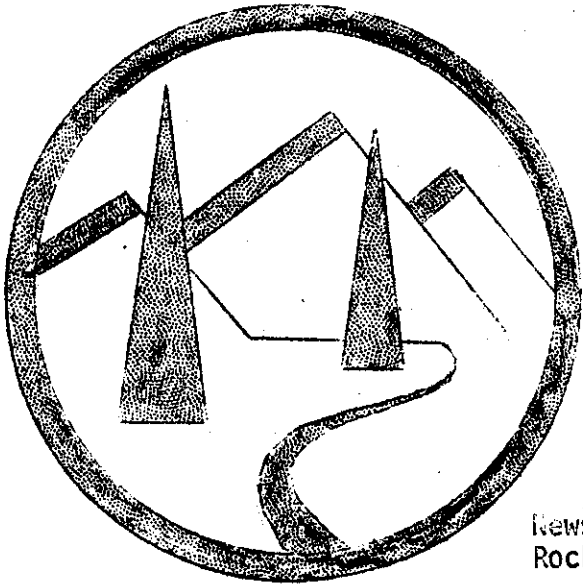


Feb 75



Pack Rat

Volume 18 Number 2
February, 1975

Newsletter of the
Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association

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 Ramblers, to function as a bureau of information, to facilitate public access to the mountains and woodlands, to organize social functions for the members".

The Ramblers meet every Wednesday evening at 8:00 P.M. in the basement of the First Lutheran Church, 1001 - 7 Avenue S.W., Calgary T2P 1A8. There they organize hikes, ski tours, snowshoeing and skating strips. There are programs on three of every four Wednesdays. The Ramblers also hold social functions throughout the year.

For information phone 282-1330 (Bob Baxter at Bob's Bookstore, hours: Monday to Saturday, 10:00 to 12:00, 1:00 to 5:30) or any of the following in the evening:

President:	Tom Flanagan	275-4475
Vice-President:	Carol Munro	273-6742
Secretary:	Pat Donald	283-3239
Treasurer:	Ron Folkins	283-6114
Leaders' Chairman:	Daphne Smith	242-2136

The Pack Rat is published a minimum of six times a year. Its aim is to keep Rambler members informed on activities and to stimulate interest and concern in subject areas in which the Association is now involved and perhaps should become involved. The present editor is Brent Davis (Address: #12, 309 - 3 Avenue N.E., Calgary T2E 0K5, Phone: 263-3910). Trip reports and articles are welcomed.

MOUNT ALYMER CLIMB

July 14, 1974

"I see you too were at the Springbank air show yesterday." So goes the comment in the elevator up to the office on Monday morning. "No not really. One can get a good tap/burn after an hour at ten thousand three hundred feet on a cloudless day."

"Oh! Where were you this weekend?"

It really didn't sink in when I said that we backpacked 12 miles horizontally and one mile vertically on our hike/climb to Mt. Alymer. "Yeh sure!" That is about the extent of recognition for the fearless venturesome four who stood at the top of Mt. Alymer at about 13:40 hrs. on Sunday 14-July-74.

Brian Crummy had announced a backpack on Wednesday with a tentative destination of Sentinel and Fatigue Pass. Eleven enthusiastic Ramblers convened at the wardens station in Banff. A conference ensued between the Warden, Brian and the rest of the group. Due to snow conditions and the fact that someone mentioned Mr. Alymer, it was decided to make an assault on 10,375 foot Mt. Alymer.

We were on the trail along the north shore of Lake Minniwauka at 9:45 hrs. It was a hot cloudless day with a 'high' rated forest fire hazard.

Lunch stop was at the 'water' sign just before the turn-off to Alymer lookout. We were about one third of the way up to Alymer pass heading north. Our spirit was kept high with an encouraging - "It levels out from here on". Don't kid yourself. It seems like it was just as arduous as the part before lunch. It levels out alright, about four miles later at the pass itself.

We made it to the pass, which is also the park boundary at about 15:30 hrs. Then we had lots of cool mountain water and another snack before moving into an alpine meadow just north of the pass.

For the next two hours everyone did as they pleased. The hard hike, cool alpine air and warm sun induced sleep for most of the group whilst the remainder of the lot scouted for fire wood and a spot to pitch a tent.

Supper was started at about 17:30 hrs. Freeze dried beef stew and tuna cassarol was the fare of the evening. The air cooled almost immediately when a mountain shadowed our campsite at 18:30 hrs. But hiking for the day wasn't finished just yet.

There are two ridges, one to the southwest and another to the northwest of our campsite. (Our main objective was immediately east of campsite.) We had seen what was on the other side of the southwest ridge so the group elected to climb the northwest ridge and get a view to the north.

The short climb to 8400 feet, from the 7300 foot elevation of the campsite, was well rewarded. In the twilight sun we could see - -

We stayed there until the sun again sank behind another mountain. Brian and Carol had climbed the southwest ridge and were descending a snow ridge just as the rest of us derived back at camp.

Wally had constructed a fireplace before supper and now the fire was comforting in the gathering darkness. Our campsite was located just outside the National Park boundary, so we could make an open fire. At the elevation of our campsite, the trees were small and tough. Stashing of food was a small problem and would have been equally such for any industrious (and hungry) bear that might have happened by.

We realized the next morning that it wasn't a bear that would bother us, but a group of nine ram mountain sheep.

The morning was bright without a cloud in the sky. A slight touch of frost with a skim of ice on the calm pools of water gave us a fair indication of the night's lowest temperature. For some strange reason nobody remembered to get up and check Wally's thermometer at 4:00 A.M.

It was during refueling (breakfast) that we were invaded by the sheep. They were extremely tame and bold after a cautiously size up. All food had to be ~~staked~~^{crushed} away again before we departed to the foot of Mt. Alymer.

The initial climb started at about 10:00 hrs. Five of the group decided to turn back after the first three hundred feet of rock scrambling. Mt. Alymer scree is no good for those afraid of steep scrambles. This group - Ann, Tony, Elaine, Carol and Wendy later scrambled up the southwest ridge.

Bob, Brian, Helga, Barry, Wally and myself traversed around the south ridge leading up to Mt. Alymer. While climbing Mt. Alymer it is necessary to traverse the ridge from Alymer lookout, on the southeast side, staying at the top of the scree line. If one is too anxious and goes right to the top, one will then be caught on numerous fake summits. It will then be necessary to backtrack and re-climb along the lower southeast side of the ridge.

Most of us had heard Daphne Smith describe the route but none of us had payed attention to good advice. But we had collectively heard enough to "go around the ridge", which made it easier for our group.

The final 1500 feet to the top is just slugging upwards over loose rock. It is a frustrating ascent while continually searching for a firm footing. For every five steps up one is lost sliding back down.

Wally was the last to leave the campsite and the first to achieve the summit. A minute or so later Brian arrived at the top then Bob and last was Ron. Helga and Barry were stopped at the last notch in the ridge about 1000 feet from the summit.

To look out on top of the world is a rush worthy of the effort of ascent. The view was limited only by the haze on the horizon. 'From the Bugaboos to the prairies' was a fitting description, and of course, Mt. Assiniboin was the dominant feature of the horizon. In spite of the hot sun, the wind was cool to the point of being cold.

After an hour of sight-seeing as very few tourist ever enjoy, it was apparent that Helga and Barry had decided to abandon the final ascent. So the four of us started down the loose rock.

Helga and Barry were descending the west face of the ridge below the first notch down from the summit. There was a long tongue of snow descending almost from the notch to the bottom of the west face. Brian and myself came down the snow slope with ease. After a cautious start (his boots don't have much tread left) Wally also came down the snow. Those who decided to turn back were back at the campsite and were watching the decent. From the campsite it appeared as if Brian and I were preparing to jump down the mountain. Actually it was quite fun with the heels of our boots effectively digging into the hard snow.

Meanwhile, Bob, Helga and Barry were picking their way down the rocky ridge just parallel to the snow tongue. Wally (who else?) was first back at the campsite. The tents had been packed up and it was just a matter of a short lunch and final packing before we were on our way back down the valley.

Wally made real good friends with the sheep. I guess they recognize a mountain climbing comrade when they see one. The sheep were so friendly that Wally was about to 'beat them off with a stick'.

The 12 mile walk back to the cars started at about 15:30 hrs. and seemed just as arduous as the trip up with aching bodies and tortured feet. Two of the members of the group came upon a small black bear on the trail back. The bear, who must have had a drink from the lake, ambled off into the trees.

Everybody was back to the cars just before 20:00 hrs. We were all ripped off with the tourist rates for supper at the Voyageur at Dead Mans Flats.

For the writer it was the first 10,000 foot peak climbed and also the most arduous two day weekend in my four years with the Ramblers.

I guess it will be Mt. Temple next.

Ren Folkins

C A S C A D E

Brent was made an assistant leader in October and wasted no time in organizing a trip in early November. Eight of us joined him to climb the 9,820 foot Cascade Mountain overlooking Banff and the Spray Lakes areas.

We started our hike in the crisp shadow of Norquay and had a very good trail to the Amphitheatre which looked barren and cold. From the Amphitheatre it was an endless "UP" till we reached the Summit. There were only a few patches of hard snow and lots of rock scrambling. In one spot a rope was used, it wasn't necessary, but it certainly made a couple of us feel safer.

At the summit the wind was strong and cold but it couldn't keep us from enjoying the view. The streets in Banff glistened in the bright sunlight: the view was so fantastic that we didn't want to come down.

On the way down we stopped a couple of times and suntanned, it was that warm. As dusk approached we had managed to make it to the Amphitheatre. We saw some mountain climbers on the east wall of the Amphitheatre going to the summit and thought how crazy they were to start so late in the day.

When we were on the flat, Jack took a tumble. For no apparent reason he tripped and fell into a clump of trees where he banged his head and knee. Except for a whopping headache and sore knee he appeared okay, but the following Wednesday we learned he had also cracked a bone in his wrist.

Suddenly it was dark. It's a whole new experience walking in the wilderness, not being able to see but hearing all sorts of noises. The mind works overtime and it takes a lot to stay with reality.

When we got out we started to feel the cold of the evening. Peter McGill invited us to his Camper for a drink and wafers. A perfect ending for an almost perfect trip. (Jack healed quickly.)

Also worth mentioning was the beautiful, big, rose-red moon that heralded our return to Calgary.

Thank you Brent for a successful first.

Pat Donald

HEALY PASS FROM BOURGEOU PARKING LOT

Sunday, November 24, 1974

Leader: Arn Haase

Whether there was adequate snow was not known at our Wednesday meeting, but someone reported it was snowing in Banff and Arn quickly decided 'OK lets try Healy Creek, it should be good.' And good it was. Four persons joined him to find the trail well covered with a light grainy snow, just enough to smooth out the irregularities, rocks, roots and snags. A lone snowshoer had been along the trail for the first part, but after that it was unbroken. Two skiers who had asked about the trail in the parking lot overtook us and then joined forces to help with the trail breaking. They were pleasant fellows and welcome.

The party reached the fringe of the alpine area with a good appetite worked up by all. We took shelter in a ring of spruce to protect ourselves from a strong cold wind which was sifting snow in the open reaches. The two who had joined us watched in amazement as we prepared for lunch - out of our packs came warmup trousers, extra sweaters, down jackets and sundry other pieces of protective garb. These two were capable enough skiers but obviously had not seen such a degree of preparation before. We are not the only ones, club or individual, who are aware that careful preparation for ski touring is prudent. In fact some of us are short, but more frequently we see others who are lamentably prepared for an emergency. They may not be knowingly careless - they simply have not the contact to provide a good example. We are fortunate to have the experience amongst our leaders to provide that example. Be that as it may, we took a leisurely lunch but this was a luxury the others could not enjoy and they soon pushed on in haste to bring back warmth.

We reached the pass and took a position to observe the view at a point of advantage. The grandeur of the scenery from Healy Pass is always a stirring experience in any weather, in any light. It had a particular rugged and remote appeal on this day because of the overcast sky and the hanging clouds fringing the distant peaks. It is not unlikely that this was the first day of the season that anyone had reached the pass. Whether or not didn't intrigue me, what did was the stark comparison drawn from the fact of our presence.

This handful - how unique we were! In all the world with its countless numbers with so many but a few hours distance, this little group stood in that vast awesome landscape - alone.

After a few moments we turned and began the long run out in excellent snow, arriving at the car on the edge of light. It had been a full and satisfying day.

Angus Henley

SKI KIMBERLEY

This year we had five glorious days off at Christmas and took full advantage of each day. Arn organized the trip for five of us to downhill and cross-country in Kimberley, B.C. On the trip were Arn and Zita Haase, Wally Drew, Linda Voycey, Renate Ziebler and Pat Donald.

We left early Xmas morning while it was still dark and arrived in Kimberley at 12:15 that afternoon. One stretch of highway before Radium was very icy but that was all. Past Radium the day became very sunny and beautiful. In Kimberley we rented two units just 3/4 of a mile from each other and only a few miles from the ski hill. After settling in we went straight to North Star and ski'd till 4:00 P.M. That night Linda made a delicious Turkey supper. To add to the Xmas spirit a couple of the girls brought Xmas lights and ornaments to decorate the foot high tree that Wally had picked up on one of his few stops on the way to Kimberley. The Xmas scene was completed by the singing of Xmas Carols.

On Thursday morning we woke to beautiful big, fat snow flakes falling and a temperature very close to 30°. We heard Fernie had a little rain but fortunately for us we kept getting more and more snow. There was a lovely fresh layer of snow on the slopes and not too many people. After supper most of the group went for a walk downtown for a little sightseeing. Meanwhile it continued to snow for the rest of the night.

Friday was the best day. There was more than 1½ feet of powder and we could hardly wait to get on the slopes. We tried to get to North Star by 9:00 A.M. but we got caught in a line-up because a car with bald tires blocked the traffic on the way up. Even the staff couldn't get up. Arn decided to tour that day and passed us on his way up laughing. Finally around 10:00 they let us go up and we were with the first to ski the fresh powder. As it was a work day for most, there were no crowds and the powder lasted all the longer. Arn also had a good day away from the lifts.

Saturday was sunny and nippy. Four went a way out of Kimberley to x-country and two of us downhill for the last day. The downhill was great till 11:00 then the crowds came and 20 minute lift lines. The x-country group found excellent snow and a nice warm spot for lunch and had a very enjoyable day. That night we went to a lovely bavarrian inn called The Gasthaus where we drank and were merry but not too much because we still had Sunday and things to do.

Sunday morning we moved out and started for Calgary. It was another beautiful sunny, nippy day. Two of us stayed at Radium to soak our bones while the others went on for about 60 miles to x-country ski.

When we got back to Calgary we went to a favourite Greek restaurant of Wally's where the food was very good indeed. We were all home by 7:00 P.M. with plenty of time to get ready for work the next day.

"THANK YOU ARM"

I hope there is one next year. (Todd - maybe?)

Pat Donald

A CANOE TRIP IN NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN

At 9:15 A.M. on Tuesday, August 13, 1974, Brian and I pushed off in the waters of Henleben Lake in Northern Saskatchewan. This was the beginning of the trip we had been planning since November 1973, a 100 mile circuit which would take us up on the great Churchill River.

The sun was shining, making the day bright and warm. It felt marvelous to be in the canoe paddling up Bell Bay and around the point of Munroe Peninsula, which would take us out to the main waters of Henleben Lake. In approximately nine days we should be coming back this way from the north end of the lake, but now we turned and headed west toward our first portage.

In a clump of reeds between two islands we stopped to look back on our progress. Brian decided to check his compass here, and a good thing too. He discovered that the direction we were planning to travel next, in order to find the portage, would have taken us several hours out of our way! Such a blow during our first few hours! We must be more careful!

The portage proved easy to find, and was in very good condition. Setting the canoe in Millar Channel, we loaded it up and continued southward into Head Lake. It was 1:00 P.M., so we crossed this lake to the second portage and made camp for the day, having travelled 11 miles.

That afternoon, like most of them, was spent fishing (unsuccessfully), exploring, writing the log, cooking bannock for lunches the next day, and generally taking it easy.

We were up at 6:15 A.M. and hit the water at 7:25 on Wednesday, August 14. It was still very sunny and Pine Brook, although we travelled up stream, had very little current. Almost the entire five mile length of the brook was flanked on either side with wild rice, which the Indians cultivate during its season. We, however, did not know when that season was, nor how to obtain the rice, or we could have had quite a feast! Pine Brook was very winding as it passed the bottom of Howard Lake on to the third portage leading to Clam Lake. There is a very distinct contrast between the north bank, covered in birch and aspen trees, and the south bank, covered in ragged black spruce, giving that shore an erry look.

The first two miles across Clam Lake was the most exposed portion of the trip. Fortunately the wind was low and there was no danger in crossing. About half an hour from our fourth portage, after travelling 12 miles, we stopped at a perfect campsite.

Thursday morning was beautiful. At 5:30 the mist was just beginning to rise from the lake and by 6:30 we were in the canoe, nearing the fourth portage which took us on to Trivest Lake.

This lake was two miles across, and on it we saw four very stunning white pelicans. They seemed very nervous and began to move away from us even though we were still about a mile from them.

On the next portage we found a huge patch of raspberries, which were picked for lunch. A narrow unnamed creek drains Morning Lake into Trivest Lake. The current was not very strong, but nearing the mouth of the creek we were forced to abandon ship two or three times to avoid shallows and log jams.

On Morning Lake we struck out in a south-westerly direction to round a large peninsula. There were three cabins here, which we investigated, and it seems that at least one of them was still in use. Continuing around this peninsula, we headed northeast, the wind picking up and skies closing in. We stopped for a short lunch along the shore, but because of the wind were anxious to continue on to a campsite.

Just short of portage number six, on a large rock outcropping, was the ideal location. Before dinner we tried to find portage number six, as marked on the "Canoe Route Map", but could not find it. The 1:50,000 Bushard-Hemieben sheet showed an alternate portage to the south, which we found with no difficulty. We received our first rain that evening, but everything was put safely under cover.

August 16, 1974 found us in the water at 7:30 paddling quickly to portage six, which took us over to Gull Lake. At the northeast end of Gull Lake was another portage; a short paddle, another portage, and over to Beshard Lake. There were head winds on this lake, but we found shelter in the lee of islands where possible. The day was mainly cloudy and cool, but we had a very pleasant lunch on an island. The compass had proved itself of real value many times, and we engaged it again as we swung to the northeast.

On the far end of a large island was an unused, but comfortable campsite, sheltered from the wind, which was really blowing now. It was 2:45 P.M. and looked as if it would rain, so the afternoon was spent putting things under cover. The rain, however, never fell.

We hurriedly loaded the boat on Saturday morning and, sure enough, half an hour later, as we reached MacDougall Bay, it started to pour, and continued to do so for the next 3½ hrs. By the time we reached portage nine we were very cold.

There were four portages leading into the long south arm of Black Bear Island Lake. We did these in two and one half hrs. They were wet and muddy, and at times our canoe almost slipped into the rapids before we could find the opening to the portage. We were feeling very miserable, when, at the end of the last portage, the sun came out and the skies cleared. The rest of the day was beautiful!

At 1:00 we found a good campsite and caught our first fish! He was ceremoniously dressed with strips of bacon, wrapped in tin foil, leaves wrapped around that (to prevent burning) and folded in another layer of tin foil. This package was popped into hot coals for 20 minutes to come out as a delicious supplement to our diet.

On Sunday, August 18, we rose at 5:20. The mist was just rising from the lake, the sun shining a brilliant red above the trees; but as we started east into the heart of Black Bear Island Lake the skies started to cloud over.

Rounding a peninsula and heading east, towards Birch Rapids, a head wind picked up and we really had to work to get moving. Now we were actually on the Churchill River, which is really a series of interconnected lakes. In a few spots the current could be felt, but for the most part it was rather like being on a lake. About two miles from Birch Rapids we heard its roar - - this was one portage we did not want to miss, as the whole Churchill River shoves its way through two narrow channels. We set and reset the compass as we wound our way through the islands.

Within a few hundred yards of the rapids we started searching for an opening, the rush of current could really be felt now. After doing the portage we went back to take a good look at the turbulent water. There was actually two rapids, each falling about four feet, the spray cascading into the air.

We were going to have lunch at Birch Rapids, but apparently some of the fly-in-fish-camps have used this spot many times because it reeked of garbage and paper and beer bottles lay all over. We were appalled that this should be permitted!

Consequently, we continued across to the other side of a peninsula. We were due to run a set of rapids beyond this point, but a strong wind came up and our muscles needed a rest. We set camp at our lunch spot and had things put under cover just as it started to rain. Brian caught another fish that evening so we enjoyed that as we listened to the roar of Birch Rapids.

At a quarter to seven the next morning we nervously headed toward a large island to inspect the rapids we were to run. Deciding on our course of action, we stepped back into the canoe. By taking the main shoot we quickly found ourselves bobbing around in the eddys below the rapids. Now that wasn't so bad - - it was actually fun!

Turning south on Trout Lake, we stopped to inspect an old trading post, which apparently has been taken over by a trapper. We were now on what is called the "Six Portages Route", which would take us back to Henneben Lake.

Crossing with no difficulty to Rackewich Lake we went on to the second portage, leading to Little Crooked Lake. Here we met a party of four canoes - - our first people in six days. The third portage was easily found and was also very pretty. It took us over to a nameless lake which we also crossed. Having decided to make the next two portages today, we pressed on. The next portage took us on to a small beaver pond, but from here the going was rough. The last portage was muddy, boggy and mosquito infested. We hurried through this as fast as we could. A short distance up this next unnamed lake was our campsite. The evening sky was spectacular and promised good weather in the morning.

We departed at 6:55 the next morning in a very thick mist, which the sun was trying to clear away. The portage was easy to find and we soon found ourselves greeted by sunshine on Bague Bay, the extreme north end of Memleben Lake, 17 miles to the finish. The wind had dropped and the water was like glass. Having finished our last portage, we paddled on to North Bay where there were definite signs of civilization, motor boats, cabins and fishermen. It seemed an intrusion on the last seven quiet, serene days we had had. About six miles from home base we found a good spot and set camp for the night.

Wednesday morning seemed to move too fast. We didn't want this vacation to end, but Bell Bay loomed up very soon, and suddenly we found ourselves pulling the canoe into shore.

Elaine Crummy

MAN'S BEST FRIEND?

From the title you have probably guessed the topic of this bit of preaching. It is, of course, the dog. Dogs have been, for thousands of years, man's best friend or companion. That four legged comrade has served as a hunter, pet, entertainer, lifesaver, companion when lonely and yes, heaven forbid, food.

Dogs can be of great aid in the mountains or wilderness areas. There are many a story of dogs frightening off bears or other nocturnal snoopers. A large dog can pack supplies on its back or pull a small cart. Even if it is only his, or her, own food it is still an aid to the master. A few tricks performed by this attention lover can brighten up a dull camp, and a dog, unlike people, will follow your command without question.

Yes, a dog can be a hero on a trip in the summer, but now it is winter and an entirely different attitude is taken towards that four legged pest. That little beast that stands in the middle of a good ski run and sends you careening off into the trees or spread-eagle into three feet of cold powder snow, or chases you down a slope barking and nipping at your ankles, or stares pathetically at you with those big brown pleading eyes while your having lunch. Also they tend to excrete a substance dark in colour and soft in consistency which has the tendency to slow down skis considerably and send the occupant sprawling in the snow. I have seen this happen, on a club trip last winter. This year, so far, with the lack of a proper snow depth it could have rather serious consequences. There were other unpleasant accidents last year on trips because of dogs not being properly controlled. One of which was a woman, not from our group, was mistaken for a tree and was watered, a cool proposition in the winter. This year I've had to stop twice for dogs on the trail. One of these occasions it was a dog belonging to a Rambler.

Now for some facts. In Banff National Park it is against regulations to have a dog off a leash. There is a substantial fine for failure to conform to this rule (when caught). It was decided that a trip leader could refuse to permit a dog on his or her trip. So if you have a dog and have your heart set on taking it out on a club trip be sure to inform the leader of the trip as to this before the trip as there may be people on the excursion who have allergies or phobias or are just set against dogs. It would be safer to make other arrangements to leave a dog in a kennel before you get barked at.

Just to prove I'm not all one sided, dogs are used in searches for people caught in avalanches during the winter, but also can draw a bear into a camp. So dog owners remember! Hell hath no fury like a Rambler scorned.

Brent David

CROSS COUNTRY PATROL REPORT

January 1975

The Banff Zone Cross Country Ski Patrol started operating on December 14, 1974. Four intermediate level, high-use trails (Cascade Fireroad, Elk Lake, Shadow Lake and Boon Lake) are covered each weekend day and holiday.

Patrollers carrying a patrol pack start up the trail relatively later than most of the skiing public. They go to a natural turnaround point which the majority of novice and intermediate day skiers do not go beyond, and then return back down the trail to arrive back out relatively close to darkness.

The patrol pack contains first aid supplies, items for providing warmth and shelter (sleeping bag, space blankets, stove, ensolite pad, extra toque, mitts and socks, etc.), portable toboggan, and an assortment of smaller items for equipment repairs and general back country usage. The patrollers are identified by the Canadian Ski Patrol emblem on one back of the pack and on the chest.

The Cross Country Patrol work in co-operation with the Banff Park Warden Service. Evacuation of immobile injuries will be done by the Warden Service using helicopter or skido. The primary function of the Cross Country Patrol in this case is to provide first aid and shelter until the evacuation occurs. Other functions of the patrol, besides first aid, are to promote safer skiing by reducing trail hazards and by providing advice, information and assistance to the skiing public and to the Warden service.

There are currently a total of 30 Cross Country patrollers, including several women, each scheduled to patrol twice a month. Patrolling is always done by more than one person, either two patrollers or one patroller and a buddy.

The trails have not been used too heavily in the early part of the season. Cases of actual assistance to this point have included: attending to blisters, warming cold hands, binding repairs, removing trees which have fallen across trails and supplying information about trails.

Harold Keushnig

AVALANCHE TIPS

When reading this article remember that I am not a qualified person to teach on the subject of avalanches. Far from it. This subject was brought to my attention by Frank Anscombe early this winter. I did not give it much thought until recently when I noticed that very few people know anything about it. I've observed people congregating on avalanche slopes and not even be aware of it. On one club trip I made an estimate as to the distance yet left to be skied using an avalanche slope as a reference point. I was then asked, much to my surprise, the whereabouts of this slope. This shook me a little as we were standing on it.

As said earlier I am no fountain of knowledge on this subject and all my information is what I've read in books and overheard from other leaders. So remember that this is not a subject in a person can learn from experience as you may not live long enough to put that new found knowledge to practice. If at all possible take the avalanche course which is offered by the CSPA. It may someday save your life. It may be of aid to a leader if he is not the only person on a trip of 45 people who can read the snow.

1. WHEN in doubt of a slope STAY OFF IT!!!
2. WHEN it is necessary to cross a dangerous slope CROSS ONE AT A TIME!!!
3. IF YOU ARE CAUGHT IN AN AVALANCHE:
 - a. Call out so other members of your party can observe your course in case you are buried.
 - b. Discard your poles, skis/or snowshoes, and pack.
 - c. Use a swimming action to try to stay on the surface.
 - d. If the above fails then cover your face with your hands to keep the snow out of your nose and mouth and this will possibly enable you to clear a breathing space once the snow stops. Once it stops your arms may become pinned.
 - e. Try to avoid panic.
 - f. If in soft snow you may be able to dig yourself out - BUT make sure you dig towards the surface.
 - g. Do not try to shout to rescuers above as sound is transmitted very poorly out of snow as opposed to into snow.
4. WHEN YOU ARE THE SURVIVOR.
 - a. Do not panic - the lives below depend on you.
 - b. Mark the point the victim was last seen. This will reduce the search area. Mark this point with something which will not be covered in a snow fall.
 - c. If only 2 or 3 survivors make a quick but careful search before going for help, and one man should be left at the scene to continue the search.
 - d. Search below the last point the victim was seen at. Kick the snow and mark where pieces of equipment were found.
 - e. If you are the sole survivor you must make a thorough search before going for help.

- f. If it will take longer than 2 hrs. to get a rescue party then the survivors must make as thorough a search as possible as the chances for survival for the victim are greatly diminished after 2 hrs.
- g. If the initial search fails start probing with skis, poles, or a collapsible probe. Trees, ledges, etc. are good places to search first. Continue until the rescue party arrives. If alone you must decide when to break off the search and go for help.
- h. If there are several survivors then only 2 should be sent for help. The remainder stay to search.
- i. When going for help avoid exhaustion and ski carefully as you may have to lead the rescue party back.
- j. If the victim is found treat for suffocation and shock, free nose, mouth and clothing of snow and administer mouth to mouth AR*. Place victim in a sleeping bag with head downhill. Treat other injuries with regular first aid.

5. TAKE AN AVALANCHE COURSE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!!!

*AR - artificial respiration.

Taken in part from "The Sierra Club Manual of Ski Mountaineering".

Submitted by: Brent David

SUMMARY OF EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD OCTOBER 23, 1974

PRESENT: Tom Flanagan Pat Donald Esther Jeffrey
 Carol Monro Brent Davis
 Ron Folkins Barry Hollingshead

The purpose of this meeting was to ratify the new leaders and assistant leaders.

Leaders Chairman
 Daphne Smith

Assistant Leaders
 Wally Foltz
 George Muench
 Brent Davis
 Frank Anscombe
 Tom Flanagan

Assistant Canoe Leaders
 Ross Jantzen
 Lars Jantzen

Assistant Winter Trips Leader
 Ann Hease

Chairman at Large
 Pack Rat - Brent David
 Social Convenor - Barry Hollingshead
 Programs - Esther Jeffrey

Full Leaders
 Claire Aghion
 Angus Henley
 Ed Stacey

Silver Pin Awarded
 Bob Pattison
 Jack Carter
 Claire Aghion

Gold Pins Awarded
 Daphne Smith
 Helga Dauer
 Art Davis

(Pins awarded at Annual Dinner and Dance)
 Brent Davis voted as new Equipment Manager.

SUMMARY OF EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD JANUARY 21, 1975

PRESENT: Tom Flanagan Esther Jeffrey Pat Donald
 Roger Woodgate Brent Davis Daphne Smith
 Carol Monro Barry Hollingshead Frank Stanley

Letter from Barbara Truman regarding reconstruction of dam, banks for non-residential use. Volunteers will be asked to attend meetings. Ideal for canoe enthusiasts.

Have at least 1 or 2 easy x-country trips each weekend for those just starting.

Selling 4 of the 8 Rambler Climbing Skins. Best Offers.

Brent will buy 2 new snow knives for the club and 2 metal tips for x-country skis.

Discussed having fewer programs. Instead of 2 out of 3, have 1 out of 2. (Voted at Rambler Meeting Jan. 22/75. 2 out of 3 won.)

Frank needs a new cord for kettle. Has \$9.67 cash on hand. Everything OK.

Discussed people signing up for trips and not going. To be mentioned at next meeting.

CHANGING WORLD - That portion of the ski trail which is slightly uphill on the way in becomes level on the way out and that portion which is level on the way in becomes uphill on the way out. Angus Herley

WHO'S FOR A SING SONG: Camping means camp fires and singing. If enough Ramblers know the words to enough songs for 1975 why not a Ramblers Song Book? I'll be glad to put the first edition together, so let me have the words to your songs (Rugby versions as stop-gaps only!) before the winter ends. Jay Reed

FOR SALE:

One pair True Line Hockey Skates, size 8, worn about eight times - \$10.00.

Smith-Corona 'Calypso' Portable Typewriter, as new used about a dozen times - \$80.00

Frank Reed (263-6835)

Thanks go out again to Pat for typing this issue of the Pack Rat.

**Correction on last issue of the Pack Rat in the Fish Lake Pack Rat article - a lake was mentioned and was misspelled - the correct spelling is OLIVER Lake.

W I N T E R S P O R T S

Winter time in Canada just seems to last and last
And so one has to look to sports to help the cold months pass.
I'm too much of a coward to do the downhill run,
(I tried it in Ontario, it wasn't too much fun
Falling off the T-bar in embarrassing succession
While little kids shot down the hill in nonchalant procession).

In Alberta it was snowshoes, with Ramblers just like me,
 Whose 'feet' got stuck in a little hut we went to for a P.
 The outings gave a lot of laughs as we panted up the hill,
 Or came down just a bit too fast and cried in voices shrill.
 At times we thought the snow was hard and snowshoes were not needed,
 But someone tried and stood knee-deep - our leaders's words we heeded.

I turned my sights to skating next and practiced it indoors,
 But walking skates on carpet did not earn me any scores;
 For when the nearest rink I found, the sport did not endear
 And cursing turned the air dark blue as ice received my rear.
 But Ghost Lake offered me its charms, and when the wind is fair
 I really do enjoy my braver solo skating there.

Having now decided to give cross country skis a go,
 I have no doubt at all that this will be a tale of woe,
 At least in the beginning till I learn to stay upright
 Or fall as gracefully as I can and not put up a fight.
 I do enjoy the winters here, it's only fair to say
 That members of the Ramblers Club have helped it be that way.

Ta.

Jay Reed

BREAD - From Let's Cook Right by Adelle Davis

2 packets or 2 tbsp Baker's Yeast
 2 cups warm water

Leave until starts fizzing, then

ADD

1/3 cup Molasses or Brown Sugar
 2 tbsp Oil

3 1/2 cups Whole Wheat Flour

STIR until combined, then

BEAT for 300 strokes, then

ADD

1 1/2 cups Whole Wheat Flour

1/2 cup powdered NON-INSTANT milk

1 tbsp salt, then

STIR - DO NOT KNEAD

Place in a warm place (35°C for 45 minutes or until rises to double.)

STIR dough to original size

Mould loaf into oiled 5" x 3" pan

Let rise to double (30 minutes)

BAKE 45 to 50 minutes at 375°C.



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