

THE PACKRAT

ROCKY
MOUNTAIN



RAMBLERS
ASSOC.

APRIL 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 | Bob St. John |
| VICE PRESIDENT | Barbara McInnis |
| TRIP COORDINATOR | Reg Fryling |
| TREASURER | John Schleinich |
| SECRETARY | Darlene Weger |
| SOCIAL DIRECTOR | Tammy Romano |
| PROGRAM DIRECTOR | Barb Mitchell |
| NEWSLETTER EDITOR | Linda Eastwood |

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Bob St. John

As of February 19, 1995, the Ramblers as a club has changed. The loss of Ron Folkins is grieved by his family and his friends, including club members. All of us were stunned. It happened so suddenly and we all felt so helpless at this turn of events. We are all aware that accidents can happen, but when it happens to one of us, especially on one of our trips, it strikes home in a way that cannot be prepared for. Ron is gone, but his memory will be with us. Let us not allow his death to be in vain. We, as club members, have a responsibility to ourselves, and to new members of the future, to try to improve our ways of conducting club functions. A Safety Review Committee is developing proposals which will be presented to you for your serious consideration. I believe everyone has something to contribute in this process. Let your views be known to the committee and to the rest of the club. Now is not the time to be complacent. Do it for Ron, do it for your friends in the club, and above all, do it for your own good.

SAFETY GUIDELINES REVIEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Reg Fryling

Ron Moore

Kathy Bangay

Alice Laughton

Bob St. John

Ken Park

Marianne Wolters

Del Lavallee

Theresa Purcell

Dave Reid

Wally Drew

(1 Vacancy)

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Pre-consignment: Wednesday, May 3, 5:00-8:30 p.m.

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PROCEDURE OF THE SAFETY REVIEW COMMITTEE

General Procedure:

The Committee will draft one or more Proposals for each "Topic" to be covered in its mandate. The Proposals will be voted upon by the current membership of the RMRA. Any approved Proposals directly involving coordinator responsibilities must be further approved at the next Coordinators Meeting.

Detailed Procedure:

- A Topic can be introduced into the Committee mandate by an approved motion of any Committee member.
- A Topic Proposal can be introduced by an approved motion of any Committee member.
- At each Wednesday RMRA meeting copies of the minutes of the prior Committee meeting and copies of the Agenda for the next Committee Meeting, including Topics to be considered, will be made available to the membership.

- At each Wednesday RMRA meeting Committee members will make themselves available to accept verbal or written recommendations from club members.

- At a Wednesday RMRA meeting after all Proposals have been drafted and before the vote has been taken, all Proposals will be read and open for discussion by the membership. After this meeting, the Committee will review the Proposal drafts if any Committee member feels it is necessary.

- A secret vote of the Proposals will be held. All Club members in good standing at the time of the vote will be eligible. The vote will be conducted by the RMRA Secretary and the Review Committee Chair. Included with the Proposals will be supporting material either for or against any particular Proposal. The vote will be conducted over two weeks, with the voting package given out to eligible members at an RMRA Wednesday meeting, and the remainder of the voting packages mailed out to members not present. Completed votes may be mailed to the RMRA, or handed to the Secretary or Committee Chair. Members must sign their votes in order to be valid, however, the Secretary and Committee Chair will keep the voting confidential, and will release only the tabulated results.

- All approved Proposals involving RMRA finances must be further approved by the Club Executive.
- All approved Proposals directly affecting coordinator responsibilities must be further approved at the next Coordinators Meeting.
- All approved Proposals will be adopted by the RMRA.

**NEXT
PACKRAT ISSUE:
May 31, 1995**

**DEADLINE FOR
ARTICLES:
May 10, 1995**

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AFRICAN JOURNAL

by Theresa Purcell

In October of 1987 I left my home in Vancouver for a long visit to Africa. I took the Seatac airport bus to Seattle, then flew to London, to Cairo, then to Nairobi. From there I travelled by land down through Tanzania, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Malawi, and back to Nairobi, where I joined 13 other travellers on an overland truck tour that took me on a journey through the magnificent game parks of the rift valley, past the wet green forests of central Africa, and beyond, through all the bare and empty places of the Sahara desert. By the time I came home in April I had been gone almost seven months and visited 14 countries. Some of my experiences during that time were more memorable than others. Here are a few excerpts that I hope might be of inspiration to any member thinking about taking a long ramble over the world's second largest continent.

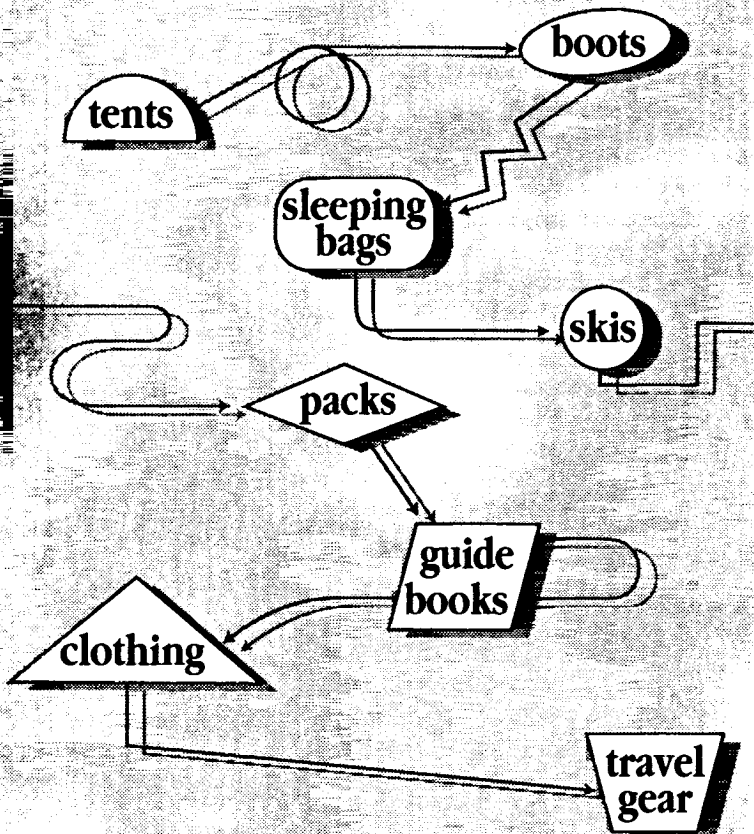
Travelling alone through developing countries often means relying on the public transportation network. What follows are a few examples of what that experience was like.

3:00 a.m. November 6, somewhere in Tanzania: The bus left Nairobi 20 hours ago and it is now somewhere between Moshi and Dar Es Salam. We are speeding down a two-way pot-holed road not much wider than the bus itself. It is packed full of people standing and sleeping in the aisles, many of whom look sick. Without local currency I have not been able to buy food from the vendors who congregate at bus stops. It is very dark out--without street lights it is as black a night as I have ever seen.

2:00 p.m., a few days later: Listening to the roar of the Indian Ocean and waiting for the arrival of what might be called "The Beach Ball Mini Van" (it seats 9, crams 16, and bounces the 27 km pot-holed road from Dar Es Salam to the Rungwe Oceanic Beach Hotel). Once in town, I hope to negotiate a train ticket south. The sun is shining and it is a hot and glorious day in paradise.

Early afternoon, November 19, Kapri Moshi (A small town in the middle of the Zambian copper belt): After spending three days in a dark six sleeper train compartment with four adults and five children I am now off and out on the platform. The air is hot and dusty and the light from the noonday sun is painful to the eyes. Nearby five other foreigners are standing around wondering where to get the train to Lusaka. Somebody hears something. Somebody says something to somebody else, the rest grab their bags and everyone starts running. I follow. We arrive at a train station across town just as the train pulls in -- one overweight

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of about 45 with a big pullman suitcase that doesn't pull over gravel, one blonde haired German woman of about the same age with a very large striped umbrella -- suitable for any climate but this one, me, with a suitcase full of books that I might read someday, plus a minus 10 down sleeping bag -- just in case. We are accompanied by a trio of young Christian Drama Players from the Los Angeles area. God only knows what they have in their bags. Gasping for breath, we collapse in the aisles of the crowded train, introduce ourselves, then wait, for a long time, until the train leaves.

2:00 p.m., December 4, Lusaka, Zambia: Sitting in a "taxi" en route to the airport. Travelling through Zimbabwe was quite easy by now, back in Zambia it is a different story. Taxis are hard to come by so when an old car pulled up beside me this morning just after I had finally managed to confirm a flight ticket to Malawi it seemed like a stroke of luck. After giving the driver the time and place and hurrying back to the YWCA to pack, I am now inside and on my way to the airport. Not being a driver I am not one to look at cars, but this one is different: the windshield is cracked, the side windows won't shut and the upholstery is ripped. The most interesting thing is the steering wheel. Are there not supposed to be things behind it? Like a dashboard with panel, gages, lights, knobs and switches or various kinds? This car doesn't have any of that. A long pole like thing joins the steering wheel to the various parts under the hood -- I can't see where -- and that seems to be all there is. As the car begins to pick up a frightening speed and I gaze at the gutted mess, I note also that it is starting to rain a bit. Now it is starting to pour. Thunder and lightening follow. Of course the windshield wipers don't work any better than the side windows, through which sheets of rain are now blowing in, drenching the driver, me, and my luggage. He seems to think this is all pretty funny, it all seems pretty crazy to me.

I arrived at the airport in one piece and boarded a small aircraft for a bumpy flight to Malawi. After spending a few days at Lake Malawi I caught the next flight to Nairobi where I met the Encounter Overland driver and 13 passengers who would be my travel companions for the next 20 weeks. For most of our time together, we have to make our own entertainment:

January 19, 1988, somewhere near Beni, Central Zaire: We are camped beside a river, near a field station where scientists are studying the rare and elusive okapi animal which can still be found in this part of the world. Discovered only this

century, the okapi is considered to be the rainforest ancestor of the giraffe and is found mainly in the Congo Basin. There is also a Pygmy village nearby. Earlier today, some of our group entertained themselves by almost drowning in the river's swift but deceptive current. Those who survived the ordeal have taken refuge in their tents while a second group are about to set out in search of a discotheque rumoured to be in the area. The disco turns out to be a thatched roof hut outfitted with a bar and ghetto blaster, and packed tight with local people. It is lit by some eerie combination of lights so that the whole effect is like a cross between an episode of "The Twilight Zone" and "Fantasy Island".

A few hours later beside the river: After Inga -- a beautiful fashion model from Perth -- emerged from behind the disco with something hastily wrapped up in a cigarette wrapper, we left and made our way back to the campsite under a moonless sky. Upon finding the campsite, we climbed down the steep river bank and build a fire by the river's edge. Greg, also from Perth, and David from Chicago, are now talking quietly among themselves. Inga is looking at the hypnotic patterns of the fire with a far away look on her face. Beside us is the evil river, now moving slower than molasses. Above us is the night sky -- a strange world of southern stars and constellations. Even the heavens are foreign. I begin to think about the crocodile meat that I ate at Carnivores Restaurant, and about my place in the food chain. I begin to realize how very alien this world is from the one I have always known. Someone (whose name escapes me) once said: "It is not days we remember but moments". This is the moment that always comes to mind whenever I see the phrase "Darkest Africa".

Though we spent a lot of time just sitting -- either in the back of the truck or around the campfire -- there was at least one athletic activity scheduled into the itinerary that would certainly be of interest to Ramblers:

December 23, outside the Kibo hotel near Moshi: A little ceremony is going on - members of our group are being presented with certificates in recognition of their achievements in climbing Mount Kilimanjaro. Of those who went up all but one (who got mountain sickness), reached Gilman's point and received a certificate in recognition. Four continued the short distance to Uhuru peak and received a special certificate for that. As I am not a mountain climber, hiker, nor fitness participant of any kind, I was content to wait at the hotel. One day I did walk up to the park gate but had to stop several times to collapse in exhaustion by the side of

the road. After that I was content to bide my time smoking cigarettes in the hotel lounge, writing letters, and thinking about the mountains back home. Was I disappointed at having missed a once in a lifetime chance to climb Africa's highest mountain? Agnes C. Laut, a Canadian journalist of the early part of the century, once said: "The very fact that possibilities are unknown gives scope to unbridled fancy, and the wildest hopes..."

There were many other interesting things that happened but to continue with a detailed report would be beyond the scope of this article. Instead let me end by offering a jumble of special memories as they come to mind: Watching a pride of lions feast on their kill against an orange/blue Serengeti sunrise; seeing the pyramids of Giza and being trapped by flood in Algeria; sleeping under the stars of the southern hemisphere; beachcombing on the shores of the Indian Ocean in Tanzania and taking a cruise on the Zambezi river near Victoria Falls; standing beside those falls and hearing the roar of "Mosi-O-Tynya -- The Smoke That Thunders"; sitting at a large stone table at an outdoor restaurant in Marrakesh, watching passer-bys in colourful striped fabrics, and drinking a sweet mint tea in the 11:00 Moroccan sun.

I also saw primitive rock carvings in the Sahara, Roman ruins in Morocco, and a rare blue sky over the tip of Mount Kilimanjaro. In Egypt, I saw children fishing in the Nile. I ate crocodile meat in a restaurant in Nairobi and bathed in the silky green waters of the Zaire river. I felt the kiss of a hundred thousand mosquitoes. I returned another hundred thousand mosquitoes to their maker. I saw impala, hyena, zebra, buffalo, and hippo. I saw rhinos, lions, vultures, giraffes, elephants, flamingos, baboons, mountain gorillas, and wild dogs. I saw insects of every kind. And when it was all over, and the Seatac airport bus was rolling out of the Peace Arch border crossing into White Rock, British Columbia, I had this to show for my time and money: 60 kilos of luggage, 10 rolls of film, a new curiosity about mountain climbing, a better sense of tolerance, a new sense of membership in the global community, and a taste of the gypsy life.

(To be continued in a future issue)

I am looking for old topographical maps of the Rockies. Please contact
Reg Fryling

SOUTH OF DHAULAGIRI

by Dick Jull

For a second four week trek in Nepal in 1994, I chose a region in the western district of the country. I went from Kathmandu westward to Pokkhara by bus and then again westward for about three hours, by local bus, on a road only officially opened last June.

The trekking route was initially up the Kali Gandaki River that flows through such a high canyon between Dhaulagiri and Annapurna Massifs, to the west and east respectively.

Trekking up this river valley on the first day, I stumbled badly and wrenched my right knee. When I reached the larger town of Beni and ate dinner at a westernized lodge I could hardly move from the table because of my twisted knee. A fellow trekker, a kind Chinese lady who was a professional masseuse gave me a wonderful knee and leg massage and administered herbal creams. It was much better the following morning so I had no problem in trekking for two hours to Sulphur Springs made into a soaking pool. I soaked my knee several times there. My route was up the Myagdi Kola River which flows from Dhaulagiri in a south easterly direction to join the Kali Gandaki; such a beautiful river and valleys beside it and mountain slopes going down to it.

The next day my leg and knee were fine so I took a full days trek to a major village. Along the way I met my guide named Lil Bahadur K.C. who is still with me in India, because it was in India he was born and received his public school education.

The next few days we climbed high up a mountainside and stayed at the homes of his family and very simple shelters. There were great views of the Dhaulagiri Massif to our north. We entered a forest and saw pheasants, grouse, vultures and eagles.

At Jalga-La Pass (3,450 meters a.s.l.) we came to flat gently sloping pasture lands now deserted. There we had the finest sightings of the Dhaulagiri and also Annapurna Ranges including Machupichure Peak, far to the northeast.

We descended from the pass to the Dhoropatan flats - a large ancient lake bed. There were mainly Tibetan people there because at the end of November the Nepalese people had already left to spend the winter months at lower communities less snowy and cold.

One night we stayed at Dhaulagiri Lodge - very simple, run by Tibetans, and the next night at a more comfortable home in a Tibetan Monastery complex.

The weather turned misty and cold so we decided not to venture further to the northwest to the Dolpo region. We had only one sleeping bag and no proper tent and it would be snowing at high elevations. So we returned to Jalga-La Pass and took an alternative route back to my guides home farm. It was a good trekking pathway - on occasions not at all obvious so getting directions was necessary at times.

Unfortunately, we had about five days of cold, misty days and some rain showers. We went over several mountain passes and spent a night and a day at a Hindu festival centre. The next day we reached my guide's home farm, midway up a mountainside and there, as he promised, Dhaulagiri and Annapurna Massifs were framed very well to the north.

From Lil's home we spent, off and on, about seven nights and took side trips of three, two, and one day's duration. Before the trekking permit expired we returned by bus to Pokkhara.

We then took buses to south Nepal and visited four homes of his family members located on the northern extremities of the great Ganges Plains. There was beauty and spaciousness on the flat lands. Some snow mountains (High Himalayas) rose above the intervening older less high mountains.

We then went to Buddha's birthplace (26 centuries) at the Nepal-India border.

My second trek ended as I entered India. But my guide and I would experience India's challenges, difficulties and splendours together.

But I hope that this spring I may return to the high Himalayas - the nose mountains - either in Nepal or in India.

EXECUTIVE MEETING MINUTES

Held February 22, 1995

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

MINUTES OF THE PAST MEETING:

Minutes were not read.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT:

Bob gave a brief report of the avalanche accident that occurred on Sunday, February 19, 1995 and explained how he planned to handle the general meeting. He gave brief details of Ron Folkins' Funeral. Bob also said he had written a letter to those involved in the rescue and would be reading it out at the meeting.

SOCIAL REPORT:

The Valentine's Pot Luck and Line Dancing went well. It was estimated that about 30 people attended.

PROGRAMS:

It was decided that next weeks program should continue as scheduled as the group felt Ron would have wanted us to continue with Club business as usual.

NEW BUSINESS:

Motion #1 - It was moved by Bob that we have the Coordinators Chairperson form a committee to review the Club's safety procedures and guidelines. Seconded by Linda. Carried.

Reg asked that the committee be formed by volunteers and be open to all members. Also, comments would be welcome from non committee members.

Motion #2 - It was moved by Bob that the Ramblers purchase a suitable flower arrangement for the funeral. Seconded by Barb McInnis. Carried.

Motion #3 - It was moved by Bob that the committee formed by the Coordinators Chairperson develop a policy for the Club to handle public relations in incidents involving the media. Seconded by Darlene. Carried.

Motion #4 - Bob moved that the Coordinators Chairperson prepare an internal, factual, accident report on the tragedy. Seconded by Tammy. Carried.

OTHER BUSINESS:

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

VIDEO TAPE - ZITA MORGAN -

by Del Lavallee

Last September John Michi video taped the trip the Ramblers took to the Highwood area to scatter Zita's ashes. A copy was sent to the Morgan family and Del Lavallee also has a copy for anyone wishing to view it. Call Del



NATIONAL PARK FEES

by Dave Mulligan

Jillian Roulet of Parks Canada (P.O. Box 900, Banff, TOL 0C0), has pointed out a few errors in my recent article:

1. Parks Canada has NOT received a 30% reduction in budget. They have had a steady decline in budget over the past 10 years and anticipate budget reductions in the next 3 years.
2. The fees I identified for Waterton and the Four Mountain Parks were only PROPOSED fees. There is a good chance they will be modified in response to public comment and concerns.
3. The transferability of the annual pass from one park to another has not been decided.

I hope I've got it right this time and there was not too much confusion. I'm sure Jillian Roulet would appreciate constructive comments on this complicated issue.

TEN DAY SUMMER BACKPACK TO ATHABASCA PASS

by Del Lavallee

Date: September 5 - 15, 1981
Participating Ramblers: Jack Carter (Leader), Jim Cunningham,
Tom Thurston, Del Lavallee
Distance: Approximately 40 miles, one way
Elevation at Pass: 5,736 feet

After four days on the trail, we attained our goal and set up camp at the Committee's Punch Bowl for a couple days' layover. The setting and weather were near perfect and we celebrated our achievement (like the "Nabobs of the trade" as of old) with a tot of Scotch whiskey very thoughtfully (and no doubt painstakingly) carried in by Jim. Committee's Punch Bowl is the name given to the small tarn at Athabasca Pass on the Great Divide by 19th century fur traders in honour of the Governing Committee of the Hudson's Bay Co.

The pass was "discovered" by David Thompson in 1811 on the urging of the Nor'westers to find a route to the "Great River of the West" and thus access to the great wealth of furs in the Columbia District. The Columbia River had been known since 1772 when an American Captain, Robert Grey, had found the mouth of the great river on the Oregon coast. Capt. Vancouver had explored the river a hundred times via Howse Pass in 1807, Thompson had unwittingly paddled up the Columbia not realizing that this same river eventually flowed south after rounding the Big Bend. Competition intensified as John Jacob Astor was seeking help from his government in pushing the American fur trade to the West Coast. Paralleling the intense competition amongst white men for furs was the warring of the various Indian tribes. The Peigan Indians barred Thompson from using Howse Pass to prevent him from arming their enemies, the Kootenays, and thus forced him into exploring further North. He had heard that Nipissing Indians were crossing a more northerly pass and set out to find it. The history books tell us that he was aided in this task by the Iroquois, Tom.

Shouldering our 40 - 50 lb. packs at the trailhead at Moab Lake (4 1/2 miles up the Whirlpool River Valley from Highway 93A), we consoled ourselves with the thoughts of the Thompson party struggling for weeks in the dead of winter and facing starvation from lack of game. If that didn't stop the groaning, we could also imagine the struggles of the thousands of men who subsequently used that route to ferry 90 lb packs of furs.

The trail follows the Whirlpool River, the valley being rather narrow with impressive mountains on both sides providing spectacular views all the way in. The trail has been upgraded in recent years with good bridges and campgrounds. Just six miles in, we found the crumbling remains of any early 20th century railway tie camp: 2 boats, a wagon wheel, a huge cooking pot and many buildings. At one spot, we found the remains of an old sleigh trapped in new tree growth.

After crossing the Simon River on a very sturdy bridge (we probably would not have been able to ford such a ranging stream without it), the valley widened and we were able to walk long stretches on the river flats. Here we witnessed the spearing of a fish (a 4 lb Dolly Varden) by a young man brandishing an ice axe! He and his companion were the only other people we saw on this trip.

The views became interestingly spectacular: Mts. Evans and Kane, Scott Glacier, Mt. Hooker and finally Mt. Brown and McGillivray Ridge at the pass. Early explorers tagged elevations of up to 25,000 ft on Mts. Brown and Hooker, and although Mt. Hooker (10,782 ft) is certainly impressive, Mt. Brown at 9,156 ft is not overwhelming to say the least! The century-old mystery of peaks to rival the Himalayas was not officially put to rest until 1920 by the Interprovincial Survey.

We were greeted at the pass by some very vocal marmots whose whistling cry reverberated in the defile hemmed in by towering cliffs. Here, we also experienced the only inclement weather of the whole trip. A storm woke us during the night with boulders crashing down from the cliffs, a rather intimidating experience considering the narrowness of the pass.

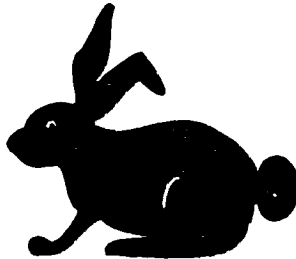
A ridge to the south in B.C. beckoned to be explored. What pleasure to leave our heavy backpacks behind and walk along a high ridge with impressive views all around: the northern Selkirks, and closer in, Mt. Clemenceau, at 12,000 ft, the 4th highest peak of the Canadian Rockies.

We had hoped to climb Mt. Brown but, because it involved travelling on a glacier, opted to explore Canoe Pass to the North. Instead of glacier travel we got bushwacking - literally fighting our way up a heavily forested slope. This exertion was, however, rewarded with an extensive alpine meadow and a jewel of a lake. Up until then, we hadn't seen anything bigger than a marmot and felt that this spot had potential for observing big game but nothing moved - even the ground squirrels had gone underground to begin hibernation. We had been warned to expect bears but all we saw were tracks and droppings.

Surprisingly, the best flowers were seen right at the pass where glacier lilies were growing through the icy debris of an avalanche. Spring Beauties, Anemones and other spring flowers were at their prime - Spring in September makes for a short growing season!

Retracing our route back to our cars, we made a side trip to Scott Glacier which is a really spectacular glacier spilling over into the valley from the Hooker Icefield. It is remarkable for the fact that the toe of it is well below tree line and is very accessible.

Many famous people used this valley to cross the Great Divide in the old days: David Thompson, George Simpson, Father De Smet, David Douglas (who named our Douglas fir tree), the artist Paul Kane, Gabriel Franchere, Dr. Hector, Walter Moberly, Ross Cox, to name a few. In 1981, more than a century and a half later, I feel very privileged in having had good companions: Jack - geographer and photographer; Tom - photographer, fisherman and handyman; Jim - best cook to have along on a backpack in reliving the romance and adventure of a bygone era that was so significant in Western Canadian history.



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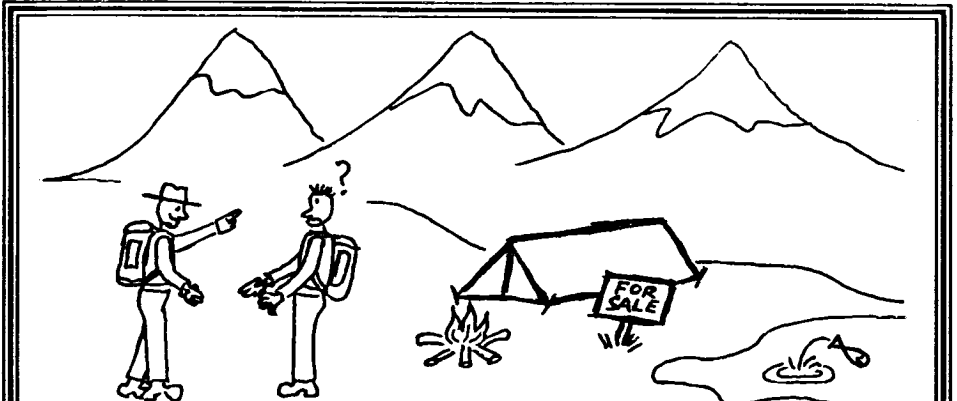
Call Barb David at 240-3392 or 229-1422

TRIVIA QUESTIONS



1. In which city is Sugarloaf Mountain?
2. On what island is Mount Etna?
3. What is a group of elks called?
4. In which season are shadows the shortest?
5. This mountain range is between Poland and Czechoslovakia.
6. What is the name for a branch of a river?
7. This fruit has its seeds on the outside?
8. Hot liquid rock, below the earth's surface is known as _____.
9. This animal's call is often heard in North American lakes.
10. The three types of rocks are: metamorphic, sedimentary and _____.
11. At what temperature are the Fahrenheit and Centigrade readings identical?
12. What is a female swan called?
13. Which plant is the commonest cause of hay fever?
14. When Mount Vesuvius erupted in 70 AD what was Pompeii covered with?
15. Name the two Nordic skiing events.

Answers on Page 19



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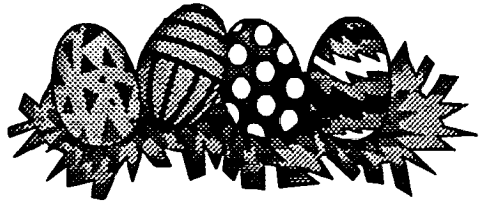
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CARROT-CHEDDAR CASSEROLE

Serves 8
350 degrees
30 minutes

Submitted by Phil Spaulding



Preheat oven to 350 degrees

Combine in mixing bowl:

3 cups cooked, mashed carrots (about 1 1/2 lb.)
3 beaten eggs
2 cups milk
1 1/3 cups shredded cheddar cheese
1 1/3 cup crushed crackers (reserve 1/4 cup for topping)
2 - 3 Tablespoons softened butter
1 1/3 teaspoon salt
dash pepper
1 Tablespoon chopped parsley

Mix well. Turn into greased casserole and sprinkle with reserved crumbs.
Bake 30 minutes, or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

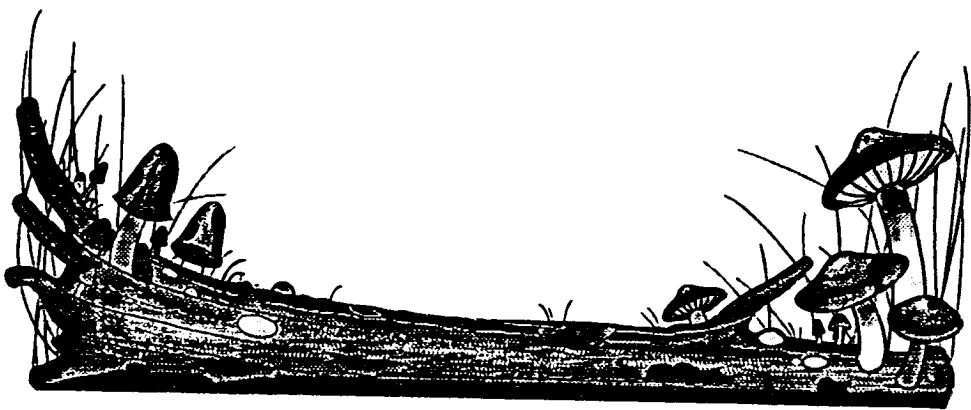
NOTE: The above recipe was contributed to the "More-with-Less Cookbook" (Commissioned by the Mennonite Central Committee in response to world food needs) by Mary Lou Houser of Lancaster Pa. p. 227.

ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 18

1. Rio de Janeiro 2. Sicily 3. Gang 4. Summer 5. Carpathian Mountains
6. Tributary 7. Strawberry 8. Magma 9. Loon 10. Igneous 11. at -40 degrees
12. Pen 13. Ragweed 14. Cinders and ashes (not lava) 15. Cross-country and jumping

John Kellman

We are precisely what we make of ourselves
- no more, no less.
You face a world of choice and temptation.
Face it willingly, openly,
and with the courage to take risks
and make more mistakes.
From the distance of years,
I can assure you that the worst regrets
are the ones you do not allow yourself to have.



Happy Easter