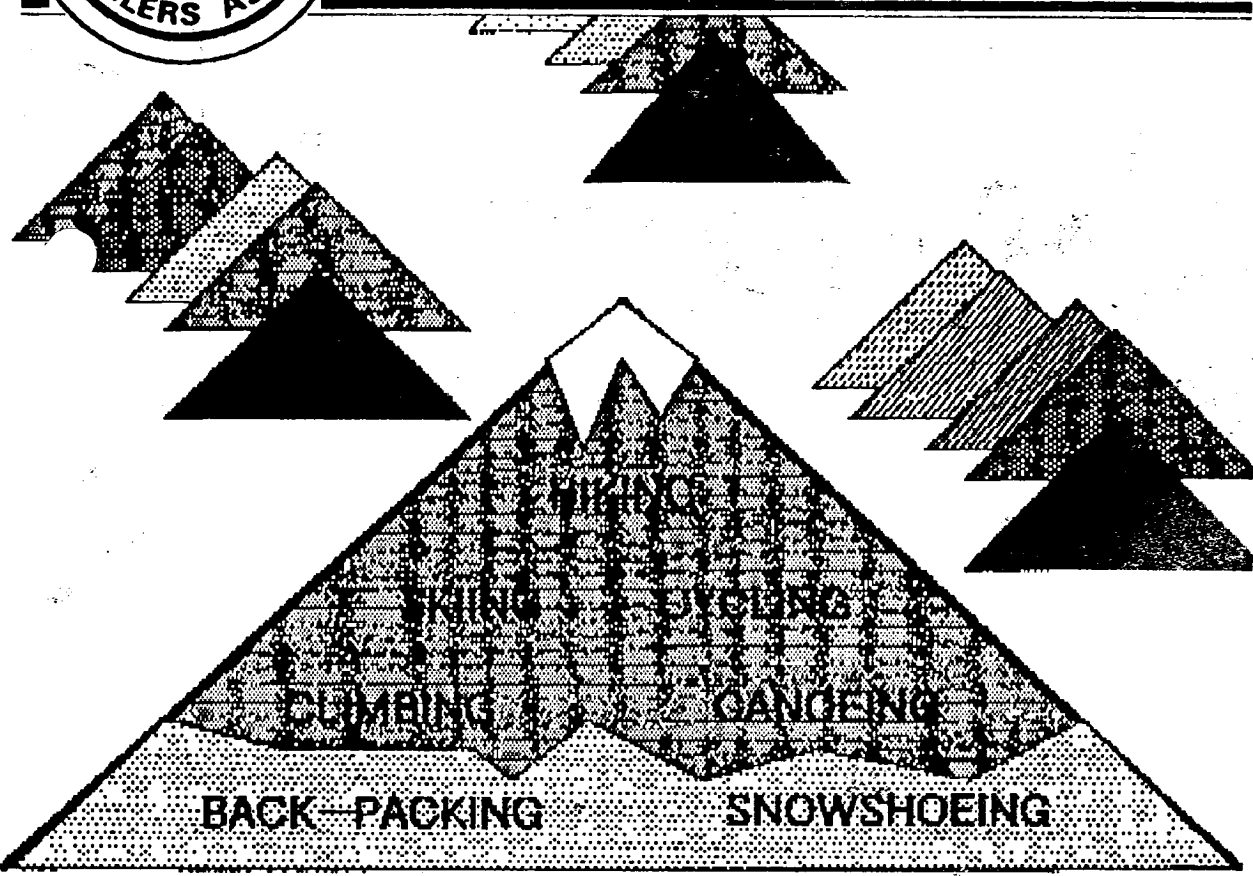


THE

JUNE 1989

# PACKRAT



*In this issue:*

- 10000 Feet Mountain
- Surprise up Pitts Creek
- Backpack in the Grand Canyon
- My Summer Vacation, and much much more!



# The Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association

**ACTIVITIES:** Hiking, Skiing, Backpacking, Climbing, Canoeing, Cycling, Mountain-Biking, Snowshoeing, Educational and Awareness Programs and Social functions.

**MEETINGS** WEEKLY- Wednesday evening at 8:15 PM  
Rosemont Community Hall  
2807 - 10 Street N.W.

**MAIL:** P.O. Box 3098, Station B,  
Calgary, Alberta. T2M 4L6

**FEES:** Annual Memberships: Single \$15.00/ family \$25.00

**TRIP INFO:** 282-6308 RMRA Hotline

## RMRA Executive 1989

<b>PRESIDENT</b>	Frank Van der Voet
<b>VICE PRESIDENT</b>	Edna Konik
<b>TRIP COORDINATOR</b>	Alistair Des Moulins
<b>TREASURER</b>	Dorraine Simpson
<b>SECRETARY</b>	Jim Cox
<b>PROGRAM DIRECTOR</b>	Steve Logos
<b>PACKRAT EDITOR</b>	Barb McInnis
<b>SOCIAL DIRECTOR</b>	Darlene Weger
<b>EQPT. COORDINATOR</b>	Kevin Taylor

Note: Opinions expressed in the Packrat do not necessarily represent the opinions of the RMRA as a whole.

# RAMBLERS PRESIDENTIAL RAMBLINGS

The last time I put pen to paper for this column, I encouraged members to serve the club by becoming assistant coordinators. Happily, there were several of you who took my suggestion to heart. At the last coordinators council meeting, several new assistant coordinators were accepted. The fact that several of these Ramblers are eager to lead beginner's day trips and backpacks is especially encouraging. Because of this relative flexibility, we have one of the best (I should say THE best) hiking clubs in the city.

What makes the RMRA such a good outdoor recreation club? The answer is very simple: people. We have an enviable record of outdoor safety thanks to a commitment to wilderness safety that is continually demonstrated by trip coordinators. Also, trip participant continually show a willingness to listen to their trip leader's advice and recommendations.

It's all a question of responsibility (the dreaded "r" word). Now that we are at the start of the busiest time of year, I believe it worthwhile to review responsibilities as I see them.

Let's begin with the participants. The thing to always remember is that your leader is a volunteer, not a paid guide. Thus YOU are responsible for everything. That is why you sign the trip sheet. Now, it's not as extreme as you think. Your trip leader is available at the Wednesday meeting for you to discuss routes, equipment needs and so forth. You must decide for yourself whether the trip is too demanding. After all, you know your limitations best. All new members (old members too!) should have a copy of "Trip Participants Responsibilities" and a list of summer and winter equipment items. Most coordinators don't mind if you phone them at home at reasonable hours to get further trip information. If you have a medical condition, please let your leader know.

Trip leaders have responsibilities too. Generally, their duties are to lead a trip in which everyone has a pleasant time. They should try to gauge the abilities of the group and once on the trail, keep the group reasonably together. If there is a fast group and a slow group or if there are too many people, the leader should consider appointing assistants to help out. Delegation does not indicate an inferior leader, on the contrary, it shows a superior leader. As well, leaders have the responsibility to show up at the rendezvous even if the weather is terrible. With the telephone hotline operating, a lot of people tend to turn up who were either uncommitted or absent at the Wednesday meeting. If the coordinator fails to show up and the appointed time and place, it hardly appears as a good image of her/him or the club.

I guess I could ramble at length on this subject. However, let me close by saying that when in the mountains everyone should know their limits, both physically and mentally. The very essence of a satisfying outdoor experience is communication between trip leaders and trip participants. Above all, know your responsibilities. Having said that, have a season of safe hiking.

**Frank Van der Voet,  
President**

# Paget Mountain by Ken Frank

The snowflakes are falling ever so gently here on the mountainside, high above the river and lakes in the valley below. A striped chipmunk dances on a snow-covered rock, searching for a warmer place to stand. Such is life in the Rocky Mountains in late fall as we hike along the trail, breathing the fresh air and glad we have existed for one more day.

Walking along in the silence and peacefulness, my mind goes back to the early morning at home where my family are snuggled in bed, asleep. My youngest sleeps with the sweet look of innocence on her face, free from fear or worry.

And here am I, thankful for a good life and the ability to recognize the good things which have come my way. Nature has once again taken away the worries and stresses of everyday hustle in the city.

My companions and I are now above treeline and are climbing on rock and snow. As we gain elevation, the snow deepens to our knees and the view of the valley floor and surrounding mountains disappears as clouds move in to blanket the slope.

At last we reach the summit with the wind blasting the snow directly into our faces. The downwind side to the mountain is already corniced and the jagged cliffs are softened by the shroud of snow.

A lapse in the wind opens the sky and far below a turquoise-green lake appears, a jewel in the mist. We find a spot under a rock ledge to eat our lunch and have a warm drink from the thermos bottle, while trying to keep the drifting snow from settling in the back of our necks.

Time to descend before darkness catches us. We decide on a route then follow each other in a lazy king of ballet, as we dance from snow pocket to snow pocket, working our way down to the trees.

Everybody is getting tired and talk is minimal on the path winding through the trees, taking us to the parking lot.

Another weekend is over and the sharing and good fellowship of these, the Rocky Mountain Ramblers, will wait another week until a group meets beneath the snowy peaks to hike the trails once again.

## Midweek Hiking

with Diane Ladouceur

Every second Thursday, I like to get out of town and go to the mountains because I work on the weekend. There are definite advantages to midweek outings: less traffic, less people, more wildlife and a more relaxed atmosphere. Since there are more Ramblers retired now, perhaps they would like to come. We

were thinking we could do some midweek backpacks this summer too.

Anyone interested should phone me. We usually discuss routes on Tuesday nights or Wednesdays prior to the Rambler meeting.

# Tick Talk by Alf Skrastins

It is rumored that, after the success of *Jaws*, *Grizzly*, and similar exploitation films, Hollywood is about to release a movie entitled *Blood-Sucker*, a story about a band of crazed ticks terrorizing a national park, leaving paralysis and spotted, feverish death in its wake.

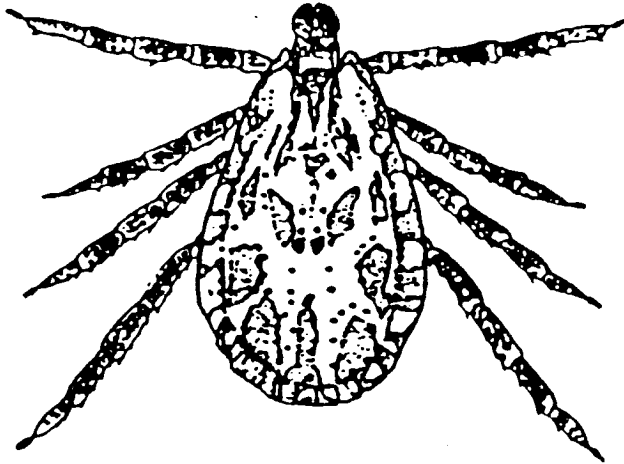
Judging by the dread some people have for the beasts, the film might be a huge financial success. However, a little knowledge of the enemy combined with some care can go a long way toward blunting the threat posed by ticks.

The tick that is of concern to mountain travellers is the Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Tick or wood tick which goes by the scientific name of *Dermacentor andersoni*.

It is found throughout the interior mountains of British Columbia and the Rocky Mountains of Alberta and British Columbia as well as the far southern parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan. They become active as areas become free of snow, which, depending on the area, can be anywhere from March to May, and the ticks remain active for about ten to twelve weeks. In dry areas 'tick season' can be over by the middle of May while in some areas they can be active until well into June.

Although the nymph and larval stages of ticks require blood gorges to grow, it is the adult tick which usually ticks man. These ticks are about the size and shape of a sunflower seed, having a hard brown body with grey markings. These arthropods have eight legs, two of which are used to hang onto brush or grass along the trail

while the other six are extended in search of a possible host. The movement of wildlife or humans along the trail causes vibrations which stimulate the tick to begin questing motions with its outstretched legs, enabling the parasite to grab onto a passing host.



The tick then crawls up the the host until it attaches itself in one of the hairy areas of the body usually at the back of the neck at and at the base of the skull. After burrowing its mouth parts into the skin, the tick begins to gorge itself on the host's blood, in order to get the nourishment it requires

for reproduction. A toxin which is present in varying strengths in some, but not all, ticks can produce a condition known as tick paralysis. This seems to be more of a problem in the interior of British Columbia than in any other region, but has been known to occur in Alberta.

The first symptoms of the paralysis occur about four to five days after the tick begins feeding. Paralysis starts with the legs and gradually ascends until within three days it affects the arms and finally the internal organs and throat. If the heart and lungs are not affected, recovery can take place within a few hours of removal of the tick. If the tick is not found, death may result.

Wood ticks are also carriers of the deadly Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, which is characterized by extremely high body temperatures, agonizing muscular tension, and a spotty looking rash.

...continued on page 6

# Backpacking the Grand Canyon

My first trip to the Grand Canyon was a memorable experience. At first I was struck by the ruggedness of the trails and its size—it was much much bigger than I had expected. This was a six day trip, which was extended to seven days. Our route went down the Baracher trails from Hermits' Rest, then along the Tonto Plateau to Bass Canyon. A recovery day was spent by the Colorado river before tackling the four thousand foot ascent of the South Bass Trail and returning to Hermits' Rest.

The temperatures at midday usually reached well into the 90's, so it was important to rise early in the morning to do most of the walking in the cooler morning air. This also made drinking a lot of water absolutely necessary to avoid dehydration.

I think this canyon is at its best at sunrise and sunset when the many colors of the rock formations are intensified to flaming reds.

An important aspect of backpacking was also also brought home to me—the importance of each

person in the group being able to take charge, if necessary. At the end of the the long first day of the trip I was hot and exhausted, so the trip "coordinator" took charge of setting up camp and cooking dinner for us. A few days later, however, we decided to backpack beyond our usual 11:30 AM stopping time. The heat and stomach problems took their toll on the trip leader, leaving him in a weakened state, stumbling along the trail and not thinking clearly. In this case, I was the one who had to carry most of the weight and make sure we both got a cool spot with lots of water, of which were seriously short.

Each person in a group should be knowledgeable enough to ensure the safety of the group or at least themselves, if necessary. The Grand Canyon is a spectacular place for backpacking, but it is not to be taken lightly since one must obey the desert's rules.

Gail Gannon

## Tick Talk....continued from page 5

To prevent ticks from attacking, it is a good idea to wear trousers tucked into boots when hiking in infested areas. While hiking or during breaks, check areas like the back of the neck for what will feel like a small bump, and use a fine toothed comb to check the hair. Make extensive daily examinations for ticks, paying particular attention to the pubic regions and the back of the head and neck.

Ticks can be removed from the body by a very, very slow and gentle pull. Other removal techniques include covering them with Vaseline or painting them with nail polish. Since ticks 'breathe' through holes in the sides of their bodies, this will 'choke' them and force them to let go to fight for their lives. This will normally remove the tick mouth parts which are responsible for the

paralysis and fever. Finally treat the wound with a disinfectant, and if there is any indication of paralysis contact a physician immediately.

Alf Skrastins

**PAT ROSETTIS** would like to hear from you.

6639 NELSON,  
WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.  
V7W 2A5,

Anyone wishing to contact Pat may do so at the above address.

# WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

After a woeful winter of workaholism, spring came around and I had a few weeks off. Having taken an oath of poverty (I'm a student), I did not have the money to travel anywhere so I spent a number weekends hiking and enjoying with the Ramblers. It started on Thursday, May 5 with a hike to Lady Macdonald, and ended a few weeks later with a trip to Grotto.

The trip to Lady Macdonald with Diane Ladouceur, Ken Watson, and Tom Thurston was a steady, steep climb. The trails are indefinite and we kept either losing it or ending up on game trails which are good for sheep but not for hikers who want to get to the top. A few hours later we made it to a saddle and saw a helicopter landing pad. The views in all directions were magnificent and breathtaking. Then we began to climb up a tricky scree slope to the peak. An hour later we reached the top. It is a marvelous feeling to stand on the tip of a huge mountain and survey the snow capped world all around.

The trip was excellent except for the ticks. They are gruesome creatures that inspire revulsion. I saw a tick land on my shoulder as I brushed by a branch. So I screamed. It was my very first encounter and once vanquished, I felt as if I'd been initiated into true "Hikedom", because it seemed like some kind of 'rite of passage' to have a tick attack my T-shirt.

I'd been up to Lady Macdonald two years ago when I did not know what I was doing or where I was going. It was a very steep climb (still is) and afterwards I could not walk for a week. However, on this particular Thursday, it was my first hike of the season, so I thought I would be out of commission all weekend because of sore legs. But a true Rambler does not let rubbery, agonized legs stop her. Neither did I.

On Saturday May 6, I decided to avoid ticks and rest my legs on a easy trip to Drumheller. The trip was led by Steve Logos and there were 8 of us or so. We had breakfast in Drumheller where we made plans for the day. Some spent the morning hiking, but the rest of us explored the Turrell

Museum, which really cannot be thoroughly experienced in just one morning. It was very fascinating and educational and hard to believe that those dinosaurs once walked the earth. That afternoon we hiked through Horseshoe Canyon and I saw my first very blue blue bird.

In contrast to venturing through the hot parched desert, the following weekend I climbed to the snowy peak of Grotto. This trip was led by Frank Van der Voet on Saturday, May 13. The first part was straight up through trees. I was still worried about ticks and did not like bushwacking, but it was unavoidable. Soon I found two ticks clinging to pant legs and quickly vanquished the little suckers. By the time we were up past the trees and the peak was in sight, I had completely forgotten about ticks. Here we stopped for a minute and looked around. We could see weather moving in; it was snowing a few mountains over. As I looked down the precipitous yet thrilling side of the mountain, I wondered how far down it was. The ascent continued. The clouds had moved closer by the time we made it to the top, where we continued along the ridge, aiming for the main peak while marvelling at the spectacular scenery all around. Soon I felt chunky snowflakes kissing my face, and when I looked up, the sky was pierced with billions of white feathery masses. It was awesome-- but cold so we dug out our protective clothing. Once we had all this clothing on, the snow stopped. We continued to the main peak where we had lunch. After lunch we explored the rest of the ridge then descended, arriving at the cars at about 5 PM.

Thus ended my rambling holiday. About 15,000 vertical feet and a least 100 km's later, I felt rested enough to start work.

Bea Emm



# BUSHWACK-ODOGY

FROM EXPLORE MAGAZINE by Steve Grant

Have you ever been on a bushwack that degenerated into chaos as people thrashed around in the woods by themselves? There is a standard chain of events that occurs when one steps off the beaten track into a rougher world of unexpected experiences and problems.

## DEVELOPMENT OF SEPARATIONS

Groups always start their bushwack together, in single file and intending to stay that way. However, differences in loads, fitness levels, motivations, and bushwacking ability conspire to separate the hikers. At first, the separations appear to be trivial; gaps of a few meters here and there. But gradually the spaces grow. A point is reached when the people ahead stop to wait for the others to catch up before proceeding. Bit by bit, both the distance they get ahead before waiting, and the length of time they wait increase. Another phenomenon begins to enter the picture. As the waits lengthen, the leaders are refreshed when the others catch up, and are anxious to be off. In colder situations, their impatience will be hastened. But the slower people — those who need rest the most — will get little, if any, rest. Thus, when the group continues, the separations will develop more quickly.



## TRANSITION TO VOICE CONTACT

Eventually the important stage is reached. This is the transition from visual contact to voice contact. At first, this seems pretty innocent. The leaders may only be out of sight of the end of the party for a few moments. They

stop, and the rest of the party comes into view. These periods become longer and less frequent until someone calls back to locate the straggler. The next step is that the advance party will continue before the slower people come into view, now relying only on voice contact.

## SEPARATION

The stage is set for "Separation". The slow group stops for something; to tie a boot lace, look at the view, or for a desperately needed rest. The advance group goes their longest yet without re-establishing voice contact. When calls to the others finally are made, they go unanswered. The

separation may or may not become permanent. The leaders may wait, and the stragglers may catch up. Both groups may sit for an amazingly long time waiting for the others. One group may wait while the other continues. The slow group may pass the fast group without either knowing it. Both groups may continue entirely different routes.



## MONKEY IN THE MIDDLE

If this weren't amusing enough, there are lots of other interesting things going on. There is usually a person who tries to keep track of both groups by keeping halfway between them. Unfortunately, this person's efforts are doomed as sooner or later they realize that the separation is growing beyond their ability to bridge. At some point, this person has to make the decision between abandoning the slower group to their fate, or sharing it with them.

## THE LEADER'S PROBLEMS

Another curious observation is that everyone is always convinced that the leader is going the worst way. In rare cases they are right — some people seek the thickets in life. There are several things that lead to the appearance that the leader is wrong. One is that the leader must constantly be looking for the best way, while the others are free to 'cruise'. The followers have the advantage of hindsight; if they see the leader has gotten into something that was worse than it looked, they can get ahead. Woe to the leader who stops even a moment to consider the best way or wait for slower people; others will press past in an instant. This is especially stressful for the leader who is the only one who knows where they are supposed to be going.

## SEEK AND RETURN

Then there is the dilemma of 'Seek and Return'. In difficult terrain, it may make sense for the stronger people to go ahead to look for the best way, as the slower people may be saved a critical bit of energy not having to backpack out of some problem spot. This never works, though — the slower party, unattended, will invariably find its way into an even more fatiguing situation.

## TAKE OFF EH!

We must also mention the person who least understands the route, and who strikes out in the wrong direction. The leader has to decide whether to just let him or her disappear, or lead the whole group after them, or call them back and have a 'scene'. If you are the person who runs off like this, remember that it is important to travel as fast as possible to 'prove' that your route is superior.

## EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

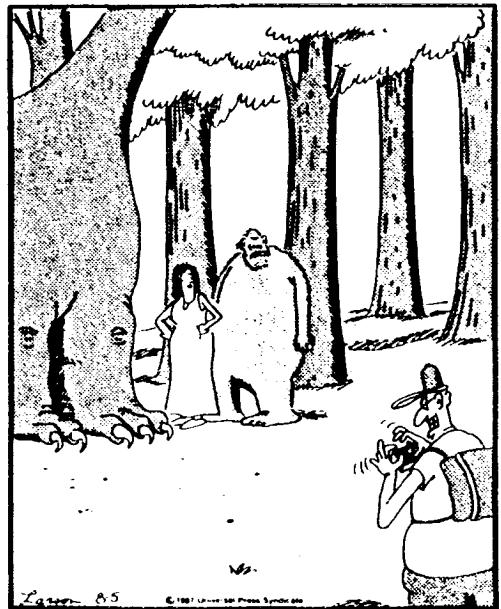
One classic experience can result when the party, as a result of either of the above fiascos or rampant dissention in the ranks, has fragmented into very small and independent units. Whether actually formally declared, or simply obvious, it's "Every man for himself". This is the culmination of bushwacking foolishness, and is an event to be cherished. Where does it all end? Usually without much harm. The party regroups at some distinctive place like a road. Sometimes the only damage is to friendships.

## FREE ADVICE

Everyone who sets off on a bushwack should consider how they would feel if they got left behind with, say, an ankle injury. If you get cold going at the pace of slow people, it is better to put on more clothes to keep warm rather than leave them behind. Bear in mind there will always be someone who is slowest. Someday it will be you. Then you can curse the fast folks. To avoid driving the leader crazy, remember that everyone in the party has the responsibility for waiting for the others, not just the leader. Happy thrashing to you.

## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



Just as Dale entered the clearing and discovered, standing together, the Loch Ness monster, Bigfoot and Jackle Onassis, his camera jammed.

**THOSE WHO TENT LEAD A SHELTERED LIFE**

There were 3.5 on the trip—nobody was pregnant: Peyto was the .5. He is 100% Rambler but some people object to our dog being referred to as a person, except Kathy Bangay who said: “He is a people.” after he kept her from freezing to death. We had sunny, hot weather for the whole weekend near South Molar Pass. We skied up with good snow conditions and after lunch in the sun, Kathy and I sharpened our shovels and started to dig our snow cave. Art, who had dug his cave earlier in the week, refined it with a couch, screen door, patio lights. But Kathy and I made the fatal mistake of not digging into the bank far enough before digging up, and out, to the sides. This became quite evident when the roof collapsed on me, and I was buried with just my head sticking out. “Get me out of here!” were some of the words used, among others. By 4 PM we resorted to plan “B”.

In a copse of trees, we dug down about 3 feet and tied a space blanket over top. We dried out around a nice fire Art built and had a leisurely supper, watching the stars come out and the moon rise. Art dropped his pipe in the snow and it seemed to get eaten by the fire: he could not find it anywhere! If my knee hadn't been so sore from all that snow landing on it, I would have liked to have gone on a moonlit ski, which to me is always a memorable part of winter camping.

That night the temperature dropped to -16 degrees Celsius. Preparing for an anticipated cold night, I wore everything to bed including a down jacket, warm-up pants, booties, mitts, nose warmer, electric earmuffs and to my great surprise, I slept all night—3 cheers for down sleeping bags! Peyto was wedged between us and kept Kathy from freezing solid—Boo for “Hollowfill”! We had a nice view in the morning with an alpine glow on the mountains and stayed in bed until Art had built a roaring fire. We had a relaxing breakfast and ran a lottery as to when the sunshine would reach the kitchen table. By the time we packed up, it had become quite warm, 5-6 degrees Celsius. Kathy rushed off, saying she was so

slow that she needed to go first. Just before shouldering packs, Art looked down at the fire and said “there's my pipe!”. It wasn't even melted, so he sat down to smoke a pipeful of stuff. I skied off, leaving him to contemplate whatever pipe smokers contemplate.

Dick Lowndes' day trip met up with our little band and Peyto romped over to say hi to his aunty Mary (Fletcher).

Art broke trail along the creek, a much nicer route without branches to fight off like on the way up. We then took the canyon route to the highway. Kathy fell over the edge of a cliff but managed to come to a shuddering stop by dragging her fingernails in the snow, avoiding a final plunge into the creek.

All in all, it was a very good trip and it's difficult to see why more Ramblers don't go on this annual trip. I remember my first snow cave trip led by Art in 1980—we had a great time. It was his birthday and we celebrated in grand style with paper hats, streamers, wine, birthday cake, candles etc. There were lots of people.

Diane Ladouceur

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**McDougal....contined from page 13**

took some scrambling using hands and knees and occasionally even the chin. Then we finally arrived at the famous scree slope. It turned out to be a slope for giants. Boulders instead of scree—very difficult to slide down on. You had to concentrate on each step and after a long day of hiking and scrambling it turned out to be the most difficult part of the whole trip.

But we made it. We got down to the creek and walked out 'slightly' tired. We left the parking lot around 5 or 5:30 in plenty of time for the more fortunate folks to rest up for the next day's work.

John Schleinlich

# *It Rained and Rained...*

I copied this poem from the wall of the Fjordland National Park headquarters in New Zealand. The mountains of Fjordland have one of the greatest rainfalls in the world—300-400 inches a year. Every so often they have a real deluge of 27 inches in twenty-four hours.

Quite surprisingly, Esther and myself have visited this area two years in a row and have had perfect weather each time.

However, for all those hikers who have been wet through and through for two or three days at a time, this poem will evoke memories.

Peter McGill

## Untitled

It rained and it rained, and rained and rained,  
The average fall was well maintained,  
And when the tracks were simply bogs  
It started raining cats and dogs.

After a drought of half an hour,  
We had a most refreshing shower,  
And then most curious thing of all,  
A gentle rain began to fall.

Next day was also fairly dry,  
Save for a deluge from the sky,  
Which wetted the party to the skin,  
And after that, the rain set in.

Anon.

Fjordland tramper, 1984.

# Adopt a Rainforest

When scientists say that the destruction of tropical rainforests could cause climate change, they are thinking of the greenhouse effect. All plants use carbon dioxide during photosynthesis - rainforests use an especially large amount because they are so productive. Removing them removes an important "CO2 sink" and has the same effect as adding CO2 to the atmosphere. Through slash and burn clearing, rainforest destruction directly adds large amounts of CO2.

Tropical rainforests are also habitat for two-thirds of the plant and animal species on earth. Their preservation is essential to maintaining the biological diversity of the planet.

Every minute, however, another 50 acres of rainforest is destroyed. The World Wildlife Fund (WWF) Canada started the Guardian of the Rainforest program this year to help preserve what's left. For \$25, you can become a "Guardian" and protect an acre of rainforest in Mexico or Guatemala forever. Last year, thousands of Canadians helped WWF Canada raise \$500,000 to buy the security of 20,000 acres of the Monteverde Cloud Forest in Costa Rica, and a donation of the Jaguar Car Company established the world's first jaguar preserve in the rainforests of Belize.

If you want to become a Guardian of the Rainforest, send your donation to:



The World Wildlife Fund,  
Suite 201, 60 St. Clair Ave.  
East, Toronto, Ontario  
M4T 1N5, or call 1-416-  
923-8173.

Reprinted from Environment Views  
Alberta Environment, Dec. '88.

# SURPRISE UP PITTS CREEK

On Sunday of the May long weekend Anne and Wally Foltz and I drove to Kootenay National Park to hike in the Kootenay Crossing area. Upon arrival we found that the trails in that area were closed because of a grizzly bear study or hazard. So we diverted further south. We decided to try the unmaintained primitive trail up Pitts Creek from the East Kootenay Fire Road.

There was no trailhead evident by the Pitts Creek bridge, but I quickly found the faint trail on the north side of the creek anyway. It led up through forest carpeted with hundreds of calypso orchids beside the clear rushing creek. Where the creek issued from the Michell Range, the wide valley changed to a narrow canyon. The trail appeared to switchback up the steep slope. Then there were numerous intersecting trails. We chose the best-looking one which clung precariously to the steep slope until it had slid away. At that point we stopped to watch two mountain goats on the opposite forested canyon wall.

A short steep climb took us up to a more stable trail which we followed until it ended at a rock cliff. These were obviously just goat trails. We took some different trails and routes back down to Pitt's Creek 500 feet below us. Then we scouted and found the faint trail continuing up the creek. It was soon washed out and a cliff forced us to cross the creek. That was easy to do on

a log and a big rock. As we made our way up the other side on rocky beach or through woods with or without a faint trail, the Foltzes' spotted two more goats on top of a cliff above us.

Just after that, we came to a waterfall or, rather, a series of falls tumbling down the opposite canyon wall just above Pitts Creek. These falls contributed about half of the water to the creek but one could easily pass without noticing them because they were hidden by trees.

While my friends waited, I crossed Pitts Creek on a log jam and climbed steeply up beside the falls. My altimeter showed them to be about 160 feet high aggregate. From my position above them I could see that there was a higher falls a short ways up. That waterfall issued from a big cave in the cliff as a huge spring! It appeared to be nearly as large as Karst Spring above Watridge Lake in volume. That was the surprise up Pitts Creek!

On that mild sunny day the "frosting on the cake" was still to come. As we were driving beyond Kootenay Crossing on our way home, a wolf loped across the highway just in front of us. I should lead a trip up Pitts Creek some day. It appears feasible to explore the creek all the way up to its headwaters.

Wally Drew

## HELP WANTED AD (INFINITUM)

Sometimes we feel we should be doing a little more for others, especially in areas in which we have a real and even just lending your support to a cause which gives you as well as others satisfaction.

A number of Ramblers are taking interest in developing rails across the province through the Chinook Trail Association (CTA). The aspects are broad, promoting the development of parkland and perservation of our scenic landscapes. Significant progress in obtaining

access for hiking trails will come only with changes in law and with government involvement. The stronger the voice of the CTA, the better the chance of early success. To encourage membership, the present subscription until April 1990 is at the extremely low rate of \$1.00 per person. Donations are also welcome and are tax-deductible.

Many, many more members are needed. I'll be happy to give you further details.

Doug Campbell

# Trip to Mount McDougal

Thirteen of us started from the Evans Thomas parking lot. It was a good road that we started out on, which after a while, continued as a trail along a river eastward into the Kananaskis country. We walked for several miles before we got out of the woods and before we got our first view of the McDougal ranges and their peaks. The ranges ran

in an east westerly and northeast south westerly direction.

Three prominent peaks stood out against the ranges. I felt lost. Luckily, we had several expert map readers with us: one equipped with a compass. Yet when any question was asked about the

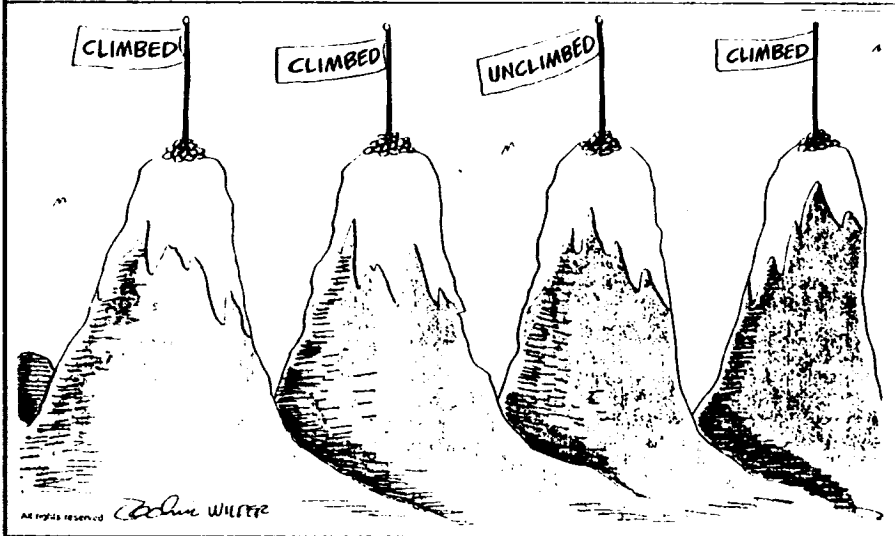
mountains or the ranges, the answer was always 'McDougal'. Quite a prolific character this McDougal was.

One of the peaks, the one to the north, looked very mean and I was silently praying that it isn't the highest peak in the area. Finally our leader (Gert Noer) pointed out the one we were going to climb. It was a more civilized looking fellow to the northwest. My prayers were answered.

The grind began. We went up toward a saddle from which a ridge led to the peak. We crossed several snow patches,

that had hardened into ice. Our ice axe brigade, however, did good work cutting steps. Four of our party decided to turn back, perhaps because of the wind and the noise of it. Blowing over steep ridges, it sounded like falling rock or plastic sliding on snow. Maybe the ominous-looking weather moving in changed their minds.

## THE McDOUGAL RANGE



Slowly we approached "A" summit which a few of us believed not to be the one since it looked too close and quite simple. So, close to the top five of us sidestepped it and headed straight up another ridge toward the far summit to the west. Later we were told that the peak we missed was or is 10 feet higher than the one we believed to be

the highest of the McDougals. I will accept this only after I see an elevation map of the size our experts had, contoured on a 10 foot interval.

Here on the top we had lunch and admired the extraordinary view of the Kananaskis ranges. I recommend it to everybody who likes good views. The wind was strong and cold, so after a while we headed back. But, naturally, not the same way as we came. Some of our fellow hikers had visions of pretty scree slopes on which one could float with great ease down into the valley. The catch, however, was that you had to go down and back up a lesser peak which

...continued on page 10

## NOTES FROM YOUR SOCIAL COORDINATOR

To be a success a social event doesn't have to be big. So far as your social coordinator, one of the most enjoyable experiences I have experienced was an evening of whist (12 people) and a events that have become annual traditions with the Ramblers. Even the "die hard" hikers have been seen enjoying themselves at these social affairs!

### Upcoming Events

Saturday, July 8

#### **The Stampede Breakfast**

John and Pat Michi have agreed to be our hosts again this year. Dress Western and bring your appetites to 2904 Conrad Dr. NW (Thanks John and Pat!).

Friday, Saturday and Sunday—September 22-24

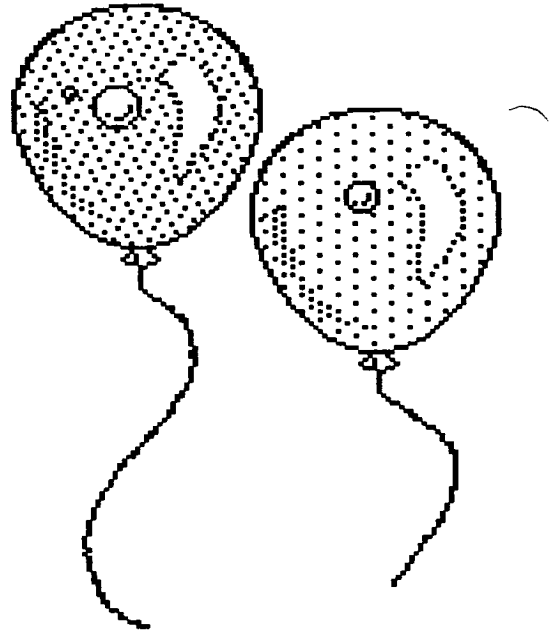
#### **Annual Car Camp—Lower Kananaskis Lake**

A beautiful spot, nice facilities and of course—as always—EXCELLENT FOOD.

Friday, October 13

#### **Annual Dinner and Dance**

Leave your superstition behind and come out to enjoy an evening of fine dining, socializing and dancing. You don't need a partner either. Just grab a fellow hiker for a swing around the dance floor (but leave your boots at home!).



I have a few ideas for some outdoor social events this summer but being a fair-weather person, I'll leave the dates open—weather permitting of course! One of the hardest things about this job is knowing what types of social functions Ramblers would like to attend. If you have any interesting ideas let me know.

See you all out there Socializing  
Darlene Weger

# patagonia®



#### HOURS:

Monday - Wednesday	9:30 - 6:00
Thursday & Friday	9:30 - 9:00
Saturday	9:30 - 5:30
Sunday	12:00 - 5:00

**1414 Kensington Rd. N.W.  
283-8311**

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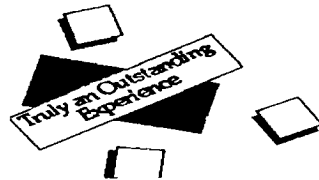
If you are looking for interesting, "off the beaten tourist track" travel, and like to share adventure and conversation with matured people, call Rosmarie Krampe at the High Spirits Tour office, phone: 266-8720 or drop by the office at Suite #3100, 350 - 7th Ave. SW.

## 1989 Program:

### TOUR 1: YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

June 30 - July 8, 1989 Cost: \$895.00 (Deposit of \$250.00)

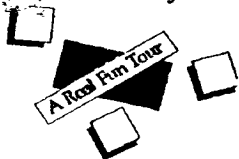
Itinerary: San Francisco  
4 days hiking in Yosemite National Park  
3 days hiking in Kings Canyon & Sequoia National Park  
Stay over in San Francisco (if possible)



### TOUR 2: SOVIET UNION

September 8 - September 26, 1989 Cost: \$3,359.00 (all inclusive, deposit of \$250.00)

Itinerary: 3 days touring Leningrad (a most beautiful city). Visit the Summer Palace, Hermitage Museum, St. Isaacs Cathedral  
First-class train to Moscow (fascinating, a must-see!). City tour includes the Kremlin, Red Square, Armoury Museum and St. Basil Basilica  
6 days walking in the Caucasus, the Elbus Mountain Range  
Stay on in Amsterdam for 4 days extra for the low cost of \$215.00



### TOUR 3: THAILAND

October 13 - November 4, 1989 Cost: \$3,450.00 (all inclusive, deposit of \$250.00)

Itinerary: Begins in Bangkok, a colourful mosaic of old and new. "Heavenly Shopping".  
Off to visit the fascinating city of Chiang Mai.  
4 days on a riverraft on the Makong River, spending time with the Hill Tribes of the north.  
3 days trekking near the Golden Triangle.  
Fly to Phuket Island to relax after the northern adventure on the lush, palm fringed beaches of this tropical island.



### TOUR 4: COSTA RICA

January 1990

Hike the rainforest of Monteverde, visit historical sites, relax on beaches and enjoy the scenery!

### TOUR 5: AUSTRALIA

March 1990 -- 23 Days of terrific adventure!