

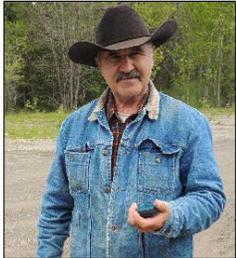


Spring 2014

Yearly Report by Ken Groat

Annual Newsletter

We started off the year with a very well attended AGM that saw members taking part in a GPS course with Gary Mandrusiak, and power saw safety and horse packing demo's by Curtis Hallock. The weekend activities were filmed by Michael Shorts Let's Go Outdoors film crew. Host Mary Hulbert did a great job of editing the film which was shown on Michael's show in February.



Ken Groat

We started our summer projects early in the summer with Ken South and Dave Wildman doing mapping recon and GPS on the Jackson Creek Trail. As well Dennis and Leanne Quintilio along with Ken South did a lot of work on the 40 Mile trail along the Clearwater River. With the high water the last couple of years there was quite a length of the old trail that couldn't be resurrected back to a useable state. So they had to search out a new trail location with a little guidance from an old time outfitter in the area; Stan Radke and a new section of trail was born!



Stan Radke

Over the years Dennis has made a lot of acquaintances through his work in various positions within the government, and this paid off in a big way for RMWS when he was able to get the ESRD fire crews from Rocky Mountain House to go out and do power saw work on the new trail.



2013 AGM - GPS Course with Gary, Chainsaw Demo with Dave, Packing Demo with Curtis and Robin Campbell, Jennifer Burns, Ken Groat and Brian Bildson admiring the RMWS birthday cake



ESRD Firefighter clearing the Clearwater Trail



## Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society

Meanwhile further north Lyle Moberly was gathering up a crew to go into Big Graves and clean the trail back towards Hayden Ridge. We headed in with Lyle early in July with a very capable crew and did a very extensive cleaning on the trail from Big Graves to the point the trail leaves the Sulphur River and climbs up the ridge to Walton Creek Trail.

Along with the work Curtis Hallock did from Hayden Ridge back towards Grande Cache; the trail is in pretty good shape right to Big Graves with a couple of short stretches still requiring a bit more work. While on our return trip we were coming over Hayden Ridge which allows for cell phone service, everyone packing a cell was checking their messages and emails.



**Pack string**

This is where Andrew Manske learned he had been nominated for an Emmy which he won later on in the fall.

Needless to say we are all very proud of him for this great achievement!



**Andrew and his boys helping with dishes**

We had not planned to do any work on the Jackson Creek Trail till 2014, but with the extra help Dennis had garnered on the 40 Mile trail west of Caroline he had come in under budget so he gathered up a crew and started to clean up the Jackson Creek trail. This would fit really well into the RMWS plans for a member campout at the Hay River Staging Area. We had a strong contingent of members gather there on the long weekend of September and one of our members Maxine Maxwell wrote up a story of this fun filled weekend for this addition of the RMWS Newsletter.

This put a wrap on a very successful summer cleaning up trails in some of this province's most pristine wilderness areas ever traveled through, be it on mountain bike, hiking or horse back.

With the summer behind us we set our sights on the second annual Cowboys Ball. Once again we were overwhelmed by the support of local and area merchants that strongly believe in what we stand for and agree with what we are doing in these wilderness areas.

Our Cowboys Ball was a smash hit again and sold out in a few days with many people saying this is going to be an annual event for them.

Our membership is going strong with members from all over Alberta and into BC.



**Ken, Carter Ostashek and Monty Groat workin' the crowd!**



**The August Jackson Creek Trail Crew with Pauline Quintal, Leanne Quintilio, Gail Wildman, Wayne Quintal, Dennis Quintilio, Dave Wildman and Ken South**

It is also my pleasure to announce that we have been selected for our proposal entitled Trail and campground cleaning trip from Porky Pine Lick to Rocky Pass from over 100 submissions to receive the full amount of the \$7,000 requested from the Alberta Conservation Association's Conservation, Community and Education Grants!

In closing I would like to thank everyone for their help and support over the past two years and hope to see you at one of our functions.

## Managing Equestrian Campsites and Staging Areas by Dennis Quintilio

Albertans are fortunate enough to have access into Wilderness Areas along the East Slopes of the Rocky Mountains and for many years horse owners have enjoyed the experiences of camping and riding in this unique backcountry. Major trail head developments often have public campsites and staging areas that provide

gravel parking sites, picnic tables, fire rings, outhouses and corrals or tie stalls. These facilities are popular day-use or overnight destinations that at times are filled to capacity with all types of horses, riders, trucks and trailers. Regardless of the variety there is one constant that is associated with the high use of an equestrian campsite and that is the impact of horses, particularly if they are tied up overnight. This article is just a friendly reminder that horse owners can do a lot to minimize the cumulative impact of a concentrated horse population and contribute to campsite enjoyment for everyone.

### Here are a few of the Golden Rules

- ⇒ Bring along a shovel, rake and wheelbarrow for the daily routine of cleaning up wherever the horses are kept.
- ⇒ If a central manure container is available the wheelbarrow makes it easy to clean up around trailers, stalls and corals then transport to the container.
- ⇒ If there is no central manure container at least clean up and spread out the wheelbarrow loads away from the main camp area.
- ⇒ If there are no available stalls or corrals a high line from trailer to trailer helps minimize impact on trees.
- ⇒ If only trees are available use of a cinch around the tree minimizes rope damage.
- ⇒ If you are packing out try to leave your trailer away from prime camping stalls.



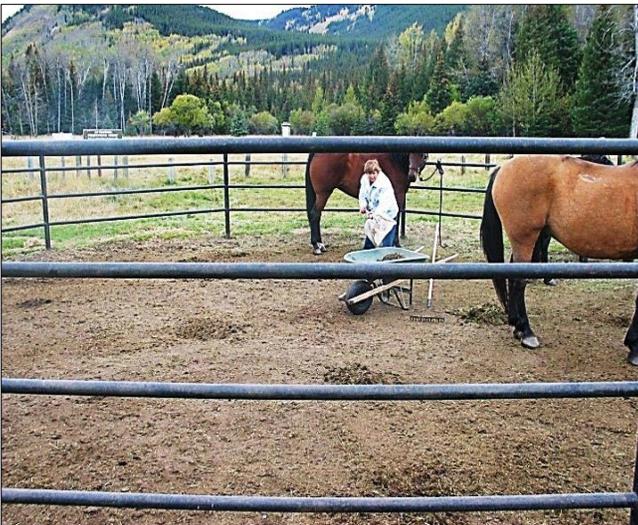
## Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society



Ideal equestrian campsite that is well maintained on a daily basis – check out the health of trees next to your tent as strong winds can do a lot of damage.



A manure box is provided for a reason – it's up to us to use it on a daily bases.



It is a privilege to have roomy corrals so let's keep them clean – remember the reminder to bring a shovel, rake and wheelbarrow.



This camp had a senior trail rider that stayed in camp and cleaned out all the stall and corrals every day. He was looked after during the happy hours!

*Housekeeping ain't no joke. —Louisa May Alcott*



# Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society



Highline posts are available in some campsites so check your knot book for tying up your halter shanks.



Cutoff Creek Staging area is a model equestrian site that also accommodates OHV's – seems to work well as the OHV riders usually pull off the trail and shut down when horses approach – stop and compliment them and explain why this is appreciated.

Respect the rules/regulations of the public land agencies and the contractors that maintain equestrian sites.



Feedbox built over the trailer wheels – sliding D-ring lets horse move along the tether rope.

*Look deep into nature and then you will understand everything better. — Einstein*

**Welcome**

Here are some things you should know.

Please ...

- Build fires in stoves provided
- Keep your pet on a leash
- Respect others. Quiet hours are 11:00 p.m. - 7:00 a.m.
- Leave a clean campsite
- Firearms must be encased or in "take down" condition
- The use of off highway vehicles is not permitted
- Liquor is allowed only within your registered campsite
- Maximum stay is 16 nights

Conservation Officers patrol these campsites to assist visitors. For more information or if the facilities require servicing please call

**FOX CREEK DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION LTD. HINTON, ALBERTA**  
Ph: (780) 865-2111 | foxsk@telusplanet.net



## Goat Hunting in the Willmore by Ken G South and Donald R. Law

It was 1987, the last year of goat hunting in Alberta for many years. Over the years both Don and I had made numerous attempts of entering our names for a goat draw. Finally, I got a phone call from an excited Don telling me he won a draw and the both of us starting making our plans.

We had just returned from a two week pack trip in August, so all the kinks for the summer had been worked out of our two outfits. In late September we departed from the staging area at Rock Lake with one saddle horse and pulling two pack horses each. Our first nights camp



Hardscrabble 2007

was about eight miles past the gate at the staging area at Rock Lake. The night was fresh, as the temperature was below freezing and there was two inches of snow on the ground. We had hopes of no additional snow.

The both of us were up early next morning and soon on the trail. Our second night was spent at Blue Grouse and the third night at our hunting campsite on a meadow adjacent to Hardscrabble Creek.

The next two days were spent ensuring the hunting camp was well set up. We had to cut and split enough wood for ten days to ensure there would be no noise of power saws or wood splitting prior to opening day.

On Saturday we rode to the general area of the hunt to scout and glassed the mountain side to ensure the goats were where we thought they would be; they were. We also noticed fresh grizzly diggings close to the base of the mountain. Sunday we rested and did all the little things we needed to do to ensure an early start out of the hunting camp on Monday, the opening day of the goat season!

The next morning we were up at 0400 hours, had breakfast, tied up two of the pack horses that were to remain in camp, and departed at 0600 in the dark with our saddle horses and one pack horse each. Daylight saw us swing off the trail along the Hardscrabble Creek and start up a side creek that was flowing into the Hardscrabble Creek itself. The head of this creek was where we had spotted the goats.

We tied up the horses for the day, shouldered a pack and rifle each and started climbing. The climb was close to an almost vertical 100 foot cliff that had good hand holds but very poor toe holds. This was not fun with a pack and rifle on our backs. We made our way diagonally across the mountain towards the goats that were about a mile from us. Finally, we made it about 400 yards from several goats. We screened ourselves behind a six foot ridge and felt we couldn't get any closer without spooking the goats.

Don lay down on the ridge, and sighted the goats in. They were slightly above us and at a bit of an angle to the right. The goats saw us and started to slowly move further to the right. It was 1145 hours and after six hours of traveling from camp Don aligned his sights and pulled the trigger. Being a slightly uphill sighting Don's shot hit low on the goat. The goat headed downhill and descended adjacent to a 100 foot waterfall on the same cliff face we had climber up earlier that morning but about 500 yards further east.

Don placed another shot, killing the goat, which fell over a second cliff and down 40 feet onto a scree slope. The only way to reach the goat was to hike back the way we had come so we would not have to climb down the "100 foot cliff" a second time. We reached our horses, rode down around the creek, up the other side to the base of the scree and then climbed up the scree slope.



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We then dressed the goat, hauled it down the scree to the waiting horses and tied the goat onto the packhorse. We ended up tying the diamond hitch in the dark.

On the way back, at the same spot where we had noticed fresh grizzly diggings, our luck changed! The pack on Don's pack horse slipped down without us noticing it in the dark; right next to the grizzly diggings.

We had ourselves a night-time rodeo!

I could just make out the shape of a 15 foot spruce tree, stuck my saddle horses head in it, sucked up my pack horse and dallied tight. Don's pack horse started running in a large circle around us with the load and tarps flying and dragging the lash rope behind. The lash rope passed alongside the feet of Don's saddle horse and it started to buck! Don pulled leather and rode it out without getting thrown.

Now what? Don suggested camping for the remainder of the night. I said; "Don, we are in the middle of fresh grizzly diggings with a freshly killed goat and within one hour of camp." We agreed to keep riding. We load up the pack horse for the second time and using the flash light to ensure the pack was tight and the diamond hitch secure. We started again with me the lead. Within minutes I noticed a dark thick stand of alpine fir just out of arm's length to my right. My horse (smarter than me) wanted to turn into it. I guided him straight ahead. Within a few steps his front shoulders dropped! A steep slope! I got off my saddle horse and once again dug my flash light out of the saddle bags. We were just about to descend a steep slope into a creek, the bottom of which I could not see with the flash light. This was not a place to fall down in the dark! I checked the wall of alpine fir, pushed some branches aside and there was the trail we had come up on – like I said, my horse was smarter than me!

On the way up, there is a portion of the trail which is less than 10 feet wide along the edge of an 80 foot vertical cliff to the creek. On the way down, and in the dark, Don says "let me know when we get to that narrow place by the cliff." I said "Don we are along it now." There was dead silence behind me.

We finally made it into camp, unloaded and tethered the horses, hung the meat and looked at the time. Two in the morning! A 22 hour day and we were hungry. Don cracked a bottle of champagne he had kept hidden and we celebrated, had supper and called it "a full day".

The next day we caped the head and deboned the meat and got ready to departure our hunting camp the following day.

The weather changed to an Indian summer in October with warm days and cold nights. We have ridden many miles in the Willmore in all kinds of weather but nothing can beat a warm fall day on horseback in the mountains.

Three days later we were out at the Rock Lake staging area and headed for home. A good trip with adventures worth remembering for a lifetime.



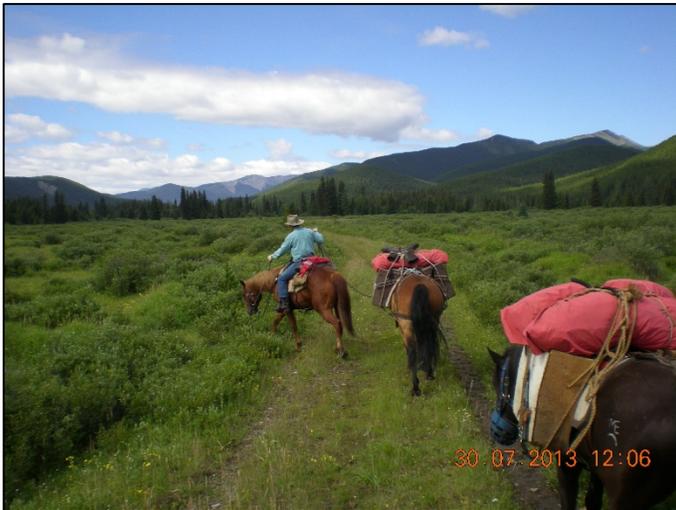
Little Berland Falls – Note Dipper bird nest to left center of waterfall

*Integrity is doing the right thing, even  
if no one is watching.  
— Unknown*



## Mountain Trip 2013 by Barry McLachlan

Chris, my son, and I decided to take a weeklong trip to the mountains the end of July returning home after the August long weekend. The plan was to leave about noon on Monday and go the Berland River staging area. After several delays we finally pulled out late in the afternoon, pretty much on time for us, which resulted in us arriving about 10:00 PM. We found most of the parking area flooded with about a foot and a half of water leaving very little room on high ground to park. It was fortunate that the ground is rocky and hard under the water so there was no danger of getting stuck at least. We wiggled our way in to park next to the loading ramp that is there. There were four horse trailers and a semi with about a 48 ft. straight liner already there so the remaining high ground was pretty full. Sort of like Ocean front property.



**On the trail to Adams Creek**

Horses were fed, and we crawled in to bed in the trailer. In the morning we packed up our three pack horses, saddled our riding horses and hit the trail about 10:00 AM. Headed for Sunset Meadows which we estimated to be about a six hour ride. For the most part all went well to Adam's Creek with the exception of a little lost time when we missed the trail at a river crossing and spent a bit of time before getting back on the right trail. At a meadow just past Adam's Creek the trail had become

quite boggy due to all the wet weather. Lucky for us the Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society had cleared the Berland River Trail the previous summer and had reopened an old pack trail that skirted the mountain side up away from the boggy low ground. So we followed this trail. The last time we had been through this area it had been dryer and we just rode along the river. This was steep and narrow winding back and forth up and down through the timber on the mountain side and all was going well until, Pete, our trusty old pack horse who just takes his place following along behind the lead rider and his pack horse, Chris at this particular time with me bring up the rear with my pack horse, ran into a bit of difficulty.

We were going down a particularly steep section of trail past a big Spruce Tree which someone had sawed off some of the branches to make for an easier passage. They had however left about 4 inches of a branch which was at least 2 inches in diameter sticking out from the tree. This little stub was just high enough to snag the diamond hitch about half way up the left pack box as Pete walked past the tree. When the rope hooked on the limb it was enough to pull Pete to the left and his front feet slipped off the tail down the hill and he kinda turned around the tree leaving his weight hanging by the rope hooked on the limb. I was able to get up next to him and tried to kick at the limb to break it off but Pete tried to keep going around the tree to get himself free. The limb held fast but the hook on the pack cinch broke which allowed the diamond hitch to pull off the pack as Pete scrambled around the tree back up onto the trail behind my pack horse, scramble up the side hill above the trail and go round me and back down onto the trail back to his designated place between Chris and I. His pack, although askew stayed on but there we were adjusting his load and throwing a new diamond hitch on this narrow trail on the steep mountain side. It was lucky that just the hook broke on the cinch and not the ring too and it was extremely lucky Pete didn't fall down the steep hill side and was able to get back up to the trail on his feet with his entire pack.

We did make it to Sunset Meadows just after 6 PM to set up camp after more than 8 hours, tired and hungry but none the worse for wear.



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On day two we traveled up the North Berland River Trail to where it intersected the Jackknife Pass trail. The R.M.W.S trail crew had cleared and opened up the old trail higher up the mountain side to avoid the bogs along the river bottom so we made the trip without incident and set up camp about 3 PM. A very relaxing day thanks to the hard work of the trail clearing crew.



**Crossing the Berland River**



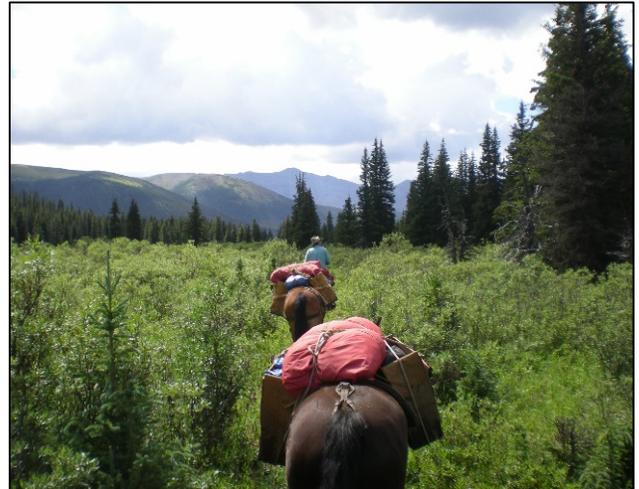
**Sunset Meadows**

I am much inclined to live from my rucksack, and let my trousers fray as they like.

— Hermann Hesse

Day three we traveled down the Indian Trail over the pass between the North and South Berland rivers. A beautiful ride through timber and meadows, with only the towering peaks above us, to the grassy alpine meadow dotted with wild flowers at the summit.

We then descended from the summit down a long valley dotted with spruce and pine with spectacular views of the snow topped peaks around us, into the big timber again emerging high above Persimmon Creek which rushed down the canyon below us. Before we could even see the stream below us you could hear the roar of the water tumbling through the rapids deep in the canyon below.



**Nicely cleared Berland Trail**



**Indian Trail**



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In a short time the stream came into view as we rode along the trail and you could see far up the valley toward the mountain bowl of the head waters and see the South Berland Valley to the left where the Persimmon emptied into the Berland. As we wound our way down the trail we could soon not only see up the Persimmon Valley and Down the South Berland Valley but look up toward towering mountain bowls that formed the South Berland headwaters. Breath taking views in all directions on a warm sunny day with fragrant mingling of the scents of spruce, pine, wild flowers and lush mountain grasses tantalizing the nose in the clear fresh mountain air. Stimulation of the senses that rejuvenates a person's mind and body in a way that is so spectacular it cannot be described. It just soaks right into ones soul.

At about 2:00 PM we arrived at our destination, a well-used campsite about a half hour ride south of the Berland on the Indian trail, near the Wildhay headwaters and set about pitching camp.



Top of the world looking down

Chris was busy setting up the tent and I had just finished setting up an electric fence in the meadow below camp and was headed back to get the horses to turn into my little pasture when I heard the sound of riders coming into camp from the south and I knew that Al, Casey, Charollette and Maxine must have ridden up from their camp at Eagle's Nest for a visit. I had told Al we would be at this spot on Thursday and I knew they were coming in to Eagle's Nest on Wednesday.

When I got back to camp Chris had broken out our rum bottle, our three cups and a few other makeshift receptacles and everyone was enjoying a toddy. We swapped tales of our respective journeys to date, had several laughs at each expense and relaxed. I then unpacked my stove and the girls and I peeled veggies and we soon had a big Mountain Mulligan on to cook. After we had eaten our Moose Meat Mulligan our visitors saddled up and headed back to their camp which was a little more than a two hour ride. There we were, Chris and I, left with dishes to do, a whole lot less food to pack, just a heel of rum left in the bottle and four days until we were supposed to be back to our trailer. I remember thinking that we had a great visit but hoping we had enough groceries left for the rest of the trip and contemplating the fact that there was only one small sip of rum each left in our bottle.

Hopefully we wouldn't require it for medicinal purposes, after all that is the reason we had brought along the rum in the first place.



Some RMWS members making a Moose Meat Mtn. Mulligan

The next morning we discussed if we should take a ride down to visit our guests from the previous day and eat their food and drink their booze or ride up to the headwaters of the South Berland. We opted for the trip up to the headwaters. We headed off with the little bit of leftover, mulligan and a sandwich Charollette had left behind. Not too far past the confluence of Persimmon Creek and the South Berland we came upon the



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camp of the group that owned the vehicles we parked beside at the staging area. They had traveled up the South Berland with 10 riders and a total of 22 horses the day before we headed out. They knew we had come in after they did because the day we started out one of their horses had gotten away while they were camped just past the forks of the Berland Rivers and gone back to the staging area. We must have just missed the loose horse because its tracks were on top of ours coming in they said. They apparently didn't have to go all the way back to their trailers however because the horse came as far as the trailers and turned around and was on its way back towards them when they found her. After a short visit we carried on up the valley toward the big mountain bowls in the distance.



**Indian Trail Summit between N and S Berland**

The river starts from about four or five big bowls and the scenery is awesome. We climbed our way up to a ridge between some of these bowls and looked down in amazement on the view before us. The air was a lot thinner at this altitude and our horses had worked up a good sweat so we pulled off our saddles and lounged among the flowers and alpine grasses above the tree line and ate our lunch while our horses grazed and we soaked in the splendor of the view. We were "On top of the world, looking down on creation" to paraphrase a song from my youth that came to mind as I sat there. On our way back to camp we met the other group heading up the valley. One of them asked what we

thought of the view to which I replied: "All we saw was a bunch of rocks, some water, some trees, a few marmots and birds that's all that's up there." I didn't add that it was all combined and laid out in a very spectacular way, I just assumed they could figure that part out for themselves.

We got back to camp, moved our horse pasture, had meal of canned moose meat in mushroom and onion gravy over boiled potatoes and carrots, took a short stroll over the ridge to the west of camp and were in bed by 9:00PM. Without a nightcap I might add.

The sun broke over the mountain behind our camp about 6:30AM Saturday morning and turned the mountains of the Persimmon Range to the west of our camp a magnificent orange starting at the peaks and slowly working its way down to the tree line and then to the valley floor where it burned off the mist that had settled in the meadows. The Persimmon Range I could see is suitably named.



**Persimmon Creek, S Berland Valley in the Distance**

After a feed of pancakes, bacon and eggs we broke camp and luckily were just saddling the pack horses getting ready to throw on the packs when the clouds which had started to build in the Berland Valley decided to dump on us so we loaded our packs and threw our diamond hitches in the rain and although the rain had stopped and the sun came out as we started out we were still in our rain gear because the trees were still dripping wet and we would be soaked if we tried to ride without it. We traveled down the valley to Pope Creek before we



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thought it was dry enough to shed our rain togs which were getting unbearably hot under the sun that was now beating down on us.

Not being sure how long it would take us to reach some of the campsites we knew were between Pope Creek and Adam's Creek we had decided to camp at one of these campsites or ride to Adam's Creek depending on what time it got to be. All we knew for sure was that it would take us a bit more than an hour to ride from the Forks to Adam's Creek. We passed two nice big Campsites not long after Pope's Creek so we decided to go as far as Adam's Creek and camp there.

We had just ridden along the edge of the river skirting a stream that ran across a flat covered in thick willows that appeared to be a bit boggy and were crossing to the other side and coming out of the river next to a rocky dry wash. Chris was in the lead with his pack horse, followed by Pete, who as always was on his own, with me bringing up the rear leading my pack horse Target when a Calamity befell me.



Chris, High above S Berland Headwaters

We all came out of the river and were riding along the left hand side of the dry wash where the water had stripped away the thin layer of dirt and left all the big rocks exposed. Now the rocks that were in the bottom of this little wash were not like the rocks that are worn

smooth and round by the river in the river bottom, these rocks were odd shaped with square corners and I am sure they were twice as hard as your average smooth river stones. Anyway, like I said I tried to ride up next to the bushes that lined the wash where there was some soil for the horses to walk on instead of having to walk on these stones which were about the size of car batteries and some of them had just as many square corners. The trail I picked went between the bush and a lone spruce tree about twelve or fifteen feet high that had somehow grown up between the exposed rocks of the wash. I am not sure why but Target decided that instead of following Dax, the horse I was riding, she would go on the right hand side of the spruce tree instead of the left and her lead rope hooked on the tree so when I looked back and saw what was happening I let go of the rope and because the rope hung up in the tree and didn't just drop to the ground and drag along, the rope tightened a bit on the halter and she just made a complete circle of the tree and came to a stop facing up the hill the same direction all the rest of us were going. I turned around rode back past the tree on the opposite side that Target was standing tied to the tree with about six feet of rope between her and the tree. When I got past her I turned around again and rode up between the tree and her and stopped to free the lead rope from the tree. I dropped my reins on Dax's neck and leaned to my left reaching for the rope, Dax, the idiot, decided that he had whoaed long enough ducked his head under the rope and started off to follow Chris and the other horses. Chris at this time had not seen I had stopped to free Target and was still picking his way up the slope. I was using both hands to untangle the rope out of the spruce boughs when Dax started off and I could see I was about to get cloths lined about belly high so I made a grab for the reins and hollered "Whoa" again !!!" I missed getting a grip on the reins so frantically tried to lift the lead rope over my head as it pushed me backwards over the cantle of the saddle. Now I am not sure if Dax is hard of hearing or just does not fully understand the concept of whoa cause he just kept right on walking and the only one that whoaed was Target and it would have been kinda good if she hadn't cause that would have given me a bit of slack to get the rope over my head. All of a sudden as I was stretched out laying backwards over the cantle of my saddle on top of my rain coat tied on the back with the lead rope hooked under my ribcage and showing no signs of loosening off as I spied the toes of my boots, still in the stirrups, coming up past the horn of my saddle.



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Being the intuitive type that I am I immediately could see that this was fast becoming a poor situation to be in at the moment and bellered out another emphatic “Whoa” which again brought no response from Dax. Chris did however hear me so I know for sure I didn’t just think I had told that stupid idiot to stop so he is either deaf or stupid. Chris said he turned around just in time to see me being pulled backward over my horse’s rump as my feet pulled backwards out of the stirrups which then fell down and banged into Dax’s ribs which he took as a cue to move forward a little faster. He may be deaf but he responds well to leg pressure even if there are no damned legs in the stirrups anymore. As I was dragged over the horse’s rump I turned a bit to the right and low and behold what did I spy with my little eye but a whole bunch of jagged misshaped rocks strewn all over the ground right where I was about to come in contact with mother earth. After a quick assessment of my situation I came to the conclusion, and as it turned out I was absolutely right, what is about to happen isn’t going to be good. Since it was obvious I was about to come in contact with this rocky terrain and very shortly at that, there were only two things to do: fall flat on my back and risk breaking my back or try to land on my side and break my right arm , shoulder, hip and leg. I opted for the side landing.



Pete – you wouldn’t believe the things we say today

I was fortunate enough to get my right hand out to take some of the impact but my right leg smashed to the ground with my calf hitting the top of a pointed rock just above the top of my boot, and surprisingly enough other than a bit of a bruise on my right forearm my leg got the worst of things and it hurt like hell and felt like I may have even broken the skin but upon later examination this was not the case and there was only a huge bump about the size of a baseball that the top of my boot rubbed against and aggravated me for the rest of the trip. After hitting the ground my first recollection, other than pain, was the sound of Chris hollering off in the distance: “Are you OK?” What the hell is wrong with him? Didn’t he just see me fall off on top of a pile of damn rocks? How could I be all right, I hurt in places I didn’t even know I had places, but I said I’m OK as I unwrapped Targets lead rope and hobbled up to my saddle horse who had by now stopped behind Pete. Now the moron could whoa, maybe he just has a time delay in his brain like a Satellite Phone, I know his brain is related to outer space somehow. I did however provide him with a bit of horse whispering when I was able to muster up a bit of strength and express my disapproval to him which he just seemed to ignore anyway.

After getting rearranged and hobbling around a bit to make sure no permanent damage had been done to my person I remounted and we continued on down the valley. As we rode along I soon became aware of several tender spots that caused me some discomfort. I was squirming in the saddle to relieve this discomfort when we came up the bank from the very next river crossing in a trench about belly deep on the horses where the water had run down the trail and eroded the bank away. I remember noticing that the bottom of Pete’s pack boxes just cleared the top of sides of the deep trail. Probably being still traumatized from my recent unceremonious dismount the intuition I showed previously failed me as I rode up out of the river and I did not think to lift my feet to clear the banks on each side of the trail. My right toe hooked the side of the bank and gave my leg a twist outward. Now my leg really was hurting and I let out a verbal tirade of adjectives and adverbs to describe my total displeasure with this latest event. Chris turned in his saddle to look back as he asked: “Now what the hell happened?”



## Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society

After a colorful rendition of the event, he found a wide spot in the trail and pulled over suggesting that I should take the lead so that he could keep an eye on me to prevent any further disruption in our travel.

As we rode along the dark clouds began forming upstream behind us and we could hear the rumble of thunder. We were hoping the distant storm would miss us but alas we soon felt the first drops of rain hit us so at the first suitable location I stopped and we got off to don our rain attire. I was just pulling on my rain coat when the sky opened up and dumped a deluge of water. Before I could pull my boots off and get my rubber boots on my leather boots were already soaked. It was by now pouring so hard we could barely see the other side of the valley which had been gradually narrowing into a steep canyon. The lightning and thunder seemed simultaneous. The thunder was almost deafening as it rolled down the canyon as the rain continued to pound down on us, the water running off the brim of our hats like waterfalls. When we reached the campsite near the forks where the north and south rivers run together we took refuge under the big spruce trees there to make some minor adjustments to our packs before we got to the steep hillside trail where we had the wreck on the way in. We were now less than 2 hours from our intended campsite at Adam's Creek and the rain continued to pound down interspersed with thunder and lightning. We made it to the steep mountain side trail and even though every hoof print and low spot was now full of water we wound our way through without incident. When we reached the last little ridge before descending into the meadows near Adam's Creek it was 4:30PM and the rain had let up but the clouds hung low on the mountainsides, everything was dripping wet and the ground was soggy. Everywhere water was running. I looked at the hill above where we had planned to camp and the openings in the trees seemed to be white with snow, we later learned that it had hailed enough at the staging area to turn the ground white, luckily we did not get hit by the hail.

We held a short board meeting on the little ridge and I asked Chris if he felt like setting the tent up in these soggy conditions and try to find some dry firewood or

ride another three and a half hours to the trailer. He said he would rather ride five hours to a furnace and hot shower.

We rode on along the now soggy trail and dripping trees back to our vehicle as the sun made a few attempts to break through and warm our backs as the dampness tried to soak in. We arrived at the truck and trailer around 8:00 PM after riding about 9 hours plus a few stops along the way. After unloading and stowing our wet gear, setting up the electric fence and giving our tired horses some hay we had some supper while the hot water heater got the water heated for hot showers. We fell into bed in the nice warm trailer with the forced air furnace, a much nicer night than in a tent set up on soaking wet ground sleeping in a cold damp sleeping bag.

Sunday we headed for home a day earlier than planned but having enjoyed our little holiday immensely.

### A Weekend to Remember in Sept 2013 by Maxine Maxwell – Wembley, AB



The plan started out that a small group of my trail riding buddies and relatively new fellow RMWS members, would load our horses and travel to Rock Lake to finally meet, ride and help clear part of the Jackson Creek Trail with our southern counterparts. However, other commitments and circumstances arose as the long weekend at the end of August and the beginning of



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September, 2013 drew near. Our group dropped down to two, Casey van Rootselaar and myself. As it turned out, even if I would have made the trip on my own, I would never have felt like an outsider.

Our arrival in midafternoon on Friday, was met with a very quiet campsite of an assortment of trailers and only a few horses. We knew we were in the right place, as about the first thing we saw was the identifying RMWS banner boldly displayed across the fence. While Casey was still trying to decide where to park his unit, we saw about 18 riders and two or three dogs emerging from the bush to the north, heading across the clearing towards us. It was not hard to tell they were in a relaxed happy state, chatting and laughing as they casually approached the camp. Ken and Shelli were the first to approach us, introducing themselves and proceeding to introduce us to the other riders, who had began congregating and relaxing in their comfortable chairs in a large campfire circle.

We soon felt very comfortable among our new friends sharing drinks and telling riding adventure stories. Other newly arriving members were greeted and welcomed in a similar manner by these extremely friendly people and consummate hosts.

It soon became very obvious that the smell of supper was in the air. We knew that we were expected to contribute to two potluck suppers over the weekend, but what were they all so busy cooking inside and outside all around the various units?

What a well-coordinated occasion it turned out to be, as we were escorted to the large mess tent containing a very hot cook stove covered with pots of warming food with even more in the oven. There we also met Denise, the head cook, who knew where everything was and how it should be set out on the various tables arranged within.

In no time, a line of hungry people appeared with plates and utensils in hand to dig in.

No words can explain the great array and amount of delicious food that we feasted on that evening. After much more visiting and stories around a huge campfire, with the big logs continually being thrown on by Lyle and Monty, we finally stumbled off to our trailers to sleep a bit before the trail clearing work commenced.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, a perfect fall day for heading out on horseback into the bush. We cooked our own breakfasts, fed and saddled our horses and joined the work crew of about 16 bodies heading out on the Jackson Creek Trail. Our bosses appeared to be the two sturdy men loading their chainsaws and equipment on packhorses; they were Ken and Larry.

We rode across the clearing from the camp and were soon gaining elevation in dense, damp smelling forest, along a wide trail clearly showing evidence of recent clearing. It wasn't too long before word was passed back down the line that we were stopping here and tying up horses. The saws were fired up and soon chips and sawdust were flying as the drone and whine of chainsaws led the procession forward. A couple of workers wielding axes were next and the rest of us, like a small army of ants, followed behind throwing logs, twigs, branches, and other debris away. I was instructed how to grab and yank the little shallow rooted, evergreen trees out of their soft mossy beds on the sides, preventing them from spreading onto the trail in the future. I felt powerful and useful to be part of this hardworking, focused trail cleaning crew, with a great sense of purpose to be a working member in the big picture of the Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society.



Trying to keep pace with the two chainsaw men, kept us moving. They were two very capable and seasoned operators! Even as a novice on the crew that day, I was just as proud as anyone to watch Ken expertly cut out the



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initials of RMWS at various points along the way. We were on a mission.

Lunch and rest time saw each of us selecting a soft spot on the ground or reclining on a log to attack the food we had packed. We chatted away, mostly about the progress and the assembly-line type system that we had worked out, marveling at how much trail we had covered and how teamwork sure lightens the load and so on... Unfortunately, Ken and Larry didn't seem to have much eating time as their chains needed to be sharpened yet again.



**A Real Group Effort!**

It was amazing to track our progress along the trail, measured by how far back the horses were each time some of us were assigned to go back and move them forward. In terms of the number of significant horse moves, it clearly was a remarkable distance and an amazing day's accomplishment. However, I think we all breathed a collective sigh, when it was declared 'enough for today' and it was time to return to camp, being that the 'women had to prepare supper'.

It was hard to describe the satisfied feeling of once again walking back to the horses on such a fresh, newly cleaned trail and thinking how only a few hours ago, it was cluttered with deadfall and logs to climb over. The elation and feeling of accomplishment had not yet been taken over by our weariness. Some of us felt moved to retrieve words of an old 'work song', somewhere along the lines of "Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it's home from work we go", I'm not sure if our collective memories ever got us past

those first few words or not. It didn't really matter, because it adequately expressed our satisfaction with each other and the cohesive team we had become.

Again, once back at camp, it wasn't long before yet another equally impressive potluck supper was ready. How such variety and large quantities of food can appear over two days from a collection of horse trailers and tents, still impresses me.

Our second evening of visiting and story-telling was even a little more intimate, as we were now more comfortable with each other, having spent the whole day bending, throwing and dragging debris in close proximity to each other's' various body parts.

It was decided that Sunday would be a day of relaxation, a ride for fun heading out to Willow Creek. As it had been so many years since I had been on the Willow Creek Trail, I went to sleep anticipating the adventure, anxious to see what I could remember from a past life.

Sunday was another perfect day for a trail ride. It was decided that two trailers would haul our saddled horses from our camp to the main Rock Lake Trailhead, sparing us riding on the gravel road. It took Johnny and Lyle two trips each, but in a short time we were on a west branch of the trail, heading into Jasper Park, towards Willow Creek. The trail was pretty much as I remembered it, with stretches of very rocky sections changing to much softer needle and moss-covered ground, mostly along a ridge above Rock Creek, winding through a mix of evergreen and deciduous trees. Again, I treasured the conversations along the way, as we learned more about the lives of our fellow riders, our friends.

That day there wasn't a mission or a deadline, so we took rest stops and snack breaks while our caring guides checked to be sure we were all comfortable and having a good experience.

It wasn't long before it seemed that the Rock Creek crossing was the perfect spot for lunch. It was so comfortable and the sun was so warm on us lounging there on the west bank of the creek that no one felt the need to continue further on to Willow Creek. We had so much to discuss and learn from each other.



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A few adventurers wished to check things out and did continue on for a bit, but most of us were happy to get back in the saddles and leisurely return to camp, just content to have enjoyed the scenery, the relaxation and the camaraderie.

It was inevitable that the weekend was winding down to its end. The bustling little camp was now a scene of dismantling and packing up so we could all go our separate ways. The atmosphere was more somber as the realization spread that this great weekend would soon be just a memory.

Planning was still happening however, for the next big event that would get us back together again, the 'Cowboy Ball' in October. So, Casey and I bid a fond farewell to all our new buddies, with everyone saying, "See you soon in October!"



It comes as no surprise to learn that the RMWS has been filmed and have appeared on TV, doing what they do -- cleaning and clearly marking trails in the Wilderness Areas!

Not being present for the filming, I've taken some quotes from their website about the significance of the event, involving about 25 RMWS members on Friday of the August/September 2013 long weekend, "we rode the west end of the trail from the staging area to Seep Creek. The highlight of the trip was having two C.O.'s from the Alberta Parks along, as well as Bobby Jones and Mary Hulbert from Michael Short's - "Let's Go Outdoors TV Series". The crew filmed what we do when we are out clearing trails."

The show times were posted and the program aired on City TV in two parts: on Sunday, February 2 and February 9. In case you missed watching these two episodes in February, the video link can be found on the RMWS website under 'videos' and also on the RMWS Facebook page. Be sure to look it up.

So, when you check out the RMWS website and scroll through the menu to see all that has been accomplished by this vibrant and industrious Society, in less than the 2 short years of their existence, you will be impressed too! We know they are credible when memberships have risen to over a hundred in less than two years of incorporation.

I am proud to say that myself and my riding buddies from the north are counted in that total.

Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society -- you really do walk the talk!!

### Cook's Corner by Leanne Quintilio and Pauline Quintal

#### EGGS BENEDICT ON THE TRAIL



Slice Black Forest Ham into desired number of slices, add a little water to steam. Put a lid or foil on top, and warm either in the camp oven or on top of the stove. Make the sauce by using Knorr's Hollandaise Sauce package according to directions although I don't use that much butter. One package per four people seems to work well.

In a rectangular pan large enough for the desired number of eggs, bring water to a rolling boil. Add cracked eggs for poaching and bring back to boil and cook till eggs are the desired consistency, neither runny nor hard cooked. Covering the pan with foil will help speed the boiling.

*One cannot think well, love well, sleep well if one has not dined well. Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own*



Meanwhile, toast each half muffin on one side on either a camp-style toaster or spread butter on the inside and brown on a pancake griddle. Keep warm by placing them on a tin plate, covering with foil and placing in the warm oven or on top of a pot of hot water on top of the stove.

Place half muffin on plate, ham slice, poached egg and top with sauce. Serve extra muffins with jam. This can also be served with fresh or canned fruit or fried green, red and yellow peppers. You may be pronounced a gourmet cook for this breakfast dish.

Men will eat two of these but women maybe only one. Have some SOS pads to clean the poaching pan!

There is a lot of learning to be done to be a good cook on the trail. First off, one has to have the menu planned for the whole trip, then comes listing all the ingredients to be needed and the shopping. Packing the boxes is an art in itself as things have to be spill-proof, mush-proof, bounce-proof, and buck-off proof. Vacuum pack meat before freezing it for the trail will help spoilage and eliminate cleaning leakage in the boxes! Keeping a fire in the stove hot enough to boil water can be difficult. A good trail cook DEMANDS “hot wood” for cooking versus “cold wood used for just heating the tent.

A good trail cook soon learns to tell the heat in the fire by the sound of it crackling. And one learns in a hurry to put foil on top of pies or breads in the oven after they are browned lightly as the tin stove oven is a little unforgiving. It is certainly more fun cooking where one has a splendid mountain view and doesn't have to worry about washing the floor afterwards!



Leanne and Sherra at Snow Creek in 1986- pancake cooking lesson

## HANG OVER BREAKFAST RECIPE

### The Story ~~

This recipe comes from Wayne's, Aunty Pearl. This lady cooked for her husband's construction crew (Quintal Construction) which goes back at least 50 years. There was not a lot of ingredients to work with, so she had to use her imagination, nor was there much for refrigeration, so anything that needed to be used up went into the pot. Definitely not like the camps of today.

I was introduced to this tasty but simple recipe in the very early years of my marriage to Wayne, and I can say that this has been one of our most made breakfasts on our campouts when we have had a large crew to cook for.

### Ingredients:

1lb Bacon  
1 Large Onion  
Fresh mushrooms  
Peppers (red, yellow green)  
Celery  
Chop all the above ingredients  
2 large cans of tomatoes (stewed tomatoes work well too)  
Eggs – 1 dozen

### Cooking Method:

Cook bacon in large fry pan or skillet. Do not drain off bacon. Simply add all chopped vegetables, along with tomatoes. Do not overcook veggies. To this mixture you will be poaching your eggs. Poach eggs until cooked to your liking. The poaching of the eggs takes the longest. If you are cooking a dozen eggs at a time it is recommended that you cover the skillet with a lid or tin foil works good too. Serve piping hot on toast, making sure to scoop up all those tasty veggies. Salt and pepper to taste.

This is the basic recipe but taking a page out of Aunty Pearl's book, feel free to add whatever is in the fridge or pack box i.e.; pork sausage, ham, left over steak.

However many camp hands that may be about, adjust the recipe accordingly.

*As a side note, I, to this day do not know where the name came from, but a hangover is not required to enjoy this delicious hearty breakfast.*

Pauline



# Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society

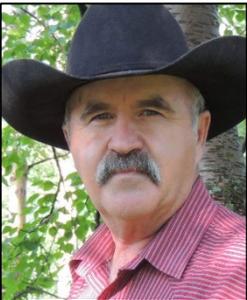
## Notice of Annual General Meeting

**Date: June 21st @ 10:00**

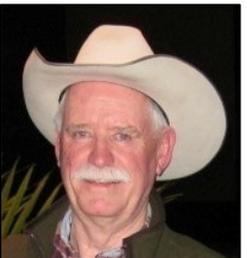
**Location Gregg River Campsite**

Please take notice that the 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual General Meeting will take place on June 21<sup>st</sup>, 2013 at 10:00 AM at the Gregg River Cabin Group Campsite. All members are encouraged to attend. We will be voting in two directors. Any members wishing copies of the bylaws please contact Jim McClelland – Secretary @ 780 865 2222 or [jmcclelland@jmmlaw.ca](mailto:jmcclelland@jmmlaw.ca).

## Our Board of Directors



President –  
Ken Groat



Vice President –  
Pat Long



Secretary/Treasurer –  
Jim McClelland



Traditions Director –  
Lyle Moberly



Business Representative –  
Brian Bildson



Director –  
Dennis Quintilio



Director –  
Cliff Henderson

The success of the RMWS over the last two years has been limitless to say the least, in all fields we set out to do. Our membership has people from all walks in life and from all corners of the province. We have achieved rave reviews from individuals that have seen what we have accomplished on the ground. There have been some strong relations built with Alberta Parks and ESRD. A large part of this was achieved through a resilient commitment from the RMWS board of Directors and dedicated members.



# Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society



**For the Fishermen:**  
ESTIMATING  
THE WEIGHT  
OF A FISH  
Here is the  
formula that  
will accurately  
give the weight  
of any  
fish: Length X

girth X girth X girth divided by 800 = weight in pounds.

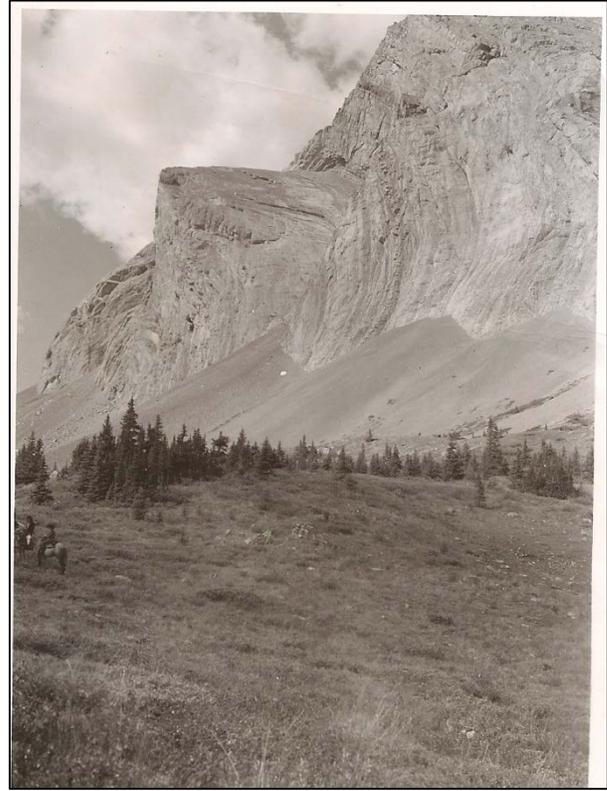


At our 2<sup>nd</sup>.  
**AGM** on June  
21<sup>st</sup>. at the Gregg  
River Cabin. We  
will be hosting a  
variety of events  
to help entertain  
all participants  
attending this  
event, for

instance one lucky member will be taking this beautiful moose horn carving by Chuck Ratliff home with them.



CO's Andrew  
Goldberg and  
Eric Lastiwka  
who joined us  
on our  
members ride  
at Rock Lake  
last fall



Another AGM Contest: Name this Mountain above and its location as well as the Mountain on the top on the cover page of this Newsletter and you could be the lucky winner of some RMWS garb!

## Rocky Mountain Wilderness Society

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Photos for this Newsletter courtesy of:

Barry McLachlan, Shelli Orava Groat, Traci Hansen,  
Lyle Moberly, Ken South, Dennis and Leanne Quintilio,  
Brian Bildson and Bob Kjos

Newsletter Designed by Shelli Orava Groat