another in our apparently endless series of warm, dry, sunny weekends.

We left Calgary at 7 a.m. and hit the trail at Eisenhower Warden Station a little after 9:30 a.m.. This got us past Tower Lake to Rockbound Lake in good time for lunch.

The larches were at their prime of fall color, but not quite as bright as most years. After pitching camp where we would have the best windbreak for our fire, Tommy fished, Brian held down the fort and the other three hiked for the rest of the afternoon. We finished dinner before dark and had a long night's sleep before getting up at the crack of dawn on Sunday. A t actually got up before dawn and got the fire going.

Tommy's trout enriched an already beautiful breakfast. Thus nourished, we left our camp to the small flock of mountain sheep and started up Mt. Eisenhower. We enjoyed marvelous views in all directions from the summit and then added our names to those of other Rambler parties, dating back to 1957 in the summit cairn. The beautiful blue of azurite and green of malachite - two copper minerals - added to the interest of the summit ridge. The next summit east of the true one was chosen for lunch stop because of less wind. Right after lunch we walked north and climbed Stuart Knob. While Brian kept watch there, the other four hiked a mile north along the ridge top to the next peak and returned. Then a quick run down a long scree slope and an easy walk took us back to camp where we found love letters in the sand, or rather mud, from three of the girls of Alastair's party. We quickly broke camp and strode out to reach the cars before sunset. After a slow dinner in Banff, we got home fairly late in the evening.

Thanks to Brian for organizing and cooking the food as well as planning the trip.

Wally Dew

ADDITIONAL TRIPS

Besides those written up for "The Pack Rat" the following Rambler trips were enjoyed during August.

Aug. 5 - Work Party on the Centennial Trail

Aug. 5-7 Camping and hiking in Waterton, Glacier International Peace Park.

Aug. 12 Work Party on the Centennial Trail

Aug. 13 Skiing at Gull Lake

Aug 19-20 Hiking at Sunshine and through Sheol Valley with camping at Protection Mountain.

Aug 26-27 Camping and hiking in Waterton Park.

DID YOU KNOW THAT-----?

Former Rambler ELIZABETH HYNES is engaged to Frank Gorman of Ghost Mine Creek.

JEAN MCINTYRE has moved to Halifax, N.S.

ALBERT KAISER won 1st Prize with one of his coin displays at the national competition recently in Ottawa. He also enjoyed Expo 67.

On the weekend of Sept. 30 - Oct. 1 RENE TRAVELLI moved to Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A., where he will have greater opportunity in his field of radiology. He hopes to make some future Rambler trips on visits to Calgary. We, especially the girls, will miss him.

Our thanks to LESLEY DICKSON for typing the last very large issue of "The Pack Rat".

NOTES FROM OLD WRITINGS

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies
James Outram - 1905

Mt. Assiniboine rises 11,360 feet on the Continental watershed. Comprised of five huge spurs, it covers an area of 30 square miles and shelters a dozen small lakes. The mountain's triangular rock face rises 3,000 feet above the glacier.

In 1885 Dr. G.M. Dawson of the Dominion Geological Survey, named Assiniboine after a tribe of plains Indians.

In 1893 R. L. Barnett and T.E. Wilson made an expedition to its foot by way of the Simpson and Cross Rivers. Other early visitors in 1894 were W. D. Wilcox and Bill Peyto.

In 1899 Wilcox returned with N.G. Bryant and L.J. Steele who attempted to climb the mountain but were turned back by a storm. On the descent, Steele lost his footing and fell, dragging Bryant behind him. Steele plunged his ice ax into a rock projection and swung himself into a narrow crevice where he came to a stop. Bryant shot over him, but also found safety.

In the next couple of years other unsuccessful attempts were made for the summit. In September of 1902, James Outram, Christian

Hasler and Christian Bohren, with Peyto and Sinclair as packers, made the journey via Healy Creek and Simpson Pass to Assiniboine. The trio made the first ascent by the south-west face.

In 1903, W. Douglas, Christian Hasler and Christian Kaufmann made the second ascent on the north face.

The Rockies of Canada - W. D. Wilcox - 1900

BOW LAKES

In 1895, W. D. Wilcox left Loggan (Lake Louise) with Bill Peyto, Harry Lang and five horses. Several days before, a way had been cleared through burnt forest but the going was still very rough. Part of the trail followed a tote road which had been built during exploration of Howse Pass by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It took the party two days to reach Lower Bow Lake (Hexton). The horses were nervous about travelling in this area due to great stretches of muskeg.

LAKE LOUISE

The earliest recorded visit to Lake Louise was in 1882. Tom Wilson was camped at the Pipestone when some Stony Indians came and made their camp a short distance away. An avalanche thundred in the distance and one of the Indians (Edwin, The Gold Seeker) said it came from "the big snow mountain above the lake of little fishes".

Next day, Wilson and Edwin rode to Lake Louise. Edwin told him there were two other lakes higher up, one which was called "The Goat's Looking Glass".

Around 1890 a rustic inn was built on the shore of Lake Louise and a wagon road connected it with Laggan Station.

Submitted by: Jannis Allan
