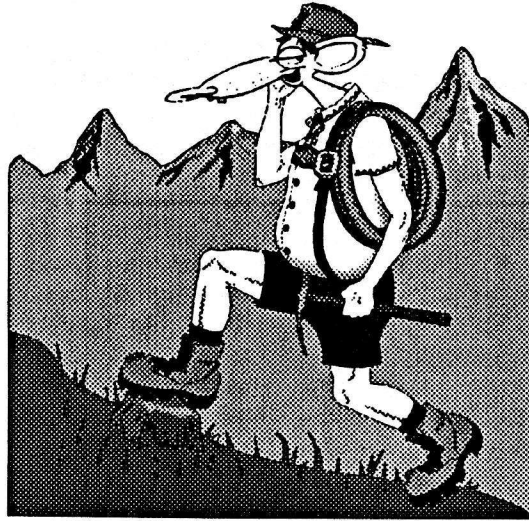


# THE PACKRAT

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**ACTIVITIES:** Hiking, Backpacking, Climbing, Skiing, Cycling, Canoeing, Mountain-Biking, Snow Shoeing, Educational and Awareness Programs, Social Functions.

**MEETINGS:** Weekly, Wednesday evenings at 8:00 p.m. at Rosemont Community Hall, 2807 - 10 Street N.W.

**MAIL:** Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association  
c/o Calgary Area Outdoor Council (CAOC)  
1111 Memorial Dr. N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2N 3E4

**TRIP INFO:** 282-6308 RMRA Hot-line and at meetings.

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## RMRA EXECUTIVE 1994 - 1995

|                   |                 |          |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------|
| PRESIDENT         | Bob St. John    | 283-6907 |
| VICE PRESIDENT    | Barbara McInnis | 262-2780 |
| TRIP COORDINATOR  | Reg Fryling     | 246-7048 |
| TREASURER         | John Schleinich | 288-6721 |
| SECRETARY         | Darlene Weger   | 228-7293 |
| SOCIAL DIRECTOR   | Tammy Romano    | 246-9399 |
| PROGRAM DIRECTOR  | Barb Mitchell   | 254-2276 |
| NEWSLETTER EDITOR | Linda Eastwood  | 238-0181 |

**Celebrating 40 Years of Rambling!!  
1954 - 1994**

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## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

by Bob St. John

Welcome to a new Rambling year! We have some fresh faces on the executive (Barb, Linda, Tammy, Darlene) joining the stale holdovers (myself, John, Reg, Barb). Linda has a new look PackRat, Tammy has a new social committee going, our VP Barb already has her feet wet running a couple of meetings, and Darlene is probably thinking we talk too much at executive meetings. John has a good start at getting members paid up (80 at last count), Reg knows his job inside out, Programs Barb is off and running and I am looking forward to working with another hard-working executive. By the time you read this hopefully Frank will be healthy and back to his regular duties. You may have noticed that our mailing address has changed to c/o CAOC, a money saving effort. The Ramblers are a member of CAOC, but many of us would be stumped as to why. Well, by the end of this year you will all know about CAOC, what it does for us, and why it is worthwhile belonging for reasons other than saving postal box fees. See another article in this issue about (CAOC) if Linda has room for it). Have a great holiday season, see you on the trails.

## CAOC, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

by Bob St. John

CAOC (Calgary Area Outdoor Council) is an umbrella organization with over 60 member clubs, associations and outdoor oriented companies. It is a funny group. If I stated the mission statement or purpose of CAOC most people would fall asleep, myself included. However, if you were to attend some of the events organized by CAOC you may quickly change your mind. For the next year I intend to submit articles to the PackRat on what actually happens, and I will from time to time try to drag some of you to a few of the events. This year, while absent from a CAOC board meeting, I was made Programs Chairman, so I have an inside track on what is happening. I will also never again miss a board meeting!

On Thursday, November 17, CAOC held its **Annual Members Forum**. Don Cockerton from Kananaskis Country was the guest speaker, and without surprise he gave a presentation on K Country. Changes are coming, motivated by budget constraints. Good news is that for 1995 at least, there will be no day use or vehicle fees. Privatization of the operations of campgrounds is continuing, and the Park offices in Calgary are moving to Canmore. Two areas have been set aside for habitat preservation (Plateau Mtn., and in Canal Flats) and two more are being considered (Windy Valley, and a Mountain Sheep preserve). Logging (Jumping Pound, McLean Creek) will be phased out over the next seven years. Don

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emphasized that there will be an open public process to manage changes in the future. Members present at the meeting voted on which workshops they wanted for the coming year. Most popular topics included a) Bear Talk by Steve Herrero, b) Future of Outdoor Recreation, c) Back Country Access and d) Special Places 2000. Probably the most interesting part of the evening was socializing with other members over beer and eats. Where else can you chat to AWA people about Special Places (no, its not dead, but its being choked by special interests), and next talk to a group representing Banff ski resorts (interestingly for commercial enterprises operating in the park to fund park operations). I had a long conversation with a fellow from the Calgary Trail Riders who regularly use, you guessed it, Prairie Creek and Powderface Trails. He knew of the Ramblers work on the trails and was much impressed. Calgary Trail Riders do trail work for K Country too, and this summer relocated a trail to higher, drier ground in the Sandy McNabb area. They are also trying to initiate a search and rescue program in the Park utilizing horses. He also wanted to let hikers know to talk to the riders and horses as you approach them. Horses only sense something moving, and with no human voice communication, can become skittish. I could go on, but the point is that there are too few opportunities to communicate with other outdoor groups, and this is one of the best ways.

**Current and Upcoming:** A new **Outdoor Recreation Guide** containing information on a bewildering number of outdoor opportunities, plus \$62.00 worth of coupons for services frequented by Ramblers, is available from us (RMRA) for \$4.00 (\$2.00 to CAOC, \$2.00 to Ramblers). **National Park Fees:** Are you willing to pay \$50.00 per year for a vehicle pass? Should hikers pay a day use fee? CAOC is holding a meeting with park representatives on Tuesday, November 29 at 7:00 p.m. at the CAOC meeting hall, 1111 Memorial Dr. N.W. I and hopefully one other Rambler will attend (when you read this, it will be done). The **Banff Bow Valley Study**, a federal task force deciding the future of development in Banff Park is just getting started. CAOC will hold an information meeting with them on Monday, December 12. Again, I hope the Ramblers are represented, if only to keep the rest of the club informed on what is going on. It only takes one evening of your time and a short report to the PackRat.



**NEXT PACKRAT ISSUE: FEBRUARY 1, 1995**

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## SO YOU WANT TO VISIT COSTA RICA?

by Philip Spaulding

Despite declining value of the Canadian dollar, over the past year I have heard mumblings among Ramblers about plans to visit Costa Rica. Now having spent the better part of a year in 1992-93 in this and other Central and South American countries I can tell you there are more interesting places to visit than Costa Rica. That country, more than any other Latin country south of Mexico, has designed itself to appeal to the North American "turista" and consequently for many Costa Rica seems like a bit of Canada/United States. However, since you insist on visiting Costa Rica allow me to recommend one place that a visiting Rambler should not miss; namely, Chirripo National Park and specifically "Cerro (highland) Chirripo". Very roughly translated into vernacular English "cerro" would mean "mountain" since Chirripo is 3,820 meters above sea level according to the official map of the Costa Rica Tourist Board. That means that Cerro Chirripo is the highest peak in Central America.

Before getting to the essence of the matter at hand, allow me to show you how to locate Chirripo and what you will need to climb this 12,533 foot mountain. Before you do anything else exchange your Canadian dollars for U.S. currency. Other than "colones", Costa Rican currency, U.S. dollars are the only other currency you can spend in San Jose or any other part of Costa Rica. When you arrive in San Jose, the capital city, the second thing you must do after locating yourself in a modestly-priced hotel on the Avenida Central is to visit one of the local banks and exchange some of your U.S. money for colones. Insofar as paying hotel bills your credit card will suffice. The third thing you should do is visit the government tourist office, located below street level just off the corner of the Avenida Central and Calle (street) 5. The staff of the tourist office speak acceptable to excellent English and will tell you where and when to catch the bus that will take you to San Isidro--a small city some 20 miles southwest of the national park boundary. You may also wish to inquire about other sights-to-see in San Jose such as the archeological museum on floor 11 of the National Insurance building or the Gold Museum located in the same underground building as the tourist office.

Assuming you do not visit Costa Rica in the rainy season (more or less coinciding with our winter months), the hiking equipment you should take is no different than what you would need on the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies: boots, backpack, and some warm clothing such as a pile jacket plus a fall-rated sleeping bag. Since open fires cannot be built anywhere in



the park you will be advised to pack a small portable pressurized stove such as a Coleman Peak and a small quantity of fuel.

Having arrived in San Isidro after a three hour bus ride southeast from San Jose you will have to make a choice between waiting until four in the afternoon to catch an old yellow school bus to San Gerardo (National Park Headquarters) or taking a taxi. If you are not interested in being packed into a crowded bus then for \$10 US you can enjoy immediate taxi service to San Gerardo. In San Gerardo visit the park office and register for the climb which will include a user fee about 1,000 colones after which you can select overnight accommodation. Eat a hearty evening meal because your hike up the mountain will commence the next morning at about 4 AM and at that hour no one in this small mountain farming hamlet is about to serve you breakfast.

What food should you take on the hike up the mountain and for consumption overnight at the base camp at 9,000 feet? The kind of food you prepare and take on Rambler hikes can be found in the supermarkets in San Jose--bread, processed meats, jams, peanut butter, fruits and fruit drinks. For consumption at the base camp you may wish to purchase freeze dried foods in Calgary before departure. Otherwise, you can acquire small amounts of cookable cereal, powdered milk, and so on in San Jose. Drinking water either in the cities of Costa Rica or the mountain hamlet of San Gerardo should not be a problem. If anything kills you in San Jose it will be the chlorine and at the base of Chirripo the water to drink seems quite potable.

Now you are ready to commence the hike up Chirripo. It should not take more than eight or nine hours to reach what I have called base camp. Should you encounter difficulties along the way there is a halfway shelter complete with tin roof, no walls and sleeping benches. Normally, hikers stop at the halfway shelter for piped spring water and a bite of lunch and then on to the base camp. The trail at the end of the hamlet road and from there on to the top of the mountain is well marked. I should note at this point for your amusement that on my first ascent of Chirripo I missed the well-marked trail and ended up hours later in a box canyon that led no where.

Before reaching base camp the trail leads through an extensive burn area at about the 7,500 foot level. As a result of a very large and destructive fire (local persons claim the fire was set by North Americanos) park officials

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have outlawed open fires anywhere in the park. The base camp itself at approximately 9,000 feet consists of three prefabricated metal buildings one of which is a government research laboratory while the other two are used to accommodate climbers. The camp is set in the midst of a large ancient lake bed which in itself is surrounded by the remnants of what was once a volcanic cone the highest peak being about 4,000 feet above the lake bed. Interestingly, all the volcanos in Central America are more or less active and consist of cinder cones Chirripo being the exception. According to a Swiss geologist with whom I talked, Chirripo is a much older volcano which according to him explains the considerable quantity of huge granite boulders which litter the flanks of the mountain. That is to say, the materials thrown up from the bowels of the earth came from a much deeper level than those which characterize the cinder cones.

After gaining the base camp, climbers are advised not to attempt the 4,000 foot ascent to the top without a night's rest. Ordinarily, the ascent of the last 4,000 feet is accomplished fairly early the next morning in order to allow sufficient time to return to the base of the mountain at San Gerardo.

For some people the conquering of Chirripo is accomplished without mishap in which case elapsed time between leaving San Gerardo and arriving at the base camp takes no more than eight to nine hours. In my case, the ascent between these two points required thirteen hours. I had eaten a large meal in San Isidro before departing via taxi to park headquarters in San Gerardo. During the course of the afternoon I experienced nausea and as a result assumed I either had contracted the flu or more likely had consumed bad food. Consequently, despite the advice given above I ate no supper and as a result commenced the ascent of Chirripo early the next morning on an empty stomach. My condition did not improve and so to compound by difficulties I consumed no food at all before reaching base camp some thirteen hours later. Camp officials assigned me to one of the two huts occupied by students and their professor from one of the state colleges in Vermont. To be bunked in with about twenty Vermonters was not exactly coincidence since camp officials were apprised of my place of birth, Vermont, notwithstanding my insistence to them of my Canadian citizenship. As it turned out, I was more appreciative of having been placed with this coincidence of Vermont college students. No sooner had I entered the bunkhouse, then the students themselves undertook the responsibility of

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seeing to my rejuvenation. I was assigned a bunk and given food calculated to regenerate my strength. Alas, after suffering my own volcanic upheavals throughout the night I was in no condition to make the last dash of the 4,000 feet to the top of the mountain. Instead, I returned to the base of the mountain at San Gerardo and thence by taxi to San Isidro where I spent the night in a local hotel. The next day I returned by bus to San Jose where my

Spanish-speaking landlady took charge and nursed me back to health with literally gallons of chicken soup a la latino style.

As an addendum, I should point out that it was not bad food that caused my discomfort but it took me over a year before I was able to isolate the discomforting agent. I add this bit of information so that you will not think food poisoning is rampant in Central American cities. On the contrary, despite spending a great deal of time in Central and South American countries I have encountered not one instance of food poisoning. In my case, I had been ingesting large numbers of aspirin tablets as an anti-inflammatory medication to diminish the discomfort of an arthritic hip joint. As is often the case, the side-effects of anti-inflammatory medication is an upset stomach. The fact that I was unable to digest food largely betrayed my efforts to climb Chirripo in a reasonable time: NO FOOD, NO ENERGY!

### TRIVIA QUESTIONS

1. What river is Victoria Falls on?
2. What is the world's highest city?
3. Where would you expect to find the Abominable Snowman?
4. In which state is Stone Mountain?
5. The highest types of cloud are called?
6. Lines on a map that connect places of equal altitude are known as \_\_\_\_\_.
7. What island has Mount Olympus as its highest peak?
8. Name the mountains in Jamaica.
9. What phenomenon is caused by the gravitational attraction of the moon?
10. Name the mountain range in North Africa.
11. What two countries are joined by the Khyber Pass?
12. Name the world's most photographed and most climbed mountain.
13. On what island is Mount Suribachi?
14. Name the highest mountain in France.
15. What European mountain is also known as Mount Cervin?



Answers on Page 15

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## BLANKET CREEK

by Reg Fryling

The year was 1991 and I was hut custodian at Blanket Chalet (owned by Al and Marian Schafer of the Nordic Ski Institute, Canmore) located in the sub-alpine below Blanket Glacier, which lies far above the arrow Lakes approximately 20 minutes drive south of Revelstoke. One of my main jobs was to shovel some of the 30 odd feet of snow that fell there in a winter, off the roofs and away from the windows. On this particular occasion, the guests were involved in a one-week course on alpine winter guiding (including search and rescue), and consisted of two instructors and six pupils. I inadvertently provided them with a real life situation.

The new fats felt terrific in the rather heavy spring snow when I realized I could no longer see the tracks of the others. The treed mountainside was steep, and further down the valley from the cabin than I had been before. I had stayed behind to do a half day of snow shovelling so had only the verbal directions and tracks of the guests staying at the cabin (Chalet). The trackless slope below was even steeper. I suspected the others had turned and climber out at a gentler angle toward the cabin. It was late April and the early afternoon air was damp and exhilarating. The skis were working so well that I recklessly decided to go for it and plunged on down, heady with the speed and fresh smell of the balsam firs. Two thousand feet of precious altitude later I pulled up above a two hundred foot drop effectively barring my way. I should have turned around at this point but decided to try and short-cut back to the cabin. You know about short cuts! I put the skins on and side-hilled slowly upward in the general direction of home. The terrain became steeper with cliff bands and avalanche gullies to manoeuvre through until a huge cliff stopped me completely. At this point it looked easier to descend to the valley floor and then up the valley than to retrace my steps. With a slight uneasy feeling which I should have heeded, I slowly wove my way towards the bottom keeping the skins on for better control. Part way down a skin strap broke (I had modified some old skins for the new fat skis). Wedged behind a tree I attempted to sew it together. The material was thick so I used a pocket knife as a thimble. About the third stitch I heard "ping" and the needle snapped in two. With ingenuity motivated by desperation I bored holes in the skin with an awl on my knife and laced it together with a spare shoelace - crude but effective. The skin held and the valley floor was reached.

Time was moving along so I headed up the valley immediately. It rose quite steeply, and contained a creek I thought came from the cabin area. I would be late for supper but back before dark at least - I thought. As I climbed I tried to fit the newly appearing ridges into my mental picture of the cabin area, but no matter how much I rationalized and made allowance, eventually I had to face the facts -

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they didn't fit! After forcing my mind to accept this fact I was able to piece together the brutal truth. I was in the next drainage north, the upper end of which I had seen before. By this time I had climbed about two thousand feet and was about half-way up. I could never reach the cabin in daylight by retracing my steps, so I decided to keep climbing in hopes of reaching a familiar col overlooking the cabin. I also knew there was a cliff band stretching north all the way to the Big Apple (local name) above which I had ski toured earlier that year with Alistair DesMoulins.

As I gained the upper more gentle slopes the col came into view, high enough to catch the last rays of the sun. The plan was to reach the col before the daylight gave out and ski down towards the light of the cabin. First, however, the cliff band. I hoped I would find at least one gully or ramp in its long length, but after gaining the tops of several rounded knolls with varying views, I had to accept the fact -- I wasn't going to sleep in a warm cabin that night!

Well, this time I hadn't pulled it off, a night out it was going to be. What a ninny I thought, but there wasn't really any time to waste on remonstrations, I had to get moving on a new plan. I could head over towards the "Big Apple", dig out a night shelter with my ski and have a relatively easy trip back to the cabin by going around the far end of the cliff band in the morning. Or I could retrace my steps. If I picked the first choice, it would be colder and more exposed, the others would spend a lot of unnecessary time looking for me further south, and most importantly, I couldn't get water here. I think that a lack of fluids in the body contributes considerably towards discomfort from the cold and hypothermia. There was water in the valley. I started down.

The first 1500 to 2000 feet had nice skiable spring "powder" but I had to ski slower and slower as the last light faded. By that time I had reached a gully and could walk down on the old avalanche debris. The flashlight which I "always" carry was safe in my sleeping bag in the cabin, but there was enough starlight to pick my way.

Eventually I reached the valley floor and headed for a piece of open creek I'd seen. But here was about 15 vertical feet of snow with this black ribbon of gurgling water at the bottom, and I didn't really relish getting my feet wet. Eventually I was able to climb down a tree to the precious water. By this time it was snowing lightly and about -4 Celsius. After drinking about 3/4 litre of water I ate some peanuts and candies and looked around for some dry wood but could find very little. The

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fallen trees and even the dead branches on the live trees with still under snow. The green fir bows put my candle out several times, and after the meagre wood supply was gone I decided to go without a fire. I snapped off some green fir bows and lay on them in a depression by a tree and dozed (for about an hour) until I felt chilly. Then I skied around the flat part of the small valley for a half hour or so until I felt warm and drowsy, then lay down and repeated the process. The walks in the dark seemed unreal, the snow coming down muffled all sounds except the occasional avalanche on the south facing slopes, and the trees suddenly appeared like ghosts as I moved through the blackness. And so the night passed rather quickly in relative comfort -- except for the thought of the people at the cabin and their needless concern and energy output looking for me.

At first light I struggled up the formidable lower slopes and made it just beyond the point where the tracks from yesterday had turned off, before I met the searchers. After a couple of cups of hot sweetened tea I headed for the cabin and they resumed their normal schedule.

## DONATIONS

Awards Dinner and Dance

by Anita O'Reilly

Book "Touching The Void" donated by The Hostel Shop  
Won by Bill Tajcmar for the Limbo

Large Fanny Pack donated by Mountain Equipment Co-op  
Won by Bob Pattison

\$15.00 Gift Certificate donated by The Scout Shop  
Won by Hank Wiechel

Petzl Headlamp donated by Camper's Village  
Won by Marianne Flanagan

Book "Outdoor Activities in Alberta's Heartland" donated by Spirit West  
Won by Bob St. John

Thermos donated by Hobo Camper Country  
Won by Barb Mitchell

\$100.00 Gift Certificate donated by X-treme Elements  
Won by Diane Ly

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## THANKSGIVING WEEKEND 1994

by Art Davis

Del Lavallee coordinated this weekend camping trip to Mosquito Creek Campground situated on the Icefield Parkway. On Saturday, October 8th, seven of us early arrivals met at the campground around noon and after lunch I coordinated a short hike to the site of the former Peyto Fire Lookout. We drove to Bow Summit and parked at the Peyto Lake viewpoint parking lot. From here we walked up a trail adjacent to the road to the viewpoint and then onto the abandoned road to the lookout site. The views from this point are excellent looking down towards Bow Lake with all the major peaks in that area in full view. In the other direction the scenery is just as spectacular. Due to the wind we only stayed about half an hour. When we returned to the campground others were arriving so we got busy cutting firewood. Wilf Twelker had brought along a roll of plastic and a staple gun and covered the large openings in the cook shelter so when the fire was lit in the stove it was quite cosy.

Del arrived about this time. She had cooked the turkey and her timing was perfect. On her arrival the rest of us got busy preparing the necessary veggies, etc. A total of fifteen sat down to a very delicious and enjoyable turkey dinner. After the dishes were done a nice sociable evening was enjoyed by all.

Del coordinated a hike on Sunday to Helen Lake and the ridge above it. It was somewhat cloudy and windy. At the lake we stopped for lunch out of the wind. Then we headed on up the trail, which was quite muddy in this area. Once onto the top of the ridge the strong wind didn't encourage any loitering around. Some of the group had headed back after lunch and some continued along the ridge and came back onto the trail at the Helen Creek crossing. After 2 p.m. we did get some sunny breaks and when you could get out of the wind it felt quite pleasant. The last of the group returned home from here so we were down to an even dozen.

Back at the campgroup at 5:30 p.m. it was 11 degrees, windy and cloudy again. We had turkey, etc. leftovers for supper and it all tasted as good as the evening before. There was a light rain shower at 8:00 p.m. After another sociable evening we all turned in at a reasonable hour.

Monday morning I was awakened by the patter of raindrops on my van roof. After dozing on and off I got up at 7:00 and lit the fire in the cookshelter. A few minutes later Wilf showed up. He had slept in his tend, the previous night he slept on a table in the cookshelter and had mice running over his face. By the time we had finished our breakfasts others gradually drifted in. Due to the drizzly weather most of us decided to call it a day and left for home.



Monday morning I was awakened by the patter of raindrops on my van roof. After dozing on and off I got up at 7:00 and lit the fire in the cookshelter. A few minutes later Wilf showed up. He had slept in his tent, the previous night he slept on a table in the cookshelter and had mice running over his face. By the time we had finished our breakfasts others gradually drifted in. Due to the drizzly weather most of us decided to call it a day and left for home.

These Thanksgiving Weekend outings have been a sort of tradition with the Ramblers since the first one organized in 1975 by Bill Leach. Since then others who have coordinated these trips have been Leslie Hodgson, Peter McGill, Marg and Dick Lowndes, Wilf Twelker and of course this year Del Lavallee which was the fifteenth. Some years were missed in between.

Over the past few years the accommodations have changed quite a bit. Not too long ago everyone was in tents, now, there are campers, vans, etc. This year Wilf was the only one in a tent.

Many thanks again to Del for organizing the weekend outing and especially for the delicious turkey. I'm sure we are all looking forward to next year.

The weather has generally been seasonal on these weekends. The coldest was in 1977 when we awoke to -20 degrees C but it did warm up to -2 degrees.

**UPCOMING EVENTS**

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| December 14, 1994 | Christmas Open House |
| January 18, 1995  | Winter Open House    |

**1994-1995**

**SOCIAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Tammy Romano    | Domonic Rossi  |
| Darlene Weger   | Linda Eastwood |
| Shirley Tacjnar |                |

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**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING MINUTES**

by Darlene Weger

Held on November 16, 1994

**PRESENT:** Bob St. John, President  
Barbara McInnis, Vice President  
Darlene Weger, Secretary  
John Schleinich, Treasurer  
Linda Eastwood, PackRat Editor  
Barbara Mitchell, Program Chairperson  
Tammy Romano, Social Chairperson

**ABSENT:** Reg Fryling, Coordinators Chairperson

**MINUTES OF THE PAST MEETING:**

Minutes were not read.

Business arising from the meeting: none.

**NEW BUSINESS:**

**PRESIDENT**

Bob moved that the RMRA change their address to the following:

**THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION  
c/o CALGARY AREA OUTDOOR COUNCIL  
1111 Memorial Drive N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2N 3E4**

In the past our P.O. cost \$75.00. With our CAOC membership and \$10.00 we can get a mail box. The old box will close at the end of November. Carried.

Darlene will change our address at the bank and at AGT.

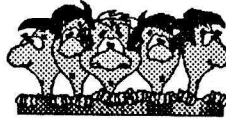
**TREASURER**

John reported that our current balance is \$4,237.03 and that the annual D & D made money.

A motion was passed that we put \$2,000 into a short term GIC. John will investigate what suitable term will give us the best interest.

(Continued)

## PACKRAT



Linda had a copy of the new format that she plans to use for the RackRat. She will send a copy to CAOC. Barb McInnis will give copies to outdoor suppliers. Barb will look into getting advertising for the PackRat. Minutes from this meeting and the AGM should be included in the PackRat.

## VICE PRESIDENT

Barb will find out if Neighbours is still carrying our advertisement.

## SOCIAL

Tammy will plan an open house for Wednesday, January 18, 1995. The Pot Luck Christmas Party will be Wednesday, December 16, 1994. It was suggested that Tammy organize a Social Committee with some members who are not the executive. The Social Committee will meet separately from the executive and report to the executive.

## SUMMARY OF THE FALL COORDINATORS MEETING

by Reg Fryling

There was some clarification of a motion from the spring meeting allowing coordinators who are away, or because of some other extenuating circumstances don't take trips for periods of up to three years to, upon returning and applying, regain full coordinator status directly. New assistant coordinators are: Marianne Wolters, Eric Stopford, Ron Hunter, and Francisco Gali. John Michi resigned for health reasons, and Diana Gonsalves because of other commitments. No gold or silver pins were awarded this year. Our committee has again suggested tat the volunteer car pool rate be increased to 4 cents a kilometre for the ski season. I was voted in as Coordinators' Chairman for another year by acclamation.

## ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 7

1. The Zambezi, 2. Lhasa, Tibet, 3. The Himalayas or Mount Everest, 4. Georgia,
5. Cirrus, 6. Contour Lines, 7. Cyprus, 8. The Blue Mountains, 9. Tides, 10.
- Atlas Mountains, 11. Pakistan and Afghanistan, 12. Mount Fuji, 13. Iwo Jima,
14. Mount Blanc, 15. The Matterhorn, ~~16. Rio de Janeiro, 17. The Pyrenees,~~
- ~~18. May, 19. A body of water, 20. Mount Whitney~~

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING MINUTES

by Anne Moran

Held on October 19, 1994

President Bob St. John welcomed all the executive and members present.

### MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF OCTOBER 20, 1993

The minutes of the Annual General Meeting of October 20, 1993 were read and approved. There was no business arising from the minutes.

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

President, Bob St. John said that the past year had been a successful one. The 40th Anniversary which included recognition of the first meeting in March, the first hike up Mt. Yamnuska and hopefully the first ski trip coming up later this month was a great success. The highlight of the anniversary was the Stampede Breakfast and Memory Lane slides show. Anita O'Reilly and her helpers deserve a great deal of credit and thanks for this success. We have also lost some members due to moves and one death and we are going to miss them all. Bob thanked all the Executive Committee for a job well done (Attached to the Minutes is the Presidents Report).

### TREASURER'S REPORT AND FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The Treasurer, John Schleinich said that the club was in a good financial position, mainly from the membership fees and this year from the Social events. The Financial Statement was audited by Brian Westcott and Marianne Wolters, and a copy of the Financial Statement is attached to the Minutes. It was moved by Ken Watson and seconded by Dave Reid that the Financial Report be accepted. All in favour.

### TRIP COORDINATORS CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Reg Fryling, Trip Coordinators Chairman said it had been another good year. The person who lead the most trips was Art Davis, second was Alastair Sinclair. The actual totals for trips, participants and hikes is down, but backpacks, bike trips and x-country ski trips are up. Reg thanked Ron Folkins and Breita Angus for filling in at the meetings. Four new Assistant Coordinators were approved at the Coordinators Meetings, these people being Marianne Wolters, Eric Stopford, Ron Hunter and Francisco Gali. John Michi and Diana Gonsalves decided to step down for now. Reg thanked all the Coordinators for taking trips out this year.

Reg Fryling is continuing as Coordinators Chairman.

(Continued)

NEW BUSINESS

The executive recommended that we keep our fee of \$20.00 per person per year, which was accepted.

PACKRAT

Doug Campbell made a suggestion that the Packrat be sent to out of town members. Some discussion for and against followed Ken Watson made a motion that:

"We mail the Packrat out to paid up members who live out of town, if they request a copy."

Seconded by Ken Scott. Motion carried.

WINTER RATES

Reg Fryling made a motion that the winter rate of 4 cents a kilometre be set to begin at the start of the ski season which will be about the middle of November. Accepted.

There was no other new business.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Wally Drew and Anne Moran formed the nominating committee. Wally Drew conducted the election of the new executive. The following were nominated and elected by acclamation.

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Social Chairman:  | Tammy Romano    |
| Program Chairman: | Barb Mitchell   |
| PackRat Editor:   | Linda Eastwood  |
| Treasurer:        | John Schleinich |
| Secretary:        | Darlene Weger   |
| Vice-President:   | Barbara McInnis |
| President:        | Bob St. John    |

There being no further business Wally Drew moved and Gert Noer seconded that the meeting be adjourned.



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## TEAHOUSE TRAMP 1994

by Doug Campbell

I'm not likely to forget it. For fifteen years we've been taking this trip for the Ramblers because it's a trail that captures much of the charm and magnificence of the Rockies, sights that have magnetized visitors for over a century. Each trip new ramblers share this wonderment and often veteran Ramblers reluctantly admit it's their first time on parts of this well-worn trail: the one hour warm-up climb to the tree-line, the silver curtain of waterfall, placid Lake Agnes, the vista from the Big Beehive with the Chateau and its own minute hive of activity far below, the high level route to the Plain of Six Glaciers teahouse for refreshment with the roar of turbulent waters from below and on high the chance of avalanche activity on distant peaks.

One aspect of the hike can mar the hike: too many people on the trail. In 1994 the trip was moved to October to avoid the peak visitor season but, strangely, people helped to make the memories.

There was the father speeding his five year old son past our group to tell us while resting at Lake Agnes that this lad had climbed more than twenty peaks including Mount Temple two weeks earlier, his exploits now in softback print - The Littlest Hiker. We picked them out later from afar struggling to conquer Mount Niblock.

We came to our own struggle on that normally innocent 400 ft zig-zag trail to the Big Beehive. A party of young people preceded us and we followed on to encounter icy surfaces with the thought of retreating as a more dangerous alternative. It took an hour for all ten of use to negotiate the ascent, securing each footstep, clambering, groping and crawling. Steepness, deadfalls and snow discouraged a direct climb. At one point Darlene and Roger abandoned contact and made their own ways, yet remained at the forefront, reinforcing a long held respect for their fortitude and teamwork.

Other characters catching attention were the Austrian video-buff anxious to pose our members with Victoria Glacier as backdrop, the sun-drenched young lady trying to keep up with her male partner while toting a bulky fur jacket underarm, and the elderly teahouse helper with large backpack being tugged at running pace by a stocky canine down the 6 km trail to the Chateau.

Hikers come in many hues, thank goodness!

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## BANK BALLS

Takes about 2 hours to make a batch of 24 balls

|                             |                         |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 24 dried figs               | 1/2 tsp baking powder   |
| 1/3 cup honey               | 1 Tbsp canola oil       |
| 4 Tbsp orange juice         | 2 egg whites            |
| 2 Tbsp lemon juice          | 1/4 cup dark corn syrup |
| 2 1/2 cups unbleached flour | 1 tsp lemon juice       |
| 1/2 tsp baking soda         | 1 cup oat bran          |

Combine figs, honey, orange juice, and 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and put in food processor. Chop into fine bits. Set aside.

Mix all other ingredients (except oat bran) in large bowl. Beat with electric mixer three to four minutes at medium speed. Add fig mixture, and beat until blended. Roll 20 to 24 balls and coat with oat bran. Place balls on pan and bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes or until warm and a bit puffy. Put in refrigerator to harden. For a crunchier texture, bake two to five minutes longer or until dough is thoroughly cooked.

Each ball contains 44g carbs, 1g fat, and 4g protein for a grand calorie count of 191. Also contains nutrients like potassium, thiamin, niacin, and riboflavin -- all from natural sources.

They will not turn to mush on a 90 degree F day or shatter your teeth in cold weather.

**WARNING:** Be careful not to overindulge. To many can cause an upset stomach because of the high fibre content.

## MY FIRST TIME

by Linda Eastwood

I would like to thank those of you who helped by providing me with your advice and support for my first time as PackRat Editor. A special thanks to Marie Praestegaard for her help learning PageMaker 5.0 and her work with the graphics. I would also like to thank everyone who submitted articles for this issue (I didn't even have to hunt you down).

I have been a Rambler for a short time and have had the pleasure of meeting many new and interesting people, because of this I know this year will be just as enjoyable as the last. As this year ends and the new begins I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and all the best in the New Year.

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**IF SUDDENLY I KNEW**

by Alice E. Chase

If suddenly we knew today  
Was going to be our last  
I'm sure we'd do a lot of things  
Neglected in the past.

Like rising very early  
So we wouldn't miss the dawn  
Or running barefoot down a hill  
Before the dew was gone.

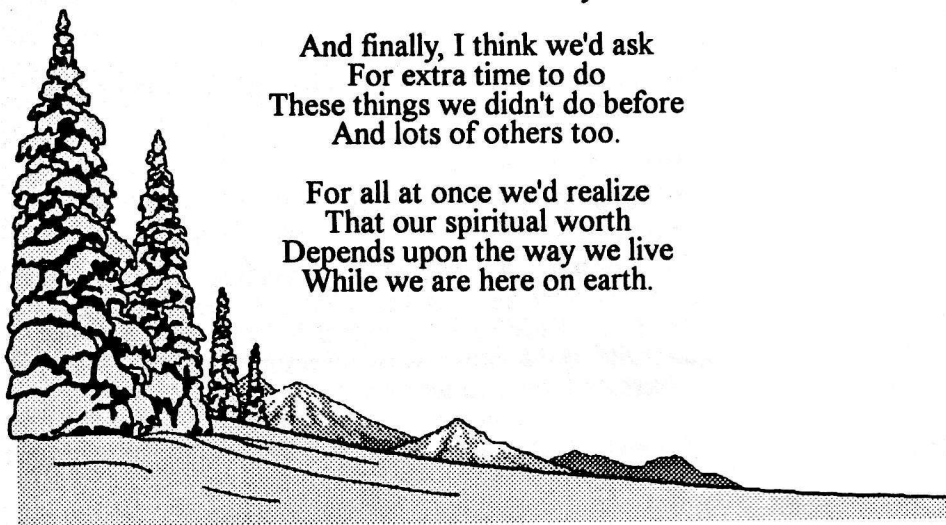
I think we'd greet our neighbours  
With a very special smile  
And visit friends we hadn't seen  
In quite a little while.

I'm certain we'd be careful  
Not to tread on any toes  
And listen with a kinder ear  
To other people's woes.

We'd find much greater magic  
In a sunset or a star  
And wish we'd noticed sooner  
Just how beautiful they are.

And finally, I think we'd ask  
For extra time to do  
These things we didn't do before  
And lots of others too.

For all at once we'd realize  
That our spiritual worth  
Depends upon the way we live  
While we are here on earth.



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*Happy Holidays*