



# The PACKRAT



RMRA Newsletter  
October 1993

ACTIVITIES : Hiking, Backpacking, Climbing, Skiing, Cycling, Canoeing, Mountain-Biking, Snowshoeing, Educational and Awareness Programs and Social functions

MEETINGS : Weekly, Wednesday evening at 8:00 PM at Rosemount Community Hall : 2807 -10 Street N.W.

MAIL : P.O.B. 3098 Station 'B' Calgary, AB T2M 4L6

TRIP INFO : 282 6308 RMRA Hotline and at Meetings

## R M R A EXECUTIVE 1992 - 93

PRESIDENT	Reg Fryling
VICE PRESIDENT	Robert St. John
TRIP COORDINATOR	Dave Reid
TREASURER	Faye Kennedy
SECRETARY	Anne Moran
SOCIAL DIRECTOR	Josephine Ridley
NEWSLETTER EDITOR	John Schleinich

1. Awards Dinner and Dance ..... October 29, 1993

### President's Message

by Reg Fryling

Greetings all, and a warm welcome to our new members. I hope you had an enjoyable summer-what there was of it. But as you longer Calgarians know, we should get some good hiking in before thoughts turn to skiing and block heaters.

The A.G.M. is set for Wednesday Oct.20 at 8:00 p.m. at Rosemount Community Centre. Please come and exercise your voting rights. The meeting might not be especially entertaining, but I will again try to keep it business like and to the point. A notice of meeting and agenda should be available by the time you read this. Wally Drew and Ken Watson make up the nominating sub-committee at present, and are already active in lining up people to run for the various positions on the executive. Take some time to consider these positions-whether you would like to fill one, or know someone you would like to see there. You can give names including your own to Wally or Ken, or nominate at the A.G.M.

Membership lists will continue to be available to members only, but we will return to printing first names instead of initials unless instructed otherwise by individual members. Hope this will be satisfactory.

Lastly, I believe communication contributes immensely to a healthy club, so if you have some constructive criticism, or ideas concerning the club please let us know either during the meeting, or after, or by phone.

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HAVE A NICE WINTER ! ! ! !

## THE LAND THAT NEVER MELTS

by Marianne Wolters

The plane banked and turned. I could feel that we were about to land, but all I could see was a mountain, very close. Finally I saw a dirt strip between houses, and then we landed rather abruptly. This was the beginning of my trip to Auyittuq National Park Reserve in the summer of 1991.

Pangnirtung is a village of app. 800 people situated on Cumberland Sound, Baffin Island. I was with a group of 6 from UofC Outdoor Pursuits. Pang is famous for its weave shop where they make limited edition tapestries. There are several resident artists, sales are often made on the street, in the lodge or on campground. The visitor center has excellent displays of Inuit life on the land, and the students living there gave us a quick lesson in Inuktitut language. We spent two nights at the campground on the outskirts of town, while visiting the sites, meeting local people, adjusting to Inuit time and waiting for Joan's pack to arrive.

We broke camp in pouring rain, picked up Joan's pack at the airport, then headed for the boat that would take us up the South Pang Fjord to Overlord, the entrance to the park. We set up camp in wind and rain, then went to sign the logbook in the emergency shelter. This shelter is dedicated to a hiker who died of hypothermia in the shelter - a sobering thought at the start of our trip.

The trail follows the Weasel River to Summit & Glacier Lakes, then a less travelled trail up the Owl River Valley to Broughton Island, on North side of Baffin Island. We took the more common route - up to Summit Lake and back to Overlord. The scenery is spectacular! Although the mountains are only 3000 to 4000', they start from sea level and are comparable to our peaks. Mt Thor has the largest vertical rock face in the world, with a slight overhang on top for added challenge. There is little elevation gain on the trail, but we

were constantly climbing over moraine boulders often 20' high. This would be followed by spongy tundra or fine sand. Just North of the Arctic Circle are amazing sand dunes. I looked behind and saw Nomads trekking through the desert wearing wool toques!.

Auyittuq is Inuktitut for "the land that never melts". There are hanging glaciers in the valley, and when the temp. warms to a balmy 12 deg.C, they melt into wide glacial deltas, which present some interesting stream crossings. We were fortunate in that we were never more than thigh deep in this icy water; we met people who had hiked down Owl valley and been chest deep.

I thought that Auyittuq meant the land that never sleeps. At 11 pm I could read in the tent without a light; at 3 am it was daylight. I tried to stay up late to watch the sun go around, but the same relentless wind that kept the mosquitos away drove me inside.

My most enduring impression is of the raw power and beauty of the land. Throughout the trip there was the frequent thundering sound of large boulders being released from glaciers. The mountains are stark and grey, topped with blue, often in clouds. Many peaks are named after Norse gods: Thor, Odin and Freya. I often felt they were angered by my intrusion. More friendly was the tenacious Artic willow herb. This relative of our Fireweed takes hold wherever it can, in sand at times submerged in ice water, in rock cracks - and lends colour to the otherwise harsh landscape.

We spent 11 days in the park. We hiked to Summit Lake, then made several day trips before returning. One of the day trips was onto a glacier. We climbed up the moraine to the glacier, up the glacier, then up to large boulders and looked out onto more glacier. We saw the Penny Ice Cap - one of the largest ice caps in the world.

It was a unique experience and I recommend it.

## LIFE IN THE HIGH ARCTIC

by Cathy Paolini

In January 1990, I was hired by the Baffin Regional Health Board to work as an outpost nurse practitioner in the high arctic. After an employee orientation in Iqaluit, I boarded a jet to Resolute Bay on the southern tip of Cornwallis Island. The next 13 months proved to be a rare privilege to learn of a culture and part of our country few Canadians know much of.

In winter, the hamlet of Resolute has a population of about 200, primarily Inuit, along with employees of the airlines, Transport Canada, Narwhal, the Co-Op, Northern Stores, the RCMP, the school and the nursing station. My cousin and her husband, (Terry and Bezal Jesudason), long time arctic residents, also lived here and ran High Arctic International where people from all over the world stayed to do such things as go on tours, make film documentaries, do research for books, or plan and train for expeditions to the North Pole. During spring and summer the population increased up to 1200, with an influx of curious tourists and scientists of Fisheries and Oceans and the Polar Continental Shelf Project.

In the winter we had up to 24 hours of darkness, except for the moon all day. It was bitterly cold with temperatures dropping to minus 60. In March whiteout blizzards came - venturing outside was dangerous as one can easily become disoriented. As spring arrived the days got longer and the snow slowly melted. Spring was also hunting season and polar bear skins could be seen hanging all over town. The summer's 24 hours daylight and clear skies seemed to increase everyone's energy levels. With the snow gone it was easy to look for fossils and admire the deep hues of saxifrage which grew amongst the rocks. Early autumn brought even days and nights, giving us from the South a sense of normality. Yet they did not last very long.

Today, Inuit in the high arctic refer to themselves as "Arctic Exiles". They were shipped to the arctic from northern Quebec in the 50s by the Fed. Government and promised money and good hunting in a favourable land. However, in Resolute and Grise Fiord, the Inuit found a hostile and harsh environment for which they were ill prepared. I was horrified to listen to one resident, Minnie Alakarialluk, describe her first winter living in a tent with little food to eat. Over the years the Inuit adapted well to the land. Bezal aptly calls them the "Sherpas of the North."

The explosion of rapid change has made a tragic impact on the high North. Too few elders, conflicting cultural value systems, cultural erosion and southern influences are reflected in the heartbreaking realities of murder, teen suicide, alcoholism and family violence.

From a nursing perspective - in addition to our work in Resolute, we were also responsible for providing care to the Inuit who lived in outpost camps on neighbouring islands and the weather station employees at Eureka and Mould Bay. We assisted the nurse at Cominco's Polaris mine, and did relief work in Grise Fiord and Arctic Bay. I had to read x-rays, apply casts, do lab work and interpret clinical findings under a microscope, school and community health teaching, track down communicable diseases and deal with medical emergencies. Every day I had to draw on my past paradigms of experience and apply this to the current situation. After hours the nurses were on call and if really busy, it was not unusual to go for a few days with little if any sleep, particularly if one was alone. In going out on medivac one had to know the type of plane being flown, as that often dictated which type of equipment to bring. The times I found the hardest were when the weather was so bad planes could not fly and I was alone with a patient who very much needed to be in a hospital. Such responsibility was enormous and I would feel very lonely.

The Inuit taught me to make bannock, hunt caribou and seal and jig for arctic char. I struggled with my weekly Inuktituk lessons and practised it on everyone in the village. In the spring I spent time skiing on the sea ice with teams training for their expeditions to the Pole. I would become mesmerized by the huge icebergs and high frozen waves but thoughts of running into a polar bear would quickly move me back into reality. My evenings would be spent on such things as listening to the Inuit women throat-sing, eating curried muskox at Terry's while a famous climber would describe his Everest adventure, or playing volleyball.

In February 1991 I left the arctic. It was difficult as I had developed some very meaningful friendships. Living here gave me the opportunity to acquire an understanding of another way of life and of myself. My arctic experience had changed me.

## REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS ON HUGH PECK

by Wally Drew

Although we are all mortal it saddened me to read Hugh Peck's obituary from the "Lethbridge Herald" sent to me by Brian Crummy. The venerable old man died in Lethbridge Aug.2 at the age of 93.

Those of us who were active Ramblers in the 60's have fond memories of this fine and enthusiastic older man. He enjoyed strenuous and challenging trips. A loyal Rambler he was well liked and respected. I still remember how sad and lonely he looked when he was dropped off at his house to walk in alone after his beloved wife died. On a happier note, several of us Ramblers went to Lethbridge for a weekend to attend the wedding ceremonies when he subsequently married a Lethbridge lady. He lived there the rest of his life.

Hugh helped us build the Ramblers Centennial Trail over Mt.Allan too - right from the beginning. He and I scouted the route up from Deadman Flat. We went up over Mt.Colembola and then down the present route from the top of Mt.Allan, in 1967. That was a long strenuous 6000 foot day considering it was raining and partly off trail. The lichen covered rock on Colembola was so slippery that I gave up the idea of an alternate alpine route over Colembola right then. At the time it seemed remarkable that Hugh was 67 when he did this. We thought that was old. Now I am that age and a few of the strong hikers in Ramblers are older than I. It does not seem so old now, especially since Rein de Wit was getting on top ahead of most of the younger ones when in his mid-70's. It just shows that being active on Rambler trips can increase your odds of staying healthily active longer. It's up to you.

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## TREAT OF THE MONTH

by Evelyn Maurou

The following "Expensive Lesson" recipe was received by my friends as part of a Christmas letter last season:

My daughter and I had finished a salad at the Neiman-Marcus Cafe in Dallas, and decided to have a small dessert. Because we are such "Cookie Monsters", we decided to try the Neiman-Marcus Cookies. It was so good that I asked if they would give me the recipe. The waitress replied with a frown, "I am afraid not." "Well," I said "would you let me buy the recipe?" With a cute smile she agreed. I asked, "How much?" She replied, "Two fifty." I said with approval, "Just add it to my bill".

Thirty days later I received my statement from Neiman-Marcus and it was \$285.00. I looked again and remembered I had only spent \$9.95 for two salads and about \$20.00 for a scarf. As I glanced at the bottom of the statement I noticed, Cookie Recipe \$250.00. Boy was I upset! I called Neiman' accounting office and told them the waitress said it was two fifty, and I did not realize it would be \$250 for a Cookie Recipe. I asked them to take back the recipe and reduce my bill. They said they were very sorry but their recipes were that expensive and not just anyone can duplicate their bakery recipes, and the bill would stand. I thought of how I could even. I just said, "Okay, you folks have my \$250.00 and I am going to have my \$250.00 worth of fun." I told her that every Cookie Lover will have the \$250.00 recipe from Neiman-Marcus for nothing. She replied "I wish you woudn't do this." I said " I am sorry, but this is the only way I feel I can get even, and I will." So here it is, please pass it on to someone else .... I paid for it, you can have it for free!!!

2 cups butter	1 tsp salt	Cream butter and both sugars.
2 cups sugar	2 tsp baking powder	Add eggs and vanilla. Mix with
2 cups brown sugar	2 tsp soda	flour, oatmeal, salt, soda and
4 eggs	24 oz chocolate chips	baking powder. Add chips,
2 tsp vanilla	1 - 8 oz. Hershey bar,	Hershey bar and nuts.
4 cups flour	3 cups of chopped nuts	Roll into balls.
5 cups blended oatmeal	(measure and blend to fine powder)	

Makes 112 cookies - bake for 10 minutes at 375 degree F.

## SEA KAYAKING IN THE QUEEN CHARLOTTES

by Marianne Wolters

This summer I went on a nine-day sea kayaking trip in the South Moresby region of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Of the various day trips made from our base camp, two stood out:

My job was to wake up everybody at 5:00 am so we could be in the water by 6:00. We were headed for Ninstints, a former Haida village, and a World Heritage Site. The mortuary poles are best seen when the early morning light is shining through tall trees. This morning we were sceptical about how the light would be through the steady drizzle. After a quick breakfast we packed our kayaks and then begun the daily ritual of hauling the boats to the water. At night we would carry the boats to well above the high tide mark and tie them to logs further up the beach so that, if the waves were high during the night, the boats would not drift away. Once we were on the water we headed West. The water was fairly calm and the rain eventually stopped. Soon we could see the island ahead. I went through a narrow opening into the protected harbour and looked up to see tall mortuary poles leaning at odd angles, just like the pictures I had seen. Somehow I had not expected to come upon them so abruptly. We spent long time wandering between the mortuary poles and examining the log house remains. Then we walked through the forest to the other side of the island. This is old growth forest, enormous cedars, moss on everything, new trees growing out of old decaying ones! We returned to Ninstints and then paddled to Flatrock Island where we saw cormorants, pigeon guillemots, auklets, murrelets and one puffin. Then suddenly the sun came out - the first time in three days! Two of us decided to explore the Gordon Isles while the others returned to camp. We paddled between these small islands with water so clear we could see the urchins on the sea floor. Getting out of the kayak to stretch my legs, I heard a noise and turned just in time to see three seals sliding off a rock into the water. The tide was going out, so we hurried to get through the shallow channel, and arrived back to camp to find the others basking in the sun after a refreshing bath. I

stepped into the creek enthusiastically, then quickly submerged myself and jumped back out to soap myself before rinsing. I never did get used to bathing in 10 deg. water! July first was the best day of the trip. We awoke to the usual fog (the Charlottes are called Misty Isles), which lifted by the time we pulled up in a small bay in Gordon Isles. The seals in this bay were people-watching, they kept popping up and staring at us while we sat at the beach with our cameras waiting for them. We split into two groups, one to go fishing and one to paddle further South. I chose to keep paddling and stop for a leisurely lunch and nap just past Bowles Point. After lunch, we headed further South and now were on the exposed West coast of Kunghit Island. The water became more interesting. The waves crashed against the headwall while the bald eagles soared overhead and perched in the treetops. We had to keep further out from the shore line than usual to avoid getting swept onto the rocks, and had to watch the wave patterns carefully to pick out submerged rocks. While watching for rock we saw our first sea lion, a large bull. We reached Gilbert Bay and pulled up onto the beach. This was the best beach of the trip - I strolled along feeling the white warm sand between my toes. At 6:00 we set out for the return trip, hoping to reach the others before they ate all the fish. Heading West out of Gilbert Bay, with the sun shimmering on the water, I suddenly realized that the next island was Japan! I scanned the horizon for Mt. Fuji. We turned north and got to Bowles Pt. just as the others were cleaning up the remains of dinner, and had to settle for a few morsels of fish and regular camping fare. After a short rest we started on our last leg home. I had developed a good rhythm by this time, and felt I could paddle to the ends of the earth! The sun was setting as we passed the Gordon Isles, it would have made a perfect picture but none of us had a camera handy. We paddled the last stretch by moonlight and got back by 11:00 pm. I crawled into my sleeping bag and resumed paddling in my dream.

## A Colorado High

by Frank van der Voet

The lure of the Colorado high country has always been irresistible for me. Thoughts of hiking the Big peaks were only dreams - until this year! A conference in Breckenridge (un upscale Banff) this past June made Alicean and I change dreams to reality.

We drove to Colorado via Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons. The contrast in geography was amazing - the rolling, burnt tree clad hills of Yellowstone to the enormous craggy spires of the Tetons to the endless emptiness of the Wyoming plains. By the time we reached Denver, not even that city's haze could prevent us from seeing the mountains whose namesakes include a defunct NHL team and more recently, a pro. baseball team.

We had about one week, so good hiking advice was in order. Happily at a Denver book store I found the preeminent hiking/scrambling guide to the state's Fourteeners (all 55 of them, by G.R. Roach). The guide sorts the peaks into roughly four categories based on degree of difficulties (described at the end of the report). An excellent set of tear-proof and water-proof maps is also available. (Trails Illustrated Topo Maps, P.O. Box 3610, Evergreen, CO 80439-3425. While it may seem silly to purchase maps for such a short stay, they proved to be invaluable since they revealed the multitude of access roads present in the mountains.

Our first fourteener was Quandary Peak (14,265'), just south of Breckenridge. Rated as a class I hike, it was a perfect introduction to a high altitude hiking. Neither of us were exposed to elevation higher than Temple before this trip, so we treated this hike, easy as it was, with great respect. We climbed at a rate of 1000' per hour, drank LOTS of water and rested frequently. The last thing we wanted was to get hit with altitude sickness. This deliberate approach proved to be successful - at no time were we ill. The weather was superb too - no rain, no clouds, just deep blue sunny skies. We were mindful of Wally's comments concerning thunderstorms in this part of the world. Normally, during the summer peaks have to be bagged by noon to avoid getting hit by lightning. We were at the top of Quandary by 5PM. Endless views over snowy wilderness.

A few days later we hiked up Mt. Elbert, Colorado's highest point (14,433') and second highest point in the lower 48 states. We started from the Twin Lakes campground (highly recommended). Again a flawless day for this adventure. Well worn trail took us through aspen

forest and fragrant evergreens before we broke through the tree line at 12000'. Four hours after we started this class I hike, we celebrated at the summit. On top we encountered two other hikers who were in the process of attempting to climb all the highest points of the 50 states (I believe one was the crown of a highway in Delaware a different type of challenge!).

From here we set out for the San Juan range in south west CO. We planned to bag Mt. Sneffels (14,150'). Rated as a class II+, this would have been a scramble. Upon checking with locals in town of Ouray (part of Switzerland USA) we learned that the all important crux of the hike, a couloir below the summit, was still snow clogged. Since we left our ice axes in Calgary, hopes of Mt. Sneffels ended for this trip! Instead we hiked along Bear Creek, one of the few designated National Recreation Trails in USA. A wonderful hike it was, taking us to several abandoned mines by means of a trail at times etched into a sheer cliff face!

All in all this was a beautiful introduction to the Colorado high country. The mountains are by and large, less wild than our Rockies and the trails we took are well marked. For Ramblers interested in something a little different, this part of the world is for you. Great car camping areas too!

Note: Rating System used by Roach:  
Class I - walking on well maintained trail.

Class II - off trail hiking.

Class II+ minor use of hands.

Class III scrambling, easy climb.

Class IV and V technical climb.

Most of the 14ers reside in class II. Remember that route and weather conditions have a nasty habit of increasing the class of the hike by at least one point.

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## Profile of a Rambler.

by the editor

Today I would like to bring another very worthy and deserving Rambler to your attention. Wally Drew. Wally was a Rambler for many years. He joined in 1956, only two years after the Club was born. In these many years he held every executive position in the club, some several times. He is a life member now, leaving exposed positions to younger members to preserve a young image of the club. He settled into being a very active coordinator, club meteorologist and useful organizer in many different

ways, making this club a well run organization.

In his late sixties, Wally is still extraordinarily strong. He is not afraid to chase or race any member half his age up a mountain top and generally get there first. Personally I have many fond memories of Wally. He was responsible for me becoming coordinator. He led me up many beautiful first ascents, such as Boom, Wardle, Loughheed, Armstrong, Bret, Evans Thomas to mention only a few. He was the friend I spent a month of one of my best vacations with, in Patagonia.

Wally is a straight shooter, a real mountain man. He is as honest as a day is long. Double talk or two faced-ness, gossip and politicking are completely lost on his solid basic instinct for honesty.

He loves outdoors and cares for nature in a very selfless way. Wally might not appear all of that to everyone at first glance. His surface is rough as the mountains are, but inside his shell is a warm hearted and gentle man who loves people and helps whenever and wherever necessary.

Everybody knows and most of us appreciate the fantastic buss trips he organizes every year. He wants all Ramblers to enjoy themselves in each others company. Last but not least I should mention that Wally takes out other groups into nature, people with very little or no experience, as well as handicapped youngsters, giving everybody a chance to enjoy the beauty of the mountains he loves so much. Wally is a true nature lover, a real Philanthropist. He is a friend.

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Editor's Note: This was the last issue in which, as a contributor you qualify for a free membership draw for the year 93/94. The draw will take place Oct. 29 at the annual dinner and dance. The qualifiers are: 1 & 2 Doug and Mary Campbell, 3. Art Davis, 4 & 5 Gale and Alistair DesMoullins, 6. Wally Drew, 7. Ken Frank, 8. Reg Fryling, 9. Francisco Gali, 10. Mike Gottlieb, 11. Dawn Jones, 12 & 13 Ann and Tony Moran, 14 Dave Mulligan, 15 Deirdre O'Brien, 16 Linda Paquette, 17 Cathy Paolini, 18 Dave Reid, 19 Dorothy-Ann Reimer, 20 Josephine Ridley, 21 Phil Spaulding, 22 Bob StJohn, 23 Mary Taylor, 24 Wilf Twelker, 25 Ken Watson, 26 Darlene Weger, 27 Marianne Wolters, 28 Frank van der Voet. The chance of winning this prize is only a small token of my appreciation for making my job easy to publish the Packrat regularly. All Ramblers and I want to thank you for your interesting articles. Without your contribution there would not have been a Packrat.

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**RMRA TRIP COORDINATORS' CHAIRMAN QUARTERLY REPORT:**

July to September 1993 by Dave Reid  
 The Number of trips and activity is higher than this time last year. There are a large number of backpacks thanks to Art Davis, Alistair DesMoullins and Dave Mulligan. The most active coordinators are: Doug Campbell, Wally Drew, Dave Mulligan, John Schleinich and Alistair Sinclair. Many thanks to Brieta Angus and Alistair DesMoullins for helping with the weekly trip reports and recording. (Table 1 below)

Coordinator	Status	Tot. Tr	Pers.	Hike	Carcamp	Cycle	Backpack	
Angus, B.	F	3	20	2	-	1	-	
Campbell, D	F	6	52	6	-	-	-	
Crumb, B	F	1	6	1	-	-	-	
Davis, A	F	2 (5)	5	1	-	-	3	
DesMoullins, A	F	3 (8)	34	-	-	-	3	
Drew, W	F	13	121	13	-	-	-	
Folkins, R	F	1	8	1	-	-	-	
Fryling, R	F	4	12	2	-	2	-	
Jull, D	F	1 (2)	6	-	-	-	1	
Kittle, K	F	2	39	2	-	-	-	
Logos, S	F	2	4	2	-	-	-	
Moran, T	F	2	19	2	-	-	-	
Mulligan, D	A	6 (9)	33	4	-	-	2	
Noer, G	F	1	8	1	-	-	-	
Reid, D	F	3	25	3	-	-	-	
Schleinich, J	F	21	131	21	-	-	-	
Scot, K	F	4	54	4	-	-	-	
Sinclair, A	F	5	66	5	-	-	-	
Sobon, J	F	1	7	1	-	-	-	
St. John, B	F	3	25	3	-	-	-	
Taylor, M	F	1	8	1	-	-	-	
Watson, K	F	1	5	1	-	-	-	
Weger, D	F	4 (5)	44	2	1	1	-	
Westcott, B	F	2	25	2	-	-	-	
<b>Total:</b>		<b>21</b>	<b>92 (107)</b>	<b>760</b>	<b>79</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>8</b>

**RMRA TRIP COORDINATOR'S CHAIRMAN ANNUAL REPORT: 1993**

Comparted to 1992 the no. of trips has increased by 14%, but the no. of participants is nearly the same. The increases were mainly in X-country ski trips due to better snow conditions. The no. of active coordinators again declined from 34 to 31. The majority of trips was taken out by a small no. of coordinators (7). Congratulation to John for taking out 69 trips to match his age. Can we expect 70 next year? (NO e.n.) Many thanks for the help in reports and recordings. See Table 2 next page.

Table 1

Summary of RMRA Coordinator Activity  
1992 / 1993

Coordinator	Status	Total Trips (Days)	Person Days	X-C Ski	D-Hill Ski	Winter O/night	Snow-shoe/Skate	Day Hike	Back Pack	Car Camp	Cycle	Canoe
Angus, B.	F	3	20					2			1	
Campbell, D.	F **	9	95					9				
Crumb, G.	F	1	6					1				
Davis, A.	F **	10(14)	81					7	3			
Des Moulins, A.	F **	8(18)	63	1					7			
Drew, W.	F **	24	187	3				21				
Folkins, R.	F **	6(10)	73	1				1	3			
Fryling, R.	F *	15	45	3				7			5	
Jones, D.	F *	4	9	4								
Jull, D.	F **	1(2)	6						1			
Kittle, K.	F **	6	67					6				
Lavelle, D.	A	2	9				1	1				
Logos, S.	F **	2	4					2				
Lowndes, D.	F *	2	12	1							1	
McGill, P.	F *	2(6)	21							1		1
Michi, J.	F *	4	51					4				
Moran, T.	F **	7	60				2	5				
Mulligan, D.	A	6(9)	33					4	2			
Noer, G.	F **	8	38	2				6				
Reid, D.	F **	16	170	5				11				
Schleinich, J.	F **	69	370	26				43				
Scott, K.	F *	8	106					8				
Sinclair, A.	F **	20	214	1				19				
Sobon, J.	F	5	22	1				4				
St. John, B.	F	12(14)	83	2		1		9				
Taylor, M.	F *	2	25					2				
Twelker, W.	F **	3(8)	15	1		2						
Van der Voet, F.	F *	1	2					1				
Watson, K.	F *	3	34					3				
Weger, D.	F *	5(6)	46	1				2		1	1	
Westcott, B.	F **	6	46	4				2				
<b>TOTAL:</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>268(306)</b>	<b>2026</b>	<b>58</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>178</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>1</b>