

The PACKRAT

RMRA News letter
august 1993

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

Only two activities left for the 1993 season:

1. Car Camp.....September 18, 1993
2. Awards Dinner.....October 29, 1993

President's Message

by Reg Fryling

Summer greetings to all - I hope the weather is acting a little more like summer by the time you read this. I would like to thank Roger and Darlene for their good company and sharing the excitement of a fantastic view of the chuckwagon races and fire works from their own balconies. Also a big thanks to John and Pat for hosting the Stampede Breakfast and to Ron and Carole, and other members of the Social Committee who worked hard to make it a success.

Our A.G.M. has been set for Oct.20/93 at which time all club officers will be elected for the coming year, except the Coordinator's Chairperson who is elected at the fall Coordinator's Meeting. I would encourage you to consider running for one of these positions, or to encourage a friend - you only get out of the club what you put in. Following is a brief summary of the positions, but if you are interested, talk to someone who's been there.

.... continued on page 06

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Victoria Day Weekend

by Art Davis

This was the 15th beginners backpack up Exshaw Creek. I have coordinated. There were 12 of us. Eight left Calgary on Saturday, May 22nd and on the drive out had heavy rain all the way to Morley Flats. There we could see patches of blue sky over Banff which raised our hopes considerably. At the trailhead in Exshaw we got our gear and started off around 10:15. In the first group were: myself, Cathy Paolini, Mariann Wolters, Bill and Linda Hopkins, Bob St. John and daughter Vanessa and Tom Murray. We reached the campground around 11:30 with overcast sky and cool temp. I had gone in the day before, set up my tent and put up a home made poly tarp on a wooden tarp frame near the fireplace. Bob brought along a plastic tarp, which proved to be a great advantage later. After a while Tony Forster, daughter Cheri with Kirsten and Eric Horne arrived. They are old timers at camping here (not members now), Cheri started when she was 9 years old. The 8 deg. temp. kept the mosquitoes at bay. The walk in has an elevation gain of 500 ft and is only 4 k long.

Around 14:00 most of us walked up Exshaw Creek and Fable Gully which is quite spectacular. It was the second time I saw water running down this gully in what is usually a dry creek bed. An hour later it started to rain and we headed back. Reaching the camp as the rain stopped. The elev. gain was 1000' the distance 6 k. A nice stroll.

We had a nice campfire that evening and enjoyed sitting dry below the tarp. Everybody was in bed around 22:00. There was more rain during the night.

Sunday morning I got up at 07:30. Bob had the fire already going. It was a cool 5 deg. C and overcast. If it hadn't been for clouds we would have seen the sun come over the Exshaw Ridge around 08:30. After a leisurely breakfast we decided to head on up the creek. Tom and Cheri stayed in the camp. Tony, Eric and Kirsten went up Fable gully. In the col they ran into hail, sleet and snow. They turned back. Around 12:30 the sun came out and we had lunch in real sunshine. After lunch Bob and Vanessa turned back, as they were leaving that afternoon. The rest of us went past the second gully which runs down from Fable into

Exshaw Creek. It started to rain again and it didn't look like it would quit, so we headed back. On the way we met a guy pushing his bike. Back at the camp it stopped raining. It was still 5 deg. C, not a warm day. We hiked about 12 k and gained some 600 ft.

In the evening we sat around the campfire toasting marshmallows and telling stories of various trips and experiences in the outdoors. At 22:00 we were in our tents. It rained during the night.

Tom was up early Monday morning and had the fire going around 07:30. It was 0C, calm and clear and the fly sheet over my tent was covered with ice pellets of frozen rain drops. Everybody got up and after 8 we had welcome sunshine. We hung tents, etc. between trees to dry before packing. Throughout the morning people were leaving until only 4 of us were left, Tom, Linda, Bill and I. We left at 12:50 but stopped to look at the "Hippie Cabin" about 10 min down stream from camp. I looked up my notes from a backpack here in April 1980 and saw that at that time there was a cabin with a plastic roof, built by 3 people from Tennessee, who stayed there for 6 months. They believed the world was coming to an end. The cabin was large with a high roof, small stove and bunks. They were evicted by the RCMP or Alberta Forest Service as they cut down a large number of live trees. Later the cabin was demolished. Either kids or hunters used the logs to build a small cabin nearby, which is still there. Further on we took a break with a perfect view of Heart Mt. and then continued on, arriving at the cars at 14:00. A real perfect day, light breeze, clear and probably 16-18 C.

Despite the rain, everyone enjoyed the weekend and all of us were well prepared for damp weather with rain jackets, rain pants and even umbrellas. We saw Globe Flowers, the yellow Mountain Aven. Few Calypso Orchids were out, some at the campsite. It was early for a lot of flowers but late June or early July there are Lady Slippers and Round Leaf Orchids. Maybe later this summer I'll repeat this trip, in good weather. It would afford an opportunity to climb Mount Fable. Thanks to all who came on the weekend for making it an enjoyable event.

--- A meeting is a place where minutes are kept and hours are lost. ---
 "Ever had the feeling that in life, when you are finally holding all the cards, everyone else is playing chess?"

AFLOAT ON THE BENI

by our Bolivian correspondent Dorothy An Reimer

AeroSur's small turbo-prop plane was warming up on the tarmac while our group huddled inside the terminal out of the driving rain. What a way to start a trip to the jungle!

Time to board. Each passenger, poised in the doorway prepared to dash to the plane, had a huge black umbrella thrust into their hands. Then as we boarded under the shelter of the wing, a second stewardess just as quickly retrieved the dripping contraptions. Entering the cabin, we discovered that the only difference between checked and carry-on luggage was that the checked luggage was stowed under the seats first, before we arrived. The carry-on luggage was truly 'carry' and I held mine for the next 2 hours during the flight to Trinidad, our departure point for our boat cruise.

It was the week before Easter and I had joined some Ecology high school students and teacher on a 7 day excursion. We were to ply our way up and down some slow moving rivers in the Beni region of eastern Bolivia, travelling on a large 3-decker diesel powered 'flotel'. We hoped to get in some bird watching, fishing, swimming and perhaps a lot of rest and relaxation. From the start it more than fulfilled expectations. Even from the bus that took us to the river, we could see stately herons, graceful hawks, darting swallows and innumerable birds which I could not even to begin to identify.

The flotel also exceeded expectations. Screens on all windows. An upper deck with comfortable chairs and hammocks. A huge dining area to use for games when it wasn't meal time. And the food! Not exotic, but so good and in huge quantities. Six or 8 different fruits to choose for breakfast. Fish and meat for every lunch and supper.

Routine did not exist. Flexibility was the key word. Fishing, searching for Alligators, water-skiing, kayaking and even horse

back riding. I looked at those horses suspiciously, but they were all barely as tall as I. They seemed pretty docile, and they were until we turned them around to head for home. It was hard to stop their enthusiasm then. Of course, the stirrups on all the saddles were set for Bolivians, all of whom are generally shorter than even short N.American women. Do they change the stirrup length for us? No, they change horses. If your legs are too long for a horse, try another. Only the very smallest one of our party was anywhere near comfortable, perching with knees close below the chin.

One day the teacher and I rented a dugout and paddled quietly in some of the lagoons, searching for birds and trying to identify them. The strangest bird we saw was the Hoatzin-"unmistakable prehistoric appearance" to quote my guide book. They have prehensile claws for the first few weeks of life. As adults, they are heavy, clumsy looking birds and one wonders how they can manage to balance on the branch without toppling over. The most striking feature is their frizzled crest. It looks like a wild punk-rockers hairdo.

Our craziest incident occurred one morning when we were on our way to do some piranha fishing (very delectable fish to eat). We decided to stop and see if there were any monkeys in some large trees nearby. We climbed out of the launch and walked the short distance inland to the base of some multi-limbed tree. High up I caught sight of the red-brown of a mother monkey with the tiny head of her baby peering over her shoulder as it clung to her back. Nearby on the branches were several others. At this point a couple of 'heros' from our group decided to see if they could stir up a little more activity above, and moving to another smaller tree, they started shaking it violently. (cntd.next page)

Well, action we got. Suddenly something started to rain down upon us. The monkeys, very resourcefully, defecated into their hands and hurled the runny yellow stuff down at us. The leaves protected us somewhat but at least one person had to have a complete change of clothes. And, of course, the 'heroes' didn't get a drop!

Finally the trip was over and we had enough good memories to last for a life time.

But Bolivian confusion (often referred to as the B-factor) had the last laugh. Scheduled to fly directly to Sancta Cruz to the same Municipal airport we started from, we discovered differently. Instead we flew, not direct but via the city Cochabamba (adding about 75 min.) and not to the civic airport but to the International airport which is 15 k from the city centre.

Es Bolivia !

Vignettes from Bolivia

by Doroty-Ann Reimer

After the Rain

It had rained hard. But now the sun was bringing a steaminess to the air. Water lay puddled and dirty in the streets, in all the low spots. In the trickle of people trudging up and down the Carreterra a Cochabamba, the main road leading to the mountains, the little Aymara woman and her small daughter were hardly noticed.

How long had they been walking? Where were they going - the market at Ramada? Or all the way to the city centre. Or perhaps home, to one of the many poor hovels that sprang up on vacant lands in many of the outer barrios.

In front of the office building the woman stopped. Reaching into her pack on the back, she brought out the tin cup. The child stood and waited. Bending down to one of the bigger puddles, she filled the cup, then carried it to the little one. Carefully she pored water into the girl's cupped hands and watched as the child washed, first the hands, then the face, arms and, lastly the head. There was no comb to tame the hair, only fingers, patting and smoothing with the dampness. At last the woman was satisfied. Smiling she hugged her youngster. The cup went back into the pack and the broken journey contd. Watching from my window, I could only wonder.

Riding the Micros

The Micro was designed for 10 passengers but, as it sped along the streets, it collected more and more. When it finely turned down Calle Las Palmas, it was stuffed with 20 or more people. It veered toward the roadside and stopped and a chunky woman emerged from the door, mid-way down the van's right side.

Sandra, following the car, saw the woman turn back and tug at something in the micro - 2 little arms, then a head appeared. It was a small child. The driver, unaware of the situation, accelerated and, suddenly, the Micro was gathering speed, the woman was running beside pulling on the arms of a small boy, half in and half out of the van and a load of passengers were trying to push the boy out.

The mother's grip broke but she kept running as the micro kept pulling further away. As Sandra watched horrified, she heard faint cries from within the bus - "Stop, Stop". At last the van slowed and halted and the child was handed out to the ground. Minutes later his mother arrived, out of breath, to find him sitting unperturbed on the side walk.

And Sandra, in relief, turned the corner and headed for home.

People say money is not the key to happiness, but I figure if I had enough money, I could have a key made.

A friendly separation is when the husband gets to keep everything that falls out of the truck as the little wife drives away.

WHY NOT ?

by Dave Mulligan

I have been hiking for over 30 years, cycling for nearly 40 and skiing for about 15. (that makes Dave at least 80. ed.note). Looking at other Ramblers I can hope to continue for 30 more (he is looking at me. ed.note). I can not remember a bad hiking experience, they are all at least reasonable. Let me cite some of the more memorable:

..Alone on Tryfan, North Wales in the aftermath of a storm with glorious cumulus clouds swirling about..Blown off Helvellyn (England) on Easter in a hail storm.

..Freezing on a hillside in England 15 min. above a village while a stretcher was brought for the scout leader who had broken his leg descending wet grass. After that cold incident we took it in turns to carry a tent and sleeping bag for future day trips.

..Approaching a mountain hut in the Dolomites (Italy) to be greeted by happy descending Italians. The meal was free and the wine plentiful.

..Alone in a 8 person minihut again in Italy, strapped to the mountain inside, while a storm raged outside but the hut stayed intact.

..A multi-day trip on a New Zealand's South Island with two others. The cold river crossings, lush vegetation, slippery snow-grass and later the inevitable rain.

..Boxing day 1991 on the snowy summit of Mt.Ruapehu, North Island of New Zealand, watching paragliders descending the easy way in bright sunshine.

..A huge Elk at 15 feet on the flank of Mt.Burke. Who was more surprised?

..The vast views from Mt.Temple on my second ascent in shorts and T-shirt two years ago.

..A family including an 8 year old on the summit of Crowsnest Mtn.

..A solitary trip to Mt.Assiniboine park and bumping into three separate parties of Rugby friends.

..Sometimes bizarre conversations with other Ramblers on day trips, but mostly just great company.

So WHY NOT? The Holiday Fellowship (an English organization for walking holidays) rates their trips as suitable for wheelchairs or not. Norman Croucher was climbing in South America on 2 artificial legs. A 70 year old lady recently set the Hawaii ironman triathlon record in 13 hours for her age category. I've seen 7 year olds running along the beach at the completion of a 25 k hike. At 65, Bill Peascod was repeating the hard very severe climbs he discovered and named 40 years earlier. Julie Tullis was over 50 when she climbed K2 for the first time.

So if you are vaguely fit, all you need to get started is some comfortable footwear, a knapsack, raincoat, a few odds and ends and a pencil to sign for one of the easier Rambler trips. Later you can spend 100's and 1000's of dollars on fancy Gortex and Polyfabric, everything (incl.personal dick cover), but to start with, you probably already have enough (for an easy trip). Just stick with the coordinator and no-one can be upset. Incidentally, from my experience it is psychologically much better when you are the slowest, to have people behind you. On the West Coast Trail a few years back, after listening to their wives whining from the back for 2 days, my 2 buddies put them in front and from then on all you could hear was happy female chatter.

SEE YOU ON THE TRAIL.

Profile of a Rambler .

by the editor

It is only right to give credit where credit is due. There are many members in our club, who consistently contribute their efforts and time to make this a very enjoyable club to belong to. Unfortunately, there isn't enough space in our news letter to write about all of them.

Today I would like to mention one: **Frank Stanely** our coffee maker. For more than 20 years Frank has served our club with real devotion and love. A true Mr. Rambler.

We take it for granted that every Wednesday the doors open and the chairs are set. The caffeine addicts especially, expect their brew to be ready and available, and when the club closes its doors, we know Frank will be there to make sure that everything is in order, to the liking of our 'community home' landlord.

Frank is a real asset to our club. Never hikes, nor does he lead trips, yet he loves the people in the club, enough to be there and serve, week after week and year after year. Members come and go - but Frank remains like a sign post, a reminder to all of us that in giving we receive... Thanks Frank!

Help Wanted!

by the editor

For many years, ever since I came back to Canada in 1972, I worked for Chess. A noble game and an excellent way to by pass aggression. As any other organizational work, it was not a one man's job. No matter how much enthusiasm one has, help from other members is needed. In 1983 when I had to leave Calgary, I left chess to other organizers. To my surprise, Chess did not die. It had it's low points but it went on. It is still alive and well all over Alberta.

Same can be said for the Packrat. Editors come and go but our newsletter will survive. The Packrat is a good diversion for the members and we should all try to make it a success.

Members who contributed articles in the last two years are eligible to participate in a free anual membership draw. Writing for the Packrat provides other members with interesting reading, but it

also gives you an opportunity to have your work published. Test your writing skills and have your articles printed without fear of criticism or rejections. And perhaps even win a prize.

Eligible for our prize so far are:

1. Dog Campbell, 2. Mary Campbell
3. Art Davis, 4. Alistair DesMou-
lins, 5. Gale DesMoulin, 6. Wally
Drew, 7. Ken Frank, 8. Reg Fryling,
9. Francisco Gali 10. Mike Gottlieb,
11. Dawn Jones, 12. Anne Moran,
13. Tony Moran, 14. Dave Mulligan,
15. Deirdre O'Brien, 16. Linda Paqu-
ette, 17. Dave Reid, 18. Dorothy-Ann
Reimer, 19. Josephine Ridley,
20. Phil Spaulding, 21. Bob StJohn,
22. Mary Taylor, 23. Joyce Tombou-
lian, 24. Wilf Twelker, 25. Ken
Watson and 26. Darlene Weger.

Your last chance to add your name to the list, is the October issue. Write.....and make someone happy.

Positions available in the Rambler executive.

by Reg Fryling (continued from page 1)

PROGRAM CO-ORDINATOR: Arranges presentations for approximately half the meeting nights on travel, safety, equipment, outdoor phenomena etc. via speakers, slides, films, videos, etc. It is a fun job and a great way to meet people. It adds interest to the club.

CO-ORDINATORS' CHAIRPERSON: Keeps a close eye on all the club outdoor activities. Requires experience, dedication and commitment.

PRESIDENT: Chief executive officer. Chairs meetings, liaison with other clubs and/or organizations.

VICE PRESIDENT: Backup for meetings, information, courses and hand-outs.

SECRETARY: Minutes, correspondence, letters of thanks, get well cards.

TREASURER: Membership dues and lists, bills, cheques and ledgers.

SOCIAL DIRECTOR: With the help of a social committee, organizes and runs a function approximately once per month (or less).

PACKRAT EDITOR: Badgers members for articles and publishes a newsletter, keeps very incomplete archives.

PAST PRESIDENT: Member-at-large. (Might qualify for free coffee - Frank's rule)

SNOW and ICE

by Bob St.John

I attended a snow and ice course sponsored by the Alpine Club and taught by Yamnuska, Inc. of Canmore. It was held at the Columbia Icefields over a three day period, July 10 to 12. There had been two dates for this course, one in May and this one in July. I chose July figuring on better weather. Well you know what happened, the May course had bright sunny skies, we had snow! We met at the Columbia Icefields campground at 9:00 AM Saturday. There were eight students and two guide/instructors. The first day was to be devoted to travel over snow slopes, learning how to belay (prevent) a fall and to arrest (stop) a fall. Ironically there was no snow to be found close to the highway. Even though it had been cool, the rain had washed away what snow there was from last winter. We had to hike quite a distance up the Helen glacier to find enough snow to practice on. A herd of about 20 sheep enjoyed watching us as they lay in the grassy slopes above. In addition to travel on snow, we learned basic crevasse rescue techniques using snow anchors to secure rescue ropes. The day was quite relaxed as we returned to camp around 4 PM.

The second day was spent on a small glacier on the north side of Mt. Athabasca. Here we donned our crampons and learned basic travel on ice. I am always amazed at how well they grip the ice. Later we practiced a more advanced rope-pulley system for crevasse rescue using ice screws for anchors. That night we settled in early as the third day was to be a long one, climbing Mt. Athabasca. As a note for staying at this campground, choose one of the several walk-in sites if you want a quiet night. It is unfortunate that even though it is for tenting only, motorhomes with loud generators frequent the site.

Up at 3:30 AM for a 4:30 AM start. No, not rain again! Yup, a nice light rain to get you going. Mt Athabasca (11,400 feet asl, 4700 feet relative) overlooks the Brewster tourist mecca. there are two routes up, the normal route traverses a sloping glacier on the northeast side, and the AA col route from the west. A typical trip would go up one and come down the other, however because of the avalanche danger, the guides decided on going up and down the AA col route (AA = Athabasca-Andromeda). Getting to the AA col involves a slog up glacial moraines, a stretch of relatively tame glacier, and up a rather steep snow slope. It was the latter that proved to be the hardest work with two feet of fresh wet snow. The lead guide made several pits in the snow to check stability. It would be alright as long as it did not warm up too much. We reached the peak (Silver Horn) at 11:30 and had a quick lunch. Unfortunately we could not see any view because of the clouds enveloping us. The guides were anxious to get down as it was warming up. The snow slope was descended in short order and the trek down the glacier without incident. During a rest stop near the toe of the glacier we heard a noise much like thunder, and observed snow cascading off the full width of Mt Andromeda. We wondered if the same was happening on the slope we descended earlier. The guides understandably did not want to check this theory out.

We arrived back at camp around 5 PM and packed our gear. Except for the poor weather, this proved to be a good weekend. For me the review of crevasse rescue and glacier travel was appreciated, and we got to climb a fairly prominent peak. The guides were knowledgeable and good leaders. We learned a lot about crevasse formation and avoidance. It was easily worth the \$180.00.

FIRST AID COURSE

I am going to stick my neck out a bit here and pre-announce a first aid course for late August or September. I have not confirmed anything definite yet but will get working on it. Stay tuned.

BUSHWACKED ON BALL

Gert Noer and I tried a wildcat trip to Mount Ball on July 17,18. We camped Saturday night at the Marble Canyon campground. It rained heavily most of the night, and was drizzling when we got up at 4 AM. It had stopped by the time we hit the trail at 5 AM, and our spirits were high. The trail seemed promising, but slowly petered out after half an hour when it stopped at Haffner Creek. BC bush is renowned for underbrush, No exception here, lush huckleberry bushes, slide alder, deadfall etc. all laden with water. It took over four hours to get to treeline, at which point water was running out of my boots. The objective was hidden in clouds. We quickly made our way over moraines and limestone pavement to the base of the climb. There was much new wet snow and evidence of small avalanches. We chose a rock scrambling route to the side of a prominent snow chute. It seemed forever to get to the ridge, and only when the clouds broke did we see that we were a little north of where we wanted to be. We were on a peak of Mt Beatrice, with Mt Ball a fairly easy 1 hour ridge scramble away. Unfortunately time was running out and the wet snow made for slow going. We decided to descend via the snow chute and got down quite quickly. Here the clouds lifted and we saw a better route up for next time. The bushwack back to camp was a bit tiring, but we are willing to try it again, perhaps as a club trip.

RAMBLERS VOLUNTEER TRAIL MAINTENANCE

by Wally Drew

Kananskis Country in which we enjoy so much hiking and cross-country skiing, like many other government organizations, has had funding cuts. As a result they can no longer afford to maintain all of their vast network of trails satisfactorily. So the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association has volunteered to help in this task. Feeling strongly that I should contribute something toward the good life and great country we enjoy and not just always take, I agreed to organize the Ramblers volunteer effort.

In a meeting at Kananskis Country Calgary office, Don Cockerton, Recreation Planer and I agreed that Ramblers would try upgrade or maintain the Prairie Creek, Prairie Link, Powderface Creek and Powderface Ridge trails in the Elbow River area and "Take back" our Mount Allan Centennial trail. First priority would be the Prairie Creek trail East from the junction with Prairie Link Trail, since it is rarely used and had many big mud and water holes that needed draining or filling. That has been our main trust to date (July 16) with cutting off offending branches, etc. as a secondary chore. We have done a bit of this work in wet weather; the ground is

easier to dig then. We have been rewarded by beautiful displays of shooting stars, Indian Pain Brush and other flowers. We get tools and a wheel barrow from the Elbow Ranger Station. I wish to thank the following public spirited Ramblers for their labour on this muddy work, so far: Reg Fryling, Bob St John, Alistair Des Moulins, Theresa Purcell plus several more who signed up for the Saturday work party that was cancelled on probably the wettest day of the year in the foothills. Other work parties so far have been on weekdays.

We are now ready to start on Mt Allan trail as soon as weather permits on the scenic exposed heights above timber line. This work will mainly involve building cairns with orange marker poles in them. Volunteers will be rewarded with great views. We still need to do one good day's work on the Prairie Creek Trail too. We will try to have some work parties on weekends as well as week days and hope to see a lot more Ramblers participating in this volunteer effort for which the club gets credit. You may talk to Reg Fryling, Bob St. John or me for more information on this opportunity to participate.

BUS TRIP -JULY, 11, 1993

by Kay Kittle

The bus trip to our trailhead near Storm Mountain was pleasant enough - chatting with friends, enjoying the green countryside slipping by. Ignore those sweeping wind shield wipers -the rain may go away; perhaps there will be a break in the clouds as we go West, as so often happens. But, while it eases intermittently, by the time we near our destination it looks like it means business. So those of us who are taking the long route pile off

the bus and don on as much rain gear as we have. While I am making some last minute changes, most of the group leaves, but Ann Moran and I start off together, down a trail already running with water. Down, down it went, loosing all that precious elevation, to the bottom of the valley and past Vista Lake. Then up, up and more up. The rain had now changed to a light drizzle and with the climbing, I was forced to shed some raingear, even at

at the expense of getting a little damp.

The trail winds up through the burned out area from the 1968 fire. From time to time we stopped to see the view back towards the road where we started, but the clouds hung low. Early on there were nice roses and other low growing flowers along the way, as well as a profusion of slippery looking mushrooms which had burst through the ground in the damp condition. Soon after we left the burn area the trail levelled out somewhat, but now there was a chill in the air and the drizzle turned to light snow, blotting out the flowers in the Arnica Lake and summit area. A little more climbing beyond the lake, then we dropped down to the Twin Lake. Feeling the need of a breather and fearing that the weather might only deteriorate, Anne and I stopped for a drink and some lunch. Then downward some more and past the Lower Twin Lake, seeking out the Gibbon Pass trail amidst the soggy lake edge. We slogged along, knowing that this was the last part of the climb, however the trail seemed a little drier here and was not too unpleasant. It actually stopped raining at times, but once again as we neared the pass, snow appeared on the ground. Near the top, we ran into Wally, finishing off his lunch and waiting to take over the "tail-end" chores from Dave Reid at that point. Fay Kennedy joined us here and others passed us or walked with us now and then, but we were never with a large group so it hardly seemed like the usual buss trip.

The views of the peaks were limited and one could only remember other times spent here, basking in the sun with golden larches all around. Slop, slop, slop - we made our way across the pass on snowy tufted grass with rivulets of water running between, and picked up the trail down to Shadow Lake. This was the only portion of the trail I had not hiked before and I decided I would probably not climb up to Gibbon Pass this way

as it seemed somewhat long and steep. Another brief stop under umbrellas for some more sustenance, then some more down hill. All of a sudden the new Shadow Lake Lodge and cabins were before us, but we decided taking off our boots to see the inside of the lodge was too much of a chore. A brief stop for a drink (and take advantage of their outdoor facilities!) and we were on our way again. The worst part of the trail was between the lodge and the Red Earth Fire Road into the Pharo Creek Warden's Cabin. It was a quagmire much of the way, created by pack- and visitor-horses, with even the patchwork of "board walks" through a swampy area being almost inundated. So it was with some relief we finally arrived at the lower road which was in much better shape. Only about another six or seven miles (11k exactly ed.n.) to go! By now feet and knees started to complain. However, with good company, the conversation helped to pass the time, and we took another break at the camp ground part way out. Yes, and another snack. Nothing like eating every hour on the hour to keep up your energy! This was actually the first time I sat down since leaving the bus, and the rest was welcome. But what is this - there are the tail enders. We had to get up and keep going. Now we had more company and a greater variety of conversation. The miles slipped by and somehow we reached our destination: the Red Earth Parking Lot, a bit before 6:00 pm, which was our dead line. It was good to flop down on the seat of our bus and not to move again. Many of us have had wetter, colder and more difficult trips, but it was a little disappointing to have climbed so much and walked so many miles through high country, beautiful, but not conducive to lingering in the chill, damp weather. To be truthful, we would not have had much time to linger even if the weather had been good. Let's hope for sunny condition on our next buss trip.

LOGAN BREAD recipe by Art Davis.

To one quart of water add: 3.5 to 4 lbs whole wheat flour (4cps=1lb)
1.5 cups melted shortening. 1.5cps of brown sugar, 1lb honey, 1lb molasses, 0.5 cup powdered whole milk, 2Tsp Baking powder, 1lb dates, 1tsp salt. Bake for 1 hr at 300 F, bake longer to dry out.

TRIP COORDINATORS' CHAIRMAN ANNUAL REPORT

APRIL TO JUNE 1993

by Dave Reid

The number of trips and activity is only slightly higher than this time last year. There are, however, a large number of backpacks thanks to Ron Folkins. The most active coordinators are: Art Davis, Wally Drew, Reg Fryling, Gert Noer, Dave Reid, John Schleinich and Alistair Sinclair. Many thanks to Brieta Angus and Ken Scott for helping with the weekly trip reports and recordings.

Table 1
Summary of RMRA Coordinator Activity
January to March 1993

Coordinator	Stat.	Trips /Days	Person Days	x-c ski	Day-hike	Canoe Cycle	Back Pack
Campbell, Doug	F	2	25		2		
Davis, Art	F	7/9	76		6		1
DesMoulins, A.	F	1/2	8				1
Drew, Wally	F	6	35		6		
Folkins, Ron	F	4/8	62				4
Fryling, Reg	A	8	23		5	3	
Kittle, Kay	F	4	28		4		
Lavallee, Del	A	1	7		1		
Loundes, D	F	1	6			1	
McGill, Peter	F	2/6	21			1	1
Michi, John	F	2	25		2		
Moran, Tony	F	2	23		2		
Noer, Gert	F	5	23		5		
Reid, Dave	A	6	87	1	5		
Schleinich, J	F	16	83	1	15		
Scott, Ken	F	4	52		4		
Sinclair, A	F	5	37		5		
Sobon, June	F	2	9		2		
St. John, Bob	F	3	29		3		
Taylor, Mary	F	1	17		1		
Vander Voet, F	F	1	2		1		
Watson, Ken	F	1	16		1		
TOTAL:	22	84/95	694	2	70	5	7

Table 2
Comparison of RMRA Activity
January to March 1992

	1993	1992
1. Total Trips	84	76
2. Total Person Days	694	610
3. Dominant Type of Trip		
. Total Day Hike	70/540	69/574
. Total X-C Ski	2/8	1/2
. Total Backpack	6/154	2/10
4. Average Trips/Coordinator	3.8	3.5
5. Average Person Days/Coordinator	31.5	27.7
6. No. of Coord. with 5 or more Trips	7	5
7. Number of Active Coordinators	22	22