



THE PACK RAT

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March 1979

NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

The objectives 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 8:15 p.m. in the basement of the First Lutheran Church, 1001-7 Ave., Calgary, T2P 1A8. There they organize hike, ski tours, backpacking and canoeing trips. There are programs on two of every three Wednesdays. The Ramblers also hold social functions throughout the year.

For information phone 282-1330 (Bob Baxter at Bob's Bookstore, hours: Mon. to Sat., 10 to 12, 1 to 5:30) or any of the following in the evenings:

President:	Brian Westcott	286-7288
Vice President:	Ordell Steen	276-7642
Secretary:	Annemarie Marriner	289-4356
Treasurer:	Ron Folkins	283-6114
Leader's Chairman:	Peter McGill	261-6073

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 Tony Forster at 265-9623. Trip reports and articles from members are welcome.

BOULDER PASS

JANUARY 20 AND 21

By Art Davis

This was originally to have been a New Year's Eve trip which was announced as follows:

GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE EXTRAVAGANZA

FREE ACCOMMODATION at luxurious Ptarmigan Towers Condominiums. Situated in famous Banff National Park at Boulder Pass overlooking beautiful Ptarmigan Lake with excellent views of Deception Pass, Fossil Mountain, Heather Ridge and many more of nature's wonders.

Guaranteed sound proof accommodation, no worry about noisy neighbours. Air conditioning in each room (which will be constructed to the occupant's personal taste, early Eskimo decor being the usual favourite). Party Ice Available-FREE!!!

Due to the rather cold weather around New Year's weekend I postponed the trip until January 20. On Saturday morning seven of us, Dick and David Jull, Lil Henigman, Ordell Steen, Jim Wilson, Dick Lowndes and myself arrived at the Whitehorn Ski Area, which was really crowded, to discover that we were too late to catch the bus to the Temple Ski Area. After parking at the gate on the Temple Lodge road we struggled into our packs which varied from 35 to over 45 pounds and trudged up the road. Any moment we expected a truck to give us a lift as had happened the last two years on this trip. Unfortunately no such luck. The walk up took just over an hour with light snow falling all the time. We passed up the idea of a coffee stop at Temple Lodge after seeing the line up at the cafe. After a light snack at the trailhead we then donned our skis and headed up the trail to Boulder Pass. Snow conditions were quite good and the weather was mild with no wind. On reaching Half Way Hut, Ordell got the idea of taking a short cut along the east side of the creek. I followed him, which was a mistake, as being second was almost as bad as breaking trail, fortunately the main trail, which had been broken was reached after a half hour or so. At least it seemed that long.

I met Ordell at Boulder Pass at 2:30 and we set off after the trip of 9½ km with a total elevation gain of roughly 600 m.

We skied along the lakeshore and located a good looking bank of snow that was created by almost constant wind in that area, as anyone who has been there will well know. Ordell and I used the avalanche probe and found the snow deep enough for our purposes. By this time all the party had arrived and by working in relays we dug straight into the snow bank making two caverns large enough to stand up in and with enough floor space for sleeping. We cut a doorway between the two rooms and then blocked up the entrances with rough snow blocks, leaving a few spaces at the top for ventilation. An entrance tunnel was dug just below the floor level to keep most of the cooler air from entering. There was also one large platform dug out about waist high in one room which could be used for cooking on. Jim, who did the work on this, used it for a bed. The cooking platform in the other room was not quite as large. A few inches were cut into the walls for placing candles. During the digging I had been bragging about how good my shovel was for costing under \$5.00 when the handle parted company from the scoop. Oh well, the broken scoop came in handy to be used as a base for a stove.

By the time the caves were complete it was dark so candles were lit and a pot of bang-tang brewed up and together with some cookies and other goodies wetted our appetites for supper. One thing about winter camping, you don't have to wash dishes, just stick them in the snow, the frozen remains can be chipped off later.

After supper we spent a couple of sociable hours, party atmosphere was added to the evening by Dick L., who had brought along a seemingly inexhaustible package of balloons. Dick J. concocted a batch of hot chocolate with Southern Comfort, which was rather different. Some of the group were busy taking pictures, or trying to, before the camera lenses fogged up. It can get rather humid in a snow cave, especially when cooking is in progress. After 10 p.m. we prepared our sleeping bags and the entrance was blocked up with three packs. During the evening the temperature varied from minus 4° C to minus 8° C.

Sunday morning an urgent call of nature forced me to go out before daylight. It was the promise of a nice day that greeted me, clear sky, the moon was out, ankle deep fresh snow and no wind. Fresh tracks near our cave entrance could have been made by a wolverine, as there is not much likelihood of anything else being in that area. Luckily it did not decide to visit us during the night. I snuggled back into my sleeping bag after my dash outside and finally was aroused by the others around 8:30 when we decided to get up. All our sleeping gear had to be packed up before we could prepare breakfast.

It was well after 10:30 when we finally headed out under clear skies with hardly any breeze for Deception Pass. Half way across the lake we were out of the shadow of Redoubt Mountain and into the bright sunshine which sure felt good. The views from Deception Pass were excellent and Ptarmigan Peak was spectacular with the dusting of fresh snow on the rock faces.

Ordell, Dick J., David and Dick L. decided to take advantage of the fresh snow and had an enjoyable run down to Skoki Lodge. On their way about a half mile from Skoki, they met a Park Warden with three friends who had been at Red Deer Lake warden cabin. By coincidence this was one of the Wardens that Ordell had met at Bow Summit on November 11 when a group of Ramblers effected a rescue of two skiers in an avalanche. (See Packrat of December, 1978)

The other three of us had returned from the pass to the snow caves and had lunch. I might add the run down from the pass was the best I've seen in years, not a rock showing for a change. After skiing over to Boulder Pass with Jim, who decided to get an early start, I went back across the lake and near the end of the lake saw a group of four at the top of the pass. I assumed this was our group until they got close enough I could see by the color of their clothes that it wasn't. On meeting up with them I discovered that two of them were with a group of four I had met near Ten Mile Cabin on Brester Creek on Christmas Day. After chatting for awhile they mentioned that our group was not far behind. I mentioned we were camped in snow caves at Boulder Pass. (According to park regulations Baker Lake is the nearest camping area and no camping is allowed at Boulder Pass). The man I was talking to seemed quite interested in our camp than I notices the color of his knickers and shirt and asked him "Are you with the Warden Service?" His reply was yes, to which I replied "Oh! Oh!" However he was more concerned that we were properly registered and did not bring up the matter of where we were camped. Two of his party did come over and look at the snow caves and were quite impressed.

Shortly after this Lil decided to leave and going back over to Boulder Pass with her I met Brent on his way in to meet us. We returned to the caves and by this time the four had returned from Skoki so we packed up and the last of us to leave were on the way at 3:50 p.m. It was an enjoyable run out to Temple Lodge and most of the group used the ski out trail. Two of us skied down the road, which was very good with the fresh snow from Sat. night. I was the last one out and reached the parking area at 5:10 p.m.

On the way back to Calgary we stopped for supper at Banff at the Silver City. This is the third annual snow cave trip to Boulder Pass and if I go back again this year you can be sure I have noted the location of the cave entrance to avoid another two to three hours of digging snow.

Many thanks to the group that worked so hard to make our snow caves so comfortable and for a very enjoyable weekend.

The following is the copy of a letter sent to the Premier of Alberta from the R.M.R.A.

February 28, 1979

Mr. Peter Lougheed
Premier of Alberta
307 Legislative Bldg.
Edmonton, Alta.
T5K 2B6

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter as president of the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association. We are a Calgary outdoors club with a membership of one hundred and ninety members.

We would like to express our deep concern over the fact that you are considering development in the Willmore Wilderness Area. This wilderness is an irreplaceable part of our natural heritage and as such must remain free from development. Our organization has taken several extended trips in Willmore Wilderness and has developed an appreciation for this unique area.

We would also like to see the protection of this wilderness area placed under a new, tougher wilderness preserves act which would require any changes to the status of such areas at least to be subject to public debate in the legislature.

Sincerely,

B. Westcott, President
Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association

BW:am

cc:
Bob Dowling Dallas Schmidt
Al Adair Robert Clark
Don R. Getty Grant Notley

JUNKYARD ICESTRING

Feb. 3/79

By Brent Davis

After a coffee stop at my place and a breakfast stop at the Gulf in Canmore, Ordell and I started on the gruelling 200 yard walk to the Junkyard Icestring. It is located in the gap behind the Canmore Power station. We had a bit of trouble spotting it at first because of the multitudes standing in front of it. The Junkyard is a series of unconnected ice sheets. We decided to start with a 100 foot pitch. This wasn't chosen for its challenge, but rather it was the only piece of ice without a collection of people. Up a ramp on the left to a small ice cave where I set up a Davis original belay (one which is safe, but doesn't look so). Up came Ordell and we had a smoke while the belay was exchanged for something more conventional. I traversed out to the left, put in an ice screw and started up. It looked steepish and since I wasn't feeling particularly ambitious I opted for an easier looking corner. After five or ten minutes of sewing machine legs I managed to get onto a little platform over an overhanging rock wall. Since I was out of Ordell's sight I decided to surprise him. I scrambled down a ledge, jumped down a small step, traversed the rock wall and climbed up directly opposite him. He didn't notice my head poking over the rocks so I just watched him for awhile. It's interesting, when you get the chance, to watch your second and find out really how little attention they pay to you.

We rappelled down and decided to try a different line on the pitch. Ordell led the first bit in fine style and while he was setting up the belay I climbed up removing the ice screw. The packs were hauled up and I eyed the next pitch which was the one I was going to lead. It looked steep and after crapping out of the other attempt this one didn't exactly excite me. I hummed and hawed then made a couple of moves and came back down. I mentioned to Ordell that we were at an ideal "bivvy" site and I might feel like finishing the climb after a good nights sleep.

"Would you guys like another party member?" came a voice from below.

"Only if you'll lead the top part," was my response.

"Sure thing."

So with that the easy way up (top roped) was guaranteed. Paul Somebody leading to the top. He led the pitch with no problem and belayed up Ordell. Ordell, then, in keeping with proper technique

started taking in my rope. This was fine and dandy except for one small detail, I hadn't yet tied the rope. So there I stood watching the rope slither up leaving me stranded half way up the ice. Paul Somebody showed up at the bottom and after Ordell threw the rope down he threw it across to me. I then lowered the packs down and after finding the rope stuck in the packs I rapelled down to free them. Then I completed the entire climb in one pitch with the top rope. There had been an equipment screw-up with Paul Somebody and we didn't manage to get off the ice until dusk and by the time we got back to the vehicle it was dark. We then retired to the CanCor Tavern for a beer vowing to never climb with strangers again.

GLACIER LAKE

Saturday morning, the 24th of February, found five Ramblers (Art Davis, Brent Davis, Mary Fletcher, Tony Forster, and Ordell Steen) at the trailhead to Glacier Lake, about a km north of Sask. crossing station on the Banff-Jasper highway. Our destination was an old "trappers cabin" at the east end of Glacier Lake, a distance of approximately 9km or 5.6 mi. (the trail sign erroneously states 10 miles). For the first 2 km, the trail extends through a relatively recent burn area which currently supports a forest of mostly small lodgepole pine. A cow and calf moose casually sauntered by us as we skied this area.

At approximately 2.5 km from the highway, the trail reaches the broad floodplain of the Howse River. From here, two alternative routes to Glacier Lake are available and we split into two groups so we could try each. The first trail is the usual summer hiking trail which turns west from the river and climbs approximately 250 m onto a ridge. It then descends approximately the same elevation to Glacier Lake. The second route is up to broad, flat floodplain of the Howse River for about 5 km to near the junction with the Glacier River and then along this tributary to Glacier Lake. The first route is shorter but requires more climbing with some short but fairly steep sections. The two groups reached the cabin within about 45 minutes of each other.

The cabin is relatively well concealed in forests at the outlet of the lake. It is approximately 2 by 3 m in size and includes 1 bunk and a small platform. It is relatively tight and solid with a new roof but a dirt floor. It is built in the traditional "trapper style". The setting is very scenic.

Tony, in typical good(??) form gave us the ~~post~~ of the old trapper sitting on a log at the doorway of his cabin, can we ima-

giné Tony being a successful trapper, stealthily stalking wildlife and setting traps? One wonders who would get caught. Anyway he was able to supervise Mary while she performed the frontier camp chores.

Also true to form, Art and Brent brought silver goblets and fine (?) imported wine (cork and all) all the way to Glacier Lake. Needless to say, an enjoyable evening was had by all.

Sunday morning dawned although we couldn't really tell when or where due to the thick cloud, fog and falling snow. Visibility within 100 meters was great so we set off westward across Glacier Lake while Tony pointed out the "sites" such as Mount Forbes somewhere off in never-never land. We had originally intended to ski up the Glacier River to near the tongue of the Southwest Lyell Glacier but turned back before reaching the end of the Lake.

THE ROAD TO KOETI

By Peter McGill

The road to Koeti isn't paved with legendary gold. At best the road is quite fragmentary. It loses itself in rivers, vivid grass flats, and miles of river churned gravel as it passes up the Taramakau Valley.

The Taramakau (Tera-mac-cow) is on the west side of the Southern Alps of New Zealand. It is in an area of low alps from 6000 to 9000 feet as opposed to the High Alps of the Mt. Cook region (10,000 to 12,000+ feet). This is hiking and exploring country. The Taramakau is a deeply incised glacial valley with the floor levelled by fluvio-glacial gravels. It is about a mile wide. From the valley floor the forest literally claws its way up the mountain side to a glacial bench at 3000 feet. From this point steep tussock basins sweep up to cliffed and rubble peaks that culminate around 6000 feet. From the valley floor to the tops is 5,500 feet. The only thing I can add to this word picture is that the flanks of this grand valley are incredibly dissected. Side valleys are frequently vertical, but all the lower slopes are covered with convulsive billows of evergreen. This is a temperate jungle.

But let me begin. The road to Koeti begins in a clearing, spiked with gorse and guarded by a very impressive bull. Now this bull was making all sorts of bellows that may have impressed the cows but were scaring the hell out of me. In my efforts to avoid a frontal attack I had to skirt the clearing and beat my way through gorse and blackberry to the banks of the Otira River.

The Otira is a mean, swift devil that laces across a bouldery bed. Well good-bye dry socks, whoops, good-bye dry pants. The trick is to travel down with the current.

When I was a youth, my mother would always advise me, before I left for a weekend of hiking, to keep my feet dry. Now this was the one thing you were least likely to do. For those who would tread the forest paths and mountains of New Zealand, dry feet are one thing you will never have. Even a dry body is frequently a luxury.

On the other side of the Otira River it is more gorse, grass flats and then several miles of unremitting boulders and braided streams. I dream of the gaiters that I don't have as I cross yet another branch of the Taramakau and accumulate even more gravel in my boots. It is amazing in such circumstances that you can continue to walk on such an incredible mixture of stones. It is nothing more than sheer agony. But stopping seems to require more energy than plugging on. So you plug on.

Eventually I reached the grass flats at the midpoint of the valley. It has been an incredibly hot day and the heat literally explodes from the gravel flats. I would love a drink of water, but with wild sheep everywhere I refrain. The scrouge of hydatis keeps me from drinking water that otherwise looks quite clean. Hydatis is a tape worm that attacks the liver.

Without drinking water even I can appreciate that the valley is beautiful. Green, green grass and delicate clumps of the southern beech, Nothofagus. Birds sing. There is the chime of the bell bird, the more liquid cadences of the tui. Overhead green bush parrots squawk. The mountain parrot, the Kea, wheels and screeches. The iridescent Paradise ducks complain and wheel as you invade their territory.

On in a pleasant glade, as far up a side valley as I can get away from the dawn sheep, I camp. Three hundred knots and one hour later I finally have my tent up. A million sandflies have now invaded my earthly paradise. They are all jaw, the rapacious, little bastards. A huge fire and large doses of my favorite sherry have immuned me to discomfort. I lay on my back and watch a filagree of beech leaves against a fading sky.

DAY TWO: At dawn there is an incredible cacophony of birds, bells, chimes, and liquid notes as each claims his tribal rights. The fantails flit by the tent devouring sandflies. The should be encouraged. The sky is clear. The sun is inching its way down the mountain. The shafts of sunlight catch the trees above, then the tent. Do I get up? Of course not. I lie right in bed till the sun makes the tent an oven.

The first part of the road this day takes me through vivid meadows, flored with green and contained by clumps of beech. Southern beech (Nothofagus) is just a wonderful tree. It is not that tall, 50 to 60 feet, rarely 100 feet. It can be quite bushy where it is unrestricted laterally on a grass flat. However it is the leaves that endear this tree to you. They are small, serrated along the edges and against the light, translucent. This is their beauty. Between you and the sun there are a million leaves, each interposed and overlapping, so that there are a million shades of green as the light filters through the crown.

I now have to do some serious map reading. A small scale map with widely spaced contours shows the trail to Koeti leaving the main valley by a tributary valley and then using a spur to climb to the open tops. Only I haven't been that careful checking side streams and on the opposite side of the valley one bush ridge looks much like another. Finally, I make a choice and ascend an incredibly steep side stream towards the Koeti Range or the "Big Top" as we used to call it locally. Stream is a misnomer for this creek. It is haphazard collection of boulders, large boulders. The enclosing ridges plummet to the creek. Quite by accident I trip over a cairn. What in the hell would someone put a cairn here for? Well of course, the trail and map don't agree. Isn't that about normal?

Now begins the climb. It's steep. It's incredibly steep and it's all covered with a mat of forest. There is one cliff band after another, all with their tangle of roots. As I climb, ever so slowly, the forest changes character. The giant podocarps, the rimus and white pine with their purple scaled barrels are quickly replaced by a lower denser forest. There is one tree with a girth of way 15 feet and only 30 to 35 feet high. Here literally is a bulwark to withstand the blasts of the south Pacific. At 2500 feet I am in the sub-alpine scrub with an unbelievable mixture of trees and shrubs. Perhaps the most remarkable is what I term the pineapple tree. It has pineapple like shards on the end of low branches. There is a turpentine, so named because the long needle like leaves burn green. There is leatherwood. The list could go on and on. Each bush claws and fights for a space on this earth. It is virtually impenetrable without a slashed trail.

At 3000 feet the sub-alpine forest scaggles to an end. At this point I have emerged from the forest on a glacial bench. The trail if it exists at all is lost in chest high tressocks and turpentine scrub. Somewhere in all this jungle there is a hut. After a half hour of searching I find a bright orange hut with four bunks and no water. Fortunately, there is a barrel outside and it is brimming full with rain water. Since there is in excess of 200 inches of rain a year in this area the barrel doesn't have to stand near anything in particular. Standing as it does under the sky is enough to

ensure that is always full.

A long rest and I am on my way to Koeti. At first I am travelling along a glacial bench at 3000 feet. The bench actually marks the boundary between the sharp catenary curve of the main trunk glacial valley and the broader, smoother alpine slopes. It is present almost universally throughout this area of the Southern Alps. One further detail, the slopes that face northwest to the sun were less intensely glaciated than the slopes that face to the southeast. The northwest face of Koeti has great smooth basins of tussock that smoothly sweep up to the base of the peak. The southeast faces are cliffed, vertical and intensely glaciated.

At first the tussock is chest high. The ground is invisible. I manage to step into a washout and drive my pelvis up around my collar bone. As I climb higher the tussock rapidly sinks in size and when it is no more than a foot in height, alpine flowers crowd the areas between the more widely spaced tussock heads. Perhaps the most beautiful is the Mount Cook lily. Only it isn't a lily, it is an anemone. It has large, delicate, white petals, cupped with a yellow centre. With three or four flowers on a green stem it sways in the breeze above the tussocks. There is the stalwart coule alpine daisy with a furry stem; a profusion of white daisies, a white monkey type flower, and white moss campia. With one exception all the alpine flowers are white. I could find only one yellow daisy. In this garden there is abundant water. Small streams cascade from each glacial step in the basin, scarcely incised in the mountain greywacke. Around each little waterfall there is a profusion of daisies, lilies, and verdant moss.

Alate afternoon sun still bathes Koeti in pleasant gold. The final peak is a succession of rock steps and scree. The rock is frequently red with lichen. A short chimney and I am on top. To the west, the tangled skein of Taramakau River is lost in a blue haze of mountain ridges. Behind me Koeti drops vertically to the Pan Oter River. To the south a hundred dark peaks puncture an evening sky. It is just a beautiful evening. Who would ever want to leave?

In fast fading light I retreat back to the flowers, down to the tussocks and back to the hut. The time on Koeti is in a sense ethereal. It is a culmination of effort and the simple joy of looking at beautiful mountains.

COIRE DUBH

February 18/79

By Brent Davis

This icefall is the second obvious gully on Goat Mtn. (Loder Pk.) north of the 1A highway. It took about an hour to reach the base of the climb by plodding on foot through sometimes waist deep snow for a little over one mile and 1000 feet elevation gain. Below the ice was a long slope of hard packed 35 degree avalanche debris on which Ian, Art, Ordell, and myself practised self arrests, belaying methods and bollard construction. We spent a few hours falling down the hill in this fashion then donned the equipment for a "serious undertaking".

A couple of hundred feet of snow slogging brought us to the first obstacle. An 80 foot pitch of ice and rock varying from 70 degrees to overhanging. I've found the best way to tackle this stuff is to only look at it long enough to pick a line and then get on with it or you'll scare yourself less.

The ice quality was incredible, green and plastic, the kind of stuff you can do no wrong on. I pushed up to where it became verticle and after putting in an ice piton, traversed left to a groove where I thought it would go easier. So much for looking at it long enough to pick a line. The ice was still verticle, but also hollow, brittle and thin. I pounded in another ice piton and tried going up a couple of times, but things just weren't as invitation as they were down below. Then I spotted a possible line off to the left and a little lower down. Hollow ice smashed and some handholds appeared. I dropped the hammers and used my hands on a thin horizontal ice and snow ribbon while my cramponed tootsies scrambled on smooth rock. This was something new to me, friction climbing in crampons. After about six feet and five minutes I was able to get back to ice climbing. Up a steep narrow ramp of thin ice over powder snow over hard ice under slightly overhanging rack. I thought of putting in a rock piton as, if I had fallen, the ice pitons most probably would have ripped out and I would have to climb all the way up again. But the rope drag was already considerable so the temptation was resisted. Fun thoughts in an airy spot. Around the rock the slope eased back and so ended the toughest and most enjoyable pitch I've ever led.

Ian then started up but his arms went to sleep so down he went. I shouted down the Ordell to take his time to make it look difficult, but I guess he didn't hear me. He make short work of the pitch even though he had to remove the ice pitons. Once up to my position Ordell coiled the rope while I started up the rest of the gully to warm up. For the most part it was a slow slog for 900 feet with a few 30 to 40 foot pitches up to 70 degrees. We solo climbed up into the cirque at the top of the ice and sat down for a smoke contemplating the

the possibility of continuing to the top of the ridge. It didn't look exceedingly difficult (F 4) but I'd want lots of pitons. The wind was even worse at the high spot than down below and at times it was quite impossible to look down. It was decided to down climb the route instead of rapelling and within half an hour we were back with the others, a further 45 minutes saw us back to the vehicle.

To one who doesn't climb this may seem like a waste of time and a dangerous one at that. But dangers can be minimized and I find it impossible to describe the feelings involved in climbing at your limit yet not exceeding it and getting to a place rarely visited even if it seemed inhospitable when there. That is the reason for climbing. Getting in touch with your feelings and sharing them with your companions.

REVEALED

Richard and Valerie Blackburn (nee Wickham) are the proud parents of a baby girl, Katherine Lucy. Born December 1, 1978.

LOST

One Book: "Men of the Mountains" by Sid Marty.

Last Seen: When loaned to unknown lady I met on Alistairs hike to Elbow Falls last autumn. Neither book nor lady seen since.

Any Clues: Phone Joyce 282-2465

PLEASE WELCOME THE LATEST RAMBLER

Rebecca Elizabeth Flanagan, born Dec. 30, 1978, adopted Jan. 10, 1979, by Tom and Marianne Flanagan. 7 lbs. 10 ozs. at birth.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Many thanks to the Typing 20 class of Okotoks High School for working so diligently on our newsletter!

NEW YEARS NEWS LETTER - HOT FLUSH (FLASH???)
WHO'S DOING WHAT IN 1979:-

1. W.D. will skip off to Mexico with his 2 lady housemates.
 2. T.F. will raise "hares"??
 3. P & E will have an addition in (to??) their house.
 4. J.C. requires new vestment to match his chariot.
 5. R.F. is giving up corvairs as he has heard the better idea by "Ford".
 6. A.D. to buy a new map and compass so that he can find "McGillivray".
 7. D.L. is buying a new stove so that he can have his^{stove} tea before "5 p.m." on Rambler trips.
 8. D.J. will buy a pair of ear plugs to avoid waking himself up in an igloo.
 9. P. Mc. is buying an army surplus flame-thrower so that he can start camp (forest) fires more easily.
 10. A.H. is buying a large fire extinguisher!
 11. T.F. is rumored to be hiring Cecil B. DeMille to produce his famous movies.
 12. O.S. is looking for an ass (jack) to carry his photo equipment on Rambler trips.
 13. B.D. is rumored to have an "uncontrolled" interest in the PAMPER Corp.
 14. Civil War Institute is recalling E.S.'s pack.
 15. Donations for Long Johns needed for T.F.'s debut as Pre Madona Ballerina in Louis Riel's Ballet.
 16. B.F. will get "Bionic" legs in the New Yr. to replace his decrepit joints.
 17. B.W. will ban all records of "Hello Dolly" to avoid tempting a few Ramblers to burst into song at future meetings.
 18. Thanks to L.H. for anonymously handing in this list.
- EDLOR'S NOTE: The above was written at a party by several inebriated Ramblers.

Sophie's Orange Zucchini Cookies.

1/2 cup vegetable oil
 1/2 cup soft margarine
 2 cup firmly packed Brown sugar
 2 eggs
 2 tablespoons frozen orange juice
 1 tsp orange extract
 3 tsp finely grated orange rind
 1/2 tsp vanilla
 1 cup grated zucchini (do not peel)
 3 cups flour
 1 cup wheat germ
 1/2 tsp baking soda
 1 tsp baking powder
 1/2 tsp salt
 3/4 cup rolled oats
 1/2 cup coconut
 1/2 cup raisins
 1/2 cup walnuts

Cream oil, margarine & sugar. Add eggs & mix well.
 Add Orange juice, flavour & rind, Mix well, add zucchini.
 Mix flour, wheat germ, soda, baking powder, salt & add
 to creamed mixture stirring until moistened.
 Mix in rolled oats. Chill for 20 minutes. Drop on greased
 pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 min. Remove immediately....