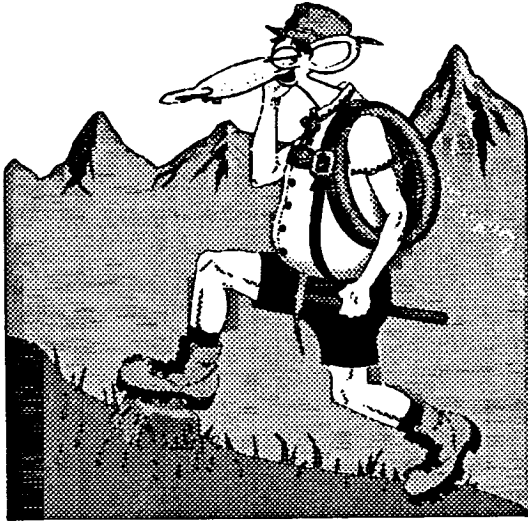


# THE PACKRAT

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FEBRUARY 1995

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

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

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

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

## RMRA EXECUTIVE 1994 - 1995

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

Bob St. John  
Barbara McInnis  
Reg Fryling  
John Schleinich  
Darlene Weger  
Tammy Romano  
Barb Mitchell  
Linda Eastwood

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Bob St. John

When you receive this issue of the PackRat our Winter Open House will have happened. I welcome any new members or prospective members to the Ramblers. I hope you come out and enjoy some of our winter trips. It's hard to believe but the ski season is close to the midpoint! I feel as though I have barely begun. One thing I hope to accomplish this season is to make progress on my telemark skills (currently no skills whatsoever). To this end I bought some remarkably costly plastic boots, which of course will force me to practice harder. At the end of the season I may let you know the results. I recently attended the Best of the Banff Mountain Film Festival at the U. of C. These are the award winning or most popular films shown in Banff last November. For \$12.00 you saw a wide variety of films ranging in topics from a paragliding carnival in France, to problems of elk in the Banff townsite, to winter climbing in Scotland; to name a few. The Ramblers were well represented, including Barb Mitchell and Ron Hunter who in combination took home 50% of the door prizes! (horseshoes!). I regrettably missed the Christmas potluck (which I hear was a great success), but the Valentines potluck is coming up with a chance to finally nail down that line dancing phenomina. Everyone bring their dancing boots! On a less serious note CAOC sponsored a meeting of park users and the Banff Bow Valley Study group on January 23. This is a federal task force to determine how development should proceed in the park. I will have more details at a later date.



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# **EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING MINUTES**

**PRESENT:**            Barb McInnis, Vice President  
                      Bob St. John, President  
                      Tammy Romano, Social Chairperson  
                      John Schleinich, Treasurer  
                      Reg Fryling, Coordinators Chairperson  
                      Barb Mitchell, Program Chairperson  
                      Linda Eastwood, PackRat Editor

**APOLOGIES:**        Darlene Weger, Secretary

## **BUSINESS FROM MINUTES**

Address has been changed to the CAOC address.

Barb McInnis did get advertising (Totem). Linda will send Totem a copy of the PackRat plus an invoice for \$20.00.

Barb McInnis also talked to 'Neighbours' about continuing our ad in this magazine.

The Potluck was great.

Moved: Barb Mitchell that minutes be accepted as read.  
Seconded.

## **TREASURER**

99 members - down from last year.

\$2,290.00 cash (from last year) + \$2,000.00 in GIC.

## **VICE PRESIDENT**

Will send letter to sporting goods stores to introduce the club.

**(Continued Over)**



**SOCIAL CHAIRPERSON**

Open House: January 25, 1995

- 2 demos: packing your pack for winter, Waxing your XC Skis by Reg Fryling
- Slides by Bob St. John
- Dawn Jones will be approached to do a beginners ski introduction
- Jim Bell will be asked for photo montage

Valentine Potluck (Social Committee will try for something novel) and Line Dance Lessons

Next Meeting: February 22, 1995 at 7:00 p.m.

Next PackRat: February 1, 1995

MOVED adjournment - Barb McInnis

SECONDED - Linda Eastwood

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## WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT 40 YEARS?

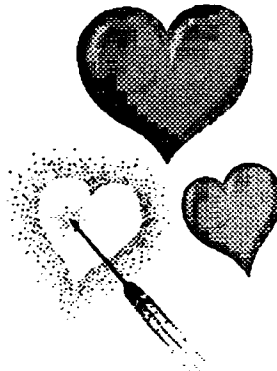
by Wally Drew

During the past year we had a number of special events to proudly celebrate the successful first 40 years of the Rocky Mountain Ramblers Association. It has evolved into a club that offers more outdoor trips in number and variety than any other club in Calgary. And with all these thousands of outings we've never suffered a fatality on any. A great track record! I could go on about our past successes but that is all past and gone.

What about the next 40 years? It's what we do now and in the future that counts from now on. It's up to us, the members, to continue this success story. We need dedicated members who are willing to make commitments to coordinate trips, serve on the Executive, sign up for trips and go on them, attend meetings and support other club functions. Yes, even by attending the weekly meetings and supporting trips you can really help the Ramblers to continue successfully. It doesn't take much - just commitment.

It is easy to make excuses for letting others make the commitments in case you might like to take advantage of the offerings. Remember, everyone has 24 hours in a day and 7 evenings every week. What we do with them is a matter of priorities. Of course work and perhaps family have top priority for many. In the past it has been fully employed people who have done the most for Ramblers.

One more thing we need for continued success is a flow of new, enthusiastic, younger members into the Ramblers. But all of us can - if we wish - add to the success by giving a high priority to the club and supporting the Rocky Mountain Ramblers with commitment. What about the next 40 years? It's up to us, fellow Ramblers.



## **WALKING IN TUSCANY**

by Ken Watson

In September, Asghar Fathi and I travelled to London, and thence to Genoa to meet up with a group of British walkers for two weeks of walking and climbing in Northern Italy.

We were met in Genoa by the English guide and the previous group who had just finished their vacation. Our destination was the village of Albiano, set high up on the northern side of the Serchia Valley in a region known as "Garfagnana".

Behind us to the North, we took day hikes up into the Apennine Mountains. Several days were spent in the Appuan Alps South of us across the valley.

The most memorable day was when the two guides took six stronger hikers on a private climb, as it was the 'guides' day off. We hired a van to transport us up a long shoulder named Col de Cerretella. There, locals were selling permits to hunt mushrooms (called Fungi, in Italian). These are a popular delicacy, and signs in the forest warned it was an offence to hunt without a permit.

A cloudless day gave us spectacular views to the South, with the skyline dominated by Mount Pannia de la Croce. We were fortunate to climb it the following week. The scenery was more like Switzerland. The way was marked with red and white paint on stones, as well as route numbers marked by the local Alpine Club. We cut across underneath the summit and had a lunch stop, basking in the sun. During lunch, Asghar made a quick ascent to the summit without telling the guide. The guide muttered about "having a mountain goat in our midst". We descended the North side of the col of Monte Giovo (Gove?) to a beautiful lake called Lago di Santo. Here we met some locals hunting fungi, some of which were enormous. We carried on a friendly conversation in fractured English and Italian, plus smiles and gestures.

The one guide, John, was very knowledgeable about the history of the area, which had been part of the chain of fortifications used by the Germans in WWII, called the "Gothic Line". This consisted of using the small villages perched on the high points, and forcing the locals to flee to the valley floor. In the forests we came across marble grave markers where partisans had died.

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## Walking In Tuscany (Continued)

Many of the day walks were taken on old mule trails that were once the communication links between the small villages. They were cobbled with stones, but have fallen into disuse and are getting overgrown. The hills were heavily forested with the many vines, giving it the impenetrable look of a jungle. The cleared land was chiefly devoted to vineyards, which were dripping with ripe grapes.

There was no TV nor entertainment in Albiano, but with dinner lasting two hours in the evening, we had little need of it.

The main problem was the inability to dry our clothes, and especially our boots, after rain storms. This was because of the extreme dampness in the air. We finally resorted to borrowing hair dryers from the ladies.

Trips of this kind are an excellent way to observe how the people really live outside the tourist trappings of large cities.

**NEXT PACKRAT ISSUE:**

March 29, 1995

**DEADLINE FOR ARTICLES:**

March 15, 1995

## **PROFILE:**

### **\*\* JOHN SCHLEINICH \*\***

by Reg Fryling

Born in 1924 in Yugoslavia (now Croatia), John led a comparatively peaceful childhood which was completely shattered by the war. He spent some time in the airforce, was taken prisoner and escaped, eventually making his way to freedom and the end of hostilities. He earned a degree in electrical engineering at a university in Austria in 1951 and was torn between staying in Europe where rebuilding required engineers, or joining his parents already in Canada. He came, and joined Mobile Oil which lived up to its name and sent him all over the world starting with our North. Oil exploration was big in the 50's, and after a stint North of Great Slave Lake where he on occasion drove across on the lake's ice, he settled in Peace River, long enough at any rate to meet a girl and get married. The town of Peace River is nestled deep in the river valley where he observed the temperature to usually be 10 to 15 degrees F colder than on top. Next they were off to Paris, Tunisia, Libya, Algeria and the West coast of Africa before returning to Canada and Calgary, where he eventually chose an early retirement. His advise to me when I was contemplating the same was to go for it! He has two girls and one boy.

John's mountain life started in the alpine meadows when he was 5 or 6. The pastoral pleasantness was badly eroded one night as he huddled in a shepherd's hut while the heavens flashed and banged threatening to blast him to oblivion. His attraction for high places survived, obviously, and he remembers scrambling in the Slovanian Alps at around 10 or 11. He climbed and downhill skied during his college days in Austria. His most difficult climb back then was Mt. Skull. The wall was close to 90 degrees -- hob nailed boots and no rope! He got hung up and had to climb the rest without the clumsy boots.

His second close call was recorded in the PackRat, about December 1993 "climbing Mont Blanc". Some quotations: "...we arrived at the final ridge leading to the top. A knife-edge ridge with a huge cornice on the Italian side and a steep cliff-side into oblivion on the French side. Step by cautious step, gasping for air, we inched our way up". They made it (1982) but the close call came on the way down when, almost at the overnight hut, dog tired, he tried to cross a creek in a gorge without putting on his crampons. "After a second of hesitation I jumped. My foot landed on the icy rim at the other side of the gorge. Hard ice. Like in a dream, not in slow motion, I slipped and fell down the glacier, sliding into a barren emptiness". He managed to roll onto his stomach and stop on the edge of a drop-off. "Adrenaline pumped through my system. Fingers exploring for cracks, my boots for soft spots

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in ice, I was praying for grips to claw my way back out. Fingers bleeding, my face pressed on the ice for friction, skinned, totally soaked from icy spray I slowly inched my way up.'

He had a third close call on Mt. Bogart in 1986. He was climbing on some cliff bands when a large rock hand-hold gave way. His left shoulder was dislocated, left knee damaged, and extensive lacerations to hands, head and face. A week after he was back at work he decided to retire -- life may be too short to work when one could be having fun! Some other memorable trips include a later attempt on Bogart with Mary and myself when he and Mary down-climbed (the same cliff band) to Ribbon Creek while I made my way back to the car at Spray Lake. He remembers with fondness a solo January climb of Mt. Allen.

John hiked mostly alone from 1972 to 1982 when he met Hino and some other Ramblers at Fish Lake. They invited him to stay an extra day but he had no food left, so they fished and supplemented the food supply. Well, Hino and Co., you recruited a very loyal and hard working club member. Last year, at age 69 John took out 69 trips. This year he said he climbed nine new mountains. He's optimistic that once his back operation heals he'll be back in the hills as usual.



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## BIG BRAZIL - AMAZON TO IGUACU

by Wally Drew

After not being met at the airport in Rio de Janeiro as promised, I finally located my tour guide and made a quick recon. at Big Brazil from the Amazon to Iguacu during the latter half of this past November. I was the only client in the "group" for this semi-conducted tour with lots of free time to myself.

Brazil is by far the largest Latin American country in both area and population. The 15th largest country in the world, it includes about half of South America. With a population of 150 million, it has half the continent's people too. It borders every South American country except Ecuador and Chile. The day after arrival we flew to Manaus in the heart of the Amazon rain forest, the world's largest. From there we took a little boat the short distance down the Rio Negro (Black River) to the Amazon, the world's largest river by volume. The Rio Negro water is black from decayed vegetation while the Amazon is muddy and brown. The two distinct waters flow side by side for 5 or 6 km before mixing because the Amazon water flows 5 kph and is 22 degrees C while the Negro flows 2 kph and is 28 degrees C. Below the confluence the Amazon is 3 to 6 km wide here in the heart of the continent. On the way back to Manaus 2 days later we saw fresh water porpoises in the Amazon River.

Farther downstream we left the mighty Amazon to go North up a tributary called Paraqueara which is local Indian for "Let's go to your place". Rivers are the "highways" of the Amazon rain forest. As it got shallower we switched to a big "canoe" with an outboard motor. "We" comprised of my tour guide, local guide, a Belgian couple and me. That was my group for Amazon Village only. Then at the beginning of the wet season (though I got no rain there) the rivers were only about 1 metre above lowest water and about 15 metres below high water level. So we had to carry our bags/packs and walk the last 1/2 km to Amazon Village which is reached by canoe in high water.

That rustic jungle lodge had a main building without walls containing a dining room, bar, administration, etc. and our rooms were in cabins with walls and palm frond roofs. The little generator gave lights too dim to read by. Cold water only and not potable as elsewhere in Brazil. With no AC or even fans it was stifling hot and sticky especially for one just two days away from snowy Calgary, even though the temperature didn't get above 32 degrees C. None of the other tourists were from North America. Three buffet meals per day of good and interesting local food were included in Amazon Village (just buffet breakfast elsewhere).

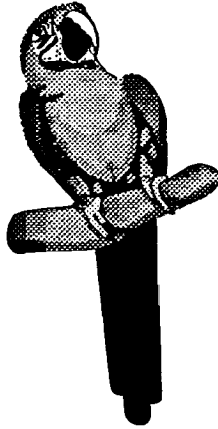
Our first evening after supper we went out on the smooth river in a "canoe" to "hunt" alligators by flashlight. Our local guide found and caught a baby one. After we examined and felt it, it was released. It was a spectacular night with a full moon to the East and lightening to the West and Northwest.

The next day we went on two jungle walks tasting quinine wood and sweet water from a vine, seeing small trees from which blow guns are made and the thorns used for darts and a large bird-eating tarantula, and swinging on a vine during the morning walk. We were careful not to get bitten by ants that cause a fever. On the afternoon walk we visited native huts and stilts, helped peel manioc which is used for making flour and tapioca, got our faces painted in red stripes from crushed seeds and tasted a few wild fruits.

From the Amazon in North Brazil I visited the modern capital of Brasilia and Salvador on the Atlantic Coast before going to Iguacu Falls in the South on the Argentine border. We stayed in Statel das Cataratas in the national park beside the world's largest (by volume) falls. The chocolate brown Iguacu River pours over a rim 3 km wide and 80 metres high bent around in an uneven "horseshoe". Eighty Five percent of the falls is in Argentina so the best views were looking accross from our Brazilian side. The water was at 80% of maximum volume when I was there early in the wet season. It was still hot, up to 33 degree C and humid. A cloudburst thunderstorm did knock the temperature briefly down to 23 degree C one afternoon.



(Continued Over)



There weren't many trails to walk during my 48 hours there. The main paved one went from near the hotel 800 metres along the forested canyon walk with great views of the falls and ended up on a long bridge that wound out on a ledge half way down the falls. The 40 metre falls above produced spray across the bridge and rainbows. The angry waters rushed under the bridge before plunging down the other 40 metres. In one place the bridge hung right out over the lower falls. There were raincoats available but it felt better to get wet in the heat. That long bridge was my favourite walk and I did it several times at different times of the day. It was best in early morning when cooler and not so crowded. Being a weekend the place was mobbed with local and foreign tourists. The anteaters would beg food from them but the iguanas were more shy. I saw the latter on a faint jungle trail I discovered going along beside the river above the falls.

One evening I walked up a jungle track behind the hotel grounds and enjoyed seeing the fireflies (beetles) and moths and hearing all the jungle sounds. There were lots of butterflies and birds in the area. Some black birds would dart in through partings in the falls to go behind them. Larger black birds with a red patch on the male built ranging nests something like those of the African weaver birds. There were lots of bright green parrots around the falls but not as tame as the free pet ones at Amazon Village which chased the cats away from food.

These are glimpses near the North and South sides of Big Brazil.

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## **HOT ROCKS**

by Bob St. John

In my absence last December I was down on the West Coast (sic) for most of the time, but I also spent one week at Red Rock Canyon, Nevada. I was on a climbing trip run by Yamnuska, a guiding company based in Canmore. The prior spring I took a five day introduction to climbing, which I felt would help me in my rambling scrambling (which I believe it did). However, what I didn't count on was that I might actually enjoy climbing. As it turns out I do, sometimes. In any event I thought a week of constant climbing would set my mind one way or the other, and the benefits of warmer sunny weather are obvious.

I met the other three at the Las Vegas airport. Todd was the Yamnuska guide, Steve was an underground miner, and Brian a helicopter firefighter for Parks Canada. None of these fellows looked like couch-potatoes, and I was feeling somewhat mature when I realized they were in diapers when I had finished high school. A momentary thought of gambling and golf for a week was dashed when I considered my golf handicap was larger than my age!

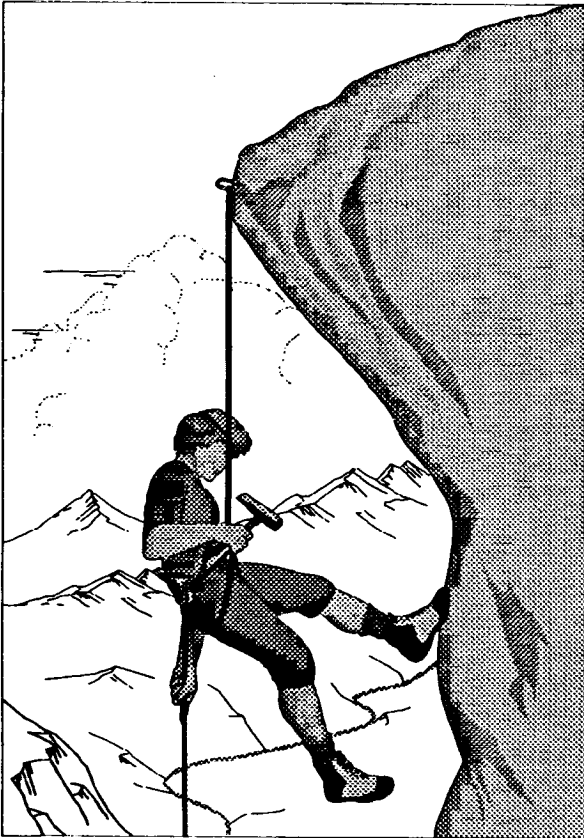
We piled ourselves and our gear into the van and headed out. Red Rock Canyon is a protected expanse of desert, hills and low mountains twenty minutes by car west of Las Vegas. It is a popular area for biking, hiking and climbing, especially during winter months when you can expect sunny skies with pleasant temperatures (-5C low, 10-15 C high). The vegetation is mainly Joshua trees and cactus on the desert floor, pine trees in the creek gullies coming down from the mountains, and sparse trees and brush on the mainly bare rock hills and mountains. The rock is limestone and sandstone. The sandstone was formed from sand dunes and retains strong cross bedding features (for you rock hounds). The most striking aspect of the sandstone is its colour combination of red and white. I am not sure why some isn't blue, I guess they ran out of paint. Weathering of the red sandstone forms a patina, an almost black, hard surface, and it is here that most of the climbing is done.

We camped at a site located central to most climbing routes. It was filled with climbers from around the world. At night you could hear conversations about the best routes, the best gear, etc. in German, French, Japanese and American. Our stay was during a full moon cycle, and the desert at night was silhouetted with Joshua trees and the occasional coyote howl producing a real old west feeling (wow, I should write a book!). A nearby visitor centre had all the amenities, and

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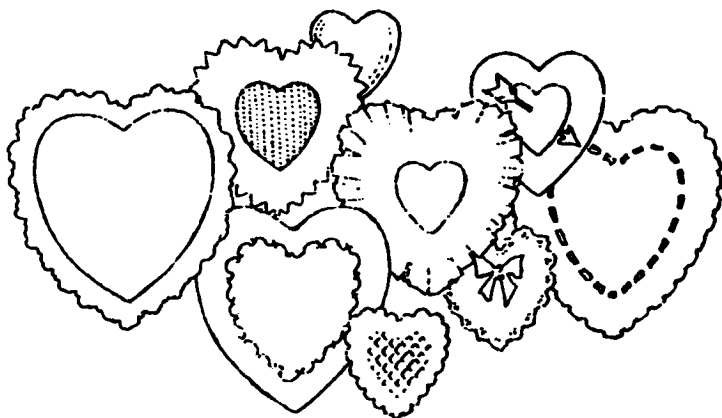


was full of useful information about recreation in the area. We made our meals at camp, but ventured into town at night to see the sights. My only comment is that Vegas does not appear to be hurting, what with all the new hotels and ones planned. The strangest hotel was the Luxor, a hollow black pyramid with rooms on the outer shell, and a "Temple of Doom" type theme park inside. Room rates were rock bottom, as the two weeks prior to Christmas are their slowest.

Every day we would try new climbing areas, doing short bolted routes in the morning, and a traditional multi-pitch climb in the afternoon. I won't bore you with details, save that I had a good mix of "hey, that wasn't bad!" to "OK, I am going to die now". As to whether I now like climbing, I am still undecided. I guess I will just have to go out and try again!

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**VALENTINE BOX SOCIAL**  
AND  
**LINE DANCE LESSONS**



**February 15, 1995**  
**(After Wednesday Night Meeting)**

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## NATIONAL PARK FEES

by Dave Mulligan

In late November 1994, I attended a CAOC meeting along with about 20 other reps. from various outdoor clubs. Some people were present from Banff National Park to explain their thinking re: general park fees. The overall message was that because of decreased funding from the Federal Government, we can expect to be paying much more for the park's various services. Some details follow below.

Over the past three years there has been a 30% reduction in the budget supplied to the National Parks by the Federal Government (i.e., 10% per year). Therefore, the parks (working independently) have to find the money elsewhere and/or cut services. Hence the introduction of user pay. They also want to keep the administration easy and adhere to the policy that the parks are available for the enjoyment and preservation of ALL Canadians. The Federal Government has also decreed that the car fee is unfair and that the fee should be on a per person basis instead (starting April 1, 1995). So most of the nearby National Parks will have a per person fee starting April 1995, but the four mountain parks (Banff, Jasper, Yoho, and Kootenay) will retain the per car fee for 1995 but are expected to be per person as of April 1, 1996.

The following fees will apply to four mountain parks from April 1995:

Daily \$7.00/vehicle; 4 day \$20.00/vehicle; Annual \$50.00/vehicle  
Senior Daily \$5.00/vehicle; Senior annual \$35.00/vehicle

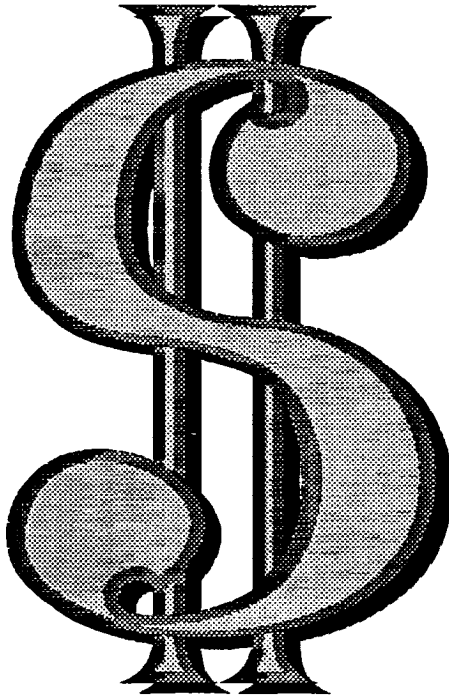
As I understand it, the parks operate as independent units and there will be no credit to a holder of the annual four mountain parks \$50.00 sticker if that person visits Waterton, Elk Island, Revelstoke, BC Glacier, etc. or vice-versa. Excess 'profits' could go to the other National Parks.

The Parks are open to suggestions. Their mandate is that the system should be fair, appropriate, efficient, simple and benefit those who contribute. Suggestions can be sent to:

Associate Superintendent  
Jillean Roulet  
Box 900  
Banff, Alberta  
T0L 0C0

Tel: 1-800-651-7959  
Fax: 762-1583





Suggestions that I have heard include:

1. That all the Western Canada Parks work the same with one fee for all parks.
2. A big fine for non-payers, e.g., \$2,000.00.
3. Advance ticket purchase, e.g., Calgary Federal Building.
4. The fees be tax deductible for low income users.
5. There could be a 'Park Tax' similar to the GST for all purchases made in the Park boundaries, e.g., Banff, Waterton.
6. A simple road toll (presently illegal on the #1).
7. Retain the per vehicle fee not per person because one vehicle with four persons causes less pollution than four vehicles with one person each.
8. Above all keep it simple, people don't mind the paying too much but will quickly get upset at any hassle, e.g., park gate line-ups.

I hope the above is basically accurate from my scrappy notes. I sympathize with the Parks people. A copy of this will go to them.

# TRIVIA QUESTIONS



1. In which state is Mount Vernon?
2. This mountain range separates France and Spain.
3. In which state is the Painted Desert?
4. What mountain range makes up the backbone of Italy?
5. In which state is Mount Rushmore?
6. In what two countries are the Sierra Nevada Mountains?
7. What is the highest U.S. mountain not located in Alaska?
8. What is a "Laterne Rouge" in cycling?
9. In which state are the Adirondack Mountains?
10. Mount Victoria is the highest peak of this island country.
11. In 1902 this volcano erupted, killing 30,000.
12. What mountain range separates Europe from Asia?
13. Name the most mountainous country in Europe.
14. What two countries are linked by the Brenner Pass?
15. The first 14 conquests of Mount Everest were completed during the same month of the same year. Name the month.

Answers on Page 19

**SOCIAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

<p>Bob St. John          Tammy Romano          Darlene Weger          Ken Watson</p>	<p>Frank Stanley          Domic Ross          Shirley Tacjnar          Linda Eastwood</p>
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**UPCOMING EVENTS**

<p>February 15, 1995</p>	<p>Valentines Pot Luck          and Line Dance Instruction</p>
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## OAT SQUARES

- |  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cups (375 ml) sliced pitted prunes | 3/4 cup (175 ml) orange juice   |
| 2 tsp. (10 ml) grated orange rind        | 1 cup (250 ml) rolled oats      |
| 1 cup (250 ml) whole wheat flour         | 1/2 cup (125 ml) brown sugar    |
| 1/4 cup (50 ml) oat bran                 | 1/2 tsp. (2 ml) baking powder   |
| 1/2 tsp. (2 ml) nutmeg                   | 1/2 cup (125 ml) soft margarine |
| 1 tbsp. (15 ml) water                    |                                 |

1. In a 1 qt. (1 L) microwaveable measure, combine prunes, orange juice and rind.
2. Cover with plastic wrap and microwave at High for 5 to 6 minutes or until liquid is almost absorbed, stirring once.
3. Let stand covered for 5 minutes.
4. In a large bowl, combine rolled oats, flour, sugar, oat bran, baking powder and nutmeg.
5. With 2 knives, cut in margarine until mixture is crumbly.
6. Sprinkle water over mixture; toss to mix well.
7. Press half the mixture into bottom of lightly greased 8 inch (20 cm) square baking pan.
8. Spread with prune filling; top with remaining crumb mixture, patting down firmly.
9. Bake in 350 degree F (180 degree C) oven for 25 to 30 minutes or until lightly browned.
10. Cool on rack. Cut into square.

Makes 25 squares

1 square: 2 grams Protein, 4 grams Fat, 20 grams Carbohydrate, 124 Calories

## ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 18

1. Virginia
2. The Pyrenees
3. Arizona
4. The Apennine Mountains
5. South Dakota
6. Spain and U.S.A.
7. Mount Whitney
8. A Booby Prize
9. New York
10. Fiji
11. Mount Pelee
12. The Urals
13. Switzerland
14. Austria and Italy
15. May

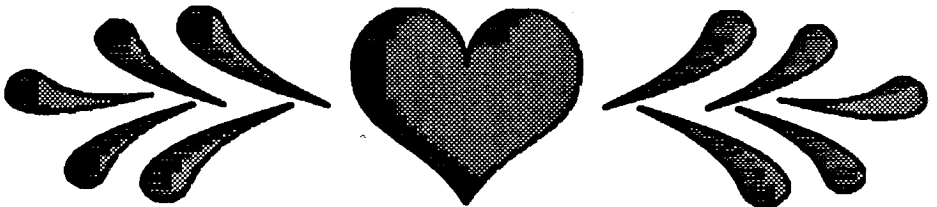
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## LOOK TO THIS DAY

Sanskrit Poem

Look to this day  
For it is life, the very life of life.  
In its brief course lie all the  
verities and realities of your existence;  
the bliss of growth,  
the glory of action,  
the splendour of beauty;  
for yesterday is but a dream,  
and tomorrow is only a vision;  
but today well-lived makes  
every yesterday a dream of happiness,  
and every tomorrow a vision of hope  
Look well therefore to this day!



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*Happy Valentine's Day*