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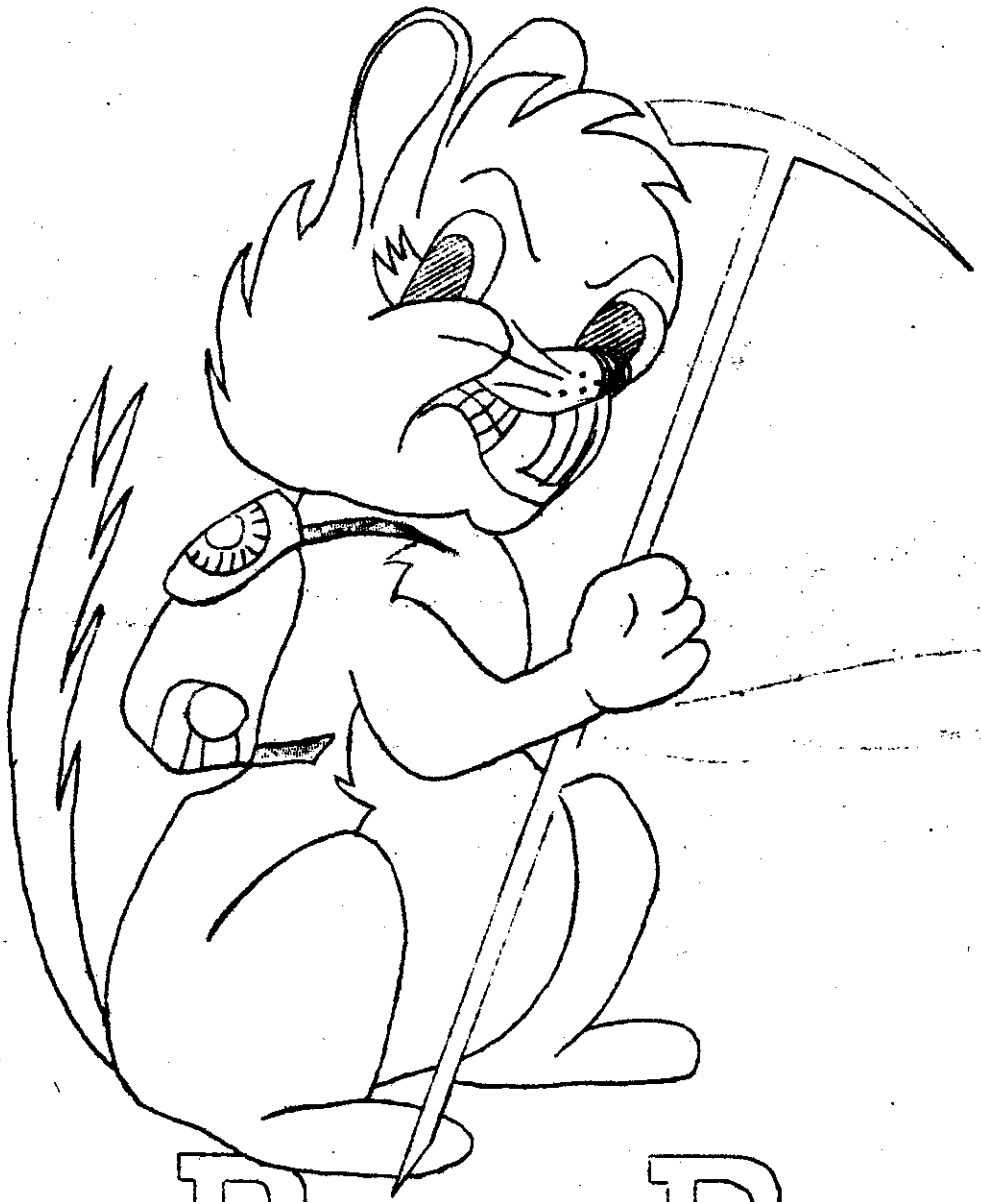

THE PACK RAT

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Volume 16 No. 2 March, 1973

NEWSLETTER OF THE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

EDITOR: TONY FORSTER PUBLISHER: DIANE LYDERS and other kind workers

MEETINGS: Every Wednesday evening at 8.00 p.m.

PLACE: Basement, First Lutheran Church, 1001 7th Avenue S.W. (opposite O'Neil Towers), on the corner of 9th Street and 7th Avenue S.W.

Phone for Club Information: 282-1330 (Mon-Sat 9-5 p.m.)
Bob's Bookstore

Summer Activities: Include Hiking, Climbing, Swimming, Backpack Trips

Winter Activities: Include Skiing, Ski-Touring, Skating, Snowshoeing, Hiking

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

The objects of the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association are "To protect the interests of Ramblers, and to maintain their rights and privileges, to foster a greater love, use and knowledge of the countryside, to assist in the preservation of countryside amenities, to secure travel facilities for members, to function as a Bureau of Information, to organize social functions."

The "Pack Rat" is published a minimum of six times a year. Its aim is to keep Rambler members informed on club activities and to stimulate interest and concern in subject areas in which the club is now involved and perhaps should become involved.

NUM-TI-JA FOR NEW YEAR'S

By Marianne Stanford

Our three days were characterized by excesses--in food, then exercise, then wakefulness, then tiredness. A dozen-plus Ramblers had breakfast at home Saturday morning, stopped at Canmore for another full breakfast, and arrived at Num-ti-ja in time for lunch. Being now ready to curl up and go to sleep, we all (except for sore Daphne Smith and sick Linda Scarlett) headed out to cross-country ski towards the Dolamites. Alastair Sinclair led his group up the steeper but easier route, and Ed Forester led us up the steepest but hardest route. We sidestepped, herringboned, and slid backwards up the first half mile. Then the trail was lovely--slightly upwards but good snow. Alexander Bak energetically broke trail, making us all happy. Then down into the valley, upwards gradually, crossing a stream on a bare log (with skis on?), and finally sidestepping up an embankment on our way to intersect the trail taken by the other group. But the sun was sinking too quickly, so we headed back on our original trail. Now we sidestepped and careened down everything we sidestepped up. No one complained of too much energy that night, so our most ambitious project was sleep.

The next day Alastair led a sizeable party up Mosquito Creek towards Molar Meadows. It was much colder but the skies were blue and we were all moving quickly to make good time. The snow was heavy so trail breaking without Alexander was a little more taxing. We got too high and into the trees, slightly hampering the speed. Jim Prees, Al's friend, swore he would pummel Alastair if once more he said, "Just go straight ahead," when there was a veritable wall of trees facing us! We stopped for lunch about an hour short of our goal, and all but Helga Dauer and Bob Pattison turned homewards. The sun was beautiful and the trip back (in the open parts) was so warm that even Jim Bell's feet warmed up. Really a fantastic day. Helga and Bob arrived back at dark, having reached our goal. Such energy!

The New Year was welcomed in with food and dancing down in the dining room. Some of us danced and some tried to sleep but your room had to be on the top floor before any successful sleeping could be done. Sigh!

The first day of the New Year was less strenuous. Many a good Rambler did the trail along the river before lunch, proving to the others that he really hadn't overdone it at the party.

Then there was the long, icy drive home. Everyone was tired, worn out, and happy. It was great, Ed! Thanks for organizing it.

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14th JANUARY--FORTY-MILE CREEK

A party of 30 snowshoers and cross-country skiers set off on this trip. At the parking lot we were filmed putting on our gear by a crew from the C.T.V. They actually filmed Wally holding his thermometer, so look for this on telly, folks, sometime in February or March. The trip itself turned out very well, considering having to compete with the Y.H. group who also came on the trail. Weather could have been better; snowed too much coming back.

EQUIPMENT FOR SKIING

By Ed Forester

This is the second in a series of articles promised in the last issue of the Pack Rat for the benefit of those who wish further information on the subject of skiing. Again, the material is not complete and the writer has no illusions about covering all that is available on the contemporary market.

Surprisingly enough, many experienced skiers cannot even remember the various parts of the ski, so to begin.

B. EQUIPMENT
1. Skis
2. Bindings
3. Poles
4. Boots
5. Miscellaneous
6. Maintenance of equipment
7. Addendum

1. Skis

Generally, skis are classified by the type of material that goes into them, i.e., whether they be metal, fibreglass, wood, or "sandwich," which is a combination of all or some of the other materials.

Further classification can be done by purpose:

(a) Alpine for downhill skiing
(b) Cross-country
(c) Jumping

or by design:

(a) Recreational models--soft, hard, or medium (made on the basis of variation of flex in the ski
(b) Competition models--slolam, giant slolam, downhill, jumping, cross-country racing (can be further subdivided for beginners or advanced skiers).

The various parts of a ski are:

(a) Tip--the very front of the ski
(b) Forebody--also called the "shovel" and is immediately below the tip
(c) Waist--the middle part of the ski
(d) Heel--just before the tail of the ski
(e) Tail--the very end of the ski

The sides of a ski have a side camber which partly determines the amount of torsion or twist in the ski. Underneath the ski and below the "waist" is the bottom camber. The flex of a ski is the capacity to bend between the tip and the tail. Torsion is the capacity of the ski to twist from side to side from the tip down its entire length.

Length of skis is measured in centimetres, not inches or feet. The proper length is determined by the ability of the skier. However, since the

majority of skiers are of amateur standing, recreational models will be covered only.

Recreational Skis

By and large this model is made from a combination of materials which should not be either too hard or too soft. If the ski is too soft, it is also too flexible and will not grip on hard snow or icy conditions. Furthermore, the resiliency of the ski is very short lived and will not last very long. On the other hand, if the ski is too hard, it will cause difficulty when controlling it in deep snow and will not slide.

The degree of camber of a ski is therefore determined by the ability and weight of the skier, as was the length of the ski.

Wooden Skis (Cross-country)

These are made of hickory, spruce, ash, birch, beech, and lignostone. Approximately 32 laminations out of the above six woods go into a ski. The edges are made of hickory or lignostone, which is compressed beech impregnated with oil. The sides of the skis are made of beech or ash, and the midsection (waist) is made of spruce, birch, or hickory. Contemporary synthetic materials can also be used in place of some or all of the above.

Classification of cross-country wood skis:
1. Racing
2. Racing-touring
3. Touring
4. Mountain ski

All types of skis are available upon request; however, the touring and mountain ski will be discussed mostly as they are of primary importance in this article.

The Racing Ski is very light, narrow, and fragile. The lightness is achieved by the hollow in the centre of the ski and with pressure applied by an improper boot, the ski is easily broken. Tow bindings are preferred.

The Racing-touring Ski is a little stronger. It is wider at the front (shovel), narrow at the waist, and the tail is wider than the front. It takes a heavier boot and both cable and tow bindings can be used.

The Touring Ski is much stronger than the above. It is wider and takes a cable binding. This is the ski that the majority of people are using for ski touring.

The Mountain Ski with steel edges is even wider than the touring, but is definitely narrower and lighter than the wooden alpine ski. It takes a special binding designed for climbing boots, and there is no fear of skiing across glaciers or very hard snow. Of course, the disadvantages are that they are harder, heavier, and more expensive to purchase.

The torsion or twisting action decreases with the increased hardness of the ski. The camber depends on the material from which the ski is made and in a wooden ski can be increased or decreased at will by applying a torch to certain parts of the ski.

2. Bindings

The purpose of a ski binding generally is:

(a) to firmly attach the boot to the ski so that the movement of the legs and body can be instantly transmitted to the ski; and
(b) to release the boot from the ski with a certain strain to prevent injury.

Bindings are classified according to their function:

(a) No release features as in bear trap or cross-country bindings
(b) Lateral release only, i.e., toe piece release
(c) Lateral and forward release as in step-in toe and heel release
(d) Lateral, forward, and back releases.

Selection and adjustment of bindings depend on the type of skiing, snow conditions, and the strength of the skier. The non-release binding of the cross-country ski is safe because it does permit the foot to come out under certain conditions and usually the skis break before the leg does.

To avoid the most common mistake in choosing bindings, choose one designed for the ski, i.e., a light ski requires a light binding. This applies to cross-country skis only because alpine equipment has different standards. Money is the factor governing the type of equipment for alpine skiing.

3. Poles

Poles are classified by the material of which they are made:

(a) Steel
(b) Aluminum
(c) C.S.P.S. poles
(d) Bamboo (used for cross-country)

The length of your poles is generally determined by the terrain, height of the skier, and type of skiing done. The yardstick to use is to place the pole on its tip beside you and try to place the handle under your armpit without lifting your arm. Mogal skiing and cross-country require poles a little longer. Baskets of the poles are generally small and made out of rubber. For cross-country skiers, preference is for larger baskets made out of leather. The present trend in alpine skiing is for very short poles.

4. Boots

Classification of boots is by material:

(a) Leather
(b) Fibreglass
(c) Plastic
(d) Rubber

All four types can be used for alpine skiing; however, only a leather boot (at least to my knowledge) is used in cross-country.

A good fit with forward, backward, and lateral support is the main requirement of a good boot. They should not be too hard or too soft, even for cross-country skiing. A toe should not touch the front when the heel is properly resting against the back. There should not be any movement of the foot sideways or forward.

This is the most important part of the equipment and do not be penny wise when purchasing your boots. Take your time and get a good fit.

5. Miscellaneous

A ski tip, preferably adjustable, should be carried on each trip. A spare cable or spring for the binding should also be standard equipment. Twenty feet of nylon rope, size 14, can be very handy when in distress.

Waxes such as green, blue purple, red, and yellow are used in winter. Cluster is required only in the spring and can be of same colour. A chart will be published on colour and application of waxes.

A cork and scraping knife are necessities on a cross-country trip, and for alpine skiers, skins are handy when climbing a fairly steep and long slope.

6. Maintenance of Equipment

With alpine skis, dry after each trip and place them in a dry, cool place. Use graphite, NEVER OIL, in the winter time for movable parts. Sharpen the edges as often as required, even twice a day.

Transport all skis, if possible, on top of the car so that the outdoor temperature and that of the skis will be almost the same.[1] Furthermore, it is much easier to apply the wax to a cold ski.

Place wooden skis on their tips after skiing in order that the water collected on the bottom will not penetrate the wood damaging the ski. Store them also in a cool place with little ventilation.

As soon as the wood begins to appear on the base, apply more tar to prevent water or moisture getting in. This may result in ice building up if you don't. Never place the skis flat on the snow for long periods, stand them up in shade when resting or eating lunch.

Leather boots should be well waterproofed after each skiing. Stuff newspaper inside for better drying. Alpine leather boots need only shoe polish and a boot press. Fibre and plastic boots need no maintenance.

7. Addendum

Recently, some manufacturers have produced cross-country skis made of aluminum and fibreglass. The cost of course is prohibitive and the skis have yet to be proven. Therefore, I have no information or statistics at this point. Many synthetics are replacing natural products, but their usefulness remains to be proven.

[The completion of Ed Forester's book will be published in the next Pack Rat.]

[1] In wet weather cover the ski with plastic or material cover to prevent wetness getting into the ski.

VALUES I RECEIVE FROM MOUNTAINEERING

By Klaus Boerger

Often people who know me only slightly ask what I get from climbing mountains. With deep pity I look upon the person who asked the question. I regret that they have never been fortunate enough to have experienced a mountain jaunt and do not know of the many rich values one receives in doing so. Then, to answer the question, I usually tell them of one climb I did this summer, for it was during this particular day that I experienced all the values I have ever received in the mountains. Let me now tell the story.

It was a dull and drizzly evening as my companion--Tim--and I huddled around our blazing fire. I had taken up one of the greatest values in climbing--the challenge. It was very simple--there were 6,800 vertical feet of hard climbing between the summit and me, and if I could climb to this point I would win a great victory over myself.

"Klaus, the sky is cloudless--it's going to be a good day. Let's start!" As I ate my small breakfast and gathered my gear I felt the enthusiasm of adventure. I was about to enter a cold, hard, and silent world. It is this sense of the things that will soon happen that fulfills one of my great needs and is another of the positive points of climbing.

As we started at 2:40 a.m. along the forest trail, we had much time to see and contemplate the great creations around us. We were stumbling over a rocky trail, guided only by the light of the many twinkling stars and the huge full moon. There was so sound but the murmur of the cold mountain brook. In the distance we could see the black silhouettes of the towering mountains above us. This was a beauty that few men had ever seen and I smiled at the wonder of it all. Then when morning came, we often just sat down and happily watched the spectacle before us. The long, early-morning shadows were rapidly receding as the sun rose. All about us we watched the orange sun-splashes as they flickered on the vast snowfields below us. Gradually all that had been black was turning into the loveliest hues of pink. Even the sky was a majestic colour--in the south the sunbeams danced up into the clouds where everything was pink, while further north it was a deep, bright blue.

But this value of beauty is not only seen in such large things as the sky and snowfields. Instead this value is rewarded to you as you let your eyes absorb the perfectly clean shapes of wind-carved snow, of fluted ice, of impressive vertical lines and of great, forever dropping chasms.

The value of beauty is in direct contact with the value of emotions you receive from seeing the beauty. The greatest emotion is that of happiness. I can well remember how I grinned from ear to ear in sheer delight as I watched that sunrise, saw that vivid sky or walked beneath that big yellow moon.

I receive many other emotions as I climb. The most wonderful ones are those that I feel when I walk where only a few men have gone before me, or when I make the first track across a snowfield. To see these beauties it is worthwhile to sacrifice a little and be somewhat insecure. Thus it is that I have emotions of fear as I hang from my fingers over a precipitous abyss or clutch to the shelter of rocks as stones fall loose from far

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By Helga Dauer

above and spin death past my head.

The fifth value mountains provide are solitude and companionship. Paradoxically, mountains provide both. Solitude, which is so necessary in this world of masses of people rushing past, telephones, doorbells and social pressures, I found as I struggled up the windblown and rocky ridge of Mount Sir Donald. But there too I found companionship, the companionship of Tim, as we climbed together. After I walked the feather-edge of danger with Tim, after I held his life at the end of a rope in my hand, and later he held mine, we have an almost impregnable foundation for a friendship. Deepest feelings spring from sharing failure as well as success, danger as well as safety.

After 9 hours of climbing, Tim and I reached the summit. A storm was coming in from the south and we decided to descend by a shorter ridge than the one we had come up. As climbing down is far harder than climbing up (for the simple reason that one cannot see below his feet to find footholds), when the terrain is too difficult, one rappels. To do this one lays a doubled rope around a rock pinnacle or fastens it through the eye of a piton--a steel blade with an eye or ring at one end--driven into a crack in the rock. Then one wraps the doubled rope around one's body and, supporting yourself on the rope, you walk backwards down a vertical or overhanging rock cliff. This, of course, has its dangers--the rope might break or slip off the rock pinnacle, or the piton might pull out of the crack, either of which will send you plummeting to a gory death on the sharp crags below. Naturally I had a healthy fear of rappelling.

Now as Tim and I descended this ridge, we had to rappel. We drove a piton into the rock and threaded the rope through the piton's eye. I wrapped the rope around me and started down. Soon I walked over an overhang of rock and noticed that I was in a waterfall. The water rushing over me made the rope so slick that I was having difficulty hanging on. Then I came to the end of the rope but I had not yet reached the base of the cliff--I was still hanging in mid-air from the rope's end. In desperation I searched for a ledge. Off to the right and above me I saw a six inch ledge and, fighting for my life now, I struggled foot for foot up the greasy rope. I remember well the fears of slipping and sliding off the rope's end to meet my death on those black rocks below. Then, with a madman's strength I finally reached the ledge. Here, too, the water was pouring over me. Tim joined me, his grim looks confirming my fears. We retrieved the climbing rope (by pulling on one end until the other end ran up through the piton and fell down to us), and set up a second rappel. When we reached the cliff's base we were soaked and cold, but glad to have overcome that obstacle. Further down we executed three more rappels but by this time we had lost all fear of rappelling, having gotten used to it.

The above illustrates one of the greater values I receive through climbing--the conquering of fear. Continually, as one climbs, one loses more and more fears as one familiarizes himself with these dangers.

Another healthy attitude that I noticed when we descended Mount Sir Donald was the realization of powers greater than oneself. This I noticed as we carefully picked our way between the gaping crevasses of the glacier that we later had to descend. I easily understood how small and weak we were in this world of huge rock buttresses and vast icefields, that the

mountains did not care and that only our technique and luck let us tread these ways for a few short hours.

After 17 hours of climbing and of being in a world of harsh winds, stinging cold and rocky desolate terrain, we returned to the forest. Here I noticed one value that I have only recently learned to appreciate. When we returned from the cold, hard world to the warm, soft one, we could more easily appreciate the things we always take for granted. I noticed how the trees sheltered me from the wind, how the pine needle covered path was soft to walk on, how warm and gently the rain fell on my face as compared to the stinging snow flinging in my eyes when we had been on the glacier. I could appreciate the murmur of the mountain brook, the songs of the birds, the sounds of a deer bounding away. Back at the campground I could delight in the fire, the tent, the big pot of steaming dinner. I do not mean to say that I do not like the coldness and hardness of the mountains--far from it. I love that--it is just that they make me better appreciate the things we take for granted every day.

The last value I want to discuss is that of the maturing of oneself which takes place in the mountains. One great novelist once said, "A man who mountaineers looks older than he really is when he is young, but stays young-looking when he gets older." It is true that this life does mature one more rapidly, but that the physical effort expended keeps one looking young and youthful in later years. I notice in myself that the mountains have matured me in my thoughts about life. For instance, I understand the meaning of such symbolic words as courage, friendship, fear, hunger, suffering, happiness. I have experienced these emotions and each of them has left their imprint on me.

In conclusion, I would state, for various reasons, that I feel our present Western social system is greatly lacking in certain aspects (opportunities to develop certain experiences like physical fear, hunger and discomfort) necessary to sound human development free from emotional disturbances and physically weak bodies. For a lot of people, myself included, mountaineering has come to be a second life in which they correct the evils of an overorganized and over-protected society in which people no longer live--but merely exist as a certain number, performing a certain task throughout its life. I climb because I am not satisfied to exist--I want to LIVE! Climbing the heights is one way.

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20th January--Baker Creek (Cross-country skiing)

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21st JANUARY--GHOST DAM

This was a skating trip, on which 20 Ramblers had a great time. Albert Kaiser kindly let us use his cabin, so we had lunch indoors; very nice change! The afternoon saw some of us skating while others preferred a spot of hiking in the surrounding hills.

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28th January--Crowfoot Pass

28th January--BOOM LAKE

A terrific time was enjoyed by all who made this outing; the conditions were ideal. Quite a few people had their first experience with snowshoes and the cross-country skiers had a ball on the avalanche slopes. Poor old Jim Kirkpatrick didn't make the lake this time. He had a blister so turned back after 100 yards.

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BLESSED STILLNESS by Mark Bullock

(submitted by Helga Dauer)

There is a quietness up in the hills
That steals in to my heart and brings me peace.
In melodies of clear and crystal rills,
I hear sweet murmurings that never cease.

It is a precious quietness of mind,
I do not find along life's busy way.
The voices of the winds are soft and kind
And soothing balm is in their restful lays.

A bird calls to its mate--a plaintive sound,
The answer comes, though faint upon the air--
What solace in this hallowed place is found,
And dear contentment free from wordly care.

A blissful calm attends each way I roam,
The silence holds a power to make whole.
And though I turn again to paths toward home,
The blessed stillness lingers in my soul.

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11th February--Sulphur Mountain

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16th February--HAY RIDE

On Friday night, 30 people--Ramblers, friends, and guests--drove out to the Saunders ranch at Bragg Creek for a hay ride. The full moon made it a most romantic night; all one could hear as we set off on the cart was the barking of farm dogs, the honking of geese and the splutter, splutter, of the tractor, which towed us for the hour-long journey.

During the trip we had great fun just sitting in the hay gazing at the peaceful countryside. Some of the more boisterous members decided to throw straw and pull people off the cart, which was rather painful, but I think we all enjoyed the trip.

After the ride, Ron and Wendy Folkins were kind (crazy) enough to invite us all back to their home for a nice meal. Sorry about the mess we all left, Wendy, but thank you for rounding off what was a most memorable trip.

A CANOE TRIP UP THE MACKENZIE RIVER By Ed Stacey

Why did I go on the Mackenzie trip, people ask, and wasn't it lonely? Was it dangerous? Did I see any people? Did I have a gun?

I set into the Fort Nelson River on July 11, 1972. The Liard River was next, and downriver from Fort Liard I met an Indian chief and his wife who were camped beside the river and smoking moose meat. They didn't speak my language, nor I theirs, so we used hand motions. Up there, the women scrape the hair off the moose hides so it can be tanned. This appears to be very hard work.

The Liard Rapids ran for about 16 miles. I was told in Fort Liard to sneak along about five feet from the right-hand shore and not to look at the terrible rollers which curled up nearby. There was enough rain to raise the river eight feet.

At Fort Simpson I rested and had an unusual experience as well.

One is never really alone. Two young men who had paddled from Fort McMurray stopped to talk. Sixty miles from Wrigley I met a fellow from Pennsylvania who was paddling alone, and shortly thereafter he and I met a girl who was travelling alone. She more or less needed to be rescued in the middle of the river because her motor had quit. It did sputter unwillingly, however, after we had pulled on the rope for two hours and played with the carburetor screws. We all separated and did not meet again. For several days the Mackenzie was calm and gentle and romantic in the evening, so that it was too bad to be alone.

However, the Mackenzie is like a mother bear. She may be gentle today, but watch out tomorrow. The wind blows up large waves which can swamp a small boat, and this is what she did to me below Fort Norman, at Birch Island.

In Fort Good Hope I met an anthropologist fellow who hoped to get his degree by studying and writing about the ways of the Indians.

An experimental pipeline camp is situated opposite the Sars Sault Rapids and who did I meet there but Sid Lee. What a surprise! He explained the permafrost situation.

Tents can be pitched on sandy areas beside the river. There's lots of driftwood for fires. The water is loaded with silt. The mosquitoes are as big as swallows--no, not really. They aren't too bad beside the river--only in the bushes. One has lots of time to think while drifting with the current. With no noise one can have a look at a bear once in a while.

I liked the ramparts where the river flows between rock walls.

Below the ramparts I stayed over at a fish camp where fine fish were being smoked. Then I camped at Arctic Red River for two days and nights. These local people who have lived along the river all their life are so very natural. Their hospitality to a male traveller was a type I had not experienced before and is given with warmth and a knowledge of human needs.

Next came Point Separation and the East Channel. Only 60 miles left with a heavy black cloud behind. The storm came in from the north and kept me

on shore for 24 hours. A canoer like me realizes how close he is to nature in a storm like this and how he is controlled sometimes by her power.

My canoe and I were now at Inuvik on the Labour Day weekend, September 2. Inuvik is a newly built town up high and safe from the river. It was all over now. The canoe went with the barge to Hay River, and I with Jetair to Whitehorse.

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18th February--Johnson's Canyon

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RECIPES

Rye Tack

2 cups water
3 tbsp. cooking oil
2½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. honey
2 eggs

} Mix and add

1 cup powdered milk
1½ cups graham or whole wheat flour
2 2/3 cups rye flour
Enough white flour to make a stiff dough (about 4 cups)

Roll out small amounts to the thickness of thick piecrust. Prick well with a fork and cut into squares. Bake at 325° about 30 minutes. Turn over after about 15 minutes.

Pinole (swill)

Any cereal can be used; we found rolled wheat or oats or corn meal as good as any. Put the cereal thinly on cookie sheets and roast at 250° until very light brown. Grind in food chopper until about like white sugar. Add salt to taste and brown sugar.

A meal is 4 to 6 tbsp. put in a cup with enough water to make it drinkable. Do not take more than this as it tends to swell in your stomach and will keep you from being hungry several hours.

Jerky (meat which has been cut into thin strips and dried)

1½ lbs. flank steak
1 tsp. seasoned salt or liquid smoke or barbecue salt
1/3 tsp. each garlic powder and black pepper
1 tsp. Accent
1 tsp. onion powder
¼ cup each Worcestershire sauce and soy sauce

Trim off all possible fat. Semifreeze the meat and slice with the grain into 1/8" thick slices. Marinate overnight in a shallow glass dish, thoroughly covered with the sauce made from ingredients above. Lay strips of meat in single layer on oven rack. With door slightly open roast at 125°-140° for several hours. Place cookie sheet under to catch any drips.

Jerky keeps well if stored in a dry place. Coffee cans with holes punched in lids are good.

Swill and jerky can be combined to make an excellent emergency ration. Combine:

½ lb. Swill	¼ lb. brown sugar
¼ Jerky, finely ground	1 oz. Grapefruit Tang

To eat, mix with water.

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1972 COLD AND WET IN CALGARY — By Wally Drew

1972 was the coldest and snowiest year in Calgary since 1955 and the wettest year since 1954 in observations taken at McCall Field. The mean temperature for the year was 35.6°, the snowfall was 83", and the total precipitation (rainfall plus water equivalent of snowfall) was 19". Measurable amounts of snow fell on 77 days out of a total of 120 days with measurable precipitation. There were thunderstorms on 34 days, nearly double the normal number. In spite of all this there was slightly more sunshine than normal. We needed it with the temperature dropping to freezing on 223 days and to 0° F or lower on 51 days.

January was the coldest month of the year and well below normal with a mean temperature of 4°. The lowest temperature of the year was -36° on January 26. Snowfall was well above normal and occurred on 16 days. It was the windiest January in nine years, making the cold more bitter. On January 16 a chinook wind hit 67 mph., a new record velocity for the month.

February was another cold month with the temperature dropping to 0° or lower on 17 days and failing to rise above 43° during the whole month. That was the lowest February maximum temperature in 24 years. Again snowfall was far above normal. Record-breaking snowfalls in the Rockies were a boon to skiers. On February 16 the wind screeched to 78 mph., a new record velocity for February at Calgary and the third month in a row setting a new wind velocity record.

The -30° recorded on March 1 was the coldest March reading in 21 years. In spite of the frigid start, March ended up warmer, drier, and sunnier than normal, the beginning of a pleasant spring.

April was the sunniest one in 31 years and drier, though windier, than normal.

May, again, was much sunnier than normal. The 88° recorded on May 30 was the highest temperature of the year and had not been exceeded in May since 1928, when the monthly record at 90° was established.

As usual, June was by far the wettest month of the year but June, 1972 was much wetter even than normal with over 5.5" of rainfall. A thunderstorm cloudburst on June 9 gave the following June record precipitation intensities: .25" in 5 minutes, .42" in 10 minutes, .66" in 15 minutes, .81" in 30 minutes, and .97" in one hour. There were thunderstorms on 8 days, twice the normal number. However, June was sunnier and warmer than normal.

July was greyer than normal with rain falling on 18 days. Thunderstorms occurred on 12 days, nearly twice the normal number. With a mean temperature of only 57°, it was the coolest July in 50 years. In mid-summer, July 21 had a maximum temperature of only 54°.

In contrast to July, August was abnormally warm and sunny, in fact, it was the sunniest month of the year, with 72 per cent of possible sunshine. Again there were more thunderstorms than normal and some damaging hail hit the city. On August 8, with a thunderstorm and hail, the wind gusted to 66 mph., a new record for August.

Summer ended abruptly when the temperature dropped to 31° on September 1. September turned out to be the third coldest and second snowiest in Calgary's 87 years of record, with 15" of snowfall. The 5" on September 6 was the heaviest snowfall on record for so early in the season. In addition, the month was greyer than normal and recorded four thunderstorms compared with a normal of one. The cold weather killed the leaves prematurely, ruining the fall colours.

October was colder, sunnier, and snowier than normal but had less than normal rain. An unseasonal thunderstorm on October 25 was followed by 5" of snow.

In spite of 14 days with fog, November was sunnier and drier than normal. It was slightly warmer than normal but the temperature did not vary as much as usual. Consequently, the high for the month was 54°, a tie for lowest November maximum in 24 years and the low was 7°, compared with the normal sub-zero readings.

Winter struck with full force on December 1 with 8" of snow, the biggest snowstorm of the year, followed by sub-zero temperatures. The -34° on December 7 was the lowest ever recorded so early in the winter. The month was considerably colder than normal. The 18" of snowfall, which fell on 15 days, made it the second snowiest December in history.

So far, 1973 is getting off to a milder start than the year we just survived, and I expect that trend, in general, to continue through the spring months.

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For Your Information--

ELBOW RIVER TRAIL PROJECT--extracted from The Alberta Conservationist

Fifty students were employed last summer to construct a scenic trail system through the Elbow river valley, to accommodate walkers and cyclists and during the winter, cross country skiers.

The four foot wide trail, stretches over 24.5 miles from the Glenmore reservoir, to the Calgary Zoo and connects over 600 acres of recreational facilities.

Benches, trail markers, litter barrels and barbecue pits have been placed at strategic sites along the trail, all of which have been designed by students.

While most of the students make up the "outdoor crew," a number have been employed to do historical research. This portion of the project is to acquaint the users of the trail with the area as it was in the past and with the role it played in the general development of Calgary. Once locations have be-n found signs will be put up describing each particular point of interest.

Some of the reports on historical sites that have been completed include: Fort Calgary, the original North West Mounted Police barracks, and the first farmers in this area, Sam Livingstone and John Glen.

In addition to history, references will be made to the geography and sources of the Elbow River.

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DISA AND DATA

Congratulations are the order of the day for the Gillinghams, Woodgates, and MacCalmans.

Peter and Peggy Gillingham were first when David John was born on 16th December; next one out of the starting gate was Roger and Judy Woodgate's son, Jeffrey Hastings, who arrived 5th January. Last, but by no means least, was Sandy and Ruth MacCalman's son who arrived in January. Sandy and Ruth are old members of the Ramblers who now live in Scotland.

Once again, Congratulations to all these proud parents.

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The total membership of the club according to the latest list was 49 gentlemen and 49 ladies.

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Brian Crummy and Elaine McKennirey have become engaged and plan a May wedding. We hope you both have a long and happy life together.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR

		A FALL		B WINTER		C SPRING	
1. SNOW		F-0		F-04		F-0	
2. WAX		TEMP	SNOW CONDITION	TEMP	SNOW CONDITION	TEMP	SNOW CONDITION
1. DRY	I	14-	Extremely sugary Very dry	14-	Extremely sugary Dry sugar	23-	Dry, icy, crust hard Slab snow
2. WAX			LG		LG		BK BK
3. WEATHER			Very cold, windy[1]		Very cold with wind		Warm, nights cold
1.		20-	Dry powder, sugary	14-	Very dry powder		
2.			G		LG G		
3.			Fairly cold		Cold and cold wind		
1. MOIST	II	20-30	Fresh, falling[1]	14-30	Winter moist	22-24	Soft crusts
2. WAX			B		B		VK BK
3. WEATHER			Warm		Fairly mild		Mild
1.		30-35	New and old flakes		In process of change		
2.			P		P		
3.			Warm front		Warm and sunny		
1. WET	III	32-37	Fresh, mushy[2]	32-37	Mushy, but dry		
2. WAX			Y RK		R RK		
3. WEATHER			Chinook wind		Warm wind, normal		
1.		35+	Wet, watery	35+	Slush slippery	32+	Wet slush
2.			RK		PK SK RK		SK VK SVK
3.			Warm, sunny		Hot, sunny		Hot, sunny

WAXES Rex:Swix:Rode: all the waxes have small range in temp. variation

LEGEND + and more; - and less. LG light green; G green; B blue; V violet; P purple, R red; S silver; K klister; GD gold

Gold and silver have very wide temp. range; gold for winter, silver for spring. Paraffin candle is used when nothing else works. To cover klister, use Forester's special, i.e., normal soap or downhill silver.

[1] A-I:II B-I:II

[2] A-III C-I:II

by Ed Forester