Apr 83

# THE PACK RAT

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## NEWSLETTER OF THE

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

The objectives of the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association are:

> "To protect the interests of Ramblers and to maintain their rights and privileges; to foster a greater love and knowledge of the countryside; to assist in the preservation of countryside amenities; to function as a bureau of information; to facilitate public access to the mountains and woodlands; to organize social functions for the members."

The Ramblers meet every Wednesday evening at 8:15 p.m. in the Rosemont Community Hall, 2807 - 10th Street N.W., Calgary, Alberta. Here, they organize hikes, backpacking, canoe trips, etc. in summer, and ski and snowshoe trips, etc. in winter. There are programs on two of every three Wednesdays and social functions are held throughout the year.
Mailing address: P.O. Box 3038, Station B, Calgary, Alberta. T2M 4L6

For further information, telephone 282-1330 (Bob Baxter of Bob's Bookstore). Hours: Monday to Saturday 10:00 to 12:00 and 1:00 to 5:00; or any of the following in the evenings:

1982-83 EXECUTIVE (October 1, 1982, to September 30, 1983)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PRESIDENT | Tony Forster | 247-2612 |
| VICE-PRESIDENT | Peter McGill | 277-2196 |
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| SOCIAL | Fay Vanderwal | 286-3681 |
| PACKRAT | Rein deWit | 243-1619 |
| EQUIPMENT | Jim Wilson | 274-7166 |

The Pack Rat is published six times a year, with the aim to keep members informed about club activities, and matters of interest and concern to the Association. So keep those trip reports and other interesting articles, memos, etc., coming . . . they are the lifeblood of this newsletter.

## TRIPS AND TRAVEL

### CONFESSIONS OF A POWDER BUFF

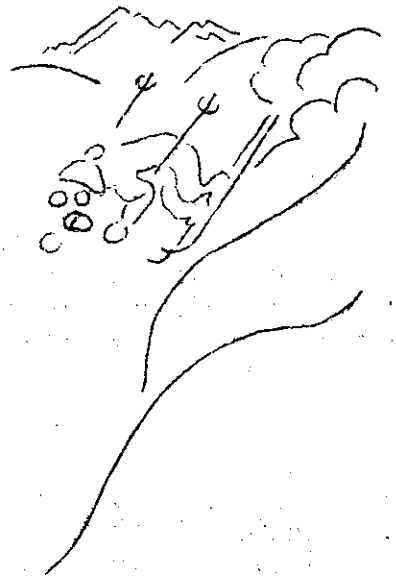
What is a powder buff? Well, quite simply he/she is an alpine skier who loves to ski powder, that beautiful, nebulous, white fluff. But the love affair with powder, if not checked, progressively advances to the point of disease, where the devotee craves powder and undertakes a ceaseless and endless quest for pure and untrammelled slopes.

It occurs to me that the Packrat might not be quite the place for a powder buff to bare his soul, because after all, most Packrat readers are skinny ski freaks who karroom off trees and beat down foliage as they negotiate backcountry trails. Notwithstanding all this, I realize that we all share a love of the great white stuff, the solitude and the beauty of mountain slopes.

Now every weekend, the powder freak faces the dilemma of trying to satiate the insatiable. Where does he go for powder? After all, the religious can pray for guidance and maybe their prayers are heard. But where does our hero turn for guidance? Would you believe, the radio? This skier of ethereal slopes has only the radio or telephone reports for his messages about the heavenly fluff. And all this requires guile. For after all, he must know that a report of "loose pack" really means "as hard as hell!". "Good skiing" means "lots of natural hazards". However, good fortune smiles on our fanatic. The Ramblers have an infallible weather oracle who speaks with Delphian wisdom every Wednesday. As the mysteries of the atmosphere are unfolded, our hero decides: "Whitewater will get a great dump".

Let me tell you just how successful all this prognosticating can be. Of six trips to Whitewater, on two occasions it was rained out. On one occasion it rained so hard the snow avalanched across the road and closed the hill. On another occasion it snowed so hard, everything including the scenery was obscured from view. Another time we arrived a day late. Some other skiers had got to OUR snow first. Bums, bastards! No decency left in this world! Ah, but on two occasions, the snow was perfect. Twelve to eighteen inches of pure fluff. Now comes the exhilaration. After all, you have driven 400 miles over icy roads, slept in a motel at Cranbrook that fronted onto the railway yards (funny how they always shunt trains at 2:00 in the morning), had four hours sleep and you feel fine, simply fine; well, almost. So what do you do? You are standing at the top of this beautiful slope. A perfect slope of white powder. Not a mark on it. The marks are going to be yours. Better hurry, here come some bastards to mark our slope. May they all ski into trees. You take a final look down the slope, then away we go! Try hard for rhythm. The rhythm comes. It is straight out of one turn and into the next. The knees pump. You are half floating on air. The ski tips break the surface. With a swoop at the bottom, you level out. Now comes the adulation, self adulation, that is. Behind there is a perfect set of tight sigmoidal curves, linked and beautiful. A cut on a white surface; a beautiful cut totally in harmony with the

snow crusted larches and the overhanging snow caked cliffs. A miracle has happened. And it is a miracle because at any point of powder skiing, disaster is only a hair's breadth away. To succeed is wonderful. If only those bastards (that is, the other skiers) would stay away from our slope. Who could think to put another signature on that beautiful slope except ourselves, of course. Powder freaks will tolerate one or two companions, but more company they don't need. After all, white powder slopes are to be treasured and cut successively, six feet at a time, carefully advancing across the slope and conserving all that precious snow.



When others come, as come they will, then the powder freak must resort to certain deceptions. A supply of signs reading, "Danger, avalanche slope, keep out", can be posted and may hopefully warn others away in order to conserve that powder for the true artist. Then there are secret routes through the trees to smooth untouched avalanche shoots. Have you noticed how trees move in winter? Right when you need to turn in the worst way, there stands a forest giant, completely uncompromising. There is nothing more shattering than attempting to crawl out of a tree well backwards. It shatters that true artist bit.

At the end of the day, everything is tracked. Our hero is desolate but he has that dream, somewhere, way up there somewhere, there are great, open, white slopes, untracked, smooth and steep and smothered in perfect powder. This is the dream and it is here fanaticism is born.

Peter McGill

SNOW CAVING

My first snow cave trip in Feb. 1973 almost put an end to my desire for winter camping. It was a most uncomfortable night as the cave that two of us had dug was down at ground level, the rocks were easily felt through our foamies and sleeping bags. Of course the cold air had direct access to us through the entrance. There were eight of us on this trip and we had to spend an extra night out due to a slight miscalculation regarding our route. The second night was comfortable. As this was an emergency, we cut boughs for beds and shelters, quite a luxury. Some of the people on this trip still go snow caving, surprisingly.

My first igloo experience in March, 1974, was on the Wapta Icefield. Wilf Twelker was our construction foreman and after a cosy night, the four of us completed the Bow-Peyto traverse.

Even sleeping out in the open is not too bad given the right weather conditions. Seven of us spent a night in the open at Sundance Pass on Jan. 31, 1976, on a practice survival trip. There was not suitable snow to dig caves or build igloos, we had no tents, just some pieces of plastic. Although it was a cool night, getting down to -10 around 7:30 a.m. on Sunday, there was no wind and no snow.

From 1977 to 1980 Boulder Pass at Ptarmigan Lake was the favoured spot for snow caving. The first three years there were seven each time on the trips and in 1980 there were fifteen of us. Our largest snow cave was able to accommodate all of us in the evening for a social evening, although only four actually slept in it. This area was getting too popular and the slog up the road to the Temple ski area was getting tiresome, so I decided to find a new area.

In February, 1981, I took a trip back up to our 1973 snow cave site and checked it out with an avalanche probe. Lots of good, solid snow was available, so March 7th and 8th saw nine of us camping in this spot which is below South Molar Pass and is at an elevation of 2210 m (7250'), just below treeline in this area. No snow caves this time though, we had the luxury of igloos this time. Five of us returned on April 24/25, 1982, and this time we had one igloo, one tent and two snow pits for our sleeping accommodation. Being a bit lazy, I chose a snow pit; they are not a bit warm. Except for lots of sunshine, the conditions were less perfect than we had the previous year. The trail was just about pure ice and snow conditions on the slopes were mostly crusty.

This past March 5/6 was just about perfect. Nine of us headed up Mosquito Creek with mostly sunny skies above us and, after a lunch break at the foot bridge at campsite #6, we took off again. Three of us went up the creek breaking trail. The others used the regular trail and got ahead of us, but we did meet up with most of the group further along when we got back on the trail. Seven of us finally reached our camping site; not bad - we only lost two on the way. Mary went back up the ridge looking for them but, as they had a tent and lots of experience, we didn't think they would suffer at all. We ended up with one tent and three snow caves, and after supper we gathered around a smoky fire for a nice sociable evening and finally retired around 22:00 hrs.

We all had a comfortable night. In the snow cave I used it didn't get colder than $-4^{0}$ and on Sunday morning it was $-11^{0}$ outside. We did not have a very early breakfast but by 10:00 we were on the way up the ridge to a high point overlooking the Molar Meadows and the trail to North Molar Pass. Dick J., Dick L. and Alastair took off to make an ascent of North Molar Peak in which they were successful. The rest of us enjoyed the view from the top of the ridge. For a while we were plagued with flat light but it didn't last much longer than half an hour or so, then we had mostly clear skies. On skiing along the top of the ridge to a point overlooking Mosquito Creek, I saw two skiers down below who looked somewhat familiar. Guess what! Our two missing companions. We finally got together and had a short visit. They had had a comfortable night with excellent supper, lots of brandy and an equally excellent breakfast. I began to wonder if they had lost us on purpose in order not to share any of the delightful goodies they were describing. If they come along next year, a close eye will be kept on them for sure, that is if they bring the same supply of brandy along.

We had an excellent run back down to our campsite in powder snow with a firm base underneath. We then set to making tea and having lunch. Mary located her spoon a short distance from where it had disappeared; apparently it appealed to the local wolverine whose tracks were all around our campfire site. Marg saw it through the trees on our run back down to the campsite. There have been wolverine tracks in the area since we have been going there but this is the first time anyone has seen him, or her.

Mary and Marg just about wore out the slope across from our camp, making innumerable runs down it, practicing telemarks. Between them they must have accumulated enough elevation gain going up the top of the slope to equal the height of Mt. Everest.

The successful climbers returned around 15:00 and this again necessitated the brewing of more tea as they had not had any lunch; none of us objected to more tea anyway. At this point I was wondering if we could approach a tea company to see if they would be interested in having us do a commercial for them; for a suitable fee of course.

Finally we packed up and left around 14:30 and had a great trip out following the creek. The only bad spot was just prior to reaching the highway; we stayed on the creek and had to cut up along the top of the canyon. Unfortunately it had been heavily used and due to the sun shining on the trail it had become quite crusty and very awkward to navigate. This was the only bad point during the whole weekend.

Those participating on this trip were Dick Jull, Alastair Desmoulins, Dick and Marg Lowndes, Hans Braun, Mary Fletcher, Jim Bruce and Dick Walker. Thanks to all of you for making this a very enjoyable weekend.

Art Davis

GOODBYE FRIENDS, I FORGOT THAT I HAVE A DATE—IN WAIKIKI

THOUGHTS ON WINTER CAMPING

Whenever a winter camping trip is announced on a Wednesday night, I usually hear a few murmurs around the hall - some people amazed at someone going camping in the winter; others wondering whether or not to call an ambulance to get the leader put away for awhile. My reaction is usually, "That's the trip I'm going on this weekend!". I enjoy winter camping!

To enjoy winter camping you must be prepared for it. Other than plenty of enthusiasm, a warm sleeping bag and a good foamy are the most important items of equipment. It is no fun shivering all through a long winter night (or 25% of your weekend!). A sturdy self-supporting tent is much easier to pitch on snow than one that requires many pegs. One must not expect it to be sunny and calm all the time but, when it is, it is a much more enjoyable experience than a warm summer day. I particularly enjoy fine early mornings when the low-angle lighting shows up all the features of the landscape, and I am prepared to suffer some inconveniences to have this enjoyment.

My hands get cold very quickly and as I have not perfected the art of doing things like tying up boots, fastening gaiters or using a camera with mitts on, I have several times experienced some pain as my hands returned to their proper temperature. (Del has patented two mitt designs to solve this problem. I will have to get these patterns to my mother!)

Other techniques are usually learned by experience, e.g. if it's snowing, keep everything in your pack, otherwise it will get lost; don't light the fire on top of the snow, because the snow will collapse just before your soup is ready; eggs freeze and crack in cold temperatures, so techniques have to be devised in order to have breakfast.

Being warm while camping (whether winter or summer) usually equates to staying dry. Being wet makes one cold far quicker than low temperatures, as much more body heat is required to heat a volume of water to body temperature than the same volume of air. In ideal winter camping temperatures (between about $-6^{o}$ C and $-20^{o}$ C) one is unlikely to get wet, which is one reason why most winter camping is more pleasant than a lot of summer camping. (Another reason is that there are no mosquitoes!) The main cause of getting wet and cold in winter is that of wearing too much clothing while skiing, which causes perspiration. So I consider it very important to constantly regulate the amount of clothing worn during a Saturday so that when the stop is made for the night, there is little sweat to cool and make one cold. As the temperature rises from $-6^{o}$ C to $0^{o}$ C and above, there is more likelihood of snow in contact with the body being melted and so causing wet clothing and cold feet. (Getting too close to the fire can have the same effect!). The worst conditions for camping are heavy rain and temperatures between $0^{o}$ and $+5^{o}$ C. Visit Scotland in November to find that out!

As a final thought and recommendation: If conditions get very cold and/or very windy, it is generally most pleasant in a snow cave (assuming the President has not made it!).

Alastair Desmoulins

## A WEEK-END AT THE BACKCOUNTRY AVALANCHE INSTITUTE

This was one of the most interesting week-ends I've spent in the mountains. On Saturday morning we were met in Canmore by Al Schaffer, a mountain guide who operates the "Backcountry Avalanche Institute". He took us to his home for a day of avalanche theory.

Avalanche information has been summarized on a separate sheet which will be available at the meetings. It explains some of the theory that was covered by Al's excellent slides, and by snow inspection in his back yard. I would like to concentrate here on what happened on Sunday, our practical day.

Al took us to the Spray Lakes, an area with recent avalanche activity. He selected one particular avalanche in which he had buried 3 Pieps that supposedly were his 3 buried friends. He explained this to us, and said we were the first group of skiers to arrive on the scene. How would we handle the rescue?

Then Al, our guide, changed character - he started acting the part of the only surviving skier. Screaming and shouting, Al pleaded with us to find his buried friends. The shock we all had in seeing Al's changed personality made us realize that this wasn't a kids' game we were playing; it was a matter of life and death.

For a moment we were stunned. Then we thought back to what Al had taught us about rescue procedures. We were all wearing Pieps, so we changed them from transmit to receive.

All this time, Al was shouting at us to hurry and find his 3 friends. This was very disturbing, as we had all learned what to do in the quiet of the classroom. Now we were in a real avalanche, trying to do it right, and also trying to contend with this survivor who was in shock and very emotional.

Someone had to take charge and organize a rescue. As always happens with a group of individuals, we had different ideas on what to do. Three or four people rushed up the slope looking for signs and listening to their Pieps. They found ski poles and a ski sticking up from the snow.

I shouted down to Alastair to be the lookout man for possible new avalanches. Jim said he had a signal on his Piep, so a few people walked his way. Then Jim asked the screaming Al if he had turned his own Piep off. Jim's quick thinking saved us a lot of useless searching. With Al's Piep turned off, we spread out over the hill.

I'm embarrassed to say that there was not much order in the search. It was just a matter of someone finding the first signal from a buried skier. Too many people went to that spot, so I shouted to leave only 3 people there; the rest to search elsewhere. By this action and by reading the clues left by the lost skier's poles, we located the 3 "victims".

But it wasn't all over yet! We still had to dig the bodies out.

Dick and Rein's group found their "skier" four feet under hard avalanche debris. Jim and Cathy found the next body under three feet of snow. Rick and I had to climb up the slope another 100 feet where we located the last body.

While all three body locations were being excavated, the avalanche spotter shouted that a new one was coming down! Which way should we run to safety? Three or four ran the wrong way and I'm sure would have been caught had it not been a false alarm.

At the end of this simulated rescue, Al called us all together for an evaluation. He said the Ramblers didn't do too badly; the first body was rescued in 23 minutes, the second in 24 minutes, and the last in 27 minutes. A buried person has a 50% chance of survival if rescued within 30 minutes. The main points he made about our rescue were that we should have:

1. Taken more time to get information from the surviving skier, i.e. names of missing skiers, etc.
2. Established the exact position of skiers when last seen.
3. Taken time to organize the rescuers - don't scatter.
4. Kept our packs and equipment together.

5. Taken care of survivors who are in shock; given them a job to do.
6. Looked for a safe place to run if another avalanche comes down.
7. Get better, stronger shovels.
8. Let one person take charge of the rescue and all follow instructions.

After lunch, Al showed us how to dig snow pits and do the shear test. This is to test the stability of the slope you are intending to cross. It was very interesting watching the slab we had cut shear away on an underlying layer of hard crust. This showed that it was a dangerous slope

The final test Al put us through was evacuation of an injured skier. How would we manage to take a skier down to safety with only the equipment we carried? Rick volunteered to be the injured. We bundled him up in warm clothes and made a stretcher out of his skis and some jackets. Trying to carry a 190 lb. man down a steep slope turned out to be a farce. We sent people ahead to break trail, then four of us tried to lift him. With the tallest people in the back, the injured skier tended to slide forward, so we swapped positions. This helped for two downward steps, then the stretcher collapsed!

Points we learned from this exercise:

1. Take time to evaluate your situation.
2. Do you have to move the injured skier?
3. Bring your camp to the injured skier if necessary.
4. Make him as comfortable as possible.
5. Have a simple rescue toboggan in your pack.

Finally, Al recommended Tony Daffern's book, "Avalanche Safety for Skiers and Climbers". This book covers most of the things we learned from this course. But books can only teach so much; the best advice is to take a few lessons and learn as we did, from our mistakes!

Tony Forster

## LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

Sometime or another, many cross-country skiers have noticed a little black "spider" walking by himself over the snow. Few people realize that this animal has not eight but six legs and that it is a most unusual insect. The following has been taken from an article about snow craneflies by John Woods, Chief Park Naturalist of Mt. Revelstoke and Glacier National Parks:

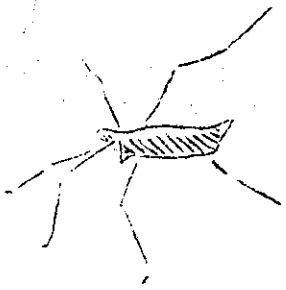
"Snow craneflies are amongst the most peculiar animals of National Parks. Everyone knows that insects are cold-blooded, yet certain types not only survive temperatures below freezing, but actually pursue their normal lives on the icy surface of the snow.

The Latin name for these half-inch long wingless snow walkers is Chionea - from the Greek word for snow. They lay their eggs in the ground and their larvae feed on

plant matter in the soil. However, when the adult craneflies emerge, they climb to the surface of the snow and start their untiring search for a mate. They seem to be in perpetual motion, to be ceaselessly striding over the frozen terrain.

When the sexes meet, they join bodies with the aid of special claspers on the male's abdomen. So strong is their instinct to move that even during copulation they walk the snows - the female dragging her mate in a weird twelve-legged combination.

Once fertilized, the female cranefly presumably returns through the snowpack to the soil where she lays her eggs.



Why the chilly nuptials? We'd have to ask a cranefly to be sure! Some scientists think that these winter walks may be an efficient way for a variety of individuals from each sex to meet and mate with each other.

But even winter specialists have their limits. When the temperature of the snow surface is from freezing down to minus 4 degrees C, the wind calm, and the skies cloudy, snow craneflies search for a mate. When the temperatures dip lower, they retreat to the relative warmth of the snowpack. The crater-like depressions found around the bases of trees are probably important highways for craneflies seeking the near-zero temperatures always found at the bases of our deep snows.

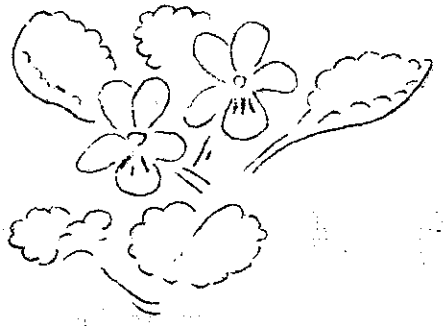
Surviving temperatures as low as -4° C is an impressive feat for a creature that cannot raise its body temperature by turning up an internal thermostat. Researchers have found that Chionea body fluids freeze slightly below zero when extracted and tested in the laboratory. This means that the craneflies we see walking the snows in winter are supercooled. In other words, they should be frozen solid - but mysteriously aren't."

According to another source, the cranefly group is the largest family of flies with more than 7,000 species, living in diverse environments from tidal pools to arctic regions. They formed the largest group of fossil flies 200 million years ago.

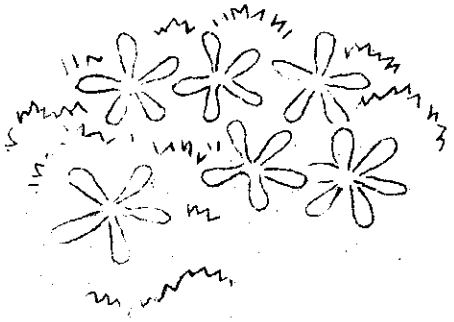
## SPRING FLOWERS

A sure sign of spring is when the early flower plants unfold their petals--so watch for these favorites in your walks and hikes in the mountains, forests and prairies. We have to remember that the Rocky Mountain region is a vertical land where spring and summer ascend the slopes. A flower that blooms in June in the valleys and lower elevations might not flower till July or later at higher altitudes--thus the span in the flowering season.

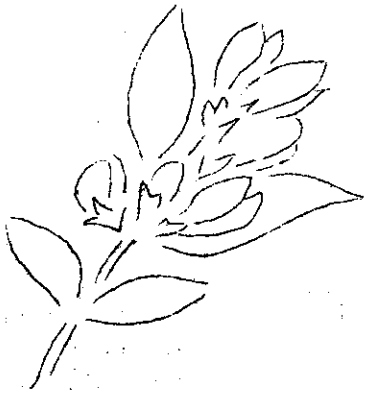
PRAIRIE CROCUS - Anemone patens (spreading)
Description: bluish purple flower of meadows, fields, woods and railway embankments.
Flowering dates: March at low elevations to June in the higher mountains.



EARLY BLUE VIOLET - Viola adunca (hooked)
Description: Blue to violet in color, looks like a miniature pansy. This flower can be found in moist places in the prairie and open woods.
Flowering season: May-June



MOSS PHLOX - Phlox Hoodii
Description: a small white flower, mat-forming, in spring a mass of flowers make their appearance on the open prairie and dry, eroded hillsides.
Flowering season: April-June

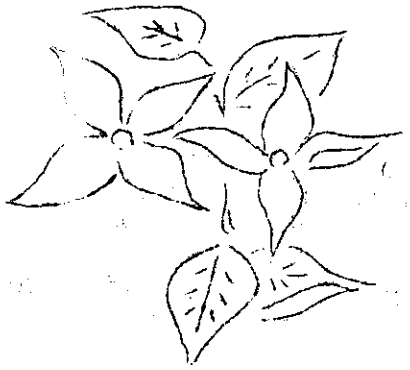


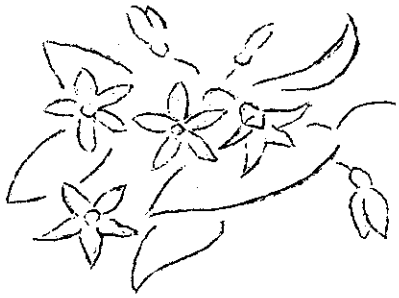
GOLDEN BEAN - Thermopsis rhombiflora
Description: A golden yellow showy flower of the legume family. This plant is easily recognizable and found in sandy soils, roadsides.
Flowering season: May-June

PRAIRIE BUTTERCUP - Ranunculus rhomboideus
Description: The prairie buttercup, bearing light yellow flowers, grows in the open plains in the sandy, light soils of fields and meadows.
Flowering season: May-June

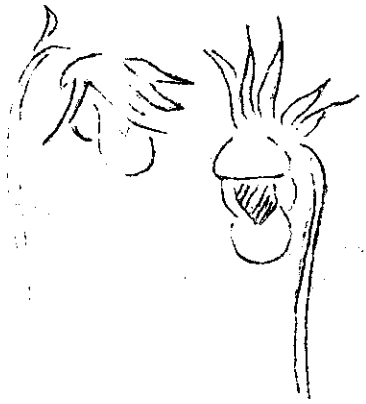
WILD STRAWBERRY - Fragaria glauca
Description: The wild strawberry resembles the cultivated variety closely. The snow-white flowers are easily recognizable along paths, roadsides, clearings, open fields.
Flowering season: May-June

CLEMATIS - Clematis verticellaris (vine branch)
Description: A plant with large lavender-blue, showy flowers that sprawls over the underbrush and around trunks of trees.



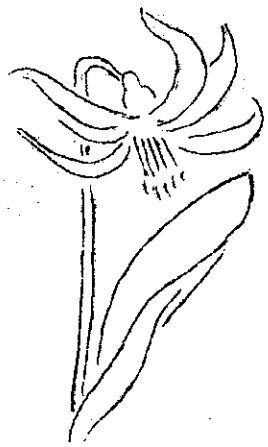


WESTERN SPRING BEAUTY - Claytonia lanceolata
Description: One of the first conspicuous white or pink flowers to appear in the mountains in the spring and a favorite food of elk and deer. A pretty and delicate plant which can be found on shady banks and borders of woods.
Flowering season: May-July



CALYPSO ORCHID - Calypso bulbosa (Venus slipper)
Description: A little orchid bearing variegated purple and pink flower. The calypso orchid (described as the most beautiful of terrestial orchids) is associated with evergreen forests. Look for it in wet or boggy pine woods, near decayed stumps, in the shade.
Flowering season: May-July

GLACIER LILY - Erythronium grandiflorum (large flowered)
Description: A bright yellow pendant flower that stands out against the white of melting snow. Large colonies of this plant can be found from foothills to tree line in the Rocky Mountains. Look for it in moist, coniferous woods, slopes and meadows.
Flowering season: April-August (climbs the mountains with the seasons!)



## COMING EVENTS

### SUMMER BACKPACK

I would like to take a week-long backpack this summer that involves hiking from the Spray Lakes area westward to the Kootenay River at Settler's Road. I would like to do this in mid-August but the exact time and route can be determined by those who wish to go. Please contact me by the end of April if your are interested.

Brian Westcott.

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### HIDDEN TALENTS

Bob Pattison is strictly for the birds - cuckoo, that is. He is anxious to overhaul, repair, restore, or re-incarnate any cuckoo clocks - the older, the better. He fixed ours which hadn't stirred since it was bought new in Switzerland.

It is unlikely that any inoperative clock will be on display; it will probably be hidden in some dark corner. So please, mention this talent of Bob's to your friends, do Bob a big favour, and besides Helga will be glad to have him at home playing with clocks.

Bob Baxter

* * * * *

## GOOD READING

### AVALANCHE SAFETY FOR SKIERS AND CLIMBERS - by Tony Daffern

From the spectacular front cover photo to the comprehensive index, this book is packed with useful information and advice to the potential ice and snow traveller.

Although most of the information in the book is valid for any geographical region, there is a local orientation which will be especially helpful to travellers in the mountains which are readily accessible from Calgary.

The emphasis on safety and avalanche avoidance should be of particular interest to club members. The chapters on Travel in Avalanche Terrain and on Routefinding will, it is hoped, encourage members to accept the fact that safe winter travel means taking a continuous interest in, and recognition of, the ever changing weather and snow conditions. Once that interest has been developed it can be catered to by the more technical information in the book.

Avalanche forecasting and avoidance is a complex business which, to be fully understood, requires comprehensive study of the scientific aspects of the weather, slope angle and the physics of the snow pack.

With the exception of a booklet written by the dean of local ski mountaineers, Russ Bradley, most documentation on the subject of avalanches has been geared to rescue and control rather than avoidance. This is understandable as most of the work in this field has been done by the Ski Patrol based on data from the U.S. Forest Service.

Tony Daffern, with the generous use of charts, graphics and photographs has managed to combine in one book information which can be readily understood by the beginner but appreciated by the expert. I have no doubt that this book will become the standard text for local avalanche courses. It is a welcome addition to the bookshelf of the serious mountain traveller.

It is to be hoped that this book will not only help to avoid avalanche accidents but will also increase the mountain traveller's interest in and enjoyment of the unique topography in which we travel.

The price of the book is about $12.00.

Ray Marriner

THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE

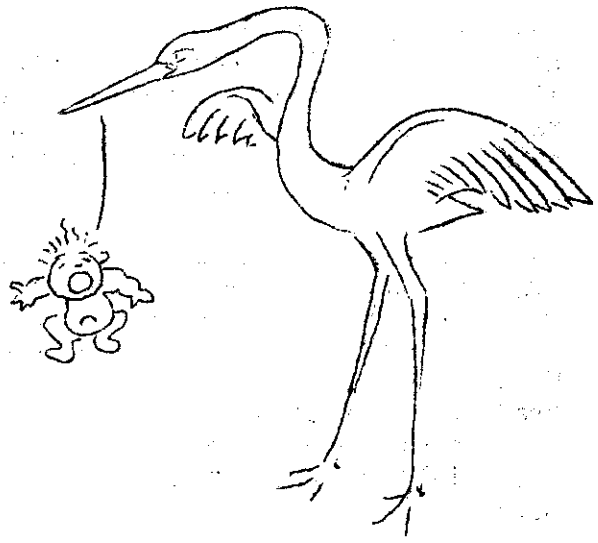
Parks Canada has a publication called "The Mountain Guide", which can be picked up free at the Information Centre, 240 Banff Avenue in Banff (10 a.m. - 6 p.m.). It contains a lot of interesting facts and observations about animals and outdoor activity in the Parks. The following statistics were published in the Summer Edition of 1981:

"In Banff National Park the highways are corridors of death for many animals. In the last five years a total of 712 large mammals were killed on Banff's transportation routes. The deaths include:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elk | 256 | Bighorn sheep | 68 |
| Mule deer | 255 | Coyote | 54 |
| White-tailed deer | 25 | Black bear | 25 |
| Moose | 22 | Grizzly | 7 |

These figures represent only the known and recorded deaths. Doubtless, injured animals crawled off the highway to die.

To help reduce the number of animals killed every year in Banff National Park, the speed limit has been lowered from 100 km/hr. to 90 km/hr. When driving the park roads, reduce your speed, reduce their slaughter."



BORN

Brian and Elaine Crummy of Lethbridge announce the arrival of a son, John Robert, born March 8.

Nancy and Arnold Westberg became the parents of a daughter, Elizabeth, born on March 16, between the ides of March and St. Patrick's Day.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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