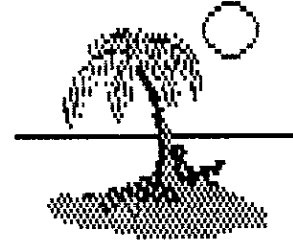


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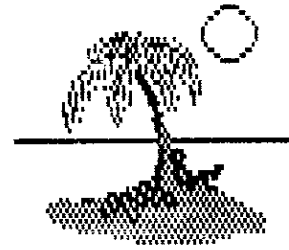
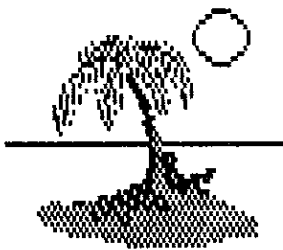
PACIFIC RAC



all outdoor activities



april 1993



**THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS
ASSOCIATION**

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

MEETINGS : Weekly, Wednesday evening at 8:00 PM at Rosemount Community Hall : 2807 -10 Street N.W.

MAIL : P.O.B. 3098 Station 'B' Calgary, AB T2M 4L6

TRIP INFO : 282 6308 RMRA Hotline and at Meetings

R M R A EXECUTIVE 1992 - 93

PRESIDENT	Reg Fryling
VICE PRESIDENT	Robert St.John
TRIP COORDINATOR	Dave Reid
TREASURER	Faye Kennedy
SECRETARY	Anne Moran
SOCIAL DIRECTOR	Josephine Ridley
NEWSLETTER EDITOR	John Schleinich

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT
by Josephine Ridley

The Social Committee has been very active and very successful. By popular request a Potluck has been added to the list as well as a dinner theatre near Drumheller. The revised list of the remaining social events in 1993 is as follows:

1. Dinner Theatre.....April 17, 1993
2. April Potluck.....April 21, 1993
3. Open House.....May 5, 1993
4. Stampede Breakfast.....July 17, 1993
5. Car Camp.....September 18, 1993
6. Awards Dinner.....October 29, 1993

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Hills and Mountains.. B.St.John p 4	The Cookie Race by D.Mouligan p 7
Heading South by A.DesMoulin p 5	Mt.Robson and more by A Moran p 7 from Carter's journal.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

No.1 Remember in the February issue, a prize was promised to the lucky winner of a draw amongst Pack Rat contributors. The executive will give the individual a free membership for 1993/94. The draw will be in October. There is still time left to enter. **W R I T E !** please.

No.2 Wilf Twelker is looking for a companion to backpack and car camp within the Southwestern U S starting middle of April. Contact Wilf.

No.3 CAOC's 10th Annual New and Used Outdoor Recreation Equipment Sale will be held on May the 8th in Mt Royal College between 1 and 3 pm.

No.4 In memoriam. An old time member, Hugh Gordon died last February. If you feel so inclined, say a prayer for his happy eternal hiking.

President's Report

by Reg Fryling

Brieta and I took off for Bella Coola and Tweedsmuir Park in the middle of the August long weekend so we didn't find the no.1 deserted - nor the campgrounds around Shuswap Lake. With temperatures in the 30's we finally drove out the crowds and camped west of Chase.

It was the next afternoon before we severed ties with the outside world and pointed the old Volvo (complete with spare parts, and yes it did make it Mr. Watson) West of Williams Lake, crossed the mighty Fraser, and headed into the Chilcotin Country. We camped, still on pavement at a pretty if rustic little prov. campground at Alex Creek on the Chilcotin River. The next morning found us cruising up the gentle fairly open valley in brilliant sunshine when we were jarred from our reverie by the rumble and dust of gravel. The pavement had ended (There are very approximately 100 miles of pavement and 100 miles of gravel between Williams Lake and Bella Cola.) The country became less and less open until it was mostly evergreens with spattering of deciduous trees. We stopped briefly at Anahim Lake, an Indian community with store and coffee shop etc. before heading up the winding, bumpy, moderate grade to Heckman Pass and the East entrance to Tweedsmuir Park. Alpine meadows and views in all directions!

We lingered all to briefly before beginning the horrendous decent toward the upper Bella Cola valley and the park exit. The road on the "big hill" was built about 40 years ago by the locals with a couple of cats after government engineers said it was impossible. Now most of the outside goods reach bella Coola via this "impossible" hill with it's 20% grades. The views were soon obscured as we descended into the forests. Bellow the "hill" pavement resumes again and there are some campgrounds, picnic sites and fish hatchery still within the Park. Outside the Park the road continues gently down a fairly open picturesque valley for about 20 miles to Bella Coola, nestled around a shallow bay in a deep fiord. This half Indian, half white community is quaint and very relaxing, insulated as it is from most tourists. We spent about three days fishing and eating salmon, looking at petroglyphs and exploring generally.

We lingered too long, for the

weather had darkened by the time we climbed the hill back to the alpine, so we settled for a day hike up the Rainbow Trail, instead of backpack, before moving on. The country was open and rolling, with inviting ridges and lakes. We reluctantly bid farewell and turned our attention to Wells Gray Park two days driving east.

Wells Gray is mainly popular with fishing and boating enthusiasts because of the big lakes, however there are some nice hiking trails as well. We back-packed and camped at Fight Lake, which we had pretty much to ourselves, except for the bugs! Next morning with day packs we ambled through meadows and over Fifty-two Ridge on our way to Battle Mountain. Most routes up would be hands-in-pockets, but we chose four legged scrambling. On the large flat top, an old wooden fire look out still stands. To the North much of the Park is visible, and to the South, Trophy Mt. just outside the Park.

Next day we packed out and drove to Trophy Mt. trailhead thinking we would camp there. It was a dusty old logging ramp so we repacked and encouraged our tired bodies to climb through the woods for an hour to the alpine. Just as the trees started giving away to meadows we started looking for camping spots, but instead saw a GRIZZLY! Reluctant but quick exit. We then visited a friend at Salmon Arm who suggested the Keystone, North of Revelstoke as a nice day hike, first camping at a neat and green gov. facility along the Revelstoke Reservoir. Access is off a logging road and one gains the alpine and the views quickly. It would be worth staying in for a few days.

Time for a little exploring around New Denver and Slocan Lke - Nakusp Hot Springs, Idaho Peak above New Denver, Bannock Point (local swimming hole in Slocan Lke - they claim you can still drink that water), and Sandon (an old mining town with general store and museum).

Finally a backpack into Blue Grouse Basin in Kokanee Glacier Prov. Park where we explored some alpine ridges and faint old mining traces. This Park and Valhalla beckon strongly for more exploring.

Presidential Ramblings:

I have nothing major to report concerning our club and would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new members.

Freedom of the Hills **

by Bob St.John

People have often asked me, 'Why do you get up at 5 in the morning on a freezing cold day to ski UP a mountain, I mean what's the point of it?'. My replies have been all over the map from 'I enjoy a challenging way to keep fit', to 'I enjoy going in the mountains where others seldom go', to 'I enjoy the company of like-minded people'. I have no clear cut answer because all of these reasons and others that are harder to express contribute to why I do the things I do. All club members place different emphasis on what they enjoy about the outdoors. I know that from one trip to the next my enjoyment may come from different aspects of the activity. The variation of expectations that people have on a trip calls for cooperation and compromise between participants and the coordinator. I want to relate some feelings I've had both from a participants view and a coordinators view.

Over the last year I have participated on a wide variety of trips. Some have been walks to Grassi Lakes and Grotto Canyon on which I brought my 9 year old daughter. Those were trips to stroll easily along, talking with others and stopping frequently to take pictures. I enjoy at times to move along at a relaxed pace, talking politics to computers with other members of the group. On some trips that go into the back country I would just as soon hike alone in solitude for a while. These are times when I blank out the human world and escape to the sounds, smells and sights of the natural world. On some days I am full of energy, the backpack feels light, or the skis seem to fly. These are times when I want to go for it, and burn off the weeks frustrations at the office. On other occasions due to lack of sleep, or using the wrong wax, or just having a bad day, I find myself at the back of the pack. As a participant I may find myself with the main group, or with a small group behind or ahead. If I am behind I endeavor to catch up or at least inform the coordinator that I may not complete the trip. That is just simple courtesy. If I am in a small group ahead I try to keep in visual contact with the main group if above treeline, or to stop at any point of route decision or inordinate danger if below treeline. Being a participant is less worrisome than being the coordinator. I should have the freedom to be with the main group or ahead if I am burning off some energy. I should have the freedom to be social or to chose solitude for a while. I am responsible for my health and safety, and I am responsible to the group and coordinator to keep them informed of where I am and to not cause them concern or delay.

I have been an assistant coordinator since last spring. Since then I have taken out about a dozen trips of varying levels of difficulty. It has been a learning experience. On the first few trips I was pretty concerned about everyone having a good time, and a safe time. Looking back I think I was a bit of a mother hen who wanted more control over the group than was necessary. On other trips I coordinated groups who were coordinators with more experience than me. It was their turn to let loose and have fun. On those occasions I felt less a coordinator and more of an observer. I think now that success as a coordinator is to treat people as adults, some of whom wish to be in the main group and be almost guided, and some who wish to break off from the main group and find their own pace. My main concern as a coordinator is that I know the abilities of these people, that I know approximately where they are, and that we will meet up again.

To me a successful trip strikes a balance between a participants freedom of movement and the coordinators desire for control. Participants should not wander off from the trip route, should not go it alone, and should keep the coordinator informed. The coordinator should respect the participants desire to at times set their own pace, and to treat people as adults who have various expectations of the trip. Most of the time this can work, although even I have screwed up on occasion. Perhaps this column may inspire others to voice comment on these matters. Who knows, you may win John's literary prize!

Almost Mount Gordon

by Bob St.John

4:30 AM is an awful time to get up, especially when one does not get to sleep until 3:00 AM. Met Gert and Dave at Bowfort Road at 6:00 AM, and after injecting caffeine at the donut shop, we set off. The 2 1/2 hour drive went quite quickly. It always does when its 20+ below and you want to stay in the car. We parked at Bow Lake, about 1/2 hour drive from Lake Louise towards Jasper. Gert noted he had never seen so little snow, and that we would have to walk down to the lake. The first half of the trip entails skiing across Bow Lake and up through trees and gullies to Bow Hut. The lake had actually melted through at the far end which made the path take a longer than usual route. The trail to the hut definitely needed more snow. Rocks and tree roots made for slow going. To make matters worse my skins chose not to stick, and thus I slowed the group down even further. At least it was sunny.

Bow hut is a hotel of a hut. It sits on a bluff overlooking the approach from Bow Lake. I believe it sleeps about 24 in quarters separate from the common cooking and lounge area. You can book a spot at the hut through the ACC. If you are not a member you pay a bit more. We had our lunch there, and picked up an Alpine Club member for our journey to Mount Gordon. Behind the hut our route climbed up the snow covered slope of the Wapta Glacier. Once on top the views were spectacular. Mt Saint Nicholas is especially impressive. Mount Gordon was in sight across the glacier. It is not a spire or anything, but rather an ice covered sugar loaf type of mountain. Travel across the glacier was easier than I thought. The Avalanche Report suggested the crevasses were bad for this time of year. This report prompted me to hound Gert about taking a rope, but as it turned out it was not necessary. We saw only one major crevasse showing through as a depression in the snow. On the way across the glacier the weather turned from sunny to blowing whiteout conditions. As it was getting late we decided save this peak for another day. The ski down the glacier was challenging (wind crust). I perfected a new mode of turning, the telelop. Below the hut it turned sunny again and we had a good ski out, reaching it back to the car at 6:30 PM. I look forward to trying this one again, preferably on my lighter skis. Thanks Gert for the great trip. (Gert Noer, Dave Mulligan, Bob St.John)

THEY ARE HEADING SOUTH !

by Alistair DesMoulin

Normally the shoulder season between hiking and skiing is very short or even non-existent for Gail and I. One can be hiking in the foothills one weekend, then skiing near the divide the next. With more snow in the foothills than the mountains for some of this past November/December the shoulder season has been much longer and people have noticed that I've not been in the best of humour sometimes!

For the weekend of December 12/13, I was scheduled to coordinate a weekend ski trip to Mosquito Creek for the Alpine Club. About a week before the trip we had 7 people going. By the 10th December numbers have dropped to 2 due to people falling down stairs, getting colds or just deciding the snow was not good enough. Gail and I decided we would go anyway (surprise!? e.n.) We had not been backpacking for six weeks and this would at least put me in a better mood for the following week!

We got to the Mosquito Creek trailhead on the Jasper highway on the 17th to find about 9" of snow and a temperature of -19C. At 10:30 we started skiing up the trail. We were the first to ski there this season. We found many roots and rocks, but we kept going. After about 40 min. of travelling the trail comes out of the trees near the creek; the creek was frozen over and skiing was better. After MO 6 campground we followed the summer trail a bit, then followed the creek. The snow got deeper, but so also did the penetration of the skis into the snow at each step. We then followed the summer trail route towards North Molar Pass making slow progress through the 18 inch deep snow in the trees before coming out into the meadows. We camped in a clump of trees at 16.15 just before reaching Mosquito Lake. The weather was clear, sunny but still cold. We cooked supper and the temperature dropped further to -25C by 19:30 when we went to the tent.

Sunday morning was a bit

warmer (-15C). After our usual porridge breakfast we skied up to the ridge above camp from which the whole meadow can be seen. As the snow was generally unconsolidated and no downhill runs were going to be without considerable risk of damaging ourselves, the skis and the meadows, we decided not to go up any of the passes. From our vantage point, I noticed five animals on the North side of Mosquito Lake. They are sheep, I thought. Then no they are bigger than sheep—they heads look a little like moose but they are not big enough for Moose (my binoculars were of course in the tent). They began to move and then I realized that they were caribou. We hurried back down to the tent, and confirmed that by using the binoculars. Then they moved up the slope towards North Molar Pass. We went over to Mosquito Lake and noticed the footprints for a further check then returned to camp for lunch. We had not disturbed them any more by the trip to the lake.

We packed up and left for the return to the car at 14:00. We had a few short ski runs but generally had to proceed very cautiously and had to sidestep down some rocky sections on the trail lower down. We were back at the car at 17:00.

We then stopped at the Banff Warden office to report our sighting but found it is now only open 8:00 to 16:30. There is a phone number for emergencies. Next morning I called the parks office in Calgary; They gave me a number of a consultant who is doing a study of the caribou. He was pleased to hear of our sighting. He said there are now 25 of them South of the David Thompson Highway and they have been seen on the 1A highway between Banff and Lk Louise. I had previously seen Carib. by the Waterfowl Lake campground in November 1988, at the head of Silverhorn Creek in July 1990 and in the Whitegoat Wilderness in August 1989. Why they are moving South is not clear but less snow cover seems to be a factor.

A WINTER BREAK

by Mary Campbell

Goldeye Centre is owned by the Goldeye Foundation and is located approximately 300 km from Calgary on the David Thompson Highway near Nordegg. It is a conference and an educational centre started by the Farmer's Union of Alberta (FUA) and supported mainly by cooperative organizations. During the summer it is used principally by school and youth groups though it is available for other groups. The centre can accommodate some 100 people in various buildings from dormitory/bunkhouses (summer only) to comfortable guest houses with central living rooms and two-bedded rooms, each with private bathroom. Meals are taken in the main Pavilion where there is also a large common-room complete with fireplace, table tennis and table shuffle-board. The menu is varied and substantial, three meals daily plus an evening snack; a packed lunch will be provided on request.

During the winter the public is welcome to book a "two night get-away", so Doug and I, together with two friends, decided to check out the Centre, which is situated on Goldeye Lake. We took cross country skis and skates, met our friends in Calgary and drove out via Olds, Sundre and Rocky Mountain House, enjoying a magnificent sunset which lasted an amazingly long time. We arrived just before 7:00 pm to find ourselves the only guests, though one other couple was expected. After registering we had an evening snack of cheese, pepperoni and crackers. We were ushered into Blunden Manor, a cottage with four bedrooms and bathrooms and a cosy living room with fireplace, and logs ready to split for fire, at the back door. Overnight a chinook blew in and the resulting thaw sounded like running water. Next morning we decided to walk a

trail around the lake and were lucky to pass within touching distance an unconcerned Northern tree-toed Woodpecker working diligently on a fallen tree trunk. A grouse crossed our path and we met mushers with their sled dogs awaiting friends to join them for trips across the lake and beyond. In the afternoon we started a trail along a logging road on our skis but the chinook wind had showered the track with pine needles and the snow was in poor condition. So after a few kilometres we decided to return to Blunden Manor to soak our limbs in the four bathrooms. After supper and a female/male challenge on the shuffleboard (the women triumphed) we retired to our cottage and a cosy log fire for a game of WHOT and discussion of plans for coming holidays.

The next morning we decided to leave early as skiing conditions were poor, so with packed lunch we returned home via Saskatchewan Crossing, stopping in at the new, combined International Hostel/Alpine Club at Lake Louise to eat. Unfortunately we omitted to drive up to the Chateau where there was a magnificent display of huge ice carvings. Canmore was enjoying its Winter Festival Weekend but the Chinook had played havoc with the ice carvings there and most of them were thawing fast and almost unrecognizable.

Our visit to the Centre was most enjoyable and at \$ 180.00 per couple, plus the ubiquitous GST, very reasonable. September is said to be one of the most delightful months in that part of the country. Visits are not restricted to weekends so perhaps some of the lucky retired Ramblers might like to try a mid-week break.

For further details or to book, call 1-721-2102 or write to Goldeye Centre, Nordegg TOM OH0.

THE 16TH ANNUAL KANANSKIS COOKIE RACE

by Dave Mulligan

Sometime in February 1992, I was skiing with a group of ramblers on the Kananskis trails when we were passed by an assortment of skiers. They were in the 15th annual Kananskis cookie race held by the foothills nordic club and it was my first sighting of such an event. I was intrigued enough to enter race No.16.

Having paid my dues a few weeks previous, I arrived at the Pocaterra car park over an hour before the 10 a.m. start. It was -18C and windy. I got my number, made the first of several visits to the portable toilets and wandered into the warm hut. Since it was busy with skiers and obviously going to get much fuller, I decided to wait in the car.

continued next page

The Cookie Race continued. Other competitors were arriving by the minute and it was intriguing to watch their waxing and other preparations. I had prepared my basic skinny skis with my usual combination of super-green and blue, and so sat huddled by the car heater in all the cloth I had brought.

Fifteen minutes before the start I stripped down to 3 upper and 2 lower body layers, put some wax and a thin sweater in a small pack and assembled at the start. I should mention that the race had over 20 categories by age and distance and there were about 4 starts at ten minutes interval. Figuring that anyone could manage 24km, I had entered the 42 km event in the touring section designed for those, "who had not previously entered a race, remembered or used wooden skies, wore anoraks and usually carried a pack". This was definitely me.

We were off, and except for one fellow who fell, I was last before we even got to the proper trail. But I wasn't worried. There were many kms to go before the halfway point at Elk Pass, and my only ambition was to finish before the 2:30 p.m. cut off time at Boulton, 33km away. Despite the cold I soon worked up a good sweat and looked forward for the first water and cookie station at 10km. There I stopped briefly, but long enough to find out that the 42 km race was cancelled due to the cold weather and we were all doing the 24 km event. Putting on a spurt, that lasted all of 10 minutes, I set off up Packers where my sticky wax helped up the steep climb. But the long decent on Pocaterra was a sl-

og with skies that refused to glide. After just over 3 hours I finished to a few random cheers and received a ribbon for my effort. The winners had taken about half that time. I was 12th out of 12 in my category. There were approx. 350 skiers total.

However, after returning to my car for ALL the warm clothes, I found the cookie tent and did ample justice to the piping hot soup, hot chocolate and excellent home made cookies. The awards, prizes and door prizes were held at 2 p.m. in the warm hut, but I only stayed a short time. Was it all worth it? Yes. The skaters were good to see, the organization excellent, (the cancellation of the 42 km race was announced several times while I was in the car) and the prizes looked good. But I don't think ski racing is my cup of tee. But it might be your's.

Incidentally, feeling deprived of Elk Pass, I drove to the closest parking and went up Blueberry Hill later that afternoon. Then I spent the night at Ribbon Creek Hostel in a dorm, mostly occupied by members of an Edmonton cycling club. It was worth the 9,50, which included a bunk, use of hot shower and the fully equipped kitchen. I bumped into an old buddy from rugby days, who was there with his brother and respective families including 4 children. They had 2 families rooms in the basement. Their Caesar Salad was excellent, but I refused the proffered steak and enjoyed my pasta with their rum and coke. On the Sunday I joined Alistair, Gail, Bob and Gert on French Creek and the Haig Glacier, but that will be another story.

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MT. ROBSON, SMOKY RIVER, TWINTREE LAKE by Jack Carter thru An Moran

Robin Smith and I left Calgary at 8:50 am on July 27 en route to Jasper. We picked up 3 hitchhikers on the way and arrived at Jasper at 3:00 pm. I drove Smith's car the rest of the way to Mt. Robson trailhead. We started hiking at 5:30 pm. Following a good trail that led through heavy timber, we reached Kinney Lake at 6:40. We then followed the trail around the North side of the lake encountering heavy avalanche debris on the sides. Luckily the trail was cut through this mess. Robin and I found the rest of the group at 8 pm. Members were Brian Crummy (Leader), Quita Doornik, Howard Kelly, Tommy and Ruth Thurston, Jamie Mackay and Rob Ashburner.

continued on page 08

The next morning July 28, we got up at 5:00 am and at 6:20 we started out for Berg Lake. We reached the warden patrol cabin. After a short rest at the cabin, we moved on to the final big climb past White Falls, the Fall of the Pool and the spectacular Emperor Falls. Not far beyond we reached a level area where the Robson River moves slowly before dropping down the Valley of the Thousand Falls. To the West we saw Mt. Whitehorn, which was first climbed by Conrad Kain in 1911. I reached Berg Lake at 2:30 pm, the other having preceded me by some hours. We set up camp. Later on in the afternoon we heard of a climbing accident on Mt. Robson. The next day, Howard rowed Brian, Jamie, Rob, Robin Smith and I across Berg Lake to climb Mt. Rearguard. Brian got his camera soaked when he jumped out of the boat, and it was useless for the rest of the trip. We climbed up for an hour while Howard rowed the boat back across the lake. Smith decided to turn back, but the rest of us kept climbing. Later we were forced back by lightning and bad weather. We then crossed the Robson glacier and came down to Adolphus Lake. On our way back we met Quita and Howard who were exploring the meadows behind the camp. As we reached the camp we met Tommy who was going to Adolphus Lake. He nearly missed supper that evening.

On July 30 at 10:00 am, Robin, Tommy and I left for Smoky River and Northern Jasper Park. Past Adolphus Lake we stopped at the warden's cabin where I copied a lovely poem that was burned on a plaque over the door. It reads as follows:

This Moment is My Life - Here on the dust of countless ages past
All the past is but a memory, therefore the future is my only hope.
Amid the towering peaks so cold, serene and high, Life is eternal.
The roaring rivers at my feet, the Sun, the Moon, the Sky I am a
part of the Universe, I am tomorrow's dust.
Here on the dust of countless ages past I stand,
this moment in my life.

The three of us hiked on past the Coleman Glacier, Moose Pass and Mural Glacier trail forks. We walked on a trail on the West side of Smoky. Tommy sighted a grizzly ahead of us about a chattier of a mile away, but it ran off into the timber. We picked up the North Boundary and stayed with it. We passed a warden's patrol cabin named "Mice a dora", crossed the Caracajou River and the Chown Creek. To the South-West we saw Mt. Bess on the great divide. We pushed on and reached the warden's cabin at Lower Smoky after two miles. A big dog came out to greet us and the warden let us camp near the cabin.

The next day, July 31 we hiked up over a low pass meeting a lone hiker coming the other way. We found out he was hiking the entire north boundary from Jasper. In the afternoon we arrived at Twintree Lake, named Mumm, Cpollie and Yates on their 1910 expedition. We camped here. Tom tried fishing, but no luck. I walked to the other side of the lake where I found a bunch of 45 gallon drums. Probably fuel for Helicopters. The next day in August we were going back to Berg Lake. While crossing a tributary of Smoky River, I fell off a bridge and had to change in dry clothing. The rest of the day was spent in retracing our steps to Berg Lake. We were getting short of food. Tom and I made an excursion to Mural Glacier. Back at Berg Lake in the evening, we found that most of our group went to Coleman Glacier. We got stuck with beans. I was so hungry and ate 5 plates, which made me suffer the next day!

On Saturday August 3, Tommy, Robin and I went up the meadows bellow Snowbird pass. I had stomach problems all the day long. The weather was nice and I took many pictures of Mt. Robson. The Monarch of the Rockies is aptly known to the Indians as Yah-hai-hashun, as the Mountain of the Spiral Road, on account of its distinctive horizontal banding.

The next day we left the camp and walked down the valley of the thousand falls. We met another group of Ramblers on their way up. Quita and I drove to the YHA hostel at Mt Edith Cavell in preparation for our hike into Tonquin Valley, but that is another story of our great days in the Rockies. Thus came to an end Robson Summer Camp 1968.