

WHISTLER ANSWER

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 9

A JOURNAL OF MOUNTAIN LIVING

40¢

Mt. MCKINLEY

FOLK FESTIVAL

SOO VALLEY

SEPTEMBER '78

The Whistler Answer

is a community newsmagazine and is the official voice of the Alta Lake Wildlife Preservation Society, a non-profit organization.

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The frost may not quite be on the pumpkin but the snow's already been as low as Parkhurst Ridge.

It must be Fall . . . the major summer projects are finally under way. It's good to see others who appreciate deadline pressure.

Political season is fast approaching. We look forward to seeing who's staying in the ring . . . new contenders . . . (new promises) . . . campaign socials (is that the right word?) Stay in touch as future Answers delve into the issues and personalities involved in the municipal elections.

It's good to see school back in . . . it leaves a little more room around the pinball machines.

And finally we'd like to encourage all our readers to support our advertisers. . . they're good people. and that's what keeps it all going round.

A.L.W.P.S.

The Alta Lake Wildlife Preservation Society goes back to the old days when a town called Alta Lake existed where Whistler now stands. Through the years many society functions were held, upon full moons, any day of the week, for no reason at all and for many reasons (too many to mention). This policy has been continued to this date with no signs of changing.

The A.L.W.P.S. was a loose knit operation with a fluctuating membership, depending upon the function. Then on December 30, 1977, the A.L.W.P.S. became an official society under the Societies Act of British Columbia. This was duly celebrated in traditional fashion.

The Whistler Answer is the official voice of the A.L.W.P.S. and is registered with the National Library of Canada.

The first annual meeting of the A.L.W.P.S. will be held this fall at a date yet to be announced. So keep your ears and eyes open for further details.



Slope

AUSTRALIA'S SKI MAGAZINE
Vol. 1 No. 1 1978 Rec. Retail Price 75c

Canadian Experience

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the Answer has just received the supreme compliment. Australia has a new ski magazine entitled "Slope," and the first issue contains a ski story by our own Brad Sills. The story was called "Eight Hours Hard Pogey" and was featured in "Slope" as "A Canadian Experience."

It is good to see the Answer get international recognition, and we can only attribute the editors of "Slope" with impeccable taste and good judgement. We're anxious to see more Answer material in foreign publications—if they can translate our copy into Australian, why not Japanese?

The story in question was reprinted verbatim and we hesitate, of course, to use the term plagiarism (defined by Webster as "the act of stealing and using, as one's own . . . the ideas of another") for the article was credited to "Whistlers Son," and for all we know, Brad Sills, the author, may indeed have this nickname "down under".



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BOOK REVIEW

The Bad and the Lonely By Martin Robin
James Lorimer & Company, about \$6.95

Much has been made of Canada's lack of historical personalities, but Robin has resurrected seven of Canada's most notorious outlaws. Some of these villains achieved the status of folk heroes, although the size of the country, its vast wilderness areas, the lack of media attention resulted in Canadian badmen not getting the adulation awarded the American brigands such as Frank and Jesse James, Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde etc.

The Indian Simon Gun-a-noot, a murderer pursued over vast areas of B.C., Bill Miner, the American highwayman turned C.P.R. train robber, and the wild and raunchy McLean brothers, are just some of the colourful characters documented in this book. The common denominator that all of the stories share is the ability of the respective criminals to evade the long arm of the law — often for years.

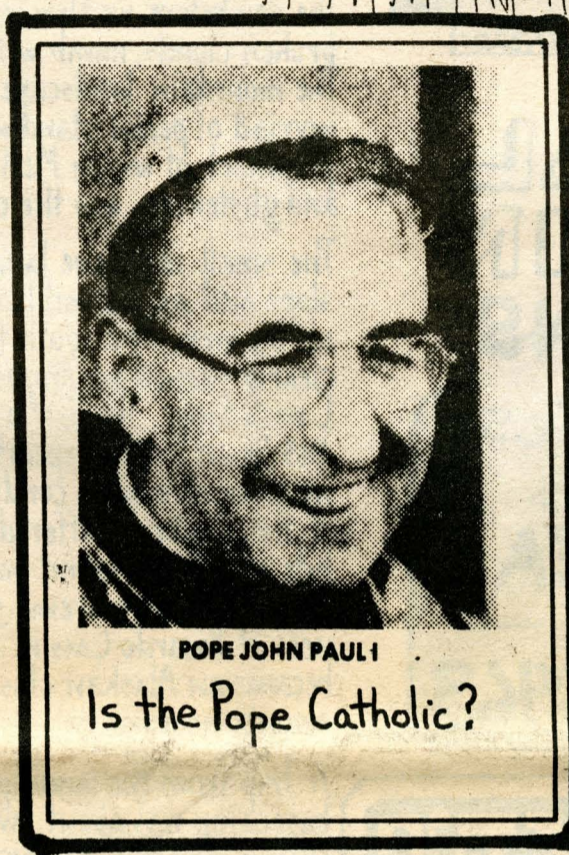
This book is a drastic departure for Robin, as he is best known for his political history of B.C., The Rush for Spoils, The Company Province, 1871-1933 and Pillars of Profit, The Company Province, 1934-1972. However, his academic orientation doesn't infiltrate the pages of The Bad and the Lonely. It is pleasant and exciting reading and a must for anyone interested in criminal history.



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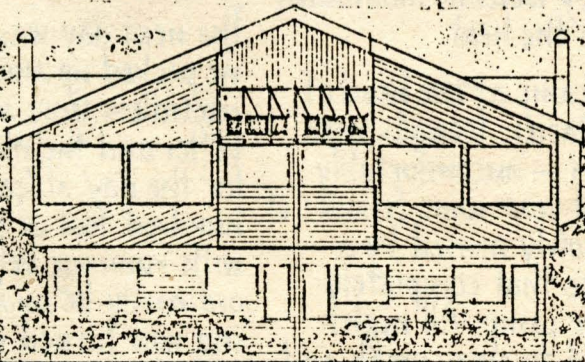
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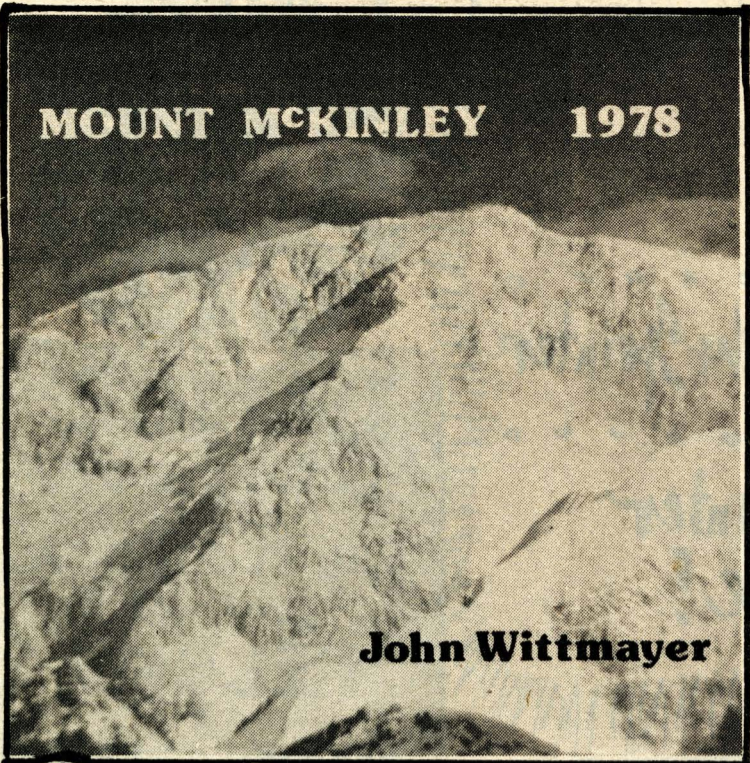
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MOUNT MCKINLEY 1978



John Wittmayer

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We welcome Brent Harley, a landscape architect from Calgary. Mr. Harley will strengthen Ecosign's site planning and landscape design services.

We were drinking with six Japanese climbers who were staying in a huge, orange Gortex barn cum tent on the East Fork of the Kahiltna glacier, when suddenly, without warning, I soberly realized that I was at the base of the highest mountain in North America. This may seem to the uninitiated, an act of pure insobriety, but to the four of us who had spent money and effort to get the expedition rolling, it was months of planning and preparation. Under the warm influence of whisky on a cold night, I marveled at the simple geography of it all. The ever cheerful Japanese exchanged well wishes with us as we stumbled out to pasture later that night.

The day before we flew in through the broken clouds, numb with excitement. The mountain landscape unfolded a myriad of peaks standing like an icy pinwheel, of which McKinley, huge and glistening, was the center.

The small ski plane landed on an uphill slope and we scrambled out marvelling at the view. The south face of McKinley clearly showed our proposed route, the Cassin Ridge. The first ascent was in 1963 by an Italian expedition, climbed in some atrocious conditions. Many of the climbers suffered severe frost-bite and the summit was reached only after the extreme single mindedness of Ricardo Cassin. The route later became an Alaskan classic in mountaineering.

A trip from the landing strip to basecamp was about twelve miles of skiing, under a blistering sun, pulling heavy sleds behind us the whole way. Sometimes the sleds would overturn and dump their loads; or if we had any downhill stretches, the sleds would shoot ahead of us, twisting us violently around. In all, it was the nastiest part of the trip.

Mount McKinley attracts people like flies, and because of its reputation as a big mountain, many climbers from all over the world come to gasp in the thin air. Most parties don't make it, and the higher that we got on the mountain, the more people we met coming back down; tired, demoralized, and looking to us like refugees from Siberia.

Meanwhile, we continued, full of confidence and energy, chained in on both sides by raucous mountains shimmering in the heat.

We made base camp at the head of the Kahiltan glacier. Icewalls were overhanging us — uncomfortably close; only last year some friends of ours were narrowly missed by a huge avalanche that completely destroyed their camp. All night long I listened to every creak and groan coming from up above.

The access to the ridge was an ice couloir with two pitches of mixed climbing, inbetween ten leads of

steep 55° to 70° ice. This section is considered the crux of the climb and we gave it the respect due to it.

Unfortunately, at this point Neil was having some respiratory problems and decided to head back down the mountain. It was a hard decision to make having come all this way, but we realized that to continue to high altitude was risky.

After taking Neil down the glacier to be flown out, we returned to the couloir and after many exhausting hours pulled over the top to establish Camp One. The climbing had been exciting, although our heavy packs made the experience difficult.

The bivi was a six by twenty foot ledge with incredible exposure on both sides. The view was awesome. We watched the sun set on Mt. Hunter and Mt. Foraker; narrow bands of orange with a backdrop of indigo sky.

Above us the route led up through mixed ground and joined a knife sharp arête. The arête seemed to go on forever, and only after hours of nerve wracking, backbreaking work did we finally reach a proper bivi site big enough to set up a tent.

We were now at Camp Two, 14,500 feet and felt the need for acclimatizing. So far, we had all been going quite strongly and had showed no serious debilitation.

Far, far below us on the West Rib we could make out other climbers slowly plodding along. They were so small they barely seemed to move.

The following day we continued up to a hanging glacier. The cold and altitude began to rear its presence and we took hours to cover a relatively short distance. We bivied that night in a bergshrund dug out to snowcave proportions. All night long spindrift avalanches poured down on top of us, swirling and blindingly cold. Greg indicated that he wasn't feeling well and all he could keep down was some insipid soup. I wondered how much of his problem was psychosomatic and how much was real illness. Somehow that train of thought became academic, because in these conditions any form of illness takes on a real meaning, no matter what its origins may be.

The next day was cold and bleak, but we packed up and started to climb regardless. Greg was feeling a little better and the plan was to continue for the day, at least. I led up three hundred feet of snow plastered rock with running belays. What would ordinarily be middle 5th class climbing now turned into a horror show with the heavy pack and the altitude. I scrambled up to a good belay and found a fixed pin already to clip into. I brought Greg up after much thrashing and scrambling on his part. When



he reached the belay I saw the hopeless, exhausted look that people get when they're completely done in. Don came up on Tumaras, avoiding the hard part. The three of us knew what was coming. Greg said he couldn't continue on, that he was wasted and would only jeopardize the entire party eventually. Naturally I was disappointed, but not without sympathy for Greg's condition. After all, it could have been any one of us.

We abseiled back down to our bergshrunn platform and spent another miserable night. We had made it to 16,400 feet on Cassin Ridge. . . . it would be a good topic in the bar later on.

So after taking Greg all the way back down the mountain, it was just Don and myself. We were completely spent, with little food and enthusiasm for the mountain, yet we knew we would climb it still.

Going back up the Cassin was sort of out of the question. At this stage of the game I think we both felt prepared for something straight-forward . . . like the West Buttress.

The West Buttress has the somewhat less romantic distinction of being the easiest route on the mountain and we felt well disposed towards the almost sure chance that we would be standing on the summit within a few days.

And in fact, we were.

On the way up we passed the ranks of mountaineers and would be mountaineers; an odd assortment of characters escaped from the cross-continental circus.

I remember a slow motion frisbee game at 17,500 feet and short hard breaths everywhere you went.

The summit was ours on a stormy day with no view. We had spent the last few hours methodically pacing our way up the wind swept hard ice ridge to the top. When the actual top was in view it was bristling with multi-coloured wands. And there was a crucifix left by some sentimental Germans before us.

A full five minutes were spent on the top and then we plunged down to more worldly air. The way down was an expressive tunnel of thoughts and feelings we had collected individually over the trip.

When we flew back to Talkeetna three days later it was as if we walked out of the deep freeze into a garden. All the smells and textures came back to us in a rush, and the sensory deprivation we had experienced over the last month melted into a slush of civilized warmth.



JB's WHISTLER INN



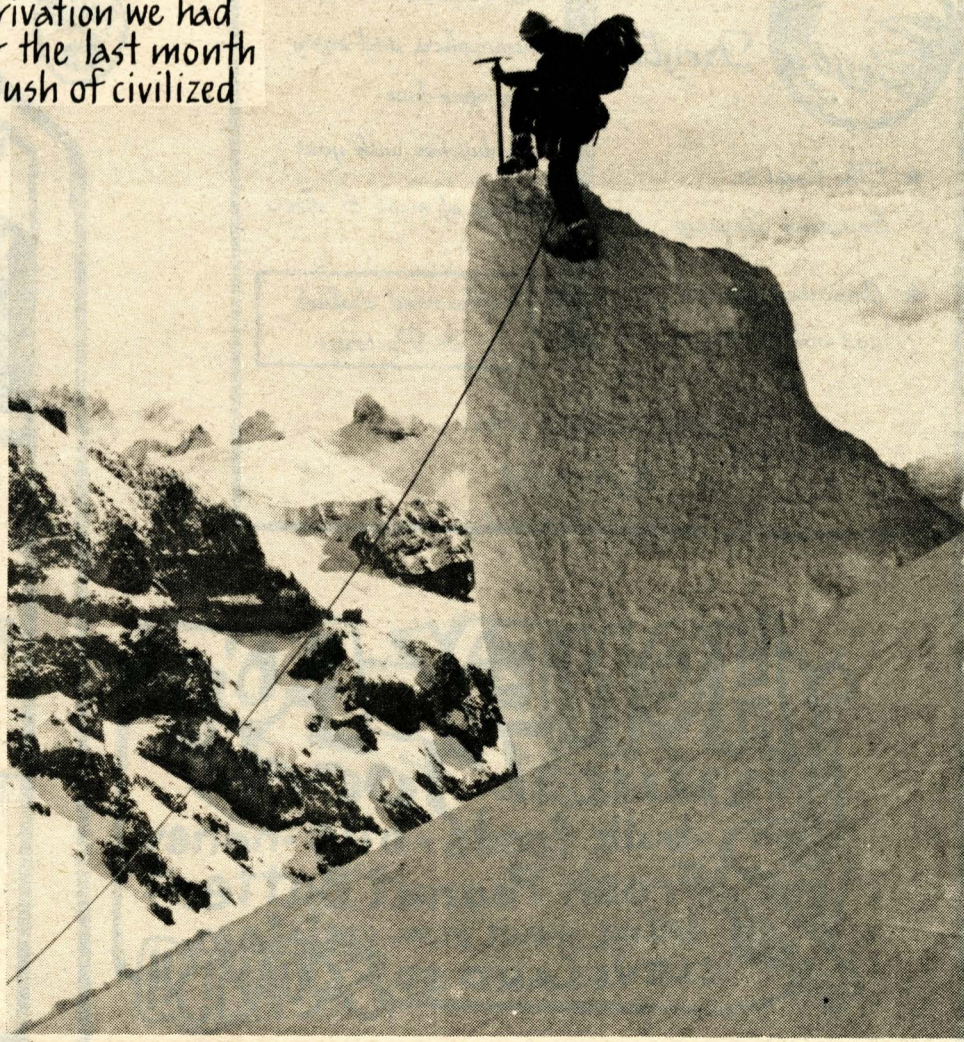
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BODY POLITIC

WHERE-IN THE ANSWER DISCUSSES POLITICS

Nothing to report on the local scene, so the focus this issue will be on federal politics.

Those that are even semi-literate will know that there will be a federal election in the near future. Prime Minister Trudeau has little time left on his five year mandate, in fact, he has to call an election before next spring.

We will again be treated to the political circus of an election campaign. The focus of the energy and money that goes into a long campaign will, of course, be diverted away from issues and party policy to the flogging of leaders and their personalities and media images.

One would almost think we have a presidential system here in Canada.

This phenomenon of personality over policy is disconcerting in view of the staggering unemployment, rampant inflation, and deflated dollar. We ask for fiscal responsibility and we get Trudeaumania.

We can be certain that the Trudeauocrats will hold up the straw man of Quebec separatism as the reason we should return them to power. No con-

crete economic plans will be formulated during the campaign, as the Liberals wander the country disseminating their new constitutional proposals and their old 'Pierre's the one' rhetoric.

The Conservatives, as usual, have little chance of electing a sufficient number of members to form a government due to their historical impotence in Quebec. The best that Joe Clarke can expect is to sweep B.C., the prairies and Ontario, which may possibly squeak him by Pierre but leave him with a minority government.

A Conservative victory would also be very catalytic to the Quebec separatist movement. The Francophones of Quebec would be left without any of their own in cabinet and as a result would feel more alienated than at present.

The New Democratic Party, despite recent advances in the polls, has no chance of forming a government. Their objective is to obtain enough seats to hold the balance in a minority government situation.

Unsettled constitutional problems, unemployment and inflation, and the Quebec question could easily force the next government to seek another mandate within two years of taking office.

In the 281 seat House of Commons the alignment after the upcoming election will be:

Conservatives -	114
Liberals -	129
N.D.P. -	31
Creditistes -	7

PAGE 6

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Tantalus Creations, a local boutique specializing in ski wear, has moved into a new field. The B.C. athletes who attend the Canada Winter Games next February will be wearing a uniform designed at Whistler by Tantalus Creations. The situation has become somewhat ironic as the jacket and pants will be made by another company, while the accessories, all items new to Tantalus Creations, will be made locally. Judy and Ann decided to design and bid on the whole package and ended up with the extras instead of the major chunk! Alas, the effort was not in vain as the new lines which include toques, knee sox, mitts, gloves and suspenders are a natural addition to their inventory.

Overheard in the Answer offices: I hear Tantalus is taking part in the Opening & Clothing ceremonies.

GRIPES GREETINGS

Assorted trivia

DISREGARD
THIS
Box

Farming
The seeds of discontent are planted in neat rows waiting for the harvest of despair

Dear Editor:

I am deeply concerned about the column, in the last issue, entitled *Common Sense*, subtitled *The Voice of da Woikin' Class*. The column implied that Chuck Diff, the fictional protagonist, was committing suicide because he wasn't in the union, and also because of the beer strike.

I am not against anti-union sentiments (freedom of speech), but I am opposed to anti-unionism under the banner of *Common Sense*, *Da Voice of da Woikin' Class*. Perhaps the column should have been entitled *No Sense*, *Da Voice of da Right Wing Reactionaries*, or perhaps *Common Nonsense*, *Da Voice of da Rulin' Class*.

It's people like this (Joe Grouser) that believe that Karl Marx's grave is a communist plot.

As for this so-called beer strike, only one company (Carlings) is being struck, the others (Molson's, Labatt's, et al.) are locked out. It is impossible to hit one member of the beer cartel without drawing the rest of them into the fray.

It is easy to see why the writer of *Common Sense* uses a pen name. With such ultra-conservative beliefs it is no great wonder why this 'Joe Grouser' prefers to remain anonymous.

In closing I would like to warn this scab Grouser that if he doesn't smarten up and get some real common sense, I will personally see that this wayward columnist is kneecapped.

Yours in brotherhood,
Samuel Dompers

Dear sir:

If people aren't paranoid these days they must be mentally ill. Myself, I am so paranoid I have a rear view mirror on my toilet. I am trying to join Paranoists Anonymous but nobody will tell me where the meetings are. Do you know?

Name withheld by request
Ed. We know, but we are not saying, as you could be an agent for the Central Intelligence Agency.

You probably think that you know what poetry is. I know I used to think that I knew what it was, until Allen Ginsberg, the fried beat guru of the 50's and 60's, observed, "... poetry has been attacked by an ignorant and frightened bunch of bores who don't understand how it's made, and the trouble with these creeps is they wouldn't know poetry if it came up and bugged them in broad daylight." Would you know?



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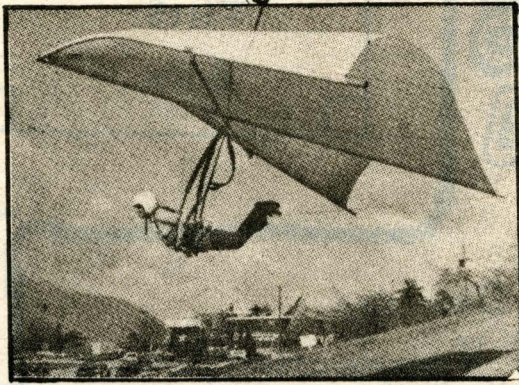


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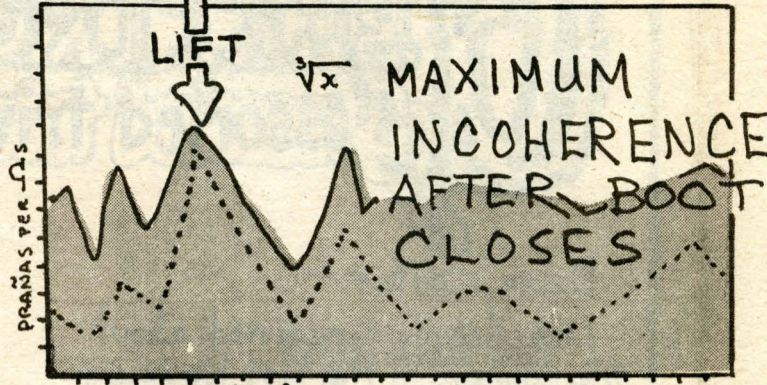
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This year's Turkey is powered by a horizontally opposed two cylinder brain with a total displacement of 27c.c. The design compliments the engineering because it makes for a high

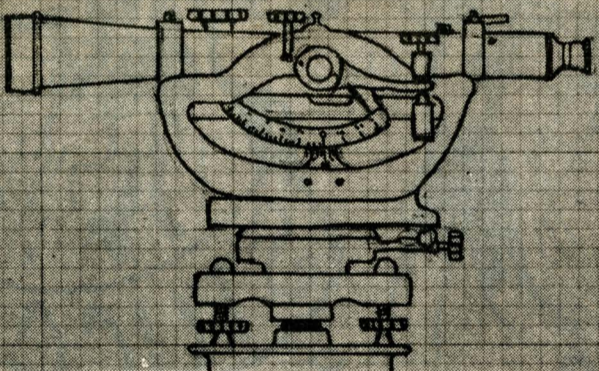
social profile while retaining the classic low sloping forehead. The engine is overpowered (once again) for the frame and results, as usual, in their aggressive nature, even while idling. To compensate, some models are equipped with more gears in reverse than in forward while others function equally well with the clutch disengaged.

Owners are proud of the Special Exhaust Emission Control Technique (SEECT), a rich burning system that uses an improved alcohol intake valve which decreases air injection into brain cylinders resulting in less complete combustion. The advantages are obvious. With no air reaching the brain they can afford to ski

in closed avalanche areas, kayak in Wedge Creek and drive when they can't even walk. The device is small enough to allow storage of a spare tire in mid-chassis. But there are drawbacks. One of our staff pundits re-named it the "Sick-T" because of the inherent problems in handling the cold and snow while stumbling and falling at higher elevations, even on the Canadian models. Unfortunately, that's

not the whole story, because the Turkey is also excessively noisy and yields little in the way of pleasure. On the credit side of the ledger they do provide employment in the service sector (tow trucks, mechanics, etc.) while continuing to line most of our pockets.

In short the Turkey is an anomaly: we all notice it wherever it drives (walks, skis, etc.) but seem to respond to it strictly as a vehicle for economic gain. That's certainly all right by us but a bit of improvement in handling would make us happier. After all, around town the GT model is intelligent enough to be entertaining and fun to be seen with... for those who want that sort of image.



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THE HEWERS EXPRESSED SOME CONCERN OVER THEIR HOLIDAY INN RESERVATIONS, BUT WERE CONFIDENT THAT ONCE STARTED, THEY'D ALL "GO THE DISTANCE".

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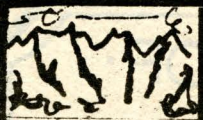
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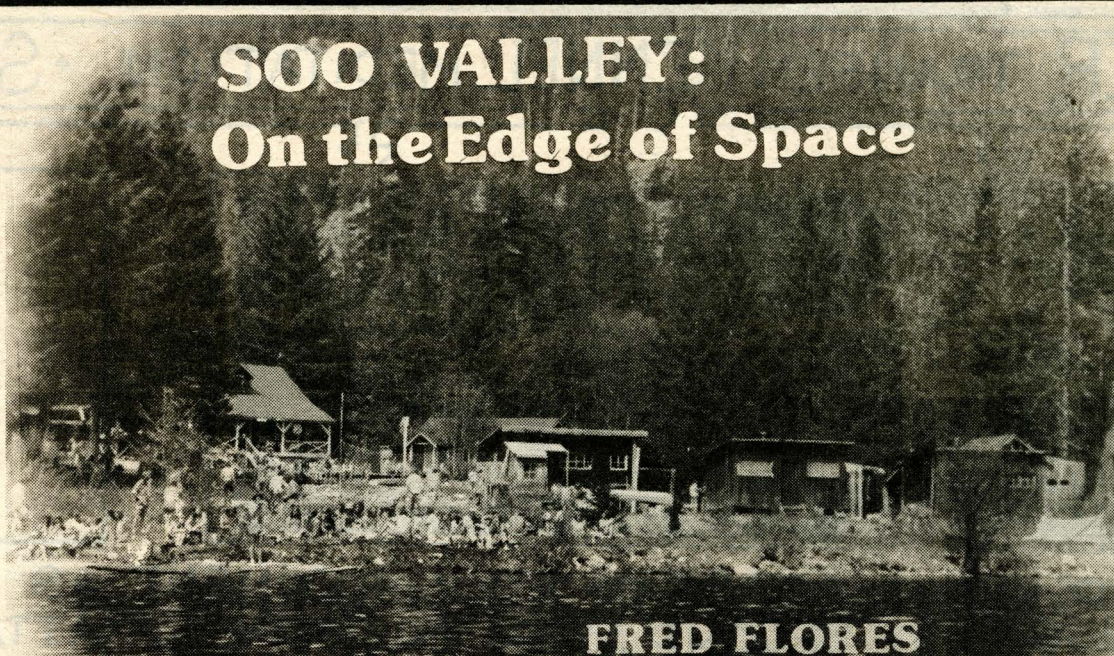
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**SOO VALLEY:
On the Edge of Space**



FRED FLORES

On the Edge of Space, the story of Toad Hall, 1967, now or, as one of the originals put it, "a hard act to follow"

The thing about the beginning is, it's happening right now. You don't know what's happening, do you? How can you, it just started.

See? People who are afraid of the unknown can't handle the beginning, that's why they get old; they have to know.

I don't know, like now, I was sitting here at the kitchen table, trying to pump Drew and he said he couldn't remember a thing... said I should talk to bee. As he said that, bee walked in. You see what I mean? It's more of a feeling.

Energy attracts more of itself. Down the tracks, above Jordan's, they moved into a house in '67 and called it Toad Hall from wind in the Willows.

The parties they had were infamous, they were spirits stretching out.

"Just a bunch of drunks" someone said, "No, I think they're on drugs." Truth is it was both & more. They lived for the moment as if there were no tomorrow

One of the few females that could survive, Morely had three goats that used to walk across the frozen lake to the lift Company, where Jack Bright would threaten to have them arrested. In '68 there was a parade here with Trudeau and the goats rode in a car with the roof cut open.

Then one day the man who owned Toad Hall put a For Sale sign on it. The Toads took it down when he left three weeks later he came back to tell them it was sold & they'd have to move.

Gordy & Drew started looking around, this was Fall 1970. They found Soo Valley, deserted since the late 30's. A main house, five cabins, 3 or 4 shacks. It didn't take them long. Standing at the mouth of the Green River. Listening to its sound, they could feel its rush. Just like that they made a deal with the owner, a logger named Forrest, and started to move in. It was the New

Toad Hall, sort of a cross between Haight Ashbury and the Beverly Hillbillies. The X-rated version.

Real frontier living, no electricity but very electric. By '71 the vibe hit me in town. The Gods sent a messenger to bring me around. I came up, not to ski Whistler, or fish in Alta Lake. I went straight to Soo Valley Sally. The rest just happened naturally.

Energy pulled me in. Suddenly out of nowhere - The free ways of L.A. - I was living with the craziest of skiers. Gracie & Paquette Better known as Spot Boogie & Omelette. Other names perhaps best left anonymous, per chance any furled eye brows be still around

So many stories. Car batteries in every cabin. John Coltraine blowing sax while we flipped bottle caps. Stratification unknown, we let our spirits roam. Maybe not every one outside could see it but, inside, it was home.

Open if you care to visit. Like the Jehovah's Witnesses who came down one Sunday morning after a typical Saturday nite. Speedie let them in. Opened a full bottle of Scotch, chug-a-lug, chug, offered it to them, they declined and left quickly.

A good one was the May party. Scott man picked up a hitchhiker on the Long Beach Hwy. who heard it was happening. So did the R.C.M.P. They told us not to have it but what could we do? We invited them in - No that's not true! - But they stayed on the highway to direct traffic

My head was in the clouds, feeling the universe explode. Dancing to two bands in continuous play.

The message of this story is that we're still here now.

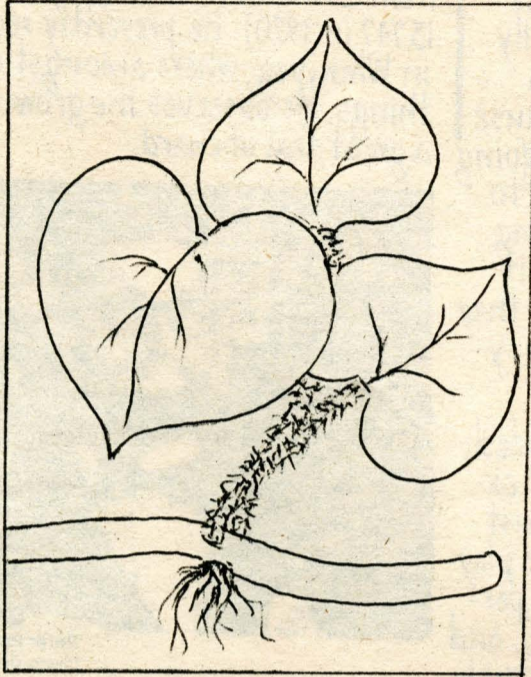
The minority is sometimes right; the majority always wrong.
G.B. Shaw



MEDICINAL PLANTS

of WHISTLER "WES HARTLEY"

WILD GINGER CAN BE FOUND IN RICH WET SHADY GROUND AT THE MARGINS OF CREEKS, LAKES, AND BOGGY SOIL HERE AND THERE THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY. (WET PLACES ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACKS ABOVE NITA AND ALTA LAKES, RICH SOIL UNDER BUSHES AND TREES ALONG THE CONNECTING CREEKS BETWEEN THE LAKES, ON LOW GROUND AROUND GREEN LAKE, ALONG FITZSIMMONS CREEK.)



THE DEEP GREEN HEARTSHAPED LEAVES ARISE IN TWOS ON HAIRY STEMS FROM LONG SLENDER ROOTSTOCKS WHICH LIE AT GROUND LEVEL BENEATH THE LEAF-MOLD. THE STRONGLY AROMATIC RUNNERS TASTE SPICY AND PUNGENT LIKE JAMACIAN GINGER, BUT NOT BURNING OR BITING.

GATHER A QUANTITY OF RUNNERS, STRIP THEM OF LEAVES AND CUT THEM INTO SHORT SEGMENTS BEFORE DRYING.

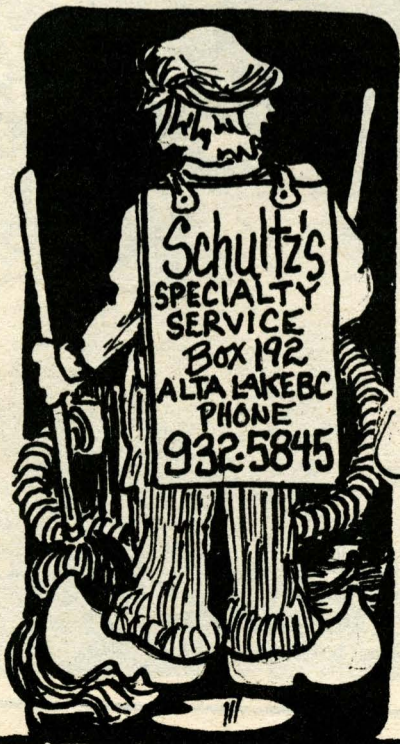
WILD GINGER ROOTS ARE A STIMULANT, STOMACHIC, AND DIGESTIVE HERB, MOST VALUABLE FOR ACID AND UPSET STOMACH, HEARTBURN, GAS, FLATULENCY AND INDIGESTION.

USE THE ROOTS WITH WILLOW BARK, YARROW, MINT, AND HONEY TO TREAT COLDS, FLU, BRONCHITIS, CHEST CONGESTION, AND ROUGH COUGHS.

WILD GINGER WILL HELP PROMOTE SWEATING, SO IT IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR LOWERING HIGH FEVERS

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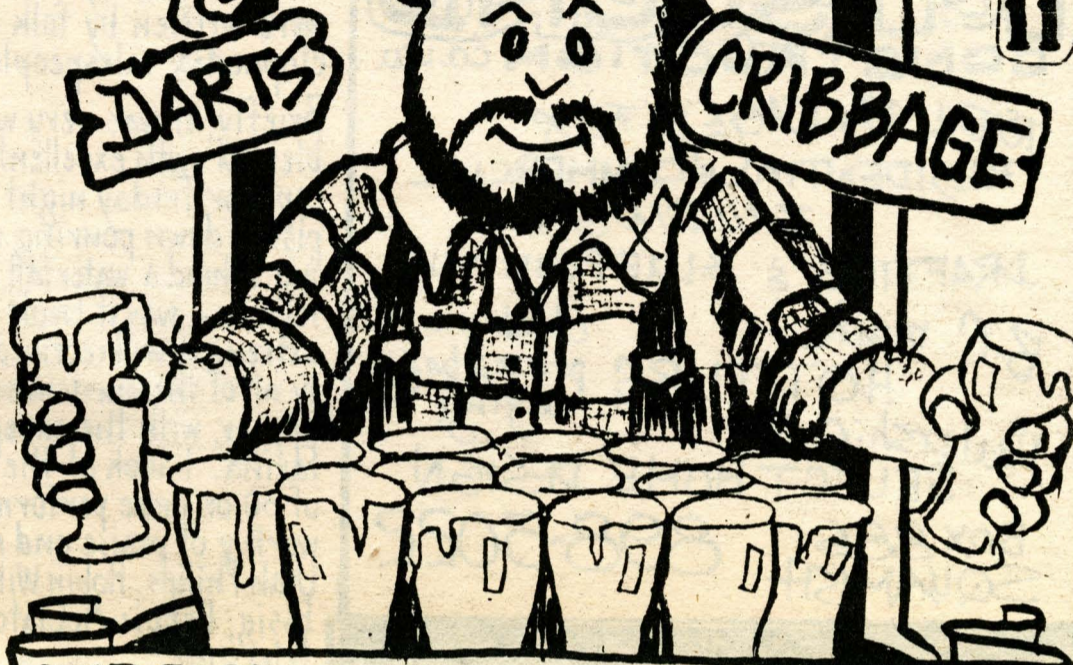
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WHISTLER SUNSHINE FINISHERS

the men with the RAINBOW in their buckets



the Vancouver Folk Music Festival 1978

Peter Paul Van Camp, who I think it's safe to say is not a musician an... um... exceptional host and poet. He seems like such a put on that he must be real. Mr. Van Camp is from Coshocton, Ohio (population 13,747 in 1970). He presently resides in Winnipeg, where amongst other things, he observes the growing of a great deal of chard.



Peter Paul Van Camp (photo: Gerry Kopelow)

Well Vancouver's first large scale celebration of folk music finally materialized in August. It's a difficult event to describe because there were many good things going on. No one has anything bad to say about it — there's nothing bad to say — and reviews of it have a tendency to sound like they were written by folk music encyclopaedia salespeople.

Briefly, it was very well organized, blessed with excellent weather, except for Friday night when it just pissed down pouring rain ("like playing behind a waterfall" said one performer — was it Geoff Muldaur), and extremely well received. And virtually all of the musicians promised did appear, with the exception of Mimi Fariña. I look at the list and think of 30 or more performers who seem worthy of praise and recognition, Utah Philips, Robin Williamson, Dave Essig, Debbie McClatchy, Colleen Peterson.

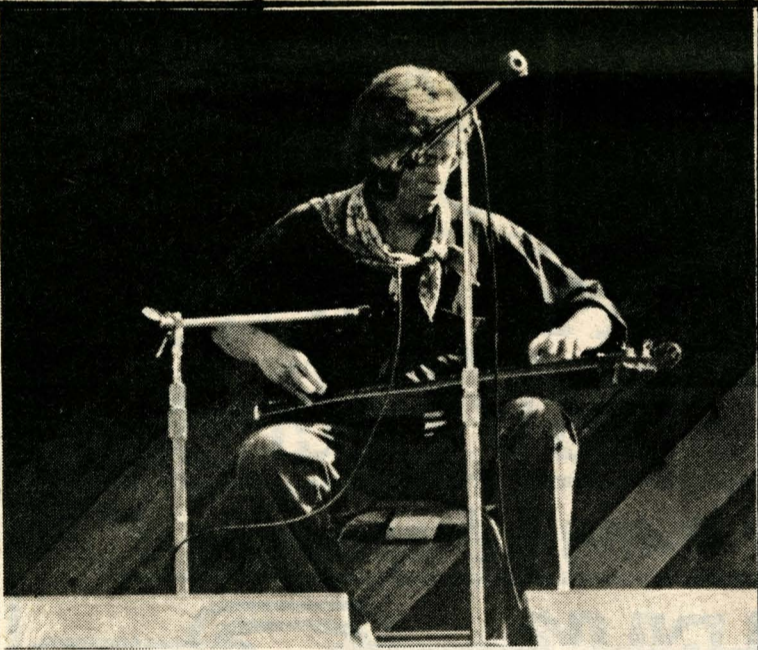
Ken Bloom seemed to be lead player for half the people who played, and eventually played on his own opening with a medley of Irish fiddle tunes on a Ukrainian bandura, and making equally incongruous (but great) music with his zither and Northumberland bagpipes.

One of the Sunday afternoon workshops was entitled "guitar mix." This turned out to be a display of some of North America's best fingerpickers. Dale Miller, Robbie McNeil, Bruce Cockburn, Bob Hadley, Amos Garret and Eric Schoenberg played inspiringly well. They were all great, but Bruce Cockburn was exceptional. His first instrumental, Water Into Wine, had everyone including the other guitarists onstage listening and watching in disbelief. There is an unearthly presence to Cockburn's music which seems to defy description, but not reaction. The reaction is "MORE !!!"

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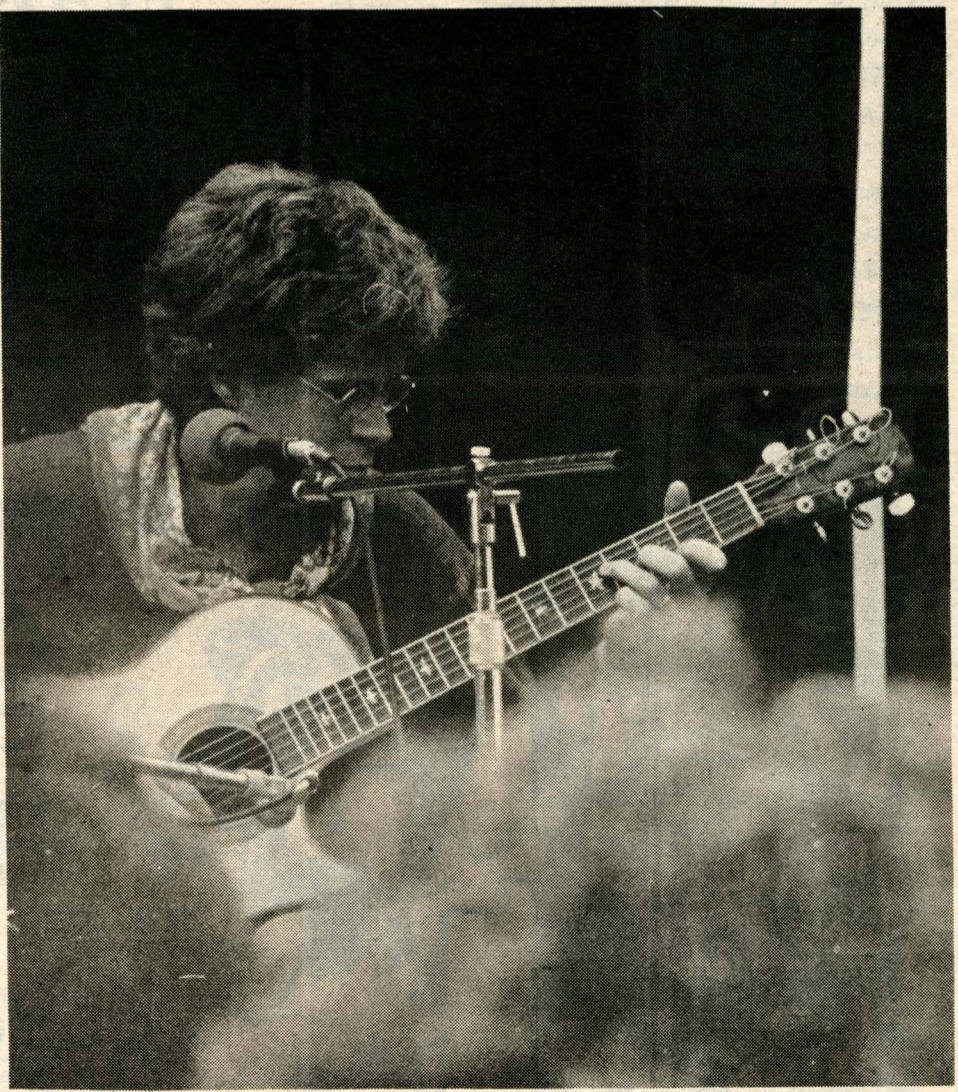


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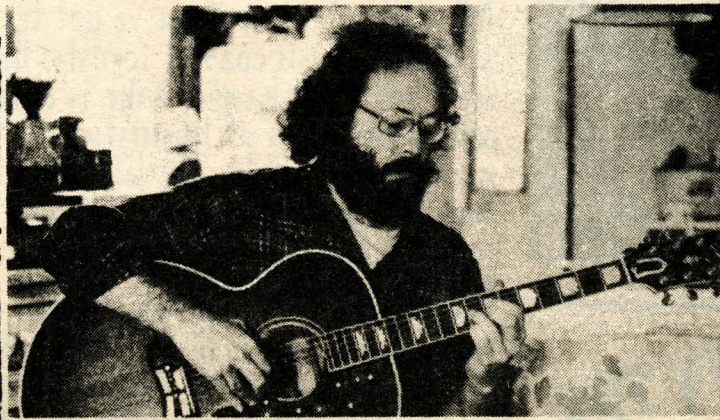




Pied Pumpkin String Ensemble

As seems to be more often than not the case with their local engagements, Shari Ulrich joined Pied Pear to reform Pied Pumpkin String Ensemble for part of the weekend.

The festival closed Sunday night with a reminder to the 5,000 or so people to please clean up as they leave. And Stanley Park began its return to normal with a clean lawn — little evidence of anyone's presence to be found.



Dave Essig

"See You Tonight!"



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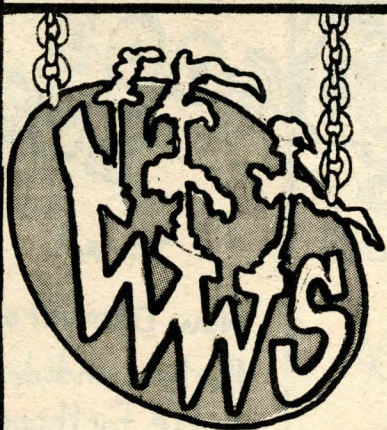
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SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES

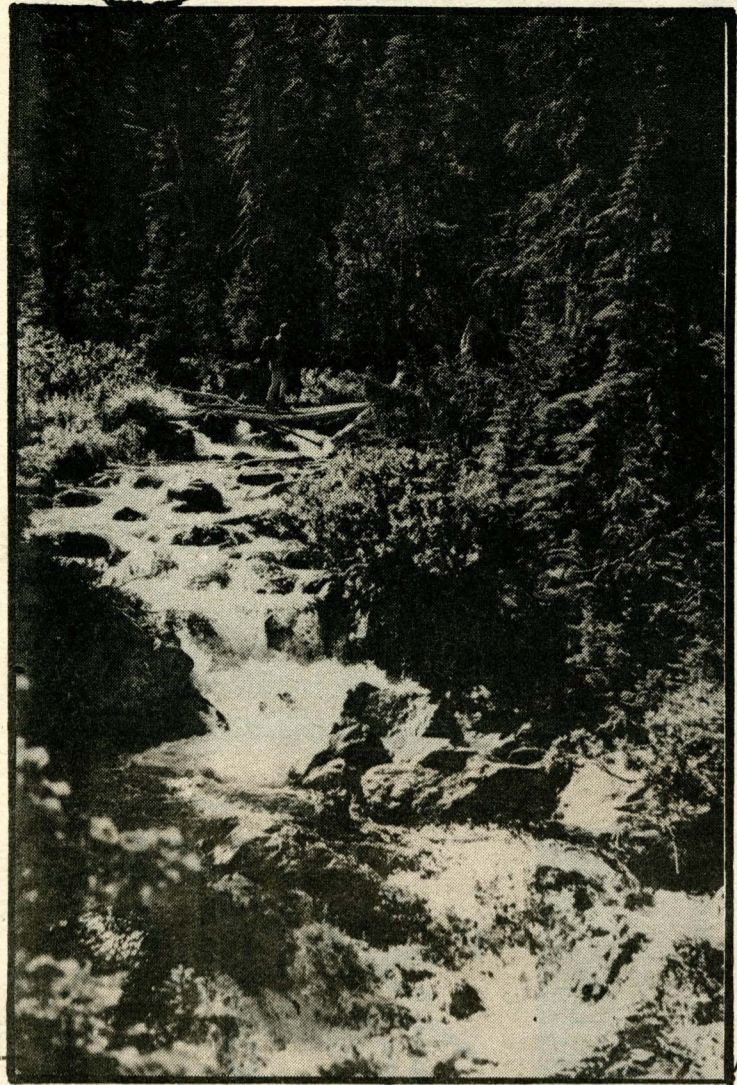
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Do you have a bicycle? Like riding downhill? Why not ride down to Pemberton? It's a beautiful 22 mile ride with a vertical drop of 1,400 feet. For those of us with ergophobic tendencies, the old faithful BCR "Bud Car" leaves Pemberton station for Whistler at 6:15 p.m. The train station is conveniently located across the street from the Pemberton Hotel and Pub. (They even have off-sale beer if you want to kill two birds with one stone).

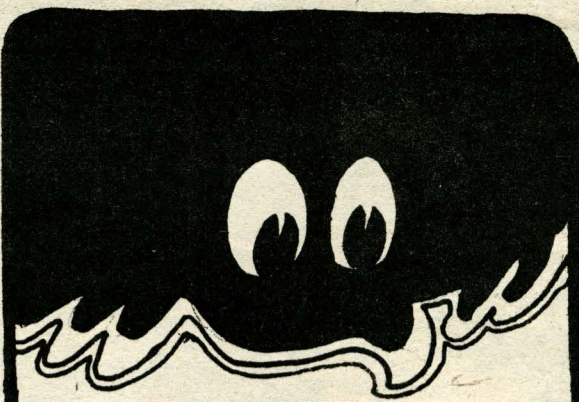
NO BIKE? Well, if you've got feet and enjoy lush coastal forests, the walk into Cheakamus Lake is only a couple of hours of beautifully maintained trails. The lake even has fish in it (they say... I couldn't catch any).

Rainbow Lake is only about three hours away and is at the tree line. In late July and early August it is one of the finest examples of Alpine flowers I've ever seen.

Again, if that disinclination to travel uphill should strike, and it happens to be Sunday, there's the lifts. A couple of hours from the top of the red chair could find you picnicing on the top of a mountain. (A small one but a mountain nonetheless).

For those with an affinity to water and downhill paddling, the mighty River of Golden Dreams, will transport you from Alta Lake to Green Lake, and keep you in another world in between.

Well, that's all we're giving you for now. (Thinking of them is half the fun). If you come up with some good ones let us know what they are... we'll pass em on.



OWLS

A YOUNG MAN WAS TOLD THIS OWL STORY BY AN OLD OLD MAN BUT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT

THIS OLD MAN SAID IF YOU SWALLOW A LIVE TADPOLE AND CALL LIKE AN OWL AT NIGHT NUMBERS OF OWLS WILL COME AND SCRATCH AND BITE YOU PULL OUT YOUR HAIR AND PUT OUT YOUR CAMPFIRE

THE YOUNG MAN LAUGHS AT THE STORY I CAN WHIP ALL OF THEM AND KILL THEM TOO AND HE SAID TO THE OLD GRANDFATHER I DON'T BELIEVE IT

SO HE WENT DEEP INTO THE BUSH AND BUILT A BIG CAMPFIRE AND HE SWALLOWED A TADPOLE AND BEGAN IMITATING OWLS

SUDDENLY MANY OWLS CAME AND THEN MORE OWLS AND MORE AND MORE CAME AND THEY WET THEIR WINGS IN THE INLET AND SHOOK SEAWATER ON THE BIG CAMPFIRE THE YOUNG MAN HAD BUILD UP AND THE FIRE WENT OUT

THEN IN THE DARK ALL THE OWLS CAME SCREECHING AND HOOTING AND PULLED OUT ALL OF HIS HAIR EVERY HAIR ON HIS HEAD

IF AN OWL SHITS ON YOU YOU WILL DIE, SAYS THE OLD MAN THE-MAN-WHO-HAD-ALL-HIS-HAIR PULLED-OUT-BY-OWLS LISTENS AND THEN HE SAYS THIS TIME I BELIEVE IT TO THE OLD GRANDFATHER

WES HARTLEY

TOWING BY THE JACKSON BROTHERS
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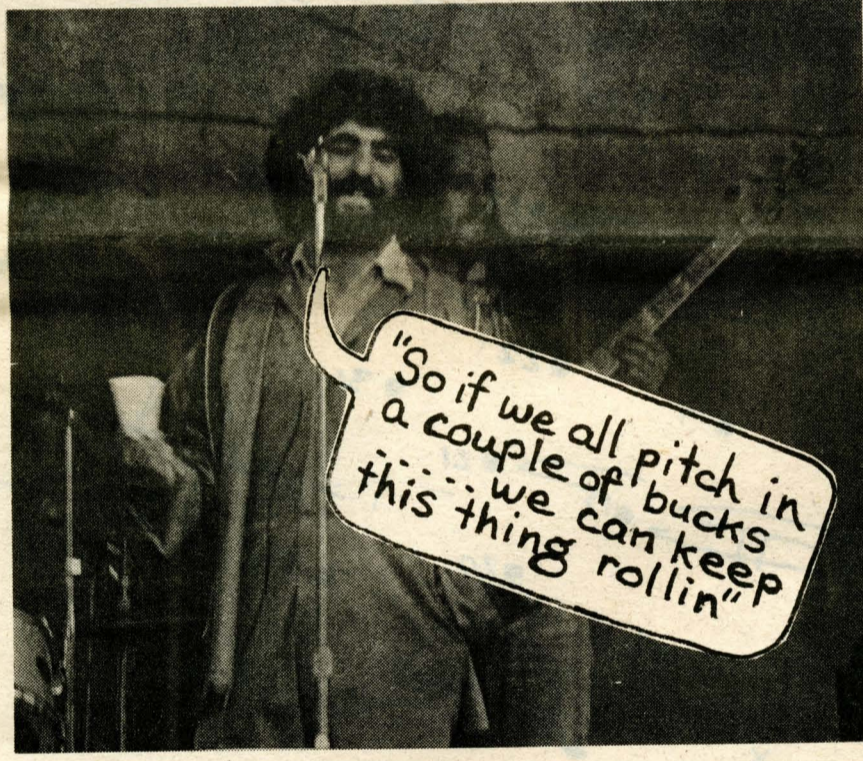
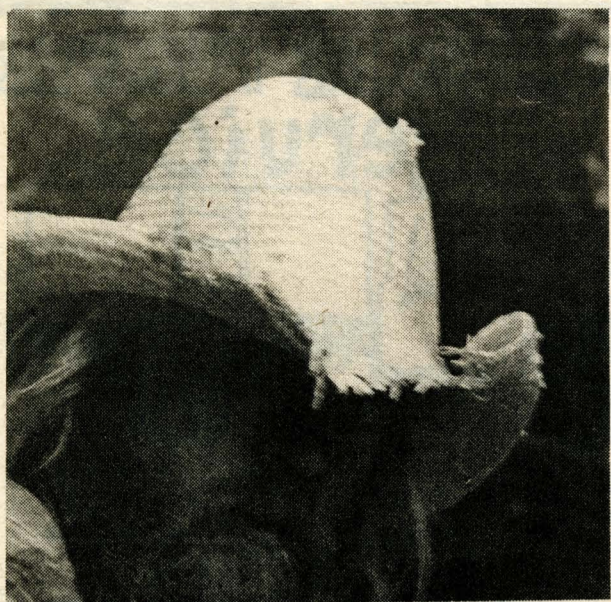
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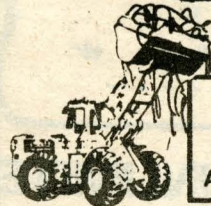
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COMMON SENSE

Da Voice of da Woikin Class



Hi there. Joe Grouser here feeling somewhat out of place.

You see, this is supposed to be the voice of the "woikin class" and I've done boo-all this summer. Except for a few short ditch-dwelling engagements, my time has been my own this summer, but that doesn't mean that I goofed off and vegged all summer. No siree, not me, I studied, enriched my mind as it were. I concentrated my knowledge gathering process in the area of Physics.

I studied the relationship between the golf swing and golf ball trajectory at length, wick led to my latest invention: a #1 wood equipped with a shotgun shell on the face, wick explodes on contact with the ball. A drive of five to six hundred yards will no longer be out of the question, as soon as I invent the armoured golf ball.

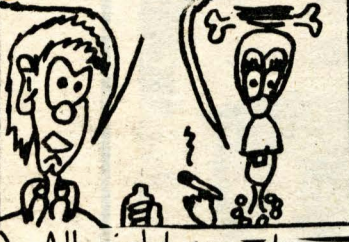
I also studied the pumpkin seed theory involving sail and center-board. And this was extremely fascinating as long as my observations were made from a sitting position. Therefore, my findings indicate that if God had meant for man to stand on a surfboard with a sail in his hands he would have made the human body 100% buoyant! If I wanted to drown, I'd jump off the Lions Gate Bridge, a lot more spectacular and a lot less tiring. Thank you!

Speaking of water, I had planned on studying the effects of American beer on Canadian drinkers but, I'm sad to say, there were none. It's all water.

I haven't been the only one around here to conduct scientific experiments this summer. Why, just the other day the Highways department was involved in a very interesting experiment: What happens when you spread a few thousand gallons of oil on an already hard surfaced gravel road on a rainy day. The result: Instant winter driving conditions. All right! I mean we have summer skiing here, why not icy roads in the summer as well! Some people talk about making this place a year round resort, but the Highways department, well, they're doing something about it. To make the effect complete they even had a sand truck spreading sand at that intersection one morning (Alpine

TWO PHILOSOPHERS

DO YOU HAVE A THESAURUS? I THOUGHT THEY WERE EXTINCT

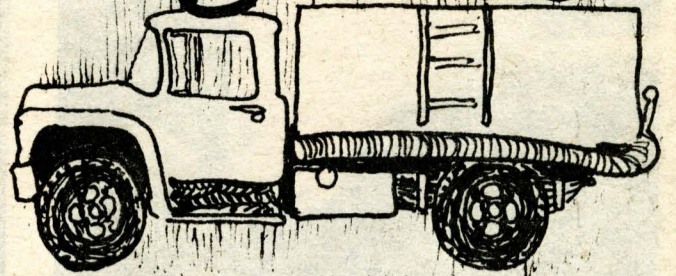


and 99). All right guys, keep up the work.

Even the crazy character who runs this prestigious publication (that's the Answer you know) is talking about doing it once a month. Whatever turns you on Charlie, but even if you did turn 30 this summer, you're still a young man. Mick Jagger is 35!

Anyway, cerinsly npw, if you want to see this P.P. (see above text) pop into your life twelve times a year, tell Charlie. He'll probably con you into writing something for the P.P. and that would be a good thing. If you live here, your mind could use the exercise.

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Finally I'd like to wish everybody, except roofers, a great fall. There's a record number of big projects starting late this year so anybody who goes out and buys a deluxe set of raingear is bound to make a fortune. Yahoo.

Joe

P.S. The ditch is where it's at, roofers are nuts, you can't fall off a ditch!!!



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