

THE PACKRAT

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OCTOBER 1995

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.
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.

RMRA EXECUTIVE 1994 - 1995

PRESIDENT
VICE PRESIDENT
TRIP COORDINATOR
TREASURER
SECRETARY
SOCIAL DIRECTOR
PROGRAM DIRECTOR
NEWSLETTER EDITOR


Bob St. John
Barbara McInnis
Reg Fryling
John Schleinich
Darlene Weger
Shirley Tajcnar
Barb Mitchell
Linda Eastwood

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Bob St. John

Where did the summer go? I can't remember many hikes I went on (save for Gert's Mt. Rundle adventure). I think I went on a lot more, but they are a blur behind the fog of many holidays. As your devoted president I promise to buckle down and not have so much fun in the future.

The next few months will be busy. There is the Coordinators Fall Meeting, the Annual General Meeting and the Awards Dinner and Dance. Dates, times and places are elsewhere in the PackRat I am sure. The Coordinators will have to pause in their beer drinking to consider the material generated by the hard working Safety Committee. The Annual General Meeting will also have a vote on adoption of an Avalanche Safety Policy currently being polished up. I think it is important that the general membership have the final say on this topic. As for the Dinner and Dance, I believe the membership will have a chance this year to nominate people for some 'light awards'. By the way I am looking for a volunteer to be roasted, please see me if you need warming up! (it is reported that Wally plans to be on the other side of the world during this event)




Expand your OUTDOOR knowledge!

Get the inside track on Calgary's Outdoor Recreation community. If you're looking for:

- new ACTIVITIES
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... Calgary's new *Guide to Outdoor Recreation* has all the information you'll need. It's available for \$4 at outdoor shops, bookstores and at the Calgary Area Outdoor Council (1111 Memorial Dr. NW Z70-2262).



EXECUTIVE MEETING MINUTES

August 30, 1995

PRESENT: Bob St. John, President
Darlene Weger, Secretary
John Schleinich, Treasurer
Linda Eastwood, PackRat Editor
Shirley Tajcna
Tammy Romano, Social Chairperson
Barbara Mitchell, Program Chairperson
Frank Stanley

ABSENT: Barbara McInnis, Vice President
Reg Fryling, Coordinators Chairperson

MINUTES OF THE PAST MEETING:

Minutes of the May meeting were read. Approved as read.

OLD BUSINESS:

"Celebrate the Outdoors" put on by Calgary's Parks and Recreation, was not well attended but there was good enthusiasm..

REPORTS:

PRESIDENT:

Bob suggested we as Wally to again be on the nominating committee for the annual elections. The date of the annual general meeting was set for October 18th.

Bob said he was going to submit an extraordinary resolution about avalanche equipment approved in principle at the May's coordinators meeting for approval at the Annual General Meeting.

TREASURER:

John moved that we start collecting the 1995-96 membership fees in September, both at the meeting and through mail. Seconded by Barb. All in favour.

PACKRAT:

Linda discussed some ideas for some fun awards at the Annual Dinner and Dance which she will put in the PackRat.

VICE PRESIDENT:

No report.

SOCIAL PROGRAMS:

Tammy will be leaving for Australia. Shirley Tajcnar has agreed to being our social coordinator for the rest of this term. Thank you Shirley!! The annual dinner and dance will be held at the Winter Club, Sky Room, on Friday, October 27, 1995. The annual Car Camp will be held September 22 to 24.

NEW BUSINESS:

Frank reported that the coffee shop was doing well.

NEXT MEETING:

Date was not set.

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Armand V Magotiaux 278-9750



UPCOMING EVENTS

October 18, 1995
Annual General Meeting

October 27, 1995
Awards Dinner and Dance
Calgary Winter Club

KEN'S QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Everywhere is walking distance if you have the time."

— STEVEN WRIGHT

"The speed of the leader determines the rate of the pack."

— WAYNE LUCAS

"The brain is wonderful; it starts working the moment you get up and doesn't stop until you get to the office."

— ROBERT FROST

"Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult."

— CHARLOTTE WHITTON

"A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul."

— GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

"You know you're getting older when all the names in your little black book end with M.D."

— BEN HOLDEN



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KANANASKIS COUNTRY CALGARY VISITOR INTORMATION CENTRE

Please note that the Calgary Visitor Information Centre for Kananaskis Country has relocated, along with several other provincial government offices to spaces in northeast Calgary.

Our telephone and fax numbers remain the same:

(403) 297-3362 Telephone

(403) 297-2180 Fax

Our new location is:

100, 3115 - 12 Street N.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2E 7J2

AWARDS DINNER AND DANCE

October 27, 1995
Skyline Room
Calgary Winter Club



Cocktails	6:00
Dinner and Awards	7:00
Dancing	9:00

Please use upper car park and social entrance

\$30.00

**Skiers/Climbers/Sledders/Boarders:
Don't Miss This.
The Avalanche Safety Workshop
Calgary, November 25-26, 1995**

Sessions include: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Stability Analysis.• Avalanche Terrain• Safe Travel• Self-rescue• Decision Making• First Aid	From speakers like: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Bruce Jamieson• Chris Stethem• Marc Ledwidge• George Field• And other field practitioners
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**To register, write or call:
Avalanche Workshop
PEA 101, University of Calgary
2500 University Drive
Calgary, AB, T2N 1N4
403-220-5038**

\$75 (\$65 groups and students). The Workshop is a non-profit event. Proceeds support the Canadian Avalanche Association Public Avalanche Bulletin.

CITY MOUSE GOES TO THE COUNTRY

by David Lodouneur

On August 9, nine of us headed up Smith-Dorrien road to French Creek and Haig Glacier. Skies were clear over Calgary with a broken layer of fluffy cumulus lying a couple of thousand feet over the Rockies.

I had not been on this trail for six years and was happy to see that it has maintained its state of wildness through this rugged and steep valley.

Many stream crossings, steep pitches and wind falls gave way to slopes covered with touseled seed heads of western anemones and a wonderful rock garden of alpine fireweed at the glacial outwash. One trail landmark not easily forgotten is a burlled fir tree with a three foot diameter base and 10 inch diameter trunk. As we gained elevation, the clouds thickened and the wind whipped up ice pellets to test our resolve, but five of us pushed up to the main ice field. My hands were too cold to tighten my boots but I was happy to have made it up and see the view to North Kananaskis Pass and the bottom half of the Royal Mountain group.

On the way back while reclining on a willow bank I complained about being 43 and not as fit as I used to be. Theresa piped up "I'm old enough to be your mother!"

Dick and Marg arrived at their car before the rest of us and proceeded to get comfortable for the drive home.

Upon removing his left boot, Dick discovered blood on the end of his sock and wondered what was wrong as he hadn't felt any pain. He flipped something off the toe of his sock when taking it off and found his feet and toes okay. Marg was curious about this mystery and discovered what Dick had on his sock was a very dead and squished little mouse. This creature had made a home in a boot left in the garage from the previous weekends hike. Apparently Dick nor the mouse made a sucrry or a peep!

AWARDS DINNER AND DANCE NOMINATION FORM

Please complete nomination form and return to Linda Eastwood by October 18, 1995.

Best or most creative hiking/XC skiing outfit (Whose was it and describe outfit) _____

Most improved hiker or XC skier _____

Most interesting thing someone said on a Ramblers trip (who said it and what they said) _____

Most interesting item found in a pack (whose was it and what was it) _____

Best joke told on a Ramblers trip (what was it and who said it) _____

Best gossip/rumour (who said it and what was it) _____

Congeniality Award: _____

UV AND YOU: PROTECTING YOUR EYES FROM HARM

Submitted by Ron Moore

Federal government scientists are predicting near-record thinning of the ozone layer this year, meaning an increased risk of cataracts and other eye problems, skin cancer and other health effects. The amount of UV (or ultraviolet radiation) reaching the earth is expected to be between six and ten per cent higher than normal across the country.

Now, more than ever, it is important that you take care to:

- wear sunglasses that provide the following:
 - proper UV protection (they should block out 99 to 100% of both UV-A and UV-B);
 - lenses that are large enough to protect your eyes from light and UV;
 - lenses that are free of distortions and perfectly matched in colour;
 - comfortably fitting frames that do not block side vision;
- wear sunscreen with a SPF (Sun Protectin Factor) of 15 or more, and be sure to reapply it frequently, according to directions;
- spend less time in the sun at midday;
- wear a hat, long sleeves and long pants along with your sunglasses when you do venture outdoors at midday.

Do not forget to wear your sunglasses on bright, cloudy days as well as sunny ones. Clouds do not block out UV radiation.

Everyone benefits from wearing UV absorbing vision correction. Protection from UV is a must if you fit into any of the following categories:

- **you work outdoors or spend a lot of your leisure time outdoors (particularly between the hours of 10:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.);**
- **you work or play near water, snow, sand. UV is reflected off these surfaces. Even cement reflects UV;**
- **you live at high altitudes;**
- **you are on medications or using products such as: tranquilizers; diuretics; antihypertensives; artificial sweeteners; N.S.A.I.D.s; oral contraceptives; anti-fungals; sulfa-containing drugs. Check with your optometrist, pharmacist or physician to see if the medication you take causes increased sensitivity to UV;**
- **you have fair skin and blue eyes;**
- **you have had cataracts removed from your eyes;**
- **you use sunlamps or tanning salons;**
- **there is a history of retinal degeneration in your family.**

REMEMBER: The first thing to look for in sunglasses is protection from ultraviolet light. The second is protection from glare. Be sure to ask your optometrist for the best type of lens to suit your needs.

THE ABC'S OF UV!

Submitted by Ron Moore

UV has no value to vision and is harmful to every part of the eye which absorbs it.

UV, or ultraviolet radiation, is a part of the sun's energy. While the sun sustains all life on earth, some forms of this energy can be harmful to life. Its Ultraviolet rays, which cannot be seen by the naked eye, can cause damage to unprotected eyes and skin.

There are three types of UV: US-A, UV-B, and UV-C.

UV-C from the sun does not pose a threat to vision, since all of it is absorbed by the ozone layer (the thin layer of gases that surrounds the earth). However, UV-C from man-made sources, like electric welding arcs, is harmful to the eyes if proper protection is not used.

UV-A and UV-B are the rays to avoid. The ozone layer does not absorb all UV-A and UV-B radiation. More and more, studies are showing that exposure to both UV-A and UV-B can cause short and long term damage to your eyes.

UV-A is the weakest form of ultraviolet. It tans the skin, causes skin aging, wrinkles and is suspected of contributing to cataracts (a permanent clouding of the eye which reduces vision) and accelerated aging of the retina, causing a condition known as age-related macular degeneration (ARMD), which is a leading cause of vision loss and legal blindness among Canadians over 60 years of age. UV-A also damages outdoor plastics and paint.

UV-B, which is stronger than UV-A, is the most harmful. It burns the skin and is known to be a cause of skin cancer. It is mostly absorbed

by the eye's cornea (the transparent layer at the front of the eye). Short term overexposure to UV-B can cause a sunburn of the cornea (also known as "welder's flash" or "snow blindness"). Long term overexposure can lead to cataracts.

Don't Forget Your Shades In Winter!

Though many people think of sunglasses as a summer accessory, it is important for you to wear your sunglasses in winter, too. Ultraviolet radiation is harmful to your eyes, no matter the time of year. In winter, UV is reflected off the snow, as well as beamed directly from the sun!

Be sure to see your optometrist once a year for a thorough eye examination. It is the best way to ensure eye and vision health, and to keep track of your UV protection needs.

Did you know...

A 1% decrease in the ozone layer results in a 1.1-1.4% increase of UV-B.

*Many people come looking, looking...
Some people come, see.*

Dawa Tenzing

HEART RIVER RACE

CONTINUED

by John Schleinich

It happened quickly. Our boat plunged into depth. Flat-nose first, with tones of water and a powerful back-wash created by the submerging river. The flat-nosed tub hit the wave and turned sideways into a precarious position between two unyielding forces. For a brief moment it held the onslaught rocking recklessly and filling with cold foaming water. We saw the inevitable, and a split second before it capsized we jumped clear off the wildly rocking boat, into the wave away from the fall.

Obviously we had no experience in boating, but we knew water. It took more than courage to abandon a floating object and submerge into a blustery icy river below a fall. We had to avoid being pushed and sucked into this inferno of turbulent water, with a heavy boat and long poles plunging down to a rocky bottom. A real maelstrom. Our only hope was to dive away from it, down and below the standing wave. The wave was created by water rushing away from the fall, submerging into the slower flowing river. Hopefully we too would be drawn out and away from this chaos.

Our calculation was correct. We came up on the other side of the huge back-wash and were carried by the stream into a bend of freezing water. The boat was nowhere in sight. Either it was smashed to pieces or more likely, hung up on the bottom in rocks and debris of the clutter the river carried along. We drifted into a calmer area toward the opposite shore and with a bit of swimming managed to reach land. But our problems were not over. We couldn't get out.

It was a steep, high bank of dark muddy shale. Every time we grabbed onto a branch, root or a clump of shale, in an attempt to pull ourselves up, it crumbled under our weight and we kept on drifting. Don wore waders. He managed to kick one off in the struggle to stay afloat. But the other filled with water, making every effort to pull himself out more difficult. My light sneakers were no hinderance. Sooner or later I would succeed and drag myself up the slippery bank, unless I froze in the process. The intense cold chilled us to the bone and made movements increasingly more difficult. The water temperature, with ice floating on the river, was undoubtedly below zero.

As the roar of the fall subsided in the distance, we suddenly became aware of another noise, all too familiar. There were rapids ahead and we had to get out before drifting into that mess of rocks. We reached out for any hold, grabbing for anything available to stop us from being carried further down the river. Drifting nearer some overhanging branches, I dug my feet into the muddy side of the river bed and lunged upward. After several attempts I reached a branch. Gingerly I held on to it. Don behind me added his weight to the same lifeline, it pulled out and we sailed on. Again I jumped, this time I got hold of a protruding root. Before the extra weight on my friend could loosen our hold, I wrietered and twisted my way up onto more solid ground. Turing around I reached for Don as he floated by. We locked hands and both of us were out, just in time. Foaming white water only hundred feet down the river.

Intensely cold, we lost control of our muscles. The sun was shining, but we could barely move. Chilled to the core we would have perished if it had not been for Don's foresight, or plain common sense. He carried matches in a watertight capsule. We scraped twigs, dry grass and short branches onto a pile. That was easy. To take the matches out of the capsule and light a fire was extremely difficult. Our fingers were inflexible and we were shivering out of control. The wet clothes draining the last bit of heat out of our frigid bodies. We tore at each other's clothes and slowly stripped every piece of wet garment off. A lengthy process. Then we attended the problem of getting the matches out and light a fire. Impossible. If we fail, inevitably we freeze to death. With rock like fingers, teeth, knees and canny manipulations, we succeeded and a life saving fire was soon burning.

We wrung out our clothes, hung them around the fire to dry. And so did we. Like Comanches crouching by the fire. Naked, turning and warming, heating every inch of freezing flesh. We were in bush country, close to the Heart and far away from home. That much we knew and not more. I had my foot wear, but Don was missing one boot, the one he managed to kick off, to stay afloat.

When our garments were dry and we regained control over our shaking bodies, we dressed and started off. Don's bare foot was donned with his two socks and

mine, so he could hobble relatively pain free through the dense vegetation. We knew the general direction toward Peach River. To get there on foot, however, through dense bush and undergrowth was no simple hike. We hoped for roads, side roads to farms, or forestry roads. It would be faster and easier, and per chance meet a car and catch a ride.

We lumbered over fallen logs and ploughed our way through shrubbery, brush at times so dense we had to detour and veer off from our original route. The sun was still high and it beckoned us in our general North by North-West direction. We must have wandered like this for several hours before we hiked up a little hill. Puny, but high enough to give us a broader view. Further ahead we noticed thinning of trees in a straight North South direction. Full of hope we headed toward it. A secondary dirt road stretched out before us, as far as the eye could see. We leaped over the ditch onto the road and started walking North.

The days in April at this latitude are long. It must have been around three o'clock and we were assured of four or five more hours of daylight. In five hours we wouldn't get home, but every mile closer to town, increased our chances to find help. We kept going in the same direction: North.

Perhaps an hour or so on the road, we heard a car before we saw it. It was a fancy red wagon. A fellow our age drove it. He stopped. Curious he rolled down his window and let us talk, listening intently, not saying a word. We told him our story. He never opened his mouth. He saw the miserable condition we were in and the indisputable need for help. When he heard enough he rolled up his window and without as much as a "good luck", drove away. We couldn't believe our eyes. Why? Probably disgusted by our dirty appearance, not in harmony with his lustrous vehicle.

We kept walking, puzzled by this young man's cold-hearted behaviour. But we felt better. Now that we knew, traffic on this road was not out of question we were certain we would meet another car, hopefully a good Samaritan at the wheel. Indeed after a while we did. An old jalopy. Inside the "Samaritan" and

his family. His wife, in the front was huge. She almost filled the entire motorcar. In the back were children, three or four little ones. He listened. His destination was not Peach River, but he was willing to take us there, not too much out of his way. He invited us to share whatever space there was in the back, and crawl in with his children. I still remember, almost forty years later, how good it was to squeeze into the back with all those little bodies and the warm feeling I had for this family.

The children shyly pulled back into a small human cluster. Their big dark eyes surveyed us inquisitively. Slowly they warmed up. Then there was giggling and whispering. Eventually there was motion. The cluster expanded to all available space.

The car moved slowly. I was praying for a safe ride. This good man did not deserve a broken spring or skid into the ditch. It was a long ride and ultimately we arrived in Peace. We thanked him sincerely as we left the car just outside the town. The children gave us a long and noisy goodbye, I felt like giving them a hug.

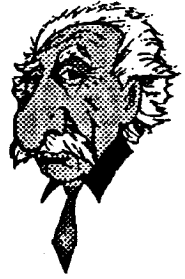
A week later the race took place. Naturally without Bob. The water was so shallow that most boats couldn't manage the rocks sticking out of the water. In some places they had to portage their boats. On one such occasion a boatman broke his ankle on protruding rocks.

As for Bob's beautiful red-white checkered boat, it was never found. We had the opportunity to survey the river in a light plane, but no matter how often we flew over the spot where we went under, the boat was never sighted. Perhaps it joined the "Flying Dutchman" and is now haunting the Heart River voyagers.

No matter how much I hurt, and how slow I may be going, I usually finish because finishing is what's important.

Laurie Dexter

TRIVIA QUESTIONS



1. Name the large mountain chain in the eastern U.S.A.
2. What was Junko Tabei the first woman to do?
3. Which continent is the driest?
4. What is a group of owls called?
5. What does an ornithologist study?
6. Name the smallest bird?
7. Climbers from this country conquered Everest for the first time in 1982.
8. Brontophobia is the fear of _____.
9. His party died in 1912 during an expedition to the South Pole.
10. The Kelvin scale is used to measure _____.
11. His ship was trapped in Arctic ice and the expedition died.
12. In what range are Mount Washington, Mount Adams, Mount Monroe and Mount Jerrerson?
13. This "first" took place on May 29, 1953.
14. He led the first expedition to reach the North Pole (disputed).
15. What is the common name for the Aurora Borealis?

Answers on Page 19

NEXT PACKRAT ISSUE:

December 6, 1995

**DEADLINE FOR
ARTICLES:**

November 22, 1995



BARBECUE CHICKEN TOPPING

6 ounce can tomato paste
 1/4 cup onion, chopped
 1/4 cup wine vinegar
 1/4 cup worcestershire sauce
 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 4 cloves garlic, minced
 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese

1 tablespoon granulated fructose
 1/4 cup skim milk
 1/4 cup dry sherry
 1 1/2 cups boned chicken, coarsely
 chopped (white meat only)

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Simmer for 20 to 25 minutes. Stir occasionally. Serve on top of baked potatoes.

NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION PER SERVING

Calories96.0
 Protein..... 4.9 g
 Sodium157.0 mg

Carbohydrate.....12.6 g
 Fat0.8 g
 Cholesterol.....11.9 mg



ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 18

1. Appalachians 2. Climb Mount Everest 3. Antarctica 4. Parliament 5. Birds
 6. Hummingbird 7. Canada 8. Thunder 9. Robert F. Scott 10. Temperature 11.
 John Franklin 12. White Mountains, N.H. 13. Conquest of Everest 14. Robert
 Edwin Peary 15. Northern Lights

by Robert Service

I was once, I declare, a Stone-Age man,
And I roamed in the cool of a cave;
I have known, I will swear, in a new life-span
The fret and the sweat of a slave:
For far over all that folks hold worth,
There lives and there leaps in me
A love of the lowly things of earth,
And a passion to be free.

