

13-6

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THE PACK RAT.

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Volume 13

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NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Editor: Peter Gillingham

Publisher: Sandy Vair

MEETINGS

Time: Every Wednesday evening at 8:00 p.m.
Place: Bob's Bookstore - Downstairs at 1026 - 16th Avenue, N.W.
Calgary, Alberta.
Phone: 282-1330

CLUB ACTIVITIES

Summer Activities: Include hiking, climbing, swimming, camping, backpack trips.

Winter Activities: Include skiing, ski touring, skating, hiking.

In addition to our outdoor activities, an active Social and Program Committee organizes many social functions and Wednesday evening programs throughout the year.

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EDITORIAL

Congratulations and best wishes to our new executive for 1969-1970. Congratulations also to those who stood for office and were not elected. Win or lose, these were the people who were willing to offer their time and effort on behalf of our club. Despite considerable lack of interest in the early stages of nomination, it was pleasing to note that there was a good choice of candidates for each position on the executive.

No club, not even a loosely knit group such as the Ramblers, can run without a body of people who are willing to accept some responsibility and shoulder some of the week to week chores. These of course are best handled through the formation of an Executive, with its attendant sub-committees. This Executive is formed from the rank and file of the membership - that includes you and me, long time members or new members. Therefore anyone who feels that he or she can offer something towards the continued success of the club should be willing to stand for election as a club officer.

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There is no place for apathy in a successful club. Such was the case indicated by the poor turn out at the Annual General Meeting. Although the club currently boasts a membership of over 100, the largest in its history, only 45 members showed enough interest to turn out to

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cast their votes for a new Executive. Yes, business meetings can be a "drag", but they are every bit as much an essential part of the club's activities as the Wednesday social evenings and the weekend outdoor activities.

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Now we have a new Executive at least let us get behind them and give them all the support that might be required from us during the coming year. And, oh yes, there is another election of R.M.R.A. officers coming up in October 1970 - will you be willing to place your name on the nomination list, or at the very least turn out to vote for those who do?

RAMBLERS PICK NEW EXECUTIVE
(Printed in the "Herald")

Robin Smith has been elected President of the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association.

Vice-President is Jim Bell, with Kathy Shires secretary and Wally Mills treasurer.

The committee members at large are: Judy Woodgate, Peter Gillingham, Jack Carter and Laslo Janniszky.

POLYTHENE BAGS IN MOUNTAIN RESCUE OPERATIONS

by Robert R. Grieve, M.B., Ch.B., and
R. Ian Smith, M.B., Ch.B., D.Obst.R.C.O.G.

Sharoe Green Hospital, Preston, Lancashire.

Some of the tragic deaths, and many of the "exposure" incidents in the mountains could be avoided by the use of adequate clothing and the availability of some form of protection. For any form of protection to be acceptable it must be light, compact, cheap and of proven worth.

For a number of years Outward Bound Schools, Mountain Rescue Teams and others have carried large polythene bags in which any injured or exhausted party member could be placed to obtain protection from wind and rain.

We felt that if the bags were to be used double, one bag being placed inside the other and the free ends sealed, air could be introduced between the two layers of polythene. This would produce an insulating layer of still air. Obviously little additional insulation would be provided between the subject and the ground.

FIELD EXPERIMENT

Six volunteer members of the Northern Rescue Organization were taken to the north-facing slopes of Longridge Fell, near Preston, altitude 980 feet (300 meters). Weather conditions were ideal for the experiment: temperature 40 deg.F. (4.5 deg.C) wind North West, force 5 - 6 with frequent heavy showers, and night was approaching.

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Each subject donned cotton vest and pants, flannel trousers, woollen shirt, duck canvas anorek, woollen socks and boots. All clothing was soaked in cold tap water before being put on. The six subjects walked for half a mile and then lay down on the cold grass of the fell side in a well-exposed position.

Two had no protection other than their already saturated clothing, two lay in single polythene bags, 7 feet x 3 feet, and the remaining two had double polythene bags with an airspace of about 10 cm maintained between the layers.

Pulse rate, blood pressure and rectal temperature were recorded at frequent intervals. It was essential to determine a common end point and each subject was therefore asked to report when he experienced shivering and when this became continuous but uncontrollable; when shivering became uncontrollable this was taken as an end-point.

Most subjects at this stage were found to have a fall in blood pressure and/or a rise in pulse rate. In those subjects exposed without protection these findings were very marked and of quite sudden onset, whereas those with protection any fall in blood pressure and fall in pulse rate was more gradual.

The two subjects who had no protection became acutely distressed after one hour and three-quarters of an hour respectively. To the observers it was most alarming to see how suddenly this severe discomfort came on and how quickly they began to shiver uncontrollably, became apprehensive and lost all interest in their surroundings. These changes in mental state are those typically associated with the onset of "exposure" state.

The pair in the single polythene bags fared better and remained reasonably comfortable for two hours and ten minutes and two hours and twenty minutes respectively, when they also began to shiver convulsively and were distressed. This was heralded in both cases by a marked but gradual fall in blood pressure; there was no associated disturbance of consciousness.

One of the double-bag subjects remained for three and a half hours and although he was as distressed as his fellows when he gave up, he did not exhibit uncontrollable shivering but severe cramps in legs and buttocks. His companion at four hours was still feeling comfortable and shivering only occasionally. The trial was terminated after four hours as the observers were feeling the ill effects of the weather.

From time to time the air in the double bags was released and the occupants then complained of feeling noticeably cold, which was relieved when the air layer was restored.

COLD STORE EXPERIMENT

Encouraged by this experiment, with the wind and rain gushing down, we decided to test the protection afforded by the bags in cold, dry, still air. Under these conditions external protection is not so important as in wet blustery conditions when much of the heat loss is due to wind chill effects.

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A similar experiment was therefore conducted in a refrigerated meat store. Here the temperature was maintained at 4 deg.F(-15.5 deg.C) with a relative humidity of 40 per cent. The volunteers' clothing was not wetted. Only three subjects were available for this experiment. The first, without any protection, after one hour was shivering uncontrollably and exhibited a rise in pulse rate. The single polythene bag enabled its wearer to remain for one and three-quarters of an hour before he also became distressed and shivered continually. The fellow in the double polythene bag reached a similar point after two hours and twenty minutes.

CONCLUSION

The results have convinced all those who were present of the protection afforded by the polythene bags, in particular those providing an air space, and we feel that this equipment, being cheap, light and compact, should be part of the kit of all mountain walkers and climbers.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Polythene Bag Experiment points up the importance of being prepared when travelling on foot in the mountains. However, there is now available a "shirt pocket life-saver" trades marked as "Space" rescue blankets. These blankets are based on superinsulation material as used in spacecraft and are claimed to be effective in up to 60° below zero. These blankets work by reflecting 90% of the covered person's body heat back to him while keeping out rain, snow and wind.

SKI HILL WARMTH

The ski season will be with us again very soon and with the skiing comes the problem of staying warm on the hill. While most skiers have their pet ways of staying warm and their favouriteski clothes, the following article by Nancy Greene, extracted from a February 1969 edition of the Herald, may provide you with some useful tips.

Keeping warm on the slopes is important for reasons other than comfort. A skier who is warm is a better skier. For one thing, he's more relaxed, allowing less chance of accident. Further, he doesn't burn up energy as quickly and he's able to react faster.

For severe weather, I'd advise the use of heavy quilted warm-up pants, that can be obtained in many colours and styles and look quite smart. Mitts are coming back and are now much warmer and less bulky. A scarf that can be pulled up over the mouth is another good cold weather idea, as is a hat that pulls down into a face mask. Goggles are a must.

There are those who put on extra socks to keep their feet warm, but this defeats the purpose by causing tightness. I find that a sheepskin insole in my boots helps quite a bit.

To keep warm while pleasure skiing, I wear thermal underwear, a wool turtleneck, nylon shirt, a heavy, but not bulky wool sweater, a warm parka and warming pants.

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When you're standing in line for the lift, wiggle your toes, swing your arms a bit and stamp your feet to keep warm. You might even do a few knee bends. When sitting on the chair lift, I've found a good way to keep warm is to slap my hands on my knees. Remember, if you're cold at the top get warmed up before taking off downhill.

Another good cold weather idea is protective cream for your face - especially girls. And if you see the little white spots of frostbite, press your hands on them till they go away - do not rub snow on them.

This is the fifth in a series of articles dealing with the common trees of the Rocky Mountains and Foothills of Alberta.

V - ALPINE FIR - by: Howard Anderson.

Alpine fir is one of the true firs and is sometimes erroneously called balsam. This is a western species which does not resemble the balsam fir of central and eastern Canada. The needles are flattened in cross section and curve or twist to the upper side of the twig. They are 1 - 1³/₄" long and are bluish green in colour. The cone is erect on the twig, but in contrast to the other conifers, it disintegrates at maturity so that the cones do not fall intact to the ground. The seeds of alpine fir are relatively heavy and wingless and dissemination by wind is not too effective. This partially accounts for the clumped distribution of trees in subalpine areas although the protection provided by the parent tree is also of significance.

The bark on the young trees is grey and smooth with numerous resin blisters. As the tree ages the bark becomes thickened and furrowed.

Alpine fir grows up to altitudes of 7,000 feet and is one of the timberline species along with alpine larch, limber and whitebark pines. At lower elevations it is commonly associated with spruce and lodgepole pine. Alpine fir is another shade-tolerant species and thus tends to be climax (self-perpetuating) in the subalpine forest. It also tends to retain its lower limbs, a characteristic of shade-tolerant species

The narrow spire-like crown is very characteristic and is an adaptation to the heavy snow conditions which these trees must withstand.

BACKPACK TRIP TO MARTIN CREEK via PIPESTONE PASS - JULY 1969

by: Madeleinele Sueur (with certain additions and changes by Rob Ashburner and Jack Carter)

The route for a week's back-pack into the Pipestone Pass area had been carefully planned and preparations made. Some doubt as to the success of the trip had been expressed, the wisdom of including girls debated, and skeptical friends of the latter duly said their final, fond farewells.

The undaunted leader, Jack Carter, finalized his preparations and

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the group consisting of Al Samek, Rob Ashburner, Jamie Mackie, Marg Sharpe and Madeleine le Sueur met in Banff on June 19th. Before departure time spirits soared high, as did the weight of the packs. Inspection by the men resulted in prize finds in the girls' packs including hot water bottles, shoe trees and a washing basin which were duly returned to the car. After Rob carefully hid the beer in a creek for a return celebration, the group set off up Mosquito Creek at 3.40 p.m. First camp was made at the base of the Molar Pass, and arrangements made for Jamie to return the following morning to his forthcoming job.

Under weighty loads, the remaining five proceeded up the mountain slope which was dramatically overshadowed by towering Mt. Hector. In spite of the reputed lack of rain on a Carter trip, the dark clouds increased, the thunder rumbled through the mountains and as the large rain drops appeared, the exhausted travellers dived under large sheets of polythene and sat there huddled together munching Al's popular logan bread whilst the wind played catch with the ends of the polythene. Once all was clear they proceeded up to the North Molar Pass where they lunched and photographed the spectacular views. Jack's day was highlighted by Marg, together with her 45 lb. pack falling into his arms when trying to get through the thick snow covering the pass. The curved valley below leading towards Fish Lake, seemed to have its green carpeted amphitheatre dramatically streaked with snow, directly contrasting with the red/brown mountainside.

The group retained their elevation and circled the mountainside, first crossing a bad rock fall and then open meadows until suddenly, down below, stretched the Pipestone Valley in its serene beauty. Camp was made in the valley above tree line at an unnamed lake, close to the grazing ground of several elk. An exquisite sunset marked the end of a good day.

The following morning the girls left for a quick early morning swim in the lake. When Rob inspected the few footprints underwater he agreed that they could not have been swimming too long! Wisely the men decided to wait. Later the group reached a little hill above the Pipestone Pass in time for lunch that morning. The delightful meadowlands of the Pipestone Valley were backed by the stark grey, snow streaked, mountain crags to the right, the spectacular Drummond Glacier at the end, and the gently sloping green mountainsides on the left. The opposite side of the pass revealed the Siffleur Valley holding a lure of adventure as it slowly curved away into the distance. After much preparation Rob and Al served Pipestone Sherbert with the lunch (mixture of snow and strawberry jam). Back on the pass the

gay spirits dwindled slightly, particularly on Marg's part, for there embedded in the snow were the gigantic footprints of another fellow traveller - Mr. Grizzly himself.

After travelling down the Siffleur for about a mile, carefully jangling bear bells in between the vegetation, they crossed over the very stark barren Clearwater Pass. After skirting the sprawling Devon Lakes, Rob and Jack went ahead to set up camp whilst Al gave the girls a chance to rest. An old outfitter's camp made an ideal site with an abundance of timber and a good stream nearby. It was here that Marg, returning to camp from washing, nearly walked straight into the rear-end of mother moose who was partly hidden behind a tree. Rob diligently searched for all the 'thousands' of old cans and serenaded the group by bashing them with the hatchet later that evening.

The next morning the food was cached high in the trees with excess baggage (mostly belong^{ing} to the girls), and on departure, the GENTLEMEN carried the ladies' sleeping bags - a gesture much appreciated! With lighter loads, the group bounded ahead in search of the falls whose roar had previously been heard down the valley - the two small sections of the Clearwater Falls discovered were somewhat of a disappointment. The trail followed the length of the valley and once out of the timber, the Clearwater Lakes spread out ahead - the vegetation gradually changing with the loss of altitude. After lunch, outside a deserted warden's cabin, they continued into the lower grasslands and were somewhat close together, trudging along in single file when Marg suddenly stopped and listened - a grizzly?? The resulting pile-up in the rear caused Al's nose to meet Jack's pack with somewhat bloody results. After some time at the rest stop Marg checked on Al's condition and in a horrified tone exclaimed - "Pinch the bloody thing - it should have stopped by now". All sympathy was lost at this stage as the party dissolved into hysterics; a state which continued for the next few days. Martin Lake was close by exquisitely set in the mountains. The men's excitement and anticipation increased at the thought of the following days' explorations in Martin Valley. Here the weary travellers encountered two wardens clearing the trail together with their pack horses - something which one of the members had been waiting to see and hopefully acquire for the duration of the backpack! That evening the bright moon seemed to play games with the lake's reflections and also light the campsite at the river's edge - the source of the laughter which seemed to shatter the peace of the quiet night.

The great day dawned clear and bright and the men set off with much eager anticipation, leaving the girls to rest and have their routine 3-second lake swims. The gallant explorers made their way through swamps and deadfall without any trails, past a spectacular waterfall. After negotiating a rock cliff they reached a first lake complete with its own waterfall and the second lake fed by numerous falls originating from the glaciers above. After lunch they climbed the mountain for a view of Mt. Wellington and Mt. Clearwater and returned to camp, worn out and hungry.

The girls profusely apologised for the lack of food explaining that the rangers had returned and had been invited for supper. Rob quietly backed up their story (once he had seen the hidden stew pot) by making horse-shoe prints in the soft sand with his good luck charm! Evening activities were hectic - the girls raided the men's tent but as the latter had not tried too many 3-second swims, withdrawal was hasty. This was due to a strange smell from Al and Jack's tent. Then Rob, safely burrowed into his tarpaulin tent, received his onslaught followed by concerned enquiries from his neighbours: "Are you all right there, Rob?" "Yeh" would come the gleeful reply, "I am doing fine - thanks." Silence. "Are you sure, Rob???" After much laughter, peace eventually descended into the valley again.

The following morning the men went for a swim. The group finally packed, waded through the river once again and returned up the Clearwater Valley. Lunch had just been eaten when rain threatened and the energetic group curled under waterproof covers and dozed until all was clear again.

Back at the old outfitter's camp the cached food was intact and after supper the men climbed a nearby mountain and returned to report a spectacular panoramic view over large quantities of bouillon.

On fatal Friday it rained - camp was packed - it rained - they trudged back towards Clearwater Pass where they waited for it to clear - the rain continued and snow fell on higher peaks for good measure. Stiff, cold and cursing they slushed their way back across Clearwater Pass where they encountered two hardy types with their dog and fishing equipment - it was only then that they discovered that the moon landing had been successful. Away down the Siffleur Valley the rain finally paused and the damp, weary travellers dumped their packs and feasted on the remains of the logan bread whilst watching elk graze across the valley. Further down the valley the trail disappeared and the then "happy" group squelched through the muddy riverside which was covered in deadfall. After several additional miles a dry campsite was located nearby the Dolomite Creek where the trees were decorated with damp socks and the fire surrounded by sodden boots. It was decided that the men had earned back rubs that night.

The next morning was perfect. They crossed Dolomite Creek and proceeded up it - rather lovely with its long gravel valley bed backed by gleaming white glaciers draped over the distant mountains. Two healthy looking trout smartly realized danger when, after some scuffling on the bank, a hook was hastily lowered and when this failed Madeleine's bra (42D cup special) was used in an effort to scoop up the fish but, like the hungry travellers, they too must have realized how much they would be appreciated - fried crisp over an open fire.

The undergrowth on the base of Dolomite Pass was quite thick, half way up the mountain there had been a tremendous slide which effectively covered the entire valley path but was relatively easy to cross after some investigation. However, returning to the trail after a lengthy detour through the thick and decidedly prickly growth, they expressed disgust at certain persons responsible for the Park Service Economy Drive.

An old campsite, possibly belonging to Bill Peyto judging from the old log cabin there, was used as the last stop. The group huddled around the fire beside the little stream exchanged jokes and stories, somewhat nostalgically, on their last night.

The last morning set a record departure time. An early start was imperative. Good intentions suddenly disappeared and chaos ran rife during which the leader showered in water, growled in mock rage and hurriedly pursued the female offender. All were exhausted by load-up time and when a pack was tossed to Jack to load, he was caught somewhat unawares and found himself laid flat on his back with the pack on his chest - who had said that the pack contained feathers?

The first section of the Dolomite Pass was unexpectedly barren but in the valley below were the lush green meadows once again. Whilst approaching the second, final section of the pass, an echo filled the valley and away above stood a minute figure - Howard Kelly had come to meet his partner of a previous trip in that area. The five straggled towards the Rambler tent pitched at Lake Katherine which was occupied by Brian, Art and Brenda who seemed somewhat taken aback at the humour, behaviour and comments of their

hungry visitors who promptly devoured the remains of their food supply. After hearing reports on the trip, the weekend hikers departed, leaving the five to gather their tattered belongings for the last time and set off down the Bow Valley. Beyond Lake Katherine the meadowlands lay ahead, strewn with a colourful profusion of delicate mountain flowers. The trail led to an excellent view of the Crowfoot Glacier. From there Al hiked down towards the car parked at the end of a different trail, while Rob and Jack, with the girls along behind, hiked down a seemingly endless path. However, they reached the road-side when Al arrived with the car. Back-packers would appreciate how the beer tasted that day!

Dinner, delicious juicy steaks, served in Nunti-jah Lodge, made a most welcome change from dehydrated stew and the five sat around the table, on best behaviour, desperately hoping that their presence would not be too obvious to other guests as Al and Jack still seemed not to have washed for the week! On returning to Banff they completed the meal with large milk shakes and ice cream and while crossing the main road Rob was overheard by two elderly ladies enquiring as to whether he could disappear behind the two large bushes (tubed shrubs in the main road). Their expressions caused the group to double up - the last of their many laughs during the past week. The trip had turned out to be an adventure, sometimes a test of endurance and they had developed such a tremendous team spirit of co-operation and unspoken understanding that it was with much reluctance and some depression that they parted to return to the inevitable reality and their separate paths.

JASPER - AUGUST 2nd to 4th

by: Ray Marriner

The fine August long weekend saw seven Ramblers heading for Jasper. Arriving we found that several thousand other campers had the same destination in mind necessitating a change of venue for the tent pitching ceremony. Having accomplished that arduous task we adjourned to one of Jasper's watering holes which proved to be an oasis of calm amidst the milling hordes of tourists

Joined by two more from Edmonton the nine of us and Nootka were well along the ten mile trail into the Tonquin Valley by noon on Sunday and the lunch stop provided us with a panoramic view of that beautiful alpine area. Jim and the three girls turned back after about eleven miles whilst the remaining five walked over the north ridge of Mt Clitheroe and dropped down into Maraquib Pass where we picked up the Portal Creek Trail. We were in an extensive alpine meadow area for several miles and even when we descended below treeline the trail was in fairly open country affording good views to within a few miles of the highway. The trail was generally good with some wet and muddy areas which had not been improved by the large number of horses taken over that route. For those that do not consider twenty five miles too far to hike in one day it is a trip that can be recommended.

On the way back we did the tourist hike up Parkers Ridge which was a pleasant jaunt to end a most enjoyable weekend.

The Mt. Cleveland Trip

by: Al Samek

The trip started out easily enough. Five of us, Brinn, Josie, Art, Mel and myself arrived at Waterton Friday night and the next morning took the 8:30 boat to Goathunt, Montana. Here we asked the Park Ranger as to the best route up Cleveland, then we proceeded to Stoney Indian Lake, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant at an elevation of 6,800 feet. Our arrival almost coincided with three young Americans on holidays from the East whose objective was also the summit of Mt. Cleveland the next day. After having an interesting chat with them and a Park Warden on patrol we made camp a short distance below the lake.

Mt. Cleveland at 10,438 ft. is the highest point in Glacier-Waterton International Peace Park. Our route to the mountain was by traversing the four Stoney Indian Peaks along a prominent grey rock band at the 9,000 ft. level, which is reached from Stoney Indian Pass. The long traverse begins on the west side of the southernmost Stoney Indian Peak along a ledge just below the grey rock band then crosses to the east side of the peaks above the grey band and continues for two miles until the south shoulder of Mt. Cleveland is reached. From here an easy scramble takes one to the top of a broad open ridge which leads to the final summit of Cleveland about a mile distant.

Starting out at 6:30 next morning, the ledge was reached about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. later and shortly after crossed to the east side of the peaks where we got the full brunt of the hot sun beating down on the cliffs and was to be our biggest enemy as far as our energy was concerned. However, from our airy vantage point the scenery was excellent. Numerous lakes could be seen (some of which we visited earlier in the year) as well as range upon range of mountains spreading to the south until lost in the haze. The summit of Mt. Cleveland was reached shortly after noon. To the north of course Waterton Lake and townsite were easily visible; to the west were rugged peaks where Brown and Boulder Passes were picked out. This area would make an interesting back-pack trip. Mt. Jackson and Longfellow near Logan Pass and Chief Mtn. to the east were also easily recognized.

A short stay on the summit and we started back, reaching camp shortly before 5 p.m. Since the last boat leaves Goathunt at 5 p.m. we were faced with hiking an additional $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles up Waterton Lake, plus the $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Goathunt from our campsite. So with sore feet and weary limbs, the result of our fatiguing climb of Cleveland, we shouldered our packs and started out at 6 p.m. The boat landing was reached shortly before 9. Fortunately the trails in Glacier Park are excellent and we had little trouble travelling even though the last few miles were hiked in the dark. Here a pow-wow was held and it was decided to spend the night here in a hiker's shelter rather than walk another $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the night. Leaving the shelter at 6 the next morning, we arrived in Waterton shortly before 10.

While in some ways an arduous trip, the three mile traverse at 9,000 ft. along a narrow ledge with magnificent scenery will remain in my memory as one of the highlights of this year's climbing activities.

BUGABOOS

by: Vikki Bernhardt

Five Ramblers set off Friday evening, September 12th, for Radium, the eventual destination to be Boulder Camp in the Bugaboos. This trip was a "first time look" for the leader, Josie Zewiec and Vikki but just "another" for the men Art, Brian and Al.

An early start from Redstreak Campground made possible a fairly early start on the trail head at the Hans Gmoser site some thirty miles south-west of Brisco. The early morning mild weather had dissolved into rain at this point dampening packs and spirits

The trail wound steeply up the valley paralleling the tongue of the Bugaboos Glacier. In the four mile trip an elevation of 3000 feet was gained but to compensate for the work one is rewarded with frequent breaks in the trees affording glimpses of the spires lost in snow above. Marmalada looms out of the Glacier like some "Yahoo's" thumb, breaking the glacier into two much disturbed ice masses.

Boulder Camp is most unique. Two man made constructions, mushroom shaped, and painted white, except for two Martian-like orange knobs on the top, stand out with an appeal of their own beneath the spectacular strength of the granite spires. These mountains, Bugaboo, Snowpatch, Brendon, Pigeon, Howser and Crescent, offer some of the most challenging climbs in Canada. Luckily there are some scrambles as well. Brian led one on Eastpast although Vikki and Josie stopped a bit short of the summit being a bit short on nerve.

Saturday evening September 13th, will long be remembered as the night of the "big snow" by members of this trip. A different world emerged during the course of the night and made it necessary for the group to forgo plans to climb Crescent and instead break camp and descend into the valley.

The drive to the Bugaboos is long, some of it on gravel, but the mountains rising from Boulder Camp make it a "must" for future trips.

BIG HORN AND WAPITI - SEPTEMBER 21st

by: Janis Hare

The high ridge soon led us above the trees to look across at grassy meadows and opposite to blue ranges, including the Sawback. The constant ringing sound that had been muted by the trees of the valley, now became clear and the low-throated grunts that terminated the high tones made us search the hills for bull elk.

When snow flakes begin to follow the wind & few of summer's flowers can still brave the frosty nights, the mating season begins. The bull rounds up his cows and his call is a challenge to all rivals. The sound has been compared to a loon's cry and it has been noted that the real bugling notes come from the most mature bulls.

As we approached the brow of the hill the male we had heard above stepped onto the horizon. The swelled ruff around his neck added to his stature of strength as he turned his great antlered head and surveyed the strangers below. No doubt he was annoyed by our presence and when we reached the

summit of the hill, he had taken his cows into the valley below.

At lunch on the ridge we could survey the countryside, as the big elk had done, and see the white rumps of the animals on nearly every grass area. The bugles echoed from each valley and from the far hills.

We were following the ridge at a right angle to the mountain and the cirque formation at the base of the cliff seemed the obvious place to find Big Horn Lake. After lunch we dropped to the valley floor and followed the creek bed. The peaks were now closing in around us. Among a clump of evergreen movement was detected. We came upon a group of female Big Horn Sheep. They approached us and we stood quietly to see what their reaction would be. The bravest one came directly towards us and circled the group of seven humans, stopping every few feet to gaze at us with that typical question-mark expression of sheep. Seeming convinced that we were not there for injurious reasons, she bent to graze and the others of her kind came forward. As we moved away some of them followed and Wray was able to stroke one of the ewes on the nose. We continued up the valley and climbed a small shelf that held the first of two lakes. Vegetation was scarce here. There was no sign of marmots, who had no doubt retired to their winter beds, but the Rock Rabbits were still scurrying about their business. Scree slopes formed the landscape from mountain peak to lake shore and from somewhere in that lifeless scene of stone a crow's caw broke the illusion of desolation.

Doug had carried his fishing rod through bush and up hillsides and was pleased to see fair-sized trout in the clear water, though none was ready to leave their mountain habitat this day.

On our return we climbed to the top of the opposite ridge. From this height we looked at the remarkable geological formations of the surrounding mountains and straight down into the pocket of a larch-fringed meadow where the minute forms of cow elk and six bulls were still carrying on their concert. We remained on top of the ridge and followed it right down to our cars on Cascade Fire Road. We drove the 13 miles back to the gate and signed out. There was a feeling among the group that this had been a special day. Being able to see and hear the elk from such a vantage point had been a memorable experience. We were glad that we had not been discouraged by the dull rain of morning or the thought of how nice it would have been to stay in bed. The idea that the Ramblers "must go on" most often turns out to be the best decision and I for one would not have missed this day.

Karen had to go back to work but Marg, Anna Marie, Wray, Alastair, Doug and I had dinner together in Calgary to end the day.

ROLF'S GLUEHWEIN RECIPE

- 2 bottles of dry red wine
- 1/2 lb. sugar, 6 whole cloves
- Thin peel (without the pith) of 1/2 lemon or orange.
- Heat slowly in enamelled (if available) pot until boiling point, but do not boil.

Serve with a slice of orange in each glass.

LOGAN BREAD RECIPE

Logan bread originated with a wife whose husband was about to climb 19,850 foot Mt. Logan, Canada's highest mountain. It can double as a bread or a cake, is equally good for breakfast, lunch or supper. It is nutritious (2000 calories per lb. compared with 1600 calories for ordinary bread). It never spoils and does not crumble easily. It proved popular with members of Jack Carter's recent nine day backpack trip. The recipe is as follows: To one quart of water add:

3½ - 4 lbs. whole wheat flour
1½ cups shortening, melted
1½ cups brown sugar, packed
1 lb. honey
1 lb. blackstrap molasses
½ cup powdered whole milk
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 lb. dates, cut in pieces

Mix ingredients and put into muffin tins or run into pan ½ inch thick. Bake around 300° for 1 hr. Bake longer to dry out. If you put the mixture into a pan, cut into desired squares about ½ hour before bread is done to aid in baking and drying out.

MISCELLANEA

Many thanks to Kay Kittle for the fine job of typing the 5th edition of the Pack Rat. The girls have been great in coming forward to volunteer their typing services and this is greatly appreciated by your editor and publisher.

ooOoo

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH - Today we should make the most of - tomorrow may not be.

MEMBERSHIP

Please update your membership list as follows:

Al Samek - 605 - 23rd Avenue S.W., Calgary. Phone 269-1091
Gunthe Mueller - 134 - 37th Street N.W. Calgary. Phone:283-0068

Recently one of our long time members, Rolf Pallat, moved to Montreal,

and I am sure he would be delighted to hear from R.M.R.A. members (even if only a postcard). Hope you are enjoying Montreal, Rolf, we shall miss you on the ski trips and tours this winter. His address is:

Rolf Pallat,
c/o British Newfoundland Exploration Ltd.,
1, Westmount Square,
Montreal 6, P.Q.

ooOoo

NEW MEMBERS

Miss Wendy Rogers, 101 Harcourt Road S.W.	253-1776
Ben W.G. Stephen, #3, 3703 - 15A Street S.W. Calgary 7.	243-8194
Miss Pat Rossetio, 3804 - 15th Street S.W. Calgary 7.	243-1590
Miss Anne Draper, Ste. 309, 515 - 22nd Ave. S.W.	
Ross Pope, Ste. 4. 911 - 15th Ave. S.W.	245-2794
Miss Dorothy Mortimer, 515 - 22nd Avenue S.W.	
Robert D. Proden, 128 - 9th Avenue N.E. Calgary 61.	269-7236
Ed. Stacey, 1929 - 11th Street S.W. Calgary 3.	244-5000

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Brian Crummy, General Delivery, Castlegar, B.C.
W. Twelker, 1006 E. Wyeth, Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A. 83201

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Howard Kelly, General Delivery, Postal Station B. Calgary.
