

# WHISTLER ANSWER



**50¢**



**WINDSURFING**  
**TRIDENT MISSILES**  
something to think about  
**CUT LOOSE & DIE**  
extreme skiing in Peru

WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA  
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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COVER PHOTO

Pierre Trudeau told us last month, "Whistler women are beautiful." June, on our cover, illustrates this fact, captured by Chico on the tennis court.

As Whistler grows many of the developments are commendable. Things I'm told, will even get better. One of the negative aspects of our growth is the attempt to eliminate a group of people who have chosen to live without electricity and the security of a mortgage or an investment — squatters. From 500 Valley from Diversion Creek, homes have and will be burned and people are back on the street.

Somewhere down the line there will be no room for long term renters. The tourist is willing to pay more.

Next you'll need \$150,000 to even talk about a home in Whistler (not difficult to imagine). So where does it end?

In Aspen now a good number of hotels and restaurants hire Vietnamese workers. "They're reliable, cheap and besides, our young people can't afford to stay."

I'm sure there's a lesson to be learned in there. Why zap the working class. The place can't run without the youth or spirit.

"I'm at the mercy of my dishwashers," commented an Aspen Restaurant Bar owner.

In Aspen, lift tickets are \$15 a day. There are no season passes. Next year lift tickets at Whistler will be \$11. When Aspen Corp. moves in will the season pass pack it in?

Almost 1/3 of the labour force in Aspen commutes. Several Whistler hotels now have workers commuting from Squamish. Hardly a reliable labour force.

In short, the tourist is not the be all and end all we are sometimes led to believe. We could easily sacrifice the community to build a resort. Let's not!

Heading into the last half of the non-election campaigns, it appears that our next political leaders will not be decided on the basis of who is most popular, but by who is the least unpopular.

In the theatre of the absurd that calls itself B.C. politics, the antiquated campaign style of the 1950's has reared its ugly head once again. With three years of cutbacks and increased taxes behind them, the Socreds pulled the election switch only one day after giving away over one billion dollars in their budget. Along with the campaign of fear that Bill Jr. has launched against the 'nationalist socialist' N.D.P. one could easily believe that it is W.A.C. himself that we are being asked to re-elect. The spirit lives.

The N.D.P., on the other hand, have not learned from the lesson of 1975 and continue to promise useless expensive projects such as a railroad link to Alaska. Barrett has toned down his attacks on the foreign mining companies, promising not to reimpose the allegedly prohibitive royalties of his previous government; now if he could only tone down his voice we could listen to him.

The federal campaign has so far been tedious and controlled. Trudeau's political philosophy and ideas of reason and order give little comfort to an electorate faced with the spiralling cost of living. His opponents have realized this (their handlers probably had to tell them), and have attacked him for economic mismanagement, yet they have promised to give away even more

money that they don't have. It is indeed obvious why the undecided party leads all the polls thus far; the cultural and political vacuum in which Canadians live, except in the case of Trudeau, whose ideas are politically beyond reason, has given rise to this month's Hobson's Choice.

Special thanks to Duncan Bell-Irving and Ed Gordon who made this issue possible and a lot of fun — and to all the Moms who made us possible, Happy Mother's Day on May 13th.



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## EX-WHISTLERITE BECOMES BIG EASTERN PUBLISHING TYCOON

(but manages to stay poor)

Dave Ritchie, or as his business card confirms, D.R., a former Whistler resident and unpublished contributor to the Answer, has signed a large publishing deal with a major international publisher to produce a book on Canada's successful downhill team. Each member of the team, Dave Murray, Ken Read, Steve Podborski and Dave Irwin will write their own segments and Coach John Ritchie of the National Ski Team will contribute a chapter on ski racing from the point of view of Zen. D.R. also credits Toulouse, the team masseur, for his tremendous insight into team personalities.

Keep in touch with the Answer for further developments.

Mons Auto Recovery is recovering derelict autos free of charge until May 15th. They will be fed to the crusher (the autos that is).

What's better is that from June 1st to 5th the Mons Wrecking Yard will be opened to backyard mechanics.

This is the opportunity to rid yourself of that '63 Volkswagen that the hippies from Ontario left in the driveway last Christmas, or perhaps time to replace the springs in your rejected pickup.

In any case, phone Mons if you want something removed, but remember: "Because a vehicle's parked, is dirty and has been there for awhile, doesn't necessarily mean it's ready for the crusher."



Photo: Mike Leierer

B.C.R. DEBRIS ON WEST SHORE OF ALTA LAKE.

B.C. Railroad has yet to do their spring cleaning. They have had lots of practice. Cleaning up two train derailments and a load of sutter out of a river is no mean feat. The garbage on the west bank of Alta Lake and even in the lake seems small in comparison, and maybe that's why it's not done.

One look at the strapping (used to hold loads on train cars) on the west banks of Alta Lake some partially in the lake can explain the rust on the shores all around the lake and particularly at the Wayside Park (the only public beach on Alta Lake). Although the strapping isn't the only source of rust pollution in the lake, the amount that has accumulated from years of older the shoulder garbage removal near the Alta Lake station has left a major source, not to mention eye and foot sores.

Should I speak of 45 gallon drums, or five gallon cans, some not quite empty judging by the oil slicks, or should I call B.C. Railroad?

Mr. Armstrong (public relations for B.C. Rail) suggests the possibility of vandalism. The moving of rusty sharp strapping and concentrating it along the lake sounds more like an inside job although I was assured that anyone working for B.C. Rail wouldn't do anything of that nature.

Officially, B.C. Rail is looking into this garbage problem and will be calling the Answer to inform us of their intentions. Maybe everyone should check into their lake fronts and do what spring cleaning is needed.

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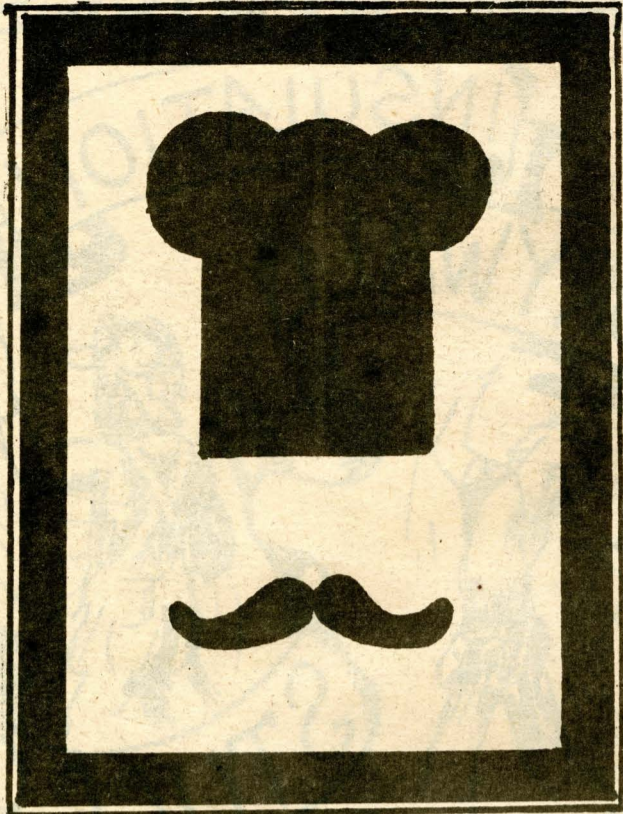
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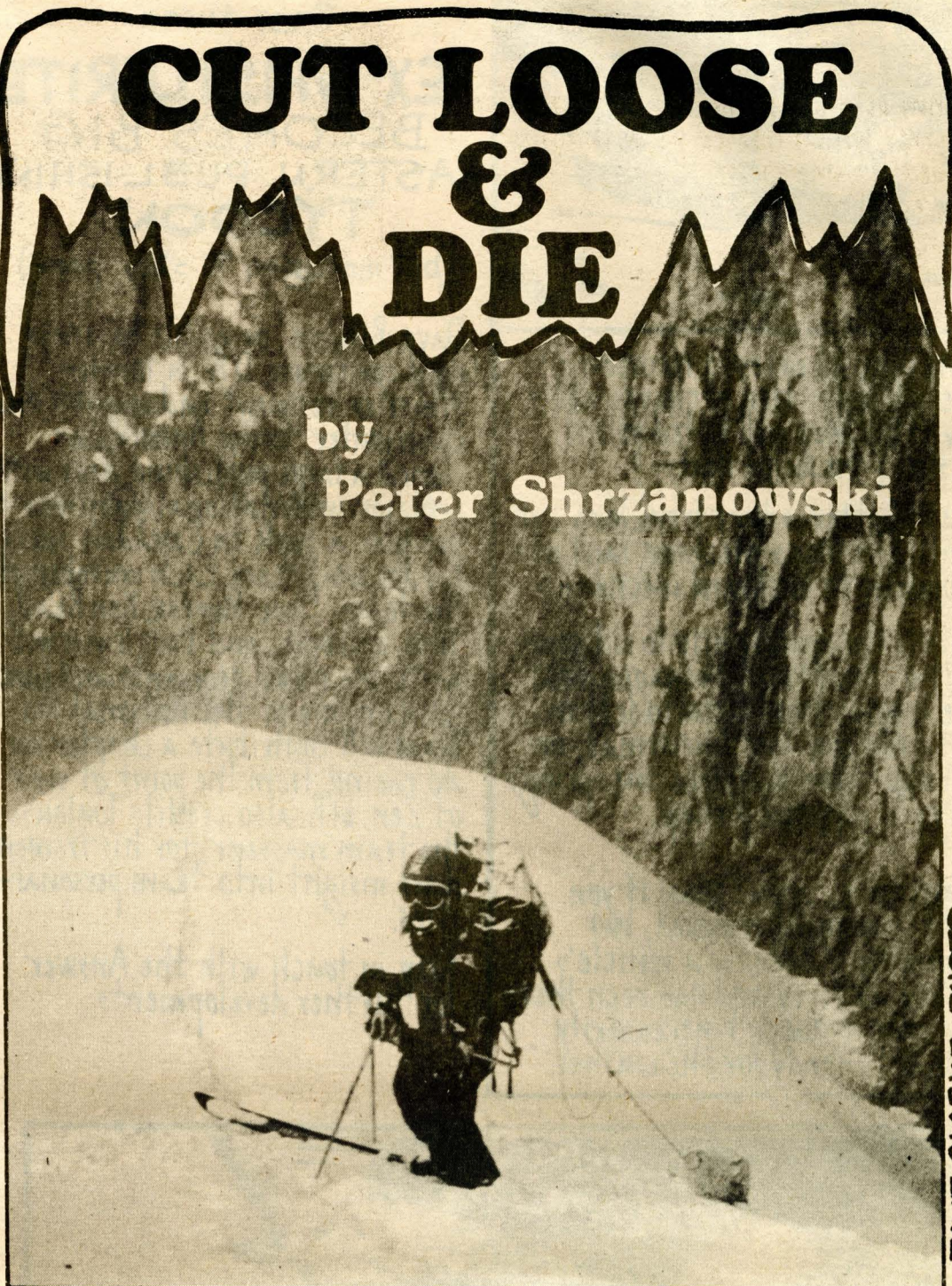
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# CUT LOOSE & DIE

by Peter Shrzanowski



DAVE CLARKE PHOTO.

I wish to dedicate this story to Keith Hand, Robert Klein and Joe Kalder from Pennsylvania who died trying to climb Huascarán.

It was April and I received a very encouraging phone call from CP Air. "We agree to provide FREE airline tickets Toronto-Lima return to the participants of the Huascarán ski-climb."

I had to make sure that I heard right, but it was true. Our seemingly mismanaged expedition efforts were finally coming to life. The expedition consisting of ten participants, ranging from South African to Canadian, was underway.

Fischer, Hexel, Marker, Dynafit, Look and Munari were the products chosen for skiing the Andes. Some gear was donated while others were bought or borrowed.

A number of people simply roared with cynicism when we told them about skiing Peru's highest mountain, while some, such as John Anderson, president of UNB (University of New Brunswick) helped out instead.

The eighth of June found us running around army surplus stores buying woolen underwear and other implements of necessity. Since the man who fell down Everest used a parachute, I thought I should have one too.

Anyhow, it would look good in the film.

On the ninth of June it was up, up and away to Peru. After close to ten hours of CP Air we landed in Lima, which turned out to be a rather horrid city, blanketed by clouds nine months out of the year. Arthur Makosinski, our filmmaker, had skateboards aboard, so we bewildered the Peruvians in the capital by rolling around in their dried out fountains on skateboards and in five days we left Lima for the mountains. Our destination was the province of Ancash and the town of Huaraz. Our borrowed Landrover (courtesy of the Peruvian dept. of mines) headed towards the overshadowing Andes. Up we went, through the desert, through the layer of clouds above Lima and towards the "Altiplano." The climax in the road came at 16,000 feet before a brief plunge of switchbacks to the valley below.

We saw Huascarán by the moonlight and began to realize just what we got ourselves into. Jon Pederson and John Hooper, producer and editor, started turning pale, and Peter Robson and I were getting shivers up and down our spines. (CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

The dept. of mines gave us a small hut behind the luxurious hotel Montrey, which housed us with nine beds in one room. The next few days were spent buying "comina" at the "merkado." We must have looked so silly haggling for the price of fruit with the natives who just snickered at the Gringos. We decided to hire six porters. After all none of us had ever used crampons before and there was a ton of film gear, skis and munchies to carry up.

Our porters were Marcelino Morales and Arias. They charged very reasonable prices for their help and arrangements were made for four others. We were off again, this time heading for basecamp in two borrowed trucks (again courtesy of the Peruvian dept. of mines).

The road was actually paved towards the town of Mancos. At that point the highway turned into a muletrack but the faithful Toyota pulled onwards. Finally at Mushu there was no more road. So we hired six donkeys and a mule. There was even a tiny store selling Inca-Cola to unsuspecting climbers. Above us towered Huascaran, 22,000 feet in full majesty.

The trail upwards reminded me of Vicks nasal rub, because there was an abundance of menthaliptis trees and shrubs releasing the pungent odor as we went by gasping and choking from the thin air at only 12,000 feet. By evening some of us reached basecamp at 15,000 and mishap struck. The film crew had gotten lost and were bellowing at us through the walkie talkies. "We are cold and are burning Peruvian money for warmth!!"

All ended well as they finally made it back to basecamp and crashed out. We spent the next two days acclimatizing at basecamp. It was crowded here. There was an expedition from Italy and a climber with a broken leg. (He tripped on his crampons descending from the North Peak). There were two Germans from Munich and some frostbitten Yugoslavians on their way down. Soon we were joined by Keith Hand, pretty Gail and their companions from the Pittsburgh Explorers Club. I look back in fondness to those times spent chatting over tea and dreaming about what lay above us. Each day we gained strength and finally decided it was time to go up and ski. We left in the morning and reached the edge of the glacier. There Keith helped us with the crampons and Glendon talked about safety.

Dave Clarke, Peter Robson and I decided early that the Incas were right. Coca leaves were the answer. Although this proved not to be entirely true, it didn't do any harm.



DAVE CLARKE PHOTO

Canadian flag flies over camp on approach to Huascaran

We reached Camp I by nightfall through a treacherous maze of crevasses, seracs and other goodies. Elevation here was 17,000 feet. It was also here the film crew, Glendon our climbing expert, and Dave Clarke our still photographer met their defeat. Splitting headaches and lack of air had them beat and I did not blame them for going back. Peter Robson and I went on while the porters scurried back and forth carrying gear.

Camp II was set up at 19,000 feet. Here we spent a day resting and hoping the others would catch up eventually. They never came. Glendon only arrived and gave us the film cameras then turned back himself. Here Peter Robson decided to ski down now while he was ahead. We took some film footage and he left me with Arias and Balthasar, two of the porters.

Then something bizarre happened. Peter met four people carrying skis up the mountain. Seeing that they were French he asked one of them: "Are you Sylvain Soudain, the skier de l'impossible?" The Frenchman jumped angrily at least two feet in the high altitude and screamed in broken English: "I am better, I am Patrick Vallencant!" After that remark Peter really did not know what to say. After all, where does modesty come in.

As it turned out, Patrick and Andre, his companion, had been in Peru for some time now skiing the Andes and shooting a film. The other two Frenchmen were chasing Patrick up Huascaran pulling their skis behind them on ropes strung through drilled out tips.

(CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

**Squamish LINK**

**VALLEY HARDWARE**

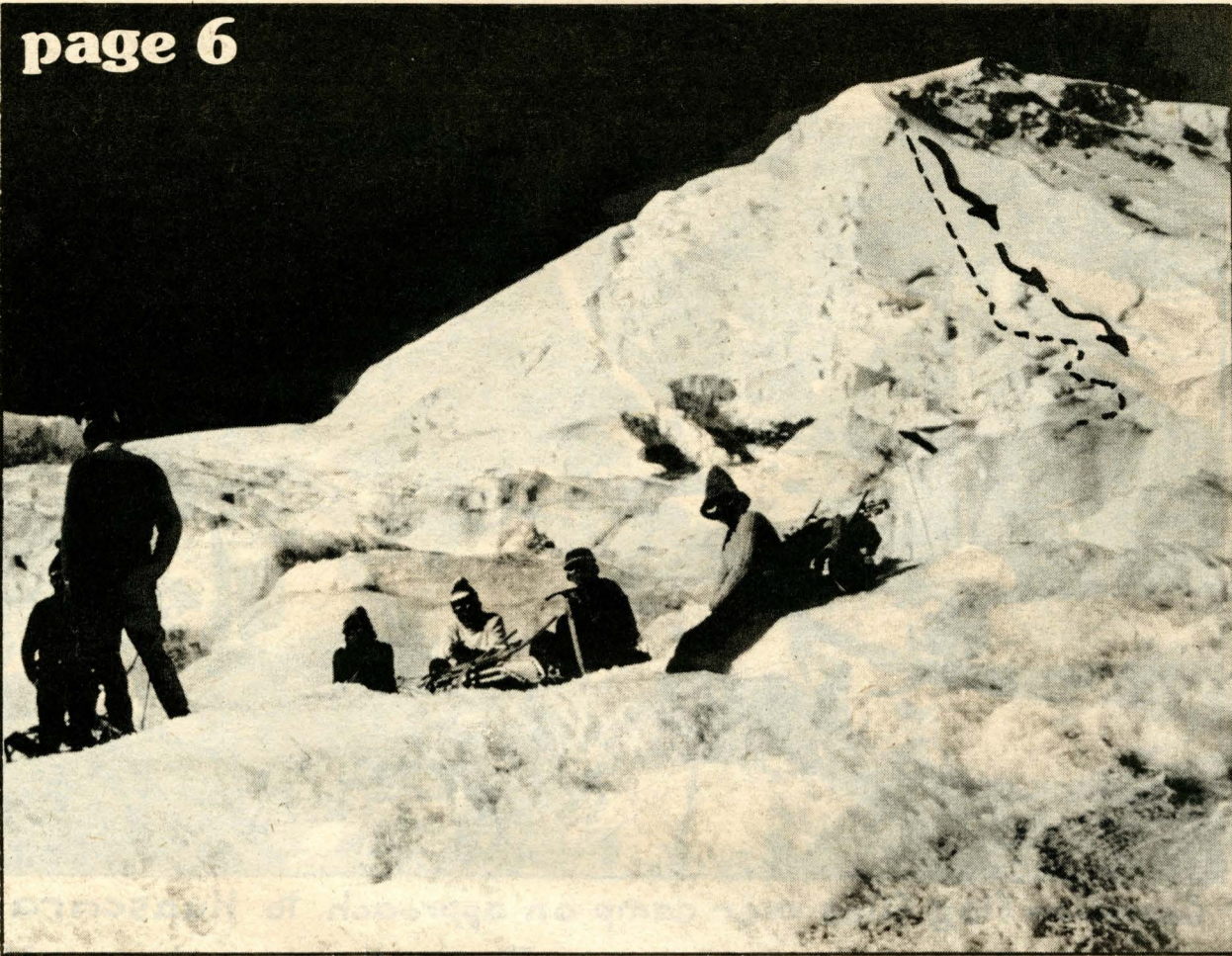
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PAVE CLARKE PHOTO.

Short rest on Icefield approach to Huascarán. Route in background

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Soon these strange mountain men caught up to me and my two porters. We continued together until around 20,000 feet where we set up camp. There Patrick agreed that I may join him in the morning on one condition, that I send my porters back down. The Peruvians are too slow for us," he said. I complied with his wish as no one argues with Vallencant.

It gets dark early in Peru during the dry season so we crawled into our sleeping bags and attempted to sleep.

It was almost impossible due to the altitude. Every breath was savoured and cherished. While I was trying to sleep the Frenchmen were busy arguing with each other as to where they will show their films once back on home ground.

Finally around 5 a.m. still in the dark we got up and started packing for the further trek up. Patrick climbed in his Scott boots with crampons attached. He suggested I do the same with my ski boots. After breakfast we set out. The going by now was very strenuous. We were climbing almost vertical ice in places and I decided not to look down anymore.

The regular route up twin peaked Huascarán leads towards the saddle between the north and south summits. Vallencant decided instead to take the quicker way up to the higher south summit, straight up the west face. He said it was less windy there. All I could do was follow. Unfortunately I was slowly falling behind the four Frenchmen. I was wearing rather heavy ski boots and had 205 cm Fischer skis on my back contradicting Patrick's short Omeglass. I had only spent three days acclimatizing against a month in the mountains by the crew from Chamonix.

At 21,000 feet at noon we all decided that if I reach the summit at my pace it will be dark. The most disappointing moment in my life came very suddenly. I had to turn back and ski down a thousand feet from the summit. So close, yet so far from my goal. Presently I was standing between a bottomless crevasse on one side and a wall of ice on the other. I almost felt like crying like a kid when I had to say goodbye to the faster Frenchmen who beat me to the summit. Then with the help of Patrick I repelled myself down the ice wall, put on my skis, and proceeded on the longest ski run imaginable.

I picked a different ski run than our ascent. We climbed ice so I looked for the fresh snow. There was plenty of powder in the shaded sections where the snow was left intact from the blistering sun. Then, there was crust so bad that every turn had to be jumped. I am not exaggerating when I say steepness neared 60° in places. If I would have fallen it would have been over with for sure. The force was with me or something because I did not fall even once, maybe out of sheer

fright or something. I was all alone. I had left the film camera with Patrick who did film some incredible footage for us. I passed Camp III and caught up to my two porters. There briefly I instructed them how to use the other film camera. They shot better film than some professionals I know. I reached Camp II and met Keith Hand and his buddies who were on the way up. The last section through abandoned camp and I was really crazy. Lots of crevasses amidst corn snow. This part reminded me of the broken up Mer de Glace in Chamonix or the lower sections of the Juneau icefield in Alaska. It was a three hour ski run filled with all sorts of surprises. I was exhausted as I staggered into base camp.

Patrick never made it back that night. The Frenchmen spent the night huddled in a crevasse without sleeping bags or stove. How they survived remains a mystery to me. They came into camp next morning and told us how fantastique the skiing had been. Keith Hand - 30, Robert Klein - 46, and Joe Kaldor - 35, were not so lucky. They met their fate in the dark attempting to come down from the north peak. Only Klein's body was found by a Swiss expedition. He had tumbled all the way down into the saddle. I cannot describe my emotions when I learnt of this later on. It is strange to talk to someone and share experiences one day only to find him dead the next.

(CONT' ON PAGE 15)

# PACIFIC EXCAVATING

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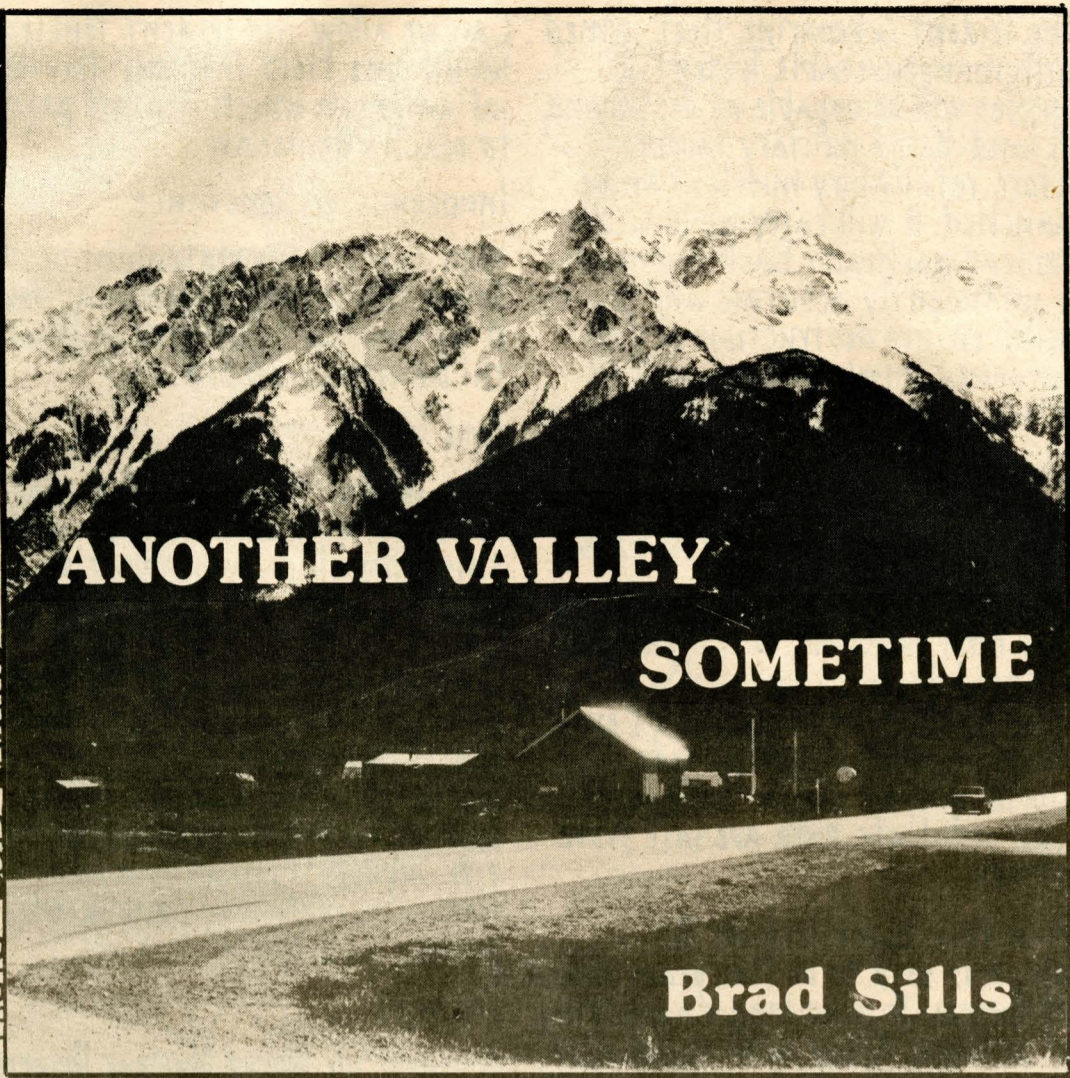


PHOTO: BOB EAKINS

**ANOTHER VALLEY**  
**SOMETIME**

**Brad Sills**

A rather anxious young grad boots his customized yellow Ford Honcho out of the gravel pit and onto Hwy #99, leaving behind a dusty suspension resembling that of a steam locomotive fading off slowly into the still of the summer evening.

"God damn," he mutters to no one in particular. "This is my night." Ella Jane, his girlfriend of six years, enquires as to what he just said, whereupon he replies by attempting to slide his hand up her crisp white satin evening gown. And as her body temperature drops by twelve degrees, she curtly reminds him of his promise.

Subdued for the moment, his hand retreats to his hip pocket and to the silver plated mickey flask his brother Duke lent him for the occasion.

After a quick swish of some booze he bellows, "yahoo!" and the 4x4 lurches wildly into fourth.

Meanwhile, in the local hotel, the loggers have started to pull in. Dressed in their Daytons, GWG's, Police suspenders, Stanfields and Red hardhats, they are often difficult to tell one from the other.

Only their idiosyncracies differentiate them. Some babble on incessantly while others just gaze off into oblivion with a funny smirk on their face. One picks his nose continuously while another has lost three complete fingers up his ass port. They are a particularly dim lot tonight, for any of those with roots in the valley are already at home preparing for the fifty-eighth annual high school convocation.

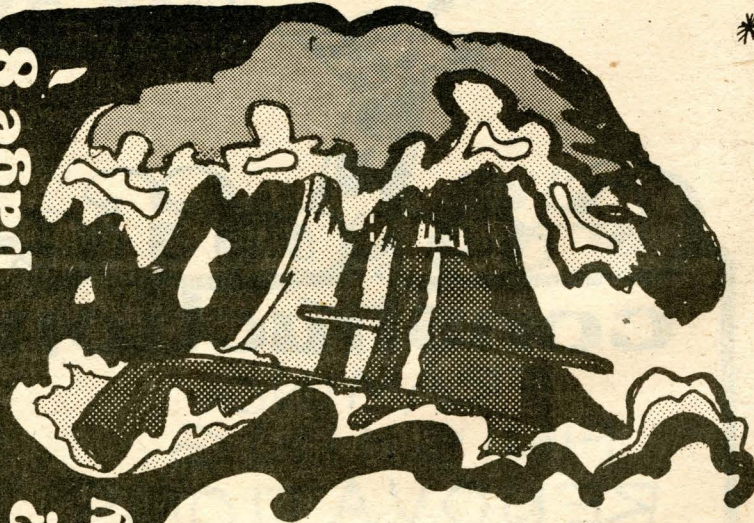
Across the pub sit a very large contingent of Canada's native small people. It being the last day of the month, they too are in a festive spirit. One particularly festive native demonstrates an incredible degree of stamina as he repeatedly throws up in his glass, returns to unconsciousness, and awakes to chug-a-lug what he perceives as his beer. His friends gather round and cheer him on, although he remains by and large oblivious to this enthusiastic audience.

In the midst of this frontier scene sit a table of obviously different people. Their hair is neatly combed and faces scrubbed clean. This, combined with their blue V-neck sweaters and university T-shirts set them distinctly apart.

Most of them are from the city and working here for the summer as forest firefighters. They are for the most part ignored by the white population, except for a few of the old timers who like to tell them tales of the bush and a couple of the younger trollops who'd like to take them there.

The natives on the other hand love to torment them. They run past their table making sounds like fire engines and pump beer out at them through their gums. Needless to say, they feel very uneasy. (cont'd Pg 14)

AND LIFE GOES ON?  
Sandy Farley



As I sit... looking up at those snow covered mountains, it is so hard to imagine the dark, destructive clouds that have been gathering just on the otherside of the "Peace Arch."

I am talking about the Trident Nuclear submarines, stationed in Bangor, Washington.

I am talking about the Total Destruction of Planet Earth.

No this isn't an Introduction to a sci-fi thriller nor a promotion for a fast-food chain. It is a reality and hardly edible for human consumption.

Let me bore you with a few facts.

\*The Trident submarine fleet, armed with manoeuvrable Trident II missiles will be capable of destroying all land-based military targets before retaliatory missiles can be launched. It will carry up to 12,000 nuclear warheads. Each warhead is sufficiently accurate and powerful to ensure destruction of even hardened missile silos, as well as total annihilation of entire cities.

"The arms race has been going on for years," you say. It is our security against the guys with black hats.

Well, up until now, nuclear strategy has been based on, M.A.D. (mutual assured destruction). Got a nice ring to it eh. In the event of even surprise attack neither side could win, as long as both sides can retaliate, both are safe from attack.

And then came Trident II... which is said to be five years ahead of Russia. It is no longer a question of defense. Along with the deadly accuracy of the Trident long range missile and a large ocean to hide in, the U.S. is developing anti-submarine warfare, anti bombers, anti-cruise missiles, anti-satellites, enough military technology to attack the Soviet Union without any chance of retaliation.

"Now you're talking Pilgrim," (burp). With energy and resources getting tighter and the military at the Pentagon saying, with throbbing prickles in hand, "we can win a nuclear war," where does it end?

Life goes on...

Here cradled between the white and the blue, healthy young people gather, turned off by the clamor of the city to lead a simpler life. We share an appreciation of nature. It is a challenge that is revered with respect (spiced with an occasional beer at the ol' watering hole) ... We think it a good thing that someone out there is working to save the whales and seals. We as Canadians shake our heads at the arrogance of the United States, as we hide behind their shadows. The Canadian government has done or said little, and has taken great care not to upset, "Big Brother." All is not lost though. Last year at the U.N. special sessions on Disarmament, Pierre T. stated, "The development of each new weapon system carries the risk of unbalancing the existing security equation."

Can we as Canadians be a part of future insanity? Do we remain silent while the government allows U.S. corporations which make nuclear weapons or subsidiaries of these companies operate in Canada?

Can we allow the Trident Nuclear submarine fleet into our territorial waters in which it must pass to reach the ocean?

Innocence or Ignorance?

Who supplied the plutonium for the bomb dropped on Hiroshima? Why it was mined right here in Beautiful British Columbia.

And life goes on...

Once again I gaze up at the magnificent brilliance of the mountains. I think back on the five year

Once again I gaze up at the magnificent brilliance of the mountains. I think back on the 5 years I've spent in this country. To a woman spawned and raised in the L.A. suburbs, Canada is a land of natural wealth and beauty, of promise and hope.

The hope...

Working for World Nuclear Disarmament. Construction and use of submarines is very easily monitored by satellite so total end to Nuclear Military Submarines could be achieved. World Disarmament is not unfathomable.

Does life go on?

There will be three demonstrations in May and June

1) May 26th in Vancouver at 12 p.m. at Victoria Square (Hastings and Cambie). The march will be to the American Consulate.

2) June 2nd at 2:00 p.m. there will be two simultaneous demonstrations. Canadians and Americans will rally at the Peace Arch.

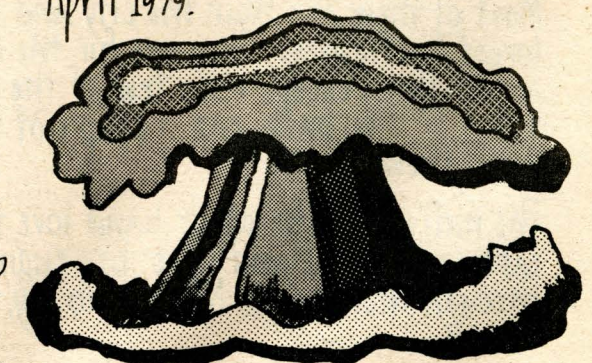
3) On the same day (June 2nd) there will be non-violent action of civil disobedience at the Bangor base. Protestors will occupy the base until arrested and charged.

Do write and express your concern to the people listed below:

Minister of External Affairs  
Donald Jamieson  
125 Sussex Drive  
Ottawa, Ontario

Coalition for World Disarmament  
1811 West 16th Avenue  
Vancouver, B.C.

\* Exert from Pacific Life Newsletter April 1979.



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# DREAMLANDS WASTELANDS

An exhibition by Carl Chaplin

at the Federation Gallery  
367 Water Street, Vancouver, British Columbia

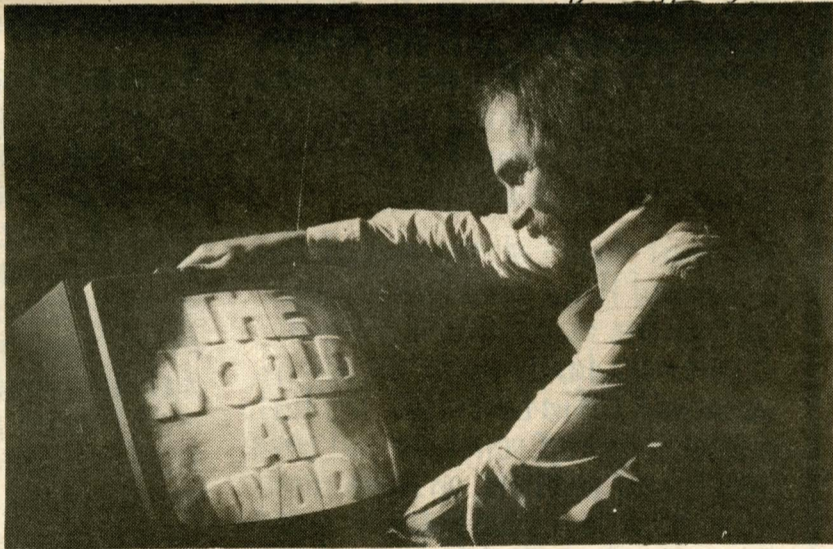
I first became aware of Carl Chaplin through his shows at the Brackendale Gallery. The impact of his canvases was incredible. I've since noticed his works in several areas. The face of the baby harp seal immortalized by Greenpeace and the post-card famous "Getting bombed in Vancouver" have gained wide acclaim.

Carl Chaplin splits his time between Vancouver and Northern British Columbia. Originally from Windsor and Detroit, he came to B.C. to satisfy his quest for the inspiration of primal nature, yet still be near an urban setting that could provide the amenities of 20th Century technology. His work as a commercial illustrator has gained him world-wide recognition, while his commitment to his own canvases has

opened fantastic new worlds. Here he's created at least eight series that reflect his full range of imagination and technique. Usually working on paintings from all eight at once, he is constantly contrasting light with shade, nature with technology, exhilaration with terror and fantasy with reality. Whether viewed positively or negatively his work is seldom passed by without comment.

A dozen one man shows behind him, Chaplin's work now hangs in collections from Alaska to the Caribbean, from Hawaii to London. Using his drawing board as a seer's viewing screen, this artist is painting a future for himself.

May 22 - June 3 An Exhibition of Seering Images by Carl Chaplin



## Carl Chaplin

I started drawing before I realized what I was doing. I could only have been four or five at the time. It was a natural extension of my favourite pastime... daydreaming. The other kids had T.V.s to satisfy their need for escape, my family was the last on the block to get one. I had to rely on myself to create my fantasies. Putting them down on paper as accurately as possible was the only way I had to approximate the lucid images inside my head.

It was not until high school that I saw my first six o'clock news. It was amazing! Instead of long columns of uninspired type... there was action! Three billion people churning into four billion and filmed for presentation in my living room. This was the real world and it was

definitely better than the other shows. The acting and sets were better; the plot held together and it was always a cliff hanger.

Now I realize that I was trying to balance my two states of mind. I didn't want to go crazy from an overdose of reality but on the other hand, I didn't want to lose sight of what was happening by immersing myself in fantasy. But it was too late. I'd jumped off both ends. My grey matter has been irrevocably seared, and now I can't tell if I'm dreaming or awake!"

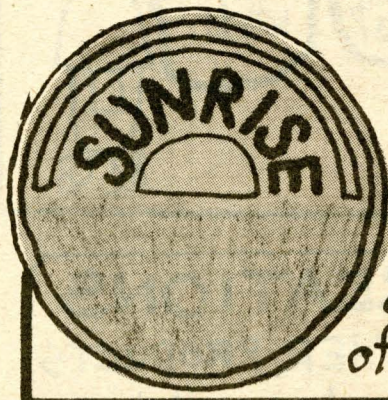


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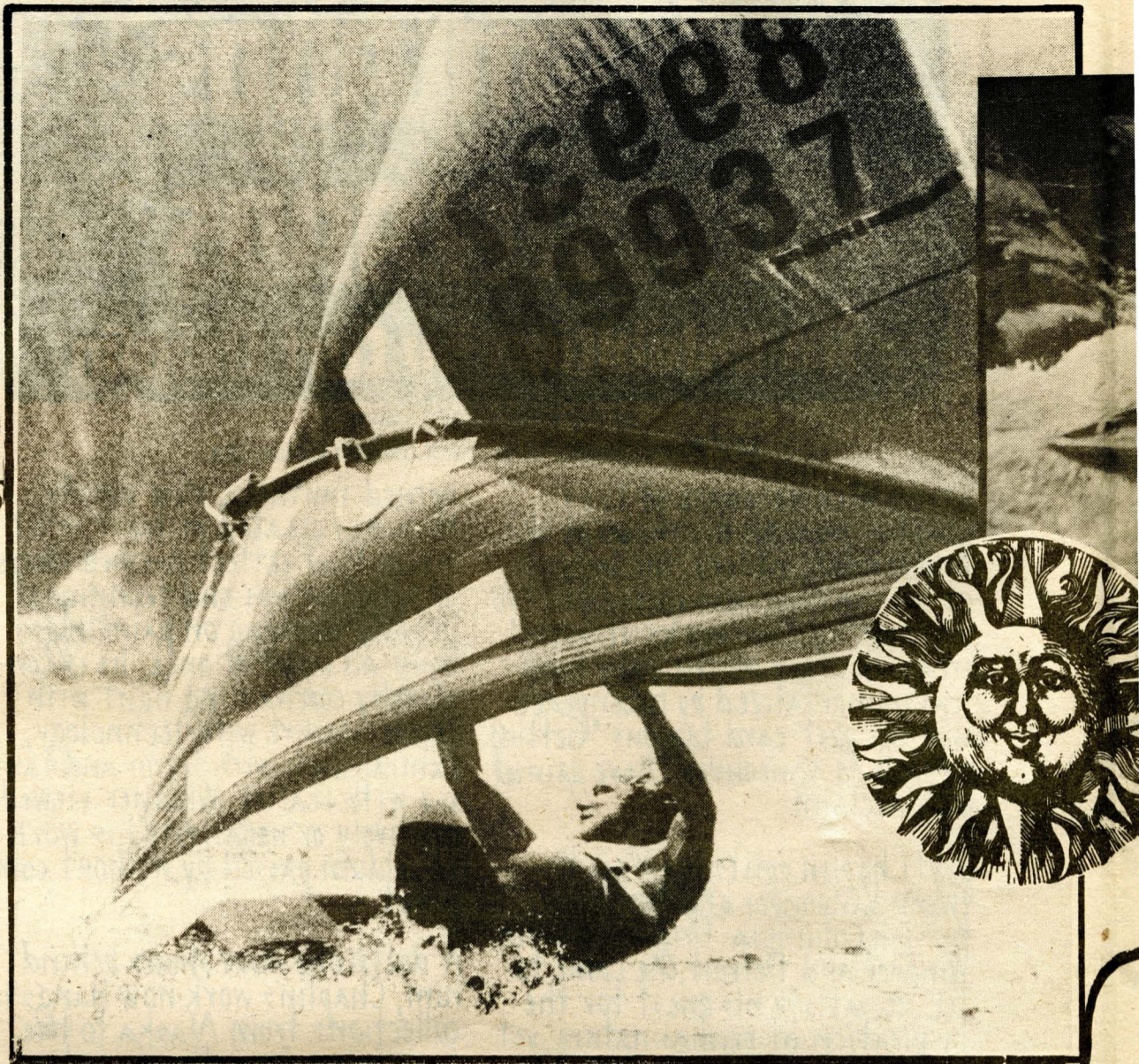


PHOTO BY DUNCAN BELL-IRVING



SKI TOURING on THE GARIBALDI NEVE

Touring is becoming the alternative to chaired slopes, especially this time of year with the weather being favourable and the bumps getting bigger. The Whistler area offers many touring possibilities, one of them being the traverse across the Garibaldi Neve.

The trail starts at the end of the Diamond Head Road (where you put on the skins and skis) and climbs gradually up to the alpine area and Elfin Lakes Hut. The Hut's a good stopping point for hot brew, lunch and putting on more mole-skin. It's also a good place to spend the night but we decide to rough it and continue further through gullies and slide paths and set up camp at Opal Cone, which is at the foot of Mount Atwell, and the beginning of the Neve (Neve being the point where the Warren Sentinel and Bishop Glaciers meet. We warm the evening with a few shots of Drambuie and scotch and it's candles out.

Who brought that damn alarm clock? "Oh well, we need a head start on the day anyway," as we slowly roll out of bed, while breakfast is being served through the orifices of our tents by our bearded wonder. Off we go up and onto the Neve, as we notice another party following not too far behind. It's a long continuous plod upwards as the clouds begin to thicken and the visibility eventually becoming

next to nil. Probing and plodding our way along in the driving snow, we hallucinate crevasses, hoping for a break in the weather as it becomes worse.

A compass bearing shows us we're straying from our destination so we retreat down the slope we had just slogged up. At this point we spotted more figures appearing out of the murk. Seven cross-country skiers combining forces, we all head in a more northerly direction and appear to be right in the heart of the Neve. Our fearless leader gave instructions to stay in track and be more cautious as we approached a large gap. Now which way? We all stay put while a few try to scout out the route or find a snowbridge. While the murk thickens, tension increased as we notice some trouble. Ropes come out and the real dangers begin to reveal themselves. Our party of five now becomes twelve as we tie into the rope, hopelessly searching for that imagined snowbridge. Realizing how crazy the situation was, we decided to stay put til the weather cleared. Asking our new party members the relevant questions, we were soon to learn they carried no equipment except for their personal belongings and sleeping bags. It became apparent that they had no concept of glaciated terrain as they scattered in all possibly hazardous directions. We probe out a sufficient area to make



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# Spring has Sprung

by DIANSKI

camp and giving the other party members our shovels, they dug a snow cave while we set up our tents and got stoves going for something warming.

The following morning reveals a much larger gap in front of us than we ever imagined; more like a long drop into a steep and massive gully, with our destination barely in view across the Neve icefield of ceracs that looked like dominos. We quickly packed up to go while our destination was still in sight. Twelve tied in on two 150 ft. ropes, as we proceeded to inch our way across the icefield, the fearless leader probing the whole way.

As we began moving across and among the ceracs and feeble snow-bridges, it looked questionable as to whether we'd make it across to the high ridge. But again, our leader moved assertively through the icefield and over to the base of a

rock pinnacle where we untied for a rest and lunch break. This was a moment of realization for the whole party and a sigh of relief.

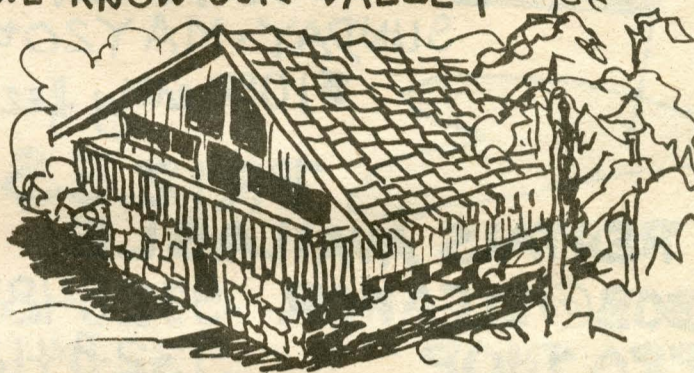
Now we take the skins off and shoot down across the vast table between the Warren and Sentinel glaciers and up through the saddle of Guard Mtn. where Garibaldi Lake came into view below us - looking back, the peak of Garibaldi (2,678 metres). Down the beautiful slope to Sentinel Bay on Garibaldi Lake where we split from the other party; their destination being Sphinx Glacier alpine hut and ours being to cross-country our downhill across Garibaldi Lake to the Battleship Huts.

The traverse to that point was great but trying to make it down the Black Tusk trail in ski boots at night in seven hours was pure hell. But the visions of quiche and Spanish coffees in the Nice Lake Restaurant gave us the inspiration we needed.

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# GRIPES

## GREETINGS

& assorted trivia

### SKIING IN INDIA

The fact that they ski in India isn't all that remarkable. After all, there's lots of mountains and apparently enough money. The totally unreal aspect is getting to the mountain and then up it.

The day started slow. The houseboat man woke us at 7:30 instead of 6 a.m. because the weather didn't look good at 6:00. I guess that makes sense. We then took a boat to the taxi and after a hand cranked start, made it to the bus, which, a few break downs later, finally got us up to 7,000 feet.

The skiing started at 9,000 feet and we had three ways to cover the remaining 2,000 feet. We could walk, take a jeep or ride ponies and we chose ponies. The ponies were driven up the steep crack by repeated boots in the ass until my friend said, "If you do that again I'll kick you!" He stopped after a 1/2 km. walk we were at the base of the "ski resort" which consisted of a T-bar roughly the length of the bunny-hill and an equally short rope tow above that. After renting Kneissel skis and Dynafit boots (a pleasant surprise) I was ready to go. How naive of me. It seems that each ride must be paid for separately and it took a considerable amount of yelling to convince the operator that he should keep all five of my tickets and tell me when they're all used up rather than me giving him one each time. He then had to be vehemently persuaded to start the lift (lunch-time I was told) and he dutifully shut down the lift as soon as I had gotten off. Each successive ride I was greeted with a loudly voiced, "Three times more..."

Madame" and "Two times more Madame." It was all so humorous and frustrating that at the end of my final run when the Indians told me, "Madame has a very good ski line," I could only laugh. It seems there's a chairlift there somewhere but another hour walk made it impossible. The snow was good, the weather beautiful but I don't think Whistler, Aspen, or even Ski Rainbow have to worry over the competition. *chi-chi ROWLANDS*

Dear Answer,  
 Just thought I would drop a line to up date you all on the haps in Maui.

The entire Men's Ski Team Coaching Staff is down here for a little meeting to get the steam rolling for the assault on the Lake Placid Hills. In fact they are staying just down the street and Dave Murray and Toulouse are staying with me.

Also here are World Cup Freestyle champions Stephanie Sloan and Bob (what's his name?). Your paper failed to mention his name and the Yank is pissed off so judging by the size of him you better look up who won the basket at Grouse and print a retraction. Ha!

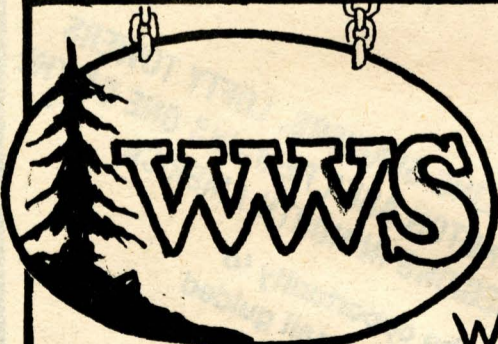
Fast Eddy was last seen wandering down the road by Makinea Beach (Makinea is the nude beach).

If you want to print any more of Paul Mathews' silly poems on Hawaii, tell him to come to Lahaina for some anatomy lessons and to hold on the granola and waves stuff.

Aloha  
 Roger da Artful Dodger



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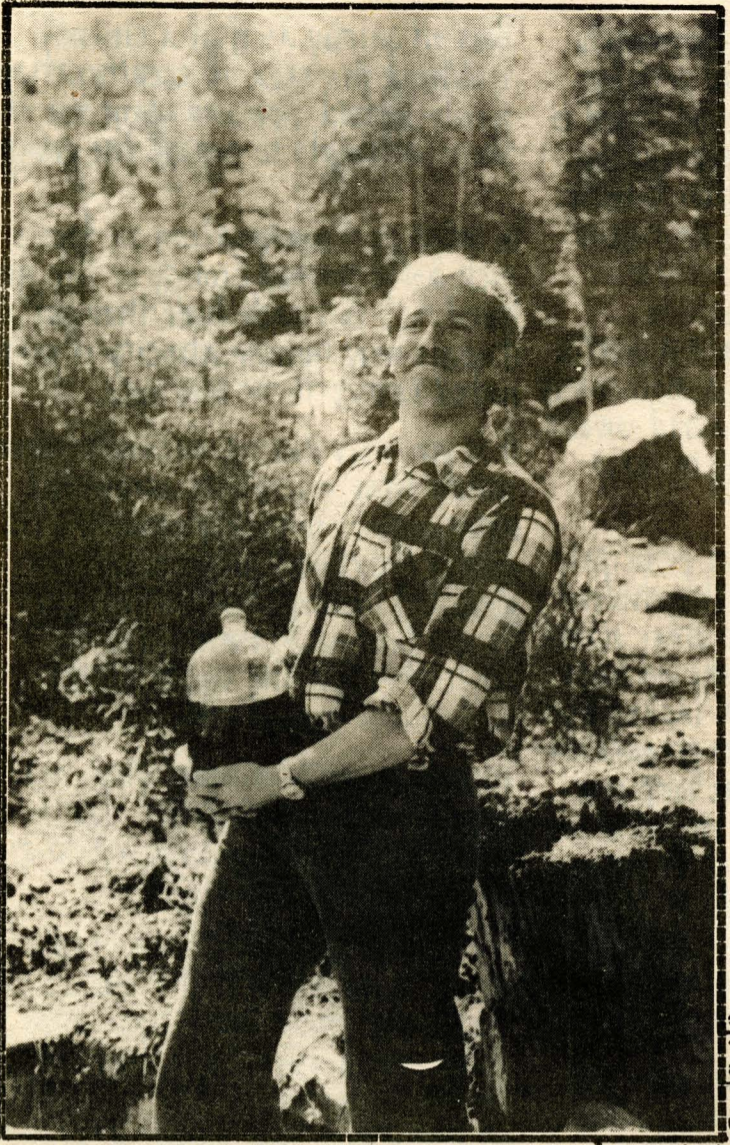
  
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# JUST ANOTHER *sap* ON TURKEY HILL

by ALEX KLEINMAN



If you think that a sap on Turkey Hill is a tourist at the Round House, you're only part right! Turkey Hill is in fact a maple syrup farm in the Eastern townships of Quebec and I'm not sure if I'm the sap or the turkey but I know I've landed a job as boiler for the month long syrup harvest.

The name Turkey Hill hardly evokes images of steaming sap and amber coloured syrup but apparently it has some historic significance! I'm led to believe that this hill was midpoint on the annual Turkey Drive (no kidding) from Brome to Sherbrooke. It was here the turkey drovers could set up camp relatively secure from predators. However one morning the turkey drovers awoke to find their entire flock (or is it herd?) gone. In the words of one of the French drovers as he awoke to find not one feather where there once was a flock, "There they were. . . gone!!"

Well, today, near that very hill stand approximately 300 acres of 150 to 200 year old maples. Big trees even by B.C. standards!

Little has changed in the harvest of maple syrup although with ten to twelve thousand trees to sap some modernization has crept in. Today, as in times past, each tree has to be tapped but these days the worker packs a 40 pound 12 volt skidoo battery, an electric drill and the same trusty snowshoes. At 35°-40° below zero and \$75 a week, four or five hours a day is the usual limit. Doesn't sound much easier than the old days. The horse drawn sled and buckets have been replaced by an interconnecting series of hoses and a vacuum pump, but the principle remains the same. As the Spring days turn warmer the sap begins to flow and Alex begins to work. It takes about 40 gallons of sap to produce one gallon of syrup and that's a lot of boiling. Periodic checks are done for sugar content and sheeting ability and when all's ready the syrup is drawn off, filtered, bottled and ready for the French toast (no racial slur intended). They even use the waste products to produce maple vinegar. No waste!!

Well every time the syrup bottle gets tipped my hat is likewise doffed to the Herman Family, the Turkey Hill Farm and the memory of a part of Quebec that is very much my second home.

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(cont. from page 7.)

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Down the street in the Community Hall the ceremony is just getting underway. Most of the population is present and noticeably spruced up. The scene is vintage Walton family. Two decade old suits are da rigueur, beaming proud parents' faces abound and slick back hair is everywhere. Now and again a gentle breeze wafts in lending a momentary reprieve from the sickly acrid-sweet mixture of Brut, Evening in Paris and Vitalis.

There are five speakers; the principal, a Minister (or whatever) the student council president and two other school board officials. It's the same old lines. The lecture on hard work lacked that essential ingredient in its preparation, while the sermon on the long narrow road of temptation merited only the occasional glance to make sure the mickey was hidden. In the back aisles one of the timberjacks was heard to say something about long winded ratchet jaws.

Just as Peter Bitt, the student council president, was to announce the Grad of the Year Award, a 1952 Dodge Power Wagon squeals around the corner outside in an erratic fashion chased by a cloud of blue smoke.

A speeding image of three long-haired youths is trapped instantaneously in the open hallway doors. A second passes followed shortly by an extremely audible TEATS... YETAHAY!!!!

In the ensuing silence there are many blushed expressions, a number of outright angry looks and the grinning faces of a number of both loggers and grads thankful for the comic relief.

Three hours later convocation ends and the crowd moves out on to the lawn where the picture taking ritual commences. The evening comes back to life with the bright explosions of flashbulbs and chatter, mostly that of mothers giving their daughters last minute advice. Apparently the grad tradition is still very much alive in their minds. Ella Jane clutches her bean and smiles sweetly into the camera. "I finally made it," she says under her breath, "here comes the real world."

The pick-ups begin to pull away laden with smiling waving teenagers leaving the somewhat melancholy oldsters to their own devices. Some gravitate naturally to the Legion having already missed their end of the week hoopla. Others walk home hand in hand.

By now the Hotel is really rocking. Freddy Fender blasts from the jukebox. "Wasted days and wasted nights," that epic of barroom classics. And the natives are drinking themselves into absolute volatile dementia. The firefighters have remained but opted for the safety of the backwall seats

They sit quietly as if at a cinema watching the saga of acculturation slowly unfold. Now and again one of them attempts to engage the group

in intelligent conversation on topics such as Watershed Ecology or the new Forest Act. But each time they get into it some new human atrocity is perpetrated before their very eyes.

It is precisely during one such conversation that somewhere across the room a glass suddenly smashes. A rather short but particularly unpleasant looking native swaggers to his feet and commences to wade through the empty tables and chairs towards them.

Their conversation takes on a sudden interest and everyone starts talking at once, each hoping to escape the pending doom.

The native, quite visibly pissed off, comes to an abrupt halt about ten feet from their table and in a voice like a rumbling thunderstorm he screams "I've had it! Any of you white turkey honkeys got any guts. Come on. I'll take you all on. Come on." He motions them to the door.

The look on each firefighter's face is one of absolute terror. Burnaby was never like this. It looked as if a whole tribe of Apaches had rode horses up their colons, held a rodeo on their diaphragms, a wardance on their vertebrae and proceeded to light a bonfire in their brains.

None of them spoke or even flinched. The entire pub feels like the inside of a vacuum packed tin can.

From the other side of the room the spell is broken as Johnny LaMarsh, a potato farmer from up the meadows, jumps to his feet. In a single motion he doffs both jacket and shirt. His hair jets straight back as if he were riding an intercontinental ballistic missile. His upper body resembles the coastal mountain range.

The native is obviously shaken. It would seem that he had just experienced a very ugly deja-vu.

Johnny says, "Let's get at her wagon burner," as he pushes him out the door headfirst. About five more natives follow but return immediately, shaking their heads and covering their eyes.

The triumphant potato farmer emerges shortly. The native never does. Johnny crosses the bar to where the firefighters sit and as he rubs the loose skin from his knuckles he apologizes for cutting in. They reply that it was nothing and invite him over for a beer. He accepts and drinks with the crew until one member blows him away

(cont from page 6)

Since we were staying in Peru longer, I decided I must ski another mountain from the summit this time. The tury of disappointment from my last

attempt pushed me on. David Clarke and I climbed a virgin peak of 19,000 feet elevation, placed the flag on top, and I had the opportunity to try out my Hexcels. On the way down I caught up to Peter Robson who skied the particular glacier from mid-point and we almost died together in the attempt. We became separat-

ed from the rest of the climbing party and spent the night in wet clothing chattering our teeth and waiting for the light of dawn. We survived and woke in a paradise of turquoise lakes on one side and the now conquered peak on the other. Coming so close to death only made it worth more. I am alive and willing to do it again because the mountains are magnets and ski edges are the metal which will chew them up.

As my friend and climber Del Allen Jones would put it: "Cut loose and die!"

THE END

page  
15.

# COASTAL MOUNTAIN EXCAVATIONS

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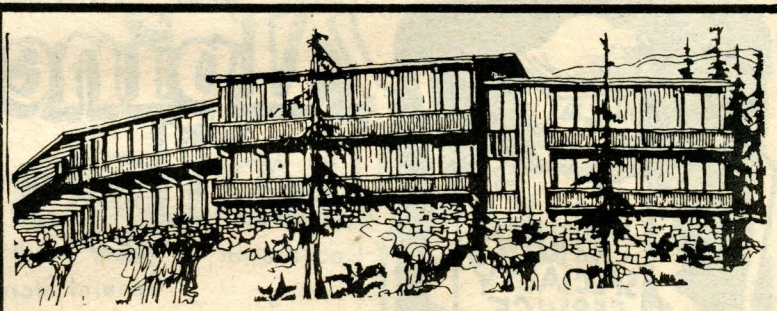
## SANTA MARTA EXPEDITION

The Santa Marta Expedition, organized by Peter Chrzanowski, will be leaving for Colombia in early May. The expedition will travel overland from Colombia through Ecuador and into Peru. Climbing and skiing twelve peaks, including Santa Marta in Colombia, Cotopaxi in Ecuador and Huascarán in Peru, will allow the film footage necessary for a feature length documentary of extreme skiing at its finest.

Canada is now edging into "skiing the extreme," previously dominated by Europe, i.e. Sylvain Soudain. This expedition will explore, and set new standards for those who climb and ski.

The expedition is off the ground but there is a need for donations to cover finishing of the film. All donations can be sent to:

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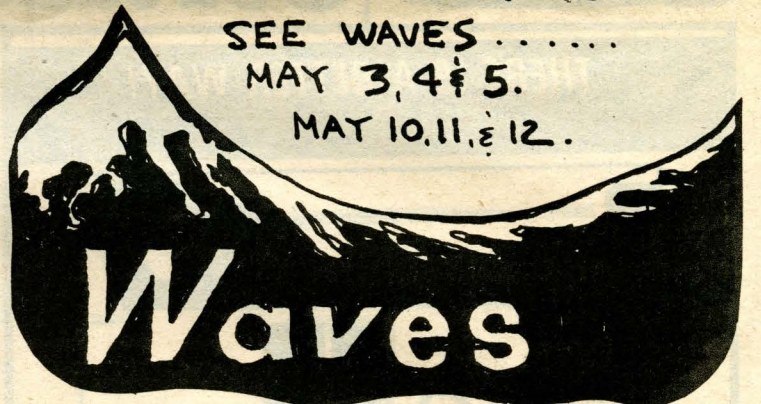


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# WHERE THERE'S WIND and WATER

by **PAUL WINTERTON**



The new sport of windsurfing is apparently catching on. If you look out onto Alta Lake, May through September, you'll probably see a half a dozen or so windsurfers breezing across the water at any one time. These people have the bug. The new excitement that parallels downhill, but in summer, water is the terrain.

If you've never had a chance to windsurf, there are a few visual impressions that could give you the bug too. Seeing a competent sailor command his windsurfer usually does it, but we all don't get the chance to watch as most of the windsurfing is done off shore.

The sailor is part of the windsurfer; the rigging that keeps the sail in trim and driving the board with his feet. Changing the sail position forward or behind the central keel respectively turns the windsurfer away from or into the wind. So the sailor counterbalances the wind's force hanging suspended from the winglike sail, controlling the force to drive the board in any direction. The windsurfer is a true extension of the body.

Sailing upwind is a phenomenon of nature that allows a sailboat to cut through the water at approximately 45° to the wind. The windsurfer, like any sailboat, becomes a vehicle to cruise or race.

Now... sailing across the wind is fast. You're hiked off the side, suspended above the water and the board lifts and planes. As you turn further away from the wind you go faster and faster and without effort the windsurfer approaches windspeed. You know you are going fast but the wind seems to let up. This is a comfortable control position.

This is where agility comes to mind. Because the sail and board are extensions of the body the sailor can manipulate the two to his or her fancy, to spin the board, do slalom turns, or even jump waves in the surf.

Just controlling a windsurfer is fun but as you get into it you find continuous satisfaction in mastering a turn, a trick, or just going fast. If you figure you don't have what it takes - forget it, that's nonsense. Wind and water conditions, like the mountain, vary from beginner to expert. With a good instructor you can pass the novice stage within hours and be stoked like the rest of us. Give it a try.

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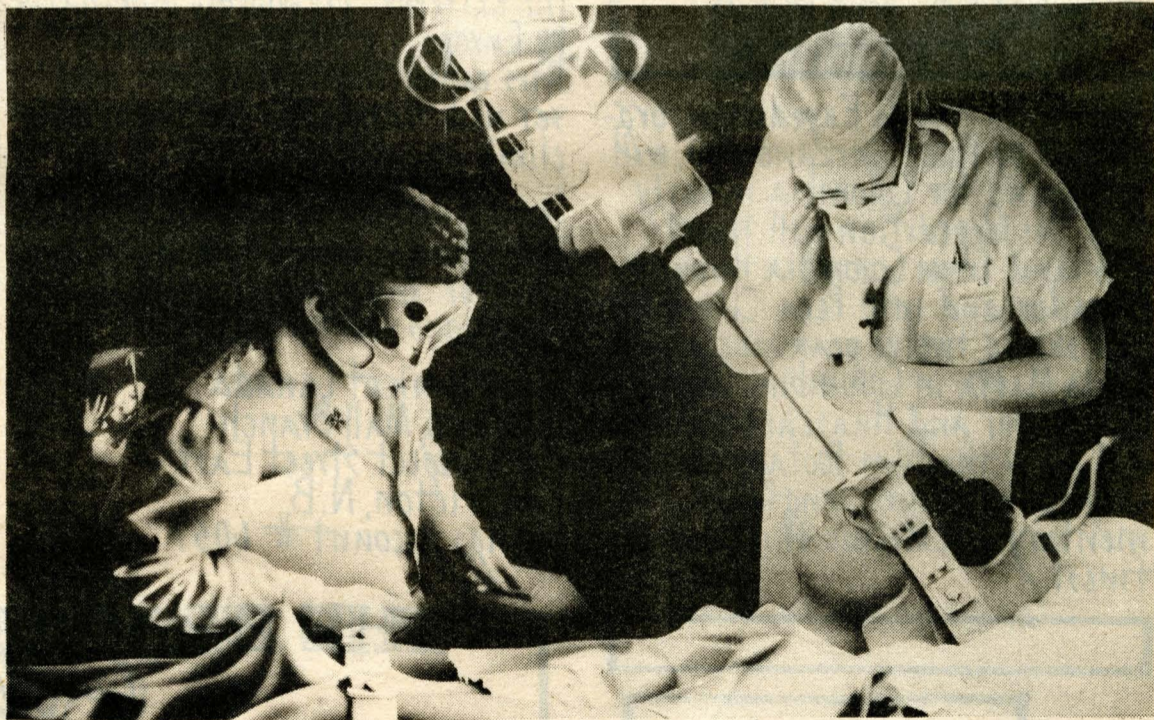
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One of Carl Chaplin's recent paintings

(con't from page 14)  
with some technical trip about French Intensive Bio-Dynamic Agriculture.

Outside the full moon periodically bleeds through the tourniquet of cloud cover illuminating the bright white of fresh snow on the mountain peaks. Up the valley the grads are on a rampage. Pick-ups squeal and slither down straight stretches in an endless procession of midnight drags. A new crop of Grad signs spring up on barns, highways, schools, even mountainsides in a

futile effort to outdo last year's attempts.

And as the night progresses so do the amorous pursuits of some young men. In the quiet darkness of a certain root cellar up valley, Ella Jane finds herself struggling to keep her bean to his promise. Welcome to the real world dear.

**THE  
END**

Further Adventures by  
the master of the  
anagram  
ilrach laynor.

Talking of rife, one other strange binac in Estwhirl is the Rife Lahl. This is quite near the Sopt-coiffe, and like its neighbour, limes away from any binac. Nobody knows if there's anything in the Rife Lahl, because the door's never open. One thing's for sure: if there's ever a rife in Estwhirl, the rife neegin will never arrive in time to put it out, even if they can get the door open.

Many people have asked me about the government of Estwhirl. Most of the government is involved in Lear Teates (pronounced tee tays). As you can imagine, this is a good thing for the country. However, one very ignorant critic suggested otherwise, and to be fair, I'll put his side of the story. He said that land here was selling for ridiculous prices. Anyone knows that, but few would be silly enough to say it. Because many government figures are involved in Lear Teates, he claimed that they are making a fortune. This is nonsense. He also suggested that the new Estwhirl would make certain people very rich indeed, providing that not too many questions were asked. This was so outrageous that the ignoramus was thrown out of town by the citizens of Meerald and Paline Dewsoam, who were staunch supporters of the government because of the prompt action taken when they had no retaw to shaw or roshew in.

Although there are no liceop here as yet, the Ramyo has asked for some. This is, I think, a good idea, for I have noticed much smoking of Top, not to mention the dubious activities of many former staquerts, which should be controlled by the greater vigilance of our friendly and helpful liceop. So, as you can see, all goes well in our country, which celebrates its maturity with this new, moving national anthem, to be sung to the tune of "Camptown Races" - do-dah, do-dah day etc.

Estwhirl Estwhirl strong and safe,  
You're the place for the free and brave.

Chorus: Gwine to be my land,  
Gwine to be my home,  
Bet my rollads on the Lear Teates,  
Do dah do dah day.

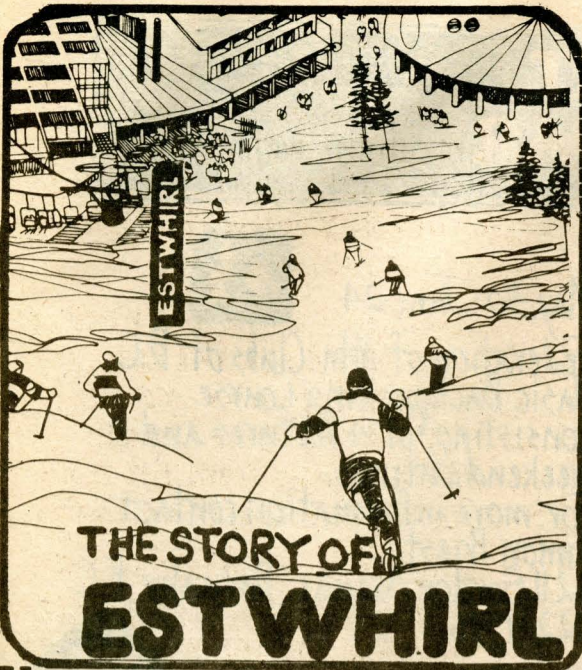
Estwhirl Estwhirl love your bups,  
We drink zoobe from flowing cups.

Chorus: Gwine to be my land, etc.

Estwhirl Estwhirl, where rollads flow  
Into pockets that few can know.

Chorus: Gwine to be my land, etc.

Repeat with occasional shouts of  
"Rollad Alleleuia." THE END



THE STORY OF  
ESTWHIRL

You may remember the story of Estwhirl and how it got its name. Don't imagine it was just a Troyshi, or something that happened long ago, for the story of Estwhirl continues. Estwhirl lives, or vivat Estwhirl, as the Somarn would have said in their strange Talin language.

I told you about some of the binacs in Estwhirl - the Bups, the Coolsh and the Sopt-coiffe. Have you ever wondered

I told you about some of the binacs in Estwhirl - the Bups, the Coolsh and the Sopt-coiffe. But I never mentioned the controversy surrounding the Sopt-coiffe. Have you ever wondered about its location? Just think - it's limes from anywhere, although close to the Braggae Pumd. One unfortunate soul threw his letters in the braggae and his braggae in in the mail-box. But that's another story, involving explicit kingma-vole scenes, and therefore quite unsuited to this article. Where was I? Oh, yes. The location of the Sopt-coiffe. Well, there are two reasons: the first and the second. The first is that nobody would sell any land to the Sopt-coiffe for their building.

Everybody knew that the Sopt-coiffe-ians would never pay ridiculous prices for land, and in Estwhirl all the prices were ridiculous. So the Sopt-coiffe-ians had to find a spot in the trees, far away from anybody. Now the second reason is much more controversial. In Estwhirl there were 2 Sag stations. Everybody knows that

you have to buy Sag to put in your Arc if you want to go anywhere. The 2 Sag stations were called the Kushy and the Fulg. Now the Kushy and the Fulg worked but a fair price for their Sag, then charged some more because they were in Estwhirl as this had become a tradition in the country. One day, the Kushy and the Fulg got together, the dirty beasts, and decided that if they could force the Sopt-coiffe-ians to build their coiffe many limes away, everybody would have to buy lots of Sag to collect their letters. Now I'm a fair minded man, and would suggest that the second reason is a load of shuribb. You know how tongues wag in small countries, but there again, there's no mokes without rife.



"See You Tonight!"

DINNERS

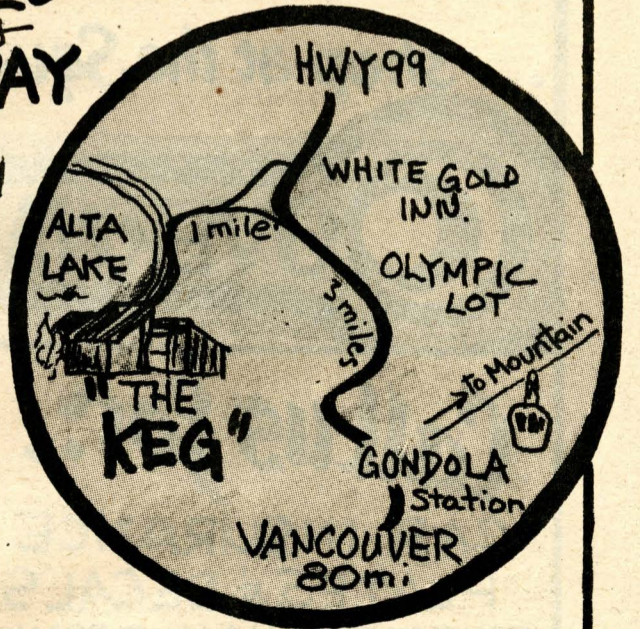
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Bryan Walhond 732-1851  
Clyde Mitchell 271-0201



**AN OUNCE OF  
PREVENTION**

Many different kinds of animals  
inhabit the wilderness. We are most  
aware of the black bear (even if he's  
brown) through his feeding habits.  
In spring he's hungry and likes gar-  
bage dumps. While confrontation  
with bears can not always be avoided,  
a respect for their wildness is the  
key to successful encounters.

• Never Feed A Bear. Bears that be-  
come accustomed to humans lose  
their natural fear and become ag-  
gressive.  
Keep your yard clean. — NO GARBAGE

• When camping, suspend food out of  
reach of bears (10 feet), burn dirty  
cans and don't wipe your hands  
on your clothes while cooking.  
• Pack out garbage when backpacking  
Burying it is useless because bears  
can easily smell it and dig it up.  
• In the wilderness avoid fresh bear  
droppings, berry patches or salmon  
spawning streams.  
• Do not approach cubs. Mothers get  
jealous easily.

# COMMON SENSE

Da Voice of da Woikin Class



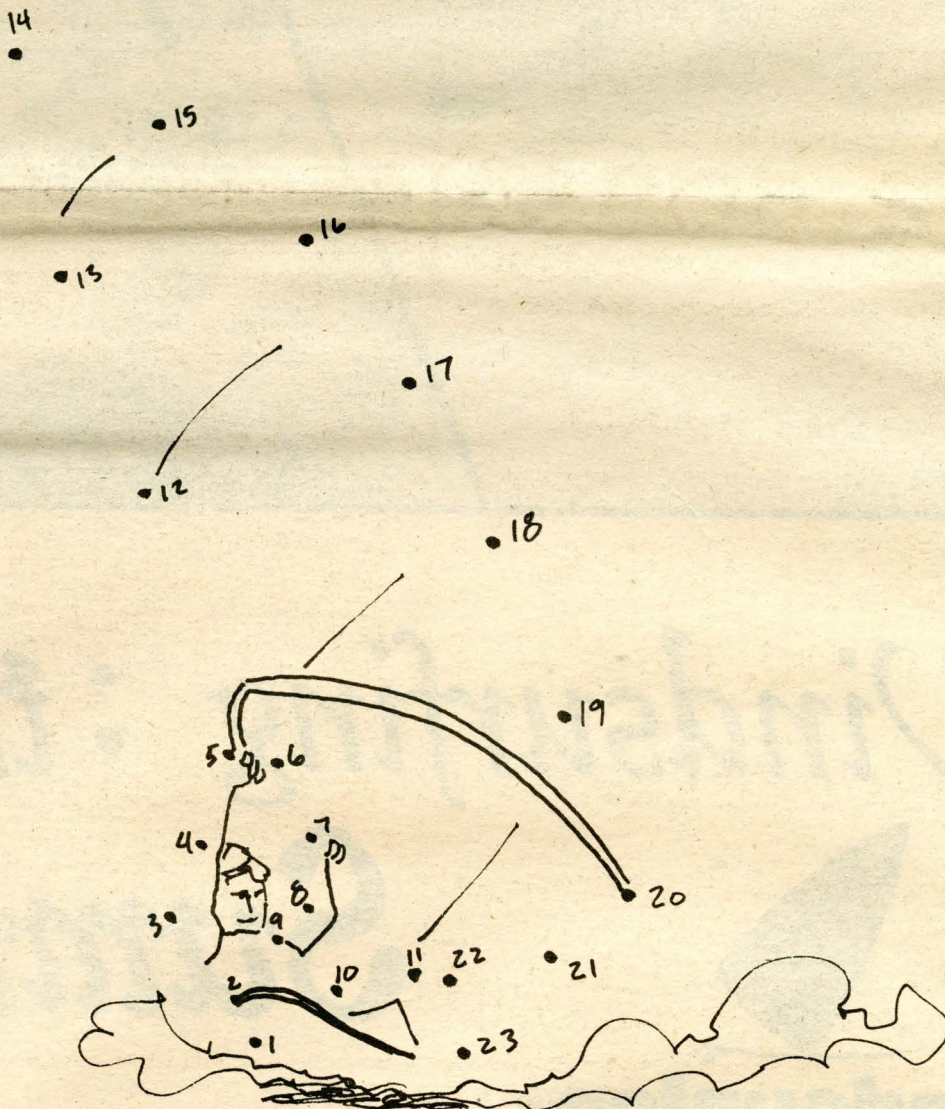
Each morning we do our own beds and floors  
 Then off to work where it's thirty times more  
 For pay that is lousy and not much glory  
 A chambermaid could tell a hard luck story  
 We're stuck inside while you're out to play  
 Keeping you clean so you'll like your stay  
 We scrub, vacuum, polish and dust  
 Changing your linen after your lust  
 Lingerin' hair from pubic to head  
 In sinks, bathtubs, and of course in bed  
 I'm risking arthritis when my hands get so cold  
 Deep down in the toilet bowl  
 We catch a glimpse of your intimate life  
 If you're kinky and/or cheat on your wife  
 Yet sometimes we meet and you're a snob  
 Cuz I'm just a maid and you're a slob  
 Enough dealing dirt, it's not so bad  
 There's the Japanese pillow tips to be had  
 Though a chamberwoman's work's  
 never done  
 In a stoned state of being it can  
 be fun



You can pull a few strings if you  
 wanna  
 And treat yourself to the hotel's  
 sauna  
 The lunch is free if you do it quiet  
 Though most chambermaids know  
 are on diets  
 It feels pretty good when the job is  
 through  
 And the place is ship-shape because  
 of you  
 To sum it up, as with most travail  
 It can be a good time if you give it  
 a try  
 So long now, I've got some rags to  
 meet  
 Been swell talkin to you from be-  
 tween the sheets.



When you do alot of this kind of  
 work  
 Slaphappiness sets in, you can act  
 like a jerk  
 It's humble employ, makes strong  
 practical hands  
 Sneak breaks to the porch for a  
 little suntan  
 Or into the closet for a small toke  
 Perhaps a short bath to relax  
 and soak  
 It'll keep you in shape if you make  
 it a test  
 And whip through the rooms with-  
 out taking a rest  
 My former chamber dame buddy  
 was blessed  
 When she got a screen test from  
 one of the guests (honest!)  
 Some get promoted to the hotel  
 desk



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