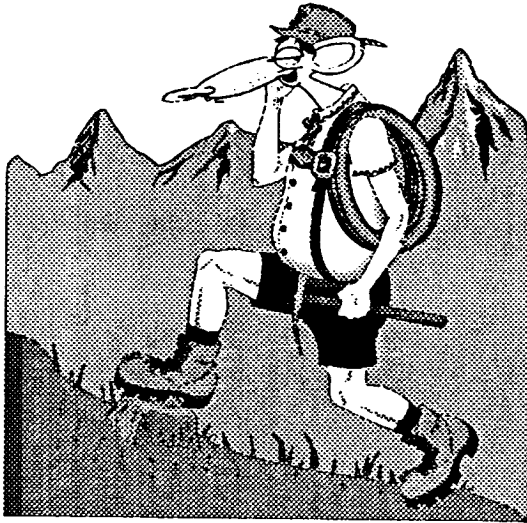


# THE PACKRAT

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AUGUST 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

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Bob St. John

By now most of the lingering snow has gone and the summer season is in full swing. It is apparent from the number of new faces at our meetings that word of our club is getting around. Welcome to all who are trying out our activities for the first time! As I am writing this a month prior to your reading I am having to look into my crystal ball for predictions. I predict that the annual Stampede Breakfast at Shirley Tajcna's was a shoot'em up success. Thanks to Shirley and to Tammy and the rest of the social committee for the great effort! Wally Drew's first two bus trips will have happened, and I saw a sunny day and great vistas in store for the fully booked trip. Thanks Wally! The Ramblers will also have been very well represented by Carol Perkins at the Celebrate the Outdoors festival held July 22. Thanks to Carol and all others who contributed to these events.

Some first results of the Safety Committee are appearing. Wally's lightening program and Marianne Wolters' first aid kit presentations were timely and well attended. The handouts accompanying these talks will form part of a new participants manual. If you can see some improvements that could be made to these handouts please let the presenters know. Final versions will be incorporated into a three ring binder for all club members to have. The Committee is split into two subcommittees each looking into an important topic: Trip Ratings and Trip Group Management. These are areas that concern us all. I do not believe the club wants to have fixed rules, but perhaps more clearly defined guidelines are in order. Over the next while voice any concerns or ideas you have to Barbara McInnis or any of the other Committee members. Any guidelines developed by the Committee and approved by the Coordinators Council will be incorporated into the participants manual.

I was swamped with 5 returns from the Packrat survey. By using a sophisticated statistics program I deduced that: a) 4 out of 5 do not want the Packrat to 'go public', b) 5 out of 5 do not feel the Packrat should be mailed out to all members, c) 5 out of 5 feel those who wish to pay an extra fee or who supply self addressed stamped envelopes could have the Packrat mailed to them, and d) 135 out of 140 have no opinion. I will leave this for next year's editor to ponder.

Happy Hiking!

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# EXECUTIVE MEETING MINUTES

## May 24, 1995

**PRESENT:** Bob St. John, President  
Barbara McInnis, Vice President  
Darlene Weger, Secretary  
John Schleinich, Treasurer  
Tammy Romano, Social Chairperson  
Reg Fryling, Coordinators Chairperson

**ABSENT:** Linda Eastwood, Packrat Editor  
Barbara Mitchell, Program Chairperson

### MINUTES OF THE PAST MEETING:

Minutes of the February meeting were read. Approved as read.

### OLD BUSINESS:

Dave Reid currently has the accident report. It will be put in a binder with other information on Ron Folkins and be kept at the hall.

### REPORTS:

#### PRESIDENT:

Bob moved that we continue our membership in The National Trail Association, \$35.00. Second by Barb. Carried.

#### TREASURER:

John reported that he has copies of the Rackrat back to 1954. He felt that these need to be available to the membership and felt that someone needs to set up an archives. Binding would be expensive so John will put them into a three ring binder.

#### PACKRAT:

No report

**VICE PRESIDENT:**

Barb asked if more copies of the Packrat should be available in stores and other venues. Bob said he will have an informal questionnaire in the next Packrat regarding distribution.

If she gets \$30.00 to \$40.00 worth of advertising, it pays for the Packrat. The group felt that there was not too much. Bob said he would encourage members to say they saw the ad when making purchases.

**SOCIAL PROGRAMS:**

There will be a barbecue on June 14. Tammy is still looking for barbecues.

The Stampede Breakfast will be on July 8 at Shirley's place.

**NEW BUSINESS:**

Reg read out the results of the Safety Questionnaire and reported on the coordinators' meeting.

Motion #1: Reg moved that we approve the set up of a permanent Safety Committee as outlined in the questionnaire and approved by the membership. Seconded by John. Carried.

Barb will ask for volunteers tonight and call a meeting in two weeks..

Motion #2: Reg (NOT representing the Coordinators) moved that we have a public relations spokesperson. Seconded by Barb. Carried.

Bob Will be the spokesperson and in his absence, the Vice President or Trips Coordinator will be the spokesperson.

CAOC will be having a workshop where they will invite the media to find out what their expectations are.

Motion #3: Reg moved that where rock fall safety is concerned, it will be left up to the coordinator. Seconded by Tammy. Carried.

Motion #4: Reg moved that bicycle safety helmets be worn on all Rambler bicycle trips. Seconded by John. Carried.

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Motion #5: Bob moved that we approve in principle the idea of developing a system to measure avalanche safety. Seconded by Barb. Carried.

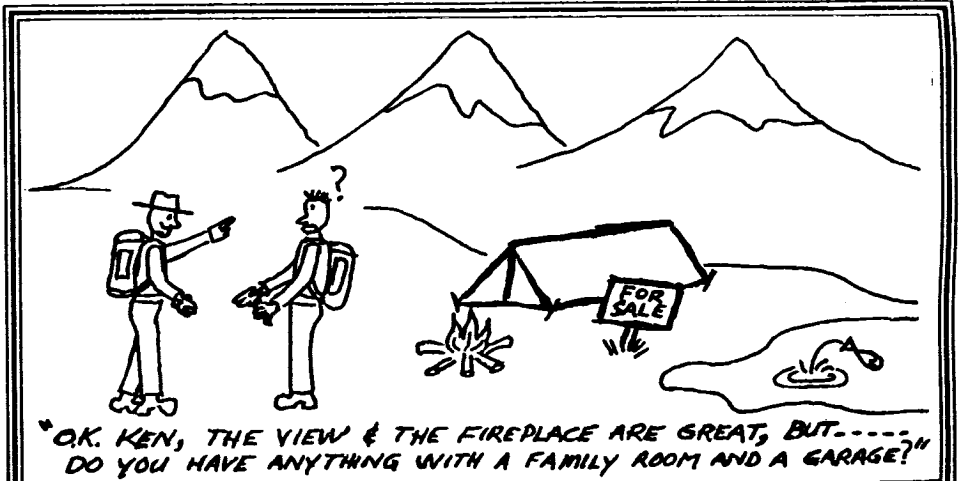
Bob explained that a grid system to grade all trips was being developed but that it still needed to be worked on so we could not approve anything on avalanche safety for now.

OTHER BUSINESS:

Reg suggested that to help new people we all review our job descriptions and put in more detail if needed.

NEXT MEETING:

The next meeting will be on July 12, 1995.



*"OK, KEN, THE VIEW & THE FIREPLACE ARE GREAT, BUT----- DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING WITH A FAMILY ROOM AND A GARAGE?"*


**Sutton**  
GROUP

**KEN PARK**  
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# CANADA DAY WEEKEND

## - 1995 -

by Art Davis

There were three of us for a two night backpack up Exshaw Creek for July 1st to 3rd, myself, Pat Cooper, and Joyce Tombouljian. We left the trailhead at the town of Exshaw around 10:30, the weather was nice although a little on the cool side.

About half way up the creek to the campsite we had two creek crossings, the heavy rain of June 6th and 7th had flooded the creek and taken out all but one bridge. The first crossing involved jumping to a couple of rocks then crossing a slippery log. Pat decided to change to a pair of sandals, however, once in the water the strong current plucked the sandals from her feet and they went floating down the creek. I crossed back over the creek and went downstream for a way but could see no sign of them. About five minutes later we came to the next crossing. While Joyce was changing her hiking boots for running shoes I figured I could hop across on some rocks. On jumping from the first big rock to one which was partly under water my foot slipped and my frame backpack jerked to one side, threw me off balance and I performed a nice swan dive into the creek. I ended up on my knees and hands in the creek, one arm was in over the elbow and the legs of my shorts were soaked. I found out that my wrist watch is really water resistant. In the quick scramble to get out I didn't even notice how cold the water was and it was a couple of minutes before I realized that I had lost my hat in the creek. After Joyce crossed she threw her runners over to Pat so she could cross, they both commented on how cold the water was. They still had dry boots, mine, to which I had applied waterproofing the day before proved to be waterproof as not one drop of water that went in over the tops leaked out.

The next three crossings were easy, on bridges, one that had survived the flood and two I had built in the last couple of weeks.

On the way we saw numerous Round-Leaved Orchids (*Orchis Rotundifolis*), Franklin's Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium Passernum*), one solitary Yellow Lady's Slipper and lots of Butterwort (*Pinguicula Vulgaris*). The plants obviously like moisture, of which there is no shortage where they are growing.

It was a slow trip to the campsite, only a 4 km walk with an elevation gain of 150 m (500 ft), but what with stopping to look for places to cross the creek, changing shoes, etc. we didn't arrive till just after noon. We set up our tents, gathered some firewood, no cutting necessary as there was a good pile of small driftwood nearby that had been washed up in the flooding. It was a pleasant 17 degrees after , we had lunch sometime after 13:00 hours.

We went for a short hike up the creek past Fable Gully but we had to turn back as there was no easy way to cross the creek. On our return we had a thunderstorm at 15:20 hours, but it only lasted for 40 minutes, it did drop the temperature to 14 degrees, however, when it cleared up shortly afterwards it was back up to 19 degrees and sunny.

I decided to have a wash in the creek and promptly lost my soap in the creek. This creek seemed to have something against us. We lounged around at the creek bank in the sunshine and when the sun finally dropped behind the ridge to the west, had supper then a nice campfire. At 20:00

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hours. Two climbers stopped for a chat, they were heading up to Mt. Fable and planned on camping up the gully to get an early start in the morning, doing it the hard way up the rock face. We all headed for our sleeping bags at 22:00 hours, it was calm and 13 degrees. It had been calm all evening so we didn't have smoke from the campfire blowing into our faces.

During the early morning hours I heard the patter of rain but it only lasted about 20 minutes. On getting up at 7:30 it was 10 degrees, nice and calm and then it started to rain. After a quick cup of coffee I set up a fly sheet so we could have breakfast out of the rain. As it didn't look like the weather would improve, the air pressure had dropped overnight, we decided to call it quits and leave. We managed breakfast quite comfortably, however, packing up in the rain is not fun. The rain eased off around 10:00 and two other climbers who were heading out stopped by for a visit. I had noticed one vehicle where we parked but we didn't see anyone on our hike, they had camped up Fable Gully and said they saw the tent of the other two that had gone up the evening before. Not too long after, Pat and Joyce were all packed up, talk about organization. I was only half done so didn't leave until about 11:30. The two climbers that we saw the evening before came by on their way out so I walked out with them. They said they had strong wind in the night, they were near tree-line, but we had no wind at all in the valley. They were both Kananaskis Country staff, they had come up the creek on the east side on the old road that runs about 2 1/2 km then they dropped down to the creek. Heading out they found a good spot to cross the creek on some barely submerged rocks just a couple of minutes downstream from where I had taken my swan dive. So, this time I was able to cross with dry feet. We arrived at the trailhead just as Pat and Joyce were changing out of their hiking boots, about 12:30.

Just at the trailhead bridge there is a clump of what appears to be Yellow Clematis. The Blue Clematis is quite common but these are the only yellow ones I have seen.

This was the 20th trip I have coordinated up Exshaw Creek and usually was for novice backpackers. On one trip in 1983 there were 22 participants and on six other trips a few less. Often there were children of members and grandchildren. There has been a total of 174 participants during the 20 trips and we have experienced every type of weather, hail, snow, rain, freezing temperatures and even a few scorching hot days.

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Around the campfire we were discussing about the July 1st holiday and usually being poor weather. I checked back over the last twenty odd years and found that 50% were lousy, rain or both rain and snow and some freezing temperatures.

However, never say die, I might do the same thing next Canada Day, maybe this August Civic Holiday weekend, I'd like to get up Mt. Fable again, in nice weather of course.

## HEART RIVER RACE

by John Schleinich

Geography was my favoured subject. All the far away places and countries which allured my young boy's imagination, unfolded before me on the colourful pages of my Atlas. Page 29 illustrated the American Continents situated on the other side of the Atlantic. An uncle of mine lived there, in a land called Canada. I read a lot about that country. For me it was a land of ice and snow. A country of infinite space, giant lakes and endless forests. I read about Indians, my heroes, dressed in buckskins and moccasins, and long colourful feathers. They travelled from the South to hunt and fish, leaving before the snow fell to escape long and cold Canadian winters.

Many years later and a few illusions poorer, I landed in Canada as an immigrant. My new home was Winnipeg. It was August and there was no snow. No trappers. The only Indians I crossed path with were the drunks on Main Street. Nothing noble or dignified about them. No moccasins, no feathers. I blamed the white man for the natives lot. The pale face with his forked tongue. My books said so.

I waited for winter to come. Maybe, I was hoping for the change to help me elude the unkind reality of my strange environment, and show me the Canada of my younger years. Winter arrived early in Winnipeg. Outside my warm home everything turned to ice. Nature crystallized. Never had I experienced such temperatures but as for snow, not much of that. After Christmas I went to Edson in search for the black gold of Alberta. Same cold and more snow, but still not the Canada of my dreams. Five years later, working in Peace River, in Northern Alberta, I finally recognized Canada from my books.

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Winter in Peace River lasted many months of the year and there was much snow. Often I drove north on MacKenzie Highway and in the stillness of the cold, I experienced the beauty of a country I had fallen in love with as a young boy.

In Peace River I met a slim young man, called Don. He rarely spoke. So contrary to the young people of my native country. To me it was a sign of strength, characteristic of my Indian heroes. We became close friends.

The town got its name from the "Mighty Peace" which flows through it. Slightly West of the town the Smoky and the Peace meet. A third, much smaller river divides the town into East and West Peace. It is the Heart River. Most of the year the Heart is nearly dry, but in the spring, just after the big melt it surges into enormous proportions and often floods the town. The confluence of the two rivers, situated in the town couldn't handle the immense quantity of spring waters and thus caused flooding.

But the ice break up in spring also signalled an annual event: the Heart River Boat Race. The contestants had to build their own boat, or raft, or whatever floated, and run down the river from Nampa. Nampa is a small town eleven miles South of Peace and several hundred feet higher. The rules were simple, coming down the river was not. Timing was crucial. Too early and the river was a wild beast. Too late, and there wasn't enough water to navigate even a raft over exposed rocks. Don loved boating and I loved water, but neither of us wanted to take time out from our busy family life to build a boat.

We watched the town preparing for this big event. Excitement was contagious. It caught Don and I, and we were sorry for being left out. Occasionally we would watch Bob, a mutual friend, in his effort to build a boat. He worked with love and enthusiasm, but not much experience. In the end he produced a solid and beautiful little tub.

The warm sun unleashed the frozen forces of a long winter and the ice on the river started to crack in thundering noise. The date was set. On a Sunday, ten days from now, the race would take place. Here was our change. The following Sunday, a whole week before the race the boats lie idle. Perhaps we could convince Bob to let us test his boat and scout the

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river for him. Bob knew as little about the Heart as we did. He too was new in town. To explore the river for him after the melt, had to be to his advantage. No one else would know where to expect treacherous rapids or other hazards in a swollen river. The Heart flowed mostly through wild bush country away from roads. It could neither be seen more inspected any other way except by riding it out.

Bob liked our idea but thought us foolish, to brave the river so soon after the ice. It would be to his advantage to learn about the unknown. He did express concern for the safety of his boat. But the bright red and white squares would make it easy to spot, should it get entangled in brushes or lost in a sidearm of high water.

I still remember pondering whether to take my new camera and risk getting it wet, or whether I should take the life jackets, offered by a friend, and risk keeping them dry. By the grace of God, the camera stayed home and the life jacket came with me.

Early Sunday morning my wife was to drive me to Bob's place. He lived on a hillside outside the town. As we drove into the Main Street, that Sunday morning, we met flood waters of the Heart taking a short-cut into the Peace. A bad sign! What was the Heart telling us? We managed to find an alternate route and reached Bob's without drowning the car. Don was there, and after Bob attempted once more to persuade us and cancel the trip, we loaded the boat and left.

The weather was crisp and sunny. In Nampa we drove to the river and launched Bob's boat. The town was still asleep from Saturday Night's merrymaking. It was a tiny craft, well built. Ten or eleven feet long and three feet wide in the middle, tapering toward both ends. The front and the back were flat and slanted. It was not built for speed. A flat-bottomed tub designed to float in shallow waters carried by the stream. The paddles too, were primitive, supplied only to keep the boat from rotating or turning sideways. We felt it was seaworthy and secure and made ourselves comfortable drifting away. Bob waved and we slowly glided down a broadened, pregnant river at a speed a bit high for the quantity of water being move.

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We felt great. The sun all out now, was warm. Away from civilization and noise, the only sound was an occasional swish of our paddles to keep the nose pointed in the right direction. We sat on our life vests, for greater comfort. The speed increased slowly as we came into a more hilly countryside.

I remember our first rapids. From a distance we heard an unusual noise, not being experienced, we didn't recognize the sound of rapids. As we came around a bend the river went over the right shore line and nearly doubled in width. Then it split. One arm disappeared into the bush, taking a shortcut back into its bed. The other half, the faster one, sped down an incline toward a high butte. There it split again. The right half kept on going, rushing madly below a steep shore line, while the left half turned, creating a whirl pool in calmer water apart from the fast flowing river. We raced in the stream toward the butte.

As we neared the butte we saw waves bouncing off the shore line reaching huge proportions. Out of control we didn't know what to do. Stay afloat! As we hit the waves bouncing off the butte, we were carried left, out of the main stream, into the pool. After a few turns, we realized that we were locked in and would go around forever unless we ventured back into the rapids.

On our merry-go-round we approached the rapid's edge. Then we paddled frantically to return into the main stream and out of the circulating pool. But to no avail. Every time we hit the rapids, we were pushed back into the pool. It was hopeless, yet we couldn't stop trying. The only way out of this predicament was rowing further into the rapids. This meant facing them broad side and risk capsizing. The other alternative, to swim and walk out, was much less attractive. Freezing water and dense bushes influenced our decision. Next time around, at the edge of the foaming stream we fought, shoved and pushed our boat into the rapids away from the course into the pool. We made our exit and remained upright, but in our contest with the current and rocks, broke both paddles. Now we were rushing down the river, without control.

This little incident threw a different light on our adventure. It ceased to be a "piece of cake" and careful or not, tragedy rather than success became feasible. But we had to go on in order to survive. Too late to back out.

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Other alternatives were even less likely to succeed. We were in bush country far from the nearest road without maps or compass.

At the next quiet section along the river we navigated our craft into a shallow bay, got out and ate lunch. Rest was vital, but so was putting on life vests and cutting poles to substitute for our broken paddles. We were taught a lesson: life vests were not meant to sit on. From the safety of the dry land, in the warm sun we relaxed. The initial panic melted in the mid day calm, and in a short while we forgot our latest experience and were eager to be off again on our exciting voyage.

From here on we were more vigilant. We listened to the sounds of the river and strained our eyes, watching the distance. Every time we heard unfamiliar noises we suspected rapids or rushing water and were correct most of the time. We clawed our Way through many, and slowly gained experience and confidence. The sun was still shining and we were gaining water. It looked as though we were going to make it....And then disaster struck.

A strange roar in the distance filled the air. It slowly overwhelmed all other noises around us. We couldn't make it out. It didn't sound like rushing water. Such noise was present, but the roar ahead was a low rumble like pounding drums. An eerie and frightening sound. It was coming closer, the rumble was overpowering. Falling water! As we sped around the next corner, a ghastly scene unfolded before us at great speed. An enormous quantity of water left its bed and ran a short distance straight through the bushes and back into the mainstream. In deafening clamour the murky water dropped over the shore into the river creating a water fall. And we were heading directly for it.

....To be continued in the next issue.

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*Imagination is the refusal to accept boundaries*

*Charles Templeton*

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# EXECUTIVE MEETING MINUTES

## JULY 5, 1995

**PRESENT:** Bob St. John, President  
Barbara McInnis, Vice President  
Darlene Weger, Secretary  
John Schleinich, Treasurer  
Reg Fryling, Coordinators Chairperson  
Linda Eastwood, Packrat Editor

**ABSENT:** Tammy Romano, Social Chairperson  
Barbara Mitchell, Program Chairperson

### MINUTES OF THE PAST MEETING:

Minutes of the May meeting were read. Approved as read.

### OLD BUSINESS:

Bob reported that only five out of a distribution of 70 Packrats returned the survey so it was decided to leave any changes up to the next editor.

### REPORTS:

#### PRESIDENT:

Bob said that about 30 clubs that belong to CAOC would be participating in "Celebrate the Outdoors" put on by Calgary's Parks and Recreation, to be held on Saturday, July 22 or if it rains, Sunday, July 23. It will be held on the green space west of the Fire Hall from noon to 4:00 p.m. The Ramblers have purchased a small display tent on which to display 16" by 20" photos. Carol Perkins, Barb McGinnis and Linda Eastwood volunteered to man the display. Total costs were: \$20.00 for entry fee, \$25.00 for the small tent, \$70.00 to have the photo's done and \$20.00 for brochures. Bob moved that we budget for \$150.00 for participating in this event. Seconded by Linda. Carried. Bob will be away for the next two Wednesdays.

#### TREASURER:

John reported that we have \$479.19 and suggested that fees for next year remain the same. He would like to be able to send out membership renewal forms with the notice of the annual general meeting. The cost of social

functions was discussed and it was felt that on the whole they should pay for themselves.

**PACKRAT:**

Linda will put a form in the Packrat so people can make nominations for some fun awards at the Annual Dinner and Dance. All people who have submitted an article for the Packrat will also be eligible for a prize to be drawn at the Annual Dinner and Dance.

**VICE PRESIDENT:**

Barb reported that she had twelve members for the safety committee but that others would be welcome to join the three subcommittees: Programs, Trip Management, and Trip Rating.

**SOCIAL PROGRAMS:**

No report.

**NEW BUSINESS:**

No other business was discussed.

**NEXT MEETING:**

The next meeting will be on August 23, 1995.



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# SAFETY COMMITTEE MEETING

PRESENT: Barb McInnis, Dawn Jonesb Barb Fischer, Wally Drew, Anita O'Reilly, Barb Mitchell, Gert Noer, Marianne Wolters, Dick Loundes, Bob St. John, Mary Taylor

1. The committee reviewed and considered submissions from Ron Moore and Dave Mulligan. Most recommendations were already enacted or being handled by subcommittee.
2. Trip Ratings Subcommittee Report: A review of trip rating procedure of the Ramblers is underway. As part of the review, committee is looking at the way other clubs rate their trips. Having separate ratings for difficulty and endurance was discussed. The subcommittee recommended a hazard column be included on the trip board which has been enacted. Guide books were also strongly recommended for newcomers to gain information on potential trips.
3. Trip Management Report: Study into this matter is also ongoing. Strategies like discussing trip plans at the trailhead, having dual coordinators (one in the front and one in the back), marking junctions, buddy systems, regrouping at hazardous points, frequent stops to regroup were discussed.
4. Program Report: More programs that hinge on the safety issue are planned. Also orientation nights will be planned for new people to help them get to know the club, its members and to choose appropriate hikes and ski trips.
5. Next meeting Thursday, September 28 at Wally Drew's.



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# LICORICE, MORE THAN JUST FLAVOUR

Submitted by Ron Moore

Licorice (liquorice) is widely known as a flavouring agent. It is also commonly recognized as a folk medicine for sore throats. It is not so widely known, however, that licorice has cortisone-like activity and side effects. Nor is it commonly known that preparations from licorice are clinically useful in treating peptic ulcers. Currently, focus is on the use of licorice in treating various herpes infections. Data are presented vindicating many traditional uses and evaluating the role of licorice and its derivatives in current clinical medicine.

*Originally published in CPJ 1985*



## UPCOMING EVENTS

Sunday, August 13, 1995  
Moraine Lake to Lake Louise Bus Trip  
(Wally Drew)

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Saturday, August 26, 1995  
Whaleback Yoho Park via Twin Falls  
(Doug Campbell)

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September 22-24, 1995  
Car Camp  
Highwood Group Campground

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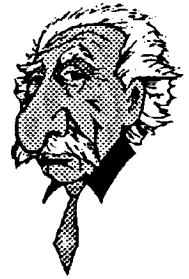
October, 1995  
Awards Dinner and Dance

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# TRIVIA QUESTIONS



1. What volcano destroyed Pompeii?
2. What does a Lepidopterist collect?
3. How many colours are there considered to be in a rainbow?
4. Why don't birds eat Monarch butterflies?
5. What is a group of goats called?
6. The Big Dipper is part of what constellation?
7. How do you change from Fahrenheit to Centigrade?
8. Forked, sheet, and ball are types of \_\_\_\_\_.
9. This black explorer accompanied Admiral Peary to the North Pole in 1909?
10. The North Star is also known as \_\_\_\_\_.
11. He reached to South Pole in 1911.
12. He was the second to reach the South Pole?
13. He was Hillary's companion on his conquest of Everest?
14. This Hawaiian mountain's name means White Mountain?
15. What two countries are linked by the Brenner Pass?

Answers on Page 19

*Age is like a mountain high  
Rare is the air, and blue  
A long, hard climb  
and a little fatigue  
But oh! What a beautiful view.*

**NEXT PACKRAT ISSUE:**

**October 4, 1995**

**DEADLINE FOR  
ARTICLES:**

**September 20, 1995**



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## DIRT CAKE

Submitted by Carol Perkins

- 1 Pkg 8 oz Cream Cheese softened
- 1/4 Cup Butter
- 1/2 Cup Icing Sugar
- 3 1/4 Cup Milk
- 2 Pkgs Vanilla Instant Pudding
- 1 carton 12 oz Frozen Whipped Topping (e.g. Cool Whip)
- 1 1/4 lb Oreo cookies
- 8-10 Gummy Worms (Optional)

Whip cream cheese and butter, then add icing sugar. In separate bowl mix together milk and pudding, then fold in thawed whipped topping. Combine the mixture with the cream cheese mixture. Crush Oreo cookies in a food processor or blender.

Layer pudding mixture and cookie crumbs in a flower pot starting and ending with cookie crumbs, adding worms as you go along. Cake must be refrigerated overnight.

Presentation: either (1) or (2) works well:

- (1) Plant artificial flowers wrapped in plastic the next day or,
- (2) Real flowers in a vase. Place vase in plastic in the pot, on top of 1st layer of cookie crumbs. Add the layers of pudding mixture, cookie crumbs and worms around the vase. Arrange flowers in vase the next day, filling the vase about 1/3 with water.

Serve with clean garden trowel.

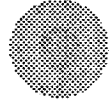
## ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 18

1. Mount Vesuvius
  2. Butterflies or Moths
  3. Seven
  4. They are poisonous
  5. Trip
  6. Seven
  7.  $(F - 32) \times 5/9 = C$
  8. Lightning
  9. Matthew A. Henson
  10. Polaris
  11. Ronald Amundsen
  12. Robert Scott
  13. Tenzing Norgay
  14. Mauna Kea
  15. Austria and Italy
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To scorn all strife, and to view all life  
With the curious eyes of a child;  
From the plangent sea to the prairie,  
From the slum to the heart of the wild.



From the red-rimmed star to the speck of sand,  
From the vast to the greatly small;  
For I know that the whole for the good is planned,  
And I want to see it all.

