

THE PACKRAT

ROCKY
MOUNTIAN



RAMBLERS
ASSOC.

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1999

ACTIVITIES: Hiking, Backpacking, Skiing, Cycling, Climbing, Scrambling, Mountaineering, Educational and Awareness Programs, Social Functions.

MEETINGS: Every Wednesday evening at 7:30 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 Hotline and at meetings.

RMRA EXECUTIVE 1998 - 1999

President	Anita O'Reilly
Vice President	Garry Denman
Past President	Bob St. John
Trips Director	Ron Hunter
Treasurer	Chris Saunders
Secretary	Ron Mason
Social Director	Mary Jane Hradowy
Program Director	Maria Nemethy
Newsletter Editor	Suzanne Costaschuk

EDITOR'S NOTE

A big thanks to Danielle Tardif who so kindly edited the last two newsletters.

The August/September newsletter has five main articles submitted by four of our members. Dave Mulligan has submitted an interesting article entitled 'This Day Has 16 Hours'. Tom Flanagan has written about his and Mariannes' adventures in New Zealand and Australia, plus he has given us the dates when some of the Ramblers joined the club. Carl Potter has summed up some of the factors leading up to the Wild (but frightening) July 1st weekend at the Rampart Creek campground. Lastly, I have written an appeal for Ramblers with any knowledge of the pop-up camper vans to get in touch with Sharon Hanson producer of CBC's Market Place for just a little talk!

Our membership is currently at 270, and I'm hoping that many of you keen hikers (and writers) will have some good stories to tell about your adventures. Even if they did not take place this year or involve a Rambler outing, I encourage you to put pen to paper and write. If you have a funny tale that would make us laugh, or a serious incident to recount to make us think twice about life, please share it with the Ramblers. Story telling will always be enjoyed and it will provide a great outlet for your creativity!

Articles for the next Packrat should be sent to me by September 11th. Please send them either by email to scosta@telusplanet.net, or submitted at the Wednesday night meetings.

Happy Hiking,

Suzanne Costaschuk

SOCIAL EVENTS

By Mary Jane Hradowy

YEEHAW!

Stampede Breakfast was a success. Over 60 people Attended and enjoyed a feast of scrambled eggs, Pancakes, sausages, rhubarb & strawberry sauce, and Special plums. A special thank you to our host Suzanne Costaschuk, and to all the pancake flippers Anita O'Reilly, Barb Mitchell, Barb Fischer, Ron Hunter and Gary Denman. And many thanks to part-time flipper Bob St. John for running stairs to flip the breakers each time the Rambler coffee pot shorted out. We are buying a new one for next year. Thanks to Wally Drew for the rhubarb and use of table, to Barb Fischer for preparing the rhubarb compote, to Jean Amatt for the sawhorses, and Carole Moore for the fabulous garden tour.

UP COMING EVENTS:

September 18-19, 1999: Annual Car Camp at Etherington Campground. Call Del Lavallee

Later Part of September, 1999: Rosebud Theatre. Call Mary Jane Hradowy

October 9-11, 1999: Thanksgiving Weekend in Fernie, B.C. For reservations at the Fernie Hostel call Mary Jane Hradowy

October 29, 1999: Annual Dinner and Dance @ the Calgary Winter Club.

IN THIS ISSUE

"No great man ever complains of want of opportunity."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Editor's Note	Page 2
Social Events	Page 2
The Day Has 16 Hours	Page 3
Ramblers' History	Page 4
Italy 2000 Trip	Page 5
Wild Weekend	Page 6
Near Fatality	Page 8
Hiking in the Antipodes	Page 9
Bananas, Swinging from the Rafters, and Feeling Good	Page 10
Jokes	Page 11

"You may have to fight a battle more than once to win it."

—Margaret Thatcher

The Day has 16 hours by Dave Mulligan

Sometime on Tuesday, 15 June 1999, Bob St. John woke me up at work from my seismic processing to ask me if I would like to help co-ordinate a trip at the weekend. It transpired that he was thinking of the long Banded-Outlaw-Cornwall-Glasgow loop on the Saturday. A coincidence for on Monday evening I had finished writing up a sheet for the same trip (and also later at the regular Wednesday meeting it transpired that Rita Polt also had the Cornwall trip prepared). So I agreed to co-ordinate.

We set it up using bikes at each end on the access dirt roads with a swap of keys etc. midway. Bob arranged all the details, wimping out at my proposed 4.00am Calgary car-pooling for the more civilised 5.00am start. Later on Friday he phoned to say that he had a total of 14 strong sleepless idiots.

So we car pooled to the Little Elbow Campground at the West end of highway 66 and started biking at 7.00am. I coordinated the South to North group who had 15 km of cycling, followed by 18 km hike, and a final 8 km cycle. The other group of seven had 8, 18 and 15 km. There were also 4 peaks to ascend making a total of 7000 ft vertical. I had never done this much in one day. Could my aging middle-aged body survive and even enjoy the trip? Could everyone else, most of whom were well over 40? Only one way to find out.

The 15 km bike in was easy but took 2 hours as we struggled with unfamiliar machines. Thanks to an odometer and a thoughtful cairn, we easily located the correct creek, locked up the bikes, had a quick bite and set out. By noon, 3 hours later we were on the Banded/Outlaw col and shortly after summited Banded. Good windy weather, views of Mt. Rae etc. One peak down, three to go.

Down to the col, another bite and water (some of us were carrying 4 litres) and a scramble up the appalling scree of Outlaw. 2.00 pm. People on Cornwall. So after more photos down the scree and shortly into the other group. General greetings, photos, discussion of actual bike locations, more lunch and could we look out for Rita's bike helmet somewhere on Glasgow. Also Richard's bike chain had broken on the North side so he had some extra walking to do later in the day.

And so we continued on to Mt. Cornwall. All these peaks were about 9700 ft and although devoid of trails could best be described as huge piles of scree. After the customary photos we negotiated the short narrow ridge of Cornwall before trudging on to Glasgow. Alda phoned home from Cornwall. Cell phones work. It was a lethargic group on Glasgow. It was 5.00pm. We were whacked. No more rushing to take photos. Just munching and drinking. But the views were still good (we could see Calgary!) and the threatening rain had bypassed us. Shortly before the summit we met the only other people we saw hiking all day, A group of three doing the traverse North to South as a backpack. One fellow, Marcel, I knew from an excellent Yamunaska snow and ice course on the previous May long weekend. We had summited Athabasca together.

Much discussion on the correct descent route as we were doing Alan Kain's route backwards. But using the compass we set off down the correct West Ridge on the

semblance of a trail. This we soon lost in the upper reaches of the descent creek but it was all down hill from here. Thank goodness. I had had enough. Eventually we made it out to the Little Elbow trail and found our bicycles easily. 8.00pm. We set off cycling and shortly caught up Richard who was trudging towards his "dead" bike. With some adjustments he was able to ride on the crossbar of Don's bike for the remaining km to his locked chainless bike. Then with a combination of riding and "scootering" made excellent progress on the mostly downhill trail to the cars. 9.00pm. Where were the others? They showed up within 5 minutes having enjoyed a similar afternoon but with some snow squalls. So we left for home with most of the group stopping in Bragg Creek for burgers and beer. Rita's helmet remained lost.

The participants were: Bob, Denis, Danielle, Garry, Rita, Peter & Ken from the North, Dave, Carolyn, Richard, Kaare, Sim, Alda & Don from the South. Thanks to all, the trip was a resounding success. I won't rush to repeat it, but it was definitely worth the effort and better than doing it as a backpack.

For the statisticians: 40km (about half cycled), 2130m vertical, 11 hours walking, 3 hrs cycling, 14 participants. rated Scramble 5. I'm sure we all slept well and on Sunday I could even walk downstairs frontwards (a simple task that is extremely painful after a sub 4hr marathon run). The trip ranks right up there with other recent classics eg Mts. Chephren, Hector(on skis), Monarch, Stanley & Victoria. When's the next one? Anyone for Mt. Ball on 24 July or August?

Ramblers' History

By Tom Flanagan

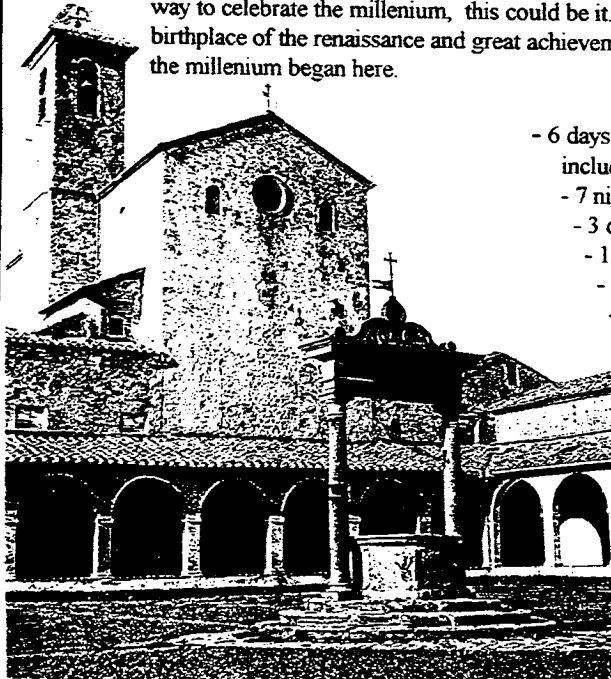
A question frequently heard on Rambler outings is, "How long have you been with the club?" For those of us, including myself, who may not be entirely sure of the answer, a source of objective information has surfaced. I saved it from oblivion at the July 7 meeting when the club was giving away all the items held in storage.

I refer to the guest book maintained by the Ramblers from 1967 through 1983. People attending meetings as guests were asked to write in their names and addresses. Although there were gaps both long and short in employing the guest book, it does document many people's early contacts with the club. Below are the first signatures I found for a few long-time members. Get in touch with me if you'd like to look for a name, either your own or that of some one else.

December 6, 1967	Ken Watson
March 19, 1969	Helga Dauer, later Pattison
August 13, 1969	Brian Westcott
May 27, 1970	Marianne Stanford, later Flanagan
July 12, 1970	Frank Reed
February 17, 1971	Tom Flanagan
March 29, 1972	Del Lavalley
May 24, 1972	Dave Reid
[?] [?] 1980	Kathy Bangay
September 16, 1981	John Schleinich

ITALY 2000

I enjoyed my month long stay in Italy so much last summer that I'm going back again in June and July of 2000. This time I'm inviting fellow travellers/explorers to join me. If you've been trying to think of a truly unique way to celebrate the millenium, this could be it. This is the land that saw the beginnings of democracy, the birthplace of the renaissance and great achievements in architecture, philosophy and art. Much of the foundations of the millenium began here.



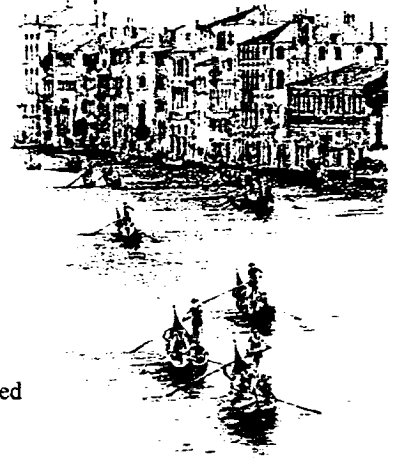
JUNE 17-JULY 9 (21 DAYS)

- 6 days hiking village-to-village on the Italian Riviera Coast including the famous "Cinque Terre" trail
- 7 nights farmhouse holiday in Tuscany (Chianti wine country)
- 3 days Florence
- 1 night Pisa
- 1 night Venice
- 1 night Bologna
- 2 days Lucca
- 4 days Rome & Pompeii (Add-on option)



THE TRIP WILL INCLUDE:

- 8 days car rental
- 10 breakfasts
- all lodgings
- authentic Italian cooking lesson
- wine tasting
- all train fares
- all taxes (land package)
- itineraries with maps for all cities visited



\$2100 Dbl. Occup.*

This is not a "Hilton" holiday. It will be a unique adventure trip! While at the farmhouse we'll have cars to explore Tuscany's medieval hill-top towns, fortresses, monestaries and churches. Try some bicycle touring. Visit the incredibly preserved ancient town of San Gimignano and its' multitude of towers. Explore the medieval gem of Siena, one of Italy's finest and partake in the pageantry and heraldry of its' famous horse race rivalry known as the "Palio".

* Price and itinerary are preliminary and may vary slightly. * For more info: Ken Park 244-6809

"By the accident of fortune
a man may rule the
world for a time, but by
virtue of love he may rule
the world forever."
-Lao-Tse

Maps for the Mountains



Our user-friendly topographic maps are designed specifically for the outdoor enthusiast.

The Canmore & Kananaskis Village and Kananaskis Lakes maps have recently been up-dated and feature:

- ◆ trail distances
- ◆ photos and descriptions of recommended trails
- ◆ shaded relief
- ◆ 25-metre contours
- ◆ waterproof paper

GEM TREK PUBLISHING
MAPS FOR THE MOUNTAINS

P.O. Box 1618
Cochrane, Alberta T0L 0W0
932-4208
www.gemtrek.com

Available at:
Map Town
Suite 100, 400 5th Avenue S.W.
Mountain Equipment Co-op
U of C Outdoor Program
Hostel Shop
Most Bookstores

10% discount for Ramblers
See Donna Nelson to order

WILD WEEKEND

by Carl Potter

On Canada Day, 7 Ramblers left Calgary hoping to enjoy four days of hiking and camping in the Rockies. We knew this weekend is notorious for bad weather and that the forecast was for unsettled conditions. I had almost cancelled this trip, due to continued poor weather and reports of a metre deep snow pack in the high country, but decided a few showers were tolerable on valley-bottom and east slope trails. Little could we predict the adventures and misadventures that awaited us, especially the freak accident that very nearly claimed one of our party.

The culprit was the weather, which led us inexorably toward a bizarre date with fate, but a series of seemingly innocuous and unrelated events and decisions combined to deny that fate. The first life-saving seeds were planted when our newsletter editor, Suzanne Costaschuk, mentioned to me before the trip that her tent didn't have a fly. As three of our party were driving camper vans alone, I suggested she shouldn't have to tent in the rain. Gordon Jones, who has a "two-storey, two bedroom" Volkswagen Westphalia, kindly offered to move upstairs so Suzanne could use the lower area. This turned out to be critical.

With that we headed out and our first day was as hoped for--cloudy with one period of typical drizzly rain. We had a great trip to Glacier Lake, enjoying the fine glacier view and profuse stand of calypso orchids. In the evening the sky cleared to allow us a great time around the fire pit, roasting wieners and enjoying Tom Flanagan's gourmet salad, in a view campsite on the North Saskatchewan River. The rain started again at bedtime. The second day, in tolerable drizzle, we hiked to Siffleur Falls. This popular trail follows the very edge of a dramatic precipice to three waterfalls. Walking this TR4 route was our first adventure. When Suzanne tripped on a root and fell hard on the flat valley bottom, it was a reminder of the importance of good balance and attention while on the edge. No wonder she had dreams that night of falling. As we were hiking out, the temperature dropped ominously and the rain very gradually increased in intensity. That evening five of us squeezed into my van and played cards. In the night the pitter-patter of rain on the roof stopped. Having experienced this before, I looked out to see that the quiet was due to the heavy, wet snow.

Now the trap for disaster was set. In the morning we awoke to 20 centimetres of heavy, wet snow. Alfred Potter and Michael Teekens, sleeping in a tent almost flattened like the poplar trees snapping around us, packed up to leave. Having just learned from Gordon that the highway was closed and we were stranded, they came to my van for a warm-up coffee. I opened the door to better hear one of many avalanches roaring down the mountains above us. Then we heard Suzanne's panicked voice screaming "Help, help." I was confused as to what was the matter, but Alfred knew instantly what was wrong. He raced to Gordon's van and tried to push up the collapsed pop-top roof. We calculated later the weight of snow on it was a full ton. Unable to budge it, Alfred stood on the seat and with full adrenaline rush used his back to lift the roof just enough to release Gordon, who had been caught by the neck "like a mouse in a trap." By the time I got to the van, Gordon was lying on the floor, unconscious and gasping for breath. I didn't know yet what had happened--heart attack, stroke, carbon monoxide poisoning? It turns out

Alfred worked so fast that he hadn't even seen Gordon, thinking that he was sandwiched between the bed and roof. Alfred had just awakened from a chilling dream in which he was carrying someone on his shoulders, being choked in the process as a fork lift lifted them into a ceiling!

Thanks to Suzanne being close by and Alfred's quick and determined action, a happy ending was assured. Gordon recovered quickly, suffering a stiff neck and small cut on the head. The park rangers did a great job, coming up the snow-clogged road by 4x4 to check him out. I usually think of our minimum three person rule as applying to hiking, but in this case it was critically important in a simple camping situation.

Wondering if Suzanne was OK after all the trauma, I went looking for her. To my surprise, she had been demonstrating the accident scene and was caught by the hair in the same "mouse trap." We had to cut a lock of hair to free her.

After that, taking some bear spray as Mike Jankovic had seen a bear nearby the day before, we went for a walk to the Rampart Creek hostel. To add to the comic relief of the hair incident, a young tourist burst from the log sauna at full speed. Steaming, she raced through the slush to splash into the icy torrent of the creek, and back. Within 100 metres, we had our next adventure as a very large cinnamon bear tore across the road right in front of us. After the snow plow came we were escorted back to Saskatchewan Crossing in a convoy, as the gates were locked behind us. Our final adventure was viewing the bank-full torrents of raging, muddy water in every creek and river between the Bighorn and Little Red Deer. The storm had dumped 60 centimetres of snow at Bow Summit and 125 millimetres of rain in the foothills.



FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THIS NEAR FATALITY!

Can you be of assistance by giving your views?

As you can imagine, the July 1st weekend near-fatality at the Rampart Creek Campground was not a story I would want to read about in the papers or hear of on the late night news. Yet I feel compelled to do something about it as I strongly feel that the same scenario could repeat itself very easily with an unsuspecting camper such as our 'outdoors wise' Rambler who almost died just inches behind my back. The reason that I am appealing to you for help is that I was hopelessly unable to raise the pop-up camper roof that had collapsed on Gordon Jones. The heavily weighted-down canvas roof of the Westfalia came down very suddenly and silently. Having pinned him down in the throat/neck/upper chest area, Gordon had only enough air to ask twice for help. Even Gordon, a strong 6'3" outdoorsman familiar with his Volkswagen camper van, was 100% trapped and unable to push up this normally 'light' roof. Gordon was extremely lucky not to have broken his neck or sustained spinal injuries from the force at which he got hit. After two strenuous attempts to free him, I left him unconscious and dying. We were all very lucky to have had people not that far away, though it took time for a group of three Ramblers in Carl's motor home to come out. I still wonder if they thought that a grizzly was attacking me.

I have talked twice with Sharon Hanson, Producer of CBC's Market Place. She has started to research the problem of 'pop-up' camper vans whether they be the Westfalia Volkswagen type or the customized North American models that some of our Ramblers own. Sharon is a very kind, sensitive, and concerned individual who would like to talk to owners of these camperized vans. She will not require you to go on the air, but she does need to talk to owners in order to begin researching these vehicles.

It is just a matter of time before a similar situation causes a death. I believe that had I been standing right next to Gordon as he lowered the canvas roof, two of us would have died in this unusual and freakish accident. I also feel that should the latch holding up the canvas top be accidentally released while the canvas was heavier due to rain, ice build up, or snow, people sleeping in the upper bunk could be grave danger.

Sharon Hanson is reached by calling collect 0-416-205-6778. If that does not work, call 1-416-205-6778 and leave a message with your area code and phone number. She will call you back at no expense to you. Thank you for taking the time to read this article. If you or someone you know can talk to Sharon, I and certainly many others hearing an advisory on these popular, and I might add very comfy vans, will be grateful for your concern.

Thank you, Suzanne Costaschuk

Hiking in the Antipodes

by Tom Flanagan

Early in 1999, Tom and Marianne Flanagan spent two months in New Zealand and a month in Australia. Most of the trip was devoted to sightseeing and visiting at universities, but there was ample opportunity to do some hiking.

One very interesting trip was the Tongariro Crossing, which we did in early February. Located in the middle of the North Island, Tongariro National Park is in an area of intense geothermal activity and contains a small group of active volcanoes. They are about 7-8000 feet high, which is quite a contrast with the surrounding tableland (less than 2000 feet). The Crossing is a hiking trail that runs through one of the craters. As you walk through the volcanic landscape, you feel as though you've entered one of those paintings of Hell by Hieronymus Bosch. You see steaming fumeroles (geothermal vents), yellow sulfur deposits, and a lake so hot that it literally boils--a far cry from the carpets of wildflowers that we would find at the same elevation in the Canadian Rockies.

We subsequently spent a month at a beach community near Wellington, where Tom visited at Victoria University. While there we linked up with a local outdoors club. The first time Marianne called for information, she was told the next trip would be a "stream walk." We assumed that meant scrambling along the bank, maybe hopping from rock to rock; but "stream walk" turned out to be an exact description of the trip. With boots on, we strode into the stream and stayed there for four hours, coming out only for lunch. Most of the time, the water was about two feet deep, but it occasionally got up to three feet or more. Fortunately, it was a warm, sunny day; but even so, we were pretty chilled. The Kiwis seemed to love it; we can say we'll always remember it.

With this same group, we also took a weekend trip to climb Mount Egmont, or Taranaki, as it is often called today. A dormant volcano on the west coast of the North Island, it is a spectacular sight because it rises 8000 feet from sea level and is the only major mountain in the area. We stayed overnight at a small ski lodge about 5000 feet high. Starting from there, the climb to the peak was pretty straightforward, comparable in length and elevation gain to the east peak of Mount Rundle. The strangest part of it was that, while we climbed all day in brilliant sunshine, we hardly saw any of the surrounding landscape because there was a dense layer of cloud below us, surrounding the mountain at about 3000 feet. Proximity to the ocean often produces that effect.

Australia is not nearly as mountainous as New Zealand, but there are many opportunities for hiking in the hills and low mountains near Canberra, where we were staying. Again we joined up with local clubs. On our most memorable day, Marianne saw three poisonous snakes at closer range! The locals wear gaiters even on the hottest day in summer. They say that a determined snake can bite through the fabric, but its fangs won't sink in as far, which might save your life.

We also spent a few days in the Snowy Mountains, where we climbed Mount Kosciusko, Australia's highest peak at about 7300 feet. It's not really much of a climb if, as we did, you start by taking a ski lift. After that, the rest of the trail is a metal grate about three miles long, installed on little pilings, to prevent erosion. Novel, but not nearly as exciting as our collision with a kangaroo earlier in the day. We were driving along the highway about 55 mph in broad daylight when a big gray kangaroo hopped out of the bush and straight into the driver's side front fender. The metal wasn't dented, and he just hopped away. We were lucky he didn't come from the front and hurtle through the windshield. The Aussies say that can ruin your whole day. Tom Flanagan

"Love makes everything lovely;
hate concentrates itself on the
one thing hated."

—George MacDonald

"The girl who can't
dance says the band
can't play."

—Yiddish Proverb

Bananas, Swinging from the Rafters, and Feeling Good!

By Suzanne Costaschuk

I have kept in touch with my friend Sam, and over the years I have come to realize that Sam is a rare breed. Sam has been a world class badminton and tennis player. Nowadays, Sam continues to stay in shape by jogging, golfing, and playing the racket sports he so loves. Sam has always been very kind to me. When I've played tennis with him, he has even let me get a ball or two. The problem I've always had with tennis is nasty tennis elbow syndrome. For the last number of years, I've been troubled by tendinitis in my right forearm. It has been a real nuisance having to wear a tensor bandage for years, plus pain and weakness have had a toll on my right arm.

One day I got to thinking as I talked with Sam, there must be something I could do differently. After all, Sam and I are made of the same chemicals and compounds, barring the sexual differences. And he never gets tennis elbow while giving his preferred arm a constant workout. Sam figures it is because his muscles are in good shape since he works out each day, but I think that perhaps some other factor is also important. So I asked him the big question, 'How many bananas he ate each day?'. He figured between 2-4 per day!

Now bananas pack a lot of nutritional punch. A 22cm long fruit weighing 114 grams, delivers a mere 114 calories, 1 gram of protein, 27 grams of carbohydrates, and trace amounts of fat. This banana would also have around 450 mg of potassium. I think potassium is the key player here. So jumping on the bandwagon, I got my biochemistry books out and start researching potassium. I'm sure most of you know that potassium is very important to your well being especially if you are avid outdoors people. Well here are the reasons why you want to maintain your potassium stores in your body and in your cells where they are meant to be.

*Potassium is primarily found within the cell walls. It is 20-30 times more concentrated in the intracellular spaces as compared with sodium which is normally concentrated outside the cell walls in the extracellular spaces.

*Potassium and sodium are involved in an active pump that continues unabated across the cell membrane, with sodium normally pumped out of the cells and potassium pumped into the cells.

*Potassium is important in the normal functioning of muscles and nerves and depletion of potassium in the body can lead to pronounced weakness and fatigue.

*A diet rich in foods with good potassium content has recently been found to reduce the incidence of heart attacks and strokes in men as reported in the Calgary Herald a few months ago. I'm betting that the same holds true for women.

*Over time it's been said that bananas have a mild anti-depressant effect. Perhaps it's the potassium that calms the nerves. (I would often see my mom reach for bananas during stressful times.)

The long and the short about potassium it that too much or too little can be deadly. If you are healthy and you do not have kidney or liver problems, you can be confident that a diet of healthy foods will deliver an adequate intake of potassium, and that any excess you may get by that extra slice of cantaloup or handful of grapes, your body will flush out. You may want to have a little extra of those foods rich in potassium if you have been working very hard to keep up to a group or you have perspired and become dehydrated on a particularly arduous hike or hot day in the mountains.

I had better not say more regarding the benefits of bananas, but as hikers, we should always aim to eat foods that provide a good dose of potassium. This is especially important if you are engaging in strenuous exercise and you are sweating a lot. It is under such situations or significant dehydration that your potassium can be actively pumped out of the leg and heart muscle cells and be lost through sweat or urine. Many fruits and vegetables are high in potassium content such as orange or grapefruit citrus fruits and juices, apricots, cantaloupe, papayas, prunes, white and lima beans, lentils, potatoes, beet greens, spinach, squash and tomatoes to name a few.

So my suggestion is to eat a varied diet of meats which also have fair levels of potassium (along with all the other good minerals and vitamins), plus all your fruits and vegetables. Most breads, pastas, and cereals have low potassium levels, but are good for fiber and other essential nutrients. Exceptions are wheat bran and oats which have high to fair potassium contents, respectively.

Go easy on the sweet desserts such as cakes and cookies which tend to be really yummy, but will lead to depletion of your potassium balance if you make a steady diet of these commercial prepared foods. A better choice for a sweet tooth would be pumpkin pie, date squares, or a fruit (perhaps peach) crisp or cobbler made with rolled oats.

Really healthy combination dishes would include homemade baked beans, chili con carne with or without the beans, spaghetti with meatballs in homemade tomato sauce. The key to healthy eating seems to be eat fewer fast, canned, or commercially prepared foods which tend to have high salt and low potassium.

You know the old riddle that goes like this:

Beans, beans. There're good for your heart, the more you eat, the more you ---.
The more you---, the better feel. So eat beans at every meal!

You may not have friends or family left, but you'll feel good. It's my guess that the high potassium content of the traditional white baked beans is what is good for your heart along with the high fiber.

By the way, over the last few months, the weakness and pain in the right arm has mostly gone, and I can once again swing from the rafters, bat a tennis ball around, and even prepare a newsletter pain free. I'm willing to bet the bananas did the trick. Bon Appetit.

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1999

KEN'S QUOTABLE QUOTES

"I love deadlines. I like the whooshing sound they make as they fly by."

author Douglas Adams

"One never notices what has been done; one can only see what remains to be done."

— MARIE CURIE

"Always take a job that is too big for you:"

— HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

"Luck is a matter of preparation meeting opportunity."

— OPRAH WINFREY

"A goal without a deadline is not really a goal...it's a wish."

— HAROLD R. McALINDON

*There are three types of leaders:
Those who make things happen; those
that watch things happen; and those
who wonder what happened!*

Submitted by KEN PARK

one day only

DEMO
BOAT
CLEARANCE

& storewide sale

Saturday
September 11th

9:30am - 5pm

This is it the one time a year you can pick up a used boat for cheep!! our entire demo fleet goes on sale. A price & model list will be available in the store starting september 1st. Boats and all paddlesports equipment, clothing, and footwear go on sale 9:30am saturday september 11th. Demo boats sold on a first come first served basis! no reservations or phone orders accepted.

totem
PADDLESPORTSCENTRE

341 10 ave sw (403) 264-6363 // www.totemoutfitters.com