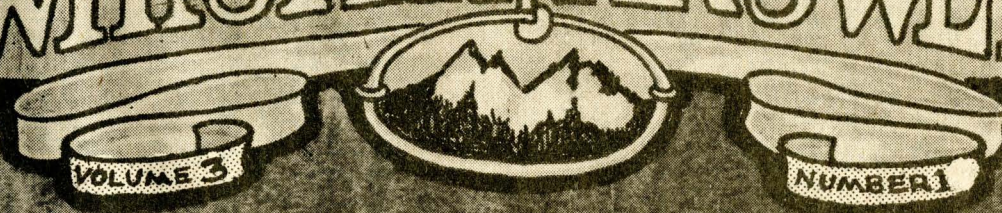


WHISTLER ANSWER



50¢



• **BLACKCOMB Enquirer**
• **The Finding of LOST LAKE**

WHISTLER ANSWER

EST. 1977

BRITISH COLUMBIA
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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COVER PHOTO

Photographer Gary Bowles catches a lasting glimpse of Linda Hogg, as she sets out for England, where she plans to make her new home. Bon voyage, Linda!

EDITORIAL PAGE

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2

Well, the Resort Municipality of Whistler Amendment Act (Bill 34), was passed, which surprised no one. The voting was along party lines, which also surprised no one. The Bill was called "a license to print money" for the Socreds and "an act to aid the developers of Whistler."

Aspen was the model held up to us as proof positive that the Resort Association is a positive move. It seems the powers that be are hell bent in turning this into another Aspen, and with the Association vote weighted to the money, you can bet that local interests are about as important as a fly on a water buffalo's ass.

* * *

In the water department—the "sometimes on sometimes off" situation in Alta Vista is becoming a little annoying. Resident engineer, Mr. Biggar, tells us it was a breakdown in the temporary pump and the full time pump should be here soon. I have to wonder why in an area with so much clean water flowing downhill we can't let mother gravity take its course. I mean the Romans were doing exactly that when they built the aqueducts 2,000 years ago and they're still working fine. The Municipal Works' reasoning is that the supply of water from the pumps will be "more reliable." More reliable than what?

In Alpine there's still people getting all their water from garden hoses. In Emerald some places won't see water next winter let alone this summer.

Ironic that in a town where so many millions are being spent in one section, that people are carrying water in buckets to their 100,000 homes.

* * * * *

The July weather this summer has been uncommonly warm and dry. Although this may be a boon to holidayers, it should be noted that the forest fire rating is high and that there is a total ban on campfires in the area. If any fires are noted, be sure to report them at 932-5111.

* * *

Readers may wonder about our centre fold, the Blackcomb Enquirer. This appears, not because we particularly like these types of publications, but because we feel that it is the first step on the eventual road to Aspen II. Hell, maybe one day even 'litties will drive Mercedes. Anybody offended by this material can go jump in the lake of his/her choice.



Aqua-nuts will be happy to hear about the Molson Fitness Swim on Sunday, August 19 at 1:00 P.M. Those warming up for the channel swim will have no problem negotiating the distance from the Wayside Park to Adventures West. This event is open to anyone 19 and over and there will be post-swim bash at the Christiana.



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GRIPEES GREETINGS

& assorted trivia

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For the benefit of our readers who don't feel the need to consult other publications, Russell Baker is a Pulitzer Prize winning humor columnist and is syndicated in hundreds of newspapers in North America. Baker and Art Buchwald and Erma Bombeck are the only members of The American Academy of Humor Columnists, an organization that exists solely for the exchange of witty correspondence. The following is not an example of witty correspondence.

The New York Times

229 WEST 43 STREET
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RUSSELL BAKER

July 24, 1979

Dear Mr. Colebrook:

The Humor Academy was very happy to receive your application for membership. It was the first one we've had in two years, and we were very pleased to be able to reject it.

I hope you will not be hurt by this. The purpose of the Academy is to keep people out, and until you came along we hadn't had anyone to exclude for such a long time that we were thinking of closing it down. You gave us cause to continue.

We are grateful and hope you will continue to apply for membership from time to time so that we may continue to function successfully.

Sincerely,

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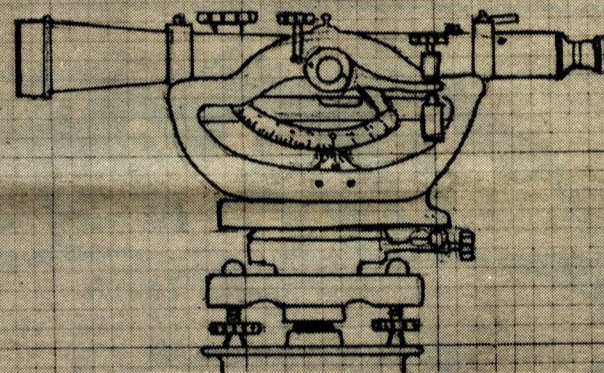


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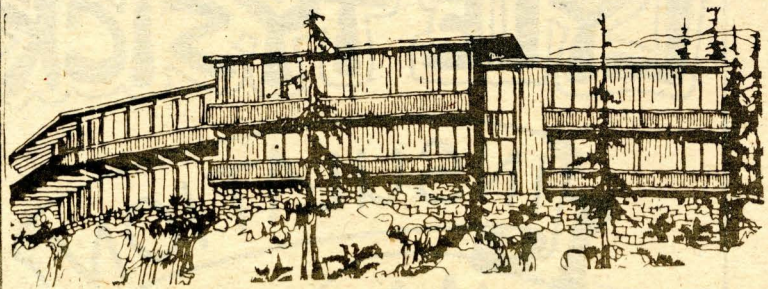
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The Finding of **LOST LAKE**



GRIFFITH PHOTO

With a ski mountain growing on its shoulders and a resort in its lap, Lost Lake is far from lost. But even I can remember a day when it gave me a certain joy to steer some unsuspecting tourist on an unguided tour of Blackcomb logging slash. It wasn't malicious; it was just an attempt to preserve the meaning in a name. Call it historic preservation.

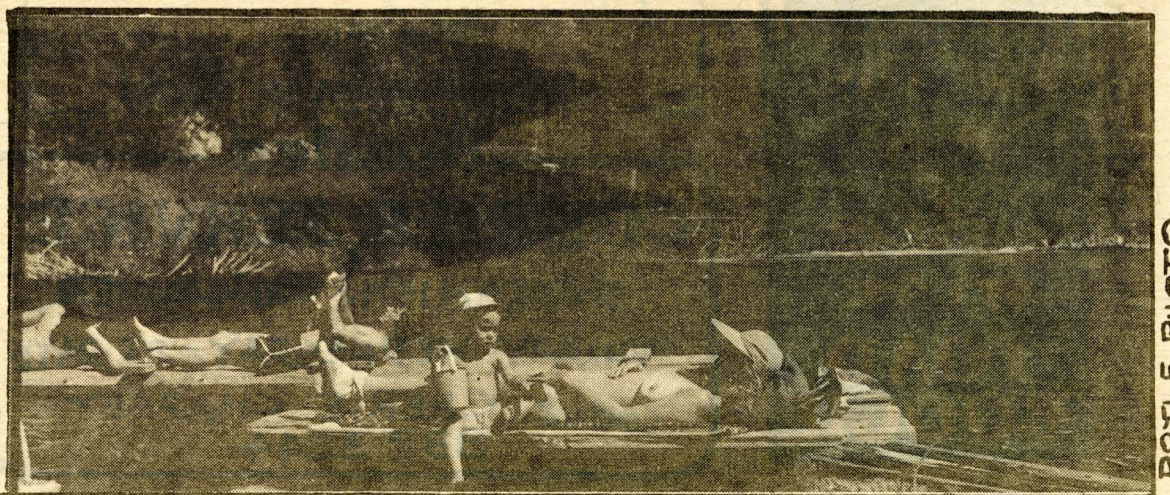
The first to experience the cool beauty of Lost Lake were probably the trappers of the early nineteenth hundreds who worked a circuit that included Lost Lake and adjoining marshes. Those most responsible for the finding of Lost Lake have to be the loggers. The remnants of an old mill still remain at the north end of the lake, and the logging roads are more than likely the only reason any of us make it to the lake.

Today Lost Lake is the ultimate swimmin' hole. It's the first water in the area to warm up in the spring, just when the trout start to move to the deeper, still cool, recesses. Bathing costumes are optional but no big deal is made regarding your choice. (The R.C.M.P. once followed up some prudish complaints only to find that no one had I.D. or pockets to put them in.)

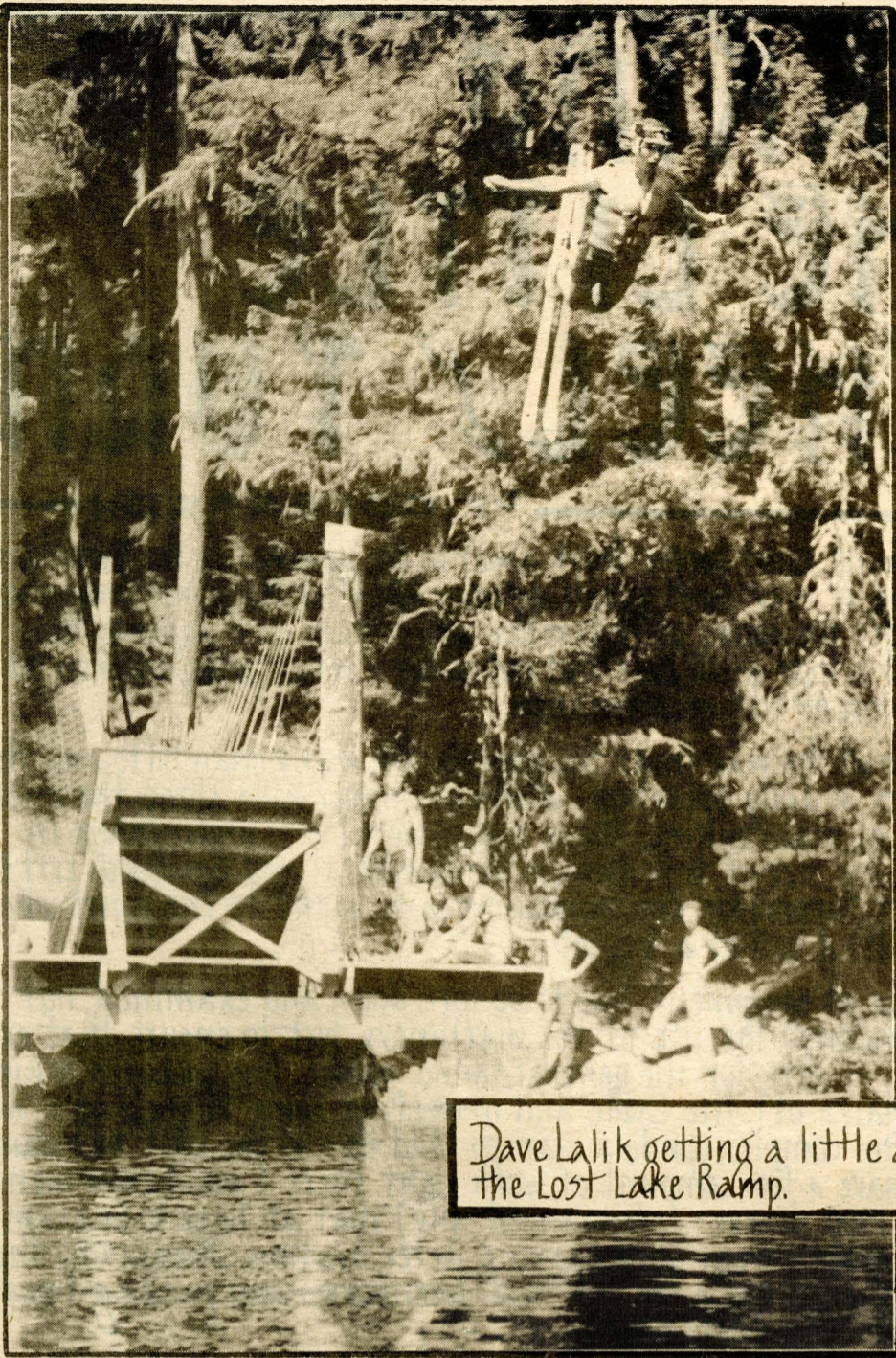
The worth of any swimming hole is directly proportional to its diversions. I mean, one can only do so much swimming. For the sun soakers there's numerous docks and rafts (the difference between them being, one is tied to shore). For those who like to enter the water from some height, there's the old tree where the top limbs lean 60' above the lake. For those who prefer to jump with skis, there's the Summer Air ramp; a freestyle training ramp covered with the plastic "grass" from the bottom of the Olive Chair. The vicarious excitement of watching some "less than hot" dogger pull off a full face landing upon completion of a faultless 1 1/2 flip is enough to liven up the most boring tanning session.

Oddly enough, Lost Lake is not slated to become some developer's wet dream. Applications are in to establish the Lost Lake area as a park to limit vehicular use, to promote people use, to insure the continued cleanliness of the area and perhaps even to build a beach at the swampy south end of the lake.

So when the thermometer hangs in at 100°, the builders start at 5 A.M. and the logging stops, let's hope that the finding of Lost Lake won't spell its eventual loss.



BOYLE PHOTO



Dave Lalik getting a little air at the Lost Lake Ramp.

Photos by Doyle

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Bob Eakins of Whistler is shown behind his current project, a 17' cedar strip canoe. This relatively new design of cedar strip incorporates no ribs but consists of glued cedar strips incased inside and out with clear fiberglass. Bob has had to convert his living room into a shop due to the non-existence of any suitable work space available in Whistler and will probably be forced to locate in Pemberton if commercial production can be considered.




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MAKING THE LITTLE WHEELS TURN

by COLEBROOK

The last thing most people think about in the summer is the mountains. Once skiing is over most people dismiss Whistler Mountain from their minds until the snows of November alert them once again to the sport that brings us all here. But not so for a select group of men on their mission of lift maintenance.

Six months of the year finds the gondola, the many chairlifts and the two T-bars in daily operation, so when summer rolls along the essential task of maintaining these expensive lifts is undertaken in earnest. The size of this task is monumental and Garibaldi Lift's Chief Lift Supervisor Bob Sanderson came right to the point when he said, "It's a hell of a big job."

Every piece of equipment has to be torn down and examined, not only to prolong the life of the machinery, but to ensure that everything is safe for the general skiing public. This includes taking all the chairs off the cable and inspecting some 1400 clamps, including the complex gondola clamps. Add this to the 119 T-bar clamps and you have a fair amount of work right there. I won't even mention the 1500 sheaves (pronounced shiv) that all have to be examined for rubber wear and bearing deterioration. Sheaves, by the way, are the part of a ski lift that greenhorns and pudding-heads refer to as "the little wheels."

While we're on statistics, here's one for you: Garibaldi Lifts has 98,702 feet of haul cable currently in use. I will let you figure out how many miles that is. All that cable is stretched out over 156 towers and is electro-magnetically tested every year for broken strands.

The field marshal of the entire operation is long time Whistler resident Doug Mansell. Mid-station lunchroom chatter has Mansell as the only person to be actually born at Alta Lake, and the now defunct Whistler Lodge was built by Mansell and his father. Legends about this man abound, my favourite being the time he allegedly extinguished a forest fire singlehandedly, by throwing snowballs at it. To say that Mansell commands the respect of his workers would be dangerously flirting with understatement. This respect is built in part, on his intimate knowledge of all things mechanical. If Doug Mansell can't do it, it can't be done!

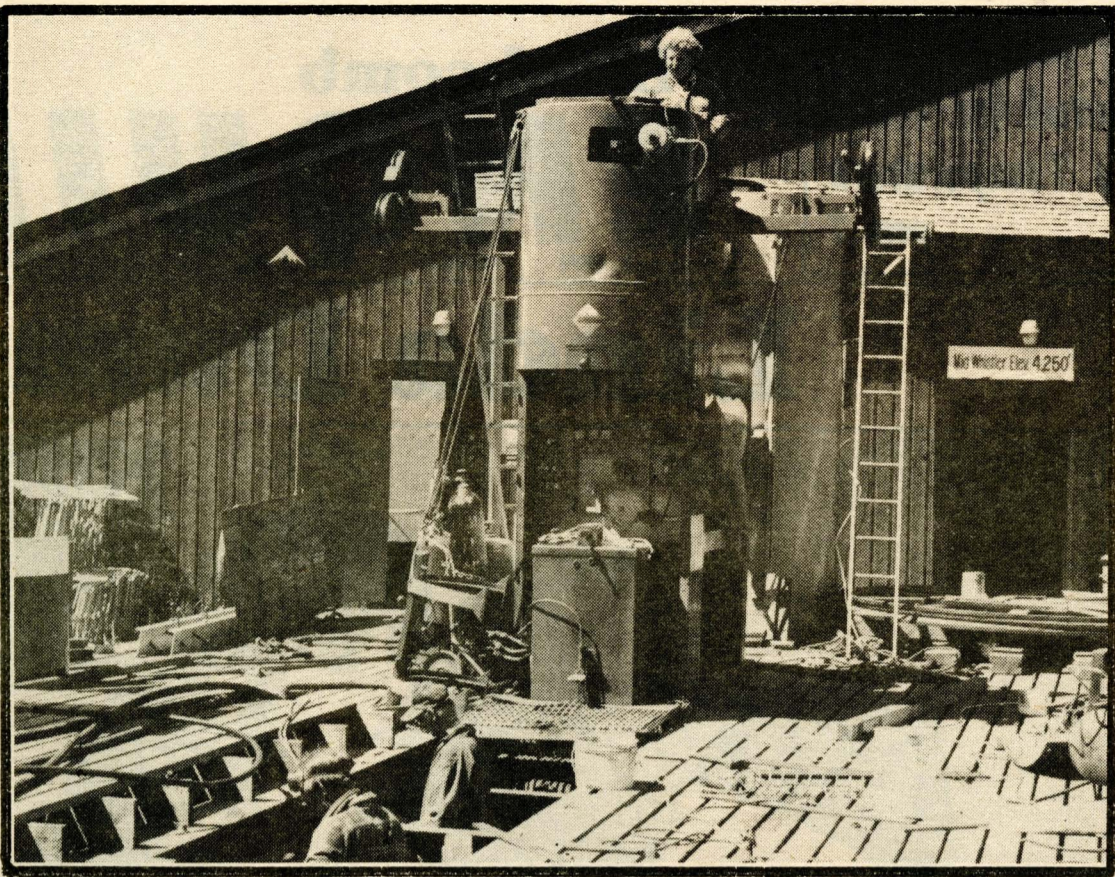
Included in Mansell's roster of qualified help are Garibaldi resident Frank Arundel, mid-station mechanic and electrician in residence, Harvey B. Fellowes, the diminutive but energetic Andre Vantour, relative newcomer Laird Brown, and the lean and bearded Dennis Beauregard, another electrician. And while these men oversee the other staff, no one's hands get as dirty, and nobody's coveralls get as sweat soiled as theirs.

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Frank Arundel (left) and Doug Mansell refurbish the red chair drive. Perched above the scene is John Gilbreath, affectionately known as "Sausage."

While the centre of lift maintenance is at mid-station. The shop being located in the north end of the Gondola barn, but most of the work is done on location, it being easier to take Mohammed to the Mountain.

The electricians have a large domain also, there being 30,000 feet of communication cables, 312 aerial switches and an anarchy of 80 telephones. And would you believe that they never got their wires crossed?

The Lift Company also has a sizeable fleet of a wide variety of vehicles, under the direction of Jamie Tattersfield. Six Thiokol Snow Cats and two transporters make up the winter contingent, with the summer component being five 4x4 trucks and a John Deere 350. The responsibility for keeping these costly vehicles running is assigned to Bert Melsness and stubby Jack Goodale.

Many other jobs are performed on the mountain. The day I went up, Bob Sanderson and Lord Logger were surveying the bottom of the Olympic run, for the old run is acting as the foundation for the new generation of condominiums currently under construction.

The entire maintenance program of Garibaldi Lifts is a figurative and literal well-oiled machine. The reputation of Mansell and crew is known throughout the ski world, and every area would love to have half the expertise that "our" mountain has.

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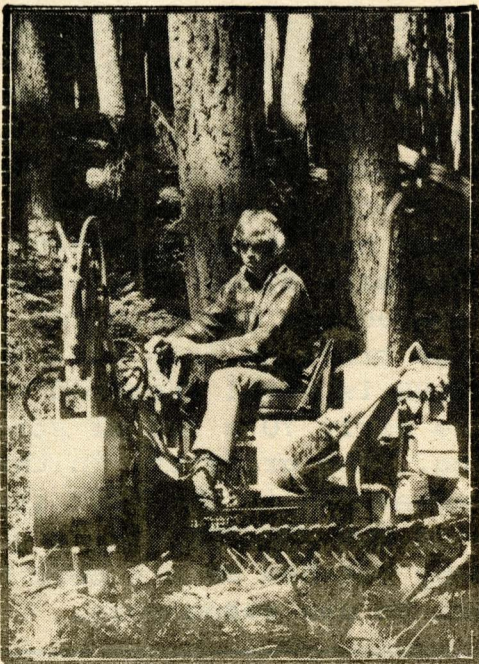
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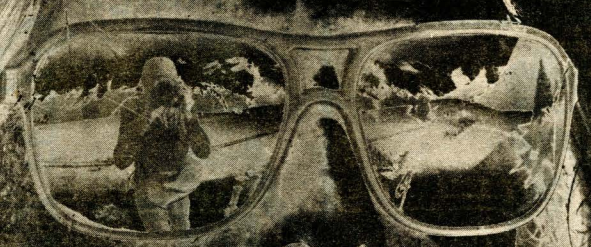
They don't make trails like they used to. Used to be they'd follow animal trails and natural features, but today, catering to the needs of the public, involves a little more.

That's where the "Trail Machine" comes in. It has been operating in the Vancouver area for several years and was recently purchased by Michael Suggett of Whistler, in hopes of developing trails in this area.

Mike and a crew of five are presently upgrading the Singing Pass trail.

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page 2

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IDLE GOSSIP
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"LET'S SEE SOME tits!" screams an ignoid running in circles in the road, his cutoffs down to the middle of his buttocks. "Let's get naked!"

VALLEY CHATTER... Psychiatrists have stated that MELANIE ROBERTS is recovering nicely and should be able to lead a fairly productive life... Mayor PAT CARELTON has denied the rumour that his current dining partner is LINDA RONSTADT... LINDA says they're just good friends... Former Whistler resident JIM MONAHAN is fighting a losing battle with alcoholism... Skier DAVE MURRAY is looking forward to the Olympics and hopes to do well with extensive training and a methadone maintenance program... A winner of the BRUCE DERN look alike contest has been announced. It is Whistlerite BRIAN PETERS... MARY WILTON has said that she will return to the stage with her topless revue... Liberated woman ROBIN BLECHMAN burned her bra last week, it was a three alarm blaze... JACK BRIGHT, in a rare humanitarian move, has allowed bad-boy THE BEAR into his exclusive jet-set watering hole... CHARLIE DOYLE has been born again and plans to stop pub-

lishing cheap pornography... ROD McLEOD recently testified in court that he thought she was much older... New president of the Whistler Wobblies is debonair BOB SANDERSON and he says he wouldn't hesitate to strike up a conversation... Nuptials are planned for JACK GOODALE and CANDY LOCKHART and a despondent LOUIE says he feels betrayed... Famous heart-throb NANCY GREENE RAINE has stopped pushing Mars bars after it was discovered she has diabetes... Wide tracking forever... DOUG WALSH is still obsessed with the early 70's fad of streaking... The graffitti in the ladies can in the BOOT says of stud RON JOHNSON, "he's got so many notches on his belt he now has to use suspenders."

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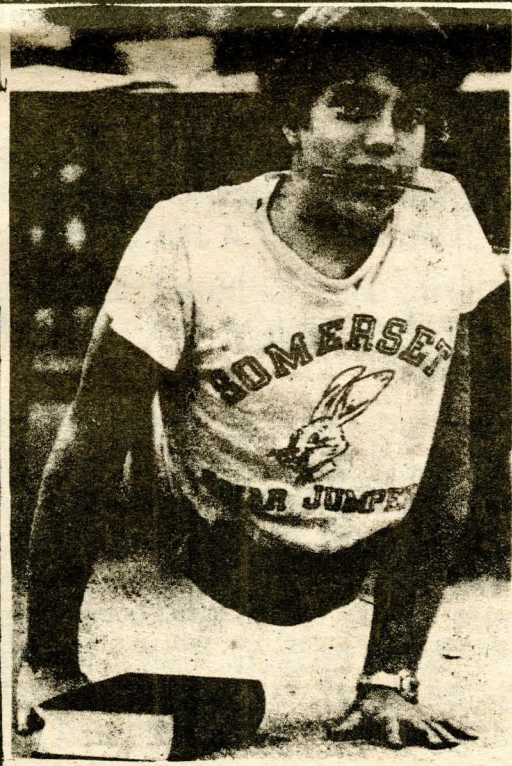


TV Buys 'Rocky II' For \$20 Million

By R. Couri Hay

Whistler RFD is now shooting on location with Rookie playing the part of Goober...Dave Galt is presently working in Marlboro commercials...Linda Ricks, Penny Boot, Jennifer Marien and Jan Simpson are scheduled to star in a new pilot called Eight is Enough...Local socialite B.J. says she will disclose what her initials stand for in her forthcoming autobiography...Filming is underway on Blackcomb for the revised series the Flying Nun, the first show will feature Maureen Sheppard suspended from a Sikorski helicopter preaching the doctrine over a loudspeaker to helpless loggers who make a futile attempt to set a choker around her mouth... Cosmic Fred has said that the reason he smiles so much is the fact that he has done so many toothpaste commercials that his mouth is permanently in that position...A film crew is now filming some scenes at L'Apres, it cost them 3 million dollars to fix the place up to look like a restaurant...The Cookhouse may have to close its doors due to a public disclosure which found that the oven used in the Cookhouse actually belongs to Labour Minister Alan Williams.

Frank Smith of BC Rail prepares his own legal case after his own lawyer quit the case after saying Smith didn't have a leg to stand on.



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BLACKCOMB CAUSES CANCER

Enquirer reporter Steve Johnston has just uncovered the largest cover-up to ever take place here in Tinsel Town. The culprits in this story are Asspen Corporation and the management of Badclone Mountain. They have been hiding the fact that there are large bodys of uranium all over the mountain. Top ski area experts have stated that anyone who skis there for long periods of time would surely develop boot cancer. Season's pass holders would be the first to contract this deadly disease.

Asspen and Badclone have developed the perfect method by which to transport the uranium deposits. Since Badclone is situated in a logging area they are using hollow pre-fab log containers to ship their carcinogenic cargo. Irate nature lovers from as far as Duffy Lake attacked Nancy "Green Peace" Raine's house with an ecological appeal to approach both Asspen and Badclone concerning the matter. A decision concerning the matter should be made soon.

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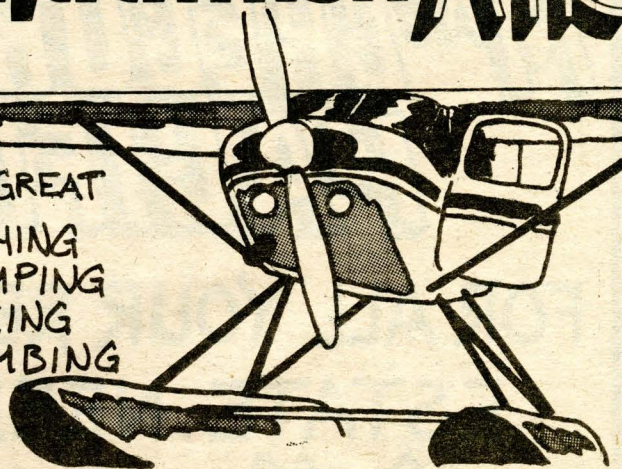
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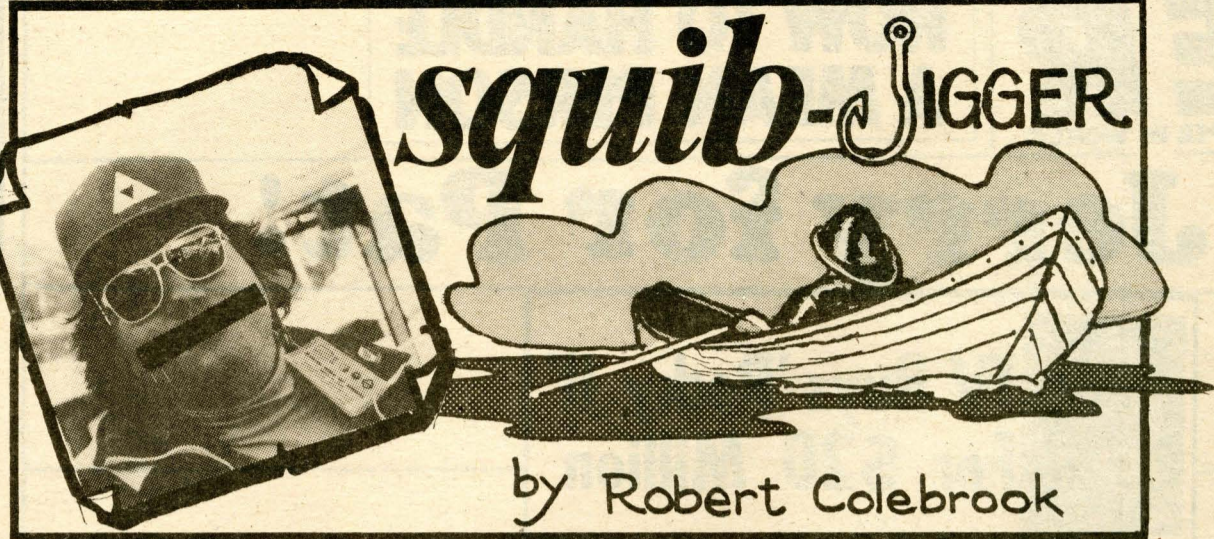
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by Robert Colebrook

Tennis anyone?

Followers of this column, if any, probably expect a laborious tirade mocking the noble sport of tennis. Not so. Bright and positive is my attitude to the kind of racquet sports. With apologies to Al Davis I must honestly state that badminton is a nice game only when viewed in the context of a Swiss girls finishing school. Racquetball and squash (squash? you gotta be outa your gourd) are far too claustrophobic for me. Clearly, tennis is the only game to play if you're high strung.

Tennis, more than any other game, is a tribute to sportsmanship and etiquette. Win or lose, the player is always expected to conduct his or her swearing, finger gesticulations and racquet throwing in a mature and sophisticated manner.

I have found that if you really want to un-nerve your opponent, the best method is to constantly dispute line calls, berate the photographers and carry on a heated dialogue with the spectators. These tactics are especially baffling to the enemy when performed at eight a.m. on a Sunday outside the school with not a soul around.

(Jimmy Connors once asked me for a match. I replied, "I didn't know you smoked.")

What makes me such an expert on the game, I hear you ask. Look, they don't call me Bosco Tanher for nothing. I must report, truthfully, that I have not lost a match in the last two years.

All these victories were fortunate for my opponents, for if they would have won, they would've had a hard time jumping over the net, being parapalegics.

The most important aspect of tennis is attire, fashion being more crucial to the game than a good cross-court backhand. Back during the Paleolithic Age "whites" were de rigueur, but now, heaven knows, anything goes. The staid British tennis establishment had to contend with more than a stiff upper lip when that unknown buxom American miss popped out of her halter-top at Wimbledon this year. That incident fogged up more than a few monocles. The new revealing costumes of the ladies can initiate considerable ball bouncing during mixed doubles. It is not considered proper, however, to wear hats advertising farm or earth moving machinery.

Next to clothes, the most important piece of paraphernalia is the racquet. The tennis racquet has gone through more changes than Margaret Trudeau. Originally made out of wood and string with catgut, they are now available in metal, fibreglass and graphite as well. Nylon has now replaced catgut, thus rendering the feline redundant. It has always been my secret desire to win Wimbledon with Morris' intestines stretched out in my frame. A couple of years ago some retard came up with the idea of an oversized racquet, an invention that rivals the two-bladed skate as a method of cheating. These snowshoe sized contraptions are the biggest joke since Nastase called Ashe a coon.

Speaking of racquets, one will never do. You should always show up at the courts looking like a sporting goods warehouse. For intimidation value, three racquets is minimum. A trick of mine is to buy five or six new racquet covers and store old and broken racquets in them. No one will be the wiser. This is also handy for temper tantrums, for you always have a beat up old racquet handy for instant demolition.



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For those who are currently in the market for a new racquet, here is a consumer's guide to the five top models:

1. The Fischer Matchmaker 1 - Metal. The jet black frame is very mysterious and hides the dirt well. Excellent on fast surfaces such as hard pack and ice.
2. The Head Arthur Ashe Professional - Metal. Very soulful with nice rhythmic stroking ability. I have always liked Head.
3. The Dunlop Maxply - Wood. Very durable, should last 35,000 miles. Excellent kindling.
4. The Wilson T2000 - Metal. J.S. Conner's tool. He married Patty Maguire.
5. The Porche Turbocharged Antograph - Metal. Very fast on blacktop. High performance racquet. Should get you laid.

As for balls, the best ones to use are someone else's. This can save you considerable money over a season, which will result in a net profit.

Seeing you use the other person's balls it's very easy to convince him that he is the one responsible for chasing and picking up all the strays. Tends to wear him out too.

In the opinion of certain lumberjacks and other he-men, tennis is a less than masculine sport. What these detractors overlook is the abundance of scantily clad beauties that take to the courts. The tennis courts in Stanley Park alone are frequented by more adorable women than all the discos on Hornby combined.

Sorry for this passing shot at tennis, for you see I'm quite unconscious. See you for a match sometime, down at the supreme court of Whistler.

Yours truly,
Tennis the Menace

P. Grant *

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The broadleaved Plantain is abundant right now beside pathways, in open grassy places, and along roadsides everywhere around the valley.

The plants stand ankle high, and bear dozens of glossy green oval leaves in a sort of rosette, and one or two greenish seed stalks.

Collect a quantity of the leaves and dry them on newspapers in a warm place, not in direct sunlight. Crush the dried leaves and store in a jar.

Put a handful of the dried leaves in a teacup and pour about half cup of boiling water over them. Let stand for a few minutes. Press out some of the water, and place the leaf poultice on swellings, hornet stings and insect bites, sores, hemorrhoids, boils and pimples, bruises and cuts of all kinds. Plantain leaves are healing and anti-septic.

I have successfully treated blood poisoning in its dangerous later stages with repeated hot poultices of Plantain and Comfrey leaves.

The fresh green leaves, when crushed and rolled between thumb and forefinger until juicy and applied to hornet stings, nettle stings and insect bites, give instant relief.

A quart of warm tea made by steeping two or three handfuls of the leaves in boiled water, can be injected as an enema to heal hemorrhoids and piles more quickly than any other treatment.

Medicinal Plants of Whistler

by Wes Hartley

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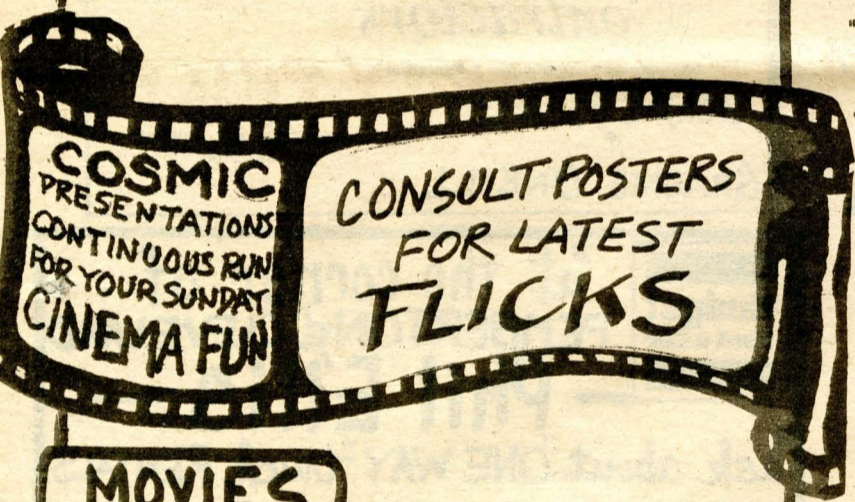
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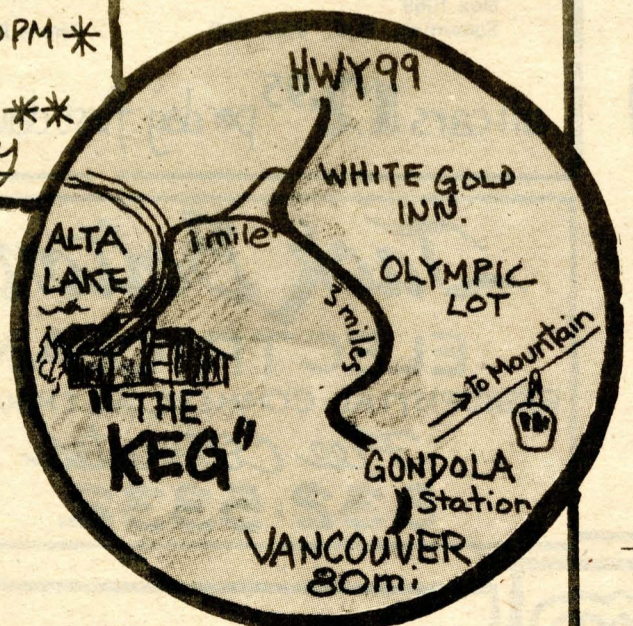
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OVERLAND to WHISTLER



David McGonival

"Where are the mountains for Chrissake?"
"Look up you idiot."
"I know you look up to find mountains, but they are obscured by the clouds."
"Look higher."
"I tell you they are not... oh, Jesus Christ!"

It really happened. I was standing on a hotel lawn in Pokhara, Nepal, trying to see the Himalayas, while Trevor, (a veteran of 24 hours here) was calling out directions from his room. "Hotel lawn" reeks of the raj and native beavers standing around waving peacock feather fans over the planters punch and carried pheasant ant eggs. The actuality saw Trevor lying on his bed to stop the bed bugs from just carrying it off, and if the place ever had windows they had long ago been carried off by the swarms of mosquitoes which descended at dusk, so now there was nothing to interrupt the screams of delight as the cooks at "The Trekker's Retreat" slaughtered the second chicken so each of the twenty guests could find at least one piece of chicken in the seething compendium of indigestibles, masquerading as the "curry of the day".

An Australian with a hang-up about mountains has the same problem as a Canadian who is into kangaroos. There aren't any at home, so I had left. And now here I was in the foot-mountains of the great grand-daddy of all ranges, and about as close as one comes to spontaneous orgasm.

Words and even photos are inadequate to capture the sheer mass of the Himalayas and figures of 26,000 feet and over can't be converted into a visualization of the immensity of the panorama. The only thing to do is to go there and absorb. Full of the spirit of Hillary, we decided to trek to the Annapurna base camp.

Trekking is bloody hard work. Although the image is of chocolate box mountain scenery and Julie Andrews tripping through the waving grass fronds. In fact, one just spends day after day scaling a never ending series of ridges, all with steep gorges intervening. Once we were less than two miles from our evening destination but our route took all day as we dropped from 8,000 to 5,000 then back up to 8,500. My once well-padded bum became a sinewy protuberance most unsuitable as padding against the rough hewn Nepalese chairs.

Then there were the leeches. We were only trekking in an endeavour to see the mountains because this was the monsoon season and the storm clouds which regularly sweep hundreds of lowlanders and most of the roads away, spend their formative period obscuring the Himalayan peaks. I had been within spitting distance of the Himalayas for over a month now, and had only seen the peaks once from that hotel lawn. In our ten day trek we saw the Annapurna massif three times with a total viewing time of less than two hours.

But the monsoonal damp and the hot weather brought the leeches out in droves and our regular resting periods were spent wringing the blood out of our socks and picking of the half dozen or so tree-loaders we inevitably carried.

Kathmandu is the base for any exploration of the Nepalese Himalayas and is well worth an investigation itself. An Indian sitting in a mud brick hut, in an unpronounceable village, had described Kathmandu as "an interesting relic" and this is the closest I have ever heard anyone come to the true feeling of Kathmandu which is that of a medieval burg. Here one does expect the slops to fly out of the top floor window and one does become innured to the sight of people shitting on the streets and sacred cows dribbling over the fruit stands. One even adapts to being served dubious food on dirty plates which have been licked clean by the dogs and served with a salad which was washed in the same gutter that serves as the principal sewer.

To offset all this is the excitement of being in one of the most outlandish cities still existing. One is surrounded by a mysticism which is tangibly real if one can penetrate beyond the hippy dippy overtones of the world's dope capital. White beggars abound in the city Durbar Square but there is also the street musicians' attempting to drown out the mantras emanating from the passing saffron robed Buddhist monks while overall there is the hustle and bustle which is so inextricably a part of any Asian city.

Just living and functioning in Kathmandu is a unique experience and collecting or mailing a parcel is a 4 hour battle against beurocracy and motorcycling consists of manoeuvring through a seemingly endless parade of trishaws.

There are two roads out of Nepal. One is the convoluted Rajpath which runs from the Indian border to Kathmandu and must have been surveyed by a stoner or modelled after a pretzel. The road from Pokhara in the western half of Nepal to India is straighter and more scenic but is perversely closed for much of the year either through snow in the winter or rain in the monsoon. We travelled the road in the monsoon and came around one corner and stopped in time to observe most of the mountain bounce off the road. We camped by the roadside for the 12 hours while the road was cleared and then passed another 6 landslide spots before reaching the Indian border. No wonder the mountain reli-

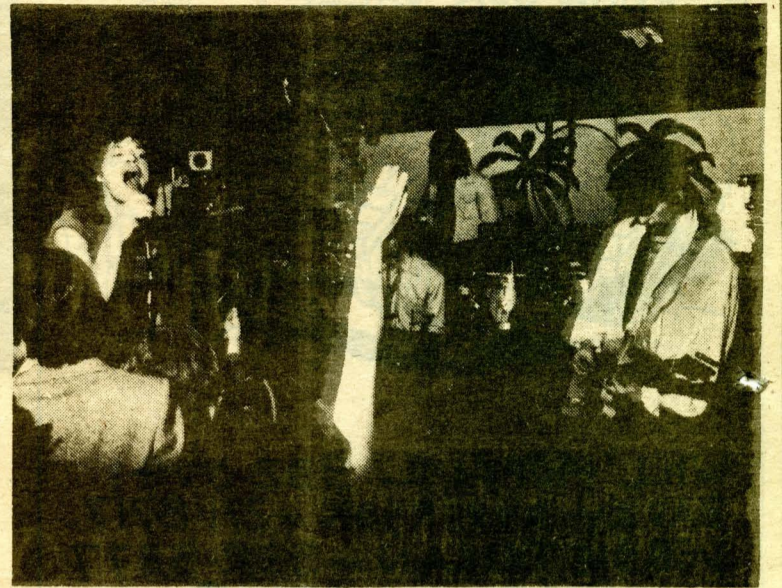
gions are so stoical about accepting fate; their mountains are structurally unsound!

It's easy to tell when you are getting onto the lowlands nearing India; the temperature climbs to degrees I didn't even know existed. Riding a motorcycle in temperatures in excess of 50° Celcius is very much like riding through a blast furnace. I still question the practise of cooling down in the evening with a strong, hot curry. Indian toilet training must be hell!

Once away from the tourist traps of Kathmandu, Nepal is everything one thinks of, when imagining a Himalayan mountain kingdom. Just last month Sir Edmund Hillary passed through Vancouver and I had a chance to meet the legend himself. He was saying how on his first visit to Kathmandu there was no road so they had to walk in from India and Kathmandu was still isolated from western "civilization" and (as he must), he takes some of the blame upon himself for the devaluation of the Nepalese and sherpa cultures with the advent of tourism. But no matter how much Nepal has lost since the old days, Everest is still there and it is still situated in one of the few countries which can validly be called "exotic."



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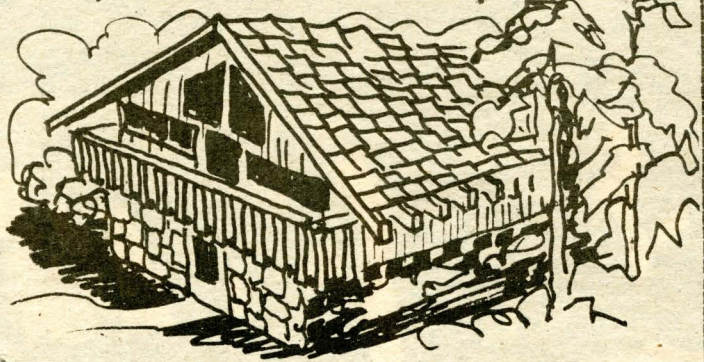


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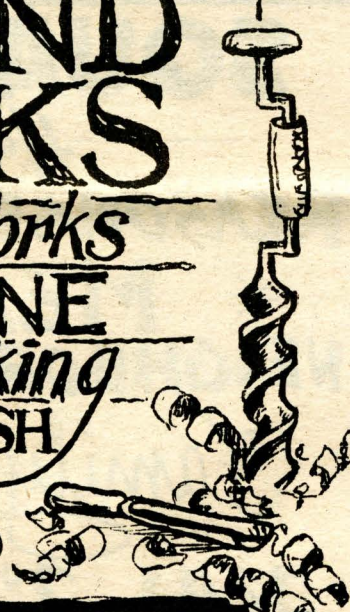
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THE

PARTY

by Mark Loblaw



In the last installment of "The Party," we met our hero Harry Strobel, spent some time with him at The Party, and, upon hearing the voice "from the lips of his European dream," saw Harry disappear mysteriously behind a bedroom door.

Mirna had been the kind of girl who needed an excuse for doing nothing. What's more, she liked doing nothing. She was a daydreamer, but there was no substance to her dreams. Her parents started calling these dreamless daydreams "nothing," and nagged her about being lazy. She still did a lot of nothing, now she felt guilty for it.

And then on one hot spring day, during her eighteenth year, rolling in the grass with her first lover, she realized it. For what is there to feel guilty about, she asked herself rhetorically. From then on, she needed no excuses.

As her favourite pastime was now guilt free, Mirna indulged. And as she did nothing, she got better and better at it. This is called the practise effect. Mirna got so good at doing nothing, that by the time it became an accepted thing to do, she could do it with the best of them. Only now it was called nothingness.

In fact by the time the transcendental meditators got to her hometown, she could meditate for days at a time. Mirna admitted that she stopped to eat, sleep, and tend to her toilet, but the rest of the time, she spent doing nothing. This was now called meditation.

And then she met Harry. It was at a football game at the college. Mirna was there because her brother was on the school team. Harry was there because there was a free ticket in his freshmen's kit. Neither of them cared a hoot about football.

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The reason Harry first noticed Mirna was this. She was meditating, sitting quietly on her bench, when a rather exciting play happened. The whole crowd was standing up, all except Mirna, and Harry noticed.

When Mirna was meditating, she had a countenance about her. She could have been framed in a stained glass window, in a picture, in Whole Earth Catalogue, when she meditated. And Harry noticed.

All of this may seem by-the-way, like, what the hell does this historico-romantic interlude have to do with The Party? Good question, if not a little premature.

The idea was to establish a little background, see. To show the unlikely truth as to why Mirna didn't go to the police sooner, but nevermind, just keep reading.

"Mrs. Strobel? This way please." Shuffle, shuffle.

"This is Sgt. Barnes, of missing persons. He'll, uh, take down the details of your, uh, problem."

"Sit down Mrs. Strobel, is it? Yes. Mrs. Strobel. Sit down please. I'll just fill out this form." Shuffle, shuffle. "Name of missing person."

"Well, actually, he's more lost than missing."

Another day, thought Barnes, this could be funny. Not today.

"His name, uh, ma'am?"

"My husband," she blurted out. Then, calming down, remembering it was her husband who had been missing for ten days, and these people were just police, anyway: "Harry. Harry James Strobel. 2234 Yoncton St." Possibly overcompensating, she rambled on, reciting as much as she could of her husband's vital statistics.

Jesus, thought Barnes.

"No ma'am, I can't write that fast. And I'll ask the questions in order, O.K.?" His temper was rising.

She was getting frustrated. It had been a week last Saturday since the party, and still no Harry. She had a right to be upset.

Barnes wanted to know why she had waited this long to contact the police. Mirna got defensive.

"I contacted you now because now I'm worried. Harry is a grown man. He can take care of himself. I wasn't worried." Of course not. Mirna was meditating.

Right after the party was over, Harry was missed. Mirna questioned the last remaining guests, but unsuccessfully. Harry had gone off to the bathroom, someone remembered. Someone else thought they noticed him hesitate at a bedroom door, the master bedroom door, they thought. They hadn't noticed whether he'd gone in. They thought not. No one was very concerned.

Nor was Mirna. When he failed to turn up, she figured he had started walking home. Often, when he got very drunk, Harry would walk home. Mirna knew this, and made an assumption. Or a conclusion, if you will.

The party was about 11 1/2 miles from the Strobels, so Mirna wasn't surprised when she hadn't seen him on the drive home, either. Driving was a full time thing with Mirna. She sort of meditated, while driving.

"Mrs. Strobel? Are you still following me?" Barnes was getting a headache. 9:30 in the morning, and already a headache. Good day.

The morning after the party, Mirna got up, made herself breakfast, and carried on meditating. Ten days later she realized Harry was missing. Mirna was not a dullard, but a very mellow person.

Sgt. Barnes was not impressed with the story. Barnes had a keen eye for foul play. It was his forte, as a cop. Did you get along with your husband, Mrs. Strobel? Why did you wait so long to contact us? Was Harry a drinker?

Did you honestly expect to find out what happened to Harry, in only the second installment?

To be continued next issue ~

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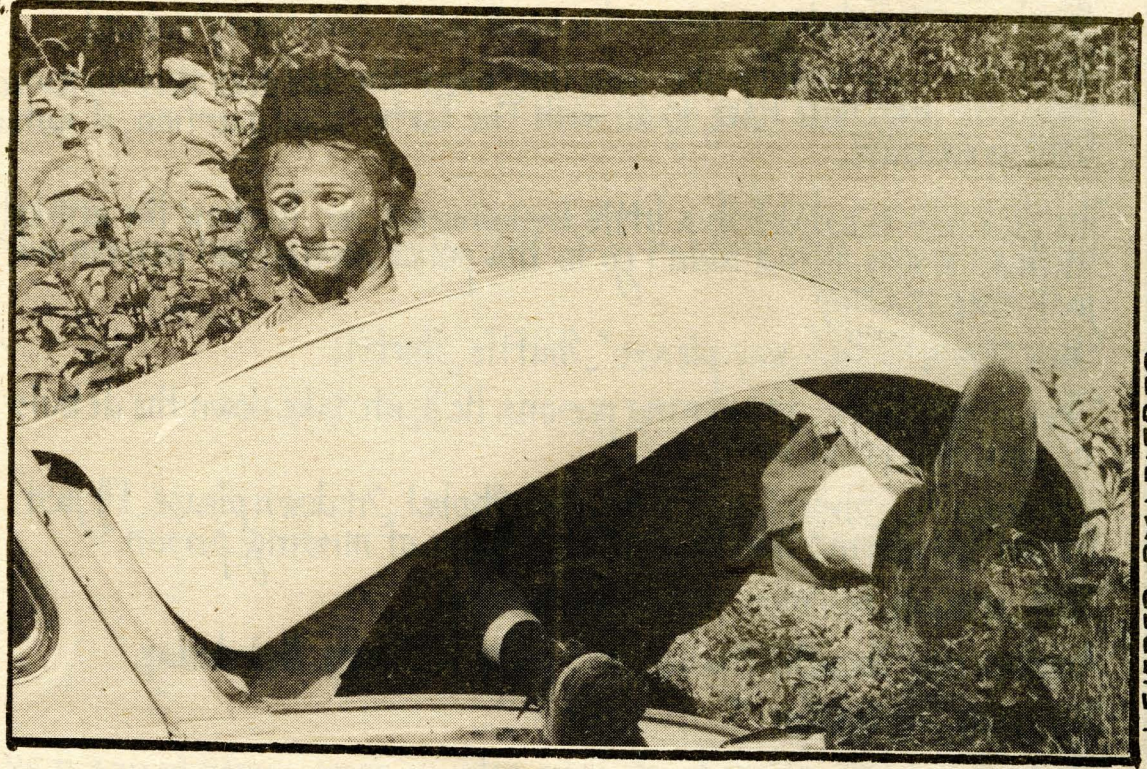
Da Voice of da Woikin' Class



The crowd is alive — clowns under breath "let's go — here we are — make it work, work." "Wham bam you'll remember us ma'am." The world contained in a tent, world's largest. Exit clowns, laughter, cheers, claps, who's it anyway, no one, nobody.

Show's over, clowns, all, changing for more, a child finds a way to clown alley with pencil paper, asks clown, "Can I have your autograph mister clown." "Why do you want it kid?" "Oooo, just because." Signed, Mister Clown

Clifford Leierer is a 24 year old professional clown from Salem Oregon, who has worked in Oakland and on the road with Circus Vargas, the largest circus under the big top in the world. He was recently fired from Circus Vargas, for giving an unauthorized interview that shed a less than favourable light on the life of a circus clown.



LEIERER BY LEIERER

A 10'x10' sleeper with 4 bunks, a clown in each bunk reading odds 'n ends, listening to the band for the cue to their next gag. Suddenly, one screams, "Get out now! I have to do it!" Another clown says, "Whataya mean, I saw ya gettin it last night when I was closin the alley." "No! Bad dream, nightmare, got to do it now!" "Awww." The clowns roll outside and close the door. "Swear he got it last night. Shit." Sleeper starts to tremble, to shake, to erupt and the show will go on.

Clown alley smellin of body odour, baby powder, farts in curses. The crowd's startin to spill into the tent for the afternoon show in all moods, attitudes possible; becoming the circus. Child asks momma "Where are the clowns?" "There's one selling colouring books." The rest in clown alley waiting to come on.

Dirt, dust everywhere, "Hope the next lot is asphalt; circus is circus. Don't you know nothin?" "Nope, guess not."

A kid fell off the top bleacher. Wham! hello ground, no injury but screams, yes, yes! Send in the clowns.

A clown in early morning, before make-up or costume, before anyone is awake, sits in the middle of a wheat field playing a flute

he doesn't know how to play. A child dreams of laughing.

On purpose a clown is no one, a figment, the edge, imagination in lights, briefly a glimpse, then gone to return if maybe.

Last show before tear down; the clowns in the alley are throwing beer 'n wine bottles in sacks, picking butts off the ground, bits of scraps, mean nothings, next stop in mind, the road, the end, mean nothing, next show. Time and clowns enter, spective rings huplah 'n la dee dah. The many shows behind and a head.

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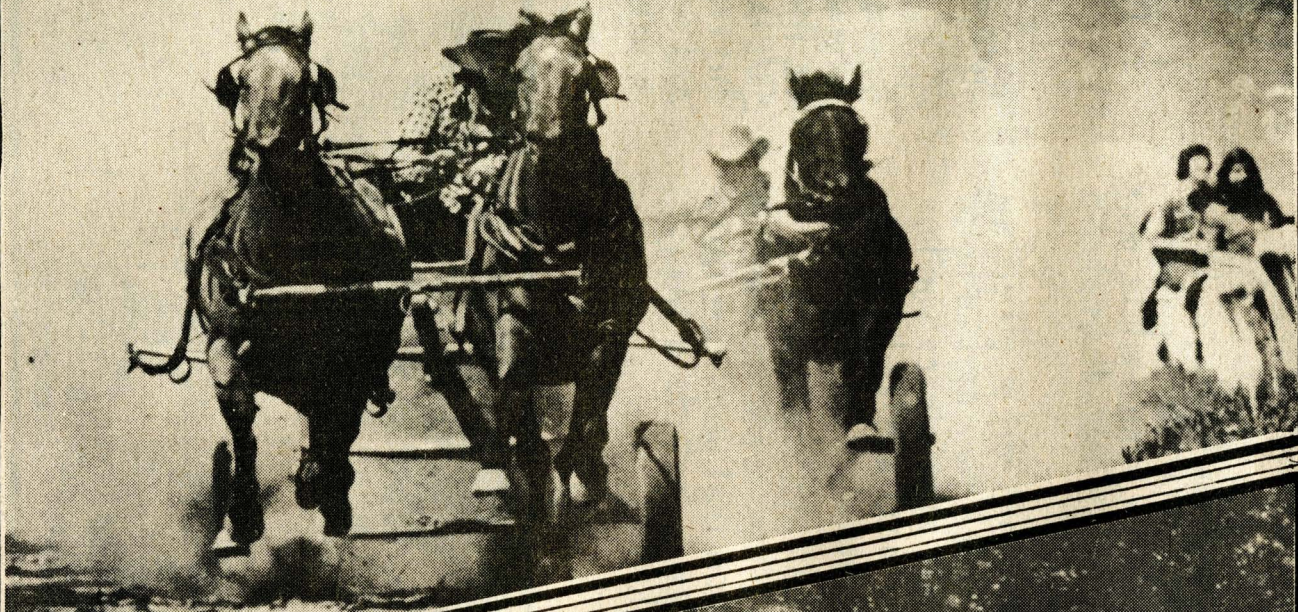


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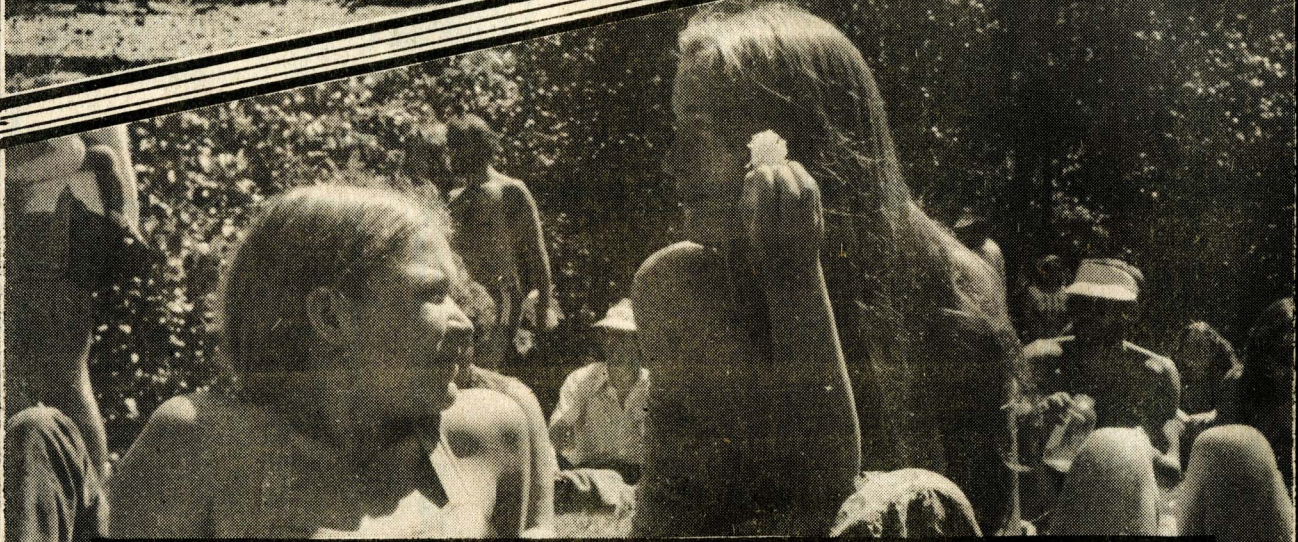


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