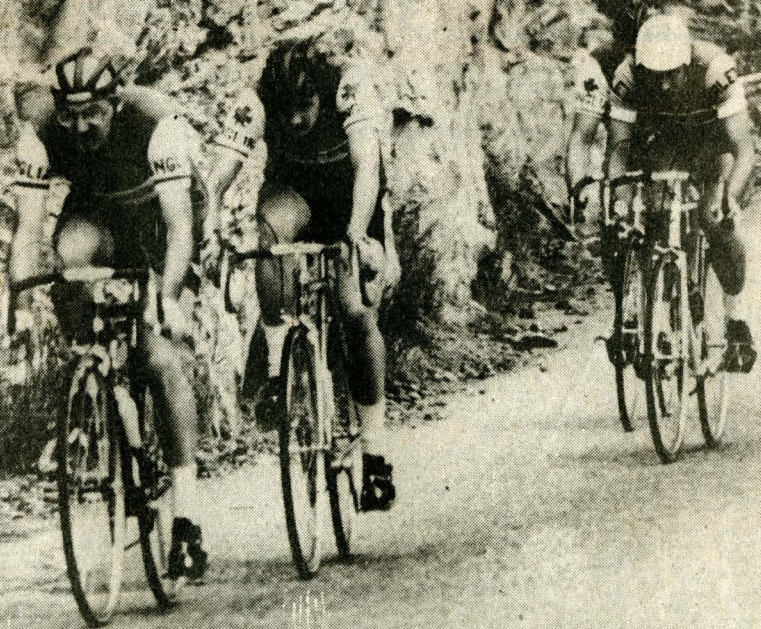


WHISTLER ANSWER



50¢

TANTALUS;
winter in July
UNDER the BARRIER
fiction
MEDICINAL PLANTS
Whistler



WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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Charlie Doyle

EDITOR & ART DIRECTOR

Robin Blechman

CALLIGRAPHICS & AMANUENSIS

Michael Leierer

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Chico

PRODUCTION

WRITERS AT LARGE

BOB COLEBROOK

JIM MONAHAN

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

GREG GRIFFITH

CONTRIBUTORS

FOR THIS ISSUE

Rocco Bonito

Gary Bowles

Dianski

Bob Eakins

Wes Hartley

Barry Johnston

Mark Loblaw

Greg Makarenko

David McGonigal

Margaret Moore

Migel Trotter

Alice G. Rowe

Mike Sadler

COVER PHOTO

GREG GRIFFITH

BICYCLE RACERS

THROUGH

CHEAKAMUS CANYON

EDITORIAL PAGE

PAGE 2

In the "progress marches on" department, Whistler is leaping and bounding.

The town centre underground parking structure is near completion and work is expected to begin soon on those packages that have the parking structure as their foundation. Although progress is somewhat behind the original target date, officials foresee no problem with completion on schedule.

The ski runs on Blackcomb are gradually becoming evident. On July 9th, the helicopter arrived and began logging the upper slopes. A fire on Sunday July 8th, in a slash pile, had a lot of people wondering if there would be any trees left on Blackcomb to remove.

For those of you who have been noticing cloudy, chlorine-tinted water (especially in the Alta Vista area), Don Biggers, municipal engineer, had these words of comfort. It appears that the chlorine is used to cleanse the water-pipes, and is flushed out repeatedly, prior to putting the lines into service. The chlorine noticed in the water is only that residue which resisted the flushing and will soon disappear.

It seems Skylab is on everyone's lips these days. The San Francisco Examiner is offering a \$20,000 prize for the first authenticated piece of skylab turned into them. "Skylab Survivor" T-shirts are on sale and some enterprising soul in the southern states even roped off an area and sold tickets to a skylab landing party. Bar sales were reportedly brisk! It all makes me wonder what the good old U.S.A. has to drop on people before they get pissed off.

The only thing people are talking more about than Skylab, is the weather.

The Annual Garibaldi Bicycle Race, sponsored by the Crescent Cycle Club, was held on July 7th and 8th. The race is run over two days with the first section being from Park Royal Plaza to the Whistler Information Booth and back to Garibaldi. The second leg was from Garibaldi to Pemberton and back to Whistler (150 miles approximately).

RESULTS

- "A" CLASS -

PAUL TETTAMANTI : VANCOUVER

MICHAEL McPHALEN : VANCOUVER

EUGENE ROCHFORD : SURREY

- "B" CLASS -

TED LANDALE : KELOWNA.

AL CLARKE : VANCOUVER

- JUNIOR -

ALEX STEIPA : HANEY

KORY SINCLAIRE : BURNABY

The international field consisted of ninety racers from B.C. and the U.S. The times for the front-runners were in the 6 hour 10 minute bracket over the two sections with the section from Park Royal to Whistler completed in just over three hours. That's faster than a truck I used to own! But then, they didn't have groceries on their bikes.

BACK COVER

GREG GRIFFITH

Local golfer, Dave Smith, is shown teeing off on the 7th hole of the Whistler Golf Course. Dave recently broke the course record, when he scored a 25 on the par 28, nine hole course.



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The Gold Ball

The GOLD ball is here!

This space was originally designated for either an opera review or a literature review on 19th century Russian novels, however in recognition of twentieth century marketing innovations, we proudly present an in depth analysis of the new "Beer Ball".

For many years British Columbian beer drinkers have envied their Albertan and American neighbours over their ability to purchase kegs of beer at will. Kegs allow for convenience and less litter at parties and bizzarbeques, and Westcoasters have been denied the luxury. Until now.

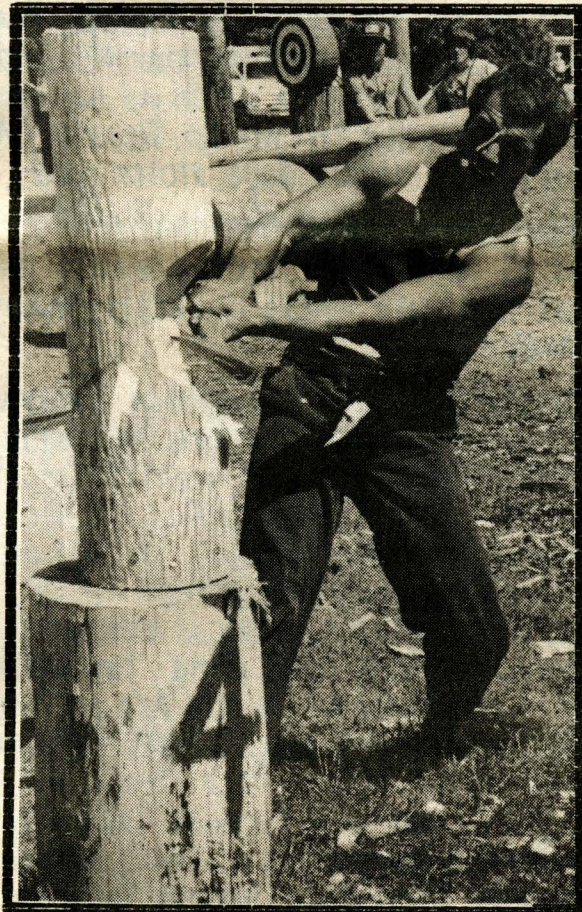
While the beer ball isn't a keg it is the next best thing and doesn't require deposits or return. It is simply a beach ball sized plastic container that holds 55 glasses of the amber nectar. Imagine, draft beer on tap in the privacy of your own home, boat, backyard, or in my case, car.

Logger Sports

This year the Squamish Logger Sports Days are being held from August 2-6. The actual logging shows are on the 4th and 5th of August. This is the largest Logger Sports show in Canada and the second largest in North America attracting competitors from around the world, including Australia, New Zealand, Spain and the U.S.A.

A complete representation of logger sports are offered with the added enjoyment of a Timber Queen Pageant, Bed Race, Pyjama Shopping, Beer Gardens, B-B-Q's, Truck Rodeo and Winnebago Rally.

For additional info, write to Box 68, Squamish or phone (604) 898-3129.

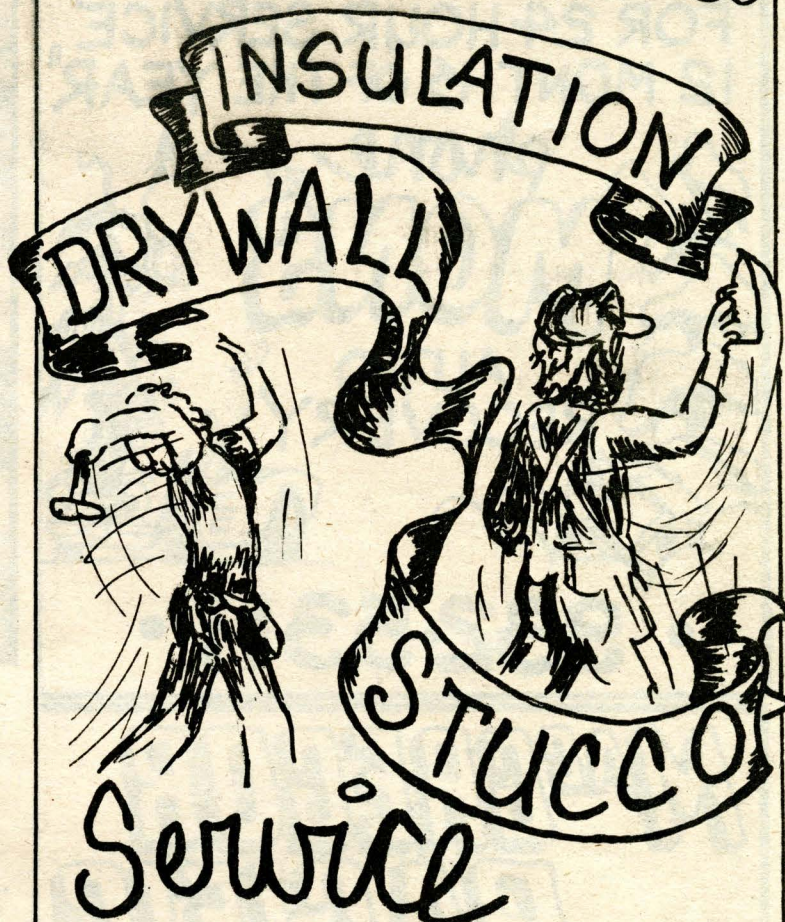


The cost of one of those portable saloons is \$19.50, which, by my computations, is 36¢ a glass, a real bargain as clear the track here comes Shack would say. The only catch is that you have to buy a pump apparatus to extract the beer but at ten bucks it's quite reasonable and it will probably outlast your liver.

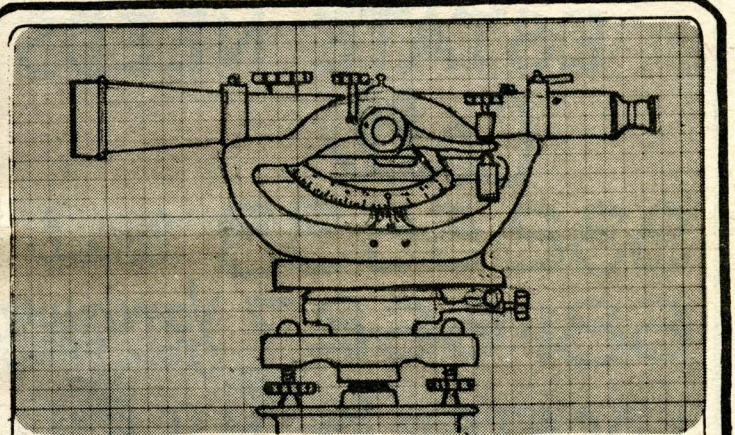
Now, don't run right out to the liquor store and try to buy one of these beauties, for they are only sold from pubs because of their need to be refrigerated.

This new invention is one of those that make you wonder how society managed to function without it. Pop the bloody thing in the ice box or jam some cubes in the box it comes in and you've got the solution for the intolerable summer heat. Good drinking and I'll see you in Valhalla.

LYLE TYSICK



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ALEX SIMPKINS

Alex Simpkins, a resident of Sechelt and sometimes Whistler stonemason, died in Sechelt during the first week of July. Alex lived with cancer for his last five years, but was noted for the gleam in his eye and positive countenance. He worked up to his death. His enthusiasm for life, and for his craft remain an inspiration to me and all those who knew him.

BOB PARSONS

The Answer would also like to pay tribute to Bob Parsons, who died recently. Bob's contribution to ski racing, at all levels in Whistler, was outstanding. At Bob's request, a Memorial Fund is being set up to assist Junior Racing and any contributions should be sent to Sport Canada, 1200 Hornby Street, Vancouver.

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Last issue saw us jumping on motorcycles in Australia and aiming then for Whistler via the rest of the world, but we had only got as far as Singapore.

Just north of Singapore through the sun-drenched jungles and white sand beaches of Malaysia, is Thailand. Thailand (the Land of Smiles; can you wonder when this is the central segment of the Golden Triangle?) is 200,000 sq. miles of trembling paranoia waiting for the inevitable communist takeover from Cambodia or Laos.

The people are friendly though, that is, apart from the small group who like robbing tourists and then burning their gasoline-soaked bodies in a ditch as an impromptu display of the Asian affection for fireworks. Nearly everyone is prepared to sell you anything; sisters, dope, stolen goods, just whatever you want...

Bangkok is one of the strangest of the Asian cities. It does have a lot of incredible sights (twenty tons of solid gold Buddha, etc.) but this isn't where it excels; many other cities in Asia offer much more to see.

Firstly there are the women. Everywhere. The withdrawal of the U.S. troops (if you'll pardon the expression) from Vietnam, et al left 30,000 Bangkok prostitutes at a loose end. This has put a lot of very friendly ladies on the streets and, as a large proportion of the guys are gay, for the price of a meal (in Thailand this would give you change from \$2.00) she's yours. Sadly, so are the almost inevitable medical bills as you are struck down by the dreaded Hong Kong dong; two weeks later it just falls off. . . . It is normally while you are sitting in the doctor's waiting room that you read a piece about Vietnam Rose. That wasn't her name, but rather refers to a strain of syphilis which first saw the light of day in a Russian laboratory and was then introduced into the bar girls of Saigon, and made its way to Bangkok, and I believe there have been a few reported cases on the west coast of the USA. The only hassle with this one is that it doesn't respond to penicillin and is thus incurable.

Thai traffic will probably kill you first, though. I have been to most of the likely spots: Rome, Paris, Istanbul, Tehran, etc., and only Tehran comes close to Bangkok. There is a lot of everything on the road; trishaws, buses, cars (nearly all Datsun Bluebird taxis), motorcycles and various other things which defy categorization. Everyone travels flat out all the time; if you aren't up to traffic speed when the cars behind reach you, they'll just drive over you. The average traffic speed in a street like Water St. in Gastown is 60 m.p.h. or more.

And then there is the dope. An ounce of Thai Buddha for 50 cents and a dollar for a stick of 100% opium resin. It's all grown in the north and despite strong U.S. pressure to make the villagers stop growing it, it is still just pouring out of the Golden Triangle. The King of Thailand wears glasses but on a trip around the area claimed that he saw no opium poppys growing anywhere. He needs a new optometrist.

In one of the most intelligent decisions of the trip we decided to fly the bikes from Bangkok to Calcutta, India rather than re-track back to Malaysia and sail with them to Madras. The big problem is Burma, which is having difficulties enough controlling its own population without having tourists too. One can get a one week visa to fly into the central region of Bangoon-Manadalay but there is no way to ride across Burma to India.

So one morning we woke up in Bangkok and by mid-afternoon we were sitting in an airport lounge at Calcutta's Dum Dum airport looking down on the bikes resting in a craze in the middle of the passengers customs clearance area. We were the first to ever fly any motor vehicles into Calcutta and everyone was really confused.

India is just nuts. I have come across a lot of anti Indian sentiment since being in B.C. but if you visited their country it is almost impossible to not gain an affection for the people. Where else could you be gassing up when the owner comes over and

asks if you'd like a cup of tea. You say "sure" and ten minutes later you are still sitting on chairs out in the dust, knowing there isn't any provision for making tea on the premises and the nearest town is a few miles away. Just as we said, "forget it, we still have forty miles to cover," the gas station

owner gestures to the left and there, coming down the road is a boy on a bicycle, steering with one hand while the other hand holds a tray above his head, with teapot, cups, little cakes, etc., piled on it. He stops and dismounts with a flourish and spreads a table cloth and the afternoon tea begins.

Riding out of Calcutta, we ended on this little back alley, weaving in and out of sleeping bodies, ox carts, dismembered trucks etc., trying to find the Great North Road. We stopped to ask someone for directions and it took them five minutes to convince us that we were, in fact, on the Great North Road. We then did a rapid calculation and put the date for our arrival at Whistler sometime in the 1990's. Luckily, the road improved but it did weave back and forth across a railway

cont. on page 14

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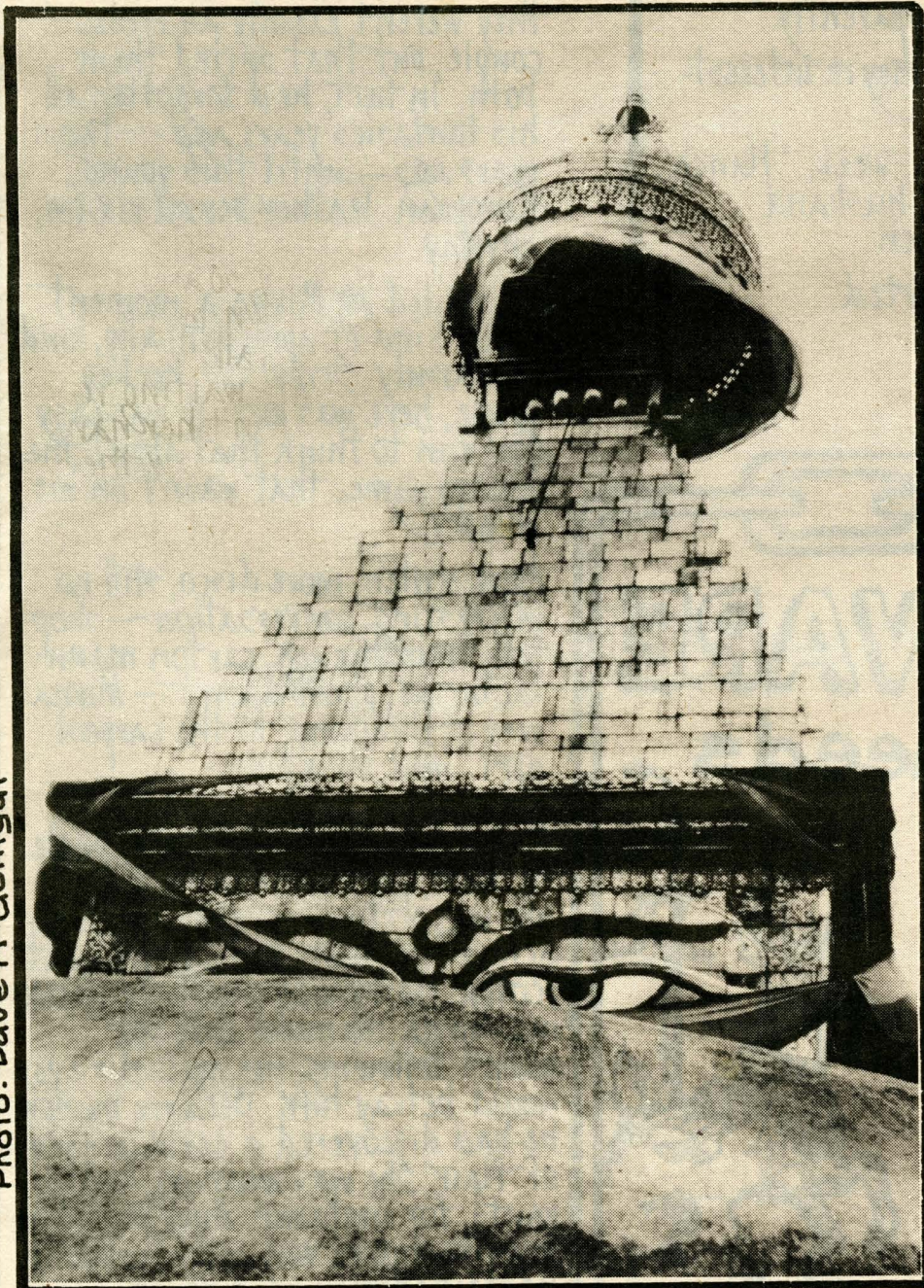


Photo: Dave McGonigal



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THE

PARTY

by Mark Loblaw



Page six

When he first arrived at the house, it felt like a mistake. Still there had been a dilemma, and the decision was made. See, it was the wife's brother's girlfriend's party. And it was either this boring, night of relativity (Harry's idea, relativity), or the wrath of the wife throughout the hockey game. Above the hockey game, more like.

The girl who's party it was wasn't even at the party. At the party: three couples with less in common than the hair dryers they all used, one overweight from someone's carpool, and an Afghan. That's a kind of dog; an Afghan. They brush them, and put ribbons around their necks, for parties like this.

No one, it seemed, had any idea if the stereo worked. Nor had the liquor cabinet been located. Nor had anyone had anything to say.

"Name's Strobel, er, Harry Strobel, Harry, that is," he opened cautiously. "This is the wife, Mirna."

"I heard on the news tonight how they're recalling electric hair dryers. Ones made in the last two years. Dangerous, apparently."

Raised eyebrows all around. That's a reassuring sign, they're interested. But would they say anything?

"Hunch!" someone followed. "We just got a new one last week." Hunch, strange word to use for an exclamation. Probably her husband plays the horses badly, and it's a curse for her. Hunch.

"No, that'd be this year's, I'll bet." The party was started.

Harry wondered if the first period was over yet. He remembered half a bottle of J Walker out in the truck. The Friday afternoon coffee break hadn't finished it. When he got there, he remembered the half pack, still under the seat.

What the hell — the radio in the cab worked, and the party would probably stay on hair dryers for awhile. Easy to get back in to conversationwise.

He was into his second beer, the first period just ended, no score, when Mirna came out to get him. The brother, the brother's girlfriend, and half a dozen couples from the plant had turned up, turned on the stereo, and opened the booze.

"Liz, Gene, this is Mirna and Harry Strobel, Ralph's sister and brother-in-law. Glen, Dawn, Mirna, Harry. Ralph you know, hah hah. Brenda, Don, Mirna, Harry"

On and on it could go, the music just rubbing it in, and the scotch wasn't softening anything yet. He knew there was some consolation for being here, he just hadn't found it yet. The night was young, and

When he looked up again, she was gone. Just as well, he reminisced. Married for some years now. Oh, they weren't exactly an erotic couple, but that suited them both. In fact, he'd forgotten all his fantasies years ago — two years ago — until this young, European, leather-bound vision, anyway.

He smiled at Mirna a moment later, kind of apologetically, kind of warmly. Screw the hockey game, here was love. It was easy for him to think that about the hockey game, that wasn't on his mind.

More scotch, more disco, still no interesting conversation — shop talk from the egg carton manufacturing plant wasn't — Mirna was off talking to the carpool girl. Time for a piss.

Hello. A new girl, sensuous, single. At first, just coincidence that she was sitting in front of him, across the room. But by the next scotch, Harry was carefully checking Mirna, to make sure she wasn't following his eyes. His eyes would betray him. Because by now, he had discovered a certain kind of flair. She was wearing leather pants, for instance. And her slim, boy-like figure was, well, naughty. He started playing with the ice in his drink, to change the subject.

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Squamish LINK

VALLEY HARDWARE

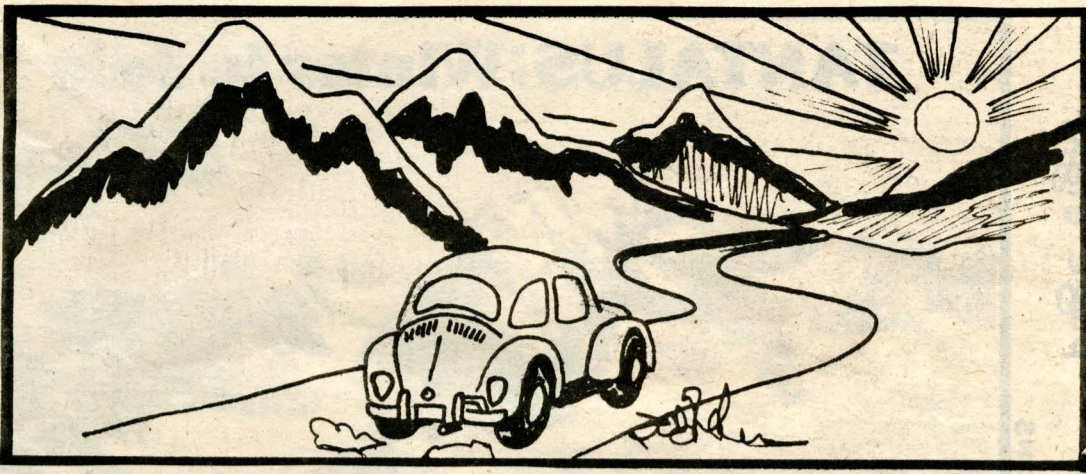
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One afternoon last month, I slugged my way into the Husky deli for a cup of coffee pick-me-up after having waste the day. Sitting down at one of the tables, I soon became aware of a group of four elderly women who I had not seen before. They were all wearing grins and hiking boots. I nudged one of my cohorts, chuckling at the cuteness of it all. Last year, I was employed by a government funded agency to "hang out" with "old folks" and help them meet various needs. Some of them could barely walk across a room, let alone take a stroll outside, and from my intense experiences on the job, I found it almost absurd and delightful to see similar "seniors" in sporting gear. With my curiosity aroused, I approached the women and began asking them what they were into and what they thought accounted for their being in such good health at their age. They were very friendly and open for such an exchange, saying that during their seventy some odd years, they neither drank nor smoked and that they all grew up on the Prairies. I showed them The Answer and told them I'd welcome an article about their hiking experiences if they chose to submit one. A week later I received two letters from them, and the following is a condensed article from their letters. Thank you Margaret (Peggy) Moore and Alice G. Rowe for providing inspiration to me, in the rich example of your life experience, and in the thoughtfulness and kindness with which you do what you do. Thanks to you other ladies too, Eva and Rose, Kay and Eileen.

Life is full of adventures! When we four "seniors" called at the coffee shop for that "cuppa" on the afternoon of June 12th, we didn't think we'd meet a group of young people who were so interesting to talk to! A music student who works with one of nature's wonders — a giant tree! Does he hum Beethoven's Fifth while working? or does he jiggle to rock? I'm sure he must get real inspiration from the surroundings.

We are actually six ladies, but getting six ladies into a Volkswagen is a bit much. We have learned, over the past 5 or 6 years we have been travelling together, to pack carefully and to keep our requirements to a minimum. Every nook or cranny in the car has a boot or a coil of rope in it. We have learned how to get in and out of the back seat without crashing heads together — just a matter of timing — or upsetting the balance. In a nutshell, we use every inch of space and get along well together. Fortunately we enjoy the same kinds of foods and can tolerate smokey toast and nicely blackened weiners. We have lots of laughs.

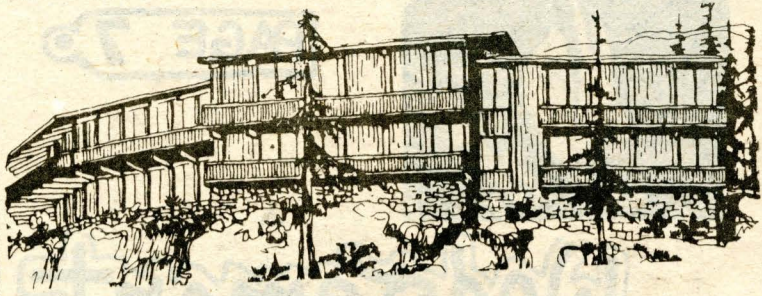
We have hiked into many places; mountains, alpine meadows, rain forests and never cease to be awed at the wonders and beauty we see. In fact, we are great "awers" and "ohers".

Eva pilots us safely along super highways, up mountains, into valleys, over logging roads, along dry creek beds, across mighty paddles. The little bug thinks it is really a four wheel jeep. It goes backward every bit as well as forward. You see, Kay calls from the back seat, "What was that flower?" On go the brakes, Eva pushes into reverse, back we go to find a penstamin, lupin, foxglove, whatever. A beautiful flower and we are happy to see it.

As well as our little group, we are members of the White Rock Naturalist Club. We hike with the club and learn to identify flowers and birds.

I remember one occasion when we drove into a campground rather late in the afternoon — about 6. The camping area was at the far end of the grounds and we had to drive past some motor homes and campers etc. people were sitting around being relaxed and comfortable. Our little craft sailed cheekily past and settled in the camping spot. The doors open and shall we say four "elderly females" get out. In no time flat

cont. on
page
thirteen



Whistler Vale

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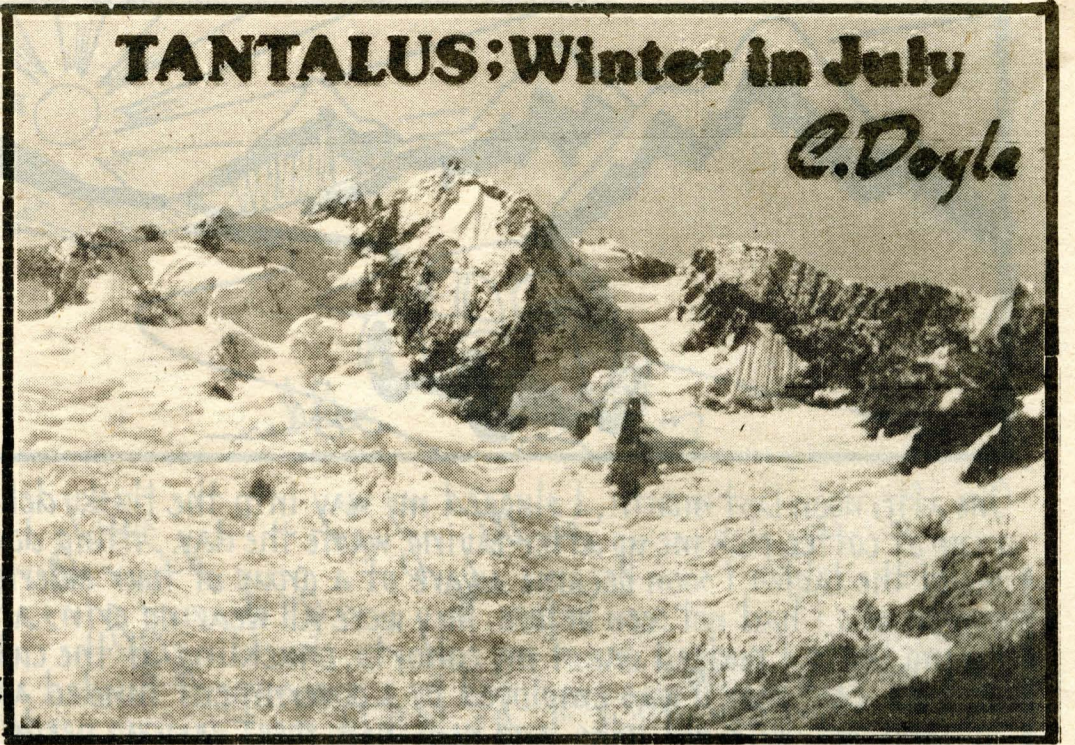
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page eight.

PHOTO: BOB EAKINS

TANTALUS: Winter in July

E. Doyle



Tantalus Mountain is situated between the Squamish Valley and the Sechelt peninsula. It is best viewed from the lookout spot in the Cheakamus canyon. This is an account of a climb by Mike Sadler, Chris Stetham, Michael Leierer and myself.

Mike and I had tried to climb Tantalus before and had been storm-
ed off. Its coastal position makes it prone to unpredictable
weather. This time it looked promising — a phone call to the weather
office in Vancouver confirmed this — "it may cloud up a bit to-
wards the end of the weekend but nothing serious." It was July 1st
weekend.

So in a scurry of last minute packing, we decided to go for it. Squam-
ish Air would fly us to Lake Lovelywater if we got there by dusk.
As usual, we were slightly behind schedule but in some degree of
control. After sorting our equipment, we were in the air above Squam-
ish. The trip was on. "What did I forget?" was on everyone's minds
as the Cessna lifted off and left us at 4,000 feet on the shores of
an ice stippled Lake Lovelywater.

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WHAD' YA MEAN JULY 1ST?

PHOTO: TABERNAC BY DOYLE



Day one was routine. Camp was broke, packs shouldered and the
climb begun. It's always the same at the beginning. Packs are too
heavy, breathing is not regular, there's no rhythm. But gradually
the pace set in. Things went smoothly to 7,000 feet with the only
mishap being Michael's helmet slipping off his pack and skidding
500 feet down a snow slope leaving Michael a short debate with
himself and an extra bit of climbing to retrieve it. Early afternoon
brought us to the Dione-Serratus col where we had planned to camp.
We ate in the shadow of Serratus and decided to break into two
groups to try a couple of routes on Serratus. Michael and I chose a
rock rib and Chris and Mike the snow. Hanging in a belay two pitches
up, I marvelled at the spectacle of an expanse of steep ridges and
cloud filled valleys leading out to the Sechelt Coast. By the end of
the next pitch, a wet fog was surging vertically over us and in another
150 feet it was pouring rain. The rock was like grease. I love sum-
mer in the Coastals. We had to go down. Prophetic as it turned out!
At camp we found Chris and Mike had made it to Serratus Summit
on the faster snow routes and the tent was pitched. Chris vetoed
the bivouac bag idea and the four of us slept in the three person
tent — an arrangement to test our collective sense of humour
and our abilities in organization.

The morning of Day two revealed 6 inches of fresh snow and it was
still howling. Out came the magazines and the cards. Surely it
couldn't last I mean it was July 1st. An hour or so of bouldering
and stretching around the tent broke the monotony. Bugger's
Bridge, Hearts and two copies of Adventure Travel magazine.



PHOTO: MIKE SADLER

A mounting case of tent fever influenced our decision to go for the Tantalus peak regardless of the weather.

Day three dawned slowly. Visibility was poor to nil. Crevasses presented themselves only as slightly darker shades of grey. Going was slow. Snowslides were imminent with 12 inches of wet snow on a slippery base. We gained the Tantalus Ridge to find wet and greasy rock with cracks and handholds snow covered. Although we couldn't see it, we knew there was a lot of air on both sides. We decided instead to climb a snow couloir and gain the ridge further north. A few hours of steep snow and we were on a shoulder of Dione, but a decision must be made. We had only four hours of light; a four hour retreat through deepening avalanche paths and probably three or four hours to the summit. The snow continued. We agreed to go down. It was a difficult decision to make. Money and time had been spent. It was Mike's and my second attempt on this mountain, but none of us had a desire to become a statistic.



PHOTO: MIKE SADLER

APPROACHING SERRATUS SUMMIT

As we withdrew from the summit ridge Tantalus offered a final irony. The clouds broke, the first sun in four days streamed down and we were treated to an incredible albeit short view of the entire Tantalus icefield and range.

It was a tease that gave us a summit of sorts, made us further curse the coastal weather and guaranteed our return in the not too distant future.

page nine

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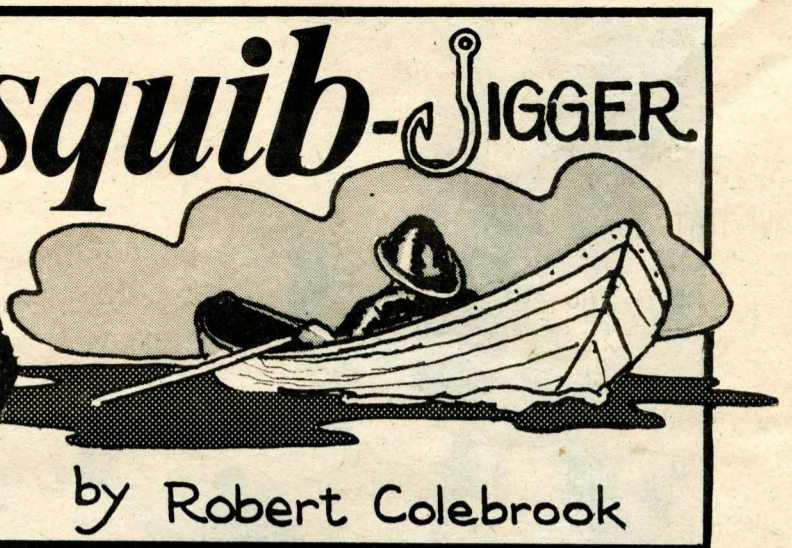
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page ten



squib-JIGGER



by Robert Colebrook

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Once we have summer abolished, it won't be long until we have one of the other major evils to ever plague mankind well under control. This evil is the cause of untold suffering and financial loss, and we will all have to work hard to eradicate it. Alcoholism, drug addiction, gambling and prostitution are minor recreations compared to it. I am talking about, of course, that wicked and addictive pastime: GOLF!

Look, I can put up with the trendiness of jogging, the elitism of polo; the macho of hunting; even the goon squad tactics of hockey, but asking me to condone the silliness and boredom of golf is going too far. In fact, the popularity of golf is second only to the Nazi movement as an example of mass misdirection of the people.

Foot I will not set on a golf course; act, hand, or part I will not have with that sport. It is a perversion of spare time that no intelligent person could sanction. It was Mr. Mark Twain himself, I believe, who said that golf just ruins a good walk. Mr. Twain was a brilliant man, but not even he could foresee the invention of the electric golf cart. The electric golf cart, for the benefit of my zoologist readers, is a three wheeled member of the snowmobile family, usually ridden by corpulent, cigar breathing and beer drinking duffers. * * Duffers - a term used to denote hookers and slicers and other beginners that hack out big divots. * * Divot - a section of turf that inadvertantly gets disconnected from the world because the duffer thinks his club is six inches shorter than it actually is.

One thing I could never figure out was why eighteen holes? Please don't tell me the reason is that nine and nine equals eighteen. They could've at least rounded it out to twenty. That would naturally make the clubhouse bar the twenty-first hole.

Overheard at Vancouver Golf and Country Club:

"What's your handicap, Fred?"

"I only have an I.Q. of 43, Al."

There was a time, believe it or not, when I could've been found out on prime grazing land, in youthful ignorance, searching the rough for my four dollar Arnie Nicklaus autograph. The best that I could ever manage was to break one hundred. And that wasn't my score, that's how many clubs I broke. My favourite golfing utensil was the telescoping ball retriever, for fishing balls out of water hazards, and I became quite proficient at using it, due to extensive practice. You know, of course, that all expensive golf balls have the same properties as divining rods - they both have an uncanny ability to attract themselves to water. If it wasn't for the fact that water hazards are so slimy and sludgy, I am sure that masks, flippers and snorkels would become standard golf equipment thereby relegating the telescoping ball retriever to the status of the mid-mashie, the spoon, and knickers, all relics of the past. The reason I gave up the absurd pastime, besides the futility and frustration intrinsic to the game, was the fact that golf is antithetical to Marxist tenets.

The ultimate achievement in golf is the hole-in-one. And there is about as much chance of shooting an "ace" as there is of a blind parapalegic threading a needle. Christ, you wouldn't even be able to tell where those little four inch holes were without the aid of the flagsticks. The flagsticks are vital to golf, not only do they give you an idea where the hole is, but by observing the direction that the wind blows the flag, you can tell which forest, the left or right one, that your ball will land in.

cont. next page

There are a couple of offshoots of golf, however, that I find slightly more civilized and sensible. I refer to miniature golf and driving ranges. Miniature golf, as played at the PNE, has lots of windmills and fancy obstacles to break up the monotony, and the player need only resort to the use of one club. You can also get the whole damn thing over with in about fifteen minutes. Old golf adage: You drive for show and putt for dough. But if one wants to assert his masculinity, and can't afford a four wheel drive, he can always go to the driving range. Here you get to whack the shit out of hundreds of balls in a very short time, with no particular consideration as to direction. The real thrill is the fact that you don't have to pick them up afterward. It's good therapy to release your latent hostility in this fashion, almost as good as shooting cats with a pellet gun. I am truly at home on the range.

It will be a happy day when golf is no longer indulged in, and shortly after we eliminate summer it will be easy to do away with this so called sport. Fathers can return to their families and doctors can spend more time in the hospital. The many golf courses can be used as pastures, farms, shopping centres, town-house developments and, last but not least, UFO landing sites. Yes sir, the only links I care to see are served with eggs.

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Plants of Whistler

by Wes Hartley

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TRIFOLIUM REPENSE

Many open and grassy situations around the valley are fragrant and colourful with red and white clover blossoms right now.

Find a large patch you like and pick a couple of big paperbags full of the bloodheads, selecting only the newest and most perfect ones, passing over the browning older flower tops. Collect plenty.

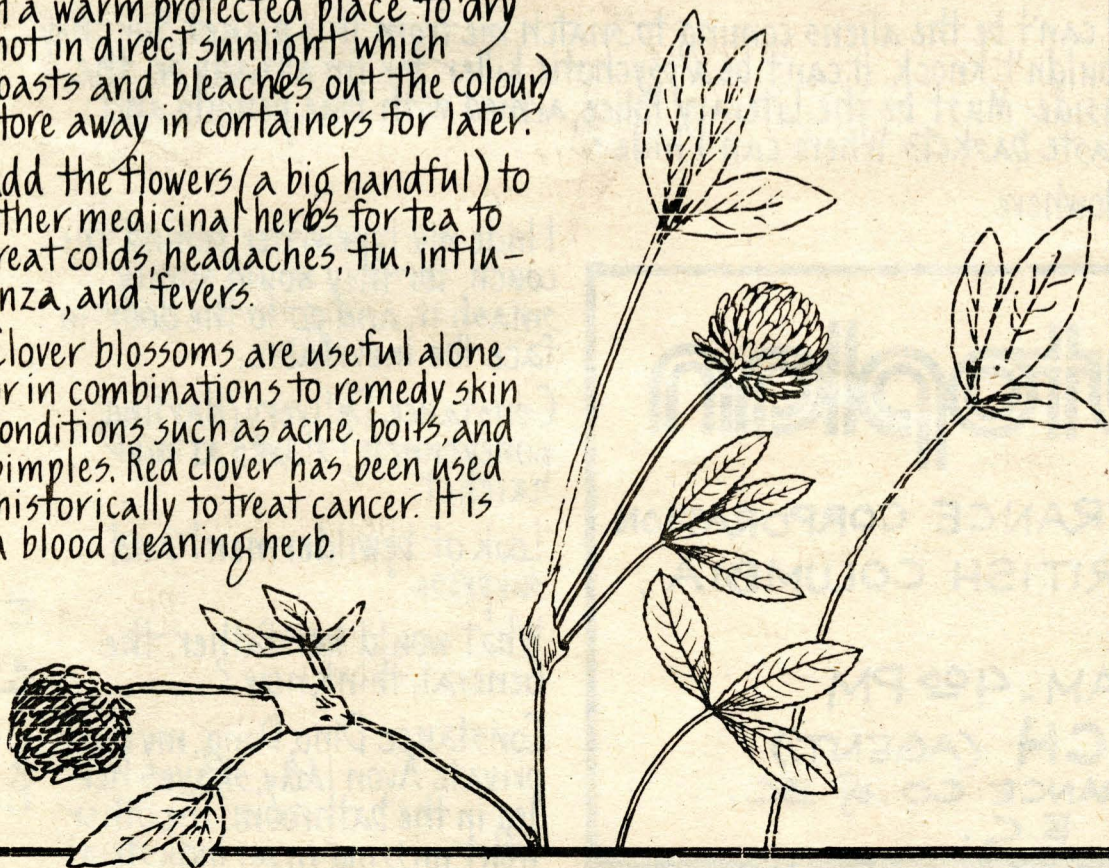
Spread the flowers on newspapers in a warm protected place to dry (not in direct sunlight which roasts and bleaches out the colour) store away in containers for later.

Add the flowers (a big handful) to other medicinal herbs for tea to treat colds, headaches, flu, influenza, and fevers.

Clover blossoms are useful alone or in combinations to remedy skin conditions such as acne, boils, and pimples. Red clover has been used historically to treat cancer. It is a blood cleaning herb.

Other useful skin and blood herbs are yellow dock root, burdock root, wild Oregon grape root, St. John's-wort tops, dandelion root, elderberry flowers, and plantain leaves

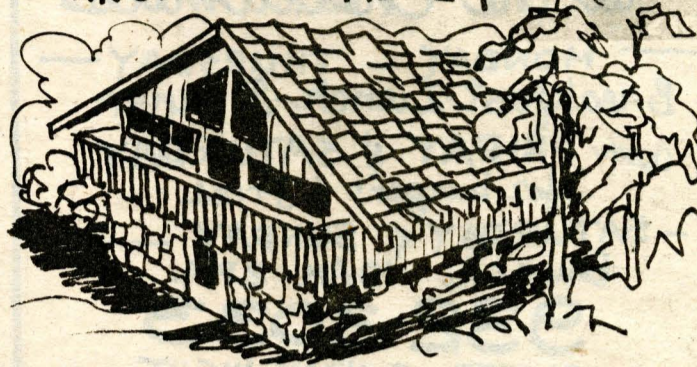
Add the flowers to mixtures of fragrant and spicy herbs for dessert and beverage tea, such as camomile, mints, balms, orange blossoms, fennel, wild ginger roots, and such.



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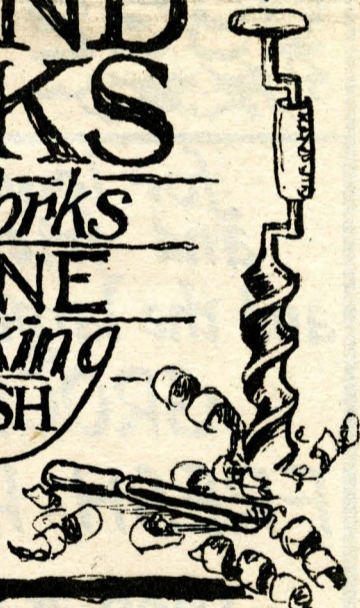
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Ed. Note. The Barrier is a geological formation, formed as a result of receding glaciation situated east and north and above Garibaldi B.C. It is a natural dam that contains Garibaldi Lake, Lesser Garibaldi Lake and a good percentage of the Black Tusk Meadows. A number of sceptics, government bureaucrats and scientists alike believe that the Barrier will crumble in our lifetime.

Rubble Creek calls. The babbling brook.

Transported, physically but unconsciously, back to the distant, much longed for, past.

Going south, turn right after the Bailey bridge.

The highway, thank someone, no longer barrels straight through the community. Residents spared the weekend parade.

Drinks all round, bartender.

But why Garibaldi?

The answer obvious to no one but the person my reflection in the mirror is pondering. Two-dimensional answer at best.

Nature's muzak, swiftly moving water over rocks, lulls the homicidal brain into docility and euphoria.

The trees have us in seige. Eventually they plan to close in, reclaiming the 2x4's, siding and shakes as their lost prisoners of war. They wait, planning strategy, for the right moment. Not unprepared, file my chainsaw. Matches would be unfair.

Night descends, coma-like, down the mountainsides and into the cabin, only to be repelled by the 90 watt bulb. The creek hardly notices. The trees disappear, planning their outrage.

The furry telephone poles huddle together in the wind, a breeze of desire, somehow to be reckoned with. The dialogue of the wind and trees is a threatening one, and even now the branches are intimidatingly beating against the roof.

Bartender, some more liquid paranoia, straight up.

The best is yet to come.

Over it all is the water. Gravity calls it down but the rock temporarily silences the voice.

The question is when will it finally hear the calls. Rock and water tumbling ferociously, ever downward, to its natural destination, destroying all.

I dispose of the glass in favour of the bottle. The shortest distance between two points is a straight line. No detour to a chipped and dirty glass today, thanks all the same.

But then, a knock comes at the door.

Oh no.

It can't be the aliens coming to snatch me from this planet, for they wouldn't knock. It can't be a psychotic killer for I'm already on the inside. Must be the Literary Police, armed with blue pencils and waste baskets. Where can I hide?

Nowhere.

I hide my typewriter behind the couch, for they would surely smash it, and go to the door to face the inevitable.

Constance Delivery (darling, honeybunch) stares at my hatchet.

"Look of bewilderment and surprise."

What would her father, the General, think now?

Constance Ding Dong, my own private Avon lady, shaves her leg in the bathroom. The other went missing in an industrial

-continued from page 7-

we had decided where the two tents would go and in 18 or 19 minutes the tents were up and we were starting on our supper preparations. Two people next day complimented us on the way we set up camp. After we had our supper and were sitting talking about the days adventures, a lady in a nearby motorhome came to our table, she looked over the car and the camp and said, "I don't believe it, I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" She seemed a bit stunned. After a nice visit, she invited us to come to her motor home for coffee, which we did. She gave us perked coffee and a very delicious cake; we had fine dishes and sat on plush-covered seats—all very posh, and then we all went "home" to our tents. The seats were hard benches, the dishes were tin plates and mugs, the cutlery was our oldest, our beds were air mattresses and sleeping bags—once in awhile we had a "waterbed" (after a rainstorm for instance). Of course the glowing coals of an evening fire calls for toasting marshmallows and a song or two. Rose has a never ending supply of songs and Peggy the sweet voice of a lark.

Another time a young couple asked us if they could take our picture, so we obliged. They seemed amazed at our outfit—or maybe at us.

We hiked in to Cheakamus Lake and did the round trip of the four lakes: Alice, Edith, Faun and Stump. Faun Lake was our stopping place for lunch and here we met a group of naturalists. However, they weren't our kind of naturalist. We are modest with no false modesty. We are not pruders but not quite used to this communal nudity bit. On some homo sapiens a bit of drapery is a great improvement.

Our longest trip was over 4,000 miles. 3 of us visited Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Bryce, Zion; we saw Yosemite and Crater Lake and many other places. But nowhere is there finer mountain scenery than right here in B.C. This province has every kind of climate and area; mountains, water, desert of the Okanogan, rain forest of Long Beach. It is truly "Super-Natural."

Being a senior has many good things about it. No one wants to get older, grey-haired, or bent and have arthritis. Speaking personally, my senior years are perhaps more satisfying than many before.

We hope that the girl with the exciting dark eyes will become editor of a famous newspaper and that the faller of trees will enthrall audiences and that the others too will reach their goal in life. There doesn't have to be a generation gap.

• CONTINUED from page 6 •

That's when the consolation he was waiting for, consolation for missing the hockey game, consolation for this night, that's when it happened. On the way to the bathroom.

"Get behind me, Satan," might have been on Harry's lips as he peeked in the darkened bedroom, the one with the half-opened door. Might have been, had Harry been that type. He wasn't.

The sound coming from the bedroom was coming from the lips of his European dream, he could tell. It was the kind of sound that suggested that perhaps she wasn't alone. Harry was "too far gone" into his scotch-experience for that to matter. He slipped into the room, every one of his biennial fantasies springing to life, and softly closed the door.

To be continued.

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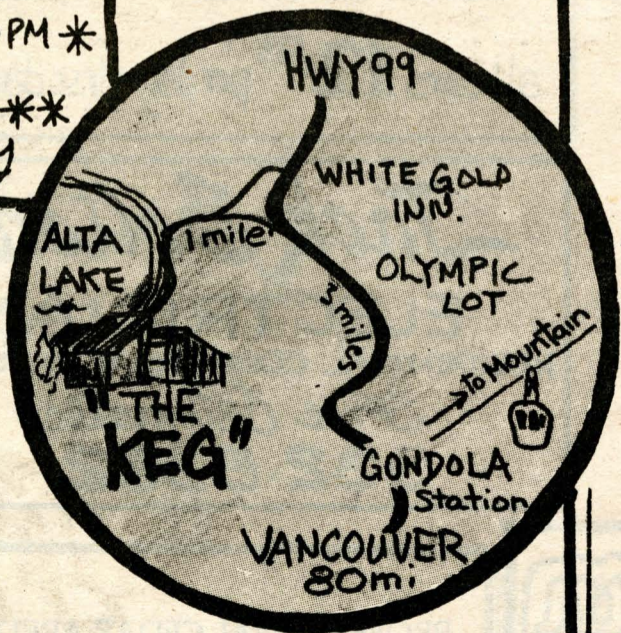
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accident but I dream that I hacked it off, at a clever attempt at trying to stop her leaving.

Am phew tea?

No thanks, I'm on the sauce again, besides, I never liked dancing anyway.

Swimming in circles my brain longs to do something decisive.

Melodiously, with apparent glee, my voice tells the Queen of Hopscotch that the Barrier won't last the night intact.

Will I have time enough to finish the epilogue of Crime and Punishment, my disbelieving ears hear.

We haven't much time I insist.

Oblivious to imminent disaster, her mocking tone chauffeurs me crazy.

Non Compos Mentis.

Apparently, the dogs in Pompeii went berserk just before the disaster struck. My dog, a setter called James Joyce, conveniently contracted a broken leg, necessitating a stay at the vet in town.

No shit, it's coming down tonight, I bark at my princess, the heir to the throne in Pogostick.

She thinks I have forgotten to take my medication. You have to have a good memory to be mentally ill these days.

She has the audacity to put a record on.

We are going to enter eternity to the strains of "The Angels Want to Wear My Red Shoes."

But wait. Maybe we have already died and this world is actually Hell. It would certainly explain a few things.

The decision can't wait any longer. Now or never. Never? What a silly concept.

She lies prostrate on the couch, seemingly lost in the music.

The bottle falls, empty, from my hand, only to be replaced by my month old axe. Damn fine axe.

Her closed eyes miss the beauty and grace of the arc the steel edge defines.

On impact the sound is sweet.

This axe was not made for wood.

Her only leg falls on the carpet.

The feeling is akin to fixing a wobbly table.

One more quick chop in the chest and there is one less victim for the Barrier to claim.

Outside, the creek sleeps, but the Barrier accepts the sacrifice and postpones its devastation yet another night. **THE END**

by Robert Colebrook

Recommended reading: Great new autobiography of a baseball player who fought alcoholism entitled, *Catcher in the Rye*.

continued from page 5

track. It was impossible to average more than 39 KPH anywhere in India and here even this was prevented as we had to wait at about 20 rail crossings, every time for the same train. We found ourselves on waving terms with the Guard by the last crossing.

We were waiting at one level crossing and there was the usual crowd of people just standing around. They all come over and one started opening baskets and draping snakes all over the bikes. I used to have a pet snake and recognizing a green tree snake (the same as Elbereth, my snake) I picked it up, much to the admiration of the crowd. Trevor just sat there and laconically said, "Well, it LOOKS like a green tree snake..." I gave it back.

Our snake charmer then set out to provide a cobra-mongoose fight. The mongoose was let loose and just danced and chattered like a bantam weight waiting for his chance in the ring. He was obviously cobra siesta time however and everytime the lid was lifted from his basket, the mongoose would leap into the basket and cream him before the cobra even realized this was fight time.

The snake charmer, seeing his best chance for revenue for the week slipping away, threw the mongoose back in his cage and produced a flute. I guess not all snakes like flute music? At least this one was quite happy to sleep it out. The charmer grabbed the snake's head and dragged about a foot of it out of the basket but when he let go to play his flute, the cobra just slid back into the coil. By this time the train had passed and the road was clear so we rode off as best we could, crying with laughter. Our last view was of the snake charmer beating the shit out of the cobra with his cap. That's show biz..... **CONT. NEXT**

COMMON SENSE

Da Voice of da Woikin Class



by Greg Makarenko

It was about 3 years ago while I was grunting it out as a labourer at the Whistler Sewage Plant that I decided a change was needed. Having always had the urge to fly airplanes, that is the direction I took; making the necessary dollar by enjoying myself. Now when I look at a shovel I break out in a cold sweat.

For the last while I've been employed by a company which has part of its operation in the Eastern Arctic and High Arctic Islands. The flying consists of scheduled services to various Inuit settlements, a charter service and airplanes working on contract to different companies and agencies. The flight crews work on a rotation basis, usually one month on and one month off. During the month on you will be flying every day, weather permitting, and often be on night call for medical evacuations during the night.

It would be difficult to describe an average day because each day brings something new and different. The day will start at about 6:00 a.m. with a call to the weather office for a briefing on weather conditions to be expected on route and at destination. A hasty breakfast, then down to the airport for flight planning, aircraft fueling and preparation. You may have seen flight suits with all the zippers and pockets and wondered what they are all for. Well, they are for avacado and tomato sandwiches, cans of apple juice, granola bars, bubble gum, a racy paperback, and perhaps a deck of cards for when you have to spend time on the ground.

Some of the work we are doing up there is off strip or landing in places where there is no airstrip, e.g. glaciers, on the frozen sea and the polar ice cap. In this case we use an aircraft with wheels but the wheels have skis that can be lowered and raised hydraulically. One of the more interesting trips I had was to set up an

iceberg radar tracking station on Bylot Island. Bylot Island is mountainous with mountains about 9,000 feet high. The station was to be on a ridge at 8,000 ft. and landing had to be on the snow on the ridge. Oh my puckered anus!

The scenery was unbelievable with glaciers three to five miles wide going from 9,000 feet to sea level, all fall line and smooth as a pool table. I was going *ga-ga* and wishing I had my skis with me. Well, next time.

This time of year it's daylight 24 hours a day, not too cold, the sea ice is breaking up into ice floes and the tundra is alive with flowers and wildlife. Often flights are made low level to get a better view of the walrus wallowing on the ice, polar bears hunting and pods of whales migrating. There are places the water is just alive and white with beluga whales on the move. With the 24 hour daylight the Eskimo child-

continued on page 16

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ren start playing hooky from school and at times it's very difficult to get to sleep with them playing playing baseball and running around at 2:00 and 3:00 a.m. They have no timetable; they eat when hungry and sleep when tired.

Offentimes flights will take us away from home base for a few days at a time. A couple of months ago I had the opportunity to go to the North Pole for three days and stay at a scientific camp. The flight left Alert, which is the northern most settlement in the world, and took about four hours to the pole. With no navigational aids in the area and map reading out of the question it gets fairly involved keeping track of where the hell you are. There was one point where I started having doubts about position, and out of the blue this man in a red suit, riding a sleigh being towed by what I at first thought were caribou, pulls alongside waves, and leads us right to the place. On arrival, we had a little chat and I mentioned a few people from Whistler. He seemed to know most everyone and wanted me to relay a message to some of you. If you're good boys and girls there will be new skis and boots for you next Christmas.

P.S. Now, I'll bet all you boys at Whistler are wondering what Eskimo women are like. Well, they're a lot like Oriental girls, you know. Long, sinewy arms terminating at an elbow continuing to long sensuous upper arms terminating at an armpit, hairless of course. They have elongated, egg-shaped skulls, with plentiful locks of black hair, slightly slanted, full, black eyes, like black-eyed peas floating in a pool of whale oil. Mentioning of course, in passing, the slender, land bridge nose and proverbial hairless lips. In the leg department, we have full, bulbous calves and thick, stocky thighs, to enable them to trudge across the tundra, mile after mile. As they look out from under their fur-lined parkas, they seem to be saying, longingly, "oobey ta kabloona" which means in English, "fuck the white man!" I met a local lovely in Povungnituk named Loona Havituna, whom I loved dearly. She had lovely eyes, was very intelligent, and adored to sing the songs of the Inuit, her native people. She was very proficient on the sealette, a local instrument consisting of a caribou hair stretched over a seal's ass. I remember her wailing horrendously into the moonless void of the midnight sun. No bay rum for these girls; one could detect the faint odour of

MAKARENKO PHOTO



GREG AND HIS TWIN OTTER IN THE HIGH ARCTIC

seal oil emanating from their slightly parted lips. Kleft her with memories of grizzly bear underwear hanging above the bathroom sink in the igloo. Also in-

teresting in this area is the fact that roosters never crow in the summer because the sun never goes down; and a favourite local saying is, "Does a polar bear shit in the woods?"

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